

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets

Scene 1: In a cage.

LOCATION: Little Whinging, Surrey - night

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Harry's room - night

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

UNCLE VERNON: Harry Potter!

HARRY: Now you've done it.

AUNT PETUNIA: He's in there. Vernon...

UNCLE VERNON: I'm warning you, if you can't control that bloody bird it'll have to go.

HARRY: But she's bored! If I could only let out for an hour or two-

UNCLE VERNON: Huh, huh! So you could send secret messages to you freaky little friends. No, sir!

HARRY: But I haven't had any messages from any of my friends... not one... all summer.

DUDLEY: Who'd want to be friends with you?

UNCLE VERNON: I should think you'd be a little more grateful. We've raised you since you were a baby, given you the food off our table, even let you have Dudley's second bedroom, purely out of the goodness of our hearts.

AUNT PETUNIA: Not now, Bopkins. For when the Masons arrive.

UNCLE VERNON: Which should be any minute! Ahem...Now let's go over our schedule once again, shall we? Petunia when the Masons arrive you will be...?

AUNT PETUNIA: ...in the lounge, waiting to welcome them graciously into our home.

UNCLE VERNON: Good! And- and Dudley, you will be...?

DUDLEY: I'll be waiting to open the door!

UNCLE VERNON: Excellent! ...And you...?

HARRY: I'll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending that 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. And you will not mess it up!

Scene 2: Dobby's warning.

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Harry's room - night
(Ding-dong!)

UNCLE VERNON: Mr. and Mrs. Mason! Do come in!

DOBBY: Ha- ha- ha! Ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha! Harry Potter! Such an honor it is!

HARRY: Who are you?

DOBBY: Dobby sir, Dobby the house elf.

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

DOBBY: Oh, 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-sit down? S-sit- sit down? Oh, oh, ho. Oh, ho, ho... Oh, ho, ho. Ohh, ho, hoo...

HARRY: Dobby, ssh! 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: No, I haven't. That was an awful thing to say. Bad Dobby!

HARRY: Stop, Dobby!
DOBBY: Bad Dobby!
HARRY: Dobby, shh!
DOBBY: Baaad Dobby!
HARRY: Dobby, please stop!

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Living room - night
UNCLE VERNON: Ohh, don't mind that! It's just the cat.

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Harry's room - night
DOBBY: Bad Dobby. Bad Dobby!
HARRY: Stop! Stop, Dobby. Please be quiet! 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...ooh... But Dobby had to come. Dobby has to protect Harry Potter- to warn him. Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year! There is a plot, a plot to make most terrible things happen.
HARRY: What terrible things? Who's plotting them?
DOBBY: Ooo... er... can't... say... argh...
HARRY: Ok- I- understand. You can't- say.
DOBBY: Don't make me talk, I- Errr...
HARRY: Dobby! Dobby, put the lamp down.
DOBBY: Bad Dobby.

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Living room - night
UNCLE VERNON: So when they arrive at the ninth hole...

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Harry's room
HARRY: Give me the lamp! Dobby stop!
DOBBY: Let me go!
HARRY: Get in there, and keep quiet!
UNCLE VERNON: What the devil are you doing up here?
HARRY: I- I was just-
UNCLE VERNON: You just ruined the punch line of my Japanese golfer joke!
HARRY: Sorry.
UNCLE VERNON: One more sound, and you'll wish you'd never been born, boy! And fix that door!
HARRY: Yes, sir... 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 to me?
DOBBY: Harry Potter mustn't be angry with Dobby. Heh- 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: No! Ahh! Ooh...

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Kitchen - night
HARRY: Dobby, get back here!
DOBBY: (*Snap!*)
HARRY: Dobby, please, no!
DOBBY: Harry Potter must say he's not going back to school!
HARRY: I can't. Hogwarts is my home!

DOBBY: Then, Dobby must do it, sir, for Harry Potter's own good. (*Snap!*)

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Living Room - night

UNCLE VERNON: ...it spread as far as the eye could see, all over the floor of this vast building, and it was this deep. And one plumber said "Look at all that water." A-and the second plumber said, "Yes, and that's just the top of it!"

DOBBY: (*Snap!*)

UNCLE VERNON: I'm so sorry! It's my nephew- he's very disturbed. Meeting strangers upsets him. That's why I kept him upstairs!

Scene 3: Car rescue.

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - exterior - daytime

UNCLE VERNON: You're never going back to that school. You're never going to see those freaky friends of yours again. Never!

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Harry's room - night

RON: Hiya, Harry!

HARRY: Ron! Fred. George. What are you all doing here?

RON: Rescuing you, of course. Now, come on. Get your trunk!...

RON: You'd better stand back. Let's go!

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Mr. And Mrs. Dursley's room - night

AUNT PETUNIA: Oh!

UNCLE VERNON: Now, what the hell's he doing? Potter!

LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - Upstairs hall - night

DUDLEY: Dad! What's going on?

LOCATION: LOCATION: No. Four Privet Drive - outside Harry's room - night

GEORGE: Go, go, go, go!

DUDLEY: Dad, hurry up!

RON: Come on.

FRED: Come on.

RON: Come on, Harry! Hurry up!

UNCLE VERNON: Petunia, he's escaping!

HARRY: Ahh- ahh!

RON: I've got you Harry!

UNCLE VERNON: Come here!

HARRY: Let go of me!

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

HARRY: Get off!

RON: Drive!

FRED: Right.

GEORGE: Right!

UNCLE VERNON: No! No! No! No! Aaaah!

AUNT PETUNIA & DUDLEY: Aaah!

DUDLEY: Dad!

UNCLE VERNON: Oh... Damn.

LOCATION: Flying car - over Little Whinging, Surrey - night

RON: By the way, Harry, Happy Birthday!

Scene 4: The Burrow.

LOCATION: The Burrow - exterior - morning

LOCATION: The Burrow - Kitchen - morning

FRED: Come on. Okay, come on. Shh! Shh! Ok, come on. Shh! Come on.

RON: Do you think it'd be all right if we had some of this?

GEORGE: Yeah, Mum would never know.

RON: It's not much, but it's home.

HARRY: I think it's brilliant

MRS. WEASLEY: Where have you been? Harry, how wonderful to see you dear. Beds empty! No note! Car gone! You could have died! You could have been seen! Of course, I don't blame you, Harry dear.

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

MRS. WEASLEY: Well, you'd best hope that I don't put bars on your window, Ronald Weasley! Come on Harry, time for a spot of breakfast. Here we are Harry. Now tuck in! That's it. There we go.

GINNY: Mum- Mummy, have you seen my jumper?

MRS. WEASLEY: Yes dear. It was on the cat.

HARRY: Hello. W-what did I do?

RON: Ginny. She's been talking about you all summer. A bit annoying really.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Morning, Weasleys.

FRED, GEORGE, RON: Morning, Dad.

MRS. WEASLEY: Morning Arthur!

ARTHUR WEASLEY: What a night. Nine raids. Nine!

HARRY: Raids?

RON: Dad works in the Ministry of Magic, in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office. Dad loves Muggles, thinks they're fascinating.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Well now. Aah! And who are you?

HARRY: Oh, sorry sir. I'm Harry, sir, Harry Potter.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Good Lord! Are you really? Well, Ron's told us all about you, of course. When did he get here?

MRS. WEASLEY: This morning. Your sons flew that enchanted car of yours to Surrey and back last night.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Did you really? How'd it go? Did you-

FRED, GEORGE, RON, HARRY: Oh, it...

MRS. WEASLEY: Arthur!

ARTHUR WEASLEY: I mean...that was very wrong, indeed, boys. Very wrong of you. Now, Harry, you must know all about Muggles. Tell me, what exactly is the function of a rubber duck?

HARRY: Oh, umm...

MRS. WEASLEY: Well, that'll be Errol with the post. Oh, fetch it will you Percy, please?

PERCY: Errol...

RON: He's always doing that.

PERCY: Oh look, it's our Hogwarts letters. And they've sent us Harry's as well.

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

MRS. WEASLEY: Oh, no.

FRED: This lot won't come cheap, Mum. The spell books alone are very expensive.

MRS. WEASLEY: We'll manage. There's only one place we're going to get all of this. Diagon Alley.

Scene 5: To Diagon Alley.

LOCATION: The Burrow - Kitchen - daytime

MRS. WEASLEY: Right. Here we are Harry, you go first dear.

RON: But Harry's never traveled by Floo powder before, Mum.

HARRY: Floo powder?
MRS. WEASLEY: Oh, well you go first Ron, so that Harry can see how it's done. Yes. In you go... That's it.
RON: Diagon Alley!
MRS. WEASLEY: You see? It's quite easy, dear. Don't be afraid. Come on. Come on. In you go. That's it, mind your head. That's right. Now take your Floo powder. That's it, very good. Now, don't forget to speak very, very clearly.
HARRY: 'Diaganilly.'
MRS. WEASLEY: What did he say, dear?
ARTHUR WEASLEY: 'Diaganilly.'
MRS. WEASLEY: I thought he did.

LOCATION: Knockturn Alley - Borgin and Burkes - daytime

LOCATION: Knockturn Alley - daytime
OTHER: Ah, ha-ha-ha-ha...
AGED WITCH: Not lost are you, my dear?
HARRY: I'm fine, thank you. I- I was just...
OTHER: Come with us. We'll help you find your way back.
HARRY: No! Please!
HAGRID: Harry?
HARRY: Hagrid!
HAGRID: What do you think you're doing down 'ere? Come on!

LOCATION: Diagon Alley - daytime
HAGRID: Yer a mess, Harry. Skulkin' 'round Knockturn Alley? Dodgy place! Don' want no one ter see you there. People'll think you were up to no good.
HARRY: I was lost, I- hang on. What were you doing down there, then?
HAGRID: Me? Oh, I was... um... I was lookin' for Flesh-Eatin' Slug Repellent. They're ruinin' all the school cabbages.
HERMIONE: Harry! Hagrid!
HAGRID: Hello, Hermione!
HERMIONE: Oh, it's so good to see you!
HARRY: Well, it's great to see you, too!
HERMIONE: What did you do to your glasses? *Oculus reparo*.
HARRY: I definitely need to remember that one.
HAGRID: You'll be all right now then, Harry? Right. I'll leave you to it, then.
HERMIONE: Ok! Bye!
HARRY: Thank you. Bye.
HERMIONE: Come on! Everyone's been so worried.

Scene 6: Flourish and Blotts.

LOCATION: Diagon Alley - Flourish and Blotts - daytime
OTHER: Harry... Harry Potter...
MRS. WEASLEY: Oh, Harry! Thank goodness! We'd hoped you'd only gone one grate too far...
OTHER: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Gilderoy Lockhart.
MRS. WEASLEY: Ah! Here he is!
RON: Mum fancies him.
PHOTOGRAPHER: Make way there. Please! Let me by, madam. Thank you. Excuse me, little girl. This is for the *Daily Prophet*.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: It can't be- Harry Potter?
PHOTOGRAPHER: Harry Potter! Excuse me, madam.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Nice big smile, Harry. Together you and I rate the front page! Ladies and gentlemen, what an extraordinary moment this is. When young

Harry stepped into Flourish and Blotts this morning to purchase my autobiography, *Magical Me*,... which, incidentally is currently celebrating its 27th week atop the *Daily Prophet* bestseller list, he had no idea that he would, in fact, be leaving... with my entire collected works, free of charge. Now, ladies?

MRS. WEASLEY: Harry, now you give me those, and I'll get them signed. All of you wait outside. That's it, Ron.

DRACO: I'll 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.

DRACO: Oh look, Potter. You've got yourself a girlfriend.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Now, now Draco, play nicely. Mr. Potter... Lucius Malfoy. We meet at last. Forgive me, your scar is legend, as, of course, is the wizard who gave it to you.

HARRY: Voldemort killed my parents. He was nothing more than a murderer.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Hmm. You must be very brave, to mention his name...or very foolish.

HERMIONE: Fear of a name only increase fear of the thing itself.

LUCIUS MALFOY: And you must be... Miss Granger. Yes, Draco's told me all about you, and your parents. Muggles, aren't they? Let me see...red hair... vacant expressions... tatty second hand book. You must be the Weasleys.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Children, it's mad in here! Let's go outside.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Well, well, well. Weasley senior.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Busy time at the Ministry, Arthur, all those extra raids? I do hope they're paying you overtime, but judging by the state of this, I'd say not. What's the use in being a disgrace to the name of wizard if they don't even pay you well for it.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: We have a very different idea about what disgraces the name of wizard, Malfoy.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Clearly. Associating with Muggles... and I thought your family could sink no lower. I'll see you at work.

DRACO: See you at school.

Scene 7: Flying to Hogwarts.

LOCATION: London - King's Cross Station - exterior -daytime

LOCATION: King's Cross Station - Train Platform - daytime

ARTHUR WEASLEY: 10:58! Come on! Come on!

MRS. WEASLEY: The train will be leaving any moment!

ARTHUR WEASLEY: Fred, George, Percy you first!

MRS. WEASLEY: Okay.

ARTHUR WEASLEY: After you, dear.

LOCATION: Platform nine and three-quarters - daytime

MRS. WEASLEY: Come on, Ginny, we'll get you a seat. Hurry!

LOCATION: King's Cross Station - Train Platform - daytime

HARRY: Let's go.

HARRY: Aah!

RON: Whao!

STATION GUARD: Oy! What do you two think you're doing?

HARRY: Sorry. Lost- lost control of the trolley. Why can't we get through?

RON: I don't know. The gateway's sealed its self for some reason.

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

RON: Harry, if we can't get through, maybe Mum and Dad can't get back!

HARRY: Maybe we should just go and wait by the car.

RON: The car...

LOCATION: King's Cross Station - exterior - daytime

LOCATION: Flying Car - over London - daytime

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

RON: Uh, right. Okay.

LOCATION: Flying Car - over countryside - daytime

RON: Oh no! The Invisibility Booster must be faulty!

HARRY: Well come on, then. Let's go lower. We need to find the train.

RON: Okay.

LOCATION: Flying Car - over train tracks - daytime

HARRY: Now all we need to do is catch up with the train.

RON: We can't be far behind.

HARRY: Do you hear that?

RON: We must be gettin' close.

HARRY: Hold on...

HARRY, RON: Aaahhh! Aaahhhh! Aaahhh!

HARRY: Wha-aahhh!

RON: Harry! Hold on! Take my hand! Hold on!

HARRY: I'm trying. Your hand's all sweaty.

HARRY: I think we found the train.

RON: Yeah.

Scene 8: Whomping Willow.

LOCATION: Flying Car - over Hogwarts - night

RON: Welcome home.

HARRY: Up! Up!

RON: It's not working! Ahhhh!

HARRY: Up! Up! Ron! Mind that tree!

RON: Stop! Stop! Stop! Huh... Aahh!

HARRY: Ahh!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - grounds - in Whomping Willow - night

RON: Ahh-ha-ha! My wand. Look at my wand.

HARRY: Be thankful it's not your neck.

RON: What's happening?

HARRY: I don't know.

WHOMPING WILLOW: Argg!

HARRY, RON: Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!

RON: Ahh! Ahhhh! Ahh!

HARRY, RON: Aaaahhhh!

HARRY: Come on! Go! Fast!

HARRY, RON: Ahh!

RON: Scabbers, you OK? The car! ...Dad's gonna kill me.

Scene 9: Not expelled...today.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - staircase - night

HARRY: See you, Hedwig. So, 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. This night might well be the last you spend in this castle. Hm. Oh, dear, we are in trouble.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Snape's office - night

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's been on these grounds since before you were born.

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

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

DUMBLEDORE: ...They are not.

HARRY: Professor Dumbledore. Professor McGonagall.

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

DUMBLEDORE: I am well aware of our bylaws, Severus, having written quite a few of them myself. However, as head of Gryffindor house, it is for Professor McGonagall to determine the appropriate action.

