

A NOTE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Genevieve Wilson

This production of *Mini Me* is a delicate labor of care, and a love letter to anyone who has felt the complicated nostalgia of home, Christmas, family, choice, and love.

In approaching the play, I aimed to clear the way to examine the intimately nuanced space between mother and daughter, the shared labor of fighting fate while feeling stuck, and the pressure to forge one's own path while wanting better for the person sitting beside us.

Stripped of the distractions and familiar coping mechanisms, we are left with a tale of two imperfect souls navigating life in their own lanes and grappling with the expectation of who they are, who they fear they're becoming, and the roles they've assigned themselves.

At its core, *Mini Me* shines light on what women carry in silence, in life, in grief, and in their bodies. Where care is often inseparable from harm, and where intimacy can feel like both shelter and imprisonment. In doing so, the play invites us to consider what it might mean to choose the slow, non-linear journey of repair, and who we may become if we let go of expectations that no longer fit.

In a time when women's bodies are continually scrutinized and contested, we need to look inward at the quiet battles fought and the burdens carried in secret. We must consider what women inherit, the protective tools they are forced to develop, and the silence that follows generations of unspoken trauma.

I invite you to sit in this uncomfortable disquiet with us, and reflect upon where grief or fear may be driving, where nostalgia holds on, and where you might be able to relinquish something that no longer serves you. What does it cost to steer yourself intentionally in the direction that feels right, even when it's terrifying?

Thank you for being here, and for allowing this story to meet you exactly where you are.