SIDE #1 - NARRATOR

Prologue

With little to no fanfare, a Narrator enters. They hold up a device that can turn lights off. They point the device at the lights around the theater, and each turns off one by one until...blackout.

Lights come up on that same Narrator from just a moment ago, remember them? They're now ready to tell a story. They, like many in this play, speak with a British accent, or at least an attempt at one. They are a real scholarly type and are, at their core, a Puff.

START

A light piano theme plays. Not the one you are hearing in your head. It's a different one. The Narrator speaks to us.

NARRATOR: Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes...they *are* born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England.

(Behind them A Very Tall Man with a big beard and some goggles appears holding a very, very special baby. The First Headmaster, old, kind, and gentle, enters with him. They admire this heroic, special, really, really important baby boy. The Narrator spots them.)

NARRATOR: Ah! A giant! Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is *the boy who lives.* He has a *scar.* On his *forehead.* Shaped like...*you know.* You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Well. Forget about him.

~~A VERY TALL MAN: *Okay.~~
~~FIRST HEADMASTER: *Goodbye!~~

(They swiftly exit with that important baby.)

NARRATOR: This story is not about *him.*

(From seemingly nowhere, another baby appears carried by someone far less impressive, with somewhere far better to be.)

NARRATOR: Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident. *Please, don't ask.* This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico.

STOP

(Uncle Dave appears, beer in hand, excited for his life.)

SIDE #2 - WAYNE

PROFESSOR McG: It, well, it just says Goyle.
GOYLE: Goyle.

(A not so bright boy sits on the stool. The hat IMMEDIATELY sorts him.)

SORTER HAT (V.O.): SNAKE!

(This rather mean student is given a "Snake" item. Applause, but not quite as loud of applause. McG finds a name on her list that she is not quite sure how to pronounce.)

PROFESSOR McG: Um. Granger, Her... Her-mee-oh-nay?

(We focus over to Wayne talking to an unidentified student in line with him. We eventually learn this is Harry, the greatest boy who ever happened to live.)

START

WAYNE HOPKINS: Question. Hypothetical. What if I don't have enough of a personality for the magic talking hat to sort me? Like...how much authority does this hat really have? Never mind. ...This place is crazy huh? I never thought I'd go to school in a castle. Pretty cool. I've never really liked school. People were mean. To me. I'm talking too much. You probably have all your own nervous thoughts going on... Can I tell you something? I think I might be...special? I watch a lot of movies and read lots of books, and it's like: a *normal boy finds out he actually has amazing abilities and is swept away to a new, magical world?* Does that sound familiar? Because that is now my ACTUAL life. And THAT kid, through some incredible circumstances always becomes like *the* most important person. Like in the whole world. A sort of...Chosen One. AHH! Magic is real, and this orphaned boy wizard is ready for seven years of amazing adventures! STOP

PROFESSOR McG: Eh. HEM! Mr. Potter!
HARRY: Oh! Excuse me.

(Harry unveils himself and brushes past Wayne. Whispers and chatter from the other students. He walks over to the stool.)

HARRY: Ohhh! No, hat! Not that! Anything but that! Please?!
SORTER HAT (V.O.): BRAVE!

SIDE #3 - POTIONS TEACHER, J. FINCH, SALLY, LEANNE, OLIVER

WAYNE HOPKINS: We just have to focus on earning those points and the rest will take care of itself. I mean it's just magic. How hard can it possibly be?

Scene: Studies

A bell rings. We're in a classroom now. The Puffs all rush on chatting with each other and surround Oliver and Wayne.

PUFFS: *Wow! *Class! *I brought a quill! *I brought a book! *Etc.

(A Certain Greasy Haired Potions Teacher enters.)

START

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: Sit. Everyone. Now. You are here to learn the art of potion ma—*Ohhhh.* Puffs.
PUFFS: Hi!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: *(A sigh.)* Can anyone tell me... What. Is. A. Potion?

(J. Finch raises his hand.)

J. FINCH: OOO! It's what you put on your skin to make it feel soft.
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: No. That's lotion.

(Sally raises her hand.)

SALLY PERKS: It's the place all the fishes live!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: Wrong. That's the ocean.

(Leanne raises her hand...and then you have some OPTIONS.

***The following line is anything that makes sense within the rhythm and rhyme of the bit. Below are some options. Choose one or find some of your own. After ONE of these, Oliver raises his hand.)*

(Pick any options below, or improv your own)

LEANNE: (OPTION 1) It's a starchy root vegetable!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That's…a Po-tato.

LEANNE: (OPTION 2) It's the head of the Catholic Church!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That's...the Po-pe.

