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J: Hey Kage
K: Jables
J: How goes it man?
K: S'good... s'good
J: Y'know I been thinking a lot about it, and um, I just want us to be the
Best fucking band in the world.
K: Well yeah me too!
J: There's no point in doing it if we're not the best.
K: Well s'true. I agree with that.
J: I mean what, yeah we're gonna be, yeah we're really good. We're like
Almost as good as Arcade Fire, fuck that.
K: Yeah
J: We gotta leave those fuckers in the dust!
K: What, what do you...
J: All those fucking youngsters gotta lick our fucking boot or fuck it!
Y'know what I mean?
K: Yeah! Yeah, well what, how do we do that though?
J: *sigh* Dude you need to fucking have some lessons.
J: I know, you're really good but you gotta expand your game.
K: Lessons!
J: Y'know how Koby in the off season would go and like, learn a fucking,
Y'know a Texas Two-Step or something, to add to his arsenal?
K: Man, yeah, that's true. That's true.
J: Well I've just been noticing some of your classic riffs are a little
K: Really?
J: And I, I hope you're not pissed off at me but I went ahead and hired a
Dude.
K: Yeah? Oh no, what!
J: Dude, just give it a chance will you? If you don't like- ah hey! I
Swear, if you don't like it we'll fucking fire his ass. He's out.
K: Who is this guy? I never...
J: His name is Felix Char (?)
K: Urgh, what.
J: He's from Spain and he is the best.
K: Oh god...
J: I got him from the fucking London Phildsarmonic. (Meant to be
Philharmonic)
K: Urgh, I just, I don't know him, it seems weird!
J: Will you just, will you just spend a minute with him?
K: OK. Alright. I'll spend a minute with him.
J: OK bro, he's right outside I'm sending him in.
K: Oh god, OK. Why? Lessons, so stupid.
F: Hello?
K: Uh, hi!
F: Hello, I am Felix Char.
K: Hi, uh. Felix? Yeah, um.
F: Ah, as, Jack as asked me to spend some time with you. Uh.
F: One on one. So, while Jack is outside, ah we will work on your
Technique.
F: Can I see you pick up, is this your guitar here?
K: Yup. Yeah, I gotta it, I gotta it right over here.
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F: Ah, it is a Fender ay? Is this a Fender?

K: Ah well it's a Gibson.

- F: Yes a Gibson, yes. Made by the same, uh, manufacturer. Pick it up Please, can you pick it up?
- K: OK. Yeah.
- F: No, no, d-d-d-d-d-d bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap!
- K: What? What'd I do? What'd I do?
- F: You pick it up from the neck! This is not the way you pick up a guitar!
- K: I just picked it up, I just-
- F: No, no, hey, hey, hey, hey, cállate tu bocar, pick it up from the Body.
- K: The what!
- F: The body.
- K: Oh the body! Body, OK.
- F: I'm sorry about my accent.
- K: I didn't know, I didn't know.
- F: Now listen to me. I want you to play, like it is a woman. You go and Play the guitar now. Play.
- K: Uh, OK? Uh.
- F: No, no, no, no, no. You, your fingers. Your fingers are too tight.
- K: They're too tight?
- F: Yes, let me get behind you. Like this, you see?
- K: Oh! Hn.
- F: If I put my finger, on your finger.
- K: Hey!
- F: Then you can feel...
- K: I can! Wait!
- F: Sh, sh, sh, sh, shu! Finger to your mouth. I put my finger on your Mouth, on your lips.
- K: Mhmhm!
- F: Yes that's good.
- K: Hey man!
- F: Now listen hey, you want to play like an orgasm.
- K: I'm just try- what! ?
- F: Feel this. Do you feel that?
- K: Oh god! This is really weird man!
- F: That's my cock.
- K: WHAT!
- F: That's my cock in your butt cheeks.
- K: OH GOD! Hey!
- F: Do you feel it?
- K: NO!
- F: Now I'm going to tough your cock.
- K: OW!
- F: Let me touch your penis.
- J: It's me!
- K: WHAT!
- J: It's me. It's JB.
- K: GOD!
- J: There's no Felix dude.
- K: What are you doing!
- J: I'm FUCKING WAKING YOU UP! I'm TRYING TO SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS!
- K: By touching me with your penis!
- J: YES! By fucking touching your penis! Whatever it takes!
- K: God!
- J: That's all I'm saying dude! I'm making a point! Let's get fucking Serious! Let's get physical! Alright. Let's take it from the top.