

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

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EXT. LONDON. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY

The CRACK of triple Apparation resounds in the quiet alley. The streets are deserted, still too early for the morning rush.

RON

Go on then.

Hermione points her wand at the padlocked and heavily graffitied fire door beside them. It bursts open with a CRASH.

HERMIONE

(muttering)

I swear, this is the last time I
let the two of you plan anything.

Hermione pulls the door back to make it look like it's still closed.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

And now we put on the Cloak -

HARRY

And we wait.

Ron swirls the cloak around the three of them. With much hunching and groaning, they manage to cover themselves completely.

They disappear just in time. With a tiny POP, a little Ministry witch with flyaway gray hair Apparates a foot in front of them.

As she turns to head down the alley, Hermione silently hits her in the back with a Stunning Spell.

RON

Nicely done, Hermione.

They uncover themselves. Hermione retrieves a bit of hair to place in her vial of Polyjuice Potion.

Ron and Harry move her unconscious body behind the fire door.

Hermione picks up the woman's purse and pulls out an ID card.

HERMIONE

She's Mafalda Hopkirk. An assistant
in the Improper Use of Magic
Office.

HARRY

Yeah, I've gotten a few letters
from her.

Hermione eyes him suspiciously, he grins back sheepishly with a shrug.

Hermione downs the potion and transforms as the boys hide under the cloak.

With a slightly larger POP, a small wizard appears.

MR. MAGICAL MAINTENANCE

Oh, hello, Mafalda.

HERMIONE

H-Hello! How are you today?

MR. MAGICAL MAINTENANCE

Not so good, actually.

HERMIONE

I'm sorry to hear you're under the
weather. Here, have a sweet.

She offers him a bag of pastilles.

MR. MAGICAL MAINTENANCE

Eh? Oh, no thanks.

He turns to head out to the street.

HERMIONE

I insist!

She thrusts the bag at him aggressively.

Looking rather alarmed, he takes one. As soon as the pastille touches his mouth, he begins vomiting.

He is so preoccupied, doubled over a rubbish bin, he doesn't even notice Hermione rip a handful of hair out of his head.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Oh, dear! Perhaps you'd better take
the day off!

MR. MAGICAL MAINTENANCE

(choking)

No - no! I must - today - must go -

He doubles over again, retching. From under the cloak, Ron is able to grab the man's work bag.

HERMIONE

But that's just silly! You can't go to work in this state - I think you ought to go to St. Mungo's and get them to sort you out!

Staggering to his feet, the man nods weakly at her and Apparates away.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Urgh. It would have made much less mess to Stun him too.

Harry tries to help Hermione clear the puddles of sick.

RON

Yeah, but a whole pile of unconscious bodies would have drawn more attention. Keen on his job, though, isn't he? Chuck us the hair and the potion, then.

He mixes the hair with the potion. He downs it in one gulp with a cringe and transforms. He slips the man's work robes on over his clothes.

HERMIONE

Here comes your turn, Harry. Quick under the cloak.

She points to the mouth of the alley. They turn to see a tall, dark wizard walking down the street.

The boys throw the cloak over themselves as she dashes to the end of the alley.

RON

I'm Reg Cattermole, according to the name label in the back. Strange how he wasn't wearing his robes, seeing how much he wanted to go to work.

Hermione reappears. They throw off the cloak.

Harry watches Hermione mix black, curly hairs into the third vial of muddy Polyjuice Potion.

HERMIONE

I don't know his name, but he's gone home with a dreadful nosebleed. Very tall though, you'll need bigger robes.

He takes it from her and drinks. He transforms into a much taller, well-built man with a beard.

RON
Blimey, that's scary.

Hermione hands him his new robes. Harry puts them on and stows his glasses in the inside pocket.

HERMIONE
Take one of Mafalda's tokens. Let's go, it's nearly nine. We'll have them all late for work.

They stepped out of the alley. The street is now crowded with Ministry workers filing into two lines. One labeled 'GENTLEMEN', the other 'LADIES'.

They separate, Hermione leaving to queue up in the Ladies' line.

INT. UNDERGROUND TOILET

Harry and Ron follow the other men down a staircase leading to what appears to be an ordinary underground public toilet, tiled in grimy black and white.

Harry and Ron watch as the other wizard's climb on top of the toilets and flush themselves away.

RON
(whispers)
We've got to flush ourselves in?

HARRY
(whispers)
Looks like it.

