

THAIGER

by  
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EP 5. TWISTED ALLIANCES

OPENING

FADE IN

EXT. HOTEL RESORT CARPARK - DARK EARLY EVENING - NOT MANY  
CARS - 2009

A chyron: **"Phuket Thailand, 2009."**

The scene opens with Rhonda in the early evening,  
stepping into her car at the carpark. She bids a warm  
farewell to a fellow female employee who is leaving for  
the day. Rhonda's kind-hearted nature is evident as she  
waves and calls out

RHONDA  
See you tomorrow Kaaaa... Have a  
good night! (Waving)

Rhonda gets into her very plain car

Music switches on with Car:

Score: \*You and Me - Penny and the Quarters

Drives out of the carpark toward the main road. She  
drives carefully along the main road along palm fringed  
roads. Stops at a zebra crossing for four local boys  
around 13 years old who are crossing with their bikes.  
She smiles at them.

A motorbike rides up on the right of her car to the  
drivers window. The rider isn't visible. It's a man  
with a full black leather kit and helmet with black-out  
tinted visor. He casually pulls out a pistol and shoots  
Rhonda with one bullet in the head. It's abrupt and  
confronting.

There is silence. Ringing in the ear sound only.  
Rhonda's glazed eyes. One bullet to her temple.

CAMERA - Slow zooms on to her Company HR Badge - "WE MAKE  
PEOPLE'S DAY" [Ironic]

CUT TO

WIDE ON CAR, KIDS, AT ZEBRA CROSSING

The motorbike rides through the kids who are trying to  
clear the crossing. The kids look at the rider, shocked  
to their core, and watch wide-eyed as he rides off -  
never seeing his face. They look at each other in shock  
and take off on their bikes terrified, as quick as  
possible never looking back

OPENING.

Score: \*Thai Instrumental - Buddha Sayings

As the sun rises over a stunning Thai beach resort, its golden rays paint the water and palm trees in a picturesque tableau. The luxury resort gradually awakens, revealing its enchanting behind-the-scenes tapestry. Locals stroll in on foot, passing through the discreet 'staff only' entrance. Chefs and waiters meticulously garnish a lavish Breakfast Buffet, while pool cleaners add the final shimmer to the inviting resort pool. Housekeepers carefully drape crisp linens over beds, masterfully performing the timeless choreography of lifting and settling bedsheets, preparing each hotel room for its guests.

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

EXT. HOTEL RESORT POOL BAR - EARLY EVENING

In the sprawling and vibrant bar, a diverse crowd of predominantly fair-skinned patrons mingles, savouring drinks and soaking in the lively atmosphere. The rhythmic beats of the background DJ infuse the air with energy, while multiple screens behind the bar broadcast American sports, adding a touch of transcontinental excitement to the scene.

We follow the path of MILO, a handsome and tall Thai American, who exudes an air of self-assuredness. Carrying two tall drinks as he walks, he navigates the bustling scene. Along our journey, we catch a discreet drug deal unfolding at a table. Though MILO notices, he calmly continues on his way, acknowledging the dealer with a confident smile. Is he involved in the deal himself?

Later, MILO stands at a waiter's station, holding a mobile phone and engaged in an inaudible conversation. He chats with a young Thai waitress, her eye roll suggesting that such gratuitous exchanges with MILO are commonplace. She heads off to serve guests as MILO's conversation concludes.

Continuing to track MILO, we see him approach the table where the dealer was seated, only to find the guest has already departed. The intrigue deepens as the narrative unfolds.

CLOSE - ON MILO

Milo's gaze sweeps the surroundings, revealing a blend of shadiness and determination in his demeanour.

MILO (SMILING)  
 Greetings! What can I get you  
 today?

The camera shifts to a close-up of the DEALER, viewed from Milo's perspective looking down. The dealer wears sunglasses and taps on his phone

DEALER (AGITATED)  
 Um, yeah... I'll have a Corona,  
 please.

He appears uncertain, conscious of being observed, and in need of maintaining appearances.

The scene expands to show a side view of the table.

MILO (POLITE)  
 Certainly. Might I have your room  
 number for the order, sir?

DEALER (DEFLECTING)  
 No need, just cash will do.

Tension and intrigue thicken as the exchange unfolds

TIGHT ON MILO

MILO

Confident. He's got an outcome he's looking for.  
 Cunning.

Oh I'm sorry Sir... The Hotel has  
 asked us to restrict our charges  
 to Room Charge or Credit Card if  
 that's ok? No cash any more.

DEALER  
 Ok, no problem I'll just pass  
 thanks

MILO

Looks around again cunningly

Or perhaps you and I can come to  
 an agreement? You won't deal  
 drugs in my Uncle's resort and I  
 won't make a scene and report you  
 to the police?

Their gazes lock, a silent exchange fraught with tension.  
 The DEALER scrutinises MILO, assessing his seriousness.  
 Is MILO foolishly idealistic or perhaps deluded?

DEALER (CAUTIOUS)  
 Hey, listen... You really don't  
 want to—

MILO interrupts, brimming with confidence.

MILO (SMUGLY)  
 Or how about this? We could strike  
 a more mutually beneficial  
 arrangement. You keep up your  
 little act, and we both reap the  
 rewards. What do you say?

(overconfidently)

A wink seals his audacious proposal.

The view shifts to a close-up of the DEALER. He raises  
 his sunglasses, revealing agitation.

DEALER (AGITATED)  
 Man, you have no idea what you're  
 getting into. Trust me. These  
 people — the people I work for

He glances toward the sun's glare, eyes narrowing in  
 MILO's direction.

DEALER (RESIGNED)  
 It's just not worth it, buddy.

The scene crackles with mounting intensity as the  
 characters' motivations clash.

MILO smiles confidently as the Manager walks into FRAME,  
 checking on the table as he keeps moving past. Once past  
 MILO adds urgently:

MILO  
 Last chance... "Sir"

A bit louder as a Manager walks past. Milo winks to the  
 Manager

The DEALER watches the MANAGER pass out of earshot,  
 getting more agitated now:

DEALER  
 Fuck off kid. You're about to get  
 me into some bad trouble. Just  
 fuck off, right?

MILO looks at him in surprised disdain. The DEALER gets  
 up and gets out of the area as quick as he can. MILO  
 watches him walk away.

The MANAGER approaches wondering what happened with the table, why he didn't order?

MILO (TISKS)  
Another customer not too happy  
about the no cash policy.

CUT TO

TRACKING - MILO

MILO's face turns determined. He returns to the waiters station and takes out his phone. Checks it.

FADE OUT/IN

THAT NIGHT IN BANGKOK:

SUP'S SHADOW - NIGHTCLUB SCENE

INT. NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK - NIGHT

Chyron: " X **Nightclub, Bangkok 2009**"

The music reaches a crescendo, pulsating through the nightclub as the intoxicating beats fill the air. Green and white lighting dances, creating a hypnotic display that complements the trance-like rhythm. The place is packed with revelers, each lost in the euphoria of the night.

Amidst the sea of people, we spot SUP, a menacing figure standing near the bar. He exudes an aura of power and danger, his eyes scanning the crowd as if he owns the place. It's evident he's in control here. He leans casually against the bar, surrounded by a group of loyal small time drug dealers, who hang on his every word.

As we watch, it becomes apparent that SUP is more than just a nightclub regular; he is deeply involved in the dark underbelly of the city. His associates, dressed in dark, edgy attire, subtly exchange small packages with eager customers, and the truth becomes clear - he oversees drug deals within the nightclub's walls.

But that's not the only thing that defines SUP's reckless nature. He's also indulging in his hedonistic desires without any restraint. In one corner of the club, two different girls vie for his attention. He effortlessly switches between them, revealing a cold, calculating charm that holds them both captivated.

This scene makes it apparent that SUP is a man who operates on his own terms, without any regard for the consequences of his actions. He embodies a dark and twisted side, a true embodiment of an animalistic nature, driven solely by his desires.

The night progresses and we see snippets of SUP's life beyond the nightclub. Flashbacks reveal his exploits on the infamous Koh Phangan island. There, SUP's actions are even more ruthless and sinister. Our hatred for him grows as we witness him exploit others for his gains, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

As the revelry reaches its peak, there's a growing sense that SUP's recklessness will eventually catch up to him. The nightclub, once a symbol of his power and control, now becomes a metaphor for the facade he has created around himself.

The scene continues to paint SUP as a complex and morally bankrupt character, setting the stage for an intense and riveting journey that will ultimately determine his fate. With the weight of his actions bearing down on him, the story unfolds, drawing us deeper into the dark and dangerous world of SUP and the consequences he will inevitably face.

Next Morning:

MILO REPORTS TO RHONDA

INT. HOTEL HR WAITING AREA - DAYTIME

MILO sits impatiently in his uniform next to a few people who are filling out application forms outside Human Resources.

RHONDA is a kindly, genial Thai lady when she opens the glass door and smiles at MILO. *Rhonda's like a librarian*, he thinks.

RHONDA

Milo! So nice to see you again.  
Hello everybody (addressing the applicants). Welcome to The Sanctuary Phuket. We'll be with you all soon, or one of my team will be... okay? Milo would you like to come into my office?

MILO puts on his fakest of smiles, then when she turns away his smile fades. They enter RHONDA's office as MILO's smile returns again. They sit:

RHONDA

So... you said it was urgent? I was a bit surprised.

MILO

Well I'm a bit shocked to be honest and I didn't know how to best deal with it. See, I was working in the Pool Bar last night and I came across a man dealing drugs in the bar

RHONDA gasps.

MILO (MOCK SHOCK)

Well exactly! What would my Uncle THINK?! He's just invested this huge amount of money in this resort. I can't imagine he'd be expecting this of a five star resort

RHONDA

I'm just shocked! You say there was a man dealing drugs at the pool bar?

MILO

I have a photo of him!

MILO shows her the photo but holds on to his phone.

RHONDA puts her reading glasses on and nods that she's never seen him before

RHONDA (CONSTERNATION)

I've never seen this man. Did you speak to him? Or did any of our team know him?

MILO's eye sharpen

MILO

Well I can't be sure if the manager knows him or not. So I didn't say anything to him. Kept it on the downlow if you know what I mean (half wink). But I suspect... well I suspect he **must** know what's going on there. I mean he's been around the resort for years hasn't he?

RHONDA

Well he has been with us for many years, yes. But he's one of our



most respected food and beverage  
leaders. I would be

MILO interrupts

MILO

But it doesn't really matter does  
it. We couldn't pin it on him  
alone? I mean... this is a bit of a  
big deal isn't it? What would  
happen if the media found out? If  
guests thought this was just a big  
drug-house?

RHONDA's eyes are wide open as she ponders these matters

RHONDA

Oh goodness. Yes this is a big  
deal. Let me think...

MILO is now acting very innocent, like he's pondering all  
the outcomes:

MILO

What should I do? I'm in a bind  
Rhonda? Do I call my uncle and let  
him know? He might pull his end of  
the deal? It might not go through  
if he hears about all this... He  
still has half the balance to  
settle as I understand it...

