Waiting for an Endgame to the Happy Days of Quidditch

by Meltha

Summary

Draco Malfoy becomes a cannibal in a scene written in the style of Samuel Beckett. Hands down, the oddest thing I have ever written.

Notes

Disclaimer: All characters are owned by J. K. Rowling, a wonderfully creative author whose characters I have borrowed for a completely (and insanely) profit-free flight of fancy. Kindly do not sue me, please, as I am terrified of you. Thank you.

Author's Note: This was written as a response to the Harry Potter Spoiler of Doom Generator. I randomly got the summary printed above. I'm also extremely fond of Samuel Beckett (not the Quantum Leap one... though I like him too), so there's about a zillion references to his work in this that only the severely geeky will get.

As lights come up, DRACO MALFOY is discovered sitting on a cube in the middle of the stage. He is reading a book that has no pages in it and no title. The book is green. He is dressed in plain black robes that show slight signs of wear. In the background are a pair of dustbins, metal, each 2.4343345 yards tall, the one stage left being utterly cylindrical and the one on the right having a more eliptical shape. Nothing will ever happen with these, but they must be there or else the entire meaning of the play is lost. In the background is a plain dropcloth painted gray, specifically Dutch Boy's Gunmetal in an eggshell finish. Under no circumstances should this be either gloss or semi-
gloss. There is a pit directly behind the cube, from which will emerge the rest of the characters. The light is diffused over the stage, tinted grayish, though not to either clash with nor match the backdrop. Behind the dropcloth is a hill, though it is currently unseen. It should be covered in real grass, not astroturf or the like, and must be mown by the stage manager every second Thursday. A small patch of dandelions crowns its summit, which is exactly 3 meters above the stage, the incline of the stage right side being 45 degrees and on stage left 24 degrees. The summit should sit precisely two feet to the left of Draco's shoulder when he is seated on the cube.

A GONG sounds. DRACO lifts his head from his book and stands. He walks as close to the edge of the stage as possible and directly addresses the audience.

Draco: I have read this book. In it there is nothing (he opens the book to the audience's view, exposing the lack of pages). Once there were pages, but now, they are gone. They existed only in my mind, like the boggart beneath my bed as a child... except he was real, and these, these were not. Like my father's love.

The light abruptly changes to a suffused pink glow. Draco stands motionless with the book above his head, revealing the emptiness within. He stands motionless for three minutes. At the end of this time, a GONG sounds again. Draco walks backwards to his cube, sits, and returns to looking within the cover of the book. The light returns to grey.

A GONG sounds. Repeat the above scene, identically, three times. There must be no deviation in inflection, scenery, lines, lighting, or internal motivation in any repetition. After the third time, when Draco returns to his seat to once again peruse the empty book, the backdrop will fall down, exposing the hill.

Draco (looking up from the book, but staring directly forward, not glancing back at the hill): It is a hill. (look confused) The hill does not exist. (looks pleased) The hill is not behind me. (looks despondent; pauses, with head downcast, for exactly 26 seconds) The hill is empty within, like my father's love. (looks happy) Oh, what a lovely day it is! Perhaps soon I shall die, and join the pages of the empty book and the hill that is not behind me in ceasing to be!

Stares in rapt wonderment before him. Does not move for seven minutes. Then, the book slides off his lap and to the floor with a thunderous slap. He does not react but remains unmoving. He blinks three times. On the third blink, SEVERUS comes up from the pit behind the cube. He is dressed in black robes and has a dustbin lid attached to his head with off-white twine in a square knot. He looms behind Draco.

Draco (still looking forward): Professor Snape is now not here! (looks disappointed) I had hoped he would not join the pages and hill and possibly the pumpkin pasties I once had in my pocket, but he has found his way to where it is not.

Severus looks at Draco with an expression of constipation mixed with morose joy.

Severus (not moving his lips): I have come. But your father's love has not. Why are you here?

Draco: I am waiting for someone.

Severus: And who would that be?


Draco (stands abruptly with a look of shock): That cannot be!

Severus (walking around the cube and standing directly in front of Draco, his back to the audience, so the audience cannot see either Draco or Severus's face; the following lines should be said slowly and with great sorrow): Yes!

Draco: No!
Severus: Yes!
Draco: No!
Severus: Yes!
Draco: Yes!
Severus: No!
Draco: Yes!
Severus: No!
Draco: No!
Severus: No!
Draco: No!
Severus: No!
Draco: No!
Severus: No!

At this point, from the pit, enters FRED and GEORGE WEASLEY. They are as yet unseen, hidden behind Severus's cape. They are dressed in matching cloaks of emerald and red plaid.

Fred and George (in joy): Yes!
Draco and Severus: No!
Fred and George: Yes!
Draco and Severus: No!
Fred and George (appearing one on each side of Severus as Severus slowly turns around and sits on the stage, revealing Draco, now standing on the cube): Yes!

Draco and Severus: No!

Hold tableau for three and a half minutes.

Fred: Blimey. What are you two even on about?
Draco: Not really sure, if it comes to that. We're waiting for somebody who won't show up.
George: Seems a stupid thing to do.
Severus: Does it not?
Draco: It does, now I think of it. But there are still no hill, no pages, no Severus, and no father's
love for me.

Fred (producing a large wooden beater bat from his sleeve and hitting Draco over the head with it): So, am I here?

George (taking the bat and slugging Draco with it): Or am I?

Draco: None of us is here! (looks up) (looks down) (looks at Severus) (runs in a clockwise circle around the cube, Fred and George following him with their eyes) (stops in front of Severus, blocking him from view) (stands on one foot [the left] for five seconds, then the other [right] for ten) Unless... am I?

Draco stares in awe at the audience. He experiences something profound.

George: You're a git, you know that?

Fred: So's he (points at Severus, still unseen).

George: And what the bleeding hell is up with those two dustbins? You expecting Oscar?

Severus: I cannot see!

Fred: This is weirder than anything we've ever done before. What you say we go sit around in some jars or on rocking chairs or something?

George: We could hang ourselves?

Fred: Or not!

George: Or not. Fancy a treacle tart?

Fred: Yeah, now you mention it. Hey, on the way, let's see if we can get Mr. Krapp o slip on another banana peel. That's always good for a laugh.

They leave offstage to the left. Draco and Severus (who we still can't see) follow them with their eyes. Five minutes pass. The light becomes pink once more. Severus stands.

Severus: I too want treacle tart. And to see. And to exist. And to not live in a dustbin. And a nice creme rinse. And a house-elf named Lucky with a drooling problem.

Severus leaves. Draco remains still another minute. The light is again grey. Then, he sits once more on the cube. He picks up his empty book and smiles.

Draco: Such a happy, happy day! It makes me sad.

He reads the nonexistent pages for several minutes.

Draco: Dash it all, I'm hungry. I could do with treacle tart. Except, of course, that it doesn't exist.

A large metal goad on a wheel appears, pokes Draco, retreats, returns, pokes Draco twice more, retreats. Draco produces a carrot from a pocket, sniffs it, makes a face, chews it, checks his watch. The goad returns. It taps him three times. On the last tap, the light turns amber. It retreats, not to be seen again.

Draco: I still want treacle tart. But there is none! (weeps on floor for 36 seconds)
Entering from the pit is JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLY. He looks confused. He is wearing black pants and a shirt of white with the words "treacle tart" written on them in large brown letters... possibly actually written with treacle.

Justin: Where am I?

Draco: Not here. Nothing is. Not me. Not you. Not the hill or Professor Snape or Fred or George or the dustbins or the pages or my father's love. But (face illuminated by joy)... are you treacle tart?

Justin: What?

Draco: Are you!

Justin: It's only a shirt!

Draco: But it exists! And so must you! And I! And treacle! And tarts!

Justin: What are you on about? (notices Draco producing a fork and knife from the sleeve of his robe) Now hold on just a moment there!

The light dims to black for twenty seconds. When it comes up, Justin is gone. The hill is gone. The dustbins are gone. A mule named Stewart stands in the background, though no one knows this is his name. Draco is standing atop the cube, exultant, his fork and knife in the air and needing a wash.

Draco: Just like chicken and treacle!

Proudly, with the new-found independence and simplicity of a savage, he piroettes off the stage, leaving it blank. Five minutes pass. Stewart chews hay. From the pit comes a man in red robes wearing a battered hat. It is GODRIC GRYFFINDOR.

Godric: Um... anyone home?

Silence.

Godric: He already leaped, didn't he.

Silence.

Godric leaves, stage left, looking dejected. The mule continues to eat hay.

Darkness.

End.

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