



**Sample Pages from  
Huge Hands**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p119> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# A BOX OF PUPPIES

Constantly, Incessantly, All The Time  
Huge Hands  
Diatom  
One Beer Too Many

FOUR ONE ACT PLAYS BY  
*Billy Houck*



## **A Box of Puppies**

Four One Act Plays by Billy Houck

<b>Constantly, Incessantly, All the Time</b> (IW) .....	5
<b>Huge Hands</b> (IM, IW, 8 Either).....	13
<b>Diatom</b> (2 Either).....	21
<b>One Beer Too Many</b> (IM).....	29

## **Set**

All you need is a bare stage.

## **Welcome!**

Welcome to *A Box of Puppies*, a diverse and exciting collection of One Act Plays. Each play can be performed independently or the four plays can be performed together in the above order for an outstanding competition piece.

— Enjoy! —

# Huge Hands

## Characters

Sparky, a small adolescent boy

Sparky's Mom

Sparky's Friend, but not really

A Random Kid

A Gang of Kids (6) who bully Sparky

Sparky is the smallest or at least the thinnest actor in the theatre. Aside from Sparky and Mom, gender doesn't matter. Race doesn't matter. Size is very important.

## Setting

A bare stage.

## Costumes

Sparky carries a pair of oversized hands in a backpack. The hands can be store bought or made of Papier-mâché. The important thing is that they be really big and super-strong looking.

---

*SPARKY comes on stage, clutching his backpack and looks around. He is surrounded by A GANG OF KIDS who start pushing SPARKY around.*

KID ONE: Hey, Sparky!

KID TWO: Spark meister,

KID THREE: Dude, that backpack is so gay.

KID FOUR: Ya scrawny little punk.

KID FIVE: Get outta here, ya stupid faggot.

KID SIX: Oops! Did I push you?

KID ONE: Sorry. Why doncha watch out where yer goin, kid?

*They pick SPARKY up in the air, and "crowd surf" him for a while. Unable to resist, SPARKY suffers through their mischief.*

KID TWO: Hey, it's rainin' sparks you guys! Ha! Get it?

KID THREE: Whoa, hey there Sparkplug. Better come down, or you're gonna get in trouble!

KID FOUR: Hope I don't drop ya.

KID FIVE: That'll teach ya to come where you aren't wanted.

KID SIX: Why don't you grow up or something ya little mouse?

KID ONE: Watch out, here comes Sparky!

*They drop SPARKY and run off, laughing.*

SPARKY: (*pops up, furious*) Hey, I'm really mad now. Somebody's gonna pay! You guys better watch out. You keep teasin' me and you're gonna be sorry. Yeah, you. I'm talking to you.

*Of course, SPARKY's tormentors are long gone.*

SPARKY: One of these days, bang, zoom! To the moon.

Then you'll be sorry you teased me.

Hey, you! You want a free pass to the gun show?

(*takes off t-shirt*) Get a load of these!

*SPARKY, now stripped to the waist or wearing only a tank top, looks REALLY scrawny, but poses like a body builder.*

SPARKY: I'll take you all on.

I'm not afraid!

*SPARKY, breathing heavy, consciously calms himself down.*

SPARKY: Ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five...four...three...two...one...a green leafy forest. A baby bird. A fawn. A bubbling brook.

*"The calm" snaps.*

SPARKY: AND THEN GIANT ALIENS COME DOWN AND EAT THE BABY BIRDS, RIP THE FAWN APART AND DESTROY THE FOREST! YEAH!

That's the way I roll.

So watch out.

Sparky is gonna gitcha.

*SPARKY pulls out a pair of huge, oversized superhero hands out of his back pack. He puts them on. He looks like he has giant fists at the end of his skinny arms.*

SPARKY: Sometimes I have a rage burning inside of me, and I don't even know it. Every day something happens to me. I mean it. Somebody calls me a faggot at least once every 47 minutes. I kept track. If you're in school for seven hours a day and somebody calls you a faggot at least nine times a day, it works out to once every 47 minutes. Roughly.

I kept a chart. I showed it to my math teacher, but she just said, "I don't give extra credit."

I don't make these things up.

