

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

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EXT. RIVERSIDE. DAWN

Harry stands gazing out over the river.

Hermione transfigures her purse into a backpack and slings it over her shoulder. She approaches him from behind.

HARRY
(under his breath)
Destination. Determination.
Deliberation.

HERMIONE
(grabs his hand)
Come on now, Harry. You can do
this.

HARRY
It's more the destination than the
apparition.

HERMIONE
Harry!

HARRY
(spinning around, drawing
his wand)
What?!

HERMIONE
You still don't have you're
Apparition license, do you?

HARRY
(smirking)
What are you going to do, Hermione,
turn me in?

She smiles too and grabs his hand again.

HERMIONE
Come on.

She throws the Invisibility Cloak over them and, together,
they turn.

EXT. GODRIC'S HOLLOW

They stand hand in hand in a snowy lane under a dark blue
sky, in which the night's first stars are already glimmering
feebly.

Ahead of them, there are several shops, a post office, a pub and a little church whose stained-glass windows are glowing jewel-bright across the square.

HERMIONE

(muttering)

All this snow! Why didn't we think of snow? You go in front, I'll get rid of the footprints.

Harry looks around.

The tracks made by the villagers throughout the day were well-trodden and slushy. They hear a burst of laughter and pop music as the pub door swings open and closed.

HARRY

Let's take off the Cloak. There's no one around.

He removes the Cloak and puts it inside his coat as they walk toward the town center.

Twinkling Christmas decorations light up the windows of the cottages lining the street.

HERMIONE

Harry, I think it's Christmas Eve!

HARRY

Is it?

HERMIONE

I'm sure it is. Listen.

They can hear voices raised in holiday song coming from the old church at the end of the lane. In the window of a small shop a huge decorated Christmas tree blocks out the view of the street.

HARRY

My parents lived here under the Fidelius Charm. Do you - do you think any of these people knew - knew my parents even lived here - before it happened?

Hermione takes his hand in both of her own and tugs him gently forward.

HERMIONE

Harry, look!

In front of them stands a tall onyx obelisk, carved names lining every inch of it: a war memorial.

As they pass it, it transforms into a statue of three people. A man with untidy hair and glasses, one arm wrapped around the waist of the woman with long hair and a kind, pretty face.

His wand is drawn out in front of them, its tip lit eternally, guarding the tiny baby boy she holds in her arms.

The baby, scarless and happy, sits in his mother's arms, his head tucked under her chin, reaching toward his father's light.

Hermione bends and wipes away some fresh fallen snow at the base. There is an inscription that reads: The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

HARRY

(alarmed)

'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' What's that mean? Isn't that a Death Eater idea?

HERMIONE

It doesn't mean defeating death in the way the Death Eaters mean it, Harry. It means... you know... living beyond death. Living after death.

Staring up into the stone faces of his parents, Harry lets hot tears stream down his face.

HARRY

But they're not. They're gone. They don't know I'm here. That I'm alive because of what they did. Or that I almost wish now that I hadn't survived.

Reaching up, she frames his face in her hands and wipes away his tears as they fall.

HERMIONE

That's not true. Harry, listen to me, your parents have never left you. They've always been beside you through everything.

He starts to pull away but she stops him.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

You've always believed that everything you've done has been luck. Something outside of yourself and your magical ability just came at the right moment and that's how you've escaped him all this time. Right?

HARRY

(reluctantly)
Yeah.

HERMIONE

They're that luck, Harry. I believe that. So should you.

Offering her a weak, wavering smile, Harry heaves a great sigh. With one last look up at the statue, he wraps an arm around her shoulders, her arm snaking around his waist, and turns away, heading down the lane.

HARRY

It's strange to see me without a scar.

Hermione turns to look back with a smile, but the statue has returned to its obelisk state.

Turning back around, something ahead of them catches her attention and she freezes in her tracks. Harry, arm still around her shoulders, is pulled to a stop as well.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hermione, wha -?

HERMIONE

Harry! Look...Look at it...

HARRY

I don't... oh!

