

WELCOME! PLEASE ENTER AND ABIDE BY OUR SIMPLE RULES...NO MURDER OR CANNIBALISM EXCEPT IN THE MARKED AREAS, NO CHEATING--UNLESS YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT--AND PLEASE CHECK ALL UNHOLY INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION AT THE WEAPONS CHECK DOWN THE HALL TO YOUR RIGHT.

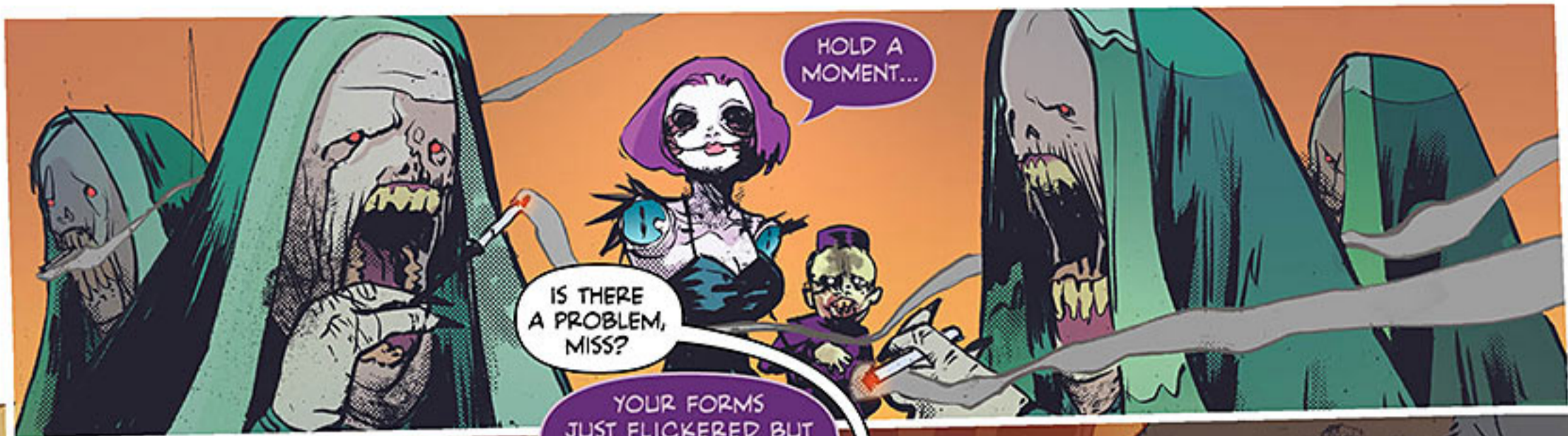
IF YOU ARE WEARING A HUMAN SKIN TONIGHT, WE WILL HAVE IT CLEANED AND REVITALIZED FOR YOU BEFORE YOU'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE. THAT IS...IF YOU SURVIVE.

BECAUSE THE WITCHING HOUR NEVER ENDS...HERE AT CLUB MIDNIGHT.

Midnight

MIDNIGHT IN THE V.I.P. ROOM OF GOOD AND EVIL

MING DOYLE & JAMES TYNION IV-WRITERS
RILEY ROSSMO-FINISHES & COVER BRIAN LEVEL-BREAKDOWNS
IVAN PLASCENCIA-COLOR TOM NAPOLITANO-LETTERS
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM-GROUP EDITOR ANDY KHOURI & AMEDSO TURTURRO-EDITORS



HOLD A MOMENT...

IS THERE A PROBLEM, MISS?

