

WINTER IN THE BLOOD  
by  
Alex & Andrew Smith and Ken White

Based on the novel by James Welch

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**WINTER IN THE BLOOD AUDITIONS: OPEN CALL  
SAT-SUN, FEB 13 & 14, 11am-3pm,  
Room 332, UC CENTER, UM CAMPUS, MISSOULA**

INT. KITCHEN. RANCH.

Lame Bull (40-60) flirts with Teresa (50's). Grandmother listens from next room.

LAME BULL

Ah, Teresa! Your son tells me you are ready to marry me.

TERESA

My son tells lies that would make a weasel think twice. He was cut from the same mold as you.

LAME BULL

But why not, young lady? We could make music in the sack. We could make those old sheets sing.

SQUEAKS from Grandmother's rocking STOP.

TERESA

You talk as if my mother had no ears.

Lame Bull calls out to the other room--

LAME BULL

Old woman! How goes the rocking? Do you make hay yet? The sun is shining!

Rocking chair begins again. Lame Bull laughs.

TERESA

She'll be gone soon enough without you rushing things.

(shakes head)

I seem to be surrounded by fools.

**END SCENE**