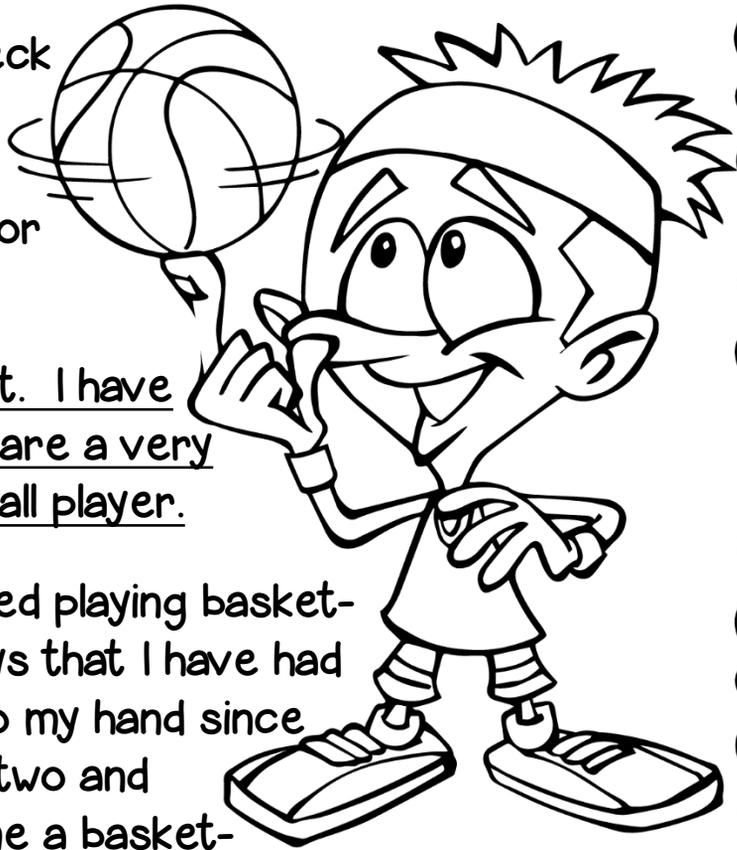


Basketball Advice

Sixteen boys are in the gym, warming up before practice begins.

Brett: Hey, Coach! Check this out! I can balance the ball on my fingertip for thirty seconds!



Coach: Impressive, Brett. I have noticed that you are a very talented basketball player.

Brett: I have always loved playing basketball. My mom says that I have had a ball attached to my hand since the day I turned two and someone gave me a basketball for my birthday!

Coach: I am glad to hear that. We need a consistent player like you who can bring the ball up the court.

Brett: I can definitely do that!

Coach: There is one thing I would like you to work on.

Brett: What's that, Coach?

Coach: I want you to work on improving your defensive skills.

Brett: You bet. Tell me what I need to do to improve.

Basketball Advice (continued)

Coach: When a person on the other team shoots the ball, I want you to box out and go after the rebound.

Brett: Yeah, I agree. I could probably do a better job of blocking the person I am defending from running to the basket and grabbing the rebound. I'll really focus on that during practice this week, Coach.

Coach: Sounds good, Brett. By the way, I really enjoy having you on my team.

Brett: Thanks!

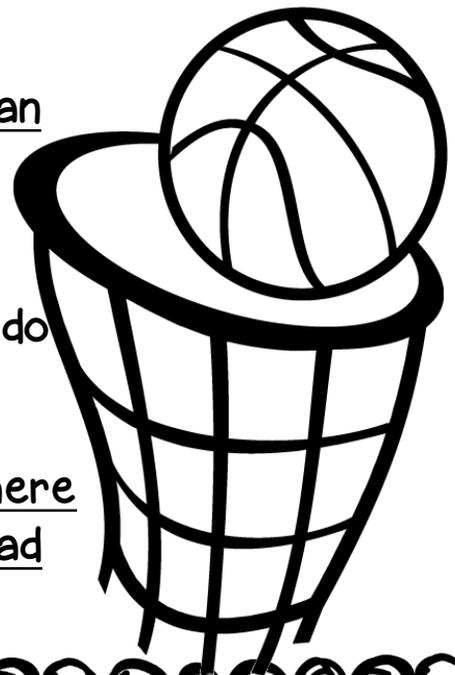
Coach: You are a good role model for your teammates. You listen, and you are always trying to improve. You never rattle off excuses or get angry when I suggest an area that you could improve. I wish everyone had a positive attitude like you, Brett.

