A Tree; pre-set in a magical forest, shuffling nervously as the audience enters. Feet firmly planted.

A fairytale-esque overture begins to reverberate throughout the space.

**Back-Up and Background (What a Day) (3)**

*Enter Possum, looking around in awe, as they shuffle close to the ground. They slowly rise to their full height.*

**Possum:**
Ahhh, my knees!

**Tree:**
Possum! Are you okay!?

**Possum:**
Bright eyed and bushy-tailed, Tree. Today’s the day, after all.

**Tree:**
More than aware.

**Possum:**
Don’t sound to keen…

**Tree:**
It’s nothing new.

**Possum:**
Oh! The music is swelling, here we go.
Are you in position?

**Tree:**
Is that a joke?

*Enter Princess.*

**Princess:**
LAHAHAHA
LAHAHAHA
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY,
IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE,
THE SUN’S SHINING MY WAY,
ON MY BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Princess, Possum:
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY

Possum:
OOOOOOOO

Enter Prince.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIEW,
NOW, HE’S THE ONE FOR CLICHE ME.

Prince:
AND YOU’RE THE ONE FOR ME, TOO

Prince, Princess:
THIS CAN ONLY END ONE WAY,
BEAUTIFULLY.

The couple dance.

Exit Prince and Princess.

Possum:
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY
ISN’T LOVE BEAUTIFUL IN THIS FAIRYTALE LAND,
ROMANCE AND ROYALTY, THEY GO HAND IN HAND.
WITH A HINT OF MAGIC,
THEIR LIVES WILL BE LESS TRAGIC.

Tree:
That was Romeo and Juliet.

Possum:
What?

Tree:
Yeah, the booking was under Romeo and Juliet.

Possum:
WELL, IT’LL BE BEAUTIFUL ANYWAY,

Tree:
EVEN IF IT ALL ENDS IN DISMAY.

Possum:
Hey, that’s not nice!

Tree:
IT’S ALSO NOT NICE BEING A NARRATIVE DEVICE.

*The Possum gives the Tree a look.*

I’m the setting, the background, literally ‘exterior - magical forest’.

Possum:
It’s your job, there aren’t many other opportunities for singing trees out there.

Tree:
Well-

Possum:
Hang on! The music!

Tree:
Not again.

*Enter Princess.*

Princess:
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY,
AND SUCH A WONDERFUL BALL,
BUT ALAS I MUST AWAY,
WITH MIDNIGHT’S CALL.

STILL
Princess, Possum:
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY.

*The Princess drops a shoe in her hurry.*

*Exit Princess.*
**Possum:**

ISN’T LOVE WONDERFUL IN THIS FAIRYTALE LAND
ROMANCE AND ROYALTY, THEY GO HAND IN HAND
WITH A HINT OF LUCK

**Tree:**

SHE WON’T BE SUCH A F-

**Possum:**

TREE!

**Tree:**

SCHMUCK.

I was gonna say, schmuck. I mean who forgets a shoe?
Hey, you forgot your shoe?!

**Possum:**

You better be more well behaved with the next royal couple who comes through our forest.

**Tree:**

Have you noticed that they always forget their shoes? Or remember that one last year who just took a nap for 3 months, that was awkward?

**Possum:**

Tree, we’ve got a job to do… that was awkward though, we just kinda had to stand there… watching her sleep. And that one day where we thought she stopped breathing.

*(nervous laugh. Shakes head.)*

Scary shit.

**Tree:**

It’s all shit, Possum. What do we even do here? Just sing, smile and get ignored?

*The Possum picks up the shoe.*

**Possum:**

I mean, yeah... but it’s fun.

**Tree:**

This has always happened, the tree is always taken for granted, always-

*Enter Prince.*
**Prince:**
Anyone seen a shoe?

*The Possum hands the shoe to the tree in a panic.*

Could’ve just given me a number. What a day...

*Exit Prince.*

*The Tree throws the shoe off-stage.*

**Tree:**
-overlooked. Trees are always overlooked. I don’t want to be forgotten.

**Possum:**
I won’t forget you…

**A Model Tree (5)**

**Tree:**
Possum, you’ve got a lot to learn.

*IN 1667, ISAAC NEWTON HAD A THOUGHT,*  
*IT DROPPED RIGHT ON HIS HEAD, LIKE AN APPLE OUGHT.*  
*WELL...*  
*HE DISCOVERED GRAVITY, DEFINED THE FORCES OF THIS WORLD*  
*THE PLANET FOREVER CHANGED, AS SCIENCE WAS UNFURLED.*

*WELL, YOU COULD LOOK UP TO THIS PHYSICIST,*  
*OR YOU COULD LOOK OUT FOR THE TRUE HEROES IN YOUR MIDST.*  
*YES, WHY CAN’T ANYONE SEE,*  
*THE REAL STAR WAS THE TREE?*

Everybody move your feet! Oh, awww....

*THIS ISN’T SUCH A CURIOUS NOTION,*  
*TREES AS HEROES SHOULDN’T BE SO STRANGE*  
*YOU’RE JUST STUCK IN A UNIFORM MOTION,*  
*BUT I’M HERE TO COMPEL YOU TO CHANGE.*

*TAKENewton, he was half-way there,*  
*we just gave him a little push.*  
*Buddha was enlightened with our care.*
WHY DO YOU THINK GOD CHOSE A BURNING BUSH?

THESE FRUITS OF PAST HAVE BEEN SUCCESSORS.
YET, I WON’T BE LIKE MY PREDECESSORS;
NO RESPECT HAD THEY GOTTEN.
ROTTEN, TROD ON OR FORGOTTEN.

IT’S TIME TO LEAVE MY MARK,
AND NOT BE SUCH A SAP,
BITE BETTER THAN MY BARK,
AND I’M NOT LOOKING BACK

SO LOOK OUT!
TIMBER! I’M HITTIN THE GROUND RUNNIN’,
AND MY SOUND’LL BE STUNNIN’
A-LOOK OUT!
TIMBER! ‘CAUSE I’M A MODEL TREE,
A STAR TO BE,
AND I’M REWRITING HISTORY!

IF NOBODY HEARS A TREE FALL,
IT DOESN’T MAKE A SOUND,
I WOULD KNOW, I’VE BEEN THROUGH IT ALL,
PLANTED IN THE GROUND.

WELL, I’LL BE HEARD.
I’LL FIND MY VOICE.
I’M NOT DETERRED
BUT I WILL REJOICE.

WHEN THERE’S SOMEONE THERE TO HEAR,
I WILL APPEAR AND BEGIN MY CAREER
HERE, WHERE TREES ARE GAINING TRACTION
THIS IS MY EQUAL REACTION TO YOUR ACTION.

Screw you Isaac Newton, you HACK!

IT’S TIME TO LEAVE MY MARK,

Tree and Possum:
AND NOT BE SUCH A SAP,

Tree:
BITE BETTER THAN MY BARK,
Tree:
AND I’M NOT LOOKING BACK

Possum:
AND YOU’RE NOT LOOKING BACK

Tree and Possum:
SO LOOK OUT! TIMBER!

Tree:
I’M HITTIN THE GROUND RUNNIN’,
AND MY SOUND’LL BE STUNNIN’.

