

# SIDE #1

Narrator -  
VTM/Dave  
Headmaster/Wayne  
Pg 1-3  
all with a Scripting

## START Prologue

With little to no footage, a Narrator enters. They hold up a device that can turn lights off. They point the device at the lights around the theater, and each turns off one by one until...blackout.

Lights come up on that scene. Narrator from just a moment ago, remember them? They're now ready to tell a story. They, like many in this play, speak with a British accent, or at least an attempt at one. They are a real scholar! open and are, at their core, a Puff.

A light piano theme plays. Not the one you are hearing in your head. It's a different one. The Narrator speaks to us.

NARRATOR: Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes...they are born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England.

(Behind them, A Very Tall Man with a big beard and some goggles appears holding a very, very special baby. The First Headmaster, old, kind, and gentle, enters with him. They admire this heroic, special, really, really important baby boy. The Narrator spots them.)

NARRATOR: Ah! A giant! Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is the boy who lives. He has a scar. On his forehead. Shaped like...you know. You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Well. Forget about him.

A VERY TALL MAN: \*Okay.  
FIRST HEADMASTER: \*Goodbye!

(They swiftly exit with that important baby.)

NARRATOR: This story is not about him.

(From seemingly nowhere, another baby appears carried by someone far less impressive, with somewhere far better to be.)

NARRATOR: Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident. Please, don't ask. This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico.

(Uncle Dave appears, beer in hand, excited for his life.)

(Numbered train platform signs appear. A "nine" and a "ten" should do. Wayne looks confused as to what to do next. He eventually makes his way through the wall, or alternatively runs

experience...  
NARRATOR: And before he knew it, after a confusing train station more. Come on, I'll drive ya to the airport!  
UNCLE DAVE: Oh my Gawd! I forgot to tell you. Yer a Wizard, Wayne! ...Also, wizards exist! ...And you are one. Just like yer British parents. Oh shit! Yer parents were British! Wow. We gotta talk

(Uncle Dave enters in a hurry, zipping up his pants.)  
WAYNE HOPKINS: An owl, I think?  
UNCLE DAVE (O.S.): ...What kinda bird? school in England?  
WAYNE HOPKINS: Um...Uncle Dave? A bird flew into our living room and dropped a piece of paper that says I'm a wizard and I need to go to ground. Wayne picks it up and begins to read.)  
(Wayne takes the game cartridge out of the Gameboy and blows into it. An owl flies overhead screaming. Is it a real owl? Is it something representing an owl? You decide. It drops a letter to the

UNCLE DAVE: Aw, man.  
NARRATOR: And up until a few weeks ago, this now eleven-year-old boy had only the regular problems of a child in 1991.  
(Uncle Dave pats him on the shoulder and exits.)

UNCLE DAVE: —unuuuuck!  
(Through the power of magic, the baby grows up into eleven-year-old Wayne Hopkins. He is playing a classic Nintendo Gameboy. Uncle Dave finishes his eleven-year-long eplertive.)

UNCLE DAVE: Aw. Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu—  
NARRATOR: Where...the boy grows up!  
(He is handed the baby. His joy ceases.)

UNCLE DAVE: Yee-haw!

headfirst into it. He then makes his way to magic school, however you might like to visualize or imagine that.)  
NARRATOR: Wayne found himself at the gates of a certain school of female magic and male magic. Where he would spend the next seven years. Tonight! We will be taking an incredibly in-depth look at those seven years. Over the next five hours split into two parts—  
(Lights come up around the theater. The Narrator looks towards the technical booth in a slight moment of panic.)  
NARRATOR: Huh?! 110-ish minutes? Oh.  
(Lights return to normal.)  
NARRATOR: Tonight! We will take...a look at those seven years. Seven years that were, in one word, eventful. It begins as these stories tend to begin... WITH A SORTING!

END