



21st - 28th October 1995 7.30 p.m.



BT Biennial 1995
In association with The Little Theatre Guild of Great Britain



by
Debbie Isitt



NASTY NEIGHBOURS

by
Debbie Isitt

CAST (in order of appearance)

Harold Peach	DAVID HANKINS
Jean Peach	MARLENE PENN
Robert Chapman	RICHARD JONES
Ellen Chapman	ROS WEHNER
Jim Hodge	JOHN FENNER
Susan Hodge	JUDY MURDOCH

Director - DAVID HANKINS

Assistant Director - DAVID BENNETT

This two act play takes place over a six month period in 35 and 37 Appleacre Crescent, with occasional visits to a balcony in Australia.

There is an interval between Acts I and II.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Set Design	TIM MEACOCK
Stage Manager	SARAH PICKERING
Assistant Stage Managers	CRAIG ELLIS, SMURF DOCKER, KAREN MOORE, GEMMA SMITH, ROSS WOODWARD
Wardrobe	MARGARET SHEPHERD
Properties	TRICIA SPELMAN
Lighting Design	LOFT THEATRE LIGHTING WORKSHOP
Lighting Operators	DON SYKES, PETER BARTLEY
Sound Design and Operator	EAMON PICKERING
Set Construction	RON GREY, SUE HAMILTON, GRAHAM HUBBARD, C MOORE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, PENNY WEST
Theatre Technician	SUE HAMILTON
Photographs	CHRISTOPHER BRADBURY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mark Kilmurray and Michael Dewerryhouse for all their help and support.
Our thanks to: Greys Home Furnishings, Unit 4, Wharf Street, Warwick for loan of the Peach's sofa; Hurran's Garden Centre for the donation of pansies.

Rot sets in on unpeeled suburbia

LOFT THEATRE, Leamington, until Saturday

ANIGHT at the Loft reveals how neighbours become anything but good friends. This production, directed by and starring David Hankins, perfectly peels back the roof on suburbia to show six neurotic characters. The cast and set bring out the stress of Debbie Isitt's play. Hankins is Mr Peach - a smarmy, middle-aged doubling glazing rep who drives any neighbour mad. The Hodges (John Fenner and Judy

Murdoch) moved to Australia to escape, but still the phone keeps ringing. Plain Mrs Peach (Marlene Penn) dances to the Gipsy Kings in her front room and polishes the furniture, oblivious to the world collapsing around her. Piled on to this are the Chapmans, pinstriped yuppies who fight about work commitments, starting a family, and modern day life. War between the couple rages until the men come to blows and Peach arms himself with a hand gun. Shots are fired!

Scott Jones

Nasty Neighbours by Debbie Isitt Loft Theatre

I HAVE always been slightly suspicious of artistic works such as plays or films that receive commercial sponsorship. I can take a little "product placement" here and there as long as it is discreet but I don't want my entertainment spoilt by blatant brand advertising. When the curtain went up on Monday, things looked ominous. For, prominently displayed on tables in each of the three houses were, yes, you've guessed it, telephones! And when Mr Nasty Neighbour himself, Harold Peach, played by

David Hankins, uttered his first words into BT's greatest asset, I groaned in despair. Fortunately my misgivings were short-lived as Telecom's promotion amounted to little and we were able to get on with what mattered — the play. It's a clever satire of neighbours in modern-day Britain. They squabble and fight over territory, play loud music, indulge in noisy lovemaking and have money and marriage worries. Director David Hankins stole the show as Mr Peach, the appalling resident who likes to garden when his neighbour, Ellen Chapman, played by Ros Wehner,

is sunbathing topless. The supporting cast all performed well, particularly Richard Jones as Ellen's stressed out husband Robert, to the couple (Judy Murdoch and John Fenner) who have fled to Australia to escape the Peaches. But the play ends with a serious flaw making one wonder why no one mentioned it to the author! Is it likely that a suburban housewife would find a loaded pistol in her lounge drawer if she wanted to do away with her husband? Nasty Neighbours, runs until tomorrow (Saturday) night. — Mark Pendred

