

Stage Whispers

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PLAY READINGS

We are,at last resuming our play reading events! The next one will be at 7.30 on Thurs May 4th
at Barbara Firth's house, Rosemount, Woodland Drive E H KT245AN tel 01483 283262 where
we will read the Agatha Christie play that Fran is intending to do in the Autumn



If anyone has a suitable set of plays that could be read for future play-readings, or have a willingness to host such events please contact jackgriffith6@gmail.com
It really would be great to resurrect this popular arm of the Whips especially as, according to NewSPAL, we can look at a catalogue, & order play sets now thro' the post. The Whips will sub the postage costs with perhaps a charge of £1 per play

Any Volunteers to run this with different hosts or venues?.(strangely none at present!)

COMMITTEE NOTES

None since Feb however Mr. chairman assured me there will be a meeting within 2 weeks

DATES FOR YOUR DIARIES



CONTACTS

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WHIPPETS

Shrek The Musical JR.

What a fabulous production this was! So popular that it sold out five performances (an extra one being added this year). The show was directed by Nicola Fawcett (who had previously directed Annie, Little Mermaid, Matilda) with choreography by Olivia Fawcett and musical direction by Julia McClung.

A cast of 39 children (ages 8-13) was expertly led this year by Scarlett Hassell (Shrek), Sophie Pascoe (Princess Fiona) and Alice Nash (Donkey), with additional stand out performances from Eleanor Hooks (Lord Farquaad), Heidi Wilson (Dragon), James Wates (Pinocchio), Mabel Rumbelow (Young Fiona) and Issy James (Teen Fiona).

As we have come to expect from Whippets, the scenery, costumes, props, lighting and sound were all executed to a very high and colourful standard. This year in particular, Whippets offered a number of youngsters backstage experience, with Adrian Groenewald (14) on the music desk, Tommy McClung (19) controlling lighting, Olivia Fawcett (18) stage managing, and Tilly Brimmell and Ruby Hassell (15) assisting in the wings.

A few Whippets, past and present, will be singing a selection of songs from musical old and new at the forthcoming Parish Council 'A Coronation Celebration' on 6th May at West Horsley Place. Meanwhile the rest of the company are on a well-earned break, eagerly awaiting the announcement of next year's production!



and finally

A Golf Story:

John, who lived in the north of England, decided to go golfing in Scotland with his friend, Shawn.

So they loaded up John's minivan and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. So they pulled into a nearby farm and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night.

'I realize it's terrible weather out there and I have this huge house all to myself, but I'm recently widowed,' she explained, 'and I'm afraid the neighbours will talk if I let you stay in my house.'

'Don't worry,' John said. 'We'll be happy to sleep in the barn. And if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light.'

The lady agreed, and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night.

Come morning, the weather had cleared, and they got on their way. They enjoyed a great weekend of golf. But about nine months later, John got an unexpected letter from a solicitor. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the solicitor of that attractive widow he had met on the golf weekend.

He dropped in on his friend Shawn and asked, "Shawn, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our golf holiday in Scotland about 9 months ago?'

'Yes, I do,' said Shawn

'Did you, er, happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and pay her a visit?'

'Well, um, yes!,' Shawn said, a little embarrassed about being found out, 'I have to admit that I did.'

'And did you happen to give her my name instead of telling her your name?'

Shawn's face turned beet red and he said, 'Yeah, look, I'm sorry, mate. I'm afraid I did. Why do you ask?'

'She just died and left me everything.'

......And you thought the ending would be different?...

Just one more...

Jerry was on his deathbed and gasped pitifully to his wife, Karen, "I have one last request dear," he said. "Of course, Jerry," his wife said softly.

"Six months after I die," Jerry said, "I want you to marry Bob."

"But I thought you hated Bob," she said.

With his last breath, Jerry said,

"I do!"



