

1 EXT. WATERLOO TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT

The gritty 20-storey block blends into the dark night sky.

2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An OLD MAN, 60s, and his WIFE, 60s, are deep in slumber. Their restful is soon disturbed by the muffled sound of a dull, repetitive techno beat. Old Man's eyes widen. He sits upright.

WIFE

What's wrong?

OLD MAN

Can't you hear it?

The dreary, monotonous techno beat gets louder.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

What sort of cunt plays music this loud at half two in the morning on a fuckin' weekday?

The Old Man gets out of bed and starts to put his clothes on. He's so groggy and tired he puts his right leg in the left leg of his jeans. ReaWifeing just makes him madder. He throws the jeans across the room in anger.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

The fuck kinda music is that an' all?

WIFE

Oh, stop complaining.

OLD MAN

Stop complaining? Stop complaining?! If you can't complain when some cunt's woken you up in the middle of the night playin' that shite, when can you?

Old Man heads towards the door.

WIFE

Where are you going?

OLD MAN

I'm gonna sort it out.

WIFE

Oh, don't get into a fight.

3 INT - CORRIDOR, FLOOR 15 - CONTINUOUS

Old Man emerges from his room, wearing just a vest and his underwear.

Another door further up the corridor opens. MR KOWALSKI, 80s, peeps his head around the corner.

MR. KOWALSKI

What's that god-awful sound?

OLD MAN

I'm sortin' it out, Mr Kowalski. Go back to bed.

Old Man bangs on next door's door.

OLD MAN

Hey! Open the door!

The door opens.

OLD MAN

Can I ask what the fuck it is you think you're playin' at? It's half-past two in the morning you fuckin--

ANGRY NEIGHBOUR

--Hey, it's not me you fuckin' asshole! It's comin' from upstairs.

OLD MAN

Oh. Sorry.

ANGRY NEIGHBOUR

Fuckin' moron.

The door slams shut.

Old Man walks down the corridor and presses the button for the lift.

4 INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

The lift doors open. Inside is filled wall to wall with graffiti. Inside are two drunk girls, early 20s, kebab in hands, on their way back from a night on the town.

Old Man gets in. The two girls try to stifle their laughter at the sight of him in his tighty whities.

5 INT. CORRIDOR, FLOOR 16 - CONTINUOUS

The Old Man emerges. As the lift doors close, the two girls burst into fits of laughter.

The Old Man slowly makes his way down the corridor. The music gets louder and louder until he finally reaches the right room. He knocks firmly and waits. The longer the wait goes on, the more aware he becomes of the door's peephole. Is he being watched?

The door eventually opens. There is no doubt that this now is the right room. Emerging is a YOUNG MAN, early 20s, who is probably under the influence of drugs.

YOUNG MAN

Can I help you?

OLD MAN

Hey, fucko, turn the music off.

YOUNG MAN

Music? What music?

The Old Man stares blankly; furrows his brows. 'Let's not fuck about'.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry, is it loud?

The Old Man hears the laughter of other young men and women coming from inside.

OLD MAN

Look, don't play dumb. Just shut it the fuck off.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, no problem. No problem. Sorry if it woke you.

(calling into the room)

Hey, shut that off.

(to Old Man)

Happy?

OLD MAN

Thrilled.

YOUNG MAN
Is there anything else I can do for
you?

6 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Old Man returns. The music has stopped.

WIFE
What happened?

OLD MAN
I sorted it.

CLOSE UP - ALARM CLOCK - 5AM

The Old Man and his Wife are back deep in REM sleep. Suddenly, the music returns. The techno beat THUD, THUD, THUDS the ceiling above him. The Old Man wakes up once again. Without a second thought, he jumps out of bed, rifles through the drawer of his beside table, and picks out... chewing gum.

7 INT. CORRIDOR, FLOOR 16 - NIGHT

The Old Man removes the chewing gum from his mouth and places it over the peephole. He bangs on the door, looks around for a hiding spot, then quickly tiptoes down the corridor and round the corner.

8 INT. YOUNG MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A wild scene with empty bottles and passed-out zombie-like bodies strewn all over the floor. The Young Man walks to the door. He looks out of the peephole but sees only darkness.

9 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man opens the door. Nobody is there. He slowly creeps out of his room. He looks left, he looks right.

Suddenly, the Old Man hurtles from his hiding spot and SCREAMS at the top of his lungs. BANG! The Old Man rugby tackles the Young Man to the ground, legs first, clean connection. Both bodies hit the ground with an almighty THUD. The Old Man, atop the Young, lifts his two fists high up above his head like King Kong ready to pound. He lets out one final BATTLE CRY.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: FIN