Tree and Possum:
A-LOOK OUT! TIMBER!

Tree:
‘CAUSE I’M A MODEL TREE,
A STAR TO BE,
AND I’M REWRITING HISTORY!

Enter Prince and Princess dressed as the Tree’s back up dancers.
Tree:
SO, FORGET YOUR HISTORY MAKERS,
FOR YOUR NEW ROLE-MODEL ON THE RISE
ONE OF THE REAL GROUND SHAKERS
CAN’T YOU SEE THE FIRE IN MY EYES

Prince, Princess and Possum:
OOO-SHA-LA-LA-LA X 3
ON THE RISE
OOO-SHA-LA-LA-LA X 3
FIRE IN HIS EYES

I’M FACING FORCE; MASS TIMES ACCELERATION,
BUT I WON’T BE ALTERED FROM MY DESTINATION,
A SPOTLIGHT STUDDED STAGE.
I GOTTA BE ON THE PAGE, NOT JUST THE PAGE.

All:
OH YEEEEEEAAHH!

SO LOOK OUT!
TIMBER!

Prince, Princess, Possum:
HE’S HITTIN THE GROUND RUNNIN’,
AND HIS SOUND’LL BE STUNNIN’.

All:
A-LOOK OUT! TIMBER!

Tree:
‘CAUSE I’M A MODEL TREE,
A STAR TO BE,
AND I’M GONNA LEAVE A LEGACY!

Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL.
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL

Princess and Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL.
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL

Prince, Princess and Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL.
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL

Tree:
SCULPT THE STAR THAT I FORESEE,

Prince, Princess and Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL.

Tree:
WHAT I LEAVE BEHIND WILL BE,

Prince, Princess and Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL.

All:
THE NEXT PAGE OF HISTORY.

Tree:
I MEAN, LET’S KNOCK THAT ON THE HEAD.
BUT WITHOUT AN APPLE, I’LL DROP THE MIC INSTEAD.

Exit Prince and Princess.

The Possum looks disheartened after the song.

Do you get it? That song was actually about how Newton wasn’t like the gravity man, and it
was actually the tree that like helped him make the discovery, but they didn’t really get
recognised when they wrote who discovered gravity, like the tree, it was an apple tree, just
wasn’t in the credits, and I don’t wanna be like, like that and… Possum, are you alright?

I Be-leaf in You (4.5)

Possum:
Wow tree,
YOU HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT
BUT I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHAT BEING A POSSUM IS ALL ABOUT.
BUT THERE’S ONE THING I CAN HANG ON TO,
AND THAT’S YOU.
EVER SINCE I VENTURED OFF MY MOTHER’S BACK, 
YOU’VE BEEN MY FRIEND, MY FAN AND MY SHACK. 
THE CONSTANT IN MY LIFE, A FORCE OF NATURE, 
YOU HELPED ME IN STRIFE, THE TRUE PEACEMAKER.

BUT NOW WE’RE BRANCHING OUT OF OUR COMFORT ZONE, 
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A MICROPHONE? 
I REALLY WANT TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR PLAN, 
BUT FIRST, I HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHO I AM.

I COULD BE A COUNTRY POSSUM, 
SINGING ABOUT MY WOES AND PAIN, 
DOWN IN WEST VIRGINIA, ON A DUSTY SOUTHERN PLAIN 
JUST MAYBE, THAT’S WHAT I’M MEANT TO BE. 
BUT MAYBE, (I DON’T KNOW) IT ISN’T ME.

Tree: 
OR MAYBE, I’LL STAND TALL BY YOU 
THINK MAYBE, IT’S WHAT US TREES ARE MEANT TO DO. 
I KNOW THIS IS ALL A BUNCH OF MAYBES 
BUT I KNOW ONE THING’S TRUE…

Possum: 
What’s that?

Tree: 
I BELIEVE IN YOU!

Possum: 
AND I BE-LEAF IN YOU.

Tree: 
What?

Possum: 
I REALLY DO.

Tree: 
Do what?

Possum: 
A LOT,
AND I CAN PROVE, HOW MUCH I BE-LEAF IN YOU

Tree:
Are you saying believe or be-leaf?

Possum:
I’M SAYING BE-LEAF,
WHICH IS WHAT I HAVE IN YOU.

Tree:
Ohhh, I get! It’s a pun!

Possum:
Yeah, do you like it?

Tree:
Uhhhh… not really. I mean, it’s good for a few laughs, but you wouldn’t want to let it out stay its welcome, let alone, base a whole song around one, right?

Possum:
(Beat) Seriously?

Tree:
Yeah, I’m being fur real.
(Awkward beat)

Both:
Aaaaaaaaaaaa!

Tree:
But if you want me to be serious, Possum…

Possum:
Yeah.

Tree:
I BE-LEAF IN YOU!

Possum:
WELL, I BE-LEAF IN YOU
TWO, THAT’S ME AND YOU,
ONE PLUS ONE, THAT IS TWO
-GETHER WE’LL MAKE DO,
THROUGH AND THROUGH,
‘CAUSE I BE-LEAF IN YOU!

Tree:
Awwww, Possum, you are far, far too kind!

Possum:
Not kind enough.

Tree:
Haha taaww. Well, country didn’t work, have you thought about doing… umm… pop?

Possum:
Pop! That’s an idea! I can see it now, the headlining act, ‘The Pop Possum’.

“OH BABY BABY…”

Tree:
POSSUM!!!! Stop what are you doing this is an ORIGINAL “tree” musical (shuffles nervously)

Possum:
Oh.. I’m sorry…

Tree:
Do you want us to get sued??

Possum:
Uh.. probably… not...probably not… I guess Pop just isn’t for me.

Tree:
Aw.. Cheer up Possum, just remember...
I STILL BE-LEAF IN YOU!

Possum:
AND I BE-LEAF IN YOU
TWO, THAT’S ME AND YOU,
ONE PLUS ONE, THAT IS TWO
ADD TWENTY,

Tree:
AND THAT’S 22,

**Possum:**
AND THE SAME NUMBER MORE,

**Tree:**
IS 44,

**Possum:**
DIVIDE BY FOUR,

**Tree:**
YOU GOT 11 RAW,

**Possum:**
THEN MINUS THE SQUARED NUMBER THREE,

**Both:**
AND YOU’LL SEE
A-THAT’S TWO,

**Possum:**
AND IF YOU DIVIDE THAT BY ZERO,

**Tree:**
WHICH YOU CAN’T REALLY DO,

**Possum:**
IT’S INCALCULABLE,
WHICH IS HOW MUCH I BE-LEAF IN YOU!

**Tree:**
How much?

**Possum:**
IT’S INCALCULABLE.

*Both laugh.*

**Tree:**
What is it again?
Possum: INCALCULABLE.

Tree: I’M GLAD THAT I’VE GOT YOU

Possum: I’M GLAD THAT I’VE GOT YOU... TOO.

Tree: THAT’S ME AND YOU.

Possum: ONE

Tree: PLUS ONE

Both: THAT IS TWO -GETHER, WE’LL MAKE DO, THROUGH AND THROUGH. CAUSE I BE-LEAF IN YOU!

Tree: I reckon you should try Electronic Dance Music next.

*Beat. The Tree tries to replicate electronic music.*

Possum: If I hear one more EDM track.

