

ALTHEA JACKSON (late 20s):

And then she walked out.

The worst part is the way she *didn't* slam the door.

I could have handled the apartment shaking, and the way that she would yell and scream before when we fought. But the silence.

*Pause.*

Evenings of the brain.

And a day became a week, then two.

So I think, "She just needs some space. I've been pushing too much."

I... I don't even know.

And then I saw a listing, and her band was at the top spot.

And instinct... send her flowers, go fan girl about it.

But I look at the door, that silent door, and I can't.

And I think of Mikey Greene.

And then something really ugly floats into my head.

Sadie's band has never been higher than third on any marquee.

Mikey Greene... He's been around a lot.

And I try to let it go.

But I just can't. I just...

It's as clear as anything I've ever known about her.

She's fucked him.

She's fucked him right to the top of the marquee.

She climbed right on top of him and the marquee together.

She calls me and leaves messages, she sends messages.

She wants me to come to the show.

When I don't respond they begin to change.

First she gets angry.

Then angrier...

Then, something else...

And that last one...

There is something that is so... not "Sadie" about it that I want to run to her. I want to say sorry for the millionth time.

I want to say sorry, even though every message from her feels like her admitting that what I suspect is actually true.

I buy a ticket to the show. I get dressed to go. I call a cab.

Then I close the door and lock it, turn off the light and I sit down on the couch.

Fuck you, Sadie Wong. I love you, but I can't be proud of you tonight.

Just not tonight.

And so I don't go. I don't go.