Opening scene:

After a tense dinner party with some of your closest friends, you’re in the kitchen cleaning up and preparing dinner for the upcoming week and trying not to think about the growing rift between you and your spouse. They break the angry silence.

Spouse: Honey, I… I can’t. *We* can’t. I’m leaving you.

\*reaction choice\*

Let them go

You let them go without a fight. To tell the truth, you feel like the fight left you a long time ago. Now you’re just tired.

It takes a while, but you move on. You're glad they're happy. You still talk sometimes, mostly about trivial things. The weather, new movie releases. It used to hurt, but now it's more of a dull ache, and it gets better every day. You'll find your own happiness somewhere, you're sure of it."

Stop them

You feel a spark inside your chest grow into a will to fight. “No,” you say.

Spouse: “‘*No*?’ What are you going to do about it?”

\*reaction choice\*

Go to counseling

I guess we could go to counseling. But it’s a lot of work. Are you willing to put in the effort?

You give it your all, and your hard work pays off. The two of you live happily ever after.

You promise to try your best, but secretly, your heart was never in it. You divorce years down the road, bitter and resentful of the time wasted.

Kill them

The butcher knife you were using to prepare tomorrow’s dinner slips and slices your spouse’s neck. Six or seven times.

\*reaction choice\*

The guilt of what you’ve done overwhelms you, and you turn yourself in.

They deserved it, you decide, and like hell you’re going to take the fall for it.

I can’t let this ruin my life, you think.

\*phone rings\*

Peggy: Hey, \_\_\_\_, just calling to check up with you guys. How’s the spouse doing?

You decide to tell her that your spouse…

… is out of town.

Oh, well, we’ll have to catch up some other time, then. Toodleoo!

decided to leave you.

Peggy: Oh, my God, that’s horrible! How are you doing? How is she doing? How is the kid doing? Are you going to move past this?

You reassure her that it’s over, but you’re doing well. After some back and forth, she tells you she has to go.

Peggy: I’m so sorry to hear that. Listen, if you ever need anything, I’m always here for you. You’ll make it through this. Let’s catch up later, yeah?

\*reaction choice\*

Lay low for a while

You decide to lay low for a while, avoid the public eye.

Meet for brunch

You check the calendar. Shit! You have your weekly brunch with Sam and Patricia. They’ll be expecting you. *Both* of you. What do you do?

Go to brunch

You decide to go to brunch anyway. You explain away your wife’s absence. Sam and Patricia look at you suspiciously, but they let it go.

Skip it

You call Sam and Patricia and let them know you won’t be able to make it, that you’ve come down with some sort of illness and are afraid it might be infectious. They tell you they hope you feel well soon.

Hide body

You decide to hide the body. But where would be a good place it wouldn’t be found?

Garden

You decide to bury the body in the garden. Your tomatoes haven’t been doing so well this year, and hopefully, this fertilizer will change that. ----> Your tomatoes appreciate the extra nutrients and grow stronger than ever.

Lake

You dump the body, weighted down with your spouse’s old ankle weights, in the local lake. It sinks to the bottom, never to be seen again… or so you hope. ----> The lake is dredged for dam renovations, and the body is found. Fortunately, so are several others. Looks like you’re in the clear for a while yet.

Bathtub

You decide to liquify the body in your bathtub. You’ve seen enough TV shows and movies where this happens, so you figure you’ve got this covered. Unfortunately, you were never much good at chemistry, and you botch the whole thing, clogging the shower drain in the process. ----> The plumber you call in fixes it for you, but by then, he knows too much. And anyway, what’s one plumber among friends?

Feeding it to your guests

You check your schedule. Ah, yes, the upcoming dinner party. Why not kill two birds with one stone? ----> Your dinner guests tell you it’s the most delicious meal they’ve ever had. You go on to enter the dish in countless competitions, winning prizes left and right. But soon, you run out of usable meat, and demand has not slowed down. It looks like you’ll just have to do what it takes to meet the requests.