

Cowboys  
and  
*Mummies*

By  
Klarissa Lockhart-Beilke

## **Cowboys and Mummies**

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by Klarissa Lockhart-Beilke

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Cast:

Townspeople, *not required but add to the scenes*

Shotgun Sam, *Sidekick*

Handsome Hank, *Hero*

Miss Dottie Com, *Attractive Girl*

Mrs. O'Clover, *Old Irish Widow with a possible accent*

Courageous Anne, *Heroine*

Katie O'Clover, *Mrs. O'Clover's Niece from Ireland with an accent*

Lew Fillmore, *Salesman of Egyptian Antiquities (or saleswoman if desired)*

Mean Marion, *Bad Guy*

Kheper-Set, *Resurrected Pharaoh*

Permanent Set: *Exterior of 4 buildings, from stage right to stage left:*

*Library, General Store, O'Clover House, Dottie's house*

Temporary Set: *A table and a tent or wagon center stage with a sign that says, "Treasures of Egypt" posted*

Required Props: *newspaper, guns, luggage, bouquet of flowers with roots and dirt, various Egyptian artifacts (can include sarcophaguses, canopic jars, ushabtis,) Ankh of Kheper-Set (a ring with an ankh on it), the Amulet of Queen Sobek-Ka (a necklace with an Egyptian amulet), stone tablet with hieroglyphs, scroll, nemes (or other Egyptian headdress), linen bandages, rope*

To Mitch, yee-haw!

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# Cowboys and Mummies

## Scene 1

*{If there are any TOWNSPEOPLE, they can be entering and exiting the General Store and Library throughout the scene. SHOTGUN SAM is hanging out in front of the General Store reading a newspaper. HANDSOME HANK enters left, wearing a large cowboy hat that covers up most of his face. HE sneaks up behind SHOTGUN SAM.}*

**Handsome Hank:** I didn't know you were literate!

**Shotgun Sam:** *{Jumping up, obviously startled, and drawing his gun,}* Don't you know better than to sneak up on a guy like that? I ought to salt you right now!

**Handsome Hank:** Aw, Sam. *{Taking off his hat,}* You should know better than to shoot your friends! Soon you'll only have enemies.

**Shotgun Sam:** Handsome Hank! Sorry. I didn't know it was you, not with that silly hat on anyway.

**Handsome Hank:** Now would you mind putting your gun away? I know you go by Shotgun Sam, but must you be so literal?

**Shotgun Sam:** Oh, sorry about that, Hank. *{HE puts his gun away.}* But, I thought just a moment ago you said you didn't think I was literal.

**Handsome Hank:** No, I said, "I didn't know you were literate."

**Shotgun Sam:** Now Hank, I may not be the best man in the world, but you and I both know that I'm certainly not literate! Why would you ever accuse me of such a vile thing?

**Handsome Hank:** Can you read?

**Shotgun Sam:** Of course I can! That's how I work on my extensive vocabulary.

**Handsome Hank:** Well, I think you might have to work on it a bit more yet!

**Shotgun Sam:** So what brings you back to these parts, Hank? It's been a while since we've seen you around.

**Handsome Hank:** Aw, I've only been gone a few months, Sam.

**Shotgun Sam:** Only?

**Handsome Hank:** Well, you know how I headed out East to make a fortune? *{MISS DOTTIE COM enters through from her house. HANDSOME HANK notices right away.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** Gee, I take it didn't quite work out as planned? Or did you just miss it out West? I bet you missed hanging out with me, right, Hank? *{HE notices HANDSOME HANK is not paying attention to him but is looking at MISS DOTTIE COM.}* Hank?

**Handsome Hank:** Yeah, whatever you said... *{HE runs over to MISS DOTTIE COM.}* Hello there, Miss Dottie. Aren't you a site for sore eyes!

**Miss Dottie Com:** Why, Handsome Hank! It's been ages since we've been blessed to see

your charming self! I didn't know if you were ever coming back!

**Handsome Hank:** Aw, you should have known I was coming back. How long do you think I'd be able to live without seeing your pretty face? The whole time I was gone I pined for you, Miss Dottie. I pined for you.

