

THAIGER

by
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Ep 10 YIN YANG - ORDER AND CHAOS

The heart-stopping finale. The story reaches its crescendo with Joe making a perilous decision that alters the course of his life. As the DSI's pursuit of Kamol and their investigation into the vast bribes paid to former Police Chief Somyot accelerates, they discreetly enlist the aid of Chuwit, setting the stage for a reckoning of epic proportions. As the noose tightens around Joe and his closest confidantes, they find themselves caught in a whirlwind of chaos. Joe's flight from the law leads him to an unexpected refuge where a horrifying event unfolds that shakes the very foundations of the narrative. Amidst the tumult, a solitary hero emerges from the shadows, taking a stand that could tip the scales in this intricate game of power, deceit, and survival. The final episode promises a riveting conclusion that tests the limits of loyalty, exposes the depths of human frailty, and unveils the ultimate truths that have remained shrouded throughout this mesmerising tale.

STYLE: The various storylines converge, addressing urgent and intricate themes, creating a sense of gravity. The narrative then takes on a fast-paced, epic tone. Visual imagery will vividly present the unfolding events. Natipan's narration will unfold the context, maintaining a nostalgic connection to a refined and spiritual Thailand. The complete journey navigates you through the entire Cycle - starting from the prosperous era of Thai Tourism and delving into the shadows of human greed and the pursuit of wealth.

The central question lingers: Can we ever break free from the cycle of ?

FADE IN:

OPENING PANIC

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - AN OPEN ROAD IN THAILAND - DAY

Chyron: **"Inspired by a true story. None of this really happened."**

JOE flies along an expansive road in the Thai countryside, reaching a speed of 180 km/h. The view focuses solely on what lies above JOE's sunglasses. His forehead glistens with sweat, and his gaze shifts upward to peer into the rearview mirror.

The question lingers: What is he trying to escape?

CUT TO

INT. POOKIE'S HOUSE HUA HIN - LOUNGE AREA - LUXURY VILLA

The peaceful scene is broken abruptly. POOKIE's emotions reach a boiling point. Her screams pierce the air, an outpouring of pent-up frustration.

POOKIE

Why the fuck do you come back to me now! You bastard! You screw all your whores, and now you come to me!! ME!! You don't deserve my help you asshole!!

Tears stream down POOKIE's face, her composure shattering. The floodgates open, and her cries become uncontrollable, a torrent of pain and anger. Suddenly, an anguished wail tears from her throat, echoing through the room.

POOKIE

YOU FUCKING BASTARD!!!!

A sharp contrast: JOE's eyes, devoid of any flicker of emotion, remain fixed and cold.

JOE (TO HIMSELF)

Love is a poison that numbs the mind and weakens the soul.

Just then, before JOE can end the word 'soul', a deafening sound of a gunshot reverberates through the room, shattering the tense silence.

NARRATION: "Like the black dot in the Yin Yang, chaos is ever-present, lurking within us."

OPENING CREDITS.

A SHADY REDEMPTION

Flashback Scene

Setting: Victorias Secret Massage Parlour, Bangkok

A Chyron "**Victoria's Secret Massage Parlour, Bangkok 2004**"

Characters:

Chuwit Kamolvisit: Former massage parlour owner, now seeking redemption as Corruption-fighting Politician

Kampol Wirathepsuporn: Seedy underworld figure, interested in acquiring the parlour

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET HALLWAY - DAY

The dimly lit hallway of the Victorias Secret Massage Parlour is filled with the scent of lavender and the distant murmur of hushed conversations. CHUWIT stands behind a polished wooden desk, his face displaying a mix of emotions. His eyes are weary, his shoulders tense, as if he carries the weight of his tainted past. The door swings open, and KAMPOL steps out from the shadows with a menacing grin, a stark contrast to the elegance of the establishment CHUWIT has built over the decades.

KAMPOL [IN A LOW, GRAVELLY VOICE]
Chuwit. So you have finally
accepted my kind offer. Well - I
have just one more demand which
must be met...

CHUWIT

Looking at KAMPOL, apprehension and determination in his eyes

Kampol, I've made a lot of
mistakes in my life. I want to
make things right. I want to leave
this life behind.

KAMPOL [SMIRKING]
 And you think selling this place
 will absolve you of your sins?
 [Circles the desk, eyeing Chuwit]

CHUWIT [SWALLOWING HARD, PALMS
 DAMP]
 I know it won't erase my past, but
 it's one more step towards
 redemption. I want to do something
 good for this city. Make positive
 changes

KAMPOL [CHUCKLING, DEVOID OF
 HUMOUR]
 Politics, huh? That's a bold move,
 Chuwit. But you know, I can make
 your problems disappear. With a
 little investment, you could have
 the clean slate you're dreaming
 of.

CHUWIT [RESOLUTE, CLENCHING
 FISTS]
 No, Kampol. I won't let myself be
 dragged down further. I'm selling
 this place, and I'm going to work
 towards a better future.

KAMPOL [STARING HARD AT CHUWIT]
 Very well, Chuwit. If you're
 determined to sell, then let's
 talk

Chuwit and Kampol engage in a tense negotiation, the
 fluorescent lights above flickering and casting eerie
 shadows. It's a metaphorical dance between the past and
 the future, the sins of one man exchanged for the dreams
 of another. After a while, a deal is struck, and they
 seal it with a handshake that feels more like a contract
 with the devil.

CHUWIT [FIRMLY]
 Remember this, Kampol. I might
 have made mistakes, but I won't be
 controlled by them any longer.

KAMPOL [LAUGHING, ECHOING THROUGH
 THE HALLWAY]
 We'll see about that, Chuwit.

KAMPOL exits the scene, leaving CHUWIT standing there.
 CHUWIT lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding.
 The weight of his past begins to lift, replaced by a
 glimmer of hope for the future.

NARRATION: "In 2004, CHUWIT KAMOLVISIT sold *three* of his *esteemed* venues to KAMPOL WIRATHEPSUPORN. Victoria's Secret, Copacobana, and Honolulu Hi. A move which helped finance Chuwit's Political aspirations and the 'Love Party' - *and to clean himself of his unsavoury past.*"

UNVEILING THE SHADOWS

Chyron "**Department of Special Investigation (DSI) - Bangkok, Thailand 2018**"

INT. DSI INVESTIGATION ROOM BANGKOK - DAYTIME

Characters:

Nisa: Determined investigator

Chuwit Kamolvisit: Former massage parlour owner and inmate, now a politician

Detective Wong: Seasoned DSI investigator

NISA sits across from CHUWIT in a dimly lit investigation room. A table is scattered with documents and a whiteboard is adorned with photographs and scribbled mind-maps revealing the insidious activities happening at the Victoria's Secret massage parlour.

NARRATION: "But in 2018 he would be instrumental **due** to his seedy past, in a DSI and Anti-Money Laundering Office investigation into corruption and child trafficking which would run perilously close to the Junta Prime Minister."

NISA [POINTING AT A PHOTO]
Khun Chuwit, we've uncovered evidence of money laundering and child trafficking linked to the business. These transactions are connected to offshore accounts and shell companies inside Thailand.

CHUWIT [VISIBLY DISTURBED]
This is worse than I ever imagined. How deep does this rabbit hole go?

DETECTIVE WONG enters the room, his face marked by years of solving cases.

DETECTIVE WONG [SERIOUS TONE]
We've been tracking Kampol and his cronies' activities for a while. He's been using the business as a front for illegal transactions and

money laundering operations. It's a sophisticated scheme involving international networks, and most notably this [a pause] Acqua Group -including a range of questionable loans

NISA [DETERMINED]
Khun Chuwit, we need your insight into the business's operations during your time as the owner. Anything that could help us piece together this puzzle.

CHUWIT [TAKING A DEEP BREATH]
Kampol, I knew he had connections. He made deals with high-ranking officials connected to the Junta and shady businessmen. Triad mostly. He exploited the parlour's reputation to legitimise the money flowing through it - I never expected (he trails off)

NISA flips through financial records, her expression a mix of anger and frustration.

NISA [POINTING AT RECORDS]
Look at these transactions. Money from unknown sources funnelled into the parlour's accounts and through Aqua Group - then dispersed through various channels. It's a maze designed to conceal the origins of these funds. Loans from Nomura Securities and Thanachart Securities. Loans to others too

DETECTIVE WONG: [SIGHING]
Kampol is so cunning. He's using the Shell Company and the brothel's activities to clean dirty money, making it almost untraceable. But he's also making the clean money dirty with Aqua Group and of course - if it goes bust, they've got big loans which must be paid back by any assets left - to Nomura, Thanachart, and probably other companies they've controlled.
(Pointing to her documents)
You see here - he got together a group of investors and bought the Aqua Group on the stock market. He then replaced the existing board

with friendlies. So - Once they gained control of the company, they divest it's assets, effectively transform it into a shell corporation. The intention - use Aqua as a means to funnel funds from the brothels and other questionable transactions from entities they all control

NARRATION: "Of course that's Police Lieutenant General Wiboon Bangthamai [FREEZE FRAME PHOTO], who currently holds a position in the National Legislative Assembly. Wiboon's wife - remember? [FREEZE FRAME PHOTO] Junta leader General Prayuth's sister-in-law.

CHUWIT [GRIMACING - REALISING]
And all part of Somyot's bribe.

WONG nods yes, silently.

CHUWIT (CONT)
I was so blinded by my own desperation to leave that life behind. I had no idea he'd turn it into something *more sinister*.

As they continue to piece together the evidence, a sense of urgency fills the room.

NISA [LOOKING AT CHUWIT]
We need your cooperation to expose Kampol and his network. We'll bring this information to the DSI, the media. The world. We have to ensure the truth comes out.

CHUWIT [NODDING]
I owe it to those who have suffered, and to the city that deserves justice.

As they gather their findings and prepare to take on the fight, a determination and resolve hang in the air.

CUT TO

A montage of investigative efforts, phone calls, and late-night discussions as NISA, CHUWIT, and Detective WONG work relentlessly to uncover the full extent of KAMPOL's money laundering and trafficking operations.

NISA [ON THE PHONE]
We have enough evidence to bring this to the public's attention. This needs to end now.

CHUWIT MEETS BARNEY - UNVEILING SHADOWS

INT. Clandestine Meeting Place - Bangkok

Ambient Sounds: Subdued, echoing voices; faint city sounds

LATER THAT WEEK: CHUWIT sits at a dimly lit table eating Pad Siew, his unique sense of urgency in his eyes. BARNEY joins him, his expression serious. They exchange a brief nod before diving into a conversation.

BARNEY [QUIETLY]

Chuwit, you said this meeting is about Victoria's Secret. What's going on? I thought you were out of that years ago?

CHUWIT [LEANING IN EATING NOODLES]

Barney... its darker than ever. Kampol and his friends running a twisted game - child trafficking, money laundering, you name it. All through shelf companies and front scapegoats

BARNEY [SHOCKED]

My God...

CHUWIT [NODS]

But there's more. And here's where you are going to get maybe more excited. (Pauses)
SOMYOT POOMPANMOUNG.

BARNEY stops. Looks up.

CHUWIT (WHISPERS)

Yes Mr Barney (Exaggerates) **CHIEF OF POLICE!** Knee-deep in corruption. If it can be believed, he has received - It's even hard to say out loud - total of 9.5 million US dollars in bribes, some linked to Koh Tao family.

BARNEY [TAKEN ABACK BUT HUMOURED]

Somyot... That dirty old bird. I suspected something was off, but this... This **is** explosive mate.

CHUWIT [THERE'S MORE]

And Barney! This goes all the way to the Junta head. [Pauses for effect] And now... It's time the truth comes out Mister Barney. The

People deserve to know what's
happening behind those doors.

BARNEY [RESOLUTE]
We need solid evidence, Chuwit.
Documents, witnesses, anything
that would stand up in court.

CHUWIT [SLIDES OVER A FOLDER]
Here's a starting point. Financial
records, emails, everything I
managed to gather. And a list of
potential witnesses.

BARNEY [EXAMINES THE FOLDER]
This could blow the whole
government wide open.

CHUWIT [FIRMLY]
So - we need to tread carefully.
Kampol. Somyot. Their associates -
dangerous men, and they won't
hesitate to fight back.

BARNEY [NODS]
We'll need airtight security for
sources and witnesses. (Barney
more lightheartedly) And I'm gonna
need my own plane outta this joint
one day.

CHUWIT [EYES DETERMINED, NOT
DISTRACTED BY BARNEY'S REDIRECT]
This is bigger than **us**. This about
justice prevailing. About saving
lives.

BARNEY [SERIOUS]
Let me get started then. I'll put
my team on this immediately.

As he looks around the scene of their meeting in
bewilderment, Almost Under his breath he adds

I never thought I'd be here.
Somewhere along the way I found
myself investigating corruption as
my life's work

As CHUWIT and BARNEY exchange a determined look, the
weight of the truth settles in.

CHUWIT
Me too. (Shakes his head) Me too..

FRAYED WEB OF DECEIT

INT. Mahasek's Lavish Office

Characters:

Mahasek

Kamik: Mahasek's confidante / accountant

Khun Pong: Investigator digging into Mahasek's past

MAHASEK sits behind a grand desk in his lavish office, the walls adorned with art that belies his hidden dealings. KAMIK, his loyal confidante and accountant, stands by his side. Nervous.

MAHASEK [RUBBING HIS TEMPLES]
KAMIK, I can't have any trace
leading back to me regarding
Somyot's appointment as Police
Chief. And shares in Aqua Group -
where are they allocated?

KAMIK [NODS]
We've been erasing records and
spreading misinformation as
planned. There's no link to you
via Acqua.

MAHASEK [SIGHS]
And what about Victoria's Secret?
The child trafficking operation is
a disaster waiting to expose us.

KAMIK
We've manipulated the finances
there, but it's a delicate
balance, sir. One misstep...
(He pauses, thinking)
But sir. You might want to ensure
the dirty Cop - the weirdo - isn't
a problem

MAHASEK considers his last comment silently.

INT. DIMLY LIT OFFICE - DSI

KHUN PONG, an investigator with a determined spirit, sifts through documents in a dimly lit office, piecing together the puzzle. NISA sits close to him scouring her computer records. He comes across a faded newspaper article with a photo of MAHASEK, shaking hands with SOMYOT in October 2014.

KHUN PONG [MUTTERING TO HIMSELF]
Whorehouse... Child trafficking...
Connections to Mahasek Sayasan...

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S OFFICE

Back in MAHASEK's office, the tension is palpable.

MAHASEK
We're so close to wiping our
involvement clean, KAMIK. We can't
afford any mistakes.

He turns his aggression inwards toward KAMIK, warning:

You'll tumble too! You will be
wiped out!

KAMIK [WORRIED]
But what if there's a thread we
missed? Something that could still
lead back to us?

CUT TO

INT. DSI OFFICE

As KHUN PONG continues his investigation, he discovers a hidden ledger containing financial transactions related to Victoria's Secret. One transaction catches his eye: a substantial amount transferred to an offshore account under a false name.

KHUN PONG [WHISPERING]
A hidden account... A direct link
to Mahasek Sayasan?

CUT TO

INT. MAHASEK'S OFFICE

MEANWHILE: MAHASEK and KAMIK believe they've sealed all the loose ends.

KAMIK [RELIEVED]
 I think we've done it. There's no
 way anyone can trace these
 activities back to you.

MAHASEK [SMIRKING]
 Excellent. Again we've covered our
 tracks well.

INT. DIMLY LIT OFFICE - DSI

In the dimly lit office, KHUN PONG gathers his evidence

KHUN PONG [SURPRISED.
 DETERMINED.]
 well well well... The powerbroker
 has made a cardinal sin has he?

NISA turns and nods as KHUN PONG holds the phone up
 before making a call.

We see DETECTIVE WONG pick up urgently as he sees who is
 calling.

WONG (CURIOUS. ANTICIPATING)
 Wong.

MAHASEK is being tracked down.

INT. TV STUDIO

Archival footage: of CHUWIT exposing the structure on TV:
 [https://youtu.be/BQ3_vpL-Ylc]

Archival Footage: Victoria's Secret Being raided for
 Child Trafficking

OVER THE VIDEO:

CHUWIT [V.O]
 I made mistakes in the past, and I
 take full responsibility for them.
 If you don't know, I sold this
 business MANY years ago to Kampol!
 But today, I stand with the
 authorities and the people of
 Bangkok to ensure that justice
 prevails. We will not allow these
 people and their criminal network
 to continue their reign of
 corruption and the trafficking of
 innocent human beings must stop!

NARRATION: "By the time authorities conducted a raid on Victoria's Secret, Kampol and one of the co-owners had already left the country. The Manager, Saththatham 67, was convicted of procuring underage girls from Laos, Myanmar, and Thailand and was sentenced to 18 years and 16 months in prison. He is currently appealing the verdict.

Out of the total assets seized, only 225 million baht would be directed to the state treasury, as 242 million baht was earmarked for repaying the company's debts to Nomura Securities and Thanachart Securities."

THE ULTIMATE GAMBLE - THE MURDER

CHRYPHON: **"NAHKON SAWAN PROVINCE THAILAND, 6 August 2021"**

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAYTIME - QUIET ROAD

JOE and his boys are arresting a man and his wife. JEERAPONG THANAPART and his wife are being placed under arrest on a bypass road outside Nakhon Sawan town. We see JOE along with four other men in plain clothes arresting them. CAMERA reveals SAAJI from behind with his cap and glasses on standing with the arresting officers.

Captain SONGYOT is a young captain on one of his first busts. He takes Jeerapong's backpack from his beaten up old car and opens it, looking up to the group.

Excitedly he yells:

CAPT SONGYOT
Put them in the car! Under
arrest. Full bag of Yaba here!
Enough to fuel the whole Thai
army!

JOE approaches the couple with a steely look:

JOE
You're going to pay for this.
You're going to pay in cash, or
you're going to pay in pain.

JOE doesn't flinch, his face is ice. JEERAPONG and his wife appear defeated as they're placed in the van

SONGYOT hits the side of the van twice happily

CAPT SONGYOT (EXCITEDLY)
Take them away boys!

The two are placed in the black unmarked van, with the backpack being placed in with the officers.

DID WE JUST KILL HIM?

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - We see the real video of Joe suffocating Jeerapong. Silence.

FREEZE FRAME.

NARRATION: "Where there is righteousness in the heart, there is harmony in the house; when there is harmony in the house, there is order in the nation; when there is order in the nation, there is peace in the world."

LET HER GO - 6 AUGUST 2021

JOE strides into the cell where JEERAPONG'S WIFE is being held. She appears disheveled, a clear reflection of her desperate need for meth. JOE's demeanour is unwavering, his expression stern.

JOE (IMPLACABLE)
Your husband, he was... a
worthless individual. (Scowling)
Drugs were his downfall. He's gone
now. An overdose claimed him.
(She raises her gaze, incredulous
as she whimpers) A hundred
thousand pills will do that to a
man... (averting his eyes). One
of my subordinates will approach
you. Provide them with
instructions on who to contact
about your husband's remains.
(Pauses) Allow me to emphasise
this... If any suspicion arises
regarding your husband's demise,
your association with a drug haul
involving over a hundred thousand
Yaba methamphetamine will be
reevaluated.
(SHOUTS)
Your fate will be sealed in LAT
YAO PRISON - UNDERSTAND?

She lowers her gaze, consumed by fear. Her nod is swift, punctuated by sniffles amid her tears.

Guard! Let this piece of shit
free.

As the guard approaches the cell door, JOE adds in a quieter tone:

JOE
Your husband's body will be
cremated today *per his family's*
wishes. Got it?

JOE exits the cell with an air of nonchalance, while the guard enters.

NARRATIVE: "Just the tip of the iceberg. Thailand's grievous human rights violations laid bare for all to witness."

UNDERCOVER HERO - 6 AUGUST 2021

OVER THE SHOULDER OF SAJJI

SAJJI finds himself in the very office where the tragic demise of JEERAPONG unfolded only moments ago. The room's air still carries an unsettling heaviness. SAJJI is seated before his computer with a determined focus. His fingers dance across the keyboard with urgency, inputting commands that cascade across the digital realm. The glow of multiple screens reflects in his eyes as he orchestrates a sequence of actions, each keystroke a step toward an enigmatic goal.

Moments of contemplative silence are punctuated by purposeful movements. SAJJI rises from his seat, casting a glance around the room to ensure his solitude. His footsteps resonate softly on the office floor as he approaches an imposing bank of hard drive units, an electronic nexus holding the keys to secrets known only to a select few. With a calculated motion, he inserts a sleek jump drive into one of the units, initiating a transfer of data that could shift the balance of power. Engaging with the bank of units, SAJJI's expertise becomes evident as he navigates the labyrinthine pathways of information. His gaze remains fixed on the bank of units, fingers now engaged in a subtle dance across a series of inputs. Moments of contemplation pass as he ensures his solitary status within the office. The weight of secrecy bears down on his shoulders. Finally satisfied, he retrieves the jump drive. He retraces the path back to his desk and sits quickly. Anticipation and apprehension linger in the air.

He looks around. The CAMERA finally reveals his face. Young. Handsome. Determined.

NARRATION: "The name SAJJI. It comes from Sanskrit - meaning Ready, Prepared, Equipped, Armed."

APARCHIT GETS WORD - SPINNING THE WRONG WAY - 7 AUGUST 2021

APARCHIT gets a call from MAHASEK. APARCHIT is in his new blue suit as he prepares to interview for his new Commissioner role. He is happy and optimistic about his future.

MAHASEK (BLUNT AND ARROGANT)
The usual place. Tomorrow.

Hangs up.

JOE TELLS THE HOSPITAL - IT WAS AN OD 8 AUGUST

A Chyron "8 August 2021, Sawanpracharak Hospital, Nakhon Sawan Province Thailand"

INT. SAWANPRACHARAK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - DAY

JOE is moving with purpose as he enters the bustling Emergency Department of Sawanpracharak Hospital in Nakhon Sawan Province. His purpose here is to cover up his team's actions, particularly the recent death of a drug dealer named Jeerapong Thanapat.

NARRATION: "No one is born bad. It's merely a chain of life experiences that can lead someone with weak values to commit unspeakable acts"

Inside the ER, JOE approaches the desk, where a pretty and intelligent nurse is waiting for him. She appears curious and perhaps a little intrigued by the formidable figure of Colonel Joe.

NURSE (POLITE)
Thank you for coming, Colonel. We have a death certificate for Jeerapong Thanapat, who was in custody when he couldn't be revived here. The officer who brought him in said he died of a drug overdose, but the toxicology report shows no sign of drugs in his system.

JOE (DETERMINED)
Yes, two days ago... it was a drug overdose. Methamphetamines.

NURSE (CONFUSED)
But, Colonel... (hesitant) we...

JOE(SERIOUS)

Nurse, you need to understand. He died of a methamphetamine overdose. (Pauses) When we found him, he had a hundred thousand methamphetamine pills on him, being smuggled for his own profit. Most likely headed to Malaysia or Singapore, only to end up destroying himself. We have saved countless children from the misery of drug abuse. You should be grateful.

The nurse still looks bemused, but JOE continues with force.

NURSE(HESITANT)

You understand that this Death Certificate is final, right?

JOE (FIRMLY)

Nurse, if I have to, I'll personally sign that Death Certificate. He died of a drug overdose... Do YOU understand? His family wishes for an immediate cremation. Let's not make this tragic ending any harder than it already is. We are here to ease the pain, aren't we? (Now trying to be charming)

The nurse nods reluctantly, shrugging her shoulders in resignation.

JOE (SMILING)

Nice. I hope we'll cross paths again someday, Nurse...? (Checking her badge for her name)

The nurse smiles awkwardly, clearly uninterested in any further interaction with Joe.

EXT. JEERAPONG'S FATHER'S HOUSE, NAKHON SAWAN TOWN - DAY

JOE, still dressed in his imposing police uniform, makes his way to Jeerapong's father's house. The old man looks devastated as he greets JOE at the door in something akin to Pyjamas, grieving the loss of his son. Moving slowly. Broken.

NARRATION: "Ferrari Joe had taken the life of Jeerapong Thanapat, a local drug dealer. Unfortunately for Joe, he failed to cover his tracks this time. The Death Certificate was falsified, stating an overdose as the cause of death instead of the truth - asphyxiation. Jeerapong's body was swiftly cremated, based on his father's apparent wishes, to prevent any further scrutiny."

JOE enters the house, his expression stern and calculating.

JOE(CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM)
Mr. Thanapat, I'm Colonel
Uttanhapon, Province
Superintendent and the officer in
charge of your son's case.

JEERAPONG'S FATHER (LOOKING UP
WITH TEARFUL EYES)
Yes, sir... please tell me what
happened to my son. How did he
actually die?

JOE(LEANS IN, LOWERING HIS VOICE)
I'll be straight with you, Mr.
Thanapat. Your son was involved in
some dangerous activities. And he
crossed paths with some very
dangerous and powerful people, and
it led to a tragic outcome. But
you have a choice to make here
before your sons body is cremated
- that **is** your wish?

Jeerapong's father looks puzzled and desperate for any
information about his son's death.

JOE (SMIRKS)
If you cooperate with me -
cooperate with the Police - and
speak positively about how
regretful I was over your son's
death, I can make your life very
comfortable. Money won't be an
issue for you anymore. You'll
become a wealthy man, living the
life you've always dreamed of.

JEERAPONG'S FATHER (UNCERTAIN)
Wealthy? How can you make that
happen?

JOE (CHUCKLES)
Let's just say I have connections.
All you need to do is sing praises

about me and my efforts to bring justice to your son's case.

JEERAPONG'S FATHER (BEGRUDGINGLY)
But my son... he was my son! I can't just pretend that he was involved in something he shouldn't have been.

JOE (GRINNING MENACINGLY)
Oh, I understand your grief, Mr. Thanapat. But you need to understand the consequences as well. If you dare to speak negatively about me or my team to anyone, I'll make sure your life becomes a living hell. I can make things very difficult for you. Loss of job, constant police scrutiny, legal troubles – you name it.

JEERAPONG'S FATHER looks torn between his grief and the tempting offer of wealth and a comfortable life.

JOE (SMIRKING)
Think about your family, Mr. Thanapat. Think about what's best for them. Accept the wealth and comfort I can provide, or [pauses a beat] take the risk and face the consequences of going against me.

JEERAPONG'S FATHER (RELUCTANT)
Yes... I'll... I'll cooperate. I'll say whatever you want me to say.

JOE (LEANING BACK)
Wise choice, Mr. Thanapat. Remember, we're doing this to honour your son's memory. He would want you to have a good life, wouldn't he?

JEERAPONG'S FATHER (TEARY-EYED)
Yes... Yes, sir he would.

JOE (GIVING A REASSURING PAT ON THE SHOULDER)
Good. You won't regret this decision. Leave the rest to me.

JOE leaves the room, leaving JEERAPONG'S FATHER overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. As he walks away, JOE's expression turns cold and calculating. He's secured another pawn in his game of manipulation, for now...

NARRATION: "He would regret it. They both would."

IN PURSUIT OF SHADOWS

INT. DECHA'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

A cluttered room with law books, case files, and a desk stacked with papers. DECHA KITTIVITTAYANAN, a determined and passionate lawyer, sits hunched over his desk, staring at his computer screen. The morning light casts a soft glow on his weary face. The room is filled with an air of quiet determination.

DECHA (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)
Another day in this labyrinth of
corruption.

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - COMPUTER SCREEN

DECHA's Facebook account displays his profile, boasting half a million followers. Notifications pop up as messages and updates flood his screen. One message stands out—a video from an anonymous account.

CUT TO

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DECHA clicks on the video, his expression shifting from curiosity to shock. The video reveals a grim scene: a well lit room, a man in custody, struggling against officers. DECHA's heart tightens as he watches the events unfold.

CLOSE-UP of DECHA'S FACE

His brows furrow, his eyes widen in disbelief, and his grip on the mouse tightens.

DECHA (WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
This can't be real.

INT. POLICE STATION - VIDEO (FLASHBACK)

The video plays, showing the tragic incident that unfolded on August 5. JEERAPONG, a man in a black t-shirt, is seen struggling for breath as police officers surround him while a senior officer tightens the bag. The tension in the room is palpable.

NARRATION: "The case was clear-cut on the surface: JEERAPONG, a drug dealer in the area, had been arrested and subsequently met a grim fate within the station's walls."

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - COMPUTER SCREEN

DECHA watches the video repeatedly, his face growing pale with each viewing. The haunting image of JEERAPONG's desperate struggle for air is etched into his mind.

DECHA (TO HIMSELF, VOICE SHAKING)
No one deserves this.

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - PHONE

DECHA dials a number and holds the phone to his ear, his expression determined.

DECHA (INTO THE PHONE)
I need to know everything about
this case.

CUT TO

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - LATER

DECHAS's desk is now cluttered with documents and case files. He listens intently to a conversation on the phone.

DECHA (NODDING)
Sixty thousand USD you say?

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - COMPUTER SCREEN

DECHA takes a deep breath and looks at the video thumbnail one last time before closing it. He leans back in his chair, determined and resolute.

DECHA (TO HIMSELF, FIRM)
This can't be swept under the rug.

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

DECHA's fingers fly across the keyboard as he types his message on Facebook. His words are carefully chosen, each sentence a rallying cry for justice.

NARRATION: "'On the surface'.. Well it's sometimes very muddy. Addressing his half a million followers two weeks later with a plea for an investigation into the incident, DECHA caused a fire to start burning - one that would burn hot"

The camera pans out as DECHA continues to type, his face lit by the glow of the computer screen

UNVEILING SHADOWS

INT. NEWSROOM - GOOD MORNING THAILAND TELEVISION

The screen displays a breaking news banner: "Lawyer Exposes Shocking Police Brutality Case."

NEWS ANCHOR #2 (on television)

Good evening, Thailand. In a shocking turn of events, lawyer Decha Kittivittayanan has come forward with a disturbing story that has ignited nationwide concern.

CUT TO

ONSCREEN VIDEO LINK INTERVIEW

DECHA (DETERMINED)

On August 22, I broke the story that revealed the dark truth behind the tragic incident at Nahkon Sawan Police Station on August 5.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Thitisan, a police station chief, stands in a dimly lit hallway. Whispers travel down the corridor as officers exchange worried glances.

JUNIOR OFFICER #1 (WHISPERING)

They're pointing fingers at the Colonel for corruption. This doesn't look good.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - FLASHBACK

JOE sits behind his desk, his face a mix of anger and anxiety. The accusations weigh heavily on his shoulders as he takes a call from BAITOEY on his iPhone.

JOE (GRITTING HIS TEETH)

This is a smear campaign. I am innocent.

CUT TO

INT. PROVINCIAL POLICE REGION 6 - DAY

NARRATION: "In a swift move aimed at dousing the escalating fire, Ferrari Joe was promptly reassigned to Provincial Police Region 6."

JOE now stands in a new environment, Provincial Police Region 6. The change of scenery hasn't lessened the pressure. He addresses a room of officers.

JOE (VOICE FIRM)
I'm happy for that - I **want** the
truth to come out. I have nothing
to hide. The father of the victim
is very supportive of our efforts

INT. DEAD SUSPECT'S FATHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
- FLASHBACK

The DEAD SUSPECT'S FATHER sits on a couch, his face
etched with sorrow. Reporters surround him, microphones
extended.

JERRAPONG'S FATHER (TEARY-EYED)
Captain Uttanhapon, he was very
regretful about my son's death in
custody. He's a nice man

INT. NEWSROOM - TELEVISION

The television screen displays the interview with the
dead suspect's father, the soundbite replaying.

NEWS ANCHOR #3 (ON TELEVISION)
Colonel Uttanaphon's claims of
innocence are backed by the father
of the deceased, who speaks of
Uttanhapon's remorse.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

The newsroom buzzes with activity, journalists poring
over documents, exchanging theories.

JOURNALIST #1 (SKEPTICAL)
But against those comments,
suspicions of a coverup are
growing.

JOURNALIST #2 (DETERMINED)
We need answers. We can't let this
be swept under the rug like so
many human rights violations in
this country are

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Whispers among officers grow louder, fuelled by mounting
doubts.

JUNIOR OFFICER #2 (WHISPERING,
LAUGHING)
Burying the truth. Deny Deny Deny
Ferrari Joe

They chuckle to themselves

INT. NEWSROOM - CNA MORNING NEWS TELEVISION

News anchors appear on the screen, their expressions somber.

NEWS ANCHOR #4 (ON TELEVISION)
As questions continue to mount and
doubts linger, one thing is clear:
the truth must be uncovered.

The screen fades to black, leaving the viewers with a sense of urgency and unease.

SAJJI - lacks emotion in relation to the situation.

UNRAVELING THE SHADOWS

INT. MAHASEK'S APARTMENT

Characters:

MAHASEK: Powerful and influential figure

NEWPHEW LI: Chen Long's nephew and now Chao Po

Ambient Sounds: Faint echoes, subdued conversations

MAHASEK is in a luxurious room adorned with opulent decor, his face a mask of cold calculation. The CAMERA reveals NEPHEW LI standing beside him.

MAHASEK: [VOICE LOW AND
CONTROLLED]
I've uncovered the officers
involved in that murder with
Uttanhapon.

NEPHEW [CURIOUS]
Oh, And who are they?

MAHASEK [GRIMACING]
Well.. Lek is among them.

NEPHEW LI is unemotive.

MAHASEK [EYES GLINTING]
He needs to be dealt with swiftly
and silently. He knows too much,
and he's quickly become a threat.

MAHASEK's mind churns as he formulates a plan to eliminate LEK and erase any trace of their dark involvement.

NEPHEW LI
So. How do you intend to proceed?

MAHASEK [SMIRKING]
We'll make him disappear, don't
worry. An "accident" that no one
will question.

NEPHEW LI

A pointed threat to MAHASEK

I don't need to remind you that
any links to our ... family... will be
dealt with

MAHASEK [COLDLY]
There's no room for sentiment in
our world, is there?

MAHASEK turns to look at NEPHEW LI with his decision
made. He rises from his seat, his mind set on eliminating
the threat LEK poses to their dark secrets.

SHADOW BANK

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The apartment is dimly lit, the air heavy with tension.
SUP paces back and forth, his face a mask of anxiety and
guilt. He's back in Bangkok, haunted by the recent events
that have stained his hands. He looks at his phone,
seeing missed calls from his fellow officers.

SUP (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)
They suspect something. They must.

He grabs his laptop and starts typing rapidly, his
fingers dancing over the keyboard.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUP sits at his kitchen table, a series of bank
statements spread out in front of him. He calculates
numbers, his brows furrowed as he tries to make sense of
his finances.

SUP (WHISPERING)
I need to move this money. Make it
disappear.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUP stands before his laptop, a fake email open on the screen. He meticulously crafts a message, his fingers trembling with unease.

SUP (NARRATING HIS EMAIL)
"Dear Mom and Dad, I know you've
been struggling with medical
bills. I've decided to send you
some money to help ease the
burden."

He attaches a bank transfer receipt, adding a false sense of authenticity to his deceitful message.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

SUP splashes water on his face, his reflection a mix of guilt and desperation. He gazes at himself

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUP clutches his phone, dialing his parents' number. As the phone rings, he tries to sound calm, hiding the turmoil inside.

SUP (ON THE PHONE)
Hey, Mom, Dad. Just wanted to let
you know I've sent over some money
to help with the medical bills -
and any living expenses you need
covered.

CUT TO

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE - SUP'S PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

SUP's parents, MAI and SOMCHAI, listen intently to the phone call, their faces a mixture of relief and gratitude.

MAI (on the phone)

Oh my Son, you're always so thoughtful. Thank you, my son.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUP forces a smile, his voice betraying the fear within.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUP hangs up the phone and sinks onto his bed. He buries his face in his hands. The room is shrouded in darkness, mirroring the internal struggle that Sup faces as he navigates the world of deception and moral compromise.

MAHASEK TELLS APARCHIT OF TROUBLE - 23 AUGUST

EXT. Restaurant on Chao Proa River Bangkok where Mahasek and Maj Gen always meet.

Two black crows are sitting on the bannister.

The tension in the room is palpable as MAHASEK awaits the arrival of APARCHIT. He sits in his chair, troubled and angry, shifting uncomfortably. As APARCHIT finally enters, MAHASEK greets him but wastes no time getting to the point.

MAHASEK

(Forcing a smile) Hi, thanks for coming. I wish this meeting came with better news. Let's cut to the chase, Aparchit. Your boy Joe Ferrari is fucked!

APARCHIT sits back, blinking his eyes, seemingly unfazed.

MAHASEK

(With a tone of disbelief) There was a crucial shipment destined for Chao Po's exit door from Nahkon Sawan province en route to Malaysia. Uttanaphon, in his infinite wisdom, decided to meddle with it (waves his hand dismissively) and ended up somehow crossing paths with a small time dealer, Jeerapong Thanapat, and his wife.

Looks up at APARCHIT

APARCHIT nonchalantly shrugs.

APARCHIT

(Indifferent) And?

Mahasek's frustration boils over.

MAHASEK

(Angrily) And...he first extorted thirty thousand dollars from him

(pauses) before greedily deciding that he wanted sixty thousand instead!

