



YOU DON'T KNOW

Episode 3: Darren(s)

Read by Lizzy Turner – **LT**

Produced by David Turner – **DT**

Transcription by Christabel Smith (intro and outro) and Lizzy Turner (sound descriptions).

Intro:

LT: Hello. Welcome to episode three of You Don't Know. I'm Lizzy Turner and with me is my long-term collaborator, David Turner.

DT: Hello. I'm lying on the grass.

LT: This episode, 'Darren(s)', is an audio rendering of seven short texts written by David and read by me, here. For this one, David also did the audio production and editing. As ever, the episode is accompanied by a print publication, in this case a hand-made pamphlet, which features the seven texts and has been illustrated by me, with paper collages.

You can visit the shop page on our website youdontknow.uk for more information about the pamphlet and you can of course purchase it there. If you head to the podcast page of the website, a full transcript of the episode is also available.

DT: Just a quick note, the stories are based on my experiences, just in case you're wondering about Lizzy appropriating my life experiences. We'll be back in half an hour to discuss the episode.

Darren(s):

[00:01:41]

[Note: All texts in this track are read by Lizzy.]

[Track begins with a sound sequence which fades in, and back out after ten seconds. This sound becomes the linking sequence between each text section and is referred to from here on as 'linking sequence'. The sound is of something banging on a steel surface at varying speeds, with a deeply resonant echo, like a gong or low bell.]

[00:01:52]

[Atmospheric sound of an outdoor building site fades in, and continues as a 'bed' beneath the speech throughout this section of the track, before fading back out. Sounds of scaffolding being erected can be heard, as well as passing traffic and occasional shouting voices.]

Manufactured to EN39 European Standard
(or - approximately 4.5kg per meter/1.3kg per foot)

Occasionally Darren is required to drive *the big truck* – the flatbed piled with galvanised-steel tubes, buckets brimming with coupler clips, worn boards overshooting the cab. He's been pricing contracts for the last few years now but a consequence of doing his job properly means that every now and then the labour is stretched too thin.

Key turns in ignition and familiar diesel engine roars and belches into the Croydon morning air. Crews shepherded 'into town'.

Mobs from around Purley Way in the south or what used to be Stratford in the North meet around Bloomsbury / Bank / Belgravia every morning. Palace and West Ham supporters clad London's architecture with exoskeletons.

Scaffolding (insert at least two glottal stops) is all Darren had ever known – but it's only ever in the manual trades that all external experiences are discarded. You begin to work with your hands and from that point on it's only your job that defines you.

Jogging bottoms worn through at the knee revealing another pair of jogging bottoms, football socks inside *Rigger* boots and tattoos (full sleeves nowadays the norm, rather than green inked *C.P.F.C.*) cover the limbs that do the heavy lifting for London's new obsession of saving facades.

[00:05:10]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after twelve seconds.]

[00:05:22]

[The Netflix sound ident plays (two echoing drum beats and a sustained chord) and repeats several times before developing into a musical track, which continues as a bed beneath this section, with various pitch and tone effects added. The sound at times creates an ominous atmosphere.]

[The below passages in italics are spoken by a computer-generated English voice, deep and on slow speed.]

#LockdownDarren

Darren binge-watches *The People v OJ Simpson: American Crime Story* – you know, because why else was Netflix invented other than to hear the gruesome details of another woman’s murder?

...heavy footsteps thump the floor above in time to a joe wicks youtube routine, his instructions resonate through us

Ross from *Friends* plays *Kim Kardashian’s* dad. *Kim* and her siblings eat French Fries in a diner. Cuba Gooding Jr can only ever really be Cuba Gooding Jr (crying or smiling or smile-crying) and Darren is sure Johnnie Cochran was an early Rock ‘n’ Roll star. Though, this is the first time he’s ever seen John Travolta play anyone other than himself.

...downstairs, parents scream at their kids for going too close to their friend’s home...

JT actually looks like he’s acting, which is weird because presumably the whole cast is acting, so if Darren’s only noticed JT does that mean he’s doing something wrong? Like, is it only good acting if you don’t notice it?

...we’re all now painfully aware of our neighbours’ work voices as their zoom calls pierce the calm in the yard downstairs...

Darren just keeps thinking, ‘JT really looks like someone else here,’ so taken by it that he misses several key plot developments. JT is executive producer (Darren recalls from the last six times the end credits flashed onto the screen) so maybe he just gets the pick of the best make-up artists. In many ways JT actually looks like he’s wearing Nick Cage’s face. Finally.

...upstairs, on facetime, she shouts to a niece or nephew about how they’re a potato with a bum hole for an ear...

Watching JT commit so firmly to his *Bob Shapiro* makes Darren’s neck ache as he unintentionally mimics the tension JT holds in his thick torso and absent neck.

...there are now loud boisterous gatherings on random weeknights as people struggle to maintain routines and the old bill hover in helicopters because they know that this city is only a sunny bank holiday away from mayhem...

Darren doesn't know anything about film theory – except a short (but excellent) YouTube series narrated by a feature film producer, preoccupied by the 'oner' – but he's sure every character in these dramas is supposed to have an 'arc'. All Darren remembers is JT standing there barrel-chested, mush-faced, wide-lapelled and NOT BEING JOHN TRAVOLTA.

The whole thing is very distracting. And, of course, maybe this is just how he looks now?

[00:12:47]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after twelve seconds.]

[00:12:59]

[The sound of an egg rolling around in a ceramic bowl can be heard, and it continues as a bed beneath this section, before fading out. As it continues, the motion of the egg speeds up and the sound becomes comprised of spinning, whirring and whooshing, varying in speed, tone and resonance throughout the section.]

Mass M hangs from a string of length l

Darren rolls the white chicken's egg around the inside of the empty milk bottle. The vessel fills with a low drone as the unseen texture of the shell moves across glass. Sound swelling before escaping (between his thumb and forefinger), forced / funnelled out through the reinforced neck. (A music hall entertainer fingering the wet rim of a wine glass – but from the other side of a dual carriageway.) A mixture of pitches. Independent of each other. Only occasionally blending into a single tone. The momentum of the egg maintained by almost imperceptible movements of the muscles in the back of his hand (down through extended digits). Head bowed, eyes locked on the egg, Darren's sight slips in and out of focus as the vibrations pass into his fingertips. Unconsciously, Darren toys with the trajectory of egg and bottle, increasing the arc and speed, pinning the shell against the inside of the cylinder (egg as motorcycle Daredevil climbing the *Wall of Death*). A drop of force threatening to allow the object to roll dangerously free into the centre of the base. The urge to allow the bottle to fall onto the tiled floor was now almost too great.

[00:16:20]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after fourteen seconds.]

[00:16:34]

[A typically 80s-style electronic instrumental track fades in and continues as a bed throughout this section, interspersed with sections of a trailer for the film 'Twins'. The trailer sections include a Hollywood-style voiceover, music and character dialogue, and are included in italics below.]

Order No: DDW1361837

[Trailer: *"In a secret lab, somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, a perfect human specimen has been born. He has the strength of ten men, and the wisdom of twenty. He also has a twin brother." "I have a brother?"*]

Darren and Craig. Twins. Identical in every way – though we probably don't have enough time to get into how each of us doesn't really *see* anything when we *look*. Our brains invent and splice together *reality*. I mean, it's safe to assume that Darren and Craig do look very (very) similar but the 'completely identical' bit only exists in our heads / brains / hearts. Our vision of them both is a static one, void of mannerisms, of movement, smell etc. – just ask yourself, how similar are they: Hair? Brown...ish. Eyes? Yes. Height?

[Trailer: *"I am your twin brother."*]

All you can really be certain of is that when you squint their heads are *level*. You're relying on this snapshot and in your memory you've put them in the same outfit, only Craig has got his shirt fully buttoned to the collar, and you've got them with their hair parted on opposite sides. So, what you've actually got is Darren or Craig looking in the mirror and *Darren* or *Craig* with his shirt collar (un)buttoned.

[Trailer: *"I am your twin brother." "Oh, obviously! The moment I sat down I thought I was looking into a mirror."*]

And you sit alone in a corner at the party and imagine them carrying out mundane tasks for each other. The very worst buddy movie. Darren collects Craig's organic veg box. Craig waits in line at the sorting office, clutching Darren's ID. Darren collects Craig's Screwfix order of 4 tubes of bathroom silicone sealant – white, 1 McAlpine Basin Bottle Trap, 32mm – white, and a single-lever mono mixer kitchen tap – chrome (mouthing the order number), (Craig will later return all items himself).

[Trailer: *"I am your twin brother."*]

There's a lot of waiting and collecting in these scenarios but it's hard to imagine anything else that might *actually* happen.

[Trailer: *"I thought I was looking into a mirror."*]

As someone plugs the aux lead into their phone you suppose that's why film plots always seem so outlandish.

[00:20:55]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after ten seconds.]

[00:21:05]

[Sound of hand tools being used on wood fades in and continues as a bed beneath this section. Layered up sounds of several tools can be heard, including a saw, a plane, and a drill. The tempo is fast and creates an almost frantic atmosphere, particularly at the end of the section, where the volume of the sawing builds before fading back out.]

Is that how many tools you need to just put up a shelf?

Darren had formed a *support bubble* with his nan in the spring of 2020. He'd pop round to the flats a few times a week on his way back from work. He'd drop off a bag of shopping or push the Hoover over the small square of living room carpet, empty the heavy glass ashtray or wash the couple of cups and side plates left next to the sink. Though mainly it was to sit with Bett and watch the last ten minutes of *Bargain Hunt* or as much of *Pointless* as he could bear.

'Yes nan, I have seen how tall he is when he's not sitting behind that desk.'

The last time he was there she had mentioned how the fire door at the end of the landing banged every time it closed so he'd brought his Allen Keys to put that right as a favour to her and the neighbours that always called by to check up on her.

The closing mechanism set to perfection a young mum bundles through the door, wrestling with shopping bags and three excited kids. Mistaking him for a Southwark Council employee and not giving him a chance to answer she had him nodding in agreement to take a look at the letter plate which had been swinging from her front door *for months*.

He ran down to his van to retrieve his small tool bag.

As he gave the screw its final twist, fixing the ironmongery securely, Bett's neighbour Mary walked by and asked if he wouldn't mind taking a look at the small sash in her kitchen window that looked out onto the landing and had been jammed shut *for months*. Darren couldn't say no to Mary's request what with her always calling in on his nan and checking up on her.

As the light began to fade, and with his mobile just out of reach in his tool bag, it was clear that Darren's hand was definitely stuck in the top of the rainwater down pipe. As he assessed the tide mark, left by the rotting leaves and moss, dividing his forearm he tried to establish at what point he could have said no. Perhaps not ended up with his arm submerged in the gully of the flat roof. Well that, and how he was going to get anybody's attention from up there.

[00:24:20]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after twelve seconds.]

[00:24:32]

[Sound of a multi-voice madrigal choir, played in reverse, fades in and continues as a bed beneath this section, before fading back out. The reversed vocal creates occasional whooshing sounds and unusual cadences. The music is reminiscent of the ebb and flow of seawater, and creates a strangely soothing atmosphere.]

One-way system

Darren visits the Ikea in Croydon simply to walk in the opposite direction to the arrows printed on the shop floor. It had taken him some time to work out his route into the store as the physicality of the architecture pushed him, hard, toward that first numinous escalator. His three initial attempts had resulted in Darren being lifted up through the only natural light source in the vast building to that familiar landing ground WELCOME TO IKEA.

Two options: ← Café / Store →

Each of these trips ended the same way; buying a 100 pack of 'GLIMMA unscented tealights', mentally trying to retrace his steps back from the covered carpark.

Entering between *customer services* and the hotdog kiosk, Darren selects a till to slip through. Usually waiting for someone to awkwardly lift a cardboard box, too long and heavy to handle comfortably, before sliding by their turned back.

Towers of boxes / Ferns and household plants / Kitchen utensils / Towels /... /... /...

Walking against the weight of human traffic he reverses the tide of swelling stress – families relax as parents lower their voices and children slow their buzzing mania, couples smile at each other once more and seem genuine in their query, *what about this one?* – the arrows on the vinyl flooring glide toward him, fading on impact. Mirrors reflect the shoppers' past as his future, lit by the hum of low-hung strip lighting.

Destination: Darren stands at the cafeteria counter, Formica tray held across his chest, splayed hands pressing the board against his ribs. Wide-eyed he stares up at the soft pearlescent glow of the illuminated menu: *The best value cooked breakfast in south London.*

[00:27:40]

[Linking sequence crossfades in, and back out after twelve seconds.]