**Miss Dottie Com:** Why, aren't you just as sweet as ever! It's a pleasure to see you again.

**Shotgun Sam:** *{HE starts on his way to HANDSOME HANK. MRS. O'CLOVER emerges from her house. HANDSOME HANK and MISS DOTTIE COM continue talking.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Saints preserve us! If it isn't Shotgun Sam, the lad I was just hoping to see! I need you to help me with something.

**Shotgun Sam:** Good afternoon, Mrs. O'Clover. Now if you don't mind, I've got some business that needs tending to. *{HE tries to turn around, but MRS. O'CLOVER stops him.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** If you don't help me, Shotgun Sam, it will be your own arse you'll be tending to when I'm through with you!

**Shotgun Sam:** Since you put it that way, Mrs. O'Clover: what can I help you with on this fine afternoon?

**Mrs. O'Clover:** *{She and SHOTGUN SAM move downstage.}* You see, lad, my niece is coming into town today to come live with me. Her parents couldn't afford to come to America with her, and so she sent her from Ireland all by herself, poor lass.

**Shotgun Sam:** That's very interesting... *{Many TOWNSPEOPLE enter to see what the fuss is about.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Now you better let me finish, lad! As I was saying, the poor lass's train gets here soon, but I won't be able to pick her up. You see, I've been arranged to play bridge with the ladies.

**Shotgun Sam:** Gee, I bet the ladies wouldn't mind if you skipped out a hand to pick you your niece.

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Listen, laddie. I have obligations. Now as much as I would love to wait for the train for my poor, dear, niece, I can't. That's why I need you to pick her up.

**Shotgun Sam:** Well, I already had plans, Mrs. O'Clover...

**Mrs. O'Clover:** *{Getting teary eyed,}* You know, if my dear Michael was still alive, he'd do it for me. But here I am, a poor old widow, with obligations to the ladies, and my poor niece, coming all the way from Ireland with no one to pick her up. *{Crying,}* Just imagine how scared she'd be! Saints preserve us! So far away from her dear parents, with no one at the train station waiting for her... *{EVERYONE starts looking at SHOTGUN SAM like HE's done something wrong.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** Please, Mrs. O'Clover, you don't have to cry. I'll pick up your niece for you, okay? Just please don't cry. *{EVERYONE goes back to whatever they were doing.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** *{Normally,}* Thanks, laddie, I knew you'd do this for me.

**Shotgun Sam:** *{Puzzled,}* You were-

**Mrs. O'Clover:** The train arrives promptly on the hour, so you better not be late. Now in addition to greeting my niece, I want you to be escorting her to my house. You must also carry all of her bags for her, poor lass. She's been traveling all that way, and I better not find out you made her carry a thing! In addition, I would like you to be showing her around town, lad. Take her to any social gathering you may be attending this evening: dinner, a show. Make her feel comfortable.

**Shotgun Sam:** But... But-

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Help her unpack, if she sees fit, Sam. Show her where the Church is too: the real one, not that protestant one. Maybe you should buy her some flowers, as a welcome gift, or whatever else you see fit.

**Shotgun Sam:** How about an engagement ring?

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Now don't be funny, lad! I would sooner die than see my kin married off to a non-religious man.

**Shotgun Sam:** But I go to church, Mrs. O'Clover. I'm a Lutheran.

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Even worse!

**Shotgun Sam:** Now what about-

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Saints preserve us! I'm going to be late! *{SHE turns stage left.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** Mrs. O'Clover, will you at least tell me her name? *{MISS DOTTIE COM goes in her house.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Sure thing, lad. It's the same as mine: Katie O'Clover. But I must be going.

