**The Girl Who Stopped Wearing Clothes**

by[Naked Dan](mailto:naked_danh@yahoo.com)

**The Girl Who Stopped Wearing Clothes, Chapter One**

Adam  
  
Los Angeles is loaded with girls willing to take their clothes off on camera for a part in a movie or television show, hoping it would lead to a shot at fame and fortune, but Adam Munch still drove out to Palm Desert just to meet a naked girl. She was known as Naked Dani, and he had, of course, seen the news reports over the past few months about her and had watched her live appearance on Stossel when it aired. But he had been in the film and television production business long enough to know how staged even the news could be. Sure, they had gotten footage of her walking naked through the campus, and she had been naked for the Stossel show. But was that much different than the nude-in-public videos that were shot in Europe and marketed as soft porn on the web? Surely she wasn't naked twenty-four hours a day seven days a week as was being claimed. First of all, how could she legally get away with it? And wasn't she leaving herself vulnerable to all kinds of attacks: verbal, physical, and sexual?  
  
By chance, Adam had found an advanced reader copy of her upcoming memoir The "Volunteer" at a book festival in LA. He read the entire book in one day, and her story resonated with him. Adam was especially intrigued by her philosophy of combating sexualization of the body in pornography and mainstream media by going about casually nude. He was also fascinated by her religious upbringing and her desire to go to church services even in her undressed state. The ideas started turning, so the first thing he did was contact the girl's literary agent, Audrey Lambert, to inquire about film and television rights. Those had not been optioned yet but two other producers had inquired about them. Adam had asked for a meeting with both Audrey and the girl. Audrey had referred him to a publicist at the girl's school, Coachella Valley University, since any such meeting would have to take place on campus due to her constant state of nudity.  
  
The meeting was to take place on the fourth floor of the main administration building which Adam found with minimal difficulty after the security officer at the campus entrance gave him a map and directions along with the visitor parking pass. Adam rode the elevator to the fourth floor and found the room number he had been given, a conference room with a clear glass wall facing the corridor and large window overlooking most of the campus. The room was empty since Adam was almost twenty minutes early. He set his briefcase down on the table and stood at the window watching the foot traffic below. Seeing Naked Dani down there without a stitch of clothing in the middle of everybody was jarring even after seeing the news reports and reading her book. Two women in business attire walked on either side of her. Adam recognized Audrey Lambert, the agent. He had met her before and, remembering the name, had researched her before calling her to ask about the film rights. The other woman must be Sylvia Smith, the university's publicist. The three of them were heading toward the administration building, each with a Starbucks cup in hand.  
  
Adam watched the rest of the people walking to and fro. Those walking the opposite direction seemed to be nodding or saying something in greeting to the naked girl, but only one or two took a look back at her once they had passed. Adam was surprised to see how many people seemed to take no note of Naked Dani at all. Had seeing her naked and out and about on campus really become so commonplace? According to her book, she had started going naked right after spring break. It was now early October. She'd been doing this for seven months, minus the time spent back home away from campus.  
  
Adam watched the three women until they disappeared from sight at the foot of the building below him. He turned away from the window and opened his briefcase to make sure his written questions were still there on top of everything else. They were, so he closed the briefcase without latching it shut. He sat down and tried to look casually comfortable when they came into the conference room. The three of them walked in talking and laughing but quieted when they saw Adam stand to his feet.  
  
"Hello, I'm Adam Munch from Munchie Productions."  
  
"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry we weren't here to greet you," said the woman he didn't recognize. She stepped forward and offered her hand. "I'm Sylvia Smith with Coachella Valley University."  
  
Adam shook her hand. "Pleased to meet you."  
  
The other dressed woman offered her hand and said, "Audrey Lambert. We spoke on the phone."  
  
"Yes, we've met before. About two years ago, I think. You were representing Claudia Coker."  
  
"Ah yes. I remember you now. I'm sorry that project didn't work out for you."  
  
Adam shrugged. "She seems to have found something better."  
  
"Yes, she did."  
  
"Hopefully, we can work out something here."  
  
"I hope so," Audrey said.  
  
The nude girl stepped forward, about twenty-one years old and darkly tanned from a summer in the desert sun. Adam reminded himself to maintain eye contact no matter how much the shapely bare breasts hovered in his peripheral vision.  
  
"I'm Dani Keaton," she said, smiling.  
  
"Adam. Please, call me Adam."  
  
The four of them stood beside the table for an awkward moment, as Adam marveled at how poised Dani seemed. She didn't appear to be in the least self-conscious about her nudity.  
  
"Thank you for meeting with me today," he said to try to break the ice.  
  
"Thank you for coming all this way," Sylvia offered.  
  
Audrey was already walking around the table to take a seat on the other side, and Dani followed her.  
  
"Why don't we all sit down, and I'll go over my proposal," Adam suggested.  
  
They all sat, and Adam couldn't help but notice that Dani's bare breasts were visible through the glass wall to anyone who happened to walk by in the corridor. Her brown hair was long enough to touch her shoulders but not long enough to cover anything below that. Adam pulled his Advanced Reader Copy of The "Volunteer" from his briefcase and set it on the table.  
  
"Let's talk about your book first," he said.  
  
"OK," Dani said before either of the other two women could respond.  
  
"It ends in June, and we've only gotten to October. That's a really fast turnaround."  
  
"Yeah," Dani replied. "I wrote almost all of the first two-thirds when I was at home between the spring semester and summer session. And it didn't take long to write the stuff that happened in May and June."  
  
"And it's a true memoir? You didn't make any of it up?"  
  
"No, everything in the book is true. I had to leave a lot of stuff out of course. That project did run two months, and I didn't want to give a day-by-day account of all sixty days."  
  
"Well sure," Adam replied. "No one could have included everything." He checked the questions he wrote on his notepad. "Is there anything you left out that you wish you had included?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Dani said. "When I got home, my friend Samantha and I had a long talk about the project."  
  
"The nudity project?" Adam interrupted.  
  
"Yes. I told her that I was glad it had ended, but not. If you know what I mean. She really is my best friend, so she agreed to arrange a few scenarios where I could be naked. I even wrote it that way the first time."  
  
"Her editor thought the scenes back in Texas might read better if there was someone to root against," Audrey said.  
  
"Yeah," Dani agreed. "So I rewrote them and kind of made Samantha look like a bad guy. But really, the swim party and everything was pre-arranged. She wasn't being mean; she was doing what I wanted her to. I did put in the book that she agreed to go to that nudist resort with me after that. I tried to make it clear that we were still friends and just hoped that people could, you know, read between the lines."  
  
Adam was busy writing notes on his pad before stopping and looking in his briefcase.  
  
"Would you mind if I took video of the rest of this meeting?" he asked.  
  
"What for?" Audrey said.  
  
Adam held up his pen. "So I don't have to take as many notes, for one. And for another, I want to see how Dani looks when talking on camera."  
  
"Why would that be important?"  
  
"I'll get to that."  
  
Dani and Audrey looked at each other, and Dani shrugged. "Sure, I don't mind."  
  
Adam took a small camcorder from his briefcase and set it on the table pointed at Dani. Once he made sure it was running with Dani in the frame from the shoulders up, he resumed questioning.  
  
"Has your friend Samantha read the book?"  
  
"I gave her a copy and told her that it kind of made her look mean. I don't know if she's read it yet."  
  
"Did she seem upset when you told her about how she might come across in the book?"  
  
Dani shook her head. "I don't think so."  
  
"Audrey said your editor wanted readers to have someone to root against. That would be this Dr. Slater for most of the book. What can you tell me about her? Was this sociology project of hers real?"  
  
"It was," Dani nodded.  
  
"Her first article on the project will be published in Cultural Sociology Journal next month," Sylvia said.  
  
"Is she still collecting data?" Adam asked. "Since you are still going nude?"  
  
Dani shrugged. "Probably. They have all those ultra high def cameras everywhere on campus."  
  
"Why did you continue going naked? You said in the book that you did it to save Dr. Slater's project, along with her job. Was that the reason?"  
  
"No, not really. It's complicated. I just know that for two months, I was special. Everyone looked at me everywhere I went. People treated me like a rock star or something. And when I put clothes on after the semester ended, I was like everyone else. Just another face in the crowd. A nobody."

Adam was nodding, not because he was agreeing but because he was trying to get her to open up and keep talking.  
  
"So when I was back here on campus after the break," she continued, "I realized that I still had that opportunity to stand out from the crowd, and that if I didn't continue taking it while I could, then I would probably regret it when I didn't have it anymore. Do you know what I mean?"  
  
When Dani paused, Adam looked down at his list of pre-written questions and closed the tablet.  
  
"I think I do," Adam said. "Now, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but is there an element of sexual excitement by going nude all the time?"  
  
Dani shook her head. "No, not really. I think it would be if I only went naked just every once in awhile. But going like this all the time, it just becomes a part of who I am."  
  
"But in the book," Adam said, picking it up and thumbing through some pages, "you talk about feeling aroused and at one point having to duck into the Science Building just to find a bathroom and give yourself some relief."  
  
Dani's face blushed a deep red. "Well, that was my editor again. He wanted to play up the sex. He told me that people would want a read like 50 Shades of Grey or something. Said it would sell more copies. The only problem was, I wasn't sexually active."  
  
"So those parts aren't true?"  
  
"Oh no, they're true. That was the only 'erotic content' I could honestly put into the book," Dani said, making air quotes with her fingers as she said the words erotic content. "Like I said, it was very important to me to not write anything that didn't happen or wasn't honest. And there was an adjustment period to the project. When you've been told all your life that your body is impure and has to be covered, and then you're told you have to go naked everywhere, that ingrained belief in its impurity becomes almost self-fulfilling. If you know what I mean. So yes, I felt sexually aroused by my nudity at the beginning. That gradually wore off as I got more used to it. And that time in the Science Building; yeah, that did happen. I wrote it and hated what I had written, but my editor insisted that I keep it in."  
  
Adam nodded as he watched Dani talk on the viewfinder screen on his camcorder, containing his excitement as he realized his idea might actually work. The three women in the room would just have to buy into it.  
  
"Ok," he said. "I came to talk about film and TV rights, so let me tell you my proposal. I don't think a movie adaptation of the book will work."  
  
The surprised looks on all three faces almost made Adam laugh, but he held back.  
  
"Why not?" Dani asked.  
  
"A lot of reasons. Number one, there's a lack of external conflict. The appeal of the book is you telling your story, what you are feeling. That's all internal conflict and very difficult to portray onscreen. It would take a hell of an actress to pull it off. Which brings me to another issue, casting. I don't know of any A-list actress who would take the role because of the constant nudity. And without a big name in that role, it would be relegated to the low budget B movie bin. And without that strong external conflict, it would just be seen as a naked girl running around."  
  
"So why are you interested in the book?" Audrey asked.  
  
"Because of Dani here. The main reason a movie wouldn't work is because it wouldn't have her. It would, presumably, only be an actress playing her. People have seen her on the web or on TV. I think that's what people want to see. What I want to propose is a reality TV series. Short episodes, maybe only a half hour each, focused on Dani going about her normal day-to-day life interspersed with shots of Dani sitting down in front of a camera talking about her philosophy like she was just doing."  
  
"A reality series?" Audrey asked.  
  
"Exactly. Some successful television shows have been reality series. And Dani's story and situation are very compelling. People are interested in it. They will watch it."  
  
"They'll watch it just to see a pretty naked girl," Audrey said.  
  
"And they'll keep watching because of Dani's personality and outlook on life. She's positive and has something that people will respond to. That's why I wanted to come out here for a meeting rather than do business over the phone like every other project I've worked on. I needed to meet her and see how she talks when the camera is running. And these past few minutes have convinced me."  
  
Dani looked at Audrey, and Adam could tell they really wanted to talk about things. He could also tell that Dani was really excited about the proposal.  
  
"So you don't want to option the film rights of her book?" Audrey asked.  
  
"Like I said, I don't think a film adaptation would work. But if we move forward on a reality series, that's going to keep others from optioning it."  
  
Audrey looked at Dani. "What do you think? It's you who would be the focus of this reality series? Do you think you are ready for the spotlight?"  
  
"I've already been in that spotlight since right after the sociology experiment started," she said with a shrug of her bare shoulders, " and especially since that Stossel show."  
  
Audrey was still looking at Dani with questioning eyes.  
  
"What would you need from us right now?" she asked Adam.  
  
"Well, I don't have the funding to shoot a pilot right now. I'll be meeting with someone at Netflix this week to try to secure that. I have a friend on their review board. If I can't sell it there, I'm probably not going to be able to sell it anywhere else either."  
  
Adam took two copies of a printed contract from his briefcase and slid them toward Audrey and Dani. "That's a two week option agreement. I pay you five hundred dollars for exclusive rights to your story, including the book, for two weeks. If I can't get a deal with Netflix, you keep the five hundred, and you're free to option the book to anyone else. If I do get a deal, we start production on a pilot episode this month. I'm proposing that you, Dani, get paid ten thousand per episode to start. It's all in there."  
  
Audrey was already reading the agreement. Dani just stared at it as if in a daze.  
  
"Five hundred dollars for two weeks," Audrey mused.  
  
"Yes," Adam said. "I'm betting my own money that Netflix will go for it. If not, you're not out anything. The book won't even be out then, so you'd be free to negotiate with anyone else. But if Netflix does go for it, we could get a pilot episode together before the book comes out. The marketing of both the show and the book could be tied together."  
  
Everyone looked at Dani.  
  
"What do you think?" Audrey asked. "You would be putting yourself out there in a way that no one has ever done before."  
  
Adam couldn't help but see Dani's eyes shine as she smiled, and he knew she would say yes. This Dr. Slater really hit the jackpot by finding her, a latent exhibitionist, to use in her study on reactions to nudity.  
  
"Like I said, I've already had the spotlight on me for the last few months. I don't see a downside to this."  
  
Audrey looked to Silvia. "How will the university feel about a film crew following Dani around?"  
  
"Dani has been huge for this university. Our enrollments are hitting new records. If Dani wants to do this, then I don't see how the university could refuse any reasonable accommodation."  
  
"The crew would be small," Adam said, to reassure Silvia of the reasonableness of any future requests, "just me, a sound guy, and lighting guy. We'll have a makeup artist set up somewhere before each shoot. But other than that, this will be a small, inexpensive production. Especially since we'd be confined to campus. That's why I think Netflix will go for it."  
  
"Actually," Silvia said, "you wouldn't be entirely restricted to the campus."  
  
"How is that?" Adam asked.  
  
"We have arrangements with Deal's grocery store, Mary Ellen's bar, and a Denny's in Palm Springs. Dani is as free to be nude there as she is anywhere on campus."  
  
"Really," Adam said. "Those businesses just let her walk on in?"  
  
Silvia shrugged. "Fame has its advantages. And Dani is usually a big hit wherever she goes. The Denny's is the same one we went to after the Coachella Music Festival. They called me a couple of days later and made it clear that Dani, Naked Dani, was welcome back any time."  
  
In spite of the video camera still running, Adam wrote down the three off-campus locations. They would have to take advantage of all of them during a full season of shows, if the project got that far.  
  
"How is she going to get to these places?" he asked.  
  
"The university has a pool of vehicles," Silvia replied. "We can appropriate an older one for the show if we need to."  
  
"Awesome!"  
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" Audrey asked Dani.  
  
"Yes," she answered, looking at Adam's camcorder as she spoke. "Absolutely."  
  
"OK," Audrey said, motioning toward Adam to see the contract.  
He slid it over to her, unable to hide his smile.

**The Girl Who Stopped Wearing Clothes, Chapter Two**

Dani  
  
Danielle Keaton went straight from her meeting with the TV producer to an art class where she was scheduled to model. That meeting had lasted longer than she had expected, and she'd had to apologize and leave right after signing the contract. She arrived at the art studio three minutes before the scheduled start of class. She did her short gesture poses, one to two minutes each during which she spent her time trying to come up with the next pose. After ten of those, she finally settled into a standing pose with one arm holding a pole that would last for at least twenty minutes. Dani always enjoyed this time of solitude even though she was the center of attention in a room of twenty people. Nobody talked to her, and she didn't talk to anyone else. She could be alone with her thoughts.  
  
Those thoughts naturally turned to the prospect of starring in a reality series that would be seen all over North America and maybe even the world. She viewed her participation in Dr. Slater's nudity study as her liberation. She had been freed from the idea that everyone had to wear clothes all the time. That so few other people on campus followed her example was something that still perplexed her.  
  
Society had conditioned certain expectations into people, and one of those expectations was that you wore clothes when interacting with each other. Dani knew that. She had been subject to that conditioning herself. The Nudity Project, as she thought of it, was not something she ever would have considered had she not been coerced into it. Her world had been about to crash down on her because of a stupid, selfish mistake, and Dr. Slater had offered her a way out. That the sociology professor had manipulated the severity of her circumstances was not something she found out about until after the project had officially ended. But by that point, Dani was too enamored of her ability to be nude in public to even be angry at her. Instead, Dani forgave Dr. Slater and committed to an even longer period of public nudity even though there was no one to hold her to it.  
  
Perhaps this new reality show would encourage others to strip down and go nude in more places, especially there at Coachella Valley University. Dani had become a celebrity all over the valley and even throughout Southern California. This reality series, if it got off the ground, would expand that to the rest of the continent. The butterflies in Dani's stomach fluttered, and if she hadn't been in a pose in an art class, she would have been bouncing off the walls. She wanted to tell someone about the show, but she realized with some chagrin that she didn't have any close friends on campus.  
  
A few months earlier, she would have gone running to Greg with the news. Dani fought of a pang of resentment as she thought of him. She should have known it wasn't going to work when she first went out with him. He was in his final semester of work on his PhD after all.  
  
They had split up on the first of August. Greg had just returned from a trip where he had interviewed for positions at three different universities. Dani was one of the few people taking classes over the summer session. The campus was almost a ghost town. Not many classes were offered over the summer because most students didn't want to stay and endure the extreme heat of the desert. He had texted her while she was in a literature class, asking her to meet him at the deli in the Student Union Building. At the time, she hadn't seen him for a week, and she had to force herself to remain in her seat for the rest of the class. People who sneak out of class early are almost always noticed by everyone in the room; naked people who sneak out early are noticed even more.  
  
Greg was sitting alone at a corner table when Dani finally made it to the deli. At the time, she was too excited to see him to notice that his eyes didn't light up like they usually did when he saw her. A hush fell over the deli as the naked girl walked in. By this time, she was used to these moments of stunned silence, and she wondered when the people on campus would be used to seeing her.  
Greg stood up as she got to the table, and she threw her arms around his shoulders.  
  
"Hey there," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders but not,   
Dani would think later, returning her embrace.  
  
They kissed, stopping only when they felt the eyes of the others in the deli looking at them.  
  
"I missed you," Greg said.  
  
"I missed you too. How was your trip?"  
  
They sat down, Dani pausing to put the little towel she carried in her hand purse down on the chair before she put her bare bottom on it.  
  
