

Mr. Nice Guy

---

A full-length play by

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© 2013  
By Alex Coulombe

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

FELIX HASSELBURY, a fallen celebrity spokesman

ASSISTANT, his tenacious assistant

MICHAEL, a fan. An overgrown child, always smiling.

SYBIL, architect and Michael's fiancée

CAMERAMAN, with impeccable composition

CAMERAWOMAN, with impeccable close-ups

SETTINGS

SCENE 01 - COMMERCIAL - ABJACKER 2020

SCENE 02 - MICHAEL AND SYBIL'S HOUSE

SCENE 03 - FELIX'S OFFICE

SCENE 04 - MICHAEL'S OFFICE (STORAGE ROOM)

SCENE 05 - COMMERCIAL - MAN'S DESK FRIEND

SCENE 06 - MICHAEL'S OFFICE, THE NEXT DAY

SCENE 07 - FELIX'S OFFICE

SCENE 08 - MICHAEL'S OFFICE

SCENE 09 - FELIX'S OFFICE

SCENE 10 - MICHAEL'S OFFICE, THAT EVENING

SCENE 11 - COMMERCIAL - TRILLION DOLLA' COIN

SCENE 12 - FELIX'S OFFICE, THE NEXT DAY

SCENE 13 - MICHAEL'S OFFICE (includes tree commercial)

SCENE 14 - FELIX'S OFFICE

SCENE 15 - EPILOGUE - COMMERCIAL - BEST FRIEND MASSAGE OIL BATH

PRODUCTION NOTES

The 1990s.

All music is performed live by a band. All camerawork is projected live. An editor backstage mitigates the feed from the two cameras using Adobe OnLocation.

SCENE 1

*COMMERCIAL #1. Greenscreen with a TV frame.*

*MICHAEL and SYBIL's house, where MICHAEL lays in bed in the dark watching television. SYBIL lays asleep beside him.*

*The following commercial is performed live, and captured by two cameramen. FELIX turns between the two cameras a lot. Behind him and is a greenscreen, which on the projection shows crazy fluorescent lights and a large Mr. Nice Guy logo with the tagline 'Does Not Lie'. Intense music plays.*

FELIX

Hello friends!

AUDIENCE

Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

Today, I am proud to present the latest in a long line of suck-sexual Mr. Nice Guy brand workout devices. I only have one question. Are you ready? Yes? Yes?

*(Stock footage of children giggling.)*

Prepare yourself, for the new, and improved, Abjacker Twenty, twenty!

*(FELIX pulls a cloth off of the Abjacker, which is a standard office swivel chair. The music swells and FELIX dances.)*

Yes! It takes all the quality of the Abjacker Two-Thousand, and multiplies them, by, well, twenty! Yes! Yes! Yes!

*(Stock footage of children crying.)*

In edition to the exercises you know and love from the days of Abjacker past, this addition edds new forearm power-pivots which help to bulk up those hard to reach biceps.

(He points to his wrist, looks at it, then bites off his watch and makes out with it.)

Assistant if you would be so kind! Observe the glory, the incandescent ascension of the patent pending:

(His ASSISTANT enters wearing tight workout clothes. The cameras alternate between FELIX in various poses while announcing the name of her exercise, and her performing the exercise.)

The Power Thrusts!

(ASSISTANT scoots the chair forward and backward while thrusting)

The Canon Grafting!

(ASSISTANT stands while pulling the chair forward and backward)

The Mind/Body/Soul Deluxe!

(ASSISTANT sits on the chair while FELIX spins it.)

And the one you've all been waiting for, the Cortisone Modulation!

(ASSISTANT, still dizzy, grabs the neck of the chair and pulls it up and down rapidly)

Hahaha! Now she's jacking it. And you can too!

(Stock footage of excited children. FELIX dances for a moment while ASSISTANT continues to jack the chair. He looks at her, pauses, looks at a camera, then pushes her off the chair and places his foot on it.)

This new model has been built from the ground up, pieces of less worthy work out devices. So besides already being the most trusted workout device with both 'ab' and 'jacker' in the same name, the Abjacker 2020 is so advanced in every way, that it can also be used as an everyday, run of the mill table, linens holder, or Mr. Nice Guy brand cookie cookie tray.

(Out of nowhere FELIX produces a tray of cookies and dumps them on the chair. He looks at ASSISTANT still on the ground.)

Would you like a cookie?

(He hands her one, but off camera  
he grabs it back and stuffs it in  
his face.)

Hahaha! The reviews are in. ABC's 20/20 has already called it  
"a blatant rip-off of our name for shrewd marketing  
purposes!" and the design of the Abjacker has been called "an  
ergonomically correct... sitting... comfortable." by the Home  
Office Depot. So call now at 1-900-MR-NICE-G. That's 1-900-MR-  
NICE-G.

(Stock footage of children freaking  
the fuck out.)

If you buy only one Mr. Nice Guy brand Mr. Nice Guy product,  
make it this one! Also available at local Mega Adult World  
Super Store. Look for it in the Mr. Nice Guy aisle, alongside  
other great Mr. Nice Guy products like Mr. Nice Guy brand  
Freshness Gloop and the Mr. Nice Guy brand Punishment Hose.  
Use them all together!

(FELIX goes to a piano and sings  
the theme song, poorly, along with  
the children.)

Abjacker Twenty-Twenty, it takes all the qualities of the  
Abjacker Two Thousand and multiplies them by twenty... jack-  
it-hard-jack-it-fast.

(Lights up on SYBIL and MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL

I know what I want for my birthday!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 2

*MICHAEL and SYBIL's house. The following is presented as a live action montage. It is wordless, theatrical, and wide-gestured with music similar to La Plage by Yann Tiersen over its vignettes.*

*At rise, SYBIL and MICHAEL are still in bed watching television.*

(MICHAEL pleads with SYBIL to purchase the Abjacker 2020. SYBIL points to a wedding magazine, shrugs. MICHAEL sighs. Lights fade to black.)

(Lights up with MICHAEL all smiles, wearing a birthday hat and sliding back and forth on his new Abjacker 2020. SYBIL walks in and he gives her a big, childish kiss. A few more exercises, then a terrible fall. MICHAEL struggles to pull himself up, but then screams soundlessly, as though realizing the horror of his nonexistence, and collapses. SYBIL rushes back in and checks him. Lights fade to black.)

(Lights up with MICHAEL in agonizing pain, a flat guitar strapped to his spine. He looks around to make sure no one is looking, then pulls out a donut. As he reaches to put it in his mouth, SYBIL rushes toward him and pulls it out of his hands. MICHAEL cries, SYBIL holds him, he pushes her away. Just then, he receives a fax that reads 'MICHAEL, YOU'RE FIRED!' He cries more and SYBIL holds him.)

Then, another fax comes through that reads 'SYBIL, YOU'RE FIRED!' MICHAEL sees it, stares at SYBIL, then pushes her away. A beat, then he writhes in rage as the lights fade to black.)

(Lights up with MICHAEL and SYBIL wearing noticeably ragged clothing. Their bed is gone, replaced by blankets on the floor. They look exhausted, and are having one of what looks like many recent arguments. SYBIL dials someone on a rotary phone and tries to silence MICHAEL as she speaks to someone on the other end. MICHAEL quiets down and adjusts the guitar on his back. SYBIL's calm demeanor builds to anger as she yells at the person on the other end of the line. She smashes the phone down, and pulls MICHAEL out to their car, represented by two chairs. As they sit down, we hear the sound of a car door closing, two car honks, and as they drive the music is gone as the volume of the world resumes.)

SYBIL

We need a lawyer. That's the only way this works.

MICHAEL

I'm not suing Mr. Nice Guy.

SYBIL

He's been sued a thousand times.

MICHAEL

Not by me.

SYBIL

How do you propose we pay for your medical bills?

MICHAEL

How do you propose we pay for a lawyer?



Loans.

SYBIL

More debt?

MICHAEL

What's your bright idea?

SYBIL

Simple Sybil- politeness. We *ask* Mr. Nice Guy for the money.

SYBIL

Up front?

MICHAEL

Up front.

SYBIL

That's idiotic. No, we're going to Cindy's and we're staying with her until we can regroup and find a pro-bono lawyer who-

MICHAEL

I don't like Cindy.

SYBIL

You don't like--? Too bad Michael! We're *homeless* right now, and this is what's happening.

MICHAEL

I don't like Cindy and I don't like you around Cindy. If we go there, I won't speak the entire time.

SYBIL

She wants to help.

MICHAEL

I'm serious.

SYBIL

Do you want to stay with my parents?

MICHAEL

Ew no. Do you want to stay with my parents?

SYBIL

Michael...

MICHAEL

Yeah, cause they're dead.

SYBIL

We need to go somewhere.

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy.

SYBIL

Honey.

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy! Mr. Nice Guy! Mr. Nice Guy!

SYBIL

He's not Beetlejuice.

MICHAEL

I know Mr. Nice Guy and if we explain our situation, he'll want to avoid lawyers. I bet you fifty bucks he'll pay us up front. Maybe even in cash.

SYBIL

You don't have fifty bucks.

MICHAEL

You don't either.

SYBIL

You've never talked to Mr. Nice Guy, have you?

MICHAEL

I have. He's just never, er, talked back. But I've seen him handle past lawsuits: the jalapeno face cream, the Roofie-O's scandal...

SYBIL

Why do you think we'll be able to speak to him? I already called his office and that damn assistant never puts me through.

MICHAEL

What do you expect? She's French. Face to face though... oh hoh hoh just you wait!

(SYBIL stares at MICHAEL.)

SYBIL

Michael... are you... happy?

MICHAEL

I'm not. I'm angry. When we get to Mr. Nice Guy, I'll probably kill him.

SYBIL

Mm hm.

MICHAEL

I'm serious. This is my 'I'm gonna kill Mr. Nice Guy' face.

SYBIL

You look like Christmas morning...

MICHAEL

Just drive.

SYBIL

You know the address?

MICHAEL

Remember I used to write him once a week?

SYBIL

I didn't know you stopped. Fine. Where are we going?

MICHAEL

6969 The Mr. Nice Guy Way.

(Beat. MICHAEL explodes into giggles. SYBIL sighs.)

Killing face. Ahem. Yes. Loove you.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 3

*FELIX's OFFICE. Larger than life portraits of Mr. Nice Guy adorn the walls. Mr. Nice Guy brand boxes and products litter the space, including a phone plugged into a plant, a mannequin with a blow-up doll stretched over it, a stapler with two googly eyes, and an Abjacker 2020 holding cookies.*

*The scene begins at blackout. Intense techno music plays with FELIX's voice over it.*

FELIX (V.O.)

Are you ready for action? Gonna get some satisfaction? Make sure you've got good traction when you get your action!

(Lights rise. The music continues along with strobe lights as FELIX exercises in a tight leather leotard. ASSISTANT shaves him. The two cameramen from before follow him.)

FELIX (V.O.)

Can you taste it?

FELIX

I can taste it!

FELIX (V.O.)

I know you want it. How hard you want it?

FELIX

So hard.

FELIX (V.O.)

How hard?

FELIX

So hard!

FELIX (V.O.)

Hold it. Just a little bit more.

FELIX

Oh it burns.

FELIX (V.O.)

Hold it. Not yet you big stud!

FELIX

Mmmm...

FELIX (V.O.)

Now release!

FELIX

Yes!

FELIX (V.O.)

Mm!

FELIX

Yes!

FELIX AND (V.O.)

MMM! Yes! Yes! Yes!

FELIX (V.O.)

Now you're rock hard!

(MICHAEL and SYBIL enter stealthily-  
- MICHAEL knew the floor plans by  
heart and was able to sneak them  
in. MICHAEL sees FELIX and lets out  
a squeal.)

SYBIL

Michael- shh!

MICHAEL

It's him!

FELIX (V.O.)

Phase Two is about to begin. Get on all fours and grab a partner.

(ASSISTANT stops the music. FELIX dive-rolls over to them. Long pause. ASSISTANT speaks with a strong French accent.)

ASSISTANT

Hose them?

MICHAEL

Who is them?

ASSISTANT

Hose?

SYBIL

I'm Sybil and this is Michael.

ASSISTANT

Hose?

(ASSISTANT raises a hose, startling SYBIL and MICHAEL, but FELIX snaps a finger and claps. ASSISTANT drops the hose and slides under him as they both strike a pose, marking the end of the workout.)

FELIX & ASSISTANT

The power has growed!

MICHAEL

Cookie explode! I love that commercial!

(SYBIL pushes MICHAEL. ASSISTANT hands FELIX a cookie which he stuffs in his mouth.)

FELIX

Why do you interrupt my work out?

SYBIL

We're suing you.

FELIX

You're suing who?

SYBIL

You!

FELIX

And who am I?

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

There's a good lad.

(FELIX pats MICHAEL on the head.)

SYBIL

I notice you're not using your Abjacker.

FELIX

Not for exercising-- those things are dangerous. No no no, I prefer to use the Abjacker 2020 as an everyday, run-of-the-hill, cookie cookie tray. Like I say in the commercial.

MICHAEL

He did say that in the commercial.

(SYBIL is about to push MICHAEL,  
but FELIX cuts in--)

FELIX

Quiet you.

(FELIX flicks MICHAEL's nose and  
approaches SYBIL.)

Now who might you be, my delicate flower? My beautiful Venus  
Penis Trap?

SYBIL

His fiancée. Felix Hasselbury, this is a courtesy visit. The Abjacker 2020 nearly broke his back. He's lost his job, and I've lost my job helping him recover from losing his job. We've had our house foreclosed and medical bills are piling up so high we need to use a guitar as a back brace.

FELIX

Oh thank goodness. I was afraid you were exiled from a mariachi band or worse, a college student with an agenda.

MICHAEL

(laughing hysterically)

No no no. But I do play! I'd love to show you my ideas on--

SYBIL

Touch that guitar Michael and I rip your face off. Mr. Hasselbury, you'll be hearing from our lawyers soon. Good day.

(SYBIL turns to leave, pulling  
MICHAEL. FELIX skates in front,  
striking another pose.)

FELIX

I don't want a lawsuit, you don't want a lawsuit, let's find a solution that doesn't involve a lawsuit. Have a seat.

(ASSISTANT backs them onto a desk.)

Comfy? Cozy? Toesy?

(He shakes SYBIL's toe.)

At the root of this, what do you really want?

SYBIL

Money!

(She hits MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL

Up front!

FELIX

No no no no no. You only thiiiink you want money. What you really want, is an opportunity.

SYBIL

What kind of opp-?

FELIX

(fingers over SYBIL's mouth)

Shh shhh shh shh.

(Beat.)

SYBIL

What kind of opportunity?

FELIX

The opportunity to work for me, Mr. Nice Guy!



SYBIL

No.

MICHAEL

Yes!

SYBIL

Michael!

FELIX

Have a cookie.

(FELIX snaps both fingers and ASSISTANT shoves a cookie into each of their mouths. MICHAEL perks up, SYBIL chokes.)

