TROPICAL COP TALES

ONE

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EXT. TROPICAL LAGOON -- DAY

PRIMETIME WEEYUMS (50s, leathery faced) and MEECHIE FRANKS (50s, African-American) nap by a lagoon, in swimming trunks.

Their chubby sons ANGUS WEEYUMS (14) and MUNGO FRANKS (14) emerge from the water, each carrying a large STARFISH.

They place the starfish on their fathers’ faces, trying to suppress their joyous giggles.

They stand back, tittering hysterically, holding hands.

Suddenly Primetime and Meechie wake, bolting up, hurling the starfish back into the water like frisbees --

PRIMETIME
You assholes!

MEECHIE
We got a couple of prime assholes here!

PRIMETIME
We’re trying to have a tropical nap here!

MEECHIE
You know we’re shit-scared of starfish! You know that for a fact!

PRIMETIME
Those star-shaped fish scare the shit all the way out of us!

Angus and Mungo shrug, trying to look solemn, but unable to suppress their guffaws.

PRIMETIME (CONT’D)
Alright, laugh it up, you fat boring shitskis!

Finally Meechie and Primetime join in their sons’ laughter. They all cackle loudly for a long time. But then --

A small PAGER clipped to Primetime’s swimming trunks bleeps.

Everyone looks nervous as Primetime reads the pager...

MEECHIE
Is it the Throat-Ripper?

PRIMETIME
It could be the Throat-Ripper. It’s looking likely that it’s the Throat-Ripper! OK! It’s the Throat-Ripper!
They hurriedly put on their POLICE UNIFORMS by their police car by the beach, REVOLVERS holstered to their belts.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY

Meechie drives, flooring the gas, staring at the road ahead.

Primetime punches the car’s ceiling. Manic, sticky yellow froth accumulates in the corners of his flapping mouth —

PRIMETIME
COME ON! FASTER! LET’S SPEED THIS UP! DRIVE FASTER! RIGHT NOW! COME ON! DRIVE! YOU DIRTY GREAT SHITSKI!

Meechie steals a sideways glance at his partner, concerned...

MEECHIE
STOP BARKING AT ME! I’M DRIVING AS FAST AS I CAN! ISN’T THAT OBVIOUS, YOU DAMNED SHITSKI!?

PRIMETIME
JUST DRIVE ALREADY!!

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

They skid to a halt outside a POLICE PRECINCT and run inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Primetime and Meechie bound down a corridor, pursued by CAPTAIN SOLOMON (60s), an LSD casualty with a large oblong fuzzy head who greedily feasts on a large egg hoagy —

SOLOMON
There’s a twat in that room over there who claims to know the Throat-Ripper. But he wants a million dollars for the information.

Primetime barks back at Solomon —

PRIMETIME
I need one large pan of boiling water, one cup of salt, two cups of sugar! And I need a sewing kit. Now!

Meechie grabs Primetime and slams him into the wall.

MEECHIE
I most sincerely hope you’re NOT gonna repeat the face-boiling incident of last July!
Solomon gets in Primetime’s face, mouth full of hoagy, eggy bits in his teeth, spraying into Primetime’s mouth and eyes.

**SOLOMON**
That was a one time deal,
Primetime! No more boiling faces!

Primetime swings Meechie around, slamming him into the wall --

**PRIMETIME**
Do you want to catch the Throat Ripper or not? This shitski rips out throats! Is that alright???

Meechie looks shit-scared.

**PRIMETIME (CONT’D)**
What happened to the old Meechie?
Maybe I’m mistaken, but didn’t he once shit down a suspect’s throat??

**MEECHIE**
That was private, Primetime. And do not lose your cool right here in this most dank of corridors!

**PRIMETIME**
Maybe you’re the Throat-Ripper!

**MEECHIE**
If I was the Throat-Ripper, I wouldn’t be busting my butt all day trying to catch the Throat-Ripper!

Primetime shoves Meechie aside. He marches on down the corridor with a cocksure strut and mimes spanking the backside of a frumpy SECRETARY (40s) en route. He barks out in an affected Manchester accent --

**PRIMETIME**
FOOKIN’ GET IN!!

Meechie and Solomon share a weary glance.

