

HARRY POTTER AND THE GENERIC ADVENTURE

by Elspeth Rowell and Natalie Mills

OR

by Natalie Mills and Elspeth Rowell

with Marc Gascoigne

and the help of H. C. Nightingale, Mercuria and Stanley

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Harry Potter	<i>hero, boy wizard, slightly emo - would love to see him in skinny jeans with long fringe, sweatbands on wrists, etc</i>
Rubeus Hagrid	<i>large, furry - costume should look a bit chewbacca-esque</i>
Hermione Granger	<i>principal girl, geeky, clever. should carry old-looking books at all times, bushy hair, normal clothes</i>
Ron Weasley	<i>comedy sidekick, bit slow, funny. ginger wig, slightly too short trousers, tshirt with "Chudley Cannons" on</i>
Mrs Weasley	<i>ginger dame</i>
Fred&George	<i>the twins melded into one person. costume is ginger wig and tshirt with "F&G" on</i>
Ginny Weasley	<i>fancies Harry, a bit wet. costume is ginger wig and tshirt with "Ginny" on, probs should wear skirt</i>
Nymphadora Tonks	<i>metamorphmagus, played by different person each time. costume is whatever amusing clothes you can find plus a large pink wig.</i>
Remus Lupin	<i>you can be dressed as a werewolf if you want. or just tatty old clothes.</i>
Arthur Weasley	<i>weasley dad, bit odd but kindly, wears mismatched clothes</i>
A.P.W.B. Dumbledore	<i>flamboyant. if you can get a plum velvet suit that would make beth and nat VERY happy. very long beard, half-moon glasses</i>
DADA teacher	<i>very mysterious pirate with a long beard</i>
Prof. McGonagall	<i>as she is in the films, tartan and wizards hat</i>
Sorting Hat	<i>attach as many hats as you can to your person, pref. funny ones</i>
Costume Director	<i>harassed-looking techie person (all black)</i>
Chris Peacock	<i>generic hogwarts student, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Jenny Taylor	<i>geeky hogwarts student, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Isabelle End	<i>emo/goth hogwarts student, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Hugh Zhdick	<i>generic hogwarts student, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Death Eater 1	<i>west country evil minion, bit slow, black cloak and skull mask</i>
Death Eater 2	<i>west country evil minion, even slower, black cloak and skull mask</i>
Lucius Malfoy	<i>Mr Number Two with a long blonde wig and pimp cane</i>
Lord Voldemort	<i>deliciously evil! you might want to do a mask for him to get the snaky eyes and nostrils, long swishy cloak (sparkly bloodstained in final scenes if poss!)</i>
Severus Snape	<i>batlike, long-suffering, secretly in love with (his) Lily (plant), long swishy black cloak</i>
Draco Malfoy	<i>blonde, annoying, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on (should preferably be played by same actor as Lucius)</i>
Whomping Willow	<i>tree (see Tree of Truth for costume ideas)</i>
Hedwig	<i>snowy owl (a bed sheet and a beak will make a great costume)</i>
Colin Creevey	<i>fangirl, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Neville Longbottom	<i>lovable, unlikely-hero-type, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Lavender Brown	<i>giggling schoolgirl, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Parvati Patil	<i>slightly less giggly schoolgirl, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Seamus Finnegan	<i>irish, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Dean Thomas	<i>most normal student, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>
Luna Lovegood	<i>completely barmy, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on, plus butterbeer cork necklace, Spectrespecs, radish earrings, etc</i>
Cedric Diggory	<i>good-looking, costume is wizards hat and tshirt with name on</i>

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1. SCENE ONE - The beginning

HARRY IN BED CS. HP THEME MUSIC IS HUMMED BY OUR WONDERFUL CAST MEMBERS. HARRY PERHAPS DOES MAGIC IN BED. WHISPERS 'WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA' OVER AND OVER, LOOKS LIKE WANKING. HAGRID ENTERS AND HARRY CONTINUES MESSING AROUND IN BACKGROUND.
(LOL - Ed)

HAGRID: A long time ago in a galaxy far far away there lived a boy called Harry Potter. But he was no ordinary boy - he was a Jedi Knight.

HARRY: No Hagrid, you are getting it all wrong. It wasn't long ago, or in a galaxy far far away and I'm not a Jedi Knight, I'm a wizard!

HAGRID: Oh I'm sorry 'Arry! I keep thinking I'm playing Chewbacca. I'll start again shall I?

HARRY: Probably best.

HAGRID EXITS. HP MUSIC AGAIN, HARRY WANKS AGAIN. HAGRID RE-ENTERS.

HAGRID: So this is Harry Potter. You must know the story of Harry Potter! Where have you been the last 10 years if you dont?! You Muggles, eh! Well at the moment it's the summer holidays and he's here at the Dursley's for the summer. 'Cos where else would he be? Sunning himself in Greece! No! And as usual they haven't been very nice to him.

HARRY: Well to be fair, I did break Uncle Vernon's new gorilla statue - it made him go ape.

HAGRID: Aww, but you've coped alright I see. So now comes the part in the story where your fairy godmother arrives you to the Burrow for a bit before Hogwarts.

HARRY: Yeah, you're right on time Hagrid.

HAGRID: So get yer stuff and we'll get a move on.

HARRY GETS STUFF - BOTH MOVE TO LEAVE.

HAGRID: Do you wanna see my new pet? I brought her with me.

HARRY: Noooooo! (PANICKING.) Not here Hagrid. Really, I don't think that's a good idea at all. It could be dangerous, someone could get hurt!! You know what your pets are like!

HAGRID GETS OUT A GRAPE AND STARTS STROKING IT.

HARRY: (DEADPAN) Hagrid, that's a grape.

HAGRID: I call her Chardonnay.

HARRY: Well, at least its not such a cham-pagne in the arse as usual.

HAGRID: She's a vine pet, aren't you madeira? And she loves her Chianti (auntie) Hagrid

HARRY: Seriously Hagrid, I'm so glad you're taking me away. I'm SO bored - oh! (Bordeaux, geddit? I think this joke should be mandatory for OULES scripts until someone in the audience gets it.) I could die.

HAGRID: Oh, don't be so whiney.

HARRY: Pfft, shouldn't we get going?

HAGRID: Sure, let's head out the back.

HARRY: So how are we getting there this year? Magic carpet?

HAGRID: Nah I'm gonna drive you in my new Peugoet 307! It'll be the drive of your life.

HARRY: More like the drive of my death! Hagrid do you even know how?

HAGRID: Oh sure, Snape is always saying I drive him round the bend.

HARRY: There's gotta be a better way than this...

HAGRID: We could always take the dragon I parked offstage! (ROAR FROM OFFSTAGE, PERHAPS SOME SCREAMING)

HARRY: Perfect! Let's go.

(EXEUNT)

2. SCENE TWO - Platform 9 ¾

HARRY: Boy, am I glad to have spent summer back at the Burrow.

HERMIONE: Well I'm glad you got here in one piece Harry!

RON: Yeah, would have been a bit difficult to save the world if part of you was still stuck at Privet Drive.

MRS W: Ron, Hermione, Harry?! Oh, there you are. Not getting into trouble I hope?

HARRY: Trouble? Me?! Where on earth would you get an idea like that, Mrs Weasley?

