



Agatha Christie Mysteries_Personal Call

RR2020_Lux Radio Theatre_Agatha Christie Mysteries_Personal Call_03

[Music]

Welcome to the Victorian Seniors Festival, Radio Reimagined in 2020. This project has been produced on the lands of the Wurundjeri, Woi Wurrung and Boon Wurrung peoples of the Kulin Nation. We pay our respects to Elders, past, present and emerging and welcome all First Nations people listening today.

As part of our radio play series, please enjoy Lux Radio theatre's Agatha Christie radio mysteries. This performance was recorded live at the Nhill and Stawell Arts Centres in 2002.

[Music]

Narrator: The Lux Radio Theatre broadcasting to 48 stations in the Commonwealth and through Radio Australia to the armed forces in the Pacific and Japan. Tonight, the Agatha Christie Radio Mysteries starring Beverley Dunn, James Wright and Jenny Seedsman with Roslyn McKay and Simon Russell. Our play tonight is *Personal Call*.

The newlywed couple, James and Pamela Brent, are having a cocktail party in their comfortable Kensington home.

Man: Hello there, Pam. You're looking wonderful. Marriage seems to be agreeing with you.

Pamela: Evan. So glad you and Mary could make it.

[Phone ringing]

Narrator: The telephone rings with a personal call that will irrevocably change the lives of the young couple.

Maid: Hello? Hello? Yes, yes. Kensington 3-4-5-9-8. What? Just a moment please. I can't hear you. I'll just shut the...

[Door shuts]

Maid: Oh, there, that's better. Hello, yes?

Operator: Can Mr. James Brent take a personal call please from Newton Abbott?

Maid: I'll try to get hold of him but there's a party going on.

[Party sounds]

Maid: Excuse me, sir. You're wanted on the phone, sir.

James: What, now? Who is it?

Maid: It's a personal call, sir. Something Abbott?

James: People will ring up at the most inconvenient moments. John? John, get Mary another drink, will you? Ha, ha, it's lovely to see you too. Look, Pam's about somewhere. Ha, ha. Hello?

Operator: Is that Mr. James Brent speaking personally?

James: James Brent speaking.

Operator: Just a moment, please. Go ahead, please. Mr. Brent is waiting.

Fay: Hello, James.

James: Whose speaking?

Fay: Don't you know? It's Fay.

James: Who did you say? Sorry, the line is bad.

Fay: It's Fay.

James: What did you say?

Fay: It's Fay, James. Don't you remember?

James: Who are you? Where are you speaking from?

Fay: I'm at Newton Abbott station where you left me.

James: What? Look, who is this?

Fay: I told you, I'm Fay. You remember Fay. I'm waiting for you to come and meet me.

James: Meet you? What do you mean?

Fay: I'm waiting at the station at Newton Abbott.

James: Look, here, one of us is mad. What are you talking about and who are you?

Fay: How often do I have to tell you that I'm Fay?

James: If this is a practical joke, let me tell you that it's a very heartless and silly one.

Fay: It isn't a joke, James. I'm here, waiting. You'll have to come.

James: Look, this is absurd. How dare you pretend to be someone...

Pamela: So, that's where you are, darling. Telephoning? For goodness sake, do come back. People are pouring in. We want some more cocktails mixed. Why, darling, what is it?

James: A cruel, silly, practical joke. You'd think people had something better to do.

[Door closing]

Pamela: Darling, what is it? Who was it ringing up?

James: Oh, how should I know, but I'm going to try and find out. Can you possibly carry on for a few minutes without me, Pam? I'll be along as soon as I can, my sweet.

Pamela: Yes, of course. You're really upset, aren't you, darling? What did whoever it was say?

James: Just...

Operator: Operator, can I help you?

James: Oh, pardon me. My name is Brent. Kensington, 3-4-5-9-8. You put through a personal call to me just now. Can you please tell me where it came from?

Operator: I will just need to check that for you, Mr. Brent. I will call you back with that information.

James: Yes, as soon as you can, please. Sorry, Pam, but it just made me see red.

Pamela: But who was it?

James: I'll tell you about it later. Now, do go on, darling. The party will be getting out of hand.

Pamela: Yes, it's been a great success. That's rarely the trouble. Alright, darling, I'll cope but do come soon.

James: Yes, I will.

[Door opening]

[Party sounds]

[Door closing]

James: Fay. I wasn't dreaming it. She said Fay and it was her voice too. Who the devil can be playing a trick on...?

