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Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix

By Michael Goldenberg

I don't know about you, it's
just too hot today, isn't it?
And it's going to get even worse.
Temperatures up in the mid-30s Celsius...
...that's the mid-90s Fahrenheit,
tomorrow, maybe even hitting 100.
So, please, remember to
cover up and stay cool...
...with the hottest hits on your FM dial.
Come on, guys, time to go home.
Come on, love, off you get.
- Do we have to?
- Yes, we do.
I'll make you your favorite
dinner to compensate.
He squealed like a pig, didn't he?
Yeah, brilliant punch, Big D.
Did you see his face?
Hey, Big D.
Beat up another
- This one deserved it.
- Yeah.
- Five against one, very brave.
- Well, you're one to talk.
Moaning in your sleep every night?
At least I'm not afraid of my pillow.
"Don't kill Cedric."
Who's Cedric, your boyfriend?
- Shut up.
- "He's going to kill me, Mum."
Where is your mum?
Where is your mum, Potter?
She dead?
Is she dead?
Is she a dead Pott...?
- Dudley.
- Dudley, let's go.
- What's going on?
- What are you doing?
- I'm not doing anything.
- We're getting out of here, Dudley.
Come on, Dudley, hurry up.
Dudley, run.
Expecto Patronum.

Mrs. Figg.

Don't put away your wand, Harry.

They might come back.

Dementors in Little Whinging, whatever next?

- Whole world's gone topsy-turvy. -

I don't understand. How do you know...?

Dumbledore asked me to keep an eye on you.

Dumbledore asked you? You know Dumbledore?

After You-Know-Who killed that

poor Diggory boy last year...

...did you expect him to let

you go wandering on your own?

Good Lord, boy. They told

me you were intelligent.

Now, get inside and stay there.

Expect someone will be in touch soon.

Whatever happens, don't leave the house.

It is hot. That's right, hot everywhere.

There's sweat. There's stifling.

Diddykins?

Is that you?

Duddy. Vernon, come quick.

We're going to have to take him to a hospital.

Who did this to you, boy?

Happy, are we, now?

You've finally done it. You've

finally driven him loopy.

Vernon, don't say that.

Well, just look at him,

Petunia. Our boy has gone yumpy.

I've reached my limit, do you hear?

This is the last I'm gonna

take of you and your nonsense.

- Dear Mr. Potter.

- What?

The Ministry has received intelligence

that at 6:

...you performed the Patronus

Charm in the presence of a Muggle.

As a clear violation...

...of the Decree for the Reasonable

Restriction of Underage Sorcery...

...you are hereby expelled...

...from Hogwarts School
of Witchcraft and Wizardry.
Hoping you are well, Mafalda Hopkirk.
Justice.
He's not very well.
Sorry, Hedwig.
Very clean, these Muggles.
- Tonks, for God's sake.
- Unnatural.
Professor Moody.
- What are you doing here?
- Rescuing you, of course.
But where are we going? The
letter said I've been expelled.
You haven't been. Not yet.
Kingsley, you take point.
But the letter said...
Dumbledore persuaded the minister
to suspend your expulsion...
- ... pending a formal hearing.
- A hearing?
Don't worry. We'll explain everything
when we get back to headquarters.
Not here, Nymphadora.
Don't call me Nymphadora.
Stay in formation, everyone. Don't
break ranks if one of us is killed.
Come on, you, around the corner.
Come on.
In you go, son.
There've been no sightings.
No deaths. No proof.
He almost killed Harry. If
that isn't proof enough...
Yes, but guarding you-know-what
is the most important...
We must trust Dumbledore on this.
Was he able to protect Harry last year?
Well, tonight I say it's time to take action.
Cornelius Fudge is a politician
first and a wizard second.
- His instinct would be to ignore it...
- Keep your voices down.
He's getting stronger and stronger

by the minute. We have to act now.

- Harry.

- Mrs. Weasley.

Heavens, you're all right.

Bit peaky, but I'm afraid dinner will wait until after the meeting's finished.

Nope. No time to explain. Straight upstairs, first door on the left.

Yeah.

Mudblood, werewolves, traitors, thieves.

If my poor mistress knew the scum they let into her house...

...what would she say to old Kreacher?

Oh, the shame.

- Freaks.

- There, there, mistress.

Scum of the earth. Not like it was in the days of my fathers.

Kreacher is here.

Oh, Harry.

Are you all right? We overheard them talking about the Dementor attack.

- You must tell us everything.

- Let the man breathe, Hermione.

And this hearing at the Ministry. It's just outrageous.

I've looked it up. They simply can't expel you.

- It's completely unfair.

- Yeah.

There's a lot of that going round at the moment.

So, what is this place?

- It's headquarters.

- Of the Order of the Phoenix.

It's a secret society.

Dumbledore formed it back when they fought You-Know-Who.

Couldn't have put any of this in a letter, I suppose?

I've gone all summer without a scrap of news.

We wanted to write, mate. Really, we did.

- Only...

- Only what?

Only Dumbledore made us swear
not to tell you anything.
Dumbledore said that?
But why would he keep me in
the dark? Maybe I could help.
I'm the one who saw Voldemort return...
...the one who fought him, who
saw Cedric Diggory get killed.
- Harry.
- Thought we heard your dulcet tones.
- Don't bottle it up, though, mate. Let it out.
- If you're all done shouting...
Do you wanna hear something
a little more interesting?
If anyone has a right to know, it's
Harry. If it wasn't for Harry...
...we wouldn't even know Voldemort was back.
He's not a child, Molly.
But he's not an adult either.
- He's not James, Sirius.
- Well, he's not your son.
He's as good as.
- Who else has he got?
- Hey, Ginny.
- He's got me.
- How touchingly paternal, Black.
Perhaps Potter will grow up to be
a felon, just like his godfather.
Now, you stay out of this, Snivellus.
- Snape's part of the Order?
- Git.
...about your supposed reformation.
- I know better.
- So why don't you tell him?
- Get off it.
- Quick.
- Get it up.
- Crookshanks.
- Stop it.
- Get off, you bloody cat.
- Crookshanks. Leave it alone.
- Get it up.
- Hermione, I hate your cat.
- Bad Crookshanks.