**INT. POLICE STATION – KITCHEN -- DAY**

Meechie bursts in, calling to a GIANT CHEF --

**MEECHIE**
Andre! I need one large pan of boiling water! One cup of salt! Two cups of sugar!

**CHEF**
I think I know what this signifies!
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

A CHUNKY SUSPECT (30s) waits, handcuffed to a desk in a windowless room. Suddenly --

The door swings open and Primetime bursts in, slapping him mercilessly with his bony hands.

PRIMETIME
Who is the Throat-Ripper!?

SUSPECT
I want a million dollars! Then I talk!

PRIMETIME
Cocksure asshole! You’re a pretty cocksure asshole aren’t you!?

SUSPECT
Yes. I’m a cocksure asshole! And one who wants to become one million US dollars richer immediately!

Then -- Meechie and Solomon enter, carrying a large pan of boiling water between them. They place it on the table.

They step back, faces tense.

Primetime looms over the suspect.

PRIMETIME
That water, thanks to a secret blend of minerals and glucose sugars, is hotter than igneous lava!

SUSPECT
Who cares! Wait, hang on, really? Is it really that hot?

PRIMETIME
No comment...!

SUSPECT
Come on! Is it???

PRIMETIME
Yes. It is.

SUSPECT
Who cares!?

PRIMETIME
If you don’t tell me who the Throat-Ripper is right now, YOU WILL CARE!
SUSPECT
By the way, you know you’re not allowed to grab my head and --

Primetime grabs the suspect’s head, plunging it into the pan -- the suspect convulses, gurgled screams bubble up from the scalding boiling water --

Meechie and Solomon look on, grimly.

PRIMETIME
I want a shiny pork face for lunch!

Primetime raises the crimson screaming head out of the water.

PRIMETIME (CONT’D)
Want some more!?

SUSPECT
I require one million US dollars!

Primetime plunges the suspect’s face back into the water. He grins maniacally then suddenly hallucinates a terrifying VISION OF THE PAST --

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

An OLD MAN in a police uniform berates a crying CHILD... he is a YOUNG PRIMETIME (10): he has hair like OLD PRIMETIME.

OLD MAN
YOU’LL NEVER BE A COP BECAUSE YOU’RE A COWARD! I’M A COP AND I GET RESULTS BECAUSE I’M TOUGH! THAT’S WHY THEY CALL ME TOUGH DOUG!

The old man kicks a hole in the wall to the side of the boy -- through the hole we see a VERY HAIRY GINGER-HAIRED MAN who looks kind of like an orangutan eating a very long frozen banana. STEAM comes off the banana because it is so cold.

GINGER MAN
Mmm. This banana-cold is delicious!

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

BACK TO REALITY --

Primetime pulls the suspect’s face out of the boiling water --

The suspect’s face is covered in red BOILS. He screams --
SUSPECT
IT’S GETTING HOT IN HERE!

Primetime glares at Solomon --

PRIMETIME
Sewing kit! NOW!

Solomon hands Primetime a small SEWING KIT. Primetime removes a needle. He gets the suspect in a tight headlock --

PRIMETIME (CONT’D)
Tell me who the Throat-Ripper is right now, or I start bursting pustules right up in your grill!

SUSPECT
Fuck that! You wouldn’t DARE burst pustules right up in my grill!

SOLOMON
DO NOT BURST PUSTULES! Remember what happened last time?

Primetime bursts one of the suspect’s boils with the needle -- it BURSTS explosively, sending a jet of steaming yellow fluid into Solomon’s face -- steam rises from his scorched flesh -- he falls to the floor, wailing --

Meechie rips a section of his shirt off, holding it against Solomon’s burned steaming face.

At the TABLE -- the suspect howls as Primetime pierces another boil -- fluid sprays across the table, burning through its surface.

SUSPECT
Alright! I’ll talk!

PRIMETIME
Who’s the throat ripper? WHO?

SUSPECT
I don’t know his name. But he’s at Aggie’s Beachcombers Bar every day at 6pm. That’s all I know!

