

DIAGON ALLEY

"Pilot"

FADE IN:

EXT. WIZARDING BOOK FACTORY - DAY

A grand and imposing building made of grey stone is shown. It has tall chimneys rising from the roof and its various levels and wings can be seen. The focus then settles on the entrance. The doors of the factory open and a large cart pulled by several emaciated-looking black flying horses called THESTRALS flies out, carrying a stack of freshly printed books.

INT. WIZARDING BOOK FACTORY - DAY

The camera enters the factory and flows through it, showing the bustling activity within. Rows of wizarding presses can be seen, each one operated by a team of around three mid-aged skilled wizards and witches. They wave their wands in intricate patterns, causing the presses to churn out books at a rapid pace. The pages flip and the ink is stamped onto them with precise movements of their wands.

The camera continue its journey and more wizards and witches are visible in the next station: they are using potions to treat the paper, making it stronger and more resistant. A small dragon fire is used to power the conveyor belt that moves the books to the next station. We see the wizards and witches working quickly and efficiently, carefully checking each book before it is sent down the conveyor belt.

The camera continues flowing through the factory, passing by stations where the books are bound and enchanted for added durability. Finally, we see two wizards using spells to carefully move the books into boxes, which are then loaded onto carts pulled by Thestrals. At the sign of the wizards, the Thestrals take off, carrying the carts of books out of the factory and into the wizarding world.

EXT. WIZARDING BOOK FACTORY - DAY

The camera follows the cart as it flies through the air, passing over lush countryside and quaint villages. It finally reaches a bustling city, and we see the familiar sights of Diagon Alley.

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

We are now inside a bookstore with high ceilings and walls lined with books. The store is empty. The camera shows the front entrance and the windows next to the door, giving a view of Diagon Alley, the snowy street on which the store is located. We can hear the muffled sound of wings, and suddenly the snow resting on the ground begins to shake and swirl as a group of Thestrals land outside the door of the store. They have arrived with boxes of books for FLOURISH AND BLOTTS.

A YOUNG WIZARD, in his mid-20s, enters the frame. He is wearing red robes, as if it were the uniform of the shop. He walks to the door and goes outside. He closes the door behind him, but we can see through the window that he is unloading the boxes of books from the Thestrals. This process takes a few seconds, until the Thestrals take flight again. The door then opens once more and the wizard re-enters, levitating the boxes with his wand and closing the door behind him. With another wave of his wand he locks the door and closes the window curtains behind him.

Then the camera moves forward to the window, and we pass through it...

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY (SNOWY MORNING)

...to show us an empty snowy DIAGON ALLEY, only a few shopkeepers are visible in the distance preparing to open their shops. The Thestrals are now flying high in the sky, becoming smaller with every movement of their wings.

In the distance, two beings can be seen walking, one smaller than the other, although they walk side by side. As they approach, at a slow pace, we can see a cloaked figure and his accompanying house elf, both of them with an air of authority and confidence. The only sounds are their footsteps and the sound of the snow crunching under their feet. The name of the figure is OLIVER FARRINGTON, a sixty-year-old man with a bald head. His loyal house elf is named EDGAR.

As they pass by the various shops, the shop owners throw golden sparks from their wands in salute as Farrington passes by. He nods in acknowledgement.

Two unrelated individuals pass them by, they nod their head, their expressions revealing a hint of fear. Farrington doesn't pay them any attention. As he reaches FLOURISH AND BLOTTS, he stops and looks up at the shuttered storefront. He pauses for a moment, considering the closed shop.

FARRINGTON

Flourish and Blotts again, still
hiding behind closed doors.

EDGAR

(confidently)

Yes, sir. They've made it clear
they disagree with your methods.

The figure looks around the empty street.

FARRINGTON

(in low voice)

They're, again, sending a message.

EDGAR

(nodding)

A message of defiance, sir.

The figure turns to the house elf with a cold look.

FARRINGTON

I think that is enough.

Farrington turns and continues down the street, leaving the
house elf to scurry after him.

As the figure and the house elf walk out of the alley, the
camera lingers on the shuttered storefront of Flourish and
Blotts, hinting at the conflict to come.

INT. FLOURISH & BLOTTS BOOKSTORE - DAY

The inside of the Flourish and Blotts bookstore is dark, with
all the windows closed. The bookshelves tower high, adorned
with an array of books of all shapes, sizes, and colors. Some
of them move by themselves. The walls are adorned with
posters and paintings of famous authors of the wizarding
world, such as Bathilda Bagshot and Newt Scamander, who have
signed books here, and they look like they're watching over
the store.

Far from the center of the store, we see MR. BLOTTS, an older
man in his 60s, standing near the front window, peering out
through a crack in the curtains. He is wearing a red robe and
a pair of spectacles sits perched on his nose. He looks
worried and concerned. He paces back and forth, as if he's
waiting for something.

His son, ZEPHYR BLOTTS enters from the back of the store,
waving his wand at a stack of floating books. He is the young
wizard who received the books from the thestrals before. He
just finished stocking the shelves.

ZEPHYR
 (concerned)
 Father, what's wrong?

MR. BLOTTS
 (turning to him)
 It's that man, Farrington. He's
 been by again. I don't want him
 near our store.

ZEPHYR
 I don't understand, father. Why
 don't you just pay him the fee?
 It's just a couple of Galleons a
 month.

MR. BLOTTS
 (sighing)
 It's not about the money, my boy.
 It's about principles. I won't give
 in to extortion and blackmail.

Zephyr puts down the stack of books and steps closer to his
 father.

ZEPHYR
 I understand. But be careful,
 father. Farrington is not someone
 to be trifled with.

MR. BLOTTS
 I know. But I also know things
 about him, things that he would
 rather not have come to light.

As they talk, Mr. Blotts fidgets nervously, running his hand
 through his hair. His son is more composed but serious.

ZEPHYR
 (curious)
 What kind of things?

MR. BLOTTS
 (shaking his head)
 I can't say. But let's just say
 that Farrington is not who he
 pretends to be.

ZEPHYR
 I see. So you think he's dangerous.

MR. BLOTTS
 (nodding firmly)
 Oh, yes, I do.
 (MORE)

MR. BLOTTS (CONT'D)

And we need to be careful. We'll just have to stand our ground and hope that he moves on to easier targets.

The two of them start moving around the store, getting it ready for opening. Zephyr Blotts straightens the stack of books, while Mr. Blotts dusts off the display shelves with a simple flick of his wand.

ZEPHYR

(looking around)

I'll make sure to keep an eye on the store and let you know if he comes by again.

MR. BLOTTS

Thank you, son. I appreciate it.

As they finish preparing the store, MADAM MALKIN, a squat woman dressed all in mauve enters the store. She owns the shop next to them, "Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions".

MADAM MALKIN

(excitedly)

Good morning! I saw Farrington outside, is everything alright?

MR. BLOTTS

(sighing)

Good morning, Mrs. Malkin. Farrington was just by, but we're fine.

MADAM MALKIN

(looking around the store)

Well, it should be quieter now that the students have finished buying their textbooks, shouldn't it?

ZEPHYR

Yes, it should be. But we're expecting the new book by Stoneturner next month, so we'll have a few busy weeks leading up to the event.

MADAM MALKIN

Stoneturner? Who is he?

ZEPHYR

He writes about music. He'll be presenting his new biography of Celestina Warbeck. Of course, you're invited to the presentation!

MADAM MALKIN

Oh, well, thank you dear. Well, if you need anything this morning, just let me know. I see you're busy, so I can brew a pot of tea if you want?

MR. BLOTTS

No, thank you. We're fine.

ZEPHYR

(smiling)

Yes, thank you. I would love a cup of tea.

MR. BLOTTS

(under his breath)

Are you sure that's wise, my boy? We don't know who Farrington has in his pocket.

ZEPHYR

(laughing)

Relax, father. It's just a cup of tea.

Zephyr exits the store with Madam Malkin, leaving Mr. Blotts alone in the store, with a concerned look on his face. It is clear that he does not like his son's attitude and thinks he should be more cautious.

INT. OLIVER FARRINGTON'S ROOM - DAY

We open on Farrington's room, a dimly lit room with large windows that let in a small amount of light. Farrington is seen standing in front of a full-length mirror, adjusting the collars of his robes and fastening the clasp of his cloak. He's a bit overweight, with a round belly. His head is bald, but a short trimmed white beard covers his chin. He has dark bags sag under his tired eyes. He has a small scar below his left eye. He is dressed impeccably in wizarding robes, complete with a wand in the pocket of his robes. This is the first time we see his face clearly.

His house elf, Edgar, is sitting at a desk near him, sorting through letters and organizing his schedule for the day.

Edgar is dressed in a house elf outfit, complete with a pillowcase-like clothing and a small bell attached to the collar. He works diligently, seeming to anticipate Farrington's needs before he even expresses them.

FARRINGTON
(looking himself in the
mirror)
How do I look?

EDGAR
(looking up from his work)
You look very handsome, sir. Ready
for another day at the Ministry.

FARRINGTON
(nodding in satisfaction)
Excellent. I have a meeting with
the Head of the Department of
International Magical Cooperation
later today. Is everything in
order?

EDGAR
(nodding)
I've made sure that all the
necessary documents and information
are ready for you, sir.

FARRINGTON
Excellent. And don't forget the
usual collection today.

EDGAR
I will make sure to send the
notices to the shopkeepers, sir.

FARRINGTON
How was the Quidditch match last
night? I missed it.

EDGAR
It was quite a match, sir. The
Falmouth Falcons played a great
game, but the Bats took the victory
at the end.

FARRINGTON
I see. Was it a good match?

EDGAR
Indeed. There were some exciting
moments.

(MORE)

EDGAR (CONT'D)

The Seeker's chase was phenomenal,
that kid Miranda is really good.

FARRINGTON

How much did it last?

EDGAR

I think they caught the Snitch
after two hours. Do you want me to
find a used Omniocular for you? I
can get one for free, sir.

FARRINGTON

No, it's OK. It doesn't affect us,
right?

EDGAR

It doesn't.

Then, FARRINGTON approaches a fireplace, takes a powder from
small vessel, and stands in front of the fireplace.

FARRINGTON

(emotionless)
Ministry of Magic.

The fire inside the fireplace turns green, FARRINGTON takes a
step and enters it, disappearing in the act.

EDGAR

(weary)
Have a good day, sir.

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

The camera shows a panoramic view of the castle, with the
lake in the background. The camera then moves closer to the
castle, focusing on a specific window. The camera is going to
crash into the window...

INT. HOGWARTS - CLASSROOM - DAY

...but it seamless passes through the glass. We find
ourselves inside a classroom in Hogwarts. The room is empty
except for a few girls. They are not in the midst of a class,
but instead are using the room during their free time. We see
a Ravenclaw student, a 16-year-old girl with long brown hair
and blue eyes, sitting at a desk surrounded by books. She is
next to a GRYFFINDOR STUDENT, same age. The Ravenclaw student
is SOMNIA BLOTTS.

SOMNIA

So, you were saying your brother plays in the Rainier League?

GRYFFINDOR STUDENT

The Premier League. The most important football league in the world.

SOMNIA

Football is like Quidditch for Muggles?

GRYFFINDOR STUDENT

Something like that, yes. More popular, though. And less dangerous, thankfully. Though my brother almost had a career-ending injury, he had a torn cruciate ligament.

SOMNIA

But that's easy to fix!

GRYFFINDOR STUDENT

Now that I know how to use a wand, ha. This was way before I got my Hogwarts letter.

SOMNIA

How did your parents take it? I mean, you were the first--

Suddenly, the door opens and an old witch enters the room. We only see her back, dressed in a traditional wizarding robes, and a pointed hat. We never see her face, but she is MINERVA MCGONAGALL.

MCGONAGALL

(to Somnia)

Miss Blotts, I need to speak with you.

SOMNIA

(looking up, surprised)

Professor?

MCGONAGALL

Please, follow me.

Blott's daughter gathers her things and follows McGonagall out of the classroom.

INT. HOGWARTS - CORRIDORS - DAY

We see the two of them walking through the dimly lit corridors, with the girl walking behind the teacher. The camera stays focused on the girl, showing her reactions to the conversation.

SOMNIA
(looking worried)
What's wrong?

MCGONAGALL
I am afraid something has happened.
I will let the Headmaster tell you
more.

CUT TO:

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

The camera slowly pans around the interior of the bookstore, with a deep focus on a pile of books in the center of the store. We see the arm of a body below the books, obscured by the weight of the tomes on top. The shop is mostly dark, but there is movement visible. There are approximately a dozen people present.

INT. HOGWARTS - CORRIDORS - DAY

Mr. Blotts' daughter walks through the dimly-lit corridors of Hogwarts. She moves slowly, her head down, her thoughts a million miles away.

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

AURORS, recognizable by their long purple robes and imposing stature, move around the scene, taking measurements and collecting evidence with their wands.

INT. HOGWARTS - CORRIDORS - DAY

Somnia following Professor McGonagall, who is walking in front of her and leading her to the Headmaster's office.

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

A BEARDED JOURNALIST snaps photos with a magical camera, which flashes with each shot. The shop is briefly illuminated with each flash.

A second FEMALE YOUNG JOURNALIST, scribbles notes onto a parchment using a quill that moves on its own, under her direction.

INT. HOGWARTS CORRIDORS - DAY

Somnia and McGonagall continue walking through a grand, stone staircase. The camera follows them in slow motion as they ascend the steps. Other students are seen in the background, laughing and chatting as they go about their day. However, Somnia's face is etched with worry as she looks straight ahead, deep in thought. The sounds of laughter and conversation mumble in the background, becoming more and more distant as both of them continue on their journey.

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

As the camera continues its slow rotation, the focus moves to the titles of the books which are in the pile, some of them are very heavy and thick, "Advanced Magic for the Modern Wizard", "The Standard Book of Spells" and "The History of Diagon Alley".

INT. HOGWARTS - CORRIDORS - DAY

McGonagall nods to Somnia and both of them stop in front of a stone gargoyle.

MCGONAGALL
Cinnamon coffee biscuit.

The gargoyle moves aside, and the wall behind splits in two, revealing a spiral stone staircase. McGonagall turns to Somnia and gives her a small, comforting smile before leading her inside.

INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

Finally we see the body of Mr. Blotts, face down and crushed under the weight of the books. The camera lingers on the body for a moment before fading to black.

CUT TO:

INT. HOGWARTS - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

A close-up of Somnia's lips, wet and trembling, and her throat shaking, we can hear the muffled voice of the Headmaster in the background.

The office is dimly lit, with a large desk at the center and shelves filled with ancient looking books lining the walls and strange magical objects. A fire crackles in the fireplace, casting a warm glow on the room.

The Headmaster is an old wizard with long white hair, wearing purple robes. He is ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, and he is facing Somnia, who is seated in front of his desk, tears streaming down her face. McGonagall is there as well, standing behind the student, closer to the door.

DUMBLEDORE

Miss Blotts, I repeat, I am sorry for your loss. Your father was a respected member of the wizarding community. He will be greatly missed.

Somnia takes a deep breath, trying to compose herself, but her throat is still shaking. She is unable to speak.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(pausing)

The Ministry of Magic is investigating the incident, I have been told. They believe it was an accident, yes. But they are still trying to determine the exact cause.

SOMNIA

(sobbing)

The bookstore was his life... he would have never been careless.

DUMBLEDORE

I understand your concern, Miss Blotts. But please understand they are in the early stages of investigation. The Aurors are doing their work. We will not know for certain what happened until we have all the facts.

There is a silence. McGonagall gets closer to Somnia and stands behind her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

I understand your pain, my dear. In times like these, it is important to take care and not rush to conclusions. Rest assured, I will keep you informed of any new information that comes to light.

(MORE)

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

And I have made arrangements for you to have leave from your studies so that you may attend to any necessary matters that require your attention.

He pauses, as Somnia nods and sobs at the same time. The office is full of sadness.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

And please, do not be swayed by the sensationalism that the Daily Prophet and other such publications may try to feed you. They are more concerned with selling papers than with providing the truth.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER FARRINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Farrington's office at the Ministry of Magic is wide and the walls are made of black marble. There is a large desk filled with sparkling objects, and one of the walls is occupied by a floor-to-ceiling bookshelf lined with books. The opposite wall boasts several grand, ornate parchments hanging, one of which appears to be a map of Diagon Alley, with shimmering dots moving. Another parchment displays a detailed map of Hogsmeade, complete with markers for key locations. The wall behind the desk displays a grand insignia, emblazoned with the words "DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL TRADE AND COMMERCE" in shimmering gold lettering.

Farrington is looking through some papers at his desk, when the door opens. A blonde and tall man, a Ministry employee in his 40s, stands at the door. His name is TAYLOR.

TAYLOR

Sir?

Farrington keeps his focus on the papers, not looking back at the man.

FARRINGTON

Yes?

TAYLOR

There has been an incident at Diagon Alley.

Farrington looks up at the man, and takes his time to answer.

FARRINGTON

Can you handle that yourself? I am currently occupied.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

Taylor starts to close the door to leave, but Farrington interrupts him.

FARRINGTON

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Yes, sir?

FARRINGTON

Send a team to investigate. Make sure there is no suspicion of foul play. I know it is not our jurisdiction, and Aurors may be already working on that, but I do not want any troubles. Our Department must remain as clear as always.

TAYLOR

Of course, sir.

Taylor leaves, and Farrington returns his attention to the papers on his desk, his expression unreadable. Then Farrington stands in front of the detailed map of Diagon Alley, similar to the Marauder's Map from the Harry Potter films. The map shows a top-down view of Diagon Alley and the dots represent people moving around. Farrington's attention is focused on a particular group of dots congregated towards one point. He looks uncomfortable and uneasy as he studies the map. Then there's a small plop sound. He turns around to see his house elf Edgar has Apparated in the office.

FARRINGTON

I know.

EDGAR

You know, sir.

FARRINGTON

Yes, I know. I know.

EDGAR

But they don't know. They do not suspect anything, sir.

FARRINGTON

Are you sure?

EDGAR

I am sure, sir. I was there just now. The Aurors are ruling it as an accident. He was working in his store, moving a pile of heavy books, and they fell on him. He was old and fragile. A quite Muggle way to die, sir.

FARRINGTON

Indeed. Are you sure the Aurors aren't going to investigate further?

EDGAR

That's what I heard, sir. They don't want to waste time on this. They're young Aurors, if I may mention that, sir.

FARRINGTON

Good. So everything is going as planned.

EDGAR

Yes, sir. But I noticed a woman talking to some of the store owners.

FARRINGTON

A woman?

EDGAR

Yes, sir. I think she works for a newspaper.

Farrington's expression becomes concerned, he thinks for a moment before responding.

FARRINGTON

Keep an eye on her. I don't want any unwanted attention.

EDGAR

Yes, sir. I'll take care of it.

Edgar Disapparates with a small plop. Farrington sits back in his chair, deep in thought.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY

It is the morning after a snowstorm, and the ground is still blanketed in a thick layer of snow from the previous days. We see a young witch with curly blonde hair and thick-rimmed glasses, walking down the busy streets of Diagon Alley. She is the journalist that was taking notes at the crime scene. She is carrying a large bag and a notebook, looking around as if searching for something. She stops in front of a store and looks at the window display, taking notes. She continues walking, and stops again at Flourish and Blotts. It is closed, with a parchment on its door, explaining the closure reasons. She takes notes again.

As she continues walking, we see the house-elf Edgar following her discreetly. He keeps his distance, hiding behind other wizards and witches, making sure not to be noticed. The journalist stops to ask questions to various business owners and takes notes.

She turns right at the end of the alley, entering the darker and less crowded Knockturn Alley. Edgar follows closely, keeping to the shadows.

EXT. KNOCKTURN ALLEY - DAY

We see her entering a poorly lit pub, the sign above the door reads "The Flooded Dungeon." Edgar stops outside, watching as she disappears inside.

Edgar waits before he goes inside the pub.

INT. THE FLOODED DUNGEON - DAY

"The Flooded Dungeon" is a dingy pub where illegal meetings are often held. Sketchy characters are scattered throughout the room, drinking and talking amongst themselves. Edgar enters and draws a few stares, but most of the patrons are too preoccupied with their own business to pay him much attention. He spots his target sitting in a corner table, her hood pulled up in an attempt to conceal her identity. She is speaking with two wizards, their faces obscured by the shadows.

Edgar approaches the bar and takes a seat, trying to get a better view of the trio. Despite his efforts, he can't see the faces of the two wizards, but he can see that under the table, the young journalist's magic quill is busily taking notes of their conversation.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The room is grand and imposing, with high ceilings and ornate chandeliers casting a warm glow throughout the space. The walls are adorned with intricate tapestries depicting famous moments in Wizarding history, and the floor is made of polished marble. The Ministry of Magic seal is prominently displayed at the front of the room, and behind a large desk sits a group of wizarding officials, dressed in formal robes and accompanied by a group of house-elves who scuttle about, providing refreshments and assistance. Farrington is among the officials. In the front of the room, several rows of seating are arranged for members of the wizarding community and journalists, all waiting eagerly for the official statement to be made regarding the investigation into Mr. Blotts' death.

A MINISTRY OF MAGIC OFFICIAL stands at a podium in front of a crowd.

MINISTRY OFFICIAL

Thank you for joining us today. I have an important announcement regarding the recent death of Fabianus Scriptor Blotts, owner of Flourish and Blotts bookstore in Diagon Alley.

The official clears his throat and looks down at his notes.

MINISTRY OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

After a thorough investigation, the Ministry of Magic has determined that Mr. Blotts' death was an unfortunate accident. We understand that there has been speculation of foul play, but we assure you that there is no evidence to support this claim.

The official pauses as murmurs and whispers spread throughout the crowd. Farrington stands among the other officials, his expression stoic.

MINISTRY OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

We extend our deepest condolences to the Blotts family and the wizarding community. The Ministry of Magic will continue to ensure the safety and well-being of all citizens. Thank you.

The official steps away from the podium as the crowd begins to disperse. Farrington and the other officials exit the room.

INT. THE FLOODED DUNGEON - DAY

A few minutes have passed since Edgar entered the pub and began spying on the journalist. We see a TALL FIGURE approaching Edgar and placing a bag on the counter in front of him. Without looking at the figure, Edgar takes the bag, which is filled with gold, and leaves the pub without a word. The transaction, although illegal, has been completed.

INT. HOGWARTS - CORRIDORS - DAY

Somnia, dressed in black, follows Professor McGonagall through the winding corridors of Hogwarts. They reach a small, sparsely furnished room with a fireplace.

MCGONAGALL

(turning to Somnia)

This room is for your use, Miss Blotts. It is private and secure. You may use the Floo Network to speak with your family if you wish.

Somnia nods, and enters the room closing the door behind her.

INT. HOGWARTS - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Somnia walks over to the fireplace and takes a handful of Floo powder from the mantel. She throws it into the fire and speaks clearly.

SOMNIA

Zephyr Blotts.

The flames turn green and the face of her brother, Zephyr, appears in the fireplace. His eyes are red from crying.

ZEPHYR

(somberly)

Somnia.

SOMNIA

(tears welling up in her eyes)

Zephyr, I don't think our father's death was an accident. I think it was murder.

ZEPHYR

(shaking his head)
Somnia, please. We need to let go.
There is nothing we can do now...

SOMNIA

But Father was a good wizard, he
wouldn't have died like that. I
need to find out what really
happened.

ZEPHYR

(hesitantly)
Somnia, I know it's hard to accept,
but we need to let our father rest
in peace. Remember him for who he
was, not for the way he died.

Somnia nods, tears streaming down her face. She knows her
brother is right, but she cannot shake the feeling that there
is more to her Father's death than meets the eye.

SOMNIA

Good bye.

ZEPHYR

See you tomorrow.

The flames turn back to normal. She sits down on a chair,
lost in thoughts.

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY

The camera shows an empty Diagon Alley, the snow from the
previous day has melted and the cobblestone streets are damp.
The camera pans across the storefronts, showing the shop
owners closing their stores and hanging signs on the doors
indicating they will be closed for the day. The signs are
adorned with black pennants and the shop owners are dressed
in black robes.

The camera lingers on the door of Flourish and Blotts, where
a larger black pennant with golden lettering hangs. It reads
"In Memory of Mr. Blotts" and beneath it, the details of the
funeral are displayed, scheduled for the same morning.

As the shop owners step out of their stores, they Disapparate
with a plop, leaving the alley completely empty and silent.

EXT. WIZARDING CEMETERY - DAY

We see a grand, imposing cemetery filled with large mausoleums and ornate gravestones. Rolling hills dotted with headstones stretch out as far as the eye can see.

As the camera continues to pan around, we see more and more people arriving at the cemetery, some on broomsticks, others on the backs of Hippogriffs, all dressed in black, paying their respects to the late Mr. Blotts. We also see the Diagon Alley shop owners Apparating. Everyone arriving at the cemetery walks towards a small gathering of people standing around a freshly dug grave, a plain marble headstone resting at the foot of it. The scene is solemn and respectful, with a sense of loss and grief palpable in the air. Zephyr and Somnia Blotts are crying, heads bowed, as a WIZARD IN WHITE ROBES begins to speak.

WIZARD IN WHITE

Dear friends and family of Fabianus Scriptor Blotts. We gather here today to pay our respects to a man who was not only a respected member of the wizarding community, but also a loving husband, father, and friend. Mr. Blotts was a true visionary, who through his bookstore, Flourish and Blotts, shared the magic of literature with countless generations of witches and wizards.

The wizards and witches attending the funeral get emotional, some of them crying. Zephyr puts his arm on his sister's shoulder.

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Mr. Blotts had a passion for books that was contagious, and his dedication to providing the wizarding world with the latest and greatest in literature was unwavering.

He was always on the lookout for new and exciting authors, and his bookstore was a destination for those seeking the next great magical read.

But Mr. Blotts was more than just a bookstore owner.

(MORE)

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

He was a kind and generous man who believed in the power of education and the importance of fostering a love of reading in the next generation. He was a mentor to many, and his wisdom and guidance will be deeply missed.

He was also a friend to countless students at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Through his bookstore he made sure that every student had access to the books they needed to excel in their studies. He dedicated his life to fostering a love of knowledge and learning in young witches and wizards.

