

PLAYWRIGHT NOTE

This play came about because of one simple idea. I was sitting around one day and thought “how cool would it be to watch someone bowl on stage?” And voila! A play was born.



I first thought *Bowl-Mor* would be a musical, but once I came up with the general outline of the characters and plot, it began to feel more and more like it would work better as a straight play.

I’m also more than a bit obsessed with telling stories that feature suburban settings with people who look and feel like the people who live around our theatre. And I am particularly interested in creating acting opportunities for actors “of a certain age.”

In a way, this play is a bit of an homage to the building we occupy and to a generation of women who don’t always get to see themselves on stage. Back in the mid-20th century, the basement of Stoneham Theatre (where our offices and rehearsal spaces are now) used to house a bowling alley. You can still see where the lanes used to be in the concrete under our rehearsal room floors. And, believe it or not, since my family is originally from Stoneham, my father actually used to set pins in the alley when he was a teenager.

Growing up, my parents had five couples who they would get together with many times a year to hang out, go to the beach, bbq, ski, cut Christmas trees, whatever. This group, always led by the women, were known as “The Group.” They were loud, often inappropriate, regularly drank and smoked too much around us kids, and were prone to burst into loud and out-of-tune songs that we’d never heard of. They were also fiercely protective and affectionate and provided some of the best memories I have of my childhood. That group is mostly gone now, but bringing Maude and Ruth to life in *Bowl-Mor Lanes* is my little way of keeping their spirit alive and remembering how much they valued friendship and family.

I hope you see a bit of your family in this story as well.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Weylin Symes'. The signature is stylized and cursive.

Weylin Symes