"It was great," Greg said. "We should order though. What do you want?"  
  
"I don't know," Dani replied. She remembered that she had felt like flirting with him. "Why don't you surprise me."  
  
"OK," he said and got up to go to the counter and place their order.  
  
Dani watched him go, thinking then that he didn't seem like his usual self. He said nothing when he sat back down with their drinks, a Diet Coke for him and a Sprite for her, and Dani had to prompt him.  
  
"So where all did you go?"  
  
He paused for a moment before answering. "Los Angeles."  
  
"I knew that. Where else?"  
  
"Chicago and Austin."  
  
"Texas? Awesome!"  
  
"Yeah. I really liked Chicago though. I finally got to go to a game at Wrigley Field. Always wanted to do that."  
  
The lady at the counter called out a number, and Greg got up to retrieve their tray. "That's us," he said as he walked away.  
It was then that Dani got her first sense of foreboding, that something wasn't right. She had tried to ignore it, but it remained even after Greg sat down and slid a tuna salad sandwich toward her.  
  
"Well, there's not an easy way to say this," he said after they had each taken a couple of bites, "so I'm just going to come out with it. DePaul University offered me an assistant professor position."  
  
"DePaul? Where's that?"  
  
"Chicago."  
  
"Chicago," Dani repeated. "What about Pepperdine or USC? Didn't you interview with them?"  
  
"I did. I haven't heard from them though."  
  
"Well, are they still thinking about it?"  
  
"Dani, I'm going to take the DePaul job."  
  
"Oh." Dani took a drink of her Sprite Zero. She had known Greg had been interviewing, of course. That was why he had been out of town. He had successfully defended his dissertation during her trip home between the spring semester and summer session. His Doctor of Philosophy degree would be officially conferred during the university's August commencement in a couple of weeks. He had said that he had applied to colleges in the region, but his job search had apparently extended beyond that.  
  
"I'll be teaching courses this fall," Greg said, just to highlight the immediacy of the situation.  
  
Dani, stunned, merely nodded. She felt an aching pressure in her chest. Chicago sounded like a million miles away. Still, this was the twenty-first century. Long distances were not same as they used to be. Dani and Greg could communicate on social media and FaceTime.  
  
"So when do you leave?" she asked.  
  
"Next week."  
  
"Oh wow. Well, I'm glad I got that laptop then."  
  
Greg looked into his drink cup and said, "I think we should take a break."  
  
"A break?"  
  
"Yeah. I'm not going to any good at the long distance romance thing. I need somebody with me, physically. You know?"  
  
Dani felt like she was being pulled down by an invisible weight.  
"So what have we been doing these past three months?" she asked.  
  
"I like you. I like you a lot." His gaze remained on the top of his drink.  
  
"Look at me," Dani said.  
  
He seemed to have to force himself to look at her. "I'm going to have to make a life in Chicago. And you're going to be here. It's just better if we go our separate ways."  
  
Dani started to say something else, but the words seemed to constrict her throat. She looked around at the people in the deli. Only two of them appeared to be paying any attention to her, but as long as she was naked in public, she still felt like all eyes were on her whenever she wasn't looking at them. And in her sadness and hurt, she felt angry at Greg for doing this, breaking up with her, in public when he also knew that she would be a spectacle just from her appearance. Afraid that trying to speak would prompt a crying fit in front of God and everybody, she stood up without a word, grabbed her hand purse from the table and her little black cloth from her chair, and walked out of the deli.  
  
"Dani," she heard him say, "wait!"  
  
He had stood up and tried to reach for her arm as she walked past, but she snatched it away from him. There was a unisex restroom in the building just around the corner from the deli, a "one-seater" her father had always called restrooms like that, and she thought she could lock herself inside and have a moment of privacy. But when she rounded the corner, she saw someone waiting outside the door of that restroom, so she put her head down and marched outside, almost running into a couple of students who had just walked inside and slowed down to relish the air conditioning of the student union.  
  
And that had been that. Dani had gone on national television on Stossel and proclaimed her virginity and then had given that virginity to Greg just a few weeks later. She never would have done that if she had suspected that they were not in a long term relationship. So what had it been to him, just a summer fling? One more notch on his bedpost? She had wanted to throw up. In spite of all the things she had wanted to say to him, she never said another word to him. If he wanted to talk to her, he could call her. He had her number. But he didn't call or text. Dani walked by his place a week after that and saw a U-Haul truck parked outside his side of the duplex in which he lived.  
  
Now, standing nude on a platform as sixteen art students drew her, she thought back to that first time she had seen Greg. He had been talking to the sociology department secretary as she went into an empty office to take off her clothes, that insane day that the nudity experiment had started. Greg had volunteered for the first shift, following her around and recording everyone's reactions to her naked body. Dani had been so frightened and embarrassed, doing things the she couldn't even have imagined just an hour before, and Greg had been so kind, patient and caring, that it seems little wonder that she would have developed a crush on him.  
  
Her current situation in the art class mirrored her entire life at Coachella Valley University for the past seven months, naked in the middle of everyone but separated. It this case, it was the model stand and the model-student dynamic that separated her. In general life, she felt she had to keep herself distanced from everyone. Whenever someone tried to engage her, she could never tell what their real motives were. Did they just want to be close to her because she was somewhat famous? Did they think she might be an easy sexual partner? Or were they just envious that she was so free? With Greg, she thought she had found someone who loved the real her, but even that was a lie. The people she used to hang with before she got involved with Dr. Slater's nudity project had shunned her when they saw her naked the first time. Most of them had apologized for that, but she still felt that she had to keep them at arm's length.  
  
The result was that she had no one to share the news about the reality show with. And she was almost bursting to tell someone. She glanced at the clock, just visible in her peripheral vision. There were still ten minutes left in the pose and then another two hours left in the class. But after that, she would have to call Samantha back home in Texas and tell her about the meeting with the TV producer. If, that was, she had finished reading her book and become angry with her.

**The Girl Who Stopped Wearing Clothes, Chapter Three**

Michael  
  
Michael Cooley stood looking at himself in the full length mirror on the closet door of his dorm room. He wore nothing except a Los Angeles Dodgers baseball cap, something he hoped would keep the desert sun out of his eyes. And since everyone who knew him knew he was a San Diego Padres fan and therefore hated the Dodgers, he also hoped that the hat along with the sunglasses he was about to put on would help disguise his identity. The university had cameras all over campus, and after seeing all the stories about Naked Dani, Michael knew that they were 4K UHD cameras. He knew he would be seen and that he might even be recognized by campus authorities. That would be all right since Dani had proven for the past five months that walking around on campus in one's birthday suit was legal, although it was still hard to imagine doing it in front of a campus police officer. Michael just didn't want word of this little adventure reaching his mother. She could be a bit overbearing and hypercritical.  
  
When Michael had arrived on campus after the summer break for his third year here, his mother had followed him in her car for the entire two hour drive and had insisted on helping him move into his dorm, even though he only had one large suitcase full of clothes, his television and PlayStation4 console, his laptop computer, and one box of miscellaneous items like movie and game discs, phone and laptop chargers, surge protector, and paper and pens. Once they had gotten everything put away, his mother had hung around in the room for forty-five minutes until she finally asked Michael to give her a tour of the campus.  
  
"Now?" he had said. "It's like a hundred and ten outside."  
  
"I want to see where you have been spending your days here," she replied. "And a little dry desert heat never hurt anyone."  
  
But once they had gotten outside, she had immediately started fanning herself with a copy of a church worship service guide she found in her purse. Michael took her to the Student Union Building and to each building where he'd had classes the previous semester. But Mom had seemed more interested in looking at the passersby than at anything he was showing her, and Michael thought he knew what, or whom, she was looking for. The day after the live Stossel episode that had been shot on campus aired, she had called him asking if he knew "the naked harlot". He told her no, and that had been accurate. He didn't really know her, but they had met on the first day of her nudity study. Dani had looked frightened and embarrassed, and Michael had thought for a few moments that she might need to throw up. He had offered her some words of encouragement and that had seemed to cheer her up.  
  
Thankfully, his mother had not caught even a glimpse of Naked Dani's bare flesh even though Michael knew she had to be on the campus somewhere. It was common knowledge that she had taken classes throughout the summer session in spite of the brutal heat in the valley. It had been after six PM when Mom had finally, mercifully, left, and Michael knew that it had only been her reluctance to drive after dark that had pulled her away.  
  
Michael had, of course, seen Dani several times since that first day. Everyone on campus had. But he had never spoken to her again. For awhile, she always had at least one of those graduate assistants always around her, recording everything. It would just be his luck if his mother every saw a video of him talking to her. Since the scandalous hearing at the beginning of summer, where it was proven that the dean of the sociology department along with the former president of the university had manipulated academic punishments in order to coerce volunteers for her nudity study, Dani had seemed like a celebrity. Whenever he had seen her during the current fall semester, she always had someone with her, talking to her about something.  
  
Ever since that first day Michael had seen Dani without her clothes in public, he had wondered what it felt like to be so naked and exposed to everyone and everything. How had Dani gotten so used to it that she was now doing it of her own accord, even after the nudity study had supposedly ended? There had to be something about it. And so Michael stood at the mirror, looking at his own body and contemplating what he was about to do. If he were going to go out like this, it would have to be soon, and today was as good a day as any. He had just gotten word that he had been hired as the resident assistant for this floor of his dorm, beginning next January when the spring semester started. He couldn't very well hold such a position of responsibility while also walking around campus in his birthday suit.  
  
Michael took a closer look at himself in the mirror. The hat hid the dishevelment of his dark brown hair. The acne scars on his cheeks had faded a bit since he graduated from high school, but they were still there. His neck was so long and thin that his Adam's apple jutted out and moved up and down like a dribbled basketball with each swallow. From the neck down though, he was more impressed with himself. Being a full-time student gave him access to the campus fitness center, and he took advantage of that after his first encounter with Naked Dani. Having been a skinny nerd in high school, he had felt embarrassed at the low weight he lifted when he first started, and the soreness after those early workouts was almost enough to make him quit. It took him a couple of weeks to realize that no one was paying attention to how much weight he used, and he could concentrate on the exercises themselves. The post-workout soreness eventually eased up enough to allow him to keep going. Now, his deltoids and pectoral muscles were larger and more defined than they had ever been, and his tall, thin frame made them that much more noticeable. His belly was flat, but he had never been able to get rid of enough body fat to see the six-pack shape he hoped for. Still, his body was lean enough that he could see a pronounced V shape to his abdomen, the bottom of which was hidden by his pubic hair.  
  
Michael's legs had good size and definition. As a fan of the Marvel Comics character The Incredible Hulk, he followed Lou Ferrigno on Facebook and Instagram, and Lou was always emphasizing leg day in his posts. But it was the sight of his own genitals that jarred Michael the most. Long and thin with a visible bulbous head thanks to his circumcision, his penis hung between his legs like a venomous snake emerging from its hiding place in the weed-like pubic hair. His scrotum was pulled up tight and barely visible in the overworked air conditioning of the dorm room. How could he be contemplating going outside with that visible? It was obscene. No, Michael had to remind himself, people are only taught that it was obscene. How could something that roughly half the population had be considered, in and of itself, so taboo that it could not be seen?  
  
After six months of nudity, no one seemed to think that any part of Naked Dani's body was obscene. Micheal remembered the first time he had watched Dani's appearance on Stossel. He hadn't been able to get a ticket to the studio, so he had watched it as it aired on the television in his dorm room. They had showed video from the university cameras, and John Stossel had said it was from the first day of the nudity project. Michael had held his breath, both hoping that they wouldn't show footage of him talking to Dani that his mother might see and wishing that he didn't have to worry about such things. In the clip that had been broadcast, Dani was walking by herself across the Commons, the large grassy area in front of the library between two rows of buildings. The reactions of the passersby ranged from disbelieving, almost comical, double-takes and stares of astonishment to looking away and seeming to pretend that they didn't see what they had just seen.  
  
And now, looking at himself in the mirror, Michael wondered what the reactions would be to the sight of him and this appendage that Dani did not have. There was only one way to find out.  
  
He stepped away from the mirror and sprayed a liberal dose of sunscreen all over his body. After putting his sunglasses on and slipping his feet into a pair of sandals, he took another look at himself in the mirror. The sunscreen made his body seem to glow, something that could only attract even more attention to himself. It couldn't be helped though; he didn't want to get a sunburn.  
  
Michael didn't have a pocket or a bag, so he would just have to carry his keys loose along with his cell phone. He didn't ant to leave his dorm room unlocked, and he sure didn't want to lock himself out while naked. Opening the door, he peeked outside into the corridor before telling himself that he shouldn't be so tentative. If he was really going to do this, he should just do it boldly. No one was in the hallway anyway, so he turned the lock on the inside doorknob, made sure his room key was included on his keychain like it always was, and stepped out into the hall. When he heard the click of the door, he knew he was committed to this adventure. He did rush over to the back stairwell and bound down to the ground floor. He may not mind having people see him out on campus, but he was happy to avoid the people he lived with and saw every day. That must have been one of the most difficult things for Dani early on, letting the people she saw all the time see her naked.  
  
Michael told himself to forget about Dani. This was his experience, and it was going to be different from Dani's, especially since he was a guy. He stopped at the bottom of the stairwell and looked down at himself. His penis had bounced around on his way down and seemed even larger than it had been in the room. This was all such a new experience. Michael's previous times nude had been while bathing or changing in very small rooms. He had never been naked outside, had never before walked more than ten feet or so while nude. Taking a deep breath, he pushed open the door of the stairwell, stepped out, and then walked out the exterior door and into bright sunshine.  
  
A girl in shorts and a sports bra was jogging on the concrete walkway up to the back door of the dorm, a water bottle in hand, her phone clipped to her waistband, and Bluetooth earbuds in her ears. She took just a cursory glance at Michael as he stepped away from the door and past her before her head jerked back around.  
  
"What the f\*ck, dude!" the girl exclaimed, shaking her head, before bursting into the dorm building.

Michael stopped and contemplated going back inside. That was not the reception he had anticipated. But that girl had just gone in, and he didn't want her to think that he was following her. A parking lot was next to the dorm, and Michael felt a surge of panic when he saw a white Buick Regal trolling by. His mother had come for a surprise visit. On a Tuesday in the middle of the afternoon. Surely, she had to have seen him by now. What would he say to her about being outside his dorm without clothes. But no, the Buick turned out of the parking lot and onto the street. There were plenty of free spaces, so it had apparently just left. Michael exhaled, and only then had he realized that he had been holding his breath. He looked back at back door to the dorm. The girl had to be well on her way to wherever she was going by now. He could duck back in and sneak back to his room.  
  
No, Michael told himself. Dani hadn't had the option of running back to her room and getting dressed that first day, the day he had talked to her. So he wasn't going to do that either. With new resolve, he walked forward, away from the door and toward the corner of the building. Once he passed that corner, he would be visible to the Commons and to the normal university crowd. He checked his phone and saw that it was 1:47, a busy time of day with one set of classes getting out and the 2:00 classes starting soon.  
  
As he turned that corner and saw all the foot traffic, it suddenly hit him that he was naked outside, in the sunshine, for the first time in his life. Only one person had seen him, but Michael could see that that was already changing as people's heads began to turn. He had his keys and phone in his right hand. His left hand brushed his hip, feeling nothing but bare skin. The sensation of his penis swaying with each step was both stimulating and terrifying, but he kept walking. Six people were walking toward him in the direction of his dorm. Michael's gut tensed with anticipation and nervousness. The jaws of three of the people dropped in expressions of shock, one of the girls mouthing the words "Oh my god!" One of the other guys pulled his phone out of his pocket and appeared to start shooting video. Michael's first impulse was to hide. If anyone was going to take video of him, Michael would have rather it been a girl. Not that he was homophobic, he told himself, but he soon realized that if he had to tell himself he wasn't, then maybe he was.  
  
"How's it hanging?" one of the girls said as they all came within close proximity of each other.  
  
The six approaching people all laughed.  
  
"Can I get a picture with you?" the girl who had mouthed "Oh my god" asked.  
  
"Sure," Michael said without even thinking about it.  
  
The girl ran forward, turned and faced the other five, putting her arm around Michael's waist.  
  
"Hold on," the guy with the camera phone said as he worked to adjust some settings.  
  
The other four people crowded around Michael as he did this, and then he seemed to take several photos.  
  
"OK, Matt," he said, and he and another guy switched places so the guy with the phone could get in the picture.  
  
"Cool," Matt said.  
  
"Thank you so much," the first girl said to Michael as her hand slid down his lower back.  
  
"Uh, n-no problem," Michael said with a stutter.  
  
The six of them walked away, the one guy taking his phone back from Matt and looking through the photos.  
  
"Text me all of them," Michael heard one of the girls say to the guy.  
  
Michael kept walking the opposite direction and didn't hear anything else they said to each other. He soon passed the shadow of the buildings and walked under bright sunshine. It was already late October, but the afternoon temperature was still around ninety degrees in the valley. The heat felt good on his bare skin. Michael hoped he got enough sunscreen on his backside and other parts that had never been exposed to the sun before. He wondered how the photos turned out, and he almost wished he had given them his number so that they could have texted him copies. Two girls walked past him, walking onto the grass to avoid getting too close, one of them giggling and whispering something to the other. Remembering the feel of that girl's hand on his lower back and sliding toward his buttocks, he glanced down and saw that he was aroused although not fully erect. That was one thing that Naked Dani didn't have to worry about.  
  
Michael continued walking, taking the same route he had taken his mother on during the tour she had requested at the beginning of the semester. At one point, an older man in a short sleeve button down shirt with a tie uttered "Oh my God" before ducking into the Life Sciences Building. Michael heard the word "penis" several times as people commented to companions about his appearance. "I'm more than just my penis," Michael wanted to say, but he remained quiet as he continued his walk.  
  
About two-thirds of his way around the campus, he finally saw her, Naked Dani, walking out of the Student Union with a red slushy in her hand. Her skin looked darker than he had ever seen it, and she had let her hair grow longer. She looked stunning, the muscles of her thighs flexing with each step, the curve and sway of her hips mesmerizing. And she seemed to be walking alone, which was unusual in all the times that Michael had seen her. And here he was just as naked as she was. It occurred to him just then that she might take offense at his nudity, that she might think he was infringing on her turf.  
  
Dani glanced in his direction, did a double-take, and turned to walk in his direction. Michael took a deep breath, trying to think of something to say if she wanted to talk.  
  
"I hope you're wearing sunscreen," she said when she got near.  
  
"I am," he replied, unable to think of anything witty or charming.  
  
Dani stopped and looked him up and down. Michael felt a jolt in his loins at her gaze.  
  
"You inspired me," Michael said.  
  
"I do?"  
  
"Yeah." He looked down at himself, then back up at her. "This feels amazing. It's so freeing. I guess I don't have to tell you that."  
  
"No, you don't." After a pause, she said, "So you just wanted to see how it felt?"  
  
