

WHO'S YOUR MUMMY?

OR PROFESSOR PEMBROKE'S PREDICAMENT

By Greg Miller

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**WHO'S YOUR MUMMY?
OR PROFESSOR PEMBROKE'S PREDICAMENT
By Greg Miller**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS
(FIVE MEN, TWO WOMEN)**

- PROFESSOR ORVIS PEMBROKEA blustery eccentric, Professor Pembroke is an archaeologist, adventurer, and scientist who is slightly past his prime.
- MR. FLAM BHEYMr. Flam Bhey is the long-winded president of Egypt's historical society. He is polite to a fault.
- OPEC THE VULTURE.....A flea-bitten grave robber, Opec the Vulture is slightly demented, but highly dangerous.
- KING RAMMA-LAMMA-DING-DONGAn ancient Pharaoh, long-since mummified.
- PENNY PEMBROKEThe professor's beautiful daughter, Penny has stars in her eyes and a head full of daydreams.
- GRANNY PEMBROKE.....Granny Pembroke is the Pembroke family matriarch - full of down-home wisdom, but blind as a bat.
- KELVIN DOBBSKelvin is Penny's heartsick beau, whose two left feet have often put him into hot water with the Professor.

SYNOPSIS

Professor Pembroke, known to Egyptians as “Dorky American in stupid hat”, has just come home to rural New York after successfully uncovering the ancient tomb of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong. Bringing with him the Pharaoh’s sarcophagus and sacred necklace, the Professor is ready to relax with his pretty young daughter, Penny, and his half-blind, kooky old mother. Unfortunately, a notorious Egyptian thief named Opec the Vulture, a restless mummy, and Penny’s heartsick beau conspire to interrupt the Professor’s much-needed rest. Opec has come seeking King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong’s ancient treasure, convinced the Professor’s unguarded home will provide easy pickings for an experienced thief like himself. He is, of course, wrong, since King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong’s cursed mummy is currently wandering the state of New York, making his own search for the treasure he has lost. As if that weren’t enough, Penny’s beau, Kelvin, simply wants the Professor to like him, but their past contact has had some pretty disastrous results - including a snapping turtle down the Professor’s drawers. With several cases of mistaken identity, people falling out windows, and a complete Viking costume from Norway, it looks like Professor Pembroke won’t be getting peace anytime soon – but with this kind of entertainment, who needs a little quiet?

PROPS

- 1) Brown jug and spoon
- 2) Satchel
- 3) Scroll
- 4) Pharaoh’s golden necklace
- 5) Box (small)
- 6) Broom
- 7) Ice bag
- 8) Book (large)
- 9) Cigar
- 10) Poison bottle and spoon
- 11) Stick matches
- 12) Bottle and shot glass
- 13) Cigar and stick matches

WHO'S YOUR MUMMY?

- 14) Dagger
- 15) A penny
- 16) Oven pan with old boot
- 17) Four-five neckties
- 18) Kitchen utensils
- 19) Gunny sack and potatoes
- 20) Saucepan
- 21) Plate of cookies
- 22) Large brown package (with markings indicated in script)
- 23) Carrot
- 24) Grocery boxes (medium to small)

DO NOT COPY

AT RISE:

The stage is set as the interior of a simple country home. There are exits right and left. A large window with double-doored shutters is placed stage center. Stage right is a kitchen area with a table and two chairs on either side. On stage left is a love seat. A small table with a box on top of it stands near the window. There are shelves full of kitchen goods on the walls stage right. A sarcophagus stands upright stage left. Two men place it there as if they just moved it into the house. One of these men is PROFESSOR PEMBROKE. He wears typical turn-of-the-century garb: a three-piece suit with hat (pith helmet or bush hat, if possible). He carries a large bag or satchel. The other man is FLAM BHEY, an East Indian who wears a fez and a suit.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Right there. That should do it. It appears my mother and daughter are out for the moment. Won't they be surprised to find me and our friend here when they get home!

