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Davy Crockett and the River Pirates

By Thomas W. Blackburn

The country was big
When it was new
The best men was big
And their yarns was too
And their tallest tales
Folks believed was true
So the more they were told
The more they grew
Davy, Davy Crockett
King of the Wild Frontier
History remembers the name of his gun
And some of the deeds he really done
But most of his chores
For freedom and fun
Got turned into legends
And this here is one
Davy, Davy Crockett
Helping his fame spread wide
Had a lot of furs that he aimed to ship
And he set his mind on a river trip
When a braggin' boatman
Give him some lip
A'claimin' there was no man
He couldn't whip
Davy, Davy Crockett
Tanglin' with Big Mike Fink
Them Kentucky ants got
a bite like an alligator.
Sure ain't particular
what they chaw on.
Look at that, would you?
This is the longest hunt we ever been on.
- Biggest bunch of pelts we ever got, too.
- Leastwise, the heaviest.
Them packhorses is plum wore out
and so am I.
How much longer you figure
we got to walk, anyhow?
I figure we'll reach
the old Ohio pretty soon.
Yeah, sure am looking forward
to that boat ride.
Nothin' to do all day but sit in the sun
and fish all the way down the Natchez.

That's a mighty good idea
of yourn, Davy.
At least we'll get a better price
for our furs there.
You ain't foolin' me none.
You ain't thinking about the price of furs.
You're thinkin' about all that
new country we'll be lookin' at.
- Ow!
- [Squeaking]
[Rattles]
Get away from here.
This ain't your night, is it?
I'm gonna turn in
before something else happens.
That fellow sang worse than you.
Ain't nothing living gonna
keep me awake tonight.
Hey, Davy?
- Hey, Davy?
- Now what?
There's something in bed with me.
Kiss it good night and go to sleep.
[Sniffs]
[Whistle blows]
- There's our boat ride.
- Get a move on, Mahalia.
[Whistle blows]
Listen to the thunder
- Hear the winds roar
- [horse neighs]
Hurricane's a'comin'
Board up the door
Load up the cannon
Call out the law
Worstest calamity that folks ever saw
Girls run and hide
Brave men shiver
He's Mike Fink
King of the River
What's going on here, anyway?
Something's got their fur riled up.
The landing's over there.
Well, boys, hope they don't run out of

Monongahela Red Eye this time!

[Men laugh]

That ought to keep her from drifting.

Say, mister, which one of them fellas
is captain of this boat?

What did you say?

- He wants to know who the captain is.

- [Men laugh]

How long you bushwhackers
been holed up in the backwoods?

Everybody knows who the captain
of the Gullywhumper is.

It's me. Mike Fink.

King of the River.

Well, Captain, meet up with Davy Crockett.

King of the Wild Frontier.

Davy Crockett, huh?

It sure is a small world.

You're a foot shorter than you ought to be.

Don't worry, he's still a'growin'.

Like them yarns

they spread about him.

Mighty hard to live up to sometime.

Well, I don't have no trouble
livin' up to mine.

I am the original ring-tail roarer
from the Thunder Lightning country.

I'm a real snorter and a head-buster.

I can out-run, out-jump,

out-sing, out-swim,

out-dance, out-shoot,

out-eat, outright...

Out-talk?

Yeah, out-talk, out-cuss and out-fight

anybody in the whole Mississippi

and Ohio Rivers put together.

Interesting, but all we wanna know

is how far down you're going?

All the way to New Orleans, of course.

Told you I'm Mike Fink.

King of the River.

This is my private river.

Have you got room for

a couple of private passengers?

- Where you bound?

- Natchez.

We got furs we aim to sell down there.

You get a better price

for your furs in New Orleans.

Tell you what I'll do,

seeing as how it's you.

- I'll make you a special rate.

- That's nice of you.

Yes, you and your furs all the way

to Natchez or New Orleans,

for only \$1,000 hard money.

Why, that's plain uncivilized piracy.

Ain't no question about it.

Make up your minds

and let me know before morning.

You keep me from my drinkin'.

\$1,000?

Who does that big windbag

think he is?

Seems like he told us.

He might be the King of the River,

but he ain't got the only boat.

- Howdy there.

- Howdy.

This your boat?

Yep, Bertha Mae out of Marietta.

- Sounds like a racehorse.

- Hard to beat if she's handled right.

Which way you going?

Up river or down?

- Ain't going no place right now.

- Barrel's marked for New Orleans.

That's right.

But my crew up and deserted me.

- What'd they do that for?

- Heard about the Injuns.

Didn't know there was Injun trouble.

It ain't here.

Downriver somewhere.

Other side of Shawnee Town.

Red devils are attacking everything.

