

HARRY POTTER AND THE GOBLET OF FIRE

by

Steve Kloves

Based on the book by J.K. Rowling

No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced,
or used by any means, or quoted or published in any
medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros.
Pictures.

SIXTH DRAFT

April 29, 2004
© 2004
WARNER BROS. ENT.
All Rights Reserved

WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

IP41NB0429200415C

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. *

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. *

(CONTINUED)

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) 7

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 8

... 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 8A *

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

... 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 10 *

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 OMNISCULARS slung over his neck.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

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)

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

... Harry SLAMS hard onto his feet and -- like the others beside him -- topples onto his back. Above him, the sky reels dizzily, like a carouael, 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)

HP4MFB0429204159

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)

11

11A *

11B *

12
thru
14

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 Omniculars to his eyes and spins a DIAL. We --

CUT TO:

HIS POV

THROUGH the Omniculars, 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)

HP4N3042920415C

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

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
&
17

16
&
17

18 INT. TENT (CAMPSITE) - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

18

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.

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.

FRED

Sounds like the Irish have got their pride on.

(CONTINUED)

HIP4NB04292004159

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)

HP4NB0429200415C

*
*
*
*
*

*
*

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. *

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... *

HP4NB04292004159

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. *
*
*
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)

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.

*
*
*

RON

Mental. Always has been.

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

*
*
*

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.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB0429200415C

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)

HP4292004159

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 head 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)

24A CONTINUED: (3)

DUMBLEDORE

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

24A

*
*
*

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.

*
*
*

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.

*
*
*

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.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

20.
HP4NB042920415C

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)

HP4NB042900415021

MADEYE MOODY
 (circling again)
 Your name? I know a bit more than
 that. You're top of your class --
 correct?

HERMIONE
 Yes, sir...

MADEYE MOODY
 Naturally inquisitive?

HERMIONE
 Yes...

MADEYE MOODY
 Socially inept?

HERMIONE
 Well...

MADEYE MOODY
 And... Muggle born.

Whirrr! Moody stops, eye raking over the others

MADEYE MOODY
 I'm not about to walk into a room
 full of strangers without doing
 background. *Constant vigilance!*

Moody jabs his staff into the floor, right in front of
 Harry. As the class JUMPS, Harry studies Moody's SCARS.

MADEYE MOODY
 (to Harry)
 The devil likes disguises. Never
 forget that.

Harry remains transfixed. Finally Moody moves on.

MADEYE MOODY
 Again, Granger. How many Curses?

HERMIONE
 Three.

MADEYE MOODY
 And they're so named...?

HERMIONE
 Because they're *unforgivable*. The
 use of any one of them...

(CONTINUED)

HIP4NB04292004150

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

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?

(CONTINUED)

HPMNB04292004159

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)

HP4N10429204150 26.

*
*
*
*

26B CONTINUED: (4)

26B

There is a FLASH of GREEN LIGHT, a RUSH of AIR, and the spider... rolls onto its back. Dead. *

MADEYE MOODY

The killing curse. There is no blocking it. Only one person is known to have survived it. And he's sitting in this room.

As the others turn their eyes on him, Harry looks up, sees Moody studying him. Moody's tongue nervously probes the corner of his mouth as he takes out his flask and turns away. Harry's eyes drop to the spider. Lying motionless. *

27 EXT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE OUTSIDE MOODY'S - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 27 *

Harry, Ron and Hermione drift from class.

RON

Brilliant, isn't he? Completely demented, of course, and terrifying to be in the same room with, but he's really *been* there, y'know? He's looked evil in the eye.

HERMIONE

I think he's cruel. Did you see Neville? I thought he was going to --

Harry lets out a SHORT WARNING WHISTLE: up ahead, within earshot, Neville stands by a STAINED GLASS WINDOW, his face running in RAINY BLUE LIGHT as he gazes vaguely beyond.

HERMIONE

(gently)
Neville...?

Clunk! Clunk! Moody limps past them, places a leathered hand on Neville's shoulder.

MADEYE MOODY

It's alright, sonny. You come with me. We'll have a cup of tea in my office.

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.

*
*
*
*
*

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*.

*
*
*
*
*

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?

*
*
*
*

HARRY

Better you than me.

*

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

*
*

FRED

Well, we've done it, lads.

GEORGE

Cooked it up just this morning.

*

(CONTINUED)

28.
15
1
0
2
4292
4
B
N
B
P
P

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:

29.
 504292004150
 4
 H

... 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.

