

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

by
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Based on the book
by
JK Rowling

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EXT. MALFOY MANOR. NIGHT

A dark street in a posh neighborhood is lit only by oil lamps hanging from the wrought-iron gates of an elaborate manor.

The lone man stands sentinel in the street. He is broad and tall, with a mad mop of blonde hair. He is an imposing sight, his long black cloak flapping about his ankles.

With a POP, a second man appears out of nowhere, a few yards away in the narrow lane. The oily, lank hair blocks his view of his host. He suddenly whips his head up and aims a wand at the other to find one directed at him.

For a second they stand quite still, wands directed at each other's chests; then, recognizing each other, they stow their wands beneath their cloaks.

Walking briskly toward the manor, down the impeccable drive, neither one stops eyeing the surroundings until they reach the door.

The broad man speaks first, casting a sideways glance at his companion.

YAXLEY

You're late.

SNAPE

The Dark Lord will understand.

YAXLEY

News?

SNAPE

The best.

Reaching the intricately carved, heavy wooden door, both men merely raise their wand arms without breaking their stride.

The doors open on their own.

INT. MALFOY MANOR. DRAWING ROOM.

The old drawing room had been converted into a war room, full of silent people sitting at, and standing around, a long and ornate table.

The only illumination came from the roaring fire beneath a handsome marble mantelpiece surmounted by a gilded mirror.

Snape glances at the lower level Death Eaters pressed against the wall, to the figures seated at the table. Among those seated are the three owners of the manor.

Each of the Malfoy's strikingly platinum hair seems to reflect and magnify the firelight. They sit together, Draco sandwiched in between his parents, all worse for the wear. Gone are the self-satisfied smirks of the wealthy, to be replaced by the sunken eyes and pale expressions of the failed and mistrusted.

Looking further up the table, a dark haired woman sits at the left of the head of the table. Bellatrix looks as proud and regal as ever, if still a bit thin from her years in Azkaban.

All eyes riveted upward to a ghastly sight.

An unconscious human figure hangs upside down over the table, revolving slowly as if suspended by an invisible rope. The image is made worse by its reflection in the mirror and in the bare, polished surface of the table below.

A voice spoke from the table breaking the eerie silence.

VOLDEMORT

Severus. Here. Yaxley - beside
Dolohov.

The high pitched, clear voice came from the head of the table. Seated directly in front of the fireplace, so that it was difficult for the new arrivals to make out more than his silhouette, was the Dark Lord.

His gleaming red eyes who pupils were vertical were visible through the darkness of the room. As Snape drew nearer, he could make out the hairless, snakelike features with slits for nostrils and skin so pale it seemed to emit a glow.

The late-comers take their allotted seats, Snape at Voldemort's right hand.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Well?

SNAPE

My Lord, the Order intends to take
Potter from his relatives next
Saturday, at nightfall.

Voldemort's eyes fastened upon Snape's with such intensity that some of the watchers looked away.

The surge of magic could be felt in the room - some stiffened, others fidgeted - Snape's mind was being read.

Snape looked calmly back into Voldemort's face and, after a moment, Voldemort's lipless mouth curved into something like a smile.

VOLDEMORT

And this information comes from -

SNAPE

My source within the Order, yes.

YAXLEY

My Lord, I have heard differently. The Auror, Dawlish, said they won't move the boy until the night before he comes of age.

SNAPE

(smiling)

I assure you, Yaxley, the Auror Department will have no more say in Potter's protection. The Order believes we have infiltrated the Ministry.

A squat, dirty-looking scoundrel of a man interrupts in a hoarse voice.

AMYCUS

They've got one thing right, don't they.

His harsh laugh is echoed lightly around the table. Voldemort doesn't laugh, however, his gaze lands thoughtfully on the rotating figure above the table.

VOLDEMORT

I shall attend to the boy myself. There have been too many mistakes where he is concerned. That Potter lives is due more to my errors than to his triumphs.

A sudden WAIL sounds, a terrible, drawn-out cry of misery and pain.

The Death Eaters looked down at their feet, startled by the sound, for it had come from beneath them.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)
Wormtail, have I not spoken to you
about keeping our guest quiet.

WORMTAIL
Yes, m-my Lord.

A small man with beady, watery eyes scrambled from his seat half-way down the table and scurried from the room, leaving nothing behind but a curious gleam of silver.

VOLDEMORT
I shall need to borrow a wand
before I go to kill Potter. Lucius,
I see no reason for you to have a
wand anymore.