MICHAEL

(mouth full)

This is a dream come true! I would be so excited to help you on your ad campaigns. I'm a huge fan but--

FELIX

I do not know what I can hire *you* for...

(He punches his left hand then rubs a finger through his hair. ASSISTANT starts giving him a head massage with a spider-like device she produces from nowhere, the Mr. Nice Guy brand Psycho-Activator.)

MICHAEL

Sybil's... employable. Give her a chance: she's working on licensure as an architect, she's been a receptionist, a waitress, an EMT, a business strategist--

FELIX

I don't know what I can hire *you* for, poochy man boy.

SYBIL

It doesn't matter. We're not interested.

(SYBIL makes to leave, pulling MICHAEL along.)

FELIX

Wait a minute! Bring! Bring!

(FELIX dives for his plant phone  
and picks it up.)

What's that. Uh huh. Ah yes. Yes yes yes.

(He hangs up.)

Two positions just opened up.

MICHAEL

They are?

FELIX

My personal secretary.

SYBIL

And?

FELIX

The executive... assistant... to my co-producer's executive  
assistant producer.

(MICHAEL breathes in like he's  
consuming air-candy)

MICHAEL

It's all coming true.

(SYBIL pulls MICHAEL aside.)

SYBIL

Michael, a couple hours ago you wanted to kill Mr. Nice Guy.  
Now you want to take a job from him?

MICHAEL

This is the opportunity of a lifetime! For years you've heard  
all my great ideas and this is my chance to share them.

SYBIL

Putting aside about fifty other logistical problems, if you  
work here, fine, I'll stay at Cindy's, but when would we see  
each other? That's a hell of a commute and-

(FELIX butt-thrusts in between  
them.)

FELIX

I'm sorry to butt in, but it has to be both of you, or either  
of you.

SYBIL

What do you mean?

FELIX

I can only hire in twos. It's this obsessive compulsive thing and for tax purposes.

SYBIL

I'm sorry but nothing about your operation interests me and I'm--

FELIX

Sorry to hear that. Next!

(FELIX claps twice and circles the office, picking up random items and writing on them. ASSISTANT exits.)

MICHAEL

No!

SYBIL

'Next?' There's no one else here!

MICHAEL

Please! Stupid details later-- for once, think of everything I've done for you and if you love me goddammit you will let this happen-my parents are dead give me this one thing!

SYBIL

I know you don't want to sweat details, but to start, where would we live?

(ASSISTANT re-enters wearing a mustache and a hat. FELIX holds up a hand and she freezes.)

FELIX

I see no reason why your brand new office would not suffice!

SYBIL

I see a few reasons it--

MICHAEL

We'd get our own office!?

FELIX

For added comfort, I will even provide a Mr. Nice Guy Brand Gas-Powered Blanket.

SYBIL

Now that's--

MICHAEL

Amazing. Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!

(FELIX shakes MICHAEL's hand.  
MICHAEL is orgasmized by his  
touch.)

FELIX

Goodie. Tomorrow you will begin your new jobs. You will find them challenging, taxing-financially speaking-but ultimately full of benefits!

SYBIL

So what are the benefits? The health plan? Vacation days? Pay frequency?

ASSISTANT

There is no pay. This is honor.

MICHAEL

(solemnly)

Of course.

FELIX

Shhh shh shh shh! You will of course be paid... and while there is no health plan, you look perfectly healthy and I do not believe you will be needing medical hostility.

SYBIL

My fiancee's back is nearly broken.

FELIX

I have an honorary doctorate in chiropractography and would be happy to perform bidaily adjustments on him, pro-homo.

SYBIL

That sounds terr--

MICHAEL

Terrific. I can't believe-- wow, thank you so much Mr. Nice Guy. What an opportunity. I won't let you down.

FELIX

Tonight, make yourselves comfortable in the office-- sleep naked or however you normally would, and I'll come wake you bright and early! Say... two.

SYBIL

Two AM?

FELIX

Hahahaha no. But if you ever wanted to visit me at two AM I would be more than happy to provide the most humble of hostility. Now if you'll excuse me, I am off to dine with the president of Pepsi Co Canada. Good night!

(FELIX exits.)

SYBIL

(to MICHAEL)

I think he meant hospitality.

ASSISTANT

Yes, he's not so good with the English. Follow me.

MICHAEL

Did you hear that honey? I'm going to be a producer!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 4

*MICHAEL'S OFFICE. A storage room full of broken and worn Mr. Nice Guy brand products. There's cobwebs and dust, but MICHAEL is in heaven. He is playing the guitar that was on his back. The cameracrew remains, as they will for the entire show.*

MICHAEL

(singing with his guitar)

And now I'm here... Mr. Nice Guy's great... the happiest day of my life will be tomorrow. Chug jigga chug jigga chug oh yeah...

(Pause)

Pepsi, drinking out of boots, Canadians walk in a say 'what you drinkin', a boot?' So-rry so-rry, so-rry so-rry.

SYBIL

Michael...

MICHAEL

(speaking while still playing)

Shhh... honey, I'm so-rry, but I want to have at least five pitches to impress Mr. Nice Guy with tomorrow. Mmm I hope his meeting's going well...

SYBIL

Put that back on your back.

MICHAEL

(singing hard)

Back on your back!

(he stops playing.)

You never like my jingles.

SYBIL

At this particular moment I care more about you healing your back. You know, that thing that holds your body upright?

(SYBIL starts to wrap the guitar around his back again.)

MICHAEL

My back just holds a sack if my spirit's not intact.

SYBIL

Poetic.

MICHAEL

Wait, that could be something!

(MICHAEL pulls the guitar to his front again, knocking SYBIL over. MICHAEL doesn't notice, and sings as SYBIL gets up and tries to pull the guitar away from him.)

My back holds but a sack if my spirit's under attack, life is wack, mack your sack, give your sack some slack. Pepsi Cola yeah!

SYBIL

Michael!

MICHAEL

Okay honey, going to bed.

(He lets go of the guitar and SYBIL wraps it.)

SYBIL

Hold on. We haven't talked about... this.

MICHAEL

And?

SYBIL

It's not going to work.

MICHAEL

Honey it's all I've ever--

SYBIL

I know you think this is a dream come true, but you know how you trust my instincts? Well my instincts tell me this is only going to lead to disappointment. And crushing, horrible despair.

MICHAEL

The depths of despair!

(MICHAEL falls over dramatically,  
then looks up at SYBIL with sad  
puppy dog eyes. She laughs and  
starts to give him a backrub.)

Let's recap. A few hours ago we were homeless. Now, my  
childhood hero just gave us both jobs. We're basically  
Charlie at the Chocolate Factory!

SYBIL

Fifty bucks says I'll be an oompa loompa and you'll be that  
blueberry girl.

MICHAEL

Psha. Yeah right. Deal.

(SYBIL undresses to surprisingly  
sexy nightware, but MICHAEL doesn't  
look at her at all. She makes  
several attempts to seduce him, and  
when he occasionally notices, he  
looks at the camera crew and gets  
uncomfortable.)

SYBIL

You heard that job title he gave you. That meeting we just  
had with him? That's probably the longest conversation either  
of us will have with him if we work here the next five years.  
Tomorrow he'll probably send you to a factory, and you'll be  
in an assembly line putting the stitching on Mr. Nice Guy  
brand baseballs.

MICHAEL

He can't do that-- Mr. Nice Guy brand baseballs don't have  
real stitching, it's just ink. And he does everything in  
China now, so just the cost of airfare would be...

SYBIL

Okay, well--

MICHAEL

And he already gave me an office. We're all moved in!

(He references their single  
suitcase.)



SYBIL

Please don't think of us as 'moved in.' And this isn't an office.

MICHAEL

Yeah huh. Look, honey, I don't ask for much from you. But this is, frankly, my childhood dream come true and the easiest way to assure my continued happiness for the next fifty years. Give me a shot at proving myself here?

SYBIL

I'll give it one day.

MICHAEL

One day? At least a week.

SYBIL

Two days.

MICHAEL

Three days.

SYBIL

Two days.

MICHAEL

Fine two days. But you have to promise to give it an honest chance. You have to promise.

SYBIL

I promise I'll give it two days. But if by the end of that, I want to go, you have to promise to let me.

MICHAEL

What if I want to stay?

SYBIL

We'll talk about it then.

MICHAEL

(turning to the cameras)

I just want to say that... my parents would be so happy to see me here. They always wanted to see me in the spotlight. They used to film me all the time growing up, hoping one day I'd do something interesting, but I never did.

SYBIL

I'm... sure they're watching over you. Can we go to bed? It's so damn cold here. Should we try out this Mr. Nice Guy Gas-Powered Blanket, or are we pretty sure it'll just light on fire?

MICHAEL

Don't insult it, he worked really hard on this design. But yeah... best not pull the rip cord.

SYBIL

It'll probably explode.

MICHAEL

Haha yeah... so um, what do you think is going on with Mr. Nice Guy's camera crew?

SYBIL

I swear if I hear that name one more time tonight, my head is going to explode.

MICHAEL

Sorry. Ahh! Look! Abjacker 2000s! Remember these? Remember how you never let me get one?

(MICHAEL drapes that blanket over the Abjackers.)

SYBIL

I think I've more than made up for that.

MICHAEL

He said if you bought three, it could be a couch, and he was right.

(MICHAEL tries to get comfortable on the chairs, but they swerve until he eventually falls over and cries out in pain.)

-Michael, no! We're sleeping on an inanimate object, dammit. Let's get up on this... desk. It's not a you-know-who brand desk is it? It doesn't have, say, an oven inside?

(SYBIL shakes it.)

MICHAEL

Don't think so.

SYBIL

I'm exhausted.

(SYBIL settles in, uses clothing as  
a pillow.)

MICHAEL

Love you... hey, how bout I light the candles?

SYBIL

The office is all wood.

MICHAEL

I'm all wood.

SYBIL

Oh. Well, no candles.

MICHAEL

Fine. Now turn around and don't you dare look at me.

SYBIL

Remember what I said about using Mr. Nice Guy's name...

(The lights blackout. We fast  
forward to after what surely an  
intense bout of lovemaking, hearing  
but a single, final yelp from  
MICHAEL, and the lights fade up  
just enough for us to see SYBIL,  
now wide eyed and staring into the  
abyss as though contemplating her  
role in a mass genocide. MICHAEL,  
fast asleep, gives a grotesque  
snore. SYBIL gets up and begins to  
walk out of the office, still  
wearing her sexy nightwear. She  
feels around in the dark and bumps  
into ASSISTANT. SYBIL yelps and  
punches ASSISTANT.)

SYBIL

Oh god, Assistant I'm so sorry! I thought you were Felix.

ASSISTANT

Pas des quoi. My bosom absorbed the blow.

SYBIL

I'm so sorry. Let me help you up.

(She does.)

What're you doing out here?

ASSISTANT

Monsieur Nice Guy periodically requests that I perform covert tasks during the dark hours. I cannot speak of their nature.

SYBIL

I understand. By the way, what's your name?

ASSISTANT

Assistant.

SYBIL

What's your real name?

(Pause. She thinks. It's been a while since anyone's asked.)

ASSISTANT

Ponopoly.

SYBIL

That's lovely.

ASSISTANT

Will there be anything else?

SYBIL

Excuse me if this seems out of line, but are you all right? Besides the physical trauma...

ASSISTANT

(giggling)

Of course.

SYBIL

This is abuse. He has no right to keep you from a good night's sleep.

ASSISTANT

He has every right. Everything I do is in hope of one day repaying my debt to him... for bringing me here, for offering me this life. And due to my sins, I tarnish his name.

SYBIL

Your sins?

(Pause. ASSISTANT considers SYBIL.)

ASSISTANT

Do you want to know a dark secret?

SYBIL

All right.

ASSISTANT

I love Mr. Nice Guy brand Mr. Nice Guy cookie cookies. But Monsieur Nice Guy never offers them to me. So sometimes, I steal one.

SYBIL

Oh. Look, I should get back. Michael will wonder where I've gone and... but... what time do you wake up? I don't see myself getting a lot of sleep tonight, so maybe with your help, we could get started a little before 2 PM?

ASSISTANT

Umm... I do not know. I have strict routine I must adhere to in the early light hours.

SYBIL

Alright well, good night Ponopoly. Very nice to meet you.

ASSISTANT

And you as well.

(ASSISTANT leaves. SYBIL watches her go, takes a deep breath.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 5

*COMMERCIAL #2. Greenscreen with a TV frame. Desk holding office supplies. FELIX wears a wacky outfit.*

FELIX

Hello friends!

AUDIENCE

Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

Do you hate it when friends let you down? When an ex-lover calls to talk about their "new beau." Wouldn't it be fantabuloso if you could be with, someone who didn't talk like that? And make, a man get mad?

(FELIX knocks over a table.

Staplers, three-hole punches, and paperweights all with googly eyes go flying to the ground. FELIX kneels next to them.)

Man's desk friend. Available in stapler, paper-punch, and now crystal paperweight! I would have Assistant show them off, but she isn't here, and is being a man's terrible friend. If only she could be more like man's desk friend.

(FELIX poses is a moment of quiet rage.)

But if these cute cuddly critters weren't already enough to soak your nuptials in, here's a bonus-- (patent pending) every copy of man's desk friend is also a workout device! Squeeze stapler, pound the puncher, toss the paperweight up and down, and before you know it, you'll be even more jacked than with the Mr. Nice Guy brand Abjacker. It will even help with those ill-forgotten triceps.

(FELIX rubs his chest.)

And remember kids, just like his products, Mr. Nice Guy never lies, so know (no?) Mr. Nice Guy brand Man's Desk Friends are sourced from discarded or dysfunctional products. It's like the island of misfit toys for office supplies! Or a puppy kill shelter. Man's desk friend will be so grateful when you rescue it, it might try to give you a kiss! So call now at 1-900-MR-NICE-G. That's 1-900-MR-NICE-G. If you buy only one Mr. Nice Guy brand Mr. Nice Guy product, make it this one! Also available in your Mr. Nice Guy adult world superstore.

Look for them in the Mr. Nice Guy pile, where you'll find other such excellent Mr. Nice Guy products such as the Mr. Nice Guy urban snorkel, and the Mr. Nice Guy human gerbil ball.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 6

*MICHAEL's OFFICE. He is alone, sitting at his desk, jotting down notes and playing guitar as the lights rise.*

*When lights are at full rise, FELIX enters with wet hair and in a state of undress.*

MICHAEL

I wish you were a stapler, so you could hold it together, hun. I wish you were a metal desk, so you couldn't give me, that rash. And I wish you were a crystal paperweight. Cause then you'd have a little class, now tell me: Why can't you be, an office supply store, why can't you be just a little bit more. Man's desk friend could replace you orrrr you could be my office supply store. Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

(searching the office frantically)

Hello there... Gilbert.

MICHAEL

I'm great, thanks! Working on a few ditties for what I'm calling, Mr. Nice Guy 2.0. So remember man's desk friend?