Primetime looks at a CLOCK on the wall -- it reads 5:54 -- he glares at Meechie with desperate eyes --

PRIMETIME
Aggie’s Beachcombers Bar closes in six minutes! Let’s go!

MEECHIE
It’s got to be a 20 minute drive!

They run out desperately... Solomon screams after them --
Thanks for persevering with the suspect but you will NOT get there in time! Trust me!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY
Primetime and Meechie leap into the car.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY
Meechie starts up the engine.
Primetime coughs uncontrollably, globs of purple phlegm dribbling down his chin.
Meechie looks at him, worried --

MEECHIE
Are your bronchi okay, Primetime? You don’t look so good --

Primetime pulls out a pointy-tipped revolver. He shoves it right up Meechie’s nostril --

PRIMETIME
DRIVE! OR I BLAST YOUR DAMN PROBOSCIS CLEAN OFF!

EXT. COASTAL ROAD -- DAY
The cop car speeds down a road lined with swaying palm trees. Primetime has his head out the window like a rabid dog.

INT. CAR -- DAY
Meechie floors the gas. Up AHEAD -- they see a MAN lying face-down in the middle of the road wearing shiny GOLD BOOTS.

MEECHIE
What’s this man doing in the road Primetime?

PRIMETIME
It’s a damn bandit. Hoping we stop so he can rip us off.

MEECHIE
Bandit? Sounds like a Mexican TV cop show I used to watch with mama!

They share a big laugh. Then are suddenly serious.
PRIMETIME
Trust me. Only bandits wear those expensive boots. Speed up! LET’S GO GO GO!!! IT’S GO-TIME!!!

**EXT. COASTAL ROAD -- DAY**

The cop car speeds up -- running over the MAN in the GOLD BOOTS, spurting up a huge puddle of blood, entrails and shit.

**INT. CAR -- DAY**

Meechie speeds on. He and Primetime observe a LARGE INTESTINE stuck to the windshield, flapping in the breeze.

MEECHIE
What in the hell is that? THERE’S PIECES OF BROWN IN IT!

PRIMETIME
It’s the bandit’s large intestine.

MEECHIE
WAIT A MINUTE! WE JUST GOT FUNKY!!

Primetime punches the ceiling in a rage --

PRIMETIME
HURRY! SPEED UP!

MEECHIE
I AM GIVING YOU MY FASTEST DRIVING PLEASE BELIEVE ME I IMPLORE YOU!

**EXT. BEACH BAR -- DAY**

The car, caked in dried blood with the bandit’s intestine stuck to the windshield, skids to a stop outside a ramshackle BEACH BAR.

Primetime and Meechie bound out of the car.

Primetime grabs the intestinal tract from the windshield.

MEECHIE
What in the name of Lord Fuck are you doing with that bandit’s gastro-intestinal tract, my good sir?

PRIMETIME
I’m going to use it as a weapon to kill the damn throat-ripper, my good sir!
They run into the bar. Primetime swings the intestine like a lasso.

INT. BEACH BAR -- DAY

Primetime and Meechie burst inside, scanning the room --
The bar is empty, apart from one person --
A stocky hairy man, COCKY RICO (40s), stands at the bar.

PRIMETIME
Cocky Rico! You’re under arrest!

Rico sneers at him --

RICO
For what?

PRIMETIME
For being the Throat-Ripper!

RICO
I am not the Throat-Ripper!

PRIMETIME
You rip throats! And you know it!

RICO
Eine Ha! Und eine Ha! Und eine Ha!

PRIMETIME
Cocksure asshole, aren’t you?

Rico flutters his eyelids mischievously at Primetime.

RICO
Who me? Oh how is Paula by the way? Is she still a horny wild witch?

Primetime’s face contorts into pure hatred and sorrow...

PRIMETIME
You keep Paula out of this!!

Meechie holds Primetime’s arm, murmuring to him...

MEECHIE
Don’t listen to him, Primetime. Paula’s gone now, she’s long gone.

Rico barks to Primetime, tauntingly...