LEANNE: (OPTION 3) It's that dance where everyone is a train! Choo choo!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That's...the loco-motion.

LEANNE: (OPTION 4) It's the water that surrounds all the continents!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That is still the Ocean...

LEANNE: (OPTION 5) It's that stuff that smells good!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That's…Po-tpourri.

OLIVER RIVERS: It. Is. Uh. Magic liquid!
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: You are the most dunderheaded student I have ever seen sit in my class. If you manage to succeed in my course this year, I will eat a shoe. Ten points from the Puffs.
LEANNE: I ate a shoe once. It didn't taste good but it didn't taste bad.
A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: ...Class dismissed.

(A Certain Potions Teacher grumbles and leaves. A bell rings. Professor McG enters.)

PROFESSOR McG: Transfiguration: the art of—oh. Puffs.
PUFFS: Hi!
PROFESSOR McG: Yes, hello. Um. We're going to turn *things*. Into *other* things. Wooow! Go crazy.
PUFFS: YEAH! WOO!

(Everyone starts waving their wands. Professor McG goes over to Oliver.)

PROFESSOR McG: Mr. Rivers. Oh dear, oh dear. Your wand technique is all wrong. Here, you get to use the *training wand. Oooo!* Eh hem. Five points from the Puffs.

(Professor McG hands him a large and very special wand: the Training Wand. She pats him on the head and exits. A bell rings. Professor Turban enters wearing a turban.)

PROFESSOR TURBAN: D...D...D...D...D...Defense! A...A...A...Against!

(Megan Jones shoots a spitball at the back of Professor Turban's turban. He spins around, and on the back of his turban we see a pair of red glowing eyes staring at us. We hear a whispery voice.)

MISTER VOLDY (V.O.): YAH! You will pay for this insolence!

SIDE #4 - WAYNE, OLIVER, MEGAN, FRIAR

MEGAN JONES: GET OUT HERE. NOW!

(Megan waves her wand. Oliver and Wayne fall into the room. A few more spells move them center.)

MEGAN JONES: So, you followed me, Hopkins? Spying on me? Trying to learn my dark evil secrets?
OLIVER RIVERS: No, uh, we were just, uh, trying to find you.
WAYNE HOPKINS: To protect you from the troll. And to make sure you don't lose any more points.

(Megan magics their hands together.)

START
MEGAN JONES: Do I look like I need protecting? From the two of you? Wait. A troll? Where? I want it. *As a pet.*
A FAT FRIAR: Megan, this is why you don't have any friends.
MEGAN JONES: Shut up, fatty.
A FAT FRIAR: *Self-esteem.*
MEGAN JONES: These two are going to get what they deserve. Hm. What would my mom do in a situation like this? I think she'd torture you! Prepare to meet your doom!

(Megan raises her wand to strike. Oliver screams.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Wait! Wait! What if instead of torturing us, we all just hung out? Like friends?
OLIVER RIVERS: *We'll what?
MEGAN JONES: *Excuse me?
A FAT FRIAR: Yeaaaaah! Go for it!
WAYNE HOPKINS: Look, we're all kind of the worst people at this school. Why not be the worst together? Megan shouldn't have to be alone just because her mom was evil. And hey, I think it's cool that you hang out with Mr. Friar.
A FAT FRIAR: Heeeey, *Mr. Friar.* I like it!
WAYNE HOPKINS: Right, Oliver?
OLIVER RIVERS: Yeah. We can all hang out. Fat Friar too.
A FAT FRIAR: Awwww. My self-esteeeem!

(A Fat Friar exits, his self-esteem hurt.)

MEGAN JONES: You promise this isn't a joke?
WAYNE HOPKINS: I promise. Us Puffs have to stick together.

MEGAN JONES: I'm not a Puff. The hat got it wrong. I'm the most not-Puffiest person you'll ever meet. Got it?

(She points her wand in Wayne's face.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Got it.

(She points it at Oliver.)

OLIVER RIVERS: Got it.
WAYNE HOPKINS: Now how about letting us go?
MEGAN JONES: …I guess.

(Megan hesitates for a moment. She unties them using magic. She then uses her wand in a knighting-like fashion on the following:)

MEGAN JONES: I dub thee friends. ...Is that how this works? I don't really have...*friends.*
OLIVER RIVERS: Sure.
WAYNE HOPKINS: Great. Glad we've settled that, we should probably get out of here? If we're caught, we will lose so many points.

(Professor Sproutty enters and catches them.)

PROFESSOR SPROUTTY: Students lurking while a troll is about?! *The plants will be so disappointed.*
MEGAN JONES: Wait! I was hunting the troll. So, I could...shove my wand up its nose and...I don't know...*murder it.* But these two friends taught me the error of my ways.
PROFESSOR SPROUTTY: Hmm...fifty points...*to* the Puffs. Each!