(CONTINUED)

★
★
★

★

★

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)

HP4NBO429200415C

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)

35A

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

35B INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

35B

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

(CONTINUED)

HE4NB07292004159

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)

HP4NB0429200415C

*
*
*
*

35B CONTINUED: (2)

35B

Gently, Dumbledore touches his wand to his temple, extracts a GLISTENING SILVER THREAD and casts it into the basin. He closes the cabinet doors, PUTTING us IN TOTAL DARKNESS. Only the DRUMMING of the RAIN remains. Then... we --

CUT TO:

36 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT (LATER)

36

The walls weep with REFLECTED RAIN as it continues to STORM beyond the windows. Harry lies in bed, watching shadowy trails of water snake eerily over the ceiling.

RON

How'd you do it?

Harry turns, eyes the back of Ron's head.

RON

Never mind. Doesn't matter. Might've let me know, though.

HARRY

Let you know *what?*

RON

You know bloody hell what.

HARRY

I didn't ask for this to happen, Ron. Okay? You're being stupid.

RON

That's me. Ron Weasley. Harry Potter's stupid friend.

HARRY

*I didn't put my name in the Cup!
I don't want eternal glory! I
just want to be...*

Harry stops, frowns.

HARRY

Look. I don't know what happened tonight. And I don't know why. It just... did. Okay?

The darkness CRACKLES with silence. Then...

RON

Piss off.

35.
HP4NJB0429204159

*
*
*
*

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)

HP4NB0429200415C

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)

38.
38
HIP4NB0429200415C

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.*

HP4NB04200415039

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 MITTERS:

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...

41A

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

HP41NB04292004150

42 EXT. CLOISTER (OXFORD NEW COLLEGE) - DAY

42 *

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...

*
*
*

43.
HP4NB04292004159

43 OMITTED

43

44 EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - NIGHT

44

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. High' 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
150
4150
92004150
P4NB04

*

*

*

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)

HP4NB04292004159

44

45

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.

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB0429200450

★
★
★
★
★

★
★

★
★
★
★
★
★

★
★
★
★
★

★
★
★

★
★
★

MADEYE MOODY

That was a very decent thing you did back there with Diggory. Mind telling me why you did it?

HARRY

Sir?

MADEYE MOODY

He's your competition.

HARRY

Well, I just thought --
(stopping)

Should we be talking about this, Professor? I mean, isn't it sort of, well, cheating?

MADEYE MOODY

Cheating's a tradition in the Triwizard Tournament. Always has been. Now tell me what you're going to do about your dragon?

HARRY

Well, I suppose I'll... you know...

MADEYE MOODY

I see you've given it some real serious thought. Listen to me, Potter. Your pal Diggory? By your age he could transfigure a whistle into a watch and have it sing you the time. As for Miss Delacour -- don't be fooled by the little girl gowns. She's about as much fairy princess as I am. As for Krum, *his* head may be filled with sawdust, but Karkaroff's isn't. They'll have a strategy. And you can damn well bet it'll play to Krum's strengths.

Harry nods vaguely...

MADEYE MOODY

Do I need to write that last bit down for you? C'mon, Potter! What're your *strengths*? Besides being a helluva good guy?

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB04292004150^{30.}

*
*

*
*

*
*

*
*
*
*

*
*
*

*
*

HP4NB0429004159

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

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

48

... 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

49

... 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

50

... 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)

HP4INB04292004150

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 sngrily, 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?

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB04292004159

*
*
*
*
*

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

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 stream 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...

*

*

*

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

*
*
*

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.

*
*

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

(CONTINUED)

HP4YB0429200415038

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.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

HP4NBO4292004159

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.

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB0429204159

*
*
*
*
*

56C INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT 56C *

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

05.
 HP4NB04292004150

66.

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)

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.

HP4NB04292004159

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

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)

69
04292004150
HIP4N07292004150

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)

50
150
HP4NB04292004

61A CONTINUED: (2)

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

62 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT (DAYS LATER)

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

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)

HP4NB0429204150

61A

62 *

63

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)

HP4NB0429200415C

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...

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:

HERMIONE

Her--my-oh-nee!

KRUM

Herm...own...n inny...?

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)

HP4NB04292004150
 75

★
★
★
★
★
★

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,
Pawcett! And the same for
Ravenclaw, Stebbins!

(CONTINUED)

HP4N30429200415C

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)

HP4NB0429204159

65

*
*
*

*

66

*

*

69 CONTINUED:

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

You must begin to make preparations, Wormtail. Nagini will need milking. The journey will not be easy...

A FILTHY CLOTH BUNDLE COMES INTO VIEW. Something TWITCHES within. We GLIDE CLOSER and CLOSER. An EYE. Not quite human. BLINKS...

70 OMITTED

71 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT

Harry wakes with a GASP.

NEVILLE

All right, Harry?

Neville, in his dress robes, looms INTO VIEW, his pale face eerily reflecting the snow falling beyond the window.

NEVILLE

I just got in.

Neville grins, then turns away, HUMMING as he does a two-step to his bed. Harry touches his SCAR and glances to the window, at the snow piling up against the glass.

72 OMITTED

thru
74

72
thru
74

75 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - DAY

Harry and Hermione walk.

HERMIONE

Harry! You told me you'd riddled that egg out weeks ago! The task is *two days from now!*

HARRY

(sarcastically)
Really! I had no idea!

People are looking their way. Harry lowers his voice.

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB01292004159

69

*
*
*
*
*
*

70

71

*
*

75

*
*
*
*

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.

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB04292004159

75 CONTINUED: (2)

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.

*
*
*
*

NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

*

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...

*
*
*

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)

HP4204159

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)

HP4NB04292004159

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

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

Harry? NEVILLE

What? HARRY

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)

86.
50
41
2004150
292004150
HFNBNB04292004150

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)

HP4NB04292004159

*
*
*

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 knifes 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 rolling 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 PISTS, 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 jaw 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)

HIP4NB0429200415C

83 CONTINUED:

83

MADEYE MOODY

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!

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Moody whips his flask from his pocket and exits, leaving
Harry standing stunned.

*
*

83A EXT. WOODS ABOVE HAGRID'S HUT - DUSK

83A

We are HIGH UP. The crowd is nowhere to be seen now, but
FARAWAY SHOUTS still sound, along with sloppy SNATCHES OF
the HOGWARTS' Anthem. In the distance, the windows of
Hagrid's Hut reflect the waning sun as Hermione, Ron and
Neville trail Hagrid himself through the trees. Harry
walks alone, some distance ahead.

*
*
*
*
*
*

HAGRID

I remember when I firs' met yeh
all. Bigges' bunch o' misfits I
e'er seen. I suppose yeh reminded
me o' me a bit. Now look at us
all, four years on.

*
*
*
*
*

RON

We're still a bunch of misfits.

*
*

HAGRID

Sure. But we got each other, don'
we? And we got Harry!
(calling ahead)
*Soon to be the youngest Triwizard
Champion there's e'er been!*

*
*
*
*
*

NEW ANGLE - HARRY

*

He smiles softly at the sound of his friends' ~~CHEERFUL~~
VOICES and the gentle evening breeze, then... ~~WINCES.~~
Grabs his scar. THROUGH the trees ahead, the reddening
sky shimmers like blood. Dropping his gaze, he spies
something DARK lying in the brush. The trunk of a fallen
tree. Or a pile of wood. Or... the body of a MAN.

*
*
*
*
*

Harry stands frozen, unmoving, the wind gently tossing
his hair. A DISTANT PEAL of LAUGHTER -- Ron's -- drifts
to him from somewhere far behind.

*
*

The man is Barty Crouch.

94.
004150
9200429
HB0429
NBN
HP

83B INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

83B *

Beyond the window, deep in the distance, a GROUP of TEACHERS -- eerily illuminated by the TORCH Hagrid clutches -- stand in a dark circle at the site of Crouch's body. Slowly, CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALS Harry, watching.

*
*
*
*
*

He glances to the fireplace, the guttering flames reminiscent of the night Sirius appeared, then turns back to the window, absently reaching up and trailing his fingers over his scar.

*
*
*
*

HERMIONE

It's hurting again, isn't it?

*
*

His eyes shift, see Hermione's face reflected in the glass.

*
*

HERMIONE

You know what you have to do.

*
*

84 OMITTED
thru
86

84
thru
86

87 EXT. CORRIDOR/DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

87

Harry approaches Dumbledore's office, hears VOICES within.

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)

If you take the necessary measures, Cornelius, we may still be able to save the situation.

*
*
*
*

FUDGE (O.S.)

Cancel the Triwizard Tournament! You can't be serious, Albus! It would be an international incident. And as Minister of Magic, I must say, the last thing we need is --

*
*
*
*
*
*

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)

I admit it would take courage. But courage is what is needed now.

