

PHILLIE'S TRILOGY
A Comedy (ish)

By Doug DeVita

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CAST / 4 W, 3 M, with doubling (see below):

Philip McDougal*	A writer coping with loss	M	49/57
Veronica McDougal*	Philip's mother; a frustrated '70s housewife	F	52/54
Barbara Quigley*	Philip's childhood friend; coping with divorce	F	49/57
Grace Bradley	Barbara's mother; coping with memory loss	F	76
Phillie McDougal	Philip as a child; precocious, mouthy, insecure	M	12/14
Barbie Bradley	Barbara as a child; smart, overweight	F	12/14
Keith Quigley*	Phillie and Barbie's friend; fatherless, troubled	M	12/14
Jude Quigley*	Barbara and Keith's son: angry, troubled	M	14
Younger Grace*	Veronica's best friend; possibly pregnant	F	39
Pete McDougal*	Phillie's father; no-nonsense ad exec	M	55
Sheila Roth*	Philip's no nonsense agent, a "broad"	F	60 ish

*** Doubling:**

Philip/Pete

Veronica/Sheila

Younger Grace/Barbara

Keith/Jude

SYNOPSIS

Growing up gay in the “fabulous” '70s was no picnic for the precocious budding writer Phillie McDougal. Through nuns, priests, bullying classmates, parents – and years later the realization his best friend may not be the person he thought she was – he lived to tell the tales, with results no one bargained for. Including him.

DEVELOPMENT HISTORY:

- READING: Scrap Mettle Arts, New York, NY • Directed by Sarah Stites, 2016
- READING: The Great Griffon "Seeking The Queer Voice" Reading Series, New York, NY • Directed by James Phillip Gates, 2017
- FESTIVAL PRODUCTION: Fresh Fruit Festival, New York, NY • Directed by Dennis Corsi, 2017

RECOGNITION

WINNER

Outstanding Production

Fresh Fruit Award of Distinction

WINNER

Scrap Mettle Arts

Emerging Playwrights Competition

SEMI-FINALIST

Barrington Stage Company

Burman New Play Award

Normal Avenue New American Play Series

Campfire Theatre Festival

ACT 1, PART 1: CHECKING THE BASEMENT FOR LEAKS

The finished basement of the McDougal's home in Plandome, Long Island, a Thursday afternoon in late November, 1972. Two banquettes flanking a bar. A sliding glass door, slightly open. Veronica McDougal, 52, on the stairs; Grace Bradley, 39, behind the bar, mixing a pitcher of martinis.

VERONICA

PHILLIE! GRACE AND I ARE GOING TO CHECK THE BASEMENT FOR LEAKS, SO STAY OUT OF HERE UNTIL WE'RE DONE!

(To Grace.)

Honest to God, I don't know what I'm going to do with that kid. Phillie used to be such an agreeable little boy, but ever since he turned 12 he's been out of control.

GRACE

(As she's mixing the drinks.)

So what happened? Why did they call you to come down to the school?

VERONICA

He hit Sister Mary Dolores John this afternoon. Clocked her right across the kisser.

GRACE

You're kidding!

VERONICA

Nope. She took his notebook and began reading it. He grabbed it, she slapped him and he slapped her right back.

GRACE

You know you're out of olives, right? Onion, or Twist?

VERONICA

GODDAMNIT, PHILLIE! HAVE YOU BEEN EATING MY OLIVES AGAIN?

GRACE

I don't think he's up there, Vee. I saw him, Barbie, and Keith Quigley heading to the brook before I came over here.

VERONICA

And I'll just bet he took my olives with him.

Grace serves the martinis while Veronica lights two cigarettes, a la Paul Henreid, and hands one to Grace.

GRACE

I like onions better with gin anyway. Phillie's got guts, I'll say that for him. Sister Mary Dolores John scares the bejesus out of me.

VERONICA

Not me. She lied, Grace. She stood there and said Phillie just walked up to her and hit her for no reason. I looked her right in the eye and said "Do you think I'm stupid, Sister? I know Philip has a temper, but I'm pretty Goddamn sure he wouldn't have hit you if he hadn't been provoked." Oh yes, Grace, I said "Goddamn" to a nun. You should have seen her face; I could see she was sending us both straight to hell. But without so much as a blink she said "I just asked to see his notebook and he slapped me." "And you didn't touch him?" "Oh no, Mrs. McDougal, I never touch the children."

GRACE

Well, that's just baloney. Robert always used to complain about her hitting him. Of course, Robert probably deserved it.

VERONICA

Probably. Anyway, so I'm looking at her, at Phillie, and at that new pastor, what's his name?

GRACE

Father Mondello.

VERONICA

Yeah, Mondello. So I'm looking at her, at Phillie, and that new gas-bag Mondello. "OK, Sister, if you didn't touch him, would you mind explaining to me why the side of his face is black and blue?" I had her there. "You wanna rethink your story now, Sister?" Mondello just started sputtering, actually sputtering like pea soup on the boil. "Now, Sister, I don't condone what Philip did, but Mr. McDougal and I will see to it he's punished appropriately."

GRACE

What are you going to do?

VERONICA

Nothing. I'm not even telling Pete. Phillie will apologize tomorrow morning and that will be that.

So anyway, I leaned right into that smirking, sanctimonious puss of hers and said “But listen to me, Sister, and listen good: this is not the first time Philip has complained about your hitting him. It’s not even the first time I’ve heard complaints about your “touching the children,” as you call it. Ten years ago you slapped my daughter Celia because she was left-handed. You think I’ve forgotten that? I’m tired of your bullshit. Mr. McDougal writes big checks every year to help maintain this school; Father, if I find out that Sister Mary Dolores John or any of your faculty ever touches my son again, those checks will stop. And Sister, your sanctimonious ass, as the kids say, will be grass. I don’t have seven lawyers in my family for nothing.”

GRACE

Too bad your father wouldn’t let you go to college. You’d’ve made a terrific lawyer too.

VERONICA

I know. That’s why I swore I’d let my kids do whatever they want. Celia wants to be a painter, I let her be a painter. And if Phillie wants to be a writer, then I want him to be a damn good one, not some hack who dreams of glory while pushing Rice-A-Roni for a living like his father. I don’t want anything standing in his way.

GRACE

Did they say anything?

VERONICA

I didn’t give them a chance. I just took the notebook from her clammy little hands, gave it back to Phillie, and we left.

GRACE

Well, it’s about time someone said something. I’d never have the nerve.

VERONICA

I would have pulled him out of there this afternoon, but we’ve poured so much money into that school Pete would kill me.

GRACE

It *is* one of the top schools in Nassau, Vee. That’s why we all moved out here, isn’t it?

VERONICA

I don’t know. Maybe. What kills me is she actually got to read some of what’s in that notebook. I’ve been trying to get a peek into that thing for years and I can’t get it away from him.

GRACE

What about when he’s sleeping? That’s when I go through Barbie’s stuff. Mostly empty Twinkie and Ring-Ding wrappers.

VERONICA

Please, Grace, do you think I'm an idiot? He's a sneaky one. He's got a hiding place somewhere. I've torn his room apart and I'll be damned if I can find it.

GRACE

Barbie just leaves clues everywhere. It's like she wants to be fat and torture me with it.

VERONICA

Well, if you didn't buy the junk in the first place...

GRACE

Al likes Twinkies and Ring-Dings.

VERONICA

And Barbie has Al's metabolism, Grace!

GRACE

Metabo what?

VERONICA

Metabolism. It's a physiological thing. You and I have high metabolisms so we don't gain weight. Barbie and Al have low metabolisms so they have to watch what they eat.

GRACE

How do you know these things?

VERONICA

Carol Channing on Merv Griffin.

GRACE

Well, I'll be damned. Good to know. Next time Barbie goes on and on about being an actress, I can point out how thin Carol Channing is. Not that we'd ever let her go into show business anyway.

VERONICA

Why not, if that's what she wants to do?

GRACE

You've already talked me into letting her go to college if she wants, Vee. But if she does, I'd rather she study something useful, like teaching.

VERONICA

Well, you know what I think about that, but she's your kid. Anyway, what were we talking about? Oh yeah, Phillie and that damned nun. He's so much harder to deal with than Celia was when she was his age, and she was no picnic either.

GRACE

Boys are difficult, Vee. I've just about given up on Robert.

VERONICA

At least he's going away to college next year. I've got six more years of this with Phillie.

GRACE

I'm just praying Robert doesn't get some girl pregnant.

