

JONES THE ARCHEOLOGIST

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FX4: INDIANA JONES THEME

THE SCENE IS SET OUTSIDE AN
EGYPTIAN TOMB ENTRANCE
WHICH IS SURROUNDED BY
ANCIENT HIEROGLYPHS.
INDIANA JONES ROLLS ON
FROM STAGE LEFT. WITHOUT
HIS HAT. THIS IS THROWN ON.

GWYN BIRCH-JONES ENTERS
FROM INSIDE THE TOMB

GBJ: (IN A WELSH ACCENT) Here we are off-endy, the lost tomb

INDY: Hang on, hang on. If it's a lost tomb then how come you know where it is?

GBJ: Lucky guess. Isn't it look you now boy-oh

INDY: How can it be lost tomb if everybody knows where it is? It'd be a found tomb

GBJ: I know but a found tomb doesn't sound as mysterious as a lost tomb – bach

INDY: And why on earth are you talking in a Welsh accent

GBJ: (NORMAL VOICE) I told you at rehearsals. I can't do an Arab accent

INDY: I thought you'd had acting lessons

GBJ: I didn't go that week

INDY: Marvellous

GBJ: It'll be all right I've changed it

INDY: It's supposed to be an Egyptian sketch

GBJ: Trust me it'll be Ok. I've altered it all to Welsh

INDY: I don't know why I bother writing this stuff – don't say it

GBJ:: Can we get on I'm loosing my motivation

INDY: I'm loosing the will to live. Ok from the top

GBJ: Here we are the lost tomb – look you now

INDY: Ah, the lost tomb (RUNNING HAND OVER THE HIEROGLYPHS) What's this?

GBJ: Cartouche

INDY: Bless you

GBJ: Thank you. It's the name of Pharaoh

INDY: You don't mean...

BOTH LOOKING AROUND OVER SHOULDERS

GBJ: Yes, I mean...

INDY: The tomb of the Pharaoh Tuthankhmmun

GBJ: No, Tooten Camarthen. He was from Gwynedd

INDY: This is not going to work.

GBJ: Keep going it'll be fine

INDY: (IN A WELSH ACCENT BY MISTAKE) What's this mysterious writing up here, look you isn't it (REALISING) He's got me at it now.

GBJ: Those are hieroglyphs

INDY: And these

GBJ: Loweraglyphs

INDY: (TO AUDIENCE) You see hieroglyphs, loweraglyphs. I know, I know but it had to be done. What do they say

GBJ: It says, large eye, squiggly line, man with dogs head, constipated duck.

INDY: Go on

GBJ: Feather, slug pair of legs

INDY: Yes but what does it mean?

GBJ: Not the faintest idea boy-oh

INDY: Your supposed to be the translator

GBJ: All right, all right (LOOKING PUZZLED) Now let me see

INDY: You don't know do you

GBJ: I do. I do

INDY: You don't

GBJ: Ok well, no. You see you really want my brother in law, Jones the hieroglyph

INDY: Jones the hieroglyph?

GBJ: Oh yes bach. Jones the hieroglyph. He works with Jones the Pyramid, Jones the Museum, Jones the archaeologist and Jones the camel

INDY: Jones the camel?

GBJ: Yes, Jones the camel on account that he does all the humping

INDY: And I'm stuck with Jones the incompetent. Can you read these hieroglyphs or not?

GBJ: Be patient look you now. These wavy lines

INDY: Yes

GBJ: Festineog railway

INDY: (HEAD IN HANDS IN DESPAIR) Festineog railway

GBJ: And here look a reference to the old town

INDY: Cairo?

GBJ: Prestatyn

INDY: Look, your ruining this. It's supposed to be the valley of the Kings not Rhondda valley

GBJ: That's where you are wrong. You see it's like this

INDY: This ought to be good

GBJ: Four thousand years ago in the small village of
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwyll-
llantysiliogogoch

CLAN VIRE PULTH GWINN GITH
GOR GERRICK WIN DROB UTH
CLAN TAY SEE LEE OH GO GO
GOGCH.

