Those THREE SILLY BILLIES,
Billy Bob, Billy Bo, and Just Plain Billy,
don’t have enough money
to cross the Troll’s toll bridge.
So...
Those Silly Billies form a
‘carpool’
with The Three Bears,
Little Red Riding Hood,
and
Jack
of Beanstalk fame.

“...hip and punny text ...”
SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL

“Comic flourishes galore ...”
KIRKUS

“... riotous fun ...”
BOOKLIST

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY ‘BEST OF THE BEST’
Florida Reading Association Award
North Carolina Children’s Book Award
Missouri Show Me Award Nominee
Nebraska Golden Sower Award Nominee
Kansas Bill Martin Jr., Picture Book Award Nominee
Arizona Grand Canyon Book Award Nominee

A SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL ‘BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR’
“...a riotous treat ...”
SLJ, STARRIED REVIEW
“A celebration of team spirit.”
THE LOS ANGELES TIMES
“... lively dialogue...”
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
“... a great read.”
SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE
CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Billies: Billy Bob, Billy Bo, & Just Plain Billy
Troll
The Three Bears: Papa, Mama, and Little Baby
Little Red Riding Hood
Jack
Giant

Narrators
Chorus
NARRATOR 1: The Three Silly Billies were ready to kick up their heels and have some fun in the sun.

NARRATOR 2: They packed up their old jalopy --- and

CHORUS: (varying tones) SPIT CHUG HONK!

NARRATOR 2: Off they tooted.

NARRATOR 1: Down the hill and through the woods went the BILLIES, until they came to a small wooden bridge that crossed a VERY DEEP RIVER.

CHORUS: CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK.

STAMP! STOMP! SNORT!

TROLL: Who’s crossing my bridge?

BILLIE BOB: We’re the BILLIES!
Billy Bob, Billy Bo, and Just Plain Billy.
We’re REVVED UP and READY TO ROLL!

TROLL: Hold your HORSEPOWER!
CHORUS: **STAMP! STOMP! SNORT!**

**TROLL:** This is a TROLL BRIDGE. I’m the TROLL. Now start PASSING THE BUCK.

**JUST PLAIN BILLY:** A BUCK? But ... that’s FOUR QUARTERS! ... TEN DIMES! TWENTY NICKELS! ... WOW! A HUNDRED PENNIES!

**TROLL:** This isn’t a FREeway. Just show me the MONEY!

**NARRATOR 1:** Billy Bob had thirty cents. Billy Bo had twenty cents.

**NARRATOR 2:** As usual, Just Plain Billy ---- had no cents at all.

**NARRATOR 1:** No matter how they added it up,

The Three Silly Billies
did not have enough money
to pay the Troll his Toll.

**NARRATOR 2:** But, the Middle Billy,

who was Bo --

had an **IDEA!**

**BILLY BO:** What we need is a **CAR POOL!**

We can SHARE THE FARE!
NARRATOR 1: So, Billy Bob opened the trunk. Billy Bo pumped up the pool.

NARRATOR 2: And Just Plain Billy fetched some pails of water.

CHORUS: SPLISH! SPLASH! SLOSH!

NARRATOR 1: The Three Silly Billies grabbed their rubber duckies and jumped into their CAR POOL.

BILLY BO: We’ll just WADE and WAIT for someone to jump in and join us.

TROLL: Crazy KIDS.

NARRATOR 2: The Troll shook his head at their silliness and stomped back to his Troll Booth ... And then ...

CHORUS: CLACKETY CLACK
CLACKETY CLACK
CLACKETY CLACK

TROLL: Who’s crossing my bridge?
PAPA BEAR: It’s just us. The Three Bears from the other side of the river. We’re taking a walk before dinner.

CHORUS: STAMP! STOMP! SNORT!

TROLL: Lookee here, TEDDY ... All you’ll be eating is dust from “DETOUR DU JOUR” --- unless you start coughing up some coins!

PAPA BEAR: Oh, dear. I only have ONE THIN DIME.

MAMA BEAR: Oh, my. I only have ONE LITTLE NICKEL.

BABY BEAR: Don’t count on me! I don’t even get an allowance!

TROLL: Then, take a HIKE!

MAMA BEAR: What ever will we do? If we don’t get home soon our porridge will be cold.

PAPA BEAR: (sigh) And, I hate cold porridge.

BILLY BOB: Why not add YOUR money to OUR money? Join our CAR POOL so we can cross the bridge together!

BABY BEAR: That makes a lot of cents to me. Where are my water wings?
NARRATOR 1: So, Billy Bob added up the MOOLAH.

NARRATOR 2: Billy Bo held out the pot.

NARRATOR 1: And Papa, Mama, and Little Baby Bear jumped feet first into the CAR POOL.

CHORUS: The water was JUST RIGHT.

TROLL: I still say that idea is ALL WET.

CHORUS: CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK.

TROLL: Who’s crossing my bridge?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: It’s only me, Little Red Riding Hood. I’m on my way to Grandma’s house.

CHORUS: STAMP! STOMP! SNORT!

