

THAIGER

by
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EP 7. SCAPEGOATS ON DEATH ISLAND

September 2016

In "Scapegoats on Death Island," the story takes an intense turn as it transports viewers to the idyllic shores of Koh Tao, a paradise island marred by a recent double homicide that ignites a global media frenzy. As the world's gaze locks onto the Mafia-infested island, Major General Aparchit becomes entwined in a dangerous game, manipulating the corrupt system from within using bribes and coercion. Simultaneously, the British Ambassador crafts his own strategic moves to puncture the veil of corruption that shrouds the island. Amidst this turmoil, the narrative unravels a poignant tale: two young Burmese workers, trapped within the grim confines of the 'Bangkok Hilton' prison, divulge their harrowing story to Barney. Their chilling account implicates a single source, leaving little room for doubt. As the episode unfolds against the backdrop of beauty and darkness, secrets emerge that threaten to shatter illusions and challenge the very fabric of truth. "Scapegoats on Death Island" presents a death-defying escape followed by a dance of power, manipulation, and innocence lost.

FADE IN:

BANGKOK HILTON 2016

INT. BANG KWANG PRISON - DAY - BLACK DARK - WET FLOORS

It's dark and we can only just see through the pitch black darkness of a prison.

A prison door slams closed by a man's hand. Then nothing

BLACK SCREEN.

We hear a man running, breathing hard. Running more. Panicked.

SMASH CUT

ESCAPING KOH TAO

EXT. JUNGLE - KOH TAO ISLAND - DUSK

TRACKING - CLOSE UP

A mans torso is running through jungle. Panicked. His heavy breathing is accentuated.

It's dusk.

Jungle bushes whip at his skin and cut him. Panning out we see a white 25 year old man [SEAN] in shorts and a t-shirt is running for his life. Sweating profusely.

He stops momentarily. Mosquitos are buzzing at him which he's swatting away from his ears, irritated. He looks at his phone frantically. He opens his phone and sends an SMS

TEXT: "Mum Help me. Call me!"

He stops; looks around suspiciously. He runs. Further on he spots a solitary light through trees and drops to the ground quickly, marking his face with brown mud.

Looks up. It's nothing.

He heads in the opposite direction until he finds a steep muddy hill to rest against.

His phone rings LOUD against the profound silence.

SEAN (THICK SCOTTISH ACCENT)
 Fuck! (He turns it to silent
 before answering:)
 Mum! Mum Listen carefully **please**.
 Mum I'm goin'a die tonight. Mum
 shu up! ... mum I'm on Koh Tao
 island in Thailand. They're
 chasing me and they're goin'a kill
 me. LISTEN MUM!!! I love ya mum.
 You been a grea' maaa. I'll try
 and make I' home bu'..(shaking his
 head) MUM! You're not listening.
 No I'm not **ON** nuthin ma! The
 Mafia are chasing me and they're
going-to-kill- meaa.

There's a crack in the thicket. He turns his head quickly

SMASH CUT

TIGHT CLOSE - ON SEANS EYES

SEAN looks horrified, eyes wide open searching for his
 assailant.

CUT TO

OPENING.

FADE IN

Archive Footage: YOUTUBE 'WE ARE ANONYMOUS' EDITED
 (BECOMES VOICE OVER JUXTAPOSES IDYLIC PARADISE)

EXT. KOH TAO - SWOOPING OVER IDYLIC ISLAND - HOTELS -
 THEN CRIME SCENES

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - INITIAL TV NEWS COVERAGE OF KOH TAO
 MURDER OF HANNAH WITHERIDGE AND DAVID MILLER

THEN - More Idyllic views of Koh Tao island

NARRATION: "In 2014, a young British couple on the trip
 of a lifetime were brutally murdered on Sairee Beach Koh
 Tao. It's not the first murders on this tiny paradise,
 and not the last; on the island now referred to as Death
 Island. The murders were traced back to two young
 Burmese workers who had no motive and no DNA trace to
 anything found at the scene. The many other deaths on
 this tiny island remain simply unsatisfactorily
 resolved."

FADE TO

BANGKOK HILTON INTERVIEW

INT. CAR - OVER THE SHOULDER - FROM BACK SEAT

Traveling down a rain-soaked road, the radio fills the air with music. The atmosphere is one of darkness and drizzle, the roads glistening from the moisture, and the sky filled with heavy black clouds. Alongside the road stands a jail, its security turrets displaying peeling paint, and its perimeter secured by electrified barbed wire. Not a soul can be seen on the streets, painting a quiet and eerie picture. This is the infamous Bang Kwang Prison, also known as the Bangkok Hilton Prison for men.

INT - BANG KWANG PRISON, 'BANGKOK HILTON' - DAY

Chyron **"Bang Kwang Prison, 'The Bangkok Hilton' 2016"**

Carrying a notebook and smartphone, BARNEY approaches a security counter in the austere waiting area. The floor is covered in worn linoleum, and the chairs, orange and blue vinyl-covered steel from the 1960s, contribute to a sense of nostalgia. A tear-off date book on the counter displays "Monday, 5 September 2016." The police guard extends his hand to collect the papers, briefly evaluating them before offering a knowing remark.

POLICE GUARD

Ah! Yes, the Burmese Scapegoats...
(Then somewhat more informational,
smiling he slowly offers)
Usually only people with the same
surname can see prisoners... I see
you got the warden's permission.
Lucky you. Take a seat. Fill
these forms in and someone will
take you through.

BARNEY sits, after asking the guard quietly:

BARNEY

You know they're innocent?

The police guard just smiles knowingly whilst proffering his hand to a seat in the waiting room.

BARNEY takes a clipboard with papers for completing and sits uncomfortably on a flimsy chair which looks like its best days were in a Food Hall nearby.

INT. THE PRISON BAR WALK - HIGH SECURITY

OVER THE SHOULDER - TRACKING ON BARNEY

Guided by the guards, BARNEY passes through a pair of heavy iron prison doors that shut resoundingly behind him and reveal a path forward into darkness. He's gripped by an unsettling discomfort as he gazes up at the imposing prison structure. It's a sharp contrast with the stereotypical American prison scenes. Here, silence reigns supreme – penetrating stares by prisoners, but an eerie quiet.

CAMERA trails BARNEY as he enters a room featuring transparent partitions and intercom systems. Behind these partitions, two diminutive Burmese figures (young men) are seated. One of them offers a polite wave and a smile, while the other remains visibly uneasy, barely shifting in his seat. On BARNEY's side of the glass, a small older man smiles; their lawyer and today's INTERPRETER.

Continuing to track BARNEY's movements, the CAMERA captures his actions as he takes a seat at one of the transparent partitions, positioning himself in front of the intercom system next to the INTERPRETER, quietly introducing himself.. He then proceeds to press the intercom button, initiating communication.

BARNEY

Hello.. Zaw Lin? (And looking to the other inmate) and Wai Phyo?

Both nod. ZAW then opens up cheerily in broken English

ZAW

Hello. My name Zaw Lin. My friend is Wai. He is no speak English or Thai sorry

WAI nods once uncomfortably, looking around with his eyes only, like he's never been in this room before.

BARNEY

Can I begin by asking Zaw, are you guilty of murdering the English backpackers in 2014 on Koh Tao island?

ZAW throws his head back and nods

ZAW

Hahaha - then speaks to the interpreter.

INTERPRETER

He says - I Not kill anyone.
If I killed anyone, I stay here.
Why am I here? I think about that all the time

Pausing momentarily BARNEY looks to WAI

WAI just nods 'no' blankly, closing his eyes.

BARNEY

Can I ask you (a beat) to tell me
your story then?

FADE TO

FLASHBACK TO KOH TAO ISLAND.

Narration by ZAW LIN's INTERPRETER, who speaks very slowly, in basic English.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "Yaaa... okaay... So... we leave Myanmar in 2013. Look for better life. Support parents. Old - can't work. Better chance to make money in Thailand. Truck from Myanmar leaving day after meeting with Thailand big boss in Myanmar... they just say we go to Thai island for good life. Better than moving drug in backpack in jungles. Get killed easy. Bad work. Bad men.."

We observe the two men embarking on a decrepit and unsafe truck, its windscreen riddled with cracks, and around 20 Burmese individuals, both men and women, packed onto the truck as it sets off down a road leading into a dense jungle. Accompanying them are a Thai man armed with a machine gun and the truck's menacing driver.

In the subsequent scene, these same men transition from the truck to an ageing Thai fishing boat as they make their way to an island. Upon reaching the island, they find themselves in a paradise-like setting. They are then transported in a different vehicle, a pickup truck designed to accommodate approximately 10 people. We observe them traveling through a concrete archway with the inscription "Welcome to Koh Tao." The vehicle takes them to modest huts situated in the jungle surroundings. The landscape comprises cleared jungle areas with brown mud roads and numerous makeshift huts scattered throughout the cleared space. As they arrive, a scooter passes by them, [NOMSOD] carrying a ladyboy sitting 'sidesaddle' on the back of the scooter, and it heads towards one of the huts.

NARRATION INTERPRETER "We meet Thai boss there. He say his sister come to tell us job and explain. We not know job yet."

A ladyboy arrives in tight skinny jeans and a red cutoff t-shirt, belly piercing on show under the crop top. She smiles seductively to the group of around 10 boys as she arrives. She begins to talk to the group as a briefing.

LADYBOY
 Hallllloooooo. Welcome Koh Tao.
 Paradise Thailand.

She pauses for a long time. She's sweet.

You joooooob.. Going to be work at
 Bar on beach.

The boys all look at each other silently. *How lucky are we!* We see ZAW say to WAI PHYO what they'll be doing and he nods once. The ladyboy is pleased to see they're excited by that news.

LADYBOY
 Yees. Tonight, you go to AC Bar.
 My family bar. Somebody here take
 you there. You get back walking.
 But first make training. Show you
 jobs in bar. You work hard. Make
 no problems. You get better jobs.
 Family have many businesses here.
 You make good job lucky you. Make
 bad job, have problem okaaaay?

The men stare blankly. One or two nod yes.

LADYBOY (DEADPAN)
 Okaaaay. My job is not training.
 NOMSOD make training. I see you at
 bar. Hope you have good working.
 Bye

She waves a hand like she's completely disinterested,
 then leaves as quickly as she arrived.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "on first night we go to bar and
 get job. I work like make wash dishes. They tell me. I do
 job"

We watch as ZAW washes kitchen dishes in the busy AC Bar.
 He is taken aside on his first night by another Burmese
 worker who works as a cook in the kitchen and wears a
 kitchen jacket with shorts and old runners. When there's
 no one else around he says quietly

BURMESE COOK (ENCOURAGING)
 Hey Zaw, you do good job. Keep
 making good job. Bosses here
 dangerous man. (Looking around
 suspiciously) Maybe tonight when
 finish take a beer after work?

ZAW nods before busying himself with dishes. The BURMESE
 COOK returns to making salads clearly suspicious.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "That night I learn. The AC Bar danger. Bosses like mafia people. Dangerous man"

RED CARPET REGRET FOR JOE

INT. BANGKOK RED CARPET EVENT - NIGHT

MEANWHILE IN BANGKOK: The red carpet is a flurry of flashing lights and excitement. MAY and JOE pull up in JOE's Rolls Royce, which he has a Burmese man driving. He directs him to drive on once they're out. MAY, dressed in an elegant gown, gracefully walks the red carpet, stopping for interviews with TV CHANNELS. JOE walks alongside her, but she discreetly motions him to take a different path, avoiding the media's attention.

MAY (WHISPERING)

Take the side entrance. I'll catch up with you inside.

JOE's irritation is palpable, but he hides it beneath a forced smile. As MAY continues her red carpet journey, BAITOEY SURISIT, a charismatic interviewer, approaches MAY with a network microphone.

BAITOEY (EXCITED)

May! Congratulations on SHAMAN - I hear the movie is amazing!

MAY

Thank you very much. We're all very proud

BAITEOY (TESTING)

May, I know you travel with your Angel Gang, but are you attending this event with anyone *special*?

MAY (EVADING)

Oh, tonight is all about celebrating the film and the talented people behind it.

JOE watches from the sidelines, growing more frustrated by the second.

INT. BANGKOK RED CARPET EVENT - INSIDE

Inside the cinema, JOE stands in the shadows, feeling like an outsider. His unease intensifies as he notices MAY's radiant smile during interviews and interactions with the other actors and her "angel gang" - BOOM and ZANOOK, who play roles in the film.

JOE (TO HIMSELF)
This is ridiculous. I should be by
her side.

As the event unfolds, JOE's jealousy simmers, especially when he spots MAY's charming co-star, JASON, who seems to share a comfortable rapport with her.

INT. BANGKOK RED CARPET EVENT - LATER

MAY finally joins JOE inside the cinema, her demeanour composed and distant.

JOE (WHISPERING)
May, what's going on? Why are you
keeping me hidden?

MAY (SOFTLY)
There are things we need to
address, privately.

JOE's frustration boils over, his voice slightly raised.

JOE (ANGRY)
This isn't how I imagined being
here with you, May. I've worked
hard, and I deserve to share your
success openly.

MAY's expression hardens, her resolve unyielding.

MAY (FIRMLY)
We will discuss this, but now is
not the time.

The lights dim as the screening of "SHAMAN" begins. JOE watches the screen, torn between his desire for the limelight and his growing realisation of intricacies at play.

INT. BANGKOK RED CARPET EVENT - AFTER THE MOVIE

The film ends, and applause fills the air. MAY and JOE exit the cinema, facing a barrage of fans and cameras. JOE's emotions are a mix of pride and resentment.

MAY (SOFTLY)
We'll talk soon.

As MAY engages with the crowd, JOE stands at a distance, grappling with his conflicting desires and the complicated dynamics that threaten their relationship.

FADE OUT

EXT. KOH TAO BEACH - NIGHT

Amidst the vibrant ambiance of the beach, where bars resonate with the rhythmic beats of tourists indulging in drinks and DJs spinning tracks, our attention is drawn to ZAW. He is seen enjoying a Changi beer, engaged in conversation with the BURMESE COOK. The scene captures the lively atmosphere of the beachside, where the festive energy of the bars and the music complements the relaxed camaraderie between ZAW and the BURMESE COOK.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "Work there maybe one year half before trouble start."

The CAMERA captures glimpses of ZAW diligently working as a dishwasher and barman, focused on his tasks. Despite the demanding work, there are moments when he breaks into a smile, exchanging cheerful glances with his fellow coworkers. These instances reveal a sense of camaraderie and a lighthearted atmosphere as they collectively find enjoyment in their work. The scenes portray ZAW's dedication and his ability to infuse a touch of fun into his responsibilities, creating a positive dynamic within the workplace.

As the sun begins its descent, casting a warm, golden hue over the surroundings, our attention shifts to the entrance of the bar, where [MON TUWUCHIEN], the owner, makes his weary entrance. His exhaustion is palpable, etched onto his features, and his demeanour borders on being irritable, almost tipping into anger. He wearily strides up to the bar, where the LADYBOY sits, elegantly poised with crossed legs, facing outward. A faint smile graces her lips, but it's met with an unresponsive expression from [MON]. The scene encapsulates a tension between weariness and a fleeting attempt at connection, highlighting the complexities within the bar owner's emotional state.

LADYBOY (IN THAI - SUBTITLES)

Xô. Dū hēnūxy «na phī khun t̄xng r̄ab
 c̄han kh̄un?
 / *Oh. Look tired brother. You need
 pick-me-up?*

MON gives half a hug to the ladyboy and nods affirmatively

MON

Chì khà khn deīyw chì h̄im /
 Ya. *just one ya?*
 (Then changing his mind)
 Th̄h̄i m̄an s̄xng
 / *Make it two.*

The ladyboy reaches into her purse and takes out a small clear bag with two pink yaba pills in it and hands it over to MON, who takes one out and takes it with a swig of beer before taking another only moments later. The ladyboy watches him as if it's a regular thing.

LADYBOY

Rawạng khwām rạk reìm khăngkæ̀ng
khụn / *Careful love. Getting
stronger.*

MON just shrugs before shuffling off with a beer in hand.

Subsequently, the narrative unfolds to reveal a series of scenes set inside the bar. The CAMERA notices NOMSOD working in the bar as a more senior figure. Within this setting, the LADYBOY along with several others, engage in a surprising display of openness as they facilitate drug transactions. There's an absence of fear or the need for secrecy as they brazenly exchange drugs with both tourists and staff members. This all unfolds against the backdrop of a picturesque sunset casting a warm glow over the beach.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "Owner makes drugs sales all time. Ladies at bar sell many many drug to tourist and gib to workers. I no take, don't like yaba. Make crazy. **Sometime he go crazy here prison!** (*Hear Zaw laughing*)

He Think... when I get out? There at Koh Tao I not crazy, I just work for good money"

SMASH CUT TO

SEANS ESCAPE 2014

EXT. Koh TAO JUNGLE - NIGHT

We revisit the opening scene. SEAN narrates (V.O) the intense night he endured and his encounter with MON TUWUCHIEN, NOMSOD and SANTI.

Gasping for breath, the 25-year-old man races through the dense jungle. He halts abruptly, glancing over his shoulder.

CUT TO a plain room where a man with a thick Scottish accent, with brown hair is being interviewed. He gazes into the camera with piercing blue eyes within a portrait frame, his demeanour unremarkable and serious.

SEAN (THICK SCOTTISH ACCENT)

"I thought I was gonna die"

EXT. AC BAR KOH TAO BEACH

In the AC BAR where ZAW LIN works, SEAN sips on a beer. He engages with two Swedish girls, classic examples of backpackers with their blonde hair and blue eyes. Sean appears worn out and unkempt, his inebriation evident. His hair is messy, and although he wears the same clothes from his jungle sprint, they are now clean as *we've evidently gone back in time*. He speaks animatedly, clearly astonished by the recent events.

SEAN (THICK SCOTTISH ACCENT)
 Its li'... they're fucking Bri'ish
 nationals... Just fucking murdered
 on the beach... just - down - there
 (points)

INA [SWEDISH GIRL 1] (AMAZED)
 Ya. We heard about it. It's so
 bad.

LENA [SWEDISH GIRL 2]
 (Looking to her friend)
 Ja -
 tror du att det är säkert här
 trots allt? / *do you think its*
safe here after all?

Sean nods his head slowly with wide eyes, disbelieving of the murders

The two Swedes look at each other grimacing. They speak in Swedish together (subtitles)

INA
 Jag tror verkligen att vi måste
 överväga att lämna Lena /
I really think we need to consider
leaving Lena

LENA
 Låt oss ringa våra föräldrar
 ikväll och berätta, kanske få lite
 hjälp med pengar /
Lets just call our parents tonight
and tell them, maybe get some help
with money

They both nod yes. Sean hasn't understood. He pipes up from his apparent daze.

SEAN (DISTANT)
 Hannah, the girl. She looked
 Swedish a'tually. Really pretty.
 Blonde hair - and they fuckin
 murdered her - gruesome. Raped
 har' on the beach. Fuckin'
 Animals!

LENA
What's... grew.. grus.?

SEAN (GAINING STEAM)
Gruesome. Fucking awful.

The girls nod without understanding.

As the CAMERA'S FOCUS SHIFTS, it unveils a statuesque Thai man in his mid-40s stationed at the bar [SANTI]. He stands there, not attended to by the bartender, observing the growing crowd in the bar. A sense of anticipation hangs in the air. His brows furrow as he watches SEAN discussing the murders. In a discreet manner, SANTI takes a pink pill - Yaba. He sports a vibrant dive shirt, which we've seen before. (*Koh Samui at Khun Kit's villa.*) Behind him, NOMSOD works in the bar diligently, taking note of the conversations of SEAN.

The girls start to get up:

LENA
We're not leaving, we yust going
to the bathroom.

SEAN nods quickly, looking down at the floor, not that bothered if they stay or go; consumed by his own thoughts.

As they leave, SANTI approaches SEAN from the side. Smiling. Charming.

SANTI
Hey frien'! You been out diving?
Great weather! Lots of fish! Big
Fish!

SEAN (DEJECTED)
Na... been a bit busy with other
stuff man...

SANTI
Oh Yeah! What's happening?

SEAN
Lookin' for answers about a frien'
o' mine just been murdered... I's
fuckin' gruesome man...

SANTI looks inquisitively:

SANTI
Oh... You Sean?

SEAN nods. Then asks but not pressing hard (as people know people quickly on such a small island.)

SEAN

Yeah man. How'd you know?

SANTI (GENIAL)

Small island brother

SANTI takes out his phone, a dated model from around 2014, and swiftly composes a text message, the content of which remains unseen by the audience. With his task completed, he moves toward the back of the bar. Meanwhile, SEAN remains seated, engrossed in sipping his beer, seemingly unaware of the unfolding events in his surroundings.

From the concealed depths of the bar's dimly lit back section, the diver's voice resonates off-screen, calling out to SEAN. The words carry an urgency or significance that draws Sean's attention, prompting him to divert his focus from his beer and turn his gaze toward the source of the voice. The moment portrays a sudden shift in the atmosphere, piquing curiosity and hinting at a forthcoming development

SANTI

Hey Sean! We might know to help!
Come let's have talk brother!
(Smiling)

In the vicinity, two additional men are present. One of them is clad in a black t-shirt and worn-out skinny jeans, identified as MON TUWUCHIEN. The other is NOMSOD.

Observing the unfolding scene, his curiosity piqued, SEAN leisurely rises from his stool and takes a meandering path toward the group. Notably, he carries with him a guitar and a compact daypack (backpack), which he hoists and drags along as he makes his way to their table. Settling into his seat, he initiates the conversation with an air of nonchalance, prompting discussion as he eases into a comfortable sitting position.

This unassuming interaction sets the stage for a potentially intriguing exchange, as SEAN introduces himself into the dynamics of the group. The juxtaposition of his casual demeanour against the backdrop of the enigmatic setting hints at a deeper narrative that awaits further exploration.

SEAN

Ma' (mate) anythin' you can help
with would be grea'. I just wanna
get some answers for the family,
right?

SANTI is charming. MON and NOMSOD are silent. Blank.
Can't read them.

SANTI

So you looking for answers ya?
Who have you spoken to about this
already?

SEAN nods a bit drunk and exhausted

SEAN

Na.. no-one man. I just need to
get some closure yeah? I knew the
guy Davi' (David) Such a lovely
guy ya know. I just canna believe
it...

A moment of silent communication passes between the three Thai men, their gazes briefly connecting as if conveying unspoken thoughts. SANTI is the first to break the silence, his demeanour undergoing a noticeable transformation. The once-charming facade gives way to a more intense and almost untamed expression, evident in the wild glint that now resides in his eyes.

This shift in his appearance alludes to an underlying tension or hidden agenda that's about to come to the forefront, creating a sense of anticipation and intrigue within the group.

SANTI

Ya.. you did it.

This comment, initially ridiculous, takes a few seconds to sink in.

SEAN looks up from his beer with an incredulous look on his face

SEAN

Don' be crazy man. It's serious
shit we're talking abou'.

Pressing, leaning forward and now deadly serious the Thai diver insists

SANTI

You did the murder. We know it
was you. You have two murders on
your hands... (whispers) BROTHER...

MON

Yaa... you die tonight. We watch you
hang yourself in jungle. Prove you
did the murders. Bad boy - hang
for your sin

MON is matter-of-fact. Beside them, NOMSOD remains silent, his expression stony and impassive.

As the gravity of the situation sets in, SEAN is left speechless, his mind struggling to process the sudden turn of events.

SANTI

BROTHER... We're going to fucking
kill you tonight and hang you in
the fucking jungle you cunt. When
they find you, they know you did
it.

SEAN's shock is palpable, his gaze locked onto the man who just moments ago wore a facade of charm. Now, wild-eyed, SANTI stares back across the small table in the bar. The surreal nature of the situation gradually dawns on SEAN.

Glancing around with wide eyes, SEAN realises the absence of others within the bar. The patrons have spilled outside, leaving him at the table with an eerie isolation. Though seated, he's not physically confined, yet the psychological weight of the threat binds him in a new, sinister reality.

SEAN (WHISPERS)

Whooooa... what the fuck...

SEAN takes the smallest swig from his beer.

Then, moving with urgent speed, SEAN smashes the beer bottle on the edge of the table and darts out of the bar and onto the beach as the sun is dipping below the horizon. Two men are hot on his heels. SANTI AND MON. His pace quickens as the adrenaline pumps through his veins. Each breath comes in rapid gasps, his chest heaving as he flees. The people around him pause their activities – playing ball, swimming in the sunset-lit waters – to watch in astonishment as SEAN whizzes past them. He's not just running; he's running for his life.

Adjusting his path, SEAN finds a stretch of damp sand that offers easier traction. As he dashes along the shoreline, he clings onto his phone, its wild movements evident as it jostles within his shorts pocket. He spots a gap in the line of beachfront bars, an opening that seems to promise cover, and races up the dry sand, not sparing a glance behind him. Reaching the sandy roadside, he continues running until he reaches a nearby mini-mart supermarket. Panting heavily, he calls out for help, his eyes darting around to find the pursuing men.

Within the mini-mart, SEAN's desperation is palpable as he gasps for breath. His frantic voice echoes through the aisles as he addresses both the lone clerk and anyone else present:

SEAN
 HELP ME! PLEASE HELP! There are
 men following me who threatened to
 kill me!

The attendant waves her hands:

SERVER
 Ok ok calm... calm...!!

SEAN (YELLING)
 Where's police?

Panicking as he sees two of the men, SEAN spots a solitary Police amongst the many tourists on the road outside the Minimart. He goes outside the minimart and yells at the Policeman urgently.

SEAN
 POLICE! HELP! POLICE!

Zoom from SEAN's POV to see The Policeman turns TO CAMERA to spot SEAN. He squints to see.

Other tourists turn their heads and see SEAN outside the Minimart.

The scene shifts back to SEAN's perspective, his frantic gaze locking onto the two assailants MON AND SANTI across the street. Their smiles are chilling, directed right at him. The tension escalates as they begin walking purposefully toward the sole police officer. The camera movement becomes frantic, capturing the chaos with the odd passing scooter and curious tourist, and conveying the urgency of the situation. The perspective alternates between SEAN's frantic viewpoint and that of the police officers, creating a rhythm that intensifies the chase.

Returning to SEAN, his panic is palpable as he hastily retrieves his phone, which he had clutched during his earlier sprint along the beach. In a swift motion, he opens Facebook, revealing a cheerful profile photo of himself before composing a message.

The text reads: "Help me mum. Call me."

Closing the phone, SEAN casts a worried glance toward the approaching police officer. Simultaneously, the two assailants appear to be issuing instructions to the POLICE Officer, gesturing emphatically. The Officer nods in response, signalling for them to wait, before proceeding on his own to SEAN.

As the POLICE officer approaches, the perspective shifts to a third-person view. SEAN's eyes briefly glance downward, his distress evident. The officer reaches SEAN outside the minimart, and the shot captures the interaction between them.

POLICE (SLOWLY)
Trouble yaaa?

SEAN (IS STILL PANICKED/SHAKING)
Those two men you were talking to!
They chased me! They told me they
were going to kill me! You gotta
arrest them! They're threatening
to *kill me!*

POLICE
Ya ya okay. Okay.. Come. Where you
staying?

SEAN
Wha? Are you hearing - do you
understand what I'm saying?! They
threatened - to - kill - me!

POLICE
Okaaaay. Ya okay. We go you
hotel. All ok. Let's go quiet
place.

The POLICE officer gestures for SEAN to move away from the bustling main area, attempting to guide him to a quieter spot. SEAN's anxiety is palpable, and he finds himself drawing attention as he makes a scene in his distress. The POLICE officer walks alongside him, moving at a deliberate pace, and directs SEAN in the direction of his accommodation.

As they walk, SEAN begins to hastily recount his story, blurting out the details with a mix of urgency and anxiety.

POLICE (CALM)
Ya. Where's hotel ok?

SEAN (BREATHLESS)
I'm staying at Paradise Bungalows.
(Sean is beginning to slow down
from the adrenaline surge)

POLICE
Ok, we go Paradise. Take me. It's
okay.. I look after

He ushers Sean.

They walk in the direction of Sean's accomodation.

CUT TO

EXT. PARADISE BUNGALOWS - DUSK

The POLICE officer and SEAN reach their destination, Paradise Bungalows. SEAN's exhaustion is evident, his energy drained by the events that have unfolded. He wears a mixture of disbelief and weariness on his face, his head shaking in a gesture that signifies his struggle to comprehend the surreal situation he finds himself in.

The surroundings of Paradise Bungalows provide a brief respite from the turmoil, yet the weight of the recent events still lingers heavily. The officer's presence offers a semblance of safety, but SEAN's weariness is a reminder of the ongoing challenges he faces.

The juxtaposition of the tranquil setting and SEAN's emotional turmoil serves as a powerful visual contrast

SEAN (PLEADING)

I just wanna go. I just wanna get off this island. Okay? How can I just get off?

POLICE (CALMLY)

Ya okay. Is okay.. Bar owner just wants to talk. Can get change. We just talk... ok?

SEAN (FIRMLY)

No way! I'm not going back there. I just want to leave this place - okay?

POLICE (CALMINGLY)

Okay.. just change and talk okayyy. (Then Incidentally) He nice man.

At the entrance of SEAN's bungalow, he steps inside leaving the POLICE officer outside. The door closes behind him, enveloping him in a momentary sense of solitude. His thoughts appear to race as he contemplates the whirlwind of recent events.

From outside, the scene takes an unexpected turn as a second young Police Officer arrives on a scooter, sporting a broad smile. He carries SEAN's backpack and guitar.

Meanwhile, SEAN's wide-eyed gaze remains fixated on the world beyond his bungalow window, concealed by a linen curtain. The mixture of apprehension and curiosity is evident in his expression as he watches the scene unfold from the shadows.

Breaking away from the window, SEAN's urgency compels him to move swiftly. He rushes to a small hotel safe within the bungalow, his fingers shaking as he inputs his four-digit code. The anxiety is palpable, beads of sweat forming on his forehead as he navigates the combination lock. However, his attempt ends in failure, the code failing to unlock the safe.

The scene effectively conveys the heightened tension and SEAN's escalating panic. His efforts to access the safe underline the urgency of the situation, while the inclusion of the second police officer hints at a multifaceted response to the events that have transpired.

SEAN (EXASPERATED)

Fuck!

SEAN, undeterred by the initial failure, quickly attempts his four-digit code once again. With a reassuring 'BING' the safe opens, providing him access. In a swift motion, SEAN retrieves his travel wallet, some cash, and his British passport, from the safe. Leaving the safe open and empty, he takes his important belongings and sets off with a sense of urgency.

Moving through his bungalow, SEAN heads to the bathroom situated at the back. It's an open bathroom design, featuring an outdoor shower and toilet. Seizing the opportunity, SEAN climbs a wall to evade the police, effectively escaping their sight. The police officers are unaware of his departure through the back of the bungalow.

As the POLICE continue their presence near the front of the bungalows, SEAN quietly slips away from the scene. He treads cautiously through the surroundings, directing his steps toward a dense jungle area. His aim is to distance himself before anyone notices his absence.

The scene transitions back to the ORIGINAL SCENE, focusing on SEAN's waist. The camera's perspective widens as he bolts through the thicket, enduring cuts and scrapes from the jagged leaves and branches. The camera tracks his movements, following him through the dense foliage as he navigates the challenging terrain and insects.

The sequence continues as SEAN forges ahead, running with a heightened sense of urgency. The camera captures his journey, tracking his progress as he moves deeper into the jungle. The tension is palpable, the wild environment providing a stark contrast to the earlier scenes of serenity.

Just as SEAN is on the phone to his Mother, his focus interrupted by the crack of a branch in the jungle. The sudden sound pierces the air, prompting SEAN to turn, pause and listen intently, his senses on high alert. The tension in the scene escalates, leaving the audience on the edge of their seats, eager to discover the source of the disturbance and its potential consequences.

CUT TO SEAN BEING INTERVIEWED

INT. PLAIN ROOM - DAYTIME

SEAN

I just thought tha's me. I was going to die. So I stayed in that jungle until the morning. Didn't sleep a fuckn wink. As soon as day broke I go' my stuff they'd left at the bungalow and got the first boat I could to get off Koh Tao to safety.

I since found out **that bar** is owned by Koh Tao mafia. It's just one of a whole lot owned by the same family. The head of the island... They told me they'd hang me in the jungle and frame the murders on me. I can't believe I escaped. Not just off Koh Tao - but out of Thailand.

They just wanted a scapegoat. I think they might know who the killers are. They need a scapegoat and they don't want it to be locals. They want it to be a westerner. So if I kill myself it is easy to say 'See, it was him'

EXT. SAIREE BEACH KOH TAO - NIGHT

The narrative shifts as we transition to a series of memory scenes. In this particular memory, ZAW sits perched above the beach, accompanied by WAI and KO. A casual atmosphere prevails as they enjoy beers and the company of each other, with a guitar resting in ZAW's lap. The scene captures a sense of camaraderie and leisure against the backdrop of the ocean.

NARRATIVE INTERPRETER: "That night... I finish work. Me and Wai. We have a beer with our frien' Ko Muang. Play guitar. Have a beer. Bar still busy. Maybe two o'clock"

Amid this idyllic setting, two European girls in bikini tops and denim skirts walk past the trio. They are barefoot, carrying their sandals in hand, a sign that they've just left a beach party. The night is gradually winding down, and the atmosphere carries a laid-back vibe. Most people in the vicinity are beginning to head home, their jovial spirits indicative of the festivities that have taken place.

This memory scene introduces a contrast to the previous tension and suspense, providing a glimpse into the characters' more carefree moments. The setting of the beach, the music, and the relaxed interactions capture a sense of nostalgia and the fleeting nature of these moments.

ZAW [BURMESE WITH ENGLISH
SUBTITLE]

Have you got a place in your room
baby?

Only loud enough that WAI can hear.

WAI giggles childishly.

WAI
She's too good for you friend

Amidst the enveloping darkness, the trio shares laughter and genuine smiles, gazing out toward the beach. ZAW's fingers begin to strum the guitar, and the gentle crashing of waves serves as a soothing backdrop to their serene interaction.

As they finish their beers, WAI takes the bottles back up from the beach. The oil barrels, doubling as makeshift bins, receive the empty bottles with a clink.

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "It was a really nice night. I see a nice phone lying on the beach. Thought maybe can sell it, so I picked it up."

The men collectively head back to the beach. In the sand, ZAW spots the abandoned phone and picks it up. Its home screen presents an image of two blonde girls in bikinis, playfully posing and sharing a kiss through the air. One of them is identified as Hannah Witheridge (Murder victim)

ZAW slips the phone into his pocket, and while two of the men venture further down to the water's edge, the other, KO, announces his intention to head home. ZAW and WAI, however, opt to savour the moment a little longer. They remove their shoes and stroll to the water's edge, dipping their feet into the gentle shallows.

CROSS FADE TO

EXT. STAFF HOUSING - DAY

The scene transitions to the outside of ZAW and WAI's hut. The LADYBOY is present, standing near the hut and gesturing toward it. A sense of anticipation hangs in the air as the LADYBOY points to the hut, her actions indicating that something significant is about to unfold.

In a sudden turn of events, POLICE knock on the door of the hut. There's a palpable tension as the knock echoes, and before anyone inside the hut can react, the POLICE swiftly open the door. The intrusion into the private space is sudden and jarring, catching the occupants off guard.

With an air of authority, several POLICE emerge from the hut, ZAW and WAI in tow. The abruptness of the situation is evident as ZAW and WAI are taken away by the POLICE, their expressions a mix of surprise and uncertainty.

MEANWHILE IN BANGKOK:

SHADOWS OVER PARADISE

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY BANGKOK - DAY

QUINN, disheveled, sits slouched in his leather chair behind his desk. His brow furrowed, he stares blankly at the wall. On his desk, a pile of documents related to the Koh Tao murders.

Flashbacks of the serene beaches and crystal-clear waters of Koh Tao flicker across his mind.

QUINN (V.O.)

Koh Tao... Once a paradise, now
marred by darkness.

He sighs deeply, reclining further into his chair. His eyes reflect a mixture of exhaustion and frustration.

QUINN (V.O.)

Every murder... Every innocent
life... It's as if the very
essence of the island has been
tainted.

He reaches for his phone and dials a number.

CUT TO

A tight shot of the phone screen: "SOMSAY"

INT. SOMSAY SONG'S APARTMENT - DAY

SONG, mid-60s, warm and wise, picks up his ringing phone.

SONG (WARMLY)

Hello, Quinn. I thought I might
hear from you old friend

QUINN (V.O.)

Song, I need your guidance once
again. The darkness on Koh Tao...
It's spreading.

As QUINN speaks, a montage of news articles showing
headlines of recent murders on the island plays out on
the screen.

SONG (CONCERNED)

I feared this day would come. The
local mafia's grip tightens with
each passing year.

QUINN's fingers tap impatiently on his desk, frustration
building.

QUINN (FRUSTRATED)

Innocent lives are being lost,
Song. It's unbearable. How can we
let them continue to rule
unchecked?

SONG (THOUGHTFUL)

You must tread carefully, my
friend. Their influence is
pervasive, and confronting them
head-on could have dire
consequences.

QUINN leans forward, his voice tinged with anger.

QUINN (PASSIONATELY)

But we can't stand by and watch
them destroy what should be a
haven! I refuse to release a
sanitised media statement while
they tighten their grip using
threats and murder. What is this
grip they have over the Thai
Police?

A silence

FADE TO

QUINN pacing back and forth, his anger palpable.

QUINN (V.O.)

The walls of my office can't
contain the rage I feel... The
injustice of it all.

QUINN picks up his phone and dials his secretary.

QUINN (FIRMLY)

Get me the draft for the official
media release. I need to make some
revisions.

As he hangs up, his hands tremble with intensity.

QUINN (V.O.)

No more veiled statements... It's
time to expose the truth.

He takes a deep breath, steeling himself for the battle
ahead. We return to the telephone conversation with SONG

QUINN (DETERMINED)

We're going to shed light on the
Tuwuchiens and the darkness that
has consumed Koh Tao. No matter
the cost.

SONG's voice carries a mix of caution and support.

SONG (RESOLUTE)

Then let us work together to
unravel the threads of this web,
my friend.

As the call ends, QUINN sits back in his chair, his gaze
fixed on the documents before him.

QUINN (V.O.)

The path ahead is treacherous, but
the pursuit of justice is worth
it... Even if it means confronting
the heart of darkness itself.

The CAMERA lingers on QUINN's determined expression as he
prepares to unveil the truth and challenge the malevolent
forces that have gripped the paradise of Koh Tao.

EXT. KOH TAO BEACH - DAY

A makeshift media conference is set up at the beach. Reporters and cameras gather around. QUINN stands off to the side, his demeanour a mix of frustration and determination. SOMSAY, by his side, provides a supportive presence.

LIUETENANT GENERAL PANYA MARMEN [PANYA], steps forward to address the media. A backdrop of the picturesque beach sets the scene.

PANYA

Ladies and gentlemen of the press,
esteemed members of the public,
thank you for gathering here
today. As you are well aware, the
recent tragic events involving the
loss of two British citizens have
deeply affected our community

QUINN clenches his fists, his eyes locked onto PANYA as he speaks.

PANYA

Our dedicated investigation team
has been working tirelessly to
uncover the truth behind these
heinous acts. I am here to inform
you that we have made progress in
our efforts.

Reporters raise their hands, eager to ask questions, but PANYA continues.

PANYA

It appears we have information
leading to two local men who are
currently under investigation.
These individuals are MON
TUWUCHIEN and his nephew, WARAT
NOMSOD TUWUCHIEN.

QUINN exchanges a hopeful glance with SOMSAY.

CAMERA returns to PANYA's Press Conference

PANYA

These men have been identified as
persons of interest in our ongoing
inquiry. Rest assured, we are
leaving no stone unturned in our
pursuit of justice. The safety and
well-being of all individuals
within our jurisdiction are of
paramount importance.

QUINN leans towards SOMSAY, whispering something under his breath, his eyes still fixed on PANYA.

SOMSAY (WHISPERING BACK)
Let the process unfold.

CUT TO

PANYA continues, trying to placate the situation

PANYA
We understand the concerns of the British government and the affected families. We will ensure a thorough, impartial investigation to ascertain the facts surrounding these tragic incidents.

QUINN's frustration gradually transitions into a sense of determination.

Reporters start firing questions at PANYA, but he raises his hand, signalling the end of his statement.

PANYA
Thank you for your time. We will continue our efforts to bring closure to this matter.

PANYA steps away from the podium as reporters continue to clamour for more information.

QUINN (TO SOMSAY, DETERMINED)
We can't let this fade away. We need to ensure they're held accountable - and I don't trust *this New Police Chief*.
(RESOLUTE)
I'll bloody fly Scotland Yard here myself if I have to

SOMSAY (NODS)
Let's keep pushing for justice.

QUINN and SOMSAY watch as the media disperses, their resolve stronger than ever.

The scene conveys a sense of urgency and a swift shift in the narrative, leaving both the characters and the audience in a state of suspense and anticipation.

FADE TO

MAJOR GENERAL APARCHIT IS CALLED IN

INT. POLICE OFFICE KOH TAO - DAYTIME

In a small office on Koh Tao Island, APARCHIT stands in his police uniform, engaged in a phone conversation with MAHASEK.

MAHASEK V.O. (FRUSTRATED)
 ...and our tourism industry is 8% of our GDP and growing. They're not just placing Koh Tao at risk but the whole nation's tourism income. You need to fix this situation Aparchit. The Prime Minister is fretting. Under his watch we could lose a forty five BILLION dollar industry. What... for some minor island mafia peddling Yaba and booze? I don't care who did it. We need to diffuse it. Fix this and your Police Commissioner role will be assured old friend'.

APARCHIT nods silently, his expression reflecting his understanding. He responds softly.

APARCHIT
 Understood.

After ending the call, he glances up at the three police officers in the room, then shifts his attention to Lieutenant General [PANYA] Mamen:

APARCHIT (SOFTLY)
 Lieutenant, I am sending sixty men from Bangkok to this province. We will make a show of real power here. A media presence will be upon us more than these kids (waving his hand dismissively) and their YouTube channels, very soon. You have done a very good job here with your resources

He looks to the distance before gaining momentum:

We cannot have local Thai operators found guilty of these heinous crimes. This reflects very poorly on Thailand. [pauses]

So - Six men cannot be expected to control such a mess. Sixty men will make a good show of strength

for the world's media. I will leave you to organise accomodation for them while we get ahead of the media pack on this. But be advised - the whole world wants to know what happened here. (Then stresses) **The whole world!**

PANYA responds with an enthusiastic nodding, his character's naivety apparent and growing. He's a simple man, slight in build, more suited to directing traffic than handling a multiple homicide case. He then turns to his three subordinates, who share a similar simplicity.

PANYA

Very well, Major General.

(TURNING EXPLANATORY)

Yes, when I arrived on the scene, it was too bad. I think it's not possible for this to occur. There are temples surrounding the place where the crimes were committed, so I'm sure God will punish those who did these crimes.

(Turning to his subordinates)

Team, get ready to make arrangements for the incoming officers. If necessary, explore the option of securing accommodations on Koh Samui or Phangan if we find ourselves short on space here on Koh Tao. Work on this promptly and provide me with a report

They break up to get to work quickly. PANYA looks to APARCHIT and nods, as if to say "*job done. Simple*"

MAJOR GEN APARCHIT MEETS MON TUWUCHIEN

EXT. A2 BEACH BAR - DAYTIME

In smart casual attire, APARCHIT enters the bar with confidence. The owner of the establishment, the slender Thai figure [MON] TUWUCHIEN, appears somewhat disheveled. His attempt at growing a beard has resulted in wispy and sparse hairs, a rather unsuccessful endeavour muses APARCHIT. MON steps forward in his worn-out skinny jeans, black t-shirt, and flip flops, offering a subdued and somewhat disingenuous welcome to the Major General. After exchanging a handshake, the two men find seats across from each other. Despite their unfamiliarity, they share a moment of recognition before settling in.

It's worth noting that Mon Tuwuchien is the bar's proprietor, while his father, Woraphan TUWUCHIEN, holds the esteemed position of Island elder, signifying his role as the highest authority within the Tuwuchien (Koh Tao) mafia.

Azure waves dance gently, lapping at the feet of sun-kissed tourists lounging on beach towels and under brightly coloured umbrellas. Laughter and chatter fills the air as children built sandcastles, couples strolled hand in hand, and vacationers snap photos against the backdrop of the serene ocean.

The beach is a paradise, a postcard-perfect destination. Yet, there was an unsettling juxtaposition that gnawed at the edges of this idyllic scene.

APARCHIT (SIGHING QUIETLY)

Ahhh Big mess!

MON

Ya. My friend from Koh Phangan get bit angry.

MAJ GEN

What sort of imbecile would dare to believe it's a clever idea to revisit a crime scene and tamper with clothing and footwear? Deliberately polluting the integrity of the crime scene...
[Pauses]

MON absorbs the insult, though a clear dissatisfaction, verging on anger, lingers in his demeanour.

MON

We pay you for help. No problem. Already my friend been help

MAJ GEN

Sergeant-Major Chet will assume a more inconspicuous role once the media presence becomes prominent. The local police force has now fallen under **my** jurisdiction - unfortunately **I** will have to take a more prominent position in this scenario. [Pause]
Let's establish a clear understanding here. Have you ensured the deletion of your CCTV footage? I'm referring not only to the night of the incident but also the days preceding and following it. Can you confirm that the CCTV has been non-operational

MON nods once slowly. Knowingly

APARCHIT (CONT)
And its off now yes?

MON nods again assuredly as APARCHIT takes a drink of water looking around at the camera surveillance.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. SAIREE BEACHBEACH - MEDIA CONFERENCE

APARCHIT in his role as MAJOR GENERAL is holding a media briefing on the sandy beach of Koh Tao near the location of the murder of Hannah Witheridge and David Miller.

APARCHIT
Unfortunately we rely solely on the CCTV from around the island in this case. But okay, we're able to make positive way forward.
(Pauses)
There are many temples around this area. I hope God punishes whoever did these crimes.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: MAYBE INSERT MON TUWUCHIEN ON BEACH TELLING ABOUT HIS STAFF MEMBER WAKING HIM UP

INT. MAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Weeks have passed since the red carpet event. MAY and JOE sit on the couch, tension in the air. A hint of a complex backstory lingers between them.

MAY(SIGHS)
There's something we need to talk about.

JOE(NERVOUS)
May, you know I'm committed to you, whatever it is?

MAY takes a deep breath, her gaze steady.

MAY
I found out - that you're still married to Pookie Wilson.

JOE's heart skips a beat, but he quickly tries to divert the conversation.

JOE (DEFENSIVE)
May, it's just a technicality. A legal formality, really. You're the one I love.

MAY (SKEPTICAL)
I won't be the 'Other Woman'. I deserve more than that.

JOE's face softens, his desperation evident. *He's an amazing liar in a bind*

JOE (EARNEST)
May, I promise you, my heart belongs to you. I'll do whatever it takes to prove it.

MAY's resolve remains strong, though her expression softens slightly.

MAY (SLOWLY)
Then prove it. Show me.

INT. A BUSY BANGKOK CAFE - DAY

JOE and MAY sit across from each other, a lingering silence between them.

JOE (SERIOUS)
May, I want to be with you, no matter what. But there are reasons, things you don't know.

MAY (CURIOUS)
Tell me, then. I deserve the truth.

JOE takes a deep breath, his gaze intense.

JOE (SOFTLY)
Pookie's family... they're influential, wealthy. And there's something else, something I can't escape.

MAY (CONCERNED)
What is it? Tell me.

JOE (LOOKING AWAY)
It's not just about their wealth. It's... complicated. There are

things I've done that could affect
us, things you don't know about.

MAY (WHISPERING)

What things?

Their conversation is cut short as MAY's phone rings. She answers and listens intently.

MAY (NODS)

Okay, I'll be right there.

She hangs up and looks at JOE with a mixture of worry and determination.

MAY

We'll continue this later. There's
something I need to take care of.

JOE watches her leave, his conflicted emotions written
across his face - *and she's not buying his lies*

INT. MAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As MAY returns, JOE sits on the couch, his mind racing.
MAY's expression is a mix of resolve and sadness.

MAY (SOFTLY)

I need to know the truth, all of
it. Our future depends on it.

As JOE opens his mouth to speak, the weight of their
tangled past threatens to unravel, revealing secrets that
would change their lives forever.

FADE TO

ESCAPE ON THE "LUCKY DUCK"

EXT. KOH TAO PIER - EARLY MORNING

Chyron: **"Koh Tao, Thailand"**

The first light of dawn graces the picturesque island of
Koh Tao. The pier, usually bustling with tourists and
fishermen, is eerily quiet. A single boat, the "Lucky
Duck," is anchored, its hull painted a faded shade of
blue. The sun is just beginning to rise, casting a warm
glow over the scene.

NOMSOD, a figure cloaked in darkness, stands at the edge of the pier, peering anxiously at the boat. His eyes are heavy with the weight of his actions, yet determination burns within them. He adjusts his cap low over his face, attempting to shield his identity. He wears a hoodie over the cap.

From a distance, the imposing figure of WHORAPAN, NOMSOD's father and the Village Head, approaches. WHORAPAN's stance exudes power and entitlement. His demeanour is fierce, reflecting his reputation as the head of a family whose wealth is rooted in the shadows of drug dealing and aggression.

The pier comes to life as WHORAPAN's presence commands attention. Local villagers, aware of his authority, watch in silence as WHORAPAN exchanges nods and gestures with various individuals. It's clear that he is orchestrating NOMSOD's escape, his influence extending to every aspect of the operation.

The "Lucky Duck" begins to show signs of activity as the crew prepares for departure. Crates of supplies are loaded onto the boat, their contents hidden from prying eyes. The crew members move with a practiced efficiency, well-versed in maintaining the secrecy of their operation.

NOMSOD's heart races as the boat's departure time approaches. He glances one last time at his home island, his expression a mixture of longing and apprehension. He knows that leaving Koh Tao is the only way to escape the web of violence and corruption that he has woven.

As the clock strikes 5:30 AM, the boat's horn sounds, signalling its imminent departure. NOMSOD steps onto the "Lucky Duck," blending in with the crew as if he were one of them. He avoids eye contact with his father.

Just at that moment, SEAN emerges into the scene, his demeanour mirroring exhaustion from his night of terror. His cap is pulled down low over his face as he steps into FRAME, making his way onto a nondescript longboat. No-one but NOMSOD would recognise SEAN. As the boat sets off the Pier gently, he gently pushes his head back in absolute relief.

WHORAPAN watches as the boats pull away from the pier, a stoic mask concealing his inner turmoil. His actions may be fuelled by the desire to protect his son, or perhaps it's an attempt to sweep their sordid past under the rug.

The boat sails further into the tranquil ocean, the sun fully risen now, casting its golden rays across the water. NOMSOD's journey into the unknown has begun, his past a heavy anchor that threatens to drag him down. As the "Lucky Duck" disappears into the horizon with SEANs longboat not far behind, the island of Koh Tao recedes from view, leaving behind a story of family, crime, and the pursuit of a chance at redemption - and escape.

INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: TV NEWS BRITAIN Regarding the sending of Scotland Yard; OR

NEW SCENE:

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The news anchor, JESSICA PARKER, sits at the news desk, ready to deliver breaking news. A backdrop with the headline "KOH TAO INVESTIGATION DEVELOPMENTS" is displayed behind her.

JESSICA PARKER
Good evening. We have breaking news concerning the ongoing investigation into the tragic deaths of two British citizens on Koh Tao Thailand. The British government has reportedly exerted pressure on the Thai Prime Minister, urging cooperation between authorities to achieve a thorough investigation.

On a split screen, images of the British Prime Minister and the Thai Prime Minister appear, accompanied by footage of Koh Tao's serene landscape.

JESSICA PARKER
Sources reveal that British officials have requested Scotland Yard's involvement to assist in the ongoing inquiry, adding their expertise to the case. This move comes amidst growing concerns and demands for clarity and transparency surrounding the circumstances of these tragic deaths.

CUT TO

A press conference clip showing the Thai Prime Minister addressing reporters.

THAI PRIME MINISTER (IN THAI,
SUBTITLED)

We are committed to ensuring a just and transparent investigation into this matter. We appreciate international cooperation and will carefully consider all relevant suggestions.

Cut back to Jessica Parker in the studio.

JESSICA PARKER

While Thai authorities have already identified individuals of interest in their investigation, this new development underscores the determination of both nations to uncover the truth and provide closure to the affected families.

A split screen shows images of Koh Tao's beach and Scotland Yard headquarters.

JESSICA PARKER

The move by the British government highlights the global attention this case has garnered and the shared commitment to uphold justice in the face of adversity.

CUT TO Archival footage of the rudimentary Crime Scene on Koh Tao

Families of the victims continue to mourn their losses, seeking answers and reassurance. With Scotland Yard's potential involvement, the hope is that a comprehensive investigation will bring clarity to this tragic incident.

Back to Jessica Parker at the news desk.

JESSICA PARKER

As this situation evolves, we will keep you updated with the latest developments. For now, back to you.

The screen fades to black as the news report concludes.

GATHERING AT THE TUWUCHIEN BAR - MORNING

INT. FISHBOWL BEACH BAR KOH TAO - MORNING

In a spacious scene, we see MON, APARCHIT, and WORAPHAN TUWUCHIEN assembled.

WORAPHAN, approximately 55 years old, carries extra weight and emits an aura of authority. His stern countenance and demeanour discourage any attempts to challenge him.

APARCHIT

Continuing from earlier, as I mentioned to your son, we're going to conduct DNA tests on all Thai men present on the island, your son included. We intend to publicise this widely. Certain items were discovered on the deceased - an abandoned cigarette butt and bodily fluid - which will be compared to DNA samples. However, there's no need to be concerned. If (trails off) you catch my drift, as long as the compensation is satisfactory... (Makes a hand gesture indicating understanding).

WORAPHAN

What about my other son, NOMSAD? He was studying at a university in Bangkok. That situation is acceptable without a DNA test?

MAJOR GENERAL (DISMISSIVE)

Yes, yes, okay.

WORAPHAN (SIGNALS TOWARD MON)

Can you assure me that no charges will be brought against him?

APARCHIT pauses and looks out to sea, his eyes steely with resolve.

APARCHIT

Just make sure the money's good. Or we WILL have a problem. General Somyot's arrival is imminent, and I'd rather not be burdened with managing his anger.

(THEN FIRMLY VERGING ON ANGER)

And boy - no more interviews

TREVOR HOOKING THEM ON YABA KOH SAMUI

EXT. KOH SAMUI BUDDHIST MONASTERY - MORNING

The camera follows Trevor's footsteps as he departs from the monastery, clad in his robes. He walks alone towards the nearby shops in Koh Samui.

Chyron: "Bo Phut Monastery, Koh Samui Thailand"

EXT. LOCAL AREA - DAY

Eateries stand closed with simple red and blue plastic furniture stacked outside. Nearby, a minimart store bustles with children who are awaiting the school truck.

We observe the local eateries quiet during the day, while schoolchildren fill the surroundings. Trevor, a familiar face to the locals, exchanges greetings with two eatery owners. His trademark crooked smile and squinting eyes are evident. He hands over a small bag containing pink-orange yaba pills, receiving a bag of restaurant food in return.

Turning his attention to a group of four teenage girls adorned with ribbons in their hair, Trevor approaches them with his characteristic smile. Engaging them in conversation, he poses a question. The girls, showing slight suspicion, nod in agreement. Trevor hands them a small bag of orange pills, and in exchange, they provide him with some money.

In a similar manner, Trevor interacts with two teenage boys, delivering the same small bags in exchange for cash. Subsequently, he heads into a dimly lit corridor, disappearing from view.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD BACK TO MONASTERY

CAMERA tracks Trevor walking back to the Monastery with hands full of food

Narration: "Yaba. Methamphetamine mixed with Caffeine. In World War 2 it was known as 'Nazi Speed' - used to keep the soldiers awake. The biggest moving drug in Thailand **Now** flavoured Orange and Vanilla to lure the children of Thailand - *coming soon to a street near you folks.*"

FADE OUT

WORAPHAN ORCHESTRATES THE FRAMING

EXT. MEETING AT AC BAR - DAYTIME

WORAPHAN's malevolent intentions appear limitless as he orchestrates a plan involving Burmese individuals as scapegoats. He has directed his associates to uncover video evidence of three men riding a scooter away from the vicinity on the previous night. These men happen to be employees associated with his family's business. In a seemingly cooperative gesture, he offers to surrender them to the police.

WORAPHAN

Select a few individuals from the Burmese community. I'll provide you with their names from the Staff Village. My team can handle the logistics.

APARCHIT

Ya yaaa. Okayy. Let's not make a spectacle out of this. Maintain a low profile as we make a solid investigation. The global spotlight is on us. To ensure a smooth resolution, we must avoid any missteps going forward.

MON interjects

MON

Can't prove anything anyway.

APARCHIT is taken aback by MON's audacity. However, the Major General quickly regains his composure and asserts:

APARCHIT

The government has entrusted me with rectifying this intricate situation, considering its international implications. I'm not concerned about your personal matters. Keep a low profile, understood?

As they prepare to leave, WORAPHAN cautiously inserts a remark about financial matters

WORAPHAN

The money will be paid through Victoria's Secret in Bangkok. A so-called *Loan* from the brothel. ya?

APARCHIT simply nods unsurprised.

APARCHIT (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Of course

WORAPHAN (REFLECTING)

You know, Major General... Years gone by, we have no need for Police on this island. Locals have our own way of keeping law and order here.

APARCHIT remains unmoved by the naive observation but is hardly surprised. With a mere nod, he rises from his seat, and departs. There's a silent fury beneath his relatively calm exterior.

MEDIA SHIT SHOW

EXT. SAIREE BEACH - DAY (MID MORNING)

UNDER TREES - KOH TAO THAILAND - A MEDIA PACK

Sairee Beach bustles with representatives from global media outlets. Amidst the scene, APARCHIT stands on the shoreline, wearing a smile. Accompanying him are PANYA and his trio of local officers. Positioned nearby are an additional fifteen officers dressed in police attire.

Our attention is drawn to the commencement of a media reenactment of the crime. Cameras capture the event as it unfolds, with the perspective over SAAJI's shoulder. This marks SAAJI's first appearance in a police uniform, his shoulder-length died blonde hair contrasting with the black police cap and sunglasses that adorn him. However, his face remains concealed from the CAMERA's view.

APARCHIT

As Royal Thai Police we are obviously taking this very seriously. We know there were some mistakes made in the first days, but the team here did the best they could do with the resources available. Usually we have six officers on the island. With the prime minister's support, I have allocated 60 officers to Koh Tao for the coming weeks while we chase the guilty party down who committed this despicable act. We **will** catch them and they **will** face the full force of Thai Law, I can assure you all! Thank you.

The media try to ask questions, but the police chief stops them, wandering off on to the beach below as one of his underlings points toward the point where the murders occurred

APARCHIT

Please. Please. We have much work to do to catch these people, so please... allow us to do our work and we will be sure to advise you when we catch the perpetrators, ok.

The police break up and walk away to the beach re-enactment.

Archive Footage - the police re-enacting the murder scene.

NARRATION (NATIPAN): "Unless the international media are involved with murders in Thailand, there is little pressure on police to resolve the *thousands* of so-called **insignificant** deaths which occur throughout the country."

CUT TO

EXT. SAMUI PRISON 2014 - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL

The scene transitions to a stark and somber setting. ZAW finds himself confined within a cell, the atmosphere heavy with desolation. The cell's concrete walls seem to close in, surrounding him with a sense of confinement. Water gathers on the floor, reflecting the dim light that permeates the space. Hints of peeling paint add to the overall air of decay and neglect.

Chryon: "**Koh Samui Prison, Thailand 2014**"

Inside the cell, the remnants of a struggle are evident. Stains of blood and signs of bruising mar ZAW's appearance, bearing witness to the physical turmoil he has endured. His isolation is palpable, his presence in the cell underscored by the sense of solitude and vulnerability that pervades the scene.

INT. A DIFFERENT HOLDING CELL

In a separate cell, two Thai police are stalking WAI who is in a chair, shackled.

POLICE 1 (MATTER-OF-FACT)

If you do not confess you will die.

POLICE 2 (AGGRESSIVE)

Put you in the used tyres and burn you to death, you little Burmese fuck!

They pause as Police 2 hits WAI with an iron bar across the chest. A bone cracks and he writhes in pain.

POLICE 2 (AGGRESSIVE)
Cut off your arms and legs and
drop you in the sea!

POLICE 1 (MATTER-OF-FACT)
Confess and you only get one or
two years in prison

Just then police 2 kicks WAI in the face. WAI is almost knocked out by the blow

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "They slap me many times. Me and him, in different rooms

Just then, in a brutal and shocking turn of events, POLICE 2 produces a black plastic bag. Swiftly and aggressively, he places it over WAI's head, his actions conveying a chilling intent. The scene unfolds rapidly, leaving little time for comprehension.

Behind WAI, POLICE 1, the younger officer, becomes complicit in the act. He seizes the plastic bag from POLICE 2, tightening it with a merciless grip around WAI's neck. The violence escalates further as the older officer delivers a vicious kick to WAI's stomach.

In Thai, [with ENG subtitles]

POLICE 2
Khàe b̄xk reā wā khun̄ khā phwk k̄heā
thuk x̄yāng h̄yud lng /
*Just tell us you killed them. It
all stops!*

NARRATION INTERPRETER: "We give up, or we gonna die. DNA. No DNA, Don't know. But not ever kill anyone"

ZAW and WAI sit in the dim cells, their bodies visibly battered and exhausted. Their faces bear the marks of the brutality they've endured—bruises, cuts, and signs of physical trauma that speak volumes about the violence they've suffered. Despite the torment they've experienced, they are both alive, though their physical condition is a stark testament to the harsh treatment they've faced.

NARRATION (NATIPAN): "There was no DNA which proved the Burmese Scapegoats guilt from the Koh Tao Murders of 2014. A panel of three judges - no jury - held their fate. The Prosecution sought the Death Penalty. [Pause] Some Thai locals say culture respects safety, but Thailand challenges that belief.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: ANONYMOUS EXPLAINING KEY POINTS INCL MON
TUUWUCHIEN INVOLVEMENT

FADE TO

SOMYOT MEDIA CONFERENCE KOH TAO

EXT. MEDIA CONFERENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

SOMYOT

These two suspects are the ones
who committed the crime that day.
At the same time the suspects
admitted that they are the real
culprits. Today we've brought
them both to do a reconstruction
to confirm that police did their
duty correctly.

As our gaze remains fixed, we observe the presence of
Head of Police Thailand [SOMYOT], flanked by APARCHIT, as
well as a contingent of twenty resolute police officers.
They navigate the very location where the crime
transpired again, positioned on the sandy expanse of the
beach. The solemn assembly absurdly exudes an air of
purposeful determination, highlighting their commitment
to unravelling the mysteries that shroud the incident.

NATIPAN NARRATION: "And that's how it was. So easy. A
bribe paid to the *brand new* Head of Police Somyot
Poompanmoung, via a Massage Parlour in Bangkok of course
- and it would **all** just go away. (A BEAT) Roosevelt once
said 'The weakling and the coward cannot be saved by
honesty alone; No man who is corrupt, no man who condones
corruption in others, can possibly do his duty by the
community.'"

INT. BANGKOK HILTON (PRISON)

BARNEY is still interviewing ZAW and WAI WITH INTERPRETER

BARNEY

So tell me then... the DNA?

ZAW throws his head forward in protest, almost laughing.

ZAW speaks:

INTERPRETER

Not us. Not me. Not him

BARNEY

So who?

ZAW speaks:

INTERPRETER
Try Diving instructor... crazy yaba
man.

Finally WAI speaks, In ENGLISH:

WAI
Village Chief

ZAW nods agreement and speaks:

INTERPRETER
Ya. Village Chief Tuwuchien
family. And his frien' Santi Dive
instructor. He crazy on drugs -
always [nodding] NOMSOD TUWUCHIEN
- he do the family dirty work.

BARNEY stares at them remorsefully, mouth agape

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL MEDIA OUTLETS
COVERING THE NUMEROUS DEATHS ON KOH TAO OVER THE YEARS

NARRATION: "A backpacker here, a luxury tourist there.
Later the brutal murder of a successful - rival - scuba
company owner. If you search Koh Tao Murders you may be
disturbed by what you find."

CUT TO

BARNEY AND QUINN RE SUZANNE BUCHANAN

INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT TIME

QUINN
It was a circus Barney. A
veritable Circus. But
interestingly, Suzanne Buchanan
has certainly uncovered some dirty
little secrets

BARNEY
Yeah - That's not a flame that's
burning, that's a full tilt
Australian Bush fire right there
my friend

QUINN (SERIOUS)
Quite.
Did you know they're putting an
arrest warrant out on her?
[Under his breath]
Bloody corruption knows no
bounds..

BARNEY (DISBELIEF)
You're fucking joking!

QUINN
Well... word is out that she's writing a book, and it seems those villagers, or more precisely, the Tuvuchiens, possess something incriminating against **someone** high up. He's manoeuvred them all into his defence.
Remarkable, really.

Barney is gobsmacked but offers some lightness:

BARNEY
I'd better hatch **my** escape plan
when I drop **my** big story

QUINN
The Samui cops won't be coming after a publication with the gravitas - and money - of the Bangkok Post ol' boy. You met the two Burmese, didn't you?

BARNEY nods slowly, his sadness evident for their dire predicament.

BARNEY (QUIETLY)
Not Guilty Your Honour.

[A BEAT, as they both take a drink]

Now the French guy hangs himself in his room. The other Brit - Christine Annesley...
(nodding regretfully)
NO toxicology. NO investigation. Not even a call to the last guy who saw her alive. (Takes a drink)
It's just astounding mate
The Burmese? they're just a couple of kids who've been handed over by Tuvuchien as scapegoats. That Scottish lad escaped the Island **by the skin of his teeth** - so they went with the next best option - frame a cheap Burmese who'd come there illegally.

QUINN (FORTHRIGHT)
Who the family employed. And you're right - the Police didn't even **interview** the last person to

see Christine Annesley alive.
They had his name in the report,
his nationality, his phone number...
Astounding!

BARNEY

Exactly. No one holding **them** to
account for **that** now, are they?

QUINN

And we have to step on egg shells
because they'll charge you with
defamation at the first chance -
just to shut you up.

Still, I'm quite keen to read this
Suzanne Buchanan's book. Sounds
like she's been close enough to
it, for long enough. I mean being
there on the ground with the Samui
Times and all

BARNEY [QUIPS]

I'm sure you'll be able to get an
early edition. The laws around
Defamation in Thailand are **just**
insane. *Where else is it a*
criminal conviction? (Pause) In
the meantime, you've certainly
rattled the tree when it comes to
Somyat and his police cronies.

Both men smile reflectively.

LONG FADE TO

UNVEILING SHADOWS

INT. CAPTAIN JOE'S OFFICE - EVENING

JOE leans back in his chair, staring thoughtfully out the
window. His most trusted lieutenant, LEK, stands before
him, an air of eccentricity as always.

JOE (NONCHALANTLY)

Lek, my friend, I've got a bit of
a curiosity gnawing at me. You
know how things can be, people can
be a bit creative when it comes to
extra income. I wonder what our
team has been up to on the side.
(pauses) and whether I'm missing
any... commission.

LEK (SMILING MYSTERIOUSLY)
 Ah bozz, your tea money ya? You've
 always got the most interesting
 requests. Consider it done.

INSERT SCENE

Suzanne Buchanan or Chuwit

FADE TO

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PRECINCT - NIGHT

LEK stands in the shadows, watching his colleague SUP, in plain clothes. He's chatting with a suspicious character near a nightclub entrance.

LEK (V.O.) (SLYLY)
 Sup, ya. My brother - he deals
 Yaba and cheap speed. He's
 punctual with his deliveries, and
 has a way with the ladies.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - DAY

LEK wears a cap and sunglasses (undercover) to receive a massage. He doesn't proceed, rather observing SAJJI and a stunning woman [CHALUAI], enjoying each other's company in the foyer area

LEK (V.O.) (TEASINGLY)
 SAJJI, the Romeo. Seems clean for
 now, just wrapped up in romance
 with that girl from Kamolvisit's
 massage parlour. She's a country
 girl, but there's more to that
 story.

EXT. BANGKOK STREETS - DAY

LEK discreetly follows SLIM, an officer in a police escort, who curiously interacts with a WHITE MAN [BARNEY]. They exchange something and share an intense conversation.

LEK (V.O.) (CURIOSLY)
 Slim. (A Beat) These police
 escorts he does are a cover. His
 association with the white guy
 makes me suspicious. Is he an
 insurance agent, or is he a
 journalist ... digging on us bozz?

INT. CAPTAIN JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

LEK stands before Captain JOE, reporting his findings with remarkable detail.

LEK (ECCENTRICALLY)
Bozz, the shadows have unveiled their secrets. SUP's nocturnal pursuits, SAJJI's romance, SLIM's intriguing rendezvous, and even WISUT's involvement with a particular lady.

JOE (RAISING AN EYEBROW)
Wisut? (Pause) With who?

LEK (SMIRKING. PECULIAR)
Well.. you didn't think your ex-wife would be single for too long did you Bozz?

JOE shows little sign of emotion, before LEK continues without considering the effect of his last finding

LEK (CONT)
But what tickles my curiosity the most is Slim's association with that white man. Something more sinister?

JOE (PENSIVELY)
Sinister?

LEK (PLAYFULLY)
Don't let your imagination run too wild Bozz. But sometimes shadows cast intriguing stories.

JOE (CHUCKLES)
You always manage to keep things interesting, Lek. Keep an eye out ya?

LEK (WINKING)
Of course, bozz. Shadows reveal what they want. Just have to wait and see what they show us next.

JOE leans back in his chair, a hint of amusement(?) in his eyes, as he contemplates the intriguing revelations brought to light. *But IS IT amusement?*

As LEK leaves the room, JOE speaks quietly to himself watching him leave. When he's out of earshot:

JOE (PENSIVELY)
And I do wonder about you too my
eccentric little friend...

FADE TO

A SILENT RECKONING

EXT. BO PHUT MONASTERY - KOH SAMUI - SUNSET

The sun sets over the serene monastery grounds in Koh Samui. TREVOR, draped in orange robes, sits cross-legged in deep meditation, his eyes closed, and his breathing calm. Beside him, we're shocked to reveal another Thai Monk [NOMSOD] who also sits in meditation, his face a picture of serenity. A shaven head and eyebrows the only physical change to his previous appearance.

The scene exudes an aura of sinister tranquility, the air thick with the scent of incense and the distant chants of other monks. Trevor's presence, as always, appears to be a completely unnatural fit within this environment. Now he is joined by the menacing NOMSOD.

As the CAMERA lingers on TREVOR's peaceful countenance, a series of flashbacks offer glimpses of a darker past. Images of chaos, turmoil, and a news article depicting the double murder on Koh Tao. The flashes of a traditional ordination and the tonsure - the Tuvuchien family cutting then shaving the new Monk's hair in his renunciation of the material life.

The CAMERA then shifts to NOMSOD, whose serene expression remains unchanged. Unbeknownst to TREVOR, NOMSOD is not just another monk seeking enlightenment. He has recently escaped Koh Tao after committing a double murder.

The realisation hits hard as a juxtaposition of scenes plays out: TREVOR's serene meditation juxtaposed with NOMSOD's violent past.

NOMSOD's escape from Koh Tao was shrouded in mystery, but his presence at the monastery suggests an attempt at redemption through Buddhism. Doubt lingers - is his quest for enlightenment sincere, or is it merely a way to evade the turmoil left behind on Koh Tao?

Back in the present, TREVOR's meditation near NOMSOD continues. The silence hangs heavy, the audience left to ponder the true motives of the man beside him. The contrast between Buddhist pursuit of inner peace and the two men's hidden pasts creates an intriguing tension, leaving viewers on the edge of their seats, waiting for the truth to unravel.

EXT. SAIREE BEACH - SUNSET

The soft hues of the early evening sky cast a warm, golden glow over Sairee Beach as APARCHIT finds himself strolling along the shoreline, his footsteps leaving faint imprints in the damp sand. Dressed in casual attire, a departure from his usual formal demeanour, he blends seamlessly with the paradise setting. The rhythmic lapping of the waves against the shore provided a soothing soundtrack to his solitary contemplation.

FLASHBACK:

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT - BUSY

APARCHIT strides in through the grand glass entrance, while a sleek, tinted black Mercedes discreetly discharges a passenger in the backdrop. Two young ladies, with warm smiles, attend to the door, ushering him in. He traverses the entrance unaccompanied. A gracious host guides him towards one of the sprawling, crimson high-backed couches. As he settles in, an air of unease envelops him, evident from his restless demeanour.

After a lapse of time, CHUWIT approaches him, a smile lighting up his face.

CHUWIT (WITH A GRIN)
So - another Crooked Cop huh?

APARCHIT rises and extends his hand for a handshake, which CHUWIT reciprocates.

APARCHIT
My purpose here is to ensure the funds that were promised by-

CHUWIT interjects, finishing APARCHIT's sentence with familiarity.

CHUWIT
Ya ya - Tuvuchien. That Fucking guy... Fucking bunch of psychopaths. Anyway - Come along.

CHUWIT takes the lead, guiding APARCHIT through the recently revamped establishment. He points out the different sections of the club. Women, dressed casually, sit on benches applying makeup, their clothing bearing numbers - a system for customer selection.

CHUWIT
What takes your fancy? Models over here - five thousand baht. Regular girls there - three thousand baht

APARCHIT displays confusion, prompting him to voice his thoughts.

APARCHIT

I believe there's a
misunderstanding. I'm here to
oversee the arrangement of the
deposits for

CHUWIT interrupts, his tone tinged with amusement:

CHUWIT

Ya sure! Sure I know. You want
your money
(MOCK DRAMATIC)
But first... **first** we must **RELEASE**
your guilt!
(SOFTER)
Unburden your conscience..

He halts, turning to engage APARCHIT with a lecture.

CHUWIT's gaze locks onto APARCHIT's eyes.

CHUWIT

You and me - about the same age
ya? 1961?

(APARCHIT nods)

See... I know you. I know your
friends. They come here . Release
their guilt. Some people go to
church. They say, (MOCKING A SOOK)
Oh I'm so sorry Lord Jesus.. I'm
here because I have sinned. I was
a bad boy. And they say sorry.
(NOW STRAIGHT) They give money to
the church and everything ok.
Release their guilt. Some go to a
psychologist. Oh doctor - I'm a
bad man. I have girlfriend but I
love my family. Can you help me?
Oh. Doctor says ya I can help you.
But doctor can't say to anyone
else what he did - he have sex
with best friend wife. Some - ya?
- they go to lawyer. Oh mister
Lawyer I kill someone. Can you get
me off? Lawyer say - ok let me see
what I can do. Lawyer can't tell
anyone either. Client privilege.
And then [pauses] **Some** people come
here. Oh KHUN CHUWIT, I need to
feel better and release my guilt.
Have sex. Oh - I did a bad thing

and now I feel better after
releasing that. You know? So ..

A momentary pause hangs in the air as CHUWIT's gaze fixes on APARCHIT, a question unspoken. The silence that follows speaks volumes, hinting at the shared humanity between the two men, despite their divergent paths.

CHUWIT
So what did you do Major General?

CHUWIT disappears into an adjacent office, leaving APARCHIT alone. Suspicion creeps in, causing APARCHIT to scan his surroundings warily. His gaze lifts, spotting discreet video cameras nestled in the room's corners. Reacting instinctively, he averts his face from their watchful lenses.

CHUWIT reemerges from the office, clutching a briefcase in his grasp.

CUT TO

POV SECURITY CAMERA

The security camera captures the moment as CHUWIT extends the briefcase to APARCHIT. With a quick exchange, APARCHIT accepts it, and without hesitation, he makes his exit. As APARCHIT departs, the camera's focus shifts to CHUWIT, who raises his eyes to meet the camera's lens. A knowing smile graces his lips, a subtle acknowledgment of the unfolding events.

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY

The scene transitions to APARCHIT standing on the serene beach, a conflicted expression etched onto his face. His gaze is cast downward, weighed down by a heavy sense of shame and inner turmoil. The tranquil surroundings stand in stark contrast to the storm brewing within him. It's clear that he finds himself caught between difficult choices, a predicament akin to being trapped between an unyielding rock and an unforgiving hard place.

NATIPAN NARRATION: "Later, in 2020 after being on Death Row for five years with a failed appeal in 2019, King Rama decreed that the two guilty Burmese migrants sentences were to be commuted. They were now to spend Life In Prison. The Royal Pardons were granted to commemorate King Maha Vajiralongkorn's birthday on July 28 and to "illustrate the king's clemency". Despite the media attention on Koh Tao, the body count keeps rising."

FADE OUT

INT. NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK - NIGHT

Score:

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 revellers, 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 the one in control here. He leans casually against the bar, surrounded by a group of loyal henchmen 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 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.

As the night progresses, we see snippets of SUP's life beyond the nightclub. Flashbacks reveal his exploits on the infamous Koh Phangan island - the terrible rape of the British Girl. 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.

But, as the night goes on and the revelry reaches its peak, there's a growing sense that SUP's recklessness might 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 journey. With the weight of his actions and desperation 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

TWO OPTIONS TO FINISH THIS EPISODE

JOE DREAMS - HE'S FLYING

In Joe's vivid dream, he finds himself soaring through a lush and vibrant forest, nestled within the cozy confines of a small plane. As he navigates the surreal landscape, an overwhelming sense of liberation washes over him. The plane glides gracefully above the towering trees, defying the laws of physics as its wings elegantly dance through the foliage, avoiding the imminent collisions that should have been inevitable. Joe is awestruck by the surreal harmony between the aircraft and its natural surroundings, a mesmerising spectacle that embodies his yearning for control and mastery.

Yet, amidst this ethereal flight, an eerie twist materialises in Joe's dream. At the forest floor, his father emerges, a haunting figure reminiscent of the Devil himself. An unsettling tension blankets the scene as their gazes lock, evoking a complex blend of emotions - resentment, fear, and an enigmatic connection that transcends mere words. Joe is left grappling with the confrontation of his past, the unresolved conflicts that have shaped his identity, and the enigmatic link between his aspirations and the shadow of his familial legacy.

As the dream unfolds further, a profound and heartrending element emerges. May, the embodiment of Joe's deepest affections and desires, stands beneath him, casting an enchanting aura that beckons him onward. Her presence is a beacon of warmth and longing, an embodiment of the love and connection he yearns for in both his conscious and subconscious realms. Her outstretched arms, her eyes aglow with unwavering affection, serve as a poignant reminder of the emotional connection that anchors Joe amidst the tumultuous journey. The dream's enigmatic layers, from flight to confrontation and affection, weave a tapestry of Joe's innermost struggles, desires, and aspirations, leaving an indelible impression as he awakens to the dawning light of a new day

OR

In Joe's dream, he finds himself standing in front of a quaint and inviting house. The sun bathes the surroundings in a warm, golden glow. A feeling of both anticipation and apprehension swirls within him as he takes a step towards the house's open door.

As he enters, his eyes are drawn to the sight of Decha Wilson standing in the center of the room, wearing a welcoming smile that seems to radiate genuine kindness. Decha's presence brings a sense of comfort, and Joe feels a wave of relief wash over him.

However, the atmosphere takes an unexpected turn as Joe notices someone else in the room. Sitting slightly obscured behind Decha, his ex-wife Pookie is seated with tear-filled eyes. A mixture of empathy and longing surges through Joe as he gazes at her, memories and emotions intertwining in a complex dance.

Suddenly, the mood shifts dramatically. Decha's demeanour changes from warm to aggressive in an instant. His smile transforms into a scowl, and he begins to berate Joe with a venomous intensity. The words he hurls cut deep, filled with threats and power plays that send shivers down Joe's spine.

"You stupid man!" Decha's voice booms, echoing through the room. "You know how powerful I am and the people I know. I can ruin you, Thitisan!" The weight of his words presses down on Joe like a heavy burden, stirring a mix of fear and vulnerability within him.

Decha's accusations escalate, his anger finding its target in Joe. "One call to Chen Long, and you will be gone!" The mention of Chen Long's name sends shockwaves through Joe's psyche, magnifying his sense of helplessness. "One call to my contacts in the government, and you will be jailed for life!"

The room seems to close in around Joe as Decha's threats reverberate, creating an atmosphere of suffocating tension. The contrast between Decha's initial geniality and his sudden hostility leaves Joe grappling with conflicting emotions and a sense of danger lurking just beneath the surface.

As Joe's mind processes the turmoil of the dream, he recognises the subliminal messages that his subconscious is conveying. The dream serves as a reflection of Joe's anxieties, his fear of retribution and the power dynamics at play in his life. The juxtaposition of Decha's contrasting personas represents Joe's internal struggle with trust, vulnerability, and the unpredictability of interpersonal relationships.

Ultimately, Joe's dream weaves together a tapestry of emotions and fears, inviting him to confront his past, his present, and the complex web of influences that shape his perceptions.

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