Tree: If I hear one more royal.

**Bolder (4)**

*Enter Princess.*

Princess: *(Operatic)* YOU MUST KNOW THE FINESSE OF A PRINCESS, ONE, NEVER FAIL TO WEAR A DRESS,
TWO, IF A PRINCE ASKS TO DANCE, SAY YES
THREE, ALWAYS ACT TO IMPRESS,
LA HA ‘HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA’
FOUR, YOUR BELIEFS YOU MUST SUPPRESS,
KEEP THEM CLOSE TO YOUR CHEST,
IT’S FOR YOUR BEST!
FIVE, NEVER BE LEWD, RUDE OR CRUDE…

Well fuck me,
I’M ROYALLY SCREWED!!

PRINCESS STORIES; YOU’VE HEARD A HEAP,
ALL PROPER AND NAME-DROPPER
SHIT’D PUT YOU TO SLEEP.
WELL, HERE’S YOUR WAKE UP CALL,
MY BEDTIME TALE IS THE OVERHAUL!

YES, I’VE BEEN LEFT WITH NO CHOICE,
LET DOWN BY THE CROWN,
AND NOT GIVEN A VOICE.
BUT I WON’T BE THERES TO SUPPRESS,
I’D RATHER BE THE DUCHESS OF SUCCESS!

FUCK YES!

THE WORLD HAS PUT ME IN A BOX,
TURNED THE KEY AND EXPECTED ME
TO DANCE ORTHODOX,
BUT THIS AIN’T NO DISNEY MOVIE
CAUSE THIS PRINCESS IS FUCKING GROOVY!

FUCK YOUR THRONE!
BITCH, I WAS BORN TO BUILD MY OWN.
CAUSE YOU DON’T NEED FAMILY JEWELS
TO BREAK THE FUCKING RULES!

I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE BOLDER!
I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE BOLDER!
I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE BOLDER!
I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE!

SO GIVE ME LIGHTS, ACTION, THRILLS
TAKE A SEAT, ON THE BEAT
AND I WILL GIVE YOU CHILLS.
BUT FIRST IT’S TIME FOR ME TO DEFECT,
I’D RATHER HAVE FANS THAN ANOTHER SUBJEC

YEAH! I’M SICK OF YOUR CONTROL
FUCK YOUR CODE, I’MMA HIT THE ROAD
CAUSE I’M ON A ROLL,
IN THE ROLE OF A LIFETIME, FOR A NOBLE,
DON’T BITCH AND WHINE WHEN I GO GLOBAL!

FUCK YOUR THRONE!
BITCH, I WAS BORN TO BUILD MY OWN.
CAUSE YOU DON’T NEED FAMILY JEWELS
TO BREAK THE FUCKING RULES!

I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE BOLDER!

I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
HAVE I SOLD YA?

I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE BOLDER!

I WANNA ROCK,
I WANNA BE A ROCK,
I WANNA BE!

17
CAUSE I CALLED YA,
AND I TOLD YA,
THAT I WANNA BE BOLDER.
CAUSE I CALLED YA,
AND I SOLD YA,
THAT I’M BREAKIN’ THE MOULD, YEAH!
CAUSE I TOLD YA,
THAT I’M BREAKIN’ FREE
FROM WHAT THEY’VE FORETOLD THERE,
WITH MY ROCK’N’ROLL YEAH,
CAUSE I’M FUCKEN BOLDER!

I’LL EXPLODE YOUR CODE,
AND THEN I’MA HIT THE ROAD
LIKE A ROCKET IN A BOTTLE AND
GO FULL THROTTLE

Princess:
GO FULL THROTTLE
GO FULL THROTTLE
GO FULL THRO-O-O-O-O-OTTLE
GO FULL THRO-O-O-O-O-OTTLE
GO FULL THROTTLE

Tree and Possum:
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL
REMODEL YOUR ROLE-MODEL
x2

Prince’s Entrance (1.5)

A royal welcome resounds. Enter Prince in the audience.
The Prince greets audience members, introducing himself and complimenting the women in the crowd. He then proceeds to step onto the stage and dance to his own welcome music as it slowly changes into a techno-remix.

Possum:
Well, this is unconventional.

A Smitten, Glory Story (3)

Prince:
Hit it!

Possum, Tree:
BABA BADABA

Prince:
YEEEAH!

**Possum, Tree:**
BABA BADABA

**Prince:**
IT WAS A SUNNY DAY, IN THE MONTH OF MAY,
AND I WAS DANCING TO THE BEAT, [Tree, Possum: BABA]
AND OH MY LUCK, I WAS SUDDENLY STRUCK,
WITH A GIRL I’D LIKE TO MEET. [Tree, Possum: YEEEAH]

BEST LOOKS IN TOWN, AND A ROYAL CROWN
I JUST HAD TO GET THIS LADIES ATTENTION.
SO WITH MY HAIR LOOKING FINE, AND MY BEST PICK-UP LINE,
I DECLARED MY MIGHTY CONTENTION.

I SAID, [Tree, Possum: HE SAID]
THROW YOUR EYES ON ME BABE, [Tree, Possum: BABA]
BREATHE IN ALL THE GLORY.
BECAUSE I’M THE NEW STAR IN YOUR LIFE,
AND YOU’RE ABOUT TO BE IN MY STORY. [Tree, Possum: BORING]

**Tree, Possum:**
BABA BADABA
PLEASE STOP
BABA BADABA

**Prince:**
RICHARD, BY THE WAY, I FORGOT TO SAY,
THE FINEST PRINCE IN THESE PARTS [Tree, Possum: WANKER]
AND IT’D BE OH SO SWEET, TO WHISK YOU OFF YOUR FEET
BEFORE THE SECOND THINKING STARTS. [Tree, Possum: GOD NO]

**Princess:**
THAT’S A LOT OF HYPE, BUT YOU’RE JUST NOT MY TYPE,
I’M GOING ROYALTY FREE. [Tree, Possum: BULLSHIT]

**Prince:**
DON’T BE SO QUICK TO JUDGE, OR HOLD A GRUDGE.
I’M ABOUT LOYALTY, BABY.

**Princess:**
I SAY, [Tree, Possum: SHE SAID]
THROW YOUR EYES ON ME BABE, [Tree, Possum: BABA]
BREATHE IN ALL THE GLORY.
BECAUSE I’M THE NEW STAR IN YOUR LIFE,
AND I DON’T NEED YOU IN MY STORY.

Princess:
BUT HOLD THE PHONE,
I CAN’T HIT THIS ROAD ALONE.
I DON’T NEED NO ROYALTY,
BUT I CAN SEE IN HIM WHAT I WANNA SEE IN ME.

I WANNA ROCK
I WANNA BE A ROCK
I WANNA BE!

Prince:
FREE FROM STRIFE, ONCE YOU’RE IN MY LIFE,
THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS IS ME.

Tree, Possum:
BABA BADABA
SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Princess:
I’M A ROCKIN GOD
Prince:
WITH A ROCKIN BOD
GIRL, CAN’T YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE? [Possum: Smooth]
I’VE GOT THRILLS TO SPILL
AT YOUR WILL,
AND GIRL IF YOU WANT WE CAN

Just stop this dance and get to the point? Stop beating around the bush, and start beating the bush, if you know what I mean.