Lucius Malfoy looked up. His skin was yellowish and waxy, his eyes sunken and shadowed and when he spoke, his voice was hoarse.

LUCIUS
My Lord?

Voldemort reaches his hand out. Lucius looks to his wife, who nods almost imperceptibly. Lucius hands over the wand.

Voldemort pulls out his own sizing them up.

VOLDEMORT
You should be happy with this honor
I bestow upon you, Malfoy. A chance
to redeem you past failings.

At this, Bellatrix leans further towards Voldemort, looking at him beseechingly.

BELLATRIX
My Lord, it is an honor to have you
here, in our family's house. There
can be no higher pleasure.

VOLDEMORT
No higher pleasure. That means a
great deal, Bella, coming from you.

Bellatrix flushes with color, tears of delight welling in her eyes.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)
No higher pleasure...even compared
with the happy event that has taken
place in your family this week?

BELLATRIX

My Lord?

VOLDEMORT

Your niece has married the werewolf, Remus Lupin.

BELLATRIX

She is no niece of ours, my Lord. We, Narcissa and I, haven't seen our sister since she married the Mudblood. That brat has nothing to do with either of us, nor any beast she marries.

VOLDEMORT

Many of our oldest family trees become a little diseased over time. You must prune yours to keep it healthy, must you not?

BELLATRIX

Yes, my Lord. At the first chance!

VOLDEMORT

And you shall have it, Bella.

His gaze lingers on her a moment longer, taking in her breathless form, tearing with gratitude.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

In your family, so in the world, we shall cut out the canker that infects us until only those of the pureblood remain.

With an impassioned glint in his red eyes, Voldemort aims his wand at the revolving figure above them. The figure comes to life with a groan and begins fighting against invisible bonds.

BURBAGE

(crying)

Severus! Help me!...please... please!

VOLDEMORT

Silence!

With a flick of his wand, the woman's pleas go mute - her mouth moves hopelessly, no sound coming out.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

I trust, Severus, that you recognize our guest.

SNAPE

Professor Burbage teaches Muggle Studies at Hogwarts.

VOLDEMORT

Indeed. Not content with corrupting youth, the *Daily Prophet* ran an article written by a Miss Charity Burbage - a defense of Mudbloods! We must accept these thieves of our knowledge and magic, she says. The dwindling of our pureblood is desirable!

Rotating once more to face Snape, the helpless woman mouths the word "Please," tears pouring from her eyes disappearing into her hair. Snape looks back impassive.

Not a sound is heard at the table. No one even breathes.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

She would have us all mate with Muggles...or, no doubt, werewolves...

In one fluid motion, Voldemort is on his feet, his wand extended and aimed at the woman.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Avada Kedavra.

The flash of green light illuminates every corner of the room. Charity falls, with a resounding crash, onto the table below. Several of the Death Eaters leap back in their chairs.

Voldemort speaks softly, almost in a hiss.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Dinner, Nagini.

A huge snake emerges; its neck the thickness of a man's thigh; its eyes with their vertical slits for pupils unblinking.

It sways and slithers onto the polished wood.

EXT. PRIVET DRIVE. PRE-DAWN.

The quiet suburban street is sleeping in the wee hours of the morning. All is quiet. Not even a stray cat is awake to steal across a lawn.

Only the pattering car in the drive of Number Four seems unaware of the hour.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

Harry tosses the *Daily Prophet* onto his floor. The headline glares the bold letters: Muggle Studies Professor Missing.

It lands near another old edition reading: Dumbledore Remembered.

He picks up his Defense Against the Dark Arts text instead and begins flipping through the pages. He can't concentrate on that either. He throws it aside.

HARRY
(whispers)
I can't stand this!

He jumps up from the bed and paces, stopping to stoke Hedwig's feathers.

HARRY (CONT'D)
All this waiting, Hedwig, it's
driving me mad!

A shout from downstairs distracts him from his lament.

PETUNIA (O.C.)
Harry! Come down here please!

With a quick glance at his alarm clock, which reads 2 AM, Harry leaves his room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Harry enters and is surprised to find Dedalus Diggle and Hestia Jones, long-time Order members and distinctly non-Muggles, seated with his Aunt, Uncle and cousin.

DIGGLE
(bowing slightly)
Good to see you again, Harry.

JONES

How have you been?

HARRY

Er - alright, I guess. You?

JONES

Harry, we're here to take your family somewhere safe - to be protected.

Harry, shocked, looks at his Aunt and Uncle. Vernon is standing in the corner, staring rigidly out the window, his face purple and veins bulging in his neck.

