



Ross Barnett

Film Services

Television Drama Series

Fall from Grace

EPISODE 4 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 4 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**

CUT TO

1. INT. - POLICE STATION, KATOOMBA

*Day. **Simon** rings the small bell and waits. The fat **police sergeant** looks up, then returns to his newspaper and toast. **Simon** waits.*

Police sergeant

Yes?

Simon

Simon Young . . . reporting . . . on bail.

Police Sergeant
(pulling out the bail book)

Sign here.

Simon

I've changed my address. I'm now living at the Mountain View Hotel.

Police Sergeant

(expressing interest for the first time)

'Ave you now? Got a court order, 'ave you?

Simon

Yes . . . it's on your files.

Police Sergeant

(examining the papers on file)

Let's see.

Simon

And this weekend I'm going to Coffs Harbour. I have permission to visit my yacht . . . it's all there.

Police Sergeant

(leaning forward)

Right, Mr Simon Greenway Young, word of advice . . . you get your arse in here before 9am on Monday morning or I will have a warrant out for your arrest before you can say "ave a nice day" . . . do I make myself clear?

Simon

I'll be back on the Sunday evening.

Police Sergeant

You better be . . . now fuck off.

CUT TO

2. EXT. - MAIN STREET, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon drives into frame in a red Porsche with the hood down. He stops briefly outside a café where he was arrested, then drives on.

CUT TO

3. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon parks in the marina carpark and walks towards the jetty. George, the caretaker, walks to meet him drying his hands on a towel.

George

(extending his hand)

Simon Young! I was so glad to get your call.

Simon

(shaking hands)

G'day, George. I'm sorry I haven't been here sooner.
They wouldn't let me.

CUT TO

4. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon and George walk towards the jetty. Gracie the yacht is moored in the distance.

George

So that's all behind you now?

Simon

No, unfortunately not.

George

Fuck! The boat's a mess, Simon. I pumped out the bilge, but I didn't want to do too much until I spoke to you.

CUT TO

5. EXT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Day. Simon and George climb onto the yacht, which is dishevelled.

Simon

Shit!

Opening the cabin door, Simon looks inside.

Good God! The bastards . . . this was done by the cops, George? You're sure that vandals haven't been here?

George

No vandals, Simon, I can promise you that. There were cops all over it the day they took you away, and the next day.

Simon

They've ripped up all the decking . . . shit!

CUT TO

6. INT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE', INTERIOR

Day. Simon climbs down the steps into the cabin, which is a mess. Decking has been ripped up, the engine compartment stripped, personal belongings

scattered across the floor.

George

(somewhat embarrassed)

I didn't know whether I should start to clean up, or what . . .

Simon

That's okay, George, you did the right thing. What on earth were they looking for?

George

Rumour has it, and it's just what the boys have been saying, you understand . . . they were looking for drugs . . . you being in the music business . . .

Simon

I've never had any interest in drugs!

George

Just what the boys are saying.

Simon

Shit! . . . well, I'll make start. I'll sleep here tonight, George, then tomorrow I'll be off again.

George

Okay . . . do you need a hand?

Simon

No, I'll be right.

CUT TO

7. EXT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Later the same day. Simon loads rubbish into a wheelbarrow on the jetty and goes to a marina rubbish skip.

DISSOLVE TO

8. INT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Later the same day. Simon scrubs the sink in the small galley.

DISSOLVE TO

9. EXT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Sunset. Simon is mopping the deck. He rests to survey his work.

CUT TO

10. INT. - THE YACHT 'GRACIE'

Night. Simon climbs down the steps into the cabin, which is now tidy and clean. Three cardboard boxes contain his personal belongings. He pulls the cork from a bottle of wine and pours wine into a glass tumbler.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

11. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon parks the Porsche close to the jetty and loads the cardboard boxes from the yacht into the car. Then he walks to the supervisor's office.

CUT TO

12. INT. - SUPERVISORS OFFICE, THE MARINA

Day. George is working on paperwork. He stands up as Simon walks in.

George

G'day. How d'you go? Sleep alright?

Simon

Good thanks, George. Here 's the keys. I've no idea how long I'll be gone, maybe quite a while.

George

Okay.

Simon

(extending his hand)

Thanks, mate. I'll let you know what's happening when I know myself.

George

(shaking hands)

Take your time. And good luck.

CUT TO

13. EXT. - THE MARINA, COFFS HARBOUR

Day. Simon climbs into the Porsche and drives away.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

14. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

Day. The room is a mess with cardboard boxes full of Simon's belongings everywhere. Simon's 'phone rings.

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Hi Bob!

CUT TO

15. INT. - KITCHEN, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

Day. Margaret is busy at the kitchen sink, Bob sits at the table with the 'phone.

Bob

Greetings stranger. What news, did you get up to Coff's?

Simon
(off camera)

I did. The police left the yacht a total mess.

Bob

Bastards. Did 'Liz go up with you?

CUT TO

16. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

Simon
(on the 'phone)

No. We're not really talking at the moment. I've moved out.

Bob
(off camera)

You've done *what*?

Simon

(on the 'phone)

Moved out. It wasn't working.

CUT TO

17. INT. - KITCHEN, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

Bob

(to Margaret, his hand over the 'phone)

Bob says he's moved out of Liz's place.

(on the 'phone)

So where are you living? Do you need to come here?

Simon

I'm at the pub, in Katoomba.

