

Hatshepsut, Queen of Denial



A Musical Play for Kids

Script, teacher's guide, and audio recording
with songs and instrumental accompaniment

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(The backdrop depicts the Egyptian desert. CLASS is gathered on stage. ARCHAEOLOGISTS rush in, very excited.)

ARCHAEOLOGIST #1 (entering quickly): We found one! We found one!

SOMEONE from CROWD: What is it?

ARCHAEOLOGIST #2 (asking in disbelief): What IS it? WHAT IS it?!

SOMEONE else from CROWD: Yeah, what is it?

ARCHAEOLOGIST #2: I have no idea. They wouldn't let me near. I break stuff.

ARCHAEOLOGIST #3: It's only the most exciting thing ever discovered from ancient Egypt!

ARCHAEOLOGIST #1: We were digging in the Valley of the Kings, searching for the canopic jars holding Tutankhamun's organs.

ARCHAEOLOGIST #2: You know—King Tut's guts.
(The OTHERS look at #2 in disgust.)

ARCHAEOLOGIST #3: And you won't believe what we stumbled upon.

ARCHAEOLOGIST #1 (looking off stage): Look, they're carrying it in now.

ARCHAEOLOGIST #2 (excited): I bet it's a pyramid.
(The OTHERS give #2 a look.)

ARCHAEOLOGIST #3: There it was, inside a long-forgotten tomb.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS:
We found a mummy
Yeah it's a mummy
Out in the desert sands.

Song 1

We found a mummy
A little gummy
Where can we wash our hands?

**Instrumentation for
SONG 1:** Floor toms,
bass drums, acoustic and
electric bass, rhythm
guitar, orchestral strings,
bassoon, drum set,
electric guitar

Oh it's Egyptian royalty
From in the fifteenth century
Though many folks have searched we found it first.

We found a mummy
Oh what a mummy

ARCHAEOLOGIST #2: I hope it isn't cursed!

(ARCHAEOLOGISTS look at each other. Now they're
scared. During the next section of song OTHERS from class
carry in the mummy. ARCHAEOLOGISTS act very nervous
and don't want anything to do with the mummy.)

CHORUS:
They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy

ONE ARCHAEOLOGIST #2: (looking worried, holding up
something in bandages):
I think I have an ear!

CHORUS:
They found a mummy

ARCHAEOLOGISTS:
And we're no dummy
We're getting out of here!

CHORUS:
Three thousand years and more elapse
This sucker was kept under wraps

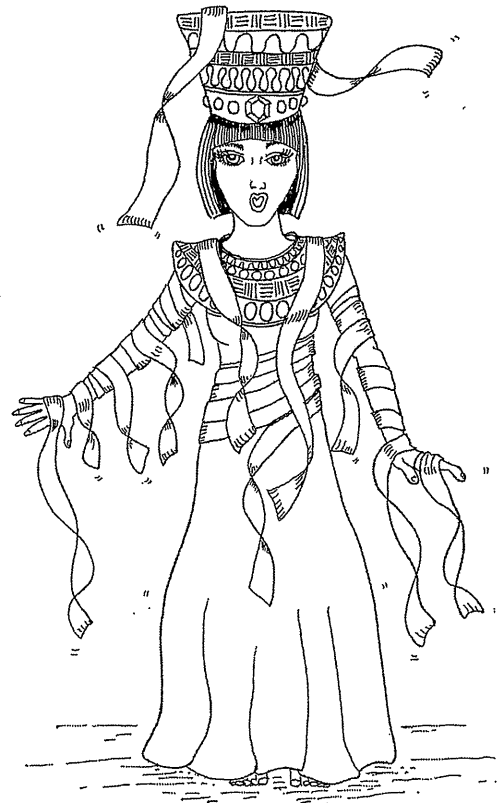
ARCHAEOLOGIST #2 (scared, pointing at mummy):
Did you see that? I think it winked at me!

CHORUS:
They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy

ARCHAEOLOGISTS (frightened, about to run off):
And now we're history!
(THEY all run off!)

CHORUS:
They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy
And now it's history.

(Towards the end of the previous song, the mummy has been set down. The staging could be done in several ways. If the mummy is brought in on a stretcher—carefully—it could be the actor playing HATSHEPSUT. The stretcher could be gently set down on the floor. Or if the mummy is a dummy, the mummy could be set down behind a curtain or screen. Or perhaps the dummy is set down behind a box on stage, or a desk. At any rate, by the beginning of this scene, the “mummy” must be the actor who is playing HATSHEPSUT. It is not desirable that she be wrapped up—a few loose bandages dangling from her clothes will give the effect. SHE will come to life during the scene.)



(PROFESSOR FAROUK, a famous Egyptologist, enters, reading a book. APPLEBEE, a new intern at the museum, enters shortly from the other side of the stage.)

APPLEBEE: Professor Farouk! Have you had a chance to examine the mummy?

PROF. FAROUK (putting down the book): Ah, Miss...uh...er...

APPLEBEE: Applebee, sir. I'm a new intern at the museum.

FAROUK: Yes, well, Miss Applebee, I was just doing a bit of research. This specimen is puzzling.

APPLEBEE: Indeed! Definitely 18th dynasty. A royal burial. And a woman!

FAROUK: Very good, Applebee. Did you see the fruit they found in baskets marked with a pharaoh's seal?

APPLEBEE: THAT was from the tomb? I thought it was LUNCH.

FAROUK: You ATE the fruit? That was a priceless historical artifact!

APPLEBEE: It tasted TERRIBLE.

FAROUK: It was thirty-five hundred years old!

APPLEBEE: I once had a Twinkie nearly that old from a 7/11 and it tasted fine. So—have you identified the mummy yet?

HATSHEPSUT (in slow, low mummy voice): HAT-SHEP-SUT.

APPLEBEE: Really? You think so? That would be amazing.

FAROUK: I didn't say that.

APPLEBEE: Stop fooling around.

FAROUK: I'm not. I didn't say anything.

APPLEBEE: That's funny. Because I could have sworn I heard you say...

HATSHEPSUT (interrupting in a loud, slow voice): HAT-SHEP-SUT.

(SHE gets up from the floor or from behind box/desk/curtain. SHE has her hands out in monster-fashion, like SHE is sleep-walking. SHE speaks again):

HAT-SHEP-SUT!

(SHE walks slowly towards the APPLEBEE.)

APPLEBEE: Run for your life, Professor. It's ALIVE!
(APPLEBEE runs in circles.)

HATSHEPSUT: HAT-SHEP-SUT. HAT-SHEP-SUT.
(SHE is approaching APPLEBEE, who is on her knees.)

APPLEBEE: I'm sorry I ate your fruit. It was an accident. I'll buy you some new fruit. How about a cherry Slurpee? Oh PLEASE oh PLEASE don't eat me!

HATSHEPSUT (SHE puts down her arms, relaxes, smiles; very casually): I'm just messin' with you. You should have seen the look on your face.

FAROUK: It IS Hatshepsut! I recognize you from the carvings on your temple.

HATSHEPSUT: That's me. The most successful female pharaoh in Egyptian history.

APPLEBEE: But how, uh, how are you, uh...

HATSHEPSUT: The question is not HOW am I here, but WHY. Once I found myself out of the tomb, I realized I have the chance to set the record straight.

FAROUK: You mean how squeezed your stepson out of the kingship?

HATSHEPSUT: I did not! My father, Tuthmosis I, was a great pharaoh. My husband, Tuthmosis II, was a great pharaoh. When he died, he named my stepson, Tuthmosis III, to be pharaoh.

FAROUK: But he was a young boy, and you were supposed to look after him.

HATSHEPSUT: And that's what I DID. I just kind of took over the role of king. You know, until he could grow up.

FAROUK: For 22 years?

HATSHEPSUT: He was a late bloomer. And yeah, I wanted to be a great pharaoh too.

APPLEBEE: What did the Egyptians think of a woman becoming king?

HATSHEPSUT: Hah! You should have seen them. At least at first. They were NOT happy. Here. Let me show you the past.

(SHE makes a "magic gesture" and points to side of stage, where GRUMPY EGYPTIANS enter.)

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #1: Can you believe it? You know what happened the last time we had a female king? Disaster, that's what.

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #2: When was that?

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #1: 300 years ago. It feels like yesterday.

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #2: I mean, it's bad enough when a woman acts as regent for a boy king. But actually taking over the power!

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #1: I bet we don't survive ten years.

GRUMPY EGYPTIAN #2: I bet the pyramids don't survive ten years.

(During this song, HATSHEPSUT stands at the front of the stage, to one side. ATTENDANTS dress her up in Pharaonic gear. This can be as simple as an Egyptian crown, staff, robe, and finally, a false beard that pharaohs are often depicted with. This action can start at any point in the song, as long as the false beard is being attached just as the GRUMPY EGYTIANS are singing about it towards the end.)

GRUMPY EGYPTIANS:

There're things on which you must rely:
The sun will rise up in the sky,
A king has gotta be a GUY!
By definition.

This morning though we got the news
A WOMAN stands in Pharaoh's shoes
Talk about your parvenus
There goes tradition.

Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Denying all reality
Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Look close—she's not a he.

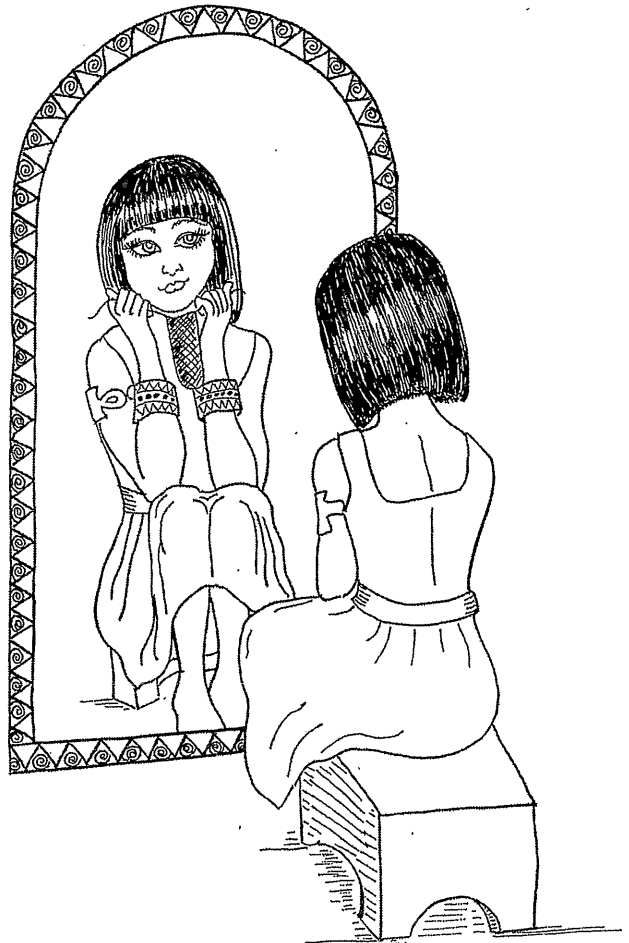
(THEY point at her.
SHE waves back.)

Her stepson's just too young, you see
She took the throne and asks that we
Address her as HIS majesty
It's so ironic.

Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Denying all reality
Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Look close—she's not a he.

Song 2

**Instrumentation for
SONG 2:** Dulcimer,
bass dulcimer, drums,
electronic bells,
orchestral strings, string
bass, shaker



The final step is as I feared
It's getting just a little weird
She's strapping on the royal beard

HATSHEPSUT (loud and proud): I feel Pharaonic.

GRUMPY EGYPTIANS and CHORUS:

Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Denying all reality
Hatshepsut
Queen of Denial
Look close—she's not a he.
Oh-oh!

(THEY exit. HATSHEPSUT should take off the beard for the rest of the show. Three EGYPTIAN GODS enter—AMUN, HATHOR, and PAKHET. They all have plaques around their necks that have their names in big print and then lots of tiny writing underneath. THEY take their places, preferably on boxes facing the audience and freeze: they are statues in the museum. APPLEBEE enters, stands in front of statues and addresses audience.)

APPLEBEE (addressing audience as if sharing a secret): Don't tell Professor Farouk, but Hatshepsut is teaching me to walk like an Egyptian.

(SHE looks around, then demonstrates. It's goofy. SHE notices the statues.)

Hey, would you look at these statues of Egyptian gods! I wonder if the museum sells bubble-headed versions for my car.

(SHE exits.)

HATHOR (coming to life): It's SO exciting. Hatshepsut is in this very museum.

PAKHET: I know. She always treated us well.

AMUN: Of course! We were Egyptian gods!

HATHOR: But she had dozens to choose from, and we were her favorites.

AMUN (nodding): I miss being adored. I get so tired of these tourists dissing us.

PAKHET: Shush! Here they come.

HATHOR: Back to your places.

(THEY run to their “places” and freeze, facing audience. THEY are statues again. TOURISTS enter.)

FRED: Well would you look at these, Freida! Statues of genuine Egyptian gods.

NOTE: Fred pronounces “geniune” as “jenn-you-ine.”

FREIDA (giddy): Ooh, Fred, take my picture with this one. (SHE moves next to HATHOR; FRED takes a picture.)

FRED: Who is that? And why’s she look like a cow?

FREIDA (reading): It says this here is Hathor, a cow-formed goddess of joy and love. (SHE moves over towards PAKHET.)

FRED: What’s not to love? Just think of all those burgers. (AMUN makes a face at FRED, who isn’t looking. Maybe AMUN sticks out his tongue. HATHOR gestures for AMUN to knock it off. THEY freeze again.)

FREIDA (looking at PAKHET): And this is Pakhet, a lioness war deity. A lioness, Fred! And such nice fingernails!



(FRED is now in front of AMUN, but facing the audience. FREIDA is also in front of the statues and looking at audience and/or FRED; neither looks at the statues. As FRED speaks his next lines, AMUN mocks and mimics him from behind. HATHOR and PAKHET gesture at HIM, and eventually all THREE are gesturing at each other.)

FRED (remembering): A lioness, you say. I was almost eaten alive by a kitten once. It lived under my cousin Buster's house. It grabbed my sock as I walked by the porch and tried to drag me to my death. (HE stops and turns around to look at the statues. The THREE STATUES all freeze, although they are in the wrong, and weird, positions.)

FREIDA: Come on, Fred. We gotta catch the cruise up to the pyramids.

FRED: Yeah. All that way up the Nile. You got the Dramamine?

AMUN: I can't TAKE it anymore! It's not UP the Nile from here. It's DOWN the Nile.

FREIDA: Look, Fred. This one's talking to you.

FRED: Yeah. Must be one of them animatronic devices.

AMUN: I am Amun, the Creator God. Here at Thebes there is a 250 acre temple complex dedicated to me.

FREIDA: Isn't he the cutest!

AMUN: If you learn nothing else about Egypt, you must learn this: the Nile flows north, from here in Thebes to the delta and then to the Mediterranean Sea.

FRED: North? You sure?

HATHOR: Trust us.

Song 3

THREE GODS:
One thing that you ought to know
Upper Egypt's down below
I can tell that I just blew your mind.

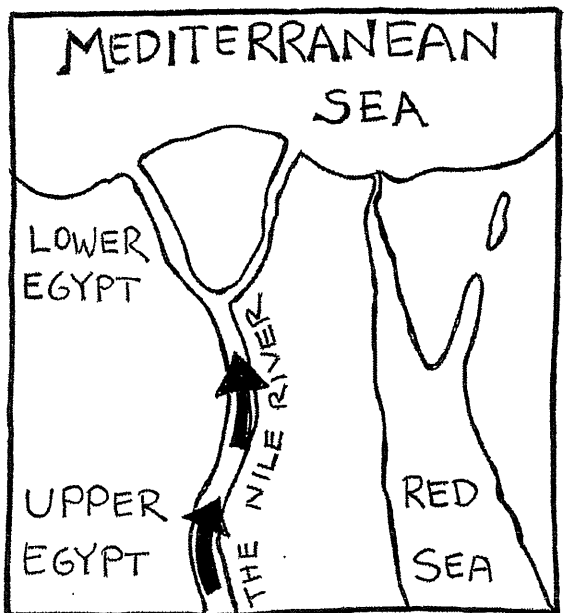
Here's another thing you'll love
Lower Egypt's up above
'Cause that's the way the Nile is designed.

North
North
The Nile flows north
Right into the sea
North
North
The Nile flows north...
The Nile flows north.

Instrumentation
for SONG 3: Organ,
three electric guitars,
bass, drums

Huck Finn took a famous trip
Floating down the Mississip
He was heading SOUTH, oh what a sap!
Here in Egypt on a boat
Just one way you're gonna float
That's DOWNstream toward the
top part of your map.

GODS, FREIDA, FRED, CHORUS:
North
North
The Nile flows north
Right into the sea
North
North
The Nile flows north...
The Nile flows north
The Nile flows north
The Nile flows north
The Nile flows north.



(THEY exit. HATSHEPSUT, FAROUK, and APPLEBEE enter.)

FAROUK (entering in mid-conversation with APPLEBEE): Don't be ridiculous, Applebee.

APPLEBEE: No, really, Professor, I'm not kidding.
(pointing off stage in the direction the GODS just exited)
That statue of Hathor just slapped me on my tush.

HATSHEPSUT: She was always a playful goddess. And I really needed the laughs.

APPLEBEE: Are you kidding? You were pharaoh! You were like a god! You could do anything you wanted. You could get front row tickets for the _____ (fill in with sports team)!

FAROUK: The king had a tremendous number of duties. The people looked to the pharaoh for success in everything.

HATSHEPSUT: Just ask this farmer and his wife.
(SHE makes same magic gesture to conjure up the FARMING HUSBAND and WIFE, who enter.)

APPLEBEE (to the couple): Excuse me, but I was wondering what you were hoping to get from the new pharaoh.

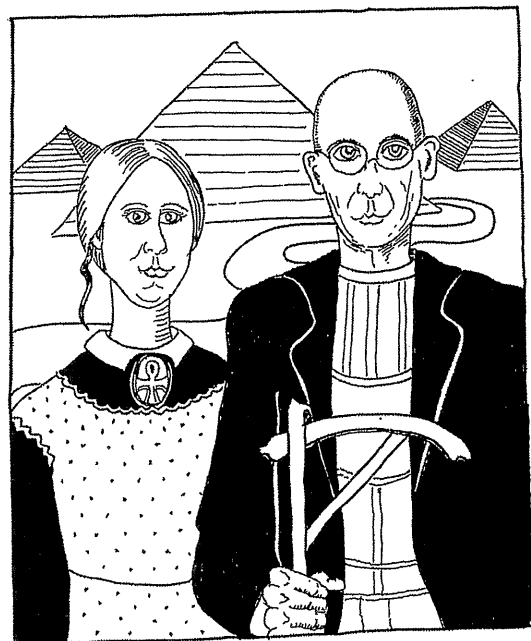
WIFE: Well, the sun coming up each morning would be a good start.