Four WIZARDS IN GREY ROBES step forward, emerging from the crowd, and stand at the edge of the grave.

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

As we lay Mr. Blotts to rest today, let us take comfort in knowing that his legacy will live on in the pages of the countless books he helped bring into the world. And let us honor his memory by continuing to share our love of literature with others, just as he did.

The four wizards in grey raise their wands and the casket holding begins to float. For a brief moment it remains suspended in the air, as the attendees murmur words of sadness. Some conjure flowers onto the casket with gentle wand movements.

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Rest in peace, dear Mr. Blotts. Your memory will live on in the hearts of all who knew you and the pages of all the books you helped bring into the world.

With a wave of their wands, the four wizards make the casket float down into the grave, and then they begin to throw dirt on it to cover it. Everything is done with great respect and it conveys a sense of peace and sadness at the same time. Some individuals step forward as well and assist with the task. Zephyr and Somnia stand embracing, unable to watch the ritual that buries their father forever.

Once the four wizards finished their task, the wizard in white kneels in front of the grave and with a wand movement, he engraves the deceased's information on the headstone.

INSERT - HEADSTONE

FABIANUS SCRIPTOR BLOTTS

1914 - 1986

"BOOKS ARE THE GATEWAY TO HAPPINESS"

BACK TO SCENE

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Please, gather round, leaving a space in the middle.

Once the attendees make a circle around the piece of land where Mr. Blotts was buried, the wizard in white closes his eyes and begins to make slow movements with his wand. A white marble tree begins to grow from the ground, its branches forming in front of everyone's eyes. From each branch, leaves sprout, and at the tips, instead of apples or fruits, hang open books symbolizing Mr. Blotts' passion.

WIZARD IN WHITE (CONT'D)

May this tree, a symbol of Mr. Blotts's lifelong love of books, stand as a reminder of the man he was and the legacy he leaves behind.

Some cry more, others prefer to clap. Zephyr and Somnia hug each other tighter, with heavier sobs. People around them pat them on the back or try to offer support, but they ignore everyone. Only the two of them, Mr. Blotts' children, know what it feels like at this moment. No empty words can cheer them up.

Suddenly, in the distance, we see a small figure observing the situation. It's Edgar, Mr. Farrington's house elf. He's no more than 20 meters away, trying to hide behind a tombstone, but it's impossible: he's fully visible.

From his location, he sees Somnia's back, but he has Zephyr in front of him, who opens his eyes and sees him. They look at each other, but the young Blotts decides to do nothing and ignores him. Edgar takes note of the situation and is reassured by the fact that he's not being confronted.

However, another wizard in his mid 60s sees the elf and recognizes him.

The wizard, visibly sad and wearing a very respectful black robe for the occasion, starts walking towards the creature. The wizard is GARRICK OLLIVANDER.

OLLIVANDER
(in a low but stern voice)
What are you doing here, house elf?

EDGAR
I am just paying my respects, as well as those of my master, sir.

OLLIVANDER
(skeptical)
Really? Because it seems to me you are trying to hide from something.

EDGAR
I am not, Mr. Ollivander. I am here to mourn Mr. Blotts like everyone else.

OLLIVANDER
I think you and your master crossed a line, Edgar. I am no fool.

EDGAR
I do not know what you are talking about, sir.

Ollivander reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wand, which he begins to point at Edgar as he speaks.

OLLIVANDER
(determined)
I'll find the proof, Edgar. And when I do, you and your master will both be held accountable.

EDGAR
(mocking)
Good luck with that, sir. In the meantime, I suggest you be careful with your accusations. Do not forget who Mr. Farrington is and where he works. I imagine you would not be pleased if your shop were to lose its license...

Ollivander starts to raise his wand, but Zephyr suddenly appears, his eyes still red and clearly moved by the events.

ZEPHYR
 (concerned)
 Is there a problem, Garrick?

OLLIVANDER
 No, son, all is well.

The elf looks back at the two wizards and before anyone can say anything, he disappears.

INT. HOGWARTS - GREAT HALL - DAY

We are in the Great Hall of Hogwarts. There are students in the four long tables, some of them eating, some of them discussing mundane things, such as classes and homework. In one of the tables, sit near the main door, there is a group of three students. One of them is the Gryffindor student that was with Somnia when she was notified of her father's death. Her name is MAURA.

They are talking about Quidditch when the door opens and Somnia enters. She is still dressed in black, her robes a stark contrast to the colorful clothing of the other students.

STUDENT 1
 Somnia, come here. How are you holding up? We're all so sorry about your father.

SOMNIA
 (her voice is quiet)
 It's hard. I can't believe he is gone.

Her friends approach to hug her or put an arm around her. They all try to show her affection and love.

MAURA
 We know how much your father meant to you. He was an amazing man.

SOMNIA
 (looking around the hall)
 He was. But it's strange... It's like life goes on. But for me, it feels like everything has stopped.

STUDENT 1
 That's normal. Give yourself time to grieve.

STUDENT 2

Yes. We are here for you.

MAURA

You don't have to do this alone.
We'll help you in any way we can.

SOMNIA

Thank you, girls.

STUDENT 1

What's going to happen now? With
the bookstore and you, here,
attending classes.

SOMNIA

I do not know. My brother will take
care of it, at least for now. But
we will see.

The three girls begin to adjust their robes and stand up from
the table to leave. Most of the students in the Great Hall
start to do the same, because it's time for the next class to
start.

STUDENT 1

(to Somnia)

We have to go Transfiguration now.
But we can meet at the Courtyard
later.

SOMNIA

Yes, do not worry. Maura, can you
stay?

MAURA

Sure.

The other two girls leave Somnia and Maura alone.

SOMNIA

I need to tell you something, but
you have to promise me not to tell
anyone.

MAURA

Of course. What is it?

SOMNIA

(voice shaking)

I do not think my father's death
was an accident. I think he was
killed.

MAURA

What? Why do you think that?

SOMNIA

(tears welling up in her eyes)

I don't know, Maura. It just doesn't feel right to me. My father was always so careful, and the way he died... it just sounds so stupid.

MAURA

What do you mean?

SOMNIA

I mean, there are things that don't add up for me. But they are hard to explain.

MAURA

Have you talked to anyone about it? Like Dumbledore, or someone from the Ministry of Magic?

SOMNIA

I can't trust them, Maura. They closed the investigation so quickly and Dumbledore wasn't even hesitant to help. He was so cold to me. I feel like I'm the only one who's still trying to figure out what really happened.

MAURA

I am sorry, Somnia. But what's your plan?

SOMNIA

I still do not know. But please, do not tell anyone about this.

MAURA

No, of course, I already promised it to you.

SOMNIA

Can I ask you something else? Can you ask Francis or someone when is the next Quidditch match here in the castle?

MAURA

Why do you want to know that?

SOMNIA

I just need to know. Can you do it?

MAURA

I know when it is, no need to ask.

INT. DEALER DUNGEON - NIGHT

As Farrington steps through the crackling Apparition, he finds himself in a dark dungeon. The air is thick with the musty scent of old parchment and the faint hint of something acrid and metallic. The walls are lined with shelves, stacked high with all manner of strange and illegal items. He can see a cage in the corner, containing a single Golden Snidget, its beady eyes glinting in the dim light. Stolen wands are piled haphazardly on one shelf, while another is filled with jars containing eyeballs of various sizes and colors. Farrington can see a shelf of Remembralls, and small bottles, each one filled with memories stolen from other witches and wizards.

As he looks around the room, Farrington can see that the dealer has spared no expense in creating an eerie and unsettling atmosphere. The ceiling is low and the walls are made of rough-hewn stone, giving the impression that the room is underground. Shadows dance along the walls, cast by the flickering light of a single lantern hanging from a hook near the door. The room is cluttered with strange and exotic objects, each one more unsettling than the last.

In the center of the room, there is a large wooden table, covered in a green velvet cloth. The table is cluttered with all manner of strange and mysterious objects, including a pile of galleons, a crystal ball and a set of tarot cards. Farrington can see a door on the far wall, which he assumes leads to the dealer's private quarters.

As Farrington's eyes adjust to the dim light, he can see that the DEALER is seated at the table, a sly smile on his face. He is a tall, thin man, with greasy black hair and a hooked nose. He is dressed in a long black cloak and his fingers are adorned with rings set with dark, glittering stones. He seems to be enjoying the discomfort that Farrington is clearly feeling.

DEALER

Ah, Mr. Farrington. I have been expecting you. I was wondering why you were taking so long...

FARRINGTON

I was wondering the same. Why so long?

DEALER

Business hasn't been as good as I hoped. You know it.

FARRINGTON

And you know that is not my problem. We had an agreement.

DEALER

I have no money to offer you right now. I can give you a Snidget, I know they are selling for quite a lot now...

FARRINGTON

Don't be stupid--

DEALER

...or maybe one of my famous bottles? I can try to give you one with interesting memories...

Farrington stares at the dealer not believing how stupid this man can be. Doesn't he know the power Farrington has?

FARRINGTON

Do you get owls down here?

DEALER

Yes, why?

FARRINGTON

Do they bring you The Daily Prophet?

DEALER

Yeah, but I do not believe everything I read.

FARRINGTON

I hope you believed what you read about Blotts.

The dealer face changes. The power dynamic has shifted in the conversation, and Farrington is now taking control.

DEALER

I did, yeah.

FARRINGTON

Well, if you do not contact my house elf during the course of this week, you'll meet Mr. Blotts very soon.

DEALER

I... I... you cannot do me this.

FARRINGTON

I can and I will.

The dealer knows he has lost control of the situation. Farrington approaches a shelf, takes one of the bottles containing a wizard's memory, and Disapparates with a simple popping sound. The dealer hides his face in his hands and begins to shake, horrified of his future.

INT. OWLERY - NIGHT

We are at the top of one of the towers of Hogwarts castle. The room is filled with rows of perches where owls of all shapes and sizes hoot and rustle in their sleep. The only light in the room comes from the moon shining through the small windows, casting an eerie blue glow over everything. Somnia sits against the cold stone wall, her knees pulled up to her chest as she scribbles on a piece of parchment.

SOMNIA (V.O.)

Dear Zephyr, I know you're probably worried about me, but please don't be. I've decided to leave Hogwarts. I need to find out what really happened to Dad. I'll be OK, I promise. And I have a clue.

Somnia stops writing for a moment and thinks. She starts writing a new paragraph.

SOMNIA (V.O.)

The key code is dad's favourite book in the summer of 1982.

Somnia takes her wand out of her pocket and points at the letter.

SOMNIA

Abscondio "My Life as a Muggle"

The letter trembles and the first paragraph disappears, leaving only the ink of the second sentence containing the secret form of deciphering the message. Then, Somnia carefully folds it and tucks it into an envelope. She then attaches the letter to the leg of a large barn owl sitting on the perch next to her. The owl hoots softly, and Somnia scratches its head before sending it off with a gentle push.

EXT. OWLERY - NIGHT

As the owl flies, it soars over the castle and through the dark clouds. It flies past the full moon, casting a silver glow over the scene. The owl flies over the Forbidden Forest and then heads towards the distant mountains. The owl flies farther and farther, until it is just a speck in the distance.

Suddenly another owl appears, flying from the opposite direction. She is heading towards a specific tower of the castle: the Headmaster's office tower, with a large light glowing from the window at the top, indicating that someone is still awake and working. The owl perches on the window and pecks at the glass to get noticed. The window opens and the owl takes a small leap to enter the office.

INT. HOGWARTS - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We see Albus Dumbledore from his back, again, we do not see his face. He takes the envelope from the owl, pats the animal, and start reading the letter that he just received.

OLLIVANDER (V.O.)

Dear Albus: I still believe in what I told you last time. My suspicions are growing stronger. But we must be careful and to be honest, I am a bit scared. Can I count on you? Garrick. PS: How is Fawkes?

After a moment, he stands up and walks over to the fireplace. He reaches for a small pouch of Floo Powder and takes a pinch, tossing it into the fire.

DUMBLEDORE

Ollivander.

Green flames appear, flicker, and after a few seconds, Ollivander's face becomes visible.

OLLIVANDER

Good evening, Albus.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

Somnia, hooded and dressed in black robes, runs through the dark castle grounds. She moves quickly and quietly, glancing over her shoulder every so often as if she's being followed.

She reaches the QUIDDITCH STADIUM and stops at the entrance to the changing rooms. She checks the door and, finding it locked, pulls out her wand and whispers:

SOMNIA

Alohomora.

The door unlocks and she slips inside.

INT. QUIDDITCH CHANGING ROOMS - NIGHT

The room is dark as the night. Somnia takes a few steps and we hear the wood creaking. She moves slowly, so as not to touch anything because she can't see much either. She closes the door behind her and casts:

SOMNIA

Lumos.

A beam of light turns on at the tip of her wand, and we see parts of the changing room. The walls are wooden and the ceiling is low. We see benches against the wall, where the players change. There are uniforms from the different houses of Hogwarts hanging on the walls too, and some Quaffles scattered on the floor.

Somnia identifies a cabinet, approaches it and opens it. Bingo! We see her smile because she found what she was looking for: a collection of brooms, of different models and sizes. She rummages through them until she finds one that seems appropriate. It's not very new but not very old, it's in good shape.

