

Fink makes an exaggerated show of weighing the rifle and the purse against each other.

TRADER

Our transaction is complete.

FINK

You can balance these scales right now or I can tip you off yer feet.

Fink points the rifle at the Trader, who turns away.

FINK

No matter how far you get, I got a bead on you.

The Trader takes a breath, fishes a second purse from his coat and hands it to Fink.

FINK

Whoop! Justice is served.

Fink gives both purses to Amy. The Trader leaves with his cart.

Fink leans his rifle back against the tree and sees the Passenger lingering by the fire with three Boatmen. Fink walks over to the Passenger.

FINK

Got the impression ya doubt my skills with a rifle?

PASSENGER

It's no concern of mine. The stories I've heard are good enough.

FINK

Woman!

Amy dutifully joins them. She's holding a whiskey jug.

FINK

Stand over yonder.

Fink points at a treeline fifty yards away. Amy counts her steps to the spot, stops and turns to the men, her figure dim in the cobalt light.

FINK

How far's that?

AMY  
Sixty paces.

FINK  
Sixty paces.

Fink smiles at the men around him.

Amy holds the jug on her head and Fink aims his rifle. Drops his aim, shakes his head.

FINK  
No, no.

Fink takes a whiskey cup from one his crew, drains it then takes it to his woman and tosses the jug to the ground. Amy puts the cup on her head but Fink moves it between her legs. Amy holds it between her thighs, looking clumsy but fearless.

FINK  
No easy targets for me.

Back at his original position, Fink aims again and shoots the cup dead on. The crew holler and Amy takes a little bow.

Fink, proud, waits for the Passenger's response.

PASSENGER  
One day you might hurt someone with such tricks. Furthermore, you might not live to regret it.

The Traveler puts on a Davy Crockett coonskin cap to match his buckskins.

FINK  
What's yer name, stranger?

The passenger, DAVY CROCKETT, says nothing as he walks off slowly into the darkness.

Standing alone, Fink watches him, then squats by the fire and spits into it.

RIVERBANK - LATER

The fire dies down. Some of the men doze.

ANNIE CHRISTMAS appears out of the gloom, looking ornery. She is an African-American woman who dresses similarly to Fink and seems even taller than him.

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