Well, we'll be eating down in the kitchen.
Just because you're
allowed to use magic now...
...does not mean you have to whip
your wands out for everything.
Hi, Mum.
You hungry, Harry?
You sure you're all right,
Harry? Gave us quite a turn.
Harry Potter.
Sirius.
This is very, very peculiar.
It seems your hearing in the Ministry
is to be before the entire Wizengamot.
I don't understand. What has the
Ministry of Magic got against me?
Show him. He'll find out soon enough.
He's been attacking Dumbledore as well.
Fudge is using all his power, including
his influence at the Daily Prophet...
...to smear anyone who claims
the Dark Lord has returned.
Why?
He thinks Dumbledore's after his job.
No one in their right
mind could believe that...
Exactly the point. Fudge
isn't in his right mind.
It's been twisted and warped by fear.
Now, fear makes people
do terrible things, Harry.
The last time Voldemort gained power...
...he almost destroyed
everything we hold most dear.
Now he's returned, and I'm afraid the
minister will do almost anything...
...to avoid facing that terrifying truth.
We think Voldemort wants
to build up his army again.
Fourteen years ago, he had
huge numbers at his command.
And not just witches and wizards,
but all manner of dark creatures.
He's been recruiting heavily, and

we've been attempting to do the same.
But gathering followers isn't
the only thing he's interested in.
We believe...
...Voldemort may be after something.
Sirius.
Something he didn't have last time.
You mean like a weapon?
No. That's enough. He's just a boy.
You say more and you might as
well induct him into the Order.
Good. I want to join. If Voldemort's
raising an army, then I want to fight.
Harry.
You are hereby expelled.
Before the entire Wizengamot.
Trains. Underground.
Ingenious, these Muggles.
Here we are.
I've never used the visitors'
entrance before. Should be fun.
Right. Good. I'll just get my Muggle money.
Terrible. Lost a lot of Galleons
trading on the potions market.
Daily Prophet, ladies and
gentlemen. Anybody for Daily Prophet?

Dumbledore:

- Morning, Arthur.
- Morning, Bob.
Interdepartmental memos.
We used to use owls. Mess was unbelievable.
Merlin's beard. Thank you, Kingsley.
- They've changed the time of your hearing.
- When is it?
In five minutes.
Department of Mysteries.
And I'm confident, minister,
that you will do the right thing.
Yes, but we must be...
Remember, during the hearing,
speak only when you're spoken to.
Keep calm. You've done nothing wrong.
As the Muggles say, truth will out.

Yes?

I'm not allowed in, I'm afraid.

Good luck, Harry.

Disciplinary hearing of the 12th of August...

...into offenses committed

by Harry James Potter...

...resident at Number 4 Privet

Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

Interrogators:

Oswald Fudge, Minister of Mag...

Witness for the defense.

Albus Percival Wulfric...

...Brian Dumbledore.

You got our message that the
time and place of the hearing...

- ... had been changed, did you?

- I must have missed it.

But by a happy mistake, I arrived
at the Ministry three hours early.

The charges?

The charges against the
accused are as follows:

"That he did knowingly...

...and in full awareness of
the illegality of his actions...

...produce a Patronus Charm...

...in the presence of a Muggle."

- Do you deny producing said Patronus?

- No, but...

And you were aware that you were
forbidden to use magic outside school...

- ... while under the age of 17?

- Yes, I was, but...

Witches and wizards of the Wizengamot...

I was only doing it because of the Dementors.

Dementors?

In Little Whinging?

That's quite clever.

Muggles can't see Dementors, can they, boy?

- Highly convenient.

- I'm not lying.

- There were two of them, and if I hadn't...

- Enough.

I'm sorry to interrupt what I'm sure would have been a very well-rehearsed story...
...but since you can produce no witnesses of the event...
Pardon me, minister, but as it happens, we can.
Please describe the attack.
What did they look like?
Well, one of them was very large and the other rather skinny.
Not the boys. The Dementors.
Oh, right, right. Well, big.
Cloaked. Then everything went cold...
...as though all the happiness had gone from the world.
Now, look here. Dementors don't just wander into a Muggle suburb...
...and happen across a wizard.
The odds are astronomical.
I don't think anyone would believe...
...the Dementors were there by coincidence, minister.
I'm sure I must have misunderstood you, professor.
Dementors are, after all, under the control of the Ministry of Magic.
And it's so silly of me, but it sounded for a moment as though...
...you were suggesting that the Ministry had ordered the attack on this boy.
That would be disturbing indeed, Madam Undersecretary...
...which is why I'm sure the Ministry will be mounting a full-scale inquiry...
...into why the two Dementors were so very far from Azkaban...
...and why they mounted an attack without authorization.
Of course, there is someone...
...who might be behind the attack.
Cornelius, I implore you to see reason.
The evidence that the Dark Lord has returned is incontrovertible.
He is not back.

In the matter of Harry Potter...
...the law clearly states...
...that magic may be used before
Muggles in life-threatening situations.
Laws can be changed if necessary, Dumbledore.
Clearly. Has it become practice
to hold a full criminal trial...
...to deal with a simple
matter of underage magic?
Those in favor of conviction?
Those in favor of clearing
the accused of all charges?
Cleared of all charges.
Professor.
Padfoot. Are you barking mad?
You'll blow the entire operation.
Sirius, what are you doing
here? If somebody sees you...
I had to see you off, didn't I?
What's life without a little risk?
I don't wanna see you get
chucked back in Azkaban.
Don't worry about me.
Anyway, I wanted you to have this.
Original Order of the Phoenix.
Marlene McKinnon.
She was killed two weeks after this was taken.
Voldemort wiped out her entire family.
Frank and Alice Longbottom.
Neville's parents.
They suffered a fate worse
than death, you ask me.
It's been 14 years.
And still a day doesn't go
by I don't miss your dad.
Do you really think there's
going to be a war, Sirius?
It feels like it did before.
You keep it.
Anyway, I suppose you're the young ones now.
I'll see you at the train.
Bye-bye, darling.
I love you.
Hold my hand, lovey.

