

REINVENTION

"Pilot: Rejection"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT - DAY (PRESENT)

DR. FRANKENSTEIN (50), classic mad scientist with big hair, steampunk goggles, sits at his desk in his cinder block basement, looks at half-full beakers, makes notes.

A ping-pong ball bounces off his desk to the floor. He ignores it.

Another ping-pong ball bounces off his desk and to the floor. The Dr. grits his teeth, keeps working.

A third ping-pong ball bounces on his desk and hits him in the head. He snaps.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN

That's it! You know what, that's
it. I'm going out for some smokes.

Dr. Frankenstein stomps to the back of the basement and up the stairs, out of sight.

We pan over to see MONSTER, 35, some vestiges of the classic monster we know like bolts in his neck and a few visible scars, but also just a modern dude. He sits quietly, nonplussed.

Monster bounces a ping-pong ball on his paddle alone.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT - LATER

Monster paces, looks at his watch. He sweeps the floor, dusts the beakers on Dr. Frankenstein's desk. He plays ping-pong with himself against the wall.

Monster stares at the clock. His heart pounds. The clock ticks. Heart, clock, heart. Calypso.

Monster considers a large shelf along the back wall housing brains in jars. We can't see the labels, he rearranges them.

Once we see the front of the jars, they are arranged from "very normal" to "kind of normal" to "Abby Normal".

He dusts in the corner of the basement by his twin bed. He regards a framed photo on his nightstand: a proud Dr. F stands next to a confused Monster.

Monster fondly remembers.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dr. Frankenstein stands over Monster who is strapped down to a long table with wire coming out of it. He yells to the heavens.

DR. F

It's alive. It's alive. It's alive!

Dr. F drops the dramatics.

DR. F (CONT'D)

That one felt right. Did you get it, Igor? Igor?

EVIE IGOR, 32, frazzled academic, rushes to the area carrying a bucket of dry ice.

EVIE

Coming! Coming!

She stops behind a camera on a tripod.

DR. F

Really? You missed that? It was perfection.

Monster, confused, starts to sit up. Dr. F pushes him down.

EVIE

I thought you wanted more dry ice?
For the fog?

DR. F

I'm going to put a word in your
head: multitask.

EVIE

(sarcastically)
Yes, master.

DR. F

Let me center myself.

EVIE

Should I go, or...

DR. F

From the top!

Monster tries to sit up again. Dr. F pushes him down, Evie puts the dry ice behind him.

DR. F (CONT'D)

And the fan, the fan!

EVIE

All right, Beyonce.

Fog, a bit of wind. This castle is looking dope.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Rolling!

DR. F

It's alive...it's alive...no, I've
lost it. The moment is gone.

EVIE

I say forget about the video. Isn't
the mere fact that you managed to
reanimate dead tissue in the form
of a fully functioning human
enough?

DR. F

What century are you living in?
Appearance is everything. Damn.
Well, at least take our picture so
I can update my profile.

Dr. F thumps Monster on the chest.

DR. F (CONT'D)
Sit up, you nincompoop!

Still super confused, Monster sits up. Dr. F wraps his arm around him, smiles.

CLICK.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT (PRESENT)

We pull out of the photo to Monster's present situation. He sets the photo down.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT - LATER

Monster sits on a tattered recliner starring at the screen of and old tube TV.

An episode of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION plays. We don't see the screen, but we hear the dialogue between PICARD and DATA.

PICARD
Did we send out probes to extend
the reach of our hails?

DATA
Yes, sir. He has not responded. He
is thirteen hours overdue.

Monster fidgets, looks at the clock.

PICARD
The nearest planet is Tricon Three.
Is it possible he took refuge
there?

DATA
Unlikely. The atmosphere is highly
toxic and even a shuttlecraft
performing perfectly would have
difficultly landing unharmed.

PICARD
Still, we should scan the surface.
There may be signs of debris if
nothing else.

DATA
Scanning now. No, sir. No signs of
life or Federation debris.

PICARD
Options, Commander.

DATA
There is one possibility, sir.

PICARD
Yes?

Monster anxiously listens.

DATA
Tricon Three orbits close to the
Cardassian border. If he did
attempt to seek refuge on the
planet, he may have been captured.
And with his knowledge of the
Federation plans for a new warp
drive-

PICARD
He may well be, at this very
moment, at the summit of torture.

Monster clicks the TV off and stands straight up.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT - LATER

Monster pulls out his iPhone. It won't unlock with his
fingerprint.

