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"BATTLE OF TWO WORLDS"

Complete Dialogue and Script from the 1974 Power Records Release

NARRATOR:
In the strange and hostile world that was once their home, the two astronauts have found one true friend...Galen.

(SOUND of walking)

GALEN:
We should be there in a few minutes now.

BURKE:
Look Galen, are you sure we won't meet up with another of those friendly reception committees that seem to be waiting for us wherever we go?

GALEN:
This is one place where we WILL be safe. I don't blame you for being bitter, but don't judge all apes by the actions of the Urkos among us. Look, there it is.

VIRDON:
Looks peaceful enough.

GALEN:
I like to think this village points the way to the world of tomorrow. A place where artist and
artisan, thinker and worker, apes and humans, all live and work side by side in harmony with each other and nature. You'll see what I mean when you meet Landa.

VIRDON:
Who is Landa?
GALEN:
An artist of rare sensitivity. Her work is filled with love and compassion for all living things. She is also prefect of the village.

VIRDON: Prefect?
A female?

GALEN (laughs):
I thought that would surprise you, hmm?

(SOUND of still more walking and another knock)

BURKE:
Well, here we are. But where is everybody?

GALEN:
Hmm. That is strange. I noticed that no one was working in the field, but I thought perhaps it was lunch time. Here. I'll knock on this door.

(SOUND of a knock)

GALEN:
Hmm. No answer.

BURKE:
Let's look around some more.

(SOUND of yet more walking)

VIRDON:
If you ask me, I'd say this place is deserted. Look at this house. Door open, dinner plates on the table. Food still on the plates. Whoever lived here left in one big hurry.

BURKE:
Sure looks like trouble in your "paradise", Galen.

GALEN:
I don't understand it. But Landa will explain. Let's get over to her house. It's just down the way.

(SOUND of ladder climbing)

GALEN:
Landa! Landa! It's me, Galen!

LANDA:
Ohhh. Where am I? Galen! Oh Galen, I'm so glad you're here.

GALEN:
Are you all right?

LANDA:
Yes. I think so. Who are they?

GALEN:
Friends of mine. Pete Burke and Alan Virdon.

VIRDON:
No answer. Try the door.

(SOUND of the door opening)

GALEN:
Landa? It's me, Galen. She's not here. Oh my. Now I AM worried.

VIRDON:
Look at those paintings! Pete, Galen wasn't exaggerating. She IS good.

BURKE:
Yeah. The color. The composition! Who would ever dream an ape could create work of this caliber?

GALEN:
Something terrible must have happened. Landa would never leave her house like this.

LANDA:
Ohhh...

VIRDON:
What was that?

BURKE:
It came from up in that loft or attic. Whatever they call it. Come on! Up the ladder.

(SOUND of ladder climbing)
You have nothing to fear. What happened? The whole village deserted, you hiding up here...

Landa:
It was terrible! They came out of the sky.

Burke:
Out of the sky? What do you mean?

Landa:
A huge airship landed in the field at the end of the village.

Burke:
An airship?! Can you describe it?

Landa:
Here. I'll make a rough sketch.

(as she describes what happens, we hear her sketching and the SOUND of what she describes)

Landa:
It was round, like a dish. About 30 feet in diameter, and about 10 feet high.

Viridon:
Looks like one of those experimental space craft we were fooling around with in the late '70's.

Burke:
Yeah! Go on, Landa.

Landa:
A large door in the side of the ship swung open and down. Like this. Reaching the ground.

Viridon:
Like our naval landing craft in the old days!

Landa:
And two huge armored vehicles rolled down, followed by some humans on foot. Carrying guns.

Burke:
Humans!

Landa:
Their leader was very efficient.

(CUT TO THE SCENE DESCRIBED)--

Trang:
Spread out! Don't let any one of those animals escape!

(SOUND of machine gun fire)

Landa:
They killed all those working in the field.

Galen:
No wonder we didn't see anyone there on our way in.

Landa:
I formed a committee representing those of us still alive in the village. And tried to negotiate an end to the killing.

(CUT TO DESCRIBED SCENE)--

Trang:
Negotiate? You have nothing to negotiate with.

Landa:
But we are just a peaceful community, and no possible threat to you!

Trang:
You and your village are of no consequence to us whatsoever.

Landa:
Some here are humans, just like yourself!

Trang:
Obviously an inferior breed; quite as expendable as the gorillas, chimpanzees and orangutans that make up the so-called "rulers" of this planet.

Landa:
You know about our political structure!

Trang:
One week in orbit on reconnaissance was enough for us to take possession.

Landa:
Take possession? With only 30 men?

Trang:
With our superior armament, mobility and intelligence, 30 men is enough. We shall eliminate as many of you as is necessary to
convince your rulers that resistance is futile. Then we shall repopulate the planet with a superior race! Utilizing those of you who survive as a work force. And now, enough of this talk. Round them up! Take them to the pit on the other side of the village and dispose of them! No exceptions!

(SOUND of machine gun fire and screams; returns to current scene)

GALEN:
Horrible! Horrible! But how did you escape?

LANDA:
Somehow, in all the confusion, I slipped away into the woods. When I was sure they'd gone, I came back here, where you found me.

GALEN:
And they refer to US as animals!

VIRDON:
Yeah. We had a bellyful of that "superior race" garbage in the World War II period of the 1900's.

LANDA:
I tell you Galen, if Trang and his men are not stopped, we are all doomed!

NARRATOR:
Back in Central City, an emergency meeting of the leaders of the country is in session. Dr. Zauis is speaking.

ZAUIS:
The day we have long feared is upon us. A small but extremely dangerous band of killer humans have invaded our planet.

URKO:
Speak for yourself, Dr. Zauis! You and your intellectual friends may fear these invaders but I fear no one!

ZAUIS:
Nobody questioned your courage, General Urko. But the situation is critical and calls for careful study and planning.

URKO:
There is no time for that! Just give the word and my army will move to the attack within the hour.

ZAUIS:
And the invader would mow your gorillas down like grass. You wouldn't have a chance against their advanced armament.

URKO:
What alternative do YOU propose? As for me, I'd rather go down fighting than sitting here waiting for them to come and get us!

ZAUIS:
In the old armory outside of the city, we do have some 20th Century weapons similar to those used by the invaders.

URKO:
Can they be used?

ZAUIS:
After so many centuries of disuse I frankly doubt it. But it is worth looking into.

URKO:
You can waste time putting around with your old antiques if you like. But I say your fears are exaggerated. And I'm giving battle orders right now. Sergeant, get the troops ready to ride! We'll search out the enemy wherever he is and destroy him!

(SOUND of cheers)

NARRATOR:
Meanwhile Pete, Alan and Galen hold their own council of war, together with their friend Landa, in the field at the end of the village.

VIRDON:
Here's where the ship landed. Look at that, Pete! Those tracks.

BURKE (whistles):
They've got tanks.

VIRDON:
Yeah. Probably running on high-powered batteries or nuclear fuel. Though gasoline fuel is conceivable.

BURKE:
And how do you stop tanks with rifles?

VIRDON:
Like shooting at an elephant with a pea
LANDA:
You shoot elephants?

VIRDON:
Greedy men used to hunt them down for the ivory of their tusks. Until wiser and more compassionate laws put an end to the practice.

BURKE:
Are you going to stand there and preach morality all day?

LANDA:
Justice vs. injustice. Right against wrong. Love against hate. Isn't that what morality is all about? The conflict between good and evil is always a moral struggle. An unending battle of two worlds. And now I wonder: which side are YOU on?

BURKE:
OK, OK. Cool it. I'm with you.

VIRDON:
Don't mind him, Landa. His heart's in the right place. He just likes action. Likes to keep, uh...

(SOUND of galloping)

GALEN:
General Urko's gorillas! We must hide!

LANDA:
Quickly! Over here behind the bushes.

(SOUND of scurrying to hide)

GALEN:
There they are, 5 of them.

(SOUND of horses)

BLENDO:
Look at this, Sergeant. What'd ya make of those marks?

SERGEANT:
The invaders! Their airship must of landed here. Quick, Blendo! Ride back and report this location to headquarters at once.

(SOUND of horse galloping away)

GORILLA:
But what made these tracks, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:
Some kind of vehicle that travels on land. Maybe the kind I once saw when I was on guard duty at the old armory. They lead that way.

BURKE:
The old armory...Hmm. Landa, do you know where it is?

LANDA:
About 10 miles from here down that road.

BURKE:
We've got to get there. And we sure can use these horses the gorillas have. Can you ride?

LANDA:
Yes. I'm quite expert at it.

BURKE:
Galen?

GALEN:
I'm not an expert but I think I can manage to stay on.

BURKE:
Good. Only one gorilla guarding them. Alan, let's take him!

(SOUND of a scuffle)

VIRDON:
That takes care of him. And the others haven't seen us yet. Mount up and let's go.

(SOUND of them riding to the armory)

VIRDON:
There it is. The old armory.

BURKE:
Yeah. Two guards in front. Any other entrances, Landa?

LANDA:
No, except for a window in back. Rather high up.

BURKE:
You and Galen wait here with the horses.
Come on, Alan. Let's see if we can get in.

(SOUND of them searching)

BURKE:
There's the window. Hey, looks easy! Give me a hand up. Uh! Now you. Whew!

(Their voices echo in the place)

BURKE:
This place is huge!

VIRDON:

BURKE:
And over there. Do you believe THAT?

VIRDON:
Fighter bomber! World War II. Pete, look!

BURKE: A tank!

VIRDON:
Yeah. Let's take a good look.

(SOUND of his inspection)

VIRDON:
Oh, forget it. Can't stop Trang with that.

BURKE:
It's so rusty it'll never run.

VIRDON:
Then none of this other stuff will either. Even if there were enough gasoline.

BURKE:
Gasoline! This big metal drum...it's marked "gasoline"! Is it possible it didn't deteriorate or evaporate over the centuries?

(SOUND of gas dripping)

BURKE:
Hey, baby! No mistaking that smell!

VIRDON:
So what good is gas for machines that can't run?

BURKE:
What good is it? Cocktails, my friend. Delicious cocktails!

VIRDON:
Cocktails?...Molotov cocktails!

BURKE:
You catch on quick, buddy.

VIRDON:
Pete, you're a genius!

BURKE:
There's some bottles up on that shelf.

VIRDON:
And look: kerosene lamps. We can sure use those wicks.

NARRATOR:
Racing against time, the two astronauts assemble their fire bombs, stuff their pockets with grenades they found in a box and slip back to Galen and Landa just as a large detachment of soldiers pulls up at the front entrance.

(SOUND of horses)

GALEN:
It's Urko himself!

LANDA:
And Dr. Zauis.

BURKE:
Sure got here fast.

VIRDON:
The gorilla Blendo must have met them on the road and told them about Trang.

(SOUND of tanks)

VIRDON:
Uh oh. Speaking about the Devil. Listen!

LANDA:
Colonel Trang! Coming from the other direction.

BURKE:
And no mistaking the sound of tanks.

VIRDON:
Look! Urko heard them, too.

URKO:
Fellow soldiers! We face our ruthless enemy with superior armament, but right is on our side. With our superior courage we will destroy him! Check the weapons and prepare to attack. Company A, take the right flank. Company B...

VIRDON:
Horses against tanks?!

BURKE:
It's the battle of two worlds, alright. And here we are, right smack dab in the middle.

VIRDON:
Quick. Landa, Galen. Get the horses behind the trees and stay down. Come on, Pete. These bushes give perfect cover.

BURKE:
Here they come! Light up! I'll take the first one, you take # 2. Now!

(SOUND of the cocktails exploding)

NARRATOR:
The fire bombs stop the tanks in their tracks. And as the men inside try to get out of their disabled monsters, they are met by a shower of hand grenades tossed by the two astronauts before the eyes of the astonished gorillas approaching on horseback.

(SOUND of battle, horses)

VIRDON:
Come on, Pete. Let's get back to the horses.

BURKE:
I'm with you.

(SOUND of the astronauts running)

GALEN: Pete! Alan! Over here!

BURKE:
Galen! What happened?

GALEN:
Landa. She's been shot!

VIRDON:
Oh lord!

BURKE:
Wait a minute-- she's breathing. The bullet just creased her head.

LANDA: Ohhh...

BURKE:
She's coming around. I think she'll be all right. Who did it?

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GALEN:
It was Trang himself. He took one of the horses and went that way.

BURKE:
Alan, we've got to stop him. He's headed back for the spaceship, and that ship is our ticket back home!

VIRDON:
What are we waiting for?

(SOUND of the astronauts hurrying)

NARRATOR:
Galloping furiously down a path through the woods, they suddenly come to a clearing.

VIRDON:
There it is! And it's a spaceship alright. A beauty! Listen...the motor's running.

(SOUND of spaceship engine)

BURKE:
Look out, he sees us!

(SOUND of machine gun fire)

VIRDON:
He's going to get away!

BURKE:
Not if I can help it. The door is still open. And I've got one grenade left.

(SOUND of horses galloping)

NARRATOR:
Racing his horse directly toward the spaceship, with Alan close behind him, Pete hurls the grenade through the door, a split second before it closes and the ship starts to rise.

BURKE:
Our luck. The last grenade and it's a dud.

VIRDON:
Well, it was a good try.

(SOUND of explosion)

VIRDON:
What's that? The grenade! It went off. Look, the door's opening. Someone's going to jump! It's Trang.

(SOUND of a bigger explosion)

BURKE:
Good lord! The ship blew up! Completely disintegrated!

VIRDON:
There goes our ticket to home.

BURKE:
Trang got out just in time. But I don't think it did him much good. Let's get over there! (SOUND of running)

BURKE: He looks all busted up.

TRANG:
Uhhh...filthy animals! Wipe them out! Destroy them!

VIRDON:
Trang, listen. We are astronauts like you. How did you get here? Do you have any other base on the planet?

TRANG:
The future's ours! Follow me, fol- -l - o- o - w...

BURKE:
We won't get anything out of him.

VIRDON:
Fanatical to the end. History sure has a way of repeating itself.

(SOUND of galloping)

BURKE:
Uh oh! The gorillas! We're sunk!

VIRDON:
They've got Galen and Landa with them.

(SOUND of horses approaching)

VIRDON:
OK, OK. We give up. Hey! The gorillas... They're leaving!

GALEN:
Pete, Alan. You're all right?

BURKE:
Yeah. But what gives? How come they're letting us go?

GALEN:
Urko still considers you dangerous, but because of what happened today, Dr. Zauis convinced him to let us go. This time.

VIRDON:
A sort of temporary truce?

GALEN:
Better than no truce, wouldn't you say? Hmm?

Landa:
You see, justice and mercy still live. Even among the apes. What will you do now?

BURKE:
Get as far away from Urko as we can! How about you?

LANDA:
I shall go back to my village. It's a dream that's worth rebuilding.

VIRDON:
Landa. Painter of beautiful dreams. We'll never forget you. Galen? Coming?

GALEN:
In a minute. I have a little dream-building of my own to discuss. With Landa.

VIRDON:
Uh, OK. We'll wait for ya. Down the road a way.
Rod Serling and Michael Wilson were responsible for creating a cinematic script of Planet Of The Apes from Pierre Boulle's brilliant original vision. Serling, the creator of the sci-fi anthology the Twilight Zone, was considered one of the finest talents in Hollywood and was known to have a knack of turning existing ideas into workable stories.

Michael Wilson is credited for having written the second and third drafts that eventually became the blueprint for the Oscar Award winning film. The film's premise is based on Boulle's book maintains the book's intelligent allegory, along with its savage, biting commentary about human folly but it stands out as independent and quite distinct from the novel, making its own very powerful statements, in many ways more effectively than the novel.

Michael Wilson (July 1, 1914 – April 9, 1978) was an American multiple-Academy Award winning screenwriter who was blacklisted by the Hollywood movie studio bosses during the era of McCarthyism.

Alternate Names: James O'Donnell

Wilson was born and raised Roman Catholic in McAlester, Oklahoma. He began his writing career with short stories for magazines then starting in 1941 he wrote or co-wrote twenty-two screenplays, several of which are legendary and considered some of the finest in the history of film.

His career in Hollywood was interrupted by service with the United States Marine Corps during World War II. In 1952 he was a co-winner of the Academy Award for Writing Adapted Screenplay for A Place in the Sun, and in 1953 he won an Edgar Award for his script for 5 Fingers. After he was blacklisted for being a communist, he left for France and worked on scripts for European film productions. He also wrote or collaborated on scripts for Hollywood films without credit or under a pseudonym for much less than the usual fees he was used to before being blacklisted. He remained in France with his family for 9 years before returning to the United States. In 1967 he wrote the screenplay for Planet of the Apes. A hugely popular film that went on to garner four other sequels and two television shows.

Michael Wilson was posthumously awarded his second Academy Award in 1984 for The Bridge on the River Kwai. In 1995, Wilson was credited by the Academy Board of Directors with an Academy Award nomination as a co-writer of Lawrence of Arabia and credited as the winner of the Writers' Guild of Great Britain Award for Best British Dramatic Screenplay.

While blacklisted, Wilson also wrote the script for Salt of the Earth, a fictionalized account of a real strike by zinc miners in Grant County, New Mexico. The movie was directed by Herbert Biberman and produced by Paul Jarrico both of whom had also been blacklisted by Hollywood. The film has been deemed "culturally significant" by the United States Library of Congress and selected for preservation in the National Film Registry. The film has also been preserved by the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Wilson also completed an unproduced screenplay on December 16, 1976, "The Raid On Harper's Ferry", which was an adaptation of Truman Nelson's 1973 book "The Old Man: John Brown at Harper's Ferry." In a February 1, 1974 letter to Nelson [that is contained in the Truman Nelson papers at Boston University's Howard Gottlieb Archival Research Library], Wilson (writing from his Ojai, California home at 514 Del Norte Road) recalled how he became involved in one of his last screenwriting adaptation projects:

On Monday, I began the preparatory work on the screenplay of "Harper's Ferry", based on your book. I want to tell you at the outset how delighted I am with this opportunity. It is without doubt the most promising project to come my way in a decade.

Let me tell you how the project got off the ground. Last summer, after the writer's strike ended, I went to work on a screenplay for Robert Wise, concerning a village in France during the German occupation in 1944. The production was aborted after three months by a studio executive. However, Robert Wise and I established an excellent personal rapport during this experience, and the last thing he said to me was: 'Find something else we can do together.'

I found it in your book, thanks to Julian Mayfield, and I shall be eternally grateful to him for leading me to it, for it is a subject close to my heart, and most appropriate as a feature film as we near the Bicentenary. I gave your book to Wise to read and he said: 'Let's do it.'

He then had to raise or provide the option money for you and the "seed money" for me to write a
screenplay. Times have changed in Hollywood, and one can no longer bring a biography such as yours to a major studio or distributor and hope to make a deal. Nowadays they say: 'Show us the screenplay, and if we like it then we'll talk deal.' ...

...Finally let me assure you that I think Bob Wise is the best director in Hollywood for this particular picture. Is it necessary that I add that I find myself the best qualified writer for it?

Sincerely,
Michael Wilson.

Besides writing his unproduced screenplay for The Raid On Harper's Ferry, Wilson also apparently wrote unproduced scripts for a movie about the IWW, titled The Wobblies, and for a movie about the infiltration of the Black Liberation Movement, titled Quiet Darkness.

Michael Wilson died of a heart attack in 1978 in Los Angeles County, California.

Date of Birth 1 July 1914, McAlester, Oklahoma, USA
Date of Death 9 April 1978, Los Angeles County, California, USA (heart attack)

Spouse Zelma Wilson (? - ?)
Blacklisted in the 1950s.

Writing credit for Lawrence of Arabia (1962) awarded in 1995.

Writing credit and Oscar for The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957) awarded posthumously.

Father of Becca Wilson and Rosanna Wilson-Farrow.

radioactive commodity of ideas, were accountable to the peoples of the world for the effects of their ideas.” - Speech delivered at 'A Salue to John Howard Lawson,' November 12, 1955

Academy Awards, USA
Year Result Award Category/Recipient(s)
1963 Nominated Oscar Best Writing, Screenplay Based on Material from Another Medium
for: Lawrence of Arabia (1962)
Shared with:
Robert Bolt
The nomination for Wilson was granted on 26 September 1995 by the Academy Board of Directors, after research at the WGA found that the then blacklisted writer shared the screenwriting credit with Bolt.

1958 Won Oscar Best Writing, Screenplay Based on Material from Another Medium
for: The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)
Shared with:
Pierre Boulle
Carl Foreman
Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson were blacklisted at the time and received no screen credit. They were posthumously awarded Oscars in 1984. Pierre Boulle was not present at the awards ceremony. Kim Novak accepted the award on his behalf.

1957 Nominated Oscar Best Writing, Best Screenplay - Adapted
for: Friendly Persuasion (1956)
Due to being blacklisted Michael Wilson did not receive a screen credit, which under special Academy by-law made him ineligible personally although the writing achievement itself could be eligible. In early 1957 AMPAS instructed Price Waterhouse & Co. not to list any nomination declared ineligible under the by-law and thus this nomination was not included on the final voting ballot. The by-law was later declared unworkable in January 1959. In December 2002 the Academy reinstated Mr. Wilson's nomination.

1953 Nominated Oscar Best Writing, Screenplay for: 5 Fingers (1952)

1952 Won Oscar Best Writing, Screenplay for: A Place in the Sun (1951)
Shared with:
Harry Brown

Edgar Allan Poe Awards
Year Result Award Category/Recipient(s)
1953 Won Edgar Best Motion Picture
for: 5 Fingers (1952)
Shared with:
Otto Lang (producer)

Personal Quotes
"The humanist writer did not meekly deliver what the philistine ordered, but struggled tenaciously to preserve human values in all his work; ... Hollywood writers in particular, dealing like all their kind in the
Golden Globes, USA  
Year Result Award Category/Recipient(s)  
1953  Won Golden Globe Best Screenplay  
for: 5 Fingers (1952)

Writers Guild of America, USA  
Year Result Award Category/Recipient(s)  
1957  Won WGA Award (Screen) Best Written American Drama  
for: Friendly Persuasion (1956)

1953  Nominated WGA Award (Screen) Best Written American Drama  
for: 5 Fingers (1952)

1952  Won WGA Award (Screen) Best Written American Drama  
for: A Place in the Sun (1951)  
Shared with:  
Harry Brown

Nominated WGA Award (Screen) The Robert Meltzer Award (Screenplay Dealing Most Ably with Problems of the American Scene)  
for: A Place in the Sun (1951)  
Shared with:  
Harry Brown

Writers' Guild of Great Britain  
Year Result Award Category/Recipient(s)  
1963  Won Writers' Guild of Great Britain Award Best British Dramatic Screenplay  
for: Lawrence of Arabia (1962)  
Shared with:  
Robert Bolt

Writer:  
Che! (1969) (screenplay)  
Planet of the Apes (1968) (screenplay)  
... aka Monkey Planet  
The Sandpiper (1965) (writer)  
Lawrence of Arabia (1962) (screenplay) (originally uncredited)  
5 Branded Women (1960) (screenplay) (originally uncredited)  
... aka Jovanka e le altre (Italy)  
Tempesta, La (1958) (uncredited)  
... aka Oluja (Yugoslavia: Serbian title)  
... aka Tempête, La (France)  
... aka Tempest (USA)  
The Two-Headed Spy (1958) (screenplay) (originally as James O'Donnell)  
The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957) (screenplay) (originally uncredited)  
Friendly Persuasion (1956) (screenplay) (originally uncredited)  
The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell (1955) (uncredited)  
... aka One Man Mutiny (UK)  
Mannequins für Rio (1954) (uncredited)  
... aka Party Girls for Sale  
... aka They Were So Young (USA)  
... aka Violated  
Carnival Story (1954) (uncredited)  
Salt of the Earth (1954) (writer)  
"Lux Video Theatre" (1 episode, 1954)  
... aka Summer Video Theatre (USA: summer title)  
... A Place in the Sun (1954) TV episode (previous screenplay)  
5 Fingers (1952) (screenplay)  
... aka Five Fingers  
A Place in the Sun (1951) (screenplay)  
It's a Wonderful Life (1946) (uncredited)  
... aka Frank Capra's It's a Wonderful Life (USA: complete title)  
Forty Thieves (1944) (writer)  
Bar 20 (1943) (writer)  
Colt Comrades (1943) (screenplay)  
Border Patrol (1943) (screenplay)  
The Men in Her Life (1941) (writer)

Michael Wilson was born on 1st July, 1914. He attended the University of California before moving to Hollywood where he found work as a screenwriter. Early films include The Men in Your Life (1941), Bar 20 (1943), Border Patrol (1943), Colt Comrades (1943) and Forty Thieves (1944).

In 1947 the House of Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) began an investigation into the Hollywood Motion Picture Industry. The HUAC interviewed 41 people who were working in Hollywood. These people attended voluntarily and became known as "friendly witnesses". During their interviews they named several people who they accused of holding left-wing views.

One of those named, Bertolt Brecht, an emigrant playwright, gave evidence and then left for East Germany. Ten others: Herbert Biberman, Lester Cole, Albert Maltz, Adrian Scott, Samuel Ornitz,, Dalton Trumbo, Edward Dmytryk, Ring Lardner Jr., John Howard Lawson and Alvah Bessie refused to answer any questions.
Known as the Hollywood Ten, they claimed that the 5th Amendment of the United States Constitution gave them the right to do this. The House of Un-American Activities Committee and the courts during appeals disagreed and all were found guilty of contempt of congress and each was sentenced to between six and twelve months in prison.

In September, 1951, Wilson refused to identify people who were members of left-wing groups. Although he had just won an Academy Award for the screenplay of A Place in the Son (1951), Wilson was blacklisted by the Hollywood studios.

After raising their own finance, Wilson worked with Herbert Biberman on Salt of the Earth (1954), a film about a mining strike in New Mexico. Although the film earned critical acclaim in Europe, winning awards in France and Czechoslovakia, it was not allowed to be shown in the United States until 1965.

Wilson moved to Mexico where he continued to write under assumed names. After the blacklist was lifted he write the screenplays for: Lawrence of Arabia (1962), The Sandpiper (1965), Planet of the Apes (1968) and Che! (1969). Michael Wilson died in 1978.

Paul Kohner telephoned me before my HUAC appearance and begged me not to ruin my career. When I decided not to heed his advice, he sent his deputy agent, Ilse Lahn, to attend my hearing, and she remained a devoted friend and in fact later got me a couple of black-market jobs.

Shortly after my appearance before HUAC, Kohner was at a bullfight in Tijuana, where he saw John Wayne. Kohner walked up to him and said, "Hello, how are you?" Wayne stared at him and said, "I don't shake hands with people who represent Commies." This did it for Kohner. He knew from that time forward he was not going to represent me. He would let his assistant Ilse Lahn do it, but not he himself. He never took a militantly hostile position toward any of the blacklisted people, but he didn't go out of his way to get them work with the independents - and he did have such contacts.

(2) Michael Wilson, speech at a meeting of the Writers Guild of America (1976)

I don't want to dwell on the past, but for a few moments to speak of the future. And I address my remarks particularly to you younger men and women who had perhaps not established yourself in this industry at the time of the great witch hunt. I feel that unless you remember this dark epoch and understand it, you may be doomed to replay it. Not with the same cast of characters, of course, or on the same issues. But I see a day perhaps coming in your lifetime, if not in mine, when a new crisis of belief will grip this republic; when diversity of opinion will be labeled disloyalty; and when extraordinary pressures will be put on writers in the mass media to conform to administration policy on the key issues of the time, whatever they may be. If this gloomy scenario should come to pass, I trust that you younger men and women will shelter the mavericks and dissenters in your ranks, and protect their right to work. The Guild will have the use and need of rebels if it is to survive as a union of free writers. This nation will have need of them if it is to survive as an open society.

(1) Michael Wilson explained the reaction of his agent, Paul Kohner, when he was interviewed by Victor Navasky, the author of Naming Names (1982)
LESSONS FROM THE LAWGIVER
Interview with Writer JAMES AQUILA

James Aquila writer for “The Cornelius Journal” published weekly on the internet

WHAT GAVE YOU THE ORIGINAL IDEA FOR THIS PARTICULAR PROJECT? The idea for the “Lessons from the Lawgiver” came from a subscription ad in the Marvel magazine back in the ’70s (attached). We wanted to put together a weekly feature for members of the group to give them a reason to visit the Yahoo group site. Our first idea was the weekly comic strip written by Terry Hoknes, but that fell through when the artist had to drop out due to health reasons. The “Cornelius’ Journal” concept came from Chris Lawless. It was meant to be a component of another project that he was working on. When that bigger project didn’t happen, I asked Chris for permission to use the idea so we could give the “Lessons from the Lawgiver” a rest.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST COME UP WITH IT AND HOW LONG DID IT TAKE TO PUT TOGETHER? When the comic strip didn’t happen, we realized that we needed to scale down to something less ambitious. I had remembered the “Lesson from the Lawgiver” ad from the Marvel magazine and thought it was a good concept. By using it we would only need one static drawing and the rest could be text. I proposed the idea to Glen Scheetz and he liked it a lot. Glen then provided most of the original drawings that we used (although we did also use some reprocessed screen grabs from the films). After that it didn’t take long to put together. I think we had a backlog of about 4 to 6 weeks when we started running the “Lessons”. Chris had told me about the “Cornelius’ Journal” idea a few years ago so it was something that was kicking around in the back of my head for a while. But once it was decided to do it, and Chris gave me permission to use the concept, it didn’t take long to put it together.

HOW DO YOU AND OTHERS USUALLY WORK ON THE PROJECT TOGETHER? It is usually a give and take. Glen Scheetz was our most prolific writer of the “Lessons” using the pen name Proteus. “Lessons” were also written by Dave Ballard, Elaine Robinson and myself. For the most part, I accepted what the writers submitted without comment. The few times I kicked one back the issue was usually lengthy. Only once did I ask a writer to change what had been submitted due to content. The “Journals” I’m writing on my own so there are really no issues.

WHAT WAS THE EASIEST AND HARDEST PARTS PUTTING THIS STORY TOGETHER? The easiest part of the “Lessons” was that we were not telling a continuing story which allowed for using multiple writers and styles. That gave it concept a lot of flexibility. One week it could be a morality tale, the next week political allegory and the week after something more humorous. The hardest part was that we were exploring virgin territory. There was no existing story line that we were tying into so everything had to be completely original. The opposite is true of the “Journals”. There is a plot and back story to follow and flesh out. That is also the hard part because the goal is to be faithful to what was established in the films and not be a revisionist. I am constantly referring back to the films and the scripts to make sure that the “Journal” remain faithful.

HOW LONG DID IT TAKE TO COMPLETE THE PROJECT? The “Lessons” ran for over two and a half years. We started in early 2005 and the last one ran last August 2007. Overall there were 97 “Lessons” but many were multi-part so there were actually well over a hundred that we did. I really can’t say how long the “Journal” will take to complete. I’m writing it week to week and although I’ve following a loose outline, I can’t really say how many weeks it will take to complete it all.

WHERE CAN PEOPLE SEE IT AND WHERE IS THE WEBSITE? Both the “Lessons” and “Journal” can be found on the Yahoo POTA group site: http://movies.groups.yahoo.com/group/Pota/. They can be downloaded from the BrokenSea site: http://www.brokensea.com/planetoftheapes.

WHAT OTHER PROJECTS HAVE YOU BEEN INVOLVED WITH AND WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE PLANS? I’ve worked on the TV Series Herald with Dave Ballard, Glen Scheetz and Kassidy Rae. All the original films had a promotional Herald issued so we decide the TV series deserved one too. There was also the Presidential Commission Briefing Dossier with Glen, Dave and Helen Gordon which was supposed to a Top Secret document to give Commission members background before the hearing with Cornelius and Zira. Most recently was a 2006 40th Anniversary POTA calendar. PDFs of all 3 can be downloaded from Hunter Goatley’s website: http://pota.goatley.com/. Nothing planned for the immediate future but I do have an idea that I’ve been knocking around which ties into Conquest.

HOW HAS THE RESPONSE BEEN TO YOUR PRODUCTIONS? Group members have really liked the “Lessons from the Lawgiver”. Joe O’Brien who worked on the Revolution comic commented that he really looked forward to the weekly “Lesson”. And the people at BrokenSea liked the “Lessons” so much they decided to record several to include with their adaptation of the original film. The reaction to the “Journal” has been very positive too. I expected that a few people might have a problem with it because it might not conform to their concept of the back story but so far there have only been positive comments.

Audio which did the first film as an audio drama included a recorded “Lesson” with each episode.
CHAPTER SEVEN
PROMISE KEPT

"So what's your name?"
The girl scowled at the dying flames of the
miniature campfire, ignoring the question entirely. Pete
glanced briefly at her, then back at the fruit he was
slowly dissecting. "It's Bridget or Brittany or something
like that," he mumbled.
"It's Christine!" she shot angrily.
"Ah, so you aren't deaf," Pete replied
offhandedly.
She pulled her knees tighter to her chest.
"Fuck you."

Galen studied her curiously, curious as to how
such a simple question as the one Alan had posed led
to anger like this. But then, really, she'd been angry
from the moment he'd met her. So much so that on
occasion, she'd followed them only when she was being
dragged screaming through the overgrowth. She had
finally given up on that, but there seemed to be no
indication that she would take them to the ship that had
brought her here.

"You know... I don't understand why you are so
determined to make life miserable for all of us," he
observed. She didn't look at him. "I mean, we very
likely saved your life back there..."
"Yeah, and it very nearly cost us ours!" Pete
added.

"I never asked for your help," she shot back.
"But... they would have killed you!" Galen
reminded, dumbfounded.

"Well, it wouldn't be any worse than wandering
around in the fucking wilderness with two crazy guys
and an overgrown monkey!"
Pete took a breath. Alan saw him stiffen, and
catched a good look at the fire that suddenly blazed to
life in his eyes. For a brief moment, Pete seriously
considered ripping into her whether Alan liked it or not.
But he reconsidered, and only a low growl escaped him
as he cut his eyes to the ground, glaring hard.

"Alan, can we please stop for a while?" Galen
was tired. Alan could hear it in his voice.

With a sigh, Alan wiped his brow with the back
of his hand, and looked up at the next ridge. There
were too many trees where he was now to really see
much of anything, and that worried him. He hadn't really
had a good layout of the land in more than two days.
They had the maps - and that kept them from getting
horribly lost - but really... it all came down to the fact
that they were wandering through the wilderness with a
stubborn woman who would not tell them where they
were headed.

Alan took a quick glance at her, then at Galen.
He looked completely worn out. So did Pete and the
girl. But Alan couldn't rest not knowing how far ahead
of their pursuers they were. "Hey, Pete?"

Pete looked up as he pulled himself up the
jagged path, coming closer to his friend. "Yeah?"
"Why don't you three sit down and take a little
break." Alan nodded toward the half-visible passage
that led further upward. "I'm gonna go see if I can get a
better look at the area around here."

"Okay, sounds good. Pete shrugged his
shoulders out of his knapsack. "Don't get lost, huh?" It
was a needless warning, but it was also a habit.

Alan nodded as he turned away. "I'll be within
shouting distance if anything happens."
The girl scowled as she watched him go, and
hoped he just so happened to fall off a cliff while he
was "exploring". But his departure did mean they got to rest
a while, and that was a plus... She flopped down on the
grass and glared at the ground. She could feel the
eyes of both the human and the ape on her, but she
ignored them completely for a long moment. "Where
are we going?" she finally demanded.

To find the ship that you refuse to help us
find." He was getting pretty good at guessing when she
would ask that very same question again. By now Pete
had come up with about fifteen different ways to
answer. That was #7.

She looked up just long enough to glare at him,
and briefly at the ape who sat down beside him. "You
all are out of your fucking minds, you know that?"
There was no particular evidence she offered in support
of that, just a flat statement.

Pete rolled his eyes at the girl, and looked away
as he reached for his canteen and took a drink. She
had no idea how grateful she should be...

"What was that?"
Pete straightened at Galen's immediate
alertness, and he turned to look into the bushes behind
him. His eyes narrowed at the empty area, but there
was nothing to suggest that there was any danger... He
glanced back at Galen, who whimpered slightly. "I...
"He sighed, and shook his head. "Oh, I must be
imagining things."
Pete frowned, and looked back up toward the
path that Alan had disappeared down. Whether it had
been the wind or something more threatening... it didn't
make much of a difference at this point. They couldn't
be too careful, and any possible danger had to be taken
seriously. "We can't move 'til Alan gets back," he
informed quietly.

"Well, they couldn't be that close..." Galen tried
to reassure. "Surely we would have more warning
than..."

"Omigod!"
Pete swivelled around just in time to see the girl
break into a dead run into the brush. "Hey!"

He scrambled to his feet, running before he
was even steady. "Dammit, get back here!" He raised
a hand to shield his face from the thin branches that
slapped him. He could see her figure up ahead, and
hear her voice, but she had gotten a pretty good head
start.

"Help! Over here!"

Suddenly, she broke free of the wooded area,
and was at the edge of an open field. Pete slowed,
skidding to a stop as his eyes came immediately to rest

TV Fan fiction by Kasey/Undomiel and SSS 979.
elfgirl_06@councilofelrond.net
Instantly, he hit the dirt, crouching behind a large boulder as Christine bent with her hands on her knees and gasped, laughing. "Oh, thank God I caught you!" she cried. "These... men... they kidnapped me!"

Pete looked to Urko, to the stunned look on the gorilla's face. Yeah. She's not too bright, Urko. She straightened, and brushed herself off. "I'm so glad you found us," she continued, still slightly out of breath. "I was afraid they would manage to hide from you and you would leave me here and I have to get to the High Council. The sooner I can get off of this ungodly hot planet the better. That and I'm in serious need of a shower. You'd think I was some kind of..."

Finally, Urko found his voice. "What humans helped you?"

She cut off abruptly, and stared at him for a long moment. Pete clenched his jaw, frozen in place. Damn it... "Look, you'll have time to deal with them later and I'll be all for helping you catch them and send them to jail for a good long time after I get an audience with the High..."

"Oh, shut up!" Urko reached for the whip at his side. "Were the humans who helped you Virdon and Burke?"

She stared again. "Excuse me?"

She didn't know their last names. Not that it mattered a whole hell of a lot. Pete knew it was a rhetorical question. What other humans had the balls to break her out of jail and take off running? It was a short list.

"Burke, and Virdon," he repeated, more slowly although he was clearly losing patience. Her patience was thinning as well. "What kind of fucked up...?"

Unfortunately for her, he was the one with the whip. "Answer the question, human!" he threatened. "Yes, or no."

"I don't fucking know what..."

"Lies!"

The whip cracked. Pete cringed at the sound, and she screamed as it caught her shoulder, wrapped around her back, and sent her to her knees. So began her awareness of just how insignificant she was to her "savior"...

"Virdon and Burke! Where are they?"

She was on her knees in the tall weeds, clutching her shoulder and all but screaming in pain. Urko growled audibly, and raised the whip again.

"Don't do me any more favors!"

Her voice echoed in Pete's head. "I need to get out of here, Pete..."

But so did Alan's.

"If I have to hog-tie that blonde bimbo and drag her through the mountains we will find that ship."

And his own.

"She's one of us, Pete... We can't let them have her. Even if she won't help us."

"No, we won't let Urko get his hands on her. Or on that ship, either."

"You sound pretty optimistic for a guy who just threatened to shoot her..."

"Hey, I can kill and torture her. But no overgrown gorilla is gonna lay a hand on her..."

In an instant, a hundred snapshots came to his mind.

"She's one of us..."

And he reacted without thinking.

"No promises..."

CHAPTER EIGHT
IMPRISONED

Urko's eyes widened as he realized that the whip intended for the stubborn female was wrapped around the forearm of an equally stubborn, but distinctly more familiar male. Before he had a chance to react, the handle of the whip left his hand. Burke unwound it from around his wrist, and threw it aside, into the bushes. But by that time, there were already a half-dozen guns trained on him. Running was not an option.

Finally, Chief Urko found his voice. "Well, well... Burke, what a pleasant surprise."

The human glared back at him, flickering a brief glance toward the sobbing female on the ground. "Yeah, save it, Urko," he shot. "As I recall, we didn't exactly leave each other on speaking terms..."

"Oh, but I'm very happy to see you..." Urko corrected. He gestured to the two of them, and two of the gorillas beside him dismounted. "Arrest them both."

He looked to the others in his garrison. "And search this area thoroughly for the other two."

"They aren't here," Pete shot. He knew it was hopeless. It was also instinctive. "We got separated a few days ago."

"You lie," Urko answered. "All humans lie and you especially."

Pete glared at him, his voice measured and dripping ice as he answered. "Can you think of another reason we'd be so damned close to the city after four days?" he pointed out. "We had to find them before we could keep going!"

"Search the area!" Urko ordered again.

Pete clenched his jaw, but remained silent as his arms were twisted painfully behind him. He tried to move with them, to let himself be led, but it didn't really help.

"Let me go!" The girl had recovered from her shock, and was yelling again. A quick look out of the corner of his eye, and Pete saw tears streaming down her face. A thick red welt ran over her shoulder, too close for comfort to her neck. Urko could have seriously injured her if his blow had been a little further to the left. "Let me go or I'll scream!

The guard pinned her arms back. She screamed. Pete watched silently, face set in stone as one of the guards reached back and brought his fist toward her, full-force at her stomach. She doubled over, immediately silent, and the guard behind her jerked her back up, forcing her to walk in spite of the fact that she couldn't stand upright. Pete didn't comment. Though he wouldn't have done it himself... she seriously deserved that...

He walked behind her, making every attempt to
stay on his feet as the guard behind him shoved him forward. He was well aware of the fact that he was in way over his head, but there was precious little he could do about it. They would search the area, and hopefully they would not find Alan and Galen. At any rate, he and the girl were on their way to Central City.

A few thoughts lingered in his mind with that consideration. First, there were the memories of his last trip to Central City, and the torture he had endured. That thought made his stomach churn. Those few days had been a living hell... But also in his mind was the fact that at the end of that torture, he'd ultimately been handed over to Urko. Although he had been too mentally and physically unstable to be fully functional, he'd been vaguely aware of the fact that he was at Urko's mercy when he'd been taken to that medical center. At that point, it hadn't really mattered to him. After so many days, and no hope in sight, he could have cared less if he lived or died. He hadn't fought it. At least, not until he'd heard Galen's voice...

"Now human!"

He glanced over his shoulder as the guard shoved the girl toward him. It was only a few moments later that she was tied beside Pete, with her wrists in front of her. The rope around her hands was attached to a larger one that ran into the hand of a gorilla on a horse. He heard her sob half-heartedly, and felt a very small twinge of sympathy for her.

She dropped to her knees, and Pete's eyes went wide. He knew full well that they wouldn't hesitate to drag her behind the horse. If she died in the process... well, that would be sad. He glanced at the gorilla holding the leash, and then briefly at Urko before reaching down, grabbing her arm, and yanking her back to her feet. It took a lot more coordination than usual since his hands were bound at the wrist. "Get up!" he hissed at her.

She sobbed, and wobbled a bit, unsteady on her feet. "Look at me!" he whispered harshly. She looked up, eyes clouded with tears. He could hear the rust and confusion and pain written all over her face, and his sympathy grew. It was instinctive; he couldn't help it. "Look, if you fall, they will drag you," he warned her. "If Urko can find a way to make it look like an accident, he'd be more than happy to have you dead. So don't fall. Do you understand me?"

She nodded, wide, terrified eyes still blinking back tears. "Move out!" Pete looked away from her as the command was given, knowing that she was on her own now. There was absolutely nothing he could do for her if she did fall. At this point, her life was dependent upon the strength of her legs... ***

She didn't fall. She didn't make a sound, either. She needed all her breath to keep running. Particularly since the gorillas weren't going particularly slow. The horses weren't running, but Pete and Christine had to keep a moderate-paced jog to keep up with them.

It was amazing what the human body could do when it faced death. Suddenly, the prospect of being dragged through the wilderness on the end of a rope had become very real to her. Suddenly she realized that she was nearer to death than she had ever been before, and the awareness of just how crucial it was that she continue running gave her adrenaline-fuled strength that she'd never felt before. She was exhausted; there was no doubt about that. She had never run so far in her life, and didn't understand how she had managed this time. But as the outline of the rock-hewn buildings came into sight, her faith soared. She'd made it. Somehow... she'd made it.

She fell on her hands and knees in the cell, gasping air. Her shoulder screamed in pain from the welt of the whip. Her side was sending shooting pain through her entire body. Her lungs hurt. Her legs hurt. Cramps were setting in, and she didn't think she could walk another step. Even her arms gave out, and she fell face-down on the floor of the cell, gasping. She heard another door slam. Her eyes slid closed. So tired...

Silence decreed. She was left only with the sound of her breathing, and the distant clanking of the keys. The guards were talking. She couldn't understand what they were saying. She didn't really care. She felt herself slipping away, into darkness...

"Christine?"

Her eyes snapped open. It was dark. How long had she slept? She pushed herself up, and cringed at the immediate pain. Very slowly, she turned, and sat up slowly, gingerly touching the painful area on her shoulder. "Ow..."

"You okay?"

She blinked into the darkness, trying to bring her eyes into focus. But it was too dark to see even shadows. "...I think so..." Her muscles still hurt, and she didn't think she could move very much. She didn't try.

A hand on her unhurt shoulder nearly made her scream in surprise. She whirled, and nearly fell over backwards. "Omigod!"

"You sure?"

Pete. She knew the voice now. She scrambled back, and cringed in pain as her back hit the wall. "No, I'm not okay!" Suddenly, the prospect of being locked in a dark cell, alone with a strange man, was all too frightening.

Pete pulled his hand back and sighed, dropping it into his lap again and leaning against the wall across from her, looking once again out the window. "Why was he even here if she was still going to be so damned stupid...?"

There was a long silence, only the sound of the guards outside and her whimpering and quiet cursing as she checked herself over for wounds. He watched her out of the corner of his eye, but didn't turn his head. There wasn't much to see in the darkness anyways.

Finally she settled, pulling her knees up to her chest, and hunching over. Her quiet sniffing warned him that she was probably crying. "Am I going to die here?" she finally asked. Her voice was quiet, and cracked. She was definitely crying. But somehow, he couldn't bring himself to feel a hell of a lot of sympathy.

"Probably," he answered coolly, keeping his eyes on the dark window.

"Thanks for the reassurance!"
"You're welcome."

He didn't know that she'd die here. Actually, she probably wouldn't die here. She'd get the priviledge of meeting Zaius and the High Council first. Himself, on the other hand...

It was only a matter of time before Urko realized that there was a technically no reason he had to keep him alive. Any unfortunate "accident" - like a bullet to the head, for instance - would be perfectly excusable. Pete had already been examined, and found hopeless. Zaius had had his fun. Now it was up to Urko what happened to Peter J. Burke.

"What are you doing here, anyways?"

The sound of her voice snapped him out of his trance, and he glanced at her. "That's a very good question, now that you mention it..." He glanced down at his hands, then back up at the sky. "I guess the answer would be that my friend's got a do-or-die mission to get home and-" he half-laughed, cynically "-yet the only one who he thinks can get him home. So I'm here 'cause I promised him I'd take care of you."

"Thanks for your concern," she shot back, her voice cryptic, "but I'll be just fine."

Pete laughed, just slightly, and shook his head. "You know..." He didn't finish. At least, he didn't finish out loud. Inside, he couldn't help but wonder what the hell Alan hoped to gain from this girl... when she seemed to be seriously lacking in the intelligence department.

He listened as she cried, softly, head on her knees. "I just want to go home," she whimpered. "It wasn't supposed to be like this..."

"Yeah, well, join the club, Blondie. Pete's voice was cold. It was incredibly hard to be sympathetic when he was getting a total lack of appreciation for the fact that he'd put his very life on the line for her.

"What's the supposed to mean?" she asked quietly. For once, she wasn't demanding. Her voice was small and meek, quivering. Still, it did nothing for him.

"We crash landed here just like you did, remember?" he answered emotionlessly. "And that, I might add, is the reason why we're fugitives and why I'll probably be facing a firing squad in the morning. 'Cause Urko was out here looking for you. I'm just an added bonus."

He let that thought go as he felt her eyes on him. He could go on, but it was pointless. If she didn't get the idea by now, she wasn't going to get it. But from the lingering, stunned silence, apparently she had gotten the picture. "Oh... I hadn't realized... I..."

Pete dropped his head into his hands and bit back the hundred insulting remarks that immediately came to mind. "You might have realized if you'd listened to one single word I'd said when I talked to you the first time..."

"Well, if you hadn't been so damned insulting, maybe I would have listened!" she huffed.

He turned and glared at her. "Look," he shot firmly, "from the moment we heard you were here, my life's been on the line tryin' to help you. And then you go and do shit like screaming for help while we're gettin' you out, and walking up to Urko. I don't even want to hear it from you."

"Well, Mister Burke," she answered with pseudocontrol, "if you were actually helping me, I wouldn't have had to scream for help, now would I?"

"And if Urko was actually your dear and good friend, he wouldn't have taken a bullwhip to you, either."

He paused, just briefly. "You think it's gonna be any better when you get to the High Council? When they decide you'll make a nice test subject for experimental brain surgery? After they make a public spectacle of you?" He glared at the window again. "Doesn't get any better than this around here, Christine. And the apes aren't your friends."

"I think I get that now, asshole!"

Pete threw up his hands. His patience was running out. "Then why in the hell don't you get this? I put my life on the line to help you! Twice over! You don't think I knew there was a very good chance he'd just shoot me point blank when I got between you two? And you're still talking to me like I'm the enemy here! Get it through your thick head already!"

She was quiet for a long moment, considering his words. Then finally, she answered. "Thank you for that," she said simply.

He growled just slightly, under his breath, and got up off the floor to pace a few steps. Her eyes followed him, and she found herself chewing at her bottom lip. "Pete...?"

He ended up at the window, but it was too high to really see out. Grabbing the bars, he pulled himself up and looked out, then dropped back down and paced some more. "Pete, what's wrong?"

He turned to look at her, and she stiffened. She couldn't see his expression, but she didn't imagine it was a terribly pleased one. He stared at her for a long moment, then started pacing again. She could sense his tension from where she was seated. Was he serious about the firing squad?

The thought made her shiver, and she hugged herself tighter. He wasn't serious. He couldn't be serious. But she had a feeling he was. "Pete...?" A shuddering sigh passed her lips. "I... I'm scared..."

He paused in his pacing and glanced at her. Just faintly, he could see the outline of her features in the moonlight. Yeah... she looked scared. He watched her for a moment, then looked away. He didn't know what to tell her. After a long moment, he took a deep breath. "At least your life still has some value," he tried to reassure her. "Zaius will want to question you."

"What about you?" she asked quietly, unsurely. "I've already been handed over to Urko," he mumbled. "As far as legalities are concerned... I belong to him right now. You're considered property of the High Council until they release you to Urko."

"What does that mean?" she asked. He didn't answer. A growing sense of dread was forming in the pit of her stomach. "What do you mean... you belong to him?"

Still he was quiet. He turned, and leaned back against the wall, still standing as he raised his hand and chewed on his thumbnail. She shifted uncomfortably.
he was nervous. Him. The one who had seemed so
damned untouchable...

"Pete?"
He dropped his hand, and gave a big sigh.
"Last time it meant four days of torture and a scheduled
brain surgery," he answered flatly. She swallowed hard.
"And if it'd been up to Urko, he'da skipped right to the
brain surgery and Galen and Alan woulda never got
there in time."

"Oh." For a long moment, she wasn't sure what
more to say. Experimental brain surgery. The prospect
death occurred to her again. But no... they couldn't
do that to her. Could they? Surely they couldn't... Her
father would raise holy hell if they even thought about it!
But suddenly she realized... her father would have to
find her first. And if what Pete said was true...

"Do you... think you could rescue me again?"
Pete stared at her. For a long moment, he just
stared. Then, a brief, not-quite-cynical laugh escaped
him. But it was all the answer she got. "Well?" she
asked, more intensely. "I wanna go home."

"Alright..."
He gestured to the door. "If Alan and Galen are
here..."

"I'm sure they have a corral where they're
keeping all of their horses," Galen answered. He was
less than enthusiastic about the idea. "Probably where
they were keeping you. But it's got to be just as
guarded..."

Alan considered the possibility for a moment.
"If we let the horses out... if nothing else it would slow
them down _majorly_. They couldn't leave in the
morning."

"If we're not shot in the process," Galen tried to
remind him. But it was clear that Alan was not listening.
"But hopefully... if it distracted them _enough_..."

Galen sighed as his friend trailed off. "Alan... if
we make such a large distraction, Urko will surely know
that we've come for Pete and he'll _never_ let us get
close." He paused for a beat, then continued. "For that
matter, what's to stop him from _shooting_ Pete, point
blank, when we _do_ arrive? If we give him warning that
way... he'll be ready for us."

Alan looked away. Galen was right, and he
knew it. He glanced again toward the lit-up torches.
"So there goes _that_ idea..."

"Is there any way to move in silently?" Galen
tried. "So as not to alert Urko?"

Alan breathed deep, licking his lips as he
thought hard. "There's an awful lot of them. If it were
only one or two... Yeah. But I'm not sure how to render
that many guards no threat without making a scene."

"Well, we'd better think of something," Galen
mumbled. "If they leave in the morning, we'll never
catch up..."

"What we _need_ is some kind of... tranquilizer
gun." He smiled almost sadly at that. He somehow
highly doubted that was within their reach.

"A what?" Galen asked. He knew what a
tranquilizer was and a gun, but how could they be one
in the same? Guns were used to kill, not sedate.

Alan glanced at him and sighed. At the
moment, he suddenly realized he had loads of patience
to explain things. It took his mind off of the problem he
knew he should be thinking about. "In my time, they used special guns with darts and anesthesia in them. When they hit the target - usually a wounded animal they wanted to help - they'd put them to sleep."

Galen tipped his head as he considered that, a high noise in the back of his throat acknowledging the statement. "What a brilliant idea. Could we make one?" He had learned long ago not to put anything out of the question when it came to what his friends could and couldn't do.

Alan looked away. "Don't count on it," he mumbled. "If I had time, and a gun, and anesthesia, and something to use as darts... maybe. But we don't have any of that."

"Well there's plenty of guns right there," Galen gestured toward the jail. "If we only need one..."

"That still doesn't solve our other problems." Galen frowned. "Well, there's anesthesia at the medical center, I'm sure."

Alan shook his head. There were so many things that could go wrong... He didn't want to bank his friend's life on a plan with so many faults. "Even if we got our hands on some kind of..."

He stopped abruptly, and Galen's head turned to him, waiting expectantly. "Got our hands on what?"

"Something inside of him, a spark of hope flickered to life, and he could feel the excitement start to rise. When Alan paused like that, it usually meant he had an idea that just might work."

"I was thinking..." Alan turned, and stared at Galen for a long moment. "You know, they used to use chloroform as a medical anesthesia. I wonder if they have that or something like it in the medical center."

Galen half shrugged, shaking his head. "I'm no doctor; I wouldn't know. But they have forms of anesthesia there, I guarantee you that."

"I wonder if any of it is breathable."

"If it is... what will that do?" Galen asked. "I'm sure they won't have enough of it to put all those guards to sleep."

"Well, let's not be sure of anything until we take a look, huh?"

Alan was already moving. Galen only hesitated for an instant before following behind, around the darkened edge of the city, right at the edge of the brush.

The medical center was going to be a lot easier to get to than the jail was. In fact, there were no guards at all, anywhere save for the jail. They really were guarding Pete with everything they had. Galen couldn't help but be a little nervous about that, knowing that was where they were headed next.

"It's dark," Alan whispered, standing on his toes to look in through the window. "I don't think anyone's there."

"It's a small city," Galen answered. "It's likely that they've no need for twenty-four hour medical care. If anything happens, the doctor likely lives right here." He gestured to the home beside him.


"Do you want me to stay here and make sure it stays clear?" Galen offered. "Any more time that he could supply Alan with would be helpful..."

Alan considered it for a moment, then shook his head. "I don't think they'll have any reason to come here. And I might need your help inside."

Galen nodded just slightly as Alan once again peered out into the street, scanning carefully for any sign that they were not alone before slipping to and in the door of the medical facility, Galen half a step behind. One good thing about this day and age... there were no such thing as locks on doors excepting those on jail cells.

They moved through the first room, where Alan knew there would ordinarily be a guard, back into the medical offices. There was a part of him that couldn't believe there was absolutely no security measures at all to protect this medication and equipment. Their priorities were clear, that was for damn sure. He lit a lamp near the door, and gestured to the right window, as he moved to the left.

Windows closed off, Alan turned his attention to the shelves of bottles along the far wall. "What are we looking for?" Galen tried, shifting nervously as he made his way over to where Alan was standing, staring at the bottles.

Alan suddenly realized that he had no idea what they would call what he was looking for even if they had it. "It's ***.." He could tell by the look on Galen's face that that meant nothing to him. "It was called chloroform in my time. But I haven't a clue what it would be called now..."

Galen whimpered, his head swivelling as he listened hard for any sign of approaching gorillas. "Oh, Alan, I don't like this..." he struggled.

Alan pulled down one of the bottles and opened it. "Let's just hurry up and get out of here," he prodded as he took a very brief smell of the liquid in the bottle.

Galen's hand wandered over the bottles. "What are we looking for?" he asked, watching Alan. He was smelling the medicines...

"It should be a clear, pleasant-smelling liquid," Alan explained. "And make sure you don't take a big whiff of it or you'll likely knock yourself right out." Something inside of him warned against this type of trial and error, but there simply wasn't time to run tests to find out which chemical actually was what he would call chloroform.

With a slight bit of hesitancy, Galen pulled one of the bottles from the shelf, opened it, and carefully smelled it. "No." He replaced the bottle back on the shelf. "How are we going to know which ones we have tested?"

"Set them aside." He pointed to the examining table behind them, then briefly inhaled from the bottle in his hand. He gagged. That was most definitely not what he was looking for...

With a quick nod Galen put the few bottles that he had tested on the table and continued to smell for the right one. Alan glanced at him as he skipped over the bottles, picking and choosing a few at random. He was paying some mind to the names on them - when he could read them - although he knew they would do him no good. He couldn't even read most of them. It
seemed doctors’ handwriting hadn’t improved at all over the last thousand years or so.

Suddenly, he took a breath of a sweet smelling liquid that almost immediately made him swoon. “Woah...” He pulled it away, and held the counter in front of him with his free hand as he regained his balance.

“Hum?” Galen looked up with interest and concern. “Are you all right, Alan?”

Alan nodded, and the room spun. He wasn’t sure if it was chloroform, or something even more powerful. But whatever it was, it was potent. He replaced the cap and blinked hard. “Wow...” He rubbed his eyes, and lifted the closed bottle in an attempt to read the label. But it was far too scribbled to be legible. “Whatever this is... it’ll work.” Gradually, his head began to clear. “Provided it doesn’t knock me out in the process...”

Galen frowned at the bottle. “It’s not very much...” he observed. “Not for all those guards...”

“We don’t need very much,” Alan assured him. Galen watched as Alan set the bottle down and rummaged through the cabinets until he found whatever it was he was looking for. He returned with a few strips of cloth, and wound them around his hand. “We put that on here-” He gestured to the bottle, then raised his hand with the cloth. “...and I put my hand in their face and hold it there for a few seconds. They’ll be out like a light.”

Galen stared for a moment before nodding a silent approval. “Well, in that case, what are we waiting for?” He shifted uncomfortably as he glanced back at the door. “Who knows what torture Urko has inflicted upon Pete by this time.”

Alan nodded, and grabbed up the bottle as he half-jogged to the door, not bothering to replace the bottles or unblock the windows. He put the light out, though, and hurried out of the building. He checked the street, then darted across, disappearing back into the shadows quickly.

Galen followed tensely. How many times had they maneuvered their way through some kind of rescue mission? And still, he found himself nervous and uneasy. Perhaps moreso now, with Urko himself so near to them. He could almost taste the danger. How many times could a person cheat death? With no time to ponder the question he followed Alan’s dark form as it crept down the street in the shadows.

They paused a safe distance from the jail and Alan watched carefully for a long moment. He was pretty sure they were still out of sight. “There’s a ton of them...” he breathed. He’d known that before, but somehow it seemed even more real now.

“Urko must have emptied Central City,” Galen agreed. He nodded at the bottle still in Alan’s hand. “Are you sure there will be enough of that to go around?”

Alan glanced at it and nodded. “I don’t think we’ll have a problem with that. It’s just getting to them without being shot that I’m worried about...” He took a deep breath and wound the cloth more tightly around his hand. “Don’t breathe.”

Galen whimpered slightly at the utter ridiculousness of that command. How long could Alan expect that he wouldn’t breathe? In spite of it, he held his breath, watching as Alan opened the bottle, doused the rag, and held it away from him as it absorbed. “Wow, that’s really strong...” Alan mumbled. “I dunno what that is...”

“Mmm?”

“It’s stronger than chloroform...” Alan glanced briefly at him, and smiled just slightly. “You can breathe now. I just didn’t want you to end up taking in too much of that stuff while the bottle was open.”

Galen let out his breath as Alan tossed the bottle into his knapsack, and both of them turned their attention back to the jail. “Alright, stay close,” Alan warned. “If we get separated, we could have even bigger problems than we have right now...”

Galen nodded. He had no problem sticking close to Alan. He had learned that even though Alan was only a human, he and Pete both had combat skills that he had never seen. Not all power was in brawn and muscle... He followed as Alan ducked back, and slipped around behind the jail, to the rear right corner.

As best he could tell, they had about six guards to get through either way they went to the door. Thankfully, the jail was at least near an overgrown area. The bushes provided them with cover. And potentially... a distraction.

Alan rattled the scraggly shrub in front of him. If he could get them to come to him, to see what was moving the bushes, he could have a great advantage. Unfortunately, that wasn’t the way it worked. Instead, the bushes were promptly shot at. Alan hit the ground, flat on his stomach. Damn... they weren’t taking any chances. He glanced back at Galen to make sure he was okay, but remained silent.

Galen exchanged brief, worried glances with him. That wasn’t supposed to happen. The guards were a mite touchy. They were going to have to be even more careful than usual.

“What was that?” The authoritative voice was easily recognizable. Galen and Alan both tensed.

“The bushes moved.”

Urko stared for a moment, directly at the place where Alan and Galen were pressed down. Neither one breathed. After a long moment, Urko turned back to his guard. “You are not here to shoot at bushes. You are here to shoot at Virdon and Galen if they should... attack.” Urko chose his words carefully and Galen felt his hackles raise as he bit back a low growl. If they came out to wave, it would be considered an “attack”.

Alan moved back a bit as Urko disappeared back inside, and Galen gave him room. “All right, new plan,” Alan whispered. “We need a way to split them up...”

Galen whimpered, just slightly. “How are we going to get past Urko?” he hissed.

“We’ll worry about that when we get in there,” Alan assured.

Galen didn’t like that, but he remained silent. He had nothing useful to add at the moment, and figured that, since that was the case, he’d be better to just not make any more noise. He watched as Alan
contemplated the situation for a long moment, then shifted, picking up a large rock under his hand. Their eyes met again, briefly, and Alan pointed off to the left, then touched his finger to his lips to signal quiet. Galen nodded, and prepared to bolt... quietly.

The rock hit the gorilla's shoulder, hard enough to elicit a sharp cry of pain as he dropped his weapon. "What is it?"

He looked up Rafo, the guard standing beside him. "Something just hit me!" he exclaimed, rubbing his arm.

"What kind of something?" Rafo waved the torch in his direction, chasing away some of the darkness.

"I don't know. It hit my arm. Bring the light over here, will you?"

On the other side of Rafo, the third guard craned his neck to see, but remained in place. He was under strict orders not to move until his shift was through. So was Rafo, for that matter, but he was the one with the torchlight. And he had to admit, he was a little curious himself as to what had hit Juno's arm, and where it had come from. Vaguely, he wondered if it was the human Urko was expecting. What was his name...? Virdon. And the chimpanzee Galen, as well. Could they be attempting the rescue Urko warned they would? Surely they couldn't be that foolish...

Suddenly, he heard a rustling behind him. He spun, but he was already too late. A rag pressed hard to his face, a human hand against the back of his head, and his strength seeped away before he even had a chance to struggle. The last thing he saw before he slipped into blackness were the eyes of the human fugitive.

Alan lowered him to the ground as quietly and quickly as possible, then spun around to head back to the brush before he could be seen. Instantly, he found himself staring down the barrel of a rifle. He froze, eyes widening slightly. That... he had not expected.

He raised his hands slowly, not moving. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw movement, and his muscles tensed, ready to move. But he was careful not to let his gaze linger. Suddenly, Galen jumped at the gorilla. He would have been no match except for the fact that Alan promptly had the rag to the guard's face, holding him back to the wall. Almost as soon as the cloth came over the gorilla's face, his legs buckled and he collapsed.

Alan grabbed Galen by the shirt as he saw more guns level at them over his friend's shoulder, and he dove for the cover of the brush. But no shots rang. Instead, there was the confused conversation of two gorillas trying to determine if they'd really seen anything at all or if they'd only been imagining it in the darkness. The confusion wouldn't last long. Not when they saw their unconscious friend. Alan held his breath. If those guns started firing, they might as well come out and wave. Urko would know they were there...

Regaining his senses, and the sense of urgency, Alan unwound some of the cloths from his hand and handed it to Galen. The chimpanzee's eyes widened, but he didn't protest as Alan gestured to the gorilla coming toward them. The guards had split: one coming toward them and the other headed toward the fallen guard on the end. Alan could not be two places at once. Galen took a breath, and looked down at the cloth in his hand with a measured amount of worry.

Alan pushed off the ground with his foot. There were too many risks. They needed a more refined method to this madness or they would end up shot. At the very least, they'd end up unsuccessful. Urko already had been warned about "moving bushes". If they started moving too much... he was going to figure it out.

He could have easily put the rag to the gorilla's face. Instead, he put his knife to his throat, pressing just hard enough to draw a trickle of blood, and let the guard know he was plenty serious. "Not a sound," he hissed. The gorilla straightened, muscles tensing. But he recognized the pain, and bowed to it.

Alan watched out of the corner of his eye as Galen attacked the gorilla. That worried him. Galen wasn't a fighter, and he knew it. He didn't like seeing his friend in such situations. But at the moment, there was no choice. But Galen was armed with a weapon more powerful than the gorilla's gun.

Galen shivered as the guard slid down. He, like his kind, was a pacifist. He hated violence, but he also realized that he had been give no choice. Violence... or execution. Not a hard decision. Besides, it wasn't like he was actually hurting the gorilla. It was a medical anesthesia. He would be fine once he woke up.

Once he was sure Galen was safe, Alan led the gorilla at knifepoint around the back of the jail, where they had started. He was careful to keep the knife in place, the drugged rag down and away from the gorilla's face as they approached the two guards they had first seen. One was still rubbing his arm from where he'd been hit with the rock. "Put down your weapons now."

The gorilla spun, and stared at Alan for a moment, dumbfounded. "What the...?" His eyes widened immediately. This was the human Urko had warned them about. Who else would dare to hold a knife to an ape's throat?

"You've got three options," Alan stated, hurriedly but perfectly calm at the same time. "One, you argue. I kill him, and then you might kill me. Two, you yell for help. I kill him, and you might kill me. Either way, you're out a good soldier and you caused his death. Or you can put down the gun and nobody gets hurt."

The human was moving closer. Rafo gasped the gun, fighting to make a decision. He looked first at the weapon, then at the soldier the human had on the edge of his blade. If that human killed the soldier, it would indirectly be his fault. Ape shall never kill ape...

Reluctantly, he dropped the gun. "You'll never make it out of here alive," he snarled at Alan.

"Maybe," Alan agreed.

Out of the corner of his eye, he watched as Galen sprang toward the "injured" gorilla who had also lowered his weapon. The momentary distraction was all Alan needed. In one smooth, well-planned maneuver, he'd switched the knife with the rag on the gorilla in front of him, and moved the knife to the other guard's throat. He turned, putting himself between the
two of them and backing his new victim to the wall. Silently and effectively, he'd moved on to his next target.

Galen looked to him, hands shaking from nervousness. Alan gave him a sympathetic smile, and cast a sideways glance at the form on the ground. "Good, Galen," he offered quietly. "Why don't you stay behind me and take it easy for a while."

Galen nodded enthusiastically, and Alan's eyes turned to the guard he still held to the wall. "Now. You. Walk."

The gorilla emitted a low growl from his throat, but he complied.

CHAPTER TEN

URKO

"Hey, Urko."

Urko growled as he glared at the door. It was the middle of the night. Did this stupid human never shut up? "What do you want?"

"Well, I want to get the hell out of this cage, but I'd settle for a drink of water."

He growled. He'd had more than enough of her demands. "Go to sleep, human."

"I'm thirsty."

"You're lucky that you are still alive to be thirsty."

"Look, asshole, I..."

"Christine..." The other voice from inside the cell was a remarkably ironic relief. "Give it a rest, will you? It's gotta be three o'clock in the morning."

"Well, I'm thirsty."

Urko's eyes slid closed, resting but still on alert. For that reason, in spite of the guards around the jail, sleeping in shifts and constantly vigilant, he himself was stationed outside the door of the cell. He wanted nothing to go wrong.

"Urko."

His eyes opened again, and his anger surged. He stood, grabbed his weapon, and stormed to the cell door, unlocking it and throwing it open. The female stumbled backward and fell, staring up at him with a shocked look on her face. Against the far wall, beneath the window, Burke glanced up. He seemed almost disinterested, arms resting on his knees and face expressionless.

Urko readied his gun, and aimed it at the female on the floor. "Do you want to live to see morning?" he demanded.

She stared back, still stunned. But he could read the fear in her eyes at the sight of a gun pointed directly at her head. "Go. To sleep!" he ordered. He stepped back from the cell, slammed the door hard, and returned to his chair.

For a few moments, it was actually silent. Then he heard the quiet talking between the two humans in the cell. He couldn't make out what they were saying, and he didn't really care. As long as they were quiet. Urko's eyes slid shut again, lids becoming heavier the longer he sat staring at the cell door. He shook his head, trying to fight off the onset of sleep. But as the relative silence continued, he realized there was really no use. Besides, he would have plenty of warning if anything should happen. Surely a few minutes of resting his eyes wouldn't hurt...

Halfway between consciousness and sleep, Urko wasn't sure if he'd actually heard a door open somewhere, or if it had only been in his mind. With tired eyes, he half-heartedly turned his head to see if his imagination was playing tricks on him.

Instantly, his eyes were wide, and every indication of sleep was long gone. Directly in his line of sight was the light-haired human, carrying a knife in one hand and a cloth rag in the other. Before Urko's eyes had a chance to adjust, or to identify the figure behind him, the human had lunged at him.

Urko sprang to his feet, flinging the chair halfway across the room in the process. His gun, having been propped up against the stool, fell. Almost immediately, Virdon had kicked it away, sending it skittering across the floor. Urko growled. He didn't need it. He would rip this human apart with his bare hands...

Alan had just enough time to regain his balance, and check his grip on both the knife and the rag. He had a feeling he was going to need both. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Galen race to the cell. "Pete!"

"What the...?"

Alan braced, and dodged Urko's grip at the last second. If that gorilla got his hands around his neck, there was no way in hell he'd be able to get out. Equally dangerous, out of the corner of his eye he saw the door to where he assumed there were more guards sleeping. If they heard the commotion, they would be severely outnumbered. Urko's pride and current anger would likely keep him from calling for help. But they would still overhear. He had to block that off. And now.

Alan bolted, sweeping up the overturned chair along the way and jamming it under the handle to the door a fraction of a second before Urko nearly jammed him into the door. He brought the knife up instinctively, but caught only air with the blade.

"Galen!" Pete's voice almost distracted him, but now quite. "What the hell is...?"

"Where are the keys!" Galen demanded.

"Urko has them!"

Alan's eyes remained locked on his opponent, who was beginning to circle him now. Apparently, his overzealous, knee-jerk reaction had been broken up on realizing that Alan was, in fact, armed. Alan gripped the knife tighter. "I am sure you will soon find that this was very poor judgement, Virdon," Urko threatened.

"Are you all right, Pete?"

"Yeah, we're fine."

Alan lowered his head, breathing hard, jaw set. Instincts were returning, as they always did in these sorts of combat situations. Kill or be killed. That was all there was to it. And somehow... he couldn't bring himself to do it. Not when this person he faced was... well... Alan wasn't sure what difference it made. He really wasn't. But for some reason, he hesitated.

Maybe it was just the fact that he was naive.
The fact that Urko really and truly didn't understand.
Maybe it was the fact that Alan was the one who was the enemy of the state, not the other way around.
Maybe the simple fact that the idea of close killing had always bothered him - even as a soldier - somewhere in the back of his mind. If he had to fight, he didn't ever want to see his opponent's eyes. Or maybe just because he didn't want to have to explain to Galen, or any other ape, who would then struggle with the fact that he was as savage and wild as any other human - if not more so.

Whatever the reason, Alan hesitated.
Whatever the reason, he watched the window of opportunity - in which he could have easily moved in, jerked his arm up, and slit the gorilla's throat - open and then shut again. And he let it pass, still pacing with him, eyes locked.

"Jesus!" Pete's voice once again very nearly distracted him. "He's gonna...! Get me outta here, Galen, c'mon!"

Alan knew where the keys were. He knew they weren't getting out of that cell unless he retrieved them. But getting to them was another matter entirely.

Suddenly, Urko lunged. Alan saw it, and he braced instinctively. But he didn't move. Urko's hand closed around his wrist, and he flung him to the floor like a rag doll. In that instant, Alan was a hell of a lot closer to his enemy than he cared to be. But at the same time, it was as close as he needed to be. He dropped the knife - he had to - and grabbed for the keys on Urko's belt, ripping them free and hurling them across the floor toward Galen.

He hit the ground hard on his shoulder, and shooting pain ran through him. He knew instinctively from the level of pain that he'd just been injured, and his right arm was useless. Now unarmed, he was immediately jerked back up by Urko's grip on his shirt.

"Now you will see what I think of humans who don't know their place," Urko hissed.

Alan felt anger rise up inside of him, borne of pain and frustration and adrenaline, and he growled low in his throat. In one hard, forceful movement, he brought his good arm up, raising the rags into the inch of space between their faces. The sweet, dizzying scent washed over him as he pressed the rag into Urko's face, and he felt his own eyes roll back as the gorilla's grip loosened. Alan let the darkness come and once again, with expert ease, placed his life squarely in the hands of his two friends...

The door to the sleeping quarters was beginning to rattle against the chair. Pete was very close to rattling the door to his own cell as Galen finally found the right key and shoved it hard into the lock, twisting it free. Pete threw the door open so hard it banged against the wall and just about fell off its hinges. In an instant, he was at Alan's side, prying Urko's fingers from his shirt. Even half-conscious, he was strong as an ox.

Pete caught a whiff of the sweet smelling drug and blinked at the cloth. Chloroform? No. Too damn strong. He swooned a bit. "Whoo..." What was that shit? He quickly unwound the rag from his friend's hand, and dropped it on the floor. Whatever it was, it had done its job well. Urko was definitely unconscious.

Unfortunately, so was Alan, and Pete struggled to maneuver under his arm, to hold him up. "Galen!"

Galen was at his side in an instant, and Christine stood at the door to the cell, wide-eyed and unsure. The door to the sleeping quarters began to splinter. "Pete!" Galen hissed. "We have to get out of here!"

"Yeah, I know," Pete answered, urgent but remarkably collected given the circumstances.

Christine stared at him in awe. "Gimme a hand, will you?"

Galen slid under Alan's other shoulder, and they started for the door. "Are there guards outside?"

Pete questioned, eyeing Urko's gun for a long moment.

"Not awake," Galen assured.

Christine could hear her heart beating in her ears as the door cracked. "Hurry!"

"Go!" Pete yelled at her, picking up the pace as he and Galen fell into a rhythm.

Christine stumbled toward the door, a half step in front of the other three. Just as they were almost to the front door, it flew open. A half-conscious gorilla stood in their path, clearly confused but also clearly armed.

Galen screamed.

He ducked out of under Alan's arm and tackled the guard full-force. He fell to the floor easily, and Pete threw all his strength into a right cross. To his surprise, that was all it took. The gorilla was unconscious with one blow.

Galen was nearly collapsing under Alan's weight. "Pete..."

He pulled himself off the ground in time to see Christine duck under Alan's other arm. Instantly, Pete realized something didn't look right. "Careful!" he warned. Christine froze and he bolted to them. "His shoulder looks dislocated," Pete explained.

He took Christine's place, supporting Alan's weight with a hand around his waist rather than his arm. Behind him, he heard the door shatter into fragments, and raced to the door. Galen gestured to the left as Christine could hear her heart beating in her ears as the door cracked. "Go that way!"

Galen ordered. He was already trying to move toward the left. Pete followed his lead, carrying Alan into the barely visible path into the overgrown area, and toward safety.

***

ALAN WAKES UP IN A CAVE - talk with Pete. Christine wakes up, and agrees to take them to the ship.

EPILOGUE

Song's by Queen. We don't own it.

Pete had been listening to her humming for the past forty-five minutes. But it was only within the past forty-five seconds that he realized what she was singing under her breath. "I can't believe you know that song."

"Huh?" she asked, startled as she turned to him.

"That song you're humming," he clarified. "It's gotta be... what?... seven hundred years old in your time?"
She chuckled. "Everything after about 2050 all kinda... sounded the same. There was only about thirty years of really good stuff, when music first started becoming popular and you had radio and the like."

Alan smirked a bit. "Radio was back in the thirties."

"Yeah, MTV was our big thing."

She shook her head and shrugged. "I don't know what that is."

"Yes, well, neither do I," Galen added, glaring briefly at the two humans who so frequently spoke of things he knew nothing of.

Pete glanced at him, and decided it wasn't worth the explanation. He didn't want to be the one to try and detail television, much less the programs on television. "So those songs were still in existence so far into the future?" he mused, glancing back at Christine.

"Well, some of them were hard to find... but yes. They're still around."

Silence descended on them for a few steps before Alan finally spoke up. "I'll bet I would be correct in assuming that music in your time was nothing like it is here and now."

Alan considered it for a moment. "You know, honestly, I don't think I've even heard music here..."

"Oh, we have music," Galen assured him. "At parties. At upstanding social gatherings."

Pete smirked at the idea of an ape-run disco club. "Right."

The conversation fizzled out. Christine began humming again. This time, she was less subtle about it, hitting her thigh and snapping her fingers in time. Pat, pat, snap! Pat, pat, snap! Pete found himself chuckling to himself again, though now it was more at the look Galen was giving the girl. "Is that your music?"

"Huh?" Christine was once again startled out of her song. "Oh. Yes." She smiled. "It's one of those songs that you only ever hear in a stadium. But you hear it in every stadium."

"Stadium?" he questioned.

"It's real simple." She stopped, right where she was standing, and let her backpack fall off of her shoulders. The other three came to a halt as well, the two humans looking around for any sign of danger before turning their attention to her. "Just use your hands and pat your legs - or stomp your feet if you're so inclined, though I never really was much for stamping feet - and clap on the third one. I was snapping because I didn't want to be intrusive."

Galen "oohed" and nodded, but after a moment's pause it was clear that he hadn't the slightest idea what she was saying. Alan chuckled. "Like this Galen," he demonstrated, hitting his leg twice and then clapping. He repeated it, and Christine joined him on the second time around.

"And... that's it?" Galen asked as he watched the pattern. It seemed entirely too simple and repetitive to provide amusement for too very long.

"No, there's lyrics to it, too," Alan informed, still patting and clapping.

"Ooh..." Galen nodded... then tipped his head to the side. "What lyrics?"

Alan stopped, then Christine. "Oh, I don't remember them all in honesty..." Alan mumbled. "It's been too long. But maybe Christine does."

He gestured to her, and three sets of eyes turned. She laughed a bit. "I know some of them. Not all."

"Oh!" Galen seemed thrilled by that. "Well, please! Share what you do know."

She flushed, and Pete smirked again, then hit his thighs. Alan joined in on the clap, and even Galen tried - though the coordination wasn't really there for him like it was for the three humans. It took him a moment to find the pace.

"We will... we will... rock you..." She was still slightly red in the face, eyes down, voice wavering slightly. She wasn't terribly comfortable being put on the spot, especially when she clearly didn't know the words to the song. That wasn't surprising. It was only about seven hundred years older than she was... He certainly didn't know songs written back in the 1200s...

Pete took over.

"Buddy you're a boy, make a big noise, playing in the street, gonna be a big man someday; you got mud on your face, you're big disgrace, kickin' your can all over the place singin'..."

"We will, we will rock you!" Alan and Christine both joined in for what they knew. He glanced at her and saw her eyes bright, the blush gone as she beamed ear to ear. "We will, we will rock you!"

"Buddy you're a young man, hard man, shouting in the street, gonna take on the world someday; you got blood on your face, you're big disgrace, waving your banner all over the place..."

"We will, we will rock you!" This time, even Galen joined in the singing, and it was all Pete could do to keep from busting out laughing. He couldn't help but wonder if Queen could have possibly fathomed that a thousand years in the future, three human fugitives and a renegade talking ape would be singing their song.

"We will, we will rock you!"

"Buddy you're an old man, poor man, pleading with your eyes, gonna... something something be someday; you got mud on your face, big disgrace, somebody better put you back into your place."

Christine was laughing at the forgotten words. She almost forgot to join into the chorus. "We will, we will rock you! We will, we will rock you!"

Pete smiled to her her, then Galen, then Alan. His gaze lingered there for a long moment as he shared knowing glances with his colleague. Somewhere in the back of all their minds, the lingering sound of an electric guitar solo lifted their spirits... Only a memory...
Science Fiction Timeline:
The Most Important Authors, Books, Movies and Magazines Of All Time
1818-1990
http://slisweb.sjsu.edu/courses/262.loertscher/w8a

1818
Mary Shelley publishes Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus.
1827
Jane London publishes The Mummy!
1838
Richard Jefferies publishes After London.
1839
Robert Louis Stevenson writes Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
1848
H.G. Wells publishes The War of the Worlds.
1850
Thomas Alva Edison makes the first film version of Frankenstein.
1858
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle publishes The Lost World.
1860
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle publishes The Poison Belt.
1861
Edgar Rice Burroughs publishes Tarzan of the Apes.
1862
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is released as a film.
1863
Edgar Rice Burroughs publishes A Princess of Mars.
1864
Karel Capek publishes R.U.R. Rossum's Universal Robots.
1865
H.G. Wells publishes The Shape of Things to Come.
1866
Philip Wylie and Edwin Balmer publish When Worlds Collide.
1867
A. E. Van Vogt publishes Slan.
1868
Ray Bradbury publishes Dark Carnival.
1869
Ray Bradbury publishes The Martian Chronicles.
1870
A. E. Van Vogt publishes The World of A.
1871
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle publishes A Study in Scarlet.
1872
H.G. Wells publishes The Invisible Man.
1873
H.G. Wells publishes The Time Machine.
1874
C. S. Lewis publishes The Silver Chair.
1875
Jules Verne publishes Journey to the Center of the Earth.
1876
Jules Verne publishes Around the World in 80 Days.
1877
H.G. Wells publishes The War of the Worlds.
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Television:
Captain Video 1949-53 and 1955-56

1950
Fifteen science fiction magazines begin publication including Galaxy, Worlds Beyond, and Science Fiction. It ceases publication in 1980.
Ray Bradbury publishes The Martian Chronicles.

1951
Isaac Asimov publishes Foundation.
Ray Bradbury publishes The Illustrated Man.
Arthur C. Clarke publishes Prelude to Space.
L. Sprague De Camp publishes Rogue Queen.
Philip Wylie publishes The Disappearance.
John Wyndham publishes The Day of the Triffids.
The Day the Earth Stood Still, directed by Robert Wise is released by 20th Century-Fox Films.
Television:
Tales of Tomorrow 1951-56

1952
Hugo Gernsback publishes Evolution of Modern Science Fiction.
Isaac Asimov publishes Foundation and Empire.
Clifford D. Simak publishes City.
Kury Vonnegut Jr. publishes Player Piano.
Arthur C. Clarke publishes Islands in the Sky.

1953
The first Hugo Award named after Hugo Gernsback is given. It is still awarded annually.
Isaac Asimov publishes Second Foundation.
Ray Bradbury publishes Fahrenheit 451.
Arthur C. Clarke publishes Childhood's End.
Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth publish The Space Merchants.
Theodore Sturgeon publishes More Than Human.
C.I. M. Kornbluth and Frederik Pohl publish The Space Merchants.
Alfred Bester publishes The Demolished Man.
Clifford D. Simak publishes Ring Around the Sun.
The War of the Worlds, directed by Byron Haskin is released by Paramount Pictures.
Donovan's Brain, directed by Felix Feist is released by Dowling Productions/United Pictures.

1954
Poul Anderson publishes Brain Wave.
Isaac Asimov publishes The Caves of Steel.
William Golding publishes Lord of the Flies.
Gore Vidal publishes Messiah.
Poul Anderson publishes Brain Wave.
Hal Clement publishes Mission of Gravity.

20,000 Leagues under the Sea, directed by Richard Fleischer is released by Walt Disney Films.

1955
This Island Earth appears as a motion picture directed by Joseph Newman and released by Universal.
Philip K. Dick publishes Solar Lottery.
William Golding publishes The Inheritors.
Kamon Knight publishes Hell's Pavement.
Andre Norton publishes Sargasso of Space.
Robert Silverberg publishes Revolt on Alpha C.
Forbidden Planet, directed by Fred McLeod Wilcox is released by MGM Pictures.
Television:
Science Fiction Theater 1955-57

1956
Robert A. Heinlein publishes Double Star.
Alfred Bester publishes Tiger! Tiger!
Lester Del Rey publishes Nerves.

Films:
Invasion of the Body Snatchers, directed by Don Siegel is released by Allied Artists Films.

1957
Philip Jos, Farmer publishes The Green Odyssey.
Films:
The Incredible Shrinking Man; The Amazing Colossal Man

1958
Brian Aldiss publishes Non-Stop.
Poul Anderson publishes The Enemy Stars.
James Blish publishes A Case of Conscience.
Films:
I Married a Monster from Outer Space; The Fly; The Space Children.

1959
Robert A. Heinlein publishes Starship Troopers.
C.M. Kornbluth publishes The Marching Morons.
Kurt Vonnegut Jr. publishes The Sirens of Titan.
Ivan Yefremov publishes Andromeda.
Films:
Journey to the Center of the Earth; On the Beach; The World, The Flesh, and the Devil.

Television:
The Twilight Zone 1959-64

1960
Walter M. Miller Jr. publishes A Canticle for Liebowitz.
The magazine Analog begins publication.
Films:
The Time Machine; The Lost World.

1961
Robert A. Heinlein publishes Stranger in a Strange Land.
Stanislaw Lem publishes Solaris.
Films:
Master of the World; The Day the Earth Caught Fire; Mysterious Island; The Damned; Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea.

1962
Marion Zimmer Bradley begins publication of the Darkover series with her Seven From the Stars, The Planet Savers, The Sword of Aldones.
Anthony Burgess publishes A Clockwork Orange.
Philip K. Dick publishes The Man in the High Castle.
Films: Dr. No; The Day Mars Invaded Earth; The Manchurian Candidate.

1963
Pierre Boulle publishes Monkey Planet (Of The Apes).
Films:
The Birds; Children of the Damned; X-The Man with the X-Ray Eyes; Lord of the Flies
Television: The Outer Limits 1963-66

1964
J.G. Ballard publishes The Burning World
Philip K. Dick publishes Martian Time-Slip
Films:
The Time Travelers; From the Earth to the Moon; Seven Days in May; Dr. Strangelove; Fail Safe
Television:
Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea 1964-68; The Man from U.N.C.L.E. 1964-68

1965
Frank Herbert publishes Dune
Philip K. Dick publishes The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch
Television:
The Wild, Wild West 1964-69

1966
Robert A. Heinlein publishes The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress.
Daniel Keyes publishes Flowers for Algernon.
Roger Zelazny publishes This Immortal
Samuel R. Delany publishes The Einstein Intersection
Films:
Batman; Cyborg 2087; Invasion; Fantastic Voyage; Around the World Under the Sea; Fahrenheit 451; Seconds
Television:
The Time Tunnel 1966-67; Star Trek 1966-69

1967
Roger Zelazny publishes Lord of Light
Films: You Only Live Twice; The President's Analyst; The Power
Television: The Invaders 1967-68

1968
John Brunner publishes Stand on Zanzibar.
Thomas M. Disch publishes Camp Concentration
Alexei Panshin publishes Rite of Passage
Kurt Vonnegut Jr. publishes Slaughterhouse-Five.
Films:
2001: A Space Odyssey;
Planet of the Apes;
Charlie; Night of the Blood Beast; The Illustrated Man;
Countdown; Night of the Living Dead; Wild in the Streets
Television:
Land of the Giants 1968-70

1969
Frank Herbert publishes Dune Messiah.
Ursula K. LeGuin publishes The Left Hand of Darkness
Films:
The Monitors; Beneath the Planet of the Apes; Marooned;
Colossus, the Forbin Project

1970
Larry Niven publishes Ringworld.
Films:
Beneath The Planet Of The Apes;
City Beneath the Sea; Hauser's Memory; Brewster McCloud;
The Love War; No Blade of Grass
Television:
Rod Serling's Night Gallery 1970-72

1971
Robert Silverberg publishes A Time of Changes
Philip K. Dick publishes A Maze of Death
Philip Jos, Farmer publishes To Your Scattered Bodies Go
Films:
A Clockwork Orange; The Andromeda Strain;
Escape from the Planet of the Apes;
Glen and Randa; THX 1138; The Omega Man

1972
Isaac Asimov publishes The Gods Themselves
Thomas M. Disch publishes 334
Robert Silverberg publishes Dying Inside
Films:
Conquest of the Planet of the Apes;
Frogs; Slaughterhouse-Five; Everything You Always Wanted to
Know about Sex, but Were Afraid to Ask; Pursuit

1973
Arthur C. Clark publishes Rendezvous with Rama.
Ian Watson publishes The Embedding
Ursula K. LeQuin publishes The Dispossessed
Films:
Cold Night's Death; Invasion of the Bee Girls; Sleeper;
Genesis II; The Crazies; Saylent Green;
Battle for the Planet of the Apes;
Schlock; Lost Horizon; Mutations; Phase IV; Westworld
Television:
The Six Million Dollar Man 1973-78

1974
Larry Niven and Jerry Purnelle publish The Mote in God's Eye
Joe Haldeman publishes The Forever War
Films:
Planet Earth; The Questor Tapes; Damnation Alley; Chosen
Survivors; It's Alive; Kildozer; Terminal Man; The Stranger
Within; The Stepford Wives; Dark Star.
Television:
Wonder Woman 1974-79;
Planet of the Apes 1974

1975
Joanna Russ publishes The Female Man
Films:
A Boy and His Dog; Rollerball; Death Race 2000; The Rocky
Horror Picture Show; Escape to Witch Mountain; The Night
That Panicked America; Strange New World; The Land That
Time Forgot; The UFO Incident; The Ultimate Warrior
Television:
Return To The Planet Of The Apes

1976
Frederik Pohl publishes Man Plus.
Frank Herbert publishes Children of Dune
Films:
God Told Me To; The Food of the Gods; Embryo; The Man
Who Fell to Earth; Carrie; At the Earth's Core; Futureworld;
King Kong; Logan's Run; Blue Sunshine; Squirm

1977
Michael Moorcock publishes The Condition of Muzak
Frederik Pohl publishes Gateway
Films:
Star Wars; Close Encounters of the Third Kind; Holocaust
2000; Welcome to Blood City; Demon Seed; The People that
Time Forgot; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Incredible Melting
Man; Kingdom of the Spiders; Eraserhead
1978
The magazine *Omni* begins publication.
Films:
Invasion of the Body Snatchers; Laserblast; Jubilee; The Boys from Brazil; Superman; Return from Witch Mountain; Capricorn One; Coma; The Fury
Television:
Mork and Mindy 1978-82; Battlestar Galactica 1978; Project UFO 1978-79
1979
John Crowley publishes *Engine Summer*
Arthur C. Clarke publishes *The Fountains of Paradise.*
Films:
Phantasm; Buck Rogers in the 25th Century; Prophecy; Deathsport; Alien; Mad Max; The Back Hole; Stalker; Star Trek The Motion Picture; Quintet; The Board; Moonraker; Time After Time
1980
Gregory Benford publishes *Time Scape*
Russell Hoban publishes *Riddley Walker*
Joan D. Vinge publishes *The Snow Queen*
Gene Wolfe publishes *The Shadow of the Torturer*
Films:
Superman 2; Saturn 3; Battle Beyond the Stars; Flash Gordon; Altered Sates; The Empire Strikes Back; Hangar 18; The Final Countdown
Television:
The Martian Chronicles 1980
1981
C.J. Cherryh publishes *Downbelow Station*
Gene Wolfe publishes *The Claw of the Conciliator*
Alasdair Gray publishes *Lanark*
Films:
Outland; Escape from New York; Time Bandits; Quest for Fire; Mad Max 2; Malevil; Sengoku jietai; Dead Kids
1982
Isaac Asimov publishes *Foundation's Edge*
Brian Aldiss begins publication of *The Helliconia Trilogy*
Gene Wolf publishes *The Sword of the Lictor*
The magazine Interzone begins publication.
Films:
Blade Runner; There Will Come Soft Rains; 1990 I Guerrieri de Bronx; Forbidden World; The Sender; E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial; Star Trek The Wrath of Khan; Videodrome; Tron; The Thing; Liquid Sky; Kamikaze 1989; Android
1983
Marion Zimmer Bradley publishes *The Mists of Avalon*
Gene Wolfe publishes *The Book of the New Sun.*
Television:
V 1983-85
1984
William Gibson publishes *Neuromancer.*
Frank Herbert publishes *Heretics of Dune*
Films:
The Dead Zone: De Lift; Le Dernier Combat; The Day After; War Games; Strange Invaders; Brainstorm; Superman 3; Testament; Born in Flames; Return of the Jedi; Le Prix du Danger; The Man with Two Brains; Dune; Threads; City Limits; The Brother From Another Planet; 1984; 2010; The Philadelphia Experiment; Supergirl; Trancers; Iceman; The Ice Pirates; Runaway; Starman; Star Trek III The Search for Spock; The Terminator; DefCon 4; Repo Man
1985
Greg Bear publishes *Blood Music.*
Orson Scott Card publishes *Ender's Game.*
Films:
Cocoon; Brazil; Max Headroom; Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome; Real Genius; Life Force; Zone Trooper; Explorers; Back to the Future; Enemy Mine; The Quiet Earth
1986
Films:
Kamikaze; Hellfire; Terrorvision; The Fly; Offret; When the Wind Blows; Aliens; Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home; Eliminators
1987
C.J. Cherryh publishes *Cyteen.*
David Brin publishes *The Uplift War.*
Films:
Akira; Predator; The Running Man; Vel'd; Amazon Women on the Moon; Innerspace; The Hidden; Making Mr. Right; Robocop; Superman the Quest for Peace
Television:
Something Is Out There 1988-89
1988
Bruce Sterling publishes *Islands in the Net.*
Films:
Earth Girls Are Easy; My Stepmother in an Alien; They Live; Monkey Shines; Alien Nation; Cocoon The Return; Incident at Raven's Gate; Young Einstein; The Navigator A Medieval Odyssey
Television:
Alien Nation 1989-90; Quantum Leap 1989-94
1990
Books:
Queen of Angels by Greg Bear
The Difference Engine by William Gibson and Bruce Sterling
Tak Back Plenty by Colin Greenland
Films:
Robocop 2; Flatliners; Prayer of the Rollerboys; The Handmaid's Tale; Total Recall; Copmmunion; Back to the Future III; Frankenstein Unbound; Edward Scissorhands; Highlander II The Quickening; Predator 2
Television:
Prisoners of Gravity 1990-94
What's your personal history with the Planet of the Apes franchise? Were the movies, the TV series or the comics your point of entry?

I'm a member of the Baby Boom generation, so I got to see the five original APES films in movie theaters and drive-ins during their first-run releases. My two favorites were PLANET OF THE APES and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. Taken together, I think they're a powerful reflection of and rumination on of the culture and the times during which they were made, exploring as they did, societal divisions, theological skepticism, anti-authority activism, racism, war and the threat of nuclear annihilation.

The sequels that followed, though I enjoyed them, were much less successful for me. EXSCAPE suffered from an inconsistent tone, with most of the sitcom aspects of the middle section of that film wearing pretty thin. It's clearly the film that seems the most dated. CONQUEST is the best of the three post-BENEATH sequels, but it was compromised by budget constraints and excessive editing, including that hacked-up finale where Caesar's inflammatory speech was re-edited by the studio. As for BATTLE, I have no appreciation for it. It's clearly the weakest of the five APES films and I found it a genuine chore to sit through.

I did watch the CBS TV series on a regular basis, but it's simply not as smart or complicated or edgy as PLANET, BENEATH or CONQUEST. It was nothing more than a simple FUGITIVE-style chase adventure. As for the NBC animated series, I watched the first episode and didn't like that enough to watch any others.

I was a big fan of the Marvel Comics PLANET OF THE APES magazine, particularly that series of stories created by Doug Moench and Mike Ploog.

So, all in all, I think it's safe to say that, as a kid in the 1970s, I was indeed a hardcore fan of the entire PLANET OF THE APES franchise. But it was really was those very first two movies that set my brain ablaze and not just because of the imaginative premise or the clever social commentary.

I was also struck by the unrelenting and unrepentant fatalistic tone of PLANET and BENEATH. Here were two pieces of popular entertainment that said, basically, that we are doomed. We're going to have a nuclear war that will devastate the planet and man will lose his place as the dominant species. And by the time the story's over, Taylor and Brent (the heroes!) will be slaughtered right before our very eyes and then-BOOM--the Earth will be destroyed. Who had ever seen that kind of unapologetically downbeat content before in a big-budget Hollywood movie? I hadn't and it certainly made a big impression.

The point is, whatever youthful APES pursuits I may have indulged in thereafter (watching the sequels and the TV show, reading the original Pierre Boulle novel and some of the other paperbacks, collecting the comic books and trading cards and the like), it was all in an effort to re-capture the absolute and astonishing impact that PLANET OF THE APES and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES made on me.

Much later, an adult, I was happy to have the opportunity to work with Charlton Heston back when I was producing documentaries and specials for ABC in Chicago and Heston was starring THE COLBYS series on ABC. It was a real thrill to share some soundstage time with him and to have the chance to tell him how much his APES films meant to me.

A few years after that, I was asked by Tom Mason, the Creative Director of Malibu Graphics Publishing Group, to write the introduction for their PLANET OF THE APES; THE OFFICIAL MOVIE ADAPTATION graphic novel which collected Doug Moench and George Tuska's Marvel Comics material. That essay, "Art, Commerce and the Planet of the Apes", was my last encounter with the franchise prior to writing SINS OF THE FATHER for Malibu's Adventure line of PLANET OF THE APES comics.

How did you begin working for Adventure Comics? Were you a freelance writer?

My short career in comics was really an accident of proximity. I'd moved to Hollywood in 1986
Yes, it was spec job, done strictly on a whim. Sometime earlier in 1990, Malibu secured the comic book rights to the PLANET OF THE APES franchise from 20th Century Fox, assembled some creative teams and began producing a huge volume of APES comics under their Adventure Comics imprint. I sampled them all and no disrespect to Tom or Dave or anyone else who worked those comics—they just weren't for me.

Their main title, PLANET OF THE APES, was basically a sequel and a continuation of the fifth and final movie, BATTLE. I didn't like that movie and I wasn't going to like any story that came out of that movie, so it was not for me.

The second series, APE CITY, was set in Europe and featured apes riding motorcycles, baboon ninjas, a chimp who was an Elvis impersonator and a whole bunch of other crazy stuff tossed together to make what Adventure touted as their "party-ape book".

Well, to me, there's nothing "party" about the PLANET OF THE APES premise that Pierre Boulle, Rod Serling, Michael Wilson and Paul Dehn created. I think that story material works best when it functions as a dark and meditative piece of social criticism commenting on the human condition. When it doesn't do that, it's just a story about talking monkeys acting like humans. So, APE CITY? Not for me.

The third book, APE NATION, was their high-concept sci-fi franchise crossover series that somehow frankensteined the PLANET OF THE APES and ALIEN NATION movies together. Once more, not for me.

And, again, I'm not putting anyone's effort or product down. Those Adventure APES comics were produced by a group of people who had their own specific idea of what made that franchise work. They followed their vision. And those comics were subsequently bought and read by readers and fans that were all interested in sharing and supporting that vision.

But it was not a vision that I could buy into and that started me thinking: If I had the opportunity to create an APES story in comic book form, how would I approach it? Could I really come up with a PLANET OF THE APES story that even...
narrow-minded purist like myself would actually respond to?

YOU OBVIOUSLY CAME UP WITH AN ANSWER, SO WHERE DID YOU START? I PREsume YOU WANTED NO LOOSE ENDS BETWEEN YOUR STORY AND THE ORIGINAL TWO FILMS.

It's interesting that you reference "loose ends" because that's exactly where I started, with a loose end. I did admire those first two movies, but I always felt that PLANET and BENEATH left behind one big unanswered question and that was this:

How does Dr. Zaius know what he knows?

Yes, Zaius is the Minister of Science and has access to the Sacred Scrolls, so he knows Earth's real history and man's place in it. But, above and beyond that, he seems to know actual specifics. In PLANET, he obviously knows where the Statue of Liberty is and, in BENEATH, he mentions a tribe of intelligent humans living in the Forbidden Zone. More importantly, Zaius seems to have gotten this information long before he became the Minister of Science and Chief Defender of the Faith.

In PLANET OF THE APES, Zaius tells Taylor that "I have always known about man" and that "All my life I've awaited your coming and dreaded it."

So, I started asking questions: What do "always" and "all my life" mean? How young was Zaius when he learned the truth? And who told him? Was it the previous Minister of Science? A mentor? His father? Or maybe it was all three in the form on one single character who so influenced, so affected and so compromised young Zaius that revealing that character could actually inform and expand our understanding of Zaius and his actions in those first two films.

DID YOU FEEL THE STORY WOULD BE STRONGER USING ZAIUS AS THE STORYTELLER RATHER THAN PERHAPS JUST AN ANONYMOUS EARLIER MINISTER OF SCIENCE?

Definitely. One of the great things about the PLANET OF THE APES movies is the circular nature of the storytelling, the way in which all the films link together across time and space to tell this incredible story. There's real connective tissue between all five of the films. The time dilation theory created by Dr. Hasslein directly causes Taylor and Brent to meet Cornelius and Zira, who are later killed by Dr. Hasslein himself. The son that Cornelius and Zira create later goes on to lead the revolt that creates the planet of the apes.

So I became interested in exploring who created the Dr. Zaius we find in PLANET and BENEATH. And while he's only in those first two movies, he's easily the most complex character and contradictory character in the entire franchise. He's the Minister of Science, but he's also the Chief Defender of the Faith. He admonishes Zira and Cornelius, but clearly has affection for them. He regards Taylor as "a menace, a walking pestilence" but, in the end, he sets him free to find "his destiny."

And, so, I set about to write a prequel story, set thirty years before the events of PLANET and BENEATH, that would examine the origins of Zaius' contradictions. What event lead to Zaius coming into possession of the knowledge? How did Zaius get so conflicted about carrying that knowledge? Who was the individual that corrupted him? That was the story I was interested in telling.

BUT YOU ALSO BASED PART OF THE STORY ON AN EDGAR ALLEN POE STORY, YES?

Right. While both PLANET OF THE APES and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES are science fiction films, they both function on an internal plot-level a lot like mystery or detective stories. In the first film, Taylor is trying to piece together clues in order to discover how this particular upside-down civilization evolved. Of course, the evidence found in the archeological dig and the Statue of Liberty answer that mystery. BENEATH is almost a straight-up missing persons story, with Brent as the investigator following the clues that will lead him to Taylor.

Once I knew that I wanted to tell Zaius' backstory, I knew I needed a narrative structure and I simply decided to retain the mystery-form of the first two films. One of my favorite detective stories from my youth just happens to be the very
first detective story ever written, Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders In The Rue Morgue".

In that story, two women are murdered in their home and an investigator, after examining the crime scene and the evidence, determines that an ape committed the crime. In true PLANET OF THE APES style, I inverted that dynamic, starting my story with a female ape being found murdered and the investigator theorizing that a human committed the crime.

Once I had those two elements in place—the "Rue Morgue"-inspired crime and investigation plot and the character exploration and motivation of Dr. Zaius, I knew I had a story that was going to be worth telling and it was time to populate that story with some other characters and personalities.

LET'S TALK IN SPECIFICS ABOUT THOSE CHARACTERS. FIRST, CAMILLE, THE MURDER VICTIM.

In SINS OF THE FATHER, Camille is already dead when we meet her. She's a gorilla, the daughter of General Ignatius, who is the Prefect of Police. Like him, she was a bully with a very short temper and a severe sense of entitlement. She had no respect or compassion for lesser creatures, which is why she beat the human who lived with them as their servant...once too often, apparently, which is why the human killed her.

By the way, Camille was named after Madame Camille L'Espanay, one of the murder victims in Poe's story.

GENERAL IGNATIUS?

He's very much in the vein of BENEATH'S General Ursus. He's big, powerful and angry. Worse, he's a bigot and a bully. Unlike Aldo in BATTLE or Urko in the TV series, both of whom were small-minded, hot-headed brutes, Ursus was smart and scary and politically dangerous. Ursus is the best gorilla-villain character in the APES canon and I wanted Ignatius to be like Ursus, only more so. I didn't want the reader to have any trouble believing that Ignatius might have actually killed his own daughter. He's the only suspect in the story other than the human servant and both the double-meaning title (SINS OF THE FATHER) and the ambiguous cover image (where you know Ignatius is beating someone to death, but you don't see who) were meant to further paint him as the prime suspect.

Ignatius, by the way, is named for Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle, another writer was inspired enough by Edgar Allan Poe's detective story to write a few of his own.

PAVEL, THE CHIMP WHO FINDS CAMILLE DEAD?

Pavel is actually the first character we meet, but he doesn't stick around long. He's a high-strung, somewhat hysterical chimpanzee, kind of like our first impression of Cornelius in the first movie. Pavel serves two functions in the story. He finds Camille and reports the crime, which gets Dr. Augustus investigating. But Pavel also mentions that he was on his way "to pick up little Zira". That happens in the first panel on the first page after the splash page and it's the first clue to the reader that this story takes place a couple of decades before Taylor's arrival, in the very same Ape City where Zira, Cornelius and Zaius live. If a reader picks up on that clue and pays attention to everything else, he might be able to guess that the unnamed young orangutan narrating the story is Zaius. If he does, great. If not, the story works even better because of the reveal at the end.

I think I may have named Pavel after Lieutenant Pavel Chekov from STAR TREK, (another favorite science fiction franchise of my kidhood), but it's been a while and I can't be sure.

YOUNG ZAIUS, SON OF DR. AUGUSTUS?

Although the reader isn't aware of it until the very end, it's actually the older Dr. Zaius of PLANET and BENEATH that recounts the SINS OF THE FATHER story. Presumably, he's writing this story down in some sort of personal journal or even a continuation of the Sacred Scrolls, just days after he's allowed Taylor to go free to find his destiny. Zaius is troubled by that decision and he's now looking back on the pivotal event of his life when he stopped being a naïve, carefree child and became the compromised, burdened adult that he is.

The younger Zaius was a fairly uncomplicated individual who followed the rules, did what he was told and believed what he was told to believe. He worshipped his father and thought that Dr. Augustus could do no wrong. But, as a
witness to the events following Camille's death, Zaius became both an unwitting confidante to his father and a tacit co-conspirator in his Augustus' crime and cover-up.

Zaius has been haunted by the promise he made to keep his father's- and history's-secret all these years and it has pained him. That's why he lets Taylor go at the end of PLANET. He does for Taylor what his father, Dr. Augustus, would not do for the talking human who killed Camille.

Now, in the days after releasing Taylor, he wonders if he made the right decision, so he sits down and tells the SINS OF THE FATHER story as something of a confession. It is, ultimately, Zaius own record in his own words of how he lost his innocence.

FINALLY, WHAT ABOUT DR. AUGUSTUS? HOW DO YOU SEE THE MINISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE INVESTIGATOR OF CAMILLE'S MURDER?

He's named, of course, for C. Auguste Dupin, the investigator in Poe's "The Murders In The Rue Morgue". Like Dupin, Augustus is brilliant and compassionate. But he's also conflicted. As both the Minister of Science and the Chief Defender of the Faith, he's constantly trying to solve ethical problems by reconciling the inherent incompatible demands of science and religion. The central dilemma of the story is the identity of Camille's killer and what it means for ape society. If the murderer is an ape, then a primary tenant of the Lawgiver's doctrine ("Ape shall not kill ape") has been violated. And if a human committed the calculated crime and cover-up, that's an admission that humans are more than mere animals. Either ruling is problematic for Dr. Augustus as the Minister of Science and Chief Defender of the Faith.

In the end, Augustus chooses the absolute worst course of action, He murders both an ape and human in cold blood…and he does so right before the eyes of his only son, who worships him as a hero. Worse, Augustus asks that his son not only lie for him, but then burdens young Zaius with the very secret that has broken him.

The story of Dr. Augustus is very much a dark and tragic one, totally in keeping with the tone of PLANET OF THE APES and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. And the actions that Dr. Augustus take lead directly to the events of those two movies.

At the end of PLANET, it could be seen that Dr. Zaius releases Taylor in an effort to make up for his father's thirty-year-old crime and balance the scales of justice. Unfortunately, it's too late. As Zaius writes at the end of the story: "My father's eerie lament from years ago still echoes in my head. Where one intelligent human walks, others soon will follow. And what will become of us then, those of us who inhabit the Planet of the Apes.

Well, we know. Zaius releases Taylor; Brent follows Taylor and the two of them and Zaius ultimately cause the destruction of the planet.

HOW LONG DID IT TAKE YOU TO WRITE THE STORY? DO YOU RECALL WHEN YOU STARTED ON THE STORY AND WHEN YOU FINISHED IT?

Looking through my files, I see that I first wrote a two-page plot synopsis on March 3rd of 1991. That would probably be the same day that I came up with the idea. The next thing I have is a three-page outline that breaks down the plot into scenes and comic book pages. That's undated, but I probably did that a week or so later. Finally, I produced a 43-page screenplay-style script that included all the artist-directions and the dialogue, which is dated April 13th of 1991. It would appear that it took me about six weeks from first idea to finished script, during which time I was also holding down a demanding executive position at NBC, so scripting the APES book was very much a spare-time thing.

DID YOU FINISH WITH YOUR ORIGINAL IDEA OR DID YOU ADAPT IT AS YOU PUT IT TOGETHER?

I have to say that, once I put the storyline together, it all seemed to work really well and I saw no reason to make any major adjustments. The only significant thing that changed was the name of the story. In plot synopsis form, it was called "Murder on the Planet of the Apes". I don't recall exactly why I changed it, but I think that I must have felt it was too close to the title of the Poe story. The phrase "sins of the father" comes from both the Bible and Shakespeare, and it seemed to carry a kind of pessimistic gravitas that was appropriate to not only my story, but also the
entire APES series, given the importance that sons play in the movies (with Milo/Caesar in ESCAPE and CONQUEST and Cornelius the second in BATTLE). Plus, the duplicitous nature of the phrase helped the mystery. The "father" of the title could refer to either Ignatius or Augustus.

HOW DID YOU GET ADVENTURE TO PUBLISH IT?

That was the easiest part. Once I finished the script, I put it an envelope and sent it off to Tom Mason at Malibu. Inside, I placed a brief note that said something like: "I wrote this on a whim. If you like it and want to publish it, great. If not, I had fun doing it anyway". Two or three days later, the phone rang. I picked it up and said hello. Without identifying himself, Tom said simply: "Dude, the contract's in the mail." And that was that. No comments, no criticisms, no changes. Tom's as big a fan of the PLANET OF THE APES films as I am, so he immediately got the story and knew that fans of the movies would get it, too.

DID ADVENTURE HAVE TO GET ANY SPECIFIC LICENSING PERMISSIONS FOR YOU TO USE ANY CHARACTERS ESTABLISHED IN THE ORIGINAL FILMS?

Tom did tell me that they'd have to take the script to 20th Century Fox to get an OK to use the Zaius character and to approve the events outlined in the story. He said that their existing license agreement for their other books only applied to the PLANET OF THE APES concept and not to the actual characters from the movies, which is why none of them appear in Malibu's Adventure books. Tom felt strongly about publishing SINS OF THE FATHER as something separate and apart from the other Adventure APES comics and he wanted to make it into an event. He wanted the company to be able to promote the fact that this story was, in fact, an official, studio-sanctioned prequel to the first PLANET OF THE APES movie. And for that, Tom said, he needed to get permission from Fox. Sometime later, he sent me photocopies of one or maybe two pages that Tom had Mitch pencil as, I suppose, an audition. I don't remember which pages they were, but I do recall that my reaction was very enthusiastic. It was obvious to me from Mitch's picture-making that he was not only a talented artist but also a smart one and that he'd really plus the story with his creative contributions.

DID YOU ASSEMBLE THE CREW THAT PUT THE COMIC TOGETHER OR DID THE PUBLISHER ASSIGN ARTIST MITCH BYRD AND LETTERER MARK MOORE TO THE PROJECT?

All the credit goes to Tom Mason and the guys back at Malibu Graphics Publishing for assembling that creative team. I believe that artist Mitch Byrd was already working for them on a comic called CAT AND MOUSE. I don't know anything about Mark Moore. I never met Mitch or Mark or even spoke with them. When Tom bought the script, he told me that he had the perfect artist for it. Sometime later, he sent me photocopies of one or maybe two pages that Tom had Mitch pencil as, I suppose, an audition. I don't remember which pages they were, but I do recall that my reaction was very enthusiastic. It was obvious to me from Mitch's picture-making that he was not only a talented artist but also a smart one and that he'd really plus the story with his creative contributions.

IN YOUR ORIGINAL SCRIPT, YOU BREAK DOWN YOUR STORYLINE AS YOU SEE IT
FITTING PAGE BY PAGE. YOU ALSO INCLUDE WHICH WORDS TO PUT IN EACH SPECIFIC BALLOON.

Correct. Comics are visual storytelling, just like movies and television. Because it’s all about the eye taking in units of visual information, I think it's important for the writer to help pace the story by assigning which speeches go with which image in which panel…and then giving the artist plenty of latitude to make adjustments as needed. It's a collaborative process and if the result of the collaboration is going to effective, both writer and artist have to contribute to in order to tell the story properly in that medium.

WOULD YOU ALSO MAKE ANY SUGGESTIONS TO THE ARTIST ON SPECIFICS OF HOW YOU WANTED SCENES DRAWN? WOULD YOU SAY THAT YOUR SCRIPT FORMAT IS TYPICAL OF WHAT IS DONE BY ALL OTHER COMIC WRITERS OR DO YOU HAVE A UNIQUE STYLE?

I don't really know how other comic books writers format their scripts. At the time that I wrote SINS OF THE FATHER, I'd been working in television for ten years as a writer, producer and director, plus I'd written a bunch of screenplays. Just as I had with STEALTH FORCE, I fell back on that experience in formatting the script for the APES book. I tried to give real direction on paper and the root word of "direction" is "direct", as in pointed, as in specific. So, in both my page layouts directions and my panel descriptions, I would definitively set the scene, describe the action, assign the characters their places…and, then, hope that the artist would feel free to change it all if he had a better idea. Mitch Byrd was obviously a guy who was capable of coming up with better ideas when needed and I think he did a terrific job on SINS OF THE FATHER.

HAVE YOU WORKED WITH MITCH BYRD, MARK MOORE OR THE CREW OF ADVENTURE COMICS SINCE?

I have not. PLANET OF THE APES: SINS OF THE FATHER was my farewell to comic books as a writer. As I said, I had come to writing comics by accident, as it had never been a real ambition of mine. I was and am very grateful to Tom and Dave and all the Malibu guys for the few experiences that I did have, but I was creatively satisfied working in television and that's where my time was best spent.

I will say that, as far as swan songs go, the SINS OF THE FATHER book was a very satisfying one. I was happy with and proud of both my work on it and everyone else's. And I know readers of the APES comics and lovers of the APES movies alike appreciated the story. Tom forwarded me a bunch of fan mail reacting to the story and it was all very enthusiastic. Through the years, I've gotten emails out of the blue from total strangers who want to know it I'm the Mike Valerio who wrote SINS OF THE FATHER. I'm also proud of the fact that 20th Century Fox made the story an official part of the APES canon and that websites like The Hasslein Curve reference the events of the book and validate them as parts of the larger PLANET OF THE APES continuity. And, of course, being offered the opportunity by you, Terry, to recount the book's genesis really has been fun.

Clearly, that one story means something to the people who read love the APES franchise. And it means a lot to me. In my personal timeline, PLANET OF THE APES: SINS OF THE FATHER is not only my final comic book story; it's also my best. And I'm happy to let it stand as both.

Mike Valerio has been making television, movies and documentaries for over twenty years.

As a writer, producer, director and creative executive, he's worked at entertainment companies like NBC, CBS, ABC, FOX, Disney and Telepictures.

Mike's also written, produced, directed and consulted on movie projects for theatrical and home video release.

And he's received multiple honors for his work, including six Emmy nominations, recognition by the Museum of Broadcast Communications and a Best Feature Grand Prize at the Rhode Island International Film Festival.

Drama, comedy or real life, Mike Valerio creates compelling visual stories for a wide variety of audiences
PLANET OF THE APES

The Sins Of The Father!

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A Powerful Tie-In To The Original Apes Movie!

Written by Mike Valerio • Illustrated by Mitch Byrd

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"Sins of the Father"

Page Nine

PANEL #1: Wide shot. We see it all: The wrecked room, the dead Camille. Augustus spreads his arms, indicating all of it. His Son cowards behind him. Ignatius, flanked by his two Gorilla soldiers, stares at Augustus. The four ape groupies cower outside.

AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #1)
I know that all of this could not have been caused by a human.

AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #2)
There was an intelligence at work here that humans do not possess.

AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #3)
I can only conclude that your daughter was murdered by an ape.

PANEL #2: Close shot. Ignatius has grabbed Augustus by his tunic, pulling him close. They’re almost nose-to-nose. Ignatius is screaming in his face.

IGNATIUS
(Balloon #1)
Blasphemer! Have you forgotten the word of the Lawgiver?

IGNATIUS
(Balloon #2)
Ape Shall Not Kill Ape!

PANEL #3: Wider now. Augustus stiff-arms Ignatius away, shoving him into his two soldiers. Augustus’ Son’s eyes are wide.

AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #1)
Is it any less a blasphemy to say that a human--an unthinking, unfeeling animal--could commit murder?
AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #2)
What would be such a human's motive?

AUGUSTUS
(Balloon #3)
Revenge for excessive cruelty, perhaps?

PANEL #4: Three shot: Ignatius shakes his rifle angrily at Augustus. Augustus' Son stands between them, staring.

IGNATIUS
The discipline that I administer to my own human servant is not a matter of public debate!

AUGUSTUS
It must be if you insist on making the ridiculous claim that a human committed this crime!

PANEL #5: Ignatius has turned away from Augustus now. He's walking away, leaving Augustus, his Son and the body of the dead Camille behind him.

IGNATIUS
(Balloon #1)
Augustus, you have overstepped your bounds. As Prefect of Police, it is up to me to investigate this crime.

IGNATIUS
(Balloon #2)
My daughter has been murdered. My human servant is missing.

IGNATIUS
(Balloon #3)
The evidence is clear! The human turned on Camille, killed her and escaped.

END OF PAGE NINE
I know that all of this could not have been caused by a human.

There was an intelligence at work here that humans do not possess.

I can only conclude that your daughter was murdered by an ape.

Blasphemer! Have you forgotten the word of the Lawgiver?

Is it any less a blasphemy to say that a human—an unthinking, unfeeling animal—could commit murder?

What would be such a human's motive?

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The evidence is clear! The human turned on Camille, killed her, and escaped.
PLANT OF THE APES: SINS OF THE FATHER #1

A shocking and revolutionary tie in to the original Planet Of The Apes film, Sins Of The Father is a must for everyone! The clues in the violent murder of General Ignatius' daughter has everyone convinced it was committed by a human! But then the Minister of Science points out that for a human to commit such an act it would imply forethought and intelligence—traits humans must not possess!

Written by Mike Valerio and illustrated by Mitch Byrd, Sins Of The Father is a special edition one-shot from Adventure Comics that reveals the true beginning of the Apes saga chronicled in five feature films, two TV series and a half-dozen different comic book series.

*Sins Of The Father represents a significant addition of the Planet Of The Apes canon* says Adventure publisher Dave Olbrich. "With our Planet Of The Apes series and mini-series like Urchak's Folly, Ape City, and Ape Nation, we've gone off in different directions inspired by the Apes films. Now, for the first time, we're dealing directly with film continuity and adding to the legend itself.*

Don't miss out on the issue that settles the question behind the ape/human controversy encouraged and established in the films!

RE-ANIMATOR: DAWN OF THE RE-ANIMATOR #1

A shocking and original prequel to the ghastly events of the first Re-Animator movie! Set in his pre-Arkham days, Herbert West is up to his old tricks in trouble with the Swiss authorities over the bizarre death of West's mentor, Dr. Hans Gruber.

West, Everyone's favorite mad doctor from the Re-Animator films, is unable to convince the police in Zurich that he was trying to revive Dr. Gruber—not murder him. West must flex his charm muscles on Gruber's uptight and jealous estranged daughter Elena. The quest? To recover Gruber's body to prove his theories of re-animation or face being discredited in the eyes of the scientific community.

The trouble is someone has stolen Gruber's body. Or did it disappear under its own power? Little does West know that the body was stolen by voodoo zombies working for Gruber's childhood friend, Erich Metler, who is now ruler of a zombie village hidden in the Swiss Alps!

Written by Bill Spangler and illustrated by Jose Malaga, Dawn Of The Re-Animator journeys back in time to events prior to the first Re-Animator film.

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PLANET OF THE APES: SINS OF THE FATHER

If you thought the saga of The Planet of the Apes began when Astronauts Taylor, Dodge and Landon crashed landed on the Earth of the future, think again.

Written by Mike Valero and illustrated by Mitch Byrd, Planet of the Apes: Sins of the Father is a special edition one-shot from Adventure Comics that reveals the true beginning of the Apes saga chronicled in five feature films, two TV series and a half-dozen different comic book series.

"Sins of the Father represents a significant addition of the Planet of the Apes canon" says Adventure publisher Dave Olbrich. "With our Planet Of The Apes series and mini-series like Urghak's Folly, Ape City and Ape Nation, we've gone off in different directions inspired by the Apes films. Now, for the first time, we're dealing directly with film continuity and adding to the legend itself."

Said Sins creator Valero, "Sins of the Father is a genuine prelude to the first, original Planet of the Apes movie. It takes place some thirty years before Taylor's spacecraft landed on the planet. The characters and events featured in this particular story actually set the stage for the first film. By reading Sins of the Father, you'll understand why certain characters in the original Planet of the Apes film behave the way they do."

No newcomer to the comics' scene, Valero's comic book credits include Eternity Comic's Stealth Force and Adventure's upcoming Bruce Lee: The Authorized Biography. Valero is a Hollywood-based television writer, producer and director. Currently, he's under contract with NBC to as the network's Director of Special Projects and Comedy Promo-
A DIRECT PREQUEL TO THE FIRST MOVIE!

mini-series.

Said Valerio of his addition to the canon: "I've been a fan of the Planet of the Apes since the first one was released in 1969. And as brilliant as I think that first film is, there are a few of things about the story that have always bothered me. Screenwriters Rod Serling and Michael Wilson raised a couple of crucial questions in that film that have never, ever been addressed in any medium. Sins of the Father answers those questions."

Valerio elaborated: "It's a detective story that owes as much to Edgar Allen Poe as it does Pierre Boulle (author of the original Planet Of The Apes novel), Rod Serling and Michael Wilson. Poe's Murders In The Rue Morgue has has favorite of mine since high school. In it, two women are murdered and an ape is suspected of the crime. In Sins of the Father, a female ape is murdered and a human is suspected. My detective, Minister of Science Dr. Augustus, sets out to investigate the murder, just as Poe's detective, C. Auguste Dupin, did a hundred and fifty years ago."

Olbrich concluded by saying, "Whether you're a fan of science fiction or a fan of mystery fiction, we've got you've covered with Sins of the Father. It's an exciting, well-told tale and we're proud to add it to our Apes saga. Planet of the Apes: Sins of the Father is scheduled to ship March of 1992."
General Ignatius. Pavel tells the story to a few who then recommend he go tell Dr. Augustus first rather than Ignatius since the General is the victim’s father.

2 Augustus is seen teaching his young son Zaius the laws of the Sacred Scrolls. They are disturbed with the news of Camille’s murder. Augustus says murder is impossible as the Lawgiver states that ape shall not kill ape. Augustus tells Zaius to grab his medical bag and they make their way to the scene of the crime at the home of General Ignatius.

3 Zaius narrates the story of how he loved watching his father work. The apes make their way through the city streets to the home of General Ignatius.

4 Augustus, Zaius and the others enter the home to find Camille brutally murdered with blood found across the wall above her body. Ignatius asks for his bag from Zaius and he pulls out a magnifying glass. Augustus examines the body of Camille and finds a deep knife cut through the throat. The murderer used the weapon with an overhand thrust when stabbing Camille. Augustus studies the scene of the crime and makes some deductions about the murder and the killer. At that moment an angry General Ignatius walks in. Ignatius says he will get revenge and find the human responsible. At that time Augustus states he believes an ape did it. Ignatius in anger grabs Augustus and tells him that the idea is blasphemy and goes against the word of the Lawgiver. Ape Shall Not Kill Ape! Augustus states that a human could only have caused such brutality to Camille if it was perhaps revenge for excessive cruelty. Ignatius says his treatment to humans is not a matter of public debate. Ignatius yells that Augustus has overstepped his bounds in this matter and that it is up to Ignatius as prefect of Police to investigate this crime.

5 General Ignatius leaves his home with some armed gorilla soldiers and says he will hunt the human down and kill him.

8 Back in his laboratory Augustus works around the clock to build his case on who the real murderer could be while Zaius watches on.

9 It is dark outside as apes stand outside holding signs that proclaim death to the human.

10 Augustus and Zaius cloaked in hoods sneak through the night to the jail where the human is held captive.

11 Inside the jail Augustus and Zaius find the human slave captive as a huge mob of apes gathers to listen to the angry speech of Ignatius. He states that this human is the murderer of his daughter Camille. The mob yells out to kill the human. Augustus runs up and yells out to Ignatius that he does not have the right to execute the human. Augustus states that Ignatius has jurisdiction over apes but not humans. Augustus is the Minister of Science and has the right to decide the humans guilt or innocence. Augustus also states that perhaps an ape has committed this murder and the crowd thinks he has gone mad for stating such heresy. Ignatius challenges Augustus and gives him only six hours to prove to all of ape city that the Lawgiver is wrong. Zaius is confused when Augustus accepts the challenge.

12 The next day Augustus takes Zaius to the Forbidden Zone where he shows him the ruins of the Statue of Liberty. Here Augustus tells Zaius the true story of humans and how their knowledge and violence caused the end of their domination on the planet. Augustus is worried that where one speaking human is found there could be others and they must do whatever they can to preserve the ape society. As we see Augustus and Zaius make their way back home on horses a future Zaius continues to narrate and write his journals 30 years later stating it has now been three days since the talking human named Taylor has just arrived in Ape City as a new threat.

1992 - Publication Year of “Sins Of The Father”
**APE CITY** - Main city and civilization where the advanced apes live. The city is ruled by Dr. Augustus as Minister of Science and Faith and General Ignatius the prefect of Police who presides over the laws for all apes.

**APE SHALL NOT KILL APE** - One of the most important laws given by the Lawgiver in the Sacred Scrolls. A law that has never been broken and would be the ultimate crime if ever committed. Dr. Augustus states that it is possible that an ape has killed the female ape Camille. Ignatius says that is blasphemy. Later on the apes consider it heresy that Ignatius could have killed his own daughter and are shocked that Augustus states it has happened this way.

**AUGUSTUS, DR.** - Orangutan, Father of young Zaius. Minister Of Science and the Investigator of Camille's murder. Mike Valerio named his character after C. Auguste Dupin, the investigator in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders In The Rue Morgue". Like Dupin, Augustus is brilliant and compassionate. But he's also conflicted. As both the Minister of Science and the Chief Defender of the Faith, he's constantly trying to solve ethical problems by reconciling the inherent incompatible demands of science and religion. The central dilemma of the story is the identity of Camille's killer and what it means for ape society. If the murderer is an ape, then a primary tenant of the Lawgiver's doctrine ("Ape shall not kill ape") has been violated. And if a human committed the calculated crime and cover-up, that's an admission that humans are more than mere animals. Either ruling is problematic for Dr. Augustus as the Minister of Science and Chief Defender of the Faith. In the end, Augustus chooses the absolute worst course of action, He murders both an ape and human in cold blood...and he does so right before the eyes of his only son, who worships him as a hero. Worse, Augustus asks that his son not only lie for him, but then burdens young Zaius with the very secret that has broken him. The story of Dr. Augustus is very much a dark and tragic one, totally in keeping with the tone of the two films "Planet Of The Apes" and "Beneath the Planet Of The Apes" and the actions that Dr. Augustus take lead directly to the events of those two movies. Augustus is seen teaching his young son Zaius the laws of the Sacred Scrolls. They are disturbed with the news of Camille's murder. Augustus says murder is impossible as the Lawgiver states that ape shall not kill ape. Augustus tells Zaius to grab his medical bag and they make their way to the scene of the crime at the home of General Ignatius. Zaius narrates the story of how he loved watching his father work. The apes make their way through the city streets to the home of General Ignatius. Augustus, Zaius and the others enter the home to find Camille brutally murdered with blood found across the wall above her body. Ignatius asks for his bag from Zaius and he pulls out a magnifying glass. Augustus examines the body of Camille and finds a deep knife cut through the throat. The murderer used the weapon with an overhand thrust when stabbing Camille. Augustus studies the scene of the crime and makes some deductions about the murder and the killer. At that moment an angry General Ignatius walks in. Ignatius says he will get revenge and find the human responsible. At that time Augustus states he believes an ape did it. Ignatius in anger grabs Augustus and tells him that the idea is blasphemy and goes against the word of the Lawgiver. Ape Shall Not Kill Ape! Augustus states that a human could only have caused such brutality to Camille if it was perhaps revenge for excessive cruelty. Ignatius says his treatment to humans is not a matter of public debate. Ignatius yells that Augustus has overstepped his bounds in this matter and that it is up to Ignatius as prefect of Police to investigate this crime. Later on Augustus does an autopsy on the body as Zaius watches. Augustus is puzzled by not finding any ape fur imbedded in Camille’s skin but he does find clothing fabric from a human. Outside in the city street General Ignatius holds his human slave captive as a huge mob of apes gathers to listen to the angry speech of Ignatius. He states that this human is the murderer of his daughter Camille. The mob yells out to kill the human. Augustus runs up and yells out to Ignatius that he does not have the right to execute the human. Augustus states that Ignatius has jurisdiction over apes but not humans. Augustus is the Minister of Science and has the right to decide the humans guilt or innocence. Augustus also states that perhaps an ape has committed this murder and the crowd thinks he has gone mad for stating such heresy. Ignatius challenges Augustus and gives him only six hours to prove to all of ape city that the Lawgiver is wrong. Zaius is confused when Augustus accepts the challenge. Back in his laboratory Augustus works around the clock to build his case on who the real murderer could be while Zaius watches on. Augustus and Zaius cloaked in hoods sneak through the night to the jail where the human is held captive. Inside the jail Augustus and Zaius find the human slave being beaten severely by Ignatius. Augustus tells him to stop. Ignatius and Augustus have a heated debate over the intelligence of humans. Augustus states that the human killed Camille out of self preservation and not murder. It simply had to fight back due to being abused by both Ignatius and Camille. Ignatius starts to beat on the human again but this time the human strikes back but Ignatius is stronger and holds a chain around the humans neck. Ignatius questions the human if he did kill Camille. The human lets out a one word answer of Yes. The apes are all shocked to hear a human speak. Ignatius says the human must die for he is hell spawned. Augustus warns him not to kill the human but Ignatius will not stop choking him and Augustus picks up a gun and shoots Ignatius in the back just as he strangles the human to death. Other apes run in as they hear the gunfire. Augustus is silent and thinks. Then his son Zaius is shocked when he tells these apes a lie. Augustus tells them that Ignatius was mad and that he killed his own daughter and that the human had witnessed it. Ignatius thought the human could speak and would tell on him which of course...
is crazy as the apes all know that humans cannot speak. Ignatius came to the jail to kill the human and they struggled for the rifle and both were killed. No ape was more respected than Augustus so the apes took his word as truth. The next day Augustus takes Zaius to the Forbidden Zone where he shows him the ruins of the Statue of Liberty. Here Augustus tells Zaius the true story of humans and how their knowledge and violence caused the end of their domination on the planet. Augustus is worried that where one speaking human is found there could be others and they must do whatever they can to preserve the ape society. As we see Augustus and Zaius make their way back home on horses a future Zaius continues to narrate and write his journals 30 years later stating it has now been three days since the talking human named Taylor has just arrived in Ape City as a new threat.

**BOULLE, PIERRE** - Original Creator and Writer of Planet Of The Apes inspiration for “Sins Of The Father”

**BYRD, MITCH** - Illustrator of “Sins Of The Father” and Cover Illustration

**CAMILLE** - Female Gorilla, daughter of General Ignatius. Stabbed to death with a knife. Camille is already dead when we meet her. Like him, she was a bully with a very short temper and a severe sense of entitlement. She had no respect or compassion for lesser creatures, which is why she beat the human who lived with them as their servant...once too often, apparently, which is why the human killed her. The character was named after Madame Camille L'Espanay, one of the murder victims in an Edgar Allen Poe story. Pavel runs through the streets screaming that Camille Is Dead - someone has killed the daughter of General Ignatius. Pavel tells the story to a few who then recommend he go tell Dr. Augustus first rather than Ignatius since the General is the victim's father.

Augustus is seen teaching his young son Zaius the laws of the Sacred Scrolls. They are disturbed with the news of Camille's murder. Augustus, Zaius and the others enter the home to find Camille brutally murdered with blood found across the wall above her body. Ignatius asks for his bag from Zaius and he pulls out a magnifying glass. Augustus examines the body of Camille and finds a deep knife cut through the throat. The murderer used the weapon with an overhand thrust when stabbing Camille. Augustus studies the scene of the crime and makes some deductions about the murder and the killer. At that moment an angry General Ignatius walks in. Ignatius says he will get revenge and find the human responsible. At that time Augustus states he believes an ape did it. Ignatius in anger grabs Augustus and tells him that the idea is blasphemy and goes against the word of the Lawgiver. Ape Shall Not Kill Ape!

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**DANKO, DAN** - Editor for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**FORBIDDEN ZONE** - An area outside of Ape City where no ape dares go. After the murder of General Ignatius, Augustus feels he should take his son Zaius there to explain why he has lied and covered up the truth about a talking human. Augustus shows Zaius the ruins of the Statue of Liberty. Augustus tells Zaius the true story of humans and how their knowledge and violence caused the end of their domination on the planet. Augustus is worried that where one speaking human is found there could be others and they must do whatever they can to preserve the ape society.

**HSU, CHRISTINE** - Controller for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**HUMAN SERVANT SLAVE** - Male young adult human. Servant slave in the home of General Ignatius and his daughter Camille. Augustus, Zaius and the others enter the home to find Camille brutally murdered with blood found across the wall above her body. Augustus examines the body of Camille and finds a deep knife cut through the throat. The murderer used the weapon with an overhand thrust when stabbing Camille. Augustus studies the scene of the crime and makes some deductions about the murder and the killer. At that moment an angry General Ignatius walks in. Ignatius says he will get revenge and find the human responsible. At that time Augustus states he believes an ape did it. Ignatius in anger grabs Augustus and tells him that the idea is blasphemy and goes against the word of the Lawgiver. Ape Shall Not Kill Ape!

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Augustus has overstepped his bounds in this matter and that it is up to Ignatius as prefect of Police to investigate this crime. General Ignatius leaves his home with some armed gorilla soldiers and says he will hunt the human down and kill him. Later on Augustus does an autopsy on the body as Zaius watches. Augustus is puzzled by not finding any ape fur imbedded in Camille’s skin but he does find clothing fabric from a human. Outside in the city street General Ignatius holds his human slave captive as a huge mob of apes gathers to listen to the angry speech of Ignatius. He states that this human is the murderer of his daughter Camille. The mob yells out to kill the human. Augustus runs up and yells out to Ignatius that he does not have the right to execute the human. Augustus states that Ignatius has jurisdiction over apes but not humans. Augustus is the Minister of Science and has the right to decide the humans guilt or innocence. Augustus also states that perhaps an ape has committed this murder and the crowd thinks he has gone mad for stating such heresy. Ignatius challenges Augustus and gives him only six hours to prove to all of ape city that the Lawgiver is wrong. Zaius is confused when Augustus accepts the challenge. It is dark outside as apes stand outside holding signs that proclaim death to the human. Augustus and Zaius cloaked in hoods sneak through the night to the jail where the human is held captive. Inside the jail Augustus and Zaius find the human slave being beaten severely by Ignatius. Augustus tells him to stop. Ignatius and Augustus have a heated debate over the intelligence of humans. Augustus states that the human killed Camille out of self preservation and not murder. It simply had to fight back due to being abused by both Ignatius and Camille. Ignatius starts to beat on the human again but this time the human strikes back but Ignatius is stronger and holds a chain around the humans neck. Ignatius questions the human if he did kill Camille. The human lets out a one word answer of Yes. The apes are all shocked to hear a human speak. Ignatius says the human must die for he is hell spawned. Augustus warns him not to kill the human but Ignatius will not stop choking him and Augustus picks up a gun and shoots Ignatius in the back just as he strangles the human to death. The mob yells out to kill the human. Augustus runs up and yells out to Ignatius that he does not have the right to execute the human. Augustus states that Ignatius has jurisdiction over apes but not humans. Augustus is the Minister of Science and has the right to decide the humans guilt or innocence. Augustus also states that perhaps an ape has committed this murder and the crowd thinks he has gone mad for stating such heresy. Ignatius challenges Augustus and gives him only six hours to prove to all of ape city that the Lawgiver is wrong. Zaius is confused when Augustus accepts the challenge. It is dark outside as apes stand outside holding signs that proclaim death to the human. Augustus and Zaius cloaked in hoods sneak through the night to the jail where the human is held captive. Inside the jail Augustus and Zaius find the human slave being beaten severely by Ignatius. Augustus tells him to stop. Ignatius and Augustus have a heated debate over the intelligence of humans. Augustus states that the human killed Camille out of self preservation and not murder. It simply had to fight back due to being abused by both Ignatius and Camille. Ignatius starts to beat on the human again but this time the human strikes back but Ignatius is stronger and holds a chain around the humans neck. Ignatius questions the human if he did kill Camille. The human lets out a one word answer of Yes. The apes are all shocked to hear a human speak. Ignatius says the human must die for he is hell spawned. Augustus warns him not to kill the human but Ignatius will not stop choking him and Augustus picks up a gun and shoots Ignatius in the back just as he strangles the human to death.

IGNATIUS, GENERAL - Gorilla General - Prefect of Police. Big, powerful and angry. Worse, he's a bigot and a bully. Unlike Aldo in BATTLE or Urko in the TV series, both of whom were small-minded, hot-headed brutes, Ursus was smart and scary and politically dangerous. Creator Mike Valerio wanted Ignatius to be similar to Ursus because he is the best gorilla-villain character. He's the only suspect in the story other than the human servant and both the double-meaning title (Sins Of The Father) and the ambiguous cover image (where you know Ignatius is beating someone to death, but you don't see who) were meant to further paint him as the prime suspect. Creator Mike Valerio named Ignatius, after Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle, another writer who was inspired enough by Edgar Allan Poe's detective story to write a few of his own. Pavel runs through the streets screaming that Camille Is Dead - someone has killed the daughter of General Ignatius. Pavel tells the story of Camille’s death to a few who then recommend he go tell Dr. Augustus first rather than Ignatius since the General is the victim’s father. Augustus, Zaius and the others enter the home to find Camille brutally murdered. Augustus studies the scene of the crime and makes some deductions about the murder and the killer. At that moment an angry General Ignatius walks in. Ignatius says he will get revenge and find the human responsible. At that time Augustus states he believes an ape did it. Ignatius in anger grabs Augustus and tells him that the idea is blasphemy and goes against the word of the Lawgiver. Ape Shall Not Kill Ape! Augustus states that a human could only have caused such brutality to Camille if it was perhaps revenge for excessive cruelty. Ignatius says his treatment to humans is not a matter of public debate. Ignatius yells that Augustus has overstepped his bounds in this matter and that it is up to Ignatius as prefect of Police to investigate this crime. General Ignatius leaves his home with some armed gorilla soldiers and says he will hunt the human down and kill him. Later outside in the city street General Ignatius holds his human slave captive as a huge mob of apes gathers to listen to the angry speech of Ignatius. He states that this human is the murderer of his daughter Camille. The mob yells out to kill the human. Augustus runs up and yells out to Ignatius that he does not have the right to execute the human. Augustus states that Ignatius has jurisdiction over apes but not humans. Augustus is the Minister of Science and has the right to decide the humans guilt or innocence. Augustus also states that perhaps an ape has committed this murder and the crowd thinks he has gone mad for stating such heresy. Ignatius challenges Augustus and gives him only six hours to prove to all of ape city that the Lawgiver is wrong. Zaius is confused when Augustus accepts the challenge. Later inside the jail Augustus and Zaius find the human slave being beaten severely by Ignatius. Augustus tells him to stop. Ignatius and Augustus have a heated debate over the intelligence of humans. Augustus states that the human killed Camille out of self preservation and not murder. It simply had to fight back due to being abused by both Ignatius and Camille. Ignatius starts to beat on the human again but this time the human strikes back but Ignatius is stronger and holds a chain around the humans neck. Ignatius questions the human if he did kill Camille. The human lets out a one word answer of Yes. The apes are all shocked to hear a human speak. Ignatius says the human must die for he is hell spawned. Augustus warns him not to kill the human but Ignatius will not stop choking him and Augustus picks up a gun and shoots Ignatius in the back just as he strangles the human to death.
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**JAIL** - General Ignatius holds the human slave prisoner here where he can question him and torture him. Augustus and Zaius sneak to the jail to check on the human. Here arguments begin which eventually leads to the death of the human and of General Ignatius.

**LABORATORY** - Dr. Augustus has his own headquarters to do autopsies and medical studies. He uses his laboratory to work on the murder of Camille. He is assisted by his young son Zaius.

**LAWGIVER** - The most important legendary ape ever to live who wrote the official legal and religious rules and laws which are called the Sacred Scrolls. Dr. Augustus is an expert of the Sacred Scrolls and teaches the laws of the Lawgiver to his son Zaius. All apes live by the laws written by the Lawgiver and no laws must ever be broken.

**MAGNIFYING GLASS** - Dr. Augustus uses this tool to examine the dead body of Camille.

**MARCH 1992** - Publication Date of “Sins Of The Father”

**MASON, TOM** - Secretary and Creative Director for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**MINISTER OF SCIENCE** - Dr. Augustus holds this top position which rules over all of Ape City.

**MOORE, MARK** - Letterer for “Sins Of The Father”

**O’CONNOR, TOM** - Cover Coloring for “Sins Of The Father”

**OLBRICH, DAVE** - Publisher and Treasurer of Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**PAVEL** - Young chimpanzee male who finds Camille dead. Pavel is the first character we meet, but he doesn’t stick around long. He’s a high-strung, somewhat hysterical chimpanzee, kind of like our first impression of Cornelius in the first movie. Pavel serves two functions in the story. He finds Camille and reports the crime, which gets Dr. Augustus investigating. But Pavel also mentions that he was on his way “to pick up little Zira”. Writer Mike Valerio may have named Pavel after Lieutenant Pavel Chekov from Star Trek. Pavel runs through the streets screaming that Camille Is Dead - someone has killed the daughter of General Ignatius. Pavel tells the story to a few who then recommend he go tell Dr. Augustus first rather than Ignatius since the General is the victim’s father. He found the dead body when he went to pick up the young female chimpanzee Zira.

**PREFECT OF POLICE** - General Ignatius holds this top position and makes all decisions presiding over all apes.

**ROSENBERG, SCOTT** - President of Adventure Comics who published “Sins Of The Father”

**SACRED SCROLLS** - The official legal and religious rules and laws written by the most important ape ever named the Lawgiver. Dr. Augustus is an expert of the Scrolls and teaches the laws to his son Zaius. All apes live by the Scrolls and no laws must ever be broken.

**SCHOLTER, KIM** - Publishing Coordinator for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**SERLING, ROD** - Writer of Planet Of The Apes who’s characters inspired “Sins Of The Father”

**STATUE OF LIBERTY** - An area outside of Ape City where no ape dares go. After the murder of General Ignatius, Augustus feels he should take his son Zaius there to explain why he has lied and covered up the truth about a talking human. Augustus shows Zaius the ruins of the Statue of Liberty. Augustus tells Zaius the true story of humans and how their knowledge and violence caused the end of their domination on the planet. Augustus is worried that where one speaking human is found there could be others and they must do whatever they can to preserve the ape society.

**TAYLOR** - Human male who can speak who is a shock and a menace to the adult Zaius. He is the threat to the ape civilization which causes Zaius to write his journals which reflect on a story from his childhood where he learned to protect the apes from the past human civilization that dominated the planet.

**ULM, CHRIS** - Vice President and Editor-In-Chief for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**VALERIO, MIKE** - Writer of “Sins Of The Father”. Based his story on a combination of Edgar Allan Poe and the original POTA films. He wrote the original two-page plot synopsis on March 3rd of 1991 which he believes is the same day he came up with the story idea. He then wrote a three-page outline that breaks down the plot into scenes and comic book pages a week later. Finally, he produced a 43-page screenplay-style script that included all the artist-directions and the dialogue, which is dated April 13th of 1991. It took approximately six weeks from first idea to finished script, during which time he was also holding down a demanding executive position at NBC, so scripting the APES book was a spare-time project.

**VILLA, MICKIE** - Art Director for Adventure Comics and “Sins Of The Father”

**WILSON, MICHAEL** - Writer of Planet Of The Apes who’s characters inspired “Sins Of The Father”

**ZAIUS, DR.** - Young Orangutan. Son of Dr. Augustus. He follows his fathers footsteps to later become Minister of Science and also the Chief Defender of the Faith. It is a much later older Zaius of the first 2 POTA films that recounts the (Sins) story. Presumably, he’s writing this story down in some sort of personal journal or even a continuation of the Sacred Scrolls, just days after he’s allowed Taylor to go free to find his
ZIRA - Young female chimpanzee mentioned by Pavel. He was on his way to pick her up when he found the dead body of Camille at the home of General Ignatius.