

**HARRY POTTER &
THE CURSED CHILD
AUDITION PACK**

ALBUS & HARRY

HARRY: Third year. Big year. Here is your permission form for Hogsmeade.

ALBUS: I hate Hogsmeade.

HARRY: How can you hate a place you haven't actually visited yet?

ALBUS: Because I know it'll be full of Hogwarts students.

HARRY: Just give it a go—come on—this is your chance to go nuts in Honeydukes—no, Albus, don't you dare.

ALBUS: (Pointing his wand.) Incendio.

The paper ignites.

HARRY: Of all the stupid things!

ALBUS: The ironic thing is I didn't expect it to work. I'm terrible at that spell.

HARRY: Albus, Professor McGonagall says you're isolating yourself— you're uncooperative in lessons—you're surly—you're—

ALBUS: So what would you like me to do? Magic myself popular? Conjure myself into a new house? You cast a spell, Dad, and change me into what you want me to be, OK? It'll work better for both of us.

ALBUS & HARRY

HARRY: Do you want a hand? I always loved packing. It meant I was leaving Privet Drive and going back to Hogwarts. Which was...well, I know you don't love it, but for me...

ALBUS: For you, it's the greatest place on earth. I know. The poor orphan, bullied by his uncle and aunt Dursley—

HARRY: Albus, please—can we just—

ALBUS: —traumatised by his cousin Dudley, saved by Hogwarts. I know it all, Dad. Blah blah blah.

HARRY: I'm not going to rise to your bait, Albus Potter.

ALBUS: The poor orphan who went on to save us all—so may I say—on behalf of wizarding kind—how grateful we are for your heroism—should we bow now, or will a curtsy do?

HARRY: Albus, please—you know, I've never wanted—gratitude.

ALBUS: But right now I'm overflowing with it—it must be the kind gift of this mouldy blanket that did it...

HARRY: Mouldy blanket?

ALBUS: What did you think would happen? We'd hug. I'd tell you I always loved you. What? What?

HARRY: (Finally losing his temper.) You know what? At least you've got a dad. Because I didn't, OK?

ALBUS: And you think that was unlucky? I don't.

HARRY: You wish me dead?

ALBUS: No! I just wish you weren't my dad.

HARRY: (Really snapping.) Well, there are times I wish you weren't my son.

There's a silence. HARRY realises what he's said. ALBUS is stunned.

HARRY: No, I didn't mean that...

ALBUS: Yes. You did.

HARRY: Albus, you just know how to get under my skin...

ALBUS: You meant it, Dad. And, honestly, I don't blame you.

DRACO, HARRY & GINNY

HARRY: This is the right decision.

GINNY: You almost sound convinced.

HARRY: You told me to be honest with him, but actually I needed to be honest with myself, trust what my heart was telling me...

GINNY: Harry, you have one of the greatest hearts of any wizard who ever lived, and I do not believe your heart told you to do this. Or to demand Professor McGonagall follow them like that. What makes you think that Scorpius could...

A knock on the door. DRACO Enters.

DRACO: I can't stay long. I won't need long.

HARRY: How can I help?

DRACO: I'm not here to antagonise you. But my son is in tears and so I am here to ask why you would keep two best friends apart. You've changed school timetables, you've threatened McGonagall and Albus himself. Why?

HARRY: I have to protect my son.

DRACO: From Scorpius?

HARRY turns and looks DRACO dead in the eye.

HARRY: Are you sure...are you really sure he's yours, Draco?

DRACO takes his wand out.

DRACO: You take that back...right now.

HARRY: You do not want to do this.

DRACO: Yes, I do.

Wands drawn, they are both ready to strike.

GINNY: Enough! You two attacking each other will do nothing to help our sons. Now sit down. Both of you.

ALBUS & SCORPIUS

ALBUS: Scorpius, we have to get off this train.

The whistle blows. The train starts moving.

SCORPIUS: Too late. The train is moving. Hogwarts ahoy.

ALBUS: Then we have to get off a moving train.

SCORPIUS: Albus Severus Potter, get that strange look out of your eye.

ALBUS: First question: What do you know about the Triwizard Tournament?

SCORPIUS: (Happy.) Ooooh, a quiz. Three schools pick three champions to compete in three tasks for one Cup. What's that got to do with anything?

ALBUS: Second question: Why has the Triwizard Tournament not been run in over twenty years?

SCORPIUS: The last competition included—your dad—and a boy called Cedric Diggory—they decided to win together but the Cup was a Portkey—and they were transported to Voldemort. Cedric was killed. They cancelled the competition immediately after.

ALBUS: Good. Third question: Did Cedric need to be killed? No. The words Voldemort said were "Kill the spare." The spare. A mistake has been made and we're going to right it. We're going to use a Time-Turner. We're going to bring him back.

SCORPIUS: What?! Albus, for obvious reasons, I'm not a massive fan of Time-Turners...

