

# **GONE GIRL**

**August 29, 2013**

# GONE GIRL

Based on the novel by

Gillian Flynn

Screenplay by  
Gillian Flynn

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by

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Yellow Revised - 9/27/13  
Pink Revised - 9/15/13  
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White Script - 7/30/13

A1 BLACK SCREEN

A1

NICK (V.O.)  
When I think of my wife, I always  
think of her head.

FADE IN:

1 INT. BEDROOM - SOMETIME

1

We see the back of AMY DUNNE'S HEAD, resting on a pillow.

NICK (V.O.)  
I picture cracking her lovely  
skull, unspooling her brain,

Nick runs his fingers into Amy's hair.

NICK (V.O.)  
Trying to get answers.

He twirls and twirls a lock, a screw tightening.

NICK (V.O.)  
The primal questions of a marriage:  
What are you thinking? How are you  
feeling? What have we done to each  
other?

AMY wakes, turns, gives a look of alarm.

\*

BLACK SCREEN

2 EXT. NORTH CARTHAGE - MORNING

2

A carved faux-marble entry-reading FOREST GLEN-ushers us into  
a ruined HOUSING DEVELOPMENT. Mostly VACANT houses. A few  
Fourth of July decorations hang in windows. A weird, BUCOLIC  
air: swaying grasses, stray wildlife.

3 EXT. NICK DUNNE'S FRONT YARD - DAWN

3

\*

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 5th, 2012  
THE MORNING OF

NICK DUNNE, 30s, handsome, is taking out the trash; his yard  
is the only one mowed-all around him WILDERNESS encroaches.

\*

The SUN rises over the treeline and blaes its FIRST-DEGREE  
SPOTLIGHT in his face. He looks ILL.

He turns and stares back at his HOUSE as if girding himself. He strides across the yard, opens the door. His shadowy figure fills the doorway for a moment. He SHUTS the door. \*

4 EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - DAY 4 \*

NICK—wearing noticeably different clothes—arrives under a glaring SUN. Down the street, a troupe of HOMELESS MEN walks single file along the river. \*

5 INT. THE BAR - DAY 5

Nick's twin sister, GO, 30s, nerdy-hot, is washing mugs. The bar is packed with '80s kitsch: board games, toys, posters. Their very own CLUBHOUSE.

GO  
Ah, the Irish prince graces us with  
his presence.

He sits on the bar's customer side. She flicks suds at him. \*

NICK  
Brought you a present.

He sets a decrepit '70s-era Master Mind on the bar.

GO  
(sweet smile)  
Master Mind! I hated this game!

NICK  
You loved it.

GO  
You loved it. Thanks.

She places it behind the bar alongside SORRY!, CLUE, LIFE.

NICK  
Pour me a bourbon, would ya? \*

GO glances pointedly at the clock: 11:09 a.m. She pours two bourbons. Settles in. \*

GO  
What's up, Jitters?

He shrugs. She tries to wait him out. Fails.

GO (CONT'D)

If you don't talk, I'll fill the  
silence with: an Excruciating Story  
by Margo Dunne.

He smiles. This is an old, reliable routine.

GO (CONT'D)

I could tell you about my customer-  
service experience while changing  
Internet providers. \*

NICK

I do like that one.

GO

Or the time I saw a woman who  
looked exactly like my friend  
Monica but it wasn't Monica, it was  
a stranger-

NICK

-whose name was...Monica.

GO

Made it kind of interesting.

She gives a look: Talk.

NICK

It's a bad day.

GO

Amy?

NICK

Our anniversary. Five.

GO

Five?! That came fast.

NICK

And furious. \*

6 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

6

CLOSEUP on a PEN, cursiving across a DIARY. The pen is GIRLY,  
topped with pink feathers. We see at the top: January 8,  
2005. We hear the words as we see them written in pink.

AMY (V.O.)

I'm so crazy, stupid happy.

7

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

AMY ELLIOTT, early 30s, gorgeous, is in a crowded hipster party. Dude-heavy. She weaves her way through the guys.

AMY (V.O.)

I met a boy.

She spots her FRIEND deep-flirting a guy, and stops midway, stuck with TWO BEERS. She makes her way toward a table with picked-over food and scans the room for anyone she knows. She spots NICK DUNNE—he spots her.

AMY (V.O.)

A great, gorgeous, sweet, cool-ass guy.

Nick weaves his way over. She's setting down her beer.

NICK

It's dangerous to set down a monk-brewed Belgian wheat beer when the party is down to three Beast Lites and a bottle of Pucker.

\*  
\*

AMY

Might attract some desperate characters.

He gestures toward a group of Williamsburg musician-types: suspenders and broad-brimmed hats.

NICK

Things could get ugly. The Amish are on Rumspringa.

AMY

They already relieved me of my artisanal meat platter.

NICK

Finally, someone to tell me how to pronounce that word.

AMY

Meat?

NICK

One syllable.

He picks up the beer.

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
 Whose beer am I drinking? \*  
 (moving closer to her, so \*  
 they have same POV) \*  
 What's your type? \*

They scan the crowd together. Cozy. Nick points to a horn-  
 rimmed, haughty DOUCHEBAG. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
 I can't picture you sitting still \*  
 while he bloviates about his post- \*  
 grad thesis on Proust. \*

Nick points to a sideburned guy in a NOVELTY TEE. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
 Ironic hipster so self-aware he \*  
 makes everything a joke? \*

AMY \*  
 I prefer men who are funny, not \*  
 "funny." \*

Nick points to a wavy-haired granola-yoga type. \*

NICK \*  
 Please tell me it's not Deeply \*  
 Sensitive Emo-Dude-

AMY \*  
 -who says things like "I love \*  
 strong women."

NICK \*  
 Code for "I hate strong women."

A beat as they scan the room, then face each other. \*

AMY \*  
 And what type are you? \*

NICK \*  
 Corn-fed, salt-of the earth \*  
 Missouri guy.

AMY \*  
 Missouri?! How cute.

NICK \*  
 Ah: native New Yorker!



AMY

World ends at the Hudson. I'm Amy.

NICK

So tell me, Amy. Who are you?

AMY

A. I am an award-winning  
scrimshander. B. I am a moderately  
influential warlord. C. I write  
personality quizzes for magazines.

NICK

(taking her hand)

A. Your fingers are far too  
delicate for real scrimshaw work.  
B. I am a charter subscriber to  
Middling Warlord Weekly—I'm sure  
I'd recognize you. So: C.

\*

\*

\*

AMY

And you? Who are you?

NICK

I'm the guy to save you from all  
this awesomeness.

\*

8

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

8

They head down: tipsy, not touching, but thinking about it.

AMY

So if you write for a men's  
magazine, does that make you an  
expert on being a man?

NICK

In theory, I know what men drink,  
what men wear-

AMY

How men bullshit.

NICK

Not with you.

Amy laughs: ha, ha.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

She stops, studies him.

AMY  
It's hard to believe you. I think  
it's your chin.

NICK  
My chin?

AMY  
It's quite villainous.

She places a finger over his chin. Tests the view. \*

NICK  
No bullshit. 100% truth.

9 EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

9

They are huddling together, walking to hail a cab.

NICK  
I love New York parties because I  
get to leave and walk out into New  
York. The Great What Next? \*

They turn the corner and step into a cloud of powdered sugar  
as it's funneled into a bakery. A SUGAR SNOWSTORM. Nick  
grins: Like this!

NICK (CONT'D)  
You know I have to kiss you now.

AMY  
Is that right?

NICK  
I would be a fool to let you walk  
through a sugar storm unkissed. \*

The sugar floats all around them. A fairytale. They lean in.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

Nick brushes her lips clean. They kiss.

10 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

A SHABBY, CRAMPED garden studio apartment. BARS on the  
windows. NICK and AMY are in bed: blissful. Outside, a car's  
headlights flash: Their sugary prints light up the headboard. \*

AMY

Nick Dunne. I really *like* you.

11 INT. THE BAR - DAY

11

The Master Mind sits untouched as GO sets up LIFE.

GO

So is Amy going to do one of her anniversary-whaddaya call it?-treasure hunts?

NICK

You mean the forced march designed to point out what an uncaring, oblivious asshole I am.

GO

Wow.

Silence. Nick stares at the LIFE board.

NICK

LIFE. I don't remember the point.

GO

Deep Hasbro thoughts. Spin. What was the clue last year she got so mad about?

NICK

(reciting)

"When your poor Amy has a cold; this dessert just must be sold."

GO

The answer?

NICK

I don't know, Go!

NICK spins, moves his man, lands on Get Married.

GO

Few years ago—you'd have known.

GO places a pink peg-wife in his car. He glares at it.

NICK

Few years ago it was fun. Year One, the traditional gift is paper—so at the end, she gave me a bound notebook.

\*

NICK (CONT'D)  
So I could write my novel.

\*  
\*

GO  
What'd you give her?

NICK  
A kite. She'd never flown a kite.

\*

Go spins; skips over the Get Married space.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Year Four: flowers. She led me to  
the dying rosebush in our backyard.

\*

GO  
The one you never watered...so  
symbolic. What's the gift for five?

\*

NICK  
Wood.

GO  
What'd you get her?

NICK  
There's no good gift for wood.

GO  
Go home, fuck her brains out, then  
smack her with your penis: Some  
wood for you, bitch!

\*

They laugh. Interrupted by the phone. Go answers.

GO (CONT'D)  
The Bar...Yep, hold on.  
(hand over mouthpiece)  
It's Watchful Wally!

NICK  
Bet my gutters need snaking.  
(picking up phone)  
Hey, Walter. What's up?...Oh! that  
is weird. OK, thanks.  
(to Go)  
Bleecker's outside.

GO  
You are way too into that cat.

NICK  
He's my special furry pal.

He heads to the door, points at the LIFE board.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Tell me how it ends.

- 12 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 12  
NICK pulls up, salutes WALTER, who's on his front porch behind a WALKER. WALTER gives a curt nod. BLEECKER is sitting on the Dunne stairs. Nick scoops him up, heads to the FRONT DOOR, which is GAPING WIDE OPEN. Nick stops in his tracks.
- 13 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 13  
NICK doesn't close the door. He sets the cat down.  
NICK  
Amy?  
We follow Nick as he heads up the stairs.
- 14 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 14  
Neat. Empty. An iron sits on an ironing board, pretty DRESS next to it. No Amy.
- 15 INT. HALLWAY - UPSTAIRS ROOMS - DAY 15  
Nick proceeds—quickly—down the hallway, peering into doors: An OFFICE (his, a disaster); an elaborately pillowed GUEST ROOM, and one room that contains only a LITTER BOX. Nick goes back downstairs, into:
- 16 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 16  
Two placemats on the shiny table.
- 17 INT. OFFICE - DAY 17  
Amy's office. Neat as a pin. Empty.
- 18 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 18  
Nick runs back through the DINING ROOM, into the: \*

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 19

Nick stops short. The carpet is covered with GLASS SHARDS from the overturned coffee table. END TABLES are SMASHED; an OTTOMAN is UPSIDE DOWN. NICK backs up.

20 EXT. WALTER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY 20

Walter looks up from his paper as he hears, from across the street:

NICK (O.S.)

Amy!!

21 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 21

DOOR opens on RHONDA BONEY, 40s, and JIM GILPIN, 20s.

BONEY

Mr. Dunne? I'm Detective Rhonda Boney and this is Officer James Gilpin. We understand there are concerns about your wife?

Nick walks them in, shows them the scene.

NICK

My wife is gone. I came home to this.

They bend down, examine the scene. Hard to read if they're impressed or not. BONEY takes a YELLOW POST-IT and places it on the MANTEL below three upright photo FRAMES.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm not someone who hits the panic button, but-It's weird, right? \*

BONEY

You mind if we look around? \*

22 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 22

They speak in time to the stair steps.

BONEY

How long you two been here?

NICK

Two years, September. We used to live in New York.

GILPIN

City?

NICK

I was a writer. We were writers.

BONEY

Why'd y'all come back here?

NICK

My mom got sick.

BONEY

I'm sorry, how is she?

NICK

She's dead.

23 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

23

Boney reaches the landing, eyes Nick like a patient mom.

BONEY

I'm so sorry.

They start down the hall.

BONEY (CONT'D)

So what do you do now? For work.

NICK

Now I own The Bar, downtown. With my twin sister, Margo.

BONEY

The Bar! Love the name. Very meta.

24 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

24

Boney tests the IRON. Hot. Unplugs it. Looks at the dress.

BONEY

Pretty dress. Date night?

NICK

It's our anniversary.

BONEY sticks another POST-IT on the IRONING BOARD.

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 25

Nick walks ahead with GILPIN as BONEY lingers: She sees on the baseboard three SPLASHES of rusty RED. Looks more curious than alarmed. A POST-IT down. \*

26 INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY 26

BONEY enters. Checks out Amy's desk area. BONEY flips through Amy's well-tended desk calendar: "NICK: DENTIST" is set for March 2013. In July 2013 is "BLEECKER: SHOTS." Amy's degrees cover the walls: HARVARD undergrad, Masters in Psych. \*

BONEY

Wow. Impressive gal.

One small corner is dedicated to a kids' book series, AMAZING AMY. Photos of Amy, at all ages, with her parents, RAND and MARYBETH, in front of posters for the books.

NICK

So should I be con(cerned)-

BONEY

(studying a picture)

I remember these books.

CLOSEUP of a dual frame: AMAZING AMY, the iconic cartoon drawing, is grinning from one side. Our real AMY ELLIOTT DUNNE is mimicking the same grin on the other side.

BONEY (CONT'D)

I remember these! Wait. Your wife is Amazing Amy?

27 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 27

CLOSEUP of a DIARY, a PEN-advertising AMAZING AMY-is cursiving across. The eraser topper is a BRIDE with VEIL. The date is February 24, 2007. We see the words as we hear: \*

AMY (V.O.)

Amazing Fucking Amy is getting fucking married! That's how the night started.

28 INT. UPSCALE NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT 28

TINY book launch party. Posters advertise the AMAZING AMY book series-all 20. "Written by RAND and MARYBETH ELLIOTT-two psychologists-Who are parents JUST LIKE YOU!"



AMY (V.O.)

With me—regular, flawed, Real  
Amy—jealous, as always, of the  
golden child. Perfect, brilliant  
Amazing Amy. Who is getting fucking  
married.

NICK and Amy are tight together. Waiters are circulating  
drinks, wearing T-shirts with an impish Amazing Amy and her  
TRADEMARK line: If it's worth doing, it's worth doing BRIGHT!

NICK

Now you can say you came. And in 10  
minutes we'll leave.

AMY

Perfect, time for a quick tour of  
my failings.

They walk along the wall of BOOK POSTERS. Stop in front of a  
poster of: gradeschool AMAZING AMY holding a CELLO. A MUTT \*  
beside her.

AMY (CONT'D)

When I was 10 I quit cello. In the \*  
next book, *Amazing Amy* became a \*  
prodigy. \*

Next POSTER: teen AMAZING AMY playing volleyball. \*

NICK

You don't play volleyball. \*

AMY

I got cut freshman year. She made \*  
varsity. \*

They continue their tour.

NICK

And how long did you have a dog? \*

AMY

She got a dog. Puddles made her \*  
more relatable. \*

They stop in front of the biggest poster: Amazing Amy, in a \*  
bridal veil, a BLAND GROOM next to her. The banner reads:  
30th Anniversary Special Edition-AMAZING AMY AND THE BIG DAY.

NICK

I love your parents, but they can  
be assholes.

In the center of the limp party, RAND and MARYBETH, 60s, cheerily hand out commemorative PENS-identical to the one Amy used for her DIARY. Rand spots them-hands them each a pen.

RAND

(to Amy)

Hey, sweetheart, this is a big night for your mom. It would mean so much to her if you'd talk to a few reporters. Bloggers. Give 'em a little "Amy" color.

Painful pause.

RAND (CONT'D)

People want to hear from you.

AMY

We can't stay long-

RAND

Fantastic! Fifteen minutes, tops!

As Rand strides away, Nick gives Amy a look.

AMY

This is why I have my trust fund, my Brooklyn brownstone. I can't really complain.

NICK

Your parents plagiarized your childhood.

AMY

No, they improved upon it, and then peddled it to the masses.

\*

Marybeth pops up, a little tipsy, hugs them.

MARYBETH

I thought you were going to wear white to match the wedding theme.

AMY

I thought that'd be embarrassing.

MARYBETH

(half joking)

If it's worth doing-

NICK

It's worth doing..how's that go?

BRIGHT! BRIGHT! The waiters are everywhere in the T-shirts.

NICK (CONT'D)

Tip of my tongue...

MARYBETH

You're very cute, Nick. Amy, you know what would make Dad's night-

AMY

I'm on it.

(to Nick)

I love having strangers pick at my scabs.

29

INT. - BAR CORNER - NIGHT

29

Amy, standing at a cocktail table, deals with a montage of New York media types. NICK hovers nearby.

EARNEST GIRL

I'm curious whether it's difficult for you to watch Amazing Amy heading down the aisle-

FASHIONISTA

-and this big party celebrating this fictional wedding-

NERVOUS INTERN

Because my understanding is that you are not married-

ABOVE-IT-ALL JOURNALIST

Correct?

AMY

Correct. Amazing Amy is always, always one step ahead of me.

Nick cuts in, blocks the journalist.

NICK

I have a few questions.

AMY

Ah, it's you.

\*

NICK

I am here in a strictly journalistic capacity.

He elaborately sets out pad, pen. AMY prepares to be amused.

NICK (CONT'D)

Amy, you've had the pleasure of dating Nick Dunne for how long?

AMY

Two magical years.

\*

NICK

Is it true that during the course of your relationship, you have performed such gracious gestures as (checking notes)

...not correcting Nick when he pronounced quinoa as kwino-a.

\*

AMY

An understandable mistake.

NICK

He also thought it was a fish.

AMY

He thinks Velveeta is a cheese.

NICK

Touché.

AMY

I think it's pronounced tow-chay.

NICK

(laughing)

You also manage to appear surprised and delighted when Nick's elderly mother breaks into "New York, New York" every...time...she sees you.

AMY

(crooning)

These bag of bone shoes...

NICK

You also bought Nick his first pair of scissors, correct?

\*

AMY

And matching stapler.

NICK

Amy Elliott, you are beyond amazing. You are incredibly smart but entirely unsnobby. You are kind but never a martyr. You surprise me. You challenge me.

\*

\*

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)  
And-fun fact for our readers-you  
have a world-class vagina.

Amy chokes on her drink.

NICK (CONT'D)  
However my colleagues inform me  
that as yet you are not married.

AMY  
I am not.

NICK  
Isn't it time we fixed that?

AMY (V.O.)  
Then the night wasn't so bad  
anymore.

30 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

30 \*

GILPIN is watching NICK from the other side of the glass.  
NICK's fiddling with his smartphone. BONEY enters.

BONEY  
How's our boy?

GILPIN  
He's just fucking with his phone.  
Playing, like, Tetris.

They watch NICK a few more seconds.

BONEY  
I remember him, you know? From when  
he was little. Cute kid. Straight  
out of a cereal commercial.

Gilpin gives a bored grunt: he couldn't care less.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Gil? If this girl doesn't show  
up...this could get out of hand.

GILPIN  
Because of those books?

BONEY  
Your wife likes those tabloid crime  
shows, right?

GILPIN  
She's an addict.

BONEY

OK, so: Beautiful wife, handsome husband-

GILPIN

Wife goes missing on her anniversary-

BONEY

-turns out she's the star of a book series every woman in the country read as a kid.

GILPIN

Shit.

BONEY

We are the cops of a suburb of a suburb. Let's stay on our toes.

31 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

31 \*

BONEY, GILPIN and STEVE the TECH enter. STEVE is brandishing a packet of wrapped Q-tips and his GSR kit.

BONEY

Nick, this is Steve Eckert. He's going to take a swab of your cheek and a hand swipe if that's ok.

NICK

This is for?

GILPIN

Gunshot residue, DNA.

BONEY

Just so we can say we did. OK?

NICK

OK.

Steve is in and out with no eye contact.

BONEY

And now it's done. Crossed off the list.

Steve leaves. Nick watches his samples going out the door.

BONEY (CONT'D)

Now, normally, we wouldn't treat this as a missing persons case so quick. We'd tell you to call back in 24 hours. But given the scene in the house and given our spike in violent crime of late, we're going to take this very, very seriously.

NICK

OK. Good.

BONEY

So: We got forensics over at your place. You got somewhere to stay?

NICK

My sister's.

BONEY

Good. We're tracking Amy's phone, credit cards. We'll organize searches, put up flyers. We'll hold a press conference tomorrow.

NICK

A press conference?!

BONEY

Want to get the word out, right?

An officer comes in with two styrofoam cups of coffee, slaps a manila envelope on the table. NICK smiles. BONEY frowns.

NICK

Sorry. I felt like I was in a *Law and Order* episode for a second. Bum-BUM.

\*  
\*

BONEY

You're not, unfortunately.

\*

She stares at NICK, aggressively PONDERING.

BONEY (CONT'D)

Now, time is of the essence in these cases. That said, if you want to call a lawyer...

\*

NICK

No, no, whatever you need.

BONEY

OK, so you and Amy have been here two years. You tend bar.

NICK

I own The Bar. I also teach a creative-writing class at MVCC.

BONEY

No kids?

NICK

No kids.

BONEY

So what does Amy do, most days? Woman with all those degrees, what does she do?

NICK

She stays busy.

BONEY

Doing what?

Nick attempts a mental inventory. Fails.

NICK

She's a big reader.

This lands as lamely as it sounds—and everyone notes it.

BONEY

Days can get long. I know a few housewives, that evening glass of wine starts coming at noon. Or prescription pills-

GILPIN

Just last week: soccer mom, nice lady, got her teeth kicked in over some Oxycontin.

\*

BONEY

Ever since the mall went bust, half the town out of work...we can't keep up with the drug problem.

NICK

I'm sure that's not it.

BONEY

Amy got friends we can talk to?



NICK  
Not really. No.

BONEY  
No friends. In this whole town.

NICK  
She was friendly with my mom...  
(pause)  
We've had a problem with the  
homeless in our neighborhood-

GILPIN  
We'll look into it.

BONEY  
So you got to The Bar around eleven  
today. Where were you before then?  
Just to cross that off. \*

NICK  
Well, I was at home until 9 or so.  
Then I was at Sawyer Beach. Had my  
coffee, read the paper.

BONEY  
You visit with anyone there?

NICK  
I go there for the quiet.

Nick picks off pieces of his Styrofoam cup; it squeaks.

