



# LOST GIRLS

BY JOHN POLLONO



DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.



LOST GIRLS  
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*For Jen*

LOST GIRLS received its world premiere at Rogue Machine Theatre (John Perrin Flynn, Artistic Director; Elina de Santos, Co-Artistic Director; Laura Hill, Managing Director) in Los Angeles, California, on September 14, 2013. It was directed by John Perrin Flynn; the set design was by David Mauer; the costume design was by Caitlin Doolittle; the lighting design was by Jeff McLaughlin; the original music and sound design were by Peter Bayne; and the video design was by Corwin Evans. The cast was as follows:

MAGGIE ..... Jennifer Pollono  
LOU ..... Joshua Bitton  
LINDA ..... Ann Bronston, Peggy Dunne  
GIRL/ERICA ..... Anna Theoni DiGiovanni  
PENNY ..... Kirsten Kollender  
BOY ..... Jonathan Lipnicki

LOST GIRLS received its New York premiere at MCC Theater (Robert LuPone, Bernard Telsey, and William Cantler, Artistic Directors; Blake West, Executive Director) on October 21, 2015. It was directed by Jo Bonney; the set design was by Richard Hoover; the costume design was by Theresa Squire; the lighting design was by Lap Chi Chu; and the original music and sound design were by Daniel Kluger. The cast was as follows:

MAGGIE ..... Piper Perabo  
LOU ..... Ebon Moss-Bachrach  
LINDA ..... Tasha Lawrence  
GIRL/ERICA ..... Lizzy DeClement  
PENNY ..... Meghann Fahy  
BOY ..... Josh Green

## **CHARACTERS**

MAGGIE

LOU

LINDA

PENNY

GIRL/ERICA

BOY

## **PLACE**

Manchester, New Hampshire.

## **TIME**

Mid-December. Present day.

# LOST GIRLS

## Scene 1

*A very modest apartment home with a couch, a TV, some chairs, and the corner of the kitchen with a kitchen table and four chairs. Quaint, clean but nothing flashy. It's the type of living space that feels warm and inviting but exudes compromise and budget.*

*There are some basic Christmas decorations set up — some figures, a small tree, some colored lights (unplugged).*

*Through the windows we see a nonstop barrage of snow slamming against the glass. The radio plays classic rock, which is interrupted by this:*

RADIO DJ. (*Thick New England accent.*) ... Londonderry, Hudson schools, all closing early ... once again, Winter Storm warning still in full effect ... the Nor'easter continues to pound all of New England ... low pressure over the Carolinas has moved inland, insuring that these blizzard-like conditions will continue into tomorrow morning ... Manchester may see twenty-six inches by sun-up ... People, if you don't need to be on the roads, don't drive. Wicked wet snow out there, temp's gonna drop and roads will ice right up. Let the plows do their job and only drive if you really gotta. Once again, record-setting accumulation throughout New England. This is the real thing ... You're listening to WGIR FM. Stay safe out there ... (*As the DJ talks, a woman enters. This is Maggie Lefebvre, in her mid-thirties. She is pretty but has had a hard life and there is perma-worry etched on her face. Her hair is still reminiscent of bygone fashion. Her makeup is nice; she wears tasteful but inexpensive clothes and a nametag, as she is a saleswoman at Bloomingdale's outlet store in Merrimack, NH.*

*She moves about in a rush, as in her life she is always ten minutes behind, collects her purse, her keys, puts her cold coffee in the microwave and hits it. She gathers her coat, her gloves. Micro bings and she takes out coffee, screws on the lid, turns off the radio, and then walks out the front door and steps outside and locks the door. After a moment, the door unlocks and she comes in [dusting of snow on her shoulders], puts all her shit down.)*

MAGGIE. Goddamn motherfucking sonofagoddamn cunt! *(She collects herself. Sloughs off her coat.)* Dammit dammit dammit! Motherfucker. Goddammit! *(She yells up the stairway.)* MA! WAKE UP!

LINDA. *(Offstage.)* What?!

MAGGIE. I NEED YA!

LINDA. *(Offstage.)* What are you yelling for!

MAGGIE. Come down here, okay? Somebody — it's an emergency, just get dressed and come down.

LINDA. *(Offstage.)* What happened?

MAGGIE. A crime was committed. Okay?

LINDA. *(Offstage.)* Holy shit. Seriously! I'm coming! *(Maggie dials her cell phone.)*

MAGGIE. Leonard, hey it's Maggie. Listen, I know I'm already late but ... just relax, listen to me ... my car was stolen. I don't know some cocksucker wanted a 2002 Honda Accord, and they took it. I know you don't like that word, but I'm a little stressed at the moment and — I know, I know. *(Linda walks in. She has on a nightgown and a sweatshirt.)*

LINDA. Somebody hurt? Is it Erica?