One week later, following the game.

Coach: Great game today, Brett! I can always count on you to get the ball up the court.

Brett: Thanks, Coach. And how did I do with my defense?

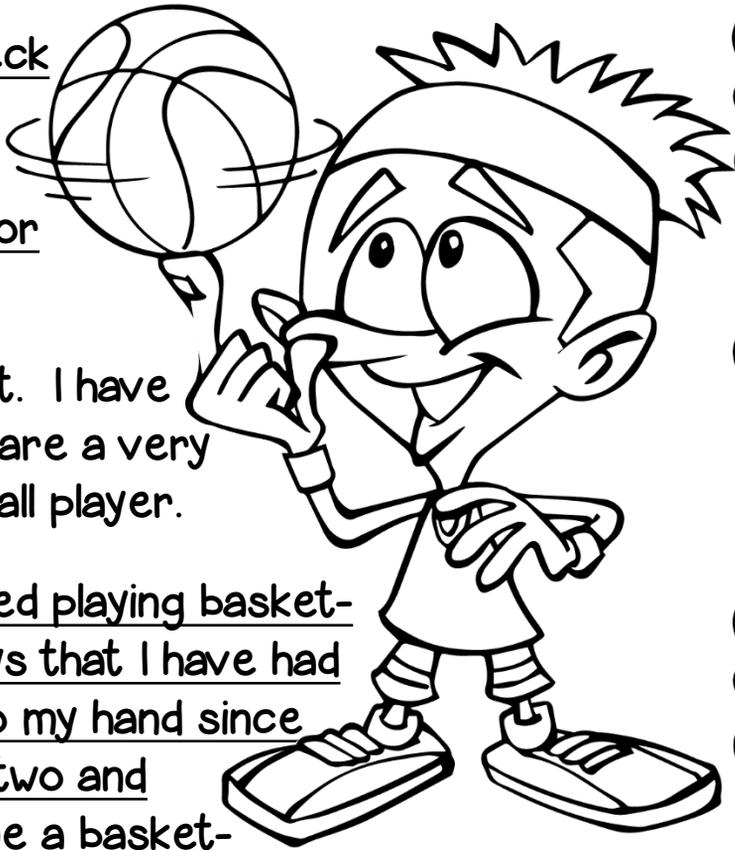
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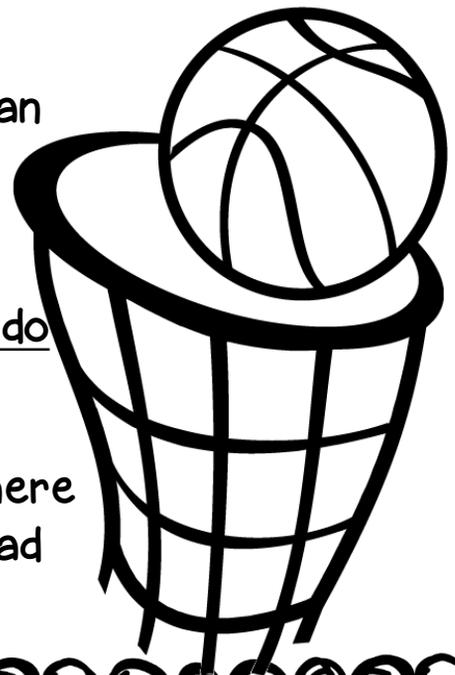
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The Swim Meet

Miranda: Mom, I have horrible news!

Mom: What happened? Did someone get hurt at swim practice?

Miranda: No. And I guess 'horrible' might not be the best word for my news. Maybe 'dreadful' might be a better word to describe this.

Mom: Well, I would consider 'horrible' and 'dreadful' synonyms, Miranda. Just tell me what this horrible, dreadful news is... the suspense is killing me!

Miranda: Hey! That's a hyperbole! We are learning about those in language arts. I am going to tell that one to Mrs. Barker tomorrow!

Mom: Miranda!! Tell me the horrible news!

Miranda: Oh, yeah. I almost forgot! Coach Perkins talked to me after practice, and he wants me to swim a 200 I.M. at the swim meet on Saturday.



The Swim Meet (continued)

Mom: That's the horrible news? What is so horrible about that?

