

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

BY
RAY COONEY



Britain's master of farce is at it again! Set in a hospital, *It Runs in the Family* contains the usual assortment of farcical nutcases running in and out of doors, mistaking everyone for somebody else. As in every good farce, the location becomes a madhouse filled with an epidemic of unbridled lunacy.

May 10th to 13th, 1995



THEATRE REVIEW

Kanata cast does its best with foolish plot

It Runs in the Family

Kanata Theatre
 When: May 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16
 Where: 100 St. Andrew's High School
 Tickets: 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100

By Jim Winkler

Laughter is the only medicine that patients should take in a hospital set designed by Ray Cooney.

And it is in *It Runs in the Family*, Kanata Theatre's season 10, where the fun is in the production, rather than in the story. *It Runs in the Family* plot.

Director Rosemary Keneford and her cast do their best to make a silk purse out of this farcical cow's cart. The result is at least high-quality parody.

Set in a London hospital, gynecologist Dr. Mortimore (Brooks Kaneford) is preparing to give the most important lecture of his career when his past returns to haunt him. His former mistress (Jennifer Leslie) appears and presents him with his 15-year-old, punk rocker son for the first time.

Young Leslie (Brett Kelly) is desperate to connect with his father. Mortimore is equally desperate to avoid responsibility and he points the finger of fatherhood at his ex-wife (Liane Freedman, Stewart Wheel).

That covers the opening minutes. The rest of the action revolves around a web of lies, murder, stand-ins, an assortment of stray characters racing in and out of swinging doors, a sprinkling of errors, dressing, a little sexual innuendo and a stolid police officer (David Laine) trying to make sense of the confusion around him.

Brooks Kaneford is amusing, convincingly manipulative and quick to produce one lie after another to prevent his wife (Heather Moses) from discovering the truth.

Wheeler is equally funny as the put upon surrogate father. And his kind heart of song is an entertaining bonus in a well-crafted performance.

Together Keneford and Wheeler form a first-class team. Despite the silliness of the script, they bring some semblance of reality to the conspiring physicians and keep the action bubbling at a good lick.

The rest of the cast — particularly Kelly as the son, Hayes as his mother and Liane Freedman as the lascivious hospital Matron — deliver credible characterizations.

Most of the blame for any lack of credibility lies with the playwright, who has expended little energy in giving his characters any depth and a great deal in creating an increasingly silly situation.

Much of the credit for the fun goes to director Rosemary Keneford for the ensemble quality and to a cast who project their enjoyment of a crazy tale.



Director
ROSEMARY KENEFORD
IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

By Ray Cooney

Britain's master of farce is at it again! Set in a hospital, *It Runs in the Family* contains the usual assortment of farcical incidents running to and fro, doors, mistaking everyone for somebody else. As in every good farce, the location becomes a madhouse filled with an epidemic of subterfuge.

May 10th to 13th, 1995

Kanata Theatre

presents



IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

by RAY COONEY

CAST

in order of appearance

Dr. DAVID MORTIMORE
 Dr. MIKE CONNOLLY
 Dr. HERBERT BONNEY
 MATTION
 SIR WILLUGHBY DRAKE
 JANE TATE
 ROSEMARY MORTIMORE
 LESLIE
 POLICE SERGEANT
 BILL
 MOTHER

Brooks Kaneford
 James Rysball
 Stewart Wheeler
 Liane Freedman
 Jim Ritchie
 Jennifer Hayes
 Heather Moses
 Brett Kelly
 Joy Forbes
 David Laine
 Peter Jefferson
 Gwendy Tolley

The Play directed by
Rosemary Keneford

The action takes place in the doctors' common room
 St. Andrew's Hospital, London

There will be one intermission. Soft drinks will be available in the foyer.
 The use of cameras or tape recorders during the performance is not permitted.



THEATRE REVIEW

Kanata cast does its best with foolish plot

It Runs in the Family

Kanata Theatre

When: May 9-13; 8 p.m.

Where: Earl of March High School,
The Parkway, Kanata

Tickets: \$10; phone: 829-1138

By Iris Winston

Citizen correspondent

Laughter is the only medicine that patients should take in a hospital designed by Ray Cooney.

And in *It Runs in the Family*, Kanata Theatre's season closer, the fun is in the production, rather than Cooney's foolish, formula plot.

Director Rosemary Keneford and her cast do their best to make a silk purse out of this farcical sow's ear. The result is, at least, high-quality polyester.

Set in a London hospital, pompous Dr. Mortimore (Brooke Keneford) is preparing to give the most important lecture of his career when his past returns to haunt him. His former mistress (Jenefer Haynes) appears and presents him with his 19-year-old, punk rocker son for the first time.

Young Leslie (Brett Kelly) is desperate to connect with his father. Mortimore is equally desperate to avoid responsibility, and he points the finger of fatherhood at his colleague, Dr. Bonney (Stewart Wheeler).

That covers the opening minutes. The rest of the action revolves around a web of lies, misunderstandings, an assortment of stray characters racing in and out of swinging doors, a sprinkling of cross dressing, a little sexual innuendo, and a stolid police officer (David Lavoie) trying to make sense of the confusion around him.

Brooke Keneford is amusing, convincingly manipulative and quick to produce one lie after another to prevent his wife (Heather Moses) from discovering the truth.

Wheeler is equally funny as the put-upon surrogate father. And his brief burst of song is an entertaining bonus in a well-crafted performance.

Together Keneford and Wheeler form a first-class team. Despite the slightness of the script, they bring some semblance of reality to the conspiring physicians and keep the action bubbling at a good lick.

The rest of the cast — particularly Kelly as the son, Haynes as his mother and Liane Freedman as the lascivious hospital Matron — deliver credible characterizations.

Most of the blame for any lack of credibility lies with the playwright, who has expended little energy in giving his characters any depth and a great deal in creating an increasingly silly situation.

Much of the credit for the fun goes to director Rosemary Keneford for the ensemble quality and to a cast who project their enjoyment of a crazy tale.



















