

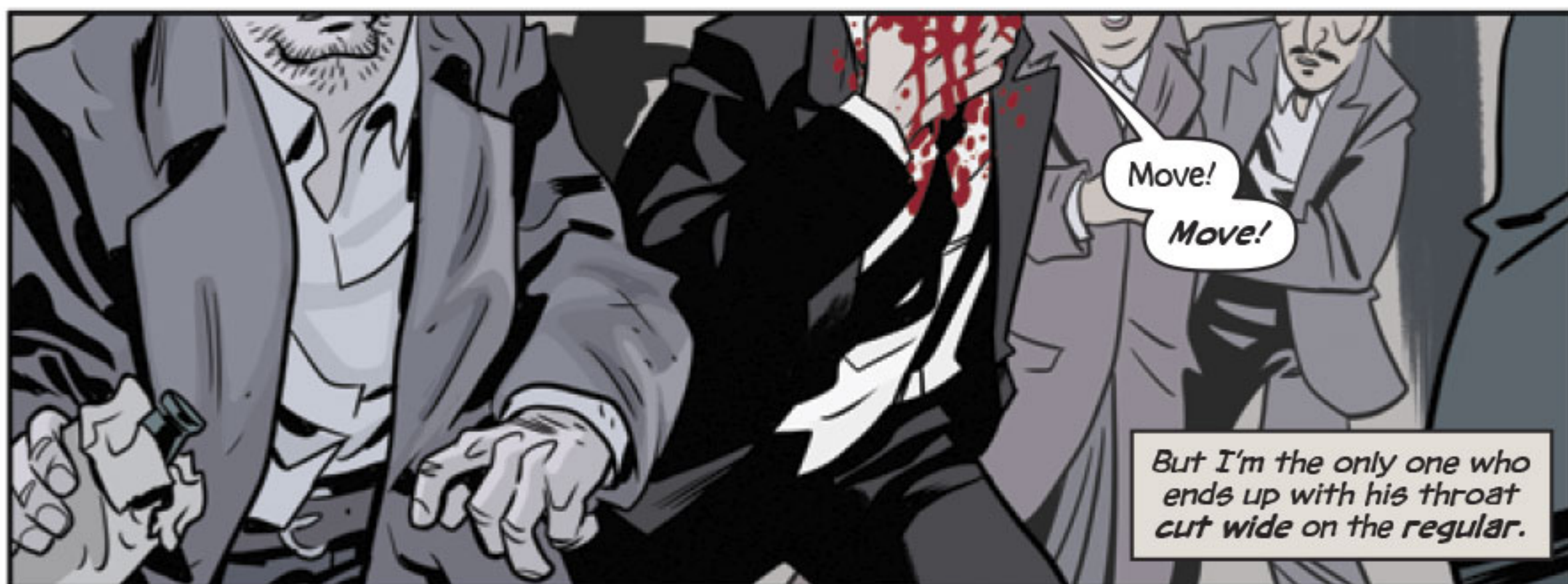


This town's got more than its share of grifters, skid rogues, and hatchet men.



I ought to know.

I count myself amongst them.



*Move!
Move!*

But I'm the only one who ends up with his throat cut wide on the regular.



Out of the way!

It's almost a joke among a certain class of scum.



They call it an
"Eddie Necktie."

If I'm being honest,
I don't find it all
that funny.



Hey,
buddy.

Somebody
messed you up
but good--



Don't
you touch
me!

Get
the [redacted]
back!

