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FEBRUARY 15 - MARCH 31, 2013

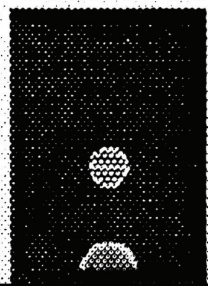
PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS

THE FLICK

BY ANNIE BAKER

DIRECTED

SAM GOLD BY



»»» BOOK YOUR TICKETS NOW

DEAR FRIENDS,

"Behold! human beings living in an underground den, their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move,... behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures.... They see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave... And if they were able to converse,... would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them? To them, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images."

— Plato, *Republic*, Book VII

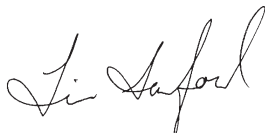
"Film can express things that computers never will. Film is a series of photographs separated by split seconds of darkness. Film is light and shadow."

— Annie Baker, *The Flick*

There's no need to venture into film theory to appreciate the irresistible workplace storyline of *The Flick*. But there is something amusing and strangely appropriate in thinking about the play's three small-town cinema employees as prisoners shackled in a cave together. As is her wont, Annie examines the lives of three decidedly unglamorous characters; she would of course rather dramatize the inner lives of ticket takers than the snazzy celebrities their customers come to see. She lays the groundwork for her story subtly. We never see her pulling strings. She adheres to rigorous standards of verisimilitude in the authenticity of her characterizations, her dialogue and milieu. The modest plot elements of sexual tension, the vulnerability of their jobs to changing times, and an ethical wrinkle in their daily operations are quite sufficient to stir up conflict. In some ways, it reminds me of Kenny Lonergan's

Lobby Hero in the way it creates ethical reverberations that seem somehow magnified by the seemingly neutral setting of the play.

But there is always more than meets the eye in Annie's brand of realism. *Circle Mirror Transformation*, for example, was not just a character study of five Vermonters playing theater games. As suggested by the wall of mirrors on one side of the room, all five characters were in search of their selves and the various exercises in representation, imitation, and self-expression they performed served to illumine their path at the same time that they demonstrated the function and power of the theater. *The Flick* in a way takes the wall of mirrors idea one step farther by setting the action of the play in the auditorium of the cinema. It's almost like we're staring into a mirror of our own auditorium. But we're not looking at our own lives. We're not looking at the magic of art. We only see a couple of moments of a film actually showing, and in these moments we are keenly aware of the artifice of film as flickering light and shadow as the quote cited above from the character Avery indicates. Film takes the platonic allegory of the cave to its furthest extent, fancifying shadows into dazzling illusions that distract us from the originating strong moral forms Plato espoused that no one today believes in anymore. So what's the difference if we cut out the shadows altogether and replace them with pixels? Well, in Annie Baker's world, that substitution would be tragic because the interplay of light and shadow in a way replicates the real life struggle between her characters and their inner lives. As Avery says at another point in the play, "The answer to every like terrible situation always seems to be, Be Yourself, but I have no idea what that fucking means. Who's Myself?" No revelatory apotheosis is forthcoming, but that doesn't mean we should let our struggle be pixilated. As long as we have that flicker, the chance still remains that we might have our chains unshackled and we might get up and face the fire, that source of warmth and light we somehow can't resist believing in. And when I read or see Annie's work, I believe in that fire too. Actually, I believe in it because I feel it. I suspect you do too.



Tim Sanford
Artistic Director



LOUISA KRAUSE THEATER: *The Glass Menagerie* (Guild Hall), *Iphigenia 2.0* (Signature), *In a Dark Dark House* (MCC), *Rocket to the Moon* (Long Wharf), *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (Huntington). FILM & TV: *Bluebird*, *King Kelly*, *Young Adult*, *Martha Marcy May Marlene*, *Return, Taking Woodstock*, "Blue Bloods," "Law & Order," "Law & Order: CI."

MATTHEW MAHER THEATER: *Golden Child* (Signature), *Uncle Van-ya* (Soho Rep.), *School for Lies* (CSC), *Tales from My Parents' Divorce* (The Civilians), *Richard III* (The Public), *The World Over* (PH), *The Race of the Ark Tattoo* (Obie Award, The Foundry), *Have You Seen Steve Steven?* (13P). FILM & TV: *The Killer Inside Me*, *Gone Baby Gone*, *Dogma*, *Bringing Out The Dead*, "Bored to Death," "The Unusuals," "Law & Order," "Law & Order: SVU," "Law & Order: CI."

AARON CLIFTON MOTEN BROADWAY: *A Streetcar Named Desire*. OTHER THEATER: *Much Ado About Nothing* (Two River Theater), *King Lear* (Exit, Pursued By A Bear), *Sweeney Todd* and *Cabaret* (The Long Center Rollins Theater).

MEET THE TEAM

During the run of *The Flick*, post-performance discussions with Annie Baker and Sam Gold have been scheduled for the following dates:

Wednesday, February 20
Sunday, February 24 following the matinee
Friday, March 1

These discussions are an important aspect of our play development process. We hope you can take part!



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Special thanks to the LAURA PELS INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR THEATER for its support of *The Flick*.

PLAYWRIGHT'S PERSPECTIVE: ANNIE BAKER

I don't remember when or how it happened.

It felt like one day I woke up and realized that I loved other things in my life more. I would even go so far as to say that it felt like waking up from a decade-long *dream*.

From age 9 to 19, movies were my greatest happiness. They were the thing that got me through the day. Watching a movie was always, always What I'd Rather Be Doing. I never felt fully present in my life, except when I was watching a movie. Which is to say, I never felt fully present in my life except when I was pretending I was in someone's else's life onscreen, which is to say maybe I was never fully present at all.

I was unhappy, and movies made me happy. They didn't feel like a distraction. They felt like access to a deeper, truer, more profound side of myself. Like a great lover, they changed the way I saw the world. There was my brain before *Fanny and Alexander*, and then there was my brain after *Fanny and Alexander*. I don't know what I thought about desire and projection before I saw *Jules and Jim*; that movie probably taught me about those two things before I even knew what they were.

When I was fifteen, my brother came home to visit from his sophomore year of college. He had taken a film course that semester. "Quiz me, quiz me," I begged him. "Quiz me about any movie, any director. I'll know the answer." I felt like people didn't fully comprehend the extent of my love, the depth of my knowledge. I wanted someone to love me for loving the movies. They were my Jeanne Moreau, my Rosebud; in the movie of my life, my love for the movies would be the thing that made my story worth telling, worth watching. I romanticized my romantic love for movies, because that was the only way I could bear looking at myself.

And then, slowly, as a young adult, I started stepping out of the past-tense romance of the movie screen and into the live theatrical reality of my own life. I fell in love with a man. I fell in love with books. I fell in love with New York City. I stopped fantasizing about the movies or feeling like my real life only happened while watching a movie. I guess I became sort of interested *in myself*. Then I started going to see plays. In many ways I think I became interested in being a theater-maker because it forced me to stay in the ephemeral present tense in a way that was harder and scarier for me, but

when it worked (and theater so seldom works, but oh, when it does) it was world-shattering. Theater forced me to be a little bit more of a Buddhist, and I liked that about it.

But a few years ago I started missing the movies, or, more accurately, I started missing my love for the movies. So I went to see a revival of *Fanny and Alexander* at the IFC Center. And although I really do love that movie, something felt very off. The colors weren't quite right. It didn't feel—for lack of a better word—alive. Was it really just a lack of passion on my part? It was like staring at one of those remote-controlled gas fireplaces instead of a real crackling fire. Halfway through, I realized that they were showing us *Fanny and Alexander* through a digital projector.