VERONICA

Yeah, do you really think I have to worry about that? The last McDougal is a queer.

GRACE

My daughter is fat. You know what it's like to shop at Lane Bryant for a 12 year old girl?

VERONICA

At least Barbie speaks to you. You think boys are difficult? Wait until she's 15.

GRACE

Sometimes I think I'll be stuck with Barbie forever. Do you know how hard it is to marry off a fat girl?

VERONICA

Talk to me when she meets some guy and elopes to California the day after she graduates art school, as far away from me as she can get. I haven't even met my son-in-law.

GRACE

This isn't a contest, Vee.

They start to laugh.

VERONICA

Can you believe us?

GRACE

I know. I mean, I love my kids, but sometimes I wonder if I only love them out of some sense of obligation.

VERONICA

Sometimes I wonder why I even had a kid when I was 40.

GRACE

I always assumed Phillie was an accident.

VERONICA

Oh no, I wanted him, Grace. Pete wanted me to go back to work so we could afford to move out here to Plandome; I wanted to stay in Bayside, so I got pregnant on purpose.

GRACE

On purpose?

VERONICA

I poked holes in his rubbers.

GRACE

(She thinks about that, and then looks at
Veronica, shocked.)

Oh!

VERONICA

Didn't matter. Pete came up with "The San Francisco Treat" and now twelve years later I'm 52, living in a neighborhood where I don't really belong and I'm the oldest mother in St. Mary's PTA. Pour me another one of those. It's cold in here.

(She notices the open door.)

Goddammit! I keep telling Phillie to close that damn door.

Keith Quigley, 12, appears at the door.

KEITH

Hello, Mrs. McDougal.

VERONICA

Jesus! Keith Quigley! You scared the shit out of me.

KEITH

I'm sorry. I was just wondering if you've seen Phillie and Barbie? I'm "it" and I've been looking for them for half an hour.

VERONICA

I'm sorry, Keith, I'm not sure where they are. Have you tried down by the brook?

KEITH

That's where we started.

GRACE

Maybe they've gone to my house?

KEITH

I checked there. Nope. I gotta go meet my mother at work.

VERONICA

How's your cousin Candy?

KEITH

They think they got it all. We'll know better in a couple of weeks.

GRACE

What a shame about her leg.

KEITH

Yes, ma'am.

GRACE

She's in our prayers, Keith. You all are.

KEITH

Thank you, Mrs. Bradley. I really gotta go now, my mom said we have to get to the hospital before dinner. You'll let Barbie and Phillie know?

VERONICA

Go on, honey, I'll let them know.

Keith goes.

GRACE

Such an awful thing to happen to a child.

VERONICA

Almost makes me feel bad I can't stand Candy's mother.

GRACE

Veronica!

VERONICA

Oh come on, Grace. You can't stand Maureen Ruggerio either. You've said so yourself.

GRACE

But it's still awful. It's bad enough we have to worry about broken bones, chicken pox, upset stomachs, colds, science fairs... But your child losing a leg?

They both take long drags on their cigarettes.

VERONICA

What kind of God gives a kid cancer?

They sit quietly for a bit, then Grace blurts out:

GRACE

I'm pregnant, Vee.

Veronica takes one more drag on her cigarette, stubs it out, and lights another.

VERONICA

Did you watch "Maude" last week?

GRACE

Father Mondello told us we'd be excommunicated if we watch that show!

VERONICA

Yeah, and then he goes and gives "Best Halloween Costume" to Jamie Furlong wearing Lorraine's sweater vest and a gray wig. Father Mondello can go to hell.

GRACE

VEE!

VERONICA

I'm sick of it. Phillie built a piano out of oak tag and didn't even get an honorable mention.

GRACE

He was kind of cute.

VERONICA

Cute? His costume was genius. But Phillie's a little "different" so they give the prize to some stupid trust-funded surgeon's kid parading around as a TV abortionist? They think we don't notice shit like that?

GRACE

Calm down, Vee!

VERONICA

I know, I just get so frustrated sometimes. If I'd known what having this kid was going to be like... I'm sorry, Grace, I didn't mean to go on like that. Does Al know?

GRACE

I haven't told anyone yet. Not even my mother.

VERONICA

How old are you now?

GRACE

I'm almost 40.

VERONICA

Think about it, Grace. Do you really want to be the oldest mother in St. Mary's PTA?