[Phone ringing]

James: Oh.

Operator: Mr. James Brent?

James: Yes.

Operator: I have made enquiries. No personal call has been put through to you today.

James: What? Because I can assure you, it was.

Operator: No personal call has been put through to you.

James: But I don't understand. I - I don't understand. I heard her.

[Door opening]

Pamela: Really, James, if you're finished telephoning, you might come along. You're just standing there looking as though someone has socked you in the head.

James: Yes, I really am sorry, Pam. I'm with you now.

Pamela: Who was it who rang you up?

James: Oh, just someone trying to be funny.

Pamela: What did he say, or was it a she?

James: I don't know. I - I mean, it was a she. It was nothing in particular.

Pamela: Darling, I hope you're not leading a double life. I shouldn't like that at all.

James: You're the only woman in my life, Pam. I can assure you of that.

Pamela: You'd have to say so anyway. Something seems to have shattered your morale.

James: I just don't like silly jokes.

Pamela: Well, come on back to the scrimmage. By the way, I asked Evan and Mary in for lunch tomorrow. I haven't seen Mary for ages, and one can't talk at a show like this. Is that alright?

James: Yes, dear. Quite alright.

Evan: James, old boy.

James: Hello, Evan. I've not seen you for ages.

Evan: Too long.

James: I heard you're coming for bridge tomorrow.

Evan: So, I'm just told.

James: Good show.

Evan: See you then.

[Train whistle]

Porter: Here, mind them cases, Jo.

Fay: Porter?

Porter: Yes, ma'am. What is it?

Fay: Please, can you tell me where I can find a telephone?

Porter: What say, ma'am? What was that? I couldn't quite hear you. What did you say?

Fay: The telephone?

Porter: Oh, the telephone. Out by the booking office over the bridge.

Fay: It's a trunk call I want.

Porter: That's the first box.

Fay: Thank you.

Porter: Blimey.

Female: Hello, Bert. Oh, seen a ghost?

Porter: Funny you saying that. That woman was asking me the way to the telephone boxes. I reckon I've seen her somewhere before. It seems to me it was something to do with a death. Oh, I can't just call it to mind. Oh, here we go. Newton Abbott. Newton Abbott. All stations to Plymouth. Stopping train to Plymouth. Stopping train to Plymouth.

Fay: Hello? I want to place a personal call, please, to Mr. James Brent. The number is Kensington 3-4-5-9-8. I'm calling from the telephone box at Newton Abbott railway station. Yes. Yes. How much did you say the charge will be? Yes, I've got the money.

Evan: And I've got the best hat and the trunk.

Pamela: That makes us two, James. Your deal, Mary. Cut please.

James: Jumping to a four of spades was a bit rash, Pam.

Pamela: I've had an awful head today. After the party yesterday, I suppose.

Evan: It was a jolly good party, Pam.

Mary: Yes, indeed. Evan and I drank far too much.

Pamela: One must do something to cheer one's self up nowadays.

Mary: One heart.

James: Three diamonds.

Evan: No bid.

[Phone ringing]

Pamela: Four clubs. Oh, bother.

James: Mrs. Lamb will answer it. What did you say, four clubs?

Pamela: Double four clubs.

James: Four diamonds.

Pamela: No bid.

Mary: No bid.

Pamela: Yes, Mrs. Lamb. What is it?

Maid: It's a personal call for you, sir.

James: For me? Alright, I'll come.

Pamela: Darling, you don't look.

James: It's quite alright. Probably Smith about that transfer.

Evan: Oh, well. I wonder if it's still raining.

Pamela: You know, Mary, James got a personal call yesterday from someone or other and it upset him dreadfully. He told me it was someone playing a silly joke on him, but he wouldn't tell me what the joke was. You know, Mary, it quite worried me.

Mary: Have you got an extension?

Pamela: Yes, in my bedroom. Do you think...?

Mary: I would.

Evan: Oh, just the same.

Pamela: I must just run upstairs and powder my nose.

Evan: Oh, you women. I don't know.

James: Yes? Yes, I'll take the personal call. Hello, yes?

Fay: James, it's me again.

James: Fay.

Fay: Yes. Fay.

James: Now, look, here. What's the meaning of all this? What kind of game is it?

Fay: James, it's not a game.

James: If you think you're going to get me rattled, you're not...

Fay: You needn't be so upset. I just want you to come and meet me.

