

Bonding Over the Remote.

by sunny33

Hermione is determined that her best friend and her boyfriend will be civil towards each other.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Still not mine. They all belong to JKR.

The blond and redheaded wizards shifted uncomfortably on the couch and looked warily at each other. Why Hermione would bring them here and then leave them alone together was a mystery. She knew they hated each other still. Even though Ron had forgiven her for taking up with the man he still referred to as *Ferret-boy*, he was not inclined to extend that forgiveness to Malfoy himself. Not in this lifetime, anyway. Her parents were out, and she had muttered something about needing milk before Apparating away.

"Well. Er... here we are then." Draco winced. It was like trying to break the ice with a toothpick. Ron just glared and leaned back on the couch. Suddenly, the black box in the corner blared into life with the most excruciatingly whiny music either young man had ever heard.

"What the fuck? What are all those houses doing on that box? And why can we only see the roofs?" Ron asked, fascinated by the moving picture.

"There's writing. What's *Coronation Street*? And what is that horrible music? Argghhh. Those accents!" Draco was appalled.

"Hang on. What's this?" Ron pulled out a small, rectangular thing with buttons on one side. "I must have sat on it."

He pushed a button, and suddenly the screen was filled with the image of a harsh-looking woman stating, "Ronald. You are the Weakest Link. Goodbye!"

"Oi! Who asked you?" He pushed another button.

Draco was filled with awe for this mysterious Muggle, who had the Weasel summed up to perfection. Perhaps Muggles weren't so useless after all? He laughed as Ron only succeeded in turning the sound off. The woman was still sternly glaring at him.

"Oh, I know what this is. I remember Hermione telling me about it. It's a tellyfishin'" Ron announced proudly.

"What has fishing to do with this? I don't see any fish, Weasel." Draco gestured at the screen, which had finally changed to show a scantily dressed woman brandishing a bar of soap. "Now, that's more like it. Oh, she went." A car sped along the road to strains of classical music. "Let me have a turn, Weasley." He grabbed the control gadget and started pressing buttons at random. He stopped when he discovered animated pictures instead of real people. "Look at that; their faces are all yellow!"

"Leave that one on, Malfoy. It looks funny. Who is this Homer guy? And why are they talking in such a funny accent?"

Hermione returned with the milk and the Indian takeaway to find her two favourite men lounging on the couch, doubled over laughing.

"Eat my shorts, Draco!" Ron shouted.

Draco Malfoy turned as Hermione entered the room. "Well, howdy-diddly-doody, young lady!"

"I see you two found the TV."

A/N: Potter Place drabble night strikes again. Prompt from sabrebabe, "Ron and Draco discover television." Thanks to ladyinthecloak for betaing!