GRACE

What else am I going to do? I can't very well disappear for 9 months and then put it up for adoption, can I?

VERONICA

Come on, Grace, it's 1972, not 1872. You've got options. If Maude can have one...

GRACE

That's a mortal sin!

VERONICA

You still believe all that?

GRACE

Don't you?

VERONICA

I don't know.

GRACE

You go to mass every week, you take Communion...

VERONICA

I don't know what I believe anymore. All those kids my mother had, all the ones she buried, the priests and the nuns telling us it was God's will, and I believed it, every single word of it. And today a nun lies to me? Flat out lies, and the pastor would've let her get away with it if I hadn't said anything? *I've* played by the rules. I've done what's expected. And what have I got? A husband who's never home, a daughter who barely speaks to me, a son I don't understand and who's probably queer... It's hell, Grace. Especially since I know it doesn't have to be that way anymore. I could leave Pete. I could get a job like Brenda Quigley did when Keith's father left them. Or I could go back to school, get a degree in... something. But maybe I'm too old. And maybe, just maybe, Phillie really does need me.

GRACE

Of course he does!

VERONICA

I don't know what Pete knows or thinks, but truthfully, if the kid's queer, he's queer. I don't really care. Wouldn't be the first in the family... Pete's nephew Glen. And my oldest sister Vivian. I think.

GRACE

I've wondered about her.

VERONICA

We all have. It's a tough, lonely life, and he'll need someone who believes in him. Or can at least fake it. Does that make me an awful Catholic? And if it does, then do I *really* want to be Catholic anymore?... I'm sorry, Grace, I'm just going on and on... So? What are you going to do about the baby?

GRACE

I don't know.

VERONICA

Just think about it.

GRACE

It is legal in New York now, isn't it?

VERONICA

My nephew Michael is a doctor. He's very discreet.

GRACE

I guess it wouldn't hurt just to talk to him. I'll think about it. Good Lord, look at the time! I've got to get dinner on the stove.

VERONICA

Jesus, me too.

They sip their drinks and smoke their cigarettes
contemplatively, not making any effort to leave.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You know, I don't feel like cooking. Let's take the kids to Scobee.

GRACE

But that's all the way in Little Neck!

VERONICA

So? I like their burgers.

(She swigs the rest of her martini.)

I'll drive.

Veronica stubs out her cigarette. Grace puts hers in the ashtray, absentmindedly leaving it still burning. They start up the stairs.

GRACE

What about Pete and Al?

VERONICA

Leave a note and let 'em nuke a Swanson's.

GRACE

You can't nuke a Swanson's, Vee. Trust me, I know.

And they're gone. A moment, then one of the banquettes lifts up. Phillie, 12, climbs out with his notebook and a jar of olives, stubs out Grace's still burning cigarette as if it's something he does every day (which it is), and opens the other banquette.

PHILLIE

(Whispering.)

It's okay, Barbie. They're gone.

Barbie, also 12, climbs out. She's pudgy, but pretty. He writes in his notebook; she stuffs a Twinkie in her mouth. The lights fade.

ACT 1, PART 2: WRESTLING MATCH

SCENE 1: A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON IN LATE JUNE, 1974

In the dark between scenes, we hear six gunshots ring out, followed by dramatic music, and a crash.

MONTY BARAGON

Mildred!

Lights come up on Veronica, now 54, cigarette in hand and reading a newspaper. Phillie, now 14, on the floor with a well-worn copy of "Harriet The Spy," and his notebook. "Mildred Pierce" is on TV; he's reading, and mouthing along to the movie.

VERONICA

How was school today?

PHILLIE

(Not looking up from his book.)

Shhhh! I'm watching this.

VERONICA

Phillie, I asked you a question. How was school today?

PHILLIE

(Quickly, impatiently.)

I don't want to talk about it.

MILDRED PIERCE

"I can't get you out of this, Veda."

VERONICA

Jesus, Phillie, stop mouthing all the lines!

VEDA PIERCE

"You've got to help me. Give me another chance. It's your fault I'm the way I am!"

VERONICA

Turn that Goddamn TV off! You've seen that movie 5,000 times! If you're going to read then *read*. Although, don't you think you're a little too old for that book now?

PHILLIE

I like it. Harriet's a spy, like me.