FLAM BHEY: Yes, indeed!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Thank you once again, Mr. Flam Bhey, for all of your and your government's help in locating the lost tomb of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong.

FLAM BHEY: Please, not to mention it! I assure you it was my pleasure.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: And thank you for helping to bring the sarcophagus and mummy of the Pharaoh here to New York. I most certainly could not have accomplished such a task without your aid.

FLAM BHEY: You are very much welcome, Professor. It has always been my greatest wish to come to your country and see its many sights. I could not let this opportunity to supervise the King's journey here pass like dates through a camel.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Yes, quite.

FLAM BHEY: And I'm sure King Ramma is delighted to be here, also. After all, he doesn't get around as much as he used to. (*Laughs.*) Do you get it? Do you get the making of my joke?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Yes. Ha-ha. Most amusing. Well, the world is most indebted to you for all your assistance.

FLAM BHEY: Oh, but the credit goes to you, sir, for bringing to light yet another page of the world's ancient history. Even in the distant lands of Egypt, the world travels of the great archeologist and scientist, Orvis Pembroke, are famous.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: They know of me, do they?

FLAM BHEY: Know of you? Why, in Egypt they call you ManajiraKKKKKkatoum-ippa-tut!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: They do? And what exactly does that mean?

FLAM BHEY: It roughly translates to mean, "Dorky American with stupid hat." But they mean that in the best possible way.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: I see. Flam Bhey?

FLAM BHEY: Yes, Professor?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: How is it that you became the president of the Egyptian Historical Society when you yourself are from India?

FLAM BHEY: To tell you the truth, I lied on my application! (*Laughs.*) No, no, I'm just pulling your foots. I am just sillying with you, sir. The truth is that, like yourself, I have always had a love for ancient history. And the lure of the uncovered tombs of the pharaohs drew me to Egypt like a dung beetle to a most gigantic dung heap. I immersed myself in my endeavors and became second only to yourself in Egyptology.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Well, all those years of hard work paid off, my friend. What we have here is the find of the century!

FLAM BHEY: You're not just whistling dickie, mister. Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong is one of the greatest and earliest rulers of ancient Egypt.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: After all these years of research and digging, I was beginning to believe that King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong was legend and nothing more.

FLAM BHEY: Oh, no. The people of Egypt have always accepted the fabled existence of the great King Ramma as fact, but to search for his long lost burial tomb was another matter. To disturb the remains of the Pharaoh and his ample treasure has been considered by generations of Egyptians as...shall we say...*unhealthy.*

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: I assume you are referring to the old tale that there is a curse on the tomb stating that anyone taking any of the treasure from it is doomed.

FLAM BHEY: (*Half-heartedly chuckling.*) Yes, indeed. Pretty spooky stuff, huh?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Laughing.*) Poppycock! Stuff and nonsense. Thank heavens modern men like ourselves don't believe in all that superstitious hooey! (*Both are laughing, then turn to look at sarcophagus. Both stop almost immediately. PROFESSOR moves to center stage.*) Speaking of treasure...

FLAM BHEY: Oh, of course, Professor! Forgive please my forgetfulness. You want the necklace. It's right in here. (*Opens*

up sarcophagus and screams. PROFESSOR leaps back. FLAM BHEY starts laughing.) I got you. I got you. You have fallen for it! Oh, that one always gets them. Well, here. *(Taking out necklace.)* The sacred necklace of the Pharaoh, King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong, himself. It is only fitting that the king of archeologists should have the prized possession of one of his discoveries. We shall make a museum from Ramma's tomb, and all the other riches found there will be preserved just as you found them.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Splendid! Would you care to stay for dinner? I'm sure my family will return soon. Mother makes a mean pot roast!

