

Please note: character names will be changed to reflect the ethnicity of the actors cast in the show.

Audition scene for Paper Girl One (Carole)

Carole Ha ha ha! Aw man, was so cool. You fuckin' told them Sheila.

Sheila can't join in on her excitement. She's pissed off...

Sheila It made no' difference.

Carole Aye it did! You ripped that handsy dick at the funfair to shreds – he was brickin' it man! And then when the fight kicked off you ran pure rings round the polis: "Ye've nae ramp, nae chair-lift, nae support fir me in there! How am Ah gonny get in the van? Ye canny even arrest me can ye? Ah want tae get arrested!" Ha ha ha! Know somethin'? Ah hink you might be mah maddest pal, and that's fuckin' sayin' something.

Sheila Ah'm no' yer pal though um Ah? No' really.

Carole Aye ye are, shut up.

Sheila Not really though. Ah paid ye.

Carole Well...aye, but...

Sheila Pals don't have to pay each other, do they? Or maybe they do, Ah'm new to this.

Carole stops pushing the chair and comes round to face Sheila...

Carole Ye paid us tae push yer busted wheelchair to the shows, no' to stay wi' ye aw night.

Sheila Oh so is it more money ye're after then, is that it? Well tough, cos ah've none. Ah've got four O Levels an' a Higher but no cash – 'less Ah'm bein' sent up tae the bar to fetch some pints. No cash...an' no choice. (*Getting worked up, cracking...*) Ah' don't go sayin' that's mah ain fault cos it isnae! Youse baby me and youse talk down tae me and none ae ye ever listen tae a word Ah say!...(Cont.)

Carole Eh?

Sheila (*Cont.*) ...Ah hud no choice but to be the good wee girl who stayed in and had her life run fir her, cos the rest ae you were always out there fuckin' everythin' up! Ah wis bein' steady fir mum!...(Cont.)

Carole Whit ye on about?

Sheila... (*Cont.*) But it wis her that dealt wi' aw your disasters, no me! How can Ah help ye? How will Ah even...(Shouting) Ah don't know what tofuckin' do!

There's a silence.

Slowly, Sheila comes back to the moment, a bit embarrassed at her weird outburst...

Carole You okay?

Sheila Ah'm fine. But like Ah say...Ah've no more money. So this is where you piss off. Get it over with.

Carole But...

Sheila Piss off I said!

Beat.

Carole Aye. Okay then.

Carole turns and heads into a tenement, via a ramp over the steps...

Sheila Where ye goin'?

Carole Ah live here. An' by the way, Ah wisnae hangin' around wi' you fir money or fir pity or any ae that other kinda shit. It wis cos Ah had a blast with you Sheila. Ye're cool. Ah wis even gonna invite you tae mah birthday party next week but ye know what, seeing as now ye've told me to piss off, ye can whistle. An' there wis gonnies be vodka there 'n aw, so nae luck!

Audition scene for Paper Girl 2: Ann-Marie

The Papergirls are three young teenage girls bombing about the city at night selling papers: orange Daily Record bags slung over their shoulders and zero fucks given.

*They are **Carole**, **Bernadette** and **Ann-Marie**. They pass Sheila with barely a glance. Sheila wants to ask them for help but something's stopping her. Pride? Intimidation? Just before they disappear Bernadette has a thought and doubles back...*

Bernadette *(To Sheila)* Ho! 'Scuse me. Can you read? Wanna buy a Record?

The other two stop...

Carole Whit ye sayin' that fir Bernadette ya ignorant cow? That's pure rude.

Bernadette How is it? Ah says excuse me.

Carole Aye but jist cos folk ur in a wheelchair doesnae mean they canny read. Fucksake.

Ann-Marie Mah Uncle Hector's in a wheelchair an' he canny read.

Carole Your Uncle Hector's in a wheelchair cos he wis actin' the cunt an' fell aff his balcony.

Ann-Marie So?

Carole So whit's that got tae dae wi' him no' bein' able tae read?

Ann-Marie Nothin'. He couldnae read and *then* he wis actin' the cunt an' fell aff his balcony. He's had a run ah bad luck.

Carole It's no' relevant Ann-Marie.

Ann-Marie *(Viciously)* You're no' fuckin' relevant!

Bernadette (To Sheila, as if talking to a dog...) HEY. CAN...YOU...READ?

A beat.

Sheila's intimidation is a distant memory. She's right back to her Ram It mood: sick of being talked about/down to. She decides to score some points.

She puts on a tortured, poor-wee-soul voice...

Sheila Ah...can...read...

Carole See!

Sheila... minds.

Beat.

The girls share a look...then gather around Sheila...

Ann-Marie Eh?

Bernadette Whit'd she say there?

Carole Ah think she said she kin...read minds.

Ann-Marie Fuck off.

Bernadette No she never.

Ann-Marie Aye, but see if she did...honestly...fuck off.

Carole (To Sheila, kindly) Excuse me, but what did you say there?

Sheila Ah said...Ah...can...read...MINDS.

Ann-Marie (Stepping back) Right, look, Ah'm no' being funny...but see if this wee cow can read minds Ah'm gonna go fuckin' mental. Cos Ah've got a secret, right? A secret none ae youse kin ever know.

Carole Aye okay, relax Ann-Marie, no-one can read minds.

Sheila Ah can.

Ann-Marie She says she can!

Bernadette (To Sheila) Well prove it then. If you kin read minds, what am Ah thinking about right this minute?

Sheila Ye're...thinkin'... (Locking eyes dramatically) "Ah know Ann-Marie's secret".

Bingo!

Bernadette (In shock) Fuck off!

Carole (In disbelief) Fuck off!

Ann-Marie (In betrayal) Fuck off!

Sheila Hey, wait!

They stop.

Ann-Marie What?

Sheila Where youse headin'?

Ann-Marie The shows. You sell tons doon there. Ah hink it's cos folk at the shows ur in the mood fir dishin' oot money fir crap, know whit Ah mean?

Bernadette You don't say "the shows", you say "the carnival".

Ann-Marie No ye don't, ye say "the shows".

Carole It's the Funfair ye say.

Ann-Marie No ye don't! It's "the shows". It's ayeways been the shows! "Are ye comin' tae the shows?"... "Ah see the shows are back"..."Uncle Hector got his head kicked in *at the shows*!" An' don't say it's no' relevant, Carole cos it is! We're talkin' aboot it the now!

Sheila Well, whatever they're called, Ah've never been.