FELIX

Nope. Where is Sybabil?

MICHAEL

Assistant came and got her and they've been working all morning, but she said she didn't have any orders for me, so I've just been working on some ideas to show you.

FELIX

Okay bye!

(He makes to leave.)

MICHAEL

Wait, Mr. Nice Guy! What's the plan? Any meetings today? Do you want to recap your trip to Canada last night?



I've been thinking about how you might approach your first soirée into soda, and I've prepared thirty-two different approaches to show you. Plus the 2.0 stuff.

FELIX

Ah we'll get to that later. Assistant!

(Out of nowhere ASSISTANT appears  
and begins dressing FELIX.)

Where have you been! Later, it'll be the hose.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry Monsieur Nice Guy. Sybil and I--

FELIX

(pushing ASSISTANT out of the way)

So... Sybil--

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.

FELIX

--She's foxy like a minx.

MICHAEL

Thank you!

FELIX

Got any, y'know, tips?

(FELIX rotates his hands.)

MICHAEL

Um, maybe! What do you mean?

FELIX

I mean, how did a lowly and blubberous creature such as yourself get with such a well-rounded girl-I'm speaking physically of course-like Sybil?

MICHAEL

Actually it was because of you! You know when you had factories in the U.S., I used to go on the tours every chance I could in hopes of seeing you there. I loved seeing the intricate detail and attention--

FELIX

Get to the Sybil part.

MICHAEL

One day, she was on a tour with her high school. I saw this green figure reflected ad infinitum across most of the machines. Even as a reflection, disfigured by patina, she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. Like an ice sculpture brought to life by Zeus, like Aphrodite.

FELIX

Moving right along...

MICHAEL

You were there that day, and she was talking about how dumb she found all the products being made-- she said she thought Mr. Nice Guy was much more relevant when he was just a spokesman and not trying to create and manufacture his own products, but I corrected her and told her how much of a renaissance man you are and how being kinda good at a lot of things is arguably better than being an expert at one. I talked about what an inspiration Mr. Nice Guy, sorry, you, were and how without you, I'd be nothing. She said she found my enthusiasm, refreshing. The next week--

FELIX

One thing led to another and she's been stuck with you ever since. Ah, so Sybil came to factory tours? And she has desired me for some time. Okay bye!

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy! My back adjustment... Sybil said to make sure...

(FELIX pushes him down on the desk and begins to punch his back. MICHAEL cries during the following, and its unclear whether its due to the joy of this physical intimacy, or just the terrible, terrible pain.)

Also, Mr. Nice Guy, I just want to thank you. Not just for this, but for everything. You may not remember me, but I've written you about six-hundred twenty-three letters, and when I was a kid you responded to one, and with a signed photo! It was beyond magical.

FELIX

All right Nicholas you should be all set. I'll see you at your next appointment, okay? Bye!

(MICHAEL limps toward FELIX like a zombie hunchback.)

MICHAEL

Well if there's nothing for me to do in this office today I'll come work in your office with you and Sybil.

FELIX

No! I've um, got important work for you to do here. Um, what were you saying a moment ago? You used to bite lamb petters?

MICHAEL

I used to write fan letters. And that singular, attentive response meant the world--

FELIX

Fan letters! Perfect. Assistant!

(FELIX snaps his finger and pats the bottom of his foot. From nowhere, ASSISTANT produces a large bag.)

Here's a pile of it. Respond!

MICHAEL

You want me to write your... ugh. Wait this is laundry.  
(He smells it.)

Dirty laundry.

FELIX

Oh how did that get there! Bad Assistant. You won't mind taking care of that would you?

(ASSISTANT cries briefly, then fetches another bag, this one of letters.)

Letters. Write anything, but most important: learn my signature-

(He pulls a slip of paper from the front of his pants and puts it on MICHAEL's head.)

-and sign a photograph. Then go mail it and stuff from... wherever people do that.

MICHAEL

The post office?

## FELIX

Wherever.

(Beat. ASSISTANT sneaks out the back.)

It's fun right? You get to be me? My, um...

(This is the first time we've ever seen MICHAEL still. He looks like a kid whose just learned that he'll die one day.)

Okay, bye!

(FELIX exits. A beat, then MICHAEL pulls the first letter out of the bag. It's a large pink envelope with stickers on it. He blows dust off and stares. He turns it to the back, revealing to the audience the giant-lettered handwriting of a younger version of himself. MICHAEL reaches into the bag and pulls out several others. After a moment, he opens one and begins to write a response to himself, beginning with 'Dear Michael.' A camera over his shoulder zooms in. Next, he signs a photo; he has already mastered the Mr. Nice Guy signature.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 7

*FELIX'S OFFICE. It already looks more organized than yesterday, but it is also empty.*

*FELIX jumps in and strikes a pelvisy pose.*

FELIX

Welcome to my staff!

(A beat. He realizes no one is there. FELIX walks over to his desk and sits down. He sings.)

My desk friend, better than your girlfriend, keep your filthy hands off my, desk, friend!

(He picks up his Stapler with googly eyes. FELIX treats it like a puppet, and gives it a voice you'd expect from a 90-year old chain-smoking sorceress.)

*Ohhh! Señor Nice Guy! I see you make to pursue another hot young thicket.*

(as himself)

That is correct my tiny Mexican stapler. Her skin as soft as the moistest bagel, and I am confident I will win her with my wit, charm, and sexual force field.

(as Stapler)

*Now remember, the most important thing you can do is be a good listener and--*

(as himself)

Of course! Listening is very important-

(as Stapler)

*Very important for-*

(as himself)

No matter what life path you pursue, listening is-

(as Stapler)

*Umm... you could be doing better.*

(as himself)

Quiet! I know what I must do. If it comes to winning her, I shall find her boy toy's weakness, and destroy him. Mwahaha!

(as Stapler)

*Mwahaha!*

(as himself)

Mwaha--

(FELIX voraciously makes out with his Stapler-- kissing the front, sucking on the googly eyes-- just as SYBIL returns with a stack of pages, a soaking wet ASSISTANT in toe. FELIX drops Stapler and picks up the plant phone, speaking quickly.)

Mm hm. Uh yes. Saturday will be great. Oh thank you Stevie. Yes Stevie. I would love to write, direct, and star in your next big movie. Talk to you soon. Okay bye bye!

(to SYBIL)

Ah, Sybil! Sorry for the delay, I was just on the telefono with Steven Spielberg. Now, Assistant! What is the meaning of this!

ASSISTANT

Sybil suggested we clean your office.

SYBIL

And prepare an extensive report on how to improve your brand's image and marketing.

FELIX

(disappointed)

Clean the office? Aww... everything was just so.

(FELIX snaps his fingers twice then hip thrusts. ASSISTANT rushes to him and gives him a sad chest massage.)

Okay Sybil, ready to get started?

SYBIL

Ponopoly and I have been here for six work hours, but sure.

FELIX

Mmm... sex work hours. Who's Ponopolopoly?

(FELIX fondles his stapler and rubs it on his face while ASSISTANT continues to massage him.)

SYBIL

Your assistant.

FELIX

Oh. So you two have been here since when?

(FELIX wipes his mouth.)

ASSISTANT

Since eight AM. As I wished to explain, this is why I missed certain early light tasks.

FELIX

Starting the day early, I believe, is the worst way to keep the mind... unvarnished.

(On 'unvarnished', ASSISTANT slides dangerously low down his chest.)

In that case Assistant, there is no need to use the Mr. Nice Guy punishment hose on yourself. Back to work.

SYBIL

Do you have any idea--?

(ASSISTANT grabs SYBIL and gestures for her to not make a big deal of this. FELIX points to ASSISTANT, licks his hand, then spanks himself. ASSISTANT rushes out of the room.)

The hell was that?

FELIX

I was signalling to Assistant to prepare my breakfast.

SYBIL

At two PM?

FELIX

Gives us a chance to get more... acquainted.

(FELIX suggestively rubs the back of his hands together.)

So Sybil. You are architect, yes?

SYBIL

Trying to be. The job market hasn't let--

FELIX

I always thought I'd make a great architect. I've got all of these crazy badass blueprints just bumping around in my beehive brain. Maybe I could show you some?

SYBIL

Maybe another time. You're going to want to see what I've--

FELIX

So being an architect, you must be wealthy, good at math, and dragons.

SYBIL

Forget about architecture; it has nothing to do with this.

FELIX

Surely some part of your college knowledge is of use to me.

SYBIL

Not unless you have plans to take a sustainable approach to your manufacturing, or trade out this clunky old HVAC for a passive, in-floor ventilation system.

FELIX

Oh my god. Say that again.

SYBIL

Passive in-floor ventilation?

FELIX

Yes. I think I need that. It sounds so right.

SYBIL

It is drafty in here. Do you even have heating?

FELIX

Of course! This is my preferred temperature. In fact, I myself am quite warm. Please, wear my shirt!

(FELIX tears off his shirt and strikes a pose as he presents it to SYBIL. We now see that FELIX has fashioned his chest hair to be a giant down-pointing arrow.)

SYBIL

Oh... no, Felix? No.

FELIX

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



SYBIL

Well... I only wear goat pelt given from the president of Osh Kosh B'Gosh.

FELIX

Perfect. He was once also the president of osh kosh mishmosh.

SYBIL

I really... please. Please put it back on.

FELIX

Sybil, you're making me feel extremely venerable and at this point, on behalf of myself, I shall be offended if you do not take it.

SYBIL

Will you at least put on another shirt?

FELIX

If you insist.

(She takes it, but only drapes it over herself. FELIX puts on another shirt.)

SYBIL

What's that smell?

FELIX

Gravy. You know Sybil, I think you're made for me.

SYBIL

I'm not.

FELIX

(approaching her)

But it says so right on your shirt. See? 'Made for Mr. Nice Guy.' Hahaha!

SYBIL

Sure. Look, I know this is your way of being 'nice' Felix, but it's not making this a professional work environment.

FELIX

(striking poses)

Oh, you said it again. Envi-ron-ment! You architects.

Say, 'sustainable environment green artesian well storm  
sistern sump pump'

SYBIL

Sustainable green storm sistern sump pump.

FELIX

My god that's sexy. I am now parched and need a cold shower.

(He pours water all over himself.)

Oh! Yes. My nipples are gloriously erect! So delicioso. Like  
a mountain spring. I cannot contain myself. Yes! Yes!

SYBIL

Felix, please...

FELIX

Oh! Forgive my rudeness. Would you like some?

(He skates next to her while  
pulling off his shirt and poses,  
ready to squeeze water out of this  
shirt into her mouth.)

SYBIL

Sure. Maybe it'll help get out this stain.

(SYBIL grabs the shirt and squeezes  
the water onto the floor and starts  
to scrub.)

FELIX

Nooo! I was saving that.

SYBIL

The water?

FELIX

No, the stain. That came from the prototype of Mr. Nice Guy  
brand Freshness Gloop.

SYBIL

From like a decade ago? With that tagline, 'Swallow Hard'?

FELIX

You are scrubbing away a greatness baby.

(FELIX grabs the femininiquin and  
cries into its bosom.)

SYBIL

What the hell is that? Actually, I don't even want--

FELIX

The femininiquin is an adjustable mannequin tailored for men  
who want to capture the exact curves of a particular--

SYBIL

Okay-that's-gross-never-mind.

FELIX

I see nothing gross about a man being able to try clothing on  
his fiancée before gifting it to her. It strikes me as  
considerate and charming.

SYBIL

Oh. It's for measurements. Test-fitting. And geared toward  
men. Felix, that's not a terrible idea, but it needs to be  
marketed from a completely different angle. Can we talk about  
this proposal now?

(FELIX snaps his fingers and  
ASSISTANT begins to measure SYBIL  
and adjust the femininiquin to fit  
her.)

FELIX

Well I don't know, I'm quite busy and while it may seem like  
I am wasting valuable-- Bring! Hold on. Bring!

(He picks up the plant phone)

Ah, hello Kim Jong Un. Yes, your axe picks are ready to go.

(He accidentally knocks over the  
plant and the cord becomes  
unplugged.)

Kim Jong? Kim Jong? Ah, I thought I lost you there. Okay  
Bubbles, I'll Fedex-ecute them to you in the morning. Haha!

SYBIL

You're ridiculous. Do you do anything here?

FELIX

How dare you! Of course I--! I'll have you know- bring!  
bring! One moment. Bring! This conversation isn't over.

(FELIX answers the plant phone,  
sits down at his desk.)

FELIX

Hello?

(a terrible Christopher Walken  
imitation)

*Hello, Felix. It's good to... hear from you.*

(as FELIX)

Ah, Christopher, you as well. Were you wondering how your  
custom facial cream is coming?

(as Walken)

*Yes, the last batch you sent me was... too crazy.*

SYBIL

I can hear both voices, Felix.

FELIX

Ah, speakerphone, I don't know how to turn it off. Do not  
worry Christopher, this batch will be far less acetic and  
face-burning. Good bye.

(FELIX hangs up.)

SYBIL

I'm going to go help your Assistant.

(SYBIL goes toward the door.)

FELIX

Well if you insist. Do the left one.

(FELIX rolls out from under the  
desk, revealing ASSISTANT running  
massage balls up and down his  
legs.)

SYBIL

How did you--?

FELIX

Oh, and while you're down there, my toe-nails are getting  
mucho uncomfortable. Time for a little snip snip!

SYBIL

I agree, but go a little higher. Felix may I speak to your  
Assistant for a moment?

FELIX

Yes, certainly, because I can definitely change my own pants.

(SYBIL and ASSISTANT exit the room.

FELIX struggles to change his pants while talking to Stapler.)

I'm doing great, Stapler! High five!

(they high five, then, as Stapler)

*No you are not Señor Nice Guy, not well at all.*

(as himself)

I know! She seems impervious to my scheming perviness.

(as Stapler)

*Try Tactic Twenty-Two. And maybe try being a better listener?*

(as himself)

Psh. Whatever.

(ASSISTANT and SYBIL re-enter.

FELIX stuffs Stapler down into his pants, then stands up, revealing his strange, staplery bulge.)

SYBIL

I'm not even going to touch that.

FELIX

Aww why not?

SYBIL

Do you ever listen to yourself?

FELIX

I'll have you know--

(Stapler raises up out of his pants a little. FELIX pushes it back down.)

That I am quite famous.

SYBIL

I know.

FELIX

This is why I must attend to my many important clients. People know me in far away places. Places I cannot even pronounce.

SYBIL

Right. Felix, can we look at--

FELIX

Do you say Canada or Canadia?

SYBIL

Canada. Listen Felix, Assistant knows everything I wanted to show you, and really I think there's potential here, and I could have helped you, but I'm also being realistic in thinking you're never going to listen to me, so I'm leaving.

(SYBIL begins to leave, but FELIX dive-rolls and snaps into another pose in front of the door.)

FELIX

You're right Sybil. I've thought about my long and hard and I've decided to promote you. You are no longer my personal secretary, but now my personal architect. Assistant, fire Felicity.

