

THE COMMUNION OF ISAAC FRANKENSTEIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EASTERN KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS - LATE AFTERNOON

Nearly a foot of snow covers the ground in places, and continues to fall. Three Confederate soldiers bundled in winter gear, trudge through the frozen mountain forest. THE COLONEL (middle-aged, realist) leads the trio, SERGEANT JINGLE (late-30s, confrontational, angry) follows, and PRIVATE PURDY (early 20s, quiet, reserved) trails behind. The Colonel and Jingle are dressed in traditional Confederate gray, while Purdy wears a butternut colored jacket (the tan butternut color was a result of attempting to dye a blue Union jacket gray). Purdy also wears a small wooden crucifix around his neck.

Jingle and Purdy each have Enfield muskets slung over their shoulders and carry materials for setting up a small camp. Jingle's rifle has a fixed bayonet. He also carries an Arkansas Toothpick knife on his belt.

The men are hiking through the snow. Jingle is in mid-conversation.

JINGLE

They say Mister Lincoln shares his bed with his bodyguard. Said when Missus Lincoln is away, his bodyguard snuggles up in bed with him. Even wears the Presidential pajamas. I reckon he even kisses the President good night. They say Mister Lincoln sleeps with his back to the window, n'case anybody can see inside. Why, I reckon he prob—...

Purdy, a bit uncomfortable with Jingle's gossip, interrupts.

PURDY (NERVOUSLY)

You reckon maybe Missus Lincoln is just so ugly that maybe she looks like a man?

Jingle stops in his tracks and turns to face a timid Purdy. Jingle bursts into laughter.

JINGLE (LAUGHING)

I like you, Purdy.

Jingle, still laughing, turns back and continues the trudge through the snow. After a moment, Purdy follows.

JINGLE (CONT'D)

You remind me of my twin brother. I used to like him too. Then he went to fight for Mister Lincoln's Fifth Ohio.

Jingle's tone changes darkly.

JINGLE (CONT'D)

Now I hate his guts and liver.

Jingle turns back to Purdy.

JINGLE (CONT'D)

What you got to eat in that haversack?

PURDY (NERVOUS, STUTTERING)

J-J-Just some hardtack.

JINGLE

Shit. Hardtack! Well, you sure are a good soldier aren't you, Purdy.

Disgusted, Jingle turns back toward the Colonel and continues walking.

JINGLE (CONT'D)

I'm so sick and tired of hardtack. That's all you had yesterday, and the day before that. Guess you aim to let a man starve. I want meat!

PURDY (STUTTERING)

A-A-Ain't been no meat out here, Sergeant. 'Sides, Colonel's got the only bullet 'tween the three of us. Not like we gonna go huntin' or nothin'.

The Colonel has continued forward and is now stopped at the top of a nearby high point with a clear view of the horizon. He is looking out over the ridges ahead.

Without turning to look at the other two soldiers, he calls to them.

COLONEL

If you two are done diddlin' each other, you best get up here.

Jingle quickens his pace and steps up behind the Colonel

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
Just over that ridge. See where I'm  
talking about?

Jingle doesn't really knowing where the Colonel is talking  
about.

JINGLE  
That's where we're gonna find it?

COLONEL  
Mm-hm. In cove at the base of a  
waterfall. They say that gold is  
cursed by Indians. Say you can see  
fires burnin' at night nearest to  
it. People known to chase that gold  
all over these hills.

JINGLE  
You see some of those fires,  
Colonel?

COLONEL  
Nah. I reckon that's all a bunch of  
horseshit to keep people away.

JINGLE  
Then how you know we ain't just out  
here wastin' our time?

The Colonel gives Jingle a hard look, like he doesn't want to  
hear talk like that.

COLONEL  
This war's about over, Jingle, and  
I'm an old man. By springtime, all  
that Jeff Davis money we've earned  
won't be no damn good.

Purdy catches up to the two men.

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
Anyway, two-hundred pounds of solid  
gold coins never knew anything  
about no Mason-Dixon Line.

Snow continues to fall. The Colonel looks up to observe the  
weather and assess the darkening sky.

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
Won't be long 'til nightfall now.  
Best we find a little dry wood and  
get warm.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - LATER

The three men are gathered around a small campfire each sitting on either a tree log or a boulder. The A-Frame canvas tent they are sharing is nearby. They are wrapped in their blankets trying to stay warm. Snow is falling.

Purdy is nibbling on a piece of hardtack. Jingle whittles on a stick with the Arkansas Toothpick.

The Colonel is smoking a pipe and occasionally taking a nip from a flask.

The three men are quiet except for Purdy's smacking and crunching. The fire crackles.

Jingle becomes frustrated by the noises Purdy is making.

JINGLE  
Would you stop?

Purdy pauses eating, looks over at Jingle.

PURDY  
Stop what?

JINGLE  
Stop makin' all that racket.

Purdy stares at Jingle.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
I don't know if you're tryin' to  
eat it or put a baby in it.

COLONEL  
Hell fire, Jingle, let the boy eat  
in peace!

Jingle glares at the Colonel.

JINGLE  
Ain't you hungry?

The Colonel showing his pipe and flask.

COLONEL  
Got all the nourishment I can stand  
right here.

The Colonel takes a drag from his pipe.

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
The boy made you an offer, now hush  
about it. Ain't nobody on this  
journey to hear you cry.

The Colonel shifts to lay on his back, tilted up slightly,  
and continues smoking his pipe.

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
'Sides, after tomorrow, you'll be  
able buy just about any kind of  
food you want.

Jingle turns back to the fire. He looks to Purdy.

JINGLE  
What you gonna do with all that  
money, Purdy? Buy ya a few negroes?

Jingle laughs.

PURDY  
No. Ain't never had none.

JINGLE  
Well, what are you gonna do with  
it?

COLONEL  
Dammit, Jingle, ain't it your  
business?

A brief silence passes.

PURDY  
Gonna help out my mama. She's real  
sick. Ever since Daddy got killed  
at Chattanooga.

JINGLE  
Yankee put a bullet in 'im?

Purdy, still chewing, nods.

PURDY  
Weren't the bullet that killed 'im.

Purdy leaves the two hanging, goes back to his food.

JINGLE  
Well, what was it?

Purdy chewing.

PURDY  
Pig ate him.

JINGLE (LAUGHS)  
Bullshit. Ain't never seen no pig  
eat no man.

Jingle turns to the Colonel who is sniffing out his pipe.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
You hear this?

Jingle still laughing, the Colonel tucks away his pipe, leans back, and pulls his hat down over his eyes.

PURDY  
It's true. After the Yankees took  
Lookout Mountain, him and a couple  
of others didn't make it out in  
time, so they's holed up for three  
or four days. Daddy and them was  
starvin' by Wednesday. Got wind  
that the Yankee camp had a hog, so  
they's gonna steal it. Daddy got  
shot and fell in the creek. Pig  
went in after him.

Purdy continues eating.

PURDY (CONT'D)  
That was all she wrote.

The three men sit in silence. Jingle is mildly stunned. He stares at Purdy.

JINGLE  
All she wrote, huh?

Jingle looks back to the fire and the stick he's whittling.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
Wish there was a few Yankees with a  
pig to steal.

A long silence, and then Jingle hears something: the sound of someone whistling "Dixieland" in the distance.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
You hear that?

The Colonel pulls the hat from his eyes and slowly raises up.

He places a hand on his revolver. Purdy stops eating to look toward the sound. Jingle puts down the stick he was whittling on, but keeps his knife in hand.

The whistling gets closer, and now the men can hear the rustling of the nearby brush as the whistler approaches.

At last the whistler emerges from the brush and appears before the three men. He abruptly stops whistling upon seeing the trio and their camp.

The man is PRIVATE ISAAC FRANKENSTEIN (handsome, mid-30s, bit of a dandy). He's dressed in Union blues and is bundled up in winter gear. He's carrying an Enfield rifle and the standard issue black leather army backpack.

He has an acerbically cheerful demeanor, and feigns a southern accent to condescend to the three Confederates.

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, looky here! What would  
General Lee have to say about this?  
You boys sure are a long way from  
home.

Frankenstein points over his shoulder.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Last I checked, the war was that a-  
way!

It takes a moment for the three Confederates to realize what they're seeing. Then, the Colonel draws his revolver on Frankenstein.

COLONEL

Now you hold it right there!

FRANKENSTEIN (LAUGHING)

Oh, now don't bullshit me, Colonel.  
We all know you ain't got a single  
round in that Colt. Else you boys'd  
be cookin' up a little bunny rabbit  
or a squirrel. Hell, you might even  
be stirrin' up a pot o' stew.  
Provided that you are a decent shot  
with that thing.

Frankenstein removes his pack and sits down near the campfire.



JINGLE

What the hell do you think you're doin'?