Princess:
But I liked your dance.

Prince:
Haha, really?

Princess:
Yeah, it kinda… rocked.
Prince:
That’s actually what I was going for.

Princess:
Right. Ophelia.

Prince:
Well, Opheliaaa, do you wanna get out of here?

Princess:
Out of... the forest?

Prince:
Yeah.

Princess:
Ummm… alright then.

Prince:
Oh joy!

Tree, Possum:
BITCH, HE’S A FUCK BOI.
BABA BADABA
SHUT UP
BABA BADABABABA

Princess:
THROW YOUR EYES ON ME BABE, [Tree, Possum: BABA]
BREATHE IN ALL THE GLORY.
BECAUSE I’M THE NEW STAR IN YOUR LIFE

Prince, Princess:
AND YOU’RE ABOUT TO BE IN MY STORY!

Exit Prince and Princess.

I Be-leaf in You Reprise #1 (2)

Possum:
BECAUSE I’M THE NEW STAR IN YOUR LIFE AND NOBODY FUCKING CARES!
Both laugh.

Tree:
Wouldn’t mind getting out of the royal-hook-up capital of the country...

Possum:
You and me both.

Tree:
All we need is one good song.

Possum:
What do you mean?

Tree:
Like a one hit wonder, something to get us famous, and then we can make more hits or cruise on the one song that everyone loves.

Possum:
You’re going to write it?

Tree:
That song about Isaac Newton wasn’t a cover, Possum.

Possum:
Oh, right.

Tree:
I just need time… while I write our claim to fame, you just keep working on a genre that you’re suited for, and then we can start opening up some brand new doors in our lives.

Possum:
Got it! And remember, Tree…
I BE-LEAF IN YOU!

Tree:
I BE-LEAF IN YOU… TOO!

The two sign the lines “THAT’S ME AND YOU, ONE PLUS ONE, THAT IS TWO” to each other.

Exit Possum.
The *Tree* grabs out a clipboard and starts writing intensely. As the scene progresses the *Tree* slowly rises onto their tippy toes.

Enter *Prince* and *Princess*. The *Prince* lays out a blanket and they both lay underneath the *Tree* staring up at the stars and then back at each other, the *Prince* getting distracted easily and whisking them both away.

Exit *Prince* and *Princess*.

Enter *Possum*, wearing a jacket and sunglasses.

The *Possum* mimics tap dancing. The *Tree* makes a indecisive hand gesture.

Exit *Possum*.

Enter *Prince* and *Princess*.

The *Prince* is lightly strumming an acoustic guitar, the *Princess* is in awe, she is given very little attention in return though.

Exit *Prince* and *Princess*.

Enter *Possum* wearing a hipster-esque outfit and carrying a macbook.

The *Possum* presses a button and starts to groove slowly to the eclectic beats. The *Tree* stares intensely at the *Possum* and tries to be supportive, but the *Possum* still doesn’t feel like it suits.

Exit *Possum*.

Enter *Prince* and *Princess*.

The couple are going on a nice stroll, the *Princess* looking a little unsure about the situation now, as the *Prince* only focuses on himself before winking at a girl in the front row. The *Princess* notices and storms off.

Exit *Princess*.

The *Prince* trailing behind.

Exit *Prince*. 
Enter *Possum*, in a 90s hip hop outfit.

*The Possum* strikes a pose, the *Tree* not noticing, too fixated on their writing.

**Possum:**  
Tree! You’ve grown.

**Tree:**  
Oh, no.  
*(Drops to normal height)*
I just got excited.

**Possum:**  
Why’s that?

**Tree:**  
Because it’s done!

**Possum:**  
It?!

**Tree:**  
It.

**Possum:**  
It!

**Tree:**  
Our ticket out of here, Possum; the greatest song I’ve ever written, that anyone’s ever written, actually.

**Possum:**  
Holy shit... I knew you could do it, Tree.

**Tree:**  
We did it, because we’re going to do it together. We’re going to make it a hit, sell a bazillion copies and then take it on tour.

**Possum:**  
You mean, in the forest?

**Tree:**
No Possum, we have to prepare ourselves for bigger stages once we become stars.

**Possum:**
But you’re stuck in the ground…

**Tree:**
So?

**Possum:**
So how are you going to tour, with an excavator?

**Tree:**
I’ll just unroot myself.

**Possum:**
That’s not a thing.

**Tree:**
My third cousin, Spruce, twice removed, did it and now he works down at the Intercontinental Hotel.

**Possum:**
You sure he wasn’t just dug up?

**Tree:**
Look, do you want to hear the song or not?

**Possum:**
Of course. Let me just grab a seat.

*The Possum scouches people in the front row and awkwardly sits next to them.*

**Tree:**
(mentally preparing themself)
Alright, let me get ready… I now present to you, the greatest song ever written…
(clears throat)

**The Greatest Song Ever Written (1)**

**Tree:**
ONCE-
I Don’t Want a Sidekick (3)

Enter Princess, looking somewhat upset.

Princess:
Urfff!

Possum:
Psst, hey, psst, get out of the way.

Princess:
Huh!? Who’s there?

Possum:
Me, now get out of the way, my friend is performing.

Princess:
WHAT THE FUCK!?

Possum:
What?

Princess:
You’re a… you’re a…

Possum:
I’m a what, hun? A talking possum?

Princess nods, aghast.

Possum:
Nature of the beast, baby, get used to it. Now can you please move.

Princess:
Oh, I know what this is. Oh no! Oh no no no no no!
Nup, this isn’t happening.

Possum:
Listen, I know it’s exciting, but this is a very important moment, so I will politely ask you one more time, to fucking move!

Princess:
I know exactly what this is, and let’s make something crystal, fucking clear…
I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK,
I THOUGHT YOU OUTTA KNOW,
SO BEFORE YOU GET YOUR HOPES UP CHIEF,
I’M RUNNING MY OWN SHOW.

OH NO, NO, NO,
I DON’T WANT A TALKING RAT,
TO HELP ME ON MY WAY,
BECAUSE YOU SURE AS HELL AIN’T MY COMIC RELIEF
AND I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK TODAY.

AND THAT’S ALL I GOTA SAY.
BYE BYE, BYE BYE.

**Possum:**
Hmmph,
WELL, I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK
AND LET’S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT,
BETWEEN US TWO, I’D BE THE MAIN ATTRACTION
AND YOU’D BE SECOND RATE.

THAT’S RIGHT, NO,
I DON’T WANT A PRINCESS
A PRETTY, PEPPY SPOILED BRAT,
I’M ALREADY SICK OF THIS INTERACTION,
AND IT’S BEEN NO TIME FLAT.

Yeah, take that!
JUST DON’T CRY CRY, CRY CRY.

**Princess:**
AND IF I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK

**Possum:**
AND I DON’T WANT ONE TOO,

**Possum & Princess:**
CAUSE OBVIOUSLY YOU’D BE A SIDEKICK TO ME
SO WHAT ELSE COULD I WANT FROM YOU?

**Princess:**
Wait, me the sidekick?
YOU FREAKIN’ FURRY, FIBBING FUCK,
BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS HOW THE STORY GOES, AND YOU’RE STRAIGHT OUTTA LUCK.

