

# WHITE GIRL MISSING outline

by [Matthew Temple](#)

Fucking [Maura Murray]

“What was it like to fuck Maura Murray?”

a satire on how with all these missing white girls what we really want to do isn't find them..it's fuck them. We want to have been the men she was with. We want to be special to her. We want to have had her.

WHITE GIRL MISSING

the main character is me..the investigator..a fanboy..doing this all on my own disability money..obsesses with the white girl  
Him obsessing over the scenarios of the white girl's last days and early and future lives, that's how we learn about her, through his fantasies..maybe somehow his investigation or thoughts affect or interact with or find her..like she posts on his message board (supposedly) and/or he travels to meet or find her..he hunts her and ruins her life because she disappeared on purpose and his message board and investigation reveals her and gets her caught for what she's running from..an accidental murder..and she is extradited and put in jail..he's still obsessed with her and tries to visit her and she's like why do you think I'd want to see you? You ruined my life, separated me from my boyfriend, put me in jail, she yells him out of the prison?? You ruined my fucking life!!  
And for the guy's family..they had the convenience of believing he died in an accident, now they must accept it was manslaughter/  
murder.

First sentence: Her name was X.Y. [new paragraph]

Laura?

Listening to the podcast lying in bed with a warm cup of coffee and lots of coconut milk..it's weird that this is relaxing to me but it's like Laura's my friend and I like to spend time with her, with her mystery, wishing her the best whether it's snowboarding in Canada or enjoying the last sips of her Kahlúa, freezing to death up against a rock in the White Mountains..hearing about her chaotic life and

many unknowns calms me..and at the end of this fantasy chapter, told as though it was just the truth of what happened, just say, in its own paragraph, "Maybe that's what happened."

I move to XYZ Canada into a hotel and stalk her, try to start a relationship without telling her who I am (an investigator into her disappearance)..that has good potential for blow up

Yeah. Cause that's what the story's really about..he feels ownership over her pussy and wants to realize that ownership. When he gets her to cheat on her boyfriend, while he's fucking her special missing white girl pussy, he tells her he posted her location on the board today, his final Laura Murray story, and she's like what?

And I'm like, Yeah, I've been investigating your disappearance for two years, and it looks like I finally found you.

The hit and run accident, in my story, is an accidental drowning where she holds a guy underwater while she's cumming having sex and her girlfriends are screaming at her but she's in ecstasy and doesn't realize what she's done.

What did you *think* were you doing?

I was cumming all over his beautiful cock!

(that tone)

This starts out as layer of the onion speculation, but after I cum in her she tells me in her own words, a sweet little monologue, about the truth and the details of the accidental murder that drove her to flee. And to comfort herself while she tells it, she opens her tiny bottle of green olives, sits in the hotel chair with her legs spread, and tells me everything. The green olives were mentioned earlier as an item found in her car.

The negative publicity I get from destroying her life forces me out of my apartment, job, no one will rent to me or date me or employ me, and I have to leave town/state/country and disappear..that's the ironic ending.

"The bitch was hypomaniac!"—crazy manic interview monologue from the forensic psychologist

The initial theory, so strongly, is that she perished in the woods..we think we're going to find her body, get that kind of closure. And we're so wrong.

