

# Kayani's Dimensional Services

A Choose Your Own Adventure Podcast

by K. Brian Neel

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## TEASER 1.0

### CHARACTERS:

Mz. Small    A Psychic Medium (bitter, crass, weary)  
Eyva 96    A Mechanic (happy, optimistic, curious)  
Natas    A Driver with a Universe in his Belly (blunt, no-nonsense)

MUSIC: Something like Django Django's Marble Skies.

SFX: Inside a heavy, square, yellow industrial vehicle driving down the highway at night.

(Fade up on Eyva, mid-conversation:)

EYVA: ... we're puppets or something. Less than puppets, more like scraps of clothing. Or pants. That's it! We're like his pants and he's taking his pants off without using his hands.

SMALL: What are you talking about, Eyva?

EYVA: Kayani.

SMALL: What about Kayani?

EYVA: You're not even listening to me, Mz. Small. I've been talking about this for like sixty kilometers. Are you even listening to me?

SMALL: Not really.

EYVA: I'm wondering: Who is Kayani?

SMALL: Kayani isn't a person.

EYVA: What, then is he a dog or something?

SMALL: Kayani is a company. The company that employs us.

EYVA: But companies are named after people. (downplayed) Most of the time.

SMALL: What does it matter?

EYVA: It's stenciled on the side of our van. It's on our paychecks. It's our livelihood. Aren't you even curious who wears the pants? I mean, we are pants!

SMALL: Our livelihood is fixing dimensions. Helping people.

EYVA: Yeah, and the people we're saving don't even know we're helping them. It's not very validating being invisible. Under the radar. Between the lines.

SMALL: We're guardian angels, Eyva. Focus on that.

EYVA: Guardian angels? I guess that's kind of romantic.

(Natas speaks...)

NATAS: She.

SMALL: You say something, Natas?

NATAS: Kayani is a woman. She/her pronouns.

SMALL: Okay. (pause.) (realizing) Eyva, what does all this have to do with pants?

EYVA: Pants?

SMALL: You said "taking pants off without hands."

NATAS: We three are set forth upon the universe by Kayani. We are with her, yet separate from her. We are like pants she removes without the use of her hands. She frantically slides and shimmies, steps up and down, clenches the hems with her toes and heals, until finally she kicks the pants into a pile on the floor. That is us. A bunched up, inside out, mass of wrinkled fabric, manipulated by an armless master.

(Beat. Engine noise pervades.)

EYVA: Yeah! You got it. Thanks, Natas.

(Beat. Engine noise.)

SMALL: So much for my angel metaphor.

SFX: The industrial van drives off into the distance.

## TEASER 2.0

### CHARACTERS:

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Eyva 96    A Mechanic (happy, optimistic, curious)  
Natas    A Driver with a Universe in his Belly (blunt, no-nonsense)

MUSIC: Something like Django Django's Marble Skies.

SFX: Heavy truck doors open, the three step inside and slam the doors.

EYVA: So is this like a timeline thing, Miss Small?

SMALL: I already told you, Eyva, we fix dimensions.

NATAS: Buckle up.

SMALL: Yeah, yeah.

SFX: Buckles click. Engine fires up.

EYVA: You just had me pull that sweet old man's pants down around his ankles while he was playing chess with that punk-looking kid with the no-hawk.

SFX: The industrial van drives away, engine gears rising to cruising speed.

SMALL: No-hawk?

EYVA: Reverse mohawk.

SMALL: Whatever. Look, the pants was your idea.

EYVA: My idea?

SMALL: You were going on and on about pants last time, remember?

EYVA: So?

SMALL: So. Your idea.

EYVA: So! How did that save a dimension?

SMALL: The old man, a retired engineer, was ahead in time by twenty eight seconds. By pulling his pants off, it took him twenty three seconds to recover, thereby allowing the kid to ponder a winning move in the chess match, and thereby become a theoretical mathematics professor. It was a seminal moment. We come across those sometimes. Mostly, we just pick up the dimensional trash. This was a real nugget, you should be proud of your pantsing.

EYVA: Thank you. (catching herself.) Wait! You just said this was about time.

SMALL: Yes.

EYVA: But before you said dimensions.

SMALL: Yes.

EYVA: Which is time?

SMALL: Sometimes.

EYVA: Sometimes.

SMALL: Time is a dimension. One of them.

NATAS: Yesterday was tomorrow, tomorrow will be yesterday. Three are only the fourth.

SMALL/EYVA: What?

NATAS: See that hula dancer on the dashboard?

SMALL: Here we go again.

NATAS: There is no space around her, only air. That is how Aristotle conceived dimension. No space, only place. Particle physics made us aware that there is only space, and showed us the strong and weak dimensional pulls. Then Einstein put gravity into the equation and time became the fourth dimension. String theory says there are ten dimensions, or eleven if you take into account m-theory, which theoretically could stretch to 24 dimensions. And, of course, mathematics can play with infinite dimensions, without even addressing non-Euclidian geometry.

(pause.)

EYVA: It's the grass skirt dancing! That's the dimensional pulls on the hula girl!

NATAS: Yes.

SMALL: What you should be asking is what we're going to do about the missing five seconds. Think that's just going to get swept under the rug? (beat) Pass me the gogi berries.

SFX: The industrial van drives off into the distance.