

L U N A:
THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT

written by

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1 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1

A teenage girl rushes down the long, nondescript hallway.
Her trainers SQUEAK on the linoleum floor.

2 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, RECEPTION - NIGHT 2

This is LUNA (17). Her angry face presses against the front window.

Nose pierced; expression of relentless attitude. Her eyes dart left and right searching for someone in the darkness.

No one arrives.

LUNA
(muffled by the glass)
Fuck!

She marches away from the window to the reception desk.

Rifles through copies of CV's on a cluttered desk ...
"Spencer Ives" reads the one in her hand.

She eyes the clock: 11:45 PM.

3 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 3

Heavy panting, a teenage boy sprints to the front door, arriving too late for Luna to see him. This is MILLER (16). Wrinkled suit, oversized shirt, yellow washing gloves hanging out of his pocket.

MILLER
(to self)
What, I lack in experience, I
more than make up for with
punctuality and enthusiasm.

He pushes the buzzer and catches his breath. Smoothing his attire, wiping his brow.

4 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, RECEPTION - NIGHT 4

Luna spots Miller, finally! She sprints to open the door.

Miller edges in.

LUNA
About time! Spencer, right?

MILLER
Yeah--No ! It's Miller.

Luna doesn't care, too busy shoving the CV's into a drawer.

LUNA
Thanks for coming at such short
notice. I'm Luna.

They shake ... longer than normal: Luna is sizing him up.

Luna interrogates:

LUNA (CONT'D)
How old are you?

MILLER
(reciting)
What, I lack in experience, I ...
more than make up for with
punctuality ... and ... enthu--

A deep YAWN cuts Miller off ...

LUNA
Great start.

Luna bolts down the corridor. Miller follows her.

5 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

5

MILLER
Sorry, just, it's a bit late for
a job interview, isn't it?

They breeze past numbered doors. Luna barely looks back.

LUNA
Right, I'm gonna ask you a few
questions to see where you're at,
and to, uh, make sure you're
right for us... Are you focused?

MILLER
(playful)
Yeah, but I don't drive a Ford.
Just joking.

Luna is not amused.

MILLER (CONT'D)
(now serious)
I mean, I don't drive at all.
I've got a bike actually. It's a
pedal bike. It's outsi--

LUNA
Right. Would you say you're a
problem solver?

MILLER
 (confused)
 ... This is for the dish-washing
 job, right--

LUNA
 Are you a strong character? As in
 strong--I mean strong--Are you
 actually strong?

Miller considers ...

MILLER
 Yeah, I think I'm strong.

LUNA
 How strong? Do you lift?

MILLER
 I box on Tuesdays.

Luna regards Miller's black eye.

LUNA
 Uh-huh. Do you have a strong
 stomach?

MILLER
 ... Yeah?

LUNA
 Good... Really good.

They disappear around a corner.

6 INT. SIDE CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE ROOM 34 - NIGHT

6

Luna arrives outside Room 34. She seems apprehensive.

Luna reaches into her pocket and pulls out a set of keys. She
 pauses, staring at them, gnawing at her lip.

LUNA
 Are you trustworthy?

MILLER
 What?

LUNA
 (earnest)
 Can I trust you?

They lock eyes. The light flickers above them.

MILLER
 Of course.

She's satisfied.

LUNA
You've got the job.

MILLER
What? Really? Oh wow, that's
amazing! Thank you.

Miller shakes his head in excitement and disbelief.

Luna unlocks the door when--

MILLER (CONT'D)
What's the pay like?

LUNA
Huh?

She thinks ...

LUNA (CONT'D)
5 ... 10.20 ...

MILLER
Nice.

Luna grips the doorknob.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Do I need to sign a contract or
something--

LUNA
(terse)
Nope. We're all done.

MILLER
Nah--Great.

Luna opens the door a crack--

MILLER (CONT'D)
Oh! I don't have email.

LUNA
What?

MILLER
Email. I forgot to say. I'll need
an address for all my work
emails.

LUNA
Okay?

Miller can't help himself;

MILLER
And--

LUNA

What?!

MILLER

(sincerely)

Thanks, for this.

Miller's puppy-dog eyes soften Luna--only for a second.

LUNA

The job starts now.

Luna enters the darkened room.

7

INT. ROOM 34, BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

Miller follows Luna in. Light spills in from the bathroom.

An awful singer's voice BLARES from a talent show on TV.

Luna collects towels from around the room, entering the bathroom.

Miller peruses the bedroom. Old, floral, full of relics and nostalgia. Everyone's grandparent lives here. Miller sits on the bed.

MILLER

You alone here?

LUNA (O.S.)

Always.

Luna re-appears to prepare the bed, but Miller's in the way.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Get up.

Miller stands on command, distracting himself by fiddling with a small trinkets on the side board. Luna pulls the quilt back.

MILLER

I love the lighting. Are they
err ... on dimmers?-

LUNA (O.S.)

Miller, we don't have much time.
Mary's shift starts soon, we need
to do this now.

MILLER

Yes, Boss.

LUNA (O.S.)

Don't call me that. Get rid of
that tie. And turn that shit off.

Miller kills the TV and pockets his tie.

8 INT. ROOM 34, BATHROOM - NIGHT

8

Miller enters the bathroom. Luna stares down into a bathtub. A naked **OLD MAN** (70s) lies motionless in the water.

MILLER
(to Old Man)
Oops, sorry!

Miller jumps back out the room.

LUNA
We need to move him.

Miller tentatively re-enters eyes locked on the ceiling.

MILLER
What for?

Luna waits for him to catch up.

Miller glances at the tub. There sits the *lifeless* body of the Old Man...

MILLER (CONT'D)
He's dead!

The bodies motionless, a blank expression on his face.

LUNA
Like a fuckin' razor, ain't ya?

MILLER
Is this the job? Burying bodies?

LUNA
No, dickhead! Look. If he stays here whoever gets him in the morning will know he died on my watch. Fuck that! We've gotta do this now, okay? We just get him in bed, he died in his sleep. No one needs to know.

Miller looks at the body: glassy eyes, pale face, still water.

MILLER
Did you ... [kill him]?

LUNA
Shut up! You said you had a strong stomach. Did you lie to me?

MILLER
(panicked)
Of course I lied! I never thought--

LUNA

Well, I gave you the job so ...

She kneels at the tub. Rolls up a sleeve and plunges a hand into the water. Her face scrunches in disgust.

She yanks out the PLUG and tosses it to the floor. Miller watches on horrified.

LUNA (CONT'D)

He's a heavy bastard, so teamwork, yeah? And now he's wet as a duck's dick so at least grab another towel. Then we can--

Luna turns to see Miller edging towards the door.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you going?

MILLER

No--It's just maybe I should--I can't. I can't.

LUNA

(spiteful)

Oh. Yeah. I get it. Go home little boy. I knew you'd be useless. Go on, fuck off! I don't need you.

He's frozen at the door.

MILLER

Look, I can-

LUNA

FUCK OFF!

Miller scurries away.

9 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

9

Miller hurries down the corridor heading for the exit.

10 INT./EXT. RETIREMENT HOME, RECEPTION - NIGHT

10

Miller bursts into reception. He tries to collect himself, but he isn't alone. An **OLD LADY** (late 60s) in a thick robe stands nearby. Soft, milky eyes, a warm smile, a self-decorated cane.

OLD LADY

Just needed to stretch the legs.
(MORE)

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Will you help me back to my room,
George?

MILLER
I can't.

OLD LADY
(coy)
No need to be nervous. You're too
young for me.

Miller considers. He should just leave... He approaches the
old lady. She takes Miller's arm.

11 INT. RETIREMENT HOME, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

They reach her bedroom door arm in arm, she heads inside.

OLD LADY
Now that wasn't so difficult was
it? Don't tell her I was out.
She'll only worry.

The Old Lady winks and closes the bedroom door behind her.

Miller stares down the corridor to reception, then back
towards Room 34. He psyches himself up. He's ready!

12 INT. ROOM 34, BATHROOM - NIGHT 12

Luna is perched sombrely on the bathtub edge. Miller enters.

LUNA
They left me alone again. There's
fucking 40 of them! Another one
died on me last night. They think
it's me, like I'm bad at my job.
I'm not. It's just a lot, you
know? I'm not bad. I'm just...

MILLER
We should call someone.

LUNA
If they find out he died on my
shift--that another one [died]--
I'm gone. I know it. And I need
this job. You don't know what
it's like here. Tonight just got
out of hand. I don't even know
how long he's been in there ...
4-hours...? The water's freezing.
I needed help. I needed someone.

MILLER
Why me?

LUNA

I saw a bunch of CV's. Called everyone. Everyone. You're the only one who picked up.

Luna looks up at the clock: 11:55 PM.

LUNA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

It doesn't matter now.

Miller takes his jacket off, hooks it on the door handle.

MILLER

You get the legs. I'll get the arms.

Luna looks at Miller's kind eyes. Her fire quickly returns. She jumps up.

LUNA

Fuck that! You take the legs.

Luna and Miller get in position. Full concentration. They grab the limbs and lock eyes. 3... 2... 1. *Lift--*

RING! RING! Luna's phone rings. They lock eyes. Luna considers...

RING! RING! Luna drops the arms and sheepishly checks the caller ID... Oh, it's fine, it's just 'her'.

Miller still holds the legs. She answers:

LUNA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I can't talk now... I know I called you, but you didn't fucking pick up, did you? Besides, it doesn't matter now, it's too late. I've sorted it myself. Anyway, I'm hanging up, don't all me again.

Luna hangs up but waits, hands on hips.

MILLER

Are we--

LUNA

I just know he's gonna call again.

Waiting... Awkward silence. Luna fidgets impatiently.

RING! RING! She picks up the phone. They continue to lift.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 Hurry up, I'm busy--

Luna freezes.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 What do you mean 'he knows'? How?

She releases the torso and storms out of the bathroom.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 He can't know--What text?

Miller realises he's still holding the legs and lowers them.

LUNA (CONT'D) (O.S.)
 (on phone)
 Nu-nu-no don't do that! You
 fucked up--he's gonna get kicked
 out!--Because I'm seventeen! Do
 you realise what will happen if--

Miller grows antsy.

MILLER
 Luna?

No reply. She's fully in an argument now.

Miller checks the clock. He collects himself, plucking up the courage to lift alone.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 Okay... Okay.

Miller moves close towards the body. He adjusts the body's position and the head suddenly flops forward. Miller is horrified, but persists.

Miller faces the man, reaching around. He locks his fingers around his back and lifts with all his might. The body hinges away from the bathtub...

Now over the edge...

Miller is triumphant--Until he steps on the BATH PLUG and slips, crashing down with the Old Man, face-to-face!

Miller freaks out clambers from the tub and scurries away from the body.

He closes his eyes, catching his breath. Luna re-enters and grabs his shoulder. Miller is startled!

LUNA
Come on then.

She reaches out a hand to Miller and pulls him up.

They both position themselves next to the body, ready to lift. They lock eyes. 3, 2, 1-- The body rises from the tub.

13

INT. ROOM 34, BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

They gently lower him into the bed. Resting his head against the pillow. They pull the blanket over him.

Luna and Miller sit on the floor, backs against the wall, staring at the Old Man's body now 'resting' in bed.

Luna flicks the switch of an oxygen machine on, it PURRS gently into life.

Luna takes a deep breath, she lowers the mask, passing it to Miller.

MILLER
What is this? It's not... are we doing drugs?

Luna tries to hide a smile.

LUNA
It's oxygen.

Miller inhales.

MILLER
So the job, is ...

LUNA
Yeah, I've kept my job for another night. I'm a survivor Miller. You'll learn that about me.

MILLER
So, when's my next shift, Boss?

LUNA
I'm not gonna lie to you, Miller. There was no job. But you really helped me out tonight. I appreciate it.

Luna reaches into her pocket and pulls out a £50 note. Miller smiles as Luna hands it over.

MILLER
Did you know him?

She looks at the body for slightly too long.

LUNA

His name was Frank. He was a bit
an asshole actually. Awful to
his kids. Rude. Obnoxious. Angry.
Miserable... But not to me.

Luna almost smiles, passing Miller the mask.

LUNA (CONT'D)

You're a good kid. If I need you
again. I'll let you know.

They both stare forwards, strangely content as the pure
oxygen flows through them. They look stoned.

MILLER

I guess I should go, right?

Silence.

Neither of them move.

CUT TO BLACK.

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