There they are. They're in the far carriage.

Bye.

I'm surprised the Ministry's
still letting you walk around free.

Better enjoy it while you can.

I expect there's a cell in
Azkaban with your name on it.

- What'd I tell you? Complete nutter.

- Just stay away from me!

It's only Malfoy.

What'd you expect?

Hi, guys.

- Hey, Neville.

- Hey there, Neville.

What is it?

- What's what?

- That. Pulling the carriage.

Nothing's pulling the carriage, Harry.

It's pulling itself, like always.

You're not going mad.

I can see them too.

You're just as sane as I am.

Everyone, this is Loony Love...

Luna Lovegood.

What an interesting necklace.

It's a charm, actually.

Keeps away the Nargles.

Hungry.

I hope there's pudding.

- What's a Nargle?

- No idea.

Good evening, children.

Now, we have two changes
in staffing this year.

We're pleased to welcome back

Professor Grubbly-Plank...

...who'll be taking Care
of Magical Creatures...

...while Professor Hagrid
is on temporary leave.

We also wish to welcome our new
Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher...

...Professor Dolores Umbridge.

And I'm sure you'll all join me

in wishing the professor good luck.
Now, as usual, our caretaker, Mr.
Filch, has asked me to remind you...
She was at my hearing. She works for Fudge.
Thank you, headmaster, for
those kind words of welcome.
And how lovely to see all your bright...
...happy faces smiling up at me.
I'm sure we're all going
to be very good friends.
- That's likely.
- That's likely.
The Ministry of Magic
has always considered...
...the education of young witches
and wizards to be of vital importance.
Although each headmaster...
...has brought something new
to this historic school...
...progress for the sake of
progress must be discouraged.
Let us preserve what must be preserved...
...perfect what can be perfected...
...and prune practices
that ought to be prohibited.
Thank you, Professor Umbridge.
That really was most illuminating.
- Illuminating? What a load of waffle.
- What's it mean?
Magic is forbidden in the corridors...
It means the Ministry's
interfering at Hogwarts.
Dean, Seamus.
- Good holiday?
- All right.
Better than Seamus', anyway.
Me mum didn't want me to come back this year.
- Why not?
- Let me see. Because of you.
The Daily Prophet's been saying a lot
of things about you and Dumbledore.
What, your mum believes them?
Nobody was there the night Cedric died.
I guess you should read the Prophet,

then, like your stupid mother.

- Don't talk about my mother.

- I'll have a go at anyone that calls me a liar.

- What's going on?

- He's mad, is what's going on.

Do you believe the rubbish he's
come out with about You-Know-Who?

Yeah. I do.

Has anyone else got a problem with Harry?

- You all right?

- Fine.

Seamus was bang out of order, mate.

- But he'll come through, you'll see.

- I said, I'm fine, Ron.

Right. I'll just leave
you to your thoughts, then.

Harry.

Bring it over here. Over here.

Oh, go on, Seamus. Go on, get it.

Good morning, children.

Ordinary Wizarding Level examinations.

O-W-Ls.

More commonly known as OWLs.

Study hard and you will be rewarded.

Fail to do so, and the
consequences may be severe.

Your previous instruction in this
subject has been disturbingly uneven.

But you'll be pleased to know, from now on...

...you will be following a carefully
structured, Ministry-approved...

...course of defensive magic. Yes?

There's nothing in here
about using defensive spells?

Using spells?

Well, I can't imagine why you would
need to use spells in my classroom.

We're not gonna use magic?

You'll be learning about defensive
spells in a secure, risk-free way.

What use is that? If we're
attacked, it won't be risk-free.

Students will raise their hands
when they speak in my class.

It is the view of the Ministry...
...that a theoretical
knowledge will be sufficient...
...to get you through your examinations...
...which, after all, is
what school is all about.
And how's theory supposed to
prepare us for what's out there?
There is nothing out there, dear.
Who do you imagine wants to
attack children like yourself?
Oh, I don't know. Maybe Lord Voldemort.
Now, let me make this quite plain.
You have been told...
...that a certain dark
wizard is at large once again.
- This is a lie.
- It's not a lie. I saw him. I fought him.
Detention, Mr. Potter.
Cedric Diggory dropped dead of his own accord?
Cedric Diggory's death was a tragic accident.
It was murder. Voldemort killed him.
Enough!
Enough.
See me later, Mr. Potter. My office.
Come in.
Good evening, Mr. Potter.
Sit.
You're going to be doing some
lines for me today, Mr. Potter.
No, not with your quill.
Going to be using a
rather special one of mine.
Now...
...I want you to write,
"I must not tell lies."
How many times?
Well, let's say for as long as it
takes for the message to sink in.
You haven't given me any ink.
Oh, you won't need any ink.
Yes?
- Nothing.
- That's right.

Because you know, deep down...
...you deserve to be punished.
Don't you, Mr. Potter?
Go on.
- Skiving Snackboxes.
- Sweets that make you ill.
Get out of class whenever you like.
Obtain hours of pleasure
from unprofitable boredom.
Care for another?
I'm not asking you to write all of it for me.
I've been busy studying
for these stupid OWL exams.
I'll do the introduction. That's all.
Hermione, you're honestly the most
wonderful person I've ever met.
- And if I'm ever rude to you again...
- I'll know you've gone back to normal.
What's wrong with your hand?
Nothing.
The other hand.
- You've got to tell Dumbledore.
- No.
Dumbledore's got enough on his mind right now.
I don't want to give
Umbridge the satisfaction.
Bloody hell, Harry. The woman's torturing you.
- If the parents knew about this...
- I haven't got any of those, have I, Ron?
Harry, you've got to report this.
- It's perfectly simple. You're being...
- No, it's not.
Hermione, whatever this is, it's not simple.
You don't understand.
Then help us to.
Dear Padfoot...
...I hope you're all right.
It's starting to get colder here.
Winter is definitely on the way.
In spite of being back at Hogwarts,
I feel more alone than ever.
I know you, of all people, will understand.
Hello, Harry Potter.
- Your feet. Aren ' t they cold?

