I said Sorry to my self, Dr. Goodwin. No People around to hear it. Just me outside the Club and my sorry.

Yourself is a good place to start. But if you did something you need to apologize for, there need to be people there to hear it.

Nobody asked me about it, Dr. Goodwin. Pains. A Lucy. Little baby burned up.

Sorry.
I am sorry, Marjorie.
I am sorry.

53. MARGIE

I'm sorry, Margie.
I'm really sorry.
Can you forgive me?
Okay.
Will you say it? Just so I know.
Say, I forgive you, Lucy.
I forgive you, Lucy.

54. MARGE

Marge.
I see you there.
Your big fat ass.
I see those titties swinging.
Get your fat ass over here now.
Those dykes downstairs.
What are their names, Marge?
You tell me.
I see you with them, Marge, those dykes.
All smiles with those dykes.
Laughing.
I bet you let them touch you.
Lick you all over.
Do you, Marge?
Answer me.
 Fucking dykes.
I can’t stand dykes, Marge.
My ma was a god-damned dyke.
Made my old man beg for it.
Are you a fucking dyke, too?
I bet you are.
I see you.
I catch you with those dykes Marge and you’re dead.
And them too.
All of you.
You hear me?

55. MARJORIE

Marjorie stands outside the Club and breathes hard and fast. Wind in and out in beat with her heartbeat. The hills around her are beginning to change from brown to green. Waking up, the brown bones of trees more and more coming alive. Today, there is sun, white-holed sun at the top of the dark blue sky. The day cloudless, windless, the hot sunlight burning into Marjorie’s coatless shoulders. She moves most of her weight from her left leg to her right and wipes the sweat around her ears and above her eyes. The black mounds of snow that were here have melted down and away into dirt, into sand into sidewalk. Spring here. Marjorie down deep in her days of sorry.
I am sorry.
Marjorie says her words out loud to the hills around her. Up into the too-blue sky. Marjorie in a usual day does not want things. The usual Marjorie is fine. Wants macaroni for dinner, maybe, wants the People to feel wanted. The usual, the small wants, is what Marjorie is used to. But the usual is not the usual. Not now. This want that Marjorie feels, now, out here in the hot of the afternoon sun, is a big, important want. This want has weight and it sits heavy on Marjorie’s round shoulders and it digs down into her skin. This want is strong and loud and here and beating.
Marjorie stares at the white in the spaces between the dark blue letters.
The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.
Marjorie wants to go inside.
Marjorie wants to say, Sorry
Marjorie wants to sit and talk and drink her Shirley Temple.
Marjorie wants to be back in her usual.
But the People need to want her. Mac and Suzanne.