
We are some way into MARTYN's act. It's not going well. MARTYN steps off the stage into the audience. Nervous, he hands a GIRL his deck of cards.

The GIRL cuts the cards. Standing up she turns to the CROWD.

HOOTS of derision from the CROWD.

Laughter and derision. He's so easy to mock, MARTYN. Trying too hard, so desperate to be liked. The CROWD start chanting "You're shit! You're shit!"

And in the CROWD we see a tall, silent, still young man BEN FIELD. He has dark cropped hair, a muscular, powerful physique. A neat, cropped beard, glasses. He has charisma, the stillness of him in this crowd. He watches MARTYN in the spotlight stumbling and failing, the baying crowd.

! "#\$%&'()*+,-.:/:;<=>?@

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789!:";,\$

<hr/> <hr/> <p>MARK, now dressed in a suit, waits. This is obviously a high level admin area of the station. Hushed because of a better quality of carpet. MARK waits, impatient.</p> <p>Another man in a suit comes hurrying up the corridor. CHRIS WARD Head of Major Crime. Burly, overworked, seen it all and not much of it is good.</p> <p>We go with MARK as he follows CHRIS into his office, crowded with files, papers, a computer. CHRIS dumps his briefcase, takes a file OPERATION NASEBY from his desk and passes it to MARK. CHRIS shuts the door.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">) 8) 1 (! # 9) % 7 ' * / (1) ' \$ % \$ & ' & " % 7 ") 4 7 \$ \$ & (4 % / # 3 3</p> <p>CHRIS Sorry to keep you waiting. Days...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1 ') & !) / % : % 0 ' # ! !) . % 3 + % % \$ & ' & " % 7 ") 4 7 \$</p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) ...barely started it's already a giant pain in my arse.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">7 ' * / (1) / % 3 + % % ; ' & . 1) \$ % / (% 7 # 4 4)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">/ # ') 1 !) / % 3 + % % \$ & (4 % / # 3 3 % %</p> <p>MARK What is this?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:28</p> <p>Credits In: 10:02:29</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:34</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:38</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:42</p>
<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <p>MARK who opens the folder and sits down.</p> <p>The first thing MARK sees is ANN's face.</p> <p>MARK turns the page.</p>	<p>CHRIS Will fraud. Suspected homicide. I've got that feeling about it though. Which is why I'm giving it to you.</p> <p>MARK Uh thanks.</p> <p>CHRIS Requires delicate handling is what I mean.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:45</p>



!"#\$

<p>On MARK.</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>MARK boils the kettle and opens a Pot Noodle.</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>MARK'S OFFICE</p> <p>MARK enters his office with the file and his Pot Noodle.</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>MARK'S OFFICE</p> <hr/> <p>The office is plain, neat, ascetic. MARK opens the file looking at the reports. He opens his laptop and starts listening to audio data files from the police archive of recordings of 999 calls. MARK listens, attentive, finishing his Pot Noodle.</p> <p>MARK plays the next one.</p>	<p>MAN (O.O.V) Sir.</p> <p>MARK Hi.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE (THROUGH LAPTOP) I need to talk to someone about what's been going on with my Aunt. She's er in hospital right now. But she's been spending a lot of time with this young man. He's sort of moved into her house. His name is Ben Field and I think um, I think he's been doing something to her.</p> <p>BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP) Good morning, I'm err my name's Ben Field. I'm calling because in, in brief a friend of mine was been admitted to hospital-</p> <p>OPERATOR 1 (THROUGH LAPTOP) Right?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:03:59</p> <p>Scene: 10:04:02</p> <p>Scene: 10:04:09</p> <p>Music In: 10:04:17</p>
---	--	--



BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP)

When I've called the hospital or tried to visit, the security have said that I can't see her. Her, her name is Ann Moore-Martin.

YULIA (THROUGH LAPTOP)

Hello, can you hear me?

OPERATOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)

From MARK.