[00:27:52]

[Sound of a piece of thin, elastic rubber being stretched and pulled about fades in and continues as a bed beneath this section. The pulling creates uncomfortable squeaking and creaking sounds throughout, becoming gradually more frantic, before finishing with a snap at the end of the section.]

Slacks

Darren's trousers were just too tight. They affected the way he interacted with people. First impressions were always 'stiff' and 'uptight'. He'd walk into site offices like the head and torso of a ventriloquist's doll mounted on a pair of compasses. Turned up cuffs, bare ankles and worn-suede moccasin loafers. Heels tapping metronomically across polished laminate floor. Darren hadn't bent his knees in public in months. The blend, '98% Cotton / 2% Elastane', bit and burned into his flesh whenever he attempted the motion.

A single sharp intake of breath and he was down in his chair like a capital Y bent out of shape – his internal organs forced upward, belt-looped waist gastric-banding itself into position.

At home he pops the donut-button, like the stay-tab on a shaken can of lager, and the pressure releases. Angled above the armchair like a weather-beaten plank propped against the side of a garden shed he attempts to submerge into the relief.

The trend for tight trousers only reached Darren's awareness earlier that year (Paddy McGuinness or Love Island) but he'd already had enough time to imagine multiple methods of removing the item. These potential methods were dramatically reduced by living alone and having no dog – the most audacious plans limited by having no idea where to buy one of those motorised winches he'd seen on hospital dramas.

Reduced every evening to forcing thumbs between flesh and fabric to incrementally force the tubes of cotton down his thighs. The first stage being the most broken, every movement down with the trousers meaning his underwear would need hitching back up. Resting at the knees for a while he stared at the crack in the ceiling that revealed a slightly sunken join between plasterboard sheets. At the calves and shins he employed a mixture of pushing down and tugging at the cuffs, which brought back memories of Generation Game contestants attempting to make sausages, carefully pulling the artificial skins into position as minced pork was fired at them by meat grinders, set to 'embarrass'.

Finally, trousers inverted on the floor, he gently flexes his knees. Breathing slowly. Deeply. Still staring at where the two plasterboard sheets meet he traces the seam with his eyes. With his thumbs he follows the stitching debossed along the sides of his thighs and around his waist. He knows without looking, the colour difference slowly evening out. Blood redistributing. Hips sinking back into the cushions of the chair.

It's all worth it.

[00:31:28]

[Linking sequence fades in and plays for ten seconds before crossfading with the episode outro.]

Outro:

[00:31:38]

[Background noise of an outdoor park fades in, and can be heard for the rest of the episode. Sounds of people talking and moving about, children playing, and dogs running past with squeaky toys can be heard throughout.]

LT: Welcome back. We hope you enjoyed ‘Darren(s)’. I’m going to start now by asking you, David, to talk about the writing of the texts, as they were the initial stimulus for the episode. About your ideas and process, but more specifically, who Darren is to you or, who Darrens are to you.

DT: We are recording this at the end of March 2021 and it’s sort of the one-year anniversary of the UK going into lockdown for the first time. Obviously everyone’s movement and life was restricted, and like a lot of people I was struggling to carry on writing or doing anything interesting. Our mutual friend Vanessa Onwuezezi told me about how she was keeping what a lot of people know as morning pages, where you just get up and every day you write at least one page of text, no matter what it is, so I thought I’d give that a go.

I’d been reflecting on my book ‘Contained’, which came out in February 2020, and is very much personal, and has a lot of personal life details. I didn’t really want to write about myself as much as possible so I decided to write about characters, and I couldn’t be bothered to think of more than one name. But I also thought it would be funny if all the characters were called Darren because I like the name.

LT: You don’t get many protagonists called Darren.

DT: You should get more. My life has been full of protagonists called Darren. I think that’s the whole point, I’ll come on to that in a minute. It’s probably important to say that all the Darrens in the book are not the same Darren, they are individual Darrens, but they may as well be the same person. I suppose in a lot of ways, they may as well be me. Joking aside, it helped having this fictional character Darren and trying to imagine mundane situations.

The whole point was just to write and it was easier just to write about pretty boring, everyday situations, but the Darrens came specifically from my experiences of working on building sites in my early 20s around South London, Croydon and up to Battersea, occasionally venturing over the river, but only probably to Pimlico. And I don’t know what’s changed, I mean it’s obviously the way that people have names their kids in recent years, but I was always working with someone called Darren, and now I don’t know the last time I worked with a Darren.

LT: I don't know any contemporary Darrens.

DT: That's it, contemporary Darrens. They are still contemporary Darrens because they were my age. I'm assuming they are still alive, I just haven't worked with them for a while. I'm a pretentious furniture maker and prototype maker now so I don't get onto building sites very much, so it might be that.

LT: There are more Jontys around.

DT: I can't say the real names because they might listen and know who I'm talking about. It was important for me to write about people I knew, and I think that was the whole point of what it was. I wanted to write about situations that were realistic in some way. I suppose the point of those morning pages originally wasn't to expend too much imaginative energy, it was just to write, and IKEA came up a lot, I don't know why. Me and Darren and the other Darrens, and a couple of Michaels, used to go to IKEA regularly for breakfast because it was the cheapest and best one.

LT: Maybe you were just longing for those times again, not being able to go to IKEA.

DT: Nah it wasn't about going to IKEA, it was specifically going out for breakfast wasn't it? It was a simpler time. I think I tried to think of, and this is the slightly more pretentious part of it, I had been thinking about the Russian poet Daniil Kharms, the sort of surreal poet who writes these really ridiculous little, well not ridiculous, but stories in which nothing happens, or unbelievable things happen. Odd little twists.

I think I'd been reading stuff like that before and it just seemed like quite a nice way to get writing again, just to imagine someone trying to get a pair of trousers off, or rolling an egg around a milk bottle. I think that's where Daniil comes in because I quite like the idea of writing about an egg in a milk bottle but without addressing how the egg ever got in the milk bottle.

I should say before I forget actually, all the sounds were recorded by me and by us for the production, but I was struggling to find some 80s dramatic music for the story about the twins, and I downloaded that from a website called Freesound and I should credit the producer, who I only know by the username FoolBoyMedia. But I'll put a link in the episode description if you want to download that for yourself. Yeah, so once the writing was done, I just handed the stories over to Lizzy. I think I'm right in saying that they were written before we had finalised doing this podcast project.

LT: I think so.

DT: So then we were trying to work out a way for it to become a collaborative project. We wanted to make a hand-stitched pamphlet again and it seemed natural then for you to add some visual stuff. Do you want to say a bit about how your collages came about? I hope, by the way, the listeners can hear the squeaking dog toy because this spaniel is having an amazing time in the background. We're in a very busy park. It's suddenly sunny after the very cold winter and lots of people are out with their dogs, their new dogs. Back to the collages.

LT: It took me a little while to decide how I wanted to approach it. I think because as you said, they're mostly quite mundane situations, so I wasn't really sure at first how to interpret them. I find often the best way to tackle that, if I'm not sure, is to just start cutting up pages of magazines and see what I happen to find in them and what comes together. So I just started doing that.

I was quite keen, as I had already done the recordings of the stories, to underline the fact that this is in no way intended to make fun of Darrens. Particularly with the way my voice sounds, I was really keen to make the illustrations beautiful in some way and I think the best way I found to do that was to take more of an abstract approach, and I wanted them to be more of a tribute to the characters in the stories.

DT: You were quite nervous, weren't you, about not sounding like you were taking the piss? When you were reading the stories.

LT: Yeah, exactly. So I took the decision not to try and pronounce 'scaffolding' with glottal stops. I had that in my mind all along really, trying to present them in as beautiful a way as I could. Having said that, there are a lot of disembodied parts. So the first image in there, it's lots of disembodied hands, and I think the final image is lots of legs. I'm not really sure where I'm going with that, but I think the idea was that Darren could be anybody.

DT: But there is definitely an underlying theme through the writing about people that work in manual trades being reduced to only their physical parts.

LT: Yeah, well more specifically in that first one, that was my main idea. It was the anonymity of those people and what you say in the story about how all external experiences are discarded when you work with your hands. So it was more literal for that one.

DT: Yeah, and some of the collages weren't made until I'd finished the sound production, were they?

LT: That's right, yeah. For probably half of them I had the ideas, or a basic version of the ideas, pretty much straightaway, and the rest didn't come until I'd heard your interpretation of your own writing. I think it was quite fun to approach the process in both of those ways, as this project is a fluid interpretation between us, in every element.

