

INCIDENT ON
SHELLEY AVENUE

Written by
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Based on the novel
"Frankenstein" by
Mary Shelley

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FADE IN:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BASEMENT LABORATORY - NIGHT

SLOW PAN around the dark, dingy laboratory setup of a deranged madman. Thunder RUMBLES outside.

Between the beakers, vials, and glowing green lights, a MAN in a dirty lab coat hobbles through a haze of fog, with the aid of a cane.

This is DR. PETER FRANKENSTEIN, (42), a weasel of a man. Awkward and skittish, sweats profusely. In his free hand, a huge syringe filled with a neon orange fluid.

Peter steps up to a gurney.

On the gurney, a MASSIVE BODY. Upon closer inspection, it's a disturbing mishmash of different body parts, crudely sewn and stapled together.

This is Dr. Frankenstein's MONSTER.

From the shadows, BORIS, (42), a hefty man with an intense lazy eye, watches in horror as Peter holds the syringe high above the Monster.

Lightning flashes through the basement windows.

Peter stabs the syringe down onto the Monster's naked torso, directly into the heart. He presses down on the plunger, pushes the orange fluid into the Monster's chest.

Boris slinks further back into the darkness, afraid.

Peter rips the empty syringe out of the Monster's heart, steps back and waits with bated breath.

A long beat.

SLOW ZOOM onto the Monster's stitched up face. The top of its skull has been stapled back into place.

PUSH IN MORE, right up on the Monster's closed eyes. Another CRACK of thunder just as--

Its eyes pop open!

SMASH TO BLACK.

PETER (V.O.)
It's alive! I've done it! I've
really done it! IT'S ALIVE!

TITLE CARD -- INCIDENT ON SHELLEY AVENUE

The soft BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of an EKG.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sterile, dimly lit.

SUPERIMPOSE: Some Time Later...

Huddled under the covers on the bed is HAZEL, (18), pretty brunette, clearly distressed. Dark bruises cover her neck.

Various wires and tubes connect from the traumatized young woman, to a clunky EKG machine set up beside her bed.

Two detectives, Whales, (52), and Fisher, (48), stand at the foot of Hazel's bed.

Fisher takes out a small notepad and a pencil while his partner leans forward.

Hazel avoids eye contact with either of them, brings her hand to her mouth, nervously chews on her fingernails.

Whales shoots her a comforting smile.

WHALES

I know this is difficult, but we need to get your statement while it's still fresh in your mind.

He straightens up, takes a deep breath.

WHALES (CONT'D)

I need you to try and remember what happened...

Hazel's eyes suddenly meet Whales.

HAZEL

Remember? I'll never be able to forget.

Whales and Fisher exchange looks of concern.

SLOW ZOOM on Hazel as she begins to recount her tale. Tears roll down her cheeks.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
We were just going for a walk. Like
we always do...

FADE TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SUPERIMPOSE: Earlier That Night...

Hazel, sans neck bruises, walks hand in hand with JAMES,
(19), a scrawny guy with long scraggily hair.

James kicks an empty soda can as they walk down the dark,
quiet street.

HAZEL
Smells like rain.

JAMES
Really? Smells like shit to me.

Hazel playfully shoves James away.

HAZEL
This is real romantic, James.

JAMES
Could be worse... Don't worry.
Another couple months working at my
uncle's shop, and I'll have enough
saved up to get you away from
here...

He turns to Hazel, glances down at bruises on her arms.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Away from him.

Hazel smiles, leans in and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

HAZEL
You're sweet.

He flashes a warm smile.

JAMES
I really mean it, Hazel. You
deserve better.

Then, he spots something in the distance. His eyes light up
as he hurries ahead of Hazel.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey, I know what we can do tonight!

Hazel slumps her shoulders and frowns. She already knows what he's thinking.

HAZEL

James. No.

James moves to the street corner, steps right beside the street sign.

The sign reads: SHELLEY AVENUE

He turns back to Hazel with a mischievous grin on his face.

JAMES

Let's go see what looney Dr. Frankenstein is cookin' in his crazy laboratory!

HAZEL

What are you, twelve?

James smirks.

JAMES

C'mon. Where's your sense of adventure? Besides... What else are we gonna do tonight?

