

RICHARD STARK'S PARKER



the Score

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
DARWYN COOKE

THE SCORE

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RICHARD STARK'S
PARKER

the Score

A Graphic Novel

BY
Darwyn Cooke

EDITED by SCOTT DUNBIER

IDW[®]

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San Diego 2012

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This one's for every poor son of a bitch that's ever had to work with me.

RICHARD STARK'S PARKER:

the

Score

JERSEY C



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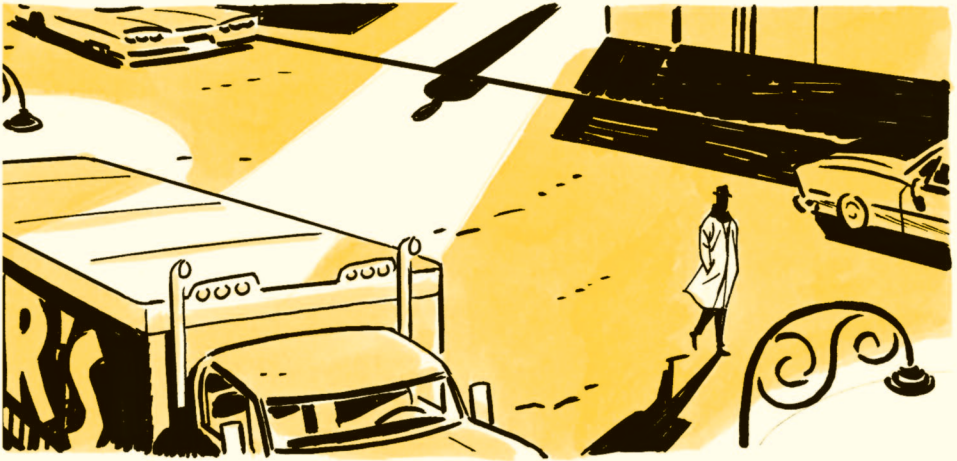
BOOK ONE

MONDAY, APRIL 13



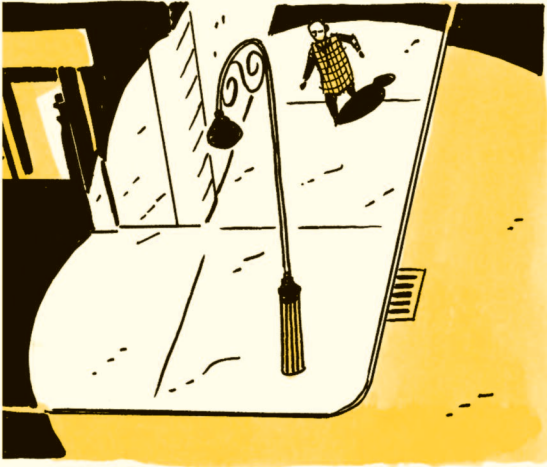








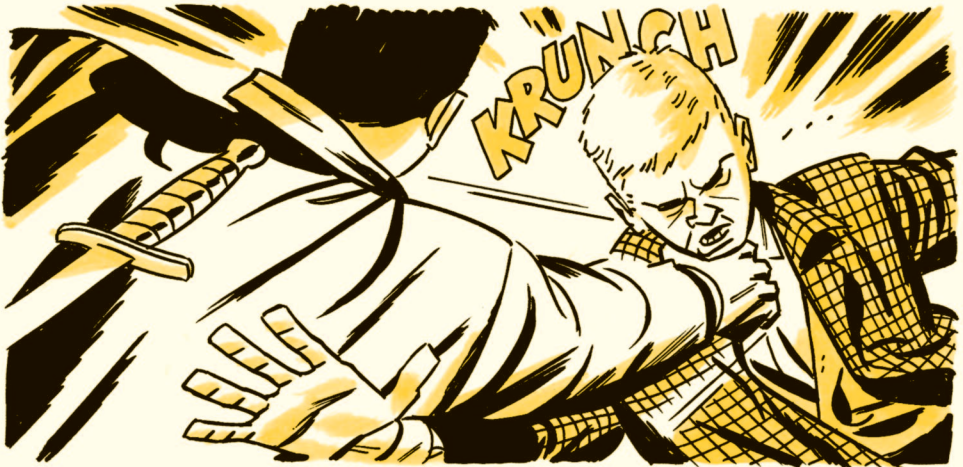






Parker had
no weapons on
him but his hands.

They were big hands,
to go with the
rest of him.

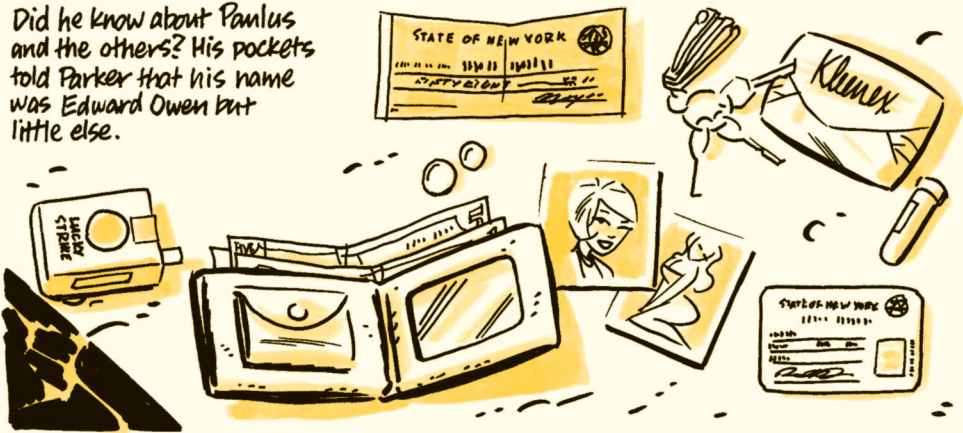




Parker immediately regretted not pulling his punch. Why had he been following him?



Did he know about Paulus and the others? His pockets told Parker that his name was Edward Owen but little else.



Parker took the wallet and money and cigarettes.
He left Owen in the alcove.



The job was sour.
He didn't know why, but he didn't need to.



He'd warn Paulus and then head back to Miami.

He'd been swimming when the call came.

Joe Sheer was passing on a message from Paulus about an upcoming job.

Parker hadn't needed the money, but it had been six months since he'd last worked. Inactivity, no matter how hedonistic, always brought him to this point.

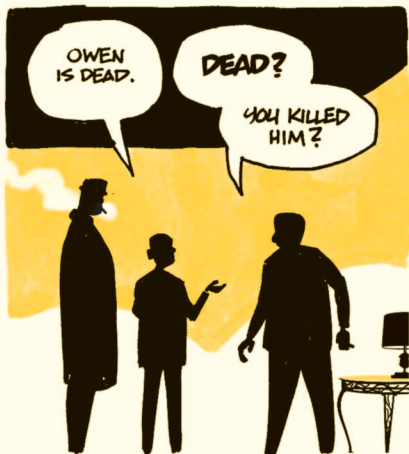
It was boredom more than anything that had led him from the beach to Jersey City.



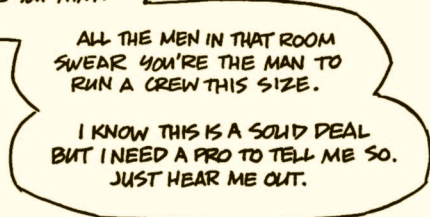
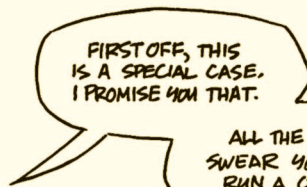
**KNOCK
KNOCK**













I FIGURE THIS JOB WILL NEED TWO DOZEN MEN.
MAYBE THIRTY.



YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING AT ALL.
IF A JOB TAKES MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE MEN, IT'S NO JOB. YOU CAN PUT THAT DOWN AS A RULE.
YOU GOT AN OPERATION SET UP BY AN AMATEUR FOR PERSONAL REASONS. AMATEURS GET THEIR IDEAS FROM MOVIES AND PERSONAL REASONS GET IN THE WAY OF CLEAR THINKING.



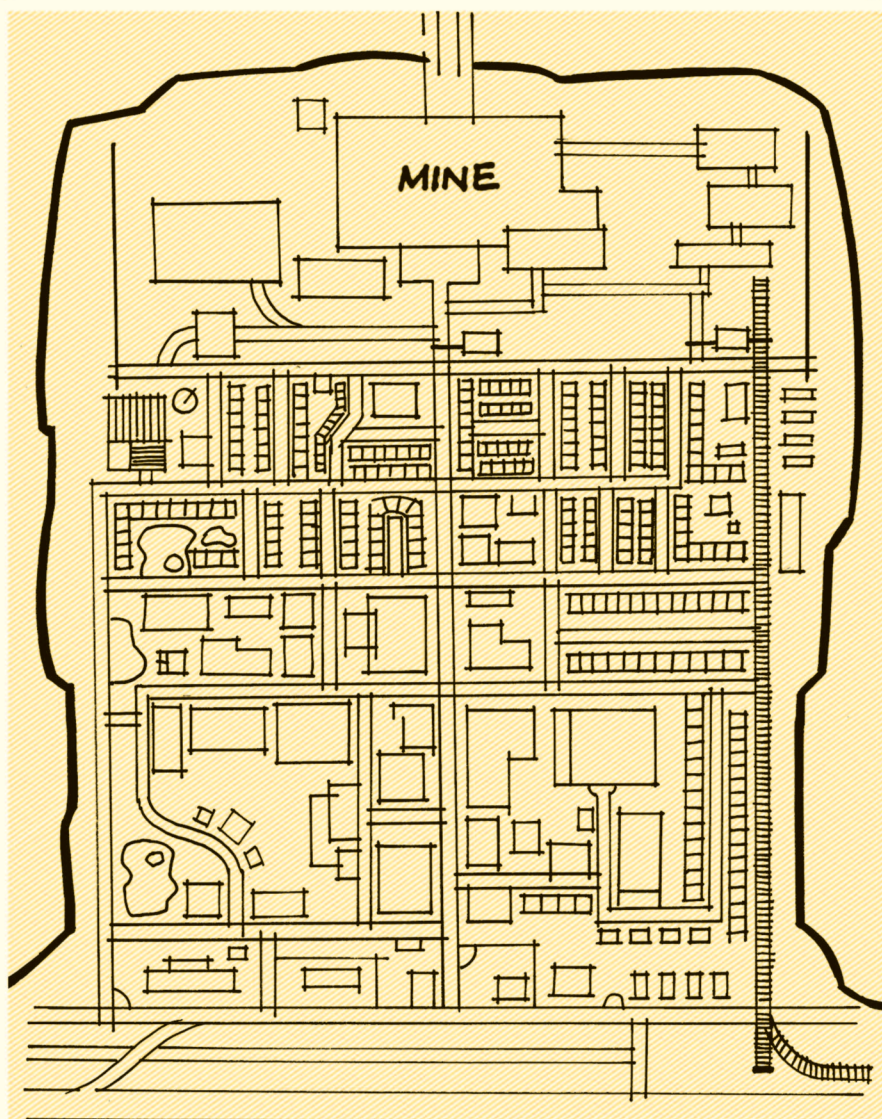
SEE, THIS IS WHY WE NEED YOU.
C'MON, YOU TRAVELLED ALL THIS WAY. AT LEAST LISTEN TO THE PITCH. I'LL HAVE MY SAY AND THEN WE FOLLOW YOUR LEAD.
FAIR ENOUGH?



-sigh-







SCALE - 1" = 1/2 mile

COPPER CANYON
North Dakota
POPULATION - 2600 EARLY 1880's
SUNNISHAWI RESERVE 1871

IF YOU LOOK AT THE MAP, YOU CAN SEE A WAVY LINE SURROUNDING THE CITY.

THOSE ARE CLIFFS. THE CITY IS BUILT INSIDE A BOX CANYON, TOO STEEP AND TALL TO BE PASSABLE.



THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF TOWN IS HERE ON THE OPEN SIDE OF THE CANYON.

THAT'S STATE HIGHWAY 22A.



COPPER CANYON IS A ONE INDUSTRY TOWN -- COPPER. THE REFINERY AND THE MINE ARE AT THE BACK OF THE CANYON. THERE ARE TWELVE BUILDINGS TOTAL.



THE WHOLE THING IS SURROUNDED BY STORM FENCING WITH TWO GATES.

ARMED GUARDS, DAY AND NIGHT.



IN TOWN, THERE ARE TWO BANKS, HERE AND HERE.

THE PHONE COMPANY IS HERE.

POLICE HERE.



OVER HERE WE HAVE NATIONWIDE FINANCE AND DOWN MAIN THERE ARE THREE JEWELRY STORES.



Edgars drove on, touring them through his cardboard town. Parker waited for him to get to the point.



Then suddenly, he got it.



YOU'RE CRAZY.





It was science fiction. The operation broke too many rules. Set up by an amateur. Requiring too many men. Involving going into a box with only one way out. But the idea pulled at Parker. The size of the challenge and the size of the take kept him from closing the door entirely. They left Edgars to his tabletop town and agreed to meet again the following night. Parker caught a ride with Wycza and Grofield. They sat with coffee and talked it out.

D
I
N
E
R

Grofield waxed romantic.

I MEAN, THERE'S THE MONEY, OF COURSE. THEN, THERE'S THE SHEER DARING OF SUCH AN OPERATION.

