

**RECORDING #930220/203-12**  
**Original recording (22:13GMT/26-08-2007)**  
**Operator code AF542**

SASKIA MILLER:  
Hello?

TIM MILLER:  
<<operator notes: Tim begins a sentence but it is barely audible>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Pete?

<<operator notes: no reply>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Pete, is that you?

<<operator notes: no reply>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Pete, it's not funny. I told you not to do this again. You know I'm still unsettled with Tim and all that. Please. Don't make fun with this, okay?

TIM MILLER:  
I...  
<<operator notes: Tim doesn't finish the sentence>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Honestly, you might think this is funny, but it isn't. Look, why don't you come over? I could really use you here, you know. Danny likes you, I like you. You should be here. I get... lonely. This house needs a man. I know you are jealous and feel like you are intruding, but you are not. You belong here. Come on. It's late but at this time of night you can get here in twenty, thirty minutes. There's hardly any traffic, and you can park right in front. I've put Tim's Merc in the garage. You can have the driveway parking spot for yourself. What do you say?

<<operator notes: no reply>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
It's no big deal, honest. I mean, you can go to work from here tomorrow morning. Five minutes walk to the rail station, then a couple of stops into Waterloo. Can't see what the problem is. So tell, Pete, are you coming?

<<operator notes: no reply>>

SASKIA MILLER:  
Okay. I'm disappointed with you. I thought you'd understand how I feel. That it's not okay to play this prank on me. I'm on the edge here. I don't know what's going on with him. I don't know when or if he's coming back. I don't want him back, I want you. Can't you see, Pete? You're my man now. But this is just stupid. This is a stupid game you're playing, Pete. So, are you coming tonight?

<<operator notes: no reply>>

SASKIA MILLER:

Have it your way. Call me if you grow up and start to respect my feelings too.

<<operator notes: Saskia disconnects the phone>>

**RECORDING #930220/203-13**

**Original recording (23:05GMT/26-08-2007)**

**Operator code AF542**

TIM MILLER:

Hi Hrishi, how are you doing?

HRISHI:

I am good, Mr Miller. And you?

TIM MILLER:

I'm not bad. Not bad. Some stuff' going on that's not good, but I can manage.

HRISHI:

Very well. What do you need, Mr Miller?

TIM MILLER:

It's about the paan. And about your sister too. How is she?

HRISHI:

Very good, too. Good business.

TIM MILLER:

And the paan?

HRISHI:

Coming along, as agreed.

TIM MILLER:

We need to start moving on that. I need samples to show in the meetings I've set up, I can't just show up with just my presentation and some catchphrases and expect these people to invest money in something they have never seen or tasted. These are serious people we're dealing with here. They like concrete facts and a product they can hold in their own hands.

HRISHI:

Coming along, Mr Miller. You are in good hands.

TIM MILLER:

Okay. But when am I going to see it?

HRISHI:

You've seen the paan?

TIM MILLER:

Yeah, but I've had a few bits and I need to know when I'm going to see the production. The full production I mean. Things are getting serious. Where are the boxes you promised me?

HRISHI:  
Boxes?

TIM MILLER:  
Yeah. From the jungle. Remember?

HRISHI:  
It is complicated, Mr Miller.

TIM MILLER:  
What do you mean?

HRISHI:  
Communication with our village in the jungle. It's complicated.

TIM MILLER:  
Why?

HRISHI:  
Guerillas... and the bad weather.

TIM MILLER:  
What guerillas?

HRISHI:  
Like terrorists. Separatists. They attack the trucks going to the village.

TIM MILLER:  
What are you talking about? You never told me about this.

HRISHI:  
They were quiet, now not so quiet. It's very risky to go there.

TIM MILLER:  
What do we do now? I really, really need to get bring some product to the city. I can't piss about with a cigar box of stuff every week when we meet. I need boxes of the stuff, Hrishu. That was the deal.

HRISHI:  
I'm doing my best.

TIM MILLER:  
You better be. Fuck. Is this the week of people fucking me over? The bank, that bitch, now you. What's going on?

HRISHI:  
Please calm down, Mr Miller.

TIM MILLER:  
Just tell me what we need to get this going.

HRISHI:  
Money.

TIM MILLER:  
What for?

HRISHI:

To bribe the guerillas. And pay drivers to go to the village. It's risky, they'll want more money.

TIM MILLER:

Bollocks. You've got all my money.

HRISHI:

We need more now.

TIM MILLER:

That's all I had. I gave you all of it. There are some problems with the accounts and the loan I was getting. I can't give you more money.

HRISHI:

Then I can't get the paan.

TIM MILLER:

How about you start moving and getting those boxes of product in? That'd work for me.

HRISHI:

We need more money.

TIM MILLER:

Okay. I will get more money. I will find a way. I know I have money in the bank, and then there's the loan. Either way she can't stop me from getting my money.

HRISHI:

She?

TIM MILLER:

Never mind. How is your sister?

HRISHI:

Good, very good, I told you.

TIM MILLER:

Does she talk about me?

HRISHI:

Yes. We talk much about you, Mr Miller.

TIM MILLER:

Nice. Can you tell her I miss her?

HRISHI:

Surely, Mr Miller.

TIM MILLER:

I like her, Hrishi. She's a great girl.

HRISHI:

She is very popular. Everyone likes her. Smile of an angel. You like her too. Everyone likes her.

TIM MILLER:

I guess. What has she been up to?

HRISHI:

Business. Do you want timeslot with her?

TIM MILLER:

I don't think I should.

HRISHI:

Why? You don't like it any more?

TIM MILLER:

Not that. I mean, I don't want to book anything with her. Nothing that formal. I just want to get together with her. Not in a business way.

HRISHI:

Yes. Do you want to just go there? No business? Just the two of you, no money or transaction?

TIM MILLER:

If she wants me to, yeah.

HRISHI:

Oh, she wants you, Mr Miller. Do you want pick up tonight?

TIM MILLER:

Yeah. I could never find her in that maze. All those streets, dead ends. It's best if you take me there, okay?

HRISHI:

No problem, Mr Miller. She is very happy to see you.

TIM MILLER:

Say, nine o'clock?

HRISHI:

Yes. Can you talk to bank about money for investment?

TIM MILLER:

I'm on it. Don't doubt it.

HRISHI:

Good.

TIM MILLER:

It's the deal. You handle the product, supply, quality. I handle the capital, sales and distribution. It's a good thing we got going, isn't it, Hrishi?

HRISHI:

Very good. We'll have great success together.

TIM MILLER:

Sometimes I feel like I'm crazy going into this. Sometimes I start thinking and I wonder why you didn't offer this deal to any other investor you met. Like a wealthy Indian who maybe owned a pharmaceutical company. Or an European who worked with food products. I mean, why me,

Hrishi? I'm a businessman, but not really an entrepreneur, am I? I do have some money but nothing special. And I definitely don't have any connections in this industry to get us off the blocks in a hurry. So why did you pick me to help you make something out of the paan?

HRISHI:

You are very special, Tim. You are very special.

<<operator notes: Hrishi disconnects the phone>>