RHONDA is in a quandary:

RHONDA

Look, I think the best thing to do  
given the circumstances - Can you  
send that picture to me? I'll  
bring it up with the Executive  
tomorrow morning first thing.  
Jurg will know how to deal with  
this. It's probably best to be  
left with the General Manager  
after all. And Milo..

Raises his eyebrows - Yes?

If you see him again. (Advisedly)  
don't approach him. Please just  
report in to your Manager or  
security.

Becoming authoritarian:

And you can tell him you've spoken  
with me about the matter too.  
That should get his attention.

*Emotionally unaware of her benign figure.*

MILO (SARCASTIC CONCERN)  
Understood. Thanks for meeting me  
Rhonda.

*She has no idea*

MILO gets up and leaves the office, but before leaving the Two-faced sarcastic prick greets the staff in the office warmly and wishes the applicants outside the best of luck and that he hopes to see them working at The Sanctuary soon! They smile innocently

FADE

JOE & LEK CUSTOMS OFFICE 2009

EXT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BANGKOK - DAYTIME 2009

JOE strides confidently to the steps of the Customs Department, his Police Uniform impeccably crisp, a manila folder clutched in his hand. Moments later, LEK pedals up on his rickety bicycle, also donning a police uniform. With a quick adjustment of his nerdy glasses and a newly added earring glinting in the sun, LEK joins JOE at the entrance steps.

Ascending the steps, their determined expressions catch the attention of onlookers. JOE and LEK approach a desk where they're directed to wait in the available seats. However, neither of them takes a seat. Instead, they stand within the administrative hub, their presence commanding attention. A hint of irritation on JOE's face, evident that he's not pleased about being made to wait.

JOE  
Just let me introduce you when the time is right, ya? Don't interrupt and don't ask questions. (Then in passing) And that earring looks more stupid than your black rim glasses.

LEK (CONFRONTED BUT USED TO IT)  
Yea No problem boss.  
(Weird smile)

They are invited to a desk where the same man who JOE was seen discussing in the last episode is waiting. PRICHA the administrator is a softly spoken, gay man. Chubby and soft as butter, only just capable of holding a conversation with JOE.

JOE (CONFIDENT. FAMILIAR)  
 Khun Pricha. How are you today?

And without waiting for an answer, he's Firm, Upbeat

Nice to see you again.  
 As per our previous submission I'm pleased to advise we (points with his thumb toward LEK) have managed to confiscate or re-possess a further **four** luxury cars over the past two weeks here in The Kingdom.

PRICHA is surprised. Impressed; but just raises his eyebrows, silent (almost turned on by Joe's work)

I must say, this can be dangerous work re-possessing from some of these criminals. Bad men some of them, but as you know we are here to serve the people of Thailand... protect them from these awful people. My colleague here - Lek - has been instrumental in carrying out these activities. I'm sure with our continued focus you will be seeing more of Khun Lek and my other subordinates from the Drug Suppression Squad.

The official smiles knowingly, sweetly. He looks at LEK and there's an appeal there. Smiles. He is soft of tone, and it jars the viewer against JOE's abrupt and officious language.

PRICHA  
 Thank you Khunnnn... Yes, very good. We must look over your paperwork Captain Uttanhapon. As you know my boss must assess the value of each car, and (nodding softly and closing his eyes whilst talking) we will advise you. The informant you know receive baht for information and the retriever, Captain, receive further 25%... yes?... But my boss looks after this as it's very big money...

JOE nods once, abruptly. He has no time for slow talking administrators in the most part, but he must remain patient with this man. He returns fire with a very softly spoken tone to match the administrator

JOE

You were very prompt last time,  
and I received advice within  
around one week. Do you think you  
can ask your boss... his name I  
forget?

PRICHA (SMILING, NODDING WITH  
EYES CLOSED)

Yes... Khun Rama, Captain Joe

JOE (OFFICIAL)

Well Khun Rama has a wonderful  
name - the namesake of our new  
King! He is welcome to contact me  
directly **any** time (softly) I will  
be most appreciative.

PRICHA

Yes, no problem I will ask Captain  
Uttanhapon.

JOE

So, just one more thing, Kun Lek  
may well represent me, so as long  
as the paperwork is in order, I  
can have any of my men attend,  
correct?

The administrator shrugs as if its no problem..

PRICHA

I see no reason why not...? You a  
police captain. He can visit me  
any time (smiling to Lek)

LEK's face remains straight.

JOE (KINDLY)

Thank you very much Khun. You  
enjoy your day. I look forward to  
hearing from Kun Rama.

The policemen leave.

EXT. OUTSIDE CUSTOMS BUILDING BANGKOK - DAYTIME

As they're walking down the steps outside JOE receives a  
a call. His phone shows "Chao Po".

JOE (TO LEK)

Lek I have to take this. I'll see  
you back at the office.

LEK smiles and takes his bike. JOE walks off answering  
the call. LEK gets off his bike and goes back into the  
office building.

CUT TO

We hear CHAO PO's squeaky voice:

CHAO PO

It requires your attention. Perhaps your police presence can assist my colleague with this potential roadblock. It would be unfortunate to have our paths blocked in Phuket.

JOE

Understood. But I'm concerned about crossing the line between my official role and

CHAO PO (INTERRUPTS)

In the path of survival, wisdom is revealed through perseverance.

Now - Our best client in Phuket is being squeezed by Russians. Taking their share. We need access to the resorts. I have three major resorts making noise. One new owner who I don't know yet. Some Shelf company from Bangkok is all I know. Two old owner who want more payback to their accounts. I'm sure you can deal with this, given your past success for the Company.

Joe realises the payoff/bribe for the property is starting to bite him

JOE

Yeah.. I'll go down there. Send me the address. I'll sort something out.

Chao Po hangs up on him without any niceties.

Joe looks across to a park opposite him.

SLOW ZOOM INTO THE SUN - Kids are playing soccer casually on a sandy area not made for soccer. One is wearing a Manchester United top. Number 7. Beckham.

CUT TO

TIGHT ON - Joe is transfixed on the number

FADE

## MAHASEK MEETS CHAO PO FOR LI HANDOVER

## INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The opulent penthouse overlooks the sparkling skyline of Bangkok, with the sounds of the bustling city echoing in the distance. MAHASEK welcomes CHAO PO. They exchange a firm handshake and take a seat at a lavish table adorned with expensive artefacts.

MAHASEK (SMILING)

Chao Po, my old friend, it's been too long since we last met. Your presence honours my humble place.

CHAO PO (NODDING)

Mahasek, my dear ally, your hospitality is unmatched. I'm pleased our partnership has remained fruitful for so long.

They exchange polite pleasantries before getting down to business, sipping on glasses of aged whiskey.

CHAO PO (LEANING IN)

Mahasek, there's a matter I must discuss with you. My nephew, Li, is ready to take the reins of our family's endeavours. I need your guidance and support to ensure his success, just as you have supported me all these years.

MAHASEK (NODDING THOUGHTFULLY)

Chao Po, I understand your concerns, and I assure you, my assistance will continue even as the reins pass on to Li. He will receive the same respect and loyalty from me as you have received.

CHAO PO (RELIEVED)

Thank you, Mahasek. Your words give me great comfort. Li is a talented young man, and I believe he has the potential to lead our family to new heights.

Mahasek's smile turns sly, and he leans in even closer.

MAHASEK (WHISPERING)

Chao Po, you know that my covert assistance comes with its costs. While I'm happy to aid Li, there will be additional expenses involved, considering the

intricacies of nurturing a new leader.

CHAO PO (RAISING AN EYEBROW)

Ah, I see where this is going. You're always one step ahead, Mahasek. I am willing to pay what is necessary for Li's success, but remember, I've been a faithful partner for **many** years.

MAHASEK (NODDING)

Of course, your loyalty is never in question. But the risks involved in clandestine operations require a stronger financial backing. You know how things can be, especially with new leadership.

CHAO PO (PAUSING)

Very well, Mahasek. Our government assistance has been invaluable, and I'm willing to increase our financial arrangements. But remember, there are limits.

MAHASEK (SMIRKING)

Of course, I would never overstep my bounds, Chao Po. Our partnership has always been built on trust and understanding.

They seal the deal with a toast, clinking their glasses together, their eyes locking in a silent understanding of their secret arrangement.

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

As the night progresses, Mahasek and Chao Po continue their conversation, discussing the future of their empire and the opportunities that lie ahead. They make plans to support Li's rise to power and ensure a smooth transition of control.

In this world of shadows and secrets, the bond between Mahasek and Chao Po only grows stronger as they solidify their alliance with the passing of knowledge and wealth to the next generation.

FADE

## MORNING PRAYERS

## EXT. RESORT OPENING

An Idyllic resort montage opens the scene before the CAMERA pans across to a group of six executives (two women and four men) holding their 'morning prayers' meeting not far away in the hotel lobby bar, a discreet place which has been cleaned overnight. The bar is closed. They're the only people there and there's no music.

The HR Director [RHONDA], a Thai national) speaks and is endearing.

RHONDA (HR)

I'm very excited to announce that we have a new group of 20 staff starting their journey with our resort today. They are onboarding over the next two days, so if you see them around the hotel as we do our regular tours, please make them welcome - I know you all will!

We also have group interviews being held today in sunrise room, anyone wishing to be involved please do help! That's all

The GM looks to the Chef

EXECUTIVE CHEF (GERMAN)

Ya, just busy huh? we just have ahhh lobster coming in for seafood buffet at the pool and so yahhh not much from me.. just normal day from us. Main thing to check that lobster arriving so maybe I gotta go ya.

Turns to French food and bev mgr

F&B MGR FRENCH

Oui, we 'ave a delivery of *really* nice Burgundy wines arriving at the 'Otel today, so really excited about that, and yeah really just... need these new staff ah? (Looks to Rhonda) We really need them on asap ah? Lots of pressure on the team ya, so eh... that's all from me.

Turns to General Manager [JURG], who is of Dutch descent so he does have a rough accent, whilst his quietly gay nature provides his tough exterior with some soft edges.



GM JURG (DUTCH)

Ok, so great work guys. We're closing in on a great month. Any questions?

RHONDA (HR)

Yes, just one from me for you Jurg. I have a .. well its quite delicate. One of the team working at the Pool Bar has approached me regarding drugs being possibly... well drug dealing. Now I'm not saying that it ... Well he took a photo of the suspect.

The GM is like a deer in headlights. He looks to the F&B Manager who just looks down.

Rhonda HR Director jumps in

RHONDA (HR DIRECTOR)

I think it would be okay to say who brought this to my attention because it's important. It was Milo.

The F&B Manager looks up to the GM quickly. The GM looks at him momentarily. Throws his head back exasperated. *I don't need this*

JURG

You mean Decha Wilson's nephew?

RHONDA nods slowly

JURG (EXASPERATED.WHISPERS)

Fuck that's *all* I need

Considers the situation:

The property deal hasn't settled yet. He has a six month due diligence period and his lawyer and his team arrive *tomorrow* for further audits. If anything comes undone - well lets just say we're all fucked

RHONDA (CARINGLY)

He was going to send the photo to me but he hasn't yet. I can reach out to him again. But I think he was a bit scared, so he hasn't told a soul.

JURG nods solemnly, Yes. Suspicious?

JURG  
Ja, and Guys! this stays within  
this group **and this group only.**

He looks around at the team, eyeballing his Executive:

I want to make this clear. If  
this gets out, I know it's come  
from here. **Not a word.**

They all nod understanding, 'ok' and the GM wraps up the  
meeting.

RHONDA (CUTS IN AGAIN)  
Actually! I have one other  
question Jurg.

GM JURG (POLITELY EXASPERATED)  
Yes Rhonda

RHONDA  
I'm just wondering about the staff  
bonuses. We're only talking about  
a thousand baht each, and some  
were asking. I was told (looks to  
Jerome smiles genially) that its  
most likely they won't get bonuses  
and have advised those staff who  
keep asking as such. (Pauses) but  
it would be so lovely to be able  
to reward some of these hard  
working people under tough  
conditions.

GM JURG (SHORT/ABRUPT - DUTCH)  
Ya understood. As I've said before  
Rhonda, Leave it with me. I'll  
check with the old owners again.

Getting up Rhonda and Jurg move together. She's hanging  
on every word of his as she tails him:

JURG (CONT)  
  
But honest - I don't think it'll  
happen now they've sold it. But  
Rhonda if this stuff gets out and  
leaks to the new owner especially,  
There's trouble. And my God, the  
old owners will crack it that  
we've allowed any risk on their  
sale too. It's a sensitive time,  
right?

Then thinking out loud

I have a bit of weird feeling  
about this.

RHONDA regards JURG curiously before he farewells the  
other execs.

JURG (COLLECTIVELY)  
Ok Thanks guys!

RHONDA nods, and puts her hands together in prayer  
'thanks'.

CHUWIT & SAJJI (MEETS CHALUAI FIRST TIME) 2009

INT. COPACABANA MASSAGE PARLOUR - A SMALL CLUB FLOOR -  
DAYTIME

One of the girls working is CHALUAI. She appears from the  
service area and walks toward CAMERA with a tray of  
drinks and number 100 on her disc. She's looking down.  
Shy. Embarrassed.

OVER THE SHOULDER - SAJJI -

Long dyed blonde hair under a truckers cap. SAJJI leaves  
a small elevator. He almost bumps into CHALUAI as she  
comes the other direction.

She falls on the floor. CAMERA TILTS

SAJJI'S POV - TIGHT ON CHALUAI - CUTE

He puts his hand out to help her up

SAJJI  
I'm so sorry! Let me help you.

CHALUAI looks up TO CAMERA. An unsure smile.

WIDE - ON CHALUAI AND SAJJI'S LEGS / TORSO (NOT FACE)

CHALUAI  
It's ok. I'm new here. Well I'm on  
loan.. so I don't know my way  
around. It was probably my fault.

She looks up TO CAMERA directly as she stands. Incredibly  
beautiful

SAJJI  
Er... I've not. Yeah. I haven't seen  
you here before

CHALUAIU (DOWNCAST)  
Oh you must come here a lot?

OVER SAJJI SHOULDER

SAJJI  
Oh. Haha yeah that sounds - well  
its not what you might think.

CHUWIT ENTERS FRAME BEHIND CHALUAIU

He's more serious today. He beckons SAJJI. He's abrupt.

CHUWIT  
SAJJI. Come. Out the back.

Signals to the back of the business

TRACK - SAJJI OVER THE SHOULDER FOLLOWING CHUWIT

They go to a back office past girls walking through FRAME  
- some naked returning back stage, some dressed up  
heading to Front of House. Squeeze past the men, some  
smiling as they go past

CHUWIT opens the door and they enter a large office.

CHUWIT  
Have a seat

They sit. CHUWIT sits behind a large desk.

CLOSE - ON CHUWIT

He's serious. No laughing this time around

CHUWIT  
My Son, Thanks for coming. I have  
some stuff I need your insight on.

OVER THE SHOULDER - ON CHUWIT

SAJJI nods quickly Yes.

CHUWIT (CONTINUES)  
And I need a straight answer,  
right? I can count on that right?

SAJJI still nodding quickly - yes of course

I've been sent a whole dossier on a Customs Department corruption that goes back a number of years. Very bad stuff. Government corruption - police corruption. And it's involving one of your colleagues

Looks down at his desk where the dossier lays

TIGHT - ON CHUWIT FACE

Captain Thitisan Utthanapon.

OVER SAJJI'S SHOULDER - ON CHUWIT

SAJJI nods slowly. Real slow.

CHUWIT (CONTINUES)

My information is that he's bringing cars from Singapore. And other places - most likely Malaysia. Registering them with office of Department of Land Transport here. And Handing them - *or having other cops* - hand them up as Thai repossessions. He takes 20%, and another 25% on behalf of the reposessor. Forty five percent of the value it sells for at Auction.

SAJJI still nodding slowly

CHUWIT (SMILES)

Genius.

CHUWIT laughs. Nodding that he can't believe it

Just bloody Genius!! I mean... I hear he's bought about ten of the fucking cars himself at Auction. Now - You're not involved in this are you?

OVER THE SHOULDER - ON CHUWIT

SAJJI

Of course No. But Uncle... he's in deeper than that Uncle.

CHUWIT stops laughing. Curious.

CHUWIT  
OH? Deeper? Do tell...

SAJJI (WHISPERING. PURPOSEFULLY)  
Well.. If you asked me - Is he  
entwined with Triad. Is he  
enabling them? Well, if you ask  
me that... then that's what I call  
getting deeper

CHUWIT' face is blank. *What's he thinking?*

SAJJI is nodding slowly, yes...

TRACKING - BOTH MEN IN THE MAIN ENTRY

CHUWIT is seeing SAJJI out. CHUWIT is still businesslike,  
but looser than earlier

CHUWIT  
SAJJI, it's safe with me son - you  
know that. You regularly visit  
Uncle to hit me up for some cash,  
right? If anyone asks, I'm just  
saying...

SAJJI  
Uncle.. that girl..

CHUWIT looks across at him

CHUWIT (SMILING)  
Ohhhhh.. Yes son?

Then curiously...

She came across from The Las  
Vegas. That little weasel Padre -  
a good friend of course - I don't  
know what he does to find them... I  
don't wanna know! But she's quite  
pretty isn't she?

SAJJI'S POV - CHALUAI TURNS TO CAMERA

She smiles at SAJJI. Beautiful. But she then sees CHUWIT  
next to him and stops herself, busying herself  
immediately by the bar.

TRACKING CHUWIT AND SAJJI

SAJJI turns back. [CAMERA CUTS before we see his face.]

CHUWIT hugs SAJJI goodbye by the elevator door as he leaves.

CHUWIT turns to look at CHALUAI. He smiles genuinely and begins in her direction, TOWARD CAMERA.

CHUWIT FINDS MAHASEK IN THE MIDDLE

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET, SOAPLAND BANGKOK - NIGHT

A Chyron "**Victoria's Secret Massage Parlour, Bangkok Thailand**"

MAHASEK enters through the front doors with two well dressed (govt officials) men in suits. Five girls greet them, gushing over them as they enter. The men ignore the pleadings of the girls, each girl boasting a small disc with their identity number, high on their dresses.

The men enter the lift and are transported to level one, where behind a large glass window sit thirty girls on red velvet couches - waiting to be bid on. A hostess greets them quietly and offers them a seat. Another girl quickly appears with a Scotch Whiskey Bottle (Johnny Walker Black) and three glasses, placing them down on the small table.

MAHASEK (GRUFF)  
Oh. Now that's a nice little piece  
for you Khun Panom! [PANOM]  
SORNSLIP

They all drink their whiskey and smirk

PANOM  
Number eighty six is more to my  
liking tonight I think (pointing  
to a very young girl) Reminds me  
of my youth!

They laugh together.

PANOM (CONT)  
But I'd be interested in how long  
you take with number one hundred  
and forty seven KHUN SAYASAN!

MAHASEK and PANOM laugh.

CHUWIT appears from back of house. He attends to the three men. He knows MAHASEK already. *How well?*

CHUWIT  
Ahh MAHASEK, how are you sir?

MAHASEK stands to greet CHUWIT

MAHASEK  
Very well KHUN CHUWIT. How are  
you? My colleagues... (introducing)  
Khun Panom and Khun Wasawt

[FREEZE FRAMES]

**NARRATION:** "Panom Sornslip, the former head of the National Office of Buddhism or NOB, later sentenced to 20 years in prison after being found guilty by the Criminal Court of corruption in connection with temple funds. Sentenced with him, on similar charges, was Wasawat Kittithirasith, the former director of the Office of Temple Renovation and Development and Religious Welfare. Their scam worked by having unofficial brokers tell the Abbots that they could arrange funding for renovations, but only on the condition that they return three-quarters of the money to the officials and use what remained for renovation."

CHUWIT (TO ALL 3 MEN)  
Have you chosen one of my girls to  
spend some time with gentlemen?

MAHASEK  
Yes - quite the employment  
strategy you must have (looks to  
CHUWIT knowingly - a wink?)

I think Khun Panom will take  
number eighty six, and Khun  
Wasawat... (querying)

Wasawat quietly whispers:

WASAWAT  
Number one hundred and ten

Number 110, somewhat overweight and not altogether  
attractive. An acquired taste.

CHUWIT's host takes the men one by one by the arm toward  
the private rooms (out of FRAME), whilst CHUWIT corners  
MAHASEK

CHUWIT  
Khun Sayasan, a word?

MAHASEK (SMIRKING TURNS SERIOUS)  
Certainly. What is it Khun Chuwit?



CHUWIT

Well, You might recall you owe me  
a small debt?

MAHASEK looks to CHUWIT with querying eyes, eyebrow  
raised

CHUWIT (CONT)

Its okay. Just a small question  
Friend. This Captain Joe,  
Uttanaphon? The millionaire cop.  
[Pauses] He's dealing these re-  
posessed cars... Do you know much  
about this business?

MAHASEK (ADVISEDLY)

A King amongst men, Khun Chuwit

CHUWIT (FAUX IMPRESSED)

Ohhhh. I see! A Chao Po? Godfather  
ya!?

MAHASEK guffaws

MAHASEK

No no. But well, Khun Chen (Long)  
does have a soft spot for Captain  
Uttanhapon. Or so it seems...  
(Then pensive, pointed)  
But, I would remind you that the  
nephew of Chen Long is now the  
Chao Po in-waiting **here** in  
Bangkok. And Chen Long himself has  
requested a certain level of  
*guidance* for his nephew.

CHUWIT

A pique of anger

These Chinese huh?.. They really  
have their claws all the way into  
Thailand, ya?

MAHASEK is suddenly sheepish

CHUWIT (CONT)

First. I don't believe it  
possible. Then - I think ahh  
Thailand. You did it again!

MAHASEK

You know how it works Khun Chuwit.  
Learn to survive and toil for your  
drips. And most of all - stay out  
of harm's way. There are  
unscrupulous people everywhere my

old friend - like those ready to  
close you down for having too many  
rooms operating

A veiled threat, before adding pointedly:

**And so forth.**

The female host appears beside the two men

MAHASEK (CONT BRUSQUELY)  
And I'll take thirty one

Then pointedly closing the conversation

Thank you Khun Chuwit. Always a  
pleasure

CHUWIT gives nothing away in his expression as MAHASEK  
gets up slowly and eyeballs CHUWIT before being led away  
to a private room.

BARNEY MEETS CLANDESTINE WITH SLIM AGAIN

EXT. HUA LAMPHONG TRAIN STATION BANGKOK - NIGHT

The main hall is wide, modern and expansive.

A chyron: **"Hua Lamphong Train Station, Bangkok"**

BARNEY sits scrolling through his phone, his position  
discreet from the main space of the station. SLIM  
approaches, sits down and looks at the train brochure  
he's (obviously) just picked up.

BARNEY looks across at him and then smirks. We see they  
have a brief conversation before SLIM awkwardly stands up  
and slinks away.

INT. CHUWIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

THE LAST STRAW FOR CHUWIT

**LATE AT NIGHT:** CHUWIT is sitting in his office,  
contemplating *something*. Timber clad. Auspicious Photos  
with important people. He dials the desk phone:

CHUWIT  
It's time. I'm done with this.

Inaudible response. CHUWIT hangs up the phone before looking up into space thoughtfully.

INT. BOARDROOM - THE RESORT PHUKET

The polished mahogany table in the boardroom reflected the soft glow of the crystal chandelier above. Seated around the table are DECHA, the imposing new owner, with his lawyer SITTRA by his side, and Rhonda, the HR director who had served the hotel diligently for years. The air was filled with a mix of anticipation and uncertainty as they prepared to discuss the recent turmoil that had plagued the hotel.

RHONDA clears her throat, steeling herself for what she had to say.

RHONDA

Gentlemen, thank you for taking the time to meet with me today. I wanted to talk to you about the unrest among the staff that we've been experiencing lately."

DECHA (NODS ATTENTIVELY)

Go on, Rhonda. We're here to listen.

RHONDA (CAUTIOUSLY)

Well, I believe that some of the issues we've been facing may be linked to the management style of our GM. He's been with the hotel for many years now, and while he is dedicated, some employees feel their concerns haven't been addressed properly. They're not feeling heard.

SITTRA interjects, his voice smooth and composed,

SITTRA

Rhonda, we appreciate your honesty. Please tell us more about these concerns

RHONDA

Of course. There have been whispers of communication breakdowns, favouritism, and lack of employee recognition. The staff feels that their voices aren't being heard, and that's led to a sense of frustration and discontent.

DECHA exchanges a glance with SITTRA, appearing thoughtful.

DECHA  
This is troubling indeed. We cannot have such issues undermining the resort's reputation and morale at a time where solidarity is critical. It could have a dire effect on the resort's sale.

Rhonda nods, encouraged that they were taking her seriously.

RHONDA (REGRETTFULL)  
I hope that doesn't happen. You seem like nice people. But I do believe addressing these issues and fostering a more open and inclusive work environment will greatly benefit the resort and the people of the area

DECHA  
leans forward, his eyes focused on Rhonda.

Do you think Jurg is capable of change? Should we consider replacing him as the General Manager?

Rhonda hesitates, choosing her words carefully.

RHONDA  
While I believe change is possible, it may require outside guidance and support. Bringing in a management consultant to work with Jurg and the team might be beneficial?

SITTRA (NODS AGREEMENT)  
That sounds like a prudent approach. We'll look into hiring a consultant to assess the situation and provide guidance for improvements.

DECHA  
Turns to SITTRA and quietly adds

At the cost to the current owners  
if I have my way

RHONDA leaves the meeting whilst DECHA and SITTRA remain  
in the boardroom. Once she has left the room DECHA sparks  
with his idea on how to approach the issue

DECHA  
Well... we have Jurg coming to  
dinner tonight. Lets put some  
challenges to him and see how he  
responds?

SITTRA quietly and cautiously nods his agreement

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BANGKOK - DAY

The office of Government Official MAHASEK is elegantly  
furnished with polished mahogany furniture and a large  
desk adorned with official documents and files. Sunlight  
streams in through the windows, casting a warm glow  
across the room. MAHASEK sits behind the desk, a stern  
and imposing figure with a calculating glint in his eyes.  
Standing before him is Thitisan Uttanhapon (JOE)

MAHASEK (SMIRKING)  
Thitisan, my dear friend, you've  
always had a way with people. Your  
connections with the Triad have  
proven invaluable to us time and  
again.

JOE(NODS)  
I've done what I can to help, sir.  
But I never imagined it would lead  
me to where it has

MAHASEK (LEANS FORWARD)  
But you've *earned* this, Thitisan.  
The Nakhon Police Superintendent  
position needs a man who can get  
things done, someone who can clean  
up the area amongst the chaos.

Turning darker

The system here in Thailand is...  
unique. Good Police only rise  
through the ranks when they have  
the right connections Thitisan.  
Make the right moves. And have the  
**means** to make the move possible

JOE (SLIGHTLY HESITANT)

But sir, I'm no stranger to bending the rules. However, I don't want to become a puppet for the Triad. My loyalty is always to the people.

MAHASEK (RAISING AN EYEBROW)

Ah, Thitisan, you misunderstand me. We know you have your principles, and that's what makes you perfect for this role. You can navigate the intricate web of alliances without losing yourself in the process. But it is standard for the Government officials involved to receive their pay for the promotion. In turn you will receive your slice as you promote people down the line. **Its how the pyramids were built Thitisan!**

JOE (PENSIVE)

I guess.

MAHASEK (SMILING)

Excellent! I knew you would see the bigger picture. Nakhon needs a strong leader, and you have the qualities to inspire loyalty in both law enforcement and the people. Together, we can ensure that justice prevails whilst building on the work we've already done with our Chinese friends. I'll text you a bank account name and number. Have the

JOE (NODS CAUTIOUSLY)

Alright, sir. But I won't let the Triad's interests come before the well-being of the people.

MAHASEK (CHUCKLES)

Of course not Thitisan. Your loyalty to the people is noble, and that's a rare quality to find in this city. Here's the account for the deposit - it's an offshore account so it may take a couple of days to settle. Once that's done I'll make the necessary arrangements with the Major General. He speaks very highly of you by the way

As they shake hands, JOE realises that MAHASEK is not as clean as he may appear, whilst the weight of the new responsibility settles on JOE's shoulders. He knows the path ahead will be treacherous. The scene ends with JOE leaving the office, his mind already racing

#### KHUN SA / CHAO PO RETROSPECTIVE FLASHBACK

An abridged repeat of Ep 3 CHAO PO and KHUN SA meeting where CHAO PO navigates KHUN SA into retirement:

CHAO PO: (SMILING COLDLY)

Ah, but you see, Khun Sa, I can make your life very difficult. I can restrict the movement of your product through Thailand, leaving you with no means to distribute your drugs. Your empire would crumble, and your wealth will vanish.

KHUN SA (PAUSING)

You are aware that if I retire, others will step up to take my place. The drug trade will continue, with or without me.

CHAO PO (LEANING BACK)

Perhaps, but they won't have the reach and power that you possess. Your legacy is significant, and I want to ensure it ends peacefully, not in (pauses) bloodshed.

END OF RETROSPECTIVE

CUT TO

#### INT. SECRET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, filled with an air of tension and secrecy. KHUN SA, a formidable figure in his late 70s, is dressed in traditional Shan clothing, sitting at the head of a large table. He's flanked by his loyal lieutenants, each eyeing the entrance cautiously. On the other end of the table stands General Min Aung Hlaing, the head of the Burmese military junta, wearing his uniform adorned with various medals. Two armed soldiers stand guard near the door, serving as a reminder of the dangers lurking beyond.

KHUN SA glares at the general, unyielding and assertive despite the restrictions imposed upon him. The clinking of glasses and low murmurs fill the room as they pour themselves a drink of local whiskey.

KHUN SA

You dare restrict my movements,  
monitor my activities, and yet  
expect me to collaborate?

GENERAL MIN AUNG HLAING  
(SMIRKING)

You are an influential man, Khun  
Sa. We want to ensure that your  
actions align with our interests.

KHUN SA leans forward, his eyes narrowing in response to  
the general's arrogance.

KHUN SA

I am the President of the Shan  
State, a leader with power over  
thousands. I have my own  
interests.

General Min Aung Hlaing leans back in his chair, his tone  
sharpening.

GENERAL MIN AUNG HLAING

Your interests should be in line  
with ours if you want to live out  
this fantasy. We will allow you to  
maintain control over your drug  
empire as long as you remain  
obedient to the State Law and  
Order Restoration Council.

KHUN SA's lieutenants grip the arms of their chairs,  
their faces tense, but KHUN SA remains composed.

KHUN SA (SMIRKING)

Oh, I see. You need my drug money  
to fund your military regime. You  
need me.

GENERAL MIN AUNG HLAING (GRITTING  
HIS TEETH)

Maybe so. But you are not in a  
position to negotiate, Khun Sa.

Khun Sa's eyes flicker with defiance, and he leans back,  
folding his arms.

KHUN SA (ON A SINISTER TONE)

Very well, General. We can  
cooperate, but remember this — my  
loyalty lies with my people and my  
cause. You will not dictate my  
actions, and any attempt to betray  
me will be met with dire  
consequences.



General Min Aung Hlaing laughs coldly, standing up from his chair.

GENERAL MIN AUNG HLAING  
We understand each other, Khun Sa.  
The government will continue to  
turn a blind eye to your  
operations as long as you play by  
our rules.

KHUN SA rises to his feet, staring down the general with a sense of pride and authority.

KHUN SA  
Then we have an understanding. But  
remember this. If I were to die  
today, there is always another  
just like me ready to step up. One  
who may not be as easy to control...

The two men shake hands, sealing their ominous pact. The room remains tense as the weight of the agreement hangs heavy in the air.

INT. SECRET MEETING ROOM - LATER

The meeting concludes, and General Min Aung Hlaing leaves the room with his entourage. Khun Sa watches them go, knowing that his position is precarious, but still, his determination remains unshaken.

Khun Sa's lieutenants gather around him, concern etched on their faces.

LIEUTENANT 1  
Sir, are you sure about this? The  
junta can't be trusted.

KHUN SA(FIRMLY)  
Trust is good. Control is better.  
This is the path we must take -  
for now

As Khun Sa exits the room, his mind races with the weight of his decision. He is in a dangerous dance with power, but he also understands that in this game, there are no winners, only survivors. And Khun Sa intends to be one of them.

INT. UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Khun Sa's underground lair, hidden beneath a remote estate, buzzes with activity. The dimly lit room is filled with his most trusted advisors and lieutenants. They discuss the recent developments in hushed tones, making sure no one else knows about their secret plans.

ADVISOR 1 (WHISPERS)  
Sir, Chen Long seems satisfied with the deal. He doesn't know about the agreement you made with the Burmese.

KHUN SA leans forward, his eyes calculating and sharp.

KHUN SA (WHISPERS BACK)  
Good. He must remain unaware until the time is right.

INT. LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the penthouse, Chao Po raises his glass in a toast, savoring the taste of victory.

CHAO PO  
To new beginnings and limitless prosperity!

The room echoes with cheers from his loyal followers as they clink their glasses together. Nephew LI is front and centre. But amidst the celebration, a shadow falls over Chao Po's face. His phone vibrates, and he glances at the screen, seeing a message from an unknown number.

TEXT MESSAGE (ON SCREEN)

"They know your every move. You're not as powerful as you think."

Chao Po's heart pounds in his chest as he quickly pockets the phone, hiding his unease from his entourage. His jaw tightens

INT. UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Khun Sa's advisors continue to strategize, unaware that the message has been delivered.

ADVISOR 2  
We must keep Chao Po in the dark until we're ready to make our move.

KHUN SA nods in agreement, knowing that his web of power and deception is about to be spun even tighter.

KHUN SA

Patience, my loyal friends. When the time is right, we'll reveal the truth, and Chen Long will learn that power in the Golden Triangle doesn't come without the price I demand.

CURRENT DAY

CHAO PO laughs wickedly at KHUN SA's canny negotiating skills which followed him his whole life.

INT. DRUG LAB - JUNGLE OF THE SHAN STATE - DAY

**Narration:** "Khun Sa bid farewell to the jungles of the self-proclaimed Shan State and made his way to the bustling urban metropolis of Yangon, accompanied by four mistresses of course, seeking a life of relative obscurity in retirement.

During his departure, a new figure, known mysteriously as The Red Dragon, Chen Long, emerged and ruthlessly took control of the drug factories in Myanmar. Under his command, the production of methamphetamines surged, with a significant portion being distributed to the world via the gateway of Thailand."

CHEN LONG'S DRUG LAB

EXT. MYANMAR JUNGLE - DAYTIME

The jungle is thick and unforgiving, the canopy of trees casting dappled shadows over a hidden, makeshift drug lab nestled deep within the heart of the Shan State. The air is thick with the pungent smell of chemicals and sweat. Dozens of small Burmese men and women, their faces weary and determined, dressed in army greens, are hard at work in this clandestine operation.

The scene opens to reveal a sprawling assembly line. The workers, like ants in a colony, move with precision and speed. They sit on small wooden stools, each with a pressing machine before them. The deafening sound of machinery fills the air as they hand-press pink Yaba pills, one after another, and place them manually into full plastic bags.

Stacked everywhere are tens of thousands of these plastic bags, forming mountainous piles of the illegal drug. The sheer volume is staggering and emphasizes the scale of this operation. The Yaba pills, like a poisonous assembly line, keep coming, the workers seemingly endless in their dedication.

The tension in the air is palpable, and a sense of urgency hangs over the laborers. Mules, young and old, are lined up nearby, each with a backpack strapped to their shoulders. They stand nervously, awaiting their cargo. The mules will be the carriers of the drugs, heading off in different directions into the labyrinthine jungle trails.

An older man [KHAN] with hardened eyes and a weather-beaten face, surveys the scene with a mix of pride and weariness. He is the leader of this operation, the mastermind orchestrating the distribution of this illicit trade. He barks orders in a low, commanding voice, ensuring the operation runs smoothly.

As the bags are filled, they are quickly passed on to other workers who expertly seal them shut. The drug lab has a constant hum of activity, a never-ending cycle of production, packaging, and dispatching.

Amidst the organised chaos, a young man [MAUNG] catches our attention. His eyes betray a glimmer of doubt, perhaps questioning the path he has chosen. He hesitates, looking around as if he contemplates escape. But the ever-watchful eyes of the older workers keep him in line. This is a world where escape is not an option.

Outside the lab, the mules are now fully packed, burdened under the weight of their dangerous cargo. With a nod from the leader, they disperse in various directions, fading into the dense foliage.

The camera pans out, revealing the drug lab within the vast expanse of the unforgiving jungle. The scene leaves us with a chilling realization of the relentless drug trade thriving in the heart of nature, seemingly unstoppable in its destructive march

INT. DRUG FACTORY - MYANMAR - NIGHT

The acrid smell of chemicals hangs heavy in the air, and the sound of machinery is deafening. The main drug factory guy, KHAN, stands at the centre of the room, his imposing figure casting an intimidating shadow over the workers.

KHAN's eyes are cold and ruthless, his face etched with a history of violence. He wears an air of authority, surrounded by a few loyal enforcers who are just as menacing as he is. The workers, mostly fearful young men and women, are huddled together, their faces filled with trepidation and desperation.

One worker, MAUNG, makes a grave mistake. He spills a container of chemicals, causing a minor disruption in the production line. KHAN's eyes narrow, and he strides over to the trembling young man.

KHAN (IN A LOW, MENACING TONE)  
You pathetic fool! Do you have any  
idea what you've done?

MAUNG (STAMMERING)  
I-I'm sorry, sir. It was an  
accident, I swear!

KHAN's face contorts with anger, and he delivers a  
merciless backhand slap across MAUNG's face, sending him  
sprawling to the floor.

KHAN (BELLOWING)  
I will not tolerate incompetence!  
You endanger all of us with your  
incompetence!

MAUNG clutches his cheek, that empty smile on his face  
belies his terror, a trickle of blood oozing from a cut  
on his lip. The other workers look on in horror, knowing  
too well the consequences of crossing KHAN.

KHAN's enforcers surround MAUNG, dragging him back to his  
feet, but the young man's legs buckle, and he can barely  
stand.

KHAN (COLDLY)  
This is what happens to those who  
disobey me. You will all learn to  
fear me. It is the only way you'll  
survive in this world.

KHAN nods to one of his enforcers, who retrieves a gun  
from his waistband. The atmosphere in the factory grows  
even more tense as KHAN takes the weapon from his  
henchman.

MAUNG (PLEADING)  
Please, I didn't mean to! Give me  
another chance!

Khan's expression remains unmoved, devoid of any  
compassion. He lifts the gun, aiming it squarely at  
Maung, who is now on his knees, tears streaming down his  
face.

TIGHT - ON KHAN

KHAN (TAUNTINGLY)  
Let this be a lesson to the rest  
of you.

Without hesitation, KHAN pulls the trigger. The sound of  
the gunshot echoes through the factory, and MAUNG's  
lifeless body collapses to the floor.

Silence fills the room, broken only by the sound of stifled sobs from the other workers. Fear now consumes them completely as they witness the brutal display of power.

KHAN (CALMLY)  
Clean up this mess. And remember,  
obedience is the only path to  
survival.

The workers nod, their eyes downcast, too terrified to speak. As they hurriedly clean up the gruesome scene, they know they will forever carry the weight of this nightmarish reality — a drug factory ruled by a merciless and brazen killer, under the direction of Chen Long.

DECHA WILSON CALLS JOE

INT. LUXURIOUS RESORT - DECHA'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is elegantly furnished with a view of the stunning resort grounds through the glass windows. DECHA sits behind his desk, reviewing some papers. He pauses before he picks up his phone and dials a number. After a few rings, JOE answers the call.

JOE (CURTLY)  
Hello?

DECHA (SMOOTHLY)  
Ah, Joe, it's been a while, hasn't  
it?

JOE  
Decha... What do you want?

DECHA (SMIRKING)  
I need your expertise, my friend.  
You see, I'm in the process of  
taking over this resort in Phuket,  
and I've come across a rather  
delicate matter that requires your  
particular set of skills.

JOE (GUARDED)  
I'm not involved in anything  
shady, Decha. You know that.

DECHA (LEANING IN)  
Ohhhh, but I do know, Joe. I have  
friends in high places, like my  
very old friend Chen Long. Yes, He  
told me about your little car  
racket. Quite impressive, I must

say. Now - You wouldn't have been able to *meet* with such a powerful man without my beautiful daughter's introduction, would you?

JOE (CLENCHING HIS JAW)  
Chen Long Huh?

DECHA (LAUGHING SOFTLY)  
You didn't think a favour goes unpaid did you? (Pauses) Listen, Joe, there's been a drug issue here at the resort. I need your help to get to the bottom of it.

JOE (SUSPICIOUS)  
Why me? There must be someone else who can handle this from your little team.

DECHA

Leaning back as JOE makes a little prod to his ego. He gathers himself

Perhaps, but none with your unique combination of skills. Besides, we go way back, don't we? And I have a proposition for you.

JOE (NARROWING HIS EYES)  
I'm not interested in getting back with your daughter, Decha. If that's your intent here. And I also won't be in the Drug Suppression team for long.

DECHA (SMILING SLYLY)  
Oh. Is that right? Well I won't force you, but think about it. Your past may have caused a rift between you and Pookie, but isn't it time to put things right?

JOE (FIRMLY)  
My past is exactly why I won't drag her into my inner sanctum again.

DECHA (LEANING FORWARD, LOWERING HIS VOICE)  
Then, at least, help me find out who's dealing drugs among the staff. I want to clean this place up before the end of my due diligence window.

JOE (HESITANT)  
 Fine. But that's all. Once this is done, **we're** done too. And by the way, all expenses are on you.

DECHA (NODDING)  
 Agreed. You have my word. Now, here's what I know so far...

Decha and Joe begin discussing the details of the drug issue, exchanging information and formulating a plan to investigate discreetly.

FADE OUT.

JOE & DOC MEET AT IBIZA CLUB

INT. 'BED' BEACH CLUB PHUKET - DAY

A chyron "Phuket Thailand 2009"

The BED BEACH CLUB is a vibrant oasis, bustling with tourists soaking up the sun on comfortable loungers and sipping colorful cocktails.

DOC, a middle-aged Australian with a thick Queensland accent and substantial paunch, is around the bar, giving drinks to attractive girls with a boisterous grin on his face. As he talks to customers, he intermittently bursts into a loud, infectious laugh.

JOE is serious and stern-looking. He enters the club and looks around until he spots Doc behind the bar.

JOE (EXTENDING HIS HAND)  
 You must be Doc? I'm Joe.

DOC (SHAKING JOE'S HAND  
 ENTHUSIASTICALLY)  
 G'day, mate! You're Joe Ferrari, aye? Good to meet ya! (laughs)  
 I've heard about the famous Ferrari Joe! What can I get ya mate? Beer?

JOE (POLITELY DECLINING)  
 Not for me, thanks. I'm here about some information.



DOC (LEANING IN)  
Information, huh? Sounds serious!  
HAHAHAH.

DOC's demeanour shifts quickly as he picks up on JOE's serious tone.

Alright, shoot. Always here to help men in high places (winks)  
What do ya need to know, mate?

JOE (LOWERING HIS VOICE)  
I've been hearing rumors about drug dealing across the road at the resort. Thought you may know a thing or two.

Doc's face tightens, and he looks around the beach club discreetly.

DOC (WHISPERING)  
Yeah, mate, it's true. There's been some trouble with that lately. Bloody nuisance, actually.

JOE (LEANING IN FURTHER)  
Do you know who's involved?

DOC (HESITANT)  
Yeah, there's this young bloke, Milo. He's the new owner's nephew apparently, came on board just a couple of months back. Been causing a lot of grief, selling yaba to the staff and making a mess of things.

JOE's eyes narrow at the mention of MILO's name, and his jaw clenches.

JOE (GRITTING HIS TEETH)  
Milo, huh?

DOC (NOTICING JOE'S REACTION)  
You know him?

JOE (ANGRY, ALMOST UNDER HIS BREATH)  
Yeah, I know the spoilt little prick.  
(Then Louder)  
A past life.

DOC (CONCERNED)  
Oh, right. Sorry to hear that, mate.

JOE takes a deep breath, trying to control his emotions.

JOE (STEADYING HIS VOICE)  
Thanks for the information, Doc.  
It's been helpful.

DOC (NODDING)  
No worries, mate. If there's  
anything else you need, just  
holler. We like to keep things  
clean and no trouble when we're IN  
BED. HAHAHAHA

JOE smiles thickly and turns to leave as DOC's  
nervousness kicks in, and he blurts out an attempt at  
humour.

DOC (with a forced laugh)

And if you ever want to see a kangaroo wrestle a  
crocodile, I'm your man! (laughs)

JOE (smirking) I'll keep that in mind. See you around.

JOE exits the club, his mind racing with thoughts of MILO  
and the impending confrontation.

KHUN SA HIDEOUT BELOW - MAYBE OTHER NEPHEW OR RELATIVE OF  
KHUN KIT IS KHAN

FLASHBACK TO MYANMAR BORDER #2

A Chyron: **"Somewhere in the Shan State Jungle, Myanmar  
2000"**

DECHA INTERRUPTUS 2009

EXT. Phuket Island

INT. LUXURIOUS RESORT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

**Later that afternoon:** JOE is in his hotel room having sex a young 20 something Thai girl from behind. She's loving it. JOE is steely faced. *Angry?*

JOE's phone rings. He looks at it whilst still fucking her. He takes the call whilst pressing his finger to his lips to say "shh". We see on the screen that it's DECHA.

JOE (WHISPERING)

Yeah?

DECHA (THROUGH THE PHONE)

Joe, it's time for an update. Have you found anything?

JOE (FRUSTRATED)

Decha, can't this wait? I'm in the middle of something.

DECHA (FIRMLY)

This can't wait, Joe. I need answers now. I leave to Bangkok tonight and I want this sorted out

JOE's expression turns serious, and he gently pushes the woman away, leaving her visibly upset.

JOE (SIGHS)

Fine. It's your nephew, Milo. He's the one causing all the trouble. Selling drugs to the staff, messing with the guests. You should've known what kind of kid he'd turn into.

DECHA (SHOCKED)

What? My own nephew? Are you sure?

JOE (BITTERLY)

Yeah, I'm sure. It's a family problem now, Decha. What are you going to do about it? Or do I need to step in?

DECHA (HESITANT)

I... I'll deal with it. I can't believe Milo would do something like this.

JOE (MOCKING)

Well, it might run in the family, doesn't it? Your ex-wife was a drug addict and an alcoholic. Maybe your nephew is just following her footsteps.

DECHA (ANGERED)

Watch your tongue, Joe! That's my family you're talking about!

JOE (DEFIANT)

Maybe you should've thought about that before calling me. I'm not your lackey and I'm not your family anymore.

DECHA (CALMING HIMSELF)

You were never my lackey. I only wanted what was best for Pookie. But we need to focus on Milo. I'll handle this.

JOE (WARNINGLY)

You better do it fast. From what I've heard, Milo is dealing with some pretty nasty people. This is bigger than you think.

DECHA (CONCERNED)

Nasty people? What do you mean?

JOE (GRIMLY)

I've got my sources. Let's just say you don't want your nephew caught up with them. It won't end well.

The girl giggles and moans a whisper. JOE slaps her backside and she smiles a cheeky smile.

DECHA (WORRIED)

Fuck... I'll take care of it. But you have to promise me, Joe, that you won't get involved. This is my family, my problem.

JOE (RESOLUTE)

Fine. But if you mess this up, I won't hesitate to step in. I hope it won't come to that.

DECHA (SINCERELY)

It won't. Thank you for telling me. I'll handle it from here.

JOE (COLDLY)

Good. Keep me updated.

When he hangs up he casually and without thought just angrily begins fucking her again and we fade quickly

FADE TO

LEK EXPOSEE

We see Lek in civilian clothes enter a seedy bar where there are lady boys at the front. He assesses the venue, and smiles awkwardly pushing his glasses up as he walks up the steps. Slowly the CAMERA enters inside tracking LEK. There are a few 'dirty old' Expat men sitting next to young Thai boys around the bar. One old man pushes a \$50 USD to the bargirl. She gives him a mixed long drink and no change. She signals without word toward the back of the bar to bring something out. A young boy comes up and joins the old man, sidles up to him affectionately. Only about 15 years old. The old man puts his arm around the young boy and they leave to the back, disappearing out of shot. *It sickens the viewer.*

We keep tracking and see Lek sit at the back and immediately a young boy comes and sits at the table with him. Lek smiles like a hungry monster.

Just then his phone rings. He looks down

The screen says 'MAHASEK'. He answers it in his slow, creepy voice

LEK

Halo Bozz

LEK is unmoved. Not an unexpected call.

MAHASEK (V.O)

I need a collection done at the border town. Another Ten girls. To be delivered to Bangkok this coming week. The usual place. Pick up the cash at the train station locker. Same code as always. Ok?

LEK (A HARROWING SMIRK)

Ten? Okaaaay - Can Bozz.

We hear MAHASEK hang up. Beep Beep Beep (dead line)

Just then, from LEK's perspective we see JURG stop at the entry and looks over his shoulder. He looks TO CAMERA. *Apprehensive?*

CLOSE UP - LEK'S FACE - SLOW ZOOM ON HIS EYES/GLASSES

LEK looks at him. He pushes them up on his nose and smirks again. *Thirsty.*

JURG walks into the bar without greeting or recognising anyone. *What's this all about?*

FADE TO

TREVOR RETURNS TO THAILAND 2010

EXT. MONASTERY KOH SAMUI - AFTERNOON - HOT SUN

WIDE SHOT - TRACKING TREVOR

A Chyron **"Bo Phut Buddhist Monastery, Koh Samui Thailand 2010"**

Car noise. Tracking as Trevor walks along the street outside the Monastery, in old jeans and a similarly old and worn tshirt. Flip flops. He knows the area and he smiles as he sees the old neighbourhood.

CLOSE - ON TREVOR

He looks up at the monastery and turns to camera

TREVOR'S POV - CAMERA PANS and reveals school kids of all ages walking home playing around with each other in the streets, their blue and white uniforms still shining clean after their day at school.

FADE TO

BAITOEY RISING - BANGKOK 2011

BAITOEY is now around 23 years old and forging a career as a TV journalist. Facebook is on the rise and promoting one's best life is a part of everyday life now. We meet Baitoey in a TV centre foyer cafe having coffee with a colleague /mentor. Bangkok. Both sharply dressed in attractive dresses and well-shoed.

She is meeting her Grandmother afterwards. We enter mid-conversation

BAITOEY

So what steps do you think I need to take to get the on-screen as the main entertainment presenter?

COLLEAGUE

(Looks around) Kill off that bitch. That's your first move.

Both giggle innocently as they drink their coffee

But seriously dear... I think you present really well on screen. It takes time love. Its frustrating... and there's right time right place too. Cynthia spent her whole career waiting for the spot to open up and by the time it opened she was too old for an on-screen role.

(WHISPERS)

And motherhood, you know?

(Advisedly)

The big wigs only want sexy young things, right? And big Facebook audience helps too now

BAITOEY

Yeah... that's the future right? The social network! I'm amazed how quickly people follow me on this Facebook thing. Maybe I should work on that. (Moans) but it's exhausting look this cute *all* the time!

Again they giggle. BAITOEY looks at watch

I have to meet my grandmother over at Sukhumwit in fifteen, so better go.

COLLEAGUE

Keep building the social network love. And networking with the big brass is important too ya?

They hug and farewell

BOTH

love you

EXT. SUKHUMWIT PLAZA, BANGKOK

BAITOEY alights taxi at Sukhumwit Plaza Shopping Centre

She looks sharp as she walks toward the glamorous shopping centre where her grandmother is waiting inside the doors where they greet each other

BAITOEY

I see you found the coolest spot  
in the plaza

GRANDMOTHER

Ahhh..! So steamy today. Rain  
overnight, the humidity makes my  
hair go frizzy

BAITOEY

Oh hahaha!

Both laugh congenially.

Where to for lunch then?

GRANDMOTHER

Well I thought that nice cafe on  
the upper level?

They nod agreement as they wander toward the lift.

INT. CAFE

The café is bathed in a stark white glow, accented by hints of gold that add a touch of opulence to the modern décor. The faint murmur of patrons enjoying their meals creates an atmosphere of muted elegance. Join the conversation which is solemn and quiet

GRANDMOTHER

He remains the most stubborn man  
I've ever known. Won't even  
entertain changing oil brands on  
his car thirty years on. And when  
it comes to your mother, well... I  
just don't understand him. His  
father was very distant from him  
when we were younger. They had a  
disagreement over our marriage  
too, and he tended to stay away  
from your Grandfather. He did  
come around late in life, but by  
that time it was too late. He died  
six months after he and your  
father made amends.

(REFLECTING MELANCHOLY)

He paid your mother's private  
schooling though, and I suppose,  
well that's probably a godsend  
that he's taken that to heart and  
continued the family tradition. I  
don't think your father much



appreciates the sentiment but I'm pleased he's let it go...

Baiteoy is mulling.

BAITOEY

I do so appreciate the wonderful opportunity such a wonderful start in life has given me.

Grandmother smiles genially.

But I never understand why momma and **you** can't have a relationship. I doesn't affect anyone but **you**

GRANDMOTHER

Well.. we do have the occasional meetup, don't worry. Your mother and I are very similar.

Then lecturing, leaning in:

Never let any man get in the way of what we think is important.

That man doesn't need to know about our **every** movement...

BAITOEY quietly surprised. *So her mother has been continuing her relationship with her own mother all these years.*

BAITOEY

So... How often do you see each other?

GRANDMOTHER

Oh we speak every second day at least these days. Less in the past. And we do get to enjoy each other's company once a week or so... Bet you're surprised huh?

BAITOEY is quietly shocked - Mouth open. She musters a newfound focus

BAITOEY

That's so good!  
Nothing - and no man - will ever get in my way Grandmother!

GRANDMOTHER

Very good my dear. Very good.

FADE

BARNEY MEETS CHUWIT IN CLUB

INT. COPACABANA MASSAGE PARLOUR - DAYTIME

MEANWHILE ON THE SEEDY SOAPSTRIP: Barney is sitting at the bar having a short Vodka Soda, fresh lime. Turns TO CAMERA. Smiles - is he drunk?

BARNEY

CHUWIT! How are you my friend?

CHUWIT

Very well Mr Barney! Very well!

He looks to the bar and beckons the staff. She approaches in a skimpy dress

CHUWIT

Just in the office. And maybe some spring rolls - some Burgers!

She nods and goes to prepare his drink immediately

CHUWIT

Come. Some privacy from prying ears...

Signals toward the back offices.

TRACKING OVER BARNEY'S SHOULDER

CHUWIT leads Barney down the same path as SAJJI to the office. Girls walking past half-naked.

BARNEY's head spins each time a girl passes back of house, incredulous

Once in the office...

CHUWIT

lets sit on the sofa

He ushers Barney to the sofas. They sit opposite each other with a coffee table between them. The dossier on the table.

Barney's serious now, but still smiling.

BARNEY

So... you've read my information.  
Good isn't it?

He speaks slowly and purposefully.

CHUWIT

This... dossier.  
This information if proven, could  
be very beneficial for my  
aspirations Mr Barney. But... that's  
for ME personally ya?

Barney smiles knowingly. Nodding yes

BARNEY

Indeed! It will also sell a few  
papers - not to mention the  
obvious career

CHUWIT now nods and cuts in

CHUWIT

What would you say if I told you -  
yes, it's good.. but now is not  
the time to release this.

BARNEY shifts uncomfortably.

CHUWIT (CONTINUES)

Have you had corroboration of  
several parties? Agreement on the  
accuracy?

BARNEY leans in. He raises his eyebrows

BARNEY

You're telling me I have  
confirmation from you?

CHUWIT (CAUTIOUS)

The cars business - yes yes it's  
true. But that's not the whole  
game here.. You see

BARNEY sits back in the sofa. A knock on the door.

CHUWIT

COME!

CHALUIA enters with two burgers plus a drink for CHUWIT.  
She's dressed in normal clothing and looks great.

CHUWIT

Just on the table, thanks Chaluai.

BARNEY stares at her as she delivers the food - she's  
beautiful.

CHUWIT watches BARNEY's reaction. BARNEY thanks her as  
she delivers the food. He can't stop looking at her

BARNEY

Thank you very much

She smiles shyly and leaves.

CHUWIT

It's too early Mister Barney. Not enough good comes from this coming out yet.

BARNEY returns to focus on the conversation and looks unsettled without saying anything.

CHUWIT (CONTINUES)

There's going to be more. Lots more! And when it lands..

Changes tone

When it lands its going to put Thitisan Utthanapon - or Joe Ferrari as you call him - not only in Prison, but on death row. Courtesy of Triad. And - and I promise I can give aaalll information to **you** at the right time.

BARNEY sits back in his sofa. Heavy breath. Raised eyebrows.

He takes a moment to gather himself, just staring at CHUWIT, eyebrows raised.

BARNEY

First to the trough yeah? I get first go at it CHUWIT?

CHUWIT sits back now, and takes a small sip from his short drink - a brown coca cola mixed drink.

CHUWIT

That Mister Barney - that is the source.

Barney looks confused

Remember you said 'find the source and you'll find the rest of the story'

BARNEY nods

CHUWIT is slow and precise.

CHUWIT

Well that's the source my friend.  
And we are not as far away as they  
might think. But far enough away  
that this is best buried - or at  
least contained - until the source  
shows itself.

BARNEY sits back with a heavy sigh, exasperated but open  
to CHUWIT's perspective.

BARNEY

So it's this relatively small  
expose now

CHUWIT shrugs like this is not the big deal Barney thinks  
it is

BARNEY (CONT)

Or... or a front page international  
storm - **some time** down the road.

CHUWIT nods slowly as he eats his burger.

BARNEY (CONT)

But how do you?

Barney stops himself. CHUWIT nods 'no'

Yeah, I don't wanna know.

BARNEY points back and forward between them, indicating  
'the relationship between the two of them'

BARNEY

It goes without saying. I'm  
putting a lot of trust in this

CHUWIT squints his eyes purposefully, and nods slowly

There's a tension as the conversation ends. Can BARNEY  
trust CHUWIT, this Tub Tycoon, with his biggest story -  
the one he's been following for years!?

The narration begins over the two men sitting eating the  
burgers in the office.

**NARRATION:** "A thousand dollars now. Or Ten thousand  
dollars later; whenever 'later' is. Most Thai's will  
take the thousand dollars now and to hell with the  
potential ten thousand. It's just the culture. The  
desperation to get rich - Now. CHUWIT KAMOLVISIT... well  
he played the long game. He had a vision. And he worked  
to bring that vision to reality, unlike most Thai  
politicians. But there are no friends nor foes in  
Politics, or Drugs."

## SITTRA MEETS NATIPAN

INT. CAFE-RESTAURANT - BANGKOK - DAY

The café is bathed in a stark white glow, accented by hints of gold that add a touch of opulence to the modern décor. The faint murmur of patrons enjoying their meals creates an atmosphere of muted elegance. At a corner table, NATIPAN nervously glances around, ensuring no one is paying attention to her clandestine meeting.

SITTRA enters the café, exuding an air of confidence that commands respect. He spots NATIPAN and makes his way over to her table. They exchange a fleeting smile that belies the complex history between them.

NATIPAN (WHISPERS)

Sittra, thank you for coming. I don't know who else to turn to.

SITTRA (LEANS IN)

Natipan, it's been too long. Of course, I'm here for you. What's going on?

NATIPAN (NERVOUSLY)

It's Aparchit, my husband. I think he's gotten involved in something dark, something corrupt. I've tried to find out how our bank account is growing so much, but he won't talk to me about it. He just bats it off that I have nothing to worry about. But I fear he's in to something deep.

SITTRA (CONCERNED)

Natipan, you know I can't work against the law. But I can give you advice, guide you through legal channels to protect yourself.

NATIPAN (TEARY-EYED)

I don't want to bring him down. But I can't ignore what he's doing either. Baitoey's future is at stake, and I won't let her - nor I - suffer for his mistakes.

SITTRA (FIRMLY)

Family comes first, always. We'll find a way to safeguard you. But you must be prepared for the consequences, whatever they may be.

NATIPAN (NODDING)

I know. And I'm ready to face whatever comes. But Sittra, I can't help but think of my father. He warned me about these dealings in the Police. I've tried to distance myself, but...

SITTRA (INTERRUPTS GENTLY)

I'm aware of your father's feelings on these matters - and he couldn't be more right. But you're not responsible for Aparchit's actions. Focus on your situation first.

Their conversation is discreet, but Natipan can't shake the feeling of being watched. She glances over her shoulder, noticing a well-dressed man sitting at a nearby table, his eyes lingering on them.

NATIPAN (WHISPERS)

Sittra, I feel like we're being watched.

SITTRA (LOOKING AROUND  
DISCREETLY)

In my line of work, caution is essential. But I assure you, our conversation is safe for now. Just be careful. And Natipan. I urge you to not - tell - anyone.

As they continue their hushed conversation, Sittra fills Natipan in on the challenges he's facing with the resort transaction in Phuket. The complexities of his own case underscore the gravity of the situation Natipan is in.

SITTRA (EARNESTLY)

Natipan, remember, you have options. I'll consult my contacts and see if there's a way to protect you and Baitoey

discreetly. It won't be easy, but we'll find a way.

NATIPAN (GRATEFUL)

Thank you, Sittra. She doesn't need something like this affecting her career when its just getting started.

(Exasperated)

Oh Sittra! I don't know what I'd do without you. It's just so hard to know who to trust.

SITTRA (SOFTLY)

Trust yourself, Natipan. Your instincts have kept you safe so far. Just be cautious and keep your eyes open.

Natipan nods, a mixture of fear and determination in her eyes. The weight of the situation settles heavily on her shoulders as she contemplates her uncertain future. Sittra reaches across the table and takes her hand in a reassuring gesture, offering strength in their old bond.

SITTRA (WHISPERS)

We'll get through this together. Just remember, no matter what happens, you have people who care about you and will stand by your side. (Pointed) I'd suggest - your father included.

NATIPAN (WHISPERS BACK)

Thank you, Sittra. Your friendship means the world to me.

Their hands remain clasped, a symbol of the unspoken support they offer each other. In the midst of uncertainty and corruption, they find solace in the bond they forged in their school days - a beacon of hope in the shadowy world they're about to navigate.

## THE RED DRAGON EMPIRE

In the realm of criminal dominance, Chao Po, also known as Chen Long, has ascended to power as the mastermind behind The Red Dragon Empire. The scenes that follow unveil the indomitable force he commands, a force that is uniquely his own. Amidst the rugged terrain of Myanmar, Chao Po stands at the heart of his private army, a testament to his influence and authority.

### Scene 1: The Citadel of Power



A majestic citadel overlooks the sprawling landscape of Myanmar, a fortress seemingly carved out of the very mountains it resides upon. Inside, Chao Po, cloaked in opulent attire, confers with his top lieutenants. Around him, soldiers adorned in crimson garb stand at attention, a symbol of their loyalty to the Red Dragon. The air is heavy with respect and fear, as Chao Po issues commands that ripple across the underworld.

#### Scene 2: The Kingpin's Address

Chao Po addresses his assembled army, his voice resonating with authority. The soldiers, united under the banner of the Red Dragon, hang on his every word. He declares himself the king of the heroin trade, emphasizing the scale of his operations and the unyielding grip he has on the illicit market. He paints a picture of power and invincibility, subtly reminding them that his empire's reach is insurmountable.

#### Scene 3: A Veiled Warning

In a private chamber, Chao Po's face darkens as he reflects on his rise to supremacy. He speaks to a confidant, his tone laced with subtle menace. He acknowledges the threats that inevitably come with his position but dismisses the notion of eliminating him as a solution. "Kill me, and another will rise," he muses. The camera captures his calculating gaze, revealing a man who understands the cyclical nature of power struggles in the criminal underworld.

#### Scene 4: The Coronation of Chaos

Amidst a lavish celebration, Chao Po's coronation is an extravagant display of opulence and control. High-ranking officials from various criminal organizations attend, paying homage to the kingpin of the Red Dragon Rising. The scene pulsates with a mix of admiration and trepidation, as the criminal elite recognize Chao Po's ascendancy to the throne of the cartel world.

In this intricate tapestry of scenes, Chao Po emerges as the enigmatic force behind The Red Dragon Rising empire. His charismatic leadership, commanding presence, and ability to anticipate the ebb and flow of power dynamics make him an undeniable figure in the criminal underworld. The whispers of eliminating him fade in the face of the harsh truth - the empire is a hydra; sever one head, and another will surely take its place.

#### THE KINGPIN'S ADDRESS

EXT. MYANMAR JUNGLE ARMY CAMP

The scene opens in a wide open army ground, dust settled only by the watering of the dust to hold it down for the empire's new leader's address to his army. CHAO PO stands at the centre of a raised platform, flanked by his top lieutenants. His voice carries an air of command that demands attention. The assembled soldiers, wearing the emblem of the Red Dragon on their uniforms, stand in perfect formation, their eyes fixed on CHAO PO

CHAO PO

His voice raspy with a strange mix of authority and charisma.

My loyal soldiers of the Red Dragon, today we stand united as the champions of a new era. An era defined by power, control, and the unstoppable force that is us.

The soldiers nod in agreement, their expressions a blend of admiration and allegiance.

CHAO PO

[Raises his arms, gesturing to the emblem of the Red Dragon that hangs proudly behind him.]

Behold, the new symbol of our dominance. The emblem that strikes fear into the hearts of our enemies and commands respect from those who dare to challenge us.

The camera pans across the soldiers, capturing their unwavering determination.

CHAO PO

His eyes gleam with intensity as he continues.

Today, I declare myself the king of the heroin trade. Our operations stretch across borders, reaching every corner of this world. Our product flows like a river, an unending torrent of riches that fuel our empire's growth and every one of your family's safety.

The soldiers exchange knowing glances, acknowledging the immense power their leader wields.

CHAO PO

Steps forward, his voice low and foreboding.

Our grip on the illicit market is unbreakable, like the claws of a dragon. We thrive in the shadows, and as long as we remain united under the banner of the Red Dragon, no force can challenge us. No army can stand against us.

A murmur of agreement ripples through the crowd, their belief in his words evident.

CHAO PO

Raises his voice, the intensity building.

We are architects of destiny, sculptors of our fate. Our enemies cower, for they know that crossing us means facing the fire of the dragon itself.

The soldiers pump their fists in the air, a show of solidarity.

CHAO PO

His tone turns commanding.

Remember this day, my comrades. Remember that you are part of a legacy, a legacy that will be spoken of in hushed tones for generations to come. The Red Dragon Rising is not a name; it is a force that carves its mark into history.

Chao Po's gaze sweeps across the crowd, locking eyes with his soldiers one by one.

CHAO PO

[Concludes with a sense of triumph.]

Together, we reign supreme. Our power is unchallenged, our influence undeniable. Long live the Red Dragon!

Soldiers raise their weapons in salute, chanting "Long live the Red Dragon" in unison. Chao Po's presence commands the parade ground, solidifying his authority as the new kingpin of the empire.

The camera fades as Chao Po stands at the precipice of his empire, his voice and vision echoing beyond the valleys of the Shan State and beyond borders.

## EXECUTION

EXT. PHUKET - OUTSIDE A CAFE BAR - AERIAL - STATIONARY

Open with a black crow on a power line.

INT. CAFE BAR PHUKET - LATE AFTERNOON - NOT MANY CUSTOMERS - ONE BAR STAFF

JOE is speaking (inaudible) with LEK in a cafe bar in Phuket. They're down the back and out of the way. JOE is drinking a bottle of Evian water. Lek drinks a beer, his creepy smirk appearing now and then. A tourist style canvas Tote bag sits on the bartop. It reads "Phuket Paradise" across it.

CLOSE UP - One of the men take hold of the bag (we don't see which), and the CAMERA PEERS INSIDE THE BAG

CAMERA sees a man's hand on a pistol

CUT TO

CLOSE - ON LEK

He nods. No emotion.

*We think JOE has given the gun to LEK, but has he?*

EXT. Outside cafe bar - OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Watching over someone's shoulder. *Who is it?* He's been watching the whole conversation.

LEK gets on the motorbike and places his full black tinted helmet on. *We now get confirmation that he is the man who drove up next to Rhonda and executed her.*

EXT. CAFE BAR PHUKET - AERIAL - BLACK CROW

As he drives off we see the black crow fly off the power wire.

**Narration:** "Life can be a dangerous game in Thailand - even for the innocent. If you cross the corrupt and powerful and don't have money to redeem yourself, a message should be expected in no uncertain terms... sometime... somehow. We're born alone and die alone. Somewhere in between we convince ourselves that people care about us - for right or wrong."

EXT. BEACH HOUSE HUA HIN - SUNSET

POOKIE is lying on a teak poolside lounge. The CAMERA WIDENS to see that the beach house is surrounded by a stunning beach setting

POOKIE is dressed in resort wear looking fantastic. She's sitting by a pool by herself having an Aperol Spritz as the sun is setting. She takes her mobile phone from the table

CLOSE - ON POOKIES PHONE

She sends a text WISUT

POOKIE TEXT

I'm in Hua Hin if you feel like driving down to the beach this weekend? (Palm tree emoji)

INT. POLICE HQ - PEOPLE ARE LEAVING FOR THE DAY

WISUT sitting in the open office at the Police Station.

He looks up at JOE's office which is dark. *What's he thinking?* We don't see his response to the message.

MILO MAN (DOWN)

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - PHUKET - AERIAL SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON/EARLY EVENING

JOE sits menacingly in a car across the road from the apartment block. He watches MILO walk to the stairs outside then run up the stairs with the energy of an 18 year old.

JOE gets out purposefully. He wears a small backpack and a black cap.

As JOE enters the building foyer he manages to catch someone leaving MILO's tower block. JOE enters thanking the person leaving for holding the door for him as he looks at his phone. Apartment 201

INT. LIFT

JOE takes the lift up. Before he Exits the lift he puts rubber gloves on from his black bag. He exits, watching MILO enter his apartment.

OVER THE SHOULDER OF JOE - TOWARD APARTMENT DOOR

JOE walks down the hall with purpose. He Knocks on the door, looks around both ways and removes his pistol from its holster.

MILO opens the door. With all his body weight JOE slams the door open, knocking Milo to the ground as JOE enters the apartment with his gun by his left side.

JOE

Stay right there you little prick!

MILO is stunned. Speechless. He scurries backward on his haunches.

MILO

What the fuck! What the fuck are **you** doing here Joe?

JOE (BREATHLESS)

Sticking your nose in dangerous people's business hey Milo? Silly move for a spoilt little brat from the city! Well now that's how you're going to be remembered you little fuck!

JOE grabs MILO. He hardly puts up a fight as JOE drags him to the glass dining table and sits him with his hands tied behind his back in cable ties.

MILO

As if my uncle won't deal with you for this **YOU LOSER.**

Then more emotional on the verge of tears

My mom always said you're just a loser from a poor family. Not good enough for Aunt Pookie

JOE reaches into his black bag and pulls out an open half brick of Coke. He puts it on the table in front of Milo. He cuts the black plastic open more and a load of cocaine falls out onto the glass table in front of MILO

MILO looks puzzled.

JOE (BREATHLESS)

And you are just a no good party boy with too much of mommy's money

- who ironically got his nose in  
the wrong person's business.

JOE takes MILO's head and sticks it into the pile of  
coke. He struggles until JOE takes out his gun and puts  
it to his head.

JOE whispers

JOE  
Just breathe... It's all gonna be  
over soon. Just breathe...

MILO's struggle dissipates and he breathes in more. With  
a jolt, he begins to kick and push again as his eyes grow  
wild. JOE pushes his gun to his head again, getting  
frustrated now

JOE  
I didn't want to have to do this.

JOE lets MILO lift his head. His face is contorted. He's  
trying desperately to clear his throat. JOE takes a  
clear plastic garbage bag from his backpack and stands  
behind MILO, whipping the bag over his head like he's  
done it a hundred times before. He suffocates him as we  
watch the life drain from MILO's face close up, his nose  
bleeding as he goes limp.

Once fully limp JOE takes the bag off and lays MILO's  
bloodied face in the pile of cocaine. He takes a Thai  
Baht paper note from his wallet and rolls it up, takes a  
big snort of cocaine for himself from the pile then  
places the note in Milo's nose, turning it around and  
around to wipe MILO's own DNA on it.

As he's untying Milo's hands:

JOE  
That'll teach you... spoilt little  
prick...

JOE checks over the scene one final time before walking  
to the door. He sees a Boston Celtics cap on the kitchen  
bench. He walks back and places it backwards on Milo's  
head. Smiles to himself and then leaves the apartment.

LONG FADE

DRUG MULE REPLACEMENT

EXT. RED DRAGON DRUG LAB SHAN STATE, MYANMAR

In the depths of the Jungle factory, KHAN, a far less ostentatious character compared to his flashy cousin, KHUN KIT (SAMUI), strolls alongside two other men who help run the operation. Their hushed conversations remain unheard by us. As the CAMERA pans up to a man entering the scene, the sun creates a glare obscuring his identity. However, the close-up reveals a shock - it's JOE, dressed casually. A revelation follows: *he's the head of the drug squad!?*

KHAN warmly shakes hands with JOE, taking him on a tour of the factory and explaining the mule process.

KHAN(WITH A SMILE)

We pack the goods here, and our guys ship them through the jungle. You know the drill; your team picks them up at the other end. Easy, right?

JOE (CONFIDENTLY)

Indeed. Over the next few months, you'll see a steady return of your mules. We can start having them deliver the product into waiting cars, which will then head south and be shipped onward to your brother in Samui, Phuket, and other destinations.

KHAN(ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

Our capacity is increasing, my friend. *The Red Dragon* is producing more meth, churning out more Yaba than ever. Perhaps it's time to explore new markets?

JOE glances around discreetly before sharing a quiet, clandestine idea.

JOE (THINKING OUT LOUD)

We've got some interesting plans with the cars we're repossessing. Some of those luxury vehicles might discreetly carry a few "extra packages" to Europe in the coming months. I doubt even the most stringent European customs officer would want to dismantle a Rolls Royce or Lamborghini on a hunch, don't you agree?

Both men share a knowing chuckle, hinting at the covert operation they are considering.



Just then, we hear a mule complaining about the weight of her backpack, saying she isn't going to take it through the jungle. KHAN approaches the conversation leaving JOE a few feet away. Another man stands behind her after having tried to convince her to take it shrugging his shoulders at KHAN. *He doesn't know what's wrong with this bitch*

KHAN

Take the fucking bag to Thailand  
you little cunt! You will be paid  
as agreed when you return!!

The old woman remains obstinate and shakes her head just saying 'too heavy too heavy'. She gives a thumbs down and makes an animated 'Sad face'

KHAN looks at her briefly, draws a gun and shoots her in the head abruptly.

**NARRATION:** "In Myanmar, life was cheap. Drug Mules were seen as mere pigs, and tragically, there were always individuals ready to subject themselves to a dehumanising existence in exchange for financial gain."

No one looks around. The workers keep their heads down pressing pills and mixing methamphetamine as two of KHAN's workers drag her away.

CLOSE - ON KHAN

KHAN (TO HIS SOLDIER)

Get me another one.

FADE

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: CHUWIT KAMOLVISIT mounting a political attempt through the streets of Bangkok to become mayor

**NARRATION:**

END.

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