<u>A MUMMY'S SEARCH</u>

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EXT. ARCHAEOLOGY SITE - DAY

Sand flows like the trenches of a river. Fluttering side to side like snow, covering the faces of THREE GRAVE ROBBERS.

SUPER: EGYPT - CIRCA 2015

They stand amongst a massacre of a grand scale, FIELD WORKERS lay dead, impaled with their tools.

The Grave Robbers, spades in their hands, plunge them deep into the ground.

They throw sand to and fro, until --

GRAVE ROBBER #1 Oi, maties, I has found'em somethin' hard, eh.

The Duo look towards their partner. He reaches inside. Dusting off specs of dirt to reveal a door.

> GRAVE ROBBER #2 Must be what've killed them, methinks. What've you want'en to doin', boys?

They exchange glances, the remaining Thief nods. Grabs his spade then CRACK, smashes the door open.

A gust of wind envelops them. A loud demonic scream echoing out as they gaze inside.

GRAVE ROBBER #3 That don't seem too good to enter, boyos. What've we been thinkin'?

GRAVE ROBBER #1

Yolo.

Grave Robber enters, the remaining duo shrug. About to follow him inside when they hear a scream.

The first Grave Robber flies back out.

MUMMY (O.C.) Who dares disturb my domain?!

The Mummy roars, belching out spittle and dust in the faces of the robbers.

It jumps out. It has bandages all over it, old, scarred, eyes hollow and glowing. The Duo cringe in scaredness.

GRAVE ROBBER #2 Is you all 'em mummy from that there old movies, eh? MUMMY Your English is pathetic.

With one swipe, the Mummy ravages the Grave Robber. The remaining wets his pants. The Mummy, disgusted, nails him on the crotch, then punches him in the gut -- his strength is unparalleled. Bones crack as he does so.

The final one barely remains alive.

MUMMY (CONT'D) Where... Is... My Queen!

GRAVE ROBBER #3 I ain't done got any clue who that there gone queen is up to! They must've taken her is, I swears I ain'ts gots no clues!

The Mummy examines the scene. The bloodshed. Pain. Torment. Everything around him.

MUMMY

What a waste... Such specimens would've been a perfect addition to my kingdom. Where did they take my dearly beloved? I must engage in coitus with her before tomorrow midnight or else the whole world will be doomed.

GRAVE ROBBER #3 I done got no clue. Probably back home in Minnesota.

MUMMY Is that near the empire of Caesar?

GRAVE ROBBER #1 Caesar? Yes, sir, plenty of those Taco Bells around.

The Mummy crushes his skull. Reaches inside Grave Robber's jacket and pulls out his passport and jeep keys.

EXT. STREETS OF EGYPT - DAY

The Mummy traverses through, dodging, turning, people gaze at him in awe. Some scream. Others shoot at him.

Mummy rolls his eyes. They all die in an instant.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The Mummy goes through once more, this time wearing large glasses and a too tight onezie. The stares are longer, harder, but the Mummy smirks to himself.

MUMMY

Ha! These fools are absolutely idiotic to not have noticed my ruse!

The Mummy's eyes lead to a pointing CHILD and his MOTHER.

CHILD Look, mommy, that man pooped his pants. He has toilet paper in his underpants.

The Mummy gazes behind him, a large stain builds at his ass, brown and skidmark in nature.

MUMMY

That's not poop! It's dirt, I swear!

MOTHER Leave the crazy man alone, sweetheart, some people can't control their bowels.

Laughs emerge, all fingers pointed at the Mummy.

MUMMY You dumb fucks, i-it's not poop! It's because I've lost my human form isn't it!

The Mummy quickly runs away.

INT. AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

The Mother waits at the terrified FLIGHT ASSISTANT.

FLIGHT ASSISTANT Ma'am, c-could I have your ticket and passport?

MUMMY (O.C.) (high pitched) Yes, of course! And I'm a man, pigfuck.

