

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt.
1585 BC. Day 43 of the pre-growing season. Wednesday.
Office of the Deputy Head of Non-Administrative Support.

After a series of violent assassinations, the Illuminati has installed Sekhmet as a puppet Pharaoh, ready to unknowingly enact our secret goals. Now that the Egyptian royal family is once again under Illuminati control, Deputy Head Underboss Beck meets with her superior to discuss the newest wrinkle in Project Big Triangle; how to deter the public from entering the Big Archival Triangle, drawn by curiosity, greed, and putrefying royal corpses.

INTERIOR. STONE OFFICE. DAY.
SOUNDS OF PAPERS SHUFFLING. SOME FOOTSTEPS WALKING BY AND THE
FOOTSTEPS RESOLVE INTO BECK TALKING TO THE CHIEF

BECK

But won't the spooky corpses inside do that for us? I mean, that was why you wanted to abandon the project originally--"too spooky!"

CHIEF

Be that as it may, Beck, *these* spooky corpses were royalty, and they've been buried with valuable objects. They're attracting thieves. Also, some people want to dig them up and pose with them, or make them do embarrassing dances or use their genitals for hot political takes.

BECK

Ugh, I hate media deconstruction. It's lazy.

CHIEF

Yes. Now if anything, we need to go spookier. Really lean into Novus Ordo Spookorum in a big way. That's where you come in Beck. Frankly, your team gives me the willies.

BECK

Ishmael does have that thousand yard stare.

CHIEF

Yes. We're all worried about Ishmael.

Go come up with something that will keep the tomb raiders away. This is high-priority. Oh and... don't let this one get out of hand. The last few operations were a bit ...messy. This is very straightforward, just come up with something to keep people out. Do not overthink it

BECK

Ok, simple plan. All I need is a horse costume I already have, some gold, probably a few birds, some way to summon rain, oh and someone who can teach my team close-up magic-

CHIEF(CUTTING BECK OFF)

Beck, I say this not just as your immediate superior, but as someone horrified with the consequences of your actions. Do not overdo this. Do not turn this into a bloodbath. Do not create something you cannot control. Keep this one simple.

BECK

I don't know if I can go simpler than that...

CHIEF

BECK.

BECK

We could... put on masks and scare people away?

CHIEF

Good.

Oh, also, on an unrelated note. Performance reviews are coming up soon. Wasn't one of your subordinates angling for a raise?

BECK

I don't remember that.

CHIEF

I won't worry about it then.

THERE IS A PAUSE

CHIEF (COT'D)

Well.

The Chief clears his throat expectantly.

BECK

Oh, uh, Novus Ordo Spookorum

CHIEF

Novus Ordo Spookorum. Good, yes. Now get going.

THE ILLUMINATI BREAKROOM. FAINT SOUND OF WATER POURING, PEOPLE CHATTING, TORCHES BURNING. CAMEL FOOTSTEPS

JACKIE

Get that camel out of here! You can't have it in the break room! Or inside! Or at all!

ISHMAEL

We've already bonded, he gets separation anxiety.

JACKIE

He's not yours!

ISHMAEL

He was supposed to be the Just Married camel that Pamoun and Lucra rode off on into the sunset after their royal wedding, and instead everyone died, and then he owned himself, and now we have a strong mutual relationship.

CAMEL

frightened camel sound

JACKIE

[Mumbles]

No one ever took me home after / had to watch a bunch of murders.

[louder]

Well, except mom, but she was kind of on both ends of the issue.

ISHMAEL

Yeah, your mom is nice. I took her advice and gave the camel a hard candy

CAMEL

spits *clattering noise*

ISHMAEL

Hey! That was a perfectly good butterscotch! *sigh*

[aside to Jackie]

Between you and me, Ishmael Jr. has been acting out a lot. I think it's puberty.

JACKIE

He's not your son!

ISHMAEL

Common law is common law.

JACKIE

That's for marriages!

ISHMAEL

AND babies found in reeds.

JACKIE

I'm going to look this up, but I am SURE you're wrong.

door creaks open

BECK

...What is Ishmael doing with that came- Deep breaths.

BECK INHALES AND EXHALES AUDIBLY.

BECK (COT'D) (WITH FORCED ENTHUSIASM)

The Chief has a job for us! Operation Big Triangle is *back on*.

JACKIE

Are you serious? This is going to be like when they flip-flopped on the tower of Babel. Five times. By the time they were done no one knew what was going on anymore.

BECK

Listen. This is important. He wants the job clean this time. Not too complicated, not too bloody.

JACKIE

So you're making me call my mom again.

ISHMAEL

She said *not* too bloody.

BECK

We're *fully capable of doing this on our own*.

ISHMAEL

I would like to request paternity leave.

BECK

No.

ISHMAEL

Then I would like a camel food allowance.

BECK

No!

ISHMAEL

A small raise to help with my large hairy son?

BECK

No, Ishmael! We need to make this pyramid so spooky no one will ever go in.

ISHMAEL

It was scary when we staged that workplace accident (Crosstalk "eh" "kinda"). We could do that again. But y'know. Bigger. Like... a big, giant, workplace accident.

EVERYONE SAYS NOTHING

ISHMAEL

Huge. Really, really big. Like if an elephant had a workplace accident.

EVERYONE SAYS NOTHING SOME MORE. THE BACKGROUND NOISE OF THE BREAKROOM SLOWLY CUTS OFF AS EVERYONE IN THE BREAKROOM STARTS LISTENING TO WHAT ISHMAEL IS SAYING

ISHMAEL (STARING INWARD, SINKING INTO SADNESS)

The elephant has a job. Instead of being wild and free. A job with poor working conditions. And no recognition of the elephant's valuable contributions to the workplace. Like being strong, or not forgetting things. No matter how much the elephant wishes it could.

