

# SORRY, WRONG NUMBER - MRS STEVENSON

OPERATOR. Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (*unnerved and breathless, into phone*).

Operator. I—I've just been cut off.

OPERATOR. I'm sorry, madam. What number were you calling?

MRS. STEVENSON. Why—it was supposed to be Murray Hill 4-0098, but it wasn't. Some wires must have crossed—I was cut into a wrong number—and—I've just heard the most dreadful thing—a—a murder—and—(*Imperiously*).

Operator, you'll simply have to retrace that call at once.

OPERATOR. I beg your pardon, madam—I don't quite—

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh—I know it was a wrong number, and I had no business listening—but these two men—they were cold-blooded fiends—and they were going to murder somebody—some poor innocent woman—who was all

alone—in a house near a bridge. And we've got to stop them—we've got to—

OPERATOR (*patiently*). What number were you calling, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. That doesn't matter. This was a *wrong* number. And *you* dialled it. And we've got to find out what it was—immediately!

OPERATOR. But—madam—

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh—why are you so stupid? Look—it was obviously a case of some little slip of the finger. I told you to try Murray Hill 4-0098 for me—you dialled it but your finger must have slipped—and I was connected with some other number—and I could hear them, but they couldn't hear me. Now, I simply fail to see why you couldn't make that same mistake again—on purpose—why you couldn't *try* to dial Murray Hill 4-0098 in the same careless sort of way.

OPERATOR (*quickly*). Murray Hill 4-0098? I will try to get it for you, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON (*sarcastically*). *Thank you.* (SCENE: *She*