



SCRIPTS

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Fantastic Beasts: The Crimes of Grindelwald

By J.K. Rowling

[Ministry of Magic]

[New York - 1927]

You'll be glad to be rid of him, I expect.

We'd be more than happy to keep him here in custody.

6 months are enough.

It's time for him to answer for his crimes in Europe.

President Picquery. Mr. Spielman, sir.

Prisoner is secured and ready to travel.

You've thrown everything at him, I see.

It was necessary. He's extremely powerful.

We've had to change his guard three times. He's very persuasive.

So we removed his tongue.

Grindelwald! Grindelwald!

Grindelwald! Grindelwald!

Grindelwald! Grindelwald!

The wizarding community worldwide owes you a great debt, Madam President.

Do not underestimate him.

Mr. Spielman, we found his wand hidden away.

Abernathy.

And we found this.

No more silver tongue. Hmm?

You have joined a noble cause, my friend.

I know. I know. I know, Antonio.

So needy.

Fantastic Beasts: The Crimes of Grindelwald

Translated:

Edited:

[Ministry of Magic English]

[Three months]

They're waiting for you, Newt.

Leta...

What are you doing here?

Theseus thought it would be good if I became part of the Ministry family.

Did he actually say the words "Ministry family"?

That sounds like my brother.

Theseus was disappointed you couldn't come to dinner.

Any of the nights we've asked you.

Well, I've been busy.

He's your brother, Newt.

He likes spending time with you.

And so do I.

Oi, you! Hop in, Pick.

Why do strange creatures love you so much?

-Well, there are no strange creatures. Only blinkered people. -Only blinkered people.

How long did you get in detention for saying that to Prendergast?

You know, I think it was a month that time.

And I set off a Dungbomb under his desk so I could join you. Do you remember?

Um... No, I actually don't remember that.

Hello.

Theseus. We were just talking about Newt coming for dinner.

Really? Well...

Look, before we go in there, I--

It's my fifth attempt, Theseus. I know the form.

This isn't- This isn't gonna be like the other times. This is...

Just try and keep an open mind. Will you?

A maybe a little less--

Like me?

Well, it can't hurt.

Come on, let's go.

Hearing commences.

You want an end to the ban on you traveling internationally. Why?

Because I'd like to travel internationally.

Subject uncooperative and evasive on reasons for last international trip.

It was a field trip, sir. I was just collecting material for my book on magical beasts.

You destroyed half of New York.

No, that's actually factually incorrect on two counts.

Newt.

Mr. Scamander, it's clear you're frustrated, and, frankly, so are we.

In the spirit of compromise, we'd like to make a proposition.

What kind of proposition?

The committee will agree to lift your travel ban under one condition.

You join the Ministry.

Specifically, your brother's department.

No.

I think that...

Theseus is the Auror.

I think my talents lie elsewhere.

Mr. Scamander, the wizarding and non-wizarding worlds have been at peace for over a century.

Grindelwald wants to see that peace destroyed.

And for certain members of our community, his message is very seductive.

Many purebloods believe it is their birthright to rule.

Not only our world but the non-magic world as well.

They see Grindelwald as their hero,
and Grindelwald sees this boy as a means to make this all come true.
I'm sorry. You're talking about Credence as if he were still here.
He survived, Newt.
He's still alive.
He left New York months ago.
He's somewhere in Europe. Where exactly, we don't know, but--
You want me to hunt Credence down...
... to kill him?
Same old Scamander.
What is he doing here?
I'm taking on the job that you're too soft to do.
Is that it?
Travel documentation denied.
Newt!
You think I like the idea of Grimmson any more than you do?
Listen, I don't want to hear how the ends justify the means, Theseus.
I think you're gonna have to pull your head out the sand!
Okay, right, here we go. What a selfish, irresponsible--
You know, the time is coming when everyone, everyone is gonna have to pick
a side. Even you.
I don't do sides.
Newt.
Newt.
Come here.
They're watching you.
Well, gentlemen, I assume this means I have the job.
[Paris, France]
(Dear?)
(Who's there?)
This will be suitable after a thorough clense.
I want you to go to the circus now.
Give my note to Credence. Begin his journey.
When we've won, they'll flee cities in the millions.
They've had their time.
We don't say such things out loud.
We want only freedom.
Freedom to be ourselves.
To annihilate non-wizards.
Not all of them. Not all.
We're not merciless.
The beast of burden will always be necessary.
[London, UK]
Ventus.

Dumbledore.

Were the less conspicuous rooftops full, then?

Hmm. I do enjoy a view.

Nebulus.

How was it?

They're still convinced that you sent me to New York.

You told them I didn't.

Yes.

(Evening.)

Even though you did.

You told me where to find that trafficked Thunderbird, Dumbledore.

You knew that I would take him home, and you knew I'd have to take him through a Muggle port.

I've always felt an affinity with the great magical birds.

There is a story in my family that a phoenix will come to any Dumbledore in desperate need.

They say my great-grandfather had one. And that it took flight when he died, never to return.

With all due respect, Dumbledore, I don't believe for a minute that's why you told me about the Thunderbird.

Credence is in Paris, Newt.

Trying to trace his real family.

I take it you've heard the rumours about who he really is.

No.

The pure-bloods think he's the last of an important French line.

A baby whom everyone thought lost.

Not Leta's brother?

That's what they're whispering.

And pure-blood or not, I know this.

An Obscurus grows in the absence of love.

As a dark twin, an only friend.

If Credence has a real brother or sister out there that can take its place, he might yet be saved.

Wherever Credence is in Paris, he's either in danger, or a danger to others.

We may not know who he is yet, but he needs to be found.

And I rather hope you might be the one to find him.

What's that?

An address of a very old acquaintance of mine.

A safe house in Paris reinforced with enchantments.

Safe house? Why would I need a safe house in Paris?

One hopes you won't, but should things at some point go terribly wrong, it's good to have a place to go.

You know, for a cup of tea.

No. No, no, no. Absolutely not.

No, no, 'cause I'm banned from international travel, Dumbledore.

If I leave the country, they will throw me in Azkaban, and they will throw away the key.

You know why I admire you, Newt?

What?

More, perhaps, than any man I know. You do not seek power or popularity.

You simply ask, is a thing right in itself?

If it is, you do it no matter the cost.

That's all very well, Dumbledore, but forgive me for asking.

Why can't you go?

I cannot move against Grindelwald.

It has to be you.

Well, I can't blame you.

In your shoes, I'd probably refuse too.

- What...? - It's late.

- Good evening, Newt. - Wait. No.

Oh, come on.

Dumbledore.

Bunty!

Bunty!

Bunty, the baby Nifflers are loose again

Well done.

I'm so sorry, Newt. They must've picked the lock while I was cleaning out the Augureys.

Not to worry.

Hmm.

I fed nearly everyone. Pinky's had his nose drops and--

And Elsie?

Elsie's droppings are nearly normal again.

Wonderful.

You can, um... You can clock off now.

- I told you to leave the kelpie to me.. - That wound needs more ointment. I don't want you losing fingers over it.

Seriously. You go home now, Bunty.

You must be exhausted.

You know the kelpie's easier with two.

Perhaps you should take off your shirt. Don't worry, I'll dry off quick enough.

Woah!

Someone needed to let off some steam!

Ointment, Bunty.

You bite Bunty again, and there'll be trouble, mister.

What was that?

I don't know.

But I want you to go home now, Bunty.

- Shall I call the ministry? - No, I want you to go home. Please.

Just give me the pieces.

I got it.

Honey, if you could just give it to me...

He doesn't care.

If you could just give this to me, sweetheart.

Hey!

Newt! Get over here, you maniac!

We hope you don't mind, Newt. We let ourselves in.

It's rainin' out there, cats and dogs!

London's cold.

You were supposed to have been oblivi-ated!

I know!

It didn't work, pal! I mean, you said it. The potion only erases bad memories.

I didn't have any.

I mean, uh, don't get me wrong. I had some weird ones, and I had some scary ones.

But, uh, this angel...

This angel over here, she filled me in on all the bad parts, and, uh, here we are, I guess, huh?

This is wonderful!

Wait. Is... Tina?

Tina?

Oh, it's just us, honey.

Me and Jacob.

Oh.

Why don't I make us some dinner, huh?

Yes!

Teen and I aren't talking.

Why? Oh, well, you know, she found out about Jacob and I seeing each other, and she didn't like it, 'cause of the law.

Not allowed to... Oop!

Not allowed to date No-Majs, not allowed to marry them. Blah, blah, blah.

Well, she was all in a tizzy anyway 'cause of you.

Me?

Yeah, you, Newt.

It was in Spellbound.

Here. I brought it for you.

Newt Scamander with fiancée, Leta Lestrange, brother Theseus and unknown woman.

No. So, Theseus is marrying Leta, not me.

Oh!

Oh... Oh dear.

Well... See, Teen read that, and, uh... She started dating someone else. He's an Auror. His name's Achilles Tolliver.

Tolliver!

Anyway, we are real excited to be here, Newt.

This is a... Well, it's a special trip for us.

You see, Jacob and I, we're getting married!

I'm marrying Jacob!

Ah! Oh!

{You've enchanted him, haven't you?}

What?

I have not.

Will you stop reading my mind?

{Queenie, you've brought him here against his will.}

Oh, that is an outrageous accusation.

Look at him, he's just happy. He's so happy.

Then you won't mind if I, um...

Please don't.

Queenie, you've got nothing to fear if he wants to get married. We can just lift the enchantment, and he can tell us himself.

What you got there?

What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do with that, Mr. Scamader?

Surgito.

Congratulations on your engagement, Jacob.

Wait, what?

Oh no, you didn't.

Queenie. One second.

Queenie!

It's very nice to see you.

Where the hell am I right now?

Uh, London.

Oh! I always wanted to go here!

Queenie!

Oh, Queenie, honey.

Well, I'm curious when you were gonna wake me up? After we had five kids?

Why is it wrong to wanna marry you?

Okay.

To wanna have a family?

I just want what everyone else has, that's all.

Wait, w-wait.

We've talked about this like a million times.

If we get married, and they find out, they're gonna throw you in jail, sweetheart.

I can't have that.
They don't like people like me marrying people like you.
I ain't a wizard. I'm just me.
They're really progressive here, and they'll let us get married properly.
Sweetheart, you don't need to enchant me.
I'm already enchanted.
I love you so much.
- Yeah? - Yeah. But I can't have you risking everything like this, you know?
You're not giving us a choice, sweetheart.
You're not giving me a choice. One of us had to be brave, and you were being a coward...
I was being a coward?
If I'm a coward, you're...
Crazy.
I didn't say it.
You didn't have to.
No, I didn't mean it, sweetheart.
Yeah, you did.
No!
I'm gonna go see my sister.
Fine. See your sister.
- Fine. - No, wait! Wait!
No! Queenie!
I didn't mean it.
I didn't say nothin'.
Papyrus Reparo.
My dear Queenie, what a beautiful city.
I'm thinking of you. Tina.
Hey, Newt?
Down here, Jacob. So I'll be with you in a second.
I got my own problems.
Queenie left a postcard.
Tina's in Paris, looking for Credence.
Genius!
Queenie's gonna go straight for Tina.
Okay, we're going to France, pal.
Oh, hold on. I'll get my jacket.
I've got it.
Oh. Beautiful.
Nagini.
Credence.
I think I know where she is.
We escape tonight.

Hey. I've told you to stay away from her, boy.
Did I say you could take a break?
Clean out the Kappa. And you, get ready.
Next, in our little show of freaks and oddities, I present to you a Maledictus.
Once trapped in the jungles of Indonesia, she is the carrier of a blood curse.
Such Underbeings are destined through the course of their lives to turn permanently into beasts.
But look at her, so beautiful. Yes.
So desirable.
But soon, she will be trapped forever in a very different body.
Every night when she sleeps, mesdames et messieurs, she is forced to become...
She is forced to become...
She is forced to become...
Over time, she will not be able to transform back.
She will be forever trapped in the body of a snake.
Credence!
Pack it up.
Paris is done for us now.
The boy with the Maledictus, what do you know about him?
He's looking for his mother.
All my freaks think they can go home.
Ok. Let's go.
Look, I think you and I were at the circus for the same reason, Monsieur...
Kama. Yusuf Kama.
And you think right.
- What do you want with Credence? - The same as you. - Which is? - To prove who the boy really is.
If the rumours of his identity are correct, he and I are, distantly, related.
I am the last male of my pure-blooded line, and so, if the rumours are correct, is he.
Have you read The Predictions of Tycho Dodonus?
Yeah.
But that's poetry, not proof.
Hmm. If I could show you something better, more concrete, something that proves who he is, would the Ministries of Europe and America let him live? They might.
Then come.
So... Credence Barebone.
Nearly destroyed by the woman who raised him.
Yet now he seeks the mother who bore him.

He's desperate for family.
He's desperate for love.
He is the key to our victory.
We know where the boy is, don't we?
Why don't we grab him and leave?
He must come to me freely, and he will.
The path has been laid, and he is following it.
The trail that will lead him to me and the strange and glorious truth of who he is.
Why is he so important?
Who represents the greatest threat to our cause?
Albus Dumbledore.
If I asked you now to go to the school where he is hiding and kill him for me, would you do it for me, Krall?
Credence is the only entity alive who can kill him.
You really think he can kill the Great... can kill Albus Dumbledore?
I know he can.
But will you be with us when that happens, Krall?
Will you?
Jacob, that man Tina's been seeing...
Do not worry, she's gonna see you, and she'll see the four of us together, and it'll be just like New York all over again. Don't worry about it.
- Yes, but he's an Auror, Queenie said. - Yeah, he's an Auror. So what?
Don't worry about him.
Huh.
What do you think I should say to her if I see her?
Oh, well, it's best not to plan these things. You know, you just say whatever comes to you in the moment.
She has eyes just like a salamander.
Don't say that.
Look... You just tell her that you missed her.
- Right. - Right, and then, you came all the way to Paris just to find her. She'll love that. And then... tell her you're losing sleep at night, thinking of her and...
Just don't say nothing about no salamanders, all right?
- Okay. - Okay.
Hey. Hey, hey.
It's gonna be all right.
We're in this together, pal.
Okay, I'm gonna help you out. I'm gonna help you find Tina, find Queenie, and we'll be happy again, just like old times.
Who is this guy?
Oh, he's the only way I can leave the country without documentation.
Now, you don't suffer from motion sickness, do you?

I don't do well on boats, Newt.
You'll be fine.
Stir your stumps. Leaves in one minute.
50 Galleons.
No, we said 30.
Uh-huh. 30 to go to France.
20 not to tell anyone
I seen Newt Scamander leaving the country illegally.
Price of fame, pal.
Mmm. Ten seconds.
Eight.
Jacob.
Seven.
Six.
Hmm...
Four.
Three.
Two.
One.
I didn't like that Portkey, Newt.
So you keep saying.
Follow me.
Confundus.
Come on. It'll wear off in a few minutes.
Appare Vestigium.
Accio Niffler.
Get looking. Oi! Get looking!
That's a Kappa.
It's a Japanese water demon.
Tina?
Tina?!
What have you found?
And we're licking the dirt now.
Revelio.
Newt, what made those?
That is a Zouwu.
It's a Chinese creature. They are incredibly fast and incredibly powerful.
So, they can travel 1,500 miles in a day, and this one could take you from
one part of Paris to the next in a single leap.
Oh, good boy.
Jacob, she was here. Tina stood here.
She has incredibly narrow feet. Have you noticed?
Can't say that I have.
Then someone came towards her.

Avensegium.

- Right. Follow that feather. - What?

- Jacob, follow the feather. - Follow the feather.

Where is he?

Ah. Accio Niffler.

Drop the bucket!

(In French) Welcome to the French Ministry of Magic.

I'm sorry, I don't know what you just said at all.

Welcome to the French Ministry of Magic.

What is your business, please?

I need to speak to Tina Goldstein.

She's an American Auror working on a case here.

We have no Tina Goldstein here.

No, I'm sorry. There must be some sort of mistake.

See, I know she's in Paris. She sent me a postcard.

I brought it, I can show it to you. Here. Maybe you can help me find it.

It's just in here.

Oh!

Rabbits! If you can just wait one moment!

I know it's in here somewhere. I definitely packed it.

Where is it?

One second.

What did I do with you?

Could we at least stop for coffee or--

Not now, Jacob.

Chocolat chaud or... Just for a second?

- I don't know. - This way. Come on.

Pain au chocolat? Half a croissant and a bonbon?

This way.

Jacob!

Jacob?

(In French) Madame? Are you alright madame?

She's home.

(In French) Who's there?

(In French) Your son madame.

(In French) Who are you?

Are you Irma?

Are you Irma Dugard?

I'm sorry, your name is on my adoption paper.

Does this make sense? You gave me to Mrs. Barebone in New York.

I am not your mother. I was only a servant.

You were so beautiful a baby.

And you are a beautiful man.

I did not want to leave you there.

Why didn't they want me?

Why is your name on my adoption paper?

I took you to Mrs. Barebone because... She was supposed to look after you. She's dead.

How did the boy take it?

He's sensitive.

The Ministry won't be happy when I tell them I missed.

- I know my reputation. - Listen to me. The disapproval of cowards is praise to the brave.

Your name will be written in glory when wizards rule the world.

And the clock is ticking faster.

You watch over Credence. Keep him safe.

For the greater good.

For the greater good.

You know what I miss about Queenie?

Everything.

I even miss the stuff that drove me nuts.

Like the mind-reading,

I was lucky to have someone like her even interested in anything I thought.

You know what I mean?

Sorry?

I was saying, you're sure the guy is here that we're looking for?

Yeah, definitely. The feather says so.

- Is that the guy we're looking for? - Yes.

Ooh.

Sorry.

Bonjour. Bonjour, monsieur.

Oh, wait, no. Sorry. So we actually...

We were just wondering if you'd come across a friend of ours.

Tina Goldstein.

Monsieur, Paris is a great city.

She's an Auror.

And when Aurors go missing, the Ministry tend to come looking, so...

No, I suppose it would probably be better if we just report her absence.

Is she tall?

Dark? Rather...

- Intense. - Beautiful. She's...

Yeah, what I meant to say was...

- No, she's very pretty. - She's intense too.

I think I saw someone like this last night.

Perhaps if I showed you where...

If you wouldn't mind. That would be...

- That would be lovely. - Sure.

Tina.

Newt.

Expelliarmus.

Oh...

My apologies, Mr. Scamander.

I shall return and release you once Credence is dead.

Kama, wait.

You see, either he dies or I do.

No, no, no.

Oh, no. No, no, no.

Well, that's not the best start to a rescue attempt.

Oh, this was a rescue attempt?

You just lost me my only lead.

Well, how was the interrogation going before we turned up?

Ha, ha! Newt!

Well done, Pick.

So, you need this man, you said?

