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DANKILLER
JANE VS

THE DARKNESS



ENNIS • CONNER • PALMIOTTI



STRIPPER

NUMBER ONE

GARTH ENNIS SCRIPT

AMANDA CONNER PENCILS

JIMMY PALMIOTTI INKS

ATOMIC PAINTBRUSH COLOR SEPARATIONS

**RICHARD STARKINGS
& COMICRAFT'S
KOLJA FUCHS** LETTERS

**COMICRAFT'S
JOHN MARASIGAN** DESIGN

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THIS IS TERRENCE J. FLANNERY AND HE'S BEEN CALLED TERRY THE TURD ALL HIS LIFE BECAUSE ANY MONEY THE BASTARD EVER HAD HE STOLE FROM OTHER PEOPLE.

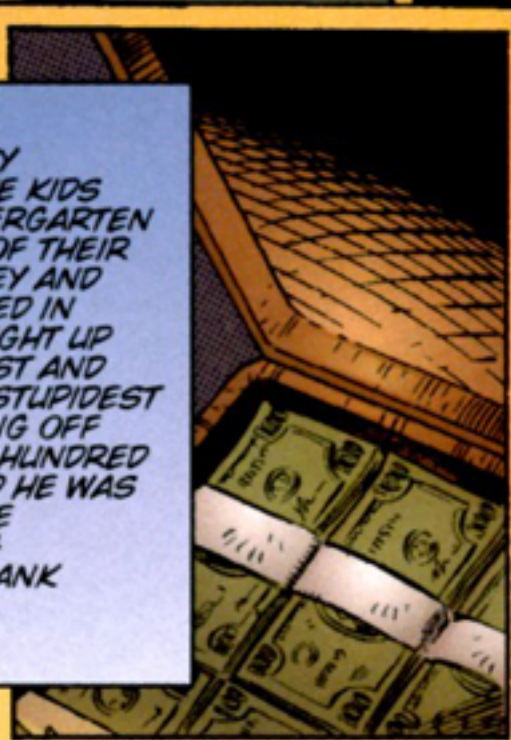


THIS IS JACKIE ESTACADO.

JACKIE IS SO SMOOTH YOU COULD SPREAD HIM ON TEN SLICES OF WHOLEWHEAT WITH ONE SWIPE AND HE'S VERY KEEN TO MEET TERRY THE TURD, WITH THE EXPRESS INTENTION OF CUTTING THE MISCREANT'S HEAD OFF AND TAKING IT HOME TO HIS UNCLE FRANKIE.



HE BEGAN BY TRICKING THE KIDS IN HIS KINDERGARTEN CLASS OUT OF THEIR LUNCH MONEY AND HE CONTINUED IN THIS VEIN RIGHT UP TO HIS LATEST AND BY FAR HIS STUPIDEST CON, WALKING OFF WITH THREE HUNDRED FIFTY GRAND HE WAS MEANT TO BE LAUNDERING FOR DON FRANK FRANCHETTI.



THE AFORE MENTIONED DON FRANKIE (A.K.A. KILL-THE-CHILDREN-TOO FRANCHETTI) HAS PERSONALLY ENTRUSTED JACKIE WITH HIS TASK, SAYING -AND I QUOTE- "FOR THE SAKE A' BLOOD AN' FAMILY AN' GOOD BUSINESS, JACKIE, YA GOTTA FLUSH THIS TURD AWAY."



WHETHER HE IS A KLEPTOMANIAC OR JUST A GREEDY LITTLE MAGGOT IS A MOOT POINT, BECAUSE TERRY WILL BE DEADER THAN DOGCRAP UNLESS HE GETS HIS WORTHLESS ASS OUT OF NEW YORK CITY, NOW.

JACKIE, BY THE WAY, HAS A VERY DARK SECRET ALL HIS OWN.

THIS IS PAINKILLER JANE,
AND SHE HAS A LITTLE
SECRET, TOO.

JANE ALSO WISHES TO FIND
TERRY AND HAS SIMILAR
DESIGNS TO JACKIE ON HER
QUARRY'S NOGGIN, HAVING
PROMISED HER GAL-PALS
OF THE 22 BRIDES THAT
SHE WILL NOT RETURN
WITHOUT IT.