Aunt Petunia and Dudley are seated across from the Order members. Petunia looks at her husband and sighs.

PETUNIA

Your...um, friends, have explained things to us and -

VERNON

I don't believe it!

JONES

Come now!

VERNON

Your lot is coming to attack us to get you?...It's a plot to get the house, I tell you!

DIGGLE

Why would we want your house?

HARRY

What house?

VERNON

This house. *Our* house!

HARRY

Are you insane? Don't you understand! Voldemort will torture and kill you like he did my parents!

Dead silence follows this announcement. Vernon is at a loss for words for once. Petunia looks upset by the mention of her sister, and grasps a shaking hand across her lips.

PETUNIA

Why now, Harry?

HARRY

The protective charm my mother set breaks when I turn seventeen. That puts us all at risk.

She sinks back into the couch. Vernon starts pacing around, wildly gesticulating as he rants.

VERNON

Woken up by people with sticks!
Clothes packing themselves! Lord
Vodlie-Thing's dying and coming
back to life -

DUDLEY

I - I think we should go with these
Order people, Dad. I mean, I'm
going with them.

PETUNIA

Oh, Diddikins! Vernon, he can't go
alone.

JONES

We really must be going now.

DIGGLE

Best to go in the cover of night.
Sun will be up soon enough

Diggle attempts to smile at the tense and frightened family, but no one seems to pay him much attention.

He and Jones politely sidle out of the room to wait by the door, leaving the family to say their good-byes.

Vernon HARRUMPHS but makes no further comment. He leaves without a word to stand at the door with Diggle and Jones.

Petunia stands from the couch and buttons up her sweater. She stands before Harry.

PETUNIA

Harry...I...I'm sorry.

She looks pleadingly at him for a moment. She reaches out a hand toward his shoulder, but then stops short and lets it fall to her side. She leaves.

DUDLEY

Good luck, Harry. And...er, thank you for this. This protection. I know we probably don't deserve anything from you.

The two young men shake hands before Dudley joins his parents at the door, each taking a bag and follow Diggle and Jones outside.

Harry stands at the window and watches the car until it turns the corner.

With a jolt, he realizes he's next and rushes back up to his room.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

Harry haphazardly throws whatever clothes and books lying about his messy room into his trunk and slams it shut.

He unceremoniously stuffs Hedwig in her cage and apologizes to her as he makes his way out of his room. He half-carries, half-drags his trunk down the staircase.

He waits by the door and checks the window. No one's there.

He checks his watch and paces around the living room. He moves the artificial fireplace out of the way and knocks on the wall behind it. Nothing.

He slides the fireplace back and goes to the window.

Suddenly, there is a loud CRASH in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Harry races into the room to find 14 people in his kitchen.

Seven of the people are dressed in his clothes. The sight stops him short.

There is a general cry of greeting. Hermione flings her arms around Harry's neck. He leans back to look at her face.

Her long hair is pulled back into a neat plait making the glasses more apparent. He touches the round rim of the glasses she's sporting.

HARRY

What's this?

A peal of laughter echoes around the cramped kitchen. Harry looks around the room, taking in the sight.

Mr. Weasley, Lupin, Tonks, Kingsley, Bill and Hagrid leaning against appliances or straddling the kitchen chairs beam back at him.

Hermione, Ron, George, Fred and Fleur were all wearing the exact same clothes he had on himself. They were either wearing glasses or held them in their hands. Fred and George let the glasses dangle from their ears.

Even Mundungus Fletcher was wearing Harry's clothes.

HAGRID

Ready for the off?

HARRY

Definitely. But I wasn't expecting so many of you!

MAD-EYE

There's been a change of plans.

Moody paces around the kitchen, out into the yard and into the living room at a dizzying pace. He is muttering incantations and swear words under his breath.

HARRY

Why? What's happened?

LUPIN

Nothing to worry about, Harry. Just taking precaution.

Directing his attention to Lupin, Harry's surprised to find Lupin won't meet his eyes.

TONKS

Wotcher, Harry.

From her perch atop the counter, she wiggles the sparkling ring at him. Harry is stunned speechless.

LUPIN

Sorry you couldn't be there, Harry. It was very quite.

HARRY

It's brilliant. Really. Congratulations.

LUPIN

I - I had wanted you to be my best man.

TONKS

When this war is over and we get to have a real ceremony, he will be.

She winks at Harry.

Moody re-enters the room.

MAD-EYE

Right then. Are we ready?

HARRY

Ready for what? Why's everyone wearing my clothes?

