

DerAngEd

000 Fan!

By

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WHY I LIKE IT: *Drama Editor JOHN SULLIVAN writes... Entering the world of Deranged Fan reminded me, at first, of Edward Albee's dark parable, Zoo Story. But this play goes in a different direction to comment on the business of publishing, its superficiality and injustices, the matter of intellectual property and piracy, the hollowness of unearned success, personal feelings of fraudulence (a case of imposter syndrome that's in no way delusional), the bitter taste of seeing your chances of success evaporate, and how quickly the arc of an apparently secure career can boomerang and bite you when the goods you sell are stolen. Quite a bit for such a short piece but all these notes are voiced concisely, and the literal reversal of fortunes at the play's conclusion feel inevitable. I did, however, get the feeling that this piece could be the platform for something with a wider angle view on the lives these two characters.*

1.

A bench in the park. A waste can near by. CAROL, a woman in her mid forties, sits on the bench reading a book. A light

backpack next to her. Carol is dressed for fall. She has the aura of a person who is accomplished. After a moment JODY, a woman in her early thirties, enters. She appears to be slightly nervous. She has a small backpack and wears slightly frumpy clothes.

JODY

Excuse me. (Beat.) Excuse me? (A step forward.) Excuse me.

Carol looks up from her book.

JODY

Are you Carol Dawson?

CAROL

Yes.

JODY

I thought you were. I'm a huge fan of Tangerine. I mean your book is just really, wow.

CAROL

Thank you.

JODY

I bet you get that all the time. People coming up to you and telling you how much they admire your work.

CAROL

Not so much. But sometimes.

JODY

I'm sorry to come up to you while
you're reading in the park.

CAROL

It's alright. I appreciate the
compliment.

JODY

Okay, this is potentially a strange
request. But I happen to
have a copy of Tangerine with me and I
was wondering if you'd sign it for me?

CAROL

Of course. That's not a strange request
at all.

JODY

Oh that's great.

Jody takes off her
backpack and takes
out a copy of the
book. The cover is
bright orange.

JODY

It's brand new. Bought it over at the
Barnes and Noble
earlier today. I wanted to buy it at a
smaller store. I think it's important
to support the local places as opposed
to the giant conglomerates. But I
couldn't find a smaller store. So I
went to a conglomerate.

CAROL

Well as long as you bought it.

JODY

Oh. Yeah. Right. Ha. (Beat.) Here.

Jody hands the
book to Carol.

CAROL

Pen?

JODY

Oh. You don't have one?

CAROL

No, I um-

JODY

Alright. I mean of course not. You came to park to read not to sign a copy of your book. I think I've got one.

Jody searches in her backpack and finds one. She hands the pen to Carol.

CAROL

What should I write?

JODY

Is there a usual thing you like to write?

CAROL

Just what people want me to write.

JODY

I guess I didn't think that far...

CAROL

Tell you what, I'll just make it out to you.

JODY

That would be great.

CAROL

I'm sorry I didn't catch your name.

Jody gets slightly intense.

JODY

I'm, Jody.

CAROL

Jody.

Carol pauses a moment. Does she know this woman or is this woman simply deranged? She's not sure.

Carol turns her attention to signing the inside cover of the book. She passes the book back to Jody and the moment of intensity passes.

JODY

Thank you so much.

CAROL

Of course.

Jody puts the book in her backpack and zips it up.

JODY

Okay. Well I'm gonna-

CAROL

It was nice to meet you, Jody.

Jody smiles and quickly exits. Carol gives a light exhale and returns to her book. After a moment Jody re-enters.

JODY

I'm so sorry to bother you again but do you think I could sit?

CAROL
You know I should really be-

Carol shows the
first signs of
getting ready to
leave.

JODY
I'm freaking you out.

CAROL
Not at all.

JODY
You seem a bit freaked out.

CAROL
I'm not. I just need to go.

JODY
I'm sorry I'm being such a spaz.

CAROL
I don't think you're a spaz and I
appreciate your enthusiasm. I just need
to be somewhere.

Carol stands.

CAROL
Again, it was nice to meet you.

Carol begins to
walk away.

JODY
So you don't remember me.

Ding ding. Carol
does know her.

CAROL
Sorry?

JODY
I'm from Boston.

CAROL

Boston. I used to teach creative fiction at BC.

JODY

I know. I was a student of yours from '01-04?

CAROL

Wait a minute... Jody Harper?

JUDY

Hi, Professor Dawson.

CAROL

Oh my God! Jody! (A little hug.) How are you?

JODY

I'm, good.

CAROL

Why the hell didn't you tell me who you were right off the bat?? I mean here I was thinking you were some deranged fan or something.

JODY

You thought I was deranged?

CAROL

Well, no. I mean, someone comes up to you in the park and anything could happen. Brace for the worst. But you're not some deranged person at all. You're Jody. (Beat.) Gosh I can't believe we just talked for five minutes and I didn't remember you.

JODY

It's okay. I possess the uncanny ability of being completely unmemorable.

CAROL

No! That's not what I meant! It's just that I remember you looking different.

JODY

When I was in your class I was less frumpy.

CAROL

I don't think you look frumpy at all. You just look, grown up. (Beat.) Anyway let's catch up.

JODY

But I thought you had to go?

CAROL

Oh, that was just a put off line. Truth is I have plenty of time. (Beat.) Can I get you a coffee or something?

JODY

No thanks.

CAROL

You sure? There's a great little cafe around the corner. Least I can do for you buying my book.

JODY

I was happy to buy your book. And I've already had enough coffee for today. But thank you.

CAROL

Alright. Lets (Sit). (They sit back down.) So are you still in Boston?

JODY

No. I'm in New Hampshire now. Moved there about three years ago for work.

CAROL

Well that's nice. New Hampshire is a lovely state. The foliage during autumn. Tell me, what do you do?

JODY

I'm an office manager at a manufacturing company.

CAROL

Oh.

JODY

I know it's not the most exciting job
but it pays the bills.

Carol

No, I didn't mean it like that. I'm
just surprised you moved to New
Hampshire to be an office manager.

Jody

Things sorta dried up for me in Boston
so I embraced the change.

Carol

Are you married?

JODY

No.

CAROL

Seeing anyone?

JODY

Not at the moment.

Carol

That surprises me.

Jody

Why?

Carol

Well, I vaguely remember you were
always dating someone.
I don't mean it in a bad way. I just
mean-

Jody

I didn't like to be alone.

Carol

Exactly. Not that there's anything
wrong with not wanting to be alone. We
are, after all, social creatures.

Beat.

JODY

So. Tell me about you.

CAROL

There's not much to tell, really. I'm basically the same person I was when I was a full time teacher.

JODY

Except now you're a best selling author.

Carol

Well. There is *that*.

JODY

How does it feel knowing that you're successful?

CAROL

I suppose I don't feel all that different than I did before.

JODY

Except you have much more security now.

CAROL

Yes, that is true.

JODY

You know, for the longest time I dreamt of what it would feel like to make it as a writer. To walk down the street knowing that something I'd written had sold millions of copies.

CAROL

Can I be candid with you?

JODY

Please.

CAROL

It never seems like enough.

JODY

No?

CAROL

That's the confounding thing about human nature. No matter what we have we always seek more.

JODY

Speaking of more, I read an article in Variety that your book is being turned into a movie?

CAROL

Oh. Yes. I mean it's been optioned, which isn't a green light. But there is a director attached so that's a good sign. At any rate I begin writing the screenplay after the holidays.

JODY

That's simply amazing.

CAROL

It is. Though it's just a little-

JODY

What.

CAROL

A little embarrassing I suppose.

JODY

Why?

CAROL

Just seems slightly vain to me.

JODY

It's a great story. Perfect for a screenplay, really.

CAROL

Well yes. But why is it that the ultimate indicator of a book's success is that it gets turned

into a movie? I mean must all books be written for the sole purpose of making money? Can't a novel be written for it's own sake? (Beat.) I don't mean to sound holier than thou. I'm more than honored and of course grateful for the opportunity. It's just sometimes I think about why I write, the purpose of it, what it all really means. And I wonder if this is what it all eventually comes down to. All thoughts and ideas being packaged into commercial commodities fit to be consumed by the thoughtless masses. (Beat.) I'm sorry to ramble on. Thank you for listening to my verbal drool.

JODY

It's okay. I'm interested in hearing what you think.

CAROL

Are you still writing?

JODY

Oh boy.

CAROL

It's a more than valid question. Especially considering that you're the best student I ever had.

JODY

I was not.

CAROL

Far and away the best. Not that writing is or ever should be a competition, but you blew second place out of the water.

