



Thimble Theatre Starring
POPEYE
 by TOM SIMS and B. ZABOLY

YOU HAVE SEEN POPEYE, BLOWING SQUARE SMOKE RINGS?
 NO, BUT SWEETPEA INSISTS POPEYE CAN DO IT

GREETINGS, MY FRIEND! THERE IS A RUMOR ABROAD THAT YOU CAN BLOW SQUARE SMOKE RINGS

GOOD HEAVENS! IT IS TRUE!
 I DON'T KNOW HOW I DUZZIT, BUT I DUZZIT

WHEN DID YOU START SMOKIN' A PIPE, WIMPY?
 THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIBBLE... MAY I BORROW YOUR TOBACCO?

ALMOST ANYBODY KIN BLOW ROUND SMOKE RINGS ARF!
 SIR! MAY I BORROW YOUR PIPE?

SIR! MAY I BORROW YOUR PIPE?
 NO, YA KIN NOT BORRY ME PIPE!

IT ISN'T THE TOBACCO... I'M CONVINCED IT'S THE PIPE THAT MAKES THE SMOKE RINGS SQUARE
 I MUST HAVE POPEYE'S PIPE
 I SHALL HAVE IT AT ALL COSTS

POPEYE SLEEPS WITH THAT PIPE IN HIS MOUTH, SOMETIMES IT'S OUT WHEN HE WAKES UP... BUT IT'S HM? PERHAPS I CAN LURE HIM TO A BARBER SHOP FOR A SHAVE?

HE SHAVES HIMSELF... AND HE SHAVES AROUND THE PIPE
 ARE YOU DELIBERATELY TRYING TO DISCOURAGE ME?

WITH POPEYE'S PIPE, I'LL BE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN BLOW SQUARE SMOKE RINGS
 IT'S WORTH MILLIONS!
 I MEAN TO HAVE THAT PIPE
 HAW HAW
 BLAM

I DON'T KNOW HOW I DUZZIT, BUT I DUZZIT
 ERF ERF
 POOF
 ARF

WICKY MOUSE
 WE MAY BE LOST IN SPACE FOREVER SINCE YOU GOT TANGLED IN THAT MACHINE!
 WALT DISNEY

IF I HADN'T RENTED MY ROOM TO THAT NAZI PROFESSOR, HE COULDN'T HAVE PROJECTED US ONTO A SODA ATOM.
 YEAH, AND THE PEOPLE ON THE SODA ATOM COULDN'T HAVE PROJECTED US TO WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!
 HEY! WE'RE SPEEDIN' UP!

LOOK OUT, GOOFY! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

CRASH!!
BASH!!
THUD!!

OOH! MY HEAD! I... PROFESSOR!
 MY GOSH! WE'RE HOME!
 YOU HAD QUITE A FALL DOWN THE STAIRS, MR. MOUSE!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, PROFESSOR! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF US WITH YOUR RAY MACHINE, EH?
 WHAT? YOU MUST HAVE LANDED ON YOUR HEAD! MY RAY MACHINE IS FOR IMPARTING ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR TO BICARBONATE OF SODA!

COME! I'LL SHOW YOU!
 DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO TAKE SODA FOR MY INDIGESTION! I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE TO VARY THE TASTE! NOTE THE MONKEY AND RABBIT, EATING THE BANANA AND CARROT FLAVORS?
 YEAH! AND THIS TASTES LIKE ROAST BEEF WITH GRAVY!

BUT THOSE PAPERS I FOUND! THEY SAID YOU WERE GOING TO RID THE WORLD OF EVERYBODY BUT NAZIS WITH YOUR MACHINE!
 OH, MY, MR. MOUSE, I NEEDED FUNDS! I NEEDED FUNDS!
 ...I WAS WRITING STORIES FOR THIS MAGAZINE! YOU FOUND MY MANUSCRIPTS!

LATER!
 I HATE TO LEAVE YOU, MR. MOUSE, BUT HAVING SOLD MY INVENTION TO A BIG MANUFACTURER, I'M AFRAID I MUST!
 SURE, PROFESSOR! AND GOSH! HAVE I BEEN A SAD!

GOOFY! MY GOSH! I FORGOT YOU! CAN I HELP YOU?
 YEH! HELP ME GET THIS STUFF OFF MY LEGS!

... OF COURSE HE COULDA PICKED IT UP WHEN WE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS! ... THEN AGAIN, MAYBE... YET...?? I GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW!

