

# ANDY AND CHRYS

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A ten-minute comedy  
inspired by Aesop's Fable *The Ant and the Chrysalis* by  
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*SkyPilot Theatre Company Playwright-in-Residence*

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An Ant running around in the sunshine looking for food came across a Chrysalis nearing its time of change. The Chrysalis moved its tail, and the Ant noticed for the first time that the creature was alive. "You poor suffering thing!" cried the Ant. "How unfortunate that I can run here and there as fast as I like—even climb the tallest trees—while you hang imprisoned here in that shell with only the power to move your scaly tail!" The Chrysalis heard this, but did not reply. A few days later, when the Ant passed that way again, nothing but the shell remained. The Ant wondered what had become of the creature inside. Suddenly he felt himself shaded and fanned by the gorgeous wings of a beautiful butterfly. "Hello, Ant," said the Butterfly. "Remember me? Your sad, pitiable friend? Brag now of your powers to run and climb—as long as you can get me to listen!" At that, the Butterfly rose into the air and floated away on a summer breeze, never again to be seen by the Ant.

*Do not be deceived by appearances.*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRYYS, female, pretty, smart, talented, paralyzed from the waist down.

ANDY, male, same age, plays basketball, but lacks game.

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*(CHRYS, a pretty girl, sits in a wheelchair, drawing. ANDY enters miming playing basketball. He stops and dribbles the ball, trying to look impressive.)*

**ANDY:** Hey there.

**CHRYS:** Hello.

**ANDY:** Whatcha drawing?

**CHRYS:** Just...drawing.

**ANDY:** O-kaay... Can I see it?

**CHRYS:** I'm not done yet.

**ANDY:** I'm Andy. Moved here a few weeks ago. *(Beat.)* What's your name?

**CHRYS:** Chrys.

**ANDY:** Saw you hanging out on the sidelines today. Seen you there before. You were drawing then too.

**CHRYS:** Yep!

**ANDY:** *(Beat.)* Just finished practice. Waiting for my mom. *(Beat.)* You might have noticed me on the team. Did you see my offense today? Might be shooting guard before the year is out.

**CHRYS:** Who knows!

**ANDY:** You come to all the games?

**CHRYS:** I like sports.

**ANDY:** The team at my old school was pretty good. Nationally ranked.

**CHRYS:** That's cool.

**ANDY:** *(Shrugs nonchalantly.)* I played point guard. Pretty much in charge.

*(He takes a shot and misses.)*

Whoah! I missed. Guess I'm tired after practice today.

*(He dribbles the ball.)*

I just need to train harder. That's the problem with most people. They don't take stuff seriously. Someday I plan to go pro.

*(He dribbles, and goes through an elaborate, somewhat silly "focus" routine, to get ready to shoot. He sneaks glances at her. She is concentrating on her drawing. Finally he shoots. And misses. He runs to get the ball.)*

Geez! I probably need some potassium or something.

*(He puts the ball down and stretches.)*

Wow... I guess it was rude of me to go on about playing—when you, when you're...

**CHRYS:** When I'm...?

**ANDY:** Never mind. *(Beat.)* Come on, what are you drawing? Can I see?

*(He moves to look at the drawing. She turns her pad over so he can't see it. After a while he goes back to stretching.)*

Do you wish you could play ball?

**CHRYS:** I do.

**ANDY:** I'm sorry. That's too bad.

**CHRYS:** That I play ball?

**ANDY:** What? No, I meant... Wait. You play?

**CHRYS:** Believe it or not.

**ANDY:** No offense, but are you pulling my leg? *(Beat.)* Oh wow—oops. I didn't mean... To bring up, uh...

**CHRYS:** What... Legs?

**ANDY:** Right.

**CHRYS:** Um... It's OK to talk about legs in my presence. *(Beat.)* If you want to ask a question about mine, just ask.

**ANDY:** What? No... I don't—

**CHRYS:** Yes you do. I can tell. I get that look a lot. *(Beat.)* Ask, then.

**ANDY:** OK. *(He takes a deep breath:)* Where do you play?

**CHRYS:** Local league.

**ANDY:** But—how do you play?

**CHRYS:** *(Focused expression:)* Like this.

*(Chrys makes a goofy face and mimes dribbling the ball.)*

Sorry. I couldn't help myself. *(She laughs:)* Should see the look on your face. *(Beat.)* It's a fair question. There's rules about our chairs and stuff—like what kinds we can use, but otherwise it's pretty much the same as what you play.

**ANDY:** Oh. Good for you, for—playing.

*(Andy goes back to dribbling. Chrys goes back to drawing. While she is concentrating, he sneaks over to look at her drawing.)*

Wow...

*(She quickly turns her sketch-pad over.)*

**CHRYS:** I'm not done yet!

**ANDY:** Is one of those people me?

**CHRYS:** Yes.

**ANDY:** *(Beat.)* It's really good. Can I see more?

*(After a moment she begins to flip through the pad.)*

Wow! You drew everybody on the team! It looks like us too—your drawings are so real... We really look like we're moving! Even the muscles in our arms—how do you do that?!

*(She laughs.)*

**CHRYS:** I just—pay attention, I guess.

**ANDY:** Cool. It's really cool that you can draw like that.

*(Andy takes another shot and misses. He runs to get the ball.)*

Geez! Missed again! Guess I'm a little...nervous.

**CHRYS:** Nervous? About what?

**ANDY:** I...I wanted to ask you a question.

**CHRYS:** Ask away!

**ANDY:** You know I'm new here and everything, and I've, well, I've been noticing you. It seems like you...really know your way around.

**CHRYS:** *(Smiles at his awkwardness:)* I've been with the same class since kindergarten.

**ANDY:** What I mean is, I wondered if maybe...you'd like to show me around the neighborhood—after school sometime? We could get ice cream or something. I could push your chair for you!

**CHRYS:** *(Laughs a little:)* That's OK, Andy. I can get around pretty well myself.

**ANDY:** Oh. Cool. That's cool...so...?

**CHRYS:** Sure, Andy. I'll show you around sometime.

**ANDY:** Awesome!

*(He misses his shot again.)*

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Ahhh! Man... O for O! (*Beat.*) I'm really glad you said yes. I mean, I was pretty sure you would, but I was still sweating it some.

**CHRYS:** (*Beat.*) What made you so sure I would say yes?

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