

ALL NIGHTER LAST NIGHTER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A dark, messy apartment. ENERGY DRINKS, PAPERS, VODKA BOTTLES cover every surface. The curtains SHUT TIGHT.

TWO STUDENTS sit on their LAPTOPS. One of the students, BEN (early 20s), sits with his legs up on the sofa. The other, JAYCE (also early 20s), on the floor.

They're both fixated on their screens. Typing away.

Ben throws his head back. Stretching his arms out wide.

His attention turns to the TV, playing on silent.

BEN
Isn't this that film we went to
see?

Jayce's attention unbroken.

JAYCE
Huh, what?

BEN
Look.

Jayce looks at the TV briefly, then back to his work.

JAYCE
Oh yeah, I don't know.

Ben rolls his eyes. Continues watching.

A beat.

Ben drops his laptop to the side.

BEN
Man, can't we take a break? Just
for like an hour then we'll get
back to it.

Jayce scoffs.

JAYCE
I know where that's gotten us
before. You know we don't graduate
if this isn't turned in right?

Ben stands up with an exasperated sigh, looking around.

BEN
Whatever. You're so dramatic. We'll
get it done.

He's walking off into another room.

JAYCE	BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(muttering)	(shouting)
My parents will kill me if I	I can hear you. Your parents
don't graduate. But no, you	are a soft touch. MINE will
don't give a shit. Jackass.	kill me. So stop worrying.

A moment of DRAWERS opening in the other room.

A beat.

Ben returns, a mischievous smile. He's shaking a SMALL BAGGIE WITH PILLS inside.

Jayce is stone-faced.

JAYCE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Ben nods slowly, creeping towards him. An improvised DANCE.

BEN
We get the work done. AND we feel
good doing it.

He holds the baggie in front of Jayce.

Jayce ponders.

He grabs it out of Ben's hand.

Opens it, shaking ONE PILL into his hand.

JAYCE
I hate you.

Ben is grinning.

BEN
I know.

Jayce reaches for a bottle of water, downs the pill in one gulp.

Likewise Ben takes the baggie, takes TWO PILLS, and swallows them with no water.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Jayce is leaning on the kitchen counter, EYES WIDE, staring at his computer screen.

Ben is scrambling through trash on the counter.

BEN

What the...

JAYCE

Mm?

BEN

My smokes. I can't find them.

Ben rummages. Cans and other junk clatter to the floor.

JAYCE

Would you stop? You're making me nervous.

Jayce is BITING HIS NAILS, he picks up his laptop and goes to the

LIVING ROOM

Flopping down on the sofa.

BEN

Hey fuck you man.

Jayce continues biting. He ignores Ben completely.

Ben tears through every pocket, frantically.

JAYCE

You left them near the window.

Ben's eyes shoot to the windowsill.

He immediately calms down.

BEN

Oh. My bad bro.

Briskly he walks over and picks up his CIGARETTES, takes one out. Puts it to his lips. He freezes in place for a moment.

JAYCE

On the table.

Ben's LIGHTER sits amongst the garbage. He darts forward and picks it up.

Lighting his cigarette, he breathes deeply.

Jayce looks up at Ben.

Back to his laptop.

Then to Ben again.

BEN
You want one?

JAYCE
Please.

Ben extends the open pack to Jayce, who takes TWO CIGARETTES.

BEN
Come on man, you fucking said you
just want one.

Jayce is BEWILDERED.

Silently, he opens his palm, revealing just the ONE
CIGARETTE.

JAYCE
The fuck is wrong with you?

BEN
Shit. I coulda sworn.

Jayce scowls at Ben. Looks back to his screen.

A child scorned, Ben walks away.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben is staring into his own eyes in the MIRROR. His eyes
seemingly permanently wide.

He turns on the tap.

Leaning over, he SPLASHES himself in the face.

He shivers, slaps himself lightly.

Standing back up -

BEN'S POV - A FACELESS FIGURE.

Motionless, eyes white.

Ben SCREAMS, falling against the sink.

CRACK.

His head connects with the porcelain.

Ben is grabbing his head, groaning. Panting and squirming. He looks behind him.

Nothing is there.

BEN
(frustrated)
GOD! Fuck. What the fuck is in this
shit.

BANGING on the bathroom door.

JAYCE (O.S.)
Dude are you okay?!

Ben moans and strains, getting to his feet.

BEN
I'm good. Sorry. I'm fine.

He opens the door to Jayce, who sees the mess inside.

JAYCE
You're cleaning that up.

Jayce walks off.

Ben flips him off behind his back.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The BLUE LIGHT FROM THE TV reflects on the faces of Ben and Jayce, who are relaxing on the sofa.

Their eyes are agape at a rerun of an old sitcom.

Jayce is BITING HIS NAILS as he watches.

Out of nowhere, Jayce LAUGHS.

Ben shoots a look his way. GRIMACES at seeing Jayce chew his nails.

BEN
Bro, stop.

JAYCE
What?

Ben MIMICS him biting his nails.

Jayce stops, crossing his arms. They're watching TV in silence.

TAPTAPTAP.

Eyebrow raised, Jayce looks to Ben.

JAYCE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Ben shrugs exaggeratedly.

BEN
I didn't do anything!

JAYCE
Don't play dumb. You're really
pissing me off.

Ben shoots to his feet.

BEN
You're tripping.

Walking to the kitchen, Ben is MUTTERING under his breath. Jayce is watching him leave, straight back to biting his nails.

His eyes WIDEN.

Standing up, crouching low.

Backing away from

JAYCE'S POV - AN IMPOSSIBLY TALL MAN WITH HORNS.

He trips, falling over the arm of the sofa. He tries screaming, but only a FAINT EXHALE escapes.