APPLEBEE: Sure, who doesn't like a beautiful sunrise!

WIFE: No, I mean the actual sun coming up each morning.

HUSBAND: And going down in the evening. And—we could use some more universal justice.

APPLEBEE: You expect the pharaoh to do that?



HUSBAND: Who else?

WIFE: But we're especially worried about the flooding of the Nile.

HUSBAND: Not much land to grow things on here in the desert.
We need the Nile to flood over its banks each year. It spreads a nice layer of silt so we can plant.

WIFE: But if the Nile floods TOO much, it wipes out our houses and villages.

APPLEBEE: That's the pharaoh's job too?

HUSBAND: Of course. The king has friends in high places, if you know what I mean.

WIFE: I just hope this new one can get the job done right.

FARMER COUPLE:

Just last year the flood waters came over my head
There were fish in the fig tree and crocs in our bed
And our children got moldy and covered with crud
Bring us
Bring us
Bring us a nice little flood.

Song 4

Bring us a nice little flood
Just a sweet layer of mud
Something between a tsunami and dud
Bring us a nice
Bring us a nice
Bring us a nice little flood.

**Instrumentation for
SONG 4:** Electric bass,
acoustic guitar, drums,
trombone

If the river won't flood and replenish the land
Then our farms become three thousand miles of sand
You can plow the Sahara but nothing will bud
Bring us
Bring us
Bring us a nice little flood.

FARMER COUPLE and CHORUS:
Bring us a nice little flood
Just a sweet layer of mud
Something between a tsunami and dud
Bring us a nice
Bring us a nice
Bring us a nice little flood.

(THEY exit. HATSHEPSUT enters and addresses audience.)

HATSHEPSUT (with pride): I don't like to boast, but I was good with floods. My greatest triumph, though, was probably the trading expedition I sent to the Land of Punt.

(SHE gestures, and the EXPEDITION MEMBERS enter.
There is one LEADER and three, four, or five WORKERS.
The WORKERS hold plastic trinkets in their hands.)

LEADER: Okay, men, we're finally here. Let's get ready to do some trading on behalf of King Hatshepsut.

WORKER #1: We were on that ship for days. Where are we again?
(giggles with other WORKERS)

LEADER: I've told you a hundred times.

WORKER #2: Just say it once more.

WORKER #3 (begging with big eyes): PLEASE?
(THEY all giggle.)

LEADER: Okay. This is the last time.
(proudly announces)

We have come to the Land of Punt.
(WORKERS giggle even more.)

There is nothing funny about that name. Punt is a great land in eastern Africa.

WORKER #1 (pointing): And right through that PASS over there is the kingdom of KICK.

WORKER #2: So you mean...?

WORKER #3: That's right: we're on an expedition to...

ALL THREE WORKERS: Punt Pass and Kick!
(THEY enjoy themselves.)

LEADER: It's time to SHAPE UP!
(WORKERS stand at attention)

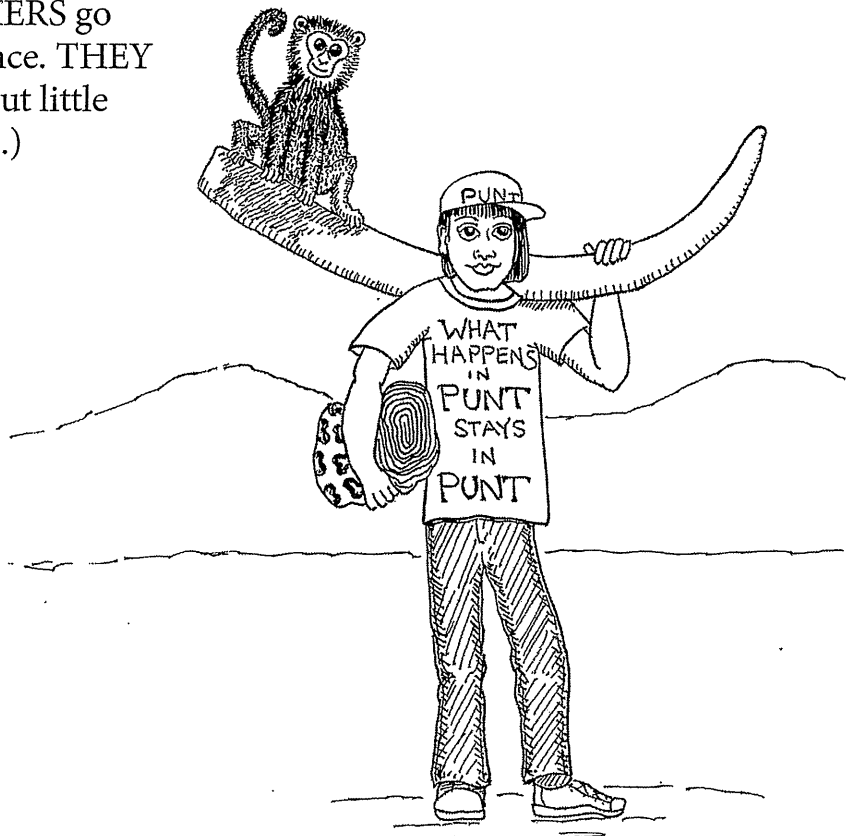
The pharaoh has sent us on this great expedition to swap worthless trinkets with the natives in return for valuable commodities.

WORKER #2: Excellent!
(pointing to audience)
Just look at all these suckers! I mean, uh, trading partners.

LEADER: Fan out and start trading. Hapshesut will be famous for this trip. If you're lucky, your face will be carved on one of her temple walls someday.

WORKER #3: I LOVE being an imperialist!

(During the song,
the WORKERS go
into audience. THEY
can hand out little
plastic toys.)



LEADER (shouting directions to WORKERS as they head into audience):

Check over there

What do you see?

Song 5

WORKERS (from audience):

Lots of gold and some ebony!

LEADER:

That's looking good

Bring it up front

**Instrumentation for
SONG 5:** Kalimba,
bass kalimba, shaker,
drums, electric bass,
electric piano, vibraslap

ALL:

We've gone shopping

We've gone shopping

We've gone shopping in the Land of Punt.

LEADER (shouting directions to students heading into audience):

Check over there

What do you see?

WORKERS (from audience):

Frankincense and a big myrrh tree!

LEADER:

Haul it up here

Let's hear you grunt

ALL:

We've gone shopping. Huh! Huh!

We've gone shopping. Huh Huh!

We've gone shopping in the Land of Punt.

Give 'em beads and bracelets

Give 'em one nice meal

Give 'em shiny trinkets

And we have got a deal!

LEADER (shouting directions to WORKERS again):
Check over there
What do you see?

WORKERS (from audience):
Panther skins and some ivory!

LEADER:
No need to sweat
No need to hunt

ALL and CHORUS:
We've gone shopping
We've gone shopping
We've...gone...shopping in the Land...of Punt.

(THEY exit. Three EGYPTIAN NOBLES enter. THEY point to the EXPEDITION members.)

NOBLE #1: Did you see the things Hatshepsut brought back from Punt?

NOBLE #2: I'm impressed. All that gold, and those beautiful elephant tusks.

NOBLE #3: And the monkeys.

NOBLE #1: She brought back monkeys?

NOBLE #3: Baboons, I think.

NOBLE #2: Doesn't your friend Weshti have a monkey?

NOBLE #3: No, that's his nephew. Everybody makes that mistake.

(HATSHEPSUT enters. The NOBLES continue their conversation, but we can't hear it. HATSHEPSUT addresses the audience.)

HATSHEPSUT: I always wondered what the nobles in my royal court really thought about me.

(SHE points to the three NOBLES)

They had to suck up when I was around, but the palace was full of political intrigue. There was only one man I really trusted... Senenmut.

(Looks to side of stage as SENENMUT hurries in.)

SENENMUT (hurrying on stage): Hatshepsut! My King! My Queen! My Pharaoh!

(HE bows down at her feet.)

HATSHEPSUT: Senenmut, you don't have to do that every time we meet. Why the hurry?

SENENMUT: I come with news. I've brought the obelisks. Big ones. GIANT ones. 100 feet tall and 350 tons each. For the temple in Karnak.

HATSHEPSUT: Well done. You never fail me, Senenmut.

SENENMUT: Oh, and I brought you this picture of a sphinx. I drew my face on it.

(HE thrusts it to her shyly and races off.)

Farewell, your majesty.

(exits)

HATSHEPSUT (to audience): I think he has crush on me.

NOBLE #1 (now heard in conversation): It hurts to admit, but I may have been wrong about Hatshepsut.

HATSHEPSUT: Oh good! Let's listen in.

NOBLE #2: Yeah, the army has been victorious. The Nile has flooded perfectly.

NOBLE #3: And she brought us MONKEYS!

NOBLE #1: It seems she has truly established maat.

HATSHEPSUT: Maat is balance, order, and justice. Maat is very important to us Egyptians—it means the universe is in harmony. And who is responsible for securing maat?

(SHE points to herself)

C'est moi.

Pronounced: seh-MWAH.
It means "It is I," or more colloquially, "that's me."

NOBLE #2: Maybe Hatshepsut isn't so bad after all.

NOBLES:

Song 6

Though it has been surprising
The sun's come up each day
And then sets every evening
Guess we'll be okay.
Sure the pharaoh's a woman so who would have thought
Yeah we got maat.

Though I'd have bet against it
The Nile still is here
The desert didn't get us
Not too bad a year.
Though the king is a queen all our fears were for naught
Yeah we got maat.
Yeah we got maat.

**Instrumentation for
SONG 6:** Bells, digital
bells, electric bass, electric
piano, drums, claps

Balance and harmony
That's the way to go
Balance and harmony
That's the job of our CEO.

(Spoken): The big guy. Er, woman. Pharaoh!

NOBLES and CHORUS:
Though it has been surprising
The sun's come up each day
And then sets every evening
Guess we'll be okay.
Sure the pharaoh's a woman so who would have thought
Yeah we got maat.
Yeah we got maat.

(THEY exit in conversation, passing a PEASANT COUPLE without even noticing them. HE is carrying a heavy basket; SHE has her arms full of cloth. THEY scoot to get out of the way of the nobles, who now are off stage.)

WIFE: Well, would you look at that. Those nobles didn't even notice that we're alive.

HUSBAND: They must have important things to think about.

WIFE: Yeah. Like how many goose feathers it takes to stuff one of their pillows.

HUSBAND: You know, I wouldn't swap lives with them for a second. Not even with the pharaoh.

WIFE: No?

HUSBAND: Well, maybe for a second. Two, three seconds tops.

WIFE: Wouldn't you like it if I smelled of exotic perfumes?

HUSBAND: Now that you mention it, you do smell a lot like fish these days.

WIFE: Oh that's a new fragrance I've been trying out: eau de tilapia. Fresh from the Nile.

HUSBAND: Well I like it. See? We don't need any of that rich stuff!

PEASANT COUPLE:
We don't need servants
Don't need ten houses
We don't need big tombs
Sure don't need five spouses.

We've got just enough
Love our sons and daughters
We get all the rest
From the river waters.

Song 7

**Instrumentation
for SONG 7:** Three
electric guitars,
electric bass, piano,
drums

If if if if if
If I were king

COUPLE and CHORUS: King king king king

COUPLE:
I would not

COUPLE and CHORUS: change a single thing

COUPLE:
If I were king.

Don't need more farmland
Got enough for plowing
Everyone's equal
Don't need people bowing.

Wish our kids could read
Figure out those scribblings
But at least they won't
Have to marry siblings.

If if if if if
If I were king

COUPLE and CHORUS:
King king king king

COUPLE:
I would not

COUPLE and CHORUS:
change a single thing

COUPLE:
If I were king.



WIFE:
Maybe I would take a break from baking
Or someone else might weave a bit for me

HUSBAND:
And maybe if they said "Work on that temple!"
I'd say "Not now, I'm watching the TV."

COUPLE and CHORUS:
If if if if if
If I were king
King king king king
I would not change a single thing
If I were king
If I were king.

(THEY exit. The ROYAL SERVANT WOMEN enter with
SENENMUT. THEY are conversing.)

SERVANT #1: So, Senenmut. You want to get the pharaoh a
present.

SENENMUT: Just a little something to show her how much I, uh, I
appreciate the great job she's doing.

SERVANT #2: Why don't you just come out and tell her how you
feel?

SENENMUT: What?

SERVANT #3: Sure. You're an important man. Steward of the
Estate of Amun.

SERVANT #1: Overseer of all Royal Works.

SERVANT #2: Tutor to the Heiress.

SERVANT #3: Royal cat walker.

WARNING: On the next page, there is a reference to beer. The standard meal for the ancient Egyptians was bread and beer. If for some reason you feel uncomfortable mentioning beer, substitute something else that Egyptians or pharaohs liked. Gold, maybe. It's not as funny as beer, though.

SENENMUT: I am NOT the royal cat walker. Look, I've come to you because you are Hatshepsut's most trusted servants. What would really impress her?

SERVANT #1: How about a solid gold Frisbee?

SENENMUT: I already gave her one for her birthday—it flew about three feet.

SERVANT #2: What about a rod that turns into a serpent when you throw it down on the ground?

SENENMUT: Everybody in Egypt seems to have one of those.

SERVANT #3: I've got it! What's the most important thing to EVERY Egyptian king?

SENENMUT: Beer?

SERVANT #3: Besides beer!

SENENMUT: More beer?

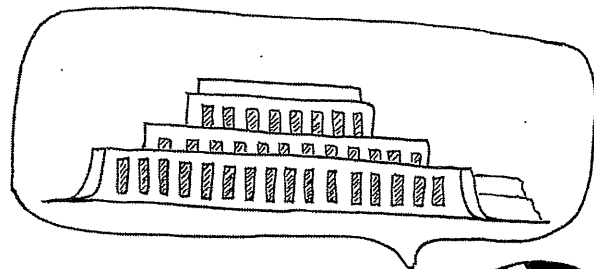
SERVANT #3: No. A splendid tomb!

SERVANT #1: Absolutely! You should build her a big tomb, and a magnificent mortuary temple where she can be worshipped after she dies.

SENENMUT: I'm not sure that's really sending the right message.

SERVANT #2: It's perfect! There's plenty of room on the other side of the Nile up against the cliffs.

SERVANT #3: She'll love it!



Song 8

ROYAL SERVANT WOMEN:

Nothing says "I love you"
Like building her a tomb
One thing's sure in Egypt
When you inhume
Love'll bloom.

Nothing says "I love you"
Like planning for her death
Through your design
She'll be divine
Think big—
Go dig.

**Instrumentation for SONG
8:** Two electric guitars, organ,
electric bass, drums, cowbell,
synthesizer sound effects

It is love when you're thinking of her embalming
She will smile staring 'cross the Nile and thank you know who.

Nothing says "I love you"
Like one big sepulcher
Looking for some romance?
When you inter
It's for sure.

ROYAL SERVANT WOMEN and CHORUS:

Nothing says "I love you"
Like planning for her death
Through your design
She'll be divine
Think big—
Go dig.

It is love when you're thinking of her embalming
She will smile staring 'cross the Nile and thank you know who.
She'll thank you
Yeah she'll thank you
Oh she'll thank you.

(THEY exit. FAROUK, APPLEBEE, and HATSHEPSUT
enter.)

FAROUK: Your temple is still one of the most popular tourist sites in the world.

HATSHEPSUT: Oh that Senenmut. Such a romantic. He hid over 60 representations of himself in there so I would be reminded of him after I died.

APPLEBEE: Too bad he wasn't around to stop all that damage to your reputation.

FAROUK (to APPLEBEE): I don't think we need to go into that.

HATSHEPSUT: What do you mean, "damage"?

FAROUK: Nothing, really. Just some minor mishaps.

APPLEBEE: Are you kidding? After she died, they pulled down her statues, destroyed her obelisks, and erased her name,

HATSHEPSUT (upset, to FAROUK): Is this true?

FAROUK: Yes, I'm afraid it is. I didn't want to alarm you.

HATSHEPSUT: Who would DO such a thing?

FAROUK: Well, one theory is that your stepson, Tuthmosis III, who became pharaoh at your death, was trying to make it look like he had been pharaoh the whole time you were actually in control.

HATSHEPSUT: That's ridiculous. I always treated him well. He would never do such a thing.

TUTHMOSIS III (entering): Oh yes I would! And I DID!

HATSHEPSUT: Tuthmosis! How could you?

TUTHMOSIS III: How COULD I? With a hammer and a chisel, that's how. I didn't want people thinking I was under the thumb of a woman all that time.

(to audience)

Every time I toppled one of her statues, it was a blow for freedom!

TUTHMOSIS III:
When I became the pharaoh
Her face was everywhere
On walls and towels and vases
And on the silverware.

Song 9

And worst of all her statues
Were looming all around
It almost drove me crazy
'Till I went out and found...

**Instrumentation
for SONG 9:**
Drums, dumbek,
cowbell, agogogo
bells, bass, piano,
trombone, flute

Hammer and chisel
Chisel and hammer
Take a whack just one good hack it's perfect therapy
Hammer and chisel
Chisel and hammer
It's exciting, I'm rewriting history.

We'll wipe out her cartouches
And substitute my name
Erase her from the records
And I will get the fame.

They'll think that I've been pharaoh
Since I was just a tot
Yeah life is so much better
Since I went out and bought...

TUTHMOSIS and CHORUS:
Hammer and chisel
Chisel and hammer
Take a whack just one good hack it's
perfect therapy
Hammer and chisel
Chisel and hammer
It's exciting, I'm rewriting history.
Hammer and chisel
Hammer and chisel
Hammer, chisel, yeah!

(TUTHMOSIS exits.)



NOTE: If you want to give the actor playing Tuthmosis some support in his singing, you can add some Royal Attendants who appear with him and sing along. They could also act destructively during the song—in a quiet, positive sort of way.

APPLEBEE (to HATSHEPSUT): But don't worry. Thuthmosis's efforts didn't work.

FAROUK: No, we Egyptologists figured out you had been pharaoh all those years.

HATSHEPSUT: Good. I'm glad the story of my kingship has been told. This has been an exhausting day. I need another 3000 year nap.

FAROUK: Would you like me to escort you to your sarcophagus?

HATSHEPSUT: That would be lovely, Professor.

APPLEBEE: Anything I can get you?

HATSHEPSUT: Maybe one of those cherry Slurpees. I need to hydrate.

CLASS:

We found a mummy
Yeah it's a mummy
Out in the desert sands.

Song 10

We found a mummy
A little gummy
Where can we wash our hands?

Oh it's Egyptian royalty
From in the fifteenth century
Though many folks have searched we found it first.

We found a mummy
Oh what a mummy
I hope it isn't cursed!

They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy
I think I have an ear!

They found a mummy
And we're no dummy
We're getting out of here!

Three thousand years and more elapse
This sucker was kept under wraps
Did you see that? I think it winked at me!

They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy
And now we're history!

They found a mummy
Oh what a mummy
And now it's history.

THE END

