

Scene – i

*Trevor is carefully cleaning his barbershop when Milan enters*

**TREVOR** Good morning, sir!

**MILAN** Morning.

**TREVOR** Yes sir, I do believe we're in for a spell as they used to say in the music halls. Not too hot, but not too mild neither..

**MILAN** Mmm.

**TREVOR** Re: the weekend just past, might I enquire as to whether sir was in receipt of an enjoyableness, or did events prove themselves to be of an otherwise nature?

**MILAN** Very pleasant thank you.

**TREVOR** "Very pleasant thank you." Thank *you* sir! Then might I take it sir that for that period you were not within the boundaries of Lincolnshire, where I understand it rained like a bitch.

**MILAN** No, I was nowhere near Lincolnshire.

**TREVOR** Sir, I am uplifted to hear such news.

**MILAN** My wife and I spent the weekend in Hull.

*Milan sits on the barber chair*

**TREVOR** Sir is married?

**MILAN** Yes.

**TREVOR** I had literally no idea.

**MILAN** Well never mind ...

**TREVOR** Sir, my remissness in failing to felicitate sir upon the joyousness and good tidings is something I fear I shall have to live with for the rest of my life.

**TREVOR** Now to business. Being one of the shrewdest sirs who has ever swum into my purview, may I take it that sir is keen to exploit the social and financial advantages inherent in having a hair cut?

**MILAN** A haircut, that's right.

**TREVOR** Of course. A hair cut is a hair enhanced! If sir will entirely fail to slash my throatlet for being so old. Now sir, the hair in question is ... ?

**MILAN** What?

**TREVOR** The hair presently under advisement belongs to ... ?

**MILAN** What do you mean?

**TREVOR** What do I mean?

**MILAN** It's my hair. I want you to cut my hair.

**TREVOR** So your own hair is the hair upon which this entire transaction is to be founded?

**MILAN** Well of course! Why would I come in here to get you to cut someone else's hair?

**TREVOR** Sir. Please set fire to my legs if I am trying to make haircutting sound more romantic and glamorous than it really is, but believe me when I tell you that in my position you cannot be too careful.

**MILAN** Really?

*Trevor carefully wraps a white sheet around Milan's neck.*

**TREVOR** Yes indeed sir. Once and only once, have I had to cut the hair of a gentleman against his will. And believe me when I tell you it was both difficult *and* impossible.

**MILAN** No, well it's my hair.

**TREVOR** Now, sir, we proceed to that most important of stages: Which one?

*Trevor continues adding additional sheets while speaking.*

**MILAN** Which one what?

**TREVOR** Which of the manifold hairs upon sir's crisp and twinkling head would sir like to place in my professional care for the purposes of securing an encutment.

**MILAN** All of them!

**TREVOR** All of them?

**MILAN** Yes!

**TREVOR** Sir is absolutely sure?

**MILAN** Of course I'm sure. What's the matter with you?

**TREVOR** I seek not to question the drasticity of sir's decision, only to express the profoundness of my humblings at the prospect of such a magnificent task.

**MILAN** Well, all of them.

**TREVOR** All of them. My word.

**MILAN** Is that a problem?

**TREVOR** No indeed sir! No indeed sir! Not a problem sir. I merely hope that sir can take time off from what I know is a very hectic schedule to appreciate that for me to cut all the hairs on sir's head represents the snow-capped summit of a barber's career.

**MILAN** Well you've done it before, haven't you?

*Trevor laughs heartily*

**TREVOR** Oh, yes indeed sir! Yes, I once cut all the hairs on a gentleman's head in Cairo, shortly after the War, when the world was in uproar and to a young man everything seemed possible.

**MILAN** Once?

**TREVOR** It would be bootless to deny that I was a younger and better-looking barber then, but let's hope that the magic has not entirely disappeared up its own rabbit hole. We shall see. We shall see!

**MILAN** Wait a minute here! Wait one cotton-picking minute here!

**TREVOR** Sir?

**MILAN** You've cut someone's hair, all of it that is, once since the war?

**TREVOR** Sir would prefer that in the sphere of total hair cuttation, I was to him a virgin?

**MILAN** I beg your pardon?

**TREVOR** Yes, that I can respect.

**MILAN** What?

**TREVOR** The desire that we should both embark upon this journey together as innocents, as wide-eyed travellers to a foreign land, unknowing of our fate, careless of our destination — to emerge some day, somewhere — bruised, sad, a little wiser perhaps, but ultimately and joyously alive.

**MILAN** Goodbye

*Trevor snaps his scissors together near Milan's head. Milan stands to leave*

**TREVOR** Sir is leaving?

*Trevor and Milan look directly at each other and break character.*

**MILAN** I don't believe you have the faintest idea as to how you're going to end this.

**TREVOR** Sir could not be more wrong if he tried.

**MILAN** Oh really

**TREVOR** Yes!

**MILAN** Well go on then.

**MILAN** Now you see, you're completely stuck.

**TREVOR** No, no, I can convincingly end this sketch in forty-five seconds.

**MILAN** Forty-five seconds?

**TREVOR** Forty five seconds.

**MILAN** All right then: off you go!

*Returning to character.*

**TREVOR** Um, um. If sir would care to resume the seatedness of his posture?

**MILAN** Okie doke

*Milan sits back down*

**TREVOR** May I assume that sir is close to the maximum level of comfort?

**MILAN** Forty seconds

**TREVOR** Very good. I shall just go and fetch the necessary tools.

*Trevor leaves via the eastern stairwell. He does not return. Milan peers at the doorway.*

**MILAN** Haha. It's going to be a chainsaw or ...

*Long pause. Milan realises he has been left holding the baby. Resignedly, he delivers his final line straight to the audience:*

**MILAN** Fuck.