

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

A Dramatic Reading

**by Allan Ullman
from the screen play by Lucille Fletcher**



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She reached for the telephone once more, spinning the dial with unnecessary force. The light from the bed lamp caught in flashing pinpoints the jewels on her moving hand. Where was the man? It couldn't be another woman! Through ten years of marriage, her father's fortune had been a bulwark against any restlessness on his part.

"Operator, Murray Hill 3-0093 is always busy. I can't think why. My husband's office closes at six."

"Ringing Murray Hill 3-0093." (Mechanically)

Again the busy signal! Then suddenly a man said, "Hullo?" "Hello!" but she knew as she spoke that he could not hear her. Crazy, out of nowhere, a second voice, "Hullo, George?" (Flat, nasal) "Speaking."

"I got your message, George. Is everything okay for tonight?"

"Yeah. I'm with our client now. You got it all straight, I hope."

"Yeah, but I'll run it down to make sure--At 11:00 o'clock the cop makes the Second Avenue Bar for a beer. I go in the kitchen window, then I wait for a train to go over the bridge--in case she should scream--and, I forgot to ask you, George. Is a knife okay?"

"Okay, but make it quick. Our client doesn't wish to make her suffer long--and don't forget the jewelry. Our client wishes it to look like robbery. You're sure you know the address?"

"Yeah, it's--"

But the line went dead. "How awful! How unspeakably awful!"

Fury rose within her, shutting her off from everything but the feverish twirling of the dial as she called the police. She heard the cluckety-cluck, cluckety-cluck of the train's approach to the bridge. As it reached the roaring peak of its crescendo Sergeant Duffy answered her call, but her information seemed too indefinite to interest him.

Well, she had done all she could. She could not blame herself if some tragedy occurred. Her thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. A man's voice--hollow, tired, said:

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---