

1  
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.

2  
NARRATOR: And that is how Wayne Hopkins, student, died. You probably know the rest of the story. The "boy who lived" lived again. He vanquished evil...

*(Harry and Mister Voldy pop out. Harry shoots a spell. Mister Voldy is vanquished.)*

HARRY: Expellidernis!  
MISTER VOLDY: Nooo.

*(They are gone.)*

NARRATOR: But now...you at least know a slightly different story. The Story of the Puffs. You know, I think eventually we all find that little part of us. The Puff. Maybe it's there in the moments where you lose your keys. Or momentarily forget how old you are. Or maybe it's that part of you that works hard, the part that remains loyal and true despite whatever terrifying monsters are thrown your way. The part that plays fair, even when life is anything but. Maybe that's a Puff there. Now, one last question. Where do I fit in to all of this? You'll get that answer in our obligatory segment: NINETEEN YEARS LATER!

# Side 1

## Narrator

3  
NARRATOR: Imagine a bathroom. A fancy bathroom. The nice toilets. The decorative sinks. A bathtub. An enormous bathtub. A bathtub so big, if you had friends over they'd say, "Yeah, wow, that's a big tub. I don't know why I doubted you about the size of this tub. Why do we keep coming in here, Craig?" You know, a bathroom. Now imagine a seventeen-year-old boy.

*(Cedric enters wearing a towel.)*

NARRATOR: Yes. Let's watch this seventeen-year-old boy use the bathroom.

side 2  
Megan  
Oliver  
Wayne

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.)*

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-esteeem!

*(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. ]stop

*start*  
(Sci) *all. We're in Potions class.)*

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: What is this concoction you have made,  
MR. RIVERS?

OLIVER RIVERS: A potion?

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: Remedial Potions will be in order this  
year.

*(School bell. Now we're in Professor McG's class.)*

PROFESSOR McG: OLIVER! You were to transfigure this beetle into a  
button. What is so difficult about that?

OLIVER RIVERS: Everything?

PROFESSOR McG: Remedial Transfiguration, Oliver.

*(School bell. We're in Ghost History Teach's class. He is a ghost.)*

GHOST HISTORY TEACH: History of magic. Magic history. Wizards.  
History. Remedial History of Magic, MR. RIVERS!

*(Ghost History Teach exits.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: But...I'm a...I'm a smart person.

*(Oliver cries to a fellow student.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: I'm a smart person!

*(Colin enters with a camera. Click. He takes a picture of Oliver  
crying.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: Hey, cut it out.

*(Click. Colin takes another picture.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: Seriously, please leave me alone.

*(Click.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: GET AWAY FROM HERE NOW!

*(Colin turns to leave. He turns back. Click. He exits.)*

2 OLIVER RIVERS: I hope something really bad happens to th...

side 3  
Oliver  
teachers

*start*  
Scene: Letters

NARRATOR: The Summer of '93! And our trio was determined to keep in touch the old-fashioned way: by writing two copies of the same letter and then sending them by owl across the world.

*(The trio each stand isolated in three separate spots. Each is at their various homes and each holds a quill. They write.)*

WAYNE HOPKINS: Dear Megan & Oliver. This new movie just came out. It's called *Free Willy*. It's about a young boy's adventure to free a whale. *It was amazing*. I can't stop thinking about how adventures come in all shapes and sizes. I know mine is coming. I just have to find my own whale. I have to free my own Willy. -Wayne. P.S. HOW DOES THIS OWL KNOW WHERE TO GO?!

*(We shift to Oliver.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: Wayne! Yeah...sure. Free your Willy. See you soon!  
-Oliver.

*(We shift back to Wayne, now with Uncle Dave.)*

UNCLE DAVE: Uncle Dave here. There is an owl in my livin' room! HaHA!  
Birds!

