

TIGER COP

Teaser Project – Pitch Sheet

LOGLINE:

A tough Mumbai cop and his unlikely partner — a 500-pound Bengal tiger — are transferred back to his rural home.

TONE & GENRE:

High-concept action-drama with moments of humor and mythic weight.

Think: Singham meets Sherni with the bite of Okja.

WHY IT WORKS:

- Mass appeal: Buddy-cop action with a wild twist — a tiger with a badge.
- Culturally resonant: Set in India — tribal resistance, environmental destruction, local corruption.
- Visual storytelling: Minimal exposition, maximum cinematic imagery.
- Franchise & merch potential: Vanraj the tiger is iconic and unforgettable.
- Built for adaptation: Hindi, Tamil, Telugu — the core story travels.

COMPARABLE PROJECTS:

Sherni, Singham, Pulimurugan, Okja, Beast of Burden (graphic novel tone)

Developed with cultural authenticity and respect for Indian traditions, this project aims to honor the tone, spirit, and social relevance of modern Indian cinema.

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TIGER COP

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FADE IN:

AERIAL SHOT of India's lush forests mixed with similar shots of crowded cities. We settle into the streets of Mumbai.

EXT. MUMBAI BACK STREETS - NIGHT

ARJUNA RAO (30) - lean, disheveled, bruised - is in hot pursuit of several THUGS through a labyrinth of dark corners, neon signs, rusted shutters, and stray cats.

He dodges scooters, jumps over a cat, slips between food stands.

The thugs split up, Arjuna pursues one group down a long corridor as the other veers off.

ARJUNA
I swear I'll break their legs for
running.

A WOMAN throws a pan of dirty water from the roof barely missing Arjuna.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
Always on wash day.

The thugs make a sharp turn and are out of sight. Arjuna doesn't slow. He turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUMBAI SMALL COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Three thugs, trapped, face Arjuna.

ARJUNA
OK, guys, let's keep it simple.
Give the stolen-

We hear steps. Arjuna turns. He is surrounded by two more thugs. He steps into the center of the courtyard, turns 360 degrees.

There is one light on in an upstairs room. It turns off. The only light left is from a flickering street light high above.

THUG 1
These are our streets, Thulla.

The thugs begin to close in.

ARJUNA

My partner and I don't see it that way.

The thugs all look at each other and laugh.

THUG 1

Your partner? What is he—a ghost?

Arjuna whistles loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF MUMBAI - CONTINUOUS

POV of someone or something racing across the roof tops.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUMBAI SMALL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The thugs look around but at eye level or below, looking for a dog or another man.

THUG 1

Nice try.

As the men move, the rooftop light flickers. There is a loud THUMP on a stack of BARRELS. Silence, then the light returns. There sits VANRAJ—500 pounds of striped raw muscle and fangs. A BENGAL TIGER, police badge hanging on a thick chain around his neck.

ARJUNA

Gentlemen... meet my partner.

The fight is on.

BOOM - FIGHT BEATDOWN MONTAGE:

- Vanraj pounces, he grabs thugs by their shirt collars and belts and tosses them like toys.

- Arjuna ducks and sweeps.

- A clawed paw knocks a thug clean off his feet.

- One tries to run - Vanraj slams him into a wall with a roar.

- Arjuna rolls, pops up, cuffs a dazed thug.

They stand side-by-side in the aftermath - five groaning bodies at their feet.

VANRAJ flicks his tail. Arjuna wipes sweat from his brow. He glances at Vanraj.

ARJUNA

I guess you want me to do the paperwork?

Vanraj gives a light roar and licks his paw.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE: TIGER COP

CUT TO:

INT. ARJUNA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Arjuna awakens on the floor covered with only a TINY BLANKET. On the bed Vanraj is sprawled out with his head on the pillows, snoring loudly. Even the busy traffic is barely audible.

The apartment is a wreck: claw marks on the door and take-out boxes on the floor.

Arjuna stands and surveys the tiny room, lifts the shade then walks to the bathroom. At the door he is repulsed by the smell and pulls the door closed.

Covering his nose, he opens the fridge - empty.

He turns to Vanraj who yawns.