**Shotgun Sam:** What does she look like?

**Mrs. O'Clover:** She's got the face of a saint with hair like fire. All of the women from my family are a beauty to behold... like me. *{SHOTGUN SAM takes a look at MRS. O'CLOVER and shudders.}* Now, I'm really going to be late! *{SHE exits left. HANDSOME HANK joins SHOTGUN SAM.}*

**Handsome Hank:** Now what was all that about, Shotgun?

**Shotgun Sam:** Apparently I'm supposed to pick up Mrs. O'Clover's niece from the train station.

**Handsome Hank:** Is that all?

**Shotgun Sam:** And bring her stuff to her house...

**Handsome Hank:** Oh?

**Shotgun Sam:** Show her around town, take her to dinner, show her the Catholic church, help her unpack...

**Handsome Hank:** Sounds like you've got your work cut out for you.

**Shotgun Sam:** And I think I'm supposed to get her flowers too...

**Handsome Hank:** Are you supposed to marry the girl too?

**Shotgun Sam:** I sure hope not! Mrs. O'Clover said that her niece looked like her! *{THEY both shudder.}*

**Handsome Hank:** Poor boy! Too bad not all of us can be with such beautiful ladies as my charming Miss Dottie.

**Shotgun Sam:** Oh, but they can.

**Handsome Hank:** *{Draws his gun,}* What do you mean by that!

**Shotgun Sam:** Gee, nothing, Hank, nothing at all. Now I really have to be going! I've got to get some flowers and down to the train station! See you! *{HE exits right.}*

**Handsome Hank:** Why that no good good-for-nothing! Trying to steal my woman!  
*{COURAGEOUS ANNE exits the General Store and goes to HANDSOME HANK.}*

**Courageous Anne:** Well I'll be a monkey's uncle, if it's isn't Handsome Hank!

**Handsome Hank:** But you are a monkey's uncle!

**Courageous Anne:** Shut your mouth, Hank!

**Handsome Hank:** You ought to learn how to talk in front of gentlemen, Courageous Anne.

**Courageous Anne:** I'd like you to show one to me first!

**Handsome Hank:** Why you-

**Courageous Anne:** *{SHE hugs HANDSOME HANK}* It's been a long time, Hank!

**Handsome Hank:** Aw, it's been too long, Annie.

**Courageous Anne:** So what brings you back out West? I thought you'd have been a millionaire by now, making your fortune in the East.

**Handsome Hank:** Well, I couldn't stay away from here. Now how have you been?

**Courageous Anne:** Don't you read the papers, Hank? Why, last week I got hitched and I opened a flower shop.

**Handsome Hank:** You're kidding.

**Courageous Anne:** You bet!

**Handsome Hank:** Don't do that to me! You can't toy with a man's emotions like that.

**Courageous Anne:** What's the matter, Hank? Couldn't stand the thought of be being someone's wife?

**Handsome Hank:** Yeah... poor chap.

**Courageous Anne:** You're such a sweet guy. You've certainly got a way with words. It's a wonder you and Miss Dottie haven't tied the knot yet. Well, aside from you're leaving town. You should have taken her with you! You know, while you were gone, she started collecting a vast amount of suitors.

**Handsome Hank:** Don't tell me Shotgun was trying to take her away from me!

**Courageous Anne:** Of course not! Sammy's your best friend; he'd never do anything like that!

**Handsome Hank:** But he mentioned something that other people can be with Miss Dottie, aside from me! I thought he meant himself.

**Courageous Anne:** Ooh. You mean you didn't know?

**Handsome Hank:** Know about what? Of course I don't know, Annie. I've been out of town!

**Courageous Anne:** Ever since you've been gone, Mean Marion's been hanging around these parts, trying to get the attention of your betrothed.

**Handsome Hank:** I ought to sting him up! That's what I'll do!

**Courageous Anne:** Hank, you'll do no such thing! You can go hanging a man up to dry just because he's interested in your girl. You haven't even been in town for ages. I bet you didn't even write to the poor girl. I bet she figured you went and married an Eastern girl. It wouldn't be hard Hank; they don't call you Handsome for nothing!

**Handsome Hank:** Well, it's true I didn't write to her, but I had my reasons, and that's unimportant now. I can't believe Mean Marion's been trying to be with Miss Dottie. Can you believe it, Annie?

**Courageous Anne:** Of course I can! Anyone can. We all know that he's had an eye for Miss Dottie since they were children. Remember, they used to be sweethearts until you came to town. Then she dumped him like a wet Sunday paper on a Tuesday afternoon!

