HARRY POTTER AND
THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

screenplay by STEVEN KLOVES

based on the novel by J.K. ROWLING

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EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - DAY

WIDE HELICOPTER SHOT. Privet Drive. CAMERA CRANES DOWN, DOWN, OVER the rooftops, FINDS the SECOND FLOOR WINDOW of NUMBER 4. HARRY POTTER sits in the window.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harry pages through a SCRAPBOOK, stops on a MOVING PHOTO of Ron and Hermione. SQUAWK! Harry jumps. HEDWIG pecks at the LOCK slung through her cage door, then glowers at Harry.

HARRY
I can't, Hedwig. I'm not allowed to use magic outside of school. Besides, if Uncle Vernon --

At the sound of the name, HEDWIG SQUAWKS again, LOUDER.

UNCLE VERNON (O.S.)
Harry Potter!

HARRY
Now you've done it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

While AUNT PETUNIA puts the finishing touches to a PUDDING of WHIPPED CREAM and SUGARED VIOLETS, UNCLE VERNON struggles with DUDLEY'S BOW TIE, all the while glowering at Harry.

UNCLE VERNON
I warned you. If you can't control that bloody bird, it'll have to go.

HARRY
She's bored. If I could just let her out for an hour or two --

UNCLE VERNON
And have you sending secret messages to your freaky little friends? No, sir.

(CONTINUED)
But I haven't gotten any messages. From any of my friends. Not one. All summer.

Who'd want to be friends with you?

I should think you'd be more grateful. We raise you since you were a baby, give you food off our table, even let you have Dudley's second bedroom... purely out of the goodness of our hearts.

I thought he got the second bedroom because Mum was afraid he'd turn us into dung beetles if you put him back in the cupboard under the stairs.

AUNT PETUNIA stops cold, exchanges a dark look with Uncle Vernon, then sees Dudley extending a finger for the pudding.

Not yet, popkin. That's for when the Masons arrive.

Which should be any moment. Now. Let's run through our schedule one more time. Petunia, when the Masons get here, you will be --

In the lounge, waiting to welcome them graciously to our home.

Good. And Dudley?

I'll be waiting to open the door.

Excellent.

(continuing on Harry)

And you?
HARRY
I'll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending I don't exist.

UNCLE VERNON
Too right you will. With any luck, this could well be the day I make the biggest deal of my career.

DOORBELL RINGS. Instantly, Uncle Vernon shoves Harry out of the kitchen and into the hallway.

UNCLE VERNON
Upstairs! Hurry!

DOBBY
Harry Potter! Such an honor it is!

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
What... Who are you?

DOBBY
Dobby, sir. Dobby the house elf.

HARRY
I see. Not to be rude or anything, but this isn't a great time for me to have a house-elf in my bedroom.

DOBBY
Oh, yes, sir, Dobby understands. It's just that, Dobby has come to tell you... it is difficult, sir... Dobby wonders where to begin.

HARRY
Why don't you sit down?

DOBBY
S-s-sit down?

Suddenly Dobby BURSTS INTO TEARS. LOUD TEARS. Harry panics.

HARRY
Shhhh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you or anything --

DOBBY
Offend Dobby! Dobby has heard of your greatness, sir, but never has he been asked to sit down by a wizard, like an equal...

HARRY
You can't have met many decent wizards then.

Dobby shakes his head, then without warning, LEAPS off the bed and starts to BANG HIS HEAD FURIOUSLY ON THE FLOOR.

DOBBY
Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Uncle Vernon pours champagne for MR. and MRS. MASON. As Dobby's HEAD BANGING sounds from above, all eyes shift to the ceiling. Uncle Vernon chuckles nervously.

(CONTINUED)
UNCLE VERNON
Don't mind that. It's just the... cat.

DUDLEY
Cat? What cat?

UNCLE VERNON
Our cat, tiger.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY
Dobby gets back to his feet, wobbling, eyes spinning dizzily. Harry regards him with a mixture of concern... and wariness.

HARRY
Are you... all right?

DOBBY
Dobby had to punish himself, sir. Dobby almost spoke ill of his family, sir.

HARRY
Your... family?

DOBBY
The wizard family Dobby serves, sir. Dobby is bound to serve one family forever. If they ever knew Dobby was here...

Dobby shudders in fear, then looks up, WHISPERS urgently.

DOBBY
But Dobby had to come. Dobby has to protect Harry Potter. To warn him.

(in a fierce whisper)
Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year.

HARRY
Not go back? But... I have to.

DOBBY
This is a plot. A plot to make most terrible things happen. If Harry Potter goes back to school he will be in great danger.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
What terrible things? Who's plotting them?

Dobby makes a funny CHOKING and GAGGING noise.

HARRY
Okay! I understand. You can't say --

Too late. Dobby grabs the bedside lamp and starts beating himself about the head and YELPING LOUDLY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Uncle Vernon is in the midst of telling a joke.

UNCLE VERNON
They arrive at the ninth hole and!-

DOBBY'S YELPS INTERRUPT, ringing out from above.

MR. MASON
Sounds as if that cat of yours has dragged something in with it, Dursley.

UNCLE VERNON
Not to worry. I'll sort it out.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harry wrestles the lamp away from Dobby.

HARRY
Stop! Stop!

FOOTSTEPS THUNDER on the landing. Quickly, Harry grabs Dobby by the pillowcase and pitches him into the wardrobe... just as the door FLINGS OPEN.

UNCLE VERNON
What the devil are you doing up here! You've just ruined the punch line of my Japanese golfer joke. One more sound and you'll wish you'd never been born, boy!

He stomps flat-footed from the room and SLAMS THE DOOR. Harry lets Dobby out of the wardrobe.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
See why I've got to go back? I don't belong here. I belong in your world -- at Hogwarts. It's the only place I've got... friends.

DOBBY
Friends who don't even write to Harry Potter?

HARRY
Well, I expect they've been -- hang on, how do you know my friends haven't been writing me?

Guiltily, Dobby takes out a STACK of LETTERS.

DOBBY
Harry Potter mustn't be angry with Dobby -- Dobby hoped if Harry Potter thought his friends had forgotten him... Harry Potter might not want to go back to school, sir...

HARRY
Give me those. Now.

Dobby frowns sadly, then DASHES out the door. Panicking...

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/KITCHEN - DAY

... Harry flies desperately after, Dobby bouncing like a ping-pong ball down the stairs and into the kitchen. As Harry races in, he finds Dobby on the counter, waving his arms. Aunt Petunia's masterpiece of a pudding RISES, then floats into the living room, HOVERING over the Mason's heads. The Masons don't see, but the Dursleys -- goggle-eyed--do.

HARRY
Dobby... Please... No...

DOBBY
Harry Potter must say he's not going back to school.

HARRY
I can't. Hogwarts is my home.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DOBBY
(a tragic expression)
Then Dobby must do it, sir. For Harry Potter's own good.

Dobby SNAPS HIS FINGERS. The pudding PLUMMETS straight onto the Masons. They stand blinking, covered head to foot with whipped cream and sugared violets. The Masons exit. Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia race after them.

UNCLE VERNON
I'm sorry. It's our nephew. Very disturbed. Meeting strangers upsets him, so we kept him upstairs...

EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - DAY

The Masons RACE out of the house, the Dursleys FOLLOWING.

AUNT PETUNIA
We have ice cream...

The Masons get into their car and drive off, just as a SHRIEKING SOUND splits the sky. An OWL SWOOPS down, and DROPS a LETTER at Uncle Vernon's feet. He picks up the letter, opens it. As he reads it, a mad gleam dances in Uncle Vernon's eye. He turns and races back inside the house. Aunt Petunia follows.

INT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Uncle Vernon runs back into the living room, extends the letter to Harry.

UNCLE VERNON
Go on. Read it.

HARRY
'Dear Mr. Potter. We have received intelligence that a Hover Charm was used at your place of residence at twelve minutes past seven this evening. As you know, underage wizards...'

UNCLE VERNON
'... are not permitted to perform spells outside school.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
UNCLE VERNON (CONT'D)
(snatching the letter)
You didn't tell us you weren't
Allowed to use magic at home.
Slipped your mind, didn't it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
UNCLE VERNON (CONT'D)
Well, I've got news for you, boy.
I'm locking you up! And if you
try to magic yourself out, they'll
expel you! You're never going
back to that school! Never!

EXT./INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

A SHORT MONTAGE BEGINS:

Uncle Vernon fits IRON BARS to the inside of Harry's window.
Drills a METAL FLAP to the base of the bedroom door.
Fits a FAT, GREY LOCK to the door itself. Soaking with sweat, he casts Harry a nasty grin and pulls shut the DOOR. It closes with the DULL CLANK of a cell.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry stares gloomily out the window. The METAL FLAP RATTLES and Dudley's pudgy hand slides a BOWL of TINNED SOUP onto the floor. He grins cruelly through the opening.

DUDLEY
I know what day it is.

HARRY
Well done, Dudley. Finally learned the days of the week, have you.

DUDLEY
Today's your birthday. And nobody cares.

Dudley SNAPS SHUT the flap. Harry sighs, takes the soup and a bit of stale bread, and crosses to Hedwig.

HARRY
It's no good turning your beak up.
It's all we've got.

Harry feeds a piece of bread to Hedwig... as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)
SAME SCENE - LATER

Harry leans against the wall. Asleep. There is a gentle TAPPING SOUND. Harry opens his eyes and is stunned to see... RON WEASLEY staring through the bedroom window.

HARRY

Ron?

RON

Hiya, Harry.

EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

An OLD, TURQUOISE-COLORED FORD ANGLIA floats in midair. Ron leans out the back window. His brother FRED sits in the driver's seat. Fred's twin George is in the passenger seat.

HARRY

Fred? George? What're you doing here?

RON

Rescuing you, of course. Where's your trunk?

CLOSEUP - HARRY'S TRUNK

Stuffed with clothes, spellbooks. The trunk CLOSES, SNAPS SHUT. Harry drags the trunk to the windowsill, watches Ron tie off a fierce knot on the bars of Harry's window.

RON

Stand back.

Harry steps back. Ron turns, nods to Fred.

INSERT - FRED'S FOOT

Fred STEPS ON the accelerator.

EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Ford Anglia FLIES UP into the air, the rope SNAPS TIGHT, and -- CRUNCH! -- the bars are TORN from the window. Bricks and bars RAIN DOWN onto the lawn below, a mangled mess.

INT. UNCLE VERNON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Uncle Vernon WAKES...
INT./EXT. HARRY'S BEDROOM/THE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Harry pushes the trunk over the sill into the Anglia's boot, then scrambles through the window himself, when... SQUAWK!

HARRY
Hedwig!

Harry clambers back, grabs Hedwig's cage, swings it onto the ledge, when... BAM! The bedroom door CRASHES OPEN.

UNCLE VERNON
Petunia! He's getting away!

As Harry leaps for the windowsill, Uncle Vernon CHARGES FORWARD and SNATCHES his ankle. Harry tumbles into the darkness, one hand gripping Hedwig's cage, the other reaching out and... CATCHING Ron's at the last possible second.

Uncle Vernon puts both hands to Harry's ankle, pulls harder. Ron braces himself, pulls back. Harry hangs, stretched high over the lawn, directly above the mangled steel bars.

CLOSEUP: Harry's hand begins to slip from Ron's fingers.

INSIDE OF CAGE: Hedwig PECKS feverishly at the LOCK.

CLOSE-UP: Ron. PANICKED.

RON
Hold on, Harry!

UNCLE VERNON
Oh no, boy! You and that bloody pigeon aren't going anywhere!

CLOSE-UP: Harry's hand begins to slip away from Ron's.

INSIDE OF CAGE: Hedwig PECKS HARDER and... the CAGE OPENS.

Hedwig SWOOPS into the sky, WHEELS BACK and hammers her beak into Uncle Vernon's hand. He ROARS, stumbles back and... Ron and George pull Harry into the air.

RON
Put your foot down, Fred!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Like a rocket, the Anglia sails into the stars. Harry glances back, sees Aunt Petunia and Dudley join Uncle Vernon at the window. As Hedwig races up, soaring just beyond the car window, Ron turns to Harry.

RON
By the way, Harry. Happy Birthday.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BURROW - EARLY MORNING

As the Anglia drops through a pink sky, a haphazard mess of a HOUSE, built around a towering central chimney, appears below. By the road, a lopsided SIGN reads: THE BURROW. FLUMPH! The car touches down in a WHIRLING CONE of dust, scatters a group of chickens, and fishtails to a halt. The boys spill quickly out of the car. FRED WHISPERS urgently.

FRED
Hurry! Let's nip inside before Mum wakes up!

INT. FRONT ROOM - THE BURROW - MOMENTS LATER

The boys sneak inside, gently close the door. Harry stops. Magical objects surround him: A CLOCK displays different chores for each family member. A pair of NEEDLES knit a sweater by themselves. And a stack of PLAYING CARDS that. A stack of PLAYING CARDS SHUFFLE themselves, providing a cooling breeze for Ron's aging rat, SCABBERS. Ron shrugs, averts his eyes self-consciously.

RON
It's not much.

HARRY
I think it's... brilliant!

Ron looks up. Sees Harry's mesmerized face. Slowly... GRINS.

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)
WHERE... HAVE... YOU... BEEN?!

The boys nearly jump out of their skin. MRS. WEASLEY stands in the doorway. Furious. She smiles sweetly at Harry.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. WEASLEY
Harry! How wonderful to see you. (back to the boys)
Beds empty! No note! You could've died! You could've been seen!
(again, to Harry)
I don't blame you, of course, dear.

RON
They were starving him, Mum! There were bars on his window!

MRS. WEASLEY
You best hope I don't put bars on your window, Ronald Weasley!
(softening instantly)
Care for a spot of tea, Harry?

GINNY
Mummy. Have you seen my jumper --

A small, RED-HEADED GIRL appears. Sees Harry. And...
SQUEALS. Dashes back up the stairs. Ron frowns.

RON
Ginny. Been talking about you all summer. Dead annoying, really.

GEORGE
Dad's home!

The front door OPENS and ARTHUR WEASLEY enters. A tall man with red hair, his robes look dusty and travel-worn.

MR. WEASLEY
What a night! Nine raids! Nine!

HARRY
(to Ron)
Raids?

RON
Dad works at the Ministry of Magic. In the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office.

HARRY
The Misuse of Muggle Artefacts...?
RON
That's when wizards bewitch something to drive Muggles mad. Shrinking door keys, that kind of thing. Dad loves Muggles. Thinks they're fascinating.

Mr. Weasley hangs up his cloak, turns. Blinks.

MR. WEASLEY
Well now. Who are you?

RON
Harry, sir. Harry Potter.

MR. WEASLEY
Good Lord, are you really? Ron's told us all about you, of course. When did you get here?

MRS. WEASLEY
(darkly)
This morning. Your sons flew that enchanted car of yours to Surrey house and back last night.

MR. WEASLEY
Did you now! How'd it go?!
(catching his wife's eye)
I... I mean... That was very wrong, boys. Very wrong indeed. So, Harry. You must know all about Muggles. Tell me, what exactly is the function of a parking meter?

Harry is about to answer, when he notices an OWL (ERROL) soaring toward the kitchen window. To Harry's horror, the owl doesn't pull up. It just flies... SMACK!... into the glass.

MRS. WEASLEY
That must be Errol with the post. Fetch him, will you, George?

George takes the unconscious Errol, absently lays him on a draining board, and takes the LETTERS clutched in his claws.

GEORGE
It's our Hogwarts letters! And look. They've sent Harry's as well.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (3)

MR. WEASLEY
Dumbledore must know you're here, Harry. Doesn't miss a trick, that man.

FRED
(reading his)
This lot won't come cheap, Mum. The spellbooks alone...

MRS. WEASLEY
We'll manage. Right then. There's only one place to get all of this.

HARRY/RON/FRED/GEORGE
Diagon Alley!

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE BURROW - DAY (LATER)

Everyone has gathered in front of the large fireplace.

MRS. WEASLEY
You first, Harry dear.

Mrs. Weasley offers Harry a FLOWERPOD. At the bottom is a layer of VERY SOFT DUST. Harry frowns in confusion.

RON
Harry's never traveled by Floo Powder before, Mum.

HARRY
Floo Powder?

Just then, Ron's older brother PERCY enters.

MRS. WEASLEY
Percy. Would you mind going first, so Harry can see how it's done?

PERCY
Certainly, Mother. Don't worry, Harry. It's simple enough.

(QUITINGUED)
Percy takes a pinch from the pot, pitches it into the fireplace and BRIGHT GREEN FLAMES ROAR HIGH. To Harry's amazement, he calmly walks... straight into them.

PERCY
Diagon Alley.

Percy VANISHES. Tentatively, Harry reaches into the pot.

MRS. WEASLEY
Remember to speak clearly, dear!

RON
And mind you get out at the right grate!

HARRY
(nodding, unsure)
D-Dia-gon Alley!

INT. SPIRALING TUNNEL

The SOUND is DEAFENING as Harry hurtles forward, squinting against the sting of WHIRLING SOOT and the mad, flickering lights of passing fireplaces. He falls face forward...

INT. BORGIN AND BURKES - STONE FIREPLACE - DAY

... onto a stone hearth. Dizzy and dirty, Harry reclaims his shattered glasses. He's tumbled into a wizard's shop, but a decidedly creepy one. He starts to exit, when a WITHERED HAND in a GLASS CASE catches his eye: The Hand of Glory. Nearby, an OPAL NECKLACE gleams: Caution: Do not touch. Cursed--Has Claimed the Lives of Nineteen Muggle Owners to Date. Oddly transfixed by it all, Harry drifts toward the exit, when...

(CONTINUED)
DRACO MALFOY and his father, LUCIUS MALFOY, appear beyond the front window, approaching the shop. Harry glances about, spies a LARGE BLACK CABINET and slips inside. As he pulls the doors closed, a TINY CARD swings INTO VIEW: Crushing Cabinet.

Malfoy and his father enter. A stooped man (MR. BORGIN) emerges from the back room. IN THE CABINET, Harry watches, unaware that the walls around him are... SLOWLY CLOSING IN.

MR. BORGIN
Mr. Malfoy! What a pleasure to see you again. If I may, just in today --

LUCIUS MALFOY
I'm not buying today, Mr. Borgin. But selling.

MR. BORGIN
Selling?

LUCIUS MALFOY
You have heard, of course, that the Ministry of Magic is conducting more raids. There are even rumors of a new Muggle Protection Act...

Lucius unravels a roll of parchment, hands it to Borgin.

LUCIUS MALFOY
I have a few... ah... items at home that might prove embarrassing if the Ministry were to call. Certain poisons and the like...

MR. BORGIN
Hmmm... yes. I see...

INSIDE THE CABINET, Harry realizes the walls are CLOSING IN. His eyes shift upward. The ceiling is DROPPING.

Draco drifts to the Hand of Glory, reaches out, when... the HAND GRABS HIM. Draco shrieks, manages to slip free, then calms. He eyes the hand with malicious glee.

DRACO
Can I have this?

(CONTINUED)
MR. BORGIN
Ah, the Hand of Glory. Insert a candle and it gives light only to the holder. Best friend of thieves and plunderers. Your son has fine taste, sir.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Hopefully my son will amount to more than a thief, Mr. Borgin. Though if his marks don't pick up --

DRACO
It's not my fault the teachers have favorites. That Hermione Granger --

LUCIUS MALFOY
I would have thought you'd be ashamed that a girl of no wizarding family beat you in every exam.

MR. BORGIN
It's the same all over. Wizard blood is counting for less everywhere.

LUCIUS MALFOY
(deadly)
Not with me.

INSIDE THE CABINET, Harry's knees are up under his chin...

Borgin checks off one last time, then returns the parchment to Lucius. Satisfied, Malfoy nods.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Very good. I'll expect you at the manor tomorrow. Come, Draco.

They exit. As Borgin slips into the back room, the Crushing Cabinet's doors FLY OPEN and Harry leaps free. Inside, the walls, floor, and ceiling SNAP SHUT! Borgin reappears, blinks curiously at Harry, then watches him RACE out the door.

EXT. KNOCKTURN ALLEY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Once outside, Harry fits his broken glasses to his face, eyes a STREET SIGN: "KNOCKTURN ALLEY."

(CONTINUED)
The vendors here clearly cater to the Dark Arts: SHRUNKEN HEADS, POISONOUS CANDLES. One window teems with SPIDERS.

AGED WITCH (O.S.)
Not lost are you, my dear?

Harry wheels, looking into the mossy teeth of a decrepit WITCH. She holds a tray of HUMAN FINGERNAILS.

HARRY
I'm fine, thanks. I'm just --

HAGRID
HARRY! What d'yer think yer doin' down 'ere?

HARRY
Hagrid!

Hagrid knocks the tray from the cursing Witch's hands, then seizes Harry by the scruff of the neck and steers him away.

Hagrid swats at Harry's sooty clothes.

HAGRID
Yer a mess! Skulkin' 'round Knockturn Alley. Dodgy place, Harry. Don't want no one ter see yeh down there. People'll be thinkin' yer up ter no good.

HARRY
I was lost, I -- Hang on. What were you doing down there?

HAGRID
I was lookin' fer a Flesh Eatin' Slug Repellent. They're ruinin' the school cabbages.

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Harry!

Harry looks up, sees HERMIONE GRANGER standing at the top of Gringotts' white steps. She runs down to meet them.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
Hello, Hagrid. Oh, it's wonderful to see you two again.

She stops then, cocks her head curiously at Harry, then takes out her wand and points it directly between his eyes.

HERMIONE
Oculus Reparo.

Instantly, Harry's glasses are mended.

HARRY
I need to remember that one.

HERMIONE
C'mon. Everyone's been so worried.

Hermione leads them to Gringotts, where Hermione's rather nervous-looking Muggle parents stand with the Weasleys.

MR. WEASLEY
So you're dentists! Fascinating! I understand other Muggles quite fear you? Why is that?

MRS. WEASLEY
Oh, Harry. Thank goodness. We hoped you'd only gone one grate too far. Come now. We're off to Flourish and Blotts.

HERMIONE
Isn't it thrilling! Gilderoy Lockhart's going to be there! We can actually meet him! I mean, he's written almost the whole booklist!

As Mrs. Weasley and Hermione dash off, Harry frowns.

HARRY
Who?

EXT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY
CLOSE-UP: GILDEROY LOCKHART. A handsome, golden-haired wizard with stunning pearl-white teeth. He miles, winks at the camera.

(CONTINUED)
DOLLY BACK to reveal that the image of Lockhart is actually a MOVING PHOTOGRAPH propped in the window. A PLACARD declares: HERE TODAY! SIGNING COPIES OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, MAGICAL ME... GILDEROY LOCKHART!

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

Harry and the others thread their way through a CHATTERING THRONG of MIDDLE-AGED LADIES, all craning their necks for a view of Lockhart, who sits signing books at the rear of the shop. At the sight of him, Mrs. Weasley pats her hair.

MRS. WEASLEY
There he is!

RON
Mum fancies him.

For this, Mrs. Weasley gives Ron a jab in the shoulder. A SHORT MAN WITH A CAMERA bumps past.

SHORT MAN
Out of the way! This is for The Daily Prophet!

Instantly, Lockhart looks up, flashes a smile, when...

GILDEROY LOCKHART
It can't be Harry Potter?

The crowd WHISPERS excitedly as Lockhart dives forward, seize Harry's hand and turns him toward the photographer.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
(under his breath)
Nice big smile, Harry. Together, you and I rate the front page. (as the CAMERA FLASHES)
Ladies and gentlemen! What an extraordinary moment this is! When young Harry here stepped into Flourish and Blotts this morning to purchase my autobiography, Magical Me -- which, incidentally is celebrating its twenty-seventh week atop The Daily Prophet's Bestseller List -- he had no idea that he would, in fact, be leaving with my entire collected works! Free of charge!

(CONTINUED)
As the crowd CLAPS, Lockhart catches the eye of a FLUNKY and, before Harry knows it, a towering stack of books is shoved into his arms. Mortified, Harry mumbles quietly.

HARRY

Thank you.

Slipping free, Harry drifts back into the crowd and, red with embarrassment, drops the books into Ginny's cauldron.

HARRY

You have these. I'll buy my own!—

DRACO

(apparing, sneers)

Bet you loved that, didn't you, Potter? Famous Harry Potter. Can't even go into a bookshop without making the front page.

GINNY

Leave him alone! He didn't want all that!

DRACO

Look, Potter. You've got yourself a girlfriend!

(CONTINUED)
LUCIUS MALFOY
Silence, Draco! Ah... Mr. Potter. I don't believe we've met.

Lucius Malfoy extends his hand, as if offering to shake Harry's, but instead gently plays his fingers over the fringe of Harry's scalp, revealing Harry's LIGHTNING BOLT SCAR. At his touch, Harry withdraws, ever so slightly.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Forgive me, Mr. Potter. But your scar is legend. As, of course, is the wizard who gave it to you.

HARRY
He was a murderer.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Yes, a pity about your parents. Curious that you yourself should escape with a mere flesh wound. Curious, too, that you speak of him in the past. Surely, you don't think He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is gone forever.

HARRY
His name is Voldemort.

Those within earshot gasp as Harry utters the word.

LUCIUS MALFOY
You must be very brave, Mr. Potter, to dare speak his name. Or foolish.

HERMIONE
Fear of a name only increases fear of the thing itself.

Lucius Malfoy's eyes slide, find Hermione staring defiantly.

LUCIUS MALFOY
You must be Miss Granger. Draco's told me all about you... and your parents. Muggles, aren't you?

Mr. and Mrs. Granger nod nervously. Lucius Malfoy can barely disguise his distaste for them. Arthur Weasley hurries over.

(CONTINUED)
MR. WEASLEY
Ron! Harry! It's mad in here. Let's go outside.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Well, well, well -- Arthur Weasley.

MR. WEASLEY
(stiffly)
Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Busy time at the Ministry. All those raids. I hope they're paying you overtime.

Malfoy reaches into Ginny's cauldron, removes a very old, battered copy of A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Obviously not. Dear me. What's the use of being a disgrace to the name of wizard if they don't even pay you well for it.

MR. WEASLEY
We have a very different idea about what disgraces the name of wizard, Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY
(glancing at the Grangers)
Clearly. The company you keep, Weasley. And I thought your family could sink no lower.

Mr. Weasley moves to hit Lucius Malfoy. Hagrid steps forward, puts a firm hand on Mr. Weasley's shoulder.

HAGRID
Ignore 'im, Arthur.

Mr. Weasley backs away. Lucius Malfoy tosses Ginny's BATTERED TEXTBOOK back into her cauldron.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Here, girl. Take your book. It's the best your father can give you.

Lucius and Draco exit. Hagrid looks at the Weasleys.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

HAGRID
No Malfoy's worth listenin' ter.
Rotten ter the core, the whole family...

As Harry watches Draco and his father go, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

EXT. KING'S CROSS - MORNING

Amid a neat line of cars, the Anglia sits at a decidedly odd angle, as if its driver were not the most skilled motorist.

OMITTED

INT. KING'S CROSS - DAY

The Weasleys and Harry -- pushing large TROLLEYS -- dash under the LARGE CLOCK which reads two minutes to eleven.

MRS. WEASLEY
Oh dear! The train'll be leaving any moment! All together now!

Hurrying, they race to PLATFORMS NINE AND TEN. Quickly, Percy, Fred and George stride briskly toward the stone barrier that divides the platforms -- and simply DISAPPEAR.

MRS. WEASLEY
Go on, Ginny. You know what to do.

Ginny, looking a bit nervous, rushes toward the barrier, closes her eyes, and sleds...

INT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

... out onto the other side. As she gazes at the HOGWARTS EXPRESS, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley materialize at her side.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)
Come, Ginny. We'll get you a seat.

INT. KING'S CROSS

Ron glances at the clock.

RON
We better hurry.

Harry nods, leans into his trolley and -- CRASH! -- hits the barrier and bounces back into Ron. A GUARD glowers.

GUARD
What in blazes d'you two think you're doing?

HARRY
Sorry. Lost control of the trolley.

(to Ron)
Why can't we get through?

RON
I dunno. The gateway's sealed itself for some reason.

As Ron presses his ear to the barrier, the CLOCK CHIMES.

HARRY
The train leaves at exactly eleven o'clock. We've missed it.

RON
Can't hear a thing.

(a sudden thought)
Harry. If we can't get through, maybe Mum and Dad can't get back.

HARRY
Maybe we should go wait by the car.

RON
The car!

EXT. PARKING LOT (KING'S CROSS) - MOMENTS LATER

Pushing their trolleys madly before them, Harry and Ron dash to the car, load their belongings into the Anglia's boot.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
This is mad. We can't drive to Hogwarts.

RON
Who says we're driving?

HARRY
You don't mean -- Ron, no.

RON
Look, who knows when Mum and Dad will get back. And we've got to get to school, haven't we? And even underage wizards are allowed to use magic if it's an absolute emergency. Least that's what Fred and George always say...

HARRY
Something tells me we're going to regret this.

33A INT. ANGLIA - DAY

Ron TAPS his WAND on the dash and the Anglia burbles to life.

HARRY
No offense, Ron, but are you sure you know how to fly this.

RON
No problem.

Ron SHIFTS. With a GREAT JOLT, the car lifts from the ground.

RON
There. See. Now I reckon all we have to do is find the Hogwarts Express and follow it. Simple.

Harry nods, not entirely convinced. He peers out the window. Down below, TWO PEDESTRIANS stare in disbelief.

HARRY
Uh, Ron. I should tell you. Most Muggles aren't accustomed to seeing a flying car.

RON
Right.

Ron presses a TINY SILVER BUTTON on the dashboard and they... DISAPPEAR. Down below, the baffled pedestrians blink.
EXT. FLYING CAR (SCOTLAND) - DAY (LATER)

CAMERA STARTS IN the clouds, passes through, finds Scotland's stunning green. The Anglia's ENGINE PUTTERS softly, when -- POP! -- the car reappears. Ron jabs at the silver button.

RON
Uh oh. The Invisibility Booster must be faulty.

CAMERA ZOOMS ALONG the ridge of a cliff. The car reappears from above, gliding away FROM CAMERA.

RON
Any sign of the train?

HARRY
There! Up ahead! Look...

Along a STEEP BRIDGE, a single line of TRAIN TRACKS appear.

RON
Brilliant.

Ron SHIFTS, GLIDES DOWN, until the Anglia is only a few feet above the tracks. The boys peer ahead, looking for the train.

RON
It must be around here someplace.

Behind them, through the Anglia's rear window, the Hogwarts Express APPEARS, closing fast. Harry and Ron perk up. Smile.

HARRY
Do you hear that?

Then, at precisely the same moment, Harry and Ron register the DIRECTION of the sound. They glance at each other, turn as one and see the train GROWING HUGE in the rear window.

HARRY/RON
Aaaahhhhh!

Ron SPINS THE WHEEL, puts his foot to the gas and -- at the last possible second -- whips the Anglia out of the train's path. The car WAFFLES, TOPPLES upside down briefly, before...

(CONTINUED)
... TILTING onto its side. As it jets under the bridge, Harry goes SLIDING DOWN ACROSS HIS SEAT, into the door, and... OUT. Dangling upside-down from the open door, he watches the Hogwarts Express ZIP PAST and, in one window, glimpses NEVILLE and SEAMUS, mouths open in astonishment.

RON
Take my hand!

Harry's grips Ron's hand, eyes the train steaming far below. It's quite a drop. Harry's fingers begin to LOSE THEIR GRIP.

RON
Hold on!

HARRY
I'm trying! Your hand's all sweaty!

Straining, Ron yanks him inside, levels off the car. As Harry falls heavily into his seat, he BUCKLES his safety belt.

HARRY
I think we found the train.

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - FLYING CAR - NIGHT

As HOGWARTS CASTLE comes INTO VIEW, the Anglia ENTERS FRAME.

RON
Welcome home, Harry.

Harry smiles at the sight of it, when... the Anglia GROANS.

HARRY
Just out of interest, Ron. Have you ever landed a car before?

RON
Well... no. but, until a few hours ago, I'd never taken off in one either.

With that, the car LURCHES, the nose DROPS, and...

RON
Uh oh.

(CONTINUED)
... Harry, Ron and car go pitching through the night. As Ron rakes the GEARs, they hurtle madly toward the CASTLE WALL.

**RON**
IT'S NOT WORKING!

**HARRY**
UP! UP!

Ron SHIFTS desperately. The Anglia LURCHES up, barely clears the castle wall. Harry and Ron exchange a look of relief, when... the car GROANS again, LURCHES... downward.

**HARRY**
MIND THAT TREE!

Down below a GIANT WILLOW TREE looms. Ron SHIFTS. Nothing.

**HARRY**
TURN! TURN!

Harry reaches over and, together, he and Ron SPIN THE WHEEL. It's useless. The car is heading straight for the tree. Desperately, Ron WHIPS OUT his wand and WHACKS THE DASHBOARD.

**RON**
STOP! STOP! STOP!

The wand SNAPS IN TWO and -- CRUNCH! -- car meets tree. Harry blinks. They hang dreamily, BALANCED on the HIGHEST LIMB.

**RON**
My wand! Look at my wand!

**HARRY**
Be thankful it's not your neck.

THWUNMP! Something HEAVY HITS Harry's door, sends a SHUDDER through the car.

**RON**
What's happening?

Slowly, they look up and, in disbelief, watch one of the tree's branches PULL BACK, CURL INTO ITSELF, and come LASHING FORWARD like a MASSIVE FIST. THWUMP!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY/RON

Aaaaahhhhh!

The Anglia tilts crazily, slides backwards and FREE-FALLS through the air and... LANDS on lower grid of branches.

RON

What kind of tree is this?

Before Harry can respond, the tree begins to PUMMEL THE CAR from all sides, tossing Henry and Ron about like popcorn. WINDOWS SHATTER. Heavy DENTS appear on the roof above Ron and Harry's heads. Then the car FALLS again...

... SLAMMING HEAVILY TO THE GROUND. Instantly, the tree's lower branches shoot through the front and rear windscreens and, gaining purchase, begin to SHAKE THE CAR BACK AND FORTH.

HARRY/RON

Aaaaahhhhh!

The tree PITCHES the car into the air. As the Anglia SLAMS DOWN again, bobbing on its SQUEALING SHOCKS, the ENGINE BURBLES BACK TO LIFE. Harry LOOKS UP, peering through the shattered windscreen. The willow's branches, as one, rear back, ready for one last punishing blow. Harry CRIES OUT.

HARRY

Reverse! Reverse!

Ron SHIFTS, the CAR SHOOTS BACKWARDS, and the willow PUMMELS THE TREAD-MARKED GROUND they just vacated. Safely clear, the doors fly open, the seats tip sideways, and Ron and Harry are ejected. As they hit the ground, their trunks fly from the boot, Hedwig's cage rockets out the back window, and Hedwig herself flaps into the night. Taillights blazing angrily, the BATTERED car speeds off, fishtailing into the Dark Forest.

RON

Dad's going to kill me.

They hear a TREMENDOUS GROAN, turn back, and see the Whomping Willow assume its natural form, waiting for its next victim.

EXT. STONE STEPS/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Filthy and bruised, Harry and Ron drag themselves up the steps. Behind them we see the mountain of student trunks and caged pets already brought up from the train.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
A house elf shows up in my bedroom, we can't get through the barrier to Platform Nine and Three Quarters, we almost get killed by a tree... clearly someone doesn't want me here this year.

FILCH
Well, take a good look, lads...

They stop. ARGUS FILCH stands at the top of the landing, his cat -- MRS. NORRIS -- twitching her tail at his feet.

FILCH
This night might well be the last you spend in this castle.

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSEUP: The Evening Prophet ENTERS FRAME. The HEADLINE reads: FLYING FORD ANGLIA MYSTIFIES MUGGLES. Below the fold a PHOTO shows Harry and Lockhart at Flourish and Blotts. CAMERA PULLS BACK, PROFESSOR SEVERUS SNAPE stands at his desk, newspaper in hand as Harry and Ron stare with dread. Filch lurks in the doorway, eying them with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)
SNAPE
You were seen! By no less than seven Muggles. Do you have any idea how serious this is? You have risked the exposure of our world. Not to mention the damage you inflicted on a Whomping Willow that has been on these grounds for hundreds of years.

RON
Honestly, Professor Snape, I think it did more damage to us.

SNAPE
Silence! I assure you, were you in Slytherin and your fate rested with me, the both of you would be on the train home tonight. As it is --

ALBUS DUMBLEDOR
They are not.

Harry and Ron turn. ALBUS DUMBLEDOR stands in the doorway. Alongside him is a distinctly annoyed PROFESSOR McGONAGALL.

HARRY
Professor Dumbledore. Professor McGonagall...

SNAPE
Headmaster, these boys have flouted the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Wizardry. As such...

ALBUS DUMBLEDOR
I'm well aware of our bylaws, Severus, having written more than a few myself. However, as Head of Gryffindor House, it is for Professor McGonagall to determine the appropriate action.

RON
(rising gloomily)
We'll go and get our stuff.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
What are you talking about, Mr. Weasley?

(CONTINUED)
RON
Well, you're going to expel us, aren't you?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Not today, Mr. Weasley. But I must impress upon both of you the seriousness of what you have done. I will be sending owls to both of your families tonight. And you will each get a detention.

Snape casts a look of pure venom at Harry and Ron.

DUMBLEDORE
Splendid. Now, I suggest we return to the feast. There's a delicious-looking custard tart I want to sample.

Rising, Harry spies an ENVELOPE on the floor. Taking it, he reads the back: "KWIKSPELL. A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BEGINNER'S MAGIC." It's addressed to "MR. ARGUS FILCH."

HARRY
Mr. Filch. You dropped this...

Filch turns, eyes the envelope with embarrassment, then snatches it from Harry's hand and stuffs it into his pocket.

OMITTED

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - MORNING

The Whomping Willow sulks in the courtyard, SLINGS strung about its injured branches. CAMERA CRANES OVER the castle walls, REVEALING the exterior of GREENHOUSE THREE, where students hurry inside for the beginning of class.

INT. GREENHOUSE THREE - MORNING

As Harry and Ron enter, SEAMUS, NEVILLE and some of the other Gryffindors hover nearby.

NEVILLE
Detention. On the first day?

SEAMUS
That must be some kind of record.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
I should think you'd count yourself lucky that's all you got.

RON
I should think you'd mind your own business.

They glare at each other. PROFESSOR SPROUT, a squat little witch, TAPS her wand on a stack of POTS.

