

WAITING FOR THE HOGWARTS EXPRESS

by **Scott Mullen**

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WAITING FOR THE HOGWARTS EXPRESS

A Ten-Minute Comedy-Drama Trio

by **Scott Mullen**

SYNOPSIS: Meg and Alice are surprised to find their friend Harriet at the train station—where Harriet insists that the train to the Hogwarts Academy is coming to take her away.

TIME: Modern day.

SETTING: A train station.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females)

HARRIET (f) Teen. Quiet, determined. *(53 lines)*

MEG (f) Teen. A little bossy. *(42 lines)*

ALICE (f) Teen. Meg's sidekick. *(37 lines)*

PROPS

- A suitcase

PRODUCTION NOTES: Harriet can be dressed as if she's going on a journey, and isn't sure what the weather might be like. Meg and Alice should be dressed more casually.

SET: A bench on an otherwise-empty stage.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: Harriet should have complete belief in herself and the things she is saying.

AT START: *HARRIET stands on the stage alone, suitcase nearby. She leans forward, and looks in the direction a train might be coming from. MEG and ALICE join her.*

MEG: Harriet! We thought that was you.

HARRIET: Hello, Meg. Alice.

MEG: Are you taking the train somewhere?

ALICE: You have a suitcase. Has something happened?

HARRIET: This is going to sound silly, but... I'm going to Hogwarts.

MEG: What?

HARRIET: I'm going to Hogwarts Academy.

MEG: Hogwarts.

ALICE: From Harry Potter?

HARRIET: Yes. To study magic. I'm going to be a wizard.

MEG: Is this like part of Disneyland or something?

HARRIET: No. The real Hogwarts. I'm waiting for the Hogwarts Express.

MEG: The train.

HARRIET: Yes.

ALICE: Wow. Coming here?

HARRIET: It won't be long now.

HARRIET leans forward, looks. Leans back.

MEG: Isn't Hogwarts in England?

HARRIET: It's a magic train.

MEG: You're serious.

HARRIET: Completely.

MEG: It's not real, Harriet. It's a story.

HARRIET: All stories are real. You think writers are smart enough to make stuff up?

MEG: Yes.

HARRIET: No. They're just writing down what happened.

MEG: That's crazy. *(To ALICE.)* Tell her you think it's crazy.

ALICE: Harriet, I don't think it's real.

HARRIET: Tell me a story you think is made up.

ALICE: All right... Mary Poppins.

HARRIET: That happened. In London.

ALICE: A flying lady?

HARRIET: It happened.

MEG: Jurassic Park.

HARRIET: On an island off the coast of South America.

MEG: Star Wars.

HARRIET: A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.

ALICE: Beauty and the Beast.

HARRIET: 200 years ago, in Europe somewhere. The guy was just really hairy.

ALICE: She could be right.

MEG: Here's one that's totally made up. The Hunger Games!

HARRIET: That happened.

MEG: What?

HARRIET: A tragic part of our nation's past.

MEG: The Hunger Games never happened!

HARRIET: It did. But it's been covered up. There are people who want to hide things from the public, and others who want to write them down and tell the world.

MEG: Harry Potter isn't real!

ALICE: What about your parents?

HARRIET: I'm sure they'll be happy that I'm getting a good education.

MEG: So you got a visit from an owl?

HARRIET: What?

MEG: That's part of the story, right? Owl flies into your room at night, brings an invitation from Hogwarts?

ALICE: That does seem to be the rule.

HARRIET: I got an e-mail.

MEG: An e-mail.

HARRIET: Inviting me here. Right now. For the train.

MEG: It's a prank.

HARRIET: No.

MEG: Someone's messing with you. There are probably hidden cameras watching us. (*Looking around, loud.*) It's not funny! Come out of hiding!

HARRIET: It's real.

MEG: It's not.

HARRIET: I need this.

ALICE: What are you talking about? You have a great life. School. Friends. Don't run away.

HARRIET: That's what I thought when I got the e-mail. But then I thought—maybe I was chosen. Maybe someone knew I needed this because I need some magic in my life.

MEG: Magic.

HARRIET: Yes. Plus, I really have no reason to stay here. My parents work all the time. I don't see my brother since he went to college. I'll miss my friends here, like you two, but I have a feeling me and Hermione are gonna be besties. Maybe we'll be roommates.

ALICE: Didn't she wind up with what's-his-name?

HARRIET: Fine—we'll be neighbors. But I want to take all the magic classes. I can't wait to see what the sorting hat chooses for me—I'd love Gryffindor but let's face it, I'm probably Hufflepuff. I think I'll be awesome at Quidditch—I've been practicing on a broom.

MEG: Does your broom fly?

HARRIET: Now you're being silly.

MEG: I'm being silly?

HARRIET: And now that Voldemort is dead, everything is going to be much mellowier there. They'll probably even have a prom this year. Their prom would be amazing.

ALICE: Harriet—

HARRIET: But the most important thing is that this is my dream. This will make me happy. Don't you want me to be happy?

ALICE: I do.

HARRIET: And admit it, it sounds amazing.

MEG: It's not real!

ALICE: If it's real, it sounds nice.

HARRIET: But you don't believe.

MEG: No!

ALICE: I want to.

HARRIET: You can come, you know.

ALICE: What?

HARRIET: I know you don't have an invitation, but I'll bet they're cool. We'll talk your way onto the train, and then even if they turn you back once we get to Hogwarts, well, you'll have seen Hogwarts. Which feels like it would be life-changing.

ALICE: It does.

MEG: Don't listen to her, Alice. None of this is real!

ALICE: It does sound tempting.

HARRIET: I'm sure they'll let you visit your family. It's not a prison. You hop on the train, and you're back here again.

ALICE: You think I should study magic?

HARRIET: I think you'd be an awesome wizard.

MEG: Alice—let's go.

MEG starts to head off. ALICE doesn't move. MEG heads back.

MEG: Come on!

HARRIET: Are you happy? Really happy?

ALICE: No.

HARRIET: So you'll come.

MEG: No, she won't come!

ALICE: I don't have a suitcase.

HARRIET: I'm sure they'll have things there.

MEG: This is nuts!

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