(A sound effect indicates points are earned.)

PROFESSOR SPROUTTY: The plants love life lessons. Goodnight!

(Professor Sproutty exits.)

OLIVER RIVERS: *YEAH!
MEGAN JONES: *Hey!
WAYNE HOPKINS: *WE DID SOMETHING! Guys. I think this is the start of something really great.

SIDE #5 - OLIVER & MEGAN

NARRATOR: He is so poor.

(Ron Mop is sad. Harry and Ron Mop exit.)

NARRATOR: Anyway! It was time for the ball! DJ!

Scene: The Yule-Tide Ball

A nice little slow song comes on. The Puffs enter in couples and start dancing. Leanne "dances" with Wayne, or something like it. Hannah stands in a corner by herself, but she's having a fine time. Oliver and Megan enter last—they stand against the wall.

START

OLIVER RIVERS: Look at everyone. Dancing. I've only been to one dance before. It was with my mom. It was normal. It was a mother/son dance. Everyone was there with their moms.

MEGAN JONES: You are such a loser.

(A moment of awkward silence.)

OLIVER RIVERS: *How about we? Nope.
MEGAN JONES: *Do you want to? Never mind.
OLIVER RIVERS: You, uh. You look nice.
MEGAN JONES: Well. I tried. I actually tried. This is your fault.
OLIVER RIVERS: This year. It's been nice to. It's just. This year you've been. Yourself. And you are...neat. Real neato.
MEGAN JONES: Thank you.

(She punches him in the arm.)

MEGAN JONES: Don't you dare tell anyone I accepted that compliment.
OLIVER RIVERS: I won't. Ow.

(More awkward silence.)

MEGAN JONES: Should we just. Let's…I'm not your mom, but...
OLIVER RIVERS: Sure.

STOP

(A very short slow dance song plays. Enough time for the two to have a nice little moment that ends far too soon. The lyrics could simply be, "A Very Short Slow Dance Song.")

SIDE #6 - WAYNE + CEDRIC

Scene: Wayne & Cedric

The Narrator holds a book out. Wayne points his wand at it and attempts to summon it. He fails.

START

WAYNE HOPKINS: Asio book. Asio book. BOOK, come here. Pleaseio? GAH! I HATE YOU, BOOK. YOU ARE THE WORST, BOOK. YOU SUCK, BOOK.

(Cedric has entered and watched Wayne yell at this book.)

CEDRIC: Are we yelling at books, Wayne? HEY, BOOK! YOU'RE DUMB. Ha! That is fun.
WAYNE HOPKINS: Ha. No, just trying to summon it.
CEDRIC: Ah, year four, pretty difficult tests. Asio book.
~~NARRATOR: Oh, yeah.~~

(The Narrator throws the book into Cedric's hands. Cedric knows this book.)

CEDRIC: Hey. "The Tragic Yet Rewarding History of the Puffs."
WAYNE HOPKINS: You make it look so easy.
CEDRIC: Try again.

(Cedric holds the book out. Wayne points his wand.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Asio book!

(Nothing. A failure.)

CEDRIC: You know what the best part of being a Puff is, besides being so close to the kitchens? You fail. A lot. You fail and fail. You fail over here. You fail over there. And then you fail a lot more. But failure, Wayne, is just another form of practice. As long as you never stop trying. So...try again.

(Wayne concentrates. Cedric holds the book.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Asio book!

(Nothing. But, after a moment, Cedric tosses the book to Wayne with a smile.)

CEDRIC: Eventually...you get better. You should hang on to that book. It can help whenever you're feeling, well, like a failure. It certainly helped me.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Ha. I'll need it. I suck at magic.

CEDRIC: ...How about this? To thank you for all your support, once the Third Task is done, I'll teach you everything I know.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Really?

CEDRIC: I'd be happy to.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Wow. We'll be like a wizard Batman and Robin.

CEDRIC: Bat...Man?

WAYNE HOPKINS: He's a...it's from a thing.

CEDRIC: *Which half is the bat?*

WAYNE HOPKINS: Don't worry about it.

CEDRIC: Hey, I better get going. I'll see you around.

(Cedric starts to exit.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Cedric! Good luck on the Third Task.

(Cedric stops and smiles. He gives Wayne another thumbs up.)

CEDRIC: I'll be fine.

(He exits. Wayne looks to his book.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Yes! Yes! Take that, book.

Scene: The Third Task

The Narrator enters. Behind them, the Puffs fill the stands. They are decked out in even more yellow.

