It was a dark and stormy night. And the last time Darian had a dark and stormy night was about 2 weeks ago.

An attractive woman in a trench coat, perhaps in her mid 50’s, rushes through the rain to the cover of a warehouse. She pulls off her wide brimmed hat and shakes the water off. She peers around the dark interior of the abandoned warehouse. She could sense several people within, although several seemed…odd.

A match flair alerted her to a couple of figures in the middle of the room, one of which used the match to light a cigarette. Just before the match was tossed to the ground, she made out a person huddled in a ragged cloak, and an enormous figure towering over the match lighter.

“So, lady” He spoke and a rough voice “here’s the deal. I know you like power, and I happen to have a friend who is fond of giving it out. I’d be willing to set up a meet and greet.”

“What do you wish of me in exchange?” she said, immediately regretting the eagerness in her voice. “How do I know you have any power? I don’t even know who you are.” She heard a giggle from the huddled man in rags.

Suddenly the room flared purple, as a man in gothic armor appeared, flaming wings holding him aloft.

“How DARE you speak to him as though he were some common mortal!” he yelled, a flaming sword appearing in its hands. The purple light showed the other three figures again. She could now see the enormous being she had briefly spotted earlier was a twelve-foot tall demon.

The original speaker held up a hand and spoke calmly “Not now Vengeance, we need her.” He then looked at her, his eyes slightly behind greasy hair. “Lady, I have a demon and a fallen angel working for me. Is that enough proof? EQ, give her the stuff.”

The huddled figure moved forward quickly. As it got closer, she swore it was carrying on a conversation with itself. It thrust out a hand, with a stack of ragged papers.

“Those’ll give you the info you need. Should be simple, but if I were you, I’d make sure you had some backup. Just bust in, get Ravenstick’s kid.”

“I have to leave town for a while. I’m a bit of a celebrity at the moment. Once you’re done, I’ll be back.” All four turned to leave, and a coldness passed by her left and she saw a black figure fade into the shadows.

She also noticed, laying on the ground, and man dressed like one of the bad guys from Stargate. He was tied up and unconscious. A note was literally pinned to his chest reading “How about some Egyptian food?” He ‘smelled’ Delicious.

END OF CUT SCENE