

BRODY

By
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A camera phone turns on. TRAVIS, 19, panicked, rushes through a typical looking dorm room and into the bathroom.

TRAVIS
(to camera)
Lock the door!

The person recording locks the door. They follow after Travis.

VIK, 19, is visible in the reflection of the mirror. He's recording everything on his cell phone.

TRAVIS
Shit!

Travis' hand is bleeding from what appears to be a bite.

VIK
(panicked)
Wh-what were - what did...

Travis holds his hand under a running faucet.

TRAVIS
You saw their faces! They were --

VIK
Fuck no!

TRAVIS
You got em on your cell, right?

VIK
Yeah but --

TRAVIS
Then fucking look again and tell me they're not --

VIK
Travis, they were fucking crazy, probably on molly or some shit, but there's no way they were --

TRAVIS
Vampires, Vik! Pointy-toothed, blood-sucking, she-vamps!

Travis wraps a towel around his injured hand.

VIK
They've still got Zack! W-We gotta
call the cops!

TRAVIS
Sure! And tell them what exactly?
They'll never believe us!

VIK
Then what?

Travis thinks.

TRAVIS
There's got to be a specialist for
this kind of situation.

VIK
A specialist?!
(sarcastic)
Sure let's just search Craig's List
for 'vampire killer'!

Travis perks up at that notion. He rushes back into the
bedroom. Vik follows.

Travis sits at a computer. He opens up Craig's List.

VIK
Dude, are you fucking serious right
now?!

TRAVIS
(typing)
Vampire... killer.

VIK
Dude, this is insane!

TRAVIS
We past that point about half an
hour ago when those girls turned
into fucking vampires!

Vik shakes his head in disbelief, trying hard to keep it
together.

VIK
What is happening...

TRAVIS
Just film all this okay. Shit's
beyond crazy but people need to -
fuck me there's an ad!

VIK
(incredulous)
No-fucking-way!

TRAVIS

Check this out...

(reading ad aloud)

Pro Demon ass-kicker for hire.
Vampires a pain in your neck?
Werewolves shitting on your lawn?
Groans of the undead keeping you up
at night? Then look no further,
friendo. I am a professional fucker-
upper of all things that go bump in
the night, with a decent track
record of mostly successful
exterminations.

VIK

Mostly successful?

TRAVIS

(reading ad aloud)

If the minions of darkness are
giving you hell, then you need
Brody. Please note this ad is not a
fallacy. I am the really real deal.
Those looking to make a fool of me
will wish they hadn't, because I
take krav maga classes. Demons are
no joke. I will also merc a
Leprechaun in exchange for a
seventy-thirty split of their gold.

VIK

Merc a Leprechaun?!

Travis scrolls down. Below the ad is a mid-close up picture of Brody posing with his arm flexed to the camera.

He's a slightly over weight man in his thirties, with a mullet. Tattooed on his less than impressive bicep are the words *Made In America*.

TRAVIS

Whaddya think?

VIK

What do I think?! I think this
guy's a fucking crazy person! We
need to call Zack's parents or the
FBI or --

TRAVIS

No! He might still be alive. We can
get him back and no one needs to
know about this, but we have to act
now - tonight! Never leave a bro
behind, remember! I'm calling this
guy. Gimme your phone.

VIK

Trav --

The camera turns off as Travis takes the phone.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The camera phone turns on.

Travis and Vik walk through a trailer park. Travis' hand is bandaged up.

Vik turns the camera on himself.

VIK

Let the record state that I, Vikram Modi, think that this is a dumb fucking idea.

TRAVIS

Come on. He said he'd keep an eye out for us.

Vik films the surrounding trailers.

VIK

Man this whole situation is fucked. And what kind of demon killer lives in a trailer park?

BRODY (O.S.)

Only the most badass kind, dick tits.

Vik and Travis turn at the source of the voice.

Brody stands across from the two, concealed in darkness.

TRAVIS

You the guy?

Vik zooms in on Brody with the camera.