SILENCE

ISHMAEL

I think about that one a lot.

BECK

No.

CAMEL

Muuuuurp

ISHMAEL

Mmm..

BREAKROOM SOUNDS START BACK UP

JACKIE

I'll say this It was scary the first time. It made me feel like going into a pyramid was like walking into a gauntlet of perils, designed as some sort of sick test. But not like the kind your mom arranges for your seventh birthday party, a weird kind.

UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE

SOUND OF A CAMEL CHEWING SOMETHING

ISHMAEL(CAUTIOUSLY)

That was a pretty fun party though.

JACKIE (BEGRUDGING)

Yeah it was okay.

BECK

Right, well, then maybe there's something there after all. But it has to be enough to keep *everyone* out, even the crazies. You know, the sort of perverts who would break into a tomb and desecrate a corpse just to make political commentary.

JACKIE

Yeah, perverts.

ISHMAEL

Freaks.

MEDITATIVE SILENCE

BECK

What if... what if people thought that going into pyramids would... curse you? Curses are scary.

JACKIE

What kind of curse? Like, a curse where you can't find your wallet or a curse where you're haunted by becoming your parents?

ISHMAEL

A curse where you can't have enough food for you and your hungry son?

CAMEL

Blerp?

BECK

Maybe.... Maybe the people buried inside would come back to life and chase after you for stealing?

JACKIE

Yeah. Maybe. But we'd need to really sell that one. We can't just put Ishmael in a costume and have him moan at people.

ISHMAEL

I would actually like to start being able to do different kinds of things besides just scare or mur-

BECK (CUTTING ISHMAEL OFF)

Of course it's going to be MORE than Ishmael in the costume moaning at people. What we need is Production Value.

BECK (COT'D)

I know just the guy.

FADE INTO SOUNDSCAPE OF IMHOTEP'S WORKSHOP. CHISELS CUTTING, OBELISKS BEING HOISTED, ASISSTANTS ASSISTING

IMHOTEP

Sure I can make it look like a man came back to life but why should I? For kicks?

BECK

Imhotep, you're the greatest inventor in literally the entire world and we need you. Would you like more birds..?

IMHOTEP

NO. No more birds. I learned my lesson about the birds after they all got arrested for treason. That was a lot of time and energy thrown down a hole.

I'm all about gambling now. Much safer, much more predictable.

ISHMAEL

Gambling you say. Ah, like that game with the dice?

IMHOTEP

That and so much more! I once bet on if a bird would eat a snake-

ISHMAEL (CUTTING IMHOTEP OFF)

Easy money. Birds love eating snakes. I've seen it a million times.

IMHOTEP

But this was one particular snake! Amongst many! Some of the snakes had tiny weapons held in their coils. They were worth more if the bird ate them.

JACKIE

Oh I love that game! I always bet on the snake with a trident.

IMHOTEP

Yes, it's quite thrilling. And that's just the beginning!

ISHMAEL

Boss, can I go with Imhotep to gamble?

BECK

You don't have any money

ISHMAEL

I bet I can get him on our side if I go. He likes me, I make him feel even smarter. Also can I have some money?

BECK (LOW VOICE)

Ok fine. Go get in good with him. Take this.

A SACK OF COINS CLINKS INTO ISHMAELS HANDS

Stake him, buy him some drinks, and get him to agree to help us. And don't use all of it, this is our trap budget. And our snack budget. And I love snacks.

ISHMAEL

Of course boss! And don't worry, I would never use this as an opportunity to both prove that I can do more than scare and murder while also winning the money that I desperately need to raise my hairy son.

BECK (NOT REALLY LISTENING)

...good, sure whatever. Get going you two.

THE SOUNDS OF THE WORKSHOP FADE INTO THE SOUNDS OF A CASINO. A SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL, DICE ROLLING, BETS BEING CALLED OUT

GAMBLER (IN THE BACKGROUND)

Snake eyes!

IMHOTEP

You see, the secret to picking the right number is sun position. And to cheat. Always cheat, they never expect it! You should probably write that down. And I should probably say it more quietly! BUT I NEVER WILL!

(WHISPERED)

Oh I love cheatsies at gambles!

ISHMAEL

I've been teaching my son how to read and write. He's doing his best, but it's tough for him with his big clompy feet

IMHOTEP

Try having him hold the stylus in his hands instead! Old scribe secret.

ISHMAEL

Oh. He doesn't have hands.

IMHOTEP

Oh, I'm so sorry. Well, this is awkward. Waiter! More wine!

ISHMAEL

It's, it's fine, he's got a great attitude. And a lot of hair. So how do you cheat at the snake game anyway?

IMHOTEP

I've been working on that one, actually. My best idea is to bribe the bird, but they're very picky.

ISHMAEL

Why don't you just look at the animals and decide from that?

IMHOTEP

How so?

ISHMAEL

Well look over at the birdsnake ring on the right.

THE SOUNDS OF A BIRD SQUAWKING AND SNAKES HISSING RAISES INTO THE
SOUNDSCAPE

IMHOTEP

Ah yes. A marvelous bird. He'll make quick work of the snake with the little chariot I expect. That bird's got style, and moxie!

THE SOUNDS OF A TINY CHARIOT AND HISSING

ISHMAEL

No. He'll never take that one. See the snake weaving? He's driving drunk.

THE HISSING IS ERRATIC AND SAD

IMHOTEP

I thought that was because the snake is driving with his tail--but why wouldn't the bird want easy prey? It would be... *fledgling's* play?