HEEHEE
HEEHEHEE
HEEHEHEE
HEEHEE!

TERRY IS NOT ONLY
A TURD BUT A CAD AND
A HEEL, OR HE WOULD
NOT HAVE FRAMED THE
BRIDES FOR HIS OWN
RIPPING-OFF OF A
NUMBER OF CUBAN
GENTLEMEN HAILING
FROM MIAMI, FL. THE
RESULTING GUNFIGHT
LEFT EIGHT-YEAR-OLD
MERCY WITH A BULLET-
WOUND IN HER THIGH,
AND JANE CAN STILL
REMEMBER THE POOR
LITTLE KID'S BIG
BROWN EYES BRIMMING
WITH TEARS OF AGONY
AND TERROR.



AND THIS IS A VERY
SPECIAL YOUNG LADY
INDEED.

THE 22 BRIDES WERE OF ONE
MIND: JUSTICE MUST BE SWIFT,
TERRIBLE AND -IF SUCH A WORD
EXISTS- DECAPITATORY.

MEAN
PEOPLE
SUCK!

STRIPPER

THIS CAN'T BE A PRAYER YOU HEAR TOO OFTEN, LORD -- BUT PLEASE LEMME GET TO NEWARK TONIGHT...

YEEOW!

GREETINGS, TURD-SAN.
LORD MURIBATA WOULD LIKE HIS FIVE MILLION YEN BACK.

WHAT THE HELL --?!





I-I DON'T REMEMBER ANY LORD MURIBATA!

NO? HE REMEMBERS YOU CLEARLY, TURD-SAN.



THE YAKUZA NEVER FORGET!



GUYS! GUYS, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS!

MURIBATA ASKED US TO PASS ON HIS COMPLIMENTS WHEN WE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!



AND TO RETURN WITH ENOUGH OF YOUR ANATOMY TO COMPENSATE FOR HIS FINANCIAL LOSS.

NOOO!



HMINGH!

HOLY JESUS!

WURRRRMMMM KRUNCH



WH-WH-WH-

COME ON! GET IN! HURRY!



STOP THEM, YOU FOOLS!



HEE HEEHEE HEEHEEHEE HEEHEE HEE!

THANKS-- WAAAHH!



I WAS JUST DRIVING AROUND, YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME HELP.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, HONEY! DEAR GOD, THAT WAS CLOSE!

I BET YOU NEVER GOT RESCUED BY A STRIPPER BEFORE, HUH?



HUH. A STRIPPER?

YEP.

