

The Giving Tree

By Shel Silverstein

Narrators 1-11, Boy, Tree

Narrator 1: Once there was a tree.....

Narrator 2: And she loved a little boy.

Narrator 3: And every day the boy would come and he would gather her leaves and make them into crowns and play king of the forest.

Narrator 4: He would climb up her trunk and swing from her branches and when he was tired, he would sleep in her shade. And the boy loved the tree.....very much.

Narrator 5: And the tree was happy. But time went by, and the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone.

Narrator 6: 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.

Boy: I am too big to climb and play

Narrator 7: said the boy.

Boy: I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money. Can you give me some money?"

Tree: I'm sorry

Narrator 8: said the tree,

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

Narrator 9: And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away. And the tree was happy...

Narrator 10: But the boy stayed away for a long time..... and the tree was sad.

Narrator 11: And then one day the boy came back and the tree shook with joy, and she 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.

Boy: I am too busy to climb trees,

Narrator 1: said the boy.

Boy: I want a house to keep me warm. I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?

Narrator 2: I have no house. The forest is my house.

Narrator 3: said the tree

Tree: but you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy

Narrator 4: And so the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build a house. And the tree was happy.

Narrator 5: But the boy stayed away for a long time and the tree was sad.

Narrator 6: And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak.

Tree: Come, Boy

Narrator 7: she whispered,

Tree: Come and play.

Boy: I am too old and sad to play. I want a boat that will take me away from here. Can you give me a boat?

Tree: Cut down my trunk and make a boat,”

Narrator 8: said the tree.

Tree: Then you can sail away and be happy.

Narrator 9: And so the boy cut down her trunk And made a boat and sailed away. And the tree was happy.

Narrator 10: But not really. And after a long time the boy came back again.

Tree: I am sorry, Boy, but I have nothing left to give you. My apples are gone.

Boy: My teeth are too weak for apples.

Tree: My branches are gone. You cannot swing on them.

Boy: I am too old to swing on branches.

Tree: My trunk is gone. You cannot climb me.

Boy: I am too tired to climb

Tree: I am sorry. I wish that I could give you something but I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry...

Boy: I don't need very much now, just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired.

Tree: Well,

Narrator 11: said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could,

Tree: an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down and rest.

All Narrators: And the tree was happy.

Scripted by Chase Young