

## Albus Potter Side #2

### ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN

LILY

I love them. They're fluttery.

*She exits as HARRY appears in ALBUS's doorway. He looks through.*

**Start**

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HARRY

Hi.

*There's an awkward pause between them. GINNY appears in the doorway. She sees what's happening and stays a moment.*

Just delivering a pre-Hogwarts gift – gifts – Ron's sent this ...

ALBUS

Okay, a love potion. Okay.

HARRY

I think it's a joke about – I don't know what. Lily got farting gnomes, James got a comb that's made his hair turn a shade of pink. Ron – well, Ron's Ron you know?

*HARRY puts down ALBUS's love potion on his bed.*

I also – this is from me ...

*He reveals a small blanket. GINNY looks at it – she sees HARRY is trying, and then she softly walks away.*

ALBUS

An old blanket?

HARRY

I thought a lot about what to give you this year. James – well, James has been going on about the Invisibility Cloak since time itself, and Lily – I knew she'd love wings – but you. You're fourteen years old now, Albus, and I wanted to give you something which – meant something. This – is the last thing I had from my mum. The only thing. I was given

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to the Dursleys wrapped in it. I thought it had gone forever and then – when your Great Aunt Petunia died, hidden amongst her possessions, surprisingly, Dudley found this – and he kindly sent it on to me, and ever since then – well, any time I've wanted luck I've found it and just tried to hold it and I wondered if you . . .

ALBUS

Wanted to hold it too? Okay. Done. Let's hope it brings me luck. I certainly need some.

*He touches the blanket.*

But you should keep it.

HARRY

I think – believe – Petunia wanted me to have it, that's why she kept it and now I want you to have it from me. I didn't really know my mother – but I think she'd have wanted you to have it too. And maybe I could come find you – and it – on Hallows' Eve. I'd like to be with it on the night they died – and that could be good for the two of us . . .

ALBUS

Listen, I've got quite a lot of packing to do, and you undoubtedly have Ministry work coming out of your ears so . . .

HARRY

Albus, I want you to have the blanket.

ALBUS

And do what with it? Fairy wings make sense, Dad, Invisibility Cloaks, they also make sense – but this – really?

*HARRY is slightly heartbroken. He looks at his son, desperate to reach out.*

HARRY

Do you want a hand? Packing. I always loved packing. It meant I was leaving Privet Drive and going back to

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Hogwarts. Which was . . . well, I know you don't love it but . . .

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? I'm done with being made responsible for your unhappiness. At least you've got a dad. Because I didn't, okay?

ALBUS

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

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HARRY

You wish me dead?

ALBUS

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

HARRY (*seeing red*)

Well, there are times I wish you weren't my son.

*There's a silence. ALBUS nods. Pause. HARRY realises what he's said.*

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.

*There's a horrible pause.*

You should probably leave me alone now.

HARRY

Albus, please ...

*ALBUS picks up the blanket and throws it. It collides with Ron's love potion, which spills all over the blanket and the bed, producing a small puff of smoke.*

ALBUS

No luck or love for me, then.

*ALBUS runs out of the room. HARRY goes after him.*

HARRY

Albus. Albus ... please ...

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**End**