M’CLOSKY. I arrived just too late, the boy had grabbed those mailbags just as I came up. But he-yo! He’s coming this way, fighting with his Injun. The devil keeps him here to tempt me! (M’Closky conceals himself just as Paul enters, wrestling with Wahnotee.)

START

PAUL. It ain’t no use now: You got dat bottle of rum hid under your blanket — gib it up now — Yar! (Wrenches it from him.) You nasty, lying Injun! It’s no use you pretending to be sober; I ain’t gwine to sit up wid you all night and you drunk. Hey, war’s e’rybody gone? Dar’s de ’paratus! Oh, gosh, if I could take a likeness! Let’s have a peep. (Looks at Wahnotee through camera.) Oh, golly, Wahnotee! I see you! (Wahnotee springs back with an expression of alarm.)

WAHNOTE. No tue Wahnotee!

PAUL. Ha, ha! It ain’t a gun, you ign’nt Injun! It can’t hurt you! Stop, here’s dem dishes — plates — dat’s what he call ‘em, all fix: I seen Mas’r George do it — tink I can take likeness —

WAHNOTE. No, carabine tue!

PAUL. I must operate and take my own likeness too — how deebel I do dat? Can’t be ober dar an’ here too — I ain’t twins. Ach! You look, you Wahnotee; you see dis rag heat? Well when I say go, den lift dis rag like dis, see! Den run to dat pine tree up dar and back ag’in, and den pull down de rag so, d’ye see?

WAHNOTE. (Reluctant.) Hugh!

PAUL. Den you hab glass ob rum.

WAHNOTE. Rum?! Firewater?

PAUL. Dat wakes him up. (Threws mailbags down, sits on them.) Pret’ Now — go. (Wahnotee raises the apron and runs off.) De time he gone just ’bout enough to cook dat dish plate. (Paul sits for his picture. M’Closky appears.)

M’CLOSKY. Where are they? Ab, yonder goes de Indian! And yonder is de boy — now is my time! What’s he doing; sleepin’? (Advances.) He is sitting on my prize! (Noticing the tomahawk.) But the Indian’s left his tomahawk! I’ll clear that boy off of there — He’ll never know what stunned him. (M’Closky takes Wahnotee’s tomahawk and steals to Paul.)

PAUL. (Through a frozen smile.) Is dat de dam Injun creeping dar? I can’t move or I’ll spile myself. (M’Closky strikes Paul on the head. Paul falls dead. During the following, a large pool of blood begins to gather around Paul’s head and M’Closky’s feet.)

M’CLOSKY. The bags are mine! (Opens the mailbags.) What’s here? Sunnyside, Pointdexter, Peyton; here it is — Mason Brothers.

End of Act Two