BRODY

The guy? No...

Brody lights a match, illuminating his face. He narrows his eyes at the nervous duo, letting the silence stretch out as he scrutinizes them. The match burns his fingers.

BRODY

Aw fuck!

He drops the match and steps out into the light.

He wears a trapper hat and bath robe over shorts and a Big Trouble in Little China vest that doesn't quite cover his gut.

BRODY
(cocky)
I'm the fucking man.

VIK
Jesus...

BRODY
Which one of y'all is Travis?

TRAVIS
Right here.

Brody looks suspiciously at Vik.

BRODY
What's with the phone, esse?

VIK
I'm just --
(confused)
Esse?!

TRAVIS
He's just filming for like,
evidence, y'know.

BRODY
Evidence, huh? Well I don't know
how I feel about that.

TRAVIS
No one's gonna believe us unless we
have proof.

BRODY
Ya damn right they won't. People
are all too quick to mock and
ridicule that which they do not
understand, and by association,
fear, which itself is a concept few
understand. So you see, the circle
self-perpetuates. Like a snake,
forever eating its own ass.

VIK
Er... what?

TRAVIS
So is it cool that we film?

BRODY
Okay, I'll allow it, but y'all
should've told me beforehand.
Woulda worn my good hat.

EXT. BRODY'S RV - NIGHT

Brody stands in the doorway.

BRODY
You're about to enter my base of
operations, boys. A top secret
location that has not been seen by
anyone other than yourselves... and
me of course... chicks too, I bang
chicks in here... all the time. Had
to, er, kick a couple out so I
could meet with you fellas, in
fact.

VIK
That's... thank you?

BRODY
Hey don't mention it. C'mon in.

Brody leads them inside.

BRODY
Excuse the smell. Shit got a little
wild if you catch my drift.

Vik turns the camera on Travis.

VIK
And they were never seen again...

Travis gives Vik a disapproving look.

BRODY (O.S.)
I'm talking 'bout sex stuff.

INT. BRODY'S RV - NIGHT

It's a mess. Stacks of magazines, dirty clothes, discarded
take-out boxes.

The walls are covered with pictures of topless muscular women
ripped straight out of magazines.

BRODY
Take a seat.

Travis and Vik sit down. Cramped together.

Brody sits opposite.

BRODY
So what's your sitch?

Travis takes a calming breath.

TRAVIS
Okay, so, we were at this bar, and
we got talking to these chicks,
right --

BRODY
(scoffing)
Chicks! Say no more, brother! Nuff
said!

TRAVIS
Er, what really?

BRODY
Actually I-I guess you better
continue.

TRAVIS
Right, so we go back to their
sorority house, and we're drinking
and partying --

BRODY
Sweet! I like to party myself. Cept
when I party, I party hard, know
what I'm sayin'?

TRAVIS
...So anyway, next thing you know
these chicks --

BRODY
I'm a hard-core partier, bro!

TRAVIS
So these chicks like, undress --

BRODY
Sweet!

TRAVIS
Then the lights go out --

BRODY
Oh man!

TRAVIS
Some of them start lighting these
candles whilst the others start, ya
know, fooling around with us.

Brody shifts in his seat, crossing his legs and leaning
forward slightly.

BRODY
(containing excitement)
Go on.

TRAVIS
Then --

BRODY
(containing it less so)
Uh-huh!

VIK
Then they attacked us.

TRAVIS
No no! They changed first! Their
faces changed and they had like
monster teeth!

Brody sits back with a look of disappointment.

BRODY
Altering physiology, textbook demon
shit.

TRAVIS
They attacked our friend, Zack.

VIK
We think he might still be there.
Like a captive.

TRAVIS
We didn't know what to do!

VIK
Er, I wanna go on record as saying
I knew exactly what to do, but you
insisted we come here instead!

TRAVIS
The police would never believe us!

BRODY
Hmm... sounds like you boys
stumbled upon a coven of suckers.

VIK
Suckers?