PROFESSOR SPROUT
Welcome to Greenhouse Three, Second Years. Today, we will be re-potting Mandrakes. Now, who here can tell me the properties of the Mandrake? Yes, Miss Granger.

HERMIONE
Mandrake, or Mandragora, is used to return those who have been transfigured to their original state. It's also quite dangerous. The Mandrake's cry is fatal to anyone who hears it.

PROFESSOR SPROUT
Excellent. Ten points to Gryffindor. As our Mandrakes are only seedlings, their cries won't kill yet. However, they will knock you out for several hours. That is why I have provided each of you with a pair of earmuffs. If you would then...

Ron frowns. He's gotten a BRIGHT PINK FLUFFY pair. When the class is ready, Professor Sprout leads them to the GARDEN AREA. She grasps one of the TUFTY PLANTS before her... and pulls. Harry gasps. Instead of roots, a small, muddy, extremely ugly BABY pops out of the earth, leaves growing right out of its head. Neville's eyes ROLL BACK. He FAINTS.

Professor Sprout plunges the BAWLING CREATURE deep into a POT, removes her earmuffs, and the others follow suit. Everyone save Neville, who lies stretched on the ground.

PROFESSOR SPROUT
Hm. Looks as though Mr. Longbottom neglected his muffs.

(CONTINUED)
SEAMUS
No, ma'am. He's just fainted.

PROFESSOR SPROUT
Very well. We'll just leave him then. Come now. Four to a tray, plenty of pots to go round...

INT. GREAT HALL - LUNCH - DAY
Percy enters in the company of PENELope CLEARWATER, just as NEARLY HEADLESS NICK glides by.

PENELOPE CLEARWATER
There's Nearly Headless Nick.

PERCY
Hello, Sir Nicolas.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK
Hello, Percy. Miss Clearwater.

At the Gryffindor table, Hermione has her nose buried in Gilderoy Lockhart's Travels with Trolls. Ron runs gobs of Spellotape over his BROKEN WAND, shakes his head grimly.

RON
Say it. I'm doomed.

HARRY
You're doomed.

FLASH! -- a LIGHT BLINDS Harry. He blinks, finds a small boy (COLIN CREEVEY) standing before him with a CAMBRA.

COLIN
Hiya, Harry. I'm Colin Creevey. I'm in Gryffindor too.

HARRY
Hello, Colin. Nice to meet --

COLIN
They're for my dad -- the pictures. He's a milkman, you know, a Muggle, like all our family's been until me. No one knew all the odd stuff I could do was magic till we got my letter from Hogwarts. Everyone just thought I was mental.

(CONTINUED)
RON
Imagine that.

COLIN
Say, Harry. D'you think your friend could take a photo of me and you standing together? Ya' know, to prove I've met you?

Harry glances at Ron. He looks positively homicidal. Mercifully, just then, OWLS STREAM into the Hall.

DEAN THOMAS
Post is here!

One after another, the birds swoop gracefully down, clutching letters from home. All except one, who plops beak-first into Ron's soup. Errol.

RON
Bloody bird's a menace -- Oh... no.

SEAMUS
Heads up, everyone. Weasley's gotten himself a Howler.

(CONTINUED)
NEVILLE
Go on, Ron. I ignored one from my Gran once... and it was horrible.

Ron looks pale. Clutched in Errol's beak is a DAMP RED ENVELOPE. Hands shaking, he takes it, opens it, and...
MRS. WEASLEY'S VOICE THUNDERS, sending plates and spoons rattling.

MRS. WEASLEY (V.O.)
RONALD WEASLEY! HOW DARE YOU STEAL THAT CAR! I AM ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED! YOUR FATHER'S NOW FACING AN INQUIRY AT WORK AND IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT! IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE WE'LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT HOME!

(softening suddenly)
Oh, and Ginny dear. Congratulations on making Gryffindor. Your father and I are so proud.

Ginny, sitting a bit apart from the others, looks up shyly, then returns to the SMALL BLACK BOOK she's scribbling in. Ron watches the envelope RIP ITSELF TO PIECES, then endures HOWLS of LAUGHTER from the other House tables. Colin Creevey snaps a few photos. Harry looks sympathetically at Ron.

HARRY
Look at it this way. How much worse can things get?
Gilderoy Lockhart paces before the class. Hermione and the girls hang on his every word, while Harry and Ron eye the LARGE, COVERED CAGE RATTLING mysteriously on his desk.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Let me introduce you to your new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher. Me. Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League and five times winner of Witch Weekly's Most-Charming-Smile Award -- But I don't talk about that. I didn't get rid of the Bandon Banshee by smiling at her!

Lockhart awaits laughter. A few students smile weakly.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I see you've all bought a complete set of my books. Well done. I thought we'd start today with a little quiz. Nothing to worry about. Just to check how well you've read them, how much you've taken in...

Lockhart begins to circulate papers. Harry and Ron examine the questions. Ron WHISPERS to Harry.

RON
Look at these questions. They're all about him.

HARRY
'What is Gilderoy Lockhart's favorite color?'

RON
'What is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest achievement to date?'

HARRY
'When is Gilderoy Lockhart's birthday and what would his ideal gift be?'

GILDEROY LOCKHART
You have thirty minutes. Start -- now!

As quills begin to dart across pages, we --

DISSOLVE TO:
SAME SCENE - LATER

Lockhart rifles through the completed exams.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Tut, tut. Hardly any of you remembered my favorite color is lilac. But Miss Hermione Granger knew that my secret ambition is to rid the world of evil and market my own range of hair care potions. Good girl.

Hermione beams. Lockhart's expression suddenly darkens.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Now... be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find yourself facing your own worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here...

With a showman's flair, Lockhart turns slowly to the cage.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I must ask you not to scream. It might provoke them.

A pale Neville draws back. Harry and Ron lean forward. Lockhart lets the tension build, then WHIPS off the cover. Inside the cage are several electric blue CREATURES. Eight inches tall, with pointed faces and wings, they rattle the bars and pull bizarre faces at the students.

SEAMUS
Cornish pixies?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Freshly caught Cornish pixies.

Unable to control himself, Seamus SNORTS with laughter.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Laugh if you will, Mr. Finnegan, but pixies can be devilishly tricky little blighters. Let's see what you make of them now!

Lockhart flings open the cage. Instantly, the pixies rocket about, spraying the students with ink bottles, BREAKING BEAKERS and shredding books. Two SEIZE Neville by the ears, lift him into the air, and begin to circle the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Come on now, round them up, round them up. They're only pixies.
(brandishing his wand)
Peskipiski Pesternomi!

The spell has absolutely no effect. A particularly obnoxious pixie makes a face, seizes Lockhart's wand and tosses it out the window. Lockhart joins the stampede to the door.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I'll ask you three to just nip the rest of them back into their cage.

SLAMMING the door, he's gone. Harry, Ron and Hermione stand blinking. Ron swats a pixie gnawing his ear.

RON
What do we do now?

HERMIONE
(raising her wand)
Immobilus!

The pixies FREEZE IN MIDAIR. Neville falls, PLOPS onto Lockhart's desk, shaken but unhurt. He looks at Hermione.

NEVILLE
Why is it always me?

OMITTED

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - LATER

Fresh from the pixies, Hermione, Ron, Harry and Neville walk. Hair askew. Robes shredded.

RON
Can you believe him?

HERMIONE
I'm sure Professor Lockhart just wanted to give us some hands-on experience.

HARRY
Hands on? Hermione, he didn't have a clue what he was doing.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
Rubbish. Read his books. You'll see all the amazing things he's done.

RON
He says he's done.

OMITTED

EXT. HOGWARTS - COURTYARD - DAY

The Gryffindor Quidditch team -- Harry, Fred, George, ALICIA SPINNET, KATIE BELL, and ANGELINA JOHNSON -- trail Oliver Wood through the courtyard, toward the distant Quidditch pitch. Several students are outside, studying.

WOOD
I spent the summer devising a whole new Quidditch program. We're going to train earlier, harder, and longer!
(squinting)
What the... I don't believe it!

Crossing the courtyard from the other side are SEVEN BOYS in GREEN ROBES, also carrying broomsticks. At their lead is MARCUS FLINT, trollish Slytherin Captain. Ron, sitting at a table with Hermione, looks up.

(CONTINUED)
RON
Uh-oh. I smell trouble.

WOOD
Clear out, Flint! I booked the pitch for Gryffindor today.

FLINT
Easy, Wood. I've got a note.

As Wood snatches the PARCHMENT from Flint's hand, Ron and Hermione come up to join the others.

WOOD
'I, Professor Severus Snape, do hereby give the Slytherin team permission to practice today, owing to the need to train their new Seeker.'

(looking up)
You've got a new Seeker? Who?

A pasty-faced boy pushes to the front. It's... Malfoy.

HARRY
Draco?

DRACO
That's right. And that's not all that's new this year...

As one, the seven Slytherins hold out seven brand-new GLEAMING BROOMSTICKS. The Gryffindors look stunned.

RON
Those are Nimbus Two Thousand Ones.

FLINT
A generous gift from Draco's father.

DRACO
That's right, Weasley. You see, unlike some, my father can afford to buy the best.

HERMIONE
At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to buy their way in. They got in on pure talent.

(CONTINUED)
DRACO
No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood.

Everyone reacts as if Malfoy has said something horrific -- everyone save Harry, who looks puzzled. Instantly, Fred and George fly for Draco's throat. Oliver Wood holds them back.

WOOD
Save it for the match.

RON
You'll pay for that one, Malfoy!
(whips out his wand)
Eat slugs!

Ron points his cracked wand at Malfoy. PFFT! -- a BOLT of GREEN LIGHT scissors out the wrong end, hitting Ron himself in the stomach. As he drops to the grass, Hermione runs to him.

HERMIONE
Ron! Say something!

Ron opens his mouth and... BELCHES. Hermione draws back, and watches a TRIO of SLUGS dribble out his mouth. The Slytherins CROW with LAUGHTER. Angerly, Ron rises, only to BELCH again. Fascinated, Colin Creevey runs up with his camera.

COLIN
Wow! Can you hold him still, Harry?!

HARRY
Get out of the way, Colin!
(to Hermione)
Let's take him to Hagrid. He'll know what to do.

INT. HAGRID'S HUT - DAY

Hagrid rummages about, looking for something.

HAGRID
Got jus' the thing. Set 'im down on that chair o'er there.

As Ron sits, Hagrid pitches a BUCKET between his knees. Harry and Hermione glance up questioningly. Hagrid shrugs.

(CONTINUED)
HAGRID
Better out than in. Who was he tryin' ter curse anyway?

HARRY
Malfoy. He called Hermione, well, I don't know exactly what it means...

HERMIONE
(quietly)
He called me a Mudblood.

HAGRID
He didn'!

Harry looks confused. Hermione glances at him, then away, obviously pained by this.

HERMIONE
It means dirty blood. Mudblood's a really foul name for someone who was Muggle-born. Someone with non-magic parents. Someone... like me. It's not a term one usually hears in civilized conversation.

HAGRID
Yeh see, Harry. There are some wizards -- like Malfoy's family -- who think they're better than everyone else 'cause they're what people call pureblood.

HARRY
That's horrible.

RON
(BELCHES forth a slug)
It's disgusting!

HAGRID
An' it's codswallop ter boot. Dirty blood. There's 'ardly a wizard today that's not half-blood or less. If we 'adn't married Muggles we'd've died out long ago. Besides, they haven't invented a spell our Hermione can't do...

(taking her shoulder)
Don' you think on it, Hermione. Don' you think on it fer a minute.
INT. GILDEROY LOCKHART'S OFFICE - EVENING (HOURS LATER)

CAMERA PANS the walls of Lockhart's office, lined with FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS of... Gilderoy Lockhart. Harry and Lockhart work by candlelight at an ornate desk. Bleary-eyed, Harry addresses envelopes, while a cheery Lockhart puts his signature to the stack of GLOSSY PHOTOS bearing his image.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Harry, Harry, Harry... Can you possibly imagine a better way to serve detention than by helping me answer my fan mail?

Harry forces a smile.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Fame's a fickle friend, Harry. Celebrity is as celebrity does. Remember that.

Harry nods, glancing gloomily at the towering stack of envelopes that remain. Dipping his quill, he starts to write, when... a CHILLY VOICE fills the room.

VOICE
Come... come to me...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
What?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I was saying, six solid months at the top of the bestseller list! Broke all records!

HARRY
No... not you, that... voice.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Voice?

HARRY
That... voice. Didn't you hear it?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
What are you talking about, Harry? I think we're getting a bit drowsy. Great Scott -- and no wonder -- look at the time! We've been here nearly four hours! Dinner's nearly done! If you hurry you might make pudding. Spooky how the time flies when one's having fun!

HARRY
Spooky.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry passes quickly through the lengthening shadows of the empty corridor, when...

VOICE
Blood... I smell blood...

Harry stops cold, looking around for the source of the voice.

VOICE
Let me rip you... let me kill you...

Harry steps to the wall, playing his fingers along the stone, then begins walk, slowly at first, then more quickly, as if following something, moving faster and faster, rounding the corner and coming face to face with... Hermione and Ron.
CONTINUED:

HERMIONE

Harry!

HARRY

Did you hear it?

RON

Hear what?

HARRY

That... voice.

HERMIONE

Voice? What voice?

HARRY

(eyes darting around)

I heard it first in Lockhart's office and then again, just --

VOICE

Kill... Time to kill...

As Harry stiffens, Hermione and Ron study him curiously.

HARRY

It's moving. I think it's going to... kill.

Harry runs off. Hermione and Ron exchange a glance, follow.

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry dashes madly, taking the steps three at a time. He makes the landing, rushes through the archway, and...

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

... sleds to a stop, listening: Nothing. Slowly, he peers down. WATER is oozing over the stone floor, surrounding his shoes. His own REFLECTION appears and, behind it, undulating like a dream... WORDS. Ron and Hermione come huffing up.

(CONTINUED)
Harry, what are you doing?

He points. SHIMMERING on the wall are the words he saw reflected in water.

\textbf{THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED}

\textbf{ENEMIES OF THE HEIR... BEWARE.}

HERMIONE

'The Chamber of Secrets has been opened...?'

RON

What's that? Hanging underneath?

HARRY

That's Filch's cat. Mrs. Norris.

The cat hangs stiffly by her tail from a torch bracket, eyes open and blank. Harry's eyes shift to the adjacent WINDOW: near the topmost pane, SPIDERS scuttle up a silvery thread, fight to get through a crack in the glass.

HERMIONE

Look at that. Have you ever seen spiders act like that? Ron...?

RON

(backing away)

I... don't... like... spiders.

Suddenly, the stairwell is alive with VOICES and, seconds later, dozens of students stream forth, CHATTERING... when they stop, seeing the wall and, standing before it, Harry, Ron and Hermione. A thudding SILENCE falls. Then Draco pushes forward, eyes the wall, and grins nastily.

DRACO

Enemies of the heir, beware!

You'll be next, Mudbloods!

Draco's eyes find Hermione, just as Filch appears.

FILCH

What's going on here? Go on now!

Make way...

(stopping dead)

\textit{Mrs. Norris!}

(rounding on Harry)

You! You've murdered my cat! I'll kill you! I'll --

(CONTINUED)
DUMBLEDORE

Argus!

Dumbledore marches forward, trailed by a phalanx of teachers. Seeing the wall, Dumbledore's face darkens.

DUMBLEDORE

Everyone will proceed to their dormitories immediately.

(to Harry, Ron, Hermione)

Everyone except you three.

As the corridor empties, Dumbledore steps to the wall and, with extreme gentleness, removes Mrs. Norris.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

It was definitely a curse that killed her -- probably the Transmogrifian Torture. Encountered it myself once, in Ouagadougou. The full story's in my autobiography...

DUMBLEDORE

She's not dead, Argus. She's been Petrified.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Precisely! So unlucky I wasn't there. I know the very countercurse that could have spared her...

DUMBLEDORE

But how she's been Petrified... I cannot say.

FILCH

(pointing at Harry)

Ask him! It's him that's done it. You saw what he wrote on the wall! Besides, he knows I'm -- I'm a Squib.

HARRY

It's not true, sir! I swear! I never touched Mrs. Norris -- And I don't even know what a Squib is.

FILCH

Rubbish! He saw my Kwikspell letter!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

SNAPE
If I might, Headmaster...

The others turn, watch Snape separate from the shadows.

SNAPE
Perhaps Potter and his friends were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time...

Harry and the others blink. Could Snape be defending them?

SNAPE
However, the circumstances are suspicious. I, for one, don't recall seeing Potter at dinner.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I'm afraid that's my doing, Severus. You see, Harry was helping me answer my fan mail...

As Snape's lip curls in disgust, Hermione leaps in.

HERMIONE
That's why Ron and I went looking for him, Professor. We'd just found him when Harry said...

SNAPE
(raising an eyebrow)
Yes, Miss Granger?

HARRY
When I said I wasn't hungry. We were heading back to the Common Room and... found Mrs. Norris.

Snape eyes Harry coldly, knowing he's lying. Harry looks away... and finds Dumbledore studying him as well.

DUMBLEDORE
Innocent until proven guilty.

FILCH
My cat has been Petrified! I want to see some punishment!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

DUMBLEDORE
We will be able to cure her, Argus. As I understand it, Madam Sprout has a very healthy growth of Mandrakes. When they have matured, a potion will be made which will revive Mrs. Norris. In the meantime, I advise caution. To all.

INT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT (A BIT LATER)

Harry, Ron and Hermione walk down the corridor.

RON
A Squib's someone who's born into a wizarding family but hasn't got any powers of their own. It's why Filch is trying to learn magic from a Kwikspell course. It's also why he hates students so much. He's bitter.

Hermione, who's only been half-listening -- as if trying to unravel something in her mind -- speaks then.

HERMIONE
Harry. This voice. You said you heard it first in Lockhart's office?

HARRY
Yes.

HERMIONE
And did he hear it?

HARRY
He said he didn't.

RON
Maybe he was lying.

HERMIONE
I hardly think someone with Gilderoy Lockhart's credentials would lie to one of his students, Ronald. Besides, if you recall, we didn't hear anything either.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
You do believe me, don't you?

HERMIONE
'Course we do. It's just... it's a bit weird, isn't it? You hear this voice and then... Mrs. Norris turns up Petrified.

HARRY
I can't explain it -- it was... scary.

(frowning)
D'you think I should've told them! -- Dumbledore and the others, I mean.

RON
Are you mad!

HERMIONE
No, Harry. Even in the wizarding world, hearing voices isn't a good sign.

INT. PROFESSOR McGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

McGonagall stands before the class. Resting on the desk in front of each student, is a different animal.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Today, we will be turning animals into water goblets.

She taps the bird in front of her, three times, with the tip of her wand. It transfigures into a beautiful crystal water goblet.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Now, who would like to go first... Mr. Weasley?

Ron nods. He TAPS his rat, Scabbers, who turns into a goblet with a tail.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
You must replace that wand, Mr. Weasley.

Ron nods sheepishly, looks at his broken wand.

(CONTINUED)
McGonagall sees Hermione's raised hand. Her untouched animal.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Yes, Miss Granger?

HERMIONE
Professor, I was wondering if you could tell us about the Chamber of Secrets?

A HUSH falls over the class.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
My subject is Transfiguration, Miss Granger.