I have no interest in this *Playwright's Perspective* turning into a rant against digital projection or digital moviemaking. I have mixed feelings about the whole issue. If you're interested in finding out more I recommend some of Daniel Eagan's excellent articles on the subject (here's one: <http://www.theatlantic.com/entertainment/archive/2012/11/with-35mm-film-dead-will-classic-movies-ever-look-the-same-again/265184/>) or this wonderful book of essays that the artist Tacita Dean compiled for her show "Film" at the Tate Modern. The point is, I fell out of love with film and when I tried to fall back in love with it I was shocked to realize that most of our country had fallen out of love with it too. But instead of falling in love with the theater, they had fallen in love with computers.

So this play is partly a tribute to my first love. I thought film would always be there, but it is fast-disappearing. And even though everyone talks about the theater being dead, hilariously enough, it persists. While there are almost no more 35-millimeter projectors, while there are almost no more trained projectionists, while the light and shadow and color depth and cigarette burns in the corner of the screen are no longer a part of our lives, the thing that remains constant, whether you go to a multiplex or a small-town independent theater (although those are closing daily), are the guys in polo shirts who come out and sweep the aisles and perform their own little ten-minute play before the next movie begins. I love sitting through the credits and watching those guys. They're my favorite part of moviegoing these days. And so ultimately *The Flick* might just be about them, and the theater that will always happen between the movies. □

— Annie Baker, December 2012

The Flick was commissioned by Playwrights Horizons with the support of the HAROLD AND MIMI STEINBERG CHARITABLE TRUST.



PHOTO BY ZACK DEZON

Each time you go to the movie theater these days, it is increasingly unlikely that you will be sitting down to watch a *film*. Many recent movies (*Slumdog Millionaire*, *The Social Network*) were shot with digital cameras, and many more are on their way. But even movies shot on film (*The Master*, *Lincoln*) are increasingly shown via digital projector. In 2009, only 15% percent of movie screens world-wide were digital. Today, it's 65%, and by 2015, it will be 85%.

The rapid digitization of cinema seems inexorable and (at least to the uninitiated) benign, and as digital resolution has improved (partisans say it has now surpassed film in sheer fidelity) the arguments for continuing to shoot and distribute movies on actual film have become less obvious to the general public. Nevertheless, this digital revolution has sparked a fiery debate amongst filmmakers, distributors, theater managers and cinephiles.

Digital projection is rapidly eclipsing film because it's an economic no-brainer for distributors. Producing hundreds or thousands of film prints (at \$2,000 a pop), shipping heavy canisters around the world, keeping track of them and making sure they are returned is many times costlier than copying computer files onto discs or portable (and re-writable) hard-drives, or beaming them directly to theaters via satellite or broadband. And while digital projectors are far costlier than their film progenitors, digital distribution costs are so low that distributors are subsidizing their purchase and refusing to release some movies on film at all.

But it's not just studio executives who love digital. While there's a top-down capitalist imperative driving the conversion to digital projection, the cheapness and flexibility of digital cameras, data storage, and editing software has triggered a bottom-up, populist surge in digital movie production, and the lower cost of distribution has opened new doors for small, independent moviemakers.

But that which makes film costlier and clunkier is also what makes it special: *it's real*. Yes, all cinema is illusion – an optical trick that conjures invented worlds, but when light bounces off a movie star, passes through a lens and causes a chemical reaction on a strip of film, a physical artifact is left, visible to the naked eye. A digital camera focused on the same actor receives the light with millions of tiny sensors, each of which translates it into an electronic signal that is then sampled by an analog-to-digital converter and stored in binary code. To view digital footage, a computer uses algorithms to construct an approximation of the original image based on the sampled data. A digital movie literally doesn't exist unless it's being viewed.

This sounds like a philosophical argument, but it has practical dimensions. Even the sharpest digital movies do look different from films. There's a warm, fluid, organic quality to film that digital cinema hasn't quite captured, and though digital distribution is less expensive, long-term digital storage is much trickier and costlier than film. A modern 35 mm film stored in its canisters in a cool, dry, dark place will last 1,000 years. The data on hard-drives is much more easily corrupted and as technology rapidly advances, the file formats in which movies are saved become obsolete. They must either be converted or risk becoming unreadable by modern machines. Finally, many argue that the cost and complexity of working with film forces a discipline and respect on filmmakers for the form and for the time and energy of one's collaborators. Digital democratization certainly opens up the possibility for exciting new voices to be heard, but they may be drowned out in a din of sloppy amateurism.

As the shadow of the digital revolution falls across the titular movie house in *The Flick*, you may find yourself wondering: will the theater and its denizens grab hold of something real in a world that feels increasingly constructed pixel by pixel? □

– Alec Strum, Associate Literary Manager

As a regular reader of our bulletins, you know that Playwrights Horizons premieres six new American plays and musicals every season. What you may *not* know is that beyond the marquee lights and behind the scenes, our Literary Department helps scores of playwrights to develop their voices and their new work at all stages of the writing process through a series of programs collectively known as **the New Works Lab**.

The Lab's central purpose is to provide writers with developmental opportunities, affording them the time and space to collaborate on unfinished projects and hear their work aloud. In permutations ranging from one-day readings to extensive, week-long workshops, each process is structured to meet the needs of the individual playwright and unique project. Readings are closed to the public, allowing the author to evaluate and revise his or her work in a pressure-free environment.

The New Works Lab also encompasses a range of the Literary Department's ongoing activities that allow them to discover and support new American writers. Playwrights Horizons is one of the only leading American theaters with an open submission policy, accepting scripts from any playwright – regardless of whether they're known to us or have been produced on our stages before. Our staff reviews nearly 1,000 submissions each season (and every submission receives a written response); awards three to five new play commissions each season; and attends readings and productions of new work in New York and throughout the country.

As we near the mid-point of the 2012/2013 season, Playwrights Horizons has already produced over a dozen New Works Labs. The season began with a developmental reading of Annie Baker's *The Flick*. In October, our SuperLab program, a collaboration with Clubbed Thumb, produced a week-long lab of *Movers and Shakers*, a devised piece about political sex scandals created by Stein/Holum Projects; and also a workshop of Jordan Harrison's *Marjorie Prime*, a Playwrights Horizons commission. November brought a SuperLab of Kirk Lynn's *Your Mother's Copy of the Kama Sutra*, as well as a workshop of Madeleine George's commission *The (Curious Case of the) Watson Intelligence*. And December saw readings of veteran PH playwright/actor David Greenspan's latest play, *I'm Looking For Helen Twelvetrees*; Heidi Schreck's *The Consultant*; and Carly Mensch's play *Middleman*.

For a complete list of recent commissions, readings, and workshops, please visit our website at PlaywrightsHorizons.org. And watch for *The Lab Report* in future bulletins for updates on the ongoing activities of the New Works Lab! □

– Sarah DeLappe, Literary Resident

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Lead support for the New Works Lab is generously provided by the Time Warner Foundation. Support is also provided by the Jerome Foundation, the John Golden Fund, the Dorothy Strelsin Foundation, Matthew A. Rosen, and the Rodgers and Hammerstein Foundation.



THE AMERICAN VOICE: WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT REALISM

“We need more weird plays.”

– Annie Baker, from an article in *The Village Voice*

A lot has been said about Annie Baker since her work first appeared on New York stages, and I don't think it's a stretch to think that a lot will continue to be said about her writing over the years. Her work has played all over the U.S. and internationally, every production surrounded by interviews, preview articles, program notes, college lectures, panel discussions and reviews, each one an attempt to articulate that uncanny mixture of wonder, elation and despair we experience when watching her plays. Having just spent the better part of my day in an internet rabbit-hole that a Google search about Annie led me down, I'm sitting down to write my own little piece about her, perplexed by what folks have said. *Philadelphia Weekly*: “If the goal of realism is to imitate life on stage, *The Aliens* is one of the most realistic plays to come along in quite some time.” An associate professor at Amherst: “Theater artists like Baker, perhaps now more than ever, seem committed to replicating and reenacting... [offering] an apt occasion to address the proliferation of ‘real-life’ based reenactments, our desires for realism, and the forms that promise to deliver it.” *Time Out New York*: “[Baker's] heartbreaking works of staggering focus have actually rescued realism from the aesthetic scrap heap.”

The style “Realism” emerged in the theater in the nineteenth century as a distinct ideological movement, a reaction to the exalted, sensational plays of the Romantic era, and is perhaps best exemplified by Ibsen's *Ghosts* or *Doll House*. But over the years, the meaning of the word has slackened when applied to theater, become so imprecise that it has essentially lost any dependable meaning, sloppily and haphazardly assigned to any theater that employs three walls and some furniture; just as “absurdism” is assigned to anything weird and “tragedy” assigned to anything sad. (And anyway, aren't other modern movements like expressionism, impressionism and surrealism just as much in pursuit of reflecting how we “really” are?) To

categorize Annie Baker's work as “realism” is to make assumptions about her intention that, to my understanding, are left of the mark.

If anything, her work more closely resembles naturalism (which, despite how it's often defined, is not just Realism-plus), drawing characters driven by irrational, subconscious impulses, a whole set of causal principles bubbling beneath the surface. But all of these words – realism, naturalism, and the like – are meant to be tools, not labels. The distance that a play falls away from a style is far more interesting than how closely it resembles a style.

That's where we learn about where a writer really lives.

Annie's work is best taken on its own innovative, idiosyncratic terms; when it's posited that her goal is to simply “imitate life,” I want to leap up on the nearest coffee table in my muddiest boots and protest.

Because, though her plays employ detailed, life-like stage designs, and though her characters speak in well-observed patterns, the properties of her plays, when you look at them, are actually very weird, erratic, subversive. They question our reality, rather than affirm it, making our lives seem more complicated and astonishing, not more knowable. In her program notes for Marin Theater Company's production of *Circle Mirror Transformation* this past summer, Annie writes that her aim was to write “... a naturalistic play that paid such insane attention to everyday detail that everyday detail would become defamiliarized and incredibly strange.” Her interest and considerable skill reach far beyond “replicating,” beyond “imitating life,” beyond photo-realism. If you press the seemingly concrete semblance of the here and now far enough, the laws that hold together our perception of reality begin to break down. Take a high-resolution photograph of a human face and zoom in on it down to the pores which, as you continue zooming start to resemble mountain ranges, topography of an alien planet, and then beyond that to where they become an infinitive, massive geometrical pattern. There is a point at which scrupulous attention to detail begins to reveal not understanding or order but greater mystery, wonder, beauty, despair; in close-up, the world becomes less recognizable. In *The Aliens*, KJ asks: “Picture the letter J. And then picture another J. Sitting next to it. And I say to you: J is the same thing as J. But how do you prove that?”

Time in an Annie Baker play bends and warps as she gently insists that we pay attention to strange details that we may have otherwise, in a more tautly paced and logical work, overlooked. The silences that fill the room in her plays, it seems to me, are not the real-life pauses of contemporary speech, but moments in time stretched out past comfort so that we might begin to see far beyond what the normal pace of our lives allows. We become painfully aware of the great distances people must travel simply to communicate. We stop and pay attention to the spinning of a hula hoop; to the random movements of an ordinary exercise ball when it's sitting alone in an empty room; to the life-span of a sparkler on Independence Day; to the sticky trash left behind on the floor of a movie theater after the movie is done. We hear a character's compulsive repetition of the word “ladder” until it no longer sounds like any word we've ever heard before. We zoom in on five Vermonters laying still on the floor and trying to count to ten until the awkward struggle feels epic and impossible. “Art exists that one may recover the sensation of life,” wrote Viktor Shklovsky, famously. “It exists to make one feel things, to make the stone stony. The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects “unfamiliar,” to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object is not important.”

