

Detective Doyle
&
The Missing Mummy

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COLD OPEN

1 INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE DOYLE enters the HAUNTED HOUSE.

Dressed up in a trench coat draped over a white dress shirt, he is dressed in classic detective attire, in addition to the glowing ruby amulet wrapped around his neck.

Moonlight peers through the blinds, Doyle walks through cautiously as he turns on his flashlight and waves it around.

He checks every wall, every chunk of the floor, but there's nothing but creaky old wood.

A *crackle* from the Detective's pocket, a transmission from the CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF(V.O.)
(through walkie-talkie)
Detective Doyle! Detective Doyle!

The Detective sighs silently and stops.

He picks up the walkie-talkie.

CHIEF(V.O.)
Can you hear me? Are you getting this detective?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
I can hear you loud and clear Chief, just make it quick. I don't know how long it is until this creep gets home.

CHIEF(V.O.)
Well Doyle I got word you're trying to swipe the killer's golden idol while you're there? Is that correct?

Detective Doyle keeps walking, investigating more of the house.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Well yeah, it is here, and I have some time.

CHIEF(V.O.)
You can get it Doyle, just make sure you get him first. That's your

mission.

Beat, the transmission *crackles*.

CHIEF(V.O.)

*And reme--er th-- th- h--se i- h--n-
ed.*

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Yeah, yeah I know th- h--se i- h--n-
ed, Chief.

Doyle looks to his left, seeing a little OFFICE SPACE tucked into a corner.

Sitting on the desk is six CRT screens, with surveillance footage on each one.

Two of them show Doyle from different angles.

Doyle looks above the screens, seeing a GOLDEN IDOL, perched precariously on a shelf.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

(transfixed)

Hey, Chief, I should let you go.

(beat)

I found something.

CHIEF(V.O.)

*Well also, Detective, the house is
booby--*

Doyle shuts off the walkie talkie and puts it away.

He stands on his tip toes and reaches for the idol.

On one of the screens, the KILLER enters the house, covered in blood and carrying a butcher knife.

Doyle reaches further.

It's just a couple inches too tall for him.

The Killer walks through the foyer.

Doyle's reaching as far as he can, ripping his sleeve slightly as he stretches, fully straining his muscles.

His fingers are all but touching the idol.

Footsteps behind him.

Slowly, he turns his head around.

He cautiously lowers his heel back to the ground, landing on the wood with a resounding *creak*.

The Killer stops, but doesn't turn around.

The Killer keeps walking.

Doyle breathes a sigh of relief.

The walkie-talkie *crackles* to life once more.

CHIEF(V.O.)

*Hey Doyle! Did you hear what I said
about the house being booby trapped?*

The Killer turns around and locks eyes with the Killer.

KILLER

Were you trying to steal my idol,
Detective?

Doyle says nothing.

KILLER

That doesn't seem ethical for a man of
the law, does it, Detective?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Idol or no idol, I'm bringing you to
justice. And I'm taking the idol. And
I'm keeping it in my personal
collection!

KILLER

Perhaps instead of trying to steal my
belongings, you should've listened to
your boss.

The Killer lifts up his hand.

He has a string tied around his middle finger, which he flicks back, causing the Idol to fly into his hand.

He flips the head off, revealing a red button.

Detective Doyle goes to grab it just as the Killer hits the button, opening a trapdoor, sending Doyle down.

As Doyle falls and *wails*, the Killer runs off.

A *splash* echoes from the trapdoor, which then slams shut.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: DETECTIVE DOYLE & THE MISSING MUMMY

ACT I2 INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Chief Inspector is playing one man Chutes and Ladders, with a Chess clock.

He looks at a chute.

Looks at a ladder.

Looks to the clock, still ticking, unable to decide.

The clock *beeps*.

CHIEF

Damn it!

A *knock* at his door.

He quickly swipes the board off his desk.

CHIEF

(still mad)

Come in!

Two POLICE OFFICERS walk in, pulling Detective Doyle, who's draped in a blanket and holding a steaming mug of hot cocoa.

OFFICER 1

We found him underneath the pier,
Chief.

CHIEF

Thank you Officers, any sign of the
Camera Killer?

OFFICER 2

Not a one Chief, we think he's past
the state border.

CHIEF

Well thank you for your help Officers,
you can head home early tonight.

OFFICER 1

Thank you.

OFFICER 2

Thanks, Chief.

The two Officers walk out the door, bonking head from exiting the same way.

They laugh and try again, bonking heads again.

The Second Officer gestures for the First to go out, and he hits his head on the doorframe.

They both laugh and shake their heads.

CHIEF

Leave now!

They scurry away like mice, the door slamming closed behind them.

Chief looks to Doyle, happily sipping on his hot chocolate.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Hiya, Chief!

Doyle holds the mug out to the Chief.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Want some?

CHIEF

No thank you, I have some mix under my desk, with mini marshmallows. And you should not be gulping down yummy treats Detective.

Doyle gulps down more cocoa.

CHIEF

You need to be disciplined for your behavior tonight.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Disciplined?! I didn't even do nothing no wrong.

CHIEF

And there's the classic attitude. You know I shouldn't even be sending you on cases alone, every single one of your assignments ends like this.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Name one time.

The Chief grimaces and pulls out a stack of thick manila folders.

He opens the first folder.

CHIEF

Remember this one? March of last year, you were apprehending the Ice Cream Killer, when you found the world's first ice cream cone in his fridge.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

A priceless artifact for ice cream archaeologists.

CHIEF

And then while you were trying to fish it out of his freezer, you started eating a *ChocoTaco*, allowing the suspect to get away, and murder one more before being arrested.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

He didn't kill a person, he killed an anthropomorphic ice cream sandwich! Brought to life by the evil warlocks curse, which I undid by the way.

CHIEF

My point stands. I have twenty more cases like this, and if you don't do well on your next one, you're demoted mister.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Demoted? But I like this job! I like being a treasure hunting detective!

CHIEF

Well maybe that's the issue. Spend a little less time chasing jewels and chests and--

The Chief angrily grabs the Detective's Amulet.

CHIEF

--amulets and whatever other nonsense, you could be stopping crime!

The Chief lands back in his chair.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

It's not fair.

CHIEF

Well Chute's and Ladders ain't fair
Detective, but I still play every
Friday.

Doyle eyes the tossed over game board on the floor.

He glances up at the desk, where he sees something on the
desk.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Chief, what is that?

The Chief lowers his mug of hot cocoa, swallowing his sip.

CHIEF

Oh! This is my new butterfly knife.

Chief picks up the knife and plays with it.

CHIEF

My friend gave it to me! Christmas
present.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

You can play with it but I bet you
can't stab.

Chief laughs, collapsing the knife and doing a stabbing
motion, dropping the knife in the process.

Doyle laughs, throws off the blanket, sets down the mug and
gets up.

He walks to the door.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

You got to work on your stabbing
Chief!

CHIEF

(fumbling for knife)
You... better practice... your...
catching a criminal!

The Chief sits up holding the knife, seeing Doyle is already
gone.

3 **INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT**

Detective Doyle walks into the stereotypical SCIENCE LAB.

Beakers, test tubes, machines, tesla coil, et cetera.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE, the station's in-house scientist, runs over to greet Doyle.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Detective Doyle, how glad I am to see you! How did the case go tonight?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Great, yeah, it went really well.

(short beat)

You said you had something to show me before I left?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Oh yes, yes, it's regarding the sarcophagus you brought back. From your assignment in Egypt.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

When I lost the suspect in the Pharaoh's Labyrinth but found his treasure horde. Yeah I remember.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

I ran some tests on it, so take a seat, take a seat I'll show you.

Doyle sits down, Particle giddily runs to a projector and turns it on.

He stands underneath a projected diagram, holding a clicker.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

The good news is that your sarcophagus contained a real mummy, I think.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

You think it's a real mummy?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

You can never be too sure.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

If your data is conclusive, then I'll believe you. Continue.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

I ran tests on the cloth, the mummified skin, and the dust lining

the metal tomb, they all came back positive, as far as I can tell.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

That's great news Professor! And I assume your tests are right because you're the best scientist in the field. You need to work on your confidence Professor, Einstein wasn't going around doing e equals $m c$ squared stammering and apologizing.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Thank you sir, but that's not even the best of it--

A door opens, light flicks on, they both look.

The Chief is at the door.

CHIEF

Doyle, active crime scene downtown, I need someone with me let's go.

Doyle bolts out the door.

CHIEF

(to Professor Particle)

Particle, there won't be any gizmos there but come if you want.

The Chief walks out.

The Professor hurriedly shoves some test tubes in a suitcase and runs out.

4 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Doyle, The Professor, and The Chief all step out of a police car toward an active crime scene.

Chalk outlines, caution tape, photographers, the whole deal.

They approach another DETECTIVE on the scene.

CHIEF

So what happened here, Lou?

LOU

What do you think happened here?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
This wasn't because of the Camera
Killer was it?

LOU
It's possible

Detective Doyle rubs his temples.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Oh my god.

LOU
Oh wait, oh yeah. We caught him a few
hours ago. This whole thing--

Lou gestures vaguely at the scene.

LOU
--this was nothing.

CHIEF
So it wasn't murder?

LOU
No, scurvy.

Lou points at the chalk outline.

LOU
Died right there.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
How can you be sure it was scurvy?

LOU
Do you see any oranges around here
Professor?

Lou takes a second.

LOU
Let me know if you have any questions
guys, thanks for coming.

Lou walks away.

SNEERING VOICE(O.S.)
Well, well, well, look who it is.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Oh no.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Who is it Detective?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

That scheming weasel Dr. Looter and his gang. No doubt here to rub in my face that I lost the idol.

CHIEF

Should we turn around to face them?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Might as well.

The group turns around, finding themselves face to face with DR. LOOTER and his GANG OF CROOKS.

Dr. Looter is dressed in typical archaeological wear, with a treasure map sticking out of his pocket.

His goons WISECRACK, MUTE, and BULK stand beside him.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Hello, Dr. Looter.

DR. LOOTER

Detective, how odd it is we run into you here.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Yes, at an active crime scene. Sorry, can I help you with something?

DR. LOOTER

Well me and the fellas were just out on the town, saw you and your gang of, er, eh--

WISECRACK

Morons, boss?

DR. LOOTER

Yeah, morons!

The gang all cackles.

DR. LOOTER
 (still laughing)
 Hey Detective, I heard you couldn't
 get the sacred idol from the Camera
 Killer!

DETECTIVE DOYLE
 I don't know.
 (to Mute)
 Mute, did you hear about this?

Mute looks at Doyle, silent.

Dr. Looter slaps Doyle's hand.

DR. LOOTER
 Don't mess with my goons Detective.
 Gah!

Looter tilts his ankle, grimacing in pain.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
 Are you okay Doctor? Want me to take a
 look?

DR. LOOTER
 (strained)
 No... I'm... fine...

He *snaps* his ankle back into place.

DR. LOOTER
 I twisted it, on an expedition to a
 diamond mine in Nicaragua.
 (slyly glancing at Doyle)
 You must know how that is, Detective.
 (back to group)
 And those same diamonds will be on
 display at my exhibit, that none--

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
 Ooh, an exhibit! Can we go?

DR. LOOTER
 --that none of you are invited to.
 Actually you know what?

He slaps Bulk on the back.

DR. LOOTER
 Bulk, give 'em some tickets!

Doyle and The Chief are unmoved, Particle is over the moon.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Alright!

Bulk takes three tickets out of his coat pocket.

He grips them, they get lost in his fist.

When he unfurls his fingers, the tickets have disintegrated into dust.

Professor Particle becomes crestfallen.

DR. LOOTER

(taking steps toward Doyle)

Oh that's too bad, maybe if you gave me your mummy Detective. Maybe I'd consider inviting you.

They're now face to face.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Nope.