RICO
I’m the reason she’s gone! I buggered her up the butthole.

(MORE)
She had to leave the Island because she got too addicted to nights in my schlongalicious mobile home! Yes, I was renting a chrome RV the whole of last summer. It was a sex wagon. I bonked her against every wall in every position I know. I even bonked her against the ceiling in a harness my friend Seedy Dave made for me that was specifically manufactured for athletic ambitious lip-smacking sex in mid-air! Did I put rubber sheeting on the floor of the RV because errr she HASHTAG SQUIRITED? Errr YUP SHE HASHTAG MANY MANY TIMES SQUIRITED!

Rico steps towards Primetime and Meechie, drawing a SWITCHBLADE from his back pocket, brandishing it...

RICO (CONT'D)
Come closer? I cut you!

Primetime swings the intestine -- it connects with Rico’s face with a moist slap, sending fecal matter spraying.

Rico falls, groaning -- Primetime and Meechie stand over him, stamping on his legs, chest and face. Rico wails --

RICO (CONT’D)
OK I put a ball in your girlfriend’s butthole but I am not the Throat-Ripper!

Primetime then wraps the large intestine around Rico’s throat, tying it in a knot.

MEECHIE
Easy, Primetime! Captain wants him alive!

Primetime tightens the knot. Rico struggles, face turning purple.

MEECHIE (CONT’D)
You’re not a killer, Primetime.

PRIMETIME
BULLSHIT TO THAT!

Primetime does a special nautical knot with the intestine around Rico’s throat.

PRIMETIME (CONT’D)
Bye bye! You flaming shitski!

Finally, Rico dies. Primetime stands. He gathers himself.
The Throat-Ripper is dead. No more throats will be ripped out. Except this one!

He rips out the dead Rico’s throat, and kicks it at the wall with a bloody splat.

Primetime and Meechie stand over Rico’s dead body.

They suddenly look up --

A curvy AFRICAN WOMAN (30s) emerges from a bathroom, glancing in horror at Rico’s corpse. This is CAROLINE.

CAROLINE
What happened to my friend???

PRIMETIME
I hate to break it to you but your friend was the Throat-Ripper.

CAROLINE
What absolute rubbish!

PRIMETIME
Cocky Rico ripped all the throats!

CAROLINE
Now you listen to me. Cocky Rico and me, we were both members of Aggie’s Beachcombers Bar Choir. While the Throat-Ripper murders took place, we were crooning songs to the moonlit ocean. Cocky Rico was innocent. Twenty choir members will tell you this exact story.

PRIMETIME
Is that really true?

CAROLINE
Trust me. Cocky Rico had a singing voice like melting honey.

Primetime looks sickened. Meechie puts an arm around him.

MEECHIE
Cops can make mistakes too.

PRIMETIME
I need a drinkus.
(to Caroline)
Can we buy you a drinkus at least?

CAROLINE
I would like a drinkus, yes. I cannot believe Cocky Rico is dead.
They wander sadly to the BAR, patting each other on the back.

A large mustachioed man with Crab-claws for hands emerges from a store room -- this is CRAB HANDS (50s). He looks around, alarmed to see the trashed bar and Rico’s corpse --

CRAB HANDS
Wow. I only went for a pee.

MEECHIE
We better have three tropical cocktails, Crab Hands.

CRAB HANDS
Oh. Sure thing Meechie.

MEECHIE
Hey. And Crab Hands?

CRAB HANDS
Yes Meechie?

MEECHIE
Could we also have some of those chopped fruits and crushed ice, you know, all the accoutrements.

CRAB HANDS
Tell you what, I’ll give you the full service on one of my signature “cool trays”. Does that make sense?

MEECHIE
Errr YEAH it most definitely does!!

Crab Hands awkwardly reaches into a small fridge, bringing out a silver tray with three ready-made elaborate cocktails, various chopped fruits and crushed ice on it.

Primetime, Meechie and Caroline sit at the bar, sipping their cocktails, exhausted.

CAROLINE
I have never seen you men around. Who are you?

Crab Hands polishes glasses behind the bar, smiling.

CRAB HANDS
They have a song that perfectly encapsulates who they are and where they’re from.

CAROLINE
What? A song? Come on Crab Hands. Are you ripping me a new arsehole?
CRAB HANDS
Firstly I think there’s been quite enough ripping going on here today.
Secondly, Crab Hands does not lie.
(to Meechie)
Guys! I gave you one of my cool trays on the house! Do the song for her!

Meechie and Primetime mount the stage, and launch into a song they’ve performed many times and have no interest in --

MEECHIE/PRIMETIME
(singing)
We came from the mainland. 
Cops, sure, but friends first. 
We’d seen some fucked-up shit. 
We had to get away. 
(We had to baby baby baby and that’s no lie sugar baby poppy doppy ding dong)
But now we’re on an island. 
Far far from home. 
(So far, oh just so fucking far) 
And now we’re tired. 
(So tired, oh just so fucking tired) 
We’re just really fucking tired. 
Because the island is worse, 
(so much fucking worse) 
Than home. Which was shit.

Caroline just stares at them gloomily.

Meechie glances at Crab Hands’ crab hands, he notices DRIED BLOOD on them.

MEECHIE
You got a little blood on those crab hands, Crab Hands. 
Are you okay, Crab Hands?

Crab Hands goes bright red.

CRAB HANDS
I’ve been ripping the guts out of fish all day.

MEECHIE
Ripping you say?

CRAB HANDS
Ripping.

MEECHIE
Ripping?
CRAB HANDS

Meechie finishes his cocktail, shaking off an awful thought.

INT. CAR -- DUSK

Meechie and Primetime drive sadly. They see a WOMAN lying face-down in the road ahead. She has GOLD BOOTS on.

MEECHIE
Now that is most DEFINITELY a bandit. Look at the gold boots.

He accelerates, driving over the bandit -- whose head pops off, hitting the bonnet and bouncing off --

It is caught at the side of the road by a NAKED MAN (20s) with very long thin hair.

NAKED MAN
And they said I wouldn’t catch it!

EXT. BEACH HUT -- NIGHT

They park outside and stagger towards a small beach hut.

PRIMETIME
What we both need right now is some quality time with our precious boys.

MEECHIE
Followed by that most elusive of things...

PRIMETIME AND MEECHIE
A GOOD NIGHT’S SLEEP!!!

INT. BEACH HUT -- NIGHT

Primetime and Meechie enter the small, sparsely-furnished open-plan hut, horrified to see --

Their sons Angus and Mungo are lying on the floor, smoking mega-long curly JOINTS that curl in loop-the-loops. Bottles of rum litter the floor. They bolt up when they see their fathers --

Primetime stomps, grabbing the joints, stamping them out.

PRIMETIME
What the fuck is this shit? Some kind of curly joints and rum party?

(MORE)
You’re both fourteen years old!
You’re children!

Angus gets to his feet, scowling --

ANGUS
Maybe if you spent some time with us, we wouldn’t need to get fucked up nights.

PRIMETIME
Hey! We’re busting our asses out there! We’re good cops! You two are just a couple of boring fat twats!

MUNGO
You’re shit dads! Deadbeat Dads!

Angus and Mungo roar with laughter.

MUNGO (CONT’D)
Spark me up Angus!

Angus lights Mungo’s curly joint.

Meechie looks scared as --

Primetime pulls a REVOLVER from a holster on his belt. He points it at Angus with trembling hands...

PRIMETIME
You just spoke your famous last boring fucking words. You fat useless tiny-dicked shitski!

MEECHIE
No Primetime! No shooting. Just words!

Primetime just stares at Angus, pulling back the hammer on the revolver, mouth frothing...

PRIMETIME
Call me Deadbeat Dad again!

ANGUS
No!

PRIMETIME
Say it!

ANGUS
No!

PRIMETIME
Say it!
ANGUS
Fine. You’re a deadbeat dad! We see you for three days every six months because you’re always out chasing criminals. So yeah, you’re a deadbeat dad and a complete cunt! There! I said the C word!

MEECHIE
Hey nobody should say the C word!

Primetime’s finger hovers on the trigger... Everyone watches in horror... then...

He points the gun at a PYRAMID OF WINE BOTTLES, opening fire--BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!!! The bottles explode, with the last bullet he shoots the rum bottle Angus is holding.

Mungo and Angus cuddle each other, terrified.

Suddenly Primetime’s PAGER BEEPS. He consults it, grim-faced.

PRIMETIME
Shit. Now a bunch of legs have been found under an old lady’s bed.

Primetime and Meechie rush out, leaving Angus and Mungo alone in the wine-splattered hut.

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

Meechie drives fast. Primetime stares sadly out the window.

PRIMETIME
Nights like this, I kinda wish Paula was still around. I wonder what happened to her.

MEECHIE
Who?

PRIMETIME
Paula!

MEECHIE
Oh. Paula. Oh, she might come back.

PRIMETIME
Hey! Let’s quit discussing Paula just for one night, can we?

They both stare out into this night, exhausted and miserable.
EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The car pulls up outside a shabby apartment building. A few evacuated NEIGHBORS wait outside in pajamas.

Primetime and Meechie rush into the building.

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A WILD-HAIRED OLD WOMAN (70s) stands in a SHABBY BEDROOM in a night-gown, gobbling eclairs, thick cream around her mouth --

OLD WOMAN
NOBODY COME IN! PRIVATE IN HERE!

Primetime and Meechie burst into the room -- guns drawn.

Meechie looks under the bed. There’s a pile of BLOODY DISMEMBERED LEGS.

MEECHIE
Legs! Everywhere!

PRIMETIME
You better start talking, old lady.

OLD WOMAN
I’m not saying shit til my fucking lawyer gets here.

Primetime grabs a BOTTLE from a table, smashing it into the woman’s face -- she hits the ground.

Meechie tries to restrain Primetime --

MEECHIE
You ain’t Primetime right now!

Primetime boinks Meechie on the top of his head with his pistol, sending him staggering back.

Primetime grabs a severed leg from under the bed, using it to beat the old woman --

PRIMETIME
How did the legs get here?

OLD WOMAN
I’ve never seen those legs before!

Meechie runs up beside Primetime, calling to the old woman --

MEECHIE
My partner’s on the edge, old lady. Tell him what he needs to know!
Primetime runs to a bedside table, grabbing a LIGHTER and a can of HAIRSPRAY -- he fashions a home-made FLAME-THROWER, letting out a fiery blast in the old lady’s face --

OLD WOMAN
Fuck you! I know you. You’re the crooked cop who killed Paula!

Meechie lunges at Primetime --

MEECHIE
Don’t listen to her, Primetime!

But it’s too late -- Primetime unleashes the full force of the flamethrower on the old woman, setting her ablaze --

PRIMETIME
FRY OLD WOMAN FRY!

Charred and crisp, her face blackened and crispy, she speaks in a demonic rattling crackly whisper --

OLD WOMAN
I shall see you on Terror Mountain!

She gets up and leaps through a small window, shattering the glass and falling cackling into the night.

Meechie and Primetime run to the window --

OUTSIDE -- the charred old woman leaps onto a motorbike, struggling to get its engine started.

Meechie and Primetime run out --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The charred old woman speeds off on the motorbike --

Meechie and Primetime rush out of the building, to see --

A gang of five incredibly FAT MEN with finely-sculpted beards are sitting on their car, drinking huge oversized milkshakes.

PRIMETIME
Get the fuck off my car!

The GANG LEADER scowls at him --

GANG LEADER
We’re drinking big shakes here!

Primetime pulls out his revolver, waving it at the fat gang --

PRIMETIME
I’ve killed before!
GANG LEADER
I’m sure. But be a decent man. Let us finish these big-ass shakes.

Primetime and the Gang Leader stare at each other. Primetime concedes. He lets them drink.

The fat gang drink their milkshakes, they hug Primetime and Meechie. They slope off.

Primetime and Meechie tiredly get into the car.

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT
Primetime drives. Meechie is slumped in his seat.

Primetime hits the brakes --

IN THE ROAD AHEAD -- a man in a home-made LION COSTUME stands in the middle of the road. This is THE PROUD LYON (40s).

Primetime and Meechie slowly get out of the car, guns drawn --

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT
Primetime points his gun at The Proud Lyon --

The Proud Lyon stares at them. He speaks in a posh English accent --

THE PROUD LYON
Good Evening. I am here to formally introduce myself. My name is Mr. Sebastian Lyon. Lyon spelt L-Y-O-N, like the French city Lyon. But you can simply call me The Proud Lyon. You’ll be seeing a lot more of me. I am a criminal.

PRIMETIME
Are you the Throat-Ripper?

LION MAN
No.

PRIMETIME
Yeah you are!

LION MAN
I most certainly am not.

PRIMETIME
I think you are!

LION MAN
Listen to me. I am not.
PRIMETIME
You are, I really sense it.

LION MAN
I’m really not actually!

PRIMETIME
Fuck that! You are!

LION MAN
I’m not, you absolute wanker!

PRIMETIME
Okay. I believe you.

Meechie calls out defiantly --

MEECHIE
How about we arrest your proud lion ass right now?

Lion Man smirks --

LION MAN
If you want to arrest me, then find me at the top of Terror Mountain.

He lets out a primal roar and scampers off into the darkness.

Meechie and Primetime share a tired scared look --

MEECHIE
Captain Solomon told us never to go to Terror Mountain.

Primetime looks up --

In the DISTANCE, moonlit clouds part to reveal the tip of a jagged foreboding mountain.

MEECHIE (CONT’D)
They say King Skull lives there.

PRIMETIME
I know what they say about Terror Mountain, Meechie. I’ve been on this island as long as you have. And King Skull is just a myth, right?

Primetime launches into a fit of convulsive coughing, purple phlegm drips from his lips. He coughs out a big purple phlegmy lump. Meechie instinctively catches it.

MEECHIE
Aw shit! I just caught your loogie!

Primetime flashes a delighted purple grin.
EXT. BEACH HUT -- NIGHT

They pull up to the beach hut and stagger inside.

INT. BEACH HUT -- NIGHT

Angus and Mungo are asleep on the floor, in a stoned stupor.

Primetime and Meechie climb into a double bed with a long pillow down the middle that acts as a barricade.

They lie there in silence. Then --

A BEDSIDE PHONE RINGS -- waking Angus and Mungo, who sit up, groaning.

Meechie answers the phone, listening intently.

MEECHIE
(on phone)
HELLO CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN CALM DOWN!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

CAPTAIN SOLOMON screams desperately into a pay-phone --

SOLOMON
(on phone)
GET YOUR ASSES OVER TO THE BEACH RIGHT FUCKING NOW! COME ON! GET ON THE BEACH! GET ON IT! YOUR ASSES TO THE BEACH IMMEDIATELY! NOW! PLEASE!

He hangs up and drains an enormous rum punch cocktail, steadying himself by a palm tree, filled with despair.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HUT -- NIGHT

Primetime and Meechie get out of bed, rushing out the door.

Mungo and Angus share a conspiratorial smirk.

Mungo pulls up a floorboard, reaching underneath, slowly pulling out --

A large cardboard tube. He opens it and pulls out --

A massive two-foot long JOINT.

He and Angus each put one end of it in their mouth.
Mungo lights the middle of the joint -- it burns, separating into two joints.

They lie back, exhaling smoke luxuriously.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- Primetime and Meechie are led onto the beach by Solomon. Solomon points at the crime scene, repulsed.

The GANG OF FAT BEARDED MEN lie on the sand, dead, throats ripped out.

Written in BLOOD on the sand next to them --

“THERE IS MORE THAN ONE THROAT RIPPER ON THIS TROPICAL ISLAND!”

Primetime VOMITS explosively onto the sand. The vomit is luminous green, filled with thousands of squirming WORMS.

He glares up at Meechie with mad eyes and a desperate grin.

Meechie grins back at him absolutely terrified.

Meechie turns to camera.

MEECHIE
Welcome. To Tropical Cop Tales.

CUT TO BLACK: