TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX FILM CORPORATION

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

JANUARY 18, 1972



APJAC
PRODUCTIONS
INC.

"CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES"

Original Screenplay

by

PAUL DEHN

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FADE IN

OUT 1-13

EXT. THE CITY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT (CENTURY CITY) A-13

(Note: A detailed visual rendering of the opening sequence will be laid out by the sketch artist.)

A PANNING SHOT of the dark towers of the city silhouetted against the night sky. Silence. No MUSIC. The view drifts down the black glass-facaded high rises REVEALING...

A LONG MALL B-13

Empty of life. Paved, deserted walkways stretch away into the darkness. Over this SUPERIMPOSE the TITLE:

NORTH AMERICA

1991

The TITLE fades out. Another few moments of silence. Then, at first barely audible, the faint CLICK of a single pair of leather boots, approaching slowly.

JUMP CUTS OF THE MALL C-13

QUICK FLASHES of various walkways and ramps leading to the central pavilion (as if seen through frightened eyes) as the FOOTSTEPS grow louder.

MOVING SHADOW OF HELMETED MAN D-13

Striding toward CAMERA, the SOUND of STEPS now on FULL. From the canyons of glass and steel surrounding the mall, faint ANIMAL CRIES are heard, whooping, chattering ...more like jungle sounds than anything one might hear in a modern city. FOOTSTEPS stop as...

CLOSE ON THE HELMETED HEAD E-13

...turns, disclosing the tense, worried face of a uniformed State Security POLICEMAN. He listens, glances quickly up and down the mall, then slowly unslings his rifle.

DRAW BACK to a DOWN ANGLE view of the policeman standing motionless in the mall. Over this SUPERIMPOSE the first TITLE CARD.

As TITLE FADES OUT, draw back SLIGHTLY to reveal the edge of a parapet in the f.g. We HEAR the SOUND of BREATHING. Below, in the mall, the policeman begins to walk uncertainly

Cont.

E-13 Cont.

toward the parapet. A SCRAPING of feet is HEARD. WHIP PAN to show a shadowy figure dashing away in the darkness. The Policeman SHOUTS, hurries up a ramp toward the parapet.

CONTINUE CREDITS OVER:

A SERIES OF SHOTS F-13-J-13

Showing:

1. The SHADOWY FIGURE, never clearly discernible, dashing past buildings, through alleyways, vanishing beneath ramps, as the SOUND of its BREATHING becomes more labored.

2. The POLICEMAN in pursuit...

INTERCUT:

3. Another POLICEMAN

moving along paths and malls, gradually converges on the escaping figure unslinging his rifle.

INTERCUT:

4. FLASHES OF DARK BUILDINGS

as the chorus of animal CRIES rises in volume.

5. FLASH CUT - ARCHED BRIDGE

The shadow of the escaping figure, fleeing at top speed.

THE POLICEMAN'S P.O.V. - DOWN ANGLE - THE MALL K-13

flinging his rifle to his shoulder as the figure, still indistinct, races INTO and across the wide mall.

CLOSE SHOT - POLICEMAN L-13

he screams a warning:

POLICEMAN
No! No!

An instant, then he starts to squeeze the trigger.

POLICEMAN'S P.O.V. - DOWN ANGLE M-13

He pumps off two rifle SHOTS. The distant figure spins, topples to the ground, arms outstretched, flat on its back. The SOUND of gunfire is still ECHOING in the mall as we ZOOM to a CLOSEUP of the figure. It has the face of an APE...its dying eyes glaze and shut as...

Cont.

Over a whirring, fluttering SOUND, the screen goes BLACK, SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDITS.

HOLD for a moment as we recognize the whirring SOUND as that made by the rotors of an approaching helicopter. ANGLE UP from the black - which is a stretch of tarmac --

EXT. HIGHRISE HELIPORT - DAY 14

The copter puts down on the landing pad, and half-a-dozen Commuter Types debouch, followed by ARMANDO (the circus proprietor from "ESCAPE") leading CAESAR, a young but full-grown chimpanzee on a leash. Caesar, wearing a checked shirt, black britches and riding boots, carries a stack of publicity handouts in his hairy hand. The passengers go through a checkpoint at which TWO UNIFORMED STATE SECURITY OFFICERS examine their identity cards. There is nothing perfunctory about this: each person's card is scrutinized closely by the unsmiling officers... Armando and Caesar are the last in line. Armando hands his card to OFFICER 1, who looks at it. OFFICER 2 stares disapprovingly at Caesar.

OFFICER 2
Do you have authorization to dress him like that?

ARMANDO
Yes, sir.

Armando hands an official-looking document to Officer 2, who scans it, glances indifferently at Caesar.

OFFICER 2
A circus ape, huh?

ARMANDO
(proudly)
And the only one ever to have been trained as a bareback rider in the entire history of the circus.

Officer 2 hands the document back to Armando.

OFFICER 2
Circuses are <u>past</u> history.

ARMANDO
(smiling)
Not while I live and breathe.

Officer 1 returns Armando's identity card.

OFFICER 1
All right, Senor Armando. Go ahead.

14 Cont.

Beyond them, the Commuters are entering an elevator. Armando tugs on Caesar's leash.

ARMANDO
Come!

COMMUTERS ENTERING ELEVATOR 15

The gates CLOSE behing them before Armando and Caesar reach the elevator. Armando looks around, leads Caesar toward an interior staircase. They start down.

OUT A-15

ARMANDO AND CAESAR B-15

at a bend in the staircase, out of earshot, as they descend.

CAESAR
Did I do all right?

ARMANDO
Yes. But try to walk a little more like a primitive chimpanzee.
(he stops to illustrate what he means)
Your arms should move up and down from the shoulders -- so!

Caesar nods, vaguely puzzled, mimics Armando's movements.

ARMANDO
Much better.
(smiling)
After twenty years you've picked up evolved habits from me. That could be dangerous. Even fatal.

CAESAR
But, Armando, I don't understand --

Armando puts a cautionary arm on Caesar's shoulders, looks carefully around, then gestures him into a passageway.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE C-15

As they move toward the mouth of the empty passage, Armando speaks with quiet urgency.

Cont.

C-15 Cont.

ARMANDO
Listen to me, Caesar. There can be only one talking chimpanzee on earth, the child of the two talking apes, Cornelius and Zira, who came to us years ago out of the future and were brutally murdered for fear that, one very distant day, Apes might dominate the human race.

CAESAR
But outside of you no one knows I even exist.

ARMANDO
And we must keep it that way, for the fear remains. The mere fact of your existence would be regarded as a great threat to mankind. When you realize how apes are treated....

He trails off, troubled.

CAESAR
What were you going to say?

ARMANDO
(pause, with effort)
The comradeship of the circus where humans are kind to animals...is very different from what you are about to see.

A pedestrian ENTERS the passageway, comes toward them.

CAESAR
What diff --

ARMANDO
Shh! Don't talk from now on.

He tugs irritably on Caesar's leash for the benefit of the approaching pedestrian.

ARMANDO
Come! Come!

Caesar lurches clumsily forward as the pedestrian passes them.

ESCALATOR BASE - DAY D -15

They step onto an ascending escalator, to which Caesar is obviously unaccustomed, for he keeps his eyes glued to his feet.

ARMANDO
(a whisper)
Prepare for a shock.

Caesar stumbles off the escalator, then reacts with total astonishment at the sight of:

OUT 16-17

SHOPPING CENTER A-17

Thronged not only with HUMANS (Anglos, Blacks, Orientals), pursuing their ordinary pleasures, but with APES pursuing their appointed tasks. The humans' clothes, though expensively cut, are austere, monochromatic. The apes' costumes are variegated (gorillas in red, chimpanzees in green, orangutans in tan) -- long-sleeved, full-length robes for the females; trousers and chokered-collars for the males. This sex-distinction in dress applies equally to the Apes' children -- some of whom are seen walking hand in hand with their parents, learning to serve. Some Apes carry baskets of clothing, others brooms to sweep the pavement, or a mistress's dress hung in cellophane over one arm and fresh from the cleaners. Humans carry nothing. There are no vehicles in the streets. And, despite the apes' apparent docility, they exude an air of disquiet; some move slugglishly, openly sullen. Others dart frightened glances at the many POLICE OFFICERS who patrol the streets armed with truncheons and electric "prodders."

OUT 18-20

CAESAR A-20

looks about the mall in growing shock. Armando notes his reaction.

Cont.

OVER all this a loudspeaker is steadily BLARING announcements:

LOUDSPEAKER
Attention, attention! This is the Watch Commander. Disperse unauthorized ape gathering at the foot of Ramp Six! Repeat. Disperse unauthorized ape gathering at the foot of Ramp Six!

TWO POLICEMEN B-20

hurry away through the crowd, YELLING at four apes -- three chimps and a gorilla -- who stand at the bottom of a ramp, staring mutely at one another.

LOUDSPEAKER
Take the serial number of each offender and notify Ape Control immediately. Their masters are to be cited and fined. Repeat. Their masters are to be cited and fined.

WHIP PAN back to...

CAESAR C-20

looking at....

APE STREETCLEANER D-20

A slow-moving GORILLA who leans indolently on his broom. A POLICEMAN appears behind him, jams his electric "prod" into the gorilla's back. The latter ROARS angrily, turns, sees the policeman, grudgingly resumes sweeping along the curb. After a moment, the policeman turns away. The gorilla, noting this, clumsily, but with evident defiance, scatters the trash he has accumulated with his broom, then trudges over it, an idiotically triumphant smile on his face.

CAESAR E-20

turns to see...

A SICK FEMALE APE F-20

obviously no longer young, lowers her shopping baskets to the ground, places a hairy hand on her aching side. She sees a bench some yards away, wavers, then moves toward it. Printed on the bench are the words: "NOT FOR APES!" The SICK APE reaches the bench, stares uncomprehendingly at the printing. Then, half-sensing there is something wrong in what she is about to do, she lowers herself onto the bench in a sitting position. TWO POLICEMEN descend on her, the younger one wielding his truncheon.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Off, off! No, no! Dont' you see the sign?

OLDER POLICEMAN
(grimly amused)
Take it easy. They can't read.

YOUNGER POLICEMAN
(worried)
Not yet they can't.

The sick ape wobbles off, snatching up her shopping baskets.

CAESAR AND ARMANDO G-20

Caesar, horrified, turns to Armando who has tightened the grip on his leash.

CAESAR
(a hoarse whisper)
You said humans treated the apes like pets.

ARMANDO
They did -- in the beginning.

CAESAR
They have made slaves of them.

ARMANDO
Shh -- let me show you what happened.

He leads Caesar across the shopping center.

EXT. PET MEMORIAL - DAY H-20

At the edge of the shopping center, crowning two adjoining pedestals, are the carved marble figures of a dog and cat, identified by respective plaques as ROVER and TABBY. A larger plaque at the common base of the two pedestals

Cont.

reads: "IN LOVING MEMORY - 1982." Armando and Caesar enter. Caesar gazes in stupefaction at the statues, then turns inquiringly to Armando.

ARMANDO
They all died within a few months, nine years ago -- every dog and cat in the world. It was like a plague. The disease that killed them was a mysterious virus brought back from outer space by one of the astronauts. No existing vaccine or antidote was of any help.

CAESAR
Didn't the disease affect humans?

ARMANDO
No, they were immune. And so, it was discovered, were simians, even the smallest ones. That's how it began -- humans wanting little household pets to replace the ones they had lost. First it was just the marmosets and tarsier monkeys. Then, as people realized how quick they were to learn, how easy to train, the pets became larger and larger. Until now...

He gestures to the crowd of apes and humans in the shopping center.

CAESAR
It's monstrous.

A POLICEMAN appears some yards away behind them.

ARMANDO
Now you understand why I've kept you away --
(seeing policeman)
Come, come!

He yanks at Caesar's leash, pulling him away as the policeman regards them idly.

NEW ANGLE - SHOPPING CENTER I-20

Armando and Caesar approach an outdoor cafe where a group of FEMALE HUMANS are seated around a table. LADY 1 clicks a thumb switch on her perspex cigarette case, and out pops

Cont.

a very slim pale green cigarette. In a flash a huge gorilla waiter (FRANK), with a tray in one hand, proffers his lighter with the other.

LADY 1
Thank you, Frank.

She inhales and looks at the cigarette thoughtfully.

LADY 1
(to LADY 2)
Funny. Now that I know they won't kill me, I don't enjoy them.

She stubs the cigarette out in an ashtray. At once FRANK substitutes a new ashtray for the old. Intuitively or intelligently? It's hard to say. Armando who sees Caesar watching all this intently, signals for him to start distributing handbills.

LADY 2
(looking up)
Well, for heaven sakes! A circus!

LADY 1
I saw one once in Europe.

As Caesar and Armando move among the tables on the sidewalk they encounter two uniformed APE HANDLERS with a huge shackled gorilla (ALDO) in tow. The evolved and the primitive Ape instinctively stop to survey each other.

HANDLER 1
(gently tugging collar chain)
No, Aldo.

On the word "no," Aldo instantly cringes.

ARMANDO
(gently tugging Caesar's leash)
No.

After a moment's hesitation, Caesar "cringes" too. We PAN them to the entrance of the bookshop. Ahead of them, LISA, a female chimpanzee is entering the shop.

INT. BOOKSHOP 21

Caesar and Armando enter the shop as Lisa goes up to the counter where a bespectacled LADY BOOKSELLER is seated. Standing patiently to one side and behind her is a male ORANGUTAN.

BOOKSELLER
(matter of fact)
Lisa?

Lisa proffers a red shopping-card (we shall see more of these).

BOOKSELLER
(reading it; flatly)
'A YOUNG QUEEN FALLS'....for
Mrs. Riley.

She consults a catalog; indicates a tall bookcase to the Orangutan behind her. Extends all five fingers of her left hand; and three fingers of her right. We PAN Orangutan shuffling to the case. He counts five shelves down from the top, and (erroneously) two titles from the left: "THE STORY OF SERVANTS' LIB" by Herbert Semhouse and "PORN IS DEAD" by Minnie Sokolsky. He hesitates between the latter and "A YOUNG QUEEN FAILS"; and picks up "PORN IS DEAD" and takes to:

BOOKSELLER
(sharply)
No.

Orangutan halts dead in his tracks.

BOOKSELLER
NO!

Orangutan cringes helplessly. Bookseller strides irritably to bookcase, takes down the right book, slaps it on the counter. Lisa picks up the book, turns to go. A look passes between her and Caesar. Lisa likes what she sees. As Lisa moves out of the shop:

BOOKSELLER
(to Armando)
Yes?

Armando signals Caesar, who proffers a handout.

ARMANDO
Could you possibly be so kind as
to display it in your window?

Cont.

21 Cont.

BOOKSELLER
(without interest)
When I've got time.

Caesar lays the handout on the counter. He and Armando leave the shop.

CUT TO:

PANNING ARMANDO AND CAESAR 22

Moving on down a covered passage past...

The Public Washrooms. On the first door is the silhouette of a man; on the second door, of a woman; and on the third.. of an Ape. As Pair pass this last door and move out of SHOT the door opens and a FEMALE CHIMPANZEE emerges with a bag of groceries, smoothing her dress.

OUT 23

INT. LADIES' HAIRDRESSERS 24

Lisa enters, still clutching "A YOUNG QUEEN FAILS." She walks questingly along the row of open-ended cubicles until she spots her mistress (MRS. RILEY), whose back is turned to us, but whose face is reflected in a flattering wall mirror. She is having her hair dried by a FEMALE CHIMPANZEE with a hand drier. We MOVE IN to include all three in MIRROR-IMAGE with Chimp-Drier left and Lisa behind chair in b.g. Spotting her servant, Mrs. Riley stretches out a peremptory hand without turning around. Lisa puts the book into it.

MRS. RILEY
Home, Lisa.

As Lisa turns to leave, Caesar and Armando enter the shop.

During the ensuing action, Lisa goes out - Caesar gazes after her.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE 25

Chimp-Drier has suddenly become very interested in Mrs. Riley's hair, which she first begins to explore with the help of the hand drier and then to pick and search... for lice? Mrs. Riley drops her book and screams.

CUT TO:

SHOOTING UP CORRIDOR FROM CUBICLE ENTRANCE - BEAUTY OPERATOR 26

racing to the rescue. We WHIP PAN her into Mrs. Riley's cubicle, where Chimp-Drier is daintily eating (from her fingers) whatever she may have found.

BEAUTY OPERATOR
No, Zelda. No!

Chimp-Drier cringes.

BEAUTY OPERATOR
Home!

Chimp-Drier slinks out of cubicle.

BEAUTY OPERATOR
I'm so sorry, Mrs. Riley. Someone'll be right along to give you your comb-out.

MRS. RILEY
(sourly)
I want it now. I have a luncheon date.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT CORNER TABLE - MRS. RILEY AND HER BEAU 27

Armando and Caesar, the latter passing out handouts, appear in the b.g. Caesar stops, watches as Mrs. Riley, exquisitely coiffured, drains her demitasse.

BEAU
Thursday, then?

MRS. RILEY
(graciously)
Thursday.

Both rise and are leaving when Beau snaps his fingers, vexed.

BEAU
I forgot the waiter.

MRS. RILEY
I have it.

From her purse she takes a small package and hands it to the Beau, whom we PAN to the side of a young CHIMP BUSBOY

Cont.

27 Cont.

studiously watching his HUMAN CAPTAIN prepare crepes suzettes for two NEGRO TYCOONS.

During the ensuing scenes, we catch "snatches" of the Tycoons' conversation:

TYCOON 1
The real future is in hydroponic farming. I was having a talk with my son last night --

TYCOON 2
(wearily)
Oh, Harry, why steer him into something like that? The big money's in synthetic alloys --

TYCOON 1
If you're selling to the government. But look what's happened to the space program. Cut to the bone.

TYCOON 2
It'll come back. It'll come back.

TYCOON 1
That's what you said about the supersonic transport.

As Caesar watches, Beau upends package, and shakes out into his own palm:

INSERT - SIX OR SEVEN RAISINS FROM A BRANDED BOX 28

NEW ANGLE 29

Beau tips raisins into palm of Chimp Busboy who instantly eats them before intently rejoining his Captain in a TWO SHOT. Chimp watches studiously as Captain lights the crepes. The flames shoot toward the ceiling, and the Busboy, terrified, races for dear life past Mrs. Riley, Beau, Caesar and Armando toward the entrance.

CAPTAIN
(yelling)
No!

CAPTAIN'S P.O.V. - CHIMP BUSBOY 30

stops dead in his tracks, face frozen in fear, not daring to turn around.

CLOSE ON CAESAR A-30

His eyes harden in anger.

ANGLE ON CAPTAIN, TYCOONS 31

CAPTAIN
(rolling eyes resignedly)
And I told them to condition him to fire...

TWO SHOT - CAESAR AND ARMANDO A-31

Armando, realizing that Caesar is approaching the breaking point, tugs forcefully on his leash, drawing him away.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - MODERN CITY - DAY 32

Signs establish the local branch of a nationwide Ape-hiring agency. The main entrance is at present being picketed by Waiters, in and out of uniform, bearing placards inscribed:

"UNFAIR TO WAITERS"
"SLAVES ARE SCABS"
"HIRE MEN NOT BEASTS"

Cont.

Over this the loudspeaker can be HEARD:

LOUDSPEAKER
The labor demonstration on the South Plaza will be terminated in five minutes. Repeat. The labor demonstration on the South Plaza will be terminated in five minutes. Failure to comply with this order can result in a one-year suspension of your right to bargain collectively.

The waiters are crowding around the newly arrived gorilla, ALDO, whose TWO HANDLERS are vainly trying to get him into the building. Armando and Caesar enter SHOT during:

WAITER 1
What's his job?

HANDLER 1
(quietly)
Forget it. He's a messenger.

HANDLER 2
(less quietly)
For the Governor. So git.

He pushes the Waiter aside. Other waiters converge aggressively on Handlers, and the shackled Aldo utters a roar of panic, starts to break away from his escort, lethally flailing his chains. Two Policemen come to the Handlers' rescue. All begin bludgeoning Aldo to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE A-32

as MACDONALD, a young, handsome, impressively dressed Negro, moves swiftly to where the Police and Handlers are beating Aldo.

MACDONALD
(authoritatively)
Stop that at once! All of you!

The Police and Handlers "snap to" when they realize who's talking to them.

POLICEMAN 1
Yes, sir, Mr. MacDonald. We were just --

Cont.

A-32 Cont.

MACDONALD
I saw what you were doing. Sedate the animal and get him out of here.

MacDonald turns, strides toward the building. Policeman 2 turns to his partner.

POLICEMAN 2
(resentfully)
Who the hell's that?

POLICEMAN 1
(shushing him)
Take it easy. MacDonald. The Governor's number one assistant.

POLICEMAN 2
What's the matter? He loves apes?

POLICEMAN 1
Don't it figure?

Behind them, one of the Handlers produces a hypodermic needle.

CLOSE ON CAESAR B-32

He watches with an approving expression as MacDonald moves out of sight into the highrise. Handler 1 brutally jabs the needle into Aldo, who gives a wild yell of pain, resumes struggling. Once again Policeman 1 starts bludgeoning him.

CAESAR
(exploding)
Lousy human bastards!

As Aldo slumps unconscious to the ground under the effect of the injection, the Police and crowd, most of whose backs have been turned, whip around to see: Armando sweating; Caesar uncontrollably trembling. There is a moment of silence.

POLICEMAN 1
Who said that?

ARMANDO
(instantly)
I did.

The two Policemen approach Caesar and scrutinize him. The crowd is murmuring and pointing to Caesar. Armando, sensing mounting danger, quickly thrusts a handout into Policeman 1's hand.

ARMANDO
(hastily)
He's a performing ape for my circus.

The Policeman looks down at:

INSERT - HANDOUT 33

A rather blurry photograph of Caesar standing on the back of a galloping white horse in "ARMANDO'S OLD-TIME CIRCUS."

OUT A-33

looking up at Caesar and Armando.

POLICEMAN 1
A talking ape?

ARMANDO
No, no. That's impossible. I'm the one who spoke.

POLICEMAN 2
Don't you know it's a criminal offense to show disrespect to a state official?

ARMANDO
That was unintentional, I assure you. But being sentimental about animals, I --

POLICEMAN 1
It didn't sound to me like your voice. Yell...'lousy human bastards.'

ARMANDO
That's not what I said.

POLICEMAN 2
It's what we heard. Yell 'lousy human bastards.'

ARMANDO
(quite loudly)
Lousy human bastards!

POLICEMAN 1
We said yell.

ARMANDO
(yelling, in possible imitation of Caesar)
LOUSY HUMAN BASTARDS!

The two Policemen exchange a glance.

POLICEMAN 2
Could be.

POLICEMAN 1
I don't think so.

Cont.

Some of the onlookers vehemently confirm the feelings of Policeman 1. "Yes, that's right." "It was the ape." "The ape did speak."

POLICEMAN 1
(turning to crowd)
You heard it too?

Some of the onlookers gather around Policeman 1, nodding confirmation, pointing to Caesar.

ARMANDO
(growing desperation)
Officer, they're mistaken. I'll admit my behavior was inexcusable, and I'm deeply sorry, but --

POLICEMAN 2
We'd better turn them over to headquarters for interrogation.

POLICEMAN 1
Right.

CLOSE ON ARMANDO C-33

His face goes white with fear.

CLOSE ON CAESAR D-33

He notes Armando's reaction.

WIDER ANGLE - THE GROUP E-33

Behind them, the drugged Aldo makes a final, violent effort to fling off his captors. The Handlers yell for help, and the two Policemen rush to their assistance. Caesar, after a moment's indecision, starts backing away through the crowd.

CLOSE ON ARMANDO F-33

For a few seconds he is unaware that Caesar is no longer at his side. Then he turns, sees him stealing away, goes after him.

ALDO AND THE POLICE G-33

Aldo is quickly brought under control. The two Policemen move back to where Armando and Caesar were last standing, see them hurrying away across the shopping center.

POLICEMAN 1
Stop! Come back!

CAESAR H-33

He reaches a corner, turns it, breaks into a run. A second later Armando reaches the corner, sees Caesar running away, has no alternative but to run after him.

MOVING SHOT - THE POLICEMEN I-33

They plow through the crowd, shoving people roughly aside, finally reach the corner, look up and down the broad walkway. Neither Armando nor Caesar is in sight.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL 34

Caesar enters the tunnel with Armando. Both are winded, breathing heavily. The tunnel is massively buttressed in bare concrete and sparsely illuminated. Faint street sounds can be heard through the air vents above them. Armando glances fearfully over his shoulder.

CAESAR
Armando, forgive me. I --

ARMANDO
No, no. You only said aloud what I was thinking.

CAESAR
I'm sorry.

ARMANDO
I might have bluffed it through if you hadn't run. Now they suspect you of <u>understanding</u> all that was said.

CAESAR
(like a child)
Let's go back to the circus.

Cont.

34 Cont.

ARMANDO
No, no. That's the first place they'll look.

Caesar watches Armando in helpless silence, while the latter ponders intently for a few moments.

ARMANDO
Here's what we'll do. I'll go to the police --

CAESAR
(alarmed)
No, no --

ARMANDO
It's the only way, my boy. I'll say I couldn't find you, that you've run away before, cities frighten you --

CAESAR
But where can I --

ARMANDO
You stay right here. If this works I'll be back by nightfall.

CAESAR
(pause)
And what if you aren't? It's too risky, Armando. Suppose they don't let you go?

ARMANDO
They will, they will.
(pause)
But just in case...if I'm not back by then...
(pointing into the darkness)
This tunnel leads to the harbor. Ape shipments are frequently unloaded at night. You must try to infiltrate one of them --

Cont.

CAESAR
(frightened)
But, Armando, I --

ARMANDO
(pressing on)
Apes imported from overseas arrive naked, so you'll have to get rid of those clothes --

CAESAR
But I don't want to --

ARMANDO
We must have an alternative plan. Right now the only safe hiding place for you is among your own kind.

Caesar looks at Armando in silence, then nods in agreement. Armando pats him gently on the shoulder.

ARMANDO
I shouldn't be long.

Armando turns, moves back along the tunnel in the direction from which they originally came. Caesar watches until he is out of sight, then huddles behind a buttress. For the first time in his life, Caesar is utterly alone...

OUT 35-38

INT. BRECK'S SUITE OF OFFICES AT CIVIC CENTER - DUSK A-38

Through the wide windows, lights are going on in the modern city. BRECK, the City Governor, is seated behind his desk. A hard-minded, authoritative man in his mid-thirties, Breck nevertheless can be charming and agreeable when he wants to. His right-hand man, MacDonald, stands near his elbow. Two other men, both high officials in the State Security Agency, are present: KOLP, heavy-set, bespectacled; and HOSKYNS, lean and wiry. Armando, beads of perspiration on his forehead, is seated in front of Breck's desk. Beneath Breck's stern exterior, we sense a hint of concern, born of fear.

Cont.

A-38 Cont.

BRECK
But why did you say 'human'? Human's an odd thing for another human to say.

ARMANDO
Mr. Governor, I didn't say 'human.' I said 'inhuman.' 'Lousy inhuman bastards.' And by the Blessed Saint Francis, who loved all animals, I meant it.
(looking around)
I run a circus. I --

KOLP
(overlapping)
We know that.

HOSKYNS
From twenty years back.

BRECK
(quiet, measured)
The year. Senor Armando, when the two Talking Apes arrived on Earth -- and conceived a baby, whose survival could have threatened the future of the human race. You remember?

ARMANDO
Of course, but --

MACDONALD
(to Breck)
Mr. Governor, it's my understanding that the baby was shot dead with its parents.

BRECK
(turning)
Or so it was believed, Mr. MacDonald. But since this morning I've been wondering whether it was the <u>right</u> baby.

Armando looks bewildered.

KOLP
The apes could have switched their baby for one stolen from the zoo.

HOSKYNS
(meaningfully)
Or a circus.

Cont.

Armando laughs incredulously. They wait for him to finish. There is a long, ominous pause..

ARMANDO
(to Breck)
But, Mr. Governor, you can't be serious.

BRECK
Let me remind you of the reasons why I can. Hoskyns, the cassette.

Hoskyns slips a cassette into a desk video-set, during:

BRECK
This is a recording of the recommendations made to the then-President of the United States by the Chairman of the Presidential Commission. It's twenty years old and a bit scratchy, but you'll get the gist.

HOSKYNS
And perhaps stop laughing.

He activates the video-set. The Chairman appears on the screen. We INTERCUT screen with Armando, Breck, MacDonald, Kolp, and Hoskyns.

CHAIRMAN
(on the video-tape)
We believe that the male and female Talking Apes, Cornelius and Zira, have come to us out of the future. We believe their spoken testimony that, some two thousand years hence, their descendants will have subjugated and all but exterminated the human race from the face of Earth. We believe that under Ape supremacy Earth itself will finally be destroyed. And we know that the Female Ape is now pregnant with child. If it is possible to alter the future (and some of our scientists believe it is), it is our duty to do so. The Commission therefore recommends that the birth of the Female Ape's unborn child should be prevented; and that, after its prenatal removal, both the male and the female should be rendered incapable of begetting or bearing another.

Cont.

Hoskyns flicks off the switch.

ARMANDO
But every zoo in California -- public or private -- was searched by the police. And every circus -- including my own.

KOLP
(consulting file)
Where they found a baby chimpanzee.

ARMANDO
(proudly)
The only chimpanzee ever to be born in a circus -- and legally certified to have been born a month before the Talking Apes arrived on Earth.

KOLP
Where is he now?

ARMANDO
I wish I knew. I told you, I've searched everywhere --

BRECK
(impatiently)
Senor Armando!
(rising, coming around his desk)
Let me try to impress upon you the seriousness of this problem. Your circus travels mainly in the provinces, does it not?

ARMANDO
Yes, sir.

BRECK
Then you are unaware of the rising tide of disobedience -- of downright defiance -- among the servant apes in our cities.

Cont.

A-38 Cont.3

MACDONALD
(calmly)
Mr. Governor, on investigation many of the reported offenses have proved to be minor.

BRECK
(angry)
The ape that was killed while trying to escape from the city last night -- would you call his offense minor, Mr. MacDonald?

MACDONALD
(still firm)
No, sir, I would not. But --

BRECK
He physically assaulted his own master!

MACDONALD
Only after what must have been extreme provocation. The ape's entire body was a mass of scars and welts inflicted by beating --

BRECK
Which he no doubt richly deserved!
(pause)
And God knows how many more out there are just like him. All burning with resentment, all primed and ready...all...
(turning)
Waiting, Senor Armando...waiting for an ape with enough will and intelligence to lead them. An ape that can think and talk...
(carefully)
Did your ape ever talk -- or show any signs of being articulate in your presence?

ARMANDO
(scornfully)
Never in my presence or anyone else's. You can question my circus hands.

BRECK
We intend to. Meanwhile...you'll remain in custody.

EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA - ADJACENT WATERFRONT - NIGHT 39

An out-of-focus, misty oval LIGHT, set in a mass of blackness, clarifies itself -- into one terrified green EYE encased in dark fur.

Cont.

ZOOMING OUT FURTHER, we find its owner is an ORANGUTAN. 39 Cont.

FOLLOW with:

SERIES OF SHOTS 40

VERY QUICK, VERY BIG CLOSEUPS of: GORILLAS and ORANGUTANS registering FEAR. Their mouths move constantly, quivering, salivating: their eyes, frightened, dart this way and that, and their faces - in their abject terror - grimace and contort into obscene images.

STRANGE, METALLIC SOUNDS, and SUDDEN, INTERMITTENT FLASHES of HARSH LIGHT rake their faces, momentarily blinding them and adding to their fear, so that the incessant gibbering and grunting increase in volume.

We WHIP PAN from one to the other, and back again with hand-held Camera - OBLIQUE ANGLES, occasional LENS DISTORTION, and MOOD LIGHTING heighten the nightmarish quality of this sequence.

ZOOMING OUT STILL FURTHER we find that the half-crazed animals are behind bars, cramped into what appears (spacewise) a totally inadequate wooden crate or cage - and an exceedingly unstable cage at that.

It WOBBLES and TILTS alarmingly, so that its occupants, losing their balance, stumble and bump against one another, slip and fall - in their pathetic efforts to retain balance, their arms flail wildly and dangerously, so that without intended malice, they hit one another with numerous vicious punches.

This results in several ugly brawls of short duration, but horrible bloodshed is not far away.

Those who have fallen, trodden upon and kicked aside, clutch and claw at those who are nearest in their efforts to regain their feet.

And as panic mounts, SNARLING turns to BITING:

ANGLE FROM INSIDE CAGE 41

SHOOTING THROUGH BARS. As the CAGE SWAYS and LUNGES DOWNWARD, TILTING first this way, then that - the GORILLAS and ORANGUTANS are hazy, fleeting blurs in the f.g. as they are tossed first to this side, and then to the other.

Through the bars of the cage, nothing can be seen except jet blackness (the night is truly moonless).

Now - as the cage continues its plunge earthward - a SIGN can be glimpsed, ill-illuminated and hard to decipher.

ZOOMING IN we just have time to discern what the sign says:

PIER 39

Then it disappears out of the top of our frame.

ANGLE FROM OUTSIDE CAGE 42

SHOOTING UPWARDS as it descends. Its destination is a TRUCK; dimly (and only partially) revealed in the darkness: what is apparent, though, is that the cage will only just fit into the back of this vehicle.

ANOTHER ANGLE 43

ZOOMING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS into a corner at the rear of the truck - we discover, crouched down low, Caesar - looking apprehensively up at:

THE CAGE DESCENDING 44

Its speed, size, and weight is highly alarming - especially to Caesar.

Just when it seems nothing can save Caesar from being crushed to death - he decides to make a last-second dash for it, and leap out the back of the truck.

But he has left it too late.

Halfway across the truck, Caesar realizes he cannot reach his objective - the bottom of the swiftly descending cage is now but a few feet above him - and Caesar does the only thing left open to him.

He hurls himself to the side, pressing himself flat against the woodwork.

Simultaneously, the CAGE falls with a SICKENING THUMP - its outer edge misses decapitating Caesar by inches.

The hysterical occupants squeal and gibber, and in this confined space the ruckus is CHILLING.

With no waste of time at all, the tailgate of the truck is hoisted into position.

Again the CAGE trembles and shakes as the TRUCK starts upon its journey.

Gradually the grunts. squeals. and gibberings subside - as the occupants become aware of Caesar - and there is something about Caesar which disturbs them.

Suspiciously, one at a time, they gather at the bars of the cage.

