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 bitch 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 men 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-BROW!

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 it 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.