



ICEBERGS

BY ALENA SMITH



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



ICEBERGS
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For Emilio

ICEBERGS was produced by Geffen Playhouse (Randall Arney, Artistic Director; Gil Cates, Jr., Executive Director) on November 8, 2016. It was directed by Randall Arney, the scenic designer was Anthony T. Fanning, the costume designer was David Kay Mickelsen, the lighting designer was Daniel Ionazzi, the composer and sound designer was Richard Woodbury, the dramaturg was Rachel Wiegardt-Egel, and the production stage manager was Young Ji. The cast was as follows:

CALDER Nate Corddry
ABIGAIL Jennifer Mudge
REED Keith Powell
MOLLY Rebecca Henderson
NICKY Lucas Near-Verbrugghe

CHARACTERS

CALDER, 36. A filmmaker.

ABIGAIL, 35. His wife, an actor.

REED, 35. Calder's friend, a paleontologist.

MOLLY, 36. Abigail's friend, a fortune-teller.

NICKY, 34. Calder's agent.

SETTING

Calder and Abigail's living room, in Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

TIME

A weekday in early November; the Day of the Dead.

ICEBERGS

ACT ONE

Los Angeles, California—where the weather is always nice. It's November, and sunny. We are on the East side, in Silver Lake, in a living room flooded with light. Arched open doorways, naked windows; this feels like a space you can drift through, rather than get trapped in. The furniture rests on slim, well-toned legs; there's a faded Turkish rug, a record player in perfect condition, a surfboard, and an elegant array of plants. Avocado plants, spider plants, succulents in little pots, cacti, a fiddle-leaf fig tree in a corner. All in all, you want to live here, healthy and tranquil, forever.

Now, there's a jingle of keys at the door, and Calder, who does live here, enters. He's 36, a scruffy, well-built white guy, with a gentle air about him. As he comes in, shuts the door, tosses some mail on a table, and kicks off his shoes, he's also talking on the phone.

CALDER. Okay. Okay, sweet. Yeah, yeah, that's exciting. No, it is. Do you not hear the excitement in my voice? I know I speak in a natural monotone, but I'm really trying to convey a sense of—yo, can you hang on a sec? I just got home—I have to take off this sweater.

He puts the phone down and yanks off the sweater.

Jesus, it's hot. I was soaking wet through that meeting. (*Repeating a question asked of him.*) Why did I wear a sweater? Because it's November. I'm trying to at least *pretend* that it's fall.

Beat.

Well—thanks. I'm glad you think I looked handsome. You devil.

He rolls his eyes.

Okay. So where do we go from here? Next steps...yeah. So you're

gonna circle back to them, and then—okay. Right! Awesome, man. Yeah, the meeting was great—couldn't have gone better. Yeah, I agree—it's all starting to feel *real*. Like it's actually going to happen. Yeah, one hundred percent. A tipping point.

Calder accidentally knocks over a plant. Dirt spills on the floor.

Fuck—shit—I just knocked over a plant. No, a *plant*—never mind. Don't worry about it. Okay, yes, go take your call. We'll talk later. Yes, of course, call me if you hear anything. Yes. Awesome. Fantastic.

Calder puts the phone down, and exits off to the kitchen.

He comes back with a dustbroom and dustpan, and carefully tidies up the spilled dirt.

Then, through a window, he sees someone outside, approaching the front door.

(Out the window.) Oh, shit! You got here!

He opens the door, and tosses the dirt outside, just as his visitor arrives.

Dude—you made it!

Calder's visitor, Reed, is at the door. He's the same age as Calder, a somewhat-geeky black guy, wearing a gray suit and some kind of name badge. He pulls a mid-sized suitcase behind him, on wheels.

REED. Yeah, Waze almost killed me, but I made it.

CALDER. So good to see you, man.

Reed comes all the way in. He and Calder do a man-hug-type thing. Reed's suit is disheveled, from driving, from the heat.

REED. Whew—that drive was rough.

CALDER. Traffic was bad?

REED. It took me two hours to get here from UCLA.

CALDER. That's normal, unfortunately.

REED. Man. Everything is so dry. Like the lawns, and everything.

CALDER. Oh, yeah. That's the drought.

REED. Right. So that's still a thing.

CALDER. Yeah, it's a thing. You still have grass in Missouri?

REED. Do me a favor. Don't talk to me about Missouri while I'm here.

CALDER. Ha. Okay.

REED. (*Looking around.*) Nice place!

CALDER. Nice *suit*. Is that how scientists dress?

REED. Only at our stupid conferences. Can I take this off, immediately?

CALDER. Please. I was naked when you got here. We don't wear a lot of clothes in this house.

REED. Good call. Is it always this hot?

CALDER. Nah, we're in a heat wave.

REED. Since when?

CALDER. You know—I'm not sure.

He shakes his head.

Time is weird in L.A. Other cities, you might be like, what day is it? But here I'm like, what *month* is it. I literally thought it was April once when it was September.

REED. That's wild.

CALDER. Wait, have you been here before?

REED. Nope. First time. I've been to San Francisco.

CALDER. Amazing! I'll have to show you the town. Or, I'll have to show you the sprawling system of disparate suburban localities they call the town. Or—we could just stick around Silver Lake. I never leave this neighborhood anyway.

He heads toward the kitchen.

You want a beer?

REED. Yes, please.

CALDER. Just throw all your shit on the couch. You can sleep there—or we can blow up the air mattress.

REED. You know I love an air mattress.

Calder goes to the kitchen. Reed starts making himself at home. He takes off his jacket and tie, unbuttons his shirt and removes it. Underneath, he's wearing a T-shirt. His T-shirt has a dinosaur on it.

Calder comes back with two beers. Hands one to Reed.

CALDER. There we go. (*Referring to Reed's shirt.*) Brontosaurus?

REED. Apatosaurus. Please.

CALDER. It's crazy that you sit around all day talking about dinosaurs.

REED. I actually don't. I study the Permian-Triassic. Dinosaurs weren't quite on the scene yet. But we did have prehistoric sharks.

CALDER. Oh, that's cool. Sharks are big right now. I mean, they're on trend.

REED. So I should be wearing a shark T-shirt, is what you're saying.

CALDER. Yeah. Do you have one in there?

He gestures at the suitcase.

REED. I definitely do. (*He definitely does.*) I'll bust it out tomorrow.

CALDER. Perfect. So—cheers, man! Good to see you!

REED. You too! Thanks for letting me crash.

CALDER. Of course! Anytime. I saw your post on Facebook, I was like, shit, you can stay with me! You should have just called.

REED. I lost all my numbers a month ago. My kid dropped my phone in the bath.

CALDER. Aw, that's cute.

REED. No it's not.

CALDER. How old is she now?

REED. Two. Two and a half.

CALDER. Oh, right—I should know that.

REED. Why?

CALDER. Because she was born on our wedding day. Remember? That's why you couldn't come.

REED. Oh, right, yeah. Sorry about that.

CALDER. Yeah, why'd your dumb kid have to screw up my wedding?

REED. I don't know. She's a dick.

CALDER. Ha! Don't say that!

REED. Don't have kids, man. I'm serious.

CALDER. Oh, shut the fuck up. Ruby is adorable.

REED. How do you know? You haven't met her.

CALDER. I follow you *and* Amber on Instagram. I know your child better than I know myself.

REED. Shit. Do we post too much?

CALDER. No, I like your posts. I mean if it wasn't for Instagram, I'd never see you.

REED. Sad but true.

CALDER. Shit man, how long has it been?

REED. Well, let's see. We graduated...what. Fourteen years ago?

CALDER. Fourteen *years*?! That's insane.

REED. It's upsetting.

CALDER. But I've seen you since we graduated, obviously.

REED. Right, I'm just establishing the origin of our timeline.

CALDER. I saw you at the ten-year reunion.

REED. I saw you at Joe and Hannah's wedding. That was after the reunion.

CALDER. Right, 'cause you made it to Joe's wedding, but not to mine.

REED. Hey. Circumstances intervened.

CALDER. Indeed.

REED. I saw the pictures, at least. You two looked very happy.

CALDER. We were. I mean—we are.

REED. So when do I get to meet Abigail?! Is she home??

CALDER. I can't believe you've never met. No—she'll be home tonight. She had an audition today.

REED. Oh, *cool*.

CALDER. Yeah. I hope she gets it, or she might not be that much fun.

REED. Damn. Show business. Right?

CALDER. Yeah.

Beat.

How's Amber doing?

REED. She's good. Fuck—I have to text her. Tell her I got here.

He takes out his phone.

CALDER. She still teaching?

ICEBERGS

by Alena Smith

3 men, 2 women

Los Angeles, California, where the weather is always nice, and the future looks bright...at least on the surface. Welcome to Silver Lake on a warm November night, where a new generation of thirty-somethings navigate filmmaking and family planning, trying to put down roots before everything melts away.

"...[Smith] sends up Angelenos with spot-on cultural references and sly but affectionate insight. ...the characters' rapports convey the richness and surprise of real-life interactions while deepening the play's themes. ...ICEBERGS is aptly named: There's a lot going on under its sparkling surface."
—Los Angeles Times

"[ICEBERGS] offers plenty of laughs with witty dialogue... Smith... shows impeccable comic timing, and also knows how to layer her drama with pathos."
—Variety

"...timely and touching, humorous and human... Simply put, ICEBERGS is contemporary American theater at its best."
—StageSceneLA.com

"Smith manages the impressive feat of integrating TV-style situation comedy, often riotous, with weighty themes of love, career, life, death, and the acceptance of loss... ICEBERGS is a fine-grained photograph of a slice of Southern California life..."
—Santa Barbara Independent

Also by Alena Smith
THE BAD GUYS
THE LACY PROJECT
THE NEW SINCERITY
PLUCKER

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