

**[A4A] Himbo angel mistakes you for a bunch of demons and stays for the night**  
**[supernatural][depressed listener][comfort][sleep aid][urban**  
**fantasy][wholesome][caring speaker]**  
Script by [reddit.com/u/-Agathodaemon-](https://www.reddit.com/u/-Agathodaemon-)

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*(Night, the listener's bedroom, the listener is lying in the bed. There may be a little stumble or wings noise when the angel appears)*

Excuse me... That thought you just had... No, just no. Don't think about things like that.

I can't hear your thoughts, but I can see your aura, your mood. And that eruption of darkness you just made was definitely a bad, bad thought. Not good for anyone.

Am I your guardian angel? Not exactly... I mean, for sure I'm an angel. The wings, the halo... But I'm not a guardian, certainly not yours. To be honest, I'm not sure if any of us do this kind of labour anymore... Anyways, look at me: I'm wearing full armour and carrying this big, badass sword. What kind of guardian angel would need something like this?

I'm a hunter. I hunt demons. I was just trespassing, when I felt that evil breeze...

No, it's not actually a breeze. It's rather vague. Like a scent you feel all of a sudden, but you know it's not there. Or like a premonition you almost feel on your skin.

Yes, something like that. So I felt it and started looking for the source. And then I saw that dark energy, rays of evil and misfortune, just pulsing through the air like an omen of doom.

No, not figuratively - literally. You probably don't see energy as something material, right? I've never spoken to a human before, but I've heard you're a bit... I don't want to sound rude, but... You're a lesser being, right?

No, no, no, I've said I don't want to be rude. It's just... a fact. It's rather a delicate subject. We don't really talk about this between us. I mean between angels. You know, the politics, the history... Most of us just accept things as they are. But come on, just between us, how do you, people, see yourself in comparison to angels?

Because you are kind of... imperfect. You are God's worst creation.

*(Abashed)* I mean... Some say that... Personally I have nothing against the human race. In my opinion they could be even cute, if taken care of in the right way. Speaking of - you are definitely not well cared for.

I don't want to offend you, I'm just stating a fact. Have you seen yourself lately? You would look awful even without that shroud of despair and heaviness.

Don't thank me, it's just a fact.

*(Realising)* Oh, you were sarcastic... *(Abashed)* I didn't... I thought... Well... Nevermind, let's get back to my story. So! I saw this huge pulsing puffball of misery and had to check this. I found the building it was coming from and I carefully looked through the window. I expected to see a carnival of demons or at least a bunch, but all I saw was... you. Wrapped in a cocoon of bad thoughts, dejection and anxiety.

I had to step in, I haven't seen something like this before. I don't work with people, maybe that's something common amongst your race, but for me it's something new. I was curious! Not to mention it will be a funny story to tell to other hunters: here I am, with a sword in my hands, ready for the battle of my life, imagining all the songs, all the legends about me single-handling the source of all evil. And who do I find? Just a common human, sobbing in their bed! *(Amused)* Isn't it funny?

Well, maybe not from your point of view, but my friends will laugh their lungs out!

Oh, don't look at me like that, you must have some sense of humour... Ok, let's just snap you out of this, so you can have your funny story too.

I have no idea how to do that. But, I remember hearing you people say in situations like these that you are fighting the demons, right?

And fighting the demons is literally my job, so... We'll sort it out together, somehow.

I could just try to peel you off from that hull with my sword. Like a potato. But I'm afraid it would be just a temporary solution, it will grow back. But nothing else comes to my mind, so let's try it.

Don't worry, I won't hurt you. I'm a professional!

Not a professional peeler, I'm a professional... *(A bit confused)* Well, I haven't done anything like this before, but it couldn't be harder than slaughtering a demon, right? Let's just take a tiny slice. Are you ready?

Ok, here we go. Tell me if you'll feel something is wrong.

*(I think it would be funny to give a sound for the sword, something like a lightsaber, maybe more magical. But it's not necessary.)*

Slowly, carefully, and done. Did you feel something?

Told you I'm a professional!

That piece vanished, disintegrated.

You can't do that with a kitchen knife or even any of your human swords. My sword is specially enchanted to deal also with energy, not only flesh. Ok, stand up, it will be easier that way.

I don't care what you are wearing, you can even wrap yourself in that blanket if that will make you feel more secure. I'm not going to shave you, I'll just try to cut it off as much as possible and then we'll see if it makes any difference.

Ok, so... Don't move, I don't want to accidentally cut off your nose or give you a new haircut.

*(Sounds of sword cutting of the bad energy again)*

Yes, it is a big sword, for big demons. But don't worry, it's light as a feather. I mean for me, you wouldn't probably be able to even pick it up.

It is warm, you're right, it's not just an illusion. But it's a pleasant warmth, isn't it? Like the first really warm day of spring.

Ok, so one final cut and we're done. How do you feel now?

Yeah, I bet it was heavy. But, as I said, it will grow back if you let yourself sink into bad thoughts, just like you did when I came in. We have to find something more long-term. Get back to bed and give me a moment.