BONEY  
So your wife has no friends here.  
Is she kinda...stand-offish?...Ivy  
League?

Nick is visibly uncomfortable. He squeaks at the styrofoam.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Rub people the wrong way?

NICK  
Well, she's complicated. She has  
high expectations.

Boney puts her hand on his to get him to stop the squeaking.

BONEY  
Type A. That can drive you crazy if  
you're not like that. You seem laid-  
back. Type B. Speaking of which:  
Amy's blood type?

NICK

Don't know.

BONEY

You don't know if she has friends,  
you don't know how she spends her  
days, you don't know her blood  
type?

\*

GILPIN

Sure you guys are married?

NICK

Maybe O?

BONEY

Her folks still in New York?

NICK

Yes.

BONEY

Can they get here in time for the  
press conference tomorrow?

NICK

I haven't called them yet.

BONEY

You haven't called your wife's  
parents?

NICK

I've been talking with you!

BONEY

Call them please, Nick. Now.

NICK leaves—BONEY cocks an eyebrow at GILPIN. Door shuts.

GILPIN

Should I know my wife's blood type?

32

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

32

\*

Nick on a wall phone, pacing on the short leash of the cord.  
We hear MARYBETH'S TONE on the other end: FEMALE; ANGRY.

NICK

I'm so sorry, Marybeth. I just kept  
hoping she'd walk back in the door.

MARYBETH  
(a scattering of words)  
Played...tennis...on a plane now-

NICK  
We're still not sure what we're  
dealing with. The cops have been  
through the house and I've been at  
the station and we decided...at  
this point they're taking it very  
seriously. And so I'm calling you.

MARYBETH  
(a few words)  
Did they....know...if

NICK  
I'm not positive on that.

MARYBETH  
Have they...started...

NICK  
I'm not sure...I've been juggling-  
A detective Rhonda Boney. But...OK.

BONEY is standing outside the interrogation room.

NICK (CONT'D)  
My mother-in-law would like to  
speak with you.

BONEY takes the phone and NICK walks down the hall,  
chastened, ANGRY. Splashes his face at the water fountain.  
Breathes. Looks back at BONEY on the phone with Marybeth.

BILL DUNNE (O.S.)  
Don't want to be here.

NICK stops in his tracks, listens. Peers into a holding room.  
BILL DUNNE, 60s, bedraggled, is muttering to himself while a  
quietly FURIOUS FEMALE officer waits with him.

BILL DUNNE  
I want to go home.

NICK  
What's going on? This is my dad.

FEMALE OFFICER

Really? You're Nick Dunne. We've been calling you for hours.

NICK

I've been here talking to your detectives. My wife is missing.

The officer begins to soften-

BILL DUNNE

Bitch.

FEMALE OFFICER

Your father wandered out of Comfort Hill this morning. We found him walking Route 79. Disoriented. We've been calling.

Nick holds up his phone. No bars.

NICK

I have zero reception. But I've been right goddam next door.

FEMALE OFFICER

Sir, please don't take that tone with me.

BILL DUNNE

Stupid, dumb bitch.

BONEY is revealed to be in the doorway, listening.

BONEY

You want to drive him home?

34 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

34 \*

BONEY walks NICK to the EXIT. His dad is sitting in the passenger seat of his car.

BONEY

Your dad seems nice.

Nick laughs in spite of himself.

BONEY (CONT'D)

Alzheimer's?

NICK

He's always been a misogynist asshole.

\*  
\*

BONEY  
You see him much?

\*  
\*

NICK  
Not since I was 10 and my mom  
finally divorced his ass.

\*  
\*  
\*

Boney gives him a pat.

\*

BONEY  
Go sleep. Tomorrow will be long.

She watches NICK head down the steps. GILPIN joins her.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Let's check the mall. Just because  
he says it's not drug related-

GILPIN  
Yep.

BONEY  
Let's check Sawyer Beach. Two hours  
there-someone had to have seen him.

\*

GILPIN  
Will do.

\*

BONEY  
And let's check into our guy here.  
See what kind of man he is.

GILPIN  
He's the kind of man who plays  
Tetris while his wife is missing.

35 INT. CAR - NIGHT

35

NICK and his DAD drive SILENTLY through the town. Nick reaches across his DAD and removes from his GLOVEBOX a CHEAPO DISPOSABLE phone. He dials. VOICEMAIL. Hangs up.

36 INT./EXT. NICK'S CAR - ASSISTED LIVING - NIGHT

36

He pulls up front of Comfort Hill Assisted Living. Helps his DAD out and inside. Returns to car in seconds: Fastest drop-off ever.

37 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 37

We see a souvenir BIG APPLE pen writing across the DIARY—date at the top: July 5, 2009. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)  
Everyone told us—and told us and  
told us—marriage is hard work.

38 EXT. NEW YORK BOOKSTORE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 38

39 INT. NEW YORK BOOKSTORE - STACKS - DAY 39

Nick is wearing a backpack, holding an Amy-blue CLUE as he makes his way; Amy follows, all grins.

AMY (V.O.)  
And compromise...and more work.  
Abandon all hope, ye who enter.

Nick is going past Z, past T, past O, past H.

AMY (V.O.)  
Well it's not true. Not for me and  
Nick. With us, two years—it's just  
good.

NICK  
I'm not crazy: "When young Amy's  
hope did wane, she wandered here in  
search of Jane." Austen right?

They arrive at the A's.

NICK (CONT'D)  
You were an alienated teen...and  
only Elizabeth Bennet understood  
you. \*

He pulls out Pride and Prejudice. A BLUE ENVELOPE inside. She kisses him. He reads the next clue. \*

NICK (CONT'D)  
You naughty minx.

She kisses him again, deeply. Looks around. Stacks are empty.

AMY  
Technically we're supposed to fuck  
at the next stop.

NICK  
In keeping with tradition.

\*

She's already undoing his belt. Hand inside his jeans.

AMY  
We've never fucked in a bookstore.

\*

NICK  
God bless Jane Austen.

40 INT. BOOKSTORE - STACKS - DAY 40

A bookshelf: Packed with books. One tumbles to the floor. Another. Another. Three at once as a hand busts through: Amy trying to get a grip. Through the fallen books we can see Nick and Amy in patchwork: They look like an AD for SEX.

41 INT. BAR - AFTERNOON 41

Nick and Amy, post-glow, clink glasses and swallow.

NICK  
I haven't been here since...

AMY  
I dragged you into the ladies' room  
on our second date.

NICK  
Why did we end up here?

AMY  
It was January. We were cold. The  
light was on.

They both sip.

NICK  
Books, sex, bourbon. Life is good.

Nick scans under the bar. Finds a blue ENVELOPE. Nick reads the CLUE.

NICK (CONT'D)  
And just got better.

42 EXT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 42

43 INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT 43

The table is strewn with dishes, desserts, drinks. A FEAST.  
The waiter approaches with a gift box, sets it on the table.

AMY  
Year Two, cotton.

Nick opens the top, peers in. A strange look on his face.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Because, we had that joke, that our  
sex was too good for mere-

He pulls out luxurious deep blue sheets. They're out of the  
wrapping, folded like a newspaper with a bow.

AMY (CONT'D)  
So these are 2,000 thread count-

\*

Nick hands her his BACKPACK, grinning. Amy opens it, pulls  
out a gift bag—and identical sheets. Nick kisses her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I want to punch us in the  
face we're so cute.

They kiss again. Stay close.

NICK  
(whispering)  
That's crazy though, isn't it?

44 EXT. GO'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 44

45 INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

Go is shaking out SHEETS—200 count—while Nick paces.

GO  
Did they ask if you wanted a  
lawyer?

She tucks the sheets into the couch.

NICK  
I don't need a lawyer.

GO  
Did they ask you personal stuff?  
About Amy?



NICK

They asked why she has no friends here.

GO

What'd you say?

NICK

I just said she was complicated.

GO

Nick, everyone knows "complicated" is code for bitch. \*

Nick's phone BUZZES in his pocket. Go is getting bourbon. He hits OFF. She returns with two glasses and a bottle. \*

GO (CONT'D)

I feel sick. It's so bizarre. It just seems like the kind of thing that would happen to Amy. She always attracts- \*

NICK

Drama. You're with me, Go. You can say it.

GO

Just because I don't love Amy doesn't mean I don't care about her. I'm really scared. \*

Go tosses a pillow at Nick, waits for a reaction. Nothing. \*

46

EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT

46

BONEY is drinking a huge COFFEE as she and GILPIN walk toward the house. We can see a half block away, NOELLE HAWTHORNE, PREGNANT, towing identically dressed toddler TRIPLETS.

NOELLE

Detective, detective!

Noelle catches up. An air of annoying self-importance. In the background, we can see cops scouring the neighborhood.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

I'm Noelle Hawthorne. I'm Amy's best friend.

Boney and Gilpin exchange a look: A friend?!

BONEY

Wow, great. Where do you live,  
Noelle?

NOELLE

Five doors down, 1022.

BONEY

Wonderful. I'd love to talk with  
you, thank you. Can I come by in  
half an hour?

NOELLE

Do you know anything yet?

BONEY

I'm so sorry, I got guys on the  
clock. Give me 30 minutes?

NOELLE

That's usually bathtime.

BONEY

We'll talk between shampoos.

47 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

A half dozen officers are on scene: photos, fingerprints.  
OFFICERS ARE BAGGING ALL THE TRASH. BONEY, GILPIN and  
DONNELLY, forensics, hit the stairs.

\*

BONEY

So where are we?

DONNELLY

That is definitely blood spatter  
you saw in the kitchen. Normally,  
kitchen; knives; food prep; not  
that weird. But the positioning is  
awfully strange. I'll order a  
Luminol sweep.

\*

48 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

48

As they reach the bedroom, we can see an officer next door in  
Nick's OFFICE, SIFTING through the contents of the FIREPLACE  
and BAGGING. A uniformed officer awaits them in the BEDROOM.

\*

GILPIN

House is rented, in her name. Car  
is in her name.

(MORE)

GILPIN (CONT'D)

Phones, credit cards, utilities all in her name. Even his bar is in her name.

BONEY  
I don't know that's so surprising.

GILPIN  
No, but it is humiliating. \*

OFFICER  
(motioning to closet)  
It's way in the back there.

BONEY heads into the walk-in, dresses and shirts swaying as she passes. At the far back is Amy's dresser. A drawer is open. Inside is a BLUE ENVELOPE marked CLUE ONE. BONEY exits the closet displaying it for GILPIN.

BONEY  
We have our First Clue!

She rips open the envelope.

49 INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

49

NICK is asleep on the couch, an empty bottle of bourbon next to him. GO nudges him awake, proffering a Coke and Advil. Nick takes them silently, guzzles the Coke, checks his watch.

TITLE CARD:  
July 6, 2012  
ONE DAY GONE

NICK  
I should shower.

GO  
Go just like that. You've been up  
all night. You want to look like  
you've been up all night. \*  
(pause) \*  
Be careful today, OK? \*

NICK  
That's a weird thing to say.

GO  
When you're upset, you bottle up.  
You can seem...angry...like-

NICK  
Please don't say like Dad.

GO

Or else you swing into your Mama's  
boy charm offensive—it can feel  
glib.

\*  
\*

NICK

Great, I'll try to balance on the  
exact edge of your emotional razor.  
Fucking press conference.

GO

Just be-

NICK

Myself?

Silence. Because the obvious answer is no.

\*

50 OMIT - INT. CAR - DAY

50

\*

51 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

51

NICK and GO arrive at the police station and get out of car.

52 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

52

BONEY walks NICK and GO in. The busy crowd of cops parts: we  
see RAND and MARYBETH, SUITCASES at their feet.

BONEY

Your in-laws made it.

NICK approaches warily. RAND hugs him fiercely. MARYBETH  
stays outside the circle.

MARYBETH

We played tennis last night, Nick!  
I just can't get over it.

NICK

Marybeth, I'm sorry.

RAND

(to Marybeth)

We're here now.

MARYBETH

I knew you shouldn't have moved  
back here.

\*

NICK  
(pointed)  
We didn't have a lot of choice.

RAND  
We are all worried, we are all  
scared. But we are all here now,  
and we will find Amy. Together.

He pulls MARYBETH in on the hug. She allows it but keeps tracking EVERYTHING in the office.

53 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

53

Boney and Go POV on group hug.

BONEY  
They get along?

GO  
Honestly, here's the secret to  
Nick. He looks like the preppy  
asshole from the '80s teen movie,  
but he's really the A/V nerd with  
the pet ferret.

54 INT. STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

54

BONEY leads the ELLIOTTS and NICK into a room of a HALF DOZEN BORED LOCAL REPORTERS: Texting, eating, gabbing. As they catch sight of handsome NICK, they put down their sandwiches. AMY's gorgeous MISSING poster is revealed. An AMAZING AMY book jacket is revealed. Everyone is extremely attentive.

NICK  
Thank you for coming. My wife, Amy  
Elliott Dunne, went missing from  
our home on July 5 between 9 am and  
11:30 am under very concerning  
circumstances. We ask for anyone  
who may have knowledge of what has  
happened to her to come forward.

\*  
\*

And...he's done? Rand steps in.

RAND  
Amy is our only child. She's smart  
and beautiful and kind. She really  
is Amazing Amy.  
(MORE)

RAND (CONT'D)

I know there are millions of people out there who grew up with her and care about her. We care about her, we love her and we want her back.

MARYBETH

Amy is a decorated scholar. She forged a successful career in journalism. She returned here to her husband's hometown, and she made a life in her adopted home. Now Amy needs your help. We are setting up a volunteer headquarters at the Drury Lodge. We have a hotline, 1-855-4-AMY-TIPS and our website is FindAmazingAmy.com. \*

Nick and the Elliotts pause for a few photos. The Elliotts look devastated; NICK looks annoyed. A PHOTOG asks Nick to pose next to Amy's photo: a demented PROM SHOT. SNAP!

NICK looks more annoyed. He glances at GO; she prods him to SMILE. NICK flashes a sudden, smarmy SMILE, overly charming and oily. The CAMERAS click crazily. SNAP! SNAP! He drops it.

55

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

55

BONEY, RAND AND MARYBETH and NICK are at a conference table. Boney is taking notes. The Elliotts have their two suitcases with them. They open one: It's filled with "AMY FILES": Photo albums, news clippings, Amazing Amy books.

MARYBETH

We have suspects you'll want to look at, Detective.

Rand is pulling out photos, notes, from a manila envelope.

RAND

Amy's the kind of girl who attracts admirers. Tell her, Nick.

NICK

It's very true.

RAND

We've had a few instances where things got-

MARYBETH

Scary.

(to Nick)

Do you know about Desi Collings?

A photo flies into frame: AMY, in an old prom shot with DESI COLLINGS. Boarding-school beautiful. It echoes the "prom shot" we just saw of Nick and "Cardboard Amy."

NICK

Yes. I know all about Desi. I know he writes her letters.

MARYBETH

He was obsessed. He attempted suicide after Amy broke up with him sophomore year. We filed a restraining order.

\*  
\*

BONEY

This would be high school...20 years ago?

MARYBETH

He moved to St. Louis-that's just two hours away-

NICK

To be fair, he's from St. Louis-he moved back. I've read his letters. They're friendly.

MARYBETH

Threatening?

NICK

Friendly.

RAND

We also have Tommy O'Hara. This was only eight years ago in New York. She broke up with him-he got very physical. She filed charges.

NICK

I did not know this.

BONEY

(taking notes)

What was the charge? Sexual assault? Battery? Threat?

RAND

I only know it was bad.

BONEY

OK. Thank you. Anything...recent?

Silence.



56 INT. POLICE STATION MAIN ROOM - DAY 56

BONEY is walking them out. Reporters are closing in like curious sharks. As RAND and MARYBETH answer a few nibbles, BONEY grabs NICK. A bit clandestine.

BONEY  
Got a minute?

57 INT. BONEY'S OFFICE - DAY 57

In the center of BONEY's desk sits the ENVELOPE: CLUE ONE.

BONEY  
Imagine our confusion: missing persons case, and here we find an envelope marked CLUE.

NICK  
For our anniversary Amy always did this treasure hunt-

\*  
\*

BONEY  
Hoping you can tell me what this means.

\*

NICK  
You want to solve my wife's treasure hunt?

BONEY  
It'll help us track Amy's movements before she disappeared: Where she went, who she might have seen.

\*  
\*

He takes the clue, doubtfully, dreadfully, and reads.

NICK  
"Although this spot couldn't be tighter/it's a cozy room for my favorite writer" I think I know this.

\*  
\*  
\*

58 INT. COLLEGE - DAY 58

NICK and BONEY weave past bored summer-school kids. NICK reaches his office, finds his key, steps over a pile of MAIL.

AMY (V.O.)  
After-school meeting? Don't mind if I do...

\*

59 INT. NICK'S COLLEGE OFFICE - DAY

59

It's dust mote-y, messy, CRAMPED.

AMY (V.O.)  
Maybe I'll teach you a thing or  
two.

The blue ENVELOPE-CLUE TWO-sits in the center of Nick's desk.  
He gives a glance to BONEY before touching it.

BONEY  
My guest.

He picks up a pair of SCISSORS that sit next to a MATCHING  
STAPLER and opens it. Boney reads over his shoulder.

INSERT on note:

Hey, handsome man-let's go  
undercover. You be the spy and I'll  
be his lover. Let's head on over to  
the little brown house.  
We'll play hot, doting husband and  
sweet loving spouse.

\*

BONEY's POV as she pokes around, looks in his file drawer.  
Unlike Amy's, it has but one file: BOOK IDEAS. The file is  
empty. On the shelves: the usual Modern Male Canon suspects:  
Franzen, Lethem, Chabon, Eggers. BONEY's eyes hit the wall.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
These yours?

BONEY holds a red lacy thong on the end of a pencil.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
They were on your thermostat.

NICK looks STUNNED. There's a long, painful silence.

NICK  
You read the clue.

BONEY  
Randy professor and naughty  
student! My ex and I just swapped  
cards.

BONEY slips the undies into an evidence bag. Nick stares,  
almost mesmerized. Boney nods toward the CLUE.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Where next? Where's the little  
brown house?

NICK

No idea.

This is an obvious stonewall. Boney plucks the CLUE from him.

BONEY

I'll make you a copy.

60 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 60

An ELEGANT SILVER PEN cursives over a diary. Date: October 11, 2009. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)

I've sworn never to be one of those wives. I think I've done a pretty good job.

\*  
\*  
\*

A61 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE BEDROOM- PRE-DAWN A61

AMY in bed, is awakened by rattling of the front door.

\*

B61 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE LIVING ROOM- PRE-DAWN B61

Amy crosses to the door, opens it to see Nick, drunk, disheveled, trying to get his key in. A pause as she stares down at him.

\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

Hello, handsome.

\*  
\*

NICK

I'm a little drunk.

\*  
\*

AMY

I see that.

\*  
\*

NICK

David and Alex and I ended up-

\*  
\*

AMY

(sweetly)

I don't care.

\*  
\*  
\*

She kisses him. Swipes a finger along his jawline.

\*

AMY (CONT'D)

Body glitter. How fancy of you.

\*  
\*

He starts to explain. She kisses him again.

\*

AMY (CONT'D) \*

Baby, I really don't care. \*

61 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE BEDROOM- PRE-DAWN 61 \*

AMY and NICK, post-sex, in a big Victorian bedroom-BEAUTIFUL. \*

AMY  
Let's swear we will never be like  
them.

NICK  
Who?

Amy makes a sweeping gesture: everyone outside their window.

AMY  
Every other couple we know. Wives  
who treat their men like hapless  
puppies: to be trained and broken. \*

Nick knows this game-defining themselves by who they aren't.

NICK  
Husbands who treat their wives like  
eccentric dictators: to be appeased  
and contained. \*

AMY  
Couples whose conversations revolve  
around to-do lists.

NICK  
Couples- \*

(pause in game) \*

I think I may be laid off. \*

AMY

(shrugging it off)

We're in a recession. If it happens, we'll deal with it. We have each other—everything else is background noise.

\*

A huge weight comes off Nick.

NICK

You are...

(don't say "amazing"...)  
exceptional.

AMY

You are exceptional.

\*

He brushes his fingers over her lips and kisses her, same as their FIRST KISS. A RITUAL.

AMY (CONT'D)

My turn. My parents' publisher dropped them. They're in debt up to their ears.

NICK

Oh no, that's awful.

AMY

They need to borrow from my trust fund.

NICK

(skeptical)  
How much?

AMY

Almost a million.

NICK

That's almost all.

AMY

This is where you say, "Everything else is background noise."

NICK

Amy, if I'm laid off and you're laid off-

AMY

I told them I'd do it.

NICK  
Without even talking to me?

AMY  
Well it is-

NICK  
Your say.

AMY  
Their money. Technically.

A hard moment. Nick finally blinks.

NICK  
You're right. Everything else is  
background noise.

She studies him. He puts a finger to his chin: Their old  
CODE. NO Bullshit.

62 INT. NICK'S CAR - KINKO'S PARKING LOT- NIGHT 62 \*

Nick hops in the car, slaps a stack of AMY MISSING 8x10s on  
the passenger seat. Begins driving. As soon as he's out of  
the lot, he pulls out his DISPOSABLE. MISSED CALL MISSED CALL  
MISSED CALL. He dials. Voicemail. \*

63 OMIT - INT. ELLIOT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 63 \*

64 INT. NICK'S CAR - NORTH CARTHAGE STREETS - NIGHT 64 \*

NICK  
Call me.

Nick drives into a run-down neighborhood. He pulls out CLUE  
TWO—a Xeroxed COPY—from his pocket. \*

AMY (VO)  
Hey, handsome man/let's go  
undercover. You be the hero and  
I'll be his lover. Let's head on  
over to the little brown house.

65 EXT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 65

He pulls up to a BLUE HOUSE. A FOR SALE sign in the yard.

AMY (V.O.)  
 We'll play hot, doting husband and  
 sweet loving spouse.

66 INT. BILL DUNNE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

66

NICK enters; immediately an ALARM starts. Beep. Beep. Beep.  
 He pounds a few buttons. REEK REEK REEK. He dials the alarm  
 company on his cell. \*

NICK  
 Hi, my alarm is going off. Nicholas  
 Dunne...it may be under my dad's  
 name, William- \*

REEK REEK REEK.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 ...my wife's first pet's name? This  
 is so unnecessary. Please don't- \*

REEK REEK REEK.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 I'm telling you—Wait! Is it  
 Puddles? \*

Flashing cop lights in the window. NICK hangs up. He spots  
 the next AMY-ENVELOPE, marked CLUE 3, sitting on the kitchen  
 counter. Stuffs it in his back pocket just as BONEY enters.

