

SLIGHT TOURETTES by Terry Adlam

F/X: BUSY WINE BAR

HELEN: Er, excuse me, are you Tony?

TONY: Er, yes. You must be Helen.

HELEN: Yes, *Crumble! Crung! Dipstick!*

TONY: Sorry?

HELEN: I'm Helen from the 'True Love' Dating agency? *Gusset!
Fringe! Velour!*

TONY: Right?

HELEN: Have you been *Wang! Poo! Pee! Puddle! Duck Billed
Platypus!* waiting long?

TONY: No, a couple of minutes, look, I'm sorry, but what's with
the...

HELEN: What do you *Bum! Penile! Colostomy! Twix! Fax! Bubble Wrap!* mean?

TONY: That?

HELEN: Oh I'm so sorry, *Twinge! Twang! Rotary Wankel Engine!* I have STS.

TONY: What's that?

HELEN: 'Slight Tourettes Syndrome'. It's like Tourettes, but slightly less offensive *Botty! Booby! Arsenal! Shagpile! Cillet Bang!* I'm sorry, shall I go?

TONY: No, No. It just surprised me, that's all. Sit down, can I get you a drink?

HELEN: Thank you, I'll have a glass of wine please, *Chardonnay! Australian Pinot! Blue Nun!*

TONY: Which would you like?

HELEN: What? Oh sorry that was just another mild offensive word outburst, I'll have a merlot please.

TONY: Fine. It's certainly an unusual complaint. If you don't mind me asking, are you having any treatment?

HELEN: I go to a couple of speech classes but they're a waste of time but there is a 'Slight Tourette's Helpline' I ring up occasionally for advice.

TONY: What do they say?

HELEN: Well *Smeg! Argos! Broadband! Clinker! Marmite! Fanbelt!* mostly, as it's fellow sufferers who answer the *Cockermouth! Probing! Ocelot! Nectar Card!* phones

TONY: Wow, it must be a big problem, especially at work

HELEN: Not really, my employer is very good *Puke! Spook! Barney McGrew, Dibble and Snatch!* about it.

TONY: Really, what do you do?

HELEN: I'm a chef at Gordon Ramsey's Restaurant. *Flab! Flume! Frolics!*

END