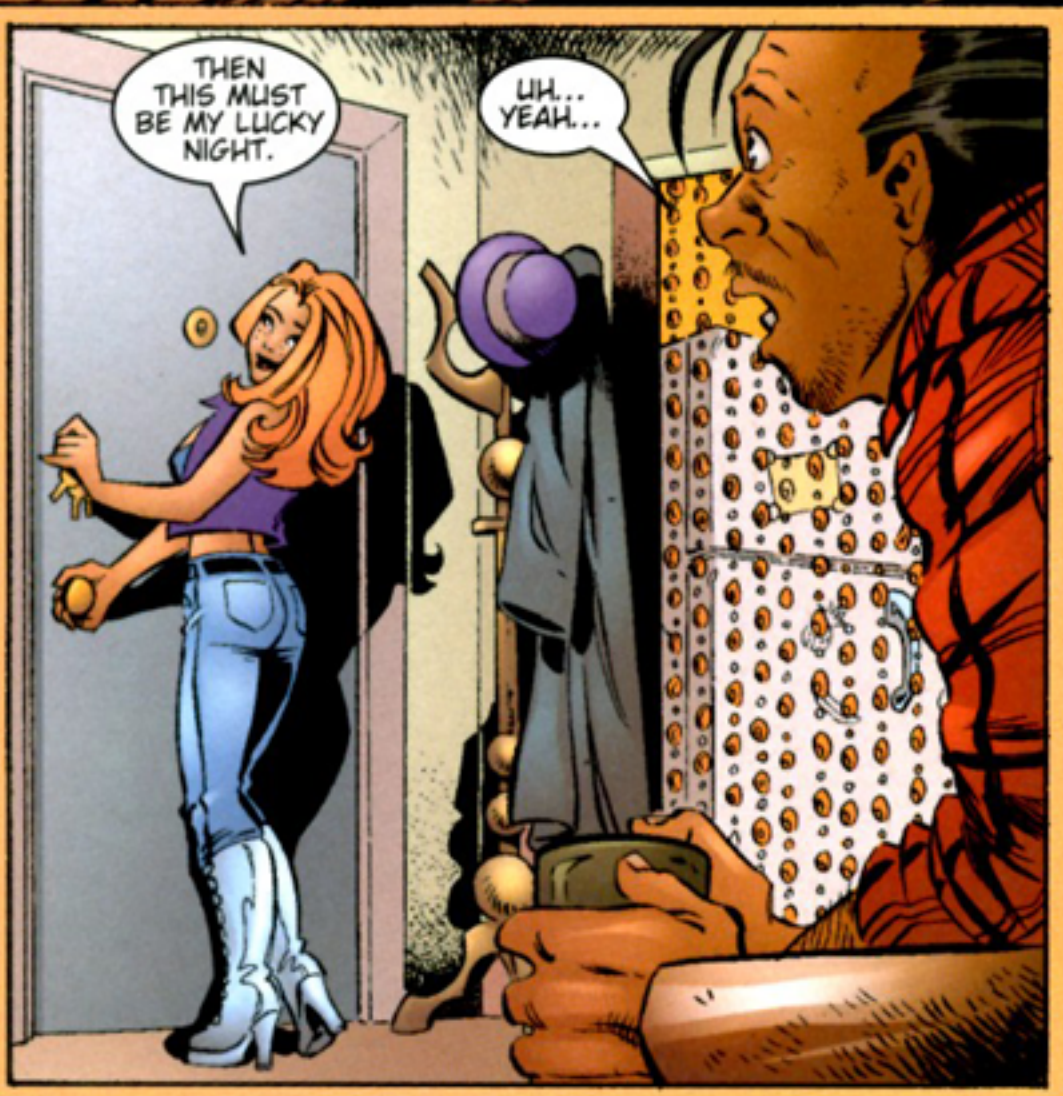
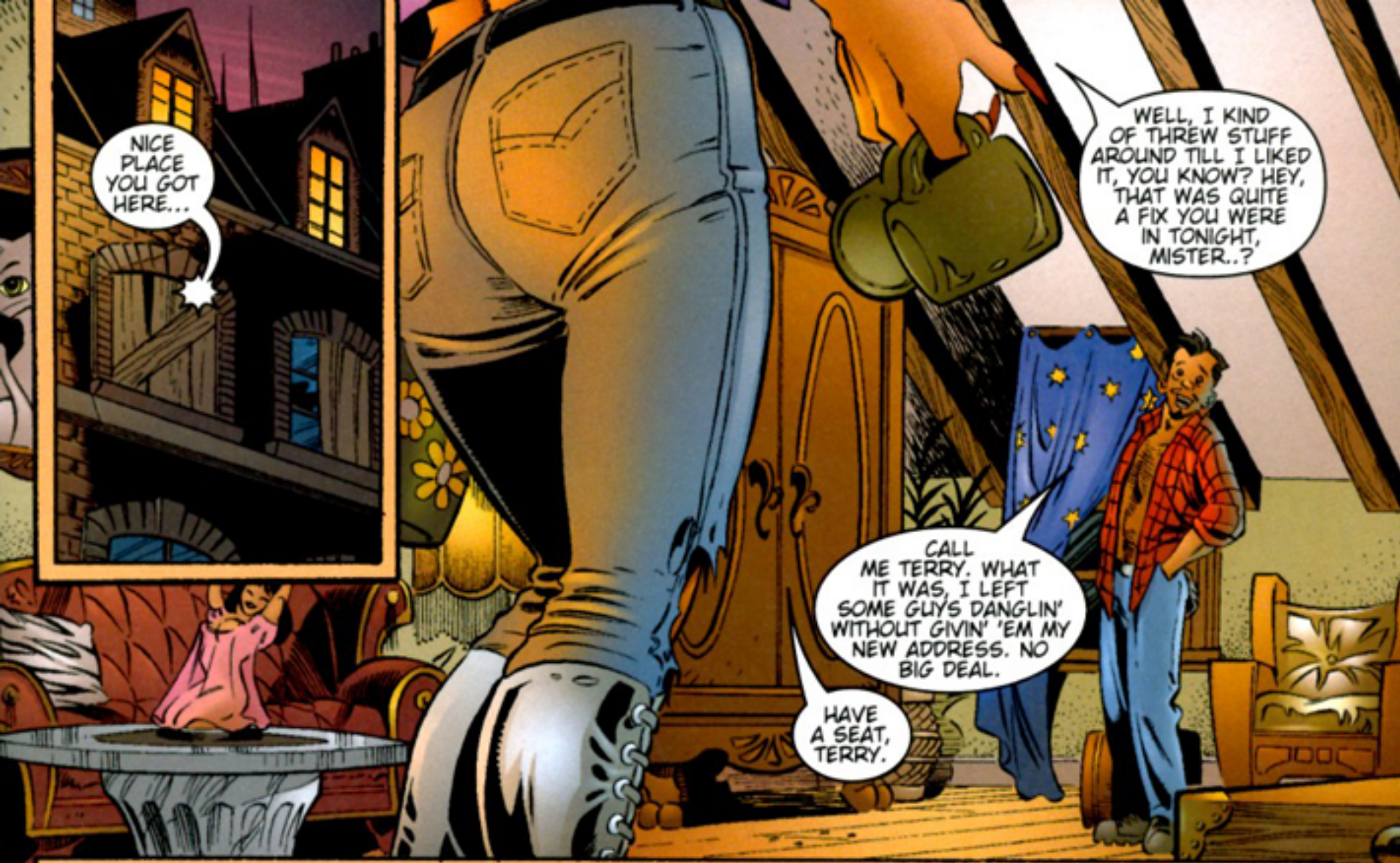
YOU'RE A REAL STRIPPER?

