

## **Gone Girl**

### **Part Three: Boy Gets Girl Back (Or Not)**

#### **Amy Elliot Dunne**

##### **The night of the Return**

*I'm going to get my husband back. I'm going to get him back.* I keep thinking about his face when I show up at the doorstep. Would he smile? Would he grin? Or would he, characteristically Nick, stand and gape? And what would I do? What should I do? Play the hurt, bruised but strong victim or the completely torn apart and broken down victim?

The options play around in my head and I am beyond excited. The jaguar does its best to keep up with the frenzy in head but it's still not fast enough. I'm being careful enough to zoom past every speed when in sight of the cameras but not too much when out of sight. I need the vehicle in my control if I am to reach Nick safely. The cameras would flag me up pretty soon but I'd be at Nicks house soon enough. No, our house. The house that I've used to build a family together with Nick.

The drive is pretty relaxed. Not a lot of cars in sight, acceptable, considering the time of night. Little do they know about the circus that's about to erupt on their front yards.

#### **Nick Dunne**

##### **The night of the Return**

I hear the doorbell ring. I've noticed the commotion outside. The arrival of a foreign species that the press cannot fathom. The silence that's engulfed them is soothing yet alarming. Like many things in my life lately. I falter between not getting up and answering the door but I've given up on hesitation. I'd rather face everything head on now, come what may, nothing can be worse than everything else already.

I take a minute before opening the door, my hand on the knob, contemplating whatever's outside there and much like the way you'd rip off a band aid, I fling the door open.

There she is. On my footsteps.

*My wife.*

The words leave a metallic tang in my mouth and I'm confounded in the moment. I'm unsure of what to do. No, not unsure. Hesitant. I could play the faithful husband and with tears streaming down my face, embrace her and shield her from the relentless camera lights. Or, I could do what I really want, what I've wanted to for so long. I could shut the door in her face. I could imagine a world in which it all works out. But I know, somewhere in me rationality begs for forgiveness as it spits out the undeniable truth. This is her game and I am just a pawn; one wrong move and I risk losing the image I've built until now.

My head is running over ideas while my arms move up automatically to take her in.

#### **Amy Elliot Dunne**

##### **Ten Weeks After Return**

The moment he steps into the kitchen, with his assured walk and his re-emerged glare, I know. I've put up with him tinkering about in his study for the past weeks and I'd known that he had something up his sleeve. Something he must've felt pretty sure and proud about to hide from me. But, unfortunately, if everything I had done till now had not been enough, he still hadn't figured out how one step in front of him, I always had been. He was the easiest character in the book, the

most transparent actor in the troupe, someone the pages would have given up on mystifying. I let him walk up to me and throw the bundle on the counter. I feigned a little surprised 'oh' when I saw the title.

*Psycho Bitch. Clever.*

But not too clever.

It was time to show him my magic trick. Elation built up in me as I saw his curiously wary glance. He should have been able to make out his time was up. I'd let him play around but I was getting bored. As he saw the lines appear on the stick, I felt his quivering rage from where I stood next to him. I could make out every emotion that fluttered through his eyes. And I held his hand and whispered, 'We'll be a proper family now'.

## **Nick Dunne Forty Weeks After Return**

We were hiding behind the curtains to the sides of the stage. Amy was right next to me, running her hands through my suit and my hair, making sure everything was in place. She played her role to perfection, and I did too as I nodded at her requests. She was ushered onto stage and I crept in behind her, ever dutiful, ever loyal.

She pranced through the questions, a laugh there, a smile here. Warm and caring, Amazing Amy. Over the past two weeks, ever since she'd told me the news, I'd often stared at her head, willing for her thoughts to break out and spread around so I can read them. What kind of a mother would she be? What would she tell our child? My child. I'd be damned if I let her touch any part of his soul. She was the poison that had cast Adam and Eve out of heaven. The apple that had never truly stopped rotting.

Suddenly, the pressure on my hands increased. Her palm where it touched mine heated up as she pressed my hands, willing me back to attention. Her voice got real quiet and her tone relayed a tragedy that promised much sorrow to the eager audience.

## **Nick Dunne Forty Weeks and a Day after Return**

As dawn burst in through the open windows, I looked up from where I'd curled up beneath the window sill. The first rays cast an eerie glow over the scene in front of me. They lit up the room making it seem like a scene from the cover of murder mystery. I suppose that's what it was. Fitting and apt. Like Amy would have wanted it. I got up, fighting the ache and soreness that slumbered within my muscles and made my way to the bathroom. Stepping over the discarded clothing and torn paper, I attempted to tread carefully, so as to not upset the precious evidence present on every surface of the room. Amy wouldn't have liked that, she loved a good story with a great array of reliable artifacts to support the story. She loved how wholesome everything felt when connected together. Who would have guessed it, I chuckle to myself, Amazing Amy loved puzzles.

I turn on the tap in the sink, letting the water rush over my hands, stripping them of the dirt and blood that had stained them. As the tinged water made its way down the sink and into the hole in the centre, I thought to myself, I got the last word this time around, Amy.

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