

## ADULT ACTOR PUFFS AUDITION SIDES

### **Choose one of the following monologues:**

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

NARRATOR: 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, that part that remains loyal and true despite whatever terrifying monsters are thrown your way. That part that plays fair, even when life is anything but. Maybe that's a Puff there. Now, one last question. Where do I fit into all this? You'll get that answer in our obligatory segment: NINETEEN YEARS LATER!

XAVIA JONES: I want you to hurt them. Torture them. KILL THEM, maybe? Prove to me that you are MY DAUGHTER. Go on. Do it. And then we can leave. Just us. Just like you've always wanted.

### **Pick FIVE of these lines to read, demonstrating big character differences of voice and physicality:**

UNCLE DAVE: I forgot to tell you. Yer a Wizard, Wayne! Also, wizards exist! And you are one. Just like yer British parents. Oh also! Yer parents were British! Wow. We gotta talk more. Come on, I'll drive ya to the airport!

A CERTAIN POTIONS TEACHER: You are the most dunderheaded student I have ever seen sit in my class. If you manage to succeed in my course this year, I will eat a shoe. Ten points from the Puffs.

PROFESSOR McG: Yes, hello. Um. We're going to turn THINGS. Into OTHER things. Wooww! Go crazy.

PROFESSOR TURBAN: D..D...D..D...D..Defense! A...A...A...A...Against! (A Whispery voice from the back of his head) YAH! You will pay for this insolence!

A FAT FRIAR GHOST: How about a game of Wiz Checkers? Maybe those two sneaky boys want to join?

PROFESSOR SPROUTY: Students lurking while a troll is about? The plants will be so disappointed.

GHOST HISTORY TEACHER: History of magic. Magic history. Wizards. History. Remedial History of Magic, Mr. Rivers.

PROFESSOR LOCKY: I am not excited about this! It is my duty to make sure you are all educated. So! Who wants to come to DUELING CLUB?!

FIRST HEADMASTER: Yes. Yes. Now, you all know I don't pick favorites. But, Harry - he's my favorite. Now, please, I would like to take a moment of silence for my pet bird who tragically died.

SECOND HEADMASTER: Mr. Potter? MR POTTER!!!! HARRY!!!! Did you put your name in that little 'ol cup over there? Did you? I'm the definition of calm right now.

REAL MR. MOODY: All right, class, settle down. SETTLE DOWN! Today's lesson: Curses that are... not forgiveable. Trust me. Because I am the ordinary. NOT fake. Moody. Got it?

PROFESSOR LANNY: Ooo. The future! Ooo! The inner eye. Tea leaves. And - (suddenly possessed.) Death. DEATH is coming. To you all! DEAAATH! (Back to normal.) \*Cough\* What? Class dismissed.

MS. BABBLE: Oooh, a smarty smart. A regular Einstein - we'll cover him later. Now, can anyone tell me what algebra is?

RUNES TEACH: NOW! How old do you think this rune is? Guess what. It's ANCIENT. It's an ANCIENT RUNE.

MR BAGMAN/ANNOUNCER: Oh MY GOD, the dragon has ripped the head off the dog, and there is now a dead dog on the field. The dragon has turned on Cedric. Cedric is on fire! Do not be confused by the tone of my voice, he is literally on fire!

MR. VOLDY: YES! Excellent. The bloodlines of wizard-kind shall be purified. The muddy filth that has latched onto our race will be expunged. And standing upon the precipice, as a shining example of power and might. Will be... me! YAAAAH! (Shoots wand into the sky.)