Mudeford Smugglers' Run Audio Trail Transcript

15. MUDEFORD TAMED. BREAKFAST AT SANDHILLS

LOVEY Now you've met George Rose, secretary to the Treasury but do you know his son William? He chooses to live in a tent by his father's house. He's got aspirations of being a poet…

[Sound of tent walls flapping in the wind]

WILLIAM ROSE Have you ever contemplated the simplicity of the human hand?

[Launching into a poem] Hands that hold, hands that grab, like the pincers of a Mudeford crab…no, no.

GEORGE ROSE Knock, knock!

WILLIAM ROSE Father, you can simply come in, no need to announce yourself.

GEORGE ROSE But I want to announce myself. I want to ring a bell or at the very least knock on a wooden door – not this flimsy tent you choose to live in.

WILLIAM ROSE A tent? It is an oasis for the creative spirit. I want nothing more.

GEORGE ROSE Then you won't want to know that cook is about to serve dinner in the main house, will you?

WILLIAM ROSE Oh. Though the fire in my soul sustains me, I must let food fuel this mortal form.

GEORGE ROSE Is that a yes to dinner, William?

WILLIAM ROSE Will there be brandy after?

GEORGE ROSE Yes.

WILLIAM ROSE Then yes.

GEORGE ROSE Good. And please don't bring your poetry notebook. I want to enjoy my dinner.

LOVEY Come on, friend, our journey together is all but over. Let us return to the beginning to sit with John Streeter. Age has stooped his stature. Life has weathered him, yet he waits for us with his usual charm and welcome.