



LILIAN THURMAN

The troubled teen

“Son of a bitch! The car’s wrecked, Ellison killed a dude and this storm is fucking everything up. What’s next?”

For seventeen years, your name has been Lilian. You were a model student: Perfect grades, friends everywhere, a great reputation. You made your folks proud and the tight bond you shared with your father made even your mother jealous.

Then one day, while you were out on a boring “girls-only weekend lake retreat” your mother had set up, your house was robbed and your father murdered. The culprit was never caught and cops were quick to give up the case and return the necklace with the letters GK that David’s fingers had been grasping when they found his body.

You wear it every day, incapable of coping with the catastrophe: Not only did you admire your father more than anyone else in the world, you were in love with him. A victim of your own daddy issues, you were positive he returned both your affections and your lust. Instead of scaring you, the mere idea gave you a thrill of arousal.

You even enjoyed your silent turf war against your mother, and after the murder you began to do everything in your power to break her heart, punishing her like it was all her fault. You spent each evening with a different guy, you tried all the drugs and liquors you could get your hands on. You became a bad girl, the kind a mother wouldn’t want within a mile of her son.

This way you got the attention of Ellison Harlan, a true rebel that taught you to release the anger you hold deep within your heart. She introduced you to Jeremy Wots, the motherfucker you’ve been shagging over the last few months. You don’t think you love him, though he does have something you’d never found in anyone before.

Tonight, before you went to pick Ellie up with your mother’s car, your date with Jeremy ended with a beating. He wasn’t too tough on you, no, you’ll have forgot all about it by the time you get to Todd Reiner’s party. But why wait, when Ellie bought you a bottle of scotch with her fake ID to thank you for the ride? You drank yourself into a stupor, enough to be unable to drive, so you let her take the wheel once the storm started picking up.

Awful move. Blinded by a sudden downpour, Ellie didn’t notice a shadow on the road and drove straight into it. With the windshield destroyed and the car all banged up, you got out to understand what the hell had just happened. You were horrified to see that you’d just hit a man: His coat was intact, but his hat had rolled off and blood was gushing from his head. You placed your trembling fingers on his jugular and found no heart-beat there. So the two of you dragged him into a ditch nearby. It wasn’t your fault, you don’t want to go to jail just because you were drunk driving!

After getting the body off the road, you got right back into your car, but the storm was too violent to keep driving, so as soon as you saw the 66 Stop’s billboard blinking in the rain, you agreed to park. Not too close, you’re not dumb: You wouldn’t have stopped if fucking Armageddon hadn’t decided to start tonight!

Profile

You were always daddy's little girl, at least when he was alive. He raised you on a pedestal, forgetting all about your mother and feeding her morbid jealousy.

After David's death, your life lost all its meaning and that's why you decided to destroy yourself. You started by cutting deep into your left arm and your forced visits to the school counsellor didn't help much: You already knew why you were suffering and this is no dumb teenage crisis, but a grief so devastating it outright broke your heart.

Sex and drugs are nothing but an easy outlet and your recent friendship to Ellison only precipitated your fall past the point of no return. Maybe this is what you really want, since not even death could fill the void left by your father. So you always go for broke, trying in vain to remember what it means to be alive. You're afraid of nothing, because the worst thing that could ever happen to you already did.

Structure

You've lost much of the grace that characterised your good girl persona. Ever since your father's murder you've been trying to demolish and forget all you had been taught, from good manners to the slightest form of elegance.

Now your language is vulgar, your brow constantly furrowed and your eyes full of spite. Your step has become unsteady ever since you started doing drugs. Even though you're still kind of tipsy when you enter 66 Stop, you're hardly going to have trouble speaking: The adrenaline rush you got after killing a man has almost got you sober.

Acquaintances

Mark Einnod, the sheriff and your classmate's father. She told you he's always "playing around" with her friends when they come over, to embarrass her. He apparently blackmailed a girl, Linda, after he found her smoking weed. He threatened to send her to jail if she didn't suck his cock right there and then. Let's just say she didn't end up in prison.

Ellison Harlan, your best friend, the only one who understands you and agrees with you when you say life is nothing but pain. You really love her, she even managed to set you up with a guy that somehow succeeded in taking your mind off things. Jeremy may have a stupid name, yeah, and he may have some trouble controlling his temper, but he's alright; at least as long as he shares some of his stash before fucking you. People say Ellison's a lesbian, but they also say she once sucked a classmate's big toe on a dare: It's all bullshit, she would've told you otherwise.