

# **Davy and Sally Ann: A Star Crossed Story of the Industrial Age**

## **Act I**

### **Scene 1**

Prologue:

Two households both alike in dignity  
In fair Independence where we lay our scene  
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,  
Each claiming theirs was the transportation keen:  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,  
A pair of star crossed lovers take their life:  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows,  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

Fight Announcer: Did someone say "strife." "Oh goody, I love strife!"

Ol' Timer 1 (Gus):

Well now, big beans. This 'lil play takes place in Independence, startin' place for the Oregon trail. Two families have been fightin' for years now. One, the Whirlwinds, claim that canals are the way of the future.

Ol Timer 2 (Edna):

Don't forget about the other, Gus.

Gus: I was gettin' to that. THE OTHER family was the Crockets, and they believed in the railroads.

Edna: Now each family had them a single chil' Sally Ann was the Whirlwind's daughter. And Davey was the Crockets. They were pretty unusual children from the start and they were fated to fall in love.

Gus: eeeeeewwwwww!

Edna: Oh grow up. (*Hits Gus*) Anyway, it can get pretty confusing who's for canals and who's for the trains...

Gus (looking over spectacles): Uh, it seems they're wearin' shirts to make it easier...

Edna: So they are. Let's watch.

## **Act I**

### **Scene 2**

*Servant 1 and Servant 2 enter, both from the house of Whirlwind and looking for a fight)*

Servant 1: I can lick any Crocket cross the Rocky Mountains.

Servant 2: I can tie one up like a rattlesnake chasin' its tail.

Servant 1: Oh, yeah? I hate Crockets so much I can smell one comin' farther away than a coon dog could.

Servant 2: Hmmm...but you didn't smell that one comin' cuz' he's here. Bring it on, you Crocket dog. *(draws Colt)*

John Henry: Stop, fools. Put those guns away –

Gus: Though you should note those guns are a lovely example of interchangeable parts

Edna: Shhhh...

John Henry: You all don't know what you're doing.

*Stormalong enters, sees guns draws and gets excited.*

Stormalong: Ha! You rail road raccoon rioter. You're lookin' for a fight. I'll tear you into more pieces than a mill puts out in a day...

John Henry: I'm not itchin' for no fight – put that thing away.

Storm Along: What! With a hammer like that, you talk of “peace?” I hate peace as I hate your hammer, as I hate the railroads, as I hate all Crockets, as I hate YOU.

Gus: He seems a might peaked. Do you think he needs a doctor?

Edna: Call in the phrenologist!!!

All: Phrenologist!

Phrenologist (waddles in, massages Storm Along’s head):  
HMMMMMM...very interesting...

Stormalong: Stop that! (*bats at doctor who continues to try to reach his head...finally stands on something tall to avoid phrenologist’s reaching hands*) As I was saying...As I hate YOU!

Fight Announcer: Looks like we’re gonna have a

*They fight and a crowd gathers shouting “Canals” “Rails” Phrenologist waddles off, confused. Lord and Lady Whirlwind enter from opposite side of Lord and Lady Crockett*

Lord Whirlwind: What’s goin’ on? Give me my gun, by golly? I’ll blow ‘em all the way to Kansas.

Lady Whirlwind: A cane’s what you need! A cane! Not a gun, you geezer.

Lord Whirlwind: A gun, I say! Ol’ Crockett is comin’ and he’s a itchin’ for a fight.

Lady Whirlwind: Oh, go shake your ear, husband. Come on.

Lord Crockett: You’re a bad egg, Whirlwind. I’m a gonna... (*Lady Crockett holds Crockett back*) Let go of me, wife!

Lady Crockett: Don’t have conniption fit! You won’t be fightin’ no one today.

Fight Announcer: In ring one we have the octagenarian of the oughts against the...

Sherriff Giggles: What in tarnation is goin' on? You all better skedaddle – I'm tired of your rows. Don't make get all wrathful. If you all don't stop, I'll string the lot of you up.

