

The MUMMY Mystery!



A PLAY IN VERSE for AMATEUR ACTORS

CHARACTERS

Billy Bunter
Harry Wharton
Bob Cherry
Frank Nugent
Johnny Bull
Hurree Singh

The Fat Boy of Greyfriars.

The Famous Five
Greyfriars.

Dame Mimble The Proprietress of the Tuckshop.
Doctor Pinner..... Who is taking the place
of Doctor Locke.
He is a keen Egyptologist.



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ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Greyfriars Tuck-shop.*

(HURREE SINGH, JOHNNY BULL, FRANK NUGENT, HARRY WHARTON, and BILLY BUNTER are sitting round the counter).

BUNTER :

Since Doctor Locke was taken ill
And had to go away,
At eating I have lost my skill.
(Turning to counter sharply.)

Dame Mimble, hurry, pray.

Six large-sized doughnuts,

if you please;

For goodness' sake now,
hurry!

And then some tarts with
lemon cheese,

Just put it down to
Hurree.

HURREE :

I thought your pigfulness
was spent,

Since sickfully the Doctor
went.

NUGENT :

Nothing will make that
oyster stop.

BULL :

Until at last he goes off
pop!

BUNTER :

Oh, really, chaps, you're
most unkind,

As well as being rather
blind.

'Twould only take a bat to see
There's nothing hardly left of me.

I've only had a dozen buns,
Such silly little measly ones——

NUGENT :

And almond slices quite a score,
With pies a dozen quite—or more.

(BOB CHERRY appears in the doorway, un-
noticed at first.)

CHERRY :

Now cease this greedy tale of tuck,
For listen, you chaps, we're in luck.

HURREE :

Cough up, my lad, your newsfulness,
And we will give our viewsfulness.
What's all this gayfulness about?

WHARTON :

Yes, what has happened now, old scout?

CHERRY :

You know this chap who's come to stay
As Head, while Doctor Locke's away?

Well, he's as keen as mustard on
Old things that long have passed and
gone.

NUGENT :

On Sphinxes he's a perfect nut,
And knows a heap about King Tut.



BUNTER : Six large-sized doughnuts, if you please ;
For goodness' sake now, hurry !

WHARTON :

He even tries to teach the kids
To hanker after pyramids.

BUNTER :

But why make all this silly fuss?
What's all this got to do with us?

BULL (grinning) :

Now, Bunter, you can just keep quiet.
Remember, you are on strict diet
To make you grow a trifle thinner.

(Turns to Cherry.)

But tell us now of Doctor Pinner.

CHERRY :

Well, listen now to what I say,
His blessed mummy's come to-day!

WHARTON :

Most riddles I can quickly guess,
But this has got me, I'll confess.

So come, my lad, and tell us, do.
Who has arrived.

ALL:

Yes, tell us who.

CHERRY:

I've told you once: the Doctor's
mummy!

BULL:

The doctor's what? Oh, don't be
funny!

NUGENT:

She must be pretty old, I guess.
The Doc. is ninety—nothing less!
A century plus quite a score—
At least. Though p'r'aps she's rather
more!

CHERRY:

A little more she is, old dears.
For she has seen four thousand years.

HURREE:

You've had the sun's most hotful
touch.

How can his mother be as much?

CHERRY:

To save you lots of mental bother,
I said his MUMMY, not his MOTHER!
A thing from Egypt, don't you know,
Where pyramids and sphinxes grow.

WHARTON:

But why's he brought his mummy here?
Your explanation is not clear.

CHERRY:

For goodness' sake just stop complain-
ing.

I haven't started yet explaining.

HURREE:

Then break your newfulness, dear
Cherry.

You make us curious.

NUGENT:

Yes, very.

CHERRY (*smiling*):

Well, listen, chaps, and pay great heed.
Some bright suggestions I will need.
Now, Doctor Pinner, very brightly—

BUNTER (*interrupting*):

He gets a great idea twice nightly!

CHERRY (*withering BUNTER with a look, so
that the fat junior turns once more to the
tuck before him*):

Has thought to gain himself a name,
And on Greyfriars bring great fame,



BOB CHERRY (appear-
ing in the doorway of
the tuck-shop): Now
cease this greedy tale
of tuck,
For listen, you chaps,
we're in luck.

By making this old mummy walk,
And—what is more—sit up and talk!

BULL:

Ease up! Go slowly! Careful, lad!
I fear you are a little mad.
You're talking such a lot of rot—

CHERRY:

Believe me, Johnny, I am not!
But listen, what I'm telling you
Is absolutely, really true!
Old Doctor Pinner, as you've found,
For great ideas is quite renowned,
And now it is his firm intent
To make a great experiment.
With coils and wire, and things
electric,

He's going to do a deed most hectic.
A lease of life he's going to give
To Mummy dear, and make it live!

NUGENT:

I've heard that such things have been
done,

But not at Greyfriars, my son.

CHERRY:

But Pinner says he has a plan
To bring to life this long-dead man.



DAME MIMBLE (shaking her finger): I'd like to hear just what you say.
I fear a trick you're going to play.

And, what is more, he asks that we
This great experiment shall see.

BUNTER (*fearfully*):
Then let us stop him! This is bad.
We don't know what that mummy had!
He might have had come dread disease
Like mumps, or fever.

WHARTON (*grinning*):
Housemaid's knees!

BUNTER (*reprovingly*):
This is no time for joke or jest,
And really, chaps, I think it best
To stop this ere it goes too far.
You know what Eastern fevers are.
And yet old Pinner calmly brings a
Mummy, full of germs and things;
And, what is more, decides that he
Shall come to life and stay to tea!
This is a really filthy trick,
And one which is a bit too thick.

WHARTON:
There's something in what Bunter's
said.

CHERRY:
But all the germs would be stone dead.
You surely don't suppose that they
Have lived right to the present day!

HURREE:
The rightfulness of that idea

Just proves that there
is naught to fear.
BUNTER (*still looking decidedly worried*):

I'm sure your parents
will agree
In this big matter quite
with me;
And I maintain I
won't be there
While germs are filling
up the air.
If you chaps feel there's
naught to fear,
Then off you go! But
leave me here!

CHERRY:

Oh, no, my Billy; no
such luck.
You'll not get left with
all the tuck.
The bright idea I have
in mind

Includes a chap like you, I find.

BUNTER (*protesting*):

But, Cherry, you have heard me men-
tion
Of joining in I've no intention.

CHERRY:
But let me point this out to you:
I've quite arranged what you shall do!

WHARTON:
Oh, leave him out of it a mo.
We haven't heard your plan, you
know.

NUGENT:
And we are quite agog to see
What great amusement there can be
In doing things to some old mummy.

BULL:
The whole thing seems a trifle rummy.

CHERRY:
Well, just to show there's naught to
fear,
At once I'll make it really clear,
You needn't fear disease and things
From hidden germs with little wings,
Because—now listen, one and all—
That mummy won't be dead at all!
(*This is to be said triumphantly.*)

WHARTON:
You mean to say it's still alive?

CHERRY (*laughing heartily*):

I thought that in that pit you'd dive!
But no, you're wrong again, old son.
That mummy is a dummy one!

NUGENT:

Oh, that's a rather beastly blow!
But tell us, Cherry, how'd you know?

CHERRY:

As I helped Pinner cart the case
Upstairs to some convenient place,
A printed mark I chanced to see,
Which means 'twas made in Germany.
The poor old Doc. was so much smitten
That he has been quite badly bitten.
He's certain that the thing is real,
And soon will walk, and talk, and feel.

HURREE:

A lightfulness has pierced my skull,
And lightened things which once were
dull.

A jokefulness we're going to play
On Dr. Pinner's mummy, eh?

