

# Killer night

*by Jude Bridge*

A cloud of damp grey misogyny rose from the dark streets and floated into my big fuck off car's windows as I saw the dame standing on the side of the road. She had a scarf over her hair and a body so hot that if you pissed on her, she'd still be steaming in the morning. Despite the fact that I had bourbon to drink and a problem with the camera guy, who kept filming the less pleasing side of my face, I pulled over.

'Where you going?' she asked.

'Depends who's asking.'

'I got a problem.'

Sure she did, and she told me that problem was a husband who didn't like the way she vacuumed the house. Left stripes in the living room carpet, didn't vacuum under the rug in the study, forgot to empty the bag.

'Why don't you leave him?' I asked.

She turned away from me, the camera guy following the prettiest side of her face, damn him to hell.

'It's complicated,' she said.

'The situation?'

'No, the vacuum cleaner.'

I drove off into the night, leaving the camera guy, the dame and this voice-over narration limp and lifeless under my big fuck-off tyres.



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