He opens Dr. Frankenstein's top desk drawer. Vapors waft out,
indicating the drawer is refrigerated. He riffles through a
plethora of index fingers until he finds the right one and it
unlocks his phone.

He calls the police.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Lehigh Valley police department,
how may I direct your call?

MONSTER
Mmmmmmm.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Can you repeat yourself, sir?

MONSTER
Mmmmmmm.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
I'm sorry, I'm having trouble
understanding you.

MONSTER
(slower)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sir, we do not take prank calls
lightly. You need to keep this line
open for people who really need
help.

MONSTER
Mmmmmmm!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Nasty.

Monster looks at the black screen of his phone. He's
deflated.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Monster knows he must venture outside.

He opens a large wooden wardrobe. Inside, seven black suit
jackets identical to the one he wears. He takes his time
picking one out.

He packs a backpack.

MONTAGE of contents.

Band-aids

A flashlight

A compass

A massive axe

Marshmallows

A book of Haikus

A grappling hook

END OF MONTAGE

Monster marches to the back of the basement. He walks down a dark, narrow corridor crawling with spider. He uses his flashlight to find the way.

At the end, light streams through small cracks in a cellar door.

Monster sets down his backpack, flashlight. Picks up the axe.

WHACK! He takes several swings at the door.

WHACK! He finally breaks through. He pokes his head through the opening.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN BACKYARD - DAY

Birds chirp, butterflies flutter in the green grass. Monster, with bag, climbs out into the backyard.

The sun blinds him. His heart races. He takes slow steps towards the side of the house.

FRANKENSTEIN FRONT YARD

Monster in the front yard. The house is set a ways back from the road. Monster has a long, gravel driveway to march down before he hits civilization.

EXT. NACHBARN HOUSE - SAME

CHERYL NACHBARN, 53, judgmental suburbanite, orders around two LANDSCAPERS. LANDSCAPER 1 holds a lit tiki torch, LANDSCAPER 2 uses a pitchfork to move mulch into a flower bed.

CHERYL

No, that is not what I asked for. I was very specific on the phone. I asked for six eight-foot tiki torches, not eight six-foot tiki torches. This completely changes my vision for the vertical space.

LANDSCAPER 1

I can see if we have the other ones-

CHERYL

No, no. We're already behind schedule.

(MORE)

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to start food prep in two hours. This needs to be done by then.

Cheryl turns her wrath to Landscaper 2.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Be careful! That's supposed to go around the zinnias, not in them.

Poor Cheryl, she suffers.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Just put two of the torches in the front and the rest in the back.

Cheryl huffs inside.

LANDSCAPER 1

Toke?

Landscaper 2 nods.

LANDSCAPER 1 (CONT'D)

Thank God.

Landscaper 1 and 2 look out and see Monster at the end of his driveway. What Monster sees is two men, one with a torch and the other with a pitchfork. They stare at each other.

Monster turns around and runs away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT

Monster lays on his bed, stares at the ceiling. Sad 80s music plays.

He remembers.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT (FLASHBACK)

Monster sits on the table he was "born" on, top hat and cape on. Dr. F. paces in front of him, Evie ready with a pen and notepad.

DR. F

He's just not progressing as I'd hoped.

EVIE

Physically?

DR. F

Cognitively. I've tried Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Kafka. He just doesn't respond to anything.

Monster makes a poof of smoke and a bouquet of roses appear. No one cares.

EVIE

What are you saying, Doctor?

DR. F

I'm saying I don't think he has any bats in the cave.

EVIE

You know that's a euphemism for boogers in your nose, right?

DR. F

Why, do boogers sometimes come violently screaming out of your cranium? How absurd.

Monster pulls a handkerchief out of his nose, and another and another. Still, no fucks given.

EVIE

You could say his bulb is a bit dim.

DR. F

No, there's nothing wrong with his circuitry. I'm certain of that.

EVIE

He's a sandwich shy of a picnic?

DR. F

What are you prattling on about?

Monster takes off his hat, pulls out a living corgi puppy.

EVIE

So you're saying-

DR. F

What I'm saying, Igor, is that I think I could have a more intellectually stimulating conversation with a bag of toenails.

Monster deflates. Evies sees. Dr. F. does not.

DR. F (CONT'D)

Which reminds me, replenish the stock of toenails.

Dr. F leaves. Evie takes the corgi puppy.

EVIE

Don't worry about him, Em. He gets ideas in his head and when things don't turn out exactly like he envisions them, he turns into a toddler. Don't tell him I said that, I really need him to sign off on my dis.

Monster pats the puppy.

EVIE (CONT'D)

I bet you have a wealth of talents we just haven't tapped into yet. Who knows what your exceptional at until you try?

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT (PRESENT)

Monster rolls over in his bed, looks at the TV across the room.

CU on TV SCREEN

CLICK! The TV turns on. A JULIA CHILD look-a-like hosts a cooking show and instructs her audience.

JULIA

Now that the dough is coming together nicely, we can turn it out and begin the kneading.

INT. BASEMENT

Monster stands behind a table in a make-shift kitchen. He wears an apron, flour everywhere. But the dough looks pretty darn good.

ON TV

JULIA

You want to make sure to knead the dough with a firm hand. Don't be afraid to really get in there. Show it who's boss. One way to work up that gluten is to give it a good slap.

Julia holds on to one end of dough and whacks it on the table. Repeatedly.

Monster tries this method.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Go on, give it a try. Just like this. Listen, get a good grip on it and really whack the shit out of it.

Monster brings his hand up and the dough goes flying...never to land.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Yes! Slap it!

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Monster sits behind an easel (we can't see what he's painting), brush in hand.

BOB (O.S.)
Just slap the devil out of it.
That's right. We want to switch the
color here.

ON TV

A BOB ROSS look-a-like on screen, stands in front of his easel painting a beautiful green landscape.

BOB (CONT'D)
Our picture is really coming
together now. I'm just gonna add a
bit of color to the bushes over
here. Add a little yellow to this
green.

Monster taps his brush on his palate.

BOB (CONT'D)
There we go. That really looks much
better. Now we have happy little
bushes. No one likes a grumpy bush.

Monster looks at the camera, deadpan.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Monster stands in the middle of the room with a giant T-shirt over his suit jacket. He stands in tree pose.

ON TV

A YOGA INSTRUCTOR leads a sequence in a very calming manner.

INSTRUCTOR
And we move into warrior 1.

Monster mimics this.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
And into warrior 2.

Monster mimics this.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
And into wheel pose.

The instructor does a back bend. Monster attempts a back bend and falls out of frame.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Monster lies on the floor unconscious.

EXT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - DAY (DREAM)

Monster has entered the world of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION. When Monster dreams, he can speak.

Monster has taken the post of RIKER (first officer), Dr. F. sits as PICARD. Bob sits as DATA and Julia has taken up the post of WORF, Chief of Security.

DR. F
Update, Number Two.

MONSTER
It's Number One, sir.

DR. F
No, I'm number one, always. And you're number two, get it?

MONSTER
Yes, sir. Very funny.

BOB
Hey, ya'll. Not to put a damper on things, but we've got a mean mister man decloaking here.

MONSTER
On screen.

DR. F
Romulans. What a buzz kill.

MONSTER
Shields up!

JULIA
Shields up and phasers ready!

DR. F
Belay that order, Julia.

MONSTER
But, sir. The Romulans.

BOB

Yeah, they're not looking super happy out there.

JULIA

Torpedo bays ready to blast that ship into croutons!

DR. F

Stand down, Julia. Good Lord.

MONSTER

Go to red alert.

DR. F

Belay that order! Basically, whatever he says, belay it.

MONSTER

Sir, we need to do something.

DR. F

All right. Look at me, Number Two and listen very carefully.

Dr. F. extends his hand.

DR. F (CONT'D)

Pull my finger.

BOB

Hey, guys?

Everyone turns their attention to Bob. He has an easel and a finished painting of the Romulan ship surrounded by flowers and mountains.

BOB (CONT'D)

Do you think I got the coloring of their left ballast right?

BAM! The ships is hit. All four rock sideways.

MONSTER

Direct hit, minor damage to decks thirteen to seventeen.

DR. F

I've never cared for deck fourteen anyway.

MONSTER

Reports of casualties coming in now.

JULIA

That's it.

Julia removes her pearl earrings, pull out two giant space guns.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'm going over there. If I'm not back in fifteen, send a Croque monsieur.

MONSTER

No, wait!

Julia beams away.

BAM! The ship is hit again. Monster falls to the floor.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

We have to do something! Captain?

Monster stands, look around. Dr. F has disappeared.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

Captain? Bob, locate the Captain.

BOB

Cap's jumped ship, friend.

Monster heads back towards Worf's post. BAM! They're hit again. Monster punches a panel, can't get the result he wants.

MONSTER

Come on, come on. Why won't the shields come up?

BAM! Another hit.

BOB

Monster?

Monster ignores Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Monster!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Evie kneels over Monster who still lies on the floor. She can't wake him up.

Reinvention

"Pilot: Rejection"

[Episode 1#]
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16.

EVIE
Monster!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BASEMENT

Monster on the floor, still unconscious. Evie reappears with a portable car battery.

She hooks the jumper cables up to his neck bolts.

ZAP. Monster sits up.

EVIE

There he is! Maybe I should get some bolts. Coffee just isn't having the same effect anymore.

Evie helps Monster sit on the couch.

EVIE (CONT'D)

OK, so what's going on?

Monster mimes his story.

EVIE (CONT'D)

So, two days ago...you were playing ping-pong...

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Evie paces.

EVIE

Just poof, gone? God, that's just so typical. He didn't say a word to me about going anywhere. I just got this text from him this morning. "Feed the fish". I guess this means I'm not getting the draft of my dissertation back anytime soon. And the article edits are due next week. Don't worry, Evie will do it! Evie doesn't mind, she has all the time in the world!

As Evie rants, her words become muddled, faded. Monster remembers.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT (FLASHBACK)

Dr. F., ready with a clipboard and pen, sits across from Monster.

DR. F.

I want to practice emotions with you, Monster. This is so I can test your knowledge of these emotions, but also so we can work on your facial expressions. The world can be very judgmental you know. First, angry.

Monster frowns awkwardly.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Not great. Try pensive.

Monster: deadpan.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

You'll not fool anyone. It's like I can hear your brain echoing. How about happy? Express happiness.

Monster: confused.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Is it the expression or the concept that confuses you?

Monster shrugs.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Happiness is joy. No, that's another emotion.

Monster waits.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Happiness is smiles and energy and lightness and getting to tell Dr. Phoss that he's fired and your taking over his position.

Monster smiles limply.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Christ, I've found patient zero for resting bitch face. I wonder if I could get a publication out of that?

Monster rests his head on the table.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

Yes, Monster. I know you're tired. That feeling you're feeling is shame because you've disappointed me. Get some rest and we'll try again tomorrow.

Dr. F. starts to go, Monster lifts his head up.

DR. F. (CONT'D)

I know it seems like I'm hard on you, but believe me when I say, I'm far kinder than anyone you'd meet above ground.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT (PRESENT)

Evie notices how glum Monster is.

EVIE

Hey, how are you holding up?

Monster shrugs.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You're worried about Dr. F.?

Monster nods.

EVIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure he'll be back soon.

Monster looks dubious.

EVIE (CONT'D)

All right, well then let's go look for him. We can walk the neighborhood or drive to the lab on campus or-

Monster shakes his head vigorously. He is not trying that again.

EVIE (CONT'D)

What? You don't want leave the basement? This is the doctor's doing. He put the fear of God in you to stay down here but you don't have to. There's nothing to be afraid of out there.

EXT. NACHBARN HOUSE - DAY

Cheryl stands at the end of her driveway with Landscaper 1.

CHERYL
Older man, crazy hair?

LANDSCAPER 1
No, he didn't look that old. Pretty tall.

CHERYL
Tall?

LANDSCAPER 1
Yeah, and kinda just different.

CHERYL
I always knew something was going on in that house. Oh my God!

Cheryl points to a bunch of freshly planted marigolds at the end of the drive.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Marigolds? I said dahlias or in a pinch hyacinth but never, ever would I have suggested marigolds.

LANDSCAPER 1
I can pull them up.

Cheryl centers herself.

CHERYL
No, no. It's fine. Sandra from the HOA will be here tonight and she likes cheap, tacky things. She'll love those. Just let me know if that man shows up again.

LANDSCAPER 1
Who?

CHERYL
The man. The man that's not the middle-aged doctor.

LANDSCAPER 1
Ok...

CHERYL
How high are you?

LANDSCAPER 1

Hi! How are you?

INT. FRANKENSTEIN BASEMENT

Evie tries to physically pull Monster off the couch.

EVIE

Come on!

Monster insists on staying.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You can do it!

Monster doesn't budge. Evie lets go.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Fine. You win. For now.

Evie sits next to Monster.

EVIE (CONT'D)

But eventually you'll have to venture outside. I think it would do you a world of good. So, what have you been up to down here?

Monster smiles at Evie. The bread dough from earlier peels off the ceiling and flops on Monster's head.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Evie and Monster both do Yoga. They move from tree position to warrior 1. When they try to move to warrior 2, Monster gets stuck. Evie walks off screen.

She returns with some WD-40 and a wrench. She works on Monster's elbow. Soon, he's moving again.

END OF TAG