

She is flanked by two of her grown sons who carry torches to light her path down to the shore.

She stops close to Fink.

ANNIE CHRISTMAS

(dominant)

This is my shore, little man. I warned you not to dock and do business here.

Fink puffs himself up.

FINK

No man and especially no woman can tell me where or what to do, Annie Christmas.

ANNIE CHRISTMAS

You're welcome to strut and crow all you like while you're on the water. What I don't see or have to hear don't bother me. But this here is my place and you ain't got no place in it.

Fink glances at his rifle, out of arm's reach against the tree.

ANNIE CHRISTMAS

Don't even think of using that tick licker on me.

FINK

I don't need a weapon to get rid o'you. My hands'll do.

ANNIE CHRISTMAS

You'll see my hand. The back of it at least.

Fink looks at his men, who are watching closely. The young Boatman's eyes are wide.

FINK

We're settled for the night, can't you see that you apple-headed nursemaid?

The crew laugh and Annie Christmas gets more riled up.

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