

JIM THOMPSON'S

# THE KILLER INSIDE ME

IDW  
ISSUE  
**4**  
\$3.99



MALHOTRA 2016

FARACI • MALHOTRA • MILLET

# JIM THOMPSON'S THE KILLER INSIDE ME

## STORY SO FAR...

Lou Ford is a small-town sheriff's deputy who had a troubled childhood that formed a sickness deep within him. That sickness has bubbled to the surface once again, driving him to brutally murder Joyce Lakeland, Elmer Conway, and Johnnie Pappas. Lou covered his tracks well, successfully clearing himself of any suspicion. Or so Lou thinks...

Writer

**Devin Faraci**

Artist

**Vic Malhotra**

Colors

**Jason Millet**

Letterer

**Christa Miesner**

Editor

**Denton J. Tipton**

Publisher

**Ted Adams**



Standard Cover  
Art By Vic Malhotra



Subscription Cover  
Art By Robert Hack

Special thanks to Danny Baror for his invaluable assistance.

For international rights, contact [licensing@idwpublishing.com](mailto:licensing@idwpublishing.com)

**IDW**  
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher • Greg Goldstein, President & COO • Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist • Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer • David Hedgecock, Editor-in-Chief • Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing • Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer • Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing • Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services • Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights • Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing) • Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing) • YouTube: [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)  
Tumblr: [tumblr.idwpublishing.com](https://www.tumblr.com/idwpublishing) • Instagram: [instagram.com/idwpublishing](https://www.instagram.com/idwpublishing)



JIM THOMPSON'S THE KILLER INSIDE ME #4, NOVEMBER 2016, FIRST PRINTING. Copyright © 1952 by Jim Thompson, copyright © renewed 1980 by Alberta Thompson. © 2016 Idea and Design Works, LLC. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Rd., San Diego, CA 92110. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.



I killed Amy Stanton on Saturday night on the fifth of April, 1952, a few minutes before nine o'clock.



But I guess there's another thing or two to tell you first.



In lots of books I read, the writer seems to go haywire every time he reaches a high point.

He'll start leaving out punctuation and run words together and babble about sinking into a deep dreamless sea.



It gets so you can't tell if the hero is laying his girl or a cornerstone.

I guess that crap is supposed to be deep stuff--a lot of reviewers eat it up anyway.



But the way I see it is, the writer's just too goddamn lazy to do his job.

NICE VIEW HERE?

And I'm not lazy.



MIND IF I JOIN YOU? THANKS, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T.

HELLO, JOE.



COME OUT HERE OFTEN, LOU?

WHENEVER I FEEL LIKE IT.



THE MURDER COTTAGE, I BELIEVE THEY CALL IT.

HOW MANY TIMES WERE YOU OUT HERE, LOU?



QUITE A FEW TIMES. I HAD OFFICIAL REASON TO BE, AND I'M NOT SO HARD UP THAT I HAVE TO LAY WHORES.

TAIL THEY CAN OUTLAW, LOU, BUT BULLSHIT? WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT BULLSHIT?



I WOULDN'T BE LISTENING TO YOU.



BUT YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO ME, LOU. I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I CAN STACK IT UP OVER YOUR HEAD, AND YOU'LL SIT THERE AND LISTEN.



I SAW YOU TALKING TO MAX PAPPAS. HE SEEMED RESIGNED TO JOHNNIE'S SUICIDE?

I WOULDN'T SAY RESIGNED TO IT. HE ASKED IF SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN THE CELL AFTER I LEFT.

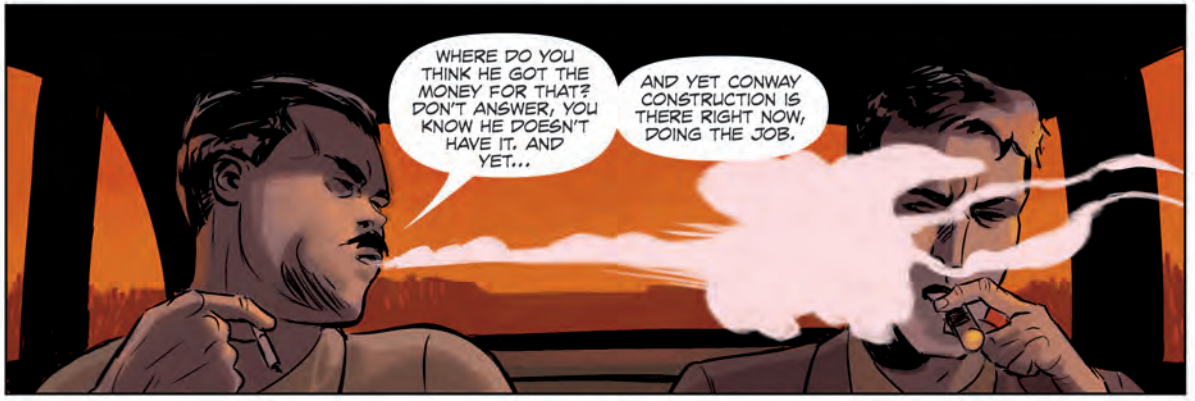


AND?

