

The Sneetches - by Dr. Seuss

4 Characters (+Optional Extras): Narrator, Star-belly Sneetch, Plain-Belly Sneetch, Sylvester McMonkey McBean, Optional Extras: Additional Star-Belly and Plain-Belly Sneetches

Narrator: Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches had bellies with stars. The Plain-Belly Sneetches had none upon thars. Those stars weren't so big. They were really so small. You might think such a thing wouldn't matter at all. But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches would brag:

Star-Belly Sneetch(es): We're the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches!

Narrator: With their snoots in the air, they would sniff and they'd snort:

Star-Belly Sneetch(es): We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly sort!

Narrator: And, whenever they met some, when they were out walking, they'd hike right on past them without even talking. When the Star-Belly children went out to play ball, could a Plain Belly get in the game? Not at all.

You only could play if your bellies had stars, and the Plain-Belly children had none upon thars. When the Star Belly Sneetches had frankfurter roasts, or picnics or parties or marshmallow toasts, they never invited the Plain-Belly Sneetches. They left them out cold, in the dark of the beaches.

They kept them away. Never let them come near. And that's how they treated them year after year. Then ONE day, it seems while the Plain-Belly Sneetches were moping and dopping alone on the beaches, just sitting there wishing their bellies had stars, a stranger zipped up in the strangest of cars!

Sylvester McMonkey McBean: My friends, My name is Sylvester McMonkey McBean, and I've heard of Your troubles. I've heard you're unhappy. But I can fix that, I'm the Fix-It-Up Chappie. I've come here to help you. I have what you need. And my prices are low. And I work with great speed. And my work is one hundred per cent guaranteed!

Narrator: Then, quickly, Sylvester McMonkey McBean put together a very peculiar machine.

Sylvester McMonkey McBean: You want stars like a Star-Belly Sneetch? My friends, you can have them for three dollars each! Just pay me your money and hop right aboard!

Narrator: So they clambered inside. Then the big machine roared, and it klonked. And it bonked. And it jerked. And it berked. And it bopped them about. But the thing really worked! When the

Plain-Belly Sneetches popped out, they had stars! They actually did. They had stars upon thars! Then they yelled at the ones who had stars at the start:

Plain-Belly Sneetch(es): We're exactly like you! You can't tell us apart. We're all just the same now, you snooty old smarties! And now we can go to your frankfurter parties.

Star-Belly Sneetch(es): [groaning] Good grief! We're still the best Sneetches and they are the worst. But now, how in the world will we know", they all frowned, If which kind is what, or the other way round?

Narrator: Then up came McBean with a very sly wink.

McBean: Things are not quite as bad as you think. So you don't know who's who. That is perfectly true. But come with me, friends. Do you know what I'll do? I'll make you, again, the best Sneetches on the beaches. And all it will cost you is ten dollars eaches. Belly stars are no longer in style, what you need is a trip through my Star-Off Machine. This wondrous contraption will take OFF your stars so you won't look like Sneetches that have them on thars.

Narrator: And that handy machine working very precisely removed all the stars from their tummies quite nicely. Then, with snoots in the air, they paraded about. And they opened their beaks and they let out a shout:

Star-Belly Sneetch(es): We know who is who! Now there isn't a doubt. The best kind of Sneetches are Sneetches without!

Narrator: Then, of course, those with stars got all frightfully mad. To be wearing a star was frightfully bad. Then, of course, old Sylvester McMonkey McBean invited THEM into his Star-Off Machine. Then, of course from THEN on, as you probably guess, things really got into a horrible mess. All the rest of that day, on those wild screaming beaches, the Fix-It-Up Chappie kept fixing up Sneetches. Off again! On again! In again! Out again! Through the machines they raced round and about again, changing their stars every minute or two. They kept paying money. They kept running through until the Plain nor the Star-Bellies knew whether this one was that one or that one was this one. Or which one was what one or what one was who. Then, when every last cent of their money was spent, the Fix-It-Up Chappie packed up. And he went. And he laughed as he drove In his car up the beach,

Sylvester McMonkey McBean: They never will learn. No. You can't Teach a Sneetch!

Narrator: But McBean was quite wrong. I'm quite happy to say. That the Sneetches got really quite smart on that day. The day they decided that Sneetches are Sneetches. And no kind of Sneetch is the best on the beaches. All That day, all the Sneetches forgot about stars and whether they had one, or not, upon thars.