



The
Worthy Players

THE WORTHY PLAYERS PRESENT

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

A COMEDY

BY

ALAN AYCKBOURN

11th, 12th, 13th Sept 1997

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

GREG RICHARD GOMM

GINNY LISA JONES

PHILIP FRANK SWEET

SHEILA GILL WALKER

DIRECTED BY EILEEN GEORGE

The action of the play takes place in London and the country, during a Summer weekend in 1967.

There will be two intervals.

PROMPT VALERIE SWEET
STAGE MANAGER CAROL HILLIER
LIGHTING SHIRLEY LOVELL
COSTUME EILEEN GEORGE
GILL WALKER
FRONT OF HOUSE SHIRLEY LOVELL
BAR WENDY JACKSON

SET designed and constructed by FRANK SWEET
and members of the company.

Drinks can be obtained before the play, during the interval
and after the performance.

Drinks will not be available during the first interval,
which lasts approximately five minutes.

If you would like to join our mailing list, please leave your
name and address with any member of the company.

AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR, TAKEN FROM THE SCRIPT.

In general, the people who liked this play when it was first seen remarked that it was “well constructed”; those that didn’t called it old-fashioned. If the latter is true, then I suppose it’s because, as the song goes, I am too. As to whether it’s well constructed, well, in a way I hope it is, since I did set out consciously to write a “well made” play. I think this is important for a playwright to do at least once in his life, since, as in any science, he cannot begin to shatter theatrical convention or break golden rules until he is reasonably sure in himself what they are and how they were arrived at.

And this knowledge is really only acquired as a result of having plays produced, torn apart and reassembled by actors and held up to public scrutiny for praise or ridicule. I suppose I am extremely lucky, writing for a small theatre company as I did for so many years, to have had almost a dozen plays put through this very process before reaching the age of thirty. Not only this, but to have had to fight all the limitations of a small theatre—the number of actors available, difficulties of staging, even lighting complications—and, most important, being aware that if my play didn’t at least break even at the box office, we’d all be out of a job on Monday. I wrote, in a sense, to order, and there was no harm in this, since the order was always of a technical nature and dealt only minimally with content. But there is no sharper lesson for a dramatist than to find himself sharing a dressing-room with an actor for whom he has written an impossible quick change.

I wrote this play originally as a result of a phone call from the late Stephen Joseph, a truly remarkable man of the theatre, without whose unrelenting deadlines this would never have been written and to whom I dedicate the play, sadly, but with great affection. He asked me then simply for a play which would make people laugh when their seaside summer holidays were spoiled by the rain and they came into the theatre to get dry before trudging back to their landladies. This seemed to me as worthwhile a reason for writing a play as any, so I tried to comply. I hope I have succeeded.

ALAN AYCKBOURN