I TOLD HIM NONE OF THE BOYS WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



DID YOU NOW? DID YOU NOTICE THE REMODELING HE'S DOING? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'LL COST? ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.



WHERE DO YOU THINK HE GOT THE MONEY FOR THAT? DON'T ANSWER, YOU KNOW HE DOESN'T HAVE IT, AND YET...

AND YET CONWAY CONSTRUCTION IS THERE RIGHT NOW, DOING THE JOB.

DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS ODD THAT HE'D DO THIS JOB, FOR FREE, FOR THE MAN WHOSE SON KILLED HIS SON?

HAVE YOU BEEN TO JOHNNIE'S GRAVE?



NO, AND I DIDN'T MAKE THE FUNERAL. I'M ASHAMED I HAVEN'T VISITED HIM.



WELL, DAMMIT, YOU MEAN THAT, DON'T YOU? YOU MEAN EVERY WORD.



AT ANY RATE, JOHNNIE IS BURIED IN SACRED GROUND. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

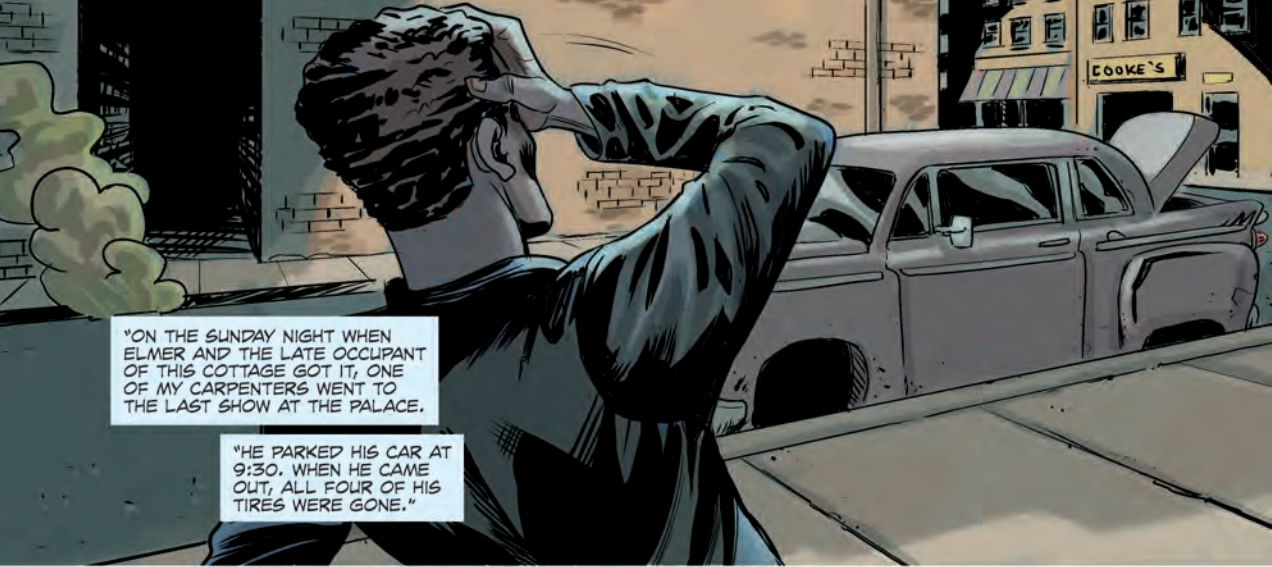
THAT THE CHURCH DIDN'T CALL IT A SUICIDE.



WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS?

HE WAS A TROUBLED KID, MAYBE THEY WANTED TO CUT HIM A BREAK.

HE WAS TROUBLED. HE DID TROUBLED THINGS. THINGS LIKE STEAL TIRES. FOUR OF THEM.



"ON THE SUNDAY NIGHT WHEN ELMER AND THE LATE OCCUPANT OF THIS COTTAGE GOT IT, ONE OF MY CARPENTERS WENT TO THE LAST SHOW AT THE PALACE.

"HE PARKED HIS CAR AT 9:30. WHEN HE CAME OUT, ALL FOUR OF HIS TIRES WERE GONE."



THAT'S TOO BAD. FUNNY I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT IT AT THE OFFICE.



IT'D BE FUNNIER IF YOU HAD. HE DIDN'T REPORT THE THEFT.

YOU BOYS AT THE STATION DON'T TAKE MUCH INTEREST IN WHAT HAPPENS TO MY COLORED UNION MEMBERS.

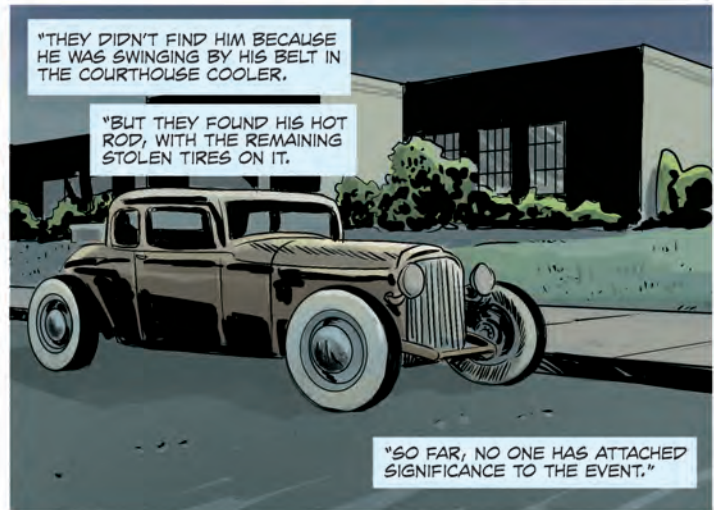


"BUT HE DID TELL SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS AT THE TUESDAY MEETING, AND ONE OF THEM MENTIONED HE HAD BOUGHT TWO TIRES FROM JOHNNIE PAPPAS."



YOU HAVE A CHILL, LOU? SOMEONE WALK OVER YOUR GRAVE?

AT ANY RATE, THEY WENT LOOKING FOR JOHNNIE PAPPAS, LOOKING TO COMPLETE THE SET.



"THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM BECAUSE HE WAS SWINGING BY HIS BELT IN THE COURTHOUSE COOLER.

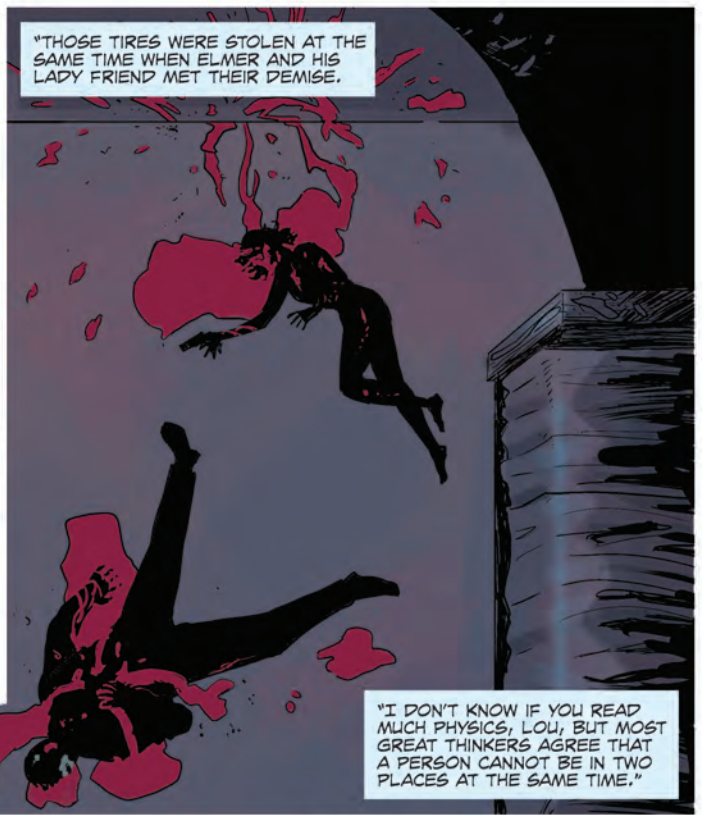
"BUT THEY FOUND HIS HOT ROD, WITH THE REMAINING STOLEN TIRES ON IT.

"SO FAR, NO ONE HAS ATTACHED SIGNIFICANCE TO THE EVENT."



I--WHY WOULD THEY, JOE?

SAVE THAT SHIT FOR THE BIRDS, LOU. REMEMBER WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT?



"THOSE TIRES WERE STOLEN AT THE SAME TIME WHEN ELMER AND HIS LADY FRIEND MET THEIR DEMISE."

"I DON'T KNOW IF YOU READ MUCH PHYSICS, LOU, BUT MOST GREAT THINKERS AGREE THAT A PERSON CANNOT BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME."



JOHNNIE RAN WITH A PRETTY WILD CROWD. THEY COULD HAVE STOLEN THE TIRES AND GAVE 'EM TO HIM TO PEDDLE.

THAT'S THE WAY IT HAD TO BE, JOE. IF HE'D HAD AN ALIBI, HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME. HE WOULDN'T HAVE HANGED HIMSELF.



NO, HE WOULDN'T.



HUMPTY DUMPTY FORD. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON OFF THAT WALL.

NOW THAT'S NOT FOR THE BIRDS.

I HAD BEEN FIGURING ON LEAVING TOWN...



JOE, THANK YOU FOR...

FOR WHAT? I HAVEN'T DONE A THING FOR YOU.

WE NEVER EVEN SPOKE.