



THE WILTON PLAYSHOP

A note from the playwright...

I set out to write a memory play that might be described as “Brighton Beach Memoirs for the Catholic crowd.” As a recovering-Catholic-turned-agnostic, I still retain a deep affection for certain aspects of my Catholic upbringing, most notably, the tireless work and unflagging good humor of the women of the parish. But I also look back on my 12 years of parochial schooling—the rules, the sexism, the judgement, the rituals, the dress code—and wonder, “Who came up this and what were they thinking?” To my mind, it was like Charles Dickens and Monty Python had collaborated on creating a religion. And, yet...it was the church of my parents. Two of the best people to ever walk the planet.

While the plot is fiction, there are, of course, some similarities to my own childhood: Two hardworking parents; an invalid grandparent in the house; and an all-seeing, all-knowing parish populace. My adolescent crises were not as scary as Linda’s (I was a singularly unattractive young woman which, as it turns out, is an excellent form of birth control). I am probably more like Becky than any other character. I did run around pretending to be Sam Spade. I designed a troll doll community. And I was considered by most people who came into contact with me as irredeemably odd.

While I hope audiences laugh with and care about these characters, I’m also hoping that the story might trigger some thoughts about memory and how elusive it can be. How memory changes over time. It’s weird—even when you’re an eyewitness to your own life, you really can’t be trusted to get it right in the retelling. Images shift. Words are replaced or forgotten altogether. Other people contradict you. You contradict yourself. It’s like trying to pick up mercury with your fingers.

Fondly,

Katie Forquette