

Enemies-In-Law

[A Polite Murmur Of Reuniting Partygoers Pervades The Air]

And there's the last and least of the angel ingrates! Hello, Mutt.

Fleabag.

Stray!

(Scoff)

Cerberus must be on guard duty if lapdogs like you are managing to get in.

Oh no, I'm sure. I bet Eve gave you that invite with a biscuit and a belly rub. I'd just have hoped they'd keep the, uncivilized animals, outside.

(Laugh)

The idea that we'd ever be in the same category just shows how hapless you really are. I'm nothing like you, Angel.

(Scoff)

Yes, quite. Don't think for a moment I'd choose to drag myself through the muck speaking to you. Lilith simply insisted I go play nice.

Tis' the season. Gathering and whatnot. Not that being "friendly" with you will gather me anything but itchy fur.

One time was enough to never forget, you unwashed, drooling- wonderful little scamp!

(Laugh)

Such great times we used to have right?

Oh definitely, we must meet up more! Are your Sundays free? I'd be more than happy to-claw your eyes out, no charge.

I see you've been put up to play-acting, too?

Just like the lovely couple to want their in-laws to mingle. You'd think they'd have gotten the message after that little bonfire meetup in Rome.

Glad we can agree on something.

(Sigh)

Still serving as Heaven's bestest pup-pup? Or did they all finally get fed up with the shedding?

And what is that supposed to mean?

I don't-!

(Clear Throat)

You're deflecting.

Whatever you need to tell yourself, Mutt.

Oh, I've been absolutely swell! I'm using a new conditioner, I finally made Grand Heretic, and I'm having lots of fun watching the punch bowl.

(Gasp)

What do you take me for? Some cheap, mischievous imp spiking the drinks?

You insult me, Dog. I'll have you know, I'm a very expensive mischief maker. I'd never use anything less than a hundred years aged.

(Chuckle)

Close, but I find the Acheron Groves such a more subtle spirit than the Styx. If you knew anything about nefarity, you'd understand why.

Aw, have you been taking notes? What an adorably, pathetically, thorough puppy.

Oh? That's news to me.

Fantastic. I always wanted an overzealous, guard-dog-ian angel.

No, no, really. My whole life I've longed for nothing more than a big, stupid, as- scoiate! Coworker, I might even say! After all, we're after the same thing, aren't we?

So true. I feel the exact same way! Nothing would make more- Hell's Bells! Where did Barnabus get a sword from?

(Chuckle)

Great fun, and a great distraction, thank you, spiked punch...

I'm awaiting my thank you, too, Dog. You seemed just as ready to explode as me at having to pretend not to hate this.

Oh yes, I'm sure you're far too righteous for that, both the apology and such a debachurous emotion. Just like you're above bold-faced lying, right?

Mhm, you're fun. But, not quite as fun as whatever storm I've brewed with Barnabus, and I think I've had quite enough of you. I'm sure that we've been seen together enough for this to come to a close, wouldn't you say?

(Chuckle)

See ya' at Christmas, Mutt.

[An Angelic Pulse Pushes Through The Crowd]

[A Pair Of Bodies Topple To The Floor]

(Grunt)

And there goes Eve ruining my fun before I can even have a taste. I swear, ever since she saw Star Wars, she has been way overreliant on that big force push.

Dog, are you going to get your limbs off me, or do I need to sever them?

What does it matter who landed on whom? You're in a load-bearing position, so I need some space to wiggle anywhere!

Oh, I'm sorry, here I thought Heaven's attack dog could handle a little prodding.

You take that back! I'm just sharp, I'm not one gerah over six-hundred sixty-six bekas!

(Groan)

You'd think a shapeshifter would have an easier time getting out of a tangle!

Do not flip that back on me, I already told you, you're in a locking position!

Ya' know what, fine! But you don't get to cry when I-

(Grunt)

-ruffle a few dogfeathers!

(Yelp)

(Nervous Chuckle)

Now would be a good time to move, Dog.

Everyone else is up, they're going to start staring!

I don't care how, just make us further apart-!

(Yelp)

Put me down, put me down, put me-!

(Clear Throat)

That was your best solution?

I would think if you had the position to carry me bridal, you'd have been able to just, I don't know, roll me off?

Well, it would have attracted less attention than this! How am I suppose to face anyone here now?

(Laugh)

Are you honestly trying to suggest that I enjoyed that?

No, clearly, there's just more fur in that head. You practically throw yourself at me at this public party and then-

You might as well have! And it doesn't seem like you're all too mad about!

Oh really?

No! I don't care, let 'em stare! I want everyone to see what happens to useless, stupid, mutts who dare to-!

(Confused Kiss)

Lilith? What in sweet Hell was that?

About time we-? Oh no! No no no, that is not what's happening here!

See? The dog speaks. I don't know what signals any of you are seeing, but-!

(Stammer)

That was- wa- you saw that?

Right! That was years ago, a different time, it didn't mean anything.

Anything?

Yeah, anything, nothing, not a thing, neither of us cared. Montecarlo is nothing but a memory to me, us, a pointless memory!

Ya' know what? I don't need any of this! I don't! I've socialized, I played nice with the dog, Lilith, I'm leaving!

And I'm taking the bacon shrimp with me!

[A Gentle Lapping Of Waves Replaces The Party's Chatter]

They kick you out too, Dog?

I know you're back there, just... come here. You know that trick, right?

(Chuckle)

They might as well have.

I was making a scene; they all wanted me to leave. I just did them a favor. Your turn.

To tell me why you're here, Mutt.

(Sigh)

Right, right. Well, Daeva's my ride back to Hell, so I guess you're stuck keeping an eye on me for a while.

Bacon-wrapped shrimp?

(Chuckle)

You're such a dog.

Hey, they could be poisoned, it could be evil.

Eh, it's not like there'd be any point. I don't have anything strong enough to kill such a blessed little puppy. At best, I'd get you sick, and it'd be such a pain if you puked on me.

Count your blessings.

I can hear you thinking from here, what is it, cat got your tongue?

Heh, you too?

You're asking about Montecarlo, it's pretty clear what you're thinking. And it's pathetic, ya' know.

(Sigh)

Well obviously, I'm not gonna answer that, and so obviously, the answer is yes, isn't it?

I remember it every time I see you. Makes my blood boil sometimes, to be honest. So yeah, I wouldn't call it nothing.

(Chuckle)

It lights me up, because you're a disgusting, scruffy, golden child, and for all the stupid you are, I must be worse to have ever seen you as anything else.

(Huff)

Yeah, I did. Once.

(Scoff)

For a long time, I thought it was gonna be you and me.

Look at us now.

Like we were happy before?

Is that so?

What about all the other parts, Mutt? What about the looks and the snarls and spending every day a little annoyed that our "partner" was what they were, instead of like us?

Get a grip. We had something, sure, but... it wasn't that. It never could have been. This, Angel? This is all we are. All we'll ever be together. Barbed comments, conflicting wants, and some put-on civility at the holidays.

(Chuckle)

Cheers to that.

(Drink)

What? You thought I'd bring spike for the punch and nothing for me?

You'd be amazed what I can fit in a hollowed-out chest cavity.

(Chuckle)

Maybe.

Hey Barkfeathers. You know I hate you, right?

Just thinking about what Lilith said. What she clearly thought, mashing our faces together. By the sounds of it, maybe she's not the only one who thinks that, either. That we don't. But you do, right?

Me too. Wanna prove it?

Well, the way I see it, we have an empty beach here. Seems like most of the party is even trying to stay out of sightline.

And the view was half the point of the venue, idiot. They're clearly trying to give us privacy!

Hells, I know you're not that innocent, Angel. Those morons up there think they're playing matchmaker! Think as soon as we have some quiet, together, that we'll open up, and kiss, and swoon or whatever. But that's not true, is it?

Then they deserve a bite for barking up the wrong tree. Or justice, or setting the record straight, whatever you need to call it.

So let's bite. They think we'll crumble at the first hint of alone time? Well they're dead wrong. Let's show 'em that it could be a day in Manhattan, a night at the Clover Club, or Sex on the Beach, and it still wouldn't change a thing.

Mutt. Look at me. Look me in the eyes.

I am a demonic, unavailable, sociopathic, sacrilegious, pessimistic, backstabbing, toxic mess of a cat, and I hate you more than I could ever say. Do you hate me too?

Perfect.

(Kiss)

[A Slight Shift As The Sand Settles Under Two Bodies]