Michael shrugged. "Yeah, I guess so."  
  
Fearing what might happen to a certain body part of his if he remained under Dani's gaze, Michael turned and took a step in the direction in which Dani had been walking, hoping she might walk with him and feeling relieved when she did.  
  
"Do you remember when I talked to you on that first day?" Michael asked.  
  
"First day of what?"  
  
"The first day you went like this. Naked. You looked pretty shook up."  
  
Dani turned and took a long look at his face as she sucked on the straw in her slushy. "Oh my God, that was you. Yes. You saved me; you really did. I was about to quit the whole thing and just pack up and go home. People had said some rude things, and I just didn't think I could keep doing it. But you. You said I was brave and beautiful and awesome. So yes, I remember. Thank you."  
  
"I don't even remember what I said. I was kind of in shock. I mean, I'm not used to seeing girls with nothing on. And I'm not used to talking to them either."  
  
Dani laughed. "I remember what you said because I tried to write everything down. In fact, you're in my book."  
  
"Your book?"  
  
"Yeah, I have a book coming out in a few months, about the whole experiment and everything."  
  
"I'll have to read it. What's it called?"  
  
"The "Volunteer" with the word Volunteer in quotation marks, because--well, I didn't really volunteer."  
  
"I'll have to read it. You said I'm in it?"  
  
"Yep. End of Chapter Four, I think. You and your silent friend."  
  
"Oh yeah. Dave was with me then."  
  
They continued walking, and Michael didn't even care where they were going. People continued to give them stares. They were used to seeing Dani naked on campus, but seeing him naked was new. He wondered if they thought he might be Dani's new boyfriend, and, for some reason he couldn't explain, he wanted them to think that very thing.  
  
"Are they still doing the study?" Michael asked.  
  
Dani shrugged. "I don't think so, but they have so many cameras, they could be. I mean, Dr. Slater told me that she had wanted it originally to last an entire semester. They just couldn't get someone to do it until they found me after spring break."  
  
"So you don't have to be naked now?"  
  
"No."  
  
"So why are you still doing it?"  
  
She stopped near a trash can as she finished her slushy, and Michael stopped with her. "Because it's freeing. And because when I graduate and leave this university, I won't have this freedom again. So I might as well take advantage of it while I can."  
  
"That's awesome. You've come a long way since that first day."  
  
"Yeah," Dani said as she threw her empty cup away. "It really did change me. I feel like I've been liberated. When I started doing the project, I was so afraid that my parents would find out. And then when they did, it felt like a burden lifted."  
  
Michael thought of his mother and what she might do if she found out he had taken this little naked walk.  
  
"So now that you've got a taste, are you going to be naked on campus more often?" Dani asked as they resumed walking.  
  
"I doubt it. I'm going to be the RA for my floor next semester, and I don't think the university housing administration would look kindly on a naked resident assistant."  
  
"Who knows what the administration might look kindly on at this mixed up university."  
  
"Well, yeah. I guess that's true. They did pretty much make you go naked everywhere. I can't believe that Dr. Slater didn't at least get fired."  
  
Dani shook her head. "The only thing that would have done was make my two months of constant nudity a total waste. And I didn't want to have done it for nothing."  
  
"So you really don't just hate her guts?" Michael asked.  
  
She shook her head. "I don't have the time or energy to hate anyone. Yeah, she used her authority in an abusive manner, but she showed me so much about myself. This thing that I could never have even thought of doing on my own became something I love. And now look at me. I have a book deal, and there may even be a TV show."  
  
"A what?"  
  
"Well, it's not definite. A producer came to talk about the movie rights to my book, but he came up with the idea of doing a reality show instead of a movie."  
  
"What, here at CVU?"  
  
"Yeah, that's the plan. But it's far from a done deal yet."  
  
Michael couldn't help but look around for a camera crew as he held the hand with his cell phone and keys over his genital area, but as soon as he did, he realized that the university had cameras everywhere. Whoever was on the other end of those cameras already had a copious amount of footage of Michael naked on campus.  
  
"It's too bad you're not going to stay au naturale," Dani said. "You could become a TV star."  
  
"Haha. I don't think my mom would like that too much."  
  
"She'll get over it. My parents did. Well, mostly."  
  
Michael was surprised to see that they were walking right beside his dorm building.  
  
"Dad still has issues," Dani continued.  
  
"This is my dorm," Michael said, feeling awkward as he did so.  
  
"Oh. I'm one building over, at Holcombe."  
  
"Yeah, well, thanks for walking with me."  
  
Michael found that he didn't want to go in, and he especially didn't want to get dressed. He wondered if Dani would consider walking another lap around the campus with him."  
  
"Cool. Well, I hope to see you around again." She held out her hand, and Michael shook it without thinking.  
  
"I hope so too."  
  
As Michael struggled to get the words out of his mouth, asking her to walk with him more, she turned and walked away. He watched her go, marveling at the purity of her form, the straight curves and tan skin, and wondered why people always had to wear clothes at almost every other place. A few nearby giggles made him realize that he was a naked man standing by himself outside, and he scurried back into the building.

**The Girl Who Stopped Wearing Clothes, Chapter Four**

Adam  
  
Adam pitched the show concept to the Netflix board as Duck Dynasty meets Girls Gone Wild. He had thought that the two seemingly opposite ideas mixed together would appeal to them, but they didn't seem to like any of it, not even when he tied the production of the proposed series to the release of Danielle Keaton's book on the nudity experiment.  
  
"We don't want adults-only programming on Netflix," one of them said.  
  
"It's not adults-only," Adam countered, "it's just nudity. No sex. You have nudity with current Netflix shows now, and that nudity is usually tied to sex. That's more adults-only that what I am proposing. Dani has been the subject of news stories and was on Stossel. People are curious about her."  
  
"Yes, but the nudity in our current offerings is not the focus. It's just brief and fleeting, something to give realism to the story."  
  
"Something to make people watch," Adam said.  
  
"That's not why the nudity is there."  
  
"Oh come on. You mean to tell me that people aren't going to be more likely to watch something because they heard that ... well, Alison Brie, for instance, has a nude scene in it?"  
  
Adam realized that he was doing something he didn't want to do, getting combative in defense of his idea, and he resolved to tone down.  
  
"That may be the case for some people, but that's not the reason for it."  
  
The members of the board didn't respond to the video of Dani that Adam had taken in the way he had hoped.  
  
"You should have pulled the camera back," the most vocal member said, referring to the fact that only Dani's head and shoulders were visible.  
  