ASSISTANT

Your travel agent?

FELIX

When I want talk back, I will speak to my vacuum cleaner. Sybil, I want to redesign this office. No, this office building. No, a new office building. In Los Angeles Central Park.

SYBIL

Do you have the capital for that?

FELIX

Of course. I am absurdly wealthy.

SYBIL

What are these red letters?

FELIX

I ask for all my letters to be red. I like the color, and just have that much influence over... that place that handles letters.

SYBIL

The Post Office? Felix I think--

FELIX

No time for that Sybil! It is now time for my tango time.  
Would you like to join me?

SYBIL

In tangoing?

FELIX

Of course I am kidding. I would never dream of being so  
callousedly fortuitous as asking you to perform--

SYBIL

Sure.

FELIX

Really?

SYBIL

But how about we make it a contest. If I dance better than  
you, we get back to work, and you stay quiet while I talk.

FELIX

And if I dance better than you, then you will stop being such  
a 'I want to get work done on my first day killjoy saggy  
pants' and do as I ask.

SYBIL

Fine.

FELIX

Assistant will judge.

SYBIL

Perfect.

(They dance to a tango song,  
strangely intercut with a FELIX  
vocal track. Maybe it's part of his  
work-out tape from before? SYBIL is  
surprisingly excellent, her display  
of sensuality and grace taking  
FELIX completely off guard. FELIX  
tries to keep up, but makes up for  
his shortcomings by striking large  
and provocative poses.)

The music stops and they freeze,  
then look to ASSISTANT. FELIX snaps  
his fingers then makes jazz hands.)

ASSISTANT

The winner is... Felix.

SYBIL

Ponopoly?

FELIX

Mwahahaha! Good Assistant. Now, as I was saying--

SYBIL

This is bullshit.

FELIX

No cursing! Sybil, I know it is hard being surrounded by this  
much passion, but try, just try to fuck-us during work hours.

SYBIL

Focus?

FELIX

Damn my glorious accent. Now, kiss me!

(FELIX leans into SYBIL.)

SYBIL

(backing up)

No thanks.

(FELIX falls over, but rolls and  
pops back up in another pose.)

FELIX

But you promised to do as I asked! Fine, I see, you need more  
of that warm-upping, er, how you say? Pre-play?

SYBIL

Felix, it's simple, really--

FELIX

But you have desired me for some time and so have I with you.  
You saw me on a factory tour, yes?



SYBIL

You remember that?

FELIX

I remember you. You were a green ghost in the machines. Your name was Patina, and though you were disfigured, you were beautiful, like a nice sculpture of a wife of Zeus with a mighty afro. Yes.

SYBIL

What was I wearing?

FELIX

No time for that Sybil, we really do have to get to work looking over these... number forms.

SYBIL

Oh. Great.

FELIX

Now let me just take them over to you and--

(FELIX tosses all the paperwork at SYBIL's feet.)

Oops. I dropped everything! How clumsy of me.

SYBIL

I'm not bending over.

FELIX

What kind of gentleman would I be? Allow me.

(FELIX bends over to pick up the pages. He mumbles 'yes, yes' as he grabs them, and wiggles his backside to SYBIL in his tight leather pants. Eventually he backs up and lands on her lap.)

Oops! How clumsy of me a second time.

(He snaps his fingers. More strange Mr. Nice Guy brand music plays.)

Hey girl. You know what I hope those reports say? That you've got some ideas on how to make me bigger down south. Even bigger than I already am. It's a fat sexy market down there-- let's see if we can, y'know, pump something out of it. Uh.

SYBIL

(scooting him off)

Felix, I have a very detailed report here that talks about how to increase your appeal in all markets including, yes, the south.

FELIX

Actually, that was me, coming on to you.

SYBIL

I'm aware.

FELIX

What am I doing wrong?

SYBIL

Top of the list-- I'm engaged.

FELIX

Is it serious?

SYBIL

Felix...

FELIX

No really. I mean, I just, you know, I've been observing you two for a while now, and I just don't see it.

SYBIL

I'm not discussing my personal life with you. I mean of course there's some tension, but, you realize Michael's basically in love with you, right? Hey, you want to make my day? Give the guy some attention. He's been so manic since we got here, I'm afraid he's headed for a relapse and I cannot take that experience again I will not take it again god dammit I will not take it again.

(SYBIL has tears in her eyes.)

FELIX

Oh. Things just got, serious. We're talking about alcoholism?

SYBIL

Donuts.

FELIX

Donuts?

SYBIL

It was a real problem. Even now the word "maple-frosted" in a conversation gets him drooling.

FELIX

How often does "maple-frosted" come up in conversation?

SYBIL

More than you'd think.

FELIX

Well I'll try to be supportive. The brassiere to his... donut problem.

(FELIX makes a bra-like gesture,  
then intrigued by it, continues to  
explore it.)

SYBIL

It's bad. I just... actually I'm going to go check on him.

FELIX

He's out doing important business running stuff.

SYBIL

I need a break. Just a minute to lie down...

FELIX

Please! Join me at my abodie. That office is smelly and probably has ass pesto in it. You can sleep in my guestroom.

SYBIL

Which is probably your bedroom.

FELIX

Ohh Sybil, you caught me. But what can I say? I would do anything to do anything to you.

SYBIL

These lines can't possibly work on anyone. Ponopoly does this work on anyone?

FELIX

Assistant don't answer that! Fine, Sybil! Leave if you think that is best. Tootaloo. Bye bye! Ta ta tee toe tee ta.

(SYBIL almost leaves. FELIX tears  
off his shirt)

Where are you going? You would walk out on your employer? The great and powerful Mr. Nice Guy?!

SYBIL

You just said-- You're changing clothes again? What is this, a fashion show?

FELIX

I thought you'd never ask! Assistant!

(More Mr. Nice Guy music plays.)

It is now time for the Mr. Nice Guy Brand Casanova Cloth Closet Fashion Weekly Roundup.

(Music and lights. ASSISTANT pulls out two clothing racks and FELIX begins to enthusiastically strip.)

SYBIL

Alright, I'm going to check up on Michael.

FELIX

No this is a team-building exercise! This other rack is of the female Mr. Nice Guy Brand Clothing Line, "Thatcher's Dungeon." It's all in the name of increasing employee moral.

SYBIL

No thanks.

FELIX

As your boss I command you to stay where you are and enjoy watching me try on clothing.

(SYBIL sits for a minute while FELIX poses in front of the cameras and tries on a couple different outfits. Realizing she's basically in shadow, SYBIL finds a moment to pull the feminiquin in front of the desk and runs away, leaving FELIX stripping in front of it, and ASSISTANT dancing around him.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 8

*MICHAEL'S OFFICE. MICHAEL sits at his desk feverishly writing letters and signing photographs.*

MICHAEL

Hi honey! How's your day? Everything's great here. No complaints at all. Wanna grab lunch?

SYBIL

I need to get out of here.

MICHAEL

Great. Let me just finish this... signature. Perfect.

SYBIL

No, I mean, for good.

MICHAEL

Two days. You promised.

SYBIL

It's insane in there.

MICHAEL

In where?

SYBIL

Felix's office.

MICHAEL

You're working in Felix's office?

SYBIL

I'm his "personal secretary", remember?

MICHAEL

Right, but I'm just surprised that your position was as promised, since I am not in fact a producer, as promised, but rather a lowly paperboy.

SYBIL

You're delivering newspapers?

MICHAEL

Writing letters.

SYBIL

Oh. But good, I mean, you want to leave too right?

MICHAEL

Of course not! I am in my dream building, just not my dream job yet. It's like, would you rather have a Mr. Nice Guy brand Cookie-Cookie, or a Mr. Nice Guy brand can of Preposteroni? Well, it's obvious which is better, but either is better than, say, Freshness Gloop.

SYBIL

He's in his office, strip dancing.

MICHAEL

(getting fired up)

And he asked you to leave?

SYBIL

No, he was trying to do it in front of me. Just today he's changed clothing six times, made a bunch of fake phone calls from a plant, done weird flexy falling over stuff, made Ponopoly give him several perplexingly intimate massages, had a contest to see who was the better dancer which I definitely won but he's rigged, oh, and how could I forget his own personal wet t-shirt contest where he, I can't believe this, tried to get me to--

(She mimes him squeezing the shirt  
and moans, though it looks more  
like a penis with her  
interpretation.)

MICHAEL

Will you stop bragging?! I would literally kill to experience what you've just experienced.

SYBIL

No, this was, what? This was him trying to get me to drink from his soaking wet shirt.

MICHAEL

Right! Like the Aquafina commercial? He acted the Aquafina commercial out for you, live, and you...?

SYBIL

Squeezed it on the floor to clean up some prototype plop. What should I have done?

MICHAEL

Ga! What would anyone with half a brain have done? Acted the rest of the commercial out with him. Bathe under the waterfall, sing the theme song, and grope him!

SYBIL

You're asking me to cheat on you.

MICHAEL

As if its not enough that MY childhood hero is spending all of his time fussing over you, you're going to rub it in my face by not even playing proper homage to the historical pieces he offers to re-enact with you!

SYBIL

Michael, dear, I think you're missing the point. He's nothing like the late-night TV idol you worship, just a narcissistic buffoon who smells like Turkey Gravy.

MICHAEL

That smell is Mr. Nice Guy's patented cologne, Eau de Thanksgiving. Did you seriously not even get that one?

MICHAEL & FELIX

Make every day, a holiday!

MICHAEL

He likes to make every day a holiday! And you dare besmirch his name by shouting 'buffoon?!' I defy you!

SYBIL

I'm sorry Michael but--

MICHAEL

He's a genius. A beautiful, sensitive genius whose legacy of timeless commercials will live on forever and ever and eva'!

SYBIL

Well if you're lucky, maybe Felix will let you take my place and you can be the one he spends all day dripping sweat onto, undressing you with his eyes and--

MICHAEL

Is that so much to ask?

SYBIL

And what the hell's that arrow on his chest?

MICHAEL

His chest hair. It's not fake if that's what you're implying.

SYBIL

I am your fiancée. How can you not look at his behavior toward me and be infuriated?

MICHAEL

The only thing I'm infuriated by is your lack of appreciation for the greatest living genius alive today. Mr. Nice Guy never lies! Mr. Nice Guy never dies! Mr. Nice Guy! Mr. Nice Guy! Mr. Nice Guy!

SYBIL

You're getting manic Michael.

MICHAEL

Sorry. Look, think of it this way. He likes you. He hasn't noticed my potential yet. You could care less about him, he's been my hero since I was seven. Naturally I'm jealous, so maybe if there's a way you can... just... redirect some of his energy toward me, maybe just get him to sit down and listen to me for ten minutes, well, I would, I'd be grateful.

SYBIL

I don't know Michael... I've tried, really, but I think I have something that, maybe you don't that, he...

MICHAEL

Can you try harder?!

SYBIL

Sure. Sure, no problem. I'll try hardest.

MICHAEL

That would mean the world to me. Just let him touch you and stuff.

SYBIL

(death stare)

Touch me and stuff?

MICHAEL

Anything but sex. Y'know, keep up the wedding vows and all.



SYBIL

(death stare)

I'm getting lunch with Ponopoly--

MICHAEL

Who?

SYBIL

Felix's assistant. She's just wrapping up making Felix's lunch.

MICHAEL

Well. I'll just stay here, and be thankful that I'm a far more excellent fan than any of the weirdos in this bag.

SYBIL

What's in the other bag?

(Silence.)

Suit yourself. See you later.

(SYBIL exits. MICHAEL returns to writing letters. A moment later, FELIX enters wearing an excessively flamboyant outfit, including a giant hat with a lots of feathers. He's repeating 'Michael, Michael, Michael' under his breath.)

FELIX

Yo Mikey! What's up with my G-Fry!

MICHAEL

Looking for Sybil?

FELIX

No way cool cat man juke! I'm looking for you.

MICHAEL

(brightening)

Thank you, Sybil.

FELIX

I'm Mr. Nice Guy.

MICHAEL

You sure are!

FELIX

Now guess what?

MICHAEL

What?

FELIX

Hello friend!

MICHAEL

Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

(If the audience responds, FELIX  
should shush them.)

FELIX

Guess what I have for you today? Your lunch courtesy of me,  
Mr. Nice Guy!

MICHAEL

That is insanely kind of you... Felix.

FELIX

Please, keep calling me Mr. Nice Guy. I'm not your boss here,  
I'm just another celebrity!

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

Yes?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I just like saying the name.

FELIX

Haha, understandable. So, for lunch, let me open up under  
your desk-- you knew it's an oven right?-- I hope you like...  
number one... Mr. Nice Guy brand gyro sandwich with a lemon  
squid twist!

(FELIX pulls out a three foot long  
sandwich that consists of two full  
baguettes with something stringy  
in between and elastic bands  
holding it together.)

MICHAEL

My hero!

FELIX

It's pronounced "gy-ro."

(He accidentally hits MICHAEL in  
the face with the sandwich.)

With a side, of Mr. Nice Guy brand Preposteroni!

(FELIX squeezes an open can until a  
single, sad glob of ravioli plops  
onto MICHAEL's desk.)

MICHAEL

All right!

FELIX

To drink... Strawrasmulboisberry Freshness Gloopshake!

(FELIX hands MICHAEL a big-gulp  
size drink with a huge straw.)

MICHAEL

I'm partial to that as well!

(MICHAEL takes a sip and it sounds  
like an elephant seal snoring.)

FELIX

And finally... for dessert... Mr. Nice Guy brand... duh nuh  
nuh nuh nuh nuh donuts!

(FELIX holds out a fistful of  
donuts.)

MICHAEL

Noooooo!!!

FELIX

Hahahaha! What's the matter? Don't you rike it?

MICHAEL

No I'm grateful, I just...

FELIX

Wow, and after I slaved away putting in this effort to make  
you lunch all by my lonesome.

MICHAEL

I, I don't know how to explain. The creation of your Double Deluxe Dusseldorf Dumpnut Donuts was a revelation. Far more so than I was ready to stomach. I'd enjoyed food from your Mr. Nice Guy Brand Queazine line before, but these were like, crystal meth. In fact, I'm pretty sure--

FELIX

Ohhh wook at da big scawry donut coming to destwoy Mikey's wewationship.

MICHAEL

What?

FELIX

Exactly. What's so scary about a donut? It's just a little round bakery product with a... hole in the middle.

(FELIX fingers the donut a couple times, then pulls his finger out, examines it, then approaches MICHAEL with it.)

MICHAEL

Felix, I... please put it away. I can't hold out much long--

FELIX

Do it for me. Do it, for Mr. Nice Guy!

(FELIX shoves the donuts into MICHAEL's mouth, who finally acquiesces and swallows.)

MICHAEL

Oh god... yes! Yes!

FELIX

Mwahahaha!

FELIX & MICHAEL

Yes! Yes! Yes!

FELIX

Hey Mikey, I think he likes it! Hahaha--

(FELIX snaps his fingers but nothing happens.)