INDY: Pardon

GBJ: Get stuffed

INDY: Fair comment

GBJ: In this small village see there lived a man who didn't think the world was flat and was convinced that there were lands far, far away. He was called Jones, Jones the explorer, no relation, or Jones the bloody stupid as some used to say.

INDY: How do you know all this?

GBJ: I've got the chronicles

INDY: I thought you were stood funny

GBJ: He decided to make him self a boat, see and he set off on a voyage around the lighthouse in Colwyn Bay. Taking a few tourists from Bangor with him

INDY: Tourists?

GBJ: Somebody had to do the rowing. What with his bad back. So off they go. Full of leeks it was

INDY: So it sank

GBJ: No full of leeks. To eat on the way. Anyway, there was a terrible wind

INDY: I'm not surprised with all them Leeks

GBJ: There was a terrible wind (PAUSE) I said there was a terrible wind (COMING OUT OF CHARACTER. TO THE SOUND MAN) Excuse me where's my wind?

FX7: RASPBERRY / FART

GBJ: Do you mind. Amateurs. I've a good mind to come up there and....

INDY: Just give him his wind or we'll be here all night

FX8: HOWLING WIND

GBJ: Thank you. (BACK INTO CHARACTER) The wind howled and the storm raged. Day after day, night after night. The boat was full of leaks

INDY: We know, to eat on the way

GBJ: No, now it was full of leaks, letting in water. The bottom of the boat was awash with horrible dirty sea water and sinking fast

INDY: Bilge

GBJ: No it's true. Eventually after hours of frantic bailing the storm abated and in the distance they could see the beach. At last he thought, Rhyll. But no they'd gone a bit further than that

INDY: Fishguard

GBJ: No further than that

INDY: Pwhelli

GBJ: Even further – Egypt

INDY: It's taken some doing but we've got there. Go on

GBJ: Well, look you now, now they would no longer call him Jones the bloody stupid, now he had proved them all wrong, now they would have to listen to him, now they would have to call him Jones...

INDY: The completely lost

GBJ: Jones the explorer. But, alas the boat had sunk. There was no way back.

INDY: Next you'll be telling me they built the pyramids

GBJ: No, no don't be silly. That was Burt Lancaster or was it Kirk Douglas. Anyway, he lived to be over one hundred and twenty five and ruled over all Egypt. He was renown for his generosity and impartiality, in fact they used to say, he's a fair old king, fair-old, pharaoh'ld king. Never mind.

INDY: So then he died and they buried him in this tomb. Come on lets go in and have a look

BEING STOPPED BY GBJ

GBJ: No, wait. There's more

INDY: I was afraid of that

GBJ: One day he was sat on the throne...

INDY: It's them leeks again

GBJ: When in came a messenger carrying a roll of carpet. Which he un rolled in front of the Pharaoh and out popped the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Admittedly a bit bruised and battered around the edges but still beautiful. She threw herself upon him and they made mad passionate love.

INDY: Cleopatra?

GBJ: Yes or, Olwyn the tart from Swansea. She didn't mean to go to Egypt. She had an accident at the carpet factory.

INDY: This is getting ridiculous. I'm just going to have a look in this tomb

GBJ JUMPS IN FRONT OF INDY
BLOCKING THE TOMB
ENTRANCE

GBJ: No! Wait you can't go in

INDY: I can (TRIES TO PASS BUT IS BLOCKED)

GBJ: No, you can't, there's danger

INDY: Don't be stupid

GBJ: You could be harmed

INDY: (PULLING GUN OUT) I am armed so shift

GBJ: You could be hurt

INDY: It's not me that's going to be hurt in a minute

GBJ: I could be painful

INDY: I'll make sure it is. Now get out of the way

GBJ: No, no wait. Look up there above the doorway

INDY: Yes of course, silly me, you're right. Above the door. The writing. The curse of the mummies tomb.

GBJ: It says...

INDY: Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of Pharaoh

GBJ: No, it says, mind your head (GUIDES INDY THROUGH THE ENTRANCE)

END