RON: We'll go and get our stuff, then.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: What are you talking about, Mr. Weasley?

RON: You're going to expel us, aren't you?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Not today, Mr. Weasley. But, I must impress on both of you the seriousness of what you have done. I will be writing to your families tonight, and you will both receive detention.

Scene 10: Mandrakes; Ron's Howler.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - daytime

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Greenhouse three - daytime

PROFESSOR SPROUT: Morning, everyone! Good morning, everyone!

All: Good morning, Professor Sprout!

PROFESSOR SPROUT: Welcome to Greenhouse Three, Second Years. Now, gather around, everyone. Today, we are going to repot Mandrakes. Who here can tell me the properties of the Mandrake root? Yes, Miss Granger.

HERMIONE: Mandrake, or *Mandragora*, is used to return those who have been Petrified 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! Now, as our Mandrakes are still only seedlings their cries won't kill you yet. But they could knock you out for several hours, which is why I have given each of you a pair of earmuffs for auditory protection. So, could you please put them on, right away? Quickly! Flaps tight down, and watch me closely. You grasp your Mandrake firmly, you pull it sharply up out of the pot...

All: Aah! Ooh!

PROFESSOR SPROUT: Got it? And... now you dunk it down into the other pot and pour a little sprinkling of soil to keep him warm.

NEVILLE: Uhh...

PROFESSOR SPROUT: Uh, Longbottom's been neglecting his earmuffs.

SEAMUS: No, ma'am, he's just fainted.

PROFESSOR SPROUT: Yes, well, just leave him there. Right! On we go! Plenty of pots to go around. Grasp your Mandrake, and pull it up!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor - daytime

OTHER: There's Nearly-Headless-Nick!

SIR NICHOLAS: Hello, Percy. Miss Clearwater.

PERCY: Hello, Sir Nicholas!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Great Hall - daytime

RON: Huhh... Say it, I'm doomed.

HARRY: You're doomed.

COLIN: Hi, Harry! (flash) I'm Colin Creevy! I'm in Gryffindor, too!

HARRY: Oh- Hi, Colin. Nice to meet you.

DEAN THOMAS: Ron? Is that your owl?

OTHERS: Ha-ha... Ha, ha.

RON: Bloody bird's a menace. Oh, no!

SEAMUS: Look, everyone! Weasley's got himself a Howler!

NEVILLE: Go on, Ron. I ignored one from my gran once. It was horrible.

MRS. WEASLEY'S HOWLER: 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! Oh, and Ginny, dear, congratulations on making Gryffindor. Your father and I are so proud! Thhhhbt!

Scene 11: Gilderoy Lockhart.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - DADA classroom - daytime

PROFESSOR 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 him. Huh, huh, huh... hee, hee... Now- be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind. You may find yourselves facing your worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here. I must ask you not to scream. It might... provoke them!

SEAMUS: Cornish pixies?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Freshly caught Cornish pixies!

SEAMUS: Ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha...

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Laugh if you will, Mr. Finnigan, but pixies can be devilish tricky little blighters. Let's see what you make of them, ha! Come on now- round them up, round them up, they're only pixies!

PIXIE: Just stay there!

NEVILLE: Ah! Aaah! Aaah! Aah- aah!

NEVILLE: Hey, get me down!

HERMIONE: Get off me!

HARRY: Stop! Stop! Hold still!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: *Peskipiksi pesternomi!*

PIXIE: Hee, hee, hee!

PIXIE: Yeeee-haw!

PIXIE: Wheee!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: I'll ask you three to just nip the rest of them back into their cage!

RON: What do we do now?

HERMIONE: *Immobulus!*

NEVILLE: Why is it always me?

Scene 12: Mudbloods and murmurs.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - daytime

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Quidditch pitch - daytime

WOOD: I spent the summer devising a whole new Quidditch program. We are gonna train earlier, harder, and longer. What- I don't believe it! Where do you think you're goin', Flint?

MARCUS FLINT: Quidditch practice.

WOOD: I booked the pitch for Gryffindor today.

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

RON: Uh-oh. I smell trouble.

WOOD: "I, Professor Severus Snape, do hereby give the Slytherin team permission to practice today, owing to the need to train their new Seeker." You've got a new Seeker. Who?

HARRY: Malfoy?

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

RON: Those are *Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones*! How did you get those?

MARCUS FLINT: A gift from Draco's father.

DRACO: You see Weasley, unlike some, my father can afford the best.

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

DRACO: No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood!

RON: You'll pay for that one, Malfoy. *Eat slugs!*

OTHERS: Ha, ha, ha!

DRACO: Ha, ha!

HERMIONE: You okay, Ron? Say something!

RON: (Blech...)

OTHER: Ooh! Ugh! Yech!

COLIN: (flash) Wow! Can you turn him around, Harry?

HARRY: No, Colin! Get out of the way! Let's take him to Hagrid's.

RON: (Blech...)

HARRY: He'll know what to do.

OTHERS: Ha, ha, ha...

DRACO: Ha, ha...

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hagrid's hut - daytime

HAGRID: Wo, this calls for a specialist's equipment. Nothin' to do but wait'll it stops, I'm afraid.

RON: (Blech...)

HARRY: Ah! Oh... Okay.

HAGRID: Better out than in. Who's Ron tryin' to curse, anyway?

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

HERMIONE: He called me a Mudblood.

HAGRID: He did not!

HARRY: What's a Mudblood?

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

HAGRID: See, the thing is, Harry, there're some wizards, like the Malfoy family, who think they're better'n everyone else because they're what people call "pure blood."

HARRY: That's horrible!

RON: (Blech...) It's disgusting.

HAGRID: And it's codswallop, to boot. "Dirty blood." Why, there isn't a wizard alive today that's not half blood or less. More ter the point, they've yet to think of a spell that our Hermione can' do. Come here... Don't you think on it, Hermione. Don't you think on it for one minute... eh?

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Professor Lockhart's office - night

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Harry, Harry, Harry... Can you possibly imagine a better way to serve detention than by helping me to answer my fan mail?
HARRY: Not really.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Fame is a fickle friend, Harry. Celebrity is as celebrity does. Remember that.
VOICE: Come, come, come to me. Come to me!
HARRY: What?
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Sorry?
HARRY: That voice.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Voice?
HARRY: Didn't you hear it?
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: What are you talking about, Harry? I think we're getting a bit a- drowsy. And, Great Scott- no wonder! Look at the time! We've been here nearly four hours! Spooky how the time flies when one's having fun. Heh, heh.
HARRY: Spooky.

Scene 13: Writing on the wall.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor - night
VOICE: Blood. I smell blood. Let me rip you. Let me kill you. Kill! Kill! Kill!
HERMIONE: Harry!
HARRY: Did you hear it?
RON: Hear what?
HARRY: That voice.
HERMIONE: Voice? What voice?
HARRY: I heard it first in Lockhart's office. And then again just-
VOICE: It's time.
HARRY: It's moving. I think it's going to kill.
RON: Kill?
HERMIONE: Harry, wait! Not so fast!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - flooded corridor - night
HARRY: Strange. I've never seen spiders act like that.
RON: I don't like spiders... What's that?
HERMIONE: 'The Chamber of Secrets has been opened... enemies the heir... beware.' It's written in blood.
HARRY: Oh, no... It's Filch's cat. It's Mrs. Norris.
OTHERS: (mumble, mumble) Ahhh! What's that?
MADAME POMFREY: Oh!
DRACO: 'Enemies of the heir beware!' You'll be next, Mudbloods!
FILCH: What's going on 'ere? Go on, make way, make way. Potter-- What are you...Mrs. Norris? You've...murdered my cat.
HARRY: No. No.
FILCH: I'll kill ya... I'll kill ya!
DUMBLEDORE: Argus! Argus, I... Everyone will proceed to their dormitories immediately. Everyone except... you three.
OTHER: Ravenclaws, follow me!
DUMBLEDORE: She's not dead, Argus. She has been Petrified.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Ah, thought so. So unlucky I wasn't there. I know exactly the counter curse that could have spared her.
DUMBLEDORE: But how she has been Petrified, I cannot say...
FILCH: Ask him. It's him who's done it. You saw what he wrote on the wall.
HARRY: It's not true sir, I swear. I never touched Mrs. Norris.
FILCH: Rubbish!

