

# Puffs Audition Material

All performers should prepare the following **MONOLOGUE** of their choice.

If desired, you can also show us your best impression of any known character's famous lines. Examples:

“We could have been killed, or worse: *expelled.*”

“Ah, yes. Harry Potter. Our new ... celebrity.”

“*Harry, did you put your name in the goblet of fire?*”

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## NARRATOR:

Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes ... they *are* born. On a gloomy night, in a faraway, magical land called: England. Ah! A giant! Aw! A baby! His parents: dead. But he lives. He is *the boy who lived*. He has a *scar*. On his *forehead*. Shaped like ... *you know*. You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Well, forget about him. This story is not about *him*. 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, where the boy grew up. Before he knew it, Wayne found himself at the gates of a Certain School of Magic and 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 – *What?! 90-ish minutes?* Oh. Well ... okay ... Welcome! To what I like to call YEAR ONE: THE PUFFS AND THE SORCEROR'S ATTEMPT AT EARNING POINTS AND MAKING FRIENDS.

## 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? Nevermind ... This place is crazy, huh? I never thought I'd go to school in a castle. Pretty cool. I 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 this 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 the next seven years of amazing adventures!

## MEGAN:

I never wanted to be a Puff. Every member of my family? Puffs. We're, like, *the* Puff family. But I've always known that I was different. There's nothing even special about the Puffs. Loyalty? Being really nice? A bunch of lame, awful failures doomed to be stupid, walking, personality-less nobodies that no one will ever care about, ever? Ugh. My mom was a Puff. But she was different. She became something bigger. She made the name Jones finally mean something other than a bunch of ... *Puffs*. I thought – I knew *I* would be different, too. But after all my hard work to make myself not a Puff, what do you know? The hat puts me with the Puffs. I did everything. I mean, I even changed my accent just so I wouldn't sound like my Puff family.

## CEDRIC:

And my name ... is *Cedric*. Now, gather round. Don't be shy. Welcome to the Puffs! Just a few things to get you acquainted to the school. First, the stairs move. Don't freak out. Just breathe. Second ... the Puffs don't exactly have the best reputation here. People will make jokes about you. Or throw food at you. Or they might curse you. But none of that matters. Because, really, we're a bunch of nice, fun, happy people. Also, *badgers*. Badgers are great! That being said, there's something very important we need to discuss, the most important part of magic

school: The House Cup. Here, you earn points for doing something right, and you lose them for doing something wrong. The Puffs have come in last place in the House Cup for ... ever. But together, we are going to change that. This year, we're going to win. Or, we're going to get second. OR, *we're going to get third*. Third or nothing! Whoever wins the most points? They'd be a real hero.

LEANNE:

No! I don't want to leave. Why is everyone always so down on us? I won't stand for it anymore! And I won't sit for it either. And I also won't stand on one leg because I can't. Watch. Anyways. Look at your hand! You have a wand! Unless you looked at your other hand. Look at yourselves! Hannah. You used to be so awkward. And you still are, but we don't mind anymore! And Sally. Remember the time you did that thing?! Susie! We all thought you'd be dead by now. But look at you, standing there, alive. Wayne. You give the best hugs. Megan! You give better hugs than you think you do. And J. Finch, HE CAN DO MAGIC! We all can. We're wizards. So, sure. It would be easy to leave. But wouldn't it be wrong? We should do what's right. Like Cedric. I'm a Puff, and I'm staying, because if we don't fight now, we may never find out how that hat talks!

HELGA:

Students who are brave, students who are smart, and students who always speak like they're going to throw a glass of wine in your face – and *my* house will be for the students who are ... um ... well ... I'll take the rest of them. Because as long as they are willing to work hard, everybody should have a place here. Sure, their skill levels will be all over the place, *but that's okay*. There's always a time to improve. This is a school, right? So, yes. Being brave or smart or – snakes, is great. But ... why be one thing when you can be *everything else*? Yes? Yes. Now, where did my cup get off to? Cup? Cup?!

MR. 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*. 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. 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. *Ahem*. “Boy who lived? How about the boy who's dead now?” Ha! Or “Nice second scar ... the one that's on your whole body ... since I killed you.” Or “Mother's love your way outta that!” Or, my favorite: “Loser say, ‘Avada what?’” and he says, “What?” and I say, “KEDABRA!” and then he dies. What? The megaphone is *still* on? Really? Oh, my. I am just having a day aren't I? YAH! *Harry!*

XAVIA:

HAHAHA! Hello, children! Ooo, look. Another one. Hello, there. Megan, now that I'm free, I think it's time I take you far away from here, just the two of us. But – oh, no. We have a problem. I've been watching you, Megan. *These two* – are your friends? I'm disappointed, Megan. Disappointed in *you*. I come all this way, and what is it I see standing before me? I see a Puff. That's all you are, isn't it? You're just another *Puff!* I will do what I must. *Avada ... kebaba! Avada ... kedoober! Abrakadabrabra! Brahhh! BRAHHH!* No. Hmm. Don't look at me like that. I've done this before. I've *done it*. The Dark Lord himself recruited me! And I got a free tattoo. Awesome.

ZACH:

Zach Smith here. You want to play sports? Alright. 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 dweebs 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 45-year old accountant named Debra, who lives as a single mom in a small town in Oklahoma with her two kids. And she is so inconvenienced every time I use that spell. She's just here now, at this 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. I think she's running out of money, which usually she's *very* good with. I can't help but feel a tiny bit responsible, you know. But – and 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 45, 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.