

# THAIGER

by  
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## EPISODE 6 THIN HEIR

**Style: Urgent and complex issues, fast-paced, to the epic. Images will confront you visually while Natipan's voice is in your head is a reminder of the romantic perception of a sophisticated and spiritual Thailand, the full journey that guides you through the Cycle, from the boom of Thai Tourism into the darkness of what men will do to BE RICH. Will we ever 'break the cycle'?**

**Background: The Case of Red Bull Heir Vorayuth Yoovidyha: A Tale of Privilege and Controversy**

In a tragic incident that shocked the nation, Vorayuth Yoovidyha, heir to the Red Bull fortune, struck and fatally injured a Thai police officer while driving his motorbike. However, as the case unfolded, questions arose regarding the accountability he would face in the aftermath.

While justice is supposed to be blind, Vorayuth's case highlighted the stark inequalities that can exist within the legal system. Many questioned whether the heir's immense wealth and influence would shield him from the same consequences that an average Thai citizen would face for a similar crime.

As public outrage grew, the case took a mysterious turn when Vorayuth seemingly vanished from public view. The circumstances surrounding his disappearance raised suspicions of a meticulously orchestrated escape, further fueling the perception that his privileged status might be protecting him from the repercussions of his actions.

Vorayuth's case became a symbol of the broader issues of wealth, power, and accountability in Thai society. It sparked discussions about the fairness of the legal system and the potential for justice to be compromised by privilege.

The story of Vorayuth Yoovidyha continues to be a topic of debate and scrutiny, shedding light on the complex interplay between wealth, status, and the pursuit of justice in modern Thailand

FAST CARS 2012

Black screen. A high pitched, single tone. (HOLD)

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

**NARRATION (OVER):** "Once you start you can't stop. Lies, cheating, corruption, theft. It's the old saying - past behaviour is the best indicator of future behaviour. (Pause) And money just amplifies that behaviour."

OPEN

Fast frames. Erratic movements. Single Camera.

INT. PARTY HOUSE IN BANGKOK. MODERN AND MASCULINE.

Its 5:15 am. Bangkok. A young asian man, VORAYUTH (we don't see his face other than he's wearing a light blue Polo) hits a line of Cocaine and then take a swig of a Vodka before leaving a small party late at night. Most have left.

CUT TO

INT. BACK SEAT FERRARI

REAR SEAT OVER THE SHOULDER

A light blue polo tee with a diagonal white stripe driving the silver-grey Ferrari flying down an empty four lane road in Bangkok.

CUT TO

CLOSE - ON DASHBOARD

The speedo shows 177 kmh.

Drops gear. Faster.

No sound but the speeding, roaring engine through gear changes. No music.

Flash of a motorbike rider in leathers into the left windscreen vision.

BOOF! The car hits him.

POV - From inside the Ferrari

The motorbike rider is hit from behind at speed and dragged 100 metres. He is hit with the front left of the Ferrari. The screeching of tyres from inside the relative safety of the Ferrari.

It stops. (HOLD THE SILENCE)

CUT TO

CLOSE - ON RHS DOOR OF FERRARI

The drivers door opens slowly. We just see the shoes of the driver (Gucci sandshoes), as he gets out of the Ferrari in silence.

TRACKING HIM FROM THE WAIST DOWN

Gucci sandshoes walk along the road. Stop. An ID Lanyard next to a dismembered arm. The Driver picks up the ID of the man. A Police ID. The man he killed is a Sergeant-major of the Royal Thai Police.

GO WIDE - FERRARI, DISMEMBERED BODY, VORAYUTH in Light Blue Polo, Gucci shoes, Trucker Cap.

He looks around, pockets the ID, gets back into the messed up Ferrari and drives off.

STATIONARY CAMERA FROM BEHIND STREET LEVEL - As the Ferrari drives away we see oil leaking from the car. The car drives slowly at first, then he roars away from the stationary CAMERA. Tail lights fade away on the straight road.

SLOW FADE OUT to

OPENING.

SMASH CUT IN TO

## SINGAPORE GRAND PRIX 2012

## FAST CUTS FROM SCENE TO SCENE

It's all action and glamour! The First Singapore GP. F1 cars, pits, and glamorous party action. Paparazzi shooting glamorous models. It's fast and furious - all kinds of 'pretty' action - the most glamorous sport in the world, on show in Singapore! Night time lights and a helicopter fly-through featuring the iconic Marina May Sands.

CUT TO

## INT. A SILENT HOTEL ROOM - SINGAPORE

MAHASEK commands our attention, sitting on an isolated chair in the centre of the room. His attire, a Red Bull F1 polo shirt, struggles to contain his robust physique. Undeterred by this sartorial challenge, a sly smile graces his lips, belying the evident discomfort. Despite his earnest efforts to assimilate, there's an undeniable absence of glamour in his demeanour.

Within the room's confines, a gravity-laden meeting unfolds between MAHASEK and a formidable F1 team, the weight of significance hanging in the air.

MAHASEK

Quite a some trouble old Friend..

The CAMERA reveals CHALERM YOOVIDHYA; the person MAHASEK is meeting with.

CHALERM YOOVIDHYA

Nothing a little money won't fix... (firmly). My son has been blessed with a fortune beyond measure. But he is clearly still incapable of acting like a responsible man, a respectful man.. But anyway, I understand you will help discharge this mess and help protect my father's memory, not to mention his ten billion dollar fortune...

## WIDE ON LONG BOARDROOM TABLE. VIEW OF BOTH

MAHASEK

As you say - nothing a little money won't fix... Tell me.. your son's aide claimed that *he* was the one driving the sportscar at the time. Is that so? The aide's prepared to take the hit for the (slowly) death of the Sergeant-Major? *It's quite a*

*mess back home... (raised intonation)*

CHALERM (SHRUGS)  
Nothing a little money can't fix.  
[Repeating same message]

CHALERM shifts a large briefcase two feet across the floor toward Mahasek. [come and get it]

FADE OUT

JOE MEETS MAY AUGUST 2012

INT. PAN PACIFIC HOTEL MARINA SQUARE SINGAPORE FOYER BAR

Chyron: **"Pan Pacific Singapore - Inaugural Singapore Grand Prix, 2012"**

We are now at a glamorous party at the Pan Pacific Hotel in the middle of the F1 track during the early evening. Luxury cars are arriving, limousines slowly pulling in and Bellhops busy opening doors and greeting guests. Pumping house music is at odds with the silent room prior.

We cut inside to a red carpet with Singapore Tourism Background and models being photographed. We zoom in on a smoking hot asian model who we saw Joe masturbate over in **Ep 2**, and begin to hear the photographers calling her name "May! May!" and then to an interviewer calling her to interview her.

She approaches the interviewer calmly, smiling

INTERVIEWER  
Thanks for joining us! I'm here with beautiful Thai-German model and aspiring actor, Pichanak "May" Sakakorn! May how does it feel to be at the first Singapore Grand Prix?

MAY (DEMURE)  
Well I'm just honoured to have been invited here tonight, and glad to be here having fun with my 'Angel Gang'.

INTERVIEWER  
Haha Oh wow! That's your entourage? (She smiles) And is there space for any **special** friends in your life right now?

MAY

My beautiful friends..I don't do anything without them, yes my Angel Gang. They're my rocks and a great support (over her shoulder as she walks away smiling)

Pan away from the interviewer and the red carpet to see a full bar, busy with glamorous people in cocktail dresses and sharp suits, with a DJ playing.

Cut Joe now, standing alone toward the back of the room, dressed well in a suit. He looks slightly out of his depth in this crowd. Nervous? A plump, sweaty German man in a dark suit approaches Joe with a beer in each hand and proffers one to Joe. Joe declines with just his hand, and shows Lutz his bottle of Perrier. Its pretty loud with the DJ playing so they're speaking over the music.

GERMAN MAN LUTZ

Hello Thitisan, Ja? Lutz Weiner, Porsche motorcars! I believe you have been driving one of our 911s over in Thailand!?

LUTZ is smiling and just thrilled to be there. JOE just manages a thin smile beneath his contempt.

LUTZ (EXCITEDLY)

Ja - my favourite the 911! But they're so fucking expensive in this part of the world! You must be doing okay for yourself there in Bangkok?

JOE shifts to a little more offensive, the thin smile is gone and he leans towards Lutz over the music

JOE

Your cars are the favourite in my garage Sir. But I must say, I'm looking forward to getting my hands on a Lambourghini Gallardo which I plan to (pauses) 'get' some time in the coming weeks.

LUTZ is shocked. He throws his head back

LUTZ (SOMEWHAT CONFUSED)

Oh boy - shit! Ja the Gallardo goes like the wind man! I never

drive one but Ja... wow! Holy shit  
 how you say you gonna get that  
 with all that fucking Thai taxes  
 man?!

As LUTZ continues talking JOE spots MAE SAKHAKORN through the crowd. He is stunned; the first time he's seen her in real life. His eyes are fixated on her immediately. She sees him through the crowd as their eyes meet. She turns her eyes down and away - a shy smile. JOE doesn't respond to LUTZ for a long moment. When he does its like he's in a dream

JOE  
 I... repossess ... cars from bad  
 people... Excuse me... (moving away  
 and toward May)

LUTZ's curiosity is piqued as he observes JOE's departure, his expression betraying his surprise. Nonetheless, LUTZ's intrigue is short-lived as he nonchalantly lifts his shoulders in a shrug and redirects his attention, flashing a friendly smile at another individual nearby. With an abruptness that characterises his approach, LUTZ initiates yet another introduction.

Meanwhile, JOE navigates the crowd at a leisurely pace, making his way without pausing to offer apologies for the gentle collisions. His progression leads him towards MAY, where a cluster of three other captivating models/actors envelop her in their midst.

One pipes up cheekily when he is arriving on the scene

BOOM  
 Well Hello Mr Man... (saucy)

JOE's eyes are focussed on MAY over this pretty girls' shoulder

BOOM  
 What is a cute Thai Boy doing here  
 in Singapore... (looks down at his  
 hand) drinking water?

JOE almost dismisses her, but smiles. He knows he has to get past her to get to Queen Bee MAY

JOE  
 I'm coming over to speak to your  
 beautiful friend... the second  
 cutest girl in the room.

BOOM throws her head back in hearty laughter knowing he is just flirting with her to get access to MAY. Looking up smiling and drinking from her the straw of her cocktail she asks

BOOM

So who are you here with Mr  
Charming? Any other Mr Charmings  
in your entourage?

JOE is starting to brush past her now to MAY

JOE

Not yet. But you'll be the first  
to know...

Then approaching a smiling, shy MAY

JOE

Why is it that the most beautiful  
girl in the room is hidden all the  
way back here?

MAY smiles demurely and cocks her head to the side like  
she's on a photo shoot

MAY

Well mystery is my second name...  
you May come to learn...

Her beauty stuns the Viewer. JOE is lovestruck.

JOE

I hope that's the case. But I  
should warn you. I solve  
mysteries for a living, and I will  
make it my number one priority and  
use the entire force I direct to  
crack the mystery of the beautiful  
Thai girl found in Singapore.  
(Extends hand) Thitisan...

He holds out his hand to shake but MAY holds her hand out  
like an old fashioned movie star awaiting his kiss to the  
top of her hand.

As she's doing that she proffers

MAY

Pitchanak Sakakorn... But you can  
call me 'May'

A BEAT between them. JOE smiles, takes a swig of his  
mineral water and looks around very content with his  
place in the world right at this minute.

MAY

You must be doing okay as an  
investigator to be here..(looking  
around at the event) or are you  
'on the job' Mister Bond?



JOE (SMILING)

Ohhh I do okay. (Pauses) But  
Aristotle Onassis said, 'money  
would be useless if it weren't for  
the beautiful women in the world'  
(Smiling charmingly)

You know I watched 'The Victim' -  
that was you right?

MAY smiles at his charm.

MAY

Oh you did? Well you must know  
that I'm somewhat supernatural?

JOE smiles.

JOE

Certainly appears that way...

As the scene transitions, a lively atmosphere envelops the foyer bar, where a sea of beautiful people is lost in the excitement of the moment. The spotlight centers on a charismatic DJ, his music electrifying the air, while the dance floor pulsates with people swaying and moving to the rhythm.

Amidst the vibrant crowd, Joe and May engage in animated conversation, their figures blending seamlessly with the energetic ambiance. Just a short distance away, May's Angel Gang captivates onlookers with their mesmerizing dance moves and playful grinding, drawing all eyes towards their captivating performance.

LEK WATCHING TV NEWS - PADRE

INT. LEK'S GRUBBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dimly lit room is filled with a mix of cigarette smoke and the aroma of Pad Thai. LEK, the peculiar-looking officer, sits on his worn-out couch in his grubby white singlet, his police uniform carelessly hanging on a nearby chair. He absentmindedly stirs the noodles on his lap with a plastic fork as he gazes at the television screen, displaying the unsettling news.

ON TV - NEWS ANCHOR:

"...shocking revelations of child trafficking in Thailand from Myanmar. The heartbreaking footage exposes the harsh reality faced by these innocent girls, ending up in the illicit world of massage parlours here in Bangkok"

The camera pans across the footage of massage parlours where terrified young girls are seen, their faces blurred to protect their identities. Suddenly, it stops on PADRE, the cold and sinister owner of Las Vegas Agogo bar. His face appears calm, but a twisted, fake smile creeps across his lips as he realises he's been caught on camera.

LEK's expression remains unchanged, but his eyes narrow slightly as he fixates on PADRE's image. He sets down the Pad Thai container, now forgotten, and leans forward, fully engrossed in the news.

ON TV - NEWS ANCHOR

Authorities believe that these innocent girls are being sourced by these businesses **and** may prove to be intrinsically involved in this heinous trade.

LEK's mind races as he processes the implications of the exposed footage. Though he shows no overt emotion, a chilling but curious smile slowly forms on his lips, a stark contrast to his otherwise serious face.

INT. LAS VEGAS AGOGO BAR - FLASHBACK

In the flashback, we see LEK standing in the shadows of Las Vegas Agogo bar. He watches silently as girls are brought in, terrified and desperate, and introduced to a life of exploitation, to PADRE.

BACK TO LEK'S  
APARTMENT

His mind returns to the present as he realises the potential danger that now surrounds he and PADRE. Though they may be partners in this illegal trade, LEK's main concern is self-preservation. The exposing of PADRE could lead to dire consequences for both of them.

LEK picks up his phone and dials a number, his fingers trembling (*fear or anger?*). He speaks in hushed tones to a mysterious contact, his voice barely above a whisper.

LEK (THAI - SUBTITLED)

We have a problem. The news exposed the little boy. We need to move.

The eerie atmosphere in the apartment intensifies as LEK takes a deep breath, preparing himself for the storm that's about to come. In the criminal underworld of Bangkok, secrets are dangerous, and even partnerships are built on shaky ground. LEK's unsettling smile remains, a reflection of the darkness that engulfs him and those he associates with.

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER 2012

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT BANGKOK - DAYTIME

The sun shines brightly over the Bangkok Riverside restaurant, the same place where our two protagonists first met. A Black Crow takes flight from the bannister, seemingly adding a touch of mystery to the scene. APICHART is dressed impeccably in his police uniform, showing his utmost respect for the Government Official. MAHASEK, on the other hand, wears a fresh suit and carries a serious expression on his face.

MAHASEK [UPBEAT]  
So Friend, it's time to repay my faith! It's time for that big move forward for you Apichart. I have been waiting a long time as you know to present you with a worthy development opportunity. (Heartily) Carry this favour out for me Apichart, and your progression to Major General of the Royal Thai Police will be effective - immediate!

APICHART is quietly taken aback. He smiles nervously.

APICHART [NERVOUSLY INQUISITIVE]  
Do tell...

MAHASEK  
well... You know this whole mess with Chaleo Yoovidhya's grandson... (pauses waving his hand away dismissively not remembering the grandson's name) ... VORAYUTH!

APICHART is nodding slowly, knowingly.

APICHART  
The Red Bull kid.

MAHASEK  
Well... yes... Coked up, drunk and driving a Ferrari at over 170 kilometres an hour... the poor bike rider had zero chance of survival... Terrible... Just terrible... But I have spoken with the family. His father... Very distressed... you can imagine. You are a father... you know how it must be when your child is distressed.

APICHART is frowning now, wondering where this might go

MAHASEK

So! [pauses] we will help make reparations... Naturally in turn we will make some gain also - just between us. (Smiling thinly)

APICHART cuts in suddenly irked and speaks as he hasn't before to MAHASEK

MAJ GEN

What are you talking about?! Sergeant Major Wichian Klanprasert was a dear friend, a cadet in my year... we graduated to the force together?!

MAHASEK

yes... Well, He is now passed and **we** continue the race with no finish line, APICHART. This... **favour**... comes with a profound offer, may I remind you?

MAHASEK - becoming squirrely. APICHART is beginning to give him cause for concern

MAHASEK

May I remind you APICHART, it's no more and no less than what I have had to do to progress to high office. (Advisedly) But he'll go away VORAYUTH. I've told them. Make him disappear. Just go! I don't care where. Just go. Get out of Thailand

APICHART is losing his composure. The conversation becomes quite heated

APICHART

Are you suggesting that I am to defend the indefensible? Dragging me into dealings with rich killers? What kind of man would I be to defend this child of a billionaire? One who would kill a man and leave him to die on a city road in the dead of night? **My friend**... He is culpable. We can prove he was the driver. And we can make it stick and show the people of the nation that we work for **their** benefit, not the benefit of the minority of rich bastards who live the life most of us can only dream about.

MAHASEK [DISMISSIVELY]

The aide being the driver was a suggestion by the **investigating** officer... **Colonel**.

Mahasek throws 'Colonel' like a dagger that he's a mere Colonel

APICHART

An investigator of little to no integrity Mahasek, and you know what? He has been hounded by the young members of the force for making such a suggestion. There is a tidal wave coming Mahasek; a change. I know it...

MAHASEK shrugs nonchalantly. A female waiter enters with their food, and asks if the men would like anything else. They nod no. She leaves promptly.

APICHART (CURIOUSLY)

What is it that you would have me do anyway?

Throwing it away that he's powerless.

MAHASEK

Well, of course you can remain a lowly rank police officer for your whole career, you know - bring truth to your father-in-law's prophecy... or you can begin to advance toward that Government office we have discussed. A groundswell is also happening on the other side of the fence you talk about, and I expect it won't be too long until the next coup with this army Chief Prayuth Chan-ocha making noises. 2014 - An ideal time to be placing yourself in the reach of a new administration APICHART. One who understands from where you have emerged. Thaksin's 2011 promises are already long forgotten just a year on. **Irrelevant and contrived.** (More forcible and slow last sentence)

APICHART has settled. He is frustrated, knowing MAHESEK is right about his father-in-law. Also frustrated that MAHASEK can use that against him in this situation. He opens his hands and shakes his head to Mahasek as if to say 'give me the bad news'

APICHART

What would I do?

MAHASEK

You can meet the widow of  
Sergeant Major Klanprasert.  
Discuss a *donation*... for which they  
promise to not press charges  
against any of the YOOVIDHYA  
family. Ever.  
The number is ninety thousand  
American dollars.

CLOSE - APICHART's face. He is astounded by the lowly sum.

