

Audition piece Wynn/Paige

Paige Wynne, was I rude?

Wynne I —

Paige Of course not. I wanted something special for you, knowing that you're an artist. If you'll notice, I've had this cabbage in the freezer to simulate the winter frost it naturally endures. It'll melt into diamonds of dew, which the leaves will cradle in their melancholy folds. It's a culinary poem. I felt that to cook it, indeed to prepare it in any way, would be to spoil it. So as an artist, enjoy

Wynne Well

Paige And now for the seafood

Wagner. The Waiter enters. He carries two plates. Each of them is holding a huge North Atlantic lobster.

Before you ask, this is another of my creations Apocalypse of Lobster

The Waiter exits. Wynne shrieks, backing away.

Wynne That one just moved. I saw its thing move!

Paige Of course it moved. It's looking for the North Atlantic.

Wynne Are they living?

Paige I should hope so. I've been nurturing them in the bath all day

Siân scrapes her chair back. She picks up her lobster and walks determinedly towards the kitchen. Wynne stands.

Wynne No! Don't kill it

Siân Why not?

Wynne It's horrible

Siân exits.

Paige (to the Waiter) Would you follow your instructions, please?

Wynne Paige this is —

I'm having great difficulty coping with this

I'm a guest / in your house and

Paige This lobster reminds me of me. Which is why she has to go in the fiery pot

Paige takes her lobster towards the kitchen. Wynne gets up.

Wynne I'd like you to stop!

Paige If you want to stop me you'll have to use force

You're the goddess of your own psyche, Wynne

Come and take it. Do something

Wynne I beg you to stop

Paige I despise begging