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Call of the Mummy

A Radio Play

By

PHILIP GRECIAN

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(CALL OF THE MUMMY)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-341-1

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Call of the Mummy was produced by The Air Command Radio Company as part of the “Radio You Can See” series, premiered in October 2017 on KTWU-TV, a PBS station (Topeka, Kan.), and was subsequently released and broadcast on other PBS stations.

CAST:

HAJI	Bryce Stallons
BADRU	Philip Grecian
ARTHUR MACE	Russ Hutchison
DR. GUY BRUNTON.....	Skip Ellis
GENERAL SPIELSDORF	Jon Lothenore
MARGO MASON.....	Kirsten Goodman
JIMMY SALTON.....	Philip Grecian
BARTHOLOMEW J. WEEMS.....	Shawn Trimble
JORDAN.....	Dustin Dean
IVY CHAPMAN.....	Ashley Young
RAMOSS BEY.....	Jay Hurst
HATSHEPSUT	Ashley Young
IRENA (RUSTY) ROSTAPOVICH	Cortni Hurst
COLONEL WOLFGANG SCHWINDLERT	Russ Hutchison
SIR EDWARD CARTER-WHITE.....	David B. Pomeroy
SENMUT	Jay Hurst

PRODUCTION:

Writer/Director.....	Philip Grecian
Music Director	Tiffany Bonnewell
Waterphonist	David B. Pomeroy
Stage Manager/Video Booth.....	Roger McCauley
Stage Manager/Audio Booth.....	John Hanna
Audio Operator	Melissa Smith
Armorer.....	Delane Brunken
Sound Effects Artists.....	Arlyn Brunken (Captain), Stacey Smith, D’Sean Hendricks, Delane Brunken, Lincoln Bunyar

Call of the Mummy

CHARACTERS

MARGO MASON: American accent.

JIMMY SALTON: American accent.

HAJI: Egyptian accent.

BADRU: Egyptian accent.

MACE: British accent.

DR. GUY BRUNTON: British accent.

GENERAL SPIELSDORF: American accent.

BARTHOLOMEW J. WEEMS: American, but his precise diction causes others to believe he is British.

JORDAN: American accent.

IVY CHAPMAN: British accent.

RAMOSS BEY: Egyptian accent.

HATSHEPSUT: Egyptian accent.

IRENA (RUSTY) ROSTAPOVICH: Russian accent.

COLONEL WOLFGANG SCHWINDLERT: German accent.

SIR EDWARD CARTER-WHITE: British accent.

SENMUT: Egyptian accent.

PRODUCTION NOTES

A staged radio drama is often more economical than full-stage productions, but there are several things to consider before going into rehearsal:

1. Everything depends on sound. Never cast an actor because of their physical presence. Cast the actor because of what they can do vocally. Many of the actors from the golden age of radio looked not at all the way they sounded.
2. Don't worry about costuming your actors to look like the characters they play. That's not the point. If you must have costuming, concentrate on the fashions of the 1940s, when radio was in its golden age, or costume your cast and musicians in cocktail dresses and tuxedos. Sometimes, perhaps, the addition of a hat may help the actor to get into character. A prop may be necessary or even a cigar or pipe or glasses.
3. Remind your actors that the voice must carry it all. In the final evaluation, everything is in the voice.
4. Try to cast actors who can do multiple voices and accents. Onsite audiences are fascinated to watch a single actor play multiple characters, though it's usually best not to have a single actor's characters in conversations with one another.
5. Music is terrifically important. It sets mood, moves your story from one location or time frame to another and gives your audience clues regarding how they are supposed to relate to a scene. It is like the score in a film. We use a single keyboard in our productions, sometimes with an organ sound, sometimes with a piano sound. We have also used a violin for some scenes and an autoharp for transitions between times and/or space.
6. The real visual drama for the onsite audience is in watching the sound effects crew. Make sure they, and their various apparatuses, are clearly seen.
7. Try never to use prerecorded sound. It robs the audience of the experience of seeing how a sound is produced.
8. A pause in radio drama is eternal. Though you are staging this drama, the audience members are "seeing" it in their minds' eyes, and a pause that is too long may throw them out of the story. Always keep energy high. Always.
9. Some actors are more comfortable when they can make eye contact with those with whom they are acting. In staging, whenever possible, keep two characters in a conversation close to each other, without another actor between them.
10. In the commercial breaks written into the script, consider actually selling commercial time to local merchants and dramatizing commercials written specifically for your production. It helps with the production budget, and audiences love it.

