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EXT. The great outdoors.

NARRATOR

There was a tree, they called it the Giving Tree.... and it loved a little boy. He would climb up its trunk and swing from the branches and eat apples. And they would play, and when he was tired, he would sleep in the shade. And the boy loved the tree and the tree was happy

BOY

\*acts out the shit as narrator says it\*

I love you Giving tree!

Boy exits stage, comes back slightly older.

NARRATOR

But time went by. And the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone. Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said,

TREE

Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my shade and be happy.

NARRATOR

But the boy said,

BOY

I am too big to climb and play. I want to buy things and have fun.

NARRATOR

So the tree said

TREE

I'm sorry, but I have no money. I have only leaves and apples.  
Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will  
have money and you will be happy.

NARRATOR

And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and  
the tree said

TREE

Oh my how sturdy you've grown, I love how your adolescence feels  
on my wood.

NARRATOR

And the boy said

BOY

Excuse me?

NARRATOR

And the tree said

TREE

\*nonchalantly\*

Oh nothing, carry on picking my apples to sell for money.

NARRATOR

And so the boy gripped the firmest, roundest, juiciest apple,  
and the tree said

TREE

Oh yeah daddy pick my fucking apples

NARRATOR

And the boy said

BOY

Uhhhhhh, what?

NARRATOR

And the tree said,

TREE

Oh, what, haha, nothing, did you say something? I didn't hear anything.

NARRATOR

So the boy left with apples, but the vibe was weird. So the boy stayed away for a long time and the tree was sad. And then one day the boy came back and the tree shook with joy and she said,

Boy is a young man now

TREE

Come, Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy.

NARRATOR

And the boy said

BOY

I am too busy to climb trees, I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?

NARRATOR

And so the tree said

TREE

I cannot give you a house, I am only a tree.

NARRATOR

And the boy grew sad. But the tree said

TREE

But what I can give you is a 40 year fixed rate mortgage on that  
home.

NARRATOR

And the boy said

BOY

That's ridiculous! You think I'm stupid enough to fall into a  
trap to make me pay bucketloads more interest in the long term?

NARRATOR

And so the tree said

TREE

You arrogant prick, if you really wanted a house you'd finance  
it this way so you'd have the lowest chance of foreclosure!

NARRATOR

And so the boy flipped the tree off, and left. Many years went  
by, and the boy was an old man when he next came to see the  
tree, and the boy said

BOY

Hey tree, I'm so sad. My life is nearly over and I am all alone.

NARRATOR

And so the tree said

TREE

Very well then, I will give you an unforgettable sexual  
experience.

NARRATOR

And the boy said

BOY

No, Tree! I don't want that! But could you listen? I think after  
all these years I just want a friend.

NARRATOR

And so the tree said

TREE

Listen man, I'm not gonna lie, I'm about to die too and I don't  
wanna die a tree virgin!

NARRATOR

And so the boy said

BOY

Wait, you're a tree virgin?

TREE

Yes! The closest I've come to tree sex is when Joe Stewart comes to use my company for autoerotic asphyxiation masturbation!

We will then pause for a scene of Joe bent over with one hand tightly yanking on the belt around his throat and the other performing the unholyest of holies and the tree is whistling and pretending not to watch (coincidentally this image will double as Joe's centerfold in my calendar)

BOY

Well giving tree, looks like it's time for me to give you *MY* giving tree.

NARRATOR

And when the boy was done, he whispered in the tree's ear:

BOY

I have one last thing to ask you for, do you have any tweezers?

BLACKOUT