- Bit.

Unfortunately, all my shoes
have mysteriously disappeared.

I suspect Nargles are behind it.

- What are they?

- They're called Thestrals.

They're quite gentle, really, but people
avoid them because they're a bit...

Different.

But why can't the others see them?

They can only be seen by
people who've seen death.

So you've known someone who's died, then?

My mum.

She was quite an extraordinary witch,
but she did like to experiment...

...and one day, one of her
spells went badly wrong.

- I was 9.

- I'm sorry.

Yes, it was rather horrible.

I do feel very sad about it
sometimes, but I've got Dad.

We both believe you, by the way.

That He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named
is back, and you fought him...

...and the Ministry and the
Prophet are conspiring against you.

Thanks. It seems you're
about the only ones that do.

I don't think that's true.

But I suppose that's how he wants you to feel.

What do you mean?

Well, if I were

You-Know-Who...

...I'd want you to feel cut
off from everyone else...

...because if it's just you alone...

...you're not as much of a threat.

- Do you ever stop eating?

- What? I'm hungry.

Harry.

Can I join you?

Pardon me, professor, but what

exactly are you insinuating?

I am merely requesting that
when it comes to my students...

...you conform to the prescribed
disciplinary practices.

So silly of me, but it sounds...

...as if you're questioning my
authority in my own classroom...

...Minerva.

Not at all, Dolores, merely
your medieval methods.

I am sorry, dear.

But to question my practices
is to question the Ministry...

...and by extension, the minister himself.

I am a tolerant woman...

...but the one thing I will
not stand for is disloyalty.

Disloyalty.

Things at Hogwarts are
far worse than I feared.

Cornelius will want to take immediate action.

What's happened to Dumbledore?

Having already revolutionized...

...the teaching of Defense

Against the Dark Arts...

...Dolores Umbridge will, as
high inquisitor, have powers...

...to address the seriously falling
standards at Hogwarts School.

Just one question, dear.

You've been in this post how long, exactly?

You applied first for the Defense Against
the Dark Arts post, is that correct?

Yes.

But you were unsuccessful?

Obviously.

Could you please predict something for me?

I'm sorry?

Move those mouths.

One teensy little prophecy?

Pity.

No, wait. Wait, no. I

think I do see something.

Yes, I do. Something dark.
You are in grave danger.
Lovely.
Cho. What's going on?
It's Professor Trelawney.
Sixteen years I've lived and taught here.
Hogwarts is my home.
You can't do this.
Actually, I can.
Something you'd like to say?
Oh, there are several
things I would like to say.
There...
Professor McGonagall, might I ask
you to escort Sybil back inside?
Sybil, dear. This way.
Thank you.
Dumbledore, may I remind
you that under the terms...
...of Educational Decree Number
You have the right to dismiss my teachers.
You do not, however, have the authority
to banish them from the grounds.
That power remains with the headmaster.
For now.
Don't you all have studying to do?
Professor.
Professor?
Professor Dumbledore. Professor!
Professor Dumbledore.
That foul, evil, old gargoyle.
We're not learning how to defend ourselves.
We're not learning how to pass our OWLs.
She's taking over the entire school.
Security has been and will remain
the Ministry's top priority.
Furthermore, we have convincing evidence...
...that these disappearances are the work...
...of notorious mass murderer Sirius Black.
Harry.
Sirius.
- What are you doing here?
- Answering your letter.
You said you were worried about

Umbridge. What's she doing?
Training you to kill half-breeds?
- She's not letting us use magic at all.
- Well, I'm not surprised.
The latest intelligence is that Fudge
doesn't want you trained in combat.
Combat?
What does he think, we're
forming some sort of wizard army?
That's exactly what he thinks.
That Dumbledore is assembling his
own forces to take on the Ministry.
He's becoming more paranoid by the minute.
The others wouldn't want me
telling you this, Harry...
...but things aren't going
at all well with the Order.
Fudge is blocking the truth at every turn...
...and these disappearances
are just how it started before.
Voldemort is on the move.
Well, what can we do?
Someone's coming.
I'm sorry I can't be of more help.
But for now, at least, it
looks like you're on your own.
He really is out there, isn't he?
We've got to be able to defend ourselves.
And if Umbridge refuses to teach
us how, we need someone who will.
Harry.
This is mad. Who'd wanna be taught by me?
I'm a nutter, remember?
Look on the bright side: you can't
be any worse than old toad face.
- Thanks, Ron.
- I'm here for you, mate.
Who's supposed to be meeting us, then?
Just a couple of people.
Lovely spot.
Thought it would be safer
off the beaten track.
Matey, come back here.
Hi.

So you all know why we're here.

We need a teacher.

A proper teacher.

One who's had experience defending themselves against the Dark Arts.

- Why?

- Why?

Because You-Know-Who's back, you tosspot.

- So he says.

- So Dumbledore says.

So Dumbledore says because he says.

The point is, where's the proof?

If Potter could tell us more about how Diggory got killed...

I'm not gonna talk about Cedric, so if that's why you're here, clear out now.

Come on, Hermione. They're here because they think I'm some sort of freak.

Is it true you can produce a Patronus Charm?

Yes.

I've seen it.

Blimey, Harry. I didn't know you could do that.

And he killed a basilisk, with the sword in Dumbledore's office.

It's true.

Third year, he fought off about a hundred Dementors at once.

Last year, he really did fight off You-Know-Who in the flesh.

Wait.

Look, it all sounds great when you say it like that...

...but the truth is, most of that was just luck.

I didn't know what I was doing half the time. I nearly always had help.

- He's just being modest.