Harry is startled by the sound of his new voice, it is deep and gravelly.

They step into adjoining cubicles.

He steps up onto the toilet, pulls the chain and the next moment he is zooming down a short chute. He emerges out of a fireplace into the Ministry of Magic.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC. ATRIUM

Harry pulls himself to his feet. Ron stumbles out of the fireplace next to him.

The great Atrium is darker than the last time Harry was there at the end of Fifth Year.

The golden fountain is no longer there. It has been replaced by a gigantic statue of black stone.

The onyx sculpture is of a witch and wizard sitting on ornately carved thrones, looking down at the Ministry workers toppling out of the fireplaces below them.

Engraved in foot-high letters at the base of the statue are the words 'MAGIC IS MIGHT.'

A gentle PSST returns the boys to the present. Hermione gestures them over to where she is standing beside the statue.

HERMIONE

It's horrible, isn't it?

RON

Well, it's ugly but horrible -

HERMIONE

Have you seen what they're sitting on?

Upon closer inspection, what at a distance appeared to be thrones are actually hundreds and hundreds of naked human bodies, men, women and children.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Muggles. In their rightful place.

HARRY

Come on, let's get going.

He steers her away from the statue and they start to move toward the elevators.

YAXLEY (O.S.)

Cattermole!

They freeze. Ron hesitates, then turns around.

YAXLEY (CONT'D)

I requested somebody from Magical Maintenance to sort out my office, Cattermole. It's still raining in there.

Ron looks around, hoping for someone to intervene. Two girls break away from the queue for the lifts and scurry away.

RON

Raining... in your office? That's -
that's not good, it is?

YAXLEY

You think it's funny, Cattermole,
do you?

RON

No, no, of course -

YAXLEY

You realize that I am on my way
downstairs to interrogate your
wife, Cattermole? I'm quite
surprised you're not down there
holding her hand. Already given her
up as a bad job, have you? Be sure
and marry a pure blood next time."

Hermione gives a little squeak of horror, which she tries to
mask in a cough when Yaxley looks her way.

YAXLEY (CONT'D)

Runcorn, you and Hopkirk. I didn't
think you went for the mousy type.

Harry, who's hand is still frozen on Hermione's arm, steps in
front of her and inclines his head towards the other man.

HARRY

What's it to you, Yaxley?

YAXLEY

I'm just making the point that if
my wife were accused of being a
Mudblood and the Head of the
Department of Magical Law
Enforcement needed a job done I'd
make it my priority, don't you
agree, Runcorn?

HARRY

Of course.

YAXLEY

Attend to it, or your wife's Blood
Status will be in even greater
doubt. Do you understand me,
Cattermole?

Ron nods weakly.

With an unpleasant smile to Harry, Yaxley stalks off.

The elevator grates open. Harry, Ron and Hermione step inside, but no one else follows.

INT. LIFT

The doors close and the lift moves.

RON

What am I going to do? If I don't turn up, my wife - I mean, Cattermole's wife -

HARRY

We'll come with you, we should stick together -

RON

That's mental, we haven't got much time. You two find Umbridge. I'll go sort out Yaxley's office.

HERMIONE

Try *Finite Incantatem*. That should stop the rain if it's a hex or curse. If it doesn't, then something's gone wrong with the Atmospheric Charm, which is more difficult to fix. Then try *Impervius* to protect his belongings.

RON

Say it again, slowly -

The lift shudders to a halt and the doors spring open. A disembodied Female Voice recites the floor name and offices.

FEMALE VOICE

Level Two, Department of Magical Law Enforcement, including the Improper Use of Magic Office, Auror Headquarters, and Wizengamot Administration Services.

Harry and Hermione give Ron a little push and he hurries out of the lift. The doors shut behind him and the lift moves once more.

HERMIONE

Do you think he can manage?

HARRY

He'll have to.

FEMALE VOICE

Level One, Minister of Magic and
Support Staff.

The golden grilles slide apart again.

Hermione gasps. Two people stand on the other side of the door, deep in conversation. A long haired wizard wearing magnificent robes of black and gold, and a squat, toadlike witch wearing a velvet bow in her short hair, simpering under his attention.

Harry growls under his breath.

HARRY

Umbridge.

As if on cue, she turns to them.

UMBRIDGE

Ah, Mafalda! Travers sent you, did he?

HERMIONE

Y-yes.

UMBRIDGE

Good, you'll do perfectly well.
That's that problem solved,
Minister, if Mafalda can be spared
for record-keeping we shall be able
to start straightaway.

