

VERVE

THE BOY WHO DIED

Written by

Monisha Dadlani

Verve  
(310) 558-2424

Good Fear Content  
(323) 433-9208

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*"Death is but the next great adventure."*

Albus Dumbledore

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DELACORTE THEATER - NIGHT

A nostalgic melody echoes through the packed outdoor theater.

Captivated audience members sit huddled in blankets.

Upon closer look, we notice various attendees wear ROBES with the same scholarly emblem sewn on. Most of their scarves and hats feature one of four familiar color schemes.

Some guests even have temporary *lightning bolt* scars drawn on their foreheads.

At the front, a large SCREEN hovers over the stage. The skyline of New York City frames the featured movie. High rises peak over the autumnal trees.

On the screen, we are welcomed back home as...

Hogwarts Castle sweeps into view.

A BURST of applause rings through the theater as the eleven-year-old Harry Potter gazes at Hogwarts for the first time.

HARRY POTTER (O.S.)

Wow.

Amongst the gleeful audience is **MYRA GUPTA** (13) who proudly adorns a Ravenclaw scarf over her Hogwarts wizarding cape. She has the awkwardness of any average eighth-grader, but is too comfortable in her dorky-ness to really notice.

Her genuine enthusiasm and awe matches that of the young boy wizard. As his boat approaches the dark castle, Harry Potter looks up, eyes wide as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

A packed indoor audience chatters away as the red velvet curtain remains closed on this stage.

The lights start to dim as the excited chattering subsides.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

In the wings, an older **DANIEL RADCLIFFE** stares onto the stage, waiting for his cue.

Yes...that Daniel Radcliffe.

Now 68, he still holds himself with a familiar youthful energy and jovial confidence. He stares out at the darkness until a spotlight starts to illuminate the center stage.

His organized STAGE MANAGER (late 20s), great at her dream job, approaches.

STAGE MANAGER  
House is closed. Places please.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Thank you, places.

Just before Daniel steps onto the stage, ERIN DARKE (72), Daniel's charming, headstrong actress-turned-director wife gives him a peck on the cheek.

ERIN DARKE  
Break a leg, Dan. And remember to pick--

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
--pick up the pace in the town hall scene. You got it.

Daniel winks at her before gliding effortlessly into the spotlight. From the wings--

STAGE MANAGER  
Alright, we're going on in 10, 9, 8--

Daniel poses with his arms extended outward. He waits stoic as the Stage Manager goes quiet and holds her hands up. She continues counting down: 5...4...3...2...

The curtain rises on Daniel alone on stage as we--

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DELACORTE THEATER - NIGHT

Myra laughs giddily as she watches Neville Longbottom grab his slimy toad in his hands. She stuffs popcorn into her mouth then passes the bag to:

EVA JOHNSON (13), Myra's best friend who adorns a Hufflepuff hoodie and wired glasses matching those of Luna Lovegood. She's a little chubby, but only thinks about it some days.

Eva then passes the popcorn to RIAD BAHAR (13), who sports an emo haircut under a Slytherin beanie because unfortunate fashion trends inevitably repeat themselves, especially in middle school boys.

Myra's eyes are glued to the screen as she slurps down warmed butterbeer, but we notice Eva and Riad's hands *brush* against one another as they reach into the bag of popcorn.

Eva and Riad look at one another, coy.

On the screen, Harry Potter's eyes grow wide as the Sorting Hat is placed on his head while we--

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

The curtain rises on the present Daniel Radcliffe and before he even does anything, the audience BURSTS into applause.

He doesn't break character, but the corners of his lips can't help but tug upward. He waits for the applause to die down, then starts *tap, tap, tapping* his foot, which cues the music.

As the orchestra starts up, Daniel twirls into an impressive TAP ROUTINE, which launches us to:

#### **BEGIN MONTAGE**

- On stage, Daniel goes into a triple traveling time step.
- Amongst their outdoor audience, Myra, Eva and Riad cheer just like Hagrid in the stands as Harry Potter begins his first Quidditch match.
- Audience members in the Broadway theater lean forward in their seats as Daniel does a double waltz clog time step.
- On the floating screen, Harry Potter flies through the air on his Nimbus 2000.
- On stage, Daniel pauses. His breathing grows heavy while his face goes red. The music continues on, and from the sidelines, Erin furrows her eyebrows, concerned.
- Myra's mouth curves into a toothy smile as Harry Potter stands on his broom, holding his arm out.
- On stage, Daniel takes a moment to regain his breath, then catches up with the music to prepare for the finale...
- On screen, Harry Potter falls to the grass. After a beat, he victoriously spits something out and...holds up the *Golden Snitch*! The applause from the audience in the movie matches that of the live audience in the outdoor theater.

- Daniel opens his arms wide in a similar victory as his dance routine comes to an end. The audience cheers and applauds, but we only hear echoes of fuzzy silence as their famed hero abruptly COLLAPSES to the stage floor.

# **END MONTAGE**

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DELACORTE THEATER - NIGHT

Credits roll down the screen as the audience starts to collect their belongings. Myra stuffs her blue and bronze blanket into her bag as Eva and Riad stand.

On stage in front of the screen, the ANNOUNCER (late 50s); has clearly been planning this event for way too long, holds a microphone while the lights in the theater come up.

ANNOUNCER

Thank you for joining us for our  
60th anniversary screening of *Harry  
Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. Or  
as they say across the pond-

She goes into an awful British accent-

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

--*Harry Potter and the  
Philosopher's Stone*.

A few forced chuckles as people continue cleaning up.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

We hope all you wizards and witches  
have a safe rest of your Halloween!

Myra, Eva and Riad step out of the theater.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Daniel lays on a gurney as it's rolled into a self-driving ambulance. He takes deep, rapid breaths in an oxygen mask.

A crowd of theater-goers and tourists snap photos as the ambulance drives away. The sirens echo through Times Square.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Myra throws away the remnants of the popcorn into a trash bin. The robotic green trash receptacle moves on its own as it approaches various people with garbage in their hands.

MYRA

Riad, you're obviously Ron.

EVA

Ron with a healthy hint of Draco.

MYRA

I just haven't figured out yet if I'm Hermione or Harry.

RIAD

Eva's got the hair for Hermione.

Riad ruffles Eva's frizzy hair. She giggles before swatting away his hand. Myra seems unfazed at this clear flirtation.

MYRA

But she's also the only one of us that needs glasses. It's actually kinda messed up when you think about it. I mean, Harry Potter's so magical he can defeat the dark lord but he can't fix his own eyesight?

EVA

Maybe he likes the glasses. Something to distract from his freaky scar.

MYRA

Woah, I didn't even think about that.

In the background, a few people hop on automated, driverless golf cart-sized vehicles.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Do you guys wanna sleep over tonight? My dad said it would be cool. We could binge the other movies.

Eva and Riad glance at one another. The *"it's time"* glance.

RIAD

Actually...my mom's gonna pick us up and drop Eva at home since she's close. She's already on her way.

An awkward beat of silence as Riad nudges Eva.

RIAD (CONT'D)

We also have something we need to tell you. Right, Eva?



Myra looks between Riad and Eva as they hesitate to speak.

MYRA

Oh no. Your tone is alarming.  
Should I be alarmed? I feel  
alarmed. Oh god, is one of you  
moving? Riad, you said your parents  
want a dog but wouldn't get one  
unless they moved somewhere with a  
backyard. Does this mean you're  
moving to...*New Jersey*? We can't  
start spending time in New Jersey.

EVA

No, it's nothing like that.

RIAD

I'm not moving. Although my mom is  
considering getting a cat as a  
compromise. She knows it's not the  
same, but some cats are dog-like.

MYRA

So what's actually going on?

Eva bites her lip and looks down at her feet.

EVA

We just...I mean, me and Riad...we--

RIAD

We kissed. And have continued  
kissing.

MYRA

Ha. Funny. Seriously, what's up?

RIAD

We are serious.

Eva finally looks up at Myra.

EVA

We were studying for a trig test  
while you were away with your dad a  
few weekends ago. And then, I don't  
know, it just sort of...happened.

MYRA

That was like a month ago.

EVA

We didn't want to say anything  
because we thought it might make  
you uncomfortable.

MYRA

Um, it does make me uncomfortable.  
I'm highly uncomfortable right now.

EVA

Myra, I'm so sorry.

RIAD

I'm not.

Riad hops on a park bench. Eva practically buries her head in her Hufflepuff sweater.

RIAD (CONT'D)

I AM IN LOVE WITH THIS BRILLIANT  
GIRL...no, this brilliant young  
woman, and I refuse to apologize  
for it. I'm in love and I want the  
world to know.

As the crowd disperses, a few turn their attention to him and grin at the declaration of young love. Myra crosses her arms.

MYRA

Riad, stop being disgusting. You  
two are like siblings. This is  
totally incestuous and gross, and  
I'm honestly baffled neither of you  
see that.

RIAD

The heart wants what the heart  
wants.

Riad jumps down from the bench and puts his arm around Eva's shoulders. Myra looks back and forth between the two.

MYRA

So does this mean I'm not allowed  
to hang out with you two anymore?

EVA

Of course we'll hang out. We're all  
still friends. Riad and I just have  
a different kind of relationship  
now.

Riad's phone buzzes. Its design is as thin as a credit card.

RIAD  
My mom's outside the park.

EVA  
We could give you a ride home?

MYRA  
No, Eva, it would be inappropriate  
for Riad's mom to give me a ride  
home since we're not dating. *I*  
actually respect boundaries.

Myra's eyes suddenly go wide.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Oh. My. God. This means you *are*  
Hermione. That makes me Harry. *Ugh.*

RIAD  
What's wrong with being Harry?

MYRA  
Harry's the worst one!

EVA  
He's the title character. The hero.

MYRA  
All he does is bitch and whine for  
seven whole books.

RIAD  
Well, right now that seems pretty  
on point given your reaction.

Off Myra's offended look-

EVA  
Why don't you take some time to  
process and we can talk before  
homeroom on Monday?

Eva lets go of Riad's hand then hugs Myra.

EVA (CONT'D)  
You're still my best friend, okay?

RIAD  
And mine too.

MYRA

Oh shut up, Riad. You were the third wheel this whole time since you randomly started hanging out with us at lunch and now you've pawned third-wheel status off on me. That's such a shitty Ron move.

Before Riad comes up with a retort, Eva pulls him away.

EVA

We'll talk on Monday.

Myra starts in the opposite direction.

As she walks through the park, she's surrounded by the crowd of audience members, but finds herself ultimately alone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The window from the hospital room overlooks the East River.

High-tech drones buzz past. The buildings across the river are designed with a mixture of large metallic windows, autumnal trees, and bright vines wrapped around buildings with solar panels on roofs.

A digital calendar on the wall reads: OCTOBER 31, 2057.

Hospital beeping brings us back into the sterile room filled with discomfoting wires. Daniel lays in bed with an IV drip connected to his arm. Then, a knocking at the door.

He turns his head to find DR. PRAVIT GUPTA (late 50s), always attempting to give off cool dad vibes, sometimes succeeding, but not often. He looks overwhelmingly tired as he enters.

PRAVIT

Good evening, Mr. Radcliffe. I'm Dr. Gupta. I'm here to go through your test results with you.

From outside the hospital room, a few NURSES pause to look into the room. Daniel gives them a friendly wave, which causes them to scatter away while Pravit closes the door.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. We don't get many...well, celebrities here.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Oh, it's fine. They seem harmless.  
Believe it or not, the teenage  
girls are the most dangerous. Well,  
they used to be. Now I spend more  
time dodging grandmothers, which  
feels much less creepy and is  
surprisingly quite flattering.

Pravit chuckles at this.

PRAVIT  
My teenage daughter is actually a  
big fan of yours. Of the series.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Really?

PRAVIT  
It's my fault. I practically forced  
her to read *Harry Potter* instead of  
watching all that crap that's out  
there now. It's been a nice way for  
us to bond as she's getting older.

Daniel gives Pravit a polite smile.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
My apologies, Mr. Radcliffe. I  
didn't mean to make you  
uncomfortable by bringing it up.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
No, not at all. I'm genuinely glad  
people are still enjoying it. I  
hope your daughter is.

Then, Pravit glances down at his tablet, suddenly serious-

PRAVIT  
So, Mr. Radcliffe--

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Be honest with me. No sugar  
coating. How bad is it?

Pravit pauses at the foot of the bed as Daniel weakly lifts  
himself to sit up straight.

PRAVIT  
You had a minor stroke.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Yes, that I am aware of.

PRAVIT  
And you survived said minor stroke.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
That has been made apparent to me  
as well.

PRAVIT  
You are at a high risk of having  
another stroke.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Lovely.

PRAVIT  
But I'm here because unfortunately  
that's not our biggest concern. Mr.  
Radcliffe, I'm a rare disease  
specialist here.

Daniel senses the tonal shift in the room.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I changed my mind. Let's do the  
sugar-coating.

Pravit takes a deep breath, then projects an x-ray onto the  
wall with the push of a button on his smart watch.

On the x-ray projection, various blue cells *light up* around  
throughout the skeleton.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing those things aren't  
supposed to be there.

He points to the illuminated blue cells.

PRAVIT  
No. No they're not.

Pravit pulls up a chair to the side of the bed and sits.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You're sitting. That's not good.

PRAVIT  
Those blue lights are mutated cells  
that are rapidly evolving inside  
your body. We only started seeing  
cases like this a few years ago.  
It's called Kutain's Disease.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I haven't heard of it.

PRAVIT  
You probably wouldn't have given its rarity. Globally, there have been less than a thousand cases. We don't know how it starts yet, but we do know it spreads quickly and aggressively. There's not really a proper way for me to sugar-coat this, Mr. Radcliffe.

Pravit takes a moment. Then-

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
We don't have a cure for this disease. Or a treatment.

A beat of stunned silence.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Is that a royal we, or we as in just this specific hospital?

PRAVIT  
Royal we, I'm afraid.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Oh.

PRAVIT  
The best medical research teams have been working on trying to find a cure since the first case, but right now this is just one of those things that humanity hasn't been able to overcome. I'm so sorry.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
An incurable disease. That's--so how much...time do I have left?

PRAVIT  
It varies from patient to patient. But from personal experience--

Pravit swallows back the lump in his throat.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
--probably not more than three months.

