

AGE OF CONSENT

written by

S. Armstrong

Based on a True Story

Justin Littman
The Gotham Group
Justin@gotham-group.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PITCAIRN ISLAND -- NIGHT, 1805

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean stands a once-deserted island. Around its lone campfire, there's a rowdy, makeshift camp site filled with revelers...

The Englishmen are three sheets to the wind, falling down drunk, and covered in half-naked Polynesian girls.

Behind one of the tents, a group of island men watch jealously as the Europeans have their way with their women. They whisper to each other and pull back, plucking muskets and bayonets from those white men that have already passed-out.

The British that are still on their feet draw draughts off a copper kettle filled with the simmering roots of the ti-plant. Written on the bell in small, almost unreadable letters is: H.M.S. BOUNTY, 1784.

Rain starts to fall as the islanders get into position. Claspings their weapons, murder in their eyes, the Polynesians strike, ripping the white devils off their women, some in mid-coitus.

As the women scatter, Edward Brown is the first to make a stand. He's shot in the neck by a musket ball, blood spurting.

When his mate, Quintal, tries to back him up, he's savagely hacked to death with a hatchet.

Mccoy, the portly man running the still, turns to run but is handily caught. They chain his wrists and drag him to a nearby promontory. He struggles against his bonds as they tie a rock around his neck and send him over the cliffside.

They continue on with a purpose to the far edge of the encampment. There's a house there, it's drunken owner singing to himself as he pisses in his garden. He starts to turn around to see what the commotion is when a bullet tears through his back.

Fletcher Christian falls to his knees, craning to see who shot him. But the Polynesians surround him before he can and bludgeon him to death--

INT. GAIL'S ROOM -- MORNING, 1999

GAIL COX, 42, wakes from the dream with a start. She's in her hammock, the book she was reading last night, "Serpent in Paradise," sprawled across her chest. The mid-morning sun's already pouring in around her threadbare curtains.

She throws them open, revealing a panoramic view of listerine seas, towering banyans, and the work-in-progress village of Adamstown. Ramshackle, tin roof houses made of weatherboard appear to dominate.

Gail ties her auburn hair into a pony. She grabs the book she was reading and wearing yesterday's clothes, heads out the door.

EXT. ADAMSTOWN, MAIN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Gail sets off down Main Road, a dusty red trail that snakes through the village.

She passes a cemetery with homemade headstones etched with the names of the mutineers that were killed.

Townspeople tend their small gardens of yams and fix their lawn mowers. She waves to them. They return the gesture. Friendly, but just so.

EXT. HILL OF DIFFICULTY -- MINUTES LATER

By the time Gail reaches the steep and winding track of ochre-red rock known as the Hill of Difficulty, she's out of breath. The treacherous road leads from the settlement down to the landing.

As she descends, the boulder-encircled inlet known as Bounty Bay comes into view. Terns swoop down cliffsides and nose dive into the ocean to catch their morning meals.

As the trail levels off, she passes elderly LEN BROWN, 78, fishing in a beach chair on the concrete jetty. He has the looks of a gold prospector but none of the cheer. As he guts his catch he throws the innards to the long-beaked frigate birds that hover about.

Thinking she's clear of people, Gail jumps at the sound of a gunshot. But it only turns out to be a villager shooting at the 60 ft. tall breadfruit trees that are around. Large mounds of breadfruit fall about her as she continues on to...

EXT. MISSION HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gail hurries up to the residence traditionally occupied by the Seventh Day Adventist pastor, and knocks. South-African, NEVILLE TOSEN, 46, answers, handsome, tall and bookish. She hands over "Serpent in Paradise."

GAIL COX
Thanks for the book.

NEVILLE TOSEN
Don't let them see you carrying
that thing around - they hate that
with a passion.

GAIL COX
What? Reading?

He laughs.

NEVILLE TOSEN
No, journalists. By my count she
was the last outsider they let on
the island. Well, except for you.
(beat)
So? What'd you think?

GAIL COX
I think the moral is, don't let
anybody steal your women.

NEVILLE TOSEN
Or does it dramatize the perils of
pursuing flesh? Thirteen settlers
all killed in fights over women.
Makes you think...

GAIL COX
You're starting to sound like a
preacher again.

NEVILLE TOSEN
Sorry, I proselytize where I can.
You all packed?

GAIL COX
Eh, still got twenty-four hours...

The church bell in Adamstown square sounds announcing the arrival of a ship offshore.

NEVILLE TOSEN
So it begins...

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- SAME TIME

The Valparaiso, a cruise ship on its way from Tahiti to Easter Island, drops anchor some 300 yards off Bounty Bay.

It's like a starting gun has been fired. Adamstown residents hurry with their wood carvings down the Hill of Difficulty towards the landing.

NEVILLE TOSEN

You sure you don't want to jump on this one? You never know when the next boat's gonna show...

GAIL COX

Thanks, but they've got me on the re-supply ship. Been planned for months.

They watch as one-by-one, QUAD BIKES crest the Hill of Difficulty and zoom down towards Bounty Bay, stopping handily by the jetty. A large boat shed stands there, housing the two longboats. A dozen able-bodied men pull them from the shed.

One of the stragglers is pot-bellied DAVE BROWN, 45, son of Len. He's balding and what's left remains grey. But like most people on the island, he has a toffee-colored complexion, so he thinks he's attractive. He stops to talk to his father.

The islanders have a funny way of speaking around each other. It's a slurry of 18th century West Country English mixed with Tahitian.

DAVE BROWN

Se big. Se wery big. Who se spot her?

LEN BROWN

I ka wa.

DAVE BROWN

Bout ha ship comen from?

LEN BROWN

Filipines most like...

DAVE BROWN

Filipinos? Filipinos no good fer trade. Where the boys?

LEN BROWN

On the goat hunt, I expect.

DAVE BROWN

Lazy sods. I wish my dad called
the shots...

EXT. TARO GROUNDS -- SAME TIME

In the upper fields of the island, quad bikes roar. RANDY CHRISTIAN, 25, is built like a brick shit house. He has jet black hair with a thick goatee and his sleeveless t-shirt shows off his tribal tattoos. He leads a group of rowdy, young men on motorbikes in pursuit of a herd of wild goats.

RANDY CHRISTIAN

Come on, Royal said they were
eatin' the crops up by Taro!

His little brother, SHAWN, 23, brings up the rear.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Wait up, Randy!

But his brother rushes on ahead. Shawn, pale and meek, reluctantly hurries on after the disappearing crowd.

As they reach the top of a hill, they come across a group of schoolgirls heading to class. Randy grins and guides the group closer to do donuts around them.

The girls band together as the bikes encircle them, until Randy skids to a sliding stop. He winks at one of the smaller girls.

The quiet and studious CHARLENE WARREN, 15, has the countenance of a frail, Victorian urchin. She clutches her books to her chest as Randy revs his engine and peels out.

With Randy leading the pack away, Shawn hangs back, waving tentatively to Charlene. When she doesn't wave back, he hurries on after his brother.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- SOON AFTER

One of the longboats returns with a group of tourists from the cruise ship. As they enter the bay, they pass a bunch of kids snorkeling over the Bounty wreckage. The ship remains poke out of the ocean floor barely twenty feet below the surface.

A flea market has popped up at the landing. Elderly passengers from the Valparaiso shop at stalls set up on the jetty and along the beach. Pitcairn stamps, postcards, and t-shirts are all laid out on waterproof tarps.

EXT. MISSION HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gail and Neville watch the old people circulate, while drinking coffee on his front porch.

NEVILLE TOSEN

How are the cop lessons going?

He motions to a sentry patrolling the jetty. MERALDA WARREN, 40, hands on the hips of her huge cylindrical body, has eagle eyes that are always on the lookout.

GAIL COX

Some days I think the only reason she got the gig was because everybody else had a job. Not that I should talk. Back in Kent they had me on traffic patrol. Got a problem with your neighbor? I'm your gal.

NEVILLE TOSEN

Oh, you'll get neighborly strife here, no doubt. Only place I've seen they got feuds goin' back decades. Surprisingly though, no one's been arrested on the island since the 1950s.

GAIL COX

That can't be right.

NEVILLE TOSEN

What I heard...

GAIL COX

It would make sense. All I do here is issue driving licenses and stamp visitor's passports. The most we have to deal with is theft. Did you know they siphon diesel fuel from the quad bikes? Yeah, you got timber, roofing, and fuse boxes vanishing as soon as they're unloaded at the wharf.

NEVILLE TOSEN

They think they're entitled to it. You never seen them stock up on duty-free cigarettes and alcohol?

GAIL COX

I thought Pitcairn was supposed to be a dry island...

Neville leans in.

NEVILLE TOSEN

Come on Gail, these people aren't Christians... When we came here three years ago, they told us Pitcairn was this perfect Adventist community, free from earthly sin. I was all excited to minister. Come to find out only a handful went to church. And the ones that did were busy sleeping with each other. So, I gave a few blunt sermons and weren't too popular as a result. But nothing changed.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- SAME TIME

On the Valparaiso, Dave Brown bribes a Captain and provisions are lowered down into the waiting longboats: boxes of VCRs, hard-core porn videos, chairs, tables, a stack of mattresses, and new pairs of shoes still in the box.

When the longboats arrive at the jetty, the islanders unpack their spoils, heaving boxes from longboat to jetty. Carriers snake from the jetty to the beach, conveying crates of beers and big sacks of rice from person to person.

Upon getting out of the longboat, Dave Brown whistles to a couple lackeys who make off with the beer and the best frozen cuts of beef.

No sooner have they left than JAY WARREN, 44, the local magistrate with the face of a bulldog, hurries over to the share-out pile. He digs through what remains and stands up, pissed, stomping his foot like a petulant child.

JAY WARREN

Is this a fucking joke?

He looks around, incredulous, at anyone who'll meet his eyeline.

JAY WARREN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it - he did it again! Where the hell is Steve Christian?!

EXT. JUNGLE COPSE -- SAME TIME

STEVE CHRISTIAN, 48, father of Randy and Shawn, seventh-generation grandson of Fletcher Christian, chases a girl through the jungle.

He's swarthy, lecherous, and covered in sweat. He drunkenly pushes palm fronds out of his way as he pursues DARRALYN WARREN, 17. Unlike her younger sister and the other girls on the island, she has a shock of blonde hair that sets her apart.

Right now though, she's frantic, trying to force her way out of the dense brush. But the more she struggles, the more Steve seems to enjoy the game.

He cackles as he gains ground. He's just about to grab hold of Darralyn's hair when she suddenly breaks through the greenery into a busy part of Adamstown.

Steve moves to follow after when he comes face-to-face with Gail Cox, walking back from Neville's house.

She sees Darralyn disappear into the crowd and puts two and two together. Steve smiles through his thick mustache and slinks away, sheepishly.

INT. MISSION HOUSE -- NOON

Mission house, like most of the houses on Pitcairn Island, is relatively basic: concrete floors, unpainted weatherboard walls, wood vinyl, mosquito netting across the windows...

Gail is in the middle of lunch with Neville and his wife, BETTY, 38. Betty has pale skin, red ringleted hair, and an infectious laugh.

GAIL COX

I just don't understand what they do for money!

BETTY TOSEN

Oh, everyone's got a government job. For instance, I'm not the schoolteacher or the island's nurse, I'm the Education Officer and the Chief of Medicine. Both come with a salary, but where it gets really hairy is when people have upwards of 5,6,7 jobs.

GAIL COX

Like Steve Christian?

BETTY TOSEN

Exactly, just because he can fix anything you put in front of him, he's the most important person on the island.

(MORE)

BETTY TOSEN (CONT'D)
He's the supervising engineer, the
dentist, the radiographer...

GAIL COX
He drives the big, red tractor--

Neville slaps his hand on the table and groans.

BETTY TOSEN
Don't get him started...

GAIL COX
Why?

BETTY TOSEN
Neville's been wanting to put an
addition on the house, but to do
that he needs to use the tractor
and he can't do that without a
license.

NEVILLE TOSEN
I applied to the council's internal
committee, but it's chaired by
Randy. Nothing happened. They
kept saying after the next ship's
been. We're seen as outsiders
because we weren't born here.
Meanwhile, they got fourteen year
old locals being trained on it!

Gail almost doesn't share.

GAIL COX
You know, I saw something today...
Steve was chasing this girl,
Darralyn Warren. I don't know what
was happening, but he looked like
he'd been caught with his hand in
the cookie jar.

Neville and Betty exchange a silent look across the kitchen
table. Gail notices.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
What is it?

NEVILLE TOSEN
We didn't have any evidence. It
was just a gut feeling...

BETTY TOSEN

When I first took over the teacher job, I didn't realize what was happening. Six-to-eight year olds would talk about boyfriends and girlfriends in a way that seemed... precocious. They'd look at the other students and say, 'you're mine.' I began to notice inexplicable mood swings. One day a child would be friendly to you, the next totally withdrawn. Then I realized, 'oh they're being abused.'

NEVILLE TOSEN

When we tried to talk about it, everyone just clammed up. We brought our concerns to Meralda and she completely dismissed us. So I tried to bring the matter before the Island Council. They said 'look, the age of consent is 12 and it's never hurt them.' I told them I've worked all over the Pacific and even the Kanakas of Western Guinea had 16 as an age of consent.

GAIL COX

And what'd they say?

NEVILLE TOSEN

They called us racist, accused us of interfering with island politics. Steve said it was their 'Tahitian culture' and that sometimes the girls can't even wait until they're 12.

Betty laughs, grimly.

GAIL COX

Did you report what you'd seen?

NEVILLE TOSEN

We couldn't get a message out of Pitcairn. The communal satellite phone never seemed to be working when I tried to reach Adventist headquarters. The letters I wrote to the church administration? They never arrived.

(MORE)

NEVILLE TOSEN (CONT'D)

All the stuff we were told about this being such a wonderful, caring place, turned out to be rubbish. There's no community spirit. And it's not exotic: it's like any small town. The only difference is here -- you can't escape.

EXT. ADAMSTOWN SQUARE -- AFTERNOON

Above the Main Road is Adamstown Square, a group of buildings surrounding a clearing of cracked, grey cement. Gail walks into the library, removing her sunglasses.

INT. PITCAIRN LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

The library is a closet-sized space with shelves of Bounty books, airport novels, and travel guides. To the side, island secretary OLIVE CHRISTIAN, 46, counts out the wages for paid work. Unlike other islanders, Steve Christian's wife is slender and athletic with skin-hugging muscles. She looks up, brightly, as Gail enters.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN

Gail Cox, you've never come in here in your entire life!

Gail returns the smile.

GAIL COX

I know, I thought it was time!

OLIVE CHRISTIAN

What can I help you with?

GAIL COX

Oh, I'm just browsing.

She motions to the lone wall of books.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN

Well, all of these can be borrowed indefinitely.

Gail nods and starts to peruse. Olive, though, doesn't go back to what she was doing.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You going to the Bounty burning tonight?

GAIL COX
I heard about that, supposed to be
a sight to see...

OLIVE CHRISTIAN
It's a big tradition!

She beams at Gail, unblinking, for a few more seconds before
her eyes return to her work.

After a moment, Gail throws out a test balloon.

GAIL COX
Settle a bet for me - Meralda was
bragging the other day about how
there was no crime on the island.

Olive nods, enthusiastically.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN
It's true, even the jail's for show
- it's termite infested. We just
use it to store lifejackets.

GAIL COX
But nothing?

OLIVE CHRISTIAN
Well, not nothing! We're not monks,
after all! But it's true, we
haven't had a trial in a hundred
years. The last major court case on
the island must have been 1898 when
Harry Christian, that's Steve's
great-grand uncle, was convicted of
murdering his wife and child.

Gail makes a surprised noise.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I know, quite the scandal!
Different time...

GAIL COX
Nothing after that?

Olive looks off, blushing.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN
I mean... of course, you've got the
occasional boys who get fresh with
one of the girls. But nothing
that's gone to trial...

Gail looks skeptical.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, you don't believe me? Look for
yourself...

She pulls a thick volume from a shelf behind her desk.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
We've been collecting the Pitcairn
Miscellany for as long as I can
remember. Here, I put 'em in a
binder.

Gail gladly takes the island records from Olive and, sitting
down beside her, quietly begins to pore over them.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- DUSK

There's a line of torches lighting the way from Adamstown
down the Hill of Difficulty. Joining the throngs of people
heading to the landing, Gail runs through what she found in
the newspaper clippings with Neville.

GAIL COX
Nev, some of the things that went
on here are mental. Physical abuse,
underage pregnancies, forced
abortions! Birth records show that
most girls gave birth to their
first child between 12 and 15. One
girl had four babies by the age of
fifteen!

NEVILLE TOSEN
My God...

GAIL COX
None of it is reported officially,
but I have a theory why. If I'm
right, between 1864 and 1934, the
most common cause of death was "by
misadventure." You know what that
means? It means, by accident.

NEVILLE TOSEN
I see what you're implying, Gail,
but we're talking about an island
in the middle of the Pacific. We're
hundreds of miles from medical
care. Here a broken leg could
actually mean death!

Some ways behind them, Jay Warren hurries to keep up with Steve Christian.

JAY WARREN

The share-out has become a joke! If you and Dave Brown are going to take a cut off the top, then what's the point?!

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Jay, once again I have no idea what you're talking about...

A group of housewives passes, smirking.

KARI BROWN

Hi, Steve...

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Ladies. How we doing tonight?

He's about to engage with them, but Jay drags him back into the conversation.

JAY WARREN

I'm serious, Steve. You can't go around taking what you want! It's not fair to the others. You're not the magistrate. Remember that when you introduce me.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Sure thing, Jay...

With the majority of Adamstown now at the jetty, Steve Christian coughs to get the crowd's attention. The chattering stops almost immediately.

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

We gather here tonight on the 209th anniversary of the burning of the H.M.S. Bounty. It is a story of the confrontation between tyranny and justice. As we know, the Bounty was originally sent by the British to retrieve breadfruit plants from Tahiti and transport them to the West Indies. But when the abusive Captain Bligh pulled his oppressed crew from the women they loved on Tahiti, Master's Mate Fletcher Christian had no choice but to take the ship.

(MORE)

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

They put the Captain and those loyal to him adrift in a rowboat and set sail back to Tahiti. But the paradise they once knew was now too dangerous to stay in. They had to search for a new paradise. When they came across Pitcairn, Fletcher Christian knew that he and his men had found their new home. To make sure that none of his crew had second thoughts he ordered the Bounty to be burned in this here harbor. By destroying the ship, they were forever throwing the yoke of tyranny off. Today, we burn this effigy of the Bounty in symbolic rejection of British rule.

The crowd cheers as Steve gives the signal to proceed. Jay Warren tries to protest but it's too late. The Bounty replica is lit aflame and pushed from the end of the jetty into the Pacific.

As the crowd watches it burn, Gail looks up only to notice that Steve is staring straight at her -- *and smiling*.

Before she can look away, he blows her a kiss.

INT. GAIL'S ROOM -- THAT NIGHT

Gail readies for bed. She's in her pajamas, drying her face on a towel. After lighting a candle, she climbs into her hammock and grabs a book from her nightstand.

She's about to start reading when somewhere on the island, the diesel generator is shut off for the day. For a moment, there's complete dark for hundreds of miles.

Then slowly, one-by-one, a few households boot up their 12-volt batteries to give them a few precious extra hours of power.

But in her room, bathed in darkness, Gail only sighs. She resigns herself to sleep. Putting her book back on the nightstand, she blows out her lone candle. Then all is dark once more.

INT. GAIL'S ROOM -- HOURS LATER

Gail is woken by urgent KNOCKING at her door. Her clock reads 1:10 a.m. as she wraps herself in a robe and goes to answer the banging.

On her doorstep she finds Charlene Warren, the girl Randy did donuts around, standing there out of breath with her overly-serious face and straight, raven hair.

CHARLENE

There's trouble at Dave Brown's house.

EXT. MAIN ROAD, ADAMSTOWN -- MINUTES LATER

Gail hurries along down the path, Charlene leading the way. The only sounds on the island are the surf on the rocks, the bamboo creaking, and the noise of the fruit rats scuttling in the undergrowth.

Charlene comes to a fork in the road and goes one way, but Gail pulls up short.

CHARLENE

It's this way.

GAIL COX

I'm waking up Meralda for this, she's supposed to shadow me.

Charlene follows after her, reluctantly.

CHARLENE

Do we have to get my aunt involved?

GAIL COX

She's a police officer first, Charlene. I'm sure she won't care that you were at a party.

Gail knocks briskly on Meralda's door as Charlene mumbles to herself.

CHARLENE

Not what I was worried about...

Meralda Warren opens the door after a few moments, bleary-eyed.

GAIL COX

Sorry to wake you, Meralda, but--

MERALDA WARREN

Police business?

Gail nods. Meralda is gone for but a few seconds. She comes back already tucking in her officer's uniform.

GAIL COX
Oh, you didn't have to get all
dressed up.

MERALDA WARREN
It's alright, I like it.

GAIL COX
Ok, then. Grab your flashlight.

When she exits the house, Meralda finally catches sight of her niece.

MERALDA WARREN
What's she doing here?

Charlene answers for her.

CHARLENE
Darralyn's in trouble.

EXT. TAMANU -- SOON AFTER

Meralda leads the way, her flashlight out in front of her. The only sound besides her incessant squawking, is the ominous banging of the Duncan's door, the island's public port-o-potty.

MERALDA WARREN
Tamanu's Dave and Kari Brown's house. It's the young people's favorite spot on the island. They like to come here play cards, listen to music. Someone'll usually steal their parent's alcohol, maybe some valium...

The front door of Tamanu is open, light spilling out onto a trail of spent cans of Carlsberg.

INT. TAMANU -- CONTINUOUS

The three of them enter. It's clear a party just let out. There are cigarettes stamped into the carpet, half-finished drinks everywhere.

Gail unconsciously clears rooms like the cop that she is. In Dave and Kari's bedroom, a life-size cutout of Clark Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty" towers over their unmade bed.

The television in the living room is on, but no one's watching the "Baywatch" video that plays on it.

Sprawled out on the couch in front of the television is a blacked-out Randy Christian.

In the corner, a group of scared and sobbing youngsters crowd around each other. Charlene seems to know them.

CHARLENE
You seen Darralyn?

JACQUI
Yeah, she went home.

They eye Gail as she steps forward.

GAIL COX
You guys okay?

They nod, refusing to answer.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
You been drinking?

They exchange nervous looks.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
Don't worry, we're not here to bust you. Can you tell us what happened?

When no one answers, Charlene speaks up.

CHARLENE
It was a Bounty burning party. Darralyn went right when it started. I came later.

GAIL COX
Was she drinking?

CHARLENE
Yeah.

GAIL COX
Was she drunk?

CHARLENE
I've seen worse. She wasn't falling down if that's what you're asking.

GAIL COX
I'm just trying to find out what happened.

CHARLENE

About an hour ago, she tells me she has to pee. Maybe ten minutes later, I realize she isn't back yet and I go looking for her. I find her sitting on the ground in front of the Duncan, her knees scraped and bleeding. She was crying. That's when she told me. After she finished her business, Randy was waiting for her outside the Duncan. He grabbed her by the wrists and forced her to her knees and then--

Meralda has silently snuck up behind the two of them.

MERALDA WARREN

Did you see this happen?

CHARLENE

I know it happened.

MERALDA WARREN

But did you see it?

CHARLENE

I saw her right after. She was beside herself.

Meralda's about to ask another question when Gail glares at her, incredulous. She shuts up. Gail turns back to Charlene.

GAIL COX

Show me where this was.

EXT. TAMANU, BACK YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlene leads them out the back door towards the Duncan, roughly fifty meters back into the woods. As they go, Meralda speaks confidentially with Gail.

MERALDA WARREN

I wouldn't put too much into this. The kids, they like to make out back here...

GAIL COX

It's an outhouse, Meralda.

MERALDA WARREN

It's a small island. You gotta get it where you can.

GAIL COX
These are kids...

MERALDA WARREN
Things are different here, Gail.
Pitcairn girls mature much faster
than British girls.

GAIL COX
We're talking about assault here.
You don't believe your niece?

MERALDA WARREN
It's Randy Christian, he's very
popular. He doesn't have to beg
for it.

GAIL COX
Jesus Meralda, you sound like
you're half in love with him.

When they arrive at the Duncan, Charlene points.

CHARLENE
She said it was about here.

Gail takes the flashlight from Meralda and shines it about.
Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

She examines the Duncan quickly. It's an unappealing shack
hanging over a valley. No one in their right mind would
spend any amount of time there...

GAIL COX
I need to talk to Darralyn. Can
you take me to your house?

CHARLENE
Yeah, it's this way.

Charlene and Gail set off, but Meralda balks.

MERALDA WARREN
It's real late, I doubt Carol and
Jay are up...

GAIL COX
Yeah well, I'm out of time. I
leave in a couple hours.

MERALDA WARREN
Then maybe I should take the lead
on this?

Gail looks at her quickly, skeptically, over her shoulder.

GAIL COX
No, I don't think so.

Meralda trudges on, disappointed, as they head up the front walk of the Warren House. Charlene quietly opens her front door.

INT./EXT. WARREN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They only make it a few steps into the house before CAROL WARREN, 46, cuts them off. She stands between the visitors and her husband Jay, who's drunk on the couch watching television. He barks--

JAY WARREN
Who is it, sweetie?

CAROL WARREN
It's no one, babe.

Carol turns back to the others and mouths:

CAROL WARREN (CONT'D)
Not now.

She hurries them back out the door. When it's clear Jay's none the wiser, Carol speaks, her voice lowered.

CAROL WARREN (CONT'D)
I know why you're here. I talked to Darralyn. She told me nothing happened.

Behind Carol, Gail sees a quick glimpse of Darralyn. She's crossing from the kitchen to her room with food and has fresh scrapes on her knees.

GAIL COX
With all due respect, Mrs. Warren,
I'd like to hear that from
Darralyn.

CAROL WARREN
I put her to bed. Besides, she told me she tripped. That's all. Now, please leave before my husband hears about any of this. Come along, Charlene - you're late.

She pulls her youngest daughter inside and heads back to the T.V. room. Gail reluctantly turns to go. Meralda joins her, the smallest of smiles on her face.

From the doorway, Charlene watches the officers leave. She almost doesn't do it, but in the end works up the nerve. She runs down the front walk to catch up with Gail.

CHARLENE

Mrs. Cox...

Gail turns to face her. Charlene hesitates.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

I was raped too...

(beat)

...by Randy and Shawn.

INT. PUBLIC HALL -- SOON AFTER

Gail uses her set of keys to open the empty courthouse. She props the door open for Charlene and her mother to enter.

Carol stands awkwardly by the door in a colorful mumu as her sister-in-law, Meralda, jump starts the emergency generator.

CAROL WARREN

We have to be back soon in case Jay
wakes up...

As the lights flicker on in the courthouse, Gail leads the Warrens to a nearby table. Carol mumbles.

CAROL WARREN (CONT'D)

I don't like this...

Charlene absently pats her mother's hand.

CHARLENE

Don't worry, it'll be alright.

Carol shakes her head.

CAROL WARREN

No, there'll be trouble.

As Gail pulls a couple more chairs over, Meralda stands between her and the Warrens.

MERALDA WARREN

She's right, you know. Didn't you
say your investigative experience
is limited to traffic accidents?

GAIL COX

So?

MERALDA WARREN

What makes you think you're qualified to interview a rape victim? We've got no recording equipment...

GAIL COX

I've thought about it. I'm gonna take an old-fashioned statement, record every detail.

MERALDA WARREN

(scoffs)

It'll never hold up.

GAIL COX

I don't know what crawled up your ass, but at this point you're getting dangerously close to obstructing justice. So either let me interview the girl or I'm writing you up!

Meralda, stricken quiet, reluctantly nods. Gail goes around her and takes a seat across from Charlene and Carol.

She writes the date and time on a yellow legal pad and readies herself to copy down all that she hears.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready, Charlene...

Charlene's eyes drop to her lap, unable to face anyone. Gail tries to help.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Just tell us what happened in your own words. Begin at the beginning.

Charlene starts and stops several times, finding it difficult. She's so indecisive, it's hard to watch. Gail tries another tack.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

You know, something like this happened to me once too.

Charlene looks up.

CHARLENE

It did?

GAIL COX

It helped to talk about it. Not at first. At first, it felt like breathing fire out of my chest. But it got so much easier. Just take your time.

Charlene wipes her cheeks and finally, reluctantly recalls:

CHARLENE

Everyone was up near the lodge. It was the time of year when the sugarcane was cut and boiled into molasses. I was eleven. There was a banana grove near the shed where some of us kids were playing hide-and-seek. Randy and Shawn had joined in. At first, I thought they were just playing - hiding near me, you know? Then Shawn pulled off his t-shirt and stuffed it into my mouth. I was so stupid, I just thought they didn't trust me not to make a noise during the game. But I quickly realized that wasn't the case. Randy pulled me to the ground and held me down. He kept telling Shawn to 'do it! Just do it!' And after a while Shawn just gave in. When he was done, they switched places. Randy must not have cared about being spotted or making noise either because we were just a few meters from a shed full of adults. I think now that maybe he wanted to be seen...

INT. PUBLIC HALL -- HALF HOUR LATER

With the statement finished, Gail passes it back over to Charlene and her mother.

GAIL COX

I need you two to read this and if there's anything you want to add, say it now. If not, then just sign where I've marked.

As Carol reads her daughter's words written down, she tries to choke back any emotion. She dabs her eyes on her sleeve.

CAROL WARREN

Those boys should hang for what
they've done to my daughter.

She signs quickly and hands it to her daughter, who does the same.

They stand up. They're about to leave when Charlene turns back, unexpectedly, and hugs Gail.

CHARLENE

Thank you for believing me.

INT. TARO GROUND, RADIO STATION -- MINUTES LATER

A wooden hut sits in the middle of a flattened hilltop, sporting antennae: the island's commercial radio station.

In the waning moments of the night, an exhausted Gail stands next to the ham radio OPERATOR who's busy trying to get New Zealand on the line.

OPERATOR

ZBP, Zulu Bravo Papa. This is
Pitcairn Island Radio. Can you
read me? Zulu Bravo Papa, this is
Pitcairn Island Radio...

There's nothing but static, so he repeats. Finally, a small voice comes across, crackling with the distance.

AUCKLAND DISPATCH (O.S.)

I roger that Pitcairn, what can we
do for you?

OPERATOR

We're trying to reach Governor
Salt.

There's the sound of rustling feedback. A few moments later, a new voice comes on.

LEON SALT (O.S.)

You've got him.

Gail takes the receiver out of the operator's hands and speaks.

GAIL COX

Leon, this is Gail Cox--

LEON SALT (O.S.)
Gail, aren't you supposed to be on
a boat right now?

GAIL COX
I'm heading there soon, I just
needed to fill you in on something
that couldn't wait.

LEON SALT (O.S.)
Go ahead.

GAIL COX
We've had an assault on the island.
A sexual assault.

There's a long pause on Salt's end.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
You still there?

LEON SALT (O.S.)
Yeah.

GAIL COX
It's Steve Christian's kids.

LEON SALT (O.S.)
You're sure?

GAIL COX
Unequivocally. I don't really know
what the protocol is, maybe the
kiwis could bring someone in from
outside to conduct an investigation-

LEON SALT (O.S.)
We'll work out the details later,
but good work, Gail. Now make sure
you're on that boat, okay?

GAIL COX
Sure...

Gail furrows her brow and the line goes dead.

INT. GAIL'S ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

It's dawn by the time Gail is finished, the sun just barely
peeking out over the horizon. She returns to her room and
packs quickly in the dim light of morning.

She sweeps anything she's taking into a sleeper trunk, takes a cursory look around to see if she forgot anything, then heads out.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- EARLY MORNING

Gail wheels her sleeper trunk down the Hill of Difficulty towards the landing. The chartered yacht is already anchored offshore and one of the longboats is waiting at the jetty to ferry her out.

Gail appears overwhelmed until she finds a familiar face. Neville Tosen is waiting for her. He woke up early and made the trek down from Mission House.

Gail drops her head and cries. Neville laughs, sympathetically, and holds his arms out for a hug.

NEVILLE TOSEN

What's wrong?

GAIL COX

Oh Nev, I'm sorry I ever came to this damn island. I'm never coming back.

NEVILLE TOSEN

Who asked you to, huh?

He smiles and hugs her harder.

NEVILLE TOSEN (CONT'D)

Come on, you're gonna miss the boat...

He lets her loose and helps her and her trunk into the longboat. Gail waves to him only to see that he's not the only one who showed up to wish her off.

On the sandy beach of the landing stands Charlene Warren, waving goodbye vigorously. As the longboat pulls away, Gail returns the gesture.

She watches as Meralda marches up behind Charlene and grabs her by the arm, marching her angrily up the Hill of Difficulty. Gail lets her arm drop.

EXT. PORT OF MANGAREVA -- AFTERNOON

It takes the yacht over 24-hours to find dry land. When it lands in Rikitea, Gail collects her belongings and is one of the first off the ship.

She finds a group of Polynesians playing dominoes on a tabletop by a café.

GAIL COX

Trying to get to Totegegigie... to the airport?

They point her toward a shuttleboat idling nearby. She wheels her trunk over and a couple crewmen hop out to help her get it into the baggage hold.

Gail's about to climb in herself when she catches sight of a payphone. She hurries over to the Skipper.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Do I have time to make a call?

He nods, finishing a cigar.

SKIPPER

Quick one.

Gail digs in her shoulder bag for change. Going to the phone, she searches through her address book, finds a number and dials.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT -- THE NEXT DAY

By the time Gail lands in London, most of the cabs are spoken for. By flashing her badge though, she's able to skip the line. The overeager cabbie who pulls up helps stow her steamer trunk.

CABBIE

Where to, miss?

GAIL COX

I'm going home so take me to...

She trails off, thinking.

CABBIE

Ma'am?

GAIL COX

No, scratch that. Thames Way in Northfleet.

INT. KENT POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- SOON AFTER

Gail enters a well-funded, clean and sleek police station. Inside, it's a buzz of activity.

Crossing the bullpen, she knocks on her Captain's open door.

GAIL COX
You got a minute, cap?

CAPT. CHARLES MULANEY, 56, rises to give her a hug.

CAPT. MULANEY
Look who's back! The prodigal daughter returns! We weren't expecting you for at least another three days.

GAIL COX
I know, I know, I just wanted to get a jump start on some paperwork.

He returns to his seat and motions for her to do the same across from him.

CAPT. MULANEY
What paperwork? Ya been gone near three months!

GAIL COX
Most of the posting was uneventful, but something happened on my last night there...

CAPT. MULANEY
Am I supposed to guess?

GAIL COX
Sexual assault. Mayor's daughter, or... should I say *daughters*... were raped in separate incidents. And I strongly believe there are more...

CAPT. MULANEY
Did you get a statement?

GAIL COX
I got the one daughter's but ran out of time on the others.

The Captain leans back in his chair, exhaling.

CAPT. MULANEY
Well this certainly explains the phone call...

GAIL COX
What phone call?

CAPT. MULANEY

Couple hours ago I got a call from someone named Leon Salt. Some minister overseeing the South Pacific or something like that.

GAIL COX

I know him, yeah.

CAPT. MULANEY

He says it's all a cultural misunderstanding--

GAIL COX

A cultural misunderstanding?!

CAPT. MULANEY

He'd like you to politely... drop it.

Gail was afraid it might come to this.

GAIL COX

You see, that's gonna be tough because on my layover I placed a couple calls to British diplomats I know stationed in Wellington.

The Captain smiles, wryly.

CAPT. MULANEY

Now who told you to do something like that?

GAIL COX

Just hedging my bets...

Mulaney groans and runs his hands over his face, frustrated.

CAPT. MULANEY

Well, then...

(beat)

...better loop Dennis in. He's handled stuff like this before.

Gail stands.

GAIL COX

Sir, with all due respect, I'd like to run lead on this--

But the Captain waves her off.

CAPT. MULANEY
Just go talk to Dennis. Fill him
in.

Seeing it's useless to argue, Gail reluctantly crosses the bullpen over to "Major Crimes." The woman working the front desk is running calls but cups her headset when Gail approaches.

SECRETARY
What can I help you with, dear?

GAIL COX
I'm looking for Dennis McGookin -
do you now if he's in today?

SECRETARY
Yeah, that's him right there,
you'll have to hurry.

She points to a tall, skinny man with salt and pepper hair leaving the building. Gail hightails it out the same door he exited from.

EXT. THAMES WAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Gail catches up with Detective Superintendant DENNIS MCGOOKIN, 56, just a few feet outside the building. He's joined a large scrum of people who are making their way to Priestfield Stadium to watch a rugby match. He's proudly sporting an Anchorians scarf and walking briskly. Gail has to run to keep up.

GAIL COX
Dennis McGookin?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Who's asking?

GAIL COX
Captain says you're the man to see?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Bout what?

GAIL COX
Sexual assault case came up on my
last posting.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Wait, weren't you detailed to
Pitcairn?

GAIL COX

Yeah, why?

He smiles, shaking his head.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

That family's still at it, huh?

Gail stumbles a bit, trying to maintain his pace.

GAIL COX

So when Captain says you've handled this before... he meant literally.

He looks at her, briefly, to glean if she's serious. He finally nods.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

A few years back. This twelve-year-old Aussie girl, living on the island with her family, accused Shawn Christian of rape.

GAIL COX

Wait a minute. Shawn? On his own? You mean Randy, the big one?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

No, I don't. This was Steve's youngest.

GAIL COX

But he's a--

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

A shrimp? Yeah, you'd be surprised. Me and Peter George, we flew to Auckland together where we picked up Leon Salt - do you know him?

GAIL COX

I'm beginning to...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Well, we hopped a container ship for Pitcairn where we met Shawn. And... he could not have been friendlier. He readily admitted to having sex with Caroline, saying it had been consensual. Took us to sites of their encounters, including the church.

(MORE)

DENNIS MCGOOKIN (CONT'D)

Now, the girl had already been questioned by police in New Zealand who noted that she was very tall for her age, physically mature, and quite "streetwise." But - and this doesn't excuse anything - she made the allegations after her parents caught her coming home late. This, combined with the fact that no one had been arrested on Pitcairn since the 1950's, led us to just caution Shawn for underage sex--

GAIL COX

You let him go?!

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

As I recall, I was the lone dissenting vote. I wanted to prosecute, even after that worm Salt tried to talk me out of it. He said, 'do you really want to come back here and testify?'

GAIL COX

So, he just walked? This is unbelievable...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

How do you think you came to be posted on Pitcairn?

GAIL COX

What?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Back in London, I told the Foreign Office that the island needed to be properly policed. Recommended that we send out a full-time village bobby. London, of course, balks at the cost. Instead we get Kent police dispatching a community constable to travel to the island every other year to train the local officer.

GAIL COX

Oh... I didn't know.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Yeah, you're welcome.

She loses him in the crowd of hooligans as he bellows:

DENNIS MCGOOKIN (CONT'D)
Come on, you fucks!

And everyone cheers.

INT. GAIL'S FLAT -- SOON AFTER

Gail wrestles her steamer trunk over the threshold of her apartment. Her ex, NIGEL, 47, is walking by the front door reading the mail as she enters.

NIGEL
There she is!

GAIL COX
Hey, Nigel!

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

NIGEL
You need any help?

GAIL COX
No thanks, I'm good.

Nigel calls out over his shoulder.

NIGEL
Kids your mom's home!

Gail's youngest, AUBREY, 8, tears around the corner and nearly tackles her to the ground with a bear hug.

GAIL COX
Hey, doodlebug!

Her oldest, MARCUS, 17, walks leisurely into the room and waits for Aubrey to be done before hugging Gail.

MARCUS
Hey, mum.

He tries to pull away after a few seconds, but Gail refuses to let go.

GAIL COX
I'm not done yet.

Marcus laughs and lets himself be hugged.

INT. GAIL'S FLAT, KITCHEN -- HOURS LATER

Gail, Nigel, and the kids are finishing up dinner.

AUBREY
Mummy, can I watch television?

GAIL COX
Sure you can, lasagna face.

Aubrey runs off before Gail can clean her off with her napkin. Marcus takes a final bite and stands.

MARCUS
I should go too. I'm late picking up Cara.

GAIL COX
Who, pray tell, is Cara?

NIGEL
Oh, you missed a lot, Mrs. Cox.

GAIL COX
Seems like it. Well... sure, but home before midnight, okay?

MARCUS
You got it.

GAIL COX
And remember your manners. Girls like a little conversation before they're pawed, right? And no means no, yeah?

MARCUS
Jesus, mum...

He grabs his coat and leaves, laughing. When it's just the two of them, Gail continues.

GAIL COX
Thanks for watching the kids, Nij.

NIGEL
Oh, it's no problem, they're perfectly well-behaved little devils. So, how was it?

Gail sighs, loudly.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
That bad, huh?

GAIL COX

You ever have something that you know will get so much worse before it gets better?

NIGEL

Yes, I was married to you.

Gail spits out her white wine, laughing.

INT. KENT POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- THE NEXT DAY

Gail's head is buried in a file when her Captain waves her into his office.

CAPT. MULANEY

Gail, can you come in here?

She enters to find Dennis McGookin already there, leaning against the filing cabinets. The Captain points to the chair in front of him and Gail sits.

CAPT. MULANEY (CONT'D)

You'll be happy to know that Kent police have agreed to take on your inquiry. It's to be funded by the Foreign Office. Dennis, I know you retire in six months, but--

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I'll see it through. Have you thought of a second?

CAPT. MULANEY

Vinson's good. So is Popper.

Gail sees the doors to this men's club closing quickly.

GAIL COX

With all due respect, sir - you'll need a woman there to talk to the girls.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

She's not wrong...

CAPT. MULANEY

Gail, I'm not stopping you from taking this on, but it's not the glory posting you think it is. I can already smell the logistical red tape and the politicians that'll be pissed at you for this.

(MORE)

CAPT. MULANEY (CONT'D)

A lot of people are gonna be embarrassed by this thing. And when it's over you might be sorry your name was ever attached to it.

Gail nods, taking in what he has to say.

GAIL COX

Is that a yes, sir?

INT. HEATHROW, DEPARTURES TERMINAL -- MORNING

McGookin stands to the side, chain-smoking and waiting for Gail to say goodbye to her family.

GAIL COX

Mind Nigel, okay? He's not as smart as you, but if you're patient, he'll keep you alive.

She kisses both her kids and wraps them in a massive bear hug. They have to wriggle out of it to get free. She turns back to Nigel.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

They say it'll only be a month, but who knows. I'm sorry, I feel like I just got here...

NIGEL

It's okay, I got used to sleeping in your bed.

His smile wanes just as quickly as it came.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, huh? Tell me this isn't about getting even for what happened to you.

She kisses him on the cheek, softly.

GAIL COX

Take care of my babies.

NIGEL

I will.

She catches up with Dennis, near the Auckland gate.

INT. QANTAS FLIGHT 237 -- MINUTES LATER

Dennis and Gail find themselves stuck in a cramped row in coach.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Just keep all your receipts.
They're usually pretty cheap, but
you never know what they'll let you
expense.

Gail nods, staring out the window.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN (CONT'D)
Nervous flyer?

GAIL COX
How do you even begin with
something like this?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Quietly. That's why we're flying to
New Zealand in the first place.
London doesn't want a spotlight on
the investigation yet, so we'll
leave interviewing the locals for
the end. Because the second the
story breaks people will start
clamming up. Captain got a list of
every woman who grew up on Pitcairn
since 1980. The majority are
Aussies and Kiwis now.

GAIL COX
Makes sense, I'm sure I'd get off
that damn island just as soon as I
could.

MONTAGE;

When they touch down in Auckland, Dennis and Gail collect
their bags from the baggage carousel and hustle over to the
car rental kiosks.

Searching for their rental car, they come across a red Toyota
Tercel and pile their belongings into the trunk. They climb
in the front, these new seats just as constricted as the ones
on the plane.

Ticking off names on a list, they show up on people's
doorsteps unannounced. Some shake their heads, refusing to
be interviewed, others slam doors in their faces...

The ones that do let the detectives in, hurry them out as politely and as fast as they can.

A mother of two is the only one who offers them up tea as her kids play hectically around them.

MOTHER

Children there are seen as workers;
they chop wood and light the
copper, crew on the longboats, and
trade on ships. They're supposed
to be tough. To show emotion is
weak. The women may speak to you,
they may give statements, but
you'll never get them to go to
court and give evidence. You'll
never get them to testify against
each other.

Dennis and Gail head out, disappointed. As their frustrations increase, they eat bad fast food, chain-smoke cigarettes, and press on. Getting lost, they check maps as the sun begins to set.

They're just about to quit for the night when they decide to conduct one last interview...

END of MONTAGE

EXT. PENNY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dennis rubs his eyes, exhausted.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Let's just call it a night, start
over fresh tomorrow.

GAIL COX

Come on, this is supposed to be a
friend of Charlene's.

Most of the lights are off, but Gail knocks nonetheless. There's the sound of movement inside, then stillness. The door opens a few inches and a pair of suspicious eyes peeks out.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Penny Naughton?

PENNY

Yeah?

Gail motions.

GAIL COX
Officers Cox and McGookin from Kent
police. We have you listed as a
former Pitcairn resident?

PENNY
What's this about?

GAIL COX
We're investigating accusations of
underage sexual assault on the
island.

Penny goes to slam the door, but Gail blurts out:

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
Please, we got your name from
Charlene Warren--

The door stops just short of closing. There's a long pause.

PENNY
I used to babysit her.
(she sighs)
The investigation doesn't surprise
me. You won't find a girl on
Pitcairn who's reached the age of
12 who's still a virgin.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Would you testify to that?

The girl shakes her head.

PENNY
No, I don't think so...

Gail moans, softly, unable to catch a break. She and Dennis
turn to leave.

They're halfway down the front walk when Penny says, almost
in passing:

PENNY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I can't help you with
what you're looking for, but I was
raped myself when I was ten, by
Charlene's father.

Gail slowly turns back around.

GAIL COX
Penny -- can we come in?

INT. EPSOM MOTOR LODGE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

On the motel television, a Bugs Bunny cartoon called "Mutiny on the Bunny" plays at low volume.

Laying on her bed in a bathrobe, Gail hangs up from a phone call and turns to Dennis.

GAIL COX

It's like she just needed
permission to start talking. And
when she did, my god, incident
after incident, name after name!

She takes a seat across from Dennis as he smokes out the patio door.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Each one had something to say about
a brother, or an uncle, or a first
cousin. It's no wonder no one has
ever reported; none of them can
make a move without fear of
offending a relative! Some of their
stories, the sexual initiations...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I think the girls were conditioned
to accept that it was a man's world
and once they turned twelve, they
were fair game.

Gail shuffles through her notes.

GAIL COX

But some of these take us back into
the seventies...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

So, we widen to 1960. Before then
the relevant sexual offenses law
didn't apply on the island.

INT. AUCKLAND COFFEE ROASTERS -- THE NEXT MORNING

In a crowded coffee shop, MARGARET, the thirty-eight-year-old woman in front of Dennis and Gail wipes her eyes on a paper napkin.

MARGARET

It started when I was eleven or
twelve and didn't end until I left
the island at fifteen.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I remember I was sitting at the piano one day and a neighbor came up behind me and put his hands on my chest. He was my father's age. I was paralyzed. I just waited for him to stop and go away.

She gazes blankly at her coffee.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

When I got my first period, my mother scolded me, saying 'you must have been going with boys.' In her mind, apparently, the two things were connected.

Margaret looks up, as if seeing the detectives for the first time.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't mean to embarrass you.

Gail puts her hand atop Margaret's.

GAIL COX

It's them that should be embarrassed.

It takes a moment, but the woman gradually continues.

MARGARET

It wasn't long after that that men on the island would ask me to 'go ride' or 'come here.' That was Pitcairn for 'wanna fuck?'

GAIL COX

Did you say no?

MARGARET

In the beginning I did. After a while though, I stopped. There was no point to saying no. They were gonna do what they were gonna do. They'd whisk you off on their motorbikes, in full view of other islanders. No one cared. Eventually, I just lay there and let them get it over and done with. The quicker they did that, the quicker I was able to go on my way.

She trails off, overcome. The detectives let her sit in silence, knowing she'll start up again when she feels ready.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

In some ways, I don't understand it. People on the island really seem to love kids. If anything was done to them physically, there'd be hell to pay. But this is much more serious, and it hurts a lot more...

(beat)

...even though you can't see it.

INT. MCDONALD'S PLAYPLACE -- AFTERNOON

After several days of questioning, Dennis and Gail break down their findings as screaming kids run around them playing. Gail reads from a clipboard.

GAIL COX

We've got assaults at birthday parties, in the public square, at the school, during fishing trips... we've even got men climbing in through girl's bedroom windows in the middle of the night.

She flips through her legal pad.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Nearly every single Pitcairn girl has been a victim of some kind of sexual abuse. The majority of them even named more than one offender. By my count, we have upwards of 100 allegations against some 31 men. More than 30 of the complaints can be defined as rape under English law - all against girls who were under-age at the time. And that woman was wrong, 24 of the girls have agreed to make statements.

Dennis drains his soda.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

That'll go down.

GAIL COX

Seven women named Steve as their attacker. Six named Randy. Five named Shawn. Eight named Dave Brown--

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
I know you don't want to hear this,
but I think it's time to interview
the men.

A pall comes over Gail's face.

GAIL COX
I don't suppose we can do that from
right here in Auckland?

INT. BRITISH HIGH COMMISSION, WELLINGTON -- DAYS LATER

Gail and Dennis enter the waiting room and walk up to the
assistant running the front desk.

GAIL COX
Hi, Gail Cox and Dennis McGookin to
see Leon Salt?

She nods.

SALT'S ASSISTANT
It'll be a minute, please have a
seat.

As they find spots on a couch in the lobby, Gail inquires of
Dennis:

GAIL COX
You've met the man before, what's
he like?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
You'll want to shower immediately
after.

GAIL COX
That bad, huh?

A short but eager, middle-aged man, hair thinning at the
temples, enters wearing a crisp, white polo shirt. LEON
SALT, 46, heads over to Gail and Dennis, hand outstretched.

LEON SALT
Detectives, so good of you to come!
You must be Mrs. Cox? And Dennis,
great to see you again!

He buzzes back and forth, paying each of them glowing
attention in their own right.

LEON SALT (CONT'D)
My office is just through here.

He leads the way as Gail risks a quick glance at Dennis, as if to ask, "is this guy serious?"

INT. SALT'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

As the detectives settle in, Salt sits at his ornate, mahogany desk.

GAIL COX
Can I ask - what is it that the High Commissioner does?

LEON SALT
That's a wonderful question. The office provides services to British nationals visiting New Zealand, Pitcairn Island, or Samoa. I order supplies for the islanders, arrange delivery, organize passenger berths on container ships, recruit schoolteachers, etc. In essence, I am Britain's representative on the island.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
And didn't you used to be one of the schoolteachers on Pitcairn?

LEON SALT
I was, yeah, for about three years before I got this job in '95.

GAIL COX
I was very good friends with your replacement. Her and her husband.

LEON SALT
That's good to hear.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
We think you're in a unique position to give us insight into what we're investigating.

LEON SALT
Yes, and what is that? You only explained the bare minimum over the phone.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

It's more of what we looked into
back in '96.

Salt leans back in his chair and sighs.

LEON SALT

Oh, I have no doubt the guys are
guilty as sin; the sexual abuse has
been going on since the time of the
Bounty. I guess that this is just
the unfortunate generation that got
hit.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

We're going to need to get there...

Salt starts flipping through his schedule.

LEON SALT

I could probably find some time top
of next week--

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I don't think we necessarily need a
chaperone...

LEON SALT

Well, if you're going to question
any Pitcairn citizens without a
lawyer present, I think it's only
fair that I be there.

GAIL COX

We're not trying to pull anything.

LEON SALT

Be that as it may, my office has
the ability to charter yachts out
of Tahiti. If you choose to go
alone, you're welcome to try and
hitch a ride on a trans-pacific
container ship or work passage on a
cargo vessel.

Gail looks to Dennis, then back at Salt.

GAIL COX

What time do we leave?

EXT. LEON SALT'S HOUSE -- MORNING

In their rental car, Gail and Dennis drive through a well-to-do suburb, trying to read directions.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

It should be up here somewhere...

Ahead, they see Salt waiting for them, sitting on some of his luggage and smoking a cigar. He wears a loud, Hawaiian shirt and aviator sunglasses, smiling from ear-to-ear.

Dennis pulls up outside Salt's lavish mansion. He pops the trunk, but Salt waits patiently for him to help with his bags.

Rolling his eyes to Gail, Dennis gets out and starts stuffing Salt's belongings in the boot of the car. Salt moves to enter the back seat.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN (CONT'D)

She won't let you smoke that in there.

LEON SALT

But as of fifteen minutes ago, I'm on vacation.

Dennis closes the trunk, morosely.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

She still won't let you smoke it.

Salt chances it and climbs into the backseat. Gail stares at him until he reacts.

LEON SALT

It's a thirty-dollar cigar...

Gail continues to stare until he rolls the window down and tosses it onto his lawn.

Dennis climbs in the driver's seat.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I told you.

He pulls off down the road.

EXT. ELEGY YACHT -- THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Gail stands on the prow of "The Elegy" watching as they approach Pitcairn Island.

She hears the church bells sound their arrival and the ensuing flurry of activity at the landing.

A cloud of apprehension crosses her face as she sees the men of Pitcairn climb into the longboats, tattoos on display, knives on their belts...

LEON SALT

Quite frightening, aren't they?

Leon Salt has quietly snuck up next to Gail. She startles.

LEON SALT (CONT'D)

Well, they're more scared of you. You see, Pitcairners try to leave but they usually come right back. With their lack of education and job training, there are really only menial jobs and mediocre lives waiting for them out there. On Pitcairn they can be someone; in Auckland they're just another anonymous face. It's sad really...

As the longboat pulls up aside the waiting yacht, Salt steps forward, waving warmly to Steve in the coxswain position.

LEON SALT (CONT'D)

There he is!

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Hey, Boss!

Steve stands and throws the tying line to the Elegy's crewman. He grabs hold of Salt's outstretched hand and Leon pulls him aboard.

After greeting his friend, he looks only briefly at Gail.

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Constable.

GAIL COX

Mr. Christian.

INT. MISSION HOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Gail knocks on Neville and Betty's screen door and yells out.

GAIL COX

I'm here!

Betty yelps, joyfully.

BETTY TOSEN
I heard you were coming!

She holds the door open as Gail drags her bags in, followed closely by Dennis.

GAIL COX
Betty, this is Dennis. He's also
with Kent police.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
I hope this is okay.

BETTY TOSEN
Oh, the more the merrier!

Hearing voices, Neville rounds the corner.

NEVILLE TOSEN
And you said you'd never come back!

He hugs Gail, warmly.

NEVILLE TOSEN (CONT'D)
Can I get you guys anything?
Something to drink?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Thank you, but all I want is a
shower. We've been traveling for 25
hours!

BETTY TOSEN
Of course, I'll show you to your
room.

Betty guides Dennis away as Gail follows Neville into the living room. Stacked upon the television set are countless VHS tapes of historical TV miniseries and Charles Bronson movies. They take a seat on the couch.

NEVILLE TOSEN
Not that I'm complaining, but why
are you back?

GAIL COX
I can't say much, but that
conversation we had about Steve
Christian turned out to be
incredibly prophetic.

Betty returns, hearing the tail-end of what Gail said.

BETTY TOSEN

I told you!

GAIL COX

It's not just Steve. It's looking
like most of the men on the island--

A blood-curdling scream comes from the shower. Gail, Neville, and Betty hurry to check on Dennis.

They find him, soaking wet and shivering, pulling on his towel.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Why is the water fucking freezing?!

Neville and Betty crack up.

GAIL COX

If you want to take a shower you
have to chop wood and light a fire
to warm the pipes! I thought you'd
been here before?!

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Yeah, for barely a day! I never
had to shower!

INT. PITCAIRN GENERAL STORE -- MORNING

Barefoot shoppers circulate the co-op. The small room has moisture-warped, wooden floors and mostly bare shelves. Gail and Dennis follow along with Betty as she shops.

BETTY TOSEN

Pickings are slim today, the supply
ship's overdue by more than a
month.

She grabs what she can: condensed milk, jars of peanut butter with raspberry stripes, a few tins of glutton scallops.

BETTY TOSEN (CONT'D)

Good thing it's only open once a
week.

They head for the register with their meager haul. Behind the counter, entering purchases in a tattered account book, is Darralyn Warren. She looks up as they approach and sees Gail.

DARRALYN

Oh... it's you.

GAIL COX
Hi, Darralyn.

DARRALYN
I thought you were gone for good.

GAIL COX
So did I.

DARRALYN
I can't be seen talking to you.

GAIL COX
Why's that?

DARRALYN
I don't want to end up like
Charlene.

She motions behind them. Darralyn's sister is walking through the grocery store with her basket, trying to shop. Islanders bump into her, take cans from her bin, stare at her with hate in their eyes.

DARRALYN (CONT'D)
Edgar, I'm taking my break.

Gail turns back to find Darralyn already removing her apron. The girl heads out the back door. Gail hands off her basket to Dennis and goes to follow.

EXT. PITCAIRN GENERAL STORE, REAR -- CONTINUOUS

Gail finds Darralyn smoking a cigarette and leaning up against the back of the shop. She groans when she sees Gail.

DARRALYN
Oh, why won't you just go away?!

GAIL COX
Can't. It's a small island.

DARRALYN
You could just walk out into the
water and never come back.

She takes a long, annoyed drag.

DARRALYN (CONT'D)
Why *did* you come back?

GAIL COX

What happened to you and your sister is only one in a long line of attacks on the women of this island.

DARRALYN

Hell, I could have told you that.

GAIL COX

You may think that playing it safe is the way to go, but the only way to deal with that kind of darkness is to shine a light on it.

DARRALYN

Turi, my boyfriend and me, we're gonna break ground on a house of our own. Start a family. Now's not the time to have the rest of the island turn on us.

GAIL COX

If you come forward it makes it easier for some other girl to do the same.

DARRALYN

That's easy for you to say. You don't have to live here.

GAIL COX

You're right, Darralyn. You live in a place filled with men who want to touch you, who wish your little sister harm. And there is nowhere to go. But if you ever want something better, something different, then my partner and I are your only hope.

Darralyn says nothing, only smokes her cig to the filter. She's about to head back inside, when she turns back, unexpectantly, to face Gail.

DARRALYN

What would I have to do?

GAIL COX

Just tell me your story.

INT. PITCAIRN LODGE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Gail and Dennis set up videotaping equipment in a narrow side room as Leon Salt enters from the main.

LEON SALT

I've collected the men like you asked. They're milling about outside. Most of them seem worried and depressed... like they're sure they're going to jail.

GAIL COX

Why would they seem like anything? They're not supposed to know what they're here for...

She glares at Salt until he breaks.

LEON SALT

I had to tell them something...

GAIL COX

I'm just gonna ask you this once.

(beat)

Are you trying to upend this investigation?

LEON SALT

If you think for one second they didn't know exactly what we were here for the moment we got off those boats then you got another thing coming.

Gail shakes her head.

GAIL COX

Just send in the first.

Leon moves to go.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

And Salt?

He stops near the door.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

We do the talking.

Leon throws his hands up.

LEON SALT

Hey, I'm just an observer.

One by one, the adult men of the island enter. Dave Brown is the first. He sits confidently across from the detectives.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Do you know why you're here?

Dave Brown chances a look at Salt, who shakes his head.

DAVE BROWN
No. No, I don't.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Several women have alleged underage sex practices on the island.

Before Dave can respond, Leon Salt leans forward to interject.

LEON SALT
Dave now, you're fully entitled to have a lawyer here during questioning.

Gail stares daggers at Salt, but Dave Brown just waves them off.

DAVE BROWN
The hell have I got to hide?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
That's the spirit.

DAVE BROWN
And the sex thing is a normal part of Pitcairn life. I remember my friends and I once caught the schoolteacher having sex with one of his students.

Gail readies her pen.

GAIL COX
What year was this?

DAVE BROWN
Nice try, copper.

GAIL COX
Shucks. We almost had you. Who's Darralyn Warren?

DAVE BROWN
I, uh...

GAIL COX

Someone told us that if Dave Brown's affair with Darralyn became public, he'd go to jail for a long time.

DAVE BROWN

Well now, affair makes it sound--

GAIL COX

You were married at the time?

DAVE BROWN

Yes, but that wasn't some fling, we were in a relationship. We were in love.

GAIL COX

With a 13-year-old girl?

DAVE BROWN

Hey now, she only started out 13. We dated until she was well almost sixteen.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Let's talk about that first time. It took place in the undergrowth behind the general store, correct?

DAVE BROWN

Don't try and make that something that it wasn't. You can ask Darralyn. She enjoyed the sex and wanted more of it. We'd meet to go swimming and then mess around a little bit. It became a regular thing.

GAIL COX

Would it bother you to know that Randy Christian raped her at your house party last summer?

He blanches. Randy's up next. He sits where Dave was seated, legs spread obstinately.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Is it true you once leaned over a balcony at a party and pointed out two ten-year-olds, remarking 'those two are maturing well?'

He laughs.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Sounds like me.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Then, when you saw the girl later,
you asked if she was having sex
with her boyfriend.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Yeah, I was teasing.

GAIL COX
Is it true you offered to practice
with her to help her get ready?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
No.

GAIL COX
Why would you even consider that
kids that age were even thinking
about sex?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Cause everyone was doing that sort
of thing at that age.

GAIL COX
Do you mean you were?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Sure.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
So, it's right that the culture of
Pitcairn Island is for men to have
sex with under-age girls?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
I guess.

GAIL COX
Is that why it was perfectly
acceptable for you and your
brother, Shawn, to rape Charlene
Warren?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Who the fuck told you that?!

GAIL COX
Is it true?

Shawn Christian sits nervously in the hot seat his older brother previously occupied. He refuses to meet either of the detectives' eyelines.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

No, it's not true.

GAIL COX

So, you're a virgin? You've never had sex?

Shawn blushes, wildly.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Well, you hear the guys when we're doing public work, talking about this girl or that girl... and you think, hey, if they're having so much fun... why can't I?

Returning to Dave Brown's interview, he prattles on as if he were among friends.

DAVE BROWN

There was this chappie who was actually going around with five or six women at one time and it was a big joke amongst the community.

GAIL COX

Is that a reference to Steve Christian?

Dave Brown grins.

DAVE BROWN

That obvious, huh? Steve was getting them as soon as they turned eleven or twelve, so I decided I had to get them younger.

Gail quickly flips through her notes.

GAIL COX

You're referring to Jeanie and Isobel?

With the other suspects having been questioned, Steve Christian finally appears. He's the picture of relaxation.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Girls roamed in packs at night. It was a small island. They had nothing else to do.

GAIL COX

It's your contention that they were asking for it?

STEVE CHRISTIAN

I've never forced sex on anybody. I don't recall the specific incidents, but both of them consented. Nowadays, if I see any girls walking, I won't even offer to take them on my bike.

GAIL COX

How unfortunate for them.

He flashes a chilly smile her way.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Are we finished here?

GAIL COX

For now.

Leon Salt stands.

LEON SALT

Come on Steve, I'll show you out.

As he leads Christian towards the door, he whispers:

LEON SALT (CONT'D)

Tell the boys to get a lawyer.

Salt shuts the door after Steve and turns back to Dennis and Gail.

LEON SALT (CONT'D)

What are we thinking?

GAIL COX

I think it's cut and dry. Most of the men implicated themselves.

LEON SALT

It seems to me that most of them didn't know that what they were doing was wrong.

GAIL COX

Dave Brown, by the time he walked out of here, all but convicted himself of a half-dozen rapes.

LEON SALT

You can't punish a child for doing something wrong if he hasn't been told it's wrong. If we dig into this, we'll open a right can of worms, and we'll have every man on Pitcairn locked up for life. The women are hopeless in the longboats. The inevitable outcome will be the collapse of the community and the abandonment of the island.

GAIL COX

Then maybe it should be abandoned!

LEON SALT

You're not thinking this thing through! A prosecution would be a massive expense - what about the logistics? If trials took place on the island, a British warship might have to be anchored offshore just to accommodate the court's needs.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Salt's got a point.

GAIL COX

What?!

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Most of the victims would decline to give evidence if they had to go back to the island to do so...

LEON SALT

So, we're talking satellite link-up? This thing's getting pricier by the minute...

GAIL COX

What would you have them do?!

LEON SALT

I'll get the men to plead guilty, provided there's an amnesty first.

GAIL COX

Out of the fucking question!

LEON SALT

With all due respect, Mrs. Cox,
it's not up to you. You are not
the lead investigator on this.

Both of them turn to Dennis, expectantly. He's quiet for a moment or so.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Let's float it to the head
office...

GAIL COX

Dennis, you've got to be kidding!

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Gail, we're just seeing what they
have to say.

Dennis heads out the door. Salt smiles and goes to join him. Before they can leave, however, Gail blurts out.

GAIL COX

Before we do that. The girls,
Darralyn and Charlene... we have to
get them off the island. If
they're here when charges are
handed out...

LEON SALT

It's not a problem. I can make
arrangements for them to book
passage on a ship to Australia. Do
they have--

GAIL COX

They've got family in Sydney, yeah.

EXT. TARO GROUNDS -- MINUTES LATER

The wind has started picking up as Dennis, Gail, and Salt scale the hill towards the radio tower. Dennis shouts over the weather.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Who is it that I'm going to be
speaking to?

Salt leans in to be heard.

LEON SALT

Her name is Patty Scotland; she's
one of Tony Blair's rising stars.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN
Anything I need to know?

LEON SALT
She's an acknowledged expert in
child law, so she should know
exactly what we're talking about
here.

INT. UNDERSECRETARIES OFFICE, LONDON -- DAY

PATRICIA SCOTLAND, 45, storms down the hallway. She's of
Dominican descent; black, with high heels in a power suit.

Her assistants try to keep up with her, but it's no use. She
enters a suite of offices for use by the "Undersecretary for
Overseas Territories."

INT. SCOTLAND'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Scotland's at the head of a long table, members of her
cabinet ringing the other seats. Deputy-Governor KAREN
WOLSTENHOLME, 37, is on her right.

KAREN WOLSTENHOLME
We need to frame London's response
to this. Right now, it's a
contained problem. If we lay
charges, this could open us up to
litigation, not only for the
obvious, but also for not doing
anything about it sooner.

Scotland turns to her right.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
Roger?

Commissioner ROGER STEMPLE, 52, fills in the blanks.

ROGER STEMPLE
Pitcairn is an interesting case for
the isolation and lack of
population alone. The amnesty
they're suggesting would forgo the
hobbling of the island that would
undoubtedly follow any sort of
trial. The way I see it there
really isn't any other option.

Wolstenholme nods in agreement.

KAREN WOLSTENHOLME
You should make it go away.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
They're on the phone now?

Scotland stands and heads for her assistant's desk.
Wolstenholme and Stemple trail after.

ROGER STEMPLE
You don't want to talk about what
you're going to say?

Scotland doesn't answer, just picks up the phone and takes it
off hold.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
There's to be no question of an
amnesty. The legal process will
take its course. No matter the
cost or the implications for
Pitcairn's future.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- DUSK

As the sun sets, Salt and the two detectives board the
longboat en route to their yacht for the upcoming ride home.

Salt's in a foul mood, having not gotten his way. He refuses
to help Dennis into the boat.

On the jetty, Charlene Warren stands with her bags packed in
front of her sister, Darralyn.

CHARLENE
You can still come, Dari. I'm sure
Auntie Jean and Uncle Lane would
take you too.

DARRALYN
I'm not leaving, everyone I know is
here!

CHARLENE
But, it'll keep happening...

Darralyn shakes her head, adamantly.

DARRALYN
Not if I'm careful.

Seeing there's no reaching her sister, Charlene's about to continue on when she turns back and throws her arms around Darralyn.

Charlene's sister breaks it off quickly, not wanting anyone to see, but she quietly wipes a tear off her cheek.

Charlene moves onto goodbyes with her father. Jay hates that she started this, refusing to even look at her. He stares at the ground.

JAY WARREN

It'll be your fault if the men are
arrested and the island breaks
apart.

CHARLENE

Good.

JAY WARREN

If you go ahead with this, you'll
never be able to come back to
Pitcairn. And you'll be out of
this family.

Charlene looks up at her father. He means it. Shaking her head sadly, she turns to go.

She passes the men and women of Pitcairn Island, who coldly watch her pass. Gail helps her into the boat and is about to follow when she wavers on the dock.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

You coming, Cox?

GAIL COX

Just look at how they treated
Charlene... and she's leaving.
What about the ones that are
staying? Someone needs to make
sure nothing bad comes to those
girls.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I thought you wanted off this rock?

GAIL COX

Things change.

McGookin looks like he wants to talk her out of it, but in the end only warns her.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

The second that boat leaves...
you're alone.

She nods.

GAIL COX

I know.

She steps back as the longboat pulls away. Dennis waves to her and she returns it.

When the boat reaches the waiting yacht, she turns back to the island. The Pitcairners still left on the dock stare at her, callously.

EXT. UNDERSECRETARIES OFFICE, LONDON -- THE NEXT MORNING

Local and international reporters have gathered for a press conference on the steps of the Foreign & Commonwealth Office. Baroness Scotland exits the building and walks up to the bank of microphones.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

Over the past several months, a joint task force consisting of Kent Police Officers and Australia and New Zealand Police Forces has interviewed every woman who has lived on Pitcairn Island in the past forty years. Their aim was to investigate charges of underage sexual assault that occurred on the island. Today, they reported 21 counts of rape, 41 counts of indecent assault, and two of gross indecency with a child under 14.

Those with flash photography start snapping away as Scotland continues.

BARONESS SCOTLAND (CONT'D)

Going forward, I have instructed Commissioner Salt to release all documents from his office pertaining to the investigation. We will get to the bottom of this. No crimes will go unpunished. You have my word.

EXT. BIG FENCE -- AFTERNOON

Gail and Meralda Warren go from house-to-house serving summons to the accused. Meralda, as usual, is overdressed in her full policeman's uniform, despite the heat.

GAIL COX

You really didn't have to come.

MERALDA WARREN

It's police business, isn't it?
Then I'm involved.

They trudge up the path to Big Fence, Steve and Olive Christian's spacious home. Gail knocks on the screen door. After a moment, Shawn Christian appears.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Mrs. Cox, what a pleasant surprise.

GAIL COX

Hello, Shawn.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Are you here to see my father?

GAIL COX

How'd you guess?

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

No one's ever here to see me.

GAIL COX

Well today's your lucky day. Don't go far.

Uncomfortable with the look on Gail's face, Shawn turns back into the house to call for his father.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Dad?!

Steve Christian shows up soon after. He sees that Gail is there but refuses to look at her.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Hey, Meralda.

MERALDA WARREN

Hey, Steve.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Whatcha doin' ere?

He steps out onto the porch and sinks into his favorite rocking chair.

MERALDA WARREN
Just making it official.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Well, get on with it.

MERALDA WARREN
Steve Christian, you are charged with six rapes and four indecent assaults committed between 1964 and 1975, the complete breakdown of which can be found on your writ. At this point you would normally be remanded to jail pending a bail hearing, but with the insufficient facilities on the island you're relegated to house arrest.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Anything else?

Gail nods to Meralda to go ahead with it.

MERALDA WARREN
We need your guns, Steve.

He laughs.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
I don't have any guns.

Gail steps forward.

GAIL COX
Come on, Steve. We did a registry when I was posted. You have nine registered firearms.

He glares up at Gail from where he's seated. Slowly he gets up, opens the screen door, and disappears into the house.

In the silence that follows, Gail waits awkwardly with Shawn staring back at her, impishly. After a moment or two, Steve comes back onto the porch, cradling his weapons.

Meralda holds a duffel bag out for him to place them in. As he does, Steve motions to Shawn.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Listen, if I wanted to kill Shawn here, I wouldn't shoot him.
(MORE)

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'd just push him off a cliff.

(beat)

It's a waste of a bullet.

Gail does her best to ignore him, choosing instead to count the weapons.

GAIL COX

That's eight.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

I think you're mistaken.

GAIL COX

The log says nine. That's two shotguns, three rifles, and four handguns.

Steve Christian regards her coolly. Finally, he reaches behind him into his waistband and comes out with a .45 he drops into the bag.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Thank you.

When Gail goes to take the satchel, Steve steps towards her, without warning. His eyes travel along her entire body. He even smells her.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

You know something? I'd like to break you in...

Gail doesn't even flinch.

GAIL COX

Don't be silly - I'm too old for you.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

You se bitch--

He steps forward, menacingly, only to have Meralda pull him back at the last second.

MERALDA WARREN

It's not worth it, Steve.

INT. BRITISH HIGH COMMISSION, WELLINGTON -- SOON AFTER

On orders from Baroness Scotland, Ministry officials with empty cardboard boxes swarm Salt's office. They find an uncooperative staff, blocking their way.

SALT'S ASSISTANT
I'm sorry, you can't go in!

MINISTRY OFFICIAL
This is a government facility.
You've been ordered to stand down--

Leon Salt steps in front of his aides.

LEON SALT
What's this about?!

MINISTRY OFFICIAL
Governor Salt, this is an affidavit
to release documents from your
office concerning Pitcairn Island.

LEON SALT
You can tell Scotland, I cannot in
good conscience support a baseless
witch hunt.

MINISTRY OFFICIAL
You're refusing to cooperate?

LEON SALT
Not with such a massive miscarriage
of justice happening.

The officials turn to go. As they withdraw, Salt calls down
the hallway after them.

LEON SALT (CONT'D)
History will judge you poorly!

INT. UNDERSECRETARIES OFFICE, LONDON -- MINUTES LATER

Baroness Scotland leans over a speakerphone, aghast, as her
employees report back to her.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
He what?!

MINISTRY OFFICIAL (O.S.)
He says his office won't condone
ruining good men's lives. All
attempts at mediation failed. How
do you want us to proceed?

BARONESS SCOTLAND
I'm going to have to call you back.

She hangs up, angrily, and sits back in her chair. She's surrounded by a table of British diplomats and aides.

BARONESS SCOTLAND (CONT'D)

What are our options?

ROGER STEMPLE

We are in a delicate position. All of the documents related to the inquiry are stored in Salt's office.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

What does he want?

KAREN WOLSTENHOLME

He wants the amnesty that he originally proposed.

ROGER STEMPLE

What do you want to do? Because he could make things very messy for us.

The Baroness thinks on it for a while before a smile slowly spreads on her face.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

Tell him he's fired.

INT. SALT'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Upon hearing the news, Salt destroys his office. He swipes everything off his desk, furiously breaking water features and golf trophies alike.

He doesn't stop until he's out of breath, sucking in air, on all fours, defeated.

Slowly, his gaze falls upon his external HARD DRIVES and hope begins to flood his face.

INT. PUBLIC HALL -- EVENING

Those Pitcairners who are late duck into the community room to escape the stormy weather outside. Inside, Jay Warren and his island council are wrapping things up.

JAY WARREN

And if there isn't any more business before the council, we'll adjourn for the week--

A hand shoots up, far back in the hall.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Actually, point of order. I'd like
to be heard on something.

Jay warily nods for him to continue.

JAY WARREN
I can't see who that is, but go
ahead.

Steve Christian stands. Barely half the island's there, but the ones that are turn in their chairs to give him their full attention.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
As you all know, Pitcairn has been
badmouthed lately for supposed
crimes against the women in our
community.

There's a smattering of boos that sound throughout the hall.

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
We've got foreign entities coming
into our country, making false
allegations--

Betty Tosen, sitting next to Gail near the front, has heard enough.

BETTY TOSEN
Oh come off it, Steve, everyone
knows we're British subjects!

Steve plows right on, speaking over her.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
We've got British police, some in
this very room, persuading our
women to press false charges--

JAY WARREN
What does this have to do with the
council?

STEVE CHRISTIAN
I'd like to know what the hell
you're doin' about it?!

There's applause from others there, mostly men.

JAY WARREN

The investigation will play out the way it'll play out.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

You know, we wouldn't even be in this mess if you could keep your daughters' legs closed!

The crowd claps joyously and a few scattered "amens" can be heard. Jay Warren bangs his gavel until the noise dies down.

JAY WARREN

If there's nothing else--

STEVE CHRISTIAN

I move that a special run-off election be done to pick a new magistrate.

JAY WARREN

This is outrageous. You're not taking my job!

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Let's put it to a vote.

JAY WARREN

You need to be nominated first and--

Dave Brown raises his hand, down the row from Steve.

DAVE BROWN

I nominate Steve Christian for Magistrate.

JAY WARREN

No, that's not how this works--

Randy Christian raises his own hand.

RANDY CHRISTIAN

Seconded.

Jay Warren looks helplessly at his other council members to do something. His second-in-command only sighs and shrugs.

BRIAN YOUNG

All in favor?

Slowly, hands raise throughout the crowd. Gail looks around, aghast, as even the council members vote against.

BRIAN YOUNG (CONT'D)

The motion passes.

As his supporters cheer, Steve kisses his wife and hugs his kids.

In shock, Jay calls the meeting to a close, not that anyone can hear him. He gathers his things and heads for the exit, but finds that Steve's in the way. The new magistrate holds his hand out for Jay to shake.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

No hard feelings, mate -- cause I'm gonna want you on island council.

Jay blows past him out the door. Steve just grins, returning to his well-wishers.

INT. UNDERSECRETARIES OFFICE, LONDON -- DAY

One of Patty Scotland's assistants knocks on her open door, interrupting a meeting.

SCOTLAND'S ASSISTANT

Ms. Scotland, you have a phone call from someone named Christopher Harder. He says it's an emergency...

BARONESS SCOTLAND

Who's Chris Harder?

KAREN WOLSTENHOLME

He's that lawyer from New Zealand who got fined for punching that other lawyer in court.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

Well, what does he want?

SCOTLAND'S ASSISTANT

He says he'll only tell you.

Scotland shakes her head, annoyed, but rises to grab her desk phone.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

Hello?

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (O.S.)

Baroness Scotland! Christopher Harder here.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
Hello, Mr. Harder.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (O.S.)
I'm calling to tell you that I'm
representing Leon Salt. I'm told
you have received today's mail?

Scotland calls out to her assistant.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
Did the mail come?

Her assistant disappears for a moment only to come back with
a couple of slim letters and a large package.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (O.S.)
It'll be the heavy one...

Scotland grabs a pair of scissors and starts opening the box.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Enclosed you will find a collection
of emails and private letters
between lawyers, officials, and
government ministers. They reveal
a conspiracy to pursue the accused
of Pitcairn Island through the
courts and deny them restorative
justice. This is your copy.

Scotland cups the phone and hisses to her assistants.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
Salt copied the files while
cleaning out his desk!

She returns to the phone call.

BARONESS SCOTLAND (CONT'D)
What is it that you want, Mr.
Harder?

Harder smiles from thousands of miles away.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (O.S.)
To see you squirm.

The line goes dead and Scotland hangs up. She turns to her
Deputy-Governor.

BARONESS SCOTLAND
Karen, seek an injunction on Leon
Salt and Christopher Harder.
(MORE)

BARONESS SCOTLAND (CONT'D)

Stop them from leaking the documents or passing them on. We're a few days from pretrial hearings and I'll be damned if whoever the crown puts on this get blindsided!

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- SEPT. 30TH, 2004 (DAY)

Queen's Counsel SIMON MOUNT, 29, vomits over the side of the longboat as it approaches Pitcairn. Seeing this, Dennis McGookin chuckles in the next seat. Mount looks up at him, bleary-eyed, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

SIMON MOUNT

How are you not sick right now?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

You're forgetting I've been here before.

SIMON MOUNT

I'm not talking about seasickness. You drank as much as I did last night.

Dennis is about to respond when the longboat pulls up to the jetty. Before they know it, the islanders are hoisting them up onto the dock.

When the passengers are out, they start in on the luggage. There are dozens of boxes of legal documents and evidence, along with supplies and food for at least seven weeks.

Wild dogs sniff at the provisions as Dennis and Simon collect their things. Dennis sees Gail Cox waving brightly and heads off, smiling, towards her. Simon follows, unsure of what to do.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I was trying to surprise you!

GAIL COX

Turns out Salt was right - there are no secrets on this island.

She gives him a warm hug and when they break it off, Dennis introduces his boat mate.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Gail, this is Simon Mount.

Gail shakes his hand.

GAIL COX

The Prosecutor? I heard you took Leon Salt for a wild ride at the pretrial hearings.

SIMON MOUNT

He had it coming.

GAIL COX

You don't have to tell me.

She sizes Simon up for the first time.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Aren't you a little--

SIMON MOUNT

--young? Yeah. I've never heard that before.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

You'll have to excuse Simon here, the kiwis did a number on his liver last night.

GAIL COX

Oh boy. Well, we're really glad to have you.

Dennis looks back over his shoulder.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

I think you might not be speaking for everyone there, Gail...

As the Press disembarks from the longboats, Dave Brown spits at their feet, saying only:

DAVE BROWN

Welcome to Pitcairn.

They stare back, appalled. Most of the Pitcairners are giving the outsiders icy, hostile stares.

GAIL COX

Grab your stuff. We should go. They have you guys in McCoy house.

EXT. MAIN ROAD -- MINUTES LATER

The three of them are huffing and puffing by the time they reach the top of the Hill of Difficulty. Gail tries to speak between breaths.

GAIL COX

They got the journalists in government lodge, judges are isolated in the church, defense lawyers are sharing the jail, which I'm sure the islanders will find highly symbolic. Ah, here we are--

Gail gestures to the BUNGALOW in front of her. It's seen better days.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

On the bright side, I'm sure you'll enjoy the neighbors.

From his front porch next door, Steve Christian raises his cup of coffee.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Afternoon!

None of them respond.

INT. MCCOY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

As Gail holds the door open, Dennis and Simon drag their luggage over the threshold.

GAIL COX

Well, I'll let you get unpacked.

Dennis drops his bags unceremoniously to the floor.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Are we getting dinner later?

Gail calls out over her shoulder as she departs.

GAIL COX

Can't, they've got me helping out with the new additions.

EXT. PITCAIRN ISLAND -- VARIOUS

Gail assists the locals as they dig holes for telephone poles. Once the poles are planted, powerlines are hung from them and a massive satellite dish is set up for video links.

Those journalists granted access to Pitcairn hook up their laptops to the new internet system.

With no cell phone towers for thousands of miles, satellite phones are installed on the windowsills of government lodge, their antennae aimed towards the sky.

Each household gets a brand-new Mac desktop and a telephone. The islanders marvel at the 24-hour news being beamed in and the movie channels.

In Bob's Valley, the Pitcairners carve steps down to a recently-erected signpost that reads: "To Goal." Just past a reinforced fence, a backhoe tears down the previous three-celled prison.

In its place an L-shaped prison on stilts is built above a dirt yard, its six spacious double cells include cooking facilities and bathrooms with flush toilets.

EXT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Gail treks up the red dirt road that leads to the rarely-used courthouse. It's a white-washed building with hibiscus and lantana root climbing up its lower walls. The only notable feature is the Bounty's anchor, mounted on a plinth by the entrance. Gail passes it on her way inside.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gail enters to find two British MDP's - officers authorized to carry firearms - standing by the exits and monitoring the suspects. They glance her way but seeing that she's not a threat, quickly go back to ignoring her.

Though it's barely 9 a.m., it is sweltering inside. Portable fans do nothing but push hot air from one side of the room to the other. Mosquitoes hover over the heads of the people in the gallery.

A mixed media pool from three different continents takes last minute notes as Gail makes her way to the open seats behind the prosecution's table.

Like the defense's lawyers, Simon Mount is in full English court regalia, including a black woolen gown. He sits in a maroon leather chair, sweating and pulling on his collar.

GAIL COX

I don't know how you wear those.
It's hot enough as it is.

SIMON MOUNT

Hey, I'm just glad they made the
exception for the horsehair wigs.
(MORE)

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

Believe me, I wish I were dressed
like them...

He motions to the defendants. Sitting in a row, the accused wear printed Pitcairn Island t-shirts, worn into holes, and proudly display their Bounty tattoos. All of them are barefoot. Gail spots a familiar face leaning over to talk to the men from the gallery.

GAIL COX

What is Meralda doing here? She's supposed to be supervising the defendants, not giving them legal advice.

SIMON MOUNT

Let it go, Gail...

He starts laying out the day's briefs.

GAIL COX

Shouldn't there be more people here?

Gail's right. Except for those that are required to be there, the public benches are practically empty.

SIMON MOUNT

Isn't it obvious? The locals were told to stay away. How else to show their contempt for the process?

GAIL COX

I don't see Jay Warren...

SIMON MOUNT

That's because his complainant dropped her charge.

GAIL COX

What?! When did this happen?!

SIMON MOUNT

Must be something in the water. Your star witness appears to have had a change of heart too.

GAIL COX

Not Darralyn?

SIMON MOUNT

That's the one...

GAIL COX
I'll talk to her! I promise.

She moves to say more when the REGISTRAR enters through a connecting door.

REGISTRAR
All be upstanding for the Chief
Justice of the Pitcairn Supreme
Court!

Those in attendance rise as Pitcairn Chief Justice, CHARLES BLACKIE, 67, and his fellow judges walk in and find their pulpits. They too are in long black gowns and white bibs and are already sweating.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE
Please be seated. All those with
business before the court please
make themselves known.

As the crowd returns to their seats, the Registrar continues:

REGISTRAR
Steven Raymond Christian et al.
against the Queen.

Simon Mount stands.

SIMON MOUNT
Thank you, your honors. Crown calls
Isobel Freeman to the stand.

The lights in the room dim as ISOBEL, 38, a frail, mousy girl with glasses, arrives on the witness screen, beamed in from Auckland.

In the gallery, Dave Brown leans forward, resting his elbows on the banister separating the courtroom from the people. He stares at Isobel as Simon rises to question her.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)
Mrs. Freeman, how did you come in
contact with Dave Brown?

ISOBEL
I was tending our family's plot up
at the Hollow when I saw Dave
coming over. We talked about
gardening for a bit. I don't think
I said more than a few words when
he grabbed me all of a sudden and
pulled me down onto some stones and
raped me.

(MORE)

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Even then I thought, there's grass right there, who wants to lay on rocks? But I kept my mouth shut and he was done soon enough. The bastard just got on his bike and left me there on the ground.

SIMON MOUNT

But you returned to the Hollow the next day? May I ask why?

ISOBEL

I had to or my father would have tanned my hide. When I saw Dave, he didn't even talk to me, he just pulled my legs out from underneath me and had his way with me again.

SIMON MOUNT

He raped you?

ISOBEL

Yes. In my father's garden. After that I changed my routine. I started inspecting the gardens later in the day. That meant that, more often than not, the sun wasn't on the flowers and I would have to force open the buds to thrust in the stamen. The plants, they stopped growing after that. My father was mad, but at least it was better than seeing Dave anymore.

SIMON MOUNT

Did you say no at any time?

ISOBEL

It didn't even enter into my head that I could say no. Dave warned me that if I talked we'd get into trouble... that it was all going to be my fault and that no one would believe me anyway. That second time, I tried not to, but I began to weep. He said 'Stop your crying. If you don't stop, I'm going to shit inside you.'

SIMON MOUNT

I'm sorry to belabor the point, but just so the court record is clear--

ISOBEL

It meant he would... ejaculate inside me. Anyway, I think my crying really bothered him because afterwards he was furious. He drove back to town faster than he needed to, taking lots of sharp turns and weaving from side to side. I tried to hang on to him, but he just kept pushing me away.

SIMON MOUNT

Why do you think he did that?

ISOBEL

He was hoping that I'd fall off, to make it look like I'd hurt myself and that's why I was crying.

SIMON MOUNT

Did you tell your parents what Dave had done to you?

ISOBEL

When I told my mother she gave me a real belting, hitting me upside the head. She said I shouldn't have let Dave do what he done to me.

SIMON MOUNT

Was that the last run-in you had with Dave?

ISOBEL

I wish. A few days later, I was sitting on the steps of the public hall because there was a games night going on. He must have snuck up behind me because the next thing I know he's positioned himself above me and he farts on my head.

The defendants have been waiting for this bit and break down, laughing riotously. The rest of the courtroom is quiet. Isobel waits for the laughter to subside, then continues.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Nothing changed until I turned fifteen and went off to New Zealand to finish schooling.

SIMON MOUNT

But your problems weren't necessarily over.

ISOBEL

Even though I was an ocean away, I still had nightmares where I was shipped back to the island. I got a job at a hospital. I took every shift I could get my hands on, because when I wasn't working, I was on edge all the time, snapping at everyone. I had abusive relationships, kept trying to harm myself. I'm married with four children now, but twenty-five years on, I still can't bear to hear the sound of children screaming in the park. It sounds like they're crying out for help. I've never been back to the island. I won't go back there.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Adrien Cook takes Simon's place in front of the monitor.

ADRIEN COOK

Mrs. Freeman, Dave Brown maintains you were thirteen years old at the time, not eleven.

ISOBEL

Big difference.

ADRIEN COOK

Also, he claims that you flirted with him.

ISOBEL

Are you joking?!

ADRIEN COOK

Is it possible that you're confusing Dave with other men that abused you?

ISOBEL

Definitely not. I can actually feel it, the pressure.

ADRIEN COOK

You've never found Dave to be a dishonest person, have you?

ISOBEL

All I can remember of Dave is the sexual abuse.

Adrien tries a new tactic.

ADRIEN COOK

Why didn't you report Mr. Brown's actions? If it was a matter of finding an outsider, your school teacher was a New Zealander. Surely you could have gone to him?

Isobel shakes her head.

ADRIEN COOK (CONT'D)

You could have reported it to the magistrate--

A laugh escapes her mouth that she immediately smothers with her hand.

ADRIEN COOK (CONT'D)

Is something funny?

ISOBEL

The magistrate was Dave Brown.

Adrien Cook glares at his deputy barristers for not catching that as Isobel continues.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

You didn't know who to talk to. There was no one to stick up for you. It was too shameful to tell anyone.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The satellite feed equipment is tucked away as Dave Brown finds himself taking the witness stand.

ADRIEN COOK

Mr. Brown you recently entered a two-year counseling course for child sex offenders.

DAVE BROWN

My wife got me into it.

He motions to his wife. She's sitting, supportive, in the gallery, with his daughter.

ADRIEN COOK

Despite this, you're still pleading not guilty. Why is that?

DAVE BROWN

Well, I know I done wrong, but my memories of what happened is a lot different than what that girl said.

ADRIEN COOK

Such as?

DAVE BROWN

Like I said before about the girl's age...

ADRIEN COOK

I'd like to show some of your police interview from 2000 to illustrate how this kind of behavior was acceptable practice on Pitcairn.

A portable TELEVISION is wheeled in and the tape of his police interview is played. Grainy footage of Dennis and Gail shows them interrogating Dave.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

How old was Darralyn Warren when you two began your relationship?

DAVE BROWN

She was bordering 12 or 13...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Were you in love with Darralyn?

DAVE BROWN

Yes, I think I was.

GAIL COX

Do you think it's wrong for a man in his thirties to be having sex with a 12 or 13 year old?

DAVE BROWN

Yes.

GAIL COX

Is it a fairly normal part of Pitcairn life?

DAVE BROWN

It seems like something that's been
done right down through the ages...
someone following on from someone
else... it didn't seem wrong...
everyone was doing that sort of
thing at that age.

Adrien Cook stops the tape and turns, confidently, towards
the prosecution.

ADRIEN COOK

Your witness.

SIMON MOUNT

One moment--

They're about to wheel away the television set, but Mount
waves to the operator.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

Can you keep it going please?

The technician lets it play. Dave's wife and daughter watch
with trepidation as Gail continues grilling Dave in the
video.

GAIL COX

How do you feel about what you did?

DAVE BROWN

Fucking disgusting... it just
shatters me to think what I did,
you know, it's just bloody sick.
But at the time, I must say I
didn't think the same way as I feel
now.

GAIL COX

How did you feel?

DAVE BROWN

I felt good... I had just cum.

There are murmurs from the crowd as Simon Mount nods.

SIMON MOUNT

Stop it there, please.

As the television is once again wheeled out, Dave chances a
look at his family. His wife appears distraught. His
daughter stares at the ceiling, refusing to look elsewhere.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)
When you had sex with Darralyn--

DAVE BROWN
I never had sex with Darralyn.

SIMON MOUNT
I don't understand. You admitted
to it in the tape...

DAVE BROWN
It may have appeared that way, but
I was referring to something
different.

Simon Mount crosses his arms.

SIMON MOUNT
Do tell.

Dave Brown has a few false starts before he can explain.

DAVE BROWN
There's this custom on Pitcairn of
when you don't want to have sex
where the penis doesn't go into the
vagina you just rub it between
their thighs. When the police
interviewed me, I was referring to
the rubbing thing.

SIMON MOUNT
You expect us to believe...

DAVE BROWN
It's the god's honest truth.

Simon Mount shakes his head, dumbfounded.

SIMON MOUNT
I'm done with this witness.

EXT. ADAMSTOWN -- AFTERNOON

In town, the church bells are rung, and the locals emerge
from their homes. They hurry to the landing with their
wares, arms filled with anything they can sell.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- MINUTES LATER

The locals climb into the longboats with their items and are
ferried out to a waiting YACHT.

EXT. CLIPPER ODYSSEY -- CONTINUOUS

The Clipper Odyssey is a 30-meter yacht glistening in the afternoon sun. It's bosun hooks a rigid ladder to the rail of the ship and the Pitcairners eagerly scramble up the side onto the deck.

The passengers onboard are mostly Europeans on vacation. They look at the islanders like they're the most exotic thing they've ever laid eyes on.

Along with the other women, Olive, Carol, and Meralda spread their curios out on a sheet before them. They have painted leaves and molasses candy, stacks of woven baskets, and Pitcairn stamps. They fan them out theatrically.

EXT. CLIPPER ODYSSEY, DECK -- SOON AFTER

In the bar area, Steve Christian drinks with the Clipper's Captain as Dave Brown and the bartender load beer and liquor into large, orange plastic bags marked "Hazardous Waste." The Captain motions to the women on deck.

CLIPPER CAPTAIN

How much do you people make from all this?

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Depends. Flying bird carvings can go for \$100 on a cruise ship. Same with a shark. Some of us have been known to make \$4000 in one day.

The Captain whistles through his teeth.

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Problem is forty years ago, we'd get four ships a month. Now... months go by without.

CLIPPER CAPTAIN

What's going on with this trial we've been hearing about?

Steve waves him off, nonplussed.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Nothing to worry about there. Just a misunderstanding. We've got it all under control.

Next to him though, Randy's been drinking. He can't keep quiet.

RANDY CHRISTIAN

This old fuck, Cook, sits back and lets Mount run the show. Doesn't object, doesn't do anything! It's an embarrassment, we should be shoving it down their throats! Not playing on the defensive...

On a break from selling, Olive Christian takes a plate from one of the stewards offers up some goat cheese and crackers. Randy grabs one, barely looking at her.

RANDY CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Thanks ma, grab me another beer?

Seeing this, his Uncle laughs.

DAVE BROWN

Aw, you still need mummy to cut your meat too?

RANDY CHRISTIAN

Oh, I should be embarrassed? I'd tell you to fuck yourself, but you'd probably only run it through your thighs.

Steve and a few others cackle as Randy smiles, proudly.

DAVE BROWN

You're a mouthy little twat, aren't ya?

RANDY CHRISTIAN

I may be mouthy, but I'll do a damn sight better than you when my trial comes up.

DAVE BROWN

You know, you're still young enough for me to take you over my knee--

RANDY CHRISTIAN

I'd like to see you try!

They're about to run at each other when Steve steps between the two of them.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Settle down, no one's fightin!

Both of them listen reluctantly, his word gospel. As they calm down, Steve puts his arm around Dave to confide.

STEVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
But he's right about one thing. If
you don't get a hold of this and
Darralyn testifies, you'll be goin'
away for a long, long time...

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- SAME TIME

As the longboats ferry another group of passengers to the yacht, Gail urgently takes the opportunity to speak with Darralyn.

GAIL COX
But why now?!

DARRALYN
You have no idea the pressure I'm
under. Turi and I are gonna have a
baby and I can't do it alone. I
can't go against the island!

Their longboat arrives at the base of the ship. Eager to be done with the conversation, Darralyn scampers up the Clipper's ladder. Seeing her chance go out the window, Gail tries one last thing--

GAIL COX
Darralyn, if it's a girl what are
you gonna do?

Darralyn stops climbing and slowly turns to face Gail.

DARRALYN
What do you mean?

GAIL COX
No one's safe here...

The words are devastating, but somehow Darralyn returns to climbing the ladder. Gail calls after her.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
Please, Darralyn -- we can protect
you!

EXT. CLIPPER ODYSSEY -- CONTINUOUS

Topside, Steve Christian sees that the longboats have just dropped another group of people off. The majority of them, reporters.

They look around amazed. Most haven't seen civilization for weeks. They decamp to the bar to order fruity, tropical drinks.

Steve curses to himself, their presence an assault to his good time. And then he sees Gail Cox climb aboard.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

The fuck is she doin' here?!

Before he knows what he's doing, he charges over, arm raised ready to strike her. But just before he can, there's a gasp from some of the passengers.

Steve sees the journalists, hands on their cameras. It reminds him that he's in public. He turns away, smiling broadly, intimating that everything's just fine.

Gail watches him go -- *terrified*.

When she finds Darralyn again, the girl is looking back at her, strangely unemotional.

DARRALYN WARREN

You can protect me, huh?

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

In the time before the hearings start for the day, Gail Cox enters the empty courthouse. Making sure the coast is clear, she holds the door open until a reticent Darralyn joins her inside.

DARRALYN

What are we doing here? I already told you I wouldn't testify.

GAIL COX

Forget about that. I just needed some place for you to talk to her.

DARRALYN

Talk to who?

Darralyn turns to see her sister, Charlene, and stops in her tracks.

CHARLENE

Hey, Dari.

Darralyn throws her arms around her baby sis. It's been many, many months since either has seen the other. When Darralyn finally lets Charlene up for air, they both have wet eyes.

DARRALYN
What are you doing here?!

CHARLENE
I came back to testify.

DARRALYN
You could have done it by
satellite, you know?

CHARLENE
I wanted to look them in the eye
while I did it.

Darralyn nods and takes a few steps back.

DARRALYN
Do Mum and Dad know you're here?

CHARLENE
Not yet. I wanted to see you first.

Darralyn shakes her head and turns her back on Charlene.

DARRALYN
I know that's not why you're here.

CHARLENE
Why am I here, Dari?

DARRALYN
You want me to reconsider.

CHARLENE
Yeah.

DARRALYN
Well, I can't do that.

CHARLENE
It's gonna keep happening, if you
don't.

DARRALYN
You don't know what it's like
because the second it got hard you
ran away!

Charlene looks like she's just been slapped.

CHARLENE
Oh yeah, I missed out on all the
hard times... I said goodbye to
everyone I knew in the world.
(MORE)

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

I left my home to move thousands of kilometers away, just to take the easy way.

DARRALYN

Yeah well, maybe you should go back there.

Gail has stayed on the periphery, trying to give them as much privacy as possible. But when it becomes clear that Darralyn won't change her mind, she heads to the side door, peeking out at those waiting near the courthouse steps for the day's events to begin.

In the distance, she sees Dave Brown lumbering up the front path. She turns back to face the girls.

GAIL COX

Darralyn, I don't think anyone should see you here. I can sneak you out the side if you're ready.

Darralyn wipes the tears from her eyes and passes Charlene without so much as a goodbye hug. She heads out the door Gail has propped open for her.

EXT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Darralyn takes but a few steps out of the courthouse before she bumps into someone. When she sees that it's Dave Brown, she quickly goes ashen, buries her head and plows on.

Dave watches her go, his eyes wide. In his head he starts putting two and two together.

When they're finally around the corner, free from prying eyes, Darralyn whirls around on Gail.

DARRALYN

What the fuck was that?!

GAIL COX

What do you mean?

DARRALYN

You knew he was out there! Is this a joke to you?! This is my life!

GAIL COX

I would never--

DARRALYN

From here on out stay the fuck away
from me!

Gail watches Darralyn go, hating herself.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- LATER THAT DAY

At the defense table, Dave Brown sits, stewing in his own personal hell. He's moments away from his life ending. If he's going to do something, it's now or never...

Down the table from him, Adrien Cook pushes his chair out, ready to mount a defense. Before he can stand however, Dave rises, unsteadily, to his feet.

DAVE BROWN

Your honor?

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE

Mr. Brown, please use your
barrister to address the court.
That's what he's there for.

DAVE BROWN

I know, your honor. It's just...

He looks down at his fellow defendants who stare back at him, unsure. Dave Brown steels himself for what's about to come.

DAVE BROWN (CONT'D)

I'd like to change my plea to
guilty.

The press snaps as many photos as they can as the rest of the defendants scream bloody murder at Dave and the bailiffs have to step in and restrain everybody.

And as all hell breaks loose, a smile slowly blooms on Gail Cox's face.

EXT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

With court adjourned for the day, Steve storms out the front doors cursing Dave Brown.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

That stupid son of a bitch!

Randy and Shawn follow after.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
I told you he was a coward.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN
It's Adrien Cook's fault for losing control.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
I never trusted that old fuck.
Bought and paid for by the British,
he was probably just there to keep tabs on us! Why is he still on the defense team? His specialty was sovereignty and he lost that. I say we replace him.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN
Do you really think it's smart to change lawyers halfway through a trial?

Steve ignores his youngest and responds directly to Randy.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
We'll get Leon's lawyer. I want him on the next boat out of Auckland.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
I'll take care of it, dad.

He slaps Randy on the back.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
That's my boy.

Steve marches off, both of his kids looking after him.

INT. BIG FENCE -- SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

With a roaring fire going in their fire pit, the Christians welcome a guest. Christopher Harder, sits lounging in an easy chair, sipping occasionally from the glass of scotch at his side.

Despite arriving fresh from a 30-hour boat ride, he's looking dapper in a three-piece grey suit, crocodile shoes, and gold hoop earrings. You can feel the sleaziness coming off of him from across the room.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Thank you for this warm welcome,
but I won't waste a second of your
time. Adrien Cook has already
taken enough of it. All you need
to know is...

(beat)

I'm going to make them hurt.

From the looks of it, that's just what the Christians wanted
to hear. They watch as he digs in the briefcase by his feet
and comes out with something.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (CONT'D)

Here, a little welcome present from
Governor Salt. He was saving it
for the right time...

Harder tosses a CD-rom case to Steve. He catches it,
handily.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

What is it?

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

The Captain of the Braveheart had a
camera on board. Apparently, the
prosecution was drinking the night
before their arrival and...

(beat)

...well, there was an incident.

Now it's Steve's turn to smile.

INT. MISSION HOUSE -- THE NEXT DAY

In the Tosen's living room, Gail, Dennis, and Simon Mount
huddle around a laptop to watch footage of the leaked tape.

GAIL COX

This was slipped under my door at
six a.m.

The footage is staticky but seems to be from the ship that
took the British officials to Pitcairn. It opens with Nigel
Jolly, the Skipper of the Braveheart, presenting a tray of
shots to anyone who will take one. From the looks of it most
are drunk already, but that doesn't stop them from partaking.

Then MATT JOLLY, 23, the Skipper's son, comes out on roller
skates, wearing a sparkly, red wig and a pair of massively-
oversized, fake breasts. Everyone laughs and cheers when
they see him.

MATT JOLLY

It has long been a tradition on this vessel for charter passengers to wear the official uniform of the merchant marines while they drink. Anyone willing to do so becomes an honorary, lifetime crew member of the Braveheart!

The British applaud as Matt Jolly skates around the deck, looking for his first victim. When he gets to an inebriated Simon Mount, he looks no further.

Watching the footage now, Simon groans.

SIMON MOUNT

Jesus...

He knows what comes next. With very little convincing, Simon is persuaded to strap on the wig and fake breasts. Hearing laughs, he runs around trying to get someone to grope him.

When he reaches Dennis, pissing over the edge of the boat, he doesn't hesitate. He starts shaking the detective from behind.

Dennis turns to the camera. He's got urine all over his pants and can barely stand. Tripping over a nearby bench, he flashes the entire deck. In the present, Dennis sighs, deeply.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

How long do we have before this leaks?

GAIL COX

Any day now. You can bet Harder mailed a few copies to media outlets before he left.

Simon drops his head in his hands, seeing his career go down the tubes.

SIMON MOUNT

God, this is so damn embarrassing.

He walks to the other side of the room, his back to everyone. It's one of the rare times when he seems his age. With her maternal instincts kicking in, Gail shuts the laptop and turns to face him.

GAIL COX

Hey, they want you to feel like this, okay?

(MORE)

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

They want you to collapse into some self-hating ball, who's unable to do his job. Pretend it doesn't bother you. Or better yet...

(beat)

...go on the offensive.

EXT. ADAMSTOWN SQUARE -- DAY

With something salacious to report on, the Press rise to the occasion. They have cameras set up in the town square to interview any Pitcairner that's willing to respond. Currently, Foreign Correspondent CLAIRE HARVEY, 36, of the Daily Telegraph has a microphone in Meralda Warren's face.

CLAIRE HARVEY

...the footage was presented to members of the press this morning. Already, excerpts are appearing in New Zealand media outlets here and abroad.

MERALDA WARREN

I saw them photos. I think they're degrading to women. To everything the prosecutors say they represent. I think there is no doubt that the prosecution is now tainted and that we need a new trial.

CLAIRE HARVEY

And you are the police officer here on Pitcairn, are you not?

MERALDA WARREN

Yes Claire, I am. But I'm also an accomplished artist and poet. In fact, I've written a poem about our boys' struggle.

CLAIRE HARVEY

I'm sure our viewers would love to hear it.

Meralda unfolds a piece of paper and clears her throat.

MERALDA WARREN

This is called, "Is Seven a Lucky Number?" Okay...

(beat)

There's never an age consent set in our laws,

(MORE)

MERALDA WARREN (CONT'D)

*Oh sixteen is in the British
clause,
what book they choose,
what next law will they ruse,
why must these Seven men be used?*

She looks expectantly at the reporter, who in all honesty, is a little embarrassed for her.

CLAIRE HARVEY

Yes, very evocative, very powerful.

She turns back to the camera, done with Meralda.

CLAIRE HARVEY (CONT'D)

With these new developments, what was a conspiracy theory now has many journalists believing that the accused themselves are the true victims. For the Daily Telegraph, I'm Claire Harvey.

As she signs off, Gail and Dennis pass by, at a furious clip. They watch as Randy, Shawn, and Steve are being interviewed not far away.

GAIL COX

How is any of this fair? You've got rapists pretending they speak for everyone on the island, shaping the story however they see fit! Do they expect us to stand by while they rewrite history? The world sees them as this group of underdogs, but if they only knew the real people.

Gail keeps walking, unaware that Dennis has stopped.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Why can't they?

Gail turns back as he elaborates.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN (CONT'D)

They leak a video, we leak their names, mugshots, list of crimes, all in excruciating detail.

GAIL COX

Defense might not like it...

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

What are they gonna do? Send us to
Pitcairn?

EXT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Gail pins a freshly printed sheet of paper to the cork board outside the public hall; a list of the accused names in full.

By each of their faces, details of the 64 charges: 21 rapes, 41 indecent assaults, 2 for gross indecency with a child under 14, and the indecent assault of a three-year-old.

Gail leaves it hanging there and, after a moment, Steve Christian arrives. He squints to read the announcement and when he does, he goes stark pale. He rips it from the bulletin board to make sure no one else sees it.

Turning around though, he realizes that every journalist *has their very own copy*.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- SOON AFTER

The defendants find seats next to their new lawyer, Christopher Harder.

As Dave Brown walks in, there are scattered hisses from throughout the gallery. He sees an open chair next to Randy Christian and goes to sit in it, but at the last second, Randy pulls it out from under him and Dave topples to the ground. Randy smirks as he stares down at his uncle.

RANDY CHRISTIAN

Fuckin' traitor.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Randy Christian is in the witness box stroking his goatee, his leg propped up for comfort. Mount watches as Randy waves to his wife and newborn baby.

SIMON MOUNT

Mr. Christian, I see you have your
family here with you today.

He smiles, proudly.

RANDY CHRISTIAN

Yeah, that's my wife, Nadine, and
our little one, Emily Rose.

SIMON MOUNT
Have you ever visited a prostitute?

Randy's sunny demeanor quickly darkens.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
No, I've never needed to pay for it.

SIMON MOUNT
So, you're of the belief that if you can't get laid on your own merits, you shouldn't get laid at all?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Yeah, I suppose...

SIMON MOUNT
Unless, I mean, the girl says no. Then you gotta do what you gotta do, right?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
I don't know what you mean.

SIMON MOUNT
Let me put it another way. Do you look up to your father?

RANDY CHRISTIAN
Sure... why?

SIMON MOUNT
Well, you seem to take after him in many respects. For instance, you both started sexually assaulting girls when you were fourteen.

RANDY CHRISTIAN
That's not true!

SIMON MOUNT
Of course, your father waited until the girls were thirteen, you began molesting Charlene Warren when she was eleven.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- LATE MORNING

Charlene takes Randy's place in the witness box.

CHARLENE

I liked to go for walks around the island. Just by myself. One day, I climbed up to Aute Valley. I thought I was alone, but then I heard one of the motorbikes. Turns out it was Randy. He talked to me for barely a few seconds before he put his hand up my skirt. I pushed him away, but he picked me up and slammed me to the ground. Told me to be quiet or he would hit me. The pain was so terrible that I blacked out.

SIMON MOUNT

If you blacked out, how do you know he actually raped you?

CHARLENE

Because when I came to, he was still doing it. When he finally finished - which felt like forever - I was getting dressed. I asked him why he was doing this to me. He told me it was because he liked me.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

When it's his turn in the hot seat, Shawn Christian looks completely out of his depth. He's boyish and giggly and eager to cooperate.

SIMON MOUNT

Are you a virgin?

Shawn blushes, responding quickly.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

No!

SIMON MOUNT

Can you name the Pitcairn girls you've had sex with?

Shawn shakes his head, embarrassed.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

Isn't that private?

SIMON MOUNT

What about Charlene? Was she one of them?

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

No, no...

SIMON MOUNT

Then why would she make up
allegations?

He stammers, his voice quivering and high-pitched.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN

I'm as puzzled as you... I'm
shocked, as well...

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Mount returns to questioning Charlene Warren.

SIMON MOUNT

A few months after Randy assaulted
you for the first time, your family
was invited over for dinner at the
Christian's. Can you tell the court
what happened after you finished
eating?

CHARLENE

I went into Shawn's bedroom to pet
the family cat, Animal. I guess I
was tired because I fell asleep. I
woke to the sound of the door being
closed behind me. Suddenly, Shawn
was on top of me, pulling my
clothes off. I didn't know what to
think. Shawn had always been kind
to me. But he was like a completely
different person. Somehow, I
managed to break free and ran into
the kitchen where the adults were.

SIMON MOUNT

But still you did not say anything?

CHARLENE

If I had then maybe I could have
stopped what happened next.

SIMON MOUNT

You're referring to the rape that
Randy and Shawn committed together
at the sugar cane shed?

She nods.

CHARLENE

We were so close to the adults that were there. I kept thinking, they must have known...

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- SOON AFTER

Christopher Harder makes a show of getting up to cross-examine Charlene.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

For someone who hated Randy Christian, you sure had a funny way of showing it...

CHARLENE

I don't know what you mean.

He picks up several laminated pieces of paper.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

You wrote him love letters, when he left for Norfolk Island, did you not?

Charlene's face drops. She answers, quietly.

CHARLENE

I did, yes...

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Why would you keep in touch with a man who had assaulted you? Can you explain that to me?

CHARLENE

I was confused. It was like he had two sides to him... a great friendly guy and a person that did these awful things to me.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

But by this point, he was already involved with Leon Salt's daughter, Rachel.

CHARLENE

I guess so.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Rachel was, in effect, an obstacle to your affections.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (CONT'D)

Did you make your statement to Gail Cox because you thought it might get him to refocus on you? To not forget you?

CHARLENE

No, I did not.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

In your statement to police you confessed to having a crush on Randy. Would you like to know what he said in regards to you?

CHARLENE

Not really, no.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

He called you a cruel and vengeful liar who would stop at nothing to draw attention back to herself... a woman scorned...

CHARLENE

That certainly sounds like Randy.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Be honest, your complaint to the police was nothing more than revenge for him having abandoned you.

Charlene shakes her head, hopelessly.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (CONT'D)

Are you telling me you don't want revenge?

CHARLENE

If I had my way, they'd slowly be tortured for the rest of their lives, but I wouldn't let them die. I'd want them to feel as helpless as I did, and frightened, and to not know what's coming next.

Christopher Harder grins in the way that only a truly satisfied person can.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Thank you, Charlene. Defense calls Carol Warren.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Charlene's mother appears uncomfortable in the witness box, but Harder does his best to make her feel welcome.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Mrs. Warren, we're very sorry to call you in to testify, but I'm told you may be able to shed some light on Charlene's condition?

Simon Mount looks over at Charlene, confused. She appears just as unsure where her mother's going with this.

CAROL WARREN

When she was about eighteen months, Charlene fell down a well and almost drowned. We got her out, but afterward, she could no longer walk and seemed to have regressed to a baby. Naturally, we got her on the first boat off the island to see a specialist in New Zealand. He said she had suffered brain damage. From then on, she'd get these blinding headaches and blackout. They gave her anti-epilepsy drugs, but all it made her do was sleep a lot and have trouble concentrating. As she got older, she would speak in an uninhibited and inappropriate way. So, when I finally heard that she had reported a rape to Gail Cox, I thought, 'here she goes again.'

Over at the prosecution's table, Gail leans over the gallery railing to speak privately with Mount.

SIMON MOUNT

What is it? Can't you see I'm drowning here?

GAIL COX

Don't cross, just bring me up.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Carol Warren is back in the gallery and Gail Cox has taken her place on the stand.

SIMON MOUNT

Ms. Cox, what procedure did you follow when you took Charlene's statement?

GAIL COX

Well, she was a minor, so I made sure I had a parent or guardian present as is legally required.

SIMON MOUNT

Is there anyone that can corroborate that?

GAIL COX

Meralda Warren, I suppose. Though I doubt she will...

SIMON MOUNT

You seem skeptical.

GAIL COX

I think the only reason Charlene's mother testified today was to undermine her daughter's case and, possibly, to help get her attacker acquitted.

SIMON MOUNT

I suppose it is true she could have declined to testify, but clearly she was pulled two ways, seeing as her husband was also an offender--

Christopher Harder rises.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER

Objection!

Mount waves him off.

SIMON MOUNT

Withdrawn. Ms. Cox, how did Carol Warren react to hearing her daughter's story.

GAIL COX

She said she was very proud of Charlene coming forward and stated that Randy and Shawn deserved all that was coming to them.

SIMON MOUNT

But that seems to go against what
Mrs. Warren just told us herself.

GAIL COX

As far as the rest of Charlene's
family, I think you'll have to take
their statements with a grain of
salt. She hasn't seen her parents
or family for over several years.
Her father refuses to speak to her.
Ever since she was evacuated from
this island, she has been looked
after by two relatives that hardly
knew her before this started. I
think in most respects she's the
most courageous person I know. And
the fact that she can be dismissed
with the flick of a hand is scary.
She started all of this. She
unearthed something that most
people here would rather stay
buried. And you try to make her go
away by calling her crazy?! No. I
don't think I'll stand for that.

INT. MISSION HOUSE -- SOON AFTER

Gail returns from the courthouse, replaying her day for
Neville and Betty.

GAIL COX

You should have seen Harder's face.
All that hard work tearing Charlene
apart down the drain--

She trails off. They've just entered the front door to find
the Tosen's house has been ransacked.

BETTY TOSEN

Oh my god...

Bureaus have been upended and shelves swept bare. Shattered
vases and tracked in dirt litter the carpet.

NEVILLE TOSEN

What the hell happened?!

Gail steps over broken glass and debris.

GAIL COX

I can venture a guess.

BETTY TOSEN
You're saying Steve did this?!

Neville stares dumbfounded at the destruction all around him.

NEVILLE TOSEN
What was he looking for?

GAIL COX
I don't think he was looking for anything. I think it's a warning. He goes on trial tomorrow...

She looks up when she realizes.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)
I think he's afraid.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Steve Christian sits on the witness stand, arms crossed.

SIMON MOUNT
Mr. Christian, you have been very vocal about the fact that you and your fellow defendants have been set up.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
That's right. We're just taking the rap for what happened two hundred years ago. But you can only push a Pitcairner so far. We inherited that gene from ones who had the guts to stand up to a bully.

SIMON MOUNT
You seem to have a lot of animosity towards Great Britain.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
I think it's Great Britain that has animosity for us.

SIMON MOUNT
So, which is it? Are you an island of savages who don't know any better and have to rely on British funds to get by or are you an independent nation ready to go without English aid who can govern themselves?

STEVE CHRISTIAN

We don't need anyone to cut our meat for us.

SIMON MOUNT

Would this be a lawless nation? For instance, these charges that you face - would you still be held accountable or is this just a convenient way to erase your troubles?

Steve responds, cautiously.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

If these are crimes elsewhere in the world, then we shouldn't be treated any differently. But it doesn't matter because I've never taken anyone against their wish.

SIMON MOUNT

So as long as someone consents, it doesn't matter how old they are?

He nods in agreement.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

Who is Vanda Brown?

A cloud of anger passes over Steve's face. He has difficulty stifling it.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

You don't recall? Let me help you. In 1952, a fifteen-year-old Pitcairn girl was raped by her schoolteacher. She became pregnant. When she went into labor, they realized that the baby was too big to be delivered vaginally. By the time a ship passed with a doctor on it, Vanda had been in terrible pain for five days. The baby was long since dead. Vanda was taken to Auckland for surgery, but she ended up dying from the complications. Why do I share this story, Mr. Christian? Who is Vanda to you?

Steve mumbles.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you'll have to speak up.

He clears his throat.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
My sister.

SIMON MOUNT
What do you take from that?

He speaks through gritted teeth.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
She knew what she was doing.

SIMON MOUNT
Did Lucy Aldridge?

Steve shifts in his seat, uncomfortably.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

The lights in the courthouse have been dimmed and the monitor linked up to the satellite relay is wheeled in. LUCY ALDRIDGE, 44, appears centered on screen from a video link studio in Auckland. Her eyes dart manically, unable to relax.

SIMON MOUNT
Mrs. Aldridge, thank you for
testifying here today.

She nods, absently.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)
I am aware of how difficult this
must be for you, reopening old
wounds. You are alleging attacks
by as many as a dozen men. I can
only imagine how different your
childhood must have been from even
those of your fellow victims on
Pitcairn. You have stated that
Steve Christian raped you dozens of
times, beginning in 1971. You're
claiming to have a recollection of
something that happened over thirty
years ago?

LUCY ALDRIDGE
It's easy when you relive them
every day.

SIMON MOUNT
Can you take us back there?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

I would have been ten at the most. It was after Sabbath school. Some friends and I were going to Jack Williams Valley for a picnic. I guess I fell behind the others because Steve and two other boys were waiting for me in the banyan trees. They grabbed me from behind, pushed me to the ground, and pulled down my shorts. As his friends held me down, Steve raped me.

Simon Mount turns to face Steve.

SIMON MOUNT

Like father, like sons...

Steve's about to rise, but Christopher Harder holds him back. Simon returns to questioning Lucy.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)

Did you resist?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

I was a virgin. I struggled to get free, but they were too strong. When Steve finished, he pulled up his pants and told the others, 'Your turn, if you want.' Thankfully, they said no and the three of them ran off, laughing.

SIMON MOUNT

Did you steer clear of him from then on?

Lucy looks pained. She tries to put it into words.

LUCY ALDRIDGE

I grew up around violence. More than once, I remember my father beating my mother until she was unconscious. He'd wake her up by dumping a pitcher of water over her head. It's no wonder I connected sex and violence in my head. I guess that's why I listened when Steve pulled up outside the church one night and ordered me onto his motorbike.

SIMON MOUNT

When was this?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

This was a year or two after the banyan attack. By this point, I knew that Steve had a reputation of using the island girls as his personal harem. He seemed to take it upon himself to initiate them. He drove me to Aute Valley and ordered me to lie down on a bed of banana leaves. He then took off my underwear and raped me again.

SIMON MOUNT

Did you resist this time?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

What's the point? Just let him get on with it. He's going to do it anyway.

SIMON MOUNT

Did you tell anyone?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

I knew nothing would be done about it. That night my father beat me with a razor strop. Not for the sex, but for missing church.

SIMON MOUNT

Was that the end of it?

LUCY ALDRIDGE

It happened a couple more times before I left the island for good.

She manages to smile, sadly.

LUCY ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

You know it's funny, I lost my virginity at such a young age... but I don't think I kissed anyone until I was in my late 20's. When I finally did have kids, I used to spy on my husband whenever he was bathing or changing them. Just in case anything happened...

SIMON MOUNT

Thank you, Mrs. Aldridge.

He turns back to the defense table and Christopher Harder.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)
Your witness...

Harder rises to his feet and takes Mount's place in front of the monitor.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
Mrs. Aldridge, I'm confused. From your story it appears as if you consented in both instances...

LUCY ALDRIDGE
What ten-year-old could give consensual sex?!

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
It sounds like many of your friends...

Lucy scoffs.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER (CONT'D)
I have to ask again why you didn't tell your parents about the rapes.

LUCY ALDRIDGE
Because everyone knew these things happened, but nothing was ever done about it. It was shoved under the carpet.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
But your parents were church leaders. Surely if they heard that something bad had happened to their daughter, they would have done something about it?

Lucy shakes her head, wondering.

LUCY ALDRIDGE
I don't know whether they would have done something about it. There was a time I thought my mother saw what was going on, but I must have been mistaken...

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
No further questions, your honor.

As Chief Justice Blackie begins to speak, Simon Mount's hand flies up.

SIMON MOUNT
Quick re-cross, your honor?

Justice Blackie nods and Mount questions Lucy from his seat.

SIMON MOUNT (CONT'D)
What were the circumstances
surrounding this sighting?

LUCY ALDRIDGE
I was swimming in Bounty Bay when
Steve came for me. He dragged me
into the longboat shed and began
pulling my bathing suit off when
someone came by the boat shed door
suddenly. I don't know what she was
there for, but my mum looked right
at us. I know she saw us. But she
immediately turned away and hurried
off.

SIMON MOUNT
Do you remember when this was?

LUCY ALDRIDGE
It would have been Good Friday,
1974. We had just come from
services...

In the gallery, Olive Christian's head shoots up. The only
person who seems to notice is Gail Cox. She repeats the date
to herself as Mount wraps up his questioning. Gail leans
over the railing to whisper to him, urgently.

GAIL COX
Call Olive Christian to the stand.

SIMON MOUNT
Are you crazy?!

GAIL COX
Trust me.

She points to something on the sheet in front of him and
everything falls into place. He nods.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE
Well, if there are no more
witnesses for today, I think we can
wrap up a bit early--

Mount interrupts.

SIMON MOUNT
Your honors, before we break I have
one final testimony I'd like to get
in. I promise it'll be a short
one.

The judges discuss quickly and nod their assent.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE
Proceed.

SIMON MOUNT
Prosecution calls Olive Christian
to the stand.

At the defense table, Steve blanches.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
No fuckin' way!

Judge Blackie bellows.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE
Mr. Christian!

Harder puts a hand out to calm his client.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
I'm sorry your honor for the
outburst, but we strongly object to
this witness--

SIMON MOUNT
She's on the witness list.

CHRISTOPHER HARDER
You cannot compel a spouse to
testify against their husband.

SIMON MOUNT
You can if she's willing to
testify.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
And I'm telling you that she's not!

OLIVE CHRISTIAN
Shut up, Steve!

Olive has nearly screamed this. It silences her husband. In the quiet that follows, she makes her way to the witness stand. Mount quickly stands to question.

SIMON MOUNT

Mrs. Christian, the date that Lucy Aldridge shared - does it have any significance to you?

OLIVE CHRISTIAN

I should say so. It is the birthdate of my oldest, Randy.

SIMON MOUNT

Can you tell us about that day?

OLIVE CHRISTIAN

It was a long labor, over ten hours. Sometime in there, Steve, went to get cigarettes. He was only supposed to be gone for fifteen minutes or so, but he didn't come back for three hours. I always wondered where he went. Now I know. I chalked it up to nerves. It turns out that he's just an asshole.

There's a few shocked gasps and laughs from the gallery.

OLIVE CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

All he cares about is sleeping around and making money off the boats that come here. Only selling wood carvings didn't make him enough money, so he had to come up with something that the crew would always pay for. An endless resource...

(beat)

The girls of the island selling themselves.

The Press cameras erupt with flash photographs. The gallery is pandemonium. Some call for Olive's head, others are applauding. Steve tries to scream at his wife over the din, but it's pointless.

As everything goes to shit, Gail beams from ear-to-ear. She claps Simon Mount on the back. He's so happy he turns around and hugs her.

INT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

After the crowd has been calmed down, Chief Justice Charles Blackie hands down the court's decision.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE

The women that testified during this trial have shown remarkable courage. The offenses that have been proved here are almost certainly the tip of the iceberg. The defense claims that this is not a pattern repeating itself, but Steve Christian's father, Ivan, was magistrate for eight years at a time when Steve was busy "initiating" all the young girls on the island. And here his very own children stand accused.

Randy and Shawn stare at their shoes as the Judge continues.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

Those that did this are not teens taking part in youthful indiscretions. They are adult men who have raped and assaulted girls as young as three. The islanders have been traveling to and from New Zealand for nearly a century. They knew better. Only one of you saw fit to save this court the trouble of denying it. Dave Brown, please rise.

Dave stands up, shakily. He's remarkably well-dressed for him, in a pair of jeans and sandals and a dress shirt.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to commend Mr. Brown for breaking ranks with the generally confrontational approach adopted by the others. By turning in a guilty plea, he has spared two girls from testifying. And by voluntarily enrolling in sex-offender classes and emailing his primary victim, he has shown probably the singular instance in these trials of an apology being given, deep remorse being expressed, and that being accepted. With those he abused wishing to see him rehabilitated rather than imprisoned, I hereby order Mr. Brown to do 400 hours of community service and undergo counseling.

Dave exhales, tears streaming down his face.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)
As for the rest of you...

Blackie turns to the others.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)
Shawn Christian...

Shawn reluctantly rises.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)
I find you guilty on all three counts; two of child rape, and one of aiding and abetting rape. Mr. Mount, I know the Crown has requested a seven to eight-year sentence, but I find the evidence to be incompatible with such a charge. I sentence Shawn Christian to three and a half years jail time.

Olive Christian breaks down as Shawn consoles her from afar.

SHAWN CHRISTIAN
It's okay, ma.

Judge Blackie moves on to Randy, whose demeanor has changed drastically. No longer is he the swaggering terror he used to be. He resembles a frightened child, lost in the woods.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE
Randy Christian, you stand accused of five charges of rape and seven indecent assaults. I find the testimony given by Charlene Warren to be compelling despite the so-called infatuation she admitted to. You were for the most part an adult and she, a child. You seemed to believe you had some kind of right to sexually violate these girls whenever you felt like it. Some people on this island who did not see or hear the evidence have publicly suggested that it is fiction. The fact that the major complainant gave her evidence in the face of total rejection by her family is eloquent proof to the contrary.

(MORE)

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

You are cleared of one rape and two of the indecent assaults for lack of evidence, but for the rest I find you guilty and am jailing you for six years--

Olive shrieks involuntarily but stifles it as she hurries over to comfort her children. As they huddle together, Judge Blackie turns to address Steve.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

As for you Mr. Christian, I'm dismissing two of the four indecent assault charges. I find the evidence to be equivocal. I'm also doing away with the first rape charge...

The defendants look back and forth at each other - is Steve going to be acquitted? He lets the first glimpse of a smirk find its way onto his face.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

Turning to the remaining charges... Despite the endeavors of the defense to shake this witness, I find her evidence compelling and the rape to be proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

Gail raises her arms, triumphantly. At the defense table, Steve shakes his head, mumbling.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

What a heap of shit...

Ignoring him, the Chief Justice continues.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE

The idea that your relationship with Lucy Aldridge was consensual is frankly laughable. She was an innocent girl you secreted into the bushes and took advantage of. There was no affection or romantic connection. She did not want it to happen.

Patches of sweat have started to form on Steve's short sleeved work shirt.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

I sentence you to three years in the Pitcairn jail.

Some of those in the gallery applaud, others boo. For their part, Gail and Simon appear disappointed.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKIE (CONT'D)

These sentences are tailored to Pitcairn. They take into account the mitigating factors of its isolation, its permanent population of less than fifty, and its dependence on the manpower of its citizens. Should a ship come to call, the prisoners will be released temporarily to man the longboats, without which the island cannot connect with the outside world. The defendants are remanded on bail and due to report to Her Majesty's Prison Pitcairn one week from today. Thank you all and God Save the Queen.

EXT. PITCAIRN COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

The Press are now spread out across Adamstown Square, reporting on the verdicts.

CLAIRE HARVEY

...with the Pitcairn Supreme Court convicting the remaining defendants on 35 of the possible 55 charges...

Behind Claire Harvey, Gail and Simon exit the courthouse. When the journalists see the lead prosecutor, they mob him with questions. Gail steps back to give him room.

KATHY MARKS

Mr. Mount, would you call this a win?

SIMON MOUNT

While the sentences are incredibly lenient, I think it's unlikely that anyone is going to offend again. And if they did, they would be looking at big penalties. Those found guilty will be unable to hold public office for five years. And, as convicts, if they try to resume their customary vacations to New Zealand or Norfolk Island, they won't even be allowed off the boat--

The camera crews spot Steve Christian pushing his way out the double doors of the courthouse and hurry over to talk to him.

KATHY MARKS

Do you think your sentence is a fair one?

STEVE CHRISTIAN

I think any time spent in jail over these ridiculous charges would be a travesty. I am the victim of a stitch-up by the British government. I now know what an innocent person feels like when wrongfully accused. I plan to use my role as Pitcairn magistrate to take my appeal all the way to--

CLAIRE HARVEY

Prosecutor Mount says you're no longer head of the council.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

He what?!

Gail sees Dennis standing nearby and walks over. He's smoking a cigar and waves away the smoke as she approaches.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Sorry, is this bothering you?

GAIL COX

You got another?

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

You serious?

GAIL COX

We're celebrating, aren't we?

He fishes in his jacket pocket for another stogie and hands it over. He leans in to light it for her. He watches, skeptically, waiting for her to cough or turn green, but she's an old pro.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Where's this girl been?

GAIL COX

I used to smoke in university.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

Then why wouldn't you let me smoke?!

GAIL COX

I didn't want to get back into it!

He rolls his eyes and laughs.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

You did good today, kid.

GAIL COX

We did good.

DENNIS MCGOOKIN

No, I think it's safe to say that none of us are here without you.

GAIL COX

I don't know about that...

Gail catches sight of Charlene Warren standing apart from the crowds.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a second.

She heads over. The girl is on a precipice, staring out over the ocean.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

I assume you heard the news. I don't know if it's a win, but it's something...

CHARLENE

No one will ever want to come here again after what has happened.

GAIL COX

But you all are so welcoming...

Charlene sneaks a peak at Gail. She's smiling. Charlene softens.

CHARLENE

I always remembered Randy as being really big and strong and terrifying, like a giant or something. When I saw him in court yesterday, he looked so small. Suddenly I realized, he can't bully me anymore. He can't tell me not to tell anyone. I'm not that little girl anymore.

GAIL COX

If it's any consolation, Simon Mount says that it's highly unlikely that any one of them will be allowed to live in Australia or New Zealand again.

CHARLENE

Really?! So, they're stuck on Pitcairn? That's brilliant. That's a real prison sentence for all of them.

She grins for the first time in a while.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

So I guess this is goodbye?

GAIL COX

We'll see.

CHARLENE

What are you going to do now that this is all over?

She thinks about it, smiling.

GAIL COX

I'm gonna hug my kids.

She pulls Charlene into her own embrace.

GAIL COX (CONT'D)

So long, sweetheart.

Super: In January 2020, Charlene Warren-Peu was elected Magistrate of Pitcairn Island in a landslide victory.

Pulling free, Gail sets off towards Mission House to pack. As she goes, she passes the camera crews that now surround Baroness Scotland.

BARONESS SCOTLAND

While none of us are completely satisfied with the outcome, we are confident it will lead to changes on the island. From now on, there will be monthly audits and performance updates. Commissioner Jacques will be the one allocating government positions. Hopefully this leads to a more equal spread of jobs.

(MORE)

BARONESS SCOTLAND (CONT'D)

Training to drive the longboats and operate heavy machinery is to be given to anyone who requests it. We hope to get a wind turbine up and running to bring 24-hour electricity to the island. The Hill of Difficulty will be paved and a breakwater at Bounty Bay will provide a harbor for ships to dock, bringing in much needed landing fees and tourist trade.

Super: In June 2007, Baroness Patricia Scotland was appointed Britain's first black attorney general.

EXT. BOB'S VALLEY -- DAY, ONE WEEK LATER

The guilty parties hike up the hill towards Her Majesties' Prison Pitcairn. Dave Brown's doing his community service, road clearing, as they pass by. The Christians ignore him still.

INT. PITCAIRN PRISON -- MOMENTS LATER

As the Christians scale the wood staircase leading to the jail cells, the prison guards step aside and motion.

PRISON GUARD

You're the only ones, might as well take your pick of the rooms...

Randy and Shawn walk into the first empty cell they see. Each takes a bunk.

Super: Shawn spent just under a year behind bars before being released into home detention around Christmas 2007. In 2008, both he and Randy were granted parole.

Steve continues down the row of cells and finds a room with a glorious view of the ocean.

Super: After Steve was let go from his position on the island council, he was replaced... by Jay Warren.

Super: In August 2007, after just nine months in jail, Steve requested permission to serve the rest of his three-year sentence on home detention. The parole board agreed, despite noting that he "maintains denial to this day that he committed any offense."

Before Steve can settle in the jail, the church bells down in Adamstown ring. There's a ship in the distance. Steve smiles and steps out into the hallway with his kids.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Looks like we're back at it, boys.

EXT. BOUNTY BAY -- MINUTES LATER

The Christians speed in the longboats towards the waiting cruise ship anchored in the bay.

Super: By 2009, none of the defendants were still in jail.

Super: But their victims are serving a life sentence.

EXT. SOUTHERN SALVOR, LIDO DECK -- SOON AFTER

As the women and children of Pitcairn circulate aboard selling souvenirs to tourists, Steve charbroils yellowfin tuna for those on deck. He's near the bar and several drinks in, chatting with a drunken, sun-burned CRUISE-SHIPPER.

STEVE CHRISTIAN
We call the guys who associated with the media "Dogs Incorporated." I'm serious, I'm takin' this case all the way to the European Court of Human Rights.

CRUISE-SHIPPER
Why don't you just make a run for it? Alcatraz, Robben Island, even they couldn't hold everybody!

STEVE CHRISTIAN
Well, the barbed wire and 5,000 kilometers of water on all sides might have something to say about it.

CRUISE-SHIPPER
I could do it...

STEVE CHRISTIAN
We're pretty good swimmers, but it's a long 'un.

A five-year-old LITTLE GIRL comes running towards the drunken man, holding out a toy for him to see.

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy, look!

She bumps into Steve Christian's leg. He puts his spatula down and kneels down to talk to the girl.

STEVE CHRISTIAN

Hey there, darling. Is that your daddy?

Steve moves to pick her up, when the girl's mother comes out of nowhere, seizing her child and hitting Steve about the head.

GIRL'S MOTHER

Don't you touch her!!!

It's a loud, heart-stopping incident and everyone on deck stops to stare at Steve. As if he's less than human...

As if he's a monster.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END