MAD-EYE

(glaring at Lupin)
You haven't told him?

MR. WEASLEY

We were just getting to that, Mad-Eye. Harry, as you know, this time when you leave here, there'll be no turning back.

KINGSLEY

Your mother's protective charm will break, leaving you vulnerable.

LUPIN

We're choosing to break the charm before you turn seventeen because the alternative is to wait for Voldemort to come and seize a minute after midnight on the 31st of July.

KINGSLEY

We've leaked a fake trail to the Ministry. They believe we won't be moving you until the thirtieth.

MAD-EYE

We've given a dozen different houses every protection we could to throw any patrolling Death Eaters off the scent.

MR. WEASLEY

You'll be going to Tonks' mother's house. Once inside the protective boundaries we've set, you'll be able to portkey to the Burrow.

MAD-EYE

Any questions?

Moody's mad eye was zooming around his skull so quickly, Harry had to look away from it.

HARRY

Er - yes. Maybe they won't know which house I'm headed for at first, but won't they figure it out once 14 of us fly off toward Tonks' parents' house?

MAD-EYE

Ah, I forgot to mention the key point. Fourteen of us won't be flying to Tonks' parents' house.

MR. WEASLEY

There will be seven Harry Potters moving through the skies tonight.

KINGSLEY

Each of them with a companion. Each of them heading for a different safe house.

Moody pulls from his trench a flask of what appears to be mud. Harry recognizes the bubbly liquid immediately, having taken it once before. He understands the rest of the plan without explanation.

HARRY

No! No way!

HERMIONE

I tried to tell them you wouldn't like it. But, Harry, it's really the only way.

Hermione's tone is placating, but Harry rounds on them all.

HARRY

If you think I'm going to let six people risk their lives -

RON
- because it's the first time for
all of us.

HARRY
This is different.

LUPIN
Now, Harry -

HARRY
No! You can't do it if I don't
cooperate. You need me to give you
some hair.

GEORGE
Well, that's that plan scuppered.
Obviously there's no chance of us
getting your hair without you
cooperating.

FRED
Yeah, 13 of us against one bloke
who's not old enough to use magic
yet. We've got no chance.

HARRY
(not laughing)
Funny. Really amusing.

KINGSLEY
Everyone's overage here, Harry, and
they're all prepared to take the
risk.

MR. WEASLEY
Let's have no more arguments.

TONKS
(checking her watch)
It's almost time. We've got to
move.

She jumps down from the counter and shrinks Harry's trunk to
fit in her pocket.

MAD-EYE
I want a few of your hairs, boy,
now.

HARRY
But this is mad, there's no need -

MAD-EYE

No need! With You-Know-Who out there and half the Ministry on his side? Potter, if we're lucky he'll have swallowed the fake bait and be planning to ambush you on the 30th, but he'll have a scout or two flying around the place. He'd be mad not to.

LUPIN

Our only chance is to use decoys. Even You-Know-Who can't split himself in seven.

Harry looks down immediately, unable to hold his gaze.

MAD-EYE

Some of your hair, Potter, if you please.

Harry looks pleadingly at Hermione. She nods almost imperceptibly.

With all of their eyes upon him, Harry reaches up to the top of his head, grabs a hank of hair, and pulls.

Moody extends the flask and Harry drops the strands into the potion. It froths and smokes turning a clear gold before it settles.

MR. WEASLEY

Right then, fake Harry's line up over here, please.

Fred, George, Hermione, Ron and Fleur line up in front of the sink.

LUPIN

We're one short.

HAGRID

Here.

Hagrid lifts Mundungus by the scruff of the neck and drops him down next to Fleur. She wrinkles her nose at him and goes to stand between the twins.

MUNDUNGUS

I toldjer, I'd sooner be a protector.

MAD-EYE

Shut it, you spinless worm, any Death Eater we run into will try to capture Potter, not kill him. You-Know-Who'll want to finish the job himself. The protector's will be in a worse way, the Death Eaters will be aiming to kill them straight away.

Tonks passes out small egg-shaped shot-sized glasses and, taking the flask from Moody, fills each with the potion.

TONKS

Altogether then.

The decoys drink.

All of them gasp and grimace as the potion hits their throats. At once, their features begin to bubble and distort like hot wax. Hermione and Mundungus shoot upward; Ron, Fred and George shrink.

All their hair darkens; Hermione's and Fleur's seems to shoot backward into their skulls.

With one last collective shudder, there are six Harry Potters gasping and panting in the kitchen. The real Harry stands across from them, bemused.

