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The Butter Battle Book

By Dr. Seuss

On the last day of
summer, ten hours before fall,
my grandfather
took me out to the Wall.
For a while
we stood silent
and finally he said
with a very sad
shake of his very old head:
As you know, on this side
of the Wall we are Yooks.
On the far other side
of this Wall live the Zooks.
And the things that you
heard about Zooks are all true!
That terribly horrible
thing that they do!
And in every Zook house
and in every Zook town
every Zook eats his bread
with the butter side down!
Butter,
butter, butter bright
every morning,
noon and night.
Spread your
bread, spread it right,
pat, pat, smear, smear,
pat, pat, smear, smear,
pat, pat,
butter side down.
But we Yooks, when we
eat, when we breakfast or sup,
we spread our bread right,
with the butter side up!
'Cause of course you
remember our bread spreading rule,
that you learned as a lad
back in bread spreading school.
On my honour as a Yook
youth, I do solemnly swear
to spread up on top here
and never down there.
On my honour as a Yook

youth, I do solemnly swear
to spread up on top here
and never down there!
Thats the true, honest way!
And all honest folks know that you cant
trust a Zook who spreads bread down below!
Every Zook must be
watched! He has kinks in his soul!
Thats why, as a young
man, I made watching my goal,
watching Zooks for the
"Zook-watching border patrol"!
With a song in my heart
and a spring in my knee,
with glint in my eye
and a hup, two, three!
I strided with
pride along that wall
and I watched
those Zookers, one and all.
And if they got fresh,
I just gave them a twitch
with my tough tufted
prickely snick-berry switch.
For a while that worked fine.
All the Zooks stayed away
and our country was safe.
Then, one terrible day,
a very rude Zook
by the name of VanItch
snuck up and slingshotted
my snick-berry switch!
Hooray for our side,
butter side down!
Why, those dirty upside down
butterers! They can't do that to us!
Well, I never saw anything
so aggressively affrontable!
It's worse than e'er.
It's acrimonious!
Those Zooks!
They're impossible.
And they get impossibler and
impossibler and impossibler. Every day!

Ask me! They get too
big for their britches!
With broken-off switch,
with my head hung in shame,
to the chief Yookeroo
in great sorrow I came.
But our leader
just smiled. He said:
Dear boy,
you're not to blame.
You simply have
suffered a minor defeat,
'cause your snick-berry
switch is a bit obsolete,
their slinghot's more modern.
What we need
to get is a weapon
that's even
more modern yet.
So, I've ordered the boys
in the backroom to figure
how to build you some
such super booper sling jigger.
With my triple sling
jigger I sure felt much bigger.
Okay!
Okay!
I marched to the Wall
with my triple sling jigger.
I marched to the Wall
with great vim and great vigor,
right up to VanItch
with my hand on the trigger!
"I'll have no more
nonsense", I said with a frown,
"from Zooks who eat
bread with the butter side down!"
VanItch looked quite sickly.
He ran off quite quickly.
I'm unhappy to say,
he came back the next day.
Shoot if you must
with your triple sling jigger,
but I also now have

MY hand on a trigger!
My defensive weapon,
the jigger rock snatchem,
will fling 'em right back
just as fast as we catch 'em.
We'll take no more nonsense.
We'll take no more gupp
from you Yooks who eat
bread with the butter side up.
Stymied.
Thwarted.
Mission aborted!
"I have failed, sir,"
I sobbed as I made my report
to the chief Yookeroo
in the headquarters fort.
Not at all, my dear boy.
You did fine, my dear boy!
But the slingshot... dear
me, is an old-fashioned toy!
All we need is a little
more modern kind of gun.
My boys in the back
room have already begun
to think up a walloping
whiz-zinger one!
They thought up a
great one! They certainly did.
They thought up a gun
called the kick-a-poo kid
which they loaded with
powerfull poo-a-doo-powder
and ants' eggs and bees' legs
and dried-fried clam chowder.
And they carefully trained
a real smart dog named Daniel
to serve as our country's
first gun-toting spaniel.
Then Daniel,
the kick-a-poo spaniel, and I
marched back toward the
Wall with our heads held up high!
It's time that we bop them...
- ...those monsters that dwell...