BONEY  
 Hello, stranger. Fancy meeting you  
 here. \*  
 (into her walkie)  
 We're good. \*

The ALARM screeches another three seconds. BONEY sips her  
 giant coffee. The alarm turns off.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
 Your dad's house, right?

NICK  
 Are you following me?

BONEY  
 Why are you here?

NICK  
 I come by once a week, make sure  
 the place hasn't burnt down.

She starts to nose around. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
Everything seems fine. I'll walk \*  
you out. \*

67 EXT. BILL DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT 67

Boney shines a flashlight on the house. It's blue.

BONEY  
Thought maybe this was the little  
brown house. From the clue.

NICK \*  
Still blue. \*

Nick starts his engine without further ado.

68 INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT 68

NICK pulls up to GO's. He reads the note. \*

INSERT ON NOTE: We see the words as we hear: \*

AMY (V.O.) \*  
Picture me: I'm a girl who is very \*  
bad/I need to be punished and by \*  
punished I mean had. \*

Nothing. He tries to calm himself. Can't. He slams his fists \*  
on the dashboard. Once, twice, three times. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*  
It's where you keep goodies for \*  
anniversary five \*  
So open the door—and look alive. \*

69 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 69

A pen-Bic, gnarled at the top-cursiving over a DIARY. The  
date: July 18, 2010. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)  
Want to test your marriage for weak  
spots? Add one recession. Subtract  
two jobs.



70 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY 70

She opens drapes, picks up beer cans and old takeout.

AMY (V.O.)  
It's surprisingly effective.

71 INT. DEN - DAY 71

AMY opens the door to reveal NICK in his boxers, beer cans next to him. He's flipping channels like the remote is a gun. He watches her as she tidies. She sees a shopping bag; starts pulling out the contents: a laptop, Ipod, a dozen PS2 games.

AMY  
More games?

NICK  
(eyes on TV)  
I felt I needed to shoot something. \*

AMY  
What's the laptop for? \*

NICK  
Laptoping. \*

She folds her arms. Sighs. A "let's talk" sigh.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Right, I forgot. You can give your parents \$879,000 without asking me, but god forbid I buy Legend of Zelda without your permission. \*

AMY  
You're spending a lot.

NICK  
Amy, I know you don't trust me. You don't trust my judgment, you don't trust my intentions-

AMY  
What are you talking about?

NICK  
That's the basic tenet of a prenup, right?

AMY  
Why are you throwing that in my face again?

NICK  
It's easy to throw.

AMY  
Nick, I don't get it. It's like  
you're daring me to be someone I  
don't want to be. The nagging wife.  
The controlling bitch. I'm not that  
person. I'm your wife.

That reaches Nick. A beat. He takes a breath.

NICK  
I'm sorry. I just- I've had a job  
since I was 12. I mowed lawns and  
dug post holes and flipped burgers.  
I worked all these shitty jobs so I  
could go to college, and get a job.  
I don't know how to not have a job.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY  
You'll get another-

\*  
\*

His cell rings. He lets it.

\*

NICK  
-and it's great that we have your  
money. At least when I had a job.  
Now it's different. Now: I'm  
beholden to you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He checks display and sees who it is. Picks up.

\*

NICK (CONT'D)  
Hey Go...what's wrong?

AMY (V.O.)  
Suddenly I knew everything was  
about to get worse.

A CLOSEUP of Amy's photo on a homemade POSTER held by a  
little girl, hopping out of an SUV. The child drags it  
through a busy parking lot: Two newsvans, SUVs, station  
wagons. Women pile out. A strangely festive air: Many wearing  
red white and blue of the 4th of JULY weekend.

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 7, 2012  
TWO DAYS GONE

73

INT. DRURY LODGE BALLROOM - MORNING

73

Volunteers transform the dingy ballroom into the Find Amy headquarters. PHONE BANKS plugged in; a GIANT AMY HEADSHOT is hung; DONUTS. A few PHOTOGRAPHERS take shots. It feels like the desperate campaign headquarters of a losing politician.

NICK enters, and FRIENDS and NEIGHBORS rush to WELCOME him. He makes old women blush; he charms the bashful kids of old girlfriends. Lots of hugs. A group of overtanned FORTYSOMETHINGS eye NICK, whispering like girls—their leader, SHAWNA, catches NICK's eye. NICK smiles, politely. From across the room, GO sees all this and rolls her eyes: Same as always. MARYBETH sees this and IT IS NOTED.

NICK extricates himself and spots BONEY heading to him. He passes DESI COLLINGS, all grown up (and unrecognized). DESI is protectively holding a handful of FLIERS with Amy's PHOTO. The two exchange a glance as they pass each other.

NICK  
(eyeing DESI)  
You know that guy?

BONEY  
Don't worry, we videotape everyone  
who comes in or out of these  
things. You tend to get a lot of-

\*  
\*

NICK  
Do-gooders?

BONEY  
Freaks. Hey, meant to ask you:  
Noelle Hawthorne?

\*

NICK shrugs: Who?

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Lives on your street? Amy's best  
friend.

\*

NICK  
I have never heard the name Noelle  
Hawthorne.

\*

BONEY  
She and her husband have triplets?

NICK  
Oh! Right. No. Best friend? Amy  
doesn't even know her. I mean, to  
wave hi, but...no.

\*  
\*

At the snack table, a HOMELESS GUY is stealing food. NICK  
excuses himself to have words with him as GILPIN sidles up.

BONEY  
He acted like Noelle was a complete  
stranger.

GILPIN  
Of course he did.

NICK hands the homeless guy a bag of bagels to go.

GILPIN (CONT'D)  
Oh, look, he's being a good guy so  
we can all see him be a good guy.

BONEY  
You really don't like him.

GILPIN  
What's to like?

Volunteers are dispersing to search sites. Each VOLUNTEER is holding a colored piece of paper with the name of a site on it: FOREST GLEN. RIVERWALK. NICK spots MARYBETH and RAND leaving and is about to head over when he gets another glimpse of DESI—the two lock eyes.

NICK can't quite place him, but DESI starts moving, and NICK follows, weaving through the crowd. Exits into:

74

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

74

The hallway is VACANT. Nick's DISPOSABLE begins buzzing. He ducks farther down the hall. NICK is picking up just as: SHAWNA peers around the corner. Nick abruptly ends the call.

SHAWNA  
Nick? I just wanted to introduce myself. My name's Shawna Kelly.

Nick nods: thanks. He's seething at the interruption.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry for your...troubles.

NICK  
That's very kind.

He gives her an after-you gesture but she doesn't budge.

SHAWNA  
Are you remembering to eat?

NICK  
Lotta cold cuts.

Again: After you.

SHAWNA  
I'm going to fix you up my world-famous Chicken Frito Pie.

NICK  
That's very sweet of you and very unnecessary.

He tries again to get past her. He pats her on the arm as a goodbye, she puts her hand on top of his.

SHAWNA

You have to keep up your strength.

She digs through her handbag, grabs a cell. Jams her face against his.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Say: Chicken frito pie!

NICK—just wanting to leave—reflexively grins. CLICK. She shows him the photo: The two of them, cheek to cheek, Shawna's glossed lips pouty. Without context (and even with), the photo is wildly inappropriate, a little sleazy.

NICK

Oh. You know what? That's—please delete that would you?

SHAWNA

It's a nice photo.

NICK

It's just not appropriate. Do me the favor, would you? \*

SHAWNA debates.

NICK (CONT'D) \*

I'm asking you nicely: Please delete that photo. \*

NICK tries to lean past her and hit delete. She holds the cell away from him—hey!—he tries to grab it. \*

SHAWNA

What is wrong with you?

NICK grabs her arm. It's the first time he seems dangerous.

NICK

You can't share that with anyone.

SHAWNA

I'll share it with anyone I like.

SHAWNA scrambles past him, shoots down the hall to the elevator.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Asshole.

NICK rests his head against the wall. Breathes.

NICK  
Pull it together, Dunne.

75 INT. DRURY LODGE - DAY 75

The room is almost empty. GO is waiting, eating a donut.

GO  
Marybeth's pissed.

76 EXT. SAWYER BEACH - DAY 76

A small, disgusting sandbar: overflowing trash bins, dirty diapers, a bench covered in obscene graffiti. Volunteers are fanning along the river, searching. A SEARCH DOG is sniffing AMY's DRESS. NICK walks with MARYBETH.

MARYBETH  
It's like you're the goddam  
Homecoming King.

NICK  
My mom...it was a big deal to her.  
That I be polite. Courteous. A  
gentleman.

MARYBETH  
It looked like you were having fun.

NICK  
Marybeth, I'm in a nightmare here.  
I'm just trying to be nice to the  
people who are trying to find Amy.

MARYBETH  
I'm sorry, you're right.

She tapes a flier to a tree. Sniffs. Looks down.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)  
God, this place literally smells  
like feces. You really came here  
the morning of your anniversary?

NICK  
That's why I come here. Because no  
one comes here.

\*

77 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 77

BONEY holds a GIANT COFFEE and a sheath of credit-card statements. Talking to an OFFICER who holds a clipboard.

BONEY  
Find any golf clubs, real fancy?

OFFICER  
No, nothing like that.

78 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 78

BONEY is peering through Amy's closet and underwear drawer. She pulls out a few undies--nothing racy. Nothing red.

BONEY  
How big's their TV? 65 inch?

OFFICER  
Nah, nowhere near that.

BONEY  
OK. Kibble?

OFFICER  
Excuse me?

BONEY  
He asked me to feed his cat.

The doorbell rings. And rings and rings: INSISTENT. BONEY speaks into her walkie.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Will you please escort Ms.  
Hawthorne and her children behind  
the police line?

The doorbell rings and rings and then stops.

79 OMIT - INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 79 \*

80 OMIT - EXT. NICK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER 80 \*



81

INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

81

Go is nursing a beer.

ON TV: ELLEN ABBOTT, blow-dried, red-lipped, leather-jacketed, and in a photo box is NICK and his KILLER SMILE.

ELLEN

Look at that pie-eating grin. From a guy whose wife is missing. Kinda weird, dontcha think?

Nick bangs in. Drops his handful of AMY FLIERS. Go TURNS OFF the TV, grabs a beer for him. Both beers are in hand-crocheted cozies. \*

GO

How're you doing? \*

He gives a shrug. \*

GO (CONT'D)

How's Marybeth? \*

NICK

She's freaked out. \*

GO

And you? \*

He waits her out. \*

GO (CONT'D)

(gently) \*

Hey. Have you told me everything? \*

NICK

Of course. \*

GO

Everything. \*

NICK

Why would you even say that? \*

GO

Ever since you walked into the Bar, the morning Amy went missing...you feel...off. \*

NICK

I am off. \*

(long pause)

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Go, everyone is studying me,  
everyone is projecting their shit  
onto me. All I want right now is to  
sit with you and drink a beer and  
not be judged. Can we please just  
do that?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GO

Of course.

\*

They drink in silence. Go examines the hand-crocheted yarn  
cozie on her beer.

\*

GO (CONT'D)

You know what I keep thinking?

NICK

Wish Mom were here.

GO

Like I'm 12: Mom would fix this.

Go swallows her beer. Nick clearly doesn't want to talk.

GO (CONT'D)

I'm going to go Benadryl myself to  
sleep. Love you.

\*

NICK

Love you.

82

INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

82

A MISSOURI SOUVENIR PEN cursives across the DIARY. DATE:  
September 23, 2010. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)

So here's a strange new sentence: I  
am a Missourian.

83

INT./EXT. NICK'S CAR - BROWNSTONE - DAY

83

Nick and Amy pull away, a MOVING VAN behind them. The  
brownstone recedes in the rearview mirror, RAND and MARYBETH  
waving goodbye.

AMY (V.O.)

No money, no jobs. And then we  
heard from Go. Mama Maureen. Stage  
four. Breast cancer. So we moved to  
Missouri. I don't mind. I just  
wished he'd asked.

\*  
\*

84 INT./EXT. NICK'S CAR - DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 84

The North Carthage house comes into view. GO and MO wave on the front porch, MO in a CHEMO hat, holding a WELCOME MAT. NICK parks, the MOVING VAN parks behind them.

AMY (V.O.) \*

Nick is happy to be home, but I  
don't know if he's happy I'm with  
him. \*

Nick runs to hug GO and MO, completely forgetting AMY.

85 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 85

Amy stands in the middle of the future Scene of the Crime as it slowly fills with furniture.

AMY (V.O.) \*

I feel like something he loaded by  
mistake. Something to be jettisoned  
if necessary. Something disposable.

NICK puts an arm around her, gives her a smile.

AMY (V.O.)

I feel like I could disappear.

86 INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 86

NICK is asleep on the couch. The TV flickers on an old '60s detective show. Just inside his bag, his DISPOSABLE buzzes.

INSERT on DISPLAY: im outside open up.

BUZZ. Nick wakes. BUZZ. Reads. Jumps up. FLINGS the FRONT door open. Just a quiet, dark street. He runs to the BACK DOOR, FLINGS it OPEN: There is ANDIE, 20, a cheerful fuckdoll of a girl. AMY's beautiful; ANDIE's hot. NICK yanks her in.

NICK

Andie, shit!

ANDIE

I saw you on TV. It's so insane.  
She just vanished? \*

She wraps herself around one of his arms like a child.

NICK

She's just gone.

ANDIE

I've been so worried about you.

NICK

You're impossible to reach. You  
gotta pick up when I call you—where  
the hell have you been?

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDIE

Rehearsals.

NICK

(absolutely baffled)  
What?

ANDIE

Godspell!

\*

Nick can't believe it. He collapses on the couch. Andie sits next to him. She cuddles into him. Nuzzles his cheek.

NICK

My sister's asleep. You really  
shouldn't be here, Andie.

ANDIE

I needed to see you.

They kiss; she wraps herself around him. Nick pulls away. She kisses him again. He pulls away.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Can you at least say you love me?

NICK

I love you. But, sweetheart, we  
have to be real careful right now.

She pulls him toward her.

ANDIE

I've been so scared.

NICK

Between rehearsals.

ANDIE

You told me I needed to have my own  
life.

She places his arms around her. Whispers in his ear.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I need you. Now. Touch me.

She kisses him again. Soon they're tugging at each other's clothes. She is unbuttoning his pants when NICK rears away. She tries to pull him back. He un-hooks her hands from him.

NICK

I can't. I can't. It's not smart.

Andie rehooks her arms around him. She's invading him like IVY. Nick's not entirely resisting.

NICK (CONT'D)

You haven't told anyone about us, have you? Texting, facebook. Anything that might be...

ANDIE

(pouting)

You buy my presents in cash. You talk to me on a disposable phone. Now you grill me like I'm a criminal. I'm your girlfriend.

NICK

Did you leave a pair of red panties in my office? Lacy?

ANDIE

I don't know. Maybe.  
(teasing)  
They better be mine.

NICK

Think.

ANDIE

I don't know. I'll have to check my red-panty inventory.

NICK

Baby, I need you to take this seriously. And this is the last time we can see each other until...

Andie is on top of him but now pauses in her invasion.

ANDIE

Until when?

NICK

Until it's safe. Andie, she's my wife.

ANDIE

You told me you were going to get a divorce.

\*

He grabs her by both arms.

NICK

Never say that out loud again.

She stares at his hands until he removes them. Then she takes them and places them back on her. She begins moving his arms like a puppet, from her waist, up to her breasts. She presses her cheek against his so she can whisper.

ANDIE

I don't want to fight. I just want to be with you. That's all I want.

She begins kissing him. Then she reclines, still holding his hands on her. She pulls down the top of her sundress, yanks the bottom hem up over her (red) panties, arranges herself like a (soft) porn star. Tugs at his pants.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

The last time you'll see me. Make the most of it.

87 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

87

A pen-for a funeral home, gnarled-cursives across the DIARY. DATE: October 2, 2011. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O)

My husband has come undone.

88 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

88

People in black are filing up the sidewalk, women bearing foil-covered casseroles; men bearing bottles of liquor.

89 INT. DUNNE DINING ROOM - DAY

89

A crowd in black, murmuring, consoling. A table packed with Funeral Food: Butter-roll sandwiches and bread dips. NICK and GO are together, greeting mourners; AMY is off by herself.

AMY (V.O.)

We moved to Missouri to save Maureen, but it turns out we couldn't.

\*

\*

90 INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - NIGHT 90

Nick is at a laptop, looking at his online bank account. As he hears Amy, he switches the screen to his fantasy baseball.

AMY (V.O.)

I used the last of my trust fund to buy him a bar, but so far it's just costing us more money.

91 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - DAY 91 \*

Nick is on top of Amy, thrusting into her from behind, a hand in her hair. Mostly dressed: She's in a bathrobe; he's dressed for work. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

Nick uses me for sex when he wants.

Nick pulls off her, kisses her cheek.

AMY (V.O.)

Otherwise, I don't exist.

92 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 92 \*

NICK is primping in front of the mirror.

AMY (V.O.)

Last night, I went from desperate to pathetic. I became someone I don't even like. The kind of woman I used to mock.

AMY

You're out so much. Stay with me.

NICK

I'm already late, Aim.

AMY

Well, then can I come? \*

NICK

It's just a bunch of dumb high-school buddies. \*

He kisses her on the cheek. AMY gets in front of the door. \*

AMY

(thumb to her chin)  
Do our code: no bullshit.

NICK

Babe, I thought we weren't going to be those people.

He tries to get around her; she blocks him again. Sigh. He does the CODE, brusquely, as he tries to get past her.

AMY

Hey, I was thinking. Something positive. Maybe it's time...

NICK

Now is the worst time.

AMY

It'd be a new start. For us. For me. I'd have a real purpose here.

\*  
\*

He grabs her by the arms, moves her.

NICK

A child is not a hobby, Amy.

\*  
\*

He heads downstairs, Amy trailing.

A93

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

A93

AMY

Not a hobby. An inspiration.

\*  
\*

93

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

93

Amy blocks his exit out the front door. A dark moment.

NICK

We could have had this fight four hours ago.

\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

I didn't know it was going to be a fight.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

You really want to be the couple who has kids to save our marriage?

\*  
\*

AMY

Save?

\*  
\*

NICK

Reignite, jump-start, whatever works for you.

\*  
\*  
\*



AMY  
You said save.

\*  
\*

He goes to leave. She puts a hand on the door.

\*

AMY (CONT'D)  
You're really just going to walk  
out now? You are such a coward.

\*  
\*  
\*

He grabs her, hard, pushes her from the door.

\*

NICK  
Bye.

\*  
\*

AMY  
We can't go on like this. I won't.

NICK  
What, this isn't good enough for  
Miss Amazing?

AMY  
(blocking door again)  
It's not even close to good enough.

SNAP. NICK shakes her, shoves her. She falls and hits her  
head-HARD-on the newel post. He stands over her, fists  
clinched...until he takes a breath.

NICK  
Shit. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He sits beside her, holds her in his arms.

AMY (V.O.)  
What scared me wasn't that he  
pushed me. What scared me was how  
much he wanted to hurt me more.  
What scared me is that I'd finally  
realized: I am frightened of my own  
husband.

\*  
\*

Boney and Gilpin in the vast, empty MALL parking lot.

GILPIN  
You sure we don't need backup?

BONEY  
I'll protect you.

95 EXT. MALL - NIGHT 95

They walk the mall exterior. A SUBURBANITE bursts out a far door, beelines to a minivan, tucking stash into his jorts.

96 INT. MALL - NIGHT 96

Frozen escalators, dried fountains. The SKYLIGHT is cracked. As Boney and Gilpin move toward the giant Dillard's at the end, HUMAN BEINGS hide, scuttle. We hear a baby cry.

GILPIN

Someone should burn this place.

A raccoon runs across the hall. They train flashlights on it.

GILPIN (CONT'D)

You really think this is anything?

BONEY

Cross it off the list.

Their flashlights pick up outlines of bodies asleep outside of closed CLOTHING CHAINS. \*

BONEY (CONT'D)

Nick Dunne played Little League with my kid brother.

GILPIN

Yeah?

BONEY

He was nice to him. Not many kids were nice to my brother.

97 INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT 97

It's incredibly TIDY, lit by camp lanterns. PEOPLE drugged or PASSED out everywhere. Under a sign marked HOME GOODS, two TEENS in polo shirts are tweaking hard, pushing each other back and forth robotically, reciting the Gettysburg Address.

TEEN ONE

Now we are engaged in a great civil war \*

A group of DEALERS, 30s and 40s, are reclining on sleeping bags like Boy Scouts, reading paperbacks by flashlight. They rise to meet BONEY and GILPIN. They're lean, hardened, but dressed in cast-off clothes from their former lives: Gamma Phi Dad's Weekend 2011, Greenfair Golf Club, Mizzou Tigers.

JASON, the leader, wears a short-sleeve button down. He approaches with a tough face...SMILES when he sees BONEY.

JASON  
What's up, Rhonda?

TEEN TWO  
testing whether that nation, or any  
nation so conceived and so  
dedicated-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BONEY  
(greeting everyone)  
Hi Jason. Kyle. How ya doing, Chad?

TEEN TWO  
-can long endure.

\*  
\*

They nod greetings. BONEY pulls out a photo of AMY.

BONEY  
You seen this girl around here?

JASON squints. LOOKS CLOSER. Puts on a pair of cheap magno-  
glasses, his eyes turning to giant quarters.

TEEN TWO  
We are met on a great battle-field  
of that war.

\*  
\*  
\*

JASON  
Why you ask?

TEEN TWO  
We cannot dedicate, we cannot  
consecrate-

BONEY  
This woman was reported missing.

TEEN ONE  
"-we cannot hallow this ground..."

JASON  
Oh, damn. Yeah, I remember her.

TEEN TWO  
The brave men, living and dead, who  
struggled here, have consecrated it-

\*  
\*  
\*

BONEY  
Drugs? Pills? What?

TEEN ONE \*  
 -far above our poor power to add or \*  
 detract. \*

JASON  
 She wanted a gun. I told her that's  
 not my thing. I felt bad though.  
 She seemed sweet. And real scared. \*  
 Said it needed to be small so she  
 could keep it close.

TEEN ONE \*  
 (from the beginning!) \*  
 Four score and seven years ago our \*  
 fathers- \*

BONEY  
 You sure this is her?

JASON  
 You don't forget a girl like that  
 in here. She was all pink. It was \*  
 Valentine's Day.

98 OMIT - INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - NIGHT 98 \*

99 INT. GO 'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING 99 \*

NICK jerks awake, discovers ANDIE still next to him asleep.  
 They are both in total DISARRAY.

NICK  
 (shaking her)  
 You gotta go, you gotta go now!

He is DRESSING her as he hustles her to her feet...

ANDIE  
 Promise me we'll talk every day  
 from now on. No matter what.

...toward the back door. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
 Every day, Nick. Or I'll go crazy.

NICK  
 I'll call you. Every day. Hurry.

She gives him a KISS that is more meaningful for her  
 ("farewell, my love") than him ("get out"). She leaves. He  
 shuts the door, leans back...to see GO in the kitchen.

GO  
You fucking idiot.

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 8, 2012  
THREE DAYS GONE

GO (CONT'D)  
You fucking asshole. You liar. You  
fucking lied to my fucking face.

NICK  
Go. I'm sorry, I-

GO  
How old is she?

NICK  
Twenty.

GO  
How long?

Pause.

NICK  
A year. Little over. \*

GO  
You've been lying to me for over a  
year.

NICK  
If I told you, you'd convince me to  
stop. And I didn't want to stop.

GO  
God, it's so fucking small. You're  
a liar and a cheat. Just like Dad.

Nick flinches. Go sees the punch land and deflates a bit,  
sits down at the kitchen table.

GO (CONT'D)  
How'd you even meet her?

NICK  
She was one of my students.

GO  
I thought writers hated clichés.

NICK  
I'm not a writer anymore.

GO

Oh, wah, boohoo, I got laid off, I guess I'll fuck a 20-year-old.

NICK

It wasn't like that.

GO gives a look: explain.

NICK (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how bad it was. How shitty and small she made me feel all the time. Flyover Boy. I came home every day, and my stomach would hurt, because I knew she'd be there...dissatisfied. And then every morning, first row, Andie. Just...made me happy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GO

Amy once made you happy.

NICK

Amy made me better. She made me work-to be clever and thoughtful and cultured. Andie let me be.

\*

GO

This is so bad. If the cops find out-

NICK

It's worse. Boney found a pair of panties in my office. Where Andie and I sometimes...I can't figure out what the fuck they mean.

\*

GO

Are they Supertwat's?

NICK

Andie. She wasn't sure.

GO

So we're dealing with a 20-year-old who isn't sure where she leaves her undies.

NICK

She's a free-

GO

Free spirit is code for stupid.

NICK

If they're not Andie's, then Amy  
left them there for me to find. A  
message.

\*

GO

Rekindle the romance-

\*

NICK

Or: fuck you.

\*

Nick still isn't snapping to.

GO

Nick? I was scared for you before.  
Now...I'm fucking petrified. We're  
having a vigil tonight for your  
missing wife and this morning  
you're kissing your college  
girlfriend goodbye. Can you imagine-  
have you watched TV lately?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She turns on the TV, begins flipping through the DVR. She has  
a pile of Ellen Abbott Live episodes in her queue.

GO (CONT'D)

Ellen Abbott is all over your shit.

On TV: Ellen Abbott, blow-dried, angry, is hosting.

ELLEN

I mean, what is wrong with this  
barkeep. His wife is missing and  
here's Nick Dunne for you.  
Flirting.

ON TV: Shawna Kelly photo: Nick and Shawna cheek to cheek. It  
looks more lurid without context.

GO

Who the hell is that?

Nick stares: Fuck!

GO (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is that?

Go is almost as livid as Ellen.

NICK

Some tragedy groupie.

ELLEN

Cute pic, huh? You know, most men if their wives are missing, they look for them. On the show today, we have defense attorney Tanner Bolt, patron saint to wife killers everywhere. Tanner Bolt, would you actually consider defending Nick Dunne?

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Oh, god, please.

\*

TANNER BOLT, 40s: a potent mix of gravitas and showmanship.

TANNER

Thank you, Ellen, as always, for such a warm welcome. And of course I'd defend Nick Dunne. Look, just because the guy isn't weeping, doesn't mean he's not hurting.

ELLEN

Tanner! The hallmark of a sociopath is lack of empathy.

TANNER

The fact is, you'd have to be a sociopath to behave normally in this situation. Because it's the most abnormal situation in the world.

\*

ELLEN

Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me, Tanner. Are you trying to tell me that this photo is remotely in the realm of acceptable behavior?

TANNER

You are making an awfully big deal about one snapshot-

ELLEN

A picture is worth a thousand words, Tanner Bolt. Ever heard that phrase?

\*  
\*

TANNER

Innocent until proven guilty, Ellen. Heard that one?

\*  
\*

NICK hits pause, just as Ellen opens her giant, spewing MAW.



NICK

I'm so sick of being picked apart  
by women.

GO

You need to hire Tanner Bolt.

NICK

I don't deserve that.

GO

Oh that's exactly what you deserve.  
Go home, Nick.

100 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY 100

NICK enters. The CRIME SCENE is still very much in evidence. \*  
Nick rights a few things. Bleecker trots behind him. \*

101 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 101

NICK walks into kitchen, past the NOW REMOVED BASEBOARD where \*  
the blood was. He sifts through the freezer. Ignores \*  
containers with Amy's handwriting: EAT YOUR VEGGIES! He grabs  
the ice cream. Eats a spoonful as he looks out the window and  
sees: Cops are bagging Nick's trash. A COP waves to Nick.  
Nick waves back.

102 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 102

A pen-blood red ink-cursives across the DIARY. The date:  
February 14, 2012. We see the words as we hear:

AMY

For Valentine's Day, I thought I'd  
buy a gun. That's how crazy I've  
become.

103 INT. DUNNE BATHROOM - DAY 103

AMY is soaking in the tub when she opens her eyes to see  
Nick: standing in the doorway. He turns heel.

AMY (V.O.)

Nick wants me gone but he won't ask  
for a divorce. In his mind, I'm the  
owner of his bar, his only line of  
credit, the girl with the pre-nup.

104 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

Amy wakes up, turns to find Nick watching her.

AMY (V.O.)

I could go home to my parents but  
I'd have to tell them the truth.  
And I don't even know if I believe  
the truth.

\*

105 INT. DUNNE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 105

Amy untucks the bed, removes the pillows, gets in.

AMY (V.O.)

Can I really think Nick would hurt  
me? I'm being paranoid. Crazy.

She sits in bed and watches the door.

AMY

I'd just sleep better with a gun.

106 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 106

BONEY is meeting with Gilpin and Donnelly. TV is MUTE on the  
Ellen Abbott-Nick Dunne show, with the SHAWNA photo.

GILPIN

I cannot believe we haven't  
arrested this guy.

\*

BONEY

We're not going to arrest anybody  
just 'cause Ellen Abbott says so.

GILPIN

Why are you so easy on him? You got  
a crush?

BONEY

One: I'm conducting an  
investigation, not a witch hunt.  
Two: Don't talk to me that way.

GILPIN

She was trying to buy a gun!

BONEY

We don't know who or what was  
scaring her. Give me the update.

GILPIN

(sulky)

No drug angle has panned out. Cross that off the list. I talked to the nurses who care for Nick's dad. Guy's a bastard but he's weak as a kitten. Cross that off the list.

Donnelly starts a VIDEO: It's NICK'S KITCHEN, in dark. \*  
SLOWLY, the area begins glowing like a neon Jackson Pollock: \*  
Wild sprays of blood all over the wall.

DONNELLY

The Luminol lit up the kitchen like the Fourth of July. The blood is profuse and it is Amy's type. B. We'll have DNA soon.

BONEY

Thoughts on a weapon?

DONNELLY

(pointing on his photo)

The trajectory indicates blunt force. Probably not a baseball bat. A club, a 2 by 4.

THE VIDEO pans to the FLOOR: we can see a handprint that is smeared along the floor, as if the owner were being dragged. \*

DONNELLY (CONT'D)

She fell here. I doubt she got back up.

BONEY

Amy's medical records? \*

GILPIN

Any second.

On the TV comes a wedding portrait of NICK and AMY.

GILPIN (CONT'D)

My wife says he killed her.

BONEY

Well, if Tiffany says.

Nick exits the bar, and walks across the street, up the long steps, toward the VIGIL for AMY.

108

EXT. TOWN PARK - NIGHT

108

The park glows under camera lights. JOURNALISTS practice live shots. The LOCAL newsvans are joined by a HALF DOZEN REGIONAL—Arkansas, Tennessee, Illinois—and a few CABLE. NICK is besieged by reporters all the way to the platform. RAND and MARYBETH give him cool, for-the-camera hugs.

BONEY is scanning the crowd, GILPIN with her. Hundreds of CANDLES. GO enters. Gets a CANDLE. She and Nick catch each other's eye. NICK gives a huge, relieved smile. She returns it, at a slightly lower volume. NICK is ushered to the mike.

NICK

My wife, Amy Elliott Dunne, has been missing now for three days. I beg anyone who has any information to help us.

AMY stares at NICK from a 100 FIND AMY T-shirts.

NICK (CONT'D)

I want to thank you all for giving me the opportunity to speak with you tonight in my hometown. Let me first say this: I had nothing to do with the disappearance of my wife. I am cooperating fully with the police. I have never hired a lawyer. I have nothing to hide. Some so-called journalists —especially a certain Southern belle who shall remain nameless—have taken up a lot of TV hours talking about me. Tonight? I think it's time we talk about my wife.

\*

A scan of the crowd, dipping in on conversations:

FRIEND ONE

He's hot.

FRIEND TWO

He's creepy.

NICK (O.S.)

Amy is my soul mate. She is sweet, charming and wise. I love you, Amy...

Scanning the crowd, NICK suddenly meets eyes with ANDIE, as:

ANDIE  
(mouthing)  
Asshole!

NICK  
I love my wife. I may not always  
perform for the cameras. I may be  
punished for that. That's fine. But  
I ask the media: Harass me, but  
don't harass the people of this  
town.

\*  
\*

A few claps. NOELLE HAWTHORNE, visibly pregnant, ANGRY,  
begins cutting through the CANDLE-LIT crowd, towing TRIPLETS.

\*

NOELLE  
Nick!

\*  
\*

NICK  
Mock me, but please don't make a  
circus of this investigation.

\*  
\*

NOELLE is moving quickly. A lot of CLAPPING. Noelle, furious,  
stops trying to reach the stage and just digs in and hollers.

NOELLE  
Where's your wife, Nick!?

NICK  
Let the police do their jobs.

NOELLE  
What did you do to your pregnant  
wife?!

The cameras and crowds are off NICK and on to NOELLE.

NICK  
Let's find...

\*

NOELLE  
Did you tell them that, Nick? Did  
you tell them Amy was six weeks  
pregnant!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Pregnant pregnant pregnant echoes across the park. NICK is  
trapped in the flash of a hundred bulbs. JOURNALISTS begin  
screaming: NICK, was AMY pregnant? NICK is this true? GO  
stands stunned, melting wax dripping from her candle. ANDIE  
runs away in tears. PANDEMONIUM. TOTAL CHAOS. BONEY and  
GILPIN usher NICK into a SQUAD CAR, fending off the push of  
the media. BONEY signals the driver: Go, go, go!

109

INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

109

The curtains glow with the rays of the TV lights outside. We hear BONEY's name being called by the reporters.

BONEY (O.S.)  
Stay behind the line, please. Do  
not cross this line.

NICK opens the door pre-doorbell: ushers in BONEY and GILPIN.  
The JOURNOS go wild. DOOR SHUT.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Did you know your wife was  
pregnant?

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
Noelle Hawthorne is crazy! She  
doesn't even know Amy!

\*

Boney ushers him to the table. Boney sprays a dozen photos  
across it: AMY and NOELLE. All seasons--almost a YEAR's worth.

BONEY  
They look like pretty good friends  
to me.

\*  
\*

Nick examines the photos: a BEAMING, CHEERFUL AMY.

\*

NICK  
(still staring at photos)  
She's not pregnant.

BONEY  
We have her medical records  
coming...So let's talk. While we  
wait. We'll start with...  
here...scene of the crime. See,  
we've seen dozens of home invasions-

\*

GILPIN  
Dozens and dozens and dozens.

BONEY  
This area? Looked wrong. From the  
second we saw it. The whole thing  
looked staged. I mean, watch this.

She STANDS, points at three slender antique frames on the  
mantelpiece. She stomps; they all immediately fall face down.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Yet they remained upright  
throughout a life and death  
struggle?

NICK  
What do you want me to say...

GILPIN  
You do any housekeeping the day  
your wife went missing? \*

NICK  
No.

BONEY  
OK, because our guys did a Luminol  
test, and I'm sorry to tell you,  
the kitchen lit up. Amy lost a lot  
of blood there. A lot. \*

NICK  
Oh my god.

BONEY  
And then someone mopped it up.

NICK  
Wait. If someone were staging a  
crime scene, why mop up blood? \*

BONEY  
(too patiently)  
No blood and no body suggests  
kidnapping-which tells us to look  
at people outside the house.

GILPIN  
Like the homeless you keep  
mentioning. \*

BONEY  
A pool of blood and no body  
suggests homicide. Which tells us  
to look at people inside the house.  
Which is what we're doing here.

A beat. NICK tries to keep his cool.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
So. How was your marriage, Nick?  
Right now, all we got is Noelle.

GILPIN

And she says: Not good.

BONEY

Gil, what do you and your wife argue about? What pisses you off?

GILPIN

Money. Lack thereof.

BONEY

Me and my ex, same. I mention it because we've had a look at your finances, Nick. Phew!

\*  
\*

She scatters a dozen CREDIT CARD BILLS across the table: all with NICK's NAME, all marked LATE. PAY NOW.

BONEY (CONT'D)

One hundred and seventeen thousand dollars in credit-card debt in the past year alone.

\*  
\*

NICK

Let me see those!

Nick scans the bills.

BONEY

We pulled up some of the merchandise. Fun little splurges.

She sets out print-outs of ONLINE purchase pages: the TV, GOLF CLUBS Boney was asking about in inventory. Also a ROBOT DOG, and a FENDER ELECTRIC GUITAR.

NICK

Jesus! This is identity theft or something! These cards aren't mine. I mean: I don't even golf!

BONEY

I do. You bought some great clubs.

GILPIN

I like the robot dog.

\*

BONEY

Let's talk about life insurance.

NICK

Wait, we need to look into this-



BONEY  
In April, you bumped up Amy's life insurance to \$1.2 million.

NICK  
That was Amy's idea!

BONEY  
You filed the paperwork.

NICK  
For her! Jesus!

\*

BONEY's cell phone rings. She picks up. They all wait.

BONEY  
OK. OK. For sure? OK.  
(hanging up)  
Pregnant.

\*

NICK wails, grabs his highball glass, throws it at the wall.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
So my question becomes-

NICK  
I think I need a lawyer.

Gilpin can't help but smirk at Boney.

A110 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - LATER

A110

\*

GO fights her way through the bramble of media—every crew from the vigil and MORE trying to get a react, provoking: GO, is your brother a killer? She finally makes it through, FLIPS off a nasty cameraman (this footage will come to haunt her).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

110 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

110

\*

Nick is on the phone, Go follows his voice into his room.

\*

NICK (O.S.)  
Rand...No.

\*  
\*

Nick registers Go with a nod.

\*

NICK (CONT'D)  
I had no idea she was pregnant. I'm shocked...Look, the fact of the matter is Amy didn't want kids. I was as surprised as you were-

\*  
\*  
\*

Nick stares at phone: Rand hung up.

GO

You told me you didn't want kids.

NICK

I was trying to put a good face on.

GO

You told me, many times, you didn't want kids. Then suddenly you have a pregnant wife. That's a problem for you. Especially when you add in huge debt and secret girlfriend.

\*

NICK

Stop watching Ellen Abbott.

GO

You have to fucking talk to me!

NICK's DISPOSABLE rings. And rings and rings. Then silence.

NICK

Look, Amy didn't want me to tell you—just another reason for you to dislike her. So it was easier to—

\*

\*

GO

Lie to me. Right.

NICK

I wanted kids. We'd been trying. No luck. When we moved back here, way back when, we even went to a fertility clinic.

\*

\*

\*

GO

It didn't work?

NICK

She didn't even try! I did my part—

GO

Masturbate.

NICK

—and when it came time for her...Oh, she's decided no. Not interested after all. No thanks.

\*

\*

GO

I just don't believe you, anymore.

He disappears into the closet. Returns with a shoe box. Pulls out sheet marked NOTICE of DISPOSAL.

NICK

A year later, I get this.

NICK (CONT'D)

The clinic is going to toss out my...deposit, if we don't contact them. I gave her the letter. Next day I see it in the trash.

GO

You were with Andie by then, right?

NICK

I wanted a baby with Amy! Amy. A year ago, Amy being pregnant, that would have been the best news ever.

He kicks the SHOEBOX across the room. The papers from the shoebox scatter across the floor. GO picks up a BLUE note.

GO

(reciting)

"When your poor Amy has a cold, this dessert just must be-" This is the clue you couldn't solve, right?

He shrugs. She pulls out a letter on posh stationery.

GO (CONT'D)

A letter from Desi? That creepy boyfriend of Amy's?

NICK

The adoring rich guy who'd still do anything for her. It's fucking wrong.

She holds up another document.

GO

Your prenup?

She sets the box down, backs away.

GO (CONT'D)

Nick, why have you kept this stuff? It's like a little box of hate.

NICK

I did, Go. I hated her.

\*  
\*

GO

I love you. No matter what. But you need to tell me.

NICK

What are you asking, Go?

She exits, heads down the steps.

NICK (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

Are you actually asking me if I murdered my wife, Go?

GO

(dissolving)

I would never ask you that.

She leaves; we hear her name erupt from media outside.

111 EXT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 111

112 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 112

Boney heads to basement door, Gilpin trailing, ANNOYED.

BONEY

Why was he here that night? His wife is missing—why come here?

GILPIN

Who cares, Rhonda? We got this. Let's make the arrest.

BONEY

You know how hard it is to make a murder case without a body? It's incredibly difficult. So I want one last thing...

\*  
\*  
\*

GILPIN

What's that?

113 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 113

They reach the basement. Dirt floor. Giant whooshing furnace.

BONEY

I want a body.

114 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 114

The final TV vans begin pulling away.

115 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 115

Nick stares at the FINAL CLUE. He writes key words—GIRL, BAD, PUNISHED, GOODIES, FIVE, OPEN THE DOOR as we hear Amy.

AMY (V.O.)

Picture me: I'm a girl who is 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.

116 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 116

A pen—OBGYN with a stork—cursives across the DIARY. July 5, 2012. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)

I'm not going to be scared anymore.

117 INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - DAY 117

She is looking through cabinets, finds a jar marked with her writing: EAT YOUR BEANS! She pulls out a lentil.

AMY (V.O.)

I thought our marriage was dead and then—the most wonderful thing. Our baby is six weeks in my belly today. The size of a lentil.

(tucks lentil in pocket)

So for the baby's sake, I'm going to be positive from now on. Sane. Happy.

\*

\*

118 INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY 118

We FINALLY pull up and see AMY. Holding the STORK PEN.

AMY (V.O.)

I will practice believing my husband loves me and will love this baby. That this child really might save our marriage.

\*

\*

\*

She looks out the window and sees NICK as we first saw him, standing in the yard, watching the SUNRISE. He turns and heads toward the house with those purposeful strides.

AMY (V.O.)  
But I could be wrong.

\*

119 INT. NICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 119

NICK is frantically scribbling. Copying words from the note: Wood. Oak, Maple. Cradle? Where store wood? PUNISH? He rises. His face is TWISTED.

AMY (V.O.)  
Because sometimes, the way he looks  
at me?

120 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 120

Boney, on her hands and knees, looks up and sees the FLAME of the furnace light, the door AJAR.

AMY (V.O.)  
I think: Man of my dreams-

121 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT 121

NICK hustles to the treeline, begins RUNNING.

AMY (V.O.)  
-father of my child:

122 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME 122

We see Amy close the diary, see the cover finally.

AMY (V.O.)  
This man of mine may kill me.

\*

123 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 123

BONEY frowns into the furnace. She pulls out the DIARY.

124 EXT. GO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 124

NICK runs behind the house, toward a decrepit old WOODSHED. DOOR opens onto NICK's face.

AMY (V.O.)  
He may truly kill me.

A sick realization dawns on NICK.  
OH man oh god oh man oh god oh man oh god oh man

BLACK SCREEN

AMY (V.O.)  
I'm so much happier now that I'm  
dead.

FADE IN TO:

125 INT. AMY'S FESTIVA - DAY 125

AMY is breezing down the highway, picture of freedom, hair flowing in the wind. On the seat next to her, all the PENS from her DIARY entries wobble. Amy grabs the pen from the first DIARY entry-PINK, feathered, silly-and snaps it in two.

AMY (V.O.)  
Technically, missing. Soon to be  
presumed dead.

126 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 126

The Festiva zips past a sign: LEAVING NORTH CARTHAGE: Ya'll Come Back Now! The broken PINK pen hits it like gunshot.

AMY  
Gone.

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 5, 2012  
11:17 A.m.  
THE MORNING OF

127 INT. AMY'S FESTIVA - DAY 127

Amy's FOREARM is bandaged like a blood donor's.

AMY  
I am gone and my lazy, lying,  
cheating, oblivious husband will go  
to prison for my murder.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A CLOSEUP of a To Do List; FUCK NICK DUNNE. Next to each item is a checkbox. We scan down to ITEM 133: GET RID OF PENS. Amy looks into her rearview as North Carthage fades away.

AMY (V.O.)

Nick Dunne took my pride and my  
dignity and my hope and my money.

Amy grabs the AMAZING AMY WEDDING pen and snaps it.



He took and took from me until I no  
longer existed. That's murder. Let  
the punishment fit the crime.

\*  
\*  
\*

A scroll down Amy's to-do list, which is aged: wrinkles, coffee splotches, a single drop of blood. It is in three columns, 154 items long, in chronological order. On July, 5, 2012, in the largest block letters it reads: KILL AMY.

128 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 128

Amy surrounded by true-crime books, watching ELLEN ABBOTT.

AMY (V.O.)

To fake a convincing murder you  
have to have discipline.

A129 EXT. FOREST GLEN - DAY A129 \*

AMY is talking to an outraged, attentive NOELLE as they walk. \*

AMY (V.O.)

You befriend an idiot and cram her  
with stories about your husband's  
temper. \*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

129 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 129

We see Amy on her laptop, a scattering of credit cards—all in Nick's name nearby. On the website of an UPSCALE GADGET store: ROBOT DOG is featured. She clicks: ADD TO CART.

AMY (V.O.)

You create some money troubles.

130 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 130

Nick's watching TV; Amy has him sign papers. He barely looks.

AMY (V.O.)

You bump up your life insurance.

131 EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY 131 \*

Amy is joining a VISIBLY PREGNANT NOELLE on a powerwaddles. \*  
They run into another PREGNANT woman; NOELLE and the woman  
compare bellies.

AMY (V.O.)

And then you realize the piece de  
resistance your story was missing. \*

A third woman smiles approvingly as she passes. Amy is  
assessing the situation with her expert eye.

AMY

America loves pregnant women. As if  
it's so hard to spread your legs. \*  
You know what is hard? Faking a \*  
pregnancy.

132 INT. AMY OFFICE - DAY 132

Amy is following the steps on youtube: HOW to DRAIN a TOILET.

AMY (V.O.)

First drain your toilet.

133 OMIT - EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 133 \*

134 OMIT - INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 134 \*

135 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 135 \*

A pitcher of LEMONADE with two large glasses sits on the  
table. NOELLE, embarrassed, is peering out of bathroom. \*  
\*

AMY

Invite pregnant idiot for lemonade. \*  
\*

136 INT. DUNNE DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT 136 \*

Amy, hands in dish gloves, dips a LADLE into the toilet. \*

AMY (V.O.)

Steal pregnant idiot's urine.

137 INT. DOC OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY 137

Amy pours URINE from the jar into SPECIMEN cup.

AMY (V.O.)

Voila. A pregnancy is now part of  
your legal medical record.

She looks in the mirror and practices receiving the GOOD  
news. Then she STEALS a handful of NEEDLE CATHETERS.

138 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 138

AMY swaps cash-for-keys with a couple, the wife holds a baby.

AMY (V.O.)  
Buy getaway car.

\*

139 OMIT - INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 139

\*

140 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 140

Amy watches Nick drive away. As soon as he hits the corner, She starts staging her murder scene: tossing tables, upturning the ottoman. Throwing herself around violently.

AMY (V.O.)  
Stage crime scene.

\*

She examines the room's disarray. Good. As she leaves, she notices the picture FRAMES face down and rights them.

141 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 141

AMY sits on the floor with a stolen MEDICAL NEEDLE in her vein. Her BLOOD is POOLING steadily onto the floor.

\*

\*

AMY (V.O.)  
You need to bleed.

She consults her FORENSICS FOR DUMMIES: blood spatter. She dips fingers into her pooling blood, flings her hands toward the baseboard. Exact MATCH from the book. She does it again.

\*

\*

\*

She begins fingerpainting the floor with her blood. She removes the needle and tapes her wound. She mops the blood on the floor with the paper towels. Wipes the blood from the baseboard except the specks BONEY saw. Ziplocs the towels.

\*

\*

AMY (V.O.)  
You need to clean.

142 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 142

Amy is writing in her DIARY. Shots of her in different CLOTHES, different SEASONS, with all those PENS we recognize-but always at her desk in the North Carthage house.

AMY (V.O.)  
You need a diary! Minimum two hundred and seventy two entries on the Nick and Amy story.  
(MORE)

\*

AMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Start with the fairytale early days--those are true and those are crucial. You want Nick and Amy to be likable. After that, you invent: The spending, the abuse, the fear, the pregnancy, the murder. And Nick thought he was the writer.

\*

\*

143 INT. BILL DUNNE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 143

Amy is delicately staging the diary inside the furnace.

AMY (V.O.)

Burn it just the right amount.

\*

144 INT. BILL DUNNE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 144

Amy changes the code on the alarm, smiling.

AMY (V.O.)

Make sure the cops will find it.

145 EXT. GO'S WOODSHED - DUSK 145

Amy smiling into the woodshed.

AMY (V.O.)

Finally, honor tradition with a very special treasure hunt.

146 INT. FESTIVA - DAY 146

Amy drives along the river, watching it.

AMY (V.O.)

The world will hate Nick for killing his beautiful, pregnant wife. And when I'm ready, I'll go out on the ocean with a handful of pills and a couple of stones. If they find my body, they'll know-

\*

\*

147 INT. WATER - DAY 147 \*

Splash. Amy's body cuts through the water feet-first. She's bound but already the binds are unraveling. One arm comes loose and it trails along lazily behind her as if she's waving goodbye. Her hair flows behind her, her dress swirls around her waist like it's made of watercolor.

AMY (V.O.)

-That Nick dumped his beloved like  
garbage, and she floated down past  
all the other abused, unwanted,  
inconvenient women.

\*  
\*

Amy's body floats, ghostly, past several other female bodies  
in varying states of decay. Snails are barnacled to her legs,  
fish dart in and out of her hair like it's seaweed.

AMY (V.O.)

Then Nick will die too.

\*

148 OMIT - EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT 148 \*

149 OMIT - EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT 149 \*

150 OMIT - INT. GO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 150 \*

151 EXT. GAS STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY 151 \*

The Festiva is parked in an empty lot. \*

152 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY 152 \*

AMY looks at herself in the warped gas-station mirror. \*

AMY (V.O.)

Nick and Amy will be gone. But we  
never really existed.

\*  
\*  
\*

TITLE CARD: \*

JULY, 5, 2012 \*

1:17 PM \*

TWO HOURS GONE \*

From her plastic bag, she removes SCISSORS and begins angrily  
sawing off her hair. \*

AMY (V.O.)

Nick loved a girl I was pretending  
to be. Cool Girl. Men always use  
that as the defining compliment,  
don't they? She's a cool girl.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She unpacks hair DYE, dons the dye gloves, SQUIRTS. \*

AMY (V.O.)  
Cool Girl is fun. Cool Girl is  
game. Cool Girl is hot.

Dye packed on her head, Amy deposits the long blonde hair  
cuttings into a Ziploc marked AMY HAIR. She eats a candy bar.

AMY (V.O.)  
Cool Girl never gets angry at her  
man.

She sheds her tight jeans, SIZE 2, and her Spanx, refastens  
her MONEYBELT and puts on a sundress, SIZE 8, her extra flesh  
filling it easily. She shampoos her hair, rinses, brushes.

AMY (V.O.)  
She only smiles in a chagrined,  
loving manner and then presents her  
mouth for fucking. Go ahead! Cum on  
me! I don't mind, I'm Cool Girl.

153 INT. FESTIVA - AFTERNOON

153

Amy drives past a caravan of twentysomethings: Different  
girls peer out at her, DISMISSIVE. One GIRL is flowy-haired,  
BOHO, a second is ROCKBILLY cute, a third is SHOPGIRL HOT.

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 5, 2012  
4:17 PM  
FIVE HOURS GONE

AMY (V.O.)  
The window dressing varies. The  
personality's the same. Cool Girl  
likes what he likes and puts him  
first and does it all with a  
fucking smile.

154 EXT. FESTIVA - LATE AFTERNOON

154

Driving SOUTH. The trees get lush.

AMY (V.O.)  
I waited years for the pendulum to  
swing the other way, for men to  
read Jane Austen and make out with  
each other while we leer. And then  
we'd say, yeah, he's a cool guy.

The Missouri Souvenir PEN hits another sign: Lake of the  
Ozarks 89 miles. Amy eats Chili Fritos, drinks a pop.

AMY (V.O.)

I will admit: For someone who likes  
to win, it's tempting to be the  
girl every guy wants.

The forest surrenders to a glowing Walmart. Amy pulls in.

TITLE CARD:

JULY 5, 2012,

6:17 PM

SEVEN HOURS GONE

AMY (V.O.)

When I met Nick I knew he wanted  
Cool Girl. For him, I was willing  
to try. I wax-stripped my pussy raw  
and blew him regularly. I drank  
bourbon and bantered. I laughed at  
my mistakes. I made fun of myself.  
I was game.

155 INT. WALMART - LATE AFTERNOON

155

Amy examines sheets; grudgingly adds 300 count to her cart,  
along with toiletries, swimsuit, cleaning items, tampons.

AMY (V.O.)

Nick teased things out in me I  
didn't know existed: A lightness, a  
humor, an ease. And I made him  
smarter, sharper. I inspired him to  
rise to my level. I forged the man  
of my dreams.

156 INT. FESTIVA - LATE AFTERNOON

156

Driving farther—a sign for Lake of the Ozarks, 10 miles. The  
roads get smaller and smaller, til we hit gravel.

AMY (V.O.)

We were happy pretending to be  
other people. We were the happiest  
couple we knew.

157 EXT. HIDEAWAY CABINS - SUNSET

157

AMY pulls in.

158 INT. HIDEAWAY LOBBY - SUNSET 158 \*

From her MONEYBELT, AMY pulls \$200 cash, receives her key. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

But Nick got lazy. He became \*

someone I did not agree to marry. \*

159 EXT. CABIN - DUSK 159 \*

She grabs her bags and heads inside, barely noticing: GRETA, \*

20s, smoking. GRETA notices AMY—or at least all her STUFF. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

And he actually expected me to love \*

him unconditionally. \*

160 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 160 \*

It's a one-room studio. Not shabby-chic but shabby-kitsch. \*

TITLE CARD: \*

JULY 5, 2012 \*

9:17 PM \*

TEN HOURS GONE \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

Then he dragged me, penniless, to \*

the navel of the country and found \*

himself a newer, younger, easier \*

Cool Girl. \*

She tests faucets, opens and closes blinds, sets down shelf \*

paper, strips the bedclothes and puts on her new sheets. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

You think I would let him destroy \*

me and end up happier than ever? \*

No. Never. He doesn't get to \*

fucking win. \*

161 INT. CABIN BATHROOM - NIGHT 161 \*

She enters the bathroom. Stares at her reflection. She is \*

sunburnt from the day. TRANSFORMED. \*

AMY (V.O.) \*

He needs to learn. Grown-ups work \*

for things. Grown-ups pay. Grown- \*

ups suffer consequences. \*



She looks under the sink: a tool box. She takes out a hammer, sizes up her cheek, HITS herself, once, twice.

A162 EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT A162

NICK finally stands; strides to Go's back door. She opens.

NICK  
I need to show you something.

B162 EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT B162

Inside sits: the GOLF clubs, the ROBOT dog, the TV—everything on "Nick's" credit cards. GO takes a shocked step back.

GO  
Is that all the stuff from the credit cards?

NICK  
Go. Go! Amy's last clue: "Where you store goodies for anniversary five." Wood.

GO  
Woodshed.

NICK  
Your woodshed.

GO  
That fucking bitch.  
(pause)  
Where's your gift?

162 INT. GO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 162

NICK sets a giant box with a BLUE ENVELOPE on the table. GO opens the ENVELOPE. BIG HEART on it with the words THE END. \*

GO  
Dear Husband,  
I know you think you're moving through this world unseen.  
Don't believe that for a second.

NICK gingerly opens the box. Inside are two giant WOODEN PUPPETS: a MALE in motley, holding a CLUB, and a FEMALE.

GO (CONT'D)

I know where you've been-and I know where you're going.

Attached to the female puppet is a BABY.

GO (CONT'D)

For this anniversary, I've arranged a trip: follow the river, up up up! So sit back and relax.

NICK drops into a chair.

GO (CONT'D)

Because you are DONE.

(pause)

What's up-upriver?

NICK

Up the river: prison.

GO

Fucking crazy bitch.

NICK

She's framing me for her murder.

GO

You are *married* to a psychopath.

NICK begins examining the male puppet: under the motley is a thick, clublike HANDLE.

NICK

The morning of our anniversary, I was going to ask her for a divorce. I just couldn't fake my way through another year. Not another day.

\*

GO

What happened?

NICK

Before I could say a word, she told me to go somewhere and "really think" about our marriage. She knew I'd go to Sawyer.

He picks up the female puppet—she's missing her handle.

GO

So you'd have no alibi.

NICK

(taking it in)

She stage managed me! I really did go and think about our marriage and I was really sure I wanted a divorce.

GO

But by the time you got home-

NICK

She was gone. And god help me, the darkest, worst part of me was relieved. My problem was solved.

GO

Your problem is just beginning.

He looks at the club Punch is holding.

NICK

They're Punch and Judy! That old puppet show?

Go grabs her laptop, plugs in words.

GO

Violent, right?

ON SCREEN: a woodcutting of PUNCH beating JUDY to death.

GO (CONT'D)

(reading)

Punch kills their baby. And then beats Judy to death.

NICK

Amy got pregnant, I got angry, killed her and the baby.

GO

What's the punchline?

NICK

Does Missouri have the death penalty?

163 INT. OZARK CABIN - MORNING

163

CLOSEUP of a PEN: Bob's Baitshop. Amy, in her NIGHTGOWN, is creating a CALENDAR. QUESTIONS and HOPEFUL TIMELINES on different dates: July 14th: WOODSHED FOUND? If not, call tipline. On July 26th: POLICE KNOW ANDIE!?!? If not, call tipline. On July 28? DIARY FOUND? If not, call tipline.

She flips the page: AUGUST 5: NICK ARRESTED?

Flips the page SEPTEMBER 5: In bright red ink, writes: KILL SELF?

Flips the page OCTOBER 5: In bright red ink: KILL SELF?

NOVEMBER 5: In bright red ink: KILL SELF?

She takes down a poster of a kitten hanging from a tree: HANG IN THERE! Tosses the poster, hangs her calendar.

TITLE CARD:

July 6, 2012

ONE DAY GONE

\*  
\*

164 EXT. CABINS - DAY

164

AMY exits in a new, halting gait: brave but damaged. Swimsuit under shorts. GRETA is sitting outside, as always, smoking. GRETA looks up.

GRETA

Hey, neighbor!

AMY smiles a hello. Her BRUISE is coming in nicely.

GRETA (CONT'D)

God, it's been weeks since I've had anyone decent next door.

AMY

I don't know how decent I feel.

GRETA

Long as you don't own a python and blast death metal at 4am, we're gonna be best friends.

She offers a cigarette and Amy declines. Starts walking away. Greta follows, like an coyote on the scent.

\*

GRETA (CONT'D)

I'm Greta.

AMY

Nancy.

GRETA

Going to the marina? I could use  
some milk.

AMY

Sorry, I gotta...take care of some  
work.

\*

A165 EXT. POOL - DAY

A165

\*

Amy floats blissfully alone in the swimming pool, a pack of  
chips resting on her belly.

\*

\*

165 INT. LOBBY BUSINESS CENTER - DAY

165

One lone old computer whirs laboriously in the corner: Amy  
waits for the Internet connection to pull up the Ellen Abbott  
site: We see Nick getting his photo taken at the press  
conference. NICK looking annoyed...

TITLE CARD:

JULY 7, 2012

TWO DAYS GONE

\*

\*

\*

AMY

Come on, baby, let's see it. Let's  
see that Darling Nicky smile.

Then Nick flashing his grin. Amy lets out a thrilled squeal.

AMY (CONT'D)

Asshole.

\*

Then to: findamazingamy.com. AMY's photo next to CARTOON  
AMAZING AMY, wearing a FIND AMY T-shirt, with Amy's PHOTO.  
She snaps off the computer.

\*

166 EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

166

Amy, one-pieced, is floating alone in the pool, a family-  
sized Kit-Kat on her belly.

\*

\*

GRETA (O.S.)

Hey, girl!

\*

\*

Amy doesn't even look up.

\*

TITLE CARD:  
JULY 8, 2012  
THREE DAYS GONE

\*

\*

\*

GRETA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

\*

Nancy!

\*

(pause)

\*

Nancy!

\*

Amy looks up to see Greta, bikini-ied, arrive. She's trapped.  
Greta waves. Greta gets in and floats over, her pack of cigs  
balanced on her tiny belly.

\*

GRETA (CONT'D)

\*

Hot day.

\*

Amy murmurs a yes. Greta studies her. Amy turns away.

\*

GRETA (CONT'D)

\*

So where're you from? Lemme guess.

(she assesses)

Nebraska.

Knife through heart!

AMY

New Orleans.

GRETA frowns at this. JEFF, 30s, rangy but cute, walks past, waves hello. GRETA waves back, flirty.

JEFF  
I'm an expert oiler!

GRETA  
I just bet you are!

JEFF  
Hate for you to get tan lines.

GRETA  
So sweet!

She watches him trail off. And then back to Amy.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
(motioning to Amy's  
bruise)  
See we have the same taste in men.

AMY  
Ran into a door.

GRETA  
Come on, least you can do is not  
keep his secret for him.

Amy says nothing. Greta gives her a cigarette.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Lemme **guess**: He was trying to watch  
the game and you were yapping about  
your day and you just didn't know  
when to shut up-No you don't seem  
like much a talker...You two were  
out dancing and...no, can't picture  
you flirting around...

She tries again.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I got it. Caught your boy with  
some hot little skank. You made a  
stink and he apologized by busting  
you one. I know this story.

AMY  
And worse.

GRETA  
Worse?!

\*  
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\*

167 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

167

We see Amy walking across the Bar parking lot as the Bar goes dark and NICK and ANDIE tumble out, tipsy, their body language similar to Nick and Amy's on their Meet Cute. SNOW is falling like the POWDERED SUGAR of their first kiss.

AMY (V.O.)

I went to the bar where he works.  
To surprise him. And out he comes  
with this girl who had no business  
being in a bar.

Amy follows, stunned.

AMY (V.O.)

On our very first night together,  
we walked by a bakery, and they  
were getting their sugar  
delivered—it was in the air  
everywhere. A sugar storm. And  
before he kissed me, he did this:

168 EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

168

AMY runs a finger over her lips just as we've seen Nick do.

AMY

So he could taste me.

\*  
\*

169 EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTH CARTHAGE - NIGHT

169

NICK stops ANDIE. He takes a finger and wipes her lips clean of SNOW. Then kisses her. Amy watches in pure shock.

170 EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

170

AMY

Well, I followed them—and guess  
what?

\*

GRETA

No.

AMY

He did the same thing to her.

GRETA

That's the most disgusting thing  
I've ever heard.



Thank you. AMY

171 INT. AIRPORT - MORNING 171

In the airport, all TVs display the morning NETWORK NEWS. We see REGAL SHARON SCHIEBER, polar opposite of ELLEN ABBOTT.

SHARON  
Good morning, all. I'm Sharon Schieber. A disturbing story from America's heartland.

ON TV: A flash of Amy and Nick together, smiling.

NICK  
We've gone mainstream.

TITLE CARD:  
July 9, 2012  
FOUR DAYS GONE

172 OMIT - EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY 172 \*

173 OMIT - INT. BAR - DAY 173 \*

174 OMIT - INT. BAR - LATER 174 \*

175 EXT. TANNER'S OFFICE BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY 175 \*

Nick hops out of a cab and hurries in. \*

176 INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY 176 \*

Nick is scanning a DIRECTORY. HE finds BOLT ASSOCIATES, FLOOR 52, just as TANNER BOLT, surrounded by OLD-ESTABLISHMENT lawyers, strides through the lobby. NICK weaves his way urgently through the lunch crowds. \*

NICK  
Mr. Bolt. Tanner Bolt! \*

TANNER is used to this: He keeps walking, is about to give the brush-off, when he recognizes Nick. \*

TANNER  
Nick Dunne. I've been sitting by the phone, my friend. \*

177 INT. LOBBY - DAY

177

NICK and TANNER are sitting on a lobby bench as people go in and out for lunch. Tanner is having the laugh of his life.

NICK

You don't believe me.

TANNER

Sure I believe you! It's just the craziest thing I've ever heard. I love it. I mean, for you, it sucks...but you gotta have a grudging respect for your wife at this point.

Tanner leans back, still laughing; Nick is flummoxed.

NICK

Are you laughing me out of your building?

TANNER

No! Are you kidding me?! I'm in, I'm way in!

(more serious)

This is what I do, Nick. This is why I have a \$100,000 dollar retainer--because I win unwinnable cases. You've come to the right guy.

NICK

One hundred thousand dollars?

TANNER

We'll figure something out. I'll give you a special My Wife Is Skilled in the Art of Vengeance rate.

NICK

OK, so what's the plan?

TANNER

So far, this is a he-said she said. \*

NICK

And she's telling a better version.

TANNER

No, Nick. She's telling a perfect version.

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

I want to start today preparing a defense, should we need it. Now, if we decide to go with your story-

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

The truth-

TANNER

We'll need to realign the public's vision of Amy. Make them stop seeing her as America's sweetheart, and start seeing her for what she is: a mind-fucker of the first degree. That's a big realignment. We need other voices besides yours. There has to be someone she's seriously screwed with before-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

She filed charges against an old boyfriend. Tommy O'Hara. New York guy.

Tanner texts something into his phone.

TANNER

Easy to find.

NICK

There's another guy in St. Louis-Desi Collings-who supposedly stalked her.

TANNER

Go talk to Tommy. I'll draw up the contracts.

\*  
\*

NICK's phone text buzzes. He looks at it: holds up the screen: TOMMY O'HARA with a phone number. Tanner grins.

\*  
\*

TANNER (CONT'D)

Told you you came to the right guy.

A178 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A178

B178 INT. BAR - DAY

B178

Nick scans the crowd for TOMMY O'HARAs: Irish Tough. The actual TOMMY O'HARA waves: a gangly, math-rock un-rapey nerd.

NICK

Tommy O'Hara?



TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm on a neighborhood watch list  
because I have to register as a  
predator wherever I go. I haven't  
had a date in almost a decade  
because if a girl googles me? Bye-  
bye. Life's a joy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Take a drink.

\*  
\*

They drink.

\*

NICK (CONT'D)

Walk me through what happened.

\*  
\*

TOMMY

I meet Amy at this party-2004. We  
CLICK. She's perfect. Like, if I  
could make up a girl, this would be  
the fucking girl.

\*

He pulls out a photo of Tommy and AMY, in full Indie Rock  
Dream Girl mode—unlike any other Amy we've seen.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I think: what's the catch? Few  
months and it hits me: She was just  
playing at being Indie Rock Dream  
Girl.

\*  
\*

NICK

And now she's done playing.

TOMMY

Apply yourself! Hustle for those  
gigs! Play this venue and meet that  
executive. She bought me ties.

\*

Nick and Tommy's next round arrives.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, girls like a fixer-upper,  
but...She invaded me. She made me  
her business. And she wanted me to  
do the same for her. It was too  
much. I wasn't even sure I wanted  
to be the guy she wanted me to be.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So I break-up with her, back away,  
whatever...It was no big deal. Or  
so I think.

\*  
\*

(pause for drink)

Then Amy shows up one night. She's  
got a bottle of bourbon and this  
bootleg of a band I love, and-fuck-  
she's all over me-and when this  
girl gets all over you-sorry, she's  
your wife. But pretty soon-

\*  
\*

NICK

You had sex.