Before Hazel can respond, James turns and starts down the gloomy street. She rolls her eyes and sighs, then slowly follows her boyfriend.

HAZEL

(annoyed)

You're such a kid sometimes.

PAN UP to the night sky as dark clouds slowly roll in.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A rundown Victorian house, surrounded by similarly styled homes, all of which appear to be condemned.

Lightning flashes. Thunder RUMBLES. Storm's coming.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - MAE'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

The cramped space is filled with shadows.

Peter carefully helps MAE FRANKENSTEIN, (70), frail and sickly, into her bed. He tucks her in.

PETER

There you go, Mother.

Mae glares at her son, pure hatred in her eyes.

MAE

Get away from me, you pervert!

Peter takes a deep breath, doesn't let the insult bother him.

PETER

Is there anything else I can do for you, Mother?

MAE

You? Ha! I'd ask you to kill yourself, but you'd only mess that up. I should have strangled you in your crib.

PETER

I know you don't mean that. You're just tired, that's all.

A PAINED MOAN echoes from somewhere deeper in the house.

Peter perks up, expecting some sort of response from Mae.

She gives him nothing.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mother... Why won't you let me show you what I've created? It's truly amazing! You'd be so proud --

Mae scoffs, rolls over on her side, faces away from Peter.

Peter lowers his head, defeated. He stands, uses his cane for support as he shuffles over to the open bedroom door.

PETER (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Mother.

MAE

It'll be a good night when your pathetic heart stops beating.

This stings Peter, but he remains silent as he exits the room and pulls the bedroom door shut behind him.

EXT. SHELLEY AVENUE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

James and Hazel walk along the desolate street.

JAMES

Maybe we'll get a peek of something cool. That loon is always working on something wacky.

Hazel drags her feet, clearly isn't as interested as he is.

HAZEL

This is super lame, James.

James shrugs.

JAMES

You think everything's lame.

Thunder RUMBLES, draws both James and Hazel's eyes to dark clouds in the night sky.

Rain starts to fall. Just a light sprinkle.

James holds out his hand, catches a couple rain drops.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shit. Guess the rain's gonna hit us after all. Lame.

HAZEL

Told ya.

He turns to Hazel.

JAMES

You wanna head back?

She steps up beside him, grabs his arm.

HAZEL

I'd rather be all wet in the rain with you than dry at home with him.

James leans forward, plants a kiss on her lips. He pulls back, smiles.

JAMES

C'mon, then.

He grabs her hand, leads her as they hurry down the street, towards the Frankenstein house.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BASEMENT LABORATORY (FLASHBACK)

The space is poorly lit with various glowing green lights.

A thick mist covers the ground. Creepy.

MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC starts from somewhere up above.

Tucked into the far corner of the basement is a massive, ceiling high cage.

Thick metal bars keep whatever is inside secured.

A PAINED MOAN comes from the darkness behind the metal bars.

Inside the cage, something HUGE moves. It's the Monster.

Another MOAN. This one's almost sad. Lonely.

Just then, Boris hurries out of the shadows with a cattle prod and hesitantly jabs the prod into the cage.

He shocks the Monster.

BORIS

Ya have to stay quiet! Please!

TORTURED CRIES come from the cage.

BORIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Just please!
Stay quiet!

A look of remorse falls over Boris' face as he continues to shock at the Monster.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - PETER'S STUDY (FLASHBACK)

Cluttered and messy. Dimly lit. The space is dominated by a huge wooden desk.

Much more clear now, the CLASSICAL MUSIC spills out of a large old record player. It's "Moonlight Sonata First Movement" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

Peter stands behind the desk, faces a large window. He stares at his reflection, a glass of whiskey in his hand.

Behind him, an open bottle of whiskey sits on a large desk.

The Monster's terrified CRIES OF PAIN are heard from deeper in the house.

A few rain drops start to hit the window. Lightning flashes outside, followed by THUNDER.

The Monster's CRIES OF PAIN grow louder.

Peter takes a drink from his glass, winces. He glances back at his reflection, scowls, hates what he sees.

In a fit of rage, Peter turns and throws his glass against the far wall.

It SHATTERS on impact.

The Monster's CRIES OF PAIN grow even louder.