EXT. NATALIE'S

A residential suburban area. NATALIE drives with MARK sitting next to her. The ordinary day slides past the car windows. NATALIE turns onto a residential road, finds a space and pulls up. Her SAT NAV continues to instruct.

NATALIE turns off the engine. They sit for a moment. Gather themselves.

NATALIE and MARL exit the car.

!"#%&'()*+,-.#\$/0123456789:;<=>?
@ABCDEFGHIJKLMNO PQRSTUVWXYZ[\]^_`

3, <#=\$

IAN and SUE look at each other.

Another long silence. The shock waves eddy and ripple. Like a muscle coiling. SUE takes IAN's hand.

A beat.

A few moments tick
away. SUE swallows.

SUE
They were very close. Very...

A beat.

SUE (CONT'D)
Peter loved him.

A moment as SUE
gathers herself for this
disclosure. On NATALIE.

SUE (CONT'D) (O.O.V)
Was in love with him.

To IAN.

SUE (CONT'D)
If something's been done then they need to
know. They do.

IAN's drawn face, the
slightest move of his
head, he knows she's
right.

SUE (CONT'D)
There were probably things that er, Peter didn't
tell us about Ben, about um their lives together.
But he might have written about them. He
wrote about everything.

From SUE.

MARK, wearing evidence
gloves, flicks through one
of PETERS journals as
IAN arrives with another
box.

On NATALIE and MARK.

!"#%&'()*+,-.#\$/01*23456789:;<=>
?@A-BCC%DE=\$

3, <#=\$M\$

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>
?@ABCD EFGHIJKL MNOPQR

3, <#=\$C\$

RICHARD enters and starts searching boxes, looking for the right label, the right year, the right log numbers.

He finds one behind some evidence bags. A label showing '2015 Maids Moreton'.

He pulls the box towards him and opens it, searches through the other bagged pieces of forgotten evidence. And there at the bottom, the whiskey glass.

RICHARD does a quiet fist pump "yes!", repacks the box and returns it to the shelf.

RICHARD
Yes!



MARK is at the head of the table. The table is crowded with plain clothes officers, men and women, NATALIE, RICHARD. EVERYONE taking notes, everyone with files.

MARK
The coroner ruled that Peter Farquhar died from . He drank himself to death. Ben Field told the attending officer that Peter had a long history of alcoholism, something that Peter's family refute. Field also told the attending officer that Peter took sleeping pills regularly and that's true, so perhaps Peter did have a problem with alcohol and hid his addiction from his family. Perhaps Field was being truthful. Perhaps. However. Let's have another look at the crime scene.

Now we see the nine seconds of the bodycam footage properly as it plays on the screen. The sweep of PETER's room. The closed curtains to the street.

MARK (CONT'D)
The lights are off. The TV is off. The curtains on the window to the road are drawn.

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789:;<=>
?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#=\$T\$

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789!:"#\$

3, <#=\$U

!"#%&'()*+,-./:;<=>?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#SKE\$

GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE

|
Scene:
10:16:47
|
|
|

We'll come to recognise this street. From inside the car we see BEN exit the front door.

BEN turns back and shares a lingeringly kiss with a YOUNG WOMAN, in her kimono dressing gown, her hair bundled up. BEN is dressed vest and shorts for running heads away.

BEN
Bye.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'll text you later.

From the car we see BEN run into the park.

BEN starts his run.

EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S

A few moments later, we see a plain saloon driven by TWO OFFICERS we recognise from the incident briefing. They pull on their seat belts.

Living room. MARTYN changes the batteries in the TV remote and turns the tele on. They grin at each other happily, enjoying the back and forth-

MARTYN
They you go.

LIZ
Brilliant! Now you can fix my guttering.

MARTYN
I don't know anything about guttering.

BEN (O.S)
I'll do it.

LIZ
Oh! Oh you made me jump.

BEN
Back door was open. You should be more

To LIZ.

On MARTYN and BEN.

To BEN.

To LIZ.

On BEN and MARTYN.

To MARTYN.

MARTYN and BEN exit.
Out on LIZ, happy.

