

Mummy and Me

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First Draft

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EXT. ANCIENT EGYPT - DAY

TITLE: ANCIENT EGYPT - 18TH DYNASTY - 1470 B.C.

We fly above and follow along the River Nile. It twists and turns, speckles of light dancing on the water's surface, reflecting a high afternoon sun.

We part from the river to find a tomb being constructed.

Alabaster stones being sledged across the ground. Copper pick axes and chisels working the hard stone. We continue on across the rolling, rocky desert to:

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPT - VALLEY OF THE KINGS - CONTINUOUS

A magnificent, flowing procession. Low, beating drums. Trumpets sounding.

THE QUEEN PHARAOH **HATSHEPSUT**, 46, green eyes, serene and regal in the midst of it all.

She is adorned in a rich and colorful pharaoh's headdress, a faux beard attached to her chin. A leopard skin rests upon her shoulders.

Seated on an opulent palanquin, she is hoisted high as she is transported through the adoring throng as she makes her way through the valley.

EXT. TEMPLE AT DEIR EL-BAHRI - CONTINUOUS

The procession halts in front of a temple.

A female royal, **NEFERURE**, 14, stands quiet, and off to the side. She wears pieces of exquisite jewelry- anklets, bracelets, a wide golden collar, her hair intricately plaited.

Neferure glimpses Hatshepsut from behind a tall, regal man. He is **SENENMUT**, 48, wearing a half-pleated kilt wound around his body.

Neferure steps forward and gives a timid wave to the Pharaoh as she passes. Hatshepsut, unemotional, glances away.

SENENMUT

Neferure, no. Remain poised.
Regal.

He shows her by example. She straightens herself dutifully.

NEFERURE

Yes. But, Senenmut... isn't my
mother beautiful?

Senenmut gives a tiny flash of a smile and returns to exhibiting the utmost decorum.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Hatshepsut stands before a towering form covered in a great, white linen cloth.

As the cloth drops away, Hatshepsut's grand statue is revealed.

The crows applauds raucously.

It is in her likeness, but portrayed as a male Pharaoh with a faux beard and large muscles. The left foot is slightly forward, and at the base in hieroglyphics, her name, Hatshepsut and title, Pharaoh of Egypt.

Hatshepsut turns to the masses. She is handed a golden vessel and begins to pour water through a narrow channel leading to an alter to the god, Amun.

HATSHEPSUT

My people. I am your Pharaoh
Hatshepsut. This dynasty rises
above all others.

The water flows to the alter.

HATSHEPSUT

We are triumphant and prosperous.
Our accomplishments are worthy of
the gods.

The golden vessel emptying, the crowd kneels in reverence. Senenmut and Neferure kneel.

HATSHEPSUT

My father, the god Amun, looks
down upon us with adoration and
approval.

Deafening shouts and cheers from the people of Thebes. Neferure looks to her mother longingly. Hatshepsut proud and imposing.

EXT. INDIANA - CEMETERY - PRESENT DAY

TITLE: NORTHERN INDIANA - LAKES REGION - PRESENT

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Under an overcast sky, we float above a string of cars winding slowly down a single-lane road through a long-established church cemetery. At the front of the line, a black sedan.

Inside we find **ROSE**, 12, green eyes, black hair in a braid, staring out the window.

Beside her is **JACK**, 41, sturdy with kind eyes, and **ALEX**, 32, blonde bob, put-together well.

Jack tests the waters.

JACK

Rosie, honey. You doin' ok?

Rose stares out the window. Nothing.

JACK

Alex and I are here for you, kiddo. For whatever you need. But you need to let us help you. A little bit? We are still your family.

Rose turns and throws a look to her father and Alex. You've got to be kidding. Rose turns back to the window.

ROSE

(a matter of factly)

I'm not going to Chicago, dad. I'm not leaving the lake.

Jack gives a worried look to Alex.

The sedan pulls to a stop and the snake of cars ceases behind it. Rose steps out followed by Jack. He reaches for Rose's hand.

Rose flinches and quickens her steps to walk ahead of him. Jack frowns. He turns and takes Alex's hand as she exits the sedan.

Rose walks ahead of everyone in a procession to the grave site.

EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY

People gathered around the casket, solemn and grim. A priest stands at the head.

Rose stares forward, standing at arms length away from her father, as the casket lowers into the ground.

The lowering coffin reveals the words on the gravestone, "Callie Cahall. Beloved Daughter and Mother."

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INT. LAKE COTTAGE - ROSE'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Rose sits on the edge of her bed, stoic. She hears muffled whispers between her father and Alex in the next room.

JACK
(O.S.)
She's not ready.

ALEX
(O.S.)
She's 12. You need to make the decision. She's a kid, you're the adult.

Rose looks toward the door.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack stares out the window toward the lake. Alex behind him.

JACK
I am making the decision. She needs to stay here, where she feels safe.

ALEX
But how can this work?

Jack turns to Alex.

ALEX
Neither one of us has time for that commute. Chicago is a two hour drive from here.

JACK
Alex-

ALEX
The exhibition, Jack. I'm needed around the clock at the museum. I'm so far behind. It can't-

Jack puts his arms on Alex's shoulders.

JACK
We have to make it work. For her sake. Christ, it's barely been a week since...

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - ROSE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose's face darkens.

JACK
(O.S.)
...since it happened. The last
thing she needs-

Angry tears escape as Rose jumps up and bursts from her room.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose pushes her way through Jack and Alex and out, slamming the screen door behind her.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - SCREENED PORCH - CONTINUOUS

On her way out Rose pauses at a banged up bicycle. After a beat, she kicks it over hard and runs.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Bleary-eyed, Rose flies down the forest path toward the railroad tracks under an ominous sky, wind whipping her hair.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

In a full sprint, she speeds along the tracks next to a fallow field.

A sudden burst of wind knocks Rose off balance and she stumbles. Righting herself, she watches the sky turn a telling pukish green.

Tornado.

Rose makes for the ditch and dives down as the winds rise up. She curls into herself and covers her neck with her hands.

A tornado siren drones in the distance.

As the winds grow stronger, a train rounds the bend. Rose pulls tighter into a ball as the train shuttles by. Dirt and debris fill the sky.

A piercing zap. And then another.

Rose looks up to see several electrical, luminous spheres of light dancing all around her in the air, the train still speeding by.

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In all different sizes, floating electric orbs glow and burn for moments and then blink out.

Another huge ball of lightening appears, but violently explodes and cracks open enormous oak tree. It falls on the passing train, derailing it just a hundred yards from Rose.

The train wrenches and contorts off the tracks as the sound of the crash blends with the howling tornado winds.

Rose tucks back down to protect herself from the treacherous storm.

The winds die down. The tornado passes as soon as it came.

Rose cautiously approaches, peering over the cattails toward the train wreck. She shields her eyes.

A hot, bright beam of light shines down on a sarcophagus inside a busted train compartment.

The solar deity, **RA**, with a falcon head and body of a man, stands upon a great golden boat, an Egyptian barque, resting in the sky.

RA
(in a thunderous voice)
I am Ra. I am god of the sun,
kings and sky.

Rose edges closer, hypnotized.

RA
I created you, and now I resurrect
you. It is time, Pharaoh Queen, to
rise and be tested.

Ra raises his arms and the sarcophagus lid creaks and shifts over to the side.

The mummy, in a divine light, sits up and tilts her head to Ra.

Rose watches the mummy rise as burning golden light magically disintegrates the mummy wrappings to reveal a statuesque woman with long, glistening black hair, tawny radiant skin and a regal silhouette.

RA
Rise Hatshepsut, the fiercest of
female Pharaohs. The paradise of
the field of reeds awaits you.

Hatshepsut lowers her left arm from her breast and takes one step forward with her left foot. She stands just like the statue at the temple.

Ra's light splits into a brilliant, circular spectrum. He turns and departs on the golden barque, flown away in moments.

Everything still. Hatshepsut takes in her surroundings. Egyptian artifacts are scattered everywhere among the debris.

In her opened sarcophagus she sees her cartouche on a copper chain, a hieroglyphic talisman bearing her name and title. She reaches for it and holds it to her chest.

She looks around at the unfamiliar landscape.

Rose steps out of the cattails. Hatshepsut spins toward her, green eyes piercing the distance.

Rose in awe, Hatshepsut in anguish, they share a silent moment. Both are trying to comprehend what has just come to pass.

Hatshepsut regains her composure.

HATSHEPSUT
(with authority)
Young one. I am... lost. I am not
of this world.

ROSE
(with moxy)
You are definitely not.

Rose steps closer. Hatshepsut stiffens.

ROSE
You're a mummy.

HATSHEPSUT
(taken aback)
I am not a mummy.

Rose closing the distance now.

ROSE
I just saw you... that bird guy...
he brought you to life. You are a
mummy.

HATSHEPSUT
I am Hatshepsut, Pharaoh of upper
and lower Egypt, daughter of the
god of the deities, Amun.

ROSE
Who got turned into a mummy.

A movement, a sound. Something is stirring in the wreckage to Hatshepsut's right. A man, shifting in the debris inside the broken and twisted train car.

Rose's eyes narrow. She quickly looks to Hatshepsut.

ROSE

We can't be here. Come with me.

Rose leads Hatshepsut out of the wreckage and they disappear into the forest just as **HOWARD**, dressed as the world-class Egyptologist that he is, comes to.

Cranky and resembling Steve Buscemi, he sits up, holding his head. He takes in the surroundings. A tree cracked down the middle. The twisted train wreckage. Egyptian relics cast about.

Confused, he picks up a gilded mask, a cracked canonic jar.

HOWARD

No. No, no, no, no!

He grasps at and gathers up a stone vessel, a figurine and then... he sees the open sarcophagus. His eyes widen. He drops everything.

HOWARD

WHERE'S MY MUMMY?!

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - DUSK

Rose and Hatshepsut arrive outside the cottage. Alex pacing inside. Rose looks to the house next door.

ROSE

This way.

EXT. NEIGHBORS COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Fireflies lighten around them as Rose goes to the back door and grabs the key under the mat. They go inside.

INT. NEIGHBORS COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

ROSE

Our neighbors hardly ever come up to the lake. You can stay here but I have to go. It's getting late.

Hatshepsut is mesmerized by the lake as the sun sets.

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ROSE
Listen, Hatshupet? Hashteput? Hat-

HATSHEPSUT
Hat-shep-sut.

Rose takes a beat.

ROSE
I'm going to call you Hattie.

Hatshepsut turns to Rose.

HATSHEPSUT
What is this place?

ROSE
Ok... Hattie. This is the lake. I
am Rose. You are in Northern
Indiana. In the United States of
America.

Hatshepsut not following. Rose calculating.

ROSE
So you're an Egyptian, right? Like
the Great Pyramids and the River
Nile and guys with bird heads and
stuff kind of Egyptian?

HATSHEPSUT
I am Pharaoh.

ROSE
Right.

Rose peaks at her cottage and sees Alex. Upset. On the phone.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Yeah, so, Pharaoh Hattie. I don't
know how you got here or how
you're alive, but... you are.

Hatshepsut suddenly overwhelmed.

HATTIE (HATSHEPSUT)
Ra. The golden barque. The field
of reeds-

ROSE
Yeah, we need to figure all that
out, but for now, you need to stay
here. For the night.

HATTIE
You're leaving?

ROSE
I will come back in the morning. I
promise. Just stay put.

Rose turns to go and then turns back.

ROSE
No matter what.

Rose scoots out the door and leaves Hattie in the middle of the room. Alone and frightened for the first time in her life.

EXT. NEIGHBOR COTTAGE STOOP - CONTINUOUS

Rose takes a deep breath. She hardens her face and heads over.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs across the road from the forest to meet Rose.

JACK
Rosie? Rose?! Are you alright? The
tornado?

ROSE
(defensive)
I'm here. I'm fine.

Jack runs up and hugs her. Rose doesn't hug back.

JACK
Where have you been?

ROSE
I can handle a tornado, dad.

She pulls away from him and stomps off to her cottage.

Alex opens the screen door.

ROSE
(sharply)
Hey Alex.

Rose ducks under Alex's arm holding the door and goes inside.
Jack looks to Alex, lost.