



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

HUMAN AGAIN

By Lettie Precious

Cast size: Any

This play is suitable for: One Person, Two Person, Group

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.

ImagiNation is a co-production between Theatre Centre and Theatre503

Note- A Monologue. It can be read by two people. – E.G an IG shared screen live between queer friends with followers watching and commenting throughout. Or many people can take separate lines while doing random daily living things like jogging, or cooking etc.

Human Again
By
Lettie Precious

I miss being a dick,
Does that make me sound like a dick?
I miss club nights, gay nights, bump and grinds with sweaty strangers and alcohol farts,
I miss men chatting me up and having the satisfaction to tell them to "FUCK OFF!",
I miss them telling me to fuck myself because I'm a man hating feminist,
I miss telling them they are right,

I miss it, I miss the drama, the chaos,
At least then we were united in our anger, in our hate,
I miss chatting up girls hoping to pull, dirty one-night stands in tiny cubicles with faceless blondes and brunettes, but ending up slow dancing with gay men,
I miss judging straight girls throwing up sambucas and jager-boms on pavements when I know for a fact, I'll be doing the same in a few hours,

I miss drunken conversations at 3 in the morning on the tube, mascara running down pale cheeks, "WOOHOOS!" and "FUCK YEAH'S!" echoing in empty carriages,
I miss the words, 'fuck... I'm fucked' coming out of my mouth, slurred, zigzagging into the dark sky, city lights, blues and yellows doing very little to light it up,

Oh, how I took tinnitus for granted, the boom of the speakers making my ear drums bleed,
The vibrations creating mini-heart attacks to accompany the liver damage binge drinking is already causing.
Oh, the toxicity of it all. Who knew clogged morality is what I'd miss the most when the world began to cleanse itself,

When the spring waters started to taste pure again and the
animals followed the music,
When the air was fresh and the birds sang new melodies of
celebration,
How messed up is that? When did I forget how to be human?
Now people say hello, sober minds, free smiles,
Kindness feels strange and foreign, like learning a new
language, a new song,
I know my neighbours by name now, Karen, Sue, Mr Chan and the
old man with a sausage dog.
I miss being tempted to cheat and then growing a conscience
before a cuddle and a kiss,
Now mending relationships and home cooked meals are invading
my dickery,
What the fuck is going on?
I miss the distance and segregation we shared in big cities,
But now we are more united than ever, roads in between, but
joining in music,
Woman singing Opera on the opposite street, range rover in the
driveway,
Deaf girl drumming djembe beats in the estate across from her,
creating their own version of love and togetherness.

I miss gay pride and rainbow flags, I miss naked bumcheeks
through rainbow thongs, glitter covered drag queens strutting
gay village streets,
So, I've started my own strut. I drag-king and chest bind in
my back garden and my neighbour friends cheer me on, BRAVO!
BRAVO!
lines that once divided us now blurred,
Is this what healthy minds feel like? Look like?
It tastes different and sweet, my tongue is only used to
bitter textures and darkness in the light,
Is the world changing, or has it already changed?
My digestion even moves differently, I go more, I read more, I
listen more..
In death we have found life, in mourning, we have found cheer,
What the fuck is going on?
I sound like a dick, don't I?
But to be honest with you, self-isolation is making me human
again.

Human Again © 2020 Lettie Precious

ImagiNation pack © 2020 Theatre Centre



@TCLive / @theatre503 / #ImagiNation19

T: 020 7729 3066



@theatrecentre / @theatre503

E: admin@theatre-centre.co.uk



@TheatreCentreUK / @theatre503



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

