

Grant: To think that the highlight of my day is you changing the sheets. What has become of me?

Ingham: Well, why don't you read, then? Just look at that lovely pile of books your friends have brought you.

Grant: Have you ever tried reading whilst lying on your back with your leg in traction, Bedbug?

Ingham: It's Nurse Ingham if you don't mind. But I know what you mean.

Grant: Yes, just look at them all. It seems to me that there are far too many books in this world. Anyway, it's damned awkward trying to read but, do you know, I've examined that ceiling for so long I know every single crack by heart. I've explored them all, drawn maps, discovered hidden objects, seen birds, fishes and even faces. I hate the sight of that ceiling, Bedbug. For Heaven's sake, at least turn my bed round a bit so that I've got a new patch to look at.

Ingram: Certainly not. Whatever would Matron say?

Grant: Oh yes, we can't go disturbing the nice symmetry. In a hospital, symmetry is next to cleanliness, with Godliness a poor third.

Ingram: (*Teasing.*) Now, now Inspector Grant. You sound constipated to me. Would you like me to give you something?

Grant: No! Get away from me, Bedbug.

Ingham: (*Exiting, laughing.*) Nurse Ingham!

.....
Ingham: What a mess. What are all these pictures?

Grant: Faces, Bedbug. Dozens of glorious faces, each with a tale to tell.

Ingham: (*Taking his pulse.*) Your pulse is racing. The effect of a visit from Miss Hallard, no doubt. (*Sticking a thermometer in his mouth and picking up one of the sheets.*) Ooh she's pretty.

Grant: (*Speech effected by having a thermometer in his mouth.*) The Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Ingham: (*Taking out the thermometer.*) Temperatures normal. Anyway. Are you comfortable?

Grant: When is the leg coming down?

Ingham: When Mr. Macfarlane says so. You like faces then?

Grant: They are something of a passion of mine; you can tell so much from a face.

Ingham: You are not trying to tell me that you can spot a criminal just from the way they look?

Grant: No, nothing like that. Crimes are as varied as human nature.

Ingham: Quite. But there are things that can sharpen a face. I've seen that myself.

Grant: Such as?

Ingham: Suffering, for one. Someone who is in pain for long enough, whether physical or mental, it will leave its mark, believe me.

Grant: You're right of course.

Ingham: I mean look at this face (*Picking up a sheet of paper.*) Just look at his eyes! There is a man who has suffered. Or he is constipated.

Grant: You're obsessed with constipation, Bedbug. Pass it here.

Ingham: (*Passing the photo.*) Nurse Ingham. Here.

Grant: Now there's a face for you. What exactly was the artist trying to capture, I wonder? Let's see, about thirty-five, clean shaven. Fifteenth century, I'd say. Obviously, a nobleman of some sort. A prince maybe? Someone who is used to great responsibility. I see what you mean about suffering. Looks like someone who was chronically ill as a child. He's got that special look that childhood suffering leaves behind. But there is something gentle about him.

Ingham: Well? Who is it?

Grant: It doesn't say.

Ingham: (*Picking up another sheet.*) Well, here is a name without a picture so it must belong with that. Oh! Richard III. From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery. Artist unknown.

Grant: Good heavens. Richard III. The monster of childhood history lessons. Do you think that is what the artist was trying to capture in those eyes? A haunted look. What a portrait this is. It makes the Mona Lisa look like a seaside postcard. What a face! Eyes peering into the middle distance make him look withdrawn; absent minded.

Ingham: Well, it's nice that you've found something to interest you at last, perhaps you will be in a better mood when I see you tomorrow.

Grant: Is it that time already?

Ingham: It most certainly is. I'm just getting off duty and nurse Darrell's right behind me with your tray. See you tomorrow. (*She exits.*)

Grant: Thanks, Bedbug.

Ingham: (*Off.*) Nurse Ingham!