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**Yet Another Harry Potter Movie Parody: Film 2**

by iheartmwpp

**Summary**

Because all the cool kids are doing it. Contains the most convenient chain of events ever conceived, no one bothering to ask Myrtle how she died even though they had half a century to do so, and Dobby mutilating himself in horrible ways.
Teh DURSLEYS ARE KIND OF BORING


~And so begins the franchise's habit of showing off the WB logo and the creepy Harry Potter title card thing in the clouds before heading down to wherever the movie starts.~

Audience: Wow, every single house is exactly the same. That is somehow one of the creepiest things I've ever seen in my life.

Harry: Hello, lovely viewers! I hit puberty when I'm twelve, apparently! Though it kind of makes sense since I think Dan was nearing thirteen by this point so…yeah.

James and Lily: Hey, we're still the only picture you'll ever look at except for next year!

Harry: O RLY? Check this shit out, I totally have a picture of me, Ron, and Hermione that's not really possible for me to have considering they don't look like this until this film. Really wouldn't have been that hard to just take an existing thing we did in the first film and loop it.

Gallant Trio of Superhuman-ness: Man, don't the Dursleys suck?

Harry: Mm. *singing softly to himself* Can't believe how cruel they are/And it stings my lightning scar/To know they'll never ever give me what I want…/I know I don't deserve these/Awful rules made by the Dursleys/Here on—

Hedwig: *interrupting* Ra ra ra-ah-aah/Ru-ma ru-ma-maa/Ga-ga oh-la-laa—

Harry: Would you knock it off, Hedwig, you know I can't let you out, I'm not allowed to use magic outside of school!

Audience: Um, you might want to take your own advice in the beginning of the next film. Also, you don't have to, the key's in the freaking lock.

Harry: That's beside the point, if Uncle Vernon—

Uncle Vernon: TIMING!

Harry: Oh joy.

~And now I want cake.~

Aunt Petunia: Why am I putting so many cherries onto this cake thing?

Harry: YAH RLY, it's turning into a fruit cake, and NO ONE likes fruit cake.

Uncle Vernon: I'm warning you, if that bloody bird sings that damn song one more time it'll have to go.

Harry: But it's her favorite one! If she could just download another song—
Uncle Vernon: Ha! So it'll start singing Poker Face next? No sir, I bloody hate that one.

Harry: It'll be the Glee version!

Uncle Vernon: …I'll think about it.

Harry: And this is the part where I lament my apparent lack of friends and expect you to care for some reason even though you've never taken an interest in my emotional wellbeing before so why in hell should you start now?

Dudley: Yep, that's pretty dumb of you. *bashes in Harry's shoulder with a sledgehammer*

Uncle Vernon: I should think you'd be a little more grateful that we've supplied you with nothing beyond the most basic of needs for the past eleven years, and I say this as if we've gone beyond and above decent human expectations for doing so.

Dudley: I can haz cherry?

Aunt Petunia: Not now, Ickle-Wickle-Diddy-Diddy-Dum-Dums, it's for when the two minor characters that are so freaking minor that there aren't even any lemons with them. Though as soon as this gets up, I'm sure someone will see that as a challenge and write one.

Uncle Vernon: …Right, well, back on topic, they should be arriving whenever Harry is conveniently upstairs. GET OVER HERE. Now, when said incredibly minor characters arrive, Petunia, you will be…?

Aunt Petunia: In the lounge…You'd think I'd have a longer apron on so I don't fuck up my dress, but there you go.

Uncle Vernon: Whatever, and Dudley?

Dudley: I'll be awkwardly and creepily peeking out of the window every three seconds to see if they've arrived yet before opening the door and going, "Haaaaaai."

Uncle Vernon: That was the scariest thing I've ever heard. Excellent, that'll keep them on their guard.

All the Dursleys: *spontaneously move together and glare at Harry as one for some reason, can they communicate telepathically or something?*

Uncle Vernon: *creepy stage whisper* And you?

Harry: Oh, just the usual, you know, keep quiet, stay out of sight, contemplate suicide…

Uncle Vernon: Too right you will. Oh, and Happy Birthday, by the way, or is that in a couple of days when those freaky friends of yours pick you up in this version? Confusion. But yeah, fair warning, if you screw this up in any way, Imma put several locks on your door, put bars on your window, feed you measly amounts of food through a cat flap, and otherwise keep you locked in your room with no means of escape except to use the bathroom morning and night. HOORAY FOR CHILD ABUSE!

Harry: Wow, that's actually worse than the cupboard, at least then they occasionally let me out and fed me. Still, at least Aunt Petunia isn't swinging frying pans at my head, which, BTW, is kind of attempted murder.

~To foreshadow an upcoming bit, the only Bella and Edward I will ever acknowledge are Bellatrix
Lestrange, and Edward Elric from Fullmetal Alchemist. So nyah.

Harry: Wow, as soon as I hit the landing, the Masons arrived. That really was freaking convenient as hell... *opens door*

Dobby: *is strangling baby gerbils*

Millions of HP fans: OMFG DOBBY! HOORAY! WE LOVES YOU! *and there was much rejoicing*

Harry: ...WTF.

Dobby: 'Sup, Harry Potter, sir?

Harry: ...*instantly locks and bolts door behind him* What the fuck...sorry, that was crass of me. Who the fuck are you?

Dobby: Dobby, sir. Dobby the house-elf.

Harry: Not to be rude or anything, but this isn't a great time for me to have a House-elf in my bedroom. I'd also really like to ask what the crap a house-elf even is, but I don't think we have the time, really.

Dobby: Dobby understands, which is why Dobby chose the time that would most inconvenience Harry Potter, sir.

Harry: Huh. Well, have a seat so you can foreshadow the plot and stuff.

Dobby: It's really depressing that Dobby is more heavily abused than Harry Potter, sir. Wah-face.

Harry: STFU, plz.

Dobby: Look at how mistreated house-elves are, Dobby is appalled at the current state of affairs where we are so looked down upon by wizards that even the offer to sit down shocks Dobby to the core.

Harry: Wow, every wizard you know must suck, have you ever met a decent one?

Dobby: No, I haven't. Wait, why did Dobby just speak in first person? DOBBY IS A BAD ELF! *breaks three of his fingers, wailing in agony*

Harry: Hoo boy, this is gonna be a really morbid section, isn't it.

iheartmwpp: The fact that I was reading Titus Andronicus for a Shakespeare class at the time I originally wrote this did not help, I assure you. It made it far too easy for me to come up with incredibly morbid stuff.

Harry: All right, all right. Shut. The hell up. You fuzzbag.

Masons: WTF?

Uncle Vernon: Oh, don't mind that, it's just the super-strong teleporting android horse with laser eyes.

Rifftrax: Who's installing our new roof.
Masons: …Wut.

Dobby: Kay done.

Harry: Those fingers won't heal any time soon, will they?

Dobby: Dobby can also use magic, you silly, silly ignorant person. And Dobby can never say anything bad about his family or Dobby will have to do unspeakable things to himself.

Harry: What kind of twisted family do you live with?

Dobby: It's an old pureblood supremacist family that believes that anyone who isn't a pureblood wizard is automatically vastly inferior to them in any way. Harry Potter will soon see how horribly they treat Muggles and Mudbloods, just think of how crappy a house-elf's life with them must be! Dobby would have to feed his own spleen to Master's peacocks if he ever found out Dobby was here! But Dobby had to come. Dobby has to somehow protect Harry Potter by giving him vague warnings and attempting to cause him permanent damage!

Harry: That sounds kinda messed up, but what's the vague warning?

Dobby: Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts! You know, the one place in Britain everyone considers safe despite all of the crazy, dangerous shit that goes down there annually! There is a plot, a plot to make most terrible things happen!

Harry: Dude, terrible things happen at Hogwarts at least once a month if not once a week! Hell, it's practically daily from Book Five and up! Though if you could give me more details about this particular horrible event, that'd be great.

Dobby: …dfaeitfrardnivesfkn…

Harry: …Or not.

Dobby: BAD DOBBY, BAD DOBBY! *takes out knife, starts jamming it into his foot over and over again*

Harry: OH DEAR GOD.

Uncle Vernon: So the mother's relieved, she goes, "Well, at least one of the men was trustworthy," and the daughter smiles, and—

Camera: PREPARE FOR AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH!

Harry: Give me the knife! *hears footsteps* Oh son of a fuck nut! *chucks bloody knife and disfigured House-elf into wardrobe*

Uncle Vernon: *comes in* What the devil are you doing up here even though I'm supposedly opposed to all things related to witchcraft so you'd assume that would include Satan as well?

Harry: Iunno. *welding wardrobe door shut*

Uncle Vernon: You just ruined the punch line about that one nasty joke about the men who had to put glitter on their dicks.

Harry: Sorry. *putting chains across the door Silent Hill 4: The Room style*

Uncle Vernon: *looks at him oddly* One more sound and you'll wish you hadn't survived that
fateful night when your parents died. *leaves*

Harry: Whatever, I think that about half the time anyway…

Dobby: Good-bye, Mr. Tumnus, sir! Ew, that is one disgusting sock, Dobby hopes he won't have to wear that later…

Harry: Oh, so you were in Narnia this whole time? Damn, you must not have heard me then, now I can't complain about how the Dursleys treat me and how I have to go back to Hogwarts to see all of my friendly-friends again.

Dobby: Allow Dobby to give himself away by assuming that Harry Potter's friends haven't even been writing to him.

Harry: Well it is summer, Lord knows what they might be doing. They might all be on holidays or something, that's why iheart never really bothered contacting most of her friends during the summer except that one crazy person who won't leave her alone and who insists on trading fanfiction ideas in addition to her own…novel…and…stuff…wait a minute.

Dobby: Oh fuck a duck. All right, Dobby admits it, he's been stealing Harry Potter's mail, watching Harry Potter, sir while he sleeps at night, breaking Harry Potter's car so he can't go anywhere or visit his friends in order to "protect" him…

Harry: Okay, no, that is beyond disturbing, you crazy, crazy stalker person. Nothing like that should ever be condoned by anyone ever.

Twilight fans: But Edward just did it because he loves Bella! And it's totally okay if he's hot!

Harry: …That is the wrongest wrong that has ever wronged. Besides, does Dobby look hot to you?

Dobby: Hey!

Harry: But maybe he has a nice personality. Then it would be okay, right?

Twilight fans: Right! Exactly!

Harry: …Wait…If he did, he wouldn't be stalking me!

Dobby: …Is Harry Potter finished?

Harry: *panting heavily* Yeah, I think so. Now, observe as I demand my letters back from you that isn't in the least bit intimidating whatsoever.

Dobby: Yeah no.

Harry: Why’d you even bring them with you, anyway?

Dobby: Dobby has no idea. WHEEEE!

Harry: Oh sure, the Dursleys don't here this, of course not. Do Muggles just have selective hearing or what?

Dobby: Dobby totally just bashed into a wall, hooray for physical comedy! Oooh, a cake thing.

Harry: Don't even think about it.
Dobby: But Dobby already thought of it, it's kind of a useless expression when you think about it. By the time the person saying it realizes what the other person's thinking, the other person would've already thought it. Snap.

Cake thing: *flies*

Harry: Could you not do that please?

Dobby: Only if Harry Potter never ever returns to the one place that makes his life seem like it's worth living.

Harry: I can't! Hogwarts is my home!

Book readers: Again, doesn't this negate the blood protection?

Dobby: Then Dobby must do it, sir. For Harry Potter's own good. Snap.

Dumbledore: Why must you steal my favorite rationalization EVAR?

Uncle Vernon: So this man is taking care of his mother-in-law, and he comes home one night to find her collapsed on the ground. He panics and immediately rushes her to the hospital. The doctors are taking care of her and he's waiting in the waiting room, terrified out of his mind. Finally, the doctor comes out and says, "Well, I've got some good news, and I've got some bad news." The man's like, "Okay, give me the bad news first." The doctor says, "We've saved your mother-in-law, but she's completely numb from the neck down, so from now on, she'll have to use a wheelchair. Also, you'll have to help her use the bathroom for the rest of her life. Not to mention she can't talk anymore, all she can do is make this horrible screeching noise." The man's in shock, finally he asks, "What's the good news?" The doctor says, "I'm just messing with you, she died!"

Aunt Petunia: BAHAHAAAAHAAAAHAHAHAAAA!

Mr. and Mrs. Mason: I don't get it.

Aunt Petunia: …So, Mr. Mason—

Flying cake thing: *is still flying*

Aunt Petunia: Oh crap, um…so, Vernon tells me you're a shitty golfer.

Mr. Mason: *cannot act to save his life, what the crap was with that inflection, it's no wonder this scene was shortened*

Aunt Petunia: Well that sucked. Hey, with this extreme close-up, I actually seem to have the green eyes my sister and nephew are supposed to have! Anyway, that suit is absolutely horrendous, Mrs. Mason, you must tell me where you got it so I can avoid that place for the rest of my life!

Uncle Vernon: There appears to be a flying cake thing headed this way.

Mrs. Mason: *sounds like her line's on a cue card offstage, did these two win a contest or something?*

Mr. Mason: *is looking right at his wife and should be able to see the flying cake thing out of his peripheral vision, but he doesn't 'cause he sucks*

Uncle Vernon: Hey Dudley, did you want to bring anything to this riveting conversation?
Dudley: Indeed. I wish to inform you that I believe that Harry is currently using magic to make the cake thing fly, and it is presently hovering above Mrs. Mason's head. Just sayin'.

Uncle Vernon: I don't know what you're talking about.

Flying cake thing: Splat.

Harry: Well this is going well.

Mr. Mason: I seem to have some purple crap on the sleeve of my jacket thing.

Mrs. Mason: Um, hello, I'm completely covered in the crap!

Uncle Vernon: Yeah, our excuse is that our nephew is mentally handicapped and instead of giving him the support he needs we tend to keep him out of sight whenever guests come over. For some reason, this upsets him, can't imagine why.

Harry: Nice one Dobby, now I'll really be in for it. These guys really will start abusing me now!

Dobby: Hey, look on the bright side, at least Harry Potter will not be blamed for Dobby's use of magic in this version!

Harry: Good point, I guess I can deal with that.

Dobby: Kay, bye now! *snap*

Harry: See ya!

Aunt Petunia: *actually makes a pretty decent joke, a pity this and Mrs. Mason's reaction wasn't in the final product, that would've been quite amusing*

~In the Lego game, Vernon put some barbed wire around the drain pipe. It's not in the movie, but I almost think it should've been.~

Uncle Vernon: You'd think our neighbors would question why a giant fat man is perched precariously on a ladder, drilling a bright orange grate thing over one of the windows in our house, but you'd be wrong.

Aunt Petunia: THIS IS COMPLETELY NORMAL.

Harry: Why isn't Mrs. Figg reporting this to Dumbledore? I think there's a distinct possibility that one of us could literally die, and if not me than certainly Hedwig. That's not even counting how physically weak the both of us would be coming out of this, if we got out of it assuming the Weasleys don't show up.

~In the books, Vernon paid some other guy to put up sturdier bars in Harry's window. Shouldn't he have realized what was happening and alerted the proper authorities about the obvious CHILD ABUSE?!~

Audience: Oh-ho-ho, we recognize this music! *grins stupidly…actually, that was probably just me…*

Harry: That is an incredibly loud revving noise that appears to have woken me up. But, of course, I'm the only one who woke up, why should they get in trouble with a whole neighborhood of Muggles seeing them in a flying car but when Ron and I go out we're only seen by seven and it's the end of the world. Yeah, that totally makes sense.
Ron: Hiya, Harry! I hit puberty between films too! Isn't it great to be twelve?

Twins: You guys are freaks, we had to wait till we were fourteen, how is that fair?

Harry: Ron! Fred! George!

Rifftrax: Ringo!

Harry: I assume you're here for a quick visit and then you'll be off, right?

Ron: Actually, we're here to rescue you. And I probably wouldn't have used that term if I didn't see the blatantly obvious sign of child abuse preventing you from leaving. Or can you get out through the door to your room?

Harry: Nope, that's locked too. I'm just lucky the Dursleys saw fit to let me keep my trunk and wand with me this time instead of locking it up in some other room, such as where I used to sleep.

Fred and George: Which was where?

Harry: …Never mind.

Ron: You know, if Dumbledore wanted you miserable and unhappy and stuff and if I was only pretending to be your friend so he would pay me, or whatever the usual Manipulative!Dumbledore plotline is, I would probably not care at all that you're suffering at the Dursleys, because he would've told me that you're safest there and not to disturb you. And if I wanted that gold, I would've listened, not gone off to rescue you. Plus, there's no way I could've kept all this from the twins until the beginning of fifth or sixth year, they're my brothers, they'd know I was hiding something! And how am I supposed to be such a great actor if I immediately screw things up when the truth comes to light? None of those fanfic plots make any fucking sense!

Harry: That's nice, can you guys turn for a second so I can change offscreen?

Fred: Why offscreen, the fangirls are desperate for something!

George: Dude, he apparently just turned twelve, they can wait till he's legal in Equus like everyone else.

Harry: Kay done.

Ron: Wow, that was fast.

Orange grate thing: *breaks off with as much noise as humanly possible, how only the Dursleys woke up and no one else is beyond me, they should've gotten in as much trouble as Harry and Ron did later. Also, why did they bring a grappling hook…?*

Uncle Vernon: ARENLVEWICRLEWYAGRLHFWEIYTARUHJELUG!

Aunt Petunia: That's nice, dear.

Uncle Vernon: POTTEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER!

Harry: Quick, take my trunk! If we don't get out of here, the abuse I'll face from them will be so bad that fanfiction writers will make it a rape fic!

Ron: Dear God, would you stop with that one?!
Uncle Vernon: In hindsight, it may not have been such a good idea to install 7,934 locks on this thing.

Dudley: You don't say.

Hedwig: OH GOD WITH THE CLANGING AND THE BANGING!

Uncle Vernon: 'Ello, poppet.

Harry: GET ME OUTTA THIS FUCKING PLACE!

Uncle Vernon: I can haz foot?

Ron: I severely underestimated how messed up your family is.

Harry: It's okay, most people do.

George: Fred, the huge adult fat guy is way stronger than a fourteen-year-old combined with two twelve-year-olds, so it might be best if you used the strength of the car to give us an edge.

Fred: Right-o! WHEEEEE!

Uncle Vernon: Shit, shit, shit, SHIIIIIT! *falls but unfortunately isn't hurt due to the orange grate thing and all the glass from the window mysteriously disappearing*

Dudley: LOL.

Ford Anglia: Let us GTFO.

Ron: By the way, Harry, even though it should've been when Dobby actually visited you instead of apparently the day or so after or four days later in the book, Happy Birthday!

Fred: Um, relevant question that applies to three out of four of us currently within the car…

George: …but our trunks don't really look big enough to hold our brooms, so...

Fred: Bit of a random question, we know.

George: Or it would be if we weren't wondering if Harry left his broom behind or not.

Harry: For all intents and purposes let's just say we leave them at Hogwarts over the summer.

Ron: Yeah, but what about during the fifth film?

Harry: …I got nothing. Don't really think it's explained in the books either, come to think of it…

~It would be kinda weird having a crapload of kids carting broomsticks around in King's Cross every year.~

Review or Dobby will drop numerous desserts on your head!
Teh WEASLEYS ARE GENERALLY AWESOME

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical and Sequel, Twilight, TV Tropes, Rifftrax, and whatever Disney Channel's working on these days.

~And, of course, none of them thought about using the Invisibility Booster, and yet none of them got caught. Because that makes perfect sense.~

First view of the Burrow: *is decidedly awesome and one of the few things that was just how I pictured it to be from the books. Also, it spontaneously changed location for the final three films for some reason. And what's with the pigs, did they replace the gnomes or something?*

One of the twins: *opens the door with incredible ease, way to have absolutely no security. I'd suggest wards but they are, in fact, bringing in an outsider who hasn't been keyed in to them or whatever the terminology is. I really expected better of the obviously over-protective Molly…or the twins could've purposefully left the door unlocked when they went to get Harry, either way…*

Fred (I assume): Okay, okay, come on, shh, okay, come on, shh, come on, okay, shh, okay, come on, come on, okay, shh, okay come on—

George (I assume): You can make fun of Percy later, let's just go already.

Harry: Can't, I'm too busy staring at the dishes washing themselves as if I'd never seen magic before in my life.

Ron and twins: Cool. Hey, food!

Harry: Considering I'm supposedly starving I probably should've grabbed a roll, too, but I didn't for some reason.

Ron: Maybe you didn't out of politeness? This is a strange house and it would be considered rude to just grab food without asking the first time you enter a friend's house. By the four-hundred-thirty-seventh visit, though, it's fine to just raid the fridge for whatever you want.

Harry: Cool clock thing! Wait, according to the full-screen version, your mum was out in the garden. If she was, why didn't she see us and yell at us then? Did she just Apparate upstairs or something? Also, you guys look really stupid in these photos.

Knitting needles: *aren't actually creating any new stitches*

Ron and Harry's next exchange: *cannot be mocked, so don't even try*

Molly: *comes downstairs* WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU? Hello, Harry dearest, I instantly love you more than my own kids. I AM ALSO BI-POLAR! ALLOW ME TO RANT AT YOU EVEN THOUGH IT'S PRETTY UNDERSTANDBLABLE FOR A PARENT TO BE SCARED SHITLESS WHEN THEY DISCOVER THEIR CHILDREN'S BEDS ARE EMPTY FOR NO APPARENT REASON!

Ron: They were starving him, Mum! There were bars on his window!

Molly: Well you'd best hope I don't put bars on your window, Ronald Weasley!
Ron: …Did you not hear what I just said? They were starving him, and there were bars on his window. If that doesn't scream "Obvious Case of Child Abuse," I don't know what does! Is the fact there were three witnesses of this not enough evidence? Why in Merlin's name are you not reacting more strongly to this? Sure, the fact they were starving him is kind of glossed over in this version except for me saying it just now, but I don't even care if the lack of proper food is actually normal for the Dursleys! REACT, DAMN YOU!

Molly: That's nice dear, now let's all have a spot of breakfast. Though granted I probably soak in the starving part at least a little, since I always try to force as much food down Harry's throat as possible whenever I'm around.

Harry: Considering I was literally starving for the past three days and wasn't able to eat all that much beforehand, you'd think my body would have a negative reaction and it would take me a few days if not weeks to get used to eating Molly Weasley sized helpings of food, but honestly, who needs realism and actual human limitations in a series about magic?

Ron: Actually, when you add that last bit, it kinda makes sense.

~Yes, let's just gloss over the actual effects that child abuse can have on a person, Harry's fine.~

Molly: Here we are, Harry, 349,587 pieces of toast, 45,723 pancakes, and 22,223 strips of bacon.

Harry: Um…

Ginny: *comes downstairs* Mummy, have you seen my jumper, AKA sweater for you stupid Americans?

Molly: Yes dear, it was on the cat.

iheartmwpp: …Is this some kind of British slang I'm unaware of or do the Weasleys actually own a KITTY! that we never see in this version?

Rifftrax: Ah! Evil!

Harry: Hello!

Rifftrax: Get away from me, demon! We are all doomed, DOOMED! *Ginny vanishes*

Twins: LOL.

Harry: …What did I do?

Ron: Okay, first of all, that inflection was crap, and second, isn't it blatantly obvious that she's hopelessly in love with you? I don't think even I'm that dense!

Harry: Yes. Yes you are.

Arthur: Hey, I totally didn't die in Book Five! Damn I'm awesome!

Weasleys: HOORAY!

Remus and Tonks: Yay. Whoop-de-flippin'-doo.

Teddy: Wah-face.

Harry: Crap, now I'm torn. Thanks for that.
Arthur: So the implication is that I work at night in this book, and yet I appear to be working during the day in Book Five. Maybe the night shifts are just for the raids or something.

Harry: Raids?

Ron: Dad's one of the very few actually competent people in the Ministry of Magic. His job's in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office, which is also an awesome Wizard Rock band. Seriously, YouTube “The Flaw in the Plan”, it's epic.

Harry: Wait, Muggle artifacts? Tell me you mean historical, archeological objects or something.

Ron: Nope. It's the things the vast majority of Muggles outside of third world countries take for granted and are so commonplace that we wizards should really know the very minimal basics by now. I mean, electricity's been around for a few centuries and yet we can't even pronounce it. WTF. Anyway, Dad's tried to actually learn about Muggles but he's largely failed for whatever reason.

Harry: That's all well and good, but you never answered my original question about raids.

Arthur: And who the bloody blood bloodiness blood-like bloodily blooding blood are you?

Harry: *deadpan* No, I'm Rabastan Lestrange.

Arthur: Oh, okay then—Heeey, wait a minute…

Harry: Nah, I'm just kidding, I'm totally Harry Potter.

Arthur: *bursts into song* You're Harry Freaking—

Everyone else: OH GOD WE KNOW SHUT UP.

Arthur: Well, Ron's told us all about you, of course.

Harry: *whispering furiously* And what exactly did you tell them?

Ron: Relax, if I'd told them everything, Mum'd still be shouting weeks later about all the dangerous crap we did.

Arthur: So when did he get here? OM NOM NOM.

Molly: This morning. Your sons somehow figured out the exact way to drive to Surrey and back last night. No idea how they managed to find the place, really—

Fred: That's because we didn't use MapQuest.

George: We used Google Maps.

Molly: Ah, that makes sense.

Arthur: Awesome-sauce! How'd it go?

Harry, Ron, and twins: IT WAS AWESOME AND EPIC AND WIN AND—

Molly: I beat my husband horribly to show my disapproval.
Arthur: I mean…That was wrong for you to do and don't do it again, I don't care if Harry actually is dying or not.

Harry: Your dad's completely whipped, isn't he?

Ron: You have no idea. And I'd complain about the double standard where it's okay for husbands to be totally subservient to their wives but not vice versa, if not for the fact that he is, in fact, married to Molly Freaking Weasley.

Arthur: So, Harry, seeing as you know all about Muggles and there are so many different things I could be asking you about in terms of your everyday appliances, I think I'll ask you what a rubber duck is used for.

Harry: …You've got to be fucking kidding me.

The rubber duck line: *was one that I thought was rather funny, but I was one of the very few in the theater that laughed. And this was the first night it was out, too! WTF?*

Errol: WAZZUP. Smash.

Molly: Whoa, Percy, when did you get down here?

Percy: I've been here this whole time, but no one cares 'cause no one likes me.

Vast majority of audience: True dat, yo.

Percy: Huh, did Dumbledore purposefully wait until Harry got here, because his Hogwarts letter is mixed in with ours.

Arthur: Dumbledore must have been stalking you, Harry. Doesn't miss a trick, that man.

Marauders: We beg to differ. *snicker*

Fred: You know, I've noticed that we just kind of sit around in the background not doing much of anything until we have lines in the first two movies.

George: At least until next year, anyway…OH MY GOD FILM THREE DID SOMETHING RIGHT?!?!?!?!?!$)!&?%!$

Fred: Yeah, anyway, this lot won't come cheap, especially the spell books…Though we totally don't have to get a set for absolutely everyone.

George: I mean, Fred and I can share a set, for one, Ron can borrow Harry's or vice versa, and I suppose Percy and Ginny can get their own set.

Fred: Or we can share one set for the whole family, since we have the exact same set of books we need to buy and all.

George: You'd think that old fraud would give a discount to students, though.

Fred: Only he probably took the job to boost his book sales in the first place, in addition to getting close to the Boy Who Lived.

George: Ah. Touché.

Molly: Since I'm apparently such a big fan, you'd think that I'd have at least one set of his books
already that I could loan one of you for a year, but apparently I don’t. So we'll manage somehow, at any rate.

Rifftrax: We'll sell Percy.

Harry: …Maybe I should have said I feel guilty for freeloading and I should repay you really too kind people for letting me crash here by paying for the books?

Weasleys: We'd still be too stubborn, don't bother.

Harry: Ah, well, worth a nonexistent shot since I never actually thought of that argument anyway.

~Why is it that everyone in this series is so reluctant to accept help when it's so obvious that they desperately need it?~

Molly: All right, it's only polite to have guests go first, so—

Ron: But Harry's never even heard of this rather inconvenient method of travel until just now, Mum!

Harry: Yeah, Floo Powder sounds way more like an illicit substance than anything else.

Molly: Okay, then how about you demonstrate, Ron?

Harry: I'm doomed, aren't I?

Ron: Wow, thanks for the confidence, Harry, I really appreciate it.

Harry: No prob!

Ron: Oy vey. *takes Floo Powder* Diagon Alley! *bursts into flames*

Harry: OMFGWTBBQAOL.

Molly: Okay, Harry, you next.

Harry: Hmm, let me think about—no.

Arthur: Get on with it, ya pussy.

Harry: I don't wanna!

Molly: DO IT.

Harry: Okay, okay, sheesh!

Molly: Lovely, now remember to speak as clearly as you possibly can, otherwise you'll probably end up somewhere horribly different and have many, many bad things happen to you.

Twins: No pressure!

Harry: I am so freaking screwed. *takes Floo Powder* Dfesitawerfjarlt Aetyhi. *bursts into flames*

Molly: What did he say, dear?

Arthur: Dfesitawerfjarlt Aetyhi.

Molly: I thought he did.

Harry: Ow-face. And now I'm covered in soot, how lovely, they seemed to have gotten rid of that in Film Five. And my glasses are broken, perfect…that is not a crapload of Twilight posters.

Borgin & Burkes: *is filled with some of the most horrible things imaginable*

Harry: Okay, must get away from the sparkly vampires and disturbingly hot yet at the time underage werewolves — Wow, that's a lot of shrunken heads. Ah well, at least they aren't talking, thank Merlin, that would be absolutely awful and annoying. Let me just poke at this one jar full of them to make sure…Nope, none of them are Jamaican! Interesting cabinet in the back…Wow, is that the one I hide in in the book? Good thing I didn't close it, I might have been transported directly to Hogwarts! Not that that would've been much of a bad thing at the time — hey, a decaying hand thing! I wanna touch it!

Hand of Glory: *grabby grab grab*

Harry: Seriously, why did I grab onto this thing? Did I want to use its thumb as a souvenir, it makes no sense!

Draco: Ooooh, shiny skull thing!

Harry: This just isn't my day.

Draco: Hey, cool, a Justin Bieber board game!

Harry: Thank you, Hand Thing, for conveniently letting me go just in time.

Hand of Glory: Any time.

Harry: Sweet, a handy-dandy Iron Maiden! This should be a sufficient hiding place—OH GOD WITH THE STABBING AND THE BLEEDING.

Draco: Considering I was apparently raised around crap like this, it's small wonder I'm so unpleasant to be around, really.

Lucius: Hello, I'm Jason Isaacs, I'll be the villain of this movie. Look at my beautiful Paris Hilton wig, why oh why didn't the filmmakers let me keep it when we finished shooting? Draco, please don't touch that cardboard cut-out of Hannah Montana, you don't know where it's been.

Draco: Hey, haters, since the implication is that he routinely beats me with that pimp cane, I do believe some sympathy and understanding is in order.

Fangirls: No need, you had us at that little nod you gave Crabbe and Goyle in your very first scene! *drool*

Draco: Awesome, now check out this cool box I'm holding!

iheartmwpp: …Looks like a make-up box.

Draco: Shut up!

Lucius: What the hell is that giant statue of a hand-type thing supposed to be for?

Borgin: Iunno, but whut up, Malfoy, mah bro from anotha ho?
Lucius: Meh.

Borgin: Cool. 'Sup, Draco?

Draco: Blargen-flargen.

Borgin: Can't argue with that. So I got this new shit in yesterday, and—

Lucius: Yeah, not interested, that last batch didn't really do it for me. Actually, we kind of wanted to get rid of some stuff, figured we'd drop them off here.

Borgin: Well how 'bout that.

Lucius: Sonny-boy!

Draco: Yep. *chucks box*

Lucius: So I was just cleaning out our hidden chamber under our drawing room floor, stuff we really didn't need anymore, you know. It has nothing to do with the fact that the Ministry is searching old suspected Death Eater houses for Dark objects, what makes you say that?

Borgin: I didn't say anything.

Lucius: …Right, I knew that. But yeah, they also want to protect Muggles, and honestly, who needs that, right?

Borgin: Indeed, it's not like we act enough like Nazis already, we have to add in some Fantastic Racism.

Lucius: Yay, prejudice!

Draco: Cool, this is a sweet-looking necklace. Hmm, one touch causes death, you say…interesting… It's also apparently implied that I bought the Hand of Glory even though Weasley really had no way of knowing that in the beginning of Book Six seeing as how no one saw me use it till the end of the book…Hey, a cabinet!

Lucius: Quiet you. Anyway, look at my shiny, shiny things that are in no way evil, obviously, why would we come here if we had anything evil?

Borgin: Let's see, a tiny vial of some unknown substance, a weird-ass rock thing, the entire soundtrack of High School Musical…Ooooh, look at this thing that we're not going to tell you what it is or show to you! It could well be the diary, but it makes a sort of metallic sound when I put it on the table, so it can't be that…

Lucius: That particular item is not for sale.

Borgin: …Then why is it in the box?

Lucius: Our house-elf is an idiot.

Borgin: I understand. And now to insinuate that this item that we're not talking about will somehow be important later on, which if it's not the diary, then it's totally not, even if there was some suspicion for a while that it might be another Horcrux or something random like that. Or maybe that was just iheart.

Draco: Awesome, an Iron Maiden! With blood seeping out of the bottom!
Borgin: So how about 57 galleons the lot, then?

Lucius: No, I was actually thinking 560,945,734,826,305,534, if you'd be so kind. Box is free.

Borgin: …I guess…greedy bastard—

Lucius: What was that?

Borgin: Nothing, nothing…

Draco: Hmm, I wonder if there's a dismembered human corpse still stuck in there, that blood looks rather fresh, so maybe—

Lucius: Oh HELLS no!

Draco: Eh-heh…

Borgin: Yoink! *steals back 24 galleons*

Draco: I sowwy. *puppy eyes*

Lucius: …You're lucky you're almost as sexy as me. Now, we must away! WHEEEE!

Draco: WHEEEEEE!

Borgin: Why can't I have hair like that?

Harry: Okay, they're gone? Good, time for me to get the hell out of here—GAH BAD TOUCH!

Borgin: Hey, you didn't actually hear any of that secret transaction, did you?

Harry: Nope, didn't hear a thing!

Borgin: Right, well, off you go then!

Harry: Thank you kindly, sir!

Borgin: Pleasure's all mine, I'm sure.

~What a nice guy!~

Review or an Iron Maiden will EAT YOU! RAWRGH!
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical and Sequel, The Wizard of Oz, Avatar: The Last Airbender, Shakespeare, or Rifftrax. Also, I've been spending way too much time on the It Just Bugs Me pages of TV Tropes, which I'm pretty sure doesn't exist anymore, so an idea near the end totally isn't mine, don't know whose it is.

~I should've made a Michael Jackson joke here, but I couldn't find a way to fit him in, since the person who approaches Harry is decidedly female…I think…come to think of it, I totally could've made it work but I'm too lazy to change it now.~

Knockturn Alley: *is probably what most of us were expecting when we heard the world was populated by witches and wizards*

Harry: True, but I still long for the brightly-colored world we all grew familiar with last film.

Audience: Good luck with that, they keep claiming the series gets darker with each film, though Film Four has decidedly more color in it than Film Three.

Wicked Witch of the West: I've got you, my pretty!

Harry: Oh sweet Merlin, why.

A crapload of unsettling people: *come out of nowhere and surround Harry for some reason, probably to make older and more mature audience members make very crude jokes about pedophilia*

Harry: Wait, this is a children's book, I can't get gang-raped!

Wicked Witch of the West: Come with us, we can introduce you to a friend of ours, he's a werewolf, hope that's all right.

Harry: N-No, that part I'm fine with, it's just…why do I doubt it's the one I'm hoping it is?

Wicked Witch of the West: Oh don't worry, he'll be just as nice, I'm sure. *starts feeling him up*

Harry: *whimpers in fear* I need an adult, I need an adult!

Hagrid: Hey, I'm an adult — Harry?

Harry: Well that's convenient.

Hagrid: WTF are yeh doin' down here? Never mind, come on, already!

Wannabe child molesters: Curses, foiled again.

Hagrid: Yer a mess, Harry. Oh Merlin, they didn' actually do anythin' to yeh, did they?

Harry: No, as far as I know, I'm still a virgin.

Hagrid: Oh, thank God. Still, skulkin' 'round Knockturn Alley? It is a place of evil with no redeemin' qualities whatsoever besides bein' home ter a crapload of plot points four books from now. Don' want no one ter see you there, which is why I drew attention ter the fact tha' you were there by callin'
out ter yeh instead of pullin' yeh aside or summat. People'll think yer up ter no good.

Harry: Then I could just claim that I was trying to live up to my father's nickname or something. Besides, I was lost, I... Wait, if Knockturn Alley's supposed to have this horrible reputation, what the crap were you, one of the most beloved and innocent of the good guys in this septology, doing down there then?

Hagrid: I'm a Deus Ex Machina set up so yeh wouldn' be molested by them ridiculously disturbin' people back there! An' I was lookin' fer some Flesh-Eating Slug repellant. They're ruinin' all the school cabbages.

Cabbage merchant: MY CABBAGES!

Harry: Wait, why would Flesh-Eating Slugs be infesting the cabbages, wouldn't they want to eat flesh?

Hagrid: Well, I didn' want ter tell yeh this, Harry, but our fertilizer is actually dragon dung mixed with the dismembered rottin' corpses of numerous virgin sacrifices.

Harry: Oh, that's all right then. Hey, isn't it wonderfully charming that I'm walking along Diagon Alley with you for pretty much the final time besides that one part in Book Six but since that didn't make it into the films we're not counting it? Personally, I think it's a lovely little call-back to the previous film.

Hermione: My hair seems to be in a lot more control for this film, but I think it's still good enough to be considered bushy, don't you? *sounds desperate*

Hagrid: Whatever yeh say, Hermione.

Hermione: I haven't seen you in, like, a month and apparently I'm freaking overjoyed. How shitty is my home life if you and Ron really are my only friends?

Harry: Yeah, we never do get to find out much about your family life or ever visit your house or anything. Not sure if that's sexist or racist or both.

Hermione: Wow, your voice dropped several octaves as well! And—Oh my God, is that a giant shard of glass in your eye?

Harry: Huh, look at that, I guess the pain from the numerous gaping wounds the Iron Maiden gave me distracted me or something.

Hermione: That's nice. Occulus reparo.

Harry: OH DEAR GOD THE AGONY.

Hermione: I am so full of myself.

Hagrid: Well, I got ter go take a dump, see yeh later.

Harry and Hermione: We would have been so much happier without that knowledge.

Hermione: Come on, everyone's been so worried...which is why they immediately tracked down another extremely famous person and got in line for his autograph instead of looking for you...

Harry: Considering my upbringing by the Dursleys, I just know this means that they've truly accepted me as part of the family! *tears of joy*
Hermione: I don't think I've ever pitied you more.

Harry: Okay, how the bloody hell did Lockhart perfectly time that so lightning struck behind him just as he was posing for the picture?

Hermione: Um, there's this thing called magic, Harry, are you familiar with this concept? And now I shall greet my parents who won't have any lines or even names because they're insignificant Muggles!

Molly: Oh Harry, thank goodness you're all right, though if we really cared we'd actually be attempting to find you. Ah well, least we tried in the book. We'd hoped you'd only gone one grate too far, not that we'll ever actually realize it was Knockturn Alley in this version but there you go.

Announcer guy: I don't seem to be too enthusiastic about announcing Gilderoy Freaking Lockhart.

Ginny: Why the hell am I so excited, I fancy Harry!

Lockhart: Yes, I do look quite excited, don't I?

iheartmwpp: Suddenly I'd rather be watching...pretty much everything Shakespeare related that he's ever been involved with. Aside from Love's Labor's Lost.

Molly: It's clear that I love my husband and children very dearly, but I appear to be thinking about having an affair with this highly successful and handsome man so I think I'll fix my hair a little bit so as to appear more attractive in the hopes that he'll sleep with me.

Ron: Mum fancies Lockhart...and yet if Dad even looks at Fleur's mum, Mum's pissed at him for the rest of the day. What, men can't look at other women if they're involved with someone, but women are still free to check out whoever they want? What kind of horrible double standard is that? If women can lust after whoever they want and get away with it then men should too!

Molly: Shut up, Ron, you don't know what you're talking about.

Photographer guy: Get the fuck out the way you small, insignificant little insects, this is for the Daily Prophet, a newspaper that is in no way like the tabloids or under any governmental control!

Lockhart: CHEESE! Wait a minute…

Harry: *is just staring at him blankly…you know, Dan's usual expression*

Lockhart: Holy crap, it's someone more famous than me!

Harry: You did not just call attention to me in a crowded bookstore.

Photographer guy: Oh, but he did! *grabs Harry and shoves him forward*

Harry: Um, is it legal for minors to have photos taken of them for the press without consent of their legal guardian?

Photographer guy: If it isn't, then you're pretty new to this whole barbaric society thing, aren't you?

Lockhart: Ignore me rubbing your shoulder creepily and concentrate on smiling, having your picture taken is so much fun, isn't it?

Harry: Actually, I don't really—
Lockhart: Ladies and their unhappy-looking husbands and/or boyfriends, what an extraordinary moment this is!

Ginny: Okay, I can get Mum looking pleased for Harry, but I expected Ron to be more jealous or something. And why the hell am I bored? What is with my character in this movie?

Lockhart: When young Harry stepped into Flourish and Blotts — That's the name of the bookstore, by the way, stupid movie watchers — this morning to purchase my autobiography, Magical Me, instead of any of the school books he'd need for this term since he's so obviously a Hogwarts student it's not even funny—

Lockhart's fans: We feel the need to suddenly burst into applause every time you take a breath!

Lockhart: I love my life.

Harry: I don't, can no one see that I'm so obviously uncomfortable with this?

Hermione: Nope, I'd much rather turn into a hopelessly shallow fangirl! You know, the very thing I will insist I hate over and over again for the rest of the series!

Ron: I love how everyone in our society's so easily swayed to believe absolutely anything! Of course, I'm sure that won't come back to bite us in the ass later…

Draco: Let's ignore Lockhart rambling on about his book ratings, since if you missed that deleted scene earlier, this is the first time I've appeared all movie, and I'm sure my fangirls will want to drink me in for a bit.

Harry: I'm still really uncomfortable with this and am incredibly close to screaming Bad Touch.

Lockhart: He had no idea that he would in fact be leaving with my entire collected works free of charge. Because, evidently, I don't want the money of someone who could so clearly afford my books, I want the money of people who'd have to scrounge up every last Knut they had in order to pay for it.

Lockhart's fanbase: TRULY YOU ARE A WONDERFUL PERSON!

Molly: My hero!

Ron: Oh sure, we're some of the people who can barely afford to pay, and you're cheering for him?!

Lockhart: *shoves Harry away violently away, causing him to crash into a bookshelf which falls on him and causes massive internal bleeding* And now to deal with my wonderful fanbase. Note I only really believe that because most of them are reasonably attractive women who desperately want to have sex with me.

Molly: Here now, Harry, without even asking if you wanted Lockhart's autograph or not, I'm just gonna grab all the books out of your hands and insist on getting them signed for you.

Harry: Oh, you don't have to go to the trouble—

Molly: I INSIST.

Harry: …Meep.

Molly: Now, all of you wait outside so you won't hear me offer my body to this extremely gorgeous celebrity and scar my children for life.
Ron: Again, you're freaking married, how can Dad possibly—

Molly: You forget the part where I totally have him whipped.

Ron: Ah. We go now.

Molly: That's it, go on now—OUTTA THE WAY BITCH I SAW HIM FIRST HE'S MINE!

Percy: Wait, you two are reading quietly?

Fred: Relax, Perce, we're not going to do anything!

George: The films won't really let us, they kind of just focus on our Ickle Ronniekins and his adventures with our youngest surrogate brother.

Fred: Pity, really, we'd make much better comic relief.

Draco: Okay, honestly, why am I committing petty vandalism by tearing a page out of a book? Besides, you'd think the bookstore would have charms to detect that sort of thing. Anyway, bet you loved that, didn't you, Potter?

Harry: Actually, I felt utterly humiliated and I desperately hope it never happens again.

Draco: Not bloody likely. Famous Harry Potter, can't even go into a bookshop without making the front page!

Harry: I know, it's so bloody annoying!

Ginny: Even though what Malfoy just said is more of a statement of facts than an insult, I'm gonna attempt to defend Harry anyway!

Draco: Oh how cute, Potter, you've bonded with your future wife already? That's a bit creepy, actually, has she even turned eleven yet? Give her a few more years, man, you're way too young to think about having three kids and letting your wife have absolutely no say in naming them!

Pimp cane: *hacks off one of Draco's arms*

Draco: Dude, how does that even work? Oh, Daddy! You came to love me!

Lucius: Shut up, you little pouf. Ah, Mr. Potter.

Harry: 'Ello.

Lucius: I'm Lucius Malfoy. Enjoy my evilness while you can, I'll be rather useless by the time Book Six comes around. And now let me pull you far too close so I can examine your face.

Harry: Okay, how many adults are going to touch me inappropriately today?

Lucius: Get used to it, kid. So yes, your scar is epically awesome...as, of course, is the murderous raving lunatic who gave it to you. Not that I still secretly support him or anything.

Harry: Sure you don't. Honestly, you can't expect me to agree with you about the guy who made me an orphan and sentenced me to this miserable existence; Voldemort sucks.

Rifftrax: No, hang on. To be fair, he was a damn fine ventriloquist.
Lucius: Holy saltine crackers, Batman! You actually said his name! Either you have a lot of balls or are completely idiotic, one or the other.

Hermione: He's Gryffindor, so probably both. And now watch as I totally steal Dumbledore's line even though in the books I'm just as terrified to say Voldemort's name as the rest of these pussies. Which I guess would include you, wouldn't it?

Lockhart: Ah, a bratty little bitch who thinks she knows everything despite the fact that she's freaking twelve. You must be Miss Granger, right Draco?

Draco: Yes, as I glare at the back of her not-exactly-bushy-anymore head.

iheartmwpp: Maybe she just braided it, that's how my hair usually comes out after.

Draco: Still not really all that bushy, is it?

iheartmwpp: No. No it really isn't. Still more canon than most of the rest of the film franchise, though.

Lucius: Yes, Draco's told me all about you, which probably adds fuel to those who insist that you two like each other even though we were most likely trading ideas on how to violently murder you. He also told me about your parents, though I honestly don't know exactly how he found out about your blood status since it wasn't covered last movie.

Arthur: So what's the deal with kazoos, anyway?

Mr. and Mrs. Granger: Um…

Lucius: And apparently I can tell they're Muggles just by looking at them, though since they're actually dressed normally it seems a decent enough excuse, never mind the fact that starting next film everyone will be wearing Muggle clothes…Wait, don't tell me. Red hair, hand-me-down clothes and stupid complexions? You must be Weasleys. And now let the camera zoom in on me picking up this girl's second-hand book that will in no way foreshadow anything that is to come.

Arthur: Children! All the women are now trying to molest Lockhart and I really don't want to see that, so let's go outside.

Lucius: Okay, what is with all the rape jokes in this chapter?!

Arthur: Oh right, because you weren't just feeling Harry up thirty seconds ago.

Lucius: Don't blame me, it was in the script!

Arthur: Riiiiight. I don't believe you.

Lucius: Okay ANYWAY! Busy time at the Ministry, seeing as you're one of the few competent people there, Arthur? Actually doing work instead of just taking bribes, sitting back, and not giving a crap? Um…You didn't find anything of interest when you raided my house, did you? I didn't miss anything when I cleaned out a bit of our drawing room?

Arthur: No, why, you don't have any kind of hidden chamber we didn't detect in our initial search, do you?

Lucius: Oh, no, no, nothing of the kind, it's all very benign, I assure you. And they're not paying you a Knut for this, are they?
Arthur: It's good, honest work that would prove to be beneficial to most of both wizards and Muggles alike. Therefore, of course not.

Lucius: Pity, that. I can tell because of this shitty-ass book I'm waving around. Now, if you'd be so kind as to look up at my face so you won't see me putting another sinister-looking book with it, that'd be great. What's the use of doing something good in the world, something I consider to be disgraceful to the name of wizard, if it means you can just barely get by?

Arthur: Okay, so we have different points of view, you don't have to continuously attempt to murder my family and friends because of it!

Lucius: Apparently I do. Honestly, associating with dentists?

Arthur: …Okay, I'll give you that one.

Lucius: YA RLY, now don't pay any attention as I put the girls book back—hey, camera, back away already!

Harry: Why did you put an extra book in?

Lucius: YOU SAW NOTHING!

Harry: …

iheartmwpp: Okay, a Horcrux is, practically literally, handed to Ginny on a silver platter, Percy and Ron have been looking after Pettigrew for Merlin knows how long—not only that, but Fred and George are actually in possession of the map Wormtail helped freaking make—and they've unofficially adopted The-Freaking-Boy-Who-Got-Better. Hell, Charlie was around to help out with Norbert last book! How freakin' convenient is this family?

Lucius: And here I thought your family could sink no lower.

Arthur: At least I didn't get my wand shamefully removed from me and then exploded, biatch.

Book readers: FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Movie makers: Denied.

Lucius: I'll see you at work.

Arthur: …Dude, you don't even work at the Ministry, you pretty much confirmed that you're just hanging out there to bribe the crap out of people so they'll do things your way!

Lucius: I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you over the sound of how much money I have. *leaves*

Draco: *gets really close to Harry's face* See you at school. *raises his eyebrows at Ron*

Harry: …Was Draco actually trying to be civil to us?

Ron: And what was with that eyebrow raising? Was he trying to flirt with me or something, it makes no sense!

~I never understood the end of that scene.~

Random Muggle #1: Watch as I poke this suspicious-looking Ford Anglia that can in no way fly with my umbrella!
Arthur: 10:58? How the hell were you lot on time last year?

Molly: Relevant question, what happens if we do, in fact, miss the train?

Harry: It does seem a bit stupid to realistically expect absolutely every student from all over Britain and Ireland to conveniently show up, completely unnoticed, by Muggles despite the fact that there seems to only be one entrance to the platform and at least a few hundred families are showing up at the same time. I mean, what if some students already live in Scotland, do they have to make the trek down to London and then take a train back up to a place that might only be a half-hour away?

Ron: It's tradition!

Harry: There's tradition and then there's freaking common sense.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley: We're such good parents in that we let all our other kids go through and don't make sure that our youngest son and his best friend who happens to be the Boy-Who-Absolutely-Everything-Will-Want-To-Kill-At-One-Point-Or-Another goes in before us as well in case anything goes wrong!

Ginny: Oh sure, I'm so pathetically helpless that I can't even find a seat and have to have my parents help me. Ron didn't have to deal with this shit so why the hell should I?

Molly: Because you're our youngest and so we will always view you as a helpless little girl no matter what you do, and also because you are, in fact, a girl and we're kind of sexist like that.

Ginny: I can see why a good chunk of the fandom doesn't like you that much.

Harry: Let us away on yet another year of whimsy and adventure!

Ron: Huzzah!

Wall: Yeah no.

Hedwig: Oh hells no, they better have used a doll or something in my place!

Harry: Ow in the arm.

Ron: Ow in the leg.

Random Muggle #2: The fuck?

Harry: Sorry, we thought we could pass through a kind of portal that would lead us to a magical world if we just ran fast enough.

Random Muggle #2: Pfft, next you'll be telling me a werewolf will teach at your school next year!

Harry: …Right, anyway, why can't we get through?

Ron: Again, that inflection was completely horrible, did you learn a damn thing from the previous film? So yeah, the gateway's sealed itself for some reason…maybe it just does that to punish families who are late, we never really considered that.

Harry: You're realistically hitting the wall as if expecting it to give, so let me attempt to tap it as well and make myself look like a complete idiot.

Clock: BTW, you're totally late.
Harry: This school year's just gone off to a completely great start.

Ron: Harry, if we, two children who only completed one year of wizarding school, can't get through, there's a chance that my parents who are fully-trained and capable wizards won't possibly be able to find a way to get through even though I totally describe what Apparition is at this point in the book!

Harry: In that case, we should totally go over by the car and wait for them to help us out or perhaps send a message to our Head of House with Hedwig.

Ron: Nice alliteration.

Harry: Aww, shucks.

Ron: Wait…the car?

Rifftrax: Road trip!

~Wow it's taking a while to actually get to Hogwarts!~

Review or Draco will pull a random page out of your books for no raisin.
Teh FLYING FORD ANGLIA OF FLYINGNESS

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical and Sequel, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Dragonball Z Abridged, YuYu Hakusho Abridged, South Park, or Rifftrax.

~When McGonagall yells at Harry and Ron later for not sending an owl, I think she should've taken into account that they were kind of panicking.~

Ford Anglia: *just spontaneously rises from where it was before, with all the people crowding around the station less than a minute ago. How the crap did only seven people see it?*

Harry: I seem to be rather terrified since the only thing preventing us from dying is a freaking twelve-year-old who's driving this thing. Maybe I'd feel a bit more secure if I put my seatbelt on…Nah, it's not like I could fall thousands of feet to my death of the door randomly opened. Probably should lock that, too…Meh, I'm the Boy That Lived, Not Died, I'll be fine.

Ron: Okay, now that we're airborne, we just need to find a train that just happens to come out of King's Cross station…and there are a crapload of them…

Harry: Ron, you do have your license, right?

Ron: Oh come off it, who would pull us over up here?

Harry: Point, but still…

Random taxi driver: Okay, that's the last time I take LSD, despite it being far tamer than any of my previous trips.

Johnny Depp: This is bat country!

Ron: I have my learner's permit, if that helps.

Harry: Well, that would give me more confidence if we weren't about to crash into Big Ben.

Ron: Huh. I should probably avoid that.

Harry: I do believe that would be best.

Ford Anglia: WHEEEEEEEEEEE!

Harry: BTW, I should tell you something.

Rifftrax: I'm in love with Scabbers!

Harry: If you want to let less than seven Muggles see us, now would be a good time to do something.

Ron: Uh, right. Probably would've been a good idea to activate it while we were still on the ground, like in the book, but…

Harry: With all those people around? They would've noticed a bright blue car randomly disappearing!
Ron: They also would've seen us take off, though, we're really lucky it was only seven. And it's lucky they don't notice an obviously underage child getting into the driver's seat, starting the ignition, etc., and not stopping us for questioning or alerting the Muggle authorities. Jab.

Invisible Ford Anglia: *is invisible*

~The back of a chair in one of my English classes said "Big Ben Rapes Men."~

Clouds: *are pretty, but Harry and Ron better be careful or they'll slam into the title card things that are just hovering above the country waiting to be used*

Visible Ford Anglia: *is visible*

Harry: Have we really not talked this whole time?

Ron: Guess not, and we really should've taken this breaking down of equipment as a warning, but there you go.

Hedwig: God I'm bored.

Harry: Also, did we never find the train till now and have just been flying in some random direction in the high hopes that we'd miraculously run into it?

Ron: Somehow changing gears makes the car go lower and not faster!

The background when Ron starts to descend: *is remarkably reminiscent of Buckbeak's Flight when Harry flew him over the lake...you know, the small trickle of water before it suddenly filled up and became the huge lake they flew over? Yay for reusing backgrounds and hoping no one would notice!*

Harry: Sweet, train tracks, hope they're the right ones. So now we need to catch up with it, since it can only be ahead of us and isn't in any way behind us because that's just not possible.

Ron: This is such an obviously clichéd set-up it's not even funny.

Hedwig: Au contraire, my reaction makes it rather hilarious.

The train: *says Hogwarts Express, so it's probably the real thing*

Harry and Ron: SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!

Ron: Hey, check it out, I'm smarter than pretty much everyone ever since I actually dive out of the freaking way instead of just continuing to go straight!

Harry: That's lovely, now can you somehow make the freaking car stop spinning before animal rights activists sue us for the treatment of Hedwig?

Ron: I'm working on it, I can't drive it that well, I'm blooming twelve!

Harry: Well you better do something before one of us FALLS OUT OF THE CAR HOLY SHIT HELP ME!

Ron: Oh sure, now I straighten out the car. Sorry, mate, what was OH FUCK NO NOT MY ADOPTED BABY BROTHER!

Harry: May I request some assistance, please?
Ron: Hang on a sec. Once again, I'm amazed at your upper body strength, didn't think a scrawny
guy like you had it in you.

Harry: Uh huh, not to rush you or anything, but I could die at any minute.

Ron: Yeah yeah, grab my hand already.

Harry: *fails at life*

Ron: Okay, how 'bout trying that again and holding on this time, you idiot.

Harry: I'm trying, your hand's all sweaty!

Ron: Now is not the best time to bait the slash fans.

Harry: Oh come on, you've been driving and freaking out for hours, of course your hands would be
sweaty, that's such a stupid example if you're looking for evidence!

Ron: …You don't know your own fandom very well, do you?

Harry: You have pretty impressive upper body strength, too, actually.

Ron: You're not that heavy, mate. Plus, I think both of us were running on adrenaline, to be perfectly
honest. Lock the door, this time, would you?

Harry: *complies* Well. That certainly wasn't canon.

Ron: Yeah, but at least it wasn't entirely pointless like most extended scenes are for the point of
showing off. The filmmakers might have wanted to stick in a moral about wearing a seatbelt while
driving or something, it'd make sense.

Harry: We're still not gonna follow that advice, right?

Ron: Pfft, as if we'd actually learn from our mistakes.

Harry: I know, right?

~They guffawed and had a lovely chortle fest, which lasted the rest of the way to Hogwarts.~

Ron: I'm adorable, I remembered what you said at the end of the last film! Which is really something,
considering it's the very first thing we filmed so it really was ages ago…Anyway, welcome home.

Harry: About damn time we got here! How many more pointless tangents were we gonna get
distracted with?

iheartmwpp: I blame Lucius and his Make-Up Box Of DOOM.

Ford Anglia: Okay, I'm fucking exhausted, Imma take a little nap.

Ron and Harry: Dude, we're freaking there, can't you wait like two more minutes?

Ford Anglia: I can't hear you, I'm sleeping.

Ron and Harry: …Well fuck.

Harry: Here's an idea, let's not crash into the Great Hall.
Ron: Aw, but I wanna make a more dramatic entrance than Mad-Eye in two films!

Harry: Then come up with something that doesn't involve everyone being killed by numerous shards of glass piercing their innards.

Ron: You're no fun. Though most of the students might have seen us, the headlights are kind of a giveaway.

Harry: Forget the Great Hall, everyone probably saw us on the train, we were flipping around so much! And it might be a good idea to attempt to go up.

Ron: Nope, nothing—not that I know what any of these random petals do anyway…

Harry: Maybe we just ran out of petrol.

Ron: What's petrol?

Harry: *facepalm*

Ron: We are so fucking dead.

Harry: MIND THAT—What the crap, is that even a tree?

Ron: Looks like a very obviously fake stump of wood with sticks shoved into it.

Harry: Least it'll look more like a tree in the next film.

Ron: OMG FILM THREE DID ANOTHER THING RIGHT?!?!?!?!?!?!Q??(&*6eleven!

Harry: Well it did spontaneously change location for no adequately explained reason. You know, like everything else next film.

Ron: Oh well, can't have everything.

Harry: Hey, shouldn't we be screaming in terror about now, seeing as we're about to crash into it and everything?

Ron: Oh yeah. Let me fruitlessly attempt to fix the car with my wand…and break it. Great…you think Dumbledore can fix it for me?

Harry: Of course, because we totally knew that was possible this early into the game. *eyeroll*

Ron: Actually we might have, at this point he's still the Wizarding equivalent of God or whatever, we could've bought it.

Ford Anglia: Ow.

Harry and Ron: And this is the part where we die.

Ford Anglia: *stops falling at a branch in the center*

Harry and Ron: …Or not. We do still have five more books to go…

Ron: I'm as good as dead though, not only did we fly the car to school but my wand's broken. My folks'll make sure no one will ever be able to find the remains so the murder of their youngest son won't be traced back to them.
Harry: I could say it was all my idea, since your mum loves me more than any of you so she'll immediately forgive us.

Ron: Yeah, that might work.

Whomping Willow: Haaaaaaai.

Ron: *in the squeakiest most high-pitched voice EVAR* What's happening?

Harry: Iunno, but are your testicles okay, that sounded painful.

Whomping Willow: Hey, you're not the Marauders! I dislike you with great intensity.

Harry: Wait, I'm Prongs's son!

Whomping Willow: Did Moony give you clearance?

Harry: …No, but—

Whomping Willow: Then DIE, SCUM! *bashes the crap out of them, but somehow the shattering glass doesn't hurt them at all. They eventually fall out of the tree and stuff*

Ford Anglia: *yawn* Good morning, what'd I miss?

Ron: Oh sure, now you fucking work, you piece of shit.

Harry: Um, drive? Now? Please?

Ron: Kayz.

Whomping Willow: And don't let me catch you back here again!

Harry and Ron: Whew, at least now we can relax.

Ford Anglia: Yeah how 'bout GTFO.

Harry: Wow, didn't know we had that much luggage.

Hedwig: I am rather displeased with you right now.

Ron: Scabbers! You okay?

Scabbers: Yeah, sure, fine, can we get away from the Willow now please?

Whomping Willow: Is that…? Damn it, I can't tell from here…

Ford Anglia: Screw you guys, I'm going home.

Ron: Home is not in the direction of the DarkForest, dude.

Ford Anglia: You don't know me! NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME!

Ron: *sigh* Dad's gonna eviscerate me and stick my mangled corpse on a spike to be used as an example for generations to come.

Harry: You Purebloods disgust me.
Ron: We try.

~How did that thing spontaneously gain a will of its own, though? I never understood that.~

Harry: Bye, Hedwig, don't get blown up while I'm gone!

Hedwig: Oh yeah, lovely accommodations Hogwarts has for pets. Now get me out. Now.

Harry: Allow me to sum up everything that happened so far for no real reason!

Remus: I'm not even there and I still feel guilty about what the tree did to you two.

Harry: Oh for fuck's sake, would you quit blaming yourself for every little thing?

Remus: Hello, Pot, my name is Kettle. You're black.

Harry: Shaddup. Anyway, clearly someone doesn't want me here this year. Like Dobby. Who told me he didn't want me here this year.

Ron: Nah, that makes no sense.

KITTY!: Hey, guys, long time no see!

Harry and Ron: Hi, Mrs. Norris! How was your summer?

KITTY!: Oh, you know, can't complain.

Filch: Meow, mrow, meow, meow. Prrr, meow.

Harry and Ron: ...I don't have to go to the bathroom anymore.

Ron: Dude, how did we not notice him standing there when we were walking up? He was right friggin' there!

~Okay, how the hell did the Prophet find out about the car so quickly?! AND WHERE DID THEY GET THAT PHOTO, IT MAKES NO SENSE.~

Snape: You were seen by no less than seven Muggles who have all been confined to mental hospitals because no one believed them so it really doesn't make that much of a difference! Do you have any idea how serious this is?

Sirius: But I don't get here till next year! XD

Harry: That was awful, and would you guys stop showing up already? Just wait till the next film like the rest of us!

Snape: So anyway, yeah, you totally broke a lot of laws and stuff. Not to mention the damage you inflicted on a Whomping Willow that's been on these grounds since, coincidentally, the year I came to Hogwarts!

Ron: Um...why, exactly, do you care? You nearly died figuring out how to get past the damn thing, I would've thought you'd be happy to see it go.

Snape: Shut up Potter!

Harry: I gotta say, the way you're putting your hands on the table and slowly creeping around it
toward us is more than a little disturbing.

Snape: What can I say, Alan Rickman has a friggin’ weird acting style.

Dumbledore: This is Richard Harris's last movie, how much does that suck?

Harry: Howdy, y'all!

Snape: Headmaster. These boys have broken a rather important law that is kind of integral to maintaining our society as we know it. And stuff and junk and shit.

Dumbledore: Dude, I know, I wrote half of those laws. But I'm lazy, so…Minerva, you punish them.

McGonagall: Okay, but I'm not gonna do much of anything.

Ron: You call writing to my mother not doing much of anything?!

Dumbledore: And now we must return to the feast. There is a delicious looking custard tart that I am most anxious to sample.

iheartmwpp: If it weren't for the extended versions of the movie actually playing on ABC Family, I would have no idea that they took that line from the book and randomly put it in. I wish they did, it would give me even more of a reason to adore Richard Harris as Dumbledore.

Harry: *picks up envelope* Hey, something that used to be kind of a plot point but now only serves to make the viewers confused! Honestly, at least Ron could've explained what a Squib was, no wonder this bit was cut!

Filch: MROW! HISS, MEOW!

Harry: Okay, okay, sorry!

~And so, movie watchers will never know what the hell a squib is without book readers explaining things to them. Again.~

Review or I will take over your flying car and cause it to crash into a crocodile so it can eat your parents, take out a knife, and give you a scar.

~About time we got to the damn classes!~

Book readers: Ah, yes, the Herbology class.

Movie watchers: WTF is this, this wasn't in the last film!

Book readers: Shut up and let the characters exposit.

Professor Sprout: With a name like this, I just have to do something related to plants or I'd look rather silly. Anyway, on with the plot. Who can tell me the properties of the Mandrake root?

Hermione: OH OH OH OH ME ME, PICK ME!

Professor Sprout: Yes, Miss Granger.

Hermione: Yay, she picked me, I'm so happy! Now listen as I recite from the textbook I've embedded in my brain. Mandrake, or Mandragora, is used to return those who've been petrified to their original state.

Professor Sprout: Excellent, ten points to Gryffindor.

Harry and Ron: Woot, that matters so much!

Professor Sprout: Now can anyone tell me what foreshadowing is?

Hermione: PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD CHOOSE ME PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!

Professor Sprout: Yes, Miss Granger.

Hermione: Foreshadowing is a dramatic device in which an important plot point is mentioned early in the story to return later in a very significant way.

Professor Sprout: Perfect!

Hermione: Back to Mandrakes, though, they're also quite dangerous. Its cry is fatal to anyone who hears it, like iheart's singing.

iheartmwpp: Oi! That's completely uncalled…okay yeah, I'm terrible.

Audience: …Are those the new robes, or just smocks or whatever for that specific class?

Professor Sprout: So yeah, these mandrakes we'll be working with today are seedlings so they're cries won't kill you yet, but they could knock you out for several hours, having the effect of iheart's normal speaking voice, which usually sounds like a cat being thrown against the wall with knives and steak sauce with lots of vinegar in it so it burns the wounds and also stains clothes. So put on the earmuffs, and be grateful they're not the pink fluffy ones mentioned in the books, which I believe were a kind of callback to the first chapter of the first book. I quite enjoyed these little connections and attentions to detail, but you can't shove everything into a two hour film. Observe now as I yank
the plant out of the pot.

Mandrake: There's a possibilityyyyyyyyyyyyy…There's a possibilityyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy—

Boys: OH DEAR GOD WHY?

Hermione: Wait, why am I the only girl making sure my earmuffs are staying down?

Other girls: Like OMFG, it's from New Moon, like only one of the greatest movies EVAR. Like, totally.

Hermione: I am so ashamed of my entire gender.

Professor Sprout: Mind you, when I said we'd be repotting mandrakes I actually meant we'd just be plopping them into different pots and sprinkling the tiniest bit of fresh soil on them, which isn't exactly repotting since we're not filling the whole damn thing again.

Neville: Wait, why am I passing out, this is supposed to be my best subject! I'll be bloody teaching it in the Epilogue, what gives?

Ron: The films needed comic relief before they force me to do it.

Sprout: Longbottom's been neglecting his earmuffs. No, seriously, let's just go with that since he really has no other excuse.

Seamus: What I want to know is how the hell we can still hear each other if the earmuffs block out all sound.

Sprout: Hell if I know. Now yank out the plants that resemble babies and bury them alive for my amusement.

All students: Eeeeewww, this is rather repulsive and we don't like it and stuff.

Book readers: Something we've been wondering for a while. I know it's a way to have more than ten or fifteen people in a class, but only Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs take this class together so Malfoy and his lackeys shouldn't really be there.

Movie watchers: What the hell is a Hufflepuff?

Malfoy: Check it out, I actually have a soul! Awww, who's a cute little abomination? You are, yes you are—OW! Well fine, if you're gonna be like that…*sniff* And I thought we had something special…

~Why isn't John Cleese in any of the other movies after this one?~

Random Hufflepuff: Look, I FOUND Nearly Headless Nick!

Nick: Allow me to foreshadow a romance that will never be looked at in the films and won't even go anywhere in the books apparently!

Percy: You're still in this franchise?!

Students: OM NOM NOM.

Ron: Funny how the school year's been going for about ten minutes now and yet this is the first time you see us in uniform again.
Harry: Dude, are you really trying to fix your wand with tape?! If it was that easy I wouldn't have had any trouble in Book Seven!

Colin: Hi, Harry! *takes picture, blinding the entire Great Hall with the flash* I'm Colin Creevey, I'm in Gryffindor, too! I'll be replaced by Nigel in the films due to Hugh Mitchell hitting a growth spurt and looking far too old next to Daniel Radcliffe!

Harry: I immediately find you annoying, which I will regret immensely after you die.

Colin: I want a picture with you. And your babies.

Ron: Oh yeah, Harry's famous, I keep forgetting.

Colin: It's for my dad, he's a milkman, as was that guy who went into the Riddle House in the Lego game. I really, really hope that wasn't Dad, and I do think the creators of the game were passionate about the series enough to remember my dad was, indeed, a milkman, so…Anyway, yeah, no one knew all the explosions I caused was magic till I got my letter from Hogwarts. Everyone just thought I was mental.

Harry: I should identify with you, but I'm not.

Ron: Yep, you're definitely mental.

Harry: I meant the not knowing I was a wizard bit.

Ron: Whatever you say. *exchanges significant glances with Hermione*

Harry: Why do we hang out.

Dean: Even though Errol was only introduced in this book and I should have no idea who he is, I somehow recognize him.

Book readers: Why is he the only owl, the mail is supposed to be delivered at breakfast! Unless this is lunch time, of course, potato chips don't really scream breakfast food…

iheartmwpp: I beg to differ. Nom.

Errol: How am I not dead yet. Percy should really man up and donate Hermes as the new family owl so I can die in peace.

Fred: Please, that'd make him vaguely likeable, we can't have that!

George: So what'd Mum send you, Ronnikins?

Ron: What do you think? *holds up red envelope of DOOM*

Seamus: Ha ha, you're about to be publicly humiliated in front of the entire school! I laugh at your shame!

Slytherins: As do we! What are you doing with the Gryffindors? Join us.

Seamus: …Pass.

Neville: Go on, then, Ron, since there's no way to get rid of it using any kind of magic! And quite frankly, even though I say it's horrible if you ignore one, it just plays the message anyway so there's not really much of a difference whether you do it or not.
Ron: This doesn't look nearly evil enough, perhaps a different shade of red would've conveyed Mum's anger more accurately?

Molly: OR PERHAPS MY BITCHING AT YOU COULD CONVEY HOW MANY OF YOUR TOENAILS I'M GOING TO SMASH ONE BY ONE WHEN I NEXT SEE YOU!

Ron: …*gulp*

Molly: HOWLERS ARE ULTIMATELY POINTLESS AND ONLY PROVE TO LET PARENTS YELL AT THEIR KIDS AND EMBARRASS THEM IN FRONT OF PEOPLE BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY DO MUCH IN THE WAY OF PUNISHMENT! THOUGH ONE POINT I CAN DRIVE HOME IS THAT YOUR FATHER COULD LOSE HIS JOB OVER THIS!

Weasleys and Harry: Oh shit muffins.

George: Well, we thought it was cool at the time.

Fred: Not so much anymore, though, I'm afraid we're gonna have to go back to denying any relation we have to you.

George: At least until you help Harry save the school and our sister and the freaking world/country again, of course.

Ron: Of course, I completely understand.

Molly: DON'T YOU TALK OVER MY ANNOYING RANTING! I WILL GOUGE YOUR EYES OUT AND EAT THEM IF YOU BREAK ANY MORE RULES! Oh, by the way, Ginny, congratulations on getting assigned a room to sleep in, we apparently would've disowned you if you made any other House but Gryffindor, after all.

Ginny: What? What's everyone looking at me for? I'm not related to him either, what are you talking about?

Molly: Now where was I? Oh yes. MY RANT COULD HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN TAKEN SERIOUSLY IF I HADN'T BLOWN A RASPBERRY AT YOU! *tears itself apart*

Rifftrax: Strong letter to follow.

Ron: Pfft, yeah, that totally ruined it.

Hermione: Well I hope you learned your lesson—

Ron: Not in the slightest.

Harry: He does hang out with me, after all.

Hermione: …Touché.

~Did Molly never realize that it was always mostly due to Harry's influence that Ron was such a troublemaker?~

Lockhart: Let me introduce you to your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.

Students: *excitedly* Lupin?
Lockhart: No, that's next year, try again.

Snape: *excitedly* Me?

Ron: *excitedly* Snape?

Lockhart: No! Me! Your mama! Der der der der der!


Lockhart: Gilderoy Lockhart! Order of Merlin, Third Class, whatever the bloody hell that means. Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League…they never let me be an official member for some reason. Shame, I would've loved to attend all their meetings and show them random websites no one's interested in and basically go on and on about stupid topics even when people are pointedly yelling at me to stop talking…Anyway, I'm also Five Time Winner of Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award. But I don't talk about that.

Audience: …You just did.

Lockhart: I didn't get rid of the Bandon Banshee by smiling at her! LOL I AM SO FUNNEH!

Ron: Dude, not even your fangirls are laughing at that one, you're so freaking pathetic.

Lockhart: I see you've all earned me far more money than this teaching gig ever will by buying a complete set of my books, well done. My wallet appreciates it greatly. Now I thought we'd start today with a little quiz, since I'm apparently taking a leaf out of Snape's book and assuming you've all read the books cover to cover before term even started and memorized everything.

Hermione: Let me thank you for handing me a piece of paper in an incredibly high-pitched voice in order to appear more feminine in the hopes that you'll sleep with me.

Lockhart: Okay, I may want a bunch of fangirls hanging after my every word, but you're freaking twelve, so no.

Ron: Thank you for the paper, now piss off.

Lockhart: Hmm, that's odd, Dumbledore can't be the only gay man in this series, there must be a couple of boys willing to fawn over me…And I mean that in a completely nonsexual manner, people, I just feel really insecure without hoards of fans, if I'm to be with anyone they will be of legal age! Which, while sixteen in Britain, I have a feeling the Wizarding community would up it to seventeen like they do with everything else.

Ron: I'm beginning to wonder if the only reason Lockhart got the job was because Dumbledore was gay and he wanted some eye candy after dealing with He-Who-Kinda-Sorta-Not-Really-Can-Be-Considered-To-Have-Made-An-Appearance-In-This-Movie.

Harry: That'd be an interesting theory if I wasn't the one who had to defeat Voldemort on my own in the previous film.

Ron: Hey, I'm just throwing out theories as to why Lupin's not here yet.

Harry: Probably because Sirius hasn't escaped yet. With Remus's overblown guilt complex, I have a feeling the only reason he agreed to teach at all was to prevent his old friend from trying to kill me.

Ron: Yeah, that worked wonders, didn’t it, he didn't even tell Dumbledore all the passages Sirius
might've used to get in! Oh right, test thingy…Okay, these questions are completely asinine, have you looked at these?

Harry: Well, we got number five, he just said how many times he won Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award, so…

Lockhart: You have thirty minutes. Start…

Students: *start*

Lockhart: Now!

Students: …We already started.

Lockhart: Oh…carry on then.

Students: Kay.

~I am running out of clever transitions.~

Lockhart: And all of you fail except for Hermione. Which is totally predictable. Maybe, just maybe, if I haven't lost my memory in some kind of freak accident of my own creation, I'll give you a chance once you're legal.

Hermione: Score!

Lockhart: Now, observe as I suddenly become serious.

Sirius: No, I'm—

Harry: Would you just get outta here?!

Ominous rattling cage: *is ominous. And rattling. And a cage*

Lockhart: You will soon find yourselves facing your worst fears in this room.

Students: Yes. Yes we will. Next year.

Lockhart: Since my credentials clearly indicate that I'm a competent wizard, I assure you that I'll protect you. Don't scream, though, they'll think it's…a MATING CALL! *rips off cover thing*

Seamus: BAHAHAAAAHA! Cornish pixies?

Lockhart: Freshly caught Cornish pixies!

Seamus: Of course, because that makes them so much more terrifying! *gigglesnort*

Lockhart: Laugh all you want, Mr. Finnegan! But pixies are the bane of every Harry Potter video game player's existence; they're incredibly annoying, are freaking everywhere, and always seen to show up at the worst possible times. Anyway, let's see what you make of them!

Pixies: WHEEEEEE! We will now destroy everything you love!

Majority of students: Think we'll just run out of the classroom, actually.

Neville: Hey, ow, that's my ear, ow. OW OW OW! THIS IS NOT COOL THIS REALLY HURTS I THINK THEY MIGHT BE RIPPING OFF OOOWWWWWW!
Lockhart: I'll just stand here and watch!

Rest of students except Glorified Trio of All that is Good in the World: Yeah, we're outta here.

Neville: Great, George almost wasn't the first person to lose an ear, plus the teacher doesn't bloody care and is completely incompetent besides, so how the crap am I gonna get down?

Hermione: I'm surprised they don't yank me up by the hair; I guess it's because I'm a girl and they can't show as much violence to me, and I can't go nearly bald till after the films are done.

Harry: Sorry, Neville, I should've hit the pixies attacking you with a book first.

Neville: That's fine, I'm not that close to you till three years from now anyway, I can wait.

Lockhart: Uselessio Spellium! *nothing happens, pixie takes wand and shoots fireballs everywhere* Well that spell was useless.

Remaining four students in the room: Lupin better have a really good reason for not teaching us sooner.

Lockhart: No, not one of my pictures of myself, it's not like I don't have 394,283,957 other ones! Fine, you three take tare of it! *leaves to fix his hair again*

Ron: Can I go after him and kill him slowly and painfully?

Hermione: After I freeze these guys. Immobulus!

ALL of the pixies: *freeze. Because that spell does that*

Neville: I know we established I'm currently comic relief, but I still gotta ask: Why is it always me?

Rifftrax: Biddle de bink, de bink. Boing! AND NOW CAN WE PLEASE HAVE A STORY!

~Could also be because he was the Almost Chosen One, so crap has to happen to him to. Which is really depressing, but there you go.~

Review or the next chapter will be a Mandrake/Pixie lemon oneshot. Don't tempt me.
Disclaimers: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Sequel, or RiffTrax.

~Pretty view of Hogwarts is pretty. I want that for my background, but I kinda like this theme I have going of various fanart of the Marauders that changes whenever I switch to a new project.~

Angelina, Alicia, and Katie: WOOO WE'RE NOT RE-CAST YET! But we still don't have any lines…

Oliver: I spent the entire summer doing absolutely nothing except working on Quidditch practice plan things.

Fred: Dude.

George: Life.

Gred and Forge: Get one.

Harry: So did it pay off at all?

Oliver: Sure did! We're gonna train earlier, harder, and longer.

George: …It took the entire summer for you to come up with that?

Oliver: Well first I wanted it a bit longer, then I figured I could take it harder, then if only I could come just a bit earlier—

iheartmwpp: *gigglesnort* That is so what she said.

Fred: You just had to go there, didn't you?

iheartmwpp: Hey, be grateful I'm not doing any Wood name puns.

Oliver: Oh hell no.

Harry: Malfoy's so totally visible at this point, how the hell are we so surprised?

Oliver: What do you think you're doing, Flint?

Flint: I'm tending to the wounds of a baby bluebird WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?

Oliver: I booked the pitch for Gryffindor today, and I will refrain from throwing the tantrum that was in the books and instead recommend a good dentist.

Flint: Dude, my boggart was a dentist! Snape said I didn't have to see one if I didn't want to, look!

Ron: Hey, Hermione, someone might need the help of your parents, let's go put in a good word!

Oliver: "I, Professor Severus Snape, being a biased douchebag, am kicking the Gryffindor team off the field so Slytherin can play, owing to the need to train the new guy who—let's face it—needs all the help he can get." So you've got a new Seeker, a ready-made rival for our own, who just so happens to be Harry Freaking Potter. I wonder who it could possibly be.
Malfoy: Yo.

Harry: I AM IN UTTER SHOCK.

Malfoy: I think my voice was a bit deeper in the beginning of the movie. Oh, and we got new brooms and crap.

Slytherins: *burst into song and start dancing* We're gonna kick your ass/We're gonna kick your ass/You're goin' down, goin' down—

Ron: Okay, why are you leaning on the brush end, won't that completely fuck them up?

Flint: Whatev, Draco's dad could totally just buy another set for us.

Malfoy: Yeah, you know, since he has money. Which you lack. And the filmmakers actually acknowledge that this year by making your robes washed out and stuff. Not too shabby, I must say.

Fred (I assume): I think I'll just stand in the background, staring blankly, with no sign that I am in any way offended by these blatant insults against my family.

Hermione: I'm actually really surprised that the individual players all have different types of brooms. I mean, I suppose I could understand professional teams having advanced sets or whatever, since it would be similar to paying really good players who take lots and lots of steroids to change teams in the Muggle world. But this is school, what are the teachers playing at? Unless they want to immediately impress upon us that life isn't fair and that people with money are the only ones that call the shots, but doing it in this fashion makes everyone involved in running the school horrible, horrible people.

Malfoy: No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood.

Everyone except Harry: OH NO HE DI'IN'T!

Hermione: I am in shock and horror even though I should have no idea what that means.

Ron: I shall make you suffer horribly now because you said a word! Eat slugs!

Rifftrax: Magic words. They're Latin, except when they're not.

Audience: CONSISTENCY! THIS SERIES HAS NONE!

Ron's wand: HA, you actually thought I'd work properly.

Ron: Well crap.

Gryffindors: OH NOES!

Slytherins: LOL-FACE.

Harry and Hermione: *get on their knees to see better if Ron's really okay*

Fred and George: *don't, even though Ron's their baby brother. What nice guys*

Hermione: Are you okay, Ron?

Ron: *pukes up one solitary slug* Spiffy.
Hermione: Wow, that must be absolutely horrible!

Ron: Actually, it's really not that bad, they've got all these weird flavors, it's a bit like gelatin, really.

Harry: ...How the fuck can this biologically happen? I mean, did he conjure up the slugs from his stomach or something and they're slowly crawling up his digestive system one by one, it makes no sense!

George: Dude. Magic. Get freaking used to it already.

Harry: NEVER!

Colin: OMFG, can I get a shot?

Harry: Colin, GTFO, you're annoying.

Colin: *runs away crying*

Harry: I will regret nothing until five years from now. Meanwhile, let's take Ron to Hagrid's instead of logically taking him to the Hospital Wing where Madam Pomfrey might actually be able to help him.

Ron: *vomit* *bleah* Well, in the book we were already *bleah* on the Quidditch field, so Hagrid's hut was *garfle* a lot closer. But yeah, here it *kerplunk* makes no sense.

Fred and George: We should go with them out of concern for our brother, but we're assholes.

Malfoy: Dude, that was totally gross, man.

~Okay, what's with all the random cages hanging from the ceiling in Hagrid's hut? The things he usually deals with are way bigger than that!~

Hagrid: I still 'ave some funneh lines.

Ron: I can haz bukkit?

Hagrid: Yeppers! Nothin' ter do but wait till it stops, I'm afraid, unless yeh want ter take him up ter Madam Pomfrey who'd be able ter fix it immediately, or find someone else who'd be able ter cure it with magic, but why would yeh wanna do somethin' sensible like tha'?

Ron: *barf*

Harry: Lovely.

Hagrid: Awesome. An' even though I really should've figured it out by now, I still gotta ask who Ron was tryin' ter curse anyway.

Harry: Malfoy. He called Hermione something that I assume is offensive judging by the general reaction. And since I don't want to seem insensitive or ignorant, I won't repeat it until I know what it means.

Ron: I just look so *gag* sexy in this shot, don't I? *heave*

Hermione: He called me a Mudblood.

Hagrid: ...Blood shall flood the grounds of Hogwarts this night.
Harry: Um, hello? Still have no clue what it means?

Hermione: It means dirty blood, implying that my blood somehow has mud in it since I grew up in a place with no magic and have no idea about any Wizarding customs, and thus I am somehow below people who did grow up with wizards.

Ron: Whoa, whoa, *plop* whoa. How the hell do you know what that word means? This is supposed to *flarfle* be the first time you ever heard it, I was supposed to say it since it was a word I was taught from a young age to *expelliarmus* never say, so it makes sense for me to know it!

Hermione: Yeah, but I enjoy stealing other people's lines, especially if you're starting to sound smart. Besides, you're too busy vomiting slugs to say anything.

Ron: Didn't stop me in *burp* the book!

Hermione: Whatever, point is that Mudblood's a really foul name for someone who's Muggle-born, which is a derogatory name in and of itself, but there you go. It's not a term one usually hears in civilized conversation.

Ron: Exactly, which makes it really, really hard to *waka-waka-waka* believe that you could find it in a book, since *retch* authors are usually considered to be civilized.

Harry: But why would Mudblood be so bad, especially since Muggle and Muggle-born are also racist terms?

Hagrid: It's kind o' like callin' black people Negros as opposed to the N-word, apparently the former's still semi-okay-except-not-really-at-all, accordin' ter certain TV movie censors at any rate.

Harry: Oh wow, that's horrible.

Ron: Bleargh. It's disgusting, which is apparently all I have to say about it in this version.

Hagrid: It's just plain silly, an' JKR's essentially tryin' ter convince the people who read her books ter stop bein' so racist or prejudiced…an' then she makes Snape an' Regulus the only good Slytherins in the entire series. Smooth. Anyway, most people — fer example That-Guy-Who-Got-Me-Expelled-Way-Back-When, Snape, Harry, Remus, an' so many other cool people — are halfblood, so nyah. This really hits a sore point fer me, being half-giant an' all, but yeh never really hear tha' outright stated in these versions. An' Hermione could do pretty much any spell better than the rest of 'em, anyway, there's not a spell she can't do!

Harry: She can't do the Patronus Charm that well, actually.

Hagrid: You're really bad at makin' a crying girl feel better, aren' yeh.

Hermione: Actually, my eyes are just watering. If I started crying, I would've started acting rather horribly until Film Seven when I actually improved a bit.

Hagrid: True dat, yo. So yeah, ignore them an' stuff, because o' course it's so totally possible fer a young teenager ter flat-out ignore all the teasin' they'd get over the years when all they really wanna do is curl up in a corner an' bawl their eyes out.

Rifftrax: Draco’s only going to be a pivotal figure in your life for the next six years; try to ignore him!

~No, I'm not speaking from experience, what are you talking about?~
Review or I'll make Ron vomit slugs! ON UR FACE!
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical and Sequel, The Chronicles of Narnia, anything owned by Disney, Baccano!, Higurashi no Naku Koro ni, Mugglecast, Rifftrax, and I guess kinda sorta Ouran High School Host Club, though I've seen the concept in a few other anime, I just think Ouran was the first one I saw it in.

~The Wizarding World rules and punishments make absolutely no flippin' sense whatsoever.~

Harry: …So last year, we stay out too late one time, and we're forced to go into the supposedly deadly forest we're not allowed to go into otherwise, fully aware that of the fact that we could be killed at any moment by, if not Voldemort, something powerful, fast, and evil enough to kill a unicorn. This year, we break a freaking important as hell law that is fundamental to maintaining Wizarding secrecy, and all Ron has to do is clean shit and I have to write shit. I mean, I know our justice system is fucked up beyond all belief, but this is just ridiculous.


Harry: GET ON WITH IT!

Lockhart: Right...Harry. Can you possibly imagine a better way to serve detention than by helping me answer my fan mail?

Harry: Admittedly better than slicing my hand open every night for over five hours, but I'd still rather clean shit up for Snape. Hey, how the hell did you get shots of yourself on a broom like that?

Lockhart: Wizarding Photoshop and green screen.

Harry: Ah.

Lockhart: Fame is a fickle friend, Harry.

Harry: Nice alliteration.

Lockhart: Aww, shucks. Anyway, celebrity is as celebrity does. Remember that.

Harry: …What does that even mean?

Lockhart: Not a clue, I just spout things that sound good. Worked in my books, should work in real life, right?
Harry: Whatever you say.

Lockhart: Now you're thinking like one of my fans!

Harry: Oy vey.

Basilisk: I'll wager you never had each individual arm muscle carefully stripped away, have you? Then afterwards, having some intricate carvings done on the exposed bone?

Harry: ...I am now far more disturbed than I will ever be in my entire life.

Lockhart: Huh wha?

Harry: Did you not just hear that horrifying threat against my person?

Lockhart: Nope!

Harry: ...Kay, that's reassuring...

~I know the movie was probably too long already to have included the Deathday Party, but the broken Vanishing Cabinet is kind of needed to set up the main plot of Film Six. Dumbasses.~

Basilisk: ...You take them by the throat and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze...until they foam like a dog and then squeeze some more...When their eyes are about to pop out, you squeeze just a little more...

Harry: These are some of the most disgusting and horrifying things I've ever heard. The logical thing to do would be to get a professor who won't think I'm going crazy, like perhaps Dumbledore...Nah, I think I'll just follow the creepy-ass voice around and watch what happens!

Basilisk: Oooh, I'll bet you've never had red-hot fireplace tongs thrust into your eyes, or taken a dip in a nice warm acid bath!

Harry: ...Mummy...

Hermione: There you are, Harry, you won't believe what Alicia just told us—

Harry: Not now, I'm following a creepy voice I'm hearing inside the walls that are threatening to murder people horribly.

Ron: The what now?

Harry: You heard me! Whatever's making that noise wants to stab people over and over with a knife while they're nailed to the wall and then laugh hysterically while pissing itself, can't you hear it plotting that?

Hermione: ...You need help.

Harry: I'm not crazy, I'm just a little unwell—Erm, I think it's actually gonna carry out what it's planning, so Imma chase it.

Ron: Hmm. If what he's describing is true, then we could all probably die horribly. LET'S FOLLOW HIM.

Hermione: I AM DOWN WITH THAT.
Rifftrax: We have to strike first. Destroy everything with a voice!

Harry: I am confused by this apparent moisture that has befallen the corridor. I wonder what it could be — what's that, creepy voice? You want to rip people's faces off and make it so they're completely unrecognizable while you decorate the room with their blood?

Basilisk: …That is what I just described to you, yes.

Harry: Cool, just checking.

Holy Trio of Integrity: WHEEEE HOW ARE WE NOT SLIPPING AND FALLING ON THE WET FLOORS WHEEEEEE!

Spiders: We are obviously fake. And also leaving.

Harry: Huh.

Ron: I don't like spiders.

Harry: Really? You don't look too upset.

Ron: Well these ones are so obviously CGI so I can't see them right now. 'Sides, I'm saving up my pants-wetting terror for the acromantulas later.

Hermione: Hey, since we're not covering it in the film, wanna go over that backstory now?

Ron: Sure, why not? I broke Fred's toy broomstick when I was three, so in retaliation he turned my teddy bear into a spider, presumably when I was holding it. It was understandably traumatizing.

Harry: Wait…Fred was five when he did that? I thought accidental magic started happening when a wizard was seven or something! And to do such advance Transfiguration, he's a freaking genius! No wonder he and George made so many successful inventions and crap!

Hermione: Meanwhile, I am laughing heartily at your greatest fear. And I accuse you of being tactless…

Ron: Oh yeah, spiders are far less terrifying than McGonagall telling you you failed everything. *eye roll*

Hermione: Shut up, it's a perfectly reasonable fear!

Ron: …No. No it's not. Especially coming from you.

Hermione: Yeah, well…spiders are too predictable, it's such a common fear!

Ron: Exactly, which means people can relate to it and it's realistic! Yours is really stupid and shallow compared to what other people have to deal with, look at my mum in Book Five!

Hermione: Can we just drop this?

Ron: I don't think I will! Not until you take back what you sai—There is some water on the floor and a creepy-ass reflection of something on the wall.

Writing on the wall: The main plot of this book has begun. Enemies of the Heir, beware.

Hermione: It's written in blood. Which…kind of begs the question…where would an eleven-year-old
girt get all that blood...? Let's pray it was from all the roosters she evidently killed, that was even brought up in a deleted scene, 'cause if not...

Ron: Oh God, don't even go there! That's just...no!

Harry: Why couldn't the film just stick with paint like in the books so we could avoid this topic altogether?

Filmmakers: Blood's more dramatic, there's a more immediate sense of danger!

iheartmwpp: I repeat: Eleven-year-old girl.

Ron: You know, this handwriting seems oddly familiar—

Harry: NOES NOT TEH KITTY!

Hermione: What the crap is up with my reaction, am I supposed to be gasping in shock, 'cause it looks like I'm smiling.

KITTY!: I appear to be hanging from my tail on a torch thing. How the crap did I get up here?

Harry: Iunno, but let me walk up to you in order to gain a closer look that will in no way make me look suspicious.

Ron: Maybe we should get out of here before the entire school spontaneously decides to show up for some reason even if it seems too late for dinner to be over and apparently all the routes to all four dorms lead past here—Shit.

iheartmwpp: From what I could tell, Percy was actually holding Colin's camera and presumably talking with him. He seems to be way nicer in the films. And there is also one little Gryffindor girl who's a good two feet shorter than Tom Felton was at the time, so either she's a little person or they shoved an eight-year-old into robes for the day and ran with it.

Madam Pomfrey: Uncool.

Colin: I can haz pictures?

Percy: Yeah no.

Malfoy: Enemies of the Heir, beware? Ooooh, more people might die this year! I really hope it's one of my thirteen-year-old classmates who I hate because I'm jealous since she's smarter than me and I also think she's inherently inferior because she has non-magical relatives. Yeah, that's right, I want a classmate to die, and I said it publicly. I AM SUCH AN APPEALING CHARACTER!

Fangirls: I know, right? *swoon*

D/Hr shippers: THEY ARE CLEARLY MEANT TO BE.

Rest of fandom: ...What is wrong with you people? And we will only ship Dramione if Draco's rolling around on the floor wearing a diaper and talking about Pigfarts.

Percy: I should take points for a student making blatantly racist comments, but honestly, when have I ever used my Prefect status for any decent reason.

Fred and George: Again with us just standing here, doing nothing! And...hang on, that handwriting looks oddly familiar...
Filch: Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow…Mrow meow. Meow meow meow—
*sees cat* Mrs. Norris!

Entire student population: HE SPEAKS ENGLISH?!

Filch: Okay, you're standing right next to her as though begging us not to think it was you, so it's actually kinda reasonable that I immediately accuse you.

Harry: But I seriously didn't do anything!

Filch: Yes you did! You murdered my cat!

Rifftrax: You shall become my new cat.

Filch: This means I can flay you alive and such, and then I'LL KILL YOU!

Dumbledore: Argus, I keep telling you, one more death threat and I'm throwing you out, it's not good for morale — oh crap. Everyone except the staff and the main characters kindly GTFO.

Random Ravenclaw prefect: Our House still exists!

Dumbledore: No one cares. Anyway, Mrs. Norris is not dead, she's just been turned to stone with no way of receiving oxygen. Totally different, I assure you.

Lockhart: I'm pretending to be knowledgeable when it really just makes it more obvious that I have no idea what the crap I'm doing!

McGonagall: Moronic git.

Dumbledore: Exactly, even I don't know how that happened. Then again, a thirteen-year-old girl can figure it out quicker than I can, so that's not saying much even if it is Hermione Freaking Granger…

Filch: All evidence points to Potter, so let's logically blame him!

Harry: All evidence pointed to Snape last time, but he was innocent! And so many other examples of this can be found throughout the series until Book Six when I was actually right about Malfoy! Besides, I didn't do it anyway.

Filch: Rubbish! That's like saying Sirius Black is innocent of all wrongdoing aside from the time he attempted to murder a classmate by sending a werewolf after him just for trying to figure out what he and his friends were up to once a month!

Sirius: And he's greasy! Can't forget the greasy!

Filch: Oh, yes, my apologies.

iheartmwpp: Why are you my second favorite again?

Snape: Indeed, I hope you get murdered through the strategic placement of a piece of drapery, you asshat. And if I might, headmaster…Perhaps Potter and his friends were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time?


Dumbledore: Uh-huh, that's not clearly bullshit or anything.
Snape: You didn't let me finish, you old bastard, I was about to say "However" after a dramatic pause. *sniffs* You never let me have my moment!

Dumbledore: Oh get over yourself.

Snape: M'kay. So yeah, Potter wasn't at dinner, you can't really blame me for thinking there was something suspicious going on based on that.

Lockhart: Allow me to actually be useful in this situation! Harry was helping me answer my fan mail.

Snape: Curses, foiled again.

Hermione: Exactly, he was gone for four hours, which is freaking ridiculous, this isn't Book Five yet, so we went looking for him. And I really shouldn't start speaking without making everyone think Harry's insane and coming up with a decent story, so I'll just stop talking mid-sentence.

Snape: Oh no, do go on.

Harry: I don't really feel like being considered crazy for another few years, so I'll just go with me not being hungry, which might actually be true after the rather disturbing things I heard in mah head. So yeah, we were heading back to the Common Room when we found Mrs. Norris.

Snape: Why do I doubt that.

Harry: I totally don't blame you.

Dumbledore: Innocent until proven guilty, Severus. A pity we didn't follow through with that eleven years ago…eleven years ago today, in fact, huh, you'd think we'd have a bit more fanfare for the anniversary of the defeat of Voldemort…Actually, in nearly every situation the reality seems far more like guilty until proven innocent. Which sucks.

Filch: My KITTY! has been petrified, I'm suddenly speaking a different language for no raisin, and I'm gonna have to work with Peeves in Book Seven! I wanna see small children suffer horribly!

McGonagall: Oh, so that's why you hired him! On average that does seem to be a requirement around here, even if it just means giving out homework.

Ron: Oh trust me, it's enough.

Dumbledore: Don't worry, the KITTY! will be fine. Instead of sending for some Mandrake Draught, though, we're just gonna wait till our own Mandrakes grow up enough that Snape can make his own damn potion. And we will in no way change this policy when actual students start getting attacked and people start to fear for their lives.

Snape: Why are you in charge again?

Dumbledore: Fine, let's see you make a better headmaster then! But in the meantime, I strongly recommend caution to all, because we never needed that last year with Voldemort wandering around like nobody's business, or next year when there'll be a supposed killer on the lose, or the year after that—

Ron: Yeah, yeah, Hogwarts isn't safe at all, we get it, can we go to bed now?

~I admit it, I made Filch speak normally in that part just so I could make the Rifftrax joke.~
Fred and George: Are we still climbing the stairs? Maybe we hung back to listen in or something…

Hermione: It's a bit strange, isn't it?

Ron: Ya think?

Harry: And yet I'm questioning you for some reason.

Hermione: You hear this voice, a voice only you can hear, neither Ron nor I think you've gone mad, and Mrs. Norris turns up Petrified. All of this really is quite strange.

Harry: D'you think I should've told them?

Hermione: Hells no, they would've immediately put you in St. Mungo's or something.

Ron: I dunno, Dumbledore might've believed it and then said he'd figure something out, leaving us in the dark until we got fed up and figured things out for ourselves.

Harry: Oh, you mean like in every one of these books ever?

Portrait: I'm drawing a jar with eyes in it!

Harry and Ron: Good for you.

~I'm really surprised Ron and Hermione did believe Harry, really, since they didn't believe him about Malfoy in Book Six when he actually had evidence to back him up.~

McGonagall: Could I have your attention, please?

Rifftrax: Ignore the terror lurking within these very walls.

Students: …We've all been sitting quietly, looking directly at you. I think it's safe to say we've been paying attention. Also, holy crap, we're actually having a full class with a recurring character, lyke no wai.

McGonagall: …So today we'll be turning random animals into water goblets.

Dean: Erm, why?

Seamus: Yeah, what possible purpose could that serve? Are we going to randomly be dying of thirst, and suddenly we come across a pool or something with nothing to drink out of, but there's a convenient bunny rabbit next to us so we have no choice but to transfigure it?

Parvati: I think if we were that close to dying of thirst we would just abandon all dignity and just stick our faces in the water.

Ron: And I know I'm using my own rat for some reason, but where did the other students get their weird-ass animals? Were you planning on handing out a bunch of random ones and I just happened to bring in Scabbers today so you just let me use him?

Neville: Actually, it looks like I have Trevor too, so…where'd you get the lemurs?

McGonagall: ANYWAY! You tap it three times and say Ferreverto.

Hermione: Yep, nice and noncanon.
McGonagall: Now it's your turn. Who would like to go first?

Hermione: OH ME OH PLEASE PICK ME I WANT TO PLEASE—

McGonagall: Ah, Mr. Weasley.

Hermione: …WTF?

McGonagall: Because I clearly don't believe you can actually do the spell that well, I'll repeat the directions for the thingy.

Ron: Your confidence in your students is overwhelming. Ferreverto!

Scabbers: Okay, I'd rather cut off my hand then be used like this.

Book readers: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD AND ALL THAT IS HOLY LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT!

McGonagall: Despite the fact that the descriptions in the book always leave everyone but Miss Granger's first attempts in a similar state, I'm going to assume that you failing at life means you need a new wand and stuff.

Hermione: We don't have History of Magic, and Warner Bros. wouldn't want to pay someone else to play Binns, so I might as well ask this question here.

McGonagall: You want to try next, Miss Granger?

Hermione: OMFG YES!

Harry and Ron: Dude, focus.

Hermione: Oh, right. I was wondering if you could tell us about…the Title of the Movie.

Ernie: Why do I have an armadillo?

McGonagall: Kayz.

Ron: Looks like I am going to leave Scabbers like this for a while.

Book readers: GOOD.

Scabbers: I hate my life.

Sirius: Really? 'Cause I'd be more than happy to end it for you!

Scabbers: On second thought…

McGonagall: Will you quit it with the pointless cameos already? Anyway, you all know, of course — and if you don't I'm implying that you're a stupid, ignorant fool; what a nice teacher I am — that Hogwarts was founded, and I assume built, over a thousand years ago by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age, besides Merlin, who I think lived around that time, I have no idea. They were Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin, and they all became friends because of their alliterative names.

Hannah: Is that a baboon now? Where did you find these animals, honestly?
McGonagall: I'm going to ignore the evidence the Sorting Hat gave in Book Five where he said that Godric and Salazar were the bestest of friends and say that Godric and the two women got along while Salazar cultivated mushrooms in his emo corner.

Ron: Wow. Shocker.

McGonagall: Salazar Slytherin thought that they should only teach purebloods. He was given no stated motivation for this, even though he might well have had a decent reason; after all, Albus wanted to conquer all Muggles in his youth because of what three of them did to his sister, so it's quite possible Slytherin had a similar motive or something. However, since he is given no canonical reason for having these views, we're just going to assume he's evil like I presume the rest of you are.

Malfoy: Well that's not very fair—

Hermione: Shut up, you Slytherin.

McGonagall: Slytherin couldn't convince Gryffindor and the others to go with his plan, so he threw a temper tantrum and left in a huff.

iheartmwpp: Someone randomly has a barn owl and I wants it before the poor thing is turned into a glass that I can't see anyone wanting to drink out of.

McGonagall: According to legend, Slytherin built a secret chamber of secretive secrets hidden in the castle that he unimaginatively called the Chamber of Secrets. He somehow was able to build a giant-ass chamber without the other three knowing about it, and sealed it for over a thousand years, when he assumed that he would have an heir who knew his or her heritage, would actually seek out the Chamber, and who shared his views on who should learn magic. He was making a hell of a gamble and was really lucky he ended up with He-Who-Wants-Everyone-Who-Isn't-A-Pureblood-To-Die-Even-Though-He's-A-Half-Blood. So yeah, the heir would be able to release the horror within and purge the school of all those who, in the eyes of a racist bastard, were unworthy to study magic.

Hermione: Muggle-borns.

McGonagall: No shit, I think that was pretty much implied. What, did you think Viewers Are Morons or something?

Hermione: Whatever, just don't point your wand at me, I don't care if you're a teacher!

McGonagall: Naturally the school has been searched many times. No such Chamber has been found, and thus it cannot possibly exist, even though there are several passages out of the castle that only four students were able to find on their own and others know only because of them, and who really knows about the Room of Requirement anyway?

Hermione: You mentioned "the horror within." Care to elaborate?

McGonagall: Something only the Heir of Slytherin can control, and so if the legend is true, we're all fucked. It's said to be the home…of a monster.

Ron: Well that was anticlimactic, I think we might have guessed that. And Malfoy, I know I'm supposed to suspect you of being the Heir, but you smirking like that isn't really helping your case.

~And then class was dismissed, none of the students learned anything, and Scabbers is still a half-rat half-cup freak of nature as far as anyone knows.~

Ron: Wow that class was absolutely terrible. As are most of our other ones, least until next year.
Hermione: Gasp! How dare you badmouth all the wonderful classes this magnificent school has to offer?

Harry: Because it's way too easy, of course, as most of the teachers are either evil or useless, as are the classes themselves.

iheartmwpp: Seriously, Astronomy? I took that as an elective in college, and we didn't even learn anything except how stars are formed! No constellations or anything, which is the whole damn reason I took the class in the first place! Besides randomly spending the summer with Raven, yeah, yeah, shut up. Anyway, show me a time where Astronomy was actually magically useful outside the centaurs spouting crap and I will reconsider, but until then—

Ron: Okay ANYWAY! D'you think it's true? Do you think there really is a Chamber of Secrets?

Hermione: Well duh, if there wasn't then the book would be called Harry Potter and the Overly Flamboyant Professor or something equally stupid.

Harry: Actually, I think I heard somewhere that JKR was gonna switch the plot around with Book Six, so this year was almost titled Half-Blood Prince. Don't quote me on that, though, iheart might be listening to too much Mugglecast and getting facts confused. But if the title of the book does exist and has been opened, that means—

Hermione: The Heir of Slytherin has returned to Hogwarts.

Harry: …I was about to say that, let us answer something for once, it won't kill you, honest.

Ron: Let me speculate loudly and obviously as the suspect in question happens to be walking past us!

Malfoy: Yeah, we can totally hear everything you're saying.

Hermione: Oh, that guy. You really think so? It's not just 'cause he's pretty much the only Slytherin we know and we hate his guts and want him kicked out?

Ron: No, though those reasons help. He did say publicly that he basically wished all Mudbloods were dead and he was staring right at you while he said it.

Hermione: Ah, touché.

Malfoy: Still here and able to hear perfectly well, thanks, though I guess we're far enough ahead now, carry on.

Hermione: Your theory has some merit, but there's still the fact that he's a second year, so maybe we should suspect someone a bit higher up.

Harry: If they were the Heir of Slytherin, they would've done something by now instead of waiting for the first year that I was here and not trying to protect the Stone. Never mind the fact that it took the actual Heir five years to find the damn Chamber in the first place. Besides, the whole lot of Malfoy's family have been in Slytherin for centuries, and somehow I know this and not the fact that his mother's cousin is Sirius, who was a Gryffindor, and that through him the entire Weasley family is also related to him, and they're also obviously Gryffindors. Plus there's the sister of his mother that she doesn't like to admit exists, whose daughter is a Hufflepuff—

Ron: Back to my theory, Crabbe and Goyle might know more, they're his best friends and, after all, we tell each other mostly everything. Maybe we could trick them into telling or something.
Hermione: Even they aren't that thick, though maybe we could bribe them with food…or do something so incredibly difficult and dangerous it would break at least fifty school rules.

Ron: …Who are you and what have you done with Hermione Granger?

Hermione: Ron, we just found out that Salazar Slytherin wanted to, and I quote, "purge the school" of Muggle-borns. Malfoy had taunted that Mudbloods would be the next targets. Did it ever occur to you that I might be afraid for my life?

Ron: …Good point.

~Mugglecast just thought she wanted to show off, but I disagree.~

Hermione: Hang on, let me find an extremely dangerous and restricted book incredibly easily so we won't have to brave the HIGHLY SECURE Restricted Section.

Ron: Sweet. In the meantime, let's bring up something that had just happened in the book.

Harry: You mean Lockhart's class where he went over the time he supposedly fought off a werewolf? Foreshadowing, much?

Ron: Not necessarily, I think it would've only been foreshadowing if you got bitten sometime during the septology since you were the one acting the part of the werewolf.

iheartmwpp: I actually kinda semi-expected that to happen, too.

Harry: Still, d'you think he was telling the truth about the Homorphus Charm?

Ron: Not when he went from calling it "immensely complex" to "simple, yet effective" in the space of two sentences.

Harry: Point, but does it really exist? Could there really be an existing way to cure lycanthropy once and for all?

Hermione: OH EM GEE, we should, like, totally introduce Professor Lockhart to Remus next year, he could totally cure him and then we won't have to deal with him being a douchebag in Book Seven!


Hermione: What, you don't want Remus cured then?

Harry: Of course I want him cured, how dare you even suggest I don't? I just don't want Lockhart to be the one to do it, he could seriously hurt Remus since it's so freaking obvious that he doesn't know what he's doing! You're supposed to be freaking brilliant, how can you of all people not see this?

Hermione: Don't be stupid, Lockhart can do no wrong, I'm right and you're wrong and books never lie, and nothing can change my mind!

Harry: Why do we hang out.

Ron: So did you find the damn book or not?

Hermione: Oh yeah, here it is, it was only in the next shelf over, and was really easy to get a hold of. Which makes me wonder what would've happened if your brothers had found it…
Ron: Dude, that would've been awesome, we should totally tell them where to find it once we're done with it!

Hermione: Or we could not. So anyway, as I magically flip to the correct page…Here we go, the Polyjuice Potion. Basically changes you into another person for an hour.

Ron: So we could use it in our plan to drug and impersonate a couple of Slytherins?

Hermione: That is the general idea, yes.

Ron: Sweet, let's do it up!

Hermione: It's tricky, though. I've never seen a more complicated potion, despite this being only my second year and I'm sure the N.E.W.T. potions will be on a completely different level altogether, but what do I know.

Harry: Uh-huh. We haven't got all book, so how long will it take to make?

Hermione: About a month.

Harry: Say WHA? BUT HERMIONE—

Rifftrax: That bites.

Harry: — oh, right, we're in a library — if Malfoy is the Heir of Slytherin…which I kind of doubt, since we thought it was Snape who was after the Stone and we were horribly wrong…we're horribly wrong throughout the first four books, come to think of it…

Ronan: Always the innocent are the first victims.

Harry: …The hell are you doing here?

Ronan: I have no idea. *leaves*

Harry: …Kay…So as I was saying, Malfoy might make good on his wish to kill Muggle-borns, so it really would suck if we had to wait a month to stop him.

Hermione: Okay, fine, how about you come up with some ideas for once instead of making me do bloody everything, huh?

Harry: Well maybe if I had the map, I'd attempt something, but I don't…I could totally just stalk him from under the Cloak in my spare time until he said something incriminating, I can't believe we didn't think of that.

Ron: Meh, better get used to working with this stuff now so we can be prepared for Book Seven.

~Foreshadowiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!~

Review or your pet will be used in a useless Transfiguration class which kinda sorta promotes animal cruelty! MWHAHAAAAAHAHAHA!
Teh MOAR QUIDDITCH

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical and Sequel, Yu-Gi-Oh! The Abridged Series, Star Wars, One Piece, Titus Andronicus, Blackadder, or Rifftrax. Also sort of that I'm on a boat! song thing for this next bit.

~I'm on a broom!/I'm on a broom!/Everybody look at me/Cause I'm flying on a broom!~

The Quidditch Stadium: *does look pretty awesome in front of Hogwarts like that*

Slytherins: Oh yeah, we're easily outstripping all the Gryffindors! Our brooms are AWESOME! WOOOOO!

Flint: I shall now take an easy shot!

Oliver: Yeah no, I don't care how epic your brooms are, I'm so much better than you will ever be.

Angelina: My ball!

Flint: Nope.

Katie: Fine, I'll take it!

Warrington: No you won't.

Rifftrax: Quidditch! Characters you don't know or care about may fall to their deaths.

Harry: Okay, then I'll try for it then!

Warrington: What is it with you and neglecting your position?

Harry: I JUST WANT TO BELONG.

Warrington: That's nice, Imma score now.

Lee: Hey, I'm still in this franchise! Sweet, pity I can't be in character and give an awesome yet biased commentary. Anyway, Slytherin's currently kicking Gryffindor's ass, so if Harry could catch the Snitch now, that'd be great. Though if this were the actual real-life Quidditch World Cup it wouldn't be enough, since the only thing they changed so Muggles could play were that the brooms can't actually fly and the Snitch is only worth thirty points. Yes, there's an actual Quidditch World Cup in the Muggle world, look it up. Wish I could've been there, apparently the commentators were the highlight of the matches, since they imitated me and stuff.

Lockhart: …The hell am I doing up here, bragging to Dumbledore about my nonexistent Quidditch talent? Seems likely…

Flint: Let's totally break formation so our team can do a cool move around the field!

Alicia: We could so totally take the Quaffle and score a few times while you do this, since the Keeper went with you and it's not like you're riding Firebolts, but we don't feel like it.

Bole: Potter's head's a Bludger, right? I can totally hit it?
Snape: Draco is such a little shit.

Lucius: Tell me about it.

Snape: So where's Narcissa, anyway?

Lucius: I...have no idea, actually. I assume she's off doing female pureblood things, whatever they are.

Snape: I was gonna say, is she a stay-at-home mum or what? Though Draco's not even there right now, and I can't see Narcissa doing housework, especially since you have house-elves for that...Do we ever find out what she does?

Lucius: Maybe JKR didn't want to think up Narcissa's character yet. Mothers aren't important to the overall plot of this series anyway.

Snape: Indeed, Narcissa herself certainly won't have a major role to play later.

Lucius: True dat, yo.

Draco: All right there, Scarhead?

Harry: ...That's the best insult you can come up with? Seriously, get some decent material, this is pathetic! And yet I still look offended for some reason.

Bludger: Haaaaaaaaaaaii.

Harry: HOLY SHIT. *ducks*

Oliver: Pay attention, you stupid idiot!

Harry: And you know of any smart ones?

Bludger: *singsong voice* Ironyyyyyy!

Oliver: Shit, I was just symbolically castrated, wasn't I?

Harry: Oh perfect. Would you get off my tail already? Fred, Geroje, you can help me any time now! Seriously, you were there in the books, where are you...I forgot these first two films like to neglect you a lot.

Hagrid: Somehow I know that Bludger's been tampered with, an' yet none o' the teachers'll ever do anything abou' it! Even though Dumbedore's also watchin' the match. Again.

iheartmwpp: Great, this is the exact same problem I had with in the last movie! Sirius sends Harry the Firebolt and it is immediately confiscated and stripped down, but the Nimbus never was even thought that was the broom that tried to kill him! And now the Bludger that targeted him and him alone is never investigated either! Sure, Hermione blew it up in this version, but in the book the twins just shoved it back into the box! The teachers should've had it checked out, what the hell are they doing, WHAT IS WRONG WITH THESE PEOPLE.

Ron: Oh sweet Merlin! Harry might seriously be injured! I've got to do something to help him!

Hermione: Meh, don't bother, we really shouldn't worry till five years from now anyway.

Ron: You heartless bitch!
Hermione: Quidditch is so boring, I could be studying right now!

Ron: So you don't care if Harry dies?!

Hermione: He'll be fine, I'm sure Professor Lockhart can help him or something.

Ron: …Don't you mean Dumbledore?

Hermione: No, I'm pretty sure I meant Lockhart.

Ron: And just last year I wanted you to have my babies…

Harry: I think I'll try flying into the Slytherin section.

Bludger: Sweet, more people to maim than the fourteen I'm usually trying to kill horribly! *breaks free from Dobby’s curse momentarily and proceeds to bash all the Slytherins’ brains out*

Harry: Okay, bad idea. Hope I don't get sued for this.

George: Oi, shouldn't we be, I dunno, helping him? It is our job to protect our own team from Bludgers, after all.

Fred: Nah, he'll be fine, let's just disappear from the scene with the rest of the other players like we always do when the cameras focus on the Seekers.

George: M'Kay.

Bludger: Dude, I'm destroying, like, the whole stadium! I should follow just one person more often, this is so much fun!

Draco: And I'm back to annoy and sort-of-not-really insult you again!

Harry: I think I'll just smash into the stadium myself.

Bludger: I know, isn't it awesome?

Harry: NOT!

Bludger: Curses, foiled again.

Draco: Training for the ballet, Potter?

Harry: Actually, judging from what your father is screaming, I thought you were.

Lucius: Point your toes! Tuck your pelvis! Chin up!

Snitch: Hey, up here! Wouldn't it be so awesome if you caught me now so we wouldn't have to go through this crap?

Harry: Why absolutely! Now GET OVER HERE.

Snitch: PSYCH! See ya, sucka!

Harry: Oh fuck you with a shovel!

Draco: There is no need for such crass language, good sir—the Snitch was right behind me this whole fucking time?! Holy shit on a shit sandwich with shit on top! And a side helping of shit!
Harry: I know, right?

Bludger: And now I think I'll try to kill both of you.

Draco: That's nice, we'll just race for the Snitch. And when I say race I mean I'll easily leave Potter in the dust.

Harry: Great, now we're going into some weird trench thing.

Bludger: And I'm still right behind you! Honestly, how is this stupid stadium still standing?

Harry: Nice alliteration.

Bludger: Aww, shucks.

Harry: Also, magic, maybe?

Bludger: …Ah, touché.

Draco: I should really be focusing on catching the Snitch instead of always turning back to taunt you, especially since I very nearly caught it just then.

Harry: That's nice, I think I'll miraculously move in front of you now.

Draco: Okay, no, this is not fucking happening. By my look of intense concentration, I'm clearly pushing my vastly superior broom to its absolute limit, so WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY AHEAD OF ME.

Harry: Please. I'm the main character and you're my epic rival…the one who isn't constantly planning out my murder and killing everyone I love, at any rate. Because of that, I can't lose to you, what kind of message would that send the young, impressionable kids who are supposed to believe that good always triumphs over evil?

Draco: Fuck that shit, the Nimbus 2001's supposed to be a shitload faster than the 2000 model! What are the filmmakers playing at?

Harry: Maybe it's because you're only a mediocre flyer when I'm a born natural, so the type of broom we're using doesn't matter?

Draco: I still call bullshit! There is no way we should be neck and neck right now!

Harry: Forget about that for a minute, where did this trench thing come from? Was it here last movie? Does the Snitch always hide out down here when we can't see it? No wonder some matches last for days if not weeks!

Draco: No, it wasn't here last movie, the filmmakers just added it for the sole purpose of this chase sequence. Because the actual stadium isn't good enough for them, I guess. Though since the trench wasn't in Film One, you know you could've probably spotted and caught the Snitch a hell of a lot faster if you stopped pretending you were your father already!

Harry: Shut up, I know I'm Seeker!

Draco: Then stop playing Chaser!

Colin: I just got probably the most badass shot in the history of ever! NO CRAP I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! *ducks*
Bludger: You'll still be too young in five years, but hey, what're ya gonna do.

Draco: And back into the trench we go. And you're still ahead. I hate Hollywood.

Bludger: I'M STILL HERE, BITCHES! And now I'm not.

Harry: Lovely.

Bludger: And I'm back again! Wow, this bit's getting old.

Harry: Yep. *ducks*

Draco: *dodges* Okay, maybe not the best move.

Nimbus 2001: *hits a wooden thingy*

Draco: Ow, ow, oof, ouch, ow, OH GOD! *whimper* So much for little Scorpius…

Fangirls: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO… *breathe* …OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO… *breathe* … OOOOOOOOOO…

Lucius: Great, now the family name will end with him. Damn it, I wanted to see my grandson, too! *cries*

Harry: Finally, maybe I can catch this thing and we can be done already!

Bludger: That's nice, Imma break your arm now.

Harry: I hate my life. Also I don't care, I will catch this thing!

Snitch: Congrats, you've learned how to catch me properly for the first and only time in the film versions.

Harry: Finally, now I can rest in the nice, soft sand.

Anakin: I don't like sand. It's coarse and rough and irritating—

Harry: DON'T START WITH ME.

Hagrid: He looks pretty bad, Imma go see if he's okay.

Ron and Hermione: We'll come too.

Lee: WE WIN AGAIN! SUCK IT, SLYTHERINS!

Bludger: Yeah, but I'm not done yet, bitches!

Harry: Crap, not my other arm! No, don't injure that one even more! OH GOD NOT THE CROTCH!

Hermione: Finite Incantatem!

Bludger: I NEVER SAW RUSSIA! *explodes*

Book readers: Wha…since when does that spell blow shit up?

Harry: Thanks, but seriously, how did you get down here so fast?
Lockhart: I ran over here too, Dumbledore couldn't be bothered to see if his favorite student was actually okay or not. And neither could any of the other professors, apparently Hagrid and I are the only ones who care.

Hermione: Are you okay?
Ron: Oh sure, now you care since the match is over.
Hermione: Yeppers!
Harry: Usually I'd just brush it off and say I'm fine, but in this case, yeah, my arm's kind of broken, so…
Lockhart: Don't worry, I totally got this.
Harry: Oh HELL no!
Lockhart: Dude, really, let me prove myself to you so I can garner more fame!
Hermione: Listen to the man, Harry, he's written so many books so he must know what he's doing!
Random Hufflepuffs: *are in the background*
Lockhart: Now, this...
Rifftrax: Is your arm, right?
Lockhart: ...won't hurt a bit.
Harry: You say as you pull my sleeve back, which decidedly hurts.
Lockhart: Uh-huh.
Ron: Harry's really gonna die now, isn't he?
Hagrid: Most likely.
Lockhart: Thisspellium Wontworkio!
Bones: BYEZ!
Hufflepuffs: We FIND this to be very disgusting.
Lockhart: …I meant to do that. And as I probably do more damage by moving whatever muscles, blood, and tissue around to places where they most likely do not belong, I should point out that the bones are not, in fact, broken, and you no longer can feel any pain and stuff.
Hagrid: They're not broken 'cause there ain't any fuckin' bones ter speak of!
Harry: …I think I'm gonna be sick.
Lockhart: …It's more flexible now!
Hermione: Just…don't fuck it up any more than you already have, all right?
Ron: Finally, she's seen the light!

~I cannot believe she was still trying to defend him this late in the game! At least when Remus became a douchebag in Book Seven I acknowledged that he was a douchebag!~

Malfoy: Ahhh, my wiiieeeeneer…

Madam Pomfrey: STFU, Malfoy, no one cares about the fact that you'll probably never have children. Out of my way, crowd of people around Harry's bed when Draco only has like four friends total! You should've been brought straight to me, why didn't you at least suggest that like you did in the book? I can mend bones in a heartbeat — not that you'll see any evidence of that in the films, but I can, I assure you.

Hermione: You'll be able to regrow them somehow, won't you?

Pomfrey: You're Muggle-born, aren't you? There really isn't much limit to the crazy, painful shit magic can do.

Harry: Wait, painful?

Pomfrey: I forgot you're pretty new to our world, too.

Harry: Can I at least get some morphine or something?

Pomfrey: What's morphine?

Harry: ...Kill me now.

Sirius: *walks in* POINTLESS CAMEO! *exits*

Pomfrey: See how we put the Skele-Grow into the skeleton-shaped bottle? IT'S FUNNEH!

Harry: No it isn't. *spits out potion*

Pomfrey: Guess I should have warned you about that so you wouldn't waste such a potion. And what did you expect, pumpkin juice?

~So how does one go about making pumpkin juice? And it's really just made from pumpkins to illustrate the whole Halloween feel a good chunk of the series has, isn't it?~

Basilisk: 'Ello, 'ello! Care for a stick of dynamite shoved up your ass? I do love explosions, especially if they scatter blood and flesh all over the place, it's so cute!

Harry: Okay, I know I'm the only one who can hear it speak, but how does no one else notice the really loud slithering noises?

Basilisk: I will then take your right arm and right leg and make a charming pasta salad.

Dobby: BOO!

Harry: ...I need a bedpan.

Dobby: That's nice, but seriously, Harry Potter should have gone back home to the relatives who really don't want him around and would probably do horrible, horrible things to him if he came back early when he missed the train!
Harry: Oh, so that was your fault? Thanks so much for that, Ron and I really appreciate it.

Dobby: Any time, sir!

Harry: That was sarcasm, you bloody fuckface. We nearly got expelled for that, you know!

Dobby: Please, the Harry Potter series wouldn't be the same if the main characters weren't at Hogwarts!

Deathly Hallows: Funny story about that…

Dobby: Harry Potter must go home!

Harry: Way to immediately contradict yourself, and haven't you been watching the film thus far? I keep saying Hogwarts is my home!

Dobby: Ah, but at Privet Drive there are no Bludgers to chase Harry Potter around, now are there? Wouldn't that be more pleasant?

Harry: I should've known the Bludger was you as well! Next you'll be telling me that you petrified Mrs. Morris!

Dobby: Okay, Dobby didn't go that far, honestly. Still, Dobby feels most aggrieved, sir. Dobby had to sit through the entirety of the 4Kids version of One Piece.

Harry: …Wow, that's just…wow. I am so sorry. Unfortunately, I still feel the need to threaten to slit your throat and bake your blood and bones into a pie that I will then feed to your mother.

iheartmwpp: Thank you, Shakespeare!

Dobby: That's still rather tame compared to the one time Mistress Narcissa threatened to yank out Dobby' entrails and eat them with quartz, or the time Master Lucius actually did stick Dobby's head into a giant-ass beehive and then released an angry bear on him—

Harry: Uh-huh, so exactly why did you feel the need to take a leaf out of Voldemort's book and try to violently murder me?

Dobby: Not murder you, sir! Never murder! Just maim you beyond the point of ever recovering!

iheartmwpp: I wrote most of this section before Film Seven came out, I swear! No, seriously, I would've used his actual line from the film otherwise!

Dobby: Dobby thought Harry Potter would then have to spend the rest of his miserable life confined to his bed. At home. Away from Hogwarts.

Harry: Puh-lease, they'd just stick me in St. Mungo's where they'd figure out a way to heal me by the end of the week. You belong to a family of purebloods, surely you must know all the crazy, crazy shit magic can do?

Dobby: Don't call Dobby Shirley! Anyway, Dobby remembers what it was like before He-Who-Trusted-Master-Lucius-With-A-Freaking-Horcrux went off to basically commit suicide by trying to kill Harry Potter! We house-elves were treated like vermin, sir! Of course, Dobby is still treated like vermin!

Harry: Please don't tell that to Hermione, we really don't have time to squeeze in SPEW and I don't think the fans are that desperate anyway.
Dobby: Dobby won't, Dobby promises. *blows nose on pillowcase*

Harry: Ew, that thing's disgusting, why the bloody hell would anyone wear that?

Dobby: Dobby has to wear it, for it signifies that Dobby is a slave. Dobby can only be freed if his master presents him with clothes. Hint, hint. GET DOBBY OUT OF HERE. Sir.

Ominous noise: *is ominous*

Dobby: Listen! Terrible things are about to happen at Hogwarts, because obviously terrible things haven't happened already, either this year or last, and it's not like even more terrible things like people actually dying will happen later on during your other years at Hogwarts! But this time, something's going to happen that already happened before, so that's how Dobby kind of already knows about it.

Harry: This has happened before? You mean that history is to repeat itself?

Dobby: Gasp! I shouldn't have said that! And I shouldn't have stolen Hagrid's line! *gets his tongue beaten wafer thin with a steak tenderizer, and then stapled to the floor with a croquet hoop* BAD DOBBY! BAD DOBBY!

Harry: Oh, cut that out, you silly-willy puddin' pie. Now please tell me when it happened before, how it happened, who's doing it, why it happened, what exactly happened, and where it happened.

Dobby: …It happened here, obviously, moron. And really, revealing the entire plot when we're only about an hour into the movie? Dobby thinks not!

Harry: An hour in? Merlin, this'll be a long parody! You sure we can't shorten it?

Another ominous noise: *is still ominous*

Dobby: Snap. *vanishes*

Harry: Oh you suck ever so much. Holy crap shadows. *gets back into bed*

Pomfrey: Put him here. What happened?

Dumbledore: What, we didn't explain on the way? And can't you see this student's been petrified as well, what the hell woman?

McGonagall: We had to wait till we got in here to exposit to Potter, of course.

Dumbledore: Ah.

McGonagall: Maybe he got a picture of his attacker?

Camera: *explodes*

Dumbledore: Figures it wouldn't be that easy, this is the longest movie out of all of them, we need to stretch it out for all it's worth.

Minerva: I don't get it, what's this mean?

Dumbledore: It means that our students are in great danger. Not that this would be a cause to shut the school down or start a deeper investigation on what's really going on, nor is it ever indicated that we contact this student's parents or the parents of any of the others who get attacked. Also, apparently
the rest of the children never write about this to their own parents or guardians since they never
demanded any action be taken until much later. Odd, that.

McGonagall: We need to come up with some really idiotic and yet somehow convincing story to tell
the staff.

Dumbledore: …Or, we could tell them the truth. Hogwarts is no longer safe, which it never really is
anyway, so this shouldn't come as too much of a surprise. It is as we feared, Minerva. The Chamber
of Secrets has indeed been opened again.

Harry: Good thing they didn't make sure I was asleep when they said all that stuff. Hell, they didn't
even bother to casually glance over and see I still had my glasses on, since glasses apparently equal
awake-ness. Morons.

~Meanwhile, in the girl's bathroom...That is such an odd transition...~

Hermione: Again? You mean the Chamber of Secrets has been opened before?

Harry: For the third time, yes, we kinda made that clear when Dobby told us, we really don't need
you and Dumbledore to confirm everything!

Ron: I'm still holding to my Draco Malfoy's responsible theory in that I'm assuming Lucius taught his
son how to open the Chamber. What's oddly amusing is that I'm not exactly wrong since Lucius is,
in fact, responsible for all that's happening this year.

Hermione: It really just looks like I'm pouring random vials into the cauldron for no reason. It doesn't
exactly look like I know what I'm doing, but more like all of my moves are scripted.

Ron: I love how I was initially afraid of going into a girl's bathroom in this book but was perfectly
okay to do so last year. I guess I need the possibility of a friend dying in order to go in one.

Hermione: If we're still going with your theory on Malfoy, I could potentially almost die again this
year.

Ron: And done! But still, why here? Don't you think there's a chance someone might walk in on us,
or that Fred and George might see us on the Map and demand to know what we're up to? Actually,
that doesn't sound like too bad of an idea, if they were gonna break rules they'd probably help out
willingly.

Hermione: True, but we still needn't worry. No one ever comes in here, probably not even the twins
or the Marauders.

Harry: Yeah, there'd be no reason for them to go in here, anyway. The Marauders wouldn't have
known about the Chamber, none of them could speak Parseltongue.

Ron: Still, why wouldn't they? You know, aside from the fact that this is the girl's bathroom and the
people we're talking about are all blokes?

Hermione: Moaning Myrtle.

Ron: …Who?

Myrtle: Haaaaaaai.

Harry: Oh, her, I take it?
Hermione: Yep, but since Ron still can't see I think I'll just clarify that by repeating my earlier statement. And insulting her to her face by doing so. In fact, I think I'll go a bit further and say what was in the book: It's awful trying to have a pee with her wailing at you—

Harry and Ron: WHOA TMI.

Harry: How were we not disgusted by that line in the book?

Ron: I think I was and changed the subject as much as I could by conveniently noticing the food at that particular moment.

Harry: Ah. And isn't that kind of disgustingly creepy that she yells at people while they're doing their business? Shouldn't she be, Iunno, banned for that or something?

Hermione: Please, that's pretty tame compared to some of the other stuff that happens around here.

Harry: Still doesn't make it right…

Myrtle: And I'm still here.

Ron: Ooohhhh, okay then.

Myrtle: I wouldn't expect you to know me, considering I haven't been mentioned till just now. Besides, who would ever talk about ugly, unbearable, unattractive, unsightly, nauseating, nasty, disgusting, dreadful, appalling, abhorrent, ghastly, gruesome, hideous, horrid, horrendous, horrible, revolting, repulsive, repugnant, miserable, moping, moaning Myrtle?

Ron: Nice alliteration.

Myrtle: Aww, shucks.

Rifftrax: Yeah, kids just hate talking about their ugly, different classmates.

Myrtle: Imma fly into mah toilet now. *flies into her toilet now*

Hermione: She's a little sensitive.

Harry: Well that's what you get for insulting her to her face.

Hermione: I don't know what you're on about.

Harry: *facepalm*

Ron: And it's a good thing that Pottermore revealed that ghosts can cause disturbances in water, otherwise the entire purpose of Myrtle flooding bathrooms and such would've been a massive oversight.

Harry: Still doesn't explain how she was suddenly unable to affect water two films from now.

Hermione: They probably forgot in favor of making her a terrible molesting stalker ghost.

Ron: Only the best at Hogwarts.

Harry: *drowns himself in one of the toilets*

~How can the plumbing be out of order all the time, even with Myrtle around, couldn't the teachers
use magic to fix it?

Review or Lockhart will remove all of your bones and you'll be nothing but a quivering blob of flesh.
Teh LANGUAGE OF PARCELS


~Think this was the part where I started to get bored with the film though was still grateful it was one of the more loyal ones so I didn't have to get super pissed just yet.~

Harry: Wow, the whole school's pretty much here. Was everyone at the Dueling Club in the book as well, or was it just us second years as was kind of implied by being the only named characters there?

Lockhart: Gather round, gather round! Come one, come all, see the Amazing Chinchilla and the Happy Gophers — Oh, wait, wrong act.

Students: *stare*

Lockhart: …Please don't ask.

Random student #1: Ewwww, we have to eat off these tables and he's walking all over them? That's disgusting!

Random student #2: Chillax, yo, there's a tarp thing over the tables, and the house-elves will take care of it anyway!

Hermione: What was that last part?

Random student #2: *panicky* YOU HEARD NOTHING!

Hermione: …

Lockhart: In light of small children nearly dying recently, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little Dueling Club to train you all up in the highly unlikely case that you ever need to defend yourselves against, for example, He-Who-Is-Definitely-Dead-And-There-Is-No-Way-He-Will-Ever-Return-Except-For-The-Fact-That-He-Will-In-About-Two-Years-And-Half-Of-You-Will-Die-Because-Of-It. Please ignore the fact that this is really what I should have been teaching you in class to begin with, but that's what you get for expecting me to do the job for which I am paid.

*strips down completely except for that stupid glove that he's wearing for absolutely no reason and throws his clothes into the arms of some squealing fangirls*

iheartmwpp: Okay, I've had it. Not every single girl in the entire school can possibly be swayed by Lockhart's charms. I mean, if Dumbledore's canonically gay than there must be more homosexual characters wandering about the school, probably female ones too, and they probably aren't attracted to Lockhart, though he is feminine enough. And there has got to be at least a couple who judge based on personality and realize that Lockhart's a narcissist. JKR's basically sending the message that all women are incredibly shallow and only care about the man's looks. Though there is a distinct possibility that Hermione's only after him because he's an actual published author, but the looks probably don't hurt all that much.

Justin: I'm written as gay in an awful lot of fanfiction, probably because I'm so busy gushing over Lockhart like the rest of the fangirls.
Harry: Despite that — I mean, despite you being a Lockhart fanboy, not the gay thing, I'm totally cool with that — it's nice to meet you, I'm—

Justin: Oh come off it, haven't you learned you never have to introduce yourself to anyone in this world? Colin and Hermione should be enough proof that even Muggle-borns know who you are right off!

Oliver, Fred, George, Ron, and Hermione: Hey, iheart would like to point out that we're all talking to each other in the background for some reason. Maybe we're trying and failing to talk Hermione out of liking Lockhart, who knows?

Lockhart: And helping me is someone who, even at this point in the series, was way more tolerable than I was!

Snape: You won't see me teaching Potions this year, and this is really the only way I'll be able to teach any of you anything ever again onscreen.

Random adult wizards in the crowd: Who the hell are we and what are we doing here?

Lockhart: Snape has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration, probably because he realizes that he can easily kick my ass with as little effort as possible and wants to do that in front of the entire school. He really does care about you guys!

Snape and Lockhart: *walk toward each other, do a weird kind of salute with their wands, do a sort of jerk with their heads, walk away from each other, and then pose in the gayest position they can think of*

Lockhart: Six, twelve, one, go!

Snape: Expelliarmus!

Lockhart: *is blasted off his feet and falls down, which actually is a possible side effect of the spell, so whatever. Plus, in a behind the scenes thing, I think I saw Kenneth Branagh actually say in this scene that it was a Disarming Spell and he lost his wand, so yeah…*

Harry: I can now safely say that Snape and Remus taught me everything I know. The only other three or so spells I use repeatedly are ones I learned from books.

Hermione: Why do I still care?

Ron: Ya rly.

Lockhart: It's so obvious that I'm faking that I knew all along what was coming that I don't think it's all that funny anymore.

Snape: Perhaps it would be prudent to first teach the students to block unfriendly spells, Professor.

Students: …O. M. F. G. Did he just smile?

Snape: Little bit.

Students: …Holy fucking shit.

Lockhart: An excellent suggestion, Professor Snape, but instead I feel that we should keep up this whole Disarming Spell thing and not bother ever showing them how to do a Shield Charm. Now let's have a volunteer pair that will surely cause little to no damage and also happen to be main
characters…Potter, Weasley, how 'bout you?

Snape: I might actually be concerned for Potter's safety when I say that Weasley really needs a new wand and that his old one is liable to badly hurt himself as well as others. Or I could just really want to drive Weasley's self-esteem further into the toilet than it already is while I suggest Malfoy be Potter's partner person thing dude guy place.

Other students: Um, there are a lot more of us from other years, we don't need a Dueling Club to watch them squabble when we can just walk down whatever corridor they're at on any given day of the week. Can we focus on some of us for a change? No? Well you all suck.

Lockhart: Good luck, Potter.

Harry: That means nothing coming from you, you know.

iheartmwpp: This music's mysterious and foreboding, as if it's foreboding something mysterious…

Lockhart: I command you to do that stupid salute thing with your wands!

Malfoy: Scared, Potter?

Harry: …Why would I be? We're both second years, as far as I know we were taught exactly the same spells!

Seamus, Neville, Lee and Dean: We're still in this movie, bitches!

Harry and Malfoy: *walk away slowly…okay, get on with it already!*

Ron and Hermione: This does not bode well.

Lockhart: Even though in the completed product I don't mention the fact that Expelliarmus is the Disarming Spell, I want you two to somehow disarm each other. And just do that and not anything else, despite the fact that neither of us will punish you in any way if you do fuck it up. One, two…

Malfoy: Everte statum! Whatever the hell that is!

Harry: GAH THEM FUCKING UP THE WIRES WILL MAKE A TOTALLY HILARIOUS OUTTAKE ON THE X-BOX COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF THE LEGO GAME!

Ron: Dude, uncool.

Malfoy, random Slytherins, and Snape: LOL.

Harry: Rictusempra!

Malfoy: *should be tickled to death, but instead does a pirouette thing in midair and falls on his ass*

Snape: Wow you fail at everything.

CAMERAMAN: *IS RIGHT FUCKING THERE* IGNORE ME!

Lockhart: Why does no one ever listen to me?

Malfoy: Finally, a canon spell that actually does what it's supposed to do! Serpensortia!

Snake: Eh? Nani kore?
Harry: Um...okay, so you apparently know NEWT level Transfiguration and can conjure animals with apparent ease...I guess I've underestimated you a bit...

Snape: A highly poisonous snake is loose in the Great Hall where it could attack any of the students at any time. I think I'll just take my sweet time getting rid of it, proving once again what a great teacher I am, really. Though I could totally have the antidote in my pocket, especially since I was the one who taught Draco how to do the spell in the book, so yeah...

Lockhart: No, it's cool, I got this.

Snape: ...We are so fucked.

Lockhart: Whydoi keeptryingum!

Snake: IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITAI.

Harry: Hebi wo ki wo tsukete ne!

Rifftrax: I believe that translates to "Watch out for snakes."

Snape: ...I am officially disturbed.

Snake: Sou ka. Kyuu ni ikitte iru. Doushite koko ni iru ka kangaeru no yori, kono hito wo taberu no hou ga ii to omou!

Justin: Okay, quite frankly, it does kind of look like you're sending the snake after me, so you really can't blame me for thinking you're trying to murder me.

Harry: Mou, yamete kudasai.

Snake: Nani? Kikoenai yo. Hara heta!

Random Guy #3: Why he hissin' at dat snake?

Random Guy #4: Maybe he talkin' to it.

Random Guy #3: Nuh-uh, you lyin'.

Random Guy #4: Then why he makin' them noises?

Random Guy #3: Iunno, maybe he got a speech impairment, like a stutter or somethin'.

Random Guy #4: I didn' think a dat.

Harry: DAME YO! IYAAAA DAAAA~~~~~~!

Snake: Eh? Doushite? Onegai?

Harry: Dame.

Snake: Demo—

Harry: Dame.

Snake: Sukoshi dake?

Harry: DAME! Me wo higeru! Ano...osu desu ka? Mesu desu ka? Chotto...
Snake: …Omae wa tanoshii ja nai.

Snape: Vipera Evanesca. Which is kind of close to Evanesco except not.

Snake: MADA NIHON WO MITE INAI! *horribly burns to death…you know, for kids!*  

Harry: …That was weird.

iheartmwpp: If you don't speak Japanese, by the way, all that was fucking funny, all right? Plus, you know, there's translations at the bottom and stuff…

Justin: What is it with your family and attempted murders?

Harry: Huh wha? What just happened?

Lockhart: I glare at you, sir!

Snape: And I'm just confused, Lily was Muggle-born and as far as I know Potter Sr. wasn't a Parselmouth, so how the crap…

~Apparently Harry, Ron and Hermione were the only three who bolted from the Great Hall, and Harry was running ahead of them for some reason.~

Ron: You're a Parselmouth?! Why didn't you tell us?

Harry: Probably because I have no idea what that means so I wouldn't have known to tell you?

Hermione: It means you can talk to snakes!

Harry: …Bit of a dumb name for it, but yeah, I knew that. I accidentally sent a python — well, boa constrictor, but whatever — on my cousin Dudley at the zoo once.

Ron: …Eh?

Harry: Long story, but what does it matter aside from the fact that I let a kind of dangerous animal run rampant? I bet loads of people here do that all the time!

Hermione: No, they can't.

Harry: …What about that time when my godfather tried to kill Snape via Moony? And Hagrid in general?

Hermione: I meant the whole talking to snakes bit, you daft dimbo. It's not common here at all. This is bad.

Harry: So me trying to save a named character like Justin is bad.

Ron: Oh, so that's what you were saying?

Harry: You were there! You heard me!

Ron: I heard you speaking Parseltongue!

Harry: What, the language of parcels? I didn't know small boxes had their own language.

Ron: Okay, first of all it's spelled differently, and second, for some reason that's what we call snake language. Sounded a bit like Japanese, for some reason.
Harry: …I spoke Japanese? But I didn’t realize—how can I speak Japanese without taking a year of it in college and trying to learn a little on my own by watching way too much anime and then getting a friend to translate everything for me because despite having a pretty decent vocabulary I can’t string together a sentence for crap?

Hermione: I don’t know, Harry, but it sounded like you were egging the snake on or something.

Harry: …How can it sound like I was egging the snake on if you don’t know what I said? Sure, it might have looked like that, but it couldn’t have sounded like it! Good Lord, girl, they told me you were intelligent!

Hermione: To be fair, Ron said it originally—

Ron: Oi!

Hermione: —and I appear to be stealing most of his lines from that scene in the book where he did most of the talking. Which is actually cool on those rare occasions when Ron is actually smart and contributes to the plot, but we can’t have that in the films! Apparently! Though I do bring up that Salazar Slytherin’s symbol was a serpent since he could speak to snakes.

Ron: Nice alliteration.

Hermione: Aww, shucks.

Harry: So what about the other symbols? Could Godric Gryffindor talk to lions? And obviously Helga Hufflepuff could talk to badgers and Rowena Ravenclaw to eagles, right?

Ron: No, that’s stupid, why would they do that?

Harry: Then why are those the symbols of the other three Houses?

Hermione: We can only guess. We may never know. And I’m certainly not going to look it up for whatever reason.


Harry: Are you done?


Harry: I have no basis to state this, but I insist that I’m not! Or maybe I could be, Iunno, I surprisingly never ask after my father’s side of my family. Ever. Seriously, why didn’t I try to ask Sirius and Remus or something, maybe I’m distantly related to Sirius as well or I could have some other kind of living relatives I could’ve met eventually.

Hermione: Back on topic, Salazar Slytherin lived a thousand years ago. For all we know, you could be. And of course I don’t bother to look up any kind of wizard genealogy to find out, oh no, in a society that’s so obsessed with pure magical blood there won’t be anything that I could possibly find.

What follows: *is a deleted scene I rather like, involving Harry having flown his broom offscreen to a secluded little place overlooking the lake and Hogwarts to think by himself, where Hedwig flies over to keep him company*
Harry: Who am I, Hedwig? What am I? And why am I asking you?

Hedwig: Yeah really, do you think I read the books or something? Believe me, if I did I would’ve known to fly away and stay away when the others picked you up in Book Seven.

~And millions of Harry Potter fans all over the world are suppressing their hysterical laughter in response to Harry's obliviousness.~

Harry: Gah, even in Hogwarts we cannot escape the dreaded Study Hall. Random students behind me, what do you think of this development?

Random students behind him: Go shove your eyes in a ceiling fan.

Harry: …Okay…

Ron: Well, at least we're sitting with you, even if our looks of encouragement fail.

Hermione: They do not fail, Ron—

Ron: Says the one who looks like she's just rolling her eyes at Harry.

Hermione: …Shut up.

Harry: Yeah, at least you guys are trying.

Hufflepuffs: We wish you got hit by a truckload of cancer.

Harry: Wow, that's unreasonably harsh. Ah well, least my friendly-friends still like me, right, Ginny?

Ginny: Nope!

Harry: :'(

Ginny: Wait, why the hell am I glaring at you too, I'm clearly infatuated with you and am also supposed to be far more worried about the random blackouts I keep having conveniently whenever someone gets attacked. Though since you walk in on Nick and Justin right after this scene, maybe I'm currently completely possessed or something. Huh, what do you think, Tom? *writes in Horcrux*

Harry: Even the future mother of my children hates me? That's it, I'm out.

Ron and Hermione: We should come with you to show support, but we don't feel like it.

Harry: For some reason, even though I just got handed evidence that this entire table doesn't like me, I'm going to walk right up next to it on the way out and glare at them.

Ernie: So anyway, I really think I should've waited a full minute for Potter to leave before speaking on the off-chance he overheard me, but I don't feel like it. Also, from the look of things, he's after Justin next, so I told him to go hide up in our dorms.

Ron and Hermione: Um, we can hear you perfectly well, and will probably tell Harry about it later despite the fact that he clearly already knows.

Hannah: …Why would Potter want to attack Justin?

Ernie: He let it slip to Potter that he was Muggle-born, of course!
Hannah: Why is no one bringing up the fact that one of his best friend and his mother, who deserves all the credit for him being the Boy-Who-Would-Eventually-Be-Hated-Over-And-Over-Again-For-Shit-That-Wasn't-His-Fault, were Muggle-borns as well? Even if he was the Heir of Slytherin, you'd think he and everyone else would remember that.

Ernie: Hannah, he's a Parselmouth! Everyone knows that's the mark of a Dark Wizard — oh dear, I won't like Lupin either at the end of next year, will I? Meh, iheart never really liked me anyway, I doubt this'll change much.

Hannah: Harry and Professor Lupin always seemed so nice, though. And, after all, Harry is the one who made The-Guy-Who-Foolishly-Asked-Lily-To-Step-Out-Of-The-Way-Ensuring-That-Her-Son-Would-Have-Protection-From-Him disappear.

Random redhead sitting next to Hannah: I do believe I'm yet another Child of the Director cameo!

Ernie: That's probably why He-Who-Had-Canonically-Red-Eyes-In-The-Previous-Film-But-Will-For-Some-Reason-Have-Blue-Eyes-In-Film-Four wanted to kill him in the first place. Didn't want another Dark Lord competing with him, he already had enough on his plate with Sauron and every other villain in fantasy literature to contend with. Either that, or there was some random prophecy that predicted his downfall by a boy born at the end of July, but that's just silly.

Ginny: And I'm still writing in my lovely little Horcrux in the background.

Harry: I have been made incredibly upset by this supposedly private except not at all really conversation and I am leaving now.

Basilisk: Bloooood...I want bloooood...

Rifftrax: Oh, you want blood! I know a guy who can get you blood!

Basilisk: Hey, here's an idea! I'll beat your head in with a rusty pipe, then chop up your corpse and stuff the chunks into an old fridge in the middle of a dump until my friends who shockingly don't think I need serious help can help me bury them.

Harry: Huh boy. Let me absentmindedly run my hand across this mould-covered wall—Eww, that's plain nasty!

Basilisk: Or I could torture you slowly by hammering nails into each individual joint of your fingers, stab you repeatedly, then shove your naked carcass into a garbage bag and send you floating down the river where you won't be discovered for months!

Harry: Gulp.

~35,087,245 flights of stairs later…~

Hagrid: 'Sup, brah?

Harry: …Why are you carrying a dead rooster? Do I even want to know?

Hagrid: Yep, second one killed this term. I reckon it's either an assassin demonic cheetah powered by atomic energy or a miniature sneaky blood-suckin' monkey armed with machine guns.

Harry: Blood-sucking, you say?

Hagrid: Oh yeah, the firs' one was completely drained o' blood.
Harry: For some reason, this news has me immensely relieved. But I'm still pissed!

Hagrid: I noticed tha', wanna talk abou' it?

Harry: JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

Hagrid: …All righty then.

Flower girl: Watch me pet this adoragable puppy!

Harry: I think I turned back and attempted to smile at Hagrid, but it looks more like a grimace or something.

Hagrid: Huh, yeh think I'd be more suspicious an' not so quick ter defend Harry after tha', but I guess I have too much faith in him. I'm such a great friend!

~Meanwhile, at the convenient location of the next attack…Seriously, why is it always just Harry who's near all of these?~

Harry: More water, what the hell, I thought I was higher up than Myrtle's bathroom…Uuuu-oh.

Nick: *is no more. He has ceased to be. He's expired and gone to meet his maker. This is a late ghost. He's a stiff! Bereft of life, he rests in peace! If he hadn't been somehow affected by a basilisk as well he would be pushing up the daisies! He's run down the curtain and joined the Choir Invisible! This is an EX-GHOST!*

Harry: Huh. Well it serves Nick right! He's the one who convinced Peeves to smash the Vanishing Cabinet to get me out of trouble in the book! If it wasn't for that Nearly-Headless-Bastard, Dumbledore wouldn't have died! What an asshole! Wait…if the cabinet was still intact, the Death Eaters could've shown up a lot sooner and slaughtered everyone…nevermind. Oh hai Justin — oh. Oh crap-face. Hmm, I should probably get out of here and notify a teacher, or plain just leave the scene period, but instead I think I'll bend down and poke at your hand! Yay this is fun! Poke, poke—

Filch: Haaaaaaaaaaai.

Harry: Why do I bother?

Filch: Seriously, why do you keep making things worse for yourself by acting suspiciously like this? Anyway, I'm off to make sure you're expelled, now! Ta!

Harry: Well shit muffins, why should I even attempt to try and convince him it wasn't my fault. Sigh. Still, it really is rather conveniently lucky that no one really does die from the basilisk, though. Guess it's too early to be killing off people, we have to wait two and then five more years before we can start murdering named Hufflepuffs. Oooh, obviously fake spiders, I wanna look at them and stuff.

McGonagall: Argus, what the bloody hell are you going on about—Oh. Wow, Potter, and here I actually started to have a little bit of faith in you. Boy, was I wrong.

Harry: You weren't, you should know by now that I'm just in the wrong place at the wrong time! I'm the main character so stuff has to happen to me, but it doesn't always mean I'm the direct cause!

McGonagall: Uh-huh, take it up with the headmaster, 'cause I don't care anymore.

~Ooooh shiny griffin statue…wait, what happened to the ugly gargoyle thing? Ah, whatever…~

McGonagall: Professor Dumbledore will be waiting for you, because he probably already knows
you're coming because he's psychic like that.

Harry: Cool beans. Wait, you want me to stand in front of the griffin looking like a complete idiot?

McGonagall: It's your own damn fault for being almost as tall as me already. Also, magic. Sherbert lemon! *weird unnecessary hand movement thing*

American audiences: …Wait, what? It's lemon drop, the movie did it wrong again!

British audiences: *slap themselves*

Harry: Oooh, stairs.

Book readers: …Okay, that's a change from the random escalator thing behind the gargoyle, but still cool I guess…

Portraits: And to think we were faking the sleep all this time! How creepy is that?

Harry: Hello? Huh, this is a cool little place. Observe as I make a beeline for the Sorting Hat despite not having any way to know it was there.

Sorting Hat: Yo, HP!

Harry: …Do you always talk to students who happen to glance vaguely in your direction?

Sorting Hat: Apparently. Also, judging by the fact that you still have a Horcrux plastered to your face, and I can somehow tell that from here, I still think you would have done well in Slytherin.

Harry: YOU LYING LIAR WHO LIES!

Sorting Hat: …

Fawkes: Remember, remember, the fifth of November.

Harry (and iheartmwpp): *hear his theme music and instantly fall in love* D'aaaaawwwwww.

Fawkes: *explodes*

Harry: …Well my day just keeps improving.

Dumbledore: Hi Harry!

Harry: Hey, Dumbledore! BTW, your bird blew up…and I totally just noticed your boss Zefron poster.

Dumbledore: Isn't he just the greatest? You know, in every interview I've ever seen him, he just seems like such a charismatic humanitarian.

Harry: You think you like him? Wrong, 'cause I love him the most! Harry Potter loves Zac Efron more than anyone else on the planet. *pause* Anyway! We were talking about the fact that your bird just died horribly in a fiery explosion.

Dumbledore: You're right. Not necessarily about Zefron, everybody knows that I like him the most, but about the fact that it's about time that damn bird snuffed it.

Harry: …You must care so deeply about your pets.
Dumbledore: You don't understand. Fawkes is a phoenix, Harry. They explode when it is time for them to die, and are reborn as adorable little puppets from the ashes.

Harry: Huh. Awwwww!

Audience: Awwwwwwwww, ish a baby!

Dumbledore: D'aaaaw, fascinating creatures, phoenixes, which is why he only has any real significance in this and the fifth movie and is never used again even when it would have made sense to use his crazy awesome powers, like the ability to carry immensely heavy loads. That one could have come in handy when we had a guy dying horribly from snakebite and we didn't want anyone to know what we were up to, but instead we just used him to carry messages like any common owl. Also, phoenix tears have healing powers, though they conveniently aren't able to heal cursed limbs that slowly eat a person's life force away for their last year of existence.

Harry: Fascinating. And adorable and beautiful and I will have this music running on a loop for quite some time.

Hagrid: *breaks the door down* Professor Dumbledore, sir! Wait! Listen! If tha' deleted scene hadn' been brought up ever, it'd be really weird ter have me randomly burst in here with a dead rooster thing an' insist tha' Harry's innocent, which I don' think I'd know fer sure except based on faith if I hadn' been talkin' ter him just seconds before he saw Nick an' Justin!

Dumbledore: Hagrid—

Hagrid: This actually gives firs' time viewers who haven' read the books a good reason ter suspect me when they find out I was framed fer openin' the Chamber, come ter think of it…

Dumbledore: HAGRIIIIIIIIIID!

Harry: Jesus!

Dumbledore: For some reason that may have something to do with the fact that I can perform Legilimency quite easily, I do not believe that Harry attacked anyone.

Hagrid: After all this time, I still have awesometastic lines. So yeah, I'm just gonna leave now.

Dumbledore: Later.

Harry: You don't think it was me, Professor?

Dumbledore: If I were anyone else, you really wouldn't be helping your case right now.

Harry: Good point.

Dumbledore: But I must ask you, is there something you wish to tell me?

Rifftrax: Ah, yes sir, you have an entire rugby team trapped in your beard? I'm looking at 'em right now, they're struggling in vain to get out.

Dumbledore: Anything at all? Been hearing voices in the walls, for instance? Terrified that you are, in fact, causing the attacks without your knowledge? Planning to drug and impersonate students in a vain attempt to figure out what's going on? Wondering what the answer to the question you asked me last year that I refused to answer was? Wondering also about why exactly I placed you at the Dursleys? Or perhaps you want to ask me deeply personal questions that would kind of be awkward
for both of us and yet because you don't know the answers to these you feel horribly betrayed when you keep finding stuff out in Book Seven. Or maybe—

Harry: No, sir. Nothing.

Dumbledore: Oh thank Merlin. Wait, really?

Harry: Yep.

Dumbledore: Very well, then. Off you go.

Harry: K thx byz.

Dumbledore: Well. That in no way mirrored a conversation I had with another student half a century ago.

~What did you expect after McGonagall gave the kids a pretty decent excuse to never trust authority figures to do anything ever again?~

A/N: Rough translation time!

Snake: Huh? What's this?

~

Snake: NOOOOOOOOOO ow.

Harry: Watch out for snakes!

~

Snake: I see, so I was just created from nothing. Hmm, instead of wondering what my purpose in life might be I think I'll just eat this guy! (Sort of. Again, rough translation.)

Harry: Please stop now.

Snake: What? I can't hear you. I'm hungry!

Harry: Don't do it! NOOOOOOOOOES!

Snake: Eh? Why? Please?

Harry: No.

Snake: But—

Harry: No.

Snake: Just a little?

Harry: NO! I widen my eyes at you, sir! Um...you are a guy, right? Or a girl? I dunno...(Still very rough, silly Japanese language and its lack of pronouns...)

Snake: ...You're no fun.

~
Snake: I NEVER SAW JAPAN!

Review or the miniature sneaky blood-suckin' monkeys armed with machine guns will STAB YOU IN THE FACE! Yes. They will stab you with their guns. Be afraid.
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical, The Lion King 1 1/2, The Nostalgia Chick, White Christmas, or Rifftrax.

~It is currently October. I want it to be Christmas again. Why am I wishing for it to start snowing now, I don't wanna shovel.~

A bunch of adorable little carriages: *are being pulled by white horses. Which begs the question: Where did Hogwarts get white horses like that? I get that it's to look all festive for the Christmas season, but seriously, wouldn't they just use thestrals like they normally do? I paused the movie and they definitely aren't unicorns as I first suspected, so seriously, WTF*

Also: *there's a cute little scene where everyone is running along with presents in hand, all ready to go home for the holidays, as Hagrid sees them off*

Fred: Hey look everyone! We're actually in this movie and doing something vaguely in character!

George: But we can't have that, which is why they cut this scene from the finished product. Bye, see you when we don't play Quidditch!

Random girl they're talking to: When you joke around like that, it is pretty ridiculous to assume that a scrawny little second-year is responsible for all this crap. Seriously, why aren't we assuming an older student with vastly more advanced magical powers could be doing this stuff.

Harry: I'm pouting!

Ron: There's no way you're pissed at my brothers for doing what they should have been doing for the last two films.

Harry: It's the vague and unlikely chance that they're right that worries me.

Ron: Mate, sometimes I think you feel guiltier about crap that isn't your fault than Lupin.

Hermione: Ouch, that was low.

Harry: Nah, he's probably right. *skips off happily while scowling at everything in sight*

Hermione: That's a bit of a contradiction of terms. Also, stop and turn around when I yell your name repeatedly!

Harry: *channeling his Book Five self* Look, I didn't know I could speak Parseltongue! What else don't I know about myself?

EVERYONE WHO'S READ THE BOOKS OR SEEN THE FILMS: *is currently acting like Hermione Granger in any given class* OOOOOOH, OOOH, PICK ME, PICK ME, PLEASE GOD, I KNOW, I KNOW!

Harry: Look, maybe you can do something, even something horrible, and not know you did it because you were so wasted on whatever substance you were abusing. Or maybe you hit yourself with a Memory Charm after or were possessed by the soul of an evil book thing. Or something.

Hermione: You don't believe that, Harry, I know you don't.
Harry: …Yeah, I kinda do, did you not just hear me list crap? Hell, you should see me freak out in Book Five after—

Ron: OKAY let's move away from that one topic I don't particularly like to think about, plz k thx.

Hermione: Will you shut up, you'll be able to talk all you want once I'm turned to stone for the rest of the year. Anyway, Harry, if it makes you feel any better, Malfoy's staying over for the holidays, too.

Ron: …When I said pick a different subject I didn't mean for you to encourage the slash fans.

Hermione: Oh, they'll interpret it like that no matter what we say or do and you know it. And I meant that we're ready to drug and impersonate our fellow students. In a few days, we may be truly back to square one in our attempt to figure out the plot of this particular installment.

~IIIIIII'm dreamiiiing of a whiiiiiiite Christmaaaaaas…/Just like the ones I used to knoooooooow…~

Harry: Thanks for sitting with me, mate.

Ron: No prob, though I don't get why my siblings aren't sitting with us, too. I mean, Fred and George, at least, definitely don't think you're responsible, and just last year in the book they insisted that Christmas is a time for family, so I don't know what they're playing at.

Hermione: At least it gives us an excuse for us to talk without fear of being overheard.

Ron: And just what were you doing, sitting with everyone else instead of us? I could have sworn we were practically your only friends.

Hermione: I have absolutely no idea. Anyway, everything's all set and ready to go, and breaking even more Wizarding laws is a perfect way to spend Christmas, don't you think?

Ron: Tell me not all Muggle-raised people think this way.

Harry: Not unless they're attempting to steal Christmas or are really, really drunk. Wait a minute, what happened to stealing rare and difficult to get ingredients from Snape?

Hermione: Let's just assume they happened offscreen, or, Merlin forbid, we get the guy who inherited enough money to buy out NASA when his parents died to buy the ingredients for us. So we just need a bit of who you're changing into.

Harry: Crabbe and Goyle. Who are the people Ron and I will be changing into. In order to try and find out if Malfoy's the Heir of Slytherin. In case the viewers forgot.

Hermione: We also need to make sure that the real deals don't come waltzing in while we're interrogating Malfoy. That would kind of lead to some awkward questions. Like where the fuck they learned to waltz.

Ron: What, do we hold out a cloth and ask them if it smells like chloroform?

Hermione: Nah, you just make them eat these cupcakes. That are also filled with chloroform.

Harry: …Isn't that kind of poisonous?

Hermione: Sort of, but cough medicine has it, too, that's why people get sleepy after taking it. I just used a little more than that, so it'll only destroy their livers completely.

Harry: Oh, okay then.
Hermione: Now, once they're asleep, hide them away somewhere and rip off their scalps, and ignore the part when I say steal their clothes from them because I'll inexplicably have a change of robes waiting for you when you get back. I mean, we're not that evil.

Ron: Whose scalp are you ripping off, then?

Hermione: I've already got mine. *pulls out large plastic bag* Millicent Bulstrode. Slytherin. I got this off her robes.

Ron: …Is that a tail?

Harry: And ears? And claws? And a bit of mouse dangling from the teeth?

Hermione: I'm sure it's fine. I'm going to check on the Polyjuice Potion, even though I just said it was ready. And in case you weren't listening to what I just said thirteen seconds ago, make sure Crabbe and Goyle find these, hide them once they're knocked out, rip off their—

Harry and Ron: OMG WE KNOW ALREADY!

~Judging by the fact that the statue looks to be of a man who helped create the joint and there's a lion sitting at his feet, I'm going out on a limb and saying that's Godric Gryffindor.~

Ron: And now to prove my worth in this noble quest for knowledge!

Harry: Um, Ron, this movie's beginning to drag as it is, and we've pretty much just hit the halfway point, so maybe I should do it so we can get on with the damn plot already.

Ron: Sigh, fine. I don't know why I bother anymore, really.

Harry: Sorry there are no more Epic Chess Battles of Death and Destruction. Wingardium leviosa!

Book readers: Oh sure, they use it in the films, in the books we had to wait till OotP to see that spell used again! WTF, man?

Door: *closes*

iheartmwpp: Wait, now there's a badger on the other side of that statue. I'm confused.

Audience: Watch it be anyone other than Crabbe and Goyle, that'd be amusing. Also, there's no flippin' way they would fall for that!

Crabbe: Cool! Free, floating, totally unsuspicious-looking food!

Crabbe and Goyle: OM NOM NOM.

Audience: …Okay, we can be wrong…

Harry: Wow…also, I could've sworn I thought something along the lines of never hearing Crabbe's voice before in Book Seven, but I so clearly did when Ron turns into him in a few minutes, in the book, not to mention all the times he's chortled stupidly and made random comments.

Ron: Forget that, a couple of kids are so totally standing in in place of our usual actors it's not even funny.

Crabbe and Goyle: Wow, these taste pretty damn good…is that chloroform I detect…zzzzzz…
Ron: How thick could you get? Seriously, there's no way they would be able to pass in any other school!

Harry: You'd be surprised. In America, it seems most public schools do their best to lower standards as much as possible to make sure everyone gets through middle school at least. Same with high school, really, it's only the unmotivated people who drop out, it seems to have nothing to do with their mental capacity.

Harry and Ron: *drag the unconscious children into a broom closet and just leave them there. Our heroes, ladies and gentlemen and variations thereupon!*

Ron: The longer this scene's drawn out, the more I feel like I could be arrested for this.

Harry: Shut up and rip off his scalp.

Ron: M'kay.

~In the GBA game, Hermione says she got one of Goyle's hairs and to never ask her how she did it. Naturally, my mind instantly jumped to the most disgusting solution possible.~

Ron: D'you think we should've taken their shoes, too?

Harry: Nah, I'm sure we'll be fine.

Hermione: *hairflip* Well, did you get the bloody scalps?

Harry and Ron: We sure did! *laugh heartily*

Ron: *staring at a pile of robes* What are those?

Hermione: They're called clothes, Ron, humans wear them so they can keep warm and so their naughty bits don't show.

Ron: I know that, but why are those robes there specifically?

Hermione: 'Cause I had to sneak some Slytherin robes from the laundry, it'd look kind of suspicious if we went down there with a red and gold tie and crest thing.

Harry: …Where's the laundry and how did you know where to find it? And wouldn't the house-evles take care of that sort of thing? Hell, why didn't you start SPEW two years earlier?

Hermione: I'm sorry, I can't hear you over the sound of how 1337 mah potion skillz are.

Ron: *eyeroll* Really, iheart? Really?

iheartmwpp: Shut it, you n00b.

Ron: Oy vey.

Hermione: *raises the ladle which clearly has been burned away by the acid she is concocting*

Harry: Are we going to drink that? And survive?

Hermione: Evidently. Oh, by the way, we have a time limit of one hour.

Ron: …Yes, and I'm sure everything will just turn out splendidly.
~One very slight wardrobe change later...~

Hermione: *pours a decent amount of potion into three cup things* Add the bloody scalps...

Polyjuice Potion: *is supposed to change color but doesn't*

Ron: Urg. Smells like goblin piss.

Harry: Have lots of experiences with that, do you, matey?

Ron: *glare*

Harry: Just trying to diffuse the tension.

Hermione: Come on, let's drink the damn thing already.

Currently Evil Trio of Doing Bad Things: Clink.

Harry: *is apparently the only one who drank more than one mouthful*

Ron: I'm gonna go blow chunks now. *runs to a stall that hopefully isn't Myrtle's or she'd haunt him forever. Also it's the third one down, why not run to the first one? Confusion!*

Hermione: Likewise. *runs to the fourth stall down. Again, does the first stall have a broken toilet or something? These three have been in here long enough, I guess they'd know...*

Harry: *also drops his glass, spilling the potion they worked so hard to make everywhere, and prepares to vomit directly into the cauldron that contains the remainder of the potion* Huh. My hand is bubbling as if it's going to explode any second. I'm sure that's normal—Ooh, look, my face is melting off! And now Josh Herdman gets to pretend to be me for a few scenes, what fun! Oh hey, Crabbe, I mean Ron!

Rifftrax: I just strangled a chipmunk. I have no idea why.

Crabbe/Ron...let's call him Crayon: H-Harry?

Goyle/Harry...who is now Garry, which isn't as funny, but whatever: Ron!

Crayon: Bloody shit muffins!

Garry: We still sound like ourselves for some really stupid reason that'll be ignored in Film Four and then reinstated in Film Seven and probably Film Eight! You need to sound more like Crabbe!

Crayon: *much deeper voice* Bloody shit muffins!

Garry: ...Um, I don't know if you've forgotten in the last five minutes, but Jamie Waylett didn't hit puberty at this point in the films. You'd be better off squealing in a high-pitched voice or something.

Crayon: Speaking of, where's Hermione?

Hermione: Meow meow, meow meow meow, meow, prr, prr, meow, meow meow meow.

Garry: Hermione, are you okay?

Crayon: Wow, Goyle showing concern, that's bloody weird, that is.

Hermione: Mrow! Meow meow!
Crayon and Garry: All right, we're going, sheesh!

~A few minutes wandering about the dungeons later…~

Garry: You know, we probably should've considered finding out where the Slytherin Common Room was before we got put on a time limit.

Crayon: Forget finding it, this castle is freaking huge, it'd take up a lot of time just to get down there!

Garry: And another thing: There's clearly more than just three goblets or whatever of the potion. If we were really that desperate, couldn't we just take some more of this with us?

Crayon: Oooo, I got another one. Watch us pick the one day that Malfoy had to go talk to a professor or something so he wouldn't even be anywhere near the Common Room for the whole day!

Garry: Damn it, now would've been a great time for the twins to give me the map.

Percy: WAZZUP!

Crayon: Oh, perfect. Oi, what the bloody hell are you—

Garry: Elbow to the pancreas.

Crayon: Ow-face. I mean *high-pitched squeaky voice* what the bloody hell are you doing down here?

Percy: Why did your voice just spontaneously change register?

Crayon: …My balls are just beginning to drop, it comes and it goes.

Percy: Ah, okay. For a moment I thought you sounded like…never mind. Anyway, I happen to be a prefect, which gives me loads of privileges and isn't something that can possibly be made fun of in any way. I don't know why Fred and George are so dead set against it, honestly. If they knew Moony had been one, I bet they'd change their tune.

Garry: Or they could argue back that since every House needs at least one girl and one boy, it had to be at least one of them.

Percy: Touché. Anyway, you two have no business wandering about the corridors at this time of night, never mind the fact that I think in the book it's basically midday by this point. Um…who are you again?

Crayon and Garry: Despite over a month of planning this thing, we spontaneously forget who we're supposed to be.

Malfoy: About bloody time I found you! Where have you been? Beds empty! No note! Car gone — wait, wrong part of the script.

Crayon: House-elf food is yummiful.

Malfoy: Oy vey. *looks at Garry* Why are you wearing glasses?

Garry: Um, *takes them off* reading.

Malfoy: Reading?
Garry: *nods*

Malfoy: …I didn't know you could read.

Audience: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA ILLITERACY IS FUNNEH.

Crayon: The supposedly greatest wizarding school in the world has appallingly low standards when you think about it.

Garry: No kidding. Also, it really proves how obviously fake these glasses are if I "forgot" to take them off. What, does eyesight transfer over as well as voice or something for some even stupider reason? And yet without them I'm fine for the rest of the scene. WTF.

Malfoy: Stop saying smart things with your thinkingness, you're freaking me out. And what are you doing down here, Weasley?

Percy: I could threaten you the same way I threatened these two with my status and the fact that all of you are apparently out after hours — either that or I just enjoy lording my status over you lot far too much —but I don't think I will.

Malfoy: What is it with me raising my eyebrows suggestively at random Weasleys?

~Also, I noticed Malfoy had the Prophet, probably with the article about Arthur in it. I guess they were planning on using that scene but never did. How true to the books the film attempted to be back then!~

Malfoy: *flops onto a couch as the audience gets their first look at the Slytherin Common Room, which has garlands wrapped around the walls and looks all around much bigger than the Gryffindor Common Room*

Crayon and Garry: *sort of stand around stupidly*

Malfoy: *suspects nothing* Oh my God, you people can't even sit down without me telling you to, can you? Also, I seriously think my voice was lower in the beginning of the film than it is now. Yay for shooting out of sequence!

Crayon: Leather is seriously not comfortable in the least, why are people so obsessed with it?

Malfoy: Since that one Weasley guy nearly ratted you out, how 'bout I make fun of him for a bit?

Garry: Yeah, sure, we admittedly do that to people who try to punish us anyway.

Crayon: And I usually make fun of Percy whenever the hell I want, so yeah.

Malfoy: And his family. By calling the lot of them an embarrassment.

Crayon: Or you could not, since I'll have to rip out your spine and use it as a xylophone.

Malfoy: …Crabbe? You feeling all right?

Garry: Knee to the appendix.

Crayon: …Goyle keeps hitting me in the stomach and the severe agony is distracting me. Sorry.

Rifftrax: Tch, only peasants have stomachs!
Malfoy: Oh, that's all right then. And now for an abrupt change of subject. I'm surprised that the Daily Prophet hasn't done a report on all these attacks. I suppose Father's trying to hush it all up, considering this could all lead back to him rather easily when you think about it, which is why I think I'll blame Dumbledore instead. Father always said Dumbledore was the worst thing that ever happened to this place, and since I have absolutely no opinion of my own I pretty much have to agree.

Garry: YOU'RE WRONG, BITCH!

Fawkes: Huh wha?

Garry: Dude, later!

Fawkes: Kay.

Malfoy: *stands up in a way that's supposed to be menacing but totally isn't* What? You think there's someone here who's worse than Dumbledore? Like possibly Lockhart, or any of our other Defense Professors except for Umbridge and Snape?

Crayon: You mean Lupin.

Malfoy: ...Nooo, why would I support that filthy half-breed?

Crayon: Okay, you're really pushing it now.

Malfoy: Pfft. Like you weren't the same when you first found out.

Crayon: …Touché. I never did apologize, did I? I'm a horrible person!

Garry: ANYWAY! I was talking about, um…Harry Potter. Yeah, sure, him. Totally.

Malfoy: Again with you acting smart and me freaking the hell out. Still, you're absolutely right. Saint Potter, who everyone needlessly worships despite the fact that over half the school currently hates him. Again. And will continue to do so throughout this delightful venture. And, seriously, people actually think he's doing all that crap? No one else realizes that he's got a Mudblood for a girlfriend? There's no way he'd attack her, more's the pity.

Garry: D'you know who's doing it, then?

Malfoy: You know I don't, Goyle. I told you yesterday. *walks over to a desk, sits on it, and picks up a random and adorable little present* You're so freaking stupid that I honestly don't really know why we hang out. *shakes present; there's an ominous rattling in it* Is this yours?

Garry: I can honestly say no.

Malfoy: Cool. *pockets the pointless red herring that goes nowhere*

iheartmwpp: BIG LIPPED ALLIGATOR MOMENT!

Malfoy: But my father did say this.

Crayon: What, no transition whatsoever? Are you ignoring the last half of the conversation we just had or what? Scenes need to flow, otherwise they just seem disjointed!

Malfoy: Dude, it's a conversation between a few twelve-year-olds, lighten up! 'Sides, you want plot-relevant information or not?
Crayon: I apologize, please continue.

Malfoy: Right then. It's been fifty years since the Chamber was opened. He wouldn't tell me who opened it or who was framed for opening it, only that the person who was framed was expelled. Shame, really, I could've done so much with that info, but whatever. The last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened, which is the same one that happened fifty years ago that we're talking about right now so I really don't know why I need to start it like that, a Mudblood died. So it's only a matter of time before one of them is killed this time, even though it's doubtful that anyone but the bad guy will die since this is only the second book in the series and at this point it's still somehow considered a children's series despite the giant-ass spiders and snakes that terrify the crap out of adults as well. As for me, I hope it's Granger.

D/Hr shippers: Oh, he's only saying that to cover up his crush.

Rest of fandom: …Yes, hoping the person you love will die horribly is exactly the same as pulling her pigtails.

D/Hr shippers: Yes, exactly!

Rest of fandom: *facepalm*

Crayon: Yeah, I'm not buying that for an instant. And for threatening my future love interest, I KEEL YOU!

Garry: *punches him in the face* Damn my saving-people-thing, damn it to hell.

Malfoy: Okay, what the hell is up with you two? I've only just noticed now that you're kind of acting suspicious!

Garry: I'm pissed that I keep failing everything and I'm taking it out in Crabbe, who probably has at least a minor concussion by now so he can't think straight. *to Crayon* Dude, let it go, we can beat the shit out of him when we're not undercover.

Malfoy: Whatever, I'm gonna open whatever the fuck this is now.

Crayon: …I think Hermione should've made the version that lasts longer than just an hour.

Garry: What makes you say that?

Crayon: Oh nothing, just that Malfoy's gonna wonder why you're suddenly the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Do-Crazier-Things-Than-His-Father-And-His-Friends-Ever-Did-And-That-Is-Saying-Something.

Garry: Well fuck a duck. Also, you now kinda look like Kludd from that Legend of the Guardians movie, what with the bizzaro hairdo.

Malfoy: Seriously, what am I fiddling with now and why would I hold it up to my ear?

Crayon: Shall we run for our lives?

Garry: Oh yes, let's.

Malfoy: Hey, where are you going?

Crayon: I'd tell you I'm going to the hospital wing like we sorta did in the book, but I don't bloody feel like it.
Malfoy: Okay, I'll just be more suspicious than ever, then!

Garry: Okay, bye!

~ The effect that the lake has on the walls is pretty damn awesome, I wouldn't mind chillin' in that Common Room.~

Crabbe and Goyle: *come out of the closet—yeah, yeah, shut up*
Crabbe in Goyle in wigs: *run right into them, squeal loudly, and run away*
Crabbe and Goyle: …O…kay…

~And they never question anything. Hogwarts really needs a Special Ed. program.~

Ron: That was close, and also ridiculously lucky that we didn't run into anyone when we fully changed back who might be wondering why we were wearing Slytherin uniforms.

Harry: Not to mention the transformation back was a lot less painful than Film Four made it out to be.

Ron: And yet it was slower than in Film Seven. Odd, that.

Harry: Hey, Hermione, come out, you'll see me without my glasses on for once and we can tell you all the crap we just learned.

Hermione: MRREOW!

Ron: Calm down, it went fine!

Myrtle: At last, I can laugh at her and taunt her for a change! Vengeance is so sweet!

Harry: Hermione? Even though it's probably very creepy for a prepubescent boy to push open the door on a prepubescent girl when she specifically told him not to, Imma do it anyway.

Myrtle: I'm about to orgasm, just so you know.

Ron: Can ghosts do that?

Myrtle: They can now.

Hermione: Meow meow meow, prrr, meow, prrrrrr, meow meow.

Ron: No, actually, you never once mentioned that the Polyjuice Potion only works on full humans, so I have no idea what you're on about—Huh boy.

Harry: I can't see a bloody thing, hang on—Oh. Oh Merlin, how are we gonna explain this?

Hermione: Meow mrow meow meow.

Ron: Must...resist...urge...to make...a pussy joke...

~And thousands of furries were born. Also that whole design looks really fake, I saw some of the concept art on the DVD and there were a few that looked way better.~

Review or Lucius will pull down your diaper, scold you for the mess you've left in it, and spank your cheeks as red as cherries.
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, Glee, or Rifftrax.

~Creepy stormy view of Hogwarts at night is…still fucking gorgeous. Also apparently the snow's all melted by now.~

Ron: Have you spoken to Hermione?

Harry: What, and you haven't? What kind of friend are you?

Ron: I didn't want to get into another two-hour argument again.

Harry: Good point. Anyway, she should be out of hospital in a few days, once she stops trying to jump on the new flat screen forty-two inch plasma, I don't care that you're so used to jumping on the fat box thing we used to have to look out the bloody window, it's not here anymore, so get over it already!

Ron: HA! I laugh at her humiliation and the fact that she should be so horribly behind except it's her and she's still ahead of us at this point which is fucking ridiculous.

Harry: Hang on, what's this?

Ron: …It's called water, Harry, referred to by many as the essence of life. It makes up over seventy percent of our bodies as well as the entire planet and if we go without it for more than ninety-six hours we die.

Harry: I know that, but why's it here?

Ron: I'm gonna take a wild stab and assume it's here for the same reason that it's always bloody here, especially this year.

Harry: Really? None of the staff can do a single thing about it? Honestly?

Ron: Apparently so. Still, ew, poo water.

Harry: Nope, apparently she's just turned on all the taps. Because she can somehow do that, seeing as ghosts aren't fucking tangible in this series.

iheartmwpp: …Wait a minute. As I'm pausing this and staring hard at the taps and the placement of them, I can totally see the outline of the little snake carving on the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets. When Harry goes to turn it later, it's specifically shown as not being able to work, but here it's going just as hard as the rest of them! CONTINUITY! THIS SERIES HAS NONE!

Myrtle: I'm pouting!

Harry: I'm gonna regret this, but…why?

Myrtle: Oh, it's you, and since you two and the other one are apparently the only people I hang out with, I'm going to assume you threw the book at me and are going to throw something else at me.

Harry: …Dude, I'm the good guy. Why would I throw something at you when it would be so obvious by us coming into plain sight that it would be me or Ron doing it?
Rifftrax: Because in general it's fun to hurt others.

Myrtle: You're not very reassuring, you know. So I was actually out of the way for a change and someone still thinks it would be a great idea to throw a book at me when I probably didn't even do anything to them for once.

Ron: Again with you lot being non-corporeal, except for the apparent ability to turn on taps and flush toilets, but most stuff would just go through you, so you wouldn't be hurt by it, right?

Myrtle: *flies up extremely close* Oh yeah, sure, just because she can't feel it let's all chuck stuff at her for the fun of it, never mind what she might think about it, oh yes, it's just for our amusement, isn't it! *sniff* Let's all pick on poor Myrtle just because any time anyone says anything that's even mildly offensive it makes her cry, and then let's make fun of the fact that she cries, it's such good fun! So what if she can't help crying even more whenever they start doing that? So what if she just wants to be friends with people but they all make fun of her because she cries all the time? Let's all ostracize her because she's so pathetic, she'll never be able to fit in! She'll never be able to change! She'll always just be Moaning Myrtle! Well SEE IF I CARE! I'm glad I died, it means I'll never have to put up with you assholes ever again! I hope all of you rot in HELL! *pant, pant*

Ron: …

Myrtle: …

Ron: …Were you PMSing when you died?

Myrtle: It definitely seems like it, doesn't it. But yeah, my original point was that it still hurt my feelings even if it didn't hurt me physically. Can you stand the thought of someone throwing something at you even if they miss, deliberately or not?

Ron: Huh. Never thought about it that way. I'm sorry, I'll try to be more tactful around ghosts from now on.

Harry: *snorts* Good one. Still, who threw it at you, anyway?

Myrtle: I have no idea. Even if we can go through walls, it doesn't mean we can see through them. I was just sitting in the U-bend—

Ron: Okay, I'm sorry if I do sound tactless, but…why? I mean, if someone, erm, goes…

Myrtle: No one ever comes in here besides you lot, remember? And I was chillin' down in the lake when you lot started drinking the potion, anyway, so you wouldn't have vomited on me or anything.

Ron: Okay, good.

Myrtle: Anyway, I was sitting there, thinking about death, which we ghosts really seem to enjoy doing for some reason, and it fell through the top of my head. Mm-hmm. Imma go cry some more now.

Harry: Right, we'll leave you to it. Hey, the book thing!

Ron: In the book I was panicking over it, thought it might burn our eyes out if we tried to read it or something, but I'm sure this particular book type thing is in no way evil whatsoever.

Harry: True dat, yo. Hey, wait, it's a diary!
Ron: Oooh, let's read it and get blackmail on whoever wrote in it!

Harry: Dude, no, let's just instantly show it off to Hermione.

Ron: What are we, her puppies or something?

~Holy crap, Hermione's wearing girly pajamas. Never figured her for the type.~

Hermione: There's a name in this diary, which apparently you two had no idea about, because Merlin forbid you should even so much as open a book without me around.

Ron: Tom Marvolo Riddle? Hang on, I just figured out why this scene was cut. I was being useful and giving away information again, I'm not allowed to do that. And yet it's also a pretty decent comic relief bit since I mentioned me hacking up slugs on his trophy, so now I'm just confused…

Harry: What was the trophy for?

Ron: All it said was that it was for Special Services to the School fifty years ago, because it can't give away any other clues as to what it was actually for or anything, oh no, that would be too easy.

Hermione: Fifty years ago, are you sure?

Ron: …No, I'm totally not sure of a name and date I had to scrape off slug slime for hours on end, why ever would you think such a thing.

Hermione: Don't you remember that time where Malfoy of all people was giving out useful plot elements?

Ron: Well it's not like this is the only time, that happens, is it? Next year he knows before any of us that Sirius was supposedly the Potters' Secret Keeper, year after that he also knows about the Triwizard Tournament, the year after that he drops a hint that the Death Eaters are keeping their eyes on Sirius, and the year after that we find out it's him that's driving the bleedin' plot forward himself, isn't he?

Hermione: Whatever, what I meant was that he told you that the last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened was—

Harry: Fifty years ago!

Hermione: Gasp! How dare you cut into my answer?! I CLAW YOUR EYES OUT, BITCH!

Harry: That's nice. Still, that means—

Hermione: Tom Riddle was here at Hogwarts when that happened! HAH! How do you like being interrupted? HUH? HUH?!

Ron: You will never comprehend how used to it we are by now.

Hermione: Whatever, my original point was that Riddle might have written about what he saw. It's possible he knew where the Chamber was, how to open it, even what sort of creature lives in it. And by revealing all of that information there's absolutely no way that he could have been the one behind everything, that's just not possible. But if he did write down anything that could have been incriminating to anyone, including himself, for that matter, whoever's currently behind these attacks wouldn't want this diary lying around, would they?

Harry: That's a brilliant theory, Hermione, but there's just one flaw. There's nothing written in this
diary. And of course it couldn't be magical or anything, that'd be stupid.

Ron: Actually, he might not have written in it at all, ever. Probably didn't want to be teased about being a bloke who keeps a diary. No matter how badass he was he'd probably be a bit hard to take seriously if a lot of people knew that, since gender roles are annoying like that and if you don't do everything your gender is supposed to do then you're a freak of nature, aren't you.

iheartmwpp: I hate life.

Harry: That…is a ridiculously good point, actually. As is the fact that we never question why a diary that could possibly contain information about what happened the last time this kind of crap was happening just ever so conveniently showed up exactly when we needed more information.

~I just realized that Emma’s eyebrows were just as crazy now as they will be in the rest of the films, but at least at this point her bangs hid them well enough.~

Harry: I enjoy pointlessly flipping through pages over and over again for no reason whatsoever. Maybe I'm drawn to it because I'm a Horcrux too, who knows. And DEAR GOD HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE DOING THIS.

Ghost: *singing softly to herself* Dun-dun-dun-dun-dun-dun-Dun/You think I'm pretty/Without any make-up on/You think I'm funny/When I tell the punch line wrong—

Harry: As much as I enjoy Darren Criss's cover of Teenage Dream, I'm going to have to ask you to kindly GTFO.

Ghost: Hey, I could be the Grey Lady, for all you know! Fine, see if I help you out in five years!

Harry: Please, if you are, you'll just be recast anyway.

Ghost: …Damn you and your logic-ness. *leaves in a huff*

Harry: Hey, wait, how can books become ghosts? Ah, never mind. It hasn't really been established that the diary magically soaked up all the water like it was in the book, so my decision to try dripping some ink on the pages seems really random HOLY CRAP IT DISAPPEARED. Okay, that's a bit weird and not normal even though it's magic and really should be…Well the next logical step would be to give it personal information that could be used against me, so here we go. Name: Harry Potter. Age: 12. Date of Birth: 31 July 1980. Current address: Gryffindor Tower, Hogwarts, Some Vague Location In Scotland, UK. Occupation: Student. Social Security Number—

Diary: Okay, I really don't need all this crap, just your name was enough.

Harry: Oh! Hey, who are you? And why exactly am I saying everything I'm writing out loud? Man am I lucky that no one else is in here or would want to come down here to get away from snoring or to do some last minute homework they just remembered was due in the morning, otherwise they'd think I was absolutely insane three books early. Also it's annoying, considering most of our viewers are fans of the books it's kind of obvious that they would know how to read.

Diary: I'm Tom Riddle. Somehow I inhabit the very same diary I once owned, don't ask, it won't be explained fully for another four years anyway.

Harry: I won't, but I do have one question.
Riddle: Uh huh?

Harry: Can you provide any semblance of back story that might further the plot along? I'm really at the end of my rope here.

Riddle: Yep!

Harry: Awesome! So can you tell me now?

Riddle: Well I certainly can, but that doesn't necessarily mean I will.

Harry: Damn it, I hate specifics like this. Fine, may you tell me? Even something totally fake will do. Like I said, we're completely out of ideas.

Riddle: No.

Harry: Well you just suck in every way imaginable. Damn it, why do I bother? And why am I still talking out loud, honestly.

Riddle: Hey, I said I couldn't tell you, that doesn't mean I can't show you.

Harry: Again with the specifics, I have already taken a great dislike towards you…Wait, what?

Riddle: Let me take you back fifty years ago…

Harry: …What the hell is going on?

Diary: *suddenly flips a crapload of pages till it's over halfway through the book and the words/numbers 13 June appear in the corner*

Harry: Okay, was that really necessary? You could've just done that on the page I was already on, it's not like the first page has to correspond with the first day of the year, what gives? Oh, and the thirteenth, as well, was it a Friday too? This is just getting silly. As is me randomly picking up the book like this in order to examine it, which makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Ooooooh, shiny. Man, it's a really good thing that this doesn't blind me or cause me to freak out and scream, thereby waking up the whole House—

Diary: *sucks him in with the vain hope that he'll shut the fuck up in the process*

Harry: Whoa, that was trippy. Okay, how the fuck did I get down here? And why does everything have a greenish tinge to it, this is weird. Hmm, giant statue of boar, behind which are stairs…hey, a person! Yo, I just appeared randomly in a flash of light and am confused out of my mind, do you think you can help?

Mysterious person thing dude guy place: *stares impassively ahead of him*

Harry: …Are you the guy that dragged me down here? Hellooooo?

Random wizards: Yo, don't mind us, we're just dragging a dead body down the stairs.

Harry: …Okay, that was disturbing…and why is everything sort of black and white-ish?

Dumbledore: Riddle? GET OVER HERE.

Riddle: Yo, 'sup, Dumbles?
Harry: …No way, this is just too bloody weird. Also it's either the color of the film, or his fashion sense was way more subdued back in the day. Or it could be because someone just died, who knows.

Dumbledore: I know you're a prefect and everything, but seriously, a student just died, you should really exercise more caution, I don't care if your power will basically be second only to mine in a few decades time.

Riddle: Yeah, I wanted to see if the girl was really dead for myself, to see if my plan had worked.

Dumbledore: What was that last part?

Riddle: Oh nothing, don't worry about it.

Dumbledore: …Right. So as you probably just saw, the rumors are, in fact, true, and we should all be horrified for our lives right about now.

Riddle: What about the rumor that the school's gonna close down? I literally do not have anywhere else to go, what the hell am I gonna do when I become of age in the Muggle world? Do you have any idea how hard it is for someone my age to get adopted?! Also, why was I never adopted in the first place, I thought potential parents wanted the smart ones, or did JKR want to make my development all the more pointless by not giving a foster family, even an abusive one, any kind of chance?

Dumbledore: Then you — I mean, Slytherin's Heir — should've thought about that before you — they — set a giant-ass monster about the school killing people. Salazar Slytherin himself probably should've thought about that too, come to think of it. As it is, we really don't have any choice in the matter, as we are concern for the safety and continued lives of all our students, something the Heir cannot seem to grasp.

Riddle: Sir, if it all conveniently stopped right at this moment, if the person who seemed the easiest person in the world to blame was caught doing something weird, th…

Dumbledore: Is there something…you wish to tell me? Anything at all? Like if you were the one behind all this, for instance? Or if you managed to create something that would extend your life and essentially keep you from dying by committing the most heinous acts imaginable? Or, heaven forbid, you are planning to make more than one of these objects? Or perhaps already did? Or maybe—

Riddle: No, sir. Nothing.

Dumbledore: Oh thank Merlin. Wait, really?

Riddle: Yep.

Dumbledore: Very well, then. Off you go.

Riddle: K thx byz.

Harry: That seemed eerily familiar…

Riddle: Excuse me while I walk right by you.

Dumbledore: No worries, I'm just gonna stare after you suspiciously.

Riddle: Awesome.
Harry: Imma follow him since I still don't understand what the shit is going on.

Dumbledore: Now that he's gone...Anyone else notice how it's conveniently after a student is fucking killed and after Hogwarts is threatened to be closed forever that Tom catches Hagrid with Aragog?

Dippet and everyone else: Nope!

Dumbledore: Sigh...I really should've put two and two together myself instead of waiting for a thirteen-year-old to figure it out for me half a century from now, considering I actually knew Tom could speak Parseltongue and everything, not to mention I apparently did what every fan ever dreams of doing and learned Parseltongue myself for my foreign language class...Seriously, why the fuck don't I figure stuff out and save the entire world/country for once.

Harry: I have a feeling that Dumbledore said something kind of important once we were out of earshot, but since I have literally no idea what I should do or how to get out of this I think I'll just follow this guy around.

Riddle: Tee hee, I'm sneaky, like a ninja!

iheartmwpp: It's really weird how, in the Lego game, Harry and Tom have to work together, even though Harry's in a freaking memory and Tom should not be able to see or hear him and Harry should really not be able to interact with the surrounding environment.

Riddle: Observe as I dramatically open the door! Voila, I am a genius!

Muffled voice coming from an actor who shall remain forever in the shadows and who will be voiced over by Robbie Coltrane: Don' worry yer pretty little legs, there's no way any o' this will be blamed on you. I mean, they'd have ter find some substantial evidence, like acromantula venom in her veins or some kind of entry wound, or summat.

Riddle: Or they could just blame you anyway since they want this whole mess over with. Also there's a chance that I...could have come up with the theory that the Heir...might have thought ahead and planted said evidence just in case and had everything planned out already.

Hagrid: So yeh agree with me tha' Aragog never killed no one?

Riddle: Since that's a double negative, what you basically said was Aragog did kill someone. Also, apparently the girl's parents will be here tomorrow despite the fact that they can't actually come near it or they'll see a moldering old ruin with a sign over the entrance that says "Danger, Do Not Enter, Unsafe," though any average teenager with a rebellious streak would probably want to check it out anyway based on that alone so they'd probably be forced to leave through several other Muggle Repellent Charms, but that is neither here nor there.

Hagrid: Well I'm still not lettin' yeh take him.

Riddle: Monsters don't make good pets, Hagrid, which is kind of sound advice, though it really is admirable that you would follow your passion. Especially since it's so easily used against you time and again! Now stand aside.

Hagrid: Yeh do realize how protective people are over their pets? It'd be like sendin' a sibling out ter die by yer hand! And I ain't doin' it!

Riddle: Don't care, do it anyway.
Hagrid: I don' wanna!

Riddle: Cistem aperio!

Rifftrax: He made the box move slightly! Oh brave wonders!

Harry: Holy shit massive spider.

Riddle: Arania exumai!

Aragog: Ha ha, missed me, dipshit! Now you essentially have no evidence!

Riddle: Whatevs, they'll still believe me and Hagrid will let everything slip because he can't even keep his own secrets.

Hagrid: I was quiet till now fer some reason, so I think I'll take this time ter finally freak out over yeh attemptin' ter kill my pet an' try ter go after it.

Riddle: Or I could hold you at wandpoint and mention that you'll totally be expelled for this. I love my job.

iheartmwpp: And now for a part that I consider to be one of the lamest and most pointless parts of the entire film series, and that includes most of Films Three and Six.

Harry: Despite this being a memory and me pretty much knowing that I can't affect anything around me, I still feel the need to stretch out my hand and yell my friend's name repeatedly. And now to be engulfed in a random light…and the door that Riddle and Hagrid were in just closed on its own. Um…what are they doing in there? Oh right, the really shitty part that was included in all the trailers. HAAAAAAAGRIIIIIIIIIID! Whoa I nearly fell out of my chair. Again, ridiculously lucky no one else was down here. Also holy sh**balls, *runs upstairs* Ron! Ron, wake up! And let's just pray that our hushed whispers that aren't really whispers so much as us talking quietly remain unheard by our dorm mates!

Ron: You gonna keep rambling or can I sleep?

Harry: But I may have unraveled the plot except not at all!

Ron: Oh! Do tell!

Harry: Based on evidence that I have absolutely no way of confirming in any fashion other than taking the word of a man who keeps a diary, again with the gender roles, I have cunningly deduced that Hagrid's the one who opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.

Ron: …You're gonna hafta explain this one in very vivid detail if you want me to believe that steaming pile of dragon sh**, matey-poo.

~Epic overview of Hogwarts is epic.~

Harry: Since we cut out that last scene, let me repeat that it was apparently Hagrid who opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.

Hermione: But, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, potato, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, potato, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, potato, but, but, but, but
but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but—

Harry: Jus spit it out already!

Hermione: …But it's Hagrid.

Harry: I know, I didn't want to believe it either. But really, I'm twelve, d'you really expect me to find all the visible plot holes?

Ron: Am I the only one with an ounce of logic? Because that's really sad when you guys of all people forget that we don't even know anything about Tom Riddle aside from him winning an award for getting Hagrid expelled, and that's not exactly something we'd warm up to. Plus, he's a Slytherin, and we all know my natural prejudice towards that lot. Also he was prefect and head boy, so I despise him further for his similarities with Percy.

Hagrid: I'm clearly in the background!

Harry: Dude, I know we love Hagrid, but the monster had killed someone. Admittedly we would've confronted him and tried every possible alternative before admitting defeat, instead of just blaming him because he was convenient, but we still would have done something similar. Ish.

Hermione: We could just go up to his place and ask an extremely awkward and personal question, like what really happened from his point of view or something. Better to get both sides of the story, something we rarely get in this series, truth be told.

Ron: That'd be a cheerful visit. "Hello, Hagrid—" oh wait, never mind, that's stupid.

Harry: And now I am intrigued. Do go on.

Ron: Nah, my original thought was what Hagrid essentially does on a weekly basis anyway, the most obvious of course being last year, not to mention he'd probably consider himself easily able to fit that description. So then I thought it'd really be awkward if we went up to him and said, "Hello, Hagrid! Tell us, that reason you were expelled? Are you doing it again now, because if you are, it would be totally awesome if you could stop."

Hermione: That is rather awkward and we probably shouldn't go to him with those exact words at any rate. But I still want to hear what you wanted to say originally.

Hagrid: I am so obviously settin' up a "He's righ' behind us isn' he" joke it's only made amusin' by me an' Ron's lines.

Ron: "Hello, Hagrid! Tell us, have you been setting anything mad and hairy loose in the castle lately?"

Hagrid: Mad an' hairy?

Surprised Trio of Holy Crap Muffins: GASP!

Hagrid: Yeh wouldn' be talkin' abou' me now, would yeh?

Secretive Trio of Chambers (lol pun!): …No.

Hagrid: Because tha' would totally make sense, since not only am I hairy an' more than a little out of it, I admit tha', but also because I did, in fact, let Fluffy into the castle, though he wasn' much set into it as forced to be locked up in a confined space fer a whole year. Yay animal cruelty!
Harry: Again, what happened to Fluffy after he wasn't needed anymore? It's really starting to bug me!

Hagrid: Never mind tha' now, exactly why are you lot so suspicious-lookin' an' seem determined ter avoid my eyes an' stuff?

Harry: …What's that you're conveniently carrying with you to make distracting you easy for us?

Hagrid: Oh, I finally got a hold of some Flesh-Eating Slug Repellant after several months because apparently they didn't have any in Diagon Alley or Knockturn Alley. Maybe I just picked it up now from Hogsmeade or summat, I dunno. Anyway, they're fer the Mandrakes, remember, those adorable abominations of nature you lot were repottin' earlier in the movie? Now according ter Professor Sprout, they still got a bit more puberty ter go through, the poor, poor souls. But once the plants get rid of their acne, which makes no sense whatsoever, Snape'll be able to brutally murder them fer the sake of the people down in the hospital. In the meantime, though, in a classic case of my fatherly concern fer you three, I want you ter be careful and look after yourselves. All right?

Uncertain Trio of Doubt: *nods*

Hagrid: Mm. *walks away*

Neville: THE SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC IS FOLLOWING ME! AAAAAAAHHH!

Hagrid: Hullo, Guy-I-Don'-Really-Know-All-Tha'-Well-But-Still-Know-Yer-Firs'-Name-Somehow!

Neville: Harry! I'm about to reach a Hermione-esque level of annoyance by telling you something is horribly, horribly wrong but refusing to explain what it is!

Harry: Oh well don't you just suck a lot.

Neville: Yep! Now come on already! Also I am freezing without my extra blanket thing that really doesn't appear to do much of anything and will be easily replaced with Muggle clothing for the rest of the films!

~One mad dash/spontaneous change of location later…~

Harry: Wow, someone totally blew up my section of the dorm. Shit, it will literally take weeks to reorganize my notes and try to fix my books and stuff, though the house-elves could probably take care of the rest.

Hedwig: It was not me, okay? I just flew back here a few minutes ago!

Rifftrax: Okay. I did it. I was bored. Hoo.

Neville: It wasn't me either, I think I would've tried to hide it from you if I did it instead of running out to get you.

Sirius: Actually, that's a perfect way to get people off your scent so they wouldn't suspect you.

Neville: Good point, but I really didn't do it in this case.

Hermione: It had to be a Gryffindor. Nobody else knows our password, apart from the staff and possibly a couple of students who happened to be stalking us with their own Invisibility Cloak. I mean, they're rare, sure, but this school is supposed to have about a thousand students in it, I'm sure at least one other person must own one or something. Or maybe they just stole someone else's robes
and snuck in, really all we have to tell us apart is a little crest thing on our robes. Hell, Neville might have forgotten it again so this mysterious thief overheard another student, possibly even us, reminding him of what it was.

Ron: Whoever it was, either they really don't like Harry, which is entirely likely at this point, or they were looking for something. Or wanted to steal something for the hell of it.

Harry: It's pure luck they didn't take my Invisibility Cloak, but Tom Riddle's diary is gone.

Neville: …What are you talking about? Why would you have another person's diary, anyway? And I keep thinking you lot are the good guys for some reason…

~I haven’t been referencing Starkid that much because I’m too lazy to go through AVPSY and add things, I just want everything back online again as quickly as possible.~

Review or Ginny will flush you down Myrtle's toilet!
Teh LEGION OF SPIIIIIIDERS!

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical or Sequel, Family Guy, Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along Blog, Spamalot, Anchorman, the Wild Wild West remake, Firefly, Yu-Gi-Oh! The Abridged Series, Nostalgia Critic's review of Lost in Space (thanks to Dracarot for reminding me!), Cathy Rigby's Peter Pan, or Rifftrax.

~Gasp! How dare they insinuate there might be more than one Quidditch match in one film!~

Oliver: I think with me as your captain and you little stallions as my team, there's no way we're losing to Jigglypuff! We are so much better than them it's not even funny. I mean, our House has people with names!

George: Also the plot, and everyone terrified of Harry for some ungodly reason, because obviously they've imagined that the monster is something that can fly.

Fred: Nah, he can petrify people on his own. Clearly.

Harry: Yes, because I'm just that talented.

Oliver: All valid points. 'Ello, McGonagall!

McGonagall: You really think we can shove in more than one match per film? Please, we're lucky if we even get one!

Oliver: But…but it's Quidditch! *throws a tantrum*

McGonagall: Oh shut up and get back to GryffindorTower. Except Potter. You and I will go and find Mr. Weasley.

Gred and Forge: We're right here!

McGonagall: The other one, morons.

Fred: What do you want with Percy?

McGonagall: Well in the book I probably should have gotten him too, but I meant your younger one.

George: …Right, we knew that.

McGonagall: ANYWAY! Potter, there's something the two of you, as main characters, have to see.

Harry: What about Hermione? I mean, she's a main character too, or are you suddenly sexist for some reason?

McGonagall: Funny story about that…

~McGonagall is such a tactful person, isn't she?~

McGonagall: I warn you, finding out your best friend is as good as dead until further notice may come as a wee bit of a shock. I'm ever so tactful!

Ron: NOOOOOOOO! How will she bear my children now?
McGonagall: …She'll be cured at the end of the year, remember?

Ron: Shut up, it's still hard to take in!

McGonagall: Right, so any reason she'd be ominously holding a mirror?

Rifftrax: Check…please…

Harry: Well, we could make every "Ha ha, it was because you saw your own ugly-ass reflection" joke in the book, but since we're currently uber-depressed that ain't gonna happen. Also, stop waving it around like that, you're blinding us!

Ron: You'd think that since she's my eventual love interest, I'd be the one touching her hand, but I guess Harry's closer to her, so…

Madam Pomfrey: Oh don't mind me, I'll just stand in the background and give the illusion that I'm here for a reason when I'm actually completely useless.

~I think it might be the eyebrows, but something about Hermione's face just looks so tremendously fake to me.~

Gryffindors: Gossip, gossip, gossip, gossip…

McGonagall: SHUT UP! Now then, because of even more recent attempted murders of small children, one of them being a freaking main character, these new rules that we really should have established once these attacks began will be put into effect immediately. All students will return to their House common rooms by six o'clock every evening, giving them very little time to eat or do homework, especially if they're in the higher years. Plus, because of this, Astronomy class is presumably cancelled, since it had to be at midnight and everything. Also, teachers are supposed to escort students to classes in the unlikely event they'll actually be able to defend their students. No exceptions, except of course for the main characters, as always.

iheartmwpp: In the book, when Harry and Ron convince Lockhart to just leave them be so they can sneak off and talk to Myrtle, I can understand Lockhart being an idiot, but when McGonagall finds Harry and Ron she just waves them off in the direction of the hospital wing when they tell her they wanted to see Hermione. For such a stickler for rules, not to mention that people could die at any minute, you'd think she'd follow some of her own. Also, where were these kinds of rules when Sirius was wandering about the place?

McGonagall: I should also mention that unless the culprit behind these attacks is caught, it is likely the school will be closed. With that ominous threat, if someone could conveniently frame someone vaguely suspicious or, Merlin forbid, find the actual culprit, that would be dandy. Byez!

Ginny: Huh, the camera instantly zooms in on me looking a bit shifty-eyed. I wonder if that's insinuating anything…

Lee: Since when do I get on with you?

Percy: Hell if I know.

Oliver: I still can't believe Quidditch was cancelled. I mean, it's Quidditch! It could be used to raise morale at least, come on, people!

Girl behind Oliver: Who the hell am I?
Harry: We've got to go and confront Hagrid with those awkward and deeply personal questions, Ron. I really don't think he'd attack Hermione, much less anyone else, but that's beside the point. He's literally our only lead right now, and if he actually was guilty of anything, he might at least know where the Chamber of Secrets is, and that's better than nothing.

Ron: But you heard McGonagall! We're not allowed to go out and about except for class, which no one is really paying attention to this year anyway, what with all the almost dying going on and stuff.

Harry: You forget about my dad's old cloak already?

Ron: Well this is shockingly the first time we've used it this year. 'Sides, least I didn't leave it behind while I was using it.

Harry: ...I hate you.

~And then we have a ten-second deleted scene where Harry takes his Cloak out of his trunk and covers himself and Ron with it. I'm glad that was cut, though how the other boys didn't wake up is beyond me.~

Hagrid's Hut: Check out how creepy the music suddenly makes me!

Harry and Ron: Knock knock.

Fang: Who's there?

Harry and Ron: Interrupting Cow.

Fang: Interrupting Co—

Harry and Ron: MOO!

Fang: Aw, you got me! LOL.

Hagrid: *dramatically puts the lid on his tea kettle while picking up a crossbow, reminding me I really need to replay Assassin's Creed Brotherhood again* They'll never take me alive, I tells ya! Never — wait, there's no one at the door. Damn kids, what the hell…

Harry and Ron: *appear*

Harry: We would've taken the Cloak off immediately, but we were a bit shocked by the death machine pointing right at our faces.

Hagrid: Oh get over yerself, ya pansies. Want some tea?

Ron: Meh, whatever.

Hagrid: The question is, why am I addin' more tea ter a clearly already full cup?

Rifftrax: Mm, hot yak bile.

Harry: To have me pointlessly ask if you're all right or not, when you're clearly not. Why do people ask such obvious questions, especially when they know they'll be lied to half the time?

Hagrid: It's compulsory, I imagine. Also, you could physically tell me the cup was overflowin', yeh know.
Harry: Didn't feel like it. So guess what?

Hagrid: What?

Harry: Hermione was, like, totally petrified and stuff.

Hagrid: Yep, I already heard abou' tha', as I say in a way tha' doesn' make me look even more suspicious at all.

Harry: Keep telling yourself that.

Ron: Why don't I have any lines in this scene?

Harry: 'Cause it was always Hermione's job to steal lines from other characters and it didn't feel right for you to try to usurp her position?

Ron: I guess…

Harry: Anyway, Hagrid, we have to ask you something. Do you know who's opened the Chamber of Secrets? And if not, it's cool, it would be totally great if you just denied it was you, actually. We'd be back to square one, sure, but we love you and don't want to see you suddenly be the villain or something.

Hagrid: Yeah, but I'm not even gonna do tha', in order to drag out the revelation an' have yeh nearly killed an' everything.

Ron: Joy.

Mysterious people: Knock knock.

Hagrid: Shit. You two, hide in a corner an' put the Cloak on, there should be somewhere yeh can sneak into. Sorry I don' have the back door set up yet, tha's next film.

Harry: Or, we could just stand in a random spot where people could easily bash into us!

Ron: You got it, boss! *drapes Cloak over both of them*

Hagrid: We're doomed. *opens door again* Oh, Professor Dumbledore, sir! An' another suspicious guy is righ' next ter yeh, I see, but I won' bother worryin' abou' him!

Dumbledore: I really, really don't want to do this, but…could we—?

Hagrid: No shit! Come in, come in!

Ron: Hooray for my ability to show off my knowledge! That's Dad's boss, Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic!

Harry: Seriously, where did JKR come up with these names? Now I just want chocolate.

Remus: *appears* Here you go.

Harry: Dude, this is awesome! Thanks, man!

Remus: No prob! *vanishes*

Fudge: Observe as I attempt to look regretful about the situation, and yet when I get my first close up
I'm clearly grinning. So yeah, since you're still the most obvious suspect, considering your record and the fact that I'm a racist bigot despite that I don't think I know what you are at this point, I automatically accuse you of everything ever.

Hagrid: Tha's nice, I suppose I don' even get a hearin' or a chance ter defend meself, then? It's like Sirius Black's case all over again!

Dumbledore: Indeed, but in this case I'm actually making a vain attempt to defend you. Though, really, there were no other obvious suspects in Sirius's case. The Potters really should have at least told me what they were doing, what the hell were they thinking, honestly. But yeah, I know Hagrid didn't do it, and you should listen to me as you always have up till now.

Fudge: You forget I only care about my image and I have to deny any wrong I or anyone else has done under any circumstances…except Sirius Black escaping next year, which technically was my fault since I was the one who showed him the newspaper with the picture of the Weasleys in it. Though you have to admit that Hagrid's record is indeed against him despite the fact that this all could've been avoided by asking the student who was killed last time how they died, they had fifty years of opportunity and no one took it. Anyway, we're taking you and stuff.

Hagrid: Yeh'd think I'd be a bit more upset by the fact tha' I'm goin' ter fuckin' Azkaban, but I'm not fer some reason.

Fudge: Don't look at me, this wasn't my idea.

Lucius: No, look at me. *pirouettes into the hut to thunderous applause; Yaxely comes in to towel off his face, gives him some water, and leaves*

Hagrid: GTFO, bitchface.

Lucius: Hey, I don't wanna be here anymore than you want me here. If it weren't for the chance to get rid of one of my most hated enemies, I assure you I would stay as far away from your hovel as I possibly could.

Ron: Maybe Hagrid had a point when he said to hide in a corner instead of somewhere we could be easily bumped into?

Harry: I don't know what you're on about.

Lucius: Speaking of, how ya been, Dumbles?

Dumbledore: Oh, you know, could be better. So what's the haps?

Lucius: I do believe that this is a fantabulous excuse to remove you from the school. I haz an order of suspension right here.

Fudge: Okay, I don't care how much you're bribing me, don't get rid of Dumbledore, he's freaking Dumbledore!

Lucius: Wish I could, but I managed to conveniently get all twelve signatures on it. So nyah.

Dumbledore: Yoink!

Lucius: I'm afraid we felt that you're starting to get a bit old. We might have to get you a replacement if you aren't careful.
Dumbledore: Is that a threat?

Lucius: A mere statement of fact. Pretty soon, you, Hagrid, and all Muggle-borns will most likely be gone from the school entirely. And what a sad, sad day that will be. *grinning maniacally, but only Harry and Ron see it*

Ron: …Is that a bow in his hair?

Harry: He definitely makes it work.

Ron: Well he's a main Death Eater, of course he has to be obscenely attractive…but it's a freaking bow.

Harry: What were we just saying last chapter about gender roles.

Ron: Oh come off it, I can't make fun of a Malfoy just because he's a Malfoy?

Hagrid: You can' take Professor Dumbledore away! He's the equivalent of Wizard God, remember? The Muggle-borns won' stand a chance without him, because he clearly did so much ter help 'em before now! You mark my words, there'll be killings next!

Lucius: Sweet.

Dumbledore: STFU, Hagrid. If the governors desire my removal, I shall of course turn into a complete pansy and not fight them instead of at least attempting to do my duty to protect my students.

Harry and Ron: Heh heh, duty.

Dumbledore: HOWEVER. Help will always be given at Hogwarts to those who ask for it, not that this quote will reap much benefit in the long run. It would have been much more ideal for me to say my other line instead, so when Harry quotes it later it doesn't seem so forced or out of the blue; I mean seriously, what twelve-year-old talks like that. *gives Harry an exasperated look*

Ron: …Can he see through Cloaks like Moody, or can he sense the presence of another Hallow?

Harry: Well, he did hang on to this one for over a decade, but apparently he cast homennum revelio silently and wandlessly, because he's Dumbledore and therefore awesome.

Lucius: What the hell are you looking at?

Dumbledore: Nothing, I'm just crazy.

Lucius: …Right, I knew that. Now let me lead you out of this dump. And Hagrid's Hut as well, HEY-O!

Dumbledore: Oy vey. Can you believe this guy?

Harry and Ron: I know, right?

Lucius: Later, Fudge.

Fudge: See ya, matey-poo! Now, then, Hagrid, to escort you to the only prison we have, apart from Nurmengard but apparently we never use that one, where we knowingly hold probably innocent people because it looks good for us and where people who commit minor crimes and even people we only think committed any sort of crime suffer the same torturing, madness-inducing, soul-sucking punishment as mass murderers. What a delightful justice system we have!
Harry: …Tell me he's joking.

Ron: Nope! Isn't it fun?

Hagrid: Allow me ter be painfully obvious abou' what I think you should do next! Seriously, though, follow the spiders if yeh were lookin' fer some stuff? The hell? Good thing Fudge is a complete idiot!

Fudge: Sorry, what?

Hagrid: Oh nothing, don't worry abou' it.

Fudge: Uh…huh…

Hagrid: Oh, an' someone will need ter feed Fang while I'm away.

Fang: Oh, so I'm just an afterthought to you, that's nice.

Harry: Say hi to Sirius for us!

Hagrid: Will do! *leaves*

Fudge: Aww, ish a puppy! *also leaves*

Ron: *pulls off Cloak* I know Dumbledore never actually does much of anything, but we're still so completely fucked it's not even funny.

Harry: Look, a convenient trail of spiders, spotted just after Hagrid told us to follow them! What a crazy random happenstance! Let's do as he says. *grabs high-powered flashlight and goes outside* Come on, Fang.


Spiders: *singing* Run away, run away/Run away from the stench and the trenches—

Harry: Okay, there's no way Hagrid's Hut held that many spiders, that's just freaking creepy. So let's follow them and stuff, I'm sure we won't come to any harm.

Ron: …Harry? Did you forget my crippling terror of these things? Plus the Forest, I know I didn't go in last book, but I did last film and it didn't give me a very happy feeling in my tummy. And my balls are still in the process of dropping, don't mind me.

Harry: Fine, I'll just die on my own then, see you.

Rifftrax: The giant hairy idiot told us to follow spiders, so damn it, sack up and follow spiders.

Ron: *says what is clearly the best line in the movie*

Iheartmwpp: *is bored out of her skull* And there's a shot of them walking in between really tall trees…blah blah blah…Ah! A deleted scene! Hooray!

Harry: There's something moving over there.

Ron: No, really? And here I thought the Forest was completely empty.

Harry: Oh shut it and listen. It sounds like something big.

Ron: Please just be Lupin, please just be Lupin…
Harry: Again, is the full moon even out tonight? If so, we have the absolute worst timing when it comes to us checking out the Forest for whatever plot or punishment reasons we're going with at the time. And even if it is Remus, we're still kind of fucked.

Ron: Why, he'd be on the potion, wouldn't he?

Harry: …Saying it like that makes it amusingly sound like he's on birth control.

Ron: Well, it is his time of the month. *snickers*

Harry: …Your death will be slow and painful. 'Sides, assuming the potion's even been invented at this point, he admitted he's not that good at Potions, and the ingredients will probably be expensive. Hell, he told me four years from now that next year is pretty much the only time he'll have access to the Wolfsbane Potion, and that's basically because Dumbledore bullied Snape into making it for him.

Ron: Fine, just rain on my parade, why don't you.

Ford Anglia: *lights headlights* WHO DARES DISTURB MY SLUMBER.

Harry: AHHH! MY CORNEAS!

Ron: Harry! Somehow I can still see well enough to notice that it's our car!

Harry: What are you talking abou—Oh, you're right. How 'bout that.

Ron: You know, this bit really should have been kept in, otherwise the car kind of just shows up out of nowhere when it saves us later.

Ford Anglia: Oh, it's you two. Imma go back to sleep now.

Ron: If you feel you must.

Harry: Ron? Plot?

Ron: Oh, right. Later!

Ford Anglia: See ya.

Harry: Hey, cool, the ground and roots and stuff is literally crawling with spiders! Let's step on most of them by accident, I'm sure that will in no way hurt our chances when we meet their leader.

Ron: How did none of these crawl up our legs or something?

Harry: You okay, Ron? I'd figured you'd be curled up in a fetal position getting soaked in a pool of your own urine.

Ron: Maybe later, right now I've kind of detached myself in shock.

Harry: Ah, right then.

Ron: Though may I add that I dislike this with great intensity and am very close to snapping and brutally murdering you and Fang.

Harry: Cool. Let's amble through this tunnel covered in roots where the spiders are scuttling around on literally every surface imaginable.
Ron: Why do we hang out? No, that wasn't rhetorical this time, I seriously want to know.

iheartmwpp: I never really had too big a problem with spiders—and then I randomly did a few years ago and I'm just now starting to get over it again—so I think I could have lasted until the tunnel before pissing myself and bolting.

Ron: Sounds good, can I do that?

Harry: Nope!

Ron: That's it, Books Four and Seven? We are not speaking.

Harry: I'm quaking in my boots.

iheartmwpp: Oh God, the cobwebs THAT ONE JUST LOWERED ITSELF FROM THE CEILING AND ALMOST LANDED ON RON OH GOD WHY.

Harry: Huh, this looks like an appropriately large soundstage.

Acromantula #234-7: Don't mind, me, I just have to move my legs to look creepy for the camera.

Harry: Kayz.

Ron: LOUD NOISES!

Aragog: It's way too fucking early for this shit…

Ron: Was that every last spider in the surrounding area? Aren't we lucky we managed to find it in time.

Harry: I find it amusing that I'm picking now of all times to tell you not to panic.

Aragog: Hagrid? I told you not to wake me up unless you had more acid!

Harry: We're friends of Hagrid's! And sorry, but we've only got shrooms.

Aragog: Hang on, let me get up, the props department worked hard on me and I deserve to be shown off a bit.

Ron: …He has an eighty foot tarantula.

Harry: Aragog, I presume?

Aragog: Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Harry: Pleasure's all mine.

Ron: No kidding.

Aragog: Hagrid's never shown anyone else where we were. Hell, I doubt Dumbledore knows we're here at this point.

Harry: I'm sure he would have come if he could, but he's kind of been arrested. There've been a lot of attempted murders up at the school, and Hagrid doesn't have the cleanest record. They think he's doing what they assumed he was doing last time.

Ron: …Oh shit.
Aragog: Well he totally didn't do it. He was framed! Framed, I tells ya!

Ron: This does not bode well.

Harry: Then you're not the monster?

Aragog: Whoever taught you tact needs to fall on a sword.

Harry: I was kept in a cupboard.

Aragog: …Fine, but still! The actual monster was born in the castle, and I have no idea how I know this since it was, like, a millennium ago and I'm only half a century old. I came to Hagrid from an unnamed distant land which may or may not be Borneo, in the pocket of an equally unnamed traveler who might have tried to coax sensitive information out of Hagrid again, we'll never know.

Ron: Holy mother of God and all her wacky nephews.

Harry: Not now, Ron, Mummy and Daddy are talking. So if you're not the monster and merely a monster, then what did serve as background information for what happened fifty years ago?

Aragog: I don't wanna tell you, so there.

Harry: Oh come on, I just wanna get the damn plot fleshed out so we can GET ON WITH IT ALREADY!

Aragog: How 'bout this, at least you got to visit the rest of your house, I had to stay in the box Hagrid forced me to live in until we were framed. I never even got to taste fresh air till Hagrid brought me here, so quit your bitching.

Ron: Oh dear God. So many regrets, we're dead…

Aragog: Also I somehow know that the girl who was killed was discovered in a bathroom, which should be the biggest and most obvious hint ever but no one ever picks up on it till it's practically too late. Like pretty much everything else in the books that the filmmakers go out of their way to spell out for the audience and it's so annoying and pointless and they need to stop that.

Ron: Harry, this may be the most important thing I've told you so far this series if not ever.

Harry: Somehow I doubt that, but what?

Ron: Look up.

Harry: What are you talking—I just crapped my pants.

Ron: OMG LYKE ME TOO!

A shitload of spiders that will forever scar arachnophobic children and adults alike:
Haaaaaaaaaaaaaai.

Dr. Smith: *appears through a portal or something* It's a legion of SPIIDERS! *waves his hands around like an idiot*

Harry: …Well, thank you for your time. We're just off to, you know, live, we like living and wish to continue to do so.

Aragog: Actually, YOU KNOW TOO MUCH AND NOW YOU MUST DIE. Ha ha, okay, that's
totally not the reason, my grandkids just get hungry on occasion. There's this substance called food, and most sentient life forms need to consume it in order to maintain our existence. If only anorexic people could figure that out... Anyway, be grateful I took the time out of my busy schedule to answer all of your questions for you! And now have a fun death, despite that if we let you go you could totally clear Hagrid's name and stuff!

Ron: Can I curl up into a fetal position in a pool of my own urine now?

Acromantula #563-4: 'Ello, I can haz nibblies?

Harry: I throw my flashlight at you, sir!

Acromantula #563-4: Ow, that hurt me in my hurty place.

Ron: Well this sucks. Know any spells that can ward off giant-ass spiders?

Harry: Yep, a non-canon one I learned from Lord Voldemort.

Ron: Awesome.

Ford Anglia: You are so lucky I mildly tolerate you people.

Fang: Oi, don't run us over!

Harry: Oh yeah, you're still here.

Ron: Aww, who's a cute little Deus Ex Machina? You are, yes you are—

Ford Anglia: Shut up or I'm leaving you here.

Ron: Shutting up, sir.

Harry: All right, let's go—

Dr. Smith: Wait!

Harry: What?

Dr. Smith: …

Harry: …

Dr. Smith: …SPIDERS! *waves hands around like an idiot*

Harry: Would you stop being in bad movies and get into this franchise already?

Gary Oldman: You got it! As soon as I'm done with Quest for Camelot.

Harry: I am ashamed to consider you my godfather.

Ron: Harry? I do believe we were fleeing for our lives?

Harry: Yep.

Fang: I call shotgun!

Ron: Hell no! *slams a door on an acromantula's leg*
Ron: Guess it spontaneously decided to give me momentary control over it again for no adequately explored reason.

Harry and Ron: WE'RE FALLING OFF A HIIIIIIILLLLL!

Ron: Glad that's over.

Harry: Famous last words.

Ron: OH GOD I DON'T CARE IF YOU KILL ME JUST GET THIS DAMN THING OFF ME!

Harry: Arania exumai even though I really should learn how to pronounce exumai!

Ron: OH GOD I DON'T CARE IF YOU KILL ME JUST GET THIS DAMN THING OFF ME!

Harry: Arania exumai except pronounced obscenely wrong!

Ron: OH GOD I DON'T CARE IF YOU KILL ME JUST GET THIS DAMN THING OFF ME!

Harry and Ron: WE'RE FALLING OFF A HIIIIIIILLLLL!

Ron: Cool.

Harry: Any time…uh-oh…

Ron: …*whimper*

Harry: Get us out of here.

Fang: I seem quite content, actually, what the hell's wrong with me.

Harry: NOW!

Ron: Sorry, sorry, it's just my very worst nightmare come to life, don't mind me.

Harry: HURRY UP AND MOVE!

Ron: DO NOT PRESSURE ME, HARRY, I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, AND THIS IS MY WORST FEAR, NOT YOURS, SO YOU CAN BLOODY WELL SHUT UP! *spins car around*

Harry: Sorry, I was just trying to help—

Ron: WELL YOU'RE NOT!

iheartmwpp: Blah, blah, chase scene blah…

Harry: Oh yeah, this is a flying car, isn't it.
Ron: Apparently what I assumed to be just a normal gear shift was actually a flying gear Dad installed or something. Anyway, it's jammed.

Acromantulas: *sing-song voice* We're blocking your paaaaath, nyah, nyah, nyah nyah, nyaaaaah.

Harry: Can't you get it to work?

Ron: What do you think I'm trying to do? 'Sides, I have to run over as many of these as I can for my own sanity, it's hard to focus on two things at once!

Harry: What a shock, we managed to make it work just before we hit the road. Coincidence? I think NOT!

iheartmwpp: It also made for one of the most annoying DVD game things EVAR. Wasn't even that scary, just frustrating 'cause the DVD remotes never fucking worked.

Ron and Harry: *burst into song* We're flying! Look at me, way up high/Suddenly here am I/I'm flying! And now we're not.

Fang: That was fun, let's not do that again, k thx byz.

Ron: A pity I don't realize that killing Hagrid once he got out of Azkaban would actually be a small mercy compared to the literal hell he would have just gotten away from.

Ford Anglia: WELL YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK! I THINK I NEED SOME CHAMOMILE BEFORE MY SLUMBER! *leaves*

Ron: Seriously, what was the point of going in there? We just wasted ten minutes on crap Hagrid could have easily told us about instead of failing to pour us tea, we would have believed him!

Harry: What, and miss the excuse for the props department to show off and scar people for life? Remember, from here on out, it's mostly gonna be CGI anyway. Also, yeah, this confirms Hagrid was innocent and stuff. Which means we're back to square one, and this late in the game that essentially means we're fucked.

Rifftrax: We have the solemn word of a horrifyingly huge spider that tried to eat us, and that’s good enough for me.

~If you're wondering where the Firefly reference was, according to the commentary "Holy mother of God and all her wacky nephews" was apparently the translation of one of the Chinese phrases they kept saying.~

Review or Aragog's children will eat YOUR children!
Teh EVERYTHING IS CONVENIENTLY SOLVED

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Sequel, Dick Cheney, Eddie Izzard, Princess Tutu, Battlefield Earth, Black Adder, or Rifftrax.

~And Hogwarts is still fucking gorgeous. Also, hey, an actual transition instead of just cutting to the next scene! Huzzah!~

iheartmwpp: So. There's a giant-ass monster on the loose, people are being attacked and it's a sheer miracle there were no deaths like last time, but school's still on. In the US if there's a couple feet of snow then every school in every town in the surrounding area is canceled for the day. WTF.

Harry: Where exactly did I get these flowers, I wonder? Did I nick them from Herbology or did I order them through the mail or something, it makes no sense!

Rifftrax: Check, please. For God's sake, check…

Harry: Wish you were here, Hermione, especially since I'm kind of insinuating I only want you back so you can solve the mystery for us like usual. What a concerned friend I am.

Ron: You heartless bastard.

Rifftrax: I just need the check…

Ron: Wait, why are you the one stroking her hand? SHE'S MINE, DO YOU HEAR ME? MINE!

Harry: I don't know, it was in the script! Besides, she doesn't belong to anyone, you might want to get rid of a few of your sexist tendencies.

Ron: Hey, I grew up with six other men, plus a very old fashioned mother and a sister who everyone treated like a helpless baby, give me a break.

Book readers: Oh sure, go ahead and tempt the H/Hr shippers. For the next five movies. They will NOT get together, stop giving them false hope or any kind of evidence whatsoever!

Harry: Huh? Despite the fact that I've been awkwardly stroking her hand for several minutes, I just noticed that she had a crumpled up piece of paper in her hand. How did I miss that? And if it was that loosely clasped, how the hell did it not fall out when they were dragging her petrified body to the hospital wing? Confusion…

Ron: Please tell me it's something that conveniently solves almost everything in the entire film so far.

Harry: Wish granted! Come on!

Ron: Oh come off it, you're going to wait till forever to explain yourself too, aren't you?

Harry: Nope, we're just gonna walk out of here before Madam Pomfrey kicks us out, and I'll tell you on the way back to the dormitory.

Ron: Oh, I suppose that makes sense.

Harry: "Of the ridiculous number of beasts that roam our planet and somehow are never noticed by Muggles, none is more deadly than the basilisk, though that may be a matter of opinion considering
Dick Cheney is never listed for some reason. Capable of living for hundreds, possibly even a thousand years even though that can't be possible, instant death awaits anyone who makes eye contact. Notice how when I say spiders flee before it, the movement of my lips doesn't match the words, so I'm probably actually talking about how the crowing of the rooster can kill it like in that one interview on the DVD, but they just cut that out. Also in that interview, they put this scene together with Fawkes's theme music for some reason. "Ron, this is it! The monster in the Chamber of Secrets is a basilisk. That's why I can hear it speak! It's a snake! Why the crap did no one, not even Dumbledore, figure this out sooner?"

Ron: Probably because you didn't tell him you were hearing things since even most wizards would think you're insane three years early? And if it kills by looking people in the eye, why is it no one's dead apart from us not wanting to scare away our audience despite the GIANT-ASS SNAKES AND SPIDERS and apparent devil-worship?

iheartmwpp: I know someone whose first Harry Potter movie was Chamber of Secrets. She was two. She now wants nothing to do with the series, and I can't exactly say I blame her. Then again, I had the same issue with Aladdin when it came out, and now it's one of my favorite Disney movies of all time, hmm…

Harry: Um…hey, a convenient reflective window to give me a hint! No one died because of the handy-dandy loophole of not looking directly into the basilisk's eyes! Colin: camera. Justin: Nick. Nick: already dead. Hermione and presumably Penelope in the book: mirror, since Hermione figured it out and wanted to, you know, not die.

Ron: And Mrs. Norris? I'm pretty sure she doesn't have opposable thumbs, Harry…unless of course she's another unregistered Animagus or Kneazles have traits we've never heard about, so she couldn't've been holding a camera or a mirror, and Myrtle wouldn't want to see that thing again so she wouldn't have come out of her bathroom just to save her cat.

Harry: She still did help, though. There was water on the floor that night. She only saw the basilisk's reflection. Though how she managed to get strung up by the tail like that, I have no idea.

Ron: Whoever did it probably set her up like that to draw attention. Also, with all this crap that somehow makes you safe from the death-by-stare bit, which totally gives new meaning to the phrase "If looks could kill," if you were to look at it would your glasses protect you?

Harry: You'll have to forgive me if I don't particularly want to test that theory.

Ron: Oh I know, believe me, I was just wondering. Actually, Myrtle wears glasses and she still died, though she may have taken them off to wipe her eyes or something…hmm…

Harry: What else is written on here? Hmm…despite me walking along a darkened corridor and being perfectly able to read this page till just now, I suddenly need light. And spiders are scared of it and stuff, and if you pause this part you can still see the bit about the roosters. It all seems to conveniently fall right into place! I know we've been using the word convenient a lot, but it's unavoidable!

Ron: But how's the basilisk been getting around? A fucking huge snake, someone would've seen it! Or heard it hissing and/or moving!

Harry: Hermione's figured that out, too.

Ron: Of course she has, and isn't it convenient that she figured out the answer behind the entire book's events and immediately gets put out of commission right after. This is why she should tell us what she's planning at least in part before heading off to confirm crap! You'd think she would've
learned from this, but she keeps doing it! And I know Hogwarts is a big castle and everything, but exactly how big is the plumbing? Wouldn't it at least clog the system occasionally?

Harry: Quite frankly, I love how Hermione Freaking Granger, the one person with possibly more respect for books than even Madam Pince, actually tore a page out of a book to show us. She could've just taken the whole book and marked the page or something, then the Professors might've actually figured out the plot for themselves for a change! Is it too much to ask for just one year off?

Ron: I think next year's the closest you'll ever get, mate. Plus, I can't believe she even wrote on the page! Did she know she was gonna be petrified immediately after she put all the pieces together?

Harry: Not to mention we've all owned a copy of Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them since last year, though granted it doesn't say anything about roosters being able to kill it—

Ron: That's been cut out of this version, people'll have to watch the deleted scenes for that.

Harry: Whatever, and it doesn't say anything about spiders not liking basilisks either.

Ron: I immediately want one.

Harry: Fine, but I'm not translating for you.

Ron: *scoffs* Some friend you are.

Harry: And remember the whole point of us going into the Forest? Aragog told us he somehow knew the girl had been found in a bathroom? What if she never left and we were stupid enough to never bother questioning why the hell she would spend all of her time in a freakin' bathroom?

Ron: Moaning Myrtle! We really should stop calling her that, though, since she's so sensitive and calling her that is a flat-out insult.

Harry: I find it very strange that in this parody you're learning to be tactful from Myrtle of all people.

McGonagall: Apparently we have an intercom system at Hogwarts that will never be mentioned again except sort of in the fifth film and video game I think, correct me if I'm wrong. Anyway, shit just went down, so everyone head to your dorms and stay there. Staff, meet me in the second-floor corridor immediately.

Harry: Considering we never follow the rules when this kind of crap happens, plus we're practically there right now anyway, let's go and eavesdrop!

Ron: Hooray!

~If Snape seems a bit OOC here…One, it's a freaking parody, two, he's doing it to insult Lockhart as much as possible, and three, it's a freaking parody.~

Snape: HA! I'm faster than all of you! Also I find it odd that all of us came from the exact same direction. What, was it just so Potter and Weasley could remain undetected?

Pomfrey: You're just faster because the rest of us are in dresses and probably high heels, I'd like to see you run in them!

McGonagall: Why did I sort of just get here, shouldn't I have been here this whole time? Guess I had to send the message or whatever. Also, this is not the entire staff, what happened to Trelawney, Sinistra, Vector, Kettleburn, Burbage, and whoever teaches Ancient Runes? Anyway, the Heir of
Slytherin has left another message, again in blood, even though all the roosters are dead so…yeah let's not go there. But a student has been taken by the monster, into Chamber itself, which should set off some mass confusion since she's not even a Muggle-born. She could've gone sort-of-not-really willingly, or maybe she was possessed or something, but let's just blame the monster for now. Though now would also be a great time to point out that it totally wasn't Hagrid, but who cares.

Harry and Ron: …Well fuck.

McGonagall: The students must be sent home, since we're only just now realizing that everyone's in mortal danger.

Harry: …Please let me move in with you.

Ron: Of course, Mum'd be happy to have you, she totally prefers you to me.

Harry: I'd just like to be an eighth kid rather than replace you, thanks.

Lockhart: 'Ello, 'ello! And you will not judge me by my outfit, women wear whatever they want and so do I! Besides, real men wear pink and watch Princess Tutu, so there! So what have I missed.

Snape: Oh, my hero! You've come just in time! Now at last you can show us your ever so masculine skills as you rescue the damsels in distress from the evil monster that has kidnapped her!

Lockhart: …Wut.

Harry and Ron: How the crap were we never noticed.

Snape: Weren't you just saying that you knew all along where the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets is? Which really should have made us force you to try and enter it a bit earlier, if only to impress upon you that attempted murders of students should not be fucking laughed at. Believe me, I should know.

Lockhart: Erm…

McGonagall: Great idea, Severus! Let's get one last dig at Lockhart's failures for our own amusement. The dying girl can wait.

Lockhart: Very well, I'll just be on my office getting a change of trousers—I mean, getting ready. To change my trousers. *turns to walk away, but looks over his shoulder* Crap, they really expect me to do this! I know I'm good, but I really don't want to modify the memories of everyone in the castle!

Random adults: Again, who are we and what are we doing here? Are we the other teachers or do we just follow Lockhart around for no reason?

Pomfrey: So who did the monster take, anyway, can't believe we never got around to that.

McGonagall: Ginny Weasley — Wait, why am I calling her by her nickname, I usually use full names, don't I? Weird…

Ron: …Oh God no. Please no…

Harry: …Shit…

Pomfrey: Shouldn't we contact Molly and Arthur or get back Dumbledore or something?

McGonagall: Meh, I'll put in a word with the governors to summon Albus back, we can just let
what's-his-name, that Peter Weasley—

Pomfrey: Percy.

McGonagall: Whatever, we'll let that kid send an owl to his parents later. It's not like it's our responsibility to contact parents in these kinds of situations, after all.

Pomfrey: …

Snape: Huh, never liked the Weasleys, but never wanted them dead. Meh, whatever, it's not like she basically existed to make a slightly creepy Generation Xerox where a messy-haired bespectacled boy fell in love with a redhead.

Ron: "Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever, unless her future husband wants to get his ass down there and save her." Oh God, Ginny…

~Wait…how did McGonagall know it had taken Ginny? It wasn't like her name was written in blood/paint or anything!~

Harry: I cannot believe we're actually going to Lockhart for help! We know he's a lying, useless sack of doxie shit, so why aren't we just going ourselves and getting it over with, we already have everything we need!

Ron: Don't ask me, I'm following you!

Harry: Professor, we have some information for you that you presumably already knew so I don't know why I bothered saying that!

Lockhart: *quickly closes the lid on his massive collection of Barney the Dinosaur dolls*

Harry: …Are you going somewhere?

Ron: I glare at you, sir!

Lockhart: Uh, well yes, um…Urgent call! Unavoidable, uh, gotta go, and no I am not running away because I'm so terrified I'm about to wet myself and also have no idea what the fuck I'm doing, whatever gave you that idea?

Ron: And where was this call from, exactly?

Lockhart: …I just found out my sandals smell like flamingos. This must be remedied immediately.

Ron: And your sandals smelling weird is more important than helping my sister?!

Lockhart: Well, *goes to lock trunk by hand, proving Remus is way better as a teacher and a wizard then he will ever be* as to that, most unfortunate that a girl died because I did nothing, I promise to lose a couple minutes of sleep at night because of it, I have excellent morals after all.

Ron: You're the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher! I say even though the only other example we have to go on had He-Who-Looked-Way-Better-And-Much-Less-Comical-When-He-Was-Younger on the back of his head. Honestly, where's a werewolf when you need one? He would have helped!

Lockhart: Well, I must say, *shoves wig into bag…he's totally bald, isn't he* when I took the job, there was nothing in the job description to suggest we would actually have to protect our students or anything, that would be stupid!
Harry: You're running away? After all those times you insisted on fucking everything up, you choose now to contradict all that stuff you did in your books?

Lockhart: You shouldn't believe everything you read, and it's really a good thing Miss Granger isn't here or this would go on for another hour or something and Miss Weasley would be long dead.

Harry: I just noticed you essentially wrote the only fiction or fantasy books we will ever see in this series, the rest are just textbooks. I mean, I know this is a school, but come on.

iheartmwpp: Yeah, even most public school libraries have some leisure reading… *thinks back to high school* …no they don't, never mind.

Lockhart: Indeed, and yet all the fools in the Wizarding World are convinced they're autobiographical! I am such a genius!

Harry: …You are a fraud! Everything you've ever told us was a lie!

Lockhart: Pretty much, yeah.

Harry: Even…Even about the Homorphus Charm? Did you take the credit for that one too?

Lockhart: No shit, no one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all.

Ron: Oh, well at least we sort of know what we're looking for now, we can just track this guy down and ask him—

Lockhart: I think you're missing the point. All those wizards would have gone blabbing if I hadn't found a way to silence them. Turns out the only thing I'm good at is Memory Charms, how lucky is that?

Harry: …So you took the one man — the one man — who might have discovered the cure for lycanthropy, and even if he didn't and you just embellished the crap out if it, we'll never fucking know now since YOU FUCKING DESTROYED HIS MIND? I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

Ron: Dude, focus! We need to save Ginny first, you can mutilate him horribly later!

Lockhart: Not if I modify your memories first—oh crap.

Harry: Despite us only being second years without one decent spell in our arsenal aside from Expelliarmus and a few other really mild, easily reversible hexes, we are apparently quite threatening. So drop it.

Lockhart: Hey, you're still probably better than me, which only further establishes how much I suck.

~It's official, I now have a burning, passionate hatred for every DADA teacher aside from Remus and Severus. Though I admittedly can't think of anyone who doesn't…~

Myrtle: …What the hell am I doing? Am I supposed to be crying or moaning to myself, because I just look really, really stupid. Huh? Who's there?

Harry and Ron: Yo.

Lockhart: Okay, seriously, what the hell are we doing here?

Harry: You'll find out if you would kindly shut up, before I eviscerate you and feed your intestines to
Myrtle: Oh, hello, Harry, and here's where I give something like a cross between a squee and a moan, and we all know I totally have a crush on Harry, but the moan thing I just did sounded very much like Ron's name, implying I actually have a crush on him.

Ron: Uh, yeah, sorry, but I like someone else.

Myrtle: I understand. So what are y'all doin' here anyway?

Harry: We're here to ask you what we should've asked you when we first met you, if only out of curiosity. How did you die?

Myrtle: Awwww! It was dreadful, I say while grinning. It happened right here in this very cubicle, which is why I still hang around it for some reason. I'd hidden because Olive Hornby was teasing me about my glasses, which shows that bullying does lead to death. Even though I personally wasn't trying to commit suicide, these kinds of things still happen with alarming frequency, and it's a serious problem that needs to be fixed now. So yeah, I was crying when I heard someone come in.

Harry: Who was it, Myrtle?

Myrtle: …The fuck should I know? People come into the restrooms for a piss all the bloody time! What did you expect me to stop crying or, Merlin forbid, going immediately just so I could get a look at whatever random person needed to answer the call of nature?

Harry: Okay, okay, I'm sorry, please continue.

Myrtle: *sniff* I have a really weird and fake-looking way of crying. So anyway, they said something funny, a kind of Asian-sounding language, and I realized it was a boy speaking. So I unlocked the door to shout at him for being a pervert and to threaten to rat him out and to hex him if I had to, and…I died.

Harry: Just like that? Even though I should know by now that there are ways of being killed instantly, and I already suspect a giant snake that can kill just by looking at you, I still have to ask how it happened.

Myrtle: I just remember seeing a pair of great big yellow eyes over there, by the sink with the small snake engraved on the tap.

Harry: Well, that confirms it was a basilisk! I can't believe that no one ever asked you this before! I mean, you just happen to show up after you died, and no one thought to ask you exactly how it happened? Did they somehow just think Aragog did it, the basilisk just looked you in the eye, didn't it, there were no visible wounds so why the hell did they think it was an acromantula? I guess I can understand Dippet wanting to keep everything quiet and cover it up as quickly as possible, but Dumbledore knew Hagrid was innocent, he knew Riddle was most likely responsible — which he totally was — so why in the name of Merlin's saggy left testicle didn't he ask you about it?! Or anyone else in the history of ever, surely someone must have been vaguely interested! This is such a huge gaping plot hole it's not even funny!

Myrtle: That's nice, Imma float away and cry in an obviously fake manner.

Harry: You do that.

Myrtle: And don't call me Shirley!
Lockhart: Well, this has been a most educational exercise—

Ron: Yeah you're totally not going anywhere.

Lockhart: Curses, foiled again.

Harry: Huh, this sink, you say? I'm just gonna touch every single part of it, the mirror on the top, poke at the drain a little, examine the pipes and the grate underneath, observe the white marble or whatever it is that makes up the sink...Oh the taps! Right. Wait a minute, when I turn it it doesn't work, despite it clearly pouring out water earlier, WTF...Hey cool, a tiny snake thingy. Wonder if it signifies the entrance to a secret area made by a guy who could talk to snakes and that we know contains a massive one.

Ron: ...Dude, I just realized that the Chamber was never found because no one who looked for it besides the Heir and you spoke Parseltongue. Which is a hint for you to speak Parseltongue.

Harry: Way to be awesome, Ron! Akete kudasai.

Rifftrax: I'm a faucet, I actually don't understand any language.

Sinks: *spread out; one of them lives up to its name and sinks*

Lockhart: …Oh my God, this is the discovery of a lifetime! I'll just run away screaming now, so if you'll excuse me—

Harry and Ron: Fear the raw strength of a twelve-year-old and a thirteen-year-old against a fully-grown man!

Lockhart: Okay, seriously, I could go and get help for you guys, what the hell?

Ron: Or you could go down first, ya pansy.

Lockhart: …Well I guess. *pause* Sure you don't want to test it first?

Ron: What do you think we're using you for? Protection? Like you'd be any use other than this!

Lockhart: …Touché OH GOD WHY.

Ron: …When I shoved him with my wand just now, how the hell did it not break completely, there's no way Spellotape is that strong.

Lockhart: Ewwwww, rat skeletons and thousand-year-old-slime! This is, like, totally not good for my hair!

Harry: Well, at least we know we live.

Ron: Yeah, that's great for us, can we go save my baby sister now?

Harry: OH! Right, let's go!

Myrtle: Oh Harry? I am kind of creepy since Merlin knows what year I was in when I died and yet I seem oddly obsessed with a twelve-year-old boy. Also sharing toilets seems more than a little extreme and unnerving.

Harry: Thanks for the offer, but I really doubt I'd come back as a ghost, I think I would've gone on.
Ron: Man, I can't believe we're going from the scariest place in the world to the scariest place in the world.

Harry: Indeed, see you down there!

Harry and Ron: WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Harry: Great idea for Salazar Slytherin to put a slide in there, that was freaking awesome!

Lockhart: Speak for yourself, I was terrified!

Ron: Oh right, you're still here. I point my broken and useless wand at you—ew rat skeletons.

Harry: Now remember, any sign of movement, close your eyes straightaway.

Lockhart: But you're moving right now! And Weasley just blinked at me when he glared! And the icky slimy water-like substance is being affected every time we step on a rat skeleton!

Harry: Any side of movement besides us! And Ginny. Now let's try this way.

Ron: Get!

Lockhart: I'm going, I'm going!

Harry: Come on, this way, even though there's a tunnel that looks exactly the same right behind me, we're going to ignore it for the entirety of our existence.

Ron: WHOA huge long white thing.

Lockhart: It looks dead. I assume the monster has already been taken care of, so can we go now?

Harry: The deadly basilisk that can kill all of us within seconds just shed its skin, you pansy.

Ron: Bloody hell, whatever shed this — and why am I phrasing it like that when I know that it's a basilisk — must be 4,857,324,809 miles long, or more!

Lockhart: I can't go on! *fake faints*

Ron: Yeah, remind me why we dragged him along again? A wandless adult wizard who can barely even perform the simplest spells who would just be in the way, oh yeah, let's take him with us, that won't cause any damage whatsoever.

iheartmwpp: The power of subtitles! I always thought Ron said "Hard to rely on, this one" here, but what he actually said was "Heart of a lion, this one." You really do learn something new every day!

Lockhart: Yoink!

Ron: Oh son of a fuck nut.

Lockhart: You know what? I've had it with you two, I really have. Do you have any idea what I've gone through to get where I am today? The lies I've told, the lives I've ruined! I always knew that I was destined for great things, and even if I've had to steal those great things and use them as my own experiences, who cares? Why, when you were still learning how to SPELL YOUR NAME, I…was being trained…TO CONQUER GALAXIES!
Harry and Ron: Uh…huh…

Lockhart: Also, I'm very close to wetting myself, so I think I'll just modify your memories so I can just get the fuck out. Don't worry, I'll take you with me. Shame about the girl, though, but whatever, there are six more of them, she won't be missed. I think I'll do you first, Mr. Potter, the fact that you're more famous than me pisses me off, and I've wanted to do this all year.

Harry: Shit, shit shiiit…

Lockhart: Obliviate! Oh crap—ow.

Ron: …So this Chamber has stayed perfectly intact for a thousand years, yet some guy bashes his head on the ceiling and the whole thing falls down.

Harry: It's just a stupid plot-device-type-thing to get us separated. After all, I'm the main character so I have to save the helpless female on my own OH GOD THAT OBVIOUSLY FAKE ROCK ALMOST HIT ME!

Ron: As I choke on the dust, I pray that my bestest friendly-friend wasn't squashed during the landslide.

Harry: Yep, I'm fine, and hey, a convenient tiny spot where there aren't any rocks!

Lockhart: What's all this then?

Ron: You bonking yourself on the head caused the entire Chamber to collapse onto itself, how the crap are you even alive right now.

Lockhart: …What the hell are you talking about? More importantly, who the hell am I?

Ron: Ha! Harry, get this! In a great karmic twist, Lockhart's Memory Charm backfired! How freaking awesome is that?

Lockhart: Well all right, you fellas! Let's sit us down and yarn about how amazingly attractive I am!

Ron: …Doesn't seem to have changed him much, to be honest.

Lockhart: I seriously wonder why I just asked if you live here.

Ron: I really am going to make you unconscious now. *beats his face in with a spatula* So what should I do while I wait for you to inevitably save my sister and the entire world/country again?

Harry: Make this hole bigger so me and Ginny and Fawkes can get back through?

Ron: Okay, it's not like I have anything better to do.

Harry: Huh, why did I wait till now to take out my own wand?

Rifftrax: Just walk away…pretend you don't hear Ron beating Lockhart's skull in with a rock…

Harry: Oh sure, the next door was right freaking there, of course it was. Akete kudasai.

~And the door takes FIVE MILLION YEARS TO OPEN OH MY GOD GET ON WITH IT.~

Review or Lockhart will modify your memories so that you will NEVER REMEMBER READING, WATCHING, OR LIKING HARRY POTTER!
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical, Yu-Gi-Oh!: The Abridged Series, Ren and Stimpy, Team Four Star's DBZ Abridged, Invader Zim, Avatar: The Last Airbender, Silent Hill, the Charlie and the Chocolate Factory remake, Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Dracarot, or Rifftrax. Also, all info on snakes was received from Wikipedia and Wiki Answers, plus a blog I found entitled "World's Top 10 Most Poisonous Deadliest Venomous Snakes." So it's probably all fake, but I don't care.

~We now return you to your previously scheduled parody crap thing.~

Harry: Hooray for the ever so convenient ladder! It has distracted me from looking at the main part of the Chamber properly until I have descended! Now then…That's a lot more water than I was expecting…

iheartmwpp: …I always pictured the Chamber as more of a gigantic tunnel thingy with a really high ceiling. In any case, I expected something a bit grander than what is basically a glorified sewer with snake statues all over it.

Harry: Huh, what exactly are we using as a light source, anyway? Hmm, that looks like a dead body…oh shit…oh shit…why the hell is the music from the chess game last movie playing while I'm running…Ginny, it'd be great if you woke up now, then we could just leave now and neither of us could nearly die, so if you could just open your eyes—

Ginny: I can't hear you, I'm unconscious.

Harry: Well this sucks. Listen, I'll marry you and you can have my children, just please wake the hell up!

Ginny: That would so totally work if I wasn't nearly dead.

Harry: Damn it! Maybe if I splashed water onto her face, there's enough of it around—

Riddle: She won't wake.

Harry: …I should really be asking what the fuck you're doing here and how, but my friendly-friend's apparently dying so I would really like you to elaborate now. Oh God, she's not actually—?

Riddle: Indeed, it seems it really does take you until your sixth year to realize that ghosts are transparent. So yeah, I'm a memory, preserved in a diary for fifty years. Which Ginny is holding onto right now, in case you haven't noticed.

Harry: Huh, you're right. Can all of your Horcruxes make another you given enough time and energy?

Riddle: Iunno.
Harry: Kay…So what the hell were you doing back here?

Riddle: Taking a leak, I've been holding it in for half a century.

Harry: Jesus, how come your kidneys haven't exploded?

Riddle: I know it's hard to believe, but paper doesn't have kidneys. Or a bladder, come to think of it…

Harry: Then how can you have been holding it for fifty years?

Riddle: Because shut up.

Harry: I am alarmed to discover that Ginny's hand is cold when she's lying in an underground tunnel in a puddle of water. Ginny, please don't be dead—

Riddle: I just told you she wasn't dead, you bloated sack of protoplasm! Hey cool, a wand.

Harry: You've got to help me, Tom. There's a basilisk, and I guess I should be more specific that I want you to help me get Ginny out of here before it comes, since when I put it that way it almost sounds like I want you to help me defeat it or something.

Riddle: It won't come until it's called.

Harry: …Give me my wand, Tom.

Riddle: You won't be needing it, since you'll spontaneously gain the ability to fail at swordf Fighting.

Harry: Look, I am clearly overlooking the fact that you are so obviously evil it's not even funny, but I am kind of obscenely worried about Ginny, so can we just take her and leave now?

Riddle: Nah, I need to continue feeding off her energy until there's nothing left.

Harry: …Wha?

Dracarot: Wait a minute, how can you use Ginny to return to your physical body? Technically, what you're leeching out of her is probably just magical energy. However, since it is still energy, it would fall under the law of conservation of energy: "Energy can neither be created nor destroyed, just changed to a different state of energy." Which means that Ginny has to have enough power at least equal to someone roughly five years older than her, and possibly stronger, due to possible energy lost during the transfusion.

iheartmwpp: So either Ginny's more ridiculously powerful then even the people who have suffered her Bat-Bogey Hex have suspected, or something is seriously wrong.

Nappa: Vegeta! What does the scouter say about her power level?

Vegeta: IT'S…nine thousand and ten.

Nappa: Wait, so you mean…

Vegeta: Yes, Nappa. It's…

Nappa: It's…

Vegeta: It's over—
Nappa: It's over—

Vegeta: IT'S OVER EIGHT THOUSAND!

Nappa: WHAT, EIGHT…wait, what? Vegeta, you didn't do it right!

Vegeta: Yes I did, Nappa. Yes I did.

iheartmwpp: …You know what, Dracarot? If you want something with actual intelligence in it, WRITE YOUR OWN DAMN FANFIC!

Piccolo: NEEERD!

Dracarot: That's right, I better get back to Operation Global Phoenix... I still haven't finished that third chapter!

Riddle: *clearly ignoring everything* Yes, Harry. It was Ginny Weasley who opened the Chamber of Secrets.

Harry: I…I wasn't even thinking that! I never even came to that conclusion, and besides, that's such a huge jump to make in the conversation, there was nothing leading up to that whatsoever!

Riddle: Look, do you want me to explain the entire book's events or not?

Harry: …Fine. Oh, BTW, I totally don't believe you.

Riddle: It was Ginny who sent the basilisk on the Mudbloods and Filch's cat.

Harry: Don't call them that!

Riddle: Hey, guess what? I don't care what you think. She also used the rooster's blood to write threatening messages on the walls.

Harry: Oh, so it was definitely the roosters then, okay, phew.

Riddle: Why, what did you think it was?

Harry: …Never mind.

Riddle: I don't…Oh Merlin, that's disgusting! You should be ashamed of yourself!

Harry: Hey, I'm not the one who's been attacking people!

Riddle: Oh sure, blame the clearly evil person, Ginny's still the one that did it, even though I was the one who told her to! You'll find I can be very…persuasive.

Harry: My God, what are you implying?

Riddle: …That I eventually possessed her, what is with you?

Ginny: Mah face is all stretchy! Silly flashbacks with their weird-ass camera effects.

Riddle: Still, the power of the diary…that sounds so dumb taken out of context…anyway, after attacking several people using it, it finally began to scare her, and for some reason she tried to dispose of it in the girl's bathroom when, even though this is a magic school, I seriously doubt the toilets here can take anything bigger than an average-sized piece of shit so she should have known it
would cause the toilet to overflow and push me back up. And then, against all odds, you found it, and you were the one person I was most anxious to meet.

Harry: Oh great, another fanboy. Wait, do we never cover how you knew I existed in this version?

Riddle: Nope! Let the movie audience wonder! Or they could have just figured out that it's a diary so Ginny would probably write in it and that's how I found out. So I decided to show you my capture of that brainless oaf Hagrid, I seem to say affectionately even though I probably don't know the meaning of that word, to gain your trust.

Harry: Hagrid's my friend, you asshole! And you framed him, didn't you.

Riddle: It was my word against Hagrid's. Only Dumbledore was able to spot the obvious gaps in my plan, but no one bothered to listen to him.

Harry: …Then why didn't he do anything to help Hagrid or try to prove his innocence? What, did he expect making him gamekeeper would make up for it or something?

Riddle: Dumbledore kept an annoyingly close watch on me after that. I knew it wouldn't be safe to open the Chamber again while I was still at school, since that would have made bothering to frame Hagrid in the first place kind of pointless and I don't even know why I bothered bringing that up again, so I decided to leave behind a diary, preserving a chunk of my sixteen-year-old soul in its pages so that one day I would be able to possess someone else's body and force them to finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work and nearly get the school shut down again in the process.

Harry: Hey, guess what? You didn't kill anyone this time, genius. In just a few hours the Mandrake Draught will be ready, and everyone who was petrified will be all right again, though how it will be administered to Nick is beyond me.

Riddle: Whatevs, you're my main target now.

Harry: Really. Why the sudden change of heart?

Riddle: I'm just wondering what literally every single person in the Wizarding World is wondering. How is it that a baby with no extraordinary magical talent besides flying and eventually learning the Patronus Charm was able to defeat the greatest wizard of all time thought that may actually have been Merlin? How did you escape with nothing but a scar… *poke*

Harry: OW MY EYE! My scar is above that, you bleeding fuck face!

Riddle: Sorry, but how did you only manage to get away with that and a chunk of Lord Voldemort's soul while his powers were destroyed?

Harry: Despite it being fascinating and all that, and I'm sure you want to know everything so you can defend yourself against me, I have to wonder why, exactly, you care. Not that I'm gonna tell you anyway, I know I did in the book but the movie audience presumably already knows thanks to the last film, so they don't need to hear it repeated. Anyway, Voldemort was after your time, so why are you so obsessed with it?

Riddle: WOW you're dumb, haven't you figured it out yet? *draws TOM MARVOLO G. RIDDLE*

Harry: What does the G stand for?

Riddle: I don't know. *knocks the G out of there and then makes them spell OVAL MOM LEDDIR
ROT* Wait, that's not right... *LOVE DIRT DORM MALO* No, that's not it either. *I AM LORD VOLDEMORT* Ah, there we go.

This anagram: *will cause the entire fandom to go insane trying to find more that will give hints about the story; MuggleNet used to have a whole section devoted to them, but I can't seem to find it or make the pages work so I can't list examples, and unfortunately I don't remember any of the ones I used to like*

Harry: Ah. And you're the Heir of Slytherin, I assume, even though we already went over the fact that it was you fifty years ago and technically you this time as well, I have no idea how I didn't come to this conclusion earlier. Also I repeat what I've just discovered, either for the illiterate people in the audience or to let it sink in that I've been casually conversing with the monster that butchered my parents.

Riddle: Surely you didn't think I was going to keep my filthy Muggle father's name. Or my filthy Muggle father. Who I killed immediately after finding out who and where he was.

Harry: Or your good looks, apparently, what were you thinking, getting rid of your nose and hair like that? And don't call me Shirley!

Riddle: I fashioned myself a new name—

Harry: Wow, how bored were you? Also your name means "flight from death," did JKR fashion your original name just to fit that anagram?

Riddle: Shut up! It was a name I new wizards everywhere would one day fear to speak—

Harry: Wrong again, I don't. Neither does Dumbledore, Sirius, Remus, Kingsley, Hermione eventually, Luna, apparently Ron for a couple of chapters in Book Seven—

Riddle: Do you ever stop talking?

Harry: Nope!

Riddle: Doesn't matter, I knew that one day I would become the greatest sorcerer in the world!

Harry: That's a matter of opinion, I think, since I consider Albus Dumbledore to be the greatest sorcerer in the world.

Riddle: But...but he so totally fails, though, I mean, I drove him out of the castle when I was a freaking book!

Harry: He'll never be gone! Not as long as those who remain here are loyal to him!

Riddle: You must be quoting him.

Harry: Not in this version, apparently I made it up myself.

Riddle: Well, you're just Dumbledore's man through and through, aren't you?

Harry: Yeah, I am!

Fawkes: *singing* Here I come to save the daaaaaay!

Harry: Hey, man.
Fawkes: Hey. Have a hat.

Harry: Oh, thank you so much, how did you know? It's just what I always wanted!

iheartmwpp: *contented sigh* …Oh, sorry, I was distracted by the awesometastic theme music... where were we?

Riddle: So Dumbledore sends his great defender some stuff that at first seems entirely useless but will prove to be exactly what he needs to the point of him seeming like a Seer or something. How typical of the old bastard. *turns to ugly-ass face-statue-thing-dude-guy-place* Oi, hebi-teme! Koi!

Rifftrax: You just asked him to embroider your kidney! Does anyone speak real snake around here?!

Statue of Salazar Slytherin: *yawn*

Riddle: Let's match the acting talents of Christian Coulson, portrayer of the Heir of Salazar Slytherin, against the famous Daniel Radcliffe.

Harry: Okay, all right, you win! As I stare at the mouth and watch as the head of the snake starts to creep out; man am I lucky its eyes were closed or something...and now I think I'll just lick my lips and run while not looking nearly as panicked as I should, so if you'll excuse me...

Book readers: Is the basilisk sliding out of Slytherin's mouth where Voldemort got the idea for the Dark Mark from?

Riddle: KUROSE! *to Harry* Parseltongue won't help you now, Potter, not that you would have thought about that in the first place! It only obeys me, because I'm a special and unique snowflake!

Harry: Stop fooling yourself, you're the exact same hunk of organic matter as everyone else!

Riddle: Would you hold still so my precious little snakey-poo can brutally murder you already?

Harry: Hmm, let me think about—no. And I'm still running, by the way.

Basilisk: Check out my awesome and creepy yellow eyes!

Audience: *dies*

Basilisk: Aw, come on, hold still, I just want a nibble!

Harry: Wait, why aren't we speaking Japanese anymore?

Basilisk: Because shut up.

iheartmwpp: Yes, I used the same joke twice in one chapter. Deal with it.

Harry: And this is why you never run on wet floors, children. Crap, my glasses, I can't act in character without my obviously fake glasses!

Basilisk: I'm right behind ya, buddy!

Harry: Cool, I'll just take my time making sure my glasses are in place before covering my head like an idiot.

Fawkes: Hey, is it okay if I claw your eyes out?
Basilisk: I'd really rather you didn't, actually.

Fawkes: Hmm. Well, were you planning on eating this child, by any chance?

Basilisk: Why yes, as a matter of fact, I was.

Fawkes: I see. I'm afraid I have to go through with it then.

Basilisk: Oh poopie.

Harry: Oooooh, shadows…how is Fawkes not affected by its stare, unless he's got his eyes closed too or something…

Riddle: NOOOO, SHELDON!

iheartmwpp: Every other fic has the basilisk be a female, and I wanna be different, damn it! Also I gave him the lamest name I could find on a quick name generator. Because I can.

Riddle: And after that one exclamation I apparently lose all rage. Your bird may have blinded the basilisk—

Harry: Nice alliteration.

Riddle: Aww, shucks, but it doesn't matter much since snake vision is usually only adequate at best. It is sad that its greatest weapon is gone, but its poison is still quite deadly and failing that it could probably just crush you if it had to. Now then, Sheldon is now able to hear you instead of smell you, which would make more sense as snakes are far better known for using their forked tongues to give them a kind of directional sense of smell, but apparently they can also pick up vibrations and transfer them to an inner ear since they have no external ear. So yeah, despite the fact that it can totally use both tools to locate you and easily finish you off, we're just gonna go with hearing in this version since it totally gives you easy windows to escape and crap.

Harry: Cool. Thanks, Fawkes!

Fawkes: No problem!

Sheldon: AAAAHH! MY EYES! I WAS ALWAYS TOLD TO NEVER GET PHOENIX TALONS IN MY EYES!

Harry: Hmm, I wonder, if I stay completely still and we're sticking with just being able to hear, then he shouldn't be able to find me…Nah, I think I'll take a few steps back on the water covered floor, he won't be able to hear that, I'm sure.

Sheldon: Huh? What was that sound coming from directly in front of me just now?

Harry: …Shit. I'm just gonna run somewhere random now OH GOD WITH THE BITING! As I flail my arms like a poorly drawn anime character…I should move away from these rocks and the water and stuff, I think…

Sheldon: OW my nose. Okay, being suddenly deprived of the ability to see should probably send me into a bit of a crisis and make me question my purpose in life from this point on, and maybe I should get a bandage for my nose while I'm at it, but DAMN IT I'M HUNGRY!

Harry: These pipes are freaking huge…Yep, it's a sewer, check out the rats…Scabbers? What the hell, man?
Scabbers: Yo, Prongs Jr.! We totally found the freaking Chamber of Secrets! Your father would be so proud that you discovered a secret tunnel all on your own!

Hippie from Avatar: The Last Airbender: *bursts into song* Secret tunnel! Secret tunnel!

Scabbers: …Yes. Anyway, wait till the other two hear about this!

Harry: Indeed, I'm sure you can tell Moony and Padfoot all about it while they're trying to kill you in a vengeful rage. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm fleeing for my life.

Scabbers: Right, see you later then!

Harry: Oh perfect, a dead end in the sewer level, what a joy. What is this, a Silent Hill game?

Sheldon: Hello? Anyone there? I wanna eat something, and I've spontaneously lost my ability to smell, so…

Harry: Well there's no one in this area.

Sheldon: Aw, you sure? I could have sworn…

Harry: Actually, I think I saw someone run past earlier, I think they went a bit further down.

Sheldon: Oh, really? Cool, thanks a whole lot!

Harry: Don't mention it, I just like to help people.

Sheldon: What a nice guy…

Harry: Wow, he bought that? *low whistle* Oh yeah, Ginny's still dying and stuff. That sucks. *runs back and collapses next to Ginny*

Riddle: Apparently I've just been standing here and not doing much of anything. Okay, I get that I want to kick back and watch as you die horribly, but with Sheldon's eyes already taken out, what's to stop me from casting a Full Body Bind so he can get to you more easily and I can watch as you're slowly digested? Or I could kill you now, but I don't feel like it, even fifty years ago I developed a habit of monologing and drawing things out for way too long. Although, you are the only one who made monologing an issue, since I never had any problems before, apparently, so maybe that's why I never learned…Oh, yeah, BTW, Ginny's almost dead and I've nearly absorbed all of her life force in order to come back to life and stuff. Soon, there will be two Lord Voldemorts running around, and at least one of them will be VERY…MUCH…ALIVE!

Rifftrax: Like, extra super alive.

Harry: Crap muffins.

Sheldon: Hey, check it out! The only supremely scary thing in the movie if giant movie spiders don't bother you!

iheartmwpp: I admit, I totally fell for that jump scare. Now excuse me while I change my pants.

Sheldon: Also, how did I hear my way to you guys? This excuse is getting more and more stupid.

Harry: Well this sucks. Let me glance at the Sorting Hat for no reason.

Sorting Hat: Yo! Have a Deus Ex Machina with absolutely no prompting whatsoever!
Harry: Oh phew, I thought I'd have to actually put you on and shout "Help!" over and over again, and that would just be stupid, why would anyone do such a thing? Still, how the hell did you figure I needed that?

Sorting Hat: Shut up and slay the dragon so you can save the damsel in distress.

Harry: But it's a basilisk.

Sorting Hat: Different name, same basic premise.

Harry: Ooooh, shiny…crap, he's coming right at me. Time to do something only a true Gryffindor would do! RUN AWAAAAAY!

Audience: …Wouldn't a true Gryffindor stand and fight?

Harry: YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

Sheldon: Fun fact: When you run in water, it makes splashy noises.

Harry: No. Way. Oooh, a thingy I can attempt to climb and stuff!

Sheldon: I'll just wait for you to get settled before closing in.

Harry: Thanks! Now then, I SLICE FEEBLY AT YOU, SIR!


Harry: OH GOD WITH THE FALLING AND THE PLASTER BREAKING AND STUFF.

Sheldon: This is getting annoying, I can clearly hear you fumbling with the sword, so why can't I hit you?

Harry: Because you have to give me time to get on top of the head thing so I can attempt to fight you properly. I SWING MAH SWORD PATHETICALLY AT YOU IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO INJURE YOU IN ANY FASHION!

Sheldon: And apparently it works. You'd think I'd be fast enough to catch you, but since I'm usually an obvious giant puppet-animatronic-thing whenever I get close to you, I'd probably be too heavy to move out of the way properly.

iheartmwpp: Actually, at this point, it looks like it's just a giant-ass puppet that Harry's fighting.

Harry: AH THE GIANT PUPPET OF DOOM KNOCKED ME OVER! Oh noes, I don't wanna lose my shiny sword thing!

Sheldon: I hear metal sliding on rock, so I'll take my sweet time aiming for that so you can pick it up.

Harry: Well aren't you sweet. Wait, how did I stand up so fast?

Sheldon: Iunno OW IN THE SKULL.

Harry: And apparently my arm was tight enough that one of your fangs came out when you bit me. Oh, wait, you bit me. This is gonna suck a lot.

Sheldon: And I'm back to being CGI until my death. Which will be right after I flail around a bit. Okay, I'm done. *dies*
Riddle: This is my angry face.

Harry: …If I'm starting to die horribly from poison, how the fuck did I get down from Slytherin's head? Hmm…This sword is getting kind of heavy…as is my entire body…I'll just crawl towards my also dying friendly-friend now…

Riddle: Remarkable, isn't it? How quickly the venom of the basilisk penetrates the body.

iheartmwpp: …Not really. I mean, if an ordinary snake like the Belcher's Sea Snake can kill people within minutes, maybe even less if size is taken into account, shouldn't Harry be long dead by now since this particular snake is so magically powerful and stuff?

Riddle: Dude, he's gonna die in roughly another minute!

iheartmwpp: Fawkes doesn't cry on him for another two minutes and eleven seconds, actually, and he still seemed perfectly fine, if a bit groggy.

Riddle: …Shut up and let me call his mother a Mudblood!

Harry: I'd come up with a clever retort if I wasn't on the verge of death. Again. This is gonna become a running thing, isn't it. Let's seen, Ginny's still got a pulse, but it's really weak…I need to think of something quickly…

Riddle: Funny, the damage a magical artifact created by a rather clever young man can do, especially in the hands of someone who received orders directly from it to the point of being possessed.

Harry: Hey, thanks for giving me an idea! *grabs diary and opens it*

Riddle: …What are you doing?

Harry: Lookie, a shiny basilisk fang that conveniently dropped out of Sheldon's mouth into my arm!

Riddle: OH NOES, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY USE THE WAND I'VE STOLEN FROM YOU TO SUMMON THE DIARY OR DISARM YOU OR ANYTHING!

Harry: Stabby stab-stab.

Diary: Noes! I'm bleeding ink! Jesus, how much did the girl write, anyway?

Riddle: There appears to be a gaping hole in my chest. Grr. Arg.

Harry: Yep, Imma stab the other side of the pages now.

Riddle: NOT THE FACE! MY BEAUTIFUL FACE THAT WILL TURN WHITE AND NOSELESS AND BALD ANYWAY SO I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M CARING! Also my shoulder is dissolving. All in all, this kind of sucks a lot.

Harry: I appear to have my arm lifted, and yet the next shot is of me closing the diary ever so dramatically. And then I'm back to having my arm raised again. Continuity between takes is fun! Also, one final stab oughtta do it.

Riddle: Actually, the second two weren't entirely necessary, I would've died in a few minutes anyway.

Harry: Well, I figured more than one stab would kill you off faster.
Riddle: Ah. But now I believe I shall explode in a giant ball of light.

Harry: Have fun with that. Okay, that's one down, and currently five to go…Wait a minute, if basilisk venom can destroy Horcruxes, why isn't mine gone? What, would Sheldon have had to bite me in the face for it to work?

Ginny: I LIVE!

Probably a lot of women in the audience, plus Film Three's Hermione: Like, oh my God, how's she, like, gonna get that ink out of her, like, hair?

The rest of us: Who cares, we're just glad she's freaking ALIVE.

Non H/G shippers: That's debatable.

H/G shippers or people who don't overly care one way or the other: Uncool, just because you don't like them together doesn't mean you should wish for her death!

Non H/G shippers: OMG LIKE IT TOTALLY DOES!

People who are new-ish to either the fandom or fanfiction: …Everyone here is completely insane. Also WTF is with this soul-bond crap that usually starts around this time in fanfiction, it's beyond creepy. They're eleven and twelve. NO.

Harry: Good morning, Starshine! The Earth says hello!

Ginny: Harry. I'm supposed to be all weepy and freaked out and traumatized here. But I swear. I'm gonna actually become a decent actress eventually, even if I only have like one line! Wow, I come out of nowhere even more than in the books! At least those acknowledge the fact that I exist on occasion, making your spontaneous feelings for me at least semi-plausible-sort-of-not-really-at-all.

Harry: I think I'm zoning out a bit.

Ginny: That's fine, seeing as I just noticed the gaping hole in your arm.

Harry: 'Tis but a scratch. Ginny, you need to GTFO. Follow the Chamber, get really, really lost amongst all the sewers and stuff, and maybe, just maybe you'll come across your youngest older brother and an unconscious moron somewhere.

Fawkes: Did you forget I was here?

Harry: With theme music like that? Are you kidding me? Still, I did see a promo picture of me and Ginny looking terrified when you flew over, so I don't know what that tells you. Anyway, the guys who worked on you are absolutely brilliant, and I just fail at life. As can be evidenced by my dying horribly, though I seem to be oddly accepting of that. Maybe if I actually die, the Horcrux will be destroyed.

Fawkes: That's nice, I think I'll ruin that for you. Wah-face. Huh, I seem to be hitting the area around the wound, as if to clean up the blood, instead of the actual wound itself, I need to work on my aim.

Ginny: Whoa, dude, I'm so high right now…

Harry: Of course! I really am similar to Voldemort since he forgot about phoenix tears have healing powers in the book and I forgot here! I shall now casually thank you for saving my life.

Fawkes: Oh yeah, no problem. *muttering* Ungrateful bastard…
Harry: What was that?

Fawkes: Oh, nothing, nothing…

Harry: It's all right now, Ginny.

Ginny: Do I look like I need comforting in this version, ass wipe?

Harry: Still, it's over now, and I'm sure this experience hasn't mentally scarred you in any way. It's just a memory.

Audience: LAME.

~I FUCKING LOVE THIS MUSIC.~

Lockhart: Amazing! This is just like magic!

Ron: Why aren't we leaving him down here again?

Harry: Because we need a convenient excuse to have what could possibly be classified as the SADDEST EVENT IN THE ENTIRE SEPTOLOGY in Book Five?

Ron: Ah.

The screen: *shows them flying up through a gaping hole in the ground where the tallest tower of Hogwarts with a full moon behind it (which further excites me for the next movie) can be plainly seen. Um…WHAT. THE FUCK. What, was there a gaping crevice near the forest that no one ever questioned or went into? If the school had been searched many times, how the fuck did this go unnoticed? WHAT ARE THE FILMMAKERS PLAYING AT AND WHY WAS IT SO DIFFICULT TO GO BACK INTO MYRTLE'S BATHROOM INSTEAD?*

~Rage.~

Review or a basilisk will kiss you gently on the arm, and by kiss I mean stab you with its fang, poisoning you horribly and causing you to die within minutes. Then it will yank your innards out through your esophagus, and once your corpse is a dry husk it'll crunch and eat you but it can't crunch you because it doesn't exactly have those kinds of teeth.
Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Sequel, Monty Python's Life of Brian, Monty Python's Flying Circus, the old 1980s version of The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe, Ren and Stimpy, South Park, Yu-Gi-Oh!: The Abridged Series, or Rifftrax.

~So apparently Lockhart and Ginny are already at the Hospital Wing with Molly and Arthur, assuming they ever showed up. Hey, what about the rest of the brothers, don't they get to be informed whether their only sister is alive or not?~

Dumbledore: You both realize, of course, that in the past what feels like an hour of screentime, you have broken perhaps a dozen school rules.

Ron: Really? A full dozen?

Dumbledore: Hmm, good point, hang on…So you were out after hours, ignored the rule that states that all students have to be escorted by a teacher at all times, also ignored a direct order to return to your dormitory, never notified a competent adult as to what you were doing, went into the girl's bathroom…Yeah, that's kind of it.

Ron: That's barely a half dozen, then!

Dumbledore: Which is why I said perhaps. And in any case, there's still sufficient evidence to have you both expelled, especially if we include being out after hours again and going into the Dark/Forbidden Forest, plus everything to do with the Polyjuice Potion ever.

Harry and Ron: Oh we are so fucked.

Dumbledore: Therefore, it is only fitting…that you both receive…Special Awards for Services to the School. *smiles*

Ron: …I'm confused.

Harry: Well, we did save the entire school, saved Ginny from being possessed by Voldemort, and cleared Hagrid's name. That probably deserves some recognition.

Ron: Ah, touché. I thought it was just blatant Gryffindor favoritism again.

Harry: Nah, if it were then we'd get, like, two hundred points to Gryffindor each or something.

Ron: Yeah, that's beyond stupid and overblown. Could also just be you, though, if it was just me on my own or with someone else less important, I doubt it would have ended up with the same results.

Harry: We can only guess. We may never know.

Dumbledore: ANYWAY! And now, Mr. Weasley, let us share a scene where I'm actually shown talking to you directly. You can totally use this if Rufus asks you anything in Film Seven—Oh that's right, he doesn't. So if you wouldn't mind being my errand boy and have an owl deliver these release forms to Azkaban, it's not like I could use Fawkes to get the letter to the prison a lot faster. Wow, I don't seem that alarmed that Hagrid is in literal hell on Earth for a crime he didn't commit, am I? You'd think I'd be even more outraged at this injustice and would want such a dear friend out as soon as possible, especially if he were innocent...Meh, whatever, now get out so I can have yet another
private conversation with my obvious favorite.

Ron: You got it, sir.

Harry: Hey Ron, you can use Hedwig if you like.

Ron: Nah, I'm sure Errol will be fine.

Harry: No, really, it's not like I use her that often at this point, and she's pretty young so she's not liable to get lost or exhausted after a long journey—

Ron: I got this, all right? Damn it, why can you never let me have my moment?

Harry: Okay, okay, Merlin…

Dumbledore: Harry!

Ron: Oh sure, call him by his first name, you could at least attempt to be subtle in your favoritism—

Dumbledore: GTFO.

Ron: Yessir. *leaves*

Dumbledore: So first, I want to thank you, Harry. You must have shown me real loyalty down in the Chamber. Nothing but that could have called Fawkes to you, which is why I'm really shocked that he didn't show up when Rufus was interrogating you at Christmas in Book Six or constantly hang around Remus or Severus, though in the latter's case that would probably be too obvious.

Harry: Maybe he only shows up in life-threatening situations or something?

Dumbledore: Maybe. Second, I sense — and by sense I probably mean I scanned your surface memories with Legilimency or something, since I'm clearly not gleaning anything from your expression until you start talking — that something may be troubling you. And as long as you aren't still suspicious as to why Voldemort wanted to kill you in the first place, I shall try to assuage your fears.

Harry: …It's just…you see, sir, I couldn't help but notice certain things, certain…certain perceived similarities brought up for the purpose of throwing me into an even more confused state of not knowing who I am or what kind of person I'll become by comparing me to the Dark wizard who murdered my parents, especially when he was a teenager. Hell, at one point at least me and Hermione looked up to the guy, even if Ron knew better by comparing him to a Slytherin version of Percy. Honestly, we totally should have seen those signs; at times I swear Ron's actually the smartest of the three of us.

Dumbledore: You might be pushing it there…and then again, you might not be, especially considering how narrow-minded Miss Granger can be, and I've basically made sure that you're woefully ignorant of most of our customs, so Mr. Weasley would have more knowledge there, I suppose…Well, at any rate, you can speak Parseltongue, Harry. Why?

Rifftrax: You're a dangerous freak, that's why!

Harry: Fuck if I know. Is it just some random Deus Ex Machina gift I have to further the plot of this particular installment?

Dumbledore: Hell no, it continues to play other parts in other installments, I assure you. It's more of a
plot device, anyway, I suppose, because Lord Voldemort can also speak Parseltongue.

Harry: Oh God, I am related to him, aren't I?

Dumbledore: Well, distantly through the Peverells, but not through Slytherin's line, as far as we know.

Harry: Oh, really? So I'm not descendent of any of the founders, or even all four of them at once, plus Merlin?

Dumbledore: ...The bloody hell'd you get that from?

Harry: Fanfiction.

Dumbledore: You really need to stop looking at that crap.

Harry: No kidding, I'm really getting tired of me somehow becoming pregnant. I mean, how the shit does that even work, especially in ones where they claim that magic's just weird like that? Biology does not work like that. When will the teenage girls learn, men can't have babies, they don't have wombs! Where's the fetus gonna gestate, you gonna keep it in a box?

Dumbledore: Right, moving along, then. If I'm not mistaken, Harry, and I rarely am, except for the fact that I clearly put a young child through obvious child abuse and kept things from him for far too long, not to mention love blinded me to the fact that Gellert was clearly evil, but who's counting those things, really? So I believe he transferred some of his soul—I mean powers! Did I say soul? I totally meant powers. And he gave it...them...to you, the night he gave you that scar.

Harry: Voldemort transferred some of his soul to me?

Dumbledore: I SAID POWERS!

Harry: No, you clearly said—

Dumbledore: YOU HEARD NOTHING!

Harry: ...

Dumbledore: ...

Harry: ...So powers?

Dumbledore: Yeppers! Not intentionally or knowingly, of course, if he had any idea what he had done I'm pretty sure he wouldn't be actively trying to kill you at every waking moment, but yes.

Harry: ...Um, according to the talking piece of fabric that probably gave a hell of a lot of kids head lice, since iheart can clearly remember lice scares at her old elementary/middle school around the time she was eleven-ish, and yet people still listen to it for some reason even though we have no evidence of it ever being washed, even after some of the greasier kids have touched it, told me I should have been in Slytherin. Like Voldemort. Sigh, it was right, wasn't it?

Dumbledore: It's true, Harry.

Harry: ...Thank you for confirming one of my deepest nightmares.

Dumbledore: Let me finish, moron. You share many qualities that Voldemort, and indeed most of your average Slytherins, prize. Determination, resourcefulness, ambition, occasional cunning when
you're not allowing Miss Granger to do all of your thinking for you, and, if I may say so, a certain disregard for the rules.

Harry: …Yes, because no other Gryffindor in the history of ever, and most certainly not the six most well-known pranksters in the entire septology, had any sort of disregard for the rules. Hell, one of them turned out to be evil and joined Voldemort and his gang of mostly Slytherins, while another attempted to murder a classmate by sending a werewolf after him for no adequately explained reason besides "It served him right for trying to find out what we were doing."

Sirius: Why does everyone keep forgetting how greasy the bastard is?

Harry: Iunno, maybe because that's still not a decent enough justification for fucking murder?

Sirius: You have no imagination.

Harry: And you're an asshole, we all have our faults.

Dumbledore: Indeed we do. In fact, this would actually be an excellent time for JKR to point out how most people all have mixed qualities from all the Houses, and no one is truly black or white, aside from Voldemort who is pure evil. Instead, I think we should hype up how great Gryffindor is and if you're not in it you're either evil or useless. Or Miss Lovegood, who due to her pure awesomeness should be in Gryffindor due to stereotyping, but what does the Hat know? So why did it put you in Gryffindor, anyway?

Harry: Because I pleaded for it to shut up and stop shouting what it was thinking to the entire Great Hall last film?

Dumbledore: Exactly, Harry, exactly! I point both fingers at you in excitement! This totally makes you different from Voldemort, considering the Sorting Hat immediately put him in Slytherin and it had to think about its choice with you, which was further impacted with you arguing over that. It is not our abilities that show what we truly are, it is our choices.

iheartmwpp: What? I'm not parodying that line, it's a great piece of advice. More people should follow it.

Dumbledore: If you want further reassurance, and so you'll shut the fuck up, I suggest you look more closely at this. *raises sword*

Harry: *grabs the blade right when Dumbledore tells him to be careful* OW my hand. You couldn't have said that two seconds earlier?

Dumbledore: Nope!

Harry: Let's see here…Made in China?

Dumbledore: Oh, sorry, it's the other side.

Harry: Godric Gryffindor.

Dumbledore: Nice alliteration.

Harry: Dude, I just read out a name. 'Sides, that gag was never funny.

Dumbledore: Oh shut up. Anyway, it would take a true Gryffindor with a streak of pure awesomeness to pull that out of the Hat and kill monstrous snakes belonging to Voldemort.
Harry: Neville's totally going to steal all my thunder in five years, isn't he?

Dumbledore: Indeed he will. And it shall be glorious.

Lucius: 'Ello, 'ello!

Dumbledore: Hey, Lucius.

Lucius: Hey.

Dobby: Is there any particular reason why Dobby is here, exactly? What would Master need Dobby for, especially out in the open like this? Is it just so Harry Potter can plainly see that Dobby works for Bad Master so he can free him easily, because that's kind of lame storytelling, even if it is one of the most awesome things in the history of ever.

Harry: Dobby! You serve the Malfoys? The hypothesis the twins, Ron and I came up with in the beginning of the book was actually right? Next you'll be telling me you're really Draco's real father or something!

Dobby: Yes, thank you ever so much for pointing out to Master that Harry Potter knew Dobby, Dobby really appreciates it. Asshat.

Lucius: Ha! As if Narcissa would really choreograph an affair behind my back! But still, you shouldn't have gone to warn him and stuff and junk and shit, so Imma rip out your lungs and let your dying carcass be pecked apart by ducks.

Dobby: Lovely.

Lucius: *beats Harry horribly with his pimp cane to get him out of the way* So. I have no idea how word got out, but apparently I somehow heard you had returned.

Dumbledore: Well, when the other governors learned that the daughter of someone they knew you disliked quite intensely was taken to the Chamber — and no, I still have no idea how Minerva knew it was Miss Weasley — they saw fit to summon me back, far too late to do anything since Harry did everything for me. As usual.

Lucius: Ridiculous, as if you'd actually have been able to do anything. Why must you always have preteens solve everything for you?

Dumbledore: I don't usually do it on purpose! There was just a slight chance that I made them do crap last year, and obviously in the last two books I wanted to involve Harry as much as possible after I fucked up so badly in Book Five. But we're getting off topic, since several of the governors were under the impression that you had threatened to curse their families if they did not agree to suspend me in the first place. Honestly, I have no idea why they couldn't have ganged up on you before, since presumably most of them were also quite powerful, and there were eleven of them and only one of you—

Lucius: HOW DAAAAAAAARE YOOOOOOOUUUUUU! *opens his mouth impossibly wide and swallows a pod of blue whales Dumbledore kept stored in the back*

Dumbledore: Sorry, didn't catch that over the sound of how I'm totally not going to do anything about these alleged threats.

Lucius: I'll have you know that my soul concern has always been, and will always be, the supremacy of Purebloods…I mean, making sure the will of the Dark Lord is carried out…I mean my family.
And the welfare of this school. Just those two things. And, I suppose, its students. Except for that one there, he looks like a serial murderer, all covered in blood and holding a bloody sword reverently like that. You might want to have him sent to therapy or something, that kind of devotion can't be healthy.

Dobby: Grr-face. *looks up at Harry* Yous is pretty, Harry Potter sir.

Harry: …

Lucius: A culprit other than myself has been identified, I presume?

Dumbledore: Oh, we have found someone we can blame easily so the real meanie-face will go away unpunished since we really don't have any substantial evidence besides a twelve-year-old witness that no one will listen to, yes.

Lucius: Well don't hold out on me!

Dumbledore: *does this odd show of making eye contact with Harry that I still don't understand* Voldemort.

Lucius: …Okay…Isn't he dead?

Dumbledore: Mostly, there's a difference. But in any case, this time he chose to act through someone else by means if this. *holds up diary*

Lucius: My body language indicates that I am VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

Dobby: As Bad Master should be. Nudge nudge, wink wink, grin grin, say no more.

Harry: Are you insinuating something?

Dobby: Oh, no, no, no, no, yes.

Dumbledore: One hopes that no more of Lord Voldemort's possessions should find their way into innocent hands, lest said innocent hands would end up running out on his best friends when they needed him most because said possession was screwing up his already intensely fucked-up self-esteem, but what are the odds of that happening? The consequences for the one responsible would be…

Lucius: *eye-twitch*

Dumbledore: …next to nothing until the war starts, and even then some people will continue to get away with everything, but let's pretend that the one responsible would actually have to face the consequences for his actions.

Lucius: *lip-twitch* Well then, let me be grateful for Mr. Potter's continued existence.

Harry: Who the bloody hell are you and what have you done with Lucius Malfoy?

Lucius: Can't you see I'm lying to look good?

Harry: Ah. Right, I knew that.

Lucius: Sure you did.

Dumbledore: *singing* Happy happy joy joy, happy happy joy joy…
Lucius: Screw you guys, I'm goin' home.

Dumbledore: Byez!

Lucius: *cloak-twitch* Come, slave! We're leaving. *impales Dobby on his pimp cane, spinning it over his head and sending him flying out the door*

Dumbledore: What a charming man!

Harry: Lightning has just struck my brain!

Dumbledore: Well, that must hurt.

Harry: I can haz broken and useless Horcrux?

Dumbledore: Apparently I sense nothing suspicious whatsoever, and am quite willing to hand over such an important, if currently useless, item to a twelve-year-old while still withholding vital information from him.

~Hang on, Dumbledore was clearly shown putting the ring in the remains of the diary in Film Six, how'd he get it back? Ask politely? That doesn't seem likely…~

Harry: And now to do something way more intelligent than in the book, I'm surprised Lucius actually pulled the sock off and still held onto the diary instead of throwing the whole thing away in disgust. Hell, how'd the diary fit into the damn thing, anyway?

Dobby: Again, why the hell is Dobby here?

Harry: Mr. Malfoy! MR. MALFOY! MR. MALFOY! MR. MALFOY!

Lucius: I heard you the first time, you annoying person.

Harry: I have something of yours, as I shove the diary into your hand instead of politely handing it over. What a charming and polite child I am!

Lucius: I deny everything.

Harry: Oh, I don't think you can, sir. In this version, I personally saw you slip the diary into Ginny Weasley's cauldron that day at Diagon Alley. I also saw you selling possibly illegal Dark artifacts to one Mr. Borgin of Borgin and Burkes, not to mention what I overheard your son say about a secret chamber under your drawing room floor.

Lucius: Is that a fact? Hold this.

Dobby: Kayz.

Lucius: *leans far too close to Harry than should be normal and speaks in a creepy whisper* Why don't you prove it, then?

Harry: Sure thing, a little Veritaserum here and there—

Lucius: There are ways around that so it isn't used in court.

Harry: Okay, so we'll just use a Pensieve—

Lucius: Nope, memories can be tampered with, so they're not used either.
Harry: …Then just what is the point of having them around?

Lucius: To have flashbacks/further the plot? As for Veritaserum… I have no idea, it was really only used that one time, the rest of the time it was just threatened.

Harry: Well anyway, the Weasleys could definitely help, especially Ginny since one minute her cauldron was diary-free and the next it wasn't, plus I'm sure Mr. Borgin would be more than willing to testify against you given the way you've treated him—

Lucius: Not if I agree to pay him off. Actually, I could bribe everyone who would be involved in the case to side with me. Dumbledore probably realizes this, which is why he's not taking any action against me for forcing a young girl to attempt to murder her fellow students.

Harry: …Well shit.


Harry: Open it.

Dobby: Okay, but Dobby isn't sure why he's listening to Harry Potter since Harry Potter isn't Bad Master…Bwah bwah BWAH?

Lucius: Oi, I said get over here!

Dobby: Master has just inadvertently freed Dobby!

Lucius: What? I didn't give you any of my clothes… how the hell do House Elves do laundry… Oh snap.

Dobby: Master has presented Dobby with a filthy sock covered in sewer water, blood, thousand-year-old muck, basilisk venom, and phoenix tears! Dobby is free to do Merlin knows what until he randomly shows up for the final time in Film Seven!

Lucius: O RLY?

Harry: YAH RLY. Check it. *shows bare ankle*

Lucius: You lost me my SERVANT! THIS IS IN NO WAY AN OVERREACTION! Also my pimp cane had my wand in it. WHICH I SHALL NOW POINT AT YOU AND ADVANCE RATHER RAPIDLY!

Harry: Oh no. I am afraid for my life. Look at how panicked I am. I am clearly scared.

Dobby: YOU SHALL NOT HARM HARRY POTTER, BITCH!

Lucius: AVADA—

Dobby: Oh HELL no! Bad Master can't kill Harry Potter, this is only Book Two! And He-Who-Wants-To-Personally-Kill-Harry-Potter-Despite-Constantly-Failing-At-It would probably torture Bad Master and kill him and stuff. Wait, why is Dobby stopping you again…?

Harry: Dude, seriously, you're attempting to murder the Boy-Who-Will-Always-Be-Around-To-Save-The-Day right outside Dumbledore's office, you're supposed to be smarter than this!

Lucius: Jason Isaacs improved the first spell that came to his mind and the filmmakers kept it in the final product for some reason. Probably to further convince the audience that I'm blatantly evil,
because obviously they can't have figured it out by now.

iheartmwpp: Good thing it was the Killing Curse, actually.

Harry: …What are you on?

iheartmwpp: Crystal meth, but that's not important right now. Imagine if Lucius had pulled out his wand, all menacing and dramatic, lifted it with the clear intention to harm, and said, "WINGARDIUM—"

Harry: *gigglesnort* Ah, touché.

Dobby: Oh yeah, Dobby should probably stop Bad Master. Bam.

Lucius: OW MY HAIR.

Harry: …Okay, don't fuck with house-elves. Got it.

Kreacher: Is that a fact?

Sirius: I CURSE YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY COCCYX.

Dobby: Bring it. Dobby dares you.

Lucius: Hang on, let me adjust my cloak so I can threaten you properly. You parents were decent people with good morals too, and therefore they had to die. As will you, I'll casually threaten now while pointing menacingly. So nyah. *leaves*

Harry: It's really a sign of how much my life utterly sucks that I'm not overly worried about this. Same with Sirius next year, really.

Dobby: Harry Potter freed Dobby! How can Dobby ever repay him?

Harry: Just promise me something.

Dobby: Anything, sir, as long as it doesn't mean Dobby can't be awesome.

Harry: Never try to save my life again.

Rifftrax: Sure! Or just say the word and Dobby can kill you right now!

Dobby: …Nope, not gonna do that.

Harry: Fine, save everyone but me and I'll just tag along.

Dobby: Okay, fair enough.

~…Oh, Dobby still had the diary. Harry must have given it back to Dumbledore. Or something. Hang on, the hole where the fang went in looks more big and gaping in Film Six…~

Review or you will be beaten by Lucius's pimp cane.
Teh WHAT THE HELL, RON, WHAT THE HELL

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the film/book Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, any other movie, book, or game in the series, A Very Potter Musical, Monty Python's Flying Circus, or Rifftrax.

~My hovercraft is full of eels.~

Nearly Headless Nick: Right! How to defend yourselves against someone armed with a banana!

Random student #72: Suppose he's got a bunch.

Nearly Headless Nick: SHUT UP!

Random student #73: Suppose he's got a pointed stick.

Nearly Headless Nick: SHUT UP!

Percy and Penelope: *can clearly be seen, so whether he's glad she's been unpetrified will never be known since that was totally cut*

Random student #74: Hey Nick, what's your view on the classic village idiot?

Nearly Headless Nick: Well, I feel very keenly that the idiot is a part of the old village system, and as such has a vital role to play in the modern rural society, because, you see OOOH AAARG, AAAAHH, RAMBLE RAMBLE, OODILY OODILY OODILY OOO, there is this very real need in society for someone who almost anyone can look down on and ridicule.

Random student #74: No kidding.

Colin: *is around there somewhere, since there's a camera flashing in the background*

Random student #75: Could I have two ice creams, please?

Nearly Headless Nick: I don't have any ice creams, I just got this albatross. ALBATROSS!

Filch: Prrr, mrow, prrr, meow meow. Prrrrrrrr.

KITTY!: Yes, yes, everything's back to normal, aren't we so thrilled.

Nearly Headless Nick: Hermione! I would like to buy a fish license, please.

Hermione: A what?

Nearly Headless Nick: A license for my pet fish Eric.

Hermione: You're a loony.

Nearly Headless Nick: I AM NOT A LOONY! Why should I be tarred with the epithet "loony" only because I have a pet halibut?

Hermione: Well I promise you, there's no such thing as a fish license.

Nearly Headless Nick: …This is the silliest parody I've ever been in.
Hermione: Shall we stop it?

Nearly Headless Nick: …Yeah all right. *leaves for the last time in the films*

Hermione: Thank Merlin it's nearly over anyway…

Neville: Harry! I assume Ron won't care about this, but it's Hermione! She's back, and you should totally be happy about this since her returning got like no treatment in the book, you pretty much just immediately went back to taking her for granted.

Harry and Ron: Yeah, we tend to do that.

Hermione: Yay, I can be with my bestest friendly-friends again!

Ron: This is so fucking awesome!

Harry: Get out of the way, I want to say hi too!

Hermione: I'M RUNNING!

Harry and Ron: Wait, let us get up before you tackle us!

Hermione: MUST HUG BEST FRIEND! Which Emma was quite hesitant to do originally since it was still at the age where cooties were a big deal. Apparently they had to freeze the bit where we hug for an extra second.

Harry: Which made it go on for a bit too long to be completely platonic in a few people's opinions. Seriously, I'm not your only friend, there's another guy standing right next to me.

Hermione: Oh yeah, him. Um, we're sort of awkward at the moment.

Ron: Yeah, we're trying to drop an anvil-sized hint that, mostly due to the movies, a lot of people won't get. So let's just shake hands while I welcome you back.

Hermione: Works for me. Congratulations, I literally cannot believe you managed to figure everything out without me!

Harry: Ah, that's kind of it, we actually wouldn't have if I didn't find your note, so really you still did everything.

Hermione: I knew it, you two really can't do anything without me.

Harry and Ron: Nope!

McGonagall: *throws all unnamed colleagues out the glass window behind her where they fall into the Black Lake and drown*

Reunited Trio of New-Found Happiness: *sit down before they're next*

Dumbledore: *stands* Before we begin the feast that I assume isn't the End of Term Feast, otherwise there'd be red banners everywhere, let's give Professor Sprout and Madam Pomfrey their only reward for resurrecting everyone we love: a round of applause!

Pomfrey: Wha…You ungrateful bastard! We should at least get a bonus or something!

Sprout: Sigh. I don't FIND this surprising at all.
Snape: Ahem, who do you think made the damn Mandrake Draught?

iheartmwpp: A random thing I recently found out about Mandrakes: apparently they grew under the gallows from the semen of the hanged. Which I guess would explain why they look like weird-ass babies, though I'm wondering where the semen would have found eggs to fertilize…

Dumbledore: That was creepy and shut up.

Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, Flint, and several other random Slytherins: We're blood purists who are most perturbed by the fact that the inferior Mudbloods we heartily dislike are up and about again.

Dumbledore: I should make some kind of effort to correct that behavior, but I don't think I will. Anyway, in light of us not having to worry about any more attempted murders until about a month from now, as a school treat, all exams have been cancelled, leaving the current fifth and seventh years with absolutely no way to get jobs! Unless of course, they already took their specialized exams and Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley were too busy saving everyone again to notice…

The vast majority: FUCK YEAH!

Fifth years, seventh years, and Hermione: We are so fucked.

Ginny: This is a great end to my first shitty year here! Hooray!

Snape: Seriously, who the hell is this strange woman sitting next to me? Also you did what? You seriously don't care about any of your students at all apart from Potter, do you?

Dumbledore: Not true, Severus, this has been a very trying year for Miss Weasley as well.

Snape: …Who you probably wouldn't care about if she wasn't Potter's best friend's sister/his future love interest.

Dumbledore: Details, details…

McGonagall: Why the hell am I agreeing with you?

Dumbledore: Because you usually do. Huh, I seem to have forgotten to mention what happened to Professor Lockhart…Ah well, no one cares anyway.

Hagrid: *enters dramatically* Wazzup, bitches?

Joyful Trio of Contentedness: *look really worried for some reason, as Emma tries on the expression that will be permanently stuck on her throughout the Fourth through Sixth Films*  

Neville: Why am I gulping? I like the guy! I think…

Dumbledore: Yo! Long time, no see!

Hagrid: No kiddin'. The owl tha' delivered my release papers got all lost an' confuzzled.

Harry: Really? Wow, there must be something wrong with Hedwig, I should get her looked at.

Ron: Um, about that…

Hagrid: Some half-dead bird tha' I somehow know's called Errol.

The Great Hall: HA! Let's ignore that he was trapped in literal hell for an extra few hours because of
Weasley's stupid mistake.

Harry: You idiot! I told you you could use Hedwig! Why didn't you?

Ron: Dunno, maybe I wanted a bit of revenge on the man who sent an arachnophobic person into an area full of MASSIVE SPIDERS WHO WANTED TO KILL HIM AND PROBABLY MADE HIS PHOBIA FAR WORSE AND SCARRED HIM FOR LIFE. Seriously, how am I not a mindless drooling vegetable right now.

Harry: But it's Hagrid! Who was in Azkaban!

Ron: Look, I'm sorry, all right? *looks guiltily up at the staff table*

Dumbledore: Ass-wipe.

Ron: I'm in deep shit, aren't I.

Harry: You got that right. I'll deal with you later.

Hagrid: Despite the fact tha' I tear up right here, I seem rather laid back abou' the whole situation, though I do thank you three profusely fer getting' me out o' there. Yeh'd think I'd be more excited tha' me name's finally been cleared. Oh, an' Sirius says hi.

Harry: *beams*

The Great Hall: Why are we all listening in when most of us are more or less indifferent towards the guy?

Harry: *stands* Hey, it's not Hogwarts without you, Hagrid.

Rifftrax: It sure would smell less like a steamer trunk full of fish guts and old sneakers.

Harry: In fact, JKR's sister swore that she'd never speak to her again if she killed you off in Book Seven, right when the book was given to her so it would have been too late to change it had it happened. Hugs?

Hagrid: Oh if you must.

Harry: I must. *glomp*

Ron: So, in over half a century when he dies of old age, would it still be Hogwarts? What if he decides to move to France with Madam Maxime, would they have to re-title the school then? And what about before he was even born, was it Hogwarts then?

Hermione: Stop ruining the moment, Harry was just being uber-nice.

Hagrid: Yeh're so adorable in tha' yer literally half my height.

Dumbledore: I think I'll start a spontaneous standing ovation for no reason!

McGonagall: Wouldn't it be funny if he was the only one clapping? For some reason the thought of him clapping awkwardly and then sitting back down amuses me to no end. Ah, well, might as well join in even though I'm clearly not as trusting of Hagrid as I should be as evidenced early on in Book One.

Harry: Hey, I want in on this!
Most of the rest of the Great Hall: Apparently so do we!

Ravenclaws: Wait, what the hell are we doing, don't we think he's a joke or whatever?

Crabbe: YAAAAY!

Malfoy: No.

Crabbe: But…But peer pressure!

Malfoy: Do you want to go back in the box?

Crabbe: Please don't send me back there…

Students: And now let us all stand on benches and attempt to shake hands with you!

Pomfrey and Sprout (and Snape): Oh sure, we did all the bleedin' work and we get a measly round of applause/nothing for it; this guy spends some time in Azkaban, albeit wrongfully, and he get's a fucking standing ovation? What is wrong with you people?

iheartmwpp: I know most people think this ending is lame, and I actually kind of agree, but I still like this scene. Why? I like Hagrid. No matter how many times someone points out how stupid this scene is, I can't hate it. The man was wrongfully imprisoned for at least a month and had to deal with dementors forcing him to remember the day Riddle blamed him for everything, plus a few other important things like his father dying that we keep forgetting about. Even Fudge probably knew he was innocent, and now he's finally been cleared of the false charge he's had to carry around for half a century! He deserves a round of applause! 'Sides, someone show me a Harry Potter fan who doesn't love Hagrid. I'm serious, find one. Assuming you were around the age the actors were when this film first came out, you were also probably too young to understand the "lameness" of this scene. Do NOT tell me there wasn't at least one time you clapped along with everyone. I was twelve when it came out. I'm currently twenty-three, and I still clap a little whenever I see it! Although I do admit that I'm not entirely sure why most of the rest of the school joined in. My only conclusion is that since Albus Dumbledore started it and Harry Freaking Potter joined in, and they were still considered awesome at the time, the mindless sheep that made up the Wizarding World felt they had no choice but to join in.

Colin: I can haz picture?

Hermione: I'm apparently crying!

Hagrid: Don' feel bad, I am too!

Dumbledore: Richard Harris's last close up, everyone. Memorize it.

Hagrid: I'M TOTALLY AWESOME!

Harry: *nods*

The camera: *pans out of the shattered glass where most of the audience dies laughing as they notice Snape has caved in and joined in the standing ovation, and settles on the usual fucking gorgeous view that is Hogwarts at night time as the movie, finally, ends*

~And so ends the longest film in the franchise, and the last one that will remain completely true to the books until DH part 1.~
Review or Ron will just leave you in Azkaban for an undeserved extended period of time because you tried to feed him to a giant mass of acromantulas. Yes.

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