TOMMY

Consensual! Nothing funky. Next  
thing I know, the cops are at my  
door. Amy has wounds that are  
"consistent with rape." Marks on  
her wrists as if I tied her up. Me.  
I tied her to my bed and raped her.

Nick slugs his bourbon.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

And guess what they find? Headboard  
of my bed, one on each side.

NICK

She framed you with the ties you  
wouldn't wear.

TOMMY

You know your wife.

\*

NICK

All this because-

\*  
\*

TOMMY

You date, you get your heart  
broken, you date someone new.  
Circle of life, right? Wrong. I  
don't think she'd ever been  
rejected. Like, ever. Can you  
imagine being almost 30 years old  
and never having had anything go  
wrong for you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Did you ever see her again?

TOMMY

On TV, last week! I thought,  
there's our Amy, she's graduated  
from rape to murder.

NICK

I may have to depose you. \*

TOMMY \*

I may have to relocate to  
Kazakhstan. I'm serious, man, I  
will not say a word against that  
girl. She fucked me up. And I just  
dated her a few months. I can't  
imagine what she's got in store for  
you. \*



178

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

178

\*

AMY is in Greta's cabin. They're sitting on the BED. GRETA is munching chips and bean dip and a bottle of Mountain Dew. GRETA is flipping, flipping. Ah! ELLEN ABBOTT, growling about AMY. AMY stops her.

\*

\*

GRETA

You been watching this too? We just found out-

ELLEN

-last night's bombshell: Amy Elliott Dunne was indeed pregnant when she went missing.

Amy settles in, RAPT.

ON TV: Pop ups to two other "experts".

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Kelly Capitono: This makes me want to throw up. What is it about a pregnant woman—a woman carrying life inside her—that makes men turn into animals?

\*

KELLY

(Behavioral Psychologist)

Ellen, the third leading cause of death for a pregnant woman is homicide—committed by a boyfriend or husband.

\*

\*

\*

ELLEN

Let's not forget about the wife. Ever. Tonight we welcome Amy's best friend, Noelle Hawthorne.

\*

NOELLE, clearly enjoying her day in the sun, appears.

NOELLE

Thank you so much, Ellen, and let me say this: Amy would have loved you, and all you do for women.

ELLEN

Tell us about your friend.

\*

NOELLE

Amy was so nurturing. So maternal. She was just an angel.

GRETA

I'd love if just once someone was  
like: "She was a real rag."

Amy moves herself in front of the TV, blocking off Greta. \*

NOELLE

She was what every woman wants to  
be: beautiful and smart and kind.

Photos of Amy float on screen: prep school, Harvard, black-  
ties etc. The image of the Good Life. Amy, watching, GLOWS.

GRETA

She seems like a rich bitch to me.

Greta gets up to pee but doesn't close the door so she can  
keep talking to Amy—even if she can't see her. \*

ELLEN \*

You two were neighbors- \*

AMY

What do you mean? People love her! \*

NOELLE \*

-who became friends. Before I was a  
mom, I was a teacher, so Amy and I  
had the same interests in education  
and whatnot. \*

GRETA (O.S.) \*

Seems uppity. Spoiled rich girl,  
married a cheating asshole. Paid  
the ultimate price.

NOELLE \*

We had no secrets. The only secret  
was her husband. We never met Nick.  
He never introduced himself. \*

She SPITS in Greta's BEAN DIP and Mountain Dew. \*

ELLEN \*

Why was that, Noelle? \*

NOELLE \*

I think we know why. Because he has  
a violent temper. He was not a nice  
man. He knew I'd see right through  
him. \*

AMY

That's harsh. \*

ELLEN  
What is your last memory of your  
friend, Noelle?

\*  
\*  
\*

GRETA (O.S.)  
That's life, baby.

\*  
\*

NOELLE  
I was giving her advice about being  
a mom. I was trying to support her,  
because she was so alone, so  
innocent.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FLUSH. Amy sits back down. Picture of INNOCENCE.

GRETA  
Don't get me wrong, it's not OK he  
killed her. I'm just saying there  
are consequences.

179 INT. GO'S - NIGHT

179

Go is watching Ellen Abbott while on the phone with Nick.

GO  
You landed Tanner Bolt.

ELLEN  
And while his wife is missing, Nick  
Dunne's playing with his robot dog.  
Yeah, did ya hear this? Nick Dunne  
has credit-card debt of \$100,000  
dollars, including a thousand  
dollar robot dog. What kind of man  
buys that, Lauren Nevens?

180 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

180

Nick waits to board. Baseball cap very low. ELLEN ABBOTT is  
on every TV.

NICK  
Tanner Bolt landed me. I'm going to  
see Desi Collings on the way home.

ON TV:

LAUREN  
(Behavioral Psychologist)  
Ellen, Nick Dunne is not a man,  
psychologically.

NICK

Go? Tanner's retainer is \$100,000 dollars. That's just the retainer.

181 INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

181

ON TV: A flickering video image of Nick's DAD being led inside the interior of Comfort Hill. He looks HARMLESS.

GO

I've got \$47,000 in savings and I'm approved for a second mortgage on the house. We'll go from there.

ELLEN

Nick keeps his father...who has Alzheimer's...in this home. Number of times he visited last year: One.

182 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

182

\*

NICK

Go, thank you.

ON TV: Go is outside Nick's house; flips off a cameraman—the shot we saw the night of the vigil.

\*

\*

ELLEN

His twin sister, Margo, is a peach. These two spend their days in the bar Amy bought them. Playing, what, Lauren, playing house?

NICK

What the fuck?!

LAUREN

Siblings often enable and abet. I haven't examined Nick or his sister. But they seem very, very close.

ON TV: Go whispering in Nick's ear, him smiling.

ELLEN

Disturbingly close, Lauren.

A dopey Business Traveler nudges his friend as he points at Nick and Go on the TV.

DOPE

Twinstest.

NICK, furious, silent, pulls down his hat and walks past.

183 INT. GRETA'S CABIN - NIGHT 183 \*

As Ellen Abbott signs off, AMY looks absolutely sated.

ELLEN

And so we close with a question:  
 What kind of moral rot allows a  
beautiful, talented, kind, smart,  
loving mother to vanish without the  
heavens hearing our outraged cries?  
 Amy Elliott Dunne, we care about  
 you and we will not forget. And you  
 know what else we won't forget:  
Missouri has the death penalty.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

Can I bum a cigarette?

\*

184 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT 184

Amy, elated, triumphant, takes a drag of her cigarette, gives  
 a little squeal of joy.

\*  
\*

185 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 185

Amy marches over to her calendar and looks at the date marked  
 for KILL SELF. She crosses it off. And the next month's and  
 the next month's. She takes out her DISPOSABLE.

\*

AMY

Hi, I'd like to report some  
 activity on the property of one  
 Margo Dunne.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

186 EXT. LADUE - NIGHT 186

Toniest neighborhood in St. Louis. Toniest house. Nick  
 smooths his shirt, chews a mint. Rings the doorbell. DESI  
 COLLINGS, 30s, handsome, preppy, answers. Rears back.

DESI

Mr. Dunne.

NICK

Mr. Collings.

Desi doesn't invite him in. Strange charge in air: Desi thinks Nick is guilty; Nick thinks Desi is innocent.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(realizing)  
You were there. At the volunteer center. I saw you.

DESI  
I wanted to help.

Nick pulls out one of Desi's embossed envelopes.

NICK  
I got your address from this.

DESI  
Amy and I believe in the lost art of letter writing.

NICK  
I'm curious why you still write her. After everything...

DESI gives him nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)  
You dated a few years, right? Boarding school.

DESI  
My first serious girlfriend.

NICK  
Why'd you break up?

DESI  
That's a strange question.

NICK  
You treat her bad? Cheat on her?

DESI  
That's a rude question.

NICK  
Let me tell you what she told me. She told me you unraveled after she dumped you. You stalked her. Threatened her. And finally you attempted suicide on her bed in her dorm room. Had to be sent away.

\*

DESI  
Your wife is missing and you came  
all this way to tell me this?

\*  
\*

NICK  
I'm curious for your version.

Ugly pause. DESI shuts the door on Nick.

187 INT. NICK'S CAR - NORTH CARTHAGE - NIGHT 187

Nick drives home: past the Carthage sign. Welcome Back to Carthage, ya'll!

A188 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT A188

Nick drives past: The joint is jumping: Journalists, lookilooos. A girl is having her photo taken out front.

188 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 188

BONEY is pouring over the diary. Early parts. She's smiling.

GILPIN  
You're reading it again? You know  
how it ends.

BONEY  
(not looking up)  
It interests me.

GILPIN  
Hey, Rhonda?  
(she looks up)  
"He's going to kill me." The End.

BONEY  
Why'd he go to his dad's house to  
burn it?

GILPIN  
No one's there. It's private.

BONEY  
Why didn't he make sure it actually  
burnt?

GILPIN  
Because he tripped the alarm and  
you were all over his ass.

BONEY

The whole thing just feels...easy.  
Like finding an envelope marked  
CLUE.

\*  
\*  
\*

GILPIN

Ever heard that phrase, Rhonda: The  
simplest answer is often correct?

BONEY

I've actually never found that to  
be true.

189 EXT. GO'S HOUSE - MORNING

189

The doorbell rings. Nick opens onto TANNER in a seersucker.  
BIG GRIN from Tanner.

TANNER

Elvis is in Missouri.

TITLE CARD:  
July 10, 2012  
FIVE DAYS GONE

190 INT. GO'S KITCHEN - DAY

190

GO, NICK and TANNER at the table. GO pours coffee.

NICK

Maybe we should take everything to  
Boney. Make our case.

TANNER

OK, Nick. Go. Make your case.  
Convince me!

NICK

First, you need to understand Amy.  
She loves to teach lessons.

GO

Play God.

NICK

Old Testament God.

TANNER

Keep talking.



NICK

Amy finds out I'm cheating. She decides to punish me. She fakes her death. She makes the case against me: the blood in the house, the credit cards, the life insurance.

GO

She does the treasure hunt.

NICK

The key is the treasure hunt: Amy was taking me on a tour of my infidelities--and rubbing my nose in them. Clue One she leaves for the cops to find. It leads us to my office--a place where I had sex with Andie. And what do we find there, but a pair of women's underwear-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TANNER

Racy. Looks bad.

\*  
\*

TANNER (CONT'D)

Clue 2?

NICK

Took me to my dad's. Also a place where Andie and I had relations.

\*

TANNER

Clue 3?

NICK

Took me to the woodshed. Where we-

\*

GO

God, Nick!

NICK

We had limited options.

GO

Hotel?

\*  
\*

NICK

Credit cards--Amy would see.

\*  
\*

GO

What about Andie's credit card?

\*  
\*

NICK

Statements go to her parents.

\*  
\*

Tanner reads through the clues. Picks up Clue 2.

TANNER

"Let's head on over to the little brown house." This leads you to?

NICK

My dad's house.

GO

Dad's house is blue.

NICK

(after a pause)

After the divorce, when he stopped seeing us, I pretended he was a spy named Mr. Brown who had to pretend he had no kids.

GO

You never told me that.

(pause)

You told her that?

\*

TANNER

Nick, there were incriminating red panties in your office, and there's an incriminating Showcase Showdown worth of crap in the woodshed.

\*

\*

NICK

Yes.

TANNER

So what in god's name is at your dad's house?

\*

191 EXT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - DAY

191

\*

Tanner, Nick and Go stand outside. It's been cordoned off.

192 INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY

192

NICK and GO are chowing; TANNER is sipping a Clamato.

TANNER

Whatever the hell they found, we have to assume it's very bad.

(pause)

OK. We have a lot of uncontained issues here...Nick, do you have a guess what Andie's mindset is?

NICK

She hasn't phoned me back since the vigil.

\*

TANNER

OK, and Amy's parents?

Nick shakes his head: Bad news.

\*

TANNER (CONT'D)

OK, we have serious pressures here. We have a hurt young girlfriend who will go public any moment.

\*

\*

NICK

Andie wouldn't-

TANNER

Andie will. They always do. Don't take it personally.

Pause while he lets this sink in.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Amy has us in an interesting bind. We need to tell the cops about Andie—they have to find out from us. But right now, Andie just gives you another motive. We need to tell the cops about the woodshed—we have to be on the front end of that. But let me tell you what will happen if we do: they will go after Go.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

NICK

Go has nothing to do-

\*

\*

TANNER

Her property. Go was your accomplice, she helped you hide the stuff, in all likelihood she knows you killed Amy.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

NICK

So what do we do?

\*

TANNER

We find Amy. Any other strategy is missing the point. I've got two guys—ex secret service—I'll get them on it. So where do they start, Nick? Where would Amy go?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

193

EXT. MINIGOLF COURSE - NIGHT

193

A red golf ball rolls into a hungry CROCODILE's mouth. AMY, GRETA and JEFF are putting through a vacant, decrepit mini golf course. They hold plastic cups of beer.

AMY  
Shouldn't we keep score?

No one listens. GRETA putts wildly, her ball bouncing over an alligator's mouth into the slimy water--two holes over. GRETA swats JEFF's butt as he goes to retrieve her ball. He swats hers back and goes to fetch the ball. GRETA smiles after him.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I thought we were steering clear of  
men for a while.

GRETA  
He's nice.

AMY  
Because he wants to fuck you. \*

AMY is sulking: She's used to being the courtee. JEFF returns, drying the ball on his shirt before presenting it.

JEFF  
(to Greta)  
She still moping about her ex?

AMY snaps to, frowns at GRETA: You told him?

GRETA  
He got cheated on too.

JEFF  
We three here are the saddest sacks  
in the Ozarks.

They move on to a decaying Statue of Liberty.

AMY  
I'm not sad. I'm angry.

GRETA  
There you go!

JEFF  
I almost drank myself to death when  
my wife left me.

AMY

I was going to kill myself. Can you believe that?

JEFF

Don't give him the pleasure.

AMY

I was going to drown myself in the Gulf of Mexico, let myself be dinner for great whites-

GRETA

Gulf is bull sharks, Miss Nawlins.

\*

AMY

Why should I die? I'm not the asshole.

JEFF

Put that on a T-shirt.

Amy putts beautifully: hole on in one! JEFF bear-hugs her. He feels the money belt beneath her shirt and squeezes it.

\*

\*

JEFF (CONT'D)

What's up, Chubs?

\*

\*

With a flick, he lifts up her shirt to look at it.

\*

GRETA

Moneybags! Thought you said you were broke.

\*

\*

\*

Amy is flustered, yanks her shirt down.

\*

GRETA (CONT'D)

That's a pretty fat wad.

AMY

Mostly singles.

GRETA

Singles? You a stripper?

Greta and Jeff laugh at the very idea.

JEFF

Treasure Chest or Lake Gurlz?

Amy is visibly annoyed.

GRETA

Ah, come on, we're just teasing.  
Don't people tease in NOLA?

\*

194 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 194

Ellen Abbott on TV as AMY watches. On the calendar next to her crossed out KILL SELF is now: FIND JOB?

ELLEN

Expect Nick Dunne's arrest any day now. We've got blood in the house, huge debt, an unwanted pregnancy, and we have Amy Elliott Dunne, missing now for five days, crying out for justice.

AMY counts out her CASH. Not liking the result. She counts again. Same. She is counting again when the door rattles.

AMY

Hello?

The door stops rattling. Amy opens it. No one is outside.

195	OMIT - INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	195	*
196	OMIT - EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT	196	*
197	OMIT - EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT	197	*
198	OMIT - EXT. COLLEGE BAR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT	198	*
199	OMIT - INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT	199	*
200	OMIT - INT. THE BAR - LATER	200	*
201	OMIT - EXT. CABINS - MORNING	201	*
202	OMIT - INT. LOBBY BUSINESS CENTER - DAY	202	*
203	OMIT - EXT. CABIN - DAY	203	*

204 OMIT - INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 204

205 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 205

Nick stands behind the door as he opens for GO and TANNER.  
We hear DOZENS of reporters: TANNER! CAN WE GET A STATEMENT?  
GO and TANNER enter. GO hands NICK a bag of groceries.

NICK

Never thought I'd be a guy who  
couldn't get a pizza delivered.

TITLE CARD:

JULY 11, 2012

SIX DAYS GONE

GO

Milk, peanut butter, bread,  
bourbon. Tanner's got a bad idea  
he's going to pitch you.

\*  
\*

TANNER

Sharon Schieber is going to  
interview you tomorrow. St. Louis.

GO

It could go so wrong.

TANNER

And you are going to tell her about  
Andie.

GO

No!

NICK

Tanner that sounds-

TANNER

Nick, you haven't heard from her in  
three days. It's a ticking time  
bomb. You gotta throw yourself on  
it.

NICK

People will hate me.

TANNER

And then they'll forgive you. A guy  
admitting he's a giant asshole?  
People love that stuff.

NICK

Why not just release a statement?

TANNER  
 Sharon's specials get 10 million viewers. Sharon's a crusader. If she takes you on as a cause-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GO  
 She's going to ask hard questions.

\*  
\*

TANNER  
 I'll drill Nick as if this were a deposition. How to talk, how to act.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GO  
 A trained monkey.

\*  
\*

TANNER  
 A trained monkey who doesn't get lethal injection, yes. Look, this case hangs on what people think of Nick. They need to like him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A pause.

\*

TANNER (CONT'D)  
 You'll reach millions of people.

\*  
\*

NICK  
 I just need to reach one person.

\*  
\*  
\*

A206 EXT. CABIN PATH - WATER TOWER - AFTERNOON

A206

\*

Amy is hustling down the path with a plastic bag full of cleaning supplies.

\*  
\*

JEFF  
 Yoo-hoo!

\*  
\*

Amy looks around, mystified, then looks up at JEFF and GRETA, hanging out, sharing a joint.

\*  
\*

GRETA  
 Climb on up!

\*  
\*

AMY  
 I've got laundry.

\*  
\*

GRETA  
 Bumper boats later?

\*  
\*



AMY

Yeah, sure. Sounds good.

\*  
\*

206 INT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

206 \*

Amy is PACKING. In latex gloves, she wipes everything down. Pulls the sink trap, tugs out the clogged HAIR. A KNOCK at the door. She pauses. Another KNOCK. She yanks off the gloves, tightens her MONEYBELT. Yanks the CALENDAR off the wall and into her bag. She opens the door. GRETA spots a packed duffel bag behind her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GRETA

You're leaving?

\*

Amy remains non-committal.

\*

GRETA (CONT'D)

Well, let us say goodbye.

\*  
\*

AMY

I'll come by before-

\*  
\*

Jeff inserts his cast in the door so it can't shut.

\*

JEFF

Let us in, little girl.

She lets them in. Greta closes the door behind her, BLOCKING IT. Jeff begins opening cabinets and drawers.

\*  
\*

JEFF (CONT'D)

You got to clear everything out.  
Dorothy's a real stickler.

\*

He opens the closet.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Not even a spare hanger can you  
leave.

He shakes out her comforter and sheets.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Make sure nothing's trapped inside.  
A sock or undies or what have you.

He opens her bedside table. Empty.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Looks like you've done a good job.

He walks over to AMY.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Where the money, sweetheart?

GRETA  
Look under her dress.

AMY  
I'll call the police.

GRETA  
Your glasses are fake. Your roots are blond, not...hamster. You say your name's Nancy but you don't answer to it half the time. You're hiding—I don't know why, I don't care. But you're not going to call the cops. \*

AMY  
Jeff talked you into this?

GRETA  
I talked Jeff into it.

Amy backs away until she's against the wall.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
And I don't think you've ever really been hit.

Greta grabs her, reaches under AMY's dress, yanks the MONEYBELT. Amy grabs onto the buckle just in time. They struggle against the wall.

AMY  
I'm serious, Greta, stop!

Greta pushes Amy's face, the glasses jamming into Amy's eyes. It's a quiet, slow-motion death struggle. Until: Greta bangs Amy's head against the wall, once, twice. HARD. Amy drops the belt. Greta looks through the cash. Thousands.

GRETA  
Holy shit!

Amy makes one last lame attempt to grab the belt, but Greta shoves her again, hard, her head hitting the cinder block. She drops to a crouch, dizzy. Her glasses are broken. One eye waters like a cut vein. Jeff and Greta stand over her.

JEFF  
Sorry. We really do need the money.

They step past her.

GRETA

Next place, be more careful, ok?  
Lot of people out there worse than  
us.

207 EXT. CABIN - DUSK 207

AMY throws everything in the car. Gets in, starts it. Stops.

208 INT. CABIN - DUSK 208

Amy opens the door, examines the spot of saliva where Greta pushed her against the wall. Sprays it with bleach, takes a tissue, wipes it, turns off the light.

209 INT. FESTIVA - NIGHT 209

Amy is parked in the lot of a BUDGET MOTEL. A candy bar wrapper in the passenger seat. Pocket CHANGE in stacks. She's asleep. BANG on the window.

SECURITY GUARD

You can't sleep here, honey. Sorry.

Amy speeds off, haggard. She looks at the gas: almost empty.

210 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 210

Amy veers into a gas station, up to a pay phone, dials. We can't hear, but she's sweet, then resigned. Nodding. She gets back in car, huddled in the driver's seat. 1:12 am.

211 INT. HOTEL - MAKEUP ROOM - AFTERNOON 211 \*

Go is trimming Nick's hair with nail scissors while Nick and Tanner practice. Outside the window is the St. Louis ARCH.

NICK

I did not kill my wife.

TITLE CARD:  
July 12, 2012  
SEVEN DAYS GONE

TANNER

Again, less wooden.

NICK

I did not kill my wife.

A red jellybean zaps him right in the cheek.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What the hell was that?

Tanner reveals a bag of jelly bellies.

TANNER  
Every time you look smug or annoyed or tense, I'm going to hit you with a jellybean.

NICK  
That's supposed to make me less tense?

TANNER  
Let's try it again: I understand you and your wife had some bumps.

NICK  
It had been a rough few years. We'd lost our jobs. \*

TANNER  
Yes, you both had.

NICK  
We'd moved back to my hometown to take care of my mom who was dying of cancer and my dad who-

A jellybean hits him.

TANNER  
Your dad's scorched earth. Focus on your mom, how close you were. Go on. \*

NICK  
So it all built up-

Jellybean. \*

TANNER  
No, implies an explosion coming.

NICK  
So we had gotten off track. I had a moment of weakness- \*

Jellybean. \*

TANNER

You had fifteen months of weakness.

\*

NICK

I became involved in an extramarital relationship that was completely wrong.

TANNER

That works.

GO

Remember to play up the doofus husband, Nick. "I was an idiot. I was a fuck up. Everything was my fault."

NICK

So, what men are supposed to do in general.

Go whizzes a jelly belly at him, he catches it in his mouth.

NICK (CONT'D)

Rootbeer.

TANNER

(checking his watch)

How do you feel?

NICK

I feel good. Go, toss me that box.

Go picks up a vintage watch box, tosses it.

NICK (CONT'D)

Amy's 33rd-birthday present to me.

GO

You hate that watch.

NICK

Oh no, Go, I love this watch. Just like I love this tie, this shirt and these cuff-links.

He straightens himself in the mirror.

NICK (CONT'D)

Just like I love my wife.

212 EXT. RIVERBOAT CASINO - AFTERNOON 212

Amy wipes down the car thoroughly, grabs her bag, gets out of the car, tosses the keys in on the driver's seat. Rolls the windows down. Busloads of retirees move painfully across the gravel. Amy moves quickly, gracefully: I am young, ha-ha!

213 INT. CASINO - AFTERNOON 213

Amy nurses a drink. Change stacked in front of her. She drums her nails. Finally looks up. It's reminiscent of the moment when Nick saved Amy at the book party. The line is the same:

AMY

Ah, it's you.

DESI COLLINGS has arrived, looking as well produced as a Ralph Lauren ad. He takes Amy's hand.

DESI

It's you.

Someone nearby gets a jackpot. Bing Bing Bing.

214 INT. CASINO - LATE AFTERNOON 214

DESI

He beat you?

AMY

Brutally. Had countless affairs. But he'd fly into a rage if I said hello to the postman. I was a prisoner.

DESI

Good God.

AMY

Last week, he really hurt me.  
(pointing to her bruise)  
I said I'd leave. He said he'd find me and kill me. So I disappeared...  
I lost the baby. I'm so scared.

A MUSTACHED MAN at the bar leans to get a better look at Amy.

DESI

I doubt Nick will press charges if you resurface. He wants to find you. He was on my doorstep three days ago.

\*

The MUSTACHED MAN appears in her peripheral. Amy turns away.

DESI (CONT'D)

He tracked me from my letters to you. You saved them.

AMY

Knowing you were out there was the only thing that's kept me going these past few years.

\*

DESI

Let's go to the police. We'll explain everything.

AMY

I can't turn up now. Everyone would hate me.

\*

\*

(pause)

Is it wrong, to want Nick to go to prison?

DESI

He should go to prison for what he's done. I'll set you up at my lakehouse. It's secluded.

\*

\*

AMY

Why are you so good to me?

DESI

You know why.

AMY

Why is it that when I need someone to save me, I always think of you?

\*

The MUSTACHED MAN suddenly appears at the table.

MUSTACHED MAN

Excuse me, don't I know you?

215 INT. HOTEL MAKEUP ROOM - AFTERNOON

215 \*

Nick and his crew are waiting. Tanner's phone rings. He looks at display.

\*

TANNER

Boney. I'll call her after.

\*

In swans SHARON SCHIEBER, 50s, regal.

SHARON  
(to Tanner, all business)  
Tanner, nice to see you. I hope  
this is worth my while.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TANNER  
You'll be happy.

\*  
\*

SHARON  
(to Nick, regal)  
I'm Sharon.

\*

NICK  
I'm very pleased to meet you,  
Sharon. Thank you for this.

SHARON  
Can we get you anything before we  
start? Water, tea?

The assistant teeters up urgently, whispers in Sharon's ear.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking serious?

216 INT. CASINO - AFTERNOON

216

\*

MUSTACHED MAN  
(to Amy)  
You're one of the Nolan girls,  
right?

\*

DESI  
We're from Winnepeg. Excuse us.

\*

DESI throws money on the table. The man peevishly withdraws,  
but keeps an eye on Amy.

DESI (CONT'D)  
We should leave.

He starts hustling her through the casino. They are almost to  
the door when Amy looks up.

AMY  
Oh my god. You little slut.

CLOSE on TV in a bar. The bartender turns up the volume.  
ANDIE, dressed demurely, holds a press conference at Drury  
Lodge. She looks stricken. RAND and MARYBETH behind her.  
ANDIE goes up to a mike. Nervous.

\*  
\*



ANDIE

My name is Andie Fitzgerald.

\*  
\*

AMY

Why is she dressed like a  
babysitter?

ANDIE

I met Nicholas Dunne when he was my  
creative-writing teacher at Mill  
Valley Community college...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

The girl with the giant cum-on-me  
tits.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDIE

I am deeply ashamed of having been  
involved with a married man.

\*  
\*

AMY

But what do you wear tonight? A  
fucking shirtdress!

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDIE

I truly believed we were in love...  
but I know that is no excuse.

\*  
\*

AMY

No, it's not.

ANDIE

I do not in my heart believe Nick  
Dunne would have killed for me. My  
prayers go out to everyone who  
loves Amy. I apologize for the pain  
this has caused them.

\*

Andie trembling, steps away from the mike.

MARYBETH

We have loved Nick Dunne like a  
son. That love ended today.

AMY

Come on, Marybeth, get in the plug  
for Amazing Amy.

MARYBETH

We trusted him and he met our trust  
with lie after lie. We now believe  
Nick is absolutely involved with  
the disappearance of our daughter-  
our amazing Amy-

DESI  
 (kissing her forehead)  
 Come. You're staring at ghosts.

217 INT. HOTEL MAKEUP ROOM - AFTERNOON 217 \*

As RAND and MARYBETH leave the podium, the TV is turned to mute. GO, TANNER, NICK and SHARON have a moment to digest.

SHARON  
 Well, this just got very exciting. \*

TANNER  
 One moment, Sharon. \*

Tanner pulls Nick aside.

TANNER (CONT'D)  
 We are going to bow out. \*

NICK  
 Nothing's changed, Tanner- \*

TANNER  
 Everything's changed. An hour ago,  
 we were in front of this. Now- \*

NICK  
 I can do it. \*

TANNER  
 We're on the defense-it's a  
 completely different dynamic. \*

NICK  
 I can handle it. \*

GO  
 She's going to eat you alive. \*

NICK  
 I got this. \*

SHARON  
 (to assistant)  
 Mike him, we do this now.

Sharon turns to reveal a battlefield of stick pins used to keep her dress in place.

A218 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A218

NICK goes to his seat. A makeup person powders his sweaty brow. A sound guy threads the lavalier up his shirt. Sharon and her producer confer in intense whispers. The rest of the staff are glaring at Nick. He catches one woman's EYE and her look is VENOMOUS. The makeup person re-powders him.

PRODUCER

And it's 3, 2, 1....

218 INT. TANNER'S CAR - NIGHT

218

Go, Tanner and Nick driving home. Tanner is working his phone, answering emails, etc.

GO

Seriously, I can't believe how fucking good you were.

NICK

I'm awake, finally.

GO

You've been fuzzy the past few years. You're in focus now.

\*

NICK

She brings out the best in me.

GO

(dark)  
Don't.

Tanner looks up at that.

TANNER

Just keep it together the next 24 hours, you two. People hate you right now, Nick. Women want to scratch your eyes out. Andie was good TV.

NICK

She's a nice girl.

TANNER

That's a problem. So just ride this out. When Sharon Schieber airs tomorrow, we're going to be looking at a new you.

They pass the sign: Entering North Carthage—Welcome Home,  
Y'all!

TANNER (CONT'D)  
Until then? Don't show your face.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
Nick Dunne was dating a child.

A219 EXT. LAKEHOUSE - NIGHT A219 \*

Amy and Desi drive up, park. They get out of the car and walk  
into the Lakehouse. \*

219 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 219

Desi is giving Amy the grand tour of his lake-mansion. AMY is  
wielding the remote. On TV: Ellen at her most outraged.

DESI  
Cable and Internet, obviously. \*

ELLEN  
A twenty-year-old girl. He was her  
teacher. I tell you, this guy is  
just despicable. He makes my skin  
crawl.

Amy lingers, BEAMING. DESI snaps off the TV.

220 INT. LAKEHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT 220

Massive refrigerator. Desi opens it. It's stocked.

DESI  
Anything you have a taste for that  
you can't find in here, just let me  
know—I'll get it. Wine cellar's  
downstairs. I'll get you some  
clothes too. Not that I don't  
appreciate you in Bait Shop Chic. \*

221 INT. LAKEHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT 221 \*

DESI  
The floors are heated, dial to your  
taste. Robes in the closet. The  
shower can do steam if you'd like,  
the bathtub has jacuzzi function. \*

A222 INT. LAKEHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A222 \*

This is my master suite. Which is now your master suite. Great view when you're in the mood, block-out curtains when you're not. The bed is Savoir, you'll never get a better sleep.

She checks out the decadent 3000-count sheets. Thank god.

AMY

You are so good to me. And I am so exhausted.

DESI

I'll leave you to it then.

AMY has already dismissed him.

DESI (CONT'D)

I'm so happy you're here. And I don't want you to worry for one moment. There are cameras everywhere.

He shows her the views on his PHONE.

DESI (CONT'D)

The exterior, all over the grounds, the entryway. Anyone going in or out gets recorded.

A pause while she takes this in.

DESI (CONT'D)

You'll be very safe. I won't let you get away again.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and leaves. Amy begins looking around. The BOOKSHELVES are filled with SELF-HELP books. Mostly about BEING a MAN. FIRE IN THE BELLY, BEING THE STRONG MAN A WOMAN WANTS, NO MORE MR. NICE GUY.

222 INT. DESI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

222

Amy goes through his drawers: Every single Amy Quiz she ever published, dutifully filled out. Her NYT marriage notice. Interviews she's done with trivia of interest underlined.

The room's a showcase to a concept Amy has never fully realized: If you want a man whose sole focus is YOU and BEING WITH YOU, this is what you get.

223 INT. LAKEHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT 223

Amy is under the plush covers, staring at her reflection in the windows. Definitely not sleeping.

224 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY 224

Amy is at the TV, which displays EVERY SECURITY CAMERA angle.

TITLE:  
JULY 13, 2012  
EIGHT DAYS GONE

THWACK. The door opens. Amy turns off the TV. Desi enters, bearing a shopping bag.

DESI  
Good morning!

\*

AMY  
You scared me. Don't do that.  
(softening)  
I need to feel safe.

DESI  
You are very safe. What have you  
been up to?

\*

The question is innocent but unnerving to Amy.

AMY  
Nothing.

DESI  
Amy, I'm not Nick. You don't need  
walls.

\*

\*

AMY  
It's hard for me. After so many  
years, under someone's thumb-

\*

\*

DESI  
(pointedly)  
I know just how that feels.

AMY  
You were never under my thumb.

DESI  
On your leash?

AMY  
Never.

Desi debates this.

DESI

New start.

He takes out the contents of his bag. BUTTER BLONDE hair dye, makeup, razors, wax and three silky, pastel dresses. \*

DESI (CONT'D)

Decent clothes. Hair dye. Makeup. Tweezers. There's a gym on its way. The sooner you look like yourself, the sooner you'll feel like yourself. I'll get groceries for tonight. We'll watch Sharon Schieber and finally move on. \*

AMY

I think that's something I should watch on my own.

He kisses her forehead.

DESI

Nonsense. I'll be back. I'm looking forward to my reunion with Amy Elliott.

225 EXT. GO'S BACKYARD - SUNSET 225

Nick is slipping through the woods behind Go's house. TWO NEWSVANS are in front, cameras on Go's as the guys talk. NICK books to the house; Go opens the door for him as he hits it.

GO

(plummy Sharon voice)  
Welcome, all-

226 EXT. LAKEHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET 226

227 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SUNSET 227

The remains of a light dinner are nearby. Wine is chilling.  
ON TV:

SHARON

-I'm Sharon Schieber.

Amy's eyes are glued to the TV. We see a montage of The Nick and Amy story: Amazing Amy, their wedding photo, Andie.

We can hear key words: "The girl everyone wanted to be," "the marriage everyone admired," "shocking debts," "a surprise pregnancy," "and a very young, very pretty secret."

Desi is glaring at Amy's un-dyed hair, her comfy cotton sundress. Amy doesn't notice. She's rapt.

ON TV:

SHARON (CONT'D)

Now, exclusively, a husband breaks his silence not just on his wife's disappearance but on his infidelity--and all those shocking rumors.

Cut to interview: NICK and SHARON sitting together.

AMY

I bought that tie.

On TV:

SHARON

Nick Dunne, you might be the most hated man in America right now.

NICK

I think you're probably right, Sharon. And I probably deserve it.

SHARON

Did you kill your wife, Nick?

NICK

I did not kill my wife, Sharon. I am not a murderer.

SHARON

But you were unfaithful.

NICK

I was. I am not proud of my actions.

SHARON

You allowed Amy's parents, Amy's friends, the people of your hometown, to believe that you were a loving husband who was desperate to find his missing wife.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



NICK

I am desperate to find my missing wife.

\*  
\*  
\*

SHARON

I just wonder how you can ask us to believe you, now that we know...you're a liar?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

I did not come forward about my affair because I knew it would make me look very, very bad. I don't care anymore about how I look. That's done. I care about finding my wife.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SHARON

I'm just trying to get clear-

\*  
\*

NICK

Let me say this: I am not a killer. But I'm far from being a good guy. I was a bad husband to a wonderful wife. I broke the vow I made to her.

\*  
\*  
\*

SHARON

What does that mean to you, Nick?

NICK

It means I was basically a con artist.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I met Amy Elliott seven years ago and I was transfixed. Amy does that. I was an average guy from an average place with mediocre aspirations, and I met this woman who dazzled me. And I wanted her to love me. I pretended to be better than I was. I made a pledge to her, when we married, to be that man.

INSERT: A perfect wedding portrait of NICK and AMY.

NICK (CONT'D)

The man who tries harder. The man who thinks and acts and feels with as much passion as she does. The man who makes her happy. And I failed her. Instead of doing what was right, I did what was easy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY is RAPT: These words RESONATE.

SHARON

You talk like a man who believes he can still make amends to his wife. Who believes his wife is still alive.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

She is alive.

\*  
\*

SHARON

OK, then. What would you like to say to your wife tonight?

\*  
\*

NICK turns straight to the camera.

\*

NICK

Amy, I love you. You are the best person I have ever known. I have taken myself to the woodshed over the way I treated you. Come home and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you. I will be the man I promised you I'd be. Please come home.

\*  
  
  
  
  
  
  
\*

He puts his finger briefly in the cleft of his chin. His watch is on camera. Amy smiles. DESI is watching Amy.

228

INT. GO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

228

Go is working the Internet, dropping in and out of NICK DUNNE chats. SHARON is on TV, saying goodnight.

GO

You fucking killed it. They're going crazy for you.

NICK

They disliked me, they liked me, they hated me and now they love me.

GO smiles. A small sense of relief passes over the two of the. And then: BANG BANG BANG! Through the windows, we see police swarming across the backyard. Toward the WOODSHED. Setting up perimeter to keep away reporters. Setting up flood lights aimed at the WOODSHED. Go opens the door.

229 INT./EXT. GO'S SIDE DOOR - YARD - NIGHT 229

BONEY

Margo Dunne, this is a search warrant for your property.

\*  
\*

She hands it to GO.

\*

BONEY (CONT'D)

I usually ignore tipline calls but a neighbor was concerned about that "strange man around your woodshed."

\*

Boney begins walking.

NICK

(to Go)  
Call Tanner!

230 EXT. GO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 230

The police are cutting the WOODSHED lock. And they're inside. NICK follows BONEY as she walks toward the SHED.

BONEY

Your girlfriend is so cute, Nick.

NICK

Is that what this is about?

Boney stops short, seething.

BONEY

I've treated you beyond fair throughout this investigation. I've given you the benefit of the doubt over and over. Whenever you said something stupid, I thought, Maybe he's just stupid. I was wrong. That's what this is about.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GILPIN

(holding a club)  
These the clubs you don't play golf with?

NICK  
None of this is mine, none of this  
was put here by me.

A uniformed officer marches out from the woodshed, holding  
the gift-wrapped BOX with the PUNCH and JUDY puppets. He  
walks past them to POLICE VAN. \*

BONEY  
Got the makings of a real man cave.  
Everything just waiting for the  
wife to go away for good.

But NICK has stopped paying attention because GO is being  
helped into a police car.

NICK  
Hey, you can't do that!

BONEY  
Of course we can.

We hear a strange CLICK and WHIR. Out of the woodshed comes  
the ROBOT DOG, a cop piloting the controller. The dog BARKS.

231 INT. LAKEHOUSE - NIGHT

231

Desi very deliberately turns off the Sharon Schieber show.  
Amy gets up to turn on the laptop. DESI takes it away.

DESI  
Amy, it's time to move on. What can  
I do to help?

AMY  
I need some time to think. \*

DESI  
That's the last thing you need.

AMY  
Desi- \*

DESI  
For 20 years now, you've kept me  
dangling. Finally, last night you  
came to me, and you chose me.  
Follow that instinct. Don't trust  
the instinct that left you beaten  
and homeless, sleeping in your car,  
fearing for your life. \*

AMY looks truly panicked.

DESI (CONT'D)

I'm not going to force myself on you.

He goes into the kitchen, begins taking away anything decadent. Cheese, chips, etc all go into a bag.

AMY

I understand what you're saying, Desi, I do. I've just been so mistreated, for so long, I've forgotten how to behave.

DESI

I'll move in here tomorrow. We'll work on it. Until we get it right. I just want you to be you again.

He runs his hand through the hair that should be blonde.

232 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

232

Nick and Tanner conferring as they head to interrogation.

TANNER

They only took Go to fuck with you.

NICK

She is not spending another second here. We tell Boney everything.

TANNER

We tell Boney as little as possible. Without a body, without a murder weapon, they'll be desperate for a confession. So let them talk. We can jumpstart your defense.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

My defense is the truth.

Tanner tries not to roll his eyes at the naivety. But can't.

\*

233 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

233

\*

BONEY is getting settled: tape recorder coffee, pens, legal pad. NICK studies her. Tries to break the ice.

NICK

You got kids, Rhonda?

She looks startled. Holds up one finger.

BONEY  
Daughter. \*

NICK  
What's her name? \*

BONEY  
Let's start. \*

BONEY sets PUNCH and JUDY in their box on the table. \*

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Recognize these? \*

NICK  
Amy's anniversary present to me. \*

BONEY  
Is this how she told you she was  
pregnant? Mommy, Daddy, Baby? That  
make you mad? \*

BONEY gives him a stony look. Sets the diary on the table.  
It's singed on the sides but fine inside. \*

BONEY (CONT'D)  
Recognize this?

NICK  
I've never seen it in my life.

BONEY  
Amy's diary. We found it at your  
father's house.

Nick and Tanner exchange a look: Ohhh this is bad.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
This your wife's handwriting? \*

Nick reaches for the diary, BONEY pulls it back. \*

NICK  
I think so. \*

BONEY  
So does our expert. Want to play a  
little true or false? \*

She takes out a stack of Xeroxed papers, each flagged with a  
color code stickie. She presents him the first sheet: \*

BONEY (CONT'D) \*  
(reading) \*  
And then he brushes the sugar off \*  
my lips so he can taste me. \*

NICK \*  
(moved) \*  
Yeah, that's true. \*

Next sheet is slapped down. \*

BONEY \*  
You thought quinoa was a fish? \*

NICK \*  
(sudden laugh) \*  
I still don't know what it is. \*

She slaps down another sheet. \*

BONEY \*  
She wanted to get pregnant—you \*  
attacked her. \*

NICK \*  
I hit her? Never. \*

BONEY \*  
She says pushed. You pushed her. \*

NICK \*  
Did not happen. \*

Slaps down another sheet. \*

BONEY \*  
She tried to buy a gun. \*

NICK has no idea what to say. Boney slaps down another. \*

BONEY (CONT'D) \*  
Shall I read you the last entry? \*  
This man might kill me. In her own \*  
words: This man might kill me. \*

NICK \*  
Convenient end note. \*

GILPIN enters the room, motions to BONEY. They stand in the \*  
doorway, joined by DONNELLY, who hands BONEY a bag. They \*  
confer intently in low voices. BONEY returns holding an \*  
evidence BAG containing a burnt CLUB. She holds it up to the \*  
JUDY puppet so NICK can see it's the missing handle. \*



BONEY

The missing handle. Big as a 2 by 4, right? Big as a club. We found this Day One. In the fireplace. Your office. Didn't know what the hell it was but, fire in July? We bagged it.

\*

NICK

I have never seen that. I have never-

BONEY

We just tested it. Fire doesn't erase blood, Nick. So. Finally: Nick Dunne, you are under arrest for the murder of your wife, Amy Elliott Dunne.

\*

234 OMIT - INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING 234

235 OMIT - INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 235

236 INT. JAIL - MORNING 236

Nick is asleep against the cinderblock wall.

GUARD

Dunne? You got a hell of a lawyer.

TITLE:

July 14, 2012  
NINE DAYS GONE

237 EXT. JAIL - MORNING 237

A football field's worth of cameras. Tanner runs Nick into a car, where Go awaits. NEWSVANS and reporters from all over the nation--and the BBC--are running amok.

NICK

(to Go)  
You're ok?

Go waves him off.

NICK (CONT'D)

(to Tanner)  
What's this mean?

TANNER  
You're out on bond. You can relax  
at home while we prep for trial.

\*

NICK  
Take a bubble bath.

GO  
Tanner, is there any fucking lead  
on Amy?

\*  
\*  
\*

TANNER  
I've had my two best guys looking.

\*  
\*

Nick looks up: Yes?

TANNER (CONT'D)  
She's air.

Hands beat against the car window. Yells. PROTESTERS hold  
posters. NO TO VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN! and MURDERER! and WHAT  
DO YOU KNOW, GO?

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
Come home, Amy. I dare you.

\*  
\*

FADE OUT:

\*

238 OMIT - EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

238

\*

239 INT. LAKEHOUSE - DAY

239

AMY (V.O.)  
More coffee?

FADE IN:

A bountiful breakfast is on a perfect table. Orange juice in  
crystal, silver shining. DESI is smiling benevolently.

TITLE CARD:  
AUGUST 4, 2012  
THIRTY DAYS GONE

And we see AMY. WOW. She's Almost Amy: weight lost, hair  
blonde in a pretty pixie. Tan faded. The two look posh. If  
Amy and Nick once were an ad for sex, Amy and Desi are an ad  
for never having sex--because they'd muss these great clothes.

DESI  
Love it.

She pours for him. Adds a cube of sugar.

AMY

Remember that time we skipped school and drove to the Cape?

DESI

Lobster right from the ocean.

AMY

This reminds me of that. Never-ending holiday.

DESI

You're not bored?

