

**SILVERFOOT AUDITION Scene #1**

He's a cocky and confident 17 year old Sunaquot high school Lacrosse player.

**THE SUNAQUOT BENCH**

The team's uniforms are mismatched, and their gear is as dilapidated as the spotty, uneven field on which they play. Waiting for them on the sideline are TRIBAL CHAIRMAN BEN LOGAN (52), a proud traditionalist, and his daughter, NADIE (17), the attractive sparkplug at the heart of this group.

NADIE: Reed, you could stop those shots if you'd come out of the crease and cut off the angle.

REED (17), pretty boy goalie, spikes up his sweaty faux hawk.

REED: I was protecting my backside.

SILVERFOOT: **This ain't dodgeball. Your job is to try and get hit with the ball.**

Silverfoot, the athletic middle with a prima donna problem, rubs a sore shoulder from that big hit.

NADIE: And your job is to pass the ball, Silverfoot. Owen was wide open when you got your ass handed to you.

OOOHS from the Unishee twins, OWEN and SAMMY (16), who joke with each other in SUNAQUOT.

Silverfoot takes off his jersey.

NADIE: Scared to go back?

SILVERFOOT: **I'm hurt.**

NADIE: Your feelings or your shoulder?

SILVERFOOT: **Maybe a kiss would cure both.**

She shoves him on that sore shoulder and turns to the bench.

NADIE: Toby, you in? We'll be a man down.

**END SCENE**

**SILVERFOOT AUDITION Scene #2**

Joe, the team's new coach, looks up to find the team gathering around him.

JOE: What? Go practice.

SILVERFOOT: **No more balls. Maug's got 'em.**

JOE: Okay. Who's Maug?

SILVERFOOT: **Some loner who lives in the woods.**

The Unishees twirl their fingers by their temples, indicating "crazy," and mutter in their native tongue.

SILVERFOOT: **While back, he left school -- said  
he wanted to "live with the land."  
He can catch a deer, kill it with  
his bare hands, then eat it raw.**

JOE: So...practice is called on account  
of Sasquatch? Works for me.

Joe gets up to leave.

SILVERFOOT: **How 'bout you go buy us some more  
balls, Chief Wampum?**

JOE: How about you man up and go get  
them out of the woods, Jimmy?

SILVERFOOT: **How 'bout you call me Silverfoot?  
And how 'bout you make me?**

Joe grins. There was a time and place, but not now.

JOE: What? And mess up this suit? Today's  
lesson: if you're scared of the  
woods, then you've got no balls.

Silverfoot fumes as Joe heads toward his beemer, grinning.

SILVERFOOT: **We have a game tomorrow...**

**END SCENE**