ALBUS: Amos Diggory asked my dad for a Time-Turner, and he denied they even existed. But the Ministry does have one. My father lied to an old man who just wanted his son back—who just loved his son. Everyone talks about all the brave things Dad did. But he made mistakes too. Some big mistakes. I want to set one of those mistakes right. And you know as well as I do, I'll entirely mess it up if you don't come with me. Come on.

SCORPIUS: Albus, wait. This is a bad idea!

ALBUS ignores him and starts heading to the back of the Hogwarts Express. SCORPIUS hesitates, conflicted. And then climbs after ALBUS.

ALBUS & SCORPIUS

ALBUS: Fine, let's go back—fix it. Get Cedric and Rose back.

SCORPIUS: ...is the wrong answer!

ALBUS: You've still got the Time-Turner, right?

SCORPIUS: Yes, but...

ALBUS: Don't you understand how bad things could get? Things need fixing, Scorpius. This is too important.

SCORPIUS: Yes, it's too important—for us! We'll get it wrong.

ALBUS: Who's saying that we'll get it wrong?

SCORPIUS: I say. Because that's what we do. We mess things up. We lose. We're losers, true and total losers. Haven't you realised that yet?

ALBUS: Well, I wasn't a loser before I met you.

SCORPIUS: Albus—

ALBUS: I've got to save Cedric to save Rose. And maybe—without you holding me back—I can make a proper go of it.

SCORPIUS: Without me? Oh, poor Albus Potter.

ALBUS: What are you saying?

SCORPIUS: (Exploding.) Try my life! People look at you because your dad's the famous Harry Potter, saviour of the wizarding world. People look at me because they think my dad is Voldemort. Voldemort! Can you even slightly imagine what that's like? Have you ever even tried? No. Because you can't see past your stupid thing with your dad. You're a terrible—the most terrible—friend.

ALBUS, SCORPIUS & DELPHI

ALBUS: Expelliarmus!

DELPHI's wand flies through the air.

DELPHI: You just need confidence in your own abilities. I think you're becoming quite some wizard, Albus Potter.

ALBUS: I've never been able to do that before!

DELPHI: Well, you're learning quickly. Wizzo!

SCORPIUS: What's wizzo?

ALBUS: Cracked the spell. I mean, it's pretty basic, but I was—well, I cracked Expelliarmus.

SCORPIUS: And I've found our way through to the school. Listen, are we sure this will work?

DELPHI: Yes.

ALBUS: It's a brilliant plan. The secret to not getting Cedric killed is to stop him winning the Triwizard Tournament. If he doesn't win, he can't be killed.

SCORPIUS: And I understand that but...

ALBUS: So we just need to mess up his chances supremely badly in task one. The first task is getting a golden egg from a dragon—how did Cedric distract the dragon?

SCORPIUS and DELPHI both put their hands up.

ALBUS: Diggory.

DELPHI: By Transfiguring a stone into a dog—

ALBUS: Well, a little Expelliarmus and he won't be able to do that.

SCORPIUS: All of which sounds, I mean, really great, in principle, but in practice... We're going back in time without any knowledge of whether we can return afterwards. What if something dark happens? Perhaps we should just try going back an hour first and—

DELPHI: We've no time to waste— Today you two get an opportunity few are given—today you get to change history—to change time itself. But more than all that, today you get the chance to give an old man his son back. I'll be here waiting for the good news when you return.

RON & HERMIONE

HERMIONE: Ron?

ALBUS/RON: Surprise!!!

HERMIONE: What are you doing here?

ALBUS/RON: Does a man need an excuse to see his wife?

HERMIONE: Ron, now's not the time, honestly.

ALBUS/RON: Of course it isn't. Bye-bye, darling.

HERMIONE tries to go into her office. ALBUS/RON blocks her.

HERMIONE: Why are you blocking the entrance to my office?

ALBUS/RON: I'm not. Blocking. Anything.

HERMIONE: You are. Let me into my room, Ron.

ALBUS/RON: Let's take a holiday.

HERMIONE: What?

ALBUS/RON: I'm feeling so romantically romantic towards you right now. I feel like a romance animal. A romance fox or a romance horse or a romance...bunny.

HERMIONE: Ron. Are you going to list every animal you can think of?

ALBUS/RON: No. I've got other conversational conversation I would like to have with you. A romance penguin?

HERMIONE: If there is another "romance" firework display in there, Merlin won't help you.

She assesses, she decides.

Fine. I'm due to update the Muggles anyway. Some days you are off the scale, you know that?

ALBUS, RON & HERMIONE

ALBUS: Uncle Ron! If ever we needed one of your jokes it's now...

RON: Jokes? I don't know any jokes.

ALBUS: Of course you do. You run a joke shop.

RON: A joke shop?

ALBUS: What are you doing here?

RON: Panju's in trouble with Professor Granger again. I wanted to just send a Howler, but Padma insisted I come in person.

ALBUS: Who's Padma? Who's Panju?

RON: Panju. Your cousin. Padma. Your aunt. My wife.

ALBUS: But...you're married to Hermione.

RON: Hermione. Professor Granger? No. No. Nooooo. Merlin's beard.

HERMIONE enters from the other side.

HERMIONE: Nice to see you back on your feet, Potter.

RON almost has a heart attack when he sees her.

ALBUS: You see? Hermione? Hermione! She's your wife.

HERMIONE: Professor Granger is my name, Potter, and I'm his what?

RON: Nonsense. Nonsensical. Nonsensicalness. He's talking nonsensical-ness.

HERMIONE: Is he, Mr. Weasley? Well. Potter, you're late for class.

They squeeze past each other.

RON: Good to see you again, Hermione.

HERMIONE: Is it?

RON: Lovely to see you again. Love it. Love—love has nothing to do with this conversation.

HERMIONE: Indeed. (Turns back to ALBUS.) Still late, Potter.

HARRY & GINNY

GINNY: Surprised to find you here.

HARRY: Don't worry, I haven't touched anything. You know I've had some pretty terrible Hallows' Eves—but this is undoubtedly at least the—second worst. I'm sorry, Gin...

GINNY: Can we not treat this as if the battle is already lost?

HARRY: I let her into our home. Didn't notice that Amos Diggory was under an Imperious curse. And on top of it I probably chased Albus right to her. I shouldn't have survived and yet I lived. I beat Voldemort, but all these people—my parents, Fred, the Fallen Fifty—and it's me that gets to live? How is that? All this damage—and it's my fault.

GINNY: They were killed by Voldemort.

HARRY: But if I'd stopped him sooner? The Boy Who Lived. How many people have to die for the Boy Who Lived?

GINNY: No. I know this is what you do. And I know your life has not been a fair one. But please. Some hope. Please. He is not dead. Do you hear me? Albus is not dead.

HARRY: This blanket is all I have...of that Hallows' Eve. This is all I have to remember them.

He picks up the blanket and looks at it.

HARRY: This has got holes in it. Ron's idiotic Love Potion has burnt through it, right through it. Look at this. It's ruined. Ruined.

He opens up the blanket. There is writing burnt through it.

GINNY: HARRY:... It has—something—written—

HARRY: “Dad,” does it say “Dad”? It’s not that distinct...

GINNY: “Hello”? Does that say “Hello”? And then “Good.”

HARRY: “Dad Hello Good Hello”? No. This is...a strange joke.

GINNY: Give me that. My eyesight is better. That doesn’t say “Hello.” It says “Help.” - that’s not “Hello” again—that’s “Hallow” or “Hollow”? And then some numbers—these are clearer—“3—1—1—0—8—1.”

HARRY: It’s a date. 31st October, 1981. The date my parents were killed. “Dad. Help. Godric’s Hollow. 31/10/81.” It’s a message. Clever boy sent us a message.

GINNY: Albus wrote this?

HARRY: And he’s told us where they are and when they are and now we know where she is, we can fight her. I’ll send an owl to Hermione You send one to Draco. Tell him to meet us at Godric’s Hollow with the Time-Turner.

GINNY: We have a chance, Harry—

HARRY: —and by Dumbledore—that’s all that we need—a chance.

OTHER CHARACTERS

MOANING MYRTLE - What did you call me? Do I moan? Am I moaning now? AM I? AM I?

UMBRIDGE - I am the headmistress. And however important your family may be—it doesn’t give you an excuse to dillydally, or mess about.

VOLDEMORT - Come here, daughter, in the light, so I may examine what my blood has made.

VOLDEMORT - Stand aside, you silly girl... Stand aside now...

SNAPE - I can see that this is a Malfoy game. Get out before I alert the Augurey and plunge you into deep trouble.

SNAPE - All it takes is one person. I couldn’t save Harry for Lily. So now I give my allegiance to everything she fought for. Who are you fighting for?

MCGONAGALL - You’re correct, Mr. Potter, it doesn’t sound good, does it? Are you aware how stupid you’ve been?

MCGONAGALL - You are so young. You’re all so young. You have no idea how dark the Wizarding Wars got. Go on. Get out. The lot of you. And find me that Time-Turner. It must be in the lake somewhere.

DUMBLEDORE - Perhaps he’s waiting for you to see him clearly. It is a portrait’s curse and blessing to...hear things. At the school, at the Ministry, I hear people talking...

AMOS - Voldemort wanted you! Not my son! You told me yourself, the words he said were “Kill the spare.” My son, my beautiful son, was a spare.

ROSE - And he’s my cousin. Rose Granger-Weasley. Daughter of Hermione Granger, Minister for Magic. Nice to meet you.