And I'm not even gay. Not that that matters. I mean, it matters if you're gay or not, but when they say "faggot" they don't mean "gay." They don't even mean "gay" when they say "gay." When they call a thing "gay" like "oh, this class is sooooo gay" they don't mean it's bright or happy, or even homosexual. They mean it's boring, or hard, or both.

Idiots.

But when they say, "you're gay"

They mean, "I'm more pop-u-lar than you are."

They mean, "get out of my way."

They mean, "I'm bigger than you, I'm stronger than you, I've got a big ol' gang of guys, so we can do anything we want to you and **NOBODY WILL DO ANYTHING TO STOP IT!**"

Nobody.

Nobody.

So it's up to Sparky. (*he shows off his huge hands*)

With these mighty huge hands I fear no one.

I am invincible.

If you try to fight me, I will only get stronger.

**SMASH CRASH!**

When they see me coming, they'll get out of the way.

Because they'll see the rage inside of me.

They'll see that I may look like wimpy little Sparky, but if they mess with me, I'll come at them like a freakin' **TORNADO!**

I'm gonna destroy their houses.

Level the whole block with one punch.

Then they'll be sorry.

Someone's gonna be real sorry.

Sorry they messed with the Skip-Meister.

Yeah. I'm bad. I'm bad.

You know it.

*SPARKY'S FRIEND crosses the stage. SPARKY tries (unsuccessfully) to hide his huge hands.*

SPARKY'S FRIEND: Hey Sparky.

SPARKY: Um. Hey.

SPARKY'S FRIEND: How's it goin'?

SPARKY: Cool cool. I'm cool.

SPARKY'S FRIEND: Where's your shirt?

SPARKY: (*pulls shirt back on*) Nothing. I mean nowhere. I mean right here. I was just catching some rays. Working on my tan. You know.

SPARKY'S FRIEND: Yeah. OK. Catch you later.

SPARKY: Awwright. Don't do nothing I wouldn't do. Ha.

SPARKY'S FRIEND: See ya.

SPARKY: Oh, OK, you wanna go, uh, you know, the uh...

SPARKY'S FRIEND: What?

SPARKY: Oh, nothin'. Never mind. I was just, you know.

SPARKY'S FRIEND: (*leaving in earnest*) Whatever.

SPARKY: (*shouting after him*) That's cool. That's cool. Don't be a hater. See you later. And don't forget to tip the waiter. Ha. (*FRIEND is long gone*) My best friend. Really. That's my best friend who just left. Yep. Best friend in the whole world. He and I went to kindergarten together. When those guys stole my thermos, he was there. When I had to repeat the fourth grade, he was there. Of course, after that he wasn't there any more, because he was

then a grade ahead of me. But we see each other almost every day at lunch.

And he says Hi to me.

And I say Hi to him.

This may not seem like a big deal, but if NOBODY ever said anything to you except “get outta my way,” You would be pretty stoked when somebody said Hi.

Even if that’s all he ever said.

*RANDOM KID crosses by.*

SPARKY: Hi! Hey, how ya doin’? Nice day, isn’t it?

RANDOM KID: Huh?

*RANDOM KID keeps crossing & exits without stopping.*

SPARKY: See what I mean?

Sometimes when I’m home I go to the kitchen, you know, for a glass of milk, or some orange juice, or even just a glass of water, you know? And I get to the kitchen and my mom is standing there.

*SPARKY’s MOM enters.*

SPARKY: And then I forget what I went to the kitchen for. And I’m just standing there, you know?

MOM: (*rapidly, with no chance for him to answer*) What do you want? Why are you just standing there? Maybe I should put you on Ritalin. Did you do your homework? What’s wrong with you?

SPARKY: What’s wrong with me? What’s wrong with me? Are you kidding, Mom? How about my whole freaking life? How about I have horrible nightmares every night, but the only thing that’s scarier than my nightmares is the rest of my life when I’m awake?

I’m miserable! You give me clothes, you make sure I’m fed, but my life is miserable. School is hell, but home is – I don’t know... what’s worse than hell? Nothing. Home feels like nothing. I’m empty, and it’s all your fault!

*MOM gasps in horror and freezes, her knuckles in her teeth.*





[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

## Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).