



**Wade Bradford**

Norman Maine Publishing

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## TUESDAYS WITH MUMMY

**FARCE.** This is farcical fun at its best! After the last archeologist “met with a bit of an accident,” the famed Oxford professor Rigby Melville is called to Egypt to find the secret chamber of Thutmes the Third. But due to an unfortunate mix-up at Oxford, Melville Rigby, a fish expert, arrives on the scene. Soon after his arrival, Melville finds both the secret chamber and the Mummy. The Mummy has just one request—that Melville place a magic ring on his mummified wife Nefertiti’s finger so that the two may spend eternity together. But when Melville places the ring on Nefertiti’s finger, she crumbles into tiny pieces. Not wanting to spend eternity alone, the Mummy demands a new companion—Melville’s fiancée, Nancy Doodle. But when the Mummy discovers that all she wants to do is talk about feelings, go shopping, and tidy up the tomb, he quickly changes his mind! The only potential companion left is Buttercup, a mummified pet trout, who too has been accidentally crushed by Melville. Melville, afraid that he may end up as the Mummy’s eternal companion, makes a last ditch attempt to save Buttercup with his mini fish defibrillator.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(4 m, 4 f, 10 flexible, optional extras)

**MELVILLE RIGBY:** Good-natured, geeky young scientist; young and intelligent-looking.

**THUTMES THE THIRD:** Tall creepy dried-up old mummy; his head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages and a beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck; speaks in a deep regal voice that conveys menace and wisdom; flexible.

**CLEO ALEXANDRA:** Dark, mysterious, exotic woman with psychic powers.

**OMAR THE GRAVE DIGGER:** Man who knows his way around a tomb; scarred, hobbles with a slight limp, sun-beaten yet spry (actually he could be in his late 30s, but he's aged terribly!); wears an eye patch, but his good eye seems very perceptive, almost penetrating.

**NANCY DOODLE:** Melville's bride-to-be; pretty, blonde (or strawberry blonde), somewhat snobbish and arrogant; not too bright, but looks rather smart. Why? Simply because she wears glasses.

**BRENDA BRUNDLES:** Wealthy, robust museum curator and treasure-seeker; has a British accent. (Note: If male, change the character name to Dean Deanderson. He wears a white suit and a pith helmet.)

**HAROLD:** Middle-aged, Nancy's father; typical middle-class American father.

**BETTY:** Middle-aged, Nancy's mother; typical middle-class American mother.

**AKMED:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**SOLOMON:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**ORLANDO ZUMAS:** Renowned executive director of the Cairo Museum; dressed a bit like a businessman and a bit like a member of the French Foreign Legion.

**MUMKEY:** Mummified monkey; non-speaking; flexible.

**TOMB WORKERS 3, 4, 5, 6:** Employed by Brenda Brundles; wear head dressings that cover most of the face; non-speaking.

**EXTRAS (Optional):** As other Tomb Workers.

## SET

1920-1930s, Egypt. A recently excavated mummy's tomb. To reveal the mummy's secret chamber, a section of the wall can be placed on a turntable so it will rotate 180 degrees. The backside reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**ACT I:** A recently excavated Egyptian tomb.

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb.

**Scene 2:** Tomb. Several crates have been moved to the center to form a makeshift table.

## PROPS

Ball	Gold amulet
Wallet	Digging tools
White Sheets	Skeleton
Gurney	Eyeglasses, for Nancy
Ring box	Metal pipe
Money	Phonograph/record player
Checkbook	Relics
Pen	Mummy
Slender "stone"	Spikes
sarcophagus	First-aid kit
Large "stone" sarcophagus	First-aid supplies, assorted
Jewels – rubies, sapphires, etc.	Gun
Satchel	Band-Aids
Camera	Puppet of mummified duck
Rope	Stuffed mummy trout
Crates	4 Flashlights or lanterns
Scimitar-type sword	White sheet with gold trim
Severed head that resembles Akmed's head	Egyptian-looking ring
Severed arm that resembles Akmed's arm	Egyptian gown, for Nancy
	Feather duster
	2 Potted flowers
	Mini-defibrillator

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Sound of ground shaking	Rats chewing ferociously
Cobweb	Romantic music
Thunder	Howling wind
Moaning	Profound mystical music
Lumbering footsteps	Glowing amulet (optional)
Scary music	Gunshots
Flash of light – looks like camera flash	Zapping noise
Thud	Heartbeat
Horrible mechanical sound	Traditional Greek music
Blood-curdling scream	Weird sound
Rat squeaking	Duck quacking
Rats scrambling about	Grand, mystical music

“Is that  
beef jerky  
I smell?”

## ACT 1

*(AT RISE: The stage is illuminated to reveal a recently excavated Egyptian tomb. Entering from what appears to be the grand corridor of the tomb, Omar the Gravedigger limps to CS. He glances over his shoulder and calls back to Professor Melville Rigby, who should have been following.)*

OMAR: Professor!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Sorry! Got distracted.

*(Melville Rigby enters and joins Omar. Despite Melville's intellectual nature, he seems out of place in the tomb and looks more like an excited tourist.)*

MELVILLE: There was this really amazing statue of this very tall man with the head of a bird. Fascinating.

OMAR: The tomb of Thutmes the Third is not a kind place for stragglers. Stay close next time, if you want to live. *(Calling to the tunnel located SL.)* Ms. Brundles! I have brought him to you.

BRUNDLES: *(Offstage.)* Excellent, Omar. Be there presently.

OMAR: *(Cryptic.)* Welcome to the Valley of the Kings.

MELVILLE: *(Fumbling through his wallet.)* Uh, I've never been escorted onto sacred burial grounds before, so I'm a little unsure...how much do I tip you? *(Pause.)* Five bucks?

*(Tries to offer Omar money.)*

OMAR: *(Disgusted.)* Ms. Brundles says you are a smart man...that you know our ways here. If that is true, then you should know this is the celestial gateway to the Netherworld, a place where life crosses over into death. Look and you will see a monumental shrine to the greatest rulers of the ancient world—not a fancy, luxury hotel for

college boys. I do not risk my life down here in these tombs, facing curses and poisonous traps, so that I might earn your measly tip.

MELVILLE: *(Hoping not to offend.)* Ten bucks?

*(With a brief nod, Omar takes the money.)*

OMAR: Thank you, sir, enjoy your stay.

*(Omar hobbles offstage. Ms. Brundles enters from the tunnel. Akmed and Solomon follow her.)*

BRUNDLES: Professor! I cannot thank you enough for coming. And on the shortest of notices.

MELVILLE: Your telegram was most urgent. I hope there's something I can do to help.

BRUNDLES: If your reputation is true, you shall prove invaluable! I only wish you could be visiting our magnificent discovery under less trying conditions. You see, unfortunately our key archeologist met with a bit of an accident.

MELVILLE: Is he all right?

BRUNDLES: Sadly, no. Look, you see— *(Upstage, Akmed and Solomon carry a gurney with a white sheet covering a lump of some sort.)* There he goes now. *(Akmed and Solomon exit. Workers 3, 4 enter. They carry a similar gurney with yet another sheet-covered lump.)* And there... *(Workers 3, 4 exit, and workers 5, 6 enter. This time the lump on the gurney is quite small—about the size of someone's head.)* And there...

MELVILLE: Oh. That's terrible. How did that happen?

BRUNDLES: We're not sure. He was working by himself in the grand chamber. We think that he perhaps...tripped and fell.

MELVILLE: Into three pieces?

*(Omar steps back into the room.)*

OMAR: Why not tell him the truth, Ms. Brundles? The last professor was stricken by a most powerful and deadly curse! (*Steps forward with each word.*) The curse! The dreaded curse of the pharaoh!

BRUNDLES: Don't mind him. He says that about everything. Omar, how was breakfast?

OMAR: My omelet was cursed! (*Steps back toward the exit.*) And the orange juice, that too, was cursed! And the home-fried potatoes...they weren't bad. (*Exits.*)

BRUNDLES: But enough of this unpleasantness, we must resume our work right away. An executive from the Cairo Museum of Antiquities will be arriving later this afternoon. He'll be anxious to meet you and discuss our miraculous findings. I trust your workstation is to your liking...?

MELVILLE: Well, I haven't seen it yet, but I did have a question...I was told in the telegram that accommodations would be provided. Will we be staying somewhere in town?

BRUNDLES: Professor, you know full well it's a 6-hour camel journey to the nearest village. Everything you need is here.

MELVILLE: So, I'll be sleeping in a tomb? To be honest, that's a little creepy.

BRUNDLES: What?! Impossible! Why, the academic community knows full well of your daring exploits. How you once spent two months excavating beneath the lost pyramids of Sirocco. How you single-handedly explored the Lava Caves of the Tarantula Mountains.

MELVILLE: No...that doesn't sound like me. Spiders give me the heebie-jeebies.

BRUNDLES: But, you are the great, renowned Professor Rigby Melville. The world's most esteemed archeologist.

*(Melville thinks for a moment, then it hits him.)*

MELVILLE: Ohhh...I see now...I guess there's been a bit of a mix up. I'm Professor Melville Rigby. You want Professor Rigby Melville. We get this sort of thing all the time. Well,

not to this extreme, but sometimes people call my phone looking for him, and vice versa. (*Laughs.*) Rigby and I both work at Oxford; he's right upstairs from me. But I'm afraid we're from different departments.

BRUNDLES: You're not an archeologist?

MELVILLE: No, but in fact, I'm quite renowned myself. I'm a highly esteemed ichthyologist. (*Pause. Brenda blankly stares at him.*) You know...a fish doctor. I, uh, study fish, look at them under microscopes, put them into specimen jars...I also do crustaceans.

BRUNDLES: (*Explodes.*) Oxford has sent me a professor of fishology?! I'm ruined! How could you think that telegram was meant for you? Why would you accept an assignment that takes place out in the middle of the desert?

MELVILLE: Well, I had hoped to find some sort of an aquarium...

BRUNDLES: (*In pain over the mistake.*) Ah! What am I to say when the executive arrives? He'll pull out his investors. Or worse, tell the board to take me off the project for good! I'll be laughed at from Cairo to London!

MELVILLE: Look...tell Omar to send another telegram. Dr. Melville Rigby would love this opportunity.

BRUNDLES: (*Urgent, on the verge of panic.*) We haven't the time. I promised the executive that an academic expert would give him a guided tour of the site. You don't know how angry he can get when he's disappointed. He wants someone to explain every hieroglyph in elaborate detail.

MELVILLE: Don't you know this stuff?

BRUNDLES: When it comes down to it, Melville, I'm really no more than an amateur treasure hunter. The executive wants someone smart-looking, with a dozen or more degrees on their office wall. Someone who looks exactly like you, in fact... (*Thinks.*) ...hmmm...

MELVILLE: Why are you looking at me like that?

BRUNDLES: You could do it. A smart, intelligent man like yourself, I bet you've taken your fair share of history courses.

MELVILLE: Well, fish history. Or, as I like to call it, "fishtory."

BRUNDLES: That's almost the same. Look, you'd only need to show the executive around for a wee bit. Before he arrives, Omar and I will "show you the ropes," as you Americans put it. Just act very distinguished, tell a few stories on the wall, show him a mummy or two, and my position will be saved!

MELVILLE: I'm sorry, but that just wouldn't be right. You'll have to find another way to solve your problem.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* Yoo-hoo...

BRUNDLES: Who the devil is that?

*(Nancy Doodle enters. Omar follows, trying to catch up to her.)*

MELVILLE: Sweetie, you were supposed to wait outside. It's very dangerous down here.

NANCY: You men! *(Indicates Omar.)* That's what old limpy here said.

OMAR: *(To Melville.)* I tried to stop her, sir. She played an evil American trick on me.

*(Nancy takes out a ball.)*

NANCY: Okay, this time you can really have the ball. *(She pretends to throw it.)* Go get it.

*(Omar runs offstage to fetch the "thrown" ball.)*

OMAR: *(Offstage.)* Ha, ha! It's mine this time!

MELVILLE: Ms. Brundles, this is my, uh, close friend –

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Nancy Doodle. Charmed, I'm sure.  
*(Turns to Melville.)* Melville, darling, when do we arrive at our hotel? All of this dust is affecting my allergies.

MELVILLE: I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake, muffin. We're headed back to Oxford.

NANCY: Mistake? What are you talking about? You promised me an exotic two-week vacation. All expenses paid.

MELVILLE: Well, there's complications, honey.

NANCY: *(Mean at first, then nicer.)* Then uncomplicate them, honey. Melville, this is our first chance to spend time together away from that crowded little office of yours. Egypt is so beautiful. I want to dance with you in front of the pyramids. I want you to propose to me in front of the Sphinx.

MELVILLE: Propose?

NANCY: Well, you've said you've been waiting for the right moment to ask me. Why not in the land of the pharaohs...?

MELVILLE: But, honey, I, uh, don't exactly have a—

NANCY: An engagement ring? I picked one up for you.  
*(Hands him a ring box.)* My parents will be so excited when they find out. Which reminds me, they wanted to come out to meet you.

MELVILLE: Your parents are meeting us here?

NANCY: Don't worry. Daddy will love you.

MELVILLE: But, Nancy, Ms. Brundles doesn't want me here...I'm not the right man for the job.

*(Nancy glares at Ms. Brundles.)*

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Is this true?

BRUNDLES: Absolutely not, young lady. Dr. Melville Rigby is just the man we need. I'm sure he's just trying to drive a hard bargain. *(Takes out her checkbook and a pen and writes a check.)* Let me offer the two of you a bonus stipend.

Something to say thank you. *(She shows them the check. Their eyes light up.)* Are we in agreement, professor?

MELVILLE: I-I-I...

NANCY: We certainly are! *(Snatches the check.)* Now where's the hotel?

BRUNDLES: Allow me to escort you back up to the surface, Miss Doodle. We'll discuss your accommodations. *(Omar enters, still wondering where the ball went.)* Omar, give our professor a crash course in ancient Egyptian civilization.

NANCY: *(To Melville.)* Do a good job, sweetie!

*(Ms. Brundles and Nancy exit.)*

MELVILLE: Omar, can't you telegraph Dr. Melville Rigby?

OMAR: I have, and there's been a mix-up of assignments. Dr. Melville Rigby was sent to the Great Barrier Reef and has since been eaten by tiger sharks.

MELVILLE: *(Disappointed.)* Aw! That was supposed to be me! *(Frustrated.)* Everything's all backwards.

OMAR: It is the work of the pharaoh's curse.

MELVILLE: What's this curse you keep talking about?

OMAR: They call me Omar the gravedigger because I know where things are buried. This is the 18th tomb I have uncovered. I have been cursed 17 times. First I lost my eye for violating the sleeping chamber of Ihmotep the First. In Nefertiti's tomb, I was crushed by a boulder on my left side. And those two curses...those were the easy ones!

MELVILLE: Wow. Why do you keep doing this job?

*(Omar thinks a moment.)*

OMAR: Good dental insurance. But believe me, I have been lucky. All else who have violated the tombs of the West Valley of Kings, they too have been cursed, and have died a horrible, horrible death!

*(Pause. Melville stares at Omar for a moment.)*

MELVILLE: You really do have nice teeth. *(Looks around.)* So, who was buried here? Thutmes?

OMAR: Thutmes the Third – most ruthless of the pharaohs.

*(Melville points to a slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: Is that him?

OMAR: No, no. That was his bride-to-be. She was buried with him.

MELVILLE: Yuck.

OMAR: That was the custom of the great kings. They do not wish to be buried alone. Sometimes they are entombed with their servants. Thutmes had a fondness for animals. In these crates are his mummified pets.

MELVILLE: Cats and dogs?

OMAR: Baboons and ducks.

MELVILLE: So, where is Thutmes?

OMAR: His sarcophagus has yet to be discovered. We believe it is hidden somewhere within these underground passages.

The last professor...the one who left in pieces...he was looking for it when he died. Personally, I pray that we do not find it for a long, long time –

MELVILLE: Because we'll all be cursed?

OMAR: Yes. And think of the overtime.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* What do you mean?! Sleeping bags?

OMAR: I must help Ms. Brundles. You stay here. You still have much to learn. Look, but touch nothing. *(Omar exits.)*

MELVILLE: *(Imitates Omar.)* "Look, but touch nothing." Doesn't he realize I'm a scientist? *(Sees jewels on the SR wall.)* Ooh, sparkly! *(Examines them.)* Encrusted rubies. They must be worth a fortune. A few sapphires, too. *(He touches each sapphire as he counts them.)* One...two...three...hmmm...a triangle. Gosh. *(Sound of ground shaking. A section of the wall rotates 180 degrees. Melville has discovered a secret chamber. The*

*other side of the wall reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus – none other than the resting place of Thutmes the Third!*) Goodness gracious! Omar! Ms. Brundles! They're not going to believe this. *(He starts to leave the chamber, then doubles back.)* I've got to get a picture of this. *(He takes a camera out of his satchel and takes a quick snapshot.)* I probably shouldn't touch it. But when am I going to get another chance to see a mummy? *(He opens the heavy sarcophagus door. It opens, but only part way.)* Stuck. Let me see... *(He reaches his arm into the sarcophagus. Suddenly, his eyes light up in terror. Almost unable to make a sound, he lets out a raspy shriek of horror – it's as if something inside the Egyptian coffin was performing painful, torturous deeds! Finally, he pulls his arm out. A cobweb is on his hand.)* Spider webs! *(Shakes it off. Calms down.)* Okay, okay, Melville, you can do this. *(He reaches in again, struggles for a moment, then opens up the door. Inside the sarcophagus stands a tall, creepy, dried-up old mummy: Thutmes the Third. His head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages, but his closed eyes and strong cryptic jaw are easily seen. A beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck. A sigh of awe.)* Smells like beef jerky. *(Akmed and Solomon enter. They wear head dressings that cover most of their face.)* Hey! I'm glad you guys are here! Look what I found! Let's go tell everybody!

AKMED: Yes, of course, Professor...

SOLOMON: But first...we need some rope...

MELVILLE: Uh...oh, there's some right here.

*(Melville hands them a coil of rope from the top of a crate.)*

AKMED: Now please hold out your hands.

*(Absentmindedly, Melville holds out his hands. Akmed begins to bind Melville's hands. Melville doesn't even realize he's about to be held captive!)*

MELVILLE: It was the wildest thing. I was just looking at the jewels encrusted in the hieroglyphs, and then suddenly, zoom, the wall spins around and there he is! *(Melville now has his back toward Akmed and Solomon. Solomon slowly pulls out a scimitar-type sword. This might be the end of Melville, and he doesn't even know it.)* Boy, I used to think looking for fossilized flounder was pure joy, but I gotta tell you, this archeology stuff isn't half bad. *(Notices his hands.)* Hey, why are my hands tied?

*(Solomon "strikes" the butt of his sword against the back of Melville's head. The young professor goes out like a light and flops to the ground.)*

AKMED: But the mistress said we were only to steal. She said to hurt no one.

SOLOMON: I couldn't help it. He talks too much.

*(Akmed looks through Melville's satchel.)*

AKMED: Nice camera. *(Takes it.)* Do you think he'll mind?

SOLOMON: Who cares for trinkets? Look, Akmed, the staff of Ra shines upon us today. The tomb of Thutmes!

AKMED: And there lies the Amulet of Eternal Bliss.

SOLOMON: Quickly, take it, and let us flee here.

AKMED: You better take it. My hands are dirty.

SOLOMON: All of our hands are dirty! We've been digging all day.

AKMED: But what if what they say is true? What if the curse is real?

SOLOMON: Now you are sounding like a child. Come, let us be men! We shall pull off the amulet together.

*(Akmed nods. They reach toward the Mummy.)*

AKMED: Remember, together on three. One, two...take it!

*(Akmed grabs the amulet all by himself. Solomon laughs.)*

SOLOMON: Sorry, Akmed, looks like you're cursed!

*(Akmed throws the amulet at Solomon, who catches it.)*

AKMED: Now you are cursed, too!

*(Solomon shuts the sarcophagus door.)*

SOLOMON: Fine, fine. We're all cursed. Come, the mistress will have a great reward for us upon our return.

AKMED: I was just wondering...why are we still speaking in English?

SOLOMON: I don't know. It's a funny language; I like it. Now come, before they find us.

*(Thunder. Lights flicker.)*

AKMED: What was that?

SOLOMON: It sounded like thunder.

AKMED: Inside a tomb? *(Slowly, but quite loudly, the sarcophagus door creaks open. Solomon draws his sword.)* We must leave now before it's too late. *(The lights go dark.)* It's too late!

