

THAIGER

by
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Ep 9 LOVE AND MONEY

In "Love and Money," Barney follows a scorching lead that propels him into the heart of the seedy underworld hidden within Cambodia's Chinatown, a sprawling city-within-a-city notorious for breeding some of the world's most audacious scam operations. As the episode unfolds, viewers are plunged into the precarious lives of individuals teetering on the edge, while the narrative introduces daring escapees who offer a glimpse into the grim reality of this shadowy realm. Joe's grand mansion acquisition is intended to win over Baitoey's mother, yet his efforts fall flat, underscoring the complexities of his entangled relationships. Mahasek navigates treacherous waters, deftly balancing self-preservation in a world where alliances are fluid and personal interests reign supreme. In this multifaceted episode, "Love and Money" unearths a world teetering on the edge of revelation and collapse, where love and power clash against a backdrop of deception and uncertainty.

Name (of production company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

A LOST KING

Archival Footage: King Bhumibol's life and death. His funeral. Footage of a young King Rama X, and archival footage of King Rama's curious pastimes in Germany. Crop Tops and shorts, and the many various women.

Archival footage - 60 minutes King Rama X

Narration: "In 2016 the beloved King of Thailand, King Bhumibol passed... and a nation mourned. A king who reigned over the Kingdom of Thailand, revered as the second longest reigning monarch of all time. His only Son became King Vajiralongkorn, AKA King Rama X. A curious leader who was educated in the United Kingdom, trained in the armed forces in Australia, and with a degree in law. It is considered somewhat strange then that the King of Thailand lives in Bavaria, Germany with his son attending school there. King Rama even had the constitution of Thailand changed to end the requirement that he appoint a *Regent* when he is away. Plagued by controversy, the Playboy Prince is regularly holed up in his Hotel with an entourage of fine women and of course his pet Poodle Fufu - who incidentally became Air Chief Marshal FuFu of the Thai Airforce in 2009. Two wives, and any number of consorts. Should we wonder why the men of Thailand think it appropriate to take Mia Noi and various 'Gigs' on the side?"

FADE TO

EXT. JOE'S BANGKOK MANSE

A chyron: **"Inspired by True Stories. None of this really happened."**

Situated in the Klong Sam Wa District, the property boasts a soccer field, a ten-car garage, a pool area, and a ten-bedroom house. JOE is walking through the estate in the process of evaluating it's purchase. Accompanied by the agent, he tours the property.

A chyron: **"Klong Sam Wa District, Bangkok Thailand 2014"**

The property exudes opulence, pushing the boundaries of extravagance (especially for someone in law enforcement).

JOE

Are they looking for a quick sale?

AGENT

Indeed, Khun. Given its allure, there's a lot of potential buyers interested in this stunning property.

JOE

I'll be making a cash purchase. When is the closing date?

AGENT

Certainly, Khun. The end of the month is the target.

JOE (DIRECT)

Present my cash offer to the seller today. The offer stands until the close of business.

AGENT

Perhaps until tomorrow night, Khun. Take some time to think it over.

JOE (EMPHATIC)

The offer is only open until tonight.

JOE strolls away with an air of nonchalance, then turns back.

JOE

However, I will need that entire month to organise the funds. Clear?

The agent responds with a nervous smile and a nod. As JOE walks away, he mumbles to himself.

BARNEY'S OFFICE - INVESTIGATIVE MODE - 2015

INT. BANGKOK BAR - AFTERNOON

THAT AFTERNOON: BARNEY sits hunched over a table in his favourite bar, surrounded by dozens of locals and served by local waitress PORN. His phone PINGS with an incoming text message, drawing his attention. He opens the message and reads it intently.

TEXT MESSAGE: (LUCY LEW) Barney, got some info for you. Meet me at the usual spot tonight. Important.

BARNEY's eyes narrow as he processes the message. He reaches for his phone and types a response.

BARNEY (text): Can't make it tonight, Lucy. Can we chat over SMS for now?

BARNEY's phone buzzes again with a response from his informant.

TEXT MESSAGE: (LUCY LEW) Not safe to discuss. The phones have ears. CHUWIT has info. Urgent. Need to meet.

BARNEY exhales slowly, realising the gravity of the situation. He starts typing another message.

BARNEY (text): I'll set up a visit with CHUWIT tomorrow. Any hints about what's going on.

TEXT MESSAGE: (LUCY LEW) Crypto links to police corruption. Dirty deals. Dangerous. CHUWIT knows more.

Barney looks up, suspicious of everyone he's surrounded by.

FADE TO

MEETING WITH CHUWIT IN PRISON

INT. BANGKOK HILTON - MEETING WITH CHUWIT - DAYLIGHT

NEXT DAY: BARNEY enters the dimly lit visiting area of the prison, where he's led to a table with a phone. He picks up the receiver, and the voice of CHUWIT crackles through.

CHUWIT (SARCASTIC)
So Barney! Here we are behind the great walls of Thai justice, huh?!

BARNEY (CIRCUMSPECT)
Haven't been here at The Hilton for a while.. How are you CHUWIT?

CHUWIT shrugs as he looks around assessing his surroundings. They share an understanding in moments of silence, before BARNEY cuts to the point:

I hear you've got some valuable information?

CHUWIT (WHISPERS)
Hmmm (looks around) Crypto Barney. You know what it is?

BARNEY (IN GOOD HUMOUR)
Bits and pieces. Not an investor, but yeah I know a bit about it - I know what they want me to know!

CHUWIT

If there's an unregulated way to move money. Who's gonna find it first Barney? The underworld, my friend. (Pauses for effect) Money laundering, scams, you name it.

BARNEY (RAISES EYEBROW)

Tell me more

CHUWIT

Dirty cops, Barney. Nothing new there. *The ones you're supposed to trust.* They're taking funds from the crypto dealings, doing underworld jobs on the side. (WHISPERS SQUINTING FOR EFFECT) Untraceable Barney

BARNEY (APPRAISING)

Corrupt police involved in the crypto scene? I suppose. Can you give me the details

CHUWIT looks around suspiciously and nods no quickly.

CHUWIT (EXPRESSIVE)

Not here. You have to follow the trail, Barney. A Vietnamese guy hiding out in Bangkok. Escaped from a Cambodian trafficking jail. Almost died MANY times. He knows. Follow the trail my friend

BARNEY

How do I find him?

CHUWIT (WHISPERS)

Go to the oldest noodle shop near the Chatuchak markets tonight. Order "phở tái." He'll find you.

FADE TO

NOODLE SHOP - THAT NIGHT

BARNEY sits at a corner table, glancing around as he sips on a bowl of pho. The shop is bustling with activity. Suddenly, a shadowy figure slides into the seat opposite him. It's the Vietnamese man, his eyes heavy with fear and desperation. He could only be about 20. Or does he just look that young? No front teeth. Smashed out by his jailers in Cambodia

VIETNAMESE MAN (WHISPERS)

You... are you Barney?

BARNEY

Yeah, that's me. CHUWIT sent you?

VIETNAMESE MAN (NODS THEN
URGENTLY)

He said you're the one who can help me. In Cambodia... it was a nightmare. I escaped, but they're after me.

BARNEY

Ok ok. I need to know everything. Names, places, what you've seen. You wanna eat?

VIETNAMESE MAN (VOICE SHAKING)

They called it Chinatown. Sihanoukville. Compounds, office towers... people held captive like animals. Forced to send messages, do Scams, beaten, injected with drugs. They buy and sell us like pigs.

BARNEY (SOFTLY)

My God. I'm here to expose this, to bring justice. But are you ok? How the hell did you escape?

VIETNAMESE MAN

Please... help me find safety. And make them pay for what they've done.

BARNEY

I promise you, we'll get justice. But I need your story to do it.

BARNEY takes out his recorder, and as the Vietnamese man begins to speak, the haunting truth of his ordeal emerges, intertwining with the dark web of crypto, corruption, and human trafficking.

NARRATION: "The dawn of the cryptocurrency era marked the genesis of a new form of financial freedom and innovation, yet it also opened the floodgates to a nefarious underworld of illegal money movement. Cryptocurrencies offered a veil of anonymity that criminals exploited with chilling efficiency. "Pig butchering" – a sinister industry where trafficked humans became unwitting pawns in a world of digital deception. This dark symbiosis of technology and exploitation demonstrated the depths to which criminal enterprises would descend to manipulate the potential of cryptocurrencies for their gain, leaving shattered lives and shattered trust in their wake."

A FATEFUL CONVERSATION - MAHASEK TO WIBOON

INT. LUXURIOUS STUDY - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, with rich mahogany furniture and a subtle air of authority. MAHASEK sits behind an ornate desk, gazing at his smartphone. He dials a number and waits as the call connects.

CUT TO

EXT. LUXURIOUS VILLA - NIGHT

A cellphone vibrates on a table next to an armchair. The caller ID displays "MAHASEK." WIBOON, a middle-aged man dressed in a finely tailored suit, picks up the call and answers.

NARRATION: "Wiboon Bangthamai [FREEZE FRAME PHOTO] holds a position in the National Legislative Assembly. Wiboon's wife? [FREEZE FRAME PHOTO] Junta leader General Prayuth's sister-in-law."

WIBOON (VOICE LOW AND RESPECTFUL)
Hello, Wiboon Bangthamai speaking.

MAHASEK (SLY TONE)
Ah, Wiboon. It's been a while. I hope you're well. Mahasek Sayasan...

WIBOON (SERIOUS)
I am, thank you. What can I do for you?

MAHASEK (SUBTLE GRIN)
Well, my friend, I find myself in need of a favour. A... delicate matter, you might say.

WIBOON (CAUTIOUS)
Go on.

MAHASEK (SMOOTHLY)
I have a van, you see. It's carrying some... passengers from Myanmar. Young women, to be precise. They're seeking better opportunities here.

WIBOON (RAISING AN EYEBROW)
And what does this have to do with me?

MAHASEK (CONFIDENT)
 I thought you might be able to
 help facilitate their passage
 across the border. Smooth out any
 potential obstacles, so to speak.

WIBOON (SKEPTICAL)
 And why should I get involved in
 something like this?

MAHASEK (GRINNING)
 Well, Wiboon, you've always been
 known for your ability to get
 things done. And, of course,
 there's the matter of our mutual
 friends who've supported your
 career.

WIBOON's expression tightens, realising the implied
 pressure.

WIBOON (VOICE COLD)
 I've worked hard for my position.
 I won't jeopardise it for anyone.

MAHASEK (SLY)
 Of course, Wiboon. But sometimes,
 a small favour can solidify one's
 alliances. Especially with the
 progress of Aqua Group and your
 interests in Soap Street - you'll
 need some reliable people, like my
 contact who's up on the border
 now.
 (PLAYFULLY) A Human Resources
 investment Wiboon!

There's a tense silence as WIBOON contemplates the
 situation.

WIBOON (RESIGNED)
 Send me the details. I'll see what
 I can do.

MAHASEK (SATISFIED)
 Excellent. I knew I could count on
 you.

WIBOON (DISCONNECTING THE CALL)
 Just make sure everything is in
 order - no mistakes Sayasan.

CUT TO

INT. LUXURIOUS STUDY - NIGHT

MAHASEK ends the call and leans back in his chair, a triumphant, nefarious smile playing on his lips.

CROSS FADE TO

LEK NAVIGATING TRAFFIC

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS LOUNGE - NIGHT

A dimly lit room with luxurious leather furniture, a single chair and side table. A crystal glass with whisky. MAHASEK sits at the table after walking from his Study, his demeanour composed and calculating. He dials a number and waits as the call connects.

CUT TO

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

LEK answers the call on a burner phone. The room around him is filled with hushed whispers and a sense of urgency. Young Burmese girls are seated, nervous in the background.

LEK (WHISPERING)

Hello?

MAHASEK (CALM)

I have instructions.

LEK (SLIGHTLY ANXIOUS)

Yes bozz

MAHASEK (STRAIGHTFORWARD)

The border crossing. I trust you're ready to move your van of girls from Myanmar.

LEK (DETERMINED)

We're prepared. But crossing has become more difficult lately.

MAHASEK (SMOOTHLY)

I can make the process smoother for you. There are a few requirements you need to fulfil.

LEK (CURIOUS)

Yes bozz

MAHASEK (ENUMERATING)

First, you'll need the van's registration and identification

documents to be impeccable. Any discrepancies will be noticed.

LEK (NODS)

Understood.

MAHASEK (COOLLY)

Second, you'll need to time your arrival at the border during the shift change of the border guards tonight. Eleven PM. That will create a window of distraction.

LEK (TAKING NOTES)

Okay - Got it.

MAHASEK (PRESSING)

Lastly, there's a fee. A small token of appreciation for those who will turn a blind eye.

LEK (SMILES, UNSURPRISED)

How much bozz?

MAHASEK (NEGOTIATING)

I'll send you the details. Let's just say it's an investment for a smooth passage.

LEK (DETERMINED)

OK. We'll handle the fee.

MAHASEK (SATISFIED)

Good. Once you're ready to cross, contact me. I'll ensure that everything is coordinated on this side. Make the deposit to my Crypto account - bitcoin or Realcoin

LEK (SMILES)

Oh - Ok bozz. Appreciate your assistance

MAHASEK (RESOLUTE)

Oh and LEK, once Mamasan has the goods, text me. I'll be in important meetings over the coming twenty four hours and won't be contactable. Got it?

LEK (DISCONNECTING THE CALL)

Will be in touch bozz

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT - NIGHT

MAHAEK ends the call, his expression revealing a mix of calculation and intrigue.

NARRATION: "Surprising how swift Wiboon's progression was through the police hierarchy. Notably, Wiboon was strategically placed on Kamol's 'Aqua company' board while simultaneously serving as the commander of the immigration police. It is hardly surprising that establishments such as Victoria's Secret and the other Brothels owned by Kampol were able to ensure a consistent influx of young women from neighbouring countries for *'better employment opportunities'*."

FADE OUT.

A SINISTER EXCHANGE

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A chyron **"30 September 2015, Bangkok Thailand"**

The penthouse is opulent, adorned with lavish decor that exudes an air of power and secrecy. SOMYOT POOMPANMOUNG, a man with a hardened face and an aura of authority, stands by a floor-to-ceiling window, overlooking the city's skyline. He gazes out, lost in thought, until his cellphone buzzes on a nearby table. The caller ID reads "SOAP BURNER"

SOMYOT picks up the call and answers with a tone of anticipation.

SOMYOT (SLIGHTLY IMPATIENT)
Kampol, I trust you have news for me.

CUT TO

INT. UNDERGROUND OFFICE - NIGHT

KAMPOL, a shadowy figure with a cunning demeanour, speaks into a secured line.

KAMPOL (CALMLY)
Indeed, Somyot. I've arranged what you need.

Somyot's eyes narrow, his anticipation heightening.

SOMYOT (DEMANDING)
I require the funds immediately. I have pressing matters that need addressing.

KAMPOL (COOLLY)
 Understood. The Aqua Group is
 ready to provide you with the
 "loan" - all three hundred million
 baht. The amount will be delivered
 in Realcoin.

SOMYOT (CUTTING TO THE CHASE)
 Bullshit. I want it done
 discreetly. In cash, through the
 shell company into my account.
 That grubby little islander
 Tuvuchien owes me.

KAMPOL (SLY)
 Of course, Somyot. Discretion is
 our specialty.

Somyot's expression hardens, a mix of urgency and secrecy
 etched on his face.

SOMYOT (SHARPLY)
 And remember, this isn't just any
 transaction. I'm the Chief of
 Police, and I won't tolerate any
 mishaps
 (SOMEWHAT CURIOUSLY)
 Wherever you are

KAMPOL (SUAVE)
 You have my word. The funds will
 be delivered securely.

SOMYOT (NODS)
 See that it's done. I'll be
 expecting to hear from you once
 the transaction is complete.

KAMPOL (SINCERE)
 You'll have your funds, Somyot.
 Rest assured.

CUT TO

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

SOMYOT disconnects the call, his face a mixture of
 determination and a hint of desperation. He walks back to
 the window, lost in thought as the city's lights twinkle
 below.

FADE OUT.

BAITOEY AND JOE

INT. MILLENNIUM HILTON BANGKOK - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

In the softly illuminated ambiance of the Millennium Hilton Bangkok restaurant, Joe and Baitoey make their entrance. The opulent five-star surroundings provide the backdrop as Joe proudly introduces Baitoey to familiar staff, including the (White) General Manager [GM] who we met when he dined here with Pookie (many years - episodes- ago).

The GM walks away and makes a comment to his deputy

GM (ENGLISH)
we have to keep these pricks
onside you know, regardless of
what they do. AND we have to pay
them off for the honour!

The deputy stifles a laugh

CUT TO

A secluded dinner table with a slight side angle, we eavesdrop on their conversation.

JOE (EARNESTLY)
I've worked with your father for
countless years.

BAITOEY (APPREHENSIVE)
It's not my father I'm concerned
about. My mother holds steadfastly
modern and strong beliefs
Thitisan. According to her, a
woman in todays world should be
self-reliant.

JOE (NODDING)
Yes, but when we eventually have
children - *their grandchildren* - I
intend to provide for the family.

Baitoey leans back, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

BAITOEY (SLIGHTLY TAKEN ABACK)
That's not the issue if my mother
has any say. And as for my
father... well, his decisions
hinge upon my mother's approval.

JOE registers shock, gesturing expansively to the
luxurious setting around them.

JOE (DISBELIEVING)

Amidst all this grandeur, you believe your mother won't be suitably impressed? That's preposterous.

We shall arrange a grand Thai dinner at our new home. That's bound to make an impact.

BAITOEY (LEANING IN)

Your "new" home. Remember, we're not wedded yet, Thitisan. Furthermore, my mother isn't easily swayed. You should be aware that my grandfather was a man of considerable means. He owned an extensive chain of hotels. Mother didn't want for *anything* when she was growing up. My dear, you **need** my mother's approval. It's not 1990 any more...

JOE (DISCONCERTED)

Wait a minute, Baitoey. Are you telling me that all of this — my intentions, my ambitions — might not be enough to win over your mother?

BAITOEY maintains her calm demeanour, a hint of sympathy in her eyes.

BAITOEY (SOFTLY)

Dear, you have to understand, my mother is not easily swayed by lavish gestures. Her upbringing and her standards are of a different league.

JOE takes a deep breath, trying to gather his thoughts before responding.

JOE (DETERMINED)

Well, then, I'll have to pull out all the stops. Show her that I'm more than capable of providing for you, for us, and for our future family.

BAITOEY offers a supportive but dubious smile

BAITOEY (NODDING)

Just remember, it's not just about impressing her with material things. She values integrity and character above all else.

We cannot sense JOE's response to that and where he stands as the scene cuts away

CUT TO

HOTEL JAIL - WEB OF DECEPTION

The CAMERA pans through the dimly lit room of the hotel jail, capturing the hushed whispers and the glow of computer screens. Amidst the cold atmosphere, a symphony of computerised voices arises. The camera reveals a computer in the corner of the room, its screen displaying lines of code as it dials hundreds of mobile phone numbers simultaneously.

COMPUTERISED VOICE: (echoing through the room) This is VISA International contacting you about two recent transactions on your account we believe may be fraudulent. One for three hundred dollars from an unknown Merchant, and one for one hundred and thirty dollars, sixty cents on eBay International. If you believe these are fraudulent, Don't Delay, please press 1 now.

The camera switches to reveal a scammer being held captive, her face illuminated by the computer screen. Her eyes narrow with focus as they answer the call, slipping into the role of a VISA International representative.

SCAMMER GIRL (SPEAKING SMOOTHLY,
PRETENDING)

Hello, this is VISA International.
I'm here to assist you with your
recent transactions. Please
provide me with your account
details for verification.

As the scammer's conversation unfolds, the camera pans to capture the surrounding activity. Nearby computers are also executing scams, their screens reflecting the ring of deception.

COMPUTERISED VOICE: (in the background, continuing its script) If you believe these transactions are fraudulent, please press 1 now.

The camera captures the chaos of calculated deception, the room bustling with scammers exploiting various schemes.

SCAMMER GIRL (TO THE CALL,
MAINTAINING THE CHARADE)

Thank you for providing your
details. I'm here to help resolve
this matter promptly.

The camera switches between the scammer's determined expression and the surrounding activity, capturing the intricate network of deceit.

Camera Pan: The Ring of Deception

As the camera pans, it reveals a web of scammers each playing their part in the orchestrated deception. Phone calls are made, scripts are read, and schemes are executed, forming a symphony of deception.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE: (continuing its script) Press 2 to hear the transaction details again.

The camera captures the ring of activity, each scammer executing their role with precision, the echoes of deceit blending into a cacophony of manipulation.

SOMYOT establishment of his corruption - Chief of Pol.

NEPHEW LI MEETING WITH JOE

INT. HOTEL BOARDROOM - LUXURY BOARDROOM - DAYTIME

In the dimly lit room, the stage is set. NEPHEW LI, the audacious and bold new Godfather of Thailand, takes centre stage. Unlike his Uncle CHAO PO, NEPHEW LI indulges in daytime beers and flaunts cocaine without restraint, even in the most public of places. He radiates an aura of indifference and holds no fondness for JOE. However, despite this friction, NEPHEW LI extends a loan to JOE to secure his new house. Yet, a catch is nestled within NEPHEW LI's offer, a task that JOE must undertake for him. As they gather, JOE and NEPHEW LI (the fresh face of the underworld) are flanked by two of Chao Po's vigilant enforcers in the background. JOE sips water while NEPHEW LI boldly raises a Heineken Beer bottle.

NEPHEW LI
I'm impressed **Ferrari Joe**.

JOE's eyebrows raise, a mix of surprise and discomfort with his use of JOE's nickname around Bangkok.

NEPHEW LI (PERSUASIVE TONE)
Yeah yeah.. I didn't think you'd deliver. Thought you were 'luk khon hao' (full of shit)

JOE
This deal must succeed. But I need assistance, Li

NEWPHEW LI (CONDESCENDING)

Understood, man.
Now, (Pauses) let's set things in motion. Your role in Nahkon Sawan Province will unveil a fresh avenue for our ventures. That's what you've been sent there to do. So maintain those open doors, and it will bring significant gains your way.

JOE

What about the funds I lack for the property?

NEWPHEW LI (CONDESCENDING GROWS STRONGER, ALMOST MOCKING)

He laughs unconvinced as he takes out a silver wallet with a mirror to consume cocaine, casually offering a gold straw to JOE:

Joe Ferrari short on funds?
Unheard of!
(Then Changing tone)
A minor loan, man. Not a matter that troubles me. Secure your home. Forge a haven for your family man. *Give it another try.* Hopefully, this time you'll achieve success. The funds will be dispatched via Realcoin.
(He grins deviously)
This new platform is *quite* a thing, isn't it? No fucking bankers obstructing the path of the free market.

JOE's relief is palpable. All he needs is the financial support to...

CUT TO FLASHBACK

The scene shifts to a flashback of JOE with his father, revisiting an earlier moment depicted in prior episodes. JOE observes his father conversing with his now-deceased brother as he sits on his father's knee.

His father's words echo: "You'll look after your brother."

CUT TO

The camera focuses on JOE.

JOE smirks with irony, then proceeds to shake hands with and bid farewell to NEPHEW LI as JOE is the first to exit the room.

As NEPHEW LI reclines in his chair, the camera's focus narrows on his eyes, revealing a hint of cunning.

NARRATION: "Even if you had the Crypto, back then you had to convert it to honest money. But a capable person would surely manage."

NEPHEW LI
Get me Mahasek Sayasan

One of the hitmen retrieves his phone and keys in

FADE TO

INT. JOE'S LUXURIOUS MANSION - DINING AREA - NIGHT

The grand dining area exudes naff opulence, with an extravagant table adorned with fine china, crystal glasses, and an array of dishes. Soft candlelight dances off the polished surfaces. Baitoey, Joe, Natipan, and Aparchit sit around a somewhat uncomfortable dinner table. There's no music to smooth out the edges of emptiness when the conversation dries up.

The group engages in conversation, sharing polite smiles.

APARCHIT(ENTHUSIASTIC)

Thitisan, I must say, this place is beyond impressive! The cars, the pool, even a soccer pitch—this is like a dream come true.

JOE beams with pride, soaking in APARCHIT's admiration.

JOE(SMILING)

Thank you, Major General. As you well know I've worked hard to create a comfortable life for us.

NATIPAN, on the other hand, wears a reserved expression, her gaze subtly scanning the lavish surroundings.

NATIPAN (CALMLY)
Impressive indeed, Joe. Your
accomplishments are quite evident.

BAITOEY exchanges a knowing glance with her mother, sensing NATIPAN's underlying thoughts.

JOE (ENTHUSIASTICALLY BUT
CALCULATING)
I'm delighted you think so,
Natipan. Please, make yourselves
comfortable.

As they settle in, JOE signals to the Burmese staff, who
silently serve the courses with impeccable precision.

APARCHIT (RAISING A GLASS)
Here's to your success, Thitisan!

Everyone raises their glasses, clinking them together in
a toast.

JOE (RAISING HIS GLASS)
To new beginnings and cherished
company.

They sip from their glasses, the clinking of crystal
filling the air.

APARCHIT (TURNING TO NATIPAN)
Natipan, have you seen Joe's car
collection? It's a sight to
behold!

NATIPAN offers a polite smile, her eyes conveying her
appreciation for APARCHIT's enthusiasm.

NATIPAN (NODDING)
I'm sure it is quite remarkable.

Then quieter, almost under her breath looking at BAITOEY

My values lie more in the
intangible aspects of life.

JOE's smile falters slightly, sensing NATIPAN's
disapproval of his material possessions.

JOE (DEFENSIVE)
Of course, Natipan, I understand
that material belongings aren't
everything. But I've also strived
to create a life of comfort and
security.

NATIPAN's gaze meets JOE's, her expression softening.

NATIPAN (CALMLY)
Thitisan, it's not my place to
judge your choices. But I believe
true worth lies in the impact we
have on others, the kindness we
show, and the principles we
uphold.

JOE absorbs her words, a mixture of emotions crossing his face.

BAITOEY (TRYING TO EASE THE TENSION)

Speaking of impact, Ma, I've been thinking about how Thitisan and I can contribute to causes we care about. We want to make a positive difference.

NATIPAN's eyes light up, appreciating her daughter's perspective.

NATIPAN(SMILING)

That's a noble endeavor, Baitoey. Making a positive impact is a legacy worth pursuing.

As the dinner progresses, the conversation becomes more lighthearted with the clash of values acknowledged. *Has a mutual understanding begun to emerge?*

The camera pans out, capturing this moment of connection and difference amidst the grandeur of Joe's mansion, a backdrop to the unfolding dynamics between these characters.

BARNEY'S INVESTIGATIVE BREAKTHROUGH - MILLENIUM CAFE

INT. MILLENIUM HOTEL BANGKOK CAFE BAR - DAYTIME

BARNEY sits at a cafe table, computer open engrossed in his research. Documents and notes are scattered around him, connecting the dots between the trafficking operation and corrupt Thai police officers. His computer screen displays a digital map, tracking the movements of traffickers and victims.

BARNEY (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF
ASTOUNDED)

Fuck me... Lekchai Thongdee [LEK]
and Suphakon Nimchuen [SUP]...
Thai police officers involved in
trafficking drug dealers into that
hellhole? Jesus Christ - and the
trail leads us...

As BARNEY sifts through the evidence, his phone buzzes with a new message. He reads the message and his eyes widen in realisation.

TEXT MESSAGE: (LUCY LEW) Info you need. Cops tied to trafficking. Sending drug dealers to the Chinese gang. Big players.

BARNEY: (typing quickly) Thanks, Lucy. Need to verify this. Where's the source?

TEXT MESSAGE: (LUCY LEW) Can't reveal yet. Trust me. Big.

BARNEY leans back in his chair, conflicted. He knows he needs to follow the lead, but the information is too explosive to take at face value. Memories of Slim's warning echo in his mind.

Barney returns to his phone and looks to his old messages. "SKINNY"s message appears "Lek and Sup Bad Egg"

BARNEY (VOICEOVER)
Slim was right Lek and Sup are bad
eggs. So he wasn't full of shit
after all...
(CURIOUSLY)
wherever he's gone

MEETING WITH CHUWIT IN PRISON - LATER

BARNEY sits across from CHUWIT, their voices hushed in the dimly lit prison visiting area.

CHUWIT (WHISPERS)
Barney, you're diving into **very**
dangerous waters.

BARNEY
I know, CHUWIT. I need to find out
if these cops are really involved
in this trafficking operation.

CHUWIT
Cops, Barney. Why you think I'm in
here?! All corrupt I tell
everyone. They been playing this
working both sides **forever**. Drug
dealer crosses them? Send drug
dealer to the Chinese gang. Next
drug dealer please!

BARNEY (LEANING IN)
What do they gain from it?

CHUWIT
Money, power, control. They've
been compromised by Chen Long and
his gang. Those boys and girls in
that compound... they're victims
too, trapped in a web of
corruption.

BARNEY (FROWNING ASTOUNDED)
 Chen Long? The Godfather? He's the
 head of that gang?

CHUWIT (WHISPERING)
 Triad Barney - and he's more
 dangerous than you can ever
 imagine.
 (Nodding regretfully)
 His reach extends far beyond
 (looks to the sky). He's a kingpin
 and connections run deep here in
 Thailand Barney

BARNEY (SHAKEN)
 This is bigger than I thought.
 (BECOMES BULLISH)
 We need to expose this.

CHUWIT (WHISPERS)
 Be careful, Barney. Exposing them
 won't be easy. These two Cops -
 they're nothing. Okay they're
 well-connected. But Chen Long...
 he's a ruthless predator.

BARNEY
 I won't back down, CHUWIT. The
 truth needs to come to light

BARNEY's determination is tinged with some naivety as he
 tries to absorb the gravity of the situation. The
 investigation has now shifted from uncovering scams to
 unveiling a worldwide network of corruption, crime, and
 exploitation.

LI WANTS JOE GONE

INT. NEPHEW LI'S STUDY - NIGHT

NEPHEW LI, exuding confidence, lounges in an opulent
 study illuminated by dim lighting. His phone vibrates.
 Each vibration accentuates the tension that pervades the
 room. He taps his phone screen, accepting a call from

NEPHEW LI (WITH AUTHORITY)
 Mister Sayasan, hello.

MAHASEK SAYASAN. MAHASEK (V.O.)
 (VOICE OVER THE PHONE)
 KHUN LI, how are you?

NEPHEW LI (CONFIDENTLY)
 I've been making some strategic
 investments, Mahasek. Expanding my
 horizons, you could say. And

there's something I possess that's not widely known yet.

MAHASEK, intrigued, responds hesitantly.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (ON THE PHONE)
Investments? Do tell, I'm curious.
What are you referring to?

NEPHEW LI (SMUGLY)
Cryptocurrency, Mahasek. My generation is changing the world, and so am I. Money knows no borders anymore. It moves seamlessly, without scrutiny.

MAHASEK's voice betrays a mix of surprise and realisation.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (ON THE PHONE)
Cryptocurrency? I'm only just beginning to comprehend its potential.

NEPHEW LI (INTENSE)
Exactly. Now, let's get down to business. Uttanhapon's inefficiency and his narrow vision irk me.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (DEFENSIVE)
Uttanhapon has been a loyal soldier, though I can understand your concerns.

NEPHEW LI (RESOLUTE)
Loyalty doesn't outweigh progress. Uttanhapon is an obstacle, a relic who's ridden my Uncle's wave thanks only to his ex-wife. It's time for change.

MAHASEK attempts to voice his perspective.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (ON THE PHONE)
KHUN LI, I understand your point of view, but—

NEPHEW LI (CUTTING HIM OFF)
Find a replacement for Uttanhapon. Someone who's more agile, aligned with our goals.

MAHASEK's hesitation is audible.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (ON THE PHONE)
 Replacing a friendly Cop isn't so
 straightforward. There are
 protocols—

NEPHEW LI (COLD)
 Listen, Mahasek. I have the means
 to make things happen swiftly and
 discreetly. Don't underestimate
 me. If you can't facilitate this
 change, I'll find someone who can.

MAHASEK's voice quivers.

MAHASEK (V.O.) (ON THE PHONE)
 I'll explore options, KHUN LI.

Stuttering

Have you discussed this with Khun
 Lo—

NEPHEW LI (INTERUPTS)
 Good. Remember, I'm not bound by
 norms. Results are all that matter

MAHASEK (V.O.) (QUICKLY)
 Understood, KHUN LI.

NEPHEW LI ends the call abruptly, a calculated smile
 playing on his lips. The room resonates with the weight
 of unspoken decisions. NEPHEW LI holds all the cards, and
 MAHASEK is about to comprehend the extent of NEPHEW LI's
 influence. The objective is clear — replace Uttanhapon
 and usher in NEPHEW LI's era.

INSERT SUP AND LEK BACKSTORY OR JOE MONEY GRWOTH

CUT IN TO FLASHBACK

INT. BANGKOK HILTON PRISON - DAYTIME

BARNEY
 He's involved in the trafficking
 operation. These two cops LEK and
 SUP — they're just working for the
 machine, trafficking drug dealers
 who fuck with them into that
 hellhole in Cambodia. It's all
 part of a sick cycle.

CHUWIT (GRAVELY)
 Chen Long's influence stretches
 far and wide. Has fingers on
 every string of the puppet show

BARNEY

We need to expose them, CHUWIT.
Shine a light on the corruption
and bring justice.

CHUWIT

What you think I've been doing
Barney!!? We must speak the truth.
But Chen Long's power - it's
immense, even if you've got the
truth on your side.

BARNEY

We've got the stories of the
victims, the evidence of their
crimes. We can't let this
continue!

CHUWIT

You're fighting a battle against
evil, my friend. Remember, even
behind these bars, I'm with you.
If I can help - I will

CURRENT DAY:

INT. DAVIS BANGKOK HOTEL - CHUWIT'S OFFICE - DAYTIME

CHUWIT is seated at his desk laughing as the CAMERA
reveals he's joined by BARNEY, both with a scotch in
front of them. CHUWIT has just been released from Prison
as part of the Pardons of 2016:

CHUWIT (ELATED)

Ahhhh.. Nice to be back in
civilisation. Hope it stays that
way!

Takes a deep breath

Fresh sheets. Nice swim in the
pool. Little meal with my family.
Ahhhhh
(smirking)
Looks like you've come a long way
from our meeting behind those
prison walls though?

BARNEY (NODDING)

It's been a journey, my friend.
Thanks to you, we've uncovered a
web of darkness that needs to be
exposed.
(Almost to himself)
But I still can't put a nail in
this Ferrari Joe guy's graft

They exchange a knowing look, a silent acknowledgment of the path they've chosen.

CHUWIT

Undercover reporter in Cambodia though, Barney. That's a dangerous game.

BARNEY (RESOLUTE)

I need to get firsthand evidence, expose the Cambodian government's complicity, and shine a light on the Chinese Triad's operation. The world needs to know.

CHUWIT

Just remember, there's power in knowledge, but it comes with its own risks. Don't underestimate the shadows you're stepping into.

BARNEY

I won't, CHUWIT. But if we don't shed light on this darkness, who will?

CHUWIT's expression softens, his eyes reflecting a mixture of pride and concern.

CHUWIT (PLACING A HAND ON
BARNEY'S SHOULDER)

You've got the fire of truth in your heart, Barney. Just make sure you're not consumed by it.

BARNEY (LAUGHING)

I appreciate that, CHUWIT. I really do

They share a moment of silent determination, a bond forged through their shared pursuit of justice. They each drink silently.

As they part ways, each step closer to their individual missions, the weight of their responsibilities lingers in the air—the weight of truth, justice, and the unrelenting quest to uncover the untold stories.

INSERT SCENE - SAAJI'S ROMANCE OR CONNECTION TO CHUWIT

JOURNEY TO CHINATOWN, CAMBODIA

BARNEY steps out of a sleek black limousine onto the bustling streets of Chinatown in Cambodia. The camera captures his determined expression as he takes in the surroundings, a blend of curiosity and apprehension. DARA, his local reporter friend, steps out beside him, a reassuring presence.

BARNEY: (to DARA, with a nod) Thanks for joining me, Dara. Your help's been invaluable.

DARA offers a small smile, her eyes reflecting a mixture of caution and eagerness.

DARA: Of course, Barney. It's not so dangerous here if you're careful

His gaze sweeps across the familiar gray buildings, the gold accents, and the guards stationed at the imposing gates. BARNEY navigates the streets, his eyes scanning the surroundings with a blend of curiosity and caution. He's on a mission to uncover the truth that lies behind the façade of normalcy. The camera captures the town's unique mystery. It is grey and characterless. Like a ghost town, there's no movement on the street.

BARNEY (voiceover): This is where it begins—the heart of the mystery, the center of the web that needs untangling.

The camera pans as BARNEY enters the compound, his footsteps echoing against the backdrop of secrets yet unveiled.

BARNEY (voiceover): As I step into Chinatown, I know I'm walking into the unknown. But sometimes, it's in the shadows that the most profound truths are found.

BARNEY (TO DARA)
Let's head up there

Pointing toward the gold facade building.

BARNEY (voiceover): The first cluster of buildings in this district stood eerily vacant, almost as if they were guarding the secrets that lay ahead.

BARNEY continues his journey, approaching a more active area. The camera captures his perspective as he takes in the sight of shabby, two-tone gray buildings surrounding a hotel with a glistening gold facade. The scene paints a contrast between opulence and dilapidation.

BARNEY (voiceover): As we reached the second cluster, a complex emerged – 20 shabby buildings surrounding a gilded hotel. Black-clad guards, an imposing presence, stood watch at black-and-gold gates, a symbol of the riddle hidden within.

The camera shifts to capture the guards and the vehicles passing through the gates, revealing a cautious yet streamlined entry process.

BARNEY (voiceover): Chrome-accented vehicles, the modern luxury of Toyota Alphard vans and Range Rovers, rolled through as the guards checked their passes. Young women wearing party dresses were waved through on their scooters as well. Was this a resurgence of activity after unwanted attention had waned?

BARNEY's intrigue grows as he observes the activities within the compound.

BARNEY (voiceover): Beyond the gates, a microcosm of life

CAMERA reveals a hair dresser, expansive Chinese restaurants, a glimpse of ordinary existence, albeit under a veil of secrecy.

BARNEY (VoiceOver) I sought entry, only to be met with amusement and a cryptic exchange among the guards

The camera captures BARNEY's glance at the neighbouring KB Hotel, its façade hinting at a hidden truth. The atmosphere shifts as he steps inside the hotel.

BARNEY (voiceover): KB Hotel – the enigmatic one with a gilded allure. A place that rumours claimed housed more than met the eye. And yet, remarkably, its doors were open to the public. An elegant threshold flanked by palm trees, a façade masking the unknown.*

The camera follows BARNEY as he explores the interior, the opulent marble and architecture contrasting with the emptiness.

BARNEY (voiceover): A grand staircase leads to an upstairs restaurant, where a modest spread of Cantonese cuisine sits, hinting at normalcy amidst the enigma. The host's surprise at a tourist's presence paints the contrast between what's expected and what's real.

The camera pans to the dining room, capturing the eclectic mix of individuals within.

BARNEY (voiceover): A grand room that could host a celebration, replaced by a stillness profound enough to rival a sleeping mouse. Among the few, a group polish a limousine, a man engrossed in TikTok, and a sense of camaraderie among them. A transactional exchange of cash solidifies hierarchy in a corner of the restaurant.

The camera captures BARNEY's presence, his attempt to blend in, to glean insight.

BARNEY (voiceover): Amidst conversations in an unfamiliar tongue, a tension of not belonging. A beer in hand, a calculated façade of casualness. A silent question hangs—does the truth hide within this room, veiled behind language barriers?

INSIDE THE JAIL - UNLEASHING FEAR

INT. WHITE SAND PALACE 2' HOTEL JAIL - DAY

MEANWHILE: Inside the grim confines of the jail, tension hangs thick in the air. The camera captures the fearful faces of the captive workers as they hunch over their devices, trapped in a cycle of despair. The Mohawk Guard, a symbol of power and terror, approaches two captives who have been pushed to their limits. A Chinese [YOUNG GUY] and a [VIETNAMESE GIRL].

MOHAWK GUARD: (voice booming with menace) So... I told you when I kidnapped you - If you think you're too good for this work - you will be traded. Take him to the rooms.

The camera pans to the young man, trembling as he types a desperate plea on his device, a thin thread of hope connecting him to the world beyond. A heavily set Chinese Guard appears, forcibly taking [YOUNG GUY] and removing the phone he was using.

YOUNG GUY (PLEADING TO THE PHONE)

Please, help me! I'm trapped here! They're... they're... No!

The Mohawk Guard's movement is swift and brutal. In one horrifying swoop, he strikes, cutting off the hand that dared to defy him. The camera captures the gruesome scene, the victim's screams echoing through the room.

SCREAMS: (piercing the air)

As the chaos unfolds, the camera shifts to another corner of the room where a girl has begun to speak out, her voice filled with desperation.

GIRL (SHOUTING)
 I'm being held hostage in a prison
 camp in Cambodia! Don't trust
 anyone! They're... they're...

Before she can utter another word, the Mohawk Guard lunges forward. He grabs her by the hair, his grip merciless, and drags her toward the staircase at the edge of the large dark room.

GIRL (STRUGGLING)
 Let me go! You can't silence the
 truth!

The camera captures the harrowing scene as the Mohawk Guard reaches the top of the building. His grip tightens on the girl's hair as he hurls her off the edge. Her scream echoes through the air, silenced abruptly as her body plummets.

SCREAM: (cut off abruptly)

Amid the commotion, the camera shifts to a wily young Vietnamese guy [LIN], seizing a moment of opportunity amidst the chaos. With nimble fingers, he swipes the Mohawk Guard's iPhone and swiftly conceals it within his pants, towards his rectum.

LIN (WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
 This is my chance.

The camera captures the tension in his expression as he resumes his work, the stolen phone hidden away, a tiny glimmer of defiance amidst the despair.

INSIDE KB HOTEL - UNVEILING THE REALITY

RETURNING TO BARNEY: he approaches a hotel staff member, a subtle yet inquisitive expression on his face. The camera captures his encounter with the staff member.

BARNEY (ACTING CURIOUS)
 Excuse me, miss. I noticed the
 hotel seems quite empty. Any
 reason for that?

The staff member responds with a friendly yet guarded smile.

HOTEL STAFF (EXPLAINING)
 Oh, the hotel just opened to the
 public a few months ago. Before
 that, it was primarily for
 residents from the surrounding
 buildings.

BARNEY probes further, seeking to understand the rationale behind the tight security.

BARNEY (ACTING OBLIVIOUS)
And the security? It seems quite stringent.

HOTEL STAFF (CASUALLY)
Well, this is Chinatown, you know.
Security is important.

BARNEY feigns ignorance, prompting the staff member to elaborate on the situation.

HOTEL STAFF (EXPLAINING WITH RESTRAINT)
You see, the workers who live in these buildings, they have restrictions. They're not allowed to leave the premises.

BARNEY's expression remains neutral as he processes the information, his thoughts racing.

BARNEY: (FEIGNING CURIOSITY)
Because of the work they do?

HOTEL STAFF (REASSURING)
Oh, no! The staff here at the hotel, we have our freedom. We're not the same as those workers. They're taken care of, *don't worry*.

BARNEY offers a polite smile, though his mind churns with the disturbing implications.

BARNEY (SOFTLY)
Oh... Thank you for explaining. And am I right in saying that Chen Long is one of the owners of this Hotel?

HOTEL STAFF (EMBARRASSED)
Oh.. hahaha
(She waves her hand furiously denoting she doesn't know)
I don't know these things

As the staff member walks away smiling uneasily, BARNEY's eyes drift to the large windows at the back of the restaurant. The CAMERA captures his gaze as he witnesses the inner courtyard, illuminated by the lights from the grey office buildings. Clothes hang on the balconies, a stark contrast to the bleak reality of cages.

BARNEY (voiceover): The lights in the buildings made it clear they were occupied. T-shirts and shorts hung to dry off some of the balcony cages.

BARNEY's expression shifts, a mixture of empathy and unease.

BARNEY (voiceover): I shuddered, imagining the lives entangled within those buildings, and the darkness they faced *at that very moment*. The weight of truth hung heavily on me. Was there something? Anything, I could do?

BARNEY swiftly leaves the restaurant, his thoughts consumed by the harsh reality he's just glimpsed.

Scene Transition: Outside the Complex

As DARA arrives to pick up BARNEY, the camera captures the exterior of the complex. Among the shuttered storefronts, one detail stands out—the remains of a currency exchange, hinting at a connection to the world of cryptocurrencies.

BARNEY (voiceover): Dara pulled up, saving me from a suffocating reality. But even as we left, the sight of a shuttered currency exchange stirred questions within me.

The camera focuses on the remains of the currency exchange's sign.

BARNEY (voiceover): The outline of four letters was unmistakable: USDT. Realcoin's trading

INSIDE THE SHADOWS - UNVEILING THE DARK REALITY

MEANWHILE INSIDE: The CAMERA captures a nondescript hotel room where MOHAWK GUARD and GUCCI GUARD enter, their laughter tinged with cruelty after their recent actions. The atmosphere is heavy with an unsettling sense of power. MOHAWK GUARD types into his phone, orchestrating their next moves. The guards open the door to reveal a captive figure, a young Chinese man named THUY. He's clearly been through trauma and fear is etched across his face, an empty foam instant noodle container in front him. His hand tied to the bed frame.

GUCCI GUARD (CHUCKLING DARKLY)
Did you see the look on her face?

MOHAWK GUARD (GRINNING)
Priceless. These pigs need to know who's in charge. Be sure to show them all a photo of her

The camera switches to capture THUY, who sits nervously on the edge of the bed, his eyes darting between the guards.

THUY (WHISPERING)
Please... I'll do whatever you
want. Just let me go.

GUCCI GUARD smirks, enjoying THUY's desperation.

GUCCI GUARD (MOCKING)
Oh, you'll do whatever we want,
huh? We'll see about that.

THUY trembles, his body language a clear reflection of his vulnerability. The guards exchange a knowing glance.

MOHAWK GUARD (COLDLY)
You've got spirit, I'll give you
that. But it's time to learn your
place.

The camera captures the guards' menacing presence as they approach THUY.

GUCCI GUARD (SCOFFING)
Little punk thought he could defy
us. Time to teach him a lesson.

As MOHAWK GUARD and GUCCI GUARD loom over THUY, the scene shifts to flashbacks, revealing the torment THUY endured in the small, dark room.

Flashback: Three Days Earlier - Captive in Darkness

The camera reveals THUY handcuffed to a bed in a small, dimly lit room. His eyes are hollow, his body frail from confinement. He's shown eating meager portions of instant noodles, a stark contrast to his earlier life.

THUY (WHISPERING)
Please, I can't stay here. I won't
survive.

Back in the present, the guards' menacing presence continues.

MOHAWK GUARD (COLDLY)
You thought you could defy us and
walk away? You're ours now, little
rat.

THUY's face contorts with fear, realising the gravity of his situation. The camera captures the guards' satisfaction in breaking his spirit.

Scene Transition: Captive and Sold

The scene transitions to THUY's recounting of his ordeal after his release from the small room.

THUY (voiceover): After they let me out, they told me I was sold for \$20,000 to another company. The boss from White Sand Palace 2 had lied, painted me as some kind of master scammer to justify my high price.

The camera captures THUY's haunted expression as he remembers the lies and deceit that led to his current predicament.

THUY (voiceover): They took me to Kaibo Building 5, part of another area in Chinatown. An area that held more secrets than I could imagine.

HOTEL JAIL - WEB OF DECEIT

INT. WHITE SAND PALACE 2' HOTEL JAIL - DAY

The camera pans back through the dimly lit room in White Sand Palace 2 - the hotel jail, revealing a scammer detainee [YEN] sitting hunched over a computer, a tense expression on her face. She's following up on an email sent to a hotel operator desperate for an increase in business, their fingers typing rapidly on the keyboard. The sound of her keystrokes echoes through the room.

YEN (SPEAKING INTO THE PHONE)
Yes, hello? I'm glad you're excited about the possibilities our services can bring to your hotel. We've seen incredible success with our other clients, and we're confident we can do the same for you.

The camera zooms in on the computer screen, revealing a polished website of the fake company, complete with professional graphics and promises of skyrocketing room night sales.

PHUY(CONTINUING SMOOTHLY)
Now, let me guide you through the payment process. You can pay online through our secure portal, or we also accept Bitcoin for added convenience.

As YEN continues to speak, the camera captures her captors [MOHAWK GUARD] cunning grin. YEN innocently continues under the duress of her potential demise

YEN (ELICITING EXCITEMENT)
Imagine the impact this will have on your hotel's revenue. Our

strategies are cutting-edge, and
our team is dedicated to your
success 24 hours availability, so
round the clock support

The camera switches to show the hotel operator on the other end of the line in a small local Pension Hotel in the hills of Switzerland. An elderly man not adept to the vagaries of the darkness, his voice tinged with desperation and anticipation. The camera pans to show an empty restaurant.

HOTEL OPERATOR (ENTHUSIASTIC)
This sounds fantastic! We've been
looking for ways to boost our
sales to the Asian market, and
your services seem perfect. I
can't wait to see the results.

YEN's expression remains vanilla.

YEN (REASSURINGLY)
You're making a wise decision. Our
team will work closely with you
every step of the way.

The CAMERA captures the intricate web of manipulation as the YEN guides the hotel operator through the payment process, their fingers dancing over the keyboard.

YEN (CONVINCING)
Once the payment is confirmed,
we'll initiate the process
immediately. You're about to
witness a significant
transformation in your hotel's
business.

The camera shifts between the YEN and the hotel operator, their excitement palpable despite being on opposite sides of the conversation.

HOTEL OPERATOR (EAGERLY)
I'm clicking the "Submit" button
now... it's done!

The camera freezes on the YEN's calculating expression as the gravity of their actions becomes evident.

YEN (TO THEMSELVES, COLDLY)
I'm so sorry Sir.

As the camera fades out slowly, the scene encapsulates the dark manipulation and deceptive promises that form the core of YEN's actions in the hotel jail. MOHAWK GUARD walks past her, pausing momentarily to check her screen, as she lifts her head from her sorrow.

FADE OUT

TANGLED WEBS UNVEILED

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE - DAY

The office is adorned with elegant furnishings, exuding an air of power and authority. MAHASEK sits behind his large desk. His gaze is fixed on a dossier filled with incriminating documents and reports about SOMYOT POOMPANMOUNG's questionable financial dealings.

MAHASEK's cellphone buzzes, interrupting his concentration. The caller ID displays "UNKOWN NUMBER."

MAHASEK (TO HIMSELF)

Who could have this number?

(ANSWERING PHONE)

Yes?

CUT TO

INT. SECURED LOCATION - DAY

A SHADOWY FIGURE speaks into a disguised voice modulator, their words cryptic yet charged with urgency.

SHADOWY FIGURE (SLYLY)

Mahasek Sayasan, it's time to connect the dots. Somyot's fingers are firmly entwined in the web of deceit you've been orchestrating upon our people

Mahasek leans forward, his interest piqued.

MAHASEK (CAUTIOUSLY)

Explain.

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE - DAY

MAHASEK listens as the SHADOWY FIGURE lays out the trail of corruption, revealing the layers of manipulation that have placed Somyot in the spotlight.

SHADOWY FIGURE (V.O.)

His ascent to the National Legislative Council, his assets vastly inflated, yet unreported loans - Somyot dances with 'Madame

Deception'. All this under the very scrutiny of the National Anti-Corruption Commission, which you preside over.

Mahasek's fingers tighten around the dossier, realisation dawning upon him.

MAHASEK (WHISPERING)
Who is this?

Silence

CUT TO

INT. SECURED LOCATION - DAY

The Shadowy Figure's tone is somber yet decisive.

SHADOWY FIGURE (RESOLUTE)
Yes, Mahasek. I speak the Truth. Aqua Group, controlled by Kampol, a criminal with connections that weave an intricate web of corruption and power. And you've masterfully orchestrated it all.

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE - DAY

MAHASEK leans back in his chair, his eyes narrowing as he contemplates the ramifications of his this call.

MAHASEK (REALISING)
Somyot's rise, the concealed loans, the compromised assets declaration - it all points to my orchestrated design.

CUT TO

INT. SECURED LOCATION - DAY

The Shadowy Figure's voice is laden with a sense of urgency and intrigue.

SHADOWY FIGURE (WHISPERING)
Indeed, Mahasek. The threads are being tugged, and the web you've woven is starting to unravel. Stay vigilant, for the shadows that envelop us can also expose us.

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE - DAY

As the call ends, MAHASEK stares at the dossier, his mind racing with the realisation that the intricate scheme he thought would be foolproof might be his undoing. *But who was that?*

FADE OUT.

JOE AND BAITOEY HOST APICHART & NATIPAN AT JOES HOME

A Royal Thai dinner at Joes. Several Burmese Staff are working preparing the food and serving. It's awkward and quiet.

NATIPAN

Will your parents be joining us
this evening Thitisan?

JOW has flashback to his father's lack of love

JOE (FORCES A SMILE)

No my mother's very busy tonight
unfortunately.

CUT TO EPISODE 1
SCENE FLASHBACK

JOE's father returning to the house in his filthy
worker's uniform.

CUT TO

NATIPAN AND APICHART DRIVING HOME

INT. APICHART MERCEDES BENZ

NATIPAN

I don't think he's right for
Baitoey

MAJ GEN

Why? Because he's a self-made man
who works in the Police force?

NATIPAN

You don't get that sort of
property and wealth working in the
Royal thai police force APICHART.

Otherwise we'd be living in a Palace.

MAJ GEN

(Grumbling) I'm sure your father never did anything unholy in his business dealings

NATIPAN

You know I saw on Facebook his wedding proposal to that Actor model at the hotel in Bangkok. Really - Is it any wonder these men of today behave as they do given the behaviour of **our own King?**

MAJ GEN

Our King is a Playboy. Yes this is true. His father however was a great man. The Royal Family of Thailand are the backbone of our nation. (Realises what Natipan's suggesting) Are you suggesting our daughter has connected with a philanderer?

The car pulls into their driveway. As they alight the car, the tension continues. Natipan has a bone to pick.

NATIPAN

I do wonder if he has a past which he's not completely open about ... with Baitoey. And he was married before to that American girl...

APICHART (SARCASTICALLY)

Perhaps your father's men could look into him

NATIPAN

And you.

APICHART (STOPS)

What's that supposed to mean?

NATIPAN

The red bull murder APICHART. You paid off the family of your own friend - for what? Was it that **easy** for you?

They enter the house.

APICHART (FIRING UP)
 You can sleep easy at night thanks
 to me, don't you. Nice house.
 Nice clothes.

NATIPAN
 Sleep easy? I haven't slept easy
 since we were in our twenties!

APICHART (FRUSTRATED)
 Ahhh! I've had it Natipan!!

Apichart gives up on the fight and removes himself. He walks into a room which reminds him of the office he fought with Natipan's father all those years ago.

Flash back to that fight from Episode 1.

JOE AT STATION WITH HIS BOYS

Moving drugs. Getting boys to action incl direct orders to Saaji.

Still cashing in through customs.

JOE'S LION DREAM

INT - JOE'S MANSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is the first time we see JOE in his lavish new bedroom, within the Klong Sam Wa district Mansion he has purchased.

Joe finds himself standing in his school playground. The Playground is empty. The air thick with tension, and an ominous feeling hangs in the atmosphere. Suddenly, a deafening roar shatters the stillness, causing Joe's heart to race. He turns around to see a massive lion, its golden mane flowing in the wind as it stalks him.

Fear grips Joe as he instinctively starts running, his footsteps echoing off the concrete pavement. The lion's thunderous pursuit is relentless, each stride bringing it closer. Joe's breath becomes ragged, and his muscles ache as he pushes himself harder, desperately trying to escape the predator. His feet are stuck in mud - he can't run. Joe reaches to escape the nightmare.

The lion closes the distance, until it's right in front of him. Its amber eyes bore into Joe's, and a strange sense of recognition passes between them. In a surreal twist, the lion begins to morph and shift, its form changing and contorting until it takes on the features of Joe's father – the same man he had grown to hate for the pain he had inflicted upon their family.

As the transformation completes, Joe is confronted by an apparition of his father, his face a mirror of guilt and regret. The weight of unresolved emotions flood Joe's senses, mixing with the fear and anger that had fuelled his dream. He feels a surge of conflicting emotions – fear, anger, and a deep longing for closure.

The phantom father speaks without words, conveying a haunting apology through his gaze. Joe's heart aches, torn between his resentment and the desire for understanding. The dream seems to hold a mirror to his subconscious, forcing him to confront the complexities of his feelings toward his father and the past that still haunt him. Suddenly his father is holding thousands of US dollars in bundles. He begins laughing like a lunatic, staring at JOE as he throws the money up in the air. The money flies around him like feathers; an endless supply of money he continues to throw to the skies.

With a final, piercing stare, as he struggles to control his cackle, the apparition of his father begins to fade, dissipating like mist in the wind. Joe's surroundings blur, and a sensation of falling consumes him. Suddenly, he jerks awake, his body drenched in sweat. The room – silent, the remnants of the dream's intensity still lingering in his mind.

The dream had stirred up a whirlwind of emotions, reminding him of the unresolved issues that lay beneath the surface of his consciousness. *Or an ominous warning?*

Pookie's Dad meeting at his resort in Koh Samui?

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