

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

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EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT

Hermione has brought them to the heart of London.

RON  
Where are we?

HERMIONE  
Tottenham Court Road. Just popped  
into my head. But we're safer in  
the Muggle world. We need to find a  
place for you to change. Keep  
walking.

She hurries down the street and turns into the first dark alleyway, still holding both boys by the arms. Harry tries to pull away.

HARRY  
We should get back there and help.

HERMIONE  
No! It's too dangerous.

RON  
That's my family -

HERMIONE  
We can't go back that would make it  
worse for everyone.

HARRY  
But, Hermione -

HERMIONE  
They were looking for *you*, Harry!  
They're after *you*. You can't go  
back without putting everyone at  
greater risk.

He looks at her helplessly.

HARRY  
What are we going to do then?

RON  
That's it? This is it now? We can  
never go back?

She takes her small purse from her wrist and opens it. She sticks her arm into it up to the shoulder, her arm disappears within the tiny bag.

Both boys stare at her, they share a bewildered look.

HERMIONE

Here.

She pulls out jeans for both of them.

HARRY

When did you do all this?

HERMIONE

I told you at the Burrow. I've been packed for ages.

RON

Yeah, but - how?

He reaches for her purse. She SLAPS his hand away.

HERMIONE

Undetectable Extension Charm.  
Tricky, but I think I've done it okay.

She shakes the small bag and it echoes like a cargo hold.

She mutters an incantation and her elegant dress transforms into street clothes.

She reaches back, pulls out the clasp holding her Sleakeasy'd hair up and lets it cascade gracefully down her shoulders.

She makes her way to the mouth of the alley and calls over her shoulder to them.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

There's a cafe down the street. Get dressed, quick.

Ron pulls his astonished gaze from Hermione's retreating figure to find Harry staring after with his mouth open, in shock.

RON

(shocked)

Did you know she could do that? I didn't know she could do that.

HARRY

(grinning)

Wow.

Hermione turns the corner and starts walking towards the cafe.

Three drunken men on the street cat-call her as she passes. They stop abruptly as she is joined by both her boys.

They are now in their shirtsleeves, no ties or jackets, and have exchanged their tuxedo pants for their jeans.

INT. CAFE

Small and shabby, the cafe is greasy, grim and empty.

They enter and sit in the first booth.

RON

How're we going to find out what's going on?

HERMIONE

We know what's going on!  
Voldemort's taken over the Ministry, what else do we need to know?

Hermione orders them coffees when the WAITRESS approaches the table.

There's a CRASH outside and, with an odd yelp, the cat-callers are silenced.

HARRY

So no more pretending, then? It's all out war now.

Two large men stumble into the diner. Their clothes are oddly mismatched. They take the booth behind the trio.

The trio continues their conversation in whispers.

Harry keeps eyeing the new arrivals. The broad-shouldered man with a mop of blonde hair stares right back at him, Yaxley.

Harry hides his recognition by stirring his coffee. When he looks up again, he notices the other man just as broad as Yaxley, but with dark hair and sits rigidly with his back to the teens.

HERMIONE

(whispers)

I say we find a quiet place to Disapparate. Then we can send a message to the Order.

RON

Can you do that talking Patronus thing?

HERMIONE

I think so. I've been practicing.

Harry, ignoring their planning, speaks in an odd tone.

HARRY

Hermione, borrow some sugar from the other table for me.

She eyes their full cup and glances up at him quizzically. She finds his expression hard. His eyes dart from her face to the men in the next booth.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(whispers to her)

Just do it... please.

Ron chatters to Harry about sugar not helping the taste of the muck they're drinking. Harry nods distractedly.

Hermione turns around to ask for sugar, the dark wizard hands it to her before she can ask.

Her eyes grow wide upon seeing the man's face. Dolohov.

She turns back around quickly, her breathing ragged. Harry watches her with concern, ignoring Ron's prattle.

Hermione stares wide-eyed at the table top, she absent-mindedly rubs her chest.

Harry's eyes grow wide realizing this is indeed the man who hurt Hermione in the Department of Mysteries during their Fifth Year raid.

Harry and Hermione's eyes meet. A slight shake of her head stops Harry mid-reach for his wand.