NARRATOR: It was a warm June evening. The Third Task was well underway, and the crowd sat with bated breath. It had come down to two. That night, one would become a champion.

MEGAN JONES: Come on! It's been hours. How hard is it to get through a maze?

LEANNE: Very hard!

WAYNE HOPKINS: Shhhhh!!!

SIDE #7 - ZACH SMITH

NARRATOR: How wrong he was!

(Sexy music starts playing. Students enter and sexy dance around Wayne. Even Oliver and Megan get into it.)

NARRATOR: Webster's Dictionary defines snogging as "the act of kissing and caressing amorously—"

WAYNE HOPKINS: —I get it, I get it. Go find a classroom or something.

PUFFS: *Oooo! A classroom!*

(All exit but Megan and Oliver who are still making out.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: HEY!

(Oliver and Megan separate.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: I've been thinking about something else anyway.

MEGAN JONES: What?

WAYNE HOPKINS: Maybe trying out for the sports team.

OLIVER RIVERS: *What?!

MEGAN JONES: *Nooooo!

WAYNE HOPKINS: I'm just thinking about it! I've been so set on doing some sort of big crazy wizard world changing thing that I've never done any regular teenage stuff. This year? No crazy adventures. No wizard shenanigans. I'm just focusing on dates. And sports!

(An airhorn blows. Various sports players enter with brooms and stand in a tryout line. Zach Smith, a wizard bro, enters.)

START

ZACH SMITH: Alright, you cocksuckers. Zach Smith here. HEY! FUCK YOU! You knobgobblers wanna play sports? AKA get fuckin' laid?! Cause that's the only reason to play.

*(**What follows here can be anything. Literally anything. Any sort of crazy story. A description of a movie plot that Zach Smith experienced. An existential pondering. Just wizard jokes. Just random regular jokes. Often times it is kind of filthy, full of expletives and insults. Sometimes it's kind. What once began as a single line of dialogue transformed into this long, crazy, and fun ride every performance. Nick Carrillo, who originated the role, has improvised a different Zach Smith over 600 times as of this writing, so the sky is the limit. There will be more examples in the back of*

* can either do this verbatim, improv some of it, or improv something completely different.

this script, provided by Nick to give a better idea. Here is my own personal attempt at one. If anything, have fun.)

**Alright, jerk wads. Before we get started, I just have to share something that's been happening to me. Get it off my chest. So. We all know how we can do the spell thing where a glowing little white animal jumps out and scampers around—and those weird security guard dweebs just hate it. They hate those animals. You know, it's supposed to represent something about you—answer a lot of questions. SO. After years of hard work. PRACTICE—WHICH IS IMPORTANT. I finally did it. I did the spell. But my little animal—well, it isn't an animal. Turns out, my special animal thing is a forty-five-year-old accountant named Debra who lives as a single mom in a small town in Oklahoma with two kids. And she is so inconvenienced every time I use that spell. She's just here now, at this secret magic school in Europe. I don't know how to get her back home. So, it turns into a whole—ordeal—she has to book a flight or take a boat. Getting to those is a journey in itself, considering we're in a secret magic school surrounded by magic in the middle of nowhere. I think she's running out of money—which normally she's very good with. I can't help but feel a tiny bit responsible, you know. But—here's where the story takes a twist. I think I'm falling in love with her. I don't know what to do—do I tell her how I feel? I keep bringing her here just to see her, but that just makes her mad. I know I may just be a sixteen-year-old boy who's also a wizard, and she's forty-five, and has her own life—but I think there's really something special there. What do I do? ...What do I do? ...ANYWAY, let's start these tryouts. STOP

(Everyone throws balls for a second. Just an actual second. Zach goes to Wayne.)

ZACH SMITH: Cut it out! Stop! All right. YOINK. Tryouts are over. And guess what. You! You're on the team!

WAYNE HOPKINS: Really?

ZACH SMITH: No. Fuck you. Get out of here. Everyone else. YOU MADE THE TEAM!

EVERYONE ELSE: Really?!

ZACH SMITH: No! FUCK ALL OF YOU! It's a one-man team. ZACH SMITH!

(All exit but Wayne. Sally enters.)

SIDE #8 - Mr. Voldy

Scene: A Great Hall Again

Harry enters and speaks to the gathered students.

HARRY: Hello! It's me. Harry.
PUFFS: Hi!
HARRY: Oh, how nice. I don't know if any of you remember me. I used to go to school here—aghhh!

(All grab their heads at the sound of feedback, or a megaphone's siren. Mister Voldy appears somewhere. He speaks into a megaphone. All on stage do some really great hearing-a-voice-in-your-head acting.)