The Tall Man hovers. Over to Jayce, over furniture.

Jayce is COWERING.

A beat.

He risks a peek.

The Tall Man is nose-to-nose with Jayce.

Jayce is PANTING, but unmoving. A moment of silent eye contact.

The Tall Man turns his body slowly, POINTING towards the kitchen. Jayce following with his eyes.

Then turning back to Jayce, before a drawn out CUT THROAT GESTURE.

BEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Bro are you okay? Get up.

The Tall Man is gone.

Ben walks in carrying TWO ENERGY DRINKS. He walks over to Jayce.

Jayce jumps to his feet, brushing himself off, eyes looking around the room like a lizard.

JAYCE
I'm okay. Sorry. I had a bit of a
freak out.

Ben offers him one of the drinks. Jayce accepts. Head on a swivel still.

BEN
Peace offering.

Jayce sits back down on the sofa. Holding the energy drink.

JAYCE
Yeah. Ok. Thanks.

POP, FIZZ.

Ben opens his drink. Taking a huge mouthful.

BEN
Let's get cracking.

Jayce, pale as a ghost, is staring into space.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A SWISS ARMY KNIFE sits perched amongst bottles of beer on the table. Jayce, sitting on the sofa, can't take his eyes off it.

Ben is on his laptop, working in front of the TV.

We hear FAINT WHISPERS, everything else drowns out.

Jayce is inching closer to the knife. He checks Ben isn't looking, slowly reaching out his hand.

Back to reality when--

BEN

Shit.

Ben looks to Jayce, who retracts his hand fast.

JAYCE

Mm?

BEN

What's the name of that guy? The theorem guy? You know the one I mean.

JAYCE

Oh uh, I forgot.

Ben sighs.

BEN

It's bugging me. Don't worry dude, I'll search it up. Thanks.

Jayce silently looks back to the knife.

JAYCE

I'm gonna try nap. Wake me up in an hour.

BEN

Uh-huh. Okay.

Eyes trained on the knife still, he stands. Walking away into the dark hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - JAYCE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jayce lays on his bed in the dark, gawking at the ceiling. Even in the dim light, his UNDER-EYE BAGS are visible.

He grabs his PHONE. Squinting at the bright light.

It's 5.40am.

He exhales nasally. Clicks his phone off.

Rolling over onto his side.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ben is clacking away on the keyboard.

A FAINT VOICE.

It sounds Jayce, but it's not discernible.

"JAYCE'S" VOICE (O.S.)
He's as good as dead. I'll get him.

Ben looks up over his computer screen, into the darkness. We can see just enough to know Ben is alone.

BEN
J? You there?

"JAYCE'S" VOICE (O.S.)
(closer)
You will know suffering.

Ben DROPS HIS LAPTOP on the floor.

BEN
This isn't fucking funny.

Ben's eyes dart around the room. His eyes catch the SWISS ARMY KNIFE. He grabs it, holding it tightly.

Getting to his feet, still on alert.

"JAYCE'S" VOICE (O.S.)
(loudly)
DEAD. You're dead!

The FACELESS FIGURE.

Its white eyes looking directly into Ben's.

Ben YELLS, SWINGING THE KNIFE at the figure.

INT. APARTMENT - JAYCE'S ROOM - SAME

Ben's yell startles Jayce awake, sitting up in bed hastily.

BEN (O.S.)
Get away from me!

JAYCE
Ben!?

Jayce is jumping out of bed as Ben is groaning and flailing in the other room.

He runs to the doorway.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jayce stops and watches Ben tussling with nothing. He begins to dash forward, but hesitating, he stops.

JAYCE
Ben, bro, what the hell are you
doing? Did you take more?

Ben stops fighting the air, his attention turning to Jayce.

Extending the swiss army knife ACCUSATORILY, Ben leaps to his feet.

BEN
You want to kill me?

Jayce backs up defensively.

JAYCE
What the fuck are you talking
about?

Ben tilts his head, stepping forward.

BEN
I heard you. You wanted me dead.
Why? What did I do to you?

Jayce backs up into the

KITCHEN

He grab a KNIFE from the holder.

JAYCE
I was in bed! Bro, you're having a
bad trip. Let's just calm down.

Jayce COPIES BEN'S STANCE.

A standoff.

BEN
Calm down? And you went to grab a
knife?

JAYCE
I'm not going to let you fucking
stab me.

Ben LUNGES at Jayce. Slashing him on the arm.

Jayce SCREAMS.

BEN
There. That's right. Try me now,
bitch.

Jayce grabs his arm. Blood is gushing.

Anger floods his face. He brandishes the much larger knife at Ben.

Ben trips trying to get away.

Jayce goes to mount Ben.

Stopping dead over Ben when the TALL MAN WITH HORNS
MATERIALISES.

Jayce looks it in the eye.

It says nothing.

Everything drowns out around Jayce as he maintains eye
contact with the Tall Man.

Jayce is nodding slowly.

Calm, cool, collected. Jayce is pacing over to Ben.

He RAISES THE KNIFE.

It's suspended in the air.

Both hands holding the knife over his head, with a final
screech.

DINGDONG, DINGDONG.

Both Jayce and Ben look to the front door.

Jayce lowers the knife. Ben gets to his feet.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(through the door)
I'm coming in guys! You better be
up. We got class soon.

LIGHT FLOODS IN to the dark, dismal apartment. Both Ben and
Jayce bask in its light, covering their eyes.

JAYCE
(awkwardly)
Hey Maria.

MARIA halts, speechless at the sight in front of her.

BEN

Come on dude, we can't miss class.

Ben helps Jayce up, who drops the knife on the floor.

Both Jayce and Ben walk to the door, into the light.

FADE TO BLACK.