...on the other
side of the Wall!
They're fookey and freaky!
- Kooky and sneaky!
They're rude and crude!
- They're frightfully lewd!
On the other
side of the Wall!
It's time that we bash them!
- My dear, that's truth?
They're ugly, unnatural...
- ...unkept and uncouth!
They're weird and suspicious!
- Obnoxious! - Atrocious!
They're rotten! - Malicious!
- They're gauche and horocious!
Repugnant! - Repulsive
they are! - We're refined!
They're crude! - They're nutty!
- They're out of their minds!
All the things they do...
- They're no good!
I never have met one, but
I hear that they're stinky!
On the other, other, other side,
other side, that other side of the Wall!
Ready?
- Ready!
Aim!
Aim...
Fi... Fir...
Shoot if you must
with your wee tiny shooter,
but the boys in my back
room have rendered it neuter
with this eight-nozzled
elephant-toted boom-blitz.
It shoots high-explosive
sour cherry stone pits
and will put your dumb
kick-a-poo kid on the fritz!
Poor Daniel and I were
scared out of our witz!
Once again by the Zooks

I was bested and beat.
Once again I limped home
from the Wall in defeat.
I was losing my
gumption, losing my will,
when the Right-side-up
song girls marched over the hill!
Never give up,
never tremble or flutter,
never sad, never drab,
never stumble or stutter!
Believe in yourself and
the bread that you butter,
have faith in your butter,
be steadfast and true,
remember all Yookdom
depends on you!
Forget what has
happened, my boy.
We have voted to
make you a general.
Youve been promoted!
Your pretty new uniforms ready.
Get in it! And next time when
you go up to battle, you'll win it!
The boys in the back
room have figured out how;
just wait till you see what
they've puttered up now!
To clobber those Zooks
in their land of bad butter,
we have builded a thing
called the Utterly Sputter.
It's a plane that's so
modern and frightfully new,
even we don't quite
know all the things it can do.
But the main thing it does is to
sprinkle blue goo all over the Zooks!
Happy trip! Toodeloo!
We spread our bread
the way we ought,
we spread the way
our mothers taught,

we fought the wars
that must be fought.
Yook, yook,
yook-a-loo-dah!
Win we will
and win we must,
our hearts are
true, our course is just,
our bread is pure
from crust to crust.
Yook, yook,
yook-a-loo-dah!
Spreading
rightly makes us free.
Upward
Yooks and Yookaree!
Spreading to eternity,
yook, yook, yook,
yook, yook-a-lu-jah!
Yook, yook, yook, yook,
yook-a-loo, yook-a-loo, yook-a-lu-jah!
VanItch?!

How do you like MY plane?
Forget it, old fellow!
You are stymied again!
Buster, that was a pretty
sour flight that you flew.
And the chief Yookeroo...
Well, he is looking for you!
To make the world's
most mighty weapon
you take a
mess of mook-a-hoo
and you twaddle it...
and you waddle it a bit!
That's what you do.
Now this sly,
unstable substance,
dug from deep
beneath the land,
contains grand evil powers
that we scarcely understand.
And when it starts to burp and
bubble, you can press it in the scrubs.

That precipitates the pluggins
and activates the glucks.
Then you
squeeze it till it's squeezeen,
then you
squeeze it even tighter,
'cause the tighter
that it's squeezeen
makes its mighty
might more mightier!
And it's just a bloody miracle
you've got when you are through.
You got a little itsy
bitsy big-boy boomeroo!
And lovely throbbing, globbing gumdrop,
that you're holding in your hand,
will blow those
blasted Zooks away
to never Neverland!
You just run to the
Wall like a nice little man.
Drop this bomb on the
Zooks just as fast as you can.
I have ordered all Yooks
to stay safe underground
while the bitsy big-boy
boomeroo is around.
Thats when Grandfather found
me! He grabbed me. He said:
You should be down that hole!
And youre up here instead!
But perhaps this is all
for the better, somehow.
You'll see
me make history.
Right here!
And right now!
You'll see your old gramp
put an end to them all!
Put an end to all those
Zooks who live over the Wall!
Put an end to the
every last village and town
of those fiends who eat

bread with the butter side down!

And I, my dear chap,

have a message for you!

Mainly, I also have

a big-boy boomeroo!

And it's my firm intention

since I have the means

to blast every Yook

into small smithereens!

Grandpa! Be careful!

Hey! Easy! Oh, gee!

Whos gonna drop it?

Will you? Or will he?

Be patient!

We'll see.

We... will see...