

THAIGER

by
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EP 8. WHISTLEBLOWERS

In this gripping episode titled "WHISTLEBLOWERS," the repercussions from the previous instalment's narrative around Chuwit's ledger resurface with a vengeance., as two whistleblowers meet grim fates. Amidst the chaos, Joe's world teeters on the brink as his decision to have May followed backfires, resulting in a heart-wrenching loss. May's Angel Gang rallies around her as they challenge societal norms and bid a seemingly final farewell to Joe. The episode is an intense tapestry woven with executions, human trafficking, and corruption that straddles the thin line between morality and darkness - including the Buddhist Monastery facing a sinister upheaval as it's abruptly stripped of its monks. All of this against a backdrop of family bonds teetering on the precipice, "Whistleblowers" weaves a narrative that teems with suspense, passion, and the inescapable pull of a world on the brink.

WHISTLE BLOWERS

TV - BANGKOK MORNING NEWS _ AM

A large image of CHUWIT - the backdrop to the NEWS ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR

Chuwit has been many things: from a business mogul to convicted felon, a politician, TV talk show host, and now celebrity vigilante. From owning the largest chain of Massage Parlours in 'SOAPLAND' including Victoria's Secret, Copacabana, Honolulu Hi to name a few, he has tripped through prison detours and parliament to NOW become a brazen mouthpiece for whistleblowers across the country. An unlikely hero? Thailand's very own Superman? There are few who know as many dirty secrets as Khun Chuwit and are willing to air them publicly.

CUT TO

CHUWIT being interviewed

CHUWIT (ON CAMERA)

I've been on both sides. I've been the one who pays. So I know how the system works.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: CHUWIT on the streets of Bangkok, working the streets meeting the people. Surreptitious images of Triad figures. Chen Long (CHAO PO) imagery is fleeting but noticeable to the viewer

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Over the past few months, Chuwit has spearheaded a series of explosive revelations about alleged corruption and collusion between Thai authorities and Chinese triad gangs, who he believes are infiltrating Thai society. He has alleged corruption against some of Thailand's most high-ranking politicians, and produced evidence that has led to the investigation and indictment of more than 40 suspected Chinese criminals, as well as the dismissal of at least

half a dozen officers from the
 Royal Thai Police over
 their alleged involvement with
 gangs and illicit drugs.

CUT BACK TO NEWS
 ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)

Closing out this story:

To a growing number of Thais, he
 is accomplishing what traditional
 authorities have completely failed
 to.

WHISTLEBLOWERS GET SHOT

INT. Ex-Police Officers Home

Silence. No Music.

Amidst the pleasant ambiance of a middle-class residence in Bangkok, our focus is on a gentleman [EX_COP] as he retrieves his keys and slips into his comfortable sneakers by the front door. The entrance hallway exudes brightness and warmth, adorned with light timber accents and a charming display of flowers on the front credenza. Sporting a casual ensemble of jeans, a polo tee, and pristine white Lacoste sneakers, this man, approximately in his 50s, embodies the essence of middle-class elegance.

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

Our view shifts to a photograph prominently positioned, capturing him adorned in a police uniform, accompanied by an array of accolades and awards. Adjacent to the photograph rests a significant card bearing the words "GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK," signifying his departure from the force. As we zoom out, we come to understand that he is a retired police officer, having recently concluded his dedicated service.

Chyron: **"Bangkok Thailand 2015"**

The scene transitions to an exterior shot of a tranquil Bangkok street nestled within a middle-class suburban neighborhood. The gentle melody of birdsong fills the early morning air, enveloping the surroundings in serene stillness. Our perspective follows the man as he exits his home and ventures onto the sidewalk, accompanied by his petite canine companion. Their destination: a leisurely stroll, culminating in a morning coffee outing.

OVER THE SHOULDER - MAN WITH A BIKE

A man dressed in plain clothes approaches the EX-COP, casually walking his bike to his left hand side. The Sun is shining in the background. The EX-COP knows him and stops in his tracks just near the gutter of the road. He begins to smile. They're familiar.

The MAN WITH A BIKE lifts a gun in his right hand.

CLOSE TIGHT - ON EX-COP

His smile disappears quickly. His eyes grow wide with terror.

MAN WITH A BIKE (MATTER-OF-FACT)
You talk too much... old boy

He empties his clip in the EX-COP.

ASSAILANT TURNS TO CAMERA

The morning sun obscures his face.

POV - EX COP'S POSITION ON GROUND - TILTED UP

The Assailant climbs on to his bicycle. Cycles away as casually as he arrived.

MEANWHILE: There's a car at the end of the street watching all of this. CAMERA reveals JOE is driving the vehicle. He puts his tinted window up and drives away.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - IN BANGKOK - SUNRISE

Score: 'Grandma's Song' John Mellencamp

SOME TIME LATER THAT MORNING: The sun's heat is biting. On a Bangkok city train track. CLOSE IN. Two men [LEK and SUP] drag another man along the tracks bound in cable ties

Single camera TRACKS ALL THREE - THEY WALK TOWARD CAMERA

LEK (BEHIND)
Could't keep your big mouth shut
eh?

He pushes the man aggressively before pushing his glasses up his sweaty nose

SUP (LEADING)
Fucking big mouth! You're on
Chuwit's ledger so you had to
protect yourself huh?

SUP walking behind Lek pushing the man who falls to his knees on the train tracks.

LEK
Common' you fuck. Every
whistleblower meets his maker!

Quietly almost to himself:

Lucky I don't have my way with you
first

SUP smirks to himself. *We think he heard him*

LEK
Oh come on you stupid prick!!
Hurry up!! I've got cars to
process!! Money to collect
cocksucker! You're wasting my
time.

Turning towards SUP, LEK exchanges a meaningful glance, coupled with a subtle nod gesturing backward – an unspoken encouragement for action. From his back pocket, SUP extracts a transparent plastic bag, his intentions becoming evident. Casting a cautious gaze around, he advances toward the captive, all the while maintaining a watchful eye over his shoulder. As this unfolds, the captive's gaze lifts to meet LEK's, and in hushed tones, a faint exchange takes place.

CAPTIVE (HUSHED)
You dishonour every honest Thai
Police you coward. Your parents
would be ashamed of you, but
Buddha will bring forth his own
form of retribution.

SUP smiles disturbingly and whips the plastic bag over his head quickly and tightens the bag. His face distorts through the bag until the victim's body is limp. He doesn't put up much of a fight. LEK watches unemotionally as the victim goes limp, nodding remorselessly. SUP keeps looking around. They leave him on the train tracks in the burning sun.

EXT. A BRIDGE OVERLOOKING THE TRAIN TRACKS

Observing from a distance over SAJJI's shoulder, a train rapidly approaches its target, its horn resounding in warning. Meanwhile, LEK and SUP stroll casually alongside the railway track, the imminent danger of the train having no impact on their safety. With a simple tilt of their heads, they acknowledge the passing train, its gust of wind prompting LEK to adjust his glasses. SUP, however, maintains a vigilant awareness of their surroundings, his attention constantly shifting.

OPENING.

We see Mahasek in a plush office on his phone. He's coordinating Triad machinations for CHAO PO. He's bringing Police into the action and driving Child Trafficking for Triad.

He comments that Uttanaphon has been distracted and he needs a new youngster - but CHAO PO likes Uttanaphon

MAHASEK

I have p

JOE GETS MAY FOLLOWED

Background: It is Feb 2015. Joe and MAY had broken up the year prior when his proposal on Valentines Day 2014 blew up in his face. JOE was desperately trying to keep their relationship going. Jealousy reigns, despite MAY being on a work assignment, and with her (openly gay) manager.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - ROYAL THAI POLICE NAKHON SAWAN -
'Station Colonel'

Two people entering Joe's office. One is SAJJI and we only see his back with a cap and blonde hair still wearing civilian clothes. The other is LEK, whom we do see - but today he has no glasses on. They close the door.

JOE

Gentlemen. Good work on the southern drug bust. It's

imperative that we maintain our exceptional efforts throughout the area to clearly demonstrate to Somyot, and the Police Commission, the validity of our decision to establish a presence here in the North.

LEK

Yeah Bozz. Boys are ready to drop the hammer on these wannabe gangsters up here. They can't play with the big boys!

JOE (DISTRACTED)

Ya. Wannabe's

(Before re-focussing)

Lek, I do have another project for you if you're up for a quick trip to Hua Hin? Meet me back here at midday. And What's with the 'no glasses'? You look 10 years younger!

LEK

Oh... ya... Ya ok boss! Anything for a beach holiday boss! (Laughing)

We see SAJJI from behind saying nothing

FLASHBACK:

INT. PARK - DAY

The park is peaceful, sunlight filtering through the trees as JOE and MAY sit on a bench, their emotions palpable.

MAY (VOICE TREMBLING)

Joe, I can't believe you did that... the public proposal, live streamed for the world to see.

JOE (DEFENSIVE)

May, I thought it was a grand gesture, something to show the world how much I love you.

MAY (ANGER MIXED WITH HURT)

You don't get it, do you? I'm not just a movie star, I'm a person with a private life. You've stripped away any sense of

intimacy, turned it into a
spectacle.

JOE looks down, guilt etched on his face.

JOE (SIGHS)
I just... I wanted everyone to see
how committed I am to you.

MAY (VOICE CRACKING)
Commitment? Joe, you're still
married! You promised me you'd end
it.

JOE's eyes flicker with unease, his inner turmoil
showing.

JOE (AVOIDING HER GAZE)
It's complicated, May. You know
there are things I can't just walk
away from.

MAY (BITTERLY)
Like your corrupt past, your shady
deals. Does her family have
something over you?

Joe's jaw tenses, his inner conflict evident.

JOE (WHISPERING)
I've been trying to leave that
behind, May. But it's not that
simple.

MAY (TEARY-EYED)
It's never simple, is it? We're
worlds apart, Joe. I can't live in
your darkness.

JOE's struggle is written on his face, torn between his
promises to dangerous forces and his desire for a better
life with May.

JOE (EMOTIONAL)
May, I want to change. I want a
future with you, away from all of
this. But I've made commitments,
dangerous ones... which

MAY (VOICE BREAKING)
And what about the commitments
you've made to me? To us?

Silence envelops them, the weight of their emotions heavy
in the air.

JOE (WHISPERING)
 I'm torn, May. Between the life
 I've known and the life I want
 with you.

MAY (SOFTLY)
 I need time. Time to decide if I
 can trust you, if we can overcome
 this divide.

As they sit there, the park's tranquility contrasts with
 the turmoil within them.

FADE TO

INT. JOE'S OFFICE

JOE is seated at his desk. LEK is seated opposite him
 with his feet up on the desk nonchalantly.

JOE (INTENSE, CURIOUS)
 Yaaa buddy. I want you to check
 on MAY. I don't trust this
 manager of hers. She says she's
 there on business - a modelling
 shoot... but man he's a shady guy.

JOE looks out a window blankly, in his own thoughts. LEK
 looks at him curiously. SAJJI enters the office. (We
 follow him over his shoulder only). There's no
 interruption in the flow.

LEK is looking uncomfortable but extends a suggestion

LEK
 Okey. Can. No trouble. I just go
 down there, Maybe take some pics
 and send them to your phone boss.
 No trouble. But boss... I thought
 that was over last year?

The last query is very sensitive and LEK looks to SAJJI
 while JOE's back is to him

JOE (PHILOSOPHICALLY)
 (Turning back) Love is a poison
 that numbs the mind and weakens
 the soul.

JOE pauses as he turns to look studiously at SAJJI before
 turning back to LEK

Just an overnighter. Check on
 this manager and what they're up
 to. *I just Don't trust that guy.*
 But Lek, make sure the photos are
 discreet ya?

LEK nods and leaves, leaving just JOE and SAJJI in the office. JOE stays seated. *What's this about?*

JOE

LEK! Not a fucking word to anyone...

LEK smiles and nods affirmatively as he leaves the two in the office.

NARRATION: "Trust may get fractured, but the scars **can** become a roadmap which guide us towards deeper connections and wiser choices. (A beat) They **can...**"

HUA HIN MAY: A DAY IN 2015

INT. BEACHSIDE CAFE BAR - HUA HIN - DAY

MORNING AT THE BEACH: At a charming beachside cafe, MAY and BOOM sit together sipping coffee while a photo shoot is being arranged in the background.

BOOM

You must feel relieved that's all in the past. Heard his ex-wife, the wild one, had a meltdown – went on a bender with her gang in Bangkok when she got wind of it.

MAY

It's like a distant memory now. But he still reaches out, I'll be honest. Just last week, he was texting me, practically begging to reconcile.

BOOM playfully rolls her eyes and quips,

BOOM

Seriously, MAY? Stalker alert!

They share a laugh, their bond evident. JACK, the manager, enters, holding a cocktail. He's unabashedly gay and exuberant, dressed in stylish black loafers and what appear to be designer pyjamas. His charisma is undeniable, a modern representation of Thai culture.

JACK

Ladies! I've got tonight sorted. Dinner at Monsoon, eight o'clock. Guess who's hosting? The bigwig behind 'Girl from Nowhere.' They kick off shooting in half a year! Applaud me, darlings!! And guess what? I'm orchestrating for both of you to be the STARS!

He snaps his fingers, theatrical as ever.

MAY

Oh, bravo, snaps for you, dear!

The girls chuckle together, poking fun at his quirky catchphrase.

LATE AFTERNOON NOW:

THE VIEW SHIFTS TO LEK'S PERSPECTIVE, SEEN THROUGH HIS CAMERA LENS.

Snapshots: The trio shares moments of laughter in the cafe, captured in a series of candid shots.

Distant Shot: Lek positions himself among bushes, wearing a cap and donning glasses. Adjusting his glasses, he captures images with a long lens camera.

Tracking JACK:

JACK

And MAY... my dear, expect a script in your inbox soon. It's an action drama set in Bangkok, titled "Tawan Tat Burapha." It revolves around two brothers who happen to be the sons of a renowned cop. Or is that hitting a bit too close to home, sweetheart?

Jack raises an ironic eyebrow, playful yet knowing.

MAY

No, Jack. It's perfectly alright. I'm excited to read it.

JACK

Well then, they seem to believe you'd shine as the leading lady.

BOOM

Yeah, yeah, that's fantastic, love. But what about me? What's in store for me?

JACK

Your moment will come, Junior. Just give it time, it will definitely come.

As the sun sets on the horizon, casting a warm golden glow, the three friends exchange smiles, their camaraderie evident. Lek captures the scene, preserving this moment of shared dreams and aspirations.

MAY

You know, Jack, I couldn't have asked for a better manager and friend.

JACK

And I couldn't ask for more talented and wonderful clients. You two make my job a joy.

BOOM

Just remember, Jack, when my moment comes, I'm going to need a larger dressing room than both of ours combined.

They all burst into laughter, the sound mingling with the gentle waves crashing nearby. LEK's camera shutter clicks, encapsulating their bond. The cafe's ambient charm merges seamlessly with their dreams and hopes that fill the air.

MONSOON BAR AT A LUXURIOUS HOTEL/RESORT IN HUA HIN -
EARLY EVENING

Description: The Monsoon Bar is adorned with dim lighting, creating an alluring atmosphere for the multitude of guests present. Lek sits perched at the bar, nursing a beer. The girls and Jack occupy a table

CLOSE UP: A hotel guest beside Lek signs his room charge.

CLOSE UP: Lek intently watches the guest sign the check.

OVER LEK'S SHOULDER: We glimpse the bottom of the Room Charge paper with "CHEN ROOM 203."

CHEN (V.O.):

And I'll be doing self-checkout if you could expedite that, please?

A BARMAN tends to Chen's request.

BARMAN

Certainly, sir. Have a safe flight home.

CLOSE UP: Chen, an American accent lacing his words.

CHEN

Heading back to Bangkok for work,
unfortunately.

LEK's ears perk up as he listens to the conversation. Swiftly, he types into his phone, his actions concealed from view. He glances around the bar, a hint of suspicion in his eyes. Then, with a feigned casualness, Lek awkwardly angles his phone to capture a selfie. He includes MAY and her group in the frame.

The girls become aware of LEK's surreptitious activity. Unfazed, each of them discreetly shields her face, using whatever she can find. BOOM grasps a large menu and hides behind it.

CLOSE UP - MAY AND BOOM BEHIND MENU:

Rolling their eyes in tandem, MAY and BOOM share a knowing glance behind the menu.

LEK'S PHONE:

On Lek's phone screen, we witness a snapshot of the manager, his good looks captured by Lek's lens.

The evening unfolds in an air of intrigue and unspoken exchanges, captured in the clandestine interactions of these characters.

JACK stands up and waves to CHAI-A-NAAN as he enters
FRAME

JACK

Girls... girls!! Chai-a-naan...
producer of the upcoming mystery
thriller 'Girl from Nowhere'

CHAI-A-NAAN

Hello girls!

Smiling broadly. Chai-a-naan is a chubby Thai man with a beard. Not very appealing to the girls. But they fawn over him as they small talk

BOOM

Well its SO nice to meet you.
What are you doing in beautiful
downtown Hua Hin?

CHAI-A-NAAN

Oh, I'm just having a little
getaway before the madness begins.
Hopefully its really great
madness, but the first season is a
lock so I know it's six months of
filming madness before the editing
and then running it.

LUXURY HOTEL RESTAURANT "MONSOON" - HOUSE PHONE - OUTSIDE
MONSOON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LEK approaches a small house phone located just outside
the Monsoon Restaurant.

CLOSE UP - LEK:

Lek picks up the phone, his demeanour composed and
calculated.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (PLEASANT TONE)

Hello, good evening. Anantara Hua
Hin. How may I assist you?

LEK

(in Chen's voice, mimicking)
Oh, good evening. This is Mr. Chen
from Room 203. I've had a change
in plans, unfortunately. I'll be
extending my stay for another
night. Could you please cancel my
checkout?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(PLEASANT AND PROFESSIONAL)

Certainly, Mr. Chen. Just one more
night, sir?

LEK (SMILING SUBTLY)

Yes, just one more night, I
believe.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Absolutely, sir. We'll ensure your
keys are reissued, which you can
collect from Reception later.

LEK (SLIGHTLY NODDING)

Thank you.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

You're most welcome, sir. Enjoy
your time at Monsoons and have a
delightful evening.

LEK hangs up the phone, his calculated act complete. He
pushes his glasses slightly higher on his nose, a small,
satisfied smile playing on his lips

LEK (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Beats the Holiday Inn...

SMASH CUT TO

INT. LUXURY HOTEL BATHROOM

OVER THE SHOULDER - OF LEK

LATE THAT NIGHT: We can see the photo of JACK the manager on LEK's phone which sits on the ledge above the hotel room Toilet. CAMERA slowly reveals that LEK is masturbating to the photo, divulging more deviant behaviour to the viewer

SIDE SHOT - ON LEK'S FACE

His nerdy face twisting up in weird, ugly contortions.

FADE TO

INT. MAY'S RESORT ROOM - ANANTARA - MORNING

The room is dimly lit, blinds closed to keep out the early morning light. MAY lies in bed, asleep, her peaceful form barely noticeable beneath the sheets.

CLOSE UP - IPHONE 2015:

The phone screen lights up, displaying pictures of MAY, capturing moments of laughter and connection, one of her affectionately touching Jack's arm, another of BOOM sharing an intense gaze with the Producer. There's also a picture that inadvertently includes part of LEK's face, presumably taken while attempting a selfie.

BACK IN BANGKOK:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is softly illuminated by a storm outside. White sheets envelope JOE, who is sitting up in bed. Beside him lies a sleeping Thai woman, a stranger to us.

CLOSE UP - JOE'S PHONE:

JOE sends the pictures to MAY, with a comment teasingly questioning, "All business? Looks more like a double date!"

WIDE - MAY'S RESORT ROOM - ANANTARA - MORNING

The phone's notification causes MAY to stir from her sleep. Disheveled but undeniably stunning, she slowly awakens, her expression still hazy from slumber.

MAY receives the text message, and as the content registers, shock and frustration wash over her features. She sits up abruptly, her mind racing as she processes the pictures and the implication behind JOE's words. She's clearly conflicted, her emotions churning beneath the surface as she reflects on the situation.

The room remains cloaked in an air of tension, the storm outside mirroring the turmoil within MAY as she grapples with her thoughts and feelings.

FADE TO

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAYTIME - THUNDERSTORMS OUTSIDE

JOE sits behind his desk, taking a call on his phone.

JOE
Hello, my lovely.

MAY (V.O.) (ANNOYED)

Once lovely. Now stalked! What do you think you're doing, Joe?! Not cool!

JOE (LAUGHING)

What? Come on, it's just a...

MAY (V.O.) (INTERRUPTING)

Annoying invasion of privacy is what it is!

JOE is Still laughing

Is this supposed to be funny to you? We're not in a relationship, and you're stalking me. I might even have to report this to the police!

JOE

MAY, MAY! Hold on, darling. It was someone at the restaurant who sent those photos to me. It's not my fault that you're so well-known, my love.

MAY (V.O.) (SKEPTICAL)

Don't give me that. You forget - I know you **Ferrari Joe**

JOE (TRYING TO DIFFUSE THE SITUATION)

His voice carries a hint of mischief.

So, are you having a good time on your business trip?

MAY (V.O.) (SARDONICALLY)

Oh, absolutely. I'm just having a grand time as a single woman here in Hua Hin. I might even have to find a strong lover tonight and see what interesting photos end up on my phone the next day!

JOE (ASSURINGLY)

Okay, okay. Calm down. I'm sure whoever took those photos won't bother you again. Remember, you can always call the police - that's me - and I'll be there to look after you.

MAY (V.O.) (SARCASTICALLY)

Right. Thanks for the offer, **Joe**.

MAY hangs up while JOE is still talking. The call ends abruptly, leaving JOE looking at his phone with a bemused smile

CUT TO

CLOSE - ON MAY'S PHONE - INSTAGRAM

MAY immediately prepares a post of the photos on Instagram. She adds a comment

"These photos were sent to me this morning. They were taken of me last night without my/our knowledge. If anyone knows who took them, please let me know so I can report them to Police! #stalker #notcool"

MAY smiles satisfied as she hits SHARE.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - MAJOR GENERAL'S DOOR -

As we step into APARCHIT'S new office, adorned with Thai flags and a photograph of King Bhumibol on the desk. JOE courteously knocks on the door. Seated behind the expansive desk, APARCHIT greets us, and JOE approaches with utmost care and respect.

APARCHIT

Thitisan! It's a pleasure to have you here. How are you, Sir?

JOE

MAJOR GENERAL! how are you, Sir? Are you enjoying your esteemed position?

With a chuckle, APARCHIT and JOE take their seats.

APARCHIT

Ah, at least the office is more comfortable, isn't it? (Pauses) I never really imagined that a son of a chef like myself would rise to such high ranks in the Royal Thai Police, mingling with government officials, prime ministers, and even those aspiring to become one.

He raises an eyebrow and continues thoughtfully.

APARCHIT (CONTD)

A person can shape their destiny in this world, Thitisan. But I've come to realise that hope alone is insufficient. It's faith coupled with action, Thitisan. Faith and action...

While lost in his thoughts, Joe nods in agreement.

APARCHIT (CONTD)

Anyway, let's shift our focus. This ongoing border issue at Mae Si. I understand you've been reassigned to assist the Drug Suppression team and bolster their manpower for this effort?

JOE (SUPPORTIVE)

I'm here to support the team, Sir. Before my promotion to Colonel at Nakhon Sawan, I committed to always helping where needed, so it's not an issue.

APARCHIT

I've been informed that surveillance inside Shan State, or Myanmar, indicates a significant movement across the Myanmar border this week. This presents a substantial opportunity for a positive news story if we manage to execute a successful operation.

Joe gets an alert on his phone. PING

CLOSE - ON JOES PHONE

It reads "Have you seen this from MAY?" On the phone front.

WIDE - ON BOTH

Out of respect for APARCHIT, he refrains from unlocking it. APARCHIT, a traditionalist, doesn't seem pleased with JOE's phone use.

JOE

Absolutely... um, yes, Sir. My apologies. I'm confident the operation will be a success, and it will undoubtedly bring positive attention in the media and the Prime Minister's office.

APARCHIT

Well, my Colonel here has a prepared team to accompany you, Thitisan. They'll meet you at the airport and will be enthusiastic to provide support. Additionally, I expect any financial gains to be shared upwards as well.

JOE doesn't register APARCHIT's comment about commissions upward within the Police force, being too preoccupied by the disturbing Instagram post he needs to address quickly. Just then, JOE catches up with the conversation with the Major General

JOE (SLOWLY)

Did this guy just ask me to share the bounty?

Of - course - Sir. And I look forward to working with your team.

He gets up. The Major general gets up and shakes hands with Joe. When shaking hands he adds in a fatherly manner

APARCHIT

I understand, Thitisan, that last year was a difficult one for you on a personal front. If there's anything I can do to help, please... *we all need someone...*

JOE is surprised by his fatherly tone. He has to shake off his urgency to see the phone

JOE

Oh... Major general that is very kind of you... Thank you sir. I look forward to communicating a successful operation.

Both men finish a long shake of hands and nodding together. JOE still wants to get out the door.

TRACK - AS JOE LEAVES THE OFFICE INTO THE HALLWAY

He quickly reaches for his phone.

As the camera closes in on JOE's phone, it becomes evident that MAY has uploaded the photos to Instagram. The focus zooms onto the image where Lek is taking a selfie, surreptitiously capturing MAY and BOOM in the background at the restaurant. The photo holds incriminating evidence and poses a significant problem.

JOE (THROUGH CLENCHED JAW)

Fuck Lek!

TRACK - FOLLOWING JOE THROUGH THE OFFICE TO THE OUTSIDE

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE OFFICE BUILDING - SUNNY DAY

JOE rushes to exit the office building onto the street. He dials MAY's number in haste.

CUT TO

EXT. ANANTARA RESORT HUA HIN BEACH - SUNNY DAY

The beach is tranquil, with sunshine and lined with umbrellas and recliners for guests. The CAMERA zooms in, focusing on MAY, who is lounging on a recliner with BOOM.

CLOSE UP - MAY'S PHONE - VIBRATING ONLY

MAY's phone screen displays a photo of Joe. His name appears with the label "STALKER COP."

MAY smiles mischievously and shows her phone to BOOM, who responds with an exaggerated eye-roll.

BOOM (SARCASTIC)

You *did* start this Ferrari-boy

MAY pushes the "DECLINE" button on her phone.
JOE's call comes in again. Once more, MAY hits "DECLINE."

CLOSE UP - MAY'S PHONE:

A notification indicates that JOE has left a voicemail.
Dismissing the phone, MAY resumes her sunbathing.

The sounds of the waves and distant chatter continue for
a moment before gently fading away.

FADE

POOKIE'S NEWS

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN THAILAND - DAY

The room is decorated with soothing Thai artwork, and a large window allows the warm sunlight to filter in.
POOKIE, still a young woman in her early thirties, sits nervously on the examination table, her palms sweating as she waits for DR. SUMARNNOP, a kind and experienced family doctor, to return with her blood test results.

POOKIE (WHISPERING TO HERSELF)
Please let everything be okay.

The door creaks open, and DR. SUMARNNOP enters the room with a warm smile on his face. He is a distinguished Thai doctor in his fifties, well-respected and known for his compassionate care.

DR. SUMARNNOP (CHEERFULLY)
Pookie, I have your test results.
How have you been feeling lately?

POOKIE (NERVOUSLY)
I've been feeling quite sick,
doctor. I'm really worried it
might be something serious.

DR. SUMARNNOP (GENTLY)

Well, it is young lady. (TENSION BUILDS) Your blood tests came back, and there's some important news.

Pookie's heart races, and she anxiously clasps her hands together, her eyes wide with anticipation; a tear.

POOKIE (TREMBLING)
Yes?

Dr. Sumarnnop takes a moment to savour the moment, relishing in the joy he's about to share.

DR. SUMARNNOP (SMILING)
You're not sick, my dear. You're pregnant.

Pookie's eyes fill with tears of relief, and a radiant smile spreads across her face. It is quickly replaced with shock

POOKIE (TEARY-EYED IN SHOCK)
Pregnant? Are you sure?

DR. SUMARNNOP (NODDING)
Yes, dear. Your blood tests confirm it. Congratulations. You're going to be a mother.

Pookie bursts into happy tears, her hands instinctively moving to cradle her belly. The weight of her worries vanishes momentarily, replaced by an overwhelming sense of happiness and excitement. She stares into the recent past

FLASHBACK:

INT. HUA HIN LUXURY VILLA - POOLSIDE - SUNSET

The sun sets over the pristine waters of Hua Hin, casting a warm, golden hue on the luxurious villa's poolside. WISUT and POOKIE lounge on plush pool chairs, each holding a cocktail in their hands. The air is filled with the scent of tropical flowers, and the gentle sound of waves crashing nearby.

POOKIE gazes at WISUT, a twinkle in her eye, her heart brimming with affection. She leans closer, and her fingers playfully trace the rim of his cocktail glass.

POOKIE (TEASINGLY)
You know, Wisut, I have to say,
I'm really glad you finally found
the right woman.

WISUT raises an eyebrow, amused and intrigued by POOKIE'S comment.

WISUT (SMILING)
Oh, really? And who might that be?

POOKIE leans even closer, her lips almost brushing against his ear, her voice filled with playfulness.

POOKIE (WHISPERING)
Me, of course. Amongst all those
terrible dates you went on.

They both chuckle, their laughter harmonising with the sounds of the ocean in the background. POOKIE's playful demeanour is irresistible to WISUT, and he can't help but smile.

WISUT (MOCK-SERIOUS)
Terrible dates, you say? Well, you certainly do stand out, Pookie.

Pookie's fingers gently trace the side of Wisut's face before she moves in for a sweet, affectionate kiss. Their lips meet, and the world around them seems to disappear as they savour the moment.

The setting sun bathes them in its warm embrace as they pull away from the kiss, their eyes locked together.

POOKIE (WHISPERING, SINCERE)
I'm so grateful we found each other, Wisut. You make me so happy.

WISUT (WHISPERING, EQUALLY SINCERE)
And you make me the happiest man alive, Pookie.

They clink their cocktail glasses together, sealing the moment and their love with a toast. As the sun sets in the distance, it marks the beginning of a beautiful journey for the two of them, a journey filled with love, laughter, and cherished moments

RETURN TO DOCTOR'S ROOM:

POOKIE (VOICE TREMBLING WITH EMOTION)
Thank you, Doctor Sumarnnop. This is the best news I've ever received - I think

DR. SUMARNNOP (CHUCKLING)
It's my pleasure, Pookie. Now, we'll take good care of you and monitor your pregnancy closely to ensure the health of both you and your baby. Best you go share the good news with the father! And of course YOUR father - I'm sure Decha will be delirious with joy!

Pookie wipes away her tears, her heart full of gratitude for the doctor's care as she absorbs his comments

POOKIE (OVERWHELMED WITH
HAPPINESS BUT UNSURE)

Yes. Of course. (A beat) Thank you for everything.

As Pookie and Dr. Sumarnnop share a warm embrace, the room is filled with an aura of happiness whilst a tension builds around WISUT's and DECHA's response.

FADE OUT

MAY'S PARENTS HOUSE 2015

EXT. NICE HOUSE IN BANGKOK - STREETSCAPE - SEE THROUGH
STEEL SECURITY GATE WITH INTERCOM

JOE in uniform outside. Nicely kept middle class home in Bangkok. JOE is pressing the intercom at the front gate. He's anxious.

JOE

I just want to speak to her Sir. I know she's there.

MAN ON INTERCOM

Not here. Go away...

JOE

If she doesn't come out I'll have to take police action sir

We are realising that JOE is at MAY's parents house. He is talking to a staff member on the intercom.

MAN ON INTERCOM

She doesn't want to see you. I'm just a servant. Go away

JOE

Sir, this is the Police. You are directed to open this door or reasonable force will be used to enter the premises

There is silence.

JOE

Sir, respond to my direction or force **will** be used to break this door down.

OVER THE SHOULDER - OF JOE ON DOOR

MAY emerges quietly and composedly from the front door. Joe remains at the front gate, unaware of her approach. She's dressed in a sports singlet top and gym shorts, barefoot, exuding a cute and casual vibe.

CLOSE IN - ON MAY

MAY (UNIMPRESSED)
What do you **want** stalker? Why
don't you just leave me **alone**?

MAY stands behind the gate, steadfast in not letting JOE in. Their conversation takes place through the barrier of the gate.

JOE (SINCERE. EARNEST)
The photos you've posted on
Instagram could seriously damage
my reputation! Why would you do
this, May? You've put me in a
precarious situation if those
images are linked to my
connections.

MAY (COUNTERS)

Why would my photos implicate YOU?
You mentioned they might have been
taken at the restaurant or
something.

JOE (WITH AN AIR OF CONFESSION)

Look, okay, I arranged for the
photographer, but only to ensure
your safety. If this gets out, it
could jeopardise my position MAY!

JOE pleads, his voice tinged with desperation.

MAY (EXPRESSING DISBELIEF)

What on EARTH could have happened,
Joe? I was on a business trip with
Jack, who you KNOW is gay!
Seriously, what could have gone
wrong?

MAY's tone shifts, her frustration evident.

MAY

If you weren't already, you're
turning into quite the stalker,
Joe. It's not a good look.

MAY starts walking towards the entrance of her house.

JOE (DESPERATE)

MAY!! Can you please take those
photos down?

MAY turns back to face JOE.

MAY (RESOLUTE)

Leave me alone, Joe. You've
brought this upon yourself. It's
time to face the consequences. Oh,
and just so you know, my father
has already contacted the local
Police Captain, an old friend of
his!

JOE's frustration is palpable. He kicks the gate, then
looks around anxiously before briskly walking away down
the street, anticipating the potential arrival of the
police.

NARRATION: "Love is a game, and I'm the master player,
manipulating all the pieces to my advantage. Or so he
thought."

FADE TO

PURSUING THE SHADOW - HAS BARNEY NAILED IT?

INT. BANGKOK - INTERNATIONAL HOTEL FOYER CAFE - DAY

BARNEY is engrossed in his work on his laptop. His phone
suddenly pings.

CUT TO

CLOSE - BARNEY'S PHONE SCREEN

An Instagram notification appears on his vintage 2015
iPhone. It reads: "MAYPITCHI has updated her instagram"

BARNEY taps the notification, taking him straight to
MAY's Instagram profile. Photos pop.

SLOW PULL BACK

BARNEY studies the images intently, nodding
inquisitively.

The British Ambassador [QUINN] casually enters the frame.

QUINN (TEASINGLY)

Back to online dating, Barney?

BARNEY looks up, slightly surprised, before breaking into laughter.

BARNEY (LAUGHING)
Oh, hey there! I'm good, mate. No, you see...

Barney launches into a conversation with the QUINN.

BARNEY (POINTING AT HIS PHONE)
This girl on Instagram — I follow her. She's an actress, somewhat famous. Drop-dead gorgeous. She just posted about someone taking photos of her without consent. Now, here's the kicker. She used to date Thitisan Utthanapon — aka Ferrari Joe — the guy I've been tracking for ages!

QUINN nods, catching the drift.

BARNEY (EXCITEDLY)
Bet you ten bucks *Ferrari Joe's* tailing her, on the government buck no doubt. Remember, he proposed to her on Facebook? Right in the middle of a live thread! On freakin' Valentine's Day, can you believe it?

Both men chuckle, and Barney takes a sip of his beer. QUINN isn't quite as interested in such matters

BARNEY (STILL AMUSED)
And she turned him down flat! Ouch. Said she won't be that woman, considering he's still married. Classic Thai Mi Noi move, huh?

BARNEY continues to laugh, clearly relishing the story. QUINN feigns intrigue, if slightly puzzled.

BARNEY (GRINNING)
Since breaking up, her career's soared. Meanwhile, Joe's like a lost pup, trailing after the one who got away.

QUINN (RAISING AN EYEBROW)
Curious indeed.

A bit sarcastic

Seems like you've got quite a tale, my friend.

BARNEY (NODS)

Oh, you bet. If I were writing for E-News, this would be gold.

(MORE CIRCUMSPECT)

But there's a darker side to this guy. I've been shadowing him for years, yet I can't figure out his game. He's raking in cash from repossessing cars — gangs, tax evaders, I dunno. Rolls, Lambos, and, of course, Ferraris. He's made a fortune, living it up in a compound in Klong Sam Wa when he's not pushing pencils in Nahkon Sawan. He even has a Ferrari parked there. That's why they call him Ferrari Joe. And he's not exactly discreet about it!

QUINN (INTERESTED)

Ah, I see. Nice golf course there in Klong Sam Wa. Heard rumours about this. Yes, the car business is a real ruse. Heard from my counterpart in Singapore that a royal car was stolen, vanished without a trace. Since then, luxury car thefts have skyrocketed at Marina Bay. Must've been a nightmare for insurance companies. Lloyds of London must be haemorrhaging with payouts.

BARNEY's gaze fixes on the QUINN, a realisation dawning.

BARNEY (EXCITED)

Mate!

A moment of silence hangs in the air.

BARNEY

It's gotta be it! They're jacking them offshore...

BARNEY hastily gathers his belongings and rushes for the hotel doors, settling his tab along the way before returning to QUINN

BARNEY (GRINNING)

Catch you later, Quinn!

As he heads out, he hands some cash to the cashier.

BARNEY (SMILING FRANTICALLY
RUSHING)

Its a good day!

QUINN is bemused at being left so promptly; lost in thought, heads to the bar. His presumptions misguided.

QUINN (MUSING TO HIMSELF)
Bloody insurance fraud! Maybe I
missed my calling on Fleet Street.
Could've been a top-notch
journalist, I reckon..

FADE

Joe meets Maj Gen and discusses money from Drug bust on the Myanmar border. Hints at conflict between policing, MAHASEK and CHAO PO (NEPHEW LI). Money to be CRYPTO

NEPHEW LI scene where he shows JOE no respect. Causes JOE to rethink how he can continue to earn. What might cause NEPHEW LI to make JOE kill Jeerapong? First step to desperation....

By then, APARCHIT is conflicted as BAITOEY is seeing JOE

When does JOE have a breakdown? Is it with POOKIE where he admits his position is so fragile? Does the pressure get to him and he admits his wrongdoings to her, whilst continuing on his way "I can't afford to get out of it now". Pookie warns that he'd better not put Chen Long in the middle of it - or he'll find trouble.

Sajja watches and sees

UNVEILING TRUTHS: THE WHISTLEBLOWING BRIDE

INT. Deluxe Hotel Room - Bangkok

The luxurious hotel room in Bangkok exudes opulence. We find MAY and her loyal 'Angel Gang' unwinding in front of the TV.

ARCHIVAL TV Footage: (Actual footage available online.)
On the screen, a scene unfolds as a Policeman marries a woman. The joyous celebration takes a turn when his current wife arrives, shattering the festivities. The bride's mother also makes an appearance, adding to the chaos.

MAY watches the TV with a resolute expression. The chaotic scene serves as a catalyst for her determination to avoid such turmoil in her life. She decides she won't risk letting her reputation be tarnished in a similar manner.

MAY (voiceover, determined)
I won't let my life take such a turn. my reputation won't to be stained by such scandals.

Media Release:

On that very day, MAY takes a bold step. She releases a carefully crafted media statement, disseminated through her manager, JACK.

Angel Gang Support:

The Angel Gang rallies around her, a united front of encouragement and camaraderie.

As the scene shifts from the TV to the real world, MAY's commitment to staying true to herself becomes evident. In the midst of luxury and camaraderie, she finds her resolve.

OPERATION METHAMPHETAMINE INTERCEPTION

EXT. THAI - MYANMAR BORDER - DAYLIGHT

A chyron: **"Myanmar Border, Mae Si Region Thailand 2014"**

In the Mae Si region of Thailand, near the Myanmar border in 2014, Joe stands atop a jeep, addressing a group of individuals dressed in green uniforms comprising police and army personnel. SAJJI is observed from the rear – blonde hair, glasses, donning a green uniform along with a matching green cap. SAJJI's figure is seen alongside other individuals incl LEK, WISUT, SLIM, and SUP.

Their objective is a joint drug bust.

JOE (ADDRESSING THE GROUP)

Gentlemen, as I stepped away from my role overseeing the Drug Suppression squad, I landed on some intelligence concerning significant movements of methamphetamines across this border into the Mae Si area. Latest intel' points to a delivery

scheduled for this weekend. The Major General and Colonels have entrusted me to see this through, and I'm honoured to lead this team one final time before retiring to head the Nakhon Sawan Station.

(A quiet laughter ripples through the group, accompanied by murmurs.)

JOE (CONTINUING)

The plan has been shared, and our posts are established. Our aim is to intercept the operation at the point just outside Tachilek, colloquially referred to as the "chicken coup." It's believed to be a pivotal transition point where the meth is stockpiled within Thailand before distribution to various centers across the country. This spot is crucial and potentially dangerous — a situation where our skills may make the difference between survival and danger. Men, be prepared to give your best. These drug cartels operate with substantial resources and pose severe threats if they succeed. Our purpose, however, remains singular: to safeguard and serve our nation's people. We are here to prevent this drug menace from infiltrating our homeland and to support our Prime Minister in upholding his commitment to the King and the people of Thailand. Best of luck, team!

The team acknowledges the charge with a silent but robust "hooyeah!" before dispersing into smaller groups, engaged in conversations. Police with Police. Army with Army.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAYTIME

We see soldiers and drug squad creeping through the jungle seeking to apprehend mules on foot.

EXT. CLEARING - DAYTIME

JOE and SUP are seated in the Jeep.

JOE's radio crackles to life. The colleague's identity is not revealed.

RADIO (EXCITED)
 Sir - we are following north. We think we have a target which fits the description

JOE (INSTRUCTIVE)
 Don't follow too far north. Remain on Thai national land and do not - repeat - do not cross border into Myanmar.

RADIO (STILL EXCITED)
 Affirmative sir

JOE (TRIES TO COOL THE EXCITEMENT)
 One group will split and remain at The Tachileik border crossing whilst we wait for the team on foot

RADIO (EXCITED)
 Yes sir

FLASHBACK:

JOE has a quick flashback to receiving a text from MAHASEK: "Ensure a clean run for the Godfather's boys at Mae Si."

JOE gazes up into the dense jungle, lost in thought, reflecting on the gravity of his actions and the mission at hand. Uncertainty lingers - is JOE adhering to his directives or has he taken matters into his own hands, deviating from his role within the Drug Suppression Squad?

Abruptly, another message crackles over Joe's radio.

RADIO (OVER-EXCITED)
 Sir! Sir!! Colonel, we are tracking a truck that appears to be loaded with meth!

JOE (ALARMED)
 What?! What's your status? Are you on foot?

RADIO
 Negative, Sir. Slim and I have procured a vehicle. We're in pursuit!

JOE's frustration boils over, and he seizes the radio, hurling it against a nearby car.

JOE (FUMING)

FUUUUCK!!!

Enraged, he hurls the shattered remnants of the radio onto the ground, unleashing a barrage of expletives. Alone in that moment, his expression is one of intense anger. SUP observes him with a mix of curiosity and concern.

With a sense of resolve, JOE quickly returns to the Jeep alongside SUP and drives away. His destination is clear. He maneuvers the vehicle and speeds off-camera in the direction of his intended destination.

EXT. A CLEARING NEAR THE BORDER - DAYTIME

A short while later: In the heart of the countryside, an aged farm barn stands amid lush green grass. Positioned nearby is a car. JOE's vehicle pulls up beside the other car and comes to a halt. A quiet hush envelops the scene. Joe steps out of the car, while SUP remains inside.

Just then, SLIM emerges from the barn, striding toward JOE with an exultant grin on his face. He radiates immense pride.

SLIM (ANIMATED)

Chief, we've got 'em!

JOE (STILL EXPRESSIONLESS)

And the driver of the truck?

SLIM (EXCITEDLY)

WISUT's got him. The truck's loaded up with meth, Chief. Like, completely packed. I've isolated the other guy in a separate room, tied him up.

JOE's countenance remains devoid of emotion. He offers a nod in response, signalling for SLIM to lead the way without speaking.

The two men enter the barn through its main entrance, surrounded by an air of quietude. SLIM guides JOE to a wooden door near the barn entrance, equipped with a small openable window. SLIM points at it, beaming with pride. JOE cautiously opens the window and gazes inside. Seated in a chair, hands bound behind his back, is [KHAN]. KHAN locks eyes with JOE, a slow and wicked smile dawning across his features.

As JOE closes the opening and strides with SLIM toward the open barn warehouse, the CAMERA transitions. Inside the expansive warehouse, a van's driver [KHAN'S ASSOCIATE FROM EP.5] is securely fastened to the steering wheel using cable ties. WISUT emerges from behind the van, wearing a grin that speaks of a mission accomplished.

JOE (TO THE POINT)
Get him out. Place him in a chair
at the centre of the warehouse,
near the van.

The camera shifts to show WISUT cutting the ties and forcefully removing the driver from the van. The driver's movements are sluggish as he's seated on the designated chair with his hands on his lap. He too recognises JOE momentarily. SLIM and WISUT stand behind him, their subtle smiles directed toward JOE, awaiting further instructions.

TIGHT ON JOE'S WAIST - SLOW PAN UP

JOE draws his pistol and engages the gun. We see every movement slowly. Every little detail. SLOW-MOTION. He raises the gun toward the driver seated in the chair. The driver's eyes open wider and wider with terror

CLOSE ON JOE'S FACE

CAMERA focusses on JOE's eyes, catching a gleam of determination. He fires twice in rapid succession. BANG BANG! The aftermath is marked by stillness, save for a ringing in the ears resembling the sound of tinnitus. The camera remains fixed on JOE.

CLOSE ON - JOE (OVER THE RINGING)
Get Khan and get the fuck out of
here.

CUT TO

OVER THE SHOULDER OF JOE

Two lifeless police officers, SLIM and WISUT, are in a slumped position, their lives extinguished. The driver remains seated in the chair, his eyes gaping open in shock. The abrupt turn of events leaves everyone stunned and bewildered.

In a swift reaction, the driver bolts away, sprinting as fast as his legs can carry him toward Khan

CLOSE ON WISUT AND SLIM

WISUT and SLIM with single bullet shots, clear in the forehead

FADE OUT

INT. NEPHEW LI'S GLAMOROUS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

NEPHEW LI, adorned in luxury, reclines on an extravagant bed in his opulent bedroom. The room is bathed in soft, sensual lighting. The lavish surroundings contrast starkly with his infuriated expression. Two ATTRACTIVE WOMEN are with him, taking turns giving him a blowjob.

As the scene unfolds, one of the women is pleasuring NEPHEW LI while he receives a text notification PING on his phone. He grunts softly in response, clearly annoyed by the interruption. He reaches over, grabs his phone, and scans the message. His annoyance deepens as he reads the words.

NEPHEW LI (FRUSTRATED, MUTTERING)
Unbelievable...

The woman continues her actions, seemingly unfazed by NEPHEW LI's displeasure.

NEPHEW LI (INCREASINGLY
FRUSTRATED)
Fuck! Prick can't even get a
simple task right.

He glances down at the woman, his irritation palpable.

NEPHEW LI (TO THE WOMAN)
Enough. Get out.

The woman stops abruptly, looking up at him with a mix of surprise and disappointment. She starts to speak, but NEPHEW LI's glare silences her.

NEPHEW LI (SHARPLY)
I said, get out.

The woman quickly gathers her clothes and exits the room, leaving NEPHEW LI seething with frustration. He tosses his phone onto the nightstand, running his fingers through his hair.

NEPHEW LI (TO HIMSELF, GRITTING
HIS TEETH)
A clean run. Was that too much to
fucking ask?

His irritation is palpable, his anger directed at the failed drug raid that didn't go according to his plan.

He clenches his fists, clearly struggling to contain his rage. The atmosphere in the room is tense as NEPHEW LI grapples with his disappointment and anger

JOE THE HERO INTERVIEWED

Inside a studio, a TV journalist takes the centre stage, preparing to introduce a new segment. Our perspective places us behind two cameramen situated on the set of 'Thailand Tonight,' a program known for its gravitas in journalism.

JOURNALIST (PROFESSIONAL TONE)
 Yesterday, we unveiled a significant drug bust that unfolded at the Thai-Myanmar border in the MAY Si region – a notorious area that has long plagued the Thai Drug Suppression Squad. After the break, we will engage in conversation with Police Colonel Thitisan Utthanapon, the courageous leader behind this perilous operation.

The broadcast goes on pause for commercials.

Amidst this, JOE stands alongside APARCHIT, who sports a sharp blue suit that exudes an unusual level of sophistication. A striking young woman [BAITOEY] approaches the two men, directing her comment toward APARCHIT

BAITOEY (PLAYFULLY)
 Who knows. Maybe one day, they'll have enough makeup that you can go on TV

APARCHIT, taken aback, responds with a warm smile. The two share an affectionate hug. JOE and BAITOEY exchange smiles, an unspoken connection sparking between them during her embrace with her father.

APARCHIT (AFFECTIONATELY)
 Ah, my beautiful and accomplished daughter! What brings you to the set of such a grim show?

BAITOEY (EXCITEDLY)
 I just completed some screen tests upstairs, Phaw – for the upcoming entertainment show we're launching. I did mention it to you and Mum!

Baitoey gazes at Joe, her smile accompanied by a playful eye-roll. JOE is then handed a microphone to affix to his lapel

APARCHIT (SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED)
Oh, how inconsiderate of me.
Thitisan Utthanapon, meet my
exquisite daughter.

JOE (SMOOTHLY)

e finishes the introduction APARCHIT started

Baitoey Sirisit... exquisite indeed

JOE and BAITOEY shake hands, her smile carrying a hint of shyness.

APARCHIT (A HEARTY CHUCKLE)
Already more famous than her old
Phaw!

The news team approaches and ushers JOE away.

PRODUCER (PROFESSIONAL)
Colonel, we need you on the set in
two minutes, please.

JOE extricates himself from a fixed gaze on BAITOEY and strides toward the set.

FADE OUT / IN

JOES APARTMENT INSTAGRAM SEARCHES

INT. JOES APARTMENT

JOE sits in his dimly lit apartment, the soft glow of his laptop screen casting a bluish hue across his face. He leans back in his chair, fingers tapping on the keyboard as he navigates through Instagram. His eyes fixated on the profile of Baitoey, a sense of anticipation tingling in his veins. He scrolls through her curated collection of photos, each image offering a glimpse into her life. His cursor hovered over the "Follow" button, and with a subtle click, he added another connection to his digital world.

JOE's attention shifts, his eyes narrowing as he switched tabs to May's Facebook profile. He navigates through the sea of posts, his fingers deftly clicking on the photos that caught his interest. A pattern emerges as he meticulously likes each image where MAY is captured in her bikini, her allure accentuated by the sun-kissed beaches. He can't help but feel a sense of ownership, a connection that transcended the virtual world. His lips curled into a self-satisfied smile, a faint expression of triumph hidden in the corners of his mouth.

Carefully, JOE avoids any photos where May is accompanied by another man. He doesn't want to acknowledge the presence of any potential rivals. His focus is solely on the images that showcase her in a light that he found most captivating. He leans back, his thoughts a mixture of obsession and longing, a complex web of desires weaving through his mind.

As JOE continues his digital exploration, the glow of the screens bathes his face in an otherworldly light, casting fleeting shadows that dance in tune with the stories he wove in his mind – stories that were both his escape and his creation, each uniquely his own.

FADE OUT

LEK TRAFFICKS

INT. CARS HOLDING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MEANWHILE ON THE STREETS: LEK, looking stern and unyielding, questions two DRUG DEALERS in their 30s, bound to chairs. The room is dimly lit, tension in the air.

LEK (GRITTING HIS TEETH)
You fuck my friends, you fuck with
me. We have a simple way to deal
with rats like you

DRUG DEALER 1 (DEFIANT)
We're not saying nothin'.

DRUG DEALER 2 (SMIRKING)
Yeah, you're gonna need more than
your tough guy act, Lek.

LEK slams his fist on the table, startling the drug dealers. He speaks quietly. Calmly

LEK
You forget - **we are the fucking
law.** How does Cambodia sound,
pigs?

The drug dealers exchange uneasy glances.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SUP confronts the drug dealers who betrayed him. A heated argument ensues, ending in gunfire and the drug dealers manage to escape.

INT. LEK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LEK sits across from his CONTACT, a SHADY FIGURE, mid-30s, dressed in black.

CONTACT (WHISPERING)
Deal, no problem. We'll take them
across the border to Cambodia
through the Shan State. Chinese
are paying up to \$10,000

LEK (NODS. SMILES)
Just make sure the transaction is
smooth. And deliver it by Bitcoin,
ya?

CONTACT (SLY GRIN)
No problem - you'll get your cut,
as always. And we'll deliver a van
of girls on return

INT. SOAP STREET - MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

LEK discreetly enters the massage parlour, where YOUNG GIRLS are clad in revealing attire attend to clients.

LEK (TO MAMASAN)
I've got fresh ones for you.

MADAME (SMILING BUT EXHAUSTED)
Good, we need some new faces to
keep the business going. Since
PADRE left me in the shit here I
just can't keep up

LEK shifts slightly uneasily, knowing that he was the cause of his demise. Then offers unfeeling:

LEK
Get some help. It's a good
business.

She looks at him with a look of incredulity, his naivety at how tough it is running a whorehouse.

INT. BANGKOK POLICE STATION - OPEN OFFICE - DAY

SUP enters the office, looking around, concerned.

SUP (SUSPICIOUS)
LEK! Those rats been dealt with yet?

LEK (CALMLY)
Don't worry buddy. All good. And
LEK makes nice little money.
Maybe I share some with you good
buddy

SUP narrows his eyes, but LEK remains composed.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - SHAN STATE - NIGHT

LEK oversees the handover of the drug dealers to the CONTACT's ASSOCIATES. The deal is tense but successful.

CONTACT (SMIRKING)
See you on the flip side, Lek.

LEK watches them leave, anticipating the return of the truck full of young girls for his Bangkok payday.

INT. SOAP STREET - MADAME'S OFFICE - DAY

LEK takes a wad of cash from MAMASAN.

LEK (FRUSTRATED)
Listen. I know its all cash for
you, but I want to start to
collect my money in Bitcoin.
Online ya?

Rubs his fingers greedily and cunningly adds:

Untraceable

MADAME (UNCARING)
What the fuck is Bitcoin?

LEK stifles a laugh at her naivety, before nodding and turning away to leave

EXT. SOAP STREET - NIGHT

LEK walks down Soap Street, the neon lights casting an eerie glow. He stares at the massage parlours, relishing his growing side-hustle.

SILENT REVELATION

INT. NAHKON SAWAN POLICE STATION - DAY

A NEW DAY DAWNS: The sun rises on Nahkon Sawan Province. The dimly lit police station awakens with activity. Detectives and officers move around, their faces etched with fatigue. JOE stands by his desk. He scans the room, his eyes locking onto his colleague, SAAJI. We don't see SAAJI's face.

JOE (APPROACHING)
Saaji, I need you to come with me.
We're going to Slim's family.

SAAJI nods, picking up on the gravity of the situation. They exit the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JOE's sleek Mercedes is parked outside. SAAJI hesitates, looking at the car as JOE throws the keys to him.

SAAJI (SURPRISED)
You want me to drive?

JOE (NODS)
Yeah, you got it.

SAAJI gets behind the wheel, and JOE settles into the back seat. The dynamic is clear - JOE's in charge. SAAJI is quietly seething but he doesn't show his superior, JOE.

EXT. SLIM'S FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

The car turns into a quiet residential street. There is little activity as the weight of the situation grows heavier within the car. They pull up to a modest family house. SAAJI cuts the engine, and they sit for a moment in silence. (SAAJI looking through the rear vision mirror)

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JOE takes a deep breath, his face heavy with the impending news. He turns to SAAJI.

JOE (STERNLY)
Stay here.

From Behind, SAAJI nods, his expression serious. Joe's eyes narrow slightly, his gaze intense.

JOE (PENSIVE)
Every decision we make is a thread
in the web of trust.

A Beat.

Every choice is a step toward
salvation or ruin.

SAAJI's eyes remain fixed on JOE through the mirror but there's a realisation washing over him.

There's a truth hanging heavy in the air.

EXT. SLIM'S FAMILY HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JOE exits the car and approaches the front door as it opens, revealing Slim's WIFE. Her face is a mixture of hope and dread.

We are SAAJI, and we don't hear the conversation as they enter the house

INT. SLIM'S FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe delivers the heart-wrenching news to WIFE, her anguished cries muted as we stay with SAAJI in the car.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SAAJI watches the scene through the car window. The realisation of the hidden truth weighs heavily on his mind. JOE emerges from the house, his face a mask of empathy as he comforts SLIM's WIFE with a hug.

SAAJI's gaze lingers on the macabre sight, the depth of deception and emotion sinking in.

FADE OUT

NATIPAN AND BAITOEY LUNCH

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT IN BANGKOK - DAYTIME

MEANWHILE IN BANGKOK: At a charming riverside restaurant in Bangkok, Natipan and Baitoey sit by the water, enjoying their lunch on a lovely day. Two white doves gracefully pass by as they engage in a casual conversation.

BAITOEY

I might take it. It would provide a stable income while I work on growing my YouTube audience. Of course, it all depends on the final contract.

NATIPAN nods approvingly.

NATIPAN

As we've always encouraged, in today's world, a young woman should be independent.

BAITOEY (FINISHING)

..she should be self-sufficient and not reliant on anyone else.

NATIPAN

But have your experiences in your twenty-five years contradicted that, dear?

BAITOEY

Well, it's very male-dominated, especially in the media. Some of the stories I've heard are truly traumatic. I'm grateful I haven't encountered that yet.

NATIPAN

Imagine your father's reaction if you were mistreated.

Natipan hints at Baitoey's father's influence.

BAITOEY (MOCKING)

Yes, I'm sure Phaw would want to have a word with them.

(CHANGES TONE TO CONSIDERING)

Sometimes, I feel like I need a fierce protector by my side, someone who will fight for me.

As a waiter presents the bill, Natipan raises an eyebrow. Baitoey offers to pay, but Natipan declines.

NATIPAN

Are you planning to walk through the park back to work?

Baitoey nods, smiling. They both stand up to leave the restaurant. Transition to:

EXT. PARK

Walking arm in arm through a lush park, Natipan and Baitoey continue their leisurely stroll, with plenty of time on their hands.

NATIPAN

I must share something with you,
my dear. I recently had lunch with
an old friend, someone who
actually works alongside your
grandfather.

Baitoey is surprised by this revelation, realising that her mother may be closer to her estranged father than she thought.

BAITOEY

Oh?

NATIPAN

It turns out that this friend,
from our school days, informed me
about your grandfather and his
relationship with his
grandchildren.

Baitoey gradually releases her arm from her mother's.

BAITOEY

It's not what you might be
thinking, Mom.

Natipan smiles warmly.

NATIPAN

My dear, I never wished for you to
be estranged from your
grandparents like I am. I'm
genuinely glad that you've had the
chance to know them.

BAITOEY

So, you know I spent the last
holidays with them?

NATIPAN (QUIETLY SURPRISED)

I didn't know that, but it doesn't
matter. I'm just happy. They're
growing older... I've never believed
they were bad people you know.

Baitoey nods in understanding.

BAITOEY

Grandfather talks about you all
the time. He says I remind him of
you, and he wished he could have
seen you become the strong

journalist or lawyer you wanted to be. But then I came along and enriched your life.

Natipan takes Baitoey's arm affectionately.

BAITOEY

I just wish we could all reconcile. Why does he hold such animosity towards Phaw? My father is a good man...

As they walk, Natipan's gaze shifts downward, revealing a long-held secret. Silence fills the air.

NATIPAN

My love, what I'm about to tell you must never leave this conversation, ever.

Natipan's tone is solemn as she looks at her daughter.

BAITOEY

I promise, Mom. I won't share it with anyone.

Natipan chooses her words carefully.

NATIPAN

This is difficult to say, but your father seems to have been drawn into a dreadful affair linked to the Red Bull murder case.

Baitoey comes to a halt, her gaze fixed on her mother. Natipan confirms with a subtle nod.

NATIPAN

I'm not entirely clear on the details or the extent of his involvement, but he did break a significant promise he made to both the people of Thailand (pausing) and to me...

Tears well up in Baitoey's eyes.

BAITOEY

But why? How? You can't just drop this on me and not complete the picture!

NATIPAN

Keeping this secret has been tearing me apart, Baitoey. All I know is that those poor people were paid a substantial sum for

the death – or let's be frank, the
murder – of their loved one.

As they approach a main road at the edge of the park,
Baitoey is determined.

BAITOEY

I need to talk to him about this.

Natipan shakes her head, signaling no.

BAITOEY

Why? Why can't I discuss this with
Phaw?

NATIPAN

I beg you, darling. If you do, the
trust between your father and me
will shatter forever.

BAITOEY (SARCASTICALLY)

Well, it seems like that trust is
hanging by a thread as it is.

Natipan is taken aback, looking at Baitoey.

BAITOEY (ASSERTIVELY)

Come on, Mother. Your passion for
each other has waned. I've noticed
the way you two look at – or don't
look at – each other.

NATIPAN

Darling, a marriage is a
continuum. It is not lineal – and
like the world around us things
change and we adapt to life's
twists. While we've had our
challenges, I still love your
father. He's the father of my
wonderful daughter, and to my
knowledge, he's not married to
anyone else!

(Trying to break the seriousness of the conversation)

Baitoey rolls her eyes, frustrated

BAITEOY(SIGHING)

Ok, well I'll try to keep my
silence. It won't be easy mother.
That's a terrible business. Thai
people need to be held to account
for their actions and behaviours –
regardless of their wealth.

NATIPAN

I fear I'll be in the next life
before that happens my dear. The
corruption and under-the-table
dealings in this country have been
going on for centuries and will
continue until a generational
change occurs.

(Sarcastically)

And I don't think our beloved
Playboy King will create any
change

BAITOEY throws her head back raising her eyebrows in
astonishment at the Playboy King

BAITOEY

He's quite the clown, isn't he?
Parading around in a German castle
(shaking her head). Wake up,
Thailand! It's 2016! They can't
hide in their castles forever!
Just look at the British royals.
They've had to adapt and evolve.

But ma, there are truth-seekers
both within and outside their
ranks now. Everyone's eager to
uncover the truth and expose their
outdated ways.

They both share a knowing nod, their conversation
continuing as the CAMERA zooms out, revealing the
sprawling metropolis of Bangkok in the background.

FADE TO

FALL FROM GRACE

INT. MONASTERY HALL - KOH SAMUI - SUNSET

The atmosphere inside the monastery is tense. TREVOR,
wearing a façade of innocence, approaches the ABBOT, who
stands in contemplation. NOMSOD passes as TREVOR
approaches, nodding silently.

TREVOR (INNOCENTLY)

Venerable Abbot, have you heard
anything about the urine tests -
the police tests?

ABBOT (SIGHS)

Yes, Khun.
(Tears well)

We have strayed from the path of
 righteousness. The news is bad.
 The entire clergy, including
 myself, have failed.

Trevor's eyes widen in shock and concern. After the
 initial shock, his crooked smile returns

TREVOR (BARELY CONCEALING HIS
 PANIC)
 Failed? But how? Why is this
 police captain?—

ABBOT (NODS SADLY)
 It seems the new captain on the
 island is quite persistent. He
 wants to make his impression
 quickly on Koh Samui.

TREVOR (VOICE TENSE)
 So what now? What will the Sangha
 do? What does the Supreme
 Patriarch? Does he know?

ABBOT (SIGHS HEAVILY)
 His holiness is aware. He's on his
 way here to address the situation
 personally.

Trevor's mind races as the weight of the impending
 confrontation settles in.

TREVOR (DESPERATE)
 We have to do something, Abbot.

ABBOT (GRAVELY)
 It's too late, Khun Trevor. The
 truth is out. We can only face the
 consequences.

Trevor's mind races as he contemplates the consequences
 of his actions. He seeks to placate the ABBOT momentarily
 while he considers his next move

TREVOR (DEFEATED, FEIGNS CONCERN)
 I never thought it would come to
 this. Our community, our path...

ABBOT (ANGER QUICKLY COMES OVER
 HIM)
 NO! We strayed from the path. We
 are responsible for the carnage on
 the island!
 (CALMING HIMSELF AFTER A BEAT)
 And I can only hope for
 forgiveness and redemption now.

NARRATION: "A Buddhist temple left without Monks. How will the villagers do Merit-making by donating food, they wondered."

Trevor's gaze falters, a storm brewing within him. His commitment wavers as the Abbot speaks of accountability.

TREVOR (NODS, FEIGNING
DEDICATION)
Of course, venerable Abbot. We
shall do what is necessary.

As the Abbot moves away, Trevor's eyes betray his inner turmoil. He retreats to a quiet corner, his thoughts racing.

TREVOR (TO HIMSELF)
Time to fucking cut and run. Next
stop, Bali. (SMILES)

His plan to escape, fuelled by the riches accumulated from their misdeeds, becomes clearer.

EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN - SUNSET

NOMSOD joins TREVOR, his face a mirror of trepidation.

TREVOR (WHISPERING)
Nomsod, my brother, this path has
led us astray. You must find
another monastery, start anew.

NOMSOD (VOICE HEAVY)
I fear for what lies ahead.

TREVOR (SOMBERLY)
Our actions have left this place
and the community in ruins. We
must make amends.

NOMSOD nods his unspoken deeds hang heavy in the air.

INT. MONASTERY HALL - NIGHT

As darkness descends, the monastery's flickering lanterns cast long shadows. The monks, tormented by their choices, gather in the hall.

TREVOR (VOICE FIRM)
Brothers, let us face our
transgressions with courage and
seek redemption.

The monks exchange glances, a mix of shame and hope reflected in their eyes. The sound of a distant gong reverberates, echoing the path they must now tread.

EXT. MONASTERY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Amidst the moonlit silence, Trevor and Nomsod stand at the crossroads. The monastery, once a beacon of enlightenment, now stands as a symbol of fallen virtue.

TREVOR (TO NOMSOD)

Go, my friend. Find your path
(A Beat, then Under his breath)
Fuckin moron

NOMSOD nods once, his face blank. The monastery's future remains uncertain, its wounds left open to the night's gentle breeze.

EXT. BO PHUT TEMPLE - DAY

In a public and ceremonial act of retribution, the Supreme Patriarch has arrived on Koh Samui, disrobing the entire clergy at Bo Phut Temple. He publicly strips them of their orange robes. The humiliation is profound, witnessed by locals and tourists alike. The spiritual community and hungry world media watches in shock, their faith shaken by the scandal.

As the sun sets on the day of reckoning, the monastery stands stripped not just of its robes, but of its sanctity. The lessons learned harsh, the scars deep, and the path to redemption uncertain. The once harmonious haven of spiritual growth has been tainted by the allure of addiction, leaving a community in despair and a legacy tarnished.

CUT TO

EXT. KOH SAMUI AIRPORT - DAYTIME

MEANWHILE: TREVOR sits in casual clothes at the airport, smiling to the passersby - looking like any other Australian tourist leaving the island. Old Jeans and t-shirt, flip flops.

CUT TO

MAHASEK WATCHES JOE DO HIS DIRTY WORK

INT. LUXURIOUS ROOM - NIGHT

MAHASEK sits in a plush armchair, his eyes fixated on the television screen before him. The room exudes opulence, and he's in the company of only the TV and a crystal glass filled with amber liquid-whiskey. The TV show being broadcast features an interview with JOE.

ON SCREEN:

JOE's face appears on the television, looking solemn yet determined.

JOE (SINCERE TONE)
We lost two exceptional soldiers
that fateful day. They made the
ultimate sacrifice for their
country - true heroes. But for the
two men who met a gruesome end,
sometimes fate deals a cruel hand.
(Pauses, somberly addressing the
camera)
I'll forever owe a debt of
gratitude to those men for having
my back.

The interviewer leans in, intrigued.

INTERVIEWER (NODDING)
We've heard reports of a
significant methamphetamine
seizure at the Myanmar border.
What becomes of such a substantial
haul?

JOE nods, his demeanour composed.

The scene shifts, revealing KHAN and DRIVER returning to
a warehouse. JOE's voice continues as a voiceover.

JOE (VOICEOVER) (NOTICEABLY CALM)
I can't say for certain. I believe
the military unit takes possession
and disposes of it - perhaps
sinking it in an ocean's abyss or
reducing it to ashes. The
specifics elude me. Regardless,
I'm confident it's kept far from
the clutches of those nefarious
individuals who infest our nation
with this poison, inflicting pain
and sorrow on our people.

Back to the interview setup, JOE nods respectfully.

INTERVIEWER (CONGENIAL)
Police Colonel Thitisan
Uttanhapon, we appreciate your
time today and your unwavering
dedication to our great nation.

Both men exchange nods, a sense of mutual respect shared.

JOE (SMILES)
The pleasure is mine

MAHASEK sits, contemplating.

NARRATION: "Hope shines brightest in the hearts of those who trust, but unchecked optimism leads to unforeseen disappointments."

CHINATOWN COMPOUND - "HOTEL JAIL" - CAMBODIA

INT. WHITE SAND PALACE 2' HOTEL JAIL - NIGHT

A dimly lit, overcrowded room filled with rows of dilapidated tables. The air is thick with tension as dozens of young men and girls hunch over their computers and phones, fingers dancing across keyboards. Their faces show a mix of exhaustion and fear, a reflection of their dire circumstances. The room is starkly divided between those carrying out scams and the two imposing Chinese Guards who ensure they remain obedient.

The camera pans to the guards standing near the entrance. One of them, a towering figure of muscle, an imposing grimace with a shocking red mohawk, leans against the wall. He's dressed in a mismatched ensemble that includes a flashy Gucci T-shirt, a stark contrast to the grim setting. The other guard, equally formidable, sports a similar style, adorned in designer clothing that seems out of place in this grim environment.

RED MOHAWK GUARD (LOUDLY)
I'm watching you! keep working! No
slacking!

The trafficked boys and girls, visibly fatigued, type furiously on their devices, following a script that guides them through the scams. The tension in the room is palpable, each keystroke a testament to their captivity.

GUCCI GUARD (TO A GIRL
HESITATING)
You there! Get back to work! If I
have to come over there you'll be
sold to Kaibo 5!

The girl quickly refocuses on her screen, her fingers resuming their dance across the keyboard. The camera captures the haunted look in her eyes, a glimmer of defiance masked by fear.

As the camera pans across the room, it reveals the harsh reality of their situation. The walls are plastered with motivational posters, creating a cruel irony against the backdrop of their forced labor. Overhead, flickering fluorescent lights cast an eerie glow on the captives.

RED MOHAWK GUARD (TO A BOY
STRUGGLING)

You like your ears, huh? Keep
those fingers moving or lose your
ears

The boy flinches, his fingers moving even faster as he types out messages filled with empty promises and deceit.

GUCCI GUARD (TO THE ROOM AT
LARGE)

You're lucky you're even here. You
should be grateful you're alive!
(Then under his breath)
you fucking pigs!

RED MOHAWKS GUARD (QUIETLY TO
GUCCI GUARD, SMILING DARSTADLY)

Fill my fucking Crypto account you
rats

The captives exchange weary glances, knowing all too well the horror of their situation. The camera captures their shared pain and desperation as they continue their digital deception under the watchful eyes of the guards.

END.

SCENE INDEX

WHISTLE BLOWERS	1
WHISTLEBLOWERS GET SHOT	2
EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - IN BANGKOK - SUNRISE	3
EXT. A BRIDGE OVERLOOKING THE TRAIN TRACKS	5
JOE GETS MAY FOLLOWED	5
HUA HIN MAY: A DAY IN 2015	9
MONSOON BAR AT A LUXURIOUS HOTEL/RESORT IN HUA HIN - EARLY EVENING	11
LUXURY HOTEL RESTAURANT "MONSOON" - HOUSE PHONE - OUTSIDE MONSOON RESTAURANT - NIGHT	13
INT. MAY'S RESORT ROOM - ANANTARA - MORNING	14
INT. POLICE OFFICES - MAJOR GENERAL'S DOOR -	17
POOKIE'S NEWS	20
MAY'S PARENTS HOUSE 2015	23
PURSuing THE SHADOW - HAS BARNEY NAILED IT?	25
UNVEILING TRUTHS: THE WHISTLEBLOWING BRIDE	28
OPERATION METHAMPHETAMINE INTERCEPTION	29
INT. NEPHEW LI'S GLAMOROUS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT	34
JOE THE HERO INTERVIEWED	35
JOES APARTMENT INSTAGRAM SEARCHES	36
LEK TRAFFICKS	37
SILENT REVELATION	40
NATIPAN AND BAITOEY LUNCH	41
FALL FROM GRACE	46
MAHASEK WATCHES JOE DO HIS DIRTY WORK	49
CHINATOWN COMPOUND - "HOTEL JAIL" - CAMBODIA	51