Apex

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EXT. UNKNOWN AREA-DAY

A pair of blood-soaked hands run across a clean car bonnet. The camera tracks the hand as they slide across the top of the bonnet, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

The hands reach the end of the car, sliding off the end of the bonnet and flailing lazily to an unknown person's hip.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-DAY

A shot of BULLDOG, a man in a Bulldog half mask with a red, blue and white themed letterman jacket with a union jack on the back.

BULLDOG stands in a forest, looking down a long line of trees. He sighs once, then begins to walk lazily, gripping his gut with his right hand.

BULLDOG walks for a while, stumbling and bumbling around.

BULLDOG then stops, holding his gut and cursing under his breath in his thick cockney accent.

BULLDOG (Under his breath) Fuckin' 'ell.

BULLDOG pulls himself up, then continues to walk steadily down the long forest path.

The camera tracks him for a while then cut.

INT. TRASHED BAR-DAY

The camera pans across a grimey, trashed bar, chairs on their heads, tables broken in half with overgrown plants and vines finishing the grimey scene off.

The sound of the door's bell jingling.

The camera pans across to BULLDOG, he steadily walks into the bar, gripping his gut still. He walks around, looking at the trashed bar under his bulldog half-mask.

BULLDOG uses still standing furniture and other items to keep himself balanced. He eyes the bartop where a single bar stool still stands.

BULLDOG walks over to the stool, sitting on it carefully, sighing in relief after he sits. He sits in silence for a while.

Beat.

BULLDOG then lays his head against the bartop, resting.

We hear BULLDOG sigh once then he begins to speak.

BULLDOG One pint please, mate.

BULLDOG laughs frantically, slamming his fist against the bartop and jolting in his laughter.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Ah, christ. One carling will ya? Just a pint. I swear I ain't drivin'.

BULLDOG begins to laugh frantically again, slamming his fist again and then sitting himself upright and wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes.

BULLDOG looks around the room, eyeing the scenery.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

Nice bar...

BULLDOG smirks, then hopping off the bar stool and walking away once more.

INT. TRASHED BAR-BACKROOM-DAY

BULLDOG lays on a small, beaten matress, he still holds his gut with one hand and then elevates his head with his other.

BULLDOG stares at photos of happy bar members on the wall, the camera pans across the photos, mixing in shots of BULLDOG's smiling mouth.

INT. TRASHED BAR-BACKROOM-DAY

BULLDOG sits on the mattress, he looks at a video camera, it shows a video of two burly guys fighting in a bar. He smiles, shaking his head.

> BULLDOG Ah, shit, the war's over lads! Stop fighting!

BULLDOG laughs, then closing the video camera and then violently tossing it across the room in anger.

BULLDOG shouts loudly for a short second, then rocking and holding his head.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Fuckin' war. A bunch of bullshit, eh?... I know, I know, get me a beer will ya? BULLDOG smirks, looking at completely nothing.

INT. TRASHED BAR-NIGHT

BULLDOG grabs a crate of beers, walking with them across the bar.

BULLDOG Got us drinks!

BULLDOG chuckles lightly.

BULLDOG then walks off the camera, into the backroom.

INT. TRASHED BAR-BACKROOM-NIGHT

BULLDOG walks and places the crate on the floor of the backroom. He rubs his hands.

BULLDOG then pushes the door, closing it shut, he barricades the door with a fridge, he pushes it right up against the door, blocking it.

BULLDOG

Keep 'em out.

BULLDOG smiles, then opening the crate of beers and taking one out.

BULLDOG sits on the mattress, he pulls the lid off of his beer, then raising it in the air, pulling it back afterwards like he knocked it off something.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

Cheers.

WE SEE BULLDOG smirking, zooming in slowly on his face.

EXT. FOREST-DAY(MORNING AFTER)

The camera pans across the forest, showing it's dead surroundings.

BULLDOG slowly steps onto the scene, a one-strap bag over his shoulder now.

He walks for a while down the long forest path.

EXT. FOREST-DAY

We cut to another shot of BULLDOG, he continues to walk along the path, looking around his surroundings.

EXT. FOREST-DAY

A shot of trees swaying in the wind, the sun shines down through the gaps in the leaves. Camera tilts down, showing BULLDOG yet again walking, he sighs, rubbing his chin slightly. He walks until he becomes smaller and smaller and then suddenly stops.

EXT. FOREST-DAY

The camera stays behind BULLDOG, we see him slowly take off his mask, he holds it by his side, rubbing his face and sighing afterwards. He quickly scratches his head and then fits his mask back on.