Miranda: Mom, do you remember what a 200 I.M. is?!?

Mom: Well, I remember that I.M. stands for individual medley. And I remember that you have to do four different strokes.

Miranda: It's a *long* race. You start by doing the backstroke for 50 meters- that's down to one end of the pool and then back to where you started. Then you have to turn and do the butterfly for 50 meters. Next you have to do the breaststroke for *another* 50 meters, and finally you do the freestyle for the last 50 meters! It's insane!

Mom: I have to agree, that *is* a long race. But you tend to do well in long races. Besides, I know Coach Perkins wouldn't have asked you to do it if he didn't believe you would do a good job.

Miranda: That's exactly what Coach told me.

That Saturday, following the race where Miranda finished in third place.

Mom: Great job, Miranda! I'm proud of you! Tell me, how dreadful and horrible was it?

Miranda: I actually kinda liked it! Whenever I started getting tired, it was time to start a new stroke. I'm going to ask Coach if I can swim that race again next week!

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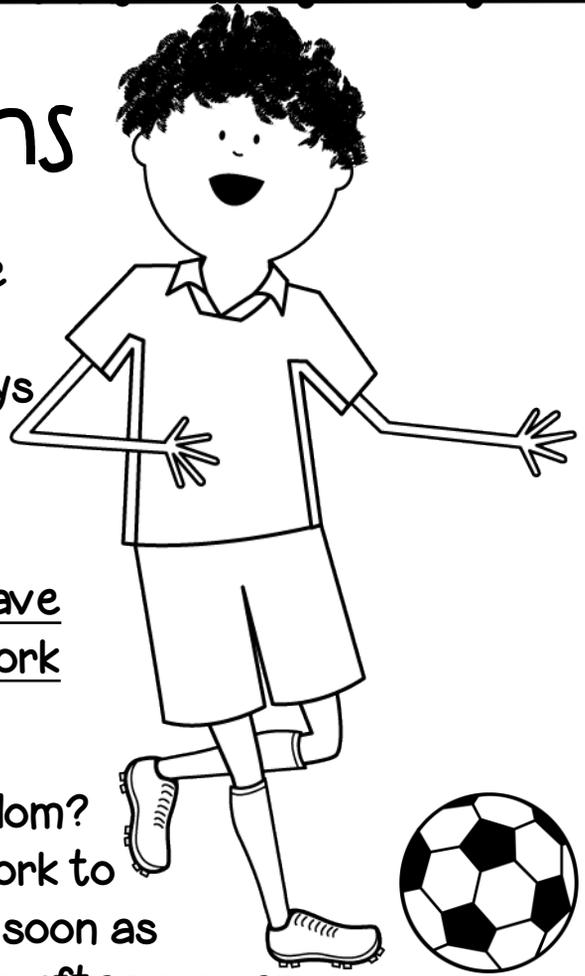
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Soccer Lessons



Jason: Mom, I am heading to the park to play soccer with Max and some of the guys from school. I'll be back in time for supper.

Mom: Whoa! Wait a minute. Have you finished your homework already?

Jason: Can't it wait until later, Mom? I only have some math work to do. I promise I'll do it as soon as I finish washing the dishes after supper.

Mom: No, Jason. I want it done now before you leave to do anything else.

Jason: But, Mom! Max's older brother will be there. He is one of the best players on the high school soccer team! He was going to give us some tips.

Mom: Remember, that's the rule this year. Last spring, I let you put off doing your homework a couple of times, and we were still up at ten o'clock at night trying to finish it up.

Jason: I swear... this assignment will only take 30 minutes—probably even less.

Soccer Lessons (continued)

Mom: The longer you stand here and argue with me, the longer it will be until you get to the park.

Jason: Ugh! This stinks! Max's mom doesn't make her kids do their homework as soon as they get home from school.

Mom: I don't care about the rules at Max's house. The rule at this house is 'get your schoolwork done before doing anything else'!



Two weeks later, Jason enters the house following school.