CHERRY:

Yes, Inky, you've the right idea.
I'll now proceed to make it clear.
We'll open the sarcophagus—

BULL:

I say, explain that word to us!

CHERRY:

Don't you know, you foolish mutt,
That that's the case in which it's shut?
And now that I've explained,
perhaps

I can continue—can't I, chaps?

(*He looks round, and they all nod,
while DAME MIMBLE, in the back-
ground with her knitting, shakes a
finger at him.*)

DAME:

I'd like to hear just what you say.
I fear a trick you're going to
play.

But please don't upset anyone.

BULL:

Oh, no, dear Dame, 'tis all in
fun.

CHERRY:

Then we'll see the mummy, bound
In yards of bandages all round.
When these are taken off, I lay
We'll find the mummy stuffed
with hay.

But one of us shall take its place,
With lovely, cocoa-tinted face,
And then old Doctor Pinner will
Get such a thrilling, first-class thrill
When he comes in at half-past five
And starts to make the thing alive.
We'll all be there to see the deed,
For he's convinced that he'll succeed
With all the batteries he's bought—

NUGENT:

My word, I'll laugh to see him caught!

BULL:

A lesson then he'll learn, you see,
To look things over carefully.

WHARTON:

It's quite this term's most brilliant
plan.

DAME:

But please don't harm the gentleman.

BULL:

Let's go at once. Why, this is funny!

BUNTER:

But who is going to be the mummy?

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Laboratory.*

(*On a bench in the middle of the room lies
the sarcophagus, a huge, coffin-like thing,
painted in a dull grey, with faint markings
of red and blue, as if it had at one time*



BUNTER (*struggling and protesting*): Cherry, when I get a
chance,
I'll lead you such an awful dance!

been painted, but that the colour had worn off with years. The boys are all standing eagerly round it, except BUNTER, who is just inside the door, looking very scared, and seeming as if every moment he will depart hurriedly.)

CHERRY:

Now come in, Bunter. Shut the door.

BULL:

Hurry, chaps; it's half-past four.

NUGENT:

Good gracious, Bunter! What's the matter?



Looking slightly bewildered Bunter was led by Wharton from the laboratory, while the others commenced work on the mummy.

You look just like a half-cooked batter.

BUNTER:

I—er—think perhaps I'd better go.

(Looks round for an excuse, then adds brightly):

I've got some work to do, you know!

WHARTON:

Just hark at that! Upon my word, That's just the richest joke I've heard!

CHERRY:

You needn't make that wild excuse.

Because it's not the slightest use!

We've picked on you to be the mummy

(Hisses this at BUNTER):

Because you've got the fattest tummy!

BUNTER (shrieking out in alarm):

Oh, no, Bob Cherry; no, you don't!

I simply can't! I really won't!

My hat, if mother only knew

This dreadful thing you're going to do,

She'd have the police upon you!

There!

You'd get locked up, I do declare!

(As WHARTON grabs hold of his arm, and laughingly beckons the others to come and help):

Harry Wharton, do get away!

I want to leave this place, I say!

Cherry, when I get a chance,

I'll lead you such an awful dance.

You'll wish— Oh, Bull, just drop my arm!

(They hold him more tightly than ever, and drag him away from the door, shrieking and fighting, though quite powerless in their grip.)

You're doing me some frightful harm!

CHERRY:

Now, listen what I've got to say;

Some luck's about to come your way.

We're going to open up this mummy. And you are going to act the dummy!

BUNTER:

I really can't! Yarooop! Ow-wow!

I must be going—honest, now!

CHERRY:

Now don't talk rot, Young Skeleton!

Let's set to work, and get it done.

And if you do, we've all agreed

To stand you such a topping feed
You'll really wish that every day

NUGENT :

This little part you'd have to play.

BULL :

This is quite a stroke of luck.

BUNTER (*slightly mollified and ready to listen*):

And will I really get the tuck?

CHERRY :

On that I'll stake my Sunday hat.