**Handsome Hank:** I've already spoken with Miss Dottie as soon as I came back, and she didn't even mention Mean Marion.

**Courageous Anne:** That probably means you've got nothing to worry about then!

**Handsome Hank:** Well, I'm going to keep an eye out for that villain anyway.

**Courageous Anne:** Now Hank, whatever happens, I just want you to know that I'm always here for you.

**Katie O'Clover:** *{SHE enters stage right carrying a lot of luggage with no effort. SHOTGUN SAM is trailing behind her carrying a lot less but with great effort.}*  
Leaping leprechauns! I never thought this is what America was going to be like!

**Shotgun Sam:** Now, Miss Katie, you ought to let me take your luggage for you! Your aunt insisted.

**Katie O'Clover:** Don't worry, lad, I've got it. It would be a wee bit much for you to carry.

**Shotgun Sam:** But Mrs. O'Clover insisted.

**Katie O'Clover:** What Mrs. O'Clover doesn't know won't hurt her. Now which one is the house?

**Shotgun Sam:** The first one, thank goodness. *{HE sets down the luggage.}*

**Katie O'Clover:** Well, I suppose we don't have to be bringing everything in right away. *{SHE sets down her load too. COURAGEOUS ANNE and HANDSOME HANK join SHOTGUN SAM.}*

**Courageous Anne:** What's the matter, Sammy? Aren't you going to introduce us to your new friend?

**Shotgun Sam:** This is Mrs. O'Clover's niece, Katie O'Clover.

**Courageous Anne:** It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Katie.

**Katie O'Clover:** Don't bother with the formalities, just call me Katie. And who might you be?

**Courageous Anne:** I go by the handle of Courageous Anne.

**Katie O'Clover:** The handle?

**Handsome Hank:** You know, like a moniker.

**Katie O'Clover:** A what?

**Shotgun Sam:** A nickname.

**Katie O'Clover:** Ooh. And who might this lad be?

**Courageous Anne:** This is Handsome Hank.

**Katie O'Clover:** Well anyone can tell by the looks of him that he's handsome. You don't have tell me, lassie, I do have eyes you know!

**Courageous Anne:** No, no. That's his nickname.

**Handsome Hank:** You can just call me Hank if you like.

**Katie O'Clover:** It's nice to meet you, Hank-if-You-Like.

**Shotgun Sam:** I think we ought to get your belongings in the house, Miss Katie.

**Katie O'Clover:** Don't worry about it, laddie; I'll take care of it myself. I don't want to be a trouble to you. *{SHE brings some of her luggage into the house.}*

**Handsome Hank:** I thought you said she was going to look like Mrs. O'Clover.

**Shotgun Sam:** That's what Mrs. O'Clover told me! She sure is pretty, isn't she? Oh! And she called me "laddie."

**Courageous Anne:** She's Irish. She calls all boys laddie. Her aunt calls you laddie. I don't see you going all mushy when Mrs. O'Clover come lumbering out of her house looking for you to do odd jobs for her!

**Shotgun Sam:** It's not the same, Anne. I think I'm in love.

**Handsome Hank:** Too bad you forgot her flowers. I bet that would have made quite an impression.

**Shotgun Sam:** You're right! I did forget the flowers. Wait here, I'm going to go get some. *{HE exits stage left.}*

**Courageous Anne:** Doesn't he know that the only place to buy flowers is the other way? *{SHOTGUN SAM enters with a bouquet of flowers with roots and dirt.}*

**Handsome Hank:** I don't get the impression that he was planning on buying them.

**Courageous Anne:** Why, that boy's cheaper than an abridged dime novel!

**Handsome Hank:** Shotgun's not cheap. He's just smitten with that Katie.

**Shotgun Sam:** I got the flowers. Do you think she'll like them?

**Courageous Anne:** The flowers? Or the dirt?

**Handsome Hank:** If you don't mind my asking, Sam, where did you get those flowers?

**Shotgun Sam:** Well, I... *{KATIE O'CLOVER enters from the house.}* Here, Miss Katie.. Ah... these... these-

**Courageous Anne:** Katie, the boy got you some flowers.

**Katie O'Clover:** Leaping leprechauns! *{SHE takes the flowers.}* You shouldn't be getting me flowers, Sam. I don't even know where a vase would be to put them in.