Their faces peer curiously out at:

ANGLE ON CAESAR 45

Pressed up against the side of the truck, and the cage.

Caesar slips his hand through the bars, pulls back a bolt, then another, enters the cage, and rebolts it.

At this moment the TRUCK now obviously traveling at speed (we never see outside and we follow its progress by the behavior of the cage) hits a large bump.

This throws the "inmates" off balance again -- all except Caesar, who, of course, has had the good sense to hang onto a bar.

Caesar's face cannot help - albeit fleetingly - registering a modicum of contempt as he beholds his companions, sprawling grotesquely on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. APE MANAGEMENT (COMMUNICATIONS, TRAINING, AND BREEDING CENTER) - NIGHT 46
(IRVINE)

PAN from SIGN indicating above - and ZOOM INTO the dark bowels of a RECEPTION AREA, situated beneath a prison-like building, whose foundations consist of four giant pylons.

A solitary sign - RECEPTION - is illuminated in the murky darkness: a TANNOY ANNOUNCES:

VOICE OVER TANNOY
Shipment five-oh-seven-I-for-
Indonesia ex Borneo now arriving at
Number Two gate...

The BACK of a TRUCK, as it reverses into a bay, comes into view.

As the TAILBOARD is suddenly let down with a startling CLANG, gibbering, frightened APES (save for **CAESAR**) fill our screen, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - APE MANAGEMENT - NIGHT 47
(STUDIO)
An OPAQUE, GLASS-SOUNDPROOFED OFFICE busily manned by PHONE OPERATORS and MESSENGERS - their uniforms are stark, severe - like their voices:

OPERATOR
(into mike)
Shipment five-oh-nine-A-for-Africa
ex French Cameroons now arriving at
Number four gate.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - RECEPTION AREA 48

We CLOSE to:

OPERATOR 2
(into mike)
After fingerprinting, shipment five-oh-seven-I-for-Indonesia ex Borneo will proceed direct to Conditioning Cage nine-oh.

We see that the GLASS OFFICE is semi-circled by 3 APE CAGES labeled: "GORILLAS", "ORANGUTANS", "CHIMPANZEES". And the air is loud with the BARKING and GIBBERING of all three species.

We CLOSE to:

IMMIGRATION BARRIER 49

Shipment 507 I-For-Indonesia is approaching. 1 male and 2 female Orangutans, followed by: Caesar. As the Orangutans are fingerprinted by an OFFICIAL (under Police scrutiny) - Operator 3's voice continues:

OPERATOR 3'S VOICE
(on P.A.)
Immigration Personnel are reminded that, from tonight and until further notice, Police have requested one repeat one additional copy of all chimpanzee fingerprints for their files.

Caesar is fingerprinted, before allowing himself to be led docilely out of shot by HANDLER 1. Official passes the set of prints to Policeman, who slips them into a bulky envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CONDITIONING AREA - CLOSE SHOT - A WHOOSH! OF ORANGE FLAME 50

spurts (as we PULL BACK) across and outside the bars of a cage labeled "FIRE CONDITIONING" containing 3 Orangutans who rush to crouch at the cage's rear, where they squeal and gibber in panic. OPERATOR cuts out the flame blast. KEEPER 1 offers banana through cage bars; and after hesitation Orangutan 1 timidly advances halfway down the

Cont.

50 Cont.

cage - and stops. Another whoosh! of flame from Operator's nozzle. The other apes squeal, gibber and cringe in cage's rear. Orangutan 1 flinches . . . but stays put and finally advances to accept the banana. One last whoosh! The squealing has diminished in cage's rear, and Orangutan 2 tentatively detaches himself and achieves the halfway mark. Orangutan 1 has not budged from the front of the cage. He stretches an arm through the bars, and accepts . . . a third banana. Caesar, with Handler 1, crosses screen in f.g.; and to the loudening sound of pop music in the late 1980's, we follow them to:

"NOISE CONDITIONING" CAGE 51

Here MUSIC deafens and strobic lights dazzle 3 chimpanzees whose hands alternately cover their ears and eyes -- like monkeys who will hear and see no evil. As the lighting steadies, a demonstration is arranged at cage-front, where young KEEPER 2 is seated at a small round table. To him advances a trained Chimpanzee carrying a Coke bottle with etceteras on a tray. MUSIC REACHES an ear-splintering peak, as he puts a paper napkin on the table, sets the Coke bottle on the napkin, opens the bottle with an opener, inserts a straw in the bottleneck, bows . . . and receives a banana. Music and lighting cut out abruptly.

KEEPER 2
Okay! Again!

Music and strobic lighting re-start, as we PAN Caesar and Handler 1 away towards:

"NO" CAGE - 2 GORILLAS 52

with head electrodes, lie buckled to two hospital beds. We INTERCUT KEEPER 3 throwing a lever-switch each time a wall-speaker blares:

SPEAKER
No.

The gorillas go into spasm.

SPEAKER
(louder)
No!

The spasms worsen.

SPEAKER
(loudest)
NO!

The gorillas go into convulsions.

CUT TO:

CAESAR REACTING 53

frozen to deadpan immobility. We PULL BACK to include Handler 1 watching him, as Caesar watches:

P.O.V. SHOT - "NO" CAGE 54

Keeper 3 cuts out power by throwing lever-switch back to zero, and walks over to Gorilla 1, on whom he looks down.

KEEPER 1
(quietly)
No.

Though there is no power, the still recumbent Gorilla 1 automatically simulates spasm.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - CAESAR AND HANDLER 1 55

Caesar makes a sudden angry movement towards the cage.

HANDLER 1
(sharply)
No!

And to Caesar's eternal credit he, too, instantly simulates shock-spasm, which looks as though he were... "cringing". From inside cage:

KEEPER 3
Next!

A pause, as Handler 1 looks appraisingly at Caesar. Then:

HANDLER 1
(to Keeper)
Skip it. He's got the message.

And Handler 1 leads Caesar forward.

OUT 56

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE "CHIMPANZEE" CAGE - HANDLER 1 AND KEEPER 4 SHACKLING CAESAR'S LEGS - NIGHT 57

Three Chimps inside the cage are noisily begging for food through the bars.

KEEPER 4
They're a bit uppity. I haven't fed them.

Handler 1 watches:

P.O.V. SHOT - KEEPER 4 - PILOTING CAESAR INTO CAGE 58

where three ravenous Chimps redouble their CLAMOR for food. Caesar, entering docilely, turns his back on them and peers through bars at Keepr 4 (outside) who, having locked the cage, proffers a banana to Caesar.

KEEPER 4
(automatically)
That's fer keepin' quiet.

As Caesar accepts banana, the SHRIEKING Chimps hurtle towards him from behind. Caesar spins round over a:

CUT TO:

BIG HEAD - CAESAR - COMPLETING TURN 59

His eyes glittering with strange authority. Instantly the SHRIEKING dwindles to silence, as we:

CUT TO:

FROM CAESAR'S P.O.V. - SILENT CHIMPS 60

backing away into the rear of cage, where they crouch and stare at him as though hypnotized.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - CAESAR 61

staring back.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. SHOT - CHIMPS 62

Two lower their eyes. One hides his with his hands.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - CAGE - CAESAR, CHIMPS 63

He walks toward them, peeling the banana. In front of them, he breaks it into three pieces, gives one to each Chimp. Then he sits down among his own kind.

ANGLE ON OPEN-MOUTHED KEEPER 4 64

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include impressed Handler 1.

KEEPER 4
Hey, did you see that?

CLOSE ON CAESAR AAAA-64

He stiffens, realizing he may have displayed too much intelligence.

BACK TO KEEPER 4 AND HANDLER 1 AAA-64

HANDLER 1
Watch him, a leader has arrived.

CLOSE ON CAESAR AA-64

He relaxes, looks back at the other chimps.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - MODERN CITY - NIGHT A-64

TILT UP the gaunt, black edifice which houses various governmental departments.

OUT B-64-108

CUT TO:

INT. STATE SECURITY OFFICES - INTERROGATION ROOM - PHOTO OF CORNELIUS (from "ESCAPE") ON DESK TOP - NIGHT A-108

A man's hand (Kolp's) scoops up the photo. PULL BACK to show Armando, his face grey and drawn from lack of sleep, seated on a chair in the center of the cell-like, harshly-lit room. Hoskyns is also present. Kolp holds up the photo before Armando.

KOLP
Have you ever seen this ape before?

ARMANDO
(weakly)
Isn't it...Cornelius?

HOSKYNS
(pouncing)
I thought you didn't know him?

ARMANDO
(trying to rally)
You told me yourself. The talking ape that was murdered --

KOLP
Executed.

Hoskyns, with his other hand, shoves the "handout" picture of Caesar riding his horse in the circus.

HOSKYNS
Would you say there's a resemblance?

ARMANDO
No...

KOLP
(hard)
Like father, like son?

ARMANDO
No!