APARCHIT

(Calmly) So what? These drug dealers are a dime a dozen. What does it matter if one is gone? I still have control over the movements.

MAHASEK

(Fuming) Until your boy Thitisan Utthanapon ends up in prison for killing him!

APARCHIT leans back, almost amused.

APARCHIT

(Laughing) What are you talking about, old friend? He's the Colonel of Nahkon Sawan province and now a man of great means and integrity. People do HIS dirty work now, just as it is for us old friend

MAHASEK fumbles with a jump drive and slides it across the table to Aparchit, his eyes fixed on him in a fury

MAHASEK

(Firmly) You better take a look at this. I've been told it's being held closely, but someone with a vendetta against your potential son-in-law has their hands on it, Aparchit.

Aparchit appears puzzled.

MAHASEK

(Eyes piercing) You have some serious matters to address. Watch the video. If this leaks to the rest of Thailand – the Yellow Shirts, the Red Shirts, The Anonymous, **all** the damn Millennials! Chaos will break out, and no one will be safe. Especially the man whose son-in-law just killed a man over a bribe. General Suwat Jangyodsuk is already threatening an investigation into the 1.5-ton shipment of Methamphetamines via Nakhon in 2019! And I don't need to remind you where THAT points

MAHASEK continues with gravity.

They're after heads, Aparchit!
The world we created is changing.
If this blows up, and you get
caught in the crossfire, you can
kiss your Government Commission
goodbye. You'll be dropped like a
hot potato, and I will disown you.

APARCHIT is reeling from the revelation. He nods slowly, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. The risk is real.

APARCHIT (WHISPERING)
What's ON this thing?

EXT. APARCHIT AND NATIPAN'S HOME - BANGKOK

APARCHIT returning home. Disheveled, he walks in and heads to the desk where NATIPAN is usually writing. He takes the jump drive and places it into a laptop that was closed on the desk. The video loads, and once again, he witnesses the horrifying scene of JOE and his men murdering JEERAPONG.

As the video ends, APARCHIT replays it, zooming in on JOE's face, realising the magnitude of the mess *his boy* has created.

MEANWHILE:

SHADOWS OF DOUBT

INT. DECHA'S OFFICE - DAY

DECHA KITTIVITTAYANAN sits at his desk, scrutinizing documents spread out before him. His phone rings, and he picks it up to dial JOE's number.

JOE's phone rings on the other end. He hesitates for a moment before answering, his unease palpable.

JOE (NERVOUSLY)
Hello?

DECHA (CALMLY)
Khun Uttanhapon, it's Decha
Kittivaiiayan. Seems we need to
talk.

JOE (SLIGHTLY GUARDED)
About what?

DECHA (SLYLY)
 I've been going over some
 information, Captain. It seems
 like you might be caught up in a
 rather messy situation.

JOE (DEFENSIVE)
 Colonel. And I don't know what
 you're talking about.

DECHA (SMIRKING)
 Oh, come now, Thitisan. Let's not
 pretend. I have some documents
 here that tell a different story.

There's a tense silence as Joe swallows hard, realizing
 the seriousness of the situation.

JOE (SIGHS)

Look... I don't know what you think you know, but it's
 not what you think.

DECHA (RAISING AN EYEBROW)
 Is that so? You see, Thitisan
 people talk. Rumours circulate,
 and sometimes they reach the wrong
 ears.

JOE (CAUTIOUSLY)
 What are you implying, Decha?

DECHA (LEAVING ROOM FOR
 INTERPRETATION)
 Well, let's just say, a bit of...
 cooperation could go a long way in
 smoothing things over.

JOE's eyes narrow as he grasps the underlying
 implication.

JOE
 Are you suggesting...

DECHA (INTERRUPTING, SMOOTHLY)
 Let's not be hasty, Thitisan. I'm
 merely proposing that we find a
 solution that benefits everyone
 involved. A win-win, if you will.

JOE (CHOOSING WORDS CAREFULLY)
 I may be in some trouble, but I
 won't compromise my integrity.

DECHA (SMILING)
 Oh, **trouble?** Thitisan, you
 misunderstand me. I'm not
 suggesting anything illegal. Just
 a... favourable resolution.

JOE (DETERMINED)
 I appreciate your concern, but
 I'll find a way for the truth to
 come out

DECHA (RESPECTFUL)
 I understand. Well my offer
 stands, should you change your
 mind and wish to cooperate in the
 coming days.

They exchange polite goodbyes, and the call ends

IT'S ENOUGH FOR NATIPAN -10 August

The scene transitions to NATIPAN seated at her desk,
 engaged in a phone conversation. A laptop is open before
 her, but she's positioned slightly away from it. As we
 tune into the conversation, it becomes evident that
 someone is speaking on the other side of the call.
 NATIPAN's tone is devoid of strong emotion, delivered in
 a matter-of-fact manner.

NATIPAN
 I understand. I have made plans,
 yes. No, it was never my
 intention, but I have been placed
 in a profoundly disheartening and
 uncomfortable position. For some
 time now I have anticipated this
 state of affairs. (Downhearted)
 You foresaw it.

We don't know who is on the other end when she hangs up

APARCHIT IN A SPIN - 10 AUGUST

The Major General is in his police uniform in his office,
 waiting on the phone.

APARCHIT
 Finally! I have been trying to
 contact you for days young man.
 How is my daughter? Yes... Yes
 well we expect to see you both on
 Mothers day still.

We don't hear the response.

APARCHIT

Well. There is fear of the
consequence of this erupting.
Enough has been made of past...
indiscretions. Government and
Police will fall hard if this
escapes. Everything must be done
to gain control..so what are you
doing to control this... this fire?

We don't hear the response.

APARCHIT (NOW FIRMER)

Well.. **Get** control son. Get your
house in order - Or we have bigger
problems.
(Warning)
And son... cover your tracks

He ends the call and begins to stare out the window.

WEB OF DECEIT UNRAVELING

INT. Mahasek's Lavish Office - Daytime

Characters:

Mahasek: Influential government official with hidden
motives

Pol Lt Col Korawat Panprapakorn [KOROWAT]: Head of the
Dept of Special Investigation (DSI)

Ambient Sounds: Subdued conversations, distant city noise

MAHASEK sits behind his grand desk, an air of authority
surrounding him. He places a phone call, a confident
smile playing on his lips.

MAHASEK [SPEAKING INTO THE PHONE]

KOROWAT, we need to put an end to
these unsettling rumours that have
been circulating.

In a spacious room at the Department of Special
Investigation (DSI), KOROWAT listens intently as MAHASEK
explains his concerns.

KOROWAT [NODS]

I understand, Khun Sayasan. We
take such matters very seriously.
Can you provide us with more
information about these rumours?

MAHASEK [LEANING FORWARD]
 I've been hearing whispers about
 possible corruption, misuse of
 power. It's crucial we launch a
 full investigation

KOROWAT [SERIOUS]
 We'll need credible evidence or
 substantial leads to initiate an
 investigation, sir.

MAHASEK [SMIRKING]
 Oh I assure you, I have enough
 information to guide you to the
 right sources. And I trust the
 DSI's expertise to uncover the
 truth.

Back at MAHASEK's office, he hangs up the phone with a
 sense of satisfaction.

Mahasek [Speaking to himself]

And you will divert attention from
 my own misdeeds and dirty little
 secrets

In the DSI office, KOROWAT begins mobilising his team for
 the investigation, intrigued by the influential figure's
 request.

KOROWAT [ADDRESSING HIS TEAM]
 We have an unusual case ahead of
 us. Mahasek Sayasan himself has
 requested a thorough investigation
 into these rumours. Let's proceed
 with caution and professionalism.

As the DSI investigation unfolds, MAHASEK's motives
 remain hidden, his carefully calculated plan to shield
 himself from scrutiny intensifying.

JOE HUNTS A RAT

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

JOE stands at the front of the room, surrounded by his
 key men. LEK, SUP and his team, including SAJJI, sit
 intently, their faces a mix of curiosity and unease. The
 dim lighting casts shadows on the walls, creating an
 atmosphere of tension.

JOE (GRIPPING THE EDGE OF THE
TABLE)

Listen up! We have a rat among us,
a traitor in our midst.

The room falls silent as the men exchange glances,
uncertainty hanging in the air. Sajji sits with his back
to the camera, his posture tense.

JOE (CONTEMPLATIVE)

Someone here... someone who knows
our operations, who knows our
secrets, has crossed the line.

LEK shifts in his seat, his gaze never leaving JOE. His
eyes dart to SAJJI, briefly wondering if he could be the
one.

JOE (VOICE DRIPPING WITH VENOM)

This traitor, this rat, dares to
undermine me. They think they can
take my place? They think they can
bring me down?

JOE's anger radiates as he stares down his men, his words
a warning that hangs heavily in the room.

JOE (RESOLUTE)

I'll find you. You can't hide
forever. I'll root you out, expose
your treachery.

LEK leans forward, his face a mix of curiosity and
anxiety.

LEK (INNOCENTLY)

Boss, are you sure about this?
We're all loyal to you. We don't
want trouble.

JOE's eyes narrow, suspicion evident in his gaze.

JOE (SARCASTICALLY)

Oh, aren't we? But you see, the
traitor, the rat... they're
crafty. They've managed to hide
their tracks, but I'm not one to
be fooled.

SAJJI clenches his fists under the table, his heart
racing. He glances around, wondering if anyone else
suspects him.

JOE (INCREASING INTENSITY)

They've taken footage of
Jeerapong's OD from our own CCTV.
They want to bring me down.

Whispers and murmurs ripple through the room, LEK and his team exchanging looks. SAJJI's gaze remains fixed on JOE, his expression a mask of hidden anxiety.

JOE (CALM YET DEADLY)
I won't rest until I find this
rat. They'll pay for their
betrayal. And you, my loyal men,
you'll be my witnesses as I make
them suffer.

As JOE strides out of the room, the men are left in a tense silence, each one grappling with the uncertainty of who the traitor might be. Lek rises to his feet, attempting to calm the atmosphere.

LEK (SOUNDING NONCHALANT)
Okayyy. We have to stick together.
If anyone knows anything, you
gotta bring it forward. We're in
this shit together.

The men disperse, their voices merging into a cacophony of discussions. SAJJI remains seated, his cap shadowing his face as he engages in a hushed conversation with Songyot.

As the room empties, the feeling of paranoia lingers

NATIPAN'S PURSUIT - AUGUST 22ND

EXT. BANGKOK CITY

NATIPAN steps out of her car, a well-maintained yet older model Ford, wearing the same attire as in the previous scene. Her appearance exudes an upper-class demeanour. She approaches an upscale office building situated in the middle of Bangkok. The entrance is adorned with brass plaques, hinting at the esteemed professionals within. One plaque, in particular, catches our attention. It reads "SITTRA BIABUNGKARD ESQ - ATTORNEY AT LAW." NATIPAN, carrying an elegant handbag, retains her timeless grace.

Inside, SITTRA warmly greets her at the reception of his meticulously appointed, albeit small, office. They share an embrace, and he places a gentle kiss on her cheek. The sole secretary at a nearby desk receives a genuine smile as he instructs her to hold his calls.

The duo proceeds into SITTRA's expansive office, it's decor revealing little about his personal history.

SITTRA
It's a pleasure to see you again,
Natipan. How are you holding up?

NATIPAN

My world seems to be crumbling
week by week, dear friend. My
husband is gradually aligning with
'them.'

(She pauses, her gaze drifting to her lap)

I had vowed to never become one
of... them.

Sittra gazes at her affectionately. He takes his time
with her, the affection between them evident.

NATIPAN

And of course, my father predicted
all of this.

Her eyes well up with tears

I've spent years in isolation,
hoping and yearning for a
different outcome. Now my daughter
is repeating the same mistakes
I've made and is entangled with...

CAMERA switches to SITTRA

SITTRA

Yes, we've become aware of his
activities from the inside. Based
on what you've disclosed, it's
like a house of cards on the brink
of collapse.

NATIPAN

And my love... my world...
Baitoey, she's the queen of
hearts, teetering on the edge with
the rest of them.

Her voice quivers as she sobs

What kind of mother am I? No
better than those I've passed
judgment on...

Her anger intensifies, tears streaming down her face

Sittra moves to comfort Natipan, who is seated. He
envelops her in a consoling embrace as she continues to
weep.

NATIPAN

Anyway, as I mentioned on the
phone, I need your assistance.

SITTRA

Name it.

NATIPAN

This (she retrieves a USB drive)
needs to be duplicated. I must
take it back to my residence and
put it back where Apichart
initially left it.

Sittra examines the USB drive and then Natipan,
intrigued. He inserts the drive into his computer.

NATIPAN

You'll understand it's
significance once you see its
contents.

Sittra waits as the video begins to play on the computer
screen. He watches intently, his reaction subdued.
Gradually, his expression changes, reflecting the
profound impact of what he's viewing. He glances up at
Natipan with wide eyes, his perspective mirroring hers.

CUT TO NATIPAN WALKING BACK TO HER CAR

NARRATION: "I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. I
will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and
through me. And when it has gone past, I will turn the
inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone, there
will be nothing. Only I will remain."

CUT TO

FLASHBACK

We watch a flashback of APARCHIT at NATIPAN's parents
house, promising her father to be a good man.

FAREWELL LEK

INT. NIGHTCLUB - VIP SECTION - NIGHT

The nightclub pulses with energy as flashing lights and
pounding music envelop the empty room. LEK and SUP huddle
in a dimly lit corner, their faces a mix of tension and
desperation. Empty cocaine bags litter the table before
them, evidence of their spiralling descent.

LEK (VOICING HIS ANGER)

I can't believe this man. We're
gonna get nailed brother

SUP, his eyes bloodshot and wild, snorts another line of
cocaine, his movements frantic.

SUP (CUTTING LEK OFF)
Don't talk about it man. Just
forget it and let's get through
this.

LEK's hands tremble as he grabs another bag of cocaine,
his demeanour growing more erratic.

LEK (RANTING)
Forget it? How can I forget it?
We're a liability man. Someone's
gonna whack us. I know it!

SUP's laughter borders on hysterical as he snorts another
line, his jaw clenched in a manic grin.

SUP (INCREASINGLY AGITATED)
Who are you kidding man? It's all
a game, and we're players
brother!! Might as well play it to
our advantage.

LEK's eyes widen, a mix of anger and disbelief in his
gaze.

LEK (SHOUTING)
You're deluded, Sup! We've crossed
a line. We can't come back.

LEK looks around suspiciously, becoming more paranoid.
SUP slams his hand on the table, sending a flurry of
cocaine into the air. His voice trembles with a mix of
anger and desperation.

SUP (VOICE RAISED)
I'm not going back, man! Not now.
We're in this together, whether
you like it or not.

LEK's breaths come in ragged gasps, his fingers clenched
into fists.

LEK (ENRAGED)
We gotta watch our backs man!
They're gonna get us

SUP's laughter grows louder, his eyes blazing with a
manic intensity.

SUP (LAUGHING)
Oh, Lek, you still don't get it.
This world... it devours the weak,
brother.

The two men stare at each other, their faces twisted with a dangerous mix of desperation and defiance. The nightclub's chaos swirls around them, a backdrop to their unraveling minds.

CUT TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

LEK splashes water on his face, his reflection distorted and haunted. He grips the sink, his knuckles white.

LEK (WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
They're not going to get me. I'm
untouchable. We're untouchable.

CUT TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB - VIP SECTION - NIGHT

LEK re-enters the VIP section, his expression hardened. Where's SUP? He's gone. LEK begins to panic, looking around paranoid that SUP's already been killed.

Just then, an attractive young gay man [ATTRACTIVE MAN] approaches LEK. LEK's immediately attracted to him. In his cocaine-induced stupa he speaks easily with the man, unlike his usually reserved demeanour. Smiling and dancing provocatively in the club they arouse each other, before the ATTRACTIVE MAN whispers something to LEK. (Inaudible) They smile and nod and go to where SUP and LEK had been sitting.

The ATTRACTIVE MAN pulls out a luxury case, which when opened becomes a mirror, with a golden straw implement together with a vial of cocaine. He makes a large line on the mirror and proffers it to LEK who smiles and takes the entire line.

LEK immediately looks worried. His nose begins to bleed profusely. The ATTRACTIVE MAN gets up and leaves casually as LEK goes into Cardiac Arrest in the velour seat.

SAJJI - SAFEZONE - 12 AUGUST

The scene opens with Sajji from behind (OTS), driving a car. He's in casual clothes. Songyot is in the front passenger seat. Someone is in the back. Sajji has his trucker cap on, a tee, blonde hair almost reaching his neck from behind. He reaches up to adjust his rear vision mirror as he talks.

CAMERA captures the rear vision mirror and we see for the first time, Sajja's eyes without sunglasses on. His cap is still firmly in place. His eyes are kind.

SONGYOT

Yo you guys believe this shit!?
Have you ever seen this before?
Colonel put me in the shit I
think. That guy Jeerapong... just a
bad guy. Drug dealer is all

SAJJI

Let me ask you... regardless of
whether we've seen this before or
not, should we accept it?

From the back seat POV Songyot looks to the back seat, almost worried at the response. He continues agitated

SONGYOT

Its fucked up man. He's a bit
crazy right? But he's the boss.
What boss says we do... right? How
it's always been.

There's no response from the backseat. SAJJI is more circumspect as he looks at Songyot out of the corner of his eye

SAJJI

Times are changing. The nation
doesn't accept a King who's living
it up in Germany while the
citizens of our nation have to
rally through covid. The protests...
they're not going away and the
army and government are a lost
cause. Do we accept the total
corruption of our own
organisation? Of the army? Of
government? And what of our
beloved King, his fake tattoos and
his prancing around Bavaria in
crop tops and his underwear?

Songyot looks at Sajji sideways almost shocked. We see from the rear vision mirror (backseat POV) a smile in Sajji's eyes

SONGYOT

Yo... you have anything to do with
all this shit going down? What's
it that's happened?

We see only a small glimmer of what might be a smile fade to serious in Sajji's eyes from the backseat, all CAMERA captures is via the rear vision mirror.

SAJJI

Would I risk my life to stand up
for the people of my country?
(pauses) Would you?

They drive on. We cut to see a flyover shot of the car
they're traveling in.

IN POOKIE'S EMBRACE

A Chyron " **Chon Buri, Thailand**"

EXT. Pookie's Residence near Laos

The scene opens at POOKIE's enchanting beach house
nestled near the Laos border. The picturesque
surroundings frame the house perfectly. Parked in front
are Joe's Mercedes and Pookie's car, the same one from
Episode 2.

Inside the house, JOE finds himself in a state of
seclusion. He occupies a spot at the dining table
adjacent to the kitchen, absorbed in his computer screen.
The room is alive with the aroma of coffee being prepared
by Pookie in the kitchen.

JOE (FRUSTRATED)

Damn, these people. When I'm out
there as their savior, taking on
the drug traffickers, everyone's
on my side. And now they want to
bring me down.

POOKIE (INQUIRING)

Thitisan, why did you do it?

JOE (DEFENSIVE)

That guy was a threat to
everything. You know the drill. He
was about to expose us. A filthy
drug dealer.

POOKIE (CONCERNED)

But strangling him with plastic
bags? He never stood a chance.
Even if he could give you what you
wanted, was the money really worth
it?

JOE stares at POOKIE, a prolonged silence hanging between
them.

JOE (INTROSPECTIVE)

It's not about what I wanted.
Anyway, Chao Po has helped me
organise my exit into Myanmar.

All the cash I need for a comfortable life. All of this left behind me...

POOKIE (CURIOUS)

Then what?

Then accusatory:

Can you really trust him Thitisan?

JOE (ACCUSATORY)

Jeerapong was encroaching on YOUR godfather's territory!

POOKIE gazes at JOE with a sense of resignation.

POOKIE

I warned you years ago, to tread carefully.

JOE

Careful? I've been damn careful, you... (catches himself)

POOKIE's frustration builds.

POOKIE

Ungrateful bastard. Don't come to MY home and blame ME, Thitisan! You got yourself into this mess with your flashy cars, drugs, playing both sides of corruption! Your women, your reckless pursuits, your shattered relationships. Don't you dare lay this at my feet or my family's!

JOE

Women? Just because they're more famous than you? Ha! What—

Pookie interrupts.

POOKIE

All I ever wanted was to love you! I promised you my love, but you can't just love someone, can you? There has to be something more for you. Fame, glitter, glamour. What was it? What did THEY have that I didn't? Certainly not money. So, what was it, Joe?

JOE

Just leave me alone.

POOKIE

Oh, I'll leave you alright. Leave you to the Thai Police, leave you to your own demise. To rot in the Bangkok Hilton with the drug traffickers YOU put there. Oh, that's going to be a blast, isn't it? How long will you survive among those beasts?

JOE

Enough, Pookie! or I'll—

POOKIE (ENRAGED)

What will you do, Thitisan? Hit me? Beat me like your father did to your mother? Is that your plan?

JOE (RAGE BUILDING)

Shut up!

A tear escapes from POOKIE's eye.

POOKIE

Or what? You'll abandon me? You can't harm me, Joe! You've already shattered me. But I rebuilt myself. Then you shattered me again. **I know you did it.** I know you killed Wisut out of jealousy or rage. I know. (A moment) But you can't break me anymore, Joe. You can't break **us**

POOKIE places her hand on her belly as her emotions surge, her anger intensifies

POOKIE

Why the fuck do you come back to me now! You bastard! You screw all your whores, marry them, and now you come to me!! ME!! You don't deserve my help you asshole!!

Tears stream down POOKIE's face, her composure shattering. The floodgates open, and her cries become uncontrollable, a torrent of pain and anger. Suddenly, an anguished wail tears from her throat, echoing through the room.

POOKIE

YOU FUCKING BASTAAAARD!!!!

A sharp contrast: JOE's eyes, devoid of any flicker of emotion, remain fixed and cold.

JOE
The more you love, the more you
open yourself to inevitable
betrayal.

Just then, before JOE can end the word 'Betrayal', a deafening sound of a gunshot reverberates through the room, shattering the tense silence.

The Gun goes off. CAMERA stays close on JOE's eyes which turn from unemotive to shock, fear, and regret.

CUT TO

INT. Bangkok Post Building - MORNING

BARNEY is rushing through the Bangkok Post offices. We're Barney as we walk through. Women and men in casual business dress walk through the shot. BARNEY picks out one of the women as he walks through - a passing comment as they both continue moving in their own direction:

BARNEY
Think I've got something juicy
coming through. Entertainment
division's going to want **in** on it
with me!

ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER
Let me know Barney!

He picks out a man who's walking through FRAME

BARNEY
David! I've got some crime news
coming through. You and your team
ready? It's a biggie!

DAVID (ASIAN MALE)
Ready mate (saying mate doesn't
come off)

We're still BARNEY as he heads towards the Editor in Chief office door. A pretty secretary sits outside. She sees Barney coming at pace.

WIDE SHOT TRACKING BARNEY

SECRETARY

Barney - he's with someone. You
can't (Trying to stop him)

BARNEY knocks and immediately barges through the door

CUT TO WIDE SHOT OF EDITOR IN CHIEF'S OFFICE

The editor in chief is on the phone

BARNEY (URGENTLY)

They've fucking got 'im!

EDITOR IN CHIEF

What the hell? What are you doing
barging into my office? I have to
go I'll call you later. (Takes a
frustrated breath) Got who?

BARNEY (SLOWLY AND PURPOSEFULLY)

I've just got word that a Thai
Police station chief has just
murdered a drug trafficker - in
custody!

EDITOR

(Curious) Oh? And how the fuck
did **you** get this?

BARNEY

I know we've had our differences
dealing with sources, but I'm not
about to start disclosing mine
now. I have it on VERY good word
that the police chief of Nahkon
Province has murdered a drug
dealer - and it's on camera for
the world to see. We gotta jump
on this before its out!

The EDITOR switches to Editor mode quickly.

EDITOR

Settle down. Settle down
(Thinking) We need two sources to
confirm. Have you got sources?

BARNEY

I'll do better than that. I'll
give you a vid' of him murdering
the guy.

EDITOR (ASTONISHED)

What?!

BARNEY
AND he does it while six blokes
watch him!

EDITOR (EXASPERATED)
You're bloody kidding...

BARNEY
Mate - this is the one. They're
gonna go wild. The whole fucking
nation's gonna go nuts!

EDITOR
(In a dream) the whole world...

BARNEY nods, raising his eyebrow as if to say 'you bloody
know it!'

EDITOR
Ok, get me the video as soon as
you can. Ask the Police
Commissioner for comment.

BARNEY is beside himself, wanting to explode with
excitement with the next news

BARNEY
Mate... get this.... The commissioner
is the killer's **father in law**.

The editor falls back in his chair

EDITOR
You're - bloody - kidding!
(*absolutely astonished)

APARCHIT SIRISIT... So - it's Thitisan Uttanhapon?

BARNEY
You know it. FERRARI - FUCKING -
JOE! (Pauses for impact) Give me
one hour to bring the pieces
together and get the facts onto
paper. I've been chasing this
fucker for **years**! He's had his
hand in the Government bank
account for years! Head of the
Drug Suppression Unit and now
Police Chief of Nahkon Sawan
Province. Now married to this
entertainment presenter on TV -
(looks down at his note) Baitoey
Surisit - and her father, you said
it - the Police Commissioner!

The Editor isn't as surprised as one would expect

EDITOR

(In a dream)
 you can't make this shit up...
 (Snapping out of it)
 Ok, come back to me in an hour
 with the whole story.

Barney's already half out the door

But Barney! I need this to be
 absolutely fucking bullet-proof.

BARNEY

On it Chief!

EDITOR (SERIOUS NOW)

Barney! We're treading on very
 thin ice. I don't need to tell
 you how careful we need to be on
 this.

Barney nods and flies out the door.

He meets the Entertainment reporter as soon as he's out
 the door, as he rushes through the office.

BARNEY

Po, get me everything you can find
 on Joe Ferrari or Ferrari Joe!

PO

You mean the guy who proposed on
 Facebook Live at the Millennium to
 May Sakhakorn?

BARNEY stops in his tracks

BARNEY (HUMOURED)

He did?!

PO (FACTUAL. DEADPAN)

Yeah - turned him down.

She Smiles and puts her hand over her mouth to stop her
 laughing.

BARNEY (RUSHING OFF SMILING)

Meet me at my office as soon as
 you can! Get me everything -
 bells and whistles and marriage
 proposals!!

Laughing, excited, He races off dodging people to get
 back to his office.

JOE'S DREAM - FLIGHT OR FALL?

In JOE's dream, he becomes an observer from a distance, a silent spectator to a scene of high-stakes drama. As his gaze fixes on the horizon, a scene unfolds before him: a plane is mid-takeoff, an emblem of human ambition and progress. The aircraft is ascending into the sky with a sense of purpose, its engines roaring with determination.

Then in a twist that sends ripples of tension through the dream's fabric, the plane's trajectory is abruptly disrupted. The harmonious dance of lift and thrust falters, and the aircraft's ascent is replaced by an unsettling stall in midair.

Time stops as the plane hovers precariously, defying the laws of physics. Flight or Fall? The dream encapsulates a palpable sense of vulnerability and impending catastrophe, the fragile balance between soaring ambition and the harsh reality of limitations.

The dream embodies a tapestry of symbolism - the plane representing aspirations, the stall representing obstacles. As the dream's narrative unfurls, it mirrors Joe's internal quest for understanding, his desire to grasp the intricate interplay between ambition and fragility, ultimately leading him to awaken with a profound reflection on the inherent uncertainty that shapes his own reality.

JOE - THE BEGINNING OF THE END

INT. POOKIE'S BEACH HOUSE HUAN HIN - LUXURY - POOL IN THE BACKGROUND

SCORE: * Death and All His Friends / The Escape
[COLDPLAY] *

CUT TO

CLOSE UP - WOMANS GLAZED EYES

DEAD? It's a very short glimpse of POOKIE's eyes.

CUT TO

JOE is lying on a single pool bed mattress he has placed on the stone floor. He's staring up at the ceiling, to a ceiling fan which spins.

CUT TO

JOE's POV, staring at the ceiling fan - moving - quickly to the beat of *The Escape*.

FLASHBACK

INT. THITISAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - APARTMENT - DARK

Young JOE, around 15 years old, finds himself in a nightmarish situation. His father, heavily intoxicated, unleashes his rage upon JOE'S MOTHER, subjecting her to a vicious slap that sends her collapsing to the kitchen floor.

CLOSE UP - JOE'S MOTHER'S FACE ON TILES

JOE rushes to his mother's side, attempting to restrain his father, but his efforts are futile against the drunken fury. His father breaks free and violently throws JOE to the ground, displaying an unnatural strength fueled by alcohol.

Both JOE and his MOTHER lie on the floor, with JOE pretending to be unconscious. Through half-closed eyes, he sees his mother lying motionless, and fear grips his heart. *Is she still alive?*

Moments pass, and JOE catches a slight movement near his leg. He turns his head slowly to see his father standing above him, holding a handgun with trembling hands. Their eyes lock, and in that moment, JOE senses a shift in his father's expression - from wild rage to sadness and fear.

FATHER (WHISPERS)

Be a better man than me.

Before JOE can react, his father makes a tragic decision. He raises the gun to his own head and pulls the trigger, ending his own life.

The room is engulfed in a deafening silence, broken only by the weight of the unspeakable tragedy that has unfolded. JOE, now forced to confront a future without his father, holds the blankest of expressions.

JOE as 15yo is now lying in his childhood bed - same as in EP1.

The Lyrics play "And in the end, we lie awake and we dream of making an escape"

The scene narrows its focus, capturing JOE with a car magazine, his gaze vacantly looking up (at the fan in his room turning at the same speed as the beat of the music). A solitary tear trickling down his youthful cheek.
[Intense concentration on the tear.]

The CAMERA gently tracks the course of the tear across JOE's face, seamlessly transitioning from one shot to the next, all while withdrawing gradually. [Intense close-up] The tear from JOE's cheek, present-day, is juxtaposed against a wider view as the camera retreats. He continues his contemplation of the ceiling fan, set to the same haunting beat.

An incessant barrage of text notifications chime from JOE's phone—missed calls numbered at 25 and unread messages at 80. Amidst the persistent notifications, the phone's ring pierces the silence. Displayed on the screen is a jovial snapshot of APARCHIT and BAITOEY with JOE, frozen in laughter. JOE gazes heavenward, his finger tapping the green answer button wordlessly.

The camera zooms in tightly on JOE's expression.

APARCHIT (V.O)

Thitisan?

A protracted silence ensues, JOE barely mustering the strength to reply.

JOE

Yes

The screen displays the image of APARCHIT. His voice resonates with paternal authority, yet warmth lingers.

APARCHIT

It's time to come in **son**.

[pauses] Its time to come in...

JOE's gaze remains fixed on the heavens, the call terminated without a spoken response.

FADE OUT

ARRESTED - THE CONVERGENCE OF FATE

EXT. POOKIE'S HOUSE CHON BURI

In a dramatic crescendo of events, the scene unfolds with a breathtaking intensity. The serene neighbourhood is alight with the flashing lights of five police cars, their crimson and blue hues dancing against the dark canvas of the night. Amidst this orchestrated chaos stands JOE, a once vibrant figure now confined within the cold steel embrace of handcuffs, a symbol of his fall from grace.

His every movement seems accentuated by the overwhelming weight of the situation. Uniformed police officers flank him on both sides, despite his complete lack of resistance - their stern expressions a stark contrast to JOE's once-confident demeanour. The air is tense, charged with the palpable gravity of the moment. The gleaming handcuffs restrain his hands, a potent reminder of the constraints now imposed upon him. An ISUZU 'Truckers Cap' partially obscuring him - an ironic play against his luxury car fetish.

As they traverse the short distance to an imposing armoured van, JOE's head is bowed, a mixture of resignation and determination. The journey to the van, though brief, feels like a symbolic march, each step echoing with the reverberations of a life irrevocably altered. The blaring sirens and flashing lights are now background noise, drowned out by the cacophony of thoughts racing through Joe's mind.

With a subtle inclination, JOE ducks his head slightly as he approaches the armoured van's entrance. It's a momentary gesture, almost reflexive, but it carries profound symbolism. As he lowers his head to step into the van, it's as if he's metaphorically bowing to the forces that have taken control, acknowledging the new reality that he must face.

The metallic door of the van yawns open, an uninviting portal to an uncertain future. JOE's entry is a poignant visual, a striking visual metaphor for his surrender to fate. As he steps inside, the camera lingers on his silhouette, a lone figure framed by the van's dimly lit interior.

Cutting back inside, we see POOKIE being treated by paramedics. She is sitting up, her leg covered in blood, and a pool of blood surrounding her on the stone floor. She lays there in shock being treated with an oxygen mask.

Back on the Van, the slam of the door resonates like a gavel pronouncing judgment, sealing JOE's fate in this pivotal moment. The scene fades momentarily, leaving an indelible image of a young man, once brimming with dreams and aspirations, now confined within the confines of the armoured van. The lights of the police cars continue to flicker against the new night, gradually diminishing as they pull away, leaving behind a neighbourhood forever changed by the events that have transpired.

INT. POLICE HQ - DAYTIME

The various police officers involved in the murder are seen being arrested without resistance by their own colleagues.

EXT. BANGKOK HILTON INMATE EXIT DOOR - DAYTIME

CHUWIT is released from Jail, to hundreds of people there to greet him.

NARRATION: "In June 2022, Police Chief Thitisan Uttanahapon was found guilty of murder and sentenced to Death. Ferrari Joe's sentence was immediately reduced to life imprisonment. The court cited his attempt to revive the suspect, and that he had paid for the funeral expenses as justification for saving his life.

Five of the six other officers were also found guilty of murder and given life sentences.

The King chose to grant pardons to a large number of inmates who were serving sentences, in honour of His Majesty's 70th Birthday. However, Thitisan Uttanahapon's sentence was not reduced; he did not receive a pardon *this time around*.

The question arises: is it merely a matter of time before he is pardoned? Furthermore, the whereabouts of his assets, valued at thirty-seven million dollars, remain a topic of interest."

[PAUSE]

CUT TO

EXT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE OUTDOOR LOUNGE

Early evening, QUINN is seated in the Colonial lounge setting, together with his wife Marion. They're drinking a glass of wine. QUINN is intently reading the Bangkok Post newspaper. The Headline Reads "Unveiling Ferrari Joe's Shadows"

The tone in his voice is both somber and resolute. With a measured cadence, he unveils the layers of Ferrari Joe's dark and intricate criminal history

BARNEY'S NARRATION: "From the outside, Ferrari Joe appeared to lead a life of unparalleled luxury. Flashy cars, glamorous events—his flamboyant lifestyle dazzled many. However, beneath the veneer of prosperity, a trail of financial impropriety and dubious transactions emerges, revealing a man who built his empire on a foundation of deceit.

CUT TO

INT. BARNEY SEATED ON A PLANE HOLDING SOMEONE'S HAND

CAMERA slowly pans out to reveal his traveling partner.

BARNEY'S NARRATION CONT: "In my seemingly unending quest to expose Ferrari Joe's misdeeds, this article becomes a rallying cry – a call for a collective commitment to dismantling the illusions that shield criminal activities. Moreover, it is a plea for the children of Thailand; they deserve more. To break the cycles of deception and corruption is not just a moral imperative but a pathway to ensure that Thailand's future generations prosper in a society built on integrity and equity. The truth, once obscured, must be brought to light, for it is through collective awareness and action that Thailand can forge a path towards genuine prosperity and a brighter future."

CAMERA reveals PORN, the pretty barmaid from Barney's favourite bar smiling lovingly toward Barney holding his hand with one hand, with the other resting on her pregnant belly.

CUT TO

EXT. AMBASSADOR'S

Quinn drops the newspaper in front of himself and chuckles with a mix of some bewilderment and pride. He turns to Marion smiling

QUINN

You can't make this stuff up.

CUT TO

EXT. THAI BEACH AT SUNSET

The CAMERA unveils NATIPAN as the narrator, strolling along a picturesque beach, holding hands with Baitoey. Walking a little distance behind them are her parents, engaged in animated conversation and sharing hearty laughter.

NATIPAN NARRATION: "My daughter took a short respite before resuming her efforts to establish her own identity, without any assistance from the *Police Captain*."

And as for me? Well I'm appreciating *every one of my chocolates left* (pause) in this perplexing 'Land of Confusion'. But of course none of this really happened... did it."

YEARS LATER - THE END

Chryon: "March 2025"

SCORE (REPRISE): * Death and All His Friends / The Escape
[COLDPLAY] *

Billy Brickstreet arrives on a plane from Singapore with his wife and 3 year old daughter.

He switches his phone on in the taxi- Apple News

There on the screen staring back at him - JOE FERRARI
FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

CUT TO

Joe lying on his cell bed watching a circling fan.

[Lyrics: And in the end, we lie awake and we dream of
making an escape]

He gets up and takes a drink off a small table. Looks at the small stainless steel vessel. He closes his eyes and finishes the drink in one gulp, collapsing down the wall to the ground in defeat. The wall holds him up. He closes his eyes.

END CREDITS

SCORE: LAND OF CONFUSION, PHIL COLLINS

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