

Jog Off

written by

John Stone

(c) 2024

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HEATH - EARLY MORNING 1

It's a grey, miserable day as a disengaged LENNY 68, takes his usual morning jog.

He wears grubby shorts and an old T with a faded image on the front of Donald Duck. His wiry, receding hair sticks up in the breeze as he makes strides over the brow of the hill towards the wooded area.

Beat.

He continues along the path through the woods and spots a BROWN LEATHER SHOULDER BAG at the base of a fir tree.

He stops and gazes down at the bag in wonder, before he looks around to see if he can spot anyone.

His POV: A MAN and a WOMAN in the distant car park.

2 EXT. HEATH CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING 2

Athletic, middle-aged TYRONE has a large, pointy nose and wears a green hoodie whilst in confrontation with a younger fit looking CONNIE. She sports a yellow tracksuit and a red sun visor.

TYRONE

(threateningly)

You fuckin' stupid bitch! Go back and get it!

He grabs her by the hair and slaps her about the face.

She screams as she attempts to fight him off.

CONNIE

Get off of me! Leave me alone, you bastard!

TYRONE

Go back and get it, you stupid cow!

CONNIE

Alright! Alright! Just get off me!

TYRONE

I'm coming with ya. And it better still be there, or else.

CONNIE

I knew this was a mistake. I should've let you come on your own.

TYRONE

Well then.

CONNIE

You only brought me here to fuck me, didn't you?

TYRONE

How'd ya guess?

(pauses)

C'mon!

He drags her back towards the tree where he left the bag.

BACK TO:

3 HEATH - CONT'D

3

Lenny grabs the bag and slings it over his shoulder. Unbeknown, a transparent PACKAGE drops out of the bag and falls to the earth.

CU: The transparent package contains WHITE POWDER.

Lenny jogs towards the car park with the bag, but trips and falls over.

Behind him two young CYCLISTS race up the pathway.

One of Cyclist's spots the package and stops. He climbs off his bike and picks up the package.

He stares at it for a moment.

CYCLIST#1

(to Cyclist#2)

Charlie.

CYCLIST#2

C'mon then. Put it way and lets go.

He stashes the package inside his pocket and they cycle off again.

Lenny gets to his feet and looks up.

His POV: The empty car park.

LENNY

Shit!

He soon spots them rushing towards the woods.

LENNY /

God sake!

Lenny jogs back towards the woods.

Beat.

As Lenny arrives back at the tree, Tyrone and the distressed Connie gaze at him with gritted teeth.

He stares back at them with the bag over his shoulder.

TYRONE

What the fuck are you doing with my bird's bag?

LENNY

(dismayed)

Actually, I brou-

CONNIE

-You better not have taken anything.

Tyrone snatches the bag back and looks inside.

TYRONE

(angrily)

Where's my fucking Charlie, you thieving cunt?!

LENNY

(shakes head)

What? I dunno-

TYRONE

-I said where's my fucking Charlie?!

LENNY

I don't know about any Charlie.
I-

TYRONE

-It was in the fucking bag! Now
where is it, you thieving
bastard?! Tell me or I'll fuckin'
cutcha!

LENNY

But I haven't got it. I was just
bringing the bag for you. I saw
you in the car park. That's why I
came back to give it to you. I
saw you heading back this way.

TYRONE

(suspiciously)

Fuckin' liar! I want my Charlie
now!

Tyrone hands her the bag, then produces a ZOMBIE KNIFE.

TYRONE /

Otherwise you're gonna fuckin'
die right here!

Lenny gasps at the sight of the zombie knife and immediately
makes a dash through the woods.

TYRONE /

(to Connie)

Go and get the car and meet me at
the north gate!

Tyrone throws her the car keys.

Beat.

Lenny runs for dear life with Tyrone swinging the zombie
knife a short distance behind.

CU: Lenny's face depicts utter fear and horror as he turns to
look back.

Connie quickly key fobs her vehicle, then jumps in and starts
the engine.

5 HEATH CONT'D

5

Lenny weakens and pants as he begins to lose breath, as Tyrone closes the gap to a cat's whisker.

He is about to strike when he trips and stumbles over a log.

He tumbles and rolls, then falls on his zombie knife before he screams out in pain.

Lenny stops and turns to look back.

His POV: Tyrone, with the zombie knife stuck in his gut - His eyes wide open. His iPhone beside him.

Bts.

Lenny stares down at him in horror before he picks up the iPhone.

6 INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

6

Behind the wheel Connie searches the heath.

CU: The brown bag lies on the passenger seat. Her iPhone vibrates inside her bag.

CONNIE

Oh shit!

She rummages through the bag for the phone.

THUMP!!

She hits the two Cyclists head-on and skids towards a huge oak tree with them slumped over the bonnet.

CRUNCH!!

She flies through the windscreen and lands on top of the Cyclists who are crushed up against the tree.

CU: The white powder scattered everywhere.

7 HEATH (CONT'D)

7

Lenny shakes his head in dismay, then drops the iPhone into his pocket and jogs on.

8 INT. BEDSIT - DAY

8

Lenny enters and quickly closes the door behind him.

He stands in reverie.

Beat.

He places the iPhone down on the table, then scratches his head in wonder.

His FLASHBACK:

Tyrone, with the zombie knife stuck in his gut - His eyes wide open. His iPhone beside him.

END FLASHBACK.

9 HEATH - CONT'D

9

At the scene of the accident, blue lights flash as emergency services attend the carnage.

Bearded DI JUPP 40's pulls the passenger door open and spots the bag on the passenger seat. He grabs it and looks inside.

He takes out her mobile phone and scrolls through her calls and messages.

JUPP -

(To uniform)

She had a missed call at 8 a.m
this morning.

He marches over to a nervous looking FEMALE WITNESS. She stands and holds a dog on a sash.

JUPP

What time did you say to my
colleague you saw the accident?

WITNESS

About 8 a.m.

JUPP

Did you see anything else? Some
suspicious activity going on in
the car park, for instance?

WITNESS

No, I never. But she wasn't looking where she was going. Her head was down. I couldn't believe what she was doing. She drove straight into them.

JUPP

OK. Thanks for your help.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

We've got a dead body in the woods. Fits the description of the registered owner of the vehicle.

JUPP

Male?

OFFICER

He's a male, yes. And he's got a zombie knife stuck in his stomach.

JUPP

Show me.

They quickly head towards the woods.

10 INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT 10

Lenny casually watches TV as he sits with a hot drink. The iPhone situated on the coffee table in front of him.

11 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 11

A tearful female, COOPER 22 sits slumped in an armchair as JUPP stands over her.

JUPP

Is there anything more you can tell me about Tyrone?

COOPER

Only what I've already told you, that he was heavily involved in drugs.

JUPP

Right.

COOPER

Connie wasn't into that sort of thing. I warned her something like this would happen the longer she stayed with him.

JUPP

Well, you say that, but she's killed two innocent young boys on push bikes.

COOPER

He must've made her do it. Connie wouldn't hurt a fly.

JUPP

No, he couldn't have. He was dead.

COOPER

(sighs)

Well, then they must've gone there to meet somebody, otherwise what would they be doing there?

JUPP

(scratches chin)

Right, we're done. I'll see myself out. Oh, and I'm very sorry for your loss.

12 INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

12

Lenny continues to watch TV whilst slumped in the armchair.

The iPhone lights up on the coffee table.

He stares at it for a moment in wonder, then grabs it and puts it to his ear.

LENNY

(cautiously)

Hello-?

The caller hangs up. Lenny shakes head.

13 INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

13

Jupp sits at his desk with a mugshot of Tyrone on his computer screen in front of him.

He replaces the phone receiver, then steps towards a COLLEAGUE.

JUPP

Get me a trace on this number.
Somebody just answered his phone.

He writes the number down on a piece of paper.

COLLEAGUE

Right.

JUPP

Whoever answered his phone must
have stabbed him.

COLLEAGUE

There's no foreign prints on the
murder weapon, just the victim's
own.

JUPP

I know. But something doesn't
quite add up.

(pauses)

The cocaine was scattered all
over the bonnet, while he was
lying dead in the woods. And she
was driving.

COLLEAGUE

Unless she killed him and was
making off with the drugs before
the collision?

JUPP

It's feasible.

14 INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

14

Lenny reads a book when the iPhone lights up beside him.

He closes the book, then brings the phone to ear.

PSYCHO V.O

Oi Tyrone if you don't bring me my gear 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

What the fuck are you doing answering Tyrone's phone-? Where is he?

LENNY

He's dead.

PSYCHO O.S

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

LENNY

I don't know anything about any Charlie.

PSYCHO O.S

Where'd you live, then-?

LENNY

Why-?

PSYCHO O.S

Just put Tyrone on.

LENNY

Somebody must've taken your drugs apparently, I dunno.

PSYCHO O.S

Listen to me, pal, I want my two kilos of coke, or you and Tyrone are fucking dead, d' ya get me-?

LENNY

That's what your friend kept saying before he fell on his sword.

Silence.

LENNY /
Hello-? You still there-?

He discards the phone, then steps over to a mirrored dressing table. He sits down upon 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 hand bag.

A BANG BANG ON THE FRONT DOOR.

His eyes bulge as he stares at the door in horror.

Beat.

He finally opens the door to shaven headed PSYCHO 30's. He bears a thin scar down the left side of his chubby face and sports an orange puffer jacket, blue chinos and red sneakers.

LENNY /
(softly)
Yeah?

Short silence.

PSYCHO O.S
Alright?

LENNY
Yes thanks.
(pauses)
What do you want?

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

LENNY
No.

PSYCHO O.S
I've come to collect my two kilos of you-know-what. I know he's in there. I traced his phone.

Lenny panics and 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!

Psycho stands threateningly in the middle of the room. Lenny stands shaking.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

(angrily)

I fuckin' know I've come to the right address!

(suspiciously)

So where is he hiding?

LENNY

He's not here! Now get out before I call the police!

PSYCHO

What's the charge for collecting what belongs to me? He's got my gear, you fuckin' tranny!

LENNY

Just get out!

Psycho scans the room suspiciously.

PSYCHO

Tell me where my drugs are and I'll leave you alone to get on with whatever you've been doing to one another!

LENNY

I told you on the phone he's dead.

PSYCHO

(chuckles)

Bollocks. 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 tripped and fell on his sword
this morning. He was going to
kill me, because like you he
thought I'd stolen his drugs.

PSYCHO

Nah, nah. You're lying,

LENNY

It's the truth. Ask the girl if
you don't believe me.

PSYCHO

What are you doing with his
phone, then?

LENNY

He dropped it. I picked it up. I
was just about to go out and hand
it in to the police.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Yeah. OK.

He marches around the room and ruminates.

PSYCHO

So, if he's dead, Connie must
have my Charlie, then.

LENNY

That's what I thought.

PSYCHO

(knowingly)

Give me his phone. I'll ring her
and see what she says.

LENNY

Sure.

He hands him the phone.

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

LENNY
(concerned)
What's wrong?

PSYCHO
Something weird is going on. A
fed picked up her phone.

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

He stares mischievously at Lenny.

PSYCHO /
No one likes a fuckin' liar, do
they?

LENNY
I know. I realise that. But I
haven't got your drugs, I swear
to you.

Psycho reveals an ugly flick knife. Lenny stands and shakes
his head in dismay.

PSYCHO
Why was he chasing you?

LENNY
He thought I'd stolen his drugs.

PSYCHO
Why would he think that?

Psycho stalks him as he retreats.

LENNY
Because I jog on the heath every
morning. And this morning I
spotted a bag left under a tree.
There was no one around, but then
I spotted them in the car park
and thought the bag must belong
to her.

PYSCHO
What did you do, then?

LENNY

Well I tried to give it back to them, but when I got to the car park they'd gone. I spotted them heading back towards the woods, so I jogged back and that's when he threatened me with a hunting knife.

(pauses)

He was slapping her around the head. I assumed it was because she'd left the bag behind. They must have been there at some stage.

FLASHBACK:

15 EXT. HEATH - MORNING

15

Tyrone does Connie doggy style under the tree.

Beat.

They walk off arm in arm with the bag left under the tree.

END FLASHBACK

LENNY

He accused me.

PSYCHO

You're a fuckin' liar, pal.

LENNY

(gasps)

If you say so. But it's the truth.

Lenny wipes his sweaty brow with a tissue.

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

PSYCHO

(agitated)

Excuse me-? Who is this-? What for-?

He quickly ends the call, then discards the phone.

PSYCHO

That was the old bill. They want me to come down to the nick for a chat.

LENNY

That's a bit extreme.

PSYCHO

No, it isn't extreme. He must be dead.

(pauses)

But that still leaves the question of where's my two kilos of Charlie are?

(pauses)

That bitch!

LENNY

(shakes head)

I dunno.

Psycho takes out a small bag of white powder. He spreads some across the table.

He opens a small tin and takes out a razor blade.

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

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Right.

PSYCHO

This stuff ain't summink you casually indulge with you know, unless you can afford it. This bag cost me seventy-k. And if she's stolen my Charlie, I'll fucking slice her up, I'm telling ya.

Psycho shows a mischievous grin as he makes a couple of lines with the powder.

PSYCHO

You're a bit odd, you, ain'tcha?

LENNY

I dunno. Am I?

PSYCHO

Yeah, I think so.

(pauses)

Why are you wearing women's
clothes, and lipstick, and
mascara?

Protracted silence as Lenny watches him like a hawk.

LENNY

Oh that.

(pauses)

Does it bother you, then?

PSYCHO

It doesn't bother me, pal.

(pauses)

So what should I call you, then?

LENNY

Call me whatever you like. I'm
not bothered. I've been called a
lot worse.

Psycho snorts a line of Charlie, then looks up at Lenny in a
needy fashion.

PSYCHO

Can I call you Louise?

LENNY

Why? Who's Louise?

PSYCHO

My ex.

LENNY

OK.

(pauses)

What shall I call you, then?

PSYCHO

(angrily)

Mind your own fuckin' business.

LENNY

(aback)

Oh. OK.

Psycho hands him a rolled twenty.

PSYCHO

Here. Take it. Have a fuckin'
line on me. It'll calm your
nerves a bit.

Lenny takes it from his hand, then leans over the table and
snorts a line of Charlie.

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 with white powder all over his nostrils.

Psycho bears an intense threatening gaze towards him.

LENNY

Actually, I think you'd better go
now. You've got the phone. And
anyway the police know now.
They'll be looking for it.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

What's that?

PSYCHO

Did you see anyone else on the
heath, apart from them two?

LENNY

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

Psycho begins to pace the floor tormentingly.

PSYCHO

So you didn't notice anyone else
hanging around, then?

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 fucking piss?

LENNY

No.

Psycho sweeps up the surplus substance into a transparent bag.

LENNY

Will that be all, then?

PSYCHO

Shut up! I'm thinking.

Lenny opens the door for him to leave.

LENNY

You've got what you came here for.

Short silence.

PSYCHO

You say you're a jogger, right?

LENNY

Yes.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

I do, actually. That was the third one I'd come across this month.

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 the
others.

Psycho absorbs his words, then roars in uncontrollable
laughter.

Lenny looks on straight faced and bemused.

LENNY /

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

PSYCHO

(aback)

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

LENNY

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

Psycho stops laughing and becomes deadly serious.

He locks door, then grabs Lenny by the throat and forces him
over the armchair.

PSYCHO

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

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 him.

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

LENNY

Please, you're hurting me! Get off! Get off me!

PSYCHO

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

The iPhone rings inside his pocket.

PSYCHO

FUCK SAKE! YOU'RE SHITTING ME!

He releases himself and pulls up his chinos, then gets to his feet and answers the call.

Lenny watches him closely as his dress full down over his knees.

PSYCHO /

(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

Afraid so. That was the old bill.
I've gotta go. I think they're on
their way over.

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

Nope.
(pauses)
Sorry for the inconvenience
caused.

LENNY

Right then.
(pauses)
But you do realise what you've
just done - rape?

PSYCHO

You enjoyed it.

LENNY

Is that what you think?

PSYCHO

I don't think, bruv, I know.

Psycho opens the door.

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Yeah, I s'pose so.

PSYCHO

Look, I ain't got time for all
this sentimental bollocks. The
Feds are coming.

Lenny stares dispassionately with a furrowed brow.

PSYCHO /

Oh, and if you think about dobbin
me in. I'll come back, and you
know what that means, don'tcha?

LENNY

Not really, no.

(pauses)

Haven't you forgotten something?

PSYCHO

What's that?

LENNY

Your two kilos.

PSYCHO

You what?! You mean...

LENNY

I'll get it for you. Wait here.

Lenny exits.

PSYCHO

Fucking' hurry up, you lying
cunt!

(aside)

Cheeky cunt.

Without further ado Lenny returns with a sawn off SHOTGUN
pointed straight at him.

Psycho raises his hands in horror.

PSYCHO

Woah! Woah! Woah! Stop right
there! Don't do anything stupid
now, will ya, Louise? I mean, we
don't want anyone to get hurt, do
we?

LENNY

Why not? You hurt me just now.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Well, I hope you enjoy this,
then.

PSYCHO

NO! WAIT!

BANG!

He puts a hole through his chest as he flies back and falls
to the floor in a bloodied mess.

Lenny stares down at his cadaver and shakes his head in
disgust.

LENNY

Cunt!

Lenny stands holding the shotgun as DI Jupp and his team of
armed officers arrive. Their weapons pointed at him.

JUPP

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

Lenny drops the shotgun and stands in reverie.

FADE OUT:

THE END