



Scripts.com

Satree lek

By Unknown

Camera Two. Closer, closer. OK.

Camera One's fine. Rolling.

Good evening.

Well, the National Sports
Competition has just come to an
end and the Pak Nam Po Games
in Nakhon Sawan.

And tonight we've got a story
about the winning
volleyball team the winning
men's volleyball team.

- Men?

- Men.

They're famous
all around the world.

CNN, ABC, CBS and NHK were
there to televise the match,
as if it were the Olympics.

Normally volleyball itself
isn't that newsworthy
but the Division 5

Men's Volleyball from Lampang is anything
but normal.

Ticket holders might have thought
they'd come to the wrong event
because the male player
didn't look very much like men!
Spectators had to check their
tickets to make sure
it really was the men's final.

Before becoming famous, the team
faced all sorts of obstacles.

Any sports person has to
overcome problems,
let alone unusual
sportsmen like these.

What's the name
of this team anyway?

Mr. Kasem Suksun

Mr. Yongyuth Thongkongthun

Mr. Kanchit Sopcherngchai

Mr. Prinya Parnbutpan

Mr. Panumat Na Srichiangmai

That's team. Thank to the

rest for coming.
See you. Take care.
Give me some time
to work out position...
As for everything else,
such as that rules and stuff...
Excuse me Coach.
I wasn't chosen
coz I'm gay, right?
Sweet rice cakes!
Get 'em while they're hot!
Wow!
If they're no good,
I don't want your money.
Yeah? If you don't want my
money, what do you want?
How about... your heart
and soul? That's all.
Better take my money, then.
Come on Let's go.
Hey guys!
You forgot your rice cakes!
Want some extra veggies?
Bye!
Quick! Sweet rice cakes!
Get 'em while they're hot!
For crying out loud!
The little faggot sells
all his stuff.
I've been here all day
and can't sell a damn thing.
Hardly suprising...
just take a look at your clams!
Out in the hot sun all day,
all withered and smelly.
How Mon!
Check out her clams!
All bruised and stinky
like her pussy.
Jung! You've got a mouth on
you like a fucking sewer,
you prissy little queer!
What do you expect?
Jung's got a mouth on her

like a toilet.
Hello! Welcome to Lampang!
Good! Look at that tourism!
Looks like a hippo riding a horse.
Couldn't think of anything worse
than being a tourist horse, could you?
I can. Being a drag queen like us.
What? What's so bad about being
two sexes in one, honey?
We're so blessed! You haven't gotten
over it yet, have you, Mon?
You oughta know by now those
stupid sports clubs
will never let queens on the team.
At most they'll take fags posing
as real men, that's all.
I know. But I just wanted to try.
Never again.
Yeah right.
You? Quit volleyball?
Just wait and see, sweetheart.
I'll never touch another volleyball
for the rest of my damned life!
Fuck!
What did I say? I was right!
Miracles do happen!
Here you are.
Thanks.
Did you see that? Handsome...
strong... a hunk... just my type!
You stupid queen!
Chai! Hurry up for christ's sake.
Can't play for shit.
Sorry.
If you're gonna play like this,
you'd be better off playing
scrabble or something.
Fuck, Chai!
You're supposed to be
double blocking me!
Are you crazy?
You saw it yourself,
the ball curved around the pole.
Do you ever listen to

anyone besides yourself?
You wanna make something of it?
Good afternoon.
I'd like to introduce
you to Miss Porntip.
You can call her Coach Bee.
Coach Bee is a teacher
at Boonyawat School.
She's coached the school team
to state victory three years in a row.
Three years in a row...
what's the got to do with us?
A lot.
Coach Bee is your new coach
for the Lampang team.
What about Coach Chatree?
Ah yes... well... I've considered
the matter carefully,
and have decided to replace
Coach Chatree to... er... health problems.
Coach Bee will assume all his duties.
Coach Bee, don't let me down.
Well I'm off.
- Hello everybody.
- Hey! She's a dyke!
I'm very pleased to be
coaching you.
I know pretty well all your names...
but I don't know
how good you all are.
We don't know
how good you are, either.
A state school championship
isn't in the same league
as a national competition.
Exactly.
And you've never won the
national competition, have you?
So... I'd like to start from scratch and
choose the Lampang team all over again.
A new team means new hope.
It's a waste of time. I'm here.
That's all that matters.
I know who can and can't play.

Mon! Check out this gorgeous
new lipstick I bought!
Let me show you.
Dad! You're always
scaring me like that!
Jung, take these sausages to Auntie
Nee in Bangkok as usual, will you?
Take them straight to her
as soon as you get there.
Otherwise they'll go off!
Be a good boy in Bangkok, son.
I'm so glad you found a job.
For what it's worth. The pay's as
small as an ant's pussy.
I make much more selling rice
cakes here at the market, Mom.
Listen to you!
How can a first-class honors graduate
like you hide in an upcountry market?
Where will you be staying
in Bangkok?
Is it that apartment near
Rankhamhaeng University?
Right, Dad.
By the way...
love the foundation.
- What number is it?
- Dad! You're crazy!
Mon! Quick! Look at this!
They're looking for people to try out
for the Lampang Men's Volleyball team.
- What do you say?
- So... who gives a shit?
Mon! Hold We haven't
played volleyball for a year.
Let's get back into practice.
Jung. You think
it's as easy as that?
Volleyball isn't the
same as a play station.
It takes more than two players.
What's so hard about finding
players to form a team?
A piece of cake!

