

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone / "Chapter Twelve:
The Mirror of Erised"

written by

Emily Horton

ehorton@usc.edu
(602) 400-9796

FADE IN:

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

Snow dives from the sky as a flying brown owl carries three letters in his talons and fights against the harsh wind. He flies through an open window that leads inside Hogwarts.

INT. HOGWARTS' GREAT HALL - DAY

The owl enters through the window, and flies above The Great Hall's long tables. He has icicles frozen to his face and is shivering.

Below him, students enjoy a breakfast of kippers, porridge, hard-boiled eggs, Pixie Puffs, Cheeri Owls, crumpets, pumpkin juice, and cauldron cakes.

Christmas trees decorated with white lights and gold ornaments line the outside of the tables. A larger tree decorated in the same fashion stands at the head of The Great Hall. Light floods through The Great Hall's windows.

The owl drops the letters as he flies, and students grab them in the air. The owl weakly flies into HAGRID's large, cracked hands. Hagrid is 8'6 with a meaty build. He has long, frizzy hair on his head and chin, and he is wearing a timeworn, brown leather trench coat.

Hagrid takes an owl treat out from his coat pocket and offers it to the owl. The owl weakly devours the treat.

HAGRID

(speaking to the owl)

I've got some better food for ya at home.

Hagrid places a blanket over top of the owl as he turns to leave The Great Hall.

Twins FRED WEASLEY and GEORGE WEASLEY sit at a table gobbling down handfuls of food. They each have bright red hair, are 6'3 in height, are fourteen years of age, and possess lanky bodies. They're wearing matching forest-green sweaters with their respective initial sewn in gold on the front.

GEORGE WEASLEY

I love breakfast at Christmas-time. I can't stop eating these cauldron cakes.

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George holds a cauldron cake inches from his mouth as he chews the contents already stuffed inside.

Fred looks toward a corner of The Great Hall where PROFESSOR QUIRRELL walks out of the room with a serious expression. Professor Quirrell accents his black robe and average looks with a purple turban wrapped around his head, and a short purple scarf wrapped around his neck.

FRED WEASLEY

Must not be a huge fan of cauldron cakes. What do ya say we help him get into the holiday spirit, eh George?

George muffles an approving sound, and grabs another cauldron cake before the two get up to scurry out of The Great Hall.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

Fred and George excitedly hurry behind a thinning bush.

GEORGE WEASLEY

Alright, what's the pl--

A snowball whizzes past George's face. George disappointedly looks sideways at Fred.

GEORGE WEASLEY (CONT'D)

How could you miss me? I'm right here!

FRED WEASLEY

I'm a little rusty, okay?

FRED WEASLEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

But I don't know how I'll miss *that*.

Fred motions ahead toward the back of Professor Quirrell's head. He has his back turned to the twins and is engrossed in a book.

FRED WEASLEY (CONT'D)

But, just to make sure...

Fred waves his wand. His eyes sparkle with entertainment as he looks from Professor Quirrell to the snow on the ground.

The snow rises to form a grapefruit-sized snowball that remains suspended and spinning in mid-air. The Weasley twins look at each other with fun-loving, devious expressions. They then look ahead at Professor Quirrell's backside.

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GEORGE WEASLEY
You sure you can do this?

FRED WEASLEY
C'mon, it's all in the holiday spirit.

GEORGE WEASLEY
(sarcastically)
No, I mean you sure you won't miss
this time? Magic can only do so much,
and after that last throw...

Fred and George snicker.

FRED WEASLEY
Only one way to find out.

Fred flicks his wand, commanding the suspended snowball to
hurdle toward the back of Professor Quirrell's head.

When the snowball hits, Professor Quirrell becomes frenzied.
His hands drop the book and snap back to stabilize the turban
on his head. He searches behind him with desperate eyes.

Fred commands another snowball to bounce off the back of
Professor Quirrell's turban with the flick of his wand.

GEORGE WEASLEY
Fred, you're goin' too easy on him.
Watch this.

George bewitches three snowballs, which follow Professor
Quirrell around as he attempts to run from them.

Fred and George laugh together behind the bush. Professor
Quirrell meets eyes with the twins just as the final of the
three bewitched snowballs bounces off the back of his head.
The twins straighten their smiles, but continue to snicker.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL
(pointing a shaky finger toward
the bush)
Y-you two! C-Come with me now!

Fred and George sulk out from behind the bush.

GEORGE WEASLEY
(whispering)
Bloody hell.

Quirrell picks up his book and the twins follow him inside.

INT. PROFESSOR QUIRRELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Professor Quirrell leads Fred and George into his office while holding the book at his side. He takes a seat at his desk, and Fred and George take the two chairs opposite him. Professor Quirrell sets the book face up on his desk.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL

(sharply)

I've got h-half a mind to e-eh...

Fred's eyes drift to Professor Quirrell's book. The title reads, "Works of Alchemy".

Quirrell notices Fred's eyes.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL (CONT'D)

Y-you won't need to s-study this until
at 1-least your 6th year.

Quirrell turns over the book to show its blank brown leather back side.

FRED WEASLEY

(sarcastically)

Good to know. I was worried I'd have
to switch my schedule around.

Fred and George look at each other amusedly.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL

(vexedly)

...C-candelabra duty for you two.

Quirrell tosses a rag at each of the twins for them to catch.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL (CONT'D)

I d-don't want to hear of any m-more
bewitched snowballs.

George points a lecturing finger at Fred.

PROFESSOR QUIRRELL (CONT'D)

Well, g-get to it now!

The twins scamper out of Quirrell's office. Quirrell looks down at the book on his desk and runs his fingers atop its leather back as the camera focuses in.

FADE OUT.