

# Reverse Cupid does NOT have a (big, huge, MASSIVE) crush on you

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... = listener is speaking or general pause

[words] = sound effects and sounds

(words) = tone/mood/voice direction

{words} = replace with desired pronouns, subject, alternative etc. or do away with it as you please

**\*Speaker once again starts off bitter and sharp, turning even more shrill once they learn the nature of their surroundings. Slowly, they let their guard down... But they should be more cautious— All is not fair in Love and War.**

## **\*Script Start\***

*[Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap]*

*[Speaker taps their foot and huffs impatiently, the steady beat giving off a slight echo, unmistakably annoyed]*

...

*[Listener appears out of nowhere and hurries toward Speaker]*

...

*[Speaker abruptly stops tapping their foot]*

(flatly; annoyed)

You're late. What the hell.

...

(cutting off Listener)

Yeah, yeah---whatever. Don't care. Let's just---

*[Pause of scrutiny]*

(judgmental; wrinkling their nose)

What are you wearing?

...

(flatly; still not entirely invested)

“*Disguises*”. Why would you---?

(their expression drops)

Wait.

*[Pause as Speaker pieces things together]*

(adamantly as they figure it out)

No. No, no, no, no--- I am *not* wearing that.

...

Because you look--- what’s the word, how do I put this--- *ridiculous*. You know, just because you *are* a fool, doesn’t mean you have to dress like one, too. Why do we even *need* disguises?

...

(echoing incredulously) We’re going “*down there*”. Why?? You’ve been meddling in Palamedes and Livia’s lives from afar this whole time.

...

Well. Going down to Earth won’t change anything--- certainly won’t improve the odds of your so far *catastrophic* attempts at manufacturing sparks between them.

Give up. Nothing you can do will help your situation. Cancel this whole thing and take that stupid thing off.

...

(flatly; unamused with Listener’s prurient interpretation/insinuation)

I didn’t mean it like *that* and you *know it*.

...

(bitten out; through gritted teeth)

I’m *not. Putting. That. On.*

...

Fine! You don't have to pull the "no sabotaging" card. When this whole thing blows up, don't say it's because I didn't make good on my promises.

(with disdain)

Gods, what the *hell* is that getup. It's so... stereotypically Erote. Like what those creepy statues they make of us in crown moldings look like--- all flower crowns and drapey, shimmery *scraps* of fabric. It's like they think we go frolicking around in meadows, rolling around in sun-soaked flowers *naked*. I don't even---

*[Sigh of frustration]*

Whatever. Just give me mine.

...

(shocked outrage)

Wha---

Why is mine *pink*??

---

*[Speaker and Listener are now high up in a cavernous chamber, distant sounds below echoing within the huge space]*

*[Fabric rustles for an extended period as Speaker shifts around]*

...

*[Speaker settles into stillness]*

*[Beat of silence where only the ambient noise of the building is heard]*

...

*[Speaker adjusts their positioning once again and makes a small noise of discomfort]*

...

*[Speaker stops moving again]*

...

*[Another beat of silence]*

...

*[Speaker gives a small hiss of pain and begins another round of fidgeting--]*

(a hissed whisper)

*What. I am* sitting still.

...

(crabby; irritable)

Well, what do you expect? We've been posing as statues up here in the ceiling for *hours*.

My back is killing me, my legs are cramping, there's a weird stabbing feeling in my side, and this pink *contraption* that you made me wear is chafing.

...

(sharply hissing; clearly not whispering)

No, *you* be quiet. I *am* whispering, see? I'm so soundless, you wouldn't even hear me coming if I pushed you off this ledge.

And I'd do it, too. This is so *dull*--- sitting in silence just waiting for Palamedes and Livia in this dusty old--- what even is this place? A library? Institute? Conservatory?

...

(barely listening to what Listener said; dismissively)

--- Right, yeah. Whatever you said. Can we *go*? We both know whatever you're trying to pull won't work anyway, so can we just leave so that I won't have to suffer from boredom any longer?

...

(flatly; sarcastically)

Wow. What a tempting offer.

(pretending to consider)

Hmmm... Given the choice between talking to you and sitting here in silence?

I think I'd rather push *myself* off this ledge.

...

(starting off sarcastically)

Right. Yeah. Because what I want to do in my spare afternoon is spend *all* this time with you.

(continuing, intending everything as an insult, but their sentences are getting a little *too* specific, to the point where it almost seems... earnest?)