JODY

Well I appreciate you saying that. But sadly, no. I'm no longer writing.

CAROL

I'm so sorry to hear that. When did you stop?

JODY

Shortly after graduating.

CAROL

Why?

JODY

I guess I'm not the type of person who can go it alone. I've always needed motivation. Someone to tell me what I'm doing is worthwhile. Your feedback was the thing that kept me going.

CAROL

Did you ever do anything with your work?
Submit to publishers and journals?

JODY

Yes. I submitted to a few. All to no avail.

CAROL

It's a very tough industry to crack. Rooted in madness and ill-logic.

JODY

But you made it.

CAROL

I was lucky.

JODY

Is that what you attribute your success to? Luck?

CAROL

There's many factors that play into it. One of which is being place at the right time.

JODY

When did you stop teaching?

CAROL

Well- (Thinking a moment.) I guess I don't quite know.

JODY

After I graduated?

CAROL

Clearly. Otherwise I wouldn't have been your teacher.

JODY

What I meant is, right after.

CAROL

I don't know. (To herself.) Did I?

JODY

You did.

CAROL

If you say so. Honestly it was so long ago I have trouble remembering the exact details.

JODY

And why did you stop teaching?

CAROL

I suppose being a professor had run it's course.

JODY

I read an interview you did a few years ago in The Atlantic. You said the reason you left teaching is because you felt you needed to dedicate all your time to writing your book. Tangerine.

CAROL

Well, yes. I guess I did. You do so many of these interviews that your memory becomes jumbled.

JODY

Writing the book. Was it hard?

CAROL

Yes, actually. Quite hard. Prior to writing it I'd never written anything longer than a sixty

page novella. It took me three months to outline the story. Then two years to complete the first draft. Another two to edit. Between you and I that fucking book nearly killed me.

Carol laughs a bit. Jody does not laugh but instead leans forward, she looks slightly pained. A beat.

CAROL

Jody what is it? Are you okay?

JODY

You stole it.

Beat.

CAROL

Stole what?

JODY

Tangerine. You stole it from me.

A beat. Not understanding, Carol starts to laugh. Jody looks at her. Carol stops laughing. Silence.

CAROL

You're actually serious.

JODY

Your book is a story I wrote in your class.

CAROL

But how can- Jody my book is over four hundred pages long and if I recall the longest thing you ever turned in was barely twenty.

JODY

It's not the length of it, it's the content.

CAROL

Okay. Tell me what story.

JODY

You're saying you don't know?

CAROL

No. I honestly don't.

JODY

It was the one I wrote about the figure skater.

CAROL

(Trying to remember.) The story about the figure skater...

JODY

And she moves to Florida with her family and feels cut off from things because, she's in Florida, but she gets involved in things there and flourishes.

CAROL

Jody, Tangerine is not about a figure skater. It's about a dancer.

JODY

But apart from that everything else matches up. The mother's love interest who has P.T.S.D. from serving in Iraq, the teacher from school with the nervous tick, The scene at the prom?

CAROL

So there are some things that are similar.

JODY

They're not similar. They're word for word the same.

CAROL

Is this why you came to New York? To tell me I stole your story? A story you wrote in my class over eight years ago? Cause the book has been out for four years, Jody. Four years. I mean if you seriously thought that I stole your story, which I didn't, then why didn't you come sooner?

JODY

Because I hadn't read your book. I kept telling myself I was going get around to it, because I admired you so much as a teacher, but life has a way of moving along. Then when I read that it was being turned into a movie, and the plot description sounded nearly identical to a story I wrote in your class, I went out and I bought a copy and minus the figure skating aspect it was the exact same concept.

CAROL

How did you find me?

JODY

Your bio says you live in the East Village.

CAROL

I meant here. How did you find me here? Now? Have you been following me?

JODY

Of course not.

CAROL

Then how?

JODY

Richard Ellis.

CAROL

My publisher?

JODY

He said you sit in Tomkins Square in the morning and read.

CAROL

You talked to Richard?

JODY

To discuss this matter.

CAROL

Who do you think you are? What gives you the right to go to my publisher with this fabrication of the truth? With this lie?

JODY

You're upset.

CAROL

I'm not upset I'm disappointed. Let me ask you something. Do you think you're the first person who's come at me since I made it as a writer? Actually let me be more specific- do you think you're the first student who's come at me? The answer is you're not. Not even close. And to be honest I didn't expect anything less from the others. Do you know why? Because to be blunt about it, they didn't have talent. And when you don't have talent then why not go for it because without talent you've got nothing to lose. But you? You have talent. In spades. And if you had really tried, I mean dug down deep, you could have made it. But the minute you stopped having a cheerleader by your side you gave up. And that, my dear, is on you. And *this*- whatever *this* is? It's just plain sad. My God, are you so desperate in the wake of your own failures that you feel the need to come out of the woodwork eight years later and attack me?

JODY

This isn't an attack.

CAROL

Then what is it?

JODY

This is me finally standing up for myself.

CAROL

Really? So coming up to me pretending to be some adoring fan, asking me sign a copy of the book. Was that your idea of taking a stand too?

JODY

I wasn't sure how to approach you.

CAROL

Yeah I got that. Clearly. A little word of advice- next time you approach someone you haven't seen in almost a decade try not to be so fucking creepy!

JODY

I came up to you the way I did out of respect.

CAROL

Respect?!

JODY

For the way you wrote my story. To be honest you wrote it far better than I could have. But you had no right to write it.

CAROL

Jody I say this to you as someone who at one point had your best interests at heart. Go to the train station, go back to New Hampshire and spend the rest of your life sitting behind that desk at that company you work at. Because you are completely out of your depth. I don't care if you

talked to my publisher, or the mayor of New York or even the President of the United States. Tangerine is and will always be my story, and that's all there is to it.

JODY

My attorney would beg to differ. (Beat.) He's the one who set up the meeting with me your publisher. When I first contacted him about this I expected him to hang up on me. But he looked over my story and according to him there are enough crucial plot points to win the lawsuit.

CAROL

What lawsuit?

JODY

The one we're prepared to file for copyright infringement. Which is what I was talking about with your publisher. (Beat.) After graduating the first thing I did was copyright all of my stories. Because you told me they were promising and I wanted to protect them. (Carol gets on her phone.) Who are you calling?

CAROL

Shut up. (Into the phone.) Bernice hi it's Carol. Is Dick in? He's with who? Okay well, that's actually what I'm calling about. Yes I'm aware of what's been said. No it's not true. Can you please just get Dick? Because this is very fucking important!! (Beat.) Hello? Bernice?

Carol puts her phone away. She's in a bit a shock, trying to comprehend everything that's happening. Then

she turns to Jody.

CAROL

You're not going to get away with this.
You hear me?!

A serious beat
between the two.

Carol exits. Jody
remains.

Lights fade.

2.

Two years later.
Same park. Day.
Carol, now with
unkept hair and
dressed a bit
shabby, is sitting
on the bench. She
is waiting. Jody,
now dressed in a
nice fall coat
enters. She's
still a bit
nervous looking,
but now she has a
slight aura of
accomplishment
about her. She
stands at a
distance, looking
at Carol, who is
unaware of her
presence. Carol
sees Jody. A
moment.

CAROL

Hi.

JODY

...Hi. (Beat.) Nice day.

CAROL
It's a little chilly for my liking.

JODY
It's sunny at least.

CAROL
You look well.

JODY
Do I?

CAROL
Yes. Very put together.

JODY
Thanks. And you look, well too.

CAROL
Do I?

JODY
Yes. You're hair is so much...

CAROL
Frizzier?

JODY
(Beat.) I appreciate you agreeing to meet me.

CAROL
Seeing how busy I am these days it's a miracle I could fit you in.

JODY
Really?

CAROL
No. Funny meeting here though. The park I used to read in. The park where you confronted me.

JODY
I suggested meeting here because you

said you wanted to meet somewhere familiar.

CAROL

That doesn't mean we had to meet in this park. I mean there are plenty of familiar places in the city. (Beat.) Well, I guess it doesn't matter. Here we are.

JODY

May I sit?

CAROL

It's a free country.

A beat. Jody sits.

JODY

Are you still in the city?

CAROL

No.

JODY

Where are you living?

CAROL

I'm up in Nyack.

JODY

Where?

CAROL

It's a town twenty miles up the Hudson.

JODY

Oh. That's nice.

CAROL

Not really. I mean the town's nice enough. Not where I'm living.

JODY

I hope you didn't come all the way from there just to meet me.

CAROL

I had some other things to do. (Beat.)
So. Where you living these days?

JODY

I'm in the city.

CAROL

But where?

JODY

I'm in, Tribeca.

CAROL

Well isn't that fancy.

