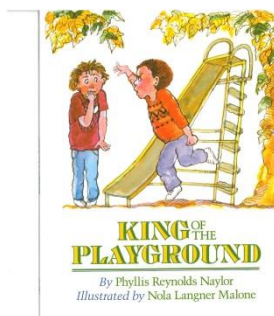




Grade 1 Sample Lesson

King of the Playground by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor, Reader's Theatre



Characters:

Narrator Sammy
Kevin Kevin's Father

Script:

Narrator: Kevin put on his Spiderman T-shirt, his Batman underpants, and his jeans with the horseshoe on each pocket. But he didn't feel brave, and he didn't feel lucky.

He walked up the street to the playground. He wanted to go down the slide headfirst. But if Sammy was there, he wouldn't go down at all.

Too late, Sammy was there.

Sammy: (*Yelling*) You can't come in! I'm King of the Playground!

Narrator: Sammy told Kevin what he would do if he saw him on the slide. Kevin went back home. His father was making soup.

Kevin's Father: I thought you went to the playground.

Kevin: Sammy says if I go on the slide, he'll get a rope and tie me up. He says he'll tie my hands and feet so tight I'll never get loose.

Kevin's Father: Wow! Really? And what would you be doing while Sammy was tying you up? Just sitting there?

Narrator: Kevin remembered when he tried to put a sweater on their cat.

Kevin: I'd be kicking my feet.

Kevin's Father: Right. That's one thing you could do.

Narrator: The next day Kevin went to the playground and got as far as the swings.

Sammy: (*Yelling*) You can't play here! I'm King of the Swings.

Narrator: He told Kevin what he would do if he saw him on the swings. Kevin went home and sat on the porch. His father was washing his car.

Kevin's Father: I thought you were going to the playground.

Kevin: (*Shaking his head*) Sammy says if I go on the swings, he'll dig a hole and put me in it. He says he'll dig a hole so deep I'll never get out.

Kevin's Father: (*Smiling*) How long do you think it would take Sammy to dig that hole?

Narrator: Kevin remembered when he had helped his father dig holes for the fence posts in the backyard.

Kevin: A long time.

Kevin's Father: And what would you be doing while Sammy was digging?

Kevin: (*Smiling*) I'd be kicking the dirt back in.

Kevin's Father: Right. That's one thing you could do.

Narrator: The next day Kevin went to the playground and tried to climb the monkey bars.

Sammy: (*Yelling*) You can't play here! I'm King of the Monkey Bars!

Narrator: Sammy told Kevin what he would do if he saw him there again. Kevin went home and climbed up the maple tree. His father was working in the garden.

Kevin's Father: I thought you were going to the playground.

Kevin: Sammy says if I climb the monkey bars, he'll come over to our house and nail all the doors and windows shut and we'll be trapped forever.

Narrator: Kevin looked at his father, and they both started to laugh.

Kevin: And while Sammy was nailing one door shut, we could walk out the other.

Kevin's Father: Right.

Narrator: The next morning Kevin put on his Spiderman T-shirt, his Batman underpants, and his jeans with the horseshoe on each pocket. He felt only a little bit brave and a little bit lucky. He walked up the street to

the playground. *Thump, thump, thump*, went his heart. Sammy was sitting by himself in the sandbox. It was a big sandbox, but when Sammy was in it, nobody else wanted to play. Kevin slowly walked over.

Sammy: (*Yelling*) You can't play here! I'm King of the Sandbox!

Narrator: Kevin put one foot in the box.

Sammy: (*Yelling*) Go home! If you try to play here, I'll put you in a cage with bears in it.

Narrator: Kevin put his other foot in the sandbox.

Kevin: Then I'll ride on their backs and teach them tricks.

Sammy: (*Staring*) You can't! They're wild bears!

Kevin: Then I'll squeeze through the cage and escape.

Sammy: You can't! You're too big!

Kevin: (*Smiling*) Then I'll take magic pills to make me little. I'll get through the cage and hide.

Sammy: (*Hollering*) You can't! I'll run after you and pick you up and throw you in a trashcan.

Kevin: Then I'll take magic pills to make me big again, and I'll drive away in a truck.

Sammy: (*Bellowing*) You can't! I'll go to the army and get a tank and chase the truck and push it off into the ocean.

Kevin: Try it.

Sammy: What?

Kevin: Try it.

Narrator: Kevin began digging a tunnel at one end of the sandbox. For a moment, Sammy didn't say anything at all. Then *he* began digging a tunnel at *his* end of the sandbox. Faster and faster and farther and farther they dug, until suddenly—*whump!* They bumped heads right in the middle. This time Kevin laughed out loud. He wasn't sure, but he thought maybe Sammy was smiling, too.

Kevin: I'm going to build the biggest fort in the world.

Narrator: Kevin began digging.

Sammy: Ha! It's got to have towers.

Kevin: It will.

Sammy: It's got to have a drawbridge.

Kevin: It will.

Sammy: It's got to have a ditch all around.

Kevin: It will. Help me build it?

Sammy: No.

Narrator: But he did.