

Narrator

Prologue

With little to no fanfare, 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 same 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 scholarly type 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.

Start

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.

} End

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