



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

## **UP IN YOUR HEAD**

**By Jon Brittain**

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](mailto: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.

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***NB: This play can be performed by any number of actors (or indeed, by just one).  
Distribute the lines however feels best. And feel free to cut lines or change references  
that don't feel right for you. In fact to be honest, do what you like. Just keep it snappy.***

What time is it?

What day is it?

I should have set an alarm.

Is that a crack in the ceiling?

I should get up.

I should be up already.

I should have got up hours ago.

When did my dad learn how to use emojis?

When did my mum get so into memes?

When did I last put on socks?

I should have a shower.

Did I shower yesterday?

I hate showers.

I wish I had an exercise bike.

I wish I had a garden.

I wish I had a reason to get up in the morning.

What should I have for breakfast?

What should I have for lunch?

What should I have for dinner?

I hope the Queen doesn't get ill.

I wonder if swimming pools still have water in them? Does anyone go and check on them in case someone sneaks in and has a party?

I should stop reading the news.

I should get off Twitter.

I should do some DIY.

I don't know how to do DIY.

There'll be videos on Youtube.

I should learn sign language.

I should learn to play the guitar, nothing fancy, not so I can join a band or anything, just the simple bits so I can have a sing-song.

It's official. I've reached the end of Netflix.

Hang on, they've already been out once today.

Great. They're playing techno music again.

Did I always get this many emails?

Stop playing that music please.

Was I always so horny?

Stop playing that fucking-!

Now would be the perfect time to get a dog.

I can't get a dog.

I wonder if you could do a socially distanced dog exchange? Like, you could stand at the bottom of someone's driveway and get them to slide the puppy out towards you on a cart.

Could I even take a dog out to wee more than once a day? Or would I have to be like that guy who brought his dog into the office and put down pads so he could piss on the floor, cause I don't want to be the sort of person who lets their dog piss on the floor.

I'd usually be on my lunch break by now.

I don't know if I ever really sorted myself out. I think maybe even the times I thought I was sorted out... all my problems were still there, just in different ways.

Ooh, it's shopping day. I can go shopping.

Remember not to touch your face.

Should I start wearing a mask now?

Don't touch your face.

God, it's fucking tragic that the playground's empty. Someone should sneak into the park at night and have a go on the swings just to make sure they're being used.

Don't touch your face.

They're not exercising.

They're not 2 meters apart.

That's a gathering of more than two people.

Gathering.

Gathering.

Gathering.

When did I become the Stasi?

Don't touch your face.

I never knew this footpath was here.

Who's putting up all these posters?

Can you freeze herbs?

Oh my God, they're going out *again*?

I wonder if my phone's recording how long my walks are?

Yay! Packages.

Oh. Bills.

*Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear me...*

Should I be cleaning my food?

How long does corona virus stay on a potato?

I should grow my own vegetables.

I should cook.

No, I should get takeaway, support local businesses.

I shouldn't eat anything, I'm going to get fat.

There's nothing wrong with getting fat - fat isn't bad, you shouldn't stigmatise people who are overweight, you shouldn't use that word as a pejorative.

You also shouldn't stuff your face with bread and cheese for 6 months while you're not allowed to see anyone.

When we're allowed to socialise again will we even remember how? I think I might've forgotten.

What if I don't want to clap?

I haven't had a cup of tea in 7 weeks.

Do I fancy Rishi Sunak?

Right, that's it, I'm never wear jeans again, jogging bottoms are the way to go.

Why are they calling now? Do they actually want to talk to me or are they just bored?

I hate zoom.

Don't pick your nose.

How do I change my background?

Maybe I should cut my hair.

Maybe I should shave it all off.

Maybe I should bleach it.

Maybe I should let it grow and grow and never cut it and it'll be a record of how long we've all spent like this.

I'm lucky that all I have to worry about is hair.

I'm lucky I'm on my own.

I'm lucky I'm not on my own.

I'm lucky I have people to talk to.

God, I wish there was someone I could talk to.

I'm lucky I'm not dead.

Maybe it would be better if I was dead.

I hope I don't die.

How long would it take people to find me?

Would mice eat me?

Would people even be allowed to come to my funeral?

Am I a bit wheezy?

Have I got it?

What if I've got it?

What does 30,000 people even look like?

Fuck, I hope no one I know dies.

Need to make sure mum's not going out too much.

I can't believe the government are being such a load of arseholes!

They're doing their best probably.

Jesus Christ, are they having a fucking barbacue?!

I think I might actually be enjoying this.

Is it awful to say that I prefer things now?

At least I have an excuse to not hug people.

I'd love to have a hug.



Is it weird to hug yourself?

I'd love to be touched.

I'd love to sneeze in public and not feel like an ebola patient coughing up blood in the middle of an airport.

Don't touch your face.

I miss Starbucks.

I miss commuting.

I miss small talk.

I miss the cinema.

I miss Nandos.

I miss my friends.

I miss kissing.

I miss pubs.

I miss kids on swings.

I miss my mum.

How is it dark?

How long have I been sitting here?

How do the economics of online streaming even work?

I should donate to that.

I can't afford to donate to that.

I *can* afford to donate at the moment but what if the global economy goes into a severe depression and I lose my job and I don't have any savings?

I should set my alarm.

I should get up tomorrow morning at a sensible time.

I should watch another episode.

I should be less hard on myself.

I should be more grateful.

I should go to sleep.

Or maybe just lie here and think about all the terrible things I've ever said to anyone.

Tomorrow I'm going to make a schedule.

Tomorrow I'm going to go on a run

Tomorrow I'll make soup

Tomorrow I'll reply to my emails.

Tomorrow I'll make a donation.

Tomorrow I'll sort myself out.

What time is it?

What day is it?

I should have set an alarm.

Is that a crack in the ceiling?

**ImagiNation is a co-production between Theatre Centre and Theatre503**

Up in Your Head © 2020 Jon Brittain  
ImagiNation pack © 2020 Theatre Centre



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