MRS W: Oh Harry. Now Ron, have you got your socks? (**RON NODS**) your pants? (**NODS AGAIN**) the cream for your rash?

RON: Muuuuum! I don't have a rash! (**HOLDS CROTCH AWKWARDLY**) God who would have a rash. Ha ha ha...

HERMIONE: It's alright Ron it's not like I haven't seen one before. (**BEAT**) Errr I mean - Lots of people have eczema.

FRED&GEORGE: Maybe Hermione can help you rub it in Ron? (**WINK**)

GINNY: Can she do that once we're on the train? We're going to miss it.

FRED&GEORGE: Oh, we never miss it.

MRS W: Well I never miss either, (**GOES TO HIT FRED&GEORGE**) so get moving! Now where are Arthur and Tonks, they are supposed to be escorting us to the station.

(CRASHES AND NOISES OF THINGS BEING DROPPED O/S.)

MRS W: Here they come now.

TONKS: Sorry Molly - I think I just broke your Ming vase.

FRED&GEORGE: I think she means Minging vase...

MRS W: Oh, don't worry about it, it was one of those Muggle things Arthur found - it probably wasn't worth anything anyway.

ARTHUR: Shall we get going then?

(EVERYONE PICKS UP BAGS.)

HARRY: So how are we getting to Kings Cross this year Mr Weasley?

ARTHUR: We're walking. (**EVERYONE WALKS ROUND STAGE.**) It isn't very far. Look, we're here already. (**EVERYONE STOPS.**)

TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT:

(two people should say this, ala the Comedy and Cake phone sex line sketch. Person A does the normal text and Person B the bold text, make sure you do the odd pauses for each separate bit of information so it's properly stilted:)

Bing-bong "We are sorry to announce that the **11.00** train to **Hogsmeade** from **Platform 9 ¾** is delayed by approximately **38 minutes**. We apologise for the delay to this service." 6 second pause **Bing-bong** "We are sorry to announce that the **11.00** train to **Hogsmeade** from **Platform 9 ¾** is delayed by approximately **2 hours and 41 minutes**. We apologise for the delay to this service." another 6 second pause

Bing-bong "We are sorry to announce that the **11.00** train to **Hogsmeade** from **Platform 9 ¾** has been cancelled. We apologise for any inconvenience caused to your journey. Customers wishing to travel to **Hogwarts** should catch the **Bristol** train from **platform 42**, leaving in approximately **10 seconds**, change in **Birmingham**, change again in **Sheffield**, change at **Cambridge**, change at **Wales**, change at **Glasgow**, arriving at **Hogsmeade** in approximately **3 days and 21 hours**."

ALL RUSH OFF STAGE TO CATCH OTHER TRAIN

3. SCENE THREE - Sorting ceremony

DD: Welcome back to Hogwarts for another year of magical adventures. For now let us pretend nothing amazing will happen this year. So in this vein I will bumble on about new school regulations and wearing your tie straight at all times and not having sex in the Astronomy tower. And I'll mention a new after-school club that is beginning this term called "Learn How To Write Fan-Fiction That Isn't Completely Crap" which will be held by Professor Pottersues in the charms classroom on Wednesdays. And then we can all have some pudding and go to bed. But first I must introduce our new mysterious teacher for this year.

DADA: Yarr, my name is Cap'n Barbossa, I lost me ship and me crew, and I spent all me treasure on wine, women and amateur dramatics. So here I am, with help from my good pal Dumbledore, to teach you scurvy curs Defence Against the Darrrrrrrk Arrrrrrrrrrts. Arrrr!

DD: Yes, thank you Professor Barbossa. And now it's time for the Sorting Ceremony!

HARRY: What, I didn't miss it? But I miss it every year!

HERMIONE: Yes, sorry about that Harry but the writers have run out of reasons good enough as to why you would miss it again.

HARRY: Aw, dammit.

McG: Come here, sorting hat.

(HAT ENTERS - IS A PERSON WEARING LOTS OF (FUNNY) HATS, NOT JUST ON THEIR HEAD.)

McG: Erm, what's this? What *are* you wearing?! This won't do at all! Costume director!

(COSTUME DIRECTOR COMES ON.)

McG: What is this? It's supposed to be a Sorting Hat, an object of immense power and mystery!

CosD: Oh, sorry - I thought you said "assorted hats"... **(EXITS LOOKING HARASSED.)**

McG: Well, never mind that now. Let's get on with it.

HAT: I'm hogwart's magic sorting hat,

I'll sit on your face and find
the house to which you should belong,
it's all there in your mind.

If you're stuffed full of bravery,
and chivalry, and ...shit,
and lacking in the brains department,
Gryffindor is it.

If you've stacks of books but no friends,
are a walking, talking bore,
in short: if you're a total nerd,
you belong in Ravenclaw.

If you'll drown kittens in a lake,
are evil through and through,
if you are ugly, vile of heart, generally unpleasant, horrid in every wa...**(CHECKS SELF) (ASIDE)**... you get the picture...
well, Slytherin's for you.

If you don't fit in anywhere,
if you're not evil, smart or buff,
if you've frankly no personality,
you're an extra, er, I mean a Hufflepuff.

So I am here to determine what house you are going to be in. Now, there's an easy way to do this - you can go online to the Harry Potter website ["www.whatharrypotterhouseisforme.com"](http://www.whatharrypotterhouseisforme.com) and take the online quiz. Or I can do it now.

McG: Oh just get on with it. Chris Peacock.

HAT: So, are you brave, evil, brainy or dull?

CHRIS: Errrrrr... .. dull?

HAT: Good choice. You're in Hufflepuff!

McG: Jenny Taylor.

HAT: So, are you brave, evil, brainy or dull?

JENNY: Well if you calculate the reduced mean square fit of my actions against the consequences of critical life decisions over the last 5 years and plot it against a sample model we've obtained from...

HAT: (INTERRUPTS) Ravenclaw!

McG: Isabelle End.

ISABELLE: I don't need to be asked pointless questions - I am of pure blood and I know my destiny lies with the Dark Lord.

HAT: Alright, we get it. You're evil and angsty - we can tell by the way you dress. Slytherin.

McG: And the final student to be sorted is: Hugh Zhdick.

HUGH: I'm brave!

HAT: Well done - Gryffindor for you! Now, can I go back to my cupboard? I want to watch the end of Doctor Who.

DD: Alright students, everyone off to bed! Dream sweet dreams! Chop chop!

(EXEUNT)

4. SCENE FOUR - Voldemort's Lair

DARK CAVE - POTENTIAL GREEN LIGHTING? TWO DEATH EATERS ARE CS. STAND SILENT FOR A BIT, ONE CAN WHISTLE. (BOTH WITH WEST COUNTRY ACCENTS.) HARRY WANDERS IN, DREAM-LIKE (SPOOKY MUSIC.)

HARRY: Gosh, this is an odd dream. (GOES AND SITS IN AUDIENCE. PAUSE.)

DE1: So you new 'ere then?

DE2: Yeah, I started yesterday. Only just got my Dark Mark see? (HOLDS OUT ARM FOR INSPECTION. OPPORTUNITIES FOR HILARIOUS DRAWN-ON-TATTOOS, GETTING FUNNIER BY EACH NIGHT.)

