

Trolley Witch Side

Accent: Yorkshire

ACT ONE SCENE ELEVEN

ALBUS

You want a snack for the journey?

SCORPIUS

No. Albus. The Trolley Witch is coming towards us.

ALBUS

No, she can't be, we're on top of the train . . .

SCORPIUS points ALBUS in the right direction, and now he can see the TROLLEY WITCH, who approaches nonchalantly. Pushing her trolley.

Start

TROLLEY WITCH

Anything from the trolley, dears? Pumpkin Pasty?
Chocolate Frog? Cauldron Cake?

ALBUS

Oh.

TROLLEY WITCH

People don't know much about me. They buy my Cauldron Cakes – but they never really notice me. I don't remember the last time someone asked my name.

ALBUS

What is your name?

TROLLEY WITCH

I've forgotten. All I can tell you is that when the Hogwarts Express first came to be – Ottaline Gambol herself offered me this job . . .

SCORPIUS

That's – a hundred and ninety years. You've been doing this job for a hundred and ninety years?

TROLLEY WITCH

These hands have made over six million Pumpkin Pasties. I've got quite good at them. But what people haven't noticed about my Pumpkin Pasties is how easily they transform into something else . . .

PART ONE

She picks up a Pumpkin Pasty. She throws it like a grenade. It explodes.

And you won't believe what I can do with my Chocolate Frogs. Never. Never. Have I let anyone off this train before they reached their destination. Some have tried – Sirius Black and his cronies, Fred and George Weasley. ALL HAVE FAILED. BECAUSE THIS TRAIN – IT DOESN'T LIKE PEOPLE GETTING OFF IT ...

The TROLLEY WITCH's hands transfigure into very sharp spikes. She smiles.

So please retake your seats for the remainder of the journey.

End

ALBUS

You were right, Scorpius. This train is magical.

SCORPIUS

At this precise moment in time, I take no pleasure in being right.

ALBUS

But I was also right – about the viaduct – that's water down there, time to try the Cushioning Charm.

SCORPIUS

Albus, this is a bad idea.

ALBUS

Is it? *(He has a moment's hesitation, then he realises the time for hesitation has passed.)* Too late now. Three. Two. One. Molliare!

He incants as he jumps.

SCORPIUS

Albus ... Albus ...

He looks down desperately after his friend. He looks at the approaching TROLLEY WITCH. Her hair wild. Her spikes particularly spiky.