

Your Name
Your Address
Your phone number
Your e-mail address

5,100 words

Killer Resolution

by T. W. Crone

When Glenn woke on New Year's Day, his resolution came to him in one solid smack to the brain. He'd never really filled out his bucket list. He was thirty. If all went well, he had another fifty torturous years of extremely mediocre living on planet Earth before his body gave out and he crapped himself in bed, dying alone with no one but some midnight nurse focused on TikTok or some other idiotic social network to notice his passing from this world to whatever shitshow came after. But even at thirty, he had in mind one endeavor he'd always wanted to engage in, and he decided this would be the year for it. Glenn wanted to murder someone.

Admittedly, he hadn't given the exact task much thought as of yet, but he'd already sketched out a relatively long list of assholes he wouldn't mind hearing had been hit by a truck or dispatched in a mass shooting. But were they big enough assholes for him to do the deed himself? That was the first decision.

He pulled out that little notebook he carried around with him and jotted down his first entry of the new year.

1. Select an asshole to murder

Now, he had the beginnings of a plan, which gave him a measure of joy in and of itself. Typically, Glenn lacked motivation. He wasn't the kind of guy who was ever going to secure that promotion or do something newsworthy. In high school, he had mostly flown under everyone's radar, so much so that if someone was becoming nostalgic, meandering through their yearbook, they would most certainly wonder who the fuck the bowl cut guy with glasses was on the final row of page eighty-three.

They might run their finger along the row and see the name at the end, just below Margaret Thomas, who everyone knew. Margaret, or Maggie as most called her, was a cheerleader, the SADD coordinator, and salutatorian. Everyone loved her. Many guys had (claimed to have) fucked her because she might have had an angelic exterior, but she had a dark side that came out at parties after sporting events, which led her to drink large quantities of alcohol and hop on whoever struck her fancy that evening. But that guy, at the end, Glenn Tinkle, was clearly there by accident.

Glenn hadn't played sports. He hadn't taken classes with anyone cool. He'd graduated high enough not to be considered a fuck-up, but low enough that only that private Methodist community college no one ever went to sent him their brochure, claiming he was a "Top Prospect." Even Glenn knew he wasn't a top prospect for anything other than dying alone.

Before anyone starts going to a dark place, picturing Glenn in a black hoodie with an assault rifle, that was absolutely not where he was headed. He was an underachiever, yes. He was

a bitter young man, yes. But he wasn't so callous as to take his discontent out on some poor, random individuals at a school or a church. No, he wanted to put more forethought and care into his chosen target than he had done anything as of yet in his life.

Glenn wanted his murder to mean something. And since the top candidates for making the world a better place were rich assholes with private security or secret service agents, he would need to aim a bit lower. Actually, he needed to aim *much* lower. Since Glenn knew full well that he wasn't athletic or skilled, the sad sack he killed needed to be an easy mark. Someone who wouldn't be able to turn the tables on him.

But for the first time on any morning the Glenn could remember, the hint of a smile had found its way onto his face as he poured his Lucky Charms into his favorite (and only) cereal bowl. The gears had begun turning, and for once, he felt he had purpose, and regarding something he felt acutely interested in as well.

After finishing his cereal, he climbed down the rickety, rotting stairs outside his shitty little apartment and into his lime-green Ford Festiva with the maroon racing stripes and headed off to work.

This was going to be a good year.

#

Glenn walked up the bleak sidewalk toward the towering building of steel and glass that was his prison away from home. Today was Friday, a day when few came on site if given the choice. Going into the office the last day of the week sucked, but Glenn had a spring in his step and a broad smile on his face.

He passed the large tree sitting in front of the building, which filled out quite nicely with bright green leaves in the spring and a beautiful ensemble of yellows, oranges and reds in the fall. But in mid-winter, its bald, jagged limbs poked into the subdued sky. He imagined someone he hated (whose death would make many lives better) flailing about overhead, unable to get down, skewered on sharp branches, bleeding out. The image gave Glenn great joy.

Up the stairs and through the heavy doors, he entered the empty lobby, save the singular lady who had to man (woman?) the front desk. She looked up, her round, happy face framed by silky black hair. She wore a healthy smattering of makeup, and Glenn appreciated her effort, even though few would be by to notice.

“Hello, Sharlene.” Wasn’t that name from a country song?

“Good morning. How are you?”

