

Jacob Deuteronomy (J.D.) Koln

“Anger’s my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.”
-Shakespeare

It’s happening again. The headache. When the headache comes, something inside of you comes out. Something you don’t like, but something so forceful and so dominant that you can’t do anything but get the hell out of the way and let the rage take over. *Just stand back. It’ll be done soon. And it’ll make everything better.*

Calm down. Calm. Think happy thoughts. Think about Mary. You love Mary. She loves you. She’s probably thinking about you right now *unless she’s out screwing James Daniels, out at Lover’s Lane in the backseat feeling each other up.* Jesus, your head hurts. Maybe you should go lie down. *Or talk to her. Yeah, just talk. Say the sweet things she likes to hear and just when she thinks everything’s all right just give her a backhand across the side of the face to let her know that YOU’RE the one in charge. YOU control her, and if she wants to fuck James Daniels then she’s got a problem ‘cause she’s YOURS and don’t you ever let her forget that.*

Better. Your head feels much better now. Much calmer.

Things have never gone right for you. You were born to Ezekial and Harriet Koln, two of the poorest people in all of San Inguon, Arizona, aside from the redskins down on the reservation. Dad could never hold a job, something about always either being too drunk to work or being too righteous about religion to get anyone to want to bother with him. When you would come home, you never knew whether you’d get beat because dad was drunk and felt it was right, or because he’d read “spare the rod and spoil the child” again and felt you were too much of a sinner to be worth anything but pain. Mom kept him away from you, until that time when you were five and Dad tried to take a frying pan to you. She tried to stop him, but all that happened was that she got the pan in the face and was knocked back into the stove head-first. She lived, but she doesn’t talk much any more. Just sort of sits in her chair and drools. When Dad gets drunk, you have to change her clothes and bedpan. Dad decided it was your fault that she ended up like that; if you’d just taken your beating like a man, then she’d have been all right, wouldn’t she? He beat you extra hard for doing that to your mother. *That’s why you got him back. Got him back real good. Took that knife and got him back right in the* just a dream, it never happened it was all just a dream.

School was miserable. When you had problems with classes, your father wouldn’t help (any damned kid knows that shit, Jacob. If you can’t figure that out, you don’t deserve to be in school) and your mother couldn’t help (yes J I can brown, so brown your hair nice). The other kids were cruel, too. You’d come to school in the latest hand-me-downs your father scrounged from Goodwill or stole from a moving truck, and at recess, everyone would be all over you, teasing, taunting, letting you know exactly how much of

a little shit you were in their eyes. You got them back, though. You bloodied a few noses and kicked a few crotches, and pretty soon everyone left you alone. They got scared of you. And they've been scared of you for eleven years. *And pretty soon you'll give them more reason to be scared of you, won't you? You shut them up, but you never got them back. But you'll get them back. You're ready now. You'll get them back just like you got your father back. In spades.*

You only really had two friends throughout school. Nick Kerensky had sort of the same problem you did. His father runs the gas station, so Nick never had good clothes. And Nick is, to put it bluntly, dumb as a post. But he's big. Real big. And good at sports. And being good at sports was enough to get the kids from going after him the way they went after you. You and Nick became friends pretty easy. He didn't judge you by what you wore (because he wore only slightly better clothes) and you needed a big guy on your side just in case somebody learned how to fight.

Bobby Sherman is your other good friend. You don't know why he treats you so good; he's the same middle-class shmuck the rest of the school is. But you guess he's got a dangerous streak, and hanging out with you lets him get his danger fix. *Ain't that the truth? Bobby doesn't know how dangerous it's gonna get. He'd better hold onto his ass, cause it's gonna be one fuck of a bumpy ride from now on.*

The three of you formed a gang. You named yourselves The Killers, not that you had ever killed anybody *except your father* just a goddamned dream, lay OFF OF IT! You hung around empty parking lots, skipped school, slit tires, and roughed up the assholes that had teased you to make pocket cash, which you usually blew at the movies. At least until you got old enough to blow it at the pool hall. You, Nick, and Bobby were peas in a pod. You'd come up with a crazy idea, some sort of shit that would let the town know who was in charge (which wasn't really you, but you were the outlaws, the bandits, and you wanted everybody to know that). Bobby would some how figure out a way to do it without getting hurt or getting caught, and Nick such a good athlete that he could do anything that Bobby came up with. It was great. The Sheriff hates your guts. The Principal of Edwood High would expel you if he could prove anything. And the kids at school got so scared they formed a gang of their own. The Good Guys.

