

EXT. TENT

Harry jumps to his feet. He peers into the surrounding darkness, searching for the source of the sudden light.

From behind an old oak, a silver-white doe, moon-bright and dazzling, steps out coming toward him. She steps closer, her beautiful head with its wide, long-lashed eyes held high.

Harry just stares at the creature, until she starts to move away.

HARRY

No! Come back!

She keeps moving, picking her way through the trees. Harry, enthralled by the presence of the Patronus, follows.

They come to a frozen lake where the doe stops and turns her head once more to Harry.

He reaches out a hand to caress the creature, but she vanishes instantly.

Blinking fiercely in the darkness, Harry raises his wand and lights the tip.

HARRY (CONT'D)

*Lumos!*

Something under the frozen surface of the lake glints in the light from his wand.

With a quick scan of his surroundings, he edges closer to the lake to see it.

There at the bottom of the lake glints a large silver cross. He drops to his knees at the edge of the ice and peers into it.

A sword with glittering rubies in its hilt... The sword of Gryffindor lies at the bottom of the forest pool.

Harry scans the surrounding trees once more, peering into the dark trees for any sign of a person, friend or foe. Finding no one, he directs his attention back to the sword.

HARRY (CONT'D)

*Accio Sword.*

Nothing happens. Sighing, Harry stands and removes his heavy sweatshirt, the golden Slytherin locket glints against his dark t-shirt.

He kicks off his shoes, pulls off his socks and, hopping from foot to foot from the cold, directs the wand at the ice.

HARRY (CONT'D)

*Diffindo.*

The surface of the pool breaks with a CRACK like a bullet in the silence.

Quickly, he plunges himself into the water breaking the surface with a GROAN of pain. Inhaling deeply, he descends under the water and swims the short distance to the bottom.

His path lit by the wandlight, he finds the sword and wraps numb fingers tightly around the hilt. Planting his feet in the muddy lakebed, he pushes off upward.

Just as his nose and mouth break the surface of the water, he gets pulled back under. Flailing in a panic underwater, Harry waves the wand in every direction, but sees nothing.

He tries to reach the surface again, but is held back. He looks down to see the Horcrux winding its way around his neck like a snake. Enclosing his neck ever more tightly, constricting his windpipe.

Harry kicks out wildly, trying to push himself back to the surface, but merely propels himself into the rocky side of the pool. Trashing, suffocating, he wrestles with the chain, dropping both the sword and the wand.

The sword descends straight downward, its tip lodging it upright in the lakebed. The wand falls next to it in the mud. The light eerily penetrating the murkiness of the water. Harry's pale, panicked face illuminated in its glow.

Nothing he tries stops the restricting chain of the Horcrux. It pulls like a magnet to the bed of the lake, pulling Harry further down.

A shadow flickers above him, Harry makes a mad move for the surface, but the Horcrux yanks him back.

CONT'D