Call of the Mummy

ACT I

(A radio studio. A door upstage with an "On Air" light above. A platform L where the music director/ keyboard player sits. R is an array of sound effects machines and tables with sound equipment. Upstage are chairs for the actors; downstage are three microphones evenly spaced. The light plot is simple: a general wash with the ability to offer subtle changes to match the moods of the scenes, as well as to spot each microphone, the keyboard and the sound effects area.)

AT RISE: The sound effects crew enters and crosses to the equipment. The music director enters. Actors enter one at a time and in groups. Some carry scripts, others pick up scripts on their chairs. Some go to the coffee pot upstage. Small conversations throughout. Some laughter.)

P.A. VOICE. Thirty seconds to air!

ALL *(ad-lib)*. Thank you!

(The ACTORS, ad-libbing, prepare. Some leaf through their scripts. Some pick up scripts from chairs and tables. Others sit or move to microphones.)

P.A. VOICE. In ten ...

(The pace quickens as those ACTORS on microphones find places in their scripts and listen for the P.A. or watch the "On Air" light on the set.)

P.A. VOICE *(cont'd)*. Five ... four ... three ... two ... one ...

("On Air" light comes on.)

MUSIC: Opening theme up and under.)

ANNOUNCER. Broadcasting from *(City/State.)*, *(Theatre name.)* presents Theatre of the Mind ... radio you can see! Presented by *(Organization/Company name.)*. In a moment, our story, but first, this important message.

(MUSIC: Theme segue to commercial break.

Commercials.

MUSIC: Theme up and under.)

ANNOUNCER *(cont'd)*. And now, turn out your lights, move in close to the glow of your radio dial and come with us to the land of the pharaohs, a newly discovered tomb and terror on the air with another Margo Mason mystery ... *Call of the Mummy!*

(MUSIC: Theme up and transition into atmosphere music up briefly and under.)

BADRU. Where are you, Haji? It is dark!

HAJI (*slightly off mic*). Be patient, Badru, I will turn on the lamps.

(SFX: Click.)

BADRU. Ah, light!

HAJI (*fading in*). So ... here it is!

BADRU. The tomb of Hatshepsut [Hat-SHEP-soot]!

HAJI. And here! You see? The *sarcophagus*!

BADRU. Oh!

HAJI. And inside ... the *mummy*.

(SFX: Clattering of wood against wood.)

BADRU. It is! It is Hatshepsut!

(SFX: Cover put back into place.)

HAJI. We close it.

BADRU. And in this other one?

(SFX: Wood clatter again.)

HAJI. A man. Senmut, advisor to Hatshepsut.

BADRU. Ha! Advisor! Yes. I have heard the stories. Two mummies ... a woman pharaoh ...

HAJI. Yes.

BADRU. And her lover.

HAJI. Close it.

(SFX: Sarcophagus cover back on.)

HAJI (*cont'd*). Now, quickly we must go out through the hole we have dug before the doctor returns and ...

BADRU. Here ...

(SFX: Scuffling, etc. Things being put into a cloth bag.)

BADRU (*cont'd*). Help me fill this bag.

HAJI. You can *not* take things from ...

BADRU. I can. They steal from us! It is our history, not theirs!

HAJI. You would preserve it?

BADRU. I would sell it on the street.

HAJI. No!

BADRU. Perhaps even to your doctors and professors.

(SFX: Scraping.)

BADRU (*cont'd*). Ah, what's this? A box.

(MUSIC: Cautiously portentous and under.)

HAJI. Leave it.

BADRU. It was under here. Did they see it?

HAJI. We opened the tomb only today; there has been no time to—

BADRU. Clear this off ...

(SFX: Bits of stone being swept from a stone table and hitting a stone floor.)

BADRU (*cont'd, strain in voice*). Put it up here.

(SFX: A box drops down hard on the stone table. Rattling.)

BADRU (*cont'd*). It is a wooden lock. Give me that stone ... the big one.

HAJI. They will hear you ... I will lose my position, I will ...

BADRU. Quickly! Ah, good.

(SFX: A stone smashing into a wooden lock. The lock falls to the stone floor.)