All I have to do is flash my ass
around the local and bingo!
They'll be chasing
after me in packs!
- Dogs?
- No, grandma, not dogs. Men!
I've got this natural charm,
you see.
What about you job in Bangkok?
And your Dad's sausages?
So we stay Yes!
A dream come true!
I will survive!
Whatever... but if we don't
get selected for the team.
You're paying my train fare.
So coach Bee's gonna
select a new team.
We won't have any
problems getting in.
We're all fit and practiced.
Coach Bee, Coach Bee...
stupid bitch.
Waitress! Where's my fucking
order for christ's sake?
I'm not gonna train under some
two-bit primary school coach.
High school, not primary school.
She might bring something
good to the team.
Sound like you wanna get
friendly with the dyke.
You wanna play
with her tits, do you?
If you ask me, she hasn't got
any tits to play with.
Fuck you!
I'm outa here.
Fucking perverts...
they make me fucking sick.
The whole country's gone to ruin
because of those fucking freaks.
Hungry? Then get your fucking
mother to fix your food.

Go on! Move!
No way. It's your stupid idea.
Mr. Yuthachai Srisattayakul
Mr. Kamon Khlana
Mr. Junlaphong Wiwattananon
Jung Kochika's team
ready to play, coach!
First name Julapong, Ma'am.
Next.
First he chucks beer away...
not he's hanging out with drag queens!
Next.
Why the hell do we have
to try out all over again?
Waste of fucking time.
OK, the next team to try out will
be Mann's team against Jung Kochika.
We'll start on the attack.
Mon, cover the left...
as for Jung...
Perfect... so hot and so sexy...
Hi there A! You're Mann, right?
Such a lovely name.
What's a pretty girl like you
doing applying for the team?
Oh, listen to you.
Surely you'd be better off selling
your ass around the market.
Hey! How fucking rude
can you get?
Hi cutie!
Nice legs. Bit too big
for a girl's, though.
Stop it. Piss off. Asshole!
Bastard! Son-of-a-bitch!
Fuck off, pal!
In position.
In position.
Kamon. Save your anger
for the game, okay?

Mann:

Mann:

Just shut the fuck up, alright?
Why the fuck didn't you get it?
- Why didn't you set up the shot?
- It was my ball.
Bullshit! It was mine!
- The fairies won!
- They're pretty damned good, too.
Jung Kochika! Hey!
So what do you think
of girl power now, eh?
These are the names of the players
selected for the Lampang state team.
Mann, team captain.
Yuttachai...
- Julaphong...
- Oh my god! I got in!
- Kamon...
- You too!
Sakda, Somprab,
Somsak, Samran, Ratana...
I'll set a date for practice and...
Coach? As captain, I have the right
to reform the team right now.
We don't want any faggots
on the team.
Mann, if you're as
narrow-minded as this...
how can you call
yourself a sport man?
Do you really know what
you're starting here, Coach?
Going home so quickly?
Isn't Coach Bee home?
Oh dear. Don't tell me...
these two guys...
Oh no! They've all quit,
haven't they?
I wonder if any for the
school alumni could fill in.
Coach. Choose Mann.
Really. This We're not
that important.
Don't you have any friends?
What?

Yeah... friends who can
play volleyball well?
Yes! We do! A group of us played
volleyball together at university!
Every one of us is
absolutely fabulous!
Ah... they're not...
the same as you, are they?
Are you crazy? One's a soldier!
Kanchanaburi, Boot Camp
There he is!
The one that's built like a buffalo!
See? He's really good, coach!
- Okay... weird... but good.
- No, no, no! Don't! I'll fall!
Why do you guys always play
so rough? I'm hurting all over!
- Hi there, Iron Pussy.
- Jung!
Pattaya All-male Cabaret
Are you sure she's here...
and not performing somewhere else?
Seven songs
and still on sign of her.
There she is! Pia! Pia!
Love the silicone! Nice touch.
A complete overhaul!
Just gorgeous.
Stop poking me!
I'm not a fucking ATM machine.
Amazing... none of us could
recognize you on stage just then.
You look like the last
Miss Thailand!
Not surprising.
We have the same surgeon.
So what do you say, Pia?
Will you play?
Deep down I'd love to.
But I haven't touched a
volleyball for three years.
You're just afraid
your tits will explode.
Well, what if the ball hits me

and my nose flies up into
my forehead?

- Who's gonna fix me up?

- Me! Let me do it.

Ready? Oh, sorry.

Chat, these are my friends
and their coach.

Hello.

Hi.

If I could... I'd have a total
body makeover just like Pia.

If I could... I'd fuck her boyfriend.

So she's not coming with us, right?

She decided to stay with
her boyfriend instead.

Where can you find a woman
in this world

who doesn't long for her man?

Where can you find a bee in this
world that doesn't long for a flower?

If that's the case,

I'm going home to bed.

- Why the rush, Coach?

- Wow! You look fabulous!

If you can't come with us,
we may as well go.

Who said I wasn't coming?

Mama-san said

I could have a week's leave!

Was that Mama-san...

or your hubby?

Fuck you, sweetheart.

Bangkok

Assawamikan Mansion

Remember... once we go in...

we're on our best behavior.

Pia, can't we just

pretend to be friends?

Why do we have to be lovers?

The thought of it's just disgusting.

Fuck up and die, Nong.

You really think I get off on

pretending to be your girlfriend?

You say the cruelest things!

Watch your hands.
I worry about Jung the most.
The hell I will. I'm not like Nong.
When I take off my make-up,
nobody can tell I'm a queen.
Get lost! There's nothing wrong
with the way I look.
- Come on, let's practice.
- Practice what?
Practice being a man.
Hey Wit, you old bastard!
Heard you're gonna tie the knot!
Okay, let's go. 1, 2, 3...
act like men!
Wit! Some friends have
come to see you.
My god! How the hell do you
find out about this?
Jung?
Hey! How could we miss
your big day?
How come you didn't
send us an invitation?
It's only the engagement
ceremony. Just family.
Congratulation, Wit.
So who's the lucky lady?
Hi.
This is Julie, my fiancée.
Oh! Her name's Julie?
Such a beautiful name.
Ju! Ju! Come quickly, there's
somebody I want you to meet.
How many times have I told you,
Mom? It's "Julie" now, not "Ju"!
Julie? A Chinese girl named Julie?
The fortune teller says it's not a
good omen to stay engaged for too long.
So we'd like Wit and Julie to get
married as soon as possible.
But Mom, I think we should
wait a while.
For what?
You get married, you have

grandchildren for us to look after.
As simple as that.
What do you want to wait for?
My friends need me for
their volleyball team.
Volleyball?
My son was born to be
a sport man!
Ever since he was a boy, he loved
pictures of men with big muscles.
Oh! I look terrible!
All pale and faded like
Wit's family!
My little face look like custard...
Hey Wit, are you really
gonna sleep with that girl?
How disgusting.
What can I do?
It all happened so fast.
Before I knew it, I was engaged.
So what will you do on
your wedding night?
I know! Act like that guy
did in the soap opera.
Once the light' off, send another
guy in to take your place.
- Like a stand-in.
- Don't be stupid, Jung.
All those soap operas have
gone to your head, your idiot.
- No, it'd work!
- It really might, you know.
- Keep it for your term.
- Hey Mon. Don't be stupid.
- For her wedding.
- Listen you guys. This is serious!
Anyway, Julie's adorable.
You're so lucky.
What are you playing.
Are you crazy.
My life is so costly.
So Wit... are you really
gonna take the bar exam?
Yep. I want to be a judge.

A female judge?
No way. He's going to have a
wife and kids, remember?
- "My name's Julie"
- Are you crazy?
You've got two balls and a dick...
when are you going
to use 'em with Julie?
When you do, let me know.
I want to nurse your child.
Hey you guy.
Hey look!
Yoo-hoo, Grandpa!
Cool vehicle you got there!
They're all gay?
All of 'em. Should be fun.
Excellent players, though.
Chai, darling!
How I've missed you!
Come on, you queens.
I'll introduce you.
This is Miss Wit.
This is Miss Pia,
the beauty queen.
And this is Nong... the big buffalo.
Hi. Goodness!
You've even more gorgeous
than Jung said.
Enough of the introductions.
Since there's only six of you,
I've asked three of my former
students to act as reverse.
They'll help us with practice as well.
Thank God.
Some real guys to help us out.
Here they are now. Come over
here and meet the guys!
- April, May and June.
- What? What are their names?
Hello there. I'm April. I'm May...
And I'm June.
At your service.
Oh, aren't they darling?
You're really not going to come

and see the game, Mook?
I'm worried I won't look as
beautiful as your team mates.
Oh please. There's nothing
between them and me.
It's no fun being
in that team, I'll tell you.
I'm just kidding, Chai.
I've never thought you'd
mess around with them.
But I would like to ask
you one thing.
Be honest. Why is it
that you dislike them...
because they're not men,
or because they're not women?
The Sports Show,
proudly brought to you by Kuan
herbal medicine, energy for your heart!
With the help of loyal fans,
the Lampang Men's Volleyball has made it through to
represent District 5
in the National Sports
Competition this year!
The team trounced the
Nan state team 3-0
and are now ranged number
one in the competition!
It's unbelievable.
We were so careless.
But there they were,
prancing around all over
the court... their hips swaying...
it just destroyed our
players concentration.
In the second round,
Lampang gained even more
confidence by beating Lamphun.
Then in the third match these
brilliant beauties won over Prae,
as well as the hearts of
volleyball fans everywhere.
The kids still need more practice.
There's more work to be done.

