

Cold Hands

A one-act play for children

By Douglas Evans



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CAST OF CHARACTERS

FREDDIE-second-grade boy

Girl 1-classmate

Boy 1-classmate

Girl 2-older girl

Boy 2-older boy

DUTY TEACHER-female or male teacher

SETTINGS

A snowy elementary school playground during recess.
Monkey bars stage right.

PRODUCTION NOTES:

CHARACTERS: 5 character 2 male 3 female DUTY TEACHER can be either male or female

PLAYING TIME: 15 minutes

PROPS:

Silver whistle for DUTY TEACHER

SETTING:

A snowy elementary school playground during recess.
Monkey bars stand stage right.

COSTUMES:

Students wear warm coats, hats, and mittens.

FREDDIE has bare hands.

DUTY TEACHER wears warm coat, hat, boots, and a silver whistle around her neck.

LIGHTING: No special lighting

SOUND: School bell

MUSIC: No special music

SCENE 1

Time: Winter. Present day. Recess time.

Setting: A snow-covered grade school playground.

At Rise: FREDDIE stands center stage. He wears a warm coat and a wool hat. His hands are bare and red with cold.

Nearby GIRL 1, BOY 1, GIRL 2, and BOY 2 play in imaginary snow. They roll snow boulders, throw snowballs, and make snow angels.

DUTY TEACHER stands upstage, bundled up. Her hands are in her pockets and a silver whistle hangs around her neck.

FREDDIE

(whining while holding out hands)

My hands are so cold. So cold. Oh, my hands are cold.

(GIRL 1 approaches FREDDIE)

GIRL 1

What's wrong, FREDDIE? You don't look like you're having any fun this recess.

FREDDIE

This is the worst recess ever. My hands are freezing!

GIRL 1

Here's what you should do. Rub your hands together. I'll show you.

(She removes mittens and briskly rubs her palms together.)

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

See palm-to-palm real fast Your hands heat up. It's called friction. Works every time.

(FREDDIE rubs hands palm-to-palm.)

FREDDIE

Uh-huh...my hands got a little warmer. But now my arms are tired from doing all that rubbing!

GIRL 1

(putting mittens back on)

Well, I tried. Better tired arms than frozen fingers.

(She walks upstage center and starts building an imaginary snowman.)

FREDDIE

(holding his hands out)

My hands are so cold! Sooooo cold! Oh, my hands are cold!

(BOY 1 walks up to FREDDIE.)

BOY 1

If your hands are cold, FREDDIE, try blowing on them. Cup your hands over your mouth and blow on them. Like this.

(Boy 1 removes gloves and blows into cupped hands.)

BOY 1 (CONT'D)

(holding out hands)

See all warm. And it makes a lot of cool steam.

(FREDDIE cups hands over mouth and blows over and over.)

FREDDIE

(panting)

That didn't do any good. My hands are a little warmer, but now I'm all out of breath.

BOY 1

(putting gloves back on)

Well, that's all I got. Good luck, Freddie.

(BOY 1 runs upstage center and joins GIRL 1 in building the snowman.)

FREDDIE

My hands are so cold! So so cold! They're blocks of ice. When can I go inside?

(GIRL 2 skips up to FREDDIE.)

GIRL 2

You look miserable, FREDDIE. Try shaking your hands in the air.

(GIRL 2 shakes mittened hands in air)

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)

(still shaking hands)

See, that gets your blood flowing and warms them up. Go ahead. Try it. Shake your arms like a penguin.

(FREDDIE shakes his hands. He soon tires and lowers his arms, breathing hard)

FREDDIE

Yes, my hands were a warmer. But when I stopped, they just got cold again.

GIRL 2

(shrugging)

Well, it works for me. Sorry, I couldn't help, Freddie.

(GIRL 2 runs upstage center to join the others in building the snowman.)

FREDDIE

My hands are so cold! So cold! They're as cold as popsicles!

(BOY 2 walks up to FREDDIE.)

BOY 2

Your hands will never warm up if you just stand there, Freddie.

When my hands get cold, I use the *Armpit Trick* to warm them up. Cross your arms and stick your hands in your armpits. Go on, try it.

(FREDDIE crosses his arms and tucks his hands in his armpits.)

FREDDIE

(smiling)

Yes, my hands are warmer. But I feel silly standing like this. I looked like an Egyptian mummy in a museum.

BOY 2

(shrugs)

Suit yourself. I'd rather look silly than spend a recess with cold hands.

(BOY 2 trots off to join others in building the snowman.)

FREDDIE

(still shivering)

Oh, my hands. Oh, how cold. How cold.

(DUTY TEACHER walks up to FREDDIE.)

DUTY TEACHER

(bending over)

Why, hello, FREDDIE. What seems to be the matter? Why aren't you playing in the snow with everyone else?

FREDDIE

My hands are too cold! Oh, so cold. I can't throw a snowball. I can't build a snowman. I can't do anything.

DUTY TEACHER

How sad. But if your hands are cold, why don't you stick them in your pockets? Your pockets are warm and snug.

FREDDIE

(shaking head)

But I can't. That's impossible.

DUTY TEACHER

(looking surprised)

Why ever not, Freddie?

FREDDIE

(wipes away a tear))

I can't stick my hands in my pockets, because my pockets are full.

DUTY TEACHER

(looking perplexed)

Full? What do you mean full?

FREDDIE

I can't stick my hands in my pockets...because my mittens are in there.

(DUTY TEACHER stands up straight.
GIRL 1, BOY 1, GIRL 2, BOY 2 stop
building snowman and stare at
FREDDIE.)

DUTY TEACHER

(smiles)

Freddie, you're too much.

(The school bell rings, and
students run stage right and exit.)

DUTY TEACHER

Time to go in, Freddie. Your classroom will be nice and warm.

(DUTY TEACHER and FREDDIE walk
together, stage right.)

FREDDIE

My hands are so cold. So cold. My hands have never been colder.

End of Play