HERMIONE

Harry, your eyesight really is awful.

She removes her fake glasses, presses the tip of her wand to them emitting a faint glow. She puts them back on and smiles.

There is a murmur of consent and the other Harry's hand Hermione their glasses to fix as well. She lets out a very feminine sounding huff, which causes the real Harry to cringe.

MAD-EYE

Good. Now, the pairs will be as follows: Mundungus by broom, with me -

MUNDUNGUS

Why'm I with you?

MAD-EYE

Because you're the one that needs watching.

(MORE)

MAD-EYE (CONT'D)

...Arthur and George, whichever the other one is and Lupin, Miss Delacour -

BILL

I'm taking Fleur with me by thestral. She's not fond of brooms.

Fleur walks over to Bill, giving him a sappy, slavish look that causes the real Harry to turn away only to catch sight of Fred and George making gagging gestures.

MAD-EYE

Miss Granger with Kingsley, again by thestral.

TONKS

That leaves me and you, Ron!

Waving at Ron, Tonks manages to knock over a mug tree sending the muggs clattering to the floor. Ron does not look comforted.

HAGRID

An' you're with me, Harry. We'll be on the bike, brooms and thestrals can't take me weight, see.

MAD-EYE

Come on, then. No sense locking the back door, it won't keep the Death Eaters out.

They all file out into the back garden.

Harry rushes into the hall to grab his rucksack and Hedwig's cage. He pauses for a moment outside the door to the cupboard under the stairs. He places a hand to the wood, fondly, then hurries to meet the others.

EXT. BACK GARDEN

Harry bursts through the back door and makes his way through the throng of people to get to Hagrid.

He narrowly misses being struck by Hermione as Kingsley swings her up behind him on the thestral.

HARRY

Old pro at that, eh, Hermione?

HERMIONE

Feel odd talking to yourself,
Harry?

HARRY

Be careful.

HERMIONE

You be careful.

Harry turns away and meets Hagrid who is already astride the bike.

HARRY

Is this it? Is this Sirius' bike?

HAGRID

The very same. An' the last time
yeh was on it, Harry, I could fit
yeh in one hand.

MAD-EYE

Everyone ready, please, I want to
be off at the same time otherwise
the we've lost the whole point of a
diversion.

Harry sets Hedwig's cage and his rucksack into the side car. He discreetly looks around before getting in, almost as if hoping no one would notice.

As he squeezes in, his knees to his chest to accommodate the birdcage, he hears a SNIGGERING from behind him.

He looks up to see Ron astride his broomstick, smirking.

HARRY

(muttering)
Shove off, Ron.

MAD-EYE

Good luck, everyone. See you all in
about an hour at the Burrow. On the
count of three, now: One...Two...
THREE!

There was a great ROAR from the motorbike as it kicked to life, lifting upward, rising from the ground.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

Harry looks around him to see all the teams rising straight up above the Privet Drive. Looking forward, he could see the horizon was beginning to lighten, morning would be coming fast.

Then, suddenly, out of nowhere, they were surrounded.

At least thirty hooded figures, suspended in midair form a great circle in the midst of which the Order has just risen.

SCREAMS, a blaze of green light on every side, and they were off. Hagrid was speeding full speed breaking away from the others. Death Eaters trailing in the motorbike's wake.

Clutching the sidecar for dear life, Harry tries to glimpse the others' fates.

He sees a giant black cloud of smoke descend upon Moody and Mundungus. He watches Mundungus leap onto the back of one of the pursuing Death Eaters' brooms.

Mundungus then throws the owner off and speeds away toward the ground.

Then all is blocked out as the cloud completely envelopes Moody.

Hagrid gives a great YELL and the motorbike flips upside down.

HARRY
HEDWIG!

Dangling from the safety belt of the sidecar, Harry manages to grab hold of Hedwig's cage and his rucksack, but has to watch his beloved Firebolt fall to earth.

Hagrid rights the bike. They seem to have lost their followers for the moment. Then, suddenly, there is a bright burst of green light.

Hedwig drops to the floor of her cage.

HARRY (CONT'D)
No - NO! Hedwig! *Hedwig!*

The beautiful snow-white owl stays motionless and unresponsive.

HAGRID

Hold on, Harry, this'll do it for
'em!

Hagrid punches a button on the handlebar of the bike.

A solid brick wall erupts out of the exhaust pipe. Harry cranes his neck to watch.

Three of the four pursuers swerve, the fourth hits the wall head on. He drops to earth like a stone. The third Death Eater falls back to save his companion.