James: Meet you? Where?

Fay: At Newton Abbott of course. That's where I am now.

James: Yes, a likely story. I checked up last night. It may interest you to know that no call from Newton Abbott had ever been put through.

Fay: But I am at Newton Abbott. Wait. I'll push the door open.

Porter: Newton Abbott. Exeter and Paddington only. This train is Exeter only.

Fay: You hear?

James: I don't believe it.

Fay: Haven't you even noticed what time it is?

James: What do you mean?

Fay: The time? It's quarter past seven. Don't you remember?

James: Shut up.

Fay: How rough you are, James, darling, but you do see what I mean, don't you?

James: I don't know what you're talking about. What the hell do you want anyway?

Fay: I want you to come and meet me here.

James: Where?

Fay: I told you before. I'm where you left me, and I can't leave here until you come.

James: This has got to stop, I tell you.

[Train whistle]

James: Hello? Hello? Are you there? Damn.

Evan: Hello, James. Put through a successful deal then?

James: What deal?

Evan: Or was it a bit more personal than that, old boy?

James: Nothing important. Where's Pam?

Mary: Powdering her nose. Oh, there you are, Pam.

Evan: There now, where have we got to? Oh, yeah, four diamonds doubled. Your shout, James.

James: No bid.

Pamela: Are you finding it difficult to keep your mind on the game dear?

James: No, of course not. What do you mean?

Evan: What's the matter, Pam? You're not feeling feint or anything, are you?

Pamela: It's just my head.

Mary: Look, here, I think we better stop. Pam's not feeling well, I can see. Come along, Evan.

Evan: Oh, alright. So long, you people. See you when you get back from abroad. When are you off?

James: The day after tomorrow. I'm looking forward to it, I can tell you. Nowhere like Labella, France, for a holiday.

Evan: Oh, yeah, but you shouldn't be taking the wife, eh, boy?

James: Don't you believe it. It's going to be our second honeymoon.

Mary: Come on, Evan.

James: I'll see you out.

Evan: So long, old man.

James: So long, Evan. Bye now.

Pamela: Second honeymoon?

Mary: Enjoy yourselves.

James: Ah. I'm sorry about the head, Pam. Too much gin last night?

Pamela: Too much gin covers everything, doesn't it?

James: Hello? Is something the matter, Pam, darling? What have I done to make you look at me like that?

Pamela: Nothing.

James: Nonsense. I can see there's something. Have I said something tactless? I'll make you a small brandy and soda.

Pamela: James? Who is Fay?

[Glass dropping]

James: Damn. What do you mean, Fay? What do you know about Fay?

Pamela: I know she's a woman who rings you up on a personal call and that she wants you to come and meet her somewhere and that she seems to know you rather well.

James: So, you were listening in just now?

Pamela: Yes.

James: Look, you've got the whole thing wrong. You simply don't understand.

Pamela: You're only too right. I don't.

James: It isn't the least what you think.

Pamela: Isn't it?

James: No, of course it isn't. As a matter of fact, Fay is the name of my first wife.

Pamela: You told me her name was Florence.

James: Ah, yes, well so it was but I always called her Fay.

Pamela: So, your first wife who has been dead for over a year rings you up on the telephone. Most remarkable.

James: Yes, well don't you see, darling? It's some wicked, stupid practical joke. Ringing me up and pretending to be a dead woman.

Pamela: And it happened yesterday too. That's why you were so upset.

James: Naturally. It's a particularly cruel and heartless thing to do.

Pamela: But, how extraordinary. Why should anyone do such a thing?

James: Plenty of batty people in the world, I suppose.

Pamela: James, her voice. Did you recognise her voice? You did, didn't you? That's why you were scared as well as angry. It was Fay's voice.

James: It sounded like it but of course it...

Pamela: Where was it she wanted you to meet her? At some railway station...

James: Newton Abbott.

Pamela: But why Newton Abbott and what has a quarter past seven to do with it?

James: Because. I've never cared to talk about it much. It's too painful. She was killed in an accident there, you see.

Pamela: At a quarter past seven.

James: Yes. Oh, you might as well hear all about it. She'd been getting dizzy spells. We were going back to London after a holiday we'd had on Dartmoor. We were standing on the platform waiting on a train. I went to get a paper from the book stall. She must have felt faint and pitched forward onto the line just as the express came in.

Pamela: Oh, darling, how tragic for you.