STANLEY KRAMER

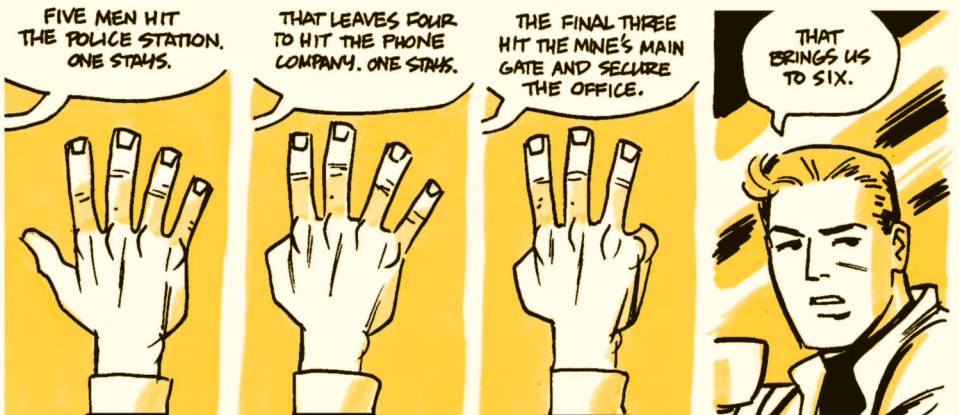
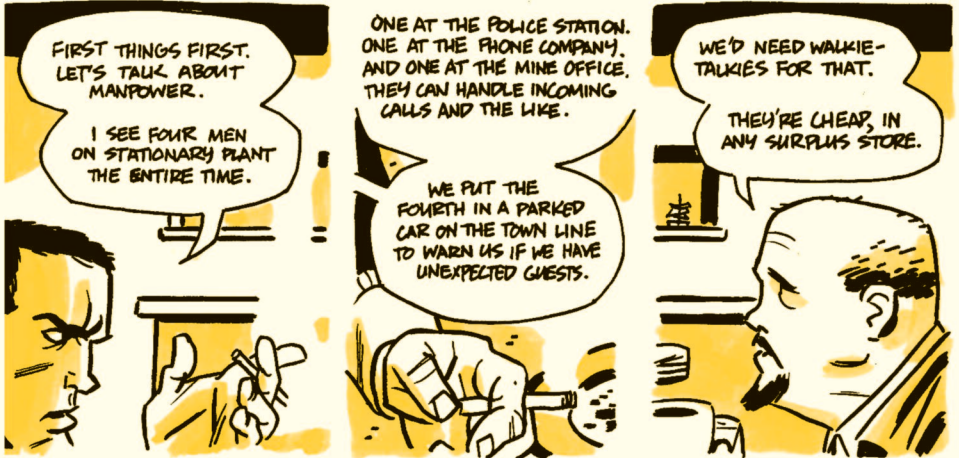
"IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD"

the biggest entertainment ever to rock the screen with laughter

SPENCER TRACY
MILTON BERLE
SID CAESAR
BUDDY BACKETT
ETHEL MERZMAN
MICKY RODRIGUEZ
BUCK SHARPER
PHIL SILVERS
TERRY-THOMAS
JONATHAN WINTERS
BOB ADAMS
GROUCHO MARSH
PETER FALK
JIMMY DURANTE
EMMET O'LEARY
BILL HAY
TANJA ROSE
STANLEY KRAMER
MADISON

TUNN
PINE







EVERYTHING ELSE EDGARS WANTS TO HIT IS ON MAIN STREET. WE'D NEED FOUR MEN FOR THAT.

TEN MEN TOTAL. SURE BEATS TWENTY-FIVE. SO WE'RE DOING THIS?

TWO BOX MEN, EACH ON ONE SIDE OF THE STREET WITH A PARTNER TO CARRY BACK THE LOOT.



NOT ME. AT LEAST, NOT YET. WE NEED A GETAWAY PLAN. I'M NOT DRIVING FOUR CARS PAST THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS AT SIX A.M. PAYDAY MORNING.

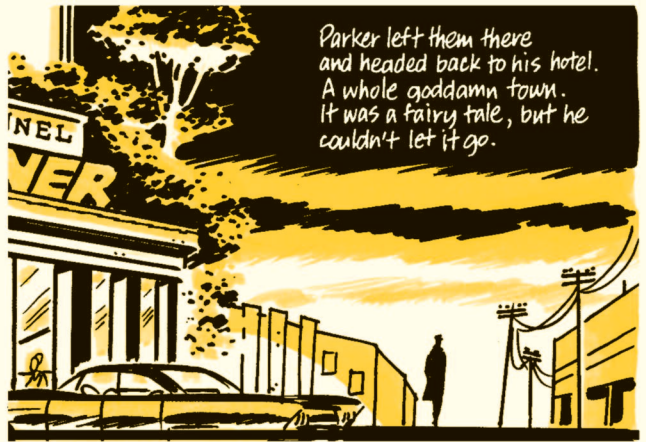
EXACTLY.

I WANT TO SEE A HIDEOUT WE CAN GET TO BUT THE LAW CAN'T.



HOW ABOUT THAT LITTLE TOWN HE BUILT? KINDA NUTTY, RIGHT?

I FOUND HIS ENTHUSIASM AND CREATIVITY REFRESHING.



Parker left them there and headed back to his hotel. A whole goddamn town. It was a fairy tale, but he couldn't let it go.



TUESDAY, APRIL 14

PSSSTT



GENTLEMEN!
A TOAST TO A
SUCCESSFUL
VENTURE.



SETTLE
DOWN, HERR
EDGARS.

THERE ARE STILL
A LOT OF SMALL THINGS
TO FIGURE OUT. LIKE
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



SHIT. I HADN'T
THOUGHT OF THAT.

THAT
MEANS ANOTHER
MAN TO COVER
THE FIREHOUSE.



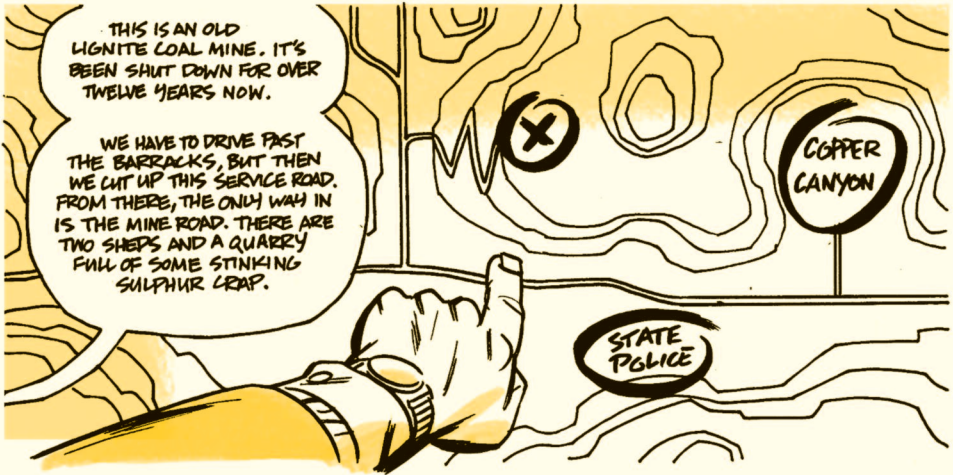
HANG ON -- HOW
ABOUT A DIVERSION? WE
COULD START A BIG FIRE
IN A QUIET CORNER OF
TOWN TO KEEP
THEM BUSY.



JESUS,
GROFIELD, USE
YOUR HEAD. A SIX
HOUR FIRE?

WE NEED
AN ELEVENTH
MAN.





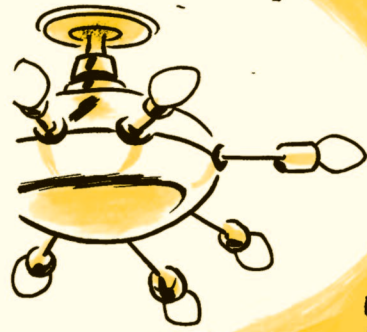
Parker lingered
in front of the map.

Twelve men. In at midnight,
out by six in the morning.

From what he could see,
if Edgars had his facts
straight, they had
everything covered.

It was a job. It would work.

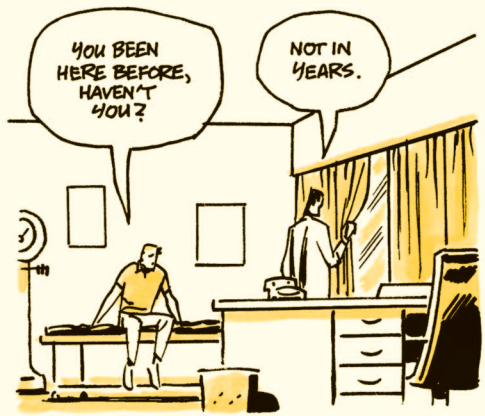
It looked like science
fiction at first, but
it would work.

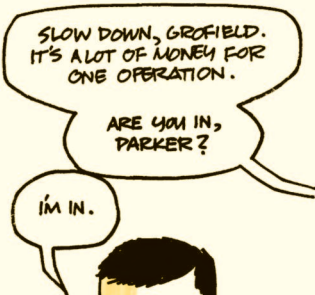
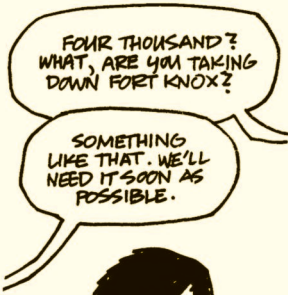
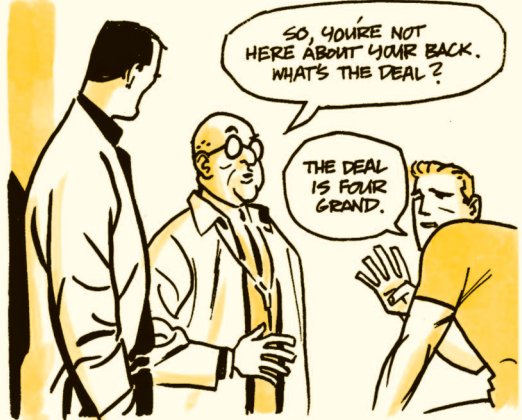


BOOK TWO

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15







THURSDAY, APRIL 16

They had run up a list of men to work the job. Most were in the New York area but some came from as far away as Las Vegas and Kentucky.

Handy McKay was the only one to say no.

The dining room was packed with them and even with the windows open the room was full of smoke.

Paulus, Parker and Edgars laid it out.

They all had questions.



WHAT'S THE SPLIT?



WISS

EVEN ALL THE WAY. I KNOW IT ISN'T THE USUAL WAY, BUT THIS AIN'T A USUAL JOB.



I FIGURE 250,000 MINIMUM. SO 20K PLUS PER MAN.



WHAT ABOUT FINANCING?



PALM



FOUR GRAND. GOT IT TODAY.

THAT'S EIGHT BACK.

THAT'S A BIG BITE.

IT'S A BIG JOB, PALM.

HOW LONG WE GOTTA STAY AT THIS MINE?



ELKINS



'TIL IT COOLS. PROBABLY THREE OR FOUR DAYS.

I HATE THE FUCKIN' COUNTRY. OH, WELL.



CHAMBERS

WHAT IF THEM STATE BOYS THROW OUT ONE OF THEM HELIO-COPTORS?

HELICOPTERS.

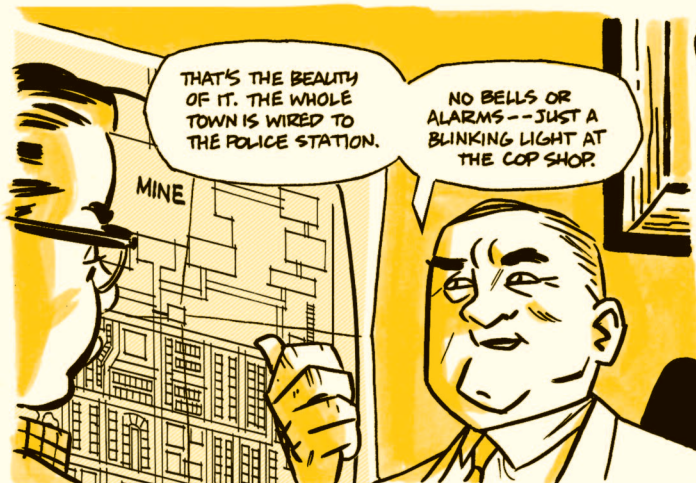
WE'LL BE FINE. THERE ARE TWO LARGE WORK SHEDS AND WE CAN HIDE THE TRUCK IN THE RAVINE.



ALARMS?



CHO



'POP' PHILLIPS

Parker broke it down.

Paulus, you and Wiss run out to Copper Canyon and case all the secondary targets.

WE'LL SELL INSURANCE. I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, WISS. I GOT FAKE BROCHURES AND CARDS. WE DO A BAD JOB SELLING INSURANCE AND IN BETWEEN WE LOOK AROUND.

main st. Jewellery &



Cho, get a list together with Wiss and Paulus of what you'll need to blow the safes. Elkins will help you with it.



Palm, you take Pops and a car out there and get a room outside of town. Start moving water and food out to the hideout. Make sure the sheds will hold our cars.

WE'LL NEED TWELVE COTS, TOO.



Grofield, you make sure everyone's got financing for their part, then pick up four walkie-talkies. Buy them up here.

ROGER THAT, MON CAPITAINE.



We need copies of the street maps with targets marked and any notes we can use. Twelve sets, done by hand. That's you, Edgars.

GOOD, GOOD.



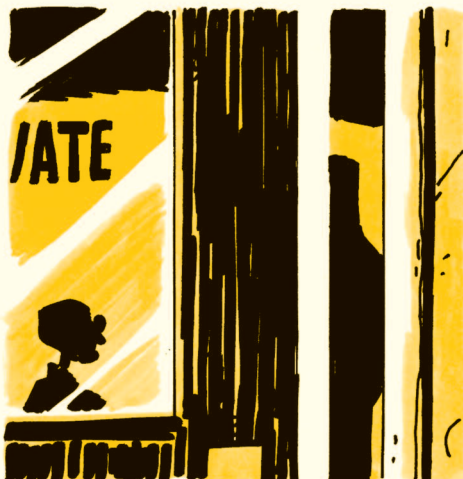
WHAT ABOUT YOU, PARKER?
WHAT'LL YOU BE DOING?

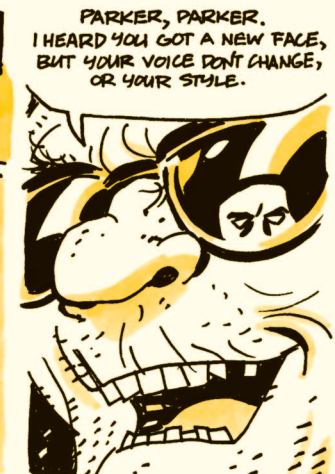
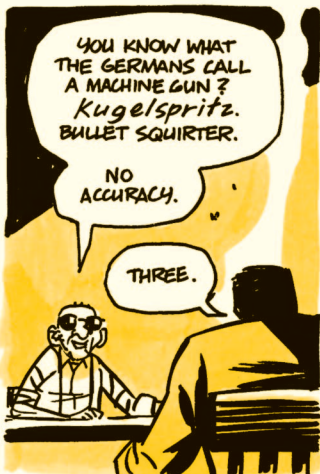
GUNS.



FRIDAY, APRIL 17

MACHINE GUNS?
THEY'RE EXPENSIVE,
MACHINE GUNS.

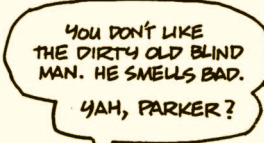






YOU DON'T LIKE ME, DO YOU, PARKER?

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU.



YOU DON'T LIKE THE DIRTY OLD BLIND MAN. HE SMELLS BAD.

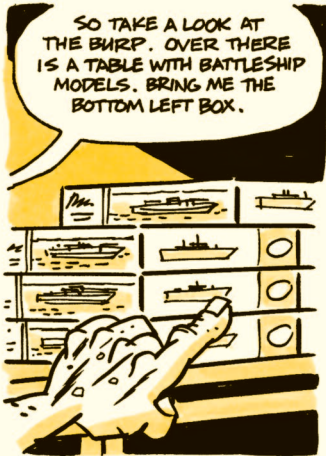
YAH, PARKER?