It's too late. Yaxley caught the movement.

At the same moment, Yaxley and Harry jump to their feet, drawing their wands; Dolohov swivels in his seat training his wand on Harry; Hermione dives to the floor aiming her wand at the two Death Eaters; Harry shoves Ron down in the booth, as he too draws his wand, but only a fraction too late.

YAXLEY

*Stupefy!*

HARRY

*Stupefy!*

A rain of curses and hexes fly from both sides, rebounding off shields and shattering windows.

Ron overturns the table top to cover them, but gets caught by a spell.

DOLOHOV  
*Incarcerous!*

Thick black ropes shoot out of Dolohov's wand and coil their way around Ron like tentacles.

HERMIONE  
*Petrificus Totalus!*

As Yaxley leaps to avoid Dolohov's heavy fall, Harry catches him with a Stunner.

In the moment of calm that follows, Harry and Hermione survey the damage to the cafe, their labored breathing the only noise in the room.

RON  
(voice muffled by the  
ropes)  
Little help here, mate!

Harry moves to cut away Ron's bindings.

Hermione walks through the debris and approaches Dolohov. She leans over into his face. His eyes, the only thing he can move, dart to meet hers.

HERMIONE  
(savagely)  
How does it feel? How does it feel  
to be beaten by a Mudblood?!

Harry comes from behind her to pull her away, but the sudden contact startles her. She kicks out at Dolohov, kneeling him in the gut.

She pulls her hand back to strike him again, but Harry steps in front of her and pulls her into a tight embrace.

HARRY  
(whispers in her ear)  
It's okay, Hermione. You did it.  
You got him.

Harry gently hands her off to Ron, who wraps an arm around her and leads her to the doorway.

Harry turns back to the two Death Eaters. He pulls up the sleeve of Dolohov's left arm. He pokes at the now glowing Dark Mark on the man's forearm.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
He's going to be very angry with you. You should never have hurt her... *Obliviate!*

EXT. LONDON STREET

A local news reporter and her crew stand outside the cafe.

There is a flurry of activity as police cordon off the area and corral onlookers away from the scene.

REPORTER  
We're here at the scene of the crime where a late night waitress single-handedly subdued two would-be burglars.

Behind her the waitress grins at the camera as the chef brandishes a ladle at the two men being taken away by the police.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. ENTRYWAY

The three of them stumble through the door. As Harry takes a step towards the staircase, something shifts in the shadows. He freezes.

Before any of them can say a word, a figure rises up out of the carpet. Tall, dust-colored and terrible, the grey figure glides toward them faster than they can move.

Hermione SCREAMS. Mrs. Black's portrait starts to SHRIEK.

The skeletal ghost of Dumbledore with its waist-length hair, beard streaming behind it, its face sunken, with empty eye sockets raises its arm and points at them.

DUMBLEDORE'S VOICE  
*Severus Snape?*

HARRY  
No! It wasn't us! We didn't kill you -

The figure explodes in a great cloud of smoke causing the trio to gasp and gag.

There is an odd silence for just a moment when just their panting can be heard.

Then, suddenly, Mrs. Black renews her taunts.

MRS. BLACK  
*Mudbloods, filth, stains of  
dishonor, taint of shame on the  
house of my fathers, be gone -*

HARRY  
SHUT UP, YOU OLD HAG!

Harry aims his wand at the portrait and with a burst of red sparks the curtains fly closed around it.

He storms up the stairs.

Ron and Hermione turn to look at each other. She inclines her head toward the stairs.

Ron, eyes are wide and startled, backs away. Hermione SIGHS and heads up the stairs after Harry.

INT. SIRIUS' OLD BEDROOM

Harry kicks the dresser and throws himself down on the bed. Lying on his side, head buried into the pillow, he doesn't notice Hermione enter.

She drops her purse to the end table next to the bed with a loud THUD. He turns his head to watch her sit next to him, her back resting against the headboard.

She strokes her fingers through his hair.

HARRY  
(sighing)  
That was the second time in less  
than an hour I could've gotten you  
and Ron killed.