LH-HUH.



COOL...!









YOU'D BE AMAZED HEEHEEHEE WHO I'VE GOT IN HERE! THERE'S MUM AND DAD, AND AUNTIE ALICE...



I DON'T FREAKIN' BELIEVE THIS! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

AND DOCTOR BROWN, WHO HAD TO ADMIT I WASN'T REALLY MAD, AND THE PIZZA DELIVERY GUY, AND THAT POOR VOMITING MAN I FOUND LIVING IN THE GUTTER...



GET AWAY! GET THE FULMMFF

AND ALL THOSE HEEHEEHEE OTHER PEOPLE!



DON'T WORRY, SWEETIE. I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU FULL OF PAIN-KILLERS. YOU WON'T FEEL A THING. YOU'LL EVEN BE ABLE TO WATCH ME STRIP!



SO... GUESS WHAT I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF FIRST?



SO THIS IS CHEZ TURD...

KRRU NCH

GET OUT OF TOWN FAST



WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



THE SAME THING I IMAGINE YOU ARE: LOOKING FOR HIM. DO YOU LIKE SURPRISES?

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN TERRY THE TURD'S APARTMENT?



HUH?

YEEHAW!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

HEY! LET GO OF ME, GODDAMMIT! LET ME GO!

IT'S CALLED THE DARKNESS.

MY TURN TO ASK THE QUESTIONS, I THINK. OR SHALL I JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE SHAKE AND SEE WHAT FALLS OUT..?



BALLPAP





BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM



HAAAIEEE!



KREEMNG

KRAKK



BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



GODDAMMIT!

TO DEFY THE
NINJA -- BRINGS
DEATH!

IT CERTAINLY DOES.



AAARRGH!

NOOOO!

HKKK!



GAACHH!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TERRY THE TURD AS WELL, FRIEND. LET'S HEAR IT.

AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT THE NINJA CAN NEVER BE MADE TO TALK CRAP, BECAUSE I'D BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO TEST THAT THEORY...

NO!

Y-YOU'RE RIGHT, WE WANT HIM, WE HAD HIM, UNTIL SOME CRAZY WOMAN RAN US DOWN AND RESCUED HIM...

WHAT MAKE OF CAR?

YELLOW VW! YOU'RE -- CHOKING ME --

I'M SORRY, I THINK WE'VE GOT SOME KIND OF MISUNDERSTANDING HERE. I'M THE ONE DOING THE INTERROGATION. YOU'RE --

HCCCHH!