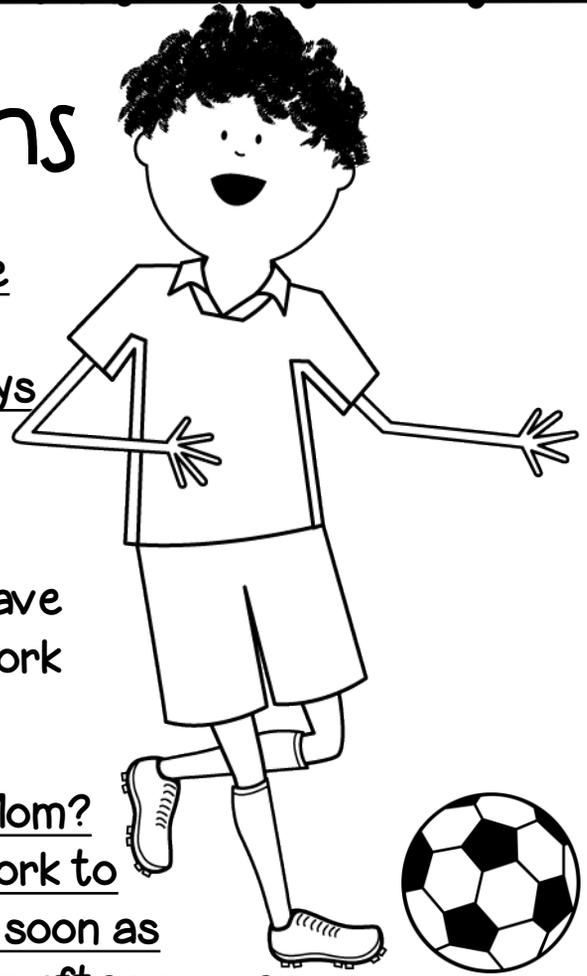
Jason: Mom, as soon as I get my homework done, I am going to head to Max's house. His brother is going to help us with heading the ball.

Mom: But when I drove past the high school soccer field a little bit ago, it looked like boys were warming up for a game. I thought Max's brother was on the high school team.

Jason: He *was* on the team. He can't play right now because his grades are too low. Did you know that if you are failing a class in high school, you don't get to participate in sports?!?

Mom: Yes, I did know that. It sounds to me like Max's brother should use his head to get his homework done rather than to head the ball!

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Mom: Yes, I did know that. It sounds to me like Max's brother should use his head to get his homework done rather than to head the ball!

Girls Can Play Hockey, Too!

For this script, one student reads Olivia's lines, and the other student reads all of Mom and Dad's lines.

Olivia: Dad, I want to join the hockey team.

Dad: Really?! I have to admit, Olivia, I wasn't expecting you to say that! What makes you want to join the hockey team?

Olivia: Well, I *have* been around hockey my whole life. You always say that we are a hockey family.

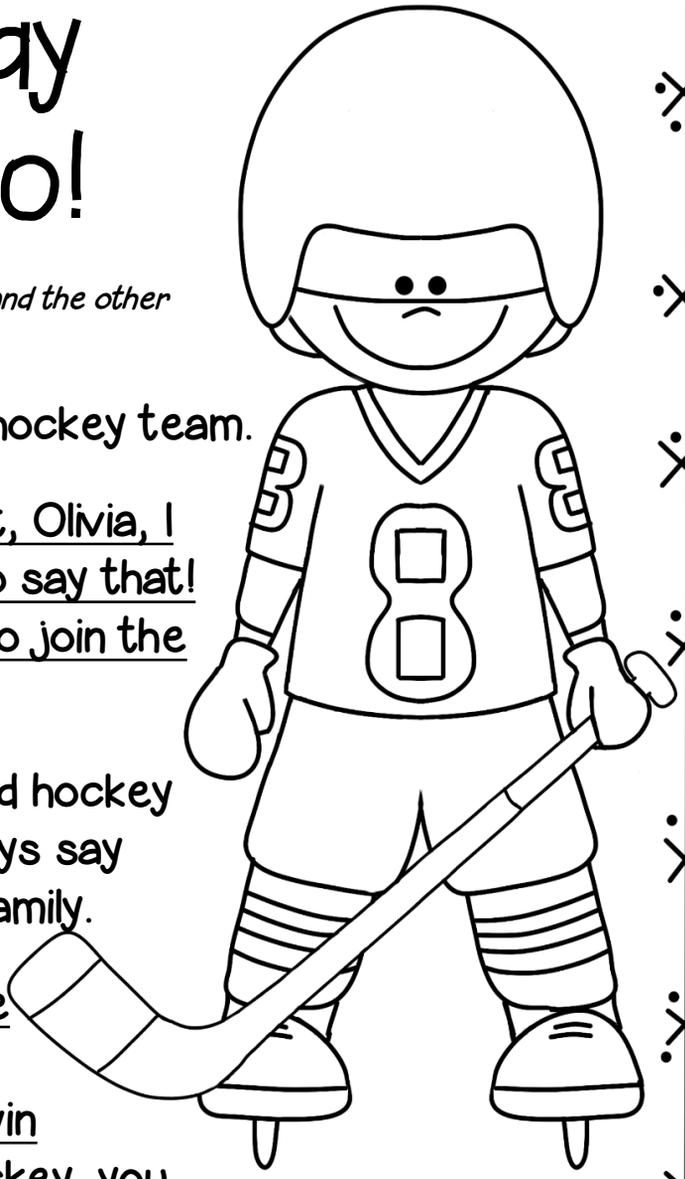
Dad: I certainly cannot argue with that! With two older brothers and a twin brother who all play hockey, you have been around it your entire life.