James: Yes. You can see why I - I never cared to talk about it.

Pamela: Yes. Yes, of course. James, yesterday you were ringing up to find out about where that personal call came from. What did they say?

James: They said that no personal call had been put through to me.

Pamela: Suppose it's true.

James: What?

Pamela: I've just been reading a book on psychical research. Really, the most extraordinary things happen. Suppose it really is Fay.

James: Oh.

Pamela: Suppose her spirit is there at the railway station waiting for you.

James: Do you think I believe that sort of silly nonsense?

Pamela: Nobody would play that sort of joke. Nobody would, and you recognised her voice, darling. Strange things do happen. People who die violent deaths are ...

James: Who said she died a violent death?

Pamela: But she fell under the train, didn't she?

James: Yes. Yes. Of course. For heaven's sake, just go on talking about it. To forget, that's all I want. To forget. Let's talk about ourselves. Let's think how lovely it will be to get to the south of France. Mimosa will be in bloom and the Mediterranean will be oh so blue. Why, when we get out of the train...

Pamela: Why don't we go by air? Much more fun.

James: No. I hate air travel.

Pamela: Trains are so stuffy and take so much longer.

James: No, we're going by train. I've got the tickets and everything, dear. That's all settled.

Pamela: James, let's go down to this place. What is it, Newton Abbot? Tomorrow. Before we go away, let's be there in the station at a quarter past seven.

James: Of all the idiotic suggestions. We'll do nothing of the sort. A lot of silly superstitious rubbish. It's nothing but a hoax I tell you and anyway, we've got other things to do tomorrow, all sorts of things. We've got an appointment with the lawyers with our two wills to sign.

Pamela: I leave you everything I've got and you leave me everything you've got. I get the best of the bargain. You're really quite a rich man, aren't you, darling?

James: Ha, ha. You might be a rich widow one of these days.

Pamela: Oh, darling, don't say...

James: Dearest, I was only joking but you're right, one shouldn't joke about the things that really matter. You and I are going to have long years of happiness together.

Pamela: Long years of happiness. I'll try and make up to you for all that you've suffered.

James: That's my sweet girl.

Pamela: Did you care very much for her? For Fay, I mean.

James: Not as I care for you. You're absolutely different from any other woman in the world.

Pamela: Darling.

[Kissing sound]

Pamela: Poor Fay.

James: Do forget about Fay.

Pamela: I can't. Do you think she'll ring up again tomorrow at the same time?

James: For goodness sake, you speak as though she exists.

Pamela: Well, do you think whoever it is who is hoaxing you will ring up tomorrow at the same time?

James: I don't know, and I don't care. I shall make a particular point of not being in at the time and the day after that, we shall have left England and this fine practical joker can go on until she's blue in the face. If I had the least idea who it could possibly be...

Pamela: Don't get all heated up, darling. Why, you're shaking all over.

James: It's all so completely pointless.

Pamela: Unless it really is her in some extraordinary way which we don't understand.

James: Stop it, Pam. Stop it.

Pamela: So, you do believe that spirits can come back to earth.

Pamela: Milk, letters, papers, bread, laundry. I think that's everything, Mrs. Lamb.

Maid: Don't you worry, Ma'am. I'll look after things while you're away.

Pamela: Thank you, Mrs. Lamb. I'm sure you will. Well, it's after seven. You'd better be getting home.

Maid: Wouldn't you like me to stay until Mr. Brent comes back?

Pamela: No, I shall be alright. I don't expect he'll be long. You go off home.

Maid: I'll be here first thing in the morning, and I'll bring along that package of luggage labels you asked me too.

[Phone ringing]

Maid: Shall I answer it, Ma'am?

Pamela: No, I will. Goodnight, Mrs. Lamb.

Maid: Goodnight, Madam.

Pamela: Hello? Who is it?

Beckwith: This is Mr. Beckwith of Beckwith, Blenkinsopp and Lucas. Can I speak to Mrs. James Brent?

Pamela: Mrs. Brent speaking.

Beckwith: Ah, good evening, Mrs. Brent. You are feeling better, I trust?

Pamela: Better? I'm quite alright.

Beckwith: Oh, capital. Capital. I rang up to acknowledge the receipt of your will, duly signed and witnessed. Your husband brought it in this afternoon. It's quite in order...

Pamela: Well?

Beckwith: I'm not quite clear however what you wish done with it. Shall it be made in your keeping or would you like it sent to your bank? I understand that you and your husband are going abroad tomorrow?