DE1: Awww, that's nice innit. It's a bit of an honour to have the old skull and snake tongue branded onto your flesh for all eternity - but you've added some nice smiley faces I see!

DE2: Yeah. So what do you do 'ere?

DE1: Oh! I have a quite important position. I personally recruit head for Lord Voldemort.

DE2: Well that definitely is an important position. You know, I had an uncle who did that but he wasn't very good at it. The only thing he managed to recruit was herpes.

DE1: Eh? Sorry I get me words confused sometimes. I'm actually Head of Personnel Recruitment for Lord Voldemort.

DE2: Oh.

DE1: I'm dyslexic.

DE2: Bless you.

LUCIUS MALFOY ENTERS, LIKE A BAD SMELL. (let's see how you direct that one - Ed.)

LUCIUS: And what are you two idiots hanging around here for?

DE1: We are waiting for his Dark Lordliness, actually. And what are you doing 'ere? You aren't trying to be all powerful and mysterious again are you? You know he 'ates it when anyone else tries it! There's only room for one villain in this story you know.

LORD V: (ENTERS.) Quite right, Deatheater 1. I am the darkest, most sinister green bulb in the box. But I will let you off today Malfoy, because I like this new cape/hat/willy (delete as appropriate.) you are wearing. So my faithful Deatheaters, as you know that specky brat Harry Potter has thwarted my evil plans AGAIN and is heading back to Hogwarts at this very moment.

LUCIUS: (LOOKS AT WATCH.) He's probably there by now master...

LORD V: Shut up Malfoy! So what are we going to do about it?

DE2: Oh! I know, I know! Send him a going away card?

LORD V: (EVIL LOOK.) Noooooo. (this is Dr Evil style)

DE2: A Get Well card?

LORD V: Hmm.

DE1: We could attack them as they leaf the train, Master.

LORD V: What with?

DE2: Umm..A bush?

DE1: An ambush! Brilliant! How many minions will we need though? Two?

DE2: More like TREE.

DE1: Oak, eh? (OK)

VOLDY: You are both ridiculous.

LUCIUS: Urgh, why don't we just go to Hogwarts now and kill the boy and be done with it. After all, they wont be expecting it - we only ever attack them at the end of the film, I mean book, I mean year.

LORD V: Lucius, who's queen baddie?

LUCIUS: (DESPONDENT.) You.

LORD V: Yes! And there will be no sensible plans from me. I have come up with a scheme so convoluted it will take Dumble-bore hours to explain it to that simpleton Harry Potter - giving me time to escape. The Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power! (SAID WITH DUH-DUH-DUH DRAMATIC MUSIC EFFECT, EVERY TIME IT IS MENTIONED. I THINK IT MIGHT BE FUN IF IT IS THE (ONSTAGE AND OFFSTAGE) CAST SAYING IT WITH PERHAPS A RECORDED SOUND EFFECT, HOPEFULLY BY THE END THE AUDIENCE WILL JOIN IN.)

EVERYONE LOOKS BLANK. LORD V LOOKS ROUND ANGRILY, LUCIUS INSTIGATES AN APPRECIATIVE "Oooooo!" (like in A Knights Tale when Chaucer does his first speech and Roland has to Ooooo.)

ALL: OooooOooooo.

LORD V: You have no idea what I am talking about do you? Idiots! God where do I find these people?

O/S: In Slytherin!

LORD V: Anyway, the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) will grant the drinker glorious, magnificent, fantasmagorical, splendiforacious, well, he'll get ultimate power. So no more wand waving, or wishy words, - just thought alone. Why I could just think anything I want into being. Like Pottypants being decapitated by a railroad spike. Or being half eaten by skunks. Or squashed to death by the excretia of an over-large elephant with diarrhoea. (GETS RATHER EXCITED THROUGHOUT THIS.) But there is one problem - the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) is so difficult to make, every single person who has tried to brew it has died a horrible, excrutiating death...

LUCIUS: Errr, so how do they know it even works?

LORD V: Shut UP Malfoy! The potion requires prodigious skill, and the rarest ingredients, and someone expendable. Luckily, I have all three. SNAPE!

SNAPE: (ENTERS.) My Lord! (BOWS.) I apologise for my absence - I was occupied with my simmering cauldrons, and steamy vapours and the silks of sexy smoke billowing hard and fast all around me....ahhhhh.

LORD V: Riiight. (*Dr Evil style*) So Snape, since you missed the preliminary meeting, you also missed my devious plan for this years attempt at taking over the magical world and killing Harry Plopper. We are going to give the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) a bash. So if you wouldn't mind just popping off and making it. There's a good chap.

SNAPE: But, But, But, But...

LORD V: No more butts, Snape!

DE1 to DE2: Now why is he saying that, in my experience Snape likes butts.

LORD V: Just do it! Or I'll castrate you and you know how upset Deatheater 1 will be about that. (DE1 LOOKS EMBARRASSED.)

SNAPE: But don't you need the brain cell of a UK prime minister, the toenails of an intelligent Cambridge student and the crushed remains of the very rare plant Lilia Potorius for that potion? Besides I don't know how to even make it.

LORD V: But you can learn dear Snape, and I know you possess a Lilia Potorius pot plant yourself and I can get you the rest of the ingredients. I have my ways.

SNAPE: ...urk.

LORD V: Good! Now go all of you! Prepare for the plan and leave me. I need time to play with my one-eyed snake.

DE2: Shall I go fetch Nagini, My Lord?

LORD V: What? Oh, errr, yes - yes that's the one eyed snake I meant...ahem. Go away! Bugger off! Go! Go! Go!

(ALL EXIT EXCEPT HARRY, WHO "WAKES UP".)

HARRY: Whoa! Boy am I glad I woke up now before it got ugly! Pretty convenient I got into Voldemort's head just as he was doing plot exposition. I better go and tell Ron and Hermione.

(EXEUNT)

5. SCENE FIVE - Snape's classroom

ALL STUDENTS ARRIVE AT THE LESSON, ARRANGE THEMSELVES VAGUELY IN ROWS BUT MORE SORT OF LITTLE GROUPS FOR CHATTING. HARRY, RON AND HERMIONE CS.

HARRY: I had a dream last night.

RON: Me too. It was awesome. Hermione was wearing this tiny little...

HARRY: (COUGHS.) Mine was about Voldemort.

RON: Ewww!

HARRY: And his latest dastardly plan.

HERMIONE: Oh no! What did you see, Harry? Is he going to blackmail the Royal Family of Britain by making it seem that Prince Charles has had an affair outside of marriage and would have to divorce? Or use a weather changing machine that is in essence a sophisticated heat beam called a "laser" to punch a hole in the protective layer around the Earth until ultraviolet rays pour in, increasing the risk of skin cancer? Or is he just going to do what he always does - hijack some nuclear weapons and hold the world hostage?

HARRY: It was something about the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh).

HERMIONE: We're doomed.

RON: What? Why?

HERMIONE: The Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) does exactly what it says on the tin, Ron. Think of it, Voldemort with Ultimate Power - he would be unstoppable!

RON: In that case, I vote we run away. Far away. And never return. Has anyone got a TARDIS?

HARRY: Is that some kind of new broomstick?