ISHMAEL

That's a very good joke. But look at the bird. Look into his eyes. There's a sadness there. A world-weariness. He's tired of this. The endless cycle of violence and snake feasting. The excess and degeneracy of the snakes he sees every day. The soiled nature of their souls. He could kill that snake, but he won't. He's going for a snake he can respect, and that he can respect himself for eating. He's gonna go for that one in the corner, that one right there.

HISS, SWOOSH SWOOSH SWOOSH

IMHOTEP

What? He's barely holding on to his little khopesh!

ISHMAEL

His..his what?

IMHOTEP

The khopesh, the little hooked axe. The khopesh.

ISHMAEL

Oh, right, the khopesh. Yes, he's barely holding onto the khopesh. He's scared. He didn't ask for this. But he's holding firm. He's decided that when he goes, he'll go brave. That's what the bird respects.

HISSESSSS SWOOP SWOOP HISSS CAW CAW CAW

IMHOTEP

This is a lot of mythologizing for a round of birdsnake.

ISHMAEL

It's not mythologizing. It's all in their eyes. But you can only stand to look, if you can look at yourself.

HISSS CAWWWWW HISSSS

IMHOTEP

Wow.

ISHMAEL

Yeah

IMHOTEP

Wonderful! You there! 500 on the brave snake in the corner! The one with the khopesh!

HISS!

BAG OF COINS FALLS

APPRECIATIVE MURMURING

ISHMAEL

And however much is in this entire bag as well!

ANOTHER BAG OF MONEY AND A LARGER CHEER

IMHOTEP

I LOVE GAMBLIES!

ISHMAEL

I LOVE MY SON!

HISSING, A BLADE SWOOPING THROUGH THE AIR, THE BIRD GETS LOUDER AND IT ALL FADES INTO

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt. 1585 BC. Day 43 of the pre-growing season. Wednesday evening. The street outside notorious gambling club “The Filthy Tortoise” Deputy head underboss Beck and her intern Jackie stand outside eating street food, and have been waiting for Ishmael and Imhotep for some time.

FOOTSTEPS OF BECK AND JACKIE, CROWDS PASSING, LOW-LEVEL MURMURING AND FOOD MERCHANTS HAWKING THEIR WARES

BECK (GETTING MORE AND MORE NERVOUS)

It’s probably fine in there. Right? Probably? Ishmael can definitely do this. Can’t he?

JACKIE

...sure. Yes. I also think that. Damn, they make a good fried onion here.

THE SOUND OF HORRIBLE MOANING GROWS AS THEY APPROACH SOMEONE

JACKIE

Ugh, there are so many moaning guys out today- wait, what are *you two doing* out here?

IMHOTEP

My money... all my money...

BECK

What *happened*?

ISHMAEL

Well the good news is that we learned something.

IMHOTEP

It turns out that snakes *are surprisingly deadly* with a Khopesh!

ISHMAEL

Snake just wanted it more.

IMHOTEP (TO ISHMAEL)

You ruined me!

ISHMAEL (DEFENSIVE)

I *did* guess what *would have been* the right snake.

IMHOTEP(FURIOUS)

You don't beat the spread if the bird dies!

ISHMAEL

At least they let you keep the snake.

SNAKE

HISS!

IMHOTEP

He hurt me, but we're friends now.

ISHMAEL

Especially now that we've finally gotten the khopesh away from him.

IMHOTEP

That pit attendant is going to save a lot of money on rings, aren't they, my little warrior?

SNAKE

ENTHUSIASTIC HISS

JACKIE

Maybe the snake should be guarding the library. [pause] I should write that down...

BECK

Wow. Well then. Ishmael, how much of our money is left?

ISHMAEL

How much was in the bag?

BECK (WITH MOUNTING FRUSTRATION)

About two thousand coins.

ISHMAEL

...none, I lost all of the money.

BECK

THAT WAS MY DATE MONEY!

JACKIE

...you have a date? With who? Where did you meet? At work? Are we allowed to do that? Where else would it be? What do you do when you aren't doing this anyway?

I actually had some questions.

BECK

No... the.... The snack. The fruit the date.

JACKIE

Oh.

Well, that actually leads to question one: *why don't* you date more, anyway?

BECK

Okay. Okay. We're broke. Imhotep's broke. The snake, I assume, is also broke.

SNAKE

HISSES IN POVERTY

BECK

Here's what we're going to do. Jackie, go get your burglarious tools.

JACKIE (TRIUMPHANTLY)

Always got 'em!

CLINK CLANK CLINKETY CLINK

Oh crap. help me pick those up?

BECK

No. We're going to turn this around. We're going to rob a tomb, and the... people...The people who stop the thieves.... What do you call those?

JACKIE

Guards?

BECK

I mean we're not really guards exactly...

JACKIE

I think that's the closest word you're going to get.

BECK

Fine. The guards.... Will become the thieves.

A PAUSE

ISHMAEL

Architects?

IMHOTEP

I'm an architect! I'll steal.

BECK

No, stop. We decided the turn of phrase

IMHOTEP

It can always be improved! The architect.... Becomes...
the *steal-o-tech*

BECK

THE GUARDS BECOME THE THIEVES AND THATS
FINAL!

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt.
1585 BC. Day 43 of the pre-growing season. Wednesday.
Night-time. Beck and her team have made their way to the
valley of kings, a noted tomb-district. Also, they have been
officially reprimanded for wasting memos.

NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS CHIRPING. FOOTSTEPS OVER SAND.

ISHMAEL

Wait, this isn't Djoser's tomb.

BECK

Of course not, what would be the point? We'd be stealing
from ourselves. No, this is Nebra's tomb. The trick is to find
the dead man's sweet spot--

JACKIE

Ew.

BECK

--of someone who has been dead long enough that nobody
cares anymore, but not so long that it's already been
looted. Now come on--Nebra was loaded and it's time for
us to scrape up his leavings.

JACKIE

Gross.

IMHOTEP

Yes, *eww*.

BECK

Were you paying attention at all on the way over here? I
explained this like twice.

ISHMAEL

I was playing with the snake.

SNAKE

HISS!

BECK

Why did you bring the snake?

ISHMAEL

He bonded with Ishmael Jr.

CAMEL

Blleeerrrr!

BECK

And why is Imhotep here?

IMHOTEP

To keep an eye on my snake. Imhotep Sr.

ISHMAEL

Don't you mean junior?

IMHOTEP

I know what I mean.

ISHMAEL

....I get it buddy.

IMHOTEP

Mmm. Also, I too need money--and if I steal money of my own on top of whatever you give me, that's double money. The safest gamble!

ISHMAEL (MUTTERING,)

Kind of holding that over my head

BECK

Okay Jackie, break us in. Use those burglarious tools, you beautiful ghoul.

JACKIE

You got it!

CLINK CLANK CLINKETY

Damn.

A PAUSE

JACKIE (COT'D)

Um, boss? I don't think we're going to need these. It's just an open... hall. It's just a hall in the ground with no door.

BECK

What? But there's untold riches in there! How have they kept thieves out for all these years?

IMHOTEP

Looks like they used the old classic, a big sign that says "DON'T STEAL"

Also, it might help that it's just a big hole in the ground, instead of a huge, hulking triangle, visible for miles and gleaming in the noonday sun or whatever.

ISHMAEL

Ah yes. *Stealth*. And an all-important appeal to manners. Take note, Ishmael Junior.

CAMEL

BRAAAAAAGH

ISHMAEL

I don't like this rebellious phase of yours, young man.

SNAKE

HISSSS!!

ISHMAEL

Don't you start.

IMHOTEP

Your son is a bad influence

ISHMAEL

He's doing his best!

BECK

"Beck, you're so smart. Why haven't you climbed further up the ladder?"

IMHOTEP

Well, you're his father, so--

BECK (CUTTING OFF IDIOTS)

I'M GOING IN NOW.

FOOTSTEPS INTO AN ECHOEY SPACE.

GRAVE ROBERTS

Gah!

COINS AND METALS DROPPED TO THE GROUND

EVERYONE ELSE

Gah!

THE SOUNDS OF PRECIOUS ITEMS BEING NABBED AND GRABBED. HURRIED
FOOTSTEPS

JACKIE

Whoa. There's like four guys in here already!

BECK

Hurry! We're about to miss the sweet spot!!

JACKIE

I think we missed that 20 minutes ago.

BECK

Don't gawk! Just grab as much as you can before it's all gone!

GRAVE ROBERTS

Back off, scag! These erotic gold figurines are gonna set me up good!

BECK

Haaa!!

GRAVE ROBERTS

Hurr!

THEY TUG-OF-WAR OVER THE FIGURINES FOR A MOMENT
CLANG CLATTER

GRAVE ROBERTS

Hah! Fine. You can have that one, but stay out me way or I'll use
ol' Bessie here-

SHIIINGGG

GRAVE ROBERTS (COT'D)

- to make ye join the corpses.

FOOTSTEPS AWAY

IMHOTEP

What a truly barbaric display.

ISHMAEL

I wonder if this is what it'll be like when I die.

IMHOTEP

I don't think you'll have this much treasure. This will be more like
when / die.

ISHMAEL

You're right, most of my wealth will be distributed among what will
be my various adopted children.

IMHOTEP

(polite cough)

ISHMAEL

And god-children

SNAKE

HISSS

BECK

Stop talking and start nabbing!

COINS JINGLE

BECK (COT'D)

Help me with these death coins!

SOUNDS OF NABBING AND GRABBING, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, JINGLING AND
JANGLING

JACKIE

Dibs on the sceptre!

IMHOTEP

I've got this sucker's death mask! It's too macabre for those
casuals to even touch!!

ISHMAEL (BLEAKLY)

Every day I see humanity sink to a new low. Ishmael Jr, never lose
your innocence

CAMEL

MUFFLED MUUUURM

ISHMAEL

You put that golden phallus back where you found it young man!

IMHOTEP

It's lucky I'm here, my friends! You have the inside scoop! Literally!
I know where they hide the organs! You can sell those to rich
weirdos! For a terrible reason that should never be spoken! Let
me explain it to you. Now--

BECK (CUTTING OFF IMHOTEP)

DONE we're done let's get out of here!

JACKIE

Awww I want to know the horrible thing.

GRAVE ROBERTS

Me too.

JACKIE

Gah! Get away!

GRAVE ROBERTS

Gimme that gold phallus your camel stole from out of me hands!
That's not from the tomb!

ISHMAEL

I want to know your story friend.

GRAVE ROBERTS

Well I want me phallus back!

CAMEL

spitting sound *CLANG*

GRAVE ROBERTS

Thank ye. I'll be on me way.

SOUND OF COINS BEING COUNTED

BECK

So we made just about 300 coins, all told Not great, but we did what we could what with the grave robbers that kept arriving. Speaking of which that is an issue for us. Frankly, what I think we all learned is that tombs are woefully under-defended.

ISHMAEL

Yeah, I don't think scaring people off with a walking corpse is going to cut it. And the costume is itchy and I hate it.

