JOHNNY AND NATE, HIS BROTHER’S GRANDSON, ARE SITTING BENEATH AN APPLE TREE. JOHNNY IS VERY OLD, ABOUT TO DIE.

NATE: What do you think I’ll be when I grow up, Uncle Johnny?

JOHN: Oh, I expect you’ll be pretty much what you are right now, Nate. Older. Better looking.

NATE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Uncle Johnny. I mean what? An apple planter like you? A shopkeeper like grandpa?

JOHN: I always wondered that, too, Nate. From the time I was your age until, well, until just a little while ago.

NATE: Just a little while ago! Do I have to wait THAT long?

JOHN: I hope not, Nate. See, when I was your age I thought I’d be an orchardist. And raise apples, back in Massachusetts. And then I thought I’d be a husband, and a father. And so many other things. Turned out I just became an old itinerant apple planter with no wife, no children, no store, no anything. But at least I now know what I am.

NATE: You’re my UNCLE!

JOHN: Yes, I am that, for sure. And it has become clear to me what I really am, and what you are, and what we all are.

NATE: What’s that, Uncle Johnny.

JOHN: You and I, Nate, we’re trees.

NATE: (LAUGHING) We’re not trees.

JOHN: Yep. We are. And rivers.

NATE: Rivers, too?

JOHN: Rivers, too. Say it. I am a tree.

NATE: I am a tree.

JOHN: I am a river.

NATE: I am a river.

JOHN: All of life runs through me.

JOHN: I am…

NATE: (JOINING HIM) …a tree.

BOTH: I am a river.

 All of life runs through me.

SONG:

I am a tree
I am a river
All of life flows through me

I am the gift
I am the giver
I am what I was meant to be.

I am the light
I am the darkness
I am the sea
I am the land

I am a star
I am a moonbeam
I am a single grain of sand

Like the butterfly that crawls from its cocoon
Must warm its misty wings so it can fly
I will be ready soon
I have just been waiting for my wings to dry

And now the wind is lifting me

And carrying me home

And now I'm up and drifting free

And soon I will be home.

I can almost touch the sky

I am ready now

I have just been waiting for my wings to dry.