

*(**Bippy bursts into a little Bippy song. Feel free to use an option below 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: yippee!

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!

(Bippy disappears in the blink of an eye. Or simply runs off stage.)

MEGAN JONES: Oliver is so lucky. He doesn't have to deal with any of this.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Have you heard from him?

MEGAN JONES: No.

WAYNE HOPKINS: I'm sure he's fine.

MEGAN JONES: Yeah.

WAYNE HOPKINS: On the bright side, Potter was the cause of most of our problems, so as long as he stays gone...

(Several Puffs run on.)

HANNAH: Harry's back!

J. FINCH: He's here to start a revolution!

LEANNE: He went camping!

PUFFS: To the Great Hall!

(All find their way to the Great Hall.)

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.)

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!*

(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 right 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!*

(After one of those, Mister Voldy exits. Everyone on stage turns and looks at Harry.)

MEGAN JONES: I am having trouble reading the room right now...we want to give him up, right?

(The Narrator jumps in.)

NARRATOR: In that moment, a Snake girl cried out..."GRAB HIM!" And the Puffs reacted accordingly.

(The Puffs form a wall around Harry.)

MEGAN JONES: Okay, I see what we're doing.

NARRATOR: And upon being told to leave the Great Hall for evacuation...it was a Puff who stood up first.

ERNIE MAC: What if we want to stay and fight?