The Transcript

Manuela and Antonio Poyato sit in the Bar of Pongy Pedro on the Spanish side of the Alquerian border. They are in exile and in disguise. Manuela as a Lebanese belly dancer and Antonio Poyato as an itinerant salamander sexer. Their conversation is being recorded by a clandestine microphone floating in a bottle of olive oil. Below is a transcript of the conversion certified correct by Pongy Pedro.

Manuela:
“We must rescue the dung beetle of Paco which is being held ransom against our surrender by the forces of the unnamed country which has invaded Alqueria, Antonio.”
Poyato:
“That was a very concise evaluation of last week's article Manuela. But there will be much trouble and I will get hurt. It is only a dung beetle Manuela”
Manuela:
“Bengy is not just a dung beetle Antonio. Remember how magnificent he was over hurdles last season, you won much money with your bet.”
Poyato:
“But I will get hurt, can't we just Whatsapp them?”
Manuela:
“No Antonio, we can't. Is that your hand Antonio?”
Poyato:
“Sí Manuela, in truth.”
Manuela:
“Move it Antonio! ……..... Not like that, on the table, both of them, where I can see them. Now Antonio!”
Poyato:
“How will we rescue him? What is your plan Manuela?”
Manuela:

“We will go to the border crossing at night. I will keep the guard busy and you will hit him from behind. We will then go to the town hall where Benjy is imprisoned, I will keep the guard busy and you will hit him from behind, we then go to the jail, I will keep the jailer busy.....”

Poyato:

“I can see a pattern emerging Manuela.”

Manuela:

“We all must do what we are expert in Antonio.”

Poyato:

“Since when are you expert in keeping guards busy Manuela?”

Manuela:

“Since I was eleven Antonio.”

Poyato:

“You are much woman Manuela.”

Manuela:

“Sí Antonio, don't forget it!”

Potato:

“Will you do a Lebanese belly dance for me Manuela?”

Manuela:

“It's a disguise Antonio! I am in disguise! You have much trouble with fact and fantasy, are you sure you're still taking the medication?”

Poyato:

“What is that floating in the olive oil bottle Manuela?”

Manuela:

“It is a clandestine microphone or how else could this transcript be produced. How quick you lose the plot Antonio, you give me much worry.”

Poyato:

“Sí Manuela.”

Manuela:

“Not to worry Antonio. Oh Antonio! You may put your hand back if you wish.”