

One man Sunday Morning

By Daphne Cooper

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Sunday Morning is a gentle, funny, poignant, intimate play that is given enchantment and tenderness in the hands of James Cunningham, who performs this one-man show.

The story, written by Nick Warren, is simple. Matt, a sensitive man, has dealt with the death of his parents by keeping his life safe - "I have my routines" - but, despite himself, has allowed his girlfriend into his ordered life. The beautiful ambivalence of the description of the bright, soft dress in the sombre male wardrobe captures Matt's desire for, and fear of, intimacy and love. When his girlfriend tells him that she is pregnant, he goes for a run. As he runs from the news and tries to process how a child will disrupt all his ordered and safe routines, he runs into the very person who is able to open his heart.



Some very funny moments

Cunningham enacts this little journey with great charm. He takes us with him through some very funny moments and then into moments of great tenderness and poignancy. Jenine Collocot has directed the play using Cunningham's mastery of physical theatre to tell the story. This is how it should be - simple and direct.

There were two boxes on stage; apparently a third box had been trapped in snow in Beaufort West. I wished that all three boxes had been unavailable as I felt them unnecessary and detracting.

Apart from that small criticism, however, I thought that Sunday Morning was a beautiful and heart-warming piece of theatre. I loved "running" the little journey of Sunday Morning and would encourage you to run it too.

Sunday Morning runs at the [Kalk Bay Theatre](#) till the 11 August

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