HERMIONE
Yes, Professor. But there seems to be very little written about the Chamber of Secrets. For those of us with a personal interest in the subject, that is... disturbing.

Malfoy regards Hermione with chilly amusement. McGonagall considers Hermione's question for a long moment, then nods.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Very well. You all know, of course, that Hogwarts was founded over a thousand years ago by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age:

(MORE)
PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (CONT'D)

Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. Three of the founders co-existed quite harmoniously. One did not.

RON

Three glasses who?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Salazar Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed that magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. In other words, purebloods. Unable to sway the others, he decided to leave the school.

(a beat)
According to legend, Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in this castle, known as the Chamber of Secrets. Shortly before departing, he sealed it until that time when his own true heir returned to the school. The heir alone would be able to open the Chamber of Secrets and unleash the horror within, and by so doing, purge the school of all those who, in Slytherin's view, were unworthy to study magic.

HERMIONE

Muggle-borns.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Yes. Naturally, the school has been searched many times for such a chamber. It has never been found.

HERMIONE

Professor, what exactly does legend tell us lies within the Chamber?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

The Chamber is said to be home to something which the heir of Slytherin alone can control. It is said to be home... to a monster.

Ron's eyes shift. Malfoy sits calmly, smiling to himself.
Harry, Hermione, and Ron thread their way through the teeming corridor. Up ahead, Malfoy walks with Crabbe and Goyle.

RON
D'you think it's true? D'you think there really is a Chamber of Secrets?

HERMIONE
Yes. Couldn't you tell: McGonagall's worried. All the teachers are.

HARRY
But if there really is a Chamber of Secrets, and it's really been opened, that means...

HERMIONE
The Heir of Slytherin has returned to Hogwarts. The question is, who is it?

RON
(in mock puzzlement)
Let's think. Who do we know who thinks Muggle-borns are scum.

HERMIONE
(eyeing Malfoy ahead)
If you're talking about him --

RON
Of course! You heard him: 'You'll be next, Mudbloods'!

HERMIONE
I heard him. But Malfoy? The Heir of Slytherin?

HARRY
Maybe Ron's right, Hermione. I mean, look at his family. The whole lot of them have been in Slytherin for centuries.

RON
Crabbe and Goyle must know. Maybe we could trick them into telling...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HERMIONE
No. Even they aren't that thick. But there might be another way. Mind you, it would be difficult. Not to mention we'd be breaking about fifty school rules. And it would be dangerous. Very dangerous.

RON
When do we start?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

In a dark nook, Harry, Ron and Hermione huddle round a book entitled Moste Potente Potions. The spotted pages are littered with DISTURBING ILLUSTRATIONS.

HERMIONE
Here it is: 'The Polyjuice Potion. Properly brewed, the Polyjuice Potion allows the drinker to transform himself temporarily into the physical form of another...'

RON
You mean, Harry and I drink some of this stuff and we turn into Crabbe and Goyle?

HERMIONE
Yes.

RON
Wicked! Malfoy'll tell us anything!

HERMIONE
Exactly. But it's tricky. I've never seen a more complicated potion. Lacewing flies, leeches, fluxweed. And, of course, we'll need a bit of whoever we want to change into too.

RON
Hang on now. I'm drinking nothing with Crabbe's toenails in it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
How long will it take to make?

HERMIONE
A month.

HARRY
A month? But if Malfoy is the heir of Slytherin... he could attack half the Muggle-borns in the school by then.

HERMIONE
You didn't have to tell me that.

EXT. QUIDDITCH STADIUM - DAY

We join the Quidditch match in mid-game. The CROWD ROARS, watching as Slytherin Chasers, bent low over their new brooms, jet past the overmatched Gryffindors.

HAGRID
Gallopin' Gorgons! Slytherin's flyin' like they got dragon fire in their brooms...

Ron fumes, looking as though he takes Slytherin's dominance personally. Taking Hagrid's GIANT BINOCULARS, he trains them on the FACULTY BOX -- where Lucius Malfoy sits next to Snape.

Harry circles high above the pitch, searching for the Golden Snitch. Suddenly, Malfoy streaks by overhead.

DRACO
All right there, Scarhead?

Harry turns, eyes Malfoy malevolently. Behind him, a BLUDGER drops INTO FRAME, begins to streak toward his head.

GEORGE
HARRY! WATCH OUT!

Harry wheels and at the last possible moment, slips the WHISTLING Bludger. CRACK! George swoops down, BATS it away. Harry turns, watches it soar away, then blinks: the Bludger turns, streaks right back at him. Harry JETS OFF.

(CONTINUED)
HAGRID
(from the stands)
Blimey, Harry's got 'imself a
Rogue Bludger!

RON
Rogue Bludger?

HAGRID
Look fer yerself! It's bin'
tampered with!

Harry executes a series of zigs, zags, loops and rolls,
trying to shake the Bludger, but the Bludger is
relentless.

Ron instinctively draws his wand, begins to point it
toward Harry and the Bludger, when... Hermione's hand
intercedes. She glances knowingly at his fractured wand.

HERMIONE
You're joking, right? Besides,
even with a proper wand, it's too risky. You could hit Harry.

As Harry frantically dips and dives, Malfoy cruises by.

DRACO
Training for the ballet, Potter?

Harry glances at Malfoy's sneering face. BUZZING inches
above Malfoy's left ear is... the GOLDEN SNITCH. Harry
CHARGES. Malfoy GULPS, swings clear, and watches Harry
rocket past.

As Harry chases the plummeting Snitch, Malfoy FOLLOWS IN
HOT PURSUIT. They RACE DOWNWARD, trailing the HISSING
SNITCH deep into the TRENCH circling the pitch. Shoulder
to shoulder, they RACE MADLY, driving and dodging the
wooden support beams that crisscross their path.
Directly behind them, the Bludger FOLLOWs, SHATTERING the
BEAMS as it dogs Harry.

Malfoy KICKS Harry, forcing him to the edge of the
trench. Harry BRUSHES the wall, battling for control.
Malfoy turns, SNICKERS, then looks back... and finds
himself heading smack into a wooden beam. Panicked, he
tries to pull up. Too late. Broom meets beam and Malfoy
spirals out of the trench and -- THWUMP! -- flat on his
back in the middle of the pitch.

(CONTINUED)
Harry continues on, CLOSING on the Snitch, fingertips only inches from catching it... when... the Rogue Bludger SMASHES INTO Harry's arm.

Harry cries out, steadies himself and with a brilliant, acrobatic move, SNATCHES the Snitch out of the air with his good hand. Unable to control his broom with his shattered arm, he hits the pitch with a SICKENING THUD.

Wincing, Harry rolls onto his shoulders, SQUINTS UP: a BLACK DOT -- growing rapidly LARGER -- is plummeting from the sky, directly toward him. It's... the rogue Bludger. Instantly, Harry spins away, grimacing in agony, as the Bludger...

... hits the ground like a SLEDGE HAMMER, violently TATTOOING the pitch again and again, only inches from Harry. Calmly, Hermione strides forth, points her wand.

**HERMIONE**

*Finite Incantatem!*

The Bludger hangs briefly in the air. Slowly ceases spinning. Drops heavily to the pitch. Harry exhales, relieved, only to recall the searing pain in his arm. As CONCERNED FACES swim above him, one particular face pushes through the others:

**GILDEROY LOCKHART**

Not to worry, Harry. I'll fix that arm of yours straight away.

**HARRY**

No... no... not you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (3)

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Poor boy doesn't know what he's saying. This won't hurt a bit...

Lockhart TWIRLS his WAND, Harry braces himself, and... nothing. He blinks, looks up: the faces -- which now include Ron, Hermione, and Hagrid -- look horror-stricken.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Ah. Yes. Well, that can sometimes happen. The point is, the bones are no longer broken.

HAGRID
Brok'n? He doesn't 'ave any bones at all!

Harry looks: his arm looks like an empty rubber glove.

INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY

A dazed Malfoy slumps out with Crabbe and Goyle. Ron, standing by Harry's bed with Hermione, grins, then watches MADAM POMFREY pour out a STEAMING BEAKERFUL OF LIQUID from a bottle of SKELE-GRO. A group of Gryffindors, including some of his teammates, stand nearby.

MADAM POMFREY
He should have been brought straight to me! I can mend bones in a heartbeat -- but growing them back --

HERMIONE
You will be able to, won't you?

MADAM POMFREY
I'll be able to, certainly, but it will be painful. You're in for a rough night, Potter. Regrowing bones is nasty business.

Harry takes the steaming cup and drinks. Grimaces.

MADAM POMFREY
Well, what did you expect -- pumpkin juice?

FLASH! Harry blinks, sees Colin Creevey standing there.

(CONTINUED)
COLIN

That was brilliant today, Harry!
Brilliant!

MADAM POMFREY

Out! All of you! This boy's got thirty-three bones to regrow!

INT. HOSPITAL WING - NIGHT

Harry fidgets in the darkness, half-asleep, then... his eyelids flutter slowly open...

HARRY'S MOVING POV

From the shadows that cling to the ceiling... to the lattice-work of moonlight that burns softly on the walls around him...

BACK TO SCENE

He SENSES something... a presence... when...

Five BANDAGED FINGERS ENTER FRAME, begin to SPONGE his brow. Harry bolts upright, finds...

HARRY

Dobby!

DOBBY

Harry Potter came back to school. Dobby warned him. Harry Potter should have listened to Dobby. Harry Potter should have gone back home when he missed the train.

HARRY

(pushing the sponge away)
It was you! You stopped the barrier from letting Ron and me through!

DOBBY

Indeed yes, sir. Dobby hid and watched for Harry Potter and sealed the gateway.

HARRY

You nearly got Ron and me expelled!

(CONTINUED)
DOBBY
At least you would be away from here. Harry Potter must go home!
Dobby thought his Bludger would be enough to make Harry Potter see --

HARRY
Your Bludger? You made that Bludger chase after me?

(CONTINUED)
DOBBY
Dobby feels most aggrieved, sir.
(waggling his fingers)
Dobby had to iron his hands...

HARRY
You'd better clear off before my
bones come back, Dobby, or I might
strangle you!

DOBBY
(smiling weakly)
Dobby is used to death threats,
sir. Dobby gets them five times a
day at home.

HARRY
I don't suppose you could tell me
why you're trying to kill me?

DOBBY
Not kill you, sir, never kill you!
Dobby remembers how it was before
Harry Potter triumphed over He Who
Must Not Be Named. We house elves
were treated like vermin, sir. Of
course, Dobby is still treated
like vermin...

Dobby HONKS his nose on the filthy pillowcase he wears.

HARRY
Why do you wear that thing, Dobby?

DOBBY
This, sir? 'Tis a mark of the
house elf's enslavement. Dobby
can only be freed if his master
presents him with clothes. The
family is careful not to pass
Dobby so much as a sock, sir, for
then he would be free to leave
their house forever.

Dobby's ears QUIVER, detecting... FOOTSTEPS. He
WHISPERS.

DOBBY
Terrible things are about to
happen at Hogwarts! Harry Potter
must not stay here now that
history is to repeat itself!

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Repeat itself? You mean, this has happened before?

Dobby seizes the Skele-Gro, BEATS himself about the head.

HARRY
Tell me, Dobby? When did this happen before? Who's doing it now?

DOBBY
Dobby cannot say, sir. Dobby only wants Harry Potter to be safe.

HARRY
No, Dobby! Tell me! Who is it?

CRACK! Dobby is gone. SHADOWS flicker beyond the CURTAIN encircling Harry's bed. Harry slumps down... peers through a slit in the curtains. Dumbledore, in a nightcap, and McGonagall, in a tartan robe, heave a SMALL STATUE onto an empty bed. Seconds later, Madam Pomfrey bustles in.

MADAM POMFREY
What's happened?

DUMBLEDORE
There's been another attack.

Madam Pomfrey GASPS. It is not a statue lying there. It is Colin Creevey, CAMERA still clutched to his eye.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Perhaps he managed to get a picture of his attacker...

Dumbledore opens the camera. A JET OF STEAM HISSES forth.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
What does this mean, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE
It means our students are in great danger, Minerva. Mr. Creevey was fortunate. If not for this...

(holding up the camera)
He would surely be dead.

(CONTINUED)
PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
What should I tell the staff, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE
Tell them the truth. Tell them Hogwarts is no longer safe. Tell them it's as we feared. The Chamber of Secrets is indeed open again.
A gloomy place. Cracked mirrors. Chipped sinks. Guttering candles. Harry and Ron huddle over a SMALL, BUBBLING CAULDRON, as Hermione adds STRANGE INGREDIENTS.

HERMIONE
Again? You mean, the Chamber of Secrets has been opened before?

RON
Of course! Don't you see? Lucius Malfoy must've opened it when he was at school here, and now he's told Draco how to do it.

HERMIONE
Maybe. We'll have to wait for the Polyjuice Potion to know for sure.

RON
Enlighten me. Why are we brewing this potion in broad daylight, in the middle of a girls' lavatory? Don't you think we'll get caught?

HERMIONE
Never. No one over comes in here.

RON
Why?

HERMIONE
Moaning Myrtle.

RON
Who's Moaning Myrtle?

There is a LOUD, PIERCING SCREECH, and the GHOST OF A YOUNG GIRL COMES RACING OUT OF THE WALL. FACE TO FACE with Ron.

MOANING MYRTLE
I'm Moaning Myrtle. I wouldn't expect you to know me. Who would ever talk about fat, ugly, miserable, moping, moaning Myrtle?

Myrtle SOBS LOUDLY, DIVES head first into the toilet.

HERMIONE
She's a little sensitive.
INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

NOTICE-BOARD: DUELING CLUB! First Meeting Tonight. A GOLDEN STAGE has been erected. Lockhart struts atop it. Harry, Ron, Hermione and good number of other students watch.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Gather round! Gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent. In light of the dark events of recent weeks, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little Dueling Club, to train you all up in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions -- for full details, see my published works.

The boy next to Harry, JUSTIN-FINCH FLETCHLEY, turns to him.

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLEY
That Lockhart's something, isn't he? Awfully brave chap.
(offering his hand)
Justin Finch-Fletchley.
Hufflepuff.

HARRY
Nice to meet you. I'm --

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLEY
I know who you are. We all do.
Even us Muggle-borns.

Justin grins agreeably, looks back to the stage, where Professor Snape has joined Lockhart.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Let me introduce my assistant Professor Snape. He has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration. Now I don't want any of you youngsters to worry. You'll still have your Potions Master when I'm through with him, never fear!

RON
What's the fun in that?

Lockhart and Snape face each other and bow. They turn, walk ten paces, then... SPIN... wands poised like swords.

(CONTINUED)
GILDEROY LOCKHART
As you can see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position. On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.

HARRY
(eyeing Snape)
I wouldn't bet on that.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
One-two-three --

SNAPE
Expelliarmus!

A dazzling flash of SCARLET LIGHT bursts forth and BLASTS Lockhart off his feet and into the wall behind.

HERMIONE
Do you think he's all right?

HARRY/RON
Who cares?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
(rising unsteadily)
Well, there you have it. That was a Disarming Charm. As you see, I've lost my wand.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
(as Hermione returns it)
Ah, thank you, Miss Granger. Yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy...

SNAPE
Perhaps it would be prudent to first teach the students to block unfriendly spells, Professor.

(CONTINUED)
GILDEROY LOCKHART
An excellent suggestion, Professor Snape. Let's have a volunteer pair. Potter, Weasley, how about you?

SNAPE
Weasley's wand causes devastation with the simplest spells. We'll be sending Potter to the hospital wing in a matchbox. Might I suggest someone from my own house. Malfoy, perhaps.

Malfoy and Harry eye each other malevolently as they take their places onstage. Grudgingly, they bow to each other.

DRACO
Scared, Potter?

HARRY
You wish.

They turn, walk ten paces, then WHIRL, wands poised.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Wands at the ready! When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponent -- only to disarm. We don't want any accidents. One, two --

Malfoy FIRES early, knocking Harry off his feet with a BLAST of WHITE LIGHT. He jumps up, points his wand.

HARRY
Rictusempra!

A jet of SILVER LIGHT hits Malfoy dead in the stomach. He doubles up, WHEEZING.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I said disarm only!

DRACO
Serpensortia!

To Harry's horror, the tip of Malfoy's wand EXPLODES and a LONG BLACK SNAKE SLITHERS forth. Snape smiles with amusement.
SNAPE
Don't move, Potter. I'll get rid of it for you.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Allow me!

Lockhart flicks his wand. BANG! The SNAKE flies into the air, HISSES in rage, and slithers straight towards Justin Finch-Fletchley. As students SCREAM, Harry -- oddly calm -- approaches the snake. It rises, fangs exposed, poised to strike Justin.

HARRY
(in Parseltongue)
Leave him!

The snake looks into Harry's eyes, then turns for Justin.

HARRY
(in Parseltongue)
LEAVE HIM!

The snake hovers a moment more, then -- miraculously -- slumps to the floor. Harry blinks, as if coming out of a trance, grins curiously at the snake, and offers his hand to Justin.

JUSTIN-FINCH-FLETCHLEY
What are you playing at?

Terrified, Justin backs away. Confused, Harry eyes the faces around him. Malfoy looks shocked. Seamus and Neville's eyes glitter with fear. Ginny bolts the room. Snape waves his wand and the snake VANISHES in PUFF OF BLACK SMOKE, then regards Harry with a look that is both shrewd and calculating.

RON
(taking Harry's arm)

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Ron and Hermione usher Harry inside. Harry glances up, sees Ginny Weasley staring down at him from the top of the stairs. As their eyes meet, she turns for the girls' dormitory.

RON
You're a Parselmouth! Why didn't you tell us?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
I'm a what?

HERMIONE
You can talk to snakes.

HARRY
I know. I mean, I accidentally set a python on my cousin Dudley at the zoo once. But so what? I bet loads of people here can do it.

HERMIONE
No. They can't. It's not a very common gift, Harry. This is bad.

HARRY
What's bad? If I hadn't told that snake not to attack Justin --

RON
Oh, that's what you said to it.

HARRY
You were there! You heard me!

RON
I heard you speaking Parseltongue. Snake language.

HARRY
I spoke a different language? But I didn't realize -- how can I speak a language without knowing I can?

HERMIONE
I don't know, Harry. But it sounded like you were egging the snake on or something. It was... creepy.

As Gryffindors stream into the room, they eye Harry warily. Even Seamus, Neville, and Dean Thomas walk by without a word.

HERMIONE
Harry, listen out me. There's a reason the symbol of Slytherin house is a serpent. Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth. He could talk to snakes too.

(CONTINUED)
RON

Exactly. And now the whole school's going to think you're his great-great-great grandson or something.

HARRY

But I'm not. I... can't be.

HERMIONE

He lived a thousand years ago. For all we know... you could be.

EXT. HOGWARTS' LANDSCAPE - DAY

A heavy snow falls. Harry sits atop one of the towering hills facing Hogwarts. Hedwig sits beside him.

HARRY

Who am I, Hedwig? What am I?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The trio study. Harry, burdened by dark thoughts, looks up at Ron.

He smiles at Harry, then, seconds later, Hermione does the same -- something forced about it all. Unable to bear it, Harry gathers his books, gets up from the table.

As Harry walks, students glance up, meet his gaze, then look away. Even MADAM PINCE eyes him from her desk. Ginny Weasley, tired and pale, scribbles furiously in a SMALL BLACK BOOK.

Harry exits, walks into the hallway and pauses. From inside a room, the VOICES of a group of Hufflepuffs can be heard.

ERNIE

So, anyway, I told Justin to hide up in our dormitory. I mean to say, if Potter's marked him down as his next victim, it's best he keep a low profile for a while.

HANNAH

But why would he want to attack Justin?

(CONTINUED)
ERNIE
Justin let it slip to Potter that he was Muggle-born.

HANNAH
And you definitely think Potter's the Heir of Slytherin?

ERNIE
Hannah, he's a Parselmouth. Everyone knows that's the mark of a dark wizard. Have you ever heard of a decent one who could talk to snakes? They called Slytherin himself Serpent-tongue.

(whispering darkly)
Remember what was written on the wall: Enemies of the Heir Beware. Potter had some sort of run-in with Filch. Next thing we know, Filch's cat's attacked. That first-year Creevey's been annoying Potter. Then Creevey's attacked.

HANNAH
He always seems so nice, though. And, after all, he is the one who made You Know Who disappear.

ERNIE
That's probably why You Know Who wanted to kill him in the first place. Didn't want another Dark Lord competing with him.

Harry doesn't need to hear anymore. He slips quietly away.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

MUTTERING, Harry storms straight into Hagrid, who stands covered in snow, a DEAD ROOSTER dangling from his hand.

HAGRID
All righ', Harry?

HARRY
Hagrid... what're you doing here?

(CONTINUED)
HAGRID
(holding up
the rooster)
Second one killed this term.
Reckon it's either foxes or a
Blood-Suckin' Bugbear. Need
Dumbledore's permission ter put a
charm round the hen-coop. Yeh
sure yeh're all righ', Harry? Yeh
look all hot an' bothered.

HARRY
It's nothing. I'd better get
going. I've got a lot of
studying...

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry enters, slows. Up ahead, in the light of a
FLICKERING TORCH, something DARK lies. A WINDOWPANE
RATTLES in the WIND and the torch... goes out. Harry
steps closer, finds...

Justin-Finch-Fletchley. Lying rigid on the floor, a look
of shock on his frozen face. Nearby, an inert Nearly
Headless Nick floats, body teeming with BLACK SMOKE.
Kneeling, Harry notices a TRAIL OF SPIDERS scuttling away
from Justin's body and out the loose windowpane... when
suddenly...

... Harry senses someone watching him, wheels:
McGonagall.

HARRY
Professor, I swear I didn't --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
This is out of my hands, Potter.
Mr. Filch, will you take care of
this, please?

Harry's eyes shift. Filch lurks in the shadows beyond
McGonagall. He steps forward, HISSES QUIETLY.

FILCH
Caught in the act. I'll have you
out this time, Potter. Mark my
words...

As McGonagall leads Harry away, he looks back. Filch
stares at Justin and Nick, then turns. CAMERA DOLLYS
AWAY FROM HIM.
CONTINUED:

FILCH
Dark magic. That's what you've got, Potter. Even the air you breathe comes out poison. You're evil. Evil as they come...

INT. GARGOYLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)
McGonagall marches Harry down to an UGLY STONE GARGOYLE.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Sherbet lemon.

The Gargoyle SPRINGS TO LIFE, its wings opening.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Professor Dumbledore will be waiting for you.


INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry steps out of the Gargoyle's embrace and enters a large, circular room. STRANGE SILVER INSTRUMENTS WHIR quietly. On a nearby shelf, the SORTING HAT sits. Harry casts a wary eye at the PAST HEADMASTERS snoozing in the PORTRAITS around him. In the last portrait, the Headmaster is awake, reading a book. He is PROFESSOR DIPPET. Harry approaches the Sorting Hat, glances around, then places it atop his head.

SORTING HAT
Bee in your bonnet, Potter?

HARRY
Well, you see, I was wondering...

(CONTINUED)
SORTING HAT  
If I put you in the right house?  
Yes... you were particularly  
difficult to place. But I stand  
by what I said last year... you  
would have done well in Slytherin.

Harry strips the hat off, tosses it back onto the shelf.

HARRY  
You're wrong!

The hat sits motionless. Silent. Hearing a GAGGING  
SOUND, Harry wheels, finds an OLD, DECREPIT BIRD (FAWKES)  
sitting on a GOLDEN PERCH. It wobbles, then... BURSTS  
INTO FLAMES. As Dumbledore enters, Harry looks horror-  
struck.

HARRY  
Professor, your bird... I couldn't  
do anything... He just caught  
fire.

DUMBLEDORE  
About time too. He's been looking  
dreadful for days. Pity you had  
to see him on a Burning Day. He's  
really very handsome most of the  
time.

(off Harry's look)  
Fawkes is a phoenix, Harry.  
Phoenixes burst into flame when it  
is time for them to die and are  
reborn from the ashes.

Harry looks to the floor. The ASHES swirl. A baby  
Fawkes pokes out his wrinkled head, blinking through the  
dust.

DUMBLEDORE  
Fascinating creatures, phoenixes.  
They can carry immensely heavy  
loads, their tears have healing  
powers, and they make highly  
faithful pets.

Just then, Hagrid -- still clutching the dead rooster --  
BURSTS through the door.

HAGRID  
It wasn't Harry, Professor  
Dumbledore!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

DUMBLEDORE

Hagrid --

HAGRID

I was talkin' ter 'im jus' before that kid was found. It can't've bin 'im!

DUMBLEDORE

Hagrid --

HAGRID

I'll swear ter it in front o' the Ministry o' Magic --

DUMBLEDORE

HAGRID! I do not think that Harry has attacked anyone.

HAGRID

Oh. Right. I'll wait outside then.

As Hagrid exits, Harry looks hopefully at Dumbledore.

HARRY

You don't think it was me, Professor?

DUMBLEDORE

No, Harry. But I must ask you... is there anything you'd like to tell me. Anything at all?

Dumbledore waits. Harry debates. Finally...

HARRY

No, Professor. Nothing.

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

Students drift into the snow with their trunks, heading home for holiday. As Harry, Ron, and Hermione appear, Ernie and few others cast wary glances.

FRED

Make way for the Heir of Slytherin! Seriously evil wizard coming through!

Ron grins, amused, then sees Harry -- anything but.

(CONTINUED)
RON
Oh, c'mon, Harry. Fred's just having a laugh.

HARRY
He's the only one.

RON
Okay, so half the school thinks you're nipping off to the Chamber of Secrets every night. Who cares?

HARRY
Maybe they're right.

HERMIONE
(reproachfully)
Harry!

HARRY
(frustrated)
I didn't know I could speak Parseltongue. What else don't I know about myself? Maybe you can do something... even something horrible... and not know you did it.

HERMIONE
You don't believe that, Harry, I know you don't. And if it makes you feel better, I just heard Malfoy's staying over for holiday, too.

RON
Why would that make anyone feel better?

HERMIONE
Because, in a few days, the Polyjuice Potion's will be ready. In a few days... we may truly know who is the Heir of Slytherin.

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The Christmas Feast. The Hall glimmers grandly as snowflakes tumble from the ceiling. Harry and Ron sit with Hermione.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
Everything's set. We just need a bit of who you're changing into.

HARRY
Crabbe and Goyle.

HERMIONE
And we also need to make sure that the real Crabbe and Goyle can't burst in on us while we're interrogating Malfoy.

RON
How?

Hermione holds up a pair of SMALL CAKES.

HERMIONE
I've got it all worked out. I've filled these with a simple Sleeping Draught. Simple, but powerful.

Ron glances at Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, who presently are eating everything in front of them.

HERMIONE
You know how greedy Crabbe and Goyle are. They won't leave the Christmas Feast until every last drop of trifle is gone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE (CONT'D)
Now, once they're asleep, hide them in a broom cupboard and pull out a few of their hairs.

RON
And whose hair are you ripping out?

HERMIONE
I've already got mine.

She removes a SMALL VIAL. Inside is a TINY HAIR.

HERMIONE
Millicent Bulstrode. She's in Slytherin. I got this off her robes.

(rising)
All right then... I'm going to check on the Polyjuice Potion.

Hermione points to the cakes in front of her.

HERMIONE
Remember. Just make sure Crabbe and Goyle find these.

Hermione exits. Ron looks at Harry.

RON
Have you ever heard of a plan where so many things could go wrong?

Harry and Ron, lurking behind a SUIT OF ARMOR, watch Crabbe and Goyle exit the Great Hall.

Goyle spies the cakes instantly, perched on the end of one of the banisters. Grabbing them, he reluctantly surrenders one to Crabbe and, in unison, they stuff them into their mouths. They pause. Look at each other. And keel flat onto their backs.

Harry and Ron dash out, drag Crabbe and Goyle across the floor and into a cupboard.

Hermione, wearing a Slytherin robe, hovers over a smoking cauldron. Harry and Ron enter.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
Did you get it?

Harry and Ron hold up their hands. In each: a TUFT OF HAIR. Hermione points to a pair of SLYTHERIN ROBES.

HERMIONE
I sneaked those out of the laundry.

Harry and Ron nod, glance at the cauldron. The potion resembles a thick, dark, bubbling mud.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
I'm sure I've done everything right. It looks like the book said it should. Once we've drunk it, we'll have exactly one hour before we change back into ourselves.

RON
Now what?

HERMIONE
We separate it into three glasses and add the hairs.

Harry and Ron grimace.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE POTION
being poured into three glasses.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Harry and Ron have changed into the Slytherin robes. All three raise their glasses. Drop the hairs. The potion turns shades of YELLOW, BROWN, and KHAKI.

RON
Ugh. Essence of Crabbe...

They nod. DRINK. Ron swallows grimly, doubles over.

RON
Think I'm gonna be sick...

He runs into a stall. Harry looks sick, steps to a CRACKED MIRROR. Hermione pauses. Looks worried. Something's wrong...

INSIDE THE STALL: Ron bends over the toilet, watches his reflection morph into Crabbe.

IN THE CRACKED MIRROR: Harry watches his face contort into the thick features of Goyle.

Hermione looks at her arm. Patches of fur begin to spread across her wrist and hand. Terrified, she RUNS into a stall.

Ron emerges from his stall, a dead ringer for Crabbe.

(CONTINUED)
RON
Harry?

HARRY
Ron?

RON
Bloody hell.

HARRY
We still sound like ourselves. You need to sound more like Crabbe.

RON
(adjusts voice)
Bloody hell.

HARRY
Lower.

RON
(lower still)
Bloody hell.

HARRY
Less intelligent.

RON
(dumbing it down)
Bloody hell.

HARRY
Excellent.

RON
Hey... Where's Hermione?

HERMIONE (O.S.)
(from the stall)
I -- I don't think I'm going. You go on without me.

HARRY
Hermione, are you okay?

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Just go! You're wasting time!
Harry and Ron hurry down the staircase.

**RON**
Don't swing your arms like that. Crabbe holds them sort of stiff.

Harry goes a bit more "Neanderthal."

**RON**
Yeah. That's better.

Harry and Ron move quickly, when... FOOTSTEPS sound. Seconds later, Percy appears at the end of the corridor.

**RON**
What are you doing here?

Percy squints, confused by Ron's voice. Harry elbows Ron, who clears his throat and speaks in a lower voice.

**RON**
What are you doing here?

**PERCY**
I happen to be a prefect. You, on the other hand, have no business wandering the corridors at night. It's not safe these days.

Harry and Ron NOD, afraid to speak. Percy squints again.

**PERCY**
What're your names again?

**DRACO**
Crabbe. Goyle. Where have you been? Pigging out in the Great Hall all this time?

Draco is walking towards them, glances witheringly at Percy.

**DRACO**
And what are you doing down here, Weasley?

**PERCY**
Mind your attitude, Malfoy. You want to show a little bit more respect to a school Prefect!
CONTINUED:

DRACO
Come on, boys. Weasley thinks he's going to catch Slytherin's hair single-handed.

Percy steams. Draco sneers, walks off with Harry and Ron.

OMITTED

INT. SLYTHERIN COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Harry and Ron trail Draco inside, glance around warily.

DRACO
Listen to this...

Draco grabs The Daily Prophet, reads the front page.

DRACO
'Arthur Weasley, Head of the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office, was today fined fifty Galleons for bewitching a Muggle car. "Weasley has brought the Ministry into disrepute," said Lucius Malfoy, a governor of Hogwarts. "He is clearly unfit to draw up our laws and his ridiculous Muggle Protection Act should be scrapped immediately."

Grinning, Malfoy glances over the paper at Harry and Ron.

DRACO
Arthur Weasley loves Muggle so much he should snap his wand in half and go join them. You'd never know the Weasleys were purebloods, the way they behave. Embarrassment to the wizarding world. All of them.


DRACO
What's up with you, Crabbe?

RON
(low voice)
Stomachache.

(CONTINUED)
DRACO
Well, go to the hospital wing
and give all those Mudbloods a kick
in the arse for me! You know, I'm
surprised The Daily Prophet hasn't
reported all these attacks yet. I
suppose Dumbledore's trying to hush
it all up. He'll be sacked if it
doesn't stop soon. Father always
said Dumbledore's the worst thing
that's ever happened to this place.

HARRY
You're wrong!

DRACO
What? Did you say that I was
wrong? You think there's someone
here who's worse than Dumbledore?

Ron stiffens. Worried. Harry thinks, then:

HARRY
Harry Potter.

DRACO
(grinning)
Good one, Goyle. You're
absolutely right. Saint Potter.
He's another one with no proper
wizard feeling, or he wouldn't go
around with that Mudblood Granger.
And people actually think he's the
Heir of Slytherin.

Harry and Ron exchange a glance. Harry leans closer to
Draco.

HARRY
Then you must have some idea who's
behind it all?

DRACO
You know I haven't, Goyle. How
many times do I have to tell you?
But my father did say this much:
It's been fifty years since the
Chamber was opened. He wouldn't
tell me who opened it -- only that
they were expelled -- but I know
this: the last time the Chamber
of Secrets was opened, a Mudblood
died.

(MORE)
DRACO (CONT'D)

So it's only a matter of time 
before one of them's killed this 
time. As for me... I hope it's 
Granger.

As Malfoy grins, Ron's fist rises... when Harry stops 
him.

DRACO

What's the matter with you two? 
You're acting very... odd.

RON

Ho!

Harry turns, sees Ron staring wide-eyed: Harry's SCAR is 
beginning to surface beneath the skin of Goyle's thick 
forehead. And Crabbe's hair is... turning RED. They 
both JUMP to their feet, DASHING out of the room.

DRACO

Hey! Where are you going?

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

As Harry and Ron race toward the stairs, the BROOM CLOSET 
bursts open and a woozy Crabbe and Goyle stagger out. 
They freeze -- watch themselves run up the staircase.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry and Ron sprint toward the desecrated wall, their 
odies metamorphosing, until, finally, as they hit the 
door...

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

... They are fully themselves once more.

RON

That was close!

HARRY

Hermione, come out. We've got 
loads to tell you!

HERMIONE

Go away!

(CONTINUED)
As Harry and Ron exchange a puzzled glance, Moaning Myrtle spirals INTO VIEW, looking disturbingly... happy.

MOANING MYRTLE
Ooh, wait till you see. It's awful!

The stall's lock slides back. The door opens slowly.

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Do you remember me telling you the Polyjuice Potion was only for human transformations...?

Even in shadow, they can see: Hermione's face is covered in FUR, her eyes YELLOW, and POINTED EARS poke through her hair.

HERMIONE
It was cat hair I plucked off Millicent Bulstrode's robes! Look at my face!

RON
Look at your tail.

INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Staggering under the weight of the LIBRARY BOOKS in their arms, Harry and Ron make their way to Hermione's bed, which is covered in... BOOKS.

HERMIONE
Oh, good. Put those anywhere.

They look. There is no anywhere. So they just... drop them.

RON
Madam Pince asked that we relay a message to you, Hermione: She'd appreciate it if you'd leave a few books for the rest of the school.

HERMIONE
I've got to keep up, haven't I?

Just then, Hermione's tail twitches INTO VIEW.

RON
Is that thing ever going away?
HERMIONE
Any day now, according to Madam Pomfrey. I'm just thankful I've stopped coughing up fur balls.

RON
We all are, believe me.

HERMIONE
Now. What about the Chamber of Secrets? Any new leads?

HARRY
Nothing.

HERMIONE
And has it gotten any better? I mean... is anyone speaking to you?

HARRY
Neville asked to borrow a tubeworm in Potions yesterday. I suppose that's something.

Ron takes a GET-WELL CARD from under Hermione's pillow.

RON
'To Miss Granger. Wishing you a speedy recovery, from your concerned teacher Gilderoy Lockhart.' You sleep with this under your pillow?

HERMIONE
Of course not. I don't know how that got there. Now go. I still have six hundred pages to read in Transformation Through the Ages.

OMITTED

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry and Ron mount the stairs, emerge.

RON
I know Hermione's mental, but can you believe she falls for that smarmy nonsense of Lockhart's?

(CONTINUED)
They stop. Look down. A GREAT FLOOD OF WATER streams from the Girls' Bathroom. From within, MYRTLE can be heard MOANING.

HARRY
Looks like Myrtle's flooded the bathroom.

As Harry sploshes off toward the bathroom, Ron steps lightly.

RON
Yuck.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

HUGE, WRACKING MOANS echo off the dreary tile. All the taps are running, streaming like tiny waterfalls. As Harry and Ron step to the last cubicle, Myrtle spins accusingly.

(CONTINUED)
MOANING MYRTLE
Come to throw something else at me?

HARRY
Why would I throw something at you?

MOANING MYRTLE
Don't ask me. Here I am, minding my own business, and someone thinks it's funny to throw a book at me...

RON
But it can't hurt if someone throws something at you. I mean, it'd just go right through you, wouldn't it?

MOANING MYRTLE
Oh sure! Let's all throw books at Myrtle, because she can't feel it! Ten points if you can get it through her stomach. Fifty points if it goes through her head!

HARRY
Who threw it at you anyway?

MOANING MYRTLE
I don't know. I didn't see them. I was just sitting in the U-bend, thinking about death and it fell through the top of my head.

Harry sees a SMALL BLACK BOOK on the floor. Picks it up.

RON
Fifty points if you can get it through her nose.

MOANING MYRTLE
I HEARD THAT!

Harry and Ron dash out.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry examines the book as he and Ron walk.

HARRY
This is a diary. And it's old...

(CONTINUED)
It's a diary, it's old... and was most recently in a toilet, Harry.

Harry starts to open it... when Ron grabs his hand.

Are you mad? That could be cursed. Dad once told me about a book the Ministry confiscated that burned the eyes out of anyone who tried to read it.

I'll take my chances...

Ahhh! MY EYES! MY EYES!

Ron freezes, terrified, when... Harry grins, ending the ruse. At the end of corridor, Ginny stands, looking from the diary to Harry -- utter terror on her face -- then dashes off.

Ginny! I was only joking -- Brilliant. Even your sister thinks I'm the monster now.

Who doesn't?

Ron frowns suddenly. On the first page on the diary, EMBOSSED LETTERS spell out a name: TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE.

Tin Marvolo Riddle? Hang on. I know that name...

Of course! The night I had detention... My job was to polish the silver in the trophy room. I remember because I kept burping slugs all over Tom Riddle's trophy. I must have wiped slime off his name for an hour.

Harry fans the pages. They're empty.

That's odd. He never wrote in it.
CAMERA PULLS BACK. Harry sits with Hermione in the moonlit room. Hermione studies the diary curiously.

**HERMIONE**
Tom Riddle... Hm. And Ron said he won an award fifty years ago?

**HARRY**
Special Services to the School or something --

**HERMIONE**
Fifty years ago? You're sure?

**HARRY**
Yes. Why?

**HERMIONE**
Don't you remember what Malfoy told you? The last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened was --

**HARRY**
Fifty years ago! That means --

**HERMIONE**
Tom Riddle was here, at Hogwarts, when it happened. What if he wrote about what he saw? It's possible he knew where the Chamber was, how to open it, even what sort of creature lives in it. If so, whoever's behind the attacks this time wouldn't want a diary like this lying around, would they?

**HARRY**
That's a brilliant theory, Hermione. With just one tiny little flaw. There's nothing written in this diary.

**HERMIONE**
It might be invisible ink.
(pulls out her wand)
Aparecium!

She taps the diary three times. Nothing happens. The pages remain BLANK. She frowns, passes the book back to Harry.

(CONTINUED)
HERMIONE
I don't know, Harry. But I think you should be careful with this. Something tells me Ron might be right. It could be dangerous.

HARRY
You don't think I'm dangerous, do you, Hermione? I mean, you're not scared. Of me.

HERMIONE
I'm scared, Harry. But not of you.

INT. GRYFFINDOR DORMITORY/COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

CAMERA STARTS OVERHEAD, looking down on the boys' dormitory. Seamus, Neville, Ron and Dean sleep. One bed is empty. CAMERA CRANES TO the Common Room, finds Harry sitting alone, flipping through the blank pages of the diary.

Harry starts to set the diary aside, then notices a BOTTLE OF INK sitting on the desk. An idea flickers. Taking his QUILL, Harry dips it, and hesitates. As he does, a DROP of INK hangs, suspended like a tear, then... DROPS.

The ink BLAZES briefly, then... VANISHES... as if it were sucked into the page. Excited, Harry dips his quill again, and, this time, writes: My name is Harry Potter.

The words blaze, VANISH. Slowly, oozing out of the page, comes a response: Hello, Harry Potter. My name is Tom Riddle.

Harry's mind races. Deciding, he MUTTERS the words he writes:

HARRY
Do... you... know... anything... about... the... Chamber... of... Secrets?

Yes.

HARRY
Can... you... tell... me?

No.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Harry frowns. Then... slowly... new words ooze to the surface.

**But I can show you...**

Harry waits, intrigued. Then, suddenly...

The pages **FLUTTER WILDLY**, stop on "June the 13th." On the page, a **TINY SQUARE SHIMMERS**... like a **WINDOW**. Harry lifts the book, puts his eye close and... **PITCHES FORWARD**, spilling through the widening window, into a **WHIRL** of **COLOR** and **SHADOW**, tumbling onto his feet...

INT. CORRIDOR/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (FIFTY YEARS AGO)

... in torch-lit corridor. Everything is de-saturated, save for Harry, who retains the true, rich colors of the present. He glances about, disoriented, then spies a **BOY** (**TOM RIDDLE**) at the end of the corridor, peering around a corner. A **FLURRY** of **SHADOWS** dances on the wall beyond the boy, revealing the presence of others, unseen, in an adjoining room.

As Harry advances, **LOW VOICES** emanate from the shadows. As he reaches the boy, Harry speaks in a **WHISPER**:

**HARRY**

Excuse me. Could you tell me where I am? Hello...?

The boy doesn't respond, eyes staked to the activity in the adjoining room... which Harry sees now is the Entrance Hall. A group of **ELDER WITCHES** and **WIZARDS** -- Hogwarts Professors -- talk amongst themselves, then... abruptly go silent. Make way for two **YOUNG WIZARDS**, bearing a **STRETCHER**.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Riddle.

The boy wheels... and looks right through Harry. Harry turns, too. It's Dumbledore... fifty years younger.

**TOM RIDDLE**

Professor Dumbledore.

**DUMBLEDORE**

It's not wise to be wandering around this late, Tom.

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
Yes, Professor. I suppose I -- I just had to see for myself, if...

Riddle glances toward the young wizards, watches them carry the stretcher out of the Hall, into the night.

TOM RIDDLE
... the rumors were true.

DUMBLEDORE
I'm afraid they are, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE
About the school as well? They wouldn't really close Hogwarts, would they, Professor?

DUMBLEDORE
Headmaster Dippet may have no choice, I'm afraid.

TOM RIDDLE
Sir? If it all stopped. If the person responsible was caught...

DUMBLEDORE
Is there something you wish to tell me, Tom?

TOM RIDDLE
(a long beat)
No, sir. Nothing.

Dumbledore studies Riddle for a moment.

DUMBLEDORE
Very well then. Hurry along.

Dumbledore strides directly past Harry, not seeing him. When he is gone, Riddle moves quickly, toward the dungeon steps.

INT. CORRIDOR - DUNGEONS - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)
Up ahead, a SPLINTER of LIGHT leaks through a DOOR. Riddle puts his eye to the crack. Inside, someone is SPEAKING.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
C'mon, Aragog. Gotta get yeh outta here... C'mon now. in the box...

As Riddle pushes the door clear, Harry sees a second, smaller room. Crouched by a BOX, is a huge boy... YOUNG HAGRID. A STRANGE CLICKING comes from the BOX.

TOM RIDDLE
Evening, Hagrid.

Hagrid SLAMS the door shut.

TOM RIDDLE
I'm going to have to turn you in, Hagrid. I don't think you meant it to kill anyone --

YOUNG HAGRID
No, yeh can't! Yeh don' understand!

TOM RIDDLE
Hagrid. The dead girl's parents will be here tomorrow. The least Hogwarts can do is make sure the thing that killed their daughter is slaughtered.

YOUNG HAGRID
It was' him! Aragog never'd kill no one! Never!

RIDDLE
Monsters don't make good pets, Hagrid. Now... stand aside...

Riddle draws his wand, BLASTS the closed DOOR off its hinges, extinguishing the torches within. Harry GASPS. A low-slung CREATURE with a tangle of black legs, a gleam of many eyes and a pair of razor-sharp pincers, scuttles out of the shadows. As Riddle points his wand at it, Hagrid LEAPS...

YOUNG HAGRID
Noooooo!

(CONTINUED)
As they tumble to the floor, the entire ROOM WHIRLS off its axis, spinning, and Harry finds himself plummeting through color and shadow again, falling flat on his back to...

... the floor of the Gryffindor Common Room, the ceiling above spinning, slowly, to a stop. Harry rises, dashes upstairs.

INT. BOYS' DORMITORY - NIGHT

Harry rushes to Ron, shakes him awake, WHISPERING INTENSELY.

HARRY
Ron! Ron!

RON
What? What's happened...?

HARRY
It was Hagrid. Hagrid opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.

EXT. HOGWARTS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

CAMERA SOARS high over the castle, as below, students hurry to their classes. Finally, it FINDS:

OMITTED

EXT./INT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY (LATER)

Harry, Ron and Hermione walking together across the grounds.

HERMIONE
It can't be Hagrid. It just can't be.

RON
We don't even know this Riddle. He sounds like a dirty, rotten snitch to me.

HARRY
The monster had killed someone, Ron. What would any of us done?

HERMIONE
Look. Hagrid's our friend. Why don't we just go ask him about it?

(CONTINUED)
That'd be a cheerful visit.
Hullo, Hagrid. Tell us, have you been setting anything mad and hairy loose in the castle lately?

Mad an' hairy? Wouldn' be talkin' 'bou me, now would yeh?

The trio wheels, spots Hagrid grinning at them. They instantly look guilty.

No!

Hagrid looks at them curiously. Harry nods to the STRANGE CANISTER in his hand.

What's that you've got, Hagrid?

Flesh-Eatin' Slug Repellent. Fer the Mandrakes, yeh know.
Accordin' ter Professor Sprout, they still got a bit o' growin' up ter do, but once their acne clears up, we'll be able to chop 'em up, stew 'em, an' get those people in the hospital un-Petrified. 'Til then, you three best watch yerselves, all righ'?

They nod, watch Hagrid lope away. Just then, Neville comes running up. He looks pale with fright.

Harry, I don't know who did it, but... you'd better come.
Harry's space is a disaster: trunk riffled, drawers flung open, bedclothes strewn on the floor.

HERMIONE
It had to be a Gryffindor. Nobody else knows our password. Unless, it wasn't a student...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RON
Well, whoever it was, they were looking for something.

HARRY
And they found it... Tom Riddle's diary is gone.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

Students stream into the Quidditch Stadium.

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - DAY

Harry, dressed in his Quidditch robes, dashes down the staircase with Ron and Hermione. Down below, Ron spies Ginny.

RON
Hey, Ginny! Going to the match?

Ginny looks up, startled, then shakes her head and exits.

RON
I tell you, she gets weirder and weirder by the day...

VOICE (O.S.)
Kill this time... Let me rip... Tear.

Harry freezes. Ron and Hermione stop, knowing by his face.

RON
No... don't tell me...

Harry turns, as if following the SOUND, absently touching his fingers to the wall as he glances around. Hermione studies him with great interest -- STUDIES HIS FINGERS -- then, abruptly, Harry turns away, shakes his head: it's gone. Hermione looks up, eyes vaguely upon Harry, but her mind miles away.

HERMIONE
Harry... I think I've just understood something! I've got to go to the library!

As Hermione sprints back up the stairs, Harry YELLS.

HARRY
What do you understand!

(CONTINUED)
But she's gone. Harry turns to Ron in puzzlement.

HARRY
The library?

RON
That's Hermione. When in doubt, go to the library.

EXT. REAR OF QUIDDITCH STADIUM - DAY (LATER)

Harry and his teammates march toward the Quidditch tower. The CHEERS of the CROWD are heard.

WOOD
Listen up now. We play our game, Hufflepuff doesn't stand a chance. We're stronger, quicker, smarter.

GEORGE
Not to mention they're dead terrified Harry'll Petrify them if they fly anywhere near him.

WOOD
That, too.

Just then, Professor McGonagall appears, barring their way.

WOOD
Professor McGonagall --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
This match has been cancelled.

WOOD
Cancelled! They can't cancel Quidditch --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Silence, Wood! You will return to Gryffindor Tower now. Potter, you and I will find Mr. Weasley. There's something the both of you need to see.

INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY

McGonagall pauses outside the door, turns to Harry and Ron.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I warn you. This will be a bit of a shock.

She opens the door. Madam Pomfrey is leaning over a bed where a girl lies. As she straightens up, we see the girl is...

RON

Hermione!

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

She was found near the library. Along with this. Does it mean anything to either of you?

She holds up a SMALL CIRCULAR MIRROR. Harry shakes his head. McGonagall nods gravely, leads them out. As they go, the CAMERA DRIFTS to HERMIONE'S HAND. Clinched tight in her stiff knuckles, barely visible, is... a PIECE OF PAPER.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

McGonagall reads from a PARCHMENT to the somber Gryffindors.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

All students will return to their house common rooms by six o'clock in the evening. You will be escorted to each lesson by a teacher. No exceptions.

(rolling up the parchment)

I should tell you all this. Unless the culprit behind these attacks is caught, it is likely that the school will be closed.

McGonagall turns, exits. Instantly, as one, the students begin to talk amongst themselves. Neville speaks up.

NEVILLE

Haven't any of the teachers noticed that the Slytherins are all safe? Isn't it obvious all this stuff's coming from Slytherin? The Heir of Slytherin, the monster of Slytherin -- why don't they just chuck all the Slytherins out?

(CONTINUED)
SEAMUS
They can't close Hogwarts. Where would we all go?

DEAN THOMAS
I don't care what anyone says. As long as Dumbledore's here, Hogwarts will be here.

Harry WHISPERS to Ron.

HARRY
We've got to talk to Hagrid, Ron. I can't believe it's him. But if he did set the monster loose last time -- even by accident -- he'll know how to get inside the Chamber of Secrets. And that's a start.

RON
But you heard McGonagall. We're not allowed to leave the tower except for class --

HARRY
I think it's time to get my Dad's old Cloak out again.

INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT (LATER)

CLOSEUP: A drawer opens, a HAND reaches in, takes the INVISIBILITY CLOAK. CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALS Ron and Harry. All around them, the other boys sleep. Harry pitches the cloak over himself and Ron. They're gone.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Harry and Ron, beneath the cloak, sneak by an unaware Snape.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Harry and Ron, beneath the cloak, sneak by an unaware Snape.
A KNOCK. Hagrid swings open the door. Crossbow in hand.

HAGRID
Who's there?

Harry and Ron drop the cloak. Hagrid lowers the crossbow.

FANG, Hagrid's enormous BOARHOUND, THUMPS HIS TAIL at the sight of Harry and Ron. Harry points to the crossbow.

HARRY
What's that for?

HAGRID
Nothin', nothin'. I've been expectin'... Doesn't matter. Sit down... I'll make tea...

Hagrid nervously takes the kettle, spills the water..

HARRY
Are you okay? Hagrid? Did you hear about Hermione?

HAGRID
Oh, yea. I heard, all righ'.

HARRY
Look... we have to ask you something. Do you know who's opened the Chamber of Secrets?

Hagrid takes a fruit cake, stops, about to answer, when... there is a LOUD KNOCK. The fruitcake SMASHES to the floor. Panicked, Harry and Ron throw the cloak over themselves. Sweating, Hagrid grabs his crossbow, points it at the door.

HAGRID
C-come in.

The door opens. A grim Dumbledore enters, followed by a portly man in a pin-stripe suit and bowler: CORNELIUS FUDGE.

DUMBLEDORE
Good evening, Hagrid.
RON

(whispering to Harry)
That's Dad's boss! Cornelius Fudge. The Minister of Magic!

Harry elbows Ron to shut him up.

FUDGE

HAGRID
I never... You know I never, Professor Dumbledore, sir...

DUMBLEDORE
I want it understood, Cornelius, that Hagrid has my full confidence.

FUDGE
Look, Albus, Hagrid's record's against him. I've got to take him.

HAGRID
Take me? Where? Not Azkaban prison.

FUDGE
For a short stretch only. Not a punishment, Hagrid. More a precaution. If someone else is caught, you'll be released with a full apology.

Just then, there is a SHARP RAP on the door. As Dumbledore opens it, Harry slumps. It's Lucius Malfoy.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Already here, Fudge? Good, good...

HAGRID
What're you doin' here! Get outta my house!

(CONTINUED)
LUCIUS MALFOY
My dear man, please believe me, I have no pleasure at all in being inside your -- do you call this a house? I simply called at the school and was told the Headmaster was here.

DUMBLEDORE
And what exactly did you want with me, Lucius?

LUCIUS MALFOY
Dreadful thing, Dumbledore, but the governors feel it's time for you to step aside. This is an Order of Suspension. You'll find all twelve signatures on it. I'm afraid we feel you're losing your touch. What with all these attacks, there'll be no Muggle-borns left at Hogwarts. And we all know what an awful loss that would be.

Malfoy hands Fudge an OFFICIAL ROLL of PARCHMENT.

FUDGE
Now, see here, Lucius. Dumbledore suspended. No, no... last thing we want right now... If Dumbledore can't stop these attacks... I mean to say, who can?

LUCIUS MALFOY
That remains to be seen, but as all twelve governors have voted --

HAGRID
An' how many did yeh have ter threaten before they agreed!

LUCIUS MALFOY
I would advise you not to shout at the Azkaban guards like that.

HAGRID
Yeh can take Dumbledore! Take him away an' the Muggle-borns won' stand a chance! There'll be killin's next!

(CONTINUED)
DUMBLEDORE
Calm yourself, Hagrid!
(steely-eyed)
If the governors want my removal, Lucius, I shall of course step aside. However... you will find that I will only truly have left this school when none here are loyal to me. You will also find that help will always be given at Hogwarts to those who... ask for it.

Dumbledore's eyes drift -- unmistakably -- to Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Admirable sentiments. We shall all miss your highly individual way of running things, Albus, and only hope your successor will manage to prevent any more, um, killin's.

Malfoy strides to the door and bows Dumbledore out. Fudge, fiddling with his bowler, waits for Hagrid. Instead, Hagrid stands his ground, takes a deep breath and says carefully...

HAGRID
If anyone wanted ter find out some stuff, all they'd have ter do is follow the spiders. That'd lead 'em right! Tha's all I'm sayin'.

Fudge stares at Hagrid in amazement, then follows him out. As the door SLAMS SHUT, FANG starts to HOWL, scratching at the closed door. Harry and Ron emerge from the cloak.

RON
Hagrid's right. With Dumbledore gone, there'll be an attack a day.

HARRY
Look...

At the windowsill, a TRAIL OF SPIDERS escapes through a crack in the glass. Harry grabs Hagrid's LANTERN.

HARRY
C'mon.
EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

Harry illuminates the TRAIL OF SPIDERS. They run from the window to the ground, to the dark trees in the near distance. As Harry moves to follow, Ron hesitates.

RON
What are you doing?

HARRY
You heard Hagrid. Follow the spiders.

RON
They're heading into the Dark Forest.

Harry sighs, heads off. Terrified, Ron grabs Fang, follows.

RON
Why spiders. Why couldn't it be 'Follow the butterflies'?

EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

Fang crashes through low-slung branches and sharp brambles as Harry follows. Ron gingerly picks his way, the JUMPS... as FANG HOWLS. BRANCHES SNAP. A RUMBLING NOISE sounds, then... SILENCE. Harry spies something, points O.S.

HARRY
There's something moving over there... something big.

Just then a BLAZE of LIGHT splinters the trees, blinding them. They start to flee... when Ron stops.

RON
Harry!... Harry, it's our car!

Scratched and mud-smeared, with bits of earth and grass sprouting from its headlamps and hubcaps -- the Ford Anglia looks half-animal. Ron circles it in wonder.
CONTINUED:

HARRY

It's been here all the time! Look at it. The Forest has turned it wild.

Harry nods, then glances back up the slope.

HARRY

C'mon, we don't want to lose the trail.

EXT. SPIDERS' HOLLOW - NIGHT

Harry and Ron enter a hollow ribboned with shadows. Enormous trees tower over them, strewn with strands of white webbing. Ron steps on a strand, kicks it off queasily. Harry peers up ahead: at the far end of the hollow, the spiders stream toward a DARK OPENING.

As Harry and Ron approach the opening, a CLICKING SOUND emanates from within, ECHOING in the branches of the tall trees. GROWING LOUDER. Ron falters, glancing about nervously.

RON

I don't have a good feeling about this, Harry --

HARRY

Don't panic.

As Harry steps to the mouth of the cavern, the AIR suddenly CRACKLES with MOVEMENT. TWIGS SNAP. A HUGE SHADOW emerges, slowly engulfs Harry. He peers up. SEES:

An ANCIENT SPIDER (ARAGOG), the size of a small elephant. As it advances, Harry and Ron back slowly away. Then: its BLIND EYES catch the light, and it STOPS. As if... listening.

ARAGOG

You do not come from the forest. Your hearts beat like... men.

HARRY

(breathing finally)

Yes. We're friends of Hagrid's. And you... you're... (as it comes to him) ... Aragog, aren't you?
Hearing this, Aragog's head turns slightly.

ARAGOG
Hagrid has never sent men into our hollow before.

