

Full Pensieve
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Every Curse Is Sacred

Untitled Chapter

ALL DIALOGUE IS IN SONG;
TUNE: "Every Sperm Is Sacred", Monty Python's The Meaning of Life (1983)

FADE-IN

INT. - MALFOY MANOR

LUCIUS MALFOY saunters across his study, perches against the corner of a massive desk.

LUCIUS MALFOY

There are ghouls in the world, There are goblins;
There are werewolves and vampires, and then
There are those who follow the path of light.
I've never been one of them!

I've been a Knight of Walpurgis
Since before I was born;
If you're the right sort of pureblood,
you join as soon as you're warm.

You don't have to be a Dark Lord.
You don't have to have grand dreams.
You don't have to pass your OWLs
You're a Death Eater before Mum screams.

So it's important to know... that...

He bounds up from the desk, jauntily scoops up his serpent-headed cane, and skips out of the office and into a dark, heavily panelled corridor.

LUCIUS MALFOY (cont.)

Every curse is sacred,
Every curse is great!
If a curse is wasted,
You-Know Who gets quite irate!

LUCIUS MALFOY reaches the Manor's Great Hall; DRACO MALFOY and his sixth-year accomplices are assembled before the hearth, in the manner of a choir. LUCIUS MALFOY nods, and the Slytherins echo his refrain.

SIXTH-YEAR SLYTHERINS

Every curse is sacred,
Every curse is great!
If a curse is wasted,
You-Know Who gets quite irate!

CUT TO EXT. - KNOCKTURN ALLEY – SUNSET; FULL MOON IS OUT

ANGELIC-LOOKING LITTLE GIRL DOOMED TO BECOME A BETRAYING SLYTHERIN CHIT walks down the center of the alley, looking... erm, falsely angelic

ANGELIC-LOOKING LITTLE GIRL (sweetly)

Let the Mudbloods spew theirs
On the dusty ground;
You-Know-Who shall curse them for
Each spell that can't be found.

Band of young but less-angelic looking FUTURE SLYTHERINS bound past, down the side of the alley, appearing to be at play but actually practicing their evil plotting skills.

FUTURE SLYTHERINS (as one)

Every curse created,

Every potion brewed
Is for evil purpose –
Mudbloods, you are screwed!

CUT TO EXT. - BORGIN & BURKES STOREFRONT

NARCISSA MALFOY exits Borgin & Burkes with a stack of wrapped Christmas crackers; begins handing them off to eager future Slytherins and the 'angelic-looking little girl'

NARCISSA MALFOY (as though she were instructing the youths)

Mudbloods, half-bloods, half breeds...
They just cast it anywhere!
Voldemort loves those who treat their
Magic with more care.

Enter VOLDEMORT by apparition; SHRIEKING in the background

VOLDEMORT (has to be an Irish tenor)

Did someone call my name?

Points wand at NARCISSA MALFOY

VOLDEMORT (cont.)

CRUCIO!

VOLDEMORT disappears, to the cheers of a rapidly assembling EVIL CROWD. NARCISSA MALFOY clammers up from the ground, brushes herself off, and breaks into a dazed smile.

EVIL CROWD - MEN

Every curse is sacred,
Every curse is great.

EVIL CROWD – WOMEN

If a curse is wasted,

EVIL CROWD – CHILDREN (reminiscent of 'Village of the Damned')

You-Know-Who gets quite irate!

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY, JUST AFTER SUNSET

VAMPIRES, VEELAS, WEREWOLVES and GIANTS are preying on the good populace; of course, they willingly take time out so that they can break into song... er, most of them...

VAMPIRES

Every curse is wanted.

VEELAS

Every curse is grand!

WEREWOLVES (sans Remus Lupin)

Every curse is needed...

GIANTS (confused by musical number)

Erm... CRUSH... KILL!

CUT TO EXT. MUGGLE LONDON, LAID WASTE BY DEATH EATERS AND ACCOMPLICES

Enter URCHIN-LIKE MUGGLE CHILDREN at the street side, watching a FUNERAL CORTEGE pass by.

URCHIN-LIKE MUGGLE CHILDREN

Every curse is brutal,
They find the pain sublime.

FUNERAL CORTEGE

You-Know-Who needs all our pain.

MOURNER #1

Mine!

DEAD GUY (muffled from within coffin)

And mine!

Enter BILL GATES standing on the other side of the street, holding a Tablet PC powered by Microsoft Windows XP for Tablet PC [trademarks, service marks and patents held by the Microsoft Corporation, Seattle, WA]

BILL GATES

Not mine!

DEATH EATER who bears suspicious resemblance to Linus Torvald casts Cruciatu Curse on Gates' Tablet PC; Microsoft attorneys descend on the backs of Thestrals and serve legal papers for EULA violations; a horde of DEATH EATERS join up as a chorale.

DEATH EATER CHORALE

Let the Mudbloods profane magic
O'er mountain, hill, and plain...

Enter EVIL MUPPETS – on the dole since 'The Dark Crystal' – accompanied by STATLER AND WALDORF, the two old guys from the Muppet Show.

EVIL MUPPETS

We shall strike them down for
Each spell they cast in vain.

STATLER AND WALDORF

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Enter LUCIUS MALFOY, SIXTH-YEAR SLYTHERINS, SLYTHERIN CHILDREN, NARCISSA MALFOY, VAMPIRES, VEELAS, WEREWOLVES, GIANTS. They are joined in the centre of the street by the DEATH EATER CHORALE, EVIL MUPPETS, BILL GATES, and the MICROSOFT ATTORNEYS. STATLER and WALDORF look on from a theatre box to stage left.

ENTIRE EVIL CAST

Every curse is sacred,
Every curse is good,
Every curse should be turned loose
In a Muggle neighbourhood!

Every curse is sacred,
Every curse is great;
If a curse is wasted,
You-Know-Who gets quite iraaaaaaaate!

Enter VOLDEMORT by apparation.

VOLDEMORT

CRUCIO! AVADA KEDAVRA!
(turns to face camera directly)
And I'm supposed to conquer the world with these nitwits?

FIN