

2B INT. HARRY'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

2B

The light in the hallway SNAPS on, Harry's tent droops once more and, seconds later, Harry's door eases open. Uncle Vernon peers in and switches on the light. The room is utterly SILENT. Slowly, he closes the door.

3 OMITTED

3

thru

thru

5

5

6 INT. FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - STAIRWAY/FRONT HALL - DAY

6

The DOORBELL CHIMES and a shrill VOICE THUNDERS:

AUNT PETUNIA (O.S.)

Harry!

Harry!

Harry bounds down the stairs and into the front hall, where his AUNT PETUNIA and cousin DUDLEY stand stiffly. Petunia flicks a bit of fluff from Dudley's sweater, glowers crossly at Harry, and jerks her head toward the door.

AUNT PETUNIA

Well, go on. Open it.

Harry reaches for the knob when -- BLAM! -- it BURSTS OPEN, revealing a LARGE, WADDLING WOMAN (AUNT MARGE) and a LARGE WADDLING BULLDOG (RIPPER). Uncle Vernon lurches forward out of the teeming RAIN, an ENORMOUS SUITCASE in hand, and drops it on Harry.

AUNT PETUNIA

Marge! Welcome! How was the train?

AUNT MARGE

Wretched. Ripper got sick.

AUNT PETUNIA

Ah. How... unfortunate.

AUNT MARGE

I would've left him with the others, but he pines so when I'm away. Don't you, darling?
Aunt Marge puckers her lips at Ripper and leads him down the hallway. Harry follows with Uncle Vernon.

(CONTINUED)

4.

6 CONTINUED:

6

HARRY

Uncle Vernon. I need you to sign this form.

UNCLE VERNON

What is it?

HARRY

Nothing. Something for school...
Uncle Vernon eyes the PARCHMENT in Harry's hand suspiciously.

UNCLE VERNON

Later perhaps. If you behave.

HARRY

I will if she does.

AUNT MARGE

(turning, eyeing Harry)
So. Still here, are you?

HARRY

Yes.

AUNT MARGE

Don't say 'yes' in that ungrateful tone. Damn good of my brother to keep you, if you ask me.
(to Vernon, Petunia)
It'd have been straight to an orphanage if he'd been dumped on

my doorstep.
Just then Dudley -- sitting comatose before the TV --
emits a HOLLOW, BRAIN-DEAD CHUCKLE.

AUNT MARGE

Is that my Dudders! Hm? Is that
my neffy poo? Come and say hello
to your Auntie Marge.

Marge flashes a thick FAN of POUND NOTES. Dudley blinks,
waddles forward, and extends his plump palm obediently.
Harry looks on, then sees Ripper snuffling about his
ankle.

7 INT. FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - DINING ROOM - DUSK

7

As Harry clears the dishes, Uncle Vernon brings out a
bottle of brandy.

(CONTINUED)

5.

7 CONTINUED:

7

UNCLE VERNON

Can I tempt you, Marge?

AUNT MARGE

Just a small one. A bit more... a
bit more... That's the boy.

(taking a
sloppy sip)

Aah. Excellent nosh, Petunia.
It's normally just a fry-up for
me, what with twelve dogs.

She smacks her lips, lowers her brandy, and lets Ripper
take a slobbery lap out of the glass... then catches
Harry looking.

AUNT MARGE

What are you smirking at! Where
is it that you send him, Vernon?

UNCLE VERNON

St. Brutus's. It's a first-rate institution for hopeless cases. Hearing this, Harry frowns, glances at Uncle Vernon, who glares darkly at him.

AUNT MARGE

I see. And do they use the cane at St. Brutus's, boy?

HARRY

(sarcastically)
Oh, yes. I've been beaten loads of times.

AUNT MARGE

Excellent. I won't have this namby-pamby wishy-washy nonsense about not hitting people who deserve it.

(another sip)

Still. Mustn't blame yourself for how this one's turned out, Vernon. It all comes down to blood. Bad blood will out. What is it the boy's father did, Petunia?

AUNT PETUNIA

(agitated)
Nothing. That is... he didn't work. He was -- unemployed.

(CONTINUED)

6.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

AUNT MARGE

Of course. And a drunk, I expect --

HARRY

That's a lie.
Aunt Marge pauses on her wine, eyes narrowing on Harry.

AUNT MARGE

What did you say?

HARRY

My dad wasn't a drunk.
POP! The GLASS in Aunt Marge's hand EXPLODES.

AUNT PETUNIA

Oh my goodness! Marge!

AUNT MARGE

Not to worry, Petunia. I have a
very firm grip.
Harry stares at the shattered glass in surprise.

UNCLE VERNON

You go to bed. Now.

AUNT MARGE

Quiet, Vernon. It doesn't matter
about the father. In the end it
comes down to the mother. You see
it all the time with dogs. If
there's something wrong with the
bitch, there'll be something wrong
with the pup...

HARRY

Shut up!	Shut up!
Aunt Marge starts to her dress sails into SNAPS. Aunt Marge's whole body BILLOWS.	reply, when -- ZING! -- a BUTTON on the air. SEAMS GROAN. THREAD eyes WIDEN. Her cheeks BILLOW. Her And she begins to INFLATE like a

MONSTROUS BALLOON.

UNCLE VERNON

MARGE!

As she rises, Uncle Vernon leaps for her. RIPPER GROWLS,
fixes his teeth to his trousers. Harry frightened by
what he's done, watches Aunt Marge BOUNCE GENTLY across
the ceiling and into the CONSERVATORY.

7A EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DUSK

7A

The others race outside. As Aunt Marge begins to float away, Uncle Vernon grips her hands.

UNCLE VERNON

Don't worry! I've got you...
Slowly... to his horror... Uncle Vernon himself begins to
RISE. Aunt Marge looks fearfully into his eyes...

AUNT MARGE

Vernon. Don't you dare --
But he does. He lets go. Falls to his knees. And
watches Aunt Marge float away.

8 INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DUSK (SECONDS LATER)

8

Harry crashes inside, takes his TRUNK, then puts his heel to a LOOSE FLOORBOARD and removes his WAND from its hiding place. Turning, he grabs the PHOTOGRAPH of his parents.

9 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK (SECONDS LATER)

9

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Harry tows the TRUNK down the stairs... finds Uncle Vernon waiting for him.

UNCLE VERNON

YOU BRING HER BACK! YOU BRING HER

BACK AND PUT HER RIGHT!

HARRY