-ettes

is a zine of tiny plays

Still Life

Clodagh Chapman

LAUREN stands at the edge of her kitchen table.

She presses herself up on her tiptoes, and floats towards the ceiling

She splays her whole body against the plasterboard.

She passes through the ceiling, and arrives flat on the ground, on the floor above.

Politics

Benjamin Victor

It’s about injecting some hope into things. About change

So you work in politics, then?

Yeah, I… I thought you knew that when we

No sure, I was just surprised you actually meant real, like… politics

What did you think I meant?

Arriving

Nat Norland

TIM removes all of his clothing, item by item. Drops them centre stage. Halfway through, rain begins.

TIM I thought I was happy before but now I'm making a real change. I'm arriving.

Patience

Joe Strickland

M studies a massive black painting intently, eventually…

M Do you think it's ready yet?

Attendant Should be, yeah

M takes a run up and jumps inside, swallowed by the pigment

B enters and goes to jump into the painting

Attendant Hold on! Someone's just gone, give it a few minutes

B waits, boredom slowly turns into studying the painting intently

Alien

Nancy Netherwood

A drab living room. An astronaut. Their young child.

ASTRONAUT And I could cover the whole earth with my thumb. All of it. Gone. (*beat*) How old are you now.

The child is silent.

Apr 21, 2024
14. Wait

Alan Fielden

Apr 21, 2024
14. Wait

Two children, under rubble, arms outstretched to hold hands.

A Someone will come. And then we'll shout. Save your strength.

B is calm, B does not cry, B does not make a sound. B waits.

the constant battle

Dea Doglione

hope: if everyone feels like this,

defeat: well, they're not doing anything about it.

hope: they must *want* to do something, though.

defeat: you don't think they'd have done it by now?

hope: but *i* haven't.

defeat: exactly.

hope: I could...

defeat: what are you waiting for?

hope: ..

Steak or cake?

Clare Packham

a performer appears.
they slice a steak.
it is meat.

they slice a steak.
it is cake.

they slice a steak.
it is meat.

they produce a small camping stove.
they place a steak on it.
- should I flip it?
- not yet

it melts, and eventually burns.
it is cake.

we understand it wasn't really about
steak.
or cake.

it won't help

Julia Pilkington

Im not panicking. Lets not panic. Lets not start panicking. We dont need to. No one. No one panic. It wont help. Theres no need. No. Im not panicking. Im fine. I feel fine. My hands? They're always like that. I dont think that's a good idea. Could you climb down from there? It wont help. Honestly see? Everything will be... here you can have mine. No. That wont be happening. That is not the case. Quite under control. In fact, would anyone like a complimentary cheese board? No? Ok. Don't worry about that. Everything is wipable. I cant hear anything. I cant see anything. Dont worry. Ive been through this before. Well something similar. It's normal. It's not-

Mikhail Gorbachev's Facial Mark

Joseph Hollas

Mikhail Gorbachev's Facial Mark Hey wats happening guys im Mark!



Rinse & Spin

Rachel-Leah Hosker

He sits in his pants, hand in a bag of salt n vinegar crisps.

Him You sure?
Her I don't mind doing it. I like it in a weird way.

A sock slips from the pile she carries. Across town, another sock slips from another pile. She picks it up & swears. It echoes down the street. Birds leave the trees. Three traffic lights turn green at once & something in the universe rips. Everything's about to change but they don't know that yet. He offers her a crisp.

Chamber Tantrums

Katherine White

Westminster - a full moon shines.

MP So, who thought this was a good idea?

MP dumps a bloodied Waitrose bag on the table.

Minister For the minutes, change 'Waitrose' to a more working-class-friendly supermarket bag.

MP Yeah, we're fucked.

Big Ben chimes.

Sheepskin Return Service

Edward Smyth

Sheepskin
Return
Service

Upon the discovery of loose wool, return it with a handwritten letter of commiseration, to its sheep of origin, at the earliest possible opportunity.

A game for one.

Arthur Miller's The Crucible, National Theatre 2022

Pip Williams

Mice invade theatre. One at first, running down centre aisle. Then more, many more. Actors must be inaudible over tiny feet.

Everyone is too polite to say anything. Blackout when mice chew through mains.

Again Again

Matt Neubauer
with Rafe,
Margot, & Grace
Aldridge

A 2-yr-old child's toys spread across the floor.

2-yr-old Where does this go?

Parent In the box.

2.y.o. puts toy in box.

[Repeat ∞ until tidy]

Parent All done!

Pause.

2.y.o. (*holding the box*) Where does this go?

Boy meets girl

Dom Luck

Boy, alone on stage.
Girl enters.
Boy meets girl:

Boy oh, there you are.
Girl oh, it's you.

Boy and girl exit,
together.

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