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YESSAH &

NOSSAH. Yes, sir?

MUSTAFA. Stop cringing like nervous schoolboys and tell me what you want. What is it, Yessah?

YESSAH. It's thirty five, sir.

MUSTAFA. Thirty five what?

NOSSAH. Thirty five thieves, sir.

MUSTAFA. Thirty five thieves, Nossah?

NOSSAH. Yessir.

YESSAH. What?

MUSTAFA. Stop interrupting, Yessah.

YESSAH. Yessir.

MUSTAFA. Is there an echo here?

YESSAH. No sir.

NOSSAH. Yes?

MUSTAFA. Yes, what?

NOSSAH. Yes, sir!

YESSAH. What?

MUSTAFA. Are you trying to be funny, Yessah?

YESSAH. No, sir!

NOSSAH. Yes?

MUSTAFA. Silence!! Now, Yessah, in plain and simple Arabian tell me what it is you want to say.

YESSAH

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YESSAH. There aren't no longer forty, sir, because you executed Habib, Hakim, Halim and Hashim for misdemeanours along the way, sir.

MUSTAFA. Misdemeanours?

YESSAH. Smoking, talking out of line, and looking the wrong way, sir.

MUSTAFA. And what about Hashim?

YESSAH. You just didn't like him, sir.

MUSTAFA. Well, that's four of them, what about the fifth?

NOSSAH. Mebbesah.

MUSTAFA. Maybe what?

NOSSAH. That was his name, sir. Mebbesah, sir.

MUSTAFA. Mebbesah-sir?

NOSSAH. No, not Mebbesah-sir, sir. Mebbesah.

MUSTAFA. Mebbesah-sir-sir-mebbesah?

NOSSAH. No, sir, not Mebbesah-sir-sir-mebbesah –

YESSAH. The lads used to call him Stinker, sir.

MUSTAFA. Oh, him!

NOSSAH. Yes, sir.

YESSAH. What?

MUSTAFA. Shut up! Now, go and tell the others, that if they don't want to end up like Stinker, they'd better cover their ears whilst I say the magic words to open the cave.

YESSAH. Yessir! Covered ears it is, sir. Nossah!

NOSSAH. Yes, Yessah?

YESSAH. Come with me. **(They exit.)**