MAYBE I'LL GO SEE AMOS KLEE.

FOR MACHINE GUNS? NO, PARKER, FOR MACHINE GUNS YOU COME TO ME.

YOU COME TO SCOFE.



SO TAKE A LOOK AT THE BURP. OVER THERE IS A TABLE WITH BATTLESHIP MODELS. BRING ME THE BOTTOM LEFT BOX.



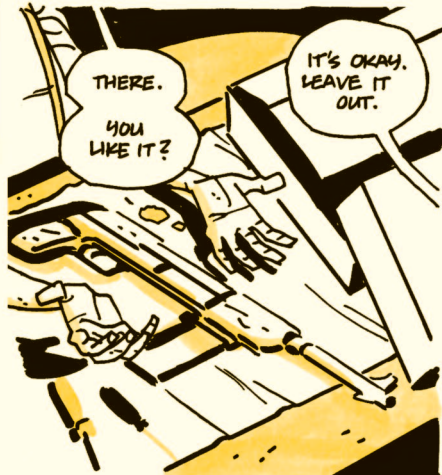
JUST GIVE ME A SECOND.

I COULD PUT THIS TOGETHER BLINDFOLDED.

-SNORT-



CHAK
CHIK CHAK
CLICK

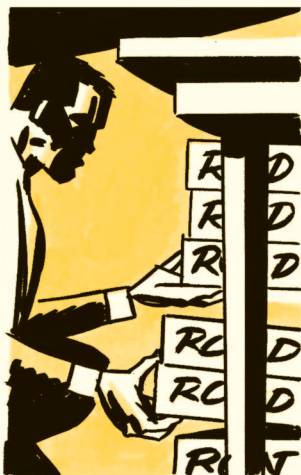
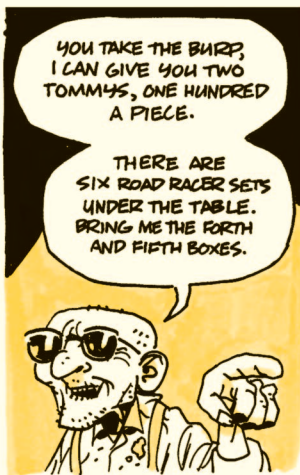


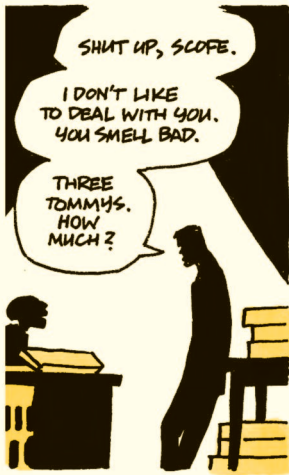
THERE. YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S OKAY. LEAVE IT OUT.



WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU GOT?





SUNDAY, APRIL 19

THIS IS JEAN.
SHE'S WITH ME.

SINCE
WHEN?

SINCE
ALWAYS.

Parker looked at her.
She wouldn't be with anybody always,
especially not Edgars.



SO
WHAT?

SO SHE'LL
BE COMING
ALONG.



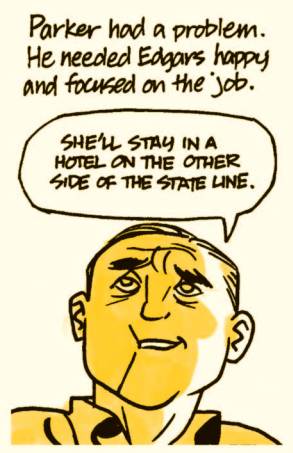
NO DICE.

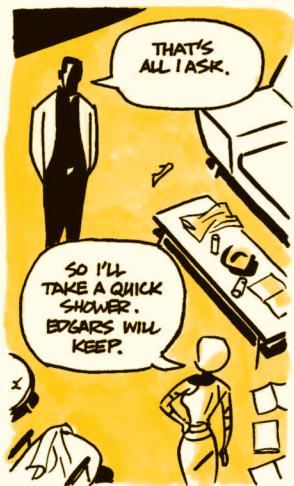
RELAX, PARKER.
SHE'LL STAY OUT
OF THE WAY.



SHE'LL STAY OUT
OF THE WAY A HELL
OF A LOT BETTER
RIGHT HERE.







She was making an effort, so he ought to make an effort too. He concentrated, and his face relaxed.



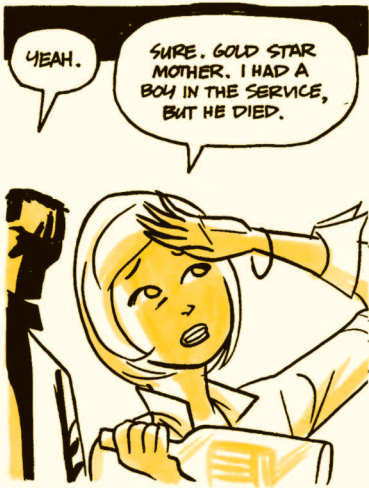


She was available. Any other time, he'd probably do something about it. He had no appetite for women when he was on the job.



He built himself a drink instead.

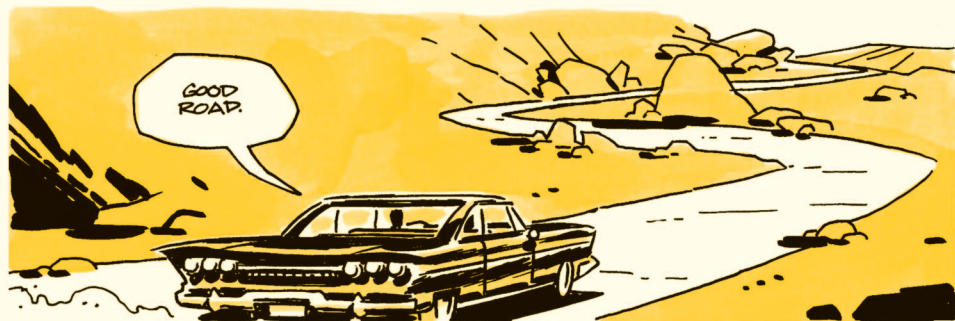
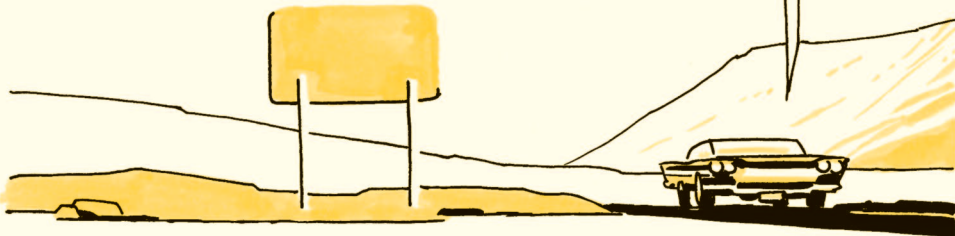
HEY, UGLY!



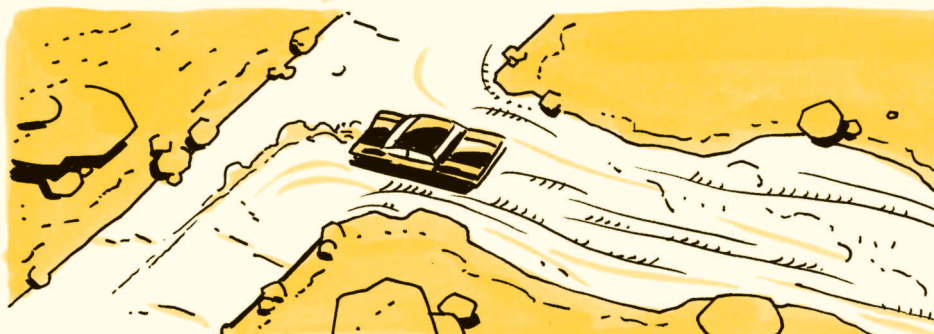
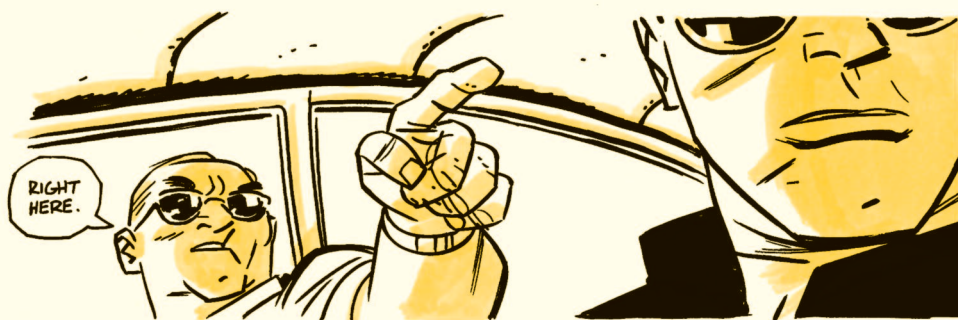
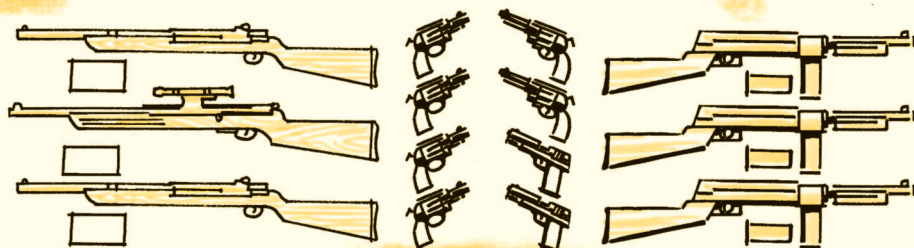
MONDAY, APRIL 20

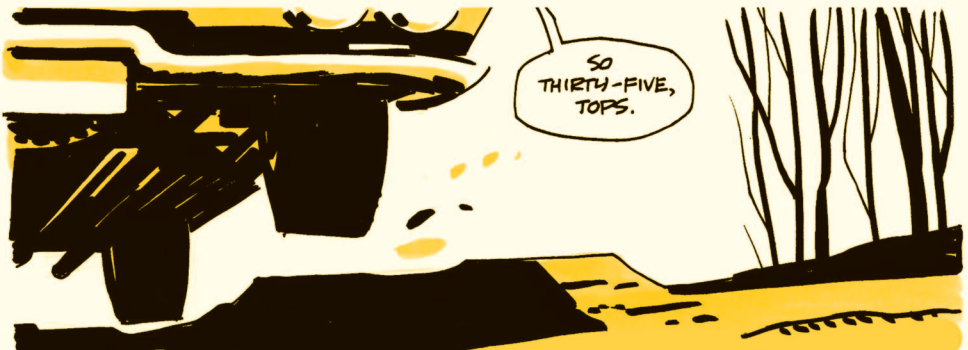
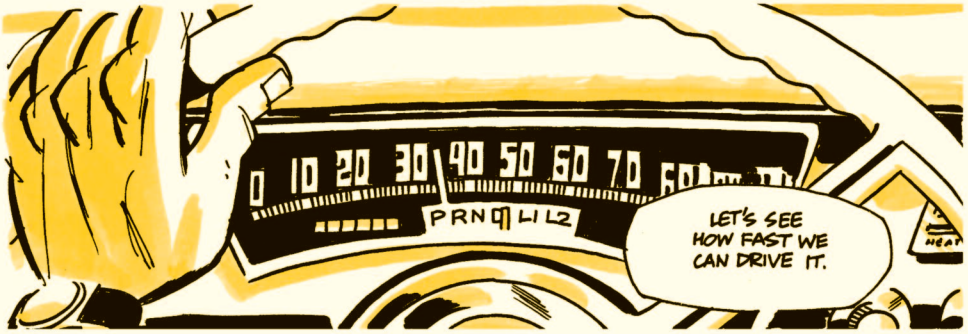
They dropped the girl in a small town called Thief River Falls and crossed the state line.

THERE IT IS.



The trunk was full of guns. There were the three Thompson machine guns from Scofe and Amos Klee had come through with three rifles and eight handguns. Assorted shells sat stacked in assorted boxes.



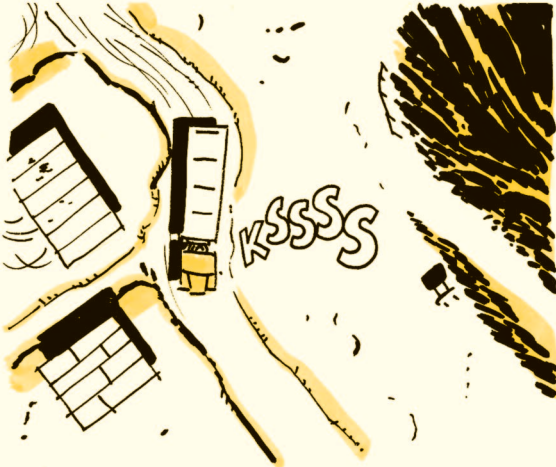














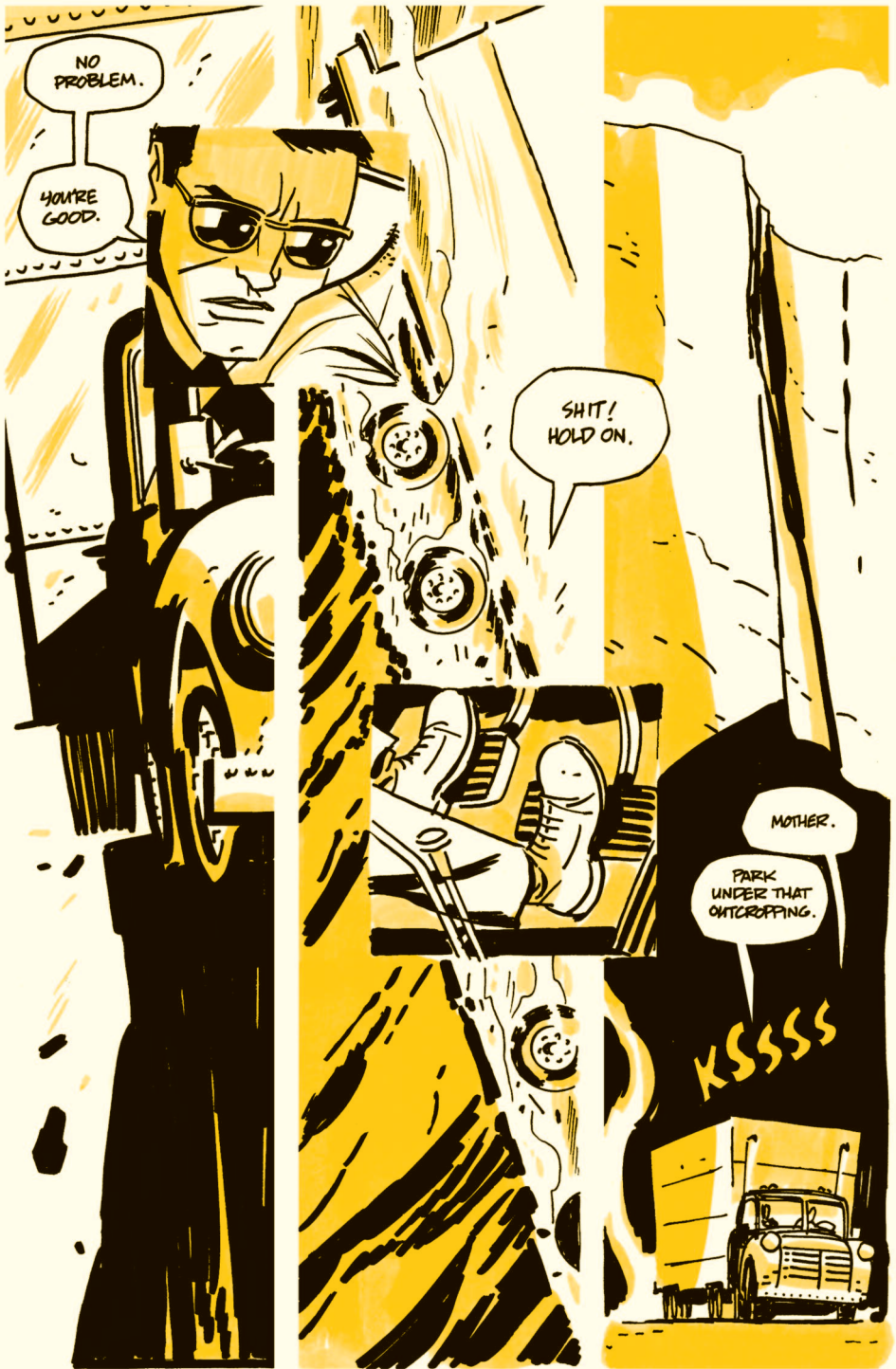
YOU GOTTA
BE KIDDING.

