

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER - 1ST MAN

MAN. Hello.

MRS. STEVENSON. Hello . . . ? *(a little puzzled)*. Hello. Is Mr. Stevenson there?

MAN *(into phone, as though he had not heard)*. Hello. . . . *(Louder)*. Hello. *(SCENE: Spotlight on L. now moves from OPERATOR to another man, GEORGE. A killer type, also wearing hat, but standing as in a phone booth. A three-sided screen may be used to suggest this.)*

2ND MAN *(slow heavy quality, faintly foreign accent)*. Hello.

1ST MAN. Hello. George?

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

MRS. STEVENSON *(louder and more imperious, to phone)*. Hello. Who's this? What number am I calling, please?

1ST MAN. We have heard from our client. He says the coast is clear for tonight.

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

1ST MAN. Where are you now?

GEORGE. In a phone booth.

1ST MAN. Okay. You know the address. At eleven o'clock the private patrolman goes around to the bar on Second Avenue for a beer. Be sure that all the lights downstairs are out. There should be only one light visible from the street. At eleven-fifteen a subway train crosses the bridge. It makes a noise in case her window is open, and she should scream.