

NOT HERE YET

A One-Act Play by William Ivor Fowkes

NOTE: To keep the author's use of space the note 'The Playwright Speaks' is at the end of the play. Eds.



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CHARACTERS: ELEANOR: A woman of indeterminate age. Dressed casually but stylishly. Well educated, articulate, and sensitive. A lonely woman.

CHARLENE: A woman of indeterminate age. Dressed simply. Scrappy and full of personality. A survivor.

RICHARD: A man of indeterminate age. Wears a business suit and carries a briefcase. Superior in attitude and bearing. A confident and busy man.

SETTING: The entrance to a subway station in a sunken plaza in midtown Manhattan.

PERIOD: One summer afternoon.

The Scene: A summer afternoon at the entrance to a subway station in a sunken plaza in midtown Manhattan.

Eleanor stands at center stage holding a cup. From her vantage point, she can see both the train tracks below and the people approaching the station from the street above.

ELEANOR
(announcing)

Not here yet! Not here yet! Take your time, people! The subway's not here yet!

She holds out her cup to accept coins.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir . . . Not here yet! Slow down—not here yet! . . . Lovely day, don't you think? . . . Not here yet!

She checks the tracks.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

O.K., now it's coming.

(speaking more rapidly)

Train pulling in, people! You can make it! Pick up the pace. It's a good one—not too crowded. Last chance! This is it! Now or never! O.K. O.K. . . . Oops—too late!

(slowing down)

Sorry—too late. Just missed it. Relax . . . Slow down . . .

She accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you . . . Take your time, folks . . . Not here yet!

She accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, ma'am . . . Not here yet! . . . Slow down there! Don't wanna fall . . . I'm just trying to help you . . . Not here yet! Oh, you won't need that umbrella, sir. It's going to be a beautiful day.

She accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, ma'am . . . Not here yet! . . . Not here yet!

(with a sigh)

The thought's almost comforting, isn't it? . . . A pause . . . A break . . . A little slice of eternity . . . Enjoy it . . . Don't rush . . . God knows there are already enough people giving themselves hypertension.

She sighs and then cocks her ear.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

(speeding up)

OK—I hear it coming. Pick up the pace! Train a'comin'! Almost here. Step it up! You can still make it, folks. Move it, dear! The train's in the station. You can still make it.

(slowing down)

O.K.—that's it! Doors closed. Too late. Sorry . . . Slow down, miss! It's gone! . . . And you should never run in high heels anyway . . . I'm just trying to help . . . Not here yet! Slow down, sir. Not here yet!

Charlene enters carrying a box of folding umbrellas. She stares at Eleanor for a moment, confused by her presence. She drops her box on the ground a few feet from Eleanor, holds out a cup, and "goes to work."

CHARLENE

Not here yet! Not here yet! You can slow down—train's not here yet.

ELEANOR

(to Charlene)

What are you doing?

(to the public)

Not here yet!

CHARLENE

(to Eleanor)

What do you think I'm doing?

(to the public)

Not here yet!

ELEANOR

(to Charlene)

I think you're imitating me. Didn't your mother teach you any manners?

CHARLENE

(to Eleanor)

I'm just doing my job.

Not here yet! (to the public)

And don't you talk about my mother! (to Eleanor)

Not here yet! ELEANOR (to the public)

Has she been here? CHARLENE

Who? ELEANOR (to Charlene)

My mother. CHARLENE

I don't know your mother. ELEANOR

Well, I don't either—ha! Trick question! Gotcha! CHARLENE (to the public)

Not here yet!

Not here yet! ELEANOR (to the public)

Will you please stop imitating me? (to Charlene)

This is MY spot! CHARLENE

It's a free country. ELEANOR

How'd you just happen to choose this spot, huh? CHARLENE

I don't know. A sunken plaza just seemed like the right place. See, I can spot the ELEANOR

subway trains down on the platform AND see the people approaching from above.

CHARLENE:

Bull! You seen me working this spot before. I found it and you're stealin' my idea!

ELEANOR

I've never seen you before.

CHARLENE

Likely story. Look—I been doing this gig for two years. Why are you here?

ELEANOR

I'm here to help people!

CHARLENE

Oh, please! You mean you're here to make some money.

ELEANOR

It's not just about the money.

CHARLENE

It's capitalism, lady. The system works. Now get the hell out of here—this is MY job!

ELEANOR

Language!

CHARLENE

I'll give you language!

ELEANOR

That's the problem with the world today—just resort to a vulgarism whenever you can't reason your way out of a situation. I don't think these people want to hear that.

CHARLENE

What do you know about these people? Where you been through all the heat waves and blizzards and service outages? I've been right here at my post.

ELEANOR

That's very admirable.

CHARLENE

Admirable, shit! It's about the cash, honey. How much you got in that cup anyway?

Eleanor examines the contents of her cup.

ELEANOR

I don't know. Maybe three dollars.

CHARLENE

And how long you been here?

ELEANOR

About three hours.

CHARLENE

Three dollars? In three hours? That's pathetic!

ELEANOR

It's not about the money.

CHARLENE

Man, if I made that little money, I'd be outta here quicker than you can say, "My ass."

ELEANOR

I'd never say such a thing!

CHARLENE

Look, I'll show you how it's done.

Charlene steps forward and addresses the public very dramatically, expressing deep concern and exaggerated cheerfulness.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Not here yet! Take your time, honey. Not here yet! Oh, don't wear yourself out like that—the train's not here yet.

Charlene accepts a coin.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thank you. From the bottom of my heart—I thank you.

Eleanor peers into the station.

ELEANOR
(to the public)

Train's coming. Step it up folks.

Charlene copies Eleanor, but with greater flourish.

CHARLENE

That's right—train's coming. Step it up folks!

Charlene accepts a coin.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thank you kindly!

ELEANOR

You can make it! Train pulling in!

CHARLENE

(getting more excited)

You can make it! Train pulling in! Hurry up, folks!

Charlene accepts a coin.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thanks, ma'am! Last chance! Catch that train! You can do it! . . . Don't worry about me, hon—you can catch me next time! I know you will. Just catch that train—and bless you!

ELEANOR

(quietly)

Too late. Too late, people.

CHARLENE

(loudly)

Too late! Too late people! Slow down, folks. Too late. Train's gone.

(more slowly and dramatically)

Sad, but true . . . The train's gone.

Charlene pauses and looks at Eleanor triumphantly.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Now that's how it's done!

ELEANOR

But isn't there more than that? There HAS to be more than that.

CHARLENE

Well, of course there is. This ain't my LIFE. It's just how I make my living.

ELEANOR

I mean don't these people have greater needs than just catching a subway?

Charlene holds up an umbrella.

CHARLENE

Well, yeah. If it's raining, I got these umbrellas to sell.

ELEANOR

It's not going to rain today.

CHARLENE

I checked Weather Dot Com? 75% chance of showers this afternoon.

ELEANOR

No chance of rain till Thursday!

CHARLENE

75% chance! Today!

ELEANOR

No chance!

CHARLENE

75%!

ELEANOR

Till Thursday!

CHARLENE

Today!

ELEANOR

The New York Times says there's no chance of rain until Thursday.

CHARLENE

Well, I'VE never been in the *New York Times* and I'm standing right here. You gotta be prepared. Where's your umbrellas?

ELEANOR

People have greater needs than catching trains and staying dry.

CHARLENE

They do, huh? Show me.

ELEANOR

What?

CHARLENE

How you serve people's greater needs.

ELEANOR

Oh, I couldn't . . .

Charlene holds out her arm, as if to say,
"Show me!"

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Well, all right, but you won't interfere, will you? You won't go sticking your cup in my clients' faces?

CHARLENE

I promise. I'll sacrifice the revenue. Chalk it up to the price of a good time.
(as an aside)

This should be good!

Charlene steps back or sits down. Eleanor begins, awkwardly and self-consciously at first, but gradually warming up to her performance. Charlene might react throughout the following, but says nothing.

ELEANOR

O.K., here we go.