BRODY
Vampires to you average humanoids.
You did the right thing by calling
me. Time is of the essence. Wait
here while I grab the deadly tools
of my equally deadly trade.

Brody heads to the back of the RV, leaving Travis and Vik alone. Vik pans the inside of the RV with his phone.

One wall has a selection of crude homemade melee weapons on it. The centre-piece of the wall is an authentic dadao - a Chinese military machete.

VIK

Dude, this guy's a total --

TRAVIS

Give him a chance, Vik! I know what we saw, and this might be the one guy who can kill these things!

Brody returns. He's dressed the same but now has a tattered 80s Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles backpack in his hand.

BRODY

You boys ready?

Travis and Vik are stunned for a moment. Vik elbows Travis.

TRAVIS

Er, look man, how do we know that you're the real deal?

Brody puts his backpack down. He chuckles as if insulted.

BRODY

Let me give it to you straight, playa. You don't. And you won't, until the heat of battle... But I want you fellas to ask yourselves this.

Brody takes two VHS tapes from a nearby shelf.

BRODY

(holding up tapes)
Would a fake vampire killer own copies of Blacula, and the Marky Mark workout tape?
(shaking head)
I don't think so!

Travis and Vik are speechless.

BRODY

What does this say to you?

TRAVIS

Er...

Honestly?

VIK

BRODY

I'll tell you what it says, Cochise!

(MORE)

BRODY (CONT'D)

It says here is a man who does his research and his physical preparation. Here is a man who is mentally and physically on top of his mother fucking game, son!

(waving Marky Mark tape)
Form, focus, fitness!

Brody puts the tapes down and reaches for the dadao.

He unsheathes the sword from its scabbard.

BRODY

Would a fake-ass demon fucker upper own an authentic twenty-three and a quarter inch full tang dadao, made of ten-sixty high carbon steel?

Brody thrusts the sword towards them.

Travis and Vik jump back in fear.

VIK

Whoa!

BRODY

I can take both your pretty little heads off with one swing from this bad boy!

TRAVIS

Yeah, w-we get it, man!

VIK

Yeah, we're sold! Please move it away from our faces!

Brody re-sheathes the sword.

BRODY

I have faced the legions of hell, boys... looked em dead in the eye and said -

(pointing)

No! You assholes stop your shit right now! This is not cool! This is NOT COOL! You back the fuck off now or Brody's gonna have to snap your shit up! Then they either back the fuck off or I snap their shit up, cos I'm a man of my mother fucking word!

Vik turns the camera to Travis. He looks dumbfounded.

INT. BRODY'S RV - NIGHT

Brody drives. Vik films him from behind. Travis rides shotgun.

Brody sings along to music as it blares from his stereo.

BRODY
(singing)
You better check yo self 'fore you
wreck yo self!

Vik turns to Travis who's shaking his head in disbelief.

BRODY
(singing)
Cos I'm bad for your health! I come
real stealth!

Vik turns back to Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Droppin' bombs on ya moms -
(middle finger to camera)
Fuck car alarms!

Brody turns down the volume.

BRODY
It's important to get psyched
before a great battle. I find a
little gangster rap helps me attune
my warrior spirit.

TRAVIS
So what's the plan, er, sir?

BRODY
Brody.

TRAVIS
Brody.

BRODY
No, call me B-dog. Call me whatever
you'd call me if we were like, best
buds.

VIK
What's the god damn plan?

BRODY

The god damn plan is this, amigos - we're gonna roll up on these satanic she-jerks, hit them with everything we've got, grab your friend, if he's not already perma-dead, and then victory brewskis are on you!

TRAVIS

What have we got to fight them with? Wooden stakes?

BRODY

Sucker-slaying one-oh-one. There are three ways to kill a vampire, numero uno - decapitation, numero two - throw em into an active volcano, numero third - you inflict a wound that causes massive blood loss. If they get a hold of you though, and they suck your blood, they'll heal any wound no matter how bad they're hurt.