HERMIONE  
Oh, Harry. We're okay. Everything's  
fine -

HARRY  
Everything is not fine. We don't  
know how to destroy a Horcrux. I  
don't even know where to begin  
looking for them.  
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've dragged you and Ron on this...quest and I don't have any idea what I'm doing.

HERMIONE

Actually... I know how to destroy Horcruxes.

HARRY

You do?

HERMIONE

Of course. Did you honestly think I wouldn't have read Dumbledore's books?

HARRY

I know you well enough by now to know you can't resist an unread book in your presence.

HERMIONE

(smirking)

Well, at least you know something.

HARRY

Oi!

They share a laugh.

HERMIONE

There are a few ways to do it, but they all seem just as impossible. There's Fiend Fire, but only a handful of wizard's are able to conjure it. The poison from a Basilisk fang will destroy a Horcrux, but as we don't keep pet Basilisk's around... There are other ways...

HARRY

Other ways...?

HERMIONE

Well, Basilisk's venom works because it only has one antidote and it's incredibly rare -

HARRY

- Phoenix tears.

HERMIONE

Exactly. Ripping, smashing, or crushing a Horcrux won't do the trick. You've got to set it beyond magical repair.

HARRY

So it's hopeless.

HERMIONE

Not necessarily. If we can find the Horcruxes we just have to hold on to them long enough to get them to Hogwarts.

HARRY

And how are we supposed to find them?

HERMIONE

Maybe Dumbledore's gifts were supposed to be clues. I'll read the book of fairy tales later.

HARRY

The Snitch was supposed to be able to hold a small object, isn't that what Scrimgeour said?

Hermione reaches over to rummage through her bag and pulls out the Snitch.

Harry takes it, again nothing happens.

HARRY (CONT'D)

My first Snitch.

HERMIONE

Wasn't that the game we thought Snape was trying to hex you? And I set his robes on fire?

HARRY

You saved my life even then.

HERMIONE

(sighs wearily)  
Always... So that's the Snitch you almost swallowed?

HARRY

So what does that mean? Skin contact isn't enough for the flesh memory, I have to put it in my mouth?

HERMIONE

You may as well try.

Harry lifts the Snitch to his lips. He drops it when Hermione gasps.

The words '*I open at the close*' appear to write themselves onto the golden surface of the Snitch.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

HERMIONE

*I open at the close...what close?*

HARRY

Dumbledore and his damn riddles. If he had just answered my questions last year, we wouldn't be in this mess.

He throws the Snitch into the end table drawer and slams it shut violently.

HERMIONE

Do you still have the locket?

Harry pulls the locket from his pocket and hands it to her.

She pulls out the slip of paper.

Harry recites it out loud.

HARRY

*To the Dark Lord. I know I will be dead long before you read this, but I want you to know that it was I who discovered your secret. I have stolen the real Horcrux and intend to destroy it as soon as I can. I face death in the hope that when you meet your match, you will be mortal once more. R.A.B.*

HERMIONE

Harry, I've been thinking about this... What if RAB stands for Regulus Black, Sirius' brother?

HARRY

Sirius did say his brother was a Death Eater, but he tried to back out and they killed him.

HERMIONE

Maybe this is why. He saw what Voldemort was up to and tried to leave. I asked Remus and he said Regulus' middle name was Arcturus.

HARRY

Regulus Arcturus Black.

HERMIONE

R.A.B.

HARRY

But how do we know if he succeeded? If he was able to destroy the Horcrux before they got him?

HERMIONE

When we were here the summer before 5th year and Mrs. Weasley had us cleaning the house, do you remember in the drawing room we found a locket none of us could open...?

Harry bolts upright in bed, but then slumps back down.

HARRY

But Sirius threw everything away. He thought it was all rubbish.

Hermione sighs and continues to run her hand through his hair.

Ron enters. He comes around the bed to sit next to Hermione.

RON

Just got a messenger spell. Everyone's okay.

Hermione rests her head on Ron's shoulder and takes his hand with her free one.

HERMIONE

Oh, thank God.

HARRY

Listen, the two of you would be safer waiting here for the Order to pick you up. I'll leave -

HERMIONE

How many times are we going to do this? It's not going to work.

She looks to Ron for help. He seems blank. She nods in Harry's direction.

