

Audition piece for Paige/Lars

Scene One

APERITIF

Paige Am I paying you to stand there? Yes, I think I am. Don't move
She approaches the Waiter.

Everything you represent thrills me. May I?

She kisses him. She puts a thickly stuffed envelope into his pocket.

Your fee

It's all in advance as we arranged There won't be any tip So I'm relying on you
to serve with grace In silence. When the time comes

She is interrupted.

Could you put that on the table, please?

Lars enters, examining his trousers.

Lars I've got something on here

Lars Some sort of / crusty stuff

I think it might be the cat

Paige Where?

Lars There, on the leg It's made a stain

Paige Well, it doesn't show

Lars Maybe I should change them

Paige You always do this to me!

Lars What?

Paige I am perfectly in control of the situation. You come in harassing me with
your pathetic frets and I start to panic

Lars What about?

Paige The starter

Lars What's wrong with it?

Paige They might not understand its subtlety **Lars** Your starters are always
fantastic

Paige Don't / mollify me

Lars And even if they hate it you can tell them that the main will be well worth
the wait

Paige I want the main to be a surprise. I want it to confound them!

Lars Well / I'm sure it

Paige It's already ruined by that friend of yours being a vegetarian
The Waiter enters with modish cruets. He places them on the table.

Lars Her name's Wynne

Paige It's ludicrous coming to dinner saying, 'I can't eat anything that's been

alive!' She should be eating granite because even the bunny food I'm serving up for her was once alive. It wasn't sentient; it didn't have a soul but it photosynthesised. Perhaps I'll point that out

Lars That would make her feel welcome, wouldn't it?

Paige *(to the Waiter)* We need drinks

The Waiter exits.

I know this meal's about your amazing brilliant success and everything, Lars, but it's my statement. It's my creation — like Frankenstein's monster

Lars is fiddling with his stain.

Will you listen!

I don't live in the fabulous world of profound ideas like you do and food It takes on a character. It looms . I've had sleepless nights

With this meal, I'm going to...

Where *is* everyone, I said seven-thirty!

Lars I expect they've got caught in the fog

Paige It's so *rude* to be late

Lars It's very foggy. I looked out of the window when I was dressing and I could hardly see the pool house

Paige It shows a distinct apathy about coming, a real reluctance, as if they'd rather be in a Little Chef. They're probably sick with dread. God, if I thought they were going to snub us, I'd kill myself

Lars What with?

Paige A pump-action automatic shotgun

Lars What's wrong with pills?

She stares at him. The Waiter enters with drinks. He approaches Paige. She takes one. He approaches Lars. He takes the other.

Paige You Are

Lars You're a tad overdressed, my love

The doorbell rings.

There. The fog has safely spewed up a guest

Lars is on his way to answer it.

Paige Let the waiter go

Lars I can get it

Paige It's his job