

In The Hairdressers

David Calcutt

Conversations can sometime be very unequal. Here's one heard in a hairdressers (or barber's) between the hairdresser and the man whose hair he was cutting. I've worked it a little, but not much. The hairdresser is the first to speak.

“So, mate, what are you doing with yourself today?”

“Nothing much.”

“Nothing much?”

“Nah”

“You've got the life of Riley, mate, you have, not doing nothing much, haven't you?”

“Yeah.”

“You off work today, then, are you?”

“Yeah.”

“Just today is it you're off, or all week?”

“All week.”

“All week. Sounds all right, that does. All week. And with this weather as well. You got the right week, didn't you?”

“Yeah.”

“Got anything planned, have you?”

“Nah.”

“Just gonna take it easy, eh? Just kind of chill out, so to speak.”

“Yeah. Chill out.”

“That's all right, that is. That's what you want to do when you've got the week off and weather like this, ain't it? Just chill out. That's the best thing to do, in my opinion.

Must be in yours as well, eh?”

“Yeah.”

“Course it is, course it is. Must be. Now. How's that look?”

“Fine?”

“Any more off?”

“Nah.”

“What about something on it?”

“Nah.”

“Right, then, that's it, we're done, then.”

“Yeah.”

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