DT: Yes. The pamphlet is available, as we said, on the website. It's going to be priced at £6, plus packing and postage. We're only going to make a few. It's not so much that we want to make limited editions, it's just we don't have too much time on our hands. There are going to be 20 copies only of this. Just one thing on the sound, what I've realised as I start making field recordings and paring words up with sound, is that I've moved on from-...

So the idea of the egg in the bottle was, when I was a kid, and like a lot of kids I had marbles and stuff, I was always quite interested in the sound and the feeling when they were rolled around in glass jars. I think there is a temptation for people to put too much weight on early life experiences and to say, I was always fascinated with the feeling of glass on glass. It wasn't

that, but you do get hooked on certain sensations as a kid, don't you, and they inform how you think about things later in life. I distinctly remember that.

It wasn't an important thing, I only remembered it the other day, but that idea of how sound can travel physically through your body and then that leads into becoming interested in music later on in life, the physical form of music as it interacts with your body. Now, having spent more time recording sound, but more importantly how people might engage and listen to that sound, trying to pass that feeling of the eggshell on the ceramic bowl, can a listener feel that sensation whilst listening to the recording?

I think you can, the way it's recorded, and I'm quite lucky, I've got good microphones, etc. But I was wondering the other day if it's just a cop-out because if you can record the audio of eggshell against ceramic, does it mean you get out of having to write it? Is it just easier to do the sound and not write about it?

LT: It's the eternal battle between poets and musicians, isn't it? That's another interesting element of the process for this project, it's working out how we write the sounds in the transcripts. I think we're probably going to try and come at that from as many different angles as possible.

DT: It's quite a good exercise isn't it, trying to transcribe the soundscapes, because it makes you think a bit more, not about what you're doing in the first place, but you analyse it a bit more on the other side. I think it definitely helps with learning production methods.

LT: I think it helps probably to inform how you go on to think about making other sounds as well.

DT: Yeah. We're still relative novices at field recording and production. We've got a lot of experience of recording voices and talking to people and editing those, but outside of that, it's a very different thing recording an egg rolling around in a bowl, for example, or sampling noises from the internet and then messing around on a sampler. It's a completely different exercise, but that was the whole point of the project, just to have some time to start playing around with things and not worrying too much about the outcome.

I think that goes back to what I was saying about when people, artists, often have the habit of putting a lot of weight on their early life experiences, to sort of engender this idea that they were somehow a prodigy or some sort of child genius, but I think people are often scared to say they are experimenting with stuff and just trying ideas out.

I think people feel a pressure to put a lot more weight on stuff, on their decisions, instead of just saying well, I had this idea, it sort of relates to something in my subconscious, but I'm not going to analyse it too much. And as I said, that idea of rolling marbles around in glass, that was not any part of my process except subconsciously, and it just sort of came.

LT: I think it's partly about being open to your subconscious, isn't it? But also, I think it can be a very difficult thing for a lot of people to confront the idea of showing your workings, if

you want to put it that way. It certainly was for me and it's a continual, freeing process to let go of the worry of what a finished idea will look like.

DT: I think that's why this project has taken the shape it has done really. Because neither of us, I don't want to think too much about an idea as I'm making it, but it's nice to look at things afterwards. I'd rather just make stuff and get it done. Once again, this is the third print publication we've made along with the podcast, and it's again printed by Ludo Press in South London, link in the episode description.

We'll also put some information in the episode description about the paper choices we used, if paper stock is indeed your bag. If you're listening to this podcast, I assume you are quite interested in paper. Is there anything else to add?

LT: I just wanted to take my turn to give a shout out to my mum. I would just like to apologise for every magazine of yours that I cut up before you'd read it. I was thinking a lot about that while making these collages and looking at our living room carpet covered in hundreds of tiny bits of magazine.

DT: Oh yeah, anyone listening to this, there are fragments of Saturday and Sunday supplements all over the place now.

LT: Little triangles.

DT: But it's no worse than me dropping wood dust everywhere. We will be back in July with episode four, which is going to be in conjunction and tie in with the E17 art trail. I can't give away too much at the moment because it isn't made. It will be the summer then, and hopefully things will feel brighter. Is that it?

LT: I think so.

DT: Thank you for listening. Please do tell your friends about us, it really helps a lot.

LT: Especially if they're called Darren.

DT: Yeah, tell Darren about us. I've lost his number. I had it in my old Nokia.

End of transcript.