

# SEX AND THE CITY OF THE DEAD

"Carrie Dates a Mummy"

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - EVENING

Beautiful rich people get out of limos and walk up the stairs into the museum. They're mostly wearing elegant evening wear with masquerade masks, but a few stand out for their exciting 2000s era costumes: there are a half dozen different Austin Powers, a Clinton/Lewinsky couple, Justin and Brittney in matching denim, and a real overachiever has managed a flawless Mad Cow Disease costume.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Since parties were invented, the best ones have always involved masks. There's something about hiding your cheekbones that helps people really cut loose.

CARRIE and SAMANTHA walk up the stairs fully Halloweened: Carrie in a knock-out Cleopatra outfit and Sam as a French Maid. A man dressed as the letters Y2K walks by and the women scoff.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Samantha's firm was helping with the party and she convinced me that a little anonymity would do me good. At least I knew if I ran into my ex here I could pretend I didn't recognize him.

INT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - CONTINUOUS

As they walk in, Carrie adjusts her skirt.

CARRIE

Somehow I feel over and underdressed at the same time.

SAMANTHA

The people who didn't try, they aren't worth talking to. I was very clear this was a costume party. And you look incredible, Cleo.

CARRIE

You're not so bad yourself, mademoiselle. By the way if you get bored, my place could use some sexy vacuuming.

SAMANTHA

It'll cost you, I charge by the  
sexy hour.

(a beat)

And I'm already bored.

Carrie nods and they turn in unison toward the bar.

CARRIE

Can I get a cosmo?

A HOT BAR TENDER points to a sign with a couple of  
Halloween-themed drinks described on it: Poison Apple-tini,  
Invisible Man-hattan, I Vant To Drink Your Blood-y Mary, and  
the less punny Elixir of Life.

HOT BAR TENDER

Be careful with the Elixir of  
Life, it's really strong. I'm 79  
years old.

SAMANTHA

I'll take that. Make me 22 again.

CARRIE

The last thing I want is to redo  
my 20s. How about a Poison Apple-  
tini.

HOT BAR TENDER

Coming up, ladies.

They get their drinks and find a spot to stand near a mummy  
exhibit then stand there, observing the room. Carrie seems  
nervous.

SAMANTHA

Oh stop, Big isn't here. I saw the  
guest list, remember?

CARRIE

He has this way of showing up when  
you don't want him to.

Sam takes a sip of her drink and makes a face.

SAMANTHA

Apparently the way you stay young  
is way too much simple syrup. This  
is disgusting.

Without looking, she sets her drink on the glass-case behind her. She doesn't notice that she spills some of the pink liquid and it oozes through a crack in the display and drips on the mummy's head.

SAMANTHA

I'm gonna get a real drink.

CARRIE

I bet if you offer to polish his silver, he'll let you order off the menu.

Sam considers this and shrugs.

SAMANTHA

Be right back.

We follow Sam back to the bar.

SAMANTHA

Give me a Kettle and soda and I don't give a shit what you call it, I know you have it back there.

The Hot Bartender sighs and turns to grab the drink. Sam looks over and notices a man waiting for his drink next to her dressed as DIRK DIGGLER from Boogie Nights: bell bottoms with an absurd bulge, fluffy wig, 70s shirt open to show off his muscular chest. He nails the voice too. Samantha looks him up and down, pleased.

SAMANTHA

Now this is a costume.

DIRK

Thanks. I love wearing clothes.

SAMANTHA

And if I give you my number, is there something wonderful waiting to get out and meet me?

DIRK

I've been blessed.

She laughs and grabs a napkin to write on.

Back with Carrie, she still looks anxious. Behind her we see the pink drink has worked its magic as NESMIN, the mummy, slowly wakes up. He looks around then slides open the side of the glass box and steps out, bumping into Carrie.

NESMIN

Oh dear, my humblest apologies.

CARRIE

No problem. Didn't even make me spill.

She double-takes at his appearance.

CARRIE

Whoa. You went all out. Are you on Broadway or something?

NESMIN

(seriously)

I believe this is 5th.

She laughs.

CARRIE

You got me there.

NESMIN

I need to get out of here.

CARRIE

I could use a smoke myself.

Carrie hands her drink to a server and follows the mummy toward the exit.

EXT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MINUTES LATER

Carrie sits on the steps of the museum and takes out a cigarette. She offers Nesmin the pack and he waves it away.

NESMIN

Too dangerous, I'm almost 40% bitumen.

CARRIE

I get it. Any more than a bit o' men is too much for me as well.

She takes off her headdress and shakes out her hair. He just sits there staring at the bustle around him.

CARRIE

You're not going to take yours off? It's not fair I don't get to see your face.

NESMIN

Oh no, I'm not wearing anything underneath.

This makes her smile. She sticks out her hand.

CARRIE

Carrie Bradshaw.

(he doesn't seem to know this name)

It's fine, some people recognize the name. I'm a writer.

NESMIN

You have paper? You must be very wealthy.

CARRIE

Don't tell Visa that. And what's your name?

NESMIN

Nesmin.

(off her look)

It means "The one who belongs to Min."

CARRIE

Min must be very lucky.

NESMIN

The god Min is extremely lucky, and I am lucky to have served him as a priest in his temple.

CARRIE

Oh great. I meet a cute one and he's a priest. Maybe I should consider being celibate too.

NESMIN

Not that kind of a priest. In fact, Min is the god of virility and power. He's usually depicted with an erection and holding a whip.

From inside his wrappings he pulls a gold chain with an engraved pendant of the god Min who does indeed have a raging hard-on and a whip. Definitely Google it real quick if you haven't seen him before.

CARRIE

Wow. Now that is a god I can get behind... or in front of. Why do they call him Min? He looks more like a Max to me.

NESMIN

I don't follow. I'm still trying to perfect my English idioms.

CARRIE

Where are you from?

He's still a bit confused by everything but gaining confidence.

NESMIN

Egypt, obviously. But that was a long time ago.

CARRIE

I get it. The whole mummy thing.

NESMIN

Yes. I am cursed to the whole mummy thing for the rest of eternity.

Carrie searches his bandaged face for a sign he is joking. He is not joking.

CARRIE

You're serious. You're saying you're actually the mummy Nesmin? Is that your final answer?

NESMIN

*That* reference I have heard, as it is being made a lot in this time period. Yes, my body was held in this museum for many years. It seems the liquid your friend baptized me with has brought my soul back from the underworld.

CARRIE

The Elixir of Life? That was real.

NESMIN

The wall between life and death is permeable, but the potion to breach it requires a LOT of simple syrup.

CARRIE

Well my mummy friend, welcome to the year 2000.

NESMIN

It seems to be a marvelous age. Though I would bet there are still some pleasures from my own era that would surprise and delight you.

CARRIE

If you worked for that Min guy, I bet there are.

NESMIN

Let us retire to your place of residence and I shall show you.

CARRIE

You are very forward, Mr. Nesmin.

NESMIN

That is true. But also I can't take you to my place as it is a glass box surrounded by party goers.

CARRIE

An excellent point. I guess I have to give you a place to stay the night since I was there when you came back to life. But you're on the couch, padre. No hanky panky.

NESMIN

A deal, for this night at least.

CARRIE

You were so nice about that, a little hanky panky is back on the table.

INT DINER - A FEW DAYS LATER

The women sit around a table eating brunch and chatting, as they do.

MIRANDA

What do you mean, he's a mummy?



CARRIE

I mean, he's a mummy. He died in 300 B.C. and was preserved. Very well preserved, if I may say so. I can tell you about one organ that wasn't removed through his nose.

CHARLOTTE

That's disgusting. I don't think I could date a dead person.

SAMANTHA

Prude.

CHARLOTTE

I like them old but not THAT old.

CARRIE

He's a little old fashioned, maybe. Not convinced women should have jobs.

MIRANDA

That's not so old fashioned. Half the men at my firm would agree with him.

