

TINY HOUSES  
by Stefanie Zdravec

*About the play (from the playwright):*

On July 17, 2014, Malaysia Flight MH-17 rained down upon a tiny, war-torn Eastern Ukraine village by a surface-to-air missile launched by pro-Russian Separatists. Bodies and objects alike become fodder for those trying to escape the circumstances in which they were born. *Tiny Houses* is a comic riff on Pandora's Box that explores the ripple effect on several women who suddenly realize they can disrupt the status quo.

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YEVHENIA—Female, 55-65

*About the scene:*

After the plane crash destroyed the roof of her shed, Yevhenia discovered a human leg, complete with high heeled shoe, on the floor in the rubble. She sits and talks to it, keeping vigil and sharing what she can't say to her violent son and abrasive daughter-in-law, including her last memory of her husband.

YEVHENIA  
*(to the leg)*

My son thinks *I'm* crazy.

Says you aren't a person, just a body part. So many times I say to myself, *Who is this asshole, who calls himself my son?*

Not a person. You have a mother or sister — *or child* — *You have a child?*

They should know that *somebody* was with you.

Even if it's just a strange lady who can't remember anything.

That day when I found Borya out here on the floor, his leg was right where yours is now.

He was lying under his barrel, the big one, he used to sit on,

Soaked in pickle juice from head-to-toe.

And laughing so hard he couldn't speak.

Finally I said, *Enough Borya. Get up.*

Which made him laugh even more.

I didn't get the joke.

Then I saw what had really happened.

I wanted to break that barrel right over his head, but it was already broken.

And so was Borya's leg, and his arm,

And he had soiled himself.

All around him on the floor was covered with broken glass

And he's been like that, for hours.

He tells me, *Zhenia a few hours more and I'll be completely pickled and preserved.*

I said nothing.

I called the doctor.

Swept up the glass, mopped the floor,

And he begged me to stop,

He wanted me to sit with him in the pickle juice.

But I didn't.

Instead I cut his pants off with my gardening shears.

Cleaned him. Brought out a blanket.  
And then I stood right outside this door and waited for the doctor.  
*Laugh Zhenia, if you don't laugh, you'll rot inside.*

Inside Borya, the cancer had spread.  
His bones were so fragile, that they just crumbled  
His hip and his leg where he fell.  
Then his wrist and this one (*clavicle*) when he tried to pull himself back up.  
He wanted me to laugh, but I refused.

I haven't done so bad with you though, right?  
If Borya could see me, sitting here with you.  
*Talking to your shoe!*

*(She laughs.)*