SNAPE: If I might, Headmaster? Perhaps Potter and his friends were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. However, the circumstances are suspicious. I, for one, don't recall seeing Potter at dinner.

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

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

SNAPE: Yes, Miss Granger?

HARRY: When I said I wasn't hungry. We were heading back to the common room when we found Mrs. Norris.

DUMBLEDORE: Innocent until proven guilty, Severus.

FILCH: My cat has been Petrified. I wanna see some punishment!

DUMBLEDORE: We will be able to cure her, Argus. As I understand it, Madame Sprout has a very healthy growth of Mandrakes. When matured, a potion will be made which will revive Mrs. Norris. And in the meantime, I strongly recommend caution... to all.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - moving staircase - night

HERMIONE: It's a bit strange, isn't it?

HARRY: Strange?

HERMIONE: You hear this voice, a voice only you can hear, and then Mrs. Norris turns up Petrified. It's just... strange.

HARRY: Do you think I should have 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.

Picture: She's right, you know.

Scene 14: About the Chamber.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Transfiguration classroom - daytime

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Could I have your attention, please? Right. Now, today, we will be transforming animals into water goblets. Like so. One, two, three, *Vera verto*. Now it's your turn. Well, who would like to go first? Ah! Mr. Weasley. "One, two, three. *Vera verto*."

RON: Ahem. *Vera verto*!

OTHERS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: That wand needs replacing, Mr. Weasley. Yes, Miss Granger?

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

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Well, very well. 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: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. Now, three of the founders coexisted quite harmoniously. One did not.

RON: Three guesses who.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Salazar Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. In other words, "pure-bloods." Unable to sway the others, he decided to leave the school. Now, according to legend, Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in this castle, known as the Chamber of Secrets. Though, 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 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: Well, naturally, the school had been searched many times. No such chamber has been found.

HERMIONE: Professor? What exactly does legend tell us lies within the Chamber?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Well, the Chamber is said to home to something that only the Heir of Slytherin can control. It is said to be the home of a monster.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - hallway - daytime

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: Well, if there really is a Chamber of Secrets, a-and it really has been opened, then that means---

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

RON: Let's think. Who do we know who thinks all Muggle-borns are scum?

HERMIONE: If you're talking about Malfoy-

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

HERMIONE: I heard him. But Malfoy, the Heir of Slytherin?

HARRY: Well, 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.

HERMIONE: Even they aren't that thick. But there might be another way. Mind you, it would be difficult. Not to mention, we would be breaking about fifty school rules. And, it'll be dangerous. Very dangerous.

Scene 15: Rogue Bludger.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Library - daytime

HERMIONE: Here it is. 'The Polyjuice Potion.' (Reading from *Moste Potente Potions*) 'Properly brewed, the Polyjuice Potion allows the drinker to transform himself temporarily into the physical form of another.'

RON: Do you mean, if Harry and I drink that stuff, we'll 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.

HARRY: Well, how long will it take to make?

HERMIONE: A month.

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

HERMIONE: I know. But it's the only plan we've got.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Quidditch Pitch - exterior - daytime

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Quidditch Pitch - daytime

(Bong)

OTHERS: Yeah! Come on Slytherin!

LEE JORDAN: Another goal for Slytherin! They lead Gryffindor ninety to thirty!

Marcus Flint: Yeah! Yeah!

DRACO: All right there, Scarhead?

WOOD: Watch yourself, Harry!

HARRY: Wood! Look out!

HAGRID: Blimey! Harry's got himself a rogue Bludger! That's been tampered with, that has!
RON: I'll stop it.
HERMIONE: No! Even with a proper wand it's too risky. You could hit Harry!
DRACO: Training for the ballet, Potter?
DRACO: You'll never catch me, Potter!
HERMIONE: Let's go.
LEE JORDAN: Harry Potter has caught the Snitch! Gryffindor wins!
HERMIONE: *Finite incantatem!*

Scene 16: No longer safe.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Quidditch pitch grass - daytime
HARRY: Thank you.
HERMIONE: Are you okay?
HARRY: No, I think my- I think my arm's broken.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Not to worry, Harry. I will fix that arm of yours straight away.
HARRY: No, not you.
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Oh, poor boy doesn't know what he's saying. Now, this... won't hurt a bit. *Brackium emendo!*
OTHERS: Oh! Ooh! Ugh!
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Ah, yes, well, ha, that can sometimes happen, um, but- uh, the point is, uh,...
OTHER: Ohh! Uhh!
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: ...you can no longer feel any pain, and, heh- very clearly, the bones are not broken.
HAGRID: Broken? There's no bones left!
OTHERS: Uh-huh-ugh!
PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Much more flexible, though.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hospital wing - daytime
DRACO: Uhh, uhhh...
MADAME POMFREY: Oh, Mr. Malfoy, stop making such a fuss, you can go. Out of my way. Out of my way! Should've 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?
MADAME POMFREY: Oh, I'll be able to, certainly. But it'll be painful. You're in for a rough night, Potter. Regrowing bones is a nasty business.
HARRY: Ugh!
MADAME POMFREY: Well, what do you expect? Pumpkin juice?
HARRY: Uh!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hospital wing - night
VOICE: Kill. Kill... Time to kill!
DOBBY: Hello!
HARRY: Dobby?
DOBBY: Harry Potter should have listened to Dobby! Harry Potter should have gone back home when he missed the train.
HARRY: It was you... You stopped the barrier from letting Ron and me through.
DOBBY: Indeed. Yes, sir.
HARRY: You nearly got Ron and me expelled!
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 that---
HARRY: Your Bludger? You made that Bludger chase after me?
DOBBY: Uhuh... Dobby feels most aggrieved, sir. Dobby had to iron his hands.

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

DOBBY: Uh-huh-huh... 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...uh, huh, huh, huh! Aah, ahh...

HARRY: Why do you wear that thing Dobby?

DOBBY: This, sir? It is a mark of the house-elves' enslavement. Dobby can only be freed if his master presents him with clothes. Ah! Listen. Listen! Terrible things are about to happen at Hogwarts. Harry Potter must not stay here, now that history is to repeat itself.

HARRY: Repeat itself? You mean this has happened before?

DOBBY: Ah! I shouldn't have said that! Oh! Ah! Dah! Bad Dobby! Bad!

HARRY: Dobby, stop it! Stop it! Stop, Dobby! 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?

DOBBY: (*Snap!*)

MADAME POMFREY: Put him here. What happened?

DUMBLEDORE: There's been another attack.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: I think- do ya know- I think he's been Petrified, Madame Pomfrey. Look! Perhaps he managed to take a picture of his attacker... (*Poof*)

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: What can this mean, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE: It means...that our students are in great danger.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: What should I tell the staff.

DUMBLEDORE: The truth. Tell them Hogwarts is no longer safe. It is as we feared, Minerva. The Chamber of Secrets has indeed been opened again.

Scene 17: Dueling Club.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Girl's bathroom - daytime

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

RON: Of course. Don't you see? Lucius Malfoy must have opened it when he was at school here. And now he's taught 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 girl's lavatory? Don't you think we'll get caught?

HERMIONE: Heh... No. No one ever comes in here.

RON: Why?

HERMIONE: Moaning Myrtle.

RON: Who?

HERMIONE: Moaning Myrtle.

RON: Who's Moaning Myrtle?

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

HERMIONE: She's a little sensitive.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Great Hall - set up for Dueling Club - daytime

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Gather 'round, gather 'round! Can everybody 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. 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. One, two, three-

SNAPE: *Expelliarmus!*

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Whoaah!

HERMIONE: Do you think he's all right?

RON: Who cares?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: An excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind me saying, it was pretty obvious- ah- what you were about to do. And 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.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: An excellent suggestion, Professor Snape! Ah... Let's have a volunteer pair! Um, 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?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Good luck, Potter.

