

# PUFFS! Audition Sides

**ALL ACTORS AUDITIONING SHOULD PREPARE (you don't need to memorize) ONE SPEECH FROM SECTION ONE (HOWEVER, BE FAMILIAR WITH ALL). PLEASE READ OVER THE SCENES IN SECTION TWO AND BE PREPARED TO PRESENT ONE OR MORE WITH THE PROVIDED READER.**

## SECTION ONE:

### **NARRATOR: p. 1 (Received Pronunciation Dialect)**

Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes, they *are* born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England. Picture it – AH! A giant! Awww, 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. This story is not about him.

### **MEGAN – p. 37/38 (General English Dialect, aiming for something very Punk ala Sid Vicious – who was born in Lewisham – or his era early-Brit Punks)**

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 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.

### **HARRY – p 52, op. 5 (General English Dialect)**

Boy. I've had a rough couple of years, huh? All those evil people and monsters. And last year, I didn't have a permission slip to go into town. That was a real bummer for me and my life. But now I have a permission slip. I got it from ... someone. (winks) Don't need one for any of the other crazy things that happen here, thought. Oh well. Bye, Wayne! Cedric! I have a permission slip.

### **MISTER VOLDY – p. 87, op. 8 (Marked/Heightened RP, archly aristocratic)**

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 pitties 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!*

### **LEANNE – p. 88 (General English Dialect)**

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's imaginary AND 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!

### **SECOND HEADMASTER – p. 98 (Received Pronunciation)**

Wayne, it's 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.

## **SECTION TWO:**

### **Pages 10-11: A Certain Potions Teacher, Leanne**

**POTIONS** - Can anyone tell me, what is a potion?

**LEANNE** - It's a starchy root vegetable!

**POTIONS** - That's... a po-tato.

**LEANNE** – It's that dance where everyone is a train! CHOO CHOO!

**POTIONS** – That's the loco-motion. You are the most dunderheaded student I have ever seen in my class. If you manage to succeed this year, I will eat a shoe.

**LEANNE** – I ate a shoe once. It didn't taste good but it didn't taste bad.

**POTIONS** - ...Class dismissed.

**Pages 92-93: Megan, Xavia**

**MEGAN** – Hello, Mom.

**XAVIA** – Megan, I'm not here for pleasantries. I'm just here to finish unfinished business. Haha! AVADA SKADOO! Damnit.

**MEGAN** – Okay, seriously?!?! Its two words. Avada. Kedabra. Avada Kedabra. It's simple.

**XAVIA** – Oh, is it?! Is it simple... well! (Randomly casts spell towards audience – someone out there drops dead). AHHHH! OH MY WIZARD GOD. It's... that easy?! WHY IS IT SO EASY?! You say two words and then they just... okay. I'm ok.

**Page 100: Oliver, Megan**

**OLIVER** – ...you ready for this? New kid's name: Albus Severus.

**MEGAN** – I can beat it. Scorpius.

**OLIVER** – 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** – What are you talking about?

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

**MEGAN** – I have a pretty good idea.