FLAM BHEY: That is most gracious of you, and I'm sure I would find the mutilation of animals held sacred in my country most amusing, but I really must be on my way. My stay here is very short, and I have many seeings of sights to do.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Very well, then. I hope you enjoy your stay in America. Are you going to New York City at all?

FLAM BHEY: Most positively! I am wanting to see tall sky scratchers and famous actors and actresses on the big wide street!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: You mean Broadway.

FLAM BHEY: Yes. And tonight, ol' Flam Bhey is coloring the town blue!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: You mean painting the town red?

FLAM BHEY: No. Red is a bad color for me. Makes me look fat.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Well, New York is quite a place!

FLAM BHEY: New York. The shining star of the western world, where many have braved the dangers of the sea to find hopes of a new life. A life free of oppression. A life devoid of prejudice. A life where each day is filled with joy and carefree happiness.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Well put.

FLAM BHEY: Ah, ha! I got you again! You are falling always for my little jokes! Everyone knows New York is a cesspool of humanity, the mother of all dens of iniquity. But it's my kind of town. I have to go now. Farewell, Professor Pembroke. May the path you travel smooth before you like the backside of a baboon.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Thank you. Good-b...

FLAM BHEY: May all your further endeavors bring you as much success and happiness as a sheik in a girls' dormitory.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: How kind. My mother and daughter will be sorry they didn't meet you. Good-b...

FLAM BHEY: May your mother's remaining days be as golden as the desert sun, and may your daughter's beauty never be compared to that of a drooling warthog.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Thank you. Good-bye.

FLAM BHEY: May your shoes last longer than the journey, and may you never hurdle a fence and come up short.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: GOODBYE! (*Shuts door.*)

FLAM BHEY: (*Opens door again.*) May you never bite into a chocolate with an icky center. (*PROFESSOR shuts door again, but FLAM BHEY is still heard.*) Farewell, my friend. So long. Ciao!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Looking at necklace.*) Extraordinary! I must examine this in my study. (*Exits.*)

OPEC THE VULTURE creeps on from stage left to center stage. He is dressed in a Nehru jacket and sandals, wearing a turban and carrying a curved dagger in his sash. He is very scruffy and very ugly. OPEC is carrying a satchel, which he places center stage.

OPEC: I have followed this great Professor Pembroke since his departure from my country. Once it was revealed that he was in search of the lost tomb of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong, I knew all I had to do was to wait until the tomb was unearthed and the treasure discovered. Then was the time for Opec the Vulture to swoop down and snatch the age-old riches under the cover of night, without even so much as lifting a shovel. Heh heh heh. Now it appears as though all my plotting will come to naught. The museum in Cairo, where the bulk of the treasure is being kept, is too well guarded, even for someone as clever as myself. But not all of the treasure is in Cairo. Professor Pembroke has brought the sacred necklace of the Pharaoh here to this rural New York farm house. This necklace is more valuable than all the rest of the treasure put together, and by Set, I, Opec, shall have it! (*Laughs. Opens sarcophagus. Screams a little.*) The necklace is not here! It must be! I overheard that idiot named Bhey say they were bringing it to America. Pembroke must've hidden it here somewhere. I shall not be daunted. I must have that necklace! My return tickets to Egypt are only good 'til Tuesday, and if I don't use them, I'll lose my frequent traveler points. Before nightfall, the necklace will be mine! (*Laughs. Pulls out his dagger.*) And woe to those who stand in my path. (*Low chuckle.*) Heh heh heh. After all, there is a curse upon the treasure of Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong. Who knows what sort of disastrous things will happen? Heh heh heh. (*The PROFESSOR can be heard singing as he returns from his study.*) Here comes the "Dorky American with stupid hat" now. I must bide my time

and discover the whereabouts of the necklace. (*He hides outside the window as the PROFESSOR enters.*)

