**Character Profiles**

Main Character

Name: Cynthia Chen

Age: 28 (b: 1958)

Nationality: Asian American

Appearance: Medium length hair with side fringe in a messy bun, wears glasses, black singlet, undone relaxed plaid shirt, pants (jeans or basic activewear), basic shoes. Black hair, brown eyes.

Personality: Fear of leaving her apartment (agoraphobia), dislikes leaving to go the apartment lobby but is getting better with common spaces in the apartment building, refuses to go outside.

Job: Freelance Software Developer

Relations: Friends with Kim (crush)

Backstory:

Image Reference:

Girl on 9th floor

Name: Kimberly “Kim” Moris

Age: 26 (b: 1960)

Nationality: Lithuanian American(?)

Appearance: Shoulder length brown hair that she dyes to a natural red colour, it is always styled to mimic 1950’s hair. Wears higher rise jeans and a white shirt with sneakers whilst outside of work hours, and a dark purple pencil skirt and blazer with a white wide collared shirt with pumps at work.

Personality: Fear of small spaces (claustrophobia), avoids closets mostly due to her childhood where she would be locked in one as a punishment. Warm and welcoming, she is always eager to explore new places and has a tendency to move every few years to avoid feeling stuck in one location for too long. Has stayed at Saffron Apartments for three years now and is reluctant to leave, though she feels herself growing more anxious in some corners of her apartment.

Job: Secondary School Teacher

Relations: Friends with Cynthia (crush?), is friendly with the rest of the tenants

Backstory: When she was only three, Kim’s mother left the family home, leaving her with her father who soon grew to become an alcoholic. From a young age Kim learnt how to tread carefully around the house when her father was home, knowing that he’d lash out if she disturbed him in any way. There were some days where he forgot to feed her, resulting in her having to sneak into the kitchen to get food. One night however she was caught and locked in a coat closet for the rest of the night as punishment for “trying to take more food that she didn’t need”, she wasn’t let out no matter how much she begged and couldn’t fall asleep the whole night, worried that he would somehow forget that she was locked in there.

Over her the course of her childhood and teenage years she was placed in there a total of 14 times, each night feeling longer than the last. The last time this occurred was when she was 15, when her father came home early and found her kissing a girl, he berated her and threatened to send her away to get “fixed”, she begged him not to and he instead locked her in the closet for the whole weekend, occasional talking to her through the door and telling her that it was the only chance to cleanse her of her sin and that she need to leave that part of her to rot somewhere hidden where no one can see. She didn’t talk to the girl she kissed anymore, and they naturally avoided each other after the event.

She never was close to her father, and naturally developed claustrophobia due to these events. No one at school ever knew what she was going through, never wanting to burden those around her and always showcasing a happy persona. She dove headfirst into her studies, as not only did she enjoy her subjects but also discovered that her father wouldn’t bother her when she was studying in her room quietly. During high school she also worked part-time, never spending her money frivolously, only buying school supplies, food to store in her room, and the occasional new piece of clothing for school. When she was 18, she moved out the first chance she got and went to university to become a teacher, dying her hair from this point onward regularly in order to feel more confident in a new environment. She never returned to her home and got a teaching position a few months after her graduation, she never dated anyone during those years, but knew she didn’t fully leave that part of herself in that closet.

She moves from her apartment after every couple of years, growing paranoid that the tenants somehow know about her secret and feeling unsafe in her apartments due to a sense of dread overwhelming her and suffocating the space. She has worked at the same high school for 5 years now and has moved 3 times.

Image Reference: