

JIM THOMPSON'S

THE KILLER INSIDE ME

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FARACI • MALHOTRA • MILLET

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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 and Elmer Conway. Lou covered his tracks well, successfully clearing himself of any suspicion.

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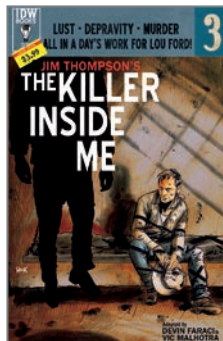
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I JUST TALKED TO BOB MAPLES' WIFE. HE'S NOT FEELING SO GOOD.



SO I HEAR. WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH.

I MEAN, THERE'S NOTHING MUCH TO DO ON THIS CONWAY CASE.

ALL WE CAN DO IS SIT TIGHT IN THE EVENT CONWAY THROWS HIS WEIGHT AROUND.

PITY THE GIRL DIED.



I DON'T KNOW, LOU. FRANKLY I'M RELIEVED. CONWAY WOULDN'T HAVE RESTED UNTIL WE PUT HER IN THE CHAIR.

I'D HATE TO HAVE BEEN A PARTY TO THAT.



THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO GOOD.

THOUGH I WOULD HAVE, LOU, IF SHE LIVED. I WOULD HAVE PROSECUTED HER TO THE HILT.

He was bending over backwards to be my pal.

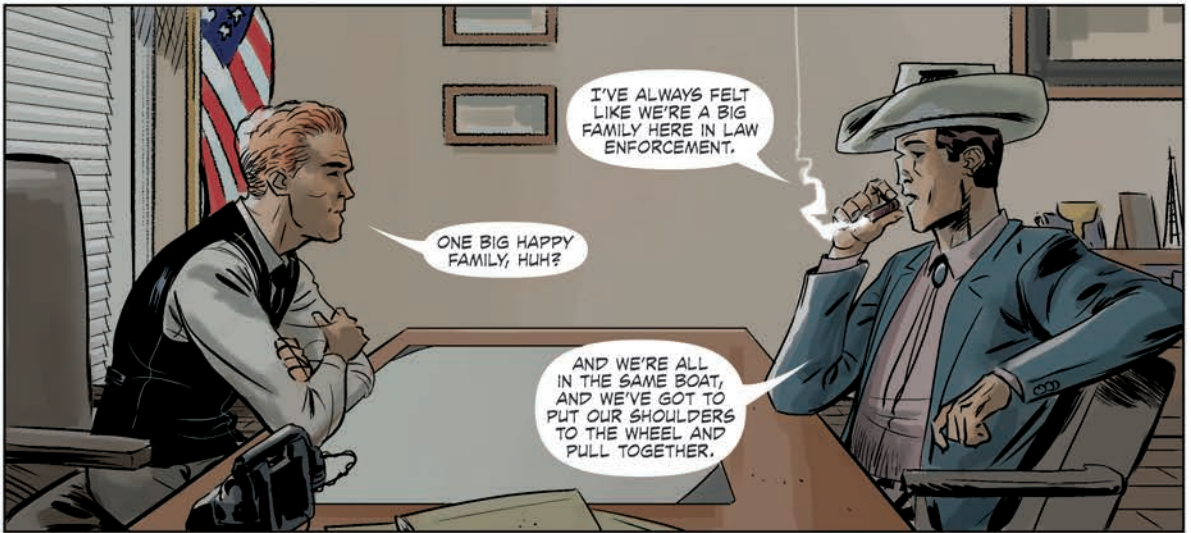


I WONDER, HOWARD...?

YES, LOU?

I GUESS I BETTER NOT SAY IT. MAYBE YOU DON'T FEEL ABOUT THINGS LIKE I DO.

I'VE ALWAYS FELT WE HAD A GREAT DEAL IN COMMON.





OF COURSE IF CONWAY IS STILL RILED UP WHEN HE GETS BACK, I COULD...

I WOULDN'T. I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE WISE AT ALL.



YOU THINK I SHOULD TELL BOB FIRST?

NO, BOB'S ALREADY TAKEN ENOUGH OF A BEATING ON THIS CASE. I THINK WE KEEP THIS BETWEEN US FOR NOW.

I MEAN, WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO AT THE MOMENT?



WELL, I FIGURE WE COULD ROUND UP ALL THE MEN WHO VISITED HER. COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN THIRTY OR FORTY.

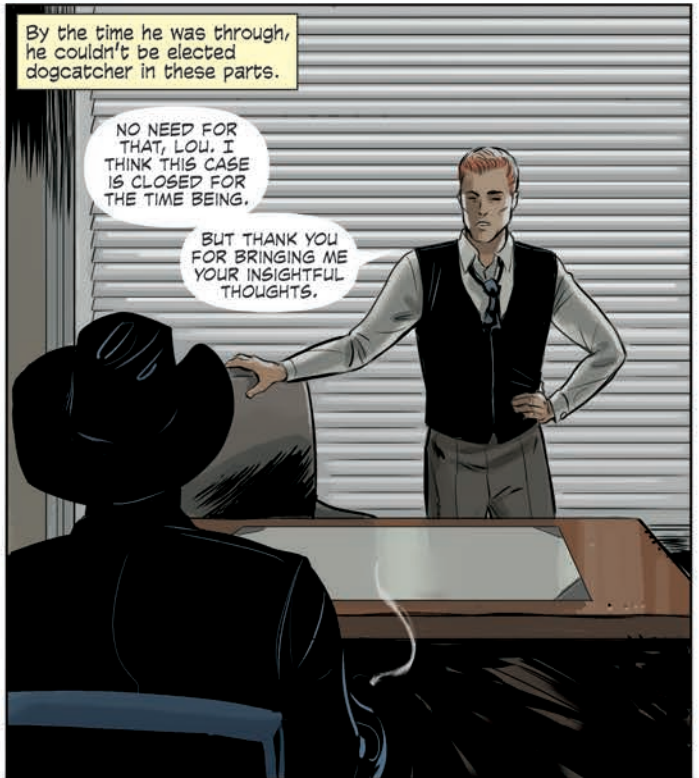
AND SHE WAS A HIGH-PRICED GAL...



SO THEY SHOULD ALL BE EASIER TO FIND.

They would be well-to-do citizens. It would be no skin off the sheriff's office's ass...

But Hendricks would have to do all the investigating.



By the time he was through, he couldn't be elected dogcatcher in these parts.

NO NEED FOR THAT, LOU. I THINK THIS CASE IS CLOSED FOR THE TIME BEING.

BUT THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME YOUR INSIGHTFUL THOUGHTS.



I don't know why I went there.

Well, I do know why. She was the only person I could have talked to, the only one who'd have understood.



I'M SORRY, BABY. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW SORRY I AM.

BUT IN A FEW MORE MONTHS I WOULD HAVE LOST CONTROL. THE SICKNESS...



Dad always said he had trouble sorting the fiction out of the so-called facts, without reading fiction.

He said science was already too muddled without trying to make it gibe with religion.



But he also said science could be a religion, and a broad mind was in danger of becoming narrow.

So he had religious literature about the house.

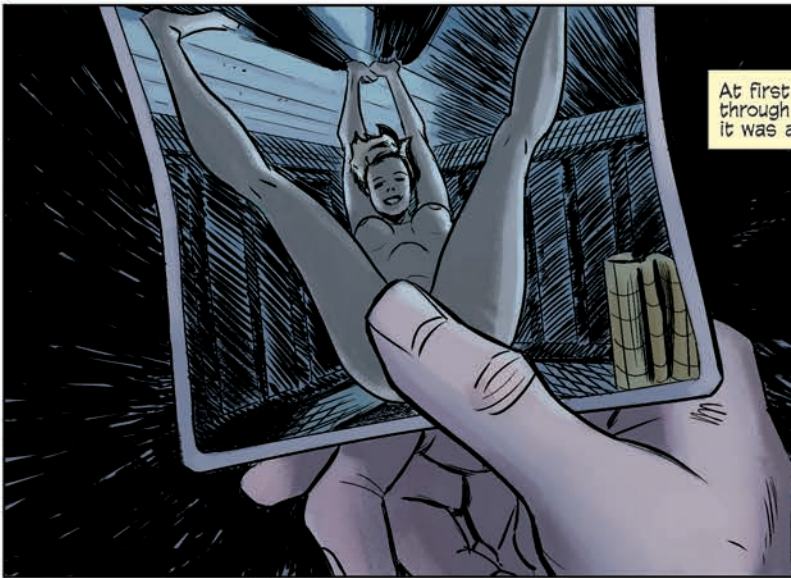


I had really never looked at it.

But I did tonight. Because I had already read everything else, and so I came to the Bible.



It was a woman's face.



At first I thought she was looking through the crotch of a tree, but it was another kind of crotch.

Her own.



WANT TO FIGHT, HELENE? WANT TO LEARN TO BOX?



I stood there for a few moments, staring, and a world of things, most of my kid life, came back to me.

She came back to me...



OH, I'M TIRED. YOU JUST HIT ME...



Helene. Dad's old housekeeper. She had been so much of that life.



BUT YOU'LL LIKE IT, DARLING. ALL THE BIG BOYS DO IT...