

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows  
Part V  
by  
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Based on the book  
By  
JK Rowling

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INT. TENT. LATER

The interior of the tent is the size of a London flat. It has a kitchen, bathroom, bedroom area and a common living area.

RON  
So have you got it?

Harry grins slightly.

RON (CONT'D)  
You got it! No one tells me anything! Blimey, you can have mentioned it!

HERMIONE  
Well, we were running for our lives from the Death Eaters, weren't we? Here.

Hermione pulls the locket from out of the pocket of her robes and hands it to Ron.

It was as large as a chicken's egg. An ornate letter *S*, inlaid with many small green stones, glinted dully in the diffused light shining through the tent's canvas roof.

RON  
Are we sure it's still a Horcrux?

HERMIONE  
I think so. There'd be some sign of damage if it had been magically destroyed.

HARRY  
I reckon we're going to have to work out how to open this thing before we can destroy it.

RON  
Can you feel it, though?

Harry takes the Horcrux from him and holds it in his hand. He shivers in revulsion. There is a faint pulse from the locket, as if it has a heartbeat.

HERMIONE  
I think we should take it in turns to keep watch outside the tent. And we'll need to think about some food as well.

RON

What are we going to do with it,  
though?

HARRY

Keep it safe til we work out how to  
destroy it. I'll take the first  
watch, Hermione.

HERMIONE

Fine. What about food?

HARRY

Isn't there a town near-by?

RON

You won't have much luck with that.

The other two give him an odd look.

RON (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot to tell you. Dunno how  
you didn't see the posters  
yourselves. Hermione, meet the  
Ministry of Magic's Undesirable  
Number One.

He gestures to Harry.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

HERMIONE

You're the Ministry's most wanted.  
It's a head hunt. I guess I'll try  
the town.

Ron laughs but stops abruptly, clutching his left side.

RON

Harry, meet Undesirable Number Two.

Harry and Hermione stare at each other in shock. She shrugs  
and heads toward the flap door of the tent.

HERMIONE

I'll try to find something edible  
out there.

She exits.

HARRY

And what about you? Number Three, are you?

RON

No, they can't justify that. I'm a pure blood. Do me a favor? Let's not say the name anymore, all right?

HARRY

What? Vol-

RON

Yeah! That one...it just feels like a jinx. I bet they could even put a Tracer on it. Anyone who dares call the Dark Lord by his name...you know how mental they get over that.

HARRY

A Tracer... on the name?

RON

Who are the only two people you know of who use the name?

HARRY

That would explain how they found us at the cafe... That's actually ingenious.

RON

(hopeful)

So no more of the name?

HARRY

I'll try.

CAMP OUT MONTAGE.

Hermione finds rubbery looking mushrooms.

Harry and Hermione switch off being the look-out.

They force themselves to swallow down their mushroom meal.

Harry and Hermione half-carry half-drag Ron to the cots.

Harry makes up his cot and lies down.

Hermione sits by the flap of the tent and reads *The Tales of Beedle the Bard*.

END MONTAGE.

Harry tosses and turns in his cot.

DREAM. INT. MALFOY MANOR

A beaten man lies on the floor, curled up and shivering. His whimpers of pain echo in the cold cell.

Voldemort paces circles around him.

VOLDEMORT

Do not lie to Lord Voldemort,  
Gregorovitch. He knows... He always  
knows.

GREGOROVITCH

I have it not, I have it no more!  
It was, many years ago, stolen from  
me!

VOLDEMORT

Ollivander has already been  
tortured into giving you up. Give  
it to me, Gregorovitch.

GREGOROVITCH

It - it was stolen...

VOLDEMORT

Draco, give Gregorovitch another  
taste of our displeasure... Do it,  
or feel my wrath yourself!

Draco steps forward out of the shadows of the room, ashen-faced and shaking. He raises his wand toward Gregorovitch.

The old man writhes on the floor. Voldemort kicks him onto his back, pulls him up by his face and forces him to lock eyes.

Voldemort scans through Gregorovitch's thoughts until he spots Gregorovitch as a much younger man hurrying down a corridor to a workshop.

Gregorovitch gets to the workshop in time to see a young man with golden hair perched like a giant bird on the windowsill.

With a crow of laughter, the young man jumps from the sill and disappears.

Voldemort pulls away from Gregorovitch and drops him like a sack to the ground.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)  
Who was the thief, Gregorovitch?

GREGOROVITCH  
I do not know, I never knew, a  
young man - no - please - PLEASE!