The Minister nods and steps away. Umbridge steps into the lift.

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Ten people today and one of them
the wife of a Ministry employee.
Tut, tut... even here, in the heart
of the Ministry! Oh, I almost
forgot my files with the Minister.
Hold the elevator, dear.

Hermione and Harry turn to each other at once.

HARRY

(whispers)

This plan was horrible! All we
thought about was getting in -

HERMIONE

What are we going to do now?

Umbridge returns to the lift.

UMBRIDGE

Good morning, Albert. Will you be joining us today?

HARRY

If you don't mind.

UMBRIDGE

(pleasantly)

Not checking up on how we handle your indictments, are you?

HARRY

Er, no. It's just that my office is, er, raining.

UMBRIDGE

Yes, a lot of offices have been raining lately. Have you tried Meteolojinx Recanto?

HARRY

No, I - Magical Maintenance is in there now, so...

The lift opens to a torch-lit stone passageway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

They set off down the hall. Their path is clouded in fog.

Harry and Hermione shiver slightly in the unbearable cold.

UMBRIDGE

Just a moment more and we'll be out of it.

They turn the corner to the courtrooms to find the passageway packed with tall, black-hooded figures: Dementors.

Hermione instinctively backs away from them, colliding with Harry. He nudges her gently forward.

The Muggle-borns brought in for questioning sit huddled and shivering on hard wooden benches.

The dungeon doors fly open and screams echo from it.

ACCUSED MAN (O.S.)

No, no, I'm half-blood, I'm half-blood, I tell you! My father was a wizard, he was, look him up, Arkie Alderton, he's a well-known broomstick designer.

UMBRIDGE

(delighted)

Oh, they've started without us.

YAXLEY (O.S.)

This is your final warning. If you struggle, you will be subjected to the Dementor's Kiss.

The man's screams stop at once, to be replaced by sobs.

He is dragged from the courtroom, by two Dementors. They drag him right past Harry and Hermione on their way into the courtroom.

Hermione tries to turn around, but Harry gently coaxes her to enter the court.

INT. COURTROOM

In the high-ceilinged dungeon, more Dementors stand as faceless sentinels in the corners of the room.

Farthest from them, on a high raised platform, behind a balustrade, sits Yaxley.

Umbridge leads the way to the platform. She sits next to Yaxley.

UMBRIDGE

Bit nippy up here.

YAXLEY

Is it? I've grown far too used to it.

Umbridge casts her Partonus. A bright silver, long-haired cat takes up guard prowling the bottom of the platform, causing the Dementors to back up into their corners.

YAXLEY (CONT'D)

Ah, the lovebirds. Couldn't let her out of your sight, eh, Runcorn?

Harry grabs Hermione to him roughly.

HARRY
You know how it is.

The two men share a laugh.

HERMIONE
Can't seem to shake him. It seems
he's whipped, I'm afraid.

Yaxley snorts with laughter.

Harry looks at Hermione in shock, she innocently smiles back
as they sit, she next to Umbridge, him behind them.

UMBRIDGE
I thought you said your office was
raining.

YAXLEY
Yours too?

HARRY
Er, yeah, that's why I was with
Cattermole this morning.

YAXLEY
Oh, I had wondered.

UMBRIDGE
Speaking of which...

YAXLEY
Cattermole, Mary!

A small woman is led into the room by a Dementor, she's
trembling from head to foot. Her face is stark white.

Hermione recoils. Harry places a calming hand on her
shoulder.

UMBRIDGE
Sit down.

Mrs. Cattermole stumbles to the single seat in the middle of
the floor beneath the raised platform. The moment she sits,
chains clink out of the arms of the chair and bind her in
place.

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)
You are Mary Elizabeth Cattermole?

Mrs. Cattermole gives a shaky nod.

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Married to Reginal Cattermole of
the Magical Maintenance Department?
Mother to Maisie, Ellie, and Alfred
Cattermole?

MRS. CATTERMOLÉ

(sobbing)

They're so frightened -

YAXLEY

Spare us. The brats of Mudbloods do
not stir our sympathies.

UMBRIDGE

A wand was taken from you upon your
arrival at the Ministry today, Mrs.
Cattermole. Eight and three quarter
inches, cherry, unicorn hair core.
Do you recognize that description?

MRS. CATTERMOLÉ

Yes.

UMBRIDGE

Could you please tell us from which
witch or wizard you took that wand?