HARRY: Thank you, sir.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Wands at the ready.

DRACO: Scared, Potter?

HARRY: You wish.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: On the count of three, cast your charms to disarm your opponent- only to disarm. We don't want any accidents here. One, two--

DRACO: *Everte statium!*

HERMIONE: Oh!

CRABBE: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

HARRY: *Rictusempra!*

Scene 18: A Parselmouth.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: I said disarm only!

DRACO: *Serpensortia!*

SNAPE: Don't move, Potter. I'll get rid of it for you.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Allow me, Professor Snape. *Alarte ascendare!*

HARRY: *Sya- hassa- she. Sya- hasi- heth. Sya- hasi- heth.*

SNAPE: *Vipera evenesca.*

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLEY: What are you playing at?

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Gryffindor common room - daytime

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

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. Uh, 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 I- 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. Harry, listen to me. There's a reason the symbol of Slytherin House is a serpent. Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth. He could talk to snakes, too.

RON: Exactly! Now the whole school's gonna 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.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Study hall - night

OTHERS: (whispering)

HARRY: I'll see you back in the common room.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor - night

VOICE: Blood...I want blood...They all must die. Kill... Kill... Kill! Time to kill.

Scene 19: Nothing to tell.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - flooded corridor - night

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

HARRY: No! Mr. Filch! Y-you- you don't understand!

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Oh!

HARRY: Professor... I swear I didn't!

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: This is out of my hands, Potter.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - entrance to Dumbledore's office - night

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Professor Dumbledore will be waiting for you. *Sherbet lemon.*

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Dumbledore's office - night

HARRY: Professor Dumbledore?

SORTING HAT: Bee in your bonnet, Potter?

HARRY: I... I-I was- I was just wondering if you'd put me in the right house.

SORTING HAT: Yes, you were particularly difficult to place. But, I stand by what I said last year-- you would have done well in Slytherin.

HARRY: You're wrong.

SORTING HAT: Umm...

FAWKES: (Brrr...) (Poof)

DUMBLEDORE: Harry?

HARRY: Professor! Sir, your bird- there was nothing I could do- he- he just caught fire!

DUMBLEDORE: Oh, and about time, too. He's been looking dreadful for days. Pity you had to see him on a burning day. Fawkes is a phoenix, Harry. They burst into flame when it is time for them to die, and then they are reborn from the ashes.

FAWKES: (Brrrt)

DUMBLEDORE: Ah, fascinating creatures, phoenixes. They can carry immensely heavy loads, and their- their tears have healing powers.

HAGRID: Professor Dumbledore, sir! Wait! Listen! Professor Dumbledore, sir, it wasn't Harry!

DUMBLEDORE: Hagrid-

HAGRID: In fact, I'd be prepared ter swear it in front o' the Ministry of Magic!

DUMBLEDORE: Hagrid! Relax. I do not believe that Harry attacked anyone.

HAGRID: Well, of course you don't, and... Oh... Oh, right. Well, I'll, um- hum. I'll just wait outside, then.

DUMBLEDORE: Yes.

HARRY: You don't think it was me, Professor?

DUMBLEDORE: No, Harry. I do not think it was you... But I must ask you, is there something you wish to tell me?

HARRY: No, sir. Nothing.
DUMBLEDORE: Very well, then. Off you go.

Scene 20: Polyjuice Potion.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - winter - daytime

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Great Hall decorated for Christmas - night
HERMIONE: Everything's set. We just need a bit of who you're changing into.
HARRY: Crabbe and Goyle.
HERMIONE: 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: I've got it all worked out. I filled these with a simple Sleeping Draught. Simple, but powerful. Now, once they're asleep hide them in the broomstick cupboard and pull out a few of their hairs, and put on their uniforms.
RON: Whose hair are you ripping out then?
HERMIONE: I've already got mine. Millicent Bulstrode- Slytherin- I got this off her robes. I'm going to go check on the Polyjuice Potion. Make sure that Crabbe and Goyle find these.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - entrance hall - night

RON: Ahem...
HARRY: Ron, maybe I should do it?
RON: Yeah. Right.
HARRY: *Wingardium leviosa*. Here they come.
CRABBE: It's good right? Ah... Cool!
CRABBE & GOYLE: Ummm...um.
RON: How thick could you get?
HARRY: Come on. Let's get 'em.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Girl's bathroom - night

HERMIONE: We'll have exactly one hour before we change back into ourselves... Add the hairs.
RON: Ugh- essence of Crabbe.
HERMIONE: Cheers!
RON: I think I'm gonna be sick!
HERMIONE: Me too.
HARRY: Ughh!
RON (as CRABBE): Uh... Harry?
HARRY (as GOYLE): Ron!
RON (as CRABBE): Bloody hell!
HARRY (as GOYLE): We still sound like ourselves. You need to sound more like Crabbe.
RON (as CRABBE): Uh... Bloody hell.
HARRY (as GOYLE): Excellent.
RON (as CRABBE): But where's Hermione?
HERMIONE: I- I don't think I'm going. You go on without me!
HARRY (as GOYLE): Hermione, are you okay?
HERMIONE: Just go. You're wasting time!
HARRY (as GOYLE): Come on.

Scene 21: Harry and Ron transformed.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor to the dungeons - night

HARRY (as GOYLE): I think the Slytherin common room's this way.

RON (as CRABBE): Okay.
PERCY: Excuse me.
RON (as CRABBE): What are you doing d- uh, I mean... What are you doing down here?
PERCY: I happen to be a school prefect. You, on the other hand, have no business wandering the corridors at this time of night. What are your names again?
RON (as CRABBE): Uhh...
HARRY (as GOYLE): I'm...
DRACO: Crabbe, Goyle! Where have you two been? Pigging out in the Great Hall all this time? Why are you wearing glasses?
HARRY (as GOYLE): Ah- um... Reading.
DRACO: Reading?
HARRY (as GOYLE): Uh-huh.
DRACO: I didn't know you could read. And what are you doing down here, Weasley?
PERCY: Mind your attitude, Malfoy.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Slytherin common room - night
DRACO: Well, sit down. You'd never know the Weasleys were pure-bloods, the way they behave. They're an embarrassment to the wizarding world. All of them. What's wrong with you, Crabbe?
RON (as CRABBE): Ahem...Stomachache.
DRACO: You know, I'm surprised that the *Daily Prophet* hasn't done a report on all these attacks. I suppose Dumbledore is trying to hush it all up. Father always said Dumbledore was the worst thing that ever happened to this place.
HARRY (as GOYLE): You're wrong!
DRACO: What? You think there's someone here who's worse than Dumbledore? Well? Do you?
HARRY (as GOYLE): Harry Potter? (gulp)
DRACO: Good one, Goyle. You're absolutely right. Saint Potter. And people actually think that he's the Heir of Slytherin!
HARRY (as GOYLE): But then you must have some idea who's behind it all.
DRACO: You know I don't Goyle. I told you yesterday. How many times do I have to tell you? Is this yours? But my father did say this: It's been fifty years since the Chamber was opened. He wouldn't tell me who opened it-- only that they were expelled. The last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened, a Mudblood died. So, it's only a matter of time before one of them is killed this time. As for me, I hope it's Granger. What's the matter with you two? You're acting very...odd.
HARRY (as GOYLE): It's his... stomachache. Calm down.
RON (as CRABBE): S- scar.
HARRY (as GOYLE): Hair!
DRACO: Hey! Where are you going?

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Girl's bathroom - night
RON: That was close!
HARRY: Hermione, come out. We've got loads to tell you!
HERMIONE: Go away!
MOANING MYRTLE: Ahh! Wait till you see. It's awful! He- ha, ha, he- hee!
HARRY: Hermione? A- are you OK?
MOANING MYRTLE: Aaah!
HERMIONE: Do you remember me telling you that the Polyjuice Potion was only for human transformations? It was cat's hair I plucked off Millicent Bulstrode's robes. Look at my face.
MOANING MYRTLE: Hee, ha, ha!
RON: Look at your tail!

MOANING MYRTLE: Ha, ha, ha!

Scene 22: The diary.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - stormy night

LOCATION: Hogwarts - moving staircases - night

RON: Have you spoken to Hermione?

HARRY: She should be out of hospital in a few days, when she stops coughing up fur balls... What's this?

LOCATION: Hogwarts - flooded corridor - night

RON: Yuck!

HARRY: Looks like Moaning Myrtle's flooded the bathroom.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - girl's bathroom - night

MOANING MYRTLE: Oooh, oooh, ooooh, huh- huh. 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'll just go right through you.

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

HARRY: But, 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 - aah - and it fell through the top of my head. Uh-huh. Whoo-oooh-whoooo...

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Gryffindor Common Room - night

HARRY: 'Tom Marvolo Riddle.'

HARRY: 'My name is Harry Potter.'

DIARY: Hello Harry Potter, my name is Tom Riddle.

HAARY: 'Do you know anything about the Chamber of Secrets?'

DIARY: Yes.

HARRY: 'Can you tell me?'

DIARY: No. But I can show you. Let me take you back fifty years ago...13th June

Scene 22: Tom Riddle.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - fifty years ago - corridor, staircase - night

HARRY: Excuse me. Could you tell me what's going on here? Are you Tom Riddle? Hello, can you hear me?

DUMBLEDORE: Riddle! Come.

TOM RIDDLE: Professor Dumbledore.

HARRY: Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE: It is not wise to be wandering around this late hour, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE: Yes, Professor. I- I suppose I- I had to see for myself if the rumors were true.

DUMBLEDORE: I'm afraid they are, Tom. They are true.

TOM RIDDLE: About the school, as well? I don't have a home to go to. They wouldn't really close Hogwarts, would they Professor?

DUMBLEDORE: I understand Tom, but I'm afraid Headmaster Dippet may have no choice.

TOM RIDDLE: Sir- if it all stopped- if the person responsible was caught--
DUMBLEDORE: Is there something you wish to tell me?
TOM RIDDLE: No, sir. Nothing.
DUMBLEDORE: Very well, then. Off you go.
TOM RIDDLE: Good night, sir.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - fifty years ago - corridors to dungeons - night

LOCATION: Hogwarts - fifty years ago - dungeons - night
HAGRID: Let's get yeh out of there.
TOM RIDDLE: Evening, Hagrid. I'm going to have to turn you in, Hagrid. I don't think you meant it to kill anyone, but--
HAGRID: You can't! You don't understand.
TOM RIDDLE: 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.
HAGRID: It wasn't him. Aragog never killed no one! Never!
TOM RIDDLE: Monsters don't make good pets, Hagrid. Now, stand aside.
HAGRID: No!
TOM RIDDLE: Stand aside, Hagrid!
HAGRID: No!
TOM RIDDLE: *Cistem aperio! Arania exumai!*
HAGRID: Aragog! Aragog!
TOM RIDDLE: I can't let you go. They'll have your wand for this, Hagrid. You'll be expelled.
HARRY: Hagrid! Haagriid!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Gryffindor Common Room - night
HARRY: Woah!

Scene 24: Petrified.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - daytime

LOCATION: Hogwarts - grounds - daytime
HARRY: It was Hagrid. Hagrid opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.
HERMIONE: It can't be Hagrid. It just can't be.
RON: We don't even know this Tom Riddle. He sounds like a dirty, rotten snitch to me.
HARRY: The monster had killed somebody, Ron. What would any of us have done?
HERMIONE: Look. Hagrid's our friend. Why don't we just go and ask him about it?
RON: That'll be a cheerful visit! "Hello, Hagrid! Tell us, have you been setting anything mad and hairy loose in the castle lately?"
HAGRID: Mad and hairy? You wouldn't be talking about me now, would ya?
HARRY, RON, HERMIONE: No!
HARRY: W- what's that you've got, Hagrid?
HAGRID: Oh, It's a- Flesh-Eatin' Slug Repellent. For the Mandrakes, ya know. Now, accordin' to Professor Sprout, they've still got a bit o' growing up to do. But, once their acne's cleared up, we'll be able to chop 'em up and stew 'em, and then we'll get those people down at the hospital un-Petrified. In the meantime, though, you three had best be lookin' after yourselves. All right? Hmm.
HAGRID: Hello, Neville!
NEVILLE: Harry- I don't know who did it, but you'd better come! Come on!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Gryffindor boys' dormitory

HERMIONE: It had to be a Gryffindor. Nobody else knows our password- unless it wasn't a student.

RON: Who ever it was, they must have been looking for something.

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

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Quidditch team tent - daytime

WOOD: Alright, listen up. We play our game, Hufflepuff doesn't stand a chance. We're stronger, quicker and smarter.

FRED: And not to mention, they're dead scared that Harry'll Petrify them if they fly anywhere near him.

WOOD: Well, that too. Professor McGonagall.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: This match has been cancelled.

WOOD: We can't cancel Quidditch.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Silence, Wood. You and your teammates will go to Gryffindor Tower, now. Potter, you and I will find Mr. Weasley. There's something the both of you have to see.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hospital wing - daytime

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: I warn you, this could be a wee bit of a shock.

RON: Hermione!

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: She was found near the Library, along with this. Does it mean anything to either of you?

HARRY: No.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Gryffindor common room - daytime

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Could I have your attention please? Because of recent events, these new rules will be put into effect immediately. "All students will return to their house common rooms by six o'clock every evening. All students will be escorted to each lesson by a teacher. No exceptions." I should tell you this: unless the culprit behind these attacks is caught, it is likely the school will be closed.

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, 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.

Scene 25: Cornelius Fudge.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hagrid's hut - exterior - night

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hagrid's hut - interior - night

HAGRID: Who's there? Hello? Hello?

HARRY: What's that for?

HAGRID: Oh, nothing. I- I was expecting, ah... It doesn't matter- come on in- I just made a pot o' tea.

HARRY: Hagrid, are you okay?

HAGRID: I'm fine! I'm alright.

HARRY: Did you hear about Hermione?

HAGRID: Oh, yeah. I heard about that, all righ'.

HARRY: Look, we have to ask you something. Do you know who's opened the Chamber of Secrets?

HAGRID: What you had to understand about that is- (knock, knock, knock) Quick under the cloak. Don't say a word. Be quiet, both o' you... Professor Dumbledore, sir!

DUMBLEDORE: Good evening, Hagrid. I wonder, could we...?

HAGRID: Of course! Come in! Come in.
RON: That's Dad's boss! Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic!
CORNELIUS FUDGE: Bad business, Hagrid. Very bad business. Had to come-- three attacks on Muggle-borns. Things have gone far enough. The Ministry's got to act.
HAGRID: Oh, but I never- you know I never, Professor!
DUMBLEDORE: I want it understood, Cornelius, that Hagrid has my full confidence.
CORNELIUS FUDGE: Albus look, Hagrid's record is against him. I've got to take him.
HAGRID: Take me? Take me where? Not Azkaban Prison?
CORNELIUS FUDGE: I'm afraid we have no choice, Hagrid.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Already here, Fudge? Good...
HAGRID: What're you doin' here? Get outta my house!
LUCIUS MALFOY: Believe me, I take absolutely no pleasure being inside your-- you call this a house? Huh! No. I simply called at the school, and was told the headmaster was here.
DUMBLEDORE: Well, what exactly is it that you want with me?
LUCIUS MALFOY: The other governors and I have decided 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've rather lost your touch. Well, what, with all these attacks, there'll be no Muggle-borns left at Hogwarts. I can only imagine what an awful loss that would be to the school.
HAGRID: Yeh can' take Professor Dumbledore away. Take him away, an' the Muggle-borns won' stand a chance! You mark my words, there'll be killin's next!
LUCIUS MALFOY: You think so?
DUMBLEDORE: Calm yourself, Hagrid. If the governors desire my removal, I will, of course, step aside. However, you will find that help will always be given at Hogwarts to those who ask for it.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Admirable sentiments. Shall we? Fudge!
CORNELIUS FUDGE: Come, Hagrid... Well?
HAGRID: Ahem! If, uh, if anybody was looking for some stuff, then all they'd have to do would be to follow the spiders. Yup! That would lead them right! That's all I have to say. Oh, and someone'll need to feed Fang while I'm away.
FANG: (Grrr...)
CORNELIUS FUDGE: Good boy.
RON: Hagrid's right! With Dumbledore gone, there'll be an attack a day!
HARRY: Look! Well, come on. Come on, Fang!

