

FINDERS KEEPERS

written by

John Stone

(c) 2025

INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

Grey haired eccentric LENNY 60s reads a book in bed when his cell phone lights up beside him.

He closes the book and brings the phone to ear.

LENNY
(cautiously)

Hello.

PSYCHO V.O

Oi Tyrone, if you don't bring me my Charlie back right now, you'll wish you'd hadn't been born, pal, I promise ya... You don't know what you're dealing with.

LENNY

Who is this?

Short silence.

PSYCHO V.O

Who the fuck are you, answering Tyrone's phone-? Where is he-?

LENNY

He was dead the last time I saw him.

PSYCHO V.O

So you must've have my Charlie, then, right-?

LENNY

I don't know anything about any Charlie.

PSYCHO V.O

Where'd you live-?

LENNY

Why-?

PSYCHO V.O

Just stop fucking about and put Tyrone on.

LENNY

I told you, he's dead.

PSYCHO V.O

What happened to him then?

LENNY

He fell on his sword.

PSYCHO

Have you got my Charlie?

LENNY

Not me, no. Somebody must've
taken your drugs. I dunno.

PSYCHO V.O

*Now you listen to me, pal, I want
my two kilos, or you and Tyrone
are both fucking dead, d' ya get
me-?*

LENNY

That's what your friend Tyrone
said before he fell on his sword.

Protracted silence, then the line goes dead.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Hello-? You still there-?

Lenny shakes his head and discards the phone, then steps over
to a mirrored dressing table where he sits down on the stall
and applies mascara and lipstick to his face.

He slips on a blonde wig, then a black dress and heels.

He checks himself in the mirror, then picks up a black
patented bag off the table.

A FIST BANGS ON THE FRONT DOOR.

Lenny's eyes bulge as he stares at the door in horror.

Beat.

He cautiously opens the door to PSYCHO 30s, dressed in an
orange tracksuit and white baseball cap. He bears a long scar
down the left side of his chubby face.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Yeah-?

Short silence as they eye one another.

PSYCHO

Alright there?

LENNY

What'd you want?

PSYCHO

Is Tyrone there? I need to speak to him about summink urgently.

LENNY

He's not here.

PSYCHO

I've come to collect my two kilos of you-know-what. I know he's here. I traced his phone to this address.

Lenny panics and quickly attempts to close the door.

Psycho sticks his foot inside the gap and uses his strength to force himself inside.

LENNY

I don't know anything! Get out of my flat!

Psycho stands ominously in the middle of the room. Lenny trembles with fear.

PSYCHO

Now just stop fucking about and no one'll get hurt, right?

LENNY

Are you sure you've come to the right address? I'm the only one who lives here.

PSYCHO

I fuckin' know I've come to the right address! Where's he hiding?

LENNY

I told you, he's not here! Now get out before I call the police.

PSYCHO

What's the charge? He's got my gear you fuckin' tranny cunt!

LENNY

Get out!

Psycho scans the room with suspicion.

PSYCHO

Tell me where my drugs are and
I'll leave you alone.

LENNY

I told you on the phone, he's
dead.

PSYCHO

(chuckles)

Bollox! Tyrone ain't fuckin'
dead. You'll be dead if you don't
fuckin' tell me where he is, or I
don't fucking' get my drugs back!

LENNY

He fell on his sword this
morning. He was gonna kill me,
because he thought I'd stolen his
drugs. I'm a jogger.

PSYCHO

Nah, nah. You're lying pal.

LENNY

It's the truth. Ask the girl who
was with him if you don't believe
me.

PSYCHO

What are you doing with his phone
then?

LENNY

Oh that?

PSYCHO V.O

Yeah, that.

LENNY

It fell out of his pocket. I
picked it up. I was just about to
go out and hand it in at the
police station.

PSYCHO

I'm here now. You can give it to me, cantcha?

LENNY

I suppose so.

Psycho ruminates.

PSYCHO

So, if he's dead, Connie must have my Charlie, right?

LENNY

That's exactly what I thought.

PSYCHO

Give me his phone. I'll ring her and see what she has to say.

LENNY

OK.

He hands him the phone.

Psycho makes the call, then listens before he angrily ends the call.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(concerned)

What's wrong?

PSYCHO

Something weird just happened. A Fed answered her phone.

LENNY

Well, maybe she's at the police station giving evidence, I dunno.

He stares with a mischievous intent at Lenny.

PSYCHO

No one likes a fuckin' liar, do they pal?

LENNY

No, I know. I realise that. But I haven't got your drugs, I swear.

Psycho reveals a flick knife. Lenny stands and nervously shakes his head.

PSYCHO

Why was he chasing you?

LENNY

I told you. He thought I'd stolen his drugs.

PSYCHO

Why would he think that?

Lenny retreats as Psycho stalks him with the knife raised at his throat.

LENNY

Because I jog on the heath every morning.

PSYCHO

So.

LENNY

Well, this morning I found a bag. It was left under a tree. There was no one around, but I spotted them in the car park. I thought the bag must belong to her. It was a woman's shoulder bag.

PSYCHO

What did you do about it?

LENNY

Well, I jogged to the car park to give it back to them, but when I got there they'd disappeared. I spotted them again walking back towards the woods, so I jogged back to catch them up, and that's when he threatened me.

PSYCHO

Oh yeah?

LENNY

Yeah. He was slapping her about. I just assumed it was because she'd left the bag there. They must have been there before I got there.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HEATH - MORNING

TYRONE 30s shags CONNIE 20s doggy up the tree. The SHOULDER BAG lies at the foot of the tree

Beat.

They walk off arm in arm without the shoulder bag.

END FLASHBACK.

LENNY

He accused me of taking his
drugs.

PSYCHO

I don't believe you. You're a
fuckin' liar pal.

LENNY

It's the truth!

Lenny wipes his sweaty brow with his sleeve.

Psycho becomes distracted by the iPhone as it vibrates inside his pocket. He turns his back and answers the call.

PSYCHO

Excuse me-? Who's this-? What
for-?

He quickly ends the call, then discards the phone.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

That was the Feds. They want me
to go down to the nick for an
informal chat.

LENNY

That's a bit extreme.

PSYCHO

No it isn't extreme. You're
right, Tyrone must be dead. But
that still leaves the question of
where's my two kilos of Charlie
are?

(reflects)

That bitch must have it!

LENNY
(shakes head)
I dunno.

Psycho takes out a small bag of white powder. He spreads it across the table, then opens a tobacco tin and takes out a razor blade.

He gives Lenny a warning stare, then begins to cut the powder with the razor blade.

PSYCHO
Just remember, you never saw me
tonight, right?

LENNY
Yeah. Right.

PSYCHO
This stuff ain't summink you
casually indulge with you know,
unless you can afford it. This
bag cost me 70K. And if she's
stolen my gear, I'll fucking
slice her up, I'm telling ya.
I'll cut her tits off.

Psycho shows a mischievous grin as he makes a couple of lines. Lenny watches him closely and remains silent.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)
You're a bit odd, aintcha?

LENNY
I dunno. Am I?

PSYCHO
Yeah. I think so. Why are you
wearing women's clothes, and
make-up?

Protracted silence as Lenny cautiously steps back.

LENNY
Oh that. Does it bother you,
then?

PSYCHO
It doesn't bother me pal. So what
shall I call you, then?

LENNY

You can call me whatever you
like. I'm not really bothered.
I've been called a lot worse.

Psycho snorts a line of Charlie, then looks up at Lenny
knowingly.

PSYCHO

In that case, I'll call you
Louise?

LENNY

Who's Louise?

PSYCHO

My ex. Slag!

LENNY

Oh.

(pauses)

What can I call you?

PSYCHO

(angrily)

Mind your own fuckin' business!

LENNY

(aback)

Oh.

Psycho hands him a rolled twenty pound note.

PSYCHO

G'rn. Take it. Have a fuckin'
line on me. It'll calm your
nerves.

Lenny takes it from his hand, then leans over the table and
snorts a line of Charlie. Evidence of this is left on his
nose.

LENNY

Thanks.

PSYCHO

So, are you a cross dresser,
then? Are you wearing any
knickers?

Lenny shows evidence of his disposition as he shies away from
the question.

Psycho bears an intense threatening gaze towards him.

LENNY

Actually, I think you'd better go. You've got Tyrone's phone. Besides the police know where you are now. They'll be looking for you.

PSYCHO

I'm going. But I need to know something before I do.

LENNY

What's that?

PSYCHO

Did you see anyone else on the heath, apart from Tyrone and Connie?

LENNY

I don't think so. My eyes are not as good as they used to be.

Psycho begins to pace the floor in torment.

PSYCHO

So you didn't notice anyone else hanging around?

LENNY

No. But I can't remember. My memory isn't as good as it used to be, either.

PSYCHO

(snarls)

What?! You taking the fuckin' piss pal?

LENNY

No-no, no.

Psycho sweeps up the surplus substance on the table into a transparent bag.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Will that be all?

PSYCHO

No! Shut up! I'm thinking.

Lenny opens the door for him to leave.

LENNY

You've got what you came here
for, now go, please.

Short silence.

PSYCHO

You said that you're a jogger,
right?

LENNY

Yeah.

PSYCHO

So you must find bags all the
time... being a jogger and all
that, right?

LENNY

Yeah, I do, I suppose. That was
the third one this month
actually.

PSYCHO

So did you stick your fuckin'
nose inside them as well, or
what?

LENNY

No.

PSYCHO

Why not?

LENNY

(sarcastically)

Because I had sex with all the
others.

Psycho absorbs his words, then roars in uncontrollable
laughter.

Lenny stands straight faced and bemused.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Well, the first one I did,
anyway. She liked it up the arse
a bit. But the other one had
baby's things inside it, so it
put me off, you know?

PSYCHO

Are you taking the fuckin' piss
pal. Cos if you are, you're
fuckin' asking for it, aintcha?
You're a fuckin' headcase,
aintcha?

LENNY

Yeah. Well. They weren't any use
to anyone. There wasn't anything
to suggest who they belonged to,
was there? They were just rotten
old bags.

Psycho stops laughing. His face becomes deadly serious.

He shuts the door, then grabs Lenny by the throat and forces
him over the sofa.

LENNY

GET OFF OF ME!

PSYCHO

Now I'm gonna show you what a
rotten old bag is!

LENNY

LET GO OF ME! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
LET GO!

PSYCHO

I hope you're not making light of
a fuckin' murder pal! Because if
you think you're funny, I'll show
you what's funny! I'll show you a
fuckin' joke pal! So ya wanna see
a joke do ya?! Here then! Here's
a fuckin' big joke on me!

(accented)

Say hello to my little friend!

He pins Lenny down with his forearm wedged behind his neck.
With his free hand he lifts up Lenny's dress and forces
himself inside his anus.

Lenny contorts with pain and yelps with each thrust of
Psycho's hips.

LENNY

Please! You're hurting me! Get
off me! Get off of me!

PSYCHO

Is this what you did to those rotten old bags, you tranny cunt?! Now it's my turn! Have some of this, you cock sucking cunt!

The iPhone rings inside Psycho's pocket.

PSYCHO

FUCK SAKE! YOU'RE SHITTING ME!

He releases himself from Lenny's anus, then pulls up his bottoms and answers the call.

Lenny turns round and watches him closely as his dress falls down over his knees.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What-?

He ends the call, then unlocks the door.

Lenny gets to his feet and brushes himself down.

LENNY

Are you finished with me?

PSYCHO

Yeah. Afraid so. That was the Feds on the phone again. I've gotta go. They're on their way.

LENNY

So you're not angry with me anymore, then?

PSYCHO

Nope. Sorry for any inconvenience caused on my behalf.

LENNY

Right then. You do realise what you've just done to me, like rape?

PSYCHO

Oh fuck off! You enjoyed it pal.
I could tell. You were loving it.
I bet that ain't the first time
you've been shagged either, is
it?

LENNY

Is that what you think?

PSYCHO

I don't think, bruv, I know.

Psycho opens the door to leave.

LENNY

I was twelve years old the last
time someone did that to me.

PSYCHO

Well, in that case you've had
plenty of time to get over it,
haven'tcha?

LENNY

I suppose so.

PSYCHO

Listen, I ain't got time for all
this sentimental bollox. The Feds
are on their way.

Lenny stares dispassionately with a furrowed brow.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Oh, and if you think about dobbing
me in to the filth. I'll come
back here, and you know what that
means, dontcha?

LENNY

Not really, no.
(reflects)
Haven't you forgotten something?

PSYCHO

What's that?

LENNY

Two kilos of Charlie.

PSYCHO

You what?! You mean...?

LENNY

I'll get it for you. Wait here.

Lenny exits. Psycho rubs his hands together and grins inwardly.

PSYCHO (ASIDE)

What a cheeky cunt.

Lenny returns with a SHOTGUN. He points the long barrel straight at Psycho's chest.

Aghast, Psycho raises his hands.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, woah! What are you doing? Stop right there. Dontcha do anything stupid, will ya, Louise? I mean, we don't want anyone to get hurt now, do we?

LENNY

Why not? You hurt me when you raped me.

PSYCHO

Yeah, but that was only a bit of fun, wonnit? You enjoyed it, I could tell.

LENNY

Well, You should enjoy this, then, shouldn't you?

Lenny slips his finger around the trigger.

PSYCHO

NO! STOP! WAIT!

BANG!

A hole appears through Psycho's chest as he flies back and drops to the floor in a bloodied mess.

Lenny coldly stares down at him and shakes his head in disgust.

LENNY

Cunt!

Armed OFFICERS appear in the door frame. Their weapons raised.

OFFICER#1

(to Lenny)

DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW AND COME TO
THE DOOR WITH YOUR HANDS UP.

He slowly places the shotgun down on the floor and walks towards them with his hands raised.

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