Yeah. I *dream* of talking to you for hours upon hours on end. I *love* being in matching outfits with you and being included in all your plans, and I certainly enjoy being... this close to you more... than... I... should---(cutting themself off abruptly, as if realizing what they're saying)

(under their breath; muttered to themself)

... What in Hades...

...

(dismissively)

... No, something weird just happened, but I...

*[Slight pause of confusion]*

(shaking themself from their thoughts)

Whatever. Let's just go back to waiting and doing absolutely *nothing*.

...

*[Relapse into beat of silence]*

...

*[Speaker hisses in slight pain once again, shifting around]*

...

No, it's just--- my side feels weird. Can you take a look? Did you accidentally stick me with one of those pins when you were helping me into this outfit?

...

Huh.

(without thinking; not intending to say these thoughts aloud)

Yeah--- it stings a little but mostly I'm just bitching because shifting around means I can scoot closer to you.

...

*[Pause of realization. Suspicious "why did I say that?" silence]*

...

(confused)

Uhhhhh....

(trying to move on; shaking themself from their thoughts)

I'll be fine. Especially if you keep paying attention to me like this.

Wait. Why did I say that---?

...

*[Listener interjects to keep Speaker from questioning what's happening]*

...

(sharply)

*What?*

No, I---!

I'm not some lame-legged fawn. I don't need you to 'tend to my *wounds*'. What the hell gave you *that* impression? What, just because I'll find any excuse to get closer to you? Just because the thought of you doting on me is enough to pretend I'm in more pain than I am? Just because I want your hands all over me---

*[Speaker slaps a hand over the mouth]*

...

*[Pause]*

Wait--- you said this place was...

(trying to remember; piecing it together; sounding it out)

Ale---

Alethe...

(figured it out)

The *Aletheon*??

As in the scholar temple of *Aletheia*, goddess of *truth*?

...

I knew you were up to something--- you and that big, beautiful brain of yours.

I mean--- that *annoying*, beautiful brain of yours

I mean---

*[“Arghhhh” of frustration]*

You took me somewhere where we can *only speak the truth??*

...

(flatly; unconvinced)

Right. You “guided” *Palamedes* and *Livia* somewhere they can only speak the truth. I suppose the effect it has on *me* is just an added bonus, isn’t it?

...

Stop smiling like that. You throw me off balance when you just *look* at me, and when you smile---

*[Speaker cuts themself off by slapping a hand over their mouth, muffling the end of their sentence]*

...

*[Annoyed huff]*

(annoyed; trying to move on before Listener can process what Speaker just said)

Anyway---

*[Listener tries to interject to ask “what do you mean I throw you off balance”]*

(insistent; powering through; allowing no room for any topic other than the one they’re trying to shift the conversation to)

Anyway--- what makes you think a fusty old temple-Lyceum hybrid would do anything for *Palamedes* and *Livia*. They hate each other. They’re genuinely hopeless.

...

(flatly; unconvinced)

Right. Well, let’s just say, for posterity’s sake that their initial meeting went well instead of horribly wrong. Let’s also say that all the quests you conjured up for them made them

respect each other rather than amplify their differences. And, what the hell, let's also say they even regard each other as *human beings* rather than rival scum, just for shits and giggles. To give you a fighting chance. There's *still* not enough compatibility between them for even Cupid's arrows to bring them together--- how do you think *this* place will help them?

...

Dusty tomes and scrolls are *not* attractive. (without thinking) I think you're the only being that could make *academia* sexy.

*[Realizing what they said; clearing their throat]*

(loudly; rushed; as if raising their volume and beating Listener to the punch will magically take back their words)

--- *My point being*---

(realizing they were *too* loud; embarrassed for more than 1 reason; lowering their voice)

*My point being*--- this is the absolute *worst* place to kickstart a relationship for any *normal* pair of humans--- much less *these* two. It's totally unromantic.

...

(slightly offended)

(scoffing) Wow. You know, even though I'm relatively new at my job and I *hate* it, I still know a lot about how mortals operate. I may have only been doing this for three centuries, but my previous life as a mortal gives me a distinct area of knowledge that you born-Erotes don't have.

I know what it's like to be a human.

I know how it *feels*, and so I'm intimately familiar with how a heart is captured.

(curiously bitter)

... I'm intimately familiar with how one breaks, too.

...

(dismissively)

Yeah, yeah, when I was a mortal--- (realizing; cutting themself off)

Wait.

... You don't remember?

...