- No, Hermione, I'm not.

Facing this stuff in real life is not like school.

In school, if you make a mistake, you can just try again tomorrow.

But out there...
...when you're a second
away from being murdered...
...or watching a friend die
right before your eyes...
You don't know what that's like.
You're right, Harry, we don't.
That's why we need your help.
Because if we're going to
have any chance at beating...
...Voldemort...
He's really back.
Right. First we need to
find a place to practice...
...where Umbridge won't find out.
- The Shrieking Shack.
- It's too small.
- Forbidden Forest?
- Not bloody likely.
Harry, what happens if Umbridge does find out?
Who cares?
I mean, it's sort of exciting,
isn't it, breaking the rules?
Who are you and what have
you done with Hermione?
Anyway, at least we know one
positive thing that came from today.
What's that?
Cho couldn't take her eyes off you, could she?
Right. Over the next few
days, we should each come up...
...with a couple of possibilities
of places we can practice.
We've got to make sure, wherever it
is, there's no chance she can find us.
Will do, Harry.
All student organizations
are henceforth disbanded.
Any student in noncompliance will be expelled.
Watch where you're going, Longbottom.
You've done it, Neville. You
found the Room of Requirement.
The what?
It's also known as the Come and Go Room.

The Room of Requirement only appears when a person has real need of it. And it's always equipped for the seeker's needs. So say you really needed the toilet... Charming, Ronald. But, yes, that is the general idea. It's brilliant. It's like Hogwarts wants us to fight back. Expelliarmus. I'm hopeless. You're just flourishing your wand too much. Try it like this. Expelliarmus. You will please copy the approved text four times... ..to ensure maximum retention.

- There will be no need to talk.
- No need to think's more like it.
- Expelliarmus.
- Wands away.

Stunning is one of the most useful spells in your arsenal. It's a wizard's bread and butter, really. So come on, then, Nigel. Give it your best shot. Stupefy! Good. Not bad at all, Nigel. Well done. Don't worry. I'll go easy on you. Thanks, Ronald.

- Come on, Ron.
- Come on, Ron.
- You can do it.
- Come on, Ron.
- One Sickle.
- You're on.

Stupefy.

- Thank you.
- Shut up.

I let her do that. It's good manners, isn't it? It was completely intentional. Up you come. Would you like a cup of tea? Now, focus on a fixed point and try again. Expelliarmus.

Very good. Keep your concentration.

Great.

A little higher.

I'm okay. I'm okay.

- Stupefy.

- Stupefy.

Those wishing to join the
Inquisitorial Squad for extra credit...

...may sign up in the
high inquisitor's office.

Diminuendo.

Working hard is important, but there's
something that matters even more:

Believing in yourself.

- Expelliarmus.

- Levicorpus. Got it.

Think of it this way.

Every great wizard in
history has started out...

...as nothing more than

what we are now:

If they can do it, why not us?

- Stupefy.

- Expelliarmus.

Expelliarmus.

Expelliarmus.

Reducto.

- Expelliarmus.

- Expelliarmus.

Expelliarmus.

Expelliarmus.

Fantastic, Neville. Well done, man.

So that's it for this lesson.

Now, we're not gonna be meeting
again until after the holidays.

So just keep practicing on
your own as best you can.

And well done, everyone. Great, great work.

Well done, mate.

Thanks.

See you after Christmas.

See you in the Common Room, Harry.

- Thanks a lot, Harry.

- No worries.
- Thank you so much.
- Not at all. Merry Christmas.
- Thank you, Harry.
- Thank you. Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas.
- Have a good Christmas.
- Have a great Christmas, Luna.
- We've been thinking.

We could always slip Umbridge
some Puking Pastilles.

Or Fever Fudge. They give you
massive, pus-filled boils...

Sounds great, guys. Would you excuse me?

Are you all right? I heard Umbridge
gave you a rough time the other day.

Yeah. I'm okay.

Anyway, it's worth it.

It's just, learning all this...

...makes me wonder

whether, if he'd known it...

Cedric did know this stuff.

He was really good.

It's just, Voldemort was better.

You're a really good teacher, Harry.

I've never been able to stun anything before.

Mistletoe.

Probably full of Nargles, though.

What are Nargles?

No idea.

Well, how was it?

Wet.

I mean, she was sort of crying.

That bad at it, are you?

I'm sure Harry's kissing

was more than satisfactory.

Cho spends half her time crying these days.

You'd think a bit of

snogging would cheer her up.

Don't you understand how she must be feeling?

Well, obviously she's

feeling sad about Cedric...

...and confused about liking Harry

and guilty about kissing him...

...conflicted because Umbridge might sack her mum from the Ministry...
...and frightened of failing her OWLs because she's worrying about everything. One person couldn't feel all that. They'd explode. Just because you've got the emotional range of a teaspoon...
Harry.
Voldemort may be after something. Something he didn't have last time.
Harry.
Harry.
In the dream, were you standing next to the victim...
...or looking down at the scene?
Neither. It was like I...
Will you please just tell me what's happening?
Everard, Arthur's on guard duty tonight. Make sure he's found by the right people.
- Sir.
- Phineas.
You must go to your portrait at Grimmauld Place. Tell them that Arthur Weasley is gravely injured...
...and his children will be arriving there soon by Portkey. They've got him, Albus. It was close, but they think he'll make it. What's more, the Dark Lord failed to acquire it. Oh, thank goodness. Next we need to...
Look at me!
What's happening to me?
You wished to see me, headmaster?
Oh, Severus. I'm afraid we can't wait. Not even till the morning. Otherwise, we'll all be vulnerable. It appears there's a connection...
...between the Dark Lord's mind and your own. Whether he is, as yet, aware of this connection is, for the moment, unclear. Pray he remains ignorant.