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Enters, singing and admiring the necklace.*) Ah yes, beautiful. Absolutely marvelous. (*Notices open shutters.*) Mustn't leave these open. (*Shuts one shutter as OPEC pops up, knife in hand, but the PROFESSOR is looking at the sarcophagus.*) Wouldn't want you to catch your death of cold. (*Laughs and shuts other shutter on OPEC's knife hand, and OPEC drops dagger with a little scream of pain.*) Very witty, that. Death of cold. I shall have to tell it to Flam Bhey. (*Notices dagger on the floor.*) Say, this is an extraordinary dagger. I wonder when I got it. Oh, well. (*Sees OPEC's satchel.*) Good lord! Mr. Bhey has forgotten his luggage. Perhaps I can catch him before he boards the train! (*Picks up bag and exits left.*)

Mystical Egyptian music begins to play as the sarcophagus door slowly opens, revealing a MUMMY. It steps out and slowly follows the PROFESSOR off.

OPEC: (*Opens the shutters and crawls in.*) Aaaaaakkkkkk! That accursed bookworm has the luck of a two-tailed monkey. (*Picks up dagger. Heads for door.*) Perhaps I can reach him before...

PENNY: (*Opens the door and slams OPEC behind it. He groans.*)
Hurry, Granny!

GRANNY: (*From off stage.*) Help me with these groceries, Penny dear.

PENNY: (*Running off.*) Oh, sorry, Granny.

OPEC, dazed, staggers out from behind the door and hears them returning, so he climbs out the window and falls out of sight. PENNY and GRANNY enter, each with small box of groceries. GRANNY puts hers down stage right and goes to work. PENNY sets hers up center.

GRANNY: Well, I'd better get right to work on dinner. That father of yours will probably be hungry when he gets back. Lets see how that turkey's doin'.

PENNY: Look Granny, it looks like Daddy's already home! (*Points to sarcophagus.*)

GRANNY: Huh?

PENNY: Look!

GRANNY: Is that one of those new-fangled ice boxes I heard about that keeps everything cold?

PENNY: No, Granny. It's a sarcophagus.

GRANNY: A cigar what?

PENNY: A sarcophagus. An ancient Egyptian coffin.

GRANNY: *(With sour look.)* More junk. I tell you, he brings home more old junk than the garbage man. Pots and bowls thousands of years old. An' most a them busted and cracked. Useless junk. Wish he'd bring home somethin' new for a change.

PENNY: But Granny, they're artifacts. They're...

GRANNY: I know, I know! I heard it time an' time agin. You and your pappy are two of a kind. I can't win no-how. Well, I ain't dustin' it. Too much junk to clean around the way it is. *(Shouting off.)* You hear that, Orvis? I ain't dustin' that thing! *(No answer.)* Hmmm.

PENNY: Maybe he forgot something at the train depot and just stepped out to get it.

GRANNY: Well, one whiff of my cookin' an' he'll be back here quicker 'an lightnin'.

PENNY: I wonder what's inside. *(Goes to open sarcophagus.)*

GRANNY: Now, now, don't go spoilin' yer daddy's fun by peekin'.

PENNY: All right. Oh Granny, I'm so excited! Daddy's home! I wonder what kind of fascinating stories he'll have to tell us about all the exotic places he's been to this time.

GRANNY: *(Working as she speaks.)* More'n likely th' same ol' stuff. Cannibals, man-eatin' tigers, giant snakes. The usual.

PENNY: *(Crossing to love seat and sitting.)* Just once, I wish he'd take me with him. I'd love to see some of the far-away places he's seen. Daddy travels all over the world, and I'm stuck here in the boring countryside of New York. The most exotic thing around here is farmer Philips' Guernsey cow with the spot on its forehead that's shaped like the Liberty Bell.

GRANNY: Yeah, I 'spose so. *(Pulls pan out of oven with old boot in it.)* This turkey look done to you?

PENNY: *(Crossing to GRANNY.)* That's one of Daddy's boots, Granny.

GRANNY: So it is. Well, we can probably still eat the stuffing.

