

AMY DUNNE

Picture me! I'm a girl who's very very bad. I need to be punished, and by punished, I mean had. It's where you keep goodies for anniversary five. So open the door and look alive. I will practice believing my husband loves me and will love this baby and that this child will really save our marriage. But I could be wrong because sometimes the way he looks at me. I think the man of my dreams, father of my child, this man of mine... may kill me. He may truly kill me.

I am so much happier now that I'm dead. Technically missing, soon to be presumed dead. Gone. And my lazy lying cheating oblivious husband will go to prison for my murder Nick Dunne took my pride and my dignity and my hope and my money. He took and took from me until I no longer existed. That's murder. Let the punishment fit the crime. To fake a convincing murder, you have to have discipline. You befriend a local idiot, harvest the details of her hum-drum life and cram her with stories about your husband's violent temper, secretly create some money troubles. Credit card, perhaps online gambling. With the help of the unwitting, bump up your life insurance. Purchase getaway car.. Craig's list.. generic... cheap... pay cash. You need to package yourself so that people will truly mourn your loss and America loves pregnant women. As if it's so hard to spread your legs. You know what's hard? Faking a pregnancy.

First... drain your toilet. Invite pregnant idiot into your home and ply her with lemonade. Steal pregnant idiot's urine. Voila! A pregnancy is now part of your legal medical record. Happy Anniversary. Wait for your clueless husband to start his day. Off he goes.. and the clock is ticking... meticulously stage your crime scene... with just enough mistakes to raise the spectre of doubt. You need to bleed.. a lot.. a lot, a lot. A head wound kind of bleed. A crime scene kind of bleed. You need to clean... poorly, like he would. Clean and bleed. Bleed and clean. And leave a little something behind. A fire in July? And because you're you, you don't stop there. You need a diary. Minimum 300 entries on the Nick and Amy story. Start with the fairy tale early days. Those are true and they're crucial. You want Nick and Amy to be likeable. After that you invent. The spending, the abuse, the fear. The threat of violence. And nick thought he was the writer. Burn it just the right amount. Make sure the cops will find it.

Finally, honour tradition with a very special treasure hunt. And if I get everything right, the world will hate Nick... for killing his beautiful, pregnant wife. And after all the outrage, when I'm ready... I'll go out on the water with a handful of pills... and a pocket full of stones. And when they find my body they'll know. Nick Dunne dumped his beloved like garbage. And she floated down past all the other abused, unwanted, inconvenient women. Then, Nick will die too.

Nick and Amy will be gone. But then we never really existed. Nick loved a girl I was pretending to be. Cool girl. Men always use that, don't they? As their defining compliment. She's a Cool girl. Cool girl is hot. Cool girl is game. Cool girl is fun. Cool girl never gets angry at her man. She only smiles in a chagrin loving manner and then presents her mouth for fucking. She like what he likes. So, evidently, he's vinyl hipster who loves fetish monger. If he likes girls gone wild, she's a mall babe who talks football and endures buffalo wings at Hooters. When I met Nick Dunne, I knew he wanted a cool girl and for him, I'll admit, I was willing to try. I wax stripped my pussy raw. I drank canned beer watching Adam Sandler movies. I ate cold pizza and remained a size 2. I blew him... semi regularly. I lived in the moment. I was fucking game. I can't say I didn't enjoy some of it... Nick teased out in my things I didn't know existed. A lightness, a humour, an ease. But I made him smarter, sharper, I inspired him to rise to my level. I forged the man of my dreams.

We were happy pretending to be other people. We were the happiest people we knew. And what's the point of being together if you're not the happiest. But Nick got lazy. He became someone I did not agree to marry. He actually expected me to love him unconditionally then he dragged me, penniless, to the naval of this great country and found himself a newer, younger, bouncier Cool Girl. You think I'd let him destroy me and end up happier than ever? No fucking way. He doesn't get to win!

My cute, charming, salt of the earth misery guy. He needed to learn. Grown ups work for things. Grown ups pay. Grown ups suffer consequences.