EXT. FIELD-DAY

BULLDOG, looking like a silhouette walks along an empty field, he grips his one-strap bag, treading along the field.

EXT. FIELD-DAY

Front view of BULLDOG, he whistles as he walks, smiling to himself.

Beat.

BULLDOG

Ah, shite.

BULLDOG walks to his left, walking to a bush.

Camera cuts to a shot of his upper torso from behind. A ZIP sound is heard, BULLDOG smirks, fiddling with his hands off screen. The sound of liquid hitting the floor is heard, BULLDOG appears to be urinating. He nods slowly, sighing in relief.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Ah, christ, needed this.

ZIP! Is heard again, BULLDOG turns around, the camera following him, still aimed behind his back.

SUDDENLY, we see a male in army gear with the american flag painted on his face, the paint is mixed with blood and dirt, clearly rundown and parts missing from water exposure, he is referred to as THE AMERICAN. He wields a knife, lunging it quickly at BULLDOG.

BULLDOG sends his hand up, grabbing the male's hand and stopping him from stabbing him.

The two men begin to wrestle, THE AMERICAN and BULLDOG push and pull against eachother until both of them tumble down into a muddy, dried up stream.

BULLDOG/THE AMERICAN

Gaaah!

The two tumble out of eachother's way.

BULLDOG hops to his feet, then pouncing on top of THE AMERICAN.

BULLDOG Fucking bastard!

THE AMERICAN Dirty british scumbag! Motherfucker!

BULLDOG smashes his fist into THE AMERICAN's face, doing it ONCE, doing it TWICE. He grabs him by the collar, pulling him up to his face.

BULLDOG What're you doing?

THE AMERICAN

Bitch!

THE AMERICAN jabs BULLDOG in the ribs with a pencil, grunting.

BULLDOG falls to his right side, THE AMERICAN hops to his knees, then flailing on top of BULLDOG. He stabs the pencil near BULLDOG's face, nearly making contact but then having BULLDOG stop him yet again. They wrestle, grunting until BULLDOG turns the pencil around and stabs it near THE AMERICAN's face, missing him by inches, THE AMERICAN falls to his side off-balance.

BULLDOG seizes the opportunity, crawling on him and grabbing him by the head.

BULLDOG sends a quick headbutt to him, making hard contact.

BULLDOG The war's over, you cunt! It's over! Leave it alone!

BULLDOG smashes his fist into THE AMERICAN's face again.

THE AMERICAN

Liar!

BULLDOG shakes his head, raising his fist once more in the air.

BULLDOG It's over, how long have you been in your fucking hole?

THE AMERICAN A long time!

BULLDOG It ended a month ago...

BULLDOG breathes heavily, loosening his fist.

THE AMERICAN God... Why should I believe a scum like you?

BULLDOG Want to see the papers?

THE AMERICAN breathes heavily, spitting blood to the side then cut.

EXT. FIELD-DAY

BULLDOG walks to THE AMERICAN, who is sat on the floor on the field, BULLDOG sits next to him, setting a camera in THE AMERICAN's hands.

BULLDOG Look at that, whilst it has charge.

THE AMERICAN looks at the camera, shaking his head as he looks at a photo of an american painted man and a man with a british bulldog mask on shaking hands. They smile to the camera.

THE AMERICAN goes to the next photo, showing a rough piece of paper that has writing on it and has "THE WAR IS OVER!" In large red pen at the bottom.

THE AMERICAN Well, fuckin' A', I trusted you and you didn't lie to me.

BULLDOG Why would I lie?

THE AMERICAN You wouldn't, it's just not to wise to trust anyone.

The two chuckle.

BULLDOG You can say that again. 6.

Beat.

THE AMERICAN What now? What happens? What happened?

BULLDOG War happened, but before that, all I know is that hybrids happened, before that... History.

THE AMERICAN

Where does everyone live now? I mean, you should be in a camp now, right?

BULLDOG Hybrid attack.

THE AMERICAN

Ah, christ.

BULLDOG

Aye, why are you out 'ere?

THE AMERICAN

Well... I ain't gonna get shot anymore and there's no point lying to you so I'll be straight up. I'm a coward, a pussy, I ran from the war, hid in small places to survive... It's what I thought was best.

BULLDOG

You thought like a smart man. What is it we were fighting for, right? A shithole that reminds us of the other shithole we used to have?

THE AMERICAN I think we all just wanted to survive... But we were too stupid to realize that to survive, we need to work together.

BULLDOG Simple concept but as always, greed gets in the way.