*Everyone looks grumpily at each other but they settle down.*

Edna: Ohhh! Here's Ol' Sherriff Giggles the Sherriff of Independence, he's not Crockett nor Whirlwind.

Gus: He's the most root'n toot'n cowboy in the-

*(Edna interrupts)*

Edna: How many times do I have to tell you he's a Sherriff ...or a clown, I'm not quite sure. But he's definitely NOT a cowboy.

Giggles (*listening in*): That's right, I'm the sherrif *and* the clown.. I'm happier than a bird in spring. I'm funnier than a kindergarten knock knock joke. But mostly...I'm the scariest clown north, south, east and west of the Pecos. I'm so scarry, I make onions cry! I'm so scarry, I make ice scream...get it. (*breaks into giggling fit*)

Edna (*shivering*): Anyways, it looks like Lord Crocket is trying to get John Henry to talk some sense into Davy.

Sherriff giggles (*to crowd*): Now you deadbeats...If this don't beat the dutch. If I've told you once, I've told you a million times – enough of this rowing. (*person with paddle looks confused – the literalist holds up a sign "It's an idiom!" Person looks relieved and listens again*) If you ever disturb our streets again your lives shall pay the forfeit of peace! (Giggles)

*(Everyone exits except John Henry)*

## **Act I**

### **Scene 3**

*(Davy enters appearing sad.)*

John Henry: Davy! Good morning, cousin.

Davy: Is the day so young? I'm plum played out. I'm so sad I think I've stopped the sun.

Literalist: Very unlikely – we'd be hurtling to certain doom.

John Henry: What sadness lengthens Davy's hours?

Davy: My heart is broken, my girl won't have me.

John Henry: Now...which girl? It's kind of hard to keep track of all of your sparkin'.

Davy: Rosaline! I love Rosaline and I always will.

John Henry (*skeptical*): Uh huh. Tell you what – there's a big shindig at the Whirlwind's tonight. Wouldn't it be a lark to go? We can wear masks so no one will know it's us!

Davy (*sighing deeply*): O.K....

## **Act I**

### **Scene 4**

*(Lord Whirlwind, -servant #1 and Mike Fink enter stage they should occupy the opposite end of the stage from John Henry and Davy)*

Edna: Meanwhile at his house, Mike Fink, King of the Keelboats, tells Lord Whirlwind he wants to marry his only daughter, Sally Ann Thunder Ann Whirlwind.

Gus: Well, Whirlwind tells Mike Fink that Sally's only 15 and he has to wait 2 years before Sally can get hitched.

Literalist: married

Gus: but now it seems that Lord Whirlwind might change his mind.

Mike Fink: Now my lord, what say you?

Lord Whirlwind: I've said this so many times; Sally's still a sapling, just the little-ist slip of a thing...why she can drink half a lake in a gulp. She's not ready to be a wife.

Mike Fink: But I like her an awful lot!

Lord Whirlwind: Good point. Why wait? If she'll have you, she's yours.

Gus: That was quick.

Edna: Well, we've got a play to get on with.

*(exit)*

## **ACT 1 Scene 5**

Whirlwind House

*(many partiers enter, Edna follows with Gus)*

Edna: Now that rascal Crocket and his friends have gone into the Whirlwind party. Everyone is having a great time when suddenly...

Davy *(entranced suddenly – should we stop action except for Romeo and maybe hold flashlights on Sally?)*: Oh, who is that lady. She looks like she could take the leaves off a redwood and use the trunk as a toothpick! She could sneeze the snow off a' Pikes Peak. She dances so lovely she makes the notes stop and watch. I am in love. Who is she?

John Henry: I don't rightly know.

Davy: Oh, she does teach the torches to burn bright.  
She does teach the steam engines to get all hot...  
She does tell the rails to run st---

Gus: This could go on for a while...it's known Davy can jaw a bit.

Literalist: He talks a lot.