Scene 26: Aragog.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hagrid's hut - exterior - night
HARRY: Come on!
RON: What?!
HARRY: You heard what Hagrid said; 'Follow the spiders.'
RON: They're headed to the Dark Forest! Why spiders! Why couldn't it be "follow the butterflies?"

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Dark Forest - night
RON: Harry, I don't like this... Harry, I don't like this at all!
HARRY: Shush!
RON: Can we go back now?
HARRY: Come on!
ARAGOG: Who is it?
HARRY: Don't panic.

ARAGOG: Hagrid? Is that you?
HARRY: We're friends of Hagrid's. And you? Y- y-you're Aragog aren't you?
ARAGOG: Yes. Hagrid has never sent men into our hollow before.
HARRY: He's in trouble. Up at the school, there have been attacks. They think it's Hagrid. They think he opened the Chamber of Secrets, like before.
ARAGOG: That's a lie! Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets.
HARRY: Then you're not the monster.
ARAGOG: No! The monster was born in the castle. I came to Hagrid from a distant land, in the pocket of a traveler.
RON: Harry.
HARRY: Shush. But if you're not the monster, then- then 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?
ARAGOG: I never saw any part of the castle but the box in which Hagrid kept me. The girl was discovered in a bathroom. When I was accused, Hagrid brought me here.
RON: Harry!
HARRY: What?
RON: Ahh- hhh...

Scene 27: Spider attack.

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. Good-bye, friend of Hagrid.
RON: Can we panic now?
RON: Know any spells?
HARRY: One, but it's not powerful enough for all of them.
RON: Where's Hermione when you need her?
HARRY: Let's go! *Arania exumai*! Go!
HARRY, RON: Whoah!
RON: Glad we're out of there. Ah- Aaaah!
HARRY: *Arania exumai*!
RON: Thanks for that.
HARRY: Don't mention it. Get us out of here. Now! Come on! Come on! Move faster!
HARRY, RON: Aah!
HARRY: Go on! Go! Get us in the air.
RON: The flying gear's jammed!
HARRY: Come on! Pull!
RON: I'm trying!
RON: Follow the spiders! Follow the spiders! If Hagrid ever gets out of Azkaban, I'll kill him! 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.

Scene 28: Missing.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - exterior - dusk

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Hospital wing - dusk

HARRY: Wish you were here Hermione. We need you... now, more than ever.

RON: What's that?

HARRY: Ron, this is why Hermione was in the Library the day she was attacked. Come on!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor - night

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.' 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 if it kills by looking people in the eye, why is it no one's dead?

HARRY: Because no one did look it in the eye. Not directly, at least. Colin saw it through his camera. Justin...Justin must have seen the basilisk through Nearly Headless Nick. Nick got the full blast of it- but he's a ghost- he couldn't die again. And Hermione...had the mirror. I bet you anything she was using it to look around 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. 'Spiders flee before it.' It all fits!

RON: But how's a basilisk been getting around? A dirty great snake- someone would have seen it.

HARRY: Hermione's answered that, too.

RON: 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.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: All students are to return to their house dormitories at once. All teachers to the second floor corridor, immediately.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - corridor - night

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. The students must be sent home. I'm afraid this is the end of Hogwarts.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: So sorry- dozed off- what have I missed?

SNAPE: A girl has been snatched by the monster, Lockhart. Your moment has come, at last.

PROFESSOR 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?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Well, that's settled. We'll leave you to deal with the monster, Gilderoy. Your skills, after all, are legend.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Very well- ah- I'll just be in my office getting, um- getting ready.

MADAME POMFREY: Who is it that the monster's taken, Minerva?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Ginny Weasley.

RON: 'Her skeleton will lie in the chamber forever.' Ginny...

Scene 29: Chamber of Secrets.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - DADA Classroom - night

HARRY: Lockhart may be useless, but he's going to try and get into the Chamber. At least we can tell him what we know.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Professor Lockhart's office - night

HARRY: Professor, we have some information for you! Are you going somewhere?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Uh, ah- well, yes- um, urgent call- unavoidable- got to go.

RON: What about my sister?!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Well, um- 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!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Well- I must say- when I took the job there was nothing in the job description about a-

HARRY: You're running away? After all that stuff you did in your books?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Books can be misleading!

HARRY: You wrote them!

PROFESSOR 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!

HARRY: You're a fraud! You've just been taking credit for what other wizards have done!

RON: Is there anything you can do?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Yes, now you mention it. I'm rather gifted with Memory Charms. Otherwise, you see, all those wizards would have gone blabbing. And I'd never have sold another book. In fact, ah...I'm ah...going to have to do the same to you.

HARRY: Don't even think about it.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Girl's bathroom - night

MOANING MYRTLE: Oh! Who's there? Oh! Hello, Harry! Ron. What do you want?

HARRY: To ask you how you died.

MOANING MYRTLE: Oh! 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! Huhh-huh...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: I just remember seeing a pair of great big yellow eyes...over there, by that sink. Ohhhho...

HARRY: This is it. This is it, Ron. I think this is the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets.

RON: Say something. Harry, say something in Parseltongue!

HARRY: *Hesha- Hassah*.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Excellent, Harry. Haa! Good work! Well then, I'll just be, ah... There's no need for me to stay.

HARRY: Oh, yes there is! You first.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Now, boys what good will it do?

RON: Better you than us.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Um...but...obviously, yes. Sure you don't want to test it first? No! Aaaah! 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. Hee, hee.

HARRY: Uh...thanks Myrtle.

HARRY & RON: Aaah!

LOCATION: Hogwarts - underground chambers

RON: Ugh!

HARRY: Now remember, any sign of movement, close your eyes straightaway.

RON: Go on.

Scene 30: Backfire.

HARRY: This way.

RON: What's this?

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: It looks like a... snake.

HARRY: It's a snakeskin.

RON: Bloody hell. Whatever shed this must be sixty feet long-- or more! Heart of a lion, this one.

PROFESSOR 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. So, you first, Mr. Potter. Say good-bye to your memories. *Obliviate!*

RON: Harry! Harry!

HARRY: Ron! Ron, are you ok?

RON: I'm fine!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Uhh... Hello. Who are you?

RON: Um...Ron Weasley.

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Really? And uh, who- who am I?

RON: Lockhart's memory charm backfired. He hasn't got a clue who he is!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: It's an odd sort of place this, isn't it? Do you live here?

RON: No!

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Really? Well-

RON: What'll do I do now?

HARRY: You wait here and try and shift some of this rock so we can get back through. I'll go on and find Ginny!

RON: OK.

HARRY: *Hesha- Hassah.*

Scene 31: Heir of Slytherin.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Chamber of Secrets

HARRY: Ginny... Ginny! Oh, Ginny, please don't be dead. Wake up. Wake up! Please, wake up!

TOM RIDDLE: She won't wake.

HARRY: Tom. Tom Riddle! What do 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: She's cold as ice. Ginny, please don't be dead. Wake up! You've got to help me, Tom. There's a basilisk.

TOM RIDDLE: It won't come until it's called.

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. 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 Filch's cat, Ginny who wrote the 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 girl's bathroom. And then, who should find it, but you? The very person I was most anxious to meet.

HARRY: But, why did you want to meet me?

TOM RIDDLE: I knew I had to talk to you, meet you if I could. So I decided to show you my capture of that brainless oaf, Hagrid, to gain your trust.

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 he was innocent.

HARRY: I'll bet Dumbledore saw right through you.

TOM RIDDLE: He certainly kept an annoyingly close watch on me after that. 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, the Mandrake Draught will be ready, and everyone who was Petrified will be all right again.

