

Audition piece Lars/Wynn

Wynne I know Siân's probably a post-feminist and everything and she thinks that she's empowering herself – or something – but I don't think it gives her an excuse. She's abusing a beautiful thing

Lars Why don't you open your envelope, Wynne?

Wynne *(to Lars)* Shall I?

Lars *(standing)* I'll open it

Lars takes Wynne's envelope and opens it.

Lars *(he reads)* How Wynne met Lars. Do you know, it would be a pleasure to speak about this

Wynne Oh, yes, go on please. It's a funny story. Let's have a funny story

Paige Ha

Lars This is more than twenty years ago, long before I When we were

Wynne Gorgeously young

Lars Wynne came to my stall at the Freshers' Fair. She was in the first year and I was in the third, sole member of the Nietzsche For Now Soc. She was such a breath of fresh air. She was wearing this green skirt — a terrible thing, which it later transpired she'd made herself

Wynne Out of that pretend turf you get in greengrocers. I thought it was so Bowie

Lars Anyway, she asked who Nietzsche was and I tried to tell her about Zarathustra and the Will To Power and she made a joke

Wynne I said willy to power because it sounded like a lot of cock

Lars You remember

Wynne Yes

Lars And she smiled and these dimples came into her cheeks — look, still there — and my knees went completely weak. Anyway she went and joined the Wooden Earrings Society or something and I felt bereft. She wasn't interested

Wynne I was a feminist separatist then and I thought I was a lesbian but it was just a phase and anyway I was still a virgin so what did I know — although I still find women attractive

Lars Great. Anyway I found out she was studying Art with Drama so I started to hang out with the Artniks. When I heard she was in a production of The House of Bernarda Alba I put myself forward for one of the roles and got laughed out of the room

Wynne I was playing that girl whose breasts burst like pomegranates and that's when I began to think about eroticism as a means of personal growth. Of course I was reading a lot of Anaïs Nin at the time

Lars She'd died her hair black. Why?

Wynne And I started to look for a man who could, you know, take my cherry. It was becoming such a burden. I mean, I'd slept with women but I just thought I wouldn't know myself until I'd had that penile experience. Nin spoke about being joyously impaled on a man's sensual mast and I thought crikey, that sounds fun. And there was Lars, hanging around with books of German philosophers under his arm and a badge saying 'Vote for the Antichrist'

Lars Wynne I had no idea it was your cherry

Wynne Oh, you must have known

Lars I hadn't a clue. I feel really honoured

Wynne I was just using you as a sex object

Lars Well, anytime

Wynne giggles.