

Levels: Grade 4 (Upper)

Word Count: 1,779

Script Summary:

Jacob gets a new bike called the Chopper 500 for his birthday and asks his sister Michelle to ride to the soccer fields with him to show it off. He and Michelle think their Choppers are better than anyone else's bike. They call anyone else's bike a wreck. When they meet James and Lisa on their wrecks, Jacob and Michelle challenge them to a race. See what happens in this adaptation of *The Tortoise and The Hare* when Jacob and Michelle speed off and show off, and James and Lisa keep a slow and steady pace.

Objectives and Assessment

Monitor students to determine if they can:

- consistently read their lines with appropriate rate and accuracy
- consistently read their lines with appropriate expression, including pause, inflection, and intonation
- follow along silently and listen for spoken cues

Using the Scripts:

- Each role is assigned a reading level according to the syntactic and semantic difficulty encountered. Feel free to divide roles further to include more readers in a group.
- Discuss vocabulary and encourage readers to practice their lines to promote fluent delivery of the script.
- Have readers highlight their lines on the scripts, and encourage them to follow along as everyone reads.

Vocabulary:

Story words: admiring, allowance, appearances, challenge, embarrassed, fashionable, gloating, handlebars, jealous, reliable, superior, transportation

Cast of Characters:

Grade 4 (Upper)		
Narrator	Jacob	Lisa
Michelle	James	Mary Jane Moore

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Narrator:

Jacob and his sister, Michelle, were spoiled. Their parents gave them everything they wanted. As a result, they thought they were better than most of the other kids in the neighborhood. They thought that their nice things made them unexplainably **superior** to kids who had less. When Jacob received a brand new Chopper 500 for his tenth birthday, he was very excited, but not too surprised. He was used to getting what he wanted.

Jacob:

Michelle! Isn't this like the coolest? Apple-red with chrome **handlebars**, exactly what I wanted! Just like the one I saw on the Internet, only I think it looks even sweeter in our driveway. The guys at school are going to be really **jealous**.

Michelle:

Wow! It really *is* nice. Now we both have one. We're going to look so cool riding to school on Monday. And that bike will really stand out in the bike rack with all the other shabby bikes.

Jacob:

Yep, I think you're right. This is one nice-looking bike. It's definitely better than everyone else's. How about we go for a ride so I can get a feel for how it handles and figure out the gears. What do you say?

Michelle:

Sure. Let me get my bike out of the garage. Maybe we can ride to the soccer field. Practice starts in a couple of hours. Mom can pick us up in the minivan afterwards. Why don't you go tell her what we're doing, and I'll go get presentable. You never know who might see me on the way to school. I'd hate to have anyone see me in these awful sweat pants.

Narrator:

Jacob returned to the driveway where he and Michelle stood **admiring** their bikes. Just then James and Lisa, also brother and sister, turned the corner up the road and spied the pair **gloating** over their **fashionable** modes of **transportation**. They slowed their bikes down before riding past.

James:

Check it out. It looks like Jacob's parents bought him another new bike. I thought his old one was pretty nice. I wonder what happened to it. Wasn't it almost new?

Lisa:

I don't think it was even a year old. It's hard to keep up, though. He's always getting new stuff. Maybe he left the old bike in the driveway, like he did his electric scooter, and his big brother accidentally backed over it.

James:

He sure doesn't take very good care of things. If I had an electric scooter, I'd put it up every night. You can bet I wouldn't leave it out for anyone to run over. Geeze, it would take me almost two years to save up enough **allowance** to buy a new one—maybe even longer.

Lisa:

I know. I saved up for a year to buy my scooter and it's not even electric. I guess he doesn't care much because he doesn't have to use his allowance to buy all his fancy toys. And that is definitely one fancy toy. It looks like he got one of those new Chopper 500s. They're really nice looking aren't they? I wonder how well they hold up. They look like they might be all flash. What do you think?

James:

They're flashy all right, and that one's especially nice. It looks like he got all the upgrades. I'm guessing it cost at least a couple years worth of allowances. And I've heard they're really fast, too. I've never seen one in person, only on the Internet. Let's go over and say hi and see if we can't get a closer look.

Lisa:

Sounds good to me. I'd like to check out those sweet handlebars. They look pretty cool from here.

Narrator:

Michelle and Jacob didn't like Lisa and James much. They both had plenty of friends and did well in school, and Lisa was the top scorer on Michelle's soccer team, but their wardrobes were so yesterday and their bikes were old, dull, and boring. There was nothing flashy or glitzy about either their clothes or their bikes. And Michelle and Jacob were all about **appearances**.

James:

Hi, Jacob. Hi, Michelle. How are you guys doing?

Lisa:

Nice bikes! Yours looks new, Jacob. Is it one of those new Chopper 500s everyone's talking about? I really like the handlebars.

Jacob:

Oh this old thing? Yeah, it's a Chopper. It was *one* of the presents I got for my birthday this morning. It's supposed to be incredibly fast. I'm getting ready to take it out for a spin. It's quite a bit nicer than those old wrecks you two are riding. I'm surprised you guys can get those things to school and back. You must be so **embarrassed**.

Lisa:

Not really. These old clunkers aren't the newest bikes around and they're not the prettiest either, but they get us where we need to go. James and I haven't been late for school once this year.

Michelle:

Too bad you aren't rich like us. Then you two wouldn't have to ride those embarrassingly ugly pieces of no-name junk. You could ride nice looking bikes, like our Choppers.

James:

You aren't rich. Your parents are. And besides, those bikes are . . . just bikes. No better than ours.

Jacob:

Oh yeah? Let's see about that. How about a race? First team to get to the soccer field behind school buys the other team a soda and candy bar from the vending machine. What do you say? Are you and your bikes up for the **challenge**? Or would you rather save yourselves the embarrassment of losing?

James:

That sounds like a fair wager to me. What do you think, Lisa?

Lisa:

All right! A race! You guys are on. James and I are more than up to the challenge. And as for our bikes, I'm not worried about a thing.

Script (continued)

The Choppers and the Wrecks

Michelle:

Give me one minute to put my hair up. I don't want to get it messed up . . .
All right, let's go! This is going to be like taking candy from a baby.

Jacob:

Yeah, I could use a tasty snack right about now.

Lisa:

We start at the count of three . . . One, two, three!

Narrator:

And the race was on . . . Jacob and Michelle shot off like rockets on their sleek-looking Choppers, pedaling as fast as their legs would go. James and Lisa pushed off the curb as they had countless times before, riding along at a nice steady pace on their worn, but sturdy bikes.

Jacob:

So long, suckers!

Lisa:

Don't worry, James. Our old bikes will make it just fine. They may not be the prettiest bikes around, but they're **reliable** enough.

Narrator:

Lisa and James pedaled slowly and steadily down the street.

Jacob and Michelle were blocks ahead of them, speeding down the roads and darting through the alleys. When they got to First and Main, they had to stop because the stoplight turned red and they didn't dare risk crossing the intersection on a red light at this time of day.

Michelle:

Hey look, Jacob. Isn't that Mary Jane Moore over there at the bus stop? That girl you really like? I think she's looking at you.

Jacob:

You're right. That's her all right and I'm pretty sure she is looking at me. But who can blame her? After all, I am the best looking boy in the fifth grade. We've got a really big lead. I think we can at least stop and say hi to her. I wonder where she's going.

Narrator:

Jacob and Michelle crossed the street when the light turned green and parked in front of the bus stop to talk to Mary Jane.

Mary Jane:

Hi, Jacob. What a great new bike! Is it a Chopper 500? Did you get it for your birthday?

Jacob:

Yeah, my parents gave it to me this morning. It'll do.

Mary Jane:

Where are you two riding to so fast?

Jacob:

We're racing those out-of-date dweebs Lisa and James to the soccer field. They think they can beat us. But I don't know who they think they're kidding; it'll take them all afternoon to get to the field on those wrecks they ride. Where are you going?

Mary Jane:

I'm on my way to soccer practice. Since you all have such a big lead and you're going that way anyway, would you mind giving me a ride? The bus is running late and I'm afraid I'm not going to make it on time. Coach will freak if I'm late again. That fancy new seat looks like it's big enough for both of us.

Jacob:

Sure, Mary Jane! Hop on. I'll get you to soccer practice in no time.

Michelle:

Jacob! What about the race? You won't be able to ride as fast with Mary Jane on the back of your bike.

Jacob:

Are you kidding? No problem. I could ride to the soccer field and back twice before Jacob and Michelle show up—even with Mary Jane on the back. Besides they're nowhere in sight. One of their old bikes probably fell apart or got a flat tire.

Narrator:

Meanwhile, a few streets behind, pedaling steadily . . .

James:

Lisa, do you really think we can beat Jacob and Michelle? They were really flying at the start of the race and like I said, I've heard those Choppers are really fast.

Lisa:

Those two are so full of hot air; always bragging about this and that. They'll do something stupid; they always do. You can count on it.

Narrator:

Jacob, Michelle, and Mary Jane continued riding toward the soccer field, but carrying a passenger was much more difficult than Jacob had expected, and Jacob was slowing down. To make matters worse, Jacob and Mary Jane fell twice when Jacob lost his balance and ran off the curb—scratching up his fender and bending his new handlebars in the process.

James: (*yawning*)

Hey, it looks like we won! What took you guys so long? Did you stop for lunch or something? All this waiting around has made me hungry. I think I'd like a root beer and a nice big chocolate bar.

Hey, Jacob, what happened to your fancy new handlebars?

They look a little bent. And are those scratches on your fender?

Michelle:

Jacob and Mary Jane had a little accident or two. It turns out carrying a passenger isn't quite as easy as Jacob thought it would be.

Jacob:

Oh, be quiet. I don't want to hear it.

Lisa:

I'm hungry too. You can get me a cream soda and a super-sized almond bar. And please hurry. Soccer practice will be starting in a few minutes.

Michelle:

Come on, Jacob. Let's go visit the vending machine and get this whole embarrassing moment over with.

Jacob:

Whatever.

Narrator:

And so it was that James and Lisa proved, once again, that slow and steady really does win the race! Tired and in disgrace, Jacob and Michelle delivered the soda and candy to the winners, and rode their bikes slowly back home.