

THAIGER

By

Billy Brickstreet

EP 2. THIS IS JOE

SHARP OPENING

Archival Footage - Journeytv Interview re CHUWIT
KAMOLVISIT

Ref: https://youtu.be/Y-3q_rznyLw?si=086dNi7y0c3duFQu

INTERVIEWER (OFF CAMERA)

Has it ever been done before in
Thai society, that someone at his
level has said "I'm paying Police
off - that's how I do business?"

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE

Ah No.. There has not been someone
in his position who actually paid
and came out to speak

CUT TO

Archival Footage - Khun Sa's Drug Empire.

Ref: https://youtu.be/ji2S_cGFPqc?si=75VTt-mwBWlan6-p

KHUN SA

They can arrest me. But that will
not be the end of Opium. They can
kill me. But that will not be the
end of Opium.

Footage of Boy Soldiers training, Mules traversing thick
forests and mountains. (Show the beauty of Shan State
against the abject poverty.) Oxes at work. And finally,
people working the Opium Poppy plantations.

NARRATION: "While Chuwit Kamolvisit waged war on Police
corruption in Bangkok, deep in the heart of the infamous
Golden Triangle, nestled amidst the rugged landscapes of
Myanmar, Thailand, and Laos, lay the stronghold of Khun
Sa's drug empire. For decades, the region had been
shrouded in darkness, fuelling a global epidemic of drug
trafficking and violence. Khun Sa, the elusive and
enigmatic drug lord, had ruled with an iron fist,
becoming a legend in the world of organised crime.

As the world struggled to combat the drug trade, a man
quietly rose from the shadows. His birth name was Chen
Long, a mysterious figure whose background was a tapestry
of secrets. With an aura of determination and cunning, he
embarked on a dangerous path that would lead him to take
over Khun Sa's empire."

OPENING.

JOE'S MENTOR - SONG

INT. THAI POLICE BUILDING BANGKOK - CALM

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

We meet Joe, now around 26-28yo and a retiring Major General of the Royal Thai Police SOMSAY SONG. They're having a coffee in the Major General's [SONG] office, both men in Uniform.

SONG

Well when I retire Thitisan,
you'll be needing new counsel
young man. Everyone needs a friend
in this place

Adds, probing

That Captain Sirsist - seems like
a good guy?

JOE

Your guidance could never be
replaced Major General.

SONG

(Genially)
And when I retire you will have to
begin calling me Somsay.

JOE (SHEEPISH)

Maybe Major General. Anyway, We're
going to miss you around here -
that I do know.

SONG

And I, you. But... I have managed
to eek out enough money for a good
retirement Thitisan. (Satisfied
sigh)
Yes - long nights fishing by the
beach down south. And perhaps
some short trips abroad.
(*Long pause before advising
excitedly*)
The fish are huge in Outback
Australia!

Both men smile genially

Ahh..I've had a good run. I've
climbed the ladder here (*looking
around melancholy*), and made my
mark. This station was screwed
before I arrived. Full of no-good

slobs just looking for easy crooks
and small-time drug traffickers
they could extort. We changed all
that in the 90s. Tourism boomed. I
got rid of the plough-horses and
bought in some thoroughbreds -
like yourself Thitisan! We killed
two birds with one stone Thit!
Made the crooks pay, and made some
Tea Money at the same time (*Wink*).
All for the good of the nation
Thitisan. And I leave a great
legacy for you and the boys to
carry on.

JOE

I'm curious Major General (pauses
awkwardly). About the Tea Money..

SONG Nods curiously

JOE

Where did you - Draw the line?

SONG nods knowingly. He leans in.

SONG

Ah yes - Well - *in Thailand*, our
nation's propensity for Coups
d'etat create opportunity for
people like us Thitisan. That and
the odd Koh Tao mafia looking to
escape some years in prison.

Joe Nods not yet comprehending

SONG

Well - Every time the government
is set back a step - or ten - the
door opens. Things change. People
change. **Government people** - they
get nervous Thit. Especially if
their man is gone - or at risk of
being gone. (Pause)
So. They have to make their money
whilst they're in it you see?.
And having coups every four or
five years here. Well it means
the government is full of nervous
bureaucrats making their money
while they still *can* - and making
a path to a wealthy retirement.
(Adds humorously)
If they're not in the Bangkok
Hilton already.
Ahh Government. It's a place
someone like us doesn't want to

be. Too short term. But a smart man can cash-in on their need to at least be *seen* to be making a difference...

JOE

I see. Have you ever dealt with
(long pause) I don't know ...

SONG smiles

SONG

Thitisan, Thailand is full of men of poor repute. The Chao Po looking for the next bent cop who needs some extra cash.
(Melancholy) Yes. I have dealt with them. From Thai Boxing's 'number one promoter' - Klaew Thanikal - a fucking maniac by the way - all the way to the Tub Tycoons who need a little protection or help with a debt.

JOE raises an eyebrow

SONG

Yes. (Remembering) Klaew Thanikal. Never told you the story of Bangkok's Number 1 Chao Po have I? Klaew Thanikal (Sighs) Made shit tonnes of money - and the same amount of enemies - on his way to the top. The Apex predator of the 80s and 90s. Gambling. Drugs. Prostitution. Protection. Human trafficking. Illegal logging. You name it. Life in Bangkok as the main Chao Po of organised crime was a coffin-maker deal, and Klaew was a marked man. He knew it. *They all eat lead in the end.* (Begin flashback) That night in Lumpinee Stadium...

FLASHBACK:

INT. LUMPINEE STADIUM THAI BOXING - NIGHT

CHYRON: "**Lumpinee Stadium Bangkok, 1982**"

SONG NARRATES OVER SCENE

Full of people. THANIKAL surrounded by bodyguards. A nondescript man with a suspicious bag across the stadium. Only moments later he throws a grenade toward THANIKAL ringside. It goes off but THANIKAL isn't there. His bodyguards open their machine guns and kill rows of people from the mere *direction* of the grenade, without thought. Dozens killed, many more injured.

SONG (VO)

This guy Thankikal... He was given twin boys - Boonlai and Boonlung - for a gambling debt. Farmboys forced to become champion Muay Thai fighters. Life's cheap right? But... He was pretty good to me. And I was good to him. When he killed an under-boss for \$800 who was showing off his wealth and his growing list of cash machines, I had to step in. Not that long ago really. Yeah I have dealt with some interesting characters

CUT TO JOE [PRESENT
DAY]

JOE

Where is he now, this Thanikal?

CUT TO FLASHBACK

SONG - NARRATES THE FLASHBACK
SCENE

(Guffaws- shrugs)

Six feet under - or ashes. Where else? When the army took over in the Coup of 91, they put the gangsters on notice. Our 'National Peace Keeping Force' were on a mission to clean out the dishonest, the so-called mafia. Klaew Thanikal, well He was shot by ten men just outside Bangkok - M16 rifles, real gangster style. With twelve million dollars in the bank, the three wives were quick to arrive claiming their fare share of his ill-gotten estate. But that's the way it goes

FLASHBACK:

A chyron: "Somewhere outside Bangkok, April 1991"

SONG (V.O)

It's April 1991. Ten thugs in a pick-up truck, armed with M16 assault rifles and M203 grenade launchers, bushwhack Klaew's car on the outskirts of Bangkok. Klaew and his bodyguard were gunned down and finished off with a round from the M16. Dozens of bystanders in a nearby restaurant were injured. Though he had died instantly from the first three gunshot wounds in the back, Klaew's 57-year-old corpse was riddled with lead. The coroner removed 60 rounds in total from his body and found Klaew's trademark Somdej Wat Rakang amulet necklace, worn for protection from harm, stuck in his mouth. They made it look like the feared mob boss had been sucking on it - like a pacifier.

CUT BACK [TO
PRESENT]

INT. THAI POLICE BUILDING BANGKOK - CALM

JOE intently listening to SONG.

FADE OUT

TEETERING ON THE OUTSIDE - MAHASEK TEMPTS APICHART

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The opulent penthouse in Bangkok showcases elegance and wealth. MAHASEK is now a middle-aged man with an increasingly commanding presence, dressed in a tailored suit, stands near the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing out at the city's glittering skyline. APICHART, appears somewhat nervous but determined. He wears his police uniform with pride, reflecting his dedication to his duties.

MAHASEK

(looking at APICHART)

APICHART, my protege, do you know
why I chose you to be my
apprentice?

APICHART (RESPECTFULLY)

I am honoured by your ongoing trust, sir. I believe you saw potential in me and my commitment to serve our nation many years ago now.

MAHASEK

chuckles

Indeed, your dedication is commendable. But potential alone doesn't make someone worthy of being groomed for greater responsibilities. It's your willingness to do what is necessary, to embrace the darker aspects of power, that sets you apart.

APICHART frowns slightly, unsure of what MAHASEK means.

APICHART

The darker aspects, sir?

MAHASEK

Yes, APICHART. In our line of work, we have to navigate through treacherous waters, and sometimes that requires making alliances with less than savoury individuals. It's about understanding the reality of power and using it to our advantage.

APICHART's eyes widen, realising that MAHASEK might be hinting at something more sinister.

APICHART (WITH CAUTION)

Are you referring to... illegal activities?

MAHASEK (LEANING IN)

I'm referring to the balance of power, APICHART. There are those who hold immense influence, like Khun Sa in Myanmar. A man with connections that can help or hinder us. He can be an ally, or he can be a formidable adversary.

APICHART (CONFUSED)

But how can we rely on someone like Khun Sa? He's a notorious drug lord!

MAHASEK (SMILING)

Exactly. Power comes from knowing how to play the game. Khun Sa may have his vices, but he can be a valuable asset if handled correctly. We can use his information and connections to keep our nation safe. Sometimes, one must dance with the devil to protect the innocent.

APICHART is torn between his duty as a police officer and the temptation of wielding such influence.

APICHART (UNEASY)

But sir, won't that compromise the integrity of our work? What if we're caught in a web of corruption? You of all people would be ...

MAHASEK (LEANING BACK, HIS TONE FIRM)

That's where your strength lies, APICHART. You must remember who you serve and why. Power can be a double-edged sword, but it's up to us to wield it responsibly and keep our intentions pure. We are the guardians of our nation, and sometimes, the path to righteousness isn't always clear-cut.

APICHART looks conflicted, torn between the allure of power and the principles he has sworn to uphold.

MAHASEK (SOFTLY)

Think carefully, APICHART. The road ahead will be challenging, and you'll face many moral dilemmas. But if you're willing to embrace this knowledge, I can show you how to be a force for good, even in the darkest of times.

APICHART takes a deep breath, grappling with the weight of MAHASEK's words. His decision will determine the course of his career and, perhaps, his soul.

APICHART (RESOLUTELY)

I will trust in your guidance, of course sir. If this is what it takes to protect our nation and its people, then I will walk this path with you. But...

MAHASEK nods approvingly, satisfied with APICHART's response.

MAHASEK

(putting a reassuring hand on APICHART's shoulder quickly)

Good. Together, we shall achieve great things, and our nation will be stronger for it. Welcome to the world of power and intrigue, APICHART. Your real training begins now.

As they shake hands, a new chapter unfolds for APICHART as he steps into the realm of power and responsibility under MAHASEK's watchful eye. The choices he makes from here on will shape the course of his career and the future of his country

JOE AND POOKIE DISCUSS CHAO PO

INT. JOE AND POOKIE'S APARTMENT BKK - 2006 - CITY LIGHTS TWINKLE THROUGH THE FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOWS

A luxury penthouse apartment in Bangkok.

It is evening and the view is of the many offices and apartments lit up. It's pretty.

The Bright Lights of the city break through the floor to ceiling window sheer curtains, but it's still relatively dark with mood lighting. A masculine and modern penthouse, similar to a modern five star luxury hotel. Joe is in bed. Crisp white linen changed daily. Water by the bedside. Modern bedside lights. Someone has obviously been in the bed next to him; the sheets are pulled back on the opposite side.

The open penthouse lounge and kitchen open plan. In the kitchen a very attractive silhouette of Thai American [POOKIE] is closing the fridge door after taking a carafe of freshly squeezed orange juice out and drinking a glass. We hear a toilet flush

POOKIE returns, in only her underwear, to the bedroom where JOE is getting back into the bed. He admires her as she passes.

She goes into the bathroom looking at JOE - saucy and cute - to take a pee. When she returns JOE is in bed checking his phone.

She returns into the bed and as she snuggles into him:

POOKIE (ADVISEDLY)
So... Daddy said profits are up at
the dealership this month.

JOE
Oh yeah? Great for you...

He's not really wanting to discuss this - certainly not
now, not in bed. POOKIE's demeanour is perky. JOE quickly
becomes distant.

POOKIE
Daddy said it would be best if the
company has a good profit level
this year... on the books.... he wants
us to pay off this apartment to
him. Legit of course.

JOE looks at her inquisitively

POOKIE
Well you always say you don't want
to owe him anything...

POOKIE lightens up

I thought that would be a good
thing?!

JOE looks forward, blankly. Not towards his wife. He then
cracks. He is stern. Earnest.

JOE
When we married Pookie, I always
said to you that I am not a man to
be kept. I will make my own
fortune. No help. No favours. You
have yours and I have mine, right?

POOKIE (DEFENCE)
Babe... I was there, and it was
only three years ago. I remember.
But we won't owe him! That's the
point. I'm just saying..the car
dealership gives us a chance to be
out of debt to Daddy. You're
happy of that! Then its just me
who owes him - for the dealership
...and I suppose a few other things

POOKIE tries to lighten the mood. Giggles as if to laugh
off that she's financially dependant on her father

But aren't you glad I'm not one of those leeches who relies on her husband for money? All those pretty little tarts who surround those rich men, all at the glamorous events here in Bangkok... ready to do as they please wherever they please *whenever* they please...just waiting on their man so they can live the life of luxury?

JOE pauses, his face not changing as he thinks

JOE

I've been thinking anyway. That car business in Malaysia you mentioned... (Long pause)

POOKIE looks curiously at JOE - a crossroad moment. She's surprised he is considering it. He's vulnerable though.

JOE

Your Godfather you mentioned... is he serious about getting some help with that?

POOKIE nods slowly, cautiously

JOE

Explain it again?

POOKIE (ADVISEDLY)

Well you know he's not my *really* my Godfather, more a very old friend, a business associate of Daddy's.

JOE looks at her. *We're curious.*

He has a - colleague - in Kuala Lumpur - who has offered him some repossessed cars. He said... (inflecting up) oh well you should just go meet him yourself next time he's in Bangkok (*She cuts off*)

Then ...thinking - a solemn warning.

But my darling, he's not a man to make promises to you won't keep... If you do it, it's very serious stuff. He has VERY dangerous connections...

JOE

It's time for me to make some moves of my own. Increase my salary. This car business..as I understand it... I can earn - handsomely (he considers the word) See, it seems there's a substantial reward for the delivery of these luxury cars to our customs department, when the owner has avoided tax to the Kingdom... and there are plenty of illegal cars here and elsewhere. So I have some ideas...

JOE tails off thinking

POOKIE

As I say. Just be careful. Daddy asked me about it given my contacts through the car business. I can't remember.. he just said Chao Po gets too many offers of cars. He just needs someone who can make it happen on the ground. The Malaysians won't quit and I think he just wants a small cut.

JOE (CURIOUSLY)

Well let's see what he has to say. I can always back out of it

POOKIE looks at him eyebrow raised.

CUT TO

CHUWIT REIGNS HELL 2003

INT. CHUWIT OFFICE MASSAGE PARLOUR

CHUWIT is meeting with a TV news crew to release information about Bribes to Police following his incarceration.

CHUWIT

Ninety percent of them are complicit. I am just the tip of the iceberg. And I don't care if it kills me - I'm going to prove it

PRODUCER

You're ready to go on live?

CHUWIT

You bring the camera, and I'll
give you what you want. I LOVE
the media! But YOU make a promise
that I make it on all 32
channels!? OK?

CUT TO

EXT. SUNRISE OVER BANGKOK IN A STUNNING AERIAL SHOT - THE
BEAUTY OF BANGKOK

JOE PRESSES THE BUTTON ON CHAO PO

INT. INSIDE JOE AND POOKIE'S APARTMENT

Next morning: JOE is showering. POOKIE walks into the
bathroom with an iPhone and plugs it into a small
speaker.

POOKIE

Any preferences?

JOE (CAN'T HEAR)

what?

Score James Brown, 'How do you stop'

POOKIE hits play on the iPod before she checks her skin
and looks at herself admiringly in the bathroom mirror.
She drops her silk robe on the floor and enters the
shower naked. She goes down on JOE in the shower.

PAN UP

(Tight on Joe) We watch Joe as he closes his eyes.

FADE TO

KHUN SA TRAINING CAMP ADDRESS

INT. KHUN SA TRAINING CAMP - DAYBREAK

CHYRON: "**Shan State Training Camp, Myanmar**"

The blistering sun of the Shan State beats over the dense
jungles of Southeast Asia, casting a warm, golden hue
over the Khun Sa training camp. A symphony of cicadas
fills the air, accompanied by the rhythmic sounds of
hundreds of young boys in green army fatigues, engaged in
rigorous training exercises. Sweat glistens on their
determined faces as they push their bodies to the limits
under the already fierce morning sun.

In the heart of the camp, a small clearing emerges from the thick foliage. It serves as an assembly point where the young troops gather, their faces etched with a mixture of determination and uncertainty. The air is thick with anticipation as they await the arrival of their leader, Khun Sa.

KHUN SA emerges from a humble wooden dwelling at the edge of the clearing. His presence commands respect, and his reputation as a formidable commander is well-earned. He stands tall, his eyes scanning the sea of young faces before him.

KHUN SA raises his weathered hand, and the camp falls into silence. The only sounds that remain are the soft rustling of leaves and the distant chirping of birds. His voice carries the weight of authority as he begins to speak.

KHUN SA (VOICE STERN, YET
COMPASSIONATE)

My young warriors, the path we
have chosen is not an easy one.
The trials that lie ahead will
test your mettle and your resolve.
But remember, we are here to
protect our land, our people, and
our way of life.

The boys listen intently, their eyes locked onto Khun Sa's every word.

KHUN SA (VOICE SOFTENING)

Each one of you has the power to
shape your destiny, to become a
guardian of our homeland. But it
requires sacrifice, discipline,
and unwavering loyalty to our
cause.

The sun continues to rise, casting a warm glow over the clearing, as if lending its support to Khun Sa's words.

KHUN SA (VOICE RISING WITH
CONVICTION)

Today, we begin a new chapter.
Together, we shall forge our
destiny, and when the sun sets on
these jungles, it will do so on a
land free from oppression. Are you
with me?

A chorus of resounding "YES, SIR!" echoes through the clearing, and KHUN SA's eyes gleam with pride and determination.

KHUN SA

Very well. Let the training continue! Remember, it is in these moments of hardship that we become stronger, and it is in unity that we find our greatest strength.

With a final nod, KHUN SA steps back, allowing the training to resume. The sounds of exertion and discipline once again fill the air, as the sun continues its ascent, casting a hopeful light on the young soldiers and their unwavering leader, bound by a common purpose in the heart of the jungle.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN OF PENTHOUSE APPT

STILL MORNING: JOE and POOKIE in the kitchen. Joe is in Police Uniform. POOKIE is in luxury clothing - a glamorous dress, jewellery, and heeled shoes. POOKIE takes a text message *PING* on her 2006 iphone as he she drinks her coffee from the Coffee Machine in the kitchen. She is somewhat surprised CHAO PO has come back so quickly

POOKIE

You're in luck. You have a sexy wife who loves to give you *anything* you want... AND has even organised your business meetings.

JOE stops and looks across from drinking a coffee at their dining table and the local newspaper..

POOKIE

He says if you're free today, he can meet you at 3pm at Millennia? (Hotel) He doesn't usually meet people face to face. Bit of an enigma Daddy's always said.

JOE nods, shrugging

JOE

Can. I'll just move some things around.

POOKIE returns to her phone to send a message back to CHAO PO quickly before looking up:

JOE

Have you seen this? Thaksin Shinawatra was a cop you know?

Now a Billionaire, and Prime Minister. I bet he's had to do some devious things.

POOKIE
Lecturing, knowingly
See... Thaksin Shinawatra got out at just the right time. AND he was educated in the USA. I think Daddy knew him back in the day

JOE
So what? You're saying I can't become a Billionaire cos I don't have the money to go to University in America?

POOKIE throws her head back and laughs

POOKIE
BILLIONAIRE?!?!

JOE (STRAIGHT-FACED)
Why do you laugh?

JOE's short fuse is lit. POOKIE rolls her eyes. The conversation is over. It's now icy. We're trying to work out the relationship. *JOE seems to have a chip on his shoulder. Pookie is just out to help her husband.*

JOE (TO HIMSELF)
I'll be a fucking Billionaire and Thailand will know my name. Not like my father...

CROSS FADE TO

DADDY OWNS PATPONG

EXT. PATPONG ROAD - MORNING - CLOSED STRIP CLUBS

LATER THAT MORNING 11am: POOKIE dressed as she was in the apartment this morning. Walking purposefully down an empty Patpong Road where puddles dot the asphalt. The road is littered with unopened temporary Stall structures, neon signs not yet alive to the day, and some touters drinking coffee together over beer crates recovering from the night before. A couple suspiciously exchange cash in the street, dealings from the night before.

They look to see POOKIE walking down the street and don't acknowledge her. Short eye contact and back to what they were doing. *A stranger gets more attention than that.*

POOKIE enters a nondescript commercial / office building through a main door and takes a small lift up. It's her father's first office where he prefers to work. He owns many other buildings, but his first is his favourite.

As she enters she passes her fathers secretary without word, just a smile and enters her fathers office where he is on the phone. The office is nice, clean, modern but not fancy. There are numerous awards with her father's name DECHA WILSON on them. Her father, a big man with a robust character and a substantial paunch. Half American Half Thai, he has a self-deprecating sense of humour and a big presence

DECHA

Ok, so it shall be. (Smiling)
Don't let them pull your pants down on this deal! I want out of the street. Governments closing my tenants bars early. And its only time til they designate the other Soi's (streets) as Entertainment Zones and the poor bastards here will be squeezed even more! Yep - There are other new opportunities emerging, and it is time to make hay while the sun is shining!

Ok - call me tonight. Bye. (Hangs up abruptly)

POOKIE is standing, waiting

DECHA (CONT)

Nice dress Pookie Mae!

he admires and teases her as he hangs up his desk phone

POOKIE

Thanks Papa... you like? Well - You bought it anyway

DECHA

Just bought something *else* you may be interested in for the future!

He pauses for effect

I, Decha Wilson, will soon be the owner of a very nice luxury hotel in Phuket! A very nice one indeed... And what with all the government focus on this dirty corruption and such here in Bangkok, it will be nice to spend some time by the water watching the pretty princesses go by...

He winks. *Dirty old man* she thinks, and just rolls her eyes

It comes with a heavy price though... and I've made a *decision* which is heavy to my heart. (More serious now). Whilst Patpong Road and all I have built here is, and will always be a treasure in my heart, new streets offering newer options for dirty old men like me... well I foresee they're going to drain the old girl... So..Time to get out before the sun stops shining - well here in Bangkok anyway

POOKIE is very surprised.

You and Joe. You have the dealership. Joe is developing in the bastion of corruption which we love so much (sarcastically) I don't have anyone to share it with here - I've run out of dirty little secrets (laughs again) so its time I pack up my IceCream cart and take it to a nice beach where the weather is warm... and the girls in bikinis are at the beach rather than hanging from a steel pole! (He laughs heartily)

POOKIE

Well Pappa... it sounds like you've thought it through as per usual. And your timing is never wrong. But I'm sad you won't be in Bangkok (coy face)

DECHA

Nonsense! After I sell down all these properties in the street I will be a man of great means...but more so a man wealthy with *time*. I want to be here to see my Grandchildren grow up and learn to be good, honest people of the Kingdom of the Greatest country on earth!!! (He yells) And make greater fortune than their beloved Pappa ever made!

POOKIE looks a bit sheepish...

POOKIE(SARCASTICALLY)

Oh yeah - Joe's going to be a Billionaire - Prime Minister. Who knows. (Then seriously) But it appears Pappa, those grandchildren you speak of might be a few years away yet...

DECHA is surprised

POOKIE (CONT)

Yah. Joe wants to make his own great fortune before any children. Daddy you how he hates to be under your thumb - financially

POOKIE looks deflated

DECHA

Ah baby.... (Changing step) I don't know how he plans to do that in the police force without stepping into corruption like every other head cop? I mean, the salary is peanuts! I can't tell you how many bent cops have pressured me to kick back some cash in order to stay out of trouble. But it's the top brass you pay. They direct and **they** are the ones who protect guys like me... So until he's top brass or he has a video of impropriety to use - well?

POOKIE is looking out the window

POOKIE

Pappa...he's meeting with Chao Po today...

Tight on DECHA - his eyes gradually open wide. He knows that this means trouble...

DECHA

Shit... how?... Well Just... don't let him make promises he can't keep... (his tone is very low). Chao Po is a man of great resources and knowledge - and a dear friend. Keep your friends close and all that. But any organisation like his. Well - They rely on action and two way friendships. Not words. Delivery on promises is - Lets just say I have seen the other side of his charm... and let

me tell you... it's not pleasant.
Fucking Ugly actually.

He is heeding a great warning now

Better indebted to *me* than a man
like *Chao Po*... (nodding slowly)

POOKIE is rattled, genuinely scared for JOE's safety.

POOKIE
What should I do?

DECHA
Well it sounds like the wheels are
in motion? Better make sure the
brakes are sound!
(Serious)
Pookie darling, if anyone can pull
off a charm offensive in a bad
situation it's you my dear! You
get that from me of course. Just
keep me abreast of the situation
would you? I'll look out for you
- you look out for me. Just like
it's always been

Adds cautiously:

Since your mother left us of
course my dear.

POOKIE nods and gives her dad a big hug. Emotional

DECHA
Ahhh. It will all turn out alright
darling. Not to fret. Now go
spend some of that money you've
been making! Nothing like a bit of
retail therapy down on Sukhumwit!

CUT TO

INT. JOE'S OLD CAR - BEAT UP BLUE TOYOTA

LATER THAT DAY 2:30PM: Joe driving a very plain, beat up
car through Bangkok. He is on his way towards work in
his Police uniform. The radio fails.

NARRATION: "No-one starts out seeking wealth through corruption. But in Thailand, the Police - even high ranking officers - are paid a very meagre wage. So they're encouraged to seek alternative methods to supplement those salaries. But you can't control a bushfire..."

CUT TO

INT. POOKIE DRIVING HER (NOT BRAND NEW) SAAB CONVERTIBLE ALONG AN OPEN AND FREE ROAD IN BANGKOK

Score STOP, by Spice Girls

She Drives the car with the top down, wind in her hair. Music is on and pumping. Singing. She takes a selfie with her 2006 iPhone whilst driving. *It's a bit of a release, driving, after that meeting with father.*

She pulls her car into her Car Dealership. Music still pounding. She's holding her phone to her ear talking (inaudible). Walks in and waves to a few people whilst on the call. Salesmen watch her go past and look as she walks away. She has great charisma and presence. She's filthy rich (*compared to them*)

We're entering her loud phone conversation half way through:

POOKIE

Well I need that clutch babes!
Joe's gonna freak when he sees me
in *that* dress with *that* Vuitton
clutch at the Annual Police Ball.

(Don't hear the response)

Haha! Yeah well you never were shy
were you! Ok Yah so meet outside
Centralworld around 3?

(Don't hear response)

Ok babe. All Love!! Ciao

JOE MEETING CHAO PO

The scene opens with Joe driving his car through the streets of CBD Bangkok and up to the Millennia Hilton driveway entrance. Passing Mercedes and Porsches, an imposing BMW X5 he looks at longingly.

EXT. MILLENEA HILTON HOTEL BANGKOK - 3PM

NARRATION: "Its not understood what causes a Sociopath to become a Sociopath. Is it genetic? Is it the interruption of personality development by abuse or trauma during childhood?"

BLUR TO JOE'S POV YESTERYEAR 1991

A young (7yo) Joe at his family apartment. Dark and dreary. His brother is 3 years older (10yo) and they are playing with hotwheels cars in the brother's room. Outside in the lounge of the apartment we can hear their father is watching TV (*loud*) as the boys run out in to the lounge room. He's watching a government official announcing his platforms for reform (circa 1991)

Their father becomes visibly excited, upbeat, as he turns to the older brother and grabs his arm encouraging him clumsily

FATHER

You my son. You will make a great Prime Minister.

Takes him on his lap. The young boy is non-plussed.

Our country needs a great man like you to lead us. Power. Glory. You will make this family famous and rich in Thailand. And you will be able to look after your little brother - and of course your dear old parents...

FATHER is smiling gregariously and looks across at his wife in the kitchen, lovingly.

CUT TO

(YOUNG) JOE stands in the background listening intently.

BLUR TO CURRENT

A DISAPPOINTED bellboy opens the car door. JOE is embarrassed by the car and doesn't tip

TRACKING JOE - OVER THE SHOULDER

JOE enters the hotel cautiously. Slowly and purposefully. Taking in everyone who is around him. He's in reasonably neat casual clothes.

Choruses of "Kaaa" ring through the air from the myriad female hosts.

He pauses as he enters the foyer, which gives him some presence. He spots a man with his hand up in the Foyer Bar. There's no one accompanying CHAO PO. JOE then spots a man directly behind him hiding behind a newspaper. A body guard. He wonders where there are others as he looks around cautiously

As he approaches, the man is surprisingly small. Skinny, middle aged of Chinese heritage. No real presence to him. Surprising. CHAO PO has a raspy, high-pitched, voice. *Annoying actually.*

TIGHT ON THE TWO MEN

CHAO PO

Well well.. My beautiful god
daughter said you were a handsome
beast, but she has under-sold you
Sir.

JOE is embarrassed. He's still coming to terms with this little guy after his expectations of meeting a real tiger.

JOE

Well I don't know about that...

CHAO PO

Call me Chao Po. Why break the
family up!?

Chao Po is brimming with familial pride *Is it Pride?* Joe wonders, or is this all a very well rehearsed Act...?

JOE (NODS ONCE)

Yes... well.. Maybe my wife is
selling me like one of her used
cars

Both men smile.

CHAO PO

Well Sit Thitisan. Sit... Unless you
would prefer to meet elsewhere
more private? (PAUSES)

JOE (CORDIALLY)

Here is fine. If its ok for you

CHAO PO gets straight to it.

CHAO PO

Pookie's father Decha and I go a long way back you know. I like to think of us as two of the engineers of Thai Tourism you know. We have been there through it all. I was sorry to miss your wedding.. But you know, I like to keep a discreet profile around town.

JOE nods understanding. Silent

Now Pookie tells me you're in a position at your Post to (carefully) supplement your police salary...? A worthy cause of course! Those government clowns won't be increasing the Police wage any time soon. Maybe **government** salaries - but not Police (laughs ironically) Some of my very good friends of course...

Looks at JOE to register his understanding.

Anyway.. with all the changes in our government here I can't keep up - I don't know how they get *anything* done

The men are interrupted by a waiter who takes an order for a Cappuccino for Chao Po and a water for Joe -

JOE

What type of Mineral water do you have?

WAITER

Er - sparkling we have Voss of Norway Sir - or also San Pellegrino of Italy sir...

JOE

Oh Voss. Thank you.

CHAO PO (CONTINUING AND NODDING)

Appreciate the little things in life. So - Of course, nothing we discuss today will be any news to you Thitisan. You've no doubt heard about these delinquent businessmen avoiding paying tax to our great nation (*ironic*) ...driving their luxury cars around having

avoided all the tax and customs we
legitimate people must pay

JOE nods yes.

CHAO PO stresses like it was a brilliant idea, smiling:

Some even importing their
Bentleights as *SPARE PARTS* to avoid
the 300% taxes!

JOE's eye raises slightly as a Voss is delivered to their
table.

CHAO PO

Well.. yes. There are of course
many of these cars **here** already
which must be reclaimed for the
government in the name of tax
avoidance. Its a worthy cause for
a Police Captain - even though
sometimes dangerous people need to
be navigated

Lifts up his right hand in stop signal. He then changes
his tone

But...there are also many which come
from so-called dubious means
elsewhere which a man in your
position could make - quite a nice
profit from

JOE is listening intently.

JOE

Dubious means?

CHAO PO

I know you're in the Police Force
Thitisan and making a sound career
there, but we're here talking, so
I must assume that you are aware
that not all is as it seems on the
surface

(Resets) I have a man - a
businessman friend in Kuala
Lumpur. He is a long time
associate. Trust is our greatest
ally you know Thitisan. (Pauses)

Anyway.. (taking a sip of his
coffee). He is able to acquire
some luxury cars for - us

He stops at 'us' testing their relationship

JOE

Yes?

CHAO PO

You can take some time to consider your Integrity. (Pauses)
If you're interested in partnering to increase your wealth, then good. He will send us the cars. Looks after all the transportation requirements for us. We - you - bring them to the Customs Department here in Bangkok. Do the paperwork. You get 25% of the auction value for bringing it in and then, well - there is the matter of the 30% Finders Fee as well for any informants. I'll let you consider that part. I think it's a simple decision, but one for you to consider the **implications.**

JOE (CONFIRMING HIS UNDERSTANDING)

Customs. Tax avoidance

CHAO PO (PLEASED)

Precisely. These are luxury cars Thitisan. You might even want one for yourself!

JOE

So. No questions asked about the source of the cars?

CHAO PO (SATISFIED SMILE)

No. Questions. Asked...

You will be able to build a nice bank account Thitisan, at the same time be seen to be doing good - legitimate - work of a Police Captain 'on the side' - as it were

There's a long consideration by JOE

JOE

And your commission?

CHAO PO

Thitisan, I'm a man of means. And should this arrangement work for us, then who knows where it may go. I would consider the finders fee reasonable in the

circumstances. But I'll let you decide that.

JOE

I'm pleased that you would trust me to handle this on your behalf.

CHAO PO

Thitisan (He Pauses, Laser eye)
Trust is good. Control is better
Thitisan. (A Long pause)
Lenin...

Tight on JOE who is in the Red Dragon's headlights, eyes wide and trained on CHAO PO.

CHAO PO

As long as we can build trust between us... within our **family** - then anything is possible
Thitisan. My reach is far and wide. Your wife and her family are dear to me. Your father-in-law has been good to me for many years, allowing me to do things I wouldn't or shouldn't have been able to do. You know... (long pause)
So you get introductions. What you do with them is up to you.

JOE

Maybe we can start and see? I have to see what the Police integrity response is.

CHAO PO

I'll get you the contact details. You won't hear from me. I have a man who will be in touch. But Thitisan, once we begin, we begin. OK?

JOE is half present in the conversation and it's a pivotal moment in his character's decision-making route.

FADE TO

GPS CAR JAM

KUALA LUMPUR - STREET SCENE

INT. CAFE IN KUALA LUMPUR - BUSY MODERN CAFE - UPBEAT MUSIC AND PEOPLE - CAPPUCCINO MACHINE STEAMING IN BACKGROUND - DAYTIME

A Chyron: "Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia 2005"

Opens with a Skinny, nerdy Malaysian fiddling with a gps jammer in a cafe.

The tempo of the scene is quick and informative.

He hits the Jammer. Looks up. A Mercedes Benz Convertible CLK on the roadside just outside the cafe pops unlocked. He smiles.

Another man, a more imposing figure, approaches the car and checks around himself. He enters the car and puts a key into the car dashboard. It starts.

He casually looks down to his mobile phone

A message pings. "GPS Jammed. GO!"

He looks in the rear vision mirror, pulls out, and drives away casually.

POOKIE GOES SHOPPING

EXT. CENTRALWORLD SHOPPING MALL BANGKOK - 4PM -

FLY ACROSS THE MALL AND FOCUS ON TWO GIRLS

INT. CENTRALWORLD SHOPPING CENTRE - BANGKOK - DAY

The Centralworld Shopping Centre in Bangkok gleams with opulence. Shimmering glass facades reflect the bustle of shoppers, and designer boutiques beckon with their alluring displays. Among the crowd, POOKIE and ALYSSA saunter in, exuding an air of extravagance.

POOKIE, with her impeccable style, leads the way, her confidence palpable. Her attire, unchanged since morning, still exudes an effortless allure. ALYSSA keeps pace, equally adorned in the finest attire, handbags swinging elegantly from their arms.

INT. VERSACE BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

POOKIE and ALYSSA step into the Versace boutique, greeted by attentive SALES ASSOCIATES. They browse the racks, running fingers over sumptuous fabrics.

POOKIE (EYES GLEAMING)
I simply must have this.

She holds up a striking gown, the embodiment of luxury.

ALYSSA (SMILING)
Perfect choice, Pookie. You'd look
divine in that.

As POOKIE hands over her platinum card, there's a flicker of something in her eyes, a hint of tension beneath the surface.

INT. TIFFANY & CO. JEWELRY - LATER

Pookie and Alyssa stand before a glass case displaying exquisite jewels. Pookie's eyes dance over the diamonds and emeralds, each piece more dazzling than the last.

POOKIE (SOFTLY)
I think I need a little pick-me-up
today

ALYSSA (SUPPORTIVELY)
Why not, darling? Treat yourself.

POOKIE selects a necklace, its diamonds sparkling like stars against her revealing neckline.

INT. LOUIS VUITTON - MOMENTS LATER

POOKIE and ALYSSA exit Louis Vuitton, bags in hand, an air of satisfaction surrounding them.

POOKIE (TEASINGLY)
I do believe we've outdone
ourselves

ALYSSA (LAUGHING)
It's what we do best my dear

As they move through the mall, Pookie's smile momentarily falters. A shadow passes over her face, but she quickly brushes it aside.

EXT. CENTRALWORLD - LATER

POOKIE and ALYSSA exit the shopping center, an air-conditioned oasis in the heart of the city. The late afternoon sun casts long shadows across the bustling streets.

ALYSSA (GLANCING AT POOKIE)
You alright, darling?

POOKIE (NODS, FORCING A SMILE)
Of course, dear.

POOKIE's phone pings a text message, which she glances at before quickly suggesting:

POOKIE (UPLIFTED)
How about a glass of Champagne?

ALYSSA
It would be the height of rudeness
for me to decline, darling.

CUT TO

BARNEY'S CI

BANGKOK STREET BAR - EARLY EVENING

BARNEY (Bangkok Post), is sitting toward the back of a busy local bar which has a front road-facing deck. He's drinking a Tiger beer bottle and smoking a cigarette (*nervously?*). He's on his phone texting or searching.

SLIM - a skinny Thai Cop - arrives to the Bar. BARNEY lifts his beer to his mouth and stops. It's 'his guy' - Confidential Informant - lurking around the front. BARNEY looks around checking what's happening around him before getting up slowly and edging his way past the crowd.

BARNEY (INQUISITIVE)
Slim?

The skinny guy looks at him, then around the street and the bar suspiciously.

SLIM
Yeah. Call me Slim

BARNEY nods half smiling at how clumsy he is, before pointing toward the back where he was sat.

BARNEY
You ok sitting back there?

SLIM just nods. They edge back to where BARNEY had been. BARNEY now has his back to the entrance. He picks up his cigarette from the ashtray.

Once they're seated a waitress [PORN] walks past them and stops. She's pretty.

PORN
Ya Tiger again Kaaaa

BARNEY
Yeah another Tiger for me thanks
Porn. Drink?

SLIM (UNCOMFORTABLE)
Ya. Tiger. ok.

She leaves, but not before BARNEY smiles to her. There's a glint in her eye as she smiles back to him. Just flirting?

BARNEY looks down at his phone, still smiling and switches it to silent mode.

BARNEY

So. First. Thanks for meeting me.
I understand your predicament, and
I want to stress that I understand
how dangerous this is for you.
Important before we get started.
Anyone you know comes past or sees
you and asks you later who I was.
I'm your long lost cousin from
Chiang Mai (smiling).

His ice-breaker falls flat.

Okay No seriously. Let's just say
I'm an insurance guy who is trying
to get a foot in here in Thailand,
and I reached out to you to sell
you some house insurance. Do you
have your own house? You're not
interested and you heard me out
before telling me to get fucked.

SLIM nods unconvinced

BARNEY

Ok, cool. Now - **you** can see who's
coming. I can't. Any danger and
you can just say the word
"Postpone" and we'll stop. So
second. You have some information
for me on some dodgy Police? Now,
Any information which leads to a
printed article in the Post - you
get fifty US. If it lands front
page or Page One I double it.
Cash. We clear?

SLIM nods still nervous.

SLIM

Better get your wallet out.

BARNEY (SMILING EXPECTANTLY)

Let's just get some facts out
first shall we?

SLIM (REFERS TO HIS BEER)

pay for beer - mate.

Mate comes out clumsy. His attempt at a Joke.

PORN arrives from over BARNEY's shoulder with their beers.

BARNEY gets the joke and sees that SLIM has at least a glimmer of a sense of humour.

BARNEY

Can you just put it on my tab
please Porn?
(BARNEY is taken by her natural
beauty)

Okay. Thanks. So Slim - can we
just start at the beginning.

SLIM

First, I have to know - is
confidential ya?

BARNEY nods assuredly.

SLIM

Serious. I have three kids.
Wife. If you ever threaten my
family by letting anything out.
Well..

He looks sideways through squinted eye. BARNEY gets the message: 'I'll kill you'

BARNEY (REASSUREDLY)

Slim. You have my absolute word.

SLIM

Okay. Well there's a scam
happening - lots. Cars being
brought into Thailand from
Singapore, Malaysia lately -
stolen from there. Put up here as
repossessed Thai car. Finders and
guys who repossess making *really*
good money ya?

BARNEY

Let me get this straight. They're
importing stolen cars to hand over
to Customs for a reward? And from
what you said on the phone, do I
understand these guys are COPS?

Slim smiles

SLIM

All cops. Well - one main guy.

BARNEY sits back.

BARNEY
And do the Police Commission know?
The Defence Ministry? The DSI?

SLIM (CONTINUES)
One - drives a new Porsche up to
the Police Offices and parks right
outside. Police knows ok.
Outside? They say nothing. Scared
of

Surreptitiously makes a gun sign with his hand on the
table so no-one else can see

Inside - he champion because he
makes lots of money and not making
trouble for senior cops. Not have
to ask for increase wage. Not
have to worry he leave for more
money somewhere else. Anyway -
Everyone on the take somehow

BARNEY looks down from drinking a swig of his beer

BARNEY
What do you mean 'Everyones on the
take'?

Slim smiles

SLIM
Thai Police making shit Baht every
month. Not enough to buy a
girlfriend or wife nice clothes.
Kids can't go to good school.
Have to get extra job - or? - Find
a way to add salary.

BARNEY stares intently

BARNEY
So it's discussed in the office?
I mean we all know there's
corruption in - well everywhere
here. But it's that open?

SLIM
Discussed. Not discussed. Everyone
know. Get some Tea money from
Street Vendor. Get some from
silly Tourist. Do work for drug
dealer - make sure they not
stopped dealing. Do work for

government - make sure they get
 through city on time.
 (Points) Give Bangkok Post Crime
 Reporter with information.
 (Smiles)
 Anyway - get extra for doing
 extra.

BARNEY stifles a half laugh.

BARNEY
 Can we just go back to this guy
 who's importing stolen cars?

SLIM nods

BARNEY
 You Prepared to give me his name?

SLIM smiles broadly and nods No slowly.

SLIM
 If I want to be dead - sure I give
 it. But like I tell you. I have
 wife and kids - nice girlfriend
 too. Too much to live for mister

BARNEY
 Okay, his station?

SLIM nods No, then looks from the corner of his eye
 suspiciously at BARNEY as he's taking a swig of beer.

SLIM
 This. This dangerous for me. But
 know what? Crazy money for (he
 stops and just nods unbelieving)

BARNEY
 Desperate to extract the info now
 You have my word. It stays with
 us until I confirm it and I'll
 speak with you before any release

SLIM (SHRUGS)
 Maybe he going to Drug Suppression
 Unit soon. That's all. You can
 look. You see. Look for police
 officer in a nice car

BARNEY stares at SLIM. Music Volume increases

CAMERA pulls back through the Bar, catches PORN once more
 before withdrawing onto the busy Bangkok streets.

CUT TO

POOKIE AND ALYSSA PARTY GIRLS

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL BATHROOM - DARK

EVENING: ALYSSA, and then POOKIE, take Cocaine from a vial. They haven't changed clothes. It's dark in the cubicle. We hear water running. A woman washing her hands outside the cubicle. When they leave the cubicle they just laugh when the older woman, a tourist, 'tisks' them nodding disapprovingly.

CUT TO

INT. MILLENIUM BANGKOK HILTON FOYER BAR - NIGHT

They leave the bathrooms quickly and enter a glamorous foyer bar of a five star hotel walking - in time - together. A group of four very attractive and well-healed friends of POOKIE and ALYSSA are seated on bar stools with a table of French champagne, Luxe Brand shopping bags strewn around them. There are only a few other people in the bar. Three of the girls of asian descent, but there is one French woman in their group. Marion, the wife of British Ambassador. Two American businessmen talk (inaudible) to the other women, trying to pick them up with beers in hand as we approach. They're young and handsome. The women seem to be playing them along, for fun.

ALYSSA

Your shout Frenchie! What are we drinking whores?

MARION is red-faced by the brash statement (She's more sophisticated) but she gets up to go order nonetheless, before POOKIE stops her

POOKIE

Don't be ridiculous Marion, you're my guest. Clearly your British husband's diplomacy has rubbed off on you.

POOKIE and MARION share a smile

More Champagne ladies, or are we thinking Cosmo's'? (*Looking at the other three*)

They all raise their glasses and say 'Champagne!'. Two of the girls are busying themselves taking selfies with the men. The two American men trying to keep up with it all...

ALYSSA (LOOKING ACROSS TEASING
THE MEN AS AN ADVISORY)
Unless you boys have deep pockets,
I suggest Soi Cowboy for you
tonight.

The girls snigger. The men look disappointed

ALYSSA sidles up to the more handsome of the two men as
POOKIE leaves to the bar

But then again - you are pretty
cute... What did you say your name
was again?

AMERICAN MAN 1
It's Chip. (Quietly, Smiling)

*We think ALYSSA is putting on a bit of a show for the
girls*

ALYSSA
Ohhh Chip...

ALYSSA Acts sexually aroused..and then whispers in his
ear which we don't hear

He responds by smiling and taking her hand. Leads her
away toward the elevators. ALYSSA looks back and smiles
to her group of friends. The other American Man
disappears off to the bar and stands next to POOKIE
admiring her silently.

POOKIE returns from the bar. MARION is unimpressed at the
direction the evening is taking.

POOKIE watches Alyssa walk away with Chip when she's
returning with an ice bucket and Veuve Cliquot Champagne.

POOKIE
My God she moves quick!

MARION still unimpressed nods agreement raising her
eyebrows

OTHER GUY
Hey I'm feeling kinda iced over
here ladies!

POOKIE
Ok handsome! Come on over! Have
you got an iPhone?

They do a three person selfie before POOKIE comments

POOKIE

My husband is in the Drug Squad so
better not too close! He's the
jealous type (smiling seductively)

One of the other girls pipes up

OTHER ASIAN GIRL 1

Best dealer in town!

POOKIE tries to "shhh" her. The American isn't sure how
to take it all and whether they're serious.

MARION is unimpressed at the lack of discretion, and is a
quiet observer to all the goings-on. *How close is she to
POOKIE?*

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT OF THE BAR ACTION, DRINKING CONTINUING.

We spot BARNEY at a corner table on his chunky laptop,
dressed the same as when he met SLIM. His head is down
and he's not really paying any attention to anything but
his computer. A solitary coffee cup on his table.

FADE TO

JOE'S TRUE COLOURS

INT. JOE AND POOKIE'S APARTMENT AT NIGHT

POOKIE is arriving back at their apartment, looking
disheveled from her night out. The scene begins with
silence in the dark...

CAMERA focuses on the door lock and hear a heavy click as
it opens. POOKIE enters the apartment laden with Luxury
shopping bags. (WIDER) JOE is working on his computer in
the dark, sitting at the dining table with the beautiful
city lights in the background, Perrier Mineral water.

JOE (EMOTIONLESS)

Late again

POOKIE [INTOXICATED]

Oh hiya baaabe.

POOKIE approaches JOE to kiss him and he pulls away.

JOE

You **stink!**

POOKIE

Baaabyyyy... (She strokes his hair)
Just me and the girls at the
Marriot. 'Lyssa and I got
sidetracked after shopping.
(Sobering) Oh! How was your
meeting about the cars?

JOE pulls away. He grabs her arm as he stands

JOE (DISGUSTED)

You fucking stink!

POOKIE is a bit shocked.

POOKIE

Oooowww. That hurt!

JOE (LECTURES)

See - you not ready to be a
mother. Out all night partying
with whoever, drunk, high. Every
fucking week. You and your trashy
nobody friends. What kind of
mother would you be! Fuck!!!

POOKIE is stunned but curiously seems somewhat used to
this.

CUT TO

Tight shot on JOE's white knuckle fist clenched.

CUT BACK TO

JOE

You disrespecting me Pookie - and
then expect me to welcome you home
all happy. And you want me to make
a family with you. No!

He slaps her across the face with open hand. POOKIE
collapses to the floor. She stays down from the slap for
a few moments, completely shocked. She then looks up,
tearing up. Guilty. Negotiating...

POOKIE

You're right. I'm sorry!! I'm so
sorry baby. You're right - I love
you. We just went shopping and my
old friend from Paris contacted
me. We just got sidetracked. You
don't deserve that... you're right...
But it was just me and the girls I
promise

JOE remains standing, angry. She is kissing and hugging him by the end of her ongoing apology.

I'll do anything to make it up to
you babbyyy... anything! Tell me
what I can do to make it up to you
babbyyy...
*(then after a long pause - slowly
and more desperately)*
I know...

She is taking her dress off as she says that, leaving her heels on. Her jewellery still on. She turns and holds the back of the couch close to JOE, revealing just a designer Thong as she leans over, turning around offering her back side.

From JOE's POV we see a quick shot of POOKIE looking back at him smiling and suggesting he take her over the back of the couch she's leaning on

POOKIE
Yesss... come on. (Seductively as
Joe looks at her) Take me...

JOE moves slowly from the table and then once behind her, aggressively, unzips his trousers and rams her from behind.

We watch from the dining room table where JOE was, as he aggressively fucks his wife from behind, with bright city lights of Bangkok in the background. POOKIE moans breathlessly and yells 'Yes' and 'yeah' throughout the violent sex, while JOE remains silent but for some grunts as he punishes her. We don't see the climax, but this is not loving sex. We fly through the apartment windows to reveal Bangkok City at night, all the twinkling lights.

NARRATION: "Thailand is a patriarchal society. Women are expected to fill the role of family caretaker, which usually means raising children and taking care of the elderly, as well as other household chores like cooking and cleaning. Despite these being significant roles in their families, many women in Thailand still face domestic violence in their homes (*pause*) regardless of their background.

ANOTHER NIGHT IN KL

EXT. RESTAURANT STRIP KUALA LUMPUR - NIGHTTIME - BUSY
ROADS WITH CARS AND PEOPLE

CAMERA ZOOMS INTO BUSY BAR ONTO SKINNY GUY [CHIMP]

Skinny guy (same as earlier) wearing a NIKE Jordan T-shirt sits on a computer with a beer next to his ASUS PC Laptop which is open and shining on his face.

CUT TO

2005 (current year) Black Porsche 911.

The lights flash and the doors pop.

THUG approaches the car with a key. Looks around. Jumps in to the car and starts the car with his dummy key.

He looks down at his phone which shines with a Message. "GPS Jammed. Happy travels!"

He looks in the rear vision mirror as he adjusts it, then pulls out carefully and drives away after revving the engine and smiling.

We see a very nice bar and restaurant strip in a wider shot as it pans out.

CUT TO

We watch the car drive through the streets of Kuala Lumpur to a nondescript warehouse full of 8-10 luxury cars of various style - including the Mercedes CLK from the first heist.

NARRATION: "Confiscating luxury cars in Thailand can be dangerous work. Illegally importing cars or just avoiding the high taxes. *That's* a crime. But repossessing them is a lucrative business - if somewhat dangerous. An ideal hustle for a senior Police Captain with men at his disposal.

After the cars are confiscated and the court process is complete, the government sells them at a public auction. Any informants and of course the reposessor involved in their seizure get a cut of the sale price. It was 30 per cent for informants and 25 per cent for officers who did the "hard work" [slight pause] of repossession.

But it wasn't only the Thai Police's hard work. There were many hard at work in neighbouring countries seizing cars in their own special way, which would be exported to Thailand in a multi-national fraud ring. And it would take *years* for Thai authorities to uncover the ring. After many people got very wealthy."

FADE TO

RESTAURANT: POOKIE & JOE

INT. ELEGANT FIVE-STAR HOTEL DINING ROOM IN BANGKOK - NIGHT

POOKIE and JOE sit at a dimly lit table, sharing an intimate dinner.

POOKIE

Concerned, she speaks softly.

Babe, I just hope you're fully aware of what you're getting into. It could be risky.

JOE

Confident and assured, he responds.

Don't worry, Pookie. I've got everything under control.

POOKIE

She continues, mentioning her father.

Well, my father did mention that if you ever need advice, it's better to be indebted to him than to Chao Po.

JOE

Losing his patience, he bluntly retorts.

Pookie, you know how I feel about this. Your dad always seems to come up in our conversations. It's always "Daddy this" and "Daddy that." I'm quite capable of...

POOKIE suddenly looks up as a well-dressed couple passes by their table. She smiles at the couple, clearly noticing that they are elegantly attired, with the woman in an evening gown and visibly pregnant

POOKIE

So nice to see you guys! Sorry I'm just getting balled out by the man who loves me the most in this world apparently (*bright but sarcastic*)

JOE, feeling somewhat awkward, stands up courteously.

JOE

Politely, with a touch of embarrassment.

It's really great to see you guys!
And look at that little baby bump,
Lisa!

LISA smiles and affectionately cradles her baby bump,
while her husband proudly places his arm around her.

LISA (Playfully)
Yes, we're hoping our little one
will have a playmate!

JOE and POOKIE simultaneously shake their heads to signal
their disagreement.

JOE (PLAYFULLY)
You'll be the first to know! So,
Kwan, how have you been?

KWAN
We've been doing well, thank you.
Nonchalantly adds
I see you are in the headlines
with Chuwit Kamolvisit declaring
war on the Police?

JOE (SHOOTS BACK)
If you trust a man who sells Sex
for a living.

KWAN

Looks at JOE distrustingly, then adds urgently:

Well anyway - we need to head
home. Early to bed and all that...

After exchanging pleasantries despite tension with JOE,
they continue on their way. JOE sits back down, visibly
piqued, as POOKIE joins him.

JOE

Frustrated and accusatory.

That fucking guy... And why didn't
you tell me they were coming? Were
you deliberately trying to
embarrass me?

POOKIE (WITH SINCERITY)
I honestly didn't see them! I was
too preoccupied listening to you

criticise me because I respect my
father's opinion...

JOE shoots her a sharp look.

JOE

Angry and on the verge of tears.

You fucking bitch. (Tears up) I do
everything to give you a life you
expect. You make fun of the fact
that my father... (tails off)

POOKIE

Softly, attempting to diffuse the tension.

Babe, it's not like that. I'm
sorry. Can we just enjoy this
dinner together? Come on, the main
course is on its way.

The waiter enters the scene and presents their
beautifully plated dishes. JOE gazes down at his plate,
then looks after KWAN, his emotions a complex mix of
petulance, simmering anger, and perhaps underlying
sadness, leaving his true feelings unclear.

PULL OUT TO WIDE SHOT OF BUSY RESTAURANT.

FADE TO

CAR DEALS 2005

EXT. THAI CUSTOMS BUILDING BANGKOK - SHINING MORNING SUN
- BUSY STREET

THE NEXT DAY: JOE walks into the Main Entrance of the
offices of the Thai Customs Department with a folder of
paperwork under his arm, dressed in his Royal Thai Police
Uniform. He looks serious.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - SINGLE WINDOW FACES A WAITING
ROOM

JOE walks up to a solitary desk / window at chest height.
He hands over the folder of paperwork. A Re-posessed car
- a Mercedes Convertible (the same as that stolen in
Malaysia) and the Porsche 911

He speaks with a Customs Agent. We don't hear his discussion but they are nodding and agreeing. The customs agent is a chubby little feminine male. He is impressed by what Joe has given him as he looks through the papers.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Oh... this very good Mr Uttanaphon.
Very impressed. I will pass to my
boss Khun... and you will receive a
call from him Khun...

CUT TO

AUCTION OF LUXURY VEHICLES INCLUDING THE MERCEDES AND
PORSCHÉ

BBC NEWS REPORT - HISTORIC FOOTAGE

Shows a warehouse with over 100 Luxury cars from the White Mercedes and the Porsche 911 we've seen stolen in Kuala Lumpur, to a Rolls Royce, Ferrari and Lamborghini. There is an aerial shot of the cars to be auctioned.

The story shows Thai Police have been busy at work repossessing Luxury cars from people illegally bringing them in or dodging taxes

REPORTER VOICEOVER

The Thai authorities have been hard at work under their new Prime Minister Thaksin, repossessing and auctioning up to 100 luxury cars imported into the country by the Elite - and sometimes Gangsters - without paying tax. On occasion these cars are even imported as *spare parts* and re-assembled here in order to avoid up to 300% in Taxes. Cases of Customs avoidance can be dangerous work here. Many of the accused will fight, armed with weapons, which makes it risky work here in Thailand. This post-coup Government... eager to deliver a more transparent and honest society where corruption is suppressed. Tax avoidance is in their sites and they're making waves.

CROSS FADE TO

INT. LUXURY HOTEL FOYER - FOYER BAR

LATER THAT NIGHT: BARNEY is on his mobile, sitting in the foyer bar of a luxury hotel in Bangkok with a Heineken beer and some chips.

BARNEY

Mate, my source was bang on.
They're paying out tens of
thousands to cops who are handing
up luxury cars to Thai Customs.

We don't hear a response

It's a fucking rort! (Loudly) What
I haven't been able to do is crack
where they're being imported from
- the ones which aren't actually
from Thai gangsters and rich
pricks here. But I have it on
good authority that some of the
cars handed up - and we're talking
fucking LUXURY mate. Top of the
wozza.. Lambo's and Ferrari's
Sorry what? Oh! It means like top
of the range. They're seriously
luxury vehicles. Some of these
guys are making so much kickback
that they're actually buying some
of the fuckin cars themselves -
with cash! Find the source and get
the rest of the story..

We don't hear what the other person says.

Yeah. I'll let you know. I'm on
the lead of one of them - a guy
they call 'Ferrari Joe', can you
believe it?

Pauses

Yeah Okay. I'll see you in the
office.

He looks up to see MARION (dressed differently to earlier scenes) the French wife of the British Ambassador passing through the foyer alone. He gets up as she doesn't see him sitting there.

BARNEY (AWKWARD)

Marion! (Waves) Marion Hi!

Barney catches Marion's attention. She smiles and begins over to greet him. They're standing at his table.

MARION

Mister Barney COUPAR! Salut. Nice to see you. What are you up to? Not investigating me I hope!?

BARNEY (AWKWARD)

Nahh. Ohhh... haha ...just trying to get some work done in peace and air conditioned quiet to be honest. What about yourself?

MARION

Oh just meeting a friend. But to be honest- well She stood me up!

BARNEY

Oh well - can I buy you a drink then? (Cheerfully)

She considers - looks at her watch

MARION

Ahh I'd love to Barney, but we have guests at the residence tomorrow and I mustn't be late for lord of the manor you know.

BARNEY (DEGRADING THE AMBASSADOR)

Yeah - Grumpy old British stiff!

They both stifle a laugh before farewelling each other.

MARION heads to the door. BARNEY watches her elegant silhouette walk away admiringly and shakes his head.

FADE TO

TEA MONEY

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, adorned with opulent decor. JOE stands at the centre. MAHASEK, shrewd and calculating, exchanges glances with Police Senior Sergeant APARCHIT SURUSIT who wears his skepticism like a cloak.

MAHASEK

Congratulations, Thitisan. You've taken a significant step up.

JOE (AWKWARDLY)

Thank you, Sir. I won't let you down.

APARCHIT (GRUFFLY)

We have high hopes for you, Son.

CAMERA catches JOE's curious flinch at the term 'son'.
As MAHASEK and APARCHIT exchange veiled glances, JOE
discreetly hands over a hefty envelope to each of them.

JOE (LOW VOICE)
a... token of my appreciation.

MAHASEK (JOVIAL)
Ah yes... The Tea Money

APARCHIT (TENSE)

Almost Under his breath

I hate that term

Mahasek's face remains impassive, but he accepts the
envelope without a word and notes Aparchit's comment for
later addressing

JOE's phone vibrates. Chao Po's name glows on the screen
as "CP". He considers sending it to Voicemail before:

JOE (WHISPERING)
I'll be right back.

JOE steps away, clutching his phone.

INT. OFFICE BALCONY - EVENING

JOE takes a deep breath, trying to regain his composure,
as he answers the call.

JOE (ON THE PHONE)
Good evening Sir. (Surprised
Pause)
How did you know that I'm moving
to Drug Suppression?

CHAO PO (V.O.)
Thitisan, my sources are vast and
ever-expanding. Congratulations on
your new role. Now, about this car
business of ours..

They exchange pleasantries, but there's an underlying
tension in the conversation. Chao Po's knowledge of Joe's
new position is unsettling.

CHAO PO (V.O.)
Anyway, I heard you've been
enjoying the perks of your new
position.

JOE (SLIGHTLY DEFENSIVE)
What do you mean?

CHAO PO (V.O.)
That new car of yours, Joe. Quite
the flashy choice, isn't it?

JOE (WARILY)
What's your point?

CHAO PO (V.O.)
(contemplating)
Thitisan, there's a matter on Koh
Samui that requires your
attention. Russian mobsters are
making their presence felt, and
it's affecting my operations. I
need you to take a trip to the
island under the guise of your new
role. Oh! And if I may offer some
advice Thitisan... 'Fullness invites
spoil, modesty benefits'

JOE (CONFUSED)
What do you want me to do?

CHAO PO (V.O.)
(slyly)
Meet with my colleague Khun Kit on
the island. He'll provide you with
the details. Just remember,
Thitisan, we're counting on you to
handle situations such as these
discreetly.

JOE, feeling the weight of this new responsibility, knows
that he's stepping deeper into the world of drug
suppression, where alliances shift like sand. He glances
back into the office, wondering what role Mahasek Sayasan
and Aparchit may play in relation to Chao Po and whether
they are aware of his covert dealings.

JOE (DETERMINED)
Alright. I'll take care of it. But
I need to know more about this
Russian problem.

CHAO PO (V.O.)
(chuckles)
You'll have all the information
you need soon, my friend. Good
luck Thitisan

The call ends, and JOE returns to the other room, his
mind now firmly set on the dangerous path ahead, unsure
of the true depths of the world he's entered.

MAHASEK and APARCHIT are actively discussing CHUWIT
KAMOLVISIT when JOE returns, an air of tension in the
room

MAHASEK

Well all I know is his dirty ledger promises to cause plenty of officials from Police to Government some pain

APACHIT (NONCHALANT)

Well I know I'm not on it

MAHASEK (QUICKLY TURNS JOVIAL)

Thitisan! So, anyway! Let's gather some momentum around Prime Minister Thaksin's intentions and really get your hands dirty with some drug suppression work. The team will be ready to welcome a new face Im sure. And Thitisan (pauses) this Kamolvisit Ledger he claims he has of corrupt (waves his hands in the air)

JOE nods his head smiling confidently

JOE (SMILING)

Gentlemen, I can understand your concerns. I want to make one thing absolutely clear - I have no connections to the Tub Tycoon's corruption ledger, nor do I have any intention of getting involved in such activities.

MAHASEK and APARCHIT relax slightly, their expressions softening.

MAHASEK SAYASAN (NODDING)

Of course, we trust your judgment, but you understand the delicate balance (waves one hand)

APARCHIT (FATHERLY)

Of course Thitisan is not involved in such smut. (Explains) You understand, it's crucial that our operations remain above reproach Thitisan.

JOE (EARNESTLY)

I appreciate your trust, and I want you both to know that my focus as the Head of Drug Suppression is solely on our mission to combat the drug trade in this region. We'll work together to ensure our operations are clean and effective, and meet the Prime Minister's wishes.

MAHASEK and APARACHIT exchange another look, a curious look.

SHADOWS OF THE RED DRAGON RISING

INT. SHADOWY UNDERGROUND MEETING PLACE - NIGHT

CHAO PO, the enigmatic and ruthless mafia leader, sits in a dimly lit room, shrouded in secrecy. Across from him sits an UNKNOWN FIGURE, their identity hidden in the shadows.

CHAO PO (SMIRKING)
It seems we have the new Head of
Drug Suppression exactly where we
want him.

UNKNOWN FIGURE (LOW, SINISTER
TONE)
Indeed, Uncle. It's a remarkable
coup. He has power, influence, and
now, thanks to your web of
connections, he owes us more than
he realises.

CHAO PO leans forward, the faint glint of his eyes revealing a dangerous excitement.

CHAO PO (LOW, CALCULATED VOICE)
We'll play this game carefully.
We'll give him a taste, a taste of
the wealth and power that comes
with our business. Gradually,
we'll draw him deeper into our
world.

UNKNOWN FIGURE
Once he's in, there's no way out.
He'll become our pawn, helping us
wipe out the competition and
expanding our international
empire.

Chao Po's fingers drum rhythmically on the table, his mind already crafting the steps of this treacherous plan.

CHAO PO (DETERMINED)
We'll need to manipulate him
carefully, stroke his ego, and
make him believe he's making the
choices. But in reality, every
move he makes will serve our
interests.

UNKNOWN FIGURE

He'll think he's the hunter, but
in the end, he'll be nothing more
than the prey

As CHAO PO and the Unknown Figure (revealed as NEPHEW LI later Episode) share this sinister moment of camaraderie, it becomes clear that JOE, somewhat unsuspectingly, as Head of Drug Suppression, is being drawn into a web of deceit and power from which there may be no escape. The stage is set for a dangerous and deadly game.

END.

Domestic Abuse Hotline Information at close.

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