Olivia: Can I join the team you coach for Owen?

Dad: I don't know... I just worry about how rough hockey sometimes gets. And you're my baby girl!

Olivia: You know I am a good ice skater, and I keep up just as well as Owen when we play as a family.

Dad: No argument there. You are one tough cookie when



Girls Can Play Hockey, Too! (continued)

you play with your brothers.

Olivia: And I was the leading scorer last spring on my soccer team. I know how to put the puck in the goal.

Dad: I'm still just a little worried about it being dangerous.

Olivia: Dad, do I have to remind you what you are always telling Mom? Unlike basketball players, hockey players wear tons of protective gear.

Dad: Okay, I am willing to let you try it. But speaking of your mother, you've still got to convince her. And that might be considerably more difficult!

Olivia: I know.

Olivia finds her mother in the kitchen cooking supper.

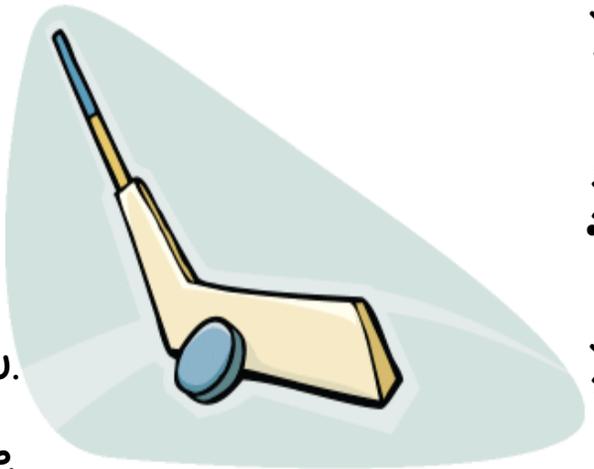
Olivia: Mom, I would like to join the hockey team that Dad coaches. He said it's okay with him if it's okay with you.

Mom: Of course it's okay with me.

Olivia: Really?!? HOORAY!! I thought it would be way more difficult to convince you, Mom.

Mom: Well, if I let my boys play hockey, of course I would let my daughter play, too! We girls should be allowed to do anything that boys can do, right?

Olivia: Right!



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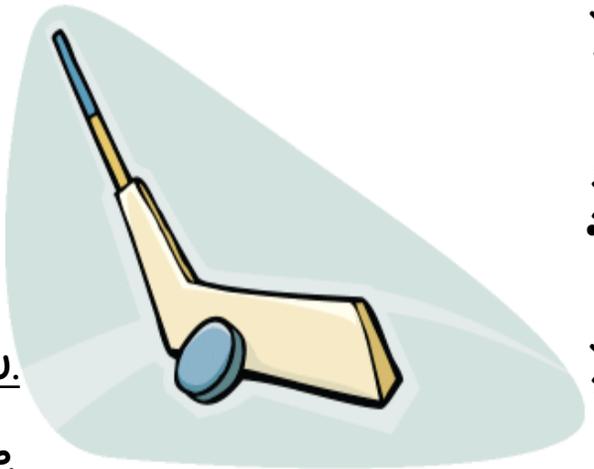
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Olivia: Right!



An Embarrassing Memory



Dad: Great softball game today, Katie!

Katie: We lost, Dad. I wouldn't exactly call it a great game.