A long beat.

DR. LOOTER

(pleading)

Come on, please!

DETECTIVE DOYLE

No.

DR. LOOTER

But I want it.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

No.

DR. LOOTER

(back to normal voice)

Fine, no matter. I won't be seeing you three at the exhibit. And if you try to sneak in I'll be sending my rabid dogs after you all.

Looter and his gang walk away.

Doyle and his group mutter to each other.

Looter turns around, his goons keep walking.

DR. LOOTER

Oh and besides Detective, I have four
other sarcophagi. It's going to be
mummy mayhem!

Looter cackles as he walks out of the alley, his silhouette
resembling a mad cartoon villain.

5 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Detective Doyle is lugging something tall and heavy into a
locker.

He wipes sweat off his brow and breathes a sigh of relief.

He goes over, sits at his desk, by lamplight, seemingly the
last person in the office.

He takes a swig of chocolate milk.

He fondly fiddles with his ruby encrusted amulet.

He sighs.

The door swings open, *banging* against the wall.

It's the Chief and an Officer!

Doyle swings around in his swivel chair.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

What is it, Chief?

CHIEF

I came as soon as you could. It's your
mummy sir, it's been stolen.

Doyle jumps up and throws on his trench coat.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Come on chief! We're going to grab the
Professor and find that artifact.

OFFICER 1

What should I do?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Guard this amulet, there are looters
about...

(he looks down, in thought)
looters...

He snaps.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
(clenching fist)
Looter!

Doyle marches up to the Chief.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Chief, we're going to that exhibit.

ACT II6 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Doyle is driving his car, the Chief sits in the passenger seat.

They are silent.

The Chief turns on the radio.

A song about mummies plays.

SINGER(V.O.)
(through radio)
*I found a mummy in Egypt, really tall
and really very funny.*

The Chief smiles.

7 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doyle swerves the car, pulling over, going off the curb and onto the sidewalk.

Professor Particle is standing on his front lawn, peering through a telescope.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
Oh! My coworkers!

He runs up to the car, peering through the window.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
I'd love to come back to work at two in the morning, but I'm busy peering at a new planet. Ninth planet in the solar system, I'm thinking of naming it after Mickey Mouse's delightful pet dog!

DETECTIVE DOYLE
No time, we've got to go to the exhibit. Now.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
Well let me just tear this down real quick.

Particle runs back and kicks down the telescope.

He runs back.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Ready!

8 **INT. CAR - NIGHT**

The three sit in the car, with Particle sitting in the middle seat in the back.

SINGER(V.O.)

I love sarcophagi, going to the exhibit to steal it back--

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Can I play something more catered to my interests?

CHIEF

Hey! I sit shotgun, I pick the station.

Chief turns the dial.

GRUFF SINGER(V.O.)

I'm the Chief, and I'm in charge--

Defeated, Particle slinks back into his seat.

9 **EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

Dr. Looter's exhibit is a full Hollywood affair.

Red carpet, celebrities, photographers, the whole deal.

Banners hang from the museum's pillars, reading:

DR. LOOTER'S MUMMY MADNESS!

Detective Doyle pulls his ugly, decaying station wagon in between two stretch limos.

The three step out of the car, all wearing Groucho Marx glasses, in their normal work attire.

They walk past rows of photographers, dozens of flashes going off in front of them.

A REPORTER jumps in front of Professor Particle.

REPORTER

Hey skip! What do you think of Dr.
Looters exhibit going on here?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

My name is Professor Particle, I love
test tubes, my favorite thing on the
periodic table is Cadmium.

REPORTER

You think you're running the show here
buster?

The Reporter walks off, grumbling.

The three walk up to the gates, where security guard are
examining people's faces.

Doyle glances nervously at a GUARD, then glances at a PACK OF
DOGS, all snarling and foaming at the mouth.

Doyle starts sweating.

CHIEF

You okay Detective?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

What if these disguises don't work
Chief?

CHIEF

We'll just play it cool.

They get to the front of the line.

The Guard inspects each of their faces individually.

Doyle's eyes dart behind his phony glasses.

The Guard gestures over another guard.

GUARD 1

Hey come over here boss.

The SECOND GUARD walks over.

GUARD 2

Yeah? What's up with this?

GUARD 1

Take a look at these guys.

All three men, still in disguise, are visibly sweating and shaking.

Particle's mustache peels off a little.

GUARD 1
Don't dese guys look just like dat
Marx guy?

GUARD 2
Author o' Da Kapital?

GUARD 1
No, from da movies. Da clown.

GUARD 2
Oh yeah, hey one a you guys do an
impression of that guy.

Doyle gulps and makes a *meh* sound, vaguely sounding like Groucho Marx.

The Guards laugh and gesture the guys to go inside.

The next GUEST walks up, with a giant nose, glasses, and a big bushy mustache.

GUARD 1
Hey this guys a fake! Dogs!

The pack of Dogs charge over and lunge at the Man.

10 **INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The three walk in, as the sound of *screams* and *barks* are heard outside.

CHIEF
Alright let's split up. I'll go
interrogate some of the guests.
(to Doyle)
Put your disguise back on, I'm going
to need you to listen in on Dr.
Looter.
(to Professor Particle)
You go find the mummies, can you run
tests on them?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
Of course, I always have that stuff.

CHIEF

Good, make sure it matches Doyle's.
And go!

The three men walk off in separate directions.

11 **INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT**

Detective Doyle walks up to a table, filled with PATRONS.

They look at him quizzically.

Doyle flashes something at them, they still seem confused.

Doyle looks down, seeing he flashed his amulet instead of his badge.

He chuckles and shows them his badge, then shushes the table.

He cups his hand over his ear, listening in on Dr. Looter behind him, who is conversing with WEALTHY DONORS.

DR. LOOTER

The thing that makes these mummies so special to me is that I caught them myself. They came from Cairo, one in Machu Picchu, and one even came from a salt mine in Connecticut.

Soft murmuring from the Donors.

WEALTHY DONOR 1

How'd it get there?

DR. LOOTER

I don't know, probably stolen and ended up there. Definitely not stolen by me, that's for sure!

Detective Doyle clenches his fist.

Looter glances at Doyle.

DR. LOOTER

I think I know that man over there.

He turns to face Doyle, Doyle throws his collar up, hiding.

DR. LOOTER

I think I'll go talk to him.

A WAITER approaches Doyle, with a silver platter of mugs.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
(hissing)
Get lost!

WAITER
Sir, I need to offer you a mug of hot
cocoa, with whipped cream and tiny
little marshmallows.

Looter stops and watches.

Doyle is still, the muscles in his face strains.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
(strained)
I... am... okay.

WAITER
Are you sure?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
No...
(face relaxes)
I hate chocolate milk.

The Waiter walks away, indignant.

Looter turns back to the Donors.

DR. LOOTER
I guess I was mistaken.

12 **INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The Chief is in conversation with Dr. Looter's Goons.

The Chief is eyeing a nearby artifact, it's the real idol!

CHIEF
So what's this idol guys?

WISECRACK
Nothin', just da most expensive idol
da boss has. He just gots its this
week.

CHIEF
Hmm.
(beat, looks at Mute)

So, Mute, do you know anything about the mummy exhibit?

WISECRACK

He don't know nothin' Chief. Say why don't you get lost?

CHIEF

Do you know anything?

Mute says nothing, nervously pulling at his collar.

CHIEF

You know Mute, I heard something interesting. I heard your boss stole one of the mummies. Would you know anything about that?

WISECRACK

Hey, leave 'im alone Chiefs, he don't know nothin' about Dr. Looter stealins the Detective's mummy.

13 **INT. TOMB**

The centerpiece of the exhibit is a mock TOMB, with phony walls, and a ROSETTA STONE prop at the center of the room.

Five of Dr. Looters sarcophagi sit around the tomb, in a circle.

Two TOURISTS are walking around and chatting, while the Professor eyes them.

Once they walk out, the Professor seals the door and uses a crowbar to keep it blocked.

The Professor then stalks around the tomb, holding a device that BEEPS each time he passes a sarcophagus.

As he walks by the last one, the device *beeps* like crazy.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

A-ha!

He takes out a wire, with a bit of cotton on the end.

He wiggles it around.

He pulls it out, the cotton end with a bit of dust on it.

He pulls out a little vial and dips the cotton into it.
The liquid inside the vial quickly turns from clear to red.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
(quietly)
Detective Doyle's mummy.

Particle pulls out a walkie-talkie.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
Detective!

14 **INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT**

Doyle is putting the walkie-talkie to his face.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE (V.O.)
(through walkie-talkie)
Detective!

DETECTIVE DOYLE
(hushed)
What is it, Professor?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE (V.O.)
*I think I've found it, I think I've
found your mummy.*

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Are you positive?

15 **INT. TOMB**

Professor Particle takes a long pause to think.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
(through walkie-talkie)
Are you positive Professor?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE
Yes, I'm positive.

16 **INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT**

Detective Doyle hides in his collar as Dr. Looter walks by.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE (V.O.)
*Hey, you should get to the tomb
Detective.*

Dr. Looter whips around, seeing Detective Doyle already gunning through the Museum.

He goes to the table, seeing the Groucho Marx glasses.

He picks it up and scowls, crushing the disguise.

17 **INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The Chief is laughing as the three goons are fighting.

BULK

Why'd you spill the beans?

WISECRACK

I didn't knows I was spillin'! The beans was in da can, when I opened my mouth theys all spilled!

PROFESSOR PARTICLE(V.O.)

Chief! Get over here! We found the mummy!

WISECRACK

It's da chief of police!

Bulk punches the Chief, the Chief ducks.

Chief stands up, poised to fight.

He dodges another blow, then pulls out his Butterfly Knife, doing a cool trick in the process.

BULK

You enjoying my Christmas present Chief?

CHIEF

Bulk! You were my secret santa?!

The Chief stabs, he misses, dropping the knife.

As the Chief jumps to grab his knife, Bulk lunges.

Bulk hits the Idol, smashing it on contact.

Mute *shrieks*.

WISECRACK

The idol!

Wisecrack smacks Bulk.

 WISECRACK
 You idiot!

They all turn to see the Chief running away.

They all *shriek*.

ACT III18 INT. TOMB

Doyle and Particle are loading the sarcophagus onto a dolly.

The Chief runs in.

Particle barricades the door again.

CHIEF

Let's get out of here before Looter
finds us.

Particle is examining the Rosetta Stone.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Guys, this is Latin!

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Who cares?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

No, it's Latin, for *this is a secret
exit!*

CHIEF

Let's get out of here!

Professor Particle kicks the stone, toppling over to reveal a
tunnel.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Sarcophagus first.

They dump the mummy in, *banging* the sides all the way down.

The group winces with every noise.

Doyle jumps in, then the Chief.

As Professor Particle is climbing in, the door rattles.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

A-ha! You goons will never get past my
barricade!

The door opens the other way.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

No!

Particle falls down the chute.

19 **INT. CATACOMBS**

The group runs through the tunnels of the Catacombs, all three pushing the sarcophagus as fast as they can.

Phony cardboard cutouts of skeletons and spiders pop out at them.

The Chief and Doyle pay no attention, Particle jumps every time.

They run through a row of cobwebs, arriving in a room.

They untangle themselves as the Chief looks around.

There is a chute and a ladder on either side of the room.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Which one do we go through?

CHIEF

The chute!

As before, they all jump in in sequence.

20 **INT. BACKROOM**

The Chief and The Professor come out of the chute, finding themselves at the feet of Dr. Looter and his gang.

DR. LOOTER

Ah, we found two of them. Now where's the Detective and his little pet?

CHIEF

No idea Looter. But we know you stole these artifacts, soon the whole department will know to. Then possibly even other police departments!

DR. LOOTER

Oh, is it really so different from what your Detective does? Stealing from criminals, stealing from the police? All a means to an end.

Professor Particle quietly turns the dial on the walkie talkie in his pocket.

DR. LOOTER
(turning to Particle)
You, scientist.

Particle quickly pulls his hand out.

DR. LOOTER
Do you know where the Detective is?

CHIEF
Don't bug him. We don't know where he is, he went in the chute with us. For all we know he could be miles from here.

DR. LOOTER
Is that so?

CHIEF
Our best Detective? The world's greatest Detective? Of course he got out. Him and that mummy are probably safe and sound by now.

21 **INT. TOMB**

Doyle and the sarcophagus fall out of the chute, into another tomb.

Identical to the first, this one contains another set of five sarcophagi.

Doyle tries the door, it's sealed shut.

DR. LOOTER
Let me tell you what's happening to Doyle, if he's still here.

22 **INT. BACKROOM**

DR. LOOTER
He's trapped in the tomb I created for him, because the chute sent him there. In ten minutes oxygen will run out, and I'll unseal it, taking back my mummy. Four of the sarcophagi will send him down a trapdoor. And I know he's too

23 **INT. TOMB**

DR. LOOTER
*stupid to know which one is the real
 exit. Oh, if only he paid attention to
 Professor Particle's lesson in Latin.*

Doyle walks to the Rosetta Stone.

He traces his finger across as he reads lines off the tablet.

He walks to one of the Sarcophagi and opens it.

24 **INT. BACKROOM**

Looter walks away from Chief and Particle.

DR. LOOTER
 (looking away)
 Goons, tie them up, I'm going to check
 that Doyle's dead.

Beat.

DR. LOOTER
 Goons?

Looter turns around to see his Goons knocked out on the floor, Doyle standing above them, holding a crowbar.

The Chief apprehends Looter and puts him in handcuffs.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
 Take him back into the tomb Chief.

Doyle stands aside, the Chief leads Looter into the door Doyle came through.

25 **INT. TOMB**

Chief nudges Looter through the open sarcophagus, Doyle and Particle follow.

Chief turns to Detective Doyle.

CHIEF
 Why'd we bring him in here?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
 Open one of the tombs Looter. Any of
 'em.

DR. LOOTER
You can't do that Detective. I could
drown.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Alright, Chief, take off his
handcuffs.

Chief unlocks his handcuffs.

Looter tries to run, he twists his ankle again, and bellows
in pain.

He grabs the nearest object to him, the sarcophagus, opening
it.

Dr. Looter falls through the trapdoor, screaming.

DR. LOOTER
(echoing)
I'll get you detective!

A *splash* from below.

26 **INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The group charges their sarcophagus past hordes of guests and
tourists.

27 **EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The group charges down the stairs and to a limo.

Particle loads the mummy inside, him and Doyle hop in with
it.

Chief runs to the LIMO DRIVER, flashing his badge.

CHIEF
Police business, scram.

The Driver runs off.

Chief gets in and the gang drives off.

28 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

The police station is dark, it seems to be just before
sunrise.

The three men are celebrating over three steaming mugs of hot

cocoa.

CHIEF

Hey, Professor, you found the mummy's tomb. How about you get to open it?

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Oh, I'd love to!

Particle walks over to the sarcophagus, which was just a foot or so away.

He cracks it open.

There's no mummy inside!

Professor Particle and the Chief gasp as they peer inside.

CHIEF

I don't get it, it felt so heavy.

Particle is investigating.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Chief! There's a note!

CHIEF

Read it.

Particle takes the note and reads aloud.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Nice try getting my mummy you buffoons. Doctor Looter always gets his way, and once I make my way back to land, I'll get the three of you.

Particle puts the note down.

He kicks the tomb.

PROFESSOR PARTICLE

Damn it!

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Take it easy Professor, take a look at this.

Doyle walks to a nearby cabinet and opens it.

An entombed mummy lies upright inside.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

You two thought I would just leave my
mummy lying around the police station,
unwatched? Fat chance.

Doyle closes the door and walks back to the other two.

They clink their mugs and laugh heartily.