



Davy Crockett: Well, I could use a friend.

Bear: Deal! Put her there, old pal!

Narrator 1: Davy and the bear shook hands. Believe it or not, they became the best of buddies. When Davy traveled around the frontier, Bear was sure to be at his side.

Act 2

Narrator 2: After a few years, Davy's dad gave him his first rifle.

Davy Crockett: Living out in the woods, we needed a rifle to survive. There were a lot of pesky critters running around out there. Sometimes we had to get them before they got us!

Bear: I thought that's what I was for. Don't I keep you safe? Can't I scare off the critters?

Davy Crockett: Oh, now, Bear! Let me tell my story without you interrupting. We'd shoot 'em with a rifle—I call mine Old Betsy—and then skin 'em for clothes and blankets.



Bear: Whew! I'm glad I'm your friend and not your blanket!

Narrator 1: Davy's mom also gave him something special. It was a coonskin cap.

Narrator 2: Every member of the Crockett family had one. It was a matter of pride to wear it. And it kept the head toasty warm.

Coonskin Cap: Why thank you. I am a particularly cozy chapeau.

Narrator 1: One day when Davy was out walking with Old Betsy and his coonskin cap, he came across a panther sitting in the middle of the forest.

Panther: Grrrowl! I see a boy coming this way. What's he up to?

Davy Crockett: I see something ahead in the forest. I think I'll have some fun.

Coonskin Cap: Be careful, Davy old boy.

Davy Crockett: Oh, now, just sit up there and hush, will you?

Narrator 2: Davy tiptoed closer.



Davy Crockett: Why, it's a panther! That old pussycat will never see me. I'll just flash Old Betsy and watch him run. He'll scamper away like a little scaredy cat.

Narrator 1: With that, Davy raised Old Betsy and . . .

Panther: Swat! I knocked that rifle right out of his hand.

Davy Crockett: I had to think fast. I grabbed the panther around his neck and started spinning. We went round and round. I knew he was getting dizzy.

Panther: I tried to shake him off, but no luck. So I scratched at him, raking with my claws.

Narrator 2: The two rolled on the ground, thrashing back and forth and wrestling like there was no tomorrow.

Narrator 1: They each taught the other a big lesson.

Panther: I taught Davy to respect his wildlife brothers . . .

Davy Crockett: . . . and I taught Panther not to mess with Davy Crockett.



Narrator 2: But Davy never did try to scare another panther after that day.

Act 3s

Song: Home on the Range

Bear: One night when Davy and I were relaxing at home, we heard a knock.

Narrator 1: It was some of the townspeople, coming to see if Davy wanted to go raccoon hunting.

Coonskin Cap: Well, Davy didn't like to hunt anything unless he had a true need for it—like me.

Davy Crockett: I told them it was much too dark and dangerous to go hunting.

Coonskin Cap: They should wait until daybreak.

Narrator 2: But they said it was a full moon and as bright as daylight.