JODY

No. I mean I don't have a huge place or
anything. Really it's just the bare
essentials. Are you still writing?

CAROL

Here and there. Though I'm afraid I
don't have an income from it anymore.
Because all my royalties were stripped
from me in the judgement.

Beat.

JODY

So what do you do for work?

CAROL

You mean for money?

JODY

Yes.

CAROL

I'm teaching again.

JODY

College?

CAROL

After what happened I can't get hired
by a community college much less a

university. I host writer's workshops
in the basement of the Nyack town hall.

JODY

Oh! That's great! I mean I'm glad
you're doing that. You really are a
good teacher.

CAROL

So. How does it feel?

JODY

How does what feel?

CAROL

Being a famous writer.

JODY

I'm not famous.

CAROL

Sure you are. I just read a piece about
your debut novel in Writer's Digest.
How critics are lauding you as the next
Nora Effron.

JODY

That story was my publisher's idea.

CAROL

You mean Dick.

JODY

I call him Mister Ellis. (Beat.) Look I
want you to
know that after everything I had no
intention of working with him. It's
just that he seemed really interested
in my ideas. Plus he was already
familiar with my work. (Beat.) I'm
sorry that came out wrong.

CAROL

No it's fine. Re-opening old wounds is
one of my favorite
pastimes. But all the same I do have to
be at the port authority by one to

catch my bus back to Nyack, so if we could just get to whatever it is that you wanted to discuss I'd appreciate it.

JODY

It's been two years since everything happened and I feel like we never really had closure.

CAROL

Of course we did. You won and I lost.

JODY

I'm talking about us. We never talked after, and I would have preferred if we had. I brought you something.

CAROL

Another court summons?

Jody reaches in her backpack, takes out a book.

JODY

It's an advanced copy of my novel.

Jody holds it out for Carol to take. She does.

JODY

Take a look on the inside cover.

Carol flips to the inside cover. She looks at it. Then looks at Jody.

CAROL

You dedicated it to me.

JODY

Because I'm grateful. You doing what you did got me to become the person I always wanted to be. So from the bottom

of my heart, thank you.

Beat. Carol starts
to laugh.

JODY

Is something funny?

CAROL

I'm sorry I don't mean to laugh. It's
just, is this some kind of a fucking
joke? I mean really, haven't you shit
on me enough?

JODY

I'm not trying to shit on you.

CAROL

Of course you are! This is the final
statement. The cherry on top. The big
payoff.

JODY

That's not true at all.

CAROL

You really are a piece of work, Jody.
You pretend to be so
dainty and mousy, but you're not dainty
and you're not a mouse. You're a
fucking shark. A cold blooded killer
who set out to have me destroyed.

JODY

I did nothing of the sort.

CAROL

Then why am I here and why are you
there? Why are you in the fancy fucking
clothes and why am I in the rags? Why
is it that I have no idea who I am
anymore? Why is it that when I walk
past a mirror and see myself I just
start to scream? And not little
screams. I'm talking screams that are
so guttural people call the police
because they think I'm being murdered.

I'm on a first name basis with half the Nyack police department. You know what they call me? Crazy Carol. And they're right. I am Crazy fucking Carol, riding a roller coaster to hell, and it's all because you wanted to be me and to have what I have. So when you saw the chance to pounce you did and you took it all. Even my fucking publisher!! And now that the deed is done and I'm dead and buried, you have the audacity to dedicate your novel to me???? Well I don't want it! You hear me? It goes too far and I'm not going to tolerate it!!

Carol throws the book into the garbage.

JODY

Who do you think you are that you can act this way? Accuse me of these things. You're not the victim. You're the perpetrator. You were my teacher. You were my mentor. Actually you know what? You weren't my mentor at all. You weren't even all that encouraging. You kind of shat on me all the time.

CAROL

I never shat on you!

