

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MUMMY

A crash of thunder is heard and a bolt of lightning lights up the room. A clock strikes 12 in the distance.

Professor Lamb: What do you mean it's disappeared? It was here two hours ago when I locked up. All the visitors had left the museum. I made sure of it myself. There was only the new cleaner and myself here.

Inspector Moors: The new cleaner?

Professor Lamb: Yes, our usual cleaner had phoned in sick so we had a new chap come in. I forget his name. Bill I think it was, quite a small fellow really. You don't think.....?

P.C. Williams: By the look of the dust on the cabinets and the dry mop and bucket over in the corner, I guess he wasn't here to spruce the place up.

Inspector Moors: P.C. William, go round to the cleaner's home would you and check if he's still...er...sick.

P.C. Williams: Certainly Inspector. Should I phone an ambulance to meet me there?

Inspector Moors: Best had. *(P.C. Williams exits holding a phone to her ear)* Now Professor, exactly how long have you had this mummy?

Professor Lamb: Not long. Tonight was our opening night. It was in all the newspapers. The mummy was to be our prize exhibit. Didn't you read about it?

Inspector Moors: I'm a very busy man professor.

Professor Lamb: *(scratching his head)* I wonder why the alarm never went off.

Inspector Moors: For the same reason we're stood here in the dark holding torches. By the way, what size shoes do you wear professor?



Professor Lamb: What a ridiculous question! Why on earth do you wish to know my shoe size? *(Inspector Moors raises his eyebrows)* Size nine if you must know.

Inspector Moors: *(Pulling a tape measure from his pocket, he walks to a muddy set of footprints)* Mmm, size seven. And look here. Another set, size five. And they're both heading towards the fire exit. *(The inspector begins to stroke his chin)* It looks like our thieves have left us a trail of breadcrumbs after all.