HERMIONE: Don't you two ever shut up about Quidditch? We've got to stop him. And I know just where to start!

HARRY: Let me guess. Does it start with "L" and end with "ibrary"?

RON: The library takes too long. We'll never work it out in time. We need some form of easily accessible database of shared information and knowledge...

HARRY: We could always try "Abra-ka-Google!"

HERMIONE: Don't be silly, we've got plenty of time. We're only just about to go on our Christmas holidays - Voldemort won't strike until our end-of-year exams!

HARRY: How do you know?!

HERMIONE: Narrative imperative.

RON: So you mean, it's not an excuse to skive this potions lesson?

HERMIONE: No.

RON: Sigh.

DRACO: Potter, is it true you spent the summer performing in a Muggle play?

HARRY: None of your business, Malfoy.

DRACO: Naked? (WOLF WHISTLES FROM THE CLASS.)

HARRY: Shut up.

DRACO: With a horse? (CHORUS OF "EWWW!"S FROM THE CLASS.)

HARRY: And people still don't take me seriously as an actor!

DRACO: I didn't think they took you seriously as anything.

HARRY: God, you're just like your father. Blonde and annoying!

DRACO: Look who's talking. All wizarding children are carbon copies of their parents.

HARRY: Mine won't be!

DRACO: Whatever.

HARRY: Yeah, well. At least I don't suck at Quidditch.

DRACO: You reckon? Just you wait. Slytherin are going to kick your arse this year! My father's bought us new brooms again, even bigger and longer and harder than before!

HARRY: Am I bovvered?

SNAPE ENTERS, SWOOPING AND SWISHING HIS BIG, BLACK CLOAK. EVERYONE SHOULD GET OUT THEIR QUILLS, INK AND PARCHMENT, EXCEPT ONE STUDENT WHO HAS A MAGICAL LAPTOP (IE A LAPTOP WITH A MAGICAL BRAND LOGO STUCK OVER THE MUGGLE ONE!)

SNAPE: (to himself) Another school year, another bunch of dunderheads to supervise... (to class) Hello class. (*Potter Puppet Pals style*) I am Snape, the Potions Master... (*PPP style!*) but you knew that already. I shall now read the syllabus so your objectives for this year are clear. **GETS OUT NOTECARDS WITH A PRE-WRITTEN SPEECH ON, PREFERABLY SLIGHTLY TATTY. THE GAG HERE IS THAT, INSTEAD OF ALAN RICKMAN'S SILKY, LUSCIOUS, SENSUAL, ORGASMIC (OK that's enough -Ed.) VOICE, SNAPE IS READING THEM WITHOUT FEELING, PREFERABLY MONOTONE WITH NO PAUSES WHATSOEVER. (Cough)** There will be no foolish wand-waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don't expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art that is potion-making. However, for those select few who possess the predisposition... I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death. (**NORMAL VOICE AGAIN.**) Anyway, today we are going to attempt to make something fiendishly difficult - porridge without lumps.

(**GROANS FROM THE CLASS.**)

SNAPE: Get out your magical invisible cauldrons, and get started.

MIME MAKING PORRIDGE.

COLIN: Luna, you're using the wrong ingredient! We need honey, not hoops!

LUNA: Honey nut loops? I thought we were doing porridge!

SNAPE: You'll be doing porridge for the rest of your life if I get my way... (**SWOOSHES AWAY**)

COLIN: Watch out, now you're making it crackle and pop!

LUNA: (**SCARED LOOK**) I think I'm making Snape crackle and pop too.

SNAPE GLARES AT THEM.

COLIN: He is giving us a bit of a frostie look.

GINNY: This potion is making me so hungry! I could murder a bowl of cornflakes.

FRED&GEORGE: I was always worried you were a cereal killer...

LAVENDER: Oh, stop stirring and get on with it.

SNAPE IS GETTING MORE AND MORE DISTRESSED BY THE PUNS.

PARVATI: You're all completely quakers.

FRED&GEORGE: Now I'm really going to milk it.

LAVENDER: (**SARCASTIC**) I was bowled over by that last one.

SNAPE: (**CRACKING**) I can't take anymore - enough of this idiocy! Class dismissed!

EVERYONE PACKS AWAY THEIR INVISIBLE CAULDRONS, QUILLS, PARCHMENT AND MAGICAL LAPTOP, AND GETS UP TO LEAVE.

HERMIONE: But it was oatso simple for me to get it right...

(**EXEUNT**)

6. SCENE SIX - Christmas at the Weasleys

SCENE OPENS ON HEART-WARMINGLY INTIMATE FAMILY MOMENT: GINNY SITTING AT ARTHUR'S FEET, FRED&GEORGE LURK IN THE BACKGROUND, LOOKING MISCHIEVOUS. PERHAPS SINGING XMAS SONGS OF THE 'PANTS' VARIETY (ASK HELEN).

ARTHUR: (TO GINNY.) 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a....

GINNY: Dad, where do babies come from?

ARTHUR: (VERY EMBARRASSED.) Ummm, don't you want to hear the rest of the poem?

GINNY: No. Where do babies come from?

ARTHUR: Well, when a mummy... house-elf... and a daddy house-elf love each other very much...

GINNY: What's the daddy house-elf's name?

FRED&GEORGE: Nobby, wasn't it dad?

ARTHUR: (STERNLY.) Yes, okay, Nobby...

GINNY: What about the mum?

FRED&GEORGE: Fanny! No, Muffy! Bajingo!.... Vajay-jay!!

ARTHUR: Enough! It was Fur-burger. I mean Fanny! Anyway, so... Nobby and Fanny give each other a... 'special hug', and nine months later a child is born.

(PREGNANT PAUSE. HEHE.)

FRED&GEORGE: Plus it helps that mum can't keep her legs together.

ARTHUR: Fred&George! Oh thank Merlin, here are the rest of the family... (AS THEY ENTER.) Now Bill, now Molly, now Percy and Charlie! Come Ron, come Stephen, come... Matthew and Barney! And James, and Peter, and Gareth, Adam, Simon, Wesley, Alex, Tom, Tim, Daniel, Oliver, Ben, Sam, Joseph, Luke, Callum, Ryan, Owen, Michael (keep making up men's names for as many people come on stage - which should be everyone except those already on stage, and two people to play tonks and remus). And Alice!

ALL: Alice? Alice? Who the fuck is Alice?

MOLLY: We only have one daughter, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Really? Ah.

MOLLY: And Harry, Tonks and Remus are joining us too.

(HARRY, REMUS AND TONKS ENTER.)

ALL: Harry! Remus! But who the hell is that?!

TONKS: It's me, Tonks! I just changed my look a bit. I'm a metamorphmagus, you know. I can look like any cast member I want!

(GENERAL GREETINGS - GINNY HOVERS NEAR HARRY LOOKING SHY. THOSE WEASLEYS WHO ARE ON IN THE NEXT SCENE MAY DEPART IF THEY NEED COSTUME CHANGING TIME. EVERYONE ELSE STAY ON AND MILL AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND, DOING CHRISTMASSY THINGS LIKE HAVING BLAZING ROWS OR GETTING DRUNK AND FALLING ASLEEP OR CRYING.)

TONKS: But why isn't Hermione here?