COME TO THINK OF IT, WHO ARE YOU..?

THEY CALL ME PAINKILLER JANE.

AND IF YOU GET THAT VW'S LICENSE NUMBER OUT OF HIM, WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON TERRY THE TURD TONIGHT.



THAT'S IT...

...OKAY, WE GOT IT. TOP FLOOR, THIRD APARTMENT.



THANKS, SPYDER. SHOULD BE DONE WITH THIS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES...

SPYDER..?



A FRIEND.

WHO JUST HAPPENS TO KNOW HER WAY AROUND THE VEHICLE REGISTRATION DATABASE, HUH?

ASK NO QUESTIONS, HEAR NO LIES.

THIS LITTLE TEAM-UP LASTS NO LONGER THAN IT TAKES TO FIND THE TURD. I'M NOT ABOUT TO START GIVING UP MY SOURCES TO SOME HALF-ASSED SUPERGLY I DON'T EVEN KNOW.

SUITS ME. SO LONG AS HE DIES, I DON'T CARE WHO DOES THE DEED.



BELIEVE ME, I'M IN NO HURRY TO PROLONG AN ALLIANCE WITH THE CREATURE FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB...





HEARD YOU COMING!



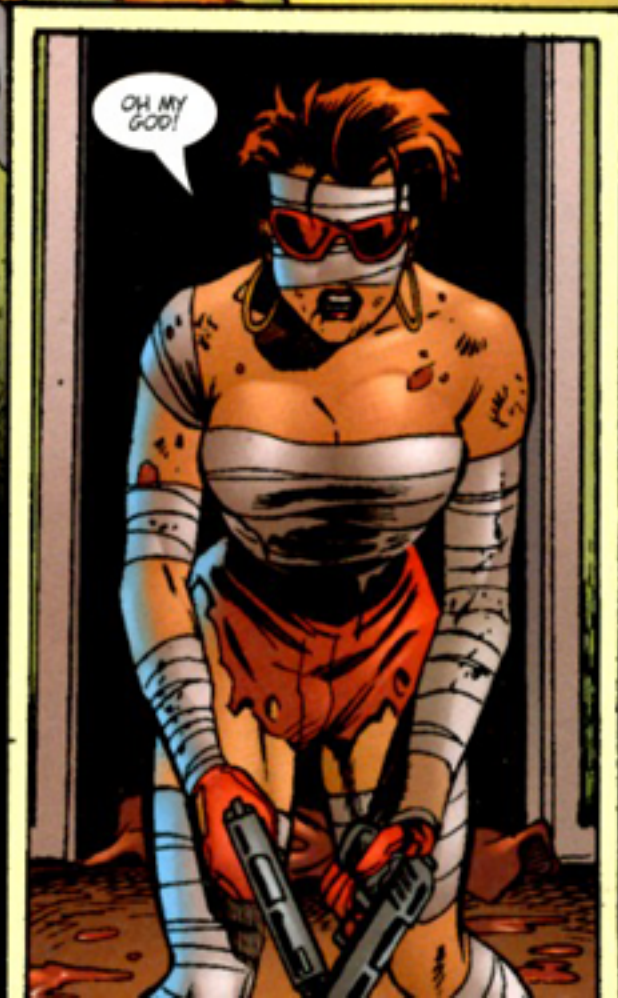
AAAAH!

WATCH IT!

