

PUFFS @ C.F.R.T.

ERNIE MAC SIDE 1 (A Certain Potions Teacher)

(A Certain Greasy Haired Potions Teacher enters.)

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: Sit. Everyone. Now. You are here to learn the art of
potion ma—*Obbbb*. 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.)

LEANNE: It's the head of the Catholic Church!

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: That's...the Po-pe.

OLIVER: 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.)



ERNIE MAC SIDE 2 (Real Mr. Moody)

(Puffs rush on, chanting "Cedric." They wear pro-Cedric badges. Real Mr. Moody enters. He has an eye. A big eye. Like, that eye is really all anyone should look at. Is it rude to look at the eye?)

REAL MR. MOODY: All right, class, settle down. SETTLE DOWN!

Today's lesson: curses that are...not forgivable. Trust me.

Because I am the ordinary. NOT fake. Moody. Got it?

PUFFS: Yes, Real Mr. Moody.

REAL MR. MOODY: Now, there's a curse where you control people.

PUFFS: Ooh.

REAL MR. MOODY: There's a curse where you hurt people.

PUFFS: Ahhh.

REAL MR. MOODY: And, there's a curse that kills. We'll call it the Green Light Curse.

Because when you use it there's a bright green light. AVADA KEDABRA!

(He points his wand to the sky as a bright green light illuminates the stage.)

PUFFS: AHHHHHHH!!!

REAL MR. MOODY: Now who wants to see me mess with some spiders?

(Everyone follows Real Mr. Moody off.)



ERNIE MAC SIDE 3 (Second Headmaster)

(Lights up on a bright white room. The Second Headmaster stands waiting.

Wayne jumps up, terrified and confused.)

WAYNE : AHHHHHHH!! What? Where? Where am I?

(The Second Headmaster turns and is surprised to find this other student here.)

SECOND HEADMASTER: ...You—are not Harry. Umm...I want to say *Wayne*?

WAYNE : Headmaster? But you're...am I?

SECOND HEADMASTER: I'm afraid that must be the case.

WAYNE : Oh. *(Wayne tries to let this sink in. He looks around.)* Where are we?

SECOND HEADMASTER: To be honest I'm not sure. It's more of a thing for Harry.

WAYNE : Of course it is. Headmaster...this...this seems really unfair. I just watched my friends die. And now me? What was the point? I won't be remembered for anything. No one will know my name. I'm just some...unnamed dead kid in a school battle. *Potter's* battle. He gets to be the hero. He gets to be everything I ever wanted. Why did I have to be so...unimportant?

SECOND HEADMASTER: Wayne, it is very easy to feel like you're only a secondary character in someone else's grand story. That does not mean, however, there isn't another story out there that's all about you. The one where you're the most important person in the world. The hero. We're all important, Wayne. And we're all unimportant. We're all heroes. In some way. To someone. And as for your story? I think it was pretty cool.

WAYNE : So...there's not some big surprise and I'll open my eyes right where I died?

SECOND HEADMASTER: I'm afraid not.

WAYNE : But I was finally good at magic.

SECOND HEADMASTER: There's only one magic we ever really need, Wayne. A magic that will let you live on. The greatest magic there is. Love. And on that note. I really *hate* to do this but...I am expecting someone...and so...uh...

WAYNE : Oh. ...Yeah. *(Wayne starts to exit. He turns.)* Headmaster. Just one more thing.

Did I really spend seven years at wizard school to find out that you believe love is the greatest magic there is?

SECOND HEADMASTER: ...Yes...see for yourself.

