The Magic of Zoom

By Wade Bradford

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The Magic of Zoom

Synopsis:
It's Hogwarts meets Zoom! The students of Dogwarts have their first day in Professor Snope's virtual classroom. How are they supposed to practice the magical arts of wizardry on a computer? What's in Plotter's closet? And what about this year's prom? This ten-minute comedy was written to be performed online.

Cast:
2 m, 1 w, 3 flexible, 1 offstage voice

NEBLY (M)
WINNY (W)
MALCO and SLOBBY an offstage voice (Flexible)
PROFESSOR SNOPE (Flexible)
PLOTTER (M)
PRINCIPAL BUMBLEBORE (Flexible)

(A young, insecure man named Nebly is the first to appear. He is dressed in his school suit and tie, even though he is currently sitting at home. We may not see if, but for the record he is wearing pajama bottoms.)

NEBLY: Hello? Anyone about? Have I got the right place?

(Someone new enters the computer screen. It's the bright and enthusiastic Winny.)

WINNY: Ooh - brilliant! Here we are. Hello, Nebly! I see you! Can you hear me?

NEBLY: Hello, Winny! It's lovely to see you.

WINNY: What's that?

NEBLY: I said it's lovely to see you.

WINNY: Nebly, I think your sound is off. Can't hear you at all.

NEBLY: I SAID IT'S LOVELY TO SEE YOU!

WINNY: Try it one more time.

NEBLY: *(Grumbling to himself.)* I can't believe I'm having technical difficulties when I finally get the chance to spend some time with the girl I have a crush---

WINNY: Just kidding -- your mic is working just fine!

NEBLY: Oh. Um. Nice weather we're having.

WINNY: I wouldn't know. My mum and dad won't let me outside until this whole thing blows over.

NEBLY: My parents are the same.

WINNY: Are we early? Where is everyone else?

NEBLY: I don't know.

WINNY: I see Malco's screen. But I don't see Malco.

NEBLY: Can you believe we have to take classes online? How's that going to work?

WINNY: I know, right? How are we supposed to practice the magical arts of wizardry on a computer? I mean, who can do that?

(Malco, an obnoxious snob of a student suddenly appears.)

MALCO: I can! That's who!

WINNY: Malco?! Where did you come from?

MALCO: I used an invisibility spell! That's what I did!

NEBLY: You were hiding under your desk, weren't you?

MALCO: A wizard never reveals his secrets. I am so glad we don't have to be stuck in that stupid Dogwarts. And now I can stay at home in my palace with my mumsy and dadsy and my loyal servant who treats me just like the prince I am.

SLOBBY: *(From off screen.)* Would Master Malco like to have another Pixie Pastry?

MALCO: Not now, Slobby -- you stupid house elf -- Professor Snope will be here any minute.

NEBLY: He hasn't shown up yet.

MALCO: I see Plotter isn't here either. That fool probably doesn't even own a computer. I hear he lives in a closet under the stairs.

WINNY: Poor Harry.

MALCO: Oh, boo hoo, poor Harry Plotter -- the boy who lived. More like the boy who whined.

NEBLY: That's not very nice.

MALCO: Why are you still wearing your uniform?

NEBLY: I thought we were supposed to!

MALCO: You're so nerdly, Nebly.

NEBLY: I'm not wearing all of it.

WINNY: What -- wait -- are you just wearing the tops?

NEBLY: Well, yeah--

WINNY: Are you naked from the waist down?

NEBLY: No!

MALCO: Are you sitting around in your underwear?

NEBLY: No -- I'm wearing my jam-jams.

MALCO: *(Finding this hilarious.)* Jam jams???

NEBLY: I mean my pajama bottoms… my PJs… my overnight leisure wear.

WINNY: I think that's sweet, Nebly. You don't have to be embarrassed.

NEBLY: Thank you.

WINNY: Let's see them.

NEBLY: What? No!

WINNY: Then at least tell me: Do these pajamas of yours have a design?

NEBLY: Um. Yes. But I'd rather not say.

MALCO: I bet they're covered in teddy bears!

NEBLY: NO! It's *Thomas the Tank*. *(Or insert some other equally embarrassing choice.)*

(Malco bursts into laughter. Winny can't help but smile. Professor Snope enters the screen.)

WINNY: Professor Snope!

SNOPE: There will be no wand-waving or silly emojis in my virtual classroom. Nor do I have any tolerance for hashtags, tweeting, snap chats, or selfies. As such, I do not expect most of you to appreciate the subtle art of PowerPoint. However, for the select few with a tech-savvy predisposition I can---

(Snope freezes. The students watch for a moment. Snope does not unfreeze.)

WINNY: Professor?

MALCO: What's wrong with Snope?

NEBLY: I think he's frozen.

MALCO: Someone cast a frozen spell?!

NEBLY: No. I think his screen is frozen.

WINNY: Can you hear us, professor?

MALCO: Oh well. A good time for a snack. Snobby? Snobby?! Where is that house elf when I need him?

(Malco leaves his screen. So Nebly is alone with Winny and a still frozen image of Snope.)

NEBLY: So how long do you think we'll have to stay like this?

WINNY: I hope it doesn't last. I miss being in magic class… and eating in magic cafeteria… and going to all the magic dances...

NEBLY: Which, um, reminds me… Um, I wanted to ask you, if you know, if we go back to magic school, maybe you and I could--

(Snope suddenly unfreezes! Nebly and Winny gasp in surprise.)

SNOPE: I can teach you to download files, upload images, and carry on conversations from the comfort of your own home. Where's Malco?!

MALCO: *(Pops back onto the screen -- his lips are coated with leftover goo from some treat.)* I'm right here!

SNOPE: Behold, my students, I appear before you on this Muggle Telly, here to teach you the always delicate and sometimes deadly art of magical potions. Yes, it would be nice, if we could all be back in our delightful dungeon of a classroom; however, thanks to the Chimera-Virus, we are forced to wizard-in-place for the time being. So, let's make the best of it, shall we?

WINNY: Professor Snope… How long until they re-open magic school?

SNOPE: I don't know.

NEBLY: Will they cancel magic prom?

SNOPE: I don't know.

MALCO: Professor Snope, is it true that the virus began from muggles eating unicorns?

SNOPE: No, that's not true.

MALCO: My dad says it is.

SNOPE: Well, he's wrong. That's just one of the many rumors I've dispelled on my website.

WINNY: Snopes.com?

SNOPE: Precisely. Now, shall we take roll? I see we have our weasley little Mr. Nebly. Our always prim and proper know-it-all, Ms. Winnifred. And our resident snob slash bully, Mr. Malco. But where is our new celebrity Mr. Plotter? Absent again, as usual?

(PLOTTER enters the group chat. He is out of breath as if he has recently been fighting for his life. He is filming this from his closet.)

End of Freeview

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