

Description - Regimental music echoed around the dusty shop, drab black and white photographs looked down from the walls upon a battered, worn trumpet of a rickety gramophone.

Action - Scrraaatch... scraping back and forth the metal razor moved, handled skilfully in the grip of an expert.

Dialogue - "Blast, the gramophone has broken, what will I do?" asked the Barber before receiving a reassuring pat from one of his best customers. "I'll fix that for you." he said.