SAMANTHA

But how's the sex?

CARRIE

Jaw dropping.

SAMANTHA

That good?

CARRIE

Literally. His jaw fell off.

CHARLOTTE

Gross!

SAMANTHA

And you don't need to worry about a condom since his whole body is wrapped up.

Carrie nods in agreement.

CARRIE

And his tongue! He excavated me like an archaeologist.

MIRANDA

So lucky.

CARRIE

We have to be careful because mummification is all about removing moisture so if I get too wet, it'll destroy him.

SAMANTHA

That's what a dental dam is for, sweetie.

CARRIE

We needed a dam because he definitely overflowed my Nile.

Charlotte covers her ears.

MIRANDA

I would prefer to have a dead boyfriend who's great at sex than what I've got: a dead bedroom.

CARRIE

Oh, Miranda. Is it still bad? I can ask if Nesmin knows an incantation that can help you and Steve.

MIRANDA

We're both so tired and busy. And he works these crazy hours, people in the bar industry never have sex at the right time.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sure you'll figure something out.

MIRANDA

Like what? I told him we could just put something on the calendar so we at least know it's going to happen but he hated that idea.

SAMANTHA

I think it's hot to put sex on the calendar. I just can't find one big enough for all of my appointments.

CHARLOTTE

It's a normal part of moving in with somebody, Miranda. It means your intimacy is growing and changing.

CARRIE

It happens to everybody.

MIRANDA

Easy for you to say, you're still getting your tomb raided.

CARRIE

He was so good he left a curse for the next person who enters.

SAMANTHA

At the very least, I know an empty exhibit at the Met you can put your sex life in. "Born: freshman year in high school. Died October 2000."

CHARLOTTE

Can we stop talking about death?

SAMANTHA

I would hate talking about it too if I'd literally killed a man.

Charlotte looks around the diner, terrified people will hear.

CHARLOTTE

(power whisper)

HEY! You promised never to bring that up again. And I didn't kill him, I man-slaughtered him, thanks to Miranda's fine legal work.

MIRANDA

I was only able to get you off because Samantha got the judge off.

SAMANTHA

What can I say? I like a man who knows how to hammer.

They all laugh except Charlotte.

CARRIE  
 (suddenly straight faced)  
 But seriously, we're glad you're  
 free.

Everybody nods gravely.

SAMANTHA  
 Speaking of blasts from the past,  
 I met a guy. Same party as  
 Carrie's mummy but mine was  
 dressed as Dirk Diggler.

MIRANDA  
 The guy from *Boogie Nights* with a  
 huge prosthetic... dirk?

SAMANTHA  
 I'm going out with him tonight.  
 Who knows if he's really got the  
 goods or he's just dirking me  
 around.

CHARLOTTE  
 There you go again with all the  
 Dirk talk.

CARRIE  
 So you guys really don't see a  
 problem with me dating a mummy?

MIRANDA  
 He's old and rich. He's your type.

SAMANTHA  
 If you liked Big's place, imagine  
 going back to this guy's pyramid.

Carrie turns to Charlotte, silently asking for permission  
 from her moral compass.

CHARLOTTE  
 I guess I have no room to talk. Go  
 for it.

INT. FANCY NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sam sits at a table scanning the restaurant.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
 While I contemplated dating a guy  
 who was always in costume, Sam  
 waited to see what her man looked  
 like without one.

A muscular man walks in and sits down but we only see him from behind. Samantha looks shocked. We swing around to see from her perspective and discover it's the same guy from the Halloween party and it is actually MARK WAHLBERG. Hard to imagine he was free for a cameo, I know, but you're going with me on the mummy thing so this shouldn't be that much of a stretch.

SAMANTHA

You're actually...

MARK

I'm not "Actually." I'm Mark Wahlberg. Nice to see you again now that you're out of your work clothes.

Samantha looks puzzled, then remembers last time he saw her she was dressed as a sexy French maid. He doesn't appear to be joking though.