Yeah.

I think he knows where Credence is, Mr. Scamander.

Well, that'll be the Zouwu.

Come on, Newt. Get outta there!

What were the three biggest mistakes that you made last time?

Caught by surprise, sir.

Mmm.

What else?

Didn't parry before counter-curse, sir.

Very good. The last one? The most important one?

Not learning from the first too.

This is a school. You've no right!

I'm the head of the Magical Law Enforcement. I have the right to go wherever I please.

Out of here.

Go with Professor McGonagall, please.

He's the best teacher we've got.

- Thanks, McClaggan. - Get out.

Come, McClaggan.

Newt Scamander is in Paris.

Really?

Cut the pretence. I know he's there on your orders.

Oh, if you'd ever had the pleasure to teach him, you'd know Newt is not a great follower of orders.

You've read The Predictions of Tycho Dodonus?

Mmm. Many years ago.

A son cruelly banished.

Despair of the daughter.

- Return... - Yes, I know it.

There's a rumour this prediction refers to the Obscurial.

- They say that Grindelwald wants-- - As a highborn henchman. I've heard the rumour.

And yet, Scamander appears wherever the Obscurial goes, to protect him. Meanwhile, you've build up quite the little network of international contacts.

However long you keep me and my friends under surveillance, you're not going to discover plots against you, Travers, because we want the same thing. The defeat of Grindelwald.

But I warn you, your policies of suppression and violence are pushing supporters into his arms.

I'm not interested in your warnings.

Well... It pains me to say it because, well, I don't like you...

But. You are the only wizard who is his equal.

I need you to fight him.

I can't.

Because of this?

You and Grindelwald were as close as brothers.

Oh, we were closer than brothers.

Will you fight him?

I can't.

Well, then you have chosen your side.

From now on, I shall know every spell you cast.

I'm doubling the watch on you, and you will no longer teach Defence Against the Dark Arts.

Where's Leta? We need to go to Paris.

Theseus.

Theseus, if Grindelwald calls a rally...

don't try and break it up.

Don't let Travers send you in there.

If you ever trusted me--

Theseus!

Theseus!

Even the name Lestrangle makes me feel sick.

You know she stays here every vacation. Her family don't actually want her home.

I don't blame them. She's so annoying. Did you see her last week?

Oscusi!

Professor McGonagall! Lestrangle has done it again!

Lestrangle, stop running!

- Lestrangle! Disobedient children. - Leta, come back!

Stop! Shame on the House of Slytherin.

A hundred points! Two hundred!

Get back here, right now!
Children, stop it! You, stop! Come back!
- Out of my way! - Where has she gone?
I think she went that way!
Miss, it was Lestrangle. She's horrible--
Scamander, why aren't you packing?
I'm not going home.
Why not?
He needs me.
He was hurt.
What is that?
A raven chick.
Isn't the raven your family emblem?
Yes, it is.
All right, Newt.
Be brave.
That's an unusual one.
So, Mr. Scamander fears what more than anything else in the world?
Having to work in an office, sir.
Go ahead, Newt.
Riddikulus.
Well done.
Good job. Leta.
It's only a Boggart.
It can't hurt you.
Everything is scared of something.
I've been looking forward to this.
I don't want to talk about it.
They know me, or they'd hide.
They only nest in trees with wand-quality wood.
Did you know that?
And they have very complex social lives. If you watch them for long enough,
you realise...
Hello, Leta.
This is a surprise.
Finding me in a classroom?
Was I such a bad student?
On the contrary, you were one of my cleverest.
I said "bad", not "stupid".
Don't bother answering.
- I know you never liked me. - You're wrong.
I never thought you bad.
You were alone, then. Everybody else did.
And they were right.

I was wicked.

Leta, I know how painful the rumours about your brother Corvus must be for you.

No, you don't.

Not unless you had a brother who died, too.

In my case, it was my sister.

Did you love her?

Not as well as I should have done

Never too late to free yourself.

Confession is a relief, I'm told. A great weight lifted.

Regret is my constant companion.

Do not let it become yours.

Oh! No, thank you.

Well... You've been really kind, but my sister Tina's probably worried sick about me.

You know, banging on all the doors and things, so I think I'd better be going.

But you haven't met your host.

Oh, are you married?

Let's say, deeply committed.

You see, I can't tell if you're making a joke or if you're just... French.

Oh.

Hey, knock it off.

You stay right there.

I know what you are.

Queenie. We are not here to hurt you.

We only want to help you.

You're so very, very far away from home.

Far away from everything you love, everything that is comfortable.

I would never see you harmed. Ever.

It is not your fault that your sister is an Auror.

I wish you were working with me now towards a world where we wizards were free to live openly.

To love freely.

You are an innocent.

So go now.

Leave this place.

Hey, uh, Newt, buddy. Uh...