~~Just a big-ass paragraph about running track. The shoes. The shorts. The sweat. The race.~~  
~~Sexually abused by dad. Pregnant when left. Living happily in Canada with kid, holding hands, walking in the snow. Loses kid when found. Tragic.~~  
~~After being found, she really does consider suicide.~~  
~~The podcast. Ridiculous discussion on how to number this episode —and why. 22.1. LK89.7631259. Etc. Geeked out.~~  
~~In a phone call, she finds out graphically that her father has been raping her sister this whole time, too.~~  
~~Lindsay Krey? (better)~~  
~~Laura Krey?~~  
~~The podcast dudes' discussion of "armchair detectives" and their subtextual, obvious need to distance themselves from them, to become something more.~~  
..  
~~injecting vodka into the eyeball~~  
..  
~~their statement that they know they slept in different beds in the motel and how much they *cannot know* that based on the information they have and how many assumptions they make..maybe they're just armchair detectives after all~~  
..  
~~live episode..eliminating coughing, sneezing, sounds of phlegm..amplifying the audio bass so we can hear the sound of the explosion that is actually what destroyed Lindsay's car..we've learned that the German mafia is actually responsible for her death~~  
..  
~~"It's really not necessarily our business even though we're trying to make it our business."—Missing Maura Murray podcast (call it MMM podcast?) (just attribute to his full name, no context)~~  
..  
~~Make it a book of theories..like many of the chapters are spinings out of theories..just a telling of a theory as though it was the reality of the case, contradictory, no explanation, no rectification.~~  
..

Make this cum/kill thing a serial problem..multiple men had been strangled or drowned or run off the road with pussy juice on their cocks. Lindsay was an unintentional serial killer.

..

event from my past where my [elementary/middle/high] school friend and I were playing between train cars and a train coupled at the wrong time and killed her and I always had a crush on her and never got to do anything and I have her mixed up with Lindsay Krey in my mind

..

Like Lindsay, I have disappeared in a way for a while (the Athens experience)..I can relate to wanting to get away from my family, from everything..and I admire her for the fortitude to leave everything behind

..

When she and I fuck, she almost strangles me.

..

This is the Loving Laura Lindsay podcast.

..

(From episode 3: It's hard to speculate on things we don't know. (use that line))

..

Have these little interludes where I fall asleep listening to the inanity of the LLL podcast, then illogically over analyzing phone calls and minutiae, this endless conversation between two 30-year-old white guys. They're always teasing us with nebulous leads and saying they'll get into that later. They're so dismissive of her, even while praising her intelligence: "I mean, she's a 21-year-old girl.."

..

I am the author who these podcast guys insult by calling one of their many armchair detectives. My book and my investigation, my finding Maura Murray, ruins Maura's and my life. I am married with a daughter. My wife leaves me due to my obsession with this 21-year-old girl.

..

~~The scenario where she meets up with her girlfriend but she's hit her head too hard on the windshield and dies of brain hemorrhaging. Her friend, a criminal from childhood, handles the situation burying Maura in the woods..veer into the friend's pov for a minute. Maybe she smokes a cigarette after, on top of Laura's grave. (Was just going to meet her friend for a weekend getaway.)~~

..

~~She took the bottle of gin with her. We know that she drank a gin and tonic with her dad and [friend] the night before. What can I say, the bitch loves gin!~~

..

~~The reason white girls go missing—the reason they are treasured by their abductors—is the same reason we mourners treasure them also..we covet them just as those who make them go away~~

..

~~My fantasy of her starts with one detail—her running—and grows into a full-blown fantasy as if I had known her in every way~~

..

~~Leona Rose~~

~~Adelaide~~

~~Miriam Rose~~

..

~~She is, essentially, the missing girl from my past—from everyone's past. (Even just a girl who went missing from our lives through the natural course of events..moving..going away to school..and we never see her again, and there's a hole, and a wondering, and a wanting left where she once was.)~~

..

~~Opening sentence?: I love Laura Lindsay.~~

..

~~(ch 30) At the end, he views himself as the victim and Laura Lindsay as the person who ruined *his* life.~~

~~And that is how the bitch—Laura Lindsay—ruined my life.~~

..

~~You have to beware a fucking cunt who goes missing.~~

~~Cunts who get murdered are one thing.~~

You can count on them.

You can tell a story with an ending.

But cunts who go missing?

..

Track >> rugby

..

~~For a whole chapter, play out a sexual abuse, sexual intimacy, sexual relationship fantasy taking place while she's on a camping trip with her dad..including the wordless sex they have in the tent~~

..

Podcast dudes: Thing One and Thing Two?

..

