

OPTION B:

Random Thoughts In A May Garden – James Saunders

STAGE DIRECTION ARE IN BOLD PRINT AND IN ITALICS AS WELL AS IN BRACKETS.

KATIE:

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 awful!!!. *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 Burr ridge, and then I shall Plop onto seat *DIE* like Grandad Burr ridge 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.