(a little too sharply, almost accusingly)

What? No! I-I had a *life*. I was *human*. I was destined to have a future, to grow old, to die one day, and then your kind took that away from me. I wasn't born an Erote, and that's why I'll never truly think or *be* like---

(almost meekly; vulnerable)

... You really don't remember?

...

(walls are up again; brushing it off; returning to cold-heartedness)

Well. It doesn't matter anyway. All I'm saying is that this place won't work in your favor. I'm just wondering why you ever thought it would.

...

*[Bitter laugh]*

Oh, that's *rich* coming from *you*.

...

(vicious; biting; as if in retribution)

I "*mean*" it's weird that *you* of all people should say that--- but what the hell, I'll break the news to you *hard*, as is my joy and passion: letting these two speak their minds to each other unfiltered, uncovering every cracked, bleeding surface and ugly thought will *not* make them love each other. In fact, I see them hating each other even more.

...

*Really*. And why do you think that?

...

(sputtering)

I---! I do *not*---

*[Slight pause to think on their words]*

*[Scuff]*

(sneering)

This place “revealed” nothing between you and me.

Trust me. What I feel for *you* is far from a *crush*.

(more cutting than necessary; delighting in their cruelty; rising in anger and energy as they keep going)

But you know what? It’s funny. *Hilarious*, even, how ironic it is---

You say that Love is built on Truth, that nothing so sweet can subsist on lies, when I know for a *fact*, when I know *firsthand*, that it’s the complete opposite.

It’s used to *manipulate*--- to make people into wide-eyed, mindless puppets.

Truth?? *Truth*??

Love *bends* the truth. Makes you see only what you want to see so that you’re someone’s perfect mirage, pliant and gullible. All the pain, ignored, all the exploitation, overlooked, only seeing whatever you want to see even when it *hurts*---

*[Speaker abruptly cuts off, hissing again in pain]*

No, it’s--- it’s just my side again. I have no idea what’s going on.

*[Speaker takes a few moments, heavy breathing slowly steadyng as they regain their composure]*

(starting off quiet, then building to a simmering rage that doesn’t quite meet the energy of their previous ranting, but is meant to induce chills)

... But do you know what doesn’t lie?

Do you know what *forces* you to confront every fault, every defect, every deficiency? To see someone as they are?

*Hate.*

It’s brutal. It’s honest.

It’s a knife targeting raw, putrid wounds--- but at least it never mistakes what it strikes.

The closest you’ll ever get to *real* Truth is *Hate*--- because Hate doesn’t *want* to soften edges. Hate *refuses* to entertain falsehoods. Hate will carve you up and tear you apart--- savoring you in all your broken, bleeding glory with clear eyes and a smile.

Hate yearns to lay waste and devastate, yes--- but to do that, it must *know*. Must *understand*. Must *see*.

*[Slight pause of satisfaction]*

Huh. Maybe this place isn't so bad, after all.

...

(sneering; goading)

I'd take faithful loathing over blind devotion any day. And since we're here, in this place, blessed by Aletheia herself, you *know* I mean every rotten word.

How comforting: knowing someone strives to memorize the shape of you. How intimate: anticipating being cut clean to the bone--- all because someone took the time to learn exactly where you're soft. You can't deny it.

...

(a little too insistent; forceful)

Oh, come on. You *can't* deny it.

With Aletheia to witness and corroborate, speak the truth.

*Say it.*

Say you hate me, too.

...

(quietly; they got what they wanted but they seem... disappointed?)

Right...

... Just like that.

...

*[A few beats of tense silence; Speaker and Listener don't know what to say to each other]*

...

*[Listener abruptly asks a question]*

...

... *What?* All that, and *that's* what you ask?

Avoiding reality, as always. Skirting the truth. Turning to soft, easy, comfortable inanities...

...

No. I'm not going to tell you. It's none of your business. Why does it even matter?

...

*[Silence marking the end of the conversation, but it's strangely contemplative]*

...

(reluctant; with apprehension that masks some sort of... fear?)

... This isn't a trick, right?

You really want to know just... because?

...

*[Speaker falls silent. Just when Listener thinks that they won't answer, that they're done talking, they speak again]*

...

*[A sigh of reluctant acquiescence]*

(softly; reminiscing; confessing; lost in memories)

I was a king, once.

In the figurative sense, of course. Powerful. Admired by all. Charismatic. Alluring. Magnetic.

Irresistibly gorgeous.

--- it goes without saying that I was *wildly* narcissistic too, doesn't it?