(after taking a breath—to the public)

Not here yet. Not here yet! Take your time, folks. The train's not here yet! Savor it! . . . Free time! . . . A gift! . . . Not here yet! Train's not here yet . . . Love the scarf, madam. Hermes [pronounced AIR-MEZ] is always a good choice . . . Oh, watch your step, there . . . That's better! No need to rush.

Eleanor accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir. Appreciate it . . . Not here yet! . . . Oh, don't frown, if you can help it! Why not gather the rosebuds instead? . . . Not here yet! Slow down—no need. Not here. Soon, but not yet . . . Great bag, sir! I love Prada! I know—just a copy, but they're just as good these days, don't you think? And why pay those prices? I mean we all have the right to look our best, to own the best—even if we can't afford it. "Even the hollowest nut still wants to be cracked." Nietzsche said that. "Even the superfluous want to be buried properly." He said that, too. Now, I know, some people think Nietzsche was a crackpot. Or a fascist. But that's a misinterpretation. I think what he was trying to say is that we all want—we all deserve—our due. And I think that's a lovely thought. I know I do—want my due, that is. Just want to make a

difference. Take another look at *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. I just re-read it recently, and I can tell you this—

CHARLENE

(finally erupting)

Now hold on right there, lady! Where you goin' with this? And that Prada and Hairmays shit? This ain't Bloomingdale's, honey!

ELEANOR

Sorry. I guess I got off track.

CHARLENE

You're off-track, all right.

Charlene cocks an ear.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Now hear that? You blew it! The train's coming and we're not in position.

(to the public)

Hurry up folks, the train's coming!

ELEANOR

(to the public—quietly)

Yes, the train's coming.

CHARLENE

Let's move it people! You can still make it! That's it! That's it! You can still make it! Hurry, hurry! Now, now, now! . . . Ooh—sweet Jesus! Just missed it! Just missed it . . . Gone! Too late . . . Slow down.

Charlene accepts a coin.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thank you sir. Not here yet!

She accepts another coin.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thank you, ma'am. Not here yet!

And yet another.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Thank you, my little friend. That's sweet.

Charlene studies Eleanor, who is clearly

upset.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Have you considered any other line of work?

ELEANOR
(to Charlene)

I want to do this. I want to help people.

CHARLENE

But at this rate, you're not helping the most important person.

Charlene looks into Eleanor's cup.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

You're not helping yourself.

ELEANOR

It's not about the money.

CHARLENE

How about a man? Maybe you should look for one. He'd support you. At least as long as you put out—or did somethin'. They all want somethin'. But fair is fair. American capitalism at its best—I got nothin' against that.

ELEANOR

I've had men. They're not the answer.

Charlene looks at Eleanor sideways.

CHARLENE

So, that's your story, honey? Well, you're still a pretty nice looking lady. You could prob'ly still turn a few tricks. I don't have that advantage. Gotta be easier than doing this!

ELEANOR

You don't understand.

CHARLENE

Don't worry—there's a lot I don't understand. Like that Neechy Zara something stuff. Where'd you get that from? Your pimp teach you that?

ELEANOR

Friedrich Nietzsche. The philosopher. I studied him in college. I liked him.

CHARLENE

I bet he liked you, too. Did you date?

ELEANOR

Maybe I'm making a mistake.

CHARLENE

Hey, can you sing?

ELEANOR

What?

CHARLENE

You know—sing! That works sometimes. Let me hear.

ELEANOR

What would I sing?

CHARLENE

You must've learned a few tunes at that college.

ELEANOR

Well, I do know one.

CHARLENE

Good—go for it!

ELEANOR

Okay . . .

Eleanor sings the following rather poorly.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

*Amazing grace!
How sweet the sound.
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found.
Was blind, but now I see.*

CHARLENE

Needs a little work, honey. Let me show you.

Charlene sings the following wonderfully.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Amazing grace!

How sweet the sound . . .

Charlene suddenly cuts herself off.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

No, I can't do that to you.

Eleanor starts to cry.

ELEANOR

See—I can't do anything. I'm useless! No use to anyone!

CHARLENE
(consoling Eleanor)

Now you know that's not true. Everyone's good at somethin'. I've been doing this for two years. How long you been doing this gig?