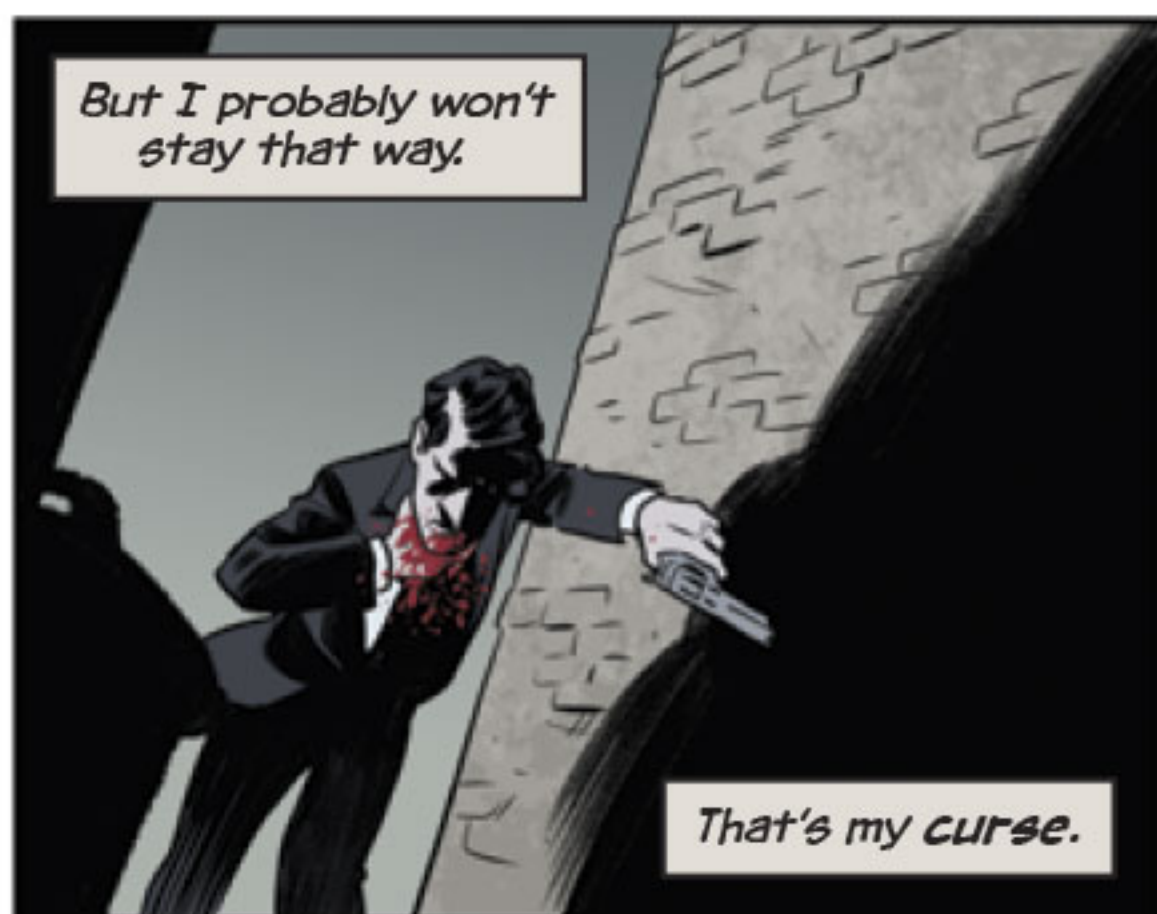
But I tend to lose my sense of humor
when my own blood's running down
the front of my shirt in buckets.



But here's the *real* gas.

Get lost, ya bum!

I might die... in fact, I *probably* will.



But I probably won't stay that way.

That's my *curse*.



But that's only *part* of it.



Because in order for me to come back from the hereafter, someone else has to take my place.

After I'm done breathing, anyone who touches my corpse goes *tits* up, while I'm on my feet again.



That's one of the reasons I try to limit my activities to specific *social* circles.

When I'm outside my element, innocent people tend to get hurt.



I do what I can to keep the *collateral* damage to a minimum, but like I said...

...I'm just one of many sons of
bitches who call this city home.

24 Hours Earlier.



Place is really
hopping tonight,
Mr. Tamblyn!

It's
just... just
something
else!