A beat of heavy silence as Daniel processes this news.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

It's just an estimate. Could be more time with the right care. It could also be less. Now, there are ways we can help mitigate any pain--

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I think I need to be alone right now if that's alright.

PRAVIT

Of course. I know this is a shock.

Pravit stands. He presses another button on his watch and the x-ray projected on the wall disappears. Before he exits--

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

I'm going to be here with you every step of the way. I promise. We'll take it one day at a time.

As Pravit turns away, his eyes well with tears. He quickly blinks them away before stepping outside.

Daniel just turns his head to stare out the hospital window.

EXT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Myra clamors up the stoop stairs past a series of jack o'lanterns. She passes a fake skeleton holding a now empty bowl of candy for trick-or-treaters as she steps inside.

INT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Myra enters the midtown brownstone apartment, letting the door slam behind her. She taps a code on the keypad next to it, and we hear the door lock.

As she heads inside, she hears SOBBING. She turns the corner to find Pravit sitting in his armchair, crying.

Myra makes a move to go upstairs to give him privacy, but then rethinks it and goes over to a nearby bookshelf.

Next to the collection of well-worn *Harry Potter* books (the original kind that were bought at Barnes & Noble midnight release parties) is a series of photos.

In one, a pre-teen Myra sits in between her father, Pravit, and mother, ANNA GUPTA (late 30s) with a soft smile and bright eyes that match Myra's.



In another, older Halloween photo, Anna is dressed as Albus Dumbledore carrying a baby Myra dressed as Harry Potter. Next to this photo is a jar of tiny, colorful ORIGAMI CRANES. Myra grabs the stack of paper and pens sitting next to the jar.

MYRA

Do you want to write her a note?

Pravit quickly wipes away his tears upon hearing Myra.

PRAVIT

I thought you didn't like the note writing.

MYRA

Occasionally it helps when I miss her. I know you don't like talking about it, so it might help you too.

Myra sits down on the fluffy carpet next to his chair. Pravit sniffs away any tears as his daughter stares up at him.

PRAVIT

You don't have to worry about me. I'm fine, kiddo. I just...I found out I'm losing a patient. And this one happens to be an...old friend of sorts.

MYRA

Oh. I'm sorry, dad.

PRAVIT

It's alright, Myra. Just the cycle of life. Part of the job.

He looks around.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

Where are Eva and Riad? I thought they were sleeping over tonight?

MYRA

They, uh--it got late and Riad's mom offered to pick them up, so...

Myra looks down at the papers in her hands.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I'm actually gonna head to bed. Goodnight, dad. I love you.

PRAVIT

I love you too, Myra.

Before leaving, Myra puts a piece of paper in his hands.

MYRA  
It still might help.

She kisses his cheek, then goes upstairs. As soon as he hears her door close, Pravitt's tears start again.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As soon as Myra enters the room, the lights automatically turn on. The walls are midnight blue and galaxy purple with realistic projections of constellations on the ceiling.

A telescope sits near the window, looking out at the actual stars. Shelves are lined with books by Carl Sagan, Mary Roach, and Stephen Hawking...the library of a curious young scientist in the making.

Myra flops on her bed, then takes a pen and bronze-colored piece of origami paper and starts writing-

MYRA (V.O.)  
Sup, Mom. What's up?

She pauses for a beat, then continues.

MYRA (V.O.)  
So uh, today's inquisitive inquiry for you is...how do you actually know if you're in love? To clarify, I'm not talking about platonic, friend love. I'm talking about being *in* love. How do you know when the "in" part happens?

Myra pauses.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Oh, also this totally isn't about me. So don't get all excited about your daughter being in love for the first time. Obesely fat chance of that happening any time soon.

A beat.

MYRA (V.O.)  
My two best friends have decided they are in love with each other, which means I'm on my own. Again. So how long does being in love last?

(MORE)

MYRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Am I going to have to find new  
friends so I don't start high  
school as the half-orphaned loser?

She stops, then folds the bronze paper into an *origami crane*.

MYRA  
I always feel so stupid writing on  
these things. You know, some answers  
would actually be nice for once.

She stares at the crane as if waiting for a response. When  
there isn't one, she goes to her closet.

Once she opens it, we find a human-like, human-sized **ROBOT**.

It looks like a human skeleton with a smooth, silver frame  
for skin. Its head has some generic human features (eyes,  
nose, mouth, ears, etc.), but does not yet look specifically  
like anyone in particular. Just an empty, robotic vessel.

As she brings the robot out of the closet and onto her bed,  
her *bronze paper crane falls to the closet floor*.

Myra goes to her "computer," which is just a projection on  
her wall with a projected keyboard on her desk. With the  
tapping of a few buttons, the Robot's eyes OPEN.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Hey, buddy.

She types into her computer: "say: Hello Myra".

ROBOT  
Hello, Myra.

It speaks like...well like a robot. Devoid of inflection.

MYRA  
Tell me, what would you do if your  
best friends betrayed you by being  
delusional enough to think they're  
in love, thereby abandoning you?

The Robot just stares at her.

Then Myra types into her computer: "the science of love."

A few research articles pop up. Myra copies and pastes some  
text, then turns back to her Robot.

ROBOT  
"Each component of love is driven  
by a mixture of brain chemicals.  
(MORE)

ROBOT (CONT'D)  
Lust stems from estrogen and  
testosterone--"

MYRA  
Ugh, gross, shut up. Never mind.

Myra deletes the rest of the copied text from her computer.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Myra lays on her bed with *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* playing via projection on the wall.

Her Robot sits in bed next to her while she eats ice cream.

MYRA  
I guess Harry's not so bad. He's  
just kinda lonely sometimes.  
Historically, being the chosen one  
tends to do that.

After a beat, Myra chuckles at a funny moment in the film.  
She reaches over and types something into her computer, then--

ROBOT  
Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

The emotionless laughter is super creepy. Myra grimaces.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel lays in his hospital bed awake, unable to sleep. In the corner, Erin sleeps in a reclining chair, twisted in an awkward position. *Her blanket has fallen off her shoulders.*

From the hallway, Daniel sees various NURSES and DOCTORS walk by. As they pass his room, they can't help but look in and sadly shake their heads, some of them whispering.

A frustrated Daniel manages to get up and close the curtain to his bed. Upon seeing this, a NURSE (40s) walks in.

NURSE  
I'm sorry, Mr. Radcliffe, but we  
need to keep the curtain open.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Oh, I'm sorry. Is it possible to  
close the door then?

NURSE

We need to keep it open for your safety.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Ah, safety, yes, my number one priority right now.

A beat as the Nurse's kind smile falters.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to be rude. I understand. Thank you.

The Nurse's smile returns before she walks away. As Daniel turns around-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

No privacy, even in death.

Before going to his bed, he stops by the chair in the corner and lifts Erin's fallen blanket so it covers her shoulders.

Daniel climbs back into bed. As he looks at Erin sleeping, he can't stop his face from twisting into tears. He turns his head so if she wakes up, she won't see, but then his eyes meet the gaggle of curious onlookers in the hallway.

Quickly, Daniel pulls up his blanket, sobs wracking his body that he desperately tries to keep quiet and to himself.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Daniel now wears his regular clothes as he puts his socks on. RACHEL (mid 20s), a by-the-textbook hospital mandated therapist sits across from him.

RACHEL

When you start to experience sharp chest pains or see any blood when you cough, let us know.

Erin stares out the window as Rachel continues.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You most likely won't notice any side effects immediately, so if there's anything you wanted to do-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I should do it now before my body starts shutting itself down.

Erin wipes away some tears by the window while Daniel finishes putting his shoes on.

RACHEL

Dr. Gupta can help with the physical pain. I'm here to help with the emotional pain. Please don't hesitate to contact us if you need anything at all.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

A cure would be nice.

Off Rachel's awkward silence-

ERIN

He's joking.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

No I wasn't. A cure would actually be really nice.

RACHEL

Dr. Gupta is the most qualified doctor for this. Especially with his wife and all.

ERIN

Is his wife a doctor here as well?

RACHEL

No, she--I assumed Dr. Gupta would have told you. I'm sorry, it's not my place to...I shouldn't have-

ERIN

What happened to his wife?

A beat.

RACHEL

His wife passed away from Kutain's Disease two years ago.

Daniel and Erin share a glance.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He doesn't talk about it much anymore, but trust me, he'll be doing everything in his ability to make sure you're taken care of. We all will be, Mr. Radcliffe. You mean a lot to a lot of people.

As Rachel stands, she gives him a soft smile, then leaves.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - MORNING

Students mingle about as Myra sits in the far back corner.

Eva and Riad walk into the room, holding hands. Myra literally rolls her eyes and slumps at her desk.

MYRA

I see *that's* still happening.

Eva decides to ignore the statement.

EVA

Did you hear about Daniel  
Radcliffe?

Eva takes out her tablet and pulls up an article. Myra leans forward, past pettiness momentarily forgotten.

EVA (CONT'D)

Apparently he collapsed on stage  
mid-performance.

On the tablet is a paparazzi photo of Daniel Radcliffe with dulled skin and sunken eyes. He steps out of the hospital with Erin holding tightly onto him.

MYRA

Wait, that's my dad's hospital.

Next to them, BURKE (13), an annoying classmate leans over.

BURKE

Who's Daniel Radcliffe?

MYRA

Are you joking?

EVA

Let me guess, you also don't know  
who Beyoncé is.

BURKE

I don't know who Beyoncé is.

MYRA

Oh my god, Burke. Educate yourself.  
Read a book. Or at least watch old  
YouTube videos or something.

BURKE  
What's YouTube?

MYRA  
A vital part of history.

BURKE  
Whatever.

Burke turns around and focuses back on his own tablet. Eva, Riad, and Myra shake their heads at him.

RIAD  
Burke is such a moron.

MYRA  
You're such a moron.

*Yeah, great burn, Myra.*

Just as Riad's about to retort, the TEACHER (30s) enters the classroom. All the students scramble to their seats.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

In the middle of the bustling cafeteria, Eva and Riad sit together at a table. They both split each other's lunches and look perfectly happy it just being the two of them.

Myra lingers by the doorway as she looks at her friends. Instead of going to sit next to them, she turns around.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ROOF - DAY

Myra sneaks up to the isolated roof and takes out her lunch. She starts eating alone, staring out at the vastness of the cityscape in front of her.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

On the front smartboard is written: STEM CLUB MEETING. Myra sits by herself at a table and opens her tablet. She pulls up the elaborate coding and designs for her Robot.

At the front of the room, MS. HENDERSON (20s), a teacher who still believes she can change the world, enters.

MS. HENDERSON  
Alright, we have one more month to  
prepare for the citywide science  
fair.

(MORE)



MS. HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Today, I'm going to give everyone  
some time for independent work.  
Sound good?

Myra goes back to her tablet when SEBASTIAN (13) approaches.  
He has dyed purple hair and aside from his slight lisp, can  
be surprisingly charming when spoken to.

SEBASTIAN  
How's your robot doing?

MYRA  
Just finished installing a voice  
box. I'm headed to the store later  
to start accessorizing.

SEBASTIAN  
No-ice. My brother and I tried to  
build a baby robot shark together  
last year. My mom flipped that it  
might bite off an arm or something.  
We couldn't get it to work anyway,  
so we just donated the body parts.

MYRA  
Bummer. How's your solar  
desalinators going?

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, I'm not doing that anymore.  
Instead I'm building a volcano.

MYRA  
A volcano? Really?

SEBASTIAN  
Yeah.

A beat of silence.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
What?

MYRA  
Nothing. It's just--I mean a volcano  
is kinda basic, don't you think?

Sebastian shuffles his feet, suddenly self-conscious.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
I meant, it could potentially be  
basic. But yours won't be. Yours  
will probably be epic. Super epic.

As Ms. Henderson makes her rounds, she approaches Myra's table. Sebastian, with his reddened face, scurries away. Ms. Henderson looks down at Myra's tablet.

MS. HENDERSON

I have to say Myra, I am so proud of you deciding to take on such a challenging project. This is college-level, even if it's just basic motor functions.

MYRA

Thanks, Ms. Henderson, but I've actually decided to move past just motor functions and give her a personality.

MS. HENDERSON

Oh, how exciting! What kind of personality are you thinking?

MYRA

I'm going to make the robot my mom.

A beat as Ms. Henderson hesitates to figure out a response.

MS. HENDERSON

Why don't you come up with a list of other potential candidates? Perhaps a historical figure? You know, Justin Bieber was quite a catch when he was younger.

MYRA

The Canadian guy with the barracuda face tattoo?

MS. HENDERSON

Or how about Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez? First female president.

MYRA

I think I'm gonna stick with mama Gupta, but thanks Ms. Henderson.

Across the room, Sebastian's experiment starts bubbling over. Ms. Henderson shakes her head and sighs.

MS. HENDERSON

I told Sebastian a volcano was a bad idea, but he insisted.

While she grabs a towel, Myra focuses back on her tablet. Across the room, Ms. Henderson looks back at Myra, concerned.

INT. DANIEL RADCLIFFE'S DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Daniel does vocal warmups as he prepares for tonight's performance. Erin sits on the couch, watching him.

ERIN

Dan, I don't think you should go on anymore. It's too risky.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

They said there wouldn't be any immediate side effects.

ERIN

You had a stroke two nights ago.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

A minor stroke. I feel fine.

ERIN

But you're not fine.

Daniel pauses from his warm up.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Erin, I can't just...wait.

ERIN

Maybe we should see another doctor. Get a second opinion.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I trust Dr. Gupta. And if his wife-

ERIN

His wife died. That's not very reassuring if you ask me.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Everyone who's had this disease has died.

ERIN

He's a doctor not a god, Dan. He could have misinterpreted something in your scans. Another doctor might-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I don't want to waste time bouncing from doctor to doctor. Being on stage makes things feel at least somewhat normal right now. Two hours of normalcy is a blessing.

ERIN

For you. For me it's completely nerve-wracking. What if something happens?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Something's going to happen anyway.

Erin stands up.

ERIN

I'm not letting you do this. I'm calling in the understudy.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

You can't do that.

ERIN

Yes I can. I'm the director.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

And are you making this decision as the director or as my wife?

ERIN

Both. When you collapsed mid-performance, we had to stop the show. We had to refund the audience their ticke--

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

We both know what the audience paid to see.

Daniel pauses as Erin crosses her arms.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be immodest, but you and I both know when we decided to do this show together, we went into it knowing this story was important to us. We knew I'd be able to fill seats so people would hear it. And we knew watching me frolic and dance around that stage like a geriatric lunatic would make audiences laugh. It would make them happy. Please Erin. Let me do this while I still can.

Before Erin responds, the Stage Manager steps into the room.

STAGE MANAGER

Ten minutes to places.

Daniel turns back to Erin for permission. She finally nods.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Thank you, ten.

Erin watches as Daniel follows the Stage Manager out of the dressing room.

INT. ROBOT STORE - EVENING

Myra enters a small hole-in-the-wall store nestled between a dumpling restaurant and boutique hat shop in SoHo.

The tiny shop has various ROBOTIC DESIGNS on the walls. There are hundreds of them in small screens acting as a catalogue.

At the back of the shop is a counter. The store owner, CANDACE (mid 80s) wears spectacles and meticulously paints nails on a hand...not her hand...a detached robot's hand.

MYRA

I'm here to pick up some eyes.

CANDACE

Name?

MYRA

Myra Gupta. I sent over this photo-

Myra pulls up a photo of her late mother on her tablet.

CANDACE

Ah, yes. Is that your mother?

She changes her glasses and riffles through her desk.

MYRA

Yeah, she's...it's for a science fair project.

Candace takes out a small box filled with two replica EYES. She looks at Myra and smiles.

CANDACE

You two have the same eyes.

MYRA

Yeah, I get that a lot.

CANDACE

The eyes will let you activate the mimicking function so it can start to mirror human behavior.

Myra's eyes are focused back on her tablet with her codes pulled up. Candace purses her lips.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

But it's not all technical designs and coding, understand? We aren't just body parts thrown together. It needs to interact with humans to learn from them if you want to do it properly.

MYRA

Human interactions. Got it.

Candace places the eyes in a contact lens-type container. Myra can hardly keep the excited smile off her face.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Myra projects old videos of her mom, Anna, on the living room wall. Instead of grainy VHS tapes, these "old" videos are Instagram stories, Tik Toks, and Snapchat clips.

The Robot stands in the middle of the living room as Myra replaces the generic eyes with the new custom ones.

MYRA

Let's see how effective these really are.

The Robot's new eyes *dilate* with activation.

Myra taps a few buttons on her tablet, then starts a video of her mom on the screen. Before the training officially begins, the front doorbell RINGS. From upstairs-

PRAVIT (O.S.)

That's our dinner! Myra, can you get it?

Myra shuts off the projection. The Robot keeps staring at the now blank wall. Once Myra opens the door, there's a drone carrying the takeout order. She grabs the bag of food.

INT. GUPTA DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Myra and Pravit sit across from one another, slurping noodles out of their bowls with chopsticks.

The Robot sits next to Myra while Pravit sits at the head of the table. The Robot mimics using chopsticks and "eats" out of an empty bowl. Pravit looks at the Robot, then to Myra.

PRAVIT

So is he going to be joining us  
every night for dinner now?

MYRA

She is learning how to be human.  
It's important for her to pick up  
our human movements and mannerisms.

Pravit looks at the Robot's eyes. He tilts his head.

PRAVIT

Are those new eyes?

MYRA

Before you say anything, you told  
me I could use my birthday money  
for whatever I wanted.

Pravit puts down his eating utensils.

PRAVIT

Myra, there's something we need to  
talk about.

MYRA

I know. I was waiting for this.

Myra puts down her eating utensils as well. Takes a breath.

MYRA (CONT'D)

You met Daniel Radcliffe at the  
hospital this weekend and you  
decided not to share that precious  
information with me.

PRAVIT

How do you know about that?

MYRA

It's all over the internet. I'm  
assuming he's okay, right?

PRAVIT

Myra, that information is  
confidential.

Myra's eyes widen.

MYRA

So you *did* meet Daniel Radcliffe.  
Oh my god, what's wrong with him?

PRAVIT

No, it's...it's a big hospital, of course I didn't meet him. I don't know anything about his condition.

MYRA

Well, that's highly disappointing.

Myra resumes slurping on her noodles.

PRAVIT

Ms. Henderson called me today. Is it true you're designing this robot to look like your mom?

MYRA

Yeah, so what?

PRAVIT

You know what.

MYRA

The better I know the person I'm building, the more realistic it will be.

PRAVIT

You can't build this robot to be your mom, kiddo. I know you still want to...communicate with her, but-

MYRA

I'm sick and tired of writing on those stupid origami cranes as a form of bullshit therapy.

PRAVIT

You said they were helpful.

MYRA

I only said that because you were upset!

Pravit's face falls.

PRAVIT

Rachel suggested them.

MYRA

Talking to your hospital's therapist was literally the least helpful thing in the world.



PRAVIT

And I respected that. I didn't make you see her anymore. But you need a healthy way of expressing yourself.

MYRA

I'm focusing on my scientific pursuits. What's healthier than that? Making her look like mom is just me trying be scientifically accurate. And I know this is advanced robotics for my age, but I need to do this now before I start forgetting her.

The Robot continues mirroring Myra's hand movements.

PRAVIT

Oh, Myra, you're not going to forget her. Every time I look at you, I see her in you. You will always keep her memory alive. I miss her too, but this isn't going to bring her back.

Tears start to well in Myra's eyes. The Robot almost looks...confused as to how to mirror this action.

MYRA

I'm not trying to bring her back, I'm just trying to build a fucking robot so I can have someone to actually talk to for real.

PRAVIT

Language. And you have me to talk to. You have Eva and Riad, and--

MYRA

Eva and Riad don't care about me.

Myra abruptly stands up from the table. The Robot follows. Its chair topples over, but the Robot pays it no attention.

Pravit jumps as Myra SLAMS her door shut upstairs.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myra sniffs back tears as she sits at her desk, adjusting some coding to the Robot. Pravit knocks at her door.

PRAVIT

Can I come in?

He takes Myra's lack of response as approval. He steps in and toys with a few old composition notebooks in his hands.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

I didn't have many friends when I was your age. Just took me a while to open up, I guess.

He leans against the doorframe.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

You might think it's dumb and lame given that you're way cooler and probably smarter than I ever was. But when I was in middle school, I started drawing. Specifically, I started drawing fanart.

MYRA

Fanart?

Myra's interest is finally piqued as she looks up at him. Pravit hands her the notebooks.

PRAVIT

I started making comics. Just doodles, really. And since, as you know, I was really into *Harry Potter*, it became a pretty cathartic way to feel less alone.

We see on the page as Myra flips through, comics featuring Harry, Hermione and Ron going on fan-fueled adventures.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

I'm not showing you this so you know how much of a loser your old man was, but just so you know there are other ways to...not be alone.

Myra continues looking through the pages as Pravit starts out of the room. He lingers by the doorframe.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

I can't make you do anything. It took me a while to come to terms that you've become your own independent person. Your own amazing person. No more diaper changing anymore.

MYRA

Dad, ew.

Pravit chuckles at Myra's disgusted face. A beat.

PRAVIT

Myra, I don't know if I'm going to be able to cope with a robotic version of your mom walking around. Just...consider that.

Before he steps out of the room, Pravit looks back at the notebooks. He steps back in.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

On second thought, actually maybe don't read that one.

He grabs the one of the notebooks, then closes the door. Myra stares at the comics, then looks at her Robot.

INT. DANIEL RADCLIFFE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel wipes some post-show sweat off his face as he enters his dressing room. Erin stands there, waiting patiently.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

See? Good as ever.

ERIN

I don't know, Dan...the pacing was still slow in the town hall scene.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Damnit.

ERIN

Guess you'll just have to pick up the pace tomorrow night.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Yeah, I guess so.

Daniel and Erin share a smile.

INT. ROBOT STORE - NEXT DAY

Myra places the contact lens container filled with her replica eyes on the store desk. Candace arches an eyebrow.

MYRA

I've decided to alter who the robot will be.

Candace sighs as she opens the contact lens case.

CANDACE

You dear, are lucky you have nice eyes. I don't always accept returns.

She puts the lens case in a cabinet labeled "MISC. EYES".

CANDACE (CONT'D)

So what do you have for me?

Myra pulls up a screenshot of Harry Potter from the *Goblet of Fire* on her tablet. Candace's surprised eyes light up.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

You know who this is?

MYRA

Of course. It's Harry Potter, duh.

CANDACE

I didn't know kids still watched those movies.

MYRA

Not a kid, I'm in middle school. On the cusp of high school. Practically an adult. And I've read all the books. Twice in fact.

Candace scoffs at Myra's nerd pride.

CANDACE

Ha. I've read them at least a dozen times at this point. Each.

She smiles.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

So you want to build a Harry Potter robot?

MYRA

Precisely.

Candace giddily inspects Myra's tablet featuring the *Goblet of Fire* image of Harry. Then shakes her head.

CANDACE

No, no, no. We absolutely cannot use that as a basis.

Myra's face falls.

MYRA

Why not? Copyright infringement?  
It's just a science fair. There  
aren't even any participation  
trophies anymore. Our school thinks  
it falsely inflates students' egos.

CANDACE

*Goblet of Fire* Harry? Are you  
kidding me? His hair is atrocious  
in that movie. He looks best in the  
*Half-Blood Prince*.

Candace scurries off into the backroom. We hear a few  
clinging and clanging sounds until finally-

CANDACE (CONT'D)

There we are.

She places an old, framed poster of *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* on the counter. Points to the image of Harry.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Now, for the eyes. You know Harry's  
eyes in the book are-

MYRA

Green. Yes. I know. What time do  
you think it is? Amateur hour?

CANDACE

So are we using Daniel Radcliffe's  
eyes or making new eyes based on  
the books?

Myra takes a moment to think.

MYRA

I don't think you can really have  
Harry Potter without Daniel  
Radcliffe.

CANDACE

Blue eyes it is then.

Myra smiles as she pulls up her tablet and gets to work.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

Daniel expertly taps his way across the stage. The audience  
looks on with joy as he belts his heart out:

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
(SINGING)  
*--look at me noooooow!*

Once the routine ends, the music crescendos to a resonate halt and the curtain closes on a smiling Daniel.

The audience leaps out of their seats as the curtain rises and the cast takes their bows with Daniel at the front.

As soon as the curtain hides him from the audience, Daniel leans on one of his cast members, who helps him to a chair.

Erin rushes over to him while the cast gives them space.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I'm fine. Just need to sit down.

ERIN  
Dan, you need to ask yourself who  
you're really doing this for now.  
Because I think it might be  
shortening your time. Our time.

With the eyes of the cast and crew on him, Daniel forces himself to stand back up, shaking his head.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
What else am I supposed to do?

He musters the strength to walk gracefully to his dressing room, but we see his jaw clench in pain.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Riad and Eva sit at their table, looking around for Myra.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ROOF - DAY

Myra munches on her lunch on the isolated roof while fully ingrained in the new designs for her robot on her tablet.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myra takes out a contact lens case revealing two blue eyes. She delicately places the eyes into her Robot's head.

It blinks. Then, the eyes *dilate* with activation.

MYRA  
Boo-yah!

*Boo-yah will make its way back in 2057, trust me.*

Myra steps back and we find the previously lifeless Robot now looks completely IDENTICAL to the teenage Harry Potter, lightning bolt scar, round glasses and all.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Hi, Harry. Welcome to the world.  
Well, muggle world at least.

She places her wizarding robe around his shoulders.

With a few new codes she taps onto her tablet...

**...HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT** smiles back.

Myra then projects *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* on her bedroom wall. Her fingers quickly tap a few codes across her tablet. Then--

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Activate "facial recognition."

On the tablet, various screenshots of Harry Potter in different scenes. Harry Potter the Robot focuses its eyes.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Activate "mimic behavior."

Harry Potter's face from each of these screenshots is targeted (almost like when a photo is tagged on social media). We see Harry Potter the Robot's eyes CLICK in recognition. Myra starts playing the movie.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Alrighty then, we're gonna start from the beginning so you can organically grow with the character.

As soon as the young Harry Potter pops onto the screen for the first time, our Harry Potter Robot starts mirroring his movements PRECISELY.

INT. DANIEL RADCLIFFE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel goes through his pre-show vocal warmups. He's raspy. He then starts coughing, and clutches his throat.

He coughs into a nearby wastebasket. There's blood.

Then, a knock. Erin pokes her head in.

ERIN

You sure you want to go on tonight?

Daniel quickly wipes away any blood remnants and pushes the bloody wastebasket under the makeup table, out of sight.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Of course.

He pecks Erin's cheek as he steps past her.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HOMEROOM - NEXT MORNING

Eva and Riad sit next to each other in the middle of the classroom when Myra bursts in. To their surprise, Myra plants herself down right in front of them.

MYRA

Let's go ice skating tonight.

EVA

Seriously? Sure, yeah!

Myra turns her attention to the front of the classroom, smirking while Eva and Riad smile at Myra's sudden enthusiasm.

EXT. BRYANT PARK ICE SKATING RINK - NIGHT

Ice skaters twirl around the rink as Myra puts a modern hat and coat around Harry Potter the Robot. He blinks, taking in his surroundings. Riad and Eva slowly walk over to them.

EVA

Uh...hi?

MYRA

Guys, I'd like you to meet my new friend, Harry.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Hello, I am Harry James Potter.

His voice isn't quite humanlike yet, still lacking proper emotional inflection. Eva and Riad eye him skeptically.

MYRA

His hat covers his scar. Didn't want the crowd to flock to him. You know how it is, right, buddy?

She nudges him jokingly, but he just stares ahead.



RIAD  
Wait, is that your robo-

MYRA  
Uh, Harry, why don't you start  
skating? We'll join you in a sec.

Without any thought, Harry Potter the Robot gets onto the rink. Myra turns back to Riad.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
I'm trying not to use the "r" word  
around him. Can't expect him to act  
like a human if we don't treat him  
like one. Well...like a wizard.

On the ice, Harry Potter the Robot does a triple axel.

EVA  
Woah. How did he learn to do that?

MYRA  
Just because he lived in a closet  
under the stairs doesn't mean he  
doesn't know how to ice skate.

EVA  
The robot lived under the stairs?

MYRA  
No, Harry did. Duh.

RIAD  
Right, but how does the robot know  
how to skate?

MYRA  
Harry learns by mimicking human  
behavior. I just showed him a bunch  
of Olympic skating videos.

Myra smiles at her two friends.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
So what do you guys think?

EVA  
You definitely have a good chance  
at winning the science fair.

MYRA  
Oh, I don't really care about that.  
What do you think about Harry?

On the ice, Harry Potter the Robot finishes his programmed ice skating routine. He now just skates around, neutral like a video game character waiting for his next direction.

A few skaters eye his blank stare wearily. Especially children.

RIAD

He's kinda creepy.

MYRA

Well, he's still learning. He just started coming up with his own responses, and he's slowly picking up social cues. The four of us should totally keep hanging out like this.

EVA

Sure, yeah, but first maybe the three of us could hang out more?

MYRA

Why couldn't Harry come along?

RIAD

Because he's not real.

MYRA

Sure he is.

EVA

Myra, we're so supportive of you doing this for the science fair. I mean a Harry Potter Robot? Awesome!

RIAD

Yeah, people are gonna flip.

EVA

But it honestly feels kind of...

As Harry Potter the Robot continues skating in circles, he makes direct eye contact with Eva. He doesn't blink.

EVA (CONT'D)

...weird to hang out with him like he's a friend.

MYRA

Well I think it's kind of weird for me to hang out with you two as a friend now that you left me behind.

EVA  
We didn't leave you behind.

MYRA  
Yeah, you did. You two are always giggling together in class over some inside joke I know nothing about. You're always holding hands and sharing each other's food.

EVA  
Is that why you don't eat lunch with us anymore?

MYRA  
I don't eat lunch with you because I'm busy working on him!

Myra points to Harry Potter the Robot, who is now repeatedly skating into the rink barrier.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
He's actually there for me unlike you two. He's a good listener.

RIAD  
He's a robot.

MYRA  
Stop saying that like it's a bad thing.

Meanwhile, Harry Potter the Robot tumbles over on the ice rink. He just lays there.

EVA  
You're not being fair to us, Myra. We want to keep hanging out with you, but you're acting so unsupportive.

MYRA  
Oh, I'm the unsupportive one? I think it's actually best if you two leave. Harry's in the early developmental phase, so I don't want him to start acting like you guys and become a shitty friend.

At this point, skaters have started just going around Harry Potter the Robot, who still just lays there.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Now, excuse me. I have to go make  
sure no melted ice gets into his  
eye sockets.

Myra gets on the ice to skate over to Harry Potter the Robot  
as Riad and Eva head away from the rink.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

Daniel dances across the stage with his ensemble. Every time  
he's able to turn around, we see the pain on his face.

Finally, as the cast finishes the last number and the curtain  
closes, Daniel clutches his side ribs in agony. A few cast  
members go to help him, but he immediately rushes off stage.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

As Daniel bursts past, the Stage Manager tries to follow.

STAGE MANAGER

Dan, where are you going?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Just tell Erin I had to run a quick  
errand. I'm fine.

He pushes open the backstage door and steps outside.

EXT. BRYANT PARK ICE SKATING RINK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Harry Potter the Robot watches as Myra sips on some piping  
hot chocolate. They sit at a table near the ice rink.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Is that butterbeer?

Gradually, he starts going back and forth between emotional,  
human inflection and robotic monotone.

MYRA

It's hot chocolate.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

May I have a sip?

MYRA

Oh, uh. No.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Why not?

MYRA

Um, because you're lactose intolerant.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Oh. Later I will try to find a spell for that.

Harry Potter the Robot stares at Myra.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)

Your friends remind me of my friends. Are they romantically together?

MYRA

Unfortunately, yes. They just don't get it. Like, the first rule of friendship is don't start dating, especially when there's only three of us!

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

They're still your friends no matter what, you know.

Myra looks down at her hot chocolate.

MYRA

Do you ever wonder what it would be like if your parents didn't die when you were a baby?

Harry Potter the Robot does not respond. Myra types into her tablet: "say: Yes". Harry Potter the Robot processes, then-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Yes.

MYRA

Sometimes I feel like I'm never going to be able to figure things out on my own. Things just seem so...easy for everyone else. Like there's this magical secret to life that nobody has thought to clue me in on. I mean, Eva and Riad just suddenly discovered they liked each other? How do you just discover that?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
That discovery is usually inside of  
you.

Myra grimaces.

MYRA  
I forgot how cheesy some of the  
lessons in the books are.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
What books?

MYRA  
Nothing. Never mind.

Myra continues drinking her hot chocolate as her and Harry  
Potter the Robot look at the ice skaters together.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Amongst the bright lights and screeching traffic, Daniel  
holds his phone up to his ear. A beep.

PRAVIT (V.O.)  
You've reached the office of Pravit  
Gupta. Sorry I couldn't get to the-

Daniel calls another number, leaning against the wall. Then-

RACHEL  
Hello, this is Rachel Wilkes.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Hi, it's Dan, uh Daniel Radcliffe.  
I need to speak with Dr. Gupta.

RACHEL  
He just stepped out of the office.  
If this is an emergency, I can call  
an ambulance for you to-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I don't need an ambulance. I need  
Dr. Gupta.

RACHEL  
Let me try his cell phone.

After a moment-

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Give me a moment and I can get one of the on-call doctors for you.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

No. Do you have Dr. Gupta's address?

RACHEL

Oh, I'm afraid I can't give you that kind of information, Mr. Radcliffe.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Look, I don't normally do this, but couldn't you make an exception? For me? He promised he was going to be here for me every step of the way. And I need him. Now.

RACHEL

He'll be back in tomorrow. In the meantime one of the on-call doct-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I am actively dying. I can feel it. I need someone who understands, who can actually help me. I need Dr. Gupta, please.

Rachel takes a deep breath, then-

EXT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A knocking at the front door. Pravit answers to find-

PRAVIT

Mr. Radcliffe?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It's happening and I don't know what to do. I started coughing blood, and I get these sudden sharp pains in my ribcage that come and go. I don't want Erin to think I just gave up. I don't want her to see me suffer. There's gotta be something we can try. Some temporary treatment? An experimental drug? Something? Is there anything your wife tried?

Pravit raises his eyebrows at hearing "wife."

PRAVIT  
Here, come inside.

He opens the door as a frantic Daniel steps in.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pravit gestures towards the couch.

PRAVIT  
Have a seat. I'll heat up some tea.

As Daniel shuffles into the living room, he takes in the apartment. He eyes the origami cranes sitting in the jar.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myra sits at her desk, hunched over her tablet while Harry Potter the Robot practices using his wand. She stands up.

MYRA  
Be right back.

She steps out of her room.

INT. GUPTA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Myra enters the kitchen just as Pravit finishes brewing a pot of tea. He looks over at Myra.

PRAVIT  
Hey, kiddo, I've got a patient over. We have some things to discuss, so we're going to need a bit of privacy in the living room.

MYRA  
Mhm, sure.

She opens the fridge door, not really paying attention as Pravit steps out of the kitchen.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel turns around as Pravit sets the tray of tea on the coffee table. As Pravit sits down, Daniel shuffles his feet.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Could I use your restroom?



PRAVIT

Of course. There's one upstairs on the left. Do you need help getting up the stairs?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

No, I can handle it.

Daniel slowly walks past the kitchen, where we see Myra spooning ice cream into her mouth while Daniel makes his way upstairs, clutching onto the railing for support.

INT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daniel turns left to find a door slightly ajar. He opens it to accidentally find MYRA'S BEDROOM.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Oh, sorry-

He freezes before closing the door. Sitting on the bed is-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Hello. I am Harry Potter.

The two stare at one another in silence.

On impulse, Daniel takes a step back. But after a moment, he can't help himself as he steps into the room.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry Potter the Robot stands as Daniel enters. Daniel approaches him slowly.

Once they're close enough. Harry Potter the Robot's eyes CLICK upon clearly recognizing Daniel's facial features.

On Myra's desk, her tablet LIGHTS UP.

It automatically activates the "FACIAL RECOGNITION" feature.

*Harry Potter the Robot starts precisely MIRRORING everything Daniel does.*

Daniel reaches out his hand to touch the cheek of the robot. It reaches out to touch the cheek of Daniel.

Just as they make contact with one another, Myra enters.

MYRA

Um. Excuse me?

From the doorframe, she watches as the two inspect one another. They slowly circle around each other until Myra can see Daniel's face. She nearly drops her ice cream.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. Are you Daniel  
Radcliffe?

Daniel looks at Myra, then back at Harry Potter the Robot, who looks back at Daniel, then he bolts out of the room. Harry Potter the Robot follows.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel frantically rushes downstairs, Harry Potter the Robot right behind him, still mirroring his actions.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Has this become some kind of joke  
to you?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Has this become some kind of joke  
to you?

Daniel turns around to glare at Harry Potter the Robot, who turns around to glare at the wall.

Pravit jolts up from his couch. Myra clamors down the stairs. She goes straight to her dad.

MYRA  
Dad, is Daniel Radcliffe your  
patient?

Pravit looks at Harry Potter the Robot and Daniel.

PRAVIT  
What is this?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Yes, what is this?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Yes, what is this?

They both point to Harry Potter the Robot.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Why does it repeat everything I  
say?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Why does it repeat everything I  
say?

Myra's eyes widen in realization.

MYRA  
Oh shit, shit, shit.

PRAVIT  
Language, Myra.

MYRA  
Shit is barely a curse word!

Myra sprints upstairs. Daniel goes to put his jacket on.  
Harry Potter the Robot follows, but gets too close, so Daniel  
starts circling around the living room, trying to get away.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Stop that.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Stop that.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Make him stop following me.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Make him stop following me.

As the two continue their cat-mouse chase through the living  
room, Myra scrambles back downstairs with her tablet.

PRAVIT  
What the hell is going on?

MYRA  
I can't believe you lied to me.

PRAVIT  
Not now, Myra.

MYRA  
You didn't think I would maybe want  
to meet him?

Daniel abruptly stops and turns to Harry Potter the Robot.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I said stop.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I said stop.

Daniel SLAPS Harry Potter the Robot...who immediately slaps him back. They look at each other, both equally shocked and appalled.

Back at the stairs, Pravitt looks at the tablet in Myra's hand. Does a double take to Harry Potter the Robot.

PRAVIT  
Is that your robot?

MYRA  
Sh!

Daniel approaches Pravitt and Myra.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Are hallucinations a side effect of the disease?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Are hallucinations a side effect of the disease?

Myra looks up from her tablet.

MYRA  
Disease?

PRAVIT  
No, this is my daughter, Myra.

MYRA  
What disease?

PRAVIT  
She's building a robot for a science fair project and I guess she was inspired.

At hearing "robot," Harry Potter the Robot visible TWITCHES. Myra aggressively shakes her head.

MYRA  
Not a robot! Real boy. Real wizard boy! Man! Real wizard man!

She frantically types a few things into her tablet.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Are you telling me this is a-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Are you telling me this is a-

With the tapping of another button, Myra effectively SHUTS OFF Harry Potter the Robot. It stands motionless.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Robot?

MYRA

Yes, but I don't want him to know that or else it might undo all of the work we've done.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Did you program him to follow me like that?

MYRA

No, I didn't program him to follow you. Well, I guess I kind of did, but not you. Harry. Which is you, of course. The facial recognition feature is turned on and that's how he learns, so I programmed him to mimic you, well Harry, and-

PRAVIT

I think you owe Mr. Radcliffe an apology.

MYRA

I'm so sorry, sir.

A beat of silence. Then-

PRAVIT

Just give us a moment.

Pravit and Myra move to the other side of the living room, leaving Daniel to stare at the now motionless Robot.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

This is highly inappropriate.

MYRA

Maybe if you didn't lie to your only daughter and told me your patient was Daniel fucking Radcliffe-

PRAVIT

Language--

MYRA (CONT'D)

--I wouldn't have built a robot replica of him because it's kinda creepy now.

PRAVIT

You think?

MYRA

It wasn't creepy before! I didn't think I'd actually meet him, jeez. You gave me your comics. How is this any different?

In the back, Daniel inspects the Robot. He looks around to make sure Pravit and Myra aren't looking, then *sneaks a peek in Harry Potter the Robot's trousers*. Raises his eyebrows.

Back with Pravit and Myra-

MYRA (CONT'D)

You can't be mad at me. I didn't know.

PRAVIT

I didn't mean to snap at you. Things are just stressful now.

Mid groin inspection, Daniel starts coughing. It overwhelms him enough to need to sit down. Pravit sprints over to him.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

Is there any blood?

Daniel shakes his head.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)

Okay, good. Myra, go get some water.

Myra rushes into the kitchen. When she comes back out, Daniel takes the glass of water from her. Myra bursts into TEARS.

MYRA

You're his patient who's dying?

Their silence confirms her hypothesis.

MYRA (CONT'D)

But--but you can't die. You just can't. What are we supposed to do without you?

PRAVIT

Myra, sweetheart--

MYRA

Do something about it! Fix him, fix him! He can't die.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)  
You won't let him die, right?  
You'll cure him, right dad? Right?

PRAVIT  
He has Kutain's disease.

Myra's chest heaves with more sobs as she bolts upstairs.

Not knowing what else to do, Daniel having recovered his breath, finally sips on his tea.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Lovely tea. Nice hint of cayenne.

Pravit sits in his armchair across from the couch.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
I told you the teenage girls are  
the most dangerous.

PRAVIT  
They tell you teenagers are  
difficult to raise, but you just  
don't believe it until it happens.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
At least she's passionate.

PRAVIT  
I'm sorry about that. I knew she  
was building a robot, but I didn't  
believe she was building...that.

They both look at the idle Harry Potter Robot. Behind him,  
Daniel looks at the Gupta family photo on the bookshelf.  
Pravit smiles next to Anna.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Why didn't you tell me about your  
wife?

PRAVIT  
I didn't think telling you would  
have really helped that much. And  
it honestly hasn't been an easy  
subject to discuss.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
It does help. A little. As it turns  
out, dying is an incredibly lonely  
experience. Who'd of thought?

As Daniel looks back at Harry Potter the Robot, he suddenly  
starts laughing.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

For a second there I thought I might already be dead and I was subjected to a personal hell where I had to live with my teenage self for the rest of eternity.

PRAVIT

If it gives you any solace, I think being stuck with your teenage self is anyone's idea of hell, not just yours.

Pravit joins Daniel in the laughter as they calm down from the previous chaos.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Myra sits at her desk, still crying. Outside her window, she sees Daniel step outside. It's now lightly snowing. She then grabs a jacket and rushes downstairs.

EXT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Myra's boots crunch in the light, crisp snowfall as she stops Daniel from getting in his private driver-less car.

MYRA

Uh, Mr. Radcliffe!

Daniel turns around.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say, I really am genuinely sorry he started chasing you around like that. I know it probably freaked you out. I mean, it would have freaked me out for sure. I promise you I'm not some delusional fangirl stalker. I didn't even want to make the robot you. I wanted to make it my mom, but that made my dad uncomfortable, and so I thought, who else do I know well enough to design a robot after? And well...that's Harry.

A beat.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Also, I'm sorry that you're dying. I wish you weren't.

(MORE)



MYRA (CONT'D)

As you could probably tell by my  
incredibly embarrassing breakdown  
back there.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It's okay. I also wish I wasn't  
dying.

MYRA

What a fun thing for us to have in  
common!

Daniel chuckles.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell people? I  
mean, publicly.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It's a bit personal.

MYRA

Oh my god, of course. Well your  
secret is safe with me. I promise.  
Pinky promise.

Myra holds out her pinky. Daniel pinky shakes with her. He  
smiles at the purity of it.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Your dad is lucky to have you.

Daniel's eyes well as he takes a step back towards his car.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

My wife is probably wondering where  
I've wandered off to now.

MYRA

You know, my mom had Kutain's.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

You and your father must miss her.

MYRA

Yeah. There are a lot of sucky  
things about her being gone, but  
people always tell me that she's  
still alive through me. That she's  
never going to be forgotten. That  
I'm like keeping her legacy going  
or whatever.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I'm sure you are.

MYRA  
I hate that. Do you know how much pressure that puts on me? To have to carry the weight of my mom's memory on my shoulders for the rest of my life.

Daniel opens his mouth, but pauses, unsure of what to say.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Your wife isn't going to have to go through that. Not alone, at least. Nobody is ever going to forget you.

Myra envelopes Daniel into a hug.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Thank you. For everything.

After a moment of processing, Daniel reciprocates the hug.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A restless Daniel glances over at Erin, who lightly snores on the other side of the bed. He stares up at the ceiling, nowhere near falling asleep.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Pre-show chaos as the ensemble finishes their warmups.

STAGE MANAGER  
Places please!

Mumbles of "thank you, places" while the performers continue moving to their top-of-show spots. Daniel stands in the wings, staring out at the empty stage. Erin approaches.

ERIN  
You okay?

A beat as Daniel looks at the illuminated spotlight. Without a word, he shakes his head and steps back. The Stage Manager and Erin hold their hands out to help him to a nearby seat.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Get Dan's understudy ready. Now.

Daniel stares as the spotlight lingers on the empty stage.

INT. THE TONIGHT SHOW SET - DAY

The live audience eagerly applauds as Daniel walks onto the set, slowly, but desperately trying to not make his failing health too obvious.

RYAN KAJI

Ladies and gentlemen, the one and only...Daniel Radcliffe!

Across from him is host RYAN KAJI (47 now), that kid who makes millions of dollars playing with toys on YouTube, *because we all know 37 years from now, that kid's gonna take over the world.*

RYAN KAJI (CONT'D)

Thank you for joining us today!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Thank you for having me, Ryan.

RYAN KAJI

Now Daniel, I know you're here to promote your new musical, and you have had an incredible stage career from Broadway to the West End.

Some applause from the audience.

RYAN KAJI (CONT'D)

But this year also marks the 60th anniversary of your first movie, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone.*

The applause grows even louder.

RYAN KAJI (CONT'D)

I know it's been over half a century, but do you think you'd ever reprise your role as the boy who lived?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Half a century? Well if I didn't feel old before, I sure do now.

Laughter from the audience, but it feels forced. Daniel looks at Erin, who sits in the front row. Daniel takes a breath.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Actually, Ryan there's something I do want to share.

RYAN KAJI

Great!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

A few weeks ago, as some of you may know, I had a bit of a fall during one of our shows. And I'm dealing with some serious health issues, so I will be taking a step back from performing.

Silence from the audience.

RYAN KAJI

I'm sorry to hear that. We all will be wishing you a quick and safe recovery.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

That's the thing, Ryan. There isn't going to be a recovery. There's not a cure for what I have.

He looks out at the now concerned audience.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

And I wanted you to hear it from me. While you still can. And I want you all to know that it's going to be okay.

A stunned Ryan Kaji's eyes jolt to his PRODUCER for on-air guidance while Erin gives Daniel a strong, reassuring smile.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

Snow falls over the serene park. Daniel walks with a cane in one hand and Erin in the other.

ERIN

I'm proud of you, Dan. I know this isn't easy to do, but I think you not doing the show anymore can buy us some more time.

Daniel wraps his arm around Erin's shoulders.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Our show's going to become a total flop because your understudy is honestly complete shit, but hey, you can't win them all.

The two laugh as they continue their snowy stroll.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Myra keeps her head down as she continues to her next class. As she approaches the doorway, she finds Riad and Eva waiting for her, blocking her way.

RIAD

Did you see Ryan Kaji last night?

MYRA

Yeah.

EVA

We just wanted to make sure you're okay.

MYRA

I mean, this was going to happen eventually. Just the circle of life.

RIAD

Maybe we could we come over tonight? We could hang out with you and...Harry.

MYRA

I don't think I'm going to keep Harry around anymore. But I do need to head to class and you know, learn stuff. So if you don't mind-

She gestures to the doorway they're blocking. They step away to let her enter.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Myra zones out as she stares out the window while her STEM classmates around her work on their science fair projects.

Sebastian waves a hand in front of her face.

When she doesn't respond, Sebastian pretends to speak into a walkie-talkie. He makes the static sound with his mouth.

SEBASTIAN

Houston, we have a problem. One of our cadets seems to be lost in space.

MYRA

That's a really insensitive reference, Sebastian. Space travel is no joke. It's a risky feat all in the pursuit of scientific exploration, but at what cost, Sebastian? At what cost?

SEBASTIAN

Sorry, I didn't realize it was a touchy subject. Just trying to cheer you up. You seem kinda down.

Myra sighs.

MYRA

I'm stepping down from the science fair.

SEBASTIAN

What? You've been working so hard. Every time I see you, your eyes are glued to your tablet working on some coding thing.

MYRA

I don't think it's appropriate for me to show my robot anymore.

SEBASTIAN

Why not?

MYRA

It's a tremendously sensitive issue. Please no further questions.

Myra turns away from him and resumes staring out the window. Sebastian extends his arm to place his hand on her shoulder, but then chickens out and walks away instead.

EXT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - AFTERNOON

As Myra drags her feet through dirty snow, she rounds the corner on her block before stopping.

MYRA

Hi?

Sitting on the front stoop is Daniel.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Could I see him again?

Myra nods as she helps Daniel stand up. His hands shake as he clutches his cane and heads into the apartment.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Daniel sits in the armchair as Myra brings Harry Potter the Robot downstairs. She places him in front of Daniel.

He stares at the Robot while Myra stares at Daniel.

After a beat of silence-

MYRA

Are you going to make me destroy him? Or sue me or something?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I'm British, we don't sue.

Using his cane to balance, Daniel gets up to move closer to the Robot. He inspects the face.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I can't believe how young I looked.  
How old am I supposed to be here?

MYRA

Like sixteenish.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Feels like a lifetime ago.

Daniel suddenly clutches his chest.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I need to sit down.

Myra helps him back to the armchair.

MYRA

Should I call an ambulance? Or my dad?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

No, no. I just need to learn to take it easy. Not something I'm exactly used to.

MYRA

Do you want some water or tea or ice cream or something?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Ice cream?

INT. GUPTA KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

They sit on kitchen chairs eating bowls of Ben & Jerry's Phish Food (*37 years from now, Phish Food better still be around*). Harry Potter the Robot sits with them, idle.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
So tell me, how exactly does he work? You just play something and he does the movements? And then what? He comes to life?

MYRA  
He's not sentient. So he can't actually feel or think for himself. Anything he says or does is based on a pre-programed response.

She spoons more ice cream into her mouth.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
From the time we're born, we're constantly processing patterns we see in other humans to mimic them ourselves. We're always learning from our surroundings. Simply living teaches us how to be human.

Myra looks at the motionless Robot.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
It's no different for him. It's all pattern recognition. He just repeats what he sees. It's one of the reasons why I chose him...you...Harry as a basis. His responses are based on what the character would do.

Daniel eyes the Robot.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
It's almost like fanart or fanfiction. What would Harry say? And then he says it. He uses pattern recognition to come up with his own organic responses. Or at least he was starting to.



DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
So he can have actual  
conversations?

MYRA  
Yeah, wanna see?

Myra takes out her tablet, but Daniel stops her.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Is he going to start following me  
again?

MYRA  
No, I turned that feature off.

With a few taps on her tablet, Harry Potter the Robot  
activates. He looks at Daniel, then looks at the ice cream.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Can I have some?

MYRA  
You're still lactose intolerant.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I keep forgetting to look up that  
spell.

He looks at Daniel again.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
Who is this?

Myra looks at Daniel, who hesitates to speak.

MYRA  
Go ahead.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Oh. I'm Daniel.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Hello, Daniel.

Silence falls over the kitchen table. Myra shuts him off.

MYRA  
He gets better with every  
conversation. Adding words to his  
vocabulary. Changing tonal  
inflection.  
(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Although, the woman at the store told me to go with *Half-Blood Prince* Harry, so he can be kinda angsty sometimes.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

This may sound bizarre, but would it be possible for me to spend some time with him?

MYRA

Really? Doing what?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I could teach him how to be me. Or well, teach him how to be him.

Myra nearly drops her spoon.

MYRA

That would, I mean, that would be freaking awesome. The possibilities of that, I couldn't even...it would be, he would learn so phenomenally well. Better than from watching a movie or any programming. But, I mean, why would you want to spend your time doing that?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It might be nice to spend some time by myself without really being alone.

Daniel puts a big spoonful of ice cream into his mouth. His eyes widen in delight.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I got a fish!

Myra giggles as Daniel sticks his tongue out to reveal his chocolate fish.

INT. DANIEL & ERIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry Potter the Robot sits in a chair in Daniel and Erin's Central Park West penthouse apartment. Myra stands to the side with her tablet while Erin stares, baffled at the Robot.

ERIN

He's-he's quite handsome.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Erin! He's still a minor.

ERIN  
I'm joking. He's you!

Daniel turns to Myra.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I'm so sorry about my wife. I  
promise I won't let her anywhere  
near him with her filthy mind.

ERIN  
Dan!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I'm about to croak and she's  
already got her eyes on a younger  
man. Unbelievable.

Erin rolls her eyes.

MYRA  
Just remember. He can't know-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Can't know he's a robot.

Myra activates Harry Potter the Robot on her tablet.

MYRA  
If you need anything, we'll be in  
the next room.

The girls close the door behind them, leaving Daniel and  
Harry Potter the Robot alone.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Daniel, right?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You can call me Dan. And  
you're...Harry, right?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Harry Potter.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
It's good to see you again.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
You as well.

The two continue sitting in silence. Comfortable silence.

Then, Harry Potter the Robot smiles. It's a genuine smile that reaches the eyes.

INT. DANIEL & ERIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Harry Potter the Robot continues sitting in his chair, idle while Daniel paces back and forth (with his cane).

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
He's brilliant.

MYRA  
You think so?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
How are you going to present him?

MYRA  
What do you mean?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
At your science fair. How are you going to present him?

MYRA  
Oh, I didn't know if I should still do that.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Of course you should.

MYRA  
Well, I hadn't really given much thought to it. I guess I was just going to have him walk around on stage and do some fake spells.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
No, no you have to do something magnificent with him. Something that will make the audience smile.

Erin leans against the doorframe.

ERIN  
Why don't you teach him one of your dance routines?

Daniel stares at his wife.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Erin, we agreed I'm supposed to be taking it easy so we can spend more time together.

ERIN

One of the simple routines. I can help.

Daniel's eyes light up with joy.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Are you sure about this?

ERIN

It'll make you happy. And I think it'll be better than just waiting.

Daniel pulls Erin into a tight hug.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Myra drags Harry Potter the Robot through her living room. Pravit sits in the kitchen, sipping on his morning coffee.

He looks at Myra, who struggles with the Robot.

PRAVIT

You're taking him to school today?

MYRA

Oh, no I'm dropping him off at the theater.

PRAVIT

Theater?

MYRA

Yeah, Daniel's going to teach him a tap dance for the science fair.

PRAVIT

Daniel?

MYRA

Radcliffe? You know, your secret patient. Anyway, I gotta go so I'm not late. Bye dad!

With Harry Potter the Robot in tow, Myra steps outside, leaving a baffled Pravit to stare after them.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - MORNING

Harry Potter the Robot stands in the middle spotlight on the Broadway stage. Myra walks around with a tablet while Daniel sits in a front audience seat. Erin sits next to him.

MYRA

Okay, so I've synced his system up  
with your tablet.

With another tap of the tablet, Harry Potter the Robot activates. He's more animated and lively than we've seen him.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Hi Myra! Where are we? Room of  
Requirements?

MYRA

We're in a theater. Our friend  
Daniel over here has offered to  
help me with a school project. I  
was hoping you'd be able to help as  
well.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Awesome sauce.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I would never say that. Harry would  
never say that.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

What?

Myra gives Daniel a pointed look.

MYRA

So, Daniel and Erin are going to be  
giving you some dance lessons the  
next few weeks.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

What does dancing have to do with  
science?

MYRA

I'm doing my project on the science  
of tap dancing.

Harry Potter the Robot narrows his eyes skeptically. Then--

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Groovy!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
When have I ever said groovy?

MYRA  
I think he probably learned that  
one from my dad. Are you both okay  
for me to head to school?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Aside from me now being incredibly  
skeptical of my doctor's  
intelligence given his use of the  
word "groovy," yes, please go to  
school.

Myra looks over at Erin, who nods.

ERIN  
He's in good hands.

Daniel uses his cane to get up, then slowly heads over to the  
stage as Myra heads to the front.

Before she leaves, Myra turns around to watch Daniel and  
Harry standing side by side on stage under the spotlight.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Myra works on her presentation in the corner of the room when  
Sebastian approaches her.

SEBASTIAN  
Did you figure out another project?

MYRA  
No need. I figured out how to make  
this one work, and it's going to be  
epic.

SEBASTIAN  
Probably not as epic as my volcano.

Myra rolls her eyes.

MYRA  
Yeah, okay, sure thing Sebastian.

Sebastian smiles at her. Instead of looking down at her  
tablet like she normally does, Myra actually smiles back.

## INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Daniel and Harry Potter the Robot go through a few basic tap moves. Daniel uses his cane for balance, but still manages to gracefully move his legs around.

## INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myra holds index cards in her hand as she practices giving her presentation. Harry Potter the Robot is frozen as she points to various areas of his body and pulls up her designs.

## INT. DANIEL RADCLIFFE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel and Erin hold hands as they share a candlelit dinner. On the other side of the table, Harry Potter the Robot sits, smiling at them.

Erin politely smiles back as they make awkward eye contact.

## INT. ROBOT STORE - DAY

Candace takes out her old framed posters from all of the *Harry Potter* films. She hands them over to an excited Myra.

## INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Realistic constellations are projected onto the ceiling. Harry Potter the Robot and Myra lie on the floor as Myra points to the various constellations, explaining them to him.

## INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Harry Potter the Robot twirls around effortlessly on stage.

## EXT. BRYANT PARK ICE SKATING RINK - AFTERNOON

Harry Potter the Robot's dance twirls become ice skating twirls as he glides across the ice.

Myra skates with him while Daniel and Erin sit watching, sharing a cup of marshmellowy hot chocolate together.

On the rink, Harry Potter the Robot whispers something in Myra's ear, and she bursts out laughing.



INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Myra stands up with the various film posters behind her. Daniel sits on the couch, a captive audience member. Myra's hands shake as she glances down at her notecards.

Daniel stands up next to her and helps her plant her feet with confident shoulders back, presentation-style.

INT. GUPTA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry Potter the Robot tries making various potions, which Myra nods at enthusiastically when he's looking. As soon as he turns away, Myra throws any "potions" into the sink.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Daniel sits in the audience as Harry Potter the Robot does his routine. After he misses a beat, Daniel shakes his head.

He stands up without his cane and hops on the stage, then does the tap move himself, flawlessly.

INT. DR. GUPTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Pravit stares at Daniel's projected x-ray results.

PRAVIT  
Unbelievable.

The previous mutated blue cells are almost completely gone.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
I-I honestly don't know how this is even possible. Have you made a drastic change in your diet?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I guess I've been eating a bit more ice cream than I usually do, although the only difference I've noticed is here.

He pats his belly.

PRAVIT  
Any new medication I should be aware of?

Next to him, Harry Potter the Robot purses his lips.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Not at all.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Does this mean he's cured?

PRAVIT  
We're going to need to run a few more tests, but honestly this looks promising. Miraculously promising. We'll continue monitoring, but this looks remarkably good.

Daniel and Harry Potter the Robot stand.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
Mr. Radcliffe?

As Harry Potter the Robot starts out the door, Pravit pulls Daniel aside.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
I also wanted to extend a thank you for what you're doing for my daughter with-

Harry Potter the Robot looks at them.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
Harry. I know it means a lot to her and I appreciate it.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Of course, it's my pleasure.

Daniel steps outside while Pravit looks back at the positive x-ray results.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - DAY

Daniel and Harry Potter the Robot walk down the bustling hallway. Daniel practically skips with a pep in his step.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I feel incredible. How should I tell Erin? Do you think I should come up with some elaborate surprise? Or maybe I could fake my death? Some gallows humor might be fun. Or it would upset her horribly. Could go either way.

Harry Potter the Robot looks nervous.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Dan, I have something to tell you.

His verbal intonations are notably more *human-like*. They have emotion instead of his previously robotic monotone.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
But I'm not supposed to tell you.  
Myra can't know that you know.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You have a secret you want to keep  
from Myra?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I do, yes.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Interesting. Well alright then. I  
won't tell her. What is it?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I...

Harry Potter the Robot pulls Daniel to a secluded corner.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
I'm a wizard.

Stunned silence.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
I know it's a lot to process. You  
might not believe me at first, but-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
No, I believe you. Thank you for  
confiding in me. Why exactly are  
you telling me this now?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
You have to promise you won't get  
mad.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Promise.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I've been slipping a healing potion  
into your tea every morning.

Daniel takes a step back.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You've what?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
And it's obviously working!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
What's in it?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Some herbs and a few spells the  
brightest witch I know taught me,  
so I knew it would be safe.

Off Daniel's stunned face-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
It's best not to share this with  
any muggle doctors. It could  
threaten the wizarding world as we  
know it.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Wizarding world. Right.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
You won't tell Myra, right?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Why can't she know?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
She probably won't want me seeing  
you anymore. I'm not allowed to use  
my magic in the muggle world. She  
said it could be dangerous.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Right. Yes, best to keep this our  
little secret for now.

Daniel slings his arm around Harry Potter the Robot's  
shoulders as they continue out of the hospital building.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Myra, Erin and Daniel sit in the front row of the theater,  
watching Harry Potter the Robot complete his tap routine.

Once he finishes, Myra, Erin, and Daniel stand up,  
applauding. Their claps echo in the otherwise empty theater.

Myra hops onto the stage.

MYRA

Harry, that was wonderful!

Harry Potter the Robot actually blushes. Daniel jumps onto the stage as well.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Well done indeed. The pacing was a little slow in the third verse-

ERIN

Dan, give him a break. It was absolutely marvelous. You should all be very proud.

Harry Potter the Robot smiles at Myra. Daniel looks between the two.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Myra, could I actually talk to you for a minute?

MYRA

Sure thing.

Myra and Daniel walk off stage while Erin and Harry Potter the Robot continue chatting.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Myra sits on some prop chaise lounge as Daniel glances around to make sure Harry Potter the Robot doesn't overhear.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Harry told me a secret yesterday.

MYRA

Ooh, a secret. How fun!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Did you program that?

MYRA

No. What was the secret?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

He asked me not to tell you.

MYRA

Oh.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
But why wouldn't I tell you? He's  
not real. You're real.

MYRA  
Right. So what's the secret?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
He told me he's a wizard.

MYRA  
Well, he is a wizard.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
He's apparently been slipping a  
"magic healing potion" into my tea.

MYRA  
He's been drugging you?!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
It's probably just peppermint  
leaves that he whispers some  
imaginary spells into. But my  
disease is going away.

MYRA  
What? Dan, that's amazing.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Your father has no idea how it  
happened. There's no proper  
explanation for it. Is it possible  
that-

MYRA  
Is what possible?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
That he's real? And if he's real,  
the magic is real?

Complete silence on Myra's part.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
Just throwing it out there.

MYRA  
Are you asking me if the robot I  
built is actually a wizard with  
real magical abilities?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
I'm...

A beat.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
Kidding. Of course.

He's not, but Myra forces a chuckle anyway.

MYRA  
Funny. As for the disease going away, my dad sees miracles all the time. Some people just defy the odds. You should be celebrating, not worrying about Harry! Honestly, it makes sense for him to try and use magic to heal you. It's just his programming. It's what Harry would do.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
So nothing to be alarmed of?

MYRA  
Nope. It's kind of nice he told you a secret. It means he trusts you.

Erin approaches.

ERIN  
They need to start prepping the stage for tonight's show.

MYRA  
I'll get my stuff together.

Myra goes to grab her stuff, leaving Erin and Daniel alone.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You just want to get home to see what else has been cured.

ERIN  
Wow, really Dan?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Erin, please stop flirting with me when the teenagers are around. This is starting to get out of hand.

Erin playfully swats his chest as he pulls her into a kiss.

Still standing on stage in the spotlight, Harry Potter the Robot watches them backstage. He furrows his eyebrows and tilts his head as he processes their romantic embrace.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY EVENING

Myra and Harry Potter the Robot walk through Central Park. Thick snow covering the trees and grass. Myra shivers as a cold wind breezes past.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Do you want to borrow my robe?

MYRA  
No, I'll be fine. Thank you though.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Are you excited for your  
presentation tomorrow?

MYRA  
I don't know if excited is the  
right word. I don't really do much  
public speaking.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
You're going to be great. Teach  
everyone about the science of tap  
dancing and all that jazz.

He does jazz hands, causing Myra to laugh.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you a question?

MYRA  
Of course.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Is Daniel my father?

Myra stops.

MYRA  
What? Why would you think that?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I know my parents supposedly died  
when I was a baby, but I don't  
remember. Come to think of it, I  
don't remember much about my life  
before I was eleven. But Daniel  
looks so much like me. We have the  
same eyes, and he's kind of taken  
me under his wing.



MYRA

He's not your father. He's just a friend helping me out. The eyes thing is a coincidence.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Sorry, I know it was ridiculous to think about it. I guess I just wish my parents were still alive.

MYRA

It's okay to miss them.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

I often wonder how different I would be if they were alive. I guess that's why I was kind of hoping Daniel was...it just felt nice to have someone look after me. I've never had that before.

Myra resumes walking, eyebrows furrowed.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)

Myra?

MYRA

Yeah?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

What's it like to be in love?

MYRA

Wow, so many questions tonight.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Sorry, I-

MYRA

No, it's good to be curious. For that one, you're asking the wrong person. I've never been in love.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Are Daniel and Erin in love?

MYRA

I think so.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

They seem really happy when they're together. Is that what being in love is like? Just being happy with someone else?

Myra takes a second to think of an answer.

MYRA

When my mom died, I overheard my dad saying he was scared because he felt like he was the best version of himself when he was with her. So maybe it's more than just happiness? Maybe it's more about you being you when you're in love?

Harry Potter the Robot stops. Myra looks back at him. He stands on a snowy path overlooking the frozen reservoir with the sun slowly fading behind the metropolitan skyline.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

I think I'm my best self when I'm with you. In fact, I *know* I'm my best self when I'm with you.

MYRA

Oh, Harry, that's-

Abruptly, Harry Potter the Robot steps forward to KISS Myra. Just before their lips touch, she jumps back, eyes wide.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Oh no, Myra, I'm so sorry.

MYRA

What made you do that?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

I don't know, it just sort of happened. I thought--I'm so sorry.

MYRA

No, don't--don't apologize. This is wonderful that you feel that way. Organic emotions are a complex part of evolution. I'm just...confused right now. I didn't expect you to be able to form them yourself.

She looks down, shaking her head, brows furrowed.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

You don't think I have emotions?

MYRA

No, that's not what-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

That's an awful thing to say.

MYRA

Harry, I didn't say you don't have emotions. I mean, you don't, you can't.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Seriously, Myra?

Myra fumbles around her bag to take out her tablet.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)

And you're always on that thing!  
Myra, I'm trying to actually talk to you, to connect with you and you're completely shutting down-

With the push of a button on her tablet, he freezes. Myra steadies her nervous breathing.

MYRA

Shit.

She puts the tablet back in her bag, then starts dragging her frozen Harry Potter Robot through the snow.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry Potter the Robot stands idle while Myra sits at her desk, frantically looking through the various coding on her tablet. Pravit walks in.

PRAVIT

You should try and get some rest tonight.

MYRA

I will. There's just been some...unique development.

PRAVIT

Good unique or bad unique?

MYRA

I'm not sure yet.

Myra keeps her head down.

PRAVIT

I think this might just be some night before presentation jitters. I have something that could help.

Pravit disappears for a moment as Myra continues looking at her tablet. Pravit returns holding up a WOMAN'S BLAZER.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
Anna bought this when we started dating. She had an interview at work. She said it was her good luck charm after she got the promotion.

He lays it on Myra's bed.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
Might be a little old school and is probably going to be huge on you, but it's yours if you want it.

Myra runs her fingers along the fabric.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
She would be so proud of you.

Pravit kisses Myra's forehead before leaving the room.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Myra walks out of the kitchen. Before she goes upstairs, she stops and looks at the old Halloween photo of her mother as Dumbledore and her as baby Harry Potter. She stares at it.

MYRA  
Well mom, it finally happened. Someone fell in love with me. Yeah, the "in" type of love. He's a literal robot so it doesn't actually count, but I figured you'd want to know.

Myra goes quiet as if expecting a response. She stays there.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Myra stands in front of the mirror and slips on her mother's blazer. It's way too big on her, but she rolls up the sleeves and keeps it on nonetheless.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
You look lovely.

Sitting on the bed, Harry Potter the Robot smiles at Myra.

MYRA  
Oh. Thanks Harry.

But she cringes--it's super awkward now.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna finish getting ready, but  
you can head downstairs and I'll  
meet you there in a few.

Harry Potter the Robot nods and steps outside. Myra closes the door behind him. She takes out her phone and pulls up EVA's contact. After a moment of hesitation, she calls.

After a few rings, it goes to voicemail.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Hey, it's me. I was just wondering  
if you and Riad were coming to the  
science fair today? I know I've  
been kind of, well the worst  
lately, but it would be nice to see  
you two there. And um, I'm sorry.  
For everything.

Myra hangs up. She takes one last look in the mirror before stepping outside.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Outside the school, Myra and Pravitt wait on the sidewalk as students funnel into the school building with their parents and science fair projects in tow.

Harry Potter the Robot is idle with a blanket over him.

Myra nervously tugs at the blazer sleeves that keep falling down as a private car stops in front of the school.

Daniel and Erin step out, smiling.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Exciting day today!

Myra pulls Daniel aside.

MYRA  
We need to talk.

Daniel nods, ushering Pravitt and Erin to continue inside. Pravitt awkwardly carries the motionless Robot in his arms.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ROOF - DAY

Myra paces as Daniel stands, watching her. Their breath fogs as the winter skyline of New York lingers behind them.

MYRA

Remember when I said there was nothing to be alarmed about? Well, I'm alarmed.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

He wasn't drugging me. I took a urine test. It was just tea.

MYRA

What exactly did you teach him in those lessons?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Mostly I just taught him how to dance. Did something happen?

MYRA

He's starting to think for himself too much.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Did he do something dangerous?

MYRA

Yes. Incredibly so. He tried to kiss me.

Daniel hesitates. Then-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Did you program him to do that?

MYRA

Gross, are you kidding me? Of course not. I'm not some perv.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

That is not what I was insinuating. It's perfectly normal to have...urges. At your age, your body is going through some changes-

MYRA

Oh my god, stop. You don't have to give me "the talk." He's probably just seen how you and Erin interact and wants that for himself.

Myra tugs at the strands of her hair.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Part of me is like "this is amazing, he's sentient enough to fall in love!" And drug you, I guess.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It was really just tea.

MYRA

But the other part of me is like "oh no, my robot is in love with me and is kind of drugging you." I mean, what am I supposed to do with that information?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

You can't control falling in love. It's not something you can teach or even learn. It just...happens. That's what makes it so human. And if Harry is capable of feeling that, it means you did a good job.

Myra leans against the roof railing, shaking her head.

MYRA

What if people think he's weird?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

It doesn't matter. I'm just a tad older than you, so trust me on this one. The sooner you stop trying to do things to please other people, the better. You did something for yourself. And it made you happy. And that's what matters.

Daniel pulls Myra to stand up.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Now come on, you've got a science fair presentation to give.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is PACKED with proud middle school nerds and their parents, teachers, and classmates.

Various presentations are scattered around the auditorium. Most are high-tech presentations, but there are a few old school trifold posters on tables.

Sitting in the corner is Myra's table with various *Harry Potter* posters around. Pravrit drags the covered Harry Potter Robot to the table area. Erin stands, staring at the posters.

ERIN

When Dan and I first started dating,  
I was so adamant not to bring up  
Harry Potter. I desperately tried to  
start conversations that were as far  
removed as possible. I didn't want  
Dan to think I just thought of him  
as...*him*.

She motions to the younger Daniel Radcliffe on a poster.

ERIN (CONT'D)

He was so charming about it all. I  
knew Harry was always going to stay  
with him, but I never anticipated  
*this*.

She motions to the covered Harry Potter Robot. She smiles.

ERIN (CONT'D)

He's made Dan really happy.

Erin's smile falters as sudden tears well in her eyes.

ERIN (CONT'D)

How do you do it? How do you live  
without her?

Pravit keeps silent. Erin looks at him.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You know I'm not asking as a  
hypothetical. I'm asking because I  
need to know what I'm supposed to  
do if...when--

PRAVIT

I honestly worry the most about  
Myra. How she's going to go through  
life now.

ERIN

I don't have a Myra. I'm asking how  
you do it.

A beat.

PRAVIT

Grief isn't linear. I take it all  
day by day, some days hour by hour.  
(MORE)



PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
The world doesn't spin the same way  
with her gone, and I'm indefinitely  
readjusting because of it.

Across the auditorium, they see Daniel and Myra enter. Erin  
turns back to Pravit.

ERIN  
Please tell me the truth. How much  
longer do I have with him?

PRAVIT  
What do you mean? He's recovering.  
We've run the scans and the blood  
work multiple times. I'm quite  
hopeful he's going to be the case  
study to help us cure this disease.  
So that you don't have to go  
through what I went through. That  
nobody does.

As Daniel and Myra approach, Erin quickly sniffs away her un-  
fallen tears.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

Myra uses her tablet to move the projected images of her  
coding designs on the screens hovering around. At the front of  
the auditorium is a makeshift stage. Sebastian prepares for  
his presentation while Riad and Eva approach Myra's table.

EVA  
This looks amazing, Myra.

Myra turns around.

EVA (CONT'D)  
We made butterbeer cookies.

Riad sets the plate down by the presentation.

RIAD  
Did I eat five for breakfast this  
morning? Yes, yes I did. Do I  
regret it? No, no I do not.

MYRA  
You guys came.

EVA  
Of course we did.

RIAD  
Yeah, we're still your best  
friends, moron.

Daniel appears and stands next to the covered Robot.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Hey, is it alright if I take Harry  
to warm up in the hallway? A solid  
pre-show ritual is vital to a good  
performance.

MYRA  
Yeah, go for it.

Daniel gives Eva and Riad a smile before taking the Robot out  
of the auditorium. They turn back to Myra.

EVA  
Was that--is he--how did you pull  
that off?

RIAD  
And why do they need to warm up  
together?

MYRA  
Er, it's complicated.

Myra shuffles her feet awkwardly.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I've been a dick to you  
two. I know you can't control how  
you feel and it was wrong of me to  
not be happy for you. Maybe we can  
all hang out again? Dan wants to  
take us out for dinner tonight. Do  
you want to come?

RIAD  
Um...yes.

EVA  
Absolutely yes. You call him Dan?

MYRA  
Mhm. And just because we're hanging  
out again doesn't mean you two can  
slobber all over each other when  
I'm around. Boundaries.

EVA  
Deal.

From the stage, Ms. Henderson speaks into the microphone.

MS. HENDERSON  
And next up, we have Sebastian  
Rodriguez with his project entitled  
"Mount Magma-cadabra."

Students, teachers, and parents start making their way to the stage as Sebastian rolls out a GIANT PAPER MACHE VOLCANO.

Myra, Eva and Riad start to head over. Pravitt lingers behind.

PRAVIT  
I'll man the fort.

The trio goes with the audience towards the stage. Meanwhile-

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Daniel runs Harry Potter the Robot through some of his vocal warmups while the two stretch. Daniel watches as Harry Potter the Robot practices one of his tap steps. He smiles.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
You know, Harry, I sometimes wonder  
what my life would have been like  
without you. Who I would have been.

Harry Potter the Robot pauses.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
And I--uh, I'm genuinely happy our  
paths crossed. I honestly didn't  
always feel that way, but I don't  
know how I would have been able to  
go through all of this without you.

As Daniel starts tearing up-

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I'm sure Myra would have been able  
to find another dancer for her  
science project, but I'm happy we  
met too. I think I'm becoming a  
better person because of you.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Right, yes, the science fair  
project. Let's practice that time  
step one more time.

Daniel wipes away his tears as Harry Potter the Robot practices his time step in the empty hallway.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

On stage, Sebastian sets up buckets of dry ice to create a "mysterious" effect. He addresses the audience.

SEBASTIAN

Ladies and gentlemen, prepare  
yourself for the most mind-blowing  
volcano science fair presentation  
the five boroughs of New York City  
has ever seen.

Sebastian moves around the stage, giving his presentation like a magic trick act. Yes, magician's cape and all.

With the sweep of a plastic wand, the volcano BURSTS out. A few audience members step back, but Sebastian turns the sparks from the volcano magma into small fireworks.

It's surprisingly impressive. Even *epic* one might say.

From the side, Daniel and Harry Potter the Robot walk into the auditorium. Nobody pays them any attention, their eyes on a 12 year old dressed as magician making a volcano explode.

On stage, at the base of the volcano, a TOY TRAIN appears from the tunnel. Riding on it with a little conductor hat is a white BUNNY RABBIT (*don't worry, it's fine*). And finally-

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Abracadabra!

Sebastian deftly turns his magic wand into a bunch of flowers, oldest trick in the book. He throws the flowers into the audience for none other than Myra to catch. She smiles.

Harry Potter the Robot furrows his eyebrows.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Why is he allowed to use his magic  
in public?

Myra jumps upon hearing him. Before she responds, Burke (the annoying kid) turns around and rolls his eyes.

BURKE

Magic isn't real, dumbass.

MYRA

Burke, shut up.

Myra turns to Harry Potter the Robot.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Muggles, am I right?

Back on stage, Sebastian bows while the audience applauds.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Wahoo, Sebastian!

Upon locking eyes with the pridefully cheering Myra, Sebastian blushes. Harry Potter the Robot heartbrokenly looks at the flowers in Myra's hands.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

Myra holds her index cards as she paces back and forth behind the curtain. Pravit puts a hand on her shoulder.

PRAVIT  
You got this, kiddo.

MYRA  
At least this blazer's big enough  
to hide my immense sweat stains.

PRAVIT  
Silver linings.

She turns back to Harry Potter the Robot.

MYRA  
You ready?

After he gives her a thumbs up, she freezes him.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
I'll activate him after my  
explanation.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Just plant your feet and find a  
friendly face. You got this.

Daniel and Myra fist bump before Myra steps onto the stage.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM STAGE - DAY

Ms. Henderson stands in front of the microphone as the audience gathers once again.

MS. HENDERSON  
Next up, Myra Gupta and her project  
entitled "The Boy Who Lived."

Silence as Myra steps in front of the microphone. Her heart beats loudly upon seeing the packed audience.

MYRA

F-for the past year, I've been  
building a robot.

She holds up her notecards. Before speaking again, she spots Eva and Riad in the audience. They give her a small wave.

MYRA (CONT'D)

After I got the basic motor  
functions going, I started  
personalizing him based on an old  
friend you might recognize.

Taking his cue, Pravitt drags Harry Potter the Robot into the spotlight. Once there, Myra takes off the sheet to reveal Harry wearing his Hogwarts wizarding robe.

Various audience members, especially the parents, smile in recognition.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I used the *Harry Potter* series as a  
basis to create a lifelike robot. I  
took mannerisms from the movies to  
teach him how to be Harry. And with  
the help of none other than Daniel  
Radcliffe, we taught him how to be  
human. Well, wizard.

A few chuckles at the rehearsed joke. Myra looks at Daniel.

MYRA (CONT'D)

To be him.

Myra flips to the next page of her notecard.

MYRA (CONT'D)

To ensure he is as realistic as  
possible, he does not know he's a  
robot. So, his interactions with  
Mr. Radcliffe have been under the  
guise of dance lessons. Please  
enjoy this routine they have  
prepared for you.

With the tap of a button, Myra *activates* Harry. His eyes dilate as he takes in the crowd.

Then, the music starts. We recognize it as the same music from the opening number in Daniel and Erin's musical.

But he doesn't start dancing. Ms. Henderson turns to Myra.

MS. HENDERSON  
Some technical difficulties?

MYRA  
No, just...

Myra goes up to Harry.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Harry, what's wrong?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I've never performed in front of  
this many people before. I don't  
know if I can do this, Myra.

Upon hearing this, Daniel steps onto the stage.

This causes gasps from the audience, followed by applause.

BURKE  
I thought that guy was dead?

SEBASTIAN  
No, he's just dying.

Daniel smiles at the crowd, then stands next to Harry.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Would you start the music again?

The music restarts as Myra takes a step back.

Then Daniel starts *tap, tap, tapping* his foot, which cues the music. Harry smiles at him as he starts dancing along.

As the music picks up, Daniel and Harry simultaneously launch into a peppy musical theater tap routine from triple traveling time steps to double waltz clog time steps.

Harry's robe sways around him as he lands the final twirl.

Upon the music crescendoing to a magnificent halt, Daniel and Harry stop, arms wide as silence takes over.

The audience just stares, speechless. Then--

BURKE  
How the fuck is that a science fair  
project? It's just some old dude  
and his son dancing.

On stage, Harry lowers his arms.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
So you are my father?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
What? No, not at all.

BURKE  
Super lame.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
It's not lame. Myra is the smartest  
girl I know. Show her some respect.

BURKE  
What are you like in love with her?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
As a matter of fact, yes. Yes I am.

MYRA  
Oh my god.

Sebastian turns to Burke.

SEBASTIAN  
Were you not paying attention?  
That's a robot. And that old guy is  
the actor the robot is based off  
of. You not being able to tell that  
he's a robot is what makes it a  
dope science fair project.

BURKE  
Which one's the robot?

Sebastian points directly at Harry.

SEBASTIAN  
The dude dressed like a wizard.

BURKE  
You also dressed like a wizard.  
Does that mean you're a robot too?

SEBASTIAN  
I didn't dress like a wizard. I  
dressed like a magician.

On stage, Harry starts twitching.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Ro-robot?



BURKE

Whatever, this is so weird.

Myra's face grows red as she jumps off the stage. The auditorium doors slam shut as she bolts into the hallway.

PRAVIT

Myra!

Before Pravit can follow his daughter, Daniel abruptly clutches his chest, suddenly in pain. From the audience, Erin rushes to him as chattering chaos starts around them.

ERIN

Dan? Daniel?

Pravit pauses, torn between his daughter and his patient.

Eva and Riad start to head to the hallway to follow Myra.

RIAD

Don't worry, we'll take care of  
Myra, Mr. Gupta!

Eva slaps his arm.

EVA

Dr. Gupta. Be respectful.

Pravit rushes to the fallen Daniel on stage as Riad and Eva head into the hallway.

PRAVIT

Someone call an ambulance!

While the crowd huddles around Daniel, Harry continues aggressively twitching on stage.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Myra sits under the stairwell, her knees drawn to her chest as she sobs. Eva and Riad crouch down next to her as she uses her mom's blazer to wipe away tears.

MYRA

I'm going to be known as the  
demented girl who built a robot who  
fell in love with her.

EVA

Nobody thinks that. He's just  
really lifelike and that's why  
people are confused.

RIAD  
Yeah, plus I think sex robots are  
super common.

EVA  
Riad!

RIAD  
Kidding! Everyone probably thinks  
the whole him being in love with  
you thing is a joke.

Myra continues crying.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM STAGE - DAY

The crowd lingers to watch paramedics help Daniel onto a  
gurney. Off to the side, Harry continues to twitch, but  
nobody pays him attention. Except Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN  
Uh, hey dude.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
Magic v-v-v-olcano boy-oy-oy?

SEBASTIAN  
Why don't I bring you back to your  
area where we can wait for Myra?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
D-d-daniel isn't my d-d-dad, he's m-  
m-me?

SEBASTIAN  
Oh boy, I don't think I'm qualified  
to give you this talk. Come on.

Sebastian ushers the glitchy Harry off stage as Daniel is  
rolled out of the auditorium.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - MYRA'S TABLE - DAY

Sebastian and Harry approach the presentation table where  
Myra's designs and the *Harry Potter* film posters are set up.

SEBASTIAN  
So just, uh, stay here while I go  
and find Myra.

As Sebastian leaves (obviously taking a butterbeer cookie  
with him), Harry looks at Myra's presentation.

He looks at the designs and codes outlining the steps Myra took to design a robot. To design him.

Then he looks at the *Harry Potter* movie posters and books. He looks at the film Harry Potter/Daniel Radcliffe posing in each one, then touches his lightning bolt scar.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I'm not real? I'm not...m-m-me?

He continues looking at all the memorabilia.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
I'm a character from a m-m-m-ovie?  
And a b-b-b-ook?

Harry watches a clip of Myra having him watch the *Harry Potter* movies and robotically mirroring film Harry's moves.

Next is a series of videos and photos of Daniel and Harry Potter the Robot in rehearsal together.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT (CONT'D)  
If Daniel is-is-is me...who am I-I?

Steam starts to fizz out of his eye socket.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Pravit and Erin get into the driverless ambulance. Laying down on the gurney, Daniel's eyes momentarily flutter open. He looks at Erin, who holds his hand as the doors close.

The crowd seeps outside, watching the ambulance drive away.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - SEBASTIAN'S TABLE - DAY

Harry wanders around the now empty science fair auditorium. He grabs a BROOM STICK from the corner.

With the broom in between his legs, he jumps onto a tall table and looks up at the auditorium window.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT  
I n-n-n-eed to get ba-ba-ack home.

A leap of faith catapults him off the table. He leans forward towards the window, but starts falling...

Immediately beneath the window is Sebastian's epic volcano.

*It's still hot.*

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

A SCREAM echoes through the middle school hallways. Myra, Eva and Riad jump up as Sebastian runs down the hallways.

SEBASTIAN

MYRA! MYRA?

Myra steps out from her spot under the stairwell.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

It's your robot. He-he's--

Harry stumbles out of the auditorium.

Harry's face has half melted off, his silver frame shining through. His body matches his face with melted skin falling off his broken limbs.

The red paint from the volcano almost makes it look like blood. Myra steps into the middle of the hallway.

MYRA

Harry?

Harry heads towards her. He's crying. Real, genuine tears.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Why didn't you tell me who I am?

MYRA

Harry, what happened?

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

I just wanted to go home.

MYRA

You are home. With me.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

But if I'm not Harry Potter, then who am I?

They're close enough that Myra cups Harry's face with her hand, tears streaming down her own cheeks as she brushes his away. His eyes glitch as the steam continues to fizzle.

MYRA

No, Harry. Stay with me. You have to stay with me. Don't go. Don't leave me, please. No, no, no.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Who am I?

Suddenly, his eyes contract closed. Myra catches him just before his lifeless body collapses to the floor.

MYRA

Harry!

Her chest heaves with sobs as she cradles him in her arms.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Myra carries the lifeless robot in her arms as she runs through the hallway. She turns to a NURSE at a front desk.

MYRA

Have you seen my dad?

The Nurse points her in the direction down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Myra rushes into the room to find Daniel laying in the hospital bed with Erin holding his hand. Pravit stands next to them as they look at an x-ray projected on the wall.

It's covered in the blue mutated cells.

Daniel can barely open his eyes, but manages to turn his head as Myra enters the room.

MYRA

We have to fix him.

Myra motions to the pile of robot body parts in her arms.

MYRA (CONT'D)

He was recovering.

PRAVIT

We believe there was a mistake in the previous x-ray.

MYRA

He just danced on stage.

PRAVIT

It could have just been a placebo effect of sorts. Myra, please. This is a private conversation.

MYRA

It's him. Don't you see? It's Harry, he was healing Dan.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

As soon as they met, Dan started to get better. And when something happened to Harry, something happened to Dan. That can't just be a coincidence.

Pravit goes over to Myra and pulls her to the door. Whispers-

PRAVIT

I know this is difficult to go through again, but it's too late, kiddo. He doesn't have much time.

Myra looks to the bed where Daniel holds his hand out, beckoning her to come closer. Instead, she shakes her head.

MYRA

No, it's not too late. I can help. I'll fix him, just wait.

With that, Myra rushes out, robot in tow.

INT. ROBOT STORE - AFTERNOON

Myra bolts inside, causing Candace to jump from her spot behind the counter. Her eyes widen at the melted robot.

CANDACE

What happened to him?

MYRA

Science fair volcano.

CANDACE

People still do those? Aren't they kind of basic?

MYRA

I need to rebuild him. Now. I'll take any parts you have that are ready and will work.

Candace inspects the metal parts.

CANDACE

He looks pretty banged up. Honestly, I don't know how much of him will be salvageable.

MYRA

Please, I have to try.

CANDACE  
I'll see what I can do for you.

Candace slips into the back room as Myra clutches the robot.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel's eyes flutter open to the sounds of ruffling on the floor. In the corner by the window, Erin sits in an armchair, asleep. Her blanket has fallen off her shoulders.

On the other side, Daniel glances down to find Myra laying out body parts around the frame of the dissembled robot.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Myra?

Myra looks up at him with exhausted, bloodshot eyes.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

MYRA  
I just have to rebuild him. I have the internal codes backed up on my tablet, so his memory should still be intact. It's his frame that's-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Myra, stop.

MYRA  
I need to focus.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Come here, please.

His voice is raspy as Myra steps closer to him.

MYRA  
This will work. You thought so yourself that Harry was healing you. Right?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Maybe he was, but it's time to let go now.

MYRA  
No, don't say that.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Myra, I want you to know how  
grateful I am. How grateful we both  
are.

He looks to Erin, who's still sleeping.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
You gave me more time, and these  
past few weeks have given me more  
life than I could have imagined  
under the circumstances.

MYRA  
No, you can't do this. You have to  
let me save you.

Tears roll down her cheeks as Daniel softly nods.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Regardless of what happens, I'll  
always be here for you. Don't  
forget that.

MYRA  
There's not going to be anything to  
forget. This will work.

As Myra goes back to continue working with the robot pieces-

DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
Myra?

She turns around.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
Thank you. For everything.

Erin stirs in her chair, eyes opening.

ERIN  
Dan?

MYRA  
I'll give you two some privacy.

With her dissembled robotic parts, Myra leaves the room.

Before she leaves completely, Myra turns back to find Erin  
crawling into the hospital bed and Daniel wrapping his arms  
around her while she falls back asleep.



INT. PRAVIT'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We find Myra asleep on her father's office couch, tablet in hand. On the floor, the Robot lays with a few new pieces.

You can just barely make out it's Harry...until his eyes flutter open on their own.

*His pupils dilate.*

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry stumbles through the nearly empty hallways, the night shift workers paying little attention.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Daniel lovingly strokes Erin's hair as she peacefully sleeps. When he hears footsteps, he turns his head to find Harry standing at the foot of the hospital bed.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

So this is it then?

They share a smile. A genuine smile that meets the eyes.

HARRY POTTER THE ROBOT

Goodbye, Dan.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Goodbye, Harry.

They hold each other's gaze for a beat longer while Harry lingers in silence. Complete, comfortable silence.

INT. PRAVIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry enters to find Myra still in deep sleep on the couch. Her blanket has fallen off her shoulders.

Quietly, Harry lifts Myra's blanket so it covers her shoulders. He then gently kisses her sleeping forehead and lays back on the ground. Slowly, he stops moving. Idle.

Steam fizzles from the crack in his lightning bolt scar.

With one last breath, his eyes freeze for good.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Daniel's hand falls limp midway through stroking his wife's hair. A steady beeping sound echoes through the room as the sun starts to rise outside the window.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

A NEWS REPORTER (30s) stands outside the hospital as a crowd of mourners gathers.

NEWS REPORTER

Early this morning, Daniel Radcliffe, the Broadway performer and famed star of the early 2000s *Harry Potter* franchise passed away in his sleep due to complications with a rare disease.

The crowd clutches one another as they bow their heads.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

The top of the Empire State Building bears the Gryffindor colors: scarlet and gold.

INT. KINGS CROSS STATION - LONDON - DAY

Scattered around the 9 3/4 platform are various items of *Harry Potter* memorabilia (toy golden snitches, Hedwig stuffed animals, etc). A few lit candles illuminate the memorial.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DELACORTE THEATER - NIGHT

Mourners gather with fake wands lit up and held upwards. Others hold candles or use the light from their phones.

Strangers hug one another and hold each other's hands as tears stroll down their cheeks.

INT. THE TONIGHT SHOW SET - NIGHT

Ryan Kaji stands on *The Tonight Show* stage.

RYAN KAJI

Before we begin tonight's show, we would like to take a moment of silence to honor the memory of the late Daniel Radcliffe.

The entire audience closes their eyes in remembrance.

INT. ROBOT STORE - NIGHT

Tears roll down Candace's cheeks as she watches *The Tonight Show* on screen in her back room.

Candace wraps a blanket around her. The deathly hollows emblem is sewn on with the word "Always" embroidered underneath.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

Ushers hand out playbills with slips that read: "This performance is dedicated to the memory of Daniel Radcliffe."

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Stage Manager stands in a circle with the other cast members and crew as they take a minute of silence.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

As the curtain rises and the show begins, an older DARREN CRISS (70) taps across the stage as Daniel's character.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A widowed Erin stands at a podium, wiping away tears as the pallbearers carry Daniel's casket away. Myra and Pravit wear black and stand amongst the mourning crowd.

As Erin exits the church, following the pallbearers, she squeezes Myra's hand as she passes her. Myra squeezes back.

Erin and Pravit share a mutual glance before she walks out.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Myra stares at the snow falling out her window as she scoops Phish Food ice cream into her mouth.

PRAVIT

You know, ice cream isn't an acceptable form of breakfast.

MYRA

It's got milk in it.

Pravit rolls his eyes as he stands in the doorframe.

PRAVIT

Come on, get dressed. I have a surprise for you downstairs.

MYRA

Can't it be a surprise that involves me staying in my pajamas?

PRAVIT

Nope.

As Pravit steps out the door, Myra pulls herself out of bed.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Myra comes downstairs to find the apartment illuminated by candles. The living room furniture has been moved around to give space to their guests.

Candace stands with a tiny box in her hands. Riad and Eva sit on the couch. Next to them is Sebastian. Erin stands next to Pravit near the mantle.

MYRA

What's going on?

PRAVIT

We're having a memorial for Harry.

CANDACE

I know you wanted me to repurpose his body parts, but I figured there's one part of him you should keep.

Candace opens the box to reveal the set of Harry's eyes.

EVA

We were thinking it might be nice to say a few words to remember him.

The group sits in a circle around the living room as Candace places the eyes in the center table.

Silence as everyone waits for someone else to go first.

ERIN

Why don't I start?

Erin steps up.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
I didn't know Harry for long, but  
he was one of the best dancers I've  
ever worked with. Much more  
talented than Dan.

Some chuckles.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
He gave my husband so much.

Erin looks down at the blue eyes.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
So, thank you, Harry. And thank  
you, Myra.

The eyes drift to Myra as Erin sits down. But Myra remains  
seated, averting their gaze.

PRAVIT  
I would like to stay a few words.

Pravit stands by the eyes.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
When I was a kid, I was downright  
awful at making friends. I didn't  
know how to talk to my parents  
about anything, didn't know who to  
turn to. But when I stepped into  
Harry's world, I didn't feel so  
isolated. I felt like I belonged,  
that I'd find somewhere I belonged  
eventually. And I did when I met  
Anna.

He looks at their wedding photo sitting on the mantle.

PRAVIT (CONT'D)  
Harry taught me how to be strong  
when faced with loneliness, first  
when I was a kid, and eventually he  
reminded as an adult. And I am so  
incredibly grateful he's given that  
to my daughter. For that, he will  
never be forgotten.

Pravit steps down. Eva and Riad turn to Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, I never read the books or saw  
the movies or anything.  
(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
But uh, they seem pretty dope.  
Definitely the top of my "must  
watch" list.

Myra smiles at Sebastian, then finally stands up. A beat as she approaches the eyes.

MYRA  
I don't know how I'm supposed to  
mourn. For anyone or anything. I  
wish my mom taught me that. I wish  
she taught me a lot of things.  
Things I'm afraid I'll never figure  
out. But Harry and Dan-

She turns to Erin, who smiles at her.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
-they taught me that you can teach  
someone how to be human, but you  
can't teach someone how to live.  
That's something you learn all on  
your own. And if Harry could do it,  
then maybe so can I.

Just as she's about to sit back down-

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and I guess they both also  
taught me a few basic tap moves. So  
I've got that fun new skill in my  
back pocket.

Laughter as Myra sits back down next to her friends.

INT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - LATER

The group gathers in the kitchen, nibbling on chocolate frogs  
as Pravit brings out the homemade butterbeer.

SEBASTIAN  
What's that?

PRAVIT  
Butterbeer.

Sebastian frowns.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh. Uh, no thank you. I don't um,  
drink alcohol.

PRAVIT

There's no alcohol in it.

Myra puts a hand on Sebastian's shoulder and sighs.

MYRA

We have so much to teach you.

The group laughs as Sebastian takes his first sip of butterbeer. His eyes widen in sugary delight.

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myra enters, remnants of a butterbeer mustache still lingering on her top lip. She carries the tiny box filled with Harry's eyes.

When she opens the closet to put them away, she finds--

The *bronze origami crane* sitting on the floor in the corner.

After a beat of hesitation, she picks it up.

INT. GUPTA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quietly, Myra tip-toes downstairs with the box of eyes and tiny paper crane in tow. She approaches the bookshelf.

Myra places the bronze crane in the jar with the others. She lightly places the box of Harry's eyes next to it and smiles.

CUT TO:

CHYRON: *NINETEEN YEARS LATER*

INT. GUPTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The box of eyes and jar of paper cranes remain on the bookshelf next to the old Halloween photo of Anna dressed as Dumbledore holding a baby Myra dressed as Harry Potter.

Other photos now line the bookshelf: graduation photos featuring an older Myra, Eva, Riad, and Sebastian throwing their caps, family portraits featuring an older Myra and Pravit, children's drawings, etc.

The variety of photos are placed around the vintage set of well-worn *Harry Potter* books (the ones Pravit no doubt got at the old Barnes & Noble midnight release parties).

Halloween decorations are scattered around the living room.

Two CHILDREN (four & five) excitedly sprint downstairs dressed as a young Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger.

Then, an OLDER MYRA (32) comes downstairs dressed as Albus Dumbledore, scratchy fake beard, pointy hat, and all.

OLDER MYRA

Does everyone have their trick or  
treating bags?

Her two kids eagerly hold up jack o'lantern bags in one hand with fake wands in the other.

OLDER MYRA (CONT'D)

Onward then! Before all the good  
candy gets taken.

Just before they head out, Myra stops at a baby cradle.

OLDER MYRA (CONT'D)

And of course we can't leave  
without our handsome boy wizard.

She lifts her BABY out of the crib. He wears a tiny wizard onesie with fake, circular glasses on.

As Myra and her family step out of the apartment and onto the Halloween streets of New York, she kisses the makeup lightning bolt scar on her baby's forehead as we--

FADE TO BLACK.