*(In the darkness, we hear them fumble about.)*

SOLOMON: Where's the exit? Feel the walls. *(Then, the sound of moaning followed by lumbering footsteps.)* What was that?!

AKMED: The mummy!

*(They scream. The Mummy moans in anger.)*

SOLOMON: Light! We need light to find our way out!

AKMED: The camera!

SOLOMON: *(Trying to stay clam.)* Hurry, Akmed, I can feel him drawing near.

*(Scary music. Akmed, who is holding the camera, causes the camera flash to go off. If this effect works correctly, we will see a glimpse of Solomon, standing with his sword. Darkness. Another camera flash. Now we see the Mummy approaching Solomon. The Mummy's cryptic arms are reaching out toward Solomon. Darkness.)*

AKMED: Solomon, behind you!

*(Camera flash. We see the Mummy grasping Solomon's neck. The Mummy has taken the sword from Solomon and raises it high above his head. Darkness. Screams. Solomon and Akmed make death gurgles. The Mummy moans and then lets out a sinister laugh. Lights up. Akmed and Solomon are nowhere to be seen. The Mummy has returned to his resting place. He stands perfectly still, as if nothing has happened. The door magically shuts and lets out a loud creaking sound, which awakens Melville. He groans, rubs his sore head, and looks around. The secret wall suddenly begins to rotate once more.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! *(By the time he stands up, the wall has returned to its original side. The Mummy is gone. Melville looks for Akmed and Solomon.)* Hey, fellas, what's the big deal? Do you tie up all the new guys? Hello? *(Melville wanders around, looking for them. He paces upstage center behind some of the relics.)* I can't believe they'd just leave me lying on the floor like that. I could get hurt. *(He trips over something and falls out of view.)* Ow! What's all this stuff lying around? *(He stands up, his hands are still tied. He bends over to pick something up.)* What the heck is this? *(He picks up a severed human head, which looks like Akmed. [Note: It shouldn't be too gruesome of course, but lifelike enough so that the audience recognizes who it is. If Akmed has a beard, it will be easier to identify the prop head.])* Aaaaaaggghhhh! *(In a panic, Melville*

*runs around the tomb. He doesn't know what to do with the head, so he throws it into the dark corridor SL. A bit relieved, he leans against the corridor archway, panting desperately. All of a sudden, an arm reaches out from the corridor and wraps around his neck. Melville gasps, then breaks free. Solomon staggers out onto the stage. His sword appears to have skewered him. It sticks into his belly, and pokes right through his back!) Oh my gosh! What happened to you?*

SOLOMON: M-m-m-mummy! *(Solomon staggers about. Melville staggers backward, afraid.)* H-help me! Please!

MELVILLE: Okay, but I gotta get my hands free. Here, turn around. *(Solomon, weak and dizzy, obeys. His back faces Melville, and the pointy end of the sword sticks out toward Melville's bound hands. He places the rope against the blade.)* Okay, now wiggle back and forth.

SOLOMON: What?

MELVILLE: Just do it! *(Solomon wiggles about, gyrating back and forth, trying to sever the rope around Melville's hands.)* There we go. Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle! *(He's free. The ropes drop from his hands.)* Now don't worry, don't worry. I got a first-aid kit right in here.

*(Melville starts going through his satchel. Solomon wanders toward the exit.)*

SOLOMON: Must escape... *(Solomon staggers through the upstage exit, headed SL.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! You're headed toward the bottomless pit!

SOLOMON: *(Offstage.)* Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*(Melville cringes, listening to the long, long fall. Then he hears a distant, yet painful thud.)*

MELVILLE: Well...I guess it's not bottomless.

*(Omar enters, grumpy as usual.)*

OMAR: What is all the shouting about?

MELVILLE: Omar, thank goodness you're here. I found a severed head and a man with a sword through his chest.

OMAR: *(Chuckles.)* That sounds like Akmed and Solomon. Those crazy guys!

MELVILLE: I think somebody murdered them!

OMAR: Maybe they just slipped. Or...it was the curse!

MELVILLE: That's what I'm thinking. And I found a secret passage—

OMAR: What?!

MELVILLE: I was touching some of those stones on the wall...I know you said I shouldn't...but I found—

*(Cleo Alexandra steps into the chamber.)*

CLEO: You found the sarcophagus of Thutmes the Third.

MELVILLE: Why, yes. How did you know? And who are you?

*(Melville gazes at her, transfixed for a moment.)*

OMAR: This is Cleo Alexandra, Oracle of the Nile, Seer of the Future. She's also my cousin...so don't look at her that way!

CLEO: I am what your world calls "psychic." I know of destinies...of fates.

MELVILLE: You can see into the future?

CLEO: Yes.

MELVILLE: What word am I going to say next?

CLEO: "Wow."

MELVILLE: *(Very impressed.)* Wow! So then, you must realize that what I'm saying about these deaths is true.

CLEO: The truth, like the future, can be murky. You saw the mummy?

MELVILLE: The wall turned around and it was right there.

OMAR: Did he attack you?

MELVILLE: *(Laughing good naturedly.)* No, Omar, he's been dead for eons. But he wore this amazingly beautiful amulet.

*(Omar gasps, visibly affected. Cleo punches his shoulder to keep him composed.)*

CLEO: And how did this secret chamber appear?

MELVILLE: I was touching a few of these jewels... *(Touches them.)* ...like this...and then it opened. Hmm.

*(It doesn't seem to be working, so he tries it again. Cleo pulls Omar to the side.)*

CLEO: *(To Omar.)* The fool has found it. Omar, we shall be rich!

OMAR: But we dare not risk the wrath of the Mummy.

CLEO: Oh, never fear, my swarthy cousin, I foresee the young professor doing our work for us. And the curse shall fall upon him.

OMAR: He will die? *(She nods solemnly.)* Painfully?

CLEO: It is difficult to say.

OMAR: Oh, it's so hard to wait.

CLEO: But his death is foreseen, that I am sure of, and I have yet to be wrong.

MELVILLE: *(Still working.)* I made a triangle pattern, but what did I do before that?

CLEO: We will leave you to your work.

MELVILLE: Will you tell Ms. Brundles to come down here?

CLEO: Of course. *(Grabs Omar's arm. To Omar, whispers.)* Do not tell Brundles. We don't want her to find the amulet first.

MELVILLE: Oh, it was nice meeting you, Miss Cleo. Say, do you know what's going to happen to me next?

CLEO: You will turn away from me when you notice your fly is undone.

MELVILLE: But my fly isn't— (*Glances down, suddenly embarrassed. Turns around to zip up.*) You're amazing Miss Cleo!

CLEO: Come, Omar.

*(Cleo and Omar exit up center.)*

MELVILLE: (*Frustrated.*) What am I wasting my time for? I'll just bust through the wall. There's got to be a sledgehammer around here someplace. (*He looks among the tools and relics placed on top of the crates SL. Beneath a sheet or a piece of cloth, he finds a dangling arm. The hand tightly grips the amulet.*) The amulet! (*Grabs the arm.*) And who do we have here? A thief?! You're coming with me. (*He pulls on the arm, only to find it's just an arm – ripped from poor Akmed's body!*) Ugh! (*After being startled.*) Oh, this must be Akmed's. So, they must have been trying to steal this. (*Tosses the arm behind the crates.*) All this gold lying around, why would they care about this thing? Gosh. (*The amulet begins to glow. [Note: If not technically feasible, then mystical music begins to play.] Melville's hand trembles uncontrollably.*) Huh?! (*Sound of the ground shaking. Lights flicker. The secret wall rotates once again. The Mummy's casket is revealed. The door creaks open. Melville stares for a moment.*) Well, that's odd. I guess this belongs back on the mummy. (*He moves to the sarcophagus, trying to unhook the amulet. He can't unhook it and struggles a bit.*) Can't seem to unhook this. It's prom night all over again. (*He unhooks it.*) Here we go.

*(Melville reaches out to give the Mummy the amulet. The Mummy's arms jerk forward. Melville jumps back, petrified with fear. The mummy lurches forward. Melville staggers back, unable to look away.)*

MUMMY: Yyyyyyyyyy... (*The Mummy's hands grasp Melville's neck. Then they move down and grasp Melville's shoulder. The*

*Mummy forces Melville down, sitting him on a crate.)*  
...yyyyyyyyy-you aren't very bright, are you? *(Melville just stares. The Mummy speaks in a deep, regal voice that conveys both menace and wisdom.)* You commit sacrilege as you bumble through these sacred halls. You defile my royal resting place and dare to steal my amulet.

MELVILLE: It was the other guys –

MUMMY: *(Gruffly.)* The ones I tore to pieces?

MELVILLE: A-Are you going to do the same to me?

MUMMY: I would love nothing better. When I was a younger mummy, only 800 years old or so, I could mutilate grave robbers all afternoon. Now all it takes is one decapitation – pop – and I'm ready for a nap.

MELVILLE: So, you're not going to kill me?

MUMMY: You shall make amends, lowly one. Give me the amulet. See it glow? That means the Time of the Great Crossing is finally upon us. For six millennia, I have been waiting for the portal to the Netherworld to open up, so that I, and my beloved Nepotatatete... *(Motions to the slender sarcophagus.)* ...may finally journey to the Necropolis. Soon, yes, the time is soon. I must rest, but you must do one thing, and then lowly one, I shall let you walk free. Take this ring. Place it on the finger of my beloved bride. She died before we could be wed in life, but we shall be joined in a world beyond death. Place this ring upon her finger and she shall return to me. *(Returns to sarcophagus.)* I go now to rest. Awaken me when my love has returned.

*(Mummy moans as he shuts the sarcophagus closed. Melville stands alone for a moment. He glances at the ring, then at the slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: I hope this one's not as grumpy. *(Tries to open it.)*  
Yoo-hoo, Miss Nepotatateteetata...where's the lucky bride?  
*(He opens the door to reveal a prop mummy – emaciated, decrepit, with a twisted face, but still recognizably human in shape.)* Oh

dear. Well, hopefully, this will make you feel better. *(Finagles the prop mummy's hand and ring.)* You'll be back to life as soon as I— *(He bends the prop mummy's arm upward and it snaps off!)* Oh my.

*(He desperately tries to put the arm back, but then the entire prop mummy falls to pieces. He scrambles to pick up each mummified body part, but spends most of the time stepping on everything, making it even worse.)*

MUMMY: *(From inside his sarcophagus.)* Have you arisen? Are you ready, my precious queen?

MELVILLE: *(Imitates queen mummy, sing-song.)* I'm still getting ready! Don't come out yet. *(To himself.)* I can fix this. Oh! My first-aid kit. *(Runs over to his satchel, dropping mummy pieces along the way.)*

MUMMY: *(Still inside.)* I tire of waiting. I must see you now. *(He opens up the sarcophagus door. The Mummy gasps in horror at what he sees.)* Noooo! What has happened?!

MELVILLE: Pre-wedding jitters?

MUMMY: Nepotatatete! You have destroyed her! She was destined to journey with me across the Mystic Rivers of Eternity.

MELVILLE: She can still do that; we just need some duct tape. *(The Mummy lashes out and grips Melville by the hair.)* Please don't kill me, Mr. Thutmes, sir, your majesty. It was an accident.

MUMMY: A short death is too merciful for you. You shall experience pain—pain and hardship the likes you have never known. *(Places hand on Melville's forehead.)* With my hand I place the Curse of the Pharaohs upon you. *(He grabs Melville's hand, bends it backward so that the professor grimaces in pain and falls to his knees.)* And with your hand, anyone you touch, they too will be accursed and die a painful death, so that the world will come to revile you...you will walk the earth wretched and alone.

*(The Mummy returns to his sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: How long does the curse last? The rest of the day?

MUMMY: Forever!

*(The Mummy slams his sarcophagus door closed. The wall returns to its original position.)*

MELVILLE: Can't we talk about this?! *(Puts the prop mummy away. To the prop mummy.)* I'll make it all better. I promise. *(Staring at his "cursed" hand.)* Whoever is touched is cursed like me. *(Pacing.)* That can't be true. Curses are scientifically impossible. *(Stubs his toe on a crate.)* Ow! *(Gasps in realization.)* The curse! It's real! *(Falls down on the floor in self pity.)* I don't want to be wretched and alone! *(He sobs.)*

*(Omar, Brenda, Nancy, and Orlando Zumas enter the tomb. They stare at Melville as he sobs.)*

NANCY: Melville, what are you crying about? Did you stub your toe again?

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Professor, look who has arrived. Orlando Zumas, the executive director of the Cairo Museum.

*(Melville rolls over onto his back.)*

MELVILLE: H-hello. I was just excavating the floor.

ZUMAS: Ah, Dr. Melville, you are as hard-working and as enthusiastic as I had imagined.

*(Zumas reaches out his hand to help Melville up. Not thinking, Melville uses his cursed hand to accept Zumas' help.)*

MELVILLE: Why thank you very much. That's very kind of—  
Oh my goodness, you touched my hand! You touched my hand!

ZUMAS: Is there a problem?

MELVILLE: (*Sacred for both of them.*) I hope not. If you'll excuse me for a moment. (*Takes Brundles aside.*) We've got a big problem: A wall opened up, a mummy came out, I broke his girlfriend, and now there's a deadly hex placed on me!

BRUNDLES: Nonsense. You've just been breathing in too many crypt fumes. Happens to the best of us.

MELVILLE: Really?

BRUNDLES: Certainly. Now pull yourself together. It's time to earn that check of yours. (*Loudly.*) Mr. Zumas is anxious to hear your translation of this incredible wall.

MELVILLE: But I don't understand it...

(*Brundles grabs Omar.*)

BRUNDLES: (*To Melville, discreetly.*) That's what Omar is here for. His family has been here for centuries... (*To Omar.*) ...isn't that right?

OMAR: Oh, yes. My ancestors are the direct descendants of Queen Cleopatra.

BRUNDLES: See, he knows this material. Have him mutter it off to you, then you say it back in that smart professor way of yours. (*To Zumas.*) Please, please, take a seat, Mr. Zumas. Miss Doodle.

ZUMAS: (*Looking around.*) An impressive discovery, Brundles. It seems you were the right choice for this dig, no? And now, professor, you'll have to forgive my rusty translation, but do not those hieroglyphs represent some sort of a warning?

(*Melville looks at Omar. Omar gives a shrug.*)

MELVILLE: Why, yes. Very astute. And I'm sure the rest is simple enough to make out on your own. Shall we go up for some fresh air?

ZUMAS: On the contrary, it's quite beyond my abilities. Please, explicate for us.

MELVILLE: Well, this is the perfect chance for my apprentice Omar.

OMAR: Apprentice?! Oh...

MELVILLE: Take it away, Omar!

OMAR: Let me see... *(Takes a moment to gaze at the hieroglyphic wall.)* Ah, yes, it's all very clear. *(He calls out each drawing.)* Eyeball, eyeball, bird. Funny man with a beard. Falcon, eyeball, beetle.

MELVILLE: That can't be right.

OMAR: *(Embarrassed and a bit upset.)* Okay, falcon, beetle, eyeball. Shut up, I have dyslexia.

MELVILLE: *(To Omar, discreetly.)* I thought you said you were a relative of Cleopatra's. This Egyptian stuff should be easy for you.

OMAR: Egyptian?! I am Greek! You see, it is a little known fact that Cleopatra, a member of the Ptolmy family, was a descendant of Alexander the Great.

MELVILLE: *(Genuinely interested.)* Huh. You learn something new every day.

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Gentlemen!

MELVILLE: Oh right. The wall. *(Points.)* This fine-looking man...obviously a young king...and you can tell by his position... *(Melville stands like a typical Egyptian portrait.)* ...he's stretching, exercising. Very common, since we know that "Arabic" and "aerobic" are very close. And it seems there was a great battle between the Crocodiles and the Eagles. Two popular sports teams.

ZUMAS: Sports teams?

*(Melville points to a boat illustration.)*

MELVILLE: Boat racing. They loved it. Couldn't get enough of it. Second favorite only to, uh... *(Points to an eye illustration.)* ...staring contests.

ZUMAS: Then why do the people on the boat shoot arrows?

MELVILLE: Part of the sport. Archery boat racing. You shoot an arrow, then try to catch up with it.

ZUMAS: Hard to believe... *(Zumas points to the lower portion of the wall, which shows tall flames and people writhing in agony.)* What about the flames down below?

MELVILLE: Oh. Loosely translated, it says, "All who violate the tomb of Thutmes the Third will writhe in pain and die wretched and alone." Or it might be a barbeque.

ZUMAS: *(Quite serious.)* Brundles, I'd like to have a word with this young professor. Alone.

BRUNDLES: *(Worried.)* I can assure you—

ZUMAS: Alone, please...

NANCY: Melville, I have a bad feeling about all of this. Did you know they expect us to sleep in a tent?!

BRUNDLES: Come along, Miss Doodle.

NANCY: If you think that my soon-to-be-fiancé and I are going to tolerate these conditions, then you *(ad-lib)*...

*(They exit, with Nancy still talking to Brundles. Omar follows them.)*

MELVILLE: Mr. Zumas, I need to explain—

ZUMAS: You've said enough. You cannot fool me. I know full well you didn't come here to translate these symbols.

MELVILLE: *(Confessing.)* You're right.

ZUMAS: You came to impress me. You have succeeded. If you'd like to work at my museum, the job is yours.

MELVILLE: But I just made this stuff up.

ZUMAS: Don't be so modest, professor.

MELVILLE: Listen, can I ask you something? Do you believe in curses?

ZUMAS: Ha, ha, ha! Don't tell me you've given credence to local superstition!

MELVILLE: It's probably nonsense...but both of us might be cursed.

ZUMAS: What? By whom?

MELVILLE: The mummy who lives behind that wall.

ZUMAS: Behind the wall?

MELVILLE: I found a secret chamber, but I don't know how to open it again.

ZUMAS: Ah, these chambers can be very elusive. A hidden lever. A disguised mechanism. Some are even responsive to a secret word.

MELVILLE: Gosh, I wish I could figure out what it is.

*(The wall rotates. Zumas spins with the wall, disappearing. This time, when the "secret side" comes around, the Mummy is standing before Melville, already out of the sarcophagus. Melville jumps back.)*

MUMMY: How does it feel, lowly one? To know that death and agony are on its way? Am I not the ultimate monarch of terror?!

MELVILLE: Yes! *(Thinks for a moment.)* With the exception of Count Dracula.

MUMMY: What?!

*(Melville backs away.)*

MELVILLE: Well, you know, vampires can fly, drink blood. They've got those sharp teeth. And let's face it...you're pretty slow.

MUMMY: *(Shouts.)* I will destroy you for that!

*(The Mummy staggers slowly across the stage – very slowly! And he's moaning creepily all the way.)*

MELVILLE: *(Deadpan, almost bored.)* Oh no. I'm going to be killed. Eventually.

MUMMY: Arrgh! I don't need to kill you with my hands! You are already doomed!

*(The Mummy moves to the dark corridor SL. Melville circles, keeping his distance and trying to be brave.)*

MELVILLE: Yeah, well, your curse doesn't scare me either!

MUMMY: You are doomed!

*(The Mummy staggers into the corridor and disappears.)*

MELVILLE: *(Calls after him.)* Nothing bad has happened to me yet!

*(Omar enters.)*

OMAR: Telegram from home. The maid overfed your goldfish.

MELVILLE: Mr. Googles?

OMAR: Dead.

MELVILLE: Noooo! It's the curse! What am I to do, Omar?!

*(Someone is pounding from behind the wall.)*

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* Help! You've got to get me out of here!

MELVILLE: I don't know how it works.

OMAR: *(Calling through wall.)* Mr. Zumas, do you see a lever?

ZUMAS: Yes...yes, I see one right here!

OMAR: Then pull it!

ZUMAS: What if it's a booby trap?

OMAR: *(Laughing.)* Ho, ho, sir. I think you've been reading too many adventure novels.

ZUMAS: Yes, of course. How silly of me. I'm pulling the lever now.

*(A horrible mechanical sound is heard, followed by a blood-curdling scream.)*

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh, what happened?!

*(The wall turns around again. Zumas, back against the wall, has two or three spikes pierced through his torso. The booby trap has him pinned against the wall.)*

ZUMAS: Help me, my friends. You must do something!

MELVILLE: Don't worry, don't worry. I have a first-aid kit, but nobody ever lets me use it! *(He runs to his satchel and removes first-aid supplies.)*

ZUMAS: *(Weakly.)* It's bad, isn't it?

OMAR: *(Unimpressed.)* I've seen worse.