BADRU (*cont'd*). Done!

(SFX: The box lid is taken off and dropped on the floor.)

HAJI. What is inside?

(SFX: Rattling of papyrus.)

BADRU. Pah! Paper!

HAJI. Papyrus. Ancient scrolls!

BADRU. I can sell them?

HAJI. No!

BADRU. Then they are no good to me!

MACE (*off mic*). Hello? Who's down there?

HAJI (*whisper*). It is Dr. Mace! He heard us!

BADRU. I *will* take these things.

(SFX: Rattling bag.)

HAJI. No! They ... they are priceless!

BADRU. I will *make* prices for them.

MACE (*off mic*). Hello?

HAJI. Hide! Here, in the shadows!

BADRU. I will go out through our secret way!

HAJI. No, there is no time! Quickly!

MACE (*fading in*). Haji ... what's going on, why are you here?

HAJI. Dr. Mace ... I ... I thought I heard someone come in.

MACE. Hm. Things've been disturbed. What's this?

HAJI (*feigning surprise*). A box!

MACE. Scrolls.

(SFX: Heavy paper.)

HAJI. Can you read them?

MACE. *Scroll of Thoth, Scroll of Amun ... the Book of Two Ways ...* and here, in the bottom ... amulets!

BRUNTON (*fading in*). Who are you talking with, Arthur? Is there someone in the tomb?

MACE. Dr. Brunton! Look! Look here!

BRUNTON. Where did these come from?

HAJI. From under the ... I mean ... I ... someone tried to ... to ...

BRUNTON. What the devil are you babbling about, Haji?

MACE (*quickly*). It was apparently under some of the rubble.

BRUNTON. Hm. Fascinating. Ah, these are quite good. Papyrus.

MACE. Yes.

BRUNTON. That's why they're in such fine shape. Leather would have dried and fallen apart.

MACE. Did you see the amulets?

BRUNTON. Amulet of Anubis ...

MACE. *Djed* pillar ... Isis knot.

BRUNTON. Here, this ... "The Raising of the Dead."

MACE. Amulet of Hekt.

BRUNTON. Yes. Illusion.

MACE. Look at this ... two tiny golden baboons.

BRUNTON. Amulet of Thoth and Shu, and their ability for disguise.

MACE. Beautiful!

BRUNTON. Well, this is all quite a find!

MACE. We'll have to go through them in the morning.

BRUNTON. It is late, yes.

MACE. Oh, one thing. Come here ... see? The male mummy, Senmut, is ... odd.

BRUNTON. How so?

MACE. He hasn't been embalmed.

BRUNTON. What?

MACE. He still has all his internal organs. No scars.

BRUNTON. That is odd. And Hatshepsut?

MACE. *Has* been embalmed. Here, see?

BRUNTON. Yes.

MACE. And the liver, lungs, brain and intestines are stored in the four canopic jars up here in this niche.

BRUNTON. Yes, of course.

MACE. But ...

BRUNTON. What?

MACE. Her heart's gone.

BRUNTON. Well now, that's odd.

MACE. There's room here for a fifth jar, but ... it's just gone.

BRUNTON. Hmm. Well, it's late. We can explore this tomorrow. I'm going to the tent to sleep.

MACE. I'll be along shortly.

BRUNTON (*fading*). Very well ... good night, Arthur.

MACE. Night.

HAJI. Good night, Dr. Brunton.

MACE. So, Haji, do you think our tomb prowler has gone for the night?

HAJI. I am ... certain, Dr. Mace.

MACE. When we leave, get one of the men to stand guard out front.

HAJI. Yes, Dr. Mace.

MACE. Now ... let's have a look at these scrolls, eh?

(SFX: Rustling.)

HAJI. Oh, yes!

MACE. This one ... looks like part of the *Book of the Dead* ... “Empowering the dead to breathe.”

HAJI. To come alive?

MACE. I suppose so, yes.

HAJI. Is that a wise thing, Dr. Mace?

MACE. Are you superstitious, Haji?

HAJI. Nn-no. No.

MACE. Hm. Translates ... um ... “*Neft sed-A* ... ”

(MUSIC: Music under begins to grow more and more portentous and under.)

MACE (*cont'd*). “*Neft kheb* ... ”

(SFX: Crash as coffin lid comes down. A rumbling begins to build.)

MACE (*cont'd*). What was that?

