

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows
Part VIII
by
Rilian Holden

Based on the book
By
JK Rowling

All rights reserved to JK Rowling.
No profit was made from this screenplay.
www.booksandwands.com

INT. TENT

Hermione sits on the edge of Harry's cot, trying to sooth him. He tosses and turns violently in his cot. She tosses a wet cloth back into a bowl of cold water on the floor next to her.

She grabs Harry's shoulders and tries to push him back down on the cot as his tremors trash him around.

HERMIONE
Please Harry, wake up.

Harry fights against her grip.

HARRY
No!

HERMIONE
(her voice shaking)
Harry, please!

Suddenly, he bolts awake. Eyes shoot wide open, he stares at Hermione for a moment without recognizing her.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)
Harry?

He blinks at her voice.

HARRY
What happened?

HERMIONE
You've been unconscious.

HARRY
You look exhausted. How long have I been out?

HERMIONE
Since yesterday.

HARRY
What?!

HERMIONE
You've been really... ill.

HARRY
We shouldn't have gone to Godric's Hollow. It's my fault, it's all my fault, Hermione, I'm sorry.

HERMIONE

It's not your fault. I wanted to go too. I really thought Dumbledore might have left the sword there for you.

HARRY

Yeah, well... we got that wrong, didn't we? Where are we?

HERMIONE

Forest of Dean. I went camping here once with my mum and dad.

He sits up suddenly, throwing back the blankets. Hermione starts.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Harry, no, I'm sure you ought to rest!

HARRY

You're the one who needs sleep.

HERMIONE

No, I'm fine.

HARRY

You've been up all night taking care of me. You're exhausted. Go lie down. I'll keep watch. Where's my wand?

Her eyes immediately well up with tears, her bottom lip trembling.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hermione, where's my wand?

She reaches down beside the bed and holds it out to him. He looks down at his broken wand in her hands.

The wand is nearly severed in two. One fragile strand of phoenix feather core kept both pieces together.

HERMIONE

I'm so sorry, Harry.

Harry takes it tenderly into his hand as if it were a living thing.

HARRY

Mend it. Please.

HERMIONE
I don't think -

HARRY
Please, Hermione, try.

HERMIONE
Reparo!

The dangling half of the wand resealed itself. Harry points it at Hermione.

HARRY
Expelliarmus.

Hermione's wand jerks a little, but does not leave her hand. And then, as if the effort was too much for it to bear, the wand cracks in two again.

HERMIONE
(whispering)
Harry, I'm so, so sorry. I don't know what happened. The snake was everywhere.

HARRY
There's nothing to be sorry for. I heard a snap when it had me wrapped up. You saved my life back there and you've been taking care of me since... We'll just find another way to repair it.

HERMIONE
But -

HARRY
I'll just borrow yours for now, then. I'll keep watch.

Hermione hands him her wand. He slides out of the cot and stands shakily. When she reaches out to help him, he shrugs her off.

He goes to the edge of the tent, his face etched with anger and grief.

EXT. TENT. FOREST OF DEAN

Harry makes himself comfortable at the mouth of the tent. He peers outside at the snow covered trees.

There is a CLINKING sound behind him.

Hermione kneels at his side, passing him a cup of tea.

He looks up into her face to say his thanks, but stops short when he sees tears pooling in her eyes.

HERMIONE

Are you very angry with me?

HARRY

No. No, Hermione, you were incredible. I'd be dead if you hadn't been there.

HERMIONE

You know I'm impressed.

HARRY

Impressed?

HERMIONE

I can't imagine what you must be feeling. Our wands are so much a part of us...I thought you'd be in a towering rage.

HARRY

I am.

HERMIONE

No. You've controlled your temper. If this were a year ago, you'd have thrown a tantrum.

Harry turns to her abruptly, ready to deny it, but stops himself.

HARRY

I like to think of it as fits of passion.

HERMIONE

Oh. Excuse me. So sorry.

They share a laugh.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Ever the brooder though.

