

All-Nighter

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An Original Concept.

Visual Distraction
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INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Two students, DAN and JAMES are sat at laptops, both supposedly working on their dissertations. Surrounded by empty crisp packets and empty drink cans, DAN appears more relaxed than JAMES, as he frantically types, and occasionally fidgets.

JAMES plants his face into his hands, then rests his forehead on the edge of his laptop.

JAMES

I've got almost 3,000 words to go.

DAN looks up from behind his laptop, notices JAMES isn't visible, then rests his head on the table to the side of his laptop, looking at JAMES in his lifeless stance.

DAN

Good. Keep going. You can do it.

DAN returns to his work, as JAMES slowly sits up, only to slump backwards into his chair. DAN sighs at JAMES' laziness. DAN then looks at his watch.

DAN

It's 2am. You've got about ten hours before the deadline. 3,000 words is easy! You'll be done in-

DAN pauses to calculate.

Four hours? Tops. Keep plugging away.

JAMES contemplates the idea, as he scans the kitchen, distracting himself by doing nothing.

There is an awkward silence as DAN continues typing.

JAMES

I'm hungry. I can't work when I'm hungry.

DAN

(Irritated)

Eat something then! And stop distracting me. Trying to get a degree here!

JAMES

(Being Childish)

But I don't know what.

JAMES over exaggerates crossing his arms, much like an eight year old would. This aggravates DAN even further.

JAMES begins cursing under his breath, mentioning food and hunger now and again.

DAN
(Shouts)
TRYING TO WORK HERE!

A cocky smile slowly grows across JAMES' face. DAN shakes his head at him, and disappears behind his laptop.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT. - LATER.

JAMES has managed to type a couple of hundred words. He is still lazing around. Tapping on the table, and flicking the empty drink cans toward DAN. DAN ignoring it, continues typing.

There is a loud knock on the front door.

JAMES jumps up from his chair, then looks at the time on his open laptop.

JAMES
Who the hell will be here at
quarter to three?

DAN shrugs, and continues working. As JAMES looks toward the door, DAN smirks.

DAN
Go on then. Answer it.

JAMES
You answer it.

DAN
I've got a dissertation to do!

JAMES
So have I!

DAN
Don't see you doing it.

JAMES rolls his eyes as DAN sniggers. JAMES begins to edge toward the front door.

Eerie, diegetic music begins to play, like it's been lifted from a horror film. JAMES' eyes widen, and his pace slows. He begins to shiver as he takes one more step toward the door. DAN is watching him quiver.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES suddenly stands up straight, realising where this strange music was coming from. He turns and fires a dirty glare toward DAN, who's smile drops, and he pokes a key on his laptop.

The music stops.

A guilty smile comes across DAN'S face. JAMES turns away, returns to his frightful state, and continues shuffling towards the door.

There is another knock. Louder this time.

JAMES reaches the door, reaches for the handle, hesitantly grasps it, and slowly opens the door. Before JAMES even sees who is behind the door, a DELIVERY MAN scares JAMES.

DELIVERY MAN
(Shouts)
PIZZA DELIVERY!

JAMES launches himself backwards in fright, almost falling over, as DAN and the DELIVERY MAN both crease up in laughter.

DAN
(Through his laughter)
I told him to do that!

DAN gestures toward the DELIVERY MAN, who fires a thumbs up back.

DAN
Thanks man!

A disgruntled JAMES scrambles to his feet, and snatches the boxes from the still chuckling DELIVERY MAN.

JAMES
(Under his breath)
Thank you.

JAMES fires yet another glare back to DAN, who is rubbing his eyes from the extent of his laughing fit.

JAMES turns back to the DELIVERY MAN to pay, only to realise he has disappeared without a trace. JAMES looks out of the door, left and right, to find no sign of the DELIVERY MAN.

JAMES
(Trembling)
Um... Okay.

JAMES quickly shuts the door.

[END]