Bob

Do the cops know?

CUT TO

18. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

Simon

(on the 'phone)

Yes, it's all good. I just need somewhere to store my stuff from the yacht, I don't want to leave it with 'Liz.

Bob

(off camera)

Sure, that's no problem. Why don't you bring your stuff down next weekend?

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Next weekend is good. I'll be down on Saturday morning.

CUT TO

19. INT. - KITCHEN, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

Day. Simon, Bob and Margaret sit at the kitchen table with cups of coffee.

Margaret

So what happened in court? How come you've got to go back?

Simon

Alistair wasn't there. We didn't really put up much of a fight.

Bob

The judge saw the girl's profile, the sex site?

Simon

The magistrate . . . well, no . . . it wasn't brought up.

Bob

What!

Simon

I know!

Margaret

But surely that website profile is the basis of your defence?

Simon

A part of it, yes . . . I don't know why it got overlooked. We concentrated mainly on the fake email.

Bob

Fuck! So what happens now?

Simon

Trial. In the County Court.

Margaret

Simon, what's happened with Elizabeth?

Simon

I left before she kicked me out.

Margaret

How could you, after she's stuck by you all these months?

Simon

She wanted more than I could give. You know what she's like.

Bob

Look mate! Do you remember the cottage up on the farm? The one overlooking the lake?

Simon

Vaguely . . . why do you ask?

Bob

We thought maybe you could use it . . . sleep there when you need to, stow your gear.

Simon

My stuff's in the car.

Margaret

We could run up now, if it suits you.

Simon

Sure, why not?

Bob

(standing up)

Excellent. We'll meet you there.

CUT TO

20. EXT. - COUNTRY COTTAGE, OUTSIDE SYDNEY

Day. Simon drives the Porsche down a farm track to the picturesque cottage, where Bob and Margaret are waiting. He parks and gets out of the car.

Simon

I'd forgotten all about this place.

Margaret

The girls sometimes use it for sleep-overs.

Simon

Perfect.

Bob

(lifting a box from the car)

Let me give you a hand.

CUT TO

21. INT. - COUNTRY COTTAGE, OUTSIDE SYDNEY

Day. The door opens to reveal a dusty interior, sunlight streaming through the window. Bob and Simon enter carrying boxes.

Bob

It's a tad dusty.

Simon

I'll give it a good clean out.

Bob

How long before the trial in Melbourne?

Simon

The trial's set down for August, but I have heaps to do before that.

Margaret
(entering)

Here's the key, Simon. Feel free to use this place as your own.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

22. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

Day. The room is much tidier now, all the boxes have gone and only the guitar is obvious. Simon's 'phone rings.

Simon
(reading the caller ID)

Andrew, what's happening?

CUT TO

23. - INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

I have some news. We finally have the analysis of Moira's computer . . . some interesting stuff here.

Simon (off camera)

Really? Can you fax it to me?

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

I can, but I think you should come down to Melbourne. Can you come down next week? I want to arrange for a top silk to review all the evidence.

Simon (off camera)

So Alistair's definitely not available?

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

No, 'fraid not. But I've been speaking to an experienced QC by the name of Neville Gregorian. He's just had a case dropped and has time available.

CUT TO

24. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Okay. I can come down next week. What day?

Andrew (off camera)

I'll contact Neville and get back to you.

CUT TO

25. INT. - NEVILLE'S LEGAL CHAMBERS, MELBOURNE

*Day. Neville's legal chambers are in the heart of Melbourne's legal precinct. Simon sits on a settee in the lavishly decorated reception area and observes the comings and goings of a number of barristers and secretaries. A smartly dressed **receptionist** sits at a desk.*

Receptionist

Mr Gregorian shouldn't be every long. Would you like some coffee or tea?

Simon

Tea, please. No milk, one sugar.

The receptionist brings a bone china cup and saucer. After a while, Neville - something of a 'character' - walks into shot.

Neville

Simon Young? Come!

CUT TO

26. INT. - NEVILLE'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Day. Neville sits behind an antique desk. Original legal prints decorate the walls.

Neville

Sit! . . . interesting case, this . . . very interesting. In your opinion, can any of the messages you exchanged with this girl on the Adult Friend finder website be produced in court?

Simon

Not unless they were downloaded and saved at the time, no.

Neville

That is what I have been advised. My next question is this: If you were asked, under oath, whether or not the young lady sent you a message stating that she was, in fact, fifteen years of age, would you answer 'yes' or 'no'?

Simon

Definitely 'no'.

Neville

Good. Then that's the basis of our defence. Now let us turn our attention to the complainant. Where it is her word against yours, it should not be difficult for us to demonstrate that she is an unreliable witness. Have you had a chance to see the analysis results from her computer?

Simon

No, not yet. That's partly why I've come down to Melbourne.

Neville

*(handing **Simon** some foolscap sheets)*

I've had the opportunity to study them briefly. These excerpts from her chat logs will give you an insight into the young lady's character . . . you might care to glance at them.

Simon

(taking the papers and reading)

Thankyou . . . thankyou very much.

DISSOLVE TO

27. INT. - MOIRA'S BEDROOM, MELBOURNE

*Night. **Moira**, wearing pyjamas, sits on her bed typing at a laptop.*

CUT TO

28. INT. - THE SCREEN, MOIRA'S LAPTOP

*We see the computer screen as **Moira** types within MSN CHAT. As each line is typed, an OFF CAMERA V/O repeats the text. Spelling mistakes and incorrect English in the texts are intentional.*

Chatlog transcript: 10.31pm Wed 8 August

Purpleangel: Guess wot my brothers a tranny

Lindababe: You sure?

Purpleangel: Yeah, its sick. He got photos on his phone in my clothes. I told mum and dad.

Lindababe: Shit! Did they freak?

Purpleangel: Yeah. Dad called him a faggot. Dad asked if anyone had photos of me on their phones and I'm like nooooo

Lindababe: LOL Heaps of people have photos of you on their phones

Purpleangel: I know. Jules has videos of me sucking his woosie

Lindababe: Moira Jane Dickson!!!!!!

Purpleangel: It's hot I like it

Lindababe: Golly gosh

Purpleangel: Hey, you reckon if I met someone I could pull off being twenty one?

Lindababe: Na. you would do for eighteen but

Purpleangel: This older guy from Sydney off the net, he's coming down to Melbourne. I told him I was twenty one

Lindababe: Yr not serious?

Purpleangel: Maybe I should tell him I'm really eighteen. Either way were gonna fuck.

Lindababe: OMG ☹

Purpleangel: LOL he's coming down from Sydney

Lindababe: What is yr relationship with him? Why's he coming down?

Purpleangel: Says he's in Melbourne to see a friend

Lindababe: Yeah, right . . . age, job, kids?

Purpleangel: Fifty, retired, not married, no kids . . . used to work for some music company

Lindababe: Sounds sleazy

Purpleangel: Na seems okay . . . met him on a sex site.

Lindababe: Appearance?

Purpleangel: Looks okay . . . says he wants a young woman to spoil and fuck and I'm like hellooooo!!!!

Lindababe: Yr so bad

Purpleangel: Aren't I!!!!

Lindababe: I don't think it's a good idea

Purpleangel: Yr not the one doing it! . . . if he's sleazy when I meet him I won't do it

Lindababe: How come yr always having sex?

Purpleangel: LOL :-

Lindababe: When will you meet him?

Purpleangel: Next weekend . . . Ballad Hotel, you know it?

Lindababe: Sure, posh place. I'll be worried

Purpleangel: Na he seems okay

Lindababe: Seriously

Purpleangel: Gotta go some bloke msging me

CUT TO

29. INT. - NEVILLE'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Simon

Charming!

Neville

(pressing his fingertips together and leaning back)

Apart from the childish banter, you see the relevant passage?

Simon

Not especially.

Neville

Moira uses the words 'I told him I am twenty one' and then she adds 'maybe I should tell him I'm really

eighteen'. These words would tend to support your defence.

(leaning across the desk with more papers)

And there's more of the same.

DISSOLVE TO

30. INT. - MOIRA'S BEDROOM, MELBOURNE

Day. Moira in jeans and T-shirt sits on her bed typing at a laptop.

CUT TO

31. INT. - THE SCREEN, MOIRA'S LAPTOP

Again we see the computer screen as Moira types within MSN CHAT, with off-camera V/O. (Note: different correspondent)

Chatlog transcript: 3.36pm Sunday 19 August

Bluangel: Sup man?

Purpleangel: Woz just waiting for you to come online

Bluangel: Busy?

Purpleangel: Nope . . . pissed off I just fucked a man who's sixty two

Bluangel: Ewwwww ☹

Purpleangel: Yeah

Bluangel: Why did you do that?

Purpleangel: Dunno . . . thought it would be fun . . . didn't know a man over sixty could crack

a fat

Bluangel: Dirty old man . . . you should go to the cops, man

Purpleangel: Na . . . I told him I was eighteen

Bluangel: Yeah but he might do it to someone else

Purpleangel: You think?

Bluangel: At least tell your mum

Purpleangel: She would go straight to the cops . . . she did last time and he was only twenty

Bluangel: Fuck

Purpleangel: I don't want to tell the cops

Bluangel: You should man . . . you'd get compensation

Purpleangel: How much?

Bluangel: Heaps. Anyways you feel bad about it, you should tell your mum

Purpleangel: I'll think about it

CUT TO

32. INT. - NEVILLE'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Neville

(taking the papers back from Simon)

Now there are two interesting aspects there . . . the one is that she states quite clearly, and I quote:

'I told him I was eighteen'
Simon

Okay. And the other thing?

Neville

She states her mother reported a previous incident to the police, something to do with a person aged twenty . . . do we know anything about this?

Simon

No, nothing.

Neville

Right, I'll get Beames onto it straight away. If this young lady has made a similar complaint to the police previously, we should know about it.

Simon

Can I keep these transcripts?

Neville

I'll have the entire file photocopied for you, then you can peruse it at your leisure. You may well find other relevant information. It's quite obvious that Miss Dickson is a very promiscuous young lady. Now, I know you've been over the history many times, but for my benefit if you could tell me what happened from the beginning . . .

DISSOLVE TO

33. INT. - NEVILLE'S LEGAL CHAMBERS, MELBOURNE

Day. Neville walks Simon to the lift.

Neville

To be frank, all the evidence I have seen tends to support your version of the events. Sadly, this does not necessarily mean we shall win the case. Juries tend to pay little attention to evidence in cases such as this.

Simon

What do you mean?

Neville

Well, fundamentally it's her word against yours.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

34. EXT. - MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL, KATOOMBA

Day. Simon's walks towards the hotel, talking on the 'phone.

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Wocka? Simon Young . . . you busy tomorrow?
. . . I've just received the analysis of Moira's computer,
I was wondering if I could run through it with you?
. . . good, I'll see you tomorrow.

CUT TO

35. INT. - WOCCA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Day. Wocka sits at his untidy desk reading the transcripts.

Wocka
(reading)

Good grief! I cannot understand why the cops are pursuing this . . . the girl states clearly that she's lied about her age, she's on the 'net trolling for blokes to root, then she shows off about it . . .

Simon

It's not the cops any more, it's the Department of Public Prosecutions . . . 'Liz thinks the cops are rather over the whole business.

Wocka

And how much of the public's money is the DPP spending on this crap?

Simon

Many, many thousands of dollars.

Wocka

It's unbelievable! What does your solicitor say?

Simon

I've not spoken to the solicitor recently . . . the barrister thinks we have a strong defence.

Wocka

Bloody right, what with this shit on her computer and her sex site profile . . . I'm amazed your solicitor can't get the case dropped.

Simon

(taking his mobile 'phone from his pocket)

I'll give him a call *(on the 'phone)* Good morning, Simon Young from Sydney here. Would Andrew be free? . . . thankyou.

Wocka *continues reading the transcripts, shaking his head.*

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Andrew, g'day . . . I'm here with my IT expert, we're just going through the transcripts of Moira's computer . . . we're wondering why the DPP is pursuing the case, given the girl states clearly she lied about her age?

CUT TO

36. INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

There's the email she sent you, Simon . . . the one stating her real age is fifteen.

CUT TO

37. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Jesus Christ, Andrew! We've been through all that . . . she sent that email to the cops, *not* to me . . . I never received any such email.

CUT TO

38. - INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

Her word against yours, Simon . . . and I rather think
a jury might accept her version.

CUT TO

39. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Fuck! So there's nothing you can do to exert any
pressure? . . . okay, yes, I understand . . . yes, we'll
definitely put her on the stand, Neville will tear her
to pieces . . . yes, thanks, 'bye now.

(he puts the 'phone back in his pocket)

He keeps going about the non-existent email.

Wocka

This bloke's trying to get you locked up, mate . . .
can't you get a new solicitor, one with balls?

Simon

Too late now.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

40. EXT. - MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL, KATOOMBA

*Day. Katoomba is a mass of gold and orange Autumnal colours as **Simon** walks from the hotel to the police station.*

CUT TO

41. INT. -POLICE STATION, KATOOMBA

*Day. A young **policeman** passes the bail book for **Simon** to sign.*

Policeman
(handing over a pen)

Can't be long before your trial?

Simon

Two months.

Policeman

I bet you'll be glad to put it all behind you.

Simon
(returning the pen)

I will.

CUT TO

42. INT. - STREETSCAPE, KATOOMBA

*Day. Leaving the Police Station, **Simon** buys a copy of the Financial Review and walks back to the hotel.*

CUT TO

43. INT. - LOBBY, THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

*Day. **Simon** enters the lobby engrossed in the share prices. The **proprietor***

looks up from behind the counter.

Proprietor

(holding a large envelope)

Mr Young! Mail for you, special delivery.

Simon

(taking the envelope)

Okay, Thankyou.

CUT TO

44. INT. - SIMON'S ROOM, MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

*Day. Against a view from the window overlooking the Autumn leaves of the valley, **Simon** opens the envelope and reads. The envelope contains a detailed summary from **Andrew**, the solicitor.*

Simon

(reading)

Fuck!

(he picks up his 'phone and dials)

'Liz, you busy? . . . I need to run some ideas past you, Andrew wants a decision, 'guilty' or 'not guilty' . . . thanks, I'll be there in an hour.

CUT TO

45. EXT. - GARDEN, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

*Day. **Elizabeth** wears her battered straw hat and tatty man's shirt. She is poised beside an easel, painting the autumn trees as **Simon** walk into the garden with the envelope in his hand. The **two dogs** greet **Simon** enthusiastically.*

Simon

(kissing her on the cheek)

Nice!

Elizabeth

Why thankyou . . . and how's you?

Simon

Average . . . I'm sorry to interrupt.

Elizabeth

(rinsing the paintbrush)

Don't be silly! . . . coffee?

Simon

Love some!

CUT TO

46. INT. - KITCHEN, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

Day. Elizabeth pours coffee as Simon takes papers from the envelope.

Elizabeth

So . . . how can I help?

Simon

I honestly don't know what to do . . . I've got this long letter from Andrew summarising the situation, it's not encouraging.

Elizabeth

(sitting down)

Oh dear!

Simon

The trial is in eight weeks . . . he wants a firm decision as to whether we are going to file a defence.

Elizabeth

But I thought that was settled?

Simon

It was, but now I'm having doubts. On the one hand, we can cross-examine the girl and bring out her Adult Friend Finder profile and some admissions from her computer which confirm she lied about her age, claiming to be eighteen . . .

Elizabeth

That seems straight forward.

Simon

On the *other* hand, the prosecution will argue that she was, in point of fact, fifteen and she will claim she told me her true age . . . I will deny that, but as Andrew points out, it will come down to a decision made by the jury.

Elizabeth

Andrew thinks a jury might be swayed in favour of the girl?

Simon

He says it's possible . . . then there's the question of money . . . he wants payment in advance, naturally, and before filing a defence he wants fifty grand?

Elizabeth

What!

Simon

Fifty thousand dollars, it's all itemized . . . there's witness statements to prepare, three days in court, with Neville on two grand a day and John Poole on fifteen hundred a day . . . preparation of exhibits . . .

Elizabeth

Fifty thousand dollars? How much have you paid so far?

Simon

To date, I've paid Andrew twenty eight thousand.

Elizabeth

This is ridiculous . . the whole thing is just a big money grab, the lawyers, the courts . . . if you need money, I can help.

Simon

No, no . . . I've got the money, thank you . . . it's just, do I want to risk twenty grand on what is essentially a gamble? . . . Andrew says if I fight the case and the jury finds me guilty, the judge won't be impressed.

Elizabeth

And the alternative?

Simon

Plead guilty now . . . the cost drops from fifty grand to ten grand max, and given the mitigating circumstances Andrew thinks I'd get a light sentence.

Elizabeth

What does the barrister think?

Simon

He thinks we can win the case . . . he says he can tear the girl to pieces on the stand, but I'm not sure I want that either . . . of course, he gets his two grand a day whether we win or lose.

Elizabeth

It seems wrong to let her get away with her lies . . . but I feel sorry for her.

Simon

I feel *very* sorry for her . . . I'm sure she doesn't want to be questioned under oath by an aggressive QC.

Elizabeth

What a mess! . . . I would have thought the prosecutor would have a duty of care to the girl and would abandon the case, given her profile on Adult Friend Finder and her claim to be over eighteen.

Simon

Thing is, if I plead guilty, everyone 's spared the stress of a trial . . . Moira, me . . . I save forty grand and cop a

light prison sentence, maybe not even that.

Elizabeth

You're sure about that?

Simon

What do you think?

Elizabeth

Oh God, Simon, I don't know . . . it's a nightmare . . . I can't give you advice . . . but you know you're friends will stand by you, whatever you choose.

Simon

Right . . . I'll 'phone Andrew.

CUT TO

47. INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Andrew

(on the 'phone)

Simon, g'day . . . you got my letter?

Simon (off camera)

Yes . . . what would you advise?

Andrew

(on the 'phone)

If it was me, I'd plead 'guilty' and throw myself on the mercy of the Court . . . you'd get credit for the 'guilty' plea and the fact that you spared the victim the stress of

a trial . . . the whole thing would be done and dusted and you'd be five grand out of pocket. The alternative is a bitter and stressful fight with no guarantee of success.

CUT TO

48. INT. - KITCHEN, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Okay, I'll plead 'guilty'.

Andrew (off camera)

You're sure about that? Take some time to think.

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Andrew, I've thought about little else for the past six months . . . I'm sick of it . . . I want the simplest option.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

49. INT. - LOBBY, SYDNEY AIRPORT

Day. Simon and Elizabeth walk through the crowds, carrying suitcases.

Announcer (off camera)

Virgin Airlines Flight Five Two for Melbourne departing Gate Four at four thirty five . . .

Simon

You know it's really not necessary for you to come.

Elizabeth

Don't be ridiculous. Of course I want to come.

Simon

Okay.

CUT TO

50. INT. - CAFÉ, MELBOURNE

Day. The café is quite busy. Simon, Elizabeth and Andrew sit at a table with coffee cups. Andrew looks at his watch as Neville arrives wearing his gown and carrying his wig.

Neville
(cheerfully)

'Morning . . . 'morning Andrew, Simon . . . Elizabeth, is it? We haven't met . . . Neville Gregorian.

Elizabeth

Hello.

Neville

We're up before Georgina Martin . . . that's not good . . . are you ready?

CUT TO

51. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, MELBOURNE

Day. From a distance, Neville sees a group of cameramen and reporters waiting on the pavement outside the County Court building. He pulls

Simon and Elizabeth to one side as he and **Andrew** walk ahead.

Neville

Press. They might be waiting for you, Simon. Andrew and I will go ahead . . . follow quickly and just walk straight past them, ignoring them.

CUT TO

52. EXT. - ENTRANCE, COUNTY COURT, MELBOURNE

Simon and Elizabeth walk straight past the cameramen and reporters and enter the revolving door of the Court.

CUT TO

53. INT. - ENTRANCE, COUNTY COURT, MELBOURNE

Simon and Elizabeth exit the revolving door and pass a number of security officers, joining a queue for the metal detector screen. They pass through and join **Neville** and **Andrew** in the foyer.

Neville

We're in Court Eleven . . . we'll take the lift.

CUT TO

54. INT. - CORRIDOR, COURT ELEVEN

A group of people wait outside the courtroom, including **Darke** (the policeman), **Moira** sitting with her **mother** and **boyfriend**, the **prosecuting solicitor** and **Hindley** the prosecuting barrister, and miscellaneous **reporters**.

Elizabeth

(walking towards **Darke**)

There's my friend Don! . . . I'll just pop over and

say hello . . .

Andrew
(talking to Neville)

I've just thought, did they lodge a victim impact statement?

Neville

No, not to my knowledge.

Andrew

That's unusual . . . I hope they're not planning to spring one on us at the last minute.

Neville

I would doubt it . . . with the girl's internet profile and promiscuous history, they'd open a can of worms . . . a victim impact statement might well work in our favour.

Simon

Who's that girl sitting with Moira's mother?

Andrew
(looking around)

That must be Moira.