ELEANOR

Today's my first day.

CHARLENE

Well, see! I thought this was at least your second day! You're already making progress. You know what? I think maybe you just need more practice. Let me get out of your hair.

Charlene goes to pick up her box.

ELEANOR

What are you doing?

CHARLENE

I'm gonna help you out. This spot's not big enough for the both of us.

ELEANOR

You don't have to do that.

Charlene empties her cup into Eleanor's cup.

CHARLENE

And here—you obviously need this more than I do.

ELEANOR

I can't.

CHARLENE

You just did. And don't you worry about me. I'll just move down to the next station.

ELEANOR

But that one doesn't have a sunken plaza.

CHARLENE

I'll figure something out. There's plenty of work in this city. If you need anything—just ask for Charlene. That's my name. At least my mother left me with something.

ELEANOR

I don't know what to say.

CHARLENE

Good luck, honey!

Charlene exits.

ELEANOR

(to the public)

Now, see—that's my point! There are lots of wonderful people out here. But most of us are just too busy to notice. If we could only just help each other out a bit . . . Where was I? . . . Back to work . . . Not here yet!

She cocks an ear.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Oops—my mistake! Train coming.

She accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir, but I don't really deserve that. I ignored my responsibilities . . . Train coming, people! . . . But I'll make it up to you. I promise . . . Train coming! . . . I'll work harder.

Eleanor continues with greater enthusiasm, starting to imitate Charlene.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Step it up, folks! A train is just pulling in. You can still make it if you try! . . . There you go! A little extra effort can pay off! You can make it! You can make it! Yes, yes, yes! Congratulations! She made it, folks!

(almost crying with gratitude)

Lord almighty, she made it!

She accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, ma'am—from the bottom of my heart, I thank you . . . Not here yet! You can take your time.

She spots a woman with an umbrella.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Good for you, ma'am—that Burberry umbrella may come in handy this afternoon. 75% chance of showers, in case you haven't heard! . . . Not here yet! . . . And if you need umbrellas, folks, you can buy one at the next stop. There's a lovely lady there selling some dandy umbrellas—just ask for Charlene . . . Not here yet!

Richard enters and stops to study Eleanor.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

That's right, ma'am. Take your time. "*Cueillez des aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.*"

RICHARD

What are you doing?

ELEANOR
(to Richard)

Keep it moving, sir. Another train's due any minute now.

RICHARD

Eleanor!

ELEANOR
(to the public)

Don't get personal, sir.

Not here yet!

RICHARD

I was passing by on the street and saw you down here. I couldn't believe my eyes! What's this all about?

ELEANOR
(to Richard)

Please don't interrupt people while they're working.

RICHARD

Working? What are you talking about?

ELEANOR

(to the public)
Not here yet! . . .

(to a passerby)
No, sir—this is the number 1 train . . . You're very welcome.

RICHARD
Is this what you do during the day?

ELEANOR
(to Richard)
It's my first day on the job.

RICHARD
Are you working for the MTA?

ELEANOR
It's a volunteer job.

RICHARD
I thought you were doing volunteer work at the MET.

ELEANOR
They don't need me there.

RICHARD
Then why aren't you home taking care of the apartment and preparing for dinner?

ELEANOR
You don't need me there either.

RICHARD
Of course I need you.

ELEANOR
Cook takes care of dinner. Maria cleans up

RICHARD
You want me to fire the staff?

ELEANOR
You're missing my point.

RICHARD
Which is . . . ?

ELEANOR

Trains keep coming. People need help.

RICHARD

What are you talking about?

ELEANOR

What do you care?

RICHARD

I don't believe it! And I don't know what to say. What's a man supposed to say when he finds his wife . . . ? Well, I don't understand what it is you're doing.

Richard spots the cup in her hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Wait! Are you begging for money? Are you trying to humiliate me in public?

ELEANOR

Would you prefer to be humiliated in private?

RICHARD

Eleanor!

ELEANOR

I'm not begging. I'm providing a service, and people are paying me for it. That's what YOU do, right?

RICHARD

But you don't need the money. When have I denied you anything?