THE AMERICAN Greed...

Shot ends on THE AMERICAN smirking.

EXT. FIELD- EVENING

BULLDOG and THE AMERICAN walk across a different field, the sun is low and the sky orange.

THE AMERICAN I did. Back at the stream, you know, you should of asked me earlier.

BULLDOG

I forgot.

THE AMERICAN

Hmmph.

BULLDOG It's alright, I've got another toy in the bag, you're not having it though.

THE AMERICAN

Trust no one?

BULLDOG

Trust no one.

THE AMERICAN So, you trusted me when you went to get your camera from your bag? Let me sit there for awhile, how come you don't trust me now?

BULLDOG

Ah, well...

BULLDOG turns around, stopping to speak face-to-face with THE AMERICAN

BULLDOG (CONT'D) I didn't trust you. I had an eye on you all the time, lad. You think it'd take me about a minute to find a camera that I've not stopped thinking about for a month? The camera that keeps me alive when I meet stupid yanks like you who think the war's still on?

THE AMERICAN Watch what you're saying, friend.

BULLDOG Ah, yeah, I will. I like treading the thin ice...

THE AMERICAN and BULLDOG stare each other down for a while.

THE AMERICAN Better get walking again then, right?

BULLDOG

Aye.

The two begin to walk again, both walking off camera.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- NIGHT

We see the abandoned living room, trashed and dirty with no lighting, just the small natural light of the moon.

BULLDOG (Whispering) (O.S) Keep behind me, yank. Clear this out and make sure you watch your footsteps.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- NIGHT

We open up on BULLDOG's face, he breathes heavily, we move down, showing the hammer that is in BULLDOG's hands. BULLDOG begins to move out of the front area of the house, THE AMERICAN following behind him.

The camera follows BULLDOG and THE AMERICAN as they sneak through the living room of the house.

Their footsteps tipper against the floor, both of them moving swiftly but silently through the house.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- NIGHT

The two men walk along through the kitchen, BULLDOG raises his hammer in the air, eyeing the area.

BULLDOG (Whispering) Alright, looks clear from here, loot the fridges.

THE AMERICAN nods.

BULLDOG sneaks off camera, the camera keeps on THE AMERICAN, watching him as he slowly opens the fridge.

The fridge holds a single tin of beans inside.

THE AMERICAN takes the beans tin from the fridge, placing it in a small pocket in his army vest where it would usually store grenades. THE AMERICAN (Whispering) I got a tin o' beans.

THE AMERICAN licks his lips, closing his small pocket.

THE AMERICAN (CONT'D) (Whispering) Hey, you hear me?

Beat.

THE AMERICAN (CONT'D) (Whispering) Hey...

THE AMERICAN turns around, looking at the empty room, no sign of BULLDOG.

THE AMERICAN (CONT'D) (Whispering) Oh, shit...

THE AMERICAN hops up, frantically looking around the room. He walks through the kitchen and to a small room in the house, he looks around, still no sign of BULLDOG.

THE AMERICAN (CONT'D) (Whispering) Don't fuck around, brit'.

THE AMERICAN begins to breath heavily, the camera shows his shaking hands as he wonders through the dark house. He walks along the rooms, keeping his fists clenched, they still tremble.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- STAIRS- NIGHT

THE AMERICAN creeps up the stairs, he leans against the wall as he walks. Tension builds as the small creaks of the stair steps are heard. THE AMERICAN's breathing begins to get louder and more frantic as he steadily creeps up the stairs still.

THE AMERICAN reaches the hallway, he looks left and right, unable to see very well because of the dark. He gulps, then moving along the hallway, steadily putting one foot in front of the other.

He continues to move along, the sound of his hand brushing the wall is heard, he still breathes unsteadily also.

The sound of his hand stops as the hand hits a doorknob, THE AMERICAN trembles slightly, startled by the change of texture. He grips the doorknob, feeling it and then letting go.

THE AMERICAN (Whispering to himself) Fuck...

THE AMERICAN breathes in and out to himself, controlling his breathing, he begins to settle.

SUDDENLY! With a loud BANG!!! The door next to THE AMERICAN crashes down, out comes flying BULLDOG, he grips a figure of some sort. THE AMERICAN screams in fear, jumping back from the startling event.

BULLDOG (Shouting) Fucking cunt! Agh!

BULLDOG flips the figure over, landing it on it's head, he rolls on the floor then sits up, breathing heavily as he sits on his ass on the floor.

BULLDOG slams his fist into the figure's face, pounding it once, then sitting in a normal position again.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Did we scare you, yank? Me and my mate?

THE AMERICAN Shut up, idiot, for fuck sake, I was shitting my pants.

THE AMERICAN sighs, rubbing his head.

BULLDOG Help me drag this twat.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- DAY (MORNING AFTER)

BULLDOG and THE AMERICAN stand in front of the camera. They are looking down, off camera.

Beat.

BULLDOG Ugly bastard isn't he?

THE AMERICAN That's hybrids for you.

BULLDOG Christ, they might be smarter or stronger but they're a damn sight bloody uglier. Camera cuts to an over the shoulder shot from BULLDOG's shoulder, we see him crouching over a very weird looking man/pig hybrid, with pink-ish skin a pig nose but human like legs, arms and some facial features. The body wears ragged clothes, the body is very bloody and dirty also.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Poor bastard, tried to slit my throat, lure you in and do the same to you, yank.

THE AMERICAN Well, you got me worried, thought I'd have to actually walk on my own in peace and quiet!

BULLDOG Sounds like heaven... Shame heaven don't exist anymore, right?

THE AMERICAN

I wouldn't say that. I'd just say that once you've seen so much hell you begin to forget what heaven looks like.

BULLDOG Well, if that's how you see it.

THE AMERICAN You gotta have faith.

BULLDOG Ah, faith. I guess so.

THE AMERICAN Hey, dude, you ever wonder what it was like 200 years back? Before it?

BULLDOG First off, don't call me dude...

THE AMERICAN chuckles.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

But, if you want my thoughts, I think the earth was as much of a shithole as it is now, except it was ours. Not us being hunted by hybrids.

THE AMERICAN

I heard it was science, you know. They tried to save the tigers, put in the wrong dna and created super creatures!

BULLDOG

That's what the history books say... Anyways, lets get this disgusting fellow burnt.

THE AMERICAN I guess we gotta deal with the apex predators.

BULLDOG We've got to survive, like anyone else... Clear him up, I need to piss.

BULLDOG walks off the scene, the camera ends on a shot of THE AMERICAN smiling as he looks down at the dead hybrid.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE-DAY

BULLDOG and THE AMERICAN stand outside, both of them look down on the burning body of the hybrid. The camera delivers a long shot, showing the two as mere silhouettes next to the raging fire.

Beat.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE-DAY

WE SEE a closer shot now, BULLDOG and THE AMERICAN look down onto the fire still.

BULLDOG Matches always come in handy.

THE AMERICAN Yeah, the oldest tricks have the biggest uses....

Beat.

BULLDOG How come we never take these pissing masks off?

THE AMERICAN Well, I guess we still think we're in the war...

BULLDOG

I guess so.

BULLDOG takes off his half-mask suddenly, revealing his full face, he looks like any normal man, he smiles at THE AMERICAN.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) I was too scared to take it off.

THE AMERICAN Like I was too scared to fight?

BULLDOG Something like that, aye.

THE AMERICAN If I could take this paint off, I would.

BULLDOG If we ever find water on the way, we can wash it off... Or you can keep it on, you Americans are the patriotic lot, aren't you?

THE AMERICAN chuckles.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) Alright, pack up, we'll leave... Just for the record, mate, I trust you. Just not enough to give you that spare knife.

BULLDOG chuckles.

BULLDOG begins to walk forward, towards the camera.

Beat.

THE AMERICAN suddenly slides out a small knife, he rushes to BULLDOG with great speed, crawling fastly on all fours and then lunging onto BULLDOG's back and stabbing him in the side of the neck. BULLDOG screams in pain, wriggling around, trying to escape. THE AMERICAN is like a beast, stabbing at BULLDOG in the neck violently, over and over and over.

BULLDOG drops to his knees, THE AMERICAN hopping off his back and then impaling the knife right into the top of BULLDOG's head, sending him down onto his face, dead.

THE AMERICAN looks around, twitching wildly, he grunts and groans, soaked in blood. He begins to pat his chest like a monkey. He then makes very loud monkey noises, patting himself on the chest over and over.

THE AMERICAN growls, patting his chest still. He then begins to take off his army gear, sliding off his vest and dropping it on the ground.

He then rips his top off, showing his very hairy body, covered in black hairs over his human looking torso.

THE AMERICAN looks down at his hands, he takes off is leather black gloves, revealing hairy hands that look human but have stubby finger ends like a monkey's fingers.

THE AMERICAN growls loudly, making monkey noises and marching around in circles near the dead body of BULLDOG. This continues for a while until.

CUT TO BLACK