



Love Under Wraps
A Ten Minute Play
by Garrett Buss

INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT

In a fancy restaurant in New York City. STACY, a woman in her late 40's, is sitting at a table, looking at her phone. Stacy is starting to look annoyed.

STACY
(To herself)
Where is he?

The sound of a door opening and closing is heard. CRAIG, who is clearly a mummy wearing a fake mustache fine silk gloves and a wig, walks up to the table.

CRAIG
Stacy? Is that you?

STACY
Umm... yes?

CRAIG
I'm Craig, here for the date?

Craig shakes her hand, his arm falls off. He quickly re adjusts it back on.

STACY
Oh, Craig! It's uh, nice to meet you...

CRAIG
So sorry for being late, I got stuck in traffic, that interstate huh?

STACY
Yeah, sure is something.

She seems concerned.

CRAIG
Is everything all right? You seem concerned

STACY
No, everything is fine, I guess you just - It's nothing.

CRAIG
All right! Well it's great to actually meet you, now I can finally put a face to YOUNGFUNSTACY63!

STACY

Yeah, that's right... And I can put
a face to CRAIGISNOTAMUMMY86

A waiter enters SL carrying a silver tray, he looks just like Alfred from Batman. But the animated series one, not the Nolan movies, it would be tough to find an actor who looks like Michael Caine.

WAITER

Hello, I'll be serving you today.
What drinks can I get you?

STACY

(to craig)
What are you going to get?

CRAIG

Hmmmmmm... Probably an aged
ceremonial wine, something like
that

Waiter nods

STACY

Okay... we'll I think I'll get a
Martini

Waiter nods again

CRAIG

(to waiter)
So, I don't exactly have any cash
per say right now, I only have
cursed rubies. Would yo-

The waiter flicks on a sign on the wall that lights up and reads "NO CURSED RUBIES".

Long pause

WAITER

No.

STACY

(begrudgingly)
It's fine, I can just cover the
check

CRAIG

Man, this is embarrassing! Happens
to the best of us though!

The Waiter exits SR

STACY
I guess it does...

CRAIG
Anyway, how has your day been?

STACY
Pretty mundane, I went to work, did some cleaning, came here, yourself?

CRAIG
Eh, I did some jogging, fed my cat, sacrificed a lamb to the sun god Ra, that sort of thing...

STACY
All... right, so we should order those drinks soon right?

CRAIG
Yeah we can just-

A scarab beetle crawls out of Craig's torso.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Uh! Pesky thing, don't you just hate these? What a typical normal human problem that we all have!

STACY
Can't say I've ever had bugs crawl out of my torso Craig.

CRAIG
Well that makes one of us Ha-ha!

Craig adjusts his wig and fake mustache a bit.

STACY
Right. Okay, is there something you aren't telling me?

CRAIG
I don't know what you could be talking about?

STACY
Are you going to make me say it? The wig and moustache, they're clearly fake.

Craig looks embarrassed, slowly takes off the wig and shirt.

CRAIG

Okay... You got me... It's not my
real hair... and these...

Craig pulls off his fine silk gloves. And my, how fine they
are!

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Aren't my real hands... I need to
tell you something

STACY

Is it that you're a mummy?

CRAIG

It's that I'm a mummy.

STACY

I'm not an idiot Craig, I noticed.

CRAIG

Well nobody's perfect, right?

STACY

Nobody's perfect? We have messaged
each other for weeks and not once
did you think to let me know that
you're a walking corpse?

CRAIG

Does my embalming fluid smell that
bad?

STACY

YES!!!

CRAIG

Oh.

STACY

It's the crusted linen wraps, the
empty space where your eyes should
be, the.. everything! I mean for
Christ's sake, your arm fell off
when you shook my hand. That would
have been nice to know earlier! You
must think that I'm a real idiot to
come in here with a fake wig and a
mustache, Craig, did you seriously
think that would fool me?

CRAIG

Online dating isn't easy okay? You wouldn't have come here if you'd known that I was like this, and there isn't exactly a mummiesonly.com where I can find romance! I hoped that you would like me enough to see past my looks. But you're right, I should have told you.

STACY

Yes. Yes you should have.

Awkward silence.

CRAIG

Can we still continue this date?

STACY

If we do, everything needs to be out in the open. I want the full truth.

CRAIG

The full truth?

STACY

The full truth. No more secrets.

CRAIG

(ashamed)

All right. My name isn't originally Craig.

STACY

I'm shocked.

Stacy isn't shocked.

CRAIG

It's Kauhmentau. I am an undead pharaoh, and I reigned around two thousand two hundred B.C. I died, was mummified and buried. Last year my tomb was discovered and moved to the museum of history here in New York, I rose from the grave, and I've been here ever since. I'm sorry I lied to you, but I need you to promise me you won't tell anybody about my mummy-ness. The museum has been looking everywhere for me, and I can't let them take me back.

Stacy looks away, considers this for a second.

STACY

All right. I promise.

CRAIG

Thank you. What about you? When did you come to New York?

STACY

I moved here from Wisconsin. I grew up in a town known for having the highest dairy related suicides in the country. I had to get out of there, so I came to Brooklyn when I was 20 in an attempt to make something of myself, but now I'm unfulfilled, perpetually single, and old. I've been on a million dates this year alone, and none of them ever work out.

CRAIG

You don't need to worry about your age Stacy! There's no reason that should turn people away, I mean I've been around for centuries! I think you'd be amazing even if you were a million years old

STACY

Well thank you. Dating isn't as easy as it was when I was a girl, I can't imagine the difference you must be dealing with.

CRAIG

Things really are different. When I married my first bride, all I needed was a legitimate claim to the Egyptian throne to win a woman over. Nowadays everyone needs "Personality" and "flesh"

STACY

Your first wife, is she... also a mummy?

CRAIG

No, she dishonored Anubis after rejecting a perfectly good offering of Alabaster, I'm pretty sure she is some kind of demon now

STACY

Well that's.... no good.

CRAIG

Eh, she was a real jerk, only married me for the agricultural resources, you know how it is. Have you ever been married?

Stacy hesitates.

STACY

Once, back in Wisconsin. He was a farmer, tilling the cheese fields every day. We fell in love when we were 19, and I was sure that we'd be the ones, the couple from high-school that would actually "make it." But, he was controlling. He didn't like it when I hung out with other people. I thought it would get better the longer we were together but it only got worse. Eventually I couldn't even recognize the man sleeping next to me. So one night, I left him and Wisconsin behind and moved here. That was 22 years ago.

CRAIG

I'm sorry to hear that, relationships are tough.

The sound of sirens are heard faintly in the background.

STACY

I'm getting to the age now though, it's starting to seem scary, to think I might just die alone because I wasted what time I had on the wrong guy. Now I'm just looking for something that'll last.

CRAIG

Something that'll last. That seems harder to find every day. I think nowadays if you want something to last you just need to take a chance. Put reason aside and do what your gut tells you to.

STACY

My gut?

CRAIG

The best compass you could have. When I was younger, much younger, I wouldn't travel using maps, or the stars, I'd just trust my gut.

STACY

Do you still... have a gut?

CRAIG

Oh yes, now that it's empty I keep things stored in there. I have some mints, tape, a few pens. But trusting my gut, my instincts never steered me wrong.

STACY

Well you did die.

CRAIG

Fair point, I guess it's not entirely foolproof, but in terms of romance I'm certain that it's all you need. Just trust your gut.

STACY

Ha, well that's definitely unique advice. If you don't mind my asking, what's the point of all of this for you? Coming back from the dead, were you just bored?

CRAIG

I guess bored isn't the right word. More like alone, when I was in power, I had everything you could want, gold, silk, fame, but when I died, I had nothing. And the tomb was just terrible, cramped, claustrophobic. After I broke out of the museum, they've been chasing me non-stop, trying to get me back. To them I guess I'm just an expensive part of their collection. But what if that's all I am? Just some artifact? What if I peaked 4 thousand years ago?

STACY

You're not that bad Craig, sure youIf you peaked back then, you must have been incredible, because I think you're pretty great right now. You know, I've gone on dates with a lot of guys who look nice but are dead inside. I think you're the first guy I've met who's the reverse.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG

You're something else Stacy, I've had a great time tonight.

Craig pulls back some of the wraps on his arm to reveal a watch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's already so late. It seems like we just got here.

STACY

I know, time flies when you have a gun. And I have a gun.

Stacy whips out a silver revolver.

CRAIG

What?

STACY

Put your hands in the air.

CRAIG

I don't understand, what are you doing?

STACY

I'm an archeologist. The museum hired me to track you down.

She pulls out a badge that says "Certified Archeologist".

CRAIG

Wait... are you saying all of this was a set up?

STACY

Yes, and you fell for it hook, line and sinker. I'm taking you back to your tomb.

CRAIG

So everything, it was all a lie? Wisconsin, your husband, everything? What about the full truth?

Stacy lights a fat cigar and starts to smoke it with one hand.

STACY

I was telling the truth. And you are a good guy Craig. But I have to do what I have to do for my job.

CRAIG

I thought Archeologist just dug up rocks, I didn't think that dating profiles and guns would be a part of the job description.

STACY

Shows what you know. Enough of the questions. We're leaving. Now.

CRAIG

You had me fooled Stacy. I thought we actually had something. Why did you go so far? Why not just take me in as soon as I got here?

STACY

I had to keep you busy until backup arrived.

The sound of sirens in the background are much louder now.

STACY (CONT'D)

And it sounds to me like they're finally here.

CRAIG

So you're telling me it meant nothing? I don't think so. I think some part of this was real. I felt it, you felt it. That meant something.

Stacy looks concerned.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I can tell you're concerned. You're not going to take me in.

STACY

Shut up. You don't know what you're saying. We're leaving right now.

CRAIG

You know I can't go back to that place. I'd rather die a second time than be locked in that tomb. I belong out here.

The Waiter enters SL with the two drinks on his tray, he walks into the room, sees the tense gun/mummy stand-off and quickly turns around and exits SL

STACY

YOU BELONG IN A MUSEUM! And anyway, I'm not giving you a choice. You're coming with me whether you want to or not, these bullets are silver lined. That means a few shots from this, you won't be coming back from the dead again. You are city property Craig. And I'll admit, maybe I did share too much, maybe I got too personal, but it never meant anything, I was just keeping you busy. Stalling. Now let's go.

CRAIG

Over my dead body.

Craig quickly throws some scarab beetles at Stacy and while she's distracted, he runs to the exit, Stacy gets rid of the beetles and aims the gun at Craig in the doorway. They lock eyes. It's super tense. Stacy yells in frustration and aims her gun to the roof, firing several shots into the ceiling.

Craig runs out through the door to freedom. Stacy slumps down and looks at her gun.

STACY

I trusted my gut.

The End