

## **Concave**

a make-your-own-memory play  
from three angles

\*()\*

the dreamers ride against the men of action / o see the men of action falling back  
-Leonard Cohen

\*()\*

### **Dreamers**

#### Abram Kavner (m)

28. Polish descent (Jewish).  
Fit. Ambitious. Dogged.  
Loud/fast in all he does.  
AV guy at community college.  
Never got his degree.

#### Sandeep Chakravati (m)

19. South Indian descent (Hindu).  
Rebelledd by being himself: a loner.  
Would rather stream content than \_\_\_\_.  
An all-American lost boy.  
Film student at community college.

#### Chitta Gutierrez (f)

34. Ecuadorian-American (Catholic).  
Via Miami, and Buddhist conversion.  
Agoraphobic, with good reason.  
Dresses down her ample sex appeal.  
Runner for a pot dealer. College grad.

### **Entertainers**

#### Entertainer 1 (m)

Plays: a cop, a workout guru, a cowboy, a stock sitcom character, a talk show host, and (a representation of) Abram.  
When he's not behind the screen, he's Liam.

#### Entertainer 2 (m)

Plays: a cop, a horse, a stock sitcom character, an REI manager, a cowboy, and (a representation of) Sandeep.  
When he's not behind the screen, he's Cameron.

#### Entertainer 3 (f)

Plays: a widow, a celebrity chef, a stock sitcom character, a frontierswoman, and (a representation of) Chitta.  
When she's not behind the screen, she's Lisa.

### **Setting**

Denver, Colorado.

The suburban Kavner household, where Abram lives.

The spartan living-room area.

Most of it is empty carpeted space Abram uses as a gym.

Dumbbell racks, maybe a workout bench.

A door leads out to the front yard, near a row of windows with blinds.

(At start, these windows should be between audience and stage; perhaps representational.)

Another door leads to Abram's bedroom.

Some wall-mounted cabinets. A baseball bat.

And in a corner: a coffee table and couch, facing . . .

### **The Screen**

A surface that separates the Entertainer's enactments of media from the 'reality' of the play.

This **screen** could be made of glass, plastic, moonlight -- even the frame of a screen --

But it should be able to stretch, shrink, contort, and move about the stage.

### **The Portrait**

It's of Abram and his father, and it's hanging conspicuously.

Abram should be instantly recognizable in it.

As should their genetic similarities.

### **Time**

The present, in the first section.

Three years later, in the second.

A good while after that, in the third.

## Dreamy

*Abram's alone in his house. Wielding dumbbells.  
Entertainer 1 (playing a fitness guru) is behind the **screen**.  
Pump-up music plays.*

### **Entertainer 1**

And now we come to my personal favorite: the jurls.  
Hoo baby. Jurling for forty reps.  
Are you all at home ready for the mutha?

### **Abram**

Fuck you.

### **Entertainer 1**

The mutha-lova of all moves in the Extreme Routine to Look Like a Dream program?

### **Abram**

Weakling.

### **Entertainer 1**

The other guy's workout is done by now.  
But us? We're just getting started.

### **Abram**

Just stalling, you tired old hack.

### **Entertainer 1**

Three two one go!

*Entertainer 1 launches into a fast, absurdly complicated exercise.  
Abram does it in unison with him. Perfectly.*

### **Entertainer 1**

Deep lunge.  
Lateral raise.  
Rotate up, shoulder press.  
Reverse curl down.  
Curl back up, hold halfway.  
Plyometric lunges. Switch. And switch. And switch.  
Keep the dumbbells parallel to the ground!  
Switch. Switch.  
Now curl at the same time.  
Bam! Bam! Bam! That's it!  
Come on! You got this!

### **Abram**

I KNOW, YOU ASSHOLE.

**Entertainer 1**

Now faster!  
And jump! And curl. And jurl! Jurl!  
Jurl, baby, jurl! This is the mutha!

**Abram**

YOU ALREADY TOLD ME THAT.