PENNY: *(Cross right.)* Oh, when's he going to get here? All those marvelous places. Snow capped mountains...steamy rain forests...balmy desert islands... *(Sighs.)* ...it sure is romantic. *(Slyly looking at GRANNY.)* Guess what I'm thinking about.

GRANNY: You're thinkin' 'bout that Dobbs boy, Kelvin, an' how much you like him an' how much he likes you.

PENNY: *(Perplexed.)* That's exactly what I was thinking about. How did you know?

GRANNY: Jes' cause I cain't see don't mean I cain't see. You always git mushy when he's around. He seems like a nice enough boy, tho'. But you know how your daddy feels 'bout him.

PENNY: But Granny, Kelvin's just a victim of circumstance. Every time he and Daddy are together, things happen. He's a little clumsy, that's all.

GRANNY: Oh yeah, he's a little clumsy, awright. Like when he accidentally set your daddy's hair on fire, stuck a pitchfork in his foot, and dropped a snappin' turtle down his drawers...all in the same day!

PENNY: Well, Daddy makes him nervous. Oh, Granny, couldn't you talk to Daddy and convince him to give Kelvin just one more chance? After all, Daddy is your one and only son...he'll listen to you.

GRANNY: Well, yer his one an' only daughter. 'Sides, I gave up a long time ago tryin' ta' talk sense inta yer daddy's head. Ifn' ya hadn't noticed, yer daddy ain't playin' with a full set of dominoes, ifn' ya know what I mean. He ain't been right since yer momma passed away fifteen years ago. Jist kina dug himself into his work like a toad waiten' fer winter. Stacks a books, piles a maps, sailin' all over th' world, and all that dad-blamed ancient stuff!

PENNY: You don't mean Daddy's collection of antiquities? Why, I just love all the things he brings home from his travels. Why, it's just like living in a museum.

GRANNY: Well, I like knick-knacks as much as th' next person, but we have a parlor chock full a statues, costumes, ante cues, and a lotta out and out junk, if'n ya ask me.

PENNY: Oh no, Granny! They're important archeological finds!

GRANNY: If they're so derved important, why did somebody wanna bury em in th' first place? These carrots look funny to you?
(Shows pan to PENNY, who winces.)

PENNY: Ah...those are Daddy's cigars, Granny.

GRANNY: Oh! Well, I better leave 'em on a little longer, then.

PENNY: Will you then, Granny?

GRANNY: Will I what?

PENNY: You know.

GRANNY: I do? (Gets a pleading nudge from PENNY.) Oh, awright, I'll talk ta yer daddy 'bout Kelvin first chance I git alone with him.

PENNY: Thank you, Granny.

Knock at front door.

PENNY: Oh, that must be Daddy!

GRANNY: I'll git it. Now, don't eat any of those cookies before dinner. They'll spoil yer appetite. (Opens door.)

Enter KELVIN, a strapping young lad with tousled hair. He is dressed in jeans, boots, and suspenders. A hanky hangs from his back pocket. He carries a large package labeled NORWAY.

KELVIN: Hello, everyone!

GRANNY: My, Orvis, you're all skin and bones. Come Penny! Come see your daddy. He looks just like one a' them skellingtons he's always diggin' up.

KELVIN: No, it's me, Mrs. Pembroke. Kelvin. Kelvin Dobbs.

GRANNY: *(Looks carefully, feels package, then pinches KELVIN's cheek.)* I knew it all along, Kelvin. I was jist foolin' with ya.

KELVIN: *(Starry-eyed.)* Hello, Penny.

PENNY: *(Starry-eyed.)* Hello, Kelvin.

KELVIN: *(Snapping out of it.)* I brought this package all the way from the post office in town. It came special for Mr. Pembroke all the way from Norway! A mister... *(Reading.)* Ole Underware sent it. I wonder what it is?