ARJUNA

I told you not to eat my Phaal Curry!

Vanraj licks his paw.

There's a KNOCK at the door. A police officer delivers a memo, nods and leaves. Arjuna reads the memo.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)

Chief wants us down at the station.

Soft roar from Vanraj now perched on the side of the bed.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
 We'll get something on the way.
 (beat) Something *without*
 asafoetida.

Vanraj guiltily lowers his head.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The station is crowded and bustling with cops, criminals, lawyers, witnesses, vendors.

Arjuna enters with Vanraj in tow. The ENTIRE station comes to a halt. Phones ring, no one answers. A secretary drops her cup of tea.

Vanraj looks at a man who falls back of his chair in shock and fright.

CHIEF INSPECTOR DUTT—unimpressed—exits his office. Things go back to normal.

DUTT
 You brought him inside?

ARJUNA
 Yes, Chief Inspector Dutt. He
 doesn't fit on my scooter.

Dutt is in no mood. He walks down the hall.

DUTT
 This way.

Arjuna follows. Vanraj sits and looks in curiosity as people carefully move around him. Dutt looks back.

DUTT (CONT'D)
Both of you.

Vanraj leaps up and chases down the hall.

ARJUNA
 Sir, you don't happen to have a
 cricket ball or something for
 Vanraj to play with, do you?

Dutt shoots him a glance and keeps walking.

Arjuna looks at Vanraj and shrugs.

DUTT
In here.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are three chairs and an old desk from the 1970s rusted by the climate.

Arjuna sits in a chair. Vanraj jumps up and sprawls on the table.

Dutt, visibly frustrated, sits. Out of habit, he attempts to toss a folder onto the table then catches himself.

DUTT
You two are quite the pair. I just read your report. 5 thugs, no shooting, (beat) no one mauled.

Dutt squints at a very disinterested Vanraj.

ARJUNA
Professional police work, Dutt, sir.

Dutt inspects the file.

DUTT
Another robbery solved, is it?

ARJUNA
That is our job, sir.

DUTT
Yes, well from now on you'll be doing your job back in Jabalpur.

A beaming Arjuna looks at an indifferent Vanraj.

ARJUNA
Jabalpur, Inspector?!

DUTT
You're going back to the jungle, Tiger Boy... and take your cat with you.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERCITY BUS - DAY

The bus is packed with people, but an area has been left open by the other passengers. Arjuna sits by the window while Vanraj is sprawled across the back row eating from a takeaway container.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)
Jabalpur. 10 minute break.

Everyone rushes out ahead of Arjuna and Vanraj. A few snap photos.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERCITY BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The scene is chaotic with people and bike taxis moving in every direction. Car horns sound constantly.

Arjuna detaches his scooter from the rear of the bus. Vanraj sits patiently, unfazed by stares of the vendors and chai wallahs.

A young boy points.

YOUNG BOY
It's a lion!

ARJUNA
Tiger. It's literally in the rupee note.

The boy's mom pulls him away.

Arjuna looks around.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
Doesn't look like we're getting a welcoming committee, my friend.

Arjuna starts his scooter and they head toward the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. JABALPUR POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

Vanraj runs alongside Arjuna through the streets. People stare.

Arjuna parks and makes a point to chain his scooter to a post.

Several cops sit outside avoiding the oppressive heat inside. One reads a newspaper, another scrolls through his phone. They are the epitome of indifference.

Arjuna removes a folder from his backpack. Vanraj drinks from a dripping spigot.

COP 1
(dismissive) No need for that,
Jungle Boy. We know who you are.

Vanraj sniffs an officer who recoils in fear.

ARJUNA
Station commander Tiwari?

COP 1
Inside. Fourth door on the left...
near the toilets.

Arjuna enters, Vanraj follows.

CUT TO:

INT. JABALPUR POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The building is outdated, peeling paint, slow spinning ceiling fans swirling the cigarette smoke. Two men sit chained to a bench. A few cops attend to busy work. All stare at Vanraj.

They walk the long corridor past small offices with missing doors and a completely empty "supply closet". As they reach his office door, Tiwari emerges from the bathroom. Vanraj turns his head away. Tiwari jumps but quickly settles down.

TIWARI
Well the prodigious son has
returned... with his tiger.

Tiwari enters his office, small, cramped with a rusting metal filing cabinet and boxes of paper. A cricket bat hangs on the wall.

Arjuna hands him the envelope. He tosses it onto the desk. Arjuna looks at the cricket bat. Tiwari notices.

TIWARI (CONT'D)
Aaaah, you noticed my prized
possession. Signed by Sachin
Tendulkar himself in 1986 just
after India won the World Cup! Only
200,000 Rupees on eBay.

ARJUNA

Sir, I don't think India won the cup that year and Tendulkar wasn't-

Vanraj nudges Arjuna with his massive shoulder - a slow, deliberate "let it go, he's the boss" gesture.

Beat.

TIWARI

Well, I will have to check my receipt. Must have gotten the year wrong.

ARJUNA

Yes, Sir.

Vanraj sniffs the cabinet.

Beat.

TIWARI

I suppose you were expecting a grand welcome?

ARJUNA

No, sir.

TIWARI

That was a historical question.

Vanraj looks at Tiwari.

TIWARI (CONT'D)

Here you are just one of the team. No special treatment. No parades. No press.

ARJUNA

Yes, of course.

Tiwari stands and runs his finger over his bat. He looks at the tip of his finger now covered in dust.

TIWARI

Take the rest of the day to get settled and report tomorrow at 0800.

Arjuna clicks his heels. Salutes.

ARJUNA

Yes, Station Commander Tiwari.

TIWARI

And enough with that saluting. This isn't Mumbai.

CUT TO:

EXT. JABALPUR POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Arjuna and Vanraj exit. The cops haven't moved.

A small crowd has gathered across the street.

Arjuna unlocks his scooter. He notices a shadow. He looks. It takes a second for his eye to adjust. It's Rita.

RITA

Gone is the boy I knew.

She points her camera. Vanraj photo bombs.

ARJUNA

Rita! You look... all grown up.

Rita smiles, deflects.

RITA

I suppose a welcome back is in order.

Arjuna snorts.

ARJUNA

Back but not very welcome.

RITA

I'm sure your parents will be glad to see you.

ARJUNA

I plan to surprise them.

Rita looks at Vanraj who's purring loudly and rubbing against her.

RITA

I think they may hear you coming.

Several large SUVs rumble by blasting *Sher Aaya Sher*.

Vanraj tries to cover his ears.

The SUVs stop at a bar. The men enter. Customers exit.

Arjuna looks at Rita.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Apu's men. They're clearing the
 forest, dumping waste.

ARJUNA
 Why doesn't someone-

He looks at the lazy cops - the answer to his question.

RITA
 Soon your friend may not have a
 home.

Arjuna and Vanraj share a look. Vanraj lets out a hiss.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Come. I'll introduce you to them.

ARJUNA
 You know them?

RITA
 They broke my camera two weeks ago.
 (beat) So I bought a new one.

She taps the lens.

Arjuna looks toward the bar.

ARJUNA
 That used to be a tea stall. (beat)
 Mr. Rao would sneak me free
 rasgulla so his wife won't see.

RITA
 They're gone. And these guys don't
 drink tea. (beat) A lot has
 changed.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL BAR - JABALPUR - MINUTES LATER

Single story, tin roof dive. Cracked plaster walls and faded
 posters and beer signs. A karaoke machine beckons. No takers.

Four of APU'S MEN lounge at a table, feet up, bottles in
 hand.

One sloppily eats fried fish. The BARTENDER stands silently.

Arjuna, Vanraj enter. Rita enters behind them snapping photos—casual but deliberate.

ARJUNA
Welcome to Jabalpur, gentlemen. I
see you found our favorite
restaurant.

The men freeze.

Vanraj casually takes the fish from the man's plate.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
Sorry, we are working on manners.

The man stands and backs away.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
You can file a complaint with
Station Commander Tiwari.

GOON 1
Look at this — the famous Tiger Boy
of Mumbai, his pet, and a *behenji*
with a camera. All we need is a
bandar who can juggle and we can go
on India's Got Talent.