Beyond them, Harry can see the black cloud gathering around Kingsley. Though he can't make her out, he can see Hermione's wand fire.

HARRY

Hagrid, we've got to go back.
Hagrid, that's Hermione. We've got
to go back. Hagrid! TURN AROUND!

HAGRID

My job's ter get you there safe,
Harry!

With that, Hagrid slams his whole hand on a large purple button on the handlebar.

With a ROAR, dragon fire bursts from the exhaust, and the motorbike shoots forward like a bullet with the sound of wrenching metal.

Harry turns to see the Death Eaters shrink to little specks behind them. The sidecar sways.

HARRY

Hagrid! Help me!

With a great SCREECH of steel, the sidecar breaks away from the bike completely.

HAGRID

HARRY!

In desperation, Harry aims his wand at the sidecar.

HARRY

Wingardium Leviosa!

There is a split second reprieve as the sidecar's descent stalls. Just then, the Death Eaters are upon him, firing hexes.

HAGRID

I'm comin', Harry, I'm comin'!

The bike swoops above the sidecar, Hagrid reaches out his huge hand and grabs the back of Harry's clothes and hoists him onto the seat. They are back to back.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY

Just keep flying.

Harry faces off with the Death Eaters. He fires nothing stronger than a Stunner or a Disarming Charm while the Death Eaters are intent to kill.

Suddenly, the stars are blotted out as a dark cloud races toward them.

Harry clambers around to face front and clutches Hagrid's jacket tight.

HAGRID

Harry, what's happened?

HARRY

Do the dragon fire thing again, Hagrid, let's get out of here!

HAGRID

Hold on tight, then!

Hagrid punches the button again and the bike zooms forward, gaining some space. The force of the acceleration pushes Harry from his seat little by little, they start to descend.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Nearly there, Harry.

A SEARING pain in his scar, forces his eyes shut and a sharp cry of pain from his throat.

The green jets from two Killing Curses just miss the bike.

VOLDEMORT (O.C.)

No! He's mine!

Harry looks up, hearing the voice.

Voldemort was flying in the smoke, without broomstick or thestral to hold him, his pale face gleaming out of the blackness, aiming his wand at Harry.

HAGRID

NO!

With a shout of fury, Hagrid launches himself off the bike. He blocks Voldemort's aim and collides with the two Death Eaters and takes them down.

Harry watches in horror as Hagrid falls.

Left alone on the bike, Harry scrambles to grab hold of the handlebars as the bike plummets downward.

A CACKLE from the Dark Lord causes Harry's scar to burn white-hot against his skin. Harry falls forward on to the bike, his wand hand shooting upward.

VOLDEMORT

Avada -

There is a burst of golden fire from the tip of Harry's wand, blocking Voldemort's progression.

Hearing Voldemort's HOWL of frustration, Harry tries to sit up straighter and level the bike.

HARRY

Hagrid! Hagrid - *Accio Hagrid!*

More jets of green hurtle past him, but somehow miss. Looking back, Harry sees Voldemort grab the wand from the other Death Eater's hand.

Just as Voldemort poises to strike, he vanishes.

Harry spins around in all directions, checking for any sight of him, but only sees the ground careening towards him.

Harry pulls hard at the handlebars and gropes for the brake, but with a sickening, ground-trembling CRASH, he and the bike smash into a pond.

INT. ANDROMEDA'S DRAWING ROOM

The stately drawing room is rather old-fashion in style, but is warm and inviting. The huge fire place serves as its only light.

Harry is out cold on the couch in front of it. He BOLTS awake.

HARRY

HAGRID!

Just as soon as he sits up, he collapses again, clutching his side.

An older man approaches him.

TED

Easy, now. Hagrid's fine, son. How are you feeling? Is anything else broken?

HARRY

Where's Hagrid?

TED

He's inside with my wife. We've split the mending duties.

Ted laughs lightly at his joke. Harry struggles to stand up.

HARRY

I need to see him.

Ted tries to help, but Harry ignores everything else in his haste to get up and see Hagrid with his own eyes.

He's barely to his feet before the door opens and Hagrid squeezes in, limping and covered in blood and mud, but ALIVE.

HAGRID

Harry!

Covering the distance between them in two strides and knocking over the coffee table, Hagrid grabs Harry up in a huge bear hug.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Blimey, Harry, how did yeh get out o' that? I thought we were both goners.

HARRY

Yeah, me too. I can't believe -

Andromeda quietly slips into the room distracting Harry. Her resemblance to her sister, Bellatrix is alarming; dark hair, heavily-lidded eyes, regal manner - they are very similar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Bellatrix! You -

He reaches for his wand, but finds nothing there.

TED

Your wand's here, son. And that's my wife you're screaming at.

HARRY

Oh, I'm - I'm sorry.

ANDROMEDA

What happened to our daughter? Hagrid said you'd been ambushed?

HARRY

I don't know. We don't know what happened to everyone else.

Ted and Andromeda share a concerned look. Ted goes to her and wraps an arm around her shoulders.

TED

'Dora'll be okay, 'Dromeda. She knows her stuff, she's been in plenty of tight spots with the Aurors.

Harry's turns from the sight, his guilt evident on his face.

HAGRID

We've got ter be goin'.

HARRY

Once we get to the Burrow, we'll have Tonks - Dora - send word.

Ted hands Harry an antique silver hairbrush.

TED

Here you go, son. This is the Portkey. It'll take you to the Burrow as soon as you both touch it.

HARRY

Thanks for everything...

He grabs his rucksack and holds the hairbrush out to Hagrid.

HAGRID

Hang on a mo'. Harry, where's Hedwig?

HARRY

She - she got hit.

Harry looks down as tears fill his eyes. Hagrid places a large hand heavily on his shoulder.

HAGRID

Never mind tha'. She had a great old life.

Still holding Harry's shoulder, the half-giant touches a finger to the hairbrush with a final smile to the Tonkses.

The duo is whisked away by the Portkey.

EXT. BURROW. BACK GARDEN

Tumbling to the ground once they hit it, Harry and Hagrid clamber to their feet as Mrs. Weasley and Ginny charge from the back door of the house out to them.

MRS. WEASLEY

Harry?!

GINNY

Are you the real Harry?

MRS. WEASLEY

What happened?

GINNY

Where are the others?

HARRY

What d'you mean? Isn't anyone else back?

There is no answer, only Mrs. Weasley convulsively clutching at her robes and placing a hand over her mouth, muffling a slight moan.

HAGRID

They were waitin' fer us, Molly.

HARRY

We were surrounded the moment we took off - They knew it was tonight - I don't know what happened to anyone else, four of them chased us, it was all we could do to get away, and then Voldemort caught up to us -

MRS. WEASLEY

Thank goodness you're all right.

She pulls Harry into a fierce embrace.

HAGRID

Haven' go' any brandy, have yeh,
Molly? Fer medicinal purposes?

She turns quickly to the house to hide her face, Hagrid follows her.

Ginny points to an old oil can and sneaker on the lawn.

GINNY

Ron and Tonks were supposed to be
back first. They missed their
Portkey, it came back without them.
So did Fred and Dad's.

Mrs. Weasley and Hagrid re-emerge from the house and stand on the back porch of the house.

Harry and Ginny walk over to join them, sitting on the porch in vigil. They watch the horizon, the sun having just risen, is warm and bright.

HARRY

You haven't even heard from them?

GINNY

(shaking her head)
You were the first to show. Third
in the order. Hermione and Kingsley
should be next.

Harry inhales sharply. She reaches out to him.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

HARRY

I'm fine. That cloud...
(he looks up to Hagrid)
Voldemort was flying in a cloud of
smoke.

HAGRID

I saw it.

HARRY

He went after Hermione.

MRS. WEASLEY

I'm sure she'll be all right,
Harry.

GINNY

Mum!

Ginny jumps to her feet and points to a faint blue light in the distance. It grows steadily larger as they watch. Everyone gets to their feet.

The blue light shines brilliantly, blinding them for a moment. It disappears to reveal Kingsley bent over trying to help Hermione.

Hermione had fallen to her knees on impact. She's returned to herself. Her hair starting to fall from its neat plait, still bleeding from a cut on her lip, her glasses are gone but she can stand on her own.

HARRY

Hermione!

HERMIONE

Oh, Harry!

Hermione flings herself into Harry's arms.

HARRY

Are you okay?

HERMIONE

Are you okay?

Right behind them another blue light bursts forth and deposits Ron and Tonks.

Ron comes up behind Hermione, hugging them both and making a Hermione sandwich.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank goodness. I was so worried.

RON

(exhausted)

Merlin's Pants, Harry, it sucks to be you.

With another brilliant glow, Lupin comes charging through dragging an unconscious George behind him.

They all rush to follow him inside the Burrow.

INT. BURROW. LIVING ROOM

Lupin plops George down on the couch, whispers some words over him and stands again. Mrs. Weasley quickly takes his place.