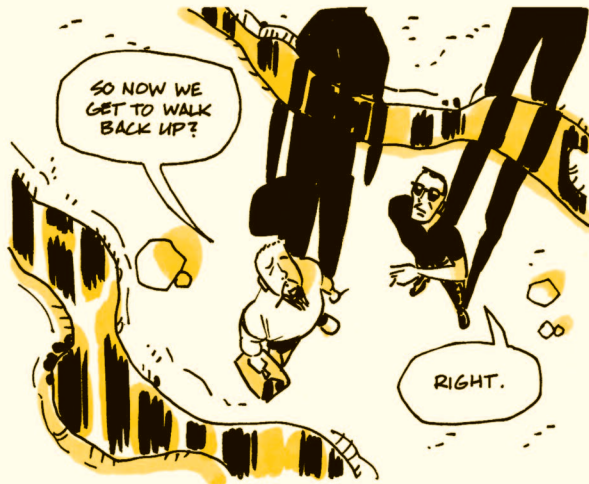
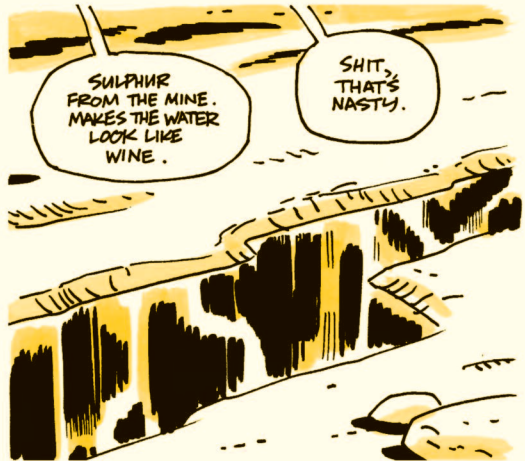
ORE
TRUCKS
DID IT.

HEAVIER TRUCKS
WITH LOW CENTERS
OF GRAVITY. WE GOT
US ONE TALL, EMPTY
TRAILER BACK THERE.

SHE
WANTS TO
RUN.

SHE WANTS TO
FLY DOWN THIS
GODDAMN HILL!

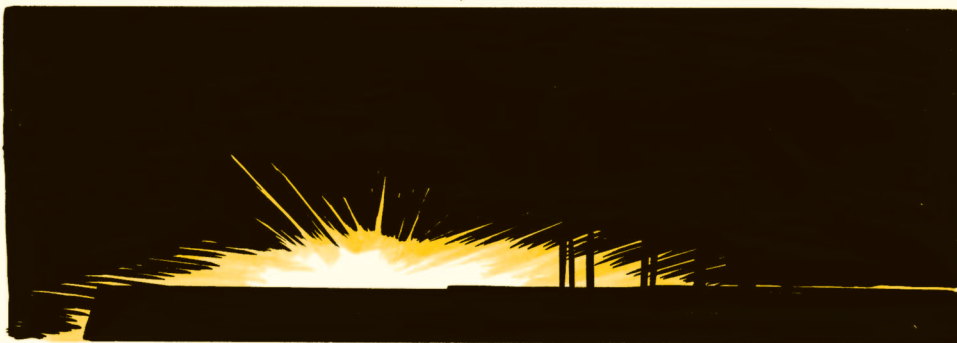


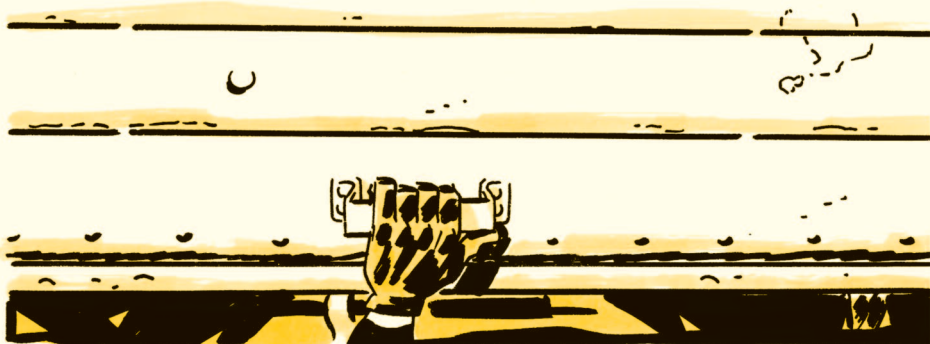
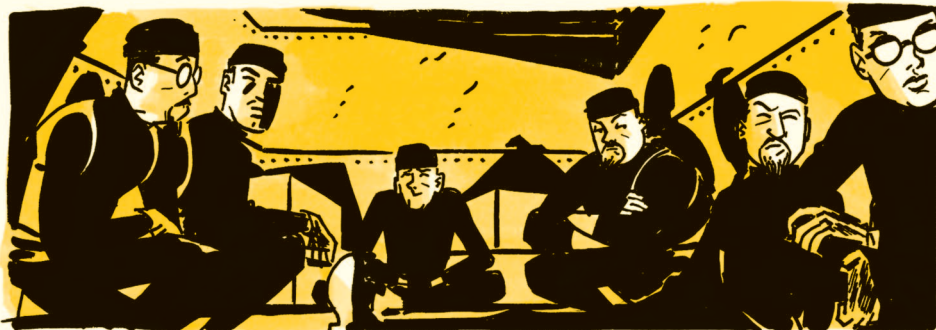


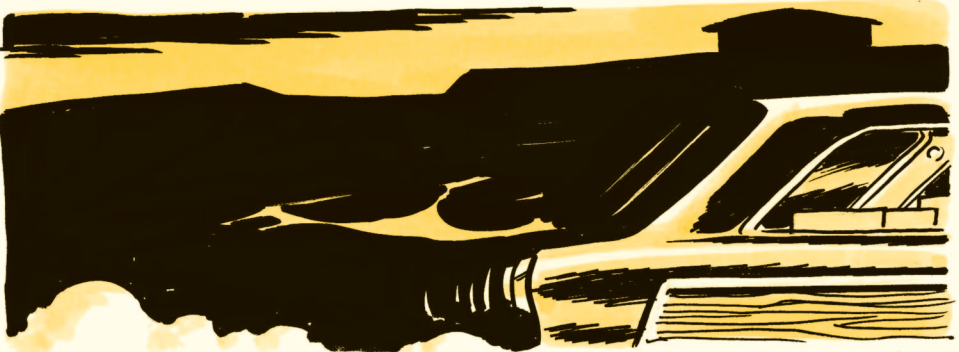


THURSDAY, APRIL 23

11:30 P.M.







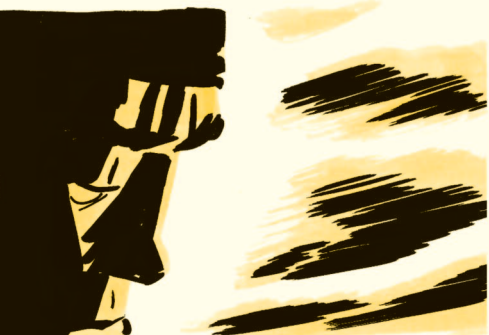
When they made the mine road Chambers killed the lights. It was over six miles to the secondary road and they did it at a crawl.

Chambers strained to see by what light the stars gave him. Beside him, Parker lit a cigarette and sat quiet.



The last few minutes before a job, he was always quiet, almost in suspended animation.

He had no imagination for the few hours ahead, nor worry, nor anything else. His consciousness worked at the level of recording the jouncing truck cab and the feel of the smoke and the darkness beyond the glass.



At the secondary road Chambers turned on the lights. Palm followed at a distance.



Three minutes later, their headlights illuminated a large sign.

SON OF A GUN.

said
Chambers.

SON
OF A GUN.

Welcome to
COPPER CA

"The Town in a box"

POPULATION 7867



BOOK THREE



Grofield
heard background music.

Sometimes lush and full,
with a lot of strings.



Sometimes rapid fire, that
busy-street-with-yellow-
taxicabs music.



Sometimes strident,
harsh and dramatic.



But always music,
in the air around
his head like
a halo.



Right now the music was sharp staccato drumbeats, sparsely laced with a plaintive trumpet.

This made perfect sense since Grofield and his squad were trapped in an enemy town.



Officers Felder and Mason rolled down Raymond Avenue, looking for people violating the curfew. Mason wanted to pull over for a cigarette.



OFFICER FELDER,
OFFICER MASON, COME IN.

OLD FRED'S
GETTIN' HIGH-
FALUTIN'.



HE'S JUST KIDDIN'
AROUND.

YES SIR, OFFICER
NIEMAN, WHAT CAN
WE DO FOR YOU, SIR?



COME INTO THE
STATION. SOMETHING'S
COME UP.

WHAT'S
THAT?

JUST GET
IN HERE.
OUT.

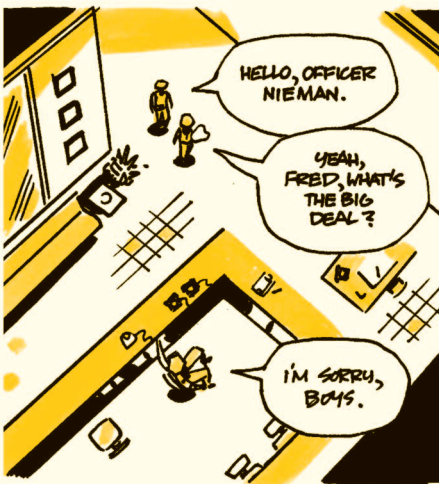
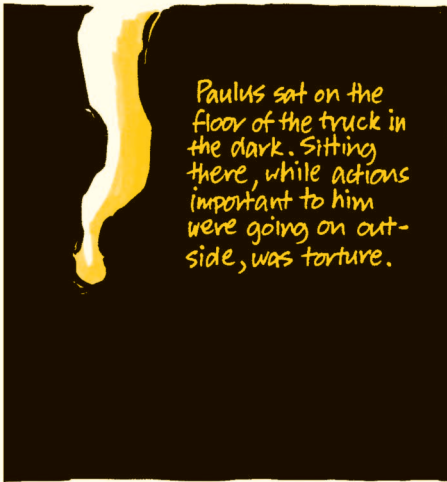


SOMETHING'S GOT OLD
FRED IN A TWIST. WED BEST
HEAD IN THERE.



HMM.

A BROWN TRUCK.
FUNNY COLOR FOR
A TRUCK.



Mason's brain scrambled to catch up with his eyes.



Mason thought, a war attack. Commies!

PUT YOUR GUNS ON THE COUNTER AND TELL US YOUR NAMES.



ALBERT F-FELDER.

A-AL.

JIM MASON.



ALL RIGHT, JIM, AL -- WHO'S GOT THE CAR KEYS?

UH, ME. I DO.

PUT THEM ON THE COUNTER.



NOW BOTH OF YOU GET BACK THERE WITH FRED.





They tied and gagged Mason and Felder, then rolled them under the command counter. Past Felder's head, Mason could see them.



Mason thought the voice he was hearing was familiar. He listened as the other men's footsteps receded to nothing.

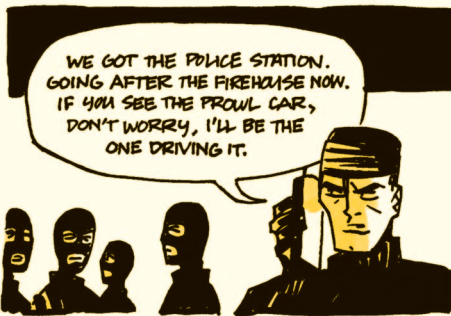


All of a sudden Mason knew and his terror doubled.



Edgars!
It was Edgars!

Salsa sat in a stolen car,
cool and collected.



Chambers felt good. All the nervousness was gone, all the jumpiness out of his system. From the second he'd clubbed that smart-ass cop, every bit of jitters washed out of him.

C'MON, PARKER. LET'S ROLL.

DON'T HIT THEM, CHAMBERS. WATCH THEM IF THEY BEHAVE, SHOOT THEM IF THEY DON'T. NOTHING IN BETWEEN.



I'M GOOD NOW, PARKER. LET'S JUST ROLL.

ALL RIGHT.



Chambers moved to the left of the door and sensed Parker moving to the right. This was the part he liked, moving fast and making sure, moving like the pieces of a clock.





STEP AWAY FROM THE DESK.



I NEED BOTH OF YOU MEN TO TRY AND STAY CALM. WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?

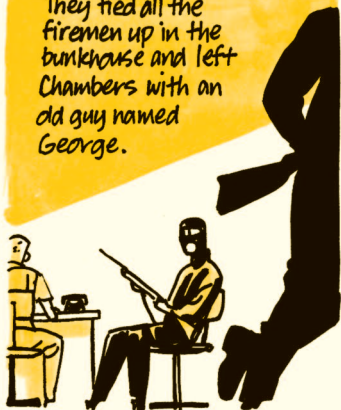


While Parker gave them the spiel, using their first names a lot, telling them how nothing would happen to them if they didn't try nothing stupid, Chambers plunked down in a chair. He kept his rifle level and hoped one of these bastards would make a run for it.

