



LONG LOST

BY DONALD
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INC.

LONG LOST
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LONG LOST was originally produced in New York City by the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer), on June 4, 2019. It was directed by Daniel Sullivan, the set design was by John Lee Beatty, the costume design was by Toni-Leslie James, the lighting design was by Kenneth Posner, the original music and sound design were by Daniel Kluger, and the production stage manager was Amanda Kosack. The cast was as follows:

BILLY Lee Tergesen
DAVID Kelly AuCoin
MOLLY Annie Parris
JEREMY Alex Wolff

LONG LOST was first produced as part of The Sullivan Project at Illinois Theatre (Daniel Sullivan, Artistic Director; Jeffrey Eric Jenkins, Producer), University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, in June 2016. It was directed by Daniel Sullivan, the set design was by J. Michael Griggs, the costume design was by Olga Maslova, the lighting design was by Robert Perry, the sound design was by M. Anthony Reimer, the media design was by John Boesche, and the production stage manager was Cynthia Kocher. The cast was as follows:

BILLY David Alford
DAVID Kelly AuCoin
MOLLY Kelly McAndrew
JEREMY Michael Goldsmith

LONG LOST was developed with the support of Nashville Repertory Theatre through its Ingram New Works Fellowship.

In addition to the aforementioned talented collaborators and friends, special thanks to the late David Compton, René D. Copeland, Shannon Hoppe, Matthew Rosenbaum, and all the folks at the

Nashville (Tennessee) Repertory Ingram New Works Festival; Steven Culp, Dana Delany, John Glore, Jerry Patch, Casey Stangl, Jon Tenney, Daniel Thrasher, and the South Coast Repertory Pacific Playwrights Festival; Heidi Armbruster, Mandy Greenfield, Gabriel Rush, Fred Weller, and the Williamstown Theatre Festival for their care and feeding of this play.

CHARACTERS

BILLY, around 50

DAVID, late 40s, his brother

MOLLY, late 40s, David's wife

JEREMY, 19, their son

SCENES

New York City

1. Office. December. Late afternoon.
2. Living Room. Later that night.
3. Bedroom. Later still.
4. Living Room. The middle of the night.
5. Living Room. The next morning.
6. Living Room. That evening.
7. Atrium. Seven months later.

The play is performed without an intermission.

Billy speaks with a Midwestern accent; David does not.

A slash "/" in the dialogue indicates the next speaker's cue.

LONG LOST

Scene 1

A Wall Street office with a view. December. Late afternoon, daylight fading. The sofa is so loaded with paperwork, we can't discern a figure lying beneath a coat. David enters, closes the door, and gets a laundered shirt from a drawer. The figure—Billy—sits up, startling him.

BILLY. Late lunch?

DAVID. Jesus!

BILLY. (*Laughing.*) You should see / your face!

DAVID. Fuck is the matter / with you?

BILLY. (*Genuinely.*) Aw, I'm sorry, Davey / boy...

DAVID. This isn't funny.

BILLY. I'm sorry.

DAVID. You can't just pop up out of nowhere

BILLY. I said I was sorry! DAVID. and *ambush* people.
Okay!

Pause.

Hey. Don't I at least get a hug?

David considers it before submitting to a half-hearted embrace.

(*Sarcastically.*) That was warm...

DAVID. I didn't know you were in town.

BILLY. I wasn't. I just got in.

DAVID. You might have given me a little notice.

BILLY. Why, so you could make excuses not to see me?

A beat.

DAVID. No... I wouldn't have made plans for lunch.

BILLY. Oh. Uh huh.

A beat. Billy watches David change his shirt.

Hot lunch was it?

DAVID. What?

BILLY. Work up a good sweat didja?

DAVID. What are you talking about?

BILLY. You always change your shirt after lunch?

DAVID. I often do as a matter of fact.

BILLY. That so.

DAVID. I keep a fresh batch on hand. I sweat like crazy.

BILLY. Since when?

DAVID. Since always.

BILLY. I'n't that funny? Shared a *room* with you for years, think I'd'a noticed your having a B.O. problem. (*Off David's irritated look.*) I'm fucking with you!

DAVID. What are you doing here, Billy?

BILLY. Is that nice? I came to see you.

DAVID. Yeah, I see that. You need money? / Is that it?

BILLY. Why do you assume it *has* to be about / money?

DAVID. Because it's *always* about money.

BILLY. Not *always*. I haven't asked you for a cent in years.

DAVID. (*Equivocally.*) Well...

BILLY. Can't I drop in on my little brother without you getting all—? I missed you, fuckwad.

David scoffs.

You think I don't think about you?

DAVID. I don't know *what* you think about.

BILLY. I think about you all the time. I think about Mom...and Pop... You're my family, Davey. You're all I've got.

DAVID. Yeah? And whose fault is that?

Billy puts his hands up: You got me. Pause.

How'd you get in here, anyway?

BILLY. What do you mean, how?

DAVID. Who let you into my office?

BILLY. The girl at the front desk.