MAGGIE. No, Jesus. Don't even say that. *(Into phone.)* Look, you're the first call I made, okay? Even before the cops. I understand the position yer in but who's even shopping the outlets in this weather?

LINDA. What's the crime for god's sake?

MAGGIE. *(Into phone.)* No, you can't ... I need the shift. I already spent my paycheck. I gotta jump off and call the cops. I'll get a ride and be there in like an hour. Fine, half-hour. *(She hangs up.)* FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! Somebody stole my car.

LINDA. The Honda?

MAGGIE. I got another car I don't know about?

LINDA. Wha'd ya faggot boss say?

MAGGIE. He's being all right about it. Listen, lotta people are gay these days, Ma, you gotta have an open mind. And I told you, I don't want talk like that around Erica.

LINDA. She's not even here. Where the hell is she anyway?

MAGGIE. School.

LINDA. This early?

MAGGIE. This is what we do on weekdays, Ma. She's at school before I'm outta the shower and she's eating lunch before you're even fucking awake. Can't believe the buses ran today. Jesus. Okay, I gotta call the cops now. *(She dials the phone. Into phone.)* Hello? Sure, I'll hold.

LINDA. How many parking tickets ya got?

MAGGIE. Won't tow 'til ya get five.

LINDA. Pissing snow out there.

MAGGIE. You think what? The snow disintegrated it?

LINDA. I don't know ... this is terrible though.

MAGGIE. No shit.

LINDA. What are we going to do? This is ... I mean ... really bad timing, tragic even. I feel like you've been violated. Like this is a kind of rape or —

MAGGIE. I don't need this right now. *(Into phone.)* Hi, yeah, my car was stolen. My name is Maggie Lefebvre. Ya, you know my husband ... my ex-husband ... Lou Lefebvre ... no, you didn't meet me at a party, that was his new wife ...

LINDA. You can't get fired, Maggie. Ya behind on mortgage payments.

MAGGIE. *(To Linda.)* Just shut the fuck up for a second. *(Into phone.)* Last night sometime, parked it at like seven when I got home from work. P.M. I didn't see broken glass, but it snowed and the plows mighta covered it.

LINDA. Well why'd you wake me up if you just want me to shut up? You know how I am, I talk all the fucking time. If you didn't want me to talk, why'd you wake me up?

MAGGIE. *(Into phone.)* I'm at 835 Kearsarge, Unit C. Okay. Thanks, I'll have the VIN and all that shit ready. *(She hangs up.)*

LINDA. What'd they say?

MAGGIE. They said have a cup of coffee and relax, they'll send over a prowler. Like I can fucking relax right now.

LINDA. I can make coffee.

MAGGIE. Who knows what my deductible is. Five hundred bucks maybe? I don't have five hundred bucks.

LINDA. Who has five hundred bucks lying around in this economy?

MAGGIE. Goddamn thieves. I hope they crash into a tree and burn alive.

LINDA. Where's the coffee beans?



MAGGIE. In the freezer. Erica says it keeps the beans better.

LINDA. Does it work?

MAGGIE. I tell her it does, but I'm not so sure. Shit. You know, when I talked to that dispatcher, I shouldn't have mentioned that I was, you know, Lou's wife — ex-wife. I don't know why ...

LINDA. What's the big deal? It's true.

MAGGIE. They're gonna call him, I know it.

LINDA. Okay. Maybe take a cab, lemme take care of the car?

MAGGIE. That'd be what? Thirty bucks? You know what this month's cushion is? Twenty-three bucks. I'm a pizza an' a six-pack away from bouncing the fuckin' electric bill. *(Her phone rings. Looking at Caller ID.)* Speak of the devil. *(Answers it.)* Hello? Yeah, I don't know. Just ... out front. Look, you don't gotta ... I got it handled, okay? I'm a big girl here. Bye. *(She hangs up. Tries to pull herself together.)*

LINDA. That was Lou?

MAGGIE. Who else it gonna be?

LINDA. Call somebody and get a ride.

MAGGIE. Everybody's at work.

LINDA. Ya can't piss off ya boss, Mags. Look, I know you're not gonna like this but you could call you-know-who ... he works nights.

MAGGIE. I don't care if he pulled up in a snowcat with a working fucking Jacuzzi, I'm done with that prick.

LINDA. He wasn't *that* bad.