*(Sounds of metal clanking)*

What does it look like? I'm taking off my armour. It's really useful in a battle, but rather burdensome in bed.

I'm going in too, did you think I will just stand beside your bed for the whole night? Come on, move over.

*(Sounds of a clumsy angel trying to get comfy in a small bed, creaking wood, squeaky mattress, beating wings, something like that)*

Oh, I'm sorry for my wings, angels' beds are usually a bit bigger. Let me just get a little more comfortable.

*(More squeaky bed sounds, then a bit longer pause, when the angel finally lays still and take a moment to look at the listener)*

*(Surprised)* Huh!

You actually ARE cute, without all this wretchedness suffocating your true beauty. Why did you let yourself sink so deep?

*(With a soft and calming voice)* I don't really know much about the human world, but angels do have ups and downs too. Maybe not that awful, but... Sometimes we are sad, tired, cheerless, devastated... Sometimes we lose our hope, our goals. But when you are everlasting, there comes a time when you realise everything is just temporary. Bad times and good times, they will all pass. Feeling of joy, feelings of sorrow, they will pass. So we appreciate the good times and learn to survive the bad ones.

I try to focus on things I can change and don't think too much about those I can't do nothing about. Accept the change not as something bad or good, but as something natural. Think more about what you can gain than what you lost.

Of course it's not always possible. And it's not easy. But it's worth trying. And if it's really bad I escape to my happy place.

Yes, angels do have happy places. Well, mine is not really a regular place. It's a moment in time. Wait, look at this.

*(The speaker pulls out a hidden necklace)*

We're not really allowed to wear jewellery, so I would appreciate it if you would keep this as a secret. Technically it's just an ordinary stone on a chain. Nothing impressive, completely worthless. But it reminds me of one of the happiest moments of my whole life.

We were involved in a hopeless battle, we all thought that this was our end and somehow... We won. Me and my companions, we all survived, with just minor wounds. So we were just lying on the grass, exhausted, terrified and extremely aware of what just happened. And we were so happy, so grateful... And then I said something completely inappropriate. You might have noticed I have a problem with being tactful. Usually when I say something like that one of my friends pokes me in my forehead, like it could teach me something. I don't even remember what I said, but no-one had the strength to poke me and they all were very unsatisfied. Then all of a sudden, a small rock fell straight from the sky and hit me in my forehead. It hurts like hell and I had a bruise for months, but then we were laughing like crazy. So, when things go really wrong, I just hold that stone and I'm back there.

Yes, angels can die. That's why we still appreciate the good times. But enough about me, it's your turn. Can you recall a moment when you were really happy?

It doesn't have to be recent. Mine is about thousands of years old, but it still has the power. So?

It doesn't have to be something big or complicated. Keep it simple. It's not important what it really was, but how it made you feel. Close your eyes and catch the first thought.

Great. Tell me, why was that moment special?

And how were you feeling?

Now recall as many details as you can. Sounds in the background, scents, lighting...

*(Calmly)*

Yes...

Yes...

Yes...

And how does it feel? Are you back there? Are you feeling what you were feeling then?

Don't think about what will happen later. Just focus on that one moment in time. Nothing else matters.

Do you feel better now? Can you feel that light in you? It's still there, I can see it. Dim, but present.

Let's try something easier. Open your eyes and take a look around this room. Can you spot something that makes you happy? Like a present from a friend? Souvenir from a marvelous trip? A book you really loved? Or just something you wanted to buy for a long time?

What is it?

And why is it special?

Great. So tomorrow put it somewhere you can easily see it. Expose it, so your eyes will catch it like a sudden glimpse of pleasant memories. Maybe it will help too.

Do you feel better now?

You should go to sleep now. You look dead tired.

No, I'm not going to sleep here, but I can stay a bit longer, lull you to sleep. Wait a moment, I can show you something amazing. Let me get a little closer...

*(Sounds of wings and creaking bed)*

Voilà! Have you ever been wrapped in an angel's wings? I hope you are not allergic to feathers...

Amazing, right? You don't need blankets when you have something like that on your back. Don't hesitate, snuggle in. They are not as delicate as they look.

Now close your eyes and breathe deeply. Breath in... And breathe out.

*( A bit nervous)* No, not like that. Once again. Breath in... Hold... Hold... I said hold! Oh come on, you can't be bad at breathing... I see now why some angels call you the lowest race...

*(Surprised)* Ouch! Did you just poke me in the forehead?

*( Humbly and a bit amused)* Oh, yes, I see... So let's do it this way: you'll be calmly and deeply breathing and I'll be warm, soft and silent. And tomorrow you will tell everyone about this crazy dream that you had, about some dumb angel that has mistaken you for Lucifer themselves, then said a lot of stupid things and was so ashamed that they shaved your depression with a badass sword, so you poked them in the forehead and they never forgot this...

*(Amused)* Ok, ok... Shhhhh... Have pleasant dreams, good night.

*(I think it's a good place for the sounds of breathing and a bit of white noise if you want to make it a proper sleep aid, but it's probably not necessary.)*