He tries to sound emphatic, but we see the beginnings of terror in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. APE MANAGEMENT (COMMUNICATIONS, TRAINING, AND BREEDING CENTER) - DAY 109

(IRVINE)

MOVE PAST SIGN indicating above - and ZOOM OUT to show an impressive spectacle of APES being trained in various tasks.

QUICK CUTS A-109

Apes being trained to put on their uniforms correctly. One Male puts his coat on back to front; another does likewise with his trousers, so that the fly is at the back. A Female puts her head into the sleeve hole of her uniform, gets her head stuck, and blindly panics. The INSTRUCTORS always precede the correction of an error with a loud, firm "NO!"

Hygiene Class. Apes line up behind a single wash basin whose faucets are foot-operated. Above it is a paper towel container, and below that is a waste basket. Apes wash and dry their hands, as we shall see later in their "wash room" scenes. One Ape dries his hands first and then washes them.

INSTRUCTOR
No!

Now Caesar correctly washes and dries his hands and face, and impresses the Instructor.

Waiting-at-Table Class. An Ape pours iced water from a huge pitcher jug into a glass...and goes on pouring until the table is flooded.

INSTRUCTOR
No!

Caesar intervenes and actually guides the Ape's hand on the jug so that the glass is correctly filled. Instructor reacts, open-mouthed.

CUT TO:

PASSING A SIGN POINTING TO: "NIGHT-WATCH APES TRAINING" B-109

A "squad" of TRAINEE APES - including Caesar - are lined up in a quadrangle before an ultra-modern building of unique design:

INSTRUCTOR
(to Handler 1)
I'll be the visitor and you play the burglar.

Cont.

B-109 Cont.

HANDLER 1

Okay.

SHOOTING PAST CAESAR IN F.G. 110

as Instructor approaches "house" in b.g. and is "admitted" by o.s. assistant.

Now Handler 1 stealthily approaches "house;" and as he starts to climb up the facade, Caesar is after him in a flash. Handler 1 reaches top story and clambers through window, leaving one leg momentarily dangling outside. Caesar grasps the leg from which he hangs by his right hand while producing, in his left, a whistle which he repeatedly and triumphantly blows. Handler 1 frees his leg from Caesar, gives him an encouraging pat and a banana.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON GENETICIST A-110

He wears a white sterilized uniform, speaks into a microphone.

GENETICIST
Attention Training Control. Four females have arrived for insemination; three gorillas and one chimpanzee. Please select four superior males -- three gorillas, one chimpanzee -- and send them to the Breeding Annex immediately.

He clicks off the microphone.

MOVING SHOT - CAESAR AND THREE GORILLAS B-110

Being "marched" down an "open air" corridor. Caesar glances o.s., smiles, hesitates.

CAESAR'S P.O.V. - APE NURSERY C-110

A row of tiny cribs is lined up in front of a window.

CAESAR D-110

smiling, taps on the window, trying to attract the ape babies' attention. The Handler prods him tolerantly.

HANDLER
Come on, come on.

Caesar moves forward again.

ANOTHER ANGLE 111

The Apes turn into a corridor that is flanked by weird-shaped apertures.

The Apes line up in front of these "apertures" - and, prodded by their handlers, disappear inside.

ANGLE ON CAESAR 112

as, on a prod from Handler 1, he enters his allotted "aperture".

He stares o.s. at something: blinks, then shrugs with a grin of resignation.

INT. "OPEN AIR" CELL 113

The object of Caesar's "attention" is a (to him) voluptuous FEMALE CHIMPANZEE -- and her attitude makes plain that she's ready for festivities to begin.

CUT TO:

INT. APE MANAGEMENT - COMMUNICATIONS CENTER 114

GROUP of APES being "processed" (i.e. fingerprints checked, cards filed in computer) before being transported to the city for auction. Caesar amongst them. We CLOSE TO:

OPERATOR 1
(phoning and jotting
on pro forma)
For immediate sale...one female Orangutan...age seven...fully conditioned bedmaker Grade A...Yes, Ma'am, we have a vacancy...yes, you will be credited after auction.

EXT. THE APE MART - MODERN CITY - DAY 115

A small semi-circular "arena" in front of the ultra-modern sloping building, which temporarily "houses" those Apes who are to be auctioned.

In the "arena' is a ROSTRUM and AUCTIONEERS and behind a stout barricade are the BUYERS and "GAWKERS". In the audience we see MRS. RILEY and her servant, LISA.

There is a stir in the crowd as a prominent personage arrives with his ENTOURAGE. We ZOOM in on a MOVING SHOT of Breck as he comes through the crowd toward a roped-off sector near the rostrum. He smiles genially, waves in response to the applause. MacDonald at his elbow, followed by a cluster of Breck's hard-eyed, but intelligent-looking ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS.

Cont.

115 Cont.

ASSISTANT 1
Mr. Governor, I've drafted a statement for the Manpower Commission.

BRECK
Yes?

ASSISTANT 1
(reading from a slip of paper)
Dear Mr. Chairman: While the Administration is in sympathy with your aims, the reinstatement of a three-hour work week is unlikely in the near future.

BRECK
Change 'unlikely' to 'impossible' and send it out over my signature.

Assistant 1 turns to go as Assistant 2 appears at Breck's elbow.

ASSISTANT 2
Here's the latest I.Q. profile on all apes tested within the last four weeks. It's risen by three and two-thirds points...

BRECK
(annoyed)
Show that to Mr. MacDonald. He thinks I'm imagining things.

Assistant 2 turns with a smug grin, starts to hand the report to MacDonald, who waves it back.

MACDONALD
(with an edge)
I assembled that data, Morgan. You summarized the wrong part. As a result, their work output has risen.
(to Breck, with a hard smile)
Which I thought the Governor might regard as good news.

Breck returns the smile bleakly as Assistant 3 appears at his elbow.

Cont.

115 Cont.1

ASSISTANT 3
Sir, we've just received a rather discouraging report on the new automated sanitation plant --

BRECK
(waving the man aside)
Later, later.

He comes to a halt at the rope barrier, looks toward the rostrum.

BRECK
Start the bidding.

The Auctioneer nods. He waves a Female Chimpanzee forward.

INT. DARK STEPS LEAD UP TO DAYLIGHT A-115

Caesar, his back to us - is blackly silhouetted against the outer glare.

Handler 1 makes final adjustments to Caesar's uniform: then indicates to Caesar that he should mount the steps.

EXT. APE MART B-115

Caesar enters the "arena" followed at three paces (a sign of confidence) by Handler 1, who nonetheless carries leg shackles - by order.

As Caesar appears, the crowd immediately demonstrates its "approval" with MURMURINGS - as when a specially fine two-year old is led into the "ring" at a racehorse auction.

Caesar, facing the crowd, and looking resplendent in his scarlet uniform, tries valiantly to adjust his eyes to the glare.

ZOOM PAST Caesar and into BRECK who stares back at Caesar - unblinking.

Meanwhile:

ANGLE ON GAVEL C-115

as it THWACKS DAIS and we PULL SWIFTLY BACK TO:

AUCTIONEER
Sold to Mr. and Mrs. Van Thal!

The Female Chimpanzee is escorted from the dais as the Auctioneer picks up fresh specification sheet.

AUCTIONEER
Lot eight. One male chimpanzee...

Handler 1 touches Caesar gently - and indicates the dais, which the Female Chimp has just vacated.

As she passes Caesar, she cranes her neck to get a better look at him: and for a fleeting moment Caesar's eyes meet hers.

As Caesar passes the rail, behind which are the Buyers, they lean forward to get a better look: he is indeed a magnificent specimen, noble, dignified, almost human in his bearing.

INTERCUT:

AUCTIONEER AND BUYERS WITH CAESAR AND HANDLER 116

parading past rail, during:

AUCTIONEER
...in early prime and perfect physical condition. Under observation, appeared so familiar, obedient, docile and intelligent with humans that conditioning was not considered necessary, but can be provided on request.

During this, Caesar and Handler 1 pass:

ANGLE ON BRECK 117

who looks at Caesar, then at his programme - and back to Caesar with growing interest and a hint of suspicion.

BRECK'S P.O.V. - CAESAR 118

and Handler 1, who, at foot of dais, trips, and putting out a hand to break his fall, drops the leg shackles with a CLANK!

Caesar quietly halts; as quietly looks back to see what has happened; and, as Handler 1 rises to dust himself down, hands him back the leg shackles with a barely perceptible bow.

ON SOUND TRACK: a louder MURMUR from o.s. Crowd.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BRECK 119

watching, poker-faced.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CAESAR A-119

becoming aware of the Crowd's interest in him, their growing vocal appreciation, realizes (perhaps just in time) that he has all but dropped his guise of being an ordinary ape - albeit a highly-developed member of the species, but still an ape.

Cont.

A-119 Cont.

Intelligently, he "slips" into a more normal ape "posture" - and instead of walking, head erect, up the steps of the dais, he shuffles a bit - and by the time he has reached the platform, his walk is a little more of a shamble, and he sags a trifle - nothing too obvious, nothing too sudden.

But we, the audience, admire his cleverness...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LISA AND MRS. RILEY B-119

Lisa shows great interest in Caesar.

FULL SHOT - ARENA 120

Caesar and Handler 1 stand stationary on the dais, while the Auctioneer goes into his "spiel":

AUCTIONEER
Starting at eight hundred dollars...
What am I bed for this superb specimen?

CUT TO:

CROSSCUTTING BIDDERS, AUCTIONEER AND CAESAR 121

BIDDER 1
(instantly)
Eight fifty.

BIDDER 2
Nine.

BIDDER 3
Nine fifty.

BIDDER 4
(tensely)
One thousand.

BIDDER 3
Eleven hundred.

BIDDER 2
Eleven fifty.

Breck is watching Caesar intently.

BIDDER 4
Twelve hundred.

Bidder 4 is a rich-looking (and sour-looking) elderly gentleman in a wheelchair.

AUCTIONEER
Going to the gentleman in the wheelchair and a very wise choice if I may say so, sir. Going... going...

TWO SHOT - BRECK AND MACDONALD A-121

Breck turns to MacDonald, whispers swiftly.

BRECK
Buy him.

MACDONALD
(calling out)
Fifteen hundred.

WIDER ANGLE - THE CROWD B-121

The crowd MURMURS. Bidder 4 turns, looks angrily at MacDonald.

AUCTIONEER
Fifteen hundred bid by Mr. MacDonald --

BIDDER 4
Fifteen hundred and --

AUCTIONEER
(persisting firmly)
...for...His Excellency,
Governor Breck?...

MacDonald nods. The Auctioneer looks politely -- but knowingly -- at Bidder 4, who has subsided into sullen silence. No one bids against the Governor.

AUCTIONEER
Going, going, gone. Sold to
Mr. MacDonald for fifteen hundred.

And the falling gavel STRIKES:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY C-121

ZOOM to a penthouse atop the highest building in the complex.

CUT TO:

INT. BRECK'S SUITE OF OFFICES - DAY D-121

Breck, seated at his desk, is signing papers, checking memoranda placed in front of him by his various ASSISTANTS, snapping instructions over the intercom at his elbow. Across the room MacDonald is standing at the bar, Caesar at his elbow. Breck glances up to watch them as:

CLOSER SHOT - CAESAR AND MACDONALD E-121

MacDonald sets a decanter of whiskey, a bottle of soda water, and two glasses on the bar in front of Caesar.

MACDONALD
(to Caesar)
Watch.

He pours some whiskey into one of the glasses, then squirts some soda in, filling the glass about halfway up. MacDonald steps back, points at the second glass.

Cont.

E-121 Cont.

MACDONALD
Do.

Caesar picks up the decanter, pours some whiskey into the glass, looks up to see:

ANGLE ON BRECK F-121

watching closely. Breck turns to the last assistant at his desk.

BRECK
That'll be all. We can go over this report later.

The assistant withdraws.

ANGLE ON CAESAR G-121

aware that Breck is watching him, puts down the decanter, picks up the soda bottle, presses down on the siphon, deliberately filling the glass to the top, and letting the contents overflow onto the bar.

MACDONALD
No, no, no!

He cuffs Caesar on the hand, then tosses a towel to him.

MACDONALD
Clean it up. Clean. Clean.

WIDER ANGLE H-121

Breck rises, comes from behind his desk with a faintly relieved smile on his face. Caesar is mopping the bar clumsily.

BRECK
It seems he's not so bright after all.

MACDONALD
No.
(pause)
But then brightness has never been encouraged among slaves.

Cont.

H-121 Cont.

BRECK
Mr. MacDonald, stop being so touchy. We've all been slaves at one time or another. I can trace my family back to Breckland in Suffolk, England. We were slaves, then. To the goddam French...
(glances at Caesar)
They're animals. What they need's a firm hand. Rub his nose in it.

MacDonald has started to empty a tray of ice cubes into a silver bucket with matching ice tongs. One of Breck's ASSISTANTS enters during the last of Breck's previous speech, overhears and reacts to it.

MACDONALD
(a smile)
And risk having him develop a taste for scotch?

Breck picks up the drink MacDonald fixed as an example for Caesar, takes a long swallow of it, staring at Caesar. MacDonald has selected another empty glass, is demonstrating to Caesar how ice cubes are dropped into it, using the tongs.

BRECK
(whimsically)
That might not be a bad idea. Up to a point, alcohol has a tranquilizing effect.
(a wry shake of the head)
No. I imagine their tolerance for whiskey, like their temper threshold, is dangerously low.

ASSISTANT
(brightly)
If you feel the ape's unsatisfactory, Mr. Governor, we can have him sent back for reconditioning.

MACDONALD
(quick)
That isn't necessary --

BRECK
Indeed it isn't, Mr. MacDonald, but not because of your soft-hearted reasons.
(to Assistant, annoyed)
That's always everyone's first thought. Recondition them!

Cont.

H-121 Cont.1

MacDonald has handed the tongs to Caesar, who, with studied clumsiness, is trying to lift an ice cube out of the bucket.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Governor, I --

BRECK
If we were to send every lousy ape that muffed an assignment or disobeyed an order back to reconditioning -- Ape Management would become impossibly overcrowded!

ANGLE ON CAESAR I-121

He looks sharply at Breck, transfixed by an idea. The ice cube drops from the tongs, skids across the bar, falls to the floor.

BACK TO GROUP J-121

as Caesar bends down to retrieve the ice cube.

ASSISTANT
(cowed)
Sir, all I meant was it's the only thing that seems to have any effect.

MACDONALD
It just makes them worse.

BRECK
Some of them couldn't be worse. I've been having a comprehensive list compiled...
(stops, looks at Assistant)
What was it you wanted?

ASSISTANT
It's time for your meeting with the Defense Council.

BRECK
Say I'll be along in a few minutes.

The Assistant nods, goes out, closing the door behind him.

MACDONALD
Defense Council?

BRECK
Yes. I'll tell you about it later.

Cont.

MACDONALD
Has this anything to do with the list you just mentioned?

BRECK
It has. Don't worry, Mr. MacDonald. You'll be given full details.
(he smiles at Caesar, waves an admonitory finger at him)
So...we're going to set a good example and recondition you ourselves.

He turns to MacDonald.

BRECK
We haven't named him yet.

MR. MACDONALD
No, Mr. Breck.

Breck drinks deeply.

BRECK
Mr. MacDonald, I should like to maintain the charming tradition inaugurated in her lifetime by my wife...

He moves to a bookshelf near the bar and peers up at:

OUT 122-123

P.O.V. - INSERT - FINE-FOCUSING ON - TWO IDENTICALLY BOUND VOLUMES TITLED "THE MEANING OF NAMES" 124

Volume I is subtitled "MALE"; Volume II, "FEMALE". Over this:

BRECK'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Let him choose his own.

CUT BACK TO:

SHOOTING ACROSS BRECK AT BOOKSHELF IN F.G. TO CAESAR AT BAR IN B.G. 125

Breck peers muzzily at the subtitles but cannot focus them, so pulls both books down for closer scrutiny.

Cont.

125 Cont.

BRECK
(reading)
'Female.'

He puts it aside on the bar and peers at Volume I.

BRECK
(reading)
'Male.'

Another demonstration for Caesar: Breck opens the book at random; and, at random, stabs a forefinger on the open page. He does this twice, while Caesar attentively watches; then closes the book, hands it to Caesar, and momentarily turns his back to replace the unwanted Volume II on the shelf. During these few seconds Caesar opens the book at an early page, rapidly flips over several more pages and (as Breck turns again from the shelf to watch) stabs his hairy forefinger on the open page. Breck peers down over Caesar's shoulder.

BRECK
(reading)
'Caesar.'
(holding book nearer for small print)
'A king.'

The eyes of Slave and Master lock. Then Breck takes the book, snaps it shut.

OUT A-125

TWO SHOT - CAESAR AND MACDONALD B-125

They stare at each other in silence. A BUZZER is heard. MacDonald picks up the phone.

WIDER ANGLE BB-125

MACDONALD
(into phone)
Yes?
(to Breck)
They're waiting for you in the Council Chamber.

BRECK
(looking at Caesar)
Detail him to the Command Post.

Cont.

BB-125 Cont.

He tosses the book down, takes one last look at Caesar, goes out. MacDonald gestures at Caesar.

MACDONALD

Come.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY BBB-125

Showing MacDonald taking Caesar to the Command Post.

