

RANDOM THOUGHTS IN A MAY GARDEN
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Sit side on, poised. Hands in lap, one on top of the other. Staring straight ahead. *Pause for a count of seven (one and two and etc.)* **Start trying to glance down at hands without moving too much.** I think there's a fly
Pause on the back of my hand. *Pause* Walking. *Pause* I can't look down. I can't even flap my hand or swat it or I
shall come out all blurred and I'll get the blame for spoiling the photograph. *Sarcastic – childlike* 'Anne sat still,
see hoe still Anne sat, why couldn't you sit still like everybody else?' *Indignant* Well, I can. I don't want to be
called Katie fidget whenever they show it to anyone. *Pause* I can just imagine, how awfullll. *Pause* **Stand, back
up a few steps** I'd go through the whole of my life with it. **Looking and gesturing along stage (to family,
poised for photograph)** The perfect photograph in memory of the wedding of dear Emily – where is she now,
why isn't she in the photograph, it's heeer wedding? **Step into front stage left and turn to face audience** only
there in the corner little Katie all blurred. *Pause* 'What a fidget, Katie fidget, she always was a fidgety
child' *Pause* I wonder if Georgie will fidget. **Look to where Georgie sits** They've sat Georgie on the other
side. **Move to stand behind chair** He was standing behind me, **mimic action** he put his bony chin on my
shoulder-blade and moved it about, it hurt, I told him to get off. I'd have **mimic action** shrugged my shoulder
up only *Pause* I was afraid he'd bite his tongue. *Childlike thoughtfulness* That was considerate of me, only I'm
afraid nobody will ever know . . . I wonder if I'll ever get credit for it, in Heaven perhaps. And anyway, if he's
cried I'd have got the blame, because I'm older and should know better. **Wander into middle of stage** Anne
never gets the blame if she upsets me **Stop in centre stage, front on** I'm pig in the middle. **Stage left** One day I
shall be grown up. *Excited as though I'll no longer get into trouble for teasing/upsetting my siblings* I shall be
as old as Anne, and *Really excited* then as old as Emily and **place hands in front of self, like I'm holding a
bouquet and walk across stage like I'm walking down the isle** get married, and *Like it would be the worst
thing in the world* then as old as my mother with children and *Like it REALLY would be the worst thing in the
world* then as old and granny Burrige, and then I shall **Plop onto seat DIE** like Grandad Burrige and Granny
Filkins. *Sad* And Bertie. I'm eleven. *Thinking* Bertie would be *Pause* thirteen. **Snap back to reality** Anyway, I
didn't want Georgie's monkey face next to mine, he always looks funny in photographs. **Point to opposite side
of stage** Georgie had to go to the other side to balance the picture. I suppose otherwise it would fall over or
something. *Pause* Silly way of putting it, balance, *Pause* balance is for weight not pictures. He'll probably crack
the lens *Long pause* . . . Georgie spilt something down his front, I don't know what it was, Mother
was *Emphasise* **ages** trying to get it off so that it wouldn't show in the photograph. It would be more typical if
it did. **Back to original sitting position. Sitting side on, poised. Hands in lap, one on top of the other.** I hope

this fly shows, but I don't suppose it will. My hands are folded, one *Pause* on the other *Pause* as I've been taught. *Pause* I'm wearing a large bow. I'm looking, *Long pause* looking, *Long pause*, looking at the camera. *Sort of flippant* This picture will last forever. But I shall die.