*(We shift to Megan.)*

MEGAN JONES: Wayne! Oliver! ...Wayne's uncle. Willys? Whatever! Big news: a mass murderer broke out of Wizard Prison. What if my mom sent him after me?! To come and rescue me from that ~~shitty~~ school?! I've got a feeling...this year, things are going to be really...*Sirius*.  
*(Hold for uproarious laughter.)* P.S. The guy's name is Sirius.

*(All exit.)*

NARRATOR: A murderer on the loose? Ruh roh. But not to worry. Wizard Government safety measures have been put into effect. Something that will make the children feel...safe. *stop*

side 4  
Narrator  
Wayne  
Oliver  
Dave  
Megan



YNE HOPKINS: This is really crazy. People might die. We all might die.

Anyone who stays needs to understand that.

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

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

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

FFS: Yeah.

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

GAN 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.)*

ANNE: 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.)*

ANNE: 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?

LLY PERKS: I do.

ANNE: 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!

HANNAH: I'm a Puff. And I'm staying.

J. FINCH: I'm a Puff. And I'm staying.

SUSIE, SALLY, & BRNIE: I'm a Puff. I'm staying.

MEGAN JONES: We might die. Are we all willing to die for Harry?

WAYNE HOPKINS: We won't die for Harry. We'll die for each other. I'm a Puff. I'm staying.

*(All look to Megan. Slowly, she joins.)*

MEGAN JONES: ...I'll stay.

*(She puts her wand in, but all others take theirs out. Not good enough, they give her a judging look.)*

MEGAN JONES: And I'm a Puff. I'm a Puff.

*(No one puts their wands back in yet. They want her to go deeper into her soul.)*

MEGAN JONES: Look. my socks don't match. I struggle with reading. I was secretly a member of the Frog Choir. I'm a Puff!

*(Everyone puts their wand in and waves.)*

PUFFS: Hi!

MEGAN JONES: HHHHHHHHHH! ] stop

side 5  
Wayne  
Hannah  
Anne  
~~titty~~  
J. Finch  
Megan  
Susie  
Sally

opening.

LEANNE: Guys. Guess what? WE'RE ALL WIZARDS.

*(Leanne celebrates this fact. Everyone else is not quite sure what to do.)*

PUFFS: Yeah.

J. FINCH: Hey, we should all introduce ourselves! I'm J. Finch Fletchley. I'm boyish and fun.

PUFFS: HI!

SIE BONES: I'm Susie Bones. Once upon a time my entire family was murdered. Except my aunt.

FFS: HI!

LYNE HOPKINS: I'm Wayne. I've read *The Silmarillion*, twice.

FFS: HI!

OLY PERKS: I'm Sally Perks. And I go to this school!

FFS: HI!

ERNIE MAC: Who's THAT?! It's me, ERNIE MAC! I'm basically the best...so. Hi.

FFS: HI!

HANNAH: ...Who's THAT? It's...me. Hannah. I'm Hannah.

FFS: HI!

LEANNE: I was raised in a cabin by my grandparents and you're the first other children I've ever seen, oh *and I'm a wizard*. And my name is Leanne.

FFS: HI?

*(Oliver Rivers, as will soon be discussed, does not have a British accent. He speaks with an \*\*\*American accent.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: Um, Oliver Rivers, and I'm just here to keep my head down and get a fundamental understanding of wizard-ing basics.

FFS: HI!

*(From the corner of the room, Megan Jones steps forward. Megan is dressed a little darker than the others, a little what one might call "goth." She does not believe she belongs in this room, nor does she want to be amongst these weirdos. But for one moment, she tries to be friendly. Like Wayne and Oliver, she speaks with an \*\*\*American accent.)*

MEGAN JONES: Um. Megan Jones.

*(Many of the Puffs leap back in fear with a unified gasp. They know this name. They know what she just might be capable of. Megan decides friendliness is not worth it.)*

CEDRIC: And my name...is Cedric.