HAJI. The ... the lid of the coffin ... it fell ...

MACE. Ah. (*He continues to translate.*) “*Khebet kheseft* ... ”

(MUSIC: Eerie. Building.)

MACE (*cont'd*). What is that ... sound? That ...

HAJI. It is the call ... the ancient call.

MACE. It's the wind. “*Neseni nehem* ... ”

(SFX: Ponderous and slow footsteps.)

The mummy, SENMUT, lets out a low growl in the throat and sinuses. The lips remain bandaged closed. Sound under.)

MACE (*cont'd*). “*Ankh senam* ... ”

HAJI (*screams*). Dr. Mace! The mummy!

MACE. Haji, don't ... No! Let go! What— **(SFX: A strangled sound that continues under.)**

(SFX: A struggle. Artifacts fall to the floor and wooden pieces are kicked around.)

HAJI (*screams in panic*). Badru! Come out! Where are you?

BADRU. Here, Haji. Come! (*Fading.*) Come away!
HAJI (*fading*). It is alive! It lives! The mummy lives!

(MUSIC: Bridge and under.)

BRUNTON. And so, General Spielsdorf, that is as much as I know.

GENERAL. So your servant ...

BRUNTON. Haji.

GENERAL. Yes, Haji, claimed Dr. Mace was killed by the mummy ... the male ... Senmut?

BRUNTON. He swears to it.

GENERAL. And then Senmut disappeared.

BRUNTON. Yes.

GENERAL. Along with some artifacts.

BRUNTON. A box of scrolls ... amulets and one or two small items we hadn't catalogued yet.

GENERAL. And Hatshepsut?

BRUNTON. *She* is here at the museum now.

GENERAL. Ah, good.

BRUNTON. That's why we called in you people on Dr. Salton's team. You have a stellar reputation when it comes to ... unusual archaeological situations.

MARGO (*fading in*). You mean like your missing mummy running around murdering people.

GENERAL. Ah, Miss Mason.

BRUNTON. I'm sorry, you are ...

MARGO. Margo Mason, *The Daily Star*.

BRUNTON. A reporter.

MARGO. The best. And you're Dr. Guy Brunton, director of this museum. Can you give me a quote on these mummy murders?

BRUNTON. Surely you don't believe ...

MARGO. Man's found strangled in the tomb with grey mold pressed into his throat. Three more people associated with the field expedition found in the last two weeks with the same grey mold.

GENERAL. It is good to see you, Miss Mason.

MARGO. You knew I couldn't pass up this story, General. Whaddya think? Some kind of ancient curse?

BRUNTON. No, no! we wouldn't want the press to print that!

GENERAL. You say you heard a ... noise ...

BRUNTON. Yes. Haji said it was "The Call."

GENERAL. "The Call?"

MARGO. The Call of the Mummy. Perfect headline. What's the mummy's name?

BRUNTON. Senmut, but ...

MARGO. How does he spell that?

BRUNTON. Wait a moment ... the museum's been closed for an hour.

MARGO. So?

BRUNTON. How did you get in?

MARGO. Feminine wiles.

JIMMY (*fading in*). I don't believe that, Margo ... not for a minute.

BRUNTON. Ah, Dr. Salton!

(The dialogue between JIMMY and MARGO is rapid fire with no pause between lines.)

MARGO. Jimmy!

JIMMY. How'dja get in, Margo?

MARGO. Like I said. Feminine wiles.

JIMMY. Yeah, sure.

MARGO. And a five spot to the night watchman.

JIMMY. Bingo. What are you doin' here, Margo?

MARGO. I'm following up on the murdering mummy.

JIMMY. You think that missin' package of dust and bones is out there killin' people?

MARGO. You think he's not?

JIMMY. I think he's not.

MARGO. I keep an open mind.

JIMMY. And look what falls in.

MARGO. Could be news.

JIMMY. Could be science fiction.

MARGO. Could be a big story.

JIMMY. Workin' for the tabloids, Margo?

MARGO. I work for *The Daily Star*, Jimmy.

JIMMY. I know. I read your stuff.

MARGO. I've never seen any proof you can read.

JIMMY. I've never seen any proof you can write.

BRUNTON. You know each other?

GENERAL. They've had an ongoing relationship.

JIMMY. You call it a relationship?

MARGO. You wouldn't know what to do without me.

JIMMY. I'd be willing to learn.

MARGO. You'd miss me.

JIMMY. Naw, I'm a pretty good shot.

MARGO. I'd like to find that mummy.

JIMMY. Dating again?

MARGO. You wish.

JIMMY. You know what I wish?

MARGO. I have a good idea.

JIMMY. Grant my wish.

MARGO. Learn to live with disappointment.

JIMMY. You've got experience. Give me some pointers.

BRUNTON. I say!

GENERAL. You'll get used to it.

MARGO. Jimmy's kind of a jerk sometimes.

JIMMY. Sometimes?

MARGO. Jimmy's kind of a jerk.

JIMMY. Kind of?

MARGO. Jimmy's a jerk.

JIMMY. That's fair.

MARGO. Let's see the mummy.

JIMMY. You're trouble, Margo.

MARGO. That's fair.

GENERAL. And so it goes! Could we see Hatshepsut?

BRUNTON. Yes, of course. We've got her in the preparation room.

JIMMY. Where's that?

BRUNTON. The cellar. Come. I'll show you.

(SFX: Multiple footsteps and under.)

MARGO. Where's Weems?

GENERAL. Finishing up with our hotel, then we're to meet him at Tut's.

MARGO. Tut's?

GENERAL. A drinking establishment.

JIMMY. Run by an American. Fought for the loyalists during the Spanish Civil War.

MARGO. They lost.

GENERAL. They did. And he came here.

MARGO. Before Franco could catch him.

GENERAL. Exactly so.

JIMMY. Nice bar.

GENERAL. Jim and I make it a point to visit it often when we're in Egypt.

JIMMY. Weems should like it.

GENERAL. Indeed he should.

JIMMY. Usually a girl singer, too.

(MUSIC: Bridge up and under. Transition to a piano.)

SFX: Slight chatter. Some glasses clinking.

IVY CHAPMAN is singing. Two or three lines to establish, then under, along with piano.)

WEEMS. Excuse me, barkeep ...

JORDAN. Barkeep? What're you, a cowboy?

WEEMS. Do I look like a cowboy?

JORDAN. Not a chance. Don't call me barkeep.

WEEMS. What should I call you?

JORDAN. Call me ... I dunno ... call me Jordan, unless you've got a better idea.

WEEMS. Why, Jordan?

JORDAN. No reason ... except that it's my name.

WEEMS. Makes sense. Jordan, who is that girl, please?

JORDAN. The singer?

WEEMS. Yes.

JORDAN. Good, isn't she?

WEEMS. She is. What's her name?

JORDAN. Ivy. Ivy Chapman.

WEEMS (*tasting the word*). Ivy. (*Sigh, pause.*)

JORDAN. So ... what'll ya have?

WEEMS. Ah! Yes. A chocolate malted, please.

JORDAN. We ... we don't serve chocolate malteds. I don't even think we have ...

WEEMS. Vanilla then.

JORDAN (*perplexed*). No, see, we don't ...

WEEMS. There's an extra nickel in it for you.

JORDAN. How could I resist? (*Fading.*) I'll be right back.

BADRU. Excuse me, *effendi* ... you are British?

WEEMS. American.

BADRU. Ah, American! Good! Good! I have something you would like.

WEEMS. A chocolate malted? Because I ...

BADRU. You are interested in artifacts?

WEEMS. How did you know? You see, our group ...

BADRU. It is in this bag. Reach in and get it.

WEEMS. Oh no. I've fallen for this sort of thing before. It's not popcorn.

BADRU. What is popcorn?

WEEMS. What? Well, it's ...

BADRU. Very well, here.

(SFX: *Something weighing perhaps five pounds hits the bar top.*)

WEEMS. Oh, a statue!

BADRU. It is ...

WEEMS. An alligator.

BADRU. A crocodile.

WEEMS. Same thing.

BADRU. She is Ammit; she will eat your heart.

WEEMS. That's a bit off-putting.

BADRU. In the land of the dead, Anubis weighs the heart of he who is freshly dead, and if he is found wanting, Ammit, who lives in the lake of fire, eats the heart ... and the *ka* must wander forever.

WEEMS. *Ka*?

BADRU. The soul.

WEEMS. Seems hardly fair.

BADRU. You like to buy.

WEEMS. It's really old?

BADRU. *Very* old, *effendi*.

WEEMS. Well ... my teammates *would* be proud of me.

BADRU. I am sure.

WEEMS. How much do you want?
BADRU. What do you have, *effendi*?
WEEMS. Um ... two dollars ... and ... thirty-two cents ... and a bus token.
BADRU. Psh.
WEEMS. But it's a really good bus token.
BADRU. You have nothing else?
WEEMS. I do not.
BADRU. Very well ... give it to me.
WEEMS. May I have the knapsack as well? To keep it in?
BADRU. You drive a hard bargain.
WEEMS. I know.
BADRU. Congratulations, *effendi*, you now own Ammit, the crocodile demon.
WEEMS. Good. Here's your money.
BADRU. I must also have the bus token.
WEEMS (*sigh*). I hate to let go of it but ... sure.
BADRU. Good.
JORDAN (*fading in quickly*). Here's your ... chocolate malt ... thing.
WEEMS. Thank you. This fellow just ...
JORDAN. What fellow?
WEEMS. The one right ... where did he go?
JORDAN. I never saw anybody.
WEEMS. I have proof he was here. You see this?
JORDAN. Ugly thing.
WEEMS. It's Emmet the Alligator.
JORDAN. What? Like Mickey Mouse?
WEEMS. No. You see, Emmet the Alligator lives in a pond of ... uh ... hm. Never mind. (*Sucks soda through straw.*) Augh! (*Coughing.*) This isn't a chocolate malt!
JORDAN. Best I could do.
WEEMS. What *is* this? (*Cough, retch, under.*)
JORDAN. Um ... heavy cream ... sherry, port, sugar, egg yolk and creme de cacao.
WEEMS. It's terrible!
JORDAN. I told you we don't have chocolate malts
WEEMS. Is there ... is there *mustard* in this?
JORDAN. Only a little. Do I still get that extra nickel?
WEEMS. No you do not! (*Cough.*)

(SFX: Applause off mic.)

JORDAN. Ivy's done with her first set.
WEEMS (*coughing subsiding*). If I live, ask her if she could come over here. I'll buy her a ... choc ... um ... soda pop ... or something.
JORDAN. Sure. (*Fading.*) Hold on. Be right back.
WEEMS (*mumbling*). I'll show her the statue. Women love art. I should've asked for some sort of instructions ... now, what is it again? Emil the Alligator lives in a farming pond and eats ...

IVY (*soft British accent*). Hello.
WEEMS. Oh, hello ...
IVY. Jordan said you ...
WEEMS. Yes. Yes. I love your singing.
IVY. Thank you.

(MUSIC: Piano softly under all.)

WEEMS. May I buy you a ... a drink?
IVY. Yes, thank you very much.
WEEMS. Perhaps a soda or ...
IVY. Jordan.
JORDAN (*fading in quickly*). Right here, sweetheart.
IVY. This very nice gentleman wants to buy me a drink.
JORDAN. The usual?
IVY. The usual.
JORDAN. Green Dragon comin' up.
WEEMS. Green Dragon? What's a ...
IVY. It's from the Savoy.
WEEMS. Hotel? In London?
IVY. Yes.
WEEMS. Oh, well! Very upper crust then. Pip pip and all that, eh?
IVY (*giggles*). You're sweet.
WEEMS. Would you like to see my artifact?
IVY. Oh, no, you've misunderstood ... I ... I'm not ...
WEEMS. Here.

(SFX: Slides the artifact across the bar.)

IVY. Oh, you actually meant ...
WEEMS. This is ... um ... Emily the Alligator ... I ... I think.
IVY. Not very attractive.
WEEMS. She makes up for it by ... by being murderous. And ... and ... full of ... heart.
IVY. Oh.
WEEMS. She lives in a ... lake ... I think ... and ...
IVY. Oh! Like the Lady of the Lake and King Arthur.
WEEMS. Yes ... that. I ... suppose. How do you ... how do you happen to be here?
IVY. Jordan said you ...
WEEMS. No, I mean in Egypt.
IVY. Oh! Well, Father is English and Mother's Egyptian, and my boyfriend was in the British army, fighting the Italians in Libya, so I came here to be close to him.
WEEMS. Oh. So you ... you have a boyfriend.
IVY. He was ... he was killed at Tobruk ...
WEEMS. I'm sorry.