I found the [LLL] podcast while researching my book.

It was put together by two armchair detectives who liked to think of themselves as more than armchair detectives.

[talk about how they tried to differentiate themselves from armchair detectives and how there is a difference between me and them..I actually knock on doors and conduct interviews. Oh, and publish books that sell thousands of copies.]

..

A cunt is a cunt is a cunt is a cunt.

..

~~(ch 5) We all lose fucking people. / We've all lost fucking girls. / We all have fucking girls we're missing.~~

And I don't mean missing in the sense that Laura Lindsay's missing.

I just mean missing.

In all the normal ways that girls go walking out of our lives, when they go to school or get married or..

..

If you don't understand why I included this chapter then you're too fucking dumb to read my book.

..

~~Growing up in Dayton mostly black school but this girl was white like me~~

~~Playing in the plant yards of Cargill and her getting cut in half~~

..

(at the beginning of a chapter)

Who do they steal and take to Dubai? White girls.

Who do black men want to fuck? White girls.

(That's just a little review of the last chapter.)

..

Chapter of me at home fighting with my wife about Laura Lindsay  
and a trip I'm going to take to Vermont to investigate and we're  
taking care of our kid

..

A chapter (maybe the camping with Dad chapter) starts with:

You're Laura Lindsay.

..etc..you're getting ready for a camping trip..you're doing this,

you're doing that..all in the second person

..

Mike Lindsay.

(a chapter about the oddness that is Mike Lindsay)

..

Now that's what I call speculating.

But what else are you going to do on this case?

You have no details.

..

ch12? Chapter on the pool deaths:

Oh yeah: the problem with these dead swimmers.

..

You know what I really think of that Laura Lindsay?

I hate that fucking bitch.

If she had never disappeared, then I never would have become  
obsessed with her. --

..

(ch 13)

Some of these interviews took place in the days and weeks  
following Laura's disappearance.

Some took place years later.

I gathered material for my book throughout the years.

Made fewer and fewer trips to Vermont.

~~But it takes a while, to get a book like this together, and you learn that the longer you wait, the fuller the perspective that develops. It's not just a story about a missing girl.~~

..

~~I'll tell you what other theory I entertain.~~

~~Lisa Morabito picks Laura up behind the Walmart in a black SUV.~~

~~They drive to a cabin—some friend of Morabito's.~~

~~Laura has head trauma from the crash, from hitting her head against the windshield.~~

~~Neither girl realizes how bad it is.~~

..

~~(ch 14) Me at home. Wife angry at obsession. Jerking off to Laura Lindsay's picture, thinking of X, the girl who died in the train tracks. Integrating information for the book. Pressure from the publisher. Not having an ending. Wanting to be with Laura Lindsay.~~

..

~~Fucking my wife..but imagining Laura Lindsay..her quilted white panties..the shape of her vagina..cumming in her..holding her down by the hips and just cumming on the front of her panties~~

..

~~To breathe the stench of her period blood~~

..

~~She drinks from a red and white plastic cup that says I LOVE COCK and it's a big deal in in the investigation.~~

..

~~(detail in chapter 14) She is a sociopath. (chapter)~~

..

~~I have bipolar. Some of Laura's erratic behavior made me think she had it, too.~~

..

~~I re-listened to all 50 hours of the *Loving Laura Lindsay* podcast to see if I missed anything. ...~~

..

~~(ch 15) A post on Reddit seems too much like her..I just want to live my life..be left alone..didn't seem fake to me..and I had a friend of~~



mine track down the IP..a vintage apartment building in the heart of the arts district of Tucson. Intuitive pattern recognition and a \$50 hack by a college buddy..that's how I found Laura Lindsay. (end of ch 15)

..

(ch 15) Now I hate reddit.

I hate this, I hate that..

It seems like a forum for 20 year olds who still haven't figured out how to shave.

But it was reddit that led me to Laura Lindsay, and I will always be grateful for that.

..

(near the end of a chapter— 15?)

My ultimate interview would be with Laura herself.

..

I thought:

*Could this motherfucking cunt have been stupid enough to post on reddit?*

..

wife says something like: She would be about your age by now.

I say or think (?): She would be exactly my age.

..

I'm putting up missing posters.

Yeah, she comes in here all the time.

..

Does she look like a girl who was raped by her father?

Again, I couldn't say.

So you don't mind me leaving a few posters up here?

You're welcome to, but there's no need.

Why not?

Because..Laura Lindsay isn't missing. I told you she comes in here all the time. If you want to find her, just hang around and order a coffee or something.

No. I don't drink coffee.

Why don't you?

Good for the pipes, bad for the nerves. Least that's what my doctor tells me.

..

Have you heard of Artwell Noriega?

Wasn't he some kind of drug lord or something?

You know, just because someone has the last name of Noriega doesn't mean they're *Manuel* Noriega. Noriega is a very common Latin last name.

So who is Artwell Noriega.

He's a serial killer. I wrote a book on him. Don't pretend like you're interested. If you're not into true crime, you're not into true crime. It's like I'm not into *My Little Pony*. Not saying you are. But it's a niche, I know that. I'm only famous *in certain circles*. *But in those circles*, I'm very famous.

..

My Laura Lindsay book is artful and professional. It's nothing like this book, which is neither.

..

I haven't been completely honest with you.

What? You're genetically female?

..

[I tell her I'm writing the book on her.]

[She's surprised.]

What? You didn't know?

I thought you were an armchair detective!

..

(ch 19) But I killed them *by accident!* she says.

You *what?*

It's this thing I do.

You *drown* people?

No, listen..*fuck!*

Fuck *what?*

I'm gonna have to move again now that I've told you this.

..

At the end of the chapter, she tells him she also killed a few people drunk driving

How many is a few?

Typically it's three, isn't it!

How many is it in this case?

Four..five..I'm not really sure, ok, I'm not good with numbers.

But they're like..dead?

Yeah, they're fucking dead. I hit them with my car. Their brains are all over the back highways of Vermont. Is that creating a clear enough picture for you?

Yes, clear enough.

Fuck. I'm fucked, aren't I?

Not necessarily. But we've got to get you out of Tucson.

Why?

I just got a text from my publisher.

What does it say?

*It says I used the Find Your Friends application. I know you're in Tucson. Laura's there too, isn't she? Don't try to save her. We're going with a temporary version of the book. It'll be on Amazon by 3pm Pacific Standard Time. I know you. Don't do anything stupid.*

What does that mean?

It means we've got to get you out of Arizona. Fast.

..

son's name is Ian

Ian. Wake the fuck up. We have to get the fuck out of town before I go to fucking jail.

He comes out looking like..well, like a sleepy teenager.

Who's this?

This is Matt Temple, the guy who's writing the book that's going to end our peaceful life as we know it.

I prefer Matthew.

This is Matthew Temple, the guy who's writing the book that's going to end our peaceful life as we know it.

Wait. How do you know my name.

Oh, I figured out who you are. I've read your fucking blog.

And?

Let's just say I know who Artwell Noriega is.

You've read my book on Artwell Noriega?

~~/No./ I haven't /read/ it. I /know/ it. Why do you think I'm even talking to you. 'Cause /this/ motherfucker, she says to her son, really /can/ ruin our motherfucking lives.~~

..

~~(ch 20) I feel for her, I meet her son, I come around to her side, I agree to shelter her, but my publisher finds me. I have location tracking turned on on my phone and he just uses Find my Friends to locate me in Tucson. He breaks the Laura Lindsay story, publishes a tentative version of my book online without my permission, and the whole thing falls apart (end of act 2/3).~~

..

~~I thought your wife was going to divorce you. She won't divorce me. She'll just make us miserable for the rest of our lives.~~

..

~~Brother. Son. It's a modern life, you know.~~

..

