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## Dinner for Three

by Gill Hilton

Did you hear that?

Oh, disgusting!

I know someone else who farts like that.

You're not talking about me I hope.

Of course not. Your bum gives me nothing but pleasure.

The feeling is completely mutual.

Perhaps we should start the MBA Society.

Eh?

Mutual Bum Admiration.

Let me know the subscription fees.

Don't worry, I will darling.

How's your starter?

Delicious. Yours?

Here, have a taste.

Mmm. Gorgeous. Why haven't you brought me to this restaurant before?

Well, we can definitely come again.

What, here?

Ooh, you naughty girl!

Bloody hell, what's that disgusting noise now?

That's the farter on the next table. Drinking, or should I say, suctioning his soup.

This is really too much like being at home.

Is he really that bad?

You don't know the half of it. When he gets to bottom of the dish he scrapes and scrapes like he was digging for treasure. Makes sure he gets every last atom of food.

Greedy is he?

He's a pig. Farts like a pig, eats like a pig and – you know – does the other like a pig.

And you know how a pig does 'the other'?

Ooh, I've heard tell darling... aargh, I can't believe it. He's actually scraping now.

Good god, it's like a shovel on tarmac. Like getting your cables re-laid.

This is awful! It feels like there's no escaping him.

It couldn't *be* him could it?

No, he never comes to places like this. Far too mean... oh my god: that's his ringtone.

Ugh! Abba!

Never mind about that. Listen. Christ, that's him, that's his voice.

Ugh... Mr Slimy!

Shh! What's he saying? ... Who's he calling 'darling'? ... *Don't worry about being late!* I can't believe he said that; he hates it when I'm late.

Are you sure it's him?

Of course! The farting and slurping and scraping should have rung enough alarm bells but the Dancing Queen certainly did.

Oh god, does he have that for his alarm as well as his ringtone?

Oh shut up. Anyway, that's definitely his sticky, fat voice.

Can't you turn round and look, just to make sure?

Of course not, he'll see me.

It's a wonder he didn't recognise you from the back.

Oh, well I have changed my hair a bit.

Oh yes, I meant to say how lovely your hair looks.

Yes, I was wondering when you'd notice. But what are we going to do about him?

Let's finish our starters and decide.

Are you joking? I can't possibly eat anything now.

Well, we can't leave: he'll see us.

Oh my god, he's farted again. And what's that other dreadful noise? It sounds like my kitchen sink when it got blocked with a kumquat.

I think he might be choking on his bread roll.

Serves him right.

No, I mean really choking. He's a very funny colour.

Fantastic: now's our chance to leave.

What? You're going to leave your husband dying?

Are you mad? Why would I stay?

Because he's a human being, and you're a doctor.

Oh, come on. He's utterly revolting, tighter than a duck's arse and now it looks like he's cheating on me. Oh, and he's stinking rich. Think how good it would be for me and you.

I can't believe I'm hearing this. You're wasting precious time. You just go. I'll try and help him.

What? Why?

Just go! And stay out of my life.

Oh don't worry, I will. And you can get the bill. And by the way, your arse isn't that great.