Pamela: Yes, we are. Perhaps you better send it to the bank. They've got all my share certificates and things like that. Do you know the address?

Beckwith: Yes, yes, I have the address from your husband. Now then, that's all quite in order. Allow me to wish you a very pleasant trip and no more of these dizzy fits.

Pamela: Dizzy fits? What do you mean?

Beckwith: Your husband seemed quite worried about you, but I trust they're not serious. You were very wise to rest quietly at home today and not come to my office.

Pamela: But James said it was you who...

Beckwith: Hello? Hello?

Pamela: Nothing.

Beckwith: Oh, I feared we'd been cut off. As I was saying...

Pamela: You were saying James was worried about my health. That's all nonsense. I'm perfectly well.

Beckwith: Ah, these devoted husbands. Overanxious. Always overanxious but it's a fault on the right side.

Pamela: Thank you for ringing me up, Mr. Beckwith.

Beckwith: Not at all. Not at all. Bon voyage.

[Phone hanging up]

Pamela: Goodbye. Dizzy fits? Dizzy fits? I've never had anything of the kind.

[Phone ringing]

Pamela: It's a quarter past seven. I wonder. Hello, yes?

Operator: Can Mr. James Brent take a personal call from Newton Abbott?

Pamela: Oh, he's out.

Operator: Can you say when he'll be available?

Pamela: I don't quite know. This - this is Mrs. James Brent speaking. Perhaps I would do instead?

Operator: Just a moment, please.

Fay: So far away. It's very difficult. Can you hear me?

Pamela: This is Pamela Brent. Who are you?

Fay: I'm Fay Mortimer. I know who you are.

[Train whistle]

Fay: Don't travel with him by train.

Pamela: I couldn't quite hear you.

Fay: Don't travel by train with him. Aaargh.

Pamela: Hello? Hello? Hello?

James: Pam, what are you doing?

Pamela: I'm here.

James: Good god. You look as white as a sheet.

Pamela: James, what was your first wife's name?

James: I told you. Fay.

Pamela: No, I mean her maiden name.

James: Greenwood. Why?

Pamela: It wasn't Mortimer?

James: Where did you get hold of that name? Who has been telling you things? Come on, tell me at once.

Pamela: Stop hurting me.

James: Tell me where you got hold of that name.

Pamela: She said it. Through the telephone.

James: You mean it happened again?

Pamela: Yes. She said her name was Fay Mortimer.

James: Oh my god. I must have a drink.

Pamela: I don't need one.

James: I - I'm sorry I lost my temper but this sort of thing, it gets a man down. Thank goodness we're going away tomorrow right out of England.

Pamela: I'm not going.

James: What's that?

Pamela: I'm not going.

James: But why not? What's happened?

Pamela: I'm not going abroad. I'm going down to Newton Abbott.

James: You'll do nothing of the kind.

Pamela: You can't stop me. If you won't come too, I shall go alone. We've got to find out what all this means.

James: It's a stupid cruel practical joke.

Pamela: Don't say that again. It isn't true. Whatever it is, it isn't a joke. I think - I think it's her.

James: Her.

Pamela: Fay, come back or never gone away. Just waiting there, where she died. Waiting for you to come.

James: Stop it, Pam. Do you want to drive me mad?

Pamela: You think so too. Oh, yes, you do. You've got to go there and find out. If you don't come with me, I shall go by myself.

James: Of course, I shall go if you're going but I don't like it. I think you're making a great deal of unnecessary fuss about the whole thing.

Porter: Going to Plymouth, that's on the other side up the stairs.

Pamela: When's the next Paddington train?

Porter: 7.15, Ma'am. Due in a couple of minutes.

Pamela: Thank you.

Porter: Next train on number two platform will be for Exeter and Paddington only. Exeter and Paddington only.

James: Well, Pam, are you satisfied? This is Newton Abbott station and a pretty pair of fools we look.

Pamela: Don't be cross about it. I just felt we had to come.

James: See any ghosts about?

Pamela: Don't take up that sceptical attitude. We've got to be helpful to be receptive.

James: Helpful. To whom?

Pamela: To Fay, of course.

James: How can you believe this? This forage of superstitious nonsense.

Pamela: I don't believe it exactly. I've just got an open mind, and don't you see, if nothing happens, we'll be free of it. You'll be free of it because it's been getting you down. You keep saying it's all a hoax but actually, you've been like a cat on hot bricks because in your hearts of hearts, you do believe...