What a bunch of morons those guys are. Three guys decided to form a gang to try and protect everybody else from the things you do. Their leader, James Daniels, is the only guy who scares you. He's a military kid, so he probably could handle himself in a fight. He's quarterback of the football team, so you know he's got to be a pretty good athlete. Luckily, he's not a violent type, so you haven't had to get into a fight with him yet. Then there's Tony "Scooter" Turelli. A little wiseass. His father owns the Malt Shop, so of course he's one of the most popular kids in town. You'd like to corner him in an alley. Punch *stab* him a few times and see how popular he feels then. And the kicker to this snot-nosed gang is Timmy Carroll. Coke-bottle glasses, slide rule, the whole nine-geek yards. You're pretty sure that if you hit him just once, he'd dry up and blow away.

The Good Guys haven't wanted to rumble you yet, probably because James is the only kid who could make it out of one alive. You haven't wanted to rumble them either, mostly because James is a little more than you really want to handle in a fight. It would be just your luck to have Nick beat up Tony and Bobby beating up Timmy, leaving you to take on James.

You have to admit, your luck is getting a little better. Take Mary. You met her at the pool hall a couple months ago. Nice smile, pretty laugh, and she fills out her sweater quite nicely. So you went up to her and started turning on the charm. Did your best James Dean from Rebel Without A Cause. Did a little Brando. She ate it up, and pretty soon you two were going steady.

You wonder about her some times. You wonder a lot. She's bright, caring, and pretty. She could probably have any guy in the school. So what's she doing with you? *Leading you on. She's having a little fun at your expense. Bet she talks to her friends all night long after your two date. Laughing. Smirking. Joking.* No, that can't be true. It really can't. *But you've seen the look she gives James. And Bobby. Your best friend. They're all laughing at you. Ha, ha. Look at J.D. Thinks he's got a good thing. She's just making fun of you. She won't even let you past second base. I bet James hits a home run with her every time. Every time. Every single time.*

Calm. Calm. Slow down. Fuck, your head hurts. It's like your brain is getting bigger and pushing against your skull with so much force that you wish your head would fucking explode! You just need to sit down. Keep calm. It'll pass. It usually does.

It's when it doesn't that problems start. Last week you were out with Mary, and the headache started. You sat down and started rubbing your temples, trying to stay calm and hoping it would just pass like it usually does. And then Mary *started looking at the guy across the street from you, sizing him up, and you could tell that she was wondering what it would be like to have him fucking her, fucking her good and you calm. calm down. slow. slow.*

And you couldn't control it. You felt like something was trying to take over your body, and you couldn't fight it any more. You just stepped back and let the rage take over. And suddenly you were standing, screaming, yelling obscenities at her, calling her a slut. And you hit her. A prime left jab, right in her face. Gave her a black eye something awful. And you were back. The headache had been gone from the minute you lost control. And now you were in control again. With Mary sobbing hysterically in front of you. A guy behind you rushing to call the cops. Two other guys on the street lookin at you in shock. So you ran. Ran back home. Where your father gave you a roundhouse for being late for dinner.

And you keep losing control around her. You keep getting that headache, and pow! you do something you regret. And each time you say you're sorry. You tell her you didn't want to do it. You beg for forgiveness. And each time she forgives you. And a few

days later, you do it again. You can't stop yourself. You wish you understood why it was happening. The first headache came only two weeks ago. Before that, everything was okay. But things are getting so much worse. Everytime the headache comes, you're scared that you'll do something horrible to a friend. Or to Mary. And she's so good to you. *And you're so good to her. A good joke, that is. She's laughing at you right now. She and James are sitting in the back of his car right now, putting their clothes back on, sharing a cigarette, and laughing at you. At pathetic little you. You're such a good joke to her.*

She deserves it. They all deserve it. They've always hated you. They've always laughed at you. You're a joke, J.D. Nobody takes you seriously. Bobby laughs at you behind your back. Nick thinks you're a dork. Mary keeps coming back after you hit her because it makes such a good joke when she's lying in the afterglow with James. But they're wrong. You're not a joke. You're dangerous. You'll show them. You'll show them that laughing at you will get them hurt. Hurt real bad. Like your father. Going up to him while he was sleeping and sticking your switchblade against his throat. His eyes opened real wide, wider than you've ever seen them before. Wider than dinnerplates. And you leaned down and said to him, "If thy right eye offends thee, cut it out." as you drew the blade across his neck. And you smiled at him as he struggled to breathe through the hole in his neck. You laughed at him. Just like you'll laugh at them. At all of them.

No. That was just a dream. Your father's off on another bender. He's just in a gutter somewhere, drunk. He'll be home at some point. And the blood on the bed is just from when he hurt himself a couple days ago. Yeah, he hurt himself getting into bed. He must have been so drunk that he didn't even know he was bleeding. That's what happened. You're sure of it.

I see. Then what's buried out there in the back yard? That's an awfully big piece of ground that's been turned over. Big enough to bury your father six feet deep.

You don't know. Your father must have buried something back there. Probably a load of his empty bottles. But you won't dig it up. I mean, if you do, and he comes back, you'll get the whipping of your life. So you'll stay away from it. And stay away from the house, too. Just in case.

Uh-huh. Whole lotta shakin' going on.

Stock quote: "Oh, yeah? You and what army?"

Mannerisms: J.D. is just on this side of turning into a complete psychotic. Headaches should come and go. Every once in a while (especially if Mary is present), just let loose into a frenzy. Then calm down immediately, look in shock at what you've done, and run off.

People You Know:

Bobby Sherman: Your right hand man in The Killers. Has a great head on his shoulders, and likes to hang around with you because you're so dangerous. *We'll see how much he likes it when you start to get really dangerous.*

Nick Kerensky: "Enforcer" for The Killers. Big and dumb, but with a heart of gold.

James Daniels: Leader of The Good Guys. The only person in town who you have any fear of.

Timmy Carroll: Science geek. One of The Good Guys. You'd catch him alone and beat the snot out of him if you didn't think James would come after you.

Tony Turrelli: Last of The Good Guys. One of these days, he's going to make a smartass comment, and you're going to stick your fist *knife* right down his throat.

Mark Sturvin: A little geek. Son of the richest man in San Inguon. Has everything you've every wanted. He's high on your list of people to terrorize.

Mary Jenkins: Your girl. And you'll break anybody who tries to move in on her. *Kill 'em. Kill 'em. Kill 'em.*

Terry Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. Nick is constantly worried about what Terry is up to. You can understand why- you'd go to Lover's Lane with her in a heartbeat. *She might even let you score a home run. Just like Mary never does with you. Just like James always does with Mary.*

Catherine Thomas: Miss Sweet And Innocent. She sickens you.

Margaret Smith: Edwood High's resident airhead. A complete and utter bimbo.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad. All-around perky and cute and bubbly. Needless to say, she's going out with James.

Wendy Mitchell: Tony's current squeeze. You don't pay that much attention to her.

Sheriff Barnes: The Law of San Inguon. He'd love to catch you doing something illegal so that he could send you to reform school.

C.J. Nickels: The old fart who runs the 5 & Dime in town. Easy to shoplift from, and a great butt for most of your pranks.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. Real Hitler-wannabe. She'd love to transfer you to reform school, too.

Darla Hotchkins: School Nurse. A real wacko- you're sure she's been using some of her own medicine. Say, now that you think about it, she gave all of Edwood High a vaccination about two weeks ago. Maybe you're having an allergic reaction... No, wait. You started getting the headaches the Saturday before the vaccination. Screws that theory...

Goals:

1. Make The Good Guys look like the fools that they are. You've started on this by goading James into drag racing you down I-42 at 2:00. His car handles a little better, but yours is a lot faster. Well, not yours, but the gang's. It's actually Robert's. You don't think he'll mind. *And if he does, who cares?* Besides, you've got Nick working on

ways to spruce it up a bit. Since his father owns the gas station, you should be able to leave James in the dust. **[See Racing Bluesheet for specifics.]** Beyond that, just keep an eye on them and do anything you can to make them look like fools.

2. Terrorize the town. Play pranks, annoy the Sheriff, see if you can give C.J. Nickels a heart attack, that sort of thing.

3. Clear your gang's name. O.K., this is slightly at odds with your other goals, but here's the scoop. Edwood High has what they call "the Ceremonial Throw Pillow." It's this ancient throw pillow. Stitched upon it are all of the names of the graduates of Edwood High who died in World War I. Pretty dorky, right? Well, Sunday night somebody broke into the glass case it's stored in and made off with it. Needless to say, everybody is blaming The Killers. You wouldn't mind, but you guys didn't actually do it. And you know the Sheriff is going to try and pin this one on you so that he can get you sent off to reform school. You have to figure out who framed you.

Goals:

1. Get back at them. Show them who's boss. They're all laughing at you. Laughing at tiny, insignificant you. They think you're the funniest thing on the face of this planet. Show them they're wrong. Get back at them. Hurt them. Show them who's laughing now.

2. Keep an eye on Mary. You know the way she looks at other guys. You know she wants them. You know she doesn't care about you. She just going out with you because it's part of the joke. She's laughing at you too. Keep her out of trouble. Reminder her who's the boss. Show her that you're not a joke any more.