Tina's up here. She's all by her lonesome, and, uh, maybe you want to come up and keep her company?

Uh, I've been looking for food, and I ain't found any...

So, uh, I guess I'm gonna go upstairs and try my luck in, oh, I don't know, the attic.

You're alright.

Relashio.

Okay.

She's responded well to the Dittany.

She was born to run, you see.

But I think she's... She's just lacking in confidence.

Mr. Scamander, have you got anything in your case that might help revive this man?

I need to question him.

I think he knows who Credence really is. And the scars on his hand suggest...

- ...an Unbreakable Vow. - An Unbreakable Vow. Yeah, I noticed that, too.

Lumos.

What was that?

There must be a Water Dragon in that sewer. They carry these parasites, you see. They, um...

- Jacob. - Yeah?

In my case, in the pocket there, you'll find a pair of tweezers.

Tweezers?

- They're thin, pointy... - Little pointy things.

Yes, I know what tweezers are.

All right. You might not want to watch this.

I can handle it.

Come out.

Come on. You're all right.

- Ew. - Come on. I got you.

Jacob, will you take that for me?

Huh. Ugh!

Calamari.

Must kill him.

Who?

Credence?

It may take him a few hours to recover. That parasite's poison is quite strong.

I have to go back to the Ministry with what I've got.

What... Uh...

It's nice to see you again, Mr. Scamander

Hey. Hey. Hold on a second, will ya? Hold on. Hold on.

Wait! Tina.

You didn't mention salamanders, did you?

No, I didn't. She just ran. I don't know...

So you chase after her.

Tina, please just listen to me.

Mr. Scamander, I need to go talk to the Ministry.

I know how you feel about Aurors.

I may have been a little strong in the way that I expressed myself in that letter.

What was the exact phrase? "A bunch of careerist hypocrites"?

I'm sorry, but I can't admire people whose answer to everything that they fear or misunderstand is "kill it."

I'm an Auror and I don't.

Yes, I know. That's because you've gone middle head.

Excuse me?

It's an expression derived from the three heads of the Runespoor. So the middle one is the visionary. Now, every Auror in Europe wants Credence dead, except you. You've gone middle head.

Who else uses that expression, Mr. Scamander?

I think it might just be me.

It's Grindelwald. He's calling his followers.

It's too late. Grindelwald has come for Credence.

He might already have him.

It's not too late.

We can still get to him first.

Where are you going?

The French Ministry of Magic.

That's the last place Credence would go.

There's a box hidden in the Ministry, Tina.

It's a box that can tell us who Credence really is.

A box? What are you talking about?

Trust me.

You wanna come out, just for a little while?

You can be free.

Credence.

What do you want?

From you?

Nothing.

For you?

Everything I never had.

But what is it you want, my boy?

I want to know who I am.

This is where you will find proof of your true identity.

Come to Père Lachaise tonight, and you will discover the truth.

Father, why did you make me...

Wait...

Wait!

I'm afraid we keep no food in the house.

Are you a ghost?

No. No, I'm alive.

But I'm an alchemist and therefore immortal.

You don't look a day over 375.
I'm sorry that we didn't knock.
No. No matter.
Albus told me some friends might be dropping in.
Nicolas Flamel.
Oh.
Jacob Kowalski.
Oh!
I'm sorry.
It's alright.
I didn't--
Oh... Oh!
At last, we see some development.
Yeah. I've seen one of these before.
It was at the fair.
There was this dame there, and she had a veil, and I gave her a nickel, and she told me about my future.
And she missed out on quite a bit, actually.
Oh. Hey, hey.
Wait a minute, I know him. That's the kid. That's Credence.
Jeez.
Hey... Hey! There she is. Hi, baby.
Where is this? Is this here?
Yes. This is the Lestrangle tomb.
It lies in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.
I'm coming, baby! Stay right there.
Thank you, thank you, Mr. Flamel.
- Ouch. - I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Okay.
Oh, look after Mr. Tentacles for me.
- Oh no. I'm sorry. I gotta go. - Please, you mustn't go to the cemetery.
What's happening?
Exactly what he said would happen.
Grindelwald rallies at the cemetery tonight, and there will be death.
- Then you gotta go. - What?
I haven't seen action in 200 years.
Flamel, you can do this. We believe in you.
The box is in the Ancestral Records room, Tina.
So it's three floors down.
Is that Polyjuice?
It's just enough to get me inside.
- Who-- - It's my brother, Theseus.
He's an Auror and a hugger
What's happening?
Grindelwald's rallying. We don't know where, but we think it's tonight.

- Be careful. - Of course.
- Promise me you'll be careful. - Of course. I'm gonna be careful.
Listen, I want you to hear this from me.
They think that Credence boy might be your missing brother.
- My brother is dead. - I know. - He died. - I know.
- How many times, Theseus? - And the records will prove that.
Okay?
- They can't lie. - Theseus.
I want every person at that rally arrested. If they resist--
- Sir, forgive me, but if we go in there too heavy, don't we run the risk
of adding to-- - Just do it.
I don't suppose you can Disapparate on Ministry premises in France, can
you?
Nope.
Pity.
- Newt! - Yes, I know. I know it's...
Emergency situations! A man, Newton Scamander had entered the Ministry of
Magic without permission.
Newt!
Newt!
Oh!
That's your brother?
So I think I may have mentioned in my letters that we have quite a
complicated relationship.
Newt, stop!
- Does he to kill you? - Frequently.
Enough!
He needs to control his temper.
I think that might have been the best moment of my life.
Queenie?
Queenie, honey.
Don't.
Don't move.
(In French) How can I help you?
Yes, so, uh, this is Leta Lestrange.
And, um... I'm her--
Fiancé.
(In French) In you go!
- Merci. - Thank you.
Tina, about that fiancée business--
Oh, sorry. Yeah, I should have congratulated you.
- No, that's-- - Lumos.
Lestrange.
Tina, about Leta--

Yes, I've just said I am happy for you.
No, well, I don't... Please, don't be happy.
S-- No. Sorry. I don't...
Obviously, I... Obviously, I want you to be...
And I hear that you are now. Which is wonderful.
Sorry, what I'm trying to say is, I want you to be happy, but I don't want you to be happy that I'm happy, because I'm not.
Happy.
Or engaged.
What?
It was a mistake in a stupid magazine.
My brother's marrying Leta, June the 6th. I'm supposed to be best man, which is sort of mildly hilarious.
Does he think you're here to win her back?
- Are you here to win her back? - No, I'm here ...
You know, your eyes really are...
Are what?
I'm not supposed to say.
- I cut a picture of you-- - Newt, I read your book and--
- Wait, did you read-- - Did you?
I cut this, um... It's just a picture of you from the paper, but... it's interesting 'cause your eyes in newsprint...
See, in reality they have this effect in them, Tina. It's like...
It's like fire in water, in dark water.
And I've only ever seen that...
I've only ever seen that in...
Salamanders.
Come.
Lestrange.
Woah!
(Reading) "Records moved to Lestrange family tomb at Père Lachaise."
Circumrota.
Hello, Newt.
Hello, Leta.
Hi.
Oh, no.
What kind of cats are those?
Uh, these aren't cats.
They're, uh, Matagots. They're spirit familiars.
They guard the Ministry.
But they won't hurt you unless you--
Stupefy!
...unless you attack them.
Oops.

- Leta. - Reverte.
Accio!
Ascendio!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Okay. Wait. Hold it there, please.
Come on.
Oh! All right.
Okay, wait.
You, go back. Move! Out of the way!
If I must kill you as well as Corvus, I shall.
Stop!
Yusuf.
Is that really you?
My little sister?
So he's your brother
Who am I?
I don't know.
I'm tired of living with no name and no history.
Just tell me my story, then you can end it.
Your story is our story.
Our story.
No, Yusuf.
My father was Mustafa Kama.
Pure-blood of Senegalese descent and most accomplished.
My mother Laurena, was equally highbred, a noted beauty.
They were deeply in love.
They knew a man of great influence from a famous French pure-blood family.
He desired her.
Maman. Maman!
Lestrange used the Imperius Curse to seduce and abduct her.
I tried to prevent it, but he attacked me.
That was the last time I ever saw her.
She died giving birth to a little girl.
You.
The news of her death drove my father insane.
With his dying breath, my father charged me to seek revenge.
Kill the person Lestrange loves best in the world.
I thought at first it'd be easy.
He had only one close relative.
You.
But he...
Say it.
He never loved you. He remarried, and not three months after her death.
He loved her no more than he had loved you.

But then his son, Corvus, was born at last.
And that man who had never known love was filled with it.
All he cared about was little Corvus.
So this is the truth?
I am Corvus Lestrangle?
- Yes. - Yes.
- No. - No.
Realizing that Mustafa Kama's son had sworn revenge, your father sought to
hide you where I couldn't find you.
So he confided you to his servant, who boarded a ship for America.
- He did send Corvus to America, but-- - His servant, Irma Dugard was a
half-elf.
Her magic was weak, and therefore left no trace I could follow.
I had only just discovered how you had escaped when I received news I never
expected.
The ship had gone down at sea.
But you survived, didn't you?
Somehow, someone had pulled you from the water.
"A son cruelly banished
Despair of the daughter
Return, great avenger,
With wings from the water."
There stands the despairing daughter.
You are the winged raven, returned from the sea, but I...
I am the avenger of my family's ruin.
I pity you, Corvus.
But you must die.
Corvus Lestrangle is already dead! I killed him!
Accio!
My father owned a very strange family tree.
It only recorded the men.
The women in my family were recorded as flowers.
Beautiful.
Separate.
My father sent me to America with Corvus.
Irma was to pose as a grandmother with two grandchildren.
Corvus never stopped crying.
Do you have any news?
All hands to station!
Run to station!
I never wanted to hurt him.
I only wanted to be free of him.
Just for a moment.
Just a single moment.