MAJ GEN

What?... (there is a long pause)

MAHASEK

An ample sum for a family wanting  
to move forward and forget this  
whole tragic episode. The  
Yoovidhya family are very  
apologetic. We can't bring him  
back you know

APICHART is seething but senses there's more to come.

MAHASEK

I suggest, given your response,  
that it is perhaps not you but  
someone else who you might trust  
within the force who should  
deliver this news. Maybe one with  
- how should we refer to them? -  
with a steely edge. The family's  
offer will not be divulged to any  
press. Yes! Criminal charges can  
still be brought against YOOVIDHYA  
by The Royal Thai Police as we  
know, but this will not be  
entertained. There will be an  
iron-clad legal agreement signed  
that dismisses any current or  
future liability of the YOOVIDHYA  
family - ANY of them... ANY time...  
ANY where...

MAHASEK is forceful and crystal clear about his intention to make this go away.

APICHART looks out to the water. He speaks blankly, recognising an opportunity.

APICHART

Your drip...

MAHASEK opens his hands in query, tilting his head to the side. Sensing this as his only opportunity:

APICHART

I want the promotion to Major General. **AND** a drip for me as well.

APICHART pauses, before making the step across the line he has promised to uphold. He is more calculating and even surprises himself at how evil he can become to make this deal. He is ashamed. He speaks quietly

APICHART

I want the promotion to Major General, and I want a sum... it can be paid to me monthly or in a lump sum. This is worth millions. Not thousands. If convicted of the criminal charges, Yoovidhya faces up to ten years in a Thai prison. That is not an option and you know it

MAHASEK

well..We would discuss that with the sitting judge.

APICHART

Still... I'm sure they don't want to get to that stage... The little boy sitting in a jail waiting for the case to be heard. And you will not risk taking this to any other member of the force, now that I am the only person who might expose your plan.

One hundred thousand dollars will be paid into my account. I will ensure that there will be no blow-back from the family of the officer. I will *encourage* them to reject any media exposure. The criminal charges? (Takes a drink) They will go away when I become a Major General... (Sardonic) **Friend**. Oh - and a Police Commissioner position will become available in two years time. I expect you will be supportive.

MAHASEK shifts uneasily in his seat, knowing APICHART has got him at 'checkmate'.

MAHASEK (IRONIC SMILE)

As much as it causes me some discomfort, this *does* bring a certain joy. So it shall be.

(Turns serious)

But Major General... (pauses) If any of this comes undone - failure by that *bloody* family to shut the fuck up. Failure of Police to let the charges sink. Failure by yourself to execute this simple plan - Comparable demoralisation may occur towards your good name - **Major General.**

Then lightening up.

MAHASEK

And so Apichart... a bead of opportunity turns into a drip, which becomes a trickle... And soon a river runs. (Opening his hand to the river.)

As MAHASEK gets up to leave, APICHART is burdened by the dark turn he has taken. This sinister deal goes against his morals, but he knows it may be the only way to advance in the overwhelmingly corrupt system. MAHASEK leaves the credit card, but APICHART waves it off, indicating that he's now fully committed to this twisted path.

**NARRATION:** "Good men turn to the dark in this land of confusion. If you don't get rich when you have an opportunity, you never will. Everyone wants to be rich in Thailand. But what *is* rich, anyway?"

APIRCHART sits alone at a somewhat worn table in the nostalgic ambiance of the restaurant where his father once worked. The soft hum of chatter from other patrons fills the air, but his mind is distant, lost in contemplation. A half-empty beer sits in front of him, untouched as he gazes out to the gentle flow of the river, its ripples mirroring the turmoil within him.

FLASHBACK - EPISODE ONE



A much younger APICHART stands at the entrance of the bustling restaurant. The aroma of delicious dishes permeates the air, and he watches with wide-eyed innocence as his father, a humble man content with life's simpler joys, laughs heartily with the other staff. The moment is etched in his memory, a time when he looked up to these men as the embodiment of importance and wisdom.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Now, APIRCHART's face carries the weight of the years that have passed. The memories of that simpler time contrast starkly with the choices he has recently made. Regret gnaws at him as he ponders the consequences of his actions. He takes a deep sigh, wrestling with the reality that he has strayed far from the path his father would have wanted for him. He wonders how his father, in his simplicity, managed to find contentment while he, with all his ambitions and desires, feels trapped in a cycle of moral compromise.

WHAT DID I JUST DO? 2012

EXT. APICHART AND NATIPAN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

APICHART pulls up to the driveway in his basic car, wearing the same worn uniform he had on at the restaurant. The sunset casts a warm glow over the scene, but there is a heaviness in his demeanor as he steps out of the car.

ENTERS THE HOUSE

POV APICHART

As he enters the house, there's a noticeable absence of the usual cheer. Instead, he finds an older NATIPAN seated at the familiar desk, quietly writing. The years have taken a toll on APARCHIT, and weariness is evident in his eyes, draining the once spirited man.

NATIPAN looks up, her curiosity piqued by APICHART's somber expression.

NATIPAN (SOFTLY)  
Hello, my dear... How was your day?

APICHART pauses, hesitating to share the burden of his thoughts with NATIPAN.

APICHART (SIGHS)  
It was unthinkable, really.  
Strange.

NATIPAN is taken aback by the unusual response, sensing something troubling behind APICHART's words.

NATIPAN (CONCERNED)

Oh... how so?

APICHART brushes off the question, not wanting to burden NATIPAN with the weight of his experiences.

APICHART (DISMISSIVE)

Ahh, you don't want to know...

He quickly changes the subject, following the aroma of curry emanating from the kitchen, seeking comfort in familiar scents.

NATIPAN watches APICHART as he heads towards his room, her eyes filled with concern and a desire to understand what is troubling him. She closes the familiar book she was writing in, sensing that this moment requires her undivided attention.

CROSS FADE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by Natipan's bedside lamp as APICHART lies in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, his mind filled with turmoil. Natipan, sitting beside him, engrossed in a novel, notices his unease.

APICHART(WHISPERS)

I have brought shame on us.

Natipan, taken aback by his unexpected confession, sets her book aside and looks at him, concerned.

NATIPAN(SOFTLY)

What do you mean?

APICHART(SIGHS)

You know the Red Bull guy who killed Wichian in his Ferrari...

Natipan nods, recalling the tragic incident.

APICHART(LONG PAUSE)

Well, he's going to get off.  
Nothing.

NATIPAN's expression turns serious, sensing the weight of his words.

NATIPAN

It's a terrible situation, but how does that affect us?

APICHART (HEAVYHEARTED)

I'm to be the engineer on this  
one. Pay off the family.

Silence fills the room, the gravity of the situation  
sinking in.

AS WE FADE OUT:

**NARRATION:** "In the depths of corruption, trust crumbles  
and justice falters."

The screen gently fades to black, leaving the audience to  
contemplate the profound implications of APICHART's  
involvement in a case tainted with injustice and  
corruption. The future looms uncertain as they face the  
challenge of navigating through the dark shadows that lie  
ahead.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK - NIGHT

The nightclub throbs with energy as the music pounds, and  
the dance floor pulses with bodies moving in unison.  
Green and white lights create an otherworldly atmosphere,  
immersing the club-goers in a trance-like state.

SUP, cold and calculated figure dressed in all black,  
stands near the bar, his eyes scanning the crowd with a  
predatory intensity. He leans in close to one of his  
henchmen, PIK, who nervously hands him a wad of cash.

SUP (SMIRKING)

Count it again, PIK. I want to  
make sure I'm getting every last  
bit that's due to me.

PIK quickly starts counting the money again, beads of  
sweat forming on his forehead. Satisfied, SUP turns away,  
his gaze locking onto two beautiful girls, LILY and MIA,  
who are eyeing him seductively from across the room.

He approaches them, a sinister grin spreading across his  
face. LILY and MIA giggle, both eager to be in his  
presence. The music intensifies as the girls move  
together, and the scene dissolves into a series of  
provocative dance shots, with the girls taking the drugs  
supplied to them by SUP before disappearing into the dark  
revels of the club.

CUT TO

INT. SUP'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT - NIGHT

In stark contrast to the chaotic nightclub, SUP's apartment exudes a simple masculine feel. The walls are adorned with inexpensive art pieces, and a bar holds simple liquors in number.

SUP stands in front of a large mirror, counting the money from earlier. The camera focuses on his face, revealing a hint of satisfaction as he tallies the considerable sum.  
SUP (to himself)

That's better. Can't have anyone  
shortchanging me.

He takes some of the money and turns to his bed, where the two girls are getting dressed. He throws a wad of money at them (laughing to himself) which they look at with confusion. They're not prostitutes. They gather up the money anyway.

A knock on the door interrupts the scene. He looks at them, paranoid at who it could be. He checks the peephole before he opens it to find THOM, another member of his inner circle, standing there with a grim expression. The girls leave the apartment.

THOM (WITH URGENCY)  
Sup, we've got a problem. Some  
rival prick is trying to encroach  
on our territory.

SUP's eyes narrow, his predatory instincts kicking into high gear.

SUP (ANGRILY)  
How dare they challenge me? Let  
them taste their own demise.

CUT TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK - NIGHT

The atmosphere in the club has changed. Tension fills the air as rival gang members lurk in the shadows, eyeing SUP's crew.

SUP, flanked by his loyal crew, confronts the rival dealer's leader, a large Vietnamese Thug [MINH], in a dark corner of the club. A dangerous standoff ensues, as neither side is willing to back down.

SUP (CALMLY TO MINH)  
You're making a grave mistake.  
This is Red Dragon territory, and  
you know what happens to those who  
cross us.

MINH (DEFIANTLY)  
 We're not scared of the *Red Dragon, Captain*. Your time is up.  
 It's our turn now. Go ask PADRE.