HARRY
He's in trouble. Up at school, there've been attacks. They think it's Hagrid. They think he's opened the Chamber of Secrets. Like before.

As Harry talks, Ron's eyes dart warily about, then...

RON'S POV - a pair of long legs -- SPIDER'S LEGS -- curl slowly around the trunk of the tree to his left.

Terrified, Ron NUDGES Harry, but Harry ignores him.

ARAGOG
That's a lie! Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets!

HARRY
But if Hagrid never... that means... you're not the monster.

ARAGOG
The monster was born in the castle. I came from a distant land, in the pocket of a traveler.


RON
Harry...

HARRY
Shhh!
(to Aragog)
But if you're not the monster, what did kill that girl fifty years ago?

ARAGOG
We do not speak of it! It is an ancient creature we spiders fear above all others.

HARRY
But have you seen it?

(CONTINUED)
A SCABBLING SOUND ECHOES above Ron. He GLANCES UP: a SPIDER crouches on a branch above.

ARAGOG
I never saw any part of the castle but the cupboard in which Hagrid kept me. The girl was discovered in a bathroom. When I was accused, Hagrid brought me here.

More SCABBLING. Ron looks up. We PAN UP with him. SEE: SPIDERS -- in high and low branches -- DROPPING DOWNWARD like paratroopers. Ron GRABS Harry.

HARRY
(annoyed)
What!


HARRY
Well... thank you. We'll just go...

ARAGOG
Go? I think not. My sons and daughters do not harm Hagrid, on my command. But I cannot deny them fresh meat when it wanders so willingly into our midst.
Goodbye, friend of Hagrid.

Aragog turns, disappears into the shadows of the cavern.

RON
Can we panic now?

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Harry and Ron SPIN. A GANG of FIVE-FOOT SPIDERS bar the path ahead. Begin to move forward. Harry and Ron SPIN again: SPIDERS. Everywhere. CLOSING IN.

Desperately, Harry swings the LANTERN in his hand. The spiders falter, then CREEP FORWARD again as the ARC of the LIGHT chases itself away. Around and around. Then:

The LANTERN goes out.

Harry pitches it aside. As one, he and Ron draw their wands.

RON
Nice knowing you.

(CONTINUED)
They're done for. Fang WHIMPERS. The spiders draw closer, CLICKING FEVERISHLY, when...

... a LONG, LOUD HORN BLEATS. Seconds later, a BLAZE of LIGHT ignites the hollow and the FORD ANGLIA comes THUNDERING over the rim and down the slope, KNOCKING SPIDERS OUT OF ITS PATH. As it SCREECHES to a halt, the DOORS FLING OPEN.

HARRY
Let's go!

Harry, Ron and Fang LEAP INSIDE. Ron SHIFTS FRANTICALLY. A SPIDER appears at Harry's open window.

HARRY
THE WINDOWS! ROLL UP THE WINDOWS!

RON
(trying)
I CAN'T! IT'S STUCK!

Just then, a hairy leg reaches through Ron's window. Instantly, Ron HITS the gas, throws the car into REVERSE.

Spiders scatter, but the TWO clinging to the side windows hold tight. As the CAR ZOOMS BACKWARDS out of the hollow, Harry rolls his window tight, SNAPPING OFF his SPIDER'S LEGS.

The Anglia jets out of the hollow, lands with a THUD. Harry turns. The other spider is PULLING RON from the car. Harry points his wand, utters a spell and a BLINDING FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT BLASTS the spider into the shadows whipping past.

RON
Thanks for that.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
Don't mention it.

They stop. Both hear it: a DISTANT CLICKING. As the car flies over a ridge, they see them: a SEA OF SPIDERS heading straight for them like a herd of raging wildebeest. Ron puts his foot to the floor, SPINS the wheel and sends the car sliding away. The spiders STAMPEDE after.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - BLACK PARK - NIGHT

The Anglia SLALOMS through the forest, skimming past trees as the spiders CHARGE after. Harry peers ahead, SEES an area of FALLEN TREES. There is an OPENING, one narrow escape route.

HARRY
That way! It's the only way out! (looking back) Hurry! They're catching up!

Ron JAMS the accelerator... just as a GIANT TARANTULA drops in front of the escape route. Harry and Ron are as good as dead.

HARRY
Can you get us in the air?

RON
(jostling the gear stick) Flying gear's jammed!

The spiders behind DRAW CLOSER. The TARANTULA waits ahead. Harry claps his hand over Ron's on the gear shift, pushing. The tarantula's pincers open, ready to kill, when... the GEAR SHIFT GIVES, the Anglia's wheels LIFT and the CAR FLIES OVER CAMERA, leaving the furious spiders below. The car barely avoids the rearing tarantula, then sails over the trees.

EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

As they LAND, Fang bolts free. Harry and Ron exit the CAR wearily, then watch it turn and RUMBLE BACK INTO THE FOREST.

(CONTINUED)
RON
'Follow the spiders'! Follow the spiders'! If he ever gets out of Azkaban, I'll kill Hagrid. I mean, what was the point of sending us in there? What have we found out?

HARRY
We know one thing. Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets. He was innocent.

INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY
Madam Pomfrey bars the door, frowns at Harry and Ron.

MADAM POMFREY
There's no point in talking to a petrified person. She won't hear a word you're saying.

Ron shifts uncomfortably.

RON
We know that, Madam Pomfrey. It's just, well, you see, we thought, maybe, we could... be with her for a bit. She's our... friend, you see, and... even if she can't hear us... I mean, it can't hurt, can it?

A glint of sympathy flickers in Pomfrey's eyes.

MADAM POMFREY
Very well then. But be quick about it.

As she exits, the boys step to her bed. Absently, Ron picks up the circular mirror that lies on the nightstand. Eyes Lockhart's Get Well card.

RON
You don't think Lockhart could be the heir of Slytherin, do you?
(off Harry's look)
Right. Forget I said it.
Harry studies Hermione's face.

HARRY
Wish you were here, Hermione. We need you. Now more than ever...

Just then, the mirror in Ron's hand catches the late afternoon sunlight and casts a jagged flame across Hermione's hand. Harry watches the light dance over her fingers... then looks closer. Sees the paper clutched there.

INT. CORRIDOR - DUSK (LATER)

Harry and Ron duck into an alcove, take out the crinkled paper, which, we see now, is torn from a library book.

HARRY
'Of the many fearsome beasts that roam our land, none is more deadly than the Basilisk. Capable of living for hundreds of years, instant death awaits any who meet this giant serpent's eye. Spiders flee before it and only the crowing of the rooster can kill it.'

(looking up)
Ron! This is it! The monster in the Chamber of Secrets is a Basilisk. That's why I can hear it speak. It's a snake.

RON
But it kills by looking people in the eye. Why is it no one's dead?

Harry frowns, contemplating this, then catches he and Ron's reflection in the window opposite. He mutters softly:

HARRY
Because no one did look it in the eye. Not directly at least...

(in a rush)
Colin saw it through his camera. Justin -- Justin must've seen the Basilisk through Nearly Headless Nick! Nick got the full blast of it, but he's a ghost -- he couldn't die again...

(MORE)
HARRY (CONT'D)
... And Hermione... had the mirror! I bet you anything she was using it to look round corners, in case it came along.

RON
And Mrs. Norris? I'm pretty sure she didn't have a camera or a mirror, Harry.

HARRY
The water... there was water on the floor that night. She only saw the Basilisk's reflection...
(scanning the page again)
The crowing of the rooster is fatal to it! That's why Hagrid's roosters were killed! Spiders flee before it! It all fits!

RON
But how's the Basilisk been getting around? A dirty great snake. Someone would have seen...

HARRY
Hermione answered that too.

Harry points. Scribbled, in Hermione's hand, is: "Pipes."

RON
(aghast)
Pipes...? It's using the plumbing.

HARRY
Remember what Aragog said? About that girl fifty years ago? She died in a bathroom. What if she never left.

RON
Moaning Myrtle!

Harry nods. Just then, McGonagall's VOICE ECHOES throughout the castle, magically magnified.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (V.O.)
All students are to return to
their house dormitories at once.
All teachers to the second floor
corridor. Immediately.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

McGonagall stands before the desecrated wall, surrounded
by the rest of the staff. Harry and Ron creep up the
stairwell.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
As you can see, the Heir of
Slytherin has left another
message. Our worst fear has been
realized. A student has been
taken by the monster. Into the
Chamber itself.
(as the teachers
react)
I'm afraid we shall have to send
the students home. I'm afraid...
this is the end of Hogwarts.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
(bursting in cheerily)
So sorry. Dozed off. What have I
missed?

SNAPE
Just the man. A girl has been
snatched by the monster, Lockhart.
Your moment has come at last.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
My m-moment?

SNAPE
Weren't you saying just last night
that you've known all along where
the entrance to the Chamber of
Secrets is?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
D-did I? I don't recall...

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
That settles it. We'll leave it
to you to deal with the monster,
Gilderoy. Your skills, after all,
are legend.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  

GILDEROY LOCKHART  
V-very well. I'll -- I'll be in my office, getting -- getting ready.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
The rest of us should go and inform the students what has happened.

PROFESSOR SPROUT  
Who is it the monster's taken, Minerva?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
Ginny Weasley.

Ron's knees give way. As Harry catches him, the staff scatters, revealing what is written on the wall:

*Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever.*

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)  

Harry and a very upset Ron walk with desperate purpose.

RON  
She knew something, Harry. She'd found out something about the Chamber of Secrets. That's why she was taken. I mean, she was -- is -- a pure-blood. There can't be any other reason.

HARRY  
(pulling him away)  
C'mon. Let's go see Lockhart. He may be a brainless git, but he's going to try and get into the Chamber. We can tell him what we know...

RON  
Harry. D'you think there's any chance at all she's not, you know --

Harry glances over, studies Ron's tortured eyes.

HARRY  
We'll find her, Ron. Ginny's going to be fine.

(CONTINUED)
Ron nods, smiles shakily, and looks away. As he does, Harry's face changes, looks troubled.

Even he doesn't believe what he's just said.

INT. GILDEROY LOCKHART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry and Ron DASH inside.

HARRY
Professor, we've got some information for you --

Harry and Ron stop dead. Lockhart's office is stripped to the shelves. Two LARGE TRUNKS stand open.

HARRY
Are you going somewhere?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Um, well, yes. Urgent call. Unavoidable. Got to go...

RON
What about my sister?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Well, as to that -- most unfortunate. No one regrets more than I --

RON
You're the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher! You can't go now!

GILDEROY LOCKHART
I must say, when I took the job, nothing in the job description --

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
You're running away? After all that stuff you did in your books?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Books can be misleading.

HARRY
You wrote them!

GILDEROY LOCKHART
My dear boy, do use your common sense. My books wouldn't have sold half as well if people didn't think I'd done all those things. No one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all...

HARRY
You're a fraud! You've just been taking credit for what a load of other wizards have done!

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Harry, Harry, Harry. There was work involved. I had to track these people down and ask them exactly how they managed to do what they did. No, it's not all book signings and publicity photos. You want fame, you have to be prepared for a long, hard slog.

RON
Is there anything you can do?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Yes, now that you mention it. I'm rather gifted with Memory Charms. Otherwise, you see, all those wizards would've gone blabbing and I'd never have sold another book. I'm afraid I'll have to do the same to you both, lest you do the same.

Lockhart lifts his wand, but Harry is quicker.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY

*Expelliarmus!*

Lockhart BLASTS backwards, toppling into one of the open trunks, his wand flying across the floor.

HARRY

Looks like those Dueling Lessons came in handy after all, Professor.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lockhart walks ahead of Harry and Ron, their wands pointed at him. Moaning Myrtle floats above the cistern.

MOANING MYRTLE

Who's there? Oh...

(smiles, flirty)

Hello, Harry. What do you want?

HARRY

To ask you how you died.

MOANING MYRTLE

(flattered)

Oooooh, it was dreadful. It happened right here. In this very cubicle. I'd hidden because Olive Hornby was teasing me about my glasses. I was crying, and then I heard somebody come in.

HARRY

Who was it, Myrtle?

MOANING MYRTLE

I don't know! I was *distraught!* But they said something funny. A kind of made-up language. And I realized it was a boy speaking. So I unlocked the door, to tell him to go away, and... I died.

HARRY

Just like that? How?
MOANING MYRTLE
No idea. I just remember seeing a pair of great big yellow eyes. Over there...

Myrtle points to the bank of sinks. Harry and Ron hurry over, examining the pipes below, the tile above, then... Harry sees it: etched on one of the COPPER TAPS is a TINY SNAKE.

HARRY
This is it, Ron. This is the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets.

RON
Say something, Harry. Say something in Parseltongue.

Harry stares off self-consciously at the tiny snake.

HARRY
Open up.

Ron shakes his head. Harry's spoken in his regular voice.

RON
English.

Harry concentrates harder this time, staring so intensely that the snake almost looks alive. When, finally, he speaks, it is more like a HISS. Parseltongue. The circular group of sinks OPEN and a LARGE, OPEN PIPE is exposed.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Excellent, Harry. Good work. Well then. I'll just be going. There's no need for me...

HARRY
Oh, yes there is. You first.

Harry points his wand at Lockhart, then the opening.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Now, boys. What good will it do?

RON
A bloody lot of good if it's a two-hundred-foot drop onto jagged rocks.

(CONTINUED)
Lockhart steps grimly to the dark, gaping hole. Ron gives him a shove and he topples headfirst and out of sight. They wait. Finally...

GILDEROY LOCKHART (O.S.)
It's really quite filthy down here.

HARRY
All right. Let's go.

MOANING MYRTLE
Oh, Harry... if you die down there, you're welcome to share my toilet.

HARRY
Thanks, Myrtle.


INT. PIPE - NIGHT

Harry and Ron slide wicked fast, in a hair-raising vertical plummet, catching glimpses of other, smaller pipes branching off in all directions, twisting and turning until the pipe levels off, dumps them onto the damp floor of a stone tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Lockhart stares miserably at the muck dripping from his robes. Harry takes a TORCH from the wall, poises his wand.

HARRY
Lumos!

The torch blooms with a BRIGHT ORANGE FLAME.

HARRY
Remember. Any sign of movement, close your eyes straight away.

Harry leads the way down the tunnel. CRUNCH! They look down: a rat's skull. All around them, the ground is littered with TINY SKELETONS. Ron squints, sees something HUGE and CURVED lying ahead. When he speaks, his voice is hollow with dread.

(CONTINUED)
RON
What's that? Up ahead?

GILDEROY LOCKHART
That looks like a... snake.

Terrified, Lockhart quickly HIDES HIS EYES.

HARRY
Maybe it's asleep.

Ron draws his wand as they approach, squinting. Harry shines his light, revealing... a gigantic COIL of EMPTY SKIN.

RON
Bloody hell. Whatever shed this must be twenty feet long. Or more.

THUD! They turn. Lockhart has passed out.

RON
Heart of a lion, this one.

Ron kneels by him, when... Lockhart's eyes open and, quick as a fox... he snatches Ron's wand and scrambles to his feet.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
The adventure ends here, boys!
But don't fret. The world will know our story. How I was too late to save the girl. How you two tragically lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body. I'll even bind a limited edition in this snake skin. Say goodbye to your memories.

(raising Ron's wand)
Obliviate!

Ron's WAND EXPLODES like a small BOMB, BLASTING Lockhart OFF HIS FEET and SPITTING great JETS of FIRE into the rock above. As RUBBLE RAINS, Ron LEAPS one way and Harry the other. Harry sits up, squints through the settling dust. A SOLID WALL of BROKEN ROCK seals the tunnel between him and Ron. INTERCUT Harry and Ron.

HARRY
Ron? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

RON
I'm okay. This git's not, though.
He got blasted by my wand.

Lockhart sits up, dazed. Ron picks up a rock and CONKS him on the head. Lockhart PASSES OUT. Ron calls to Harry.

RON
What now?

HARRY
Wait here. I'll go on. I'll go on and... find Ginny. If I'm not back in an hour...

He leaves it there.

RON
I'll try and shift some of this rock. So you can get back through. And, Harry --

HARRY
See you in a bit.

Harry glances at the snake skin at his feet, moves off. He steps carefully through the shadows until he reaches a TOWERING STONE WALL, carved with TWIN SERPENTS.

HARRY
(Parseltongue)
Open.

The serpents part and the GIANT WALL SLIDES OPEN. Harry removes his wand and ENTERS.

INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - NIGHT

A vast chamber stretches ahead. Along the path are rows of STONE SERPENTS. The serpents rest in pools of black water. Ahead is an enormous STATUE of SALAZAR SLYTHERIN. Several feet in front of the statue, Ginny Weasley lies motionless. As Harry dashes and takes her into his arms, her head lolls to one side, cheeks white as marble. A pale hand clutches TOM RIDDLE'S DIARY to her chest. Harry DROPS the torch, RACES to Ginny, places his wand on the floor and kneels beside her. (BOLD ITALICS INDICATE POSSIBLE FLASHBACKS.)

HARRY
Ginny! Please don't be dead.
Ginny! Wake up! Wake up!

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
She won't wake.

Harry spins. Tom Riddle stands nearby. He is strangely BLURRED around the edges, as though Harry was looking at him through a misted window.

HARRY
Tom... Tom Riddle? What d'you mean, she won't wake? She's not...

TOM RIDDLE
She's still alive. But only just.

HARRY
Are you a ghost?

TOM RIDDLE
A memory. Preserved in a diary for fifty years.

Harry looks to the diary in Ginny's hand, then places his own hand on Ginny's arm.

HARRY
She's cold as ice. You've got to help me, Tom. There's a basilisk --

TOM RIDDLE
It won't come until it's called.

Harry looks up, sees Riddle twirling a wand in his fingers.

HARRY
Give me my wand, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE
You won't be needing it.

HARRY
Listen, we've got to go! We've got to save her!

TOM RIDDLE
I'm afraid I can't do that, Harry. You see, as poor Ginny grows weaker... I grow stronger.

HARRY
But she's dying!

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
Yes. I'm afraid so. But then, she's been in so much pain, poor Ginny. She's been writing to me for months, telling me all her pitiful worries and woes. Ginny poured her soul out to me. I grew stronger on a diet of her deepest fears, her darkest secrets. I grew powerful enough to start feeding Ginny a few secrets, to start pouring a bit of my soul back into her...

Riddle, growing less vaporous by the second, grins cruelly.

TOM RIDDLE
Yes, Harry, it was Ginny Weasley who opened the Chamber of Secrets.

HARRY
No... she couldn't -- she wouldn't.

TOM RIDDLE
It was Ginny who set the Basilisk on the Mudbloods and the Squib's cat. Ginny who wrote threatening messages on the walls.

HARRY
But... Why?

TOM RIDDLE
Because I told her to. You'll find that I can be very persuasive. Not that she knew what she was doing. She was, shall we say, in a kind of trance. Still, the power of the diary began to scare her and she tried to dispose of it in the girls' bathroom. But then, who should find it... but you. The very person I was most anxious to meet.

HARRY
(getting angry)
And why did you want to meet me?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Hagrid's my friend. And you framed him, didn't you?

TOM RIDDLE
It was my word against Hagrid's. Only Dumbledore seemed to think Hagrid was innocent.

HARRY
I'll bet Dumbledore saw right through you.