BUNTER :

Oh, good! I'll shake your fist on that!
(*They shake hands to seal the bargain.*)

CHERRY (*eagerly*):

The wisest words I've heard you utter.

(*Turning to BULL*):

Now run and get some nice fresh
butter,

And cocoa, too. Here's half-a-crown.

We'll need a lot to make him brown.

WHARTON (*as BULL goes off*):

Now, Bunter, come along with
me.

Your clothes must all come off,
you see,

Or else you won't look like a
mummy.

(*To the others*):

You others, just undress the
dummy.

(*WHARTON goes off, leading BUNTER, looking slightly bewildered, by the hand. At once the others start to undo the sarcophagus, then they lift out the mummy, which is made of hay-bags, wrapped in many yards of dirty linen bandages. They lay the mummy on the floor, and start pulling off the wrappings, rolling them as they do so. There is a great deal of laughter and talking among themselves.*)

CHERRY :

The poor old Doc. was properly done!
Say, chaps, this is the ace of fun!

(*BULL returns with a great slab of butter and a bag of cocoa. Then WHARTON enters with BUNTER, the latter in a pair of shorts and white singlet.*)

WHARTON :

I've brought what soon will prove to be

The liveliest corpse you e'er did see.

(*Laughter.*)

CHERRY :

And now to make him nice and brown!
Come on, Bunter, just lie down.

(*BUNTER lies down, and amid great laughter they cover his face, hands, and feet with the butter and cocoa.*)

BUNTER (*spluttering*):

Oh, stop! I say, 'tis really awful!

BULL :

If you *will* talk, you'll get a jawful!

NUGENT :

And now to wrap him round and
round!

HURREE :

He'll look so realful, I'll be bound.

(*They start wrapping BUNTER in the bandages, the fat boy kicking and strug-*



BUNTER (*kicking and struggling in the bandages*): Oh, please don't put
me underneath!

I really cannot see to breathe!

gling, while they administer taps and digs
to keep him quiet).

BUNTER :

Oh, please don't put me underneath!
I really cannot see to breathe.

CHERRY :

Shurrup! At last the job is done,
And we're prepared to see the fun.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Laboratory.*

(*BUNTER has been put in the sarcophagus.*

and the boys have arranged all sorts of batteries and electric apparatus made from cardboard all round. They are now standing about, waiting for the arrival of DOCTOR PINNER.)

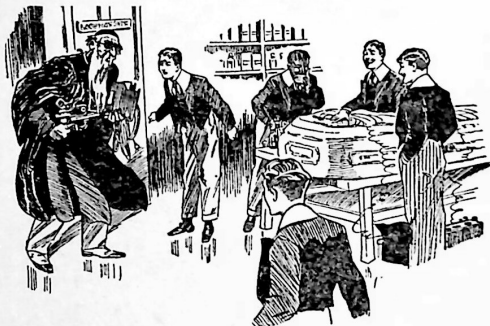
CHERRY :

Oh, hush, and cease that awful row!

(Leaning over the sarcophagus and hissing at BUNTER):

Here comes the giddy doctor now!

(The door opens, and a shuffling, blue-spectacled figure enters. He has piles of heavy books under one arm, and carries yards of wire and other electrical apparatus with him.)



DR. PINNER : Ah, boys, I'm glad to see you waiting.
This mighty moment contemplating.

DR. PINNER :

Ah, boys, I'm glad to see you waiting,
This mighty moment contemplating.

NUGENT :

Our eyes are eager and intent
To see your great experiment.

DR. PINNER (who has set down the books,
and is now fumbling with a huge battery
in the vicinity of the open sarcophagus):

This battery of power terrific
And gravity that's past specific,
With such a current is endowed
That it could spifficate a crowd,
Will give new life to that still mummy!

(He points to the sarcophagus, then turns away, and BUNTER tries to get up, but the others hold him down.)

BUNTER :

He's going to do me in! Oh, lummy!

CHERRY :

For goodness' sake just hold your
noise!

'Twas disconnected by the boys.

DR. PINNER :

Ten thousand volts is rather strong.
But then it won't take half so long
As using power that's rather less.

BULL (whispering to NUGENT):

Old Bunter's in a frightful mess!
I tried and tried, and can't detect
Just where you have to disconnect.

HURREE :

The matter seems extremely brightful!

BUNTER (as CHERRY gives him a sly
dig to push him down):

I say, don't be so beastly spite-
ful!

DR. PINNER (rubbing his hands and
jiggling about excitedly as a
strange, whirring sound is
heard):

Oh, boys, our mighty moment's
come!

The apparatus starts to hum!

BUNTER :

Gerrough! Gug-gug! I'm
feeling sick!

Wow! Take these wrappings
off me quick!

CHERRY :

For heaven's sake just keep
quite still!

BUNTER :

Mum-mum! I'm feeling very ill!

(Every time the DOCTOR turns to his elec-
trical apparatus BUNTER rises up in the
middle, and the others keep shoving him
down again.)

WHARTON :

But, Doctor Pinner, can you prove
That this dead thing will speak or
move?

BUNTER (in a gasping whisper):

A minute more and I'll be dead!

CHERRY (poking him again):

Shurrup, you ass. and keep your head!

DR. PINNER (pulling the boys round the
mummy):

I'm sure the thing is moving, boys!

(There is a terrible banging and clattering of machinery and whirring and rattling.)

NUGENT:

Good gracious! What's that awful noise!

DR. PINNER:

The voltage has just moved along
To something like ten thousand strong!
And soon we'll hear this body talk,
And then, perchance, 'twill rise and walk.

CHERRY (aside):

Just hold old Bunter down, someone,
Or else he'll bunk and spoil the fun.

(WHARTON places his hand over BUNTER'S face, smearing the cocoa up his nose as he does so.)

DR. PINNER:

Silence! Hark! Life is coming through!

BUNTER (loudly):

Yarrop! TISHOO! TISHOO! TISHOO!

DR. PINNER (tearing at the wrappings

round the "mummy," and almost weeping with rage and fury at being taken in):

I've been boozled, made a fool!

Alas, how could you be so cruel!

WHARTON: We played no greater trick than they
Who made you buy this load of hay!



BUNTER (in a gasping whisper): A minute more and I'll be dead!
CHERRY (pushing him down): Shurrup, you ass, and keep your head!

(BUNTER sits up, rubbing his eyes free from the cocoa.)

This is a wicked, sinful hoax!
How can you play such unkind jokes?
I'll have you all expelled! I'll see
You play no more such japes on me!
I'll have you thrashed, severely caned,
And then you'll see what fun you've gained

By playing such an awful jest.

(The doctor is dancing round and round, raging with anger, flinging his fists about, tearing his hair, shaking the boys as he comes near each one, and lunging out at BUNTER, who has crawled from the sarcophagus and is trying to disentangle himself from the wrappings, which are causing him to fall over at every step.)

CHERRY (taking the doctor's arm gently):

Excuse me, sir, I think it best
If you will just pay heed to me;
I'll make the whole thing clear, you see.

DR. PINNER:

Your explanation I won't hear!

BULL:

But, sir, 'twill make the matter clear.

(WHARTON goes to the cupboard and drags out the hay-stuffed mummy, taking it over

to the doctor, who gazes at it sadly.)

WHARTON:

We played no greater trick than they

Who made you buy this load of hay!

You've certainly been duped.

But we

Are not the only culprits, see!

CHERRY:

A much worse trick on you was played;

In Germany this thing was made.

DR. PINNER (sadly):

Alas, my plan has gone awry!

A sadder, wiser man am I.

But, boys, a favour now I beg,

And promise you'll not pull my leg.

If to *your* mummies you are writing.

BULL:

To tell them all the news exciting.

DR. PINNER:

Please do not make me look a dummy

By mentioning the "Doctor's Mummy."

CHERRY:

In us, dear Doctor, you can trust.



The Doctor shook his fists in anger, while Bunter tried to disentangle himself from the wrappings.

BUNTER:

We'll keep quite mum, or else go bust!
But now I've done my skilful deed,
Come, let us buy that promised feed.
Jam-tarts, and buns, and sweetmeats,
too.

CHERRY:

Let's hasten to the tuck-shop, do!

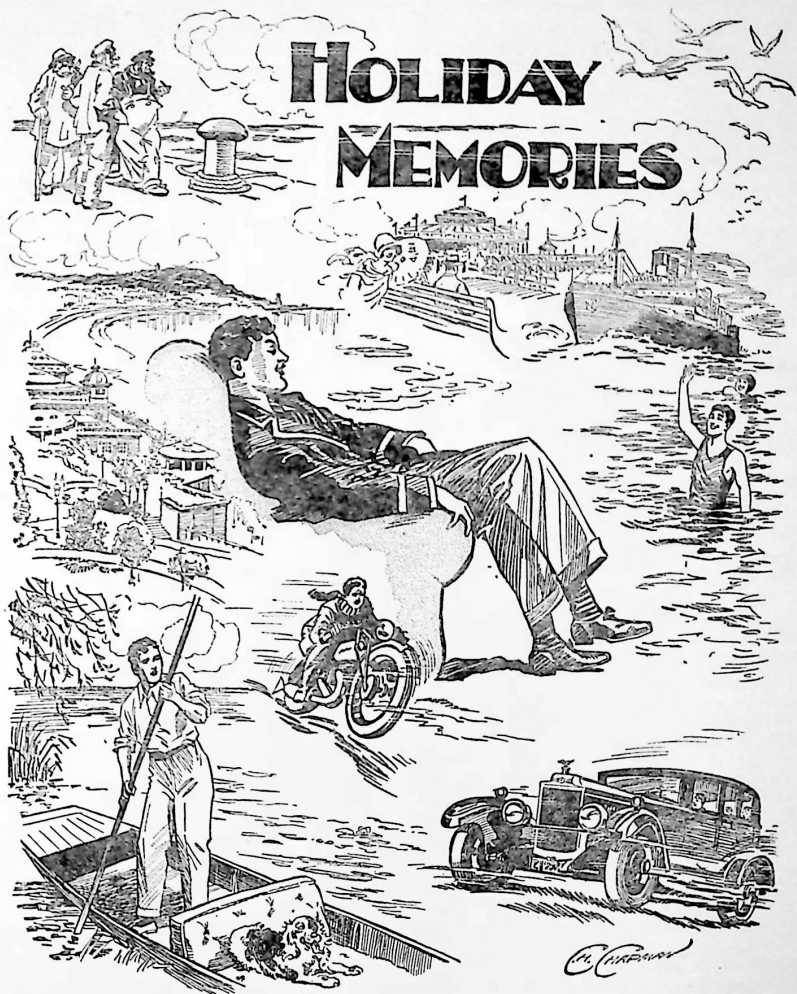
(All exit, helping BUNTER, who is still swathed in the mummy wrappings.
DOCTOR goes last, shaking his head sadly.)

CURTAIN

Make-Up Hints For Amateur Actors

FIRST smear the face with a little coconut butter and rub it into the skin. This will facilitate the even "spreading" of the grease paint, which should be worked freely over the face with the tips of the fingers. Then pencil in the eyebrows with a black or brown "liner." Finally, "powder off" with a pad or powder-puff, taking care to use plenty of powder to avoid smudging.

TO remove grease paint, rub a little coconut butter over the skin, and then wipe off vigorously with a towel. When the grease paint has been removed, wash in warm water and dry off with a towel.



Have you ever sat back in your chair, dozed off, and lived again the happy moments of your last summer holiday? Here the Holiday Annual artist has caught the usually energetic Johnny Bull taking "forty winks" and dreaming vividly of the holidays of the past.