

Youth Fest 2017
Short Story Writing Competition
Alternate Endings

Submission Details:

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Story: *Gone Girl* by Gillian Flynn

Summary

Gone Girl by Gillian Flynn revolves around the lives of Nick and Amy, who, at first, are a young married couple settled in New York. Due to the grave illness of Nick's mother and the loss of both their jobs because of the recession, the couple are forced to move to Nick's hometown, Missouri. Although Nick is content with the new arrangements, Amy does not share Nick's sentiment, which leads to some distance between the couple. The story is written in two point-of-views. Nick's perspective is his narration of present events and Amy's perspective is a view of the past as she writes her thoughts in her 'diary'.

The story takes a dramatic turn on the couple's 5th wedding anniversary when Amy goes missing, and their house is vandalised. Even though at the time of the abduction, Nick was at a bar with his sister, as the husband of the victim Nick is immediately clouded with the police's suspicion. Due to a series of love notes that Amy had planned before her abduction, Nick begins to realise the extent to which his wife and relationship have both changed for the worse over the past few years. The notes also revealed, not only to the police but also to the media that Nick was having an extramarital affair.

It is then revealed to the readers that Amy was never abducted, and instead had orchestrated the abduction in an attempt to punish her husband for his unfaithfulness and inattentiveness. She had absconded with a large sum of money, which was then stolen from her, putting a wrench in her plans. She then approaches her rich ex-boyfriend Desi, and deludes him into believing she still has feelings for him. He hides her away at his farmhouse, but he soon turns possessive and Amy begins to feel suffocated by his presence.

Meanwhile, Nick is under suspicion from the authorities since Amy's diary paints him in a negative light. Despite all this Detective Rhonda Boney believed in his innocence. Nick soon starts to realise that he is being framed and that Amy is a lot more involved in the abduction than anyone suspects. Due to Nick's sincere effort to find his missing wife and his public acceptance of his mistake during an interview, media sympathy soon shifts in his favour. This sincerity begins to effect Amy, and she hatches a second plot.

To escape from Desi's controlling behaviour, she begins to actively show interest in him. She manages to eventually seduce him, and while in the throes of passion she murders him. She then returns to Missouri and claims that the abduction was planned and executed by her ex-boyfriend who had taken her captive and raped her, and it had taken her weeks to fight back and return. Given the tragic narration of events that occurred, everyone was quick to believe and accept the horrific events. Consequently, no one remained to believe Nick's suspicion of Amy's involvement in her own abduction. Nick is forced to stay mum about his suspicions.

Eventually, Nick starts to write a memoir of his suspicions and Amy's activities, hoping that perhaps someone else may piece together her deceptions. However, to maintain control over him, she inseminates herself with sperm that Nick had previously donated for testing, and uses her pregnancy as a bargaining chip to make her husband delete the memoir and stay with her. Eventually, though Nick is made abundantly aware of Amy's actions, he is forced to delete his works and remain by her side for the sake of their unborn child.

Summary Word Count: 594 words

Alternate Ending

This story begins from the moment when Amy is pregnant and has come to use the child as a bargaining chip for Nick to delete his memoirs which contain his suspicions regarding Amy's involvement in the entire abduction.

The media wouldn't have pictured it like this. Nick was quite sure. After weeks of interrogation and interviews and staying at a hotel, they were finally going home and relief and joy should have been the only emotions gracing the couple. However, the air was thick with mistrust.

Instead of spending time with his wife, Nick simply went up to the bedroom and turned on his computer. He had just typed up some more of his suspicions about Amy, when he realized she had somehow managed to noiselessly slide up to right over his shoulder.

"Suspicious, Nick? Really? Of me?" she asked mockingly, her sugar-coated voice doing nothing to diminish the thumping in Nick's chest. "You should be happy to see me! We should be celebrating our child!"

When Nick spoke, his voice was just as stiff as he looked. "I haven't touched you in months. That child cannot possibly be mine."

She smirked, and something about that small gesture set every nerve on Nick's body on edge.

"Oh, but it is!" She sang. "Remember when you donated your sperm for testing? Turns out, a little sob story to the clinic about how we're unable to conceive, and they were **more** than happy to impregnate me and give us the *magical gift* of parenthood,".

Pure unadulterated rage coursed through his body, and he moved to lash out at Amy, stopping himself in the nick of time. "You scheming, conniving wench!" Nick yelled, staring at her face that didn't have a shred of regret.