TROLL: Well, you can kiss your granny good-bye unless you have a bill in that basket, Missy! Can’t you see the SIGN?

LITTLE RED: Oh, my goodness! What a BIG TOLL you have!
NARRATOR 1: But all Little Red Riding Hood
could find in her basket was ...

LITTLE RED: (sigh) One crummy quarter,
a gooey nickel, and three sticky pennies.

BILLY BOB: Hey Red! Don’t be blue! POOL your resources with ours
so we can cross the bridge together!

LITTLE RED: Count me in!

TROLL: Pitiful PARTY ANIMALS!

CHORUS: CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK.
STAMP! STOMP! SNORT!

TROLL: Who’s crossing my bridge?

JACK: It’s just Jack. I’m bringing my poor mother some magic beans
I traded for our cow.

TROLL: BEANS? You need a REALITY CHECK, Junior!

JACK: But, all I have left are these beans and two pennies.

TROLL: Then, HIT THE ROAD, JACK. (tosses beans into river)
NARRATOR 1: Poor Jack didn’t have a CLUE what to DO!

BILLY BO: Don’t worry, Kiddo! Put in your TWO CENT$ over here!

CHORUS: SPLISH! SPLASH!

NARRATOR 2: So, in jumped Jack, who plunked down his pennies and topped off the pot.

NARRATOR 1: The Troll stamped and stomped!

NARRATOR 2: He stormed and stewed!

BABY BEAR: He snorted and cavorted until he was BLUE IN THE FACE!

CHORUS: STAMP! STAMP! STAMP!

TROLL: I want my money --- you four-legged BUTTINSKIS! Give it to me NOW!

NOW! NOW!
NARRATOR 1: Mama Bear raised an eyebrow at such behavior.

MAMA BEAR: You know, my little fellow ... I think you deserve EVERYTHING that's coming to you.

TROLL: So ---- LET ME HAVE IT!

NARRATOR 2: Billy Bob looked at Billy Bo who gave the nod to Just Plain Billy --

NARRATOR 1: Who PULLED THE PLUG!

CHORUS: WHOOOOOOOOSH!

JUST PLAIN BILLY: Everybody out of the POOL!

BILLY BOB: (tosses Troll a spare tire) Man overboard!

NARRATOR 1: And as the grumpy, greedy, little man GLUGGED and GULPED ... 

NARRATOR 2: Jack, Red, Papa, Mama and Little Baby Bear, waved good-bye, and floated safely across to the other side of the river where they hurried home to meet Mother, visit Granny, and eat their porridge.
NARRATOR 1: The Three Silly Billies turned over the pot and dropped every last penny, nickel, dime and quarter into the Troll’s TOLL BOOTH.

CHORUS: PLINK PLUNK CLINK CLINK CLUNK

NARRATORS 1 & 2: Exactly ONE DOLLAR!

NARRATOR 1: And across the small wooden bridge that crossed the very deep river went the Three Silly Billies for some fun in the sun. ...

NARRATOR 2: Which would be THE END ... but then ---

CHORUS: CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK. CLACKETY CLACK.

TROLL: Oh, who’s crossing my bridge NOW?

CHORUS: SNIFF SNIFF

GIANT: FEE FI FO FUM! IS THAT A TROLL I SMELL? WELL . . . YUMMY YUM YUM!

NARRATORS 1 & 2: This bridge is now under NEW MANAGEMENT!

THE END!
Those Billies not only act SILLY, their book is filled with SILLY TALK too.
Sometimes, words and phrases that can mean TWO THINGS! (that’s REALLY SILLY!) BILLY BOB, BILLY BO, & JUST PLAIN BILLY share all the SILLY TALK so you can talk ‘SILLY BILLY SILLY TALK’ too!

- “kick up their heels”: LET LOOSE!
  - jalopy: our cool car, Dude!
- “revved up and ready to roll”: ready to party!
- “detour du jour”: DETOUR ‘of the day’
  - (on a menu – ‘SOUP DU JOUR’) (I don’t get it. Everyone DID get out of THE POOL!) JPB
- “coughing up some coins”: handing over the money
- “Makes a lot of CENTS to me.”
  - (did that little guy mean ‘cents’ – or ‘sense’? —— He’s SILLY too!) JPB
- “you can kiss seeing your granny good-bye”: not seeing Grandma anytime soon
  - moolah: MONEY!
- bill: A DOLLAR
  - “Hit the road, Jack”: Get movin’
  - (Isn’t that a song?) JPB
- “Put in your two cents”: give an OPINION
  - (I thought Jack was just adding his pennies? JPB)
- “Everybody, out of the pool!” It’s OVER!
  - (I don’t get it. Everyone DID get out of THE POOL!) JPB

- “Don’t be blue”: don’t be sad
  - (Gee, I thought her name was RED) JPB
- REALITY CHECK: get real, man!
  - (I thought he was calling the waiter!) JPB
- tootled: off we went in fine fashion!
- passing the buck: hand over the cash
  - (or blame one of your silly brothers) JPB