He wasn't so sure about Parker. What was all this crap about first names? Who cared what kind of first names these stupes had?



They tied all the firemen up in the bunkhouse and left Chambers with an old guy named George.



WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO DO?



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, GEORGE.

Nothing to do but wait. Chambers hated waiting. He found himself wishing he was on truck detail.

It had fallen to Grofield and his ragtag group to knock out the Axis radio towers.





Grofield had worked with Parker enough to know his methods. He was an expert with groups.

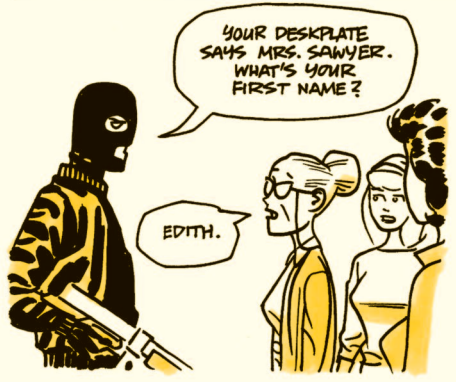
1 TERRIFY THEM SPEECHLESS



2 GROUP THEM TOGETHER



3 PERSONALIZE THE MOMENT



4 GIVE THEM A MINUTE TO ABSORB AND GRASP THE SITUATION



To see Parker before a job, or after, you'd think he was just a silent heavy, about as subtle as a gorilla.



But on the job, dealing with any people that might be in the way, he was all psychology.



He was explaining it to them now, telling them he was sorry that two of them had to be tied and gagged. They were hanging on his words.



There was a lunchroom down the hall and they did their best to make the women comfortable. Parker and the rest left Crofield to his solo act.



NOW, MARY, I NEED YOU TO WRITE DOWN SOME PHONE NUMBERS FOR ME.



I'LL NEED A PAD AND PEN OUT OF THE DESK DRAWER.

IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN IN THAT DRAWER AND IF YOU DO, YOU HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO SHOW IT TO ME. GO AHEAD.





I NEED NUMBERS FOR THE POLICE STATION, THE FIREHOUSE, AND THE NIGHT PHONE AT THE COPPER MINE.



CAN I USE THIS? OR DO YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING THERE?

YOU CAN USE IT.



HELLO FRED? PUT MY FRIEND WITH THE GUN ON.

E? G HERE AT THE PHONE COMPANY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. YOU CAN REACH ME AT 7-3060.



FIREHOUSE? LET ME SPEAK TO MY MASKED FRIEND.



C? G HERE. EVERYTHING'S COOL. THE NUMBER HERE...



SO MARY, DO YOU FOLKS HAVE DIRECT DIALING OUT HERE?

NOT YET.



IF ANYBODY WANTS TO CALL OUT THEY HAVE TO GO THROUGH YOU, RIGHT?

YES.



IF ANYONE CALLS YOU, I'D LIKE TO LISTEN IN.

HOW DO WE WORK THAT?

LISTEN IN? WELL...



YOU COULD SIT THERE, I GUESS. PUT THAT HEADSET ON AND I'LL PLUG IN THE JACK.

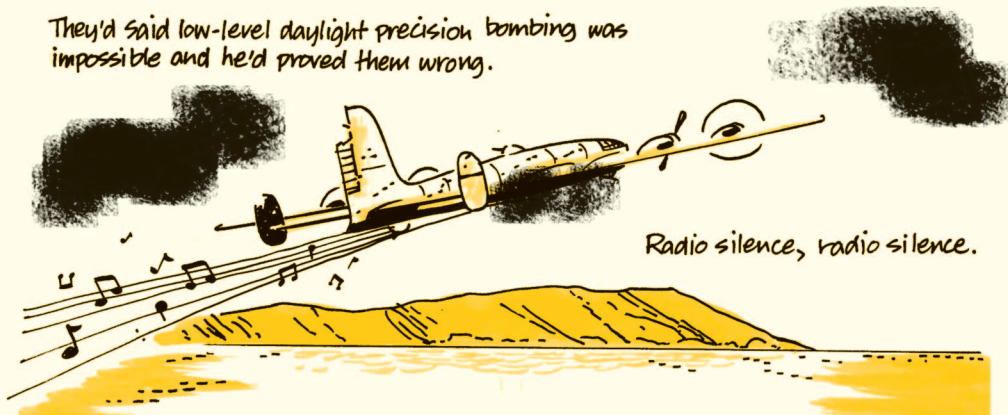


Grofield settled in, feeling the headset on his ears. The music had a high richness now.



He was bringing it back from over Germany, the co-pilot dead in the seat beside him.

They'd said low-level daylight precision bombing was impossible and he'd proved them wrong.



Radio silence, radio silence.

Wiss stood lookout.
He didn't want any
part of wrecking
the radio station.



He liked machinery.
He liked to tinker
with it and learn how
it worked.
He couldn't stand
to see it smashed.

It was the same
way with his work.
Wiss used a drill
and a wrench and
his own two hands.

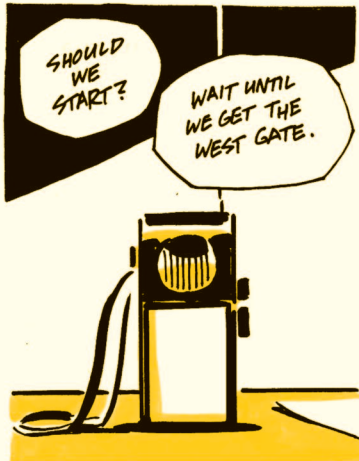


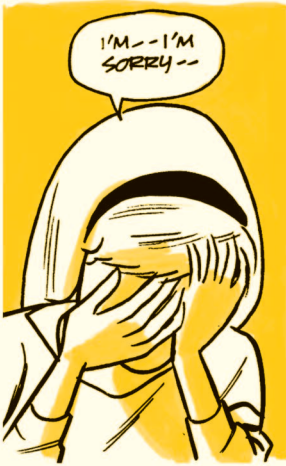
As far as Wiss was concerned,
men who used nitro were bums and
amateurs, not professional safe men.



Wiss and Palm followed Parker and Phillips
in the wagon. The mine squatted fat at
the end of Main Street.







Parker stopped at the plant gate and the guard emerged. This part had no effect on Wiss at all.



People were just fuses; Men like Phillips and Palm and Parker deactivated the fuses so men like Wiss could work.



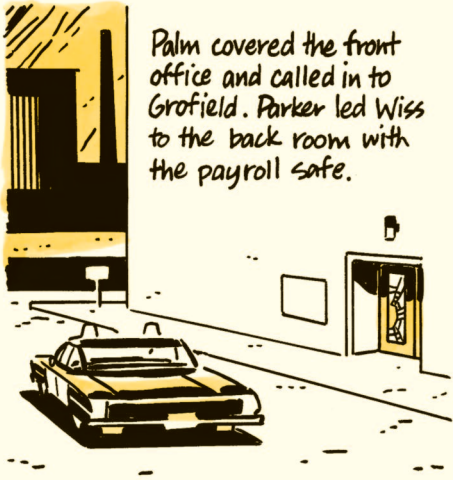
It took two minutes for Parker and Phillips to "deactivate" the security guard. Then they were heading in to the main office.



Phillips' comical salute and fake mustache were lost on Wiss. His mind was on the box.



PLEASE BE SURE
TO SIGN IN AT THE
MAIN OFFICE,
GENTLEMEN.



Palm covered the front office and called in to Grofield. Parker led Wiss to the back room with the payroll safe.



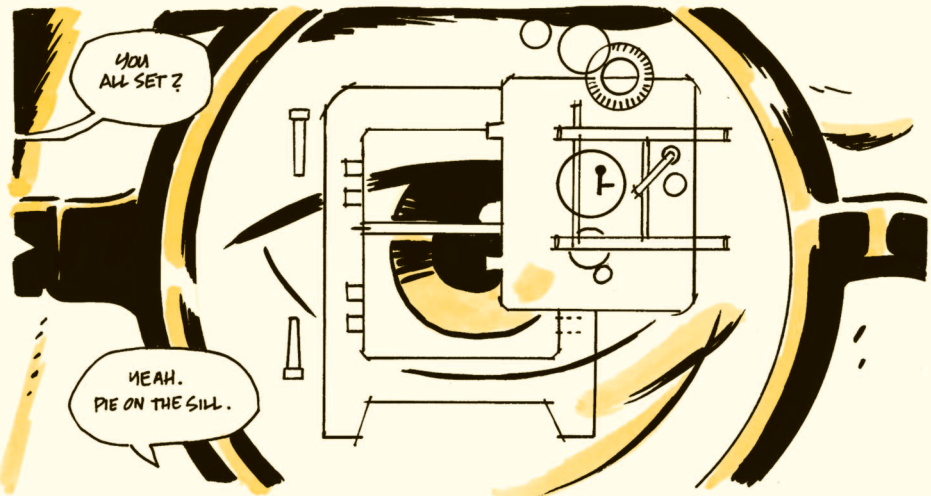
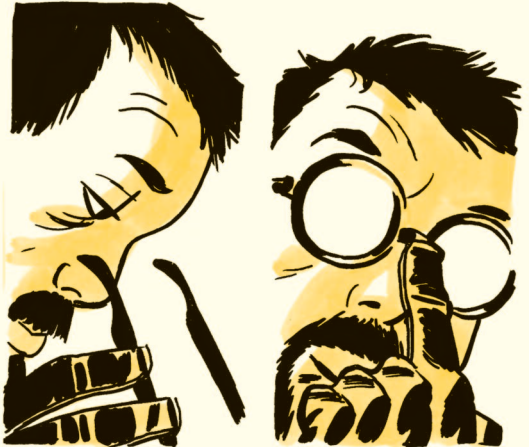
NO WINDOWS.

SO?



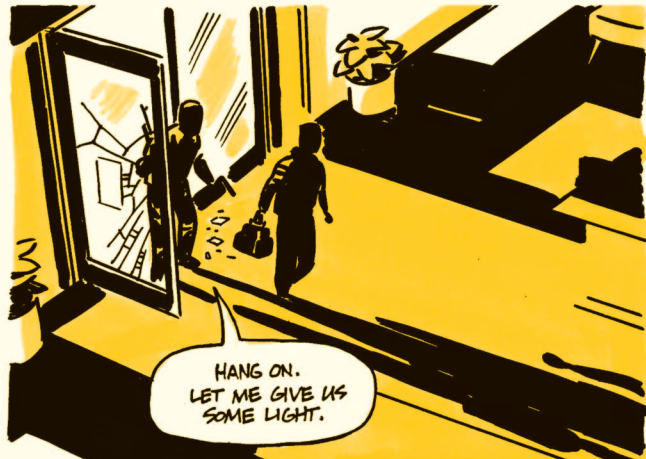
SO WE CAN USE THE LIGHTS.

RIGHT.



YOU ALL SET?

YEAH. PIE ON THE SILL.





Paulus loved the modern vaults. They were round and complex, like an escape hatch on a spaceship. He knew where to drill for the juice. No matter what Wiss said, the only way to blow one of these was with nitro.



Eddie Wheeler was scared.
He'd missed the curfew.
Betty Campbell's parents were
away until Sunday.



He'd fallen asleep in
her arms and when he
finally woke up, Betty's
clock said one.



He'd left Betty
in the doorway
and sprinted down
Whittier toward
Main street. Near Main
he began to hear a
high-pitched sound.



Someone was robbing
the bank! He had to warn
the police somehow.

The problem was he'd catch
it for missing the curfew.

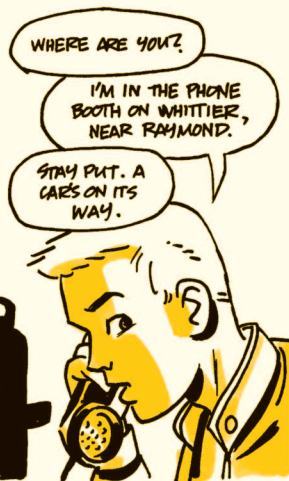


DANG
IT.



HELLO, POLICE?
THIS IS EDDIE WHEELER.
THERE'S A ROBBERY AT
THE MERCHANT'S BANK!

HOLD
THE LINE,
SIR.



WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M IN THE PHONE
BOOTH ON WHITTIER,
NEAR RAYMOND.

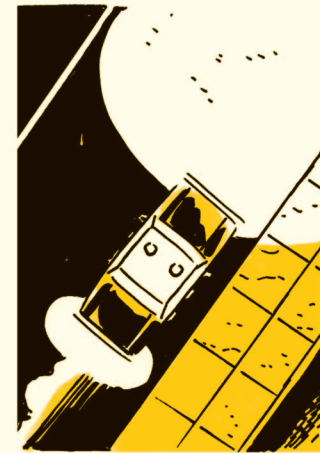
STAY PUT. A
CAR'S ON ITS
WAY.

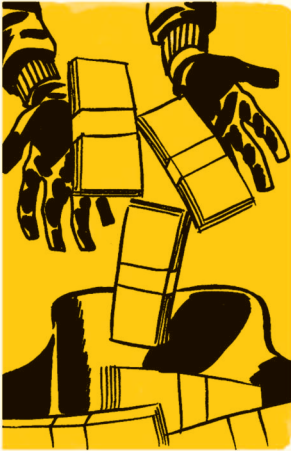


Three minutes later, the
prowl car arrived.

OVER HERE!
THEY'RE AT THE
MERCHANT'S!



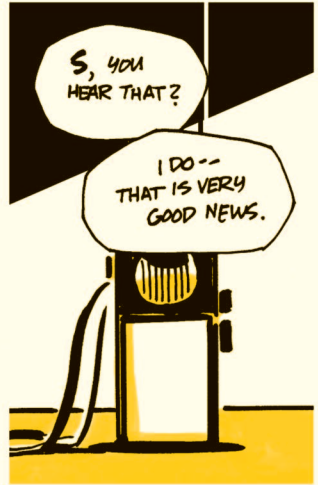
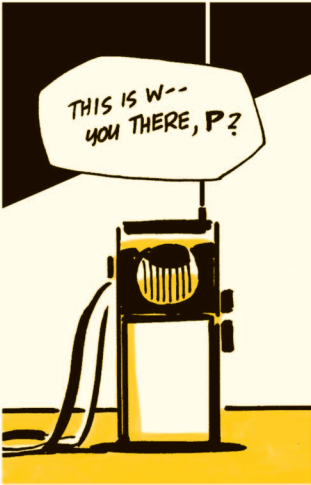




2:00 A.M.