*The doorbell rings.*

*Abram stops.*

**Entertainer 1**

No tired in here, no tired in there!  
Only twenty jurls left!  
Stay with me, stay with me --

*Abram turns off the **screen**. (Entertainer 1 disappears.)*

*He looks down at his biceps.*

*The doorbell rings again.*

*He pounds out a few curls. Looks at his arms again: now he's satisfied.*

*He opens the front door, and Chitta enters. Wearing a backpack.*

**Chitta**

Jesus. Finally. Thanks.

**Abram**

What is up my dude? What is good, what is the deal, how are you hanging, what is the word on the --

**Chitta**

Your neighbor on the porch over there was like Hey sugar, and I was like Um Abram open the goddamn door.

**Abram**

Yeah sorry I was just finishing my workout here. Doing some curls. Like eighty curls.

**Chitta**

Is anyone else here.

**Abram**

No no no

*She looks around. Peeks into Abram's bedroom.*

**Abram**

But my dad's

**Chitta**

Not worried about your dad.

**Abram**

You should be, you should absolutely be, he's inappropriate with younger women and he's coming back from Israel any day now.

**Chitta**

It's been any day now for like -- how long have I known you, like three or four --

**Abram**

He found more dead relatives to mourn, distant cousins of my grandpa, see he's sitting *shiva* for everyone in our family who died in the camps, it's a week for each one and it adds up so he extended his trip but -- wow I'm talking what am I even saying, literally all the blood in my body right now is going to my muscles, my brain is putty.

**Chitta**

You're saying that you're not expecting anyone. Right?

**Abram**

Right. Yes. I'll make sure we have, like. total. privacy.

*Chitta winces. Abram clocks it, goes into his head.*

*Chitta digs around her backpacks, emerges with a small tub of marijuana.*

**Chitta**

Close the blinds, please?

**Abram**

Marijuana's legal here, don't know if you heard.

**Chitta**

Okay but selling it like this isn't.

**Abram**

But who would be the wiser, who would know that we weren't just --

**Chitta**

How about I just don't like people fucking looking at me and your neighbor is still --  
Okay?

*Abram closes the blinds.*

**Chitta**

Sorry. Just not in the mood for any.

**Abram** (*pronouncing it "cheetab"*)

You're my dude, Chitta.

**Chitta** (*pronouncing it "chib-TUH"*)

Chitta.

**Abram**

Sorry. Right. Sorry.

And you know I'm good to keep on with this, this arrangement. Herb is about hanging out. Connections. Making it like groceries really cheapens it. You know what I mean?

**Chitta**

I'm done dealing, Abram.

**Abram**

Yeah, fuck the system.

Wait what?

**Chitta**

This is my last day with Blue Bear and all them.

**Abram**

No.

**Chitta**

Yeah. I'm moving.

**Abram**

With who?

I mean --

**Chitta**

Into the mountains. Somewhere with space. Gonna get an EarthShip.

**Abram**

Oh.

*(reaching for the tub)* Oh wow, I wanna hear about this, let me smoke you out, is this sativa or --

**Chitta** *(not giving him the tub)*

I've been saving up for years, man. Today I'll finally get enough.

When I'm settled up with everyone.

*Pause.*

**Abram**

A ship? In the Rocky Mountains?

**Chitta**

Abram, you're my guy, you know that.

But I've got a whole list of spots to hit today, gotta get over to Cherry Hills, there's like --

**Abram**

Cherry Hills? A bunch of rich kids, bunch of Colorado Academy private school bitches that are gonna try to knock your prices down, "Oh I'm sorry I don't think I can pay that, the stores are cheaper" --

**Chitta**

They can't do the stores, they're not 21 --

**Abram**

But they can get their *siblings* to go to the stores for them, or their depressed trophy wife mothers, and the stores are cheaper so Mister Blue Beard says you've gotta --

**Chitta**

It *isn't* cheaper in the stores, man, the taxes --

**Abram**

He says you've gotta keep the customers no matter what, so Blue Beard makes you --

**Chitta**

Blue Bear. *Blue Bear.*

**Abram**

Whatever, he's gonna say collecting with full price isn't the priority, keeping the customers is, so you end up knocking their price down this time and next time and every time and they'll screw you out of getting to quit today and those snotty kids won't even let you take a few rips for the trouble. Come on. Take a few rips.

**Chitta**

Dude.

You haven't paid us in ages.

**Abram**

I, okay wait, I --

**Chitta**

I've been fronting you personally for like six months.

**Abram** (*"cheetah"*)

Chitta, listen.

**Chitta**

That's not my.

**Abram**

I understand where you're coming from and --

**Chitta**

Say my name right please.

Can you?

Have you been listening to me at all?

*Pause.*

**Abram**

My dad told me as a kid to pronounce peoples' names wrong. Even after they corrected me. He said it was important they know I don't care. That I made the rules. He thought it was funny, too. Anyway. Bad habit. I'll get your money. So you don't have to deal with me anymore.

*Abram goes into his room.*

*Chitta sighs.*

*Behind the **screen**, we see the outline of a dark figure.*

*It's in flowing robes. Knives in its wrists.*

*Chitta sighs. Bites her lip.*

*The figure raises its arms.*

*Chitta grabs the remote and turns the TV on.*

*The program behind the **screen** is a cooking show, on mute. Entertainer 3 has a knife in each hand, in front of a table, chopping something expertly. Mouthing words.*

*Abram comes back out.*

*Chitta takes out a pipe. Abram pulls out a lighter, lights the bowl for Chitta. She takes a hit, holds it in.*

*He takes a cherried hit right after. Holds it in with her.*

*They release simultaneously.*

*They watch the program.*

**Abram**

Hungry?

**Chitta**

Whaddya have?

**Abram**

Nothing.

*Pause.*

**Abram**

We could order.

**Chitta**

I'm good.

**Abram**

I bet there's something in some box around here. Groceries are just awful though. You'll spend most of your life dealing with groceries if you're not careful.

*He goes looking.*

**Chitta**

I was thinking about our talk the other time  
About the new entertainment

**Abram**

A million-dollar idea, I have a thousand of those I'm a billionaire in idea-dollars, no joke

**Chitta**

You said something that was totally wrong.

**Abram**

What?

What.

What did I say that was --

**Chitta**

You said programming will die.

Nope.

People will always be like "I dunno what to watch, just tell me and I'll sit and do it."

People are lazy. And weak.

*Abram gives Chitta a box of mazob he found.*

**Abram**

There's going to be a revolution.

**Chitta**

Yeah I'm calling bullshit

**Abram**

With TV, and with everything we watch.

No programs, no being programmed, like we're robots.

We need a human entertainment. Fluid. Free.

That morphs to suit each individual! And multiplies!

Programs as numerous as the stars in the sky! Like God said to Isaac!

You know?

**Chitta**

What?

**Abram**

Don't you want to be part of that revolution?

With me?

We can --

**Chitta**

God? God said what to Isaac?

**Abram**

Oh that was just an expression, a Torah expression, but what if there was a show that changed according to how each person felt about in real time, wouldn't that be --

**Chitta**

Are you trying to convert me?

*Pause.*

**Abram**

No. No. I'm not even that Jewish. I get the carnitas at Chipotle.

**Chitta**

Right it's just I come over here and all these little reminders --

**Abram**

I think organized religion is bullshit brainwash, actually, plus Judaism isn't a proselytizing religion so. And I don't mean all organized religion is bullshit --

**Chitta**

I mean --

**Abram**

I think those Eastern religions are totally different, totally less dogmatic and sheltering of child abusers and so forth --

**Chitta**

There are militant Buddhists in Laos, Buddhists killing people, angry, rampaging Buddhists.

**Abram**

Oh, well, won't be pissing you off then --

**Chitta**

I'm not tossing it around, though, I'm not tying Tibetan prayer flags around my neck, you know, for me it's about saying "I am basically good, we are all basically good, and if you just sit and breathe right you'll feel that," and --

**Abram**

I wouldn't try to convert you, I mean you already converted so why would I try to do it again?

**Chitta**

What is there a one-time limit on conversion?

**Abram**

No but I mean you obviously made your choice.

**Chitta**

Well I obviously have the right to change my choice.

**Abram**

So you're interested in hearing more about our team?  
You want a packet?

*Chitta is kind of amused.*

**Abram** *(continuing the joke)*

I've got a few tucked under my prayer shawl.

Join us, you can help run the world's financial institutions, it's great stuff!

*He went too far. He goes into himself a bit.*

**Chitta**

Speaking of finances.

Do you have the . . .

*Pause.*

*Abram reaches into his pocket.*

*Pulls out a stack of notecards.*

**Chitta**

Jesus fucking Christ.

**Abram**

Million-dollar ideas!

**Chitta**

I can't, man, I can't anymore.

**Abram**

This is the best one yet.

**Chitta**

I'm gonna have to tell Blue Bear, Abram.

**Abram**

This one'll make us rich! I swear!

**Chitta**

I don't wanna be rich, asshole! I wanna disappear!

*Pause.*

**Abram**

Wait are you like crying for help, the mothership in the mountains, is that --

**Chitta**

*EarthShip*, EarthShip, you fucking --

*Pause.*

**Chitta**

It's a self-sustaining house. Completely off the grid. You grow your food, you get solar energy, it's made of recycled materials. No negative impact. And you never have to leave.

I can meditate all day. Alone. Total peace.

That's my dream, Abram.

You know what dreams mean. You're not a zombie stoner like the others.

So come on.

Help me.

**Abram**

I'm broke.

*Pause.*

*Chitta packs the tub and pipe back up.*

**Abram**

Will you listen for just a second?

You don't have to say anything. Then you can leave.

Just for a second.

*She doesn't move or respond.*

*Abram reads from a notecard.*

**Abram**

"I have access to cameras and film equipment.

The idea is to film re-enactments of private conversations that the NSA has recorded.

Everybody will want to watch, because nobody will know if it's their private conversation or not.

Also because people are nosy.

What we need is access to the conversations.

That journalist guy in Brazil has them, the one who worked with Snowden. Brazil is in South America. ("*Cheetab*") Chitta's parents are from Ecuador. Maybe they know some Brazilians? Same continent? Start from there."

*Abram looks up. Self-satisfied.*

**Chitta**

You're the smartest dumbass I've ever known.

*She goes to the front door.*

**Abram**

Why do you wanna be alone?

*A beat.*

**Chitta**

You honestly don't know?

Are you being like, "I'll ask her even though I know the answer and just act like it's a huge surprise when she --"

**Abram**

I think you're great.  
I think you're intelligent. And good company.  
It would be sad if nobody got to hang with you again.  
No: tragic. It'd be full-blown tragic.

**Chitta**

Well.  
You're the nicest dumbass I've ever known, too.

*Pause.*

**Abram**

Hey.  
Do you wanna  
I have an extra ticket for this concert, Red Rocks thing  
Like a 4/20 concert thing  
Do you wanna go with me to it?  
Or if not just like do  
Something else, whatever you.

*Chitta opens the front door.*

**Abram**

Wait wait wait, my dad, I found this secret stash of his money the other day, I just need to make sure he's not coming back tonight and then I'll settle up. Tomorrow. This time tomorrow, we'll be square.

**Chitta**

You'll have my money.

**Abram**

My dad'll string me up by the balls if he catches me, but I'll take that risk for you.

**Chitta**

Just promise me you'll have my money.  
You promise?

**Abram**

Yes.

*Pause.*

**Chitta** *(re: the portrait)*

You should take that down, Abram.

**Abram**

Why would I do that?

*Pause.*

**Abram**

It's our family's house. His and mine. Not only me around here.

*Chitta leaves*

*Day turns to night.*