GRANNY: More old junk, I reckon. Just what we need around here. *(Taking box.)* Well, I'll go stick it on top o' th' pile in the parlor. *(Starts to exit then turns.)* Stayin' fer supper, Kelvin?

KELVIN: *(Looks terrified. Glances at PENNY, who slightly grimaces and shakes her head.)* Thank you, but no thank you, Mrs. Pembroke. Doc Jenkins is outta town, and I'd rather not take th' risk...

GRANNY: Suit yerself. *(Exits.)*

Silent, shy moment between the two lovers, then KELVIN steps forward.

KELVIN: Penny for yer thoughts. Get it? Penny. That's you.

PENNY: Oh Kelvin, you're so clever. *(Laughs.)*

KELVIN: *(Trying to impress and amaze.)* I saw the most amazin' thing today!

PENNY: Yes, Kelvin? What was it?

KELVIN: Farmer Philips has got a cow with a spot on its head that looks jist like the Liberty Bell!

PENNY: *(Amazed.)* No!

KELVIN: Yeah, there it was, plain as day!

PENNY: Really! You'll have to show it to me sometime.

KELVIN: Sure, soon as they're done bein' milked, I'll take ya right down there an'...an'... *(Depressed.)* Aww, who am I kiddin'? You don't wanna see no spotty cow.

PENNY: Yes, I do. I just love spotty cows. They're my very favorite kind of cow in the whole world!

KELVIN: Awww, Penny, don't. I don't even know why you even let a feller like me in the house. You're so smart, with book learnin' and manners an' all. Yer daddy's been all over the world. I'm just a dumb ol' country hayseed. If I was you an' saw me comin', I'd stick a bear trap underneath the welcome mat.

PENNY: No, not you, Kelvin. You may not be smart academically, but you're...you're kind, strong, a hard worker, level-headed, and I think you're kind of cute.

KELVIN: Ya do? Gosh.

PENNY: Uh huh. I like you more than any other boy I've ever met...in the city, at school, anywhere.

KELVIN: Ya mean it, Penny? 'Cause it's the same with me, Penny. I met about you more than any other girl I feel.

PENNY: (*Surprised.*) What?

KELVIN: (*Trying to correct his tongue.*) I mean...I mean the other girls never felt me like... No, no... Oh, you know what I mean.

PENNY: I know.

KELVIN: That's the real reason I came up here today, Penny. 'Cause I wanted to ask you ifn'...well...ifn' you an' I could sorta go to the county rutabaga dance as... Well, as...as sort of a, kind of a couple.

PENNY: Oh, Kelvin, I'd love to. But first, you should ask my father if he'll let me go.

KELVIN: Do I have to?

PENNY: He's coming back from Egypt today. He should be home any minute now.

KELVIN: Oh, no! You remember what happened last time me an' yer daddy was together.

PENNY: Come now, Kelvin, that all happened months ago. He's probably forgotten all about it.

KELVIN: It seems ta me that havin' yer head set on fire, a pitchfork jammed in yer foot, an' a turtle crammed down yer pants would be kinda hard to forget.

PENNY: His hair has probably all grown back now, and his foot was only a flesh wound.

KELVIN: What about the turtle?

PENNY: Well, he doesn't talk about that.

KELVIN: I knew it...I knew it. He hates me, he ain't never gonna let us be together!

The PROFESSOR can be heard singing as he approaches the house.

PENNY: (*Happily.*) That's him now!

KELVIN tries to hide.

PENNY: Kelvin, aren't you going to talk to him?

KELVIN: Maybe another time. I'd hate to spoil his homecoming.
(Hides under table.)

PENNY: Kelvin!

Enter the PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: I'm home, Penny darling! *(Hugs PENNY.)*

PENNY: Oh Daddy, it's so good to have you home!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: It's good to be home, baby. I'm so hungry I could eat a camel. What's for supper? *(Crosses to kitchen table.)*

PENNY: Well...ah...have some cookies, Papa. *(Lifts plate of cookies.)*

GRANNY enters.