HARRY

No. I was just thinking.

HERMIONE
About your parents?

HARRY
I'm sorry you had to see that.

HERMIONE
I'm glad I did. I could never
imagine what that must have been
like for you. Your parents were
amazing.

HARRY
(smiles sadly)
I s'pose they were. But I wasn't
thinking about them. Is that awful
of me?

HERMIONE
Oh, Harry. Of course not.

HARRY
I was thinking about how much
Dumbledore didn't tell me.

HERMIONE
Harry, I'm sure he meant -

HARRY
Look at what he asked from me,
Hermione!

Harry flings his arms over his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Risk your life, Harry! And again!
And again! And don't expect me to
explain everything, just trust me
blindly, trust that I know what I'm
doing, trust me even though I don't
trust you! Never the whole truth!
Never!

HERMIONE
He loved you. I know he loved you.

HARRY
I don't know who he loved,
Hermione, but it was never me. This
isn't love, the mess he's left me
in.

She strokes the fringe of his forehead and lets her hand trail down the side of his face. He closes his eyes at the contact.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What about you? Why aren't you in bed?

HERMIONE
I can't. I'm too used to having him with me.

Harry starts to fidget uncomfortably.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)
He used to cuddle up -

HARRY
Er - Hermione...I'm not sure I want to hear this.

HERMIONE
What?

HARRY
What do you mean what?

HERMIONE
What are you talking about?

HARRY
What are you talking about?

HERMIONE
Crookshanks. What did you think?

Harry LAUGHS in total relief.

HARRY
Crookshanks. You know, I miss him too. I never realized how hard this must be for you. You're always so strong. I forget sometimes that you're a girl.

HERMIONE
That's fairly obvious.

HARRY
I know I'm a pathetic substitute for Crookshanks, but maybe it would help if I stayed with you... until you fell asleep.

HERMIONE

Oh, Harry, you really don't have to do that.

HARRY

Least I can do. You did make the tea after all.

He smirks at her; she smirks right back.

INT. TENT. LATER

Hermione is asleep on her back. Harry is seated on the floor, his legs stretched out under the cot, his head rests on his folded forearms on the cot next to her, also asleep.

Her fingers are tangled in his hair.

There is a CRACK from outside. Harry wakes up, looks around.

He hears CRUNCHING footsteps in the snow. He gets up and grabs Hermione's wand off the stack of books next to her cot.

He heads to the tent flap and looks out. Outside there is a blindingly brilliant glow. He slips his shoes on without turning away.

He chances a glance away from the light to look at Hermione. She is curled up on her side facing away from him.

HARRY

(whispers)

Hermione.

She doesn't stir. He slips a sweatshirt over his head, steps outside and seals the tent flap.

EXT. FOREST OF DEAN

Harry peers into the surrounding darkness, searching for the source of the sudden light.

From behind an old oak, a silver-white doe, moon-bright and dazzling, steps out coming toward him. She steps closer, her beautiful head with its wide, long-lashed eyes held high.

Harry just stares at the creature, until she starts to move away.

HARRY

No! Come back!

She keeps moving, picking her way through the trees. Harry, enthralled by the presence of the Patronus, follows.

They come to a frozen lake where the doe stops and turns her head once more to Harry.

He reaches out a hand to caress the creature, but she vanishes instantly.

Blinking fiercely in the darkness, Harry raises his wand and lights the tip.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Lumos!

Something under the frozen surface of the lake glints in the light from his wand.

With a quick scan of his surroundings, he edges closer to the lake to see it.

There at the bottom of the lake glints a large silver cross. He drops to his knees at the edge of the ice and peers into it.

A sword with glittering rubies in its hilt... The sword of Gryffindor lies at the bottom of the forest pool.

Harry scans the surrounding trees once more, peering into the dark trees for any sign of a person, friend or foe. Finding no one, he directs his attention back to the sword.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Accio Sword.