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, my manners. I am so sorry, Sergeant...?

Jingle waits a moment before answering.

JINGLE

Jingle.

Frankenstein snorts a laugh and begins unloading his gear.

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, Sergeant Jingle, Private Isaac Frankenstein. 10th Pennsylvania.

JINGLE

Frankenstein? What kind of name is that?

Frankenstein stops what he's doing and looks fiercely at Jingle

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

A name.

Frankenstein makes himself comfortable. The Colonel keeps his weapon trained on Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

You fellers don't mind if I borrow some of this here fire you got goin'? Colder than a penguin's pecker out here.

Frankenstein warms his hands. The Colonel still has his revolver aimed at Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Oh, now, Colonel, ain't you had enough waving that thing around? If'n you do got a round amongst ya, one of you ain't talkin', if you know what I mean.

Frankenstein pulls the materials for rolling a cigarette from his gear.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

That hypothetical bullet just might  
have someone's name on it. Depends  
on if they act up, or if their load  
becomes too heavy for the team.

Frankenstein makes a gun shape with his hand.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Then it's POW!

Frankenstein laughs.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

So put yer pistol away, Colonel!  
Hell, can't ya see I got no quarrel  
with you. We're just four men  
enjoying a toasty fire in this  
Godforsaken winter.

The Colonel keeps his gun trained on Frankenstein for a  
moment before slowly lowering it and placing it back in its  
holster.

JINGLE

I guess the same thing could be  
said about you, mister. Not havin'  
no food and all.

Frankenstein finishes rolling his cigarette, strikes a match  
and begins smoking.

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, I guess you're right about  
that, Sergeant Jingle.

Frankenstein smiles at Jingle, then, with his cigarette in  
his lips, he rummages around in his gear and procures a piece  
of hardtack.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Are you hungry, Sergeant? You're a-  
lookin' mighty peaked.

JINGLE

Ain't you?

Frankenstein in the midst of putting away his cigarette  
supplies, stops and looks up at Jingle with severity.

His intensity toward Jingle is palpable, and Jingle is  
slightly taken aback.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Ain't I what?

JINGLE (CAUTIOUSLY)  
Hungry.

Frankenstein leans forward and glares at Jingle. The men make eye contact. The fire blazes in Frankenstein's eyes as he waits to respond.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I could eat.

Frankenstein breaks off a piece of his biscuit and hands it toward Jingle.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Won't you have some?

Jingle glares back at Frankenstein. His eyes begin welling with tears. Frankenstein has a psychic hold of him.

Frankenstein nods, withdraws his hand.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
I see. Picky eater.

Frankenstein holds his gaze. Jingle is nearly frozen and growing more unsettled. He is starving and Frankenstein knows it and feeds off the energy.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Did you know that the Iroquois tribe is so old that no one knows how old it is? And that it's made up of a whole bunch of other tribes? And that once, a long time ago, when famine struck, a few of 'em broke off and headed south in search of food.

Jingle grows more nervous. His gaze locked into Frankenstein's.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Well, those Iroquois chiefs didn't like this idea. Said that they'd be cursed by the Master of Life and that hard winter and starvation would follow them wherever they went. The tribes within the Iroquois broke into a civil war, and the tribe elders were murdered.  
(MORE)

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Decapitated. You know what that means?

Frankenstein makes a slow slashing motion across his neck with his finger. Jingle becomes more upset. Tears drop from his eyes.

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

That's right. And that night, in the middle of spring, a blizzard struck, and the heads of those chiefs rose from the lake and feasted on the men who'd gone against the wishes of their Master of Life.

## JINGLE

What's your point, mister?

Frankenstein smiles and nods, keeping his glare on Jingle, fire reflecting in his eyes.

## FRANKENSTEIN

'Through the wrath of the Lord of hosts is the land darkened, and people shall be as the fuel of the fire. No man shall spare his brother. . . They shall eat every man the flesh of his own arm.'

## PURDY

Isaiah nine nineteen.

Frankenstein smiles, looks at Purdy.

## FRANKENSTEIN

That's right.

Frankenstein looks back to Jingle, stares intently.

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

What strange things men will do.  
What hell they'll pay. When they're hungry.

Jingle appears uneasy. He lets out the breath he was holding. Frankenstein breaks eye contact and cheerfully goes back to conversing with the entire group.

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Which begs the question: what brings us all up here, freezing to death? Starvin' to death?

(MORE)

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Why, you boys are a picture of self-destruction.

Frankenstein bites the hardtack.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Only two things a man is willing to do either of those things for. One of 'em's pussy, and there sure ain't none of that up here.

Frankenstein smiles and winks at Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

So it must be the other.

COLONEL

And what would that be, Mister Frankenstein?

Frankenstein points over the Confederates' heads behind them.

FRANKENSTEIN

Why that pile of gold in that cave over yonder, Colonel, sir!

He points in a different direction.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Or is it that a-way?

Frankenstein laughs, still chewing. Purdy and the Colonel appear confused. Jingle is still shaken and processing what happened to him.

FRANKENSTEIN (LAUGHING, CONT'D)

If you could see the looks on your faces! Three strapping men like yourselves ought not to be so lost out here looking for gold.

Frankenstein looks over to Purdy and sees the crucifix hanging around his neck.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

You a Believer, Private?

JINGLE

Now wait just a damn minute! He don't got to tell you nothin'.

Frankenstein turns to Jingle, and leans intensely toward him, cigarette clamped between two pointing fingers.

FRANKENSTEIN

But oh, Sergeant Jingle, you're gonna want to tell me anything I want to know. And you'd do well to prick up your ears and listen to anything I got to say. Because you boys are AWOL, and your beloved Confederate States of America is crumblin' like your granny's peach cobbler. So if'n you want that gold, then you best listen up, 'cause I know exactly where it is. You pie-eaters are goin' the wrong way.

Frankenstein takes a draw from his cigarette.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God, Sergeant?

JINGLE

Reckon it ain't your business.

FRANKENSTEIN

'And verily I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.' You know who said that?

Jingle doesn't respond.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Jesus said that. Guess you's home sick that day from Sunday school.

Frankenstein takes another draw.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Seein' as you's so hungry, Sergeant, maybe we oughta have us a little communion up here. Put a little life in ya, as it were!

JINGLE

You're sick.

Frankenstein looks back to Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

What's your name, son?

PURDY

Purdy. Name's Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN (GENTLY)  
Private Purdy.

Frankenstein continues smoking his cigarette.

FRANKENSTEIN (SARCASTICALLY)  
Now that we're all good friends,  
perhaps we can be a bastion of hope  
for this great Union and work  
together for a common goal.

JINGLE  
I ain't yer friend.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Now that's no way to treat a guest,  
now is it? 'Do unto others,' Jesus  
said that too. Boy, I'll say, you  
sure missed a lot of church,  
Sergeant!

COLONEL  
Okay, Mister Frankenstein, we've  
listened to you go on now, and I  
reckon I've heard about all I care  
to. But just one question: why the  
hell are you so inclined to help us  
when you're so sure you know where  
that gold's at? You could have kept  
on walking. Probably built your own  
fire to keep warm. Why wouldn't you  
just go on ahead and take it all  
for yourself?

Frankenstein takes a draw from his cigarette, smiles  
mischievously.

FRANKENSTEIN (DELIBERATELY)  
Well, that's just it, ain't it,  
Colonel? How do you know I ain't  
lying like the Devil? Legend has  
it, that gold is nearest the fires  
people see up in these hills. I  
reckon I seen me a fire right in  
this here camp.

Frankenstein puts his food aside and leans back.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
People been comin' up here for  
years lookin' for that gold. Oh, I  
guess I've come across a hundred or  
so people in these parts. Most of  
'em just like you. Lost. Starvin'.  
(MORE)

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Lookin' for something. Sometimes  
 I'm the good Reverend Beverly out  
 havin' a walk tryin' to get a  
 little closer to God. Sometimes,  
 I'm old farmer McGill come up to  
 see who's a-burnin' a fire in the  
 middle of the night on my  
 granddaddy's land.

Frankenstein takes another draw from his cigarette.

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

And sometimes, ... I'm Private  
 Isaac Frankenstein of the 10th  
 Pennsylvania who got separated from  
 his regiment when he went to take a  
 piss.

The Confederates become more confused. Jingle is growing more  
 and more agitated. Frankenstein takes another draw from his  
 cigarette.

## FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

And you know what, Colonel?  
 Everyone I meet is here for the  
 same reason you are. And everyone  
 acts the same way you're actin'...  
 Can't blame anyone for trusting  
 their instincts. And what I know is  
 that we each have a hell burnin'  
 inside us just waitin' to be turned  
 loose on the world. Ain't that  
 right, Mister Jingle? ... And sure  
 as the good Lord's sun sets at the  
 end of each day, everyone is  
 exactly the same.

A silence falls over the men for a moment, interrupted by the  
 grumbling sound of Jingle's stomach.

Frankenstein, picks up his hardtack and looks to Jingle. He  
 hands the hard, dry, bland colored biscuit toward Jingle.

## FRANKENSTEIN

'Do this in remembrance of me.'

Jingle comes unhinged and lunges through the campfire toward  
 Frankenstein, Arkansas Toothpick knife in hand.

Jingle lands on top of Frankenstein, violently stabbing him  
 over and over.



Jingle's pant leg is on fire. The Colonel drops his pipe and flask and quickly gets to his feet and over to Jingle to try to pull him off Frankenstein. Purdy drops his food and does the same.

Jingle continues stabbing Frankenstein over and over.

JINGLE (SCREAMING)  
You sonofabitch, I said I wasn't  
eatin' no more hardtack! No more  
hardtack! No more! No more! No  
more! No more, you fuckin' queer! I  
am not like you! I am not like  
anybody!

Frankenstein, still conscious and blood pouring out of his dying mouth, smiles and laughs maniacally.

With the Colonel on top of him, trying to pull him away from Frankenstein, Jingle rolls himself over to shake the Colonel.

Jingle's blade is in the open, and as the Colonel stumbles up, he falls into Jingle's knife and is stabbed in the abdomen.

Jingle shows no remorse and removes the blade.

JINGLE  
Burn in hell, you bastard.

Jingle turns back to continue stabbing Frankenstein, makes eye contact with Purdy. A moment passes, Purdy backs away and runs off to hide in the woods.

The Colonel, weakened from his wound, crawls away toward his place in camp.

Jingle, still hacking away, begins slicing off bloody pieces of Frankenstein and eating them raw. As he continues, he goes into a cannibalistic frenzy, slicing, cutting, eating Frankenstein.

The Colonel watches in fear, bleeding to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN KENTUCKY WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Purdy runs through the snowy, wooded brush as hard as he can. Surrounded in a moving fog of his own pulsing crystallized breath.

He finally gets to a place where he feels he's far enough from the carnage happening back at camp, and stops to lean against a large tree to catch his breath.

He looks around trying to get a bearing on what direction he actually ran.

As his breath slows, he hears the rush of running water.

He stands up and looks around to locate where the sound of the water is coming from and sets off to find it.

Purdy finally arrives at a waterfall. The waterfall the Colonel mentioned. He sees a space near the side of the it and carefully makes his way behind it.

He discovers a cove and continues ahead.

It's dark. Purdy fumbles for a match from his haversack. He strikes it and the cove lights up for a moment.

Back in the farthest place of the cove, Purdy briefly sees a wooden chest before his match burns out.

He strikes another match and hurries to the chest.

Match burns out.

Purdy strikes another.

He opens the chest containing thousands of gold coins.

Match burns out one last time. Pure darkness.

The jingly sound of Purdy stuffing his haversack with gold coins fills the cove.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT - LATER

Purdy trudges through the snow covered forest, the faint sound of coins jingling in his haversack is heard over his rustling footsteps. His crystallized breath steadily puffing through the air.

He looks around, confused. Lost. He stops walking.

The forest is dead quiet. Snow continues to fall. Peaceful.

JINGLE (O.C.)

Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh! Haaahhhhhhh! Help!  
It burns!

Purdy hears screaming in the distance. He looks in the direction of the horrific sound and reluctantly heads in that direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

The remnants of total carnage litter the Confederate campsite. The Colonel lies slumped, dead, against a rock near the tent covered in a dusting of snow. Jingle moans from inside the tent.

Frankenstein's remains are scattered about. His head has been separated from what's left of his body, frozen with a gleeful smile and eyes open. Blood is everywhere. The fire is now smoldering embers. Jingle's bloodstained knife lies in the ashes of the former campfire.

Purdy approaches slowly, carefully trying not to make any sound.

He spots the Colonel's revolver still attached to his belt.

Jingle continues painfully moaning.

Purdy creeps over to the Colonel and as quietly as possible removes the revolver from the holster. He opens the cylinder to see that indeed one round is present, then closes the weapon but keeps it in hand.

JINGLE (O.C.)

Ahhhh! It burns! Please, God, make it stop!

Purdy stands up from his place near the Colonel.

The thudding sound of Jingle rumbles from the tent. The tent flaps flutter.

Purdy slowly backs away but not able to take his eyes off the tent.

Jingle, completely naked, bloody, disheveled, lumbers out, holding his belly with one hand, keeping his balance with the other. Steam rises from his body.

Jingle looks up and spots Purdy.

JINGLE

Purdy! Oh, God, Purdy! You gotta help me!

Jingle tumbles forward toward Purdy.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
My guts is on fire, Purdy!

Jingle has great tears in his eyes. He winces in pain. He straightens, and lunges toward Purdy.

JINGLE (CONT'D)  
Please, help me, Purdy!

Purdy hurriedly backs away from Jingle, stumbling, falling backwards. He lands on his elbows, the revolver fires.

BANG

The bullet cracks Jingle right between the eyes. Jingle's face is frozen, mouth agape. Blood trickles from the bullet wound.

Jingle falls to his knees, then backward. His knees are twisted, his arms flayed wide.

Snow falls. Quiet.

Purdy releases the breath he'd been holding. He sits upright and tries to gather himself.

Purdy still panting crystallized breath into the snowy night.

Jingle's fingers begin to twitch. His arms jerk. His back arches slightly. The skin of his belly stretches upward as if something is coming from inside him.

One of Jingle's legs pops out from under him. Then the other, all while his upper limbs and torso twitch and vibrate.

Jingle weirdly sits upright, and strangely crawls to the nearest place to brace himself. His skin begins vibrating and pulsing. Protrusions stretch his skin all over.

Purdy holds his breath again, terrified. He scoots away.

Jingle stands upright. Eyes rolling in his head, mouth open. He's vibrating. His body steaming in the winter night as he releases a haunting howl. His skin begins peeling away revealing new skin underneath. His flesh combusts and burns away.

The campsite is lit orange from the burning Jingle.

Jingle's skin falls from his body revealing a new figure standing naked amidst the flames.

Shaken, Purdy recognizes the figure as Isaac Frankenstein. He is naked and bloody.

Frankenstein spots Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN

Sweet Private Purdy come back for  
old pappy's pistol. Don't know what  
you're gonna do with it now.

Frankenstein walks through the burning husk of Jingle toward Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Why I could hear you jinglin' and  
janglin' all through them woods. I  
guess you found what you's a-  
lookin' for.

Purdy throws the revolver at Frankenstein. The revolver hits him and drops to the ground. Frankenstein stops.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

That's no way to treat a guest,  
Mister Purdy. And here I was about  
to offer you something to eat.

Frankenstein lunges at Purdy. Purdy rolls out of the way, back toward the smoldering campfire. Frankenstein stumbles.

Purdy rises to his feet and makes a run for it, but trips on a log hidden in the snow, badly injuring his foot and ankle. He screams in pain.

He turns himself to face the camp, leg up on the log. He winces from moving the injury.

Purdy spots Frankenstein as he finishes dressing himself in Jingle's clothing and places a blanket over his shoulders.

As he approaches Purdy, Frankenstein picks up Jingle's knife from the pile of ashes and wipes the blade on his pant leg.

Frankenstein stands tall over Purdy holding the Arkansas Toothpick. Snow falling.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, it's just a matter of time now,  
ain't it, boy.

Frankenstein takes a seat on the log facing toward Purdy. He holds the knife admiring the blade.

PURDY  
What are you?

FRANKENSTEIN  
Given your current situation, at  
some point, I aim to be your  
supper.

Frankenstein rolls up a sleeve and cuts off a large, bloody  
chunk of his own flesh. He holds it up before Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
You see, precious Purdy, don't  
matter how much hardtack you got in  
that bag of yours, you'll be just  
as hungry as ol' Sergeant Jingle in  
a day or two. Then you'll see what  
all the fuss is about.

Frankenstein tosses the flesh onto Purdy and begins cutting  
another piece off himself. Purdy is shaken but remains calm.

Purdy tries to move, tries to stand up, hoping to get away.  
He screams in pain. He can't go anywhere.

PURDY  
You'll freeze to death.

Frankenstein tosses another piece of flesh onto Purdy.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Ain't you been listenin'? I been  
here a long time. Your hunger will  
bring out your madness. You see, I  
aim to keep bein' here a long time.

Purdy slowly reaches into his haversack and removes a piece  
of hardtack.

He takes a bite and slowly chews.

PURDY  
I guess we'll wait a little while.

Frankenstein snickers and smiles with admiration.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I guess we'll wait a little while.

The two men sit quietly, their frozen breath filling the  
night air as snow falls.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.