He laughs together with his crew as they stand by the bar.

SUP jars at the mention of his official title of Captain as well as referring to PADRE and his involvement as the scene, and night, fades away

**NEXT MORNING:**

JOE FAREWELLS MAY IN SINGAPORE 2012

EXT. FINANCE DISTRICT, SINGAPORE STREET CAFE

We're on the streets of Singapore, the bustling traffic contrasting with the previously quiet atmosphere. Joe and May sit together at an outside cafe in the Finance precinct. They spent the night together, and Joe can't help but feel a tinge of jealousy as he notices May's elegance and delicate nature.

JOE tries to maintain his charm, pouring tea for MAY and offering her a croissant, but deep down, he can't shake the feeling of competitiveness. They exchange smiles as May speaks slowly and gracefully.

MAY (CONFIDENTLY)  
 If this is how the Mia Noi is treated, it may just be sufficiently appealing.

JOE  
 Mia Noi? (He raises an eyebrow, feigning nonchalance) No, no, no... My number one. You are far too beautiful to be a Mia Noi, my dear. Besides, I am a traditional man. I have just one number one.

JOE's attempt to downplay the comment reveals his uneasiness, and he tries to distract himself by taking a selfie with May. Despite his efforts to look happy in the photo, there's a subtle hint of jealousy in his broad smile.

JOE (EXCITEDLY)  
 Selfie!

As they check the picture, MAY decides to share some information about her past relationship, and JOE's jealousy intensifies when he hears about Tanos.

MAY

I am not long from my relationship  
with Tanos, as I told you. We do  
stay in touch... and anyway...

Just then, JOE's phone rings, displaying the caller ID,  
which shows the name "SIRISIT". JOE tries to mask his  
irritation and excuses himself from the table without  
saying a word. He takes the call, moving away from MAY,  
and although we can't hear the conversation there is some  
frustration in JOE's expression.

Meanwhile, a black crow sits on a nearby stainless steel  
bannister, observing the scene with an air of mystery, as  
if reflecting the uncertainty and tension in Joe's heart

**NARRATION:** "Legally, in Thailand, one is permitted to  
have only one wife. However, it is not uncommon for many  
Thai men to have multiple wives, known as Mia Noi, or  
Minor Wives. The first wife is referred to as Mia Glang  
Muang, followed by the Mia Noi, and lastly the Gigs, or  
long-term girlfriends. Despite the legal restriction,  
this practice continues to be a part of certain cultural  
norms in Thailand."

MAY

Is everything in order in the Thai  
Drug Suppression Unit? *Mr Man?*

She laughs cheekily at her friends' reference to him as  
Mr Man

JOE smiles charmingly. He is using all his powers to  
charm this beautiful woman. **We** even like this version of  
JOE.

JOE

My darling, all is well. In fact,  
better than imagined when I woke  
next to this beautiful girl.

He gently strokes her cheek and runs his fingers through  
her hair, drawing her close for a tender kiss. It's a  
display of affection that borders on the cheesy side,  
full of public displays of affection and love scenes.

MAY

I hate to interrupt the  
festivities, Mr. Man, but I need  
to leave for Bangkok at midday. I  
have an early photo shoot tomorrow  
for the new TV show. My 'angels'  
are anxiously waiting for me at  
the hotel checkout (glancing at  
her phone). They're curious about  
where I disappeared to last night!

(giggling) I believe Facebook will  
make it pretty clear, won't it?

JOE smiles, he has this beautiful girl in his realm now  
and the whole world will know. He's not thinking about  
anything else right now as he returns to his more cheesy  
behaviour

JOE

Okay. I have a meeting here -  
(puts his serious face on) -  
official Police business! And I  
will look forward to seeing you in  
Bangkok.

After a moment of hesitation, he adds, his tone bordering  
on desperation

But May, When can we see each  
other again?

MAY

You'll just have to wait for my  
call Mr Bond...

She shows him her phone, giggling once more, as she  
gracefully rises from the table and plants a goodbye kiss  
on his lips. Joe watches her in awe, star-struck by her  
presence. Once she leaves, he takes out his phone, sips  
his coffee, and gazes at the selfie he took with May, a  
small smile still lingering on his face. As he scrolls  
through his messages, he notices one from MAHASEK but  
decides to ignore it without listening to it.

Just then, another call comes in, and this time, it's  
from MAHASEK. JOE's expression turns to exasperation at  
what could be so important.

We're close on JOE listening to the message. Curious.  
Closes the phone and looks toward where May was.

#### **MEANTIME IN BANGKOK:**

#### **CLOSE UP - ON APICHART IN OFFICE**

We find APICHART alone in his desolate Police Office,  
clutching a letter that was meant to bring joy - a  
commendation for his promotion to Major General of the  
Royal Thai Police force. His gaze is fixed, but it's not  
on the achievement before him; instead, it's lost in the  
void of unfulfilled promises and shattered dreams.

## ENCOUNTER WITH THE CAR JACKER (2012)

At the bustling SINGAPORE café, Joe sat engrossed in his thoughts until his tranquility was abruptly shattered by an audacious individual sauntering over. Clad in a black basketball top, a bold red cap, and Nike high-cut sneakers, the newcomer exuded a vibe that seemed a mix between East LA swagger and Malay-Singaporean ethnicity.

CHIMP

You Joe?

The question was delivered with an infectious grin, giving a hint of the cheeky demeanor that was about to unfold. As he approached, the man seamlessly initiated an LA gang handshake while continuing to speak.

CHIMP

Yo, man! Pleasure to meet you,  
bro! Word's out on the streets  
that you're one hell of a badass,  
but damn, you're on fire, my man!  
That lady you were chillin' with  
just now? Whoo, she's something  
else! (He playfully shakes Joe's  
hand as if it were scorching hot)

JOE's expression became a mix of bewilderment and irritation, as he had no clue who this brash individual was or what he was talking about.

CHIMP

I'm the dude who keeps your rides  
spotless... you catchin' my drift,  
bro? That Kuala Lumpur Porsche?  
Yeah, that's all me, motherfucker!

JOE felt a blush of embarrassment crawl up his neck, uncomfortably aware of the flamboyant scene this guy was making, even though they were the only ones in the cafe.

JOE

Keep your voice down. What did you  
say your name is?

CHIMP

Issy, but back in the hood, they  
call me Chimp.

JOE

Well, in my circles, they know me  
as Thitisan.

Deadpanning, JOE signaled for the young man to ditch the theatrics and talk straight.



JOE

So... you're the one responsible for transporting the cars from Malaysia? (Clearly surprised)

CHIMP

Ahhh you best be known as Ferrari Joe brother! But sure - You bet your ass, nigga!

JOE

Don't address me like that. Just call me Joe.

CHIMP

You got it, my man! (Chuckles)  
Listen, bro, I've lined up some seriously luxurious rides for you! You'll be blown away, I promise! The connections I got are golden, man!

Joe's expression remained stoic, giving away nothing of his inner thoughts.

JOE

Are you implying that you've got more cars to deliver to Thailand?

CHIMP (MANGLING BRAND NAMES)

Hell yeah, gangsta! Mercedes, Alfa Romeo (butchered as RomEo), Porch Cayin, and the king of the jungle, man! I even snagged myself a sweet little Bentley downtown in KL! Oh, and guess what, my man? I got a hookup in Europe who can send me luxury rides at heavenly discounts!

Joe's lack of enthusiasm was palpable.

JOE

Only an imbecile would bring left-hand drive cars to Thailand, where we drive on the right-hand side.

ISSY was momentarily taken aback by JOE's response, realizing how foolish his statement was. Swiftly, he regrouped and put on his façade again.

CHIMP

No worries, man, no beef! I still got you on the luxury rides down here! They'll be with you next month, my brother! We're gonna be rollin' in style, motherfuckas!

JOE

Just deliver the cars to Lek through the usual channels. He'll handle the customs process as vehicles repossessed in Thailand. Once the government pays up, your cut will come. Understood? Now, on the flip side, some might be coming back. A close associate has some ideas about sneaking things in their framework. Trust me, no self-respecting Malaysian customs officer would tear apart a Bentley on mere suspicion..

CHIMP

Ha, haaa! Man, you're one sharp dude! Ha, haaa! I'm gonna score some clean Yaba, damn!

With a knowing smile and nod, Issy leaned in, adopting a more subdued tone.

CHIMP (SMILING. SLY)

By the way, about the payment... have you heard about this Bitcoin Cryptocurrency thing? It's as black as the night, man. No banks involved, deep web shit... Untraceable coin brother!

JOE

You'll be paid the usual way. (Rising from his seat) Goodbye, Issy. I have another pressing meeting.

CHIMP, attempting to extend a parting gesture, found his hug attempt met with a dismissive hand wave from JOE, who promptly left the table, scanning his surroundings for any hidden cameras.

**NARRATIVE:** "Cars were being stolen in Singapore, Malaysia and anywhere they could source luxury vehicles, sent to Bangkok and handed up to customs as repossessed cars within the Kingdom of Thailand. The bounty made a poor man rich in cash. Not to mention giving him the ability to buy the cars back at about the same price as the bounty received."

VEILED INTRIGUE

INT. SINGAPORE CAFÉ - DAY

A Chryon: **"Singapore, 2012"**

JOE sits with an air of purpose, his eyes scanning the entrance for VORAYUTH YOOVIDHYA. The atmosphere is charged as VORAYUTH arrives, displaying an air of superiority.

JOE (FIRM HANDSHAKE)  
Mr. Yoovidhya, I'm Joe. We need to talk.

VORAYUTH's gaze narrows, not used to someone so direct.

VORAYUTH (COOLLY)  
Fine, what's this about?