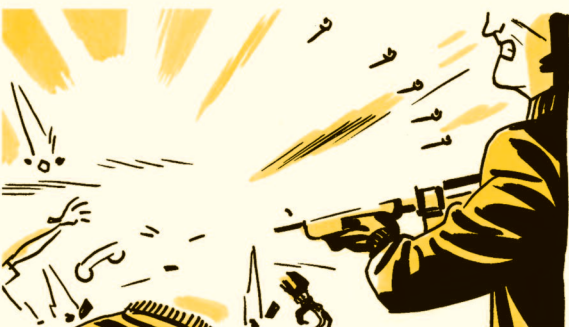






CLICK
CLICK
CLICK







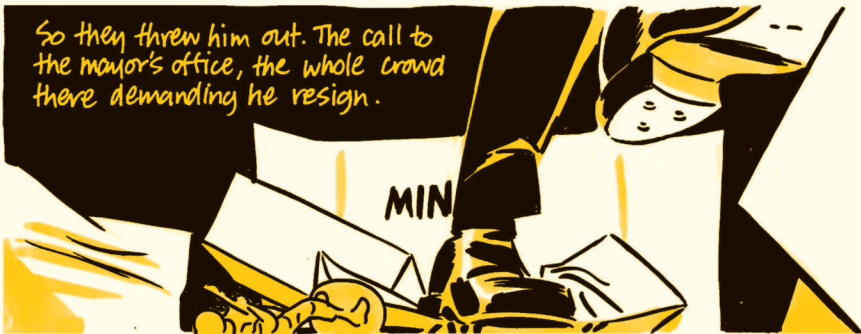
They'd never proved anything on him, the bastards.
Brutality? Kickbacks? You needed witnesses, you needed proof.
He wasn't dumb enough to get caught by these hicks,
not in a million years.



They couldn't return a single indictment, not a one. Fifty charges and not one indictment.



So they threw him out. The call to the mayor's office, the whole crowd there demanding he resign.

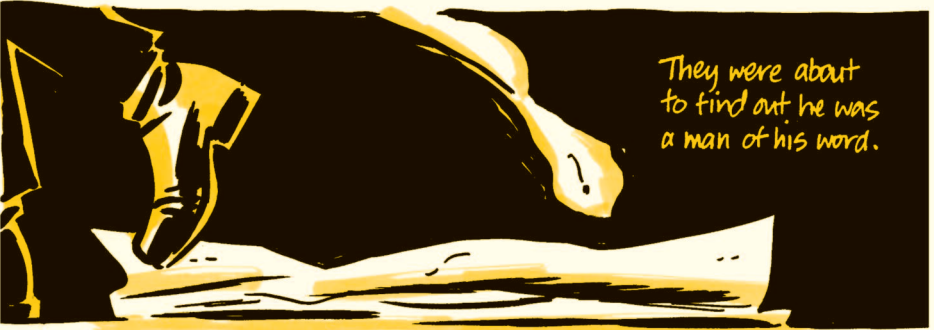


He refused, of course. The city council held a vote, and he was dismissed.

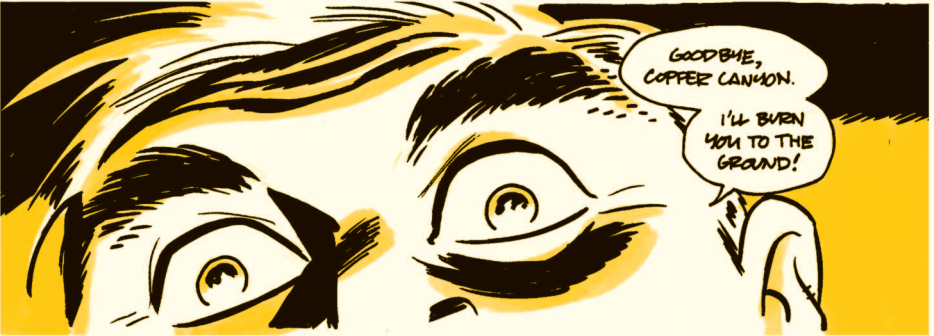




They ran him out of town. He swore to them they'd regret it.



They were about to find out he was a man of his word.



GOODBYE, COPPER CANYON.

I'LL BURN YOU TO THE GROUND!



Next was the mine. They were going to learn what it meant to cross him.



WHAT WAS THAT?

THEY MUST BE BLOWING A VAULT.

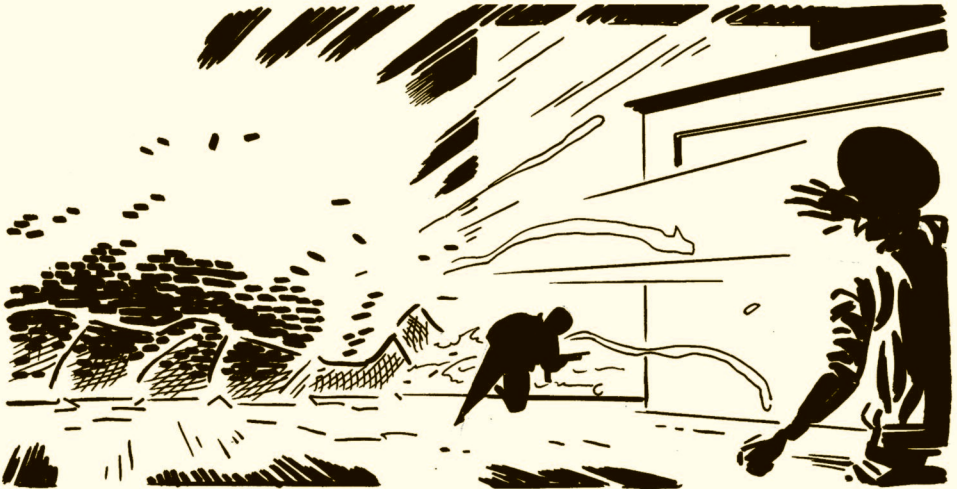
HOLD YOUR POSITION.



He knew every inch of this plant. Knew just where a grenade would do the most damage.

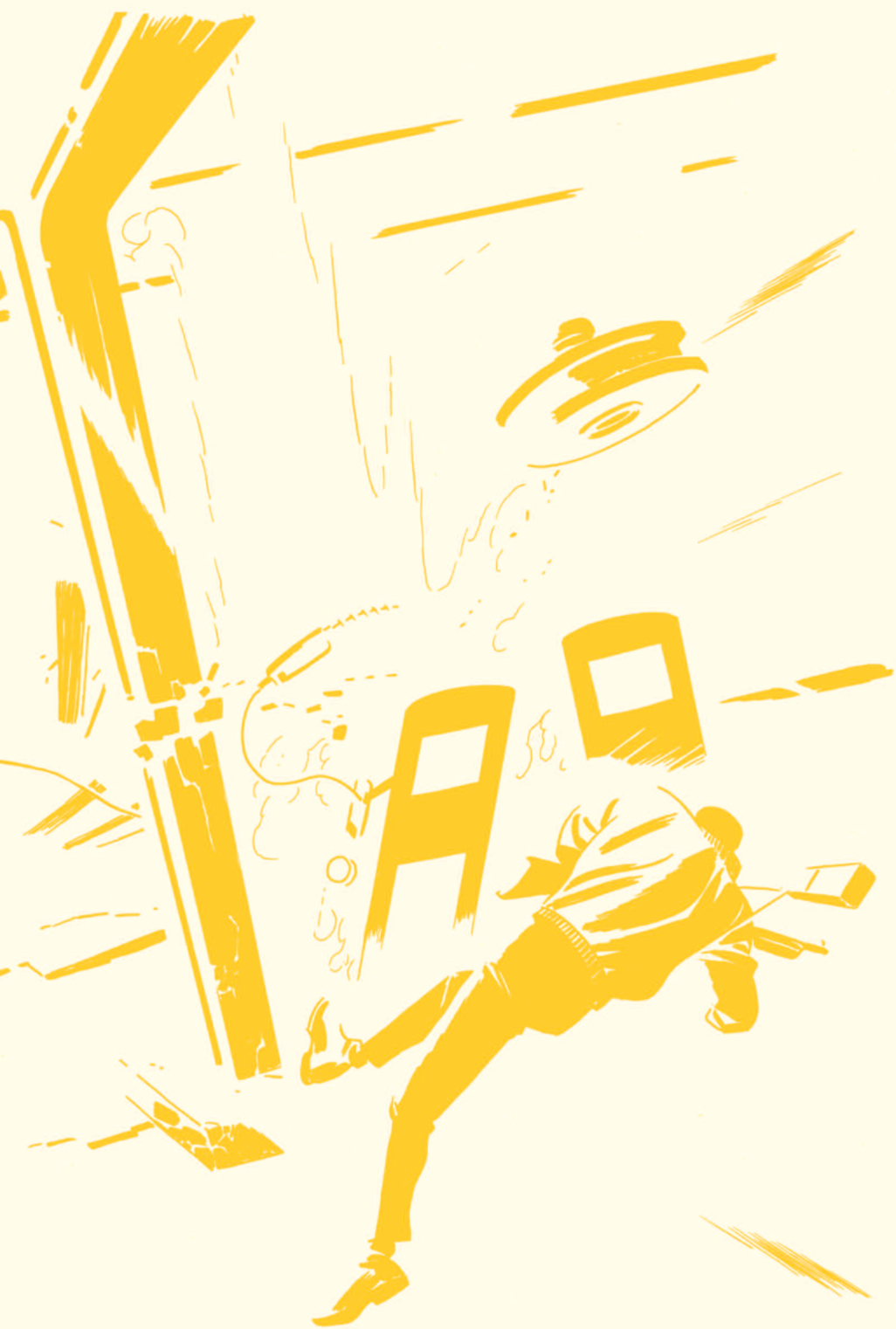


DANGER
NO SMOKING
FLAMMAB









Wycza wrestled on occasion and he rolled with the blast.



The second explosion was another matter.



EDGARS?

IN THERE.



G-- CALL PALM--
TELL HIM TO GET TO
THE EAST GATE AND
GET YOURSELF
DOWNSTAIRS.

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

LATER.



S, WATCH THE
ROAD. IF THE TROOPERS
DO COME IN. DON'T STOP
THEM, JUST WARN US.

WILL
DO.





I NEVER DID LIKE THAT TROOPER BARRACKS.



IT'S SOUR, PARKER. IT'S GONE SOUR.

I KNOW. YOU DRIVE THE TRUCK AND I'LL TAKE THE WAGON. YOU PICK UP SALSA AND GROFIELD.



I'LL GET PALM AND PHILLIPS.

DON'T WAIT FOR ME.



GOT IT.



GUYS, WHAT'S GOING ON?

ERRK!



WHERE'S PARKER GOING? WHAT THE FOLKS IS--

SHUT UP AND GET IN BACK OR I LEAVE YOU.



Wycza couldn't believe his eyes. Of all the stupidities tonight, Edgars' had suddenly taken second place behind Crofield.



GET HER THE HELL OUT OF HERE.



SHE'S COMING ALONG.

PARKER'LL KILL YOU.



THROW HER OUT WHEN WE PICK UP SALSA, I'M TELLING YOU.

LET ME WORRY ABOUT IT, HUH? SHE'S COMING ALONG SO SHUT UP.



THERE'S NO ROOM FOR SALSA.

SHE CAN SIT IN MY LAP.



NO TROOPERS YET.

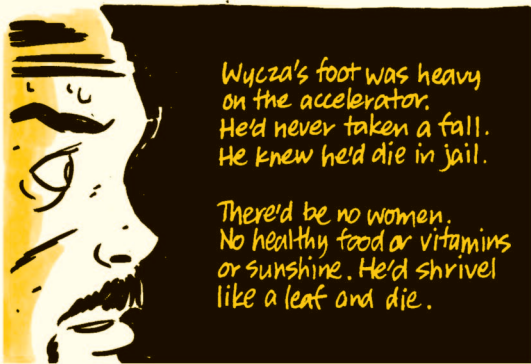
NO SENSE TELLING PARKER ABOUT THE BROAD.

HE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.



P--EVERYTHING'S CLEAR SO FAR. WE'RE OUT OF TOWN, AND NO TROOPERS HAVE COME IN YET.

WE'RE COMING OUT NOW.



Wycza's foot was heavy on the accelerator. He'd never taken a fall. He knew he'd die in jail.

There'd be no women. No healthy food or vitamins or sunshine. He'd shrivel like a leaf and die.



Behind him, he saw Parker clear the town.



A half mile later he saw the lights from the trooper's interceptor.



The trooper sped past them, toward the blazing town. Wycza felt his boot ease off the gas.

WE'RE CLEAR.



THAT'S ONE PROBLEM BEHIND US.

I'M NOT A PROBLEM. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME.



WE'RE NOT. GEOFIELD IS.

BOOK FOUR



YOU CAN
BURY HER DOWN
THERE.



FORGET IT, PARKER. YOU DON'T KILL THAT GIRL.

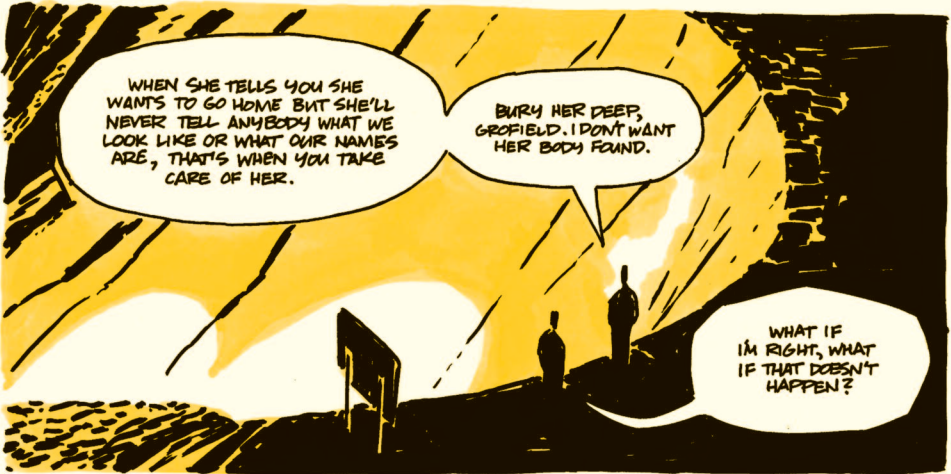


THAT'S RIGHT. I DON'T. SHE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HER, PARKER.

I'M NOT. YOU ARE. IN A DAY OR TWO SHE'LL WANT TO GO HOME.



WHEN SHE TELLS YOU SHE WANTS TO GO HOME BUT SHE'LL NEVER TELL ANYBODY WHAT WE LOOK LIKE OR WHAT OUR NAMES ARE, THAT'S WHEN YOU TAKE CARE OF HER.

BURY HER DEEP, GROFIELD. I DON'T WANT HER BODY FOUND.

WHAT IF I'M RIGHT, WHAT IF THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN?



WE'RE HERE FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS. THEN WHAT?

