

HIGH RISE

Written by

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FADE IN:

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?

BOB
Another disappearance, that's the
fifth this week.

HARRY
Really, is it that bad?

The concierge stares up at Harry.

BOB
It's ever since they started
pulling the buildings down, its 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 creaks into gear, the rumbling of the cable vibrates
down the shaft.

HARRY
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.

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

Harry looks concerned.

HARRY
Is it safe to use? It sounds like
its on it's last legs.

BOB
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.

BOB (CONT'D)
It's Mr. Neilston isn't it?

Harry checks his file.

HARRY
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 wont
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, its 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 on, 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: