

PUFFS @ C.F.R.T.

WAYNE SIDE 1

(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.)

WAYNE : 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!



WAYNE SIDE 2

(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.

