

ALL-NIGHTER

Episode #1: "Pilot"

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INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - MORNING

A sparsely populated restaurant.

MJ, a Caucasian college freshman, sits apprehensively at a booth. Her arms rest on the table, crossed. She stares out the window, light hitting her long blonde hair.

The door to the restaurant opens and BREE, another Caucasian college freshman, walks in with a large pink tote bag. Her face has impeccable makeup and her heels CLICK on the floor.

BREE

Hi MJ!

MJ shuffles as Bree takes a seat. She waves over a WAITER.

BREE

Can I have a large coffee, half-whip, 2% milk, lightly stirred, sprinkled with mocha flakes and a blue straw on the side? Thanks.

The waiter gives her an annoyed look and jots down the order. He turns to MJ. She shakes her head.

MJ

I'm good.

The waiter leaves.

BREE

Why the long face, Em?

MJ

I'm stressed out.

Bree leans back.

BREE

Oh, come on. Are you talking about the other night? Relax, its fine.

MJ

We got busted, Bree. Its not fine.

BREE

Relax, Em. It wasn't even that bad!

MJ raises an eyebrow at Bree.

MJ
You drank hand soap and dragged an
RA to your bed begging for a back
massage.

BREE
(shrugging)
It happens.

MJ leans forward and runs her hands through her hair.

MJ
My parents are going to freak.

BREE
Just don't tell them. Duh.

MJ
I can't pay off the Alcohol
Awareness course without them
knowing! They're going to see that
I spent money on it and my dad
will have an aneurysm.

BREE
You're overreacting, Em. My
parents paid it off. No biggie!

MJ glances at the large pink tote.

MJ
Well, your parents aren't mine. I
love them but I swear, if I ask my
mom and dad for help now, they'll
never let it go.
(sighing)
I just wish that -

BREE
Hold that thought.

Bree turns to watch the waiter approach with her drink. She
takes it and begins to sip.

The waiter waits for a thank you.

WAITER
(loudly)
Don't mention it.

The waiter leaves. Bree scoffs.

BREE
Someone's got an attitude.
(a beat)
What were you saying?

MJ
(groaning)
I just wish that I didn't have to
be worried about worrying them.

BREE
It's not a big deal. You might as
well just tell them, Em.

MJ shakes her head and looks out the window, defeated.

EXT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT PARKING LOT

Bree struts out of the restaurant with a sullen MJ trailing behind. Bree turns around and gives MJ a hug.

BREE
See you back in the dorm!

MJ manages a half-hearted wave.

Bree walks to her convertible, gets in, and leaves.

MJ trudges to her car. She stops in front of a telephone pole with an advertisement pasted on its side. The flyer reads 'Want an easy job? Apply to be a night-security guard job at the Student Center! Hiring through Friday.'

MJ rips the ad off and enters her car with it in hand.

INT. BUS - AFTERNOON

A sparsely crowded bus.

The bus stops and a crowd of people enter. TRAVIS, a lanky man with black hair, listens to music on his Air Pods and moves to stand next to MJ's seat.

MJ looks forward, focused.

MJ
Hi, I'm MJ Abernathy and I'm a
first-year Accounting major. I
like hiking, exploring, and
listening to indie music in my
free time.

(MORE)

MJ (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Jesus, MJ. You're interviewing for
a job, not speed-dating!

MJ leans back in her seat and looks down at her phone. The
time reads 6:27.

MJ (CONT'D)

I'm never trusting fifteen minutes
naps again. Just hope I make it in
time!

The bus slows to a stop. MJ sees the Student Center
outside. She moves to leave but TRAVIS stands in her way.

MJ

Excuse me.

Travis, still listening to music, fails to notice her.

MJ

Hello? This is my stop.

MJ waves a hand frantically at the boys face. She snaps her
fingers and finally flicks his shoulder. He blinks and
turns to her.

MJ

Oh, thank god! Hi, could you move?
I need to get off here. Got
somewhere to be.

The boy sneers and pulls out one of his headphones.

TRAVIS

Oh yeah? Why didn't you say so
earlier?

MJ, shocked, watches as the doors close. The bus departs
the stop.

TRAVIS

(sarcastically)

Oops. Sorry about that. Guess
you'll have to wait.

MJ frowns at him and sits down again. She anxiously looks
between her phone and the window, awaiting the next stop.

INT. BUS - AFTERNOON

The bus stops again. MJ stands up quickly and pushes past the boy, who stumbles back.

MJ
(Exaggerated)
Oops! My bad! Couldn't wait!

The boy glares at her as she disembarks.

EXT. THE BIOLOGY BUILDING STOP - AFTERNOON

MJ jumps off the bus and sprints down the sidewalk back to the Student Center. She mutters quick apologies as she pushed past other students.

MJ
(between breaths)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

INT. THE STUDENT CENTER LOBBY - AFTERNOON

A quiet lobby area.

MJ bursts through the doors of the Student Center and skids to a stop. She hunches over, catching her breath. She looks at a clock on the wall. It reads 6:34.

MJ
(exasperated)
Damn it!

MJ bends over again, defeated. She begins to walk back towards the entrance.

MR. Romero, a black man in his late fifties wearing the Student Center's standard work uniform, walks into the lobby with a clipboard in hand. He looks around the area.

MR. ROMERO
Margot Jane Abernathy? Are you
here?

MJ whirls around and straightens herself up.

MJ
(stuttering)
Y-yes! That's me! I'm so sorry for
being late.

MJ approaches Mr. Romero with a meek smile. Mr. Romero smiles in return.

MR. ROMERO

Not to worry. We still have plenty of time to conduct your interview. Of course, if you were to be hired, we'd expect you to be on-time for your shifts.

MJ nods furiously.

MJ

Of course!

Mr. Romero shakes MJ's hand.

MR. ROMERO

Good to hear. I'm Mr. Romero, hiring manager. Would you follow me, please?

Mr. Romero walks off with MJ following eagerly behind.

INT. BREE AND MJ'S DORM - EVENING

MJ is on her bed, staring at her computer screen anxiously. Her laptop makes a NOISE and she quickly opens up her email.

MJ

(smiling)

No way.

MJ rises to her feet, still looking at the computer.

MJ (CONT'D)

(louder)

No way!

MJ squeals and jumps around.

Bree, startled, looks at her, confused and annoyed.

BREE

What is it?

MJ turns to Bree.

MJ

I got it!

Bree cocks her head to the side.

MJ

The security job I told you about.
I got it! I'm going to work at the
Student Center!

Bree gasps and looks at her friend, disgusted.

BREE

Oh my god, Em. Are you serious?! I
thought you were joking about
that! They make you wear ugly
colors when you have a job, like,
super ugly. And what about us? Are
we just never going to hang out?!

MJ calms down and focuses on Bree.

MJ

Of course we will! It's not like
I'm gonna disappear off the face
of the earth or something. We'll
do things. Besides, this is great!
I can pay off the course with the
money I earn and my parents will
never know about what happened!

Bree rolls her eyes and slumps back, unlocking her phone.

BREE

Whatever, MJ. I'll just go out
with Tiffany and Lindsay instead.

MJ stares at Bree with a frown. She walks back to her bed,
sits down and looks back at the email, her smile returning.

INT. THE STUDENT CENTER - EVENING

MJ, in her new work uniform, walks beside Mr. Romero.

MR. ROMERO

Any questions, MJ?

MJ

Nope! I think I've got it, sir.

MR. ROMERO

Excellent Of course, you'll always
have someone to refer to should
you ever have any.

Mr. Romero looks down a hallway at someone and gestures
hurriedly to them.

MR. ROMERO
You'll be working with your fellow
nightshift security guard.

The boy from the bus rounds the corner, dressed in the same uniform as MJ. He lets out a loud yawn as he approaches.

MR. ROMERO
Meet your coworker, Travis Pratt.

MJ's jaw drops, completely shocked.

Travis' eyes widen then narrow. A smirk appears on his face.

TRAVIS
Bus girl.

MJ crosses her arms defiantly.

MJ
We meet again, air pod guy.

Travis and MJ glare at each other while Mr. Romero looks between the two, confused.