JACKIE

Plus we can all clearly see your thing.

BECK

Yes, I don't like how much thing we've been seeing lately. Imhotep, are you on board?

IMHOTEP

If anything, I'm kind of thing-neutral.

BECK

I mean, are you on board with building traps for us. I don't want your take on the other... item.

We're making a hard pivot to deadly force on this one.

JACKIE

Isn't that in direct contravention to the orders the Chief gave you?

BECK

Fine. *Near*-deadly force and also some spooky bullshit to make people think it's caused by a curse. They aren't *murders*. The violence is incidental, because it only happens indiscriminately. So let's get some costumes for Ishmael and make some traps for our library.

IMHOTEP

Oh! Well! I do still need money for gambles, and also constant amusements of all kinds at almost every moment.

SOUND OF PAPER UNFURLING

And as it happens, I've been toying with a series of elaborate traps, something that could be used to deter intruders or measure someone's capability in high-stakes situations. You know, like you would for a child for fun.

JACKIE (DEAD-EYED)

I see.

IMHOTEP

I call it a "fun-house."

BECK AND JACKIE

No.

IMHOTEP

Yes, well. I'm an architect and polymath, not a... namer of... brain-things. Though I stand by "steal-o-techt."
Anyway

JACKIE

You know, I've been exploring my creative side recently, trying out some hobbies.... Do you think I could maybe pitch some trap ideas?

IMHOTEP

I'm pretty much okay with everything! Let's get this moving, though. I need to get back to the casino while I've still got hot hands. Literally! I kept the hands I stole and set them ablaze! It's lucky! I can prove it! Here's how I proved it. You see-

BECK (CUTTING IMHOTEP OFF)

Great. Let's get these traps installed, get Ishmael dressed up in bandages, and spread a lot of rumors about dead people coming back to life. Bing bam boom, simple plan that can't fail.

SCENE

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt. 1585 BC. Day 68 of the pre-growing season. Leap Wednesday. Office of the Deputy Head of Non-Administrative Support. Deputy head underboss Beck and her minions have labored to construct an elaborate series of traps within our library of the secret occult knowledge. Listed here is a sampling of the devices found within the archival triangle walls.

Spikes

Extra-long spikes

Trick spikes

Reverse psychology spikes.

Spike attached to snakes

Poison Gas

Incredibly Hot Doors

Poorly constructed hallway

Pits (general)

Pits (snake)

Pits (scorpion)

Pits (fire)

Pits(spikes)

Pits (spikes and snakes)

Pits (Snakes with spikes)

Pits (snakes and ladders)

Pits (plus Pendulum)

BECK

It's just a lot of kinds of pits. I don't see why we need that many.

JACKIE

Don't stifle my art. I've finally found what I'm good at.

BECK

And Ishmael--your camel is not helping with trap construction.

ISHMAEL

Sure he is

CAMEL STEPS CLANK, BOINGGGGG

CAMEL

MUUURRRRRR!

ISHMAEL

See? That's solid quality testing on the very hot door pressure plate. Anyway, I'm gonna go get into character for our big opening.

BECK (CALLING AFTER HIM)

This is the opposite of an opening! ...kind of!

ISHMAEL (CALLING BACK)

There are no small parts, only short actors!

JACKIE

Just let him have this, he's been in a really dark place lately. I mean, more than usual.

BECK

Anyway we have no idea how long it will be before we actually get somebody trying to c-

HEARD AS IF ECHOING DOWN A HALLWAY

BRO 1

Hey!! You know what the best part of stealin' from a tomb is?

BRO 2

The treasure!

BRO1

Yes.

BRO 2

Total agreement

BECK

Oh yikes (stage whisper) hey! Places! Places, they're coming!
Ishmael!

ISHMAEL

The bandages keep sliding into my mouf

BECK

Use it!

BRO 1

Hey! This place look spookier and more foreboding than it used to?

BRO 2

Yeah sure it does. Wow. You know I never thought of a stone tomb filled with the dead as somewhere upsetting to visit in the middle of the night before.

BRO 1

Yeah, it's romantic in a way. We're in here all alone, relying on each other...

BRO 2

What?

BRO 1

Nothing. (i love you)
Hey! This hallway looks awfully suspicious

BRO 2

Well then be careful where you ste-

kachunk, stones grinding, boi-oi-oing sound, arrows flying

BRO 2

Oh! That's a lot of arrows! Oh wow look! Snakes! Covered in spikes! Hey check out the craftsmanship of these little harnesses

JACKIE (WHISPERED)

They noticed!

BRO 1

Usually it's just a couple of jacked guys with big axes or a sign that says "don't steal."

BRO 2

Yeah the relative intensity of this is a whole other level!

BRO 1

I can feel my heart pounding because of the exercise and fear, instead of unrequited love, like usual.

BRO 2

Look I asked you to not be passive-aggressive about this. Just talk to me.

BECK

Damn these guys are really good, we're barely slowing them down. Ishmael!

ISHMAEL

(Clearing his throat)

Ah.. Errrrrrrruagh~!

BRO 1 AND BRO 2

Ahh!

BRO 1

This guy is back from the dead to defend his treasure!

BRO 2

That's exactly what I was thinking!

BRO 1 AND BRO 2

Mind meld! *high five*

ISHMAEL

ERRRRRRRAUGH!

BRO 2 AND BRO 1

Ahh!!

BRO 2

Hey let's come back with like some swords or fire or something for this guy!

BRO 1

We can talk about our emotions when our lives aren't in peril!

BRO 2

Let's skate!

They clomp off. Beck starts clapping

BECK

Great job! Ishmael good spookin'. Jackie those traps worked like a nightmare come true. .

JACKIE

T-thank you..? No. No, thank you, I get that metaphor now. Yes. Thank you.

ISHMAEL

Did they say they were going to come back and murder me with fire and swords?

BECK

I'm sure that was just bravado and lightly buried romantic tension. They're probably just going to go somewhere and kiss.

JACKIE

Where, do you think?

BECK

Hm?

JACKIE

Nothing.

ISHMAEL

I can't be murdered with fire and swords. I'm a parent now. I have responsibilities.

BECK

Come on. You could take those guys.

ISHMAEL

I don't know if I should. What kind of example would I set? What am I teaching Ishmael Jr?

JACKIE

Nothing good. Trust me.

ISHMAEL

See? See that?!

BECK

Isn't he hired as your bodyguard Jackie? His job is literally to kill people.

JACKIE

Yeah, I dunno anymore. We're kind of running on inertia here.

ISHMAEL

Technically I'm not hired, since that implies both choice and pay. And a life outside of the job. And knowing your parents.

BECK

Ok, moving on. Scaring them seemed to be working. We'll just make Ishmael scarier. The scarier he is, the faster people run away, the safer Ishmael is.

ISHMAEL

I don't think that guarantees me the protection that you're implying-

JACKIE

But how do we do that?

BECK

I'll... write something and you could do some costume design.

ISHMAEL

Oh! I could tell them about the fear of disappointing your child.

BECK

Too abstract.

JACKIE

I have some ideas.

Scene

MEMO

Intra-office memo from the office of the Sword of the Illuminati, commander of armies and sacker of cities. Re out for lunch. Dear Armies of the Illuminati. The Sword will be out for family-related business for the rest of the day. Staff is hereby ordered to continue murdering the enemies of the Illuminati in her absence. All questions re Warfare should be directed to assistant general the Dagger. After-work drinks are still on for this Friday, 5pm sharp. Remember, Novus Ordo Spookorum!

BAZAAR NOISES. HAGGLING, TALKING, CLINKS OF CUPS AND PEOPLE EATING DELICIOUS DATES COVERED IN NUTS AND HONEY. A BAND WALKS PAST PLAYING HORN-HEAVY MUSIC

JACKIE

So why did you want me to meet you for lunch, mom? What do you want from me?

THE SWORD

What, I have to have some ulterior motive to see my daughter and guilt her over not living up to her potential?

JACKIE

Obviously not.

THE SWORD

So how are you honey?

JACKIE

Well last week we finally finished working on the tomb. I led trap design and implementation with Imhotep. I was kind of the ideas lady, you know?

THE SWORD

That's nice dear. And how many people did you kill with that?

JACKIE

That's not the point. it's a deterrent. People are scared away.

THE SWORD

So your fancy traps didn't kill *anybody*?

JACKIE

BY DESIGN MOTHER. We WANT people to know about the COOL AND SCARY traps. We don't NEED to kill all of them.

THE SWORD

Not *any* of them?

JACKIE

You can't solve every problem- ARRGH

THE SWORD

Honey don't scream at lunch. It's not ladylike. Scream on the battlefield as you disembowel men with a khopesh.

JACKIE

A what?

TWO BROS WALK BY, THEY GET CLOSER AS THEY TALK

BRO 3

Oh man you hear about that tomb with all the traps and the living dead guy yelling at you? It was so sick, like a real death house.

BRO 4

Yeah, it was a real.... A real death house. I can't think of another way to say that.

BRO 3

Sick! That's crazy!

THEY WALK OFF

THE SWORD

That's you?

JACKIE

It is kind of a death house.

THE SWORD

Well, it is nice to hear "death" attached to your reputation for a change.

JACKIE

Really?

THE SWORD

Yes. I mean, I feel like if everybody survives maybe it's not as *effective* as it could be-

JACKIE

MOM

THE SWORD

But it's a start. (pause) Though I don't see why you couldn't just kill every single person that ever walks in forever.

JACKIE

Moooooom. Can't you just be proud of me?

THE SWORD

sigh. I guess it's just hard for me to accept that you're all grown up and out on our own, hardly killing anyone at all. What happened to my little khopesh?

JACKIE

Your what?

THE SWORD

The axe your father gave me with the hook. It was your favorite teething toy. I know I taught you this. The khopesh.

JACKIE

The big one?

THE SWORD

The khopesh.

BRO 2

Yeah, so, there's a dead guy but he's alive again, and we have to figure out how we're going to kill him.

THE SWORD

People are really talking, honey.

JACKIE

Well, people need to know about a deterrent.

THE SWORD

To a secret?

BRO 4

I gotta check that out!

JACKIE

...yeah that's probably an isolated thought.

THE SWORD

Oh, honey.

SCENE

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt. 1585 BC. Day 80 of the pre-growing season. Midweek. Thrill-seeking douchebags have started showing up at our store-pyramids of the Secret Occult Knowledge, hampering our (the illuminati's) ability to complete the archives.

echoing and traps going off. Swordplay and shouts. A gymnasium of people practicing tomb raiding. One douchebag yells "crushed it!"

BECK

(Yelling) Fourth wave coming in! Reload the snake-arrows!

JACKIE

The arrows with snakes on them or the snakes with feathers so they can be shot like arrows? Be specific!

ISHMAEL

I've done so many costume changes today. Bandage man. Spooky dog-man. Now I'm really sweaty as half-man half-camel all-scorpion.. I've fought so many emotionally awkward musclemen. The smell of insecurity will never wash off.. I'm losing track of where the costumes end and where I begin!

CAMEL

spits

ISHMAEL

Did my butt just spit or did I?

BECK

(Yelling) Ishmael look out! One's breaking through!

JACKIE

Wait that's *Dal*. Isn't she like your nemesis? What's she *doing* here?

DAL

All right, rookies, here comes the one woman who's capable of murdering the man that's already dead! *battlescream*

ISHMAEL

This is how I die in my dreams!

sounds of slicing in deadly arcs with a blade

BECK

For *Ra's sake*...! *Dal*! DAL! THAT IS ISHMAEL! DAL! GET OFF! STOP SLICING IN DEADLY ARCS WITH YOUR BLADES!

DAL

[scream fades out]

W-what? But he's still already dead, right? There's still an alive-dead man for me to murder?

ISHMAEL

I'm not sure myself.

BECK

No, Ishmael, you're alive. WHAT are you DOING HERE?

DAL

This is a labyrinth filled with deadly traps and unkillable god-men who are already dead but can never die, right?

BECK
IT'S THE STORE OF THE SECRET OCCULT KNOWLEDGE
YOU MANIAC! YOU KNOW THIS!

DAL
...The ...the SAME one?

BECK
YES THE SAME ONE.!

DAL
[sighs, deflated. Long pause. Sound of axe clattering]
Well, I'm gonna need an extra session with my therapist this week.

I heard that people were killing the dead. I've never done that before! And I've tried. Anubis knows I've tried. I got all riled up. I think about killing the dead all the time. All the time. As an exercise, you know, when I'm trying to fall asleep or get through a long meeting. I have... some.... diagrams.... *rustle rustle*

Unfurling sound

ISHMAEL
Oh Ra! put that scroll away!

BECK
My eyes!

DA
In the rush to fulfill my most dearly held fantasy I forgot to question the whole premise.

BECK
How did you hear about this?

DAL
Everyone's heard about this.

BECK
Everyone in the tomb raiding business.

DAL
[inhales through teeth]

BECK

Everyone in the tomb raiding business and everyone in the city...?

DAL

[sharper breath]

BECK

[dead-voiced]

Everyone in Egypt. It's everyone in Egypt, isn't it.

DAL

Also I passed an Ethiopian guy on the way in.

BECK

Great. Just. Great.

ISHMAEL

It's my fault for being such a compelling figure.

JACKIE

Yes. It's definitely not my fault for creating the ultimate fantasy adventure experience .

BECK

We've obviously miscalculated the fear of bodily harm in the general populace. People will always delude themselves into thinking that they'll be the ones to overcome a... difficult... physical gauntlet.

JACKIE

Fantasy adventure experience.

BECK

We need something that will prey on their minds. Their weak, malleable minds. We obviously made this too complicated, and that's on me. Ishmael, you're a simplet-(about to say simpleton but catches herself)...man. Go out there and give them something simple to prey on their basest fears.

ISHMAEL

I have a sagacity beyond your understanding, but yes. I, the scorpion king will acquiesce to your wishes.

CAMEL

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH

A crowd has gathered around the pyramid talking and chatting. Ishmael emerges from an entrance halfway up the slope of the building*

BRO 3

Hey look! There's a guy comin' out! Some kind of half-man, half-fancy camel!

ISHMAEL

Harken to the words of the scorpion king! Osiris hates that you raid tombs, for the afterlife is sacred to him!

BRO 5

But wasn't Osiris resurrected bodily by the reunification of his body save for his penis? Shouldn't the afterlife be the domain of Anubis?

ISHMAEL

...Yes. What I mean to say is... a tomb is a sacred space that you fill with all the stuff you want to use when you're dead! And if people take that stuff, it means you'll be cursed! By spirits!

BRO 5

Wait, you'll be cursed if your stuff is stolen, or you'll be cursed if you steal stuff?

ISHMAEL

...Yes. ...Stealing stuff- Don't steal, or spirits will come after you. Forever! OOOOooooooOOOOO

BRO 5

Okay, but.. If we fill our tombs with stuff, that means we get to keep it when we die? Did I hear that right?

BRO 3

Yeah what if we do steal but then we die and the stolen stuff goes in our tombs?

BRO 5

Wait, wait, we have to back up. If we're cursed by stealing stuff from tombs, does that mean that whatever stuff we put in our own tombs is forfeit anyway, because we've stolen from a tomb before? What about things that are stolen, but not from tombs? Do those count?

BRO 1

Aren't all of the fruits of conquest that are owned by kings ultimately stolen?

ALL BROS

Whoooooa.

BRO 3

Maybe it's legitimized by the ages? As god kings maybe they have some kind of amnesty?

BRO 5

Don't play logic games you mug! You can't game theology!

BRO 1

Many would argue that theology is intrinsically a system of belief to be played as a game!

BRO 5

I never heard that! You made it up!

An argument breaks out, the bros begin to shout and yell at each other over their differences.

BECK

What's going on out there? There's so much talking

Dal mutters and makes horrible scraping sounds on the wall with her blades

BECK

Knock that off, it's horrible.

DAL

I'm all keyed up! What do you want from me!

JACKIE

Oh just go kill a flying arrow snake. We still have plenty left.

BECK

Aw, that's cruel.

JACKIE

This is all pretty cruel.

ISHMAEL

[coming back]

I think we've solved the problem.

BRO 1

So we're all agreed if upon death we embark on a journey of judgement and reflection, but also we get to keep the stuff that we have, we should probably minimize theft from what could be ourselves, but all promise not to take each other's snacks so nobody gets hungry. .

ALL

Yeah!

BRO 5

This seems like the best way to unify our disparate beliefs into a coherent worldview.