Adam thought about pointing out how he had just contradicted his earlier statement about people not watching shows because of nudity, but he remained quiet. He knew at that point that they were going to pass on the project. They voted it down 5-4.  
  
"Thank you for your time," he told them as he packed up and left the room.  
  
Now he had to decide whether to shop the idea to other networks or move on to another project. The problem was, he didn't have another project. When he had first read the book and come up with the idea of a reality series, the idea had just been a shot in the dark, a move of desperation. But he was in desperate financial straits. The lease payment on his Corvette was due, and it wasn't going to pay itself. Many times, Adam wished he hadn't bought the 'Vette at all. He had rationalized it at the time by telling himself that if he was going to play the part of a big-time TV producer, he had to look like a big-time TV producer. Maybe he should just cut his losses, get rid of the Corvette, dissolve his production company, and go back to operating cameras for other people. If he didn't score with a project soon, that's exactly would he would have to do.  
  
As Adam was stepping into the elevator that would take him down to the ground floor, he heard his name called. He stopped on the elevator threshold, preventing the doors from closing, and saw George Blanchard, his contact here at Netflix and the reason he got the pitch meeting in the first place. There were two people in the elevator already, so Adam mumbled "Sorry," and stepped out of the way of the doors and back into the hallway.  
  
"Man, I'm sorry about that," George said, out of breath from running to catch him. He was overweight, and his shirt seemed to struggle to stay tucked into his pants. "I really thought they would go for it. I mean, an attractive girl who stays naked everywhere she goes, who wouldn't want to watch that?"  
  
"Was there something wrong with my pitch?"  
  
"No, your pitch was fine," George said. "Duck Dynasty meets Girls Gone Wild, f\*cking brilliant."  
  
"Why didn't you say that in the meeting?" Adam asked. He knew George had been in the television industry for thirty years; the other board members would have listened to him.  
  
"That board is Vic's thing."  
  
"Is he the one that did the most talking?" Adam asked. They had all introduced themselves at the beginning of the meeting, but Adam couldn't remember all of their names.  
  
"Yeah, that was Vic."  
  
"He didn't seem to like the idea, but he also didn't know exactly why he didn't like it."  
  
George looked up and down the hall, grabbed Adam's arm, and pulled him toward a nearby copy room.  
  
"I think I can sway him," he said as he pulled the door of the copy room closed. "Look, I've seen that naked chick on Youtube and Stossel."  
  
"She's more than just a 'naked chick'," Adam said. "That's why the show would work."  
  
"Yeah, of course she is. She seemed really smart in that tape you played." George leaned close and spoke in as quiet a voice as he could manage. "If you could get me a finished pilot, I think we can change Vic's mind."  
  
Adam tried not to pull away despite the stale stench of cigarettes on George's breath. He thought of the expense of a full pilot, the production costs, graphics, music, talent, union fees, taxes.  
  
"I can't afford to shoot a pilot," he said. "I'm pretty strapped right now."  
  
George nodded and seemed to consider something. "Fine. I'll put in forty thousand, my own money."  
  
The wheels started turning in Adam's head. Forty thousand wasn't even half of what he would need to produce a quality episode from scratch. But if he had to, he could beg, borrow, and steal whatever he needed, and defer payments on a bunch of other things. The bad part of that was that if the show wasn't picked up, he would never be able to make good on those deferred payments. If he went through with this, he would be risking his entire production company on it. Did he really trust that George would come through once a pilot was finished? And if he didn't take this shot, would he be able to live with himself. He had talked with Dani, seen her in the flesh (in more ways than one), and he believed in her. She would make this show. He knew she would.  
  
"Will that get you over the hump?" George asked.  
  
Adam nodded. "Yeah, I think that's doable."  
  
"Good. If the show's picked up, pay me back sixty. If not, well, I've just lost forty grand."  
  
Adam thought that it must be nice to just have forty thousand dollars lying around, but he only said, "All right."  
  
"So you see, I'm betting on you being able to produce a great show. If you do, I can get board approval without any problem. And if not, well.... I know people at other networks."  
  
Adam had worked with George as a camera operator on three of his previous productions, and they had talked at length about the ambitions Adam had. Having his name as a producer on a nationally televised series was at the top of that list, so this could be the big break he was looking for.  
  
"Just one other thing," George said.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"I want access to the set. And I want to meet this Naked Dani or whatever her name is."  
  
"I think that can be arranged," Adam said.  
  
"Good." George held out his hand, and Adam shook it. "I'll email you the paperwork today. Just sign it and scan it back to me."  
  
"OK."  
  
"And when you do that, send me your account info. I'll wire the money to you right away."  
  
George opened the door of the copy room and led Adam back out into the hall just as two members of the programming committee walked past.  
  
"Nice seeing you Adam," George said in a louder voice as they stopped in front of the elevator doors. "Thanks for coming in. Good luck to you."  
  
"Thanks." Adam shook his hand one more time and then pressed the elevator down button as George walked away.  
  
Adam's mind was already running a mile a second as he stepped back on the elevator. He had envisioned a Dani's roommate and had had the idea of using the first episode as their first meeting. That would have to wait now. He had to shoot enough footage to get a thirty minute episode. If the show was picked up, they could stick it somewhere in the middle of the season. But if the roommate wasn't in that episode, they would have to avoid the dorm as a shooting location. Sylvia had said that Dani was free to go naked to three or four places off campus in the area. That was what they would have to do for this episode, get Dani out in public with a bunch of people not associated with Coachella Valley University.  
  
Adam was already on the phone with Sylvia before he got to his car, but he got her voicemail.  
  
"Sylvia, Adam Munch. I got the funding for just one episode, a pilot. So we need to shoot something good to get approval for the rest of the season. I was thinking one or two of those places off campus. And you said Dani could have a university car to drive. We'll need access to that and probably another vehicle for crew and equipment. Call me later this afternoon."  
  
He disconnected and sat in his Corvette thinking about the calendar. It was already toward the end of October. He had to get everything shot before Thanksgiving, he thought. But then he remembered that he needed to edit, do the graphics, and get someone to write music. He didn't have until Thanksgiving. He had to get the raw footage done by Halloween, which meant that they needed to start shooting yesterday. If Sylvia hadn't called him back by the time he got to his office, he would call her again. And if he couldn't reach her then, he would have to call Audrey or even Dani herself. Adam was sweating by the time he started the engine to get the air conditioning going and start driving back to the production office.