DAVID. Shawnna?

BILLY. I don't know...

DAVID. She let you *stay* here?

BILLY. Yeah...

DAVID. By yourself?

BILLY. (*Incredulously.*) Yes by my/self.

DAVID. You could have been anybody. A total stranger.

BILLY. Yeah, but I'm *not* a total stranger; I'm your fuckin' brother.

Long pause; Billy takes in the room.

Pretty snazzy.

DAVID. What.

BILLY. *This.* If I'd known you were gonna turn out to be such a big shot, I might'a treated you with more respect.

DAVID. If you'd treated me with more respect, I might not have had so much to prove.

BILLY. Ooo. Profound. *What* is it you do again?

DAVID. You know / what I do.

BILLY. I honestly don't. People ask me, What does your brother do? I never know what to say.

DAVID. What do you think.

BILLY. Something to do with money.

DAVID. Safe guess.

BILLY. Making shitloads of money for people with shitloads of money.

DAVID. I consult.

BILLY. *That's* right! Consult! Whatever the fuck *that* means. Everybody "consults" nowadays—you notice that? Everybody's a consultant. Back in the day, ever hear a kid say, "When I grow up I want to be a consultant"?

DAVID. Are you using again?

BILLY. *What?*

DAVID. Are you / using.

BILLY. I heard you. Am I “using”? Where’d you pick up the street lingo, bro? *The Wire*?

DAVID. Are you?

BILLY. No! / Jesus.

DAVID. I’m sorry, I had to ask. You seem a little strung out / to tell you the truth.

BILLY. Of *course* I seem strung out. You would seem strung out, too, being put through the wringer / like this.

DAVID. No one’s putting you through the / wringer.

BILLY. Oh, no? For your information, I’m clean and sober.

DAVID. Is that so.

BILLY. Pretty much. Except for maybe the occasional, recreational weed.

*David shakes his head in exasperation and returns to his desk.
Silence.*

How’s Molly?

DAVID. Molly is great.

BILLY. And Jeremy? Jesus, how *old* is / Jeremy now?

DAVID. Jeremy is a freshman in college.

BILLY. No! Are you shitting me?

DAVID. I wish. He’s at Brown.

BILLY. Brown! Wow! Smart kid.

DAVID. He *is*.

BILLY. Last time I saw him, gee... Must’ve been at the funeral.

DAVID. Must’ve been.

BILLY. Last time I saw a lot of people.

DAVID. Yup.

BILLY. So he was, what, like nine or ten?

DAVID. Something like that.

BILLY. Wow. You got any pictures?

David just looks at him.

Come on, you gotta have some pictures. *May* I see a picture of my nephew please?

David takes a beat before he decides to share the pictures on his phone.

Thank you.

DAVID. These are from August...

...When we dropped him off in Prov/idence.

BILLY. Wow. Will you look at him! Little Jimmy!

David swipes photos on his phone.

BILLY. Whoa whoa whoa. Slow down.

He takes the phone. Pause.

He kinda looks like Pop, doesn't he?

DAVID. *(Shrugs.)* Maybe.

BILLY. Handsome kid.

DAVID. Yeah he is.

BILLY. And Molly... God, Molly looks fantastic.

DAVID. Uh huh.

David has his hand out for Billy to return the phone but Billy continues to swipe through photos.

BILLY. Look at her! She hasn't aged / a bit.

DAVID. Can I uh...?

Billy ignores him, swipes past photos.

Bill? You mind?

A beat. David takes it. Pause.

BILLY. You've filled out.

DAVID. Thanks. That another way of saying I've put on weight?

BILLY. No... Maybe... A little.

DAVID. I'm not getting to the gym as much.

BILLY. Too many hot lunches. No, you look good. You do. Balder. Older.

LONG LOST

by Donald Margulies

3 men, 1 woman

From Donald Margulies, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of such works as *Time Stands Still* and *Dinner with Friends*, comes a funny, unsettling, ultimately moving play about the limits of compassion and filial obligation. When troubled Billy appears out of the blue in his estranged brother David's Wall Street office, he soon tries to reinsert himself into the comfortable life David has built with his philanthropist wife and college-age son. What does Billy really want? Can he be trusted? And how much can family bonds smooth over past rifts?

"A poet of strained friendships and family relations."

—**The New York Times**

"Few playwrights depict domestic tension with the subtlety and insight of Donald Margulies. ...In a quietly explosive 90 minutes, [LONG LOST] explores the difficulty of letting go of the past, and how seemingly small cracks in relationships can lead to foundation-shattering destruction."

—**Time Out New York**

"...Margulies keeps you on the edge of your seat...[Billy] could be a character right out of Sam Shepard's world—charismatic, dangerous, unpredictable and ultimately sympathetic (thanks to Margulies's sleight of hand)."

—**TheaterPizzazz.com**

Also by Donald Margulies

BROOKLYN BOY

DINNER WITH FRIENDS

SIGHT UNSEEN

and others

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ISBN: 978-0-8222-4087-7



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