ELEANOR

It's not about the money—I'm going to give it away anyway. I don't know where yet, but someplace that needs it. What have you denied me? Where would you like me to begin?

RICHARD

This has to be a joke! Park Avenue woman stands outside subway station and does strange things for money. A TV show, maybe? An article for The New Yorker?

ELEANOR

To begin with—your presence.

RICHARD

I give you lots of presents!

ELEANOR

Presence! Ence. Ence. Your being-there-ness.

RICHARD

Spare me your Heidegger! Or is this one from Sartre or one of those other ridiculous writers you love? I've always said well-brought-up girls should not go to Sarah Lawrence College. Or if they find themselves there thanks to the work of some misguided guidance counselor, they should under no circumstances major in philosophy.

ELEANOR

I'm just saying we don't spend much time together.

RICHARD

That's not my fault. It's the job.

ELEANOR

Who chose the job?

RICHARD

It's more than a job. It's my career. You know I've been on this track since business school. You've seen it unfold. You've benefited. And I've made it. I'm not ashamed of that. I'm proud of it! It's my life!

ELEANOR

You said it!

RICHARD

You know what I mean.

ELEANOR

Then there's love. Do you love me?

He laughs.

RICHARD

Do I love you? What kind of a question is that?

ELEANOR

Do you?

RICHARD
(embarrassed)

Love, love, love!

ELEANOR
(hurt)

So, you admit you don't.

RICHARD
We've been married for fifteen years. Love is beside the point.

ELEANOR
Then what is the point?

RICHARD
I don't know.

ELEANOR
You don't know.

He thinks carefully.

RICHARD
How about companionship? . . . Comfort . . . Reliability . . . Durability.

ELEANOR
Sounds like an ad for a line of furniture.
(to a passerby)
What's that? . . . You'd be better off walking over to 8th Avenue and taking the E train
. . . You're welcome.

RICHARD
This obviously isn't the place for this kind of conversation. Let's talk tonight, after work.

ELEANOR
Let's see—that would be around ten o'clock, right? You'll have to eat, of course. Then there's your toilette—can't have a frank conversation until you've flossed and moisturized. Then if you're in the mood, you'll have your way with me for a few minutes. After which you'll immediately fall asleep. Except maybe not tonight. Maybe thanks to your little discovery today you'll actually want to have that conversation. But you won't be at your best, will you, so you'll insist we continue it in the morning, when, of course, you'll have to rush off to work. I know how you like to get to the office before the markets open.

RICHARD
Go ahead and reduce me to some absurd stereotype—something you got from a movie or God knows where, no doubt.

ELEANOR

(said straight-forwardly)

You've never understood me, have you?

RICHARD

You think you're that complicated? I understand you more enough to know why you married me. Enough to know how much creature comforts mean to you.

He pauses and then says the following
with great confidence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Enough to know you can take the girl away from Park Avenue for an afternoon, but you can never, ever take Park Avenue away from the girl!

ELEANOR

(applauding)

Bravo! That's almost a clever thought. Maybe there's hope for you yet. Just don't let the bank hear about this, dear. Might set your career back years.

RICHARD

(annoyed)

Okay, this is not productive. I'm leaving!

Richard starts to exit.

ELEANOR

(calling after him desperately)

Richard!

He stops and turns to look at her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Just one more question.

(with great emotion and tenderness)

Do you NEED me?

He returns to her.

RICHARD

(laughing suspiciously)

You're not going to trip me up with a question like that. But O.K., my clever wife, I'll play along. Let's see if you can handle the truth.

(after a pause)

I don't need you.

ELEANOR

I can handle that.

(hurt)

I'm not at all surprised.

RICHARD

(trying to be sympathetic)

No, you don't understand. I don't need anyone. It's not about needing people. It's about choosing to be with them. I'm not desperate. I'm here voluntarily.

ELEANOR

So, all these years I've been YOUR volunteer work. Well, aren't you a sap? You actually had to pay for it.

RICHARD

You're not going to let me win this argument, are you?

ELEANOR

Is that what we're having?

RICHARD

Goodbye.

He turns to leave again.

ELEANOR

Goodbye.

He pauses before exiting.