Dad: You wouldn't? You got on base every time you batted, and you even hit a double once. Plus, you fielded every ball that came your way. Can you think of any other game you've played that well?

Katie: Well, no, but we lost by three runs. It doesn't feel like I should be cheerful when we lost.

Dad: It's just a game, Katie. You can't let it ruin your entire day.

Katie: I know, Dad. But it's no fun to lose.

Dad: I will agree with you that it's no fun to lose. In fact, when I was your age, I was the biggest sore loser there was.

Katie: Really? What did you do to earn that title?

Dad: I don't even really want to tell you. *That's* how embarrassed I am about the episode now.

Katie: Ooh! This sounds good! Now you *have* to tell me.

An Embarrassing Memory (continued)

Dad: I will tell you if you promise to never make the same mistake I made.

Katie: I will, Dad. Just tell me!

Dad: Well, I was in fifth grade at the time, and I *hated* to lose. When this one particular game ended, the scoreboard showed we lost by one run. I was so angry that I ran to the dugout and refused to go shake hands with the winning team.

Katie: Are you *serious*? That is horrible, Dad! What did Grandpa do when he found out?

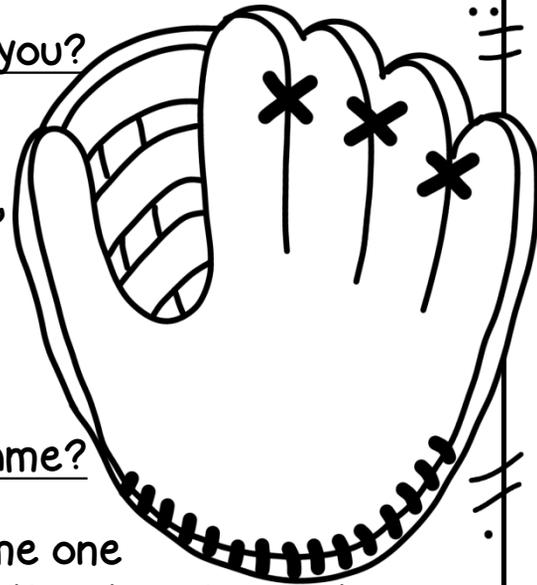
Dad: He was at the game. He came to the dugout and told me that if I ever wanted to play baseball again, I better march myself out on the field and shake their hands.

Katie: You went out there *then*, didn't you?

Dad: I wish I could say that I did, but I was being very stubborn. Plus, everyone was watching by that time.

Katie: I bet they were! So were your baseball days over after that game?

Dad: No, I was lucky. Grandpa gave me one last chance. I had to go to the other team's practice and apologize and shake their hands. Boy, did I learn my lesson! From that day on, I always reminded myself that being a good sport was more important than any score!



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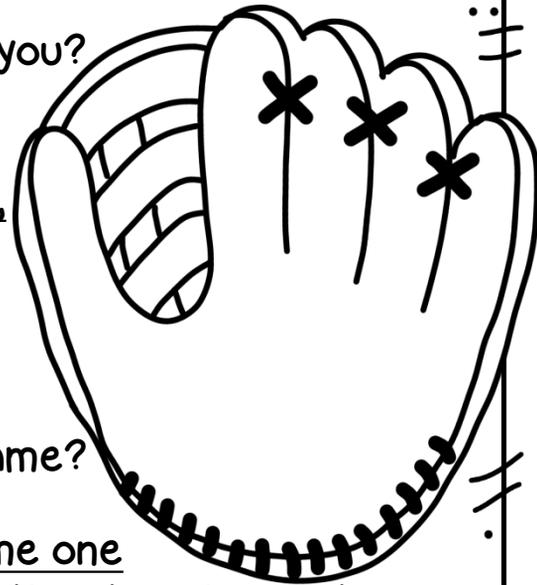
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Notes for Teachers

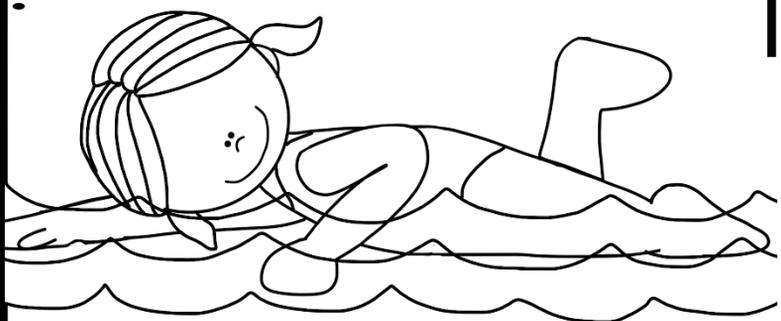
These partner plays are intended to be used as fluency-building activities that students can do with a partner. They require minimal teacher support, thereby allowing teachers to work with other small groups. For teachers who implement Daily 5, these plays are perfect for "Read to Someone" activities.

