

## *PUFFS @ C.F.R.T.*

### **J. FINCH SIDE 1 (Ghost of A Fat Friar)**

*(Megan, for a moment, looks into the weird mirror with an air of wonder.*

*Slowly behind her, the ghost of A Fat Friar creeps on.)*

A FAT FRIAR: Boo!

MEGAN: Hey! I have told you not to sneak up on me like that. Hello, Fat Friar.

A FAT FRIAR: Megan. You can just say “Friar.” *(Oliver and Wayne sneak on. They hide.)*

What are you doing all alone on Halloween? Shouldn’t you be with your friends?

MEGAN: Friends? You’re the only person who talks to me—and oh my Wizard God—

I just realized how pathetic that is.

A FAT FRIAR: Ouch. My self-esteem.

MEGAN: It’s just like, come on, Mom, break out of wizard prison already and come rescue me from this hellhole, *please*. I wonder what she’s doing...

A FAT FRIAR: Anyway! How about a game of Wiz Checkers? Maybe those two sneaky boys want to join?

OLIVER: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

MEGAN: GET OUT HERE. NOW!

A FAT FRIAR: Megan, this is why you don’t have any friends.

MEGAN: Shut up, fatty.

A FAT FRIAR: *Self-esteem.*

MEGAN: 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: Wait! Wait! What if instead of torturing us, we all just hung out? Like friends?

OLIVER: \*We’ll what?

MEGAN: \*Excuse me?

A FAT FRIAR: Yeaahh! Go for it!

WAYNE : 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.

*\*Talking at the same time*

A FAT FRIAR: Heeeey, *Mr. Friar*. I like it!

WAYNE : Right, Oliver?

OLIVER: Yeah. We can all hang out. Fat Friar too.

A FAT FRIAR: Awwwww. My self-esteeem!

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



## J. FINCH SIDE 2 (Zach Smith)

*(Airborn. Various sports players enter and stand in a tryout line. Zach Smith, a wizard bro, enters.)*

ZACH SMITH: Alright, losers. Zach Smith here. HEY! YOU! I HATE YOU. LEAVE. LEAVE NOW. You flubber worms wanna play sports? AKA meet some hot ladies?! 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. 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. 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.