MAGGIE. Guess I got higher standards than you. Anyway, I gotta wait for the prowler to come, take my details. I got a lotta shit to do before I can go sell winter coats at Bloomingdale's fucking Outlet Store.

LINDA. Maybe I call insurance for you.

MAGGIE. You gotta have the fucking police report number, Ma!

LINDA. Stop yelling at me! It's gonna be okay. Just relax, it's a friggin ten-year-old car.

MAGGIE. I got no car, I got no job. I got no job, I got no way ta pay bills, you, me, Erica — we're all out on the street. *(Maggie's cell phone rings again. Into phone.)* What? Look, I got it under control, I don't need you ... I can tell you're already driving, Lou. I can hear the wind and the radio. Fine, come over. But don't act like you were waiting for permission. *(She hangs up.)* Says he wants to fill out the report himself, make sure it gets done right. Like I'm an idiot or something.

LINDA. He bringing the new girl?

MAGGIE. She's not new, Ma. They been married two years.

LINDA. She's, like, wicked religious, huh?

MAGGIE. She's a boring fuckin' retard is what she is. Jesus Christ. I look like shit.

LINDA. You look nice.

MAGGIE. No I don't, I look like shit. I haven't been eating good, haven't been to Curves in months.

LINDA. I think you look pretty good considering ...

MAGGIE. What do you mean "considering"?

LINDA. I mean you look very nice for a gal who hasn't been going to the gym, just got up for work, found out her car was stolen and she's probably gonna lose her job. (*She plugs in the Christmas lights.*)

MAGGIE. Ma, look at your goddamn, your nightgown is stuck, I can see your ass.

LINDA. Sorry.

MAGGIE. You was wearing that yesterday.

LINDA. I'm behind on laundry.

MAGGIE. Go in my room, put on something of mine and I'll wash that later.

LINDA. Hold on, listen ta me. I'm serious. All this, it's fixable, okay? Ain't nobody's life at stake here. We'll work it out.

MAGGIE. (*Deep breath.*) Yah. Ya right, ya right. (*A knock at the door.*)

LINDA. Jesus, that was quick.

MAGGIE. Mr. Punctual has arrived. Go. (*Linda scurries out, Maggie takes one last look in the mirror, opens the door. Lou is in his mid-thirties, he's well-groomed but a little square, an off-duty NH State Trooper. His wife Penny is younger, in her twenties, sweet-looking, from Ohio.*)

LOU. Hey-O. How we doing?

MAGGIE. What were you like two blocks away?

LOU. Pretty much, actually.

PENNY. Hi Maggie. It's Penny.

MAGGIE. Ya, I remembah. Stop standing in the doorway. Come on in.

LOU. You doing okay, Mags? How we doing?

MAGGIE. I'm fine. Just pissed off is all. You didn't need to come over and do policework on your day off.

PENNY. I had an appointment up the street.

MAGGIE. In this weather?

LOU. It's like a two-month wait to see this guy so we kicked in the four-wheel drive and said hell with common sense.

PENNY. But they called and canceled on account of this storm.

LOU. Right as we're pullin' into the parking lot. Can ya believe it?

# LOST GIRLS

by John Pollono

2M, 4W

When Erica, their sixteen-year-old daughter, goes missing during a winter storm, Maggie and Lou — former high school sweethearts, now divorced — are forced to confront the legacy of their past decisions. Filled with poignant passions and dark humor, *LOST GIRLS* is a hard-hitting drama about the women of a blue-collar family struggling to rise above their limited prospects, in a world indifferent to their struggles, to prevent history from repeating itself.

*“... [a] quite moving comic drama ... Mr. Pollono is a deft practitioner of the sort of twist-in-the-tale narratives that are mostly associated with short-story writers of earlier eras, like O. Henry and W. Somerset Maugham. ... LOST GIRLS unfolds as a counterpoint between bright, youthful expectations and the gray resignation of characters who in their 30s have already slid into middle age. The play’s title starts to acquire a deep-blue aura of predestination.”*

—**The New York Times**

*“[A] gritty New Hampshire drama, LOST GIRLS ... provides further theatrical evidence that the traumatic past doesn’t die but rather moves underground ... a truthful psychological study of characters trying to figure out how to coexist with their grievances. There’s a twist to this dysfunctional family drama that is at once surprising and completely integral ... very moving.”*

—**Los Angeles Times**

*“Pollono richly understands this milieu, and the colorful speech rings musically ... he summons sympathetic involvement with these interesting people and gives them a dimension of expression that belies their lack of education and dim prospects.”*

—**The Hollywood Reporter**

**Also by John Pollono**  
SMALL ENGINE REPAIR

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