Nothing happens. Sighing, Harry stands and removes his heavy sweatshirt, the golden Slytherin locket glints against his dark t-shirt.

He kicks off his shoes, pulls off his socks and, hopping from foot to foot from the cold, directs the wand at the ice.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Diffindo.

The surface of the pool breaks with a CRACK like a bullet in the silence.

Quickly, he plunges himself into the water breaking the surface with a GROAN of pain. Inhaling deeply, he descends under the water and swims the short distance to the bottom.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE. UNDERWATER

His path lit by the wandlight, he finds the sword and wraps numb fingers tightly around the hilt. Planting his feet in the muddy lakebed, he pushes off upward.

Just as his nose and mouth break the surface of the water, he gets pulled back under.

Flailing in a panic underwater, Harry waves the wand in every direction, but sees nothing. He tries to reach the surface again, but is held back.

He looks down to see the Horcrux winding its way around his neck like a snake. Enclosing his neck ever more tightly, constricting his windpipe.

Harry kicks out wildly, trying to push himself back to the surface, but merely propels himself into the rocky side of the pool.

Trashing, suffocating, he wrestles with the chain, dropping both the sword and the wand.

The sword descends straight downward, its tip lodging it upright in the lakebed. The wand falls next to it in the mud.

The light eerily penetrating the murkiness of the water. Harry's pale, panicked face illuminated in its glow.

Nothing he tries stops the restricting chain of the Horcrux. It pulls like a magnet to the bed of the lake, pulling Harry further down.

A shadow flickers above him, Harry makes a mad move for the surface, but the Horcrux yanks him back.

With a great splash from above, Harry is grabbed around the shoulders by a pair of strong arms.

Hauled out of the lake and dropped into the snow, Harry lies face down, choking.

Very close to him there are sounds of another's movements.

HARRY
(shivering)
H-h-hermione...a-are y-y-you okay?

RON (O.S.)
I'm not Hermione, mate.

As quickly as he can manage, Harry lifts himself up to see Ron.

He's sitting in the snow, shivering but using his wand to dry his clothes and hair.

HARRY

Ron?

RON

Are you mental? Why the *hell* didn't you take this thing off before you dived?

Ron holds up the dripping locket. Harry reaches his hands to his neck, fingers skimming the cuts from the chain.

Ron throws him the wand and his shirt and shoes. Harry performs a drying spell and tugs his sweatshirt on quickly.

HARRY

It was y-you?

RON

(confused)

Well, yeah.

HARRY

Y-you cast that doe?

RON

What? No, of course not! I thought it was you doing it!

HARRY

My Patronus is a stag.

RON

Oh yeah. I thought it looked different. No antlers.

Harry stands to face him, shoving his feet in his shoes. Both boys clutch their wands.

HARRY

The locket.

Harry holds his hand out towards Ron. Ron doesn't move just looks down at the locket in his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ron, the locket. Give me the locket.

Ron holds the Horcrux out between them. His grip remains firm. The Horcrux dangles in the space between the two boys.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Please, Ron! What -

RON
It's moving. It's moving by itself.

HARRY
It tried to kill me in the water.

RON
Harry, what's going on?

The Horcrux jerks and spasms.

HARRY
It must sense the sword nearby.
It's trying to get away.

RON
That's the sword of Gryffindor? You reckon this is the real one?

HARRY
I know it is. Look at the Horcrux.

Ron tosses the Horcrux to Harry, who snatches it out of the air with ease. He holds his palm flat, the Horcrux practically jumps right out of his hand.

RON
So how did the sword get in that pool?

HARRY
Whoever cast the Patronus must have left it. How did you get here? Did you see anyone?

RON
Long story, mate. I thought I saw something move behind that tree, but I didn't stop. You'd gone under and hadn't come up - hey!

Harry sets off in the direction Ron has pointed in before Ron finishes speaking. Ron quickly hurries after him.

There are two oaks grown very close together with a narrow gap at eye level. The ground around the trees is free of snow, there are no signs of footprints.

HARRY

Nothing.

Harry leads the way to a small clearing in the trees where the moonlight shines brightly on the fallen snow.

Harry turns to speak to Ron, but stops. Ron is holding the sword in his hands like an offering, staring oddly at it.

RON

It's time, Harry. You should do it now.

He brushes the snow from the surface of a flat rock at the center of the clearing.

HARRY

Ron?

RON

This is it, Harry. It's time. Even the Horcrux knows it.

HARRY

Right. I'm going to open it and you stab it. Straightaway, okay? Because whatever's in there will put up a fight. The bit of Riddle in the diary tried to kill me.

RON

Me? What? Why?

HARRY

You got it out of the pool. I think it's supposed to be you.

RON

No! You should do it.

HARRY

It's meant to be you. I'll open it and you stab it.

Harry sets the Horcrux down on the flat rock and kneels to the side, holding it there.

RON

How are you going to open it?

HARRY

I'm going to ask it, in Parseltongue.

Harry leans closer to the Horcrux and begins to hiss.

RON

No! No, don't open it! I can't,
Harry, I'm serious! You do it -

HARRY

But why? Let's just get rid of it -

RON

Because that thing's bad for me! I
can't handle it. It affects me
worse than it affected you and
Hermione. It's too strong.

HARRY

You can do it! You have to! On
three... one. Two. Three... *open*.

The last word comes out as a HISS.

The golden doors of the locket swing open with a little
CLICK.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Stab!

Ron raises the sword over his head with shaking arms. Harry
grips each end of the locket tightly and braces himself.

A voice hisses from the open Horcrux.

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

I have seen your heart, and it is
mine.

With a great WHOOSH, the trees around them shake and sway as
if caught in a hurricane. Harry is pushed away from the
Horcrux with great force.

He is pushed backward in the snow on his back until he is
forced against the closest tree held there as if by invisible
hands.

The force is so great, Harry starts to lose consciousness. He
fights to keep his head up and his eyes open. He can barely
utter a word.

Ron, transfixed in horror, still holds the sword aloft over
his head, but he is immobile, staring at the Horcrux.

The windows of the locket blink like living eyes, red
gleaming out in slits.

HARRY

Stab it!

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

Least loved, always, by the mother
who craved a daughter... Least
loved, now, by the girl who prefers
your friend... Second best, always,
eternally overshadowed...

Out of the locket's two windows, blossom two phantasmal
shapes. As they grow in size, they take on the appearance of
Hermione and Harry. The only difference from the real things
are the vivid, gleaming red eyes.

Ron YELLS in shock and backs away from the figures, dropping
the sword to his side.

He stumbles back as far away as possible until his back hits
a tree.

PHANTASM HARRY

Why return? We were better without
you, happier without you, glad of
your absence... We laughed at your
stupidity, your cowardice, your
presumption -

PHANTASM HERMIONE

Presumption! Who could look at you,
who would ever look at you, beside
Harry Potter? What have you ever
done, compared with the Chosen One?
What are you, compared with the Boy
Who Lived?

PHANTASM HARRY

Your mother confessed that she
would have preferred me as a son,
would be glad to exchange...

PHANTASM HERMIONE

Who wouldn't prefer him, what woman
would take you, you are nothing,
nothing, nothing compared to him.

The Phantasm Hermione wraps herself around Phantasm Harry,
both sealing themselves in a close embrace. Their lips meet
passionately.

Ron drops the sword to the ground. His eyes flash an angry
red.

With a primal CRY, he drops to his knees and drops his head in his hands. In one sudden movement, he is back on his feet, sword raised above his head.

He rushes to the two figures, now pleading for their lives as his friends.

He strikes the Horcrux dead center on the rock surface. There is a great CRASH that sends him flying backward.

With a GASP, Harry blinks away the unconsciousness and sits up, looking around.

At the center of the clearing, where the rock was, there is now a scorched crater. The two pieces of the locket lie on opposite sides of the crater.

Further from him, Ron lies on his side facing away from Harry, his heavy breathing heard in the eerie silence. The sword of Gryffindor lies in the snow at his back.

Harry stands and reaches out for one piece of the locket. It's is burning hot. He drops it in the snow.

HARRY

Ron?

RON

(voice raw)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I left. I know
I was a - a -

HARRY

You've sort of made up for it
tonight. Getting the sword.
Finishing off the Horcrux. Saving
my life.

Ron lumbers to his feet. When he turns to face Harry, his eyes are bloodshot, but his tears have dried.

RON

That makes me sound a lot cooler
than I was.

HARRY

Stuff like that always sounds
cooler than it really was. I've
been trying to tell you that for
years.

Simultaneously, they walk forward and hug, pounding on each other's back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(breaking away)
And now all we've got to do is find
the tent again.

INT. TENT

Hermione paces frantically in front of the fire, running her hands through her hair.

HERMIONE
(muttering)
I'll kill him. He better be okay.
If he's not okay, I'm going to kill
him.

The seam of the flap glows brightly before the flap falls open. Harry steps in with a gigantic smile on his face.

She rushes forward to embrace him. He turns her so her back is to the flap.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)
Where have you been?! You can't
just leave! Are you all right?

She lays a hand on the side of his face as if to check for herself.

Ron stands hesitantly by the door, grimacing at the closeness he sees.

HARRY
It's okay, everything's fine. More
than fine actually. I'm great. And
there's someone here.

HERMIONE
What do you mean? Who - ?

She sees Ron and stops short.

Ron offers a meek half-smile.

With a GROWL, Hermione launches herself at Ron. Aims kicks and punches at anywhere she can reach.

RON
Ouch - ow - gerroff! What the - ?
Hermione - OW!

HERMIONE

You crawl back here after weeks and weeks - How could you?

Each of her words is punctuated by a strike.

HARRY

Hermione! Calm -

He tries to grab her but she's flailing so much, he gets hit in the head, knocking his glasses off, and drops her.

HERMIONE

I will not calm down! Give me back my wand! Give it back to me!

She turns to Harry to retrieve her wand. He backs away from her.

HARRY

Just calm down, Hermione.

HERMIONE

Don't you tell me what to do, Harry Potter! Don't you dare! Give it back to me now! And YOU!

She points at Ron, her look so fierce he backs up a few steps.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

I came running after you! I called you! I begged you to come back!

RON

I know, Hermione, I'm sorry, I'm really -

HERMIONE

You're *sorry*?!

She attacks anew, having abandoned the attempt to get her wand back from Harry.

Harry steps in and catches her about the waist, lifting her up and pulling her away from Ron. She kicks out one last time, catching Ron on the shoulder.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

You come back after all this time and you think it's all going to be all right if you just say sorry?

RON

What else can I say?

HERMIONE

Oh, I don't know! Rack your brains, Ron, that should only take a couple of seconds!

HARRY

He just saved -

HERMIONE

I don't care! I don't care what he's done! It doesn't change what he did! We could have been dead for all he knew!

RON

I knew you weren't dead! Harry's all over the news, I'd have heard straight off if you were dead, you don't know what it's been like -

HERMIONE

What it's been like for you?

She makes a move to get past Harry. He quickly uses her wand to erect a shield separating himself and Hermione from Ron.

She looks at him, furious.

HARRY

Hermione, please. He just saved my life. Let's talk about this more tomorrow, yeah? We're all exhausted and need some sleep.

HERMIONE

Fine. I suppose he can stay... until he throws another tantrum and takes off.

She storms off to the other side of the tent, back to her cot.

HARRY

(quietly to Ron)

About the best you could hope for, I think.

RON

Yeah. Could've been worse. Remember
those birds she sent after me in
6th Y-

A book connects with Ron's head cutting off his words. Harry
spins around to look at Hermione, who is still off screen.

HARRY

How did you never tried out for
Quidditch!?

Ron staggers to his feet, but falls over again.