

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

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

PART ONE

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 Hallow's 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

ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN

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.

PART ONE

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 ...

End