TRAVIS

How about holy water and stuff?

VIK

Yeah, like crucifixes and shit?

Brody turns to Vik with a condescending look.

BRODY

What's your name, buddy?

VIK

Vik.

BRODY

Vik my naive compadre, what're you gonna do if the sucker that you face is an atheist? Or a Hindu? Or a Jedi?

VIK

Er --

BRODY

You're gonna look like a fucking idiot, that's what! That sucker's gonna laugh in your face, then rip it off and wipe away its tears with it, because it was laughing so hard at your little crucifix that it induced tears of laughter!

VIK
Shit man, okay. I'm new to all
this.

BRODY
Don't beat yourself up about it...
Vik, huh? That short for - what?
Victor?

VIK
Vikram.

Brody is only half listening.

BRODY
Vicky?

VIK
Vikram.

BRODY
Folks give you a girls name, huh?
that's harsh.

VIK
It's not Vicky.

BRODY
Isn't that what you said?

VIK
No I said Vikram.

BRODY
Huh... can't say it's a name I've
ever come across. You sure that's
what it's short for?

VIK
(sarcastic)
Pretty sure, yeah.

TRAVIS
So what do we have to kill them
with?

BRODY
Check my little bag of tricks
there.

Vik films Travis as he looks inside Brody's bag.

Travis pulls out an extendable lightsaber toy.

VIK
A... toy lightsaber?!

BRODY

Yeah you can't get real ones just yet.

TRAVIS

(confused)

Why - what - why?

BRODY

I dunno, I guess they just ain't found no kyber crystals yet.

VIK

Why do you have a toy lightsaber?

BRODY

I know what you're thinking, but my friends, that is no ordinary lightsaber. I've modified that baby, replaced the standard bulb with a high-efficiency LEDs that have an output of approximately five-hundred lumens, that's a measurement for light intensity incase you're dumb.

TRAVIS

What the hell is it for?!

BRODY

That bullshit about suckers burning up in sunlight is bullshit, but they are photosensitive. S'why they sleep in the day. This bad boy'll blind those blood-slurpers as if they were looking directly into the sun.

Travis extends the lightsaber.

BRODY

I went with the red cos the Sith are boss! Wanted the dual-sided but some little jerkoff took the last one. It has three settings - on, off, and techno. That makes it just flash on and off real fast.

VIK

Yeah, I think that's called strobe.

Travis runs his thumb over the power button.

BRODY

Don't touch that! Never activate the lightsaber unless you intend to blind a sucker!

TRAVIS
Okay, take it easy!

Travis retracts the lightsaber.

He puts it back in the bag and takes out a pair of Bret 'The Hitman' Hart shades.

VIK
What?

BRODY
Those are special. They protect from the blinding effects of the lightsaber, plus the lenses are reflective, which prevents the suckers from hypnotizing you. Oh yeah - they can do that!

Travis takes out a can of fart spray.

TRAVIS
Dude, what the shit?!

BRODY
Vampires have extremely heightened senses - sight, hearing, and nose. This stuff is bad enough to make a human want to hurl, imagine the effect it'll have on them. Like fart spray on steroids! Plus it only cost me like three bucks and came with a free fake turd.

VIK
That's it?!

BRODY
I know right! Picked up like twenty of them. Now I gotta think of something to do with all these plastic turds.

VIK
No I mean that's your deadly arsenal of weapons?

BRODY
Don't forget my dadao back there. That's what I main.

Brody looks over at Travis.

BRODY
Yo what happened to your hand, homie?

Vik turns the camera on Travis.

TRAVIS

I, er... Nothing. It got cut when we were running away from those things.

BRODY

Cut how?

TRAVIS

I dunno, I guess it happened when we were climbing over a wall.

Vik turns the camera on Brody. He looks suspicious.

BRODY

Dude, if you were bit, I want you to tell me right now.

TRAVIS

Er... What does it mean if I was bit?

BRODY

What does it mean? Okay - it means I'd have to pull over and chop your god damn head off at the side of the road, then burn your now headless, spasming corpse. And I'd be pissed off about it too, but so help me I'd do it. I'd take your head and light your ass up. Then I'd shove rocks in your mouth, staple your lips shut, and then punt it into a lake, never to be seen again! That's what it means, homie! So I ask you again, were you bit?

TRAVIS

No!

BRODY

WERE YOU BIT, HOMIE?!

TRAVIS

No! I wasn't bit!

BRODY

All right... all right I believe you, man. Sorry I had to get all Tony Montana on you, just had to be sure... I've seen too many good people succumb to vampirism...
(looking out to road)
Real good people...

Vik pans the camera down to Travis' hand as he scratches at the bandage.

Brody cranks the volume back up on the stereo.

BRODY
(singing)
Big dicks in yo ass is bad for yo
health!

INT. BRODY'S RV - LATER

Brody pulls the truck up outside of a large sorority house.
No lights are visible.

TRAVIS
This is the place.

BRODY
How many of them did you say there
were?

TRAVIS
I guess like, six or seven.

BRODY
Well which is it, six or seven? I
have to plan my strategy
accordingly. If my calculations are
off by even one sucker it could
mean a dirt nap for all of us!

VIK
Six, there were six of them, cos I
remember thinking we'd be able to
have two each.

Brody smiles at Vik.

BRODY
You dog!

Brody takes a deep breath. He turns to Travis.

BRODY
Okay, er...
(clicking fingers at
Travis)
Er...

TRAVIS
Travis --

BRODY
Travis! Check the glove box there.

Travis opens the glove box. He pulls out a large bag of weed.

Brody snatches the weed.

BRODY

Not that! Behind it.

Travis takes out a pair of nunchaku. The ends of the nunchaku have been sharpened to points - essentially two wooden stakes attached by a chain.

BRODY

You like that? It's my own design. Vik, I don't have anything for you, so you just stay close to Trevor here.

TRAVIS

Yeah, it's Travis.

BRODY

(to Vik)

Is Vikram, like... Dominican?

VIK

Do you have any form of education? Like at all?

TRAVIS

Wait! You want us to go in there with you?

BRODY

Relax, I'm not expecting you to do any killing, that weapon is just for your own protection.

VIK

But why do we need to come at all?

BRODY

It'd give me a tactical advantage to have someone who knows the lay of the nest. Plus I've been thinking, this whole gonzo documentary thing, it's a great idea. People should know about the real demonic underbelly of our society... plus I could really use the publicity.

Vik turns to Travis. He looks unsure.

BRODY

Look, we go in there, I'll keep the suckers off your back whilst you grab your buddy and high-tail it out. Then we'll rendezvous back at the RV. Agreed?

VIK

Whatever, man. Let's just go
already.

BRODY

All right team! Er, before we go in
though, it's, er, kind of a ritual
of mine to say a prayer before
battle.

Travis shrugs and sighs.

TRAVIS

Okay...

BRODY

Awesome.

Brody clasps his hands.

BRODY

Dear all mighty Dionysus, sup dawg?

Vik turns to Travis who looks back and mouths the words 'What
the fuck?'

BRODY

I hope this prayer finds you well.
I address you this day, bequeathing
that you watch the backs of my new
best buds and I as we venture
forthward into the slaving mouth
of darkness and do battle with this
coven of vampiresses. May our wills
and our bowels stay strong and not
fail us in the midst of battle,
because soiled underwear can
seriously impede a man's
effectiveness in combat. May we
wipe the proverbial floor with
these blood sucking shit weasels in
a glorious fashion, and look badass
as we do it, like Wesley Snipes
from Blade badass. Sincerely yours,
Brody. Party on.

Brody looks at Travis and Vik, waiting for them to
acknowledge the prayer.

TRAVIS

Er, party on.

VIK

Yeah.

BRODY

P.S. Thanks for helping me out with
that whole fungal thing.

(to camera)

All right. It's time to regulate.

Brody exits the RV.

Vik turns to Travis. He looks pale.

VIK
You okay, man?

TRAVIS
I'm fine, c'mon.

Travis follows after Brody.

Vik turns the camera phone off.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone turns back on.

Vik holds the phone against the window of the house. Zack's naked body is laid out on a large table, surrounded by candles. He's not moving.

VIK
(whispering)
Shit, that's Zack... ah shit I just
looked at his dick!

Vik turns the phone to Travis and Brody crouched beside him. Brody has his sword in his hands, his backpack on his back, and his Bret Hart shades on his forehead.

BRODY
As I suspected. Your buddy's being
used for some kinda blood
sacrifice. An offering to one of
the elder gods no doubt. Hard to
tell which one, though they're all
assholes... we've stumbled into
something deep here, fellas! Balls
deep!

TRAVIS
Whadda we do?

Brody peers through the window.

BRODY
Well, I can't see any of the
suckers. I say we break in, grab
your buddy, then I'll come back in
the day while they're asleep. Put
em down for good.

VIK
Let's just get in and get out. No
one needs to put anything down.

BRODY

I don't suppose either of you know how to pick a lock? Vik? You look a little ghetto.

VIK

(insulted)

No!

TRAVIS

Not me.

BRODY

I guess it's up to me...

Brody takes a few quick breaths.

BRODY

Come on, Brody, everyone's counting on you.

He unsheathes his sword.

BRODY

Hold on to your dicks, fellas.

(pulling down shades)

Cos it's about to get wet!

Brody scrambles and rolls away ungraciously. He makes a series of nonsensical military-style hand signals at Travis and Vik.

VIK

(whispering)

What does that mean?!

Brody disappears around the right side of the house.

TRAVIS

I don't know what's more fucked up, the fact that vampires exist, or that he does.

VIK

Let's just grab Zack and leave.

Vik turns the camera phone back to the room. There's a set of doors leading out into the back yard.

VIK

Look, there's some doors at the back. Maybe we can get in from there.

TRAVIS

Yeah... let's do it...

Vik turns to Travis. He looks pale and drowsy.

VIK

Er, dude... you don't look so hot.

TRAVIS

Fine --

(clears throat)

I'm fine. Just nervous, y'know.

VIK

Yeah, this is some next level shit.

TRAVIS

C'mon, Zack needs us.

Travis leads the way around the left side of the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

They peer around the rear corner of the house.

Six naked women are dancing in a circle around a large straw effigy in the shape of a winged bat-like demon.

The women have extremely pale skin. Their hands are abnormally large and resemble talons. Their bodies are covered in strange hieroglyphics written in blood.

They appear to be moving in slow-motion, defying the laws of physics. They sing in an unknown dialect; their voices gentle and melodic. It's hypnotic to observe.

VIK

Wh... what the?

The women stop dancing. They simultaneously turn to the rear doors of the house.

Vik turns the camera phone in the same direction.

Zack walks out into the backyard. He appears to be in a zombie-like state.

VIK

The fuck's he doing?

The women chant in an unknown dialect as Zack walks towards the effigy.

TRAVIS

I-It's like he's... like he's hypnotized.

Zack stops beneath the effigy. He lies down between its legs.

VIK

This isn't real. Things like this don't happen.

VIK

Oh fuck my life! Fuck my life!

BRODY (O.S.)

HAVE AT THEE YOU SHIT-SUCKING HELL-FUCKS!

Vik turns the camera phone in Brody's direction.

Brody throws the lightsaber set on 'techo mode' into the centre of the women.

They shriek and shield their eyes from the bright flashing red light.

Brody runs into the centre of the women with his sword in one hand and fart spray in the other.

He sprays one of the vampires in the face with the fart spray.

BRODY

EAT FART, SPAWN OF SHUGGOTH!

She reacts with a fit of violent retching, vomiting blood and gore.

Brody charges at the other vampires as they shield their bleeding eyes from the flashing lightsaber and puke blood from the effects of the fart spray.

Brody screams as he swings wildly with his sword. His movement's are void of any semblance of form or technique.

He hacks and decapitates several of the other blood-puking vampires. It's a gruesome and bloody massacre.

The vampire wearing the headdress leaps through the air at Brody with impossible agility.

Brody swings his sword like a pro-batter, chopping her body in half. He slips in her blood and falls awkwardly.

Vik turns back round to Travis who's shielding his bleeding eyes from the light.

TRAVIS

Never leave a bro behind...

Vik snatches the stake nunchakus from Travis and points them at him.

VIK

Stay the fuck away, dude! STAY THE FUCK AWAY!

TRAVIS

Vik... I need... I need --

Travis lunges at Vik.

Vik sloppily swings the nunchakus, hitting Travis across the face. Travis recoils in pain.

VIK
Shit, I'm sorry, man --

Travis pounces on Vik.

Vik screams. He drops the phone as they fall to the ground. A wet crunch sound is heard.

The phone looks up at the sky - flashing with red from the strobe effect of the lightsaber. Travis is heard shrieking in agony.

The low battery indicator flashes in the corner of the phone's screen.

VIK
Oh no.

Vik picks up the phone.

VIK
Oh shit no.

He points it at Travis, who has one end of the nunchakus in his chest. He thrashes his limbs at incredible speed as he writhes in agony.

TRAVIS
Shit.

Blood foams from Travis' mouth and nose. His frenzied movements fade as he dies.

VIK
(incredulous)
Shit. Travis...

Vik looks up at Brody fighting the other vampires.

VIK
B-Brody... we... we need to get
Travis to a-a hospital, man... we --

The straw effigy suddenly ignites with blood-red flames.

The flames subside to reveal a giant bat-like demon. The flaming demon lets out an all mighty, ear bursting roar.

Brody lets out a war cry as he runs at it with his sword raised high.

VIK
 (terrified)
 OH MY G --

The camera phone goes dead.

Black.

INT. BRODY'S RV - NIGHT

The camera phone turns on.

Brody fumbles with it, positioning it on the dash board so that both he and Vik are within frame.

Brody is soaked head to toe in blood. His clothes torn and burnt. One of the ear flaps of his trapper hat is missing.

BRODY
 There ya go. Charger's doing its
 chargy thing.

VIK
 Y-Yuh... Yuh...

Vik is traumatized.

Brody looks solemnly out the window.

BRODY
 Shame about...
 (clicking fingers)
 Er...

VIK
 Trav --

BRODY
 Travis! A moment of silence for our
 fallen bud.

They sit in silence.

Brody covers one nostril with his thumb and blows blood out of the other onto the floor of the RV.

Vik stares straight ahead, completely vacant.

After only a few seconds -

BRODY
 I fucking knew it! I knew that
 prick got bit! Ah fuck it! Whaddya
 say, victory burrito?

Brody starts the pickup and sets it in motion. He sticks a CD into the stereo. Enya starts to play.

BRODY

I like to listen to a little Enya after a battle. Helps me find my balance again, ya know? Cool my shit, realign the chakras and all that. Can't be in beast mode twenty-four-seven, right.

The pair sit in silence as the song plays.

They continue for awhile like this - Vik shut down by trauma, Brody swaying along to the music, unphased by the entire ordeal.

The car passes a gas station.

BRODY

Shit, you know what, I actually need some gas.

Brody turns the RV around and into the gas station. He parks up.

BRODY

Ah, dude, would you believe it, I er, I left my wallet back at the er... the place...

Vik slowly reaches into his pocket. He hands Brody some crumpled and bloody notes.

BRODY

Sweet! Er, you want anything? Maybe some, some wet-wipes? Get some of that gore off your face?

Vik slowly shakes his head.

Brody exits the RV.

BRODY (O.S.)

Beers too. I'll get beers.

(singing)

Sail away, sail away, sail awaaay.

Vik continues to sit in shock with the song still playing.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.