You mean, if he knows about it, then...
- ... he'll be able to read my mind?
- Read it, control it...
...unhinge it.
In the past, it was often
the Dark Lord's pleasure...
...to invade the minds of his victims...
...creating visions designed
to torture them into madness.
Only after extracting the last
exquisite ounce of agony...
...only when he had them literally
begging for death, would he finally...
...kill them.
Used properly, the power of Occlumency...
...will help shield you
from access or influence.
In these lessons, I will
attempt to penetrate your mind.
You will attempt to resist.
Prepare yourself.
Legilimens.
Concentrate, Potter. Focus.
Ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas.
Here we go.
Daddy's back.
Sit down, everybody, sit
down. That's it. Now, presents.
- And a nice big box for Ron.
- Big box for you. And...
Fred and George. Come on, open up.
- I want to see your faces.
- Yes.
- Try it on.
- Thanks, Mum. It's perfect.
- Just what he wanted, actually.
- Yeah. Right. Thanks, Mum.
Come on, then, everybody.
Let's clear this away.
Oh, Harry, Harry.
There you are.
- Happy Christmas.
- Thank you.
- Lovely to have you with us.

- Thank you.

Now, Daddy. Pass that to Daddy.

- Thank you.

- Has everybody got?

Fred? George?

- Hermione.

- A Christmas toast.

To Mr. Harry Potter...

...without whom I would not be here.

- Harry.

- Harry.

Harry.

That is delicious. I shall
be needing some more of that.

Daddy, don't forget last Christmas.

I can't understand why you
don't want to wear it, Ronald.

I look like a bloody idiot, that's why.

No more than usual, Ron.

I don't know why...

Nasty brat, standing there as bold as brass.

Harry Potter, the boy
who stopped the Dark Lord.

Friend of Mudbloods and blood-traitors alike.

- If my poor mistress only knew...

- Kreacher!

That's enough of your bile. Away with you!

Of course, master.

Kreacher lives to serve
the noble house of Black.

Sorry about that.

He never was very pleasant,
even when I was a boy.

Not to me, anyway.

What, you grew up here?

This is my parents' house.

I offered it to Dumbledore
as headquarters for the Order.

About the only useful
thing I've been able to do.

This is the Black family tree.

My deranged cousin.

I hated the lot of them.

My parents with their pure-blood mania.

My mother did that after I ran away.
Charming woman.
I was 16.
Where did you go?
Round your dad's.
I was always welcome at the Potters'.
I see him so much in you, Harry.
You are so very much alike.
I'm not so sure.
Sirius, when I was...
When I saw Mr. Weasley
attacked, I wasn't just watching.
I was the snake.
And afterwards, in Dumbledore's office...
...there was a moment when I wanted to...
This connection between me and Voldemort.
What if the reason for it is
that I am becoming more like him?
I just feel so angry all the time.
And what if, after everything
that I've been through...
...something's gone wrong inside
me? What if I'm becoming bad?
I want you to listen to
me very carefully, Harry.
You're not a bad person.
You're a very good person who
bad things have happened to.
You understand?
Besides, the world isn't split
into good people and Death Eaters.
We've all got both light
and dark inside of us.
What matters is the part we choose to act on.
That's who we really are.
Harry, time to go.
When all this is over,
we'll be a proper family.
You'll see.
Come on.
Really?
Harry. Harry.
Hagrid's back.
I'm sorry.

I will say this one last time.
I'm ordering you to tell me where you've been.
I told you. I've been away for me health.
- Your health?
- Yeah. Bit of fresh air, you know.
Oh, yes. As gamekeeper, fresh
air must be difficult to come by.
If I were you, I shouldn't
get too used to being back.
In fact, I mightn't bother unpacking at all.
This is top-secret, right?
Dumbledore sent me to parley with the giants.
Giants?
You found them?
Well, they're not that hard to find, to
be perfectly honest. They're so big, see?
I tried to convince them to join the cause.
But I wasn't the only one that
was trying to win them over.
- Death Eaters?
- Yes.
Trying to persuade them
to join You-Know-Who.
- Did they?
- I gave them Dumbledore's message.
Suppose some of them remember he
was friendly to them. I suppose.
And they did this to you?
Not exactly, no.
Oh, go on, you have it, then, you dozy dog.
It's changing out there.
Just like last time.
There's a storm coming, Harry.
We'd all best be ready when she does.
We have confirmed that 10
high-security prisoners...
...in the early hours of
yesterday evening did escape.
And of course, the Muggle prime
minister has been alerted to the danger.
We strongly suspect...
...that the breakout was engineered...
...by a man with personal experience
in escaping from Azkaban...

...notorious mass murderer Sirius Black...
...cousin of escapee Bellatrix Lestrange.
Dumbledore warned Fudge this could happen.
He's gonna get us all killed just
because he can't face the truth.

Harry.

I wanted to apologize.

Now even me mum says the Prophet's
version of things don't add up.

So, what I'm really trying
to say is that I believe you.

Neville?

Fourteen years ago...

...a Death Eater named Bellatrix Lestrange...

...used a Cruciatus Curse on my parents.

She tortured them for information...

...but they never gave in.

I'm quite proud to be their son.

But I'm not sure I'm ready
for everyone to know just yet.

We're gonna make them proud,

Neville. That's a promise.

Make it a powerful memory,
the happiest you can remember.

Allow it to fill you up. Keep trying, Seamus.

George, your turn now.

Expecto Patronum.

A full-bodied Patronus is the
most difficult to produce...

...but shield forms can also be equally
useful against a variety of opponents.

Wow, that was really good.

Fantastic, Ginny.

Just remember, your Patronus can only
protect you for as long as you stay focused.

So focus, Luna.

Think of the happiest thing you can.

Expecto Patronum.

- I'm trying.

- I know. It's good.

This is really advanced stuff,
guys. You're doing so well.

Expecto Patronum.

I'll make short work of this.

