



*From us to you: 19 stories from leading playwrights for
people across the UK to record*

ALL NOISE

By Julie Tsang

Cast size: 1

This play is suitable for: One Person, Family Friendly

STEP 1: REHEARSE

- Make sure you have enough people for each part or maybe you could play multiple parts.
- Try to learn all your character's lines, if possible.
- If you're looking for some guidance, check out our [How To... videos](#). We've brought together a bunch of the best actors and directors to give you their tips and advice on how to make the best film you can.

STEP 2: RECORD

- Use a phone to film your performance or record directly on your Zoom or video chat platform.
- Record your performance in well-lit spaces so we can see you clearly but avoid standing right in front of a window on sunny day, and remember to keep private items out of view.
- Try to cut out all background noise by closing windows and doors.

STEP 3: UPLOAD

- We would love to see your performance. To upload your recording to us, click [here](#).
- Please **do not share** your recording on YouTube or other similar platforms. This is so we can keep all the recordings in the same place and to respect and honour our writers' copyright and publication permissions.
- We will be creating a film of each script from the videos submitted.
- We want this to be something everyone can take part in so please do get in touch if you have any access requirements or if there is anything else we might be able to help with.
- If you are having difficulty uploading your recording, please get in touch with us via email: admin@theatre-centre.co.uk or phone: 020 7729 3066.

HELP US SPREAD THE WORD

- Recommend to a friend by inviting those you know to rehearse, record and upload their own performance.
- Encourage others by using [#ImagiNation19](#) on your social platforms. State what play you have performed but remember to not share your recording publicly.
- Thank you for being part of ImagiNation.

ALL NOISE by Julie Tsang

ALL NOISE is intended for you to perform as you see fit. You will notice there are several references to Chinese culture in this play. However, you may replace a word for another word to convey your own ethnicity. If you do this, just be mindful of too many changes as it can disrupt the overall flow. The aim of this play is to be open and reflect our multicultural nation with shared experiences that are felt universally. Thank you and have fun.

Jess is recording a video message on her phone during lockdown.

JESS Hey! Thought I'd leave you a video since we can't FaceTime and you might be missing my face!

Makes a silly face

You'll have finished up by the time you see this and I will still be sleeping, hopefully beyond 7am. Wishful thinking!

I hope your shift went well today, well, as well as it can go...

You're not in your car watching this are you?

If you are, stop this video. Now Frank.

Do not look at any messages on your phone!

Drive home, have a shower, eat something substantial and then you can do all your catching up!

I'll still be here when you're ready.

You have to look after yourself and sitting in your car for 30 minutes after your shift is not taking care of yourself ok?

You said it yourself, you've never enough time so go home. And if you're home already then, ignore what I just said!

We miss you. Dad misses you.

He's always asking for you. Like ten times a day.

We were all out tonight clapping for you.

Lily was out with a ladle and a pan.

Nathans choice of instrument was bashing the brand new 50 quid lightsaber, yes his birthday gift, off one of the plant pots at the front door!

Dad came right out on the street, shouting your name over the clapping, telling my neighbours all about his son the medic, saving lives!

They were very sweet to him.

Even though he tells them the same thing every day.

They do that thing where they act like its new information. It's good of them.

Today was really hard.

Sorry, that is so selfish.

You're out there putting yourself at risk and doing so much and I'm here, safe at home and I can't even do that right.

beat

I shut myself in the utility cupboard today.

I was on calls all morning to work and when I got off it was chaos.

The kids were hungry and screaming.

Dad was complaining he'd have had his lunch by now if he was still in his own house.

I said to him, "Dad there are no carers. With lockdown they are short staffed remember?"

And he just looked at me with that blank expression he has,

when you know he's forgotten.

I felt terrible.

I'm the one who brought him to live with me,

the upheaval, his routine changed and he doesn't know why or what's really going on in the world.

He's just goes along with it.

And all I do is get frustrated at him then take it out on the kids.

You know he's been telling them the little tales he used to tell us.

Nathan loves the lunar New Year animal race because he's the rat who won and Lily's been drawing pictures of the jade rabbit on the moon!

I can't believe I haven't told them those stories before.

So I had this idea for lunch.

I thought we could have bao buns and we could all make them together,

Dad could tell the kids more stories and they would learn more about their grandad's culture and their heritage.

Experiential home schooling!

What a brilliant plan!

So we get out the flour and yeast and Dad starts telling the story of the Monkey King, you remember that one? It was your favourite.

Lily is measuring out water, I'm getting all the ingredients together and Nathan is loving the story.

He's acting it out with his lightsaber in hand.

The Monkey King is obviously a Jedi!

If I had had my phone at that point it would have made an Instagram worthy photo!

It was all going so well.

I turned my back for a second to get the salt and all I hear is this crash.

I turn around and there is flour everywhere.

Nathan had swung the lightsaber and the packet of flour exploded.

It's in dad's hair, Lily's bowl of water, on the microwave, all over the table and on the floor.

The vegetable oil is dripping all over the worktop and Lily is now crying because the flour and oil have mixed into a sticky gloop and it's all over her cooking station.

Dad is yelling at Nathan and I just can't take it anymore.

Any of it.

I tell them I'll get more flour and I walk out the room.

I get to the utility and I close the door behind me.

I can still hear them all shouting and crying and yelling and I slowly sink down the wall to make myself as small as I can.

It's all noise. It's all one big noise.

I haven't felt like this in a long time.

And it takes me back to the flat in Saracen Street.

Do you ever think of that place?

That flat we shared with the Lee family who were our cousins supposedly, but we never saw them after we moved out!

All of us, you me, dad, mum, Annie and Daniel all crammed and huddled up together in a tiny flat with another family while dad was out working all the hours he could to get by.

He would work nights in the takeaway below.

Remember we always had prawn crackers for breakfast.

Daniel said he could enter the Guinness book of records for the most prawn crackers eaten in a minute!

I think he was about five at the time.

We were older, we knew what was going on.

You'd always say to me when you grow up you would get a proper job and you'd wear suits and ties and not have to come home all sweaty and tired all the time.

I'd say I'd buy a big house, a mansion all to myself, so I would have all the space just for me, and it would be so quiet.

Silent.

I thought it would be...I don't know,

nice having dad here?

We could connect, father and daughter just like when I was a child.

But he was never really around was he?

We never talked back then or spent any time together just the two of us.

There were always things in the way,

people, house moves, new schools and new jobs.

There was never any quiet time.

Just all noise.

Ha! Well I've got a house with a utility room,

well it's really just a big cupboard but still, I've kind of made it!

And you, well you wear a uniform and you probably smell of hand sanitiser so, you know, you win some...

I sat in there for as long as I could.

There was no more flour. But I already knew that.

I counted to ten, breathing in and out slowly.

I made my way back to the kitchen.

I could still hear them.

No shouting or screaming, it was still loud but a different noise.

I walked in and there's Dad still slightly powdered in flour drawing outlines of animals on the worktop.

Lily laughing at grandad's fat rat and Nathan's making little piles of flour into star wars sand dunes.

Dad looks up and asks if I'm ok, tells me I'm working too hard.

I smile and say I'm fine.

We gather up enough of the flour that still looks edible and we make the buns.

They turn out lumpy and nowhere near as good as you can make them but they were alright in the end.

Yeah, alright in the end.

That's how we all turned out eh?

Later when I manage to chase the kids up to bed,

Dad starts asking if we're going to the theatre. And I tell him soon.

He talks about opening the shop for mum and dad, and if we have time
he'll ride his bike down to the sea for a swim.

And I know at this point he thinks he is having a conversation with his sister.

He thinks he's back in the country he was born in thousands of
miles from here.

I go along with it.

It's happening more often but it's manageable, for now.

beat

I got message from the manager at Sheltered Housing.

They said they are going to reinstate dad's care package as of Monday.

He'll get three care visits per day.

I told dad he can go back to his house next week if he wants to.

He said he would like to sleep in his own bed.

He said living with me has been really nice but it is all a bit too noisy for him!

Ha! Can you believe it!

laughs

Anyway, I just thought I'd give you an update on how we are all doing.

I hope you're ok.

Send our love to Steve.

Let me know when you're off next, Nathan and Lily want to video call you.

Bye Frank.

ImagiNation is a co-production between Theatre Centre and Theatre503

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