Possum:
You’ve seen too many movies.

Princess:
CAUSE,
YOU’RE A SLACK, NOTHING BUT A HACK, ATTACK ON THE LAUGHING TRACK AND A SECOND PLACE, WASTE OF SPACE,
Who needs to get the fuck out of my face!

DON’T LIE LIE, LIE LIE.

Possum:
I STILL DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK

Princess:
WELL WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

Possum & Princess:
CAUSE OBVIOUSLY YOU’D BE A SIDEKICK TO ME SO WHAT ELSE COULD I WANT FROM YOU?

*The two begin tap-dancing aggressively against each other.*

Possum:
Oh shit, Tree!

Princess:
Alright, I DON’T WANT NO HARDSHIP, SORRY SOMETIMES I JUST SNAP, BUT I CAN’T FLEE THESE OLD CONVENTIONS, AND IT’S MAKING ME FEEL CRAP.

Possum:
Okay, so?

Princess:
SO, I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK, I NEED TO TAKE SOME TIME FOR ME, I NEED TO FORGET MY APPREHENSIONS. AND BE BOLDER FINALLY.
Starting with this Prince.

*Exit Princess.*

**Possum:**
WELL, I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK,
BUT I WOULDN’T MIND A HANGER-ON,
WHAT I CAN DO IS BE-LEAF IN YOU,
AND… oh, she’s gone.

**Tree:**
- SO DON’T TRUST GARDEN GNOMES!

And that’s it. The best song I have ever written. Possum, what’d you think?

**Possum:**
Huh?

**Tree:**
You didn’t listen to it, did you?

**Possum:**
No, no, it was fantastic.

**Tree:**
What was your favourite part?

**Possum:**
Uhhh, the part with the…

**Tree:**
Just go!

**Possum:**
What? No, can’t you sing it again.

**Tree:**
I said, go!

**Possum:**
But…
Tree:

(Head hung) Please.

Exit Possum.

The Tree throws his clipboard behind him in disappointment, thinking it was no one hit wonder.

**Rooted (2.5)**

Tree:

ROOTED

I’M TRULY ROOTED.

STUCK IN PLACE AND PERSECUTED.

BUT, I HAVE THE TALENTS, I HAVE THE MEANS,

SO WHY AM I SHUNNED WITH NOTHING BUT DREAMS?

LET ME SET THE SCENE,

BECAUSE THAT’S ALL THAT I’VE EVER BEEN.

I’M THE BACKDROP TO ANOTHER’S STRIFE,

IN THE BACKGROUND OF A BETTER LIFE,

ON THE BACK FOOT OF A CAREER IN LIGHT,

I WILL NOT BACK DOWN FROM THIS FIGHT.

I NEED A LEG UP FOR WHAT I MIGHT ACHIEVE,

A LEGACY IS WHAT I NEED TO LEAVE,

I’LL ARM MYSELF WITH DREAMS TO CARRY ME,

IT’S ALL WITHIN ARMS REACH!

I’LL GO HEAD-ON AGAINST ROYAL TROLLS,

DIVE HEAD-FIRST INTO LEADING ROLES,

SEE ME HEADLINE EVERY MAJOR SHOW,

JUST A HEADS UP AS I’LL ONLY GROW.

A FOOT IN THE DOOR TO FURTHER GLORY,

NOT A FOOTNOTE IN SOMEONE ELSE’S STORY.

AND WITH MY TALENTS, AND WITH MY MEANS,

IT’S TIME TO GROW A PAIR OF SEEDS!

SO, BRING ON THE FALL,
AND LEAVE THE LEAVES BEHIND.
OPEN UP A BRAND NEW DOOR,
WHERE I CAN TRULY SHINE.
SHINE THE SPOTLIGHT ON ME,
AND SOMEONE ELSE CAN BE THE SCENERY.

YES, YOU’RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.
SOMEONE ELSE CAN BE THE SCENERY.

Being a Dick (4)

Enter Prince. He sighs deeply whilst leaning against the Tree, to its discomfort.

Prince:
Women, ammiright? (Another sigh.)
How’s everyone doing tonight? Good? Coming out to see a show? Nice, nice. Didn’t expect this, did ya? A prince, playing acoustic guitar. It’s pretty chill, don’t get too excited. (Winks)
But, yeah, I get your shock, “Wow, Prince Richard is just a normal bloke”. Yeah, it’s true, I’m just like each and everyone of you here tonight; flawed.

WO WO YEAH YEAH, BABY.
I’M RELATABLE TOO… MAYBE.

That sexy riff was for the girl in the front row, what’s your name, hun?

Girl answers.

Nice, nice. Prince Richard.

The Prince sings the girls name in an overly dramatic fashion.

Like that? Of course you did. But in all seriousness, guys, it’s not easy being…this. Like I said, I have problems too. I mean...

IT’S HARD TO BE A DICK.
OOOO SO HARD
TO NOT DISSAPPOINT,
BUT NOW IT’S HARD
RIGHT ON THE TIP…PING POINT.
WELL, OH YEEAH! IT’S NOT SICK,
BEING A ROYAL DICK!
Oh man, that felt good, getting all that out of my system, like I just had so much on my chest, all over my chest... and I just needed to get it off....my chest. I know I’m being very vulnerable for you guys right now, very open...exposed... but I trust you, and that’s really what I need right now, someone to trust, someone I can get to know… in a deeper sense, cause, you get it, you feel me, you feel how hard it is? Do you feel how hard it is... for me? (Stammering) Do you.. feel…. hard….but for me?

I’m sorry, guys. I’ve been trying to make things easier, but when you’re Prince Richard, people expect a lot, … at least above average you know... Olivia expects a lot, and I feel like I’m losing her because of it. So I uh, wrote her a song, hoping it would make my life a little less blue...(Beat) Sorry… (Adjusts crotch)... here goes

PRINCESS OLIVIA
I LIVE FOR YA
YOU’RE THE LIV OF MY LIFE
UNLESS THE GIRL IN FRONT ROW WANTS TO BE MY WIFE!
THAT’S NOT ACTUALLY A PROPOSAL SO YOU KNOW,
BUT WE CAN DISCUSS IT AFTER THE SHOW,
YOU JUST HAVE TO GO DOWN-

-the stairs, what were you thinking, jesus, like the stairs you came up to get into…yep, you got it, then you walk past the bar, go up the stairs, or is it down, man this place is like a rabbit warren, I mean it’s easy for me I just go past the curtain and down the hallway to the room, but for you it’s like a whole thing, anyway what was I talking about again.

Tree:
cough Ophelia!

Prince:
Oh, that’s right, Olivia!
OLIVIA!

Tree:
It’s Ophelia!

Prince:
Oh wait, her name’s Ophelia, you guys should’ve told me, *sigh* if these trees could talk!

Alright, I may need to tweak a few things in that case, ummm

PRINCESS OPHELIA
I WANNA… FEEL YA,
INSIDE OF MY… HEART.
YOU CAN BE THE COUNTERPART TO MY PART
Enter Princess.

Princess:
Richard, there’s something I need to tell you, and I’ve been wanting to-

Prince:
Don’t worry, babe, because I’ve been wanting to tell you something too.

Princess:
Of course, you do, look before you start can I just say-

Prince:
PRINCESS OPHELIA
I FEEL YA
OH YEAH
OPHELIA
I FEEL YA
Everybody, now!
OPHELIA
I FEEL YA
Take it up a notch!
PRINCESS OPHELIA
I FEEL YA!

Princess:
Oh original!

OPHELIA
I FEEL YAAAH!

A Smitten, Glory Story Reprise (2)

Princess:
That’s a little weird, but remember that I was going to say something?

Prince:
But remember the day we met?

Princess:
What?

Prince:  
BABABADABA

Princess:  
Oh no…

Prince:  
BABABADABA  
BABA OPHELIA  
I TOOK SOME TIME, NOW I’M IN MY PRIME  
AND EVERYTHING IS GOING GOOD.  
BUT TO PROVE MY LUST, AND CEMENT MY TRUST,  
I’LL CARVE OUR NAMES INTO WOOD.

The Prince pulls out a dagger and begins carving a love heart into the side of the Tree.

Tree: (Over the top of next verse)  
What? What are you doing?  
Why have you got a knife?!  
NO! No, please, god no!  
AHHHHHHHHH!

Princess:  
OH HOW SMART, TO CARVE A LITTLE HEART  
ALL THIS SHIT IS MAKING ME SICK,  
I ADORED OUR SCORE, BUT DON’T WANT NO MORE,  
OF THIS PERFECT PRICK, PRINCE DICK.

The Royals begin to dance, Princess does so reluctantly.

Tree:  
AHH! WHAT THE FUCK!!  
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE!!!  
HOLY SHIT!! THE PAIN!  
POSSUM!! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU!!  
OH GOD! AM I DYING?? AHHH!

Exit Prince and Princess.

Un-Rooted (2.5)
Tree:
UNROOTED.
I’M BECOMING UNROOTED.
NOW THAT I HAVE A HEART, IT’S UNDISPUTED.

I HAVE THE KNIFE, I HAVE THE MEANS,
TO FULFILL MY DREAMS!
LET ME SET THE SCENE,
IT’S NOT GONNA BE CLEAN.

I’VE BEEN STUMPED, YEAH! FROM THE START,
FORCED INTO THE BACKGROUND TO PLAY MY PART.
BUT NOW YOU’VE CROSSED A LINE WITH CERTAINTY,
CAUSE YOU’VE JUST PISSED OFF A FUCKING TREE

I WON’T BE CUT DOWN TO SIZE,
BUT I’LL CUT DOWN THOSE WHO I DESPISE.
THEY CARVED A HEART OUT OF ME.
NOW IT’S TIME TO RETURN THE FAVOUR...
WHOLEHEARTEDLY.

YES, IT’S TIME TO LEAVE MY MARK
AND NOT BE SUCH A SAP,
BITE BETTER THAN MY BARK
AND I’M NOT LOOKING BACK.

SO LOOK OUT! TIMBER,
I’M SICK OF THEIR CUNNIN’
WHEN ALL THEY’RE DOING IS SHUNNIN’
NOW THEY’RE THE ONES RUNNIN’,
CAUSE MY KNIFE’LL BE STUNNING
LOOK OUT! TIMBER.
I’M AN UNROOTED TREE
A STAR TO BE.
AND I’M CARVING OUT MY LEGACY.

NOW MY BRANCHES AND PROSPECTS AREN’T SO FRAIL
I’M CUTTING OFF THE FAT IN THIS TALE.
SO REMODEL YOUR LOYALTY,
WHEN I KICK THE ASS OF ROYALTY.

I’LL BRING ON THEIR FALL
I Don’t Want a Snide Dick (3.5)

Enter Princess and Prince.

Princess:
That’s it, we’re done. I’m done.

Prince:
Babe, please, what about all I’ve done for you?

Princess:
You mean, all you’ve done for yourself.

Prince:
Same thing.

Princess:
You’re a piece of work, you know that!?

Prince:
I thought this was what you wanted?

Princess:
This can go fuck itself. Because this never really cared about this.

Prince:
Is that why you’re breaking up with me?

Princess:
Oh, you really wanna know?

Prince:
Of course, I-
Princess:
I DON’T WANT A SNIDE DICK,
‘CAUSE THAT’S WHAT YOU’VE BECOME,
A ROYAL PAIN IN MY FUCKING ASS,
WHO JUST TREATS ME LIKE I’M DUMB.

YES, I DON’T WANT YOUR PRIDE, SLICK.
CAUSE YOU ONLY CARE HOW YOU APPEAR
IF YOU SPENT AS MUCH TIME LOVING ME,
AS LOVING YOU, THEN WE WOULD NOT BE HERE.

Prince:
It’s hard to look this good for you.

Princess:
I DON’T WANT A SNIDE DICK

Prince:
BUT I’M NOT A SNIDE DICK TO YOU,

Princess:
BUT OBVIOUSLY, SNIDE DICK IS YOUR PEDIGREE
SO WHAT ELSE COULD I WANT FROM YOU?

Enter Possum.

Possum:
Tree!
I’VE GOT IT ALL FIG-
Uhhh, shit, umm, I’m sorry.

Prince:
Did that possum just fucking talk?
Oh my god, this isn’t happening, I’m fucking losing it.

Princess:
I DON’T WANT TO BUTT IN,
BUT ACTUALLY YOU’RE LOSING ME,
I THOUGHT I WANTED TO BE MORE LIKE YOU
BUT I NEEDED TO BE MORE LIKE ME.

Prince:
PLEASE, I DON’T WANT TO LOSE YOU,
CAN YOU PLEASE JUST HEAR ME OUT?
I WAS A DICK TO YOU BEFORE, OLIVIA
BUT I PROMISE TO BE MORE DEVOUT.

Princess:
Olivia!?
I DON’T WANT TO HOLD BACK,
YOU CALAMITOUS, CARELESS COCK
‘CAUSE I DON’T NEED A BLOODY GUY,
IN ORDER TO FUCKING ROCK.

Prince:
Alright, Dwayne Johnson!

Princess:
CAUSE,
YOU’RE AN UNCOOL, POOL OF DROOL, A FOOL AT EVERY MOLECULE
AND A ROYAL BOIL, HEAD IN SOIL, WHO’S MY UNLOYAL FOIL.

Possum:
SO RECOIL.
CAUSE SHE DOESN’T WANT A SNIDE DICK,
JUST GET THAT THROUGH YOUR HEAD,
‘ CAUSE I’M HER FRIEND AND IF YOU FUCKING DON’T,
I’LL PAINT THE WHOLE TOWN RED.

Prince:
What the fuck is going on?!

Princess:
I STILL DON’T WANT A SNIDE DICK
Possum:
AND HE’S A SNIDE DICK TO YOU,

Princess, Possum:
CAUSE OBVIOUSLY, SNIDE DICK IS YOUR PEDIGREE
SO WHAT ELSE COULD I/SHE WANT FROM YOU?

Prince:
What… I… this is-

Princess:
You know, you’re surprisingly dickless for a Dick.

Possum:
Oooooooooooooo!
**Prince:**
Well… well… well
I DON’T WANT A TRIED BITCH,
I’M SICK OF THIS FUCKING SHOW,
SO FUCK YOU ALL, I’M OUTTA HERE,
WITH THE GIRL IN THE FRONT ROW!