SAMANTHA

I was just wearing a costume and that's what I thought you were doing as well.

MARK

I'm that good of an actor. I can disappear into any roll.

SAMANTHA

It's rare that I find myself speechless but there you are. You're Mark Wahlberg. What brings you to New York?

MARK

Some early publicity for *Planet of the Apes*.

SAMANTHA

There's a new *Planet of the Apes*? Why?

MARK

Coming out in a few months. It's so good. Tim Burton is directing, the guy who did the best Batman movies. I think this will be the definitive *Planet of the Apes*.

SAMANTHA

I'll be sure to see it.

MARK

It's crazy man. There's like this planet, and it's full of apes and...

He fades out and stares off into the distance. After waiting a bit, Samantha helps him out.

SAMANTHA

You know, maybe don't spoil it.

MARK

Good idea.

(a beat)

You're pretty. I hope we have sex later. What are we eating? I love food. Not all of it, just the good kind.

Mark looks at the menu and squints like this is his first time seeing words. Samantha stares at him, confused.

INT CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carrie and Nesmin are in bed making out furiously. It's upsetting to watch.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Meanwhile, across town, I was also tongue tied.

They break off and she looks him in the eyes.

NESMIN

I'm sorry my tongue isn't as agile as it was when I was alive.

CARRIE

No it's great. I'm just so surprised at how good you are at everything, actually. Like, how do you speak English so well?

NESMIN

I spent decades in that glass box listening to tourists. I know most languages.

CARRIE

Really? Say something in Russian.

NESMIN

Вернемся к тому, что делали.

CARRIE  
What's it mean?

NESMIN  
"Let's get back to what we were  
doing."

CARRIE  
You're insatiable.

NESMIN  
Back in the temple, we did it  
pretty much constantly.

Carrie looks down, suddenly feeling a bit insecure.

CARRIE  
You've been around so long, I feel  
like I'm not bringing enough to  
this relationship.

NESMIN  
You're alive. That's very  
impressive to me.

CARRIE  
Yeah but so are most people. I  
never thought I'd be self  
conscious about how many women  
somebody's been with, but it must  
be a lot.

NESMIN  
It is a good number.

CARRIE  
Like how many? Ballpark?

NESMIN  
About 20.

CARRIE  
You expect me to believe you've  
only been with 20 women?

NESMIN  
No, percent. I've been with about  
20% of women. At least at the  
time, there are more women now.

Carrie looks upset.

NESMIN (CONTINUED)

Oh don't worry, though. Mostly I just stayed within the women of my harem.

This has not helped.

NESMIN

Many of whom were there voluntarily. Or were given to me as gifts--

Even worse.

CARRIE

--you know what, we're overthinking this. Let's get back to where we were.

NESMIN

Actually, I have an idea.

He unrolls some of the bandage from his arm and tears it. Then he uses it to tie her to the bed.

CARRIE

I like where this is going.

He uses more bandage to blindfold her.

CARRIE

You're into hardcore *bandage*.

He nods.

NESMIN

And now I show you that my people worship kitties.

He slips down out of frame and we stay on her face. She's very into whatever he's doing.

CARRIE

Oh god. Oh god.

Nesmin's head pops back into frame.

NESMIN

Which god? You must be specific when you pray.

CARRIE

Shut up and get back to it.



NESMIN  
How about this?

CARRIE  
Ohhhhh.

He grabs her face in his hands and kisses her. She wiggles free.

CARRIE  
(having trouble speaking while  
still getting pleased)  
Wait, if both of your hands... are  
up here... how are you...

He lifts her blindfold and shows her his hands and we see that two of the fingers are missing but apparently are still working its magic down below. She is impressed.

CARRIE  
Enough. I need all of you.

He retrieves his fingers and reattaches them to his hand.

He climbs on her and we watch his dusty, bandaged back as he thrusts into her. He groans in a classic mummy way but it escalates to become more and more sexual. He nears climax and pulls out.

NESMIN  
The sun god Ra bestows his light  
upon you!