While I'd shake a stick at anyone who categorizes her work as realism and doesn't look more closely at the way these plays really operate, the invention of her writing – the relentless dissection and loving scrutiny of people, space and time – is a clear pursuit of what's real. But reality is fragile, a carefully held balance (as any madman can attest) that is always susceptible of tilting one way or another, taking us into some unfamiliar new territory. Annie Baker's plays, as they flicker before us like the light from a projector in her new play, are a loving reminder of this. □

– Adam Greenfield, Director of New Play Development



CONTACT INFO & HOURS OF OPERATION

TICKET CENTRAL, the box office for Playwrights Horizons, is open **Noon–8pm daily** and can be reached via phone at **(212) 279–4200** and in person at **416 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036** (between 9th and 10th Avenues).

PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS is open Monday–Friday from 10am–6pm and can be reached at **(212) 564–1235**. **PATRONS & GENERATION PH MEMBERS** may contact Eva Rosa for all inquiries at extension 3144.

GETTING TO THE THEATER

The closest subway stop is 42nd Street on the A, C, E, and 7 trains at 8th Avenue. You may also take the 1, 2, 3, N, R, W, Q, or S trains to Times Square, or the B, D, V and F to 42nd Street at 6th Avenue. The M42 Crosstown & M104 buses are also available for your convenience.

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MEMBERS

Member tickets to **THE FLICK** are \$35 each for all performances February 15 – March 31. **YOUNG MEMBERS:** 30&Under Member tickets are \$20; Student Member tickets are \$10. Young members may order online, by phone, or in person.

PATRONS & GENERATION PH MEMBERS

You may reserve your house seats by calling Eva Rosa (contact info in first column).

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MANHATTAN PARKING
475 West 41st Street.

\$15 flat rate for 6 hours. Download the discount coupon on Playwrights Horizons' website or ask for a coupon at the concessions counter during your visit.

THE FLICK

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY		
MEMBER TICKETS TO <i>THE FLICK</i> are just \$35 for all performances February 15 — March 31.					FEBRUARY 15 8:00 PM	16 8:00 PM		
17 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	18	19 7:00 PM	20 7:00 PM PPD	21 8:00 PM	22 8:00 PM	23 2:30 PM 8:00 PM OC		
24 2:30 PM 7:30 PM PPD	25	26 7:00 PM	27 7:00 PM	28 8:00 PM 30&Under Perf.*	MARCH 1 8:00 PM PPD	2 2:30 PM 8:00 PM		
3 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	4	5 7:00 PM	6 7:00 PM	7 8:00 PM	8 8:00 PM	9 2:30 PM 8:00 PM		
10 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	11 7:00 PM	12	13	14 8:00 PM	15 8:00 PM	16 2:30 PM 8:00 PM		
17 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	18	19 7:00 PM	20 7:00 PM	21 8:00 PM	22 8:00 PM	23 2:30 PM 8:00 PM		
24 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	25	26 7:00 PM	27 7:00 PM	28 8:00 PM	29 8:00 PM	30 2:30 PM 8:00 PM		
31 2:30 PM 7:30 PM	? KID-FRIENDLY? We recommend <i>The Flick</i> for audiences aged 13+					OC Open Captioned perf. for theatergoers who are deaf and hard of hearing	PPD Indicates post-performance discussion	Available to Young Members only.

'TIS TRULY BETTER TO GIVE

Contributions from Playwrights Horizons Patrons sustain an artistic home for writers, where thousands of moving worlds and moments come to life. Thank you for helping to create these worlds and moments, and for supporting Playwrights Horizons.

But what does a contribution to Playwrights Horizons really do?

\$6,000 of your donations built the devastating pyrotechnics you saw at the end of Lisa D'Amour's *Detroit*.

\$5,000 in donations designed and built the realistic fat suit created by Sam Hill and Asa Thornton of Hill Studio for Samuel D. Hunter's *The Whale*.