Simon

No, it's not. Moira's much slimmer and she's blonde.

Andrew
(walking off)

I'll find out.

(he returns)

Definitely Moira.

Simon

Good grief.

Andrew

And definitely no victim impact statement . . . they don't want her past coming before the judge.

*The doors of the courtroom are opened by a **clerk** and people file through the doors.*

Neville

Right . . . here we go!

CUT TO

55. INT. - COURT ELEVEN, COUNTY COURT

***Neville** and **Andrew** walk to the bar and put their bags on the desk as **Simon** and **Elizabeth** sit down in the body of the court behind them. **Moira**, mother and **boyfriend** sit down to the right as **reporters** sit towards the back of the court. Prosecution **solicitor** and **Hindley** the barrister sit down at the bar table.*

Neville

*(leaning over to talk to **Simon**)*

You need to go into the dock, old son . . .

Simon

Really?

Neville

Yes. Come on, I'll take you over.

Simon stands up and walks with **Neville** to the raised enclosure at the rear of the courtroom. A female **prison officer** holds open a gate in the wooden railing. **Simon** looks at **Neville** who nods, and he climbs two steps into the enclosure and the gate is shut. Everyone in the room turns to look at **Simon** with the exception of **Moira**. A **clerk of the court** opens a door behind the judge's bench and the **judge** enters wearing a crimson robe and wig.

Clerk

All stand!

DETAIL PRELIMINARIES

Hindley

Your Honour, the defendant has been charged under Sections

PENDING [refer to CHAPTER 7 PAGE 21 and actual trial procedure]

It is our submission, your Honour, that the only suitable penalty in these circumstances is an immediate term of imprisonment.

Judge

Thankyou, Miss Hindley . . . do you have a victim impact statement to pass up?

Hindley

Really? No victim impact statement? . . . very well. Stand up, please, Mr Young. The Clerk of the Court will now

read out each of the four charges and you are required to answer "guilty" or "not guilty" to each charge . . . do you understand?

Simon
(*standing up*)

Yes.

Clerk
(*reading*)

Simon Greenway Young, you are charged in that on

PENDING [refer to CHAPTER 7 PAGE 23 and actual trial procedure]

How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?

Simon

Guilty.

Simon (off camera v/o)

Hang on a minute . . . she was advertising on an adult website, over eighteens only.

Clerk
(*reading*)

You are further charged in that **PENDING**

How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?

Simon

Guilty.

Simon (off camera v/o)

She portrayed herself as over-eighteen with numerous raunchy photos . . . she lied to me.

Clerk
(reading)

You are further charged **PENDING**

How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?

Simon

Guilty.

Simon (off camera v/o)

I believed her to eighteen years old, that's two full years over the age of consent.

Clerk
(reading)

You are further charged **PENDING**

How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?

Simon

Guilty.

Simon (off camera v/o)

The evidence on her computer proves she lied about her age . . . she was bragging about it to her friends.

Judge

You may sit down, Mr Young . . . as you have pleaded guilty to the four crimes with which you have been charged, you are automatically required to be enrolled on the National Sex Offenders Register. The penalties set down in the Crimes Act for these offences total fifteen years in prison. Mr Gregorian, I understand you have something to say in mitigation for your clients behaviour.

Neville

(standing up)

Thankyou, your Honour. I will open by saying that my client did not, at any time, seek sexual favours from a child under the age of sixteen. It was client's understanding and belief that the young woman he met at the Hotel on twenty second of was eighteen years of age. This belief was based, first and foremost, on advertisements placed on an adults only website entitled Adult Friend Finder. The young lady in question . . .

Judge

(interrupting)

I would be obliged if you would use the term 'victim' when referring to the complainant, Mr Gregorian.

Neville

As your Honour pleases. The victim maintained a sexually explicit profile page on the adults only website in which she purports to be twenty one years old . . . if I might tender the relevant profile for your Honour's perusal?

The Clerk takes a folder containing Moira's AFF profile from Neville and hands it to the judge. The judge registers an expression of astonishment and looks towards the prosecution bench.

Judge

You're aware of the contents of this profile, Miss Hindley?

Hindley
(standing up)

Yes, your Honour.

Judge

This does throw a somewhat different light on the whole matter. On the other hand, Mr Gregorian, your client went ahead with the sexual liaison after he became aware of the victim's true age, which was fifteen at the time of the offence.

Neville

At the time of the offence, it was my client's belief that the victim was, in point of fact, eighteen years of age.

Judge

If that is the case, then why have you not filed a defence in that respect? Your client has pleaded guilty to knowing engaging in sexual acts with a child under the age of sixteen.

Neville

With respect, your Honour, my client has pleaded guilty to the offences, but we maintain that at the time the offences occurred the victim's true age had not been disclosed. In my client's favour, he has chosen to plead guilty to the offences in order to spare the victim the stress of cross-examination, a decision which, in my opinion, your Honour, indicates Mr Young's genuine remorse.

Judge

Yes, well . . . we can all feel remorse after the damage is done.

Neville

Your Honour, my professional advice to Mr Young was that if the case had gone to trial, the charges would have been dismissed by the Court. I base this opinion on the fact that the . . . er . . . victim misrepresented her age in a manner which can be clearly demonstrated, and the fact that there is no evidence whatsoever to support the prosecution's assertion that the victim advised Mr Young of her true age. According to evidence procured by forensic examination of the victim's computer, examination conducted by Victoria Police, I might add, both before and *after* the events of eighteenth August the victim discussed with friends the fact that she had lied about her age. If I might tender to the Court transcripts of Messenger Chat conversations dated eighth August and nineteenth August . . .

The Clerk takes papers of Moira's MSN transcripts from Neville and hands them to the judge, who glances briefly at them and looks up.

Judge

But these conversations have no bearing on your client's guilty plea, Mr Gregorian.

Neville

Er . . . no direct bearing, no your Honour.

Judge

I'm not sure that childish chat is strictly relevant to the matter under consideration.

Neville

Relevant in that the statements support our argument that the victim purported, at all times, to be eighteen years of age, your Honour.

Judge

What else do you have, Mr Gregorian?

Neville

A number of depositions in support of Mr Young's good character, your Honour, his business achievements and charitable work, in particular his work for the New South Wales voluntary fire service, and we have a witness who will speak in favour of Mr Young's character

DISSOLVE TO

56. INT. - COURT ELEVEN, COUNTY COURT

Later the same day.

Judge

Stand up please, Mr Young. It will take me some days to process the information provided by Mr Gregorian, and I appreciate that your plea has spared your victim the stress of cross-examination . . . no doubt that would have been a traumatic experience for her. Nevertheless, you have pleaded to very serious crimes which attract a mandatory jail sentence. I order that you remanded in custody to attend this court in seven days days, at which time I shall pronounce sentence . . . take him down.

Elizabeth

(looking shocked and standing up, turning to Simon)

Simon!

*The **prison officer** standing in the dock takes **Simon's** arm and guides him to a door at the back of the dock.*

Prison Officer

This way!

CUT TO

57. INT. - LIFT LOBBY BEHIND COURT ELEVEN

*A second **prison officer #2** (a large man) stands beside the lift doors. In stark contrast to the interior of the court room, the bare concrete walls are stark. **Simon** enters followed by the female **prison officer** from the court room.*

Simon

Jesus! Don't I get a chance to say goodbye to my friends?

Prison Officer #2

You shoulda thought of that, mate.

The lift doors open and the three enter the lift.

CUT TO

58. INT. - BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

*Cold fluorescent light floods the stark concrete basement, where some twelve **prison officers** are busily walking to and fro. **Prison officer #2** leads **Simon** to a yellow line painted on the floor in front of a raised desk. Behind the desk, a middle-aged civilian **clerk** enters details into a computer.*

Prison Officer #2

(holding a plastic tray)

Stand on the yellow line . . . empty your pockets into the tray.

Clerk
(*typing*)

I've got you listed as Simon Greenway Young, is that correct.

Simon
(*emptying his pockets into the tray*)

Yes.

Clerk
(*typing*)

Date of birth twenty sixth of August nineteen fifty two, is that correct?

Simon

Yes.

Prison office #2 *puts the tray with Simon's belongings onto the desk where another prison officer #3 catalogues each item and places it into a plastic bag.*

Clerk

I'm going to give you a criminal record number which you need to remember, it's important . . . one nine one one nine four . . . I'll write it down for you . . . right, he's done, Mister Cameron.

Prison Officer #2
(*passing the slip of paper to Simon*)

Learn the number, Young . . . it's the new you . . . right

follow me.

CUT TO

59. INT. - HOLDING CELL, BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

A heavy steel door opens into a bare prison cell. Simon enters followed prison officer #2. The door is left open.

Prison Officer #2

Strip search. Take off each article of clothing and pass it to me.

Simon

Do you want to close the door?

Prison Officer #2

No, I don't want to close the fucking door, and when you talk to me you address me as 'Sir' . . . but best you don't talk and do as you're fucking told, now strip!

Simon takes of each article of clothing which is searched by prison officer#2 and tossed aside. He stand naked.

Prison Officer #2

Run your fingers through your hair . . . hold your ears forward . . . open your mouth, any dentures? . . . lift your tackle . . . turn around, spread your arse cheeks . . . right, you can get dressed.

Simon starts to dress as the door slams and a bolt is heard to shoot home.

DISSOLVE TO

60. INT. - HOLDING CELL, BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

Simon lies on the concrete bed, somewhat dishevelled. A trap in the cell door opens and a take-away container passed through with a small container of fruit juice.

Prison Officer (off camera)

Lunch!

DISSOLVE TO

61. INT. - HOLDING CELL, BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

Simon paces up and down. The door opens suddenly and a new **prison officer #4** enters the cell, carrying a clip board.

Prison Officer #4

Young, is it? You're off.

Simon

Where am I going?

Prison Officer #4
(consulting the clip board)

You're going to the Port Phillip . . . follow me!

CUT TO

62. INT. - BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

They return to the cold fluorescent light and the large open basement area. A line of twelve **prisoners** stands against a wall, some with small bags.

Prison Officer #4
(consulting the clip board)

Stand on the blue line, Young . . . that's the lot, Mister Burgess.

Prison Officer #5

Thankyou, Mister Walton . . . right, turn to your right, you lot . . . walk on, straight through the door.

CUT TO

63. EXT. - CAR PARK - BASEMENT, COUNTY COURT.

The prisoners come through the door to a prison van. Prison officers supervise as they climb into the van door. Simon goes to follow the other prisoners.

Prison Officer #5

Not you, Young . . . we've got a special section for kiddy fiddlers, you go round the back.

Simon goes to the back of the van, where a separate door leads to the interior.

CUT TO

64. INT. - PRISON VAN

Simon sits on a steel shelf in a tiny enclosed space. The door is slammed shut.

CUT TO

65. EXT. - FORECOURT, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

Late evening, dusk. The prison van drives into the floodlit forecourt where Port Phillip officers (different uniform) stand waiting. All prisoners leave the van except Simon, who is kept waiting. Finally, Simon is escorted into a holding cell by two officers.

CUT TO

66. INT. - HOLDING CELL, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

Simon enters the cell followed by two Port Phillip officers.

Officer #1

Young, is it? That's an appropriate name, how old was she? Twelve?

Simon

She told me she was eighteen.

Officer #2

(as both officer laugh)

Yeah, right! . . . strip search, mate, get your gear off!

Simon

What! I've just been strip searched!

Officer #2

Get used to it . . . you'll be searched every time you move.

Officer #1

How long did you get?

Simon

(undressing)

No idea . . . I have to go back for sentencing.

Officer #2

I guess we'll be seeing a lot of you, then.

CUT TO

67. INT. - LARGE PRISON UNIT, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

*Night. The prison unit is a large area with concrete floor, surrounded by cells along each wall. Stairs lead to a second story. **Simon** (now wearing prison greens) carries a pillow and a pile of clothing in a large blue plastic box. He reports to the officers' desk where two **Port Phillip officers** lounge in chairs, one surfing the internet, whilst a third fills in some papers. The **officer** calls to a prisoner called **Gillie**.*

Officer

Gillie! Take this bloke up to number fifty four . . .

Gillie

Follow me, mate . . . d'ya need a hand? Here, gimme the box.

*As **Simon** follows **Gillie** across the wide open space towards the stairs, a number of **prisoners** are eating at tables - they turn casually to look at the new arrival. **Simon** follows **Gillie** up the stairs and along an open corridor to an open cell.*

CUT TO

68. INT. - PRISON CELL, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

*Night. There are bunks in the small, cramped cell, upper and lower. **Gillie** puts **Simon's** box on a chair.*

Gillie

My name's Gillie, I'm the unit billet . . . you got any worries or problems, you come and see me . . . anyone tries to stand over you, you come and see me . . . I'm in cell one . . . okay?

Simon

Yes, thankyou.

Gillie

Grab your plate . . . you might just be in time for dinner.

CUT TO

69. INT. - LARGE PRISON UNIT, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

Simon approaches a serving area on one side of the ground floor, where prisoner #1 is putting metal trays onto a trolley.

Simon

Sorry mate . . . I've only just got here.

Prisoner #1

(pulling a tray from the trolley and taking Simon's plate)

I'm not yer fucking mate, and we don't serve cunts who are late . . . yer lucky this time, now fuck off . . .

Simon walks to a nearby where two prisoners are sitting . . . he sits down with his meal.

Simon

G'day . . .

The two prisoners get up and walk away without a word. A bell rings, and all prisoners (about fifty) move towards their cells. Simon sees what's happening and picks up his meal, moving towards the stairs.

CUT TO

70. INT. - UPPER CORRIDOR, LARGE PRISON UNIT

Simon puts his half eaten dinner inside the cell and stands beside the door, where a spotty **youth** is already standing. Along the corridor all **prisoners** are standing outside their doors. Two **Port Phillip officers** make their way along the corridor, one ticking names off on a clipboard. As each name is called, the **prisoners** move into their cells and the doors are slammed and locked.

Prisoner #7

Stephens, Sir!

Prisoner #6

Tran, Sir!

Prisoner #5

Williams, Sir!

Prisoner #4

Thompson, Sir!

Prisoner #3

Weatherall, Sir!

Youth

(Simon's cell mate)

Walker, Sir!

Simon

Young, Sir!

CUT TO

71. INT. - PRISON CELL, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

Simon and the spotty **youth** are locked in the cell. **Simon** extends his hand, which the **youth** ignores.

Simon

My name's Simon.

Youth

(turning on the television)

How long you got?

Simon

I don't know yet, probably a year you?

Youth

Seven on the bottom . . . I 'ope you don't fuckin' snore.

CUT TO

72. INT. - PRISON CELL, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

*Night. A digital alarm clock shows the time as 5 o'clock. The cell door opens, introducing a wedge of fluorescent light as a **Port Phillip prison officer** enters the cell.*

Prison Officer

Young! Young! Wake up . . . get dressed, you're off to court.

CUT TO

73. INT. - HOLDING CELL, PORT PHILLIP PRISON

Early morning. Simon, wearing a green prison track suit, paces up and down the bare cell.

CUT TO

74. INT. - COURT ELEVEN, COUNTY COURT

Later the same day. Simon enters the dock accompanied by a prison officer. Andrew walks across the court to meet him and shakes hands. Six journalists sit at the back of the court. Court officials and the prosecuting solicitor sit at desks.

Andrew
(shaking hands)

Simon. How've they been treating you?

Simon
(shaking hands)

Like shit! Who are all these people?

Andrew

Press. Nothing we can do about that.

Clerk of the Court

All rise.

The judge enters as everyone in the court stands and bows. The judge sits down and reads from a folder in front of her.

Judge

Stand up, Mr Young . . .

PENDING - REFER CHAPTER 8 Pages 18 - 19.

END OF EPISODE FOUR

THIS DRAMATIZATION IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Roll credits