GRANNY: *(Pinches the PROFESSOR's face.)* Don't you worry, Kelvin, I'll have a long talk with that old pickle-puss professor son of mine an' see if'n he cain't let bygones be bygones. Although, I gotta admit that snappin' turtle in the pants was mighty funny. Heh...heh...heh.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: *(Fuming.)* Kelvin? Kelvin Dobbs? Is Kelvin Dobbs here in this house?

KELVIN: *(Terrified, beneath the table.)* NO, HE AIN'T HERE!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: *(They all look at each other. The PROFESSOR looks beneath the table, grabs something heavy, and starts to threaten KELVIN with it.)* OUT...OUT...OUT!!!! *(The PROFESSOR chases KELVIN toward the door.)*

PENNY: *(Pleading.)* Daddy! Daddy!

KELVIN: *(Turning before exiting at the door. Making a timid stand.)* One thing before I go, Mr. Pembroke. I'm real sorry 'bout that turtle.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: OUT! *(KELVIN exits.)* Why, the nerve of that bumpkin. I'll thrash him within an inch of my life, that's what I'll do. I'll...I'll...

GRANNY: *(Crossing to him.)* Orvis, is that you? 'Bout time you got home. *(Turns to kitchen.)* I'll bet that turkey is tough as shoe leather by now.

PENNY: *(Leading the PROFESSOR to the love seat.)* Daddy, come sit down and tell me all about your travels in Egypt. Did you find the lost tomb of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: I most certainly did. All those years of research paid off. We found the tomb entirely intact. Mummy, sarcophagus, treasure, everything. That's him right there.

PENNY: Can I see him, Daddy?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Of course, sweetheart. Here. *(Opens door of the sarcophagus in such a way that he cannot see in. As he does so, he screams. PENNY jumps.)* Gotcha! Heh, heh, heh. *(Shuts door.)*

GRANNY: Orvis...you are... *(Does loopy gesture and goes back to work.)*

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Magnificent, isn't he?

PENNY: But Daddy, there's nothing...

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Oh, I know, kitten. There's nothing special about this mummy. You've seen one, you've seen them all, but this one came with...A CURSE!

PENNY AND GRANNY: A CURSE?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Yes. Whosoever disturbs the remains of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong and robs his tomb is doomed...doomed...DOOMED! Isn't that just splendid?

GRANNY: A curse! Superstitious nonsense. *(Throws salt over her shoulder, crosses her fingers, and turns around three times.)*

PENNY: What did the treasure look like, Daddy?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Oh, the usual baubles and antiquities. But the president of the Egyptian Historical Society let me keep this. *(Takes out necklace.)* This is the sacred necklace of the Pharaoh himself. *(Puts it on PENNY.)*

PENNY: Oh, it's beautiful. It must be priceless!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Oh, it looks smashing! You would put Cleopatra to shame, my little princess.

GRANNY: More junk jewelry. Speakin' a junk, ya got some package come special from Norway today.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Oh, jolly good! That would be my authentic Viking warrior costume! Where is it?

GRANNY: I put it in the parlor here.

The PROFESSOR and GRANNY exit. PENNY admires the necklace in a mirror. OPEC peers in from the window. When she puts the necklace down, he tiptoes off left.

PENNY: It's so beautiful. I am queen of the cow herd! Let them eat hay. Ha, ha, ha, ha. I wish Kelvin could see me in it.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: *(From off stage.)* Ouch! Are you trying to kill me?

GRANNY: *(From off stage.)* Hold still! How can I help you into this darned thing ifn' ya don't hold still?

PENNY starts to cross right. OPEC knocks on the front door.

PENNY: *(Crossing left. Whispering.)* Kelvin? Kelvin? I just knew you'd come back... *(She crosses and opens door. There's no one there.)* Kelvin, don't be afraid. Kelvin? Kelvin! *(Wanders out.)*

OPEC: *(Crawls in window.)* Now, to steal the necklace!