Bombarda Maxima.
Get them.
Been watching them for weeks.
And see, "Dumbledore's Army" ...
...proof of what I've been telling you
right from the beginning, Cornelius.
All your fear-mongering
about You-Know-Who ...
...never fooled us for a minute.
We saw your lies for what they were:
A smokescreen for your bid to
seize control of the Ministry.
Naturally.
No, professor. He had nothing
to do with it. It was me.
Most noble of you, Harry, to shield
me, but as has been pointed out ...
...the parchment clearly says
"Dumbledore's Army," not "Potter's."
I instructed Harry to form this organization.
And I, and I alone, am
responsible for its activities.
Dispatch an owl to the Daily Prophet.
If we hurry, we should still
make the morning edition.
Dawlish, Shackbolt, you
will escort Dumbledore ...
...to Azkaban ...
...to await trial for conspiracy and sedition.
I thought we might hit this little snag.
You seem to be laboring under
the delusion that I'm going to ...
What was the phrase?
...come quietly.
Well, I can tell you this:
I have no intention of going to Azkaban.
Enough of this.
Take him.
Well, you may not like him, minister ...
...but you can't deny ...
...Dumbledore has got style.
Boys and girls are not permitted to
be within eight inches of each other.
Those wishing to join the

Inquisitorial Squad for extra credit...
Students will be submitted to questioning
about suspected illicit activities.
Any student in noncompliance will be expelled.
Harry.

You did everything you could. No
one could win against that old hag.
Even Dumbledore didn't see this coming.
Harry, if it's anyone's fault, it's ours.
Yeah, we talked you into it.
Yeah, but I agreed.

I tried so hard to help, and all
it's done is make things worse.
Anyway, that doesn't matter anymore.
Because I don't want to play anymore.
All it does is make you care too much.
And the more you care,
the more you have to lose.
- So maybe it's just better to...

- To what?

To go it alone.

Hagrid.

Any idea where he's taking us?
Hagrid, why can't you just tell us?
I've never seen the centaurs so riled.
And they're dangerous at the best of times.

The Ministry restricts
their territory much more...

...they'll have a full
uprising on their hands.

Hagrid, what's going on?

I'm sorry to be so mysterious, you three.
I wouldn't be bothering you at all
with it, but with Dumbledore gone...

...I'll likely be getting
the sack any day now.

And I just couldn't leave
without telling someone about him.

Grawpy.

Down here, you great buffoon.

Grawpy.

Brought you some company.

I couldn't just leave him, because...
Because he's my brother.

Blimey.

Well, half brother, really.

He's completely harmless, just like I said. Little high-spirited, is all.

- Grawpy, that is not polite.

- Hagrid, do something.

We talked about this. You do not grab, do you?

That's your new friend, Hermione.

Grawpy.

Grawp.

Put me down.

Now.

You all right?

Fine.

Just needs a firm hand, is all.

I think you've got an admirer.

You just stay away from her, all right?

He gets his own food and all.

It's company he'll be needing when I'm gone.

You will look after him, won't you?

I'm the only family he's got.

Feeling sentimental?

- That's private.

- Not to me.

And not to the Dark Lord,

if you don't improve.

Every memory he has access to is a weapon he can use against you.

You won't last two seconds

if he invades your mind.

You're just like your father.

Lazy, arrogant.

- Don't say a word against my father.

- Weak.

- I'm not weak.

- Then prove it.

Control your emotions.

Discipline your mind.

Legilimens.

Harry.

Sirius.

I may vomit.

Stop it.

Is this what you call control?

We've been at it for
hours. If I could just rest.
The Dark Lord isn't resting.
You and Black, you're two of a kind.
Sentimental children forever whining about
how bitterly unfair your lives have been.
Well, it may have escaped your
notice, but life isn't fair.
Your blessed father knew that.
In fact, he frequently saw to it.

- My father was a great man.
- Your father was a swine.
- Legilimens.
- Protego.

Come on, Moony, Padfoot.
Snape. Expelliarmus.
Nice one, James.

- Dad.
- Impedimenta.

Snivellus Greasy. Snivellus Greasy.
Right. Who wants to see me
take off Snivelly's trousers?
Snivellus Greasy. Snivellus Greasy.
Enough.
Enough.
Your lessons are at an end.
I...
Get out.

- What's your name?
- Michael.

Your hand's gonna be fine, Michael.
Yeah. It's not as bad as it seems. See?
It's fading already.
You can hardly see ours anymore,
and the pain stops after a while.
As I told you once before, Mr. Potter...
...naughty children deserve to be punished.
You know, George...
...I've always felt our futures lay
outside the world of academic achievement.
Fred, I've been thinking
exactly the same thing.
All right, professor!
Here you go.

Ready when you are.

I need that prophecy.

You'll have to kill me.

Oh, I will. But first,
you will fetch it for me.

Crucio.

Crucio.

Sirius.

Harry, are you sure?

I saw it. It's just like with Mr. Weasley.

It's the door I've been dreaming about.

I couldn't remember where I'd seen it before.

Sirius said Voldemort was after something.

Something he didn't have the last

time, in the Department of Mysteries.

Harry, please, just listen.

What if Voldemort meant for you to see this?

What if he's only hurting Sirius

because he's trying to get to you?

What if he is? I'm supposed

to just let him die?

Hermione, he's the only family I've got left.

What do we do?

We'll have to use the Floo Network.

Umbridge has the chimneys under surveillance.

Not all of them.

Alohomora.

Alert the Order if you can.

- Are you mental? We're going with you.

- It's too dangerous.

When are you going to get it into
your head? We're in this together.

That you are.

Caught this one trying
to help the Weasley girl.

You were going to Dumbledore, weren't you?

- No.

- Liar.

- You sent for me, headmistress?

- Snape, yes.

The time has come for answers, whether
he wants to give them to me or not.

Have you brought the Veritaserum?