(He realizes what he's said.)

I mean, she's a writer. Like me.

Veronica stares at him a moment, but the phone rings before she can say anything, and she starts upstairs. It stops before she's even halfway up. Sighing, she turns and comes back down.

MILDRED PIERCE

“Darling, I’m sorry. I did the best I could.”

VEDA PIERCE

“Don’t worry about me, mother. I’ll get by.”

VERONICA

Phillie, I told you to turn that thing off!

PHILLIE

(Not looking up from the book, he picks
up the remote and turns off the TV.)

It’s over now anyway. I’m freezing.

VERONICA

I don’t care how cold you are, Phillie, it’s hot as hell out and I’m not turning off the air.

PHILLIE

Sister Irmalita Simon said if we think it’s too hot, we should “all spend at least one day a week without air conditioning to remember the suffering of St. Joan at the stake.”

VERONICA

Sister Irmalita Simon has a couple of screws loose if you ask me. Go and get a sweater if you’re cold.

Phillie gets up and heads to the stairs. He and
Veronica see his notebook on the floor at the
same time he realizes he’s left it. They eye each
other warily as he grabs it.

PHILLIE

(As he stomps up the stairs.)

Nice try, mom.

VERONICA

(To herself.)

Dammit!

(To Phillie.)

PHILLIE! The whole damn house is shaking. Can’t you go up the stairs like a normal person?

PHILLIE (OFF)

NO, I CAN’T!

VERONICA

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT INVITED TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT, DON'T
TAKE IT OUT ON ME! IF YOU'RE

VERONICA

MAD, GET GLAD, DAMMIT!

PHILLIE

MAD, GET GLAD, DAMMIT!

VERONICA

WATCH YOURSELF, PHILIP!

(To herself.)

Who the hell lets their kid throw a party on a Wednesday night anyway?

(She looks at her watch.)

4:30. Oh, what the hell.

(She takes a jar of olives out of the
fridge, and mixes herself a martini.)

THANKS FOR LEAVING ME AN OLIVE!

PHILLIE

YOU'RE WELCOME!

Phillie pounds back down the stairs. He's
wearing a cardigan.

VERONICA

You want a Coke?

PHILLIE

No.

VERONICA

No, what?

PHILLIE

No, thank you.

VERONICA

Phillie, I know you're upset about that party, and I understand / why

PHILLIE

/ No, you don't.

VERONICA

Yes, I do, honey. I really do.

PHILLIE

I am telling you right now: when she dies I am not going to her funeral.

VERONICA

Candy Ruggerio is not going to die, Phillie.

PHILLIE

Of course she is, Mom, she's got cancer. Why do you think she won class president?

VERONICA

It might have had something to do with the campaign slogans you wrote for her.

PHILLIE

Nope. She's got cancer and everybody feels sorry for her and she gets everything she wants and she will until the day she dies.

VERONICA

Well, she's not going to die today.

PHILLIE

She's a bitch. And I am not going to her funeral.

VERONICA

So don't go to her funeral. But don't call her a bitch.

PHILLIE

Why not? You call Mrs. Ruggerio a bitch all the time.

VERONICA

If I talked to my mother the way you talk to me

VERONICA

I wouldn't be alive today!

PHILLIE

You wouldn't be alive today!

PHILLIE

I'm the only one in the WHOLE GODDAMN CLASS SHE DIDN'T INVITE TO HER GODDAMN PARTY!

VERONICA

Watch your language! And you don't like anyone anyway!

PHILLIE

THAT'S NOT THE POINT, MOM!

VERONICA

I told you, Phillie, you have two choices: you can just show up, or forget it and I'll take you into the city to see whatever show or movie you want.

PHILLIE

Any movie I want to see?

VERONICA

I am not taking you to see "The Exorcist!"

PHILLIE

Then forget it. I don't want to go to the movies. I don't want to see a show. I don't want to go to that party. I just want / to

VERONICA

/ Sit home and sulk. Fine. Be that way. Honest to God, Phillie, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Why do you let those kids get under your skin like this?

PHILLIE

They're all creeps. I am not going to graduation tomorrow either.

VERONICA

You are going even if I have to drag you there and Krazy Glue your ass to the pew.

PHILLIE

You wouldn't dare!

VERONICA

Oh no? Try me.