We match cut to:

INT BUSY NEW YORK STARBUCKS - DAY

Carrie taps a jar of cinnamon onto her drink, just like the dust that would probably come out of Nesmin.

SAMANTHA  
20 percent? He said that?

CARRIE  
Men usually lie, so it was  
probably closer to 30.

SAMANTHA  
I don't think I've even broken 10%  
of Manhattan.

A beat.

SAMANTHA (CONT)

Well maybe midtown.

CARRIE

Don't beat yourself up. The world was much smaller back then.

SAMANTHA

So you like him then?

CARRIE

He's nice and the sex is great, but he does have a lot of outdated ideas.

SAMANTHA

Like what? He doesn't believe in texting?

CARRIE

That. And he's pro-slavery.

SAMANTHA

Oof. I'm not touching that one and I'm historically very willing to jump into problematic conversations about race.

CARRIE

He insists it's the only way to do great architecture. He was floored when I told him the people who built New York were paid and he said that's why it's so ugly.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Samoontha? Shamanta? Semantic?

Sam grabs her drink, rolling her eyes.

SAMANTHA

Well *some* people are overpaid.

CARRIE

I can ignore a lot of abhorrent politics, but this might be a deal breaker.

They move to the window-bar and lean on it, looking out as they talk.

SAMANTHA

If you've been alive long enough, you've said problematic things. It happens to everybody.

CARRIE

Not us though, right? We're extremely progressive so nothing we've said will ever seem quaint or offensive--especially our white washing of New York, anti-semitic stereotypes, classicism, bisexual erasure, kink shaming, acceptance of sexual harassment in the workplace, pro-smoking agenda, and nonstop slut shaming of you. It's cool.

SAMANTHA

True. We're going to age perfectly forever.

CARRIE

But his brain is stuck in the 3rd century BC.

SAMANTHA

That's the risk with bringing stuff back from the dead. It might be beautiful but it's always got baggage.

CARRIE

Speaking of carrying something heavy around, how's Mr. Diggler?

SAMANTHA

He's the real deal.

CARRIE

That big?

SAMANTHA

No. I mean, it's fine size, but that's not it. He wasn't just wearing a Mark Wahlberg costume, he was actually Mark Wahlberg.

CARRIE

You went on a date with Marky Mark? That's amazing. How was it?

SAMANTHA

He is hot and extremely dumb.

CARRIE  
Does that bother you?

SAMANTHA  
More than I thought it would.

CARRIE  
Why's he here?

SAMANTHA  
Promoting a remake of *Planet of the Apes*, apparently.

CARRIE  
Why would anybody reboot that movie?

SAMANTHA  
That's how Hollywood works. They're always digging around in a graveyard for anything that's even a little bit warm. TV is mostly desecrated corpses shambling around.

CARRIE  
Tell me about it. I've submitted the same column at least six different times and my editor hasn't noticed.

INT CARRIE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Carrie is propped up on her elbows, working on her laptop.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Later, I couldn't get what she said out of my head. If nothing is ever new, I couldn't help but wonder, in relationships and TV development deals, is it okay to just keep bringing stuff back from the dead?

INT MIRANDA AND STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miranda comes home and takes off her coat.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
In Miranda's case she was desperate to bring something back to life but couldn't figure out the right elixir.

Steve barely moves from his spot on the couch where he's watching sports. She hands him a package.

MIRANDA

This came for you today.

STEVE

Oh hey, I didn't hear you come in.

He grabs it and hides it under a pillow.

MIRANDA

What is it?

STEVE

(quickly)

Nothing.

She grabs the package and tears it open. Then looks, shocked, at a package labeled "Sex Life Resurrection Kit."

STEVE

It's stupid, it's just this thing I got. I thought it'd help.

MIRANDA

No, that's not silly. I'm willing to try. What's in it? "Sex position playing cards."

STEVE

That could be fun.

MIRANDA

Edible lotions. Not sure about that one.

STEVE

Do you want to try it out? After the Knicks game?