*The Prince looks expectantly at the girl in the front row. Beat.*

You too!?
FUUUUUUUUUCK!!

*Exit Prince.*

**Princess, Possum:**
BYE BYE, BYE BYE

**Princess:**
FUCK I’M DONE,
NOW I’M BACK AT SQUARE ONE.
ALL BECAUSE OF ROYALTY,
Maybe it’s just what I’m meant to be

I JUST WANTED TO ROCK

**Possum:**
I’LL BE YOUR ROCK,
AND YOU CAN BE BOLDER!

*The Princess looks over at the Possum, she places a single hand on the marsupial’s shoulder, smiles, nods and then leaves.*

*Exit Princess.*

**The Hip-Hoppin Possum (3.5)**

*The Possum reflects for a moment.*

**Possum:**
Alright, Possum, you got this. Your life-long tree friend just unrooted themselves, leaving you to help break up a relationship between two people you barely know. Maybe, it’s ahh, for
the best, you know? *(Shuffles awkwardly)*
   Where is that god damn tree?!

*Enter Prince, wielding an axe.*

**Prince:**
   Couldn’t have put it better myself.

**Possum:**
   You… what are you doing back here?

**Prince:**
   The tree, where is it?

**Possum:**
   What do you want with the tree?

**Prince:**
   Ohhh, I thought I recognised you. You’re that forward little ferret, who had the fucking nerve to threaten me, whilst my heart was being ripped to fucking shreds.

**Possum:**
   Because you really cared about Ophelia, didn’t you?

**Prince:**
   Not anymore, that bitch lost her chance, and now I plan on cutting down the symbol of our love to prove it; and I swear it was right fucking here.

**Possum:**
   You know there’s one thing I always admired about you, literally only one thing, the only admirable thing, that is; the way you sing, it’s kind of like you’re trying to rap, but you’re not very good at rapping.

   *(Mockingly)* IT WAS A SUNNY DAY, IN THE MONTH OF MAY
   AND I WAS DANCING TO THE BEAT.
   And I mean, the only reason I admire it is because it kind of inspired me. Don’t get me wrong, you’re no inspirational figure, but your commitment to this bit gave me the confidence to give it a go myself. So, with all your opinions on a possum,
   TOSS EM,
   CAUSE I’M AWESOME,
   ONLY STARTIN’ TO BLOSSOM,
   AS THE NOCTURNAL BRO,
   WITH THE FINE FURRY FLOW,
   WITH BEATS THAT DON’T SLOW
AND IF YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW.
LET ME REPRISE THE SHOW:

ONCE UPON A RHYME, YO
A PRINCE WAS IN HIS PRIME, BRO
STARTED A CLIMB, TO PINE, FOR A REAL FINE HOE.

THE PRINCESS LIKED HIS FLEX,
THEM GOT STRAIGHT ON TO SEX.
BUT SHE SEARCHED FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMPLEX,
THE PRINCE NOW PERPLEXED, AS HIS GIRL REJECTS,
NOW HIS EX, HE DEFLECTS, WITH ZERO EFFECTS.
CAUSE HE NEGLECTS TO LEARN FROM HIS DEFECTS,
IN TURN, HIS RESENTMENT INFECTS WITH CONCERN.

SO WHAT’S TO BE DONE?
CUT DOWN A TREE, AND YOU FEEL LIKE YOU’VE WON?
MAN, I FEEL BAD FOR YOU, SON.
I GOT 99 PROBLEMS, BUT A BIRCH AIN’T ONE.

WHY NOT BE BETTER THAN THIS?
I DON’T MEAN TO DISS, BUT YOU’D BE REMISS,
TO NOT LOOK FOR BLISS, IN THIS HATE-FILLED ABYSS.

TAKE ME, I’M CARVING OUT AN IDENTITY,
RESHAPING MY DESTINY, YOU SEE
YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE, WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO BE
NOT EVEN, JUST ROCK, POP, HIP HOP OR COUNTRY.

YOU CAN BE EVERY PART.
TAP DANCE FOR A START.

Short tap dance part.

YOU HAD A ROYAL HEAD START.
(Tap, tap)
BUT THEN YOUR GIRL DID DEPART.
(Tap, tap)
BUT, THERE’S ONE THING I CAN IMPART
(Tap, tap)
YOU CAN REBUILD WHO YOU ARE, FROM A BROKEN HEART.

Funny, that’s what I came to tell the-
This whole number the Prince has been circling the Possum, listening intently, until he finally cannot take it anymore. He swings the axe wide and brings it around into the Possum’s side.

-tree...

The now wide-eyed Possum collapses to the ground, lifeless.

The Prince breathes heavily, staring at what he has done, before noticing the audience.

**A Rewritten, Gory Story (.5)**

Prince:
THROW YOUR EYES ON ME
BREATH IN ALL THE GLORY,
CAUSE I’M THE REAL STAR IN ALL YOUR LIVES
AND I JUST REWROTE THE STORY

Enter Tree, wielding a knife.

The Tree looks at the Possum and then at the prince holding the bloodied axe.

Prince:
Just what I was looking for.

Tree:
P...p...possum....

Prince:
How’s that for a rewrite, huh?

The Tree charges the Prince. They fight.

Enter Princess, who instantly rushes over to the Possum in order to cradle the lifeless body.

The Prince is killed. The Tree stands over the body of the Prince; remorseful, sickened, defeated.

Tree:
Timber, motherfucker!
The Princess is oblivious, slowly beginning to sing.

**I Don’t Want a Sidekick Reprise (1)**

**Princess:**

I DIDN’T WANT A SIDEKICK,
SO THAT’S WHAT I’D PRETEND,
BUT NOW I’VE COME TO REALISE,
ALL I WANTED was a friend.

AND IF I DON’T WANT A SIDEKICK
AND YOU DIDN’T WANT ONE TOO
AND OBVIOUSLY, YOU WERE MORE THAN THAT FOR ME
SO HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU...

BYE BYE, BYE BYE
I WON’T CRY CRY, CRY CRY

**I Be-leaf in You Reprise #2 (1)**

*The Tree rushes over to the side of the Possum.*

**Tree:**

Possum! Are you alright? Wake up, please! Please wake up, possum! I know you can do it.

Come back to me, I am here and...

I BE-LEAF IN YOU
TWO, THAT’S ME AND YOU
ONE PLUS ONE, THAT IS TWO
-GETHER WE’LL MAKE DO,
AND YOU’LL PULL THROUGH
CAUSE I BE-LEAF IN YOU.

*The Tree weeps over the body of the Possum. The Princess observing respectfully.*

**Princess:**

You knew them?

**Tree:**

I knew them.

**Princess:**

I’m sorry.
Tree:
  (Glancing over at the Prince) I’m sorry too.

Princess:
  He was a dick.

Tree:
  They were a star.

Princess:
  I was an idiot.

Tree:
  I was delusional... to think we could ever make it out of this royally fucked forest.
  (Beat.)

Princess:
  You could do anything with a voice like that.

Tree:
  Not without them.

Princess:
  What about with me?

Tree:
  What?

Princess:
  I… I… I need a friend. I mean, I thought I was cut out for this life, I know I’m cut out for this life, but not on my own.

Tree:
  I literally just killed your boyfriend…

Princess:
  I know! Fuck! This isn’t easy. I thought I could waltz out of the royal tower and start my own life, finally be… me. I don’t know if this even is me, maybe I’m still looking for what I really want. I thought I saw it in the Prince, but when you look deep enough into a person like that you just find nothing. Now I’m fucking, royally fucking fucked. I can’t go back, and I’ve got no idea what to do. The only one who’s ever supported who I really am is dead, and now… I don’t know, I guess I’m just trying to find something else…
Tree:
I’m sorry…

Princess:
For what?

Tree:
I don’t know, I just didn’t know what else to say.

**A Princess’ Plea (1)**

Princess:
(Sigh) Look, just hear me out.

**Princess:**
YOU HAD THE TALENTS, YOU HAD THE MEANS.  
BUT YOU WEREN’T IN ANY SCENES.  
You know,  
WE COULD HAVE HAD A CONNECTION  
IF YOU HAD YOUR OWN SHOW IT’D BE ‘PINING FOR AFFECTION’  
YEAH, THAT FITS LIKE A GLOVE,  
MAYBE ALL YOU EVER NEEDED WAS LOVE.

*The two stare off longingly into the distance as a beautiful melody begins to soar.*

*The Possum awakens.*

**Possum:**
GAAAAASSSSPP

Tree:
Possum! You’re alive!

Princess:
How!?

**Possum:**
I … I don’t know….I think it was through… the power of love!

*The beautiful melody returns, but is cut off.*
**Tree:**
You were hit with an axe!?

**Possum:**
Oh! *(Picks up axe)* Yeah, this is plastic.

**Princess:**
Well, that’s kind of dumb.

**Possum:**
Oh? Would you rather I was still dead?

**Princess:**
No, I mean-

**Possum:**
So you could put your life into perspective, face your own mortality and be all “oh that’s what the possum would have wanted me to do”, fuck that shit, fuck your guilt, fuck tha-

*The Princess embraces the Possum, who is taken aback.*

**Princess:**
Thank you.

**Possum:**
What?

**Princess:**
For being here.

*Possum returns the hug.*

**Tree:**
Yeah, Possum, I’m glad that you’re back.

**Possum:**
Me too. Get in here!

*They all embrace.*

**Possum:**
So I take it you don’t hate her anymore?
Tree:
Nah, we’re cool.

Possum:
(Aside) Character development.
(Beat.)
I mean, did you really think we weren’t going to have a happy ending?

Princess:
Ending? We have barely gotten anywhere?

Tree:
Maybe that’s the problem.

Princess:
What?

Tree:
Maybe we just need to get the hell out of this place.

Take It or Leave It (4)

Possum:
What about after that?

Tree:
I DON’T KNOW.

Princess:
OBVIOUSLY, WE’D STAR IN A ROCK AND ROLL SHOW.

Tree:
OR WE COULD GO SLOW,
START BY SETTING OUR GOALS A LITTLE MORE LOW.

Possum:
Do you just want to forget everything we’ve been working towards?

Tree:
I STILL WANT TO BE A STAR, DON’T MAKE A FUSS,
BUT HOW CAN I STRIVE WHEN AMBITION HAS RUINED US?
WE BECAME SELFISH, JEALOUS, MURDEROUS AND SNIDE,
SO NOW IT’S TIME TO PUT THOSE VALUES ASIDE.
Princess:
WE SAY WE WERE VICTIMS, WE SAY WE WERE SCREWED,
BUT WE HAD A CHOICE AND WE CHOSE TO BE RUDE.

Possum:
SO NOW WE NEED TO FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE OUR BEST,
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS LAND, THIS FOREST, THIS COMEDY FEST.

Tree:
YES, WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU YOUR PLOT,
YOUR LOT IN LIFE, AND IT’S NOT A LOT,
THE WORLD HAS CARVED IT’S SPOT OUT FOR YOU,
AND THERE’S ONLY TWO THINGS YOU CAN DO…

Tree, Possum, Princess:
YOU CAN
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
TAKE IT OR-

Tree:
UNROOT FROM THE GROUND

Princess:
AND DITCH THE CROWNED,

Possum:
WITH A ROCKIN’ SOUND!

Tree, Possum, Princess:
BELIEVE IT! AND LEAVE IT!
BELIEVE IT! AND LEAVE IT!
BELIEVE IT! AND YOU CAN
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

Possum:
ISN’T LIFE WONDERFUL IN THIS FAIRYTALE LAND?

Tree:
IT’S JUST NOT SOMETHING THAT I CAN WITHSTAND.
WITH ALL THESE LOVE BIRDS WHO ARE TRULY FLAWED,
PLUS, I’D RATHER BE WHERE I WASN’T IGNORED.

Princess:
ROMEO AND JULIET.
YOU CAN
Tree, Possum, Princess:
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
TAKE IT OR-
Princess:
FOLLOW YOUR NEEDS
Tree:
GRAB LIFE BY THE SEEDS
Possum:
AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS.
Tree, Possum, Princess:
BELIEVE IT! AND LEAVE IT!
BELIEVE IT! AND LEAVE IT!
BELIEVE IT! AND YOU CAN-

The Prince miraculously awakens.

Prince:
JUST DON’T BE A DICK!
(heavy breathing)
YES, WHEN LIFE PUSHES YOU TO THE MAX

Tree:
Wait, what?

Prince:
(shrugs) Plastic axe.

Tree, Possum, Princess:
Oh, right.

Prince:
YEEEEAAAH!
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

Possum:
I’M MORE GRATEFUL NOW I’VE ALMOST DIED.
Tree:
I WON’T BE CHARGED FOR HOMICIDE.
Princess:
I’LL BE LESS ENTITLED AND SWALLOW MY PRIDE.
Prince:
I’LL TRY AND NOT HAVE A BITCH ON THE SIDE.
Sorry [Girl in front rows name]!

Tree, Possum, Princess:
(shrug) Yeah, good enough.

Tree:
SO, WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU YOUR AVENUE…
YOUR LOT IN LIFE
YOUR PLOT IN STRIFE
YOUR ROOTED EARTH
YOUR TOTAL WORTH,
YOUR STUPID PLAY
YOU FUCKING SAY...

Tree, Possum, Princess:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Prince:
YEAAAH!

Tree, Possum, Princess:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Prince:
YEAAAH!

Tree, Possum, Princess:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Tree:
EVERYBODY!

Tree, Possum, Princess, Prince:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Tree:
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

Tree, Possum, Princess, Prince:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Possum:
DON’T YOU MEAN LEAF IT?

Tree, Princess, Prince:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Possum:
I THINK YOU MEAN LEAF IT.

Tree, Princess, Prince:
NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH

Princess:
POSSUM, JUST LEAVE IT!

Prince:
LEAVE FROM ALL THE STRIFE,

Princess:
LEAVE FOR A BETTER LIFE.

Possum:
LEAVE FOR WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.

Tree:
THERE’S ONLY ONE MORE THING WE GOTTA LEAVE BEHIND.

_The Tree reveals an apple and stares at the audience as he drops it to the ground._

APPLE DROPPED.
MUSIC STOPPED.

_The music stops._

Tree, Possum, Princess, Prince:
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!!!

Black out.

Exeunt.