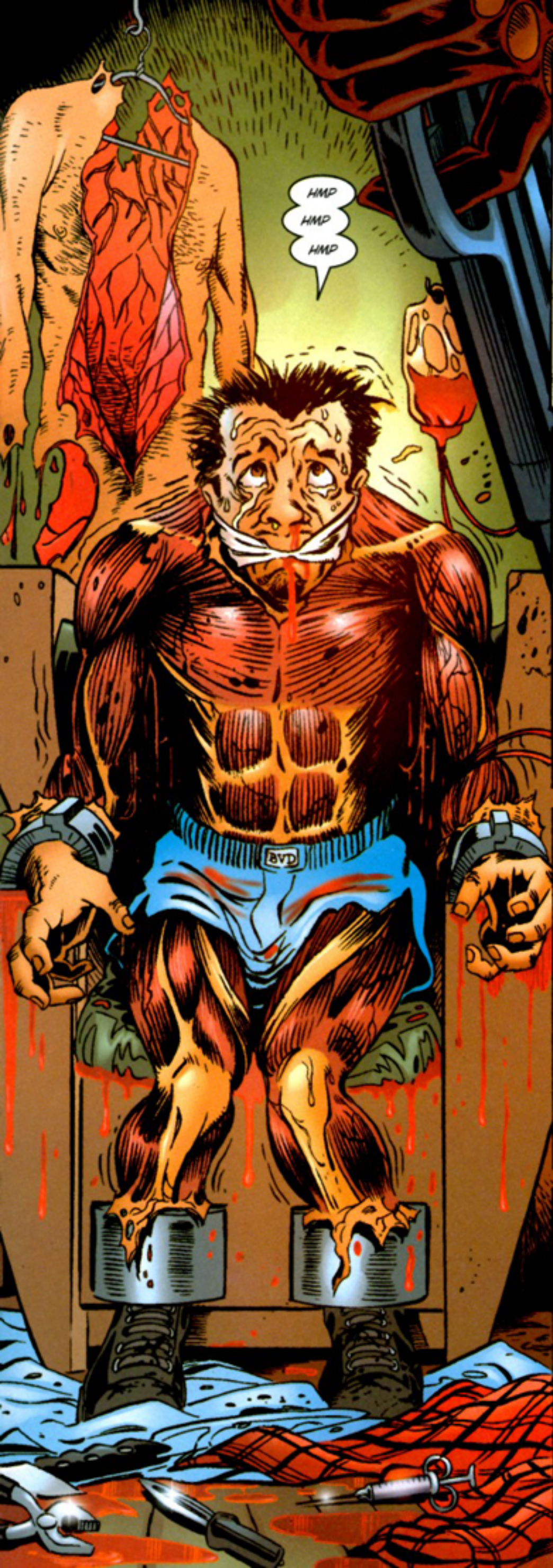
HEE
HEEHEE
HEEHEEHEE
HEEHEE
HEE!



WAIT -- SHE'LL --
STAY THERE, YOU JERK!



OH MY GOD!



HMP
HMP
HMP



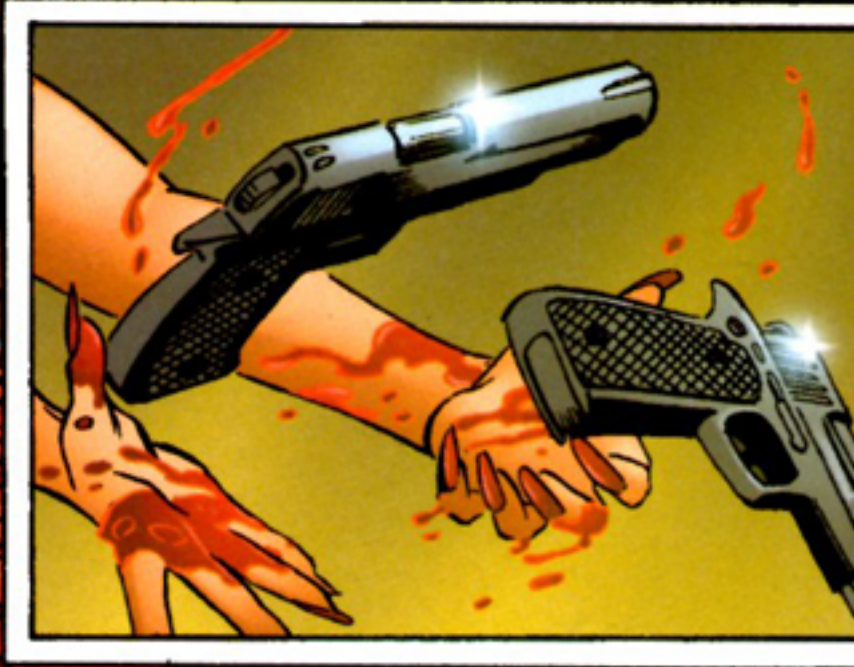
HMP
HMP
HMP



HEE
HEEHEEHEE
HEE!



