

"Room to Swing a Cat"
Pilot episode of "Hawaiian Cats"

written by Martin Fleming

Martin Fleming
martin.fleming87@gmail.com
+44 7950960065

30 August 2020

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF HAWAIIAN ISLAND OF POPOKI - DAY

Opening in a FLASH of sunlight.

Day breaks on the island of POPOKI.

A vivid neon pink, yellow and blue colour palette accentuates tropical island living, where all the characters are ANTHROPOMORPHIC CATS.

OVERLAY: 1987. Popoki.

Over the images, a gravelly, hard voice. Despite his words, most would consider Popoki is a paradise. Images reflect that.

KONA (V.O)
Popoki. The family jewels of
Hawaiian that should have been
neutered a long time ago.

In the air, cats HANG-GLIDE over huge volcanic cliffs.

KONA (V.O)
Fluffy clouds soak up spilled
milk. And blood.

On the beach, SURFERS catch breaking waves.

KONA (V.O)
Cats tumble in and out of
reality. Locked in a washing
machine on an endless spin cycle.

Back on land, BEAUTIFUL CATS sip cocktails in bars.

KONA (V.O)
Wring out the leaves here and cat
nip drips out like syrup.

In a park, KITTENS chase WOOL.

KONA (V.O)
This litter box is so full of
shit, you can smell the stink
from LA.

EXT. KONA'S OFFICE - DAY

The exterior of Kona's office is above a Blockbuster video A sign reads - "How else you gonna see it?"

INT. KONA'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A faded "KONA - PRIVATE DETECTIVE" shingle hangs crooked on the door.

The office is stuffy. Full of ruffled files and papers. Empty hard-milk cartons. A ceiling fan slowly circulates dust.

At his desk sits, KONA (32), a dark-furred, fluffy tabby. His pale yellow eyes have seen some shit.

His dark Hawaiian shirt is torn in places; his whiskers are crinkled, his face is cut up pretty bad - he's been in a fight.

Exhausted, he finishes his speech into the DICTAPHONE.

KONA

I tried to clean this place up.
And I failed. Now you're cleaning
up the litter tray.

He presses pause on the recorder. Thinks. Then presses the record button to finish his thought.

KONA (CONT.)

Oh, and Cinnamon, it's been a
ride.

He clicks the recorder off.

OPENS a drawer.

Inside is a GUN and CAT NIP.

There's a KNOCK and the door opens.

Kona shuts the drawer.

KONA

Um, sorry, I'm closed.

LUCY (25), a SCOTTISH FOLD enters. With the look of a hardened femme fatale, her ears are folded down, she's got big piercing blue almond shaped eyes, sleek, bluish tinged fur.

LUCY

You Kona? The P-I?

Kona is suspicious.

KONA

Are you a debt collector?

LUCY

My name is Lucy.

KONA
Usually they go by "Bruiser" or
"Ruffles."

LUCY
I'm not a debt collector. I want
to hire you.

Kona straightens up in his chair.

KONA
Highly unusual request.

Lucy is confused.

LUCY
You are a private detective,
aren't you?

KONA
I wear many masks.

She notices his cuts and bruises, the disheveled state of the office.

LUCY
I see you've got a lot on your
mind. I'll let you get back to
your brooding.

She makes to leave.

KONA
Don't be so sensitive. You Folds
are all the same. Sit down. I'll
get you a drink.

Lucy catches the time...

LUCY
It's ten am.

...but sits down in the client chair. She takes out a packet of MEOWBORO CIGARETTES and lights one.

KONA
I could make you some toast?

Kona walks over to a table and takes out two glasses, fills them with ice cubes and enough milk whiskey to float them.

He hands her the glass. Sits down and licks the back of his paw, cleaning his wounds.

KONA
Look, I'm sorry Mrs...?

LUCY

Ms. Coolidge. Lucy Coolidge. I've just flown over from California.

KONA

You've come a long way to bend my ear, Ms. Coolidge -

She blows cigarette smoke that curls into a GUN SHAPE, before and disappearing out the window.

LUCY

I'm here about a murder.

KONA (V.O)

Who was this dame? She's damn near hot enough to burn a hole in the floor, but instead she sits in my office smouldering. A fire hazard if ever I saw one.

Lucy takes a FILE from her purse.

Then extracts a POLAROID, hands it to Kona. We don't see it, but what he sees, shocks him.

KONA

Your picture box tells the future or something?

VIEW ON: the photo; a dead cat that looks identical to Lucy.

LUCY

That's Brenda, she's my twin sister. Was.

KONA

She the dame that was murdered?

Lucy nods.

LUCY

And I know who did it.

She blows another cigarette smoke picture, this time it's a silhouette of a huge cat.

KONA

Well then. Case closed. Good thing too, cos I'm officially retired. Nice to go out on a high.

He leans back in his chair. Lucy throws a STACK OF CASH onto his table. Kona leans back, distracted, TOPPLES over. He rights himself, his eyes focused on the stack.

With some internal effort, he pushes the money away.

KONA

Look, Lucy, is it? I'd like to take your money. I'd take you to dinner with it. Then drinks. Maybe back to my place.

He hands her back the picture.

KONA (CONT.)

...But you should go to the police. I'm done.