*(Melville runs back, carrying tiny Band-Aids.)*

MELVILLE: Here we go. *(He places the Band-Aids on the huge wounds.)*

ZUMAS: Band-Aids? That's it?

MELVILLE: I've got some Neosporin.

OMAR: He needs more than that, professor.

MELVILLE: Gosh, this is terrible.

*(The wall turns back again. Zumas disappears once more.)*

ZUMAS: Save me, my friends!

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out of there.

OMAR: Pull another lever.

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* No more levers!

MELVILLE: Can you see anything?

ZUMAS: It's very dark. (*Sound of a rat squeaking.*) But something is touching me. Something furry. Some sort of rodent.

MELVILLE: Is it a squirrel?

OMAR: Fool. There are no squirrels in the desert. It is probably a chipmunk.

ZUMAS: I think...they are rats!

MELVILLE: How many do you see?

ZUMAS: One...two...three hundred! Aaaaagghh!

(*Sound of hundreds of rats scrambling about. Chewing sounds too! Zumas screams in terror.*)

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out.

OMAR: What is that word you keep saying?

MELVILLE: What word?

ZUMAS: They're eating me!

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh!

OMAR: That's the one. (*The wall rotates. But instead of finding Zumas, they find his rat-eaten skeleton impaled against the wall, still wearing the rags that were once his clothes.*) Mr. Zumas?

MELVILLE: This skeleton stole his clothes!

OMAR: At least he died peacefully.

(*Cleo enters.*)

CLEO: It was the curse. The Mummy has placed it upon you.

MELVILLE: Yes. And then he took my hand and –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And then the wall –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And Mr. Zumas –

CLEO: I *know!* I have seen all these things!

MELVILLE: Then do you know what is going to happen to me? Am I to die a painful death?

CLEO: No, my naïve one, I foresee you living for many, many years.

MELVILLE: Really? Oh, thank goodness. I feel so much better. You don't know what a relief that is.

*(Melville walks upstage, feeling very happy now. Omar approaches Cleo.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo, discreetly.)* But I thought you said —

CLEO: I didn't want to tell him the truth...but his end is very close now. He will see a small shiny object.

*(Melville is looking offstage SL into the grand chamber area.)*

MELVILLE: Hey, someone dropped a quarter. *(He exits.)*

CLEO: He will bend down to pick it up.

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Guess I'll just bend down and pick it up.

CLEO: Then lose his balance and fall into the bottomless pit!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* "Ooooooooooh... *(But then it turns out, that Melville is not falling to his death...he's singing. Offstage.)* ...ooooooooh mare's eat oats and does it oats. *(He re-enters the tomb, still singing.)* And little lambs eat ivy, a kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?" Wow, there's a great echo in there.

*(Cleo and Omar are quite surprised.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo.)* Miss Cleo is wrong? How could this be?

CLEO: I do not understand. It is impossible. I have foreseen the fates of all mortal men...unless...could it be, he is the chosen one?

*(Brundles and Nancy enter.)*

BRUNDLES: *(To Melville.)* Just wanted to make sure you and Mr. Zumas were getting along— *(She sees the skeleton.)*  
Aaagh!

*(Brundles bumps into Nancy, knocking off her glasses. Nancy's practically blind.)*

NANCY: Hey, I can't see without those! *(She is immediately on her hands and knees.)*

BRUNDLES: Dear lord, that's the most frightening thing I've ever seen.

*(Suddenly the Mummy appears upstage. He moans and howls. Everyone, with the exception of Nancy, screams. Omar, Cleo, Brundles, and Melville exit through the dark corridor SL. Nancy finds her glasses. They are broken.)*

NANCY: Great. Thanks a lot, fellas!

MUMMY: *(Moaning.)* Mmmmm...

NANCY: Melville is that you?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhhh!

NANCY: Sounds like you've got a stomachache. Is everyone else gone? Why don't we sit a while and snuggle...sound nice?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhmaybe.

NANCY: I wish we could have had a more pleasant vacation. I wanted to journey to some romantic paradise.

MUMMY: Such as the Eternal Underworld?

NANCY: What's wrong with your voice?

MUMMY: Uh, dry throat.

NANCY: You don't sound like my Melville at all.

*(Mummy takes out the magical ring that he once bestowed to Melville.)*

MUMMY: I have a ring for you.

NANCY: Oh, it is you! How sweet. You're finally going to ask me. Sit right here. *(The Mummy sits on a crate beside her. She squints at him.)* Are you wrapped up in toilet paper?

MUMMY: Once I place this ring upon your finger, we shall cross into the Netherworld, and enter the flames of the abyss.

NANCY: Oh you! Still afraid of marriage.

MUMMY: Give me your hand.

NANCY: Well, aren't you going to ask me? You have to be romantic about these things. I want this to be a magical moment.

*(Mummy stands.)*

MUMMY: Magic?! The great pharaoh who stands before you has powers that go beyond mere magic. Huzzah-o-meh che che!

*(Mummy claps his hands. The lights turn to mood lighting. Suddenly, romantic music [perhaps something like Barry White] begins to play. The Mummy sits back down. He scoots closer to Nancy. And then, despite his rigor mortis, he manages to pull the old stretching-arm-and-placing-it-over-her-shoulder trick.)*

NANCY: The lights went dim all of a sudden.

MUMMY: Let me fix them for you.

*(He claps his hands twice. The lights go off completely.)*

NANCY: Is that beef jerky I smell?

*(The Mummy lets out a mischievous moan of a laugh. Nancy lets out a scream. Blackout.)*

ACT 11  
SCENE 1

*(The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb. Melville, Omar, Cleo, and Brundles carry flashlights or lanterns as they run across the stage. Melville stops everyone.)*

MELVILLE: *(He shines his light on his own face.)* Slow down.

OMAR: *(Shining flashlight on his own face.)* Where are we?

BRUNDLES: *(Light on her face.)* We're lost!

CLEO: *(Light on her face.)* We must stay calm.

MELVILLE: Where's Nancy?! Nancy?!

OMAR: We left her behind.

MELVILLE: We've got to go back for her!

BRUNDLES: And face that-that vile monster?! Are you out of your mind, man?

MELVILLE: Look, if anything were to happen to Nancy, I'd — well, I'd feel strangely relieved, but that's not the point! We've got to save her!

OMAR: You're already cursed! Why should you bring your trouble upon us, eh?

CLEO: Omar, be still. We must not fight. It will take all of our strength together to defeat the wretched powers of the mummy. Who is with me?

*(Spotlight or flashlight on Cleo's outstretched hand. Showing his team spirit, Omar places his hand on hers.)*

OMAR: I am!

BRUNDLES: *(Putting her hand on theirs.)* I am!

MELVILLE: Me too! *(Melville slaps his hand down upon theirs. They gasp and shine their lights on his face.)* Oops. That's my cursed hand! *(They break away from him, grumbling in outrage. Flashlights out.)* Sorry!

## SCENE 2

*(The lights come up to reveal the Mummy's tomb. But something is a bit different now. Several of the crates have been moved to the center; they are lined up to form a makeshift table. A white sheet with golden trim adorns it. Very rigid, Nancy is lying upon the sheet. Her eyes are closed. She wears a long, flowing Egyptian gown. The mystical ring has been placed upon her finger. As a voiceover, we hear the Mummy speaking to her in a creepy, yet soothing way, as if his voice were in her mind.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Awaken, my queen. You are now under my spell.

NANCY: *(As if hypnotized.)* Yes, oh mighty and exquisite one.

*(She rises and slowly walks around as if she were in a trance. She moves over to the crates.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Soon, we shall become one, you and I. And for an endless infinity, our souls shall intermingle with the stars and the— *(While he is speaking, Nancy has found a feather duster. She begins to dust the crates and walls.)* Uh, what are you doing?

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* Just tidying up.

*(Note: Nancy, during this scene, will always be in a trance-like state, yet at the same time, she's still very capable of being passive-aggressive.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* That's quite all right. You don't need to do that. Please, it's fine the way it is.

NANCY: As you wish, oh snuggly bear...

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* And don't call me that. Now, as I was saying...you and I, like the cosmos, shall forever— *(Now she exits the tomb upstage center and re-enters, carrying two potted flowers.)* What exactly are those?

NANCY: I thought this place could use a woman's touch.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* But those don't go with the rest of—  
*(Pause.)* Look, I am trying to speak of our mystic, cosmic bond.

NANCY: That reminds me, oh mighty one, I borrowed your toothbrush.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Ugh! That's disgusting! Just don't touch anything else. I'll be right there...

*(Nancy returns to her dusting.)*

HAROLD: *(Calls from offstage.)* Knock, knock. Is anyone down here?

*(Betty and Harold, Nancy's mother and father, enter the chamber from upstage. They are your typical middle-class American middle-aged couple, obviously very pleased to see their daughter, yet a bit worried about their surroundings.)*

BETTY: There's our baby girl!

HAROLD: *(To Nancy.)* Give your old man a hug.

NANCY: *(Still in a trance, doesn't hug.)* Hello, Mother. Hello, Father. It is a joy to see you here.

BETTY: We were worried when we arrived at camp and no one was there to greet us. *(With a groan, Harold rubs his back.)* Your poor father's back. The camel ride took a lot out of him.

HAROLD: Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine... *(To Nancy.)* So where's this scientist boyfriend of yours you've been going on about?

*(Betty notices the ring Nancy is wearing.)*

BETTY: *(Gasps.)* Is that an engagement ring? Nancy Doodle, couldn't you have at least warned us? We haven't even met this young man.

NANCY: My beloved is no mortal man, but a golden god who will one day rule the earth...

BETTY: Honey, you say that now...wait till the honeymoon's over. Am I right, Harold?

HAROLD: *(Has been busy looking around.)* Are you talking about me?

*(They all move downstage to sit on crates in front of the makeshift table.)*

NANCY: Tonight, my beloved and I will shed our corporal beings and transfigure our psychic energy into one—

HAROLD: Whoa, whoa. There are some things your parents don't want to know about. And what's with this guy? I thought you said he was some kind of fish doctor.

BETTY: An ichthyologist.

HAROLD: What's he doing out here in the desert?

*(The Mummy enters the chamber from the upstage entrance.)*

MUMMY: My queen, I have returned...

NANCY: Greetings, Thutmes, oh great one. How was your day?

MUMMY: I don't want to talk about it.

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* You never want to talk about it.

MUMMY: It's just that I've been staggering through the catacombs looking for those— *(Sees Betty and Harold.)* Who are these intruders?

*(Harold stands up and offers his hand to Mummy.)*

HAROLD: Harold and Betty Doodle, from Cincinnati.

*(Mummy looks at Harold's hand.)*

MUMMY: *(To Nancy.)* Are these your parents?

*(Harold shakes Mummy's hand anyway.)*

HAROLD: Pleased to meet you. *(When Harold takes his hand away, something's not quite right. He smells his palm.)*

MUMMY: You may want to wash that.

BETTY: Well, you certainly seem like an...interesting person...

HAROLD: *(To Mummy.)* Say, what's with the costume? Is there a Halloween party tonight?

*(He slaps the Mummy on the back.)*

BETTY: Harold! *(Whispers.)* He's probably a burn victim.

MUMMY: *(To Nancy, angry.)* Why are they here?

*(Nancy leads everyone back to sit at the table.)*

NANCY: It is tradition to meet the parents before the wedding.

HAROLD: So, Thutmoose...you a football fan, or a baseball fan?

MUMMY: *(Doesn't understand the words.)* Base...ball?

HAROLD: You know, what kind of sports do you like?

MUMMY: *(Suddenly understanding.)* Archery boat racing.

BETTY: Nancy tells us that you've been teaching at Oxford.

MUMMY: No.

HAROLD: No? What is it that you do?

MUMMY: I'm a mummy.

BETTY: A what?

MUMMY: A mummy!

BETTY: *(Doubtful.)* Really?

MUMMY: Yes, really.

HAROLD: *(Very amused with himself.)* Hey, that makes you a mummy and me a daddy!

MUMMY: *(Very offended.)* Aha, so now we're going to start with the mummy jokes! As if I hadn't heard that one a thousand times. "I'm a daddy, you're a mummy." "I want

my mummy!" "Mummy Dearest!" "Mummy can't buy happiness!" "Do you have a sore tummy mummy?!" "He must be a dummy mummy!" No more of your wretched, pathetic mummy jokes!

BETTY: All right, all right. We won't say anything.

HAROLD: *Mum's* the word!

MUMMY: (*Shouts.*) I'll kill you all!

*(The Mummy bolts to his feet, groaning and moaning in outrage. For the first time, Betty and Harold are afraid. As the Mummy staggers closer, they back away toward the exit.)*

BETTY: Harold, I think he is a mummy!

HAROLD: Nancy, how could you do this to your parents?!

NANCY: (*Unemotional, almost like a robot.*) But, Daddy, I love him.

HAROLD: Don't expect us to invite him to the family reunion.

MUMMY: Get out of here!

HAROLD: Fine, we're going! Enjoy your tomb, weirdoes!  
*(Harold exits upstage.)*

BETTY: Your father's just upset. We'll see you at Thanksgiving! *(She exits upstage too.)*

NANCY: (*To Mummy.*) You should let your feelings out more often. Then you wouldn't explode like that. Why don't you tell me what's been bothering you?

MUMMY: Do you prattle on like this all of the time?

NANCY: And we need to get you a new outfit, mighty one. Let's go shopping before our journey to the Netherworld.

MUMMY: What? No! I'm starting to rethink this whole eternity thing with you. *(Mummy staggers upstage, exiting to the left.)*

NANCY: (*Shouts after him.*) Are you afraid of commitment? Why are you always pushing me away?

**[End of Freeview]**



**Wade Bradford**

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## TUESDAYS WITH MUMMY

**FARCE.** This is farcical fun at its best! After the last archeologist “met with a bit of an accident,” the famed Oxford professor Rigby Melville is called to Egypt to find the secret chamber of Thutmes the Third. But due to an unfortunate mix-up at Oxford, Melville Rigby, a fish expert, arrives on the scene. Soon after his arrival, Melville finds both the secret chamber and the Mummy. The Mummy has just one request—that Melville place a magic ring on his mummified wife Nefertiti’s finger so that the two may spend eternity together. But when Melville places the ring on Nefertiti’s finger, she crumbles into tiny pieces. Not wanting to spend eternity alone, the Mummy demands a new companion—Melville’s fiancée, Nancy Doodle. But when the Mummy discovers that all she wants to do is talk about feelings, go shopping, and tidy up the tomb, he quickly changes his mind! The only potential companion left is Buttercup, a mummified pet trout, who too has been accidentally crushed by Melville. Melville, afraid that he may end up as the Mummy’s eternal companion, makes a last ditch attempt to save Buttercup with his mini fish defibrillator.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(4 m, 4 f, 10 flexible, optional extras)

**MELVILLE RIGBY:** Good-natured, geeky young scientist; young and intelligent-looking.

**THUTMES THE THIRD:** Tall creepy dried-up old mummy; his head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages and a beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck; speaks in a deep regal voice that conveys menace and wisdom; flexible.

**CLEO ALEXANDRA:** Dark, mysterious, exotic woman with psychic powers.

**OMAR THE GRAVE DIGGER:** Man who knows his way around a tomb; scarred, hobbles with a slight limp, sun-beaten yet spry (actually he could be in his late 30s, but he's aged terribly!); wears an eye patch, but his good eye seems very perceptive, almost penetrating.

**NANCY DOODLE:** Melville's bride-to-be; pretty, blonde (or strawberry blonde), somewhat snobbish and arrogant; not too bright, but looks rather smart. Why? Simply because she wears glasses.

**BRENDA BRUNDLES:** Wealthy, robust museum curator and treasure-seeker; has a British accent. (Note: If male, change the character name to Dean Deanderson. He wears a white suit and a pith helmet.)

**HAROLD:** Middle-aged, Nancy's father; typical middle-class American father.

**BETTY:** Middle-aged, Nancy's mother; typical middle-class American mother.

**AKMED:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**SOLOMON:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**ORLANDO ZUMAS:** Renowned executive director of the Cairo Museum; dressed a bit like a businessman and a bit like a member of the French Foreign Legion.

**MUMKEY:** Mummified monkey; non-speaking; flexible.

**TOMB WORKERS 3, 4, 5, 6:** Employed by Brenda Brundles; wear head dressings that cover most of the face; non-speaking.

**EXTRAS (Optional):** As other Tomb Workers.

## SET

1920-1930s, Egypt. A recently excavated mummy's tomb. To reveal the mummy's secret chamber, a section of the wall can be placed on a turntable so it will rotate 180 degrees. The backside reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**ACT I:** A recently excavated Egyptian tomb.

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb.

**Scene 2:** Tomb. Several crates have been moved to the center to form a makeshift table.

## PROPS

Ball	Gold amulet
Wallet	Digging tools
White Sheets	Skeleton
Gurney	Eyeglasses, for Nancy
Ring box	Metal pipe
Money	Phonograph/record player
Checkbook	Relics
Pen	Mummy
Slender "stone"	Spikes
sarcophagus	First-aid kit
Large "stone" sarcophagus	First-aid supplies, assorted
Jewels – rubies, sapphires, etc.	Gun
Satchel	Band-Aids
Camera	Puppet of mummified duck
Rope	Stuffed mummy trout
Crates	4 Flashlights or lanterns
Scimitar-type sword	White sheet with gold trim
Severed head that resembles Akmed's head	Egyptian-looking ring
Severed arm that resembles Akmed's arm	Egyptian gown, for Nancy
	Feather duster
	2 Potted flowers
	Mini-defibrillator

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Sound of ground shaking	Rats chewing ferociously
Cobweb	Romantic music
Thunder	Howling wind
Moaning	Profound mystical music
Lumbering footsteps	Glowing amulet (optional)
Scary music	Gunshots
Flash of light – looks like camera flash	Zapping noise
Thud	Heartbeat
Horrible mechanical sound	Traditional Greek music
Blood-curdling scream	Weird sound
Rat squeaking	Duck quacking
Rats scrambling about	Grand, mystical music

“Is that  
beef jerky  
I smell?”

## ACT 1

*(AT RISE: The stage is illuminated to reveal a recently excavated Egyptian tomb. Entering from what appears to be the grand corridor of the tomb, Omar the Gravedigger limps to CS. He glances over his shoulder and calls back to Professor Melville Rigby, who should have been following.)*

OMAR: Professor!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Sorry! Got distracted.

*(Melville Rigby enters and joins Omar. Despite Melville's intellectual nature, he seems out of place in the tomb and looks more like an excited tourist.)*

MELVILLE: There was this really amazing statue of this very tall man with the head of a bird. Fascinating.

OMAR: The tomb of Thutmes the Third is not a kind place for stragglers. Stay close next time, if you want to live. *(Calling to the tunnel located SL.)* Ms. Brundles! I have brought him to you.

BRUNDLES: *(Offstage.)* Excellent, Omar. Be there presently.

OMAR: *(Cryptic.)* Welcome to the Valley of the Kings.

MELVILLE: *(Fumbling through his wallet.)* Uh, I've never been escorted onto sacred burial grounds before, so I'm a little unsure...how much do I tip you? *(Pause.)* Five bucks?

*(Tries to offer Omar money.)*

OMAR: *(Disgusted.)* Ms. Brundles says you are a smart man...that you know our ways here. If that is true, then you should know this is the celestial gateway to the Netherworld, a place where life crosses over into death. Look and you will see a monumental shrine to the greatest rulers of the ancient world—not a fancy, luxury hotel for

college boys. I do not risk my life down here in these tombs, facing curses and poisonous traps, so that I might earn your measly tip.

MELVILLE: *(Hoping not to offend.)* Ten bucks?

*(With a brief nod, Omar takes the money.)*

OMAR: Thank you, sir, enjoy your stay.

*(Omar hobbles offstage. Ms. Brundles enters from the tunnel. Akmed and Solomon follow her.)*

BRUNDLES: Professor! I cannot thank you enough for coming. And on the shortest of notices.

MELVILLE: Your telegram was most urgent. I hope there's something I can do to help.

BRUNDLES: If your reputation is true, you shall prove invaluable! I only wish you could be visiting our magnificent discovery under less trying conditions. You see, unfortunately our key archeologist met with a bit of an accident.

MELVILLE: Is he all right?

BRUNDLES: Sadly, no. Look, you see— *(Upstage, Akmed and Solomon carry a gurney with a white sheet covering a lump of some sort.)* There he goes now. *(Akmed and Solomon exit. Workers 3, 4 enter. They carry a similar gurney with yet another sheet-covered lump.)* And there... *(Workers 3, 4 exit, and workers 5, 6 enter. This time the lump on the gurney is quite small—about the size of someone's head.)* And there...

