

# PARTS ARE SUCH SWEET SORROW

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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.

The Monster 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.

The Monster 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?

MONSTER

That ain't going to happen.

COUNSELOR

Why is that?

The Monster points at the Bride and then back at himself.

MONSTER

Isn't it obvious?

The Counselor shakes her head.

MONSTER

We were literally made for each other.

COUNSELOR

I think you mean figuratively.

MONSTER

Literally.

BRIDE

Literally.

COUNSELOR

I'm not sure I understand.

The Monster 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 - just let my hair down.

The Monster gives a dismissive look at the Bride's gray streaked, tall beehive hairdo.

MONSTER

If only that was possible.

Bride flashes a look of anger at the Monster.

COUNSELOR

(to the Monster)

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 the Monster)

I want to dress up - hit the town.

The Monster points at his neck.

MONSTER

You know that I can't wear collared shirts.

BRIDE

(to the Counselor)

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

MONSTER

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 --

MONSTER

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.

MONSTER

What's wrong with black on black?

BRIDE

(imitating Johnny Cash)

*And it burns, burns, burns - the  
ring of fire...*

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

MONSTER

(frightened)

You know I hate that.

BRIDE

*THE RING OF FIRE - THE RING OF  
FIRE!!!!*

MONSTER

Arrrrgggh!!!!

COUNSELOR

Stop it! Both of you.

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

COUNSELOR  
 (perusing her clipboard)  
 Okay, let's see.  
 (to the Monster)  
 Tell me about your work?

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

MONSTER  
 I'm looking. There's nothing out  
 there.

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

MONSTER  
 More like bitch forks.

BRIDE  
 What!?

COUNSELOR  
 Okay, let's move on. Let's talk  
 about - um....  
 (perusing her clipboard)  
 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.

MONSTER  
 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.

The Monster points at the Bride's relatively modest breasts.

MONSTER  
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.

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

BRIDE  
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 the Monster's crotch area.

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

MONSTER  
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 the Monster.

BRIDE

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

The Monster 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.

The Monster 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. THE MONSTER AND BRIDES' RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

MONSTER

(calling out)

Are you ready?

BRIDE (O.C.)

Just a minute.

INT. THE MONSTER AND BRIDES' 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 used to these.

The Monster enters. Puts his arms around the Bride from behind. They both stare at the mirror.

MONSTER  
 Ooh - la - la. You look nice.

The Bride turns to take the Monster's full embrace.

BRIDE  
 You like?

MONSTER  
 I like.

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

The Bride gives the Monster a peck on the lips.

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

The Bride cups the Monster's crouch.

BRIDE  
 I already got one sized up.

FADE OUT.