There is a SCREAM followed by a burst of green light.

HERMIONE (V.O.)  
Harry!

END DREAM.

INT. TENT

Harry is on the floor, he's thrashed himself out of the cot. Hermione kneels over him.

HERMIONE  
Harry?

HARRY  
Dream. I'm fine.

HERMIONE  
I know it was your scar! I can tell  
by the look on your face. You were  
looking into Vol-

RON  
Don't say his name!

HERMIONE  
You-Know-Who's mind!

HARRY  
It was a dream, Hermione. Can you  
control what you dream about?

HERMIONE  
If you'd just learn to apply  
Occlumency. What if he's watching?

HARRY

I think he was busy murdering  
Gregorovitch, the wandmaker.

He gets up and gets back into bed.

HERMIONE

What's he want with a wandmaker?

HARRY

He was asking -

HERMIONE

I'm not interested.

HARRY

Can't you just -

She walks away from him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't care. I'm going to tell you  
anyway. He wanted something, but  
Gregorovitch said it was stolen.  
Then he read Gregorovitch's mind. I  
saw the thief, he looked familiar.

RON

Did you see what he stole?

HARRY

No, it must've been small.

RON

You don't reckon You-Know-Who's  
after something else to turn into a  
Horcrux?

HARRY

I don't know. Maybe.

Harry looks over at Hermione. She sits stubbornly with her  
back to him, still at the flap.

A moment later, Ron's snores rumble through the tent.

Harry gets out of his cot and goes over to Hermione.

HARRY (CONT'D)

My turn.

HERMIONE

No, I'm fine.

HARRY

Hermione. I'm sorry, okay. I didn't do it on purpose.

HERMIONE

It's really dangerous, Harry. Dumbledore wanted you to close that connection.

HARRY

I didn't mean it to happen.

HERMIONE

You really have to try, Harry. If you can see him, he can see you too.

She gets up to go to her cot. She brushes past him as she leaves, their hands connect and she slides her fingers between his. He squeezes them back.

HARRY

I will, Hermione. I promise.

She walks to her cot and gets under the covers.

He sits at the opening of the tent, looking out with a sigh, rubbing his scar.

INT. TENT. NEXT DAY

Harry stumbles into the tent shivering.

HARRY

Dementors.

RON

But you can make a brilliant Patronus!

HARRY

I couldn't... make one. Wouldn't... come.

RON

So we still haven't got any food.

HERMIONE

Shut up, Ron. Harry, what happened? You managed a Patronus perfectly yesterday!

HARRY

I don't know!

Ron kicks over a chair. Hermione wheels around to pin him with a harsh, scolding look. Ron glares right back at her.

RON

What? I'm starving! All I've had since I bled half to death is a couple of toadstools!

HARRY

You go and fight your way through the Dementors, then.

RON

I would, but my arm's in a sling, in case you haven't noticed -

HARRY

That's convenient.

RON

And what's that supposed to - ?

HERMIONE

Of course! Harry, give me the locket.

She reaches her arms out. Harry dips his head so she can take it off.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Better?

HARRY

Yeah, loads better!

HERMIONE

Maybe we ought not to wear it.

HARRY

We're not leaving that Horcrux lying around. If we lose it, if it gets stolen -

HERMIONE

Oh, all right, all right. But we'll take turns wearing it, so nobody keeps it for too long.

She loops it around her neck and tucks it down the front of her shirt.

EXT. FOREST. DIFFERENT DAY

The trio set up the tent and the wards. They look for food.

INT. TENT. LATER

They sit around the fire, picking at a bowl of berries.

RON  
So where next?

Harry and Hermione sit back with a sigh. Tired of the conversation.

HARRY  
Dumbledore believed Vol-

RON  
Don't say the name!

HARRY  
Fine! You-Know-Who hid the Horcruxes in places that were important to him.

RON  
Yeah, let's go to Albania. Shouldn't take more than an afternoon to search an entire country.

HARRY  
What do you want me to tell you, Ron?

RON  
You're the leader. Aren't you supposed to have a plan?

HARRY  
I only know as much as Dumbledore told me!

RON  
Wasn't much, was it? Maybe he wanted you to die.

HERMIONE  
Ron! Stop it - both of you!

They sulkily return to their berries.

EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRYSIDE. ANOTHER DAY

Hermione and Harry set up the wards and the tent. Ron sits on a rock, watching.

HERMIONE

But Dumbledore would have found it, Harry.