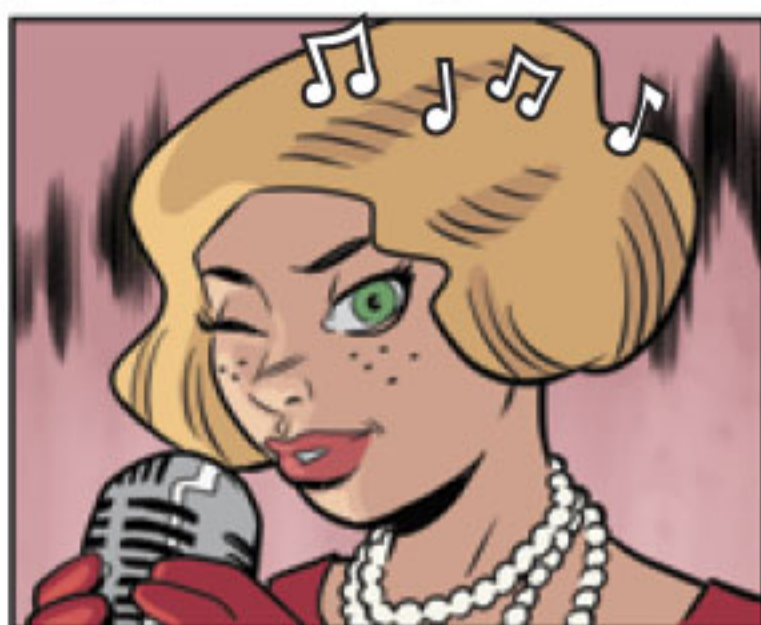
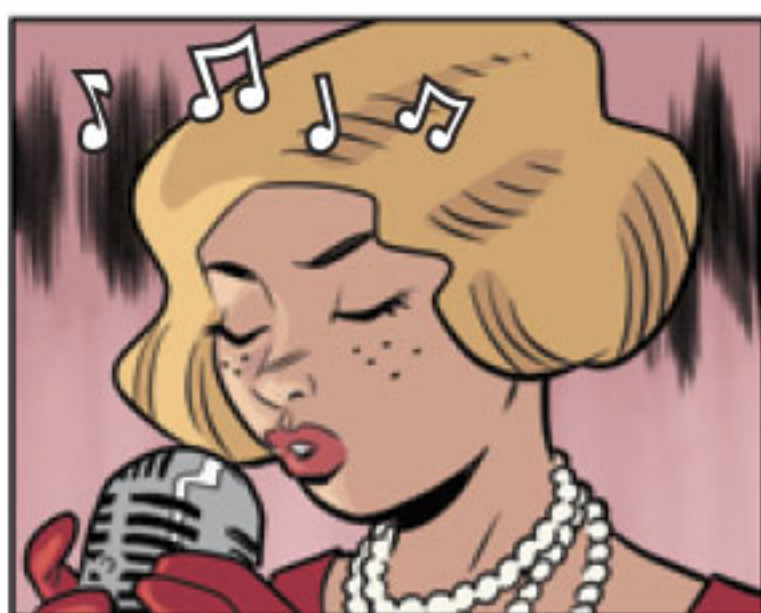


Hey, Ricky...

...how about
getting my Friends
here a couple of
drinks on the
house?

Yes, sir!







Can I help you gents?



Naw, naw.

Me and my mates here just thought we'd check out the ol' stomping grounds, y'know?

Have a few *drinks*, a few *laughs*.



Maybe you should look elsewhere.

Maybe you haven't heard, but the Gehenna Room's gone *exclusive*.

No demons allowed.



Now that ya mention it, I *did* hear something about that.



Thought it sounded like something might be *bad fer business*.

An' I thought you could make an *exception* if the mood struck ya.



I don't see my mood changing anytime soon.

So you can take your crew and drift.



C'mon, Eddie.

I mean--look--the average soul in this place is so *lily white*, won't none of your customers know the difference.



They'll never know there are demons amongst 'em.



I'll know.



Well, yeah, you'd know.

Yer one of *the damned*, Eddie, so yer eyes don't hide the *awfulness* from ya.

Yer an original *rule-breaker*, which is how I know you can look the other way as we shuffle on past, right?



Not hardly.



Time to shove off, fellas.

These guys might say they're just here for a good time, but demons have a way of talking out of the sides of their necks.

They're looking for someone.



The questions are:

Who?

And how bad am I getting screwed without even knowing it?



You know what, Eddie... this is yer place. Yer the *boss*.

Who am I to tell ya if ya know yer onions or not?

We'll *dangle* if that's how you like it.



But you should think about what's good fer yer *wellbeing... Financial an' otherwise.*

It's not a smart businessman who turns paying customers away at the door.



I'm *not* a businessman.



I'm just lucky enough to own a club where demons aren't allowed.

Yer rules, Eddie.



Yer *Funeral*.