Flat boats loaded with settlers.

Even on the keelboats.

Got so bad, nobody'd sign on.
Don't seem to be scaring off
Mike Fink none.
Him and them Pittsburgh pole-pushers
ain't human enough to be scared.
We picked the wrong time
for a boat ride.
Hey.
- Are you really Davy Crockett?
- Why, sure.
- I'm Captain Cobb.
- This is my friend, Georgie Russel.
Glad to know ya. You fellas
got a reputation for Injun fightin'.
If folks knew you were going downriver
with me, we could get a crew.
- What do you think, Georgie?
- Beats paying \$1,000 we ain't got.
- How many men would it take?
- Six, if they're as strong as you be.
If they don't know any more
about boating than Georgie and me,
it'll be some crew.
Better split up,
we're gonna cover the town.
Don't you be a'feared
of tootin' your horn.
Mind what you promise. Don't want
anybody to think this'll be a frolic.
That one's about the right size.
See you back at the landing.
[Grunts]
Ah!
[Jocko] Now, anybody else
don't care for my cigar?
Kind of handy with
them fists of yourn, ain't you?
Better at kicking and bitin'.
You're the kind of fella
I been looking for. Drink?
You're just the kind of fella
I've been looking for, too.
Well, here's mud in your eye.
Know something? Sleepy town like this

ain't no place for a man of your talents.

- Mister, that's a fact.

- Have another?

- What's your name?

- Jocko.

- Mine's Georgie.

- Well, I'm pleased to meet you.

Ah, it's kind of tasty, ain't it?

[Whispering] That'd grow whiskers...

That'd grow pink whiskers

on a hound dog.

Hey, Jocko, how'd you like to see

a little something of the world?

- What you driving at, Georgie?

- I'm gonna let you in on something.

Me and Davy Crockett is getting a party

to take a boat ride down the river.

- Take a what?

- Boat ride, on the Bertha Mae.

- Clean down to New Orleans.

- [Cackling]

What's so funny?

That's the gall-bustingest joke

I ever heard. Hey, Mike!

This clodhopper is trying to sign old Jocko

on the Bertha Mae.

You tired of livin'? Nobody tries

to steal one of Mike Fink's crew.

How did I know this little hyena...

This squirt... One of your hyenas?

I accept your apology.

Couple of Mike Fink specials.

I thought you and Davy Crockett

was a couple of smart fellas.

Turnin' me down for a bumblin'

old coot like Cap Cobb.

- Heard about them Injuns downriver?

- But Injuns don't scare Davy none.

Our only trouble is,

we can't get a crew.

You ain't gonna find

no keelboatmen around here.

If any of these cornhuskers

are crazy enough to join you,

you'll end up in a sandbar for sure.
It's risky, but we get a free ride.
- It's your funeral.
- [Bubbling, steaming]
As we say down in New Orleans,
bon voyage!
- Hey, down the hatch!
- I already had more than I'm used to.
Oh, come on now, square off.
You're gonna be a river man,
you gotta learn how to drink like one.
[Drink gurgles]
[Stomach gurgles]
[Laughing]
That's funny, there's no sign
of my friend Russel.
You go look for him.
We'll find the rest of the fellas.
It may take persuading, but we'll
have a full crew before morning.
- Obligin' of you to join up with me.
- Anything for you, Davy.
Well, let's get some men.
[Crowd hoots, hollers]
Yee-hoo!
Hey! Hiya, Davy!
- What in thunder got into him?
- Only a couple of Mike Fink specials.
Georgie ain't a drinkin' man.
That's what he claimed,
but look at him!
Hey, Davy!
Yee-hoo!
Georgie Russel, quit making
a fool out of yourself and get off...
Leave him alone, Crockett,
he's enjoying hisself!
Ain't had so much fun since I slid down
Old Smokey on a barrel stave!
Don't worry, Davy,
we'll beat 'em easy!
Beat 'em?
What's he talking about?
Beat who?

- Me. You got a race on your hands.

- What kind of race?

Keelboats. The Gullywhumper
against the Bertha Mae.

- To New Orleans.

- We can't race you.

I told him, but he wouldn't believe me.

Bet your furs against two barrels
of my Monongahela whiskey.

He knows better.

Took us all winter to get them furs.

My crew's gonna look mighty fancy
in coonskin caps.

Yee-hoo! Ah-ha!

[Davy] George, get down from there!

[Crashing]

[Glass shattering]

[Men laughing]

Hey!

Hey, have a little heart.

That's awful wet!

If you're gonna be a river man,
you gotta get used to water.

I'm awful sorry, Davy.

That won't get us to New Orleans
ahead of Mike Fink.

