

Hey Little Ant

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Ant, Kid, Narrator

Kid: Hey, little ant, down in that crack. Can you see me? Can you talk back? See my shoe, can you see that? Well, now it's gonna squish you flat!

Ant: Please, oh, please, do not hurt me. Change your mind and let me be. I'm on my way home with a crumb of pie. Please don't hurt me, don't make me die

Kid: Anyone knows that ants can't feel. You're so tiny, you don't look real. I'm so big, and you're so small. I don't think it will hurt at all.

Ant: Well, you're a giant and giants can't know how it feel to be an ant. Come down close, I think you'll see that you are very much like me.

Kid: Are you crazy - me, like you? I've got a home and a family too. You're just a speck that runs around. No-one will care if my foot comes down.

Ant: Oh, big friend, you are so wrong. My nest-mates need me 'cause I am strong. I dig our nest and feed baby ants, too. I must not die beneath your shoe.

Kid: But...my mother says that ants are rude. They carry off our picnic food. They steal our chips; our bread crumbs too. It's good if I squish a crook like you.

Ant: Hey, I'm no crook, kid - read my lips. Sometimes ants need crumbs and chips. One single chip feeds our whole town. You must not let your foot come down.

Kid: But...all my friends squish ants each day. Squishing ants is a game we play. They're looking at me, they're listening too. They all say I should squish you.

Ant: I can see you're big and strong. Decide for yourself what's right and wrong. If you were me and I were you, What would you want me to do?

Narrator: Should the ant get squished? Should the ant go free? It's up to the kid not up to me. We'll leave that kid with the raised up shoe. What do you think that kid should do?

Scripted by Chase Young