TOM RIDDLE: Haven't I told you? Killing Mudbloods doesn't matter to me anymore. For many months now, my new target... has been you. How is it that a baby, with no extraordinary magical talent, was able 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. (writes in the air)

TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE (rearranges) I AM LORD VOLDEMORT

HARRY: You! You're the Heir of Slytherin. You're Voldemort.

TOM RIDDLE: Surely, you didn't think I was going to keep my filthy Muggle father's name? 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! Fawkes?

TOM RIDDLE: So, this is what Dumbledore sends his great defender, a songbird and an old hat. *Shearhas- Samnathas- Sélithaeine.*

Scene 32: The Basilisk.

TOM RIDDLE: Let's match the power of Lord Voldemort, Heir of Salazar Slytherin, against the famous Harry Potter. *Sethae- He- This.* Parseltongue won't save you now, Potter. It only obeys me!

TOM RIDDLE: No! Your bird may have blinded the basilisk, but it can still hear you!

TOM RIDDLE: Yes, Potter, the process is nearly complete. In a few minutes Ginny will be dead, and I will cease to be a memory. Lord Voldemort will return- very... much... alive!

HARRY: Ginny-

Scene 33: Healing powers.

TOM RIDDLE: Remarkable isn't it, how quickly the venom of the basilisk penetrates the body? I'd guess you have little more than a minute to live. You'll be with your dear Mudblood mother soon, Harry. Funny, the damage a silly little book can do... especially in the hands of a silly, little girl. What are you doing? Stop. No! Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!

HARRY: Ginny...

GINNY: Harry. It was me- but I swear, I didn't mean to! Riddle made me, and... Harry, you're hurt!

HARRY: Don't worry. Ginny, you need to get yourself out. Follow the Chamber, and you'll find Ron. You were brilliant, Fawkes. I just wasn't quick

enough... Of course! Phoenix tears have healing powers. Thanks! It's alright, Ginny. It's over. It's just a memory.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - flying up out of chambers - night

PROFESSOR LOCKHART: Amazing! This is just like magic!

Scene 34: Out of the hat.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Dumbledore's office - morning

DUMBLEDORE: You both realize, of course, that in the past few hours you have broken perhaps a dozen school rules?

HARRY, RON: Yes, sir.

DUMBLEDORE: And there is sufficient evidence to have you both expelled.

HARRY, RON: Yes, sir.

DUMBLEDORE: Therefore, it is only fitting, that you both receive Special Awards for Services to the School.

RON: Thanks, sir!

DUMBLEDORE: And now, Mr. Weasley, if you would, have an owl deliver these release papers to Azkaban? I believe we- we want our gamekeeper back.

Harry... first, I want to thank you, Harry. You must have shown me real loyalty down in the Chamber. Nothing but that could have called Fawkes to you. And, um... second, I sense that something is troubling you. Am I right, Harry?

HARRY: It's just... You see, sir I- I couldn't help but notice certain things, certain- certain similarities, between Tom Riddle and me.

DUMBLEDORE: I see. Well, you can speak Parseltongue, Harry. Why? Because Lord Voldemort can speak Parseltongue. If I'm not mistaken, Harry, he transferred some of his powers to you the night he gave you that scar.

HARRY: Voldemort transferred some of his powers... to me?

DUMBLEDORE: Not intentionally, but yes.

HARRY: So the Sorting Hat was right! I should be in Slytherin.

DUMBLEDORE: It's true, Harry. You possess many of the qualities that Voldemort himself prizes. Determination, resourcefulness, and if I may say so, a certain disregard for the rules. Why then did the Sorting Hat place you in Gryffindor?

HARRY: Because I asked it to.

DUMBLEDORE: *Exactly*, Harry! *Exactly*! Which makes you different from Voldemort. It is not our abilities that show what we truly are. It is our choices. If you want proof why you belong in Gryffindor, then I suggest that you look more closely at *this*. Be careful.

HARRY: Godric Gryffindor.

DUMBLEDORE: Ah- it would take a true Gryffindor to pull *that* out of the hat.

Scene 35: Dobby's reward.

HARRY: Dobby! So this is your master! The family you serve is the Malfoys.

DOBBY: Um-humm...

LUCIUS MALFOY: I'll deal with you later. Out of my way, Potter! So, it's true-- you have returned!

DUMBLEDORE: When the governors learned that Arthur Weasley's daughter was taken into the Chamber, they saw fit to summon me back.

LUCIUS MALFOY: Ridiculous!

DUMBLEDORE: Curiously, Lucius, several of them were under the impression that you would curse their families, if they did not agree to suspend me in the first place.

LUCIUS MALFOY: How dare you?!

DUMBLEDORE: I beg your pardon?

LUCIUS MALFOY: My sole concern has always been, and will always be, the welfare of this school and, of course, its students. The culprit has been identified, I presume?
DUMBLEDORE: Oh, yes.
LUCIUS MALFOY: And? Who was it?
DUMBLEDORE: Voldemort.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Ah!
DUMBLEDORE: Only, this time, he chose to act through somebody else, by means of this.
LUCIUS MALFOY: I see.
DUMBLEDORE: Fortunately, our young Mr. Potter discovered it. One hopes that no more of Lord Voldemort's old school things should find their way into innocent hands. The consequences for the one responsible would be severe.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Well, let us hope that Mr. Potter will always be around to save the day.
HARRY: Don't worry. I will be.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Dumbledore. Come, Dobby. We're leaving.
DOBBY: Ahh! Oow!
HARRY: Sir, I wonder if I could have that?

LOCATION: Hogwarts - hallway - daytime
HARRY: Mr. Malfoy! Mr. Malfoy! I have something of yours.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Mine? I don't know what you're talking about.
HARRY: Oh, I think you do, sir. I think you slipped the diary into Ginny Weasley's cauldron, that day at Diagon Alley.
LUCIUS MALFOY: You do, do you? Why don't you prove it? Come, Dobby.
Dobby!
HARRY: Open it.
LUCIUS MALFOY: Dobby?
DOBBY: Master has given Dobby a sock!
LUCIUS MALFOY: What? I didn't give-
DOBBY: Master has presented Dobby with clothes! Dobby is free!
LUCIUS MALFOY: You've lost me my servant!
DOBBY: You shall not harm Harry Potter!
LUCIUS MALFOY: *Advada-*
LUCIUS MALFOY: Your parents were meddlesome fools, too. You mark my words, Potter, one day soon you are going to meet the same sticky end!
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.

Scene 36: Welcome back.

LOCATION: Hogwarts - Great Hall - decorated for Leaving Feast - night
OTHER: Welcome back, Sir Nicholas!
SIR NICHOLAS: Thank you!
OTHER: Good evening, Sir Nicholas!
SIR NICHOLAS: Good evening!
OTHER: Good to see you, Sir Nicholas!
SIR NICHOLAS: Thank you! Hello! Hermione! Welcome back!
HERMIONE: Thanks, Sir Nicholas!
NEVILLE: Harry- it's Hermione!
RON: Uhh-um... Welcome back, Hermione.
HERMIONE: It's good to be back! Congratulations! I can't believe you solved it!

HARRY: Well, we had loads of help from you. We couldn't have done it without you.

HERMIONE: Thanks.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL: Could I have your attention, please?

DUMBLEDORE: Before we begin the feast, let us have a round of applause for Professor Sprout and Madame Pomfrey, whose Mandrake juice has been so successfully administered to all who had been Petrified. Also, in light of the recent events, as a school treat, all exams have been canceled.

HERMIONE: Oh, no!

HAGRID: Sorry I'm late! The owl that delivered my release papers got all lost and confused. Some ruddy bird called Errol. And I'd just like to say that a- if it hadn't been for you, Harry, and Ron, and Hermione, o' course, I would- uh- I'd still be you-know-where, so I- I'd just like to say 'Thanks.'

HARRY: Well, there's no Hogwarts without you, Hagrid.

HAGRID: Oh!

OTHERS: Yeah! Yeah!

Scene 37: End Credits.

-The End-