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: *(From off stage.)* OUCH!

GRANNY: *(From off stage.)* Oh, for Pete's sake. You stay here. I'll get somethin' that'll help from the kitchen. *(OPEC frantically looks for a place to hide. He gets in the sarcophagus. GRANNY enters.)* Shoulda ordered a bigger hat. Boy's got a fat head. Always did have a fat head. Now, where did I put that... *(Notices PENNY is gone.)* Penny! Penny! Penny, where's that... *(Sees mallet.)* There it is! *(Picks it up.)* This'll make it fit.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: *(From off stage.)* MOTHER!

GRANNY: Hold yer horses, I'm comin'! *(Exits.)*

PENNY: *(Entering.)* Kelvin Dobbs. If that's you, it's high time you stopped running away and faced things like a man. Humph! *(Slams door. Crosses to necklace and picks it up.)* I'll bet the Pharaoh was never afraid of the queen's father. *(Puts on necklace.)* Kelvin will never ask Daddy to let him take me to the dance! I'll be stuck at home with a bunch of old books and scrolls to keep me company. Ooooooh. King Ramma, you're not the only one with a curse on them!

Suddenly, the sarcophagus starts to move.

OPEC: *(From inside.)* Help! I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

PENNY: Oh my gosh! It's true! There really is a curse!

The sarcophagus rocks and shakes some more, then OPEC bursts forth.

OPEC: Whew! I thought I was dead!

PENNY screams and swoons. OPEC catches her and puts her on the sofa.

OPEC: (*Seeing necklace.*) Great mother of Osiris! She is wearing the sacred necklace of the Pharaoh! This will be much easier than I suspected. (*Yanks back and forth on the necklace. PENNY bounces up and down.*) Hmmmmm! I'll have to cut off her head.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Entering dressed in full Viking garb and starting to cross to OPEC.*) What's this? I thought I heard someone scream. (*OPEC drops PENNY.*)

OPEC: Yes, indeed you did. I am a foreigner to your country. When I stopped to ask for directions, the young lady saw me, was apparently startled by my appearance, and fainted.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Startled by your appearance? That's odd.

OPEC: You think *my* appearance is odd?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: What I meant was...

OPEC: Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Op...

PENNY moans.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Crosses to PENNY, kneels and tries to revive her.*) Good heavens! Penny, dear...Penny, can you hear me princess?

GRANNY: (*Entering.*) What in tarnation is goin' on in here? (*Crosses to OPEC. Pinches OPEC's cheek.*) Kelvin, you come back? What kind o' trouble you inta' now, ya little rascal? What happen to yer head, boy? Git it stuck in a milk can again?

OPEC: I'm sorry, madam. I'm not who you think. I am a foreigner to your country. My name is Op...

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Quick, Mother, Penny has fainted!

GRANNY: Oh my! I'll go down inta th' root cellar an' git some medicine. (*Exits.*)

PENNY slowly comes to. She sees the PROFESSOR in Viking suit, screams, and faints again.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: Good heavens! She's had a relapse!

OPEC: Excuse me. This may be an awkward time, but aren't you the world famous explorer and scientist, Professor Orvis Pembroke?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: (*Stands. Flattered.*) Why, yes. Yes, I am.

OPEC: I am sincerely sorry for this intrusion. My name is Opec. I am from Egypt, as you may have guessed. Just recently, I have moved to your fair country and when it came to my attention that the great Professor Pembroke lived nearby, I simply had to make

his acquaintance. You see, I too am a student of antiquities. I hope you are not inconvenienced.

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: No, no, not at all. I am always delighted to meet another scholar. As a matter of fact, I have just recently returned from an expedition to your country myself.

OPEC: Oh, really! What expedition was that?

PROFESSOR PEMBROKE: The discovery of the lost tomb of King Ramma-Lamma-Ding-Dong.

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