In front of them, the line of cottages break away leaving a small clearing. With the moonlight now shining brightly and reflecting off the new layer of snow, the wreckage of the Potter house is visible.

Mostly in tact, the doorway is blown apart. The charred edges of the support beams thrust outward into the open air, broken glass and wood strewn up the walkway from the blast of magic that tore the door down.

The right side of the top floor is blown away, a gaping hole in the small cottage where the spell to kill baby Harry had backfired.

HERMIONE

(whispering)

I wonder why nobody's ever rebuilt it?

HARRY

Maybe you can't rebuild it? Like with George's ear, you can't repair injuries from Dark Magic.

Harry steps away from her and heads up the walkway to the house.

HERMIONE

You're not going to go inside? It looks unsafe...

HARRY

It's okay, Hermione. C'mon.

She steps tentatively after him. She stops at a plaque on a wooden post, she reads it aloud to him.

HERMIONE

On this spot, on the night of 31 October 1981, Lily and James Potter lost their lives. Their son, Harry, remains the only wizard ever to have survived the Killing Curse. This house, invisible to Muggles, has been left in its ruined state as a monument to the Potters and as a reminder of the violence that tore apart their family.

All around the plaque, other visitors have scribbled messages:

Good luck, Harry, wherever you are.

If you read this, Harry, we're all behind you!

Long live Harry Potter.

HARRY

That's brilliant.

He shares a smile with her and continues on.

He picks his way over the wreckage and debris and enters the house.

INT. POTTER COTTAGE

Harry, with Hermione so close behind him she is pressed against his back peering nervously over his shoulder, enters the house cautiously.

Charred walls and broken furniture. The staircase his father must have died on trying to protect his wife and son.

The drawing room still decorated for their first Halloween in their new home. Over the couch, framed pictures hang on the wall.

Harry's scar prickles and he grabs his head.

HERMIONE

Harry, are you okay?

HARRY

Y-yeah. I'm fine.

He stands up and moves over to the moving wizard pictures, peering into them.

One after the other shows a happy, loving family. Tears well in his eyes yet again. Baby Harry riding on his father's shoulders. Lily receiving a big wet kiss from her son.

Lily in the picture kisses Harry's nose and then turns, beaming joyously at the camera.

Suddenly, Harry sees a flash of green and clutches his forehead, slumping to his knees on the ratty old couch.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Hermione!

She's crouched beside him, hand on his shoulder.

HERMIONE

Harry! What's wrong? What's happening? Harry? Har-

HARRY

Hermione...Go! It's him!

Hermione grips her wand tightly in her hand and looks around wildly. No one is there. Nothing is stirring. They are alone.

HERMIONE

Harry? What's -

HARRY

Lily, take Harry and go! It's him!
Go! Run! I'll hold him off!

Hermione desperately grabs Harry by the shoulders and shakes him hard.

HERMIONE

Harry! Look at me!

Harry opens his eyes. They are blood red. He looks into Hermione's eyes, she GASPS.

Their gazes lock and hold. She is drawn into his thoughts.

FLASHBACK. EXT. POTTER COTTAGE

Two children dressed as pumpkins waddle across the square to their parents. Mothers holding out umbrellas and coats to rescue the kids from the rain and wind.

BOY

Nice costume, mister!

The small boy's smile vanishes as he catches sight of what's hidden beneath the man's hood.

The boy turns and runs. The hooded man reaches inside his robe to grip his wand. But he lets it go and continues on his way.

At first, there is only a clearing visible, but then a small cottage as lovely, warm and quaint as all the others shimmers into view.

The hooded man allows himself a high pitched CACKLE of triumph. The Fidelius Charm is broken.

The dark figure moves toward the house, as he draws closer he can see the family through the window, they had not even drawn their curtains.

Tall, black-haired James Potter, making puffs of colored smoke erupt from his wand for the amusement of the small black-haired boy in his blue pajamas.

The baby laughing and trying to catch the smoke, to grab it in his small fist.

A door opens from the back and Lily enters. Her long hair so dark it appears brown until it shimmers red when it catches the light. James sighs and embraces her. The two sharing a sweet kiss.

The baby pulls himself up to a standing position, tugging at his parents' legs.

Lily bends, her long hair falling into her face, and lifts the boy. Saying good-night, she climbs the stairs with her son in her arms.

The hooded man watches James yawn and throw his wand down on the couch. He reaches his white hand out and pushes the small gate open. It CREAKS slightly at the movement but James does not hear.

The white hand draw his wand from beneath the dark robes and points it up to the night sky.

A skull of green smoke appears above the house, a green smoke snake slithering in the eye sockets of the skull and out its open mouth.

Pointing his wand at the door of the house, the entry way is blown open.

James bursts into the hall and sees the hooded man.

JAMES

Lily! Take Harry and go! It's him!
Go! Run! I'll hold him off!

VOLDEMORT

(laughing)
You don't even have a wand, Potter.

It's true, James looks back into the drawing room. His wand lies on the couch cushions.

With a flick of his wrist, Voldemort sends James crashing backward into the wall smashing through the little table and knocking pictures off the wall.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Too trusting to think your safety
lay in friends.

JAMES

Peter -

VOLDEMORT

- Is mine. How stupid to discard weapons even for a moment. Did you really think the Dark Lord would not find you?

James rolls to his feet and makes a dash for his wand, but Voldemort blasts him again.

Bruised and bleeding, James stands to face him.

Voldemort laughs coldly at the sight, raises his wand and aims it squarely at James' chest.

JAMES

Stay away from my family.

VOLDEMORT

You and your Mudblood wife have defied Lord Voldemort three times. You must die.

JAMES

My son is innocent.

VOLDEMORT

It is said your son will be my undoing. That will not be allowed.

JAMES

Stay away from them!

He throws a piece of broken table at Voldemort and charges.

VOLDEMORT

Avada Kedavra!

A green light fills the cramped hallway, the banisters glaring like lightning rods. The pram pushed against the wall is knocked on its side its wheels spinning, James' limp hand falling beside it.

Lily's SCREAMS from upstairs bring a smile to Voldemort's face: she's trapped.

He heads up the staircase. Reaching the door, he laughs again at the sight of Lily's attempts to barricade herself in the nursery.

With one lazy wave of his wand, all her work is cast aside. The door bursts open. There she stands, the child in her arms.

At the sight of him, she drops Harry into the crib behind her and throws her arms wide, to shield the baby.

LILY

Not Harry, not Harry. Please not Harry!

VOLDEMORT

Stand aside, you silly girl. Stand aside, now.

LILY

Not Harry, please no! Take me, kill me instead. Please... Have mercy - I'll do anything -

VOLDEMORT

This is my last warning -

LILY

Have mercy. Please - Not Harry!

VOLDEMORT

Avada Kedavra!

A bright green flash fills the room, Lily Potter slumps to the floor.

Voldemort approaches the crib. The baby had not cried all this time. Baby Harry clutches the bars of the crib and pulls himself up to stand, looking up at the man.

Both child and adult peer interestedly into each others faces. Voldemort points his wand very carefully into the boy's face.

The baby begins to cry, the hooded man was not his father making pretty lights.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Avada Kedavra!

The burst of bright green fills the room. There is a great CRASH as the roof of the house is blow off and the walls cave in and burst outward.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. POTTER COTTAGE

Harry and Hermione fly apart as if each were tugged by a great force from behind. They land with soft thuds on the couch.

HERMIONE

Oh, my God. Harry -

Harry gets up and dashes into the hall. He stops dead.

Hermione gets up to see what he is staring at. Halfway down the hall, a pram lies on its side.

EXT. POTTER COTTAGE

Harry runs out of the house, he doesn't stop until he reaches the lane.

He doubles over, hands on his knees, breathing deeply.

Hermione rubs his back soothingly.

HERMIONE

That's what it's like to be inside
You-Know-Who's head?

HARRY

That - that was - He must be
thinking about it... I don't know
how it happened.

HERMIONE

The connection is getting too
strong, Harry, you have to do
something -

HARRY

Hermione, please not now. Just -

He breaks off. A heavily muffled figure hobbles up the lane toward them, silhouetted by the bright lights of the distant square.

Her stoop, her stoutness, her shuffling gait all give the impression of extreme age. She does not turn into any of the cottages, but heads directly toward them and stops a few yards away, facing them.

HERMIONE
(whispering)
Harry...that's Bathilda Bagshot.

HARRY
Who?

HERMIONE
Bathilda Bagshot. Author of *A History of Magic*. Honestly, didn't you ever do the reading?

HARRY
Hermione, now's not the time -

HERMIONE
She knew Dumbledore. What if he left the sword with her.

Interrupting their whispered argument, Bagshot raises a gloved hand and beckons to them to come to her.

Harry and Hermione hesitate. They eye each other skeptically. She beckons again.

HARRY
Are you Bathilda?

She nods and beckons again.

Harry and Hermione look at each other. He raises his eyebrows; Hermione gives a tiny, nervous nod.

They step toward the woman and, at once, she turns and hobbles off back the way they had come. She leads them past several houses, then turns into a gate and leads them to the door. She steps back for them to pass.

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE

She closes the door behind them, clicking a lock into place.

She unwinds a thick shawl from her head, revealing her white hair.

HARRY
Bathilda?

She nods again. She shuffles past them, pushing Hermione aside as though she had not seen her, and vanishes into what seems to be a sitting room.

HERMIONE

Harry, I'm not sure about this.

HARRY

Yeah, but what if she has the sword?

They follow her into the sitting room. She shuffles about the room lighting candles the Muggle way, with matches, her lace cuff in constant danger of catching fire.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Let me do that.

Harry takes the matches from her and lights the candles. The old woman fumbles with wood for the fire.

Hermione approaches the back wall of the room. She points her wand at it.

HERMIONE

Tergeo!

The thick layer of dust vanishes. There on the wall is a floor to ceiling mural.

An illustration of one of the greatest historical events of the last century. Two men locked in battle, wand to wand.

Harry steps closer and peers at it over her shoulder.

HARRY

(whispering in her ear)
That's him! That's the thief! From Gregorovitch's memory.

HERMIONE

Harry, that's the final battle of the war for magical supremacy. That's Dumbledore.

She points to the one fighter with long hair and a long beard. Harry is jolted as he recognizes the image as a younger version of Dumbledore.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

And that's Gellert Grindlewald.

HARRY

What?

HERMIONE

You really should have paid attention in class. Dumbledore was the only one who could defeat Grindlewald. Disarmed him in combat.

Harry turns quickly to Bagshot.

HARRY

Do you know what Grindlewald stole from Gregorovitch? Please!

She only stares at him. Harry is frustrated. He points to the mural.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This man. Do you know him?

Bagshot looks vaguely at the picture.

HERMIONE

Why did you ask us to come with you, Mrs. - Miss - Bagshot? Was there something you wanted to tell us?

Giving no sign that she heard Hermione, Bagshot shuffles a few steps closer to Harry. With a little jerk of her head she looks back into the hall.

HARRY

You want us to leave?

She repeats the gesture, this time she points at him, then at herself, then at the ceiling.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think she wants me to go upstairs with her.

HERMIONE

All right, let's go.

Hermione moves, but Bagshot shakes her head with surprising vigor. Pointing first at Harry, then at herself.

HARRY

I don't think she wants you to come.

HERMIONE

Harry, I don't like this.

HARRY

Look at the size of her; I think I
could overpower her if I had to.
Just, you know, don't go too far.

He follows Bagshot up the narrow staircase.

Hermione lingers at the bottom. She looks around scanning
some pictures and the bookshelf, never moving far away from
the stairs.

A mouse scurrying across the floor catches her attention, she
follows it into the kitchen.

She sees something scaly and long on the other side of the
table. She approaches it.

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE. BEDROOM

The room is pitch-black.

HARRY

Lumos.

The tip of Harry's wand ignites, lighting up the area around
him. He jumps slightly, Bagshot is standing almost on top of
him.