“Excellent! You?”

Her eyes widened. “Fine?”

Glenn took a deep breath through his nose and admired the colorful art decorating the walls.

“Anyone else in this morning?”

She nodded and gave him a squinty-eyed look.

“Amazing!” Glenn said in a breathy voice. “Have a *wonderful* day.”

“Yeah. You too.” She tracked him dancing around her desk.

Instead of taking the elevator, Glenn vaulted up the stairs to the second floor two steps at a time. He paused at the badge reader beneath the nameplate that said, “The Blackhole.” It was the lab where he and the other tech nerds worked. He wondered if his good friend, Wynn, had

come in today. Very possible considering the new workstation Wynn had ordered and received on the company's tab only a couple of weeks ago. It had better hardware than his home computer, and Wynn had managed to install his favorite games on it to play when others weren't around. On a desolate Friday, it was a good guess that his friend would be in.

Glenn entered the pitch-black room and navigated to the singular fluorescent light glowing in the ceiling toward the back. Unlike the other techies, Glenn actually liked illumination and had screwed in the bulbs over his workstation. All the remaining ones throughout the lab had been disconnected or the bulbs had burnt out long ago.

Arriving at the opening to the cube quad he shared with Wynn and two other contractors, he saw that his buddy, the self-proclaimed "Pan-Asian Brother," was indeed in attendance. Wynn banged his head to screamo music as a generously portioned elf maiden in a chainmail bikini cut through orcs with a comically large glowing sword on his wide concave screen, another "necessary" item bought on the company budget. Wynn was a talented technologist, so management gave him a wide berth and plenty of autonomy in exchange for his quite literally keeping the company's systems upright. Glenn barely knew how to process system updates or write a script to clean up old files.

"Hey, Wynn!"

His heavy-set friend removed his headphones and spun around in the expensive ergonomic office chair (really a gaming chair), another "necessary" expense to keep the savant in good standing.

"I see you are working hard. As usual." Glenn oogled the curvy avatar standing in the background, breathing heavily, awaiting the next wave of green-skinned foes.

Wynn smirked but appeared unimpressed. “Dude. Why the heck are you in today? You never come in on Fridays.”

“I have a purpose.” That and his boss had put a meeting on his calendar.

Wynn scrunched his eyebrows at his smiling friend.

“I made a New Year’s resolution.”

Wynn smirked and started to turn back to his game.

Glenn whispered, “I’m going to murder someone.”

Wynn paused his rotation and tiptoed his chair back to face his friend. He stared into Glenn’s face for a moment, searching for the joke. “I’m not sure what to say, dude. Congratulations? Who’s the lucky guy? Gal?”

“I don’t know yet.”

At that, Wynn shook his head. “Okay. I can see you’ve put a lot of thought into this...as usual.”

He wasn’t wrong, but he *was* an—.

The lab’s badge scanner beeped. The two men shared brief looks, turned to their desks. With a couple of key presses, Wynn’s gaming overlay was replaced by spreadsheets and terminal windows. Glenn clicked the power button on his PC. The machine started to warm up, and chipmunks (or squirrels?) started running about inside its metallic casing.

Hard-soled shoes on thin carpeting approached. The wearer was someone who didn’t know his way around the lab as he wandered this way and that.

A manager.

Eventually, he found the entrance to the high-walled quad, where Glenn and Wynn sat. The two, from their feigned busywork, turned to address the intruder.

It was Dick.

#

“Hello, boys,” Richard Dickerson said in his villainous voice. He was your typical pointy-haired boss. Decked out in a cheap suit and a vile smile. He always looked like he’d just finished torturing a little old lady, loving every minute of it. “How are we doing this morning?”

Wynn and Glenn exchanged sidelong glances. Dick didn’t come into the lab much. Ever really. When he did show up, he was only there to berate them over some problem the “boys” had been warning about for months. But Dick himself could do no wrong, so it had to be someone else’s fault. His presence and cheery demeanor eluded them.

“I’ve gotten a promotion.” There it was. “In a few weeks, I’ll be moving on to bigger, better things.” He searched faces for signs of joy or despair. Two gaping mouths and furrowed brows greeted him instead. “But before I go, I promised the incoming manager that I would process evaluations so she wouldn’t have to.” He turned his attention to Glenn. “I’ll be seeing you this afternoon, Mr. Tinkle. As for you, sir,” he said, switching to Wynn, “I’ll leave your evaluation to your other manager.”

Wynn smiled and flared a happy monobrow at Glenn.

“Good day, gentleman!” Dick turned to leave, but shot back to Glenn for a brief moment. “Please be on time. I have things to do this afternoon.”

Glenn nodded and straightened his face, resisting the frown that Dick fed on.

Once the door to the lab clicked shut, signaling Dick's absence, Glenn spun to face his friend.

"When is your *other* manager doing your evaluation?"

Wynn tapped a key, then steepled his fingers in front of his mouth in his own evil villain pose. A form appeared on his screen. "*I* already did my evaluation." His brow did the wave across his forehead.

Glenn sighed.

Wynn said, "I worked on lots of different projects for different managers. At some point, my official manager just told me to do my own evaluation. No one removed my access after they left."

"Must be nice when no one knows who you report to anymore." Glenn's mind wandered. He looked up into the darkness of the lab's crumbling ceiling tiles. A toothy smile emerged in full force.

"What, dude? That smile. Are you having gas?"

"No. I just figured out who I'm going to...you know."

"Murder?"

"Shhhhhh! Don't say that out loud."

"Dude, we're the only ones here. Besides, you aren't actually going to do it."

Glenn gave him a hurt look.

"C'mon. You get these big ideas, but you never follow through." Wynn shook his head and, with a couple of key presses, was murdering poor monsters with his hot elfin war maiden again.

Glenn removed his tiny notebook from his pocket.

1. *Select an asshole to murder - Dick*
2. *Decide how to murder him*

“I will now.”

#

By the time Glenn rolled up to his boss’s door, five minutes late, he’d spent the entire day contemplating how he might kill the suddenly jovial Dick.

Roll a grenade into his bathroom stall. No, he didn’t know how to get hold of a grenade.

Drop a piano on him as he walked his two little white dogs. No, he didn’t even know if they moved pianos like that anywhere other than movies.

Hit him with the car as he rode his bike to work. No, Dick didn’t ride a bike, or at least his physique said otherwise. That and the pristine black Jaguar he parked in his special spot behind the building with the other managers and execs.

Shoot him in the face. That would do it. No, Glenn didn’t own a gun or even know how to shoot one. Besides, that was too obvious a murder. The key would be choosing a method that could be blamed on something or someone else. That made Glenn pull out his notepad again.

1. *Select an asshole to murder - Dick*
2. *Decide how to murder him*
3. *Figure out how not to get arrested for it*

This whole murder thing was turning out to be a bit of a drag. When he’d come up with the idea earlier that morning, it sounded so exciting and straightforward. But that was before

he'd really thought it through. Maybe Wynn was right. Maybe Glenn should just abandon the whole thing.

The door to Dick's office opened. His boss's puzzled face greeted him.

"How long have you been standing there?" Dick said.

All Glen could do was shrug. He honestly didn't know. His thought process wasn't fast, so he could have been standing there an hour for all he knew.

Dick sighed. "Come in." The man waddled a few feet and gestured toward the wooden chair in front of the desk. "Have a seat, Mr. Tinkle."

The bookshelf off to the side caught Glenn's attention. He wondered if, amongst all the "How to..." business manager books, one might explain how to get away with murder. Specifically, how to get away with murdering your boss. After an entire day of brainstorming, he felt the way he did when he was handed *Siddhartha* in high school English class. He needed the Cliff Notes.

"Um... Mr. Tinkle, would you sit, please?"

Glenn sat, taking a deep breath, clearing his mind. The office smelled like a "Hawaiian Breeze" air freshener with the hint of stale cigarette smoke. His boss was a closet smoker due to it being an unpopular habit in modern office etiquette. Maybe Glenn could sneak the guy some cigarettes laced with poison or something to speed up the lung cancer. Was that a thing?

"So, Mr. Tinkle, I will get right to it..." Dick rattled on.

On the desk sat a Christmas snow globe. Santa and his reindeer were flying through the sky just above some plastic roofs. Glenn wondered if he might convince the man to climb out on

his own roof. Then Glenn could arrange for him to fall off. That seemed unlikely. Maybe he should just call the whole thing off.

“...needs improvement,” his boss said, sliding some paperwork over, moving the snow globe out of the way and placing a pen on top. Little white flakes of simulated snow fluttered around Santa.

“Wait, what?” Glenn said as he reached for the pen.

Dick reiterated, “Your performance needs improvement.” The man’s hairy eyebrows, which looked like two large brown caterpillars, did a little dance. The man was enjoying this.

Glenn felt a coldness fall over him, then the heat built. He was ready to lose it about all the weekends he’d come in to assist Wynn with deadlines. And by ‘assist,’ he meant playing Sudoku and ordering the pizza while Wynn did the actual work. He thought he might toss Santa at Dick’s face. But a little voice in his head told him to calm down. Dick was dead. Glenn just needed to figure out how he was going to do it and how to avoid prosecution. No avoiding it now. Murder, back on.

Glenn looked at his soon-to-be-dead ex-boss. He grabbed the pen, signed the paper, and pushed it back over, keeping his eyes locked on the mouth breather in the suit the entire time.

“There ya go, boss.” Glenn smiled. The evil man frowned. Not an angry frown. But the kind you do subconsciously when you realize you underestimated someone, and you no longer know what they are capable of.

Glenn popped out of his chair and walked to the door.

“Closed or open, boss?”

“Um...closed.”

“No problem, boss.”

Glenn pulled the door shut behind him and bobbed down the hallway to the beat of a tune only he could hear. Dick was going to die. Of that, he was certain.

#

Glenn fell into his creaky chair in the lab, which about collapsed under his enthusiasm. Once he recovered, his shit-eating grin returned. Wynn gave him an annoyed look.

“What?” Glenn asked.

“Seriously, you aren’t going through with it.”

“Why not?”

“Because murder is...murder.”

Glenn couldn’t argue with that. His grin faltered, and he looked to the ceiling again for answers.

“Do you think the world would be a better place without Dick?”

Wynn scratched his bearded chin with stubby fingers.

“I mean, that’s really beside the point, dude.”

“Why?”

“Because killing people is...wrong.”

Another point for his moral friend.

Then Wynn said, “Unless...”

“Yes?”

“Unless you could find some damning evidence of his evil doing. The proverbial ‘skeletons in the closet.’ *Then* I could get on board.”

Glenn opened his mouth to argue, but couldn’t think of a reasonable rebuttal. Once again, Wynn had a point. If Glenn really wanted to justify his murderous actions, he needed some hard proof.

“Fine, how can I get that?”

Wynn shrugged and spun lazily in his fancy chair.

1. *Select an asshole to murder - Dick*
2. *Decide how to murder him*
3. *Figure out how ~~not to get arrested for it~~ to justify it*
4. *Then figure out how not to get arrested*

This damn list of his was getting out of control.

Then Glenn thought of a way to check off a couple of items on his ever-growing list.

“How bout I break into his office and go through his desk for something damning?” He could also look for a killing device. Prescription drugs or candy that could be tampered with. Anything useful.

Wynn looked unconvinced.

“*You* were the one who said I should justify my actions.”

“Okay, dude. I know where you are going with this.” Wynn dug into a deep drawer in his desk and fished out a blank white badge with a red lanyard. The Super Badge. Wynn maintained the company’s servers in a secure room, so they’d given him a badge that inadvertently gave him

access to ALL rooms in the building. The two of them had tried out the badge on some executive offices one long weekend while they were working on system updates. It worked everywhere.

Wynn reluctantly offered the badge to Glenn, then jerked it back. “In and out, dude. Put stuff back where you find it. If anything goes wrong, it’s my ass.”

Glenn nodded. “I got this man.” He took the badge and hung it in front of his face, eyes wide with wonder, watching it swing back and forth as though he was going to hypnotize himself.

If he didn’t find anything incriminating, he was confident he could plant something.

#

Out in the hallway, Glenn could hear Dick’s voice echoing. His boss hadn’t left yet, and he didn’t sound happy. Not mad, but most definitely, not happy.

Glenn snuck up to the corner to get a better listen.

“But, honey, I got a promotion.”

Glenn peeked. Dick’s office door was open. The man leaned back in his chair. One hand held his cell to his ear while the other ran through his thinning hair.”

“We can buy that island for the kitchen you’ve always wanted now. And in the spring, we can have the patio extended.”

Dick sounded desperate. On edge. Begging. Glenn had never witnessed his boss like this. He had a brief moment of pity, but it passed.

“Look...Honey...We can talk about it when I get home.”

Dick stood abruptly.

“You’re what? Why?”

“But, I was taking you and the kids to Outback tonight. Your favorite.

“Okay, it’s *their* favorite but...okay, okay, and mine.

“Honey, please.”

Dick’s face sagged as he let his cellphone drop to his side. He looked up and stared down the hallway outside his office, right at Glenn. Glenn froze. Dick looked lost, but didn’t seem to notice his employee peeking around the corner, watching him. He tossed his cell on the desk, sat back down, and began rummaging through a desk drawer.

Glenn felt another pang of sympathy. Clearly, Dick’s promotion wasn’t turning into the joyous occasion the man had hoped for, but Glenn shook it off. Dick was still a dick. Besides, Glenn was going to follow through on something this year.

The distraught boss produced a pack of cigarettes and a lighter and shuffled out of his office, head hanging low, leaving the door open behind him. The man’s dress shoes clicked down the hallway toward the elevators. Glenn looked at the open office. It was the perfect time to poke around *without* having to use the super badge. But curiosity got the best of him.

He snuck up to the next corner and saw the door beneath the Exit sign closing slowly. Another sign on the door read “Roof access” in black lettering on a white background.

Things started churning in Glenn’s mind. What if his boss fell off the roof while having a smoke? That would be perfect. Better yet, after a disappointing conversation with his wife. Okay, that was sick and cruel. Regardless, Glenn couldn’t ignore the opportunity.

1. *Select an asshole to murder - Dick*
2. *Decide how to murder him - Push him off the roof*
3. *Figure out how ~~not to get arrested for it to justify it~~ to explain it - Suicide*

4. *Then figure out how not to get arrested - See #3*

Glenn tiptoed over to the door. After pushing it open ever so slightly, he heard more clickety clackety of the man's dress shoes going up, up, up.

#

The crosswinds nearly jerked the rooftop door out of Glenn's hand as he peeked through the crack onto the pebble-covered roof of the office building. Dick stood near the edge, smoking a cigarette he'd managed to light in the forceful breeze. Wisps of white smoke spun up and away from him in erratic patterns.

It couldn't be more perfect. His boss, depressed, standing on the verge of a fifty-foot drop, having a smoke, after an argument with his wife, decides to jump. Glenn couldn't believe his luck.

He stepped out onto the roof with a light crunch, but the howling winds covered the sound. After latching the door behind him, he shivered slightly, wishing he'd grabbed his jacket, and crept towards his boss's round form.

The sky was a clear blue with a few thin clouds. It was a good day to die, or kill.

Dick took another drag from his cigarette and shoved his free hand into his pocket. The man's dark hair whirled about like a black flame immolating over his head. Glenn stepped closer.

Is fifty feet far enough to kill someone?

Would Dick bounce?

Should Glenn lift the man up, then try to shove him over headfirst to ensure the man's skull split like a melon?

Could Glenn even lift that guy?

Dick wasn't a slight man. His suits fit him like fancy garbage bags.

Dick took one last drag, then flicked the butt over the side.

Litterer! Now he REALLY deserved this!

If Glen shoved him high on the man's back, would Dick hit awkwardly, making it obvious he was pushed?

Dick stepped up on the ledge with his left penny loafer, its tassles flipping in the breeze.

What the hell was he doing?

The heavy-set man braced both hands on his left knee. After a couple of bounces on his right heel, he thrust himself up onto the ledge, stumbled briefly, managed an odd scuffle dance, and regained his balance. Glenn nearly let out a giggle as he watched his boss using his extended arms to balance himself. For a moment, Glenn thought he wouldn't even need to push the guy. A Tom Petty lyric popped into his head. But then—

Wait! Dick was going to ruin everything! He couldn't ACTUALLY commit suicide!

Dick stared out at the office park and shuffled his feet closer to the edge. That was when Glenn found himself lunging forward and unexpectedly grabbing the suicidal man's coat.

Dick spun around, dragging Glenn forward. Glenn looked up and saw a strange anger on the suicidal boss's face. The man said nothing, only reached down and grabbed Glenn by the arms. Bracing his dress shoes on the ledge, he leaned back and yanked Glenn to the lip of the upraised surface.

Glenn wanted to say, "Okay! You win! Now let me go!" but an angry fire in his boss's eyes told him that would not work.