RON

Y-yeah, mate, we knew what we were getting into from the beginning. You've been getting us in trouble since First Year. This is no surprise.

There is a snort and a light chuckle of laughter between the three of them.

HERMIONE

We've had our chance to walk away. And we're not going anywhere. So let's just stop all this talk, okay?

HARRY

(reluctantly)  
Yeah, okay.

RON

Kreacher's in the kitchen making dinner. I was trying to make sure he didn't poison -

Harry and Hermione sit bolt upright in bed, they stare wild-eyed at each other for a moment then speak at the same time.

HARRY

Kreacher!

HERMIONE

Kreacher!

They charge out of the room.

RON (CONT'D)

Oi!

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. KITCHEN

Harry bursts into the kitchen with Hermione on his heels. He seizes Kreacher and lifts him.

Standing on the kitchen table, Kreacher bows very low and croaks in his bullfrog's voice.

KREACHER

Master.

Ron jogs through the doors, out of breath and slumps into a chair.

KREACHER (CONT'D)

(mutters under his breath)

Back in my Mistress' old house with  
the blood-traitor and the Mudblood -

HARRY

I forbid you to use that word! I've  
got a question for you and I order  
you to answer it truthfully.  
Understand?

KREACHER

Yes, Master.

HARRY

Two years ago, there was a big gold  
locket in the drawing room  
upstairs. We threw it out. Did you  
steal it back?

KREACHER

Yes.

Harry jubilantly turns to look at Hermione. She excitedly grabs both boys by their sleeves, trying not to bounce up and down in celebration. Ron looks confused.

HERMIONE

(whispering)

Slytherin's locket.

Realization strikes him, Ron jumps to his feet, knocking his chair backwards.

RON

Oh!

They all lean in closer to Kreacher.

HARRY  
Where is it now?

KREACHER  
Gone.

HARRY  
Gone? What do you mean, it's gone?

KREACHER  
Mundungus Fletcher stole it all.  
Miss Bella's and Miss Cissy's  
pictures, my Mistress' gloves, the  
Order of Merlin, First Class, the  
goblets with the family crest, and -  
and -

Kreacher, working himself into hysterics in his recitation of the lost items, begins gulping for air. He shuts his eyes tight in despair, but then they fly open wide and he concludes the list in a bloodcurdling scream.

KREACHER (CONT'D)  
- and the locket, Master Regulus'  
loket, Kreacher did wrong.  
Kreacher failed in his orders!

Suddenly, the elf lunges for the poker standing at the grate. Harry throws himself on top of him. Hermione and Kreacher both scream.

HARRY  
(yelling over them)  
Kreacher, I order you to stay  
still!

Kreacher freezes in his thrashing.

HERMIONE  
(whispers)  
Harry, let him up.

Harry sits up and takes his weight off the small elf.

HARRY  
You called the locket "Master  
Regulus' ". Why? Where did it come  
from? What did Regulus have to do  
with it?

KREACHER

Master Regulus had proper pride; he knew what was due to the name of Black and the dignity of his pure blood. He talked of the Dark Lord, and when he was sixteen years old, Master Regulus joined him.

HERMIONE

He was only 16?

KREACHER

A year after he had joined, Master Regulus came down to see Kreacher...he said that the Dark Lord required an elf.

HARRY

Voldemort required an *elf*?

KREACHER

Oh, yes, and Master Regulus had volunteered Kreacher. It was an honor, said Master Regulus, an honor for him and for Kreacher, who must be sure to do whatever the Dark Lord order him to do...and then c-come home.

Kreacher sobs into his hands and hesitates to continue.

HARRY

What happened then, Kreacher?

KREACHER

So Kreacher went to the Dark Lord. The Dark Lord did not tell Kreacher what they were to do, but took Kreacher with him to a cave beside the sea. And beyond the cave there was a cavern, and in the cavern was a great black lake...

FLASHBACK. INT. CAVE

The dark cavern echoes with the sound of the lapping waters of the lake.

Voldemort leads the small elf along the rocky shore.

KREACHER (V.O.)

There was a boat...

The two reach a ghostly green and tiny boat, and step into it. The boat moves across the calm surface of the lake to the tiny island at the center.

KREACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There was a b-basin full of potion  
on the island. The D-Dark Lord made  
Kreacher drink it...

The duo make their way to a stone basin at the center of the island. Voldemort fills a cup and begins to feed it to the elf.

Cup after cup the house-elf drinks, but he starts to spasm and quake. The Dark Lord still feeds him the potion without pause.

KREACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Kreacher drank, and as he drank, he  
saw terrible things... Kreacher's  
insides burned... Kreacher cried  
for Master Regulus to save him, he  
cried for his Mistress Black, but  
the Dark Lord only laughed... He  
made Kreacher drink all the  
potion...

Voldemort force-feeds Kreacher all the potion. When it is finished, he drops a gold locket into the basin and refills it with more potion.

KREACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He dropped a locket into the empty  
basin...He filled it with more  
potion. And then the Dark Lord  
sailed away, leaving Kreacher on  
the island.

Ignoring the thrashing and wailing elf at his feet, Voldemort boards the tiny vessel once more and crosses the lake by himself.

Kreacher crawls to the edge of the island and drinks from the lake.

KREACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Kreacher needed water, he crawled  
to the island's edge and he drank  
from the black lake... and hands,  
dead hands, came out of the water  
and dragged Kreacher under the  
surface...

As Kreacher is bent over the water, multiple rotting corpse hands rise up from the tranquil surface and clutch at his small frame. They grip his loincloth and grab at his ears.

Kreacher tries to fight against them, but there are too many. The hands pull Kreacher into the water and hold him under its surface. Kreacher flails and kicks, but he cannot get away.

HARRY (V.O.)  
How did you get away?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. KITCHEN

Kreacher turns his face to look at Harry with great, bloodshot eyes.

KREACHER  
Master Regulus told Kreacher to  
come back.

HARRY  
I know - but how did you escape the  
Inferi?

KREACHER  
Master Regulus told Kreacher to  
come back.

HARRY  
I know, but -

RON  
Well, it's obvious, isn't it? He  
Disapparated!

HARRY  
But... you couldn't Apparate in or  
out of the cave. Otherwise  
Dumbledore would've -

RON  
Harry, Elf magic isn't like  
wizard's magic. I mean, they can  
Apparate and Disapparate in and out  
of Hogwarts when we can't.

Ron turns to smile at Hermione, expecting praise that he finally remembered what she's oft reminded them.

Hermione stares hopelessly at Kreacher, tears welling in her eyes.

HARRY

So he just Disapparated from the lake because Regulus told him to come back after he did Voldemort's bidding?

HERMIONE

Of course, Voldemort would have considered the ways of house-elves far beneath his notice, jut like all pure bloods who treat them like animals... It would never have occurred to him that they might have magic that he didn't.

KREACHER

The house-elf's highest law is his Master's bidding. Kreacher was told to come home, so Kreacher came home.

HERMIONE

Well, then, you did what you were told, didn't you? You didn't disobey at all!

Kreacher shakes his head and begins rocking back and forth.

HARRY

So what happened when you got back? What did Regulus say when you told him what had happened?

KREACHER

Master Regulus was very worried, very worried. Master Regulus told Kreacher to stay hidden and not to leave the house. Then a little while later, Master Regulus came to find Kreacher in his cupboard one night and - and -

HARRY

And what, Kreacher?

KREACHER

Master Regulus was strange, not as he usually was, disturbed in his mind, Kreacher could tell...

(MORE)

KREACHER (CONT'D)  
and he asked Kreacher to take him  
to the cave...

FLASHBACK. INT. CAVE

Kreacher returns to the cave, this time with a young man,  
dark and good-looking, closely resembling his older brother,  
Sirius.

They sail across the black lake and reach the island. Regulus  
approaches the basin.

HARRY (V.O.)  
And he made you drink the potion?

KREACHER (V.O.)  
M-Master Regulus took from his  
pocket a locket like the one the  
Dark Lord had. And he told Kreacher  
to take it and, when the basin was  
empty, to switch the lockets.

Regulus hands Kreacher a golden locket, conjures a cup and  
begins to drink.

KREACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
And he ordered - Kreacher to leave -  
without him. And he told Kreacher -  
to go home - and never to tell my  
Mistress - what he had done - but  
to destroy - the first locket. And  
he drank - all the potion - and  
Kreacher swapped the lockets - and  
watched...as Master Regulus... was  
dragged beneath the water... and...

A frantic Regulus dips his hand into the water and brings it  
to his lips as Kreacher sails back across the lake.

Regulus dips his hand in again and pulls it out to find a  
deadened hand gripping his wrist.

Regulus tries to fight back, breaking the grip of the first  
Inferi and backing away from the lake. But from all around  
him, dead bodies begin to climb the shore of the island and  
encircle him.

They grab his robes, his arms and legs, his face and  
shoulders and walk back into the water with him locked in  
their arms. There are too many of them for him to fight.

With one last great splash, Regulus descends to the depths of the lake.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. KITCHEN

Kreacher rocks himself and sobs uncontrollably into his rags.

HERMIONE

Oh, Kreacher!

Hermione, also crying, drops to her knees beside him and reaches her hand out.

Kreacher jumps to his feet, cringing away from her, repulsed.

KREACHER

The Mudblood touched Kreacher, he will not allow it -

HARRY

I told you not to call her that!

Kreacher bashes his head against the brick wall.

HERMIONE

Stop him - stop him! Oh, don't you see now how sick it is, the way they've got to obey?

HARRY

Kreacher - stop, stop!

The elf lays on the floor, panting and shivering, a bruise already forming on his pallid forehead, his eyes swollen, bloodshot and swimming in tears.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So you brought the locket home and you tried to destroy it?

KREACHER

Nothing Kreacher did made any mark upon it. Kreacher tried everything, everything he knew, but nothing would work. Kreacher punished himself and tried again. He punished himself, he tried again, punished himself, he tried again.

(MORE)

KREACHER (CONT'D)

Kreacher failed to obey orders,  
Kreacher could not destroy the  
locket!

Hermione conjures a tissue for herself and one for Kreacher,  
but only places it on the floor next to him. She doesn't dare  
touch him again.

KREACHER (CONT'D)

And his Mistress was mad with  
grief, because Master Regulus had  
disappeared, and Kreacher could not  
tell her what had happened, no,  
because Master Regulus had f-f-  
forbidden him to tell any of the f-  
f-family what happened in the c-  
cave...

Kreacher sobs so hard there were no more coherent words.  
Tears streaming down her own face, Hermione sits heavily at  
the table.

HARRY

I don't understand you, Kreacher.  
Voldemort tried to kill you,  
Regulus died to bring Voldemort  
down, but you were still happy to  
betray Sirius to Voldemort? You  
were happy to go to Narcissa and  
Bellatrix and pass information to  
them...

HERMIONE

Harry, Kreacher doesn't think like  
that. He's a slave; house-elves are  
used to brutal treatment. What  
Voldemort did to Kreacher isn't  
that far out of the common way.

HARRY

Yeah, but -

HERMIONE

What do wizard wars mean to an elf  
like Kreacher? He's loyal to people  
who are kind to him. Mrs. Black and  
Regulus were so he served them  
willingly and parroted their  
beliefs.

HARRY

Regulus changed his mind -

HERMIONE

I know, Harry, but he didn't tell Kreacher that. The family was safer if they kept to the old pure blood line. Regulus was trying to protect them all.

HARRY

Sirius -

HERMIONE

Sirius was horrible to Kreacher. Kreacher had been alone for a long time when Sirius came to live here, and he was probably starving for affection. I'm sure Miss Cissy and Miss Bella were perfectly lovely to him.

HARRY

So, what, he did them a favor?

HERMIONE

I've said all along that wizards would pay for how they treat house-elves. None of you wanted to believe me, but Voldemort paid... and so did Sirius.

Harry's only response is to watch the poor elf sob. His facial expression softens.

HARRY

Kreacher... when you feel up to it, please sit up.

After some hiccoughing sobs, Kreacher does as asked.

Harry reaches into his pocket for the locket and looks at Hermione for assistance.

She smiles at him encouragingly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Kreacher, I want you please to find Mundungus Fletcher. We need to find that locket. We want to finish the work Master Regulus started. We want to ensure the he didn't die in vain.