- Couldn't you say I was foolin'?

- Think he'll let you off that easy?

- I don't reckon. I'll never do it again.

- You better not.

- We've got to find ourselves a crew.

- Not in your condition.

Get back to the boat and
have Cap Cobb put you to bed
while I gather up the gear.

Thank you, Davy.

You're mighty understandin'.

[Indistinct chatter]

Citizens of Maysville,
you are about to witness the start
of an historical event,
which may well be remembered
as the classic contest of all time.
A keelboat race between the intrepid

Davy Crockett of Tennessee...
[all cheer]
And the undefeated Mike Fink,
King of the River!
[Cheering]
- Are the captains ready?
- I'm ready.
I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be.
Hey, Crockett, might as well
give me them furs now.
You ain't won 'em yet.
Well, if I don't, I'll eat my hat,
red feather and all!
One of these days, that big blowhard's
gonna get what's comin' to him.
Take your starting positions.
Stand by!
Stand by!
No, no, no!
Jumpin' catfish! Do like I told ya.
Go forward
so we can walk back.
[Men laugh]
Now, remember, no one starts
until the cannon fires.
[Mike] Get ready.
Get ready, boys.
[Drumroll]
[Cheering]
Listen to the thunder
Hear the winds roar
Hurricane's a'comin'
Board up the door
Load up the cannon
Call out the law
Worstest calamity
That folks ever saw
Girls run and hide
Brave men shiver
I'm Mike Fink
King of the River!
Oh, he's a ring-tail roarer
And a tough old alligator
Oh, he's a bull-nosed bully

And a real depopulator
Oh, what a fightin' devil
He'll spit right in your eye
He's gonna live forever
[low] Born too mean to die
[all laugh]
It ain't no use, Davy.
We ain't gonna catch 'em.
We just ain't got the hang of it.
We need a song like they've got.
Let's sing one, then.
He don't take nothin'
From no man at all, ho!
The bigger they brag
The harder they fall, ho!
The tougher they are
The louder they squall
When they get wet through
In a free-for-all, ho!
[All] Davy, Davy Crockett
King of the Wild Frontier
[continues softly]
Ain't no trick to row a keelboat
We can beat Mike Fink
With anything that floats
We got the hang
While we feel our oats
Look at them clodhoppers, would ya?
[Laughs]
[Davy's men] Davy, Davy...
- Was I snorin' again?
- On your feet, they're catchin' up!
Don't strain yourselves, boys.
They ain't gonna catch us.
Wait 'til they find themselves
going down Dead Man's Shoot!
[Man] Stand by!
All righty, let's row!
Much obliged for relievin' me, Davy.
How we doin'?
We're gainin' on them.
They're around that bend.
So's the falls of the Ohio.
- Falls?

- That's what they call 'em.
Actually, it's a stretch
of bad rapids.
Used to be real dangerous
'til they put in the channel marker.
That's funny, river must've cut
a new channel since my last trip.
Gentlemen, let's have a moment of silence
for them poor unfortunates
what took the wrong channel.
[Cracking]
Hey, you stumble-footed idiots!
What are you trying to do?
Send us to the bottom?
Pass them poles!
Hey, Cap. It's getting rough.
You sure we're in the right channel?
Jumpin' Jehosaphat!
We're in Dead Man's Shoot!
Somebody must've moved the marker!
[Waves thrashing]
Can't afford to lose you now, Cap.
Better get below.
Hey, Davy, look out!
There's a rock dead ahead.
Pole, you lop-headed baboons!
They're beatin' us!
Let's pole!
Davy, we're still leadin'.
We might just win this race.
Georgie, don't skin the bear
'til we shoot him.
- What's them lights up ahead?
- Shawnee Town. We better put in.
And let them hyenas
get ahead of us again?
Can't be helped. Everything below
is soakin' wet, even our powder.
And them Injuns
is apt to jump us anytime now.
Mike, listen.
Sounds like they're puttin' ashore.
- So are we.
- What? You crazy?

Now's our chance to get way ahead!
Why bust our backs when there's
an easier way? Here, take over.
Pretty late. Sure hope
Davy'll find somethin' open.
If they don't take long, we can start
again before Mike Fink shows up.
Ain't no sign of him yet.
Hope they don't sneak by us in the dark.
[Frog croaks]
- What's that?
- Just an old bullfrog.
If that ain't just like a city fella!
Don't even know a bullfrog
when he hears one.
[Frog croaks]
Little rascal's getting pretty close.
The whole riverbank's full of 'em.
[Frog croaks]
What'd you do?
- Me?
- Yeah.
Nothin'. A couple bolts rusted off
the rudder when they wasn't looking.
Don't figure it can hang together
too much longer.
[Man] Hello there!
Come on ashore!
[Man in falsetto voice] Yoo-hoo, boys.
Come on, boys. Have a good time!
[Man] We got liquor
and some fine entertainment.
[High voice] We're lonesome
for some dancin'!
[Man] You won't be sorry!
What do you know?
They made that old cave into a tavern.
- Fetch your poles and hold her.
- [High voice] Yoo-hoo, boys!
Don't overdo it, they're stoppin'.
You Injuns get ready.
Ain't you gettin' mighty ambitious, Mason?
Takin' on Mike Fink and his crew?
We'll take them as easy

