

The Subject of Love Actually

by lady_rhian

Hermione and Severus get into a tiff over the subject of Hermione's favorite film. A compilation of four drabbles inspired by the Dialog Only challenge at the grangersnape100.

The Subject

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns it all, my dears.

A/N: Inspired by the Dialog Only challenge at the gs100.

"Do you agree that the Brazilian prostitutes were a mistake?"

"Yes."

"And that it would have been much better if they had not turned out to be men?"

"What the bloody fucking hell are you watching, Hermione?"

"My favorite film of all time, dear."

"I must say, that dialogue is more intriguing than the whole of this *Daily Prophet*."

"Coming over to watch it with me?"

"Yes. What is this film and why exactly are you watching it?"

"It's called *Love Actually*; I turned on the telly and it was on. My lucky day, darling."

"Right."

"Be quiet!"

"I like television as much as the next person, wife, but why are you watching a movie talking about men masquerading as Brazilian prostitutes?"

"That's not what it's about, silly!"

"Then what's it about?"

"It's a compilation of stories – new romances, old romances, marriages breaking up, death, the relationship between a father and step-son, an old pop star selling his soul for a comeback record..."

"And you find this interesting?"

"Well, the stories are all interconnected. See those two sitting in the pew there? That's Colin and Laura, who are attending this wedding where the best man is in love with the bride..."

"Right."

"And Colin's character ends up falling in love with a Portuguese maid, and Laura's character is in love with a guy at work. She gets advice from her boss, the unbelievably sexy Alan Rickman..."

"Where have I heard that name?"

"He's in half the movies I own."

"Right. Rather strange, this obsession of yours with that actor."

"It's the voice, Severus. So sexy."

"I have a sexy voice. *He* has a speech impediment."

"Whatever works. Oh! This is a funny part."

"Well, I have to get back to my paper."

"Why are you reading that trash?"

"Much as I admire your devotion to *The Quibbler*, the *Prophet* at least tries to report events with 10% accuracy."

"And *The Quibbler* doesn't?"

"I'm not going to dignify that with a remark. But yes, Hermione, I'll go check on the baby and then go back to reading the trash, as you so eloquently put it. Enjoy your film about Brazilian prostitutes."

"It's not about prostitutes!"

"Well, it would be if those two men had actually slept with 'female' Brazilian prostitutes and awoken in the morning to realize that said prostitutes had used glamour charms to alter their genitalia."

"Can glamour charms do that?"

"Ask Minerva."

"Severus!"

"I'm going to check on the baby!"

I wrote this in a cafe and didn't have access to my copy of *Love Actually*, so my apologies if the opening three lines aren't direct quotes. Also: for those of you incensed over Severus' remark about our lovely Alan, Alan's voice *is* the result of a speech impediment - his jaw has limited mobility (thank God for that!).