

The Telephone Call

By Tim Kenny

Evening. 1948. A hotel bedroom. Miss Violet Smythe is busy closing her suitcase and adjusting her hat and gloves as though packing to leave. She is highly agitated, mopping her eyes and head with a hanky. She crosses to dressing table where there is a phone, a tea cup and assorted papers. Picks up phone, rattles the telephone bar.

“Operator?..... Oh there you are! Yes, it is I, Miss Smythe. Could you get me Marton 2903?..... Thank you..... Please hurry it is urgent.....(*Quietly irritated to herself*) Come on, come on, come on, comeOh, Dorothy, is that you? Dorothy! Thank God! You’ve got to help me..... Yes, it’s lovely to hear you too. Can you come over straightaway.....of course, I mean now..... I know it’s getting dark..... in the Queen’s Arms in Wickmouth.....What do you mean – doing there? I told you. I came about Uncle Freddy’s will.....he died a month ago..... yes, we are all very sorry. But Dorothy, please help. You must.....(*irritably*) yes it was a great loss..... as you say, a grand old treasure. Can I go on? I don’t know! He was 91 Dorothy, for goodness sake!..... yes, yes,as I was trying to say, I came here – I told you all this once you know, when we had tea at Lyons..... It was definitely Lyons..... Well I’m sorry if you’ve forgotten it was that tea shop. Shows how much attention you were paying.....Yes, the naval man on the other table was particularly dishy..... Now can we get back to me, please Dorothy?