MIRANDA

See this is what I'm talking about. You'd rather watch the game.

STEVE

It's really close! It's only 10 minutes.

MIRANDA

Is that 10 real minutes or 10 basketball minutes?

STEVE  
(shamefully)  
Basketball minutes.

MIRANDA  
So an hour.

STEVE  
Probably not *that* bad.

MIRANDA  
I'm tired anyway. I should get to bed. We can try it some other time.

STEVE  
Probably for the best.

MIRANDA  
I told you I'd be willing to schedule a meeting so we're both prepared.

STEVE  
That feels like giving up.

MIRANDA  
But "A CD of sensual music titled 'Quiet Flame'" isn't giving up? Or "Stick-on nipple coverings"? What even is that for? Are my nipples the problem?

STEVE  
Maybe you're right. Maybe we should just give in and put it on the calendar.

MIRANDA  
Really?

STEVE  
When you don't have work and the Knicks aren't playing.

MIRANDA  
That'd be perfect.

She sighs contentedly and pulls a pocket organizer out of her purse.

MIRANDA  
Friday at 10?

STEVE

Let me check my schedule.

He thinks for a second. He doesn't have a schedule.

STEVE

Works for me.

MIRANDA

It's a date!

STEVE

It's a meeting, at least.

MIRANDA

Call it what you want. But I'll be there.

STEVE

If you want to prepare, there's some assigned reading in there.

MIRANDA

"Advanced Sex Play: Positions & Toys for Lovers DVD." I'll get to it after my other briefs.

INT CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We slowly pan around Charlotte's immaculately decorated apartment.

CARRIE (V.O.)

And while Miranda and Steve tried to rekindle their old passion, Charlotte tried to keep hers from coming back.

Eventually we settle on Charlotte sitting up in bed, fully dressed. She is trying to be strong but finally gives up and reaches over to the night stand. She opens the drawer and pulls out a shiny pistol. She cradles it against her cheek and whispers to it.

CHARLOTTE

We can't, Mr. Boomy. You understand that, right? We got in too much trouble last time. That was our very last time. I'm sorry Mr. Boomy, I miss it too. But we just can't take the chance.

She kisses it, then puts it back in the drawer and stares at it, forlorn.

EXT CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Carrie and Nesmin walk through the carnival. He shambles along, trying to keep up with her but she keeps getting ahead, then forcing herself to slow down so he can catch up. People are having to go around them because they're going so slow.

NESMIN

I would like to be your champion.  
May I conquer one of those stuffed  
monsters for you?

CARRIE

That's cute. I guess chivalry  
isn't dead.

Nesmin stops, entranced by a busker spray-painted silver, surrounded by kids. A kid gives the busker a dollar and he starts moving, shocking Nesmin.

NESMIN

This statuary has come to life!

CARRIE

It's nothing, Nesmin. Just a  
performer.

NESMIN

Okay, whew.

They approach a game where you throw a softball at a pyramid of bottles.

NESMIN

We used to have something like  
this in my home town and I was  
quite skilled at it. Of course, it  
was a little different--we threw  
rocks at prisoners of war.

Carrie quickly drags him away before anybody can hear him.

CARRIE

You know I love it when you talk  
about atrocities from your past.

NESMIN

What about *your* past? I know very  
little about you. Why aren't you  
already part of some great king's  
bride-harem?

The question hurts.



CARRIE  
I thought I had that kind of  
relationship, but I was wrong.

NESMIN  
What was he like? Was he like me?

CARRIE  
Nothing like you. Some people say  
I have a type but I don't at all.  
I'm open to anybody as long as  
they're rich and white. I'm  
kidding, of course. But I--

She's walked too far ahead. She sighs and waits for him to  
catch up.

NESMIN  
Sorry, I'm shambling as fast as I  
can. What was that last part?

CARRIE  
Nothing.

They walk up to a Ring Toss booth.

NESMIN  
Boy. Boy!

A FULL GROWN MAN running the booth walks over, annoyed.