HARRY: She and Ron had a bit of an argument and they haven't been speaking for the last month.

TONKS: Why??

HARRY: Ron accidentally gave her a moustache in Transfiguration.

TONKS: Oh.

ARTHUR: Now, Ron, son, if you and Harry are finding that your friendship is developing beyond what one might expect from two boys...

RON: Dad!

ARTHUR: I just wanted you to know that...

RON: Shut up!

ARTHUR: I just thought if you're spending Christmas together, that's quite a step...

MOLLY: Leave the boys alone, Arthur. Anyway, it's time for presents! (GENERAL CHEER.)

GINNY: I got you something, dad.

ARTHUR: Really? Oh. thank you. (OPENS IT.) It's a pebble.

MOLLY: Aww, how adorable. Isn't it, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Well, ummm...

MOLLY: It is, Arthur. Ah, what's this? There's a card for Harry.

HARRY: (TAKES AND READS IT ALOUD.) 'Dear Harry, Merry Christmas, and sorry for putting you through so much shit. Lots of love, J.K Rowling.'

RON: Who?

HARRY: No idea.

MOLLY: Well, what do you know, there's something else for Harry here. (PASSES A PRESENT.)

RON: (EXCITED.) Who's it from?

HARRY: Doesn't say...

RON: Well, what *does* it say?

HARRY: 'Keep this near you at all times, its purpose will become clear.'

RON: Open it then!

HARRY CAREFULLY OPENS THE PACKAGE, TO REVEAL A SCRIPT WITH THE WORDS 'Harry Potter and the Generic Adventure' EMBLAZONED ACROSS THE FRONT.

HARRY: Whatever can it be?

RON: (THINKS.) ... Got it!

RON SNATCHES THE SCRIPT, RIPS OUT A FEW PAGES FROM THE BACK OF THE SCRIPT, CRUMPLES THEM UP AND PLACES THEM UNDER A CHAIR LEG. CONTENTED LOOKS ALL ROUND.

RON: There, that'll solve the squeaky chair leg problem. Bloody useful, that.

HARRY: I'll just carry the rest of it round with me in case I need to sort out any more chairs. You never know when it could come in handy!

MOLLY: Well, that's the lot. There was nothing for anyone else. Dinner time, everyone!

(EXEUNT)

7. SCENE SEVEN - Voldemort's lair again

VOLDEMORT IS PACING, DEs STAND GUARD SL, LUCIUS IS WATCHING SR.

DE1: Is it just me or is the Dark Lord acting just a little bit grumpy these days.

DE2: I think he's got PMT.

DE1: What, Potter Mediated Torment?

DE2: As always. But he also just got outbid on EBAY. He missed out on getting those sparkly deatheater robes he wanted.

MALFOY: My Lord, why don't we just give up on this infernal plan and direct our energies more towards destabilising the government and making lots of money.

VOLDY: Lucius, I really am getting fed up of you. This plan is fool proof. Snape has managed to uncover the lost secrets of brewing the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (**duh-duh-duh**) and it is almost ready. He is coming here shortly to inform me of its progress.

MALFOY: Well, whoop-de-doo.

SNAPE ENTERS BEHIND MALFOY

SNAPE: Are you getting over-excited again Lucius?

MALFOY: Hardly.

SNAPE: My Lord, the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (**duh-duh-duh**) is almost complete. I finally managed to successfully extract the final ingredient from my Lilia plant ...and chopped her ... and boiled her....and, and, (**SNAPE GETS SNIFFLY**) it was all for you Master.

VOLDY: Gooooood, When will it be ready?

SNAPE: It has to brew for six months, My Lord. And then once it is ready it must be drunk immediately or the potion will evaporate and all that power will be lost.

VOLDY: Aaaah, excellent. Well, I needed an excuse to storm Hogwarts castle and have a final battle with Harry Snotter and here it is.

MALFOY: Master, you aren't serious? That's suicide, Dumbledore is there as well as Harry Potter and you know your track record when it comes to these things.

VOLDY: Oh Lucius, why did i even hire you?

MALFOY: I believe it was to give you good advice which you just ignore, Master.

VOLDY: Exactly! So shut up and listen to me: in six months the plan will come to fruition. My faithful Deatheaters will attack Hogwarts castle, create a distraction, while I infiltrate the school, take the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (**duh-duh-duh**) and then I will be unstoppable!

Mwhahahahahahahahaha. (**PAUSE**) Deatheaters - you aren't laughing manically.

MALFOY: Of course, My Lord.

ALL: Mwhahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha.

VOLDY: Oh yes, I like this. I like this very much.

(EXEUNT)

8. SCENE 8 - Time cut

WHOMPING WILLOW IS A PERSON DRESSED AS A TREE HOLDING LEAVES. HEDWIG IS SOMEONE DRESSED AS AN OWL.

WILLOW STANDS IN CS - AND SWAYS TO HP THEME MUSIC for 30secs-1min AS HEDWIG FLIES ABOUT STAGE (perhaps hooting). MUSIC QUIETENS.

WILLOW: I represent the passing of time through the seasons. WILLOW DROPS ALL LEAVES ONTO THE GROUND. (this should not be a gentle shower of leaves, but a sudden release (lol-Ed.) like in PoA film.)

HEDWIG: I represent Harry's childhood innocence and freedom flying away. FLIES OFF.

(PAUSE.)

WILLOW: Anyway, you get the general idea - time passes. Next scene!

(EXEUNT)

9. SCENE NINE - Post-Quidditch match

EVERYONE EXCEPT TEAMS ON STAGE, ENTER FROM BOTH SIDES. PEOPLE FALL INTO SMALL GROUPS, CHATTING ABOUT THE MATCH, I'M GOING FOR A FADING IN AND OUT EFFECT HERE TO GET SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION.

COLIN: That was the most exciting Quidditch final I've ever been to! Were you watching when Harry did the Wronski Feint?
CEDRIC: It's a shame the audience didn't get to see it too, but then if we put in every scene JK Rowling wrote we'd be here till Christmas.
FRED&GEORGE: Not to mention our special effects budget can't cover all that CGI.
PARVATI: And [actor playing Harry] is scared of heights.
NEVILLE: But anyway, it was the best MATCH ever!
LAVENDER: Nobody can hold a CANDLE to Harry!
PARVATI: Yeah, he's WICK-ed.
COLIN: He's on FIRE!
NEVILLE: STRIKES me that's he's headed for FLAME and fortune.
GINNY: I thought we'd lose for sure when that escaped dragon flew after him.
SEAMUS: Nah, he's dealt with huge horny lizards before...
DEAN: (INTERRUPTS SEAMUS) like your mam!
SEAMUS: (GLARE)...Nothing he can't handle. I can't believe Draco tried to enchant the Snitch to fly away from him though...
DEAN: Yeah, that bit did DRAG-ON a bit.... luckily Harry managed to WING it.
CEDRIC: I think he got to take out some of his SER-PENT up aggression.
FRED&GEORGE: Well, Harry's on a different SCALE - he's got to be an even better Seeker than Viktor Krum!
GINNY: (SEES LUNA.) Hey, Luna! Loved your commentary!
LAVENDER: How come you didn't talk about the dragon, Luna?
LUNA: What dragon? Besides, who cares about a poxy dragon when there's something Blibbering on the pitch!

GRYFFINDOR TEAM ENTER SR, CARRYING RON IN TRIUMPH. HARRY IS BROUGHT IN BEHIND ON A STRETCHER (WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT STRETCHER WE MADE FOR COMEDY AND CAKE? I SPENT HOURS SEWING PARTS OF IT, I THINK THAT ENTITLES US TO SOME BORROWING). DRACO AND SLYTHERINS ENTER SL. CHEERS, APPLAUSE, BOOING AS NECESSARY.

HARRY: (MOANS OF PAIN.) Where's Madam Pomfrey? Though I don't know if she'll be able to cure me this time!
GINNY: Oh no! Harry, are you ok? What happened?
HARRY: (DRAMATICALLY) I broke a nail!
GINNY: ...Are you serious?
HARRY: No. He's my godfather, remember?
CEDRIC: Don't worry Harry, you can "borrow" my "nail file". Return it any time. Or maybe this evening? I'll be in the prefect's bathroom after dinner. If you fancy me, I mean, it.
HARRY: Erm, I think I'm ok thanks Cedric...

HERMIONE ENTERS SR.

RON: Hermione! There you are. Did you enjoy the match? I bet you thought I'd miss that 23rd save, I was on a roll though!
HERMIONE: I'm sure you were the best thing since self-slicing bread, Ron. But I'm afraid I missed it - I was in the library.
RON: Again! But you've been loafing around in there for the last 6 months!

(HERMIONE PULLS RON (Not like that... yet. -Ed.) AND HARRY OVER TO A CORNER.)

HERMIONE: I was busy researching how to save the world.

RON: Save the cheerleader?

HERMIONE: What? No. I have finally worked out what the last ingredient is that we need to make the antidote to Voldemort's
Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) - iocane powder.

HARRY: Can't we just shove a bezoar down his throat?

RON: Works for me.

HERMIONE: No. This is the only plan that will work. The problem is the one place to get iocane powder is from Snape's personal store cupboard!

HARRY: I think that means we have some sneaking around to do - for a change.

PARVATI AND LAVENDER COME OVER.

PARVATI: Come on guys, lets head to the Common Room! Fred&George has smuggled some Firewhisky, it's going to be an awesome party!

LAVENDER: We can play Spin the Bottle. (GIGGLES AND WINKS AT RON, WHO GRIMACES.)

(EXEUNT)

10. SCENE TEN - Stealing from Snape's cupboard

HERMIONE, RON & HARRY ALL ENTER SR.

RON: Are you sure this is the only place we can get it? Because I bet Snape'll catch us, and then we'll be in big trouble - remember he threatened to chain Harry up and spank him if he caught him in the dungeon again!

HERMIONE: Ron, it won't be in the student stores, and there's not enough time left to go and skulk around Knockturn Alley. Voldemort is creating the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (**duh-duh-duh**)! If he succeeds, the world as we know it will end!

RON: If only we had some way of getting in unseen - some large piece of cloth that could make it look like we weren't there...

HARRY: We can use my dad's Invisibility Cloak!

HERMIONE: Gosh, it is lucky that it was *you* who just so happened to inherit arguably the most useful Deathly Hallow from Ignotius Peverell, rather than Neville - or worse, Malfoy.

RON: Let's not get distracted by trying to analyse exactly what JK Rowling was going for with all the inheritance motifs in a book that purports to show how it is our choices rather than our births that determine who we are.

HARRY AND HERMIONE STARE AT RON IN CONFUSION.

HARRY: Yeah. Anyway, I left the cloak in my school trunk, safely hidden - come on, let's go and get it!

EXEUNT. NO-ONE RE-ENTERS. VOICEOVER TIME!

HARRY: Here we are, back on-stage again, but the power of magic has hidden us completely under my Invisibility Cloak.

HERMIONE: Ow! Ron, you trod on my foot!

RON: I can't help it Hermione, it's crowded under this cloak! Maybe if you were taking up less room...

HERMIONE: Ronald Weasley! You had better not be suggesting what I think you might be suggesting!

RON: I wouldn't dare...

HARRY: Shhh! Someone's coming!

DADA ENTERS WITH A BOTTLE OF RUM, HALF-EMPTY. OR HALF-FULL? SWAYING SLIGHTLY AND MUTTERING TO HIM/HERSELF.

DADA: Arrrrr! Me matey boys, lost all at sea ye be. Not one of ye scurvy bilge rats left, ye walked the plank to the last man! But all is not lost, no, for I have discovered a way to bring ye back! Arrrrr! A magical potion which lets me see ye as ye were, before the curse took hold...

RON SNEEZES LOUDLY.

DADA: Arrrrr! Who be there? Speak up, or it'll be Davey Jones locker you next visit! Cowards! Hide from me, would ye? Stand and fight! Arrrrr!

DADA STUMBLES AROUND DRUNKENLY HEARING THE VOICES AND THINKS HE IS GOING CRAZY, PERHAPS BUMP INTO AN INVISIBLE PERSON AND FALL OVER.

RON: Oh no - do you think he knows we're here?

HERMIONE: Be quiet Ron.

RON: But what if he's a death eater!

HERMIONE: RON shut up!

RON: But if he figures out we're after the iocane powder we're trapped.

DADA: Who's talking? What's going on? What the hell is iocane powder? Is that some kind of sea shanty? Arrrr!

HARRY: He doesn't look in a state to figure out his own name at the moment.

HERMIONE: You're right, Harry, he doesn't have a clue...

DADA STUMBLES AROUND, LOOKING FOR THE MYSTERIOUS SNEEZER, WHILST ARRRRR-ING AND MUTTERING.

DADA: (LOOKS OFFSTAGE) Arrrrr, wenchies! (EXITS)

HARRY: Phew.

HERMIONE: Quick, let's get the iocane powder and go! There's not much time!

RON: Harry stop poking me!

HARRY: We're not on facebook at the moment Ron!

RON: No, stop poking me with your finger.

HARRY: That's not my finger.

RON: What?! Eeeew, then what the hell is it?? Ahhh, It's poking my...

HARRY: Ron, it's my wand.

RON: Arggggh!

HARRY: I mean my real wand.

RON: Oh. Right.

HERMIONE: Honestly... Come on!

(EXEUNT)

11. SCENE ELEVEN - Fight scene

DEATHEATERS DO SOME SNEAKY WALKING INTO THE CASTLE MAKING SHUSH SOUNDS AND BEING SCARED BY EACH OTHER. GO OFF.
LUCIUS AND VOLDEMORT (PREFERABLY WEARING SLIGHTLY BLOODSTAINED SPARKLY ROBES) ENTER BEHIND.

VOLDY: Ah, here we are, back at Hogwarts once more. How I have missed this school, thankfully there are no insufferable children about at the moment. And now the time has come to bring the plan to an end! Lucius, go and inform Snape of my arrival and tell him to come to me in the Chamber of Secrets once the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (*duh-duh-duh*) is ready.

MALFOY: Don't we have owls for this sort of thing?

VOLDY AND MALFOY EXIT IN SEPARATE DIRECTIONS.

DEATHEATERS COME BACK ONSTAGE IN SAME WALKING/SNEAKY FASHION

DE1: Right, now in my experience these kids are sneaky, so we need a plan of distraction!