He strides forward, grabs Harry by the shirt and drags him into the kitchen.

Hagrid, who is still stuck in the door, yells when he sees Lupin's wand trained on Harry.

HAGRID

Oi! Le' go of him!

LUPIN

What creature sat in the corner the first time Harry Potter visited my office at Hogwarts?

Staring at him blankly, Harry makes no response. Lupin shakes him.

LUPIN (CONT'D)

Answer me!

HARRY

A - a grindylow in a tank, wasn't it?

Kingsley comes into the room with Tonks, Hermione beside her, both Aurors have their wands drawn as well.

KINGSLEY

(aiming at Lupin)

The last words Albus Dumbledore spoke to the pair of us?

LUPIN

Harry is the best hope we have. Trust him.

(he aims at Tonks)

Nymphadora, who married us?

TONKS

Mad-Eye. Don't call me Nymphadora.

KINGSLEY

All right, all right! But somebody betrayed us! They knew, they knew it was tonight!

They all drop their wands. Hermione comes around Tonks and stands beside Harry, both looking confused.

Finally getting himself free of the door, Hagrid sits at the table.

HAGRID

So why aren' you checkin' me?

HERMIONE

You're a half-giant, Hagrid.
Polyjuice only works on humans.

HARRY

(to Hermione)
And you?

TONKS

I checked her inside.

Harry's eyebrows dart up at that, he had been half-kidding.

Just then the door bangs open, Fred and Mr. Weasley barge inside.

The others make way for them to enter the living room. Mr. Weasley looks from one face to another, no one saying anything, all color drains from his face. He rushes into the living room, Fred in his wake.

HAGRID

Will George be okay?

Lupin sags back against the counter.

LUPIN

Yes. He's just lost an ear.

HERMIONE

Lost an -?

LUPIN

Snape's work.

There's a GROAN from the living room.

INT. BURROW. LIVING ROOM

Fred stands behind the couch, peering over it at his twin, looking pale and stricken.

Arthur cradles Ginny in his arms as Molly works to stop George's bleeding.

Ron watches in mute horror.

George GROANS.

MRS. WEASLEY

(whispering)

George. Oh, my Georgie, how are you feeling?

GEORGE

Saintlike.

FRED

What's wrong with him? Is his mind affected?

Mrs. Weasley sobs into her hands.

GEORGE

Saintlike. You see, I'm holy.
Holey, Fred, geddit?

Fred pauses a moment, his eyes flooding with tears, but smiles broadly at his brother.

FRED

You're pathetic. With all the ear-related humor before you, you go for *holey*?

GEORGE

Ah, well. You'll be able to tell us apart now, Mum.

She chuckles, still crying heavily.

EXT. BURROW. BACK GARDEN

A thestral carrying Bill and Fleur lands gracefully on the lawn.

Bill helps Fleur slide down the flank before getting off himself and hurrying inside.

INT. BURROW. LIVING ROOM

Bill and Fleur burst into the room. They catch worried glances, but ignore.

FLEUR

Eet eez Professor Moody...

Tonks moves forward.

BILL
He's dead.

TONKS
No, that's impossible.

BILL
Dung panicked as soon he saw You-
Know-Who showed up. Left Mad-Eye
wide up.

Lupin rests his hand on Tonks shoulder. She raises hers to
place on top of his, their wedding rings pressed together.

She doesn't move back into his embrace, nor does he pull her
into one. She calmly controls the tears threatening to spill.

LUPIN
(whispering to her)
You were always his favorite.

TONKS
He betrayed us. That spineless-

BILL
No. He couldn't have. I thought the
same thing. But they weren't
expecting seven Harrys. And it was
Dung who suggested that bit.

FLEUR
Zat eez all very good. But then
who?

LUPIN
Guessing isn't going to help.
There's work to do.

He moves away from Tonks, toward the door.

BILL
I'll do it, I'll come.

FLEUR
Where are you going?

TONKS
Where are you going?

LUPIN
Mad Eye's body. We need to recover
it.

FLEUR
Can eet not wait?

BILL

Not unless you'd rather the Death
Eaters to take it.

No one answers. Bill and Lupin leave.

EXT. BURROW. BACK GARDEN. LATER

Everyone sits around a large wooden table loaded with
breakfast foods. They vividly discuss the events of the last
few hours.

Lupin and Bill return, looking tired and worn, but join in
the gloomy discussion and eating.

Ron, pale and sick looking, plays at his food and never takes
his eyes off his brother's missing ear.