Face red and sweating profusely, Peter limps over to his desk, pulls a pistol out of the top drawer.

He turns to a painting on the wall. It's a painting of his late FATHER, (74), a cold and stern looking man.

Peter puts the pistol against the bottom of his chin, places his finger on the trigger. Tears well up in his eyes.

He closes his eyes. His finger tightens on the trigger.

A tense moment.

Again, the Monster CRIES OUT.

Peter lowers the pistol, unable to follow through. He sets the weapon down on the desk, grabs the open bottle of whiskey, takes a swig.

Just then, a LOUD CRASH comes from deeper in the house, followed by Boris' horrified SCREAMS. His SCREAMS OF TERROR quickly turn to HOWLS OF AGONY!

Peter rushes out of his study as fast as his bad leg will allow him.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BASEMENT LABORATORY (FLASHBACK)

Peter practically runs down the narrow staircase. The basement below is eerily quiet.

The CLASSICAL MUSIC continues from upstairs.

PETER
Boris!? Boris, answer me!

No response.

Just as Peter nears the bottom of the staircase, he trips over his bad leg, falls hard on his face.

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - FRONT YARD (FLASHBACK)

James and Hazel stand in the shadows outside of the house, looks of concern spread across their faces.

HAZEL
Shouldn't we get out of here?

JAMES
No. They might need our help.

He pulls out his cellphone, tosses it to Hazel.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Call the police! Get them out here!

HAZEL
James!?

JAMES
Just call them, Hazel!

Before she can respond, James rushes up to the front door. He POUNDS his fists against the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hey!? Are you alright in there!?
Hello!? Are you hurt!?

No response. Aside from the MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC inside, the house has fallen eerily silent.

Hazel holds the cellphone out before her as she looks for a signal. She moves back towards the street, finally gets a couple bars.

HAZEL
Thank God!

She dials nine-one-one, presses the cellphone to her ear.

James takes a deep breath. He grabs the door knob, turns it. But the door is locked.

JAMES
(under his breath)
Dammit.

He runs around to the side of the house.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(to Hazel)
I'm heading around back! You wait
there!

Hazel nervously chews on her fingernails while she watches as James moves out of view.

Just then, an EMERGENCY OPERATOR answers her call.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)
Nine-one-one. What's your
emergency?

HAZEL
Yes! Thank you! There's something
weird going on at the Frankenstein
place on Shelley Avenue! I think
someone might be in trouble!

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BACKYARD (FLASHBACK)

James hurries around the house, goes to the back door and knocks hard.

JAMES
Hey! Do you need help!? Hello!?

Still no response.

Behind him, something moves in the shadows. Something BIG.

James doesn't notice. His attention is drawn to a concrete staircase leading down to the wide open basement door.

A glowing green light emits from the basement. Creepy.

Slowly, he starts down the steps. He looks nervous.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hello? Is someone --

The Monster, dressed in rags, emerges from the darkness behind James. It slaps a huge hand over the scared young man's mouth, quickly silences him.

James tries to fight back, but the Monster is far too strong.

The Monster lifts him off his feet, squeezes him in an intense bear hug.

James' eyes bulge as his bones POP and CRACK. A raspy gurgle escapes his mouth as blood oozes out between the Monster's massive fingers.

With one final CRUNCH, the Monster drags James' limp body back into the shadows of the backyard.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BASEMENT LABORATORY (FLASHBACK)

Peter comes to at the bottom of the steps.

The CLASSIC MUSIC continues to play upstairs.

RASPY BREATHING O.S. It's close.

With a grunt, Peter gets to his feet. He shuffles over to the back of the room, sees that the cage has been busted open.

The look on his face says it all. "How the fuck!?"

He looks over and sees that the basement door is wide open.

PETER

Shit.

BORIS

(weak, raspy)

P-Peter...

Peter turns, sees Boris sprawled out on the floor, the cattle prod impaled through his gut. There's a lot of blood.

PETER

Boris!?

Peter rushes to Boris' aid, but it's clearly too late. He looks over his friend with sadness in his eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, Boris...

Boris coughs up blood, weakly holds his hand to Peter, who grabs hold of it and squeezes tight.

BORIS

P-Peter... F-forgive me...

A final breath escapes his lips, then he falls silent. Dead.

Peter gently lays his friend's hand down. He stands, a look of anger on his face.

EXT. SHELLEY AVENUE (FLASHBACK)

Hazel stands in the quiet street, in front of the Frankenstein house. She stands with her arms crossed, grows more impatient with each passing moment.

HAZEL
(under her breath)
What the Hell are you doing, James?

She turns, looks down both ends of the quiet street.

No sign of any incoming police vehicles.

Hazel takes a deep breath, then starts toward the house. She cautiously moves around the side, toward the backyard.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BACKYARD (FLASHBACK)

Hazel carefully steps out from around the house. She squints her eyes as she scans the darkness.

No sign of James.

MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC comes from inside.

HAZEL
James? Where are you?

No response. Just more THUNDER.

SLOW ZOOM on Hazel as she stands and nervously rubs her arms.

Just then, something moves in the shadows, ducks deeper into the darkness of the backyard.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
James?

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - PETER'S STUDY (FLASHBACK)

The record spins on the turntable as CLASSICAL MUSIC continues to pour out of the record player.

Peter rushes into the room, grabs his pistol off the desk.

EXT. BACK ALLEY (FLASHBACK)

The darkness is overwhelming.

Hazel hesitantly steps into the narrow alley way.

HAZEL

James? What are you doing? James?

No response.

A WET CRUNCH comes from the shadows.

Hazel straightens up, afraid. She's about to turn back when --

A ROUND OBJECT rolls out of the darkness, comes to a stop at her feet.

She peers down at the object. Her eyes go wide with horror.

It's James' decapitated head!

HAZEL (CONT'D)

JAMES!?

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS are heard just before the Monster runs out of the shadows, straight at Hazel!

It moves awkwardly, as if it's not used to its body.

Horrified, Hazel runs back the way she came from.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BACKYARD (FLASHBACK)

The Monster chases Hazel into the yard, gains ground quick.

POLICE SIRENS are heard in the distance.

MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC still blasts from inside.

Hazel peeks over her shoulder, doesn't like what she sees.

HAZEL

Somebody help me!?

The Monster is on her fast, shoves her hard to the ground. It lunges forward, grabs her by the throat, and lifts her into the air.

Hazel attempts to get free, but it's no use.

The Monster pulls her close to its face, smiles at her. Admires her.

Hazel's face turns blue. Her eyes start to roll over white.

The MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC suddenly becomes louder and more clear as --

BANG! BANG! Two bullets RIP through the Monster's legs!

It drops Hazel to the ground. She curls into the fetal position and gasps for air.

The Monster turns, sees Peter standing in the open back door of the house, pistol in hand. The CLASSICAL MUSIC spills out from behind him.

Peter glares back at the Monster.

The Monster looks down at the bullet holes in its legs, lets out a confused groan.

It turns back to Peter, steps toward him, holds out one of his massive hands. As if it's pleading with him.

The anger on Peter's face shifts to sadness. He exhales a deep breath, then aims his pistol.

PETER

You deserved better. I'm sorry.

The Monster cocks it's head to the side, confused.

Peter squeezes the trigger. BANG!

A bullet blasts into the Monster's forehead. Its entire body stiffens up, drops backwards to the ground, dead.

Hazel sobs beside the Monster's corpse.

HAZEL

(distraught)

James... Oh, God...

Peter looks from Hazel, to his failed creation sprawled out beside her, down to the pistol in his hand, then finally up to his mother's bedroom window.

The POLICE SIRENS grow louder.

Red and blue lights flash from around the front of the house.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - MAE'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK)

It's dark.

Through the window, red and blue lights can be seen flashing outside. The lights are accompanied with POLICE SIRENS.

The CLASSICAL MUSIC continues downstairs.

Mae lies in her bed, curiously looks at the lights outside her window.

Then, the bedroom door is pushed open. Standing silhouetted in the door is Peter.

Mae looks at her son, her upper lip curled in disdain.

MAE

They've finally come for you, huh?
Good. About time. I hope they lock
you away and throw away the key.
Hell, I hope they fry you.

Peter just smiles.

PETER

(softly)

I've got something that I've wanted
to say to you for a very long time
now, Mother.

He aims the pistol at Mae, squeezes the trigger. BANG! BANG!

Mae slumps out of her bed, dead.

Downstairs, Police POUND on the front door.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Police! Open up!

Peter places the pistol under his chin and closes his eyes.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSE - BACKYARD (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON Hazel as she sobs uncontrollably on the wet ground.

Inside the house, the CLASSICAL MUSIC comes to an end.

FADE TO BLACK.

BANG! A gunshot RINGS out.

END FLASHBACK

The familiar BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of an EKG machine.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Detectives Whales and Fisher stand in awe at the foot of Hazel's hospital bed. They exchange glances of skepticism.

Fisher finishes up his notes, then stuffs his notepad and pencil back in his pocket.

FISHER
(under his breath)
Jesus Christ.

Whales exhales a deep breath. He rubs his chin, thinks hard.

WHALES
So, you're telling me that weird
body they found in the backyard...
That thing was actually alive!?

Hazel scoffs, frustrated.

HAZEL
You don't have to believe me, but
it's the truth! That, thing,
attacked us... It killed James!

She tears up.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
And then... Dr. Frankenstein... He
saved --

DOUG (O.S.)
That's enough, Hazel. No more.

Hazel and the detectives turn to see DOUG, (42), a portly man with a very noticeable bald spot, standing in the open door.

WHALES
I'm sorry. Who are you?

DOUG
I'm her father.

Doug steps into the room, moves beside Hazel's bed. She flinches, clearly afraid.

Whales notices.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Who the Hell are you?

Fisher steps forward with a smirk on his face.

FISHER

Detective Fisher and Detective Whales. Homicide. We were just having a little chat with your adult daughter.

Doug steps up to Fisher, stares him down. An intense moment.

Then, a DOCTOR, (52), an older man with glasses, practically runs into the room. He looks panicked.

DOCTOR

Detectives... Sorry to interrupt, I need a word with you!

Fisher shoots Whales a confused look. Whales just shrugs.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Please! It's urgent!

The Doctor rushes out of the room.

WHALES

(to Hazel)

We'll be right back!

The two detectives run out of the room, go after the Doctor.

Doug walks over to the open door, shuts it. He turns back to Hazel, who just stares back at him.

She's terrified.

DOUG

Homicide detectives? Really, Hazel!? What kind of bullshit did that loser boyfriend get you into this time!?

Hazel doesn't respond. She can't even bring herself to look her father in the eyes.

Doug stomps over to her, grabs her by her arm and pulls her in close.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You fuckin' look at me when I'm talking to you!

Hazel whimpers. Her bottom lip quivers with fear.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The two detectives stand with their arms crossed as the clearly distraught Doctor delivers some bad news.

DOCTOR
(a hushed voice)
It's gone! That thing woke up and
walked right out of the morgue!

Daniels frowns.

DANIELS
What? How did it wake up? How's
that even possible!?

The Doctor throws his hands up and shakes his head.

DOCTOR
Hey, I just got the call a couple
of minutes ago! I'm just as in the
dark on this as you.

Fisher turns to Whales, who looks just as confused as he is.

FISHER
What the Hell is going on here!?

Before Whales can respond, a terrified SCREAM echoes through the corridor. It's Hazel!

Both detectives' eyes light up. They both dash around the startled Doctor and head towards Hazel's room.

The sharp and constant BEEP of an unplugged EKG machine grows LOUDER as Whales and Fisher sprint down the narrow corridor, back toward Hazel's room.

Fisher reaches the room first, sees that the door has been broken down.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Fisher steps into the room. His face goes white with horror.

FISHER
My God!

Whales rushes into the room, out of breath. He pushes past Fisher, immediately recoils in disgust.

Doug lies stomach first in a puddle of his own blood on the floor. His head has been twisted completely around, his dead eyes staring up at the ceiling.

A look of horror is stretched permanently across Doug's face.

The hospital window has been shattered.

Whales looks to the hospital bed, sees that Hazel is missing. He turns to the shattered window, stares out into the night.

FADE TO:

EXT. SHELLEY AVENUE - NIGHT

It's quiet. Brighter than before. The storm clouds have moved on, allowing the full moon to shine bright once more.

The Monster carries Hazel's limp body as it awkwardly shuffles down the center of the street, towards the distant Frankenstein house.

FADE OUT.