\$4,000 in donations rented scenic elements from a company that salvages and refurbishes movie theater seats for our upcoming production of *The Flick* by Annie Baker.

\$1,000 of your donations paid for the break-away patio furniture on the set of *Detroit*.

\$500 of your donations bought all of the food eaten by Charlie during the run of *The Whale*.



SHULER HENSLEY TIPS THE SCALES IN HIS CUSTOM-BUILT FAT SUIT IN SAMUEL D. HUNTER'S *THE WHALE*. PHOTO BY JOAN MARCUS.

\$100 of your contributions paid for the biofeedback machine in Charlie's apartment in *The Whale*.

To make a contribution, please visit our website, www.playwrightshorizons.org or contact the Development Department at (212) 564-1235 x3143, or mkiefel@phnyc.org. □

PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS

416 West 42nd Street • New York, NY 10036

BOOK YOUR TICKETS
NOW FOR

THE FLICK

A NEW PLAY BY

ANNIE BAKER

DIRECTED BY

SAM GOLD

FEBRUARY 15 – MARCH 31, 2013

Playwrights Horizons Mainstage Theater

This is the fourth of six productions
in the 2012/13 Season.

PERFORMANCE CALENDAR APPEARS ON PAGE 7

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT ANNIE BAKER

ANNIE BAKER's plays include her adaptation of *Uncle Vanya* (Soho Rep), *Circle Mirror Transformation* (Playwrights Horizons, OBIE Award for Best New American Play, Drama Desk nomination for Best Play), *The Aliens* (Rattlestick Playwrights Theater, OBIE Award for Best New American Play), and *Body Awareness* (Atlantic Theater Company, Drama Desk and Outer Critics Circle nominations for Best Play/Emerging Playwright). Her plays have been produced regionally at South Coast Rep, the Guthrie, Victory Gardens, Artists Rep, Huntington Theater Company, Seattle Rep, Studio Theatre in DC, Hyde Park Theatre, and the San Francisco Playhouse, and produced internationally in England, Australia, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, Mexico, Latvia, and Russia. Annie is a member of New Dramatists, the MCC Playwrights Coalition, and she is a Residency Five Playwright at the new Signature Theatre. Recent honors include a United States Artists Collins Fellowship, New York Drama Critics Circle Award, a Lilly Award, a Time Warner Storytelling Fellowship, and a Master Artist Residency at the Atlantic Center for the Arts. An anthology of her work, *The Vermont Plays*, was recently published by TCG. □

The Flick is a recipient of an EDGERTON FOUNDATION
New American Plays award.

IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR SAM GOLD

SAM GOLD's recent credits include the current *Picnic* on Broadway (Roundabout), *Fun Home* (Public Lab), *The Realistic Joneses* (Yale Rep), *Uncle Vanya* (Soho Rep), *The Big Meal* (PH), *Seminar* (Broadway), *Look Back in Anger* (Roundabout), *We Live Here* (MTC), *A Doll's House* (Williamstown), *August: Osage County* (Old Globe), *Kin* (PH), *The Coward* (LCT3), *Tigers be Still* (Roundabout), *Dusk Rings a Bell* (Atlantic), *The Aliens* (Rattlestick), *Circle Mirror Transformation* (Playwrights Horizons, Drama Desk nomination; OBIE Award in 2010 for Outstanding Direction of *Circle Mirror Transformation* and *The Aliens*), *Jollyship the Whiz-Bang* (Ars Nova & Under the Radar Festival), *Rag and Bone* (Rattlestick), *The Joke* (Studio Dante), and *The Black Eyed* (NYTW). Sam was the Dramaturg at The Wooster Group from 2003-2006. He is a Roundabout Associate Artist, NYTW Usual Suspect, Drama League Directing Fellow, recipient of the Princess Grace Award, The Garson Kanin/Marian Seldes Theater Hall of Fame Fellowship, and a graduate of the Juilliard Directing Program. □



PHOTO BY ZACK DEZON