James: I haven't the least...

Porter: Train standing on platform three is stopping trains at Plymouth. All stations to Plymouth.

Pamela: It's nearly time now. Whereabouts was she standing when it happened?

James: Up at the end of the platform, well forward.

Pamela: Let's go there.

[Drumming sound]

Pamela: Just about there.

James: Yes. This is pretty ghastly, Pam. It brings it all back so.

Pamela: I'm sorry, darling. I can see how awful you feel but I'm sure we're doing the right thing. Now, you were both standing just here?

James: No, I wasn't. I'd gone to the bookstore to get a paper.

Pamela: Yes, I know but you left Fay here.

James: Yes. She'd been quite alright when I left her, but she'd been having these dizzy spells.

Pamela: James, why did you tell Mr. Beckwith I'd been having dizzy spells?

James: What? What on earth do you mean?

Pamela: Why didn't we both go to his office as we arranged?

James: Because I - I - I thought you'd have quite enough to do. Why shouldn't he send a car along with the papers?

Pamela: The excuse you gave him was I'd had fits of giddiness.

James: Nonsense. Of course, I didn't. I can't imagine where he got a hold of that idea.

Pamela: Well, according to him, he got it from you.

James: What do you mean according to him? You - you never saw the old boy.

Pamela: He rang me last night. That's how he happened to talk about dizzy spells.

James: Don't mention the...

Pamela: What did you say?

James: Nothing.

Pamela: It would be easy to fall over the line here if one did feel dizzy or if someone pushed you.

[Train whistle]

Porter: Exeter and Paddington train now arriving. Platform two.

Fay: So, you did come, James.

James: Fay?

Fay: Yes, it's Fay. I've been waiting here for you, ever since you pushed me under the train that day.

James: No, I - I didn't. I didn't. I didn't. Keep away from me. Keep away. No, don't - don't - don't. I never did. I never meant to. It was an accident. It was just an accident. I didn't mean to push you. Keep away from me. Keep away.

Porter: Look out.

[Train whistle]

[Screaming]

Porter: Blimey, he's gone over.

[Train whistle]

Inspector: She's alright. She's coming around now. Take it easy, Ma'am. There, there, like that.

Pamela: Where - where...?

Inspector: You're in the station master's office, Mrs. Brent. I'm Inspector Naracott. Now, just drink a little of this brandy. There, that's right.

Pamela: James, is he - was he...?

Inspector: He was killed instantly.

Pamela: Oh.

Inspector: This has been a great shock to you, I know, Mrs. Brent but in a way, you've been lucky. You were going away with him on a journey abroad, so I've heard. Maybe you wouldn't have come back.

Pamela: Not come back?

Inspector: There have been three accidents that we know of, one in Northumberland, one in Wales and one here last year. Attention was drawn to the strange similarity of those accidents. In each case, the husband had mentioned previously to someone that his wife was subject to fainting or dizzy spells and in each case when each accident happened, the husband had claimed he'd gone to the book stall to buy a paper. In Northumberland, it was Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and in Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, and down here, he called himself Mortimer, but it was the same man. However, we had no actual evidence, so this lady here volunteered to help us.

Pamela: You? It was you who spoke to him on the platform. But you couldn't be Fay. You're cleverly made up but, well, you're not young enough.

Fay: Fay was my daughter. Our voices were exactly alike. We looked sufficiently alike for me to pass for her in the dim light. James Mortimer had never met me.

Pamela: You trapped him.

Fay: He murdered her. I always knew it, but I had to break him down. The first time I rang him up, I was in London, but I pretended it was a personal call from Newton Abbott. The second time, I really did speak from Newton Abbott. The third time I rang up, he was out.

Pamela: And you spoke to me instead.

Fay: Spoke to you? No. I never spoke to you.

Pamela: But you did. You warned me.

Fay: You're wrong. I just rang off.

Pamela: Someone spoke to me. Someone told me not to go on the journey with him. Someone with a voice just like yours. Someone. Oh. Who? Who?

[Music]

You've been listening to the Victorian Seniors Festival, Radio Reimagined in 2020. This program was produced by Lux Radio Theatre with support from the Radio Reimagined 2020 team: Producer, Rob Gebert; Creative Director, Nat Grant; Technical Director, AC Hunter; and Post-Production Director, Michele Vescio.