

*and sits nervously. There is a pause.*

FELIX. Isn't that interesting? ...How long have you been in the United States of America?

CECILY. Almost four years now.

FELIX. *(Nods.)* Uh-huh... Just visiting?

GWENDOLYN. *(Looks at CECILY.)* No! ...We live here.

FELIX. And you work here too, do you?

CECILY. Yes. We're secretaries for Slenderama.

GWENDOLYN. You know. The Health Club.

CECILY. People bring us their bodies and we do wonderful things with them.

GWENDOLYN. Actually, if you're interested, we can get you ten percent off.

CECILY. Off the price, not off your body.

FELIX. Yes, I see. *(He laughs, they all laugh. Suddenly shouts towards kitchen.)* Oscar, where's the drinks?

OSCAR. *(Offstage.)* Coming! Coming!

CECILY. What field of endeavor are you engaged in?

FELIX. I write the news for C.B.S.

CECILY. Oh! Fascinating!

GWENDOLYN. Where do you get your ideas from?

FELIX. *(He looks at her as though she's a Martian.)* From the news.

GWENDOLYN. Oh, yes, of course. Silly me...

CECILY. Maybe you can mention Gwen and I in one of your news reports.

FELIX. Well, if you do something spectacular, maybe I will.

CECILY. Oh, we've done spectacular things but I don't think we'd want it spread all over the Telly, do you, Gwen?

*(They both laugh.)*

FELIX. *(He laughs too, then rises and almost falls.)* Oscar!