*(Blaring guitars, drums, and rock concert lighting greet Cedric as he in turn greets everyone, audience included. Some Puffs applaud. Some become overwhelmed. Some have no idea what's going on but hey, they are happy to be here. Cedric eventually makes his way to the center of this clump of Puffs.)*

CEDRIC: Thanks. Now, gather round. Don't be shy. Welcome to the Puffs! ] step

CEDRIC & PUFFS TOGETHR: HI!

side 6  
Leanne  
J. Finch  
Susie  
Wayne  
Hannah  
Megan  
Oliver  
Sally  
Cedric

MEGAN JONES: So this year's been interesting.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Yeah. They've thrown any attempt at giving us an education out the window. Yesterday in Defense class, they just tortured a kid for three hours.

*(A knock at the door. The two pull out their wands, ready for a fight. The door is opened to reveal...nobody. Elsewhere, with much energy, Bippy enters. Bippy is their brand-new elf-helper friend.)*

BIPPY: Hello, Mister Wayne Hopkines! Ms. Megan Joneses! It's me! Bippy! Your little house elf friend.

*(\*\*Bippy bursts into a little Bippy song. Feel free to use an option b) or make up one of your own. It should be mildly annoying, somewhat adorable, and no more than twenty seconds long, for all our sakes please.)*

BIPPY:

(OPTION 1)

I am Bippy, and I am your best friend!

We'll be together 'til the very end!

Bippy! Bippy! We all say: yippeeee!

Did I mention I'm your best friend?!

*(Spoken)* Verse two of twenty. *(Sung)* I am Bippy—

(OPTION 2)

I am Bippy, and I'm your best friend.

We'll be together 'til the very end!

We're always going on adventures.

You're both wizards and Bippy's indentured.

MEGAN JONES: Bippy! We, uh, have a job for you. We need you to run. Just keep running until we tell you to stop.

BIPPY: Bippy is happy to do it. Magic exit! *[stop]*

side 7

Megan  
Wayne  
Bippy

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:)*

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!*

side 8  
voldy

over →

(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!*

(OPTION 8): I'm going to ask an uncomfortable question now. I ask for an honest response. Where are my shoes? I've been back three years, and three years—barefooted. No one has offered me a pair of sneakers, or some lounge loafers. Wingtips. At first, I thought oh—maybe this is the fashion—but quickly learned—no—that's not it. One year later, my little piggies are still out for all to see—it became about the principle of the matter—I'm the Dark Lord. Surely someone will offer me some shoes. Or at least ask if I'm comfortable. But now: we are in the woods. We've spent a whole evening outdoors. My feet are wet—I've stepped on several pointy rocks—I may need a tetanus shot. So, no. I am not comfortable. So where are my—what? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

(OPTION 9): So. Who's up for some Pilates? Ever since I got this new body—everyone's asked how I keep in such thin shape whilst eating whatever I want. The answer: Pilates. Can't get enough of it. I. The Dark Lord. Love Pilates. My favorite thing about Pilates is that it's building strength and endurance in the whole entire body. I warn you, though—Pilates is not for everyone. But it is for me. I bet if I had done some Pilates before that night seventeen years ago this would be a very different—what? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

Step

XAVIA JONES: Yes, very nice. Hello, children.  
MEGAN JONES: You two go. I'll handle this.

*(Wayne and Oliver nod to each other and quickly exit. Megan and Xavia assume dueling poses.)*

MEGAN JONES: Hello, Mom.

XAVIA JONES: Megan, I'm not here for pleasantries. I'm just here to finish unfinished business. Haha! AVADA SKADOO! *Damnit.*

MEGAN JONES: Okay, seriously?! It's two words. Avada. Kedabra. Avada Kedabra. It's simple.

XAVIA JONES: Oh, is it?! Is it simple...WELL...

*(A Death Buddy wanders on. He's distracted, thinking about his family.)*

XAVIA JONES: AVADA KEDABRA!

*(A flash of green light. The Death Buddy drops motionless to the ground, dead. Xavia takes a second to process.)*

XAVIA JONES: AHHHHH! OH MY WIZARD GOD. It's...it's that easy?! WHY IS IT SO EASY?! You say two words, and then they just...okay. I'm okay.