TOM RIDDLE
I knew it wouldn't be safe to open the Chamber again while I was still at school. So I decided to leave behind a diary, preserving my sixteen-year-old self in its pages, so that one day... I would be able to lead another to finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work.

HARRY
Well, you haven't finished it this time. In a few hours Mandrake Draught will be ready and everyone who was petrified will be all right again.

TOM RIDDLE
Haven't I told you, that killing Muddbloods doesn't matter to me anymore? For many months now, my new target has been... you.

(grinning)
Imagine my disappointment when I learned Ginny had stolen the diary back from you.

HARRY
Ginny stole the diary from my room? But why?

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE

_She was afraid. Afraid you'd learn how to work the diary._
_Afraid I'd tell you just who it was that had been strangling all those roosters._

Horrified, Harry glances at Ginny, growing more PALE, then back to Riddle, who is growing more SOLID.

TOM RIDDLE

Come now, Harry. Don't look so disappointed. Had Ginny succeeded in destroying the diary, she would have _destroyed me_. And we couldn't be having this little talk. And I have so many questions for you.

HARRY

Like what?

TOM RIDDLE

Well, how is it that a baby with no extraordinary magical talent managed to defeat the greatest wizard of all time? How did you escape with nothing but a scar, while Lord Voldemort's powers were destroyed?

HARRY

Why do you care how I escaped? Voldemort was after your time.

TOM RIDDLE

Voldemort is my past, present and future.

Riddle pulls Harry's wand from his pocket and begins to trace it through the air, writing three words: _"TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE."_ Then, with a wave, he re-arranges them: _"I AM LORD VOLDEMORT."_

HARRY

You. You're the heir of Slytherin. You're Voldemort?

TOM RIDDLE

Surely you didn't think I would keep my filthy Muggle father's name?

(MORE)
TOM RIDDLE (CONT'D)
No, I fashioned myself a new name, a name I knew wizards everywhere would one day fear to speak, when I became the greatest sorcerer in the world.

HARRY
Albus Dumbledore is the greatest sorcerer in the world!

TOM RIDDLE
Dumbledore's been driven out of this castle by the mere memory of me.

HARRY
He'll never be gone! Not as long as those who remain are loyal to him!

Suddenly, MUSIC... EERIE and UNEARTHLY... ECHOES deep within the chamber and a small, swift SHADOW ribbons over the rock. Flying from above is FAWKES, the Phoenix. The bird SWOOPS into the chamber, clutching a RAGGED BUNDLE in its golden talons.

HARRY
Fawkes.

Fawkes flies toward Harry, drops the ragged bundle, which is the SORTING HAT, at his feet. Riddle picks it up.

TOM RIDDLE
(giggling)
This is what Dumbledore sends his defender! A songbird and an old hat!

Riddle tosses aside the hat. He turns to the statue of Salazar Slytherin and speaks in Parseltongue.

TOM RIDDLE
(Parseltongue)
Speak to me, Slytherin.

Suddenly, the stone face's MOUTH OPENS. There is a RUMBLING SOUND, followed by the sound of SLITHERING. Harry turns away. The Basilisk, A GIANT SERPENT, spills out, uncoiling heavily to the floor. Harry turns to the wall. The shadow of the serpent is visible on the wall. PAN TO Tom Riddle, looking at Harry.

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
Let's match the powers of Lord
Voldemort, Heir of Salazar
Slytherin, against the famous
Harry Potter, shall we?

Riddle turns, to serpent, speaking in Parseltongue.

TOM RIDDLE
(Parseltongue)
Kill him!

The HISSING SERPENT shoots forward. Harry turns, RUNS away.

TOM RIDDLE
Parseltongue won't save you now,
Potter. The Basilisk only obeys me.

HARRY
(to himself)
Don't look. Don't look into its
eyes.

Harry RACES along the stone path, but the giant serpent
is FASTER. Harry TRIPS. FALLS. The Basilisk RISES.
Harry looks to the wall, sees the serpent about to strike.

Suddenly FAWKES SCREECHES, soaring toward the Basilisk
and circling its blunt head, confusing it. The SNAKE
SNAPS furiously, when... Fawkes drops like a knife,
driving its talons deep into the serpent's glittering
eyes.

As Harry watches the angry play of shadows on the wall,
the BASILISK ROARS, HISSING in pain. Fawkes wings away,
its talons dripping with blood and Harry turns, LOOKS:
the Basilisk's eyes are a blind, bloody mess.

TOM RIDDLE
Fool! Think you're safe! It can
still hear you!

As Harry flees, the serpent thunders after, STRIKING
BLINDLY as its whipping tail SHATTERS a Slytherin STATUE.
Harry dodges and ducks, then, seeing the snake about to
strike again... LEAPS CLEAR, stumbling toward a SIDE
TUNNEL.

Harry RACES HEADLONG into the shadows, then looks back,
sees the snake eclipse the light at the far end of the
tunnel and SLITHER QUICKLY inside.

(CONTINUED)
Thinking, Harry DUCKS INTO AN ALCOVE, puts his hand over his mouth and waits, desperate to remain STILL and SILENT. The snake slides heavily by, then... SLOWS. TURNS BACK.

The snake's head weaves inside, only INCHES from Harry's face. Harry trembles as the snake's head cocks to the side, then... finally... WITHDRAWS.

Harry DASHES back into the main chamber. Ginny looks frighteningly pale. Riddle GRINS cruelly, almost SOLID now.

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
Yes, Potter. The process is nearly complete. In a few minutes, Ginny Weasley will be dead. And I will cease to be a memory. Lord Voldemort will return. Very much... alive.

Harry moves toward Ginny, then suddenly... the BASILISK SHOOTS OUT of the TUNNEL, HISSING directly in front of Harry. Trapped, Harry glances around, then -- impulsively -- LEAPS upward, begins to scale the statue of Salazar Slytherin. The serpent strikes madly, but Harry continues on, CLIMBING BOLDLY until he reaches the top. He turns. Sees the Sorting Hat. Sees what glitters within: the RUBY HANDLE of a SWORD.

Harry WHEELS, sword in hand, and fends off the slashing serpent like St. George and the dragon. In a mad rush of courage, he PITCHES HIMSELF onto the serpent, SLIDES DOWN its back and rolls up, SWORD RAISED. Too tired to flee, Harry simply waits. The serpent rises and, FANGS BARED... STRIKES.

Marshalling every ounce of strength left to him, Harry drives the sword upward, deep into the roof of the SERPENT'S mouth. It HISSES in PAIN, thrashing MADLY as it drives a FANG into Harry's arm. Harry clutches his arm in agony, stumbles back and falls to the floor, watching as the serpent THRASHES briefly... then goes STILL.

Harry peers down, sees the FANG that pierces his arm, the blood soaking slowly into his robe. As he yanks the fang free, Riddle steps forward, almost fully whole now. His eyes shine at the sight of Harry's wound.

TOM RIDDLE
Remarkable, isn't it? How quickly the venom of the Basilisk penetrates the body? If you have any final words, Potter, you'd best speak them now. I'd guess you have little more than a minute to live.

Harry blinks heavily, watching as the skin of his forearm turns a troubling gray.

(CONTINUED)
TOM RIDDLE
So ends the famous Harry Potter.
On his knees in the Chamber of
Secrets. Defeated at last by the
Dark Lord he so unwisely
challenged. You'll be back with
your dear Mudblood mother soon,
Harry...

As Riddle talks, Harry glances at Ginny, nearly white
now, a small ghost, the only evidence of life the
TREMBLING OF A SINGLE FINGER. Harry studies the finger
and what lies beneath it: Tom Riddle's diary. Harry
begins to crawl toward her.

(CONTINUED)
As Harry reaches Ginny, he places his hand on hers, then... slips the diary free.

TOM RIDDLE
What are you doing?  No.  Stop...

Riddle's face creases in fear.  He LUNGES FORWARD.  But Harry is too quick.  Raising his hand high... he PLUNGES THE FANG into the book.  Instantly, BLACK INK SPURTS from the pages.

TOM RIDDLE
No!

Riddle SHRIEKS, writhing in pain.  His body begins to wither instantly, growing BLURRY once more.  As the ink runs off Harry's fingers to the floor, Riddle VANISHES altogether.  Harry sinks back, then... hears a FAINT MOAN.  Ginny STIRS, color blooming in her cheeks.  As she sees Harry, she SOBS.

GINNY
Harry.  It was me!  But I swear, I didn't mean to... Riddle made me.  He wrote to me... took me over... I didn't even know whose diary it was.  I found it inside my cauldron.  The day we all went to Diagon Alley and... Harry.  You're hurt...

HARRY
Ginny.  You need to get yourself out... Follow the chamber... You'll find Ron...

There is a RUSH OF WINGS and Fawkes circles down, lays his head onto Harry's arm.

HARRY
You were brilliant, Fawkes.  I just... wasn't quick enough.

Then Harry blinks, looks down.  Thick pearly TEARS are trickling down Fawkes' face and onto his arm.  Almost instantly, his wound... begins to heal itself.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Of course. Dumbledore told me.
Phoenix tears have healing powers.
(looking up at Ginny)
It's all right, Ginny. It's over.
It's just a memory...

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (LATER)

With Fawkes gliding gracefully ahead of them, Harry and Ginny make their way back. Up ahead, SHIFTING ROCK can be heard and a jagged fissure of LIGHT GLIMMERS. Ron's face appears.

RON
Ginny!

Ron wriggles through, rushes forward and hugs Ginny.

RON
You're alive. I can't believe it.

GINNY
I'm going to be expelled, I just know it!

RON
(to Harry)
Remind you of anyone?

HARRY
Where's Lockhart?

Harry eyes Lockhart, sitting by himself, HUMMING placidly.

RON
His Memory Charm backfired.
Hasn't got a clue who he is. I keep having to stop him wandering off. He's a danger to himself.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Hello. Odd sort of place, this, isn't it? Do you live here?

RON
No.

Ron turns, raises his eyebrows at Harry. Harry looks upward. There is an opening, hundreds of feet up. Just then, Fawkes circles back, fluttering in front of Harry.

(CONTINUED)
RON
What's with the bird?

HARRY
I think... I think he's telling me he can take us out of here.

INT. ROCKY TUNNEL - NIGHT (LATER)

A CURIOUS, GLIDING SHADOW RIPPLES across the cavernous wall, and then Harry, Ron, Ginny and Lockhart soar out of the darkness, linked hand in hand. Fawkes is flying them home.

GILDEROY LOCKHART
Amazing! This is just like magic!

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Ron, covered in muck and slime -- stand in Dumbledore's office. Fawkes perches on a pedestal behind Dumbledore, who sits at his desk, examining the charred diary. He looks up, regarding Harry and Ron gravely.

DUMBLEDORE
Ingenious. Simply... ingenious.
(looking up)
Of course, Tom Riddle was probably the most brilliant student Hogwarts has ever seen. I taught him myself fifty years ago. After he left, I would occasionally hear stories of his activities -- dark rumors -- but after awhile, even the rumors stopped. When he finally resurfaced as Lord Voldemort, most people had completely forgotten the clever Head Boy he'd once been.

GINNY
I didn't know whose diary it was, sir. I swear. I found it inside my cauldron.
(to the others)
The day we all went to Diagon Alley.

(CONTINUED)
Hearing this, Harry frowns in thought, recollecting...

GINNY
But I understand if... given all the trouble I've caused... if you!—

DUMBLEDORE
Wiser wizards than you have been hoodwinked by Lord Voldemort, Miss Weasley. No, I think you've endured enough. I would suggest a bit of bed rest, however. And perhaps a large mug of hot chocolate. I always find that cheers me up. Minerva, will you show Arthur and Molly up to the hospital wing?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Certainly, Albus.

As they exit, Harry and Ron watch them go. Mrs. Weasley's VOICE carries:

MRS. WEASLEY
A diary that writes back to you! Honestly, Ginny! What were you thinking? Haven't I always told you? Never trust anything that can think for itself if you can't see where it keeps its brain!

Harry and Ron turn back. See Dumbledore regarding them gravely.

DUMBLEDORE
You two realize, of course, that in the last few hours, you have broken perhaps a dozen school rules?

HARRY/RON
Yes, sir.

DUMBLEDORE
And that there is sufficient evidence to expel you both?

HARRY/RON
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)
DUMBLEDORE
Therefore, it seems only fitting...
(eyes twinkling)
That you both receive Special Awards for Services to the School.
And -- let me see -- yes, I think two hundred points apiece, which, I believe, should be more than enough to secure Gryffindor the House Cup.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY/RON
(grinning)
Thank you, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Now, Mr. Weasley, if you would, have an owl deliver these release papers to Azkaban. We need our gamekeeper back.

Ron nods, takes the envelope and exits.

DUMBLEDORE
First, Harry, I want to thank you. You must have shown me real loyalty down in the Chamber. Nothing but that could have called Fawkes to you. Secondly, I sense you're troubled by something. Am I right?

HARRY
It's just, you see, sir, I couldn't help noticing certain things. Certain similarities. Between Tom Riddle and me.

(CONTINUED)
DUMBLEDORE
You can speak Parseltongue, Harry, because Lord Voldemort can speak Parseltongue. Unless I'm much mistaken, he transformed some of his own powers to you the night he gave you that scar.

HARRY
Voldemort put a bit of himself in me?

DUMBLEDORE
Not intentionally, but... yes.

HARRY
So the Sorting Hat was right. I should be a Slytherin.

DUMBLEDORE

HARRY
Only because I asked it to.

DUMBLEDORE
Exactly. Which makes you very different from Voldemort. It's not our abilities that show what we truly are, Harry. It's our choices.

(smiling at him)
If you want proof that you belong in Gryffindor, Harry, I suggest you look more closely at this.

Dumbledore hands the bloodstained sword to Harry. An ENGRAVED NAME glimmers above the ruby-encrusted hilt.

HARRY
'Godric Gryffindor.'

DUMBLEDORE
Only a true Gryffindor could have pulled that out of the Hat.
Suddenly, Lucius Malfoy enters, dragging... Dobby by the ear.

**HARRY**

*Dobby! This is your Master? The family you serve is the Malfoys!*

Dobby nods, chagrined. Lucius Malfoy brushes past Harry.

**LUCIUS MALFOY**

Out of my way, Potter.

(to Dumbledore)

So! You've returned!

**DUMBLEDORE**

Yes. When the governors heard that Arthur Weasley's daughter had been taken into the Chamber, they saw fit to summon me back.

(a wry smile)

Curiously, several of them seemed under the impression that you would curse their families if they didn't agree to suspend me in the first place, Lucius.

**LUCIUS MALFOY**

From the beginning, my only concern has been the welfare of this school and its students. I assume the culprit has been identified.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Oh yes. It was Voldemort. Only this time, he chose to act through someone else. By means of... *this.*

As Dumbledore nudges the diary toward Lucius Malfoy, Harry sees Dobby nod meaningfully from the diary to Lucius.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Fortunately, our young Mr. Potter discovered it.

(a chill to his voice)

One only hopes that no more of Lord Voldemort's old school things find their way into innocent hands. The consequences for the one responsible could be... severe.

(CONTINUED)
Lucius Malfoy stares icily at Dumbledore, then turns away.

**LUCIUS MALFOY**

Come, Dobby. We're leaving.

As Dobby scuttles toward the door, Lucius Malfoy KICKS HIM through it, then exits himself. Harry stares at the empty doorway as DOBBY'S PAINFUL SQUEALS ECHO from the corridor.

**HARRY**

Sir? I wonder if I could have that.

Dumbledore looks up, follows Harry's eyes to the diary.

**EXT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)**

As the elevator opens, Harry dashes out.

**HARRY**

Mr. Malfoy! I have something of yours.

Harry comes up running, thrusts the diary into Malfoy's hand.

**LUCIUS MALFOY**

Mine? I don't know what you're talking about.

**HARRY**

I think you do, sir. I think you slipped it into Ginny Weasley's cauldron that day in Diagon Alley.

Malfoy shoves the diary into Dobby's face, then leans close to Harry and, with a nasty grin, WHISPERS:

**LUCIUS MALFOY**

Prove it!

He turns away. As Dobby looks sadly back, clutching the diary in his hand, Harry mouths the words: *Open it.* Dobby looks down curiously. Inside... is a SOCK. He GASPS.

**LUCIOUS MALFOY**

Dobby, come! *Dobby!*

(CONTINUED)
DOBBY
(in wonderment)
Master has given Dobby a sock. Master has presented Dobby with clothes. Dobby is... free!

LUCIUS MALFOY
What? I didn't --

He wheels, sees Harry standing with one leg crossed: His right ankle is bare. Instantly, Malfoy charges forth.

LUCIUS MALFOY
You've lost me my servant!

DOBBY
You shall not harm Harry Potter!

Dobby steps between and -- BANG! Malfoy flies backwards, lands in a crumpled heap. Rising, he stares murderously at Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY
Mark my words, Harry Potter. You'll meet the same sticky end as your parents one of these days. They were meddlesome fools too.

With that, he turns, storms off.

DOBBY
Harry Potter freed Dobby! How can Dobby ever repay him?

HARRY
Just promise me something.

DOBBY
Anything, sir.

HARRY
Never try to save my life again.

Dobby grins then and -- CRACK! -- is gone.

OMITTED

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Fear and suspicion banished, the House tables abuzz with excitement and anticipation... all except the Slytherins, who do not share the general feeling.

(CONTINUED)
Seated at the tables, are the formerly petrified, revived students. Justin Finch-Fletchley joins his fellow Hufflepuffs. Colin Creevey SNAPS photos of the proceedings.

At the rear of the hall, standing near the entrance, Filch is reunited with Mrs. Norris. Then... Hermione enters, searching the room for Harry and Ron. Finally, she sees them. Smiles. Runs forward and embraces Harry.

**HERMIONE**
You solved it! You solved it!

**HARRY**
With loads of help from you.

She turns to embrace Ron. They pause, an awkward moment between them and... shake hands instead.

**RON**
Welcome back, Hermione.

McGonagall taps her goblet. Dumbledore stands.

**DUMBLEDORE**
Before we begin our feast, let's give a round of applause to Professor Sprout and Madame Pomfrey, whose Mandrake Juice has been successfully administered to all those who had been petrified.

Everyone applauds.

**DUMBLEDORE**
Also, in the wake of recent events, as a school treat, all exams have been cancelled.

Everyone cheers, save for Hermione.

**HERMIONE**
Oh, no!

At the rear of the Hall, the great doors OPEN. It's Hagrid. He enters. Stops. Looks around. The room falls SILENT. All eyes upon him. He glances around. Nervous. Embarrassed.

**HAGRID**
Sorry I'm late. The owl deliverin' my release papers got all lost 'n confused. Some ruddy bird named Errol.

(Continued)
Ron exchanges a nervous glance with Dumbledore. Hagrid looks at all of the faces staring at him. He turns to Harry.

HAGRID
I jus' want to say... that if it wasn't fer' you, Harry... you an' Ron... and Hermione... Well, I jus' want to say... Thanks.

HARRY
There's no Hogwarts without you, Hagrid.

Just then... Dumbledore gets to his feet and... slowly... brings his hands together. The others join him. Soon, everyone is on their feet and the Hall ROARING. As the students surround Hagrid, he blinks, wipes at his eyes, and...

CAMERA PULLS BACK, THROUGH the window, leaving the celebration. WE CONTINUE TO CRANE BACK... BACK... TO a WIDE SHOT OF HOGWARTS... glittering gloriously in the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END