EXT. HIGH RISE - AFTERNOON

A rundown block of flats, twenty-four Stories of boarded windows and dirt stained walls.

A car pulls into the gravel carpark.

HARRY (55) exits the vehicle carrying a black file, a greasy look, like he’s fresh from a night on the tiles.

He proceeds inside to the...

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Just as pretty as the exterior, torn floor tiles, cracked plaster and in serious need of a paint job.

A CONCIERGE, pushing retirement, reads his newspaper, he fits right in with the surroundings.

Harry approaches the desk.

The concierge’s name badge reads “BOB”.

    BOB
    Back again are we?

He continues to read his paper.

    HARRY
    Sure am, is it good news this week?

    BOB
    Yep, the lifts are back up and running.

Harry wipes the hangover sweat from his brow.

    HARRY
    Thank God.

    BOB
    Looks like you’ll get your collection before they pull this place down.

A large piece of ceiling plaster falls to the ground behind Harry.

    HARRY
    It might just pull itself down first, anything interesting in the paper?
Another disappearance, that’s the fifth this week.

Really, is it that bad?

The concierge stares up at Harry.

It’s ever since they started pulling the buildings down, it’s a wasteland out there, even worse than before.

Bob and Harry walk over to the lift, Bob inserts a key into the access panel, pushing the call button.

The lift creeks into gear, the rumbling of the cable vibrates down the shaft.

Jesus, doesn’t sound too healthy.

The lift door sticks halfway as it shudders open, the interior is a mess, graffiti sprayed across the walls.

Little bastards, I’ve lost count of the number of times this lift has been cleaned.

Harry looks concerned.

Is it safe to use? It sounds like it’s on it’s last legs.

So is everything in this building, it’ll do its job.

Harry steps into the lift, he pushes floor number seventeen, as the door closes over, Bob reaches his arm in stopping it from closing over.

It’s Mr. Neilston isn’t it?

Harry checks his file.

It is yes.
BOB
He’s flat 17/5, you want to turn right when you get to the floor and head straight through the double doors.

HARRY
Thanks.

As the door closes over, Bob lets off a sinister smile.

INT. LIFT
Harry shakes as the lift slowly climbs the floors.

BEEPING comes from his pocket, Harry takes out his mobile phone.

It reads “LOW BATTERY”

HARRY
Shit, forgot to charge it last night.

INT. 17TH FLOOR
The lift door opens and Harry exits.

The corridor is damp, a real mess, a fraction of daylight filters in through the wooden panels which cover the windows.

Harry’s phone rings, he answers.

HARRY
Hi, Jim how you doing lad?

Someone watches Harry through a crack in the wall, the breathing is heavy, distorted.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I’m out at the Braxton Heights one, I’ve finally got access, look my phone has a low battery so I won’t be in contact until I get back to the office.

The breathing gets heavier, almost animalistic.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Right lad, see you later, bye.

Passing through the double doors, the decrepit condition of the building continues.

Harry reaches flat 17/5, the door sign is missing a screw and hangs to the side.
HARRY (CONT’D)
No surprise there.
He knocks on the door...
No answer.
He knocks again this time louder...
Still nothing.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Hello, Mr. Neilston?
He pushes open the letterbox.

INT. FLAT 17/5 - HALLWAY
It is pitch black, besides a small amount of light passing through the letterbox.

HARRY
Mr. Neilston? Hello are you there?

INT. 17TH FLOOR
Harry tries the handle, the door opens.

HARRY
Hello?
No answer back

HARRY (CONT’D)
Hello Mr. Neilston?
He proceeds inside, the first room he comes to is the...

INT. BATHROOM
He pulls the light cord, the light crackles but eventually comes on, the toilet is disgusting, the sink is full of mildew and the bath is dirty, the smell stings his nostrils.

HARRY
Jesus what a mess.

INT. LOUNGE
It is darkened by drawn curtains, Harry pulls them open, light pours into the room from the balcony.

Harry stares out, beer cans and other pieces of rubbish litters the balcony.
Someone watches Harry, approaching him slowly from behind.

Harry turns around, without warning he is struck in the face by a metal object, he falls to the ground knocked out cold.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry is flat out on the floor.

His vision is blurred, the outline of someone leaning over him can be made out.

A HAND comes into focus, slapping Harry’s face gently.

His vision clears, before him is BILLY NEILSTON (48), long scraggy red hair and a handlebar moustache to match.

Harry closes his eyes, drifting out off consciousness

    BILLY
    Hol, wake up mate.

He slaps Harry again, bringing him round, Harry groans and looks groggy.

    BILLY (CONT’D)
    You okay buddy?
    HARRY
    Huh?

He holds his head.

    BILLY
    Can you hear me? Are you okay?
    HARRY
    Bloody hell, what’s going on? Who are you?
    BILLY
    The names Billy, Billy Neilston, I’m sorry I hit you buddy I thought you were one of them.

Billy stands up he is dressed in torn denims and an Iron Maiden T-shirt.

    HARRY
    Who did you think I was?

Billy sits down on the settee.
BILLY
One of the Crazies, there fucking everywhere.

He cracks open a can of beer and hands one to Harry.

HARRY
God my head hurts.

Billy looks toward the frying pan on the settee

BILLY
Yeah, sorry about that.

He takes out a cigarette.

BILLY (CONT’D)
Have a drink it’ll numb the pain, who are you anyway fella?

He strikes a match and lights the cigarette, taking a puff.

HARRY
I’m from Grant and Mitchells, the Debt Collectors, my names Harry, I’m here to collect the money you owe Mr. Neilston.

Billy bursts out laughing.

BILLY
Maybe I’m no sorry I hit you then, hold on how did you get up here? I’ve been trapped in here for ages, especially with those things roaming about.

HARRY
The concierge let me up in the lift, wait a minute, what things are you talking about?

BILLY
I don’t know exactly what they are, but they ain’t normal, one tried to attack me, biting at me, the crazy bastard, I had to stick him with a broken bottle to get him off.

HARRY
You were attacked? Did you call the Police?

Billy laughs, he flicks the cigarette over the ash tray.
BILLY
Believe me the last person I’d be calling is the Police.

CUT TO:

INT. 17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Billy exits the lift onto the 17th floor, it's dark, he pulls a suitcase behind him.

BILLY (V.O.)
I’d just spent the last two months touring with the Maiden in South America.

He walks towards his flat.

BILLY (V.O.)
First thing I notice is the lights are off in the landing, I put it down to a power cut that kind of thing is always happening around here, then I notice the place is boggin, well worse than usual.

He stops at his door searching his pockets for his key.

BILLY (V.O.)
Suddenly I hear this heavy breathing, so I turn round and there’s this bloke standing in the landing.

The man’s face is concealed in the darkness, he is dressed in a tracksuit a hood covers his head.

BILLY (V.O.)
He’s just staring at me, so I say Billy mouths.

BILLY (V.O.)
You okay pal?

The man growls and runs rapidly at Billy.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

BACK TO PRESENT

He flicks his cigarette.
BILLY
Next thing I know, the bastards on top of me, bloody strong too.

CUT TO:

INT. 17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

The man has pinned him down biting and snapping inches from his face, Billy holds him back by the throat, saliva drips from the man’s blood stained and scarred mouth, his eyes are a dead white.

BILLY (V.O.)
I reach out and grab the first thing that’s within reach.

Billy’s hand reaches out searching the ground, it grasps at an empty beer bottle, he breaks the end on the ground and sticks the jagged edge into the man’s head striking a deadly blow, he pushes the body to the side.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM
BACK TO PRESENT

Billy takes a long draw of his cigarette then distinguishes it in the ashtray.

BILLY
There’s something happening mate, something beyond this world, what attacked me that night was not human.

Harry sits looking at Billy as if he is a madman.

HARRY
And what was it then?

BILLY
A Zombie.

Harry bursts out laughing at the idea.

HARRY
Come one, I mean I’ve heard some excuses to get out of debt but this is a bit extreme is it not?

Billy is not impressed.
BILLY
What you laughing about, its bloody true.

HARRY
Where’s the body then?

BILLY
I stuffed it down the garbage chute.

HARRY
Oh aye convenient eh.

BILLY
Look I’m telling you the truth, If you don’t believe me then piss off.

HARRY
Oh come on Zombies, its a bit bloody far fetched is it not.

The men are interrupted by a large growling scream from outside the flat, followed by a thud.

Harry looks to Billy, his mouth open in shock.

Another THUD, louder this time.

BILLY
Your gonna need to get something stronger down you.

The thuds get louder and more frequent.

BILLY (CONT’D)
Looks like someone is at the door.

FADE TO BLACK: