

Ferring Amateur Dramatics

## No Sex Please We're British

**Reviewed by:** Jose Harrison on Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> March, 2019

**Venue:** Ferring Village Hall

**Type of Production:** Play

**Director:** Clare-Louise Wright

## SHOW REPORT

It is hard to believe that this 1970's farce was the longest running comedy in the UK's theatrical history. With over 6000 performances in the West End I wasn't that surprised to find myself totally absorbed and chuckling throughout this delightful production. Very well directed by Clare-Louise, the play moved along at a pace with every ounce of humour being extracted by an excellent cast. She had designed, together with Alan Fryer, a brilliant set with seven doorways all in constant use. It was so well designed that the endless requirement of people disappearing, as others appeared, worked really well. I loved the hatch into the kitchen which closed when we least expected it to and managed to behead the entire bunch of flowers on one occasion. The props were all so appropriate, the furniture well placed, the lighting and sound and the costumes all fitting into the story line making for absolute realism.

**John Lamude** (Peter Hunter) and **Kathryn Rowledge** (Frances Hunter), a newly married young couple have just moved into a flat over the bank where he is the local manager. Frances, looking for a job to run from home, contacts a Scandinavian Import Company expecting glass ware to sell. They soon find themselves inundated with boxes of porn in every respect. Even before they have unpacked Peter's mother announces she is coming to stay for what looks like an extended visit. Mother, **Lyndsey Kite** overpowering, demanding and fairly impossible to please, is definitely on the look-out for another man and **Simon Weston** (Peter's boss) seems to fill the position rather well and very enthusiastically. **Roy Stevens**, a bank inspector, is the next to arrive descending on the flat a day early and has no where to stay and is, of course, invited to stay over. **Graham Batchelor**, The bank's odd job man, is commissioned to get rid of the porn with fairly disastrous results causing the police superintendent **Clive Greig** to visit rather frequently. Add to this brilliant equation two scantily dressed 'call girls', **Sam Merrick** and **Elizabeth Toon**, determined to please everyone and you have the makings of a brilliant production.

Every member of cast gave outstanding performances making the most of every bit of humour from falling asleep leaning against walls or door posts from overdoses of sleeping draught to trying to evade the attentions of two wonderfully clad, or should I say under clad, determined females on a mission to please anyone in trousers, or out of them for that matter. It was a hilarious production and I loved every minute of it. Well done.

### National Operatic and Dramatic Association

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