JOE (CUTTING TO THE CHASE)  
I'm here on behalf of someone who knows about your upcoming plans. Someone intrinsically involved in dealing with your... matter. You returning to Thailand is a mistake. You're playing a dangerous game, VORAYUTH.

VORAYUTH (DISMISSIVE)  
And who exactly sent you to play - *messenger boy*?

JOE (UNWAVERING)  
Call it what you want, but I'm here to warn you. The Thai government's under pressure to prove they're not bending to the will of the wealthy. Your case is a prime example.

VORAYUTH smirks, unimpressed by JOE's intensity.

VORAYUTH (ARROGANT)  
They can try, but they won't get their hands on me.

JOE (RAISING HIS VOICE)  
You don't get it, do you? This isn't about you being untouchable. It's about the real possibility of

life behind bars for a hit and run  
that killed a police officer.

VORAYUTH leans back, his nonchalance infuriating Joe.

VORAYUTH (SARCASTIC)  
Oh, forgive me, Officer Joe, for  
not being worried about your dire  
warnings.

JOE (LEANING IN)  
This isn't just about warnings;  
it's about you making a choice  
that affects your future and the  
family of the victim. Are you that  
heartless?

VORAYUTH (SCOFFING)  
This isn't a soap opera man. I've  
got money, connections. They won't  
touch me.

JOE (RAISED VOICE, INTENSE)  
You're deluded! The Thai Police  
will have to pursue this case  
until the end, and you'll either  
end up in prison or on the run. Is  
that what you want?

VORAYUTH's façade begins to crack, irritation showing  
through.

VORAYUTH (GRITTING TEETH)  
You're one persistent bastard,  
I'll give you that.

JOE (LEANING EVEN CLOSER)  
Because someone needs to be. You  
think money makes you untouchable,  
but justice has a way of catching  
up, even with the wealthy. I've  
seen it happen. Listen - the  
people I work for are dead serious  
about this.

VORAYUTH's arrogance wavers as he contemplates the  
gravity of JOE's words.

VORAYUTH (DEFENSIVE)  
I'll think about it.

JOE (INTENSE)  
Think fast, because your time is  
running out, and a flight to  
Thailand would be your demise.  
Don't let stubbornness be your  
downfall.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JOE returns to his hotel room, replaying the tense encounter in his mind. The weight of his words lingers, knowing that he's pushed VORAYUTH's buttons.

JOE (TO HIMSELF)  
He may be a billionaire, but even  
money can't erase the consequences  
of his actions.

**NARRATION:** "Vorayuth Yoovidhya, the billionaire Red Bull heir and defiant, faced unyielding insistence. With his ego bruised, he absorbed the warnings. Days turned to nights in Singapore as he finally chose caution. *This* billionaire remained in Singapore, his arrogance now a shadow of uncertainty in the face of impending justice."

JOE AND NEW MAJ GEN ORGANISE PAYOUT 2012

INT. POLICE STATION BOARDROOM - DAY

The scene opens with a view from a CCTV camera mounted in the corner of the boardroom. We see JOE and the newly promoted MAJOR GENERAL, APARCHIT sitting at a table, both in crisp uniforms. The atmosphere is tense. The camera cuts to a third person's perspective as JOE stands up and walks to the front of the room. He glances up at the camera, and the blinking red light signifies it's recording.

CUT BACK to the CCTV camera view. JOE returns to his seat, and he and APARCHIT engage in an animated conversation, a briefcase sat on the table between them. Their lips move, but no sound is heard as the audio is muted. The sense of secrecy and urgency hangs in the air.

INT. BANGKOK STREET - DAY

JOE is walking down a bustling street in Bangkok. He clutches a briefcase tightly in his hand, the same briefcase MAHASEK was given by CHALERM YOOVIDHYA in Singapore. The surroundings are a mix of modernity and tradition. JOE enters an old apartment block, suddenly revealing his childhood residence. He gazes up at the building, a hint of nostalgia and resentment in his eyes. Suddenly, a black crow takes flight from a balcony and lands on the ground. We experience this from JOE's perspective.

He checks his phone for the address, confirming his destination. With a heavy sigh, JOE clutches the briefcase and proceeds into the building. As he walks in, the camera pans out to reveal the worn-out, grimy apartment block. Irony strikes as we realise that this is also where the victim's family, the Red Bull victim, resides. JOE's childhood apartment block, a place he despises being forced to return to.

#### INT. VEHICLE CRASH SITE - DAY

The scene transitions to a vehicle crash site. A poor man, disheveled and wearing a singlet and dirty pants, stands amidst the wreckage of a truck that crashed into another car. Police cars and an ambulance surround the scene. The man gestures and explains the events leading to the crash to the attending police officers.

As he recounts his story, we observe the police officers attentively listening and jotting down notes. It's evident that they're putting together the pieces of the puzzle. However, the situation takes a turn, and the man is placed under arrest. He's guided into a police car, his fate sealed.

**Narration:** "No one ever really makes an honest fortune in Thailand... Since 2012, the Red Bull founder's grandson has eluded justice, a stark reminder of the persistent corruption. Thailand's populace acknowledges the system's dark direction, where the disadvantaged bear the consequences, while the privileged evade accountability."

#### FACE-OFF WITH PADRE

#### INT. LAS VEGAS AGOGO - EARLY EVENING

The neon lights flicker, casting an eerie glow over the dimly lit interior of Las Vegas Agogo. The club pulses with rhythmic beats, and the air is thick with cigarette smoke and anticipation. SUP stands at the entrance, his heart pounding with tension as he knows he's about to confront PADRE.

He steps forward, the deafening music drowning out the sound of his footsteps. The club is crowded, but he easily spots PADRE sitting at a secluded table in the back, smoking a cigarette in his blue Tuxedo, surrounded by a group of menacing-looking men.

As SUP approaches, the intensity in the room seems to rise. The other few club-goers glance nervously in their direction, sensing the tension that crackles in the air.

PADRE looks up, his eyes locking onto SUP's with a knowing, cheesy grin.

PADRE (RAISING AN EYEBROW)  
 Ah, Sup! My esteemed business partner. You finally decided to pay me a visit.

SUP (COOLLY)  
 Cut the pleasantries, Padre. We had a deal. I expect it to be honoured.

PADRE's grin widens, and he motions for one of his men to approach.

PADRE (SMIRKING)  
 Of course, of course. But you see, my little Suphakon, sometimes deals change. I received (waves his hand artistically) a better offer, if you catch my drift.

SUP's jaw clenches, trying to maintain his composure. He knows he can't let PADRE see how deeply this betrayal affects him.

SUP (DETERMINED)  
 There's no changing the deal, Padre. You know how it works. You give me the exclusivity, and we both benefit. No Police action.

PADRE (MOCKINGLY)  
 "You give me the money - they give you the honey - honey." You really thought I'd stick to that? Business is business, Sup - a better deal is a better deal my love

SUP's eyes dart to his dealer, who had warned him about the situation. He feels the weight of the situation on his shoulders, knowing that the stability of his entire cash flow is at risk.

SUP (GRITTING HIS TEETH)  
 This is not how things work, Padre. You can't go back on your word. And don't forget - I have powerful people waiting for my visit each week

PADRE's laughter echoes through the club, drawing the attention of those around them.

PADRE (SMIRKING)  
 It seems you're not as sharp as I thought. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have other matters to attend to.

SUP watches PADRE turn away, and a surge of anger and desperation overtakes him. He can't let this slip through his fingers

SUP (RAISING HIS VOICE)  
You'll regret this.

As PADRE's men start to close in, SUP takes a step back but eyes them menacingly, making it clear that he won't back down without a fight. The tension in the club escalates, and the thumping music seems to pound in time with SUP's racing heart.

A dangerous and high-stakes battle for supremacy just began.

#### **LATER THAT NIGHT:**

INT. LAS VEGAS AGOGO - NIGHT

The club is alive with pulsating music, flashing lights, and dancing bodies. SUP, with a determined expression, makes his way through the crowd, seeking out PADRE again. He's back, ready to settle the score.

SUP approaches the bar, scanning the room for any sign of the elusive figure. The gay little showman is nowhere to be found. SUP's suspicions grow, and he decides to venture deeper into the club.

INT. LAS VEGAS AGOGO - JANITORS CLOSET - NIGHT

Amidst the deep darkness of the club's back corridors, SUP stumbles upon a janitor's closet. He hesitates, but something draws him inside.

As he opens the door, the scene that unfolds before him is shocking. PADRE, wearing his wicked grin, stands there (toward CAMERA) holding the rusty shelving as the CAMERA reveals he is being sucked off by a man in a white singlet. Slowly, the man sucking PADRE off turns CAMERA revealing LEK. SUP's eyes widen in disbelief as LEK pushes his glasses back up his nose, the situation slowly dawning on him

SUP(FURIOUS)  
What the fuck is going on here?

PADRE'S grin is undeterred by the interruption.

PADRE (AMUSED)  
Ah, Sup, my dear. This is quite a surprise, isn't it? Wanna join in the party?!



LEK (EMBARRASSED)  
Sup, I can explain...

SUP (CUTTING HIM OFF, SEETHING)  
Explain? You filthy prick. And you, Padre, you're sinking even lower than I thought possible.

PADRE chuckles, clearly relishing the opportunity to twist the knife even deeper.

PADRE (MOCKINGLY)  
Oh, Sup, don't act so righteous. You and I are not so different. We both do what we need to survive in this world.

SUP (ENRAGED)  
Survival doesn't justify betrayal and deceit!

PADRE is pulling up his pants, as LEK comes to his feet, steps closer, his menacing smile never fading.

PADRE (LEERING)  
You know, Sup, I always admired your audacity. But now, I see the cracks in your facade. You're no different from the rest of us, baby

SUP clenches his fists, trying to control his anger, but his emotions are spiralling out of control

PADRE chuckles darkly, revelling in the chaos he has sown.

INT. LAS VEGAS AGOGO - NIGHT

The tense encounter lingers in the air as SUP storms away from the janitor's closet, leaving PADRE and LEK behind. He pushes through the crowd, his mind racing with a mix of anger, betrayal, and determination.

The dance floor seems to pulse with the same intensity as his heartbeat, and the club becomes a metaphor for the dangerous web of deception that surrounds him.

In this moment, SUP realises that the lines between friend and foe have blurred even further, and he must confront the harsh realities of the world he's chosen to navigate. The tension builds, leaving us on the edge of our seats, wondering what dark paths Sup will tread and how this revelation will shape his future actions.

TREVOR YABA YABA

EXT. MONASTERY KOH SAMUI - MORNING

TREVOR leaves the monastery in orange robes with one other Thai monk. Trevor towers over the short, Thai monk. He smiles with his squinted eyes as they leave the monastery grounds, squinting up into the sun smiling his crooked smile.

A school truck trundles to a stop with kids all loaded into the back of the truck. Boys and girls pick up their bags and get into the truck. As the truck drives off it reveals Trevor waving them off to school, his demeanour akin to that of a caring parent. He remains robed, clutching takeaway containers and groceries at his feet.

No parents are there. Is this innocent?

NATIPAN CLANDESTINE MEETING 2012-13?

Its late afternoon. (the day after Apichart's sin). Natipan is in their home. She makes a call on her (circa 2012) home telephone to an unknown number.

NATIPAN

Hello. I'm well thank you. It was lovely to catch up with you also. [pauses to listen] Well I'm entering unfamiliar and challenging territory. Yes, I *may* need some help. Can we meet again?

SPEAK THE TRUTH, SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The scene opens in the luxurious home of Ambassador Quinn in Bangkok. The room is elegantly decorated with Thai and French influences. BARNEY is seated on one side of a mahogany table. Ambassador QUINN sits across from BARNEY. They speak in hushed tones as they discuss matters over a couple of cold beers and peanuts.

BARNEY [LEANING FORWARD]

You've known about Suzanne Buchanan for years. Her articles have stirred quite a storm, especially about the Red Dragon Empire's drug operations infiltrating Koh Samui.

QUINN [NODDING THOUGHTFULLY]

Yes, indeed. Suzanne's been relentless in exposing the underbelly of this region. She's put herself in a dangerous spot, treading on the toes of powerful figures involved in these illicit activities.

BARNEY [RAISING AN EYEBROW]

And that's where it gets interesting. Her recent articles are touching a nerve. She's shedding light on their operations at a level we've never seen before. But it's a double-edged sword; she's putting herself at risk of facing defamation charges.

QUINN [SIGHS]

You're right, Barney. The line between investigative journalism and crossing legal boundaries here is a thin one. She's been unearthing layers of corruption within the police force, exposing ties to the drug trade. And now, the veritable Red Dragon has taken notice.

As they speak, Ambassador Quinn's wife, Marion, enters the room. She's an elegant French woman with a warm smile.

MARION [IN A GENTLE TONE]

I hope I'm not interrupting anything important.

QUINN [SMILING AT MARION]

Not at all, my dear. Barney here is discussing the delicate situation that Suzanne Buchanan has found herself in.

Barney nodding at Marion

MARION [CURIOUS]

Suzanne Buchanan? The journalist on Samui, correct?

BARNEY [NODDING]

That's right. She's been uncovering the drug trafficking network that's seeping through the borders and landing on Koh Samui. It's the kind of story that rattles cages.

MARION [CONCERNED]  
 But if she's revealing so much,  
 won't that put her in danger?

BARNEY [LEANING BACK]  
 Danger is her middle name at this  
 point. She's well-aware of the  
 risks, but she's determined to  
 expose the truth.

Marion's expression turns thoughtful as she processes the  
 information.

QUINN [ADDRESSING BOTH BARNEY AND  
 MARION]  
 Suzanne's investigation is  
 reaching a crucial juncture. The  
 question is, how do we possibly  
 support her without putting her  
 life in jeopardy?

MARION [SOFTLY]  
 It's a complex situation.  
 Protecting the truth and  
 protecting oneself sometimes  
 become conflicting goals.

BARNEY [LEANING IN]  
 Tell me about it! And now, she's  
 dealing with potential legal  
 repercussions. The line between  
 defamation and revealing  
 uncomfortable truths is blurry.

QUINN [SIGHS]  
 We'll need to step particularly  
 carefully. Suzanne's work is of  
 utmost importance, but we can't  
 ignore the gravity of the  
 situation.

As the conversation continues, the trio delves into a  
 discussion about the risks, challenges, and potential  
 outcomes of Suzanne's relentless pursuit of the truth.

BARNEY ON THE TRACE

EXT. VICTORIA'S SECRET MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT -

BUSY - LARGE GLASS DOORS - LOOKS LIKE A DELUXE HOTEL -  
 HUGE AND SPACIOUS AS WE ENTER

CAMERA follows Barney through the glass doors into what  
 could be a Luxury hotel foyer.

A hot Thai girl (hostess) in a white dress appears

HOT GIRL HOST (QUICKFIRE)

Yes sir. Hallo. You like to choose  
your girl? Standard girl. You like  
sex? Suck your dick. Cum on her  
face. Lick your balls. Cum in her  
pussy. Yeesss..?

BARNEY is trying to stop her as she walks past a group of  
'standard' girls standing in evening dresses, their  
numbers clear to bid on.

HOT GIRL HOST(QUICKFIRE)

Yes. Okay better girls. Come with  
me. I have model. But more  
'expesif'. Thai Model. Russian  
Model. Ukraine model. Ready to  
fuck you nice sirrrrr. Like  
Rockstar Yes? Lick your balls

Barney only now gets a word in, laughing to himself

BARNEY

Listen, That all sounds very  
romantic. But I'm here to see  
Chuwit

She snaps her finger to an aide, clearly unimpressed with  
Barney's disinterest

In Thai - subtitles

HOT GIRL HOST

Rəb cēānāy šāḥrəb yā key  
xmerikəṇ / *Get the boss for gay*  
*American ya*

The aide rushes off without any change of expression.  
She's there to please.

The Hot Girl Host proffers a red sofa in the foyer

HOT GIRL HOST

Pleeeeeease...

BARNEY takes a seat - and a deep breath. Loosens his  
collar.

BARNEY'S PERSPECTIVE - ON THE VENUE DOORS

BARNEY's view captures three well-dressed police officers  
entering the establishment. One of them is a Major  
General [APARCHIT]. They exchange smiles and handshakes  
with the hostess, clearly familiar with her.

Indistinct conversation. The Major General says something  
to the hostess, who snaps her fingers again to summon the  
assistant.

BARNEY watches the three police officers closely, his expression skeptical and suspicious.

#### BARNEY'S PERSPECTIVE

A girl in an evening dress brings three different drinks for the officers – a Singha Beer for the Major General and a brown liquor for the other two. One of the officers tips her nonchalantly.

The Major General remains seated while his colleagues are whisked away by two Russian models who lead them toward a lift. They exit, disappearing from view.

The camera follows the lift, which stops on the 4th floor.

#### BARNEY'S PERSPECTIVE - FOCUS ON MAJOR GENERAL

The Major General glances around, takes a sip of beer, and is approached by a different Thai girl model. She smiles and gestures toward the lift, though she doesn't link arms with him as they enter.

The lift ascends to the 6th floor, the top level, just as the ASSISTANT walks past BARNEY.

BARNEY

Excuse me, how much longer until  
Khun Chuwit arrives?

The assistant appears uninformed.

ASSISTANT

Not much longer, sir. Khun Chuwit  
with you shortly.

BARNEY

Could you tell me who the Major  
General is over there?

She shakes her head, her smile unwavering, and hurries away.

BARNEY (MUTTERING)

Worth a shot...

BARNEY takes out his iPhone and starts typing.

DING! The lift doors open, and the Major General stands at the centre with a briefcase. He exits the lift, traverses the foyer, and departs through the main doors.

BARNEY checks his wristwatch, narrowing his eyes in frustration, and glances around, impatiently waiting for CHUWIT.

The assistant reappears.

ASSISTANT

Khun Chuwit is ready for you, sir.  
Please take this lift to the 6th  
floor. He there to greet you.

The foyer bustles with people coming and going, all  
receiving the same scripted welcome. A portly American  
visitor stands out, making more noise than anyone else.

We observe as BARNEY steps into the lift and hits the '6'

CUT TO

TING! The closed stainless doors open to reveal a smiling  
CHUWIT, waiting.

CHUWIT

Welcome to my newest success Mr  
Barney!

They shake hands and we track them moving through the  
lift foyer toward CHUWIT's office.

BARNEY

Quite the upgrade Chuwit... Business  
must be going well?

Chuwit smiles

CHUWIT

Ahh yes! Massage business has  
increased tenfold over the past  
couple of years. Thanks to boom  
in tourism the locals have lots  
more money of course

BARNEY (CURIOUSLY)

Yes, even the local Major Generals  
are in need of the odd massage?

Chuwit stops and turns. Serious.

CHUWIT

What you mean?

BARNEY

Well I just saw three of  
Thailand's finest come in and go  
in various directions with various  
beauties.

CHUWIT (DEADPAN)

Oh... you saw that?

He turns away and breaks a thin smile.

BARNEY

But seems one of them didn't much  
longer than the quarterback on  
prom night - if you know what I  
mean.... And he left with some  
baggage

BARNEY is amused with his own turn of phrase as he dances  
the dance with CHUWIT, who has become fond of this  
journalist.

They arrive at a grand office door.

CHUWIT

Oh... is that so? Observant is the  
Bangkok Post isn't it...

They enter CHUWIT's grand new office. Quite a departure  
from the old one, with dark stained timber and a  
secretary sitting in the corner.

CHUWIT closes the door behind them, smiling.

CHUWIT

For future record. Frien. Major  
General APICHART Sayasan. If  
something were to happen to me  
that is ...

BARNEY takes note cautiously, turning his head  
inquisitively

BARNEY

Okay??

CLOSE - ON CHUWIT BEHIND HIS DESK

CHUWIT

Not why you're here Mr Barney! Not  
why you're here.

He takes a usb drive out of his desk and hands it over

CHUWIT (CONT)

As you know Friend, we now have  
four seats in the House of  
Representatives!

BARNEY nods incredulously as CHUWIT laughs

CHUWIT (CONT)

I know I know. So, I just return  
from Southern Thailand where I  
gave lecture to Hatyai University  
about how Thai Police make money



from the sex industry. This is  
the recording of the lecture.  
Surely your audience would want to  
hear it Mr Barney?

CHUWIT laughs heartily again, as BARNEY is shocked but  
unsurprised.

BARNEY  
Never cease to amaze me Chuwit...

He takes the jump drive observing it casually

BARNEY (CONT)  
Not a subject usually taught in  
Universities around the world. But  
then... we ARE in Thailand...

CHUWIT  
A NEW Thailand Barney. MY  
Thailand... Soon we will rid our  
nation of these insidious drugs  
and illegal behaviour - I'll get  
that nightclub down the road shut  
down, what is it called ?  
Narcissus. Flaunting the laws with  
their drug parties! Chinese Triad  
Gangs driving Yaba through our  
borders aided by our own Police  
force...  
(PAUSES - then WHISPERS)  
Corruption - its EATING our  
country Barney...

BARNEY listens intently.

BARNEY  
You're speaking the language of  
the people Chuwit. Keep this up  
and the Politicians will become  
more dangerous than any Chinese  
Triad you deal with...

CHUWIT turns serious.

CHUWIT  
It occurs to me Barney, I am too  
clean for Politics in this  
country. But let's see... Lets  
just see...

Barney and Chuwit exchange a meaningful stare, a silent  
understanding passing between them.

**NARRATION:** "Chuwit Kamolvisit, The 'Tub Tycoon'; the self-confessed Super-pimp meets corruption-buster. He told us Thailand needs to break the cycle. Harboring corrupt money on behalf of the corrupt Thai Police to pay off poor families on behalf of the insanely rich. At one point Chuwit Kamol owned six of Bangkok's busiest Massage parlours employing up to 600 women. In 2012 his party LOVE THAILAND held four seats in the House of Representatives as he tried in his own way to make the country better."

OR

"Chuwit Kamolvisit, known as the 'Tub Tycoon,' a unique figure - from self-proclaimed super-pimp to crusader against corruption. He told us Thailand must disrupt this detrimental cycle, where ill-gotten funds are retained by the corrupt Thai Police and then used to alleviate the plight of the destitute - on behalf of the outrageously wealthy. Once the proprietor of six of Bangkok's most bustling massage parlors, which collectively employed as many as 1000 women. In 2012, his political party, LOVE THAILAND, secured four seats in the House of Representatives. Through his unconventional efforts, he aimed to contribute to the enhancement of his nation.

FADE

Red shirts introduced in 2010?

NATIPANS REDEMPTION

EXT. PARK - DAY

Natipan sits on a weathered bench in the park, her eyes red and swollen from tears. She clutches a tissue tightly in her hand, trying to compose herself as she waits for her parents. The park, once a place of joy and memories with her daughter and granddaughter, now feels heavy with the weight of her troubles.

In the distance, NATIPAN spots her mother, SUNETRA and her estranged father PALAT, approaching hand in hand. SUNETRA's eyes are glistening with unshed tears, and PALAT wears a stern expression that softens as he sees his daughter in distress.

NATIPAN (VOICE TREMBLING)  
Ma, Phaw, thank you for coming.

SUNETRA (EMBRACING NATIPAN)  
 Oh, my dear, what's troubling you?  
 You know we're always here for  
 you.

PALAT remains nervous, but his stern exterior breaks slightly as he places a comforting hand on NATIPAN's shoulder, offering silent support as she gathers her thoughts.

NATIPAN (SNIFFLES)  
 It's Apartchit, Phaw. He's  
 involved in corruption, shady  
 dealings. I never thought he was  
 capable of such things. He's  
 shamed our family, and I can't  
 bear it.

PALAT's face darkens with anger, and he clenches his fists, the memories of his own struggles with corruption resurfacing.

PALAT (QUIET FURY)  
 I can't believe he would do this  
 to you. I've fought against  
 corruption my entire life, and now  
 my this... he has no idea the pain  
 it brings to innocent people.

NATIPAN's mother, SUNETRA, joins the embrace, wrapping her arms around both NATIPAN and PALAT, her tears mingling with theirs.

SUNETRA (SOFTLY)  
 Palat, my love, let's not let this  
 destroy our family forever.  
 Natipan needs us now more than  
 ever.

PALAT takes a deep breath, attempting to calm himself. He wipes away a tear from NATIPAN's cheek.

PALAT (GENTLE)  
 You're right, Sunetra. I won't let  
 this tear us apart again. Natipan,  
 my dear, we're here for you. We'll  
 face this together

NATIPAN (SOBBING)  
 I'm so sorry for the years we  
 spent estranged. I thought I was  
 doing what was right for my own  
 family, but I missed you terribly.

PALAT (EMBRACING HER TIGHTLY)  
 Don't apologize, Natipan. We  
 understand. Life's choices can be

difficult, but we're here now, and  
that's what matters.

SUNETRA joins the embrace, creating a circle of support and love around their troubled daughter. The park, once filled with memories of joyful family outings, now becomes a place of healing and reconciliation.

SUNETRA (WHISPERS)  
We'll face this together, and  
we'll protect our granddaughter  
too. She shouldn't suffer for this

NATIPAN (NODS)  
Thank you

PALAT (DETERMINED)  
I won't let that happen. I'll find  
a way to deal with Apartchit and  
those he's involved with.

NATIPAN's tears continue to flow, but this time they are tears of relief and hope. In the arms of her parents, she finally feels the weight of her burden being shared.

The family stays in the park, reminiscing about the happy memories they once shared, while also planning a path forward to confront the corruption and protect their family's honour. As the sun sets, they leave the park with newfound strength in their bond, ready to face the darkest times together

**NARRATION:** A brilliant Brazilian poet wrote 'I counted my years and discovered that I have less time to live going forward than I have lived until now. I have more past than future. I feel like the boy who received a bowl of candies. The first ones, he ate ungraciously, but when he realised there were only a few left, he began to taste them deeply.'

Voyurath shown in Brix nightclub in Singapore surrounded by hangers-on. Show him exiting into a Limo with three women

#### UNDERCOVER AFFECTION

#### INT. COPACABANA BROTHEL - NIGHT

Rain pours outside, reflecting the colourful neon lights that illuminate the streets of Bangkok. Soft jazz music plays in the background, adding to the mysterious ambiance.

SAJJI enters the dimly lit establishment. We follow him from behind, never revealing his face. His coat is wet from the rain, but his eyes are fixed on CHALUAI, who leans against the host station as all manner of girls busy themselves greeting a stream of men. Their gaze meets, and an unspoken connection ignites.

CHALUAI (SMILING)

You're soaked.

SAAJI

I couldn't stay away.

SAJJI's hand finds CHALUAI's, their fingers intertwining as they share a secret moment amidst the hidden stories of the brothel.

CHALUAI brushes a raindrop off SAJJI's cheek, her concern evident.

CHALUAI

You worry about me, don't you  
SAJJI. This world I'm in...

SAJJI cups Chaluai's face, his touch gentle and reassuring.

SAJJI

You don't have to do this alone. I  
want to take you away from all of  
this, start a new life together.

Chaluai's gaze reflects a mixture of gratitude and sadness.

CHALUAI

Your Uncle... Khun Chuwit - he was  
so good to me. But this new man  
who hides in the shadows - his  
people are not so nice. They make  
me do things...

SAJJI silences her with a tender kiss, a promise of a future they both want.

SAJJI

I only care about you, Chaluai.

Their stolen moments together are like fragments of a dream, a dream that teeters on the edge of uncertainty.

INT. SAJJI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAJJI and CHALUAI share a quiet moment, their intimacy evident.

CHALUAI

I want to leave this life behind,  
but it's not so simple.

SAJJI (EARNESTLY)

I know the risks, Chaluai. But my  
mother always wanted to leave the  
life. And she never did. Chaluai...  
together, we can face anything.

Their love story unfolds amidst the shadows of Bangkok, a  
tale of love, redemption, and the pursuit of a new  
beginning.

CHALUAI (WHISPERING)

Whatever happens, I'm with you.

The question remains unspoken yet present: Can they  
escape the city of secrets and start anew?

FADE OUT

THE SILENCE OF TRUTH - BARNEY AND QUINN DEFAMATION

INT. BRITISH AMBASSADORS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The opulent living room of the British Ambassador's  
residence in Bangkok. The room is dimly lit, with soft  
jazz playing in the background. Barney and Quinn are  
seated on a plush sofa, nursing glasses of whiskey. A  
Changi Beer also sits, emptied, next to Barney's full  
ashtray.

BARNEY (SIGHS)

You know, Quinn, it's baffling how  
these defamation laws in Thailand  
can shroud the truth. Take the Red  
Bull guy - It's like they're  
trying to silence any truth or  
dissent.

QUINN (NODDING)

You want to report the truth, but  
you fear the legal repercussions.

Then GRANDIOSELY, like an English Professor:

shrouding the light of  
transparency and leaving only  
whispers of uncertainty, Barney

Adding Quietly, almost to himself:

As my Oxford Professor would have denounced

BARNEY (LAUGHS AND TAKES A SIP OF WHISKEY CHANGING TACK)

I was at a Government press conference last week. The way the reporter hesitated before asking any tough questions – it was palpable. They're walking on eggshells.

QUINN (GRIMACES)

And the irony is that the world needs to hear the truth now more than ever. With all the issues surrounding human rights, governance, and environmental concerns

(WHISPERS LIKE A SECRET)

But keeping the people uninformed is detrimental to progress, Barney

BARNEY (NODS)

True. And let's not forget about digital. Online spaces are supposed to be a platform for free expression, but even there, the fear of defamation charges looms large. It's like a straitjacket for open discourse.

QUINN (LEANING FORWARD)

It's as if the government is trying to preserve an image of harmony at the expense of genuine discussion. But it's not just about criticism. Legitimate concerns and constructive feedback are being silenced too.

BARNEY (PAUSES)

Have you read about the proposed legal reforms here. Some are advocating for a shift towards civil lawsuits for defamation instead of criminal charges. It might ease the pressure on journalists and provide a more balanced approach.

QUINN (RAISES AN EYEBROW)

That could be a step in the right direction. You can only fill the Bangkok Hilton up so much of course... But change in such deeply ingrained systems takes time, and

it requires a collective effort –  
both domestically and  
internationally – to push for  
reform.

An interruption as BARNEY's iphone rings. "UNKNOWN  
NUMBER". He presses DECLINE.

BARNEY (FINISHES HIS WHISKEY)  
Agreed. **We** can't remain idle  
spectators when fundamental  
principles of democracy are at  
stake. Our diplomatic engagements  
provide opportunities to engage in  
conversations about these  
concerns.

QUINN (RAISES HIS GLASS)  
To finding ways to shed light on  
the shadows of silence and  
fostering an environment where  
truth can prevail.

BARNEY (RAISES HIS GLASS AND  
CLINKS IT WITH QUINN'S)  
Hear, hear Mr Speaker. May our  
collective efforts help bring  
about a more open and just  
society, even in the face of  
archaic defamation laws.

They clink their glasses again and take a thoughtful sip  
of their drinks as the soft jazz continues playing in the  
background. BARNEY's phone PINGS a message. He takes his  
phone curiously to play the message back. He listens to  
it for a second and then pushes SPEAKER so that QUINN can  
hear

Voice Over (Computerised) "...This is an official warning.  
Your tax payment is overdue and you are required to  
contact the IRS immediately. Alternatively, Press 1 now  
and one of our auditors will assist you immediately. **Do  
not delay.**"

QUINN (CHUCKLES)  
Seriously? That's a new low for  
scammers. They're really getting  
creative, aren't they?

BARNEY (LAUGHS)  
I know, right? Sounds official.  
*Maybe in some bad sci-fi movie.*

QUINN (GRINNING)  
It must work some time? Have you  
ever played along, or do you just  
hang up?



BARNEY (LAUGHS)

Oh, I played along once or twice. I pretended to be all worried, asking them questions about my so-called debt. But when they asked for my credit card information, I couldn't keep it together. Burst out laughing, and they hung up on me.

Pensively

It makes me wonder though. Where *on earth* do these people run these scams from.

QUINN (IN GEST)

Probably not far from here..

(RAISING HIS GLASS)

**Well**, here's to exposing the feeble attempts to defraud and having a good laugh while we're at it.

BARNEY (RAISES HIS EMPTY GLASS  
AND CLINKS IT WITH QUINN'S)

Cheers to that! And may we always be one step ahead of scumbags and their (looks at glass) empty promises.

They both chuckle at BARNEY's jibe as the Ambassador tops up their drinks, enjoying a moment of camaraderie.

FADE OUT

BYE BYE PADRE

INT. DARK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SUP and LEK, clad in black attire, huddle near a sleek BMW parked inconspicuously.

CUT TO

INT. BMW - NIGHT

SUP and LEK expertly break into the BMW. They work swiftly, their movements calculated as they change the license plates to falsify the registration documents.

LEK (WHISPERING)

Be quick. He's inside that restaurant with his gangsters.

SUP (WHISPERING)

Let's go

CUT TO

EXT. DARK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SUP and LEK stealthily drive the BMW out of the parking lot, the engine purring softly. The owner and his friends remain blissfully unaware of the heist taking place

CUT TO

EXT. BANGKOK STREET - NIGHT

The BMW smoothly merges into the chaotic traffic of Bangkok's streets. SUP and LEK navigate the bustling city, their expressions focused on the task at hand.

CUT TO

EXT. CAR WASH - NIGHT

The car wash, the seemingly ordinary building, doubles as a warehouse for JOE's repossessed vehicle graft. The BMW slips inside, and the automatic car wash - curiously - doesn't begin.

CUT TO

INT. CAR WASH - NIGHT

Inside the car wash, a secret garage door slowly opens revealing five polished luxury vehicles. They're waiting to be handed over to customs as repossessed vehicles.

SUP

Raising his voice over the noise of the garage door opening:

LEK, listen. I don't care about your personal life and what you choose to do. But man - that little prick Padre needs to be dealt with.

LEK meets SUP's gaze, a mix of embarrassment and acceptance etched on his face.

LEK (NODDING)

Ya ya - I know... Padre's been causing too many problems. I'll handle it.

SUP and LEK exchange a knowing glance, a silent understanding passing between them. LEK looks down at the ground thinking, then looks back to SUP

LEK (GRIMLY)  
Padre won't see it coming. He  
crossed a line - and you're my  
brother. No one does that to my  
brother

SUP nods, a sense of purpose in his eyes.

NIGHTFALL THIN HEIR

INT. LUXE NIGHTCLUB - PAN PACIFIC HOTEL MARINA BAY -  
SINGAPORE - NIGHT

The CAMERA pans over the luxurious entrance of the LUXE NIGHTCLUB. The dim exterior lights cast a soft glow on the sleek architecture. The sound of distant music sets the scene.

Chyron: **"Luxe Nightclub, Pan Pacific Hotel Singapore 2012"**

The CAMERA focuses on a BLACK ROLLS ROYCE as it smoothly pulls up to the entrance. The chauffeur steps out and opens the back door.

VORAYUTH YOODVIDHYA, impeccably dressed in a black suit, steps out of the car. His presence grabs attention, his confidence evident in his every step. The camera captures the entourage of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN on his arms, each exuding youthful elegance.

The CAMERA cuts to the doorman, who nods respectfully as Vorayuth approaches.

DOORMAN (WHISPERING)  
Welcome, Mr. Yoodvidhya.

VORAYUTH acknowledges with a nod.

CUT TO

A crowd of people are waiting in line to enter the club. Their attention shifts to VORAYUTH's entrance, murmurs of recognition spreading through the crowd.

CUT TO

VORAYUTH, his smile is thin as he approaches the entrance. The CAMERA captures his confident stride as he bypasses the queue, the velvet ropes pulled aside to allow him and his entourage entry.

Inside the club, vibrant lights dance across the polished floors. The music grows louder as the camera follows VORAYUTH and his entourage.

They navigate through the crowd, the energy of the place almost palpable. People turn their heads to catch a glimpse, whispers of awe trailing in their wake.

# **LATER THAT NIGHT IN BANGKOK:**

INT. NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK - NIGHT

LEK weaves through the crowd, his gaze fixed on the corner of the club where PADRE often holds court. PADRE, surrounded by his entourage in his regular Tuxedo, exudes an air of confidence and control. He laughs and chats, seemingly unaware of the storm brewing in Lek's mind.

Chyron "Meanwhile in Bangkok, Thailand"

CUT TO

PADRE'S VIP SECTION - NIGHTCLUB BANGKOK

PADRE leans back on a plush couch, a drink in hand, his eyes scanning the crowd with a mixture of amusement and arrogance. LEK approaches, his face a mask of calm determination.

LEK (TO PADRE)  
Mind if I join you for a moment?

PADRE's gaze shifts to LEK, and a small smile curls at the corner of his lips as he admires LEK - up and down.

PADRE (GRINNING, HUNGRY)  
Of course, baby. Always a pleasure  
to have you around.

LEK winces at his use of 'baby' but takes a seat, his expression neutral as he studies PADRE. The facade of normalcy is unshaken:

LEK (CASUALLY)

He speaks so only PADRE can hear him

I've been thinking. It's time we  
put our differences aside. There's  
something we can both benefit from

PADRE raises an eyebrow, intrigued by LEK's unexpected proposal.

PADRE (CURIOUS)  
Oh? How so, lover?

LEK squirms again, then leans in slightly, his voice lowered to a conspiratorial tone.

LEK (SLYLY)  
We have common enemies, ones who threaten both our interests. I've come across some valuable intel that could be of great use to us both.

PADRE's eyes narrow, his curiosity piqued. He takes a sip of his drink, considering LEK's proposition.

PADRE (SMIRKING)  
Ohhhhh - Interesting. (A Beat)  
**Now** you've piqued my curiosity.  
Let's hear what you have to offer.

LEK leans back, a subtle smile playing on his lips.

LEK (COOLLY)  
Meet me in an hour at the usual place. I'll have the information with me. It's a chance for us to solidify our (pauses) alliance.

PADRE's grin widens, his confidence unshaken.

CUT TO

INT. JANITORS CLOSET.

PADRE is seated in a chair, his pants haphazardly pulled down to his ankles as the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP. The rest of his once-immaculate blue tuxedo maintains its pristine appearance, aside from the stark contrast of blood that has stained his shirt and tie. His throat bears a precise, gruesome slit, a chilling testament to the clinical violence that has befallen him. Despite his lifeless state, his eerie and menacing smile remains frozen in place.

End.

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