OH
CHRIST --
NO --



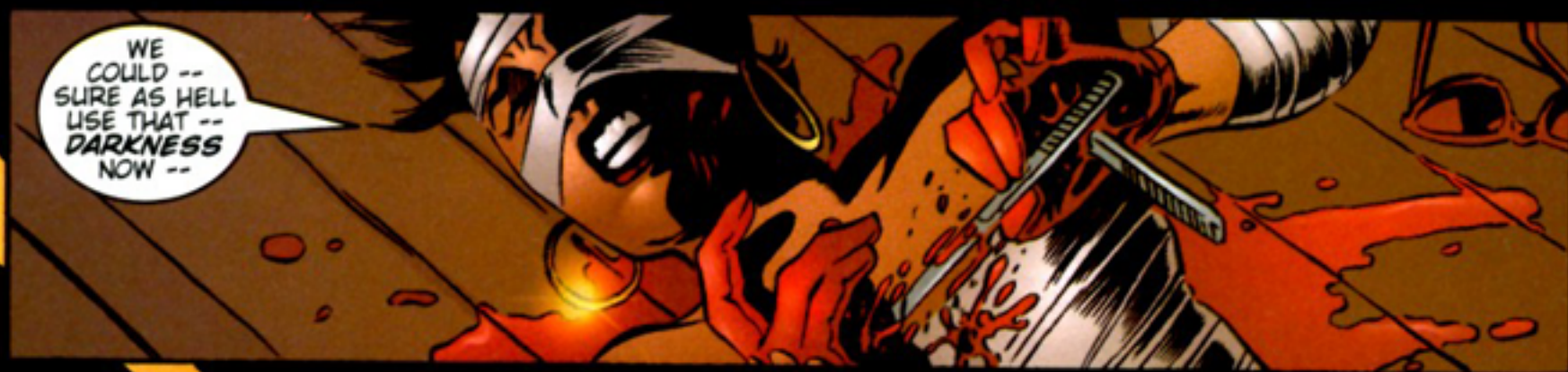


BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

WHUHH!



WE
COULD --
SURE AS HELL
USE THAT --
DARKNESS
NOW --



SHAME
I'M IN... NEED
TIME...



OH SURE...
WE
GOT... ALL
NIGHT...



HEE
HEEHEE
HEEHEE
HEE!

I
THINK WE'LL
START WITH
YOU...

SHE'S
ALL
UGLY...

BUT
YOUR SKIN'S
ALL YOUNG AN'
SMOOTH AN'
PRETTY --

NO!

AAAAHH!

ENOUGH!







THAT WAS ONE VERY SICK LITTLE GIRL...

HMMM. YOU KNOW, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF PAINKILLERS HERE, IF YOU WANT ANY...



TRYING TO GIVE THEM UP.

JESUS, IF I'D JUST TAKEN TEN BULLETS IN THE CHEST AND A MEAT CLEAVER THROUGH MY SPINE, I THINK I'D WANT MORE NEEDLES IN ME THAN ROBERT DOWNEY JR.



NO BIGGIE.

I'VE HAD WORSE.



OH...OH GOD...



OH MY GOD! LOOK AT ME! YOU GOTTA GET ME TO A HOSPITAL!



GROW UP, TERRY. WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO, SEW YOU BACK INTO YOUR HIDE?

NO DICE, TERRY.

YOUR PROBLEMS ARE ONLY JUST BEGINNING.



I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING! LOOK, PRETTY SOON THE PAINKILLERS THAT CRAZY BITCH PUMPED INTO ME ARE GONNA WEAR OFF, AND --

I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING BACK HIS HEAD, YOU TOO?



YEAH, BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING. WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT OVER HIM.

WH-WH-WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

WATCH. NOT LIKE THIS...



MORE LIKE THIS.

WHAT?



AND THEN WE BOTH TAKE HIS HEAD HOME, SO LONG AS YOU REMEMBER TO LOOK AT IT SIDWAYS...

AH, I GET IT. HERE, THIS OUGHTA DO THE TRICK...

HOLY MOTHERLOVIN' JESUS. YOU HAVE GOTTA BE OUTTA YOUR MINDS!

SHWOKK

Moral: A Problem Shared is a Problem Halved.



PALMIOTTI
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