LUCY

I've been to the police. They laughed in my face. Said it was pointless.

She blows another smoke picture, this time it's a pig.

KONA

Well, you're stuck in the dry air without a scratch post. I've only got one life left. And, as you can see, I'm dangling by a thread as it is.

LUCY

I understand.

Lucy takes the money. Stands up to leave, before she does, she turns and eye-balls him.

LUCY

You weren't my first choice, you know? You weren't even my third. But you are my last resort. The other detectives couldn't agree what to do with my case, but they all agreed on one thing: "Don't go to Kona."

She goes to leave. Kona knows he's being played - what does surprise him is that it works.

KONA

...wait.

INT. SEALINKS COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The Sealinks Country Club overlooks the beach on a pristine piece of real estate.

KAILI (29) stares straight down the lush 18th tee. He's a giant, scary looking Maine Coon cat. His thick whiskers sit atop an aggressive expression.

KONA (V.O)

Kaili. A hot tempered asshole. Filthy rich and dirty in every other way too. A mama's boy, quick to throw a paw; quicker to meow he had nothing to do with it. He was a piece of work. With all the charm of a war crime.

A focus on Kaili's angry, beady eyes.

KAILI

The 18th is always my downfall. A formidable foe. Powerful. Sleek. Untameable.

He LICKS his paw and holds it up, testing the wind.

KAILI (CONT.)

A solid three iron I think.

ZOOM OUT as he plucks a golf club from his bag, with the full extent of the situation coming into focus:

Kaili is dressed in a bright Hawaiian golf shirt, surrounded by TWO BODYGUARDS, each with sour pussies. One's acting the caddy.

Lying flat on his back, a teed up golf ball propped in his mouth, is THEO (34), a shaky, weedy looking stray.

Kaili sets up his swing, placing the iron on Theo's face.

One of the bodyguards phone rings. Kaili shoots him daggers. The bodyguard walks away to take it.

KAILI

Theo. My boys tell me you met up with the Shorthairs. Never liked them. Weak breed. Thin tails. Sneaky. They liked you though. Apparently you were in there awhile. Went in with a bag, came out with a suitcase.

Kaili rests the club on his cheek.

KAILI (CONT.)

The cheese smells sour.

Theo, trembling, tries to speak.

KAILI (CONT.)

Don't open your mouth!
(MORE)

KAILI (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 If the ball drops I'll have to
 take a stroke! The rules are
 clear!

Kaili steadies...

Then takes his shot smashing Theo's face off. Theo screeches
 and clutches his face. The ball sails cleanly and lands on
 the green.

KAILI (CONT.)
 This is your last warning. If any
 more merchandise ends up in the
 hands of the Shorthairs...

Kaili motions to his bodyguards. One of them drags Theo to
 his feet.

KAILI (CONT.)
 ...I'm going to start working on
 my short game.

Kaili leaves Theo on the ground. Begins heading to the green.

KAILI
 (To Bodyguard)
 Keep an eye on him. He so much as
 sniffs my cream. Kill him.

The bodyguard nods and leaves him.

GREEN

The phone bodyguard catches up to Kaili on the green, handing
 him his putter.

Kaili lines up his putt. Just before he takes it...

BODYGUARD
 Oh, hey, boss. Maile wants to see
 you in her office.

Kaili tries to hold in his anger. He paces, trying to contain
 himself.

Until he erupts!

He starts bashing the green with his putter, tearing up the
 green.

A GOLFER behind on the fairway sees this.

GOLFER (O.S)
 Hey, are you doing to the green.

KAILI
 (Screaming)
 SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

In annoyance Kaili swipes and cuts his bodyguard in the neck with his nails. Then picks up his ball and storms off.

KAILI
 I'm taking a birdie!

KONA (V.O)
 Yeah, he's a real cool cat.

INT. BEACH SIDE CAFE - DAY

Lucy and Kona are sitting at a cafe, the file between the on the table.

LUCY
 He's a brutal, awful cat.

On the wall of the cafe, there are various ads, "*9 Lives + 1 with Vitapurr*". Another reads, "*More vets choose WhiskerNip Cigarettes*".

Lucy sips a cocktail. Kona positions himself in the shade, staring at a large yacht on the water.

KONA
 That's his yacht out there. The
 "Caribbean Kitten"

LUCY
 Looks expensive.

KONA
 It's an ocean ringworm.

A WAITRESS (18) walks past carrying a plate of brunch foods.

LUCY
 What are we eating? It's too late
 for breakfast, but too early for
 lunch.

KONA
 It's called brunch. It's
 European. Not sure the chefs here
 could find Europe on a map, let
 alone know how to poach a proper
 egg. After WWII, soldiers brought
 back tortured memories but left
 the recipe books.

LUCY
 You're a real bundle of laughs.
 Ever think of taking up
 watercolour?

KONA

I tried painting once. The reds and blues reminded me of the beaches of the Vietcong. Stained with the blood of our boys. They were only kittens. Nine lives?

He slams his paw on the table.

KONA (CONT.)

They never even got one.

Another WAITRESS (19) comes over, a bubbly ray of sunshine in a pink Hawaiian shirt.

KITTEN

How we all doing today?

LUCY

Oh, you know, PTSDing our way through.

KONA

Tuna melt. With a poached egg. Don't burn it.

LUCY

Sorry about him, he wasn't his mother's favourite. Do you have any pâté?

KITTEN

(Her smile not slipping)
Doubtful.

LUCY

Tuna melt is fine.

She leaves. Kona takes out a page from the file.

KONA

Says here your sister committed suicide. How can you be so sure it was Kaili killed her?

LUCY

He was sleeping with her.

KONA

She told you that?

LUCY

Well, she used to say she was with her *Big Birdie*. How many other spoilt rich cats who play golf are there in this town?

KONA

More than I'd like. And while sleeping with Kaili *should* be reason enough to die, sex does not a murderer make. From what I hear, he gets around.

She takes out another cigarette, cool as you like.

LUCY

Brenda wasn't like that.

Kona thinks about reacting. Decides against it.

KONA (V.O.)

Who was I to tell her that her sister wasn't the angel she thought she was. Like telling people nuns masturbate -- it's the messenger that gets the blame.

LUCY

Brenda used to tell me that he was hot tempered. And he was abusive. But nobody saw that side of him. Everyone think's he's lovely.

KONA

You said she told you he hit her?

LUCY

She never told me explicitly, but I saw bruises around her eyes.

Kona pulls his leg over his shoulder and starts licking himself.

Lucy narrows her eyes.

KONA

Sorry. The sun irritates my skin. I've gotta keep my balls moist or they dry out. That's why I wanted to stay in the office.

LUCY

I've spent enough time in dark holes lately.

KONA

Funny how cats come to Hawaii expecting nothing but sunshine. It might be brighter, but it's still gloomy as hell.

LUCY
Were your bath toys toasters by
any chance?

Lucy takes another PHOTO from the file.

LUCY (CONT.)
This is how they found Brenda.

Kona looks at it. Lucy fights back a tear.

KONA
Well, this certainly gives new
meaning to the term, 'Room to
swing a cat'.

The waitress comes back, puts the two tuna melts down, sees
the photo, lets out a scream, apologises, rushes away.

LUCY
Brenda would never have killed
herself. There was no note,
nothing.

Lucy stubs out one cigarette, lights another.

Kona pounces on his tuna melt in a ferocious display. Lucy
does the same to hers.

KONA
People write notes because they
want to remember something. Maybe
she just wanted to finally
forget.

LUCY
Not Brenda. We spoke every day.
She was going to leave him. She
was going to come back home.

KONA
That's hardly conclusive.

Lucy looks a bit at a loss. Kona begins riffling through the
papers in the folder.

KONA (CONT.)
For all you know, she was lying
through her whiskers.

He pauses on a piece of paper. Then notices something.

LUCY
Did you find something?

KONA
Maybe. Come on, let's get out of
this morbid sunshine.

He stands up and throws some cash onto the table.

LUCY
Where are we going?

KONA
My favourite date spot.

INT. MAILE'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is an impressive space, with huge bay windows and impressive views over the golf course and Popoki beach.

MAILE (67), an older, big fluffy white cat, sits behind a thick desk, her back to all the sunshine.

She carries herself majestically and terrifyingly - despite being in a wheelchair.

Kaili strolls into the office, a Cheshire grin on his face.

KAILI
Mother! You wanted to see me?

MAILIE
Sit down.

Kaili strides over and kisses his mom on the cheek. He walks to the chair in front of the desk and sits.

KAILI
You're looking fantas--

MAILIE
Shut up.

KAILI
Rude.

MAILIE
I've been hearing whisker
whispers, Kaili.

Kaili shuffles uncomfortably.

KAILI
Mom, I can explain, see it's
called brunch -

MAILIE
About the pipeline, you pug.

Mailie's tail flicks aggressively.

KAILI
Look, I found the leak --

MAILIE
The point is I heard about it.
(MORE)

MAILIE (CONT'D)

I'm an old cat. I spend all day in here. And when I'm not here, I'm getting my teats tucked so they don't drag along the floor. How then, did I manage to hear about it?

Kaili gulps.

MAILIE (CONT.)

I know you're spaying all over town. Mounting those filthy alley cats. Your scent is everywhere ! God knows what you've told them.

KAILI

They're whores; but they ain't snitches.

MAILIE

Save that bumper sticker for your campaign trail. In the meantime, get your cathouse in order. Last chance.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Lucy and Kona are in the MORGUE. It's a sterile environment, white and medical save for some movie posters lining the walls - *GOODFELINES*, *PAWS*, *THE KARATE KAT*, *PAWLOOSE*.

CAT CADAVERS lie under sheets on steel beds, their paws dangling out.

Lucy looks uncomfortable; Kona looks right at home.

LUCY

Tell me you've never brought a date here.

KONA

It's quiet. There are beds. Chemical enhancers if we need them. Sometimes even an audience. What more could you want?

The medical examiner, CHARLES (35), walks in wearing a *GHOSTCATS* t-shirt with *BULKY HEADPHONES* around his neck.

CHARLES

Looks like you were right.

He hands the report to Kona.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Slight ligature marks around her wrists.

He puts his paw up for a high-five. It's ignored. Lucy senses this is big - her tail starts to flick.

LUCY

What does that mean?

Kona grunts.

KONA

Maybe nothing. Maybe the whole kit and caboodle.

LUCY

What do "ligature marks" mean?

KONA

It means her wrists were tied. Awful hard to hang yourself without the use of your hands. Why wasn't this picked up in the initial investigation?

Charles shrugs. Lucy takes out another cigarette.

CHARLES

They never ordered an autopsy. Guess they thought it was open and shut.

LUCY

Isn't that unusual?

CHARLES

In a suicide? Very.

LUCY

We can go to the cops now right?

KONA

No autopsy means somebody worked hard to ensure there wasn't one. We keep this between us.

LUCY

Alright, sunshine - what do we do?

Kona examines the autopsy photos closely, sees something.

KONA

We go and see a man about some rope.

They head for the door. Charles eyes up Lucy.

CHARLES

Wanna stick around? Watch a video?

Kona's already gone. Lucy's standing there awkwardly. Charlie, unaccustomed to dealing with women, is trying hard.

LUCY
 (Playing along)
 Charles, are you flirting with
 me?

Charles nods awkwardly. Lucy blows him a cigarette smoke kiss as she leaves.

EXT. LAGUNA BREAK - DAY

SFX: Thumping tropical 80's beach music.

A postcard surf break.

Everyone's having a wonderful time BATHING, SLEEPING, THROWING BALLS.

Kona and Lucy are holding ice creams. Kona's drips onto his paw.

LUCY
 What are we doing here?

Out on the waves, a COOL CAT is surfing.

Kona watches as the cat emerges from the ocean, surfboard under his arm.

He notices Kona and walks over.

It's TOM TOM MACAW (24) - chiseled, surfing superstar, fur glistening in the sun; the Matthew McConaughey of cats.

KONA
 (To Lucy)
 Tom Tom Macaw. He's Popoki's most famous surfer. My oldest friend. We lived next door to each other growing up.

Kittens on the beach wave to him, female cats eye-fuck him as he walks up the beach.

He walks up to Kona.

TOM TOM
 Sup, bro.

He puts out his paw and the two share a personal handshake.

Tom Tom eyes up Lucy, with a lot more charm than Charles had.

TOM TOM
 (To Lucy)
 Hey there. Tom Tom. Pro surfer.

Lucy swoons.

LUCY
Lucy. Amateur virgin.

He kisses her paw.

KONA
Keep it in your pants, Tom Tom.
I'm not running a stud farm. We
need your help.

Tom holds up his paws in mock surrender.

KONA (CONT.)
Lucy's sister was murdered. They
found ligature marks around her
paws. The rope left an imprint.

He shows Tom Tom a photo. He squints. There's a small logo on
embedded in the paw.

TOM TOM
Heeeey, man - that's my logo!

KONA
I know. Hoping you know where it
comes from?

Tom Tom shrugs.

TOM TOM
Groms go bananas for my merch. I
sell oodles of boards man. And
every funstick comes with gen-
you-ine-feline Tom Tom rope.

KONA
I was afraid of that.

Kona licks the ice cream. Tom Tom looks closer at the
picture.

TOM TOM
You know what though, that's my
old logo. See - the smaller
double T. I only used that logo
one time on some prototype rope.
But rope turned out to react bad
with cat fur and salt water.
Loads of surfers got wicked
burns.

KONA
What happened to the surplus
rope?

TOM TOM

I gave most of it to the greenskeeper at Sealinks. Cat needs all the help he can get. Mongrel sleeps in his shed!

A couple of giggling girls walk by Tom Tom winks at them.

TOM TOM (CONT.)

Listen, I gotta jet. Getting snapped later and I wanna get pitted up at the Devil's Throat first.

Kona nods him away. Tom Tom smiles at Lucy.

TOM TOM (CONT.)

See ya round, Lucy.

Tom Tom seems to drift away across the sand.

LUCY

Is it weird I didn't understand 75% of the words coming out of his mouth?

KONA

Few do. Probably what makes him so popular. If you understood him, you'd realise he's thick as shit. But we got a lead. Sealinks is the golf club here. It's owned by Kaili's family.

LUCY

Great. Let's go.

Kona looks at his watch.

KONA (CONT.)

Club's closed. We'll have to wait till tomorrow. You got a place to stay?

INT. KONA'S CORVETTE - TWILIGHT

Kona's Corvette is a striking red 80's classic.

Wearing shades, he dangles his paw out of the window, speeding along the coastline towards town. A radio commercial blares.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pliskin cat litter is the most absorbent cat litter on the market, providing 40% more absorption than other litters on the market.

Lucy turns down the radio.

LUCY
So, how long have you been a
detective?

KONA
Too long.

LUCY
You like it?

KONA
Not the word i'd use. I just
happen to be good at it.

LUCY
Why you quitting?

KONA
I've seen too much. Done too
much. I can't do it anymore. This
island... it's not paradise. It's
a swamp.

Lucy looks out the window. They pass a playground and see
small kittens playing with cats.

LUCY
If you hate it so much, why stay?

KONA
I've got my reasons.

LUCY
Tell me, does your stand-up
routine touch on more topical
stuff, or is it all this self-
deprecating?

Kona gives her a scathing look.

LUCY (CONT.)
Fine. So. What are the chances of
us locking this creep away?

KONA
Kaili's Maile's cat. She runs
this town. She'll do anything to
protect him.

LUCY
You didn't answer my question.

KONA
You need to face the reality that
at the end of all this, Kaili's
more likely going to be sipping
cocktails than rotting in prison.

LUCY

I'm sorry, I refuse to believe that. My sister deserves better.

KONA

Orphaned kittens deserve a warm house, not to be drowned in a cold sack. Sadly, that's not how the world works. We just don't have that much evidence.

LUCY

Brenda said he wrote everything down. Even if he didn't mention the murder, maybe there's something incriminating we can use.

KONA

He's dumb as a junkyard dog, but he's not going to write, "Dear Diary, today I strangled a cat".

LUCY

When was the last time you smiled?

KONA

December 2nd. 1982. I saw a mildly amusing cartoon in the paper.

Lucy takes a drag of her cigarette -- maybe she underestimated him.

KONA (CONT.)

Buried three kittens in that edition. Their Dad murdered them over a scratched couch. Blood soaked right through the carpet.

Lucy throws her paws up in exasperation - "I give up."

EXT. PRINCE WAHIKI - NIGHT

Corvette pulls up outside the PRINCE WAHIKI HOTEL.

Lucy gets out.

KONA

I'll pick you up at six. Till then, lay low. Don't answer the door. Don't go anywhere. They could look to silence you too.

LUCY

Where you going?

KONA
I've got somewhere to be.

LUCY
Whe--

He speeds off.

Lucy waits till the car is out of sight, then walks from the hotel entrance, past a billboard that says "*DELICAT SHAMPOO - A PURR FOR YOUR FUR.*"

INT. POPOKI CARE HOME - NIGHT

A RUN-DOWN CARE HOME. Chipped paint. Broken clocks. Where AGED CATS see out their ninth life.

Kona stands in the doorway. His expression somewhere between sad, disgusted and embarrassed.

KONA'S MUM'S ROOM

Kona enters and leaves his tough veneer at the door. Lying in a bed is his MOM - who looks like she could be the oldest cat in the world.

KONA
Hi, Mom.

The old cat turns her head slightly.

MOM
Kona...that you?

KONA
It's me, Mom.

MOM
You done your homework? Don't let that Patches copy your work again.

KONA
I won't, Mom.

He crawls on-top of her bed, curls up and closes his eyes.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

The marina at night. Expensive boats bob silently in the calm ocean. Two FAT CAT SECURITY GUARDS are asleep.

A pair of paws SNEAK past.

INT. MARINA - THE "CARIBBEAN KITTEN" YACHT - NIGHT

Up close, the 'Caribbean Kitten ' yacht is a bleach-white canister of fiberglass opulence.

The deck is deserted. Empty lounge chairs. An empty hot tub. Empty bottles of Russian Blue vodka.

Lucy lands SOFTLY onto the deck. She hides in the shadow as a SAILOR comes out for a smoke. Waiting till he's distracted, she sneaks inside.

KAILI'S CABIN

The cabin is tiny. Sculptures, paintings and photos all showcase how much Kaili loves himself. An ORNATE DESK sits pride of place.

Lucy creeps in, begins searching the desk.

A SHADOW LOOMS behind her.

Lucy doesn't notice. She finds a diary!

THUMP! A pointed letter opener is slammed into the desk. Lucy screeches and drops the diary. She SPINS around to see a thunderous Kaili.

But, when Kaili sees Lucy, his face softens.

KAILI

Brenda? What are you doing here?
You look bigger. Are you back on
the full-fat cream?

Lucy breathing visibly quickens. She takes a deep breathe.

LUCY

Hey stud...you're looking...hot?

Kaili brushes his fur down while Lucy stifles a vomit.

KAILI

Why thank you. I've switched to
Delicat shampoo.

He touches her face. She visible winces.

KAILI (CONT.)

I thought you'd left me. Nobody
leaves me though.

Then he kisses her. Lucy takes it for a few seconds then bites his lip and pulls him away, leaving Kaili with a broken lip.

KAILI

I don't understand. Is biting something you want to introduce to our repertoire?

LUCY

As charming as that is, I think I'll opt for killing you instead.

She pulls out a switchblade.

KAILI

What the hell is going on with you, Brenda?

LUCY

I'm not Brenda! You killed Brenda, remember?

KAILI

Is this another sex game? I knew you liked being tied up bu-

Lucy slashes at him. Kaili is shocked.

KAILI (CONT.)

Just to clarify. This is not a sex game?

She slashes at him again. His eyes fill with hate. He swipes the knife away then lunges on her. She screams.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Kona's driving backdropped by a tequila sunrise coloured sky.

KONA (V.O)

Lucy wasn't at her hotel. I was concerned, but in my line of work, you get no time to think, and even less time to worry. Maybe she blew town. Maybe something worse. Maybe I should just give this case up. No. This was just an itch I'd have to scratch solo.

EXT. SEALINKS GOLF CLUB - DAY

Kona drives his car up the drive of the SeaLinks clubhouse. A SENTRY stops him.

KONA (V.O)

The Seaglass Links are the epitome of Popoki's inequality.

(MORE)

KONA (V.O) (CONT'D)

While much of the island's cats struggled to put tuna on the table, these fat felines paid twenty grand a year to chase a little white ball around some cut grass. And they were still too cheap to pay their staff.

Kona gives the sentry a bank note. The SENTRY waves him through.

KONA (V.O) (CONT.)

It might say country club; but this was no country of mine.

INT. SEALINKS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Kona marches up to reception. An overly friendly RECEPTIONIST (21) beams at him with a mouth with too many teeth.

RECEPTIONIST

Aloha, welcome to SeaLinks. Are you a member?

KONA

Not for all the cream in Vienna.

He walks past the receptionist grabs a key from a large board that says "BUGGY KEYS".

EXT. SEALINKS - FAIRWAY - DAY

Kona's smoking another cigarette, speeding down the fairway in a golf buggy.

KONA (V.O)

I had half hoped to find Lucy at the club, maybe getting in a quick nine. I just hoped she wouldn't turn up buried in a bunker somewhere.

EXT. GREENSKEEPER SHED - DAY

Kona parks his buggy next to then wanders over to a small shed next a green.

The GREENSKEEPER (40s) is starting to unravel a large hose and drag it down towards the ocean.

Kona notices some rope to the side of the shed.

KONA

You the greenskeeper?

The greenskeeper jumps.

GREENSKEEPER

Oh, hello, hello. Yes, hello.

He's twitchy. Looks around anxiously.

GREENSKEEPER (CONT.)

Yes. Yes. Who are you?

KONA

Don't worry who I am. You'd hate to be me. I wanted to ask you about this rope.

GREENSKEEPER

Rope? Rope haha. Yes. I've got rope. You need some rope? Take it!

Greenskeeper picks it up and hands it to him.

KONA

You got this from Tom Tom Macaw?

GREENSKEEPER

Yep, yep. I picked it up from his house personally. Well, he wasn't there. But I took it! God I'd love to meet Tom Tom. Yep, yep. He had lots. I use it on birds. It burns em. Burns. Birds.

He cackles crazily.

KONA

Seen anyone else borrow this rope? Kaili, maybe?

GREENSKEEPER

What? No. Why would he want my rope? He's rich. Can buy better rope. This rope is from Tom Tom. He's got a big house too though.

KONA

Whereas you live in this shed?

GREENSKEEPER

What? No! How'd you know!?

Kona walks to the shed the greenskeeper looking troubled.

Kona looks in the shed -- it's a dilapidated garden shed with a small cot in it. There's spools of the rope.

GREENSKEEPER (CONT.)

I'm not supposed to sleep here. Nobody knows. Please don't tell anybody.

Kona heads back to the buggy.

KONA
Your secret's safe with me, old
timer.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER/OFFICE - NIGHT

Kona walks towards the back of the Blockbuster video. Behind the counter, a BORED KITTEN is flicking through a magazine.

This is CINNAMON (15) She sees Kona and skips after him. She catches him as he reaches the back of the store.

CINNAMON
Kona!

Kona genuinely seems happy to see her.

KONA
Hi, Cinnamon.

CINNAMON
What are you up to? Got any big cases on? Got any murderers? Any scoundrels? Any thrilling car chases through the back alleys of Popoki!?

Kona humours her, playing the part.

KONA
Actually, there's one particularly case...involving diamond smugglers, Blackwhiskers...

Her eyes fill with water at the wondrous thought. Kona reaches into his pocket and pulls out a coin.

KONA (CONT.)
THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE SIERRA
CATTERY!

She squeals and takes the coin.

CINNAMON
Oh my god do you think it could be dangerous?!

Kona looks left...then right...feining as if someone's eavesdropping...then nods.

Cinnamon almost falls over herself in delight.

CINNAMON
Golly gosh! Cheese and whiskers!
This is amazing! Can I help?

A customer at the counter coughs. Cinnamon rolls her eyes.

CINNAMON (CONT.)

Darn it -- I gotta get back to work. I'll let you know if any pirates show up. By the way, someone called. She left her number. Sounded booooring. I wouldn't take her case.

She hands him a slip of paper then skips away.

INT. KONA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kona opens the door, wanders over to his desk and pulls out a bottle of milk whiskey. Takes a slug.

Picks up the phone and dials the number.

INT. MAILE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maile in her office. The phone rings. She picks it up.

INTERCUT WITH KONA'S OFFICE

KONA

You rang?

MAILE

Ah. Kona. Cinnamon is sounding older every day.

Kona sits down at his desk, puts his hind paws on the desk.

KONA

Trying to recruit for one of your cat houses? Stay away from her.

MAILE

You always think the worst of me.

KONA

No personal visit? Broomstick in the shop?

MAILE

How's your mother? Still think your homework's due?

KONA

She's good. I'd invite you to go say 'Hi', but there are stairs.

MAILE

Let's hope you live long enough to have ailments like mine.

KONA

Bathing in kitten placentas not
the fountain of youth you
expected?

MAILE

Careful now. You're never too old
to be put down.

KONA

What do you want, you grackle?

Maile straightens in her chair.

MAILE

I'm calling about Kaili.

KONA

Ah, yes. The one progeny you
actually should have eaten.

MAILE

He didn't do it.

KONA

And what is it he *didn't* do now?

MAILE

Kona, you should know by now that
there's nothing that happens in
this town without me knowing
about it.

KONA

I don't doubt it.

MAILE

My son's an idiot. That's no
secret. But...he's all I've got
left.

KONA

Like losing a dollar and finding
a pile of shit.

MAILE

You need to stay away from him.

KONA

He murdered a cat, Maile.

Maile scoffs.

MAILE

What do you care about one more
whore?

KONA

This one was no alleycat. Your son picked the wrong kitten to kill.

MAILE

I'll admit he was sleeping with this...this...Brenda. But he didn't kill her.

KONA

I'll prove he did. I just pray you waste all your money trying to save him. Might be enough to release the city from the choke hold your family has over it.

MAILE

Groan, Kona. Groan. So dramatic.

She puts the phone between her shoulder and ear and opens a bottle of pills, tossing a couple back.

KONA

This city has become a hotbed of catnip and corruption. I may not be able to do much...

MAILE

There were less complaints when that catnip was lining your litter tray.

Kona takes a sip of his milk whiskey.

KONA

That was before -

MAILE

I offer no sympathies. That was your fault, you need to move on.

Starts pawing at a red ball on his desk.

KONA

Why did you really call me?

MAILE

You were out, Kona. You should have stayed out.

KONA

I'll throw you a treat - take your son and leave town. And I might let it go. You'll be able to retire in luxury. Somewhere with marble ramps and six wet meals a day. Maybe even biscuits.

MAILE

I just don't want you getting hurt. With you gone, who will look after Cinnamon? Maybe I'll take her in after all. Two birds, one stone.

Kona realises something.

KONA

Wait...What did you say?

MAILE

(Confused)

What?

KONA

(Thinking)

Two birds...one stone...

(Then, with realisation)

Shit. Maile, where is Kaili now?

INT. CARIBBEAN KITTEN - YACHT CABIN - NIGHT

The yacht is bobbing in the dark waves.

Lucy is lying on the floor of a cabin, GAGGED and TIED, wide-eyed, tape across her mouth.

Cigarette smoke surrounds her and she flinches like she's being doused in ice water.

KAILI (O.S)

You know cigarettes contain chemicals called carcinogens?

Kaili is leaning against the side of the cabin, smoking a cigarette.

KAILI (CONT.)

And if you smoke a lot, it can apparently take an entire life. Can you believe it? How are they even legal? It's a slow assisted suicide! Ever tried one?

Lucy shakes her head. Kaili pokes a hole in the tape then lets her have a drag. She inhales then aims her smoke out the window.

EXT. BESIDE CARIBBEAN KITTEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Outside, in a little boat, Kona sees a bloom of smoke exit from a cabin window. It's in the shape of a LIFE BUOY.

**INT. CARIBBEAN KITTEN - YACHT CABIN - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS**

Back in the cabin.

KAILI

Brenda smoked. In the sheets and
out of them. She was a powderkeg;
waiting to implode!

Kaili laughs as Kaili mumbles something.

He takes off the tape.

LUCY

Explode. Powderkegs explode. You
jackass.

Kaili puts the tape back on.

KAILI

You have the same eyes. Though
yours look more...deadened.

He laughs.

KAILI (CONT.)

Get it? Irony! Is that irony? I
think it is.

There's a knock on the cabin door. An UGLY CAT opens the
door.

UGLY CAT

Boss, you need to see something.

Kaili rolls his eyes.

KAILI

I swear, if it's that oil stain
that looks like Cindy Crawford...

He pokes a hole in Lucy's tape and puts the cigarette in
there. Then he laughs, leaves. Then she starts to struggle
and wriggle out of her ropes.

A second later, the door opens. Kona sneaks in.

Kona takes off her tape -

KONA

Come on, we don't have much time.
I've distracted them, but not
sure for how long.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT STERN - NIGHT

A hose pipe's been tied in a knot and there's a fountain of liquid spewing up from the pipe and into the water.

Kaili stares in disbelief.

UGLY CAT

...what do you want us to do?

KAILI

I'd start by stopping the very expensive uncut catnip floating into the ocean.

UGLY CAT

See, that's what we thought too, but then we thought maybe you wanted to get the swimmers addicted?

Kaili pinches his nose in exasperation.

BACK TO:

INT. YACHT CABIN - NIGHT

Lucy is untied and Kona is staring through a crack in the door, a revolver in his hand.

KONA

Follow me. I've got a small boat tied to the side.

LUCY

No. I'm not leaving until I have Kaili's testicles in a vice.

KONA

Lucy, now is not the time to get kinky.

Lucy prods him in the chest.

LUCY

Listen pal, I didn't ask for you to save me. He killed my sister. If you want to escape into the sunset, go ahead. I'm not leaving.

KONA

He didn't kill her.

Lucy looks at him - "What?"

YACHT INTERIOR

He ushers her out the door and face-to-face with a BRUISER CAT, the size of an empty bookcase and just as much intellect.

-- Kona throws a PUNCH and it bounces off his barrel chest. Kona screeches in pain as his paw ricochets off.

-- The thug PUNCHES, lifting Kona off his feet and sending him FLYING into the living room wall.

-- Kona forces himself up, he's seeing double.

KONA

I'll give you two one last chance
to walk away.

-- The thug advances. Kona steels himself for another blow. The thug oblidges, HURLING him into a wall.

-- Kona regathers himself. GRABS a lamp and TOSSES it at the thug's head, who SWATS it away.

-- Then he puts his fist THROUGH Kona's face. Kona uses his last ounces of energy to lay a few QUICK FIRE PUNCHES. The thug FALTERS.

-- Kona grabs a painting off the wall and slams it over the Thug's head. He stops it short, so it works as a bind.

-- The thug struggles, but is stuck in the frame.

-- SMACK! The thug collapes. Lucy is behind him, holding a toilet cistern. Kona, huffing and puffing, tries to reassert himself.

KONA

Good...team...work.

They head for the exit, Kona limps after her. They hear voices apporaching and they're forced back inside.

LUCY

Come on, I know a way out.

INT. KAILI'S CABIN - NIGHT

They enter the cabin. Lucy points to the window. She tries to push it open.

KAILI (O.S)

Stop right there.

Kaili and Ugly Cat stand in the doorway, holding guns.

KONA

Fiddlesticks.

KAILI
My sentiments exactly.

Kona jumps behind the desk, dragging Lucy with him, pulling the desk down as cover.

Bullets start shooting all around them. Lucy is shielding; Kona remains calm.

LUCY
Now what?

KONA
I'm not going to lie, we're in a jam. But I'm positive we'll be okay.

He points his own gun over the desk and gives a couple of wayward shots. They go nowhere near Kaili and his men.

KONA (CONT.)
(Shouting)
Give it up, Kaili. There's no where to go. I've got a full clip and a sachet of tuna flakes. I'm in this for the long haul.

LUCY
Have you got a screw loose?

KONA
I've got some rosary beads if you need to make peace.

A bullet zings next to them.

KONA
I lied before. I've only got two bullets left. And no tuna flakes. Seems pretty clear what we've got to do.

LUCY
Really? Enlighten me, cos it's seems pretty damn foggy from here.

Kona aims his gun at her.

KONA
I'll euthanise you first. Quick, painless. Then I'll redecorate their walls a nice brain matter red.

Kona cocks the gun. He pulls the trigger as Lucy whinces...

Nothing.

KONA (CONT.)
Oh, sorry. Let me try again -

Suddenly, the bullets stop. Kona's about to pull the trigger again.

LUCY
Wait!...the bullets have stopped.

KONA
The bullets will never stop. Only the dead see the end of war.

MAILE (O.S)
Kona, come out. We won't shoot you.

Kona peeks out over the desk. Maile is there, holding her son down by the ear. Kona and Lucy step cautiously.

KONA
Decided to surrender?

MAILE
Let's talk

INT. KAILI'S CABIN - NIGHT - LATER

Maile sits behind the re-upturned desk. Kaili looks sheepish.

KONA
I suppose you want a thank you for stopping your son becoming a murderer. Well...mass murderer.

She holds up the diary.

KONA
Bet that's a real page turner.

She takes out a lighter and burns it.

MAILE
My idiot son kept a diary because he was planning on selling his stories one day.

Lucy groans as it burns.

MAILE (CONT.)
But he didn't kill Brenda.

KONA
I know.

Maile looks surprised.

KAILI

Great, you just burnt my diary
for nothing.

KONA (CONT.)

Kaili's a piece of shit. And I'm
sure he's a killer. Either
intentionally or because the
brute hugged someone too hard,
but he didn't kill Brenda.

MAILE

Then who did?

KONA

That's none of your concern.

Maile spends some time mulling this over.

MAILE

And my son?

KONA

I didn't come here to hurt Kaili.
I came her to save Lucy from
doing something she'd regret.

MAILE

So, until our phone call you'd
have let her murder my son?

KONA

Yep.

KAILI

How about I give you a real
murder to investig--

Maile shuts her son up with a look.

She turns to Kona.

KONA

You've heard this song before.
I've no intention of singing it
again. Your son is still scum.
Regardless of whether he killed
Brenda. I'll see to it he gets
what's coming to hi.

MAILE

Leave while you've still got the
paws to carry you.

Kona slowly knocks over a lamp from a shelf on his way out.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Lucy and Kona sits on the beach, preening themselves.

KONA (V.O)

There was a hot dry wind blowing the next day. It was one of those Hawaiian days where even the ocean doesn't seem wet. The waves crashing. Slow clapping my failure.

Kona sits next to Lucy.

LUCY

I'm sorry, I almost got us killed. For nothing.

KONA

Wasn't for nothing. Maile knows I'm back in business. And watching her.

LUCY

Are you sure it's him?

Kona shrugs. But nods.

KONA

He knew what the inside of the greenskeepers shed looked like. But the greenskeeper said he'd never met him.

LUCY

And you think that Brenda was sleeping with both of them?

KONA

I reread her letters. She writes as if they're one person, but with two personalities. And we assumed Big Birdie was a golf reference but...

LUCY

You think she meant a different type of birdie.

Kona nods. And they look out at the ocean. Tom Tom Macaw is surfing.

KONA

A Macaw.

LUCY

What do we do now?

KONA

We bide our time. We'll get him.

LUCY

Mind if I hang around awhile.
Until we catch him.

KONA

Sure. Long as you don't mind that
the unseamly 300 days of sunshine
a year.

Tom Tom walks out of the surf and walks towards them, waving
jovially.

END