But the fact they beat all
three teams of real men...
surely that says something
about their talent?
Physically, they're all men.
There's no difference.
Mentally, my kids give it all
they've got on the court.
Whatever the reason,
Who knows what will happen
slammed their way
to beat number-one
seeded Chiang Mai 3-1.
In six month's time,
In six month's time, when Lampang
goes to the National Championships
to be held in Nakhon Sawan.
That concludes our Sports Show,
proudly brought to you by Kuan herbak
medicine... energy for your heart!
Bee. What are you doing still up?
Dad! You scared me!
It's 2 a.m.
Why aren't you in bed?
I'm making up the
practice schedule.
When's the big match
in Nakhon Sawan?
Not for another six months.
Six months? You're acting
as though it's next week.
I have to!
The team's got to start
practicing as of today,
right up to the big day.
No practice today, coach?
They've all gone back
to work in Bangkok.
How are they going to win then?
We've still got six months.
That's fair amount of time.
But we don't have any
financial aid or sponsorship.
So the kids have to earn

their living.
Mon's a librarian.
He can't get away until the
next school break.
Jung's a bank teller.
His parents are very proud.
Chai's selling washing machines.
His boss really likes him.
Wit looks after the family
jewelry shop.
He must be bored to tears.
Nong's in heavy combat training,
but with his size
I'm not worried about him.
What's wrong?
The gunfire! So noisy! I'm scared!
The one I'm really worried about
is Pia. She writes to me all the time.
She's always fighting
with her boyfriend.
Only a month left. I wonder if she
can stop the fighting by then.
There's only one month
until we play, Sheriff.
We don't have enough time
to find new players.
These kids are good.
They can really play.
They're already won in Nan.
They get along well.
Finding new players would be
like going back to square one.
Hold on. Don't get me wrong.
I didn't mean to change
the whole team.
But don't you think... well...
what I mean is... you know...
it's their appearance...
I just wonder how... appropriate it is.
You know what I mean?
You mean, the way they act like
sissies on the court?
Exactly. What I'm concerned
about are the big boys.

If just one of them kicks up a stink,
we'll all be in trouble, won't we?
Have you got a cramp?
- No... no.
- What? What's wrong?
I broke my nails.
I spent a whole month
growing them.
Calm down, calm down.
We'll find some super glue
and stick them back on.
Okay everyone. Over here.
Team meeting.
It's been a while, hasn't it?
We're not that fit anymore.
I was us to practice as a team.
What a pity Pia's not here.
Matters of the heart
are always difficult.
But we've made it to the
Nakhon Sawan games!
We've come this far.
We have to keep going...
win or lose... with or without Pia.
Look on the bright side. We can
get a real man to replace her.
Hang on... aren't we in the
finals because of us queens?
We've got to be on our toes
all the time.
Mon. Chai.
We have to think like a team,
otherwise there is no team.
The other day,
the Sheriff called me in.
You may not realize that
all along the way there have
been people who haven't liked us.
- So don't get too carried away.
- Who?
It's not important.
What matters is that they
can put an end to us.
All of us. Just like that.

1, 2, hey!
Pia! Pia! Look! It's Pia!
What's wrong?
What happened?
You look like you've
been dumped.
I have been. At first...
he said his parents forced him to.
But in the end, he admitted he was
in love with another woman.
Can you believe it? Bisexuals.
You just can't trust 'em.
And here I was thinking they'd be
together until the end of time.
You did the right thing
coming back here.
If not, who knows what
would have happened?
You might have ended up selling
your twat in a Phuket brothel.
Take Pia to her room
and we'll call it a day.
What happened, Mon?
It's a long story.
Pia and her boyfriend had a flight.
He went back to his fiancée.
Look at these shoes.
They're beautiful.
They must cost a fortune.
Men are all the same.
Who's ever going to really
love a transvestite?
If you're born a queen,
you've just got to get
what you want while you can.
Pia, what the hell are
you saying?
When you were in love
with your boyfriend,
it was a completely different story.
You said true love was
all that mattered.
Why have you changed
so completely?

And I believed everything
you said then, too.
I've been waiting for
my prince charming.
There are only Satan
in this world.
What change!
I can't keep up with you.
I tell you one thing. There are
no happy endings for gays.
So why bother?
Let's play volleyball instead!
Yeah! You think too. Why waste
the time you have off work?
Take out your anger
on the court.
That's the way to do it.
I've known you for seven
or eight years
and this is the first time you've
ever said anything that's made sense.
Backstopping bitch!
Go fuck yourself!
Die, Chat! You bastard, Chat!
To hell with you! Damned fish!
- What's wrong?
- How can I get that ball?
Calm down. Easy.
He didn't mean it.
He's fucking full of himself.
Stop fighting... it'll age you.
Mon, his ego's no bigger
than yours. Just calm down.
What's wrong? You're very quiet.
You thinking of someone special?
No really. Just thinking about
when I was a kid.
Dad would take us
out everywhere.
Can I ask you a question?
What makes you the way you are?
Can't think of anything else
to talk about, huh?
May I have your attention, please.

Over to you, Nong.
This is for Mon. This is for Pia.
April, May, June, here you are.
Designed and stitched
by my mother.
As for the name,
Coach Bee came up with it.
I think it fits you perfectly.
Strong yet soft. Soft, yet strong.
Fabulously trendy!
So captain,
not happy with the name?
No. Just make sure we're as
tough as our name says we are.
Mon, where are
we going to find a doctor
to sew up that fucking
mouth of yours?
You just love trying to screw up
things, don't you?
- Anything I can do to help sir?
- Thanks. I could do with a hand.
- Oh God! I forgot!
- Forgot what?
- Cheers. For good health.
- Cheers.
Sir, are you alright?
Since I left the army
I haven't had any decent meat.
- So you're a meat eater?
- For sure!
- I thought you ate only grass.
- I'm not a fucking buffalo!
Jung. Wake up.
Has Coach Bee explained how
the competition is being organized?
She said it's a knockout
competition.
Oh no! If we play a tough
team first up,
we might have to pack our bags
and go home immediately.
Don't even think like that, Nong.
We're going to win.

