

Goyle the Death Eater

Based on the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling, skit by Samuel Stokes

(GOYLE is dressed in a Death Eater costume, while NEVILLE is tied down to a chair. No matter what GOYLE says or does NEVILLE is sickeningly pleasant about it.)

GOYLE: Now that I'm a Death Eater, I must become a master of the 3 Unforgiveable Curses - Cruciatus, which causes the victim to suffer intense pain; Imperius, which causes the victim to do whatever I say; and of course Avada Kedavra, which kills instantly!

NEVILLE: Jolly good, Goyle, it's nice to finally see you taking your spell casting studies seriously!

GOYLE: Neville!! *(pulls off mask dejectedly)* How did you know it was me?

NEVILLE: Well, Goyle, we've been going to school together for 7 years now. I really think I ought to know what your voice sounds like by now.

GOYLE: Oh, well, no matter. When I'm finished casting the 3 Unforgiveable Curses on you, you will not be around to tell anyone that I'm a Death Eater.

NEVILLE: Jolly good thinking, Goyle!

GOYLE: Thank you... hey, wait a minute! Aren't you afraid of me?

NEVILLE: Sure, but I do my best to stay pleasant, even in the darkest moments.

GOYLE: Well, let's see how pleasant you feel when I hit you with the cruciatus curse – CRUCIO!

(NEVILLE grins pleasantly)

GOYLE: I said – CRUCIO!

(NEVILLE continues grinning)

GOYLE: Are you suffering intense pain, yet?

NEVILLE: No, I'm feeling prettymuch alright, except maybe that these ropes are a little uncomfortable, but I'll manage.

GOYLE: CRUCIO! CRUCIO!

NEVILLE: Maybe try flicking your wrist a little more.

GOYLE: CRUCIO!

NEVILLE: And try to emphasize the first syllable a little more – CRUUUUUCIO!

GOYLE: CRUUUCIO!

NEVILLE: No, CRUUUUUCIO!

GOYLE: CRUUUUUCIO!

NEVILLE: CRUUUUUCIO!

GOYLE: CRUUUUUUCIO!

NEVILLE: CRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCIO!

GOYLE: Will you cut that out?!

NEVILLE: Sorry, mate.

GOYLE: Let's try the imperious curse next. Imperio!

(NEVILLE continues grinning)

GOYLE: Did it work?

NEVILLE: I don't know, mate. I think you have to order me to do something.

GOYLE: Oh right, well, get up and dance around then.

NEVILLE: Well, mate.... *(NEVILLE waves his bound hands as well as he can)*

GOYLE: Oh right, something else then. How about, sing The Hogwarts Song!

NEVILLE: *(singing)* Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts, teach us something please, whether we be old and bald or young with scabby knees...

GOYLE: Alright, then! Did it work? Was that because of my spell?

NEVILLE: No, I don't think so. I just like singing The Hogwarts Song.

GOYLE: Drat! Enough with you then. Time to use the killing curse. Avada Kedavra!

(NEVILLE slumps his head over with his eyes closed and mouth open, playing dead)

GOYLE: Did it work? Did I kill you then?

(NEVILLE stays slumped over, sneaking a peak when GOYLE isn't looking directly at him)

GOYLE: It worked! I'm a Death Eater! I'm a Death Eater!

(GOYLE runs offstage celebrating)

NEVILLE: *(struggles until he breaks free of the rope)* That ought to keep him occupied for a while. If that's the best Voldemort can recruit, then I think Hogwarts will be safe for some time to come!

(NEVILLE exits while the theme music plays)