

IRENE BURSTS HER BUBBLE: JULIE HOWARD

I'll say one thing about my sister, when it comes to men, she's crap.

This one's no different.

Look at him!
He sits smugly at the head of the table.
Swaying slightly
Saying nothing.
His eyebrows are raised in a slightly puzzled fashion.
As if we're the ridiculous ones.

Irene is all coy.
Fluttering,
pandering
breathless.

I can't stand it.
I flounce out hissing
'Get rid of him or I'm not coming back.'

I wait.
I mope.
I miss her, even if she is a harebrained hussy.

When she rings, her voice is shrill.
'Tessie you've got to come **now!**'
Then she hangs up.

My thoughts are scattered.
Irritated
angry,
concerned.

When I arrive, she looks wild.
Waving mum's old carving knife, she yells 'I did it, Tessie. I got rid of him!'

I look down.
He's crumpled
Shrunken
Lifeless!

'Oh Irene', I said.

I grasp her to me.
We are both shaking,
laughing,
crying.

'Irene', I gasp, 'I know you're crap with men, but a blow-up sex doll has to be your worst idea yet.'