He shrugs, then leaves the room  
and immediately returns with a bag  
of even more donuts, which he  
dumps all over MICHAEL's desk.)

Hahaha!

MICHAEL

God help me, I do like it... I like it so hard.

FELIX

Okay bye!

(FELIX turns to leave.)

MICHAEL

Don't leave me Felix! Not like this...

(MICHAEL pauses, and FELIX sees his  
terrible state. He looks like an  
epileptic possum set loose in a  
cake frosting factory.)

FELIX

You look up to me pretty hard, eh?

(MICHAEL nods with a full mouth.)

You've bought all my products?

MICHAEL

Almost.

FELIX

Even Roofie-Os?

MICHAEL

Well no... that was outlawed the day it came out. Why were  
people so angry about that?

FELIX

You feel like you know me? Like we have some special  
relationship that I know nothing about? You know all my  
commercials by heart?

MICHAEL

(through a full mouth)

Sure do! Even back when you made commercials for non-Mr. Nice  
Guy products.

FELIX

Remember this one?

(FELIX points his fingers out close  
to his sides and shakes rapidly.)

MICHAEL

Doublemint Gum! The one with the beefcakes with 'double-hit'  
guns, shooting everyone while chewing gum and being like--

FELIX & MICHAEL

Refreshingly fresh, even in the heat of battle!

MICHAEL

Yeah yeah yeah! Tag lines have never been your strong suit  
and I've got some great ideas for helping to improve yours.  
Maybe rhymes would help them be more memorable. For example,  
Doublemint Gum could've been something like:

(singing)

"Back in the saddle it's as fresh as the battle!"

(speaking)

I can help you Felix.

FELIX

What was your name again? Brandon? Bradley? Gilbert?

MICHAEL

Michael.

FELIX

It's so cute you think you can do my job. You can call me Mr.  
Nice Guy!

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy.

FELIX

(dancing)

Call me Mr. Nice Guy!

MICHAEL

(singing and dancing out)

Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

(singing and dancing out)

Call me Mr. Nice Guy!

MICHAEL

(singing and dancing out)

Mr. Nice Guy!

(FELIX exits. Long beat.)

FELIX

(popping his head back in)

Okay bye.

(FELIX exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 9

*FELIX'S OFFICE. He's alone again, walking to his desk. He pulls Stapler out of his pants.*

FELIX

Mwah hah hah hah ha!

(as Stapler)

*Mwah hah hah hah!*

(as himself)

Mwah hahahaha!

(as Stapler)

*Mwahahahahahah!*

(as himself)

Mwaha--

(as Stapler)

*Oh Señor Nice Guy, you are diabolical! Soon she will see her boy toy in a stinky, voluptuous flabby state and run to be mognonomous with you!*

(as himself)

Yes! Yes! Yes! Soon she will fall out of the throws of love with him, and into the catches of love with me.

(as Stapler)

*You're a catcher!*

(as himself)

Hahaha!

(as Stapler)

*Now, all you must do is be a good listener, which honestly, could still use some--*

(as himself)

Not a problem, as you know I am the best listener!

(as Stapler)

*Okay sure, but, um, what will you do if she does not think you are the best listener?*

(as himself)

Do not worry Stapler, I have thought of that. This is the one, and if necessary, I will use... the cereal...

(as Stapler)

*No Señor Nice Guy! Anything but that! You've done enough for today. Wait for tomorrow when the donuts have turned him into osh kosh mishmosh and--*

(as himself)

Shut up and kiss me!

(as Stapler)

*Focus on being listening. One can never--*



(FELIX makes out even harder with Stapler until he accidentally staples his mouth.)

Ow Stapler! Why did someone put staples in you?

(ASSISTANT and SYBIL enter in mid-conversation.)

SYBIL

--but I just can't see how that's legal.

(FELIX instinctively picks up the plant phone. But can't talk correctly due to a case of Stapler-in-mouth.)

FELIX

Yes of course Mr. Fastbender. Polo on Saturday sounds great. Of course I'll bring the cheese, but you have to cut it--

ASSISTANT

Monsieur Nice Guy!

(ASSISTANT rushes to him to unstaple him. FELIX drops the phone.)

FELIX

See what happens! See what happens when you leave me!

ASSISTANT

I'm so sorry Felix. I'm so so sorry. Would you like a Cinarazzmochanana Freshness Gloopshake?

(ASSISTANT fetches his drink.)

FELIX

Do you even have to ask!? You and Sybil cannot spend so much time not working!

(He notices the phone lying on his desk)

I'll have to call you back Mr. Fastbender. Ta-ta-laroo.

(FELIX hangs it up. ASSISTANT returns with his drink.)

SYBIL

Felix--

FELIX

(slurping the walrus-snore drink)

And this never would have happened if Sybil hadn't cleaned my office without permission and put staples inside Stapler! Sybil you're fired!

SYBIL

All right.

FELIX

(consulting Stapler)

That's it. You're rehired, with double pay!

(SYBIL stares at FELIX.)

SYBIL

While you're drinking Freshness Gloop, this is another great example of a product that isn't inherently terrible, but is marketed in just about the most bizarre manner possible. In your commercial, you're seen pouring candy, high fructose corn syrup, ice cream, and even butter into a huge vat. First of all, the vat looks gross, but why can't you use fruits and vegetables?

FELIX

Because I don't like fruits and vegetables.

SYBIL

It's not always about what you like. And you can hardly call it 'Freshness Gloop' if there's nothing fresh about it.

FELIX

Should I call it Leftover-Candy-from-Cowfeed-Gloop? Freshness Gloop tested the best with my fuck-us group.

(ASSISTANT and FELIX do a weird secret handshake thing that ends in FELIX slapping her a bunch of times.)

SYBIL

I don't know why you think 'gloop' is a good word to be using at all, but you're missing the point.

FELIX

(approaching SYBIL, crotch out.)

Sugarlumps, it's super cute you think you can do my job, but there's only one point I'm interested in.

(pause)

That you are the most sensitive, sensual, and overall sexual woman I have ever met. You embody the essence of the S's.

SYBIL

Like in your Sssssteam Ssssssauna Ssssssexytime commercial.

FELIX

You saw that! Sybil I'm touched.

(ASSISTANT massages his cheeks.

FELIX stares at Stapler, then at SYBIL. He focuses too hard.)

SYBIL

I didn't say I liked it.

FELIX

We're getting completely off topic. What's that paper pile you keep pointing to?

SYBIL

A business proposal. There's a lot of untapped markets you could be reaching with only minor adjustments to your products and marketing.

FELIX

Mm hm. Mm hm. Mm hm. Mm hm. Mm hm. I'm sorry Sybil, but as much as I value your opinion, and think it's hilarious that you think you can rejigger fifteen years of expert commercial real estate knowledge in a few hours, I'm much more interested right now in why Assistant can't learn to give a proper pedicure! It's not that hard! There's YouTube videos.

SYBIL

Why do you treat her like that?

FELIX

Assistant? Oh she likes it. We have this whole hard to get, carrot on a stick thing. But the carrot is my penis.

SYBIL

I'm sure there's a resemblance. Speaking of ruining food, you tell her for lunch she can't eat anything that's not Mr. Nice Guy brand?

FELIX

It's not like she could afford anything else.

SYBIL

I was going to buy it for her!

FELIX

Brand commitment is very important! Do you think anyone who works at Circuit City goes to Best Buy?

SYBIL

Circuit City isn't even-- actually, fine, last try: this is the perfect opportunity to go over your company mission. One of the many things I've outlined in this report is that you're not surveying the market. Do you know who Mickey Magnus is? You don't even know what your competition is, so how can you possibly respond to it?

FELIX

I just don't see how Assistant has anything to do with what is clearly a love triangle between myself, you, and myself.

SYBIL

You treat her like dirt!

FELIX

Ha! This is absurd. If I treated her like dirt, would I not plant plants in her?

SYBIL

There is something deeply wrong with you.

FELIX

(approaching SYBIL)

No. But there will be something deep and long in you.

(FELIX takes a falatio-heavy slurp of Freshness Gloop as SYBIL punches him in the gut.)

He hits the ground hard, choking on his drink, struggling to morph it into a pose, but then he falls back over, unconscious and twitching.)

ASSISTANT

Monsieur! Monsieur Nice Guy! What have you done Sybil?

(ASSISTANT shakes him but he doesn't seem to wake.)

SYBIL

I... I don't know. I couldn't help myself. Shit, Michael's going to be livid.

ASSISTANT

He's not breathing...

SYBIL

Don't worry, I'm an EMT.

(SYBIL performs chest compressions, scoops a chocolate chunk out of FELIX's mouth, then performs mouth to mouth. FELIX wakes up and stares at SYBIL.)

I'm sorry Felix.

FELIX

That was... delicioso... more please.

SYBIL

Get up. Are you okay?

FELIX

Yes, just... I'm just... hungry for... something.

(ASSISTANT feeds him a cookie.)

That's not it. Would you like a cookie?

SYBIL

Ponopoly, would you like a cookie?

ASSISTANT

Oh... I, um--

FELIX

Of course not! She knows they're not for her.

SYBIL

Then I don't think I want a cookie.

FELIX

Ah, but you must still be hungry. Especially after that nope-nothing lunch. Ah, I know what I'm craving. How about some... cereal?

(as Stapler, muffled)

*No Señor Nice Guy, no! Listening you must--*

(FELIX punches himself in the crotch.)

SYBIL

What was that?

FELIX

Nothing.

(FELIX punches himself in the crotch again.)

Itchy. I'm learning to be a good listener, Sybil. Why don't you say some words? Do you have anything you want to say?

SYBIL

Right now?

FELIX

Thought not. Okay, let's have some cereal.

(FELIX pulls a cereal box with a lot of duct-tape on it out from under his desk and begins pouring it into bowls.)

Just us gals. We'll put on some Mr. Nice guy pajamajamas, get comfy-cozy-toesy, and maybe later have a pillow fight.

SYBIL

May Assistant eat cereal as well?

FELIX

Of course not-- why do you keep asking?

ASSISTANT

Oh, um, no thank you.

SYBIL

Then I don't want any.

ASSISTANT

It's okay Sybil, I don't-- *that* cereal, um--

FELIX

(anxious)

On second thought, Sybil is right. Assistant, I hope you will join us in a celebratory bowl of cereal. I do this breakfast in the afternoon thing sometimes-- it's this obsessive compulsive thing, and for digestive purposes. All that rich food rich people like me eat... yes. 'Bowls for bowels' is a charity I would create if I did that kind of thing. You know, beyond the whole 10% of my income to the church thing.

(SYBIL and ASSISTANT take a bite.)

SYBIL

Again, in the business plan, a charity would go a long--

(SYBIL and ASSISTANT both instantly collapse to sleep. FELIX dumps the bowl into his plant phone, then goes to ASSISTANT, who he kicks until she rolls under his desk. Unbeknownst to FELIX, ASSISTANT wakes up, and peeks her head out to view all of the following. FELIX grabs SYBIL, mumbling 'yes, yes, yes', lays her out on top of her desk, and he unbuttons her top shirt button.)

FELIX

(flirtatiously)

Okay, Sybil, fair's fair.

(He takes off his shirt, revealing a very strange fishnet outfit underneath. He looks at SYBIL. He tries rotating his head a couple times to position himself to kiss her. He decides against it. He puts on a glove, and reaches toward her left breast, hovering just above it for a moment, before deciding against it.)

He takes off the glove and hovers over the left breast again, then the right, then the left, then collapses and shouts.)

FELIX

Why! Why can't I do it!

(After a beat, FELIX buttons SYBIL's shirt back up. He stomps over to his piano and begins to sing.)

FELIX

Roofie-Os. Wouldn't be necessary. If you loved me...

(MICHAEL enters with his guitar, covered in frosting, completely drugged up and oblivious to SYBIL.)

FELIX

Roofie-Os!

MICHAEL

Roofie-Os!

FELIX

It's like an...

MICHAEL

Extreme plan B!

FELIX

Actually it's more like plan Z!

MICHAEL

Or Plan C... for cereal. C... is for cereal.

MICHAEL

Roofie-Os....

FELIX

Roofie-Os...

FELIX & MICHAEL

Ohhh Roofie-Os...



MICHAEL

Please come home, and I'll be waiting, with your Roofie-Os...

FELIX

Go home Philip. I... I'm upset and need--

MICHAEL

(burp)

Do you want to talk about it?

FELIX

No I just need time alone.

MICHAEL

I need another adjustment.

(FELIX stomps over to MICHAEL and punches him hard in the back with a scream.)

FELIX

Please, take your fiancée. I'm done with her and need to be alone.

(MICHAEL looks over at SYBIL, then without another thought grabs her and starts to leave the room. He overhears the following)

FELIX

(as Stapler)

*Señor Nice Guy you've fucked up! She'll never forgive you for this! You should have listened! You should have waited!*

(as himself)

No! You're wrong Stapler!

(as Stapler)

*For shame!*

(as himself)

I will not be alone forever! How dare you! Go away! I don't want to see you! We are no longer best friends with benefits!

(FELIX hurls Stapler across the room then bursts out crying as he collapses to the ground.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 10

*MICHAEL'S OFFICE. Later that night. SYBIL stirs on the deskbed. MICHAEL is wide eyed with messy hair, scribbling feverishly.*

MICHAEL

(faux happiness)

Hi honey! How are you? Hard day? How was it? First days at work can be so taxing. Physically and financially. Not surprised you had to nap for a bit.

SYBIL

Michael... where am I? What happened?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Give me a kiss.

(They kiss.)

Hmmm. So where were you?

SYBIL

I don't remember.

MICHAEL

Mm hm. Mm hm. Kiss me again.

(They kiss again.)

Nothing. Sybil, honey, do you remember what you promised me?

SYBIL

That I'd stay here for two days.

MICHAEL

No the other promise.

SYBIL

The whole to have and to hold thing.

MICHAEL

No the other other promise.

SYBIL

The whole thing with not looking at you while... I don't know. What Michael? What are we talking about, there's too many promises and I have a terrible head ache.

MICHAEL

You don't remember the promise to be a little more friendly to Mr. Nice Guy? Lead him on a bit. Flirtatious. *Y'know, anything but sex...*

SYBIL

I'm sorry Michael but what you're asking me to do, lead him on, seduce him, frankly it's disgusting.

MICHAEL

Oh okay, but having sex with him was fine?

SYBIL

No I didn't and I never would.

MICHAEL

Yes you did. Felix told me! But judging by how you taste, you didn't even kiss him. Yet apparently it was such an exhausting experience you had to sleep afterwards.

SYBIL

He's lying.

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy never lies! So you don't want to flirt with him or lead him on, but you let him slide right into home base. Literally.

SYBIL

Not literally.

MICHAEL

Yes literally!

SYBIL

No! What's wrong with you? Did he? Oh god... the cereal. Michael I think he... he roofie'd me then took advantage.

MICHAEL

Oh, now you remember.

SYBIL

Michael this is terrible.

MICHAEL

Psh, as though it wasn't consensual.

SYBIL

Do you know what roofies are?

MICHAEL

Besides part of a balanced breakfast with four essential vitamins and minerals?

SYBIL

I need to speak to Felix.

MICHAEL

About how good it was? About how you can't wait for more? You certainly got him stirred up- he wrote you a song! You know Sybil it would have been one thing if you admitted to me that you found him irresistible-- I of all people would have understood. But to make me a promise, a promise to have anything but sex with him and then go and do that one thing. Well. I hope you brought enough whore to share with the rest of the class!

SYBIL

Are you mad or jealous?

MICHAEL

Ah, I get it. You took anything but sex to mean 'anything' butt-sex.

SYBIL

So using his stapler and snorkel and all that stuff.

MICHAEL

(in her face)

This isn't funny!

SYBIL

Michael have you... do I smell donuts?

MICHAEL

Don't change the subject!

SYBIL

How could you? Not again I will not go through this. You promised--

MICHAEL

Don't you dare say I promised! I promised? You promised Sybil.

Promised you wouldn't rack up insane levels of college debt, promised to support my dreams, promised you would resist Felix's feminine wiles and yet just a few hours after that promise, here are you are fresh off popping the pope with him. I don't even know you anymore.

SYBIL

You know exactly who I am. I'm the person you met on a Mr. Nice Guy tour who for half a second, got through that thick little brain of yours and actually made you think some half-reasonable thoughts. I'm the person whose indulged you, took care of you, supported you, who came here with you, despite my complete and utter disgust with Mr. Nice Guy and everything he stands for.

MICHAEL

And yet you had sex with him. What was it? Pheromones? At least tell me about it.

SYBIL

You're not listening, Michael. I have no feelings toward Felix besides pity.

MICHAEL

So you're saying it was pity sex. At least do me the courtesy of telling me what happened. And be detailed.

SYBIL

I don't remember what happened.

MICHAEL

Great, so now I just have to let me imagination run wild.

SYBIL

Michael just listen. I promise you I did not and never will be interested in Felix. I don't see him the way you do.

MICHAEL

(carefully)

You spin your webs you spidermonkey. But I've heard enough promises from you. You've taken your promises and spit them at me. Well I had promises too. Like my wedding vows!

(He chews up the vows, spits them at her, then pulls off his ring, puts that in his mouth, and spits that at her.)

SYBIL

You rehearsed that?

MICHAEL

Oh yeah.

SYBIL

I know you want me to plead and beg with you, but I'm not going though this again. I swore to myself, you on donuts... it's not worth it.

MICHAEL

(to the camera crew)

Can you please leave?

SYBIL

Gladly.

MICHAEL

No, I wasn't talking to you. You can sleep on the couch tonight.

SYBIL

On the Abjackers? No thanks.

(SYBIL grabs her things and prepares to leave.)

MICHAEL

Guess I won't be seeing you around the office?

SYBIL

No I'll be around the office. I promised two days, and I keep my promises.

(SYBIL exits.)

MICHAEL

(shouting after her)

That doesn't mean I'll see you! Not if I keep the door closed between the offices!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 11

*COMMERCIAL #3. Greenscreen with a TV frame.*

*FELIX is drunk and holds a bottle in a paper bag. A box of coins is at his feet.*

FELIX

Hello friends.

AUDIENCE

Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

Shut up.

(He pulls a coin out of a box.)

Are you tired of being poor? Well here's a trillion dollars for the low low cost of only \$5. That's nearly a trillion dollars in savings! You won't find a deal like this anywhere else.

(close-up on the coin)

Oh hey I didn't see you there. Who is that? You tell me.

(back to FELIX)

So call now at that telefono sex number I always tell you to call. And look for these in the Mr. Nice Guy pile at your local Mr. Nice Guy Mega Adult World Memorial Superstore.

(FELIX uses his beer bottle to mime going to a store.)

If you buy only one Mr. Nice Guy product, make it this one! Or buy a two of them. Maybe you can flick an enemy real good in the neck there. It's gonna be great.

(FELIX passes out for a second, then abruptly wakes up.)

Mr. Nice Guy will not sleep until you buy this product! Mr. Nice Guy never sleeps! Mr. Nice Guy requires no mortal remunerations! Mr. Nice Guy will sleep when he's dead! Mr. Nice Guy will never die!! Mr. Nice Guy is immortality... Trillion dolla' coin. Trillion dolla' coin. All dem ladies begging for my trillion dollas.

(FELIX falls asleep.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 12

*FELIX'S OFFICE. Felix is alone in his office listening to his self-help tapes.*

FELIX (V.O.)

And so, having completed steps 17 through 24, you will find that the woman in question is now super in love with you!

FELIX

But I tried that. Mr. Nice Guy, you've taught me nothing I didn't already know. Stapler!? Where are you Stapler? I am sorry for yelling, and I really need your help. Oh Sybil, my fire flower. My morning cinnamon buns. She's all I can think about. Look Stapler, if you just come out, I promise tonight I will give you a rub down like you never--

(SYBIL enters with ASSISTANT, carrying a stack of pages and a white board. They place it on SYBIL's desk. FELIX jumps into playing with the plant and the beer bottle on his desk)

FELIX

Ohhh no! It's a huge dinosaur. It's coming to eat my car. Better call Chucky! Bring bring!

(picking up the plant-phone)

Hello Chuck. Yes the roundhouse kick looks great. Well yes I do know what's under your beard!

SYBIL

Good morning Felix.

FELIX

Oh hello Syllable! I didn't see you there. I was just... hard at work Syllable. Goodbye Chuck Norris. Did I just call you Syllable? How clumsy clumsy clumsy! It must be because in my streams of intellectent crosshatching, I was thinking about how funny a name Sybil is. I mean it's like syllable without the 'la'. Like syllable, but missing a, um, what do you call it?

SYBIL

Syllable?



FELIX

(standing up)

Is that what that word means? I honestly never knew. You know, I talk a smart game, but really I'm just a simple country boy from Chicago.

(He snuffles as he walks by her, she looks at him, he pretends to be sniffing his armpits.)

I should shower.

SYBIL

You were smelling my hair.

FELIX

No! I was crying... I mean, forgive me, I cannot help myself. It is... so beautiful, so... plush. Like soggy corn flakes. Or half cooked pasta. Did you see my pasta commercial?

SYBIL

Felix, what's going on?

FELIX

Whatever do you mean my doe my dear my female deer?

SYBIL

You're anxious.

FELIX

Well that's... um... ah! Because I have not yet had my morning foot cream bath. Assistant! Feet Fwash Foot Sweesh!  
(Ear wiggle, cheek pull, thigh snap-  
ASSISTANT pulls out a tub of hot  
water beings washing FELIX's feet,  
still in shoes.)

Sybil-- you are throwing off my balance by using Assistant too much. Her mornings are meant to consist of top secret morning rituals.

SYBIL

The obsessive compulsive thing, right.

(FELIX and SYBIL stare at each other for a long while.)

Listen, Ponopoly and I would love to show you--

FELIX

I cannot tell you how much I am aware, of the too-long length, of my too-elongated nose hairs.

(SYBIL stares at him. FELIX taps his fingers on his chest. ASSISTANT pulls tweezers out of nowhere and yanks a clump of hair out of FELIX's left nostril.)

OW!

(FELIX begins to cry, then stops himself by speaking.)

Please-stop-staring-at-me-Sybil-I-am-so-ashamed-I-Roofie-O'd-you-last-night-and-it-was-terrible-and-not-something-I-have-ever-done-and-I-promise-but I just care about you so much and am so attracted to you and I wanted you to like me but now I'm afraid you'll never love me and--

(ASSISTANT pulls a clump of hair out of FELIX's right nostril and FELIX weeps in earnest.)

SYBIL

Felix! Calm down. Ponopoly saw everything and she told me what happened. Look, I'm not going to pretend I'm not disgusted by what you did, or for keeping that product around after all these years, but the fact remains that when presented with a vulnerable--

FELIX

Venereal.

SYBIL

--defenseless version of me, you restrained yourself. And that's more than I thought you capable of.

FELIX

Thank you Sybil.

SYBIL

Not really a compliment. Now, I have something important to say.

FELIX

Before you say anythings, I must say many things.

(FELIX scoots close to SYBIL.)

Let me be frank with you Sybil. Or rather, let me be Felix, that being my name. I never wanted to be a super TV super star, I just sort of fell in to it. You know what I really wanted to be? A super movie super director. I wanted to touch people the way I was touched as a young boy.

By way of the old chapter films. There's such a sense of wonder to those, you know? But then, one day I man in a giant mustache came and gave me my first commercial. At first I thought that was blow me, but then I realized they're kind of like short films, and I took to it like a duck to platter. I hoped I could bring that same sense of wonder I grew up with to the commercial industry, change people's lives, bring more love into the world. And it was great for a while. Women came easy. That is, easy women came easy. I was proud of my early work, but then it became too much of a business and I began doing things just to make men's meat.

SYBIL

End's meet?

FELIX

Men's meat.

SYBIL

End's meet. Take off your sunglasses.

(She takes them off.)

FELIX

But then... oh... I've done things... so many selfish things to get where I am. And the view may be great from atop a mountain of crap, but the smell is not.

SYBIL

Where is this going?

FELIX

Commercials are old news. They're old... commercials. But I'm super wealthy, so what say we blow off this whole thing, and go off and start our own commercial architecture firm?

SYBIL

That does not mean what you think it means.

FELIX

Do you not see how wonderful it would be? You could design nonstop, always a new idea, always beautiful, always funded and advertised by me. We can go to Abu Bai. Dubabi. That place without taxes.

SYBIL

It's basically an unregulated sandbox for developers.

FELIX

And an unregulated sandbox for de-lover-lers!

SYBIL

Actually you can't even live together unless you're married.

FELIX

Exactly.

(FELIX gets on bended knee.)

SYBIL

That's your segue? Look Felix--

FELIX

(reaching into his pocket)

I don't actually have anything, oh look, a cookie!

(FELIX eats it.)

We leave tomorrow. We shall run away together. And the first thing we shall design, is a hotel, which we shall also run.

SYBIL

And how would your Assistant and Michael fit into this perfect little dream?

FELIX

They could come too. They can be our maids, and maybe they will develop a mutual incest in each other, multiply, and then we will have a wait staff. Or interns.

SYBIL

I think commercials are where you belong. If you just--

FELIX

But that is then, this is now! Sybil, don't you see? I am in love with you, truly. I've already designed you a dream house.

SYBIL

You designed me a house?

FELIX

Yeah last night. Prepare yourself.

(FELIX pulls out a set of goggles and a Mr. Nice Guy brand urban snorkel, a walking machine, and an AR-Media board and spins it around. Through the camera filming this, we can see a surprisingly gorgeous house appear on the projection, but SYBIL cannot see anything.)

FELIX

And this device thing I'm working on is for a totally immersive virtual experience. It's a prototype, but hey, take a look. Hm. I know there was a way to see the 3D model. It's crazy cool. I can like, spin this thing around, and you can see it... I don't remember. Um, well, trust me, it's super sweet.

SYBIL

I'm sure it is. How do I put this... Felix we're not a good match. I don't think you're interested in helping others the way I am.

FELIX

I've helped people!

SYBIL

Ever saved someone's life?

FELIX

I have saved several. Just the other year I received a letter from a man in Ohama saying he was ready to end it all. But then he saw my ad for little robot vacuum cleaners-

(to the audience)

Yes? Yes? Yes? Okay.

(back to SYBIL)

And then he decided life was worth living!

SYBIL

That's not the same thing...

FELIX

I can make the world's greatest commercials, but I can't woo you. Oh the ironicism. Why won't you teach me to love? Or am I being a fool?

SYBIL

You're not in love with me, Felix. Don't use that word so cavalierly.

FELIX

Cavalierly! See that's what I love about you-- your big sexy vocabulary. See? I can use big words too.

SYBIL

Vocabulary?

FELIX

I don't want to get polli-tickle. But fine, whatever. I don't need you. I've got tons of money and I'm a beloved national hero.

SYBIL

You run the worst kind of American corporation. You make cheap and unreliable products, you outsource everything, you don't--

FELIX

This is the greatest country in the history of the universe and I will not hear a word against it!

SYBIL

For a second there I was starting to think you were a decent guy.

FELIX

Decent guy? I am a perfect guy! I am Mr. Nice Guy-- Byow!!

(FELIX jumps off his desk.)

I am rich, good-looking, have tons of muscles, an arrow shaved into my chest-- I can have any woman in the world. Watch this-- Assistant!

(She approaches him.)

You are now Joan Rivers.

ASSISTANT

Oh hi Mr. Nice Guy.

FELIX

Please Joan. Call me Felix. With three x's.

ASSISTANT

Okay... Felix-x-x.

SYBIL

Ponopoly...

FELIX

Sh. What would you say if I told you I've been super attracted to you, like, ever since you did those movies where you started wearing super tight clothing?

ASSISTANT

I'd say I was flattered.

(He touches her, she shivers.)

FELIX

What if I said every time I look at you, I pretend to ignore you but I'm actually deeply in love with you.

ASSISTANT

Oh Felix-x-x, I'd say that is also the reason I never look at you!

(She leans in for a kiss. FELIX lets her fall to the ground.)

FELIX

Well that's too bad, because I will never say any of those things. See Sybil? Have I proved my point?

SYBIL

Not at all.

FELIX

I just rejected the great Joan Rivers! I can have any woman I want and I choose you.

SYBIL

You are awful.

FELIX

I am awfully in love with you.

SYBIL

I'm not good for you. I'm nothing more than a distraction.

FELIX

You're nothing more than my muse!

SYBIL

An excuse to procrastinate.

FELIX

An excuse to promasturbate.

(beat)

Sorry.

SYBIL

It's fine.

FELIX

I'm working on it.

SYBIL

I know.

FELIX

The truth is Sybil, I've never felt this way about anyone before. I *am* in love with you, and I would like you to marry me so we may begin making love without sin in the eyes of God. You and you alone have made me want to be... what's that word Stapler taught me? Monogomonomous.

SYBIL

I'm sorry Felix, but-

FELIX

Bring bring! Hold that thought of requited love. I have to take-bring! One moment!

(answers plant phone, SYBIL face  
palms)

Oh, Mother Teresa! Yes, she's here and I think she is experiencing some apprehension about the marriage... well I told her what you told me to say and I don't know if she was really listening and-

SYBIL

She's not even living!

FELIX

I'm sorry Mother, I'll call you back.

(He hangs up, on the verge of tears  
as he speaks to SYBIL)

That was my mother! Her name is Teresa, and I think she has a few good years left in her! Now are you going to accept my proposal, or will you continue to insult my family?



SYBIL

I can't say this any simpler: my heart belongs to someone else. I was awake all night thinking about it, and I've made up my mind.

(FELIX continues to almost cry.)

I'm going to bring Michael in.

FELIX

No! Don't bother, I'll go get him. I don't mind.

SYBIL

Felix... I'm sorry.

(He starts to leave.)

FELIX

These tears are not for you! Or this... it's... I've lost my best friend with benefits and I cannot find her.

SYBIL

I understand. And Felix? Why not listen to some of Michael's ideas?

(FELIX exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## SCENE 13

*MICHAEL'S OFFICE. It is empty, but calm music is playing. FELIX enters carrying a huge basket of sloppy treats.*

FELIX

Fine! I can't beat him at Sybil love, so I'll beat him at beating him. I will destroy him in Singles Combat. Stapler! Did you hear that? There could be a lawsuit coming up if you don't stop me!

(MICHAEL enters, drying his hands.)

MICHAEL

Missing something?

FELIX

Hey Mikey Mad-Dog McMuffin pants. How's it hanging?

MICHAEL

Like peaches.

FELIX

Then get a smaller jock strap! Hahaha. Speaking of low hanging fruit, I brought you a fruit basket for doing such a good job.

(He places it on MICHAEL's desk.)

MICHAEL

I don't see any fruit.

FELIX

There's a banana in there somewhere. And what happened to all those donuts I left? Did you eat them all?

MICHAEL

I cleaned up. The donuts. And I as well.

FELIX

Oh, well here's one.

(FELIX shoves another donut in MICHAEL's mouth.)

So how's the fan letter writing going?

Do you find that pretending to be me is helping your self confidence? Are you more of man?

MICHAEL

I don't know what it means to be a man anymore, Felix.

FELIX

Hm. That's the first time you've called me Felix. And I have to say--have another donut--I don't mind. Of course I've been letting Sybil call me anything she wants-- Sugarballs is her favorite-- but of course, she's pretty special.

MICHAEL

Yes she is.

FELIX

Have a Mr. Nice Guy brand baguette.

(He hits MICHAEL with a baguette  
from his desk)

Hey! This is a baguette from the sandwich that I painstakingly crafted you yesterday! I am hurt.

MICHAEL

The donuts--

FELIX

Oh right, have another.

(another donut in MICHAEL's mouth.  
MICHAEL begins to shake.)

You know how to get women? A lot of losers think it's listening, being a decent guy, sensitivity, all that 1920s flapper blibber blabber. But that never works. The only thing they respond to is conmanfidence. That's advice you can take to the bank. And it'll cost you two bucks.

(FELIX holds out his hand. MICHAEL  
gives him two dollars.)

I'm glad you understand. I can never offer free advice-- I am a businessman after all. Have a Mr. Nice Guy brand Abjacker tray table cookie.

MICHAEL

No thank you.

FELIX

No no no Mikey that's the wrong attitude. Remember that old saying-- 'Cough and grow fat.' Or is it 'Laugh and grow testicles?' That should be another dollar, but I'll make this a freebie because I'm such a nice--

MICHAEL

Why are you here Felix?

FELIX

Hey hey hey. Just wanted to spend some time with my number one fan.

MICHAEL

Are you here to gloat? I'm guessing Sybil has decided to stay with you?

(A beat.)

FELIX

Um, yes. That is correct.

MICHAEL

What did she say?

FELIX

She told me... that if amazing was spelled with a Q, then my junkrocket was amazing with a capital Q.

MICHAEL

That does sound like her.

FELIX

And she said that you are quite the dolphin in her tuna net, if you know what I mean. She also said she never really loved you, and called you a Nancy boy.

MICHAEL

Oh no, just like what your dad called you.

FELIX

Yes. Yes. Yes. She is mine. So we totally did stuff last night. And today we did even more. Just now, if you care.

MICHAEL

I do. I've realized she was right about you though. You're nothing like the man I thought you were.

You don't care about anyone but yourself. And you may think Sybil is in love with you, but she's blinded by your pheromones. Well I used to be blinded by them too after growing up with you on TV. You were like a father after my parents died. And do you know what this bag is? It's entirely made up of letters I sent you. All of them, unopened!

FELIX

Herbert, come on, I was busy. Stop being a wussy willow pussy pillow.

MICHAEL

Don't you see how far you've fallen?

FELIX

How dare you! I have not fallen. I am on the rise. I am always risen. I will never die!

MICHAEL

You poor old flabby bastard.

FELIX

(swooping into a fighting stance)

I'm not flabby! You're flabby! And obviously I'm not poor. I'm super rich! One hundred thousand dollars says we fight to the death and I win. And also the winner gets Sybil for definitely with no take-backs! Prepare for Singles Combat!

MICHAEL

Well... I always did want to break bread with you.

(MICHAEL swings one baguette and nails FELIX in the face. Music starts. FELIX grabs the baguette and counters, MICHAEL grabs the second baguette and they commence a lightsaber-style baguette battle. FELIX attempts to repel MICHAEL's attacks, but MICHAEL comes at him surprisingly fast and furious. Every time FELIX is knocked over, he attempts to resettle by striking a pose.)

MICHAEL

You see this Sybil? This is my 'I'm going to kill Mr. Nice Guy' face! This is for ruining my life!

For your products that have bled my savings dry, for your food that's poisoned me with chemicals, and for defiling my woman!

(FELIX escapes and grabs a box from the fruit basket.)

FELIX

Jesus Cheezits!

MICHAEL

(singing all creepy-like)

The worst in your worst church food line. Communion bread shouldn't have MSG!

(FELIX flings the snack crackers at MICHAEL, who unflinchingly catches some in his mouth and lets the others bounce off of him.)

FELIX

(as though from Dragon Ball Z)

Chiropracty Punch! Chiropracty Kick! Ow! What's in your crotch?

(FELIX hits MICHAEL in the crotch and in the legs then limps off. MICHAEL moans, then reaches into his desk and grabs a large glob of something.)

FELIX

Okay, that you cannot hit me with. It is by far the least aerodynamic of my products.

MICHAEL

(flinging it)

Preposteroni!

(It hits FELIX square in the face.)

FELIX

My glasses! I can't see a thing without my sunglasses.

(He takes the sunglasses off.)

That's it, no more Mr.--

MICHAEL

That's a little obvious, even for you.

FELIX

(finger snapping)

Fine. Assistant! The punishment hose! Assistant?

(Nothing happens as MICHAEL approaches FELIX. FELIX keeps snapping his fingers, then at the last second FELIX digs into a nearby box and grabs MICHAEL's face with creamy hands. MICHAEL screams.)

Mr. Nice Guy jalapeno face cream!

(FELIX runs away leaving MICHAEL whining on the floor. He crawls his way back to the fruit basket and his desk and collapses. Just when it looks like FELIX is gone for good, he returns with the punishment hose.)

MICHAEL

Let me guess... it's filled with Eau de Thanksgiving.

FELIX

Close.

(FELIX swings it at MICHAEL, who continually dodges it. )

Actually it's filled with Mr. Nice Guy brand Essence of the S's massage oil but I don't know how to turn it on. Assistant always does it.

(MICHAEL catches the hose and wraps it around FELIX. He pulls FELIX close and stuffs a banana down his throat, in and out, in and out, FELIX gags.)

MICHAEL

I've always been bananas for you!

FELIX

Please stop...

MICHAEL

One more.

(MICHAEL pulls out an orange and  
squeezes it into FELIX's eyes)

*Orange* you ready to give up now?!

FELIX

AAAGH! How could you have known fruit is my one weakness?!

MICHAEL

Your Wikipedia article!

FELIX

Noooo Wikipedia!

(FELIX grabs a hold of MICHAEL and  
throws him to the ground. FELIX is  
dizzy but continues to try to  
pose. He now begins to swipe at  
MICHAEL. MICHAEL dodges everything  
and even mimics FELIX's strange,  
drunken-like stance.)

MICHAEL

You can't beat me Felix. I know your every move. I've  
memorized all your commercials and I know how your body  
reacts to every conceivable stimulus.

(FELIX tests this by performing a  
few fake-outs, which MICHAEL  
doesn't flinch at. A couple earnest  
attacks with rolls and he dodges.  
Then, a graceful little flamenco-  
esque dance where MICHAEL dodges,  
imitates, then pushes off FELIX so  
the both fall, and he spins back up  
to strike the same pose as him.)

FELIX

How are you and Sybil such good dancers?

MICHAEL

I took ballroom dance with her as a birthday present.

FELIX

Banana peel!



(FELIX flings the banana peel from earlier at MICHAEL. It hits him in the chest but he falls as though he just slipped on it.)

Stupid ugly boy letters!

(FELIX flings the letters from the desk at MICHAEL. He moves toward FELIX, blocking his face.

Suddenly, FELIX pulls off a spectacular kick to MICHAEL's stomach and he wavers, about to collapse.)

Haha! Thanks Chuck Norris.

(As MICHAEL collapses, he pulls FELIX down with him and slams him into the side of his desk.)

MICHAEL

Thanks Mr. Nice Guy brand Hulk Hogan wrestling video.

(They're both exhausted and wheezing.)

FELIX

Uhggggh... I'm getting too old for this.

MICHAEL

This can't be good for my back.

(MICHAEL begins to unravel the guitar attached to his bag. FELIX attempts to get up, but just collapses back to the ground.)

FELIX

I'm not done yet.

MICHAEL

Give up Felix. I have the high ground, and know every conceivable counter you could make from here.

FELIX

Okay Dildopolis, you win... no need to make me listen to a dumb-dumb jingle jangle.

MICHAEL

Fuck you Felix.

(MICHAEL slams the guitar on  
FELIX.)

The first letter I ever wrote you. With your response, as  
written by me.

(MICHAEL opens the letter, chews it  
up, and spits it at FELIX on the  
ground)

That's how you fucking do it.

FELIX

(barely awake)

Please Mikey, I'm sorry. I wasn't there for you. Please stop.

MICHAEL

I'm not done with you yet.

(MICHAEL grabs a big sherbet puff  
from the gift basket, and hobbles  
over to FELIX. He stuffs pieces of  
his letter into the sherbert puff.)

FELIX

No. No please... no!

MICHAEL

For all the pain you've caused! For all the kids you've let  
down! For all I will be more appreciative for now that we've  
fought this out like men! For Mama and Papa! For Sybil. Here  
comes weird pastry thing!

(MICHAEL punches the sherbet puff  
into FELIX's mouth and tries to get  
him to swallow. FELIX struggles for  
a moment, but then, earnestly  
begins to seizure. MICHAEL backs  
away. FELIX shakes, his mouth  
foams, his eyes close, then he  
falls still. A beat. Silence.)

MICHAEL

Sybil? SYBIL! Oh God. Somebody help! PLEASE!!

(More silence. MICHAEL touches  
FELIX, awkwardly. He backs off and  
pulls Stapler from his crotch.)

MICHAEL

What do I do, Stapler?

(poorly imitating Stapler voice)

*You really fucked up Hans! You've killed Mr. Nice Guy, and now the whole world will hate you for destroying a beloved American hero!*

(as himself)

I know I know! What do I do?

(as Stapler)

*Save him you worthless platypus egg!*

(MICHAEL tries chest compressions and checking FELIX's heart. Normal voice.)

It's not--

(as Stapler)

*Try harder!!*

(as himself)

Mr. Nice Guy! Mr. Nice Guy!? Felix?

(MICHAEL breaks down in animalistic sobs unlike we anything we could imagine if even SYBIL had died. He bangs on FELIX's chest.)

(as FELIX)

*Call me Mr. Nice Guy!*

(as himself)

Mr. Nice Guy!

(as FELIX)

*Call me Mr. Nice Guy!*

(as himself)

Mr. Nice Guy!

(a beat.)

(As MICHAEL continues crying, clutching FELIX's body, the lights dim. On the projection we see a prerecorded commercial play back:

FELIX is alone in front of a cypress tree, the camera still and distant from him.)

FELIX

(frantic)

Hello friends! No time for chit chat. I got this tree. See this big tree? I think it's a cyclops tree or something. Want to buy it?

It's got all sorts of magical life-giving properties, and you can cut it down for stuff, like in The Giving Tree. Oh God they're coming... just call now? Please? Please? PLEASE!!

(The projection fades to black and the lights return to normal. FELIX and MICHAEL are where we left them.)

MICHAEL

...and you can have her. I'll even give you the master tracks of Mr. Nice Guy sings Motown's Greatest Hits. I know you've been wondering who bought them. You have so much left to do on this earth. Just please. Don't be...

(A beat. MICHAEL goes to give FELIX mouth to mouth. One breath and FELIX wakes up with a huge gasp.)

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

AH! Agghh! Someone help! Get this monster off of me!

(FELIX swings wildly and attempts to escape but cannot.)

MICHAEL

Calm down Mr. Nice Guy.

FELIX

Stapler? Is that you? Please Stapler save me from this maniac!

MICHAEL

Mr. Nice Guy...

FELIX

AAAGH!

(MICHAEL sighs, then flings the Stapler at himself and dramatically flies back as though gravely injured.)

FELIX

(picking Stapler up)

Stapler! You saved my life!

(as Stapler)

*Oh yes Señor Nice Guy! Anything for you... I could not bear to part from you for long.*

(They kiss passionately.)

MICHAEL

I was trying to help you! I thought you were dead...

FELIX

Dead?

MICHAEL

You were shaking and white stuff came out of your mouth.

FELIX

Oh, that would be the Mr. Nice Guy sherbet cream puffs. Side effects include seizures, foaming at the mouth, blacking out, and constipation, but not death. I think...

(FELIX fingers some of the cream puff foam he left on the floor and sucks on it.)

MICHAEL

I'm just so glad you're all right. I was having flashbacks to my parents and, oh god I just need a hug.

(MICHAEL tries to hug FELIX, but FELIX dodges him.)

FELIX

Well if I was dying, I didn't see flashbacks or anything. Hm.

MICHAEL

I'd like to imagine that when you die, you can just drop in the middle of anyone's life at any time and just watch. And do your hobbies. The things you love. Beauty.

FELIX

That'd be pretty cool. How'd your parents die?

MICHAEL

Trampled to death.

FELIX

They were like National Geologic documentarians?

MICHAEL

No, they were at the Black Friday Sale for Mr. Nice Guy brand baby crib cribs.

FELIX

Hm. Okay bye!

MICHAEL

You know my back hasn't gotten better at all.

FELIX

That's because I just kicked your ass.

MICHAEL

You're not really a licensed chiropractor are you?

FELIX

No I am.

MICHAEL

Come on.

FELIX

I am!

MICHAEL

*That's not in your Wikipedia article. Ugh I need to lie down.*

(MICHAEL collapses for a moment.  
FELIX stands up, grabs an Abjacker,  
and prepares to attack MICHAEL.)

FELIX

(as Stapler)

*No Felix, don't do it!*

(as himself)

Why not Stapler?

(as Stapler)

*Just let him have her. We're together. I'm enough for you, am I not?*

(as himself)

Of course you are Stapler.

(as Stapler)

*You don't really love Sybil.*

*You want you can't have and face it... you'll never have her.*

(as himself)

Oh Stapler. You're so full of wisdom. Like a plastic Confucius.

(FELIX offers MICHAEL an arms to pull him up.)

MICHAEL

Thanks Mr. Nice Guy.

FELIX

I can tell you really love your fiancée, and... well, you deserve her.

MICHAEL

Thanks Felix!

FELIX

I truly believe in my hard of hearts, that all debates should be settled in trial by battle. Can you imagine Congress? Anywhen, we will tell her that you beat me in Singles Combat.

MICHAEL

Hooray!

FELIX

I'm going to lie for you and say that in her honor, your flabby ass kicked my extremely muscular ass.

MICHAEL

But that's what happened.

FELIX

It will be the first lie I have ever told! But for you...

MICHAEL

Well, thanks Felix.

FELIX

(pulling a slip of paper from his crotch)

And take this. I am a man of my word. One hundred thousand dollars for "beating" me.

MICHAEL

This is a hundred dollar bill with a bunch of zeros written on it.

FELIX

Fine, give it back.

MICHAEL

No no that's fine, I'll take it. Thanks.

FELIX

Small confession. I... I did respond to your fan letter. I used to respond to all fan letters. I remember it well and it was very touching. It was the one where you drew a picture of me in the human gerbil ball, hugging godzilla, yes?

MICHAEL

No...

FELIX

Oh wait, that was Moshimo. Which one was yours?

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter. Just to know it was you who wrote back means the world to me.

(Long pause.)

FELIX

So... if you really love Syibl, then you should go to her.

(MICHAEL goes in for a hug. FELIX allows it.)

MICHAEL

I've realized my ills. Time to win her back!

FELIX

Ooo drama! I want some popcorn!

(Arm and arm they exit together.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)



## SCENE 14

*FELIX'S OFFICE. SYBIL sits alone, smiling, typing, while calm music plays. FELIX and MICHAEL stampede into the room, looking terrible, knocking things over as they both run to her.*

MICHAEL

Sybil, my love! I'm sorry for everything and there's so much I need to--

FELIX

Michelle. Allow me to preface your overlong confession of apology with a monologue of monogamy on what I have learned. America. It's not the inside, it's the outside. Also: Sybil-you're-the-only-one-for-me and I love you and the man you're in love with is a wussy willow so please please please marry me and go to Abu Dubai with me and we'll start our commercial architecture really firm?

MICHAEL

Felix!

FELIX

I said it first! No backsies or take-backs remember!

(FELIX and MICHAEL get into little slap fights while continuing to shout.)

MICHAEL

Sybil, listen, I'm sorry for the way I've acted-- I'm cleaned up from the donuts all for you, and I forgive you for being with Felix--

SYBIL

I never--!

FELIX

Shhh shhh shhh shh. It's good he knows.

SYBIL

Where do you get off forgiving me for something disgusting you asked me to do, which I never did.

FELIX

We fought for your honor and I won.

MICHAEL

I won!

FELIX

It was a tie!

MICHAEL

It was a fight to the death.

SYBIL

Clearly a tie.

MICHAEL

(pulling out the money)

We placed bets on who would win and then he paid me.

FELIX

Your boy toy bet that I would win, so he was right! And I would have won a lot quicker if Assistant had been there. So guess who's getting soaked by the punishment hose?

(He picks it up)

Mickey!

MICHAEL

Loser!

FELIX

Fatty!

(The cat fight climaxes as FELIX and MICHAEL slap each other a bunch of times from atop the two desks. SYBIL pushes them both off.)

SYBIL

(super fast)

Enough! The fact of the matter is I have no interest in being with either of you. Let's recap. I spent years trying to get Michael to lose interest in the increasingly cheap and dangerous Mr. Nice Guy products. He doesn't listen, gets hurt and we both lose our jobs, our house, our money, and all our wedding savings.

He convinces me to come here to ask you for money, then convinces me that it's not a terrible idea to stay here for a job that we almost certainly won't get paid for. Then I spend two days being sexually harassed while my fiancée encourages me to welcome our employer's vile advances! So I could be with Michael here and spend the rest of my days being guilt-tripped for not being supportive enough of his adolescent fantasies--

FELIX

(interrupting)

Don't do that! Pick me!

SYBIL

-or hooray! I could go with Mr. Vice Guy over here who roofies his employees-multiple times to his Assistant-and spend my life holding still while he treats me like a femininiquin! Yeah don't try to tell me that only gets used 'as suggested'. So fuck you both, I'm done.

(A beat.)

FELIX

Oh right, drama! Popcorn!

(FELIX claps and snaps. ASSISTANT enters from under SYBIL's desk and holds a tissue to FELIX's nose. She, by the way, cleaned up amazingly. She looks radiant: energetic, smiling, confident.)

Assistant, what are you doing? Dual claps followed by consequent finger snaps is popcorn fetching, not sneeze catching.

SYBIL

Her name is Ponopoly.

ASSISTANT

I just think you're going to need a tissue for what you're about to hear.

FELIX

(noticing her)

Is that you? Where'd you get clothes?

ASSISTANT

So many lies Felix. So many lies.

FELIX

Mr. Nice Guy has never lied! It says so on my tagline.

MICHAEL

(singing)

Mr. Nice Guy has never lied, it says so on, my tagline!

FELIX, SYBIL, & ASSISTANT

Shut up.

(During the below, FELIX snaps his fingers and ASSISTANT starts to give him a manicure, SYBIL pulls her away.)

ASSISTANT

Never lied, hm? Well Sybil here's enlightened me to a few interesting rebuttals to what you have told me, including: the sidewalk is not made of lava, carbonation is not made of carbonite, the Titanic was not a Mr. Nice Guy product, Picasso never painted anything called 'Mr. Nice Guy in Nude', and orgasms do not cause conjunctivitis!

FELIX

My tag line never meant... mandacity lying or whatever. The 'never having lied' is meant to evoke purity through virginity.

SYBIL

Well that's a lie too! You're clearly not.

ASSISTANT

He is.

MICHAEL

You said you had sex with Sybil!

FELIX

No no no. You should never be intimate until after marriage.

MICHAEL

You said you did stuff.

FELIX

I meant like, some sexy dry humping and stuff like that.

MICHAEL

Ew.

FELIX

When Sybil and I get married, I'll have to change my tagline to, 'Mr. Nice Guy, Only Lies With One' or something appropriately epic. Sybil, I've been saving myself for you, and now I am ready.

(FELIX snaps his fingers.)

Assistant? Pants.

SYBIL

Well... um, this is why you should read the section of my report on rebranding.

ASSISTANT

Anyway, I am quitting.

FELIX

Pants...

(Pause. FELIX realizes what she said and breaks out laughing.)

FELIX

You can't quit! Hahaha! Like I need a tissue. I need a tissue because I'm laughing so hard... I'm going to laugh my mucus into it. What's your name again?

ASSISTANT

Ponopoly.

FELIX

Okay Monopoly, say you leave. Then what? You have nothing! You've never been anywhere in the country outside this building. Your parents are dead. Your friends left you long ago, you have no skills, no references, no one who loves you-

ASSISTANT

I do now.

(ASSISTANT holds SYBIL's hand. FELIX stops laughing. MICHAEL gasps.)

MICHAEL

Sybil... you're...

SYBIL

I'm sorry Michael, but you have no one to blame but yourself... and Felix. You drove me to this.

FELIX

Wait, wait. You're telling me there was a lesbian sex orgy in Assistant's Room last night? Assistant, did you film it?

ASSISTANT

No Monsieur.

(MICHAEL looks at CAMERAMAN, who shakes his head. During the below, again FELIX snaps his fingers and ASSISTANT by instinct starts to give FELIX and massage until SYBIL pulls her away.)

ASSISTANT

Sybil finally opened my eyes to how poorly I have been treated. She's the first person to make me value myself, teach my worth. I thought the Parisian Labor camps were bad, but working here has been of little improvement. She's taught me how other companies in America are run. About lunch breaks. About weekends. About sick days. There are things Sybil has asked me that I've never been asked. Would I like a cookie? Yes Felix, I would like a cookie!

(ASSISTANT triumphantly eats one.)

FELIX

Whatever.

MICHAEL

Sybil... Cindy?

SYBIL

Michael I'm sorry!

MICHAEL

(breaking down)

But whadabout... us? A... wedding? Rewrote my vows...

FELIX

I think I always saw Sybil as bisexual. In my head. Like I imagined her that way.

MICHAEL

(incomprehensible, crying)

Wowjuseyecan... cantbe... leevthis... this...

FELIX

With other women, doing things, while I watched, then join in.

MICHAEL

(pulling the money out again)

Heresyor... hic... friggahundred bucks.

SYBIL

Are you going to call me a whore again?

MICHAEL

(a moment of lucidity)

For the two fifty dollar bets you won. That car ride, that he wouldn't pay us up front, and the first night, the oompa loompa thing...

FELIX

Sexy.

SYBIL

Michael... we don't need it.

(SYBIL drops it to the ground.)

MICHAEL

How are you even leaving?! I have the car keys.

SYBIL

It's all worked out.

FELIX

Now if I understand this situation correctly, as I am certain to do, she loves you, and he loves you, and I love you, so by proxy everyone loves me. So ladies, how's about say we go over to a church nearby and... consummate something.

(FELIX wraps his arms around SYBIL and ASSISTANT and thrusts.)

They smash him in the stomach at the same time, then spray him with the punishment hose.)

FELIX

You're fired!

ASSISTANT

Fuck you Felix.

(ASSISTANT breaks Stapler in half.  
FELIX bursts out crying.)

FELIX

Staaaappleeeer!

(We hear two car honks.)

SYBIL

That's Cindy. Goodbye Michael. I hope you find the approval you so desperately crave from a parental figure.

(She gives him her ring.)

ASSISTANT

Goodbye Felix. I hope you drown in the tears of those you've caused pain. And I'm taking this box of money in backpayment for seven years of service where you only paid me in expired freshness gloop...

(ASSISTANT spits at him, then  
ASSISTANT and SYBIL exit, hand in  
hand. MICHAEL cries even harder.)

FELIX

Fine! Get out of here you ugly ugly ugly bisexuals! Go have your disgusting lesbian three-way. I don't care.

(MICHAEL whines for a bit longer.  
FELIX's tears turn to laughter.)

MICHAEL

(barely comprehensible)

Why are you laughing?

FELIX

The box Assistant took! She thinks it's full of trillion dollar coins. But they're made of lead. Worthless. Idiotos!



Lesbian bisexual idiotos...

(FELIX's laughter evolves into  
crying.)

Oh God! But she's right. They're both right. I am nothing. My best friend was a Stapler. And now she's gone. I've done so many things... so many terrible things just to get where I am. My brother is in jail because of me. I watched an Eskimo baby die in my arms, and I was only there for the oil. Last week, I was on the street, and I waved to a little girl. Then she gave me the finger! And then her mother beat me with a tree branch. I don't think anyone has ever truly loved me. Why can't people be more like office supply stores? Why can't people be just a little bit more?

MICHAEL

Hey... you're singing my song.

FELIX

(still crying)

I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me Michael. Some of the Mr. Nice Guy brand foods have been known to contain PSP or LCD or... Did you ever see the commercial I did for Playstation Portable?

MICHAEL

Yes. And I think you can do better.

FELIX

(holding the shattered remains of  
Stapler)

I hear you Michael. I'm listening Stapler! I am listening!

MICHAEL

Look, Felix, do you wanna--

(FELIX cries even harder. MICHAEL has stopped crying and now is trying to comfort FELIX. Every time MICHAEL touches him and tries to say something, FELIX swats him away and cries harder. Eventually...)

MICHAEL

Do you wanna get a beer or something?

FELIX

I don't have any money.

MICHAEL

Oh, well, we've got one hundred thousand dollars.

FELIX

Actually that's just one hundred. I wrote all the--

MICHAEL

I know.

FELIX

Maybe a Negroni.

MICHAEL

What's that?

FELIX

Like cigarette smoke made into alcohol. It's what I need right now. Ugh... so much debt.

MICHAEL

Maybe we could barter off some Mr. Nice Guy products.

FELIX

Anything but the broken remains of Stapler.

(MICHAEL grabs FELIX, who's limp as a dead fish, and leads them toward the exit.)

MICHAEL

So what's going to happen with your camera crew?

FELIX

Camera crew?

MICHAEL

The people who have been filming us this whole time.

FELIX

I can't afford a camera crew. I can't even afford a... J-Crew.

(MICHAEL looks one last time at the camera crew.)

MICHAEL

Mama? Papa?

FELIX

(tears in his eyes)

Hey Mikey...

MICHAEL

Yes?

FELIX

I think I like you.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

## EPILOGUE - SCENE 15

*COMMERCIAL #4. Greenscreen with a TV frame.*

*MICHAEL lays motionless in a bathtub full of red liquid, filled up by the punishment hose. FELIX enters. SYBIL and ASSISTANT are in bed in the dark, just as MICHAEL and SYBIL were at the beginning.*

FELIX

Hello friends!

AUDIENCE

Hi Mr. Nice Guy!

FELIX

Go home children, your parents miss you.

(FELIX pulls out a knife.)

FELIX

Haha! Are you tired of taking baths with your lover and having to deal with pesky water? Do you hate the taste of water and the disgusting smell of it? Well now you don't have to, with Best Friend Massage Oil Bath Friend, which through a totally safe chemical reaction involving repurposed Mr. Nice Guy brand sherbet puffs, and organic beets, it turns all of your water into a sensual fizzy red oil. Both vegan and kosher! Like the ancient Geeks, wash your body with a knife!

(FELIX scrapes oil off MICHAEL with a machete. MICHAEL moans with pleasure.)

FELIX

Before when Mr. Nice Guy said he never lied, he was lying, but now he's serious. Seriously serious. We are launching Mr. Nice Guy 2: The Nicest Guy, and now you can trust all of our products to be made right here in the greatest country in the universe, have quality qualities, and be

(he looks down at SYBIL's report)  
Envi-ron-mentally sustainable.

(Lights up on SYBIL and ASSISTANT  
as the commercial continues.)

ASSISTANT  
Mmmm. I know what I want for my birthday.

SYBIL  
You know you deserve it.

(They kiss.)

FELIX  
And now, my lovely Assistant will help me with the theme  
song.

MICHAEL  
(still in the tub, now with guitar)  
Massaging a good time with my medium friend, turning him in  
to my best friend! The medium is the massage!

FELIX  
He's working on it.

(The commercial continues on mute  
with FELIX and MICHAEL and SYBIL  
and ASSISTANT all having a jolly  
good time.)

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
(old and like Morgan Freeman)  
Well that's my story. Thanks for listening. Felix and I went  
on to create what were truly the world's greatest  
commercials, advocating for a new breed of genuine honest  
consumer products. We did all right together. As for Sybil  
and Assistant, well they hit the jackpot. In a manufacturing  
error, those trillion dollar coins happened to be made from  
pure platinum, so those two vagina-bandits made off with  
about a gazillion dollars. That's a real number in future  
times. As for their relationship, well, I couldn't care less.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)