



LODGE MANSION.
SERVICE ENTRANCE.
AFTERNOON.

BLECH, DILLY!
THIS TASTES LIKE
OLD HOT DOGS AND
FARTS! WHAT HAVE
YOU BEEN **EATING**
LATELY??

IT'S JUST A LITTLE
LEFTOVER PIG BLOOD
FROM THE LAB. I DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO DRAW ANY
MORE SINCE **SOMEBODY**
TOOK TOO LONG
SHOPPING FOR
GEAR.

FIRST OF ALL, ONE CAN NEVER
TAKE "TOO LONG" SHOPPING.

SECONDLY, LET'S NOT HAVE
ANY MORE DISGUSTING
SURPRISES LIKE THIS, DILTON.
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.

I'LL, uh, RESEARCH SOME
BETTER ALTERNATIVES.

HERE'S
YOUR WALKIE,
I'LL KEEP IT SILENT
ON OVER AND OUTS
AND RESPOND ON
OVERS, OKAY?
GOT IT?

GOT IT.
VAMPIRE OR
NOT, I THINK
I CAN HANDLE
ONE OLD
DUDE.

WITH A LITTLE
LUCK, I'LL BE
FEASTING ON
SOME FILET
MIGNON
TONIGHT.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO NEED
MUCH LUCK WITH THE ARSENAL
WE'VE GOT. I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW YOU COULD **BUY**
HOLY WATER.

Oh, DILLY.
EVERYTHING'S
GOT A PRICE.



SO, YOU
READY TO
DO THIS?



IS A LODGE
CLOSET
COUTURE?