START

MISTER VOLDY: Is this thing on? Your efforts are futile. I do not want to kill you. Give me Potter. And you shall be rewarded. You have until Midnight…night…night…night.

(A moment of silence. Mister Voldy turns to the audience, continuing to talk into the megaphone.)

MISTER VOLDY: That went well, I think. Hmm. So, we've got until midnight. Anyone bring any board games? Or snacks. What do you mean I'm still talking into the megaphone? What? Oh! Bring me Harry...*Harry. Harry*... Okay. The megaphone is now definitely off.

(Then Mister Voldy has SEVERAL OPTIONS. PLEASE CHOOSE ONE:)

pick one of the options, or improv your own

MISTER VOLDY:

(OPTION 1): You ever feel like a piece of yourself is missing? I feel like that. Like six or so pieces from right in here are just gone. I can't tell if I'm depressed or my lunch hasn't settled or—ohhhh. I just put something together. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 2): Hmm. Now's as good a time as any to break out my... tight five. Say...have you ever noticed the differences between wizards and witches? Hmm. Tough crowd. That's a "no" on that one. Say—British food. What's the deal with that, huh? It's just so...British. Say. What do all of my enemies have in common? They're all dead. Thank you, that's been my—what? The megaphone

is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 3): Okay, just a gentle reminder that if I appear to pass out. Don't touch me. Just leave me. I'm fine. Nothing is wrong...I'm just taking a nap. I suddenly got tired and took a nap, right there. I'm not dying—nor is my inability to die at risk—in fact, forget I mentioned this. I want everyone to forget this. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 4): Now seems like a good time to discuss our plan for what we do AFTER we take over the world of wizards. Let's go over what we've got, write it down if you brought a quill or a pencil. Step one: take over. Step two: Hm. Oh. Nothing. We have nothing planned past that. Anyone have ideas? We can throw a dance or two maybe? Put on my boogie shoes. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 5): Would anyone like to see some photos from my recent trip to Austria? I killed an old man who was imprisoned. Hahahaha ahhhh. Good times. Fun times. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 6): Hey! No touching my snake! Don't even think about touching my snake. You look like you're thinking about touching it. Well, don't. Don't even look at it. That's my snake. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 7): So. Since we're on the verge of our victory to be remembered for all dark ages to come, pats on the back by the way, I've been working on some fun one liners to say when we vanquish our great teenage enemy, Potter. Maybe I can try some out, so you can see how fun they are—eh hem. "Boy who lived? How about the boy who's dead now? HA!" "Nice second scar—the one that's on your whole body—since I killed you." "Mother's love your way out of that!" Or my favorite—"Loser says Avada what—" he says, "What"—"KEDABRA! "—then he dies. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

I STOP

SIDE #9 - LEANNE

(Everyone mutters, a bit unsure of this course of action.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Uh, before we rush into anything, can we get just like one minute?

HARRY: Alright. I'm off to find a tiara.

(Harry runs off. If double cast, Susie enters a moment later.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: This is really crazy. People might die. We all might die. Anyone who stays needs to understand that.

HANNAH: But...why would they need us? Everybody says we're the worst at this school.

SALLY PERKS: I don't think they want the stupid people to help fight.

J. FINCH: Yeah. J. Finch is only good at Herbology. Which is the best.

PUFFS: Yeah.

SUSIE BONES: I'll most definitely die if I fight.

MEGAN JONES: It would be easier to just...leave.

(All agree. Slowly, they begin to leave. Even Wayne reluctantly begins to take a step off stage. But—Leanne plants herself firmly center.)

START

LEANNE: No! I don't want to leave. Why is everyone always so down on us? I won't stand for it anymore! And I won't sit for it either. And I also won't stand on one leg because I can't. Watch. Anyways. Look at your hand! You have a wand!

(Everyone looks at the hand that in fact does not have a wand in it.)

LEANNE: Unless you looked at your other hand. Look at yourselves! Hannah. You used to be so awkward. And you still are, but we don't mind anymore! Who's that? It's Ernie Mac. And he is basically the best. And Sally. Remember that time you did that thing?

SALLY PERKS: I do.

LEANNE: It was amazing! Susie! We all thought you'd be dead by now. But look at you, standing there, alive. Wayne. You give the best hugs. Megan! You give better hugs than you think you do. And J. Finch. He's imaginary, AND HE CAN DO MAGIC! We all can. We're *wizards*. So, sure. It would be easy to leave. But wouldn't it be wrong? We should do what's right. Like Cedric. I'm a Puff and I'm staying, because if we don't fight now we may never find out how that hat talks!

STOP