Yes, we think so.
We think it is easier this way.
We think this is the way things are meant to be.

48. MARGE

Show me, Marge.
You love this cute little bunny so much, you show me.
I see you and him.
How you sleep.
Fat arms wrapped around his bunny neck. Lips on his little bunny face.
Do you love him, Marge?
Tell me how much you love your little faggot bunny.
Why don’t you talk, Marge?
You tease.
Why don’t you move?
Are you scared of me?
Too stupid, is what I think.
Stupid like your ma. Ugly like your ma.
But don’t tell her I said so, Marge.
I don’t mean it.
I love your ma like you love your blue faggot bunny rabbit.
Hold her close and feel her mouth.
You won’t tell nobody, I know.
Maybe just that bunny. I bet you tell him all your secrets.
Well you know what, Marge?
You tell that bunny to watch out.
You tell him I’ll rip him up and swallow him whole.
Come on.
Can’t take a joke?
It’s just too easy with you, Marge.
You got to learn to put up more of a fight.

49. MARJORIE

Marjorie, again, always, again sitting back up against the hard headboard, feet, knees, thighs, belly, self sunk down into the soft, too-soft bed. The shape of Ma in the mattress becoming every night more and more the shape of Marjorie and