Stormalong: By the sound of his voice, he's a Crocket. Here to grab a root (*literalist: eat*) and peacock about. I'll show that pie eater a thing or two. How dare he come here – by my family's honor it wouldn't be a sin to strike him dead.

Lord Whirlwind: Young Davy is it?

Stormalong: Yeah...Davy Crock-pot! He make me want to lose my lunch.

Lord Whirlwind: Don't get your suspenders in a knot, cousin, he looks gentler than a cat with a bowl of cream – he's not hankerin for a fight and you shouldn't be either.

Stormalong: With such a muggins as a guest I won't stay here – not by a jug full!

Lord Whirlwind: You're a saucy boy! For shame – I'll make you quiet. (*brandishes a fork*)

Stormalong: Fine, fine – I'll Absquatulate (*literalist: leave*)  
But, mark my words, this boy will seal our fate.

(*Exit Stormalong. Davy and Sally Ann move towards each other, entranced*)

Davy: Oh, your smile is as rare as hens' teeth. Your eyes twinkle like a bucket of stars. My lips would travel the Oregon Trail to reach your fine cheek!

All (*offstage*): EEeeeew!

Sally (*with gentle cough*): Hello, Pioneer!

Davy: Wanna wrestle?

Nurse: Sally Ann, your mother wants a word with you.

Sally: What?! I can't understand you when you talk all olden' times.

Nurse (*exasperated at having to talk “tall tale”*): She would like “to jaw” with you.

Sally: Well why didn’t you say so?

(*Sally walks away*)

Davy (*to nurse*): Who’s her ma?

Nurse: Her mother is the lady of the house?

(*Davy scratches head, quizzically*): Huh.

Nurse: Lady Whirlwind is her “ma”

Davy: A Whirlwind! Go boil your shirt – she can’t be Whirlwind.

Nurse: She is. And I shan’t “boil my shirt.”

(*Party is winding down. Lord Whirlwind guides all off stage except for Sally and Nurse*)

Sally: Oh, nurse! Who is that fine man? He is top rail!

Nurse: His name is Davy and he is a Crocket, the only son of your great enemy!

Sally: Whoo-ee that’s a pickle. My only love sprung like green sapling from my only hate.

Nurse: Come, let’s away; the strangers all are gone. (*Sally doesn’t move, looks quizzical, nurse sighs*) Let’s “Skidaddle!”

## **Act II**

### **Scene 1**

(*The balcony scene*)

Gus: Sally Ann Thunder Ann Whirlwind’s right, this is a pickle.



Edna: Is more tangled 'n a nest of snakes in January. Davy loves Sally, Sally loves Davy

Literalist: “K-i-s-s-i-n-g”

Edna: Wrong rhyme, smart one...and grow up, anyway, this here's some high falutin' drama. We can be mature about it.

Gus: Ah yes...the youngsters are more 'n love than rabbits in springtime but there's no way their folks will approve.

Edna: But Davy doesn't want to go home just yet...so he's snuck into Sally's garden real quiet like. And he sees her on her balcony.

Davy: But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East and Sally Ann is the sun!

Literalist: Um...that's a metaphor. If she were actually the sun and you were that close, you'd burn up.

Davy (*annoyed glance at literalist*): Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon. It is my lady. It is my love. Oh that she knew she were!

Sally: Oh Davy, Davy, why in tarnation are *you* Davy? Oh! Be some other name!

Literalist: Bob? Bubbles?

Sally (*annoyed*): What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. So Davy, toss your name and for that name – which is not you – take all of me.

Davy: Okey Dokey then!

Sally: Ahh! You scared me! What are you doin' sneakin' around like a weasel in a prairie dog town?

Literalist (*sign?*): Simile!

Davy: Oh! Sally Ann. Let's get hitched!

Sally Ann: Woah, there. Hold your horses. I don't even know who you are? ... Wait...Davy? Davy Crockett.

Davy: King of the Wild Frontier

Sally Ann: If my family sees you they will kill you quicker' 'n greased lightining.

