

*He attaches the wires to the nose. The mummy's body shakes all over and the eyes blink for several seconds. Then he sneezes, and after a few seconds sits up, slowly swings his legs around and sits with his legs hanging over the side of the table. The men gather around him in awe.*

**Buckingham:** That was amazing. **Electrifying!**

**Ponnonner:** Morally and physically.

**Sinclair:** Figuratively and literally, electrifying!

*The mummy slowly moves his head and looks briefly at each man. Then he shakes his fist at them.*

**Mummy:** I must say, gentlemen, that I am as much surprised as I am mortified at your behavior... You, Sabretash, for disturbing my eternal rest and bringing me across that god-awful ocean. And those handlers were not the least bit gentle either.

**Sabretash:** Uh...sorry...I was hoping...sorry.

**Mummy:** And you Ponnonner, so excited to get your hands on a real mummy that you almost cut me open! Fool!

**Ponnoner:** Forgive me, Count Allamistakeo.

**Mummy:** And Buckingham and Gliddon, you two should show more respect. After all, you have lived in Egypt and learned of the culture. I have always regarded you as firm friends of the mummies...And yet you stoop to this, cutting up poor, defenseless dead people...I would have expected more gentlemanly conduct from the two of you!

**Buckingham:** We are very sorry. We were just trying to learn more of your culture.

**Gliddon:** And I did give you a lovely exhibit in the Museum, didn't I?

**Mummy:** Hmmp! Ah, you there Alistair. You pompous twit! You are a poor, little fat fool who should know better! And the rest of you just stood by while I was stripped of my coffins and my clothes in this wretchedly cold climate! And then you aided and abetted this miserable little villain, Alistair, in tweaking my nose with hot wires!! I am morally outraged!

**Sinclair:** Uh...Count, sir...uh... I am sure I speak for all of us when I say we are very sorry for treating you like an object. I am Sinclair, a news

reporter, and I would love to interview you for my newspaper. You will have an opportunity to tell us of your culture, your personal memories, etc. as a person, not as an artifact.

*Mummy stares at him for a short time, and then speaks.*

**Mummy:** Well, I must say that is tempting...to set the record straight, you know.

**Ponnoner:** And we will share what has happened in the world since your demise.

**Mummy:** That sounds fair enough...Shall I begin?...As the hieroglyphs on my coffin told you, I was born in Thebes to the Scarabaeus family. We served the Pharaohs as historians for thousands of years. That is why I am considered a count and why the royal scarab was given as a symbol of my family's stature. I traveled with the pharaoh throughout my life, recording his mighty (and not so mighty) deeds. I was there for several of the plagues...very tough times indeed, and when the Jews made their Exodus from Egypt...You should have seen the Red Sea part...Wow, what a sight.

**Sinclair:** Amazing, you lived the history that we can only study.

**Mummy:** Well, we didn't realize it was so spectacular at the time. We thought it was just some bad years for crops, and a strange tidal wave, but looking back, I can see why you are impressed. And that guy Moses was really smart! With all that marrying of cousins, and sisters and stuff, Pharaoh wasn't the sharpest sword in the armory!

*Mummy starts shivering.*

**Ponnoner:** You look chilled, Count. Let me get you some clothes and move you nearer to the fire.

**Mummy:** Thank you, that would be much appreciated.

*Ponnoner exits and returns with a shirt, pants, sweater, and slippers, and helps the mummy dress. The mummy has to stretch his limbs slowly to get the clothes on.*

**Mummy:** Still kind of stiff after all these years in a coffin...Ha Ha, get it...**stiff?** Ha Ha!