

## Some Things Never Change

*Fantastic Beasts* the Screenplay by J.K. Rowling

As Newt knocked on the door, he was wishing that no one would be in there. But considering that it was ten pm, Newt had little hope. The door opened, and a man in his pajamas looked at him both curious and annoyed, finding out that a random person was at his door so late at night. "I'm looking for an..." Newt paused. "An ant?" Newt said. The man was now very confused. Then he said

"Why would you be looking for an ANT at this hour?!?!?!?"

"Top.... Secret?"

The man shook his head. "I must be dreaming." He murmured and closed the door. Newt stamped in frustration. "An ant?!?" He said to himself. Newt looked up and down the hall, and seeing no one, he pulled out his wand and the door unlocked. Inside the man was just getting into bed, now stunned. Newt went straight to work. He went down on his knees and looked under the bed. Nothing. He looked on the dresser. Yet again, nothing. Finally he saw the Niffler, trying to get wedged in the space between the dresser and the wall. Newt grabbed him, and started out the door. Only then did he remember the man, still stunned on the bed. Newt shot him with a spell and he was asleep in a wink. Newt walked out of the room, shutting the door.

As he walked down the hallway, he whispered to the Niffler. "Now what did I tell you about sneaking out?" Secretly he was not mad, he was fine with it, but he did get him in a lot of trouble sometimes. The Niffler was his favorite. Newt walked into his room and shut the door. "I can't wait to get home." He thought. He got his briefcase from under his bed and opened it. Immediately all the animals started to make a big racket and try to get out too, but with almost no force. "Now don't get all jumpy on me now. We're almost home." He gently laid the Niffler down inside. "Now I don't want any more attempts of escaping tonight, ok?" All the animals slowly went back to their enclosures. Newt shut the case then shoved it under the bed. Then he went to get ready for bed.

Newt thought of what to do when he got back to Britain. The boat swayed to the rhythm of his thoughts. Go home or go somewhere to write more in my book? He got in bed, thinking over all that happened in New York.

All of a sudden there was a jolt from the ground. Newt fell to the floor. He heard sailors yelling at each other on the deck. He heard the ship's sirens going off. He jumped out of bed and opened his brief case, to find that all of his animals were there, sleeping peacefully. Newt grabbed his wand got up and opened the door and stepped out of his room. The ship swayed from side to side very fiercely. Other people were peeking out of their rooms, when a sailor ran down the hallway screaming: storm! Stay in your rooms!!" Newt ran out of his room, and ran down the hall. "stop!! Stay in your room!" the sailors said, but Newt did not. He thought that he could help. He ran up the stairs to the deck, hoping to see the captain to talk to him.

He was at the top of the stairs when a hand grasped his shoulder. Newt looked over his shoulder, about to tell a sailor he would not go back to his room, but no one was there. Newt turned around, looking for any one, but no one was there. So Newt turned around and went up the stairs. On the deck, Sailors were screaming over the storm at each other. Rain poured down on Newt, the sky was dark and cloudy, except for an occasional lightning bolt. The rain made all the lights dim, making everyone work in the

dark. Newt saw all the rain in front of him was not so heavy. Someone else was making the rain go away. A hooded figure came out of nowhere, walking toward him. The man looked up. Newt was filled with horror. "Will we die, just a little?" the figure said.

Newt sat up in bed screaming: "Grindelwald!!!" It was just a dream, he thought. Just a dream. Maybe.