Davy: Ahh shucks. For you I could lick 'em all!

Literalist: gross!

Nurse (*off stage*): Sally! Sally Ann!

Sally: I have to go. If you're shootin' straight and you really want to get hitched, then meet me at Friar Laurence's tomorrow.

Davy: Okey Dokey then!

Nurse (*off stage*): Sally!

Sally: Good-night. Good-night. Oh I could say Good night to you til the cows come home.

## **Act II**

### **Scene 2**

Gus (*munching on donut*): Boy the Friar makes a good donut. Now Davy comes to tell the Friar the news that he's in love.

Friar: Donut?

Davy: No thanks – I'm in love.

Friar: I don't see what that has to do with donuts.

Davy: I want to marry Sally Ann.

Friar: By Jimeny that a great idea! It's like putin' canal boats on to railroad tracks.

Davy (*confused*): That would be a very *bad* idea.

Literalist: He means it, I think, metaphorically. You two joining in marriage will get your two families to get along – and end the whole canal versus rail thing. Can I have a donut?

All: NO!

Davy: So you'll do it?!

Friar: Faster than you can book a Las Vegas Chapel!

Literalist (*sign*): anachronism!

Elvis (*singing*): Viva Las Vegas! Viva Las Vegas!

*(neon signs come out of nowhere, Sally Ann is rushed onto stage, a veil is thrown on her head, a bouquet is tossed into her hands, a cross with flowers is rolled out, pantomime wedding, "kiss" (maybe air kiss?), everyone runs off stage.)*

### **Act III**

#### **Scene 1**

Edna: Well that was fun. Now Davy and Sally Ann are married.

Literalist: Really?! They're like eleven! And I don't think that donut guy was a minister...

Gus: Can you just suspend disbelief for a second?

Literalist: One – Mississippi.

Edna: Anyway, Davy's promised his wife, Sally, that he'll come back to her that night.

Gus: But look. Here comes Stormalong. Just in time to meet John Henry and his friend Pecos Bill.

John Henry: It's not a good time to be gallavantin', Pecos. Let's go home. There's Crockets about.

Pecos Bill: You're right! Look who's here. Let's stay out of trouble.

Fight Announcer (*disappointed whine*): Ahhh.

(*Stormalong puts his hand on his sling shot and stares menacingly at John Henry and Pecos Bill who look away innocently, twiddling thumbs. Suddenly Davy comes in, skipping with flowers. Stormalong turns on him and pulls his sling shot*).

Stormalong: Hmph. Forget you, then. Here comes my man! Davy? You are a ... villain.

Davy (*smells flowers, looks dreamy*): Oh! Stormalong. I am not a villain. You do not know me (*giggles at this joke, since he is married to Stormalong's cousin*)

Stormalong: Balderdash, boy! Turn and draw!

Pecos Bill: You rat-catcher! I can lick you faster than a mountain lion snacks on a chipmunk!

Stormalong: Are you callin' me a chipmunk?

(*Pecos Bill makes rodent noises. Stormalong rushes Bill, Davy gets in the way and Stormalong gets Bill under Romeo's arm.*)

Pecos Bill: A scratch, a scratch. Go fetch the sawbones.

Davy: Awww. You can't be hurt that bad!

Pecos Bill: Oh, but I am! I'm hurt worser than...(dies)

John Henry: O Davy! Brave Pecos Bill is dead!

Davy: Now Stormalong, I'm gonna show you!

Fight Announcer: Yes! Now in this corner we have Davy Crockett, champion of the rails, killer of bars...and here's Stormalong, more powerful than a tidal wave and ornerier than a nest of hornets bein' poked by a toddler. Ohh, this is goin' to be good folks! Pow! Bam! Ouch! Ohhhh! My! Slam!

(They fight, Stormalong dies, all leave)

### **Act III**

#### **Scene 2**

Sally's room  
(*Sally and nurse enter*)

Sally: Oh, nurse. What news.

