

The Future Revealed

by debjunk

Draco doesn't want to go to a movie. Can he be convinced to go anyway?

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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The Future Revealed

Draco slowly walked into Divination. This was his least favorite class. The teacher, Professor Trelawney, was seriously crazy. *Use your inner eye to see the future* was one of her famous quotes. Trelawney also predicted 'the Grim' every year for at least one person in each class. She was the laughing stock of the Slytherins, but he was still subjected to her class. He had to sit and listen to her drivel for hours on end, every week.

Besides having to endure Trelawney and her *Are you in the beyond* attitude, he was terse because of a disagreement he'd just had with Blaise Zabini.

"Draco, you're such a Pureblood elitist. What's wrong with going to see a Muggle movie?"

Draco frowned deeply at Blaise. "It's got the word 'Muggle' in it."

Blaise huffed at him.

"Look," Draco said. "I have no desire whatsoever to go sit in a movie theater with a bunch of Muggles to see another bunch of Muggles pretend to be other Muggles doing Muggle things. It's... unnatural."

"Lighten up, man."

Draco eyed Zabini crossly. "If you had a Malfoy heritage, you'd understand."

"Malfoy's have fun, don't they?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Of course. We go to the Wizarding museums, we play chess. We have fun."

It was Blaise's turn to roll his eyes. "Those things are boring. Come to the movie with us. It'll be fun!"

"I can do without that type of fun."

"Geez, Draco. I don't think I've ever seen anyone with a bigger stick up their rear-end. All you do is look down your nose at everyone. You can live your whole life doing boring things like visiting the museum, or you can start having some fun. Come with us! The movie's about dinosaurs. I think it's called Jurrassic Park." Blaise paused for a

minute before adding, "Pansy's going!" he wiggled his eyebrows at Draco with that last statement.

"Well, now that you mention Pansy... I still don't want to go. If she wants to debase herself doing something so underneath her, then that is her problem."

Blaise gave up. With a dismissive wave of his hand, he turned from Draco. "Suit yourself. Don't blame me if you grow up to be an old fogey with no friends and no sense of fun!" He stalked off, leaving Draco fuming after him.

Draco came back to reality as Sybill Trelawney gazed at him with her owl eyes. She was standing right in front of him, blinking slowly.

"Are you having a vision?" Trelawney asked in her sing-song voice.

Draco's eyebrows furrowed, and he gave her a look of disgust. "Hardly!" he snapped before sweeping around her and heading toward his seat.

"Oh... pity." Trelawney turned and gazed at him darkly. "I thought you were having the same vision as I was... you... old and wrinkly... playing chess... by yourself... no friends... no fun... just old and alone."

Draco stopped in his tracks and turned to Trelawney. He eyed her curiously. He knew she was a charlatan... he knew it! Nonetheless, that was pretty odd that Blaise had said something similar to him not ten minutes ago.

"Do you know why you end up that way, Mister Malfoy?" Trelawney continued.

"No, but I'm sure you'll tell me," Draco muttered under his breath.

Trelawney didn't seem to notice. "It's because you have no fun. I am sorry to say that you are so stiff that fun could come up and introduce itself to you, but you would still be unable to recognize it. Your future is doomed because you have no idea how to have fun. You cling to your Pureblood ways and stiffly go about your life, shunning anything that would make a glimmer of a smile cross your face. You, sir... are a bore."

Draco should have told her she was an old fool. He should have told her that her stupid inner eye was blind, or clouded, or... nonexistent. He should have shouted that she was a fake, a fraud, or a charlatan. But he did none of that. Instead, he gaped. His mouth dropped open, and he stared at those enormous owl eyes as they smugly looked back at him.

Shaking his head, he moved back the way he came. He stalked around her and stormed from the room. Down, down, down he went into the dungeons. His boots clicked as he traversed the dark, damp hallway to the Slytherin common room. He entered with a huff and stood before Blaise Zabini, who was engrossed in a Transfiguration tome. Draco cleared his throat, and Blaise looked up.

"Okay, you win. I'll go to your stupid movie!" Draco exclaimed.

Blaise grinned up at his friend, who looked a bit green. "What changed your mind so fast?" he asked.

"Let's just say, I had an epiphany and leave it at that."

The End

Here's the prompt by cristev:

Draco's never been to a Muggle movie theatre. Who could convince him to go, and what film would they see?