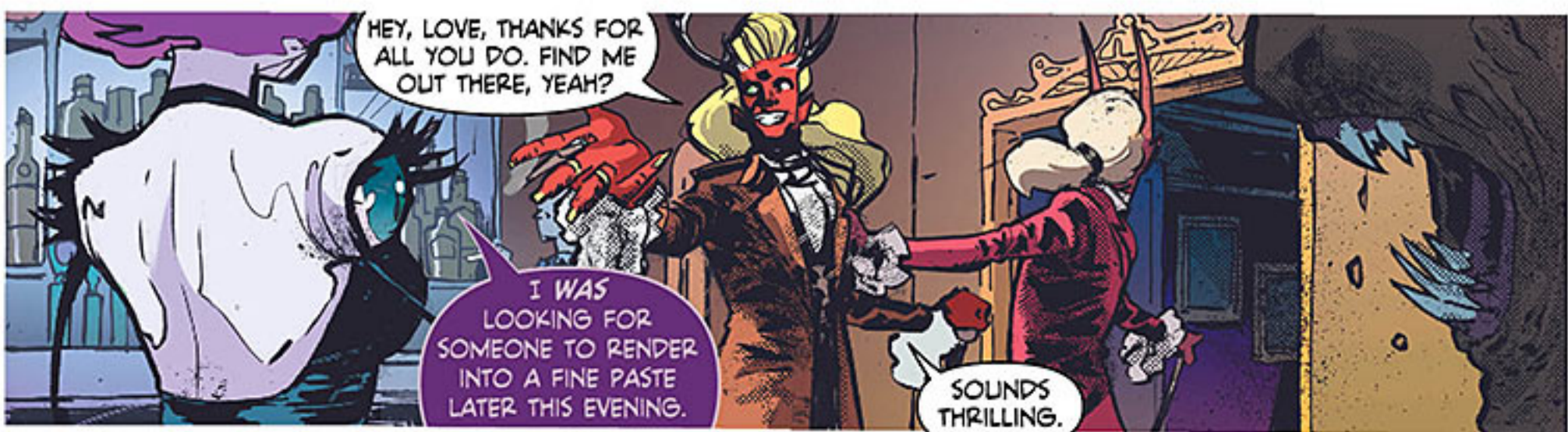
YOUR FORMS JUST FLICKERED BUT YOU'RE SHAPE-SHIFTERS, AREN'T YOU?



CAME STRAIGHT UP FROM THE CITY OF DIS TO GET A TASTE OF THE FUN. THOUGHT ANTLERS MIGHT HELP IMPRESS THE PRETTIEST THINGS ON EIGHT LEGS UP HERE.

YES, WE DO.

VERY WELL. YOU MUST HOLD YOUR PRESENT FORM FOR THE EVENING, OR WE WILL HAVE TO REMOVE YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



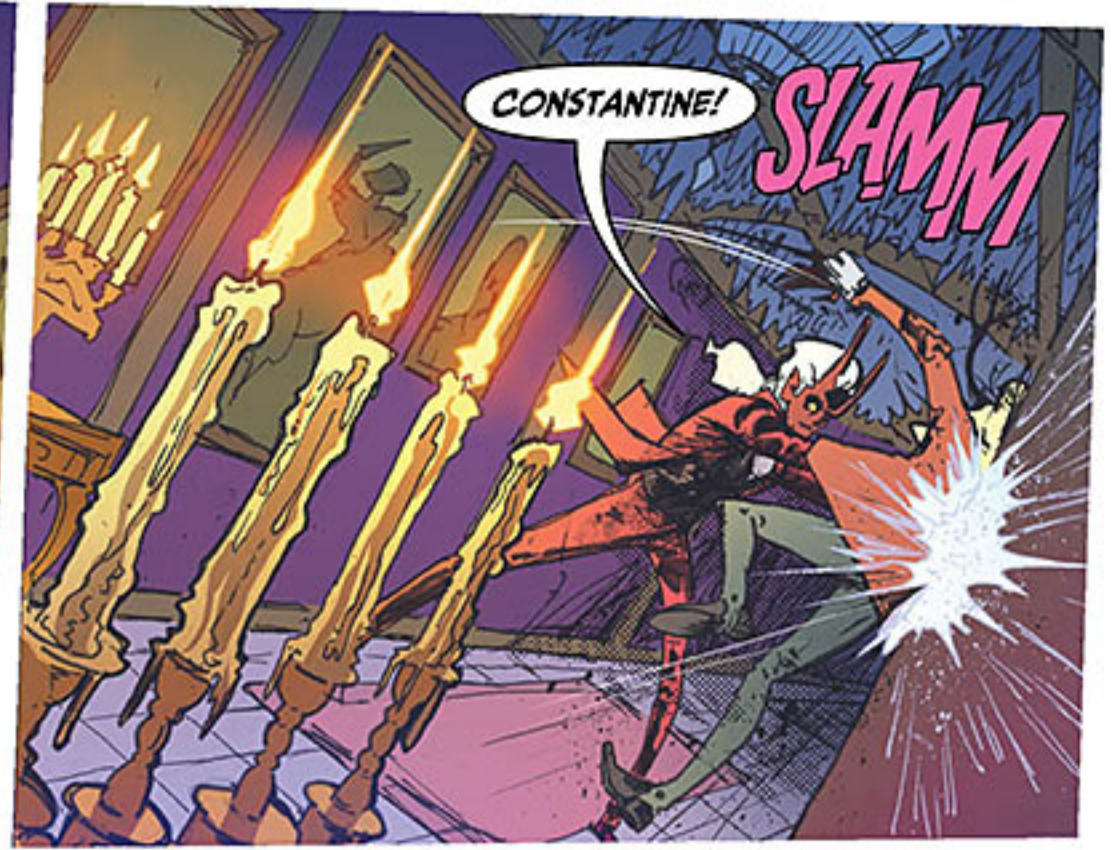
HEY, LOVE, THANKS FOR ALL YOU DO. FIND ME OUT THERE, YEAH?

I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO RENDER INTO A FINE PASTE LATER THIS EVENING.

SOUNDS THRILLING.



SEE?
WHAT DID I
TELL YOU?
EASY AS--

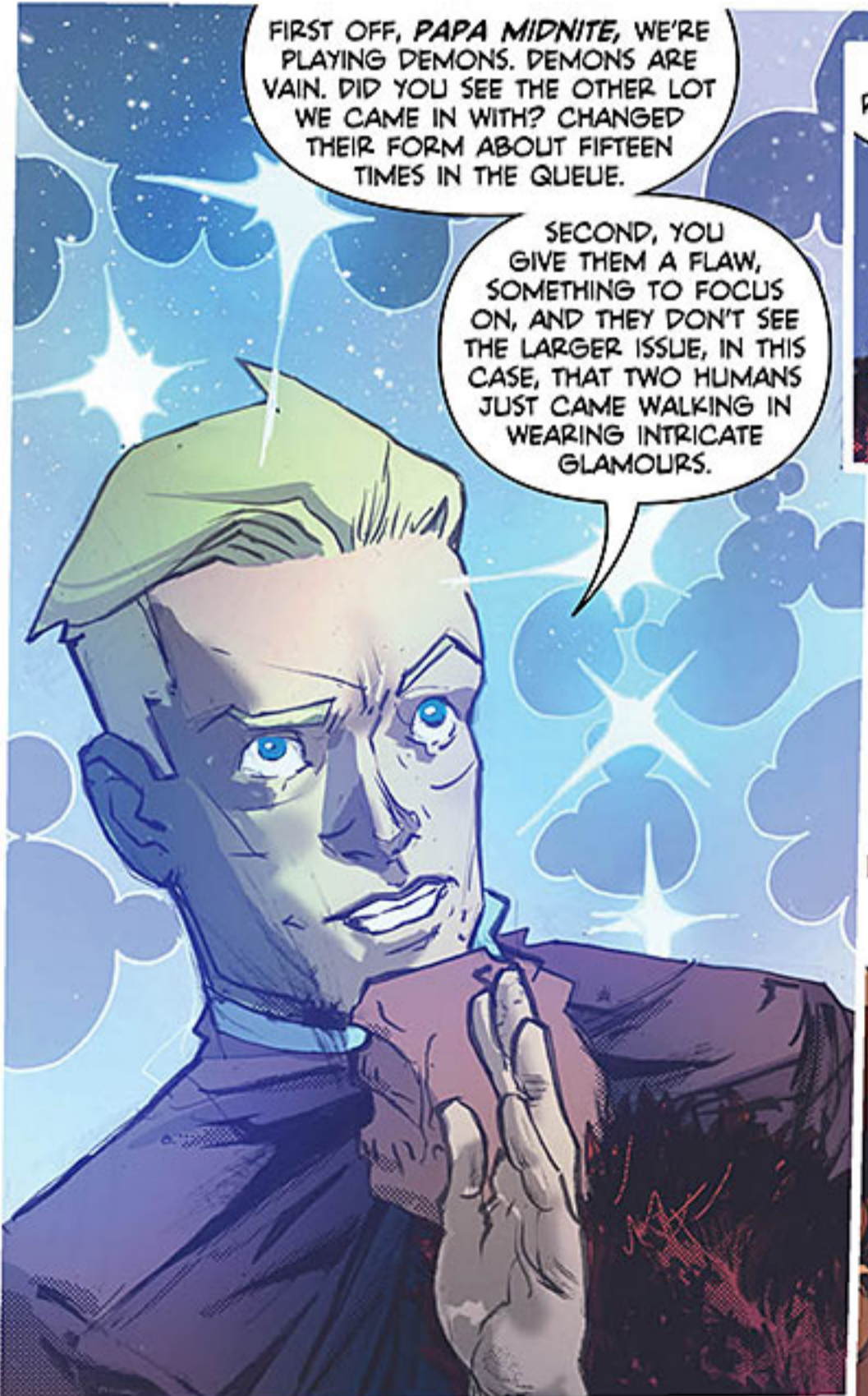


CONSTANTINE!

SLAMM



YOU ARE MAKING A FOOL
OF YOURSELF, AND YOU *WILL*
GET US CAUGHT. CHANGING
OUR FORMS RIGHT AS WE
GET THROUGH THE DOOR.
YOU ARE A MANIAC.



FIRST OFF, PAPA MIDNITE, WE'RE
PLAYING DEMONS. DEMONS ARE
VAIN. DID YOU SEE THE OTHER LOT
WE CAME IN WITH? CHANGED
THEIR FORM ABOUT FIFTEEN
TIMES IN THE QUEUE.

SECOND, YOU
GIVE THEM A FLAW,
SOMETHING TO FOCUS
ON, AND THEY DON'T SEE
THE LARGER ISSUE, IN THIS
CASE, THAT TWO HUMANS
JUST CAME WALKING IN
WEARING INTRICATE
GLAMOURS.



YOU ARE A MAGICIAN,
RIGHT? YOU *HAVE* HEARD
OF MISDIRECTION?

WOULDN'T
THINK OF IT,
PAPA.

DO
NOT BERATE ME,
CONSTANTINE.

YOU'VE BEEN
REDECORATING.

A KING
MUST TAKE
PRIDE IN HIS
KINGDOM.

YEAH,
WELL, *THERE*
ARE NEW KINGS
ABOUT, AREN'T
THERE?



WHEN I FIRST CAME TO NEW YORK CITY YEARS BACK, I WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED MID-SLEEP BY THREE MEN WITH LIFELESS FACES AND THEIR MOUTHS SEWN SHUT.

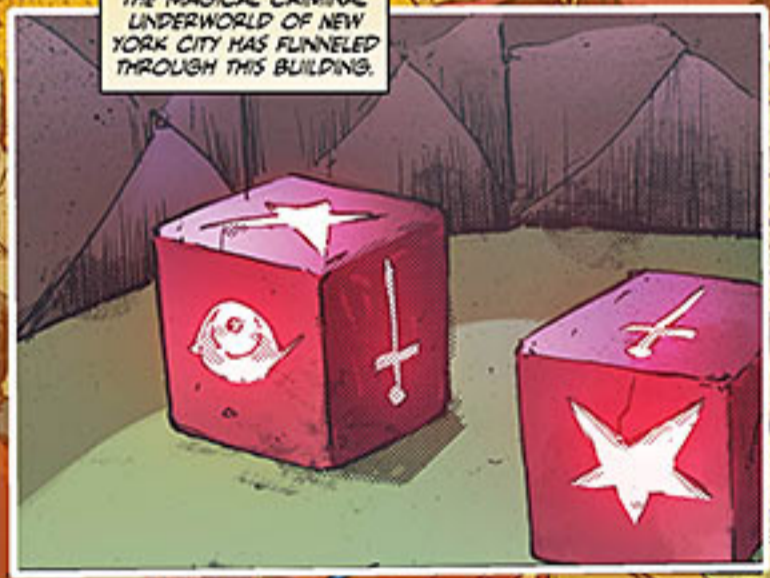


THEY BLEW A STRANGE POWDER IN MY FACE AND SHOVED ME INTO A BAG. WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS IN A PENTHOUSE, OVERLOOKING THE CITY, AND A DEEP VOICE RUMBLED BEHIND ME THAT EVERYTHING I COULD SEE BELONGED TO HIM.

(I TOLD HIM I'D SEEN LION KING, TOO, AND HE HIT ME IN THE HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF A MACHETE.)



HE TOLD ME THAT FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS, THE MAGICAL CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD OF NEW YORK CITY HAS FUNNELED THROUGH THIS BUILDING.



THE HEART OF DARKNESS IN NEW YORK CITY, ALL THANKS TO THE WORK OF ONE MAN, WHO THOUGHT HE OWNED IT ALL.

PAPA MIDNITE.