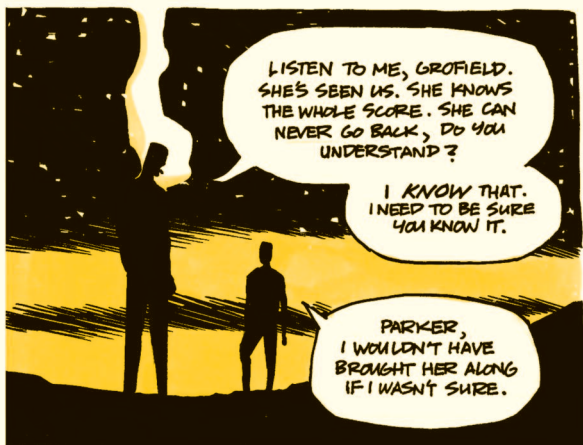


NEW YORK FOR THE SUMMER. THEN SOUTH FOR THE WINTER. SHE'S GOT NO FAMILY AND WAS GOING TO LEAVE ANYWAY. SHE WANTS TO ACT.



SHE'LL GET PICKED UP FOR JAYWALKING AND SPILL THE WHOLE DEAL. SHE'S AN AMATEUR.

I'LL TEACH HER, PARKER. SHE WANTS TO LEARN.



LISTEN TO ME, GROFIELD. SHE'S SEEN US. SHE KNOWS THE WHOLE SCORE. SHE CAN NEVER GO BACK, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I KNOW THAT. I NEED TO BE SURE YOU KNOW IT.

PARKER, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HER ALONG IF I WASN'T SURE.



GO GET HER.



I DON'T WANT YOU LAYING A HAND ON HER.

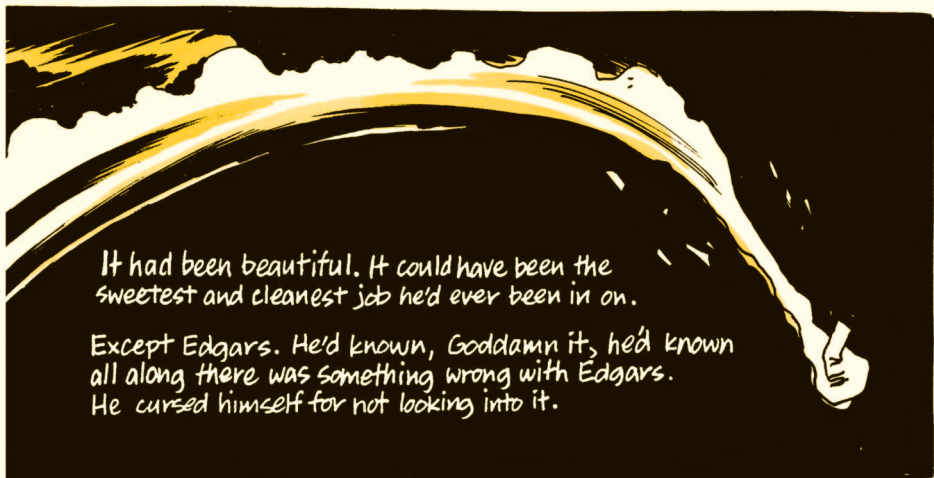


THAT'S NOT MY JOB. THAT'S YOUR JOB. I WANT TO TALK TO HER.

ALONE.




DON'T TRY TO PUSH HER AWAY, PARKER.



It had been beautiful. It could have been the sweetest and cleanest job he'd ever been in on.

Except Edgars. He'd known, Goddamn it, he'd known all along there was something wrong with Edgars. He cursed himself for not looking into it.



It had all still worked out.
Chambers was dead and Edgars
was dead, and there was no
telling how many locals were
dead, but at least they'd
managed to get out from
under with the loot.

Christ, what a job. One
madman tries to blow up
the town and another
decides to bring a girl along.

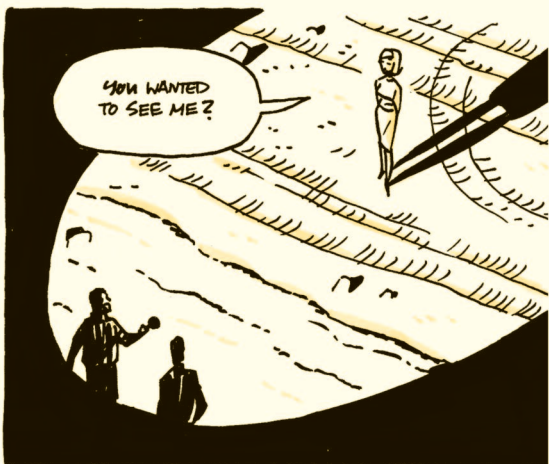


GOT THE TRUCK TUCKED AWAY. IT'S ONE HELL OF A WALK BACK UP.



YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME THE DEAL WITH EDGARS SOMEDAY.

I WISH I KNEW, DAN.



YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?



PLEASE... THE LIGHT.



TURN IT OFF, DAN.



I NEED TO ASK YOU SOME THINGS, OKAY?

YES.



CIGARETTE?

THANKS.

I'LL SEE YOU
TWO INSIDE.



DID YOU EVER
HEAR OF A GUY
NAMED EDGARS?

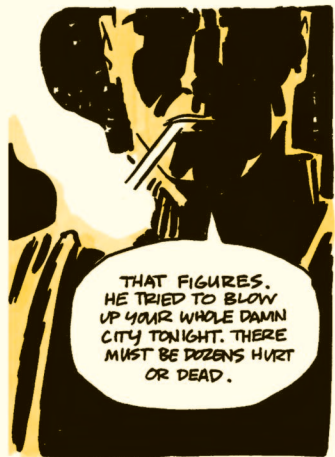
YOU MEAN THE
MAN THAT USED TO
BE POLICE CHIEF?

THAT'S THE
ONE.



WHAT DID HE
HAVE AGAINST
YOUR TOWN?

THERE WAS SOME SORT OF
SCANDAL. I DON'T KNOW ALL OF
THE DETAILS BUT IT WAS A BIG
DEAL. HE LOST HIS JOB AND
WAS RUN OUT OF TOWN.



THAT FIGURES.
HE TRIED TO BLOW
UP YOUR WHOLE DAMN
CITY TONIGHT. THERE
MUST BE DOZENS HURT
OR DEAD.



I MEAN, THE FIRES AND
ALL THAT. I IMAGINE SOME
OF YOUR FRIENDS WERE
PROBABLY KILLED.



BURNING TO DEATH.
WHAT A HORRIBLE
WAY TO GO.



WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS?



TO SEE IF YOU'RE GOING TO CRACK UP.

WHY ?



YOU KNOW MY NAME. YOU KNOW MY FACE.

I CAN'T HAVE YOU GOING BACK AND TALKING TO THE LAW.



THE SIMPLEST THING WOULD BE TO THROW ME OFF THE CLIFF, WOULDN'T IT ?

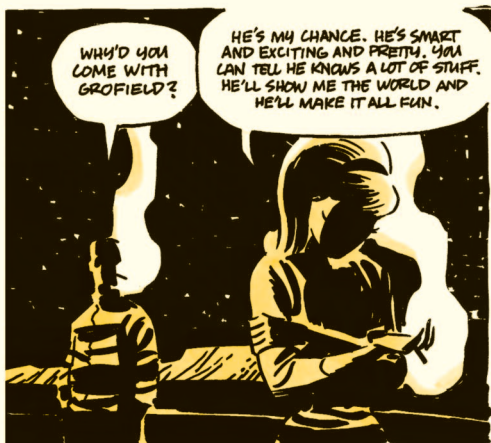
IT WOULD.



WHY DON'T YOU ? YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GROFIELD.

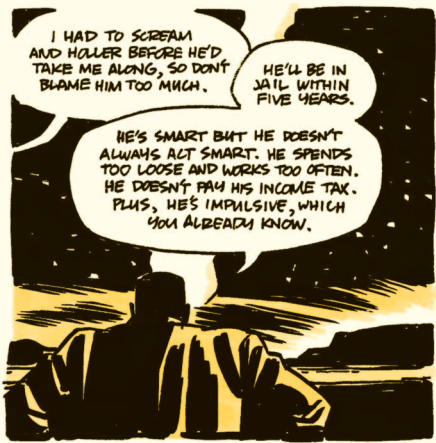


YOU'VE MISJUDGED ME. I DON'T KILL AS AN EASY WAY OUT. IF I KILL IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE.



WHY'D YOU COME WITH GROFIELD ?

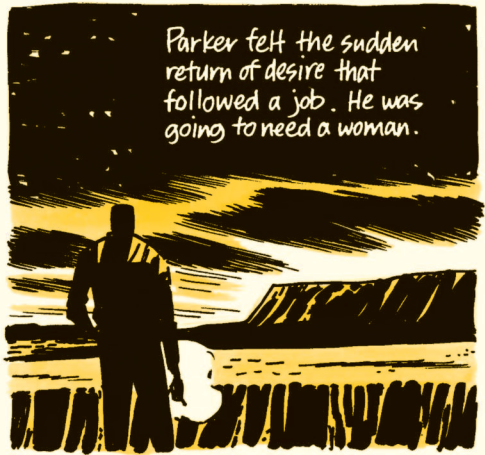
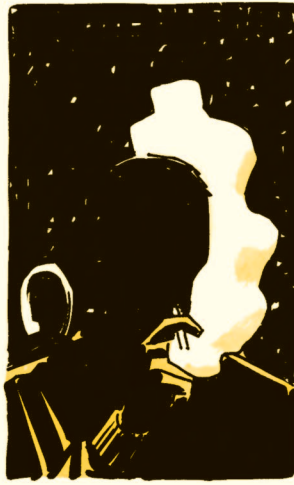
HE'S MY CHANCE. HE'S SMART AND EXCITING AND PRETTY. YOU CAN TELL HE KNOWS A LOT OF STUFF. HE'LL SHOW ME THE WORLD AND HE'LL MAKE IT ALL FUN.



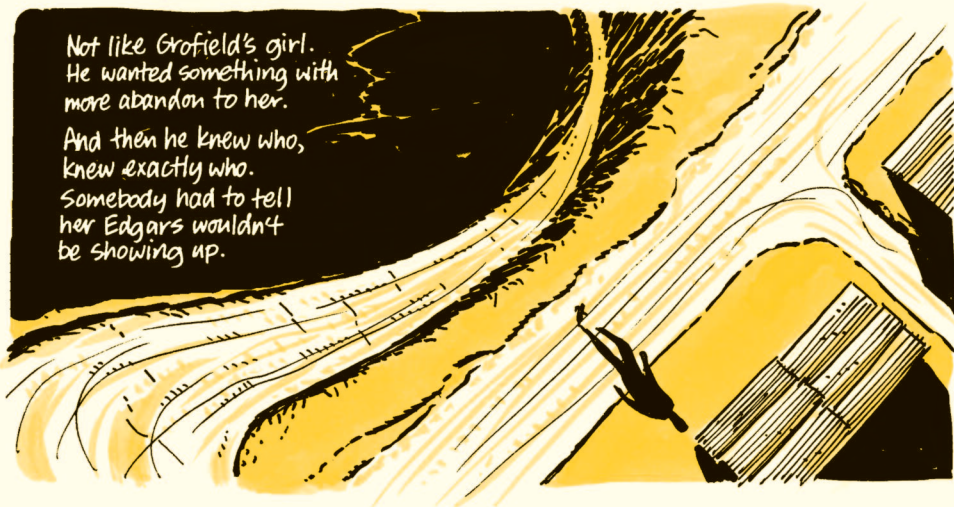
I HAD TO SCREAM AND HOLLER BEFORE HE'D TAKE ME ALONG, SO DON'T BLAME HIM TOO MUCH.

HE'LL BE IN JAIL WITHIN FIVE YEARS.

HE'S SMART BUT HE DOESN'T ALWAYS ACT SMART. HE SPENDS TOO LOOSE AND WORKS TOO OFTEN. HE DOESN'T PAY HIS INCOME TAX. PLUS, HE'S IMPULSIVE, WHICH YOU ALREADY KNOW.



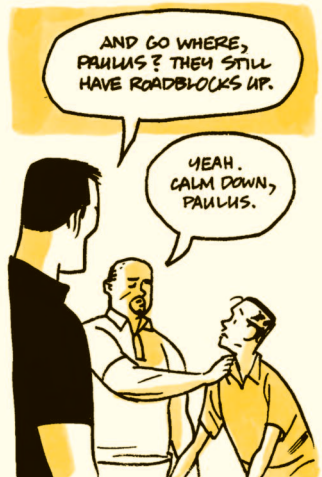
Parker felt the sudden return of desire that followed a job. He was going to need a woman.



Not like Grofield's girl. He wanted something with more abandon to her. And then he knew who, knew exactly who. Somebody had to tell her Edgars wouldn't be showing up.



FRIDAY, APRIL 24





DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN! I'M LEAVING TONIGHT.



WE DON'T SPLIT TONIGHT. WE MAKE THE SPLIT DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, I TELL YOU--



SHUT UP A SECOND. LISTEN-- IS HE COMING BACK?



WHAT DOES HE THINK HE SEES OUT THERE?

NOTHING. HE IS USING THE GRID PATTERN TO SEARCH. THE BACK AND FORTH, YES?



BULLSHIT! THIS IS BULLSHIT. I'M TAKING MY SHARE TONIGHT.



YOU SHUT YOUR FACE, PAULUS! YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE.



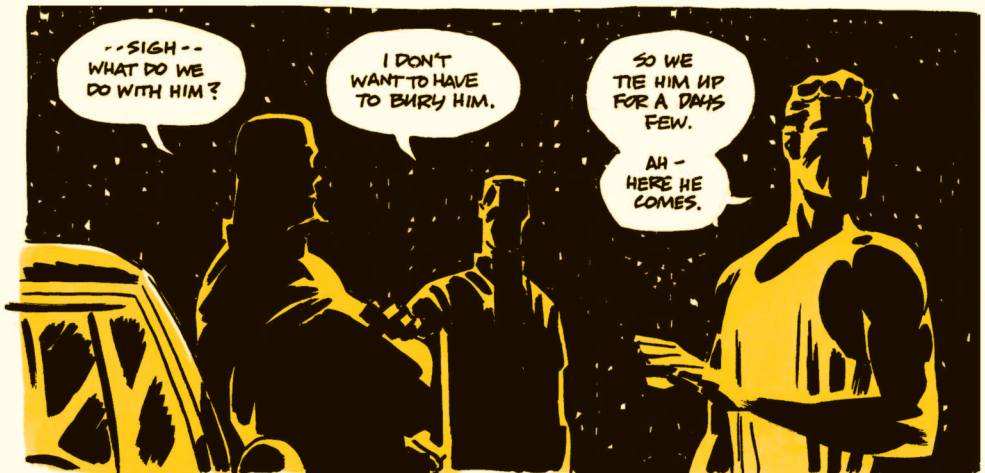
ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS.