NESMIN  
If I win this competition, do I  
win you or do I have to trade a  
lesser prize for you?

Carrie grabs his shoulder and pushes him away from the booth  
and makes an apologetic face at Full Grown Man.

CARRIE  
You can't just do that. You can't  
own people anymore!

NESMIN  
My apologies. Still trying to get  
used to everything.

CARRIE  
Here, I'd like a treat.

They approach the snack bar.

NESMIN

Let me get this for you. Boy. Boy!

Carrie shakes her head, he notices and quickly corrects.

NESMIN

Free man. Free man!

An ANNOYED WOMAN walks up to the window to take his order.

NESMIN

My lady and I would like two tiger steaks.

ANNOYED WOMAN

We don't have that.

NESMIN

What kind of establishment is this? Fine. Bring us an eel.

ANNOYED WOMAN

Don't have that.

NESMIN

YOU UNHELPFUL WENCH. MAY YOUR STATUES CRUMBLE AND ALL YOUR CHILDREN BE FEMALE!

Carrie pushes in front of him and addresses the even more Annoyed Woman.

CARRIE

He's not from here. A cotton candy, please. Keep the change.

She takes her cotton candy and drops \$20 which the Annoyed Woman pockets without smiling.

NESMIN

I'll pay you back. I own most of the wealth.

CARRIE

Didn't the British take most of it?

NESMIN

What is a British?

CARRIE

Nevermind.

## INT CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carrie and Nesmin are making out again. It's still gross. He is, after all, a rotting corpse preserved through dehydration and chemical solutions. But that isn't why Carrie is holding back a little.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Back at my place, I decided I didn't care about the past. It doesn't matter what you did back then as long as you can be good in this moment. And despite myself, I was starting to feel genuine warmth for this cold, lifeless body. As I unwrapped the ancient ceremonial cloth around his groin, I couldn't help but wonder, how hard would it be to unwrap his heart?

They roll over. Carrie opens her eyes and notices something on the ground. She pushes Nesmin back.

CARRIE

What's that?

She points at a bit of bandage on the floor.

NESMIN

Oh, that is mine, obviously.

He grabs it and quickly stuffs it into his own chest wrapping.

CARRIE

It looked different.

NESMIN

It wasn't. It was the same. There are no other mummies here.

CARRIE

Why would you phrase it that way?

NESMIN

I'm suddenly very tired. Good night.

He rolls over and curls up on the side of the bed.

CARRIE

You don't sleep.

He pretends to snore.

CARRIE

Whatever. I'm going out for a  
smoke.

INT SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha is going down on Mark Wahlberg. I know, I'm  
surprised too. But it's happening. He is INTO it.

MARK

Yeah, that's right. Do it to me.  
Corrupt me. Like in that movie *The  
Corruptor*. Did you see that?

Samantha shakes her head.

MARK

(sad)  
I guess you don't like movies.

A beat.

MARK (CONT.)

I'm close. Get ready for *The  
Perfect Storm*.

Samantha stops and looks at him, annoyed.

SAMANTHA

If this is gonna work, you're  
going to need to stop talking.

MARK

Oh yeah. I can do that. I'll be so  
quiet you won't even know I'm  
here.

Samantha resumes. A beat.

MARK

(whispering to himself)  
*Three Kings*.

INT MIRANDA AND STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miranda is working, surrounded by paper. Steve is tossing a  
tennis ball against the wall and catching it, making Miranda  
wince each time.

MIRANDA

Can you stop that for a bit?  
You're making me nervous.

STEVE

The calendar said 10pm. I've got seven more minutes to kill before our meeting.

MIRANDA

About that. I might be a few minutes late, I need to finish this.

STEVE

The boss isn't gonna like that.

MIRANDA

You think you're the boss? I'm definitely the boss.

STEVE

(oddly excited)

Well then. I'm sure the boss doesn't want to be late to her own meeting. That would be very unprofessional.

MIRANDA

(also starting to get into this)

I don't like your tone. Very insolent.

STEVE

What are you gonna do about it, boss?

MIRANDA

I might... have to write you up.

STEVE

Yeah?

MIRANDA

File a report with HR.

STEVE

Oh no.

MIRANDA

(slow, seductive)

And this report will be so devastating, it's really going to limit your earning potential over your lifetime. You may not even be able to retire at this rate, despite consistent contributions to your 401k.

Miranda stands up, she towers over Steve.

MIRANDA

Unless, maybe there's another way to deal with your behavior.

STEVE

Please, I'll do anything. I need this job.

MIRANDA

My office. Now.

STEVE

Yes ma'am.

Steve scampers towards the bedroom. Miranda looks pleased with herself for this new discovery about their relationship even though it was completely obvious to all of us watching that this is where it was headed. She strides off toward the bedroom, head held high.

INT SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Samantha wakes up and looks around, she's relieved to see Mark isn't in bed with her. She gets up and walks to the kitchen. She jumps when she sees Mark standing there, in just his underwear, staring out the window at some pigeons. He looks good.

MARK

What are you thinking about, birds? Please let me into your secret bird world. You must know great truths.

(seeing Samantha)

Oh, hey there, gorgeous. I tried to make coffee but I...

He gestures to a coffee pot with whole coffee beans just floating in water and several broken pieces of coffee maker spread out on the counter.

MARK (CONT.)

...didn't.

CARRIE (V.O.)

And that's when Samantha realized... actually no. Sometimes the B and C stories are just a slant rhyme to the theme of the episode with no major revelations at the end and that's just fine.

SAMANTHA

Come back to bed, Mark. And we'll do that sexy thing where you don't say anything.

MARK

Okey dokey. I'll remain a silent mystery like the noble pigeon.

EXT HUDSON PARK - DAY

Carrie and Nesmin walk down the sidewalk in Hudson Park, overlooking the river. Nesmin is taking it all in, still just amazed. People power walk and roller blade around them as they're moving incredibly slowly.

NESMIN

You truly live in a marvelous age. I know I have a lot to learn, but I'm happy to do my best as long as--

A pair of joggers run by and Nesmin panics, thinking they're running from some danger.

NESMIN

Have the locusts returned? WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FROM ME, MOSES???

He attempts to run and immediately trips and falls.

NESMIN

Carrie, get down. The locusts are back!

CARRIE

It's okay, Nesmin. They're just running for fun.

NESMIN

...what?

CARRIE

I'll explain some other time.

She helps him up. As she does, the piece of differently-colored bandage from earlier falls. She grabs it and examines it, it's clearly different than any of his wrappings.

CARRIE

What is this?

NESMIN

Fine, I was going to tell you today anyway. I returned to the museum and I resurrected one of my favorite wives and we're going to try to make it work.

CARRIE

I knew it!

NESMIN

You're cool and everything but she's a high priestess. Sex with her is literally communing with the gods. It's not you, it's us.

CARRIE

I can't believe I'm getting dumped by a broke ass mummy.

NESMIN

I'm not broke, I'm the richest--

CARRIE

You're not rich! All your treasure was looted by the British, you have nothing. You're crashing on my couch because you don't have a place to live.

NESMIN

You are not so wealthy yourself, you have no carriages and no slaves. It is highly unlikely you'll have enough gold to secure passage into the after life!

Carrie starts walking away from him and he can't keep up.

NESMIN

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. Come back, Carrie, I don't know how to get home from here. I order you to return!

She looks back for a second and shakes her head, then keeps walking.

NESMIN

You're not that hot anyway! You hardly use any lead around your eyes and you have no incense pellets under your arms! You were lucky to be part of my harem.



People are starting to stare.

NESMIN  
MAY ALL YOUR LIVESTOCK GET THE  
ROTTING DISEASE!

We flip around and look at Carrie's face as Nesmin falls further and further behind over her shoulder. She smiles.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
That's when I realized it's fine to bring something back from the dead, but no matter how much baggage you have, you need to be able to keep up. Nothing is more useless to this world than a slow walker in New York.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW