

**FOR RENT**

*An apartment. Minimal indications. A door, a table and chairs. Scattered about are a few, but obvious, woman's things. A dress, shoes, etc. Door bell RINGS, WILL answers the door, revealing a young woman, CINDY. She has hot, rock red hair, dresses in swinging hip hop style - very short skirt - bare midriff, a mess to the ordinary person, but right on with her generation. She's a contradiction to herself. Classical music comes softly from a radio.*

WILL

Hi ...

CINDY

Hi, are you Will?

WILL

That's me.

CINDY

Harriet Wilson said you had a room to rent.

WILL

She did? I don't know why she would say that.

CINDY

Can I see it?

WILL

You're welcome to come in but I don't have a room to rent. I don't know how Harriet came up with that.

CINDY

*(Enters.)*

She said you'd probably say something like that but to check it out anyway.

WILL

Harriet has a tendency to pull stunts. Obviously, this is just another one of her jokes.

CINDY

Really ... I know. She's like that sometimes. A great practical joker.

WILL

That's being kind.

CINDY

But this isn't a stunt. I'm truly looking for a place to stay. I need one and she said to check you out. The rent might be right.

WILL

No. I mean I don't have a room to rent and she shouldn't have sent you out on a wild goose chase.

CINDY

*(Looks around)*

This is your living room?

WILL

Yes.

CINDY

*(Refers to music coming from radio.)*

I love Chopin ... I have that station on all the time.

WILL

That's nice.

CINDY

Where's your bedroom?

WILL

Why? What did you have in mind?

CINDY

*(Pays no attention to the remark - points.)*

That must be the bedroom

WILL

The other side of the kitchen.

CINDY

This must have been quite a place once. They just stuck a kitchen right in the middle of the room.

WILL

What room? It's its own room?

CINDY

Look at it. Who in their right mind would stick a kitchen in between a bedroom and a living room without a hallway or something to separate it properly.

WILL

I don't understand.

CINDY

I majored in architecture at NYU and I can tell you ... look around ... you can see that this was all one big room at one time. The real kitchen and bedrooms must have been back their, on the other side, where that other apartment is.

WILL

How do you know?

CINDY

Look up at that ceiling molding, see how it stops at the wall suddenly and doesn't continue around? That's the evidence. Where's your bedroom?

WILL

Back there.

CINDY

*(Without waiting she cross the kitchen into the bedroom area and looks up at the ceiling.)*

See. I was right. the molding picks up here. One big room. These old town houses were something. In fact the kitchen was probably down in the basement. I bet they have a dumb waiter stuck in there somewhere, behind the wall.

CINDY

What's that?

CINDY

Kind of like a miniature elevator. They'd put things on it in the basement and pull it up to the upper floors ... food, laundry, whatever they worked on in the basement.

WILL

Very neat. Come to think of it I recall them saying it was a converted town house.

CINDY

I was right.

WILL

You're pretty clever. What do you do in architecture?