THAT'S THE TOUGH PART.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25







GET THAT CAR OUT OF THE WAY!
I'LL RAM IT!

FORGET IT,
PAULUS.



DON'T MAKE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT FOR YOURSELF. COME BACK TO THE SHED AND WE'LL TIE YOU UP A FEW DAYS.



FUCK YOU, SALSA!
EDGARS SET US UP TO BE CAUGHT, DON'T YOU SEE THAT?



I SWEAR, PAULUS,
IF I HAVE TO COME DOWN THERE--



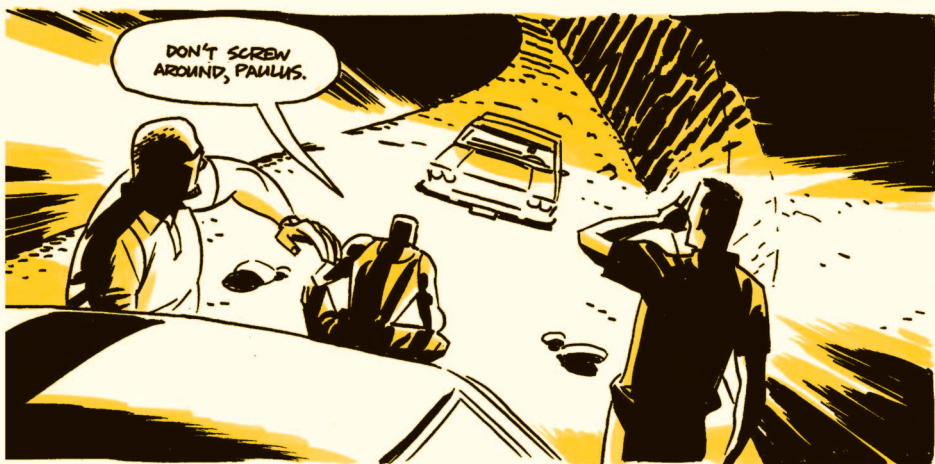
GOD DAMN YOU,
PARKER!

WHAT AN ASSHOLE.

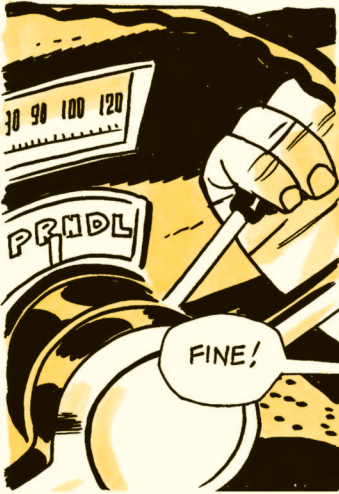


ASSHOLES!

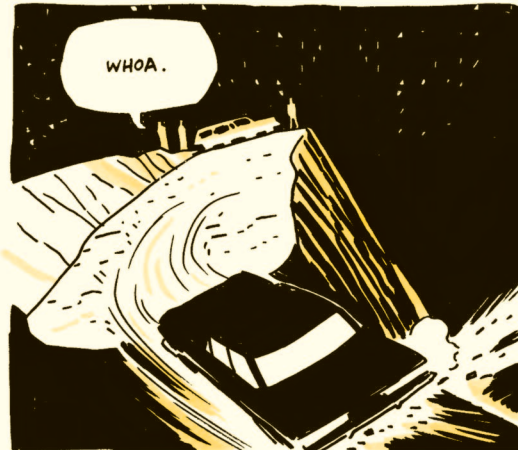
LIGHTS

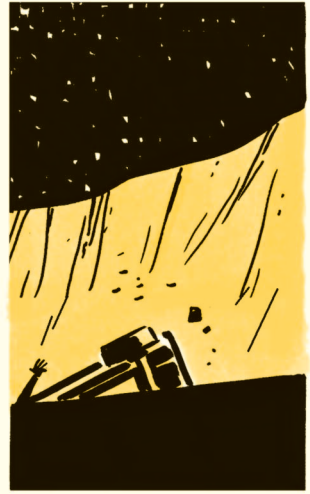


DON'T SCREW AROUND,
PAULUS.



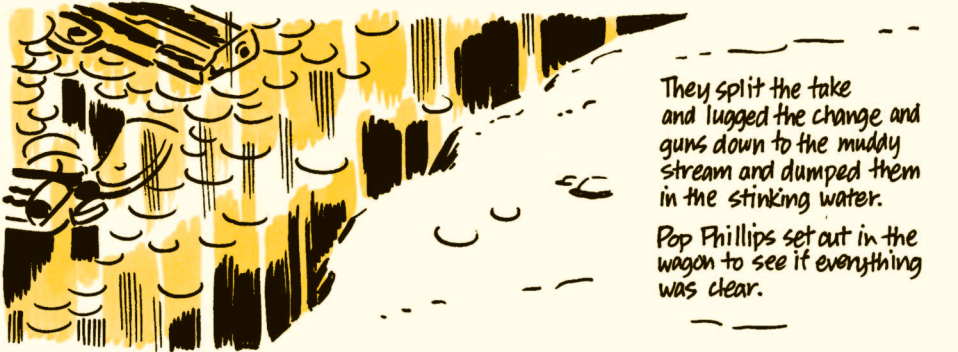
WE'LL ALL JUST SIT HERE
UNTIL THE LAW SHOWS UP.
ASSHOLES!





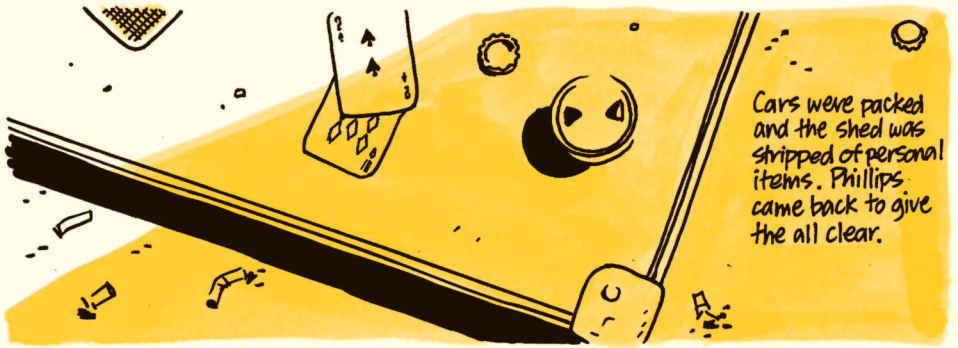


They'd buried Paulus and the burnt car that night. The rest of the sit was uneventful.



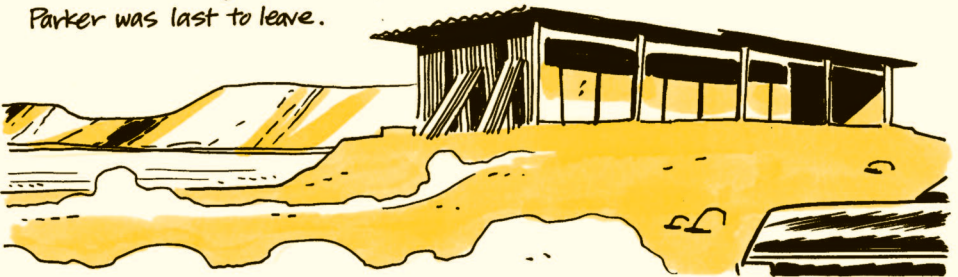
They split the take and lugged the change and guns down to the muddy stream and dumped them in the stinking water.

Pop Phillips set out in the wagon to see if everything was clear.

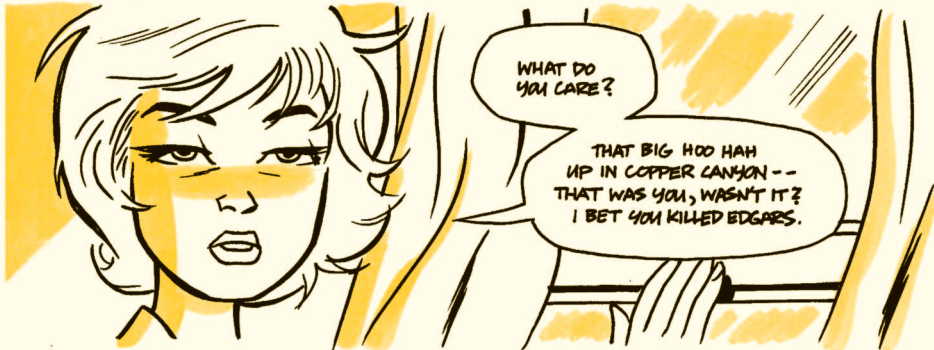
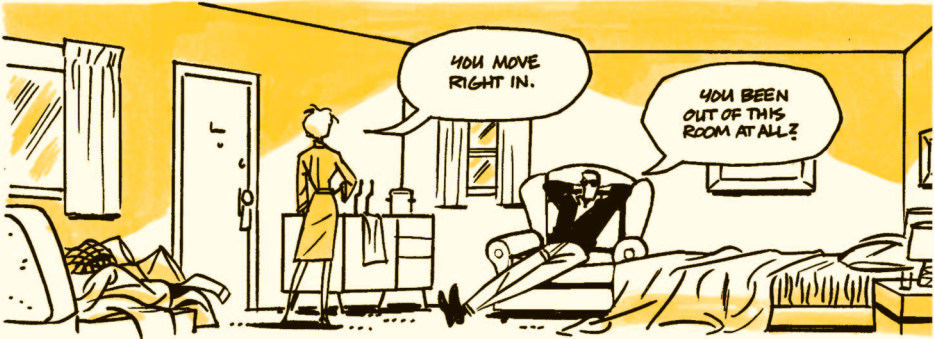


Cars were packed and the shed was stripped of personal items. Phillips came back to give the all clear.

Each man left with just over \$30,000.
Parker was last to leave.



MONDAY, APRIL 27





EDGARS
KILLED HIMSELF.

HE WAS SICK IN THE HEAD.
HE WANTED TO BLOW UP THE
WHOLE TOWN, AND ONE OF HIS
GRENADES BROUGHT DOWN
A WALL RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM.



I PICK 'EM,
DON'T I? TELL ME,
PARKER, WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?

THERE'S
NOTHING WRONG
WITH ME.



THERE'S GOT
TO BE SOMETHING,
OR I WOULDN'T
PICK YOU.



YOU DIDN'T
PICK ME.

GET ANOTHER
GLASS.



OH, DON'T ACT SO GOD-
DAMN TOUGH. WHERE
ARE YOU HEADING NEXT?

DRIVE TO
CHICAGO.



TAKE A PLANE
TO MIAMI.

YOU LIKE
MIAMI?



HOW THE HELL
DO I KNOW?

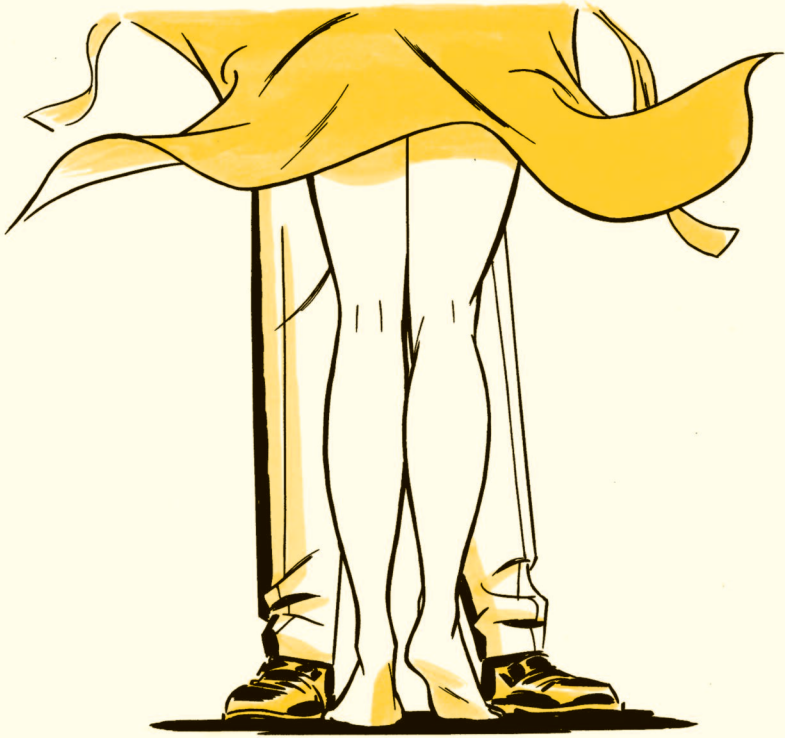
THIS IS THE FARTHEST
I'VE BEEN FROM NEW YORK
IN MY LIFE.

Parker looked at her, and thought of Grofield's girl.

Where do you find one like that?

Forget it, there'd be something wrong with her too.





Butterfly,
said Parker.

Sure.

Special Thanks:

James (Phillips) Steranko
Phil (Wiss) Noto
Jimmy (Palm) Palmiotti
Frank (Elkins) Tieri
Dave (Chambers) Johnson
Michael (Cho) Cho
Callum (Wycza) Johnston

and

Abby Westlake
Paul Westlake
Susanna Einstein (of Einstein Thompson Agency)
Ted Adams
Robbie Robbins

PARKER WILL

RETURN IN 2013



“
Deliciously brutal.”

NEW YORK TIMES



RICHARD STARK is the most famous pseudonym of world-renowned author Donald Westlake (1933-2008). In 1962 he created the master thief Parker and began a series of novels that have been recognized as seminal works of crime fiction. Several of Westlake's books have been adapted by Hollywood and Westlake's adaptation of *The Grifters* earned him an Academy Award nomination for best motion picture screenplay.

Westlake has won numerous awards for his fiction and in 1993 the Mystery Writers of America named him a Grand Master, the highest honor bestowed by that prestigious society.



DARWYN COOKE is a graphic designer and animator who turned his attention toward cartooning in the late nineties. Known primarily for his work on the DC line of superheroes, Cooke has always had an affinity for crime fiction and has often cited the Parker books as a great source of creative inspiration.

Cooke has won multiple Eisner, Harvey and Shuster awards, as well as the National Cartoonist Society's Best Series award. In 2008 Cooke was Emmy-nominated for the animated adaptation of his magnum opus, *The New Frontier*.

THE SCORE is a high-octane trip across America, as Parker assembles a dozen of the best caper men he can find to knock over his most audacious target yet: an entire town. They scheme, they prepare, and they execute with military precision unaware that the whole thing is about to blow up in their faces. Long considered a high watermark in the Parker series, this new graphic adaptation brings the original to violent, double-crossing life.

IDW[®]

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

san diego **score**



IDW

Richard Stark's
Parker

book three
The Score

2012
San Diego
Comic-Con
Edition

This limited-edition
printing of
IDW Publishing's
The Score
features a unique
dustjacket as well as
a hand-marked
signature plate signed
and numbered by
Darwyn Cooke.