I'm afraid you've used up all

my stores interrogating students.
The last of it on Miss Chang.
Unless you wish to poison him...
And I assure you, I would have
the greatest sympathy if you did.
...I cannot help you.
He's got Padfoot.
He's got Padfoot at the
place where it's hidden.
Padfoot? What is Padfoot?
Where what is hidden?
What is he talking about, Snape?
No idea.
Very well.
You give me no choice, Potter.
As this is an issue of Ministry security...
...you leave me with...
...no alternative.
The Cruciatus Curse ought
to loosen your tongue.
That's illegal.
What Cornelius doesn't know won't hurt him.
Tell her, Harry!
Tell me what?
Well, if you won't tell her where it is...
...I will.
Where what is?
Dumbledore's secret weapon.
How much further?
Not far.
It had to be somewhere students
wouldn't find it accidentally.
What are you doing?
Improvising.
Well?
Where is this weapon?
There isn't one, is there?
You were trying to trick me.
You know...
...I really hate children.
You have no business here,
centaur. This is a Ministry matter.
Lower your weapons.
I warn you, under the law, as

creatures of near-human intelligence...

Protego.

How dare you?

Filthy half-breed.

Incarcerous.

Please. Please stop it. Please.

Now, enough. I will have order.

You filthy animal.

Do you know who I am?

Leave him alone. It's not his fault.

No, he doesn't understand.

Potter, do something.

Tell them I mean no harm.

I'm sorry, professor.

But I must not tell lies.

What are you doing?

I am Senior Undersecretary

Dolores Jane Umbridge.

Let me go!

Thank you, Grawp.

Hermione. Hermione, Sirius.

- How'd you get away?

- Puking Pastilles. It wasn't pretty.

Told them I was hungry, wanted some sweets.

They told me to bugger off
and ate the lot themselves.

That was clever, Ron.

- Has been known to happen.

- It was brilliant.

So how are we getting to London?

Look, it's not that I don't appreciate
everything you've done, all of you...

...but I've got you into
enough trouble as it is.

Dumbledore's Army's supposed to
be about doing something real.

Or was that all just words to you?

Maybe you don't have to do
this all by yourself, mate.

So how are we going to get to London?

We fly, of course.

Department of Mysteries.

This is it.

Ninety-two.

Ninety-three.

Ninety-four.

Ninety-five.

- He should be here.

- Harry.

It's got your name on it.

The one with the power to
vanquish the Dark Lord approaches.

And the Dark Lord shall
mark him as his equal...

...but he shall have power
the Dark Lord knows not.

For neither can live while the other survives.

Harry.

Where's Sirius?

You know, you really should learn to
tell the difference between dreams...

...and reality.

You saw only what the Dark
Lord wanted you to see.

Now, hand me the prophecy.

If you do anything to us, I'll break it.

He knows how to play.

Itty, bitty baby.

Potter.

Bellatrix Lestrange.

Neville Longbottom, is it? How's Mum and Dad?

Better, now they're about to be avenged.

Now, let's everybody just calm down...

...shall we?

All we want is that prophecy.

Why did Voldemort need
me to come and get this?

You dare speak his name?

You filthy half-blood!

It's all right. He's just
a curious lad, aren't you?

Prophecies can only be retrieved
by those about whom they are made.

Which is lucky for you, really.

Haven't you always wondered...

...what was the reason for the
connection between you and the Dark Lord?

Why he was unable to kill you...

...when you were just an infant?
Don't you want to know
the secret of your scar?
All the answers are there,
Potter, in your hand.
All you have to do...
...is give it to me.
Then I can show you everything.
I've waited 14 years.
I know.
I guess I can wait a
little longer. Now. Stupefy.
Stupefy.
Levicorpus.
Petrificus Totalus.
Well done, Neville.
Stupefy.
- Stupefy.
- Stupefy.
Stupefy.
Reducto.
Get back to the door.
Department of Mysteries. They
got that bit right, didn't they?
The voices.
Can you tell what they're saying?
There aren't any voices, Harry.
Let's get out of here.
I hear them too.
Harry, it's just an empty archway.
Please, Harry.
Get behind me.
Did you actually believe...
...or were you truly naive enough to think...
...that children stood a chance against us?
I'll make this simple for you, Potter.
Give me the prophecy now...
...or watch your friends die.
Don't give it to him, Harry.
Get away from my godson.
Now, listen to me. Take the
others and get out of here.
What? No, I'm staying with you.
You've done beautifully.

Now, let me take it from here.
Black.
Expelliarmus!
Nice one, James.
Avada Kedavra.
No. No.
I killed Sirius Black.
- You coming to get me?
- Crucio.
You've got to mean it, Harry.
She killed him. She deserves it.
You know the spell, Harry.
Do it.
So weak.
It was foolish of you to
come here tonight, Tom.
The Aurors are on their way.
By which time I shall be gone, and you...
...shall be dead.
You've lost, old man.
Harry.
So weak.
So vulnerable.
Look at me.
Harry, it isn't how you are alike.
It's how you are not.
Harry?
You're the weak one...
...and you'll never know love or friendship.
And I feel sorry for you.
You're a fool, Harry Potter.
And you will lose everything.
He's back.
I know how you feel, Harry.
No, you don't.
It's my fault.
No, the fault is mine.
I knew it was only a matter of time...
...before Voldemort made
the connection between you.
I thought by distancing myself
from you, as I have done all year...
...he'd be less tempted, and
therefore you might be more protected.

The prophecy said:

"Neither one can live while
the other one survives."

It means one of us is gonna have
to kill the other, in the end.

Yes.

Why didn't you tell me?

For the same reason you tried to save Sirius.

The same reason your friends saved you.

After all these years,
after all you've suffered...

...I didn't want to cause you any more pain.

I cared too much about you.

How come you're not at the feast?

Lost all my possessions. Apparently
people have been hiding them.

That's awful.

Oh, it's all good fun.

But as it's the last night,
I really do need them back.

Do you want any help finding them?

I'm sorry about your godfather, Harry.

Are you sure you don't want any help looking?

That's all right.

Anyway, my mum always said...

...the things we lose have a way
of coming back to us in the end.

If not always in the way we expect.

Think I'll just go have some pudding.

I've been thinking about
something Dumbledore said to me.

What's that?

That even though we've
got a fight ahead of us...

...we've got one thing
that Voldemort doesn't have.

Yeah?

Something worth fighting for.