JODY

You always shat on me! You're shitting on me right now! Coming here and making me feel guilty about my clothes and working with Dick. Making me feel bad about you not getting royalties anymore from a story you didn't even write. Telling me how fancy Tribeca is. Yes, Carol, Tribeca is very fancy. And what I said about my place not being big? I was lying. It's huge. SUPER huge. Panoramic views and my bathroom has two sinks. I don't even use the second one. I just look at it and you know what? It makes me feel

great because I spent eight years suffering in Boston and New Hampshire living in shit hole studio apartments eating ramen and defrosted chicken while huddling around a space heater so if I want to live in Tibeca and wear fancy shit and work with your ex publisher then that's what I'm going to do and go fuck yourself! (Beat.) Do you not comprehend why all this has happened? Newsflash bitch, you stole my story. You waited until I graduated and then you stole it. And now that you're exposed for the lying thief that you are you have the audacity to try and shame me? That's so wrong and so utterly delusional. And I don't care that you live in Nyack or that the police call you Crazy Carol or that your life is shit. I'm glad your life is shit. You deserve it. (Beat.) What is wrong with you that you can't even apologize? That you've never apologized to me. (Beat.) Two years ago, when I confronted you in this park, do you know that I was embarrassed? Not for you but for me. Because I felt like I was wronging you. Even during the lawsuit, I felt like I was the one doing something wrong. I've always had this fucking guilt complex, which by the way is the real reason I dedicated my book to you. Because I thought that if I did that then maybe I wouldn't feel so bad about how I ruined your life. Me. Ruining your life. And if that's not warped enough, what do you do in return? You throw my book in the garbage. (Beat.) Why are you so incapable of admitting what you did? Are you that blind, or is it that you can't face the reality of who you are? I'll tell you who you are, Carol. You're a shameful awful sad toxic waste dump of a person and maybe if you had the courage to face that truth, you'd stop being so horrible. But I hope you

never face it. I want you to keep your awfulness. I want it to fester inside you and ruin your health and I hope it causes you to die a slow painful death.

Pause, as Jody comes to grips with the fact that she just teed off on Carol, and Carol processes everything Jody just said.

CAROL

Wow. That was a lot.

JODY

It's been building up for a while.

CAROL

Did you come here intending to tell me that?

JODY

No.

CAROL

Do you feel better?

Jody

I don't know. Maybe. (Beat.) I don't hate you. I mean, maybe I do a little. But I think more of what it is, is that deep down I just have this rage? My therapist says I really need to work on that. Okay, I'm going to go.

Jody turns to exit.

CAROL

Jody. I'm sorry I stole your story.

Jody turns to her.

Jody

Why did you?

After a moment of
thought.

Carol

Because it was really good, and when it
comes down to it, I've always been a
hack, I just couldn't face it. But
you're a fantastic talent. I wish you
every success.

Jody considers,
then goes to the
garbage, fishes
out the book,
walks to Carol,
holds it out to
her.

Jody

Please read my book. It'd mean a lot to
me.

Carol takes it. A
silent moment
between the two.
Jody exits. Carol
sits a moment in
thought, looks at
the book, opens
it, begins to
read.

Lights fade. END
OF PLAY

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *The inspiration to write Deranged Fan came while walking my daughter (then an infant) through Riverside Park on the upper westside in New York. I was sitting at the Naval Memorial, which is this big beautiful structure you can see from the Hudson,*

taking in the sights as my daughter napped in her stroller, when an argument broke out between a woman in her thirties and a woman at least twenty years older with this grey frizzy hair. The whole confrontation started off civil enough, but soon escalated into the older woman launching into a tirade, waving her arms about, screeching that her life was over, then storming off. I forget if the younger woman stuck around, or really what happened after that, as my daughter woke up and I resumed our walk, but the confrontation stuck with me and eventually turned into a writing prompt.

AUTHOR BIO: Adam Seidel is a Milwaukee-born playwright. His produced full-length works include CATCH THE BUTCHER (Panndora Productions, Cherry Lane Theatre NYT Critic's Pick, Illysia Volanakis, Athens GR), OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS (Playhouse on the Square, Memphis), WILLISTON (Miranda Theatre Company feat Robert LuPone, Detroit Repertory Theater) and ORIGINAL SOUND (Cherry Lane Theatre — Theatre Mania Editor's Pick). Adam's co-writing/devised-theatre credits include CRIME SCENE: A CHICAGO ANTHOLOGY (Collaboraction Theatre Company), CRIME SCENE: THE NEXT CHAPTER (Collaboraction Theatre Company) and FORGOTTEN FUTURE (Collaboraction Theatre Company). Adam's plays have won many awards, including a Chicago "Fringe First," first place at both the Labute Festival of New Theatre and New Works @ The Works at Playhouse on the Square in Memphis, and a handful of audience favorite awards at various ten-minute play festivals around the country. Adam's plays are published by Broadway Play Publishing Inc and Applause Books