

**RECORDING #9980581/337-45**  
**Original recording (03:35GMT/10-08-2007)**  
**Operator code AD074**

SASKIA MILLER:  
Hello?

<<operator notes: about 5 seconds of silence, after which Mrs Miller begins to sob although this is barely perceptible>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Tim? Is that you? Who is THIS? Sons of bitches. I've got caller ID, I can see this is my husband's phone! I've already called the embassy and if you...

TIM MILLER:  
It's Tim. This is Tim.

SASKIA MILLER:  
Oh, thank God.

TIM MILLER:  
I'm alright. I'm alright. I swear. I'm alright. Why don't you calm down.

SASKIA MILLER:  
Where are you? I've called everywhere. Nobody at double-E <<operator notes: probably referring to Ealing Engineering PLC, Tim Miller's employer>> knows where you are. Nobody at Mughal knows either.

TIM MILLER:  
It's alright, really. Calm down. I'm at the hotel now... and safe. I was, I guess, abducted, but I've escaped and now I'm safe.

SASKIA MILLER:  
But what happened? Everyone's worried sick. Danny can't stop asking about you.

TIM MILLER:  
Is he okay?

SASKIA MILLER:  
As much as possible. What do you expect?

TIM MILLER:  
Give him a big kiss from me, will you?

SASKIA MILLER:  
Okay, he's sleeping now, so don't want to wake him up.

TIM MILLER:  
I wish I was there to watch him sleep. He's so peaceful.

SASKIA MILLER:  
So what happened to you? I was so worried, Tim.

TIM MILLER:  
These past three days, Saskia, they were the worst of my life. They took

my credit cards, my passport and, who knows what they did with them?

SASKIA MILLER:

I cancelled the cards as soon as news got out they couldn't find you. Insurance covered the fraud, and don't worry about the passport. They have protection for that too. But what happened?

TIM MILLER:

The driver was a thug and he abducted me. Stopped at a traffic light and his mates rushed the car. They beat me up and threw me in this room with no windows.

SASKIA MILLER:

How did you escape?

TIM MILLER:

Talked my way out of it. Made a story about being sick, then did a runner. Straight back to the hotel.

SASKIA MILLER:

You could sell that story to a tabloid.

TIM MILLER:

No jokes, I was dead scared.

SASKIA MILLER:

I'd never make fun of these things.

TIM MILLER:

I know, well anyway, that's what happened. It was appalling.

SASKIA MILLER:

How weird they didn't ask for a ransom or something.

TIM MILLER:

Who know what goes in their stupid little heads? If they were smart they wouldn't be abducting people, would they? They'd get proper jobs.

SASKIA MILLER:

Okay. But you are alright, aren't you? All in one piece?

TIM MILLER:

Yeah, I'm good. A bit shaken that's all.

SASKIA MILLER:

Do you know, Tim, I love you, but I can't stop thinking something.

TIM MILLER:

What?

SASKIA MILLER:

That you are lying to me.

TIM MILLER:

I would never lie to you. You know that.

SASKIA MILLER:

I don't, I just don't know.

TIM MILLER:

What the fuck? I've been kidnapped for the past 3 days and this is how you treat me?

SASKIA MILLER:

I made a lot of calls, Tim. A LOT of calls when you were missing. And I talked to lots of people, including your new friend, this Hrishi guy. The police caught him and he told them all about your adventures in India. You really made a mess of things, you bastard. Here I was, like the little girl I am sometimes, close to the phone day and night, expecting you to call and apologise. Instead you call and come up with this story? Tim...

TIM MILLER:

Saskia, you've got to believe me.

SASKIA MILLER:

I can't. This is the last time you'll humiliate me this way. I can understand you feeling lonely in India and all over the world with all this travel, but ruin your marriage, ruin your career to spend a few days with a sleazy, dirty, God knows how many diseases she has, with a fucking whore, Tim?

TIM MILLER:

She wasn't a whore.

SASKIA MILLER:

Don't defend her! You son of a bitch, you shit of a man.

TIM MILLER:

She wasn't a whore.

SASKIA MILLER:

Then what the hell was she? Did she just fall to your charm? Did you pull her in an Indian bar? Tim, please...

TIM MILLER:

She was Hrishi's sister and no whore.

SASKIA MILLER:

The police detective told me how they found you. In the sorry state you were in. Pale, shaking, hallucinating. They couldn't make out a word you were saying so they took you to the hotel. And it took you a whole fucking day to let your wife know how you were.

TIM MILLER:

The policemen were lying. I was perfectly fine when they got to me.

SASKIA MILLER:

I don't know who's lying, Tim, but you weren't kidnapped. You were in this fucking mud hut because you wanted to.

TIM MILLER:

That's true.

SASKIA MILLER:

So... why? Was it worthy, Tim? To blow away your career, your marriage

Tim! To waste your marriage with that shit.

TIM MILLER:

You have no idea about what really went on in that room.

SASKIA MILLER:

Oh, I do.

TIM MILLER:

No, you don't. But I will tell you. This is bigger than my career, our marriage, anything. This is bigger than God, religion, state, the government, the queen, anything, Saskia. Fucking anything! This is something totally new.

SASKIA MILLER:

What are you on about, you shit?

TIM MILLER:

I found something, Saskia. Something extraordinary. And I was lying. I followed Hrishikesh to that place and I stayed there because I wanted to. You see, in that room...

<<and now, your honour, after your previous display of mistrust, I reciprocate by only sending you the rest of the transcript when the mood strikes me. Maybe next week? Or maybe not?>>