Dick choked up on Glenn's arm, working to pull his underachieving employee up onto the ledge with him. Glenn did not like this plan, but Dick was much stronger than expected, and Glenn soon found himself standing on the edge of a fifty-foot drop, awkwardly hugging a suicidal boss, who now seemed to want to take his worst employee over with him.

For a brief moment, the two men, evil boss and lazy employee, stared into each other's eyes. Time stopped. Glenn imagined grabbing his boss's hand, the two smiling, then jumping into the abyss, together. But then, the moment passed, and Glenn realized he didn't want to die with this sad bastard. Before Dick could say a word, make another move, Glenn squatted down and gave the man an adrenaline-fueled shove back off the ledge, onto the pebbly roof. Dick stumbled awkwardly and collapsed, his eyes wide and mouth agape.

Glenn stood upright, hands on his hips, basking in the glory of heroism. He imagined himself in colorful spandex, a mask, and a royal blue cape floating in the breeze behind him. He single-handedly saved his boss's life. Perhaps that was a better outcome than his original plan.

While he stood there, his boss staring up in amazed deference, a powerful gust of wind rose from the roof, smacking Glenn in his chest. Images of capes and heroes disappeared, and Glenn flailed backward, desperately trying to regain footing until he found nothing but air. Dick reached and yelled something. Glenn reached back, then fell into the openness. Falling in slow motion, wondering, once again, if fifty feet was far enough to kill someone. Maybe it wasn't. Maybe he would bounce. But then he felt a sharp pain in his back, and his world spun out of control.

Two circles of light. A warm, moist cloud. Glenn hung in the air. Something pressed into his backside. Not his back. Something invaded his rear. But it was merely an annoying curiosity because he felt light and happy. Perhaps he was in some version of heaven.

He blinked, and the two circles blackened and lit up again.

A shadow played across his vision, and then a familiar, round face covered in brown stubble and glasses appeared.

“Hey, dude,” Wynn said, but his voice sounded as though he was in a different room. “How are you feeling?”

“Uhhhhh...” A dryness below Glenn’s eyes vibrated.

“Sorry, dude, don’t try to talk, my bad. The doctor says you should recover, but you did break quite a few bones, and for a bit, you will have some trouble talking. At least until the drugs wear off. But he did also say that that pain will be quite—I believe he said ‘significant.’ But you’re in good hands.”

“Uhhhhh...”

“Yeah, dude, Sharlene was leaving for the day when she saw you and Dick up on the roof. At first, she thought you were fighting, but then she realized you were trying to get Dick off the ledge. Then you fell. She said you must have hit every limb in that damn tree on the way down.” Wynn covered a giggle. “Sorry, dude. But hey, it probably saved your life by slowing your fall. Anyways, you are in good hands.” Wynn leaned close and whispered, “I got the super badge off you, so we are good.” Then he looked off-screen. “Someone is here to see you.” Wynn gave Glenn a weird smile. “Take care.” Then his friend slid out of view.

Someone else, sporting a warm smile, took Wynn's place. It was Dick. Glenn had never seen that guy with such a genuinely friendly look on his face.

"You saved my life, buddy."

"Uhhhh..." A twinge of pain got through the meds.

"Don't worry, *we* are going to take good care of you."

"Uhhh?" Glen realized that the pain in his ass was a catheter.

"I spoke to my wife, and she agreed that once you're good enough to continue your recovery at home, I'll stay with you and help you get back on your feet."

"Uhhh?"

"I've already started moving some of my things into your apartment, roomie."

"Uhhh!"

"I'm not letting you out of my sight, for a long, long, long time, buddy." Dick smiled an even toothier smile. "Gotta go, we'll talk later." His new friend slid off-screen.

Glenn heard some voices, then Dick again. "I'll be right there. I forgot something."

Dick's face slid back into Glenn's view. The warm, kind smile had disappeared, replaced with the one he'd more commonly seen on the evil boss's face.

"I almost forgot. I found something." A small notebook zoomed into Glenn's vision.

1. ~~Select an asshole to murder - Dick~~
2. ~~Decide how to murder him - Push him off the roof~~
3. ~~Figure out how not to get arrested for it to justify it to explain it - Suicide~~
4. ~~Then figure out how not to get arrested - See #3~~
1. Pretend to save a man's life

2. *Deal with the consequences*

“I can’t wait to get you back to the apartment.

“My hero.”