AMY

Desi, you can discuss 18th century symphonies, 19th century Impressionists, quote Proust-in French. Nick's idea of culture was a reality TV marathon with one hand down his boxers and his other around a family-sized block of Velveeta.

\*  
\*  
\*

Desi laughs, finishes his coffee, gets up. She rumples his hair. Then she KISSES him, BITES his lower lip. He rears back, surprised. She walks him just to the edge of the entryway. Yanks out his shirt teasingly.

AMY (CONT'D)

That's how the kids wear it.

240 EXT. LAKEHOUSE - DAY

240

On the black and white of a video camera, we see Desi leaving his house, straightening his hair, and tucking in his shirt. He puts his fingers gingerly to his lip: OUCH.

241 INT. LAKEHOUSE DINING AREA - DAY

241

A new camera shoots from PATIO through the glass into the DINING AREA. Amy stumbles into frame past a new Stairmaster and Bowflex. She's in a ripped T-shirt and panties. A length of BINDING trails from one arm and leg: she's been TETHERED to something off camera, unable to reach the door. She looks at the camera and screams silently. Pounds on the glass. Tumbles to the floor, crying.

242 INT. LAKEHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

242

In the mirror above the sink, Amy examines her weight, tanline. Pale, thin, beautiful. Aside from the shorter hair, she is back to being AMY. She pulls off some DUCT TAPE, cuts it with a BOX CUTTER. Tests the tape. Then she picks up a BOTTLE of WINE. She uncorks it, pours it out in the sink, peels away the foil. In the mirror we see her lower it and...reach beneath her skirt with it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TITLE:

August 13, 2012

THIRTY-NINE DAYS GONE

243 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

243

Amy waits on the sofa, looking ready for a Big Date.

DESI (O.S.)  
Mr. Collings is home!

AMY  
Hello Mr. Collings. I missed you!

She hugs him, lingers, tilts her head up to him. Kisses him.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Stay with me. I don't want you to  
be away. When things die down,  
we'll go to Greece like you said.

She begins kissing his neck.

\*

DESI  
Octopus and Scrabble.

Her hands move down his chest to his belt.

\*

DESI (CONT'D)  
How long do you think it'll take?

\*  
\*

AMY  
Not long. Six months for the trial.  
Sentencing will be quick.

\*  
\*  
\*

Her hands are in his pants. DESI can't decide if he wants to focus on the romance of Greece or the matter at hand.

\*  
\*

DESI  
He'll appeal.

\*  
\*

AMY  
I can watch the rest overseas.

\*  
\*

244

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

244

\*

DESI is trying to slowly, gently undress her. Amy, with a flick of two straps is out of her dress. She pulls him on the bed. Desi begins delicately, slowly kissing her. Nibbling like a FISH. She impatiently yanks his clothes off.

\*

\*

\*

DESI

Hold on, slowly.

\*

AMY

Hard!

\*

She reaches under her dress, pulls off her undies. They begin having sex. Slowly. She starts writhing.

DESI

Amy. Don't be scared. It's me.

AMY

Harder!

\*

DESI

Slowly.

\*

AMY

Do it!

A few more thrusts and it's over. AMY keeps her legs CLASPED around his waist as she grabs the BOX CUTTER from her bedside table. DESI has enough time to register confusion when: SLASH. She slices him neatly through the JUGULAR.

The BLOOD pulses out as DESI grabs at his neck, but AMY won't let him go. The two roll over, Amy on top, holding him down. DESI makes one more try for freedom and the two roll back around, him on top of her again. The BLOOD is everywhere: on the mattress, on the walls. AMY keeps her legs wrapped around Desi until he gives one last heave and DIES on top of her.

Amy's beatific smile certainly indicates she's satisfied.

245

INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

245

NICK is on the couch asleep. Looking like a complete SHELL of a man. We can hear PROTESTORS, NEWS REPORTERS outside. A sudden, strange rush of noise from the CROWD wakes him. Silence, then sputters of recognition.

TITLE CARD:

August 14, 2012

FORTY DAYS GONE

NOISE gets LOUDER. The doorbell rings. Nick opens the door:

246 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - LATE MORNING 246

AMY, still in her delicate pink dress, the front of which is covered in dried blood. Her hair is covered in blood. Her face is swiped with it. She is weeping hysterically. The media go absolutely APESHIT. AMY AMY AMY! Amy holds out her arms to Nick. We see the deep twine rings around her wrists.

AMY

Nick!

A beat. The cameras are capturing everything.

NICK

Amy!

He hugs her fiercely. Cups her face, whispers in her ear:

NICK (CONT'D)

You fucking bitch.

And she faints. Creating: The BEST MEDIA MOMENT OF 2012.

BLACK SCREEN

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You're going to feel some pressure.

247 INT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON 247

AMY in a gown, in stirrups, undergoing a rape kit, as BONEY and NICK each hold a hand. AMY has a new persona: SURVIVOR.

DOCTOR

You'll have more babies.

Amy smiles at Nick. He tries to hide his horror.

248 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 248

The doctor confers with BONEY and NICK.

DOCTOR

Her wounds are consistent with rape. There was semen present. We'll make sure it's a match.

BONEY

It'll match.

The doctor leaves and BONEY grabs a crucial moment with NICK.

BONEY (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

NICK  
Pals again?

BONEY  
Now that I know you didn't murder  
your wife? Yes. What do you think?

NICK  
Kidnapped? It's an insane story.

BONEY  
I've heard crazier.

RAND and MARYBETH run in. GILPIN arrives. The corridor is getting progressively packed with cops, reporters, staff.

MARYBETH  
(to Boney)  
We told you: Desi Collings. We told  
you over a month ago!

RAND  
(to NICK)  
Nick, we owe you an apology. It's  
just that every single sign-

\*

NICK  
I know.

\*

MARYBETH  
We'll leave it to Amy whether she  
can forgive you for the rest.

\*

\*

\*

An ominous phalanx of SUITS arrives and heads toward Amy's room. GO and TANNER arrive just behind them. BONEY heads to meet the SUITS, past TANNER and GO as they head to NICK.

TANNER  
(whispering to Nick)  
For now: "I'm just happy my wife is  
safe."

The doctor blocks Amy's room just as the SUITS arrive.

DOCTOR  
She's on fairly heavy painkillers.

AMY  
(from inside)  
It's OK. I want to help.



249

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

249

BONEY worms her way in. The suits barely make room for her.  
 AMY looks vulnerable in her gown.

FBI

Ms. Dunne, I know what you've been through so we'll keep it very brief. Can you walk us through what happened?

AMY

That morning, the doorbell rang. So normal. I opened the door. Desi. So strange. Since high school...he won't ever go away. I always try to be nice to him. Answer his letters. Keep him calm. God, I encouraged him-

\*  
\*

She begins tearing up. An FBI agent hands her a TISSUE.

FBI

(firmly)

Don't blame yourself.

AMY

He pushed inside. Grabbed me. I got away. Ran to the kitchen. He clubbed me. I collapsed.

\*

BONEY

That club, it's actually the handle to the Punch and Judy puppets-

\*

AMY

That's right. Treasure hunt. That's what he hit me with. I'd hidden the puppets at Go's...

BONEY

Then how did Desi have the handle?

AMY

I'd just found it. It must have fallen off. I was holding it when Desi pushed in. He got it from me.

BONEY

About the woodshed-

AMY

(ignoring her)

I woke up in the trunk of his car.

BONEY

You must have bled quite a bit there.

AMY

You'll find blood...He took me to his lakehouse. Tied me to his bed.

BONEY

Back to the woodshed real quick. When you went to place the puppets there, did you notice it was packed-

AMY

Lots of stuff.

BONEY

Corresponding to purchases made on credit cards in Nick's name.

AMY begins coughing, which turns into a pitiful RETCH. An FBI guy hands her a glass of WATER.

AMY

Nick and credit cards. He buys, I nag. I'm sure he hid it all at Go's. They are very close.

(pause)

May I go back to where I was being held prisoner by a man with a history of mental problems?

FBI

Please continue, Ms. Dunne.

AMY pulls her gown around her. A suit passes her a BLANKET.

AMY

Desi raped me that night. Every night. He'd tie me up like a dog. Punish me. Starve me. Shave me. Sodomize me. Cameras everywhere. You've got to find the tapes.

AMY and BONEY exchange a glance: I'm sure we will.

250

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

250

NICK is pacing past GILPIN and a COP.

\*

GILPIN

She slit his throat. Box cutter to-

NICK

How'd she get the box cutter if she was always tied up?

GILPIN

Just be happy your wife is safe.

251 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

251

BONEY

We found your diary, Amy. It contains a lot of concerning allegations. Mental and physical abuse.

AMY

The ugly truth-Nick didn't want a baby. He had money problems. He has a temper. But I love him.

BONEY

You tried to buy a gun.

AMY

(weak voice)

I feel myself fading-

BONEY

I just need to clarify-

AMY

Let me clarify for you: If this case had been left in your deeply incompetent hands, Nick would be a dead man walking and I'd be tied spread eagle on a bed, raped every day from now until I died.

FBI

Ms. Dunne, you've been very brave. We're finished. Now: Do you feel safe going home with your husband?

\*

252 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

252

An FBI agent wheels AMY out. All eyes are on her. She holds out a HAND to NICK. NICK flinches. Looks to TANNER. A few people are already popping out their camera phones to record the happy event. TANNER addresses the crowd--mainly Nick.

TANNER

We prayed to God and God answered  
our prayers. Amy Dunne is home.

\*  
\*

I know there are many questions and  
concerns to be addressed—but for  
tonight let's just sit tight and be  
grateful and thankful for this  
Miracle on the Mississippi.

253 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

253

NICK and AMY are silent in the back of a squad car as they  
approach. HUNDREDS of people on the street. Newsvans from all  
over the world. Well-wishers bearing homemade POSTERS with  
Amy's name in HEARTS. NICK helps AMY exit the car. The CROWD  
reacts as if they are a beloved Hollywood couple. AMY strikes  
the right pose: abused—but resilient.

254 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

254

NICK shuts the door firmly. The camera lights outside give  
them a romantic glow. AMY goes to put her arms around him.

NICK

Stop pretending.

\*

AMY

I'm not pretending. You were  
perfect. The Nick I saw on TV is  
the Nick I fell in love with.

\*

\*

\*

NICK

I just said what you wanted to  
hear.

AMY

That's how well you know me! You  
know me in your marrow.

\*

\*

He turns his back on her. RETHINKS. Turns back around.

NICK

Amy, I need to know everything.

AMY

Take off your clothes.

255

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

255

NICK drops his clothes to the floor. AMY drops her clothes, runs her hands over him, tries to arouse him.

AMY

Need to make sure you're not wearing a wire.

She womanhandles him more. Nothing. She turns on the shower.

AMY (CONT'D)

Get in.

She motions him into the shower! Might as well be wielding a GUN. Inside the SHOWER the water SPRAYS against them as they stand face to face. Trickles of pink-Desi's dried BLOOD-flow from her hair down her neck. She tries to get closer to him. He backs away.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

You're a murderer, Amy.

\*

AMY

I'm a fighter. I fought my way back to you.

\*  
\*

NICK

You slit Desi's throat. With a box cutter.

\*  
\*

AMY

You begged for me to save your life on national TV. And I obliged. But I want that Nick.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

I'm leaving.

\*  
\*

AMY

You really think that's smart? Wounded, raped wife battles her way back to her husband—and he deserts her? The media will destroy you. Your neighbors will shun you. And I will make sure no one forgets the pain you caused me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK debates the truth of this.

\*  
\*

NICK

I don't want to deal with your groupies outside. But as soon as they go, I go.

AMY

Give it the night. Sleep on it.

256 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 256

AMY, dressed for bed, slips under the covers and pats the spot beside her. NICK pulls the covers over her.

NICK

Was there ever a baby?

AMY

There can be.

Nick turns to leave. The room is day-bright from the CAMERAS outside. Amy smiles at the GLOW.

257 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 257

Nick enters the pristine, over-pillowed room. LOCKS the door.

258 INT. DUNNE FRONT YARD - MORNING 258

Nick is again taking out the TRASH. As in our first shot, he looks ill and angry.

TITLE CARD:  
AUGUST 15, 2012  
ONE DAY HOME

259 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 259

NICK walks in; AMY is in an apron, cooking a crepe. She looks straight out of Good Housekeeping.

AMY

Hello, Handsome!

ELLEN (O.S.)

She was his dream girl.

260

INT. DRURY LODGE BALLROOM - NIGHT

260

On a big-screen TV, Ellen Abbott is roaring on about her new villain: DESI COLLINGS.

ELLEN

And when this spoiled, rich, entitled little boy couldn't have her? He took her. It disgusts me...

Nick walks past without even looking. The former Find Amy Dunne headquarters is being dismantled. Over Amy's "MISSING" poster are the happy words: FOUND! Champagne is popping. News cameras are everywhere. NICK passes RAND and MARYBETH with two glass of champagne. The three watch Amy, snapping photos with fans. NICK says the next line cheerily enough.

NICK

You two must be proud.

He sweeps past, tries to pull her from the clutch of reporters.

REPORTER ONE

Nick, what's next for you and Amy?

AMY

Right now, it's all about our marriage. If two people love each other and can't make it work, that's the real tragedy.

Cameras flash. Amy whispers sweetly into Nick's ear.

AMY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Kiss my cheek. Now.

He kisses her cheek. She takes her champagne from him.

261

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY

261

NICK sits with GO, BONEY and TANNER at a booth. Air of subterfuge. A TABLOID from the "Amy Found!" event sits on the table: Nick kissing Amy on the cheek. Headline: "AMY DUNNE: It's all about our marriage!"

GO

You can't live in the same house as that spider.

TITLE CARD:  
AUGUST 20, 2012

SIX DAYS HOME

\*

NICK

Right now I can't live anywhere but  
in that house. When the media goes-

GO

When exactly do you think the media  
will disappear? This thing's only  
getting bigger.

ON TV: Amy-mania around the world. We see a crowd in China  
all wearing AMY T-shirts.

BONEY

(pointing at TV)

People love her story: bad guy  
dead, husband repentant, golden  
girl home.

TANNER

Mess with it, they'll come looking  
for blood.

NICK

(whispering)

She told me she murdered Desi. Not  
self defense. Murder.

GO

Can't we wire him?

BONEY

I can't get a wire. We had the  
national spotlight on us, and we  
stained the rug.

NICK

It wouldn't work anyway.

GO

She told you once before.

NICK

We were in the shower.

Tanner can't help himself.

TANNER

I swear to god, you two are the  
most fucked-up people I've ever  
known. And I specialize in fucked-  
up.

(MORE)



TANNER (CONT'D)

I mean, you and Amy in the same house? I should pitch it as a reality show.

NICK

Great entertainment advice. What's your legal opinion?

TANNER

My legal opinion is: Don't ever turn your back on your wife.

\*  
\*

NICK

No, my wife must always be faced.

The crowd hushes as AMY shows up on TV: Reporters have surrounded her as she tries to slip inside a grocery store.

ON TV:

AMY

Nick and I have had our bad patches, our dark days. But I thank you for forgiving him for what he did and for supporting our new, happy life together. Your encouragement means the world.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TANNER

Damn, she's good.

\*  
\*

GO

It's a spinoff. Amazing Amy and the Humbled Husband.

\*  
\*  
\*

Tanner rises.

\*

TANNER

The Devoted Dunnes. I'll stay tuned.

\*  
\*  
\*

(to Go)

Take care of this guy, OK?

\*  
\*

NICK

You're leaving?

\*  
\*

TANNER

You're not at risk anymore.

\*  
\*

NICK

I'm the definition of "at risk."

\*  
\*

TANNER

You have a book deal, Lifetime  
movie-franchise The Bar? You're  
golden. You should thank her.

\*  
\*

He laughs at that, pats Nick on the shoulder.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Remember: Don't turn your back.

He leaves.

GO

Elvis has left Missouri.

262 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 262

4am time. NICK gets out of bed. Unlocks his door.

263 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 263

He sneaks past Amy's door. Goes downstairs.

264 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FOYER - NIGHT 264

He looks out at the media vans, ENCAMPED. He hears something  
behind him, turns around to see AMY ghostly in her nightgown.

TITLE CARD:

SEPTEMBER 18, 2012  
FIVE WEEKS HOME

\*  
\*

AMY (O.S.)

What are you doing?

NICK

Couldn't sleep.

AMY

Come on, let me tuck you back in.

265 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 265

Amy is tucking Nick into bed.

\*

He is scanning her: He can't forget Desi and the boxcutter.

AMY

Nick. You know you can sleep with  
me, right?

NICK

I need time.

AMY

I'd never hurt you. I do need you to participate though. That's fair, right?

Nick nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

Marriage is about communication. Show me you understand.

Nick puts his finger to his chin.

NICK

Right.

266

INT. THE BAR - DAY

266

NICK, GO, and BONEY. BONEY is aimed toward the door.

NICK

What if I told the truth.

TITLE CARD:

OCTOBER 16, 2012

NINE WEEKS HOME

\*

BONEY holds up a tabloid: NICK and AMY: A Second Chance at Love. The photo of them is ADORABLE.

BONEY

You could try it, but I don't think you'd have much peace afterward.

NICK

I don't have peace now.

GO

Can you ask them to re-fingerprint-

BONEY sighs: She's now about to deliver the bad news.

BONEY

I can't do anything. It's with the Feds. They're done. So I have to be done. Orders.

(pause)

I got a kid to feed, you know?

NICK

I know.

BONEY

I'm sorry.

NICK

Don't be.

BONEY lingers for a moment. Then heads toward the door.

BONEY

Her name's Mia, by the way.

NICK looks over at her: What? BONEY is walking out the door.

BONEY (CONT'D)

My kid. You asked me once. Her  
name's Mia. \*

For what it's worth. And BONEY's gone. It's just GO and NICK. \*  
NICK holds up another TABLOID photo: NICK and Amy hand in \*  
hand in the park, laughing.

NICK \*

Remember what Mom always said? Tell  
the truth and shame the devil.

He thinks, staring at the photo of false happiness.

NICK (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Let everyone take sides. \*

GO

Team Nick, Team Amy.

NICK

Sell some fucking T-Shirts.

267 INT. DUNNE BATHROOM - DAY

267

Nick assesses himself in the mirror. Camera ready. FLUSH.

NICK

My wife is a lying, murderous  
sociopath.

268 INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - DAY

268

Amy is pouring coffee as he sits. They look like Happy Middle- \*  
American Marrieds.

AMY

We should hold hands. Not the  
entire time, but on and off  
throughout.

\*

She sits next to him. Weaves her hand in his.

TITLE CARD:

November 6, 2012

TWELVE WEEKS HOME

AMY (CONT'D)

Now: "How does it feel to have your  
wife back, Nick?"

NICK

"Fantastic. How often does a guy  
get a real second chance?"

\*

AMY

Fantastic's a little flippant.

NICK

"Amazing?"

Amy rises, begins tidying up.

\*

AMY

I'll need you to admit that you got  
the credit cards, you hid that  
stuff at Go's and you did push me.  
I need those three things from you  
to feel safe.

\*

\*

Nick just stares at her: He can't say it.

\*

AMY (CONT'D)

You need to own this, Nick.

\*

\*

NICK

I know exactly what to say.

\*

\*

The doorbell rings.

\*

269

INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

269

\*

The door opens onto: a grinning ELLEN ABBOTT. He lets the  
vampire into his house.

ELLEN

I appreciate you giving me this  
time, Nick.

NICK  
You called me a murderer.

ELLEN  
I go where the story goes.

NICK  
You implied I had carnal relations  
with my sister.

ELLEN  
I said you two were close.

NICK  
You said I was a sociopath.

Ellen digs through her bag. She pulls out a robot kitten.

ELLEN  
To go with your robot dog. Little  
ice breaker.

Nick stares stonily at her. Tosses it on the stairs. The  
camera crew begins setting up in the living room.

NICK  
I'll get Amy.

270

INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - EVENING

270

AMY and NICK on the bed. Between them is a gift-wrapped BOX.

NICK  
I do not want another gift from  
you, ever.

AMY  
Open it.

He opens it, slowly, dreading, and pulls out: A PREGNANCY  
STICK, with a BRIGHT BLUE POSITIVE SIGN.

NICK  
I haven't touched you.

AMY  
You didn't need to.

She waits for him to figure it out.

NICK  
The notice of disposal. You threw  
it out.

AMY

The notice, yes.

She takes his hand and puts it on her belly.

AMY (CONT'D)

Size of a lentil.

NICK

I want a blood test. I want a paternity test.

AMY

I love tests. \*

A long, sick moment.

NICK

You can't make me raise a child with you, Amy. I don't love you. \*

AMY

Because you stopped trying. \*

NICK

We are toxic. We complete each other in the sickest possible way. \*

AMY

You think you could ever be happy with a nice, normal woman? No, baby. I'm it. I complete you. I'm the only one who can. \*

NICK

Amy: No. \*

AMY

Stay with me and I will make you happy. You know I can. I've killed for you. \*

NICK has her by the throat. She stares calmly at him. They are eye to eye. BUT: Of course he can't kill her. Finally he unhands her. They both gasp for breath. \*

AMY (CONT'D)

You can run away like a boy, or stay. Raise your child. Be the man you want to be. It's your choice, Nick. \*

OFF SCREEN: THE SOUND OF SOBBING

271 OMIT - INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - EVENING 271 \*

272 INT. GO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 272

Go is on the floor, against the living-room wall, crying.

GO

I won't watch you play house with that thing for the next 18 years.

NICK

I can't walk away. \*

GO

You could get custody.

NICK

I wouldn't. Go, it's my child. I have to stay. \*

GO \*

You want to stay. \*

NICK \*

I have a responsibility. This isn't just about me anymore. \*

GO \*

You want to stay with her. \*

SILENCE. He doesn't deny it. \*

GO (CONT'D)

You're breaking my heart.

NICK

Go, please. I need my voice of reason. I need to know you're with me.

She leans against his shoulder.

GO

I was with you before we were even born.

ON TV: We see outtakes of the ELLEN ABBOTT interview.

NICK \*

After so much darkness we have come out united. We communicate. We are honest. We're partners in crime. \*



AMY

And Ellen, I'm happy to announce on  
your show: soon we'll be parents.

\*  
\*  
\*

ELLEN yelps with joy. AMY and ELLEN hug across NICK.

273

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

273

They lie down side by side on the marital bed. Nick is  
staring at the back of Amy's head, just as in the opening.

NICK (O.S.)

What are you thinking? How are you  
feeling? What have we done to each  
other? What will we do?

Amy turns, and gives him a haunting SMILE.

\*

FADE TO BLACK.

\*