

Skippyjon Jones

By Judy Schachner

Scripted by Mr. Young's Second Grade Class 2007

Narrator 1 (N1)	Narrator 2 (N2)	Skippyjon Jones (Skippy)	Ju Ju Bee
Don Diego	Poquito Tito	Pintolito	Tia Mia
Rosalita	Mama Junebug Jones (Mama)		

N1: Everyday Skippyjon woke up with the birds.

N2: This did not please his mother at all.

Mama: Get yourself down here right now Mr. Kitten Britches. No self respecting cat ever slept with a flock of birds, or ate worms, or flew, or did his laundry in Mrs. Doohiggy's birdbath.

N1: The lecture went on and on.

Mama: You've got to do some serious thinking Mr. Fuzzy pants about just what it means to be a cat...

N2: ...not a bird...

N1: ...not a mouse...

N2: ...or a grouse...

N1: ...not a moose...

N2: ...or a goose...

N2: ...not a rat...

N1: ...or a bat...

Mama: You need to think about just what it means to be a Siamese cat. And stay out of your closet!

N1: She added, closing the bedroom door.

N2: But once he was alone, Skippyjon Jones began to...

N1&2: bounce, and bounce, and bounce

N1: on his big boy bed.

Skippy: Oh, I am Skippyjon Jones, and I bounce on my bed, And once or SIX times, I land on my head.

N2: On his way down to earth from a gigantic big bounce, Skippyjon Jones shot past his bedroom mirror.

Skippy: Holy Guacamole! What was that?

N1: So up he went again. And again it appeared. Then using his very best Spanish accent, he said,

Skippy: My ears are too beeg for my head. My head ees too beeg for my body. I am not a Siamese cat...I AM A CHIHUAHUA!

N2: Back on land, Skippyjon Jones climbed into his toy box and rifled through some of his old junk.

N1: After he put on his mask and sword and climbed onto his mouse, Skippyjon Jones began to sing in a muy, muy soft voice:

ALL: My name is Skippito Friskito (clap-clap) I fear not a single bandito (clap-clap) My manners are mello, I'm sweet like the jell-o, I get the job done yes indeed-o (clap-clap).

N2: Back in the kitchen, Ju-Ju Bee, Jezebel, and Jilly Boo Jones were helping Mama Junebug Jones make lunch.

Ju-Ju Bee: Can Skippyjon come out of his room now?

Mama: No, Mr. Fluffernuffer is still thinking.

N1: In fact, Skippyjon wasn't thinking about being a Siamese cat at all. With a walk into his closet, his thoughts took him down a lonesome desert road, far, far away in old Mexico...

N2: Not long into his journey, a mysterioso band of Chihuahuas appeared out of the dust.

Skippy: Ay, caramba! Who goes there?

Don Diego: We go by the name of Los Chimichangos.

N1: Growled Don Diego, the biggest of the small ones.

Don Diego: Who are you?

Skippy: I am El Skippito, the great sword fighter.

N2: Then the smallest of the small ones spoke up.

Poquito Tito: Why the maskito, dude?

N1: asked Poquito Tito.

Skippy: I go incognito.

Pintolito: Do you like rice and beans?

N2: asked Pintolito

Skippy: Si, I love mice and beans.

Rosalita: He might be the dog of our dreams.

N1: whispered Rosalita.

Tia Mia: Perhaps...

N2: said Tia Mia...

Tia Mia: If he knows the secret password.

N1: Leaning toward Don Diego, El Skippito half sneezed, half spoke the secret password into the Chihuahua's very large ear.

Skippy: aaaaaAAAAAAAAAAHHCHOOOOOOOOOOO-PICHU!

Don Diego: Bless you.

Skippy: Gracias.

Don Diego: Then it is true!

ALL: Yip, Yippee, Yippito! It's the end of Alfredo Buzzito! Skippito is here, we have nothing to fear. Adios to the bad Bumbleeto.

N2: Then all of the Chimichangos went crazy loco. First they had a fiesta.

N1: Then they took a siesta. But after waking up, the Chimichangos got down to serious bees-nees. Using his paw, Don Diego drew a picture in the sand of the Great Bumbleeto for Skippito to see.

N2: A hush grew over the Chimichangos so great that one could hear a whisker drop.

Los Chimichangos: (whisper) Alfredo Buzzito. El Blimpo Bumbleeto Bandito.

Poquito Tito: Si. The bandito steals our frijoles.

Skippy: Not your beans!

Poquito Tito: Si

ALL: Red beans, black beans, Boston baked and blue, Cocoa, coffee, kidney beans, pinto, and jelly too!

Poquito Tito: And now he comes for us.

Skippy: Por Que?

Poquito: Because we are full of the beans too.

N1: Then Don Diego stood tall and in his most somber voice declared:

Don Diego: Yo quiero frijoles.

Skippy: Huh?

Poquito Tito: The dude just wants his beans back. And you're the dog for the job.

N2: Said Poquito Tito

Skippy: Me?

N1: Then all of the Chimichangos turned towards Skippito the Great Sword Figher.

N2: But poor Skippito had no time for a plan because in the blink of an eye a gigantic shadow darkened the landscape. The Chimichangos scattered in all directions.

ALL: Vamos, Skippito, or it is you the bandito will eat-o.

N1: Skippito stood his ground, but his legs shimmied and shook like the jell-o. And his teeth chattered like the castanets. Then in a muy muy soft voice he said:

Skippy: My name is Skippito Friskito. I fear not a single bandito.

N1: but Alfredo Buzzito flew straight for Skippito until the bean eating bandito hovered only inches away from the great sword fighters face.

Skippy: HOLY FRIJOLES!

N2: He thrusts his sword in the air. Suddenly POP went the bandito landing on Skippito's sword and quicker than one could say Chihuahuas, Cheese, and Crackers every kind of bean came spilling out of Alfredo Buzzito, the Bumblebeeto Bandito.

N1: Then all the doggies burst into song:

ALL: Yip yippee yippeeto (clap clap) Our hero is el skippito (clap clap) He is the dog of our dreams who delivered the beans, and now we can make our burritos (clap clap).

N2: But back at home there was such a ruckus from Skippyjon's room that Mama Junebug Jones and the girls just had to find out what was going on. They raced down the hall to the kitty-boy's room.

ALL: Bangito, Crashito, Popito, Skippito!

N1: Just in time to see Skippyjon's closet exploding. Then out flew candy, bean bag doggies, and the kitty-boy with his birthday piñata on his head.

ALL: Skippyjon Jones!

Skippy: Hola muchachitas. (in a soft voice)

N2: Mama Junebug Jones lifted up Skippyjon and covered his head with furry purry kisses.

Mama: What am going to do with you, Mr. Cocopugs?

N1: That night when he was supposed to be going to sleep, Skippyjon began to bounce and bounce on his big boy bed.

Skippy: Oh, I'm Skippyjon Jones with a mind of my own, and I'll bounce on my bed for hours. I know I'm a cat, but forget about that..."

Mama: Say goodnight Skippyjon Jones.

Skippy: Buenas noches mis amigos.