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Everyone knows Dorothy Parker – the famed wit, the caustic critic – and her famous involvement with the Algonquin Round Table and its assorted geniuses... but is there more to the woman than the jests and quips?

We meet Dorothy as she begins her journey to literary fame. A lowly caption-writer for *Vogue* magazine, she manages to amuse her way into a job as Drama Critic of *Vanity Fair*, where she quickly meets new friends and becomes established as a famous wit (and a theatrical executor) of the age.

But there is more to Dorothy than that...

Back home, she is not a critic or a wit, but a wife – a wife to a man addicted to alcohol and morphine, courtesy of his service in the First World War. The man in question – Eddie Parker – wasn't always a shadow of a man, but that's what he has become, and Dorothy resultantly learns the hard lesson that a shadow is difficult to embrace... always and forever slipping out of your fingers.

As Dorothy's career surges, her personal life collapses, her husband becomes evermore mired in hopelessness – but who is there to know? Dorothy, the insurmountable wit, is always playing the part of the critic– a steel woman dealing in laughs, not tears and made of barbs, not emotions – a constant actor on a stage, maintaining a smile through encore after encore, even when her heart is breaking, her husband is dying, and her life is collapsing.

When and how will she get off that stage... or will she ever?