

## SCENE 6

*Office. FELIX, leather-clad and Hispanic-accented, is on the phone. The cord is plugged into a potted plant. A large card is on his desk with a lewd silhouette reads 'Welcome to My Staff.'*

*SYBIL enters.*

FELIX

Okay Stevey. That's great Stevey. I'd love to write it. Direct it too? And star in it? That's quite a lot, Stevey, and I'm already enormously busy. But for you, of course, my doe my dear, my dear dear friend, I will. Okay, the new girl's here. Yes, the one I told about. Good bye Stevey.

He hangs up the phone,  
hands SYBIL the card.

SYBIL

I'm ready.

FELIX

That was Steven Spielberg.

SYBIL

Lovely. What can I do?

FELIX

I'm very famous. I am known places I cannot even pronounce.

SYBIL

Where's my desk?

FELIX

Do you say Canada, or Canadia?

SYBIL

Canada. Why don't I take a look at your books to start?

FELIX

Books are for dweebs, and we are neither dworks nor weeds. I have the perfect assignment for you: take a look, at these!

He holds a few pages in hand while flexing his arms. SYBIL moves to take the pages.

FELIX

No no my dear Syllable, sit down, please.

He seats her into a nearby chair, backs up, and begins to sensuously approach her, moving his body in great sweeping motions. He hums funk music.

SYBIL

So what is it?

FELIX

It's the latest survey of how *big* I am down *south*. It's a *really* big market down there, so I want you to pump out some data and see if we can get me even *bigger*. Down south.

SYBIL

I'll do the best I can.

SYBIL takes the pages, looks at them, and shivers in disgust.

FELIX

My dear Syllable, are you cold?

SYBIL

No, it was just a dry heave.

FELIX

(touching her face)

Aw... I feel the same way.

SYBIL

Are there any other jobs available? Ones requiring less... social skills?

FELIX

You're right. I've thought about my long and hard and it's time to promote you. You are no longer my personal secretary, but now my personal architect. Syllable, let's redesign this entire office building!

SYBIL

What about the other tenants? I don't think...

FELIX

No more thoughts Syllable! It's nine o'clock and time for my Argentinian Tango lesson. Would you like to join me?

SYBIL

No.

FELIX

(on the phone)

Christina Hendricks-- no lesson today. Syllable and I have more to discuss.

SYBIL

It's Sybil. Just Sybil.

FELIX

So it's like Syllable, but I was just adding an extra la... and extra... uh...

SYBIL

Syllable?

FELIX

Really? Is that what that word means. I honestly never knew. I talk a tough game, but deep down I'm just a simple country boy from Chicago.

He smells her hair as he walks by,  
but she catches him, so he pretends  
to be sniffing his armpits.

I should shower.

SYBIL

You were smelling my hair.

FELIX

(getting close, touching her)

Forgive me, I cannot help myself. It is... so beautiful,  
so... plush. Like soggy corn flakes. Or... half cooked pasta.

SYBIL

I'm not comfortable with this.

FELIX

Please, I want to make you comfortable. Are you cold?

SYBIL

It is drafty in here.

FELIX

You must where my shirt!

He tears off his shirt and presents  
it to her. We see his chest hair is  
shaved to resemble a giant arrow  
pointing down.

SYBIL

Oh... no, I couldn't...

FELIX

Please! It was a gift from the president of Huggies Diapers,  
made from the finest sheep fir in Tibet, and it's as snugly  
as a muskrat.

SYBIL

(refusing to look at him)

I really... I'm fine. Please put it back on.

FELIX

Sybil, you're making me feel extremely vulnerable and now I shall be offended if you do not take it.

She takes it. FELIX reclathes.

SYBIL

I know you're just trying to be nice, Felix, but you're not making this a feel like a professional work environment.

FELIX

I understand. And I hope you will understand that while you may be a chilly, I am quite hot. I am now parched and need a cold shower.

He pours water all over himself.

Oh! So delicioso. Like a mountain spring. I cannot contain myself.

He takes this soaked shirt off and squeezes the water into his mouth.

SYBIL

Felix, please! I expect better from someone of your reknown.

FELIX

How could I be so rude? Would you like some?

He stands over her, poised to squeeze the shirt into her mouth.

SYBIL

No. Felix, god-- what is wrong with your chest? Do you... shave it that way?

FELIX

No no... it's a distinguishing scar from my birth. Ever since I was a child my chest hair has grown as such.

SYBIL

This job is a joke!

FELIX

How dare you! I cannot believe-brrrrring!-oh pardon me...

FELIX

(picks up phone)

Oh Mother Theresa! How are you? Wonderful, just wonderful. As a matter of fact she's here right now. I'm trying to calm her down but it's a little difficult. I'm doing what you said but-

SYBIL

She's not even living!

FELIX

I'm sorry Mother, I'll call you back. That was my mother. Her name is Theresa, and I think she has a few good years left in her thank you very much. Are you done insulting my family?

SYBIL

I'm sorry, I--

FELIX

Syllable, I have further thought about my long and hard, and things don't seem to be working out. You are fired.

SYBIL

I'm what?

FELIX

This is the term, yes? Or is it, 'you are inflamed?'

SYBIL

You are a terrible human being.

FELIX

Get out! Just get out! Ta ta toe tee tee ta!

SYBIL smacks the card to the ground and exits. A pause. FELIX gets up, adjusts the card, uses some white out, writes something, sits back down. He plugs his phone back in.