RICHARD

This isn't easy for me, Eleanor. You know how I am.

(with great difficulty)

I... I... I...

(said quickly)

I love you!

(looking around—then more calmly)

There, I've said it. Okay? Now I have to go. I'll see you tonight, right?

(more firmly)

Right?

ELEANOR

(sadly)

I honestly don't know.

Richard goes back and gives Eleanor a

quick peck on the cheek.

RICHARD

Goodbye, dear.

He exits. She takes a moment to compose herself and then looks up at the sky.

ELEANOR

Look how dark it's getting! *The New York Times* was wrong after all. Better not waste any more time, then. O.K., let's focus.

She pauses before resuming her work.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

(to the public)

Not here yet! Take your time, people . . . Enjoy the moment . . . the pause before . . .
(after a pause)

Before doing what you just might have to do.

Eleanor thinks about what she's just said.
She looks up and then accepts a coin.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Thank you very much, sir . . . Not here yet!

END OF PLAY

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *For a couple of years when I worked as a Marketing VP at Showtime Networks, a homeless woman used to stand outside the subway station underneath our office building announcing the arrival of subway trains. She would shout out things like, "Not here yet—you can take your time!" or "Hurry up—train's arriving!" This was before there were digital signs announcing the arrival of trains, so she was providing a useful service for some riders. I never spoke to her, but often wondered who she was. One day I hit upon the possibility that she was actually a wealthy woman doing this for fun. In retrospect, I highly doubt this was the case, but I decided to write a play based on that premise. The rest of the play just sort of wrote itself.*

If the play has anything to say, it's that wanting to be useful—to be needed—is a basic human need, whether you're rich or poor, live on Park Avenue or on the streets.

NOT HERE YET was first performed by Love Creek Productions in New York City in 2012. Since then, it has been performed several times on the radio and podcasts. In 2017, it was performed live and recorded by Radio Theatre Project of St. Petersburg, FL. In 2018, Radio Theatre Project presented it at the Atlanta Audio Fringe Festival. In 2019, it was recorded by Petaluma Radio Players of Petaluma, CA.

AUTHOR'S BIO: William Ivor Fowkes is a playwright and author based in New York and a member of the Dramatists Guild. His plays have been presented in 24 states and the District of Columbia. Several have been presented on the radio and on podcasts. Several have been published (Dramatists Play Service, *The Best 10-Minute Plays*—Smith & Kraus, *The Best Women's Stage Monologues and Scenes*—Smith & Kraus, *Clockhouse Review*, *The Distillery*, *The Paragon Journal*, *Statement Magazine*, *The Eddy*, and elsewhere). His fiction has been published in many journals (*Eureka Literary Magazine*, *The Dirty Goat*, *The Nassau Review*, *The Chariton Review*, *Lullwater Review*, *Wisconsin Review*, *RiverSedge*, *Limestone*, *Argestes*, *Soundings East*, *Buffalo Carp: Quad Cities Arts' Journal*, and elsewhere). He is also the author of *A HEGELIAN ACCOUNT OF CONTEMPORARY ART* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press).

His short play, *THE SESSION* was nominated for the Pushcart Prize. His full-length plays include *ALL IN THE FACULTY* (Dramatists Play Service), *INCIDENT IN CONFERENCE ROOM B* (Cimientos at IATI Theater), *PRIVATE PROPERTY* (Players' Ring), *MUSEUM LOVERS* (Harlequin Productions), *SUNSHINE QUEST* (Fresh Fruit Festival), *COUPLE OF THE CENTURY* (Downtown Urban Theater Festival), *THE BEST PLACE WE'VE EVER LIVED* (Love Creek Productions), and others. His short film, *THE BRAZILIAN DILEMMA*, is available on Amazon Prime Video.

A graduate of Yale University (B.A., magna cum laude) and Northwestern (M.A., PhD), Fowkes was formerly a philosophy professor (Northwestern University and Hobart & William Smith Colleges) and a media & television executive (Showtime, HBO, CBS Records, and Time Magazine). He currently runs a playwrights group at the Dramatists Guild in New York. www.williamivorfowkes.com