Somnia takes it, takes a few steps back and places it on the floor in the middle of the room and points her wand at it.

SOMNIA (CONT'D)

Reducio.

The broom shrinks down to no more than a few inches. Somnia approaches, takes it with one hand and puts it in her pocket. She looks around, checks that the room is exactly as it was when she entered (double checks the broom cabinet, just in case), and heads to the door. She pulls up the hood of her robe and leaves into the night.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

Somnia is seen running across the castle grounds, the shrunken broom still in her pocket. The camera follows her as she disappears into the castle, the door closing behind her.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - CONFERENCE ROOM

The conference room of the Ministry of Magic is a grand and imposing space, with high ceilings and large windows that let in streams of natural light. The walls are adorned with portraits of past Ministers of Magic, and the Ministry's seal is prominently displayed on the wall at the head of the conference table. The conference table itself is made of dark, polished wood and surrounded by comfortable chairs upholstered in rich burgundy leather.

The table is decorated with intricate golden engravings, and there is a large fireplace at one end of the room, casting a warm glow throughout the space. The room has a sense of history and formality, reflecting the gravity and importance of the decisions that are made within its walls.

On one side of the table, we see Farrington sitting in the center, with Taylor at his right and two other wizards from his department at his left. All of them are dressed in formal robes and look serious and attentive. On the other side of the table, the representatives from the Department of International Magical Co-operation are seated, consisting of an older witch in the center, flanked by two younger wizards, all dressed in their formal robes and looking equally serious. Her name is ELDRIDA JORKINS. We find them mid-conversation.

FARRINGTON

We need to take action on the illegal trade of dangerous and prohibited artifacts that's been happening in the international market. We cannot allow those who break the law to profit from such actions.

JORKINS

I understand your concerns, Mr. Farrington, but tightening restrictions on all international trade will only harm the relations with our allies and the economies of wizarding communities abroad. Have you considered targeting specific items and individuals instead of implementing blanket regulations?

FARRINGTON

But the Ministry has a responsibility to protect our citizens and the integrity of magic.

(MORE)

FARRINGTON (CONT'D)

We cannot turn a blind eye to the illegal trade of cursed objects, forbidden spells, and endangered magical creatures.

Farrington loses patience and stands up. He stands behind his chair, with his hands resting on it, showing a visible frustration.

JORKINS

I understand that safety is a priority, however, we must also consider the impact on the global wizarding community. Perhaps we can form an international task force to target specific individuals and illegal trade rather than disrupting lawful commerce.

TAYLOR

Mrs. Jorkins, we've already tried using task forces and similar methods, but nothing has worked. We need to be stricter with illegal smugglers. We know who they are, we just need tougher rules to go after them.

FARRINGTON

We need to send a clear message that the Ministry will not tolerate the illegal trade of dangerous and prohibited artifacts. I propose stricter regulations on import and export, with specific provisions targeting the illegal trade of such items.

JORKINS

Let us consider the potential consequences before implementing such drastic measures. The Ministry must act responsibly and weigh all options.

Taylor and the other wizard from Farrington's department stand up, ready to leave.

JORKINS (CONT'D)

Additionally, we should also investigate any potential internal corruption within the Ministry that may be aiding these smugglers.

Taylor and the other wizard pause, and Farrington furrows his brow, surprised by what Jorkins said. He takes a few seconds to try and respond in the most intelligent way possible. He knows he shouldn't make any missteps, but still decides to speak.

FARRINGTON

What are you suggesting, Madam?

JORKINS

I'm not suggesting anything, Mr. Farrington.

FARRINGTON

(pointing to Taylor and
the other wizard)

I would say yes. My colleagues and I clearly heard you say that there is internal corruption within the Ministry.

JORKINS

No, I said *potential* corruption, which must be defined through an investigation. Or do you already know the outcome?

The expression on Farrington's face tightens, he has never been openly accused like this before. But he doesn't say anything, because Taylor speaks up.

TAYLOR

Let's keep it professional, please. I believe this meeting has come to an end.

Taylor looks at Farrington, who nods, allowing him to continue.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(pointing to the wizard
next to Jorkins)

I will be in touch with Mr. Delap and we will continue this to reach a good agreement that both parties can agree on. Let's remember that we work for the common good of the British wizarding community, no more no less.

Jorkins offers a polite smile, indicating that she agrees. Farrington, Taylor and the other wizard begin to walk out of the office, when Farrington suddenly stops.

FARRINGTON
(to Jorkins)
You know what's worse than
potential corruption?

Jorkins looks at him, still with her smile, expecting an attack.

FARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Nepotism.

Jorkins does not react, and the three wizards leave the place closing the door behind them.

INT. RAVENCLAW GIRLS' DORMITORY - DAY

Somnia is sitting at a bed, surrounded by some books. She is in the Ravenclaw girls' dormitory: the walls are painted a pale blue, giving the room a serene and calming atmosphere. The beds are arranged in neat rows, each one adorned with a crisp white duvet and plump pillows. Each girl has her own personal space, with a desk and a bookshelf for their books. The windows are tall and curved, letting in an abundance of natural light and providing a beautiful view of the castle grounds.

She takes a tiny broom from under her pillow and slides it into her pocket. Then, she opens a drawer from her desk and takes a bag with several Galleons, golden coins, inside. She hides it inside her robes, looks once more at the room, and prepares to leave.

INT. RAVENCLAW MARBLE STAIRCASE - DAY

Somnia walks down the stairs completely focused on her goal, and arrives at the...

INT - RAVENCLAW COMMON ROOM - DAY

...Ravenclaw common room, her eyes scanning the space. She is surrounded by arched windows that let in streams of sunlight, illuminating the room's blue and bronze silks. The midnight blue carpet covered in stars is reflected onto the domed ceiling. The room is filled with students, chatting and studying at blue tables and chairs.

Somnia makes her way to the center of the room, as she passes a tall statue of Rowena Ravenclaw made of white marble. She gazes up at it for a moment, taking in the statue's regal and wise expression.

Several other students are gathered, all dressed in Ravenclaw colors. They are talking excitedly and holding banners and scarfs.

RAVENCLAW STUDENT 1

(excited)

We need to win by more than 200 points if we want to catch up with Slytherin.

RAVENCLAW STUDENT 2

Are you sure, mate?

RAVENCLAW STUDENT 1

Yeah, I did the math.

Somnia stands next to them and asks:

SOMNIA

Well I'm ready. The game is in half an hour, right?

RAVENCLAW STUDENT 1

Yes, we were already on our way to the stadium, you can come with us.

The students all head towards the door that leads to the corridor. Somnia follows them, blending in with the crowd.

INT. HOGWARTS CORRIDORS - DAY

Somnia and the other students make their way through the Hogwarts corridors, passing by other students and teachers. They all seem to be heading in the same direction: the Quidditch Stadium.

As they approach the exit of the castle, the group of Ravenclaw students are joined by Hufflepuff students, also with badges and banners to support their team in the match.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

The students finally reach the Hogwarts grounds, where a large Quidditch stadium can be seen in the distance. Somnia hangs back as the other students head towards the stadium.

SOMNIA

(to herself)

Not quite yet.

She turns and makes her way towards a secluded area of the grounds. She talks until the crowd is far away, and she cannot hear the chants anymore.

She looks around, making sure no one is watching, and takes out the tiny broom from her pocket. She leaves it in the grass, and pointing her wands at it, says:

SOMNIA (CONT'D)

Engorgio.

The tiny broom goes back to its original size, and Somnia smiles. The plan is going as planned.

Then, she takes a deep breath and moves on to the next step. Without letting go of the broom, she points her wand at herself and says:

SOMNIA (CONT'D)

Lusinguo.

Her body flickers briefly: she becomes invisible, but only for a few seconds. She looks at her hands to check, but the spell failed. She tries again:

SOMNIA (CONT'D)

Lusinguo!

This time her invisibility lasts a few seconds longer, but at the end her body becomes visible again. Somnia is frustrated, she huffs, as she doesn't know what to do. Being invisible is important, but it is not vital for her plan: she can still escape.

She tries once more:

SOMNIA (CONT'D)

(louder)

Lusinguo!

This time she becomes invisible and stays that way. We see her semi-transparent as she mounts the broom. She looks back one last time and takes off.

Her hair flutters in the wind as she gains altitude, but suddenly on the ground we see a group of WIZARDS in light blue robes. They are five, and they are walking towards where Somnia was just seconds ago. McGonagall is walking behind them from a considerable distance.

They look up but do not see her. Somnia smiles, her plan is working. However, suddenly she becomes visible again. She doesn't realize it until one of the wizards spots her in the sky and points at her.

Somnia understands the situation and tries to accelerate with her broom, but it is too late. The five wizards raise their wands and point at her, and before Somnia can react, she is falling at full speed towards the grounds of Hogwarts.

Just before impact, Somnia slows down and lands lightly, without hurting herself. She reaches into her pocket, searching for her wand, but before she can do so, handcuffs appear on her wrists, immobilizing her.

One of the wizards in light blue robes approaches. He is tall, with a very neat haircut, and square glasses. He has the appearance of a very intelligent person, as if he were a scientist in the wizarding world. He speaks to Somnia in a very solemn tone, without compassion. His name is ROBERT FAVALURUS.

FAVALURUS

Miss Blotts, I am a Mindmender from St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, my name is Robert Favalurus. I regret to inform you that we have the irrefutable order to transfer you to our facilities for a temporary stay without a specific end date.

SOMNIA

What? Why?

FAVALURUS

We have been informed of your behaviour in recent days, particularly since the passing of your father, and we believe that for your own well-being and particularly your mental health, it would be best if you were in our facilities where you will be monitored and cared for by professionals.

Somnia does not understand what is happening. Her own mental health? St. Mungos? Her behaviour?

FAVALURUS (CONT'D)

This way we also ensure the safety of your Hogwarts classmates.

SOMNIA

What? Safety? I did not attack anyone - I did not harm anyone!

FAVALURUS

We know that Miss Blotts, but we cannot be sure you are not going to do it. We ask that you cooperate with us and come with us willingly, so that we can transport you in the best possible way. If not, we will be forced to do so by force.

Behind the five wizards, McGonagall can be seen completely dismayed. Somnia doesn't respond, and looks at her for help. The five wizards are not patient and begin to approach Somnia.

SOMNIA

(screaming)

Professor McGonagall, please, help me!

McGonagall tries to take a step forward, but one of the Mindmenders raises his wand and points it at her.

MCGONAGALL

(cold fury)

On what grounds are you attacking her? Leave her alone. Alone, I say!

MINDMENDER 1

Professor McGonagall, we are professionals from St. Mungo's Hospital, and we answer to the Ministry of Magic. We have our reasons.

MCGONAGALL

But you are at my school-

MINDMENDER 1

And even here our actions are backed by the Minister, so we ask you to step back and not interfere with our work or we will have to detain you as well.

McGonagall stood behind the wizards without reacting. Those men were sent by the Ministry of Magic and she couldn't do anything. Somnia starts to scream and cry when the men take her by the arms to take her away. One of them points his wand at her and silences her. Somnia tries to scream but no sound comes out, only the sound of her kicking against the grass.

FAVALURUS

We wouldn't want to petrify you,
but we'll have to do it for the
transfer to be more comfortable for
everyone.

In the background, far away, the Quidditch stadium explodes in celebrations when one of the teams scores, completely unaware of the situation happening meters away.

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - NIGHT

The street is deserted as shop owners close their stores and Disapparate with a pop. The sign that reads "Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands" is flipped to closed and the lights inside are turned off. As Ollivander is locking up the store, a figure appears out of the shadows. It is Farrington.

FARRINGTON

(in low voice)

Good evening, Mr. Ollivander. I was
hoping we could have a little chat.

Ollivander's expression tightens as he realizes the reason for Farrington's visit. He nods and unlocks the door, allowing Farrington to enter the store.

INT. OLLIVANDERS SHOP - NIGHT

As Ollivander enters the store, he clearly feels uncomfortable. The business, with its walls filled with boxes of wands, is dark, but Ollivander lights some candles with a simple wave of his wand. It becomes a bit brighter, but the shadowy aspect of the scene remains as the shadows are cast on the walls.

Ollivander sits behind his counter, while Farrington stands near the door.

OLLIVANDER

What brings you here, Mr.
Farrington?

FARRINGTON

You already know.

OLLIVANDER

No, I don't. I paid off all my
debts to you.

FARRINGTON

Today is not about money, Mr. Ollivander.

OLLIVANDER

Then what is it about?

FARRINGTON

I've heard about your recent movements. They don't please me, to be honest.

Ollivander feels Farrington crossed a line and stands abruptly.

OLLIVANDER

Please, leave my shop.

FARRINGTON

I am just telling you to be careful.

OLLIVANDER

I know very well what to do. I am not afraid of being spied on.

FARRINGTON

No, you shouldn't be afraid, as long as you do things the right way, Mr. Ollivander.

Ollivander opens the door, inviting Farrington to leave. But Farrington gets very close to the wand maker and says:

FARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Tell your old friend that he can go against me, but I am not Tom.

It takes a few seconds for Ollivander to understand the reference, but when he does, his eyes and mouth open in a mixture of fear and surprise.

FARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I already wanted to avenge him, tell him that too.

THE END