! "#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789

! "#\$%&' (")\$* + +, -. + # - (\$-\$/O&1* . #2\$3*1(\$34* . 56(7* -8%64&O(\$789! : ;\$
34* < 4, + + # \$? @ ? A - B 2 C C % D E = \$

3, < # \$ K C \$

Most of the
CONGREGATION raise
their hands.

He gazes round the

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>
?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#K\$

SIMON dressed in black enters, carrying a box and flowers.

ANN-MARIE takes a deep breath and stands straight as SIMON approaches. Silently, they start to unpack flowers and photos from the box, placing them on the coffin. ANN at every stage in her life, the model, the headmistress, the adored aunt and grand-aunt, surrounded by family.

ANN-MARIE

I used to follow her everywhere when I was little. Toddling along (a) Tf (.) Tj 8 (h) -3-3 (le) 8

A little moment. SIMON goes to her, tries to embrace her but ANN-MARIE steps back.

A long moment. Movement at the back of the Church as MOURNERS arrive.

After a beat, SIMON nods and goes. The PRIEST welcomes the MOURNERS. SIMON joins him.

PETER about to head into the living room with a cup of tea clocks BEN's rucksack hanging on the banister. He is compelled by curiosity. Unzipping the rucksack he pulls out the notebook.

MARK flicks through the transcript.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE

FLASHBACK: PETER opens the notebook and reads, excited, anticipatory, a glimpse into his lover's private thoughts. And his face falls.

We see a page written quite clearly:
At least 1. Gin and tonic (large)
2. whiskey (neat)
3. Bottle of red
4. Neat vodka !!!

He frowns, turns pages, disbelieving. The pages

!"#%&'()*+,-.#\$/0&1*.\$2\$3*1(\$34*.56(7*-\$%64&0(\$789!;:\$
34*<4,++#>?@?A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#\$2=\$

MARK reading through
the transcripts.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE

FLASHBACK: BEN tears
pages out of

!"#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#\$2K\$

BEN steps forward and
takes PETER in his arms
and PETER clings to him
tightly.

RICHARD look over to
MARK.

MARK looks up from his

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789!:"#\$

!"#\$

BEN stands in front of the
CUSTODY SERGEANT
being booked in. He's
dressed, wearing his
glasses. He's adjusted
his demeanour, polite,
charming, low status,
what a horrible mistake
this all is. How
embarrassing for them.
The CUSTODY
SERGEANT is blandly
polite.
To other OFFICERS.

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Okay finally what's your occupation, Mr Field?

BEN
I've just finished a book on the Romantic
Poets.

CUSTODY SERGEANT
So I should put author?

BEN
Author's fine. Author's fine.

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Okay thanks guys.

BEN
I suspect I'm in for a, a rather a dull time. I
don't suppose you have such a thing as a book
I could read?

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Sure

BEN is walked down to
the cells by a couple of
OFFICERS. When they
reach his cell BEN has to
remove his shoes. He
kicks his trainers off and
is shown in.

On BEN.

BEN enters.

BEN'S

BEN steps into the cell,
the door is closed and
locked behind him.

BEN'S CELL

CCTV FOOTAGE: BEN
sits down and clocks a
camera on the wall.

MARTYN'S CELL

CCTV FOOTAGE:
MARTYN sits on the
edge of the bench.

BEN'S FLAT

SOCO in gloves and
overalls slowly sifting
BEN's belongings with
MARK surveying the
chaos of the flat. The
laptop being placed in
evidence bags. So many
mobile phones.
MARK walks over to the
table covered in evidence
bags.

