



FRANK CUNNINGHAM

The jealous husband

“That son of a bitch! If I don’t catch him now, I never will. What the hell! He’s holing up inside that fucking minimart”.

You’re a run-of-the-mill cuckolded husband who’d rather label his wife a whore and get revenge on her lover instead of considering his own faults. When Paula told you she was pregnant, so much for your secret vasectomy, you gave in to panic: You beat her with all your strength, to destroy the little bastard life growing inside her. So she kicked you out of your home, asked for divorce and reported you for assault, no, for attempted murder. The process is still underway, and you don’t even know whether she really lost the child.

In the meantime, you wander in search of the man that destroyed your life. The small-caliber gun you carry around will wipe away the mark of your shame. You’ll get into 66 Stop and kill him. You’re no madman, though, your revenge is cold and ready to be served. No bouts of hysterical violence, you don’t want to get caught.

And to think that back in high school your teachers thought you’d get into a good college. Instead you were forced to help your old man with his fishing gear business, and when he died you accepted your fate as the sole owner of Cunningham Fisher Store. To seal the drowning of your hopes in the immense sea of dreams, at the tender age of twenty-two you married Paula Jagger (no relations to the Rolling Stones).

Back then you told yourself you’d only consented to a church wedding to make her happy, but you somehow got roped into becoming head of the congregation in your local church, sacrificing your Sundays to the altar of sermons and prayer.

You know murder is a sin in the eyes of God, and that is precisely why you want to become a murderer: To rage against the system, to free yourself of the gilded cage of prudishness and hypocrisy you got stuck into. You’ll make them see, they’ll notice that shy, clumsy Frankie was hiding a warrior, an animal that will conquer his freedom through bloodshed. You’re almost there: The bastard who impregnated your wife is in here, you just need to seize the moment and act. He won’t escape you.

Profile

You’re an average American, all baseball and Bud, bowling with friends and Sunday church. You chose nothing of this, you repeat it to yourself every time the sneaking suspicion of being a loser threatens to overwhelm you. After all, the offers you accepted always seemed reasonable: You’re shy, but eloquent enough; you like talking about fishing; you know a lot about sports and every other hobby that doesn’t risk becoming too time-consuming.

What other people don’t know is that inside you hides a hungry dragon, a ferocious slumbering beast that eats at your insides day after day. Now the time has come to free all this repressed anger: You will have your revenge on the son of a bitch that stuffed your wife with his sperm, the bastard you saw entering 66 Stop.

Structure

You often have a handkerchief on you. You're nervous all the time, so you sweat a lot. You can't stand it and you do everything you can to conceal it, dabbing your face, your neck, your lips, your forehead, then wiping your hands on your pants, but always with great discretion. Sometimes you even try to hide behind corners to do it without being seen.

You often keep your hand in front of your mouth when you speak. Sometimes you run your tongue over your gums to check for pieces of food stuck in your teeth. In general, your face and shoulders are extremely tense.

Acquaintances

Mark Einnod, the infamous sheriff that everyone hates and fears. Here's a man worthy of respect. Pity he's in the wrong place at the wrong time. Still, it's enough for you to find a way out after killing the bastard, you certainly don't want to go on a rampage. Unless you have no other choice.

Bob Garland, the bastard doctor that fucked your wife. You don't just want him dead, you want to see him suffer. You wonder if he's heard anything about Paula's baby, you wonder if they're plotting to raise it together behind your back...

Trice Hetad, a girl you've seen often at church. You've been aroused by her ever since you first laid eyes on her. She scares you. No, what scares you are the things you feel around her.