HARRY

Dumbledore said in front of me that he never assumed he knew all of Hogwarts' secrets. I'm telling you, if there was one place Vol-

RON

Oi!

HARRY

YOU-KNOW-WHO, then! If there was one place that was really important to You-Know-Who, it was Hogwarts!

RON

Oh, come on. His *school*?

HARRY

Yeah, his school! It was his first real home, the place that meant he was special; it meant everything to him, and even after he left -

RON

This is You-Know-Who we're talking about, right? Not You?

Harry throws the tenting spoke at him and stalks away.

INT. TENT. ANOTHER DAY

Harry steps into the tent carrying food, a few eggs and stale biscuits.

Hermione and Ron are in a hot debate. They don't notice him come in.

RON

I'm saying he doesn't even have a plan! He has no idea what he's doing and we're just wandering around the country aimlessly!

HERMIONE

And what would you do, Ron, leave him to do it alone? You knew the situation before you volunteered for it. He needs our help. You're his friend!

RON

I know that, but -

Steps out of the tent again.

HARRY (O.S.)

Dinner!

The two stop speaking abruptly. Harry reenters and drops the eggs in a bowl in the kitchen.

Ron rushes in and takes the biscuits from his hands.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(scathing)

You're welcome.

He walks away.

INT. TENT. ANOTHER DAY

Hermione rushes in, brushing the raindrops from her robes.

HERMIONE

Harry! I have an idea! I can't believe I've only just thought of it!

She grabs her bag and reaches inside. She pulls out the portrait of Phineas Nigellus that hung in Harry's old bedroom at Grimmauld.

HARRY

When did you - ?

HERMIONE

Constant vigilance, Harry. I packed him before we left for the Ministry. Just in case.

Ron comes to sit by them, he eyes the portrait disdainfully.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)  
Phineas Nigellus? Professor Black?  
Please could we talk to you?  
Please?

NIGELLUS  
Please always helps.

The figure in the portrait slides into his frame.

HERMIONE  
*Obscuro!*

A blindfold appears on the portrait's face.

NIGELLUS  
What - how dare - what are you -?

HERMIONE  
I'm very sorry, Professor Black,  
but it's a necessary precaution.

NIGELLUS  
Remove this foul addition at once!  
Remove it, I say! Where am I? What  
is going on?

HARRY  
Never mind where we are.

NIGELLUS  
Can that possibly be the voice of  
the elusive Mr. Potter?

HARRY  
We've got a couple of questions to  
ask you - about the sword of  
Gryffindor.

NIGELLUS  
Ah, yes. You've heard. That silly  
girl and her friends were foolhardy  
in the extreme. Thieving from the  
headmaster!

HARRY  
That sword doesn't belong to the  
Headmaster!

NIGELLUS  
It belongs to Professor Snape's  
school.

HARRY

Who's school?

HERMIONE

It can't be.

NIGELLUS

Professor Snape was made the new Headmaster of Hogwarts, didn't you know?

HARRY

But someone tried to take it?

NIGELLUS

Exactly what claim did the Weasley girl have upon it? She deserved her punishment, as did the idiot Longbottom and the Lovegood oddity!

HERMIONE

Neville is not an idiot and Luna is not an oddity!

RON

What kind of punishment?

NIGELLUS

Who is that? Where am I? Where have you brought me? Why have you removed me from the house of my forebears?

HARRY

Never mind that! How did Snape punish Ginny, Neville and Luna?

NIGELLUS

*Professor* Snape sent them into the Forbidden Forest with oaf, Hagrid.

HERMIONE

Hagrid is not an oaf!

HARRY

(relieved)

They've faced plenty worse than the Forbidden Forest. They probably had a good laugh with Hagrid.

HERMIONE

What we really wanted to know, Professor Black, is whether anyone else has, um, taken the sword at all? Maybe it's been taken away for cleaning or - or something?

NIGELLUS

*Muggle-borns*. Goblin-made armor does not require cleaning, simple girl. Goblin's' silver repels mundane dirt, imbining only that which strengthens it.

HARRY

Don't call Hermione simple.

NIGELLUS

I grow weary of contradiction. Perhaps it is time for me to return to the headmaster's office?

Still blindfolded, Phineas Nigellus begins to grope and pat the air feeling for the edge of this portrait.

HERMIONE

Professor Black, couldn't you just tell us, *please*, when was the last time the sword was taken out of its case? Before Ginny, Neville and Luna tried, I mean?

NIGELLUS

I believe the last time I saw the sword of Gryffindor leave its case was when Professor Dumbledore used it to break open a ring.

Hermione whips around to look at Harry. Neither of them dare speak, but excitement lights both their eyes.

NIGELLUS (CONT'D)

Well, good night to you.

HARRY

Wait! Have you told Snape you saw this?

NIGELLUS

Professor Snape has more important things on his mind than the many eccentricities of Albus Dumbledore. Good-bye, Potter!

Nigellus finally finds the edge of his portrait and exits.

HERMIONE

Harry!

HARRY

I know!

Harry gets up and strides up and down the tent, punching the air.

Hermione shoves the portrait back into the bag, closes the clasp and joins him with a jump.

HERMIONE

The sword can destroy Horcruxes!  
Goblin-made blades imbibe only that  
which strengthen them - Harry, that  
sword's impregnated with Basilisk  
venom!

HARRY

And Dumbledore didn't give it to me  
because he still needed it, he  
wanted to use it on the locket -

HERMIONE

- and he must have realized they  
wouldn't let you have it if he put  
it is his will -

HARRY

- so he made a copy -

HERMIONE

- and put the fake one in the glass  
case for the Ministry to take -

HARRY

- and he left the real one - where?

They gaze at each other, confused, thinking.

HERMIONE

(whispers)

Think! Think! Where would he have  
left it?

HARRY

Not at Hogwarts.

They begin pacing.

HERMIONE  
Somewhere in Hogsmeade?

HARRY  
The Shrieking Shack? Nobody ever goes in there.

HERMIONE  
But Snape knows how to get in, wouldn't that be a bit risky?

HARRY  
Dumbledore trusted Snape.

HERMIONE  
Not enough to tell him that he had swapped the swords.

HARRY  
Yeah, you're right! So, would he have hidden the sword well away from Hogsmeade, then? What d'you reckon, Ron? Ron?

Harry and Hermione look around, noticing for the first time that Ron wasn't with them.

It looks as though Ron has left the tent, there's no sign of him.

RON (O.S.)  
Oh, remembered me, have you?

They turn to find Ron lying on his cot, tucked away in a corner, arms crossed, looking stony.

HARRY  
What?

RON  
You two carry on. Don't let me spoil your fun.

HARRY  
What's the problem?

RON  
Problem? There's no problem. Not according to you, anyway.

HARRY  
Well, you've obviously got a problem. Spit it out, will you?

Ron swings his long legs off the bed and sits up. He has a mean, contentious look on his face.

RON

All right, I'll spit it out. Don't expect me to skip up and down the tent because there's something else we've got to find. Just add it to the list of stuff you don't know.

HARRY

I don't know? *I* don't know?

RON

It's not like I'm not having the time of my life here. You know, my arm mangled and nothing to eat and freezing my backside off every night. I just hoped, you know, after we'd been running round a few weeks, we'd have achieved something.

HERMIONE

(quietly)

Ron.

HARRY

I thought you knew what you signed up for.

RON

Yeah, I thought I did too.

HARRY

So what part of it isn't living up to your expectations? Did you think we'd be staying in five-star hotels? Finding a Horcrux every other day? Did you think you'd be back to Mummy by Christmas?

Ron jumps to his feet.

RON

We thought you knew what you were doing! We thought Dumbledore had told you what to do, we thought you had a real plan!

HERMIONE

Ron!

HARRY

Well, sorry to let you down. I've been straight with you from the start, I told you everything Dumbledore told me. And in case you haven't noticed, we've found one Horcrux -

RON

Yeah, and we're about as near getting rid of it as we are to finding the rest of them - nowhere effing near, in other words!

HERMIONE

Ron! Stop it. You don't know what you're saying.

HARRY

Yes, he does. Don't you remember Fourth Year? He was too good for me then too?

RON

More like I finally saw you for what you are. Like I do right now.

HARRY

Which is?

RON

You have no idea what you're doing. You're running around in the woods because you're too afraid to fight!

HERMIONE

Ron! Take off the locket. Please take it off. You wouldn't be talking like this if you hadn't been wearing it all day.

HARRY

Yeah, he would. Just not to my face. D'you think I haven't noticed the two of you whispering behind my back? D'you think I didn't guess you were thinking this stuff?

HERMIONE

No! It wasn't like that -

RON

Don't lie! You said it too, you said you were disappointed, you said you'd thought he had a bit more to go on than -

HERMIONE

I never meant it like that. I'd just hoped we would be further along. It's been so hard. I was frustrated. I felt like I was failing you, Harry. It was never an attack on you. I'm not disappointed in you.

RON

That's not what I heard.

HERMIONE

You heard what you wanted to hear then! Take off the Horcrux!

HARRY

It's not the Horcrux. He means it.

RON

I do mean it. You're going to fail, Harry, but you don't have to bring us down with you.

HARRY

I never asked you to come with me. Why did you, Ron? Why are you still here?

RON

Search me.

HARRY

Go home then.

RON

Yeah, maybe I will! Didn't you hear what he said about my sister? Harry *I've-Faced-Worse* Potter doesn't care about the Forbidden Forest. That's my sister! Maybe you don't care about her anymore, but I do.

HARRY

Of course I care about her -

RON

Don't think I don't know what you were doing before the wedding. Messing her around.

HARRY

I didn't mess her around.

RON

Breaking up with her then kissing her like that. What is she supposed to think?

HARRY

She knows we're not together. She knows why. She's not stupid -

RON

I'm sorry I'm stupid enough to worry about her. And what about the rest of my family. It's all right for you two, isn't it, with your parents safely out of the way -

HARRY

My parents are *dead!*

RON

And mine could be going the same way!

HARRY

Then GO! Go home to Mummy -

Ron makes a sudden movement, Harry responds. Before either wand was clear of its owner's pocket, Hermione raises her own.

HERMIONE

*Protego!*

A shield shimmers to life between them, separating she and Harry from Ron standing alone on the other side.

Harry and Ron glare at each other from either side of the shield as though seeing each other clearly for the first time.

Their glares are of utter, corrosive hatred.

Something had broken between them.

HARRY  
Leave the Horcrux.

Ron wrenches the locket from his neck and tosses it onto a nearest chair.

RON  
(to Hermione)  
What are you doing?

HERMIONE  
What do you mean?

RON  
Are you staying, or what?

HERMIONE  
I - I...

RON  
Hermione, choose!

HERMIONE  
I'm staying.

RON  
Fine. I'm not surprised.

HERMIONE  
Ron. We said we would. We both promised.

RON  
I get it. You choose him.

He storms out of the tent. She tries to go after him, but is blocked by her own shield charm.

HERMIONE  
Ron, don't be like this. Come back.

She gets free of the charm and goes after him, calling his name.

Hermione comes back in, tears in her eyes. Barely holding it together.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)  
He's gone. He-he left us.

Harry doesn't respond.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

...He won't be able to find us  
again with all the wards up.  
...That's it. He's really gone.

She breaks down and goes over to the small, tattered couch nearest the fire. She plops down, sobbing and curls her knees up to her chest, hiding her face in her arms.

Harry seems to have been awoken by her movement. He looks up to see her looking so lost and broken.

His angry expression softens at seeing her like that. He's hurt and a little frightened too. He looks from her to the flap of the tent and back again.

HARRY

I, um...I'll-I'll take the first  
watch.

She doesn't respond, but continues to cry.

Harry goes to the bunks to get his robes. Seeing Ron's things still thrown haphazardly across his bed, Harry snaps.

He grabs the sheets from the mattress and rips them off, tossing them on the floor. He throws the mattress over, chucks pillows and clothes, kicks the night stand.

At this Hermione looks over, terrified and even more upset. She starts to get up to go to him, but his cry roots her to the spot.

Harry releases a guttural ROAR and slumps to his knees. Head in his hands, breathing deeply he collects himself. When he looks up, there is not a trace of a tear on his face.

He looks back at Hermione, who is now perched on the couch half-sitting, half-standing. He stands, gripping the sheets in his hands and goes over to her.

Wrapping the blanket around her shoulders tenderly, he sits down with her on the couch, enveloping her in a hug.

He pulls her into an embrace. They clutch at each other desperately, the only thing the other has left in the world.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for not  
having a better plan. I'm sorry for  
Ron leaving.

HERMIONE

*He left, Harry, he left us. There's nothing for you to be sorry for.*

HARRY

*He's right. It's all my fault just by knowing me, you're whole family's in danger. And it's just going to get worse.*

HERMIONE

*No, Harry. It's Voldemort's fault. None of this belongs to you.*

Harry finally starts to cry on her shoulder. They hold each other as they both struggle with their tears.

HARRY

*I'm so scared, Hermione.*

HERMIONE

*I know. I am too.*

HARRY

*Why are you still here? You'd have been safer going with Ron.*

HERMIONE

*I wouldn't be anywhere else.*

Silence.

HARRY

*Thank you.*