

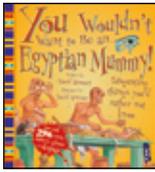


Master Mummy

A play based on a TV show where contestants have to cook a dish to impress the judges.

Parts:	Narrator	
	Gregg	judge
	John	judge
	Nef	contestant
	Seti	contestant
	Hotep	contestant

- Gregg: Welcome to Master Mummy, where our three contestants this week have the mother of all challenges...
- John: Mummy.
- Gregg: I beg your pardon?
- John: Mummy. The mummy of all challenges. They've each got to prepare a mummy. It could get messy and stressy – but it's no good crying to mummy!
- Gregg: Ah, I see what you mean. They each have to make a mummy using similar ingredients. So who will we be sending home today?
- John: We can't send a mummy home – not on the bus.
- Gregg: No, we send home the contestant we judge to have made a crummy mummy, dummy.
- John: So, it's a competition to prepare the best mummy against the clock.
- Gregg: No, on a slab. Making a mummy against a clock will clog the



Master Mummy

the cogs with body bits. This gets very yucky, you know.

John: What I mean is, we're looking for the fastest master mummy-maker of ancient Egypt. So welcome to the wabet.

Gregg: The rabbit? I can't see a rabbit.

John: No – the wabet. It's where Egyptian bodies get prepared to become mummies. Let's meet the contestants...

Nef: Hello, I'm Nef. I'm very nervous but I think I can do this. I once made a mummy before.

Gregg: Really? Who was it?

Nef: My daddy.

John: Your daddy is a mummy? That must be confusing.

Nef: It's no big deal. My uncle is a mummy too. He was turned into a mummy as a punishment. Now we call him auntie.

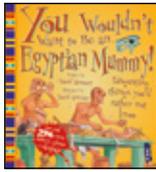
Gregg: Well good luck, Nef. I hope you can meet today's challenge. Who will you be mummifying for us today?

Nef: My mother-in-law – or as I now call her: Mummy-in-law.

John: So let's meet contestant number two.

Seti: Hello, I'm Seti. I've never made a mummy before but I've stuffed a pillow and bandaged up my granny a few times so it should be a doddle.

Gregg: Do you think you've got what it takes?



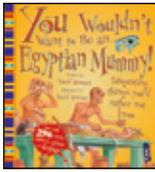
Master Mummy

- Seti: Definitely. I've just got a dead pharaoh off Ebay. He's still quite fresh and I'm raring to go.
- John: Good luck with that, Seti. I didn't know you had Ebay in ancient Egypt.
- Seti: Yes, it's Egypt-bay – a pyramid sales company by the River Nile.
- Gregg: Don't forget to use a wooden tag to label your mummy. We don't want any mummy mix-ups when we pop them all in the pyramid tomb on a very low heat in a sarcophagus.
- Seti: How long?
- John: Almost two metres. A stone sarcophagus is really heavy, too.
- Seti: No, how long until they'll be ready for taking out?
- Gregg: Three thousand years should do it – give or take five hundred years.
- John: Last, but not least, let's meet our third contestant for today.
- Hotep: Hi, I'm Hotep. I'm going to be preparing a crocodile mummy for you today.
- Gregg: Crocodiles can be tricky. It takes a long time to clean all their teeth.
- John: So you'd better make it snappy. Did you get it from The Nile?
- Hotep: No, it got me from The Nile. I was fishing when it grabbed my foot. I just managed to bash it with a stick.
- John: You bashed a crocodile with a stick?



Master Mummy

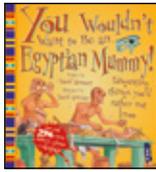
- Hotep: No, my foot. But the crocodile let go when I hit it on the nose with my mace.
- Gregg: That's a-mace-ing! So now you want to mummify it by wrapping it up in lots of bandages?
- Hotep: Yes – like I did with my foot. I've had lots of practice.
- John: Good luck with your mummy, Hotep. There's lots to get your teeth into – just like the croc with your foot.
- Gregg: So it just remains for us to start the clock. All three contestants are now at their tables, each with a body stretched in front of them, with a range of the best ingredients and natron salt for making a master mummy. The bodies have already had a good soak in natron solution for over a month.
- John: You have just thirty minutes to mummify. May the best mummy win. GO!
- Narrator: Nef is making a cheap 'basic range' mummy, using a cedar oil infusion, with a natron dressing and a light perfume drizzle.
- Nef: *(Dabbing perfume on herself)* Silly to waste this on mother-in-law now.
- Narrator: Seti is preparing a mid-range mummy for only a mid-range pharaoh. The body has just been delivered from the 'ibu' tent of purification and the organs are about to be removed for pickling. Seti will be serving the mummy in a linen wrap and a spicy frankincense syrup on a bed of papyrus leaves.
- Seti: *(Squeezing out a wet rag)* Firstly a quick extra wash with a solution of natron dissolved in water. *(Proceeds to wash himself before consulting a recipe book covered in hieroglyphics)* Oops,



Master Mummy

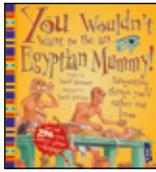
wrong body!

- Narrator: Hotep is creating a luxury crocodile mummy to be buried with an important pharaoh to protect him in the after life. As well as the very best spiced oil marinade, natron sprinkle and linen dressing, Hotep will make a cartonnage crust with gold chips for a crocodile mask coated in a gold leaf glaze.
- Hotep: *(Stirring a golden goo)* This really will be a croc of gold!
- Gregg: Tell me what you're doing, Nef.
- Nef: I am using a slicer to cut open the body so that the organs can be removed for drying out. I will need to use this clothes peg, too.
- Gregg: For hanging up the organs to dry?
- Nef: No, to put on my nose. It's a smelly job. I'm just taking out the liver, lungs, stomach and intestines. Phew!
- Gregg: That's very brave of you.
- Nef: Yes, I've got a lot of guts. With this gross recipe, you can easily get upset.
- Gregg: So you've got to be heartless?
- Nef: Certainly not – I've kept the heart inside. It will be needed in the afterlife.
- John: Tell us what you're doing with all the other organs, Nef.
- Nef: I've popped them in canopic jars with images of the gods. The lungs are in this jar, with an image of Hapy on top – can you see what I've done?



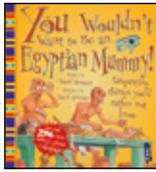
Master Mummy

- Gregg: It looks like you've got the head of a baboon there.
- Nef: Sorry, I didn't have time to shave this morning.
- Narrator: Nef is washing out the body's inside with palm wine, then soaking it in more natron to dry out.
- John: It looks like the skin has shrunk and shrivelled a bit, Nef.
- Nef: How dare you! My face isn't that bad.
- Gregg: Tell us what you're doing, Seti.
- Seti: I'm making a very fine brain mash with this special tool I call a nose-pick.
- Gregg: You pick your nose with a tool?
- Set: No, no, no. I just pop it up the pharaoh's nose like this... And when it reaches the brain, I just give it a little T.L.C.
- Gregg: Tender Loving Care?
- Gregg: No – Twist, Lift and Cut. Then it's P.W.W.P.
- Gregg: P. W. W. P.?
- Seti: Prod, Wiggle, Whisk and Pull. Followed by P.S.M.S.
- John: Professional Skill and Medical Science?
- Seti: No - Push, Squeeze, Mince and Squelch. The brain shoots out down the nose in one gooeey mess. Are you all right?
- John: I think I'm going to be sick... *(runs off)*



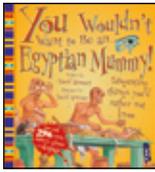
Master Mummy

- Narrator: It seems the strain is too much – Seti is now crying.
- Gregg: Don't get upset, Seti.
- Seti: I'm fine – I'm just peeling a couple of onions. Then I pop them in the eye sockets. I took the pharaoh's eyes out earlier and put them somewhere safe.
- John: What, to look after you and keep an eye on what you're doing?
- Gregg: Gross! Where did you put them? *(Sitting)*
- Seti: On that chair you just sat on. Not a pleasant sight... especially for the eyes!
- Gregg: I think I'm going to be sick... *(runs off)*
- John: Tell us what you're doing with all that sawdust, Hotep.
- Hotep: I'm mixing it with chaf - chopped hay and rags into a nice bulky mixture.
- John: Will you tell me what will happen to your crocodile now?
- Hotep: Get stuffed.
- John: Was it something I said? Oh, I see – you're about to stuff the empty body.
- Hotep: It's all dried out beautifully. It's important to get rid of all the moisture when making a mummy or it will all go smelly and gooey.
- Gregg: That's total rot.



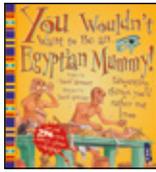
Master Mummy

- Hotep: No, I'm telling you the truth. Now I'm heating up this special mixture of oils and spices to pour in any nooks and crannies to stop those from rotting, too. Next I'm going to cover the whole body.
- John: You're going to pour it all over yourself?
- Hotep: No – over the body to be mummified. This molten resin acts like a sealant. It preserves the flesh of pharaohs and their pets. It smells lovely.
- Narrator: Hotep is embalming the whole body before binding it in strips of cloth.
- Gregg: Is it true that embalmers of lamas in the Bahamas wear pyjamas?
- All: No.
- John: Hurry up everyone – you need to get a move on. There's not much time left.
- Gregg: Quick, Nef. Take out that last eyeball. Hurry. Step on it.
- Nef: If you insist... yuk!
- John: You all need to be wrapping your bodies in bandages by now. Normally this should need twenty layers of linen over fifteen days. You've got fifteen minutes. Get wrapping...
- Seti: I'm getting wrappin', No time for nappin'
Mustn't get flappin', Dance along clappin'
Get your feet tappin'
- Gregg: Not rapping. Wrapping. In linen. A long strip.



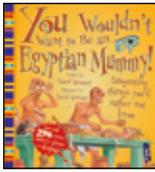
Master Mummy

- Hotep: I'm not taking my clothes off here.
- Narrator: Hotep is starting at the head and working down the body, using resin to glue the bandages together.
- Seti: I'm putting in a few shoulder pads and chest pads to give a bit of shape. I want it to look DEAD gorgeous.
- Narrator: Nef is tucking little amulets into the bandages.
- Nef: This is a scarab amulet, which is a lucky charm to look like a beetle. It's for stopping my mummy's secrets getting found out.
- Seti: Now I'm painting a mask to place on the head of my pharaoh. It's not a solid gold mask because my pharaoh isn't that rich.
- Narrator: Seti is painting a thin layer of gold leaf on the portrait mask, which looks almost as good as solid gold.
- John: You each have ten seconds left to complete your mummy...
- Narrator: Nef is still tangled up in bandages.
- Nef: I think I've finished. It's a wrap!
- Gregg: Five seconds left.
- Narrator: Seti has forgotten to put the heart back in, which is very important for the pharaoh in the afterlife. Seti has accidentally splashed some gold leaf on the heart.
- Seti: Now I've got a heart of gold! I'll shove it back in quick...
- John: One second...



Master Mummy

- Narrator: Hotep has just dropped the crocodile mummy.
- Hotep: Ah... it bit me!
- Gregg: Stop! Stand back from your mummies. Time for the judges to decide...
- John: Nef, I like your style. Neat bandaging here, just a few frayed edges but all parts sealed and wrapped. You didn't have quite enough time for the final shroud but I like the way the colours, textures and smells come together in a symphony of mummification.
- Nef: Wow.
- Gregg: Seti, a mad panic to get the heart back in there but you just about did it. It's a bit untidy but I like the way you've tried to use gold on the hands and feet in finger and toe stalls.
- John: Not me. Too much bling for my liking. Tacky looking. But listen, the portrait mask has elegance, sophistication and rich blends of colour. I like what you're doing there and it works for me.
- Seti: Thank you so much (*cries*) Sorry, it's the onions.
- Gregg: Hotep, you took on a challenge with this one. A crocodile isn't the easiest animal to mummify – particularly as it isn't quite dead.
- John: To me, you've overdone the resin. The oils are coming over too strong. You don't want a Tutankhamen to happen do you?
- Hotep: What's that?
- John: He got mummy-fried. The embalming oils in Tutankhamen's mummy caught fire inside the sarcophagus and he cooked.



Master Mummy

Barbecued mummy isn't nice. You don't want that to happen to yours, do you? It looks like you've over-oiled your crocodoil! Ha, did you see what I did there?

Narrator: All three contestants now have to wait while the judges decide which one of them has to go home and who goes on to the next round. Which mummy will be going home on the bus? It looks like the judges have made their decision.

Gregg: Two of you will be going through to the next round. One of you is about to be sent home. (*Contestants stand in a line looking nervous. Scary music*)

Narrator: Will it be Nef and the mummy-in-law?
Will it be Seti and the middle-range pharaoh?
Will it be Hotep and the golden crocodile?

John: The one of you going home is..... (*VERY long pause*)

Gregg: Hotep.

Hotep: No! (*Bursts into tears and stomps off*) I've been a-NILE-ated...

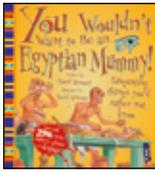
John: Don't worry – that crying isn't real. They're only crocodile tears.

Gregg: Congratulations, Nef and Seti – you come back for the semi final of Master Mummy – called 'The Mummy Returns'.

John: Did I just hear you swear, Nef?

Gregg: Yikes - that could be 'The Mummy's Curse'.

(*Sudden scary laugh. Both winning mummies sit up, do triumphant high-fives as sinister music plays and the cast run off, screaming*).



BOOK HOUSE

WWW.SALARIYA.COM

Master Mummy

Narrator:

If you have been affected by any of the issues (or mummies) raised in this programme... so have I... which all goes to show **YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY... NEVER!** (*Also runs off screaming*)