





CAST

Starring
Ned Manning
Natalie McCurry
Peter Whitford

with
Dave Gibson
Sandie Lillingston
Ollie Hall

and
Wilbur Wilde as Hazza

CREW

Director of Photography
Paul Murphy A.S.C.

Production Designer
Larry Eastwood

Costume Designer
Anthony Jones

Original Music Score by
Frank Strangio

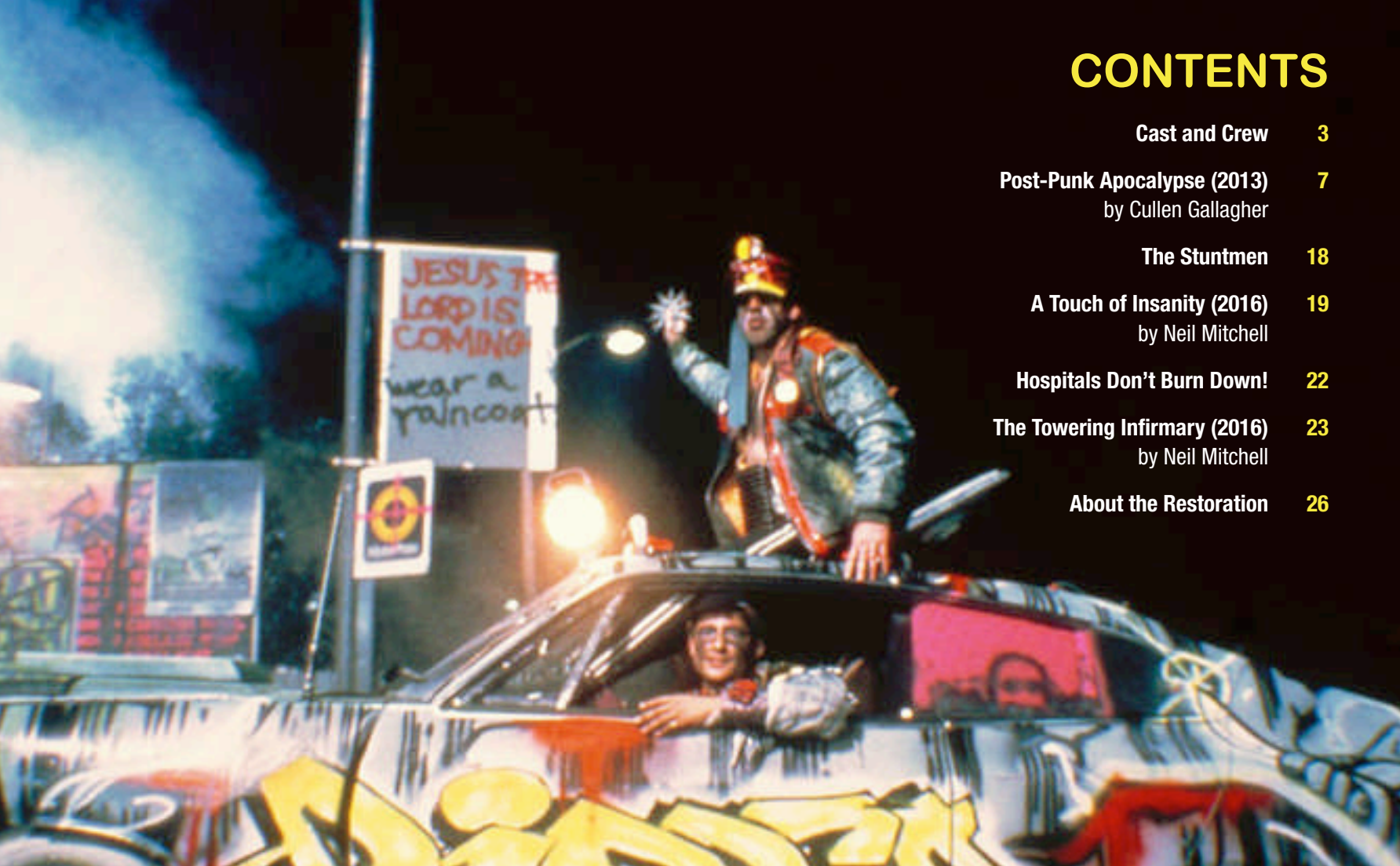
Edited by
Alan Lake and **Lee Smith**

Screenplay by
Peter Smalley

Co-Produced by
Damien Parer

Produced by
Andrew Williams

Directed by
Brian Trenchard-Smith



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POST-PUNK APOCALYPSE

by Cullen Gallagher

It's undeniable. *Dead-End Drive-In* is a bona fide cult classic. Ignored, misunderstood and reviled by virtually everyone upon release in 1986, it has since attracted a loyal following of fans, critics and filmmakers from around the world. While some considered it just another *Mad Max* (1979) rip-off, the ensuing years have shown that *Dead-End Drive-In* was not just a product of its time, but instead a prescient, maverick film years ahead of its time. *Dead-End Drive-In* was made at the twilight of a unique epoch in filmmaking fondly known as 'Ozploitation'. The term refers to the onslaught of exploitation genre films that were produced in Australia from the early 1970s through the mid-1980s. Before then, Australia didn't have much of a film industry to call its own, and the majority of films exhibited were imported from abroad. This all changed when, in the late 1960s, the Australian government began offering financial assistance to locally produced films. Almost overnight, a national cinema was born.

Thankfully, the government didn't discriminate over where the money went. On the one hand, there were people like Peter Weir (*Picnic at Hanging Rock* [1975], *The Last Wave* [1977]) and Gillian Armstrong (*My Brilliant Career* [1979]), who produced 'respectable', artistic-minded films that wowed cineastes and critics alike. And then there were the less respectable films – extreme genre fare overflowing with sex, violence, gore and all the not-so-pretty things that the regular movie-going public loved to see up on screen. So, what if the critics didn't call it art? Audiences ate it up and demanded more, each film crazier and more extreme than the last.

Enter Brian Trenchard-Smith. Born in England, he moved to Australia in his early 20s, first editing news broadcasts and later cutting promo spots for television and movie trailers. His first big success came with *The Man from Hong Kong* (1975), Australia's first martial arts movie, co-starring Hong Kong superstar Jimmy Wang Yu and one-shot James Bond actor George Lazenby. Only Trenchard-Smith's second feature film, the hallmarks of his style were already on display: mind blowing stunt work; kinetic yet graceful camera movement; an epic eye for composition recalling Hollywood legends Robert Aldrich and John Sturges; and a wry, eccentric sense of humour. Among the most prolific and highest-calibre Ozploitation directors, Trenchard-Smith's best films from this period include two movies starring real life



stunt man extraordinaire Grant Page – *Deathcheaters* (1976) and *Stunt Rock* (1980) – the latter pairing him with magic trick hard rockers Sorcery, *Turkey Shoot* (1982), a futuristic *Most Dangerous Game*-type story and fierce political allegory about social oppression, and *BMX Bandits* (1983), a vividly coloured storybook of rebellious youth starring a young Nicole Kidman in one of her earliest leading roles. These diverse tendencies of Trenchard-Smith's style would reach their apex and culminate in what is arguably the director's most fully realised artistic vision: *Dead-End Drive-In*.

Dead-End Drive-In began as the short story 'Crabs' (1974) by Peter Carey. The original story is a skeletal outline of what would become the film. Jimmy, aka "Crabs" (because he once thought he had them – turns out he didn't), borrows his older brother's car without permission to take his girlfriend, Carmen, to the Star Drive-In. When two of their wheels are stolen, they become stranded overnight. In the morning, they realise that there is no escape from the drive-in, as the government has turned it into a prison camp for social undesirables. Unlike the rest of the detainees, Crabs sets out to defeat the system and regain his freedom.

When the project was brought to Trenchard-Smith by the financiers and producers, New South Wales Film Corporation, several drafts of the script had already been written. When I spoke to Trenchard-Smith, he said that another director had originally been attached but left when he couldn't get the script right: "I cobbled together the best elements of all the scripts." Though the final screenplay credit goes to Peter Smalley, Trenchard-Smith himself added much of the "socioeconomic background to the situation", which was only vaguely present in Carey's short story. Among Trenchard-Smith's chief contributions was the opening set of title cards, setting the post-apocalyptic tone of the film: nationalist riots in Sydney; a nuclear disaster in Tahiti that pollutes Pacific fishing grounds; genocide in South Africa; the stock market crash in New York; global hunger, unemployment and crime waves. In 1986, such disasters were, mercifully, just fiction. Today, however, they seem closer to reality than ever before, bringing to mind not only the recent racial clashes in Australia, but also the 2011 Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster in Japan, and the 2008 Wall Street collapse and the precipitating global economic crisis that still plagues us. With a wry chuckle, Trenchard-Smith admits there unfortunately has been "a degree of prescience" to his projection.

There's little vision in Carey's short story: 'Crabs' is an idea – a very good one – but one that needed fleshing out. Bringing Crabs to life was Ned Manning. Beyond boyish good looks, he brought underdog heroism, resourceful cunning and humanitarian kindness to the character. Though Manning had much experience on stage, in television and in bit parts in movies, this was his first leading role in a feature film. "I was quite older than the character,

but I looked a lot younger. I was actually 35, but I said I was 25." He kept his age a secret throughout the whole production, and it wasn't until after shooting wrapped that even the director found out. Despite the gruelling six-week schedule – four at night, one during the day, and one shot day-for-night – Manning recalls the film fondly. "I loved it, one of the greatest experiences I've ever had. I did all of my own stunts, apart from the final moment of driving through the sign... [and] I didn't go on two wheels, but I did a lot of driving. I'm really proud of the film."

Dead-End Drive-In turns Carey's nightmarish world into a neon-infused post-punk apocalypse. Trenchard-Smith sees the world in flashing neon and spectral fog, and his characters display the real horrors of poverty (malnourished, unbathed bodies and tattered clothing) blended with the high style of 1980s' goth (spiked coiffures, excessive hairspray, heavy eye shadow, leather jackets, big earrings). Right off the bat, the film assaults the audience's senses – and tastes – with shockingly grotesque images. In the film's opening sequence, Crabs accompanies his tow truck-driving brother, Frank, to the scene of a fatal multi-car accident. The bloody bodies hanging out of cars remind of similar shots from Jean-Luc Godard's *Week End* (1967), of highways littered with overturned cars and mutilated corpses. Both films use the auto collision as a metaphor for the foul wreckage of consumerism and its sickening human toll. Among the film's few accolades upon its initial release was a well-deserved Australian Film Institute nomination for Best Achievement in Production Design for Lawrence Eastwood. Eastwood turned Sydney's abandoned Matraville Drive-In into the film's Star Drive-In, a veritable warzone of surreal squalor. "The drive-in was going to be demolished," said Manning, "so they let us burn it down." On Crabs' first morning in the drive-in, we see the full extent of this asphalt bedlam. As Crabs wakes up and lifts the hood of his 1956 red-and-white Chevy to inspect his surroundings, the camera rises in a beautifully choreographed crane shot, pulling back and panning around to reveal a horizon of junked cars, burning heaps, pushcarts with burning refuse, and lumbering dwellers.

An allegorical landscape, the Star represents the fear of democracy breaking down, and of the rise of fascism and totalitarianism. Like the concentration camps of World War II, the Star is one of a string of similar detainment centres where authorities unlawfully imprison social groups who think, look, or act 'different'. As Trenchard-Smith explained in an essay for the Australian Centre for the Moving Image, "What if one response from the beleaguered government to social and economic decay was to transform regular drive-in movie theatres into benevolent youth concentration camps, the scrap heap for society's castoffs, where the weak, the unemployed and unemployable are lured by DISCOUNT TICKET PRICES (!) and literally imprisoned? Elite society is now safe."

Dead-End Drive-In also confronts then-contemporary issues facing Australia, particularly the racial tension surrounding the influx of refugees fleeing the Vietnam War. When a truckload of Asian prisoners is brought to the Star, Carmen is scared of them. Crabs tries to reason with her: “Listen. They’re not the enemy. They’re prisoners. Just like us... You’ve really been conned, haven’t you? Limit the numbers and everything will be great. Jesus, have a look around! This is a slum. Even with only a few people it would still be a slum.” In order to emphasise Crabs’ fight against fascism and racism, Manning suggested adding the scene in which he defends an Indian man from white supremacists in the drive-in’s bathroom.

At the heart of *Dead-End Drive-In* is a harsh indictment of popular culture. In order to hide the sinister purpose of the camp, the Star masquerades as a teenage fantasyland full of sex, drugs, rock and roll, fast food and, of course, movies. The fascistic authorities use entertainment to distract youth from the real world, dulling their senses and quieting any potential critical thought or rebellious actions. This message is more relevant today than ever before. Just look around at how many people – young and old – are glued to their smartphones, perpetually plugged into the internet and tuned out of the real world around them.

While *Dead-End Drive-In* speaks loud and clearly as a political film, it’s not didactic, nor does it lose sight of entertaining its audience. Its climactic spectacle (SPOILER ALERT), of Crabs driving a truck up a ramp, crashing the Star sign, and flying over the walls to freedom, is one of Trenchard-Smith’s greatest filmed stunts. “The real difficulty,” he explained to me, “is when you have one shot only, and that is when the three-ton truck had to smash through the neon sign. And it had to take place at dawn.” What made it even more difficult is that he “didn’t have a replacement sign”. To simplify things, the scene was shot at sunset instead of sunrise. “[We had] a window of less than 60 seconds of light. It had to be arranged in a military way.” Even today, Manning is still impressed by how well organised everything was. “Brian was amazing to watch. He was like a general marching around.” Consummate professionals, the crew pulled it off perfectly. Stunt driver Guy Norris set a new world record for distance – 162ft. Manning recounted, “it was like watching Evil Knievel!” Over two decades later, it still remains among the most memorable car stunts in film history.

Inevitably, some scenes were left on the cutting room floor. “We cut Crabs’ brother returning to the drive-in and refusing to take him out. The scene was a little weak,” Trenchard-Smith admits. Manning also described an early sequence in which Crabs, on the run from the ‘karboys’ (roving gangs of hijackers), takes shelter in a milk bar. “It established the world was falling part, and that Crabs was this young guy just trying to survive.”





There were originally further adventures intended for Crabs. “Plans for a sequel died at the Australian box office. It involved the capture of the hero, his return to the drive-in where he becomes Moses and leads his people out of bondage,” the director told me. “It was really what I would like to have done as the last act of the film, but we could not afford it.”

Why wasn't *Dead-End Drive-In* the hit it should have been? According to Trenchard-Smith, “the distributor disliked the picture, as did the Australian censor who initially gave it an R rating restricting it to the over 18s, on the grounds of antisocial behaviour. We forced the distributor to appeal, and it was then given an M rating, allowing all ages. They released it within holiday playing time without much TV advertising and a poster that made it look like one long punk party. In Sydney, it premiered in a new theatre still under construction. Australian critics misunderstood a film that seemed socially critical of its target audience, and once one bad review came out, the herd instinct took over and they all bashed the movie. It could not compete under these conditions with the summer blockbusters, and quickly died.”

“Overseas, it was greeted initially with great enthusiasm and international rights were purchased by New World Pictures,” the director recounted. “They were concerned about the Australian accents, prepared an American dubbed version, tested it but found it tested no better than the Australian soundtrack, so they released the original. I was not involved and opposed the dubbing. By now, New World had also lost faith in the film and it booked it into available theater space without a campaign. Its subsequent video release, styled as a horror in the drive-in type of movie, did quite well. It went to straight to VHS most places in the world.”

Like Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* (1971), *Dead-End Drive-In* is a fond farewell to a fading cinematic epoch. Not only were drive-ins being retired in the wake of home video – the whole Australian film industry was changing. Audiences no longer ate up the extreme genre fare in which Trenchard-Smith and his cinematic brethren specialised; and without audiences, producers too lost interest. Pay close attention when watching *Dead-End Drive-In* and you might recognise some of the Ozploitation classics gracing the screen of the Star, some made by Trenchard-Smith himself (such as *The Man from Hong Kong* and *Turkey Shoot*). It may have been the end of an era, but it went out with a bang, a boom and one of the best movies of its time.

Cullen Gallagher is a writer, musician and film curator living in Brooklyn, NY. His writings have appeared in the Los Angeles Review of Books, The Paris Review, Bright Lights Film Journal and Not Coming to a Theater Near You. He is currently working on a series of Western novels, The Scumbag Western Trilogy.



THE STUNTMEN

CAST

Starring
Bob Woodham
Herb Nelson
Warren Campbell
Grant Page
Graham Mathrick
Roger Ward
Rangi Nicora

CREW

Director of Photography
Oscar Scherl

Associate Producer & Stunt Co-Ordinator
Bob Woodham

Film Editor
Ronda MacGregor

Written, Produced & Directed by
Brian Trenchard-Smith

A TOUCH OF INSANITY

by Neil Mitchell

According to the voiceover narration on Brian Trenchard-Smith's 50-minute television documentary *The Stuntmen* (1973), the twin goals of those employed to devise and perform thrilling and potentially fatal stunts for our entertainment are survival and getting a good shot. There can't be many other professions outside of the military, police and rescue services where avoiding the loss of one's life is a daily consideration, but by the end of Trenchard-Smith's illuminating film the viewer can be left in no doubt as to the fine line between success and catastrophic disaster that these largely unsung men and women of the stunt industry walk. One of the now veteran director's earliest credits, this portrait of bravery, technical expertise and "a touch of insanity", as the narrator puts it, would win Trenchard-Smith an award at the 1973 Sydney Film Festival, kick-start his fledgling filmmaking career and be the first of many projects on which the director and iconic Aussie stuntman Grant Page would collaborate.

Shot on a tight \$16,000 AUD budget and written and co-produced as well as directed by Trenchard-Smith, *The Stuntmen* (also known as *Dare Devils* in some territories) is a fascinating collection of staged sequences, behind the scenes footage and to-camera interviews accompanied by a contemporaneous high-energy rock/funk soundtrack. Death-defying manoeuvres carried out on land, sea and in the air are enacted to give viewers an insight into just what goes into successfully pulling off the wide variety of action sequences that moviegoers have become accustomed to seeing on a regular basis. ex-commando Page, the film's other co-producer Bob Woodham and fellow stuntman Graham Mathrick are among the daring and highly skilled stunt practitioners seen leaping from cliff faces, being set alight and rolling cars in the name of this business we call show.

Like a magician revealing his secrets, a number of tricks-of-the-trade are showcased. Rather than debunk an illusory sleight-of-hand, though, Trenchard-Smith's documentary, and other non-fiction films focused on stunt work, serves to enrich subsequent movie-going experiences. Hearing Page and co casually discuss their collective brushes with death and the injuries picked up in those situations where stunts have been mistimed or otherwise thrown off course is to marvel at their all-in-a-day's-work attitude and to fully appreciate the level of danger involved in the profession.

Having borrowed the money with which to finance the making of *The Stuntmen*, Trenchard-Smith then sold it on to his previous employer, Nine Network. In a canny move with an eye on a sale to the US market, the director employed the services of a visiting American producer in charge of Nine Network's one-season anthology series *The Evil Touch* (1973) to provide the film's voiceover narration. Eventually, *The Stuntmen* would turn a tidy \$30,000 AUD profit on the initial \$16,000 AUD investment while tapping into the public's growing fascination with all things stunt related.

With motorcycle stunt performer Evel Knievel by then a household name across the globe, the '70s and early '80s saw a host of factual and fictional pieces for film and TV revolving around the stunt profession. Knievel himself would star in Gordon Douglas's *Viva Knievel!* (1977), host the 1977 TV special *Death Defiers* and appear in Robert Fortier's documentary *The Devil at Your Heels* (1981), which traced stunt performer Ken Carter's attempts to pull off a death-defying aerial jump in a car. Burt Reynolds and Peter O'Toole would get in on the act, the former as the titular ageing Hollywood stunt performer in *Hooper* (1978) and the latter as an eccentric director in Richard Rush's *The Stunt Man* (1980). Probably the most famous fictional stunt man came in the shape of Lee Majors, who would star as part time stuntman, part time bounty hunter Colt Seavers for five seasons in *The Fall Guy* (1981-86).

Trenchard-Smith himself would subsequently direct a number of stunt related projects, all of which would feature Grant Page in some capacity. Immediately establishing a strong rapport on *The Stuntmen*, Trenchard-Smith would sign Page to a five-year deal with a view to establishing the highly skilled performer as an action star in his own right. The pair's collaborations would include the TV documentary *Kung-Fu Killers* (1974), in which Page investigated the growing interest in the martial art both as a practice and as employed in the wave of action movies coming out of Hong Kong at the time. In 1976 Trenchard-Smith would team Page up with popular Aussie actor John Hargreaves for the action heavy *Death Cheaters*, about a pair of Vietnam vets turned stuntmen sent to the Philippines by the Australian government. Page and Trenchard-Smith's wildest collaboration was undoubtedly *Stunt Rock* (1980), featuring US rock band Sorcery, Dutch actress Monique van de Ven and Page as themselves. The film's tagline was "Death Wish at 120 Decibels" and Trenchard-Smith boiled down the whole concept of the project as being "famous stuntman meets famous rock band. Much stunt, much rock. The kids will go bananas". Unfortunately, the director's high expectations for the film fell short and *Stunt Rock* quickly disappeared from view.

As well as the impact on Trenchard-Smith and Page's own lives and careers, *The Stuntmen* would also eventually lead to a notable moment in the history of Australian cinema. Impressed with the film and Trenchard-Smith's eye for action sequences, Raymond Chow

of Golden Harvest would stump up half the budget for *The Man from Hong Kong* (1975). In true huckster fashion, the director convinced both Chow and the suits at the Australian Film Development Corporation that the other had committed to the project in order to secure the signatures of both parties. Starring Page, Taiwanese movie star Jimmy Wang Yu and erstwhile Bond George Lazenby, the action thriller *Dragon Flies* (as it was known in the US) would become the first Australian-Hong Kong co-production. Despite an occasionally troubled production, and an R rating that affected the film's profit margin, this marriage of the genre traits of Kung Fu and Ozploitation movies led to numerous offers of co-productions coming Trenchard-Smith's way. Though *The Man from Hong Kong*, *Turkey Shoot* (1982), *BMX Bandits* (1983) and *Dead-End Drive-In* (1986) may be the films Trenchard-Smith is eventually remembered for, it's worth noting that without *The Stuntmen* the chances are none of those projects would have seen the light of day.

Neil Mitchell is a writer and editor based in Brighton. He is the author of Devil's Advocates: Carrie (2013) for Auteur Publishing and the editor of the London (2012), Melbourne (2012) and Sydney (2014) editions of Intellect Books' World Film Locations series. He is also Film Co-Ordinator for the Australia & New Zealand Festival of Literature & Arts.



HOSPITALS DON'T BURN DOWN!

CAST

Starring
Jeannie Drynan
Mark Edwards
Ray Marshall
Ralph Cotterill
Ken Goodlet

CREW

Producer
Peter Johnson

Director
Brian Trenchard-Smith

Director of Photography
Ross Nichols

Editor
Bill Stacey

Written by
Anne Brooksbank & Chris McGill

THE TOWERING INFIRMARY

by Neil Mitchell

Probably the least likely entry on the directorial CV of the man behind such titles as *Leprechaun 4: In Space* (1996), *Atomic Dog* (1998) and *Tyrannosaurus Azteca* (2007) is Brian Trenchard-Smith's award-winning docudrama short, *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* (1978). Commissioned by the Department of Veterans' Affairs (formerly the Repatriation Commission), funded by Film Australia and produced by Kingcroft Productions Pty Ltd, this 24-minute instructional fire safety film is, with good reason, one of the projects that its seasoned director is proudest of. *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* was initially conceived as part of a training programme for all new hospital staff across Australia that included a screening of the film and an accompanying lecture/discussion. Such was the impact of the completed film – Trenchard-Smith's only one for Film Australia – that it would go on to be shown across the globe, co-opted for use as a fire safety video for various high rise complexes and become Australia's highest-selling industrial film for close to three decades. An early indication that *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* was likely to take on a life of its own was signalled as 80 prints were sold to global institutions within the first three months of the film's release.

At the end of the four-month-long \$85,000 AUS project, which included 21 days of shooting, Trenchard-Smith delivered a film that Australia's National Film & Sound Archive (NFSA) would later describe, with some understatement, as "disturbingly realistic". Reminiscent of the intense pseudo-documentary films of Peter Watkins and the contemporaneous, and still hugely disturbing, British public information films such as *Apaches* (1977), *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* is harrowing, hard-hitting and entirely unforgettable viewing. Trenchard-Smith's commissioned piece also fits neatly into the Ozploitation bracket, featuring as it does a number of impressive stunts and graphic scenes of injury and death. The gruesome effects work largely consisted of the creation of burns injuries and charred corpses and was handled by Mont Fieguth, Rob Jones and Christopher Murray. Though the latter two disappeared from the film industry, Fieguth would go on to rack up special effects credits over the next three decades on films such as *Gallipoli* (1981), *The Matrix* (1999) and as senior effects technician on *Where the Wild Things Are* (2009). The daredevils whose job it was to be set on fire – and in one case be set on fire and jump from an upper floor of a

hospital – were the husband-and-wife team of Dale and Max Aspin, David Bracks and Grant Page. While the majority of Bracks' credits would subsequently be as an actor, the Aspins and Page in particular would go on to become legendary figures in the stunt business both onscreen and off.

As for the film itself, the thoughtless discarding by a patient of a lit cigarette into an unmarked linen chute in a large city hospital is the deadly catalyst. The director, and scriptwriters Anne Brooksbank and Chris McGill, used the subsequent portrayal of the fatal damage caused by the resulting fire as an awareness raising exercise for hospital staff and the emergency services. Areas that needed improving in terms of safety – such as clear signage, the placement of fire extinguishers and the logistics of evacuating bed and wheelchair bound patients – were all highlighted in horrifying fashion, leaving no doubt as to the potentially devastating consequences of lackadaisical human behaviour and slipshod official safety procedures.

Featuring a number of familiar faces from Australian films and television series, such as Jeanie Drynan (*Money Movers* [1978], *Muriel's Wedding* [1994]) and Ray Marshall (*Stir* [1980], *BMX Bandits* [1983]), as well as members of the State Emergency Service (SES), Trenchard-Smith's grim piece was fittingly nicknamed 'The Towering Infirmary' by members of the crew. So graphic are the scenes of immolation and asphyxiation that producer Peter Johnson would state in the *Sydney Morning Herald* after the film had been wrapped that "some of the horrific scenes make *The Towering Inferno* look like a barbecue". This bombastic reference to Irwin Allen's 1974 Hollywood proto-blockbuster was entirely apt as *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* is, in essence, a mini-disaster movie, only with education rather than box office returns as its primary driving force. A familiar cast, tight narrative arc, thrilling/horrifying sequences and the possibility that anyone could die next are elements and tropes synonymous with the disaster movie, and Trenchard-Smith's employment of them works to instantly grip the viewer and reinforce the tragedy unfolding onscreen.

Shooting on location at the Royal Newcastle Hospital, the Concord Repatriation Hospital and the then vacant Bethesda Hospital in Marrickville added another layer of realism and familiarity to proceedings, again compounding the message that death and destruction can and does happen in everyday, run-of-the-mill places and situations. In recognition of the visual power and educational value of *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!*, Trenchard-Smith's work would win Best Short Film at the Cork Film Festival and was the prizewinning entry at the 1978 US Industrial Film Festival in Chicago. The most significant achievement of the film, though, was its real world impact. Many hospitals and other large complexes would initiate root-and-branch reviews of emergency procedures in the wake of screenings of

Hospitals Don't Burn Down!, immeasurably improving both in-house fire safety guidelines and emergency service response times.

The official training notes for *Hospitals Don't Burn Down!* can be found at: http://www.nfsa.gov.au/collection/film-australia-collection/program-sales/programs/teachers_notes/1623hospitalsburn.pdf



ABOUT THE RESTORATION

Dead-End Drive-In has been exclusively restored in 2K resolution for this release by Arrow Films and is presented in its original theatrical aspect ratio of 2.35:1 with mono sound.

The original 35mm camera negative was scanned in 2K resolution on a pin-registered 4K Lasergraphics Director Scanner at Deluxe Burbank. Picture grading was completed on a DaVinci Resolve at Pinewood Studios. Thousands of instances of dirt, debris and light scratches were removed using PFClean software. Overall image stability and instances of density fluctuation were also improved. All restoration work was completed at Pinewood Studios.

The original soundtrack was transferred from the 35mm magnetic master reels by Deluxe Audio Services, Los Angeles, and was conformed and restored at Pinewood Studios.

Restoration Supervised by James White, Arrow Films

Materials made available by Lakeshore Entertainment Mike Lechner

Deluxe Burbank Film Scanning services

Cheryl Frohlich, Jeff Gaetano

Deluxe Audio services

Jordan Perry

Restoration services by Pinewood Studios

Colour grading Michael Davis

Restoration Technicians Lucie Hancock, Rob Langridge, Jake Chapman

Audio Conform Jason Stevens

Conform & Deliverables Leigh Reid

Restoration Department Management Jon Mann, Philip Lee

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Discs and Booklet Produced by Anthony Nield

Executive Producer Francesco Simeoni

Production Assistant Liane Cunje

Technical Producer James White

QC Manager Nora Mehenni

Blu-ray and DVD Mastering David Mackenzie

Subtitling dayfornight*

Artist Chris Malbon

Design Matt Armstrong

SPECIAL THANKS

Alex Agran, Jason Buckley, Vladimir Cherepanoff, Caroline Duborg, Roland Feliciano, Sonali Joshi, Barbara McCarney, Jason Murphy, Harry Ree, Brian Trenchard-Smith



AV064 / FCD1362