MRS. CATTERMOLÉ

T-took? I didn't take it from
anyone. I b-bought it when I was
eleven years old. It - it - it
chose me.

Umbridge and Yaxley are thrown into raucous laughter.
Umbridge stands and leans over the balustrade.

Something gold swings forward and dangles over the void: the
locket.

UMBRIDGE

No. I don't think so. Wands only
choose witches or wizards. You are
not a witch.

Hermione spots the locket and jumps. She leans back to nudge
Harry. Gaining his attention, she nods in Umbridge's
direction. Harry starts forward when he sees it, but stops
himself.

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

I have your responses to the questionnaire that was sent to you here - Mafalda, pass them to me.

Umbridge holds her small hand out to Hermione. Hermione rushes to find the right papers and drops the batch of them to the floor.

Both Umbridge and Yaxley make snide remarks, but bend to help gather the papers.

Harry jumps to his feet, aims his wand first at Umbridge, then at Yaxley.

HARRY

Stupefy! Stupefy!

In a flash of red, they both slump to the floor, unconscious.

HERMIONE

Harry! Mrs. Cattermole!

Their masters no longer in control, the Dementors move from their corners and descend upon the woman chained to the chair.

Mrs. Cattermole SCREAMS and struggles to get away.

HARRY

Expecto Patronum!

The silver stag soars from the top of Harry's wand and leaps toward the Dementors. The Dementors melt away into the shadows in the brilliance of the stag's light.

Harry lets the stag canter around the room.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Get the Horcrux!

Hermione takes the locket from around Umbridge's neck.

HERMIONE

Germinio!

The locket duplicates itself. She loops the double around Umbridge's neck.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

When she wakes up, she won't realize it's missing.

HARRY
You're brilliant.

Together, they make their way toward Mrs. Cattermole.

MRS. CATTERMOLE
You? But - but Reg said you were
the one who submitted my name for
questioning!

HARRY
Did I? Well, I've had a change of
heart.

HERMIONE
Relashio!

The chains clink and withdraw.

MRS. CATTERMOLE
I don't understand.

HARRY
You're going to leave here with us.
Go home, grab your children, and
get out, get out of the country if
you've got to. Disguise yourselves
and run.

HERMIONE
How are we going to get out of
here?

HARRY
Partonuses. As many as we can
muster. Do yours.

HERMIONE
Expecto Patronum!

A silver otter bursts from the end of Hermione's wand and swims gracefully through the air, playfully swirling around the stag.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

The Patronuses glide out the doors causing many to SHRIEK. The Dementors recede into the shadows.

Harry, Hermione and Mrs. Cattermole step out behind the brilliant Patronuses.

HARRY

It's been decided that you should all go home and go into hiding with your families.

HERMIONE

Go abroad if you can. Just get well away from the Ministry.

HARRY

If you'll just follow us, you'll be able to leave from the Atrium.

The group of them rush down the passageway to the lifts. As they reach them, the doors clatter open to reveal a water-logged Ron.

MRS. CATTERMOLE

Reg!

She throws herself at him, he catches her in his arms, but addresses Harry.

RON

Harry, they know there are intruders inside the Ministry, I reckon we've got five minutes, if that -

Hermione's Patronus vanishes with a POP.

HERMIONE

If we're trapped here -!

HARRY

We won't be if we move fast. Everyone into the lift.

The last one to enter the elevator, Harry vanishes his Patronus. As the lift rises, the Dementors peel themselves out of the shadows and lurk around the passageway.

INT. ATRIUM

The lift doors open to reveal an Atrium full of people rushing from fireplace to fireplace, sealing them off.

HERMIONE

What are we going to - ?

HARRY

STOP!

(whispers to the others)
Follow me.

They all head out of the lift to the fireplaces. The wizards stop what they were doing and face Runcorn. A balding man steps in front.

BALDING WIZARD

What's up, Albert?

HARRY

This lot need to leave before you seal the exits.

BALDING WIZARD

We've been told to seal all exits and not let anyone -

HARRY

Are you contradicting me? Would you like me to have your family tree examined?

BALDING WIZARD

Sorry! I didn't mean nothing, Albert, but I thought they went in for questioning...

HARRY

Their blood is pure. Purer than many of yours, I daresay. Off you go.

The Muggle-borns file into the fireplace and disappear.

YAXLEY (O.S.)

Seal the exit! SEAL IT!

Harry swivels around to see Yaxley clambering out of the lift.

Hermione releases a Decoy Detonator.

The Balding Wizard raises his arm. Harry raises the enormous fist of Runcorn and punches the Balding Wizard, sending him flying through the air.

HARRY

He's been helping Muggle-borns escape. Get him!

The other Ministry wizards swarm around the balding man. The commotion doesn't stop Yaxley's pursuit.

Then an EXPLOSION rips through the Atrium blocking Yaxley's progress.

Harry shoves Ron and Mrs. Cattermole into the fireplace next.

Yaxley raises his wand and aims directly at Harry's head.

Harry grabs Hermione around the waist and throws the both of them into the fireplace. Yaxley's spell connects with the wall right where Harry's head was a moment before.

INT. UNDERGROUND TOILET

Harry and Hermione fall out of the toilet. Harry throws the cubicle door open to find Ron still wrestling with Mrs. Cattermole.

MRS. CATTERMOLE

Reg, I don't understand -

RON

Let go, I'm not your husband,
you've got to go home!

HERMIONE

Mrs. Cattermole, you have to leave
now!

There's a FLUSH from the cubicle behind them. Harry turns to see Yaxley pushing open the cubicle door.

HARRY

LET'S GO!

He seizes Hermione once more, grabs Ron by the arm and turns on the spot.

They Disapparate, but Yaxley jumps after them reaching for the hem of Hermione's skirts.

EXT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. DOORWAY

They appear for a moment on the steps of Grimmauld Place.

Hermione SCREAMS.

There is a flash of purple.

Hermione squeezes Harry tightly to herself and they all Disapparate again.

EXT. FOREST

They land face first into the undergrowth of a large forest.

Harry looks around wildly, not knowing where he is or what happened.

Ron GROANS in pain.

On his hands and knees, Harry crawls over to him seeing Hermione doing the same.

The Polyjuice wearing off causes some of the shuddering, but one look at Ron and something is clearly not right. His face is a grayish-white.

He turns over revealing his entire left side drenched in blood.

HARRY

What's happened to him?

HERMIONE

Splinched.

Hermione immediately sets to work. She tears the sleeve open.

There is a chunk of skin missing from Ron's upper arm, scooped cleanly away as though by a knife.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Harry, quickly. In my bag, there's a small bottle. Essence of Dittany.

HARRY

Bag. Right.

Harry scuttles off in the direction from which he had seen Hermione crawling.

Ron gives another low GROAN.

HERMIONE

Harry. Quickly!

HARRY

Accio Hermione's Bag!

The bag zooms to him. He opens it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Accio Dittany!

The bottle flies out of the bag, he snatches it out of the air with a seeker's skill.

He rushes back to Hermione and Ron.

HERMIONE

He's fainted. Unstopper it for me,
Harry, my hands are shaking.

Harry pulls the stopper out of the little bottle and hands it to Hermione. She pours three drops of potion onto Ron's bleeding wound.

Greenish smoke billows out, but the bleeding stops. The wound now looked several days old; new skin stretched over what had just been open flesh.

HARRY

Wow.

HERMIONE

It's all I feel safe doing. He's
lost so much blood...

HARRY

How'd he get hurt? I mean, why are
we here? I thought we were going
back to Grimmauld Place?

HERMIONE

As we Disapparated, Yaxley caught
hold of me and I couldn't get rid
of him, he was too strong. Then,
well, I think he must have thought
we were stopping because he
loosened his grip. I kicked him off
and I Disapparated us here instead!

HARRY

We can't ever go back there?

HERMIONE

I'm so sorry, Harry!

HARRY

Don't be stupid, it wasn't your
fault! If anything it was mine -

Ron groans and opens his eyes, feeling his arm.

HERMIONE
How d'you feel?

RON
Lousy. Where are we?

HERMIONE
In the woods where they held the
Quidditch World Cup. I wanted
somewhere enclosed.

RON
(struggling to sit up)
D'you reckon we should move on?

HARRY
Let's stay here for now.

Hermione springs to her feet and begins walking a wide circle around the boys.

RON
What are you doing?

HERMIONE
If we're staying, we should put
some protective enchantments around
the place.

Hermione waves her wand and murmurs incantations under her breath. The air around them shimmers: it was as if Hermione was casting a heat haze upon their clearing.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)
You can get out the tent, Harry.

HARRY
Tent?

HERMIONE
In the bag.

HARRY
In the... of course.

Harry summons the tent and begins struggling to set it up.