Parenthood. The only dream Nick had held onto since he said "I do" at the altar.

"Amy... why?" he pleaded, as a small sob of defeat escaped him. "I admit I made a mistake, but I truly loved you..."

"Love? You think I wanted your *love*?" she scoffed. "You made my life miserable! You **settled**. Did you think about how much I would suffer and suffocate in this god-

forsaken place? Of course not!" Amy's chest began to heave and her eyes grew wide, as her months and years of frustration began being ranted out.

"If it weren't for you, I would never have had to leave New York. I would still have my life and my friends, and I wouldn't be stuck here, miserable. I just wanted you to feel the same..." A sickly sweet smile graced Amy's face as she began justifying her actions. All Nick could do was stare at her and *attempt* to comprehend exactly when his lovely wife had turned into the heartless psychopath that stood before him.

"You haven't loved me for a very long time Nick," she continued, "what you have done, is cause me a lot of pain. I just wanted to share some of it with you!"

Her small frame seemed to take up the entire room, amplified by her bright bloodshot eyes, shaking hands and the pure hatred that seemed to emanate off of her.

"It was so easy to plan, Nick. I knew they would suspect you. After all, I left all the clues. They needed to know what a pathetic man you are." Nick stayed frozen, her words piercing through his heart like shards of ice.

"I would have let you suffer more if it weren't for that insufferable thief that took off with my money. That's why I went to Desi you know?"

She saw the startled, shocked look on his face and started laughing.

"Oh don't be surprised. Of course he didn't capture me. The fool loved me! It was so easy to make him believe a sob story of abuse. I made him my **saviour**. So it was even easier for me to make him think I finally loved him back..."

By this time her voice had become a whisper. Her words became cold and poisonous, much like herself. She leaned forward, very aware of how much her next words would break her husband, to the extent of which she had waited ages to see.

"But it was the easiest to kill him. Oh yes! **I killed him!**" She cackled, as tears began to flow down Nick's face, a silent stream of denial bursting from his lips. To an outsider they sounded like a beg for mercy but to Amy's ears they seemed to bring only pleasure.

"He didn't do anything Nick. I did. All of it! What's more, I'm going to ruin your child! Just like I've ruined your life. I'm going to be causing you so much pain, for so many years to come." She began to giggle vindictively.

It seemed, however, that the mention of his child seemed to lend some strength to Nick and he finally stood, having collapsed while hearing his wife's confession."No

Amy. You won't do anything of the sort. You're going to be locked away forever, and that child will grow up knowing you as nothing more than a monster!", he said, voice shaking, but hard and heavy.

"Locked away?" She seemed to find the thought ridiculous.

"Locked away for what Nick? Who will believe **you** over me? For the sake of your child, you'll keep your mouth shut! You wouldn't want to anger me, would you? Our baby could get hurt even before it's born..."

The pleasures that Amy was deriving from her own threats was palpable in the air, and she was so caught up in her own deviousness that she failed to recognise the sound of discrete voices, soft footsteps ascending the staircase, and the creak of the doorway as it opened.

"Amy Dunne you are under arrest!" barked the clear voice of detective Boney, as she pointed her service weapon at the woman who seemed to have frozen in shock.

"Seems you were right, Nick," she said, as she strode forward and handcuffed a struggling Amy as another officer began reading out Amy's Miranda Rights. "I took your advice and installed a surveillance camera in your room, and good thing I did, too, because now we have this entire confession on a live camera."

"No! No this isn't possible!" Amy screamed, as her hands were pulled behind her back. "I only wanted him to feel pain! Arrest him! He's the reason I did this!"

As she fought and struggled, Nick moved to stand in front of her. "Goodbye Amy," he said, as the passion in his voice was overshadowed by the anger in his eyes. "I will never see you again, and you will never hurt me or my child. Ever. You wanted the attention? Well you'll get it now. Every single person who has ever sympathised with you will watch that tape, repeatedly, and Amazing Amy will never be amazing again. Goodbye".

With that he turned his back to her, her pleas and screams falling on deaf ears as she was escorted away from the house.

A year later, it was with a joyous heart that Nick and his 3-month old Angel boarded a flight to New York, where Nick was set to deliver his 5th speech that month on his newest best-selling book, 'My Suspicions'. The black cloud that was Amy was forever gone from his life, and he finally had purpose again.

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**Word Count is calculated from the text below the italics introduction, beginning “The Media ...”, and ending “...purpose again”.*

Word Count: 1194