

FINDERS KEEPERS

written by

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EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Broad shouldered TYRONE 30s and CONNIE 20s have sex doggy style up the tree. A brown shoulder bag lies at the foot of the tree

Beat.

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

INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

Grey haired eccentric LENNY 60s sift through a brown shoulder bag when his cell phone lights up beside him.

He stops what he is doing and brings the phone to his ear.

LENNY

(cautiously)

Hullo?

PSYCHO V.O

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

LENNY

Who is this?

Short silence.

PSYCHO V.O

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

LENNY

He was lying dead the last time I saw him.

PSYCHO V.O

Dead-?

LENNY

Yeah.

PSYCHO V.O

*So you must have my Charlie,
then, right-?*

LENNY

I don't know anything about any
Charlie.

PSYCHO V.O

Where'd you live-?

LENNY

Why d' you want to know that-?

PSYCHO V.O

Are you a comedian-?

LENNY

No.

PSYCHO V.O

*Well just stop fucking about and
put him on, then.*

LENNY

I told you, he's dead.

PSYCHO V.O

What happened to him-?

LENNY

He fell on his sword.

PSYCHO

*Have you got my Charlie or not,
you cunt-?*

LENNY

Not me, no. Somebody else must
have taken your Charlie, I dunno.

A short silence.

PSYCHO V.O

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

LENNY

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

Protracted silence, then the line goes dead.

LENNY (CONT'D)

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

Lenny shakes his head and discards the phone.

He steps over to a mirrored dressing table where he sits down
on a stall and applies mascara and lipstick to his face.

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

He checks himself in the mirror.

He picks up the shoulder bag from off the table.

A FIST BANGS ON THE FRONT DOOR.

Lenny's eyes bulge with fear as he stares at the door in
horror. He exits with the shoulder bag to adjoining room.

Beat.

He reappears and cautiously opens the door to PSYCHO 30s.

Psycho 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.

PSYCHO

Alright there?

LENNY

What'd you want?

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

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 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!

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

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 then?

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 a suspicious intent.

PSYCHO

You 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 pal. 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

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

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

How come you have his phone then?

LENNY

Oh, that?

PSYCHO

Yeah, that.

LENNY

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

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

I suppose so.

Psycho ruminates.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

That's what I thought.

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

OK.

He hands Psycho the phone.

Psycho makes the call. He listens before he angrily ends the
call.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(concerned)

What's wrong?

PSYCHO

Summink weird just happened. A
Fed answered her phone.

LENNY

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

He stares with a 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 had the bag.
They must have been inside the
bag.

PSYCHO

Why would he think that?

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

LENNY

Because I was jogging on the heath.

PSYCHO

So?

LENNY

Well, it was me who found the bag.

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.

PSYCHO

What happened then?

LENNY

Well, he threatened me with a knife.

PSYCHO

What for?

LENNY

He accused me of stealing his drugs, didn't he?

PSYCHO

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

LENNY

It's the truth! He thought I'd deliberately stolen the bag.

Lenny wipes his sweaty brow with his sleeve.

Psycho distracted by the cell phone 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.

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. You are right tho. Tyrone must be dead. But that still leaves the question of where's my two kilos of Charlie are?

(reflects)

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 summin' 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 make-up?

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.

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