

**TROPICAL COP TALES**

**ONE**

Written by:  
Toby Harvard and Jim Hosking

Director: Jim Hosking

**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 beeps.

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 --

SOLOMON

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 gastrointestinal 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)

RICO (CONT'D)

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 SQUIRTED? Errr YUP SHE HASHTAG MANY MANY MANY TIMES SQUIRTED!

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.

PRIMETIME (CONT'D)

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  
 dippy 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  
Ripping. Rip. Rip. Rip.

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)

PRIMETIME (CONT'D)  
 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: