

PAYBACK

written by

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(c) 2025

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Broad shouldered TYRONE 30s and CONNIE 20s have sex up a large oak tree. A brown leather shoulder bag lies at the foot of the tree.

Beat.

He puts an arm around her shoulders as they walk off without the shoulder bag.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grey haired eccentric LENNY 60s sifts through the same shoulder bag and discovers two large brown packages.

He opens one of the packages and discovers a white powder substance.

He rubs the substance into his gums and stands in reverie.

He then makes a line on the table, using a card from his wallet.

He snorts the line up his nose then stands in reverie.

A phone inside the bag buzzes.

Lenny dips his hand inside the bag and brings the phone to his ear.

LENNY

(cautiously)

Hullo?

PSYCHO V.O

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

LENNY

Sorry. Who is this?

A short silence.

PSYCHO V.O

Never you fuckin' mind who this is. Who the fuck are you, answering Tyrone's phone-? Where is the cunt-?

LENNY

He's dead.

PSYCHO V.O

Wot'd ya mean he's dead-?

LENNY

He's dead.

PSYCHO V.O

So if you're answering his phone, you must have my Charlie, then, right-?

LENNY

I don't know anything about any Charlie. Who's Charlie?

PSYCHO V.O

Where'd you live, pal-?

LENNY

Why d' you want to know-?

PSYCHO V.O

Are you a fuckin' comedian, or what-?

LENNY

No. I'm a tennis coach if you must know.

PSYCHO V.O

Well stop fuckin' about and put him on, then.

LENNY

I already 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, you cunt-?

LENNY

Not me, no. Somebody else might have though, I dunno.

A short silence.

PSYCHO V.O

Now you listen to me pal, I want my two kilos of gear, or you and that cunt are both fuckin' dead, d' ya get me-?

LENNY

That was the last thing he said before he fell on his sword, actually.

Protracted silence before the line goes dead.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Hullo-? You still there-? Hullo-?
I never got your name-?

Lenny shakes his head and discards the phone.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(aside)

Twat.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lenny slips off his grubby tracksuit and steps over to a mirrored dressing table where he sits down on a stall and applies mascara and lipstick.

He then powders his face and slips on a blonde wig.

He opens the wardrobe and takes out a black slinky dress.

He slides into the dress then slips on a pair of black heels.

He checks himself in the mirror, then picks up the shoulder bag from off the table.

BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

He exits the bedroom and quickly returns with the shoulder bag and the two packages which he hides under the bed.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lenny reappears and cautiously opens the door to broad shouldered PSYCHO 30s.

He is 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)
(dispassionately)

Yeah-?

Short silence as they eye one another knowingly.

PSYCHO
(falsely grins)
Alright there?

LENNY
What'd you want?

PSYCHO
Is Tyrone there? I need to speak to him 'bout summink important.

LENNY
I know who you are. I told you on the phone, he's not here.

PSYCHO
Well I've come to collect my two kilos of you-know-what. I know he's fuckin' here. I traced his phone to this address, you silly cunt.

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
(stumbles)
I don't know anything! Get out of my flat before i call the police!

Psycho stands ominously in the middle of the room. Lenny bears a blank look as he stares back at him.

PSYCHO

Now just stop fuckin' me 'bout
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, Pal! Where's he
hiding?

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

What's the charge?

LENNY

Get out!

Psycho scans the room with a suspicious intent.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

I told you, I don't know anything
about any drugs.

PSYCHO

(chuckles)

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

LENNY

I told you, he fell on his sword
this morning. He was going to
kill me. Just like you, he
thought I'd stolen his drugs. I'm
just a jogger who tried to give
him, and that woman, back their
bag.

PSYCHO

Nah, nah. You're lying. I can see it in those fuckin' steely grey eyes of yours.

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

How come you have his phone, then?

LENNY

(aback)

Oh. That?

PSYCHO

Yeah. That.

LENNY

He dropped it. I picked it up after he fell on his sword.

PSYCHO

Bollox!

LENNY

Look, I was just about to hand it in at the police station, actually.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Yeah, I suppose so.

Psycho ruminates.

PSYCHO

So, if he's dead like you say, Connie has my Charlie.

LENNY

That makes sense.

PSYCHO

Give me his phone. I'll ring her
and see what she's got to say for
herself.

LENNY

OK.

He hands Psycho the phone.

Psycho makes the call.

EXT WOODS - DAY

Blue lights flash at the crime scene as a bearded DETECTIVE
stands over the CADAVER of Tyrone who lies on his Zombie
knife.

The phone in the detective's hand rings. He brings it to ear.

INTERCUT:

Between Psycho and the Detective.

DETECTIVE

Detective inspector Jupp. Who is
this?

Psycho listens then ends the call.

END INTERCUT.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(concerned)

What's wrong?

PSYCHO

Summink just happened. A Fed
answered her phone.

LENNY

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

Psycho furrows a brow as he stares mischievously at Lenny.

PSYCHO

No one likes a fuckin' liar.

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, then?

LENNY

I told you. He thought I'd stolen his drugs because I found the bag. They must have been inside the bag, I dunno.

PSYCHO

Why would he think that if you wanted to give it back to him?

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

LENNY

I dunno.

PSYCHO

So?

LENNY

Well, it was me who found the bag. Maybe he thought I'd stolen some of it, I dunno.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HEATH - MORNING

Lenny jogs along the heath towards a wooded area. He spots a shoulder bag under a tree.

He picks up the bag and looks inside, then looks around.

His POV: Tyrone and Connie in a car park some distance away. They appear to be arguing.

As Lenny jogs towards them he trips and falls over.

EXT. CAR PARK - MORNING

Tyrone and Connie skip back towards the heath.

EXT. HEATH - CONT'D

Lenny continues towards the car park.

His POV: The couple heading back towards the woods.

Lenny sighs his despair then jogs towards them with the bag slung over his shoulder.

END FLASHBACK.

PYSCHO

What happened, then?

LENNY

Well, he threatened me with a knife, didn't he?

PSYCHO

I don't know. I wasn't fuckin' there pal, was I?

LENNY

Well, it's the truth! He thought I'd deliberately stolen his bag.

Lenny wipes his sweaty brow with his sleeve.

Psycho distracted by the phone as it vibrates inside his pocket. He turns his back to answer the call.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Detective returns the call using Connie's phone.

INTERCUT:

Between the Detective and Psycho.

DETECTIVE

I was just returning your call because I believe you hung up on me when answered.

PSYCHO

Excuse me? Who's this?

DETECTIVE

I'm DI Jupp from Hampstead serious crimes unit. We're investigating a murder and would appreciate it if you could pop down to the station for an informal chat, since you called this number and hung up.

PSYCHO

What for?

He quickly ends the call. The Detective shakes his head in annoyance.

DETECTIVE

(to Colleague)

Get me a trace on this number.

END INTERCUT.

Psycho grits his teeth in anger.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

That was the Feds. They want an informal chat with me.

LENNY

That's a bit extreme.

PSYCHO

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

(reflects)

I reckon his bitch has it!

LENNY

(shakes head)

I dunno.

Psycho takes out a small bag of white powder and spreads it across the table.

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

He gives Lenny a warning stare as he cuts the powder with the razor blade.

PSYCHO

Just remember, you never saw me tonight, right?

LENNY

Oh. Right. OK.

PSYCHO

This stuff ain't summink you casually indulge with you know, unless you can afford it. This bag cost me a fortune. 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 you, aintcha?

LENNY

I dunno. Am I?

PSYCHO

Yeah. I think so. Why are you wearing women's clothes, and red lipstick?

Protracted silence as Lenny cautiously steps back.

LENNY

Does it bother you, then?

PSYCHO

It doesn't bother me pal. You can do what you like for all I fuckin' care. So what shall I call you, then?

LENNY

Whatever you like. I'm not bothered. I've been called a lot worse than anything you can think of.

Psycho snorts a huge long line of Charlie off the table as he looks up at Lenny with a beady eye.

PSYCHO

I'll call you Louise, then

LENNY

Who's Louise?

PSYCHO

My ex slag!

LENNY

Oh. Right.

(pauses)

What can I call you, then?

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 and leans over the table where he snorts a line of Charlie. Psycho stands back and stares at his arse.

LENNY

Thanks.

PSYCHO

So, are you what they call a cross dresser, then? Are you wearing women's 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 now. Besides the police know where you are. They'll be coming here to talk to you soon.

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. But 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 the car park?

LENNY

No. But I can't remember now. 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 from off the table into a transparent bag.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Is that all?

PSYCHO

No! Shut up! I'm thinkin'.

Lenny opens the door for him to leave.

LENNY

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

Short silence as Psycho nods his head as he reflects.

PSYCHO

You said that you're a jogger, right?

LENNY

Yeah.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

Yeah, I do sometimes, I suppose. In fact that was the third one 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 all the others.

Psycho absorbs his words and roars in uncontrollable laughter.

PSYCHO

You cunt! You fuckin' cheeky cunt!

Lenny stands straight faced and bemused.

LENNY

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 and becomes deadly serious.

He locks the door, then grabs Lenny by the throat, spins him round 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!

(Cuban accent)

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 and yelps with each thrust of Psycho's hips.

LENNY

Please! You're hurting me! Get off! 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 suckin' filthy cunt!

The cell phone rings inside Psycho's pocket.

PSYCHO
FUCK SAKE! YOU'RE SHITTING ME!

He releases himself from Lenny.

He pulls up his bottoms and answers the call.

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

PSYCHO (CONT'D)
(into phone)
What-?

He ends the call and unlocks the door.

Lenny gets to his feet and brushes himself down.

LENNY
Are you finished?

PSYCHO
Yeah. Afraid so pal. That was the
Feds on the phone again. I've
gotta get outta here. They're on
their way.

LENNY
So you're not angry, then?

PSYCHO
Nope. Sorry for any inconvenience
caused on my behalf.

LENNY
Right then. You do realise what
you've just done?

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.

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 into the filth. I'll come back, and you know what that means, dontcha?

Psycho mimics a throat being cut.

LENNY

(snarls)

Haven't you forgotten something?

PSYCHO

What's that?

LENNY

Your two kilos of Charlie.

PSYCHO

You what?! You fuckin' mean...?!

LENNY

I'll get the bag. Wait here.

Lenny exits to an adjoining room.

Psycho rubs his hands together and grins inwardly.

PSYCHO (ASIDE)

Cheeky bastard.

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

Psycho raises his hands in horror.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Woah-woah-woah! What are you doing? Stop there. Now dontcha do anything stupid, will ya, Louise? I mean, we don't want anyone to get hurt now, do we? Especially as the Feds are on the way.

LENNY

Why not? You hurt 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 and squeezes.

PSYCHO

NO! STOP! WAIT!

BANG!

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

Lenny stares down at him and shakes his head with disgust.

LENNY

Cunt!

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

OFFICER#1

(to Lenny)

DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW! AND VERY SLOWLY COME TO THE DOOR WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.

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

FINDERS KEEPERS