Yeah. As long as we win our
first game,
it doesn't matter
if we lose after that.
Better still, keep winning
and get the gold medal.
Gold! Gold!
If I win a medal, any medal,
I'll wear it everything I perform.
I'll wear mine a place of my
medals for bravery.
My mom will be so happy!
She'll hang it next to my degree
right at the front of the shop.
Great! It'll be like an
advertisement saying...
this shop has passed all inspection
against contagious animal diseases...
Thanks.
Sergeant Nong! Salute!
At ease, lady officers.
Jung!
Jung, the place is full of men!
Hi! What's your name? I'm nong.
Changed your mind, captain?
No. I... forgot something.
I'm just going back to get it.
If you could have one wish,
what would you wish for?
I don't believe in magic.
I believe in myself.
I thought you'd say that.
I used to think like that, too.
I was really self-confident.
But experience soon taught me
a thing or two.
Ever since I was a kid,
I've dreamed of playing in a famous
volleyball team... and play overseas.
The... SEA Games,
or the Asian Games...
What about the Olympics?
That's aiming high.
You need really good grounding.

Right, like playing with
a bunch of queens.
Let's just do our best.
You look down on us just
like everyone else does.
Let me ask you something.
Have you ever had a gay friend?
No.
And how many gays
have you known?
If that's the case, you've got
no right to look down on us.
- Thank you.
- I'd like to buy some rambutants.
Hey! How come they're
so small?
Technically, they're gay rambutants.
They're always this small.
But trust me, they taste alright.
How many kilos would you like,
handsome?
- I don't think so. Thanks anyway.
- OH, why not? Hang on!
It's stunning. Can I try it on?
No, you can't!
Big fat head like on ox,
you'll break it for sure.
Get out of here. Go on.
I don't sell to deviants like you.
I've seen the District 5 team.
Where the hell did you
dig them up from?
Let's not be too tough on them.
Yeah. Otherwise they'll end up
bruised and battered.
Why don't you transfer your team
to the women's competition?
Then you might stand
a chance of winning.
I thought sport taught us
about fair play...
not just about winning and losing.
It doesn't matter what
my team may be,

I'll tell you one thing...

They're true sportsmen.

I've heard one of them's
even had a sex change.

It's not such a big deal
at state or district level...

but this is the national
competition.

- Exactly.

- I don't know how this happened.

- Let me take care of it.

- Tournament timetable, sir.

Welcome to the Pak Nam Po Games.

Honey, it's on! Hurry!

The parade's starting.

Jung has to be there.

Where?

Can I draw your attention to the
competitors at the end of the parade?

They're currently the center
of media attention.

Look! It's Jung!

He looks good, doesn't he?

The District 5 team!

They're called "The Iron Ladies."

They'll be worth following
in the competition.

Good news. We play three
straight matches today.

Oh God... We'll never make it.

We'll die of exhaustion.

What do they think I am?

A buffalo or something?

They're doing it deliberately.

We have to be careful.

There are some people who really
want us out of this competition.

Nakhon Sawan National
Championships Round 1

Quick! The drag queens are playing!

Iron ladies! Iron Ladies!

One down, two to go.

That's the spirit.

Well done! Good game!

Hello.

Just a fluke.

There's no way they can
win three in a row.

Iron Ladies Triple Triumph.

Hello?

Hi. So what do you say?

Are you going to come and watch?

I can't take the time off work.

So where are all your
friends tonight?

They're the talk of the town.

They're being interviewed on radio.

You can imagine for his bar
exam up in his room.

Does Wit's family know that he's?

Absolutely not. If they knew,
it'd be a disaster.

I've never seen so many
fans before.

We're overwhelmed.

Last question... you Iron ladies
have won all your matches...
so far... including three matches
in one day yesterday...

does that mean drag queens make
better players than real men?

Oh, can you believe it?

We're gonna be stars!

For sure.

Fruit juice stand! Let's sit here.

Oh... the famous Iron Ladies.

Well... what do you say now?

Little fairy.

Sorry. Let me buy you another one.

Never mind, honey. Actually...

I feel like some oranges.

Fuck off!

Asshole scumbag prick son-of-a-bitch!

What the hell did you say?

I said... you... cock-sucking...

son... of... a... bitch.

Fucking faggot!

Hey! Don't mess with my friend!

Stop it. Stop it right now!
Calm down. You're all sport men.
What are you fighting for?
It's nothing. We just wanted
to try some oranges...
they came unlike we were
raying to rape them.
He's lying. It wasn't like that at all.
Settle down. Break it up.
Just go home.
Are you drunk or what?
Go home.
- Thank you ever so much, Officer.
- Never mind.
No, really. If you hadn't come along...
I might have been killed!
I suspect if you took them on... they
would have been worse off than you.
What a mess.
Officer, may I ask your name?
Mine's Jung.
I'm Yut. Lieutenant Yut.
What a manly name.
Ouch! What did you hit me for?
Look. The big oaf almost
broke my hand!
Penny for your thoughts, sis.
Your boyfriend, right?
Thank God I've got you
guys and the game.
Otherwise I don't know what I'd do.
I don't get it. Why do you still
love him so much?
We had more good times
together than bad.
But he's better off choosing
his fiancée
than falling for something
fake like me.
Men. They're all selfish.
We're all selfish. Men and women.
You're right. Look at my father.
He never gave a shit about me.
My mother brought me up.

He was so selfish. Whenever he
was unhappy, he'd bash mum.
He'd bash me. "Faggot". Funny.
Despite all that my mother told me
I had to love and respect him,
because he gave me life.
But there will never be a day
that I will ever love that man.
You don't have to love him... but
you don't have to hate him either, Mon.
Hatred only leads to suffering.
2nd Elimination Round
National Games, Nakhon Sawan
You stupid country girl!
Lieutenant Yut like me... not you!
Nonsense! He fell in love with me
the moment this eyes met mine.
For Christ's sake,
keep your minds on the game!
Leave it. It's mine.
Whoever's gonna take it,
let the other know.
Doesn't look like your team's
very focussed today, Coach.
They're not professionals.
They have their ups and downs.
When they're good, they're good...
but when they're bad, they're shocking.
I've got a different problem.
One playing thinking
he's God's gift to the world?
Let's kill 'em!
Fuck! Why can't you control
yourselves?
Mon was sent off.
Everything just fell
to pieces after that.
And Nong got all carried away
and missed an important shot!
It was you who got c
arrived away, not me!
I missed it because
I hurt my poor little arm...
- Bullshit, you big fucking slug!

- You're a dirty little slut!
Stop it! This is supposed
to be a competition,
not a fucking catfight!
Mann's team is killing
teamselves laughing.
And you, Captain?
How well did you play?
Better than you stupid queens did.
Shut up! Give it a rest!
What about Wit and Pia?
They played really well.
Why haven't you said
anything about them?
Stop blaming others all the time.
Coach, you got here just in time!
The rumble's about to start!
Are you trying to figure
out who's to blame?
You should know the answer
to that... all of you.
Today, I didn't see the Iron Ladies
who won three straight games
the other day.
Huh... the Iron Ladies.
They do nothing but put on make-up
and preen themselves all day.
You said your make-up
helps you play.

- Chai...

- Please let me finish, Coach.
I've had enough of your
lack of discipline
and all the crap that goes
with it. Enough is enough.
I've tried to be a good captain.
Tried to keep the team together.
But you drag queens are too
much for me.
I quit. They're all so
damned effeminate.
How could they have got
into the semi final?
You look so disappointed.

It's not such a bad thing
to have something unusual
- come our way now and then.
- I agree. I think it adds color.
Well I think it's pathetic.
This is your last warning.
Control their behavior.
Don't stir up any more trouble
or you're out of the competition.
Oh my god! Heavens above!
- Pia.
- What?
- We're on TV today.
- So?
I look like death warmed up
with no make-up.
Nobody's gonna notice me.
Jung, listen. Don't forget
we have a deal with Chai.
He stays if we behave
and don't wear make-up.
Look at Nong...
he hasn't said a word.
Don't forget, girls.
As soon as there's a break,
bring me my foundation!
Done!
So why are you
in such a good mood?
I'm relieved we're not
wearing make-up.
Dad will be watching.
He won't suspect a thing.
- Pia are you okay?
- Yeah. Why?
You're as pasty as a
rotting corpse.
Listen, Mon! No kidding around.
I feel nervous enough already.
- We're no TV today, too!
- So pasty...
I had some business to do for
my mother in Ang Thong.
I saw in the paper that

you were playing...
so I dropped by to cheer you on.
I've missed you, Pia.
Chat. I'll go and find some seats.
Hi there.
So that's Kate?
She's cute. Just right for you.
Pia, I want you to know,
I've never stopped loving you.
Enough.
You can go now. Just go.
Hey cutie, I found this.
Does it belong to you?
I think we'd better take Pia off
and start with April or May.
Otherwise, we're dead.
Okay. What else can go
wrong today?
Viewers may recall that the
District 3 team
represented Thailand at the
SEA Games three or four year ago.
Look at them.
They're a well-built team.
Most of them are from
the air force team.
Excellent teamwork.
They look like they're here to win.
Gross.
You said they'd be worth
watching. They suck.
They're usually much more
fun than this.
No way. Let's go.
If District 3 wins the next set,
the Iron ladies are in big trouble.
Heaven's to Betsy!
Viewers, I think the Iron ladies
are trying their best.
But they just haven't
got it together.
I can't believe you missed
that last ball!
Where's your concentration?

What do you think, Coach?
We can't go on like this.
You're too ugly for words like this.
Go and put on some make-up.
Don't let Coach Bee down.
Are you sure?
Well... we're the Iron ladies,
aren't we?
Something going on over
on the Iron Ladies bench.
Is something having a heart attack?
No. It can't be...
The Iron Ladies have
been transformed!
It'll all start happening now!
A break-out at the brothel,
was there?
I just wanted to say you
did an excellent job today.
Mind you,
at first I wasn't so sure.
I think Chai's got
something to say.
I reckon you guys look much better
with your make-up on than without it.
Screw you, Captain!
- Hello?
- Is that you, Bee?
No, this is Jung.
- This is Bee's dad.
- Oh. Hello sir.
Where's Bee?
Coach Bee is downstairs
chatting with the rest of us.
I just came upstairs
to have a poop.
More than I need to know.
Tomorrow's her birthday wish
her a happy birthday for me.
Tell her I'm proud of her.
It was a great win today.
Wait a minute, sir!
Let me get a pen.
I can't see a thing! What are we

doing out tonight anyway?
Tomorrow's the big day.
Surprise! Put these on.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday.
Happy birthday to you.
Make a wish, coach.
Blow out the candles!
Thank you everyone.
Take a good look at me
if you want
some people like to gossip
behind my back.
Look at me from my heels
to my head.
But you've never looked
into my heart
I may not be what makes
you happy.
But it doesn't mean I'm bad.
Open your heart and
take a good look at me.
We were born like this,
we had no choice.
Accept me for what I am.
All I ask for is acceptance.
You don't have to hate me.
You don't have to love me.
Either way is okay.
Give me a chance,
that's all I ask.
Who knows? You might find...
my heart's no different from yours.
What a joke. The faggots are
throwing a party of a dyke.
Makes me wanna throw up.
Open your heart and
take a good look at me.
We were born like this,
we had no choice.
Accept me for what I am.
All I ask for is acceptance.
Happy birthday, Coach.

Thanks everyone.
We all wish you the best.
We haven't known for you long,
but you're like a mother to us.
We're like the forgotten
orphans of society.
I think you know we're not
that strong...
or as confident as we
appear to be.
We're so lucky to have you,
who looks after us like a mother.
No way! "Mother" means "old"!
Then how about... Mother Coach?
Oh my God!
You stupid shit.
You just ruined the mood!
I just remembered!
I've got a message from your father.
I wrote it down word for word.
"Happy birthday, daughter.
Don't forget... triumphing over
yourself is the greatest triumph of all."
Listen. Even though your show
wasn't exactly perfect...
it was still beautiful.
And I want tomorrow's game
to be exactly the same!
You know, at first,
all I wanted was to win.
But now, the gold medal's
not as important...
as seeing you play together
as a team.
Just like my father said...
triumphing over yourself
is the greatest triumph of all.
- Amen.
- You making fun of me?
Oh! Lieutenant Yut!
Jung... Nong...
You look unusually
beautiful tonight.
Like dainty Cinderella

at the ball?
One of the ugly sisters,
more like it.
This is Lan, my girlfriend.
You're so beautiful.
Thank you. You're too kind.
Girlfriend!
- Jung.
- Nong.
Attention Cinderella,
one and all.
It's almost midnight.
Time to go home.
Or the carriage will turn
into a fucking pumpkin.
Can't I just have the "fucking"
without the "pumpkin", Pia?
Move it!
Chat. What are you doing here?
The AC-DC boyfriend is here.
Damned double adapter.
How are you doing?
Why bother? Where's Kate?
- She's gone home already.
- So should you.
Why do three people have
to get hurt in this?
Surely one is enough.
Pia, I hurt just as much as you do.
I can't live without you.
- Where are you going?
- To have some fun.
So what's the drag queen got
that makes her so irresistible?
Mind your own business.
Don't interfere.
Well... if I can't interfere...
at least I can have a feel.
Pia used to star in Sailor Moon
Superwoman Show!
You broke my nails!
You hit my buddy!
You wanna die, faggot?
That's enough! Shut up!

Officer, please let me out!
It wasn't my fault!
Oh my precious nails!
- What's that thing over there?
- That? A teletubby.
Does that hurt?
Pia, thanks for still caring.
There's never been a moment
that I haven't care about you.
But we have to care for on
another as friends now.
It's best that way.
- Easy, easy.
- Sorry.
Thanks. What made you jump in
and protect me like that?
I didn't want to lose the best
player we've got.
Coach Bee said you
and I have something in common.
We're both out to win so much
that we sometimes forget
what's really important.
You're right.
All I know is that this is
my last chance,
and I've got to win.
To shut everybody up.
Though I know that even
if I win the gold,
people will still look
down on me.
'Cos let's face it...
gold or silver... it's just a medal.
Whatever... but gold still
sounds better, right?
How are you,
my big Gaunt Bitch?
Cunt! You left me high and dry.
Do me a favor and let 'em go.
They're friends of mine.
Friends?
What do you think, Nong?
Nong? Where's Nong?

Where's Jung going?
Buffalo girl, what are you
doing sitting by yourself?
Aren't you afraid of ghosts?
Jung. Never leave me again.
Never. I was scared.
Promise me... promise me
you'll never leave me again.
Sure. Hey what's wrong
with you tonight?
Nobody hurt you.
Bullshit. Don't kid yourself.
They never accept us.
We'll never belong. We always
be freaks in their eyes.
Nong...
Just you wait and see.
Tomorrow we're gonna lose.
We're just the leftovers
of society.
I've never seen you like
this before, Nong.
Come on. Stop it.
We have to keep on living
in this world.
We're not dead yet.
Besides, bad luck doesn't like
hanging out with queens.
We'll win tomorrow.
Hang on. Buffalo girl.
Tonight I'll make a promise to God
that I'll be by your side forever.
How's that? But you have to
promise first
you'll never think of yourself as
anything less than human ever again.
Coach! Wit's dad is here.
- He's taking him home!
- His father's going crazy!
Sir, I beg you...
Get in the car, Wit.
Wit, I said we're going home.
Get in the car, now.
Grand Final National Games,

Nakhon Sawan

Get your Iron ladies souvenirs!

- You want one, Chatree?

- Don't worry about me, Sheriff.

Alright, he doesn't want a shirt.

What about a cap?

It'll cover your bald spot.

You can certainly pick the
Iron Ladies fans in the stadium.

They don't look like
your average sports fan.

It looks like they're all
trying to out do each other.

The Governor's here today to
present the medals to the winners.

Your team caused more
trouble last night.

They're a disgrace to
the tournament.

They'll be punished according
to the rules.

Excuse me, sir.

But nobody was arrested and
there was no police report.

According to the law,
nothing happened.

But it did.

What's happening is that
you're doing whatever you can to
disqualify us from the tournament.

- Because you don't like gays.

- I don't like lesbians much, either.

It's not just gays and lesbians.

You can't stand it anything
you see a female governor...

a female astronaut,
a female whatever...

Because in your eyes,
it's a man's world.

And the only thing that
matters is you... and your dick!

Watch your mouth!

As far as you're concerned,
if a woman's not in the kitchen,

she should be in bed.
And anyone who doesn't fit
that is less than human.
But if you ask me,
my team has far more humanity
than some people around here.
- They never hurt anybody.
- That's slander!
I think the only thing worse
than your attitude is your manners.
That's it. I've made a decision.
The Iron Ladies are out
of the competition.
Don't you think it's a
little late for that, sir?
Yeah. If there's no match,
there'll be a revolt!
I don't care! Rules are rules!
Rules are made to play the game...
not to play politics.
No buts. The faggot freaks are
out of the competition now!
Iron Ladies! Iron Ladies!
In an amazing development, the
Iron Ladies have been disqualified!
It's not official yet.
But if it's true,
all hell will break loose.
And I don't want to be here
when it happens.
When you say "frak", are you talking
about my team... or yourself?
- He'll be alright.
- So... what do we do now?
Well, with him out like a light,
I guess the competition
will have to go on.
Thank you.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the grand final of the volleyball
competition will begin in 5 minutes.
Listen up.
Since meeting you guys I've
never felt so tired in all my life.

You probably feel the same.
But this is our only chance
to do something really great.
So... get out there and
give it all you've got!
Don't forget... Wit's cheering
us on as well.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
the first set is over and
District 7 has won 15 to 8.
They're really taking a
pounding from District 7.
District 5 has suffered
some injuries.
It's not looking good for them.
Next... the weather forecast.
Attack the buffalo fag.
He's hurting the most.
Okay, Coach?
To your positions.
Watch the back.
It looks like your team is
all talk and no action, Sheriff.
Mann's really going for
the kill today.
Protect yourselves as
much as you can.
If we lose another player,
we're dead.
Next set, I'll get the one
with the tits. He's the weakest.
We're into the third set
and District 5 looks no better.
A big hand for Pia!
Her technique is impressive!
She has other qualities that
I think are more impressive.
And just what's that supposed
to mean, sweetheart?
Real woman or fake,
show her some respect!
Pia, are you okay? Are you hurt?
I'll take her place.
Wit! Wit!

You silly little twats.
You really think Wit's going to
be intenstead in fish like you?
Wit!
Who would have thought?
The scores are even!
We can't even get that one.
Get your shit together.
I'd rather swim in a fucking sewer
than lose to a bunch of faggots.
Wow... that was close.
Things have completely turned around.
The next set is vital to both teams.
If District 7 wins,
they're the champions.
If the Iron Ladies win,
they still have a chance.
Coach. We're ready
to go back on.
You sure?
Fabulous serve!
Ladies and gentlemen,
both teams are making changes.
It's 2-all and the excitement
is mounting!
It's the fifth set, and District 7
is pulling out all stops.
They're leaving no gaps
for the Iron Ladies.
Nong, be ready for any curve balls.
Mon, Chai... double block
or Mann will kill us.
It's 4-all in the fifth set!
She's serving!
What's wrong? He's out cold.
Get up. Come on, get up.
Little Jung! Little Jung!
This is it. One more point!
I think I'm going to have
a heart attack!
It's now or never for District 7.
We did it!
- I won! I won!
- Not you! Jung! Jung won!

Jung won!
The champions of the national
men's volleyball,
3 set to 2, are District 5.
Excellent! Fantastic!
Talk about gay power!
We should make this International
Year of the Drag Queen.
We'd just be happy with it being
the International Year of Tolerance.
Coach Bee continued to give her
heart and soul to her players,
straight and gay,
in the true spirit of the game.
Between Chai and Mon, the word
"faggot" was replaced by "friend."
Pia left love behind for a show in China.
But distance was no obstacle for Chat.
No matter what happened,
Jung kept smiling.
April, May and June turned to
the solace of temple life.
Nong continued to find happiness
with the little things in life.
And Wit finally chose to live
his own life.