KREACHER

Find Mundungus Fletcher?

HARRY

And I'd, er, like you to have this.  
This belonged to Regulus and I'm  
sure he'd want you to have it -

Kreacher takes one look at the locket, gasps in shock and misery, and throws himself at Harry's feet. The elf grips Harry's pant leg as a lifeline and sobs.

RON

Overkill, mate.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. DRAWING ROOM. NEXT DAY

Ron and Harry sit before a chess board set between them on the couch.

Harry grits his teeth as Ron plays with the Deluminator.

The lights keep flickering on and off.

Hermione sits by the fire reading *The Tales of Beedle the Bard*. She just about growls in frustration and slams her book shut.

HERMIONE

Ronald Weasley!

RON

What?

There is a CRACK of Apparation. They all jump up reaching for their wands. Kreacher comes around the corner and enters the room.

KREACHER

Master Harry, Kreacher is sorry.

Kreacher dashes forward to bang his head on the table.

They all rush forward to stop him.

HARRY

Kreacher, stop! What's happened?

KREACHER

Kreacher has found Fletcher, but he knows how to avoid capture. He has many hidey-holes and accomplices.

HARRY

You found him? That's great,  
Kreacher. Where is he?

KREACHER

He is in Diagon Alley. I could not  
deliver him to Grimmauld Place.

HARRY

It's okay, Kreacher. It's about  
time we get out of here anyway.  
Good work. Let's go.

RON

Thank Merlin.

The boys are on their feet, Kreacher bows to them both.  
Hermione hesitates.

HERMIONE

You've done really good work,  
Kreacher. Thank you.

Kreacher gives a little spasm in her direction that might be  
an attempt at a salute and then Disapparates. Hermione smiles  
as she hears him puttering in the kitchen.

She joins Harry and Ron.

RON

Where to?

HERMIONE

I think it's best if we head to the  
twins' shop first.

HARRY

Right. Weasley Wizarding Wheezes it  
is.

INT. WWW. STAFF ROOM

Fred and George Weasley are bent over their work desk. George  
is brewing something whose frothing smoke is filling up the  
space.

Fred tinkers with a device. They jump up and grab their wands  
at the echoing CRACK of Apparation.

Harry, Ron and Hermione appear in the staff room of the shop.  
Both twins lower their wands.

FRED  
Oh, it's just you.

RON  
Gee, it's great to see you too,  
brother.

GEORGE  
I thought you three were off on  
your adventure. Why are you here?  
Finished already?

HARRY  
We need to find Mundungus.

FRED  
Just missed him. He was here  
peddling doxy eggs.

GEORGE  
He was headed to the Leaky Cauldron  
to get pissed.

HERMIONE  
(sarcastic)  
This should be fun.

They head for the door.

FRED  
Wait! Here, take these.

He hands each of them a small black ball that has legs like a spider. Upon seeing it, Ron recoils his hand and drops one.

The tiny ball scuttles across the floor into the shelves.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Oi! You prat!

GEORGE  
Where'd it get to?

Suddenly, there is a loud explosion from behind them.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Bugger those things are fast.

He hurries over to put out the fire.

FRED  
They're called Decoy Detonators.  
Might be some help to you.

HARRY  
Thanks, Fred. George.

The trio leaves the twins to clean up from the explosion.

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY

The street is all but deserted. Where it once was bustling with pre-school term activity, it is now scarred by war. Shops are closed. Wanted signs up on the windows.

The boys behave like army operatives, skulking from building to building, ducking their heads around corners before stepping out, nodding to each other when the coast is clear.

HERMIONE  
You realize you're being perfectly ridiculous.

She walks away from them, heading briskly down the street.

RON  
Ridiculous, are we? What about constant vigilance?

Hermione walks straight into the Leaky Cauldron without hesitation. The boys share a look of shock. Harry shrugs and follows her. Ron jogging after him.

INT. THE LEAKY CAULDRON

Hermione walks up to the bar.

HERMIONE  
Hi, Tom. Have you seen Mundungus Fletcher.

Tom points across the bar. Mundungus Fletcher is seated at a booth, his head on the table next to a nearly empty tankard of beer.

Hermione makes her way over. Mundungus never lifts his head. The boys rush up behind her and sit on either side of him.

They Apparate with him between them.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. KITCHEN

Kreacher in fresh loincloth is busy cleaning and cooking happily. He is a house-elf transformed.

The trio appear with Mundungus hanging between Harry and Ron, still unconscious. Hermione pulls out a chair and they sit him down.

HERMIONE  
Mundungus?

MUNDUNGUS  
Whatcher want?

He realizes who he's speaking to and tries to flee. They bind him to the chair with a spell.

MUNDUNGUS (CONT'D)  
I panicked, okay? I never wanted to come along, no offense, mate, but I never volunteered to die for you , an' that was bleedin' You-Know-Who come flying at me, anyone would got outa there, I said all along I didn't -

HERMIONE  
For you information, none of the rest of us Disapparated.

MUNDUNGUS  
Well, you're a bunch of bleedin' 'eroes then, aren't you, but I never pretended I was up for killing meself -

HARRY  
We're not interested in why you ran out on Mad-Eye. We already knew you were an unreliable bit of scum.

Mundungus starts to speak again, but Ron cuts him off.

RON  
Shut up and listen.

HARRY  
When you cleaned this house of anything valuable -

MUNDUNGUS  
Sirius never cared about any of the junk -

In a flash of copper, there is an echoing CLANG and a SHRIEK of agony.

Kreacher had taken a run at Mundungus and hit him over the head with a saucepan. He aims to do it again.

MUNDUNGUS (CONT'D)  
Call 'im off, call 'im off!

HARRY  
Kreacher, no!

Kreacher's thin arms tremble with the weight of the heavy pan, still held aloft.

KREACHER  
Just one more, Master Harry, for luck?

Ron laughs.

HARRY  
We need him conscious, Kreacher, but if he needs persuading you can do the honors.

KREACHER  
(bowing)  
Thank you very much, Master.

HARRY  
When you stripped this house of the valuables, you took a bunch of stuff from the kitchen cupboard. There was a locket there. What did you do with it?

MUNDUNGUS  
Why? Is it valuable?

HERMIONE  
You've still got it!

Ron grabs the back of Mundungus' chair and tips it backwards.

RON  
No, he hasn't. He's wondering whether he should have asked for more money for it.

MUNDUNGUS  
More? That wouldn't have been effing difficult... bleedin' gave it away, di'n' I? No choice.

HARRY

What do you mean?

MUNDUNGUS

I was selling in Diagon Alley and she come up to me and asks if I've got a license for trading in magical artifacts. But she took a fancy to the locket an' told me she'd take it and let me off that time, and to fink meself lucky.

HARRY

Who was this woman?

MUNDUNGUS

Dunno, some Ministry hag. Little woman. Bow on top of 'er head. Looked like a toad.

Ron drops the chair with a BANG and WAIL from Mundungus.

HARRY

Umbridge!

The trio share a shocked look for a moment.

Hermione sets about releasing Mundungus, as Harry rubs the back of his right hand.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. DRAWING ROOM

Harry storms about the room. He is so angry the pictures on the walls are shaking.

Ron and Hermione enter behind him. Ron flops down on the couch, unconcerned by the shaking pictures.

Hermione remains standing and edges her way toward the stairs.

HARRY

Unbelievable! We have to do something!

RON

What are we going to do?

HARRY

We have to get it back from her. Where are you going?

Headed up the staircase, Hermione calls over her shoulder.

HERMIONE

(to Ron)

You deal with him. I've had enough for today.

HARRY

You're going to bed at a time like this?!

HERMIONE

I'm tired of the tantrums. You're worse than the Gryffindor girls.

As Hermione disappears up the stairs, Ron snorts with laughter. Harry pins him with a glare, but the pictures stop shaking.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE. KITCHEN. NEXT MORNING

Hermione enters to find both boys already seated at the table. Neither one appears to have slept.

Kreacher bustles about making breakfast.

HERMIONE

Well?

Both boys sit back in their chairs looking pleased with themselves. They grin maniacally at her.

HARRY

We have a plan.

RON

We're going to infiltrate the Ministry!

HERMIONE

Oh, for heaven's sake!