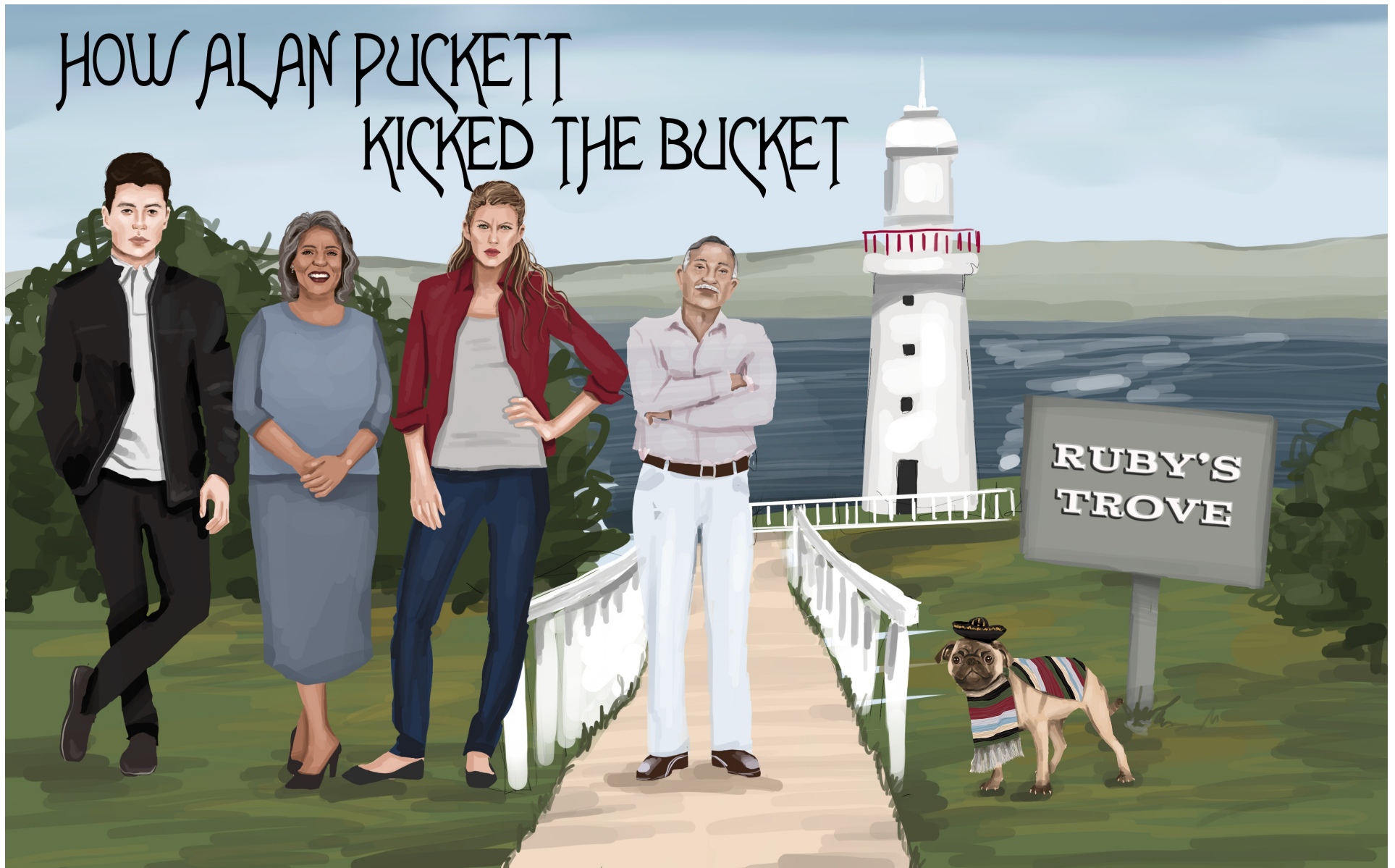


HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



Your Character

ROSE PUCKETT

Eccentric and, most believe, totally crazy, Rose Puckett is the wife of the victim, Alan Puckett. A young woman when the two got married, she spent decades as the humble housewife, raising kids, cooking for and cleaning up after the impossible-to-please Alan. Now that she's older, she seems to have shed regard for how others, including her husband, see her, and now says whatever is on her mind at any given moment. She can often be found out on her porch, staring off into nothingness, but then can quickly snap back to reality and seem furious to have returned! She spends her days tending her award-winning garden.

Rose's Hide Information

It's no secret that you hated your husband. He was an awful person and you hated being around him almost as much as you hated living in this god-forsaken, glorified suburb. But, you were stuck with him. You had thought of leaving him a years ago, when your children were younger, but back then, getting a divorce was still frowned upon. Not to mention the fact that, since you became a housewife to Alan when you were very young, you had little work experience and even fewer life skills. And so, you stayed with him, and simply grew to resent him. When the kids moved out and started their own lives, you grew to despise him.

He was "particular" - a word he used to justify his cruelty when he complained about what you made him for dinner, or if the table full of nick-nacks wasn't put back exactly the way it should be after you dusted each day. A peanut allergy kept you and the kids from ever having peanut butter in the house, and he refused to eat most types of fish because he claimed he hated the smell of the house after you cooked it. Alan constantly compared you to his own mother, saying that if she could keep up the house with he and his five siblings, certainly you should be able to cook even just one edible pot roast.

One day, about a year ago, you got sick of hearing his nasty, nasally voice, and suddenly your fear for him was replaced with blind hatred.

From that moment on, you never passed up an opportunity to tell him how much you hated him. Each night before you went to bed, you would suggest to him ways that you might kill him in his sleep. For years, he has bullied you as much as he did everyone else in the neighbourhood, if not more. The satisfaction you felt was immense as you saw the fear in his eyes as you served his dinner at the exact time he demanded. Perhaps you sprinkled a bit of corn starch on his roast just to watch him see it, pause, drop his fork, then storm away from the table without daring to taste even the tiniest bite. Those moments, when you brought him the coffee he demanded and he paused before taking a sip, then put it down and walked away - those moments became your most joy-filled of the day. One evening, you told him to sleep with one eye open and watched the colour drain from his face.



The night he moved into the guest bedroom, you were ecstatic! You had an entire room to yourself for the first time since you were a teenager. You spread out on the bed, threw your clothes on the floor, made tea and left the cup on the bedside table - it was thrilling to do all the things you couldn't do when he was there. Alan began making his own meals, brewing his own coffee, and avoiding you at all costs.

Rose's Hide Information

He has always been "friends" with one of the neighbours, Patricia (aka 'Patty'), and you always knew she had a little crush on him. Quite honestly, you didn't care – if he left you for her, you would be eternally happy to be alone, to have the house and your garden to yourself. You hoped they would get together – Patty would be doing you a favour. You would eat nothing but peanut butter sandwiches until the day you took your final breath. Perhaps you would finally get a cat – something you could never have because Alan was allergic to cats.

But then, two days ago, you were out in the garden, pruning the cedars between your house and Patty's, and you heard Alan and Patty talking. You crept deeper into the tall trees, just enough to overhear but not to be seen, and listened to what they were saying. You heard Patty confess her love for Alan, and your heartbeat quickened – it was finally happening! You would finally be free of him! But then, the conversation took a turn. Alan said that he already had a wife, and that was one woman too many as far as he was concerned.

Patty said, a bit hushed, "Well, what if she wasn't around anymore?"

Alan said, "What are you saying, Patty?"

"Well, she is a bit feeble... If she had an untimely fall or something, no one would even question it."

Then, to your horror, Alan said, "I have plans for that very thing, actually."

Your eyes shot open – Alan had plans to murder you!

You didn't have time to process this though, as Patty said, "And then we could be together!"

Alan paused for a moment, and then that cruelty you have known for years came out, this time directed at Patty instead of you. He laughed and then spat, "You think I would be with you? That's never going to happen, Patty, you're pathetic!"

You heard him rise, and realized he was returning to your house. You had nowhere to go, so you slipped into the cedars – it was the only place you could hide in time! Only once you heard the screen door slam and were sure he was inside did you dare to leave the thick foliage and return to your gardening.