Now let's burgle!

BRO 3

Well this is ridiculous, it just raises more questions!

BRO 5

We agreed to table further discussion.

An argument breaks out again, all of the bros yelling over each other.

BECK

What did you do, Ishmael?

ISHMAEL

I said like 3 things. Also I'm pretty sure at least two of them got invalidated through debate.

BECK

I'm so fired.

DAL

Looks like the secret to getting my job back was "allowing you to self-sabotage." *sound of cucumber being cut in half snake dying sound*

BECK

You got snake guts all over me.

DAL

Yessssss.

JACKIE

I don't know. Maybe we solved this?

BECK

How?

JACKIE

They seem to take all this stuff pretty seriously now. Isn't that what we wanted?

BECK

That's.. Actually a good point Jackie. Well done.

JACKIE

Love the confidence in me there boss.

ISHMAEL

The scorpion king agrees.

CAMEL

BWAAAAAAHRP

MEMO

Internal Memo from the archives of the Illuminati. Egypt. 1585 BC.
Day 2 of the pre-growing season. TGIF. Office of the Deputy
Head of Non-Administrative Support.

CHIEF

Beck, do you remember what I said to you when you were
assigned to the library project?

BECK

Keep it simple?

CHIEF

Yes. Now, did you do that?

BECK

Well I-

CHIEF

You've apparently kicked off a bit of a... spiritual revival. There's
a lot of renewed interested now in theology.

BECK

From those douchebags who kept trying to kill themselves on our
traps?

CHIEF

Those' douchebags' as you call them are now some of the most
powerful men in Egypt.

BECK

So everything's going according to plan.

CHIEF

Close enough. Promotions all around.

BECK

Hooray!

CHIEF

For me, and... someone named "Ishmael Junior." Who is that?

BECK

Why... sorry, what? I'm not getting promoted? Why not? What did I do?

CHIEF

What we've actually observed is that the proportion of the kingdom's economic output diverted to religious activity is beginning to increase exponentially. This is less and less the wealthy place we were hoping for. Now it's all creepy and sweaty.

BECK

Okay. Okay, so... we'll get in there? We can get Ishmael to dress up as a person from the stars and say he's a living god. Or assassinate a few key priests, maybe...

CHIEF

Beck, you've just spent an awful lot of time and resources toughening up the religious orders against assassination with the... it's called a 'death house?' No, at this point, we've decided to cut our losses.

BECK

...What does that mean?

CHIEF

You know. Just chuck the whole thing.

BECK

Chuck Egypt?

CHIEF

Right in the trash *makes whooshing noise with mouth* Splat.

BECK

But we just got here!

CHIEF

Yes, well, we're going to head north and see what happens. Try some things out in a less...desert-y environment. Leave the knowledge in a more conventional library for when we need it and just do whatever we feel like.

It'll be safe. No one would destroy a library in Egypt.

BECK

Well, but--who's going to watch the library?

CHIEF

Well, Ishmael Junior was recently promoted. Let's try him out. Go report to him after this for instructions.

BECK

He's a camel!

CHIEF

Careful, that man is your direct superior.

BECK

Of course he is.

CHIEF

Mmm. As we say, "Illuminati Support Your Local Library"

BECK

(Long Pause)

...oh. That's the motto now?

CHIEF

Yes. The mottos have... well, we're really falling apart on the mottos. Sign of the times. ...You want to work in mottos?

BECK

No. No way. Motto writers are sub-human degenerates.

CHIEF

True. That's... *my* motto.

BECK

Chief, was that a sense of humor?

CHIEF

No, it really is my motto. Look, I have it inscribed on my money pouch.

*He throws his pouch on the desk in front of him

BECK

...huh.

CHIEF

I show it to them in meetings. It's a power thing, you wouldn't understand.

BECK

Hey!

CHIEF

...you can leave now.

BECK

...Right.

The door creaks open and shut and Beck goes to speak with her team waiting in the hallway

JACKIE

So... how did it go.

BECK

Ehhhhhhhhh.... t

ISHMAEL

I'm optimistic.

BECK

We're... still in the illuminati... but maybe not as *much* in the illuminati.

JACKIE

Not motto writers--?! I hate their probing little hands!

BECK

It was close, but no, not motto writers.

ISHMAEL

They make me sick.

JACKIE

We're not out, we're not motto writers... what are we doing, exactly?

BECK

Ishmael, are you still... taking care of... Ishmael Jr.?

ISHMAEL

As if he were my own flesh and blood. Which he is. If he asks. Why?

BECK

...I have news.

theme song plays

CREDITS

Grave Consequences was written by Max Kreisky, Katherine Cargill and Eric Trageser. It was directed by Max Kreisky.

In this episode,
 Chloe Zwaicher was Beck
 Julie Snyder was Jackie
 Noel Naczi was Ishmael
 Meredith Gulley was Dal
 John Serpico was the Chief
 Dennis Bruno was the Memo
 Liz Roderick was the Sword
 Sam Monk, Chris May and Micheal Giordano were the Bros
 Grave Roberts and other additional voices by Alex P Roy

Logo Design by Tom Crowley

Theme by Arnie Parrot

It was recorded by Mertz, of Mertz Music, at The Bridge Sound and Stage in Somerville, Massachusetts

It was directed and produced by Max Kreisky.

With editing and sound design Will Giancetta

Special thanks to professional birdsnake gamblers Leah D'Errico, Diana Lu, David Fouhy, Bibek Gurung, Sara Siegel, Jackie Presedo, Alvaro Amor and Eric Fields

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The gang will return in Season 2 of True Tales of the Illuminati: Moon Shot.