Give him to me.
Everyone, to the lifeboats!
They want us to put on life jackets.
You didn't mean to do it, Leta.
So it wasn't your fault.
Oh, Newt.
You never met a monster you couldn't love.
Leta... Do you know who Credence really is?
Did you know when you swapped them?
No.
Queenie?
They're pure-bloods.
They kill the likes of us for sport.
- Queenie.
- Jacob!
Honey, you're here! Hi!
Hi, hon. Hi.
Oh, honey, I'm so sorry.
I never should have done it. I love you so much.
And you know that I love you, right?
Yeah. - Good. Let's get the hell outta here. - Oh, no, wait a second.
I just thought maybe we could hear him first, you know?
Just listen. That's all.
What are you talking about?
It's a trap.
Yeah.
Queenie, the family tree. It's all been bait.
We have to find a way out of here right now.
You go find the others.
What are you gonna do?
I'll think of something.
My brothers, my sisters, my friends, the great gift of your applause is not for me. No.
It is for yourselves.
You came today because of a craving
and a knowledge that the old ways serve us no longer.
You came today because you crave something new.
Something different.
It is said that I hate les non-Magiques,
The Muggles.
- Vermin! - The No-Maj.
The Can't-Spells.
I do not hate them.
I do not.

For I do not fight out of hatred.
I say the Muggles are not lesser, but other.
Not worthless, but of other value.
Not disposable, but of a different disposition.
Magic blooms only in rare souls.
It is granted to those who live for higher things.
Oh, and what a world we would make for all of humanity.
We who live for freedom, for truth, and for love.
It isn't illegal to listen to him.
Use minimum force on the crowd.
We mustn't be what he says we are.
The moment has come to share my vision of the future that awaits if we do
not rise up and take our rightful place in the world.
Not another war.
That is what we are fighting.
That is the enemy.
Their arrogance.
Their power lust.
Their barbarity.
How long will it take before they turn their weapons on us?
Do nothing when I speak of this.
You must remain calm and contain your emotions.
There are Aurors here among us.
Come closer, brother wizards. Join us.
Do nothing.
And no force.
They have killed many of my followers.
It is true.
They confined me and tortured me in New York.
They had struck down their fellow witches and wizards.
For the simple crime of seeking the truth.
For wanting freedom.
Your anger, your desire for revenge is naturaly.
No!
Take this young warrior back to her family.
Disapparate. Leave.
Go forth from this place and spread the word.
It is not we who are violent.
Let's take him.
Aurors, join me in this circle.
Pledge to me your eternal allegiance, or die.
Only here shall you know freedom.
Only here shall you know yourself.
Move! Run! Run!

Play by the rules.
No cheating, children.
He knows who I am.
He knows what you were born, not who you are!
Credence!
Queenie, honey. Queenie.
You gotta wake up.
- Jacob. He's the answer. He wants what we want. - No, no, no.
Yeah.
This has all been for you, Credence.
Walk with me.
Hon. No!
Walk with me!
You're crazy.
Queenie. No!
Queenie, don't do it!
Queenie...
Queenie!
Mr. Scamander.
Do you think Dumbledore will mourn for you?
Grindelwald! Stop!
Leta...
This one I believe I know.
Leta Lestrange.
Despised entirely amongst wizards, unloved, mistreated, yet brave, so very
brave.
Time to come home.
I love you.
Go!
Go!
Run!
I hate Paris.
Together, in a circle. Your wand into the earth.
Or all of Paris will be destroyed.
- Finite! - Finite!
Finite!
Finite!
Finite!
I've chosen my side.
Oh! Come here. I've got you. I've got you.
I think it's best if he speaks to him alone.
Is he frightened of me still?
You need to be very careful.
He's not sure he made the right choice.

Be very gentle with him.

I have a gift for you, my boy.

It is true? About Leta?

Yes.

I'm so sorry.

It's a blood pact, isn't it?

You swore not to fight each other.

How in the name of Merlin did you manage to get...

Grindelwald doesn't seem to understand the nature of the things he consider simple.

Can you destroy it?

Maybe.

Maybe.

Would he like a cup of tea?

He'll have some milk.

Hide the teaspoons.

You have suffered the most heinous of betrayals, most purposely bestowed upon you by your own blood.

Your own flesh and blood.

And just as he has celebrated your torment, your brother seeks to destroy you.

There is a legend in your family that a phoenix will come to any member who is in dire need.

It is your birthright, my boy.

As is the name I now restore to you.

Aurelius.

Aurelius Dumbledore.

We will go down in history together as we remake this world.