LILITH: You poison them.
ANGEL OF DEATH: I don’t do it randomly, only the ones who are fated to die, you know that. And even then, the ones who are evil, they only have to be a good person and I spare them. Yours don’t even get that chance.
LILITH: It's not like I don’t give them enough chances to escape me. Their parents only have to keep my name about and I'll stay away.
ANGEL OF DEATH: And the ones that don't?
LILITH: I retrieve them. They don’t die painfully at least, not like yours.
ANGEL OF DEATH: Hey! Not all of them die painfully! I only use the best poisons!
LILITH: You don’t have a choice! It drips off your sword, schlemiel.
ANGEL OF DEATH: (Mutters) No, it doesn't… (beat) Don’t you have someone to seduce, or a soul to reap or something?
LILITH: You're no fun, fine. I have to go to a senator who's all alone for the weekend, ripe for the picking. Should be fun. Want to join?
ANGEL OF DEATH: (Rolls eyes) You, better than anyone, should know that I can't go to them unless they're on the list.
LILITH: Oh well, more fun for me then.