<p>Wearing gloves, he picks one up - a clear baggie with packets inside it. Substances. Another bag contains a Dictaphone, MARK, presses play and BEN's voice comes out of it. A rap rhythm but it's terrible. MARK clicks the Dictaphone off. An OFFICER hands MARK a black notebook.</p> <p>On MARK moving towards some light.</p> <p>Inside we see the crammed, chaotic black writing, symbols, dates, abbreviations, a strange, unnerving, illegible riot like hieroglyphs or runes. And written in red: 'I moved in so he could die.'</p> <p>MARK frowns, flips the page. A SOCO OFFICER calls from the bedroom.</p> <p>MARK hands the notebook back to the OFFICER.</p> <p>MARK heads into the bedroom.</p> <p><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT</u></p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>As MARK enters he see a SOCO OFFICER holding two blue journals.</p>	<p>BEN (THROUGH DICTAPHONE) So I'll punch you, not even punk you. Straight up, this is my class and I'm a funk you.</p> <p>MARK What's this?</p> <p>SOCO OFFICER 2 (O.S) Sir?</p> <p>MARK Thank you. Bag that please.</p> <p>OFFICER Yes, Sir.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:32:43</p> <hr/> <p>Scene: 10:33:37</p>
---	--	--



BEN'S BRIEF (READING) (CONT'D)

I did not murder Ann Moore-Martin nor did I have any involvement in her death. I did not murder Peter Farquhar nor did I have any involvement in his death. I do not wish to answer any questions at this stage. I have made this statement of my own free will and the contents are true. It bears my signature.

A moment. BEN sips water. All his muscles relaxed, his limbs easy. He looks big in that small room.

NATALIE

Doesn't stop us asking questions though, does it, Ben? When did you decide to target Peter Farquhar?

Music In:
10:35:10

BEN considers. The softness of his expression, as if he pities the OFFICERS for having to perform such a banal process. And even though he doesn't look at it directly, he is profoundly aware of the blinking camera high up in the corner of the interview room. That knowledge of being watched.

BEN

No comment.

Back with MARK watching the interview through his laptop.

NATALIE (THROUGH LAPTOP)

Where were you the night...

Back with NATALIE interviewing BEN.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

...Peter Farquhar died?

BEN

No comment.

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*.\$2\$3*1(\$34*.56(7*-\$%64&0(\$789!;:\$
34*4,++#>?@?A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#SMKS

From BEN.

Back with MARK.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER opens the back doors for MARTYN to get in. MARTYN gets in and sits. The door shuts. And for a second, it's just MARTYN, his uncertain breathing. And then the door opens and BEN's getting in. MARTYN's eyes follow him but BEN doesn't seem to look at him. The door shuts

MARTYN nods.

BEN (CONT'D)
Yeah me too.

A beat.

BEN (CONT'D)
They haven't got anything really. Ben's a weird man. That's what they've got. That's all they've got.

Out on MARTYN.

Scene:
10:37:29

A briefing: RICHARD enters with print outs, hands them round to MARK, NATALIE and the TEAM who are gathered around the table.

RICHARD
Right, there are thousands of files and photos. Thousands. But some results from the bottle and glass. Field's fingerprint is on the inside of the glass and around the bottle. And Smith's DNA's round the neck of the bottle. And there's some text messages. They're pretty nasty.

Music Out:
10:37:39

MARK scans the pages of the text message. His face betrays nothing.

Music In:
10:37:49

MARTYN'S

MARTYN sits on the edge of the bench, his hands tight between his knees, his shoulders hunched round himself.

An OFFICER opens MARTYN's cell.

OFFICER
Follow me then.

!"#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;
34<4,++#>?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#MRS

NATALIE
Was Ben there, Martyn? Were you there that night?

MARTYN
No comment.

NATALIE
We've got texts between you and Ben, and we've seen the sort of things you say about Peter.

From CLOSE-UP on MARTYN.

MARK'S OFFICE

MARK watching the interview through his laptop.

NATALIE (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
You call...

Scene:
10:39:22

On MARTYN as he stares in shock.

NATALIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V)
...him Lord Fuckwad. You call him retard and cunt. Peter had been kind to you. Left you a lot of money in his will.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Ten thousand pounds. Why would you say such nasty things about him?

MARTYN
No comment.

On MARTYN.

NATALIE (O.O.V)
Martyn, you know you're under caution? There's a really important bit of that caution that I want you to have a little think about. "If you fail to mention, when questioned, something which you later rely on in court...'

Scene:
10:39:24

!"#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789!:"; \$
34<4,++#>?@?A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#SMS\$

From MARTYN,
trembling.

NATALIE

He leaves, following a pair of UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He's gone. MARK comes through a door and joins her, taut and angry with failure to charge.

On the security cameras, BEN turns to look up at them as he gets into the back of a police car. That cockiness. MARK sighs.

AND SUE'S

MARK and NATALIE drive down the road to IAN and SUE's house.

NATALIE and MARK, IAN and SUE. IAN and SUE stunned. Long moments tick by.

On IAN and SUE.

MARK (CONT'D)

...delicate work so the original gravediggers
who laid Peter to rest would be lifting him up.

A long silence.

IAN

We believe that Peter's body

From IAN and SUE.

Music. A lament. A
muted, washed light. A
sombre, overwhelmingly
sad atmosphere. So
quiet, no-one speaks.
The air heavy.

OFFICERS erect a
temporary wall around
the graveyard. SOCO
OFFICERS cover
headstones in bubble
wrap as well as PETER's.

TWO GRAVEDIGGERS
arrive with shovels and
mattocks. They trace
knowledgeably the
dimensions of the pit.

MARK and RICHARD
watch as the
GRAVEDIGGERS put the
blades of their spades
into the earth, the spades
bite the earth with a rasp.

The two SOCO officers
push the large plain box
containing PETER's
coffin on the gurney into
the examination room.

The lid of the box is lifted
off and inside we see,
tarnished and worn,
PETER's coffin.
DR BRETT LOCKYER,
Home Office pathologist
(40's) brushes the earth
away from the brass
plaque on the coffin lid.

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789!:"#\$

3, <#SRK\$

<p>BRETT leaves. MARK and RICHARD look at each other and leave.</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>On one of the printers, a page is printing out, we are close on that. It is the front page of the LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of ELIZABETH SCARLETT ZETTL.</p> <p>PULL-OUT TO: the evidence wall of photographs and timelines has grown, taking over the wall.</p> <p>RICHARD at his desk, the work of the incident room going on around him. He lays out PETER's missing diaries and the stack of BEN's workbooks. On one side, the neat, ordered entries of Peter's diaries.</p> <p>RICHARD opens one of BEN's workbooks and the comparison is startling, the aggressive, disorienting whirl of abbreviations, the different pens, the scrawl, the symbols. Using his phone RICHARD zooms in on some of the text. We see via the phone, clear in block capitals amidst the jumble 'I have become promiscuous in the matter of death.'</p>		<p>Scene: 10:45:23</p> <p>Music In: 10:45:41</p> <hr/>
--	--	--



!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789!:"#\$

3, <#RR\$

NATALIE's mobile beeps
for a text, she checks it.

NATALIE
Oh...

MARK
What is it?

NATALIE
It's Ben's bail officer.

From MARK.

A hearse pulls up outside
a chapel. Beautiful shrubs
and trees. The tall
chimney of the
crematorium.

The FAMILY exits the
cars and head into the
chapel. The coffin is
brought in on the
shoulders of the
pallbearers. One of the
pallbearers is BEN. He
wears the same official
suit as the others. The
coffin covered with its
floral tributes rests on his
shoulder, his face
pressed against the
grained wood. The coffin
is laid down and BEN and
others leave through a
side exit.

On the pall bearers as
they leave the chapel but
BEN stays discreetly by
the wall.

His eyes rove over to the
weeping WIDOW soft hair
under a black hat.

BEN watches her.

Later: the coffin
disappears slowly.

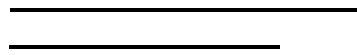
The weeping WIDOW is
sitting alone.

BEN walks over and he
offers his own sparkling
white handkerchief.
She gazes at him for a
moment.

BEN gives her the
gentlest, kindest smile
and leaves.

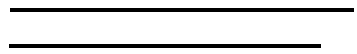
As BEN exits the grounds
he pulls out a small black
notebook and writes
something down. B

BEN turns back and watches it rise up and up with a kind of spellbound wonder.



MARK walks along the corridor heading to CHRIS' office. He knocks on the door.

MARK opens the door and steps in.



MARK enters.

CHRIS sits behind his desk.

MARK closes the door and heads to CHRIS' desk.

MARK sits down. And pulls a printout from his pocket. On CHRIS

MARK reads.

He cross checks dates in PETER's diaries, goes backwards and forwards through BEN's workbooks.

FLASHBACK: PETER is in the lecture hall. He turns the pages of a book murmuring to himself.

FLASHBACK: PETER
hallucinates and points to
the ceiling as if seeing
something.

PETER (CONT'D) (V.O)
...of black insects.

RICHARD goes through
BEN's notebooks finding
what and how much BEN
has been putting in
PETER's tea.

PETER (CONT'D) (V.O)

FLASHBACK: PETER
sits at his desk. He writes
in his diary as BEN brings
in a cup of tea and toast.

CLOSE ON spreadsheet
dates from PETER's
diary.

FLASHBACK PETER
wakes up. BEN is looking
out the bedroom window.

!"#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>
?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#\$CK\$

!"#%&'()*+,-.:/01*23456789:;<=>
?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#C2\$

<p>The camera PANS around the table on the TEAM listening, then on the projector screen.</p> <p>RICHARD shows on screen a clip of Peter's diary.</p> <p>On the TEAM, listening carefully.</p> <p>On NATALIE.</p> <p>On NATALIE and MARK.</p> <p>MARK nods to RICHARD.</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>BEN running. His t-shirt dark with sweat. He puts on a sprint as he heads down the road and then slows.</p>	<p>RICHARD (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Now the one thing that Ben does keep an ordered record of, where he does date things, is all the drugs that he gives to Peter. Now, its' all on different pages, but it's dated.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) Peter never mentions that Ben is giving him anything unfamiliar. No white powder, like Ann mentioned she was given. Peter gets ill, so Ben brings him cups of tea, makes him dinner. Tea in bed.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) (O.O.V) The only medication that Peter thinks he's taking is the one prescribed to him by his GP, the one that he's been on for years.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) Peter drinks his tea, eats his toast grateful to Ben for taking such good care of him.</p> <p>NATALIE Fucking hell.</p> <p>RICHARD (O.O.V) Anyway.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) I've made a table of all the drugs that Ben gives to Peter. And how it affects him... It's Benzodiazepines and psychoactives. That's what we're looking for in Peter. That's what will be in his hair.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:54:08</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Scene: 10:54:19</p> <p>-----</p>
--	--	--



!"#%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>?@
34*4,++#>?@

3, <#CR\$

BEN is brought out of the police van in the clothes he was wearing. His hands are cuffed. To OFFICERS as he is lead through the gates.

BEN in the prison grey of sweatshirt and joggers follows an

! "#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789

!"#%&'()*+,-.#-\$/0&1*.#2\$3*1(\$34*.56(7*-\$%64&0(\$789! : ;\$
34* < 4, ++ # \$? @ ? A - B 2 C C % D E = \$

3, < # \$ C U \$

PROPS MASTER	MIKE PARKER
STORE PERSON	LILLY ROBBINS
PROP HANDS	AXI BUTTERWORTH
	GEORGE NELMES
STANDBY PROPS	CHRIS BUTCHER
	RICH MOULES
ACTION PROP BUYER	GENAYA HARTLEY GORDON
SET DECORATOR	ELIZABETH MARCUSSEN
SET DECORATOR ASSISTANT	SOPHIE BLAKE
COSTUME SUPERVISOR	CHARLIE BESTWICK
COSTUME STANDBY	CHLOE HENDERSON
JUNIOR COSTUME STANDBY	IMMY HOWARTH
COSTUME TRAINEE	

!"#\$%&'()*+,-.:/0123456789:;<=>
?@A-B2CC%DE=\$

3, <#SE\$

MAKE-