Nurse: He's killed! He's dead!

Sally: Davy?! Dead?

Nurse: Stormalong!

Sally: Davy is dead and Stormalong too?

Nurse: No...Stormalong is dead and Davy is banished.  
Davy killed him and now he is banished.

Sally: Davy! How could you?!

Nurse: There is no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. Shame come to Davy...(anticipating Sally's confusion)...Men are no account good for nothings.

Sally: Oh! But, Nurse. I still love Davy. I really, really do!

### **Act III**

#### **Scene 3**

The Whirlwind House

*(Lord and Lady Whirlwind and Mike Fink on stage)*

Edna: Well now, Davy ran off to the Friar's but he can't be stayin' there long.

Gus: He takes off at night, stops at Sally's then high tails it out of town. The Friar knows where to find him and'll send news now and then.

Edna: Course nobody knows about the marriage except the nurse and the Friar. So Sally's folks are still planin' to marry her off to Mike Fink.

Mike Fink: Ah, she cryin' harder than an onion for her cousin Stormalong. It is too soon for her to marry.

Lord Whirlwind: It is too soon, it is...What day is it?

Lady Whirlwind (*ever patient*): Monday, my lord.

Lord Whirlwind: Let's make the wedding...Wednesday then.

Mike Fink: Ahh...I wish Wednesday was tomorrow.

Lord Whirlwind (*proud of himself*): That would be Tuesday!!!

*(literalist puts finger up as though to say something and then just shakes his head. Meanwhile Lady Whirlwind leads husband off stage.)*

Lady Whirlwind (*patting Whirlwind's head and getting him off stage*): Very good, dear...very good.

Lady Whirlwind: Sally?! Sally!

*(Sally enters)*

Lady Whirlwind: I've got good news! This Wednesday you'll be married to MIKE FINK!

Sally: No!

Lady Whirlwind: Yes!

Sally: No! A passel of polar bears couldn't make me.

Lady Whirlwind: Oh yeah? Well tell that to your pa!

*(Lord Whirlwind comes in)*

Lord Whirlwind: Tell me what? Oh! Sally! Crying? *(to Lady Whirlwind)*  
Didn't you tell her the news?

Lady Whirlwind: I did. She's stubbornner than a mule at a stubborn convention.

Lord Whirlwind: What?!

Literalist: Seriously, what?

Lady Whirlwind: She says won't marry.

Sally *(throwing herself on her knees)*: Oh Pa! I'm plumb sorry but I can't marry him.

Lord Whirlwind: WHAT?! Get thee to the church on Wednesday or you will not be my daughter!

Edna: Whoo boy he's mad!

Gus: Whoo boy she's sad!

*(exit Lord and Lady)*

### **Act III**

#### **Scene 4**

Sally: Oh Nurse, what can I do?

Nurse: Davy is banished. He won't come back. Mike Fink is ...how do you say it? A "catch." Just get "hitched"

Sally: You think?

Nurse: Yes.

Sally: Then go and tell my mother I've gone to the Friar's to beg forgiveness and I will be wed.

Nurse: You are wise.

*(Nurse exits, Sally taps fingers together, looking crafty)*

Gus: I declare that Sally has something up her sleeve.

Edna: Let's see!

## **Act IV**

### **Scene 1**

*(Friar Lawrence and Sally enter from opposite sides of stage and meet in the middle)*

Sally: Oh Friar – things are *not* hunkey dorey.

Friar: I know, you're in more trouble than a mouse at a cat party. But I have a plan...if you dare.

Sally: Oh, I dare! I'm braver than a bushel of.

Friar *(interrupting)*: Yes, yes. We don't have much time. Here, take this donut. It's filled with a strange potion that will make it seem as though you are dead but you're not. When you eat it, your folks will bury you in your family crypt. I'll send word to Davy to come and get you. You'll wake up, run away together and live happily ever after. What could go wrong?

Sally *(counting on fingers)*: Ummm...

Literalist *(nudged by Friar)*: *rhetorical question.*

Friar: Here...Take the donut.

## **Act IV**

### **Scene 2**



## Whirlwind House

Edna: Think she'll do it?

*(Sally, on bed, takes donut holds it up, devours it and falls to the bed, seemingly dead)*

Gus: Yup.

*(alarm clock goes off, nurse enters)*

Nurse: Mistress! What, mistress? Why, lamb, *(literalist: metaphor)* why lady! Mistress, sweetheart, you slugabed? How sound is she asleep. *(touches Sally)* Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead

*(enter in quick succession)*

Lady Stormalong: Dead?! Oh!

Lord Stormalong: Dead?! Woe!

Nurse: Oh Lamentable Day!

Lady: Oh Woeful Time!

Stormalong: Dead! Boo hoo, boo hoo!

Giggles: Dead?! *(giggling fit, nurse elbows him.)*

All: To the vault! *(hoist Sally to shoulders, put flowers on her. Carry her out.)*

## **ACT V** **Scene 1**

Outcast Town (Tumble weed?)

Edna: What are we doing here?

Gus: Look, here's Davy and a messenger's come.

Edna: But he's not the Friar's messenger with news of the donut plan. It's Davy's servant. He does not know anything about Sally's fake death.

Gus: Oh...dear.

Servant: Oh, Davy. Sally is dead! Dead on the morning she was to wed Mike Fink.

Davy: Noooooooooooooooooooo! I'll to the druggist to get a poison soda and end my life! I cannot live without her.

## **ACT V**

### **Scene 2**

Whirlwind Vault – bodies under sheets are on side. Sally is on center stage.

Gus: Things seem to be moving quickly now!

Edna: Well, the audience was getting restless.

Gus: Here comes Mike Fink, to pay his respect.

*(Mike Fink enters with flowers)*

Edna: Uh Oh. Here comes Davy, too!

Mike Fink: Why you yellow bellied sap sucker. You killed Stormalong and Sally Ann's heart burst from grief! You're a dead man!

Davy: I am indeed. But why don't you get along – I have no truck with you.

Mike Fink: I'm a gonna lick you!

Davy: You hanker for a fight. C'mon then.

Fight Announcer: Here we go again!  
*(tousle briefly)*

Mike Fink: Oh! I am slain!

Gus: Now he's done it!

Edna: Now he is doing it! Look he's got his poison soda!

Davy: Eyes, look your last. Arms take your last embrace! Here's to my love! Oh! The drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *(he falls)*

*(Sally wakes up)*

Edna: Yikes – now Sally sees Mike Fink *and* Davy dead!

Sally: What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand? Poison! Drunk all and no drop for me? *(hears noise off stage)*

Sally: I'll be brief. O happy dagger! *(takes dagger from Davy's belt)* There, rust, and let me die. *(stabs herself and lies across Davy – maybe put paper blood puddle out)*

*(Stage begins to fill up with people)*

Giggles *(giggling, people turn and stare in horror at him)*: Sorry. I can't help it. What in tarnation is going on here?

Lady Whirlwind: Some cry Davy! Some cry Sally! Some cry Fink!

Lord Whirlwind: Oh look, wife, how Sally bleeds! She's bleedin' more than...

Literalist: gross! Don't even go there.

*(Lord Crockett enters)*

Lord Crockett: My wife is dead! Dead from grief! What more woe could happen?

Giggles: Umm...well...this could be Hamlet. *(chuckles)*

Edna (*dabbing eyes*): It's just so sad.

Gus: Indeed, it's a tragedy.

Giggles: A glooming peace this morning with it brings.  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Literalist: Personification

*(Giggles kills Literalist or at least puts her in a half nelson)*

Go hence to talk more of these sad things.  
Some will be pardoned and some punished.  
For never was there story more crazy  
Than this of Sally Ann and her Davy.

*(exit all)*