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. You’re not the (wo)man I married. You’re always tense, distant. I can’t remember the last time you laughed and meant it. Neither of us are happy, are we?

\*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.

Spouse: That’s it? You agree just like that? God, I thought for sure you’d try to stop me. But I guess I don’t know you the way I thought I did. Goodbye.

The days turn into weeks, and the weeks turn into months. 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. “You can’t just walk out on me, walk out on *us*. After all we’ve been through, I think we deserve better than that.”

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

\*reaction choice\*

Suggest counseling

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

“The worthwhile things in life all take effort. That’s what makes them worthwhile.”

You schedule the counseling and attend every meeting. Your genuine desire to make this work shows. You give it your all, and your hard work pays off. The two of you live happily ever after.

You start the counseling with the best of intentions, but life always seems to get in the way. Sometimes it’s your job. Sometimes it’s your friends. Sometimes it’s just your vindictive nature. But whatever the case, your marriage continues to crumble. You wonder if your heart was ever in it in the first place.

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. At least, that’s what you’ll tell people if anyone ever asks. The truth is that you don’t even remember doing it, just finding yourself standing over their body with the bloody knife in hand, wondering how you got there from only talking. But you always did have an angry streak.

\*reaction choice\*

What have I done?

The guilt of your actions overwhelms you, and you call for both an ambulance and the police. But by the time the ambulance gets there, it’s already too late. The police give you a moment to mourn your dead spouse before they haul you away to the police station, bloody clothes and all. As they begin to drag you towards the squad car, all you can think is that life changes before you even know it’s happened.

They deserved it, you decide, and like hell you’re going to take the fall for it. You can’t let this ruin your life.

\*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?

Peggy hangs up.

You take a shower to try to wash away your crime. By the time you’re done, the action of the day overwhelms you, and you’re asleep before your head hits the pillow.

Choices for Day 1:

Lay low for a while

You decide to lay low for a while, avoid the public eye. You burn the bloody clothes in the fireplace and clean up around the house, doing all the chores you never seemed to have the time to do before.

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.

Sam: Hey, \_\_\_\_, how are you?

Patricia: Say, where’s your wife/husband?

\*conversation\*

It’s the question you’ve been dreading. How do you explain away your spouse’s absence?

You say they’re…

… on a business trip.

Patricia: I thought they stayed at home?

She immediately looks embarrassed at what she has said.

Patricia: I mean, not that there’s anything wrong with that, of course. I just thought….

Sam shushes her. “Don’t be rude, Patricia. Maybe they got a new job.”

He turns to you. “I, for one, am glad to hear about this development in their career. You must be very proud. A toast to \_\_\_\_\_!”

You all raise your glasses in a toast.

The rest of the brunch goes uneventfully. You silently breathe a sigh of relief as you head back home.

… home sick.

Patricia: Oh, my God, that’s terrible!

She eyes you warily. “Is it contagious?”

You assure her it’s not and that she just didn’t want her being under the weather to ruin the mood for everyone else.

The rest of the brunch goes uneventfully. You silently breathe a sigh of relief as you head back home.

“You know, I’m really not sure….”

Patricia and Sam surreptitiously lean away from you.

Sam: Well, maybe it’s better if you stay home, too. Wouldn’t want to risk it, you know.

You agree and say your goodbyes. You silently breathe a sigh of relief as you head back home.

Skip it

\*phone rings\*

Sam: Hello?

You: \*violently coughing\* Ugh, sorry. Hey, this is \_\_\_\_. I’m just calling to let you know that we won’t be able to make it to brunch today. We’ve come down with something awful, and we want to make sure it’s not contagious.

Sam: Oh, man, that’s too bad. Alright, I’ll let Patricia know. Here’s hoping you guys feel better soon.

You: Yeah, thanks. Enjoy your brunch.

You’re glad that that’s out of the way. You’re not sure how convincing a job you could have done of explaining away your spouse’s absence in person.

Hide body (they have to choose this sometime during day 1. If it’s their first choice, they skip everything else. If they choose to lay low or meet for brunch first, this is the only option later in the day)

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

Garden

You wait until nightfall. It wouldn’t do for people to see you burying body parts.

By the light of the moon, you bury the body in the garden. Your tomatoes haven’t been doing so well this year, and hopefully, this fertilizer will change that.

Lake

You dump the body, weighted down with your spouse’s old ankle weights, in the local lake. It’s harder to do than you thought it would be. There’s heavy machinery and construction workers all over the place, and you have to wait until they all leave before you make your move.

The body sinks to the bottom, never to be seen again… or so you hope.

----> (Sunday morning, ending if lake was chosen) You wake up to the sound of knocking at your front door. You peer out the peephole. The police!

“Excuse me, how can I help you today, officers?”

“We just have some questions we’d like to ask you, if you wouldn’t mind coming down to the station with us.” They say it like a question, but you know it isn’t. You go voluntarily.

When you get to the station, they put you in an interrogation room for an hour before anyone comes to speak with you.

A mustachioed officer enters and sits down at the table across from you. “Do you know why you’re here?” he asks.

\*reaction choice\*

Yes:

“Are you ready to confess, then?”

Confess:

It’s been a long couple days. You rub your eyes. You haven’t felt this tired since that time you had to program a game in seven weeks in college. With a sigh, you nod. “I’m ready to pay the price,” you say as you sign the confession. You only hope you get time off for good behavior. (ending)

Don’t confess:

“You know why you’re here, but you won’t confess?” The officer looks at you skeptically before sighing in frustration. “Why can’t you make this easier on all of us and just sign the damn confession?”

Confess:

It’s been a long couple days. You rub your eyes. You haven’t felt this tired since that time you had to program a game in seven weeks in college. With a sigh, you nod. “I’m ready to pay the price,” you say as you sign the confession. You only hope you get time off for good behavior. (ending)

Refuse to confess again:

The officer growls at you. He leans across the table towards you and lowers his voice. “That was your last chance, and you’ve just made the second biggest mistake of your life after what you did. You’re going away for a long, long time.” He storms out of the room.

Weeks pass before your trial, but you discover that you dumped the body at the most inconvenient time possible; the lake was dredged for dam renovations the very next day, and the body was found. Without the time to decompose properly, the police were able to identify the body. Dumping it with your spouse’s wallet probably wasn’t the wisest idea, either, but it’s not like you’ve done this before, so you cut yourself some slack. The jury, however, not so much, and you’ll spend the rest of your foreseeable life in prison. (ending)

No:

The officer growls at you. He leans across the table towards you and lowers his voice. “Don’t play stupid with me. You know exactly why you’re here, and you’ve just made the second biggest mistake of your life after what you did. You’re going away for a long, long time.” He storms out of the room.

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Bathtub

You decide to liquefy 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.

You: Ah, shit. Now what am I supposed to do? Well, there’s no time to deal with this now. I’ll figure something out later.

----> 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, so to speak?

Day 3 Choices if they chose bury her in the garden:

You check your schedule for the day. A dinner party tonight that you’re hosting, but that’s it.

You decide to relax for the day.

It’s been a stressful weekend for you.

You call the dinner party guests and let them know you need to cancel. You tell them it’s a family emergency, and they tell you that they understand.

You spend all day lounging around the house, soaking in the bath, working on those things you always wanted to do but never seemed to find the time for before today. You know how to treat yourself right.

That night, as twilight falls, you look out over your garden appreciatively. It’s been a long weekend, but gardening always brought you a sense of peace.

As you take a sip of your coffee, you let out a hum of contentment. Your tomatoes seem to have appreciated the extra nutrients, and they are growing stronger than ever. You think you will, too. (ending)

Prepare for the dinner party

You get to work right away preparing the food for your guests. You’ve always been a stellar host, and you’re not about to stop now.

By the time they arrive, everything is ready.

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?

----> 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.