

(Wayne tries to let this sink in. He looks around.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Where are we?

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

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

SECOND HEADMASTER: I'm afraid not.

WAYNE HOPKINS: 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 HOPKINS: Oh. ...Yeah.

(Wayne starts to exit. He turns.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: 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.

(The Second Headmaster motions to Wayne. Checking his pockets, Wayne finds the special Puff item he and his fellow classmates were given after being sorted way back in year one. He holds it tight and lightly smiles.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: ...Okay.

(Wayne exits. A silent moment. Then Harry bursts in.)

HARRY: Wooooow! A train station! *(Gasp)* Oh, I'm dead.

(Harry then sees and runs to hug The Second Headmaster, excited. Blackout. The Narrator enters.)

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: Expelliarmis!

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!

Scene: Nineteen Years Blah, Blah. An Epilogue.

The platform of a train station. An older Megan Jones stands waiting. Blondo crosses with his own child, Scorpy.

BLONDO: Now, remember. What's our NUMBER ONE rule?

BLONDY & SCORPY: No time travel.

BLONDO: That's my boy...young Scorpius.

(Blondo and Scorpy exit. CAPE TWIRL! Oliver enters.)

OLIVER RIVERS: Holy shit, Megan. You are never gonna believe what Potter named his new kid!

MEGAN JONES: Wait! Where's Wayne?

OLIVER RIVERS: I thought you had him.

MEGAN JONES: Oh fuck, not this again. Did we leave him at my mom's?!

WAYNE? Wayne?!

WAYNE RIVERS-JONES (O.S.): Mom! DAD!

(The Narrator, now an eleven-year-old child, runs on. This is Wayne Rivers-Jones.)

WAYNE RIVERS-JONES: Mom. Dad. I'm scared to go to school.

MEGAN JONES: I'll be honest with you, Wayne. You should be. When I was there: if it wasn't an evil teacher, it was a giant snake. Or Soul Sucking Security Guards. One year there was a sports tournament. *Someone died.* You'll be fine. Just remember: through it all. No matter if you're Brave, or Smart, or *[** REPEAT what SAL said in Year Six about Snakes]*, or: a Puff. Don't worry too much about it. It's just what some hat thinks.

OLIVER RIVERS: And hey, Wayne: what's three times four?

WAYNE RIVERS-JONES: I don't know.

OLIVER RIVERS: Yep. Well. Don't worry about that either. There's no math class! Still not bitter about that! Just worry about the wizard-ing.

WAYNE RIVERS-JONES: But...what if I'm bad at being a wizard?

OLIVER RIVERS: Son. You are named after someone who started out as one of the worst wizards ever. ...Now, you've got a train to catch.

NARRATOR: I like trains!

(Megan kisses them on the cheek as they rush off. Megan and Oliver watch them go.)

OLIVER RIVERS: You ready for this? New kid's name: Albus Severus.

MEGAN JONES: I can beat it. Scorpius.

OLIVER RIVERS: No! Man. These people have no idea how to name children. By the way did you see Potter? That new job has him really overworked. I feel bad for the guy. Him and his family. It's like he's cursed. It's like they're all...*Cursed Children.*

MEGAN JONES: ...What are you talking about?

OLIVER RIVERS: I don't know, I'm tired. ...Hey. What house do you think he'll get sorted into?

MEGAN JONES: I have a pretty good idea.

(They exit. We shift back to magic school once more as an elderly Professor McG places a stool center with a magic hat on it.

The Narrator slowly enters, dressed in standard wizard robes. They shyly walk to the stool and sit down. The magic talking hat finds its way to their head. They take a nervous breath. They smile. All is fine. Blackout.

The End.)