BAGSHOT

Are you Potter?

HARRY

Yes, I am.

She nods solemnly, closes her eyes. Harry's scar twinges, he
squints from the pain, but ignores it otherwise.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Have you got anything for me?

He looks down at his chest. The Horcrux is beating against
his chest so hard and fast its movements can be seen through
his shirt.

Shaking it off, Harry repeats the question again, this time
louder.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Have you got anything for me?

BAGSHOT

Over here.

She points to the corner. Holding up his wand, he sees an outline of a cluttered dressing table.

Harry edges between her and the unmade bed, not turning his back to her.

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE. KITCHEN

Hermione makes her way around the table. She finds amongst the decaying food and dead plants many animal bones, some as large as cats and puppies.

Next to the bones, she finds the enormous, flaky shed skin of a large snake.

There is a loud THUD from upstairs.

HERMIONE

Harry!

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE. BEDROOM

Harry edges closer to the dressing table, eyes still on Bagshot.

HARRY

What is it?

BAGSHOT

There.

Harry turns his head to scan the dirty laundry for any sign of a sword hilt.

A loud THUD makes him turn sharply.

Bagshot has fallen to her knees. Her eyes are rolled back into her head and she collapses to the floor in a heap.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Harry!

Her hurried footsteps can be heard, but Harry stands transfixed in horror.

The great snake Nagini slithers its way out of the body of Bathilda Bagshot, shaking out of her body the way it would shed its old skin.

The husk of the woman lay on the floor as the giant snake rears up to strike.

Harry raises his wand as the snake strikes sending him crashing backward. His wand rattling across the floor.

Nagini slides over him, crushing him in a vice-like grip as Hermione bursts through the door.

She almost trips over the fallen body of Bagshot, but recovers to fire a hex at Nagini.

The snake refocuses on Hermione and Harry resumes breathing with a labored GASP.

Nagini rears up and attacks Hermione. She dives away with a SHRIEK. She fires a curse that rebounds off the snake and shatters the window.

He crawls over the floor to find his wand. He scrambles up and, for a moment, doesn't see Hermione.

HARRY

Hermione!

The snake turns toward him, thrashing its tail.

Hermione pops up from the other side of the bed and fires another curse.

With a loud BANG and a flash of red light, the snake flies into the air, smacking Harry hard in the face. He falls backward and aims his wand at the snake.

Nagini strikes Hermione with its tail, sending her sailing backward into the wall.

Harry raises his wand just as the snake turns back to him. His scar sears and he hears a voice in his head.

VOLDEMORT (O.C.)

Hold him!

Harry comes back to his senses to find Nagini coiling around him, cutting off his oxygen. Nagini retracts so tightly he can hear something SNAP.

NAGINI

(hissing in Parseltongue)

Yes. Yesss... hold you... hold you...

Hermione fires another spell this one smashing the shelves from the walls, glass and mirror to explode, china and clothes to fly everywhere.

Nagini releases Harry.

HARRY

He's coming! Hermione, he's coming!
We have to get out, now!

She flings the snake to the other side of the room with her curse. Harry dives for her and seizes her pulling her on to the bed with him.

The snake rears again.

HERMIONE

Confringo!

The spell resonates around the room, everything explodes. Glass flies everywhere, cutting them.

Out the window, Death Eaters appear all over the street. A thestral lands in the garden, Voldemort dismounts and heads into the house.

HARRY

We have to get out now.

Putting up a shield charm that the pouncing snake bounces off of, the two hop on top of the dressing table.

HERMIONE

It's the only way out.

HARRY

Do you trust me?

They look at each other. The door bursts open, under Voldemort's curse.

Harry and Hermione clutch at each other, each thinking to protect the other. Together, they leap out the destroyed window, and, twisting in mid-air, they disappear.

Voldemort lets out a ROAR of rage and frustration.

His Death Eaters swarm around the house, up and down the streets, searching.

Disgusted and leaving, Voldemort passes the mural. He recognizes the thief as well and, with a smile, sets off.

VOLDEMORT

Nagini, come!