POBIL and HASELDEN. Act Two Scene Four

(The Spanish morgue. HASELDEN, from the British Consulate, is trying to convince DR POBIL, an incredibly efficient and no-nonsense Spanish coroner, that the body they have planted in Spanish waters has drowned. HASELDEN is clearly out of his depth)

POBIL. Ah. Senor Heselden, si?

HASELDEN. Yes from the British Consulate. Lovely to –

POBIL. I have my initial findings from the autopsy of William Martin?

HASELDEN. Oh, yes. William. What a nice, believable name.

POBIL. Er... Yes, so there are some strange things about this body that I don't quite understand.

HASELDEN. Oh good!

POBIL. Well, there are no broken bones – which is strange for a man crash landing into the sea.

HASELDEN. Well, the, the... the sea is famously soft, so...

POBIL. And there is no sign of bleeding.

HASELDEN. He's British. We hate to make a fuss.

POBIL. And the skin shows a strange yellowish discolouring which I have only seen in cases of poison –

HASELDEN. Or it's make-up! Isn't it? Kids today, eh? It's a different world!

POBIL. Yes, but I do think a toxicology report should be requested –

HASELDEN. Erm... You know, I am actually getting a bit parched. If we could just hurry this up and register a drowning. Sangria?!

POBIL. Sangria?

HASELDEN. Bit of red wine, bit of fizzy pop, why has no one heard of it?

POBIL. It just doesn't look like a normal drowning!