*
*
*

MADEYE MOODY (O.S.)

Excuse me, gentlemen, but it might interest you to know this conversation is no longer private.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

95.
HP4NB04292004750

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.

*
*
*
*

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.

*
*

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)

98.
59170062004150
HIP4NB04292004150

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.

(CONTINUED)

59.
304292004159
4
H

*
*
*
*

91 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE 91 *

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 92 *

93 INT. OWLERY - DAY 93 *

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 94 *

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)

104.
 50
 150
 41
 200
 429
 200
 41
 304
 292
 004
 150
 50
 104.

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.

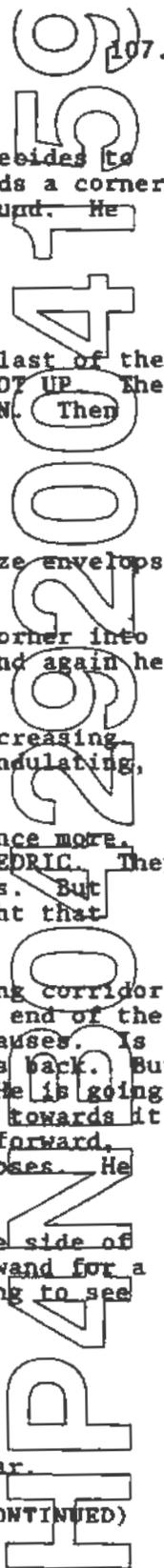
HARRY slows down. Breathless. He is in a long corridor. The sound of the HEDGE increases. Ahead, the end of the corridor seems to be drawing nearer. HARRY pauses. Is he imagining things? Disorientated? He turns back. But the Maze seems to be folding in behind him. He is going to be crushed. He sees a 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)

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 rolling potion. Wormtail raises his trembling wand.

(CONTINUED)

170.
 99
 0429204150
 P4N
 1

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. Swift! 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. Ekultant.

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)

HP4NB04292004159

113.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

VOLDEMORT

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

Voldemort presses the tip of his long white finger to Harry's LIGHTNING SCAR and Harry GASPS in pain.

VOLDEMORT

I can touch you now.

Voldemort studies him with an odd detachment.

VOLDEMORT

Astonishing what a few drops of blood will do, eh?

(eyes hardening)

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.

(a beat)

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.

VOLDEMORT

You've been taught how to duel, I presume?

Harry says nothing, fighting to steady his wand hand.

VOLDEMORT

First, we bow to each other.

Voldemort bends slightly, then... frowns.

VOLDEMORT

Come now, Harry. The niceties must be observed. Dumbledore wouldn't want you to forget your manners. I said...

(a flicker of violence)

... bow.

Harry WINCES, feels his spine curve.

VOLDEMORT

That's better. And now...

(CONTINUED)

HIP4NB04292004159

115.

*
*
*
*

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)

116.
150
415
200
200
420
B042
N3
4N
HIP
4N

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)

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
prize 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)

119.
HP4NB04292004159

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)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

101

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

102 *

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.*

124.
504150
204292004150
HP+NB04292004150

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)

125.
59
HP4NB042920041

103 CONTINUED:

103

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(as Harry nods)

There's something you should know, Harry. No matter how convincingly you tell the story of what happened tonight, few will believe that Voldemort has returned, because few will want to believe. But tell the story you must.

HARRY

But why, sir? If no one will believe me?

DUMBLEDORE

Because it's true.

103A EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

103A *

104 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

104 *

The customary colors of the four Houses are nowhere in evidence. Instead, the Hall is draped in BLACK BANNERS. Harry, Ron and Hermione sit solemnly among their fellow Gryffindors as Dumbledore addresses the tables.

DUMBLEDORE

The end... of another year. Ordinarily this is day of celebration, a day in which we recognize the accomplishments of ourselves and others. But today...

His eyes drift to an EMPTY SEAT at the Hufflepuff table.

DUMBLEDORE

... we acknowledge a terrible loss. Cedric Diggory was, as many of you know, exceptionally hard-working, infinitely fair-minded and, most importantly, a fierce friend. I think therefore you have the right to know exactly how he died.

(a beat)

Cedric Diggory was murdered by Lord Voldemort.

NERVOUS WHISPERS spread throughout the Hall.

(CONTINUED)

126.
HP4NB04292004159

HIP4NB0429200459

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

HP4NB04292004159

129.

106

*
*
*
*