MELVILLE: Oh. That's terrible. How did that happen?

BRUNDLES: We're not sure. He was working by himself in the grand chamber. We think that he perhaps...tripped and fell.

MELVILLE: Into three pieces?

*(Omar steps back into the room.)*

OMAR: Why not tell him the truth, Ms. Brundles? The last professor was stricken by a most powerful and deadly curse! (*Steps forward with each word.*) The curse! The dreaded curse of the pharaoh!

BRUNDLES: Don't mind him. He says that about everything. Omar, how was breakfast?

OMAR: My omelet was cursed! (*Steps back toward the exit.*) And the orange juice, that too, was cursed! And the home-fried potatoes...they weren't bad. (*Exits.*)

BRUNDLES: But enough of this unpleasantness, we must resume our work right away. An executive from the Cairo Museum of Antiquities will be arriving later this afternoon. He'll be anxious to meet you and discuss our miraculous findings. I trust your workstation is to your liking...?

MELVILLE: Well, I haven't seen it yet, but I did have a question...I was told in the telegram that accommodations would be provided. Will we be staying somewhere in town?

BRUNDLES: Professor, you know full well it's a 6-hour camel journey to the nearest village. Everything you need is here.

MELVILLE: So, I'll be sleeping in a tomb? To be honest, that's a little creepy.

BRUNDLES: What?! Impossible! Why, the academic community knows full well of your daring exploits. How you once spent two months excavating beneath the lost pyramids of Sirocco. How you single-handedly explored the Lava Caves of the Tarantula Mountains.

MELVILLE: No...that doesn't sound like me. Spiders give me the heebie-jeebies.

BRUNDLES: But, you are the great, renowned Professor Rigby Melville. The world's most esteemed archeologist.

*(Melville thinks for a moment, then it hits him.)*

MELVILLE: Ohhh...I see now...I guess there's been a bit of a mix up. I'm Professor Melville Rigby. You want Professor Rigby Melville. We get this sort of thing all the time. Well,

not to this extreme, but sometimes people call my phone looking for him, and vice versa. (*Laughs.*) Rigby and I both work at Oxford; he's right upstairs from me. But I'm afraid we're from different departments.

BRUNDLES: You're not an archeologist?

MELVILLE: No, but in fact, I'm quite renowned myself. I'm a highly esteemed ichthyologist. (*Pause. Brenda blankly stares at him.*) You know...a fish doctor. I, uh, study fish, look at them under microscopes, put them into specimen jars...I also do crustaceans.

BRUNDLES: (*Explodes.*) Oxford has sent me a professor of fishology?! I'm ruined! How could you think that telegram was meant for you? Why would you accept an assignment that takes place out in the middle of the desert?

MELVILLE: Well, I had hoped to find some sort of an aquarium...

BRUNDLES: (*In pain over the mistake.*) Ah! What am I to say when the executive arrives? He'll pull out his investors. Or worse, tell the board to take me off the project for good! I'll be laughed at from Cairo to London!

MELVILLE: Look...tell Omar to send another telegram. Dr. Melville Rigby would love this opportunity.

BRUNDLES: (*Urgent, on the verge of panic.*) We haven't the time. I promised the executive that an academic expert would give him a guided tour of the site. You don't know how angry he can get when he's disappointed. He wants someone to explain every hieroglyph in elaborate detail.

MELVILLE: Don't you know this stuff?

BRUNDLES: When it comes down to it, Melville, I'm really no more than an amateur treasure hunter. The executive wants someone smart-looking, with a dozen or more degrees on their office wall. Someone who looks exactly like you, in fact... (*Thinks.*) ...hmmm...

MELVILLE: Why are you looking at me like that?

BRUNDLES: You could do it. A smart, intelligent man like yourself, I bet you've taken your fair share of history courses.

MELVILLE: Well, fish history. Or, as I like to call it, "fishtory."

BRUNDLES: That's almost the same. Look, you'd only need to show the executive around for a wee bit. Before he arrives, Omar and I will "show you the ropes," as you Americans put it. Just act very distinguished, tell a few stories on the wall, show him a mummy or two, and my position will be saved!

MELVILLE: I'm sorry, but that just wouldn't be right. You'll have to find another way to solve your problem.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* Yoo-hoo...

BRUNDLES: Who the devil is that?

*(Nancy Doodle enters. Omar follows, trying to catch up to her.)*

MELVILLE: Sweetie, you were supposed to wait outside. It's very dangerous down here.

NANCY: You men! *(Indicates Omar.)* That's what old limpy here said.

OMAR: *(To Melville.)* I tried to stop her, sir. She played an evil American trick on me.

*(Nancy takes out a ball.)*

NANCY: Okay, this time you can really have the ball. *(She pretends to throw it.)* Go get it.

*(Omar runs offstage to fetch the "thrown" ball.)*

OMAR: *(Offstage.)* Ha, ha! It's mine this time!

MELVILLE: Ms. Brundles, this is my, uh, close friend —

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Nancy Doodle. Charmed, I'm sure.  
*(Turns to Melville.)* Melville, darling, when do we arrive at our hotel? All of this dust is affecting my allergies.

MELVILLE: I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake, muffin. We're headed back to Oxford.

NANCY: Mistake? What are you talking about? You promised me an exotic two-week vacation. All expenses paid.

MELVILLE: Well, there's complications, honey.

NANCY: *(Mean at first, then nicer.)* Then uncomplicate them, honey. Melville, this is our first chance to spend time together away from that crowded little office of yours. Egypt is so beautiful. I want to dance with you in front of the pyramids. I want you to propose to me in front of the Sphinx.

MELVILLE: Propose?

NANCY: Well, you've said you've been waiting for the right moment to ask me. Why not in the land of the pharaohs...?

MELVILLE: But, honey, I, uh, don't exactly have a—

NANCY: An engagement ring? I picked one up for you.  
*(Hands him a ring box.)* My parents will be so excited when they find out. Which reminds me, they wanted to come out to meet you.

MELVILLE: Your parents are meeting us here?

NANCY: Don't worry. Daddy will love you.

MELVILLE: But, Nancy, Ms. Brundles doesn't want me here...I'm not the right man for the job.

*(Nancy glares at Ms. Brundles.)*

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Is this true?

BRUNDLES: Absolutely not, young lady. Dr. Melville Rigby is just the man we need. I'm sure he's just trying to drive a hard bargain. *(Takes out her checkbook and a pen and writes a check.)* Let me offer the two of you a bonus stipend.

Something to say thank you. *(She shows them the check. Their eyes light up.)* Are we in agreement, professor?

MELVILLE: I-I-I...

NANCY: We certainly are! *(Snatches the check.)* Now where's the hotel?

BRUNDLES: Allow me to escort you back up to the surface, Miss Doodle. We'll discuss your accommodations. *(Omar enters, still wondering where the ball went.)* Omar, give our professor a crash course in ancient Egyptian civilization.

NANCY: *(To Melville.)* Do a good job, sweetie!

*(Ms. Brundles and Nancy exit.)*

MELVILLE: Omar, can't you telegraph Dr. Melville Rigby?

OMAR: I have, and there's been a mix-up of assignments. Dr. Melville Rigby was sent to the Great Barrier Reef and has since been eaten by tiger sharks.

MELVILLE: *(Disappointed.)* Aw! That was supposed to be me! *(Frustrated.)* Everything's all backwards.

OMAR: It is the work of the pharaoh's curse.

MELVILLE: What's this curse you keep talking about?

OMAR: They call me Omar the gravedigger because I know where things are buried. This is the 18th tomb I have uncovered. I have been cursed 17 times. First I lost my eye for violating the sleeping chamber of Ihmotep the First. In Nefertiti's tomb, I was crushed by a boulder on my left side. And those two curses...those were the easy ones!

MELVILLE: Wow. Why do you keep doing this job?

*(Omar thinks a moment.)*

OMAR: Good dental insurance. But believe me, I have been lucky. All else who have violated the tombs of the West Valley of Kings, they too have been cursed, and have died a horrible, horrible death!

*(Pause. Melville stares at Omar for a moment.)*

MELVILLE: You really do have nice teeth. *(Looks around.)* So, who was buried here? Thutmes?

OMAR: Thutmes the Third – most ruthless of the pharaohs.

*(Melville points to a slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: Is that him?

OMAR: No, no. That was his bride-to-be. She was buried with him.

MELVILLE: Yuck.

OMAR: That was the custom of the great kings. They do not wish to be buried alone. Sometimes they are entombed with their servants. Thutmes had a fondness for animals. In these crates are his mummified pets.

MELVILLE: Cats and dogs?

OMAR: Baboons and ducks.

MELVILLE: So, where is Thutmes?

OMAR: His sarcophagus has yet to be discovered. We believe it is hidden somewhere within these underground passages.

The last professor...the one who left in pieces...he was looking for it when he died. Personally, I pray that we do not find it for a long, long time –

MELVILLE: Because we'll all be cursed?

OMAR: Yes. And think of the overtime.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* What do you mean?! Sleeping bags?

OMAR: I must help Ms. Brundles. You stay here. You still have much to learn. Look, but touch nothing. *(Omar exits.)*

MELVILLE: *(Imitates Omar.)* "Look, but touch nothing." Doesn't he realize I'm a scientist? *(Sees jewels on the SR wall.)* Ooh, sparkly! *(Examines them.)* Encrusted rubies. They must be worth a fortune. A few sapphires, too. *(He touches each sapphire as he counts them.)* One...two...three...hmmm...a triangle. Gosh. *(Sound of ground shaking. A section of the wall rotates 180 degrees. Melville has discovered a secret chamber. The*

*other side of the wall reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus – none other than the resting place of Thutmes the Third!*) Goodness gracious! Omar! Ms. Brundles! They're not going to believe this. *(He starts to leave the chamber, then doubles back.)* I've got to get a picture of this. *(He takes a camera out of his satchel and takes a quick snapshot.)* I probably shouldn't touch it. But when am I going to get another chance to see a mummy? *(He opens the heavy sarcophagus door. It opens, but only part way.)* Stuck. Let me see... *(He reaches his arm into the sarcophagus. Suddenly, his eyes light up in terror. Almost unable to make a sound, he lets out a raspy shriek of horror – it's as if something inside the Egyptian coffin was performing painful, torturous deeds! Finally, he pulls his arm out. A cobweb is on his hand.)* Spider webs! *(Shakes it off. Calms down.)* Okay, okay, Melville, you can do this. *(He reaches in again, struggles for a moment, then opens up the door. Inside the sarcophagus stands a tall, creepy, dried-up old mummy: Thutmes the Third. His head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages, but his closed eyes and strong cryptic jaw are easily seen. A beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck. A sigh of awe.)* Smells like beef jerky. *(Akmed and Solomon enter. They wear head dressings that cover most of their face.)* Hey! I'm glad you guys are here! Look what I found! Let's go tell everybody!

AKMED: Yes, of course, Professor...

SOLOMON: But first...we need some rope...

MELVILLE: Uh...oh, there's some right here.

*(Melville hands them a coil of rope from the top of a crate.)*

AKMED: Now please hold out your hands.

*(Absentmindedly, Melville holds out his hands. Akmed begins to bind Melville's hands. Melville doesn't even realize he's about to be held captive!)*

MELVILLE: It was the wildest thing. I was just looking at the jewels encrusted in the hieroglyphs, and then suddenly, zoom, the wall spins around and there he is! *(Melville now has his back toward Akmed and Solomon. Solomon slowly pulls out a scimitar-type sword. This might be the end of Melville, and he doesn't even know it.)* Boy, I used to think looking for fossilized flounder was pure joy, but I gotta tell you, this archeology stuff isn't half bad. *(Notices his hands.)* Hey, why are my hands tied?

*(Solomon "strikes" the butt of his sword against the back of Melville's head. The young professor goes out like a light and flops to the ground.)*

AKMED: But the mistress said we were only to steal. She said to hurt no one.

SOLOMON: I couldn't help it. He talks too much.

*(Akmed looks through Melville's satchel.)*

AKMED: Nice camera. *(Takes it.)* Do you think he'll mind?

SOLOMON: Who cares for trinkets? Look, Akmed, the staff of Ra shines upon us today. The tomb of Thutmes!

AKMED: And there lies the Amulet of Eternal Bliss.

SOLOMON: Quickly, take it, and let us flee here.

AKMED: You better take it. My hands are dirty.

SOLOMON: All of our hands are dirty! We've been digging all day.

AKMED: But what if what they say is true? What if the curse is real?

SOLOMON: Now you are sounding like a child. Come, let us be men! We shall pull off the amulet together.

*(Akmed nods. They reach toward the Mummy.)*

AKMED: Remember, together on three. One, two...take it!

*(Akmed grabs the amulet all by himself. Solomon laughs.)*

SOLOMON: Sorry, Akmed, looks like you're cursed!

*(Akmed throws the amulet at Solomon, who catches it.)*

AKMED: Now you are cursed, too!

*(Solomon shuts the sarcophagus door.)*

SOLOMON: Fine, fine. We're all cursed. Come, the mistress will have a great reward for us upon our return.

AKMED: I was just wondering...why are we still speaking in English?

SOLOMON: I don't know. It's a funny language; I like it. Now come, before they find us.

*(Thunder. Lights flicker.)*

AKMED: What was that?

SOLOMON: It sounded like thunder.

AKMED: Inside a tomb? *(Slowly, but quite loudly, the sarcophagus door creaks open. Solomon draws his sword.)* We must leave now before it's too late. *(The lights go dark.)* It's too late!

*(In the darkness, we hear them fumble about.)*

SOLOMON: Where's the exit? Feel the walls. *(Then, the sound of moaning followed by lumbering footsteps.)* What was that?!

AKMED: The mummy!

*(They scream. The Mummy moans in anger.)*

SOLOMON: Light! We need light to find our way out!

AKMED: The camera!

SOLOMON: *(Trying to stay clam.)* Hurry, Akmed, I can feel him drawing near.

*(Scary music. Akmed, who is holding the camera, causes the camera flash to go off. If this effect works correctly, we will see a glimpse of Solomon, standing with his sword. Darkness. Another camera flash. Now we see the Mummy approaching Solomon. The Mummy's cryptic arms are reaching out toward Solomon. Darkness.)*

AKMED: Solomon, behind you!

*(Camera flash. We see the Mummy grasping Solomon's neck. The Mummy has taken the sword from Solomon and raises it high above his head. Darkness. Screams. Solomon and Akmed make death gurgles. The Mummy moans and then lets out a sinister laugh. Lights up. Akmed and Solomon are nowhere to be seen. The Mummy has returned to his resting place. He stands perfectly still, as if nothing has happened. The door magically shuts and lets out a loud creaking sound, which awakens Melville. He groans, rubs his sore head, and looks around. The secret wall suddenly begins to rotate once more.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! *(By the time he stands up, the wall has returned to its original side. The Mummy is gone. Melville looks for Akmed and Solomon.)* Hey, fellas, what's the big deal? Do you tie up all the new guys? Hello? *(Melville wanders around, looking for them. He paces upstage center behind some of the relics.)* I can't believe they'd just leave me lying on the floor like that. I could get hurt. *(He trips over something and falls out of view.)* Ow! What's all this stuff lying around? *(He stands up, his hands are still tied. He bends over to pick something up.)* What the heck is this? *(He picks up a severed human head, which looks like Akmed. [Note: It shouldn't be too gruesome of course, but lifelike enough so that the audience recognizes who it is. If Akmed has a beard, it will be easier to identify the prop head.])* Aaaaaaggghhhh! *(In a panic, Melville*

*runs around the tomb. He doesn't know what to do with the head, so he throws it into the dark corridor SL. A bit relieved, he leans against the corridor archway, panting desperately. All of a sudden, an arm reaches out from the corridor and wraps around his neck. Melville gasps, then breaks free. Solomon staggers out onto the stage. His sword appears to have skewered him. It sticks into his belly, and pokes right through his back!) Oh my gosh! What happened to you?*

SOLOMON: M-m-m-mummy! *(Solomon staggers about. Melville staggers backward, afraid.)* H-help me! Please!

MELVILLE: Okay, but I gotta get my hands free. Here, turn around. *(Solomon, weak and dizzy, obeys. His back faces Melville, and the pointy end of the sword sticks out toward Melville's bound hands. He places the rope against the blade.)* Okay, now wiggle back and forth.

SOLOMON: What?

MELVILLE: Just do it! *(Solomon wiggles about, gyrating back and forth, trying to sever the rope around Melville's hands.)* There we go. Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle! *(He's free. The ropes drop from his hands.)* Now don't worry, don't worry. I got a first-aid kit right in here.

*(Melville starts going through his satchel. Solomon wanders toward the exit.)*

SOLOMON: Must escape... *(Solomon staggers through the upstage exit, headed SL.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! You're headed toward the bottomless pit!

SOLOMON: *(Offstage.)* Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*(Melville cringes, listening to the long, long fall. Then he hears a distant, yet painful thud.)*

MELVILLE: Well...I guess it's not bottomless.

*(Omar enters, grumpy as usual.)*

OMAR: What is all the shouting about?

MELVILLE: Omar, thank goodness you're here. I found a severed head and a man with a sword through his chest.

OMAR: *(Chuckles.)* That sounds like Akmed and Solomon. Those crazy guys!

MELVILLE: I think somebody murdered them!

OMAR: Maybe they just slipped. Or...it was the curse!

MELVILLE: That's what I'm thinking. And I found a secret passage—

OMAR: What?!

MELVILLE: I was touching some of those stones on the wall...I know you said I shouldn't...but I found—

*(Cleo Alexandra steps into the chamber.)*

CLEO: You found the sarcophagus of Thutmes the Third.

MELVILLE: Why, yes. How did you know? And who are you?

*(Melville gazes at her, transfixed for a moment.)*

OMAR: This is Cleo Alexandra, Oracle of the Nile, Seer of the Future. She's also my cousin...so don't look at her that way!

CLEO: I am what your world calls "psychic." I know of destinies...of fates.

MELVILLE: You can see into the future?

CLEO: Yes.

MELVILLE: What word am I going to say next?

CLEO: "Wow."

MELVILLE: *(Very impressed.)* Wow! So then, you must realize that what I'm saying about these deaths is true.

CLEO: The truth, like the future, can be murky. You saw the mummy?

MELVILLE: The wall turned around and it was right there.

OMAR: Did he attack you?

MELVILLE: *(Laughing good naturedly.)* No, Omar, he's been dead for eons. But he wore this amazingly beautiful amulet.

*(Omar gasps, visibly affected. Cleo punches his shoulder to keep him composed.)*

CLEO: And how did this secret chamber appear?

MELVILLE: I was touching a few of these jewels... *(Touches them.)* ...like this...and then it opened. Hmmm.

*(It doesn't seem to be working, so he tries it again. Cleo pulls Omar to the side.)*

CLEO: *(To Omar.)* The fool has found it. Omar, we shall be rich!

OMAR: But we dare not risk the wrath of the Mummy.

CLEO: Oh, never fear, my swarthy cousin, I foresee the young professor doing our work for us. And the curse shall fall upon him.

OMAR: He will die? *(She nods solemnly.)* Painfully?

CLEO: It is difficult to say.

OMAR: Oh, it's so hard to wait.

CLEO: But his death is foreseen, that I am sure of, and I have yet to be wrong.

MELVILLE: *(Still working.)* I made a triangle pattern, but what did I do before that?

CLEO: We will leave you to your work.

MELVILLE: Will you tell Ms. Brundles to come down here?

CLEO: Of course. *(Grabs Omar's arm. To Omar, whispers.)* Do not tell Brundles. We don't want her to find the amulet first.

MELVILLE: Oh, it was nice meeting you, Miss Cleo. Say, do you know what's going to happen to me next?

CLEO: You will turn away from me when you notice your fly is undone.

MELVILLE: But my fly isn't— (*Glances down, suddenly embarrassed. Turns around to zip up.*) You're amazing Miss Cleo!

CLEO: Come, Omar.

*(Cleo and Omar exit up center.)*

MELVILLE: *(Frustrated.)* What am I wasting my time for? I'll just bust through the wall. There's got to be a sledgehammer around here someplace. *(He looks among the tools and relics placed on top of the crates SL. Beneath a sheet or a piece of cloth, he finds a dangling arm. The hand tightly grips the amulet.)* The amulet! *(Grabs the arm.)* And who do we have here? A thief?! You're coming with me. *(He pulls on the arm, only to find it's just an arm – ripped from poor Akmed's body!)* Ugh! *(After being startled.)* Oh, this must be Akmed's. So, they must have been trying to steal this. *(Tosses the arm behind the crates.)* All this gold lying around, why would they care about this thing? Gosh. *(The amulet begins to glow. [Note: If not technically feasible, then mystical music begins to play.] Melville's hand trembles uncontrollably.)* Huh?! *(Sound of the ground shaking. Lights flicker. The secret wall rotates once again. The Mummy's casket is revealed. The door creaks open. Melville stares for a moment.)* Well, that's odd. I guess this belongs back on the mummy. *(He moves to the sarcophagus, trying to unhook the amulet. He can't unhook it and struggles a bit.)* Can't seem to unhook this. It's prom night all over again. *(He unhooks it.)* Here we go.

*(Melville reaches out to give the Mummy the amulet. The Mummy's arms jerk forward. Melville jumps back, petrified with fear. The mummy lurches forward. Melville staggers back, unable to look away.)*

MUMMY: Yyyyyyyyyy... *(The Mummy's hands grasp Melville's neck. Then they move down and grasp Melville's shoulder. The*

*Mummy forces Melville down, sitting him on a crate.)*  
...yyyyyyyyy-you aren't very bright, are you? *(Melville just stares. The Mummy speaks in a deep, regal voice that conveys both menace and wisdom.)* You commit sacrilege as you bumble through these sacred halls. You defile my royal resting place and dare to steal my amulet.

MELVILLE: It was the other guys –

MUMMY: *(Gruffly.)* The ones I tore to pieces?

MELVILLE: A-Are you going to do the same to me?

MUMMY: I would love nothing better. When I was a younger mummy, only 800 years old or so, I could mutilate grave robbers all afternoon. Now all it takes is one decapitation – pop – and I'm ready for a nap.

MELVILLE: So, you're not going to kill me?

MUMMY: You shall make amends, lowly one. Give me the amulet. See it glow? That means the Time of the Great Crossing is finally upon us. For six millennia, I have been waiting for the portal to the Netherworld to open up, so that I, and my beloved Nepotatatete... *(Motions to the slender sarcophagus.)* ...may finally journey to the Necropolis. Soon, yes, the time is soon. I must rest, but you must do one thing, and then lowly one, I shall let you walk free. Take this ring. Place it on the finger of my beloved bride. She died before we could be wed in life, but we shall be joined in a world beyond death. Place this ring upon her finger and she shall return to me. *(Returns to sarcophagus.)* I go now to rest. Awaken me when my love has returned.

*(Mummy moans as he shuts the sarcophagus closed. Melville stands alone for a moment. He glances at the ring, then at the slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: I hope this one's not as grumpy. *(Tries to open it.)*  
Yoo-hoo, Miss Nepotatateteetata...where's the lucky bride?  
*(He opens the door to reveal a prop mummy – emaciated, decrepit, with a twisted face, but still recognizably human in shape.)* Oh

dear. Well, hopefully, this will make you feel better. *(Finagles the prop mummy's hand and ring.)* You'll be back to life as soon as I— *(He bends the prop mummy's arm upward and it snaps off!)* Oh my.

*(He desperately tries to put the arm back, but then the entire prop mummy falls to pieces. He scrambles to pick up each mummified body part, but spends most of the time stepping on everything, making it even worse.)*

MUMMY: *(From inside his sarcophagus.)* Have you arisen? Are you ready, my precious queen?

MELVILLE: *(Imitates queen mummy, sing-song.)* I'm still getting ready! Don't come out yet. *(To himself.)* I can fix this. Oh! My first-aid kit. *(Runs over to his satchel, dropping mummy pieces along the way.)*

MUMMY: *(Still inside.)* I tire of waiting. I must see you now. *(He opens up the sarcophagus door. The Mummy gasps in horror at what he sees.)* Noooo! What has happened?!

MELVILLE: Pre-wedding jitters?

MUMMY: Nepotatatete! You have destroyed her! She was destined to journey with me across the Mystic Rivers of Eternity.

MELVILLE: She can still do that; we just need some duct tape. *(The Mummy lashes out and grips Melville by the hair.)* Please don't kill me, Mr. Thutmes, sir, your majesty. It was an accident.

MUMMY: A short death is too merciful for you. You shall experience pain—pain and hardship the likes you have never known. *(Places hand on Melville's forehead.)* With my hand I place the Curse of the Pharaohs upon you. *(He grabs Melville's hand, bends it backward so that the professor grimaces in pain and falls to his knees.)* And with your hand, anyone you touch, they too will be accursed and die a painful death, so that the world will come to revile you...you will walk the earth wretched and alone.

*(The Mummy returns to his sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: How long does the curse last? The rest of the day?

MUMMY: Forever!

*(The Mummy slams his sarcophagus door closed. The wall returns to its original position.)*

MELVILLE: Can't we talk about this?! *(Puts the prop mummy away. To the prop mummy.)* I'll make it all better. I promise. *(Staring at his "cursed" hand.)* Whoever is touched is cursed like me. *(Pacing.)* That can't be true. Curses are scientifically impossible. *(Stubs his toe on a crate.)* Ow! *(Gasps in realization.)* The curse! It's real! *(Falls down on the floor in self pity.)* I don't want to be wretched and alone! *(He sobs.)*

*(Omar, Brenda, Nancy, and Orlando Zumas enter the tomb. They stare at Melville as he sobs.)*

NANCY: Melville, what are you crying about? Did you stub your toe again?

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Professor, look who has arrived. Orlando Zumas, the executive director of the Cairo Museum.

*(Melville rolls over onto his back.)*

MELVILLE: H-hello. I was just excavating the floor.

ZUMAS: Ah, Dr. Melville, you are as hard-working and as enthusiastic as I had imagined.

*(Zumas reaches out his hand to help Melville up. Not thinking, Melville uses his cursed hand to accept Zumas' help.)*

MELVILLE: Why thank you very much. That's very kind of—  
Oh my goodness, you touched my hand! You touched my hand!

ZUMAS: Is there a problem?

MELVILLE: (*Sacred for both of them.*) I hope not. If you'll excuse me for a moment. (*Takes Brundles aside.*) We've got a big problem: A wall opened up, a mummy came out, I broke his girlfriend, and now there's a deadly hex placed on me!

BRUNDLES: Nonsense. You've just been breathing in too many crypt fumes. Happens to the best of us.

MELVILLE: Really?

BRUNDLES: Certainly. Now pull yourself together. It's time to earn that check of yours. (*Loudly.*) Mr. Zumas is anxious to hear your translation of this incredible wall.

MELVILLE: But I don't understand it...

(*Brundles grabs Omar.*)

BRUNDLES: (*To Melville, discreetly.*) That's what Omar is here for. His family has been here for centuries... (*To Omar.*) ...isn't that right?

OMAR: Oh, yes. My ancestors are the direct descendants of Queen Cleopatra.

BRUNDLES: See, he knows this material. Have him mutter it off to you, then you say it back in that smart professor way of yours. (*To Zumas.*) Please, please, take a seat, Mr. Zumas. Miss Doodle.

ZUMAS: (*Looking around.*) An impressive discovery, Brundles. It seems you were the right choice for this dig, no? And now, professor, you'll have to forgive my rusty translation, but do not those hieroglyphs represent some sort of a warning?

(*Melville looks at Omar. Omar gives a shrug.*)

MELVILLE: Why, yes. Very astute. And I'm sure the rest is simple enough to make out on your own. Shall we go up for some fresh air?

ZUMAS: On the contrary, it's quite beyond my abilities. Please, explicate for us.

MELVILLE: Well, this is the perfect chance for my apprentice Omar.

OMAR: Apprentice?! Oh...

MELVILLE: Take it away, Omar!

OMAR: Let me see... *(Takes a moment to gaze at the hieroglyphic wall.)* Ah, yes, it's all very clear. *(He calls out each drawing.)* Eyeball, eyeball, bird. Funny man with a beard. Falcon, eyeball, beetle.

MELVILLE: That can't be right.

OMAR: *(Embarrassed and a bit upset.)* Okay, falcon, beetle, eyeball. Shut up, I have dyslexia.

MELVILLE: *(To Omar, discreetly.)* I thought you said you were a relative of Cleopatra's. This Egyptian stuff should be easy for you.

OMAR: Egyptian?! I am Greek! You see, it is a little known fact that Cleopatra, a member of the Ptolmy family, was a descendant of Alexander the Great.

MELVILLE: *(Genuinely interested.)* Huh. You learn something new every day.

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Gentlemen!

MELVILLE: Oh right. The wall. *(Points.)* This fine-looking man...obviously a young king...and you can tell by his position... *(Melville stands like a typical Egyptian portrait.)* ...he's stretching, exercising. Very common, since we know that "Arabic" and "aerobic" are very close. And it seems there was a great battle between the Crocodiles and the Eagles. Two popular sports teams.

ZUMAS: Sports teams?

*(Melville points to a boat illustration.)*

MELVILLE: Boat racing. They loved it. Couldn't get enough of it. Second favorite only to, uh... (*Points to an eye illustration.*) ...staring contests.

ZUMAS: Then why do the people on the boat shoot arrows?

MELVILLE: Part of the sport. Archery boat racing. You shoot an arrow, then try to catch up with it.

ZUMAS: Hard to believe... (*Zumas points to the lower portion of the wall, which shows tall flames and people writhing in agony.*) What about the flames down below?

MELVILLE: Oh. Loosely translated, it says, "All who violate the tomb of Thutmes the Third will writhe in pain and die wretched and alone." Or it might be a barbeque.

ZUMAS: (*Quite serious.*) Brundles, I'd like to have a word with this young professor. Alone.

BRUNDLES: (*Worried.*) I can assure you—

ZUMAS: Alone, please...

NANCY: Melville, I have a bad feeling about all of this. Did you know they expect us to sleep in a tent?!

BRUNDLES: Come along, Miss Doodle.

NANCY: If you think that my soon-to-be-fiancé and I are going to tolerate these conditions, then you (*ad-lib*)...

*(They exit, with Nancy still talking to Brundles. Omar follows them.)*

MELVILLE: Mr. Zumas, I need to explain—

ZUMAS: You've said enough. You cannot fool me. I know full well you didn't come here to translate these symbols.

MELVILLE: (*Confessing.*) You're right.

ZUMAS: You came to impress me. You have succeeded. If you'd like to work at my museum, the job is yours.

MELVILLE: But I just made this stuff up.

ZUMAS: Don't be so modest, professor.

MELVILLE: Listen, can I ask you something? Do you believe in curses?

ZUMAS: Ha, ha, ha! Don't tell me you've given credence to local superstition!

MELVILLE: It's probably nonsense...but both of us might be cursed.

ZUMAS: What? By whom?

MELVILLE: The mummy who lives behind that wall.

ZUMAS: Behind the wall?

MELVILLE: I found a secret chamber, but I don't know how to open it again.

ZUMAS: Ah, these chambers can be very elusive. A hidden lever. A disguised mechanism. Some are even responsive to a secret word.

MELVILLE: Gosh, I wish I could figure out what it is.

*(The wall rotates. Zumas spins with the wall, disappearing. This time, when the "secret side" comes around, the Mummy is standing before Melville, already out of the sarcophagus. Melville jumps back.)*

MUMMY: How does it feel, lowly one? To know that death and agony are on its way? Am I not the ultimate monarch of terror?!

MELVILLE: Yes! *(Thinks for a moment.)* With the exception of Count Dracula.

MUMMY: What?!

*(Melville backs away.)*

MELVILLE: Well, you know, vampires can fly, drink blood. They've got those sharp teeth. And let's face it...you're pretty slow.

MUMMY: *(Shouts.)* I will destroy you for that!

*(The Mummy staggers slowly across the stage – very slowly! And he's moaning creepily all the way.)*

MELVILLE: *(Deadpan, almost bored.)* Oh no. I'm going to be killed. Eventually.

MUMMY: Arrgh! I don't need to kill you with my hands! You are already doomed!

*(The Mummy moves to the dark corridor SL. Melville circles, keeping his distance and trying to be brave.)*

MELVILLE: Yeah, well, your curse doesn't scare me either!

MUMMY: You are doomed!

*(The Mummy staggers into the corridor and disappears.)*

MELVILLE: *(Calls after him.)* Nothing bad has happened to me yet!

*(Omar enters.)*

OMAR: Telegram from home. The maid overfed your goldfish.

MELVILLE: Mr. Googles?

OMAR: Dead.

MELVILLE: Noooo! It's the curse! What am I to do, Omar?!

*(Someone is pounding from behind the wall.)*

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* Help! You've got to get me out of here!

MELVILLE: I don't know how it works.

OMAR: *(Calling through wall.)* Mr. Zumas, do you see a lever?

ZUMAS: Yes...yes, I see one right here!

OMAR: Then pull it!

ZUMAS: What if it's a booby trap?

OMAR: *(Laughing.)* Ho, ho, sir. I think you've been reading too many adventure novels.

ZUMAS: Yes, of course. How silly of me. I'm pulling the lever now.

*(A horrible mechanical sound is heard, followed by a blood-curdling scream.)*

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh, what happened?!

*(The wall turns around again. Zumas, back against the wall, has two or three spikes pierced through his torso. The booby trap has him pinned against the wall.)*

ZUMAS: Help me, my friends. You must do something!

MELVILLE: Don't worry, don't worry. I have a first-aid kit, but nobody ever lets me use it! *(He runs to his satchel and removes first-aid supplies.)*

ZUMAS: *(Weakly.)* It's bad, isn't it?

OMAR: *(Unimpressed.)* I've seen worse.

*(Melville runs back, carrying tiny Band-Aids.)*

MELVILLE: Here we go. *(He places the Band-Aids on the huge wounds.)*

ZUMAS: Band-Aids? That's it?

MELVILLE: I've got some Neosporin.

OMAR: He needs more than that, professor.

MELVILLE: Gosh, this is terrible.

*(The wall turns back again. Zumas disappears once more.)*

ZUMAS: Save me, my friends!

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out of there.

OMAR: Pull another lever.

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* No more levers!

MELVILLE: Can you see anything?

ZUMAS: It's very dark. (*Sound of a rat squeaking.*) But something is touching me. Something furry. Some sort of rodent.

MELVILLE: Is it a squirrel?

OMAR: Fool. There are no squirrels in the desert. It is probably a chipmunk.

ZUMAS: I think...they are rats!

MELVILLE: How many do you see?

ZUMAS: One...two...three hundred! Aaaaagghh!

(*Sound of hundreds of rats scrambling about. Chewing sounds too! Zumas screams in terror.*)

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out.

OMAR: What is that word you keep saying?

MELVILLE: What word?

ZUMAS: They're eating me!

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh!

OMAR: That's the one. (*The wall rotates. But instead of finding Zumas, they find his rat-eaten skeleton impaled against the wall, still wearing the rags that were once his clothes.*) Mr. Zumas?

MELVILLE: This skeleton stole his clothes!

OMAR: At least he died peacefully.

(*Cleo enters.*)

CLEO: It was the curse. The Mummy has placed it upon you.

MELVILLE: Yes. And then he took my hand and –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And then the wall –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And Mr. Zumas –

CLEO: I *know!* I have seen all these things!

MELVILLE: Then do you know what is going to happen to me? Am I to die a painful death?

CLEO: No, my naïve one, I foresee you living for many, many years.

MELVILLE: Really? Oh, thank goodness. I feel so much better. You don't know what a relief that is.

*(Melville walks upstage, feeling very happy now. Omar approaches Cleo.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo, discreetly.)* But I thought you said —

CLEO: I didn't want to tell him the truth...but his end is very close now. He will see a small shiny object.

*(Melville is looking offstage SL into the grand chamber area.)*

MELVILLE: Hey, someone dropped a quarter. *(He exits.)*

CLEO: He will bend down to pick it up.

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Guess I'll just bend down and pick it up.

CLEO: Then lose his balance and fall into the bottomless pit!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* "Ooooooooooh... *(But then it turns out, that Melville is not falling to his death...he's singing. Offstage.)* ...ooooooooh mare's eat oats and does it oats. *(He re-enters the tomb, still singing.)* And little lambs eat ivy, a kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?" Wow, there's a great echo in there.

*(Cleo and Omar are quite surprised.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo.)* Miss Cleo is wrong? How could this be?

CLEO: I do not understand. It is impossible. I have foreseen the fates of all mortal men...unless...could it be, he is the chosen one?

*(Brundles and Nancy enter.)*

BRUNDLES: *(To Melville.)* Just wanted to make sure you and Mr. Zumas were getting along— *(She sees the skeleton.)*  
Aaagh!

*(Brundles bumps into Nancy, knocking off her glasses. Nancy's practically blind.)*

NANCY: Hey, I can't see without those! *(She is immediately on her hands and knees.)*

BRUNDLES: Dear lord, that's the most frightening thing I've ever seen.

*(Suddenly the Mummy appears upstage. He moans and howls. Everyone, with the exception of Nancy, screams. Omar, Cleo, Brundles, and Melville exit through the dark corridor SL. Nancy finds her glasses. They are broken.)*

NANCY: Great. Thanks a lot, fellas!

MUMMY: *(Moaning.)* Mmmmm...

NANCY: Melville is that you?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhhh!

NANCY: Sounds like you've got a stomachache. Is everyone else gone? Why don't we sit a while and snuggle...sound nice?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhmaybe.

NANCY: I wish we could have had a more pleasant vacation. I wanted to journey to some romantic paradise.

MUMMY: Such as the Eternal Underworld?

NANCY: What's wrong with your voice?

MUMMY: Uh, dry throat.

NANCY: You don't sound like my Melville at all.

*(Mummy takes out the magical ring that he once bestowed to Melville.)*

MUMMY: I have a ring for you.

NANCY: Oh, it is you! How sweet. You're finally going to ask me. Sit right here. *(The Mummy sits on a crate beside her. She squints at him.)* Are you wrapped up in toilet paper?

MUMMY: Once I place this ring upon your finger, we shall cross into the Netherworld, and enter the flames of the abyss.

NANCY: Oh you! Still afraid of marriage.

MUMMY: Give me your hand.

NANCY: Well, aren't you going to ask me? You have to be romantic about these things. I want this to be a magical moment.

*(Mummy stands.)*

MUMMY: Magic?! The great pharaoh who stands before you has powers that go beyond mere magic. Huzzah-o-meh che che!

*(Mummy claps his hands. The lights turn to mood lighting. Suddenly, romantic music [perhaps something like Barry White] begins to play. The Mummy sits back down. He scoots closer to Nancy. And then, despite his rigor mortis, he manages to pull the old stretching-arm-and-placing-it-over-her-shoulder trick.)*

NANCY: The lights went dim all of a sudden.

MUMMY: Let me fix them for you.

*(He claps his hands twice. The lights go off completely.)*

NANCY: Is that beef jerky I smell?

*(The Mummy lets out a mischievous moan of a laugh. Nancy lets out a scream. Blackout.)*

ACT 11  
SCENE 1

*(The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb. Melville, Omar, Cleo, and Brundles carry flashlights or lanterns as they run across the stage. Melville stops everyone.)*

MELVILLE: *(He shines his light on his own face.)* Slow down.

OMAR: *(Shining flashlight on his own face.)* Where are we?

BRUNDLES: *(Light on her face.)* We're lost!

CLEO: *(Light on her face.)* We must stay calm.

MELVILLE: Where's Nancy?! Nancy?!

OMAR: We left her behind.

MELVILLE: We've got to go back for her!

BRUNDLES: And face that-that vile monster?! Are you out of your mind, man?

MELVILLE: Look, if anything were to happen to Nancy, I'd — well, I'd feel strangely relieved, but that's not the point! We've got to save her!

OMAR: You're already cursed! Why should you bring your trouble upon us, eh?

CLEO: Omar, be still. We must not fight. It will take all of our strength together to defeat the wretched powers of the mummy. Who is with me?

*(Spotlight or flashlight on Cleo's outstretched hand. Showing his team spirit, Omar places his hand on hers.)*

OMAR: I am!

BRUNDLES: *(Putting her hand on theirs.)* I am!

MELVILLE: Me too! *(Melville slaps his hand down upon theirs. They gasp and shine their lights on his face.)* Oops. That's my cursed hand! *(They break away from him, grumbling in outrage. Flashlights out.)* Sorry!

## SCENE 2

*(The lights come up to reveal the Mummy's tomb. But something is a bit different now. Several of the crates have been moved to the center; they are lined up to form a makeshift table. A white sheet with golden trim adorns it. Very rigid, Nancy is lying upon the sheet. Her eyes are closed. She wears a long, flowing Egyptian gown. The mystical ring has been placed upon her finger. As a voiceover, we hear the Mummy speaking to her in a creepy, yet soothing way, as if his voice were in her mind.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Awaken, my queen. You are now under my spell.

NANCY: *(As if hypnotized.)* Yes, oh mighty and exquisite one.

*(She rises and slowly walks around as if she were in a trance. She moves over to the crates.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Soon, we shall become one, you and I. And for an endless infinity, our souls shall intermingle with the stars and the— *(While he is speaking, Nancy has found a feather duster. She begins to dust the crates and walls.)* Uh, what are you doing?

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* Just tidying up.

*(Note: Nancy, during this scene, will always be in a trance-like state, yet at the same time, she's still very capable of being passive-aggressive.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* That's quite all right. You don't need to do that. Please, it's fine the way it is.

NANCY: As you wish, oh snuggly bear...

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* And don't call me that. Now, as I was saying...you and I, like the cosmos, shall forever— *(Now she exits the tomb upstage center and re-enters, carrying two potted flowers.)* What exactly are those?

NANCY: I thought this place could use a woman's touch.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* But those don't go with the rest of—  
*(Pause.)* Look, I am trying to speak of our mystic, cosmic bond.

NANCY: That reminds me, oh mighty one, I borrowed your toothbrush.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Ugh! That's disgusting! Just don't touch anything else. I'll be right there...

*(Nancy returns to her dusting.)*

HAROLD: *(Calls from offstage.)* Knock, knock. Is anyone down here?

*(Betty and Harold, Nancy's mother and father, enter the chamber from upstage. They are your typical middle-class American middle-aged couple, obviously very pleased to see their daughter, yet a bit worried about their surroundings.)*

BETTY: There's our baby girl!

HAROLD: *(To Nancy.)* Give your old man a hug.

NANCY: *(Still in a trance, doesn't hug.)* Hello, Mother. Hello, Father. It is a joy to see you here.

BETTY: We were worried when we arrived at camp and no one was there to greet us. *(With a groan, Harold rubs his back.)* Your poor father's back. The camel ride took a lot out of him.

HAROLD: Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine... *(To Nancy.)* So where's this scientist boyfriend of yours you've been going on about?

*(Betty notices the ring Nancy is wearing.)*

BETTY: *(Gasps.)* Is that an engagement ring? Nancy Doodle, couldn't you have at least warned us? We haven't even met this young man.

NANCY: My beloved is no mortal man, but a golden god who will one day rule the earth...

BETTY: Honey, you say that now...wait till the honeymoon's over. Am I right, Harold?

HAROLD: *(Has been busy looking around.)* Are you talking about me?

*(They all move downstage to sit on crates in front of the makeshift table.)*

NANCY: Tonight, my beloved and I will shed our corporal beings and transfigure our psychic energy into one—

HAROLD: Whoa, whoa. There are some things your parents don't want to know about. And what's with this guy? I thought you said he was some kind of fish doctor.

BETTY: An ichthyologist.

HAROLD: What's he doing out here in the desert?

*(The Mummy enters the chamber from the upstage entrance.)*

MUMMY: My queen, I have returned...

NANCY: Greetings, Thutmes, oh great one. How was your day?

MUMMY: I don't want to talk about it.

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* You never want to talk about it.

MUMMY: It's just that I've been staggering through the catacombs looking for those— *(Sees Betty and Harold.)* Who are these intruders?

*(Harold stands up and offers his hand to Mummy.)*

HAROLD: Harold and Betty Doodle, from Cincinnati.

*(Mummy looks at Harold's hand.)*

MUMMY: *(To Nancy.)* Are these your parents?

*(Harold shakes Mummy's hand anyway.)*

HAROLD: Pleased to meet you. *(When Harold takes his hand away, something's not quite right. He smells his palm.)*

MUMMY: You may want to wash that.

BETTY: Well, you certainly seem like an...interesting person...

HAROLD: *(To Mummy.)* Say, what's with the costume? Is there a Halloween party tonight?

*(He slaps the Mummy on the back.)*

BETTY: Harold! *(Whispers.)* He's probably a burn victim.

MUMMY: *(To Nancy, angry.)* Why are they here?

*(Nancy leads everyone back to sit at the table.)*

NANCY: It is tradition to meet the parents before the wedding.

HAROLD: So, Thutmoose...you a football fan, or a baseball fan?

MUMMY: *(Doesn't understand the words.)* Base...ball?

HAROLD: You know, what kind of sports do you like?

MUMMY: *(Suddenly understanding.)* Archery boat racing.

BETTY: Nancy tells us that you've been teaching at Oxford.

MUMMY: No.

HAROLD: No? What is it that you do?

MUMMY: I'm a mummy.

BETTY: A what?

MUMMY: A mummy!

BETTY: *(Doubtful.)* Really?

MUMMY: Yes, really.

HAROLD: *(Very amused with himself.)* Hey, that makes you a mummy and me a daddy!

MUMMY: *(Very offended.)* Aha, so now we're going to start with the mummy jokes! As if I hadn't heard that one a thousand times. "I'm a daddy, you're a mummy." "I want

my mummy!" "Mummy Dearest!" "Mummy can't buy happiness!" "Do you have a sore tummy mummy?!" "He must be a dummy mummy!" No more of your wretched, pathetic mummy jokes!

BETTY: All right, all right. We won't say anything.

HAROLD: *Mum's* the word!

MUMMY: (*Shouts.*) I'll kill you all!

*(The Mummy bolts to his feet, groaning and moaning in outrage. For the first time, Betty and Harold are afraid. As the Mummy staggers closer, they back away toward the exit.)*

BETTY: Harold, I think he is a mummy!

HAROLD: Nancy, how could you do this to your parents?!

NANCY: (*Unemotional, almost like a robot.*) But, Daddy, I love him.

HAROLD: Don't expect us to invite him to the family reunion.

MUMMY: Get out of here!

HAROLD: Fine, we're going! Enjoy your tomb, weirdoes!  
*(Harold exits upstage.)*

BETTY: Your father's just upset. We'll see you at Thanksgiving! *(She exits upstage too.)*

NANCY: (*To Mummy.*) You should let your feelings out more often. Then you wouldn't explode like that. Why don't you tell me what's been bothering you?

MUMMY: Do you prattle on like this all of the time?

NANCY: And we need to get you a new outfit, mighty one. Let's go shopping before our journey to the Netherworld.

MUMMY: What? No! I'm starting to rethink this whole eternity thing with you. *(Mummy staggers upstage, exiting to the left.)*

NANCY: (*Shouts after him.*) Are you afraid of commitment? Why are you always pushing me away?

**[End of Freeview]**



**Wade Bradford**

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## TUESDAYS WITH MUMMY

**FARCE.** This is farcical fun at its best! After the last archeologist “met with a bit of an accident,” the famed Oxford professor Rigby Melville is called to Egypt to find the secret chamber of Thutmes the Third. But due to an unfortunate mix-up at Oxford, Melville Rigby, a fish expert, arrives on the scene. Soon after his arrival, Melville finds both the secret chamber and the Mummy. The Mummy has just one request—that Melville place a magic ring on his mummified wife Nefertiti’s finger so that the two may spend eternity together. But when Melville places the ring on Nefertiti’s finger, she crumbles into tiny pieces. Not wanting to spend eternity alone, the Mummy demands a new companion—Melville’s fiancée, Nancy Doodle. But when the Mummy discovers that all she wants to do is talk about feelings, go shopping, and tidy up the tomb, he quickly changes his mind! The only potential companion left is Buttercup, a mummified pet trout, who too has been accidentally crushed by Melville. Melville, afraid that he may end up as the Mummy’s eternal companion, makes a last ditch attempt to save Buttercup with his mini fish defibrillator.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(4 m, 4 f, 10 flexible, optional extras)

**MELVILLE RIGBY:** Good-natured, geeky young scientist; young and intelligent-looking.

**THUTMES THE THIRD:** Tall creepy dried-up old mummy; his head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages and a beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck; speaks in a deep regal voice that conveys menace and wisdom; flexible.

**CLEO ALEXANDRA:** Dark, mysterious, exotic woman with psychic powers.

**OMAR THE GRAVE DIGGER:** Man who knows his way around a tomb; scarred, hobbles with a slight limp, sun-beaten yet spry (actually he could be in his late 30s, but he's aged terribly!); wears an eye patch, but his good eye seems very perceptive, almost penetrating.

**NANCY DOODLE:** Melville's bride-to-be; pretty, blonde (or strawberry blonde), somewhat snobbish and arrogant; not too bright, but looks rather smart. Why? Simply because she wears glasses.

**BRENDA BRUNDLES:** Wealthy, robust museum curator and treasure-seeker; has a British accent. (Note: If male, change the character name to Dean Deanderson. He wears a white suit and a pith helmet.)

**HAROLD:** Middle-aged, Nancy's father; typical middle-class American father.

**BETTY:** Middle-aged, Nancy's mother; typical middle-class American mother.

**AKMED:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**SOLOMON:** Henchman; wears head dressing that covers most of his face; flexible.

**ORLANDO ZUMAS:** Renowned executive director of the Cairo Museum; dressed a bit like a businessman and a bit like a member of the French Foreign Legion.

**MUMKEY:** Mummified monkey; non-speaking; flexible.

**TOMB WORKERS 3, 4, 5, 6:** Employed by Brenda Brundles; wear head dressings that cover most of the face; non-speaking.

**EXTRAS (Optional):** As other Tomb Workers.

## SET

1920-1930s, Egypt. A recently excavated mummy's tomb. To reveal the mummy's secret chamber, a section of the wall can be placed on a turntable so it will rotate 180 degrees. The backside reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**ACT I:** A recently excavated Egyptian tomb.

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb.

**Scene 2:** Tomb. Several crates have been moved to the center to form a makeshift table.

## PROPS

Ball	Gold amulet
Wallet	Digging tools
White Sheets	Skeleton
Gurney	Eyeglasses, for Nancy
Ring box	Metal pipe
Money	Phonograph/record player
Checkbook	Relics
Pen	Mummy
Slender "stone"	Spikes
sarcophagus	First-aid kit
Large "stone" sarcophagus	First-aid supplies, assorted
Jewels – rubies, sapphires, etc.	Gun
Satchel	Band-Aids
Camera	Puppet of mummified duck
Rope	Stuffed mummy trout
Crates	4 Flashlights or lanterns
Scimitar-type sword	White sheet with gold trim
Severed head that resembles Akmed's head	Egyptian-looking ring
Severed arm that resembles Akmed's arm	Egyptian gown, for Nancy
	Feather duster
	2 Potted flowers
	Mini-defibrillator

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Sound of ground shaking	Rats chewing ferociously
Cobweb	Romantic music
Thunder	Howling wind
Moaning	Profound mystical music
Lumbering footsteps	Glowing amulet (optional)
Scary music	Gunshots
Flash of light – looks like camera flash	Zapping noise
Thud	Heartbeat
Horrible mechanical sound	Traditional Greek music
Blood-curdling scream	Weird sound
Rat squeaking	Duck quacking
Rats scrambling about	Grand, mystical music

“Is that  
beef jerky  
I smell?”

## ACT 1

*(AT RISE: The stage is illuminated to reveal a recently excavated Egyptian tomb. Entering from what appears to be the grand corridor of the tomb, Omar the Gravedigger limps to CS. He glances over his shoulder and calls back to Professor Melville Rigby, who should have been following.)*

OMAR: Professor!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Sorry! Got distracted.

*(Melville Rigby enters and joins Omar. Despite Melville's intellectual nature, he seems out of place in the tomb and looks more like an excited tourist.)*

MELVILLE: There was this really amazing statue of this very tall man with the head of a bird. Fascinating.

OMAR: The tomb of Thutmes the Third is not a kind place for stragglers. Stay close next time, if you want to live. *(Calling to the tunnel located SL.)* Ms. Brundles! I have brought him to you.

BRUNDLES: *(Offstage.)* Excellent, Omar. Be there presently.

OMAR: *(Cryptic.)* Welcome to the Valley of the Kings.

MELVILLE: *(Fumbling through his wallet.)* Uh, I've never been escorted onto sacred burial grounds before, so I'm a little unsure...how much do I tip you? *(Pause.)* Five bucks?

*(Tries to offer Omar money.)*

OMAR: *(Disgusted.)* Ms. Brundles says you are a smart man...that you know our ways here. If that is true, then you should know this is the celestial gateway to the Netherworld, a place where life crosses over into death. Look and you will see a monumental shrine to the greatest rulers of the ancient world—not a fancy, luxury hotel for

college boys. I do not risk my life down here in these tombs, facing curses and poisonous traps, so that I might earn your measly tip.

MELVILLE: *(Hoping not to offend.)* Ten bucks?

*(With a brief nod, Omar takes the money.)*

OMAR: Thank you, sir, enjoy your stay.

*(Omar hobbles offstage. Ms. Brundles enters from the tunnel. Akmed and Solomon follow her.)*

BRUNDLES: Professor! I cannot thank you enough for coming. And on the shortest of notices.

MELVILLE: Your telegram was most urgent. I hope there's something I can do to help.

BRUNDLES: If your reputation is true, you shall prove invaluable! I only wish you could be visiting our magnificent discovery under less trying conditions. You see, unfortunately our key archeologist met with a bit of an accident.

MELVILLE: Is he all right?

BRUNDLES: Sadly, no. Look, you see— *(Upstage, Akmed and Solomon carry a gurney with a white sheet covering a lump of some sort.)* There he goes now. *(Akmed and Solomon exit. Workers 3, 4 enter. They carry a similar gurney with yet another sheet-covered lump.)* And there... *(Workers 3, 4 exit, and workers 5, 6 enter. This time the lump on the gurney is quite small—about the size of someone's head.)* And there...

MELVILLE: Oh. That's terrible. How did that happen?

BRUNDLES: We're not sure. He was working by himself in the grand chamber. We think that he perhaps...tripped and fell.

MELVILLE: Into three pieces?

*(Omar steps back into the room.)*

OMAR: Why not tell him the truth, Ms. Brundles? The last professor was stricken by a most powerful and deadly curse! (*Steps forward with each word.*) The curse! The dreaded curse of the pharaoh!

BRUNDLES: Don't mind him. He says that about everything. Omar, how was breakfast?

OMAR: My omelet was cursed! (*Steps back toward the exit.*) And the orange juice, that too, was cursed! And the home-fried potatoes...they weren't bad. (*Exits.*)

BRUNDLES: But enough of this unpleasantness, we must resume our work right away. An executive from the Cairo Museum of Antiquities will be arriving later this afternoon. He'll be anxious to meet you and discuss our miraculous findings. I trust your workstation is to your liking...?

MELVILLE: Well, I haven't seen it yet, but I did have a question...I was told in the telegram that accommodations would be provided. Will we be staying somewhere in town?

BRUNDLES: Professor, you know full well it's a 6-hour camel journey to the nearest village. Everything you need is here.

MELVILLE: So, I'll be sleeping in a tomb? To be honest, that's a little creepy.

BRUNDLES: What?! Impossible! Why, the academic community knows full well of your daring exploits. How you once spent two months excavating beneath the lost pyramids of Sirocco. How you single-handedly explored the Lava Caves of the Tarantula Mountains.

MELVILLE: No...that doesn't sound like me. Spiders give me the heebie-jeebies.

BRUNDLES: But, you are the great, renowned Professor Rigby Melville. The world's most esteemed archeologist.

*(Melville thinks for a moment, then it hits him.)*

MELVILLE: Ohhh...I see now...I guess there's been a bit of a mix up. I'm Professor Melville Rigby. You want Professor Rigby Melville. We get this sort of thing all the time. Well,

not to this extreme, but sometimes people call my phone looking for him, and vice versa. (*Laughs.*) Rigby and I both work at Oxford; he's right upstairs from me. But I'm afraid we're from different departments.

BRUNDLES: You're not an archeologist?

MELVILLE: No, but in fact, I'm quite renowned myself. I'm a highly esteemed ichthyologist. (*Pause. Brenda blankly stares at him.*) You know...a fish doctor. I, uh, study fish, look at them under microscopes, put them into specimen jars...I also do crustaceans.

BRUNDLES: (*Explodes.*) Oxford has sent me a professor of fishology?! I'm ruined! How could you think that telegram was meant for you? Why would you accept an assignment that takes place out in the middle of the desert?

MELVILLE: Well, I had hoped to find some sort of an aquarium...

BRUNDLES: (*In pain over the mistake.*) Ah! What am I to say when the executive arrives? He'll pull out his investors. Or worse, tell the board to take me off the project for good! I'll be laughed at from Cairo to London!

MELVILLE: Look...tell Omar to send another telegram. Dr. Melville Rigby would love this opportunity.

BRUNDLES: (*Urgent, on the verge of panic.*) We haven't the time. I promised the executive that an academic expert would give him a guided tour of the site. You don't know how angry he can get when he's disappointed. He wants someone to explain every hieroglyph in elaborate detail.

MELVILLE: Don't you know this stuff?

BRUNDLES: When it comes down to it, Melville, I'm really no more than an amateur treasure hunter. The executive wants someone smart-looking, with a dozen or more degrees on their office wall. Someone who looks exactly like you, in fact... (*Thinks.*) ...hmmm...

MELVILLE: Why are you looking at me like that?

BRUNDLES: You could do it. A smart, intelligent man like yourself, I bet you've taken your fair share of history courses.

MELVILLE: Well, fish history. Or, as I like to call it, "fishstory."

BRUNDLES: That's almost the same. Look, you'd only need to show the executive around for a wee bit. Before he arrives, Omar and I will "show you the ropes," as you Americans put it. Just act very distinguished, tell a few stories on the wall, show him a mummy or two, and my position will be saved!

MELVILLE: I'm sorry, but that just wouldn't be right. You'll have to find another way to solve your problem.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* Yoo-hoo...

BRUNDLES: Who the devil is that?

*(Nancy Doodle enters. Omar follows, trying to catch up to her.)*

MELVILLE: Sweetie, you were supposed to wait outside. It's very dangerous down here.

NANCY: You men! *(Indicates Omar.)* That's what old limpy here said.

OMAR: *(To Melville.)* I tried to stop her, sir. She played an evil American trick on me.

*(Nancy takes out a ball.)*

NANCY: Okay, this time you can really have the ball. *(She pretends to throw it.)* Go get it.

*(Omar runs offstage to fetch the "thrown" ball.)*

OMAR: *(Offstage.)* Ha, ha! It's mine this time!

MELVILLE: Ms. Brundles, this is my, uh, close friend —

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Nancy Doodle. Charmed, I'm sure.  
*(Turns to Melville.)* Melville, darling, when do we arrive at our hotel? All of this dust is affecting my allergies.

MELVILLE: I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake, muffin. We're headed back to Oxford.

NANCY: Mistake? What are you talking about? You promised me an exotic two-week vacation. All expenses paid.

MELVILLE: Well, there's complications, honey.

NANCY: *(Mean at first, then nicer.)* Then uncomplicate them, honey. Melville, this is our first chance to spend time together away from that crowded little office of yours. Egypt is so beautiful. I want to dance with you in front of the pyramids. I want you to propose to me in front of the Sphinx.

MELVILLE: Propose?

NANCY: Well, you've said you've been waiting for the right moment to ask me. Why not in the land of the pharaohs...?

MELVILLE: But, honey, I, uh, don't exactly have a—

NANCY: An engagement ring? I picked one up for you.  
*(Hands him a ring box.)* My parents will be so excited when they find out. Which reminds me, they wanted to come out to meet you.

MELVILLE: Your parents are meeting us here?

NANCY: Don't worry. Daddy will love you.

MELVILLE: But, Nancy, Ms. Brundles doesn't want me here...I'm not the right man for the job.

*(Nancy glares at Ms. Brundles.)*

NANCY: *(To Brundles.)* Is this true?

BRUNDLES: Absolutely not, young lady. Dr. Melville Rigby is just the man we need. I'm sure he's just trying to drive a hard bargain. *(Takes out her checkbook and a pen and writes a check.)* Let me offer the two of you a bonus stipend.

Something to say thank you. *(She shows them the check. Their eyes light up.)* Are we in agreement, professor?

MELVILLE: I-I-I...

NANCY: We certainly are! *(Snatches the check.)* Now where's the hotel?

BRUNDLES: Allow me to escort you back up to the surface, Miss Doodle. We'll discuss your accommodations. *(Omar enters, still wondering where the ball went.)* Omar, give our professor a crash course in ancient Egyptian civilization.

NANCY: *(To Melville.)* Do a good job, sweetie!

*(Ms. Brundles and Nancy exit.)*

MELVILLE: Omar, can't you telegraph Dr. Melville Rigby?

OMAR: I have, and there's been a mix-up of assignments. Dr. Melville Rigby was sent to the Great Barrier Reef and has since been eaten by tiger sharks.

MELVILLE: *(Disappointed.)* Aw! That was supposed to be me! *(Frustrated.)* Everything's all backwards.

OMAR: It is the work of the pharaoh's curse.

MELVILLE: What's this curse you keep talking about?

OMAR: They call me Omar the gravedigger because I know where things are buried. This is the 18th tomb I have uncovered. I have been cursed 17 times. First I lost my eye for violating the sleeping chamber of Ihmotep the First. In Nefertiti's tomb, I was crushed by a boulder on my left side. And those two curses...those were the easy ones!

MELVILLE: Wow. Why do you keep doing this job?

*(Omar thinks a moment.)*

OMAR: Good dental insurance. But believe me, I have been lucky. All else who have violated the tombs of the West Valley of Kings, they too have been cursed, and have died a horrible, horrible death!

*(Pause. Melville stares at Omar for a moment.)*

MELVILLE: You really do have nice teeth. *(Looks around.)* So, who was buried here? Thutmes?

OMAR: Thutmes the Third – most ruthless of the pharaohs.

*(Melville points to a slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: Is that him?

OMAR: No, no. That was his bride-to-be. She was buried with him.

MELVILLE: Yuck.

OMAR: That was the custom of the great kings. They do not wish to be buried alone. Sometimes they are entombed with their servants. Thutmes had a fondness for animals. In these crates are his mummified pets.

MELVILLE: Cats and dogs?

OMAR: Baboons and ducks.

MELVILLE: So, where is Thutmes?

OMAR: His sarcophagus has yet to be discovered. We believe it is hidden somewhere within these underground passages.

The last professor...the one who left in pieces...he was looking for it when he died. Personally, I pray that we do not find it for a long, long time –

MELVILLE: Because we'll all be cursed?

OMAR: Yes. And think of the overtime.

NANCY: *(Offstage.)* What do you mean?! Sleeping bags?

OMAR: I must help Ms. Brundles. You stay here. You still have much to learn. Look, but touch nothing. *(Omar exits.)*

MELVILLE: *(Imitates Omar.)* "Look, but touch nothing." Doesn't he realize I'm a scientist? *(Sees jewels on the SR wall.)* Ooh, sparkly! *(Examines them.)* Encrusted rubies. They must be worth a fortune. A few sapphires, too. *(He touches each sapphire as he counts them.)* One...two...three...hmmm...a triangle. Gosh. *(Sound of ground shaking. A section of the wall rotates 180 degrees. Melville has discovered a secret chamber. The*

*other side of the wall reveals a large heavy stone sarcophagus – none other than the resting place of Thutmes the Third!*) Goodness gracious! Omar! Ms. Brundles! They're not going to believe this. *(He starts to leave the chamber, then doubles back.)* I've got to get a picture of this. *(He takes a camera out of his satchel and takes a quick snapshot.)* I probably shouldn't touch it. But when am I going to get another chance to see a mummy? *(He opens the heavy sarcophagus door. It opens, but only part way.)* Stuck. Let me see... *(He reaches his arm into the sarcophagus. Suddenly, his eyes light up in terror. Almost unable to make a sound, he lets out a raspy shriek of horror – it's as if something inside the Egyptian coffin was performing painful, torturous deeds! Finally, he pulls his arm out. A cobweb is on his hand.)* Spider webs! *(Shakes it off. Calms down.)* Okay, okay, Melville, you can do this. *(He reaches in again, struggles for a moment, then opens up the door. Inside the sarcophagus stands a tall, creepy, dried-up old mummy: Thutmes the Third. His head and body are wrapped up in ancient bandages, but his closed eyes and strong cryptic jaw are easily seen. A beautiful golden amulet is draped around his neck. A sigh of awe.)* Smells like beef jerky. *(Akmed and Solomon enter. They wear head dressings that cover most of their face.)* Hey! I'm glad you guys are here! Look what I found! Let's go tell everybody!

AKMED: Yes, of course, Professor...

SOLOMON: But first...we need some rope...

MELVILLE: Uh...oh, there's some right here.

*(Melville hands them a coil of rope from the top of a crate.)*

AKMED: Now please hold out your hands.

*(Absentmindedly, Melville holds out his hands. Akmed begins to bind Melville's hands. Melville doesn't even realize he's about to be held captive!)*

MELVILLE: It was the wildest thing. I was just looking at the jewels encrusted in the hieroglyphs, and then suddenly, zoom, the wall spins around and there he is! *(Melville now has his back toward Akmed and Solomon. Solomon slowly pulls out a scimitar-type sword. This might be the end of Melville, and he doesn't even know it.)* Boy, I used to think looking for fossilized flounder was pure joy, but I gotta tell you, this archeology stuff isn't half bad. *(Notices his hands.)* Hey, why are my hands tied?

*(Solomon "strikes" the butt of his sword against the back of Melville's head. The young professor goes out like a light and flops to the ground.)*

AKMED: But the mistress said we were only to steal. She said to hurt no one.

SOLOMON: I couldn't help it. He talks too much.

*(Akmed looks through Melville's satchel.)*

AKMED: Nice camera. *(Takes it.)* Do you think he'll mind?

SOLOMON: Who cares for trinkets? Look, Akmed, the staff of Ra shines upon us today. The tomb of Thutmes!

AKMED: And there lies the Amulet of Eternal Bliss.

SOLOMON: Quickly, take it, and let us flee here.

AKMED: You better take it. My hands are dirty.

SOLOMON: All of our hands are dirty! We've been digging all day.

AKMED: But what if what they say is true? What if the curse is real?

SOLOMON: Now you are sounding like a child. Come, let us be men! We shall pull off the amulet together.

*(Akmed nods. They reach toward the Mummy.)*

AKMED: Remember, together on three. One, two...take it!

*(Akmed grabs the amulet all by himself. Solomon laughs.)*

SOLOMON: Sorry, Akmed, looks like you're cursed!

*(Akmed throws the amulet at Solomon, who catches it.)*

AKMED: Now you are cursed, too!

*(Solomon shuts the sarcophagus door.)*

SOLOMON: Fine, fine. We're all cursed. Come, the mistress will have a great reward for us upon our return.

AKMED: I was just wondering...why are we still speaking in English?

SOLOMON: I don't know. It's a funny language; I like it. Now come, before they find us.

*(Thunder. Lights flicker.)*

AKMED: What was that?

SOLOMON: It sounded like thunder.

AKMED: Inside a tomb? *(Slowly, but quite loudly, the sarcophagus door creaks open. Solomon draws his sword.)* We must leave now before it's too late. *(The lights go dark.)* It's too late!

*(In the darkness, we hear them fumble about.)*

SOLOMON: Where's the exit? Feel the walls. *(Then, the sound of moaning followed by lumbering footsteps.)* What was that?!

AKMED: The mummy!

*(They scream. The Mummy moans in anger.)*

SOLOMON: Light! We need light to find our way out!

AKMED: The camera!

SOLOMON: *(Trying to stay clam.)* Hurry, Akmed, I can feel him drawing near.

*(Scary music. Akmed, who is holding the camera, causes the camera flash to go off. If this effect works correctly, we will see a glimpse of Solomon, standing with his sword. Darkness. Another camera flash. Now we see the Mummy approaching Solomon. The Mummy's cryptic arms are reaching out toward Solomon. Darkness.)*

AKMED: Solomon, behind you!

*(Camera flash. We see the Mummy grasping Solomon's neck. The Mummy has taken the sword from Solomon and raises it high above his head. Darkness. Screams. Solomon and Akmed make death gurgles. The Mummy moans and then lets out a sinister laugh. Lights up. Akmed and Solomon are nowhere to be seen. The Mummy has returned to his resting place. He stands perfectly still, as if nothing has happened. The door magically shuts and lets out a loud creaking sound, which awakens Melville. He groans, rubs his sore head, and looks around. The secret wall suddenly begins to rotate once more.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! *(By the time he stands up, the wall has returned to its original side. The Mummy is gone. Melville looks for Akmed and Solomon.)* Hey, fellas, what's the big deal? Do you tie up all the new guys? Hello? *(Melville wanders around, looking for them. He paces upstage center behind some of the relics.)* I can't believe they'd just leave me lying on the floor like that. I could get hurt. *(He trips over something and falls out of view.)* Ow! What's all this stuff lying around? *(He stands up, his hands are still tied. He bends over to pick something up.)* What the heck is this? *(He picks up a severed human head, which looks like Akmed. [Note: It shouldn't be too gruesome of course, but lifelike enough so that the audience recognizes who it is. If Akmed has a beard, it will be easier to identify the prop head.]* Aaaaaaggghhhh! *(In a panic, Melville*

*runs around the tomb. He doesn't know what to do with the head, so he throws it into the dark corridor SL. A bit relieved, he leans against the corridor archway, panting desperately. All of a sudden, an arm reaches out from the corridor and wraps around his neck. Melville gasps, then breaks free. Solomon staggers out onto the stage. His sword appears to have skewered him. It sticks into his belly, and pokes right through his back!) Oh my gosh! What happened to you?*

SOLOMON: M-m-m-mummy! *(Solomon staggers about. Melville staggers backward, afraid.)* H-help me! Please!

MELVILLE: Okay, but I gotta get my hands free. Here, turn around. *(Solomon, weak and dizzy, obeys. His back faces Melville, and the pointy end of the sword sticks out toward Melville's bound hands. He places the rope against the blade.)* Okay, now wiggle back and forth.

SOLOMON: What?

MELVILLE: Just do it! *(Solomon wiggles about, gyrating back and forth, trying to sever the rope around Melville's hands.)* There we go. Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle! *(He's free. The ropes drop from his hands.)* Now don't worry, don't worry. I got a first-aid kit right in here.

*(Melville starts going through his satchel. Solomon wanders toward the exit.)*

SOLOMON: Must escape... *(Solomon staggers through the upstage exit, headed SL.)*

MELVILLE: Wait! You're headed toward the bottomless pit!

SOLOMON: *(Offstage.)* Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*(Melville cringes, listening to the long, long fall. Then he hears a distant, yet painful thud.)*

MELVILLE: Well...I guess it's not bottomless.

*(Omar enters, grumpy as usual.)*

OMAR: What is all the shouting about?

MELVILLE: Omar, thank goodness you're here. I found a severed head and a man with a sword through his chest.

OMAR: *(Chuckles.)* That sounds like Akmed and Solomon. Those crazy guys!

MELVILLE: I think somebody murdered them!

OMAR: Maybe they just slipped. Or...it was the curse!

MELVILLE: That's what I'm thinking. And I found a secret passage—

OMAR: What?!

MELVILLE: I was touching some of those stones on the wall...I know you said I shouldn't...but I found—

*(Cleo Alexandra steps into the chamber.)*

CLEO: You found the sarcophagus of Thutmes the Third.

MELVILLE: Why, yes. How did you know? And who are you?

*(Melville gazes at her, transfixed for a moment.)*

OMAR: This is Cleo Alexandra, Oracle of the Nile, Seer of the Future. She's also my cousin...so don't look at her that way!

CLEO: I am what your world calls "psychic." I know of destinies...of fates.

MELVILLE: You can see into the future?

CLEO: Yes.

MELVILLE: What word am I going to say next?

CLEO: "Wow."

MELVILLE: *(Very impressed.)* Wow! So then, you must realize that what I'm saying about these deaths is true.

CLEO: The truth, like the future, can be murky. You saw the mummy?

MELVILLE: The wall turned around and it was right there.

OMAR: Did he attack you?

MELVILLE: *(Laughing good naturedly.)* No, Omar, he's been dead for eons. But he wore this amazingly beautiful amulet.

*(Omar gasps, visibly affected. Cleo punches his shoulder to keep him composed.)*

CLEO: And how did this secret chamber appear?

MELVILLE: I was touching a few of these jewels... *(Touches them.)* ...like this...and then it opened. Hmm.

*(It doesn't seem to be working, so he tries it again. Cleo pulls Omar to the side.)*

CLEO: *(To Omar.)* The fool has found it. Omar, we shall be rich!

OMAR: But we dare not risk the wrath of the Mummy.

CLEO: Oh, never fear, my swarthy cousin, I foresee the young professor doing our work for us. And the curse shall fall upon him.

OMAR: He will die? *(She nods solemnly.)* Painfully?

CLEO: It is difficult to say.

OMAR: Oh, it's so hard to wait.

CLEO: But his death is foreseen, that I am sure of, and I have yet to be wrong.

MELVILLE: *(Still working.)* I made a triangle pattern, but what did I do before that?

CLEO: We will leave you to your work.

MELVILLE: Will you tell Ms. Brundles to come down here?

CLEO: Of course. *(Grabs Omar's arm. To Omar, whispers.)* Do not tell Brundles. We don't want her to find the amulet first.

MELVILLE: Oh, it was nice meeting you, Miss Cleo. Say, do you know what's going to happen to me next?

CLEO: You will turn away from me when you notice your fly is undone.

MELVILLE: But my fly isn't— (*Glances down, suddenly embarrassed. Turns around to zip up.*) You're amazing Miss Cleo!

CLEO: Come, Omar.

*(Cleo and Omar exit up center.)*

MELVILLE: *(Frustrated.)* What am I wasting my time for? I'll just bust through the wall. There's got to be a sledgehammer around here someplace. *(He looks among the tools and relics placed on top of the crates SL. Beneath a sheet or a piece of cloth, he finds a dangling arm. The hand tightly grips the amulet.)* The amulet! *(Grabs the arm.)* And who do we have here? A thief?! You're coming with me. *(He pulls on the arm, only to find it's just an arm – ripped from poor Akmed's body!)* Ugh! *(After being startled.)* Oh, this must be Akmed's. So, they must have been trying to steal this. *(Tosses the arm behind the crates.)* All this gold lying around, why would they care about this thing? Gosh. *(The amulet begins to glow. [Note: If not technically feasible, then mystical music begins to play.] Melville's hand trembles uncontrollably.)* Huh?! *(Sound of the ground shaking. Lights flicker. The secret wall rotates once again. The Mummy's casket is revealed. The door creaks open. Melville stares for a moment.)* Well, that's odd. I guess this belongs back on the mummy. *(He moves to the sarcophagus, trying to unhook the amulet. He can't unhook it and struggles a bit.)* Can't seem to unhook this. It's prom night all over again. *(He unhooks it.)* Here we go.

*(Melville reaches out to give the Mummy the amulet. The Mummy's arms jerk forward. Melville jumps back, petrified with fear. The mummy lurches forward. Melville staggers back, unable to look away.)*

MUMMY: Yyyyyyyyyy... *(The Mummy's hands grasp Melville's neck. Then they move down and grasp Melville's shoulder. The*

*Mummy forces Melville down, sitting him on a crate.)*  
...yyyyyyyyy-you aren't very bright, are you? *(Melville just stares. The Mummy speaks in a deep, regal voice that conveys both menace and wisdom.)* You commit sacrilege as you bumble through these sacred halls. You defile my royal resting place and dare to steal my amulet.

MELVILLE: It was the other guys –

MUMMY: *(Gruffly.)* The ones I tore to pieces?

MELVILLE: A-Are you going to do the same to me?

MUMMY: I would love nothing better. When I was a younger mummy, only 800 years old or so, I could mutilate grave robbers all afternoon. Now all it takes is one decapitation – pop – and I'm ready for a nap.

MELVILLE: So, you're not going to kill me?

MUMMY: You shall make amends, lowly one. Give me the amulet. See it glow? That means the Time of the Great Crossing is finally upon us. For six millennia, I have been waiting for the portal to the Netherworld to open up, so that I, and my beloved Nepotatatete... *(Motions to the slender sarcophagus.)* ...may finally journey to the Necropolis. Soon, yes, the time is soon. I must rest, but you must do one thing, and then lowly one, I shall let you walk free. Take this ring. Place it on the finger of my beloved bride. She died before we could be wed in life, but we shall be joined in a world beyond death. Place this ring upon her finger and she shall return to me. *(Returns to sarcophagus.)* I go now to rest. Awaken me when my love has returned.

*(Mummy moans as he shuts the sarcophagus closed. Melville stands alone for a moment. He glances at the ring, then at the slender sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: I hope this one's not as grumpy. *(Tries to open it.)*  
Yoo-hoo, Miss Nepotatateteetata...where's the lucky bride?  
*(He opens the door to reveal a prop mummy – emaciated, decrepit, with a twisted face, but still recognizably human in shape.)* Oh

dear. Well, hopefully, this will make you feel better. *(Finagles the prop mummy's hand and ring.)* You'll be back to life as soon as I— *(He bends the prop mummy's arm upward and it snaps off!)* Oh my.

*(He desperately tries to put the arm back, but then the entire prop mummy falls to pieces. He scrambles to pick up each mummified body part, but spends most of the time stepping on everything, making it even worse.)*

MUMMY: *(From inside his sarcophagus.)* Have you arisen? Are you ready, my precious queen?

MELVILLE: *(Imitates queen mummy, sing-song.)* I'm still getting ready! Don't come out yet. *(To himself.)* I can fix this. Oh! My first-aid kit. *(Runs over to his satchel, dropping mummy pieces along the way.)*

MUMMY: *(Still inside.)* I tire of waiting. I must see you now. *(He opens up the sarcophagus door. The Mummy gasps in horror at what he sees.)* Noooo! What has happened?!

MELVILLE: Pre-wedding jitters?

MUMMY: Nepotatatete! You have destroyed her! She was destined to journey with me across the Mystic Rivers of Eternity.

MELVILLE: She can still do that; we just need some duct tape. *(The Mummy lashes out and grips Melville by the hair.)* Please don't kill me, Mr. Thutmes, sir, your majesty. It was an accident.

MUMMY: A short death is too merciful for you. You shall experience pain—pain and hardship the likes you have never known. *(Places hand on Melville's forehead.)* With my hand I place the Curse of the Pharaohs upon you. *(He grabs Melville's hand, bends it backward so that the professor grimaces in pain and falls to his knees.)* And with your hand, anyone you touch, they too will be accursed and die a painful death, so that the world will come to revile you...you will walk the earth wretched and alone.

*(The Mummy returns to his sarcophagus.)*

MELVILLE: How long does the curse last? The rest of the day?

MUMMY: Forever!

*(The Mummy slams his sarcophagus door closed. The wall returns to its original position.)*

MELVILLE: Can't we talk about this?! *(Puts the prop mummy away. To the prop mummy.)* I'll make it all better. I promise. *(Staring at his "cursed" hand.)* Whoever is touched is cursed like me. *(Pacing.)* That can't be true. Curses are scientifically impossible. *(Stubs his toe on a crate.)* Ow! *(Gasps in realization.)* The curse! It's real! *(Falls down on the floor in self pity.)* I don't want to be wretched and alone! *(He sobs.)*

*(Omar, Brenda, Nancy, and Orlando Zumas enter the tomb. They stare at Melville as he sobs.)*

NANCY: Melville, what are you crying about? Did you stub your toe again?

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Professor, look who has arrived. Orlando Zumas, the executive director of the Cairo Museum.

*(Melville rolls over onto his back.)*

MELVILLE: H-hello. I was just excavating the floor.

ZUMAS: Ah, Dr. Melville, you are as hard-working and as enthusiastic as I had imagined.

*(Zumas reaches out his hand to help Melville up. Not thinking, Melville uses his cursed hand to accept Zumas' help.)*

MELVILLE: Why thank you very much. That's very kind of—  
Oh my goodness, you touched my hand! You touched my hand!

ZUMAS: Is there a problem?

MELVILLE: (*Sacred for both of them.*) I hope not. If you'll excuse me for a moment. (*Takes Brundles aside.*) We've got a big problem: A wall opened up, a mummy came out, I broke his girlfriend, and now there's a deadly hex placed on me!

BRUNDLES: Nonsense. You've just been breathing in too many crypt fumes. Happens to the best of us.

MELVILLE: Really?

BRUNDLES: Certainly. Now pull yourself together. It's time to earn that check of yours. (*Loudly.*) Mr. Zumas is anxious to hear your translation of this incredible wall.

MELVILLE: But I don't understand it...

(*Brundles grabs Omar.*)

BRUNDLES: (*To Melville, discreetly.*) That's what Omar is here for. His family has been here for centuries... (*To Omar.*) ...isn't that right?

OMAR: Oh, yes. My ancestors are the direct descendants of Queen Cleopatra.

BRUNDLES: See, he knows this material. Have him mutter it off to you, then you say it back in that smart professor way of yours. (*To Zumas.*) Please, please, take a seat, Mr. Zumas. Miss Doodle.

ZUMAS: (*Looking around.*) An impressive discovery, Brundles. It seems you were the right choice for this dig, no? And now, professor, you'll have to forgive my rusty translation, but do not those hieroglyphs represent some sort of a warning?

(*Melville looks at Omar. Omar gives a shrug.*)

MELVILLE: Why, yes. Very astute. And I'm sure the rest is simple enough to make out on your own. Shall we go up for some fresh air?

ZUMAS: On the contrary, it's quite beyond my abilities. Please, explicate for us.

MELVILLE: Well, this is the perfect chance for my apprentice Omar.

OMAR: Apprentice?! Oh...

MELVILLE: Take it away, Omar!

OMAR: Let me see... *(Takes a moment to gaze at the hieroglyphic wall.)* Ah, yes, it's all very clear. *(He calls out each drawing.)* Eyeball, eyeball, bird. Funny man with a beard. Falcon, eyeball, beetle.

MELVILLE: That can't be right.

OMAR: *(Embarrassed and a bit upset.)* Okay, falcon, beetle, eyeball. Shut up, I have dyslexia.

MELVILLE: *(To Omar, discreetly.)* I thought you said you were a relative of Cleopatra's. This Egyptian stuff should be easy for you.

OMAR: Egyptian?! I am Greek! You see, it is a little known fact that Cleopatra, a member of the Ptolmy family, was a descendant of Alexander the Great.

MELVILLE: *(Genuinely interested.)* Huh. You learn something new every day.

BRUNDLES: Ahem! Gentlemen!

MELVILLE: Oh right. The wall. *(Points.)* This fine-looking man...obviously a young king...and you can tell by his position... *(Melville stands like a typical Egyptian portrait.)* ...he's stretching, exercising. Very common, since we know that "Arabic" and "aerobic" are very close. And it seems there was a great battle between the Crocodiles and the Eagles. Two popular sports teams.

ZUMAS: Sports teams?

*(Melville points to a boat illustration.)*

MELVILLE: Boat racing. They loved it. Couldn't get enough of it. Second favorite only to, uh... (*Points to an eye illustration.*) ...staring contests.

ZUMAS: Then why do the people on the boat shoot arrows?

MELVILLE: Part of the sport. Archery boat racing. You shoot an arrow, then try to catch up with it.

ZUMAS: Hard to believe... (*Zumas points to the lower portion of the wall, which shows tall flames and people writhing in agony.*) What about the flames down below?

MELVILLE: Oh. Loosely translated, it says, "All who violate the tomb of Thutmes the Third will writhe in pain and die wretched and alone." Or it might be a barbeque.

ZUMAS: (*Quite serious.*) Brundles, I'd like to have a word with this young professor. Alone.

BRUNDLES: (*Worried.*) I can assure you—

ZUMAS: Alone, please...

NANCY: Melville, I have a bad feeling about all of this. Did you know they expect us to sleep in a tent?!

BRUNDLES: Come along, Miss Doodle.

NANCY: If you think that my soon-to-be-fiancé and I are going to tolerate these conditions, then you (*ad-lib*)...

*(They exit, with Nancy still talking to Brundles. Omar follows them.)*

MELVILLE: Mr. Zumas, I need to explain—

ZUMAS: You've said enough. You cannot fool me. I know full well you didn't come here to translate these symbols.

MELVILLE: (*Confessing.*) You're right.

ZUMAS: You came to impress me. You have succeeded. If you'd like to work at my museum, the job is yours.

MELVILLE: But I just made this stuff up.

ZUMAS: Don't be so modest, professor.

MELVILLE: Listen, can I ask you something? Do you believe in curses?

ZUMAS: Ha, ha, ha! Don't tell me you've given credence to local superstition!

MELVILLE: It's probably nonsense...but both of us might be cursed.

ZUMAS: What? By whom?

MELVILLE: The mummy who lives behind that wall.

ZUMAS: Behind the wall?

MELVILLE: I found a secret chamber, but I don't know how to open it again.

ZUMAS: Ah, these chambers can be very elusive. A hidden lever. A disguised mechanism. Some are even responsive to a secret word.

MELVILLE: Gosh, I wish I could figure out what it is.

*(The wall rotates. Zumas spins with the wall, disappearing. This time, when the "secret side" comes around, the Mummy is standing before Melville, already out of the sarcophagus. Melville jumps back.)*

MUMMY: How does it feel, lowly one? To know that death and agony are on its way? Am I not the ultimate monarch of terror?!

MELVILLE: Yes! *(Thinks for a moment.)* With the exception of Count Dracula.

MUMMY: What?!

*(Melville backs away.)*

MELVILLE: Well, you know, vampires can fly, drink blood. They've got those sharp teeth. And let's face it...you're pretty slow.

MUMMY: *(Shouts.)* I will destroy you for that!

*(The Mummy staggers slowly across the stage – very slowly! And he's moaning creepily all the way.)*

MELVILLE: *(Deadpan, almost bored.)* Oh no. I'm going to be killed. Eventually.

MUMMY: Arrgh! I don't need to kill you with my hands! You are already doomed!

*(The Mummy moves to the dark corridor SL. Melville circles, keeping his distance and trying to be brave.)*

MELVILLE: Yeah, well, your curse doesn't scare me either!

MUMMY: You are doomed!

*(The Mummy staggers into the corridor and disappears.)*

MELVILLE: *(Calls after him.)* Nothing bad has happened to me yet!

*(Omar enters.)*

OMAR: Telegram from home. The maid overfed your goldfish.

MELVILLE: Mr. Googles?

OMAR: Dead.

MELVILLE: Noooo! It's the curse! What am I to do, Omar?!

*(Someone is pounding from behind the wall.)*

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* Help! You've got to get me out of here!

MELVILLE: I don't know how it works.

OMAR: *(Calling through wall.)* Mr. Zumas, do you see a lever?

ZUMAS: Yes...yes, I see one right here!

OMAR: Then pull it!

ZUMAS: What if it's a booby trap?

OMAR: *(Laughing.)* Ho, ho, sir. I think you've been reading too many adventure novels.

ZUMAS: Yes, of course. How silly of me. I'm pulling the lever now.

*(A horrible mechanical sound is heard, followed by a blood-curdling scream.)*

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh, what happened?!

*(The wall turns around again. Zumas, back against the wall, has two or three spikes pierced through his torso. The booby trap has him pinned against the wall.)*

ZUMAS: Help me, my friends. You must do something!

MELVILLE: Don't worry, don't worry. I have a first-aid kit, but nobody ever lets me use it! *(He runs to his satchel and removes first-aid supplies.)*

ZUMAS: *(Weakly.)* It's bad, isn't it?

OMAR: *(Unimpressed.)* I've seen worse.

*(Melville runs back, carrying tiny Band-Aids.)*

MELVILLE: Here we go. *(He places the Band-Aids on the huge wounds.)*

ZUMAS: Band-Aids? That's it?

MELVILLE: I've got some Neosporin.

OMAR: He needs more than that, professor.

MELVILLE: Gosh, this is terrible.

*(The wall turns back again. Zumas disappears once more.)*

ZUMAS: Save me, my friends!

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out of there.

OMAR: Pull another lever.

ZUMAS: *(From behind the wall.)* No more levers!

MELVILLE: Can you see anything?

ZUMAS: It's very dark. (*Sound of a rat squeaking.*) But something is touching me. Something furry. Some sort of rodent.

MELVILLE: Is it a squirrel?

OMAR: Fool. There are no squirrels in the desert. It is probably a chipmunk.

ZUMAS: I think...they are rats!

MELVILLE: How many do you see?

ZUMAS: One...two...three hundred! Aaaaagghh!

(*Sound of hundreds of rats scrambling about. Chewing sounds too! Zumas screams in terror.*)

MELVILLE: We've got to get him out.

OMAR: What is that word you keep saying?

MELVILLE: What word?

ZUMAS: They're eating me!

MELVILLE: Oh my gosh!

OMAR: That's the one. (*The wall rotates. But instead of finding Zumas, they find his rat-eaten skeleton impaled against the wall, still wearing the rags that were once his clothes.*) Mr. Zumas?

MELVILLE: This skeleton stole his clothes!

OMAR: At least he died peacefully.

(*Cleo enters.*)

CLEO: It was the curse. The Mummy has placed it upon you.

MELVILLE: Yes. And then he took my hand and –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And then the wall –

CLEO: I know.

MELVILLE: And Mr. Zumas –

CLEO: I *know!* I have seen all these things!

MELVILLE: Then do you know what is going to happen to me? Am I to die a painful death?

CLEO: No, my naïve one, I foresee you living for many, many years.

MELVILLE: Really? Oh, thank goodness. I feel so much better. You don't know what a relief that is.

*(Melville walks upstage, feeling very happy now. Omar approaches Cleo.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo, discreetly.)* But I thought you said —

CLEO: I didn't want to tell him the truth...but his end is very close now. He will see a small shiny object.

*(Melville is looking offstage SL into the grand chamber area.)*

MELVILLE: Hey, someone dropped a quarter. *(He exits.)*

CLEO: He will bend down to pick it up.

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* Guess I'll just bend down and pick it up.

CLEO: Then lose his balance and fall into the bottomless pit!

MELVILLE: *(Offstage.)* "Ooooooooooh... *(But then it turns out, that Melville is not falling to his death...he's singing. Offstage.)* ...ooooooooh mare's eat oats and does it oats. *(He re-enters the tomb, still singing.)* And little lambs eat ivy, a kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?" Wow, there's a great echo in there.

*(Cleo and Omar are quite surprised.)*

OMAR: *(To Cleo.)* Miss Cleo is wrong? How could this be?

CLEO: I do not understand. It is impossible. I have foreseen the fates of all mortal men...unless...could it be, he is the chosen one?

*(Brundles and Nancy enter.)*

BRUNDLES: *(To Melville.)* Just wanted to make sure you and Mr. Zumas were getting along— *(She sees the skeleton.)*  
Aaagh!

*(Brundles bumps into Nancy, knocking off her glasses. Nancy's practically blind.)*

NANCY: Hey, I can't see without those! *(She is immediately on her hands and knees.)*

BRUNDLES: Dear lord, that's the most frightening thing I've ever seen.

*(Suddenly the Mummy appears upstage. He moans and howls. Everyone, with the exception of Nancy, screams. Omar, Cleo, Brundles, and Melville exit through the dark corridor SL. Nancy finds her glasses. They are broken.)*

NANCY: Great. Thanks a lot, fellas!

MUMMY: *(Moaning.)* Mmmmm...

NANCY: Melville is that you?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhhh!

NANCY: Sounds like you've got a stomachache. Is everyone else gone? Why don't we sit a while and snuggle...sound nice?

MUMMY: Muhhhhhhhmaybe.

NANCY: I wish we could have had a more pleasant vacation. I wanted to journey to some romantic paradise.

MUMMY: Such as the Eternal Underworld?

NANCY: What's wrong with your voice?

MUMMY: Uh, dry throat.

NANCY: You don't sound like my Melville at all.

*(Mummy takes out the magical ring that he once bestowed to Melville.)*

MUMMY: I have a ring for you.

NANCY: Oh, it is you! How sweet. You're finally going to ask me. Sit right here. *(The Mummy sits on a crate beside her. She squints at him.)* Are you wrapped up in toilet paper?

MUMMY: Once I place this ring upon your finger, we shall cross into the Netherworld, and enter the flames of the abyss.

NANCY: Oh you! Still afraid of marriage.

MUMMY: Give me your hand.

NANCY: Well, aren't you going to ask me? You have to be romantic about these things. I want this to be a magical moment.

*(Mummy stands.)*

MUMMY: Magic?! The great pharaoh who stands before you has powers that go beyond mere magic. Huzzah-o-meh che che!

*(Mummy claps his hands. The lights turn to mood lighting. Suddenly, romantic music [perhaps something like Barry White] begins to play. The Mummy sits back down. He scoots closer to Nancy. And then, despite his rigor mortis, he manages to pull the old stretching-arm-and-placing-it-over-her-shoulder trick.)*

NANCY: The lights went dim all of a sudden.

MUMMY: Let me fix them for you.

*(He claps his hands twice. The lights go off completely.)*

NANCY: Is that beef jerky I smell?

*(The Mummy lets out a mischievous moan of a laugh. Nancy lets out a scream. Blackout.)*

ACT 11  
SCENE 1

*(The stage is dark. The sound of wind howls through the tomb. Melville, Omar, Cleo, and Brundles carry flashlights or lanterns as they run across the stage. Melville stops everyone.)*

MELVILLE: *(He shines his light on his own face.)* Slow down.

OMAR: *(Shining flashlight on his own face.)* Where are we?

BRUNDLES: *(Light on her face.)* We're lost!

CLEO: *(Light on her face.)* We must stay calm.

MELVILLE: Where's Nancy?! Nancy?!

OMAR: We left her behind.

MELVILLE: We've got to go back for her!

BRUNDLES: And face that-that vile monster?! Are you out of your mind, man?

MELVILLE: Look, if anything were to happen to Nancy, I'd — well, I'd feel strangely relieved, but that's not the point! We've got to save her!

OMAR: You're already cursed! Why should you bring your trouble upon us, eh?

CLEO: Omar, be still. We must not fight. It will take all of our strength together to defeat the wretched powers of the mummy. Who is with me?

*(Spotlight or flashlight on Cleo's outstretched hand. Showing his team spirit, Omar places his hand on hers.)*

OMAR: I am!

BRUNDLES: *(Putting her hand on theirs.)* I am!

MELVILLE: Me too! *(Melville slaps his hand down upon theirs. They gasp and shine their lights on his face.)* Oops. That's my cursed hand! *(They break away from him, grumbling in outrage. Flashlights out.)* Sorry!

## SCENE 2

*(The lights come up to reveal the Mummy's tomb. But something is a bit different now. Several of the crates have been moved to the center; they are lined up to form a makeshift table. A white sheet with golden trim adorns it. Very rigid, Nancy is lying upon the sheet. Her eyes are closed. She wears a long, flowing Egyptian gown. The mystical ring has been placed upon her finger. As a voiceover, we hear the Mummy speaking to her in a creepy, yet soothing way, as if his voice were in her mind.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Awaken, my queen. You are now under my spell.

NANCY: *(As if hypnotized.)* Yes, oh mighty and exquisite one.

*(She rises and slowly walks around as if she were in a trance. She moves over to the crates.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Soon, we shall become one, you and I. And for an endless infinity, our souls shall intermingle with the stars and the— *(While he is speaking, Nancy has found a feather duster. She begins to dust the crates and walls.)* Uh, what are you doing?

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* Just tidying up.

*(Note: Nancy, during this scene, will always be in a trance-like state, yet at the same time, she's still very capable of being passive-aggressive.)*

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* That's quite all right. You don't need to do that. Please, it's fine the way it is.

NANCY: As you wish, oh snuggly bear...

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* And don't call me that. Now, as I was saying...you and I, like the cosmos, shall forever— *(Now she exits the tomb upstage center and re-enters, carrying two potted flowers.)* What exactly are those?

NANCY: I thought this place could use a woman's touch.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* But those don't go with the rest of—  
*(Pause.)* Look, I am trying to speak of our mystic, cosmic bond.

NANCY: That reminds me, oh mighty one, I borrowed your toothbrush.

MUMMY: *(Voiceover.)* Ugh! That's disgusting! Just don't touch anything else. I'll be right there...

*(Nancy returns to her dusting.)*

HAROLD: *(Calls from offstage.)* Knock, knock. Is anyone down here?

*(Betty and Harold, Nancy's mother and father, enter the chamber from upstage. They are your typical middle-class American middle-aged couple, obviously very pleased to see their daughter, yet a bit worried about their surroundings.)*

BETTY: There's our baby girl!

HAROLD: *(To Nancy.)* Give your old man a hug.

NANCY: *(Still in a trance, doesn't hug.)* Hello, Mother. Hello, Father. It is a joy to see you here.

BETTY: We were worried when we arrived at camp and no one was there to greet us. *(With a groan, Harold rubs his back.)* Your poor father's back. The camel ride took a lot out of him.

HAROLD: Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine... *(To Nancy.)* So where's this scientist boyfriend of yours you've been going on about?

*(Betty notices the ring Nancy is wearing.)*

BETTY: *(Gasps.)* Is that an engagement ring? Nancy Doodle, couldn't you have at least warned us? We haven't even met this young man.

NANCY: My beloved is no mortal man, but a golden god who will one day rule the earth...

BETTY: Honey, you say that now...wait till the honeymoon's over. Am I right, Harold?

HAROLD: *(Has been busy looking around.)* Are you talking about me?

*(They all move downstage to sit on crates in front of the makeshift table.)*

NANCY: Tonight, my beloved and I will shed our corporal beings and transfigure our psychic energy into one—

HAROLD: Whoa, whoa. There are some things your parents don't want to know about. And what's with this guy? I thought you said he was some kind of fish doctor.

BETTY: An ichthyologist.

HAROLD: What's he doing out here in the desert?

*(The Mummy enters the chamber from the upstage entrance.)*

MUMMY: My queen, I have returned...

NANCY: Greetings, Thutmes, oh great one. How was your day?

MUMMY: I don't want to talk about it.

NANCY: *(Still in trance.)* You never want to talk about it.

MUMMY: It's just that I've been staggering through the catacombs looking for those— *(Sees Betty and Harold.)* Who are these intruders?

*(Harold stands up and offers his hand to Mummy.)*

HAROLD: Harold and Betty Doodle, from Cincinnati.

*(Mummy looks at Harold's hand.)*

MUMMY: *(To Nancy.)* Are these your parents?

*(Harold shakes Mummy's hand anyway.)*

HAROLD: Pleased to meet you. *(When Harold takes his hand away, something's not quite right. He smells his palm.)*

MUMMY: You may want to wash that.

BETTY: Well, you certainly seem like an...interesting person...

HAROLD: *(To Mummy.)* Say, what's with the costume? Is there a Halloween party tonight?

*(He slaps the Mummy on the back.)*

BETTY: Harold! *(Whispers.)* He's probably a burn victim.

MUMMY: *(To Nancy, angry.)* Why are they here?

*(Nancy leads everyone back to sit at the table.)*

NANCY: It is tradition to meet the parents before the wedding.

HAROLD: So, Thutmoose...you a football fan, or a baseball fan?

MUMMY: *(Doesn't understand the words.)* Base...ball?

HAROLD: You know, what kind of sports do you like?

MUMMY: *(Suddenly understanding.)* Archery boat racing.

BETTY: Nancy tells us that you've been teaching at Oxford.

MUMMY: No.

HAROLD: No? What is it that you do?

MUMMY: I'm a mummy.

BETTY: A what?

MUMMY: A mummy!

BETTY: *(Doubtful.)* Really?

MUMMY: Yes, really.

HAROLD: *(Very amused with himself.)* Hey, that makes you a mummy and me a daddy!

MUMMY: *(Very offended.)* Aha, so now we're going to start with the mummy jokes! As if I hadn't heard that one a thousand times. "I'm a daddy, you're a mummy." "I want

my mummy!" "Mummy Dearest!" "Mummy can't buy happiness!" "Do you have a sore tummy mummy?!" "He must be a dummy mummy!" No more of your wretched, pathetic mummy jokes!

BETTY: All right, all right. We won't say anything.

HAROLD: *Mum's* the word!

MUMMY: (*Shouts.*) I'll kill you all!

*(The Mummy bolts to his feet, groaning and moaning in outrage. For the first time, Betty and Harold are afraid. As the Mummy staggers closer, they back away toward the exit.)*

BETTY: Harold, I think he is a mummy!

HAROLD: Nancy, how could you do this to your parents?!

NANCY: (*Unemotional, almost like a robot.*) But, Daddy, I love him.

HAROLD: Don't expect us to invite him to the family reunion.

MUMMY: Get out of here!

HAROLD: Fine, we're going! Enjoy your tomb, weirdoes!  
*(Harold exits upstage.)*

BETTY: Your father's just upset. We'll see you at Thanksgiving! *(She exits upstage too.)*

NANCY: *(To Mummy.)* You should let your feelings out more often. Then you wouldn't explode like that. Why don't you tell me what's been bothering you?

MUMMY: Do you prattle on like this all of the time?

NANCY: And we need to get you a new outfit, mighty one. Let's go shopping before our journey to the Netherworld.

MUMMY: What? No! I'm starting to rethink this whole eternity thing with you. *(Mummy staggers upstage, exiting to the left.)*

NANCY: *(Shouts after him.)* Are you afraid of commitment? Why are you always pushing me away?

**[End of Freeview]**