

## WRONG NUMBER

*GINA gets involved in a conversation with Jonathan, a guy she met accidentally dialing a wrong number.*

*GINA decides to have some fun and makes up some face about herself, including her age and her physical appearance.*

GINA: (On the phone.) Hi, is Carol there? Carol? Carol Matthews? I do? Isn't this 555-1921? And there's no Carol there? Oh, sorry. I guess she gave me the wrong number. Or I copied it down wrong. Sorry.

What? No, she's just a friend of a friend. I don't even know her that well. I'm sure I just wrote down the wrong number. Sorry to... what? Why do you want to know my name? Really? Well you sound nice too.

Okay, my name's uh... Lindsey. Yes it is – that's my real name. What's yours? Jonathan? Oh, I like that name. So, like, what do you do Jonathan? You're a student? Really? Me too. Pre-med? Oh, so you're a college student. Wow, that's great. *(Beat.)*

No, I'm in college too. Yes, I know I sound young. Everyone tells me that, but I'm not. I'm twenty-one. My major? Uh... I'm a... well I'm not really sure yet, don't really have a major yet. Yeah, I'm undeclared, that's it.

So Jonathan, do you always talk to strangers who call with a wrong number? I'm your first? Well, thanks, I'm honored. Yeah, it would be nice to meet you too, except... well, you're not some sicko are you? Of course, you wouldn't tell me if you were. Dugan's? I'm not familiar with that place. Oh, it's a bar. On third? Oh yeah, that's a great place. Sure, sure we can meet there. Right, a nice public place just in case you're a weirdo. Okay Jonathan, Friday night, Dugan's Bar on Third. I'm five feet nine inches and I have long blonde hair. Yes, I'm serious. Ya can't miss me. Okay. See ya Friday. Bye.

*(Hangs up the phone. Sighs.)* Five feet nine inches with long blonde hair? Well, it was nice while it lasted.