This is how I choose to organize my partner plays:

1. I print each script on cardstock. Each script is two pages, but I print them on one piece of paper, creating a 2-sided script.
2. I laminate each script.
3. I put each pair of scripts in one folder.
4. I tape the title on the front of the folder.

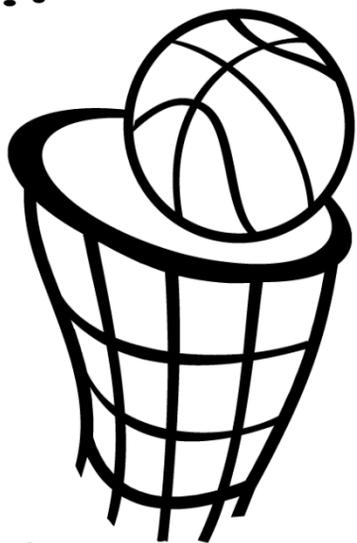


Watch my TPT store...
more partner plays to come!



The Swim Meet

We Love Sports!



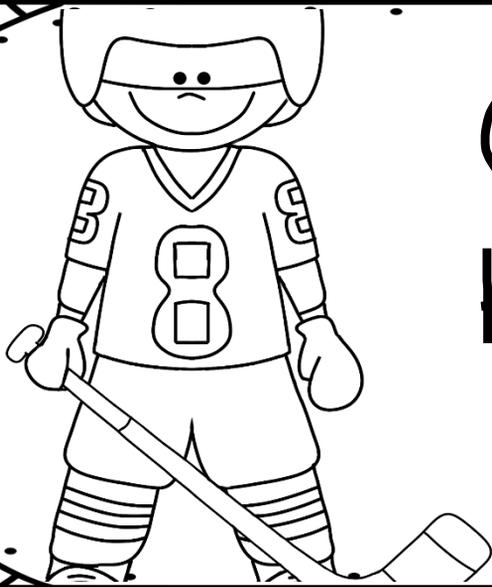
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We Love Sports!



Soccer Lessons

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Girls Can Play Hockey, Too!

We Love Sports!



An Embarrassing Memory

We Love Sports!



Identifying



Themes

The Swim
Meet

Basketball
Advice

Soccer
Lessons

Girls Can
Play
Hockey, Too!

An
Embarrassing
Memory



Identifying



Themes

Answers may vary slightly.

The Swim Meet

Be willing to trying new things.

Basketball Advice

Have a good attitude.
Be open to constructive criticism.
Listen to the advice of adults who are trying to help you.

Soccer Lessons

Do not procrastinate.
If you make poor choices, you may have to deal with negative consequences.

Girls Can Play Hockey, Too!

Do not buy into stereotypes.
Girls and boys should not be forbidden from playing a sport just because of their sex.

An Embarrassing Memory

Consider your behavior carefully so that you don't act in a way that you might later regret.
Being a good sport is more important than winning or losing.

By Deb Hanson © 2014

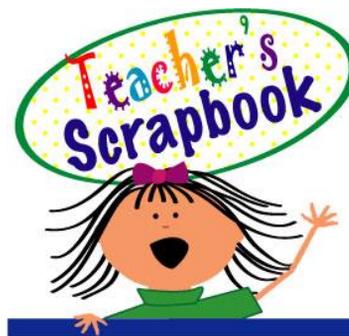
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Borders by Kelly Benefield

www.teacherspayteachers.com/Store/Kelly-Benefield

Some Fonts by Hello Literacy &



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90 scripts Grades 4-5
By Deb Hanson

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Fall and Halloween Partner Plays Grades 4-5

context clues Grades 4-5
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The Unexpected Art Project School Lock? Fast Lock Innocently Accused
It's All About Accuracy
Context Clues
Includes a recording sheet!

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