He gets a slight laugh from the goons.

Rita films. Goon 1 forces himself to ignore her.

ARJUNA
I'm *from* Jabalpur. And I don't like
people defiling it.

Goon 1 stands.

GOON 1
I think you're nothing without that
tiger.

Arjuna looks at the men.

ARJUNA
Is that what you all think?

They nod their heads and snicker. Arjuna punches Goon 1 in the stomach. He falls back into his seat. The goons move but Vanraj lets out a low, primal growl. They freeze.

ARJUNA (CONT'D)
This city, the rivers, and my
partner's home—will be clean.

Arjuna, Vanraj and Rita exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

They cross the street toward the police station.

RITA
They won't forget that.

ARJUNA
Neither will we.

FADE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

A crowd has gathered on the steps. Some hold protest signs. Rita records. Tiwari and the lazy cops hold them at bay.

The crowd parts as Arjuna and Vanraj approach.

PROTESTOR
(hush tone) It's him, the Tiger Cop
and his tiger.

Arjuna nods to a few people he recognizes.

Rita holds a microphone to Tiwari.

RITA
When are you going to do something?

TIWARI
We are working on the situation.

She motions toward the lazy cops, calmly sipping drinks and checking their cellphones.

RITA
How? By sipping chai and checking
cricket scores?

TIWARI
We have been assured all permits
have been processed.

PROTESTOR
They're bulldozing Adivasi land!

Crowd grumbles.

TIWARI

It is out of my hands.

She spots Arjuna.

RITA

That's our ancestral land, Arjuna.
Vanraj's too.

Arjuna looks at Tiwari.

ARJUNA

Surely Sir we can-

TIWARI

Fine. You and your tiger want to
investigate, investigate. But
expect no help from us.

ARJUNA

I would presume no such thing,
Tiwari, sir.

Rita smiles at him. His face lights up. Vanraj steals
biscuits off a lazy cop's plate.

FADE TO:

EXT. EDGE OF DINDORI FOREST - DAY

A vast clearing has been ripped open. DIRT DUST and STUMPS
stretch where trees once stood.

A BULLDOZER clears trees, guarded by a gang of goons in
mirrored sunglasses and branded uniforms. Runoff flows into a
river.

Arjuna, Vanraj and Rita arrive. Rita on the back of Arjuna's
scooter. She immediately begins filming. Arjuna and Vanraj
walk ahead. Rita hesitates. Vanraj looks back at her and
flicks his tail once. She takes a breath and joins them.

A group of local villagers gather around them. A tribal ELDER
(late 70s, skin worn by the sun) dressed in faded handwoven
clothes. She hands a small TALISMAN to Rita. She scoops dirt
and puts a streak on Arjuna and Vanraj's shoulders.

The elder closes her eyes and says a quiet prayer.

Vanraj stays perfectly still.

RITA
(quietly) That's a blessing for
warriors.

Vanraj lets out a distressed roar.

Everyone turns.

REVEAL - Behind the bulldozer, two rusted cages hold sacred animals—a trembling BLACK BUCK and a wounded elephant CALF, bleeding from its hind leg. Its eyes shimmer, ringed with dust and moisture.

ARJUNA
Then let's act like it.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION NEWS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A group of reporters are sitting around their computers. One, MEERA (30s) has a shocked expression. KADA (50s) notices.

KARAN
What is it?

MEERA
It's Rita.

Kada and the other reporters rush to her desk. On the CPU SCREEN is a live feed from the edge of the forest.

KARAN
What is she doing?

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF DINDORI FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Arjuna, Vanraj and Rita walk in tandem - badass like in *Reservoir Dogs* - toward the clearing.

MUSIC: Something similar to *Little Green Bag*—Hindi funk track.

Arjuna's hands are to his sides with fists curled. Rita's camera is to her side, her hands slightly behind her. Vanraj is crouched, every muscle flexed, tail low and swinging side-to-side.

Goons form a line to intercept them.

ARJUNA
From now on, we all fight together.

TITLE CARD: TIGER COP

TAGLINE: JABALPUR IS ABOUT TO GET PRIMAL.