

WHO'S YOUR MUMMY?

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Script Sample

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO

Embalming took place inside an 'ibu' – a place of purification, but all that is needed here is a bench with a body lying on its back.

The embalmer, Imhotep, a priest, is cleaning the body (Nafrini's) which should obviously be part covered for decency's sake! He has two assistants, Pentu and Sabaf.

The song is sung by the ensemble, with the embalmer busying himself with mummification related jobs. He could be silhouetted behind a white sheet allowing for the comical removal of organs and use of peculiar tools.

THE BARMY EMBALMER

In the darkness, in the gloom,
In his workshop, in the tomb,
He's awake, he is alert,
He's a scientist at work.

He's the barmy embalmer,
He's the doctor for the dead.
Takes the brains out of the head.

With the inner organs out,
An aroma hangs about,
It is quite a pungent smell,
That there's no way to dispel.

He's the barmy embalmer,
He's the doctor for the dead.
Takes the brains out of the head.

The canopic jars are full,
Heart remains, that is the rule.
Lets the body dehydrate,
Forty days he has to wait.

He's the barmy embalmer,
He's the doctor for the dead.
Takes the brains out of the head.

Time to wrap the linen round,
Tightly now the body's bound.
Add some jewell'ry, add a mask,
Place the mummy in its cask.

He's the barmy embalmer,
He's the doctor for the dead.
Takes the brains out of the head.

Pharaoh enters.

Imhotep Ah, my young king, come, see. I have cleansed her and cleaned her and prepped her and preened her. Come, look.

Pharaoh steps towards Nefrini's body.

Pharaoh She looks so peaceful.

Imhotep It's amazing what I can do with a little bit of citrus.

Pharaoh You've covered her in citrus?

Imhotep Of course not; I drink it whilst working. It aids concentration.

Pharaoh Oh. And what about her organs?

Imhotep No, I'd never drink them. *(smiles madly)* Well, never say never.

Pharaoh No, I mean, where are they? Have you taken them out yet?

Imhotep Ah, I see. *(to his assistants)* You two, bring me the jars.

Pharaoh *(quickly)* It's okay, I don't want to see them. I just want to know how things are progressing.

Imhotep *(raising a hand to his assistants)* Hold the jars.

Sabaf We are holding them. He's got the stomach, I've got the brains.

Imhotep No, Sabaf, you have definitely not got the brains.

Pentu *(to Sabaf)* He means he doesn't need the jars.

Sabaf Oh.

Pharaoh *(to Imhotep)* How long until she's ready?

Imhotep A few weeks more. We mustn't rush the drying process.

Pharaoh I do hope this works. It's got to! I know it's a risk, but if we're going to be together again then it's the only way I can think of.

Imhotep It is certainly unusual. But then, so am I. I like unusual.

Pharaoh We must be laid side by side. You must make sure. Everything must be exactly as we discussed.

Imhotep But of course, Pharaoh. It is your destiny.

Baruti enters.

Baruti Kafélé, I've been to the pharmacist as requested.

Imhotep The pharmacist? Why have you been to the pharmacist?

Baruti Because the apothecarist is in prison.

Pharaoh Did he have what I requested?

Baruti I wish I could say he did not. But yes, I've hidden it in my drawers.

Sabaf In your pants?

Baruti In my desk.

Pharaoh Good. Thank you. I'd like to see it.

Baruti As you wish.

Pharaoh exits, Baruti following solemnly. The others watch them leave, then busy themselves with their work as they begin to talk once more.

Pentu (to *Imhotep*) Can two people really be married somewhere between here and the after-life?

Imhotep Of course not. But I'll try a few spells and we'll see what happens.

Sabaf I was happily married once.

Pentu Really? Then what happened?

Sabaf She came back off holiday.

Pentu (to *Imhotep*) Here, is Pharaoh serious about ... you know?

Imhotep Of course he is. He's in love. And love makes fools of us all.

Pentu Even you?

Imhotep Even me ... once upon a time.

Lights begin to fade.

Imhotep It all started when I was introduced to my best friend's sister ...

Suggested scene change music: Written In The Stars – Interlude