

THAIGER

EPISODE 1

REAR VISION

by
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A narrative on Thailand, *Land of Confusion*.

Style: The Calm before the storm. EP 1 sets the stage with a tranquil atmosphere before delving into more pressing and intricate themes, leading into a fast-paced and epic narrative. Visual images will captivate and Natipan's voice will serve as a persistent reminder of the romantic and spiritual perception of Thailand. The overarching journey navigates through 'the Cycle,' encompassing the rise of Thai tourism and delving into the shadowy depths of human pursuit for wealth. It poses the pivotal question: Can humanity ever break free from this cycle?

NARRATION: The voice of Natipan Surisit; a mature, wise woman who has experienced the rollercoaster of life in Thailand. She is strong and elegant. Educated. Grammatically perfect. The audience may suspect, but should not learn until the finale that it is her narrative.

WELCOME TO THAILAND

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

Another chyron "Bangkok, Thailand 1997"

Score: *THE WAY IT IS - Karen Souza

Series opens with an opening narrative monologue over a range of real historic Thai political scenes, iconic sites, the beautiful and busy streets of Bangkok. We visit the monks temples, iconic beaches, seedy renowned prostitution strips and iconic international luxury hotels of Bangkok. They're relevant to the narrative - and some are simply a taste of Thai life.

The viewer is looking for something they recognise, a slither of the Thailand they know - intimately or otherwise.

Narration: "In 1932 a revolution resulted in a *near* peaceful transition of Siam into a constitutional monarchy system of government, the introduction of democracy and the first constitution of Thailand and the creation of the National Assembly of Thailand.

The Thailand I grew up in was a peaceful place. Bangkok, a city of opportunity where my father grew a successful business from nothing. Sure, there was a funny old man down the street who my parents advised me to steer clear of. Certain market stalls to go to - and some to avoid. But in all, it was a peaceful place where we were surrounded by kind and generous people - in Buddha's reflection.

Thailand - it means 'land of the free'... But behind this beautiful 'land of smiles' lies a country riddled with instability. A nation where Power and Corruption thrive. Some say it is a 'land of confusion'.

We're raised with lofty ideals about how things should be. The youth grow angry and frustrated as they witness the older generation holding onto their power. But then, as time goes on, the roles reverse, and the same pattern replays and history repeats.

Will this Kingdom with it's well-intentioned people ever discover its own superman, to help save them from the endless cycle of corruption?"

HOTEL SHAKEDOWN 1997

INT. LUXURY HOTEL FOYER - BANGKOK - XMAS EVE 1997

Characters:

BARNEY - young Australian newspaper Reporter

BRITISH COUPLE - Very proper English Tourists in the wrong place at the wrong time

COPS - Corrupt cops looking to augment their meagre salaries

SMASH CUT

INT. LUXURY HOTEL MENS TOILETS - DARK TILING

BARNEY, a 30yo Australian on the drink. In a cheap suit with his tie loose. Finishes his piss with his arm leaning on the wall. It is late - 2am as he looks at his watch.

TRACKING BARNEY - He breaks in to song as he washes his hands. Looks remorsefully in the mirror - (sings) "AS LONG AS YOU LOVE ME" (Backstreet Boys), stops and laughs at himself. He leaves the bathroom alone

TRACKING - He's dishevelled. He walks past a local Thai girl as he checks his beeper. She smiles at him as she casually drifts by in the other direction, toward the lifts. Shakes his head to himself

BARNEY (TO HIMSELF)
Love this place! Now - Get it
together Barney.

A group of unknown people rush by the opposite direction. One, an attractive American 30yo woman rushes past him.

30YO WOMAN [RUSHED]
Nice to meet you

And she's gone.

Christmas decorations in the background adorn the International Hotel. BARNEY continues toward the bar. When he sees the hotel bar where he's been all night:

(Tight on his face) He's quickly sobered from his intoxication.

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT OF BAR - PULL FOCUS BARNEY'S POV

There are four Thai cops [young LEK, SUP, SLIM and one other] in Police uniform standing in the luxury hotel bar. They have the barman seated and tied in cable ties. There are British, Australian and American accents above the music which is still playing to nobody else left. It cuts out. SILENCE

One British tourist in his fifties is being held by police, standing with his hands tied with cable ties in front of himself, his wife also a British citizen, crying next to him in the same stance. *Two upper class folk caught in the wrong place at the wrong time.*

BRITISH WOMAN

(Crying) You can't *do this!* It's bloody Christmas Eve! What's *wrong* with you people?!

BRITISH MAN

Listen, we haven't done anything wrong we're just finishing up here and we're gone. Please... We don't want any trouble.

BRITISH WOMAN (INTERRUPTS)

Anger, frustration and fear through her Crying:

You're so bloody corrupt you people!!!

The Thai cops are smiling... one is laughing quietly to himself smugly. He kicks the barman in the shins as his face switches to stone in a snap. The barman says something in Thai blasting back a 'fuck you' at him but the cop walks away without consequence.

BARNEY rushes the scene.

[FREEZE FRAME]

NARRATION: "BARNEY COUPAR, an Australian expat from the Bangkok Post would emerge as a pivotal character."

CLOSE UP ON BARNEY

BARNEY (EARNEST)

Excuse me! Excuse me! I'm a newspaper journalist. Can you tell me what's happening here?

The cop who just kicked the barman takes to BARNEY aggressively and puts his arms behind his back.

BARNEY (WRESTLING)
 What?! What are... What are you
 doing? I'm a newspaper REPORTER!!
 You have no basis for what you're
 doing mate!! I just want to

SUP
 You!! - quiet! You trouble!

BRITISH MAN (DIPLOMATICALLY)

Ignoring the addition of the Australian journalist - he looks to protect he and his wife, his hands out pleading

Listen we don't want any trouble,
 really. It's Christmas, we just
 want to go back to our room. No
 trouble! No trouble! We leave
 tomorrow. No trouble.

CUT TO

WIDE SHOWING HOTEL FOYER

A fat American businessman in a dishevelled suit coming back from the direction of the toilet sees what's happening, (tight on his face) He stares incredulously at the happenings and retreats to the lifts quickly before being noticed

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT OF BAR

SLIM and LEK smile across to SUP who is detaining BARNEY. SUP pulls out a small bag of white powder from behind BARNEY. He has placed cable ties on the Australian's hands.

SUP's cold smile fades to a dead serious face, zeroed on BARNEY

CLOSE UP ON SUP

SUP (BROKEN ENGLISH)
 You. Cocaine!

He holds the bag of cocaine up in front of the Australian.

CUT TO

SIDE SHOT - PULL FOCUS WITH COCAINE BAG OUT OF FOCUS

BARNEY
Whoa!!! What the fuck mate?!?!
That's not mine!!! You know it!
That's not mine!!

SUP (AGGRESSIVE. SHORT)
Bad man! Cocaine Man!

SLIM (CALM, WHISTLES)
Ohhh - Big trouble.

LEK (TO WOMAN)
Bad man him. And what's *YOU* got
Missus?

The British woman starts crying uncontrollably

BRITISH MAN (BREAKING HIS ENGLISH
DOWN. SPEAKING LOUDER)
Listen... what do you want? What...
You.. Want?

He starts to offer a negotiation.

BRITISH MAN
I have some *money*. Look. Cash!
Please...

BARNEY (FRUSTRATED)

Directs to the British man:

Don't fuckin give them money.
What the fuck! What are you doing?
It's exactly what they want!

BRITISH MAN (IGNORES BARNEY)
I have - how much do you want?
(Louder so they understand) How
much you need? We go. We go
away. You get money

SUP comes over to him slowly and whispers in his ear so
no one else can hear.

SUP (MENACINGLY)
Yeeeeesss?

BRITISH MAN
I have - I think - two hundred.
Two hundred hundred *pound*! Thats
much..! (Trying to convince him)

SUP speaks in Thai to LEK and asks how much baht is 200 pound. He responds with a nod how much it is, as if to say 'its enough'. He lifts his head quickly as a nod to say release the British man.

SUP(SLIMY)
okayyyy. Two hundred... yes you follow.

He signals for the British man to follow him toward a corridor away from the bar area. The British man follows him nervously, manically fishing out his wallet and the pound notes.

BRITISH MAN (PANICKED)
Look! Look! Its two hundred and ten! It's *more!* (ecstatic)
Just please...please let her go too. please.

SUP looks around suspiciously. He takes the cash and pockets it.

The BRITISH WOMAN is still being held and is then released upon SUP's signal. She rushes toward her husband and SUP who are standing near some hotel lifts. As they go past, SUP makes a warning

SUP
Yah. We know you hotel. Any problems we know who.

The BRITISH MAN nods manically that no he won't be saying anything as they rush off in each other's arms. It's still tense and manic

CUT TO

BARNEY is still being held next to the barman. BARNEY is being loud now, remonstrating.

BARNEY
I'll fuckin expose you in the Bangkok Post mate!

LEK is laughing with his police colleagues

A WIDE SHOT OF THE BAR [SLOW MOTION]

From the POV of SUP closer to the lifts, you see LEK pull out a large clear plastic bag - large enough to cover a mans head - and hold it up in front of the Australian. It's not completely clear.

CUT TO

BLURRED CLOSE UP - The barman is shaking his head with terror "no" He is manic. LEK stands behind him. It's too blurry to ascertain what occurs.

SCENE BLURS OUT
FULLY

OPENING.

FADE IN

BANGKOK 1980

MAHASEK SAYASAN MEETING 1980

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT CHAO PRAYA RIVER BKK -
ESTABLISHING SHOT - OLD FILTER

A chyron appears: "Bangkok City 1980"

On the deck banister overlooking the river, a black crow comes into view, only to swiftly take flight. At a table on the riverside deck, nestled amidst other tables adorned with tablecloths, two men sit in a tranquil atmosphere. A stillness envelops the scene. Riverboats are busy behind them on the Chao Praya.

APARCHIT SURISIT, a young boy of approximately ten years, observes intently as his father, the head Chef, is engrossed in the kitchen's activities. Outdoors, at a table, MAHASEK SAYASAN, a young man around 25 years old, exudes a tough demeanour. He wears the uniform of the Royal Thai Police. He shares the table with a government official attired in a brown suit (of the time). Their meeting carries an air of secrecy. They each hold a glass of Singha beer. Although their conversation remains unheard, there is an undeniable sense of purpose and gravity to their interaction as we zoom in on their intense dialogue.

YOUNG MAHASEK (GRUFF)

I am here to provide those details for you. We have made much progress with your... Investments minister.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

Good news once again MAHASEK. These are vital in our ongoing business with the Chinese in Burma. It augers well for your advancement to government office Mahasek. Play your cards right and your pathway will be very clear.

A young attractive female waiter approaches their table.
Both men show interest in the attractive girl.

CUT TO

APARCHIT (10yo) is standing inside the restaurant kitchen watching the table outside in awe, eyes wide open. His father is busy in the kitchen as Head Chef.

[FREEZE FRAME]

NARRATION: "APARCHIT SURISIT would one day find himself a leader in the Royal Thai Police force."

The waitress brings empty plates into the kitchen and comments:

INT. APARCHIT'S POV

FEMALE WAITER

I hate those smug *assholes*.
(Emptying to the bin at washup)
All their money and government
power, they think they can say
whatever they want...

CUT BACK TO TABLE

Another female waiter is flirting with the two men (inaudible) and then walks toward the kitchen looking back around to see them admiring her backside. She smiles.

Entering the kitchen, APARCHIT'S POV

FEMALE WAITER TWO

Oh I do love a cute man in
uniform! I wouldn't mind taking
him home to meet momma! (Laughing)

APARCHIT'S FATHER

Enough of that talk in here! Keep
to work! Anyway... you like
uniforms? Try Thom!

Pointing to the chef in uniform next to him who nods 'no' shyly...

APARCHIT'S FATHER Bursts out laughing at his own joke

APARCHIT'S FATHER (CONT)

Hahahahaha!! Thom in uniform...

His Smile cuts to serious as he winks to his son

Now Back to work!

CUT BACK TO TABLE

MAHASEK is referring to an upcoming Military Coup d'etat brewing.

MAHESEK

I look forward to our next meeting. I expect with the military making some noise that we will be seeing each other more in the very near future (eyebrow raised)

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

See to it that profits continue to come to our accounts, and I will see to it *when* the Coup d'etat occurs, you will be on top of my list Major General. Now - I do have a meeting with *another* senior Police figure coming up, a Mr Thaksin Shinawatra - know him?

MAHASEK

I do indeed. Lieutenant Colonel Thaksin's a good ally. Solid man.

The official nods, impressed.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

I will be in touch. In the mean time be sure to prepare your - 'tea money'

NARRATION: "Here, the practice of paying bribes for promotions or other favours is colloquially referred to as 'tea money'."

The two men finish their drinks, wipe their mouths with their linen napkins. The GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS stands up to leave the table as the shake hands goodbye. MAHASEK remains and sits to sign the paper credit card bill on the table leaving a large tip for the flirting waiter, before getting up to leave. She collects the tray and leaves.

CLOSE UP WAITRESS

The WAITRESS turns and smiles flirtatiously and signals for the MAHASEK to follow her toward the bathrooms having seen the tip. He raises his eyebrow subtly and follows her, looking around suspiciously...

SONG (A Police Major General EP 2) is in casual clothes and seated with his young wife at a table which MAHASEK passes. He watches him pass only nodding his head in disappointment at this officer's behaviour.

They enter the bathrooms. They're basic amenities. We see MAHASEK still in his full uniform fucking the waitress from behind, still dressed in her white uniform with just her skirt lifted from behind.

The WAITRESS moans as MAHASEK holds her by the breasts and closes her mouth to stop her moaning

WAITRESS (BREATHLESS)
Oh yeah! I love your uniform...

MAHASEK looks around as another man tries to enter the bathroom.

[FREEZE FRAME]

NARRATION: "MAHASEK SAYASAN managed to quickly rise through Government ranks."

The man quickly retreats when he sees what's happening inside, embarrassed. MAHASEK and the waitress just laugh and continue their short, perfunctory interlude.

JOE'S CHILDHOOD SCHOOL

EXT. A SCHOOLYARD IN BANGKOK 1995 - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A chyron: "Bangkok, Thailand 1995"

A group of children, all around ten years old, engage in a game of soccer while clad in pristine white school uniforms. A white dove perches on the fence surrounding the playground. The camera captures various shots of the kids enthusiastically playing soccer on a basic concrete pitch.

Amidst the players, one particular young boy stands out as he dominates the game, ultimately scoring a goal. His teammates on the same side show their admiration by celebrating with energetic high-fives. Conversely, an opposing player's frustration is evident as he rolls his eyes and slumps his shoulders, perturbed that the skilled youngster named THITISAN managed to pass him effortlessly and score. The visual cues, including the filter applied and the attire of the adults, firmly establish the setting in the year 1995.

The scene transitions to Thitisan's team gathering in a huddle following the goal. Thitisan assumes a leadership role within the group.

THITISAN

(Out of breath) Hey Mak, next time you go over the other side and I'll pass to you! Send me the ball - ya ok? I'll be Beckham! I pass to you if you first send to me.

MAK (AGREES ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

Ok Thit!

The two teams restart play from the centre of the imaginary field.

Mak initiates the game by delivering the ball from the center kickoff directly to Thitisan. Instead of returning the ball to Mak, who had quickly advanced and positioned himself freely outside the goals, Thitisan opts to take on an opponent. He skillfully maneuvers past one player and employs a stylish trick to elude another, subsequently taking a shot at the goal. His shot finds the mark, resulting in a score. Meanwhile, MAK remains stationed just beyond the goalposts, patiently waiting, while Thitisan exudes the demeanour of a triumphant soccer player, revelling in his successful goal.

THITISAN (SHOUTING)

Beckham Scores again!!!!

Running to the imaginary corner

MAK (UPSET, YELLS)

You said you pass to me Thit! No fair!! (Sulks)

The sound of the bell resonates through the air. THITISAN's gaze shifts upwards toward the school building, while the remaining children swiftly embark on a run toward the classrooms. Amid the flurry, THITISAN briefly remains stationary and surveys the scene. His attention turns to the street where he observes a trio of Royal Thai Police officers gathered around a street vendor's toy-laden cart. They seem to be interacting with the vendor, prodding him. A sense of agitation emanates from the vendor as he hands some money to one of the officers. Two of the younger officers share laughter, and the group departs, proceeding to their next target. However, the senior officer, his expression devoid of amusement, discreetly tucks the money into his pocket.

THITISAN is called by a TEACHER as he's the only kid left on the playground.

TEACHER (WOMAN)

Thitisan!! Come now! Class begins!
Play later at lunch time!

CUT TO

INT. BASIC SCHOOL TOILET BLOCK - DARK - BUSY AT LUNCHTIME

CLOSE UP ON YOUNG THITISAN

THITISAN is in the school toilets at lunch time talking with four other boys inaudibly, hatching a plan which THITISAN is clearly directing. Its loud with kids yelling, lockers smashing closed outside the toilets.

THITISAN

Ok, so Maag (looking Maag expectantly) You get the football from Sir's office when he's in teachers afternoon meeting. Give it to me after school.

MAAG (NODS)

Sure.

CHAI SON

But what will you do with it anyway Thit? We can't play with it here?

THITISAN

(Annoyed) None of your business anyway. You want to be in our gang or not?

CHAI SON nods affirmative, unsure

MAAG

Anyway, I've got it covered

THITISAN

Good man. I can always count on
you Maag. You're a true
businessman.

A male teacher enters the bathrooms. The boys abruptly
break up their well organised meeting.

One of the other boys is wide-eyed. Guilty. He is
clearly uncomfortable with what is about to go down.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD BANGKOK 1995.

WIDE SHOT - SCHOOL GATES

As the school day comes to an end, THITISAN exits the
premises and heads toward a nearby laneway, situated
across from the school gates, where he positions himself
to wait. On the street, a cluster of elderly women can be
seen arranging their laundry outdoors.

Shifting the perspective wider, an ice cream street
vendor pedals by while cheerfully ringing his bell. He
playfully honks his horn as he continues his route
towards the main road. A foam ice cream container,
adorned with his distinctive branding, is attached to the
rear of his bicycle, accompanied by music playing from a
modest speaker. In view of one residence, a collection of
traditional Asian bamboo birdcages catches the eye, each
holding a pair of white doves within their confines.

STREET VENDOR

PASSING he Joyfully greets the young man

Hello boy!

THITISAN watches him pass and ignores his greeting.

EXT. BANGKOK LANEWAY OPPOSITE SCHOOL

TRACKING MAAG & CHAI SON

MAAG and CHAI SON (one of the other of the group of four
from the toilets) are now walking up the laneway. They
look around (guilty) and start running towards THITISAN!
Once they arrive to THITISAN they're breathless but
smiling at what they steal.

BIRDS EYE SHOT OF THE SMALL GROUP

MAAG

Oh boy! That was easy! Sir was all of last period in the teacher meeting! Only us and Chailai were in the room when I took it.

MAAG presents a shiny Manchester United branded soccer ball from his backpack to THITISAN

THITISAN

She's a girl. She won't say anything. Better not anyway!

THITISAN takes the ball and looks it over commercially.

MAAG

But what are you going to do with it?

THITISAN (BUSINESSLIKE)

Never Mind. Your 20 baht Khun Maag. Nice to do buisness... If you have any other ideas let me know ya? You too Chai Son! (LOOKING AT THE OTHER OF THE GROUP WHO HAS SO FAR BEEN A PETRIFIED HANGER-ON)

CHAI SON

Yah. Can...

Wonders what he could offer

THITISAN (BUSINESSLIKE)

Ok see you tomorrow boys. You're the best in the business gentlemen. Anyway guys, I gotta go.

THITISAN and the two other boys part ways in the narrow laneway. The elderly ladies greet the mischievous trio with warm smiles as they walk by. However, the boys' response is limited, except for CHAI SON, who offers a slight wave to one of the old ladies as he passes. He recognises her, and a faint connection lingers between them.

FADE TO

EXT. BANGKOK TOURIST MARKET STREET - DUSK - BUSY STREET VENDORS

THITISAN steps into a bustling tourist street lined with stalls, engaging in conversation with a pair of older boys, both around 16 years old, at a sports-themed stall. THITISAN proudly displays a ball to the two boys, who carefully examine it. Evidently familiar with THITISAN, they engage in negotiations to potentially purchase the ball.

TEEN BOY 1

Actually pretty good Thit. Nice one. You asking too much man! Too much!! Only worth maybe 200 Baht. Not more.

THITISAN (FRUSTRATED)

Come on man! Sure look! (points to another ball marked 400baht)
You can sell it here for 400!
Looks it's Manchester United Buddy!!

TEEN BOY 1 (RESIGNED)

Okay... 300 GO HOME.

THITISAN

Okay. SOLD. Nice doing business with you Khun

He puts his hand out for the cash.

TEEN BOY 2 (AS HE HANDS CASH)

Hey Thit. You got any more good stuff let us know first yeah?
First option!

TEEN BOY 1 looks to his partner and together they laugh knowingly.

CUT TO

THITISAN'S POV

Just then, a group of three police officers wander up the street inspecting each stall. They're the same three THITISAN had seen from the school yard extracting money from the toy vendor.

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT OF THITISAN AND THE TEENAGERS

The two teenage boys exchange glances, their laughter abruptly ceasing. They hastily depart, and just as THITISAN is about to leave, the police officers slowly approach him. He gazes at them with wide eyes, a mixture of surprise and apprehension on his face.

One of the officers walks past Thitisan, a smile pursing his lips, visible even behind his Ray-Ban aviator sunglasses. His white teeth gleam. He utters no words. THITISAN is captivated, his gaze fixed on the officers as they move past him.

CUT BACK

TO THITISAN'S POV

The cops stop at an elderly man's stall and begin to probe him (inaudible). The senior again stands back and looks around the area while the other two Junior Cops get in the face of the elderly man, prodding with their thumbs and at one point patting him on the head. The elderly man's wife then interjects yelling at the police to leave them alone. The man then hands over some cash. The two junior cops laugh satisfied and turn to leave handing it to his senior as they walk away casually.

BIRDS EYE

We see a Black Crow on a light post high above the market. It flies away as the Police make their way.

CUT TO

THITISAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME

EXT. CHEAP APARTMENT BLOCK IN BANGKOK 1995 - GRUBBY TILES AND PEELING OFF WHITE PAINT - DUSK VERGING ON DARKNESS

THITISAN walks lazily up the stairs still in his school uniform. He enters the dark and tired flat. A tv runs the show ALF but no-one is watching it. His mother is in the kitchen cooking in a dirty apron cooking in a dirty kitchen. She was once beautiful before life took hold. THITISAN doesn't go to see her; rather he goes directly to his room and throws his bag down, takes out his cash and looks at it while sitting on his bed.

He opens a small wooden box where there's more cash. He puts it in there as his mother yells from the kitchen

CUT TO

CLOSEUP OF MOTHERS TIRED FACE, LIFELESS & DRAINED EYES
TELL A STORY OF LIFE FATIGUE AS SHE COOKS

MOTHER (SHOUTING)
HELLO BOY!?! YOU HAVE A GOOD DAY?

CUT TO

The scene transitions to THITISAN in his bedroom, where he's pre-occupied with a small box containing money and various small items. The items are arranged neatly on his bed. An overhead ceiling fan lazily rotates above, creating a gentle breeze.

THITISAN lets out a half-hearted grumble, responding to his mother

The perspective shifts back to his mother. She raises her shoulders in a nonchalant gesture before returning her attention to the cooking task at hand.

CROSS FADE TO

DAD'S HOME

INT. SAME APARTMENT SHOT OF THE DOOR FROM INSIDE

LATER: As darkness settles, THITISAN's father arrives home, dressed in soiled factory clothing. No one offers a greeting as he enters the apartment. The background hums with the sound of a TV playing softly. Unperturbed, he slowly skulks past the kitchen, where his wife stands engaged in dishwashing. Her gaze turns toward him, and though she remains silent, she attempts a feeble smile. In response, he utters not a word.

His path leads him into the bathroom, where he relieves himself. The sound of urine hitting the water fills the otherwise quiet space. The camera zooms in on his dirtied, vacant eyes.

The view follows him as he exits the bathroom without washing his hands. He moves to the kitchen, retrieves a Changi Beer from the refrigerator, and continues on to the living room without acknowledging his wife. A Thai soap opera plays on the television. He settles into a worn-out lounge chair, extracting a newspaper and taking a sip of his beer as he rests his feet up. No conversation has transpired between them.

As the camera pans upward, a sizeable photograph comes into view behind him. The picture depicts a smiling boy donning a white school uniform, casting a poignant contrast against the current scene.

CUT TO

THITISAN is reading a Hot Cars magazine in his bed under a dim light. Still and quiet. He blinks his eyes to try to stay awake, but places the magazine on his side table.

He turns out his bedside light and looks up to a slowly whirring fan above.

TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. FAMOUS BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN BANGKOK 1995 -DAYTIME - NOISY TRAFFIC - CARS AND SCOOTERS BEEPING - TOURIST BUSES CIRCLE

TOURISTS are walking around the perimeter. There are buses full of tourists circling, looking for a park.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE BANGKOK 1995 - SILENCE

Within the temple, a tranquil atmosphere prevails as MONKS engage in serene meditation, enveloped by silence.

The scene unfolds with a collection of ten Thai monks, each deeply immersed in their meditative practice within the temple's sacred space. Notably, two of the monks are of white Anglo-Saxon descent, their presence creating a distinct contrast against the predominantly Thai context. As the scenes transition, the deliberate juxtaposition serves to evoke a sense of contrast.

CUT TO

EXT. THAI BUDDHIST TEMPLE

OUTSIDE: Amidst the scene, two monks adorned in vibrant orange robes rove through the crowd, specifically targeting tourists and requesting monetary offerings. In return, they promise the tourists a seemingly insignificant card. Unbeknownst to the visitors, this exchange is a deceptive guise, essentially a form of begging.

With calculated finesse, the monks navigate their way through the throng of people, surreptitiously collecting cash as they go. Their efforts prove fruitful, particularly as portly American tourists make their exit from the temple. These tourists, predominantly women, sport counterfeit tourist-themed t-shirts showcasing brands like Chanel and Louis Vuitton. Their male counterparts don long socks, white sneakers, US Navy caps, and sunglasses. Amidst the scorching heat of the day, they energetically fan themselves, the stark contrast between their flamboyant appearance and the somber temple environment underscoring the scene.

NARRATION: "The explosion of tourism in Thailand in the eighties created all manner of scams. Waiters became touts. Touts became tour guides or pimps. Pimps saw the light and became Monks. Maybe they've killed a man. Maybe they'd got mixed up in a bad Heroine deal. They were **Monks** though, and they could beg for money on the streets from unwitting Americans who were only too happy to support these *holy people* of the far east. It wasn't long before Monks were doing (intone up) far more than begging on the streets."

CROSS FADE

MAHASEK MEETS APARCHIT AT RESTAURANT

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT 1997

Fast forward to the year 1997. A more mature MAHASEK, now sporting a moustache and a few extra pounds, engages in a relaxed discussion with his protege APARCHIT SURISIT. They convene at the very same restaurant where MAHASEK had previously met with a government official. Meanwhile, APARCHIT, donning a complete police uniform, exudes an air of authority. We recognise him as the senior member among the trio of police officers seen in the prior scenes, the one who was surreptitiously pocketing cash.

As for MAHASEK, he's in the midst of transitioning away from his police role to assume a position at the NCCC (National Counter Corruption Commission), a significant change in his career. His attire reflects this transformation, elegantly clad in a meticulously tailored suit.

The conversation between them unfolds, capturing a brief interlude in their lives. APARCHIT's gaze drifts around the surroundings, his eyes misty with nostalgia as he reminisces, a soft smile playing on his lips, prompted by cherished memories.

WIDE - RIVER IN BACKGROUND

APARCHIT

My father worked many years here.
Hard work. Good work. He made it
fun for the people here. I was
very fond of this place. A
childhood watching the beautiful
people come and go after school,
the important and powerful people,
and of course some corrupt people
(musters an ironic smile)

MAHASEK

You know Friend, our great nation
has had anti-Corruption rules in
our constitution since 1974.
Yes... (smiling) "take all steps to
prevent and suppress the quest for
benefits by corrupt means." The
Counter Corruption Act of 1975
allowed the establishment of the
Office of the Commission of
Counter Corruption (OCCC), but
OCCC was granted little power to
actually combat corruption. And so
here we are...
(Pauses and looks out to the
river).
It's now 5 years since Black May...
1992 Aparchit. The time is coming
soon for another coup but who
knows.
(Pauses) We must push on!

APARCHIT's face is blank

MAHASEK (CONT RIGHTEOUSLY)

Now I take the head of the **new**
'National Anti-Corruption
Commission'. The Police has
treated me well my Friend! Lots of
good contacts too

He begins philosophising.

Remember friend, many drips of
water makes a river flow...
(He waves to the river flowing in
front of them).
The river is the life blood of the
city and the nation. Many drips
make a nation prosperous!
(Smiling)
But do what we must APARCHIT, to
ensure many drips

Encouraging..

Be like me. Be smart. Set your family for the future. Give yourself best chance at success - so that you don't have to work in a restaurant into your twilight years!

Changing tack

Now, I have some *things* for you to look after. It requires time and effort, but in time - no doubt - you will follow me into the top line of our great land's government. Maybe together we will conquer the *bad guys*! (Smiling broadly)

APARCHIT is nodding solemnly. He doesn't get MAHASEK's contemptuous tone. *Is APARCHIT really Naive?*

MAHASEK (CONT)

I will be in touch... now say hello to Natipan for me. And how is young Baitoey? Beautiful princess...

APARCHIT lights up at the mention of his daughter:

APARCHIT (PROUDLY)

Oh.. yes Baitoey is very well! She is very smart

MAHASEK (INTERRUPTS)

And Natipan? Your beautiful wife must be proud you are advancing a strong career?

APARCHIT (SLIGHT SHAME)

Her parents have remained conspicuously absent from our lives ever since the revelation of Baitoey. Given the circumstances, I don't anticipate receiving any communication from them in the near future.

MAHASEK's focus is momentarily diverted by a young waitress who is playfully engaging him, capturing his attention as she serves their table. Her flirtatious manner catches his eye, although APARCHIT remains oblivious to her actions.

Despite this distraction, the two men proceed with their lunch. Mahasek takes the opportunity to share a collection of books and documents, all neatly organised within a briefcase. He passes the briefcase over to APARCHIT, guiding him through their contents as they continue their meal.

NARRATION: "And that's how it was in Thailand in the 1990's. The Black May Protests in 1992 were a significant outcry against the Army-led Government. The protests saw an impressive turnout, with up to 200,000 individuals converging in central Bangkok at the height of the demonstrations. However, the official outcome of the protests was startlingly disproportionate – a mere 52 government-acknowledged deaths. Alongside this, countless sustained injuries, including those of journalists, as well as over 3,500 arrests and numerous disappearances. Eyewitnesses even attested to the sight of trucks laden with bodies exiting the city. Disturbingly, many of the detainees claimed to have endured torture during their confinement. But despite the tumultuous events and the public outcry, the cycle of life persisted, underscored by the persisting grip of corruption. *But you probably just heard about a newly discovered tropical paradise of the Far East.*"

THE OG OF BANGKOK 1990

A chyron: "**Lumpinee Stadium, Bangkok Thailand 1990**"

INT. LUMPINEE STADIUM BANGKOK – THAI BOXING FIGHT NIGHT

The Haunting ritualistic music, children aged 10 are being led to the ring in traditional head-dress by adults, and beginning to fight, beating up on each other brutally. The scene jars.

LATER: The big boys come in – around 19 yo. The same rituals – they're thin, wiry and hellishly brave.

CLOSE UP ON BETTING CIRCLE

A crowd of men bet large sums of cash through the bookmaker "Klaew Thanikal"

KLAEW THANIKAL – A Thug of Chinese descent is standing ringside, surrounded by men armed with machine guns. He's a lizard skinned thug, ugly face. A nasty piece of work. Stands still. Says nothing. Just watches fighters.

NARRATION: "Life can be cheap in Thailand. In the 80s and 90s Thai Boxing was ruled with an iron fist by the first notorious Chao Po - or Godfather - of Bangkok. Klaew Thanikal was a canny and brutal Chao Po, fronting a cash machine called the Sor Thanikal Thai Boxing Gym instituting the Golden Age of Thai Boxing. But it wasn't just his Thai Boxing team which delivered up a regular pay-day for Thanikal and his thugs. A former Casino owner, Thanikal boasted Gambling and Human Trafficking intertwined with his Boxing empire. Of course drugs and prostitution were paramount to lining his pockets. But his claim to fame was that he was first to bring Thai Boxing to the West.

Twin boys who went on to become national champions of the sport - well they had no choice - were trafficked or it was termed 'gifted' to Thanikal to pay off part of a gambling debt. These kids were trained in his mafia gym Sor Thanikal, and would fight through blood and broken bones for the win - and to stay alive. It wasn't worth risking your life by not winning if you were on 'team Thanikal'."

End shot - tight of the reptilian thug overseeing a fight win. Not smiling. Evil in his eyes.

HOME FOR THE NIGHT

EXT. MIDDLE (TO LOWER) CLASS BANGKOK HOUSE

APARCHIT arrives back at his unassuming residence situated in a residential area of Bangkok, still clad in his police uniform. He parks his private car in the driveway before making his way inside. As he steps through the entrance, he's greeted by the presence of his elegant and striking wife, Natipan. She is engaged in writing within a journal, seated at a small desk. Every gesture she makes exudes an air of grace and tranquility.

Breaking the quiet as she enter the room is 15 year old BAITOEY, who yells "Phaw!!!!" She smiles lovingly and takes his Police hat off and puts it on herself, kissing him on the cheek.

NATIPAN smiles genially towards her daughter's love for her father as she gets up slowly to greet him with a kiss. Warm and loving home.

NATIPAN

How was your day, love?

APARCHIT

Today... well one step closer.

(pauses) Mahasek leaves to the

NCCC this week. He is overseeing this new team. Had some interesting words of advice...

NATIPAN (GENUINE)
 Its nice to have a mentor...
 (cautioning)
 I only hope you live to see the days he promises...

APARCHIT
 what's that supposed to mean?

NATIPAN (SIGHS)
 I see the hope in your eye my love. The promise of a wonderful future for us. I just want you to live in the now as well. Our wonderful surprise here (looking to Baitoey) is still young

APARCHIT
 interrupts abruptly

I am working hard for all of us. I'm being smart. To set us up for the future. Giving us the best chance of success...(long pause) and to prove your *father* wrong.

NATIPAN
 Understanding and trying to cool him she speaks slowly and graciously

Yes and I chose you dear... you know... I long have left that conversation with 'phaw' behind.. (referring to her father). Anyway, its nice to have a mentor to help you.. (Diffusing)

APARCHIT
 He will be a very powerful mentor. One who I know will look after me well... (nodding that he's sure of that unconvincingly).Yes. I remember you know..watching powerful men meeting at my father's restaurant as a young boy. Everyone around them full of admiration. Thank them for giving them great prosperity. *Powerful* men who run this great land and create the freedoms we enjoy.

Great men... yes great men... (solemn)
And today I walk in their shoes

He drifts into his thoughts, his gaze distant and unoccupied, until he finally returns to the present moment.

APARCHIT
Great men who bring honor to our country...

NATIPAN watches him closely, her gaze attentive and curious. She seems to question whether he truly believes in the sentiment he's expressing.

NATIPAN
Yes, well...

APARCHIT

Changing the subject, he continues with a lighter tone:

Anyway, he sends his regards to you and, of course, asked about Baitoey...

He affectionately places his arm around Baitoey...

APARCHIT
Now, let's see this current affairs assignment you've been bugging me about! Or is it about fashion?

BAITOEY laughs and takes him by the hand, leading him to another room.

Meanwhile, NATIPAN moves slowly, her movements deliberate. She looks downward and begins to make her way back to the desk where her book still lies open. Gazing at the book, she drifts into her own memories.

SLOW FADE TO

FLASHBACK TO NATIPANS CHILDHOOD HOME:

INT. NATIPANS FAMILY MANSION BANGKOK 1989

The scene shifts back to 1989, a filter giving it a distinct visual tone of that era. The clothing choices echo the time: NATIPAN's attire embodies the classic American prep style, with a white skirt, a UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON top, and a thick white hairband - evoking the essence of an American college look.

A younger NATIPAN, 18 years old, is seated on a stool in a lavish kitchen, engaging in conversation with her elegant mother. The surroundings exude opulence, reflecting the family's significant wealth. NATIPAN prepares to drop a bombshell, revealing to her mother that she's expecting a child from her relationship with a young police cadet, APARCHIT.

NATIPAN's mother [SUNETRA] exudes style and sophistication, mirroring their affluent background. Their home exudes luxury, a testament to their privileged lifestyle.

Her mother looks caringly at NATIPAN who has been crying. She has red eyes.

SUNETRA

Well 'phaw' will be home soon.
Are you *sure* this is what you want
to do Natipan? You know how he
can be... and how he feels about the
(carefully) *authorities* as well

NATIPAN

Mother I will not kill my own
child! This is the path which is
chosen for me..and anyway you will
see - APARCHIT is different. He's
not like those other ones

SUNETRA

It doesn't have to *be* this way
Natipan. We live in a new
world .. these things are...
(pausing before suggesting
anything rash) I just don't want
you to ruin your whole life with
someone who you don't even know
yet... what are his values, his
future? Who are his family? He
will assuredly follow the path of
his father you know. Men grow up
to be like their fathers - you
know that my love. What's his
father like?

NATIPAN

He's a good man 'Mae' (mom),
you'll see. His family are good
Buddhists. Hard working people.
He's not what you think! Anyway,
He's coming here tonight to meet
you.

NATIPAN's mother is taken aback.

SUNETRA

Are you sure that's a good idea?
Maybe its best..just get your Phaw
to absorb this news before he
meets the father of any unexpected
grandchild.

NATIPAN (HOPELESS)

Frustrated at what she probably knows to be best but has
set in motion nonetheless

What else can I do?...

CUT TO

Just then her Phaw (PALAT) enters the opulent house
through the massive front door. He's a big man. He's
dressed in a shirt and pants and is overweight. He's
Thai American and is boisterous and amenable, but
powerful.

PALAT (SHOUTING EXCITED)

Is that my daughter's car I see in
the drive??!!

He drops his large leather briefcase full of papers in
the hallway and starts toward the kitchen excited

SUNETRA

In here darling! (She calls)

PALAT enters the kitchen and smiles broadly at his
daughter, so excited to see her. He has a huge love for
her and its evident. He comes towards her to hug her and
keeps his excited manner.

PALAT

How is college my love?!

As he hugs her he sees that she's been crying.

What's wrong my darling? Your
mother told you about Aunty?

SUNETRA

No... (rolling her eyes) Natipan has
some news my darling... Please... sit
down (offers a seat in the
kitchen)

PALAT is becoming concerned now.

SUNETRA

Natipan?

Her mother offers her a seat next to her father who has taken the head of the table.

Natipan is sobbing and takes her seat. Her mother remains standing.

PALAT

Well don't keep me in suspense!
What's this that makes my daughter
so upset then?

PALAT is half smirking. How bad could it be?

NATIPAN

Well Phaw... you know... I am a good
girl.

He frowns suddenly realising the weight of the conversation

Me and Sittra .. we were together
for a while as boyfriend
girlfriend in high school. But...

PALAT (INTERJECTS CLUMSILY)

Did he treat you badly? (Confused
and ready to take action)

Mother puts her hands on his shoulders to calm him,
nodding 'no that's not it'.

NATIPAN

No, it's not like that. We haven't
been together for ages. Well -
see - I met another boy. But Phaw,
he's a - Police Cadet..

PALAT (ROLLS HIS EYES)

Oh yes... One of them...
But why so upset? What's
happened?

NATIPAN (BLURTS)

Phaw (tears) I'm pregnant!

PALAT sits back in his seat astonished. There's silence.
Mother stares at her husband to see how he will react.

PALAT (LOOKS AT SUNETRA)

Did you know?

She nods dismissively that no, she didn't

PALAT - GROWING ANGRY

A police officer...? You tell me...
(Pausing..trying to absorb the

news) a Police officer... a cadet no less (spits the word cadet) of the Royal Thai Police? The protector of the people of Thailand...

He gets up and walks to the window slowly and begins to stare out the window absorbing the weight of what he has just heard.

PALAT
My beautiful daughter. (Pause)
Eighteen years of age. (Pause)
Pregnant with the child of a

Spits the word out as anger is growing

Police Cadet

After a few moments of silence and a Gardner walking past waving, smiling toward the PALAT from outside which he does not respond to. He turns to look at Natipan. There is silence. He turns to look at his wife, and pauses.

PALAT (SLOW AND POINTED)
All of this

Opens his hands to the house and garden pausing

I provide all this... (Pausing) And what? (Shrugs) I am meant to be happy about becoming the grandfather of an illegitimate child from - a Police Cadet - BASTARD!!!

He yells with disgust like he would kill him if faced with him right now.

No.

A beat.

No Natipan. You will not have this child

The anger has now built up and PALAT is now in a negotiation phase.

PALAT
Proceed and you do not have my blessing.
You do not have my support.
I don't support this...

SUNETRA

But darling..

PALAT

I will not. No. No grandchild of mine will be the son of a Thai Police.. or daughter... (confused) Corrupt. Illegitimate. Thieves! His whole life... They stole from my dear father his whole life. From me. From my family. From our dinner table. They come to my hotels. They harass my guests. They steal from them and ruin our tourism. They *ruined* my father! Killed him!
No. I won't have it. I can-not.

NATIPAN's face is down in her arms, crying. She looks up at her father. She looks through tears to her mother briefly.

NATIPAN

I'm sorry Phaw! (Puts her head back into her arms crying)

SUNETRA (TO PALAT)

I did say we can... (Shrugs) deal with the matter? (Somewhat ashamed)

PALAT

And so it shall be.

NATIPAN raises her gaze and suddenly bolts from the kitchen, rushing toward her room upstairs. The camera captures the grandeur of a sweeping staircase in the expansive entryway, emphasizing the opulence of the house.

In the background, the voices of her parents can be heard, their shouts following her as she retreats to her room. The echoes of their voices gradually fade as she disappears from view.

FADE OUT

EXT. NATIPAN'S FAMILY MANSION SUNSET

APARCHIT TO THE MANSION

Score: Frankie Goes to Hollywood - The Power of Love

FADE IN

TRACKING Young APARCHIT walking up the long driveway to the mansion

APARCHIT is in civilian clothes of the late 1980's, Lacoste Fake Tee, jeans, sandshoes; up the driveway of the mansion owned by Natipan's parents. (Close in) He is looking around at the size of the property incredulously.

CUT TO

(CLOSE ON HAND) APARCHIT knocks on the huge door

A Butler opens the door and ushers him in. He hasn't brought anything with him and he's way out of his comfort zone.

He is ushered quietly by a servant in a white traditional tunic who speaks Thai and says to wait in here, graciously. APARCHIT is in a beautiful lounge room full of pictures he's admiring. There's a photo of a young boy standing proudly at a food stall with a man who must be his father. They are smiling proudly arm in arm.

PALAT enters inconspicuously.

PALAT

So you're the boy who has caused
my family this pain?

APARCHIT gets a shock - he didn't see him coming.

It's intense and painful how out of his comfort APARCHIT is.

APARCHIT

Er...

Stumbles, embarrassed. Goes into a pre-prepared speech first extending his hand to shake. PALAT dismisses it and walks to a whiskey bottle on a side table and pours his own glass and not one for APARCHIT, as APARCHIT begins his scripted introduction.

APARCHIT

Sir, my name is Aparchit Surisit
and I am a promising Cadet in the
Royal Thai Police Force, top of my
grade Sir. Graduating in 1991 Sir

PALAT is unimpressed and rolls his eyes.

I know you are a very successful
man Sir, and I have very great
respect for your great Hotel
company here in Thailand.

PALAT is at least looking at APARCHIT out of the corner of his eye.

Sir I wish to honour you... I mean your daughter.

PALAT (INTERJECTS AND GUFFAWS)
Honour? (Pause) You've already dishonoured this family more than I ever thought possible

APARCHIT is red-faced. He tries again.

APARCHIT
Sir, I come from a good family. A family of faith. My father is.. well was... a Head Chef his whole life. He speaks very highly of your Hotel company.

APARCHIT sees a slight opening

I used to accompany him ... Yes many times ... I would accompany him to the restaurants and yes... it taught me much about teamwork, and hard work it must take to build the... business you have created Sir (speaking awkwardly, quickly and earnestly)

PALAT cuts him off.

PALAT (SLOWLY)
Boy... You can forget appeasing me boy.. (almost spits 'boy' out)
My daughter will not be having this child with you...

APARCHIT is confused.

PALAT
No. (Pauses) My daughter will be seeing a doctor tomorrow with my wife. You... you.. Royal Thai Police cadet... will not be **my** Grandchild's father. (Then quickly) You should have been a chef, Boy. More honour in being a chef than a henchman in our very own SS Troop. Hell, dishwashers have more honour!

APARCHIT looks at PALAT and begins to raise his best attempt to combat him

APARCHIT

Sir..You are talking about my child Sir. I am a good man (pauses and puts hand over his heart) Sir. Buddhist hierarchy states that abortion is a transgression against the sinner.

APARCHIT is looking more sure of his convictions and Buddhist faith, while PALAT is starting to stare down the young man

CUT TO

NATIPAN'S POV from the doorway.

We can see APARCHIT's stiff back as he faces off with APARCHIT and PALAT - who cannot see Natipan.

APARCHIT

I don't give you permission to terminate my child. In Buddha's name I will honour your daughter - and my child. (He has a tear) I will commit my whole life to provide great fortunes for my family, as you have done ...Sir

PALAT eyes him intensely as he stands up slowly

PALAT

(Slowly) Well you'll be doing so without any help from - me. (pauses). Is that what you want? Boy? (Combatively) Your wife never seeing her loving parents faces? Your child - their grandchild - only a distant memory? There's no dowry for you young man... if that's what you're after...?

APARCHIT

As is your wish (long pause) Sir.

CUT TO

NATIPAN's POV as she steps into the room.

CUT TO

CLOSE ON NATIPAN staring at her father having just heard what he said to APARCHIT. Astonished.

NATIPAN

Daddy...?

Both men turn surprised

Do you mean that?

(HOLD ON NATIPAN'S EYES)

WE return to current day:

INT. SURISIT FAMILY HOUSE

CLOSE ON OLDER NATIPAN'S EYES - RED-EYED FROM TEARS

NATIPAN is in quiet tears which drop poignantly on her Journal.

NATIPAN's attention is interrupted as BAITOEY enters the kitchen, inspecting the progress of dinner. Shortly after, APARCHIT strolls by, drawn in by the aroma of the curry simmering on the stove. His fondness for the scent is evident. The atmosphere is one of domestic bliss, a harmonious and contented household.

However, in this idyllic scene, APARCHIT remains unaware of NATIPAN's tears. As she closes the book gently and she discreetly wipes away the tears, hidden from APARCHIT'S view.

FADE TO

MAHASEK MEETING CHAO PO - 1995

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SMALL BOARDROOM BANGKOK - DAYTIME

Two men engage in a meeting within the opulent setting of a luxury hotel's boardroom. The room is dimly lit, with intermittent streams of light filtering through Venetian blinds, occasionally illuminating the figures within. Among the figures, CHAO PO remains partially concealed in this play of light and shadow. The other individual is MAHASEK SAYASAN, who sports the now greying moustache, adding a mature touch to his appearance.

Over the shoulder of CHAO PO

MAHASEK

The Golden Triangle represents a risky opportunity for many. We can maximise the opportunity to move this Heroine quietly from Khun Sa to Thailand for distribution to your clients. The alternative is displeasing - not just to us - having it ship through China. So please - The trade route must remain here

CHAO PO

His voice is weasly, raspy, high-pitched - not that of a charismatic mafia boss of the west.

Our business has been established by working *with* the government as you are aware, so we don't plan to start contravening your initiatives, nor our own successful strategy. It plays to *both* our advantage Mahasek - and should augment your meagre government compensation old friend

MAHASEK (SMILING)

And I appreciate your timely compensation. (Curiously) But tell me... What do you think about this methamphetamine? Or so-called ICE, taking over from Herione?

CHAO PO

Yes... ICE. Once consumed, it's an irresistible hit. (Pauses, contemplating) It's tomorrow's heroin, but budget-friendly. However, this isn't exactly novel. Yaba, or "Crazy Medicine" as the Thais coined it, has been filtering from the Triangle for some time now. Interestingly, the Nazis used it during World War Two. Yet, Khun Sa and his associates are the true innovators. They're now enhancing methamphetamine with caffeine to cater to factory bosses who seek an energised workforce. These bosses and upper management reap hefty bonuses through heightened productivity, Mahasek. But indeed, Khun Sa harbours grand plans due to the cost-effective production and the considerable methamphetamine demand, not to mention the significance of the China border region for precursor substances. (Curiously) Does this pique your interest, Mr. Sayasan?

MAHASEK

Our government...well... incoming Prime Minister Shinawatra has both concern and a deep fear of what is to come... (solemnly). Be in no

doubt that he will be planning some major public announcements aimed at curtailing the use of drugs across Thailand. They will be empty of legitimacy like any politician, but do not be surprised by his vim. (Tight) But if not us, the Chinese will again prevail on the opposing side of the triangle... and that's not good for anyone

CHAO PO

Regardless of my Chinese heritage, yours is a point well made - Best Shinawatra be kept well clear of our arrangements

A bodyguard enters the room

MAHASEK (ASSUREDLY)

Oh! Yes.. of course. Okay... well I will be in touch. Thank you for your time. I'll be sure to let you know when border raids are to begin again. I sense it will be some time shortly after the new government settle in. (Smiles uncomfortably to the bodyguard and Chao Po)

CHAO PO bids farewell by raising a flat, straight hand from behind his chair, an almost reminiscent gesture, reminiscent of a "Heil Hitler" salute. One of his fingers is adorned with an audacious gold ring.

NARRATION: "Chao Po, or Jao Po, is the Thai word for Godfather. And this Godfather would rise like few others"

FADE TO

DONKEY MULES

EXT. KHUN SA DRUG FACTORY MYANMAR - BURMESE JUNGLE - DAYTIME

We transition to the borders of the Burmese jungle, where donkeys labor under the weight of brown paper-wrapped blocks of heroin. The same donkeys, loaded with their illicit cargo, venture deeper into the jungle navigating through muddy ravines and hills accompanied by a lone man walking alongside. His machine gun rests over his shoulder, a silent sentinel.

The scene shifts to the Mekong River, revealing aged and dilapidated riverboats struggling along its waters. Each boat is manned by a figure armed with a gun stationed at the bow, vigilant as they navigate the river's currents.

NARRATION: "Khun Sa's rise to power began back in the 1960s when he took advantage of the political instability in the Golden Triangle region, which encompasses parts of Myanmar, Thailand, and Laos. Khun Sa saw the lucrative opportunity to profit from the illegal drug trade.

To infiltrate his drugs into Thailand, Khun Sa devised a cunning and elaborate network of smugglers and accomplices. His organisation employed local villagers, Shan tribespeople, and other ethnic groups as couriers to transport opium and heroin across the porous borders between Myanmar and Thailand. These couriers would navigate through dense jungles, treacherous terrains, and even river routes to evade law enforcement and deliver the drugs to various distribution points inside Thailand."

The changing patterns of heroin supply brought new and unwanted attention to Thailand as the main smuggling and shipment center for heroin from the Golden Triangle, where Myanmar, Laos and Thailand meet. Export of opiates alone was worth the value of all legitimate exports from Thailand."

FADE TO

2003 JOE THE YOUNG POLICEMAN IN BANGKOK - THITISAN

EXT. PATPONG ROAD - EARLY EVENING 2003

A Chyron - "**Patpong Road, Bangkok 2003**"

In the year 2003, we find Thitisan [JOE], as a young policeman in Bangkok on the notorious Patpong Road during the early evening. The scene unfolds as we follow JOE and his young colleagues through several bars where expatriates indulge in drinks and exhibit inappropriate behaviour towards the women, including strippers and sex workers.

[FREEZE FRAME ON JOE]

Narration: "Remember young Thitisan? That's him - all grown up."

TRACKING JOE

We track JOE as he walks down the street in uniform. The moment the expatriates catch sight of him, they promptly straighten up, displaying respect in response. Meanwhile, APARCHIT is orchestrating an operation to combat drug issues on the street.

APARCHIT, in full uniform, briefs a group of ten young officers - including young LEK, JOE, SLIM, and WISUT - in a dim side street away from the neon lights.

APARCHIT

Gentlemen, I understand this might be new territory for you all. Tonight's operation continues your education, a journey that will span your entire careers in the Police Force. We're here as part of the government's nationwide anti-drug initiative, aimed at preventing drugs from becoming a daily menace to these businesses and, of course, their workers.

YOUNG LEK - a curious looking guy with thick glasses and black frames, turns to a young JOE commenting humorously:

YOUNG LEK

Does he eat this shit he's serving us?

APARCHIT

So, tonight we undertake this operation to support our local entrepreneurs and showcase our strength to the citizens. After each phase or bar visit, please report any findings of illegal drugs to me. Our mission is to safeguard our citizens' right to safe, drug-free streets and, naturally, protect the vital tourism industry.

WIDE SHOT OF THE GROUP

The two young officers, JOE and LEK, exchange glances and stifle another smirk. They silently agree to collaborate on tonight's efforts by gesturing between each other. LEK frequently struggles to see through his thick glasses, consistently pushing them up his nose. He presents a particularly peculiar appearance.

LEK (WHISPERING)
 We can hit the Bada Bing and not
 come up for air 'til dawn Thit!!
 (Laughing)

JOE (NOT AMUSED)
 It's Fucking disgusting man.

LEK
 What? You're not interested in a
 country girl for a few bucks?
 (Giggles to himself)

JOE (DISDAINFULLY)
 I wouldn't lay a finger on even
 the purest of this filth.

LEK
 Alright, fine by me! Let's make
 some money Bozz! You can spend the
 earnings on a nice girl—or boy
 (smirks oddly and adjusts his
 glasses on his nose)

JOE eyes him skeptically.

The group of officers then divides into pairs.

THE NIGHT PROGRESSES:

EXT. PATPONG ROAD - SAFARI BAR - STRIP CLUB - NOISY MUSIC
 AND NEON LIGHTS FLASHING

Internationals shove off (scared) when they see Police
 outside.

JOE and LEK approach a greeting Tout outside Safari Bar.
 The host is a young man, maybe 18. He's a brash little
 prick, and has little to no regard for these Royal Thai
 Police

HOST
 (Tracking Cops) Good evening Boys!
 Can I get you a drink for your
 visit? Little rub and suck chaser
 perhaps? (Mimics a blowjob) You're
 a bit early for the real games!

We're outside the entrance of the bar.

5 Girls who are very young, maybe 15yo, parade to one
 side all dressed in the same uniform - Hot Pants, high
 heels, and a spandex top which reads "DREAMLAND" across
 their breasts. It's quiet here but we can hear the dim of
 loud music inside

LEK (QUIETLY, SHY)
Any drugs in here man? Your girls
using drugs?

It's an awkward exchange. The Host has his measure.

HOST
Hay! Maybe a bit of yaba here or
there. My girls mostly too young
for the serious shit. Just work

Mimics getting fucked from behind

Whatever gets them through the
night though, you know?

JOE (SERIOUS, DISGUSTED)
Tell them to get rid of it - we're
just here for the Farang.

The host seems to take a more serious tone with JOE

HOST
Oh yeah... No problem boss.
(Advisedly) Ya Farang boss -
tourists only one cause trouble
boss

He snaps his finger at one of the bikini-clad girl who
has walked out in hope to greet the police.

HOST (IN THAI)
(English Subtitles)

Kả cạo nặng yābā khxng khun mi
Chanận phwk kheā ca khạng khun
tlxd chīwit - h̄rux yàe kwā nận -
Ờng khun klạb pị thī fārm! /
*Get rid of your Yaba bitch or
they'll lock you up for life - or
worse - send you back to the farm!*

Dispirited she returns inside quietly.

HOST
Pleeeeeeease....

He offers an open curtain to the police officers

CAMERA ENTERS THE OPEN CURTAIN

The two Police enter a heaving strip club. The music is
loud. The lights are low. There's a solitary girl (not
that young) on stage getting ready to shoot something
from her vagina. (*Confronting*)

There's an eager group of young white male tourists. JOE and LEK exchange signals, silently deciding to approach them. These young men are too engrossed in drinking beers and watching the stage performances, a few girls on their laps vying for some USD.

As the police officers draw near, the white tourists experience an abrupt jolt. The shock quickly sobers them up from their indulgence. Clad in Von Zipper t-shirts and Havaianas flip-flops, they stand up upon the officers' arrival. One of them, sporting a pink polo shirt, remains silent. He appears relatively unperturbed, carrying an air of nonchalant privilege. A classic "Ivy League" type.

BRITISH MALE 1 (SHOUTS OVER THE MUSIC)

Alright?

JOE (OVER MUSIC)

Passport

None of them have their passports with them

BRITISH MALE 2

I didn't bring my passport mate,
these chicks would probably steal
it anyway! too risky if I lose it
mate - then I'm fucked! - Here!

He gets some form of ID out, but Joe is not content

JOE

Outside!

He nods at them to go outside. British Male 1 shrugs his shoulders. He's not too concerned. But when he starts to go outside with Joe, Joe stops and points at all five of them to come outside. The other four men are wide-eyed nervously looking at each other.

Once they're outside, LEK takes a step back, allowing JOE to take charge. In the background, several groups are being detained by the various pairs of officers who are working collaboratively. It's not chaotic; instead, it's a typical Thai scene of enforcement on Patpong Road - a regular old Thai shakedown.

JOE

You no passport. Thai law. You
farang. Must have passport ID.
You have Marijuana?

Shocked They all nod 'no' vigorously before:

BRITISH MALE 1

No mate

JOE (MATTER-OF-FACT)

Cocaine?

BRITISH MALE 1

Mate... we're just here for some fun right? We don't do none of that, we just enjoyin' a few beers and the girls, alright? We ship out to Koh Samui tomorrow mornin' for full moon (smiling)

They all nod and voice their agreement

Lek comes from behind now with a menacing and stern look on his face.

LEK

Reported group of English consuming cocaine in toilets. You? (He looks piercingly at one of the men)

The guy nods vigorously, now petrified. He says nothing but British Male 2 steps forward

BRITISH MALE 2

Look we've heard about this sort of stuff happening, but honestly, we're clean right? You shakin' us down or somethin'!!???

JOE casts a glance at LEK, prompting him to speak up once more, his frustration evident. LEK looks over his shoulder suspiciously before he retrieves a small bag of white powder and displays it prominently before the group. It's an awkward move.

CLOSE IN ON THE SMALL BAG WITH THE BOYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

BRITISH MALE 1 (TERRIFIED)

Oh...fuuuuuck... Mate we 'ave nothin' to do with tha' shit..

BRITISH MALE 2 (NEGOTIATING)

Mate - what you want? What you lookin' at 'ere? You want some cash, or wha'?

JOE and LEK look at each other in a clumsy exchange (but the Brits are too nervous to notice)

The Ivy League British man speaks up for the first time. He's a more well-spoken young man in his pink Lacoste Polo top.

PINK POLO BRIT

Officers, I have a hundred pound here. If you will leave us to our own devices I'm happy to donate that (looks at the note) to your project this evening...? I think you'll find its around five thousand baht.

LEK and JOE exchange another glance, and LEK nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders. JOE then signals to the rest of the group using only gestures, indicating for them to re-enter the bar. Once inside, JOE scans the surroundings to ensure a degree of discretion. He extends his hand toward the Pink Polo-wearing British tourist, who responds by discreetly passing over a one hundred pound note while shaking hands with Joe. The exchange is clumsy yet effective.

The Pink Polo-wearing Brit returns to the table where they were previously seated. As the others retrieve their beers from the table, ready to drink, the British tourist in the pink Lacoste polo shirt, referred to as POLO BRIT, remarks with a grin:

POLO BRIT

Well, that should keep their gears turning for a few more days, lads... But Jim, (one of the boys, JIM, is about to take a sip of his beer) I wouldn't recommend sipping that brew if it's been left unattended, mate! Given the environment, it might be wiser to opt for fresh beer!
(He casts a suspicious look around)

CUT TO

JOE and LEK passing APARCHIT back in the street who's smoking a cigarette on the far side of the street overseeing what's been happening. He hasn't seen their interlude with the Brits.

LEK

No drugs in sight, Sir! Just a bit of Yaba hidden for the girls under the table...

APARCHIT

Whatever gets them through their
somber nights. (He nods, a touch
of paternal disapproval evident.)

Both men glance at their Major General (APARCHIT) and
offer insipid nods, skeptical of the explanation.

LEK

(Humorously) Hey, Major General!
Got yourself a family?

The major general turns, his smile evident.

APARCHIT

Ah, indeed. I have a wonderful
family, Captain. A wife and a
little princess in my home who
aspires to be a journalist.

LEK

I bet you're counting the days to
escape from all of this. (He
wrinkles his nose at the scene.)

A close-up on Joe reveals his intrigue at APARCHIT's
response.

The camera pulls out to encompass all three men.

APARCHIT

Gentlemen our government, our
people—they depend on us. They
need a formidable and capable
force. However, yes, I do look
forward to the day I can leave
this facet of police life behind
and enjoy more time with my
family.

LEK

Maybe a cushy government job, Sir?
(He smirks, glancing at Joe)

APARCHIT perceives LEK's slight disrespect but chooses to
overlook it. He simply smiles to himself while puffing on
a cigarette.

JOE (RECOVERING THE SITUATION)

I'm sure, sir, the government
would be lucky to have a man of
your integrity Sir.

APARCHIT

That's very kind of you to say
Captain Uttanaphon.

JOE looks pleased with himself, buttering up the senior.

CHUWIT KAMOLVISIT INTRO 2003

INT. OFFICE OF FIRST COPACABANA

NARRATION: "That's Chuwit Kamolvisit - *the Tub Tycoon*. Owner of Thailand's biggest and most notorious Massage Parlours - six of them in all. "

CHUWIT is at his desk with a computer. Focus on a large black ledger next to him. He turns to take several stacks of money (Thai Baht) from a safe behind his desk, which is stacked FULL of money. He turns to his ledger as he places the money on his desk. Makes a written entry. Makes an entry on his computer. Shakes his head regretfully.

His mobile phone (2003) rings.

CHUWIT

Tell me good news.

LAWYER (V.O)

Done deal. It's yours - I still don't know why you'd want such an unremarkable block with those shitty tourist bars - for *that price!*

CHUWIT

Excellent. (Big smile) I'll deal with all the dirty squatters. You just deal with the settlement.

LAWYER (V.O)

You want me to deal with the bars?

CHUWIT

No no. Leave it with me. I have enough police who owe me a favour (pauses as he looks to the ledger) if they know what's best for them

LAWYER (V.O)

Settlement in 60 days

CHUWIT

Perfect. Thank you Khun.

CHUWIT returns to his ledger, looking over it pondering.

NARRATION: "Chuwit famously kept what would become Bangkok's most powerful ledger of bribes. But first, he was to take over a prime plot of land in the city which would cause havoc in Bangkok - Sukhumvit Square"

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - Sukhumvit Square, Sukhumvit Soi 10
Bangkok

BAITOEY MEETS WITH HER GRANDPARENTS 2003

EXT. SARANROM PARK BANGKOK - LUSH GREEN PARK CENTRAL
BANGKOK

A chyron: **"Saranrom Park, Bangkok Thailand 2003"**

Characters:

- SUNETRA BAITOEY's Grandmother (NATIPAN's Mother)
- PALAT - A bold and strong businessman with a soft inside

We're introduced to BAITOEY's character in slightly more depth through her interaction with her grandparents in the Saranrom Park. She's a beautiful 15-year-old girl in 2003, holding hands with her Grandfather [PALAT] who is walking slowly. Her Grandmother [SUNETRA] is on the far right from behind, with her arm around the man's shoulders.

BAITOEY (TO PALAT)
Mumma said she used to come to
this park with you when I came
with her once before.

PALAT
(Melancholic) Yes, my sweet, we
used to frequent this place often.
Your mother and I... (Pauses)
well, those were different times.

CUT TO

An old man is seated on a park bench as they pass,
feeding two white doves who stand close by.

CUT TO

BAITOEY
Why don't you and Mumma come here
again? Maybe it could help you
both get along?

PALAT
(Laughing) Ah, well, things get complex when you're as old as I am, Baitoey.

SUNETRA
I think you mean as old and stubborn.

BAITOEY
But don't you love Mumma? You're her Phaw.

He's taken aback by her directness.

PALAT
I will always.

BAITOEY
Do you love me?

He's even more surprised by the directness, but smiles at her candor.

PALAT
I will always love you very much, Baitoey. You've become quite straightforward, young lady!

SUNETRA
Remind you of anyone?

BAITOEY
Good, then it's settled. You'll take Mumma and me for lunch here, to our favorite park, because you love us.

(Close in) The grandparents exchange a remorseful glance.

BAITOEY
Anyway, I told Mumma that you and I meet here sometimes.

The grandparents share a shocked look. PALAT seems more shocked than SUNETRA. BAITOEY catches their glances

BAITOEY
It doesn't matter, Nanna. Mumma knows. We're honest with each other, even if Mumma and Phaw don't always speak the truth to each other.

The grandparents continue walking hand in hand with their granddaughter absorbing the growing girls' direct nature

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE TREES, SKY, AND BEAUTY OF THE PARK WITHIN THE GROWING URBAN METROPOLIS.

GOOD COP BAD COP

EXT. RAJAMANGLA SOCCER STADIUM, BANGKOK - EARLY EVENING

A chyron: "**Rajamangla Soccer Stadium, Bangkok - 2003**"

The scene is set outside the concourse of Bangkok's main soccer stadium during a beautiful early evening. JOE, LEK, and WISUT, along with a couple of other officers, patrol the area as a large crowd enters the stadium.

A SOCCER DAD, slightly older than the officers, rushes up to JOE in a panic.

SOCCKER DAD

Officer, officer!! I've lost my little boy! I've lost my boy!

JOE takes charge, maintaining a composed and empathetic demeanour.

JOE

Okay, Sir. No need to panic. We'll help you find him. What's his name and what's he wearing?

SOCCKER DAD

He's wearing a Manchester United soccer top with the number 7 on it.

JOE (WHISPERS TO HIMSELF)

Beckham.

The man nods dismissively and continues describing his son's appearance.

SOCCKER DAD

Shorts, runners. His name's Boon.

JOE

Got it. LEK! Take Khun...?

SOCCKER DAD

Ekachai.

JOE

Take Khun Ekachai to the central office. I'll put the word out. Mr. Ekachai, we'll let you know as soon as we locate Boon, okay?

LEK gently guides the man away. Khun Ekachai glances back at JOE, who has picked up the microphone for his walkie-talkie and is speaking into it.

JOE remains on the concourse, surrounded by hundreds of people.

A Short Time Later:

JOE'S POINT OF VIEW - through the stream of fans walking towards the camera:

A policeman approaches with a young boy sporting a Manchester United soccer top, the boy perched on the officer's shoulders. They smile and move towards JOE.

JOE smiles genuinely as he lifts the boy off the officer's shoulders.

JOE
You had your Daddy very worried,
Boon! Where did you disappear to?

BOON
I was looking for a place to pee.

Joe and the other officer laugh as Joe takes Boon's hand.

JOE
Come on, let's get you back to
your Daddy. Need to pee first?

BOON (SMILING)
No, I already did it.

EXT. CONCOURSE OFFICE - TEMPORARY BUILDING:

JOE leads BOON to the door.

JOE
Go ahead, knock on the door.

BOON's dad Khun Ekarchit opens the door, gathering his son in a tight embrace.

JOE smiles warmly.

JOE
When you gotta go you gotta go

SOCCER DAD
Thank you so much, Officer. Thank
you. (Prayer hands)

JOE smiles at them both, then walks away, his thoughts lingering on a significant part of his own childhood and his relationship with his father.

FLASHBACK JOE. 1994. AROUND 10YO.

INT. THITISAN'S FAMILY APARTMENT - BANGKOK - NIGHT

JOE stands in a corridor, peering through a narrow opening of a partially ajar door.

JOE'S POINT OF VIEW:

Through the small gap, he observes a room adorned with trophies and a photograph. The setting unmistakably signifies that it's his brother's bedroom, a solemn shrine within the dimly lit and somber apartment.

In the room, JOE'S FATHER is positioned on his knees, engaged in fervent prayer. He holds five or six burning sticks of incense in his hands, positioned before a photograph of a young boy.

CLOSE UP - TIGHT:

The shot zooms in closely to capture a single tear rolling down his father's cheek. As he opens his eyes, they remain fixated on the photograph of his other son.

CUT TO

TIGHT SHOT - JOE STARES AT HIS FATHER WIDE EYED

RAZE THE SQUARE 2003

INT. OFFICE COPACABANA MASSAGE PARLOUR

CHUWIT sits at his desk. His ledger next to him
Across the desk sit two Senior Police officials (unknown)
as we enter their conversation. CHUWIT has grown
determined, on the verge of angry

CHUWIT

These nobodies - its time for them
to go! I have wonderful plans for
that land, the people of Bangkok
will **love**. Anyway. Nobody's going
to tell me what I can do with the
land **I own!** (Long pause - then
frustrated) Five hundred million!
I can protect my land. This is my
land...
Get rid of them!

SNR POLICE 1

The squatters?

CHUWIT

ALL of it! Clear the whole bloody block! The whole thing! I don't care WHAT is left. My bulldozers will take care of the cleanup!

The two SNR POLICE look at each other.

SNR POLICE 2 (SHEEPISH)

That's going to cost you Chuwit.

Chuwit is shocked.

CHUWIT

Do I look like I care what it costs? (Pauses collecting himself)
The price is set. Agreed? I don't care if you take 10 or 600 men

The two SNR POLICE nod. CHUWIT continues:

So... just get it done. Tonight!

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - The razing of Sukkumvit Square. The shanty bars in ruins. Men being taken in pickup trucks. Thai people attacking the cars.

NARRATION: "Chuwit ordered the removal of the squatters, but then doubled down; paying Police to remove everything - the entire colony of ragtag beer bars and eateries, leaving nothing but a mess of steel and wood. The tenants believed they had standing leases. Chuwit didn't."

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - INTERVIEW WITH CHUWIT IN VAN

CHUWIT: "So they come to see me every day. Asking for the money. Asking for everything, and then... the last guy coming and asking me for two million. I said, I cannot give you two million, you know. And then next day, I had been caught. I brought to prison.

INTERVIEWER: "So it was from that point you decided enough is enough?"

CHUWIT: "Yes. A little by little."

NARRATION: "After one month in prison, 'the gloves were off' and Chuwit began his crusade against corruption, and a very interesting time in the modern history of Bangkok."

JOE & POOKIE WEDDING 2003

INT. MILENNIA HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM BANGKOK

WIDE SHOT of a wedding at a luxury hotel. POOKIE is the Bride in huge fluffy white dress. JOE the Groom is in a Traditional Tuxedo. They're standing at the front of a large hotel banquet room full of hundreds of people. We don't see many of the guests. A man we meet is Pookie's father DECHA WILSON, a woman who is her Aunt (bridal assistant) and the friends of POOKIE's we are introduced to in the following episode. Most people are anonymous to the viewer.

POOKIE and JOE leave the wedding in a traditional farewell, retreating to their luxury hotel room above.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - MILENNIA BANGKOK -

The view from the window showcases the city's shimmering lights.

POOKIE elegantly pours Moet Champagne from the ice bucket.

A CLOSE-UP on a congratulatory card provided by the hotel.

POOKIE extends a glass to JOE while he helps himself from the mini bar.

JOE

I'll just go with that Perrier.
You'd think they'd offer something
a bit more upscale in such a
pricey hotel. But I'm not here for
the beverages, Mrs Uttanhapon...
(smirking playfully)

POOKIE (TEASINGLY)

Mrs. Uttanhapon has been eagerly
awaiting this moment. She's been
saving herself just for you, you
know.

JOE chuckles.

OVER THE SHOULDER ON JOE

From behind POOKIE we see her drop her shoulderless wedding dress revealing a stunning body. JOE admires his new wife. He smiles and starts to her slowly.

They embrace and kiss lovingly

FADE

THANIKAL TRAINING CAMP 1985

EXT. THANIKAL MUAY THAI TRAINING - DIRTY SHED WITH SEVERAL WORN OUT BAGS HANGING - DIRTY FLOOR

Jars against previous scene.

KLAEW THANIKAL. Chao Po. The Original Gangster of 1990's Bangkok. He's training two skinny kids (16yo). Brutal. The dirty shed made of concrete blocks, no paint, raw timber framing with worn punching bags hanging from the beam. They're training Muay Thai. They're exhausted, taking their turns beating the shit out of the bag.

KLAEW THANIKAL

Why I succeed? I work harder than every other cunt. You will work harder than every other cunt. I pray to my Buddha. He answers my prayers - wealth, success, power.

Now pacing around the two skinny fighters.

You will take on every man who offers a challenge - and you will win. The Option? Take the easy way out. The soft way. You won't see the next sunrise. That I promise you. The next champion will begin training with my team.

The boy kneeing the bag stops momentarily. Exhausted

Kick that fucking bag you weak little cunt! You want food tonight? Train harder than the opponent!! I'm not putting my money behind losers. Your father is a loser isn't he. Gambling your future... Want redemption for your loser father? Become a winner.

They keep flogging the bag while he screams at them.

Buddha says!! - 'Every morning we are born again. What you do today is what matters most.' Buddha says! 'No one saves us but ourselves!' Here. This gym. This team. HERE! You can save yourself! That's right! Only I can save you!

TIGHT CLOSE ON KLAEW THANIKAL

His buddha necklace, his beady, evil eyes as he thrashes the two young boys with his brutal training regime.

PULL OUT

Nothing but dust, scrawny goats surrounded by their shit, a drop toilet and two mattresses on dust in a former munitions factory.

FADE TO

MOON RIVER, MEKONG

SCORE - MOON RIVER, SINATRA

Closing scenes are a run of scenes showing different drug movements from Khun Sa's drug empire in Myanmar, human trafficking and killings on the Mekong River in the Golden Triangle.

Broken down, worn out river boats scooting across the Mekong river with one gunman on it, the boat loaded with Heroine. The Driver and gunman taking Yaba to stay awake.

An army Shootout against a couple of boats. Slow motion action of drug runners on the river getting gunned down by machine guns on well-equipped Army boats. Ambushed.

CUT TO

Burmese Drug Mules being loaded up on the Myanmar side of the jungle, being sent off into the jungle. They break down on their knees but keep on moving in the jungle, under the weight. Struggling with the load, drinking dirty water from the small streams they cross and surviving on some pills in a packet.

CUT TO

Small girls around 13. Children being held captive in filthy cages, awaiting trafficking.

CUT TO

Khun Sa's militia / army building in Myanmar.

*A sad reflection of the drugs and human trafficking
occurring in the Golden Triangle against optimistic
lyrics.*

END.

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