PARTS ARE SUCH SWEET SORROW

INT. MARRIAGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER and the BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (you know the ones) sit on a large sofa several feet apart from each other.

Frankenstein stares at objects on the wall - obviously disinterested. The Bride dabs her eye with a tissue.

Across from them in an over stuffed chair is a buxom marriage COUNSELOR (30), with long, curly blonde hair and bright red lipstick. She has a note pad in her hand.

BRIDE It just seems like - like we need a change. A spark.

COUNSELOR That's very good. We're finally getting down to the nuts and bolts.

FRANKENSTEIN points at the bolts protruding from his neck - shakes his head in disapproval.

COUNSELOR Sorry, poor choice of words. (to the Bride) Go on.

BRIDE We've been together forever. It's the same old, same old if you know what I mean.

COUNSELOR Have you two ever considered a trial separation?

FRANKENSTEIN That ain't going to happen.

COUNSELOR Why is that?

Frankenstein points at the Bride and then back at himself.

FRANKENSTEIN Isn't it obvious?

The Counselor shakes her head.

FRANKENSTEIN We were literally made for each other.

COUNSELOR I think you mean figuratively.

FRANKENSTEIN

BRIDE

Literally.

Literally.

COUNSELOR I'm not sure I understand.

Frankenstein and the Bride stare at the Counselor as she fumbles with her note pad.

COUNSELOR Um, alright, we'll leave that for now. (to Bride) So, if you're not going to separate, what changes would you like to see?

BRIDE I don't know. Maybe go out once in awhile. You know, let my hair down.

Frankenstein gives a dismissive look at the Bride's grey streaked, tall beehive hair do.

FRANKENSTEIN If only that was possible.

Bride flashes a look of anger at Frankenstein.

COUNSELOR (to Frankenstein) Please, let her talk. (to Bride) You were saying.

BRIDE It just would be nice to go out someplace fancy - elegant. I'm tired of fast food dinners and Netflix. (to Frankenstein) You know, dress up - hit the town.

Frankenstein points at his neck.

FRANKENSTEIN You know that I can't wear collared shirts.

BRIDE

(to the Counselor) See what I'm dealing with here? Every since I've know him, all he'll wear is black tee shirts and that God awful raggedy dark suit coat.

FRANKENSTEIN

So says the woman who's been wearing a white table cloth for four hundred

COUNSELOR

This is not helping at all. You need to really listen to each other so that you can --

FRANKENSTEIN It might as well be a burka.

BRIDE Oh yeah? Well at least I don't look like a reject from a Johnny Cash fan club.

FRANKENSTEIN What's wrong with black on black?

BRIDE

(imitating Johnny Cash) And it burns, burns, burns - the ring of fire...

Frankenstein shifts uncomfortably - holds his hands up to the Bride in a defensive gesture.

FRANKENSTEIN (frightened) You know I hate that.

BRIDE THE RING OF FIRE - THE RING OF FIRE!!!!

FRANKENSTEIN Arrrrgggh!!!!!

COUNSELOR Stop it! Both of you.

The Counselor takes a deep calming breath. Frankenstein and the Bride both cross their arms like defiant children.

COUNSELOR (perusing her clip board) Okay, let's see. (to Frankenstein) Tell me about your work?

BRIDE Work? Hah! He hasn't had a job since that Mel Brooks movie.

FRANKENSTEIN You know I'm looking. There's nothing out there.

BRIDE (to Counselor) He has no job skills. (to Frankenstein) Oh - wait, maybe you could be a pitch fork salesman. You're familiar with those.

FRANKENSTEIN More like <u>bitch</u> forks.

BRIDE

What!?

COUNSELOR

Okay, let's move on. Let's talk about - um.... (perusing her clipboard) Well, we haven't talked about intimacy yet.

BRIDE There's nothing to talk about in that area.

COUNSELOR

I don't understand.

BRIDE

Let's just say he's not as stiff as he looks.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah, well maybe if you just tried to look a little more attractive. It wouldn't hurt if ...

BRIDE What do you mean more attractive?

COUNSELOR

Let him finish. I think we're starting to make some progress.

Frankenstein points at the Bride's relatively modest breasts.

FRANKENSTEIN Well, it wouldn't hurt if you had a little more up there. You know you could get...

BRIDE You want me to get breast implants?

COUNSELOR Or maybe no progress.

FRANKENSTEIN It's not like you're unfamiliar with alterations.

BRIDE Well maybe you ought to fix your own problems before you start patching stuff on me.

COUNSELOR Okay - okay - good. What do you see as his problems?

The Bride points at Frankenstein's crotch area.

BRIDE Well, I know one thing for sure. There weren't any black men buried in that graveyard.

FRANKENSTEIN Hey! I'm normal size. And that's racist.

COUNSELOR

Graveyard?

BRIDE Come to think of it, there must not have been any <u>men</u> buried there at all.

COUNSELOR

Buried?

Bride turns towards Frankenstein.

BRIDE

Oh, and how about you trim that uni-brow thing you got going on?

Frankenstein runs his finger over his formidable brow.

BRIDE Oh, my bad. It's not a uni-eye brow. Just a uni-<u>BROW</u>!

The Counselor lets out an inadvertent laugh and immediately covers her mouth.

Frankenstein and the Bride simultaneously give the Counselor a menacing stare. One that says - we can laugh at each other you don't get to.

COUNSELOR

Sorry?

INT. FRANKENSTEINS RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankenstein wears a red, velvet smoking jacket as he sips a brandy.

FRANKENSTEIN (calling out) Are you ready?

BRIDE (O.C.) Just a minute.

INT. FRANKENSTEINS RESIDENCE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Bride looks in the bathroom mirror as she pats down curly blonde hair that sits on top of her head like a wig.

She removes a roll of red lipstick from the vanity drawer and carefully rolls in on her lips.

The Bride looks towards the bathtub. In it, the slumped and now scalped blood streaked corpse of the marriage counselor. The Bride takes particular note of the Counselors lipstick before returning her gaze to the mirror.

BRIDE

Perfect.

The Bride puts her hands underneath her now rather large breasts and jiggles them a bit.

BRIDE (to the counselor's corpse) It must have taken you a while to get use to these.

Frankenstein enters. Puts his arms the Bride from behind. They both stare at the mirror.

FRANKENSTEIN Ooh - la - la. You look nice.

The Bride turns to take Frankenstein's full embrace.

BRIDE

You like?

FRANKENSTEIN

I like.

BRIDE We should have gone to counseling a long time ago.

The Bride gives Frankenstein a peck on the lips.

BRIDE

But remember, next time I get to pick the counselor.

The Bride cups Frankenstein's crouch.

BRIDE

I already got a one sized up.

FADE OUT.