as we did the others.
Sure wish we had some of that
cologne water.
[Both sniff]
Yeah.
Ah! Mike, look!
I'm afraid them sirens
is gonna be disappointed.
Ain't that rudder busted?
Crockett's got a gift for spoilin' my fun.
Yeah!
- See you gals on the way back!
- Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!
Go to them poles!
Didn't work, they're going on.
They won't get far.
Take the horses.
Stay in the saddle.
Wanna leave footprints?
Injuns! Get braced for some fun, boys!
[Bullets zing]
It's what we've been waitin' for.
Can't we let Mike Fink
try braggin' his way out of this one?
[Men] Yee!
Keep poling, boys!
[Yelping]
- Where did that other boat come from?
- Let's get!
Anybody get hurt, Mike?
How could we? You chased 'em off
before we got started.
[Sneezes]
Help, help! Hey, help!
[Men laugh]
Now, what made that bust loose?
You fellas are sure having
tough luck, ain't you?
Sorry we can't help you none.
Shove off, boys, we got a race to win.
That puffed-up polecat
had something to do with this.
Wait'll we catch up with him.
They didn't leave nobody

on the Gullywhumper. Let's get even.
Sure would be easy
to swap rudders, all right.
No, we gotta win this race
fair and square.
There's a good ship fitter here.
I'll wake him up and get him to work.
- How long you figure it'll take?
- Won't take no time to hang a rudder.
- If he's got one already made up.
- I sure hope he's got one.
Mike ain't gonna wait around
once he knows we're here.
[Cheering, laughing]
Mike seems to be enjoying himself.
Maybe you and me can keep him
entertained a while longer.
- Give us a signal when you're ready.
- I'll do that.
Why, you milk-livered city folk.
Been took in by them tall tales
about this here Davy Crockett.
King of the Wild Frontier, my eye!
Ain't room in the country
but for one king, and that's me!
Yes, sir, Mr. Fink.
That squash-headed beanpole of a man
ain't no match for my shadow.
I can beat him at anything.
Take shooting.
Them paper targets he uses,
ain't no test of a man's nerve.
Now, hold still.
Hold still.
But with a target like that...
...if a man ain't awful careful,
he could make a mighty serious mistake.
Wait a minute, Mr. Fink. You ain't
aimin' to shoot this off my head?
That's good whiskey you're spillin'.
There ain't nothin' to it,
if you'll hold still like this...
[gunshot]
Like that, Mike?

Lucky thing for you fellas
that Mike Fink's got a sense of humor.
Come on, belly up!
Seems like the proprietor's gone
on a sudden journey, left me in charge.
Drinks is on the house!
[All cheer]
Come on, join us!
Me and Georgie don't hold with
drinkin' when we got a race to win.
I thought you fellas
would be ready to give up.
Davy ain't never
quit nothin' in all his life.
These hillbillies are sure
hounds for punishment.
We'll be halfway to Natchez
before you get that rudder fixed.
Come on, drink up.
Let's shove off!
Hey, Mike.
I'm surprised at you.
Why?
Lettin' Davy's shot stand
without no challenge.
The kid in Pittsburgh could do the same,
if his pa'd let him waste a whiskey.
- The same target you was gonna use?
- Yeah.
Only I was gonna do it backwards.
- Backwards?
- In the mirror. I'll show you.
No, you don't.
You scared, too, Crockett?
Lot of difference between
being scared and foolish.
All right, I'll show you a real trick.
- I'll shoot it off my own head.
- This we gotta see.
Back out of the way, everybody!
Tolerable good shootin'
for a river man.
- Tolerable?
- I suppose you can do better?