PHILLIE

You spent too much money on that graduation gown to ruin it with Krazy Glue.

VERONICA

What the hell is wrong with you today? You've been a pain in the ass ever since you got home from school.

PHILLIE

NOTHING!

VERONICA

Sister Mary Dolores John didn't talk to you, did she?

PHILLIE

NO! She hasn't spoken to me since last year.

VERONICA

Good. Look, honey, how can I help you if you don't tell me what's wrong?

PHILLIE

(Turning the TV back on.)

It's time for Lucy.

VERONICA

(Taking the remote away from him.)

I am sick and tired of these reruns of reruns of shows you've seen a million times already! Now you are going to tell me what the hell is wrong / before I

PHILLIE

/ I HATE IT HERE!

VERONICA

I hate it here too, Phillie, but this is where your father wants to live so this is what you're stuck with until you're 18.

PHILLIE

Then I am not going to St. Mary's Boys High School.

VERONICA

Oh, yes you are. Your father's put too much money into that school so / you and Celia

PHILLIE

/ It's always about money with you. It's not like we're poor.

VERONICA

Yes, Phillie, we have money, but that doesn't mean I want to waste it! You are going to St. Mary's for high school. It's been paid for. End of discussion.

PHILLIE

Then I'm going away to college.

VERONICA

Fine.

PHILLIE

And after / that I'm going

VERONICA

/ After that you can go to Timbuktu and do whatever you Goddamn please. I can't wait until we ship you off to Los Angeles next week and you're Celia's problem for the summer.

PHILLIE

You and me both, sweetheart!

VERONICA

That's it! Get out of my sight before I...

Barbie knocks at the sliding door. She's lost a lot of weight but may still have a few more curves than Grace likes. Phillie lets her in.

PHILLIE

Hey.

BARBIE

Hey. Hi, Mrs. McDougal. My Nonna Lina's here and mom wants to know if you can come over for dinner tonight? She said to call her.

VERONICA

Isn't that nice. Phillie?

PHILLIE

I don't care.

(Veronica shoots him a look.)

Yes, I think that would be nice.

VERONICA

I'm going say yes then. Damn, I keep telling your father we need an extension down here.

PHILLIE

He said to just put one in, he doesn't care.

VERONICA

He said no such thing!

PHILLIE

I heard him, he said "Do whatever you want, Veronica, it's fine with me." You just don't want to spend the money.

VERONICA

Philip Michael McDougal! I swear to God, one of these days... When did you hear him say that? Phillie?

The phone rings.

BARBIE

That's probably my mother.

VERONICA

(Stomping up the stairs just like Phillie.)

We'll talk about this later, Philip.

BARBIE

Ooh, she called you Philip Michael! You're in trouble now.

PHILLIE

Yeah, I almost blew it.

Barbie hops onto one of the banquettes.

BARBIE

She still thinks these things hide water pipes?

PHILLIE

Yup.

She lights a cigarette, offers one, he declines.

BARBIE

You'd be a lot cooler if you smoked.

PHILLIE

I don't care.

BARBIE

Up to you.

PHILLIE

I'm never going to smoke. It's not good for you.

BARBIE

I don't care. I've lost a lot of weight since I started.

PHILLIE

I don't need to lose weight. I have a high metabolism. You don't.

BARBIE

Shut up. Okay, so what the hell happened this morning? You were in with Father Mondello for more than half an hour.

PHILLIE

I didn't have anything to confess so I made something up.

BARBIE

And?

PHILLIE

And what?

BARBIE

Honestly, Phillie, you are so dense sometimes. WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?

PHILLIE

I told him I had an impure thought. I thought he'd just give me a lecture and a few Hail Mary's, but he kept asking questions.

BARBIE

Like?

PHILLIE

Have I ever seen a grown man naked? Have I ever touched another boy? Do I get excited when I see another boy or a man in a bathing suit? Really weird shit.

BARBIE

I heard Jamie Furlong went to Mondello's room last fall, and all kinds of stuff went on.

PHILLIE

Well, I'm not an altar boy. But it was still weird. I just kept making things up but he wouldn't stop. I told him about Jamie's boner in math class last week.

BARBIE

What'd he do?

PHILLIE

He started breathing heavy and then suddenly gasped. I think he was jerking off.

BARBIE

IN THE CONFESSIONAL!?! Ewwww, gross.

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