And as you dug mindlessly in your garden, one thing went through your mind: Alan had just told Patty that he was going to kill you!



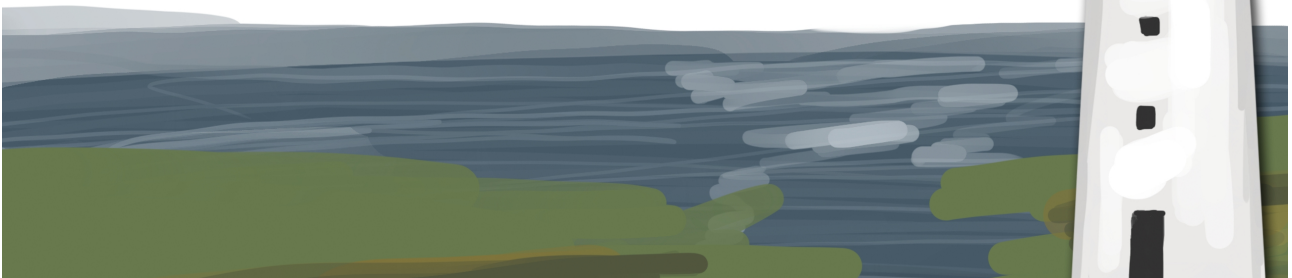
Rose's Share Information

Yesterday morning, in the hours leading up to your husband dropping dead in the driveway, you were sitting on the porch, as you did each morning, with a coffee (spiked with bourbon) and a crossword puzzle. Patricia Barlow, your neighbour, walked past, but you hate her so you just pretended she didn't exist. You also saw Bob Sanderson in his window across the street, working at his home office desk in his front window. You remember seeing what you believed to be someone else sitting in on the couch, but the reflection off the window didn't let you see who it could be. You remember thinking how wonderfully scandalous it would be if Bob Sanderson was hiding someone in his house.

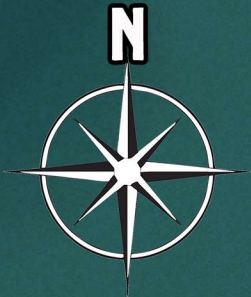
Everyone knows you hated your vile husband, Alan Puckett. He was the most awful person you have ever known. You enjoyed spending your days finding new ways to irritate him – cutting the ends off his shoe laces, dumping toast crumbs in his bed sheets, scrubbing the toilet with his toothbrush (okay, he may never have known you did that last one. Daily.), but by far your favourite thing to do was to put hats on the dog, Rocky. The only thing Alan cared about was that dog – he let it lick his face in a way that was really gross to watch. Alan worried Rocky was always cold, and came home with a jacket for him to wear to keep warm. You thought it looked like a poncho, and he needed a sombrero to go with it, so you made one for Rocky. When Alan came home and saw the sombrero, he was furious and threw it away. So, each time he left the house, you put another hat on Rocky, just to watch Alan rage every time he saw his stupid little dog in a stupid little hat. This morning was no exception, you went inside the house to refill your coffee and get Rocky's sombrero for Alan's return from the Wired Lobster cafe. When you returned, Rocky was eating something on the driveway, so you had to walk to the end of the property to put the hat on him, then walk all the way back to the porch.

Each woman has her preferences, and it would seem that for Patricia Barlow, it was your husband. Just the day before Alan's death, you were gardening and overheard the two of them talking. Patricia confessed her love for Alan, but Alan quite literally laughed at her! He said, "You think I would be with you? That's never going to happen, Patty, you're pathetic!" And he got up and stormed back to your house. There's no doubt in your mind that, after all of this time pining after Alan, Patricia would not have taken that sort of rejection well.

Alan believed someone had stolen his identity. You kept telling him he was crazy, but he claimed that the money from his accounts had been drained, and had been on the phone with banks and filing police reports for weeks!



RUBY'S TROVE



COVE/BAY

BREAKWATER

LILAC PARK

MARINA

MARINA PARKING LOT

CAFE LOT