I might just try.
Charge up old Betsy for me.
I ain't so sure about this.
Better duck your heads.
I just don't believe it.
[Indistinct chatter]
It is not humanly possible to leap up
and catch a ball in your mouth.
Why, you...
What's going on around here?
[Mike] Stop fighting!
Ah!
I said stop fighting!
I told you to stop fighting!
You guys stop fighting!
[Man] Hey! Hey!
Hey! Come on, get me!
I need some help!
- I wonder what he wants.
- I don't know.
Hey, Cap, swing into that island.
Thank the Lord you stopped.
You're the first souls I've seen
since my flatboat went to pieces
and marooned me here.
I near starved to death.
We can fix that.
Come on aboard.
Thank you kindly, son.
Mind waitin' 'til I fetch my livestock?
Livestock?
[Chickens cluck]
[Donkey grunts]
[Pig oinks]
Hey! We ain't got time
to load all them animals!
Here comes the Gullywhumper!
- Cap's right.
- We can't leave him here.
If we did get him aboard,
we ain't got room to pole.
Forget them critters, Grandpa,
and get aboard. We're in a hurry!
I can't leave my stock!

It ain't right that he should.
Come on, boys.
Let's give him a hand.
[Cow bellows]
[Pig squealing]
Ain't that obligin'
of them cornhuskers?
Waitin' here for us like this?
Hey, Crockett, what you doin'?
Recruitin' a new crew?
This ain't no laughin' matter.
[Piglets squealing]
- [Goat bleats]
- [George grunts]
What are you belly-aching about?
We're doing all the work.
Now I know exactly
how Noah must've felt.
Much obliged for all the trouble
I put you to.
That's my place yonder
on the bayou.
- Got time to break bread with us?
- We got some time to make up.
Excuse me, please.
I got to look after my critters.
I sure gotta hand it to you, Davy.
You just don't know when you're up.
Not everybody can come in first.
Maybe the good Lord
didn't intend for us to win this race.
Then what are we breaking our backs for
to get to New Orleans?
Got to deliver some furs to Mike Fink.
- So long. Sorry your boat's so big.
- What's the matter with the size?
If she was smaller, you could save
40 miles by takin' this here bayou.
I been down it in my skiff
plenty of times.
Runs back into the Mississippi
just above New Orleans.
Think we can get through?
It'd be a tight squeeze,

but if you cut a few trees out of the way,
and don't mind scraping the bottom,
you might make it.
Georgie, maybe we ain't
lost this race yet.
[Alligator growls]
We've practiced long enough.
Let's show 'em something.
Row them poles,
you scummy river rats!
If you don't get me to that landing
before Crockett,
so help me, I'll turn every mother's son
into catfish bait!
Push, boys!
Push like you never pushed before!
We're beatin' 'em, boys! Push!
Moose.
Give 'em the Pittsburgh punch!
Aah!
So you want to play rough?
Ah!
Give it to 'em, Jocko.
Give 'em what for, Davy.
Use that pole, man!
Hit 'em! Hit 'em!
[Grunting]
[George laughing]
You thought you was
gonna wear our pelts!
You thought we was
gonna be trailin'!
[Church bell ringing]
What's the world gonna say?
Mike Fink, King of the River,
losin' to a pack of landlubbers.
We don't want anything but our furs.
That's all we started out to do.
You mean, you ain't gonna
lay claim to my red feather?
There's only one King of the River.
That bayou we come through ain't rightly
a part of the Mississipp.
Where's my hat?

They were darn good friends
From that day on
Davy sold his furs
And then was gone
Sailin' north with Mike
To the land of the fawn
Where a man could live
By brain and brawn
Davy, Davy Crockett
Off for the woods again
From the mouth of the river
Up to its head
Boatmen and travelers
Was filled with dread
'Cause redskin pirates
Was raisin' old Ned
And the whole blamed river
Was runnin' red
Davy, Davy Crockett
The man who don't know fear
Put your backs into it.
What do you think this is, a free trip?
You ungrateful pole cat, we dragged
this tub all the way from New Orleans.
I gotta admit, for a couple backwoods
bar hunters, you ain't done bad.
Those are kind words
coming from you, Mike.
You could put us ashore
any place along here.
I can't see why you bristleheaded varmints
can't land at a settlement
like civilized passengers.
He works the tar out of us
and calls us "passengers."
- It's the quickest way to get home.
- Sounds like a long walk to me.
We're gonna get some horses
and sit down for a change.
Where are you gonna find horses
in a lonesome place like this?
Chickasaws. This is their country
and they're friendly.
Been a pleasure knowing you, Mike.

I ain't likely to forget you two, neither.

Hey, you forgot your sack!

- That's yours.

- Mine?

Just a little something

to remember us by. Open it up.

Ain't she a pretty little pop gun?

"To Mike Fink,

King of the River,

from his admirers,

Davy Crockett and G. Russel."

We figured you needed something

to protect you against them

redskin pirates upriver.

Don't reckon I'll need her for that.

But she'll come in handy

for letting tavern keepers know

Fink's a'comin'.

There's something else for you.

Oh.

You shouldn't have done it.

Georgie and me didn't want

nobody thinkin' you still wasn't king.

Never was no danger of that.

You bushwhackers get a hankering

to be river men again, look me up.

All right, get back to your poling,

you fork-tailed scorpions!

[Mike] And pull!

Put your backs into it!

Shove on them poles!

What do you think this is?

A pleasure cruise?

We got a cargo to move!

Here's a trail.

Probably lead us

right to a Chickasaw camp.

All through the wood

We're a'marching along

Makin' up yarns

And a'singin' a song

He's ringy as a bear

And twice as strong

Thinks he's right

'Cause he ain't often wrong
Davy, Davy Crockett
Back in the woods again
What's the matter?
If you'd been listening,
you'd know ain't nothin' but you singin'.
Not a sound. Not a bird or a squirrel.
Something must've scared 'em.
Must be a Chickasaw huntin' party nearby.
They ain't huntin' us. Let's find them.
They'll find us,
if we stay on this trail.
You quit the caterwaulin'.
No need to scare off their game.
- Davy, where are ya?
- You darn idiot! Cut me down.
[Chuckling] So you stepped
in a deer snare, huh?
Good thing Mike Fink can't see
the King of the Wild Frontier now.
Ow! Ooh!
[Whooping]
What's the matter with you
crazy Chickasaw? We're friends!
You're making a terrible mistake!
It's Davy Crockett
you're trying to hog-tie?
Don't you understand?
Davy Cro...
[speaks Chickasaw]
- Now you know where they was taking us.
- What are they going to do with us?
You've seen Red Hornet stirred up.
Shouldn't be hard to guess.
Mind your manners, Georgie.
This is the chief.
I am told you are the hunter
white men call Davy Crockett.
He sure is, Chief.
You are known to us
as friend of the red man.
We both are and look how
you're treating us.
You and your friend will not be harmed,

but you will remain prisoner.
Why are your men in war paint?
We go to avenge the murder
of our brothers.
This messenger has come from
the chief of the Kaskaskias.
White men have been killing
his people without reason,
hunting them down like animals.
Kaskaskias?
They're up on the Ohio
around Cave-In Rock.
No wonder, they've been attacking
every boat comes down the river.
Do you understand?
[Spits] They are white.
They hear only white man's lies.
This ain't something we heard.
We seen it, didn't we?
- Sure did.
- When?
- Not more than three months ago.
- We broke up a raid below the big cave.
More lies.
Three moons ago my people were driven
from the river by the white man.
- Must have been some other tribe.
- There are no other red men here.
- We have always kept the peace.
- I believe you.
- Know what this means?
- Could mean some white skunks
are dressing up like Indians
so they get the blame.
We're going to find out who they are.
You say you know me.
Then you know
Davy Crockett's word is good.
We'll chase those varmints
into the open.
If they ain't Indians,
we'll see to it everybody finds out.
It is too late. Already more messengers
have gone to the Shawnee.

The Miami, the Kickapoo.
And the Chippewa.
Then call them back.
Send out runners of your own.
- Tell the chiefs to keep the peace.
- Know this, Davy Crockett.
We have always wanted peace
with the white man.
But he does not want peace with us.
He makes treaties
and calls us brother.
- But he believes any evil he hears of us.
- That's right.
But it works two ways. To strike back
at a few murdering whites,
you'd turn the whole frontier
into a needless war.
I will send runners. But we will
wait only until the full of the moon.
[Speaks Chickasaw]
Sure hope that old Gullywhomper
didn't pass before we got here.
We got a long way ahead
of them, thanks to them Indians.
Why do you think Mike's
gonna throw in with us?
- It's his river we aim to clean up.
- Yeah.
That old chief didn't give us much time.
Won't take long for that new moon
to fatten up.
Leastwise we ain't gonna
waste no more time here.
Davy, you showed rare good sense
in getting Mike Fink to help you.
Don't make no difference
if they're red or white.
My skull busters will make
mincemeat of them.
We gotta find 'em first.
I ain't certain they'll show themselves
after that whopping I gave them.
They're sure to recognise
the Gullywhomper.

[Jocko] Hey, Mike!
Look what's coming!
Why, that's the Monogahela Belle.
But where's her crew?
Prepare to grab her
as she comes alongside, boys.
Aye, aye, Captain.
All right. Hold onto this mud bank,
you scummy river rats.
I knowed old Cap Donovan.
Looks like he put up a good fight
before they wiped him out.
Thought you said
these pirates wasn't Injuns.
Well, they ain't.
No redskin ever made this arrow.
Let me see that.
Yeah, you're right.
Ain't no tribal markings,
ain't feathered right.
I wonder how far downstream
she drifted since the massacre.
Ain't no way of telling.
Nah, they didn't hardly leave nothing.
They left these.
Try it on for size.
I wouldn't be caught dead
in a monkey suit like that.
Won't be hard to disguise
the Gullywhomper,
but something's gotta be done
about you. Now, put it on.
Put it on.
[Men shouting]
Good name for her, Garth.
Hide this below where
we can get it in a hurry.
- What's so heavy in that sack?
- Rocks.
Rocks? You featherheaded idiot!
I'll find out what's going on here.
- What in thunderation you up to?
- You're a banker, ain't you?
Yes, sir.

King of the bankers, that's me.
On my way up to Shawnee Town
to open a new establishment.
But what's these rocks
got to do with that?
- Can't run a bank without money.
- No. Don't reckon.
That's your capital.
Genuine Spanish gold.
Say.
We're rich, ain't we?
That's what we hope
them pirates will think.
I figure if we stop in a couple of towns,
they'll hear about our rich cargo.
Word'll get up river faster than we can.
Oh, the river is long
And the moon is high
And I want a gal before I die
Pretty little gal
With a turned-up nose
And dancin' music
In her twinkling toes
Oh, her cheeks is pink
And her smile is shy
And her hair's the color of midnight
Midnight sky
Set 'em up again.
Midnight sky
- [applause]
- That banjo player's got real talent.
Oh, yes. He hits this town
every once in a while.
- Plays to drum up business for himself.
- Who is he?
A peddler from back East.
Calls himself Colonel Plug.
I sure do admire classical music.
[Gags]
- What the devil is in this?
- Just your usual sarsaparilla, sir.
Delicious, ain't it?
I don't believe
I got your name, stranger.

J.J. McGillicuddy, on my way to
Shawnee Town to open up a new bank.
I feel it my duty to inform you that
river travel is not safe anymore here.
If you're referring to them pirates,
we ain't carrying nothing they'd want.
No guns, no powder.
Not even no whiskey.
Just a cargo of old Spanish gold.
[String twangs]
A cargo of gold?
I'm surprised that your captain
would risk that.
- Well, you ain't scared any, are you, Cap?
- Not about the gold.
- We'll believe them when we see 'em.
- Those butchers are real.
- Wrecks of boats drift by all the time.
- And their crews?
Dead men don't talk, but bodies
are fished out scalped and in pieces.
No use trying to scare us.
We heard them Indian stories
from New Orleans.
Listen, you know who
Mike Fink is, don't you?
- Who is he?
- Mike Fink, the keelboat man.
Calls himself King of the River.
[George] Oh, that big blowhard.
What about him?
Yeah. What about him?
I've heard that even he's
going to quit the river.
- You heard what?
- Yes, sir.
Even that brained jackass
is too wise to risk it.
Jackass?
[Straining]
[Wood cracking]
Mind your manners, Mr. McGillicuddy.
I'm okay, boys.
Just one of my seizures.

Excuse me, Mr. McGillicuddy.
I couldn't help overhearing.
But do you really intend
going on up river?
You think I'd go this far
if I wasn't?
Well, I admire a man of courage.
Just so happens that I'm mighty anxious
to get to Shawnee Town myself.
- We're pretty crowded already.
- Shucks, I don't take up much room.
All I got is my sample case
and my banjo.
A little music wouldn't hurt none,
would it?
- This ain't no pleasure cruise.
- Listen.
You may be the captain,
but I'm the boss banker of this outfit.
What I say goes.
- Did he get aboard this one?
- Yeah, just went into the cabin.
B-O-N-A-N-Z-A.
- You ever hear of her?
- You know I can't spell.
Well, hello there, fellas.
Say, I got a new verse
I want to try out on Mr. McGillicuddy.
[Whistling]
Something mighty fishy
about that peddler.
Why'd you let Mike
bring him aboard?
'Cause he's the first sucker
that nibbled at our bait.
Hello. Nice day.
- Mighty pretty, this Ohio River country.
- La belle rivire.
That's what the Frenchmen used to call it.
Parlez-vous franais?
Huh?
- You speak French?
- Oh, sure.
[banjo plays]

I've been saving this song
for a time just like this.
There was a widow
In New Madrid
A'smokin' a pipe
And a 'chawin' on a quid
When she puckered up her lips
I run for my life
But she run me down
And now she is my wife
Oh, her lips is red
And her eyes is bold
And her hair's
The color of yeller
Yeller gold
The color of yeller, yeller
[shouting] Yeller gold!
[Soundtrack] The river is long,
And the moon is high
I want a gal
Afore I die
A pretty little gal
With a turned-up nose
And dancin' music
In her twinkling toes
Oh, her lips is red
And her eyes is bold
Her hair's like yeller, yeller
Yeller gold
The color of yeller, yeller
Yeller gold
[loud music and chatter]
[Man laughs]
[fiddle plays]
Wait a minute!
Wait a minute here.
[Man cackling]
What you doing, Mason?
Smokin' up a new batch?
- Won't keep if I don't.
- You got your mattress stuffed.
- What you want with more scalps?
- Got to keep folks thinkin' we're Injuns.
[Man] Hey, the Harpes is coming.

Did you hear that, Mason?

The Harpes just come in.

Yeah.

- More business for us?

- Yeah, and a fat one this time.

- And the Colonel's aboard.

- Good. What's the cargo?

- Gold.

- Yeller, yellor gold.

Mighty obligin' to ship it our way.

[Chuckles]

This waiting's making me nervous.

Time's getting short.

- That moon was half full last night.

- We still got a few days.

It'll take a few days

to get word back to Chickasaw.

Reckon we ain't got long to wait.

My boys is ready.

Full of fighting and itching to get at 'em.

Not so loud.

Don't want Colonel Plug to hear.

- He's still sleeping.

- Better make sure.

Take over, Mr. McGillicuddy.

This is called a tiller.

[Snoring]

[Laughs]

This is just about the place

they jumped us afore.

I've worn this monkey suit long enough.

[Grunts]

[Chuckling]

Uh...

Rocks. Just plain rocks.

Mike Fink.

Davy Crockett?

Oh, excuse me, boys. I was having
a little difficulty getting to sleep.

I thought you might like to hear
a little music.

It's Crockett and Fink

And down in the hold

There's a cannon instead

[muffled] Of yeller, yeller gold.
That sounded like Plug.
But what's he singing about this time?
What difference does it make now?
He'll be skulling 'em pretty soon.
[Chuckles]
You can't do this to me!
Hey, Davy.
Bring up my cannon when you come.
[Grunts]
If I'd knowed I'd have to tote this thing,
I'd have argued for a pistol.
Hey, Moose.
Come aft and be gunner.
[Wood creaking]
[Groaning sound]
Why'd you slow her down?
Lay them poles!
What do you think we're doing!
[Muffled shouting]
- Mike, we're dragging bottom!
- It's them rocks! Get 'em out!
We're sinking!
We're sinking, Mike!
- Sinking? We're sunk!
- [Whooping]
Grab your pods boys,
and let 'em have it!
You can't do this to me.
I'll have the law on you.
They're attacking us from the rear!
Get the powder!
Come on, fill her up!
I scalped him!
- What's holding them up?
- That boat's putting up a fight.
Get my powder and canoe in the water.
Give me a hand.
Hey! I'm on your side.
[George cackling]
We got 'em on the run!
No wonder, look what's coming.
Somebody's playing awful rough.
That's Sam Mason and the

Harpe brothers. The orneriest skunks.
- They're getting away!
- No, they ain't.
You take the rest of them in.
Georgie'll run them varmints down.
Boot tracks.
They're the ones we want.
Big Harpe, stay here and keep watch.
- Wait a minute, what about my share?
- You'll get what's coming to you.
Leave that big stuff.
We can't carry that on horseback.
- That's enough.
- We can't leave this for somebody else.
Nobody's going to find it
till we get back.
That's what that keg of powder's for.
- Somebody's coming up the trail.
- Get out of sight.
Cave-In Tavern
ain't doing much business.
Don't think it ever was
a tavern, Georgie.
You mean this is their hang out?
- It's gotta be.
- You ain't going in there?
Them varmints went someplace.
This is worse than crawling
in a hollow log after a bear.
[Clanking]
Hey, Davy.
Drafty in here.
- Look what I found.
- What was you muttering about?
Same kind we found sticking
in that wrecked keelboat.
Here's where they changed into Injuns.
Them three that we followed
in here must be the ringleaders.
Stay here and I'll see
if I can smoke something out.
Hey, Davy,
what's keeping you?
Plenty of loot in there.

They wouldn't go off and leave it.

Reckon they're still around.

This ought to lead to something
mighty interesting.

[Explosion blast]

[Laughter]

Well, here we are splitting up again,
you bushwhackers.

And if we never meet again, remember.

I'm still King of the River.

You're better than a king.

You're a first-class friend.

Yeah?

- You're the finest fighting man I know.

- Aw! [laughing]

After Davy.

All right, you scorpions!

Start pulling!

Kept his promise

To Mike and his crew

Kept his promise

To the Injun chiefs too

For the river was clear

All the way through

And blaming the Injuns

Was a 'proven untrue

Davy, Davy Crockett

King of the Wild Frontier