We PAN down, notice the mother's severed head is sitting atop the Mummy's head. Blood drips down his bandages. FLIGHT ASSISTANT Right, of course. What's your name, sir? May I see your passport?

The Mummy reaches inside his bandages, can't find it. He digs inside the severed head, pulls out a bloodied passport. Reads the name.

BOB

Bob.

Bob wipes the passport on his soiled bandage behind him to clean it, but it further dirties it. He tries to pass it over to the Flight Instructor, who hesitates.

Bob, pissed, grabs his jaw with super human strength and shoves the passport inside his mouth.

He taps him twice on the cheek.

BOB (CONT'D) One ticket to Minnesota please!

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Bob sits in economy, surrounded by two FAT PEOPLE.

BOB You fat oafs! You're sitting on my bandages.

But they don't listen. Bob, angry as all hell, grabs the fat people with his fingers, heads towards the exit door, opens it, tosses them both out.

The cabin depressurizes, everybody inside flies out, Bob takes a seat back, closes his eyes as he hears the screams, which he thinks are cheers.

> BOB (CONT'D) Ah, no need to thank me, cretins.

EXT. MINNESOTA AIRPORT - CARPARK - DAY

Bob exits to be greeted by a TOURIST GUIDE.

TOURIST GUIDE Eh, welcome to Minnesota, eh, hope you like your stay, you know, eh?

BOB Hmm, how do I travel to find my dearly beloved? TOURIST GUIDE Traveling? No, sir, not in this snow right here. You'd need some kind of camel or bull to get through this sludge, eh!

ROAD - DAY

Bob rides on the back of the Tourist Guide. He spanks his butt occasionally as they trudge through snow.

BOB Faster! Even my weakest slave was faster than you!

Bob grabs the Guide's ears, trots up and down.

INT. MUSEUM - OPENING FOYER - NIGHT

A stage has been set up. People mill about. Clapping. All eyes on the mummy tomb in front of them as the HEAD SPEAKER stands at a podium.

> HEAD SPEAKER Yall ready to hearin' them news, boys, eh?

CROWD Sure hear ya' up there, loud and clearing, eh.

HEAD SPEAKER That's great to hear, eh.

The Head Speaker opens the tomb, inside, BOB's WIFE, ANNE is inside, also a mummy. She's dead but awakens when Bob enters the room, severed head and Tourist Guide in tow.

BOB The fuck you bitches doin' with my wife?

ANNE Ehhh, Bobarino, how you doin'? Ready to give me a right good fuckin'? Get those eight inches inside me, YEE YEE, DUMB DAWGS!

Bob spanks the tourist guide up to the stage. The room is in silence, cannot comprehend what the fuck is going on.

BOB Spank you so hard, your ass will be bleeding, Anne. Gimme that doggy pose, pronto. Anne smiles, bends over. Bob rubs up against her, but nothing happens.

ANNE Ughhh, it's always the same with you! Isn't it! Can never get it up! Just like your empire.

BOB No, please, no bully, it's a little shy.

ANNE I guess someone else will have to please me.

BOB

No, please.

Anne motions all the men in the room, they fall into a trance. Take turns fucking her. Bob watches himself get cucked until the Tourist Guide's neck breaks and he falls. But he stays on him, drags himself away on the body.

EXT. HILL - LATER

Bob bobsleds down the snow with the Tourist Guide's body.

BOB OH, WHAT'S THE POINT IN LIVING ANY MORE! Why doesn't it work! Why won't you work?

He punches his crotch multiple times. Distracted, he doesn't see himself heading towards a window down the bottom.

He crashes inside. Finds himself in a --

INT. BUSY RAP BAR - NIGHT

People rap and mill about. Women are everywhere. Bob's eyes traverses across them.

BOB A lot of youngins here that are gonna get me hard, eh. You there!

He points to some young GRADUATE. Motions her across. Points at his crotch. Smiles. Nods. Smiles. Nods. At his crotch. Mmmmhmmm, yeah, that's right, boyos.

