**Excerpt #7**

Characters: Potts, Goran, Boris, Violet, Sid, Turkey Farmer

Context: The Fun Fair. This is where Potts promotes one of his inventions – his hair cutting machine. This is a busy scene with loads of dancing and singing from ensemble, Potts, and Morrison Men.

**The Fun Fair**

**POTTS** Haircuts! Haircuts! Ladies and gentlemen who is for an absolutely spiffingautomatic haircut? Roll up, roll up, a positive snip at threepence a time! Hair-cuts While-You-Wait.

*Music shifts to spooky spy music Fun Fair scene freezes. BORIS and GORAN, dressed extremely “Englishy” appear after been hidden behind a bunch of balloons.*

**GORAN** But Doris, I don’t understand. How could Coggins not have believed we vere English? Me ole cock sparra...!

**BORIS** Ahh Gordon…

**GORAN** I’m sorry, Doris. It’s my fault. My wicket was too sticky.

**BORIS** No.

**GORAN** My toad… not in his hole.

**BORIS** No

**GORAN** And I forgot to show him my spotted –

*BORIS covers GORAN’S mouth. They freeze, lights change as scene moves to a crowd that has gathered around POTTS, notably SIDNEY and VIOLET.*

**POTTS** …a positive snip at threepence a time!...

**VIOLET** Come on Sid, you could do with a haircut.

**SID** What, cut my hair? I’m like Samson, me

**VIOLET** Really?

**SID** That’s where all my strength is.

**VIOLET** Rubbish! You’re scared. He’s a big old scaredy cat.

**SID** Am I now? All right mate, do your worst. Not too short...!!

*SID removes his hat and sits in the machine, where a sort of metal hood is lowered over his skull. POTTS mounts the bicycle and starts peddling.*

**POTTS** Now just you relax Sir, and we’ll have you done in a jiffy. Observe and be amazed.

*Scene of Hair cut once again freezes and lights come back on the spies.*

**BORIS** And now, if his invention works, Potts will make enough money to buy the car himself. In which case, we must abandon plan A do plan B … see?

**GORAN** What is plan C?

**BORIS** There is no plan C.

**GORAN** But you said…

**BORIS** Plan B… B!!!

**GORAN** Oh… I see!

**BOTH** Then we steal it from him… ha, ha, ha, ha…

*Lighting snaps back to crowd scene as BORIS and GORAN blend into the crowd.*

**SID** Not been courting a month and she’s trying to change the way I look.

**VIOLET** Hang on a second, Sidney.

*Smoke has started to billow from the machine out of the funnel at the front.*

**SID** Here, Vi, what’s going on?

**POTTS** Nothing to worry about, Sir, a little friction to start with.

**SID** It tickles.

**VIOLET** Sidney, you’re smoking!

**SID** I’m on fire!

**POTTS** Almost finished.

**SID** Turn it off! I’m on fire! My head’s on fire!

*A bell sounds on the machine.*

**POTTS** Well Sir that’s you cooked, I mean done, I mean finished…

*He raises the metal hood and SID is completely bald. The CROWD gasps.*

**VIOLET** Flipping heck, Sid – you’re bald as a Baby’s bum!

**POTTS** *Trying to brazen it out – moving hand mirror up and down quicky.* Well, there you are Sir. It’s a new look.

**VIOLET** *dubious*

It’s certainly that.

**POTTS** Will there be something else, Sir? Something for the weekend?

**SID** *Turning on him.*

I’ll give you something for the weekend!

 *SID tries to swing a punch at POTTS who ducks and runs.*

**POTTS** *(Trying to exit)*

Sorry I must dash.

**SID** Here, Vi! He’s getting away! After him!

 ***SONG – Me OL’ Bamboo***

*The number finishes. POTTS is congratulated by Bamboo men. Turkey Farmer runs on.*

**TURKEY FARMER** Ah, there you are.

**POTTS** What do you mean?

**TURKEY FARMER** You’re Potts.

**POTTS** No I’m not.

**TURKEY FARMER** Potts the inventor.

**POTTS** No…

**TURKEY FARMER** Did you invent that hair-cutting machine?

**POTTS** No.

**TURKEY FARMER** That’s a shame, because I want to buy it.

**POTTS** Well, no in the sense of yes.

**TURKEY FARMER** What do you want for it?

**POTTS** What do I want for it? I was thirty shillings.

**TURKEY FARMER** Done

*They shake hands.*

**POTTS** I would warn you, it’s still at the experimental stage.

**TURKEY FARMER** I don’t want it for cutting hair, I want it for plucking turkeys.

**POTTS** Plucking Turkeys?

**TURKEY FARMER** Yes, I’m a turkey farmer. And with your machine I can kill ‘em, pluck ‘em and cook ‘em all in one go. There you are, thirty bob. And I call it a bargain.

**POTTS** And I call it a miracle. Thank you Mr…

 ***(****Reading the cheque).*

Matthews, one car, coming up!