

The Read Through

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Harry Potter and the Read Through

Hermione Granger arrived at the studio twenty minutes early, as was her habit. Entering through the Talent entrance, she made her way down the hall to the Read Through room, her heels clacking on the slate tiles. She paused a moment to check how well her outfit had survived the trip from her home. Perfect, the black sheath fit her like it was spray painted on and showed just enough cleavage to send the message 'treat momma nice, and momma will be nice to you'. Her hair had survived the trip over in her convertible in perfect condition; magic truly was a wonderful thing.

Entering the Read Through room, Hermione made a quick stop at the Craft Services table for a cup of tea and a small bowl of grapes, then made her way to the table. She took in the sight of the man already sitting at the table, broad shoulders, deep tan, a mop of curly blond hair; it couldn't be anyone by Severus Snape.

"Morning Sev."

The blond man looked up and presented her with a dazzling smile. "Hermione!" He rose to his feet and kissed her on the cheek. "Let me get a look at you girl." He shook his head, making a 'tsk' sound. "I certainly hope that isn't the dress you wore last night!"

"Why?" The Brunette asked.

"Because your hair is still perfect, and that would mean you didn't get any last night."

"Severus Snape!" Hermione laughed, taking her customary seat at the table. "You are just terrible. No, I didn't wear this last night; I have a date after today's session. If we work tomorrow, THEN my hair will be all frizzy..."

"Good for you. Have you heard anything about this one?"

"No, I haven't gotten an advance script since 'Sunset Over Britain'. I think they quit sending them out because Ron would count his lines, then bitch and moan about the money"

"And I should too!" Ron Weasley said as he approached the table with a pint of beer in his hand. "We contracted for seven books, and then this stupid Fan Fiction crap started. Now we work pretty much every day, and the money hasn't changed."

"It's 'Fan Fiction' Ronald." Severus said shaking his blond curls, "there IS no money."

"Yeah, right, I keep forgetting all those idiots out there are typing away for the love of it. How sad is that?" He took a long pull on his beer. "So what loser in particular is responsible for today's pile of ass spackle?"

The other two shook their heads. The door opened and Susan Bones entered, followed quickly by Molly and Ginny Weasley. Both the Weasley women were speaking theatrically into their cell phones and stayed by the door to finish their conversations. Susan slid into the chair across from Hermione,

"I am NEVER sharing a ride with those two again."

"Who are they talking to?" Hermione asked.

"Their agents?" Ron suggested.

"Nah, the Producer. They want approval on the script, and specific changes made."

Severus looked surprised. "Approval on the script? Have they seen it yet, because we haven't?"

Susan shook her head. "No, they found out who the Writer is."

"Really?" Hermione was suddenly very alert and even Ron put down his beer. "Who is it?" the Muggle born witch asked. "Oh tell me it's another Bobbin story, I always come off so good in his stories."

"Good lord, I hope not!" Dumbledore said, entering with a large trunk.

"I don't see why you don't just lock up your beard in the prop room," Hermione said to the clean shaven character.

"It's my lucky beard. It was at the cleaners when we did "Sunset" and you know what a rotten part I had in that."

"Well, some of us enjoyed Sunset" Severus started.

"Don't. Even. Think. About. Saying. It." Hermione said looking daggers at Snape.

"Wouldn't dream of it," he said, returning to his crossword. "I'm hoping for Nonjon myself. I adore a good comedy."

"Or Kinsfire" Ron said, looking truly interested for the first time all morning. "He always..."

"No, it's that 65619 clown." Susan interrupted.

"Oh." Ron said in a disappointed manner

"Crap." Hermione added.

"Oh well, short days for me, he hates my character, so Harry will give me my comeuppance nice and early and I won't be seen again until my death scene." Severus said philosophically.

"And long days for me." Albus mused. "I'll plot some, and have many confrontations with young Harry, the vast majority I will lose to his moral superiority. All that and I won't even have any slash to look forward to."

There was a collective shudder around the room as they all recalled the fic they had performed the previous week involving the Headmaster and a gerbil animagus...

"He's what got Ron's Mum and sister all stirred up." Susan interjected desperate to change the subject. "Molly says she's tired of being a psychotic bitch in his fics" The redhead leaned across the table to Hermione and Severus "Type casting if you ask me." She smiled at Ron's glare and continued, "Ginny says that if she's going to be a slutty skank again, then she want pre-approval on the guy she's slutty with, to make sure what he's packing is worth her time."

Even Ron laughed at that. That was pure Ginny.

"She always has been a size queen, ever since that damned Basilisk gave her some unreasonable expectations." Severus observed shaking his head.

"Well," Ron said. "At least he usually gets me laid... More often than not with you Herms..." he waggled his eyebrows at her. "Silver lining I guess eh?"

"Call me 'Herms' again Ronald and you'll be wearing your testicles like a bow tie." Hermione smiled sweetly. "I've called my agent and had a 'No Gingers' clause added to my contract."

"I don't know if I should be hurt or not." Susan said pouting prettily.

"Exceptions can be made, for the right script of course."

"Ah, this guy always pairs me with Neville, or on occasion as having a pathetic unrequited crush on Harry."

The door opened again allowing Draco Malfoy and Dobby Elf into the Read Through room.

"Greetings Fellow Thespians!" Dobby called in a deep cultured baritone that would make James Earl Jones green with envy. "I do hope everyone is ready for today's foray into the theater of the mind."

Molly and Ginny joined them all sitting around the table. Behind Dobby and Draco came several interns carrying copies of the day's script and started placing them at each place around the table, along with pens and highlighters.

One of the interns stopped in front of Dobby. "Mr. Elf, sir, I've been a fan of the series since the beginning, you've always been my favorite character."

"Well thank you..." Dobby eyed the intern's nametag, "Stephen, I am but a humble player among this great ensemble cast, playing my part as best I can."

"Oh, you're the best sir... but I was wondering, you don't look anything like your character."

"Ah, I see, you expected an emaciated two foot tall golem with huge eyes did you?"

"Yes Sir Mr. Elf, I never would have recognized you. How do you do it?"

"How else Stephen?" Dobby struck a dramatic pose "By ACTING!"

Stephen the Intern blinked, standing before him was the Dobby from the books and movies, two foot tall, huge eyes, clad in a threadbare pillowcase, he blinked again and Mr. Elf was back, six foot four clad in a Thousand Pound Saville Road suit, the picture of the Shakespearian actor. "That's amazing Mr. Elf, I had no idea someone could 'act' short."

"Only after years of training young Stephen. Fetch me a cup of tea and half a bagel with cream cheese would you? Good Lad."

The intern scampered off and Dobby took his seat at the table. Draco looked up from the script in front of him. "You insufferable ham."

"Give the fans what they want Draco, that's the secret of continuing to work." Dobby picked up his script, and pulled a pair of reading glasses from his jacket pocket. "Has anyone seen our titular Hero this wonderful morning?"

Around the tables heads were shaken negatively. Draco finally spoke up. "The bastard ditched me at a club last night."

"Draco, you've got to quit doing that to yourself." Ginny Weasley purred. "Instead of chasing after Harry, you could stay in with me..."

Ron and Molly shot Draco death glares while the rest of the table fought the laughter that threatened to erupt. Those fighting laughter were saved then the door opened again and Luna Lovegood entered dragging a disheveled Harry Potter behind her. Following Potter was a pair of young blonde women, twins apparently, that no one at the table recognized.

"Let's go Harry, we don't have time for this crap. Say goodbye to your bimbos, we've got work to do."

Harry pulled his arm free from Luna's grasp and took the hands of both of the giggling twins. "Ah, ladies, this is where we must go our separate ways"

"But you said you'd introduce us." Said one of the matched set.

"Ah, of course I did. Everyone? This is Toni and Tawni, Ladies, this is everyone." Harry kissed each of the girls and pushed them out the door.

"That's why you ditched me at that club? That's why? You bastard."

"Twins mate. Very affectionate twins." Harry pointed out.

"Oh." Draco considered for a moment. "That's all right then."

"Besides," Harry continued, "I made sure you wouldn't be bored. I entered you in that contest didn't I?"

"What contest?" Hermione asked.

"This ass entered me in a Tom Felton look-alike contest."

"Felton? The guy who played you in the movie?" Ron took a pull on his beer and signaled one of the interns for another.

"Yeah. It seems he's a local hero around the club we were at."

"How did you do?" Severus asked.

Draco mumbled something.

"I didn't make that out Draco, what did you say?"

"I came in third. Alright? I came in bloody third."

"Third?" Ron was barely holding in the laughter, the girls around the table "How is that even possible?"

"Look, he was hired because he looked like me, not because I looked like him!"

"As much fun as picking on Draco is, we ought to get to work." Harry picked up his copy of the script. "Acts of Betrayal? I get stuck in Azkaban AGAIN?" Harry shook his head. "What is it with you guys always betraying me and stuff?"

"No prison this time." Hermione looked up from her own script. "I save you from love potions. We grab my parents and light out for Boston, then we get married, you marry Daphne"

"All right. I never get enough time with Daphne... She's a lucky girl."

"Yeah, after the second marriage we return to Hogwarts and confront the evil headmaster."

"The misunderstood Headmaster." Albus corrected. "Never Evil, misunderstood."

"Yes, well, much angst, a few hexes, Ron and Ginny end up in the loony bin, and Ron dies after killing a half dozen Des, and you vanquish Tom."

"Ah a basic #23 then. Returning to a certain death trap with no real plan. Gotcha. Let's do this thing!"