



Ross Barnett

Film Services

Television Drama Series

Fall from Grace

EPISODE 1 of 4

Screenplay by Ross Barnett

based on the novel by Robert Yates

DURATION: 45 minutes

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The series is contemporary (2014). There are numerous locations in N.S.W. and some locations in Melbourne.

Episode 1 of 4

Hands type at a computer keyboard. The camera tilts up to the computer screen and follows the type - occasional errors and corrections are shown. The mouse is used to select variations in type size. No sound except for the tapping of the keys.

The text on the computer monitor shows the credits for the series.

CREDITS APPEAR ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR

The mouse pointer is used to bring up different pages as the credits roll. On completion of the credits, the mouse clicks (audibly) on "save".

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

1. EXT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE' AT SEA

*Day. **Simon Young**, a well-preserved man aged 62, sails the yacht (alone) on a summer's day. The yacht enters a harbour later to be identified as Coffs Harbour and heads towards the marina.*

CUT TO

2. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. The song Computer Games (c. 1980) plays loudly on the yacht's radio. The yacht draws to its mooring against a jetty, where a man stands waiting to catch a mooring rope.

Simon
(throwing the rope)

G'day George. Thanks for that.

George

(catching and securing the rope)

No problem, I saw you coming through the bar.
She's behaving herself, I trust?

Simon

Perfect lady, as always.

George

Some bloke's been asking for you. I think he's a cop.

Simon

Really? Asking for me?

George

Asking *about* you, really . . . he didn't seem like a friend.

Simon

(climbing up onto the key)

Did he leave a name?

George

Wanted to know when you were due back here
nosey prick.

Simon

Strange . . no matter, he'll come back if he wants me
I must run got a breakfast date.

CUT TO

3. EXT. - MAIN STREET, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon drives into frame in a red Porsche with the hood down. He parks outside a cafe.

CUT TO

4. INT. - THE CAFE

Day. Simon enters and walks to a table where Elizabeth sits reading a magazine. He kisses her on the cheek and sits down.

Elizabeth

How's the boat?

Simon

(beckoning to the waitress)

Yacht Cappuccino please, Jenny . . . *(to Elizabeth)*
she's a perfect lady as always I hope you haven't
been here long.

Elizabeth

Ten minutes, that's all . . . hello, who's this?

Detective Donald Darke and Detective Plimmer *walk purposefully to the table.*

Darke

Simon Young?

Simon

Yes.

Darke

(flashing a police ID)

My name is Darke, I'm a senior detective with Victorian C.I.B. and my colleague is Detective Plimmer of the New South Wales police I must ask you to come with me, please Sir.

Simon

(remaining seated)

What's this about?

Darke

Best if we talk outside, Sir . . .

Simon

(standing up)

Sorry, Liz . . . won't be long.

CUT TO

5. EXT. - THE CAFE

Day. Darke and Plimmer lead the way outside the cafe. On the far side of the road, a four-wheel drive marked WATER POLICE is parked with two policemen in uniform leaning against it. On the near side, four uniformed policemen stand beside a police patrol car. One of the policemen talks into a radio.

Darke

More private here. You are Simon Young, owner of the yacht Gracie?

Simon

Yes.

Darke

I have a warrant for your arrest, Simon. **PENDING**
[refer to **CHAPTER 1 PAGE 1**]

to face a number of charges in the Victorian Magistrate's Court. A police officer is currently making a video recording of this conversation. You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but whatever you say may be used in evidence . . . do you understand that?

Simon says nothing, his face a study of incredulity, his mouth open. He looks from one detective to the other, then at the group of uniformed policemen. **Elizabeth** comes out of the cafe and stands in the background, worried. Two pedestrians stop to watch the scenario.

Simon

This is some kind of joke, right?

Darke

No

Elizabeth

(loudly from the background)

Simon? what's going on?

Simon says nothing. He slowly shakes his head.

Darke

Simon?

Simon

Yes?

Darke

Do you understand the caution I've just given you?

Simon

No, I don't I don't understand a bloody thing.

CUT TO

6. EXT. - MAIN STREET, COFFS HARBOUR

*Day. A small crowd of **onlookers** has gathered. At the windows of the cafe, the **waitress** looks out. An **elderly couple**, arm in arm, stand on the pavement watching. A **young mother** walks past slowly, wheeling a pram. **Simon's** gaze surveys the scene in slow motion, first taking in **Elizabeth's** distraught face and then traversing the panorama before returning to **Darke's** face. **Darke** is still talking.*

Darke

. . . . police station for a formal interview.
Before that your yacht will be searched in your presence. Then you will remain in custody pending your extradition to Melbourne. Is there anything you wish to say at this point in the proceedings?

Simon

There's obviously been some bloody mistake, but if you're serious, then I request the presence of my solicitor. I can speak to my solicitor, can't I?

Darke

Yes, your solicitor can meet us at the police station.

Simon

My car?

Plimmer

A police officer will drive your car.

Simon

Can I explain to my friend what's going on?

Darke

Yes, of course.

Elizabeth *runs over and throws her arms around Simon.*

Elizabeth

What on earth's happening? Have you murdered somebody?

Simon

There's some kind of fuck up . . . I don't know what they're talking about, but they're taking me back to the police station.

Elizabeth

Oh Simon!

Simon

It'll be sorted out . . . take the 'plane back to Sydney, as planned I'll be fine, I'll contact my solicitor straight away.

Elizabeth

No way am I leaving . . I love you and I'm staying here until this is sorted out.

Darke *approaches accompanied by two uniformed officers.*

Darke

Right, you need to come with us to the marina, Simon.

Simon

Can my friend come?

Darke

No, from this point on you're effectively in custody.

Elizabeth

Simon!

*An unmarked police car pulls up. **Darke** opens a rear door and **Simon** climbs in, then **Darke** climbs into the front seat and the car pulls away followed by the marked police car and then the Water Police 4WD.*

CUT TO

7. INT. - THE YACHT GRACIE

*Day. Two uniformed policemen are searching the cramped interior, causing considerable damage. **Simon, Darke** and **Plimmer** stand at the hatchway. One of the policemen hands **Darke** a thick book.*

Darke

(flicking through the pages)

What's this?

Simon

What's it look like? It's a visitors' book, friends who visit.

Darke

(reading)

Some impressive names here.

Simon

I used to manage a rock band.

Darke

We'll take this . . . *(to the uniformed police)* that video working?

Plimmer

Ready when you are.

Darke

(looking at his watch)

The time now is 10.55am on twenty fourth of October two thousand and fourteen. My name is Senior Detective Donald Darke of Victoria Police. I am in New South Wales with an extradition order for one Simon Greenway Young. I have to tell you that this interview is being video recorded and that anything you say or do may be used in evidence. Do you understand that?

Simon

Yes.

Darke

Is your name Simon Greenway Young?

Simon

Yes.

Darke

I have in my possession a search warrant to search a thirteen metre yacht registered in your name under the name "Gracie". Is this that yacht?

Simon

Yes. I want to speak to my solicitor.

Darke

That will be arranged. A search of the yacht is in progress. Do you wish to remain until the search is completed?

Simon

No. I wish to speak to my solicitor.

Plimmer

Is this your laptop computer?

Simon

It looks like mine, yes.

Darke

Right. You will now be taken to Coffs Harbour Police Station for formal interview. Is there anything you wish to say concerning the search of the yacht?

Simon

I wish to speak to

Darke

(interrupting)

This recording stopped at - 11.05am on twenty fourth of October two thousand and fourteen take 'im away, Dave. I'll be there in a half hour or so.

CUT TO

8. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Plimmer is seen escorting Simon along the wharf towards a waiting police car. They climb into the car and speed away. The camera pans to George watching with a concerned expression.

George

Bloody 'ell !

CUT TO

9. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Simon sits at a bare table. A uniformed police sergeant enters carrying a folder. The sergeant pulls about a chair and sits down opposite Simon, opening the folder and taking a pen from his pocket.

Sergeant

Simon Greenfield Young, is it?

Simon

Greenway, Simon Greenway Young. I was told I could speak to my solicitor.

Sergeant

(writing)

Says Greenfield here . . . no matter . . . I just need some particulars first off. What's your address, Simon?

Simon

I live on the yacht Gracie at the marina.

Sergeant

No, your real address, a fixed address.

Simon

That is my fixed address. I live on the yacht at Coffs Harbour Marina. That's where I live.

Sergeant

(frustrated)

We need a proper address. How about your parents? A lady friend maybe?

Simon

My mother's in her eighties in Queensland and I'm not giving any addresses of friends.

Sergeant

Listen, mate. We need an address that's on land, somewhere that stays in the same place, somewhere we can send notices

Simon

I've left all that behind. These days I live on the yacht. That's my only address. I live like a gypsy.

Sergeant

Give me a fucking address that stays in one place! Not a boat, not a Post Office box . . .

Simon

You're saying it's illegal to live on a boat?

Sergeant

Don't get smart with me, mate. I'm saying we need a fixed address on land.

Simon

If it's not illegal to live on a yacht, then that's where I live. My address is the yacht 'Gracie', Coffs Harbour Marina.

Sergeant

(giving up)

Detective Darke can sort this out. Now, I have here a wallet that was found in your possession containing . . five . . six . . seven . . eight . . nine . . one thousand and . . seventy five dollars. Where did you get all this cash?

Simon

From a bank.

Sergeant

Yeah, and I suppose you always carry this much cash around?

Simon

I do, actually.

Sergeant

(writing on a form)

Right! . . . cash, one thousand and seventy five, three credit cards, driver's licence sign here!

Simon signs the form and the **sergeant** places the form and belongings inside a plastic envelope, which he seals.

Right, stand up we need some happy snaps.
Over there against the wall.

They both stand and Simon walks to the wall as indicated. The sergeant takes a small digital camera from the desk and takes one photo.

Simon

I would like to speak to my solicitor now, please.

Sergeant

(pointing to the chair and picking up a telephone on the desk)

Right, what's the number?

Simon

I need to get the number from my ex-wife.

Sergeant

Fuck. What's her number?

Simon

Can I have a 'phone book? She'll be at work.

The sergeant produces a telephone directory and pushes the 'phone to Simon who dials after looking up the number.

Hello, sweetie, it's me. Look, I have a slight problem here and I need a solicitor, fast . . . no, I can't elaborate. I'm at Coffs Harbour Police Station . . . no, I can't, but I need a solicitor. What about Tony? Or do you think someone else? . . . Good, can you ask him to 'phone Coffs Harbour Police Station? Okay, that would be good, thankyou so much . . . yes, I'll explain later. Bye now.

He hangs up.

A solicitor will 'phone here in a few minutes . . . my ex-wife is making arrangements.

Sergeant

Right. Well, I'm off for a smoke.

CUT TO

10. INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE

Day. Tony Cole sits at his desk wearing suit and tie. He spins round in his chair and leans back, talking on the 'phone.

Tony

'Right, sunshine, what's going on? Margaret said it was urgent.

CUT TO

Simon
(on 'phone)

There seems to be some kind of mix-up, but they want to interview me. I said I wanted you here.

CUT TO

Tony

Right. Now listen carefully. You must tell the police that you're declining to give a statement on legal advice. Be careful, they will try to trick you into saying things - be extremely careful in whatever you say. Is that clear? Good. Now I'll find a local solicitor in Coffs to come and see you. If it's serious, he'll get a bail application underway, that's the first priority.

CUT TO

11. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Simon

Thanks, Tony, understood. I'll speak to you later.

Simon *replaces the telephone and the sergeant returns.*

I have been advised to decline to answer any questions or make a statement at this point in time.

Sergeant

Right, you're being remanded in custody, Simon,
pending the hearing of the extradition proceedings.
Follow that police officer

A policeman opens a door and leads the way along a corridor between offices towards the back of the building. Passing through a steel door, they enter the lock-up.

CUT TO

12. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

*Day. The walls are white-washed brick, the floor bare flagstones. Windows are set high in the wall but the room is dark, a cold sparse area with small barred cells along one side. The cells are bare except for a concrete slab with rubber mattress and two blankets folded, and a stainless steel toilet. One cell is occupied by two surly aborigines, another by two young toughs who look out from the bars curiously as **Simon** is led past.*

Policeman

(unlocking a door with a jangle of keys)

You've got your own private suite, mate.

Simon passes through the door which closes noisily and the lock turns.

Youth (off camera)

Oi! Where's our fuckin' brief?

Policeman (off camera)

No idea, mate. P'rhaps he's busy.

Simon surveys his environment, then sits on the 'bed' with his head in his hands.

Youth (off camera)

Gotta smoke, mate? 'ey, you, new bloke,
gotta smoke on ya? (no response) . . .
Fuck yuse!

DISSOLVE TO

Later in the day. Simon has been lying on the 'bed' when a small trap door set in the metal bars clangs open.

Policeman

(passing in food through the trap)

Lunch. Big Mac and chips.

Simon

(climbing off the bed)

Thanks . . . any chance of a coffee?

Policeman

Sure. Just let me hand out the lunches.

DISSOLVE TO

Later in the day. A police woman enters the lock-up.

Police woman

Simon Young?

Simon

Yes, that's me.

Police woman
(opening the cell door)

Your brief's here.

Youth (off camera)

Oi! Where's our fuckin' brief then?

Police woman

Fuck off! . . . *(to Simon)* . . . this way.

CUT TO

13. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Day. The door opens and Simon enters to be greeted by a very youthful solicitor with blonde, spiky hair.

Rod
(shaking hands)

Simon, Rod Wells. I've spoken to the arresting officer, the bloke from Victoria. The paper work seems to be in order, I'm afraid . . . no obvious loopholes. They've arranged an extradition hearing in Mackesfield Court tomorrow morning, so I'll lodge a bail application to be heard then.

Simon

Tomorrow?

Rod

Yes. Magistrates Court.

Simon

You can't do it any quicker? I mean, you can't get me out of here now?

Rod

Not without agreement from the arresting officer, and they're adamant. They don't want you going anywhere, especially with no fixed address.

Simon

Bloody hell!

Rod

We'll do our best in the morning, see what the magistrate says. Is there anything you need in the meantime?

Simon

I can't think . . . no, I don't think so . . . thankyou.

Rod

Give me a little background, something I can tell the magistrate.

Simon

Well, there's been some mistake. I haven't done anything wrong.

Rod

(smiling)

That's not relevant! He's not hearing the case. Are you still working, employed?

Simon

No, I'm retired. For some years I was a company director and prior to that I managed a rock band called Triple X.

Rod

Triple X? No, you're kidding me? I sing in a band, a cover band. Rod Stewart, we kick arse! I'll send you a demo.

Simon

Maybe when this current thing is sorted out . . .

Rod

Sure. I can't wait to tell the guys!

Simon

Excuse me?

Rod

Can't wait to tell the guys! Triple X manager!

Simon

No you bloody won't! Professional integrity and all that.

Rod

Shit, I was forgetting! Sorry about that! . . . Anyway, leave it with me, I'll push the company director aspect with the magistrate. Right, that's it then . . . I'll see you in court tomorrow.

CUT TO

14. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Night. Two dirty electric lights inside protective cages maintain a dull but permanent illumination. Simon sleeps curled under two blankets and wakes suddenly as a door bangs open and four policemen drag in a drunken man.

Drunk (off camera)

Fuck off, ye bastards *(he throws up)*

Policeman (off camera)

Oh not again, you filthy prick!

A cell door bangs open, the sound of a struggle is followed by the door slamming shut. Silence follows, then . .

Drunk (off camera)

Anybody there? You there, you dumb fucks? . . (mumbling) . . anyone got any smack to spare? hey yuse, next door, got any smack? . . ANSWER ME YA CUNT! . . . Fuck yuse . . .

Simon turns towards the wall and pulls the blankets over his head. Suddenly he sits up, listening - the sound of a persistent scratching is heard. He turns towards the noise to see a black arm around the wall between the cells, the fingers scratching on the wall.

Drunk (off camera)

(whispering)

Hey yuse . . got any smack, brother? . . I'm hanging out here, man.

The disembodied hand floats in the air searching, feeling, then slowly withdraws.

DISSOLVE TO

*Morning sunlight streams through the high windows. **Simon** wakes to the sound of the man next door being pulled from the cell. He looks through the bars to see the man covered in vomit and urine as four policemen wearing rubber gloves start to undress him.*

Policeman

Shower time, Johnie. You going to undress or do you want us to do it for you?

Drunk

F'coff, leave us alone . . .

Policeman

(struggling to remove the dirty clothing)

That's disgusting pass the bag, Steve.

*Policemen put the dirty clothes in a garbage bag and take the **drunk** to a corner of the room where there is a shower cubicle behind a dirty, brown stained plastic curtain.*

Policeman

There you go, Johnie. Nice and warm . . . use plenty of soap.

Sergeant

(The sergeant from the previous day appears)

Simon? Get dressed, mate, we're off to court in twenty minutes.

Simon

(unshaven)

Do I get any breakfast?

Sergeant

We'll stop at Macca's on the way.

CUT TO

15. EXT. - FORECOURT, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

*Day. **Simon** and the **sergeant** come from the police station to be met by **Darke** standing beside an unmarked police car. The two policemen are neatly dressed, **Simon** very shabby by contrast. **Darke** opens a back door and **Simon** climbs in. They drive off.*

CUT TO

16. INT. - THE POLICE CAR

*Day. The two policemen are in the front seats, the **sergeant** driving. **Darke** turns around to talk to **Simon**.*

Darke

That's a nice paint job on the yacht, Simon.
Must have set you back a few bob?

Simon

Yes, sixteen grand. He did a good job, though.

Darke

Tell us why you chose Coffs Harbour, for the paint job. You're not local.

Simon

Just by chance. I was forced in by bad weather two

weeks ago and it seemed a good place to get the painting done, as well as other repairs.

Darke

(exchanging a glance with the sergeant)

It wasn't planned then? Why didn't you use the radio, the day you came in? Was it day or night?

Simon

It was night, about ten o'clock. The weather closed in and it seemed sensible to come into the nearest port, which happened to be Coffs.

Darke

But you didn't radio? You didn't contact the Coast Guard?

Simon

I tried, as a matter of courtesy. Couldn't get any response.

Sergeant

From the Coast Guard?

Simon

No response.

Darke

That's interesting. They don't seem to know anything about your arrival. Strange that.

Sergeant

(turning to Darke)

You brought the paperwork, didn't you?

Darke

No, I thought you had it.

Sergeant

(checking the mirrors and doing a U-turn)

Shit. The file's still on the desk from yesterday!

The car races back towards the police station.

CUT TO

17. EXT. - FORECOURT, MAGISTRATES COURT

*Day. The car pulls into the car park. The two detectives and **Simon** get out of the car and **Elizabeth** runs over to greet **Simon** and **Rod** the solicitor walks behind her, both very smartly dressed.*

Elizabeth

(throwing her arms around him)

Where have you *been*? God, you look terrible

Simon

They forgot the papers!

Darke

Not now, miss.

CUT TO

18. INT. - HOLDING CELLS, MAGISTRATES COURT

*Day. **Simon** sits in a small cell when the door opens and **Rod** walks in. The door is shut after him.*

Rod

Right, I've spoken to people about raising your bail money and that shouldn't be a problem.

Simon

Good.

Rod

The thing is, they might not grant bail under any circumstances, not until you get to Melbourne.

Simon

You can't be serious!

Rod

Just be prepared. Worst case scenario, we'll lodge a bail application as soon as you get to Melbourne.

CUT TO

19. INT. - COURTROOM, MAGISTRATES COURT

Day. The magistrate studies papers and then looks up towards the police prosecutor. Darke and the sergeant sit beside the prosecutor.

Magistrate

Yes, Mister Radcliffe.

Prosecutor

This is a simple extradition matter, your honour. The details are set out in the application.

Magistrate

Yes, I see. What have you to say about this, Mr . . . er . . . Wells.

Rod

My client denies knowledge of anything pertaining to the allegations, Your Honour.

Magistrate

Yes, but we're not here to consider the allegations, *per se*, but the question of extradition.

Rod

My client is a man of exemplary character, Your Honour, a former company director with no previous convictions of any kind. We ask that bail be granted pending any extradition to Victoria.

Magistrate

As you'll appreciate, I have no discretion as to the matter of extradition. What do you have to say on the question of bail, Mr Radcliffe?

Prosecutor

Your Honour, by his own admission, Mr Young lives 'like a gypsy'. He states he has no permanent place of residence but lives on a yacht. He is, we understand, a competent sailor and we oppose bail on the grounds that there is a considerable flight risk.

He sits down, is spoken to by Darke and stands up again.

The matter is listed for hearing in the Melbourne

Magistrates Court on Monday, Your Honour, at which time Mr Young may lodge a bail application.

*He sits down, is spoken to by **Darke** and stands up again.*

There is also the matter of ongoing investigations and the possibility of further charges, Your Honour.

Magistrate

Your client lives on a yacht, Mr Wells?

Rod

(after a brief whispered consultation)

The phrase 'like a gypsy' was used light-heartedly, Your Honour. It is . . . er . . . true that Mr Young's home is a yacht moored in Coffs Harbour Marina, but we are of course prepared to give guarantees . . .

Magistrate

(signing papers without looking up)

I am satisfied that the arrest and extradition papers are valid and I make orders to that effect. Bail is refused. Take him down.

CUT TO

20. INT. - HOLDING CELLS, MAGISTRATES COURT

*Day. **Rod** walks in. The door is shut after him.*

Simon

Is that all we can do?

Rod

For the time being, yes . . . until you get to Melbourne.

Simon

And what was that about further charges?

Rod

Don't worry, it's bullshit . . . to blacken your name . . .
it's a game the cops play.

Simon

Well it doesn't seem like a game from where I'm
standing. Now look, I want the best lawyer money
can buy helping me in Melbourne. I'm tired of this
bullshit. I don't care what it costs.

Rod

I'll make the arrangements this afternoon and email
a brief today.

Darke

(entering the cell)

Right, we're off.

Simon

Can I speak to my girlfriend?

Darke

Not here. Back at the station maybe. Let's go.

CUT TO

12. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Simon is back in the same cell.

Policeman

(with a tray of Macdonald's food)

You're just in time for lunch . . Big Mac, fries,
Coke . .

Simon

(taking the food)

No Coke, thanks . . can we get anything except
Macca's?

Policeman

No, mate . . take it or leave it.

Simon lies back on the bed, his hands behind his head.

DISSOLVE TO

13. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

*The middle of the night. Two young drunks are dragged kicking and swearing into the cell block. **Simon** unshaved and dishevelled turns in his bed, pulling the blankets over his head.*

CUT TO

14. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

*The following morning (Saturday). A **policeman** opens the door of **Simon's** cell.*

Policeman

You decent? Sergeant Plimmer wants to see you . . .

CUT TO

15. INT. - PLIMMER'S OFFICE, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

The door opens Simon enters.

Plimmer

Gawd, you look terrible. We're not really geared up to keep people more than a day or two. Would you like some coffee? Cappuccino?

Simon

Yes, please.

Plimmer

(picking up the phone)

Could you grab us a couple of cappuccinos, please, Bazza . . . cheers. Right, as you know we'll be shipping you off to Melbourne on Monday. I suggest you get yourself cleaned up by then. Is there someone who can get you some clean clothes?

Simon

Can I 'phone George at the Marina?

Plimmer

Sure, that won't be a problem. He speaks very highly of you, by the way. In fact, everyone speaks well of you . . . we've had to make inquiries, you understand . . . (**Simon remains silent**) . . . yes, well.

Policeman

(knocking on the door)

Mr Young's brief is here, Sarge . . 'e's in the interview room.

Plimmer

(standing up)

Right, thankyou maybe he can help get some clean clothes. Anyway, you won't see me again. Good luck in Melbourne.

Simon

(standing up)

Right, goodbye then. I can't say it's been a pleasure

CUT TO

16. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

Rod *the solicitor sits on one side of the table. Simon enters and sits down.*

Rod

G'day, Simon. I have some news for you. I've teed up a barrister for you in Melbourne, Alistair Gainsborough . . he's very good . . QC.

Policeman

(knocking and entering with cardboard cup)

Cappuccino, two sugars . . .

Rod

Nice! Good to see they're looking after you . .

Simon

It's like the Hilton . .

Rod

(missing the sarcasm completely, not listening)

Really? That's good to hear. Now, Gainsborough's fee is ten grand . . .

Simon

I beg your pardon?

Rod

Ten grand . . his fee for the bail hearing . . .

Simon

You're not serious?

Rod

He's a QC, Simon. You said you wanted the best. He *is* one of the best in Victoria. Anyway, I need the money today.

Simon

Well I can't give you ten grand! I don't even have my cheque book.

Rod

Thought of that, so I spoke to your friend Elizabeth and she's transferred the money online, so that's taken care of . . .

Simon

You spoke to my friend before you spoke to me?

Rod

Yes, so that's taken care of . . . one less thing for you to worry about . . . anyway, Gainsborough will contact you when you're in Victoria . . . *(standing up and extending his hand)* . . . right, that's it then. I wish you the very best of luck.

Simon

Rod, I need some clean clothes from the yacht . . .

Rod

Can't help you, mate, sorry . . . I'm playing cricket and then the band's got a gig.

Simon

Well . . . thanks for all your help.

CUT TO

26. INT. - CELLS, COFFS HARBOUR POLICE STATION

*The Monday morning. **Simon** looks a lot smarter, shaved and wearing a clean shirt, tie and suit. A **policeman** unlocks the cell and **Darke** and another Victorian detective **Dave** escort **Simon** to the front foyer of the police station.*

Policeman

Mr Young, I am required to inform you that you are now handed over to the custody of the Victorian Police.

Darke

Simon, I have to speak to you . . . *(the others bow their heads, as if in prayer)* . . . the regulations are that you be handcuffed for the trip to Melbourne, but we don't want to do that. I need your assurance that you won't be any trouble.

Simon

Yes, well, I assure you I won't cause any problem.

Darke

(signing a clip-board handed to him)

Good. Let's go then!

CUT TO

27. INT. - SYDNEY AIRPORT, PASSENGER TERMINAL

The airport is busy, many people and announcements over the loudspeakers. Darke, Dave and Simon wait until the crowd disperses then make their way to an empty arrivals lounge.

Darke

We're meeting two blokes from the NSW Prison Service here, Simon. They're making sure everything goes smoothly.

Simon

Really? Is all this security really necessary?

Darke

My word it is. Not that you seem to pose a threat, but we never know who we're dealing with . . . we get some pretty rough customers at times.

(Darke dials on a mobile 'phone)

Darke here, where are you? We're at the Coffs Harbour arrivals lounge . . . how would I know where that is? All I know is it's the arrivals lounge and you're supposed to be here! . . . what do you mean, you're running late? What use is that, dickhead! . . we'll be gone by then, fuckwit! I'm filing an official report.

(Closing the 'phone)

The fuckwits won't be here for an hour or so! Come on!

CUT TO

28. INT. - SYDNEY AIRPORT, PASSENGER TERMINAL

Darke is angry and he pushes his way through the crowd with Simon following and Dave hurrying along behind. They pass a sign reading VIRGIN AIRLINES - MELBOURNE.

Darke

Come on!

Simon

(looking up at the sign)

I don't think so!

(Darke strides on ahead . . Simon turns to Dave)

We're not flying Virgin, are we? This is the wrong way.

Dave

(running after Darke)

Wrong way, boss. This is the Virgin side.

Darke

Fuck! Where's Qantas then? . . . wait here.

Darke *speaks to a passing hostess in uniform, she points.*

Back this way

*They do an about turn and **Darke** forges ahead as the others try to keep up.*

CUT TO

29. INT. - SYDNEY AIRPORT, QANTAS TERMINAL

The QANTAS departure lounge is full. The trio arrive and stand by a pillar.

Darke

Wait here. I'll check in.

Darke *walks across the lounge to join a queue at the CHECK IN counter.*

Dave

*(leaving **Simon** standing alone)*

Stay put, mate. I'm busting for a piss.

*Time passes. An announcement comes over the speakers to the effect that all flights are subject to delay due to bad weather. **Darke** makes his way back through the crowd to find **Simon** standing alone.*

Darke

(dumbfounded)

Where the fuck is he?

Simon

He went off for a piss.

Darke

Jesus Christ!

Dave is seen walking back through the crowd talking on a mobile 'phone . .

Dave

. . . . they've made the announcement, all flights
delayed until further notice. I can't bloody help it . . .
look, I've got to go . . I'll call you back.

Darke grabs his arm and pulls him away from **Simon**, out of earshot - they
are seen in animated conversation. They return to **Simon**.

Darke

Right. Dave will stay with you now, Simon.
We're not going to hang around here, I'll see if
there's a VIP lounge or something.

Darke walks off and **Dave** takes out his mobile 'phone.

Dave

Just have to make a call . . . (*he dials*) . . . sorry
about that, Babe . . . I'm stuck in Sydney . . .
Sydney Airport, I did tell you . . . I'm escorting a
bloody prisoner . . . what? . . no, of course you
can't talk to the prisoner, he's a prisoner . . . maybe
an hour, maybe more, but either way I'll be late . .
alright . . (*he puts the telephone in his pocket*) . .
bloody woman doesn't believe me, wanted to talk
to you!

Darke

(*returning through the crowd*)

Come on!

CUT TO

30. INT. - AIRLINER CABIN

Darke, Simon and Dave strap themselves into their seats, **Simon** in the middle. Passengers pass in the aisle.

Dave

(speaking across Simon)

Two hours late . . my wife's gonna kill me . . .
hey, are we on overtime rates for this?

Darke

No idea.

Dave

We better be on bloody overtime!

Darke

Got your barrister organised, Simon?

Simon

Yes.

Darke

Who is he?

Simon

Can't remember his name. The solicitor from Coffs
Harbour booked him for me.

Darke

Did he now . . . well, I hope he's good, for your sake . . . you're going to need someone good, 'cos we're not letting you go in a hurry . . we've put a lot of work into you.

CUT TO

31. EXT. - ARRIVALS TERMINAL, MELBOURNE AIRPORT

Evening. The trio walk from the terminal to a car waiting in a 'NO STANDING' zone. A uniformed policeman opens the doors as they approach. They climb in and the car speeds away.

CUT TO

32. EXT. - MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Evening. The car pulls up at a large roller door set in the side of a city building. The door rolls up and the car enters a holding area with another roller door in front, the second door opening as the first closes.

CUT TO

33. INT. - RECEPTION, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*Bright lights illuminate a cavernous concrete reception area. The car pulls into a parking bay beside a marked police van. Shouting is heard from within the van as two policemen casually stand by. **Darke, Dave and Simon** climb out of the car, **Simon** looking particularly unshaven and dishevelled.*

Darke

Sit down over there . . . stay with 'im, Dave.

***Darke** approaches a long counter behind which stand a number of heavily built men in prison officer uniform. At the counter, a young man is being*

*questioned by one of the **prison officers** who makes notes on a form. **Darke** is seen talking to another **prison officer** and pointing towards **Simon**.*

Darke
(beckoning)

Over here, Simon . . . stand here, on this line.

*In the background, a middle-aged woman typing on a computer looks up. The **prison officer** pushes a large plastic bag across the counter to **Darke** who puts **Simon's** personal belongings, including \$1,000 in cash, into the bag.*

Darke

I'm now handing you over to the prison staff, Simon. You'll be held in the protection unit due to the nature of your crime . . . you'll be alright, I've put in a good word for you.

Simon

Thanks Don . . . I appreciate it.

***Dave** puts **Simon's** small bag up on the counter and the two detectives turn to leave. A second **prison officer** empties the contents of the bag on the counter.*

Darke
(walking back to the car)

Right . . . we'll see you in court.

Prison Officer #1

You been in prison before, Young?

Simon

No.

Prison Officer #2

No, Sir. You will address all prison officers as 'Sir'.

Prison Officer #2

So you don't have a CRN?

Simon

CRN?

Prison Officer #1

Criminal Record Number.

Simon

God no.

Prison Officer #1

And you've been extradited from New South Wales to face charges in Victoria, is that correct?

Simon

Yes . . . yes, Sir.

Prison Officer #1

That's a lot of paper work for us. We'll get back to you on that. Lock him up, Mr Cainer . . . put him in number three, make sure he's on his own.

Prison Officer #2

(lifting a trap in the counter and passing through)

Right Mr Oliver . . . turn to your right, Young
. . . follow the yellow line.

CUT TO

34. INT. - HOLDING CELL, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*The steel door slams shut behind **Simon** who sits on a steel bed which has no mattress, the only furniture in the cell. He hears a constant barrage of shouting and abuse from other prisoners.*

DISSOLVE TO

35. INT. - HOLDING CELL, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*The steel door opens and **Prison Officer #2** enters.*

Prison Officer #2

Right, we're ready for you.

***Simon** is led past steel bars behind which a number of prisoners are held, many with tattoos. They glare at him as he passes. They return to the RECEPTION AREA.*

CUT TO

36. INT. - RECEPTION, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*Night. A clock on the wall shows 10.53. At the counter an middle aged man wearing dressing gown and slippers is being questioned. **Simon** is positioned against a wall with height markers and photographed, then weighed.*

Prison Officer #3

Stand against the wall . . . face me . . . now turn to your left . . . right, move over to the scales . . . go into that cubicle over there and strip completely.

CUT TO

37. INT. - SEARCH CUBICLE

Simon *walks tentatively into a cubicle and hesitantly starts to undress, looking for somewhere to put his clothes. He drops them on the floor, then strips to his underpants.*

Prison Officer #3

Everything off, get your pants off . . . pass each item of clothing to me, one at a time.

The prison officer pulls on rubber gloves and as Simon passes each item, it is examined, pockets turned inside out.

Prison Officer #3

Run your fingers through your hair . . . head to the left, hold your ear forward . . . head to the right . . . open your mouth, do you have dentures? . . . lift your tackle . . .

Simon

My tackle?

Prison Officer #3

Your balls, lift them up . . . right, turn around, lift your left foot . . . back towards me so I can see the sole of the foot . . . now the right foot . . . bend forward . . . spread your arse cheeks . . . right, get dressed.

Simon

Could I possibly have some clean clothes from my bag?

Prison Officer #3

No you fucking can't. Put your clothes on then come outside.

CUT TO

38. INT. - RECEPTION, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Simon returns to the brightly lit reception area where two blankets lie on the counter. Six motley prisoners wait against the wall, each carrying blankets.

Prison Officer #2
(consulting a clip-board)

Young, is it? Grab those blankets . . . right, you lot . . . turn to your left, walk on, follow Mr Hindmarsh.

CUT TO

39. INT. - PASSAGE, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

The seven prisoners escorted by Prison Officer #2 and Prison Officer #3 are led through a steel door and then down a sloping concrete passage to a large cage lift. They enter the lift, which descends.

CUT TO

40. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

The cage lift stops and the prisoners and prison officers walk along another concrete corridor to a long row of cells.

Prison Officer #2

(unlocking the door of a cell)

Stop here . . . Young, get in here.

CUT TO

41. INT. - CELL 3, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

The cell door slams shut and is locked. Simon enters the concrete cell which is lit by fluorescent light. A bare concrete bed is against one wall and on the other wall a prisoner is asleep with two mattresses under him. Simon assesses the situation.

Simon

(shaking the sleeping prisoner)

Hello!

Prisoner #1

What? . . . who the fuck are you?

Simon

You've got my mattress.

Prisoner #1

No, mate . . . I've got my mattress . . now fuck off.

Simon

You've got two mattresses . . . one's mine.

Prisoner #1

(Suddenly sitting up in bed and grabbing Simon)

Listen, cocksucker . . . you put your 'and on me again and I will 'it you so fucking hard you won't know your your elbow from your arsehole . . now *fuck off!*

DISSOLVE TO

42. INT. - CELL 3, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*A cacophony of noises are heard whilst the screen remains black, men shouting and keys jangling. Slowly the fluorescent lighting reveals **Simon** hidden under his blankets as **Prisoner #1** swings his legs onto the floor, stretching. A bell rings and a window in the cell door opens as **Prison Officer #4** looks in, then a small trap door flies open.*

Prison Officer #4

Hands on traps!

***Simon** emerges from under the blankets to see **Prisoner #1** walk to the door.*

Prisoner #1

(placing his hands on the small trap door)

Hughes, Sir.

Simon

(jumping out of bed to put his hands on the trap)

Young, Sir.

The trap door slams shut.

CUT TO

43. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*There are no windows, the only lighting stark fluorescent tubes behind protective grills. **Prison officers** walk along the row of cells opening one door after another as an assortment of **prisoners**, most wearing dishevelled day clothes they have slept in, make their way to a bleak concrete alcove stating TOILETS. **Simon** unshaven and scruffy, makes his way to the toilets.*

DISSOLVE TO

44. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Returning from the toilets, Simon notices wet socks and underpants hanging from plastic knives pushed into door frames as makeshift clothes hooks. Simon speaks to an elderly prisoner.

Simon
(smiling)

G'day mate.

Elderly Prisoner

What?

Simon

G'day . . . why are these people washing their clothes?

Elderly Prisoner

'Cos otherwise they stink.

Simon

You mean people are kept here for some time?

Elderly Prisoner
(laughing)

First timer, are ya? You'll get used to it.

Simon

How long are people kept here?

Elderly Prisoner

Weeks . . . months sometimes . . . like I said, you'll get used to it.

Simon

Good grief!

CUT TO

45. INT. - CELL 3, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Simon lies on his concrete bed, having regained the thin mattress. He reads a book as **Prison Officer #4** enters.

Prison Officer #4

Young, is it?

Simon

(standing up)

Yes.

Prison Officer #4

Your brief's here . . . follow me.

CUT TO

46. INT. - PASSAGE, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Prison Officer #4 escorts **Simon** to the lift, then up the sloping concrete passage to another passage better finished where **Prison Officer #5** sits at a desk reading a newspaper.

Prison Officer #4

Young to see his brief, Mr Sullivan.

Prison Officer #5

Right . . . follow me, Young.

CUT TO

47. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, CUSTODY CENTRE

Prison Officer #5 opens the door to a small cubicle. **Simon** enters and the door is closed and audibly locked behind him. Behind a glass partition the barrister **Gainsborough** sits sifting through papers.

Gainsborough

(looking up and smiling kindly)

Simon, is it? . . . my name's Alistair Gainsborough . . . I'll be representing you at your bail hearing on Monday.

Simon

Monday? What day is it today?

Gainsborough

Friday.

Simon

Can't we have the hearing sooner?

Gainsborough

Not a chance, I'm afraid . . . how are they looking after you?

Simon

Like shit . . . have you visited the cells here?

Gainsborough

No, I haven't . . . I gather they're not very comfortable.

Simon

Like something from the nineteenth century.

Gainsborough

Well . . . it's only for a few days . . . now, the police have given me a brief outline of the charges against you, but before anything else I'd like to hear, in your own words, your version of events . . .

Simon

Right . . . well, I arrived in Melbourne on . . .

Gainsborough
(interrupting)

No, no . . . from the beginning please, Simon . . .
from your very first contact with the alleged victim.

Simon
(thinking)

That would have been back in March . . .

DISSOLVE TO

48. INT. - CABIN, THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Flashback - night. Simon sits at a computer in the cabin of his yacht, we see the computer screen - Simon uses SKYPE to talk to his German friend.

Simon V/O (off camera)

. . . I had been talking to an old friend who lives in Germany and who was due to visit Melbourne on business in April. I arranged to travel down to Melbourne for a few days during his visit . . .

Simon logs off SKYPE.

. . . After talking to my friend . . . **PENDING**
[refer to **CHAPTER 1 PAGE 15**]

CUT TO

49. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, CUSTODY CENTRE

Gainsborough interrupts.

Gainsborough

Just a moment, are you saying that . . . **PENDING**
[refer to **CHAPTER 1 PAGE 15**]

CUT TO

50. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Doors are slammed and locked noisily as Simon returns to the cells.

Elderly Prisoner

How d'you go?

Simon

Don't know yet . . . I'll find out on Monday.

Elderly Prisoner

Best make yerself at 'ome then.

Prison Officer #6 (off camera)
(shouting)

Muster up! . . . five minutes to muster.

CUT TO

51. INT. - SHOWERS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Simon stands at a primitive basin wearing nothing but a towel, shaving. Washing the soap from his face, he steps into the shower.

CUT TO

52. INT. - CELL 3, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Returning to his cell, **Simon** finds a new cell-mate has replaced the neanderthal bully, a young man with a pock-marked face, **Mark**.

Simon

You're moving in?

Mark
(extending his hand)

Mark.

Simon
(pointing to his mattress)

Simon . . . that's my mattress.

Mark
(perplexed)

Yep . . . that's your mattress.

Simon

Good!

CUT TO

53. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, CUSTODY CENTRE

Day, Monday. Prison Officer #6 opens the door to the interview room where Gainsborough is waiting.

Gainsborough

Simon, I'll be frank. Have you told me the truth, the whole truth?

Simon

Yes, of course . . why do you ask that?

Gainsborough

Matey, they really want to keep you locked up, it's extraordinary. I'm trying to pin them down, but there's more to this than meets the eye. You're sure you've told me the whole story?

Simon

Absolutely . . there's really not much to tell.

Gainsborough

Amazing. Well, they object to bail on the grounds that

you're an extreme flight risk, a competent sailor owning an ocean-going yacht that could take you into international waters.

Simon

That's rubbish. The engine is currently stripped down, awaiting spare parts, and the sails are stripped for maintenance. The yacht's not seaworthy.

Gainsborough

Okay, well that's in our favour. What about your passport, could you surrender that to police?

Simon

Certainly, that's no problem.

Gainsborough

Okay, we should be able to overcome that problem. They will ask for a financial surety, you have money available?

Simon

How much?

Gainsborough

Ten, twenty grand possibly.

Simon

That shouldn't be a problem.

Gainsborough

Okay . . . it's nearly lunchtime, I'll get back to you in a couple of hours.

CUT TO

54. INT. - CELL 3, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

Simon's lunch is on his bed, sandwiches wrapped in Gladwrap, an orange and a small sealed cup of fruit juice. Mark lies on his bed, reading.

Mark

I hoped you wasn't coming back . . . I was going to eat your lunch.

Simon

No such luck . . . I hope to have an answer this afternoon.

CUT TO

55. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

The clock high on the wall shows 3.10. Prison Officer #6 calls to Simon.

Prison Officer #6 (off camera)

Young!

Simon

Sir!

Mark

Good luck, mate.

CUT TO

56. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, CUSTODY CENTRE

Gainsborough *is waiting as Simon sits down.*

Gainsborough

There's good news and there's bad news. The good news is that the magistrate will accept assurances that the yacht is not seaworthy and you'll be released on bail subject to strict reporting conditions . . . *(pause)*

Simon

And the bad news?

Gainsborough

They've set the bond at two hundred thousand dollars . . .

Simon

WHAT!

Gainsborough

I know, I know . . . it's totally beyond my understanding.

Simon

Two hundred grand?

Gainsborough

Can you raise that sort of money?

Simon

Not on my own, no . . . I'll need to speak to some friends.

Gainsborough

Right, you do that . . . Can you telephone me as soon as you have the money available? . . . it will need to be cash or a bank draft.

Simon

Well, it won't be cash! I'll make some 'phone calls and get back to you.

CUT TO

57. EXT. - PANORAMA, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

The camera pans across the view from Elizabeth's house.

Elizabeth (off camera)

You can't be serious . . . two hundred thousand dollars?

CUT TO

58. INT. - OFFICE, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE (N.S.W.)

Elizabeth speaks on the telephone - behind her there is a spectacular view of the Blue Mountains through the window.

Elizabeth
(on the 'phone)

Where are we expected to get that sort of money?
. . . I suppose I can mortgage the house . . . no, its not a major problem, I just need to get to the bank
. . . I *know* it's urgent, Simon, I'll call the bank straight away . . . have you got a number for this man Gainsborough? . . . don't worry, leave it with me.

CUT TO

59. INT. - CELLS, MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*Early morning. A bell rings as **prison officers** with clipboards walk outside the locked cells opening the small windows. **Prisoner's** hands are seen in the 'traps'.*

Prison Officer #4

Hands on traps!

*The count is completed and **prison officers** unlock the cell doors. **Simon**, scruffy and unshaven, emerges from his cell and passes the **elderly prisoner**.*

Elderly Prisoner

Still 'ere, then?

Simon

Still here.

Elderly Prisoner

The more people they keep locked up, the more important they are, see? Gives them a sense of power.

Simon

How long did you say you've been here?

Elderly Prisoner

Six weeks now.

Simon

Good grief!

Prison Officer #1
(shouting)

Young! Simon Young!

CUT TO

60. INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM, CUSTODY CENTRE

Gainsborough *sits against the glass partition, Simon sitting opposite.*

Gainsborough

You're a lucky man, Simon, that is quite some woman you have there!

Simon

You mean Liz?

Gainsborough

Wonderful woman . . . she's arranged for the bank to transfer funds by close of business today, which means you might be out of here at 8am tomorrow morning.

Simon

Thank God for that!

Gainsborough

It's not certain though, don't get your hopes too high . . . we still have to face the magistrate.

Simon

When will that be?

Gainsborough

This afternoon . . . we've managed to meet all the police requirements, but they will still argue that bail should be refused . . . they really don't want to let you go, Simon . . . now it's up to the magistrate.

Simon

Unbelievable . . . well, I shall see you this afternoon.

Gainsborough

(standing to leave)

Yes . . . keep your fingers crossed.

CUT TO

61. INT. - MAGISTRATES COURT, MELBOURNE

Simon is brought up into the court by a **prison officer**. The court is in full session with the **magistrate, clerk and stenographer** facing the body of the court. **Gainsborough** sits on his own at the barrister's desk, on the other side are **Detective Sergeant Darke** in plain clothes with two **police prosecutors**. In the body of the court sit a number a **newspaper reporters** making notes.

Gainsborough

(referring to his notes)

Your Honour, this is an application for bail on behalf of Simon Greenway Young . . . Mr Young was arrested one week ago in New South Wales and it will be many months before the case comes before a court.

Magistrate

Yes, Mr Gainsborough . . . what are the exact charges against Mr Young?

Police Prosecutor

Your Honour, the state objects to any provision of bail in this matter. Mr Young has no fixed address and described his lifestyle in a statement to police as that of a 'gypsy'. He lives on an ocean-going well-equipped yacht in New South Wales, outside the jurisdiction of Victoria Police . . . he is extremely wealthy having been the manager of rock and roll band . . . in view of the serious charges in this matter we request that bail be refused.

Police Prosecutor

(sitting down and standing up again)

There is also a possibility additional charges will be brought against Mr Young, Your Honour.

Magistrate

I see. What do you have to say, Mr Gainsborough?

Gainsborough

Your Honour, whilst it's true that Mr Young was once, many years ago, working in the music industry he has, since that time, established a successful business career which demonstrates that he is a responsible member of society. In describing himself as a 'gypsy', Mr Young was making a humorous remark which the police have taken totally out of context. The yacht on which Mr Young lives is not, at the present time, seaworthy . . . again a matter misrepresented by the police. Mr Young is prepared to surrender his passport and he will arrange

accommodation other than the yacht. I might add, Your Honour, that Mr Young will be pleading not guilty and vigorously denying the charges.

Magistrate
(*sorting papers*)

Yes, thank you . . . I have had an opportunity to consider the arguments and I note that Mr Young has no permanent place of residence . . . obviously the yacht is unacceptable in this respect . . . I also note that Mr Young is from another state . . . however, I am prepared to grant bail subject to stringent reporting conditions and the lodgement of surety in the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.

CUT TO

62. EXT. - MELBOURNE CUSTODY CENTRE

*Early morning - streetscape. The steel roller door slowly winds up to reveal **Simon**, unshaven and wearing a crumpled and dirty suit, standing with his bag in hand. Suddenly a mass of **reporters** and **camera crews** assault him. Cameras flash.*

Reporter #1

Simon, will you be fighting the charges?

Reporter #2

Do you have any comment on the allegations?

*Saying nothing, **Simon** pushed his way past the throng.*

CUT TO

63. NEWSPAPER - FRONT PAGE

*A newspaper front page, with headline, MILLIONAIRE ENTREPRENEUR ON SEX CHARGES and a photo of a very dishevelled **Simon Young** leaving the Melbourne Custody Centre, lies on a table.*

END OF EPISODE ONE

THIS DRAMATIZATION IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Roll credits