**Shotgun Sam:** Well... Ah... I-

**Handsome Hank:** Don't worry about it, Miss Katie. Sam will help you find a vase, won't you Sam?

**Shotgun Sam:** Ah, I, I-

**Courageous Anne:** Of course he will. Sam, you lead the way. Hank and I will help carry

in the rest of your luggage for you, Kate. *{SHOTGUN SAM enters the house, followed by KATIE O'CLOVER, then COURAGEOUS ANNE and HANDSOME HANK, who are carrying the remainder of the luggage.}*

## Scene 2

*{LEW FILLMORE has a display set up center stage. There is a tent or a carriage behind him with a sign that says, "Treasures of Egypt." There is a table covered in Egyptian artifacts along with LEW FILLMORE, who is standing on it. The TOWNSPEOPLE are all gathered around to see what is happening. KATIE O'CLOVER, COURAGEOUS ANNE, SHOTGUN SAM, MISS DOTTIE COM, and HANDSOME HANK are part of the crowd.}*

**Lew Fillmore:** Yes, you too can own your very own treasures from Egypt! Mummies, scrolls, and more! Buy the mummified Mutt of King Tut! A matching set of sarcophagi: the mummy and daddy! Be the life of the party with a Book of the Dead. Perhaps you're interested in Cleopatra's needles? Her thread? And bobbin? Treat the woman in your life like a queen with gilded jewelry of the queens. Show off that you could be a king with the throne of Ramses the Great! Yes, step up, folks! Just one at a time, though. There's plenty of treasure for everyone.

**Handsome Hank:** What do you say, Miss Dottie? Would you like me to buy you some gilded jewelry of the queens?

**Miss Dottie Com:** Why, Handsome Hank! You know I'd never be able to accept jewelry from a man.

**Courageous Anne:** Now what if we go and buy it ourselves, Dottie?

**Miss Dottie Com:** Why, I reckon that would be just fine! *{COURAGEOUS ANNE and MISS DOTTIE COM go in the tent/wagon to look at the treasures.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** Now why don't you go with them, Miss Katie?

**Katie O'Clover:** Now Sam, you know you don't have to be calling me Miss Katie. I'm not used to the formalities. You can just call me Katie. Or even Kate if Katie is too much for you. Why, there was a man from Dublin who called me, "Hey You" from his front lawn even. Why, he sat in his front porch all day. I at least remembered his name. He was called Patty O'Furniture.

**Handsome Hank:** But don't you want any jewelry? I'm sure Shotgun would be willing to pay for it.

**Shotgun Sam:** Gee...

**Katie O'Clover:** Are you sure about that, Sam?

**Shotgun Sam:** Uh.

**Handsome Hank:** Of course he is, Katie!

**Katie O'Clover:** Thank you, Sam! *{SHE joins COURAGEOUS ANNE.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** Um, Hank, can I borrow a few bucks?

**Lew Fillmore:** *{MEAN MARION enters left, he walks on stage, picks the ring off the ground, and exits left.}* Just step right up! Your lives will never be the same once you purchase a good luck Egyptian idol. Even if you don't believe in the powers of the pyramids, it certainly will add style to any room! *{MRS. O'CLOVER enters from her house.}* I've got canopic jars from Cairo! Mummies from Memphis! Alabaster from Alexandria!

**Mrs. O'Clover:** And I've got a headache from the hoodwink who's standing on table in my front lawn. What right do you have to bring disgrace to a poor widow's property? Who do you think you are?

**Lew Fillmore:** *{Stepping down from the table,}* I'm Lew Fillmore, and I-

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Saints preserve us! You're wearing out the grass on my lawn with all of this traffic. I want you off my property and out of town right now! *{KATIE O'CLOVER walks over to HER holding a stone tablet with hieroglyphs on it.}*

**Katie O'Clover:** Leaping leprechauns, Aunt. You don't have to go and throw a fit, you know. You especially don't have to kick the poor lad out of town. Why, look at this tablet here. It's a nice smooth stone with writing in it. Doesn't it remind you of home? Don't you think of the Blarney Stone just looking at it?

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Why, I suppose I do, Katie-Dear. I'm sorry to insult you, Mr. Fillmore. You see, I am only a poor widow. And, maybe you don't have to be leaving town so soon. Just you best be careful not to ruin my lawn.

**Lew Fillmore:** Please, all my friends call me Lew.

**Mrs. O'Clover:** As I said, Mr. Fillmore, you best be watchful of any damages to my property.

**Katie O'Clover:** How much were you wanting for this old slab of stone, Lew?

**Lew Fillmore:** Why, that's a very rare treasure, right from the Valley of the Kings! I don't think I could let it go to just anyone.

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Fine then, Mr. Fillmore. Keep it. I don't be needing any silly stone to clutter up my house!

**Lew Fillmore:** But if it's going to such a fine woman as yourself, I'd say- *{HE whispers and amount into MRS. O'CLOVER's ear.}*

**Mrs. O'Clover:** That's robbery, Mr. Fillmore. I'm only a poor widow. How do you think I can afford to buy this garbage and be able to feed my poor niece?

**Lew Fillmore:** Now, now, you didn't mention that this charming young lady was your niece! I thought maybe your sister, but not you niece!

**Mrs. O'Clover:** Now flattery will get you nowhere, Mr. Fillmore. It's not lining my pockets with any gold, nor yours. *{SHE pulls out an amount of money and hands it to LEW FILLMORE.}* Now this is how much I'm willing to pay for this stone of yours. You can take it or leave it.

**Lew Fillmore:** I'll take it! Now is anyone else ready to make a purchase?

**Katie O'Clover:** Allow me to bring the stone into the house for you.

**Mrs. O'Clover:** No, Katie-Dear. This rock won't be going in the house. I'm going to keep it outside the front door. If any one stops by who starts annoying me, I'm

just going to tell them to go outside and kiss my blarney, which is what I would like this whole lot of people to do! But until they leave, I'm going to be inside.  
*{SHE takes the stone and sets it up outside then goes into her house. KATIE O'CLOVER goes by SHOTGUN SAM.}*

**Handsome Hank:** *{HE goes over to MISS DOTTIE COM, who is holding a necklace with an amulet on it.}* Well, Miss Dottie, have you found anything you like?

**Miss Dottie Com:** Why, yes, Hank, I did. Isn't it beautiful? *{SHE hands it to HANSOME HANK.}*

**Courageous Anne:** Would you look at that!

**Handsome Hank:** I am, Annie, I am!

**Miss Dottie Com:** But I'm sure it's awfully expensive. Oh well, I'm sure whoever buys this will be very happy with her purchase.

**Handsome Hank:** Did you find anything you like, Annie?

**Courageous Anne:** Yeah! I bought this old scroll.

**Handsome Hank:** Why would you want that?

**Courageous Anne:** I don't know. It just sort of caught my eye. Oh, and the Lew Fillmore talked me into it. He said it was a great buy.

**Miss Dottie Com:** How much did you pay for it?

**Courageous Anne:** Too much.

**Handsome Hank:** Lew sounds pretty slippery.

**Courageous Anne:** More slippery than eel on a greased pig. Come on, Miss Dottie, help me where to figure out where to hang this awful thing. *{SHE and MISS DOTTIE COM exit right.}*

**Shotgun Sam:** *{HE puts on an Egyptian headdress, such as a nemes.}* Handsome Hank, look at me! I'm the pharaoh!

**Handsome Hank:** *{HE goes over by SHOTGUN SAM.}* Sam, you ought to take that off, otherwise people will think you're not right!

**Shotgun Sam:** *{Taking the headdress off,}* Well, of course I'm not right, Hank. I couldn't possibly be the pharaoh. Why I don't even have one ounce of Egyptian blood in me; I'm a hundred percent American!

**Handsome Hank:** You're a hundred percent crazy, Sam; that's what you are.

**Shotgun Sam:** At least I don't carry around women's jewelry.

**Katie O'Clover:** Why do you two have to pick on each other?

**Shotgun Sam:** It's just like saying, "I like you."

**Handsome Hank:** Well, I like you when you're quiet!

**Katie O'Clover:** So what is that necklace you're holding, Hank?

**Handsome Hank:** Oh, this? Miss Dottie was interested in buying it but didn't think she could afford it.

**Shotgun Sam:** I don't think you can afford it either!

**Handsome Hank:** Well, I have some money saved up. I think it'd be a nice surprise for her. *{HE walks over to LEW FILLMORE.}* Excuse me, Mr. Fillmore?

**Lew Fillmore:** What can I help you with, sir?

**Handsome Hank:** I was hoping to buy this necklace here.

**Lew Fillmore:** Well of course- No! That's that Amulet of Queen Sobek-Ka. Oh no, sir. You don't want that necklace.

**Handsome Hank:** Well of course I don't! It's for a friend of mine.

**Lew Fillmore:** I can assure you that you don't want that for your friend either.

**Handsome Hank:** How would you know what I want?

**Lew Fillmore:** Trust me, my friend. Perhaps you would be more interested in-

**Handsome Hank:** Look, Lew, I really want to buy this necklace.

**Lew Fillmore:** I won't let you have it.

**Handsome Hank:** I'll give you a day's wages for it.

**Lew Fillmore:** I'm sorry, but I cannot sell this amulet.

**Handsome Hank:** Two days?

**Lew Fillmore:** I am sorry, sir, but no.

**Handsome Hank:** How about a week's wages?

**Lew Fillmore:** I'm afraid not.

**Handsome Hank:** Two weeks?

**Lew Fillmore:** Two weeks' wages, you say? No! No! Of course not. You do not want this amulet.

**Handsome Hank:** Look, you're quite the bargainer, Lew. I'll give you a month's wages for it!

**Lew Fillmore:** Why are you not listening to me, my friend? You do not want this necklace.

**Handsome Hank:** And would you be so obliged to tell me why I don't?

**Lew Fillmore:** Because it's cursed. *{HANDSOME HANK laughs.}* Do not laugh, sir. That is why I cannot sell this to you.

**Handsome Hank:** You have to be kidding!

**Lew Fillmore:** I can assure you that I am not. This is the Amulet of Queen Sobek-Ka, and it is said that on a night when the moon is full, the mummy of her husband, King Kheper-Set, will rise again to meet with his queen.

**Handsome Hank:** How do you know that?

**Lew Fillmore:** I have the sarcophagus of Kheper-Set, with his mummy inside. I translated the hieroglyphs myself.

**Handsome Hank:** So if I purchase this piece of jewelry, there are going to be some mummies reuniting?

**Lew Fillmore:** It's not that simple, my friend. For you see, the Queen's body was destroyed. When Kheper-Set rises from his slumber, he will go searching for the woman wearing his wife's jewelry because he will think it is her.

**Handsome Hank:** You mean to tell me, that this mummy, who has been dead for thousands of years, is going to come back to life searching for the person wearing his wife's jewelry?

**Lew Fillmore:** Yes! Exactly!

**Handsome Hank:** Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Fillmore, I don't believe in curses. I'm still willing to buy this necklace.

**Lew Fillmore:** You certainly are stubborn, aren't you, my friend?

**Handsome Hank:** You bet! And I can assure you, that I will not leave until I get what I want.

**Lew Fillmore:** All right, you can have it. I suppose it won't be so dangerous, as long as it isn't pared up with the Ankh of Kheper-Set.

**Handsome Hank:** What's that?

**Lew Fillmore:** It is a ring that once belonged to the Pharaoh. That is what will resurrect the mummy of Kheper-Set. But, I don't believe we will have to worry about it, seeing as how I have that safely in my pocket. *{HE puts his hand in his pocket.}*  
Uh oh.

**Handsome Hank:** What's wrong?

**Lew Fillmore:** I have a hole in my pocket.

**To read the rest, please purchase the script.**