*(Another random Death Buddy enters and goes to his dead Death Buddy friend. He lifts the body up and carries it off stage.)*

RANDOM DEATH BUDDY: Someone has to tell his evil wife and kids.

XAVIA JONES: Ohhh, now it feels worse.

MEGAN JONES: Mom. That's what all of your "friends" do. To everyone.

XAVIA JONES: I don't like the way it feels. I...oh god. I'm a Puff. I get it. I'm a Puff! Oh! Who would have thought the people in the hoods and the masks would be so in the wrong? ...Fine. Do it. Kill me! THE FATE A MURDERER DESERVES.

*(Xavia holds Megan's wand to her head.)*

MEGAN JONES: Yeah, so, considering the one person you've led was evil...I don't think you'll get in too much trouble? Just say you were a secret spy or something?

XAVIA JONES: Oh...

*(Xavia hugs Megan. A Death Buddy enters, poised to attack. They stop upon seeing this beautiful family moment.)*

DEATH BUDDY: Aww.

MEGAN JONES: \*Stupidfy!

XAVIA JONES: \*Avada Kedabra!

*(A flash of green light. The Death Buddy is stunned, knocked away, and also dead.)*

MEGAN JONES: Mom!

*(Xavia hands Megan her wand.)*

XAVIA JONES: Here, you take this. If we make it out of here, I owe you so many birthday presents. *7 stop*

Side 9  
Xavia  
Megan

HARRY:

(OPTION 1) Say. Remember Year Two? I talked to a spider. He was mean though. He tried to eat me! Then a car saved me. Wow. Fun times for all of us, right? Bye, Wayne! Cedric! I talked to a spider and now I'm talking to—

(OPTION 2) Say. Have you ever noticed how the end of the school year is so much busier than the rest of the year? Is it just me or is it like, come on, let's split up all this drama, am I right? Am I right? I mean...what's the deal...with that? Phew. Crazy. Bye, Wayne! Cedric. The end of the year is gonna be crazy.

(OPTION 3) Hey! Remember that flying car I had in Year Two? That was pretty crazy, right?! Bye, Wayne! Vroom Vroom! Honk Honk Cedric! Vroom!

(OPTION 4) Hey! Remember in Year Two when that teacher removed all my bones? My arm was like this. Remember? Now! I have new bones! I HAVE NEW BONES! THEY GREW THEM. Bye, Wayne! Cedric, look at my new bones!

(OPTION 5) Boy. I've had a rough couple of years, huh? All those evil people and monsters. And last year, I didn't have a permission slip to go into town. That was a real bumner for me and my life. But now I have a permission slip. I got it from...someone. *(Winks.)* Don't need one for any of the other crazy things that happen here, though. Oh well. Bye, Wayne! Cedric! I have a permission slip.

(OPTION 6) Want me to get my invisible cloak. It makes me invisible. Sometimes I use it to sneak around and take books and break all the rules! It fits twooooo. Wink. Bye, Wayne! Hey, Cedric, let me know if you want to see my cloak. But you can't see me in it. Ha!

(OPTION 7) I went to the big Sports Cup over the summer! It was great. I got there by touching a boot! Wow. BOOTS CAN TAKE YOU ANYWHERE. Welp. Bye, Wayne! Hi, Cedric. Nice boots.

(OPTION 8) Say...remember the First Task? That was pretty crazy. At first, I was like, "oh no," but then I was like "broom!" And then I was like "vroom vroom," but then the dragon broke off his chain and chased me all around the school and almost killed a bunch of people. Hahaha—ahhh. Remember that? Feels like ages ago. Bye, Wayne! Cedric, look out for that dragon! Just kidding.

side

10

Harry

## Scene: Wayne & Cedric

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

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: Even though you get better. You should hang on to that book. It can help you at 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

Side 11  
Wayne  
Cedric