MacDonald, with Caesar slightly behind him, comes out of:

CIVIC CENTER - DAY BBBB-125

As they walk down steps to Square, Caesar unthinkingly, gradually, abandons his shuffling ape-like gait, and begins to walk upright, almost proudly, like a man. En route, they pass a few apes who take note of Caesar.

Just as MacDonald and Caesar reach some steps leading down to the Command Post, Aldo, carrying a message, emerges from the underground stairs, and sees Caesar. As he hesitates, a LOOK - on Aldo's part, one of puzzled respect - passes between them.

Caesar notes that MacDonald is watching him.

He follows MacDonald down the steps to the Command Post.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT C-125

Armando, now verging on complete exhaustion, is led in by a POLICEMAN. Kolp rises from behind his desk. Hoskyns stands nearby. Both men are smiling broadly.

KOLP
We have good news for you, Senor Armando.
(warmly)
Sit down.
(to Policeman)
That will be all.

As the Policeman leaves, Armando lowers himself weakly into the chair.

ARMANDO
Good news?

KOLP
You are to be released. Inspector Hoskyns and I have become convinced that your ape is not the child of the two talking chimpanzees.

ARMANDO
You -- you've found him?

KOLP
No, but we're sure he'll turn up eventually. I hope you'll excuse the inconvenience we've caused you, but...
(an apologetic gesture)
...it was unavoidable.

ARMANDO
(half rising)
Then...I'm free to go?

Hoskyns picks up a sheet of paper and pen from the desk, proffers them to Armando.

HOSKYNS
(smoothly)
As soon as you sign this sworn declaration.

ARMANDO
What does it say?

Cont.

KOLP
Only what you've been telling us all along. That your circus ape is incapable of human speech, and has never to your knowledge uttered a single word.

ARMANDO
Certainly.

He takes the pen, inscribes his signature, hands the document back to Hoskyns.

HOSKYNS
Excellent. Now we'll check this with the Authenticator and you can be on your way.

ARMANDO
Authenticator?

KOLP
Purely a formality. Sit where you are. It won't take a moment.

He reaches for a panel on his desk, flips a switch. The lights dim. Outside, visible through the window, a few lighted windows can be seen in the highrise building across the plaza. Kolp flips another switch, and two narrow beams of violet light shoot down from the ceiling, converging diagonally on Armando's head.

ARMANDO
What does...the Authenticator do?

KOLP
Make people tell the truth. It's quite painless.
(quickly)
For example, you said you first heard the name Cornelius in this office. Is that true?

ARMANDO
(in spite of himself)
No.

CLOSE ON ARMANDO D-125

Terrified, he realizes what he has just said, and that he is helpless to resist the power of the Authenticator. Kolp leans forward, his face close to Armando's.

KOLP
(understandingly)
There, you see. You had heard it somewhere else and just forgot. It's not a damaging point.
(picks up the paper)
Now, as to your declaration under oath that the circus ape is incapable of human speech --

Armando, with a supreme effort, leaps to his feet, out from between the converging rays of light.

ARMANDO
No! I won't submit to this.

HOSKYNS
You will, Senor Armando.

ARMANDO
I've done nothing wrong. You're treating me like a criminal.

KOLP
Sit down!

ARMANDO
No, no --

KOLP
(to Hoskyns)
Seize him!
(yelling)
Guard!

Hoskyns tries to pin Armando's arms, but the latter wrestles free, turns to run. The door flies open and the Policeman enters. Armando veers off, hesitates, and once again is pounced on from behind by Hoskyns. As the two men struggle, the Policeman joins in, trying to get a hammerlock on Armando. In a frenzy, Armando wrenches loose, flung forward by the strength of his effort, he screams as he crashes through the window.

INT. BRECK'S COMMAND POST - BASEMENT OF CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT E-125

The Command Post is the nerve center of the city. It has a paramilitary atmosphere, being an Intelligence headquarters as well as a message center. Apes serve as messengers, filing RED cards in RED cabinets, BLUE in BLUE, et cetera.

Caesar is present, also Lisa (the female Ape he first noticed in the bookstore). She is wearing a civilian defense arm band as are all the Apes working there.

Uniformed GUARDS stand at the doors. COMMUNICATION SPECIALISTS operate the various video-screens and computer-like teletype machines.

Breck and MacDonald watch tensely at a print-out coming in over one of the machines.

BRECK
I knew it! That circus owner was lying!

ANGLE ON CAESAR F-125

At the words "circus owner" he looks up, startled. Lisa, standing nearby, notes his reactions and is puzzled. Caesar struggles to resume his impassive expression.

TWO SHOT - BRECK AND MACDONALD G-125

still reading the print-out.

MACDONALD
But they insist he fell to his death accidentally --

BRECK
While trying to escape! He knew he'd been exposed!

CLOSE ON CAESAR H-125

Sick, shocked, he realizes that Armando died trying to protect him. Fighting for control, he weaves slightly. Lisa reaches out, gently steadies him. Caesar looks desolately into her eyes, then turns, walks slowly out of the Command Post.

TWO SHOT - BRECK AND MACDONALD I-125

Breck turns away from the machine, addresses one of his Assistants.

Cont.

I-125 Cont.

BRECK
Arrange for full distribution of the Achilles list immediately. Copies to each police precinct including the perimeter stations. Details are left to the individual commanders, but I want every ape on that list rounded up and delivered to the reconditioning center by oh-six-hundred tomorrow morning.

ASSISTANT
Yes, Mr. Governor. Are their offenses to be specified?

BRECK
Violation of Article Four, Paragraph Nine. Each of them is a dangerous threat to state security.

The Assistant nods, hurries away.

Breck turns to MacDonald, who is making no attempt to conceal his disapproval.

BRECK
The Achilles list, Mr. MacDonald -- referring to our enemy's Achilles' heel -- contains the name of every ape who has within the last year been reported for an overt act of disobedience.

MACDONALD
(hotly)
The charge against them is nonsense!

BRECK
It'll do for my purposes. They constitute the hard core of our problem, and I'm going to break them, once and for all.

MACDONALD
You won't break them, sir, you will only further aggravate the problem. This action is folly, and I wish to protest it in the strongest possible terms!

Cont.

I-125 Cont.1

For a moment Breck's eyes blaze in anger at the open insubordination. Then the fire subsides. He speaks with quiet deliberation.

BRECK
Very well, Mr. MacDonald, your protest has been duly noted. From now on, you have but one assignment -- to find that talking ape.

Breck turns, strides out, MacDonald looking after him in growing frustration.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT J-125

Caesar, broken-hearted, trudges aimlessly along the deserted street. He glances up, realizes he is in front of the closed bookshop which he and Armando visited on their first day in the city. Then his eye strays to a trash container near the curb. Something familiar is sticking out of it. Caesar crosses, extracts one of Armando's handouts, looks down at it.

INSERT - HANDOUT K-125

It reads: "Armando's Old Fashioned Circus" -- and shows Caesar riding the horse.

CLOSE - CAESAR L-125

As he looks at the handout, his grief turns to rage. He rips the handout in two, strides away into the darkness.

OUT 126-146

INT. APE SERVANTS' QUARTERS - NIGHT 147

A bare, stone cellar with barred windows through which moonlight filters as we PAN a row of straw-stuffed mattresses where apes lie sleeping -- some soundly, some restlessly, some silently, some with little nightmare squeals and whimpers. There are also...grunts, which louden as we PAN past a neatly swept heap of orange and banana peel (we see the stacked broom) to...Aldo and his Cronies, squatting in a circle under a shaft of moonlight at the bed-row's end. Grunt, grunt, grunt. An eerie sound and an eerie sight. For they are conferring. They are in session. They are holding a meeting. Grunt, grunt, grunt. Then, from nowhere, Caesar steps into the moonlight.

CAESAR
Aldo.

The grunting stops dead, as Aldo looks up -- at first transfixed and then transfigured. His eyes have beheld his lord.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY 148

On the surface, the same busy brightness as earlier -- except, as we watch, that little things are going wrong. And each time they do, Caesar, moving around in the area, is somewhere in shot -- "willing" the wrongdoer to misbehave. Thus:

AT OUTDOOR CAFE TABLE 149

Lady 1 (from Scene I-20) puts a slim, pale green cigarette between her lips and waits for the gorilla, Frank, to light it. But Frank -- looking at Caesar, (b.g.) who is looking at him -- makes no move with the lighter in his hand.

LADY 1
(plaintively)
Frank!

Frank doesn't stir. Lady 1 not unkindly indicates and actually taps his lighter. Frank throws it on the table in front of her.

LADY 1
(gently)
No.

Frank doesn't cringe. He turns his back...to the consternation both of Lady 1 and:

Cont.

149 Cont.

LADY 2
Mr. Lee!

As the Chinese Proprietor bustles to their side.

LADY 1
We think Frank needs reconditioning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE A-149

Lisa, the pretty chimp, comes out with a new book ("Empress of Love") for her mistress