



Sad Apple

Written By: Tim Eberle

(Lights up on a bar. Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone are being served by a bartender. Assorted bar patrons are at tables set around the stage.)

Bartender

Another round, Mr. Boone?

Daniel

Call me Mr. *Daniel* Boone, Sam. And keep my glass full. Tonight is for revelry – tomorrow it'll be back to settling that great whore they call the Wild Frontier.

Bartender

Alright then Mr. Boone. Mr. Crockett?

Davy

I'm afraid that I must take my leave, Sam. It's been a hard day of injun fighting and bear killing.

Bartender

Still killing bears, Davy?

Davy

Killing bears is like pooping, Sam. You start when you're three, and then you never stop.

(Raising a glass.)

To Manifest Destiny, gentlemen.

All Three

To Manifest Destiny!

Daniel

Come on everyone; let's send Davy Crockett off in true frontier style!



Bar Patrons

Born on a mountaintop in Tennessee /
Greenest state in the land of the free /
Raised in the woods so's he knew every tree /

Johnny

(From off-stage, completing the verse)

Everyone get ready for Johnny Appleseed!

Davy

Jesus Christ – did you tell him we were coming here?

Daniel

He must have seen me check in on Foursquare. Don't let him see us.

(Johnny Appleseed throws open the door stage left. He is wearing only overalls and a pot on his head. He holds a jug of cider and is clearly drunk.)

Johnny

Hey you muskrat fuckers – it's Appleseed time!

Bartender

Johnny, you know you're not supposed to be in here.

Johnny

Why? Because you don't want to clean up all the lady drizzle that's going to be coating the floor once I get out of these here overalls? Hey, anybody want any hard cider? Johnny's been getting' a little high on his own supply, if you know what I mean.

(Noticing Crockett and Boone.)

Johnny

Well look who it is! Daniel Boone.



Daniel

Umm...hi Johnny. How's it going?

Johnny

I thought you said that you were going to be home washing your pelts all night.

Daniel

Well, I was, totally, and I was going to call you, but then Davy came over...

Johnny

I thought that coonskin cap looked familiar. Big bear hunting Davy Crockett himself. Well, I may never have killed a bear, but I'd like to see Lady Cockett do this!

(Johnny grabs a handful of seeds from his bindle and throws them around the bar.)

Daniel

Um, good to see you again, Johnny. What have you been up to?

Johnny

Oh, you know. Disrupting fragile ecosystems by forcibly introducing foreign vegetation sure to soak up precious natural resources. And fuckin'.

Davy

This is why we don't hang out.

Johnny

Hey – Davy Jock-itch! I bet you your coonskin hat that I can plant my seed in that lady garden over there. That's apple-talk for peener in vageener!

Davy

I got that Johnny.



Johnny

Hey darling, can I tell you a secret? Do you know the real reason they call me Johnny Appleseed? It's because my penis is shaped like Granny Smith. And also because I live under a tree. What's your name?

Woman

Oh, you smell horrid.

Johnny

Yep. That's what's known as the old "hobo cologne."

Daniel

Alright Johnny – time to go.

Johnny

Hey, why did everybody stop singing? I'll get things started again.

Well I'll tell you all a story bout a man whose name is John /
Wakes up every morning and puts overalls on /
Goes planting apple trees as he walks from town to town /
And when he's out of seeds he sticks his wiener in the ground!

Bartender

That's enough, Appleseed. Get out of here now before we need to get tough!

(Johnny looks as though he's going to take a swing at Daniel, looks around the bar, and slowly breaks down into sobs.)

Look, I'm sorry. It's just that...do you have any idea what it's like to be Johnny Appleseed? To wake up every morning and put a pot on your head because you can't afford a hat? To be a thirty-three year old man whose only article of clothing is made by Osh-Kosh-Bgosh? Look at you two. Living legends changing the landscape of this great nation. Me? I don't even think that I'm planting trees correctly. Have you ever seen a picture of me? I just walk around and haphazardly throw seeds on barren terrain. I'm no expert, but I can't imagine that works very well. And sure, my famous apple crumble always wins the blue ribbon at the state fair – but it wins in the "Terrible Crumble" category. Last year I even beat out a horsehair crumble! I stumble around all day, drunk on hard cider, like a sorority girl at Hoboken St. Patrick's Day, crying because somebody told her that she's in the fat sorority. I had promise once. In high school I was voted



“Least Likely to Become an Itinerant Seed Thrower.” But look at me now. I’m sorry everybody. I’ll go. Looks like in my case, an apple a day keeps the friendships away.

Woman

Wait, Johnny – we’re sorry. We didn’t realize. Please stay.

Johnny

(Back to normal, looking down)

Well lookee here – this Appleseed has given rise to a mighty oak!

Bartender

Out!

Lights