> BOB (CONT'D) Mmmhmm, that's right, boyos.

The Graduate, disgusted, rolls her eyes. Bob, pissed, grabs a nearby bottle, smashes it across her head.

BOB (CONT'D) You dare roll your eyes at me, weakling? I will end you!

GRADUATE

I ain't gonna fuck you, Boberino. Not unless you're an expert rapper, this body don't belong to many people, unless your name is Eminem.

BOB

So, be it! I shall rap, until you're trapped! Ah-ha! Who is the current contender that I must face?

Oohs and Ahhs emerge. Bob's eyes lead towards the stage where none other than Cowboy Sam stands.

COWBOY SAM Bob the Mummy? Ain't no doodle in all the South that'll surpass your stupidity.

Bob gives him the finger. It falls off. He gives him his other finger. It falls off.

Bob, grabs the graduate, jumps on her back and trots to the stage.

BOB This isn't even the South. Spit me out a beat, DJ! My rhymes gonna make you cum.

The DJ puts out a beat. Bob nods his head, starts waving his hands extravagantly.

BOB (CONT'D) Yo, my name's bob. I like the gob-bies. Gimme some of that pussy. Makes me all hard. Like a turd. Left out to dry in the sun. Touch them buns. Feel those titties. Ittie bitty -- spider on the walls. Lick these balls. Suck em dry. Get yo' fat bitch in here, Madame Putz. More like, Putz my cock in her mouth -- I fuck yo' bitch like I fuck the Romans. She gave me an open -- thighs so big, the nile had spoken "this bitch is bigger than me!" I say yeah, doggie dawg, she's is very fat.

Bob drops the Mike, forces the graduate to Breakdance. She struggles. Trudges around like a snail. Struggling to lift him. CHEERS and APPLAUSE surround his beats.

BOB (CONT'D) Beat that, you boot wearing fucker.

Cowboy Sam grabs the Mike, coughs once or twice inside.

COWBOY SAM Testing. Testing. I am testing this microphone.

Then, he starts rapping too. People nod their heads and shit. Yep, yep.

COWBOY SAM (CONT'D) Yo, I'm testing this microphone. Grab my beloved a watch. She enjoys it. Just like my cock. She ain't the only one. Let's not forget yo' girl. Call her Earl -- so ugly, I start recognizing her with a moustache. Where's her list? One hundred things to sign off on. Number one -- my penis? Cravin' it. Wanting it so hard, begging for genies -- to grant her those wishes. Bitches. Up all on my shaft. Feel it like a bar. Steel. Peeled. Like a banana -- ram her. In her ass. Play some bass. Teach a class -- thou shalt not fuck with Cowboy Sam.

Cowboy Sam throws the Mike at Bob's balls. Who cringes. Cries in pain.

Everybody goes wild. But suddenly stop in awe as they hear a loud RIIIIIPPPPPP. All eyes go to Bob's crotch, badages have been ripped. We see his mummified shaft. Eight inches like it was promised.

BOB Holy shit! You fixed it, you motherfucker!

Suddenly, the Graduate passes from heat stroke, and lands in such a way that Bob enters her.

BOB (CONT'D)

Huh?

ANNE (O.C.) Bob! You dumb fucker! What do you think you're doin'?

Bob's eyes lead to the exit. Find Anne. Horrified at his shaft inside the Graduate.

BOB Uhhhh, it's not what it looks like, ma'am! I swear.

ANNE Bullshit! We're done, Bob!

BOB But the world will be done for!

ANNE Maybe you should've thought about that before your eight inches entered that slut.

Anne smiles, struts off. Bob too smiles, shrugs, winks at the camera.

BOB Oh, well. That's how it goes.

He winks again. Then once more. A LOUD ROAR.

EXT. SPACE - MORNING

The Earth explodes into a billion pieces.

FADE OUT

THE END