DE2: Errrrr,Oh I know, I know, I know! Errrr actually... no I don't.

DE1: No what was it?

DE2: Errr, oh, ok. Well, they have house elves at Hogwarts don't they?

DE1: Yes.

DE2: Well what if we dressed up as elves to sneak in? That would be pretty distracting!

DE1: Ooooh, good idea Deatheater 2. If this works I sense a promotion waiting for you. Think of it, soon you will get to wash other parts of Lord Voldemort and not just his feet!

DE2: (excited Ooooh! noise)

GO OFF

STUDENTS ENTER

NEVILLE: Those were officially the worst exams I have ever taken.

(O/S: Just wait until finals!)

DEAN: Is it just me or does the time until exams each year get shorter and shorter? No wonder I didn't get any decent revision done!

LUNA: It *has* only been 3 scenes since Christmas.

GINNY: Has anyone seen Ron, Harry and Hermione? - they weren't in the Great Hall for the exams.

SEAMUS: No, but I'm not surprised they weren't there. Do they ever manage to get through the year like normal people?

NEVILLE: Do we?

DEATHEATERS ENTER DRESSED AS HOUSE ELVES

DE1: Hello little children - my name is (something funny)

DE2: And my name is (something else funny) We were wondering if you could let us sneak into the castle and cause a distraction?

GINNY: Did you just say your name was (even funnier name) Because I know an elf by that name and you don't look anything like him!

LUNA: I dont know, he looks more like a (funnier name)

DE1: They're on to us!

DE2: Attack! (STANDS UP JABS WAND AT A STUDENT - EXPECTS SOMETHING TO HAPPEN - NOTHING DOES.)

DE1: You have to say an actual spell for the blasting and the falling over and the screaming to work you know.

DE2: Oh - my bad. Abracadabra!

(LOTS OF HANDKERCHIEFS COME OUT OF GINNY'S SLEEVE)

GINNY: Bat bogey hex!

STARTS LOTS OF FIGHTING - WAND WAVING SOME SPELLS GET HEARD ALL JUST KEEP WAND FIGHTING.

DE1: Stupefy!

NEVILLE: Diffindo!

LUNA: Expelliarmus!

DE2: Wadiwasi!

SEAMUS: Reducto!

SO THEY FIGHT AND THEN WE HEAR THESE LINES.

DE1: Hummou!

DEAN: Guacamole!

DE2: Alright well if we are going for dips how bout tis one: Fellatio! *(the entire reason this play was written - Ed.)*

DEAN GOES DOWN ON SEAMUS

SEAMUS: ARGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!

NEVILLE: I knew it!

LUNA: Try this on for size - Engorgio! (POINTS WAND AT CROTCH LEVEL)

GINNY: I think it works better if you use this spell with it: Erecto! (POINTS WAND AT SAME CROTCH. DE2 BACKS OFF STAGE WITH A STIFFY)

CARRY ON FIGHTING!

Stupefy! Crucio!

Diffindo! Wingardium Leviosa!

Expelliarmus! Protego!

Wadiwasi! Stupefy!

Reducto! Expelliarmus!

(FIGHT YOUR WAY OFFSTAGE. HOORAH FOR SMOOTH TRANSITIONS!)

12. SCENE TWELVE - Bathroom

HARRY AND HERMIONE ON STAGE, BENT OVER A CAULDRON.

HERMIONE: Ok, now I add the iocane powder... and stir clockwise seven times... and once anti-clockwise...

HARRY: We're in a life-and-death situation here, wouldn't you say?

HERMIONE: Yes, Harry. If I get this wrong, the world as we know it will end.

HARRY: It's a shame to think that a young, dashing hero - like myself - might die without experiencing so much of life's beauty.

HERMIONE: Could you not distract me? This bit's quite tricky.

HARRY: So, what I'm saying is: perhaps we should seize the moment and do some snogging?

HERMIONE: (PUTTING DOWN WAND AND INGREDIENTS.) Look, Harry, I'm sorry to have to tell you, but I don't actually fancy you. I know you're the hero and I'm the principal girl, but I like Ron. It's just something about the red hair.

HARRY: Fair enough, I know what you mean. I find the red hair quite attractive too. Hmm, if you're going to have Ron, I guess that leaves me with...

HERMIONE: Could you leave me to get on with this potion? Thanks. Find some way to occupy yourself.

HERMIONE RETURNS TO STIRRING AND MUTTERING. HARRY GETS OUT THE SCRIPT (WITH TITLE FACING THE AUDIENCE SO ITS OBVIOUS) AND FLICKS THROUGH IT.

HARRY: This is odd. Everything that's happened to me this year is written here. Look - (READS.) "Harry reads through the book and finds everything he's done written there. Hermione suggests using it to look for a plan."

HERMIONE: Yes - look what's coming next - perhaps it will tell us how to defeat Voldemort!

HARRY: (READS FROM END OF SCRIPT.) "Harry flicks to the end, but finds the final pages have been ripped out by Ron in scene 6 to fix the squeaky chair leg problem." And that's all! Damn it.

RON ENTERS.

RON: Err, guys - the castle is under attack!

HERMIONE: Oh no! And the antidote isn't ready yet!

RON: This calls for decisive action. Ummm...

HARRY: It's too late for the antidote now. Ron, Hermione - you two go and find Dumbledore - he's the only wizard Voldemort was ever afraid of, and our only chance.

RON: But what will you do?

HARRY: I'm going to needlessly sacrifice myself by duelling Voldemort, heroically buying everyone else a few more moments of precious life. Now go!

(EXEUNT)

13. SCENE THIRTEEN - Showdown!

VOLDY IS PACING AROUND CHAMBER OF SECRETS.

VOLDY: Mwhahahahaha! Everything is going beautifully to plan. The Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) is complete, my minions will take over Hogwarts and I shall finally defeat my one nemesis - (SURPRISE AS HARRY ENTERS) Harry Potter!

HARRY: You can't hide from me, Voldemort. I have come here to duel you - to the death.

VOLDY: You do realise it will be your death don't you? I am the greatest wizard who ever lived and you're just...you.

HARRY: But I'm filled with the power of love!

VOLDY: Ah, you swallow then?

HARRY: Shut up. You killed my parents!

VOLDY: You killed ME. Three times!

HARRY: But you were only mostly dead.

VOLDY: You are right - I have never truly died. And after I drink the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh), I never shall. But I will fight you now, before I take it, to prove I can defeat you. (RAISES WAND) Crucio!

THEY DUEL:

HARRY: Expelliarmus!

VOLDY: Protego!

HARRY: Evanesco!

MORE SPELLS, DUCKING AND DIVING, ETC.

VOLDY: Petrificus Totalus!

HARRY IS FROZEN ON THE SPOT.

VOLDY: And now you will watch as I drink the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh). Here is Snape with it now!

SNAPE AND DEATH EATERS ENTER.

SNAPE: Master, the Potion-Of-Ultimate-Power (duh-duh-duh) is complete. You must drink it now. (LOOKS AT HARRY.) Ah, I see that my favourite... celebrity... is here to watch the show.

DE1: Ooh, I do 'ope we have a party afterwards...

DE2: Did you bring the butterbeers?

VOLDY: At last! (TAKES POTION, DRINKS.) Now, I am invееееееncible! (FALLS OVER.)

HOGWARTS CHARACTERS BURST IN AND SURROUND THE DEATH EATERS, DRAG VOLDEMORT'S BODY OFFSTAGE FOR A QUICK COSTUME CHANGE, HARRY UNFREEZES.)

NEVILLE: Wow, Harry - you defeated Voldemort!

HARRY: It wasn't me, it was... Snape.

EVERYONE TURNS TO LOOK AT SNAPE, WHO REVEALS THAT THE LABEL SAYING 'POTION OF ULTIMATE POWER' ACTUALLY READS 'POISON OF ULTIMATE POWER'. (fingers over the important letters maybe? dunno how this will work. it's a problem for the props person, not the writers!!)

SNAPE: It was quite simple, really. Without the leaves of the plant Lilia Potorius, the potion was a deadly poison.

HARRY: But why? I thought you were on Voldemort's side!

SNAPE: I would never hurt my Lily.

SEAMUS: Didn't you read Book One? It's been obvious that Snape was good, right from the start!

DEAN: No it hasn't! Snape's a loose cannon,

NEVILLE: (ASIDE) This is *all* only loosely canon!

DEAN: ... he's on neither side - he's just looking out for number 1.

HARRY: Well, whichever... Snape saved the day, so he's the... hero?

14. SCENE FOURTEEN - Dumbledore's exposition

ALL CHARACTERS (GOOD, BAD AND UGLY) SHOULD ENTER AT THIS POINT.

HERMIONE: Harry! Are you ok? What happened?

RON: We found Dumbledore mate, he was in the closet.

DD: I'm out now though. Well, Harry, you've reached the end of another school year alive - amazingly! Now it's time for me to explain everything that's happened. The most important life lesson you should be taking away with you is that it is often the people you dislike most who end up saving the world. You just have to suck it up and watch them take the glory.

SNAPE: I might be the saviour of the wizarding world but I'm still not going to wash my hair. I despise glory.

RON: What's the deal with the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher this year? S/he's totally mysterious but hasn't yet been vital to the plot!

DADA: YARRRRR! I be just another teacher, a scurvy whelp like the rest.

HERMIONE: Actually, I worked that one out! You see when we first saw Professor Barbossa I noticed that he had a very long beard. Now as we all know Voldemort fears Dumbledore more than any other wizard alive and why is this? Because Voldemort is scared of beards! Now a clever deatheater would know that Voldemort is scared of beards and thus would assume that if they wore a beard they could fool us into thinking they were an enemy of Voldemort, so clearly we cannot trust Professor Barbossa. But now everyone knows that iocane powder comes from Austrailia, which is entirely peopled by criminals, who are obviously related to deatheaters - so deatheaters would know all about iocane powder, but Professor Barbossa did not, so clearly he is not a deatheater. And if he is not a deatheater and he also wears a beard then clearly we can trust Professor Barbossa.

DD: Actually, he's just a spurious pirate.

RON: But what was that stuff about using a magical potion to bring back his/her dead crewmates?!

DADA: Arrrrr. That magic potion be rum. It helps me see lots of things that aren't there. Only, Madam Pomfrey says I should cut down...

DD: (HAPPILY) Next year I'm thinking about hiring a ninja to teach History of Magic.

TONKS: Ooh, I'd make a good ninja!

ALL: Who are you?!

TONKS: Tonks. And this is what I REALLY look like! ...Or is it?!

RON: So on a side note, what are we going to do with these clowns? (DRAGS DEATHEATERS TO THEIR FEET.)

LUNA: They could come and work at the Quibbler? We could use some insider knowledge on the workings of Ooogling Humdingers. They are what inhabit your body when you become evil.

DE1 AND 2: NOOOOOOO!

DE2: Please not that, we aren't that bad are we?

DE1: We didn't kill anyone did we?

GINNY: Oooh, I have an idea. Since you like dressing up as house elves why don't you come and work here as one, full time!

DD: Oh yes, we could use some new employees. Ever since those elves found out about that special hug that's been doing the rounds they haven't been able to get any work done. Only last week Nobby and Fanny eloped.

DE2: I think i'd prefer working here, so I would!

DE1: Yeah me too - at least it will mean I'll be closer to my dear Snapey-poo.

SNAPE: Help me.

DD: So is there any more business to wrap up?

HARRY: Well there is something...

DD: Go on - we've just time for one last question.

HARRY: Only one? Hmm - well, I was going to ask whether or not I really was a proper Horcrux - I have been wondering if i was just an accidental vessel for a ripped up piece of soul, and whether this truly counts as a Horcrux? Surely it is some other piece of Dark magic or something

more primitive, deep-dawn-of-time type stuff? It was clearly the non-Horcrux status that allowed me to survive - if I was a proper Horcrux, Voldemort could have just destroyed me and lost that piece of his soul the way all the others were destroyed, but instead our souls became entwined - so it meant that neither of us could live while the other survives... but well, as interesting as the answer to that would be - I think I'll just ask Ginny out.

GINNY: What?

HARRY: Well, since I can't have Hermione, or Ron - I think you're the next most important character. What do you say?

GINNY: If you put it like that...Alright then!

RON: Speaking of which Hermione - I really think all this sexual tension between us has gone on far too long. I mean there have been hints since book 4! What do you say about us? (HOLDS OUT ARMS FOR EMBRACE)

HERMIONE: That it's narrative imperative? (HUGS)

NEVILLE: well since i dont have anyone to ask out (*awww its sadder than that! - Ed.*) i guess it should be me who suggests the party!(TURNS ON MUSIC, PLAYING 'DANCING WITH MYSELF')

ALL: PARTY!!!! YAYYYY! etc.

(EXEUNT)

15. SCENE FIFTEEN - Curtain call and final song

BOWS. The Director can arrange the order, I think everyone off stage and then come on again? OR leave everyone on stage, just get into lines (HA!!! I pity the fool who tries this.) and bow.

LUNA: I feel sad that its all over...

DD: Well, maybe you should keep an eye out for our upcoming play - Harry Potter and the Neverending Sequels! Coming soon to a theatre near you, complete with all the merchandise you could ever want, at bargain prices!

HARRY: That's not fair! I just want a quiet life, I can't keep battling the forces of evil forever just to keep making money for the rest of you!

RON: Well, maybe the next one could be about me? We can call it: "Roonil Wazlib and his..."

HERMIONE: (INTERRUPTS AS HUGH COMES ONSTAGE) Hugh Zhdick? I haven't seen you since scene 3! Anyway Ron, not everything has to be about you, y'know! What about me? People only know me as the smart one.

RON: Well, I'm just the comedy sidekick.

HERMIONE: (SULKY) You got to win the Quidditch cup.

RON: You were AWESOME on page 84!

HARRY: Stop bickering you two - it's time for the final song!

FINAL SONG: A MEDLEY OF 80S POWER BALLADS, SONGS FROM THE MUSICALS AND PERHAPS SOME DISNEY, REWRITTEN WITH POTTER RELATED LYRICS. THINK SHREK'S KARAOKE DANCE PARTY OR THE GREASE MEDLEY.

(EXEUNT)