

LESLIE. Hide. Just hide. (*The DOORBELL rings again.*
LESLIE and KATE are frantic.)

KATE. Where?

LESLIE. The closet!

KATE. There is no closet.

LESLIE. What?

KATE. You don't have a closet!

LESLIE. You're kidding.

KATE. Leslie!

LESLIE. Oh. Then, I'll open the door with you cleverly hidden behind it. And when he comes inside you can sneak out.

KATE. All right.

(KATE hides behind the door. LESLIE composes himself, opens the door and there before us is not Jon at all, but MR. JANSEN, a beer-bellied drunk of a landlord. He holds a beer can in one hand and an opened telegram in the other. LESLIE is glued to the doorknob as JANSEN enters. KATE is hidden from view behind the opened door, against the U.C. wall.)

LESLIE. Oh! Mr. Jansen, what a relief!

JANSEN. What happened, the toilet back up again?

LESLIE. No. I'm just glad to see you.

JANSEN. You are? What's going on? Do you have drugs in here?

LESLIE. Of course not.

JANSEN. You keeping a broad in here?

LESLIE. What makes you think that?

JANSEN. You're acting too nice. I don't like it when people are nice to me. What are you hiding?

LESLIE. Nothing.

JANSEN. Let me just look around here. (As JANSEN snoops around, LESLIE slams the door against the wall to keep KATE hidden from view.) You got the place looking pretty good.

LESLIE. Thanks. You should see it from the outside.

JANSEN. What happened to that big hole in the ceiling that used to be right up there?

LESLIE. Oh. It's still there. But the guy upstairs bought a rug.

JANSEN. Is that so? (KATE tries to sneak out and LESLIE smashes her into the wall as JANSEN walks by.) Yup, this place looks pret-ty good. Don't make it look too good, though, or I'll start raising your rent.

LESLIE. That's why I didn't want you to come in. The place looks so good, I was afraid you'd want to raise our rent.

JANSEN. It doesn't look that good. (Again, KATE tries to escape and is slammed into the wall.)

LESLIE. Well, so long Mr. Jansen. Thanks for barging in . . . dropping in.

JANSEN. (Heads for the door.) Yeah. What are you, practicing to be a door man or something? (He laughs. LESLIE follows and laughs also.)

LESLIE. Doorman . . . ha ha . . . that's very funny. "Practicing to be a doorman." Yessir, that's pretty funny.

JANSEN. It's not that funny. (JANSEN exits. LESLIE shuts the door. KATE is plastered against the wall.)

LESLIE. Oh, Kate, I'm sorry. Are you okay?

KATE. I don't think I can ever give birth. But aside from that, I'm fine.

LESLIE. Here, why don't you sit down for a minute.

KATE. Thank you.

LESLIE. But just a minute. You've got to get out of here. (KATE is seated on the couch as JANSEN enters with a pass key.)

JANSEN. Aha!

LESLIE. Mr. Jansen, while you're here, would you mind fixing the doorbell? I think it's broken.

JANSEN. What is this? What do I see? What am I seeing?

LESLIE. It's nothing. You're drinking too much again. It's a hallucination!

JANSEN. Nice try. But my hallucinations are blonde. Who's the broad, Leslie? Why were you hiding before? You living here now?

KATE. No sir, I'm not.

JANSEN. Then why were you hiding?

LESLIE. She was hiding because we thought it might be you at the door and we didn't want to give you the wrong impression. Sir.

JANSEN. Oh? Good. Married or another building. That's my motto.

LESLIE. Good motto. Mr. Jansen, I'd like you to meet Kate Dennis.

JANSEN. Pleased to meet you.

KATE. I think we've met before.

JANSEN. Yeah? Doesn't matter, cause I don't remember you. Who's girl are you? Jon's or Leslie's?

LESLIE. That's hard to say right now.

JANSEN. What?

KATE. What Leslie means to say is that I'm Jon's fiancee.

JANSEN. Oh, yeah, I got a telegram here for Jon. I almost forgot. You sure you're not living here now?

LESLIE. Mr. Jansen, you're free to search the apartment anytime you like.

JANSEN. Okay, I'll take you up on that sometime. You're a witness, Carol.

LESLIE. Fine. Now what about the telegram?

JANSEN. It's from Chicago. They delivered it before and nobody was home. So I took it for you.

LESLIE. What's it say?

JANSEN. It says that . . . how should I know. (JANSEN *hands over the telegram and exits, leaving the door open.*)

LESLIE. I wonder who this is from.

KATE. What gives your landlord a right to be so nosey?

LESLIE. We're two months behind in the rent. He can be as nosey as he wants.

KATE. Well, I'd better get out of here, while I have the chance.