~~I have to get back to my wife!~~

~~The one who's leaving you.~~

~~Yes!~~

~~This doesn't sound like a fake breakup, Matthew. This sounds like a real one.~~

~~Thank you for your assessment.~~

~~Any time.~~

..

~~Why are you helping me? It's because you want to fuck me, isn't it? You basically just want to fuck me.~~

..

~~Ergo ipso facto motherfucker. What's done is done.~~

~~I don't think that phrase applies there.~~

~~Hey. Don't criticize my Latin. Anyway, what do you know, you went to community college.~~

~~Ouch.~~

~~And you *teach* at community college.~~

~~There's nothing wrong with community college. Some great minds went to community college.~~

Who?

I'll have to get back to you on that one.

Yours?

No. Are you thinking about being separated from your son?

Laura gives me a look like that's exactly what she was thinking about.

..

Them getting disposable phones at a Super Walmart

Ian says I didn't know they had Walmart in Canada. This is just like America.

Ian: the whole world is just like America. You know they have McDonald's in Japan.

Right.

Well. Extrapolate from that.

[discussing what last name their "family" is going to be]

..

I made us get new cell phones at a Super Walmart outside [Edmonton].

..

(ch 26) After that, Laura Lindsay was on the news.

[scene where I'm watching the news obsessively and my wife wants me to come eat dinner with her and Casey]

I'm eating some nasty fast/junk food while my wife has a gourmet meal on the table. I'm unable to take my eyes off the TV, and we see the coverage content through me.

I got Wendy's: two triple burgers, two fries, two chicken fingers, Ed Cokes. Describe me eating a fry, reaching for a chicken finger, dipping in barbecue sauce and ketchup and ranch dressing all in one.

..a serial killer of sorts..as much as a 21-year-old white girl *can* be a serial killer.

She's asked which articles or podcasts to follow on the case, about her life.

The only book worth reading, she says, is the one by Matthew Temple.

..

"Are you going to kill me and Ian?"

Laura put her arm around me and we looked over at the mountains rolling on and on forever.

"Let's not make plans in advance," she said.

Then she kissed me on the lips. She pulled back and I was looking at her like she was crazy.

..

"I'm not going to kill you. I don't know where you got that idea. You're getting paranoid and it's unattractive."

"Can I hold the knife?"

[she gives it to me]

"You feel better motherfucker?"

"Is that from *Pulp Fiction*?"

"Very good!"

[she brings out another one she had stashed in the other pocket]

..

a chapter about him following sex..how he's been following sex this whole time

..

"Don't worry. I'm only homicidal when I'm having sex."

"Then we're not having sex."

"Or when I'm driving."

"When's the last time you killed somebody?"

"I'm not exactly sure."

"How can you not be sure?!"

"Well. It's sometimes hard to tell if someone's completely dead."

"Fuck me. I don't think this relationship's going to work out."

"What relationship?"

..

(ch 25, end) Laura asks me to drive Ian back to Tucson. As we're pulling away from her in the parking lot of the Edmonton Super Walmart, she pulls her out her disposable phone and I hear her say, "This is Laura Lindsay, killer of [six] unfortunate men in swimming pools, three state troopers, and a handful of other useless bastards." Within [eight] minutes, they had picked her up. Ian and I were long gone.

..

~~Why did you call me a cunt in your book?~~

~~In *WHITE GIRL MISSING*? Did you buy it off Amazon?~~

~~No I mean *this* book. The one you're writing now.~~

~~Well. I'm sorry. It was just a convention—~~

~~Calling me a cunt is not a convention.~~

~~I know..I shouldn't call women cunts—~~

~~I never said *women!* I said *me!* Don't call *me* a cunt. I don't give a *shit* what you call other women.~~

..

~~(ch 30) (very last sentence?)~~

~~And what do I have to say about this?~~

~~⌈~~

~~And what do I have to say about that?~~

~~⌈~~

~~And Laura Lindsay?~~

~~That fucking cunt ruined my life.~~

..

~~We leave her in the middle of the Super Walmart parking lot with the plan that she'll call the FBI and I'll drive Ian back to Tucson.~~

~~Seeing her there, standing with her disposable phone, dialing the number with her thumb. Ian and I driving south on the highway.~~

~~And seeing, in my mind, federal agents swarming the Walmart parking lot, closing in on my friend, the unwitting serial killer,~~

~~Laura Lindsay.~~

..

~~One whole chapter, all in italics, starting with Dear Matthew, that is her letter from prison.~~

..

~~That was the action. That was all the action there ever was.~~

~~Taking down the tent.~~

~~Climbing down the mountain.~~

~~Finding a Starbucks so Laura could have her last coffee before she was picked up by the FBI.~~

..

~~Laura. When I was younger..[story of the girl the train cut in half]~~

—

~~Shhhh. You know that has nothing to do with me, right?~~

..

~~when they close in on her in Alberta..the FBI's Canadian counterpart..or: the FBI or their Canadian counterpart..~~

..

~~Here's one of the letters Laura sent me from prison:~~

~~Dear Mister Matthew Temple,~~

~~[pencil stolen from Ft Knox didn't say my daughter is a graduate of West Point..she corrects him, says she's been reading WHITE GIRL MISSING and why would they have West Point memorabilia at Fort Knox..if that is what the pencil said, I can't remember]~~

..

~~I tried to get them to let me meet her at her cell but because she was *technically* classified as a violent offender, we met through the glass.~~

..

~~Guys send me their jock straps. Girls send me their panties. The guards hold back the ones with scat on them. I think it's people's way of..~~

..

~~Check Ted Bundy..college girls, right?~~

..

~~Let me tell you what happened on the way home from counseling one day.~~

~~Don't worry, it all gets back to Laura Lindsay.~~

~~And then it all gets back to me.~~

~~[leaves with the wrong phone, realizes it, goes back, calls therapist Stephanie and "beautiful"]~~

~~She gives me a test~~

~~I realize I'm delusional~~

~~She says I'm manic~~

~~She tells me to go to the hospital next door~~

~~I meet a surgeon from the hospital on the elevator on my way to..~~



..a crazy adventure in the mall where I meet all these homeless men  
on checks drinking in a fancy restaurant..they realize instantly I'm  
crazy because so are they  
A bunch of high school kids I collect and they diagnose me, offer to  
take my bags for me and meet up with me later but I can't  
remember my phone number or the pin to my phone  
And they're all young and have good lives and are going to go to  
top tier colleges and shit. You can tell by their hair and their teeth..  
I meet the same surgeon in a parking lot and he says hey, weren't  
you supposed to go the hospital?  
We ride the elevator back up  
My wife has left me by this time by the way  
She's living with Casey in San Francisco  
I accidentally knock a wall which spills plant water on this pretty  
girl's white dress  
She cries  
Her mascara runs  
I saw I'm sorry  
Offer to buy her anything off her Amazon wish list  
Her whole wish list  
Is she just gives me her email address  
She says no thanks I'm just really upset  
I say I'm sorry  
She blows a piece of bubble gum into a bubble with her pussy  
The doctor says "my kind of people"  
he shows us his vagina and explains he's from a small town where  
this would never fly by there, he feels accepted  
I ask him what city were in  
He says Toronto  
He says I'm surprised, most manias are agitative but yours seems to  
be completely euphoric. I say that's unusual for me too. He's like  
but you're just laughing and having a good ol' time and completely  
delusional. You have no idea what the fuck is going on, do you?  
And I'm like "laugh it up, motherfucker."

And he checks me into the hospital and I tell him I lost my job and he says what did you do and I say I used to be a writer and he says I never knew they made much money anyway  
The doctors ask me what medicine I take  
I say 40 milligrams of latuda but I missed a dose on Wednesday  
Etc etc

..

Change gears into the transition of public opinion over /what I had done/ to Laura Lindsay

Legal battles from the family

Saying I had led to her conviction

Laura Lindsay declared a mistrial but she's still held in a secure psychiatric institution, for probably far longer than she would have been in jail (jail has a specific term..in a psych hospital the doctors determine when you're /ready/ to leave and they weren't going to determine that about. Laura for a /long/ time

The un-publication of my book by my publisher due to controversy

The boycott of /all/ my books because /I'm the man who killed Laura Lindsay/ —sent her away for life, whatever..poor little murdering white girl, everybody's got to take her side

Cut to the divorce..cause, if I can't make money then what's the point of being married to me

This according to Sarah.

Cut to: everybody who knows me stops being my friend

My publisher drops me for any future contracts

No publisher will take me

Etc etc.

..

Cut to:

I have to leave town because my house is firebombed my teenagers

Laura Lindsay becomes a national hero

People hated to see a white girl treated so poorly by the justice system.

Her kickstarter goes multi[-]platinum. From jail, she makes a hundred million dollars.

~~She donates it all to a Hong Kong startup that makes learning computers for children.  
They teach kids how to program in [Drupal].  
She funds /their/ kickstarter with /her/ kickstarter. Fucking madness.  
Then She starts /another/ kickstarter  
This one makes /two/ hundred million dollars  
I'm not kidding  
The bitch is rich  
Meanwhile, I move to the suburbs  
Kids dox me and my house gets forebombed /again/  
I have to leave town  
I'm a scumbag in every bar, I can't even work the the /newspaper/  
I try getting a server at the unos downtown—/they/ won't even hire me  
"Scumbag" the hostess calls me, and spits in my face!  
That's how I ended up in Toronto.  
I figured no one here would know me.  
That was wrong.  
And this isn't a story about mental illness—it's a story about a murdering /cunt/—but my bipolar gets worse  
Now it's now just bipolar—it's schizophrenia /and/ bipolar.  
Hence the story above  
And many like it, which happen again and again and again.  
=  
[/forced/ to leave town based on something I did  
Maybe something bad  
But something I couldn't control  
And even though I disappear  
Leave everything I know  
I still can't escape it  
Sound like anyone we know?]  
=  
Kids dosed me again and someone cut off a zebra head from the Toronto zoo, broke into my house and left it on my couch, godfather style..but sitting up, like it was watching tv~~

I came home the television was on  
Investigation discovery channel  
Laura Lindsay documentaries on repeat  
I looked at the zebra blood dripping off my couch  
Turned around  
Left the door wide open  
Phoned my therapist  
Begged her to let me into the hospital  
Cunt said I was sub-syndromal  
Not bad enough to need care  
I figure if you're /begging/ to get into a mental hospital then  
something's wrong enough with you that you should be there  
I made sure I got my right phone on the way out the door.

..

I think of Laura Lindsay sitting up in her hotel with her two-  
hundred million dollars  
Getting fucked in the laundry room by some mental health  
professional  
I can't go back to the house with the zebra head  
So I check myself into the homewood suites  
And I'm sitting there, cross legged on the bed, no shirt, my  
toothbrush sticking out my mouth, me not brushing, slobber  
running down my chin and dripping onto the crotch of my Target  
pajama pants  
And I think hoe this whole thing got started  
Fledgling crime writer  
Early twenties  
See a story on tv  
White girl goes missing in the white mountains  
New Hampshire, New England, Vermont  
Americas playground [?]  
And I saw that wanted poster  
Or I guess it was just a missing poster at the time  
And I saw that face  
Rosy checked  
Ponytail

Brown eyes  
The total American white girl  
And she had disappeared  
Probably taken by a serial killer  
Rapist  
Psychopathic murderer  
And I didn't just want to know her story  
I didn't just want to find her  
I /wanted/ her  
I wanted that sweet little white girl pussy  
And I thought  
Somehow  
That if I wrote a book about her  
I would get it  
..  
/WHITE GIRL MISSING/