I wanted for practically nothing in life, but I made *certain* everything in life wanted *me*. I was brought many a trifle, tribute, and treasure. Hoarding away these conquests like trophies... And I knew *just* how to get them, too--- knew how to craft the perfect party or outing, weaving *just* the right words, tailored specifically to enchant my mark...

(resurfacing from their reminiscing)

So...

*That's* how I know your plan won't work. You can't make them fall in love this way.

(curiously bitter)

I'm the master at this sort of thing, after all.

...

(with derision; sharply) No. You're not a master. I think that *you're*...

(softening; unable to finish) ... You're something else.

...

What an odd question...

(as if they're going to answer)

I---

...

(as if they changed their mind; like they can't complete their sentence, for some reason)

... I don't know...

(dismissive; overly derisive in an attempt to shut down the topic)

I'm not the type to conjure up romantic trysts in my spare time, much less dream up trysts *for myself*. I don't know what my ideal rendezvous would be...

...

*[A couple of beats of silence; Speaker and Listener don't know what to say to each other, and Listener thinks the conversation is over]*

...

(blurting it out; abruptly; like they couldn't keep it in anymore)

Lake.

I've always loved Lakes.

*[Pause of instant regret]*

*Gods*. This place just--- even when you don't want to, it just pulls the truth right out of you, doesn't it?

...

(defensively; trying to justify their answer)

It's not just the lake itself, it's the canoe, it's the nature, it's the peace and quiet, it's the---

(growing embarrassed)

You know what?

No. I don't have to explain myself to you.

...

--- No, no. Can we just---?

(hating that they have to resort to asking anything of Listener; bitterly)

Can you just pretend you didn't hear that?

(hating the situation as a whole (but why??); more sadly)

Can you just... do what you've been doing this whole time and just pretend you didn't hear that?

...

*[Snort]*

(teasing) Of *course* you think a canoeing lake excursion is beautiful. You think *everything* is beautiful. You'd think an outing to the public *latrines* was beautiful.

...

*Fine*. I guess since I can't lie, I'm *forced* to agree: You have a point. But you embellish it way too much.

The right company *does* make life more... bearable. Not *beautiful*, perhaps, as you're always insisting, but certainly...

Better...

...

*[Laugh]*

An "*improvement*"? How can *you* improve *my* ideal date that *I* came up with?

...

(softly; completely losing their sharpness)

Hm. Well would you look at that. Yet another concession I'm forced to make.

Stargazing, huh? It's always *stars* with you: "Written in the stars", "star crossed love", "woven in starlight"...

It's so very... *mortal*. Again: I should know.

Looking to higher powers, searching the skies as if their fate were spelled out there--- but it doesn't make sense for *you*. You *live* in the heavens, you *are* a celestial phenomenon.

And so, if such things tied to the stars are for mortals... what does that mean for us?

...

*[Small laugh]*

(echoing their earlier teasing, but fondly and softer this time)

Of course you'd think that...

In any case, I have to admit: You improved upon my lake tryst fantasies. You're right. You *do* make things...

Better...

...

*[Speaker hisses once again in pain]*

*Ow.* Okay, there's *definitely* something wrong. Are you *sure* there's nothing poking into my side or something?

...

No, I swear, it's like...

Like I feel this shooting pain...

Like--- like something's stuck in me, and---

*[Speaker finds what's causing them pain]*

...

(quietly; not wanting to believe the betrayal)

... What is this...

Did you...?

...

(blindsided; extremely hurt)

Are you *serious*??

*You stabbed me with one of your arrows??*

...

--- *No.*

Stay away.

I can't believe it!

This whole time, you were just---?

...

This *whole* thing was just a part of your plan to make me relent, wasn't it? You were going to make me fall in love with you so that you could win this whole bargain.

...

*Stop.* Don't twist your words. Don't dance around your answers.

You can't lie to me. Not here.

Word for word: Tell me it isn't true. Tell me you weren't just *using* me.

Tell me that all... *that was real.* That you *felt something.*

...

*[Listener stays silent (... but why??)]*

...

*[Speaker Interprets silence as admission of guilt]*

*[A pained, dead laugh]*

You really got me, didn't you. I bought this whole act of yours.

*Again.*

...

*[Bitter pause]*

...

I'm leaving. And you can forget about me accompanying you to anymore of these *things*--- I can't even *look at you* right now.

...

*[Another pained, helpless laugh]*

(a confession with no softness, no tenderness; an admittance of defeat, more than anything)

Isn't it obvious? It's so clear, and still you *refuse* to see:

I'm *already* in love with you. I've always been.

That's the whole *problem*.