

INT. ETERNITY, MEETING ROOM 1B

Three HOODED FIGURES sit around an oblong table, the furniture isolated in a blank white space. The pale hood of PESTILENCE tilts as he glances at his neighbour.

PESTILENCE
So, how are things going?

As FAMINE responds, he produces a BAG OF CRISPS. His skeletal hands pull it open and it immediately turns to dust.

FAMINE
(apathetic)
A little busier than normal. Which, you know, sucks. What about you?

PESTILENCE
Pretty much business as usual, though I've been dealing with some curveballs lately.

The both look over at DEATH - a shimmering, hooded robe of particularly ghostly silk, sat a little too far away at the head of the table. He remains silent.

FAMINE
Well...War is on his way, I think.

PESTILENCE
I thought he'd be here by now.

In a spiral of flame, WAR materialises nearby.

The horsemen at the table look wholly unfazed.

WAR
I have arrived!

PESTILENCE
Hello, War.

WAR
Now let's get straight to business!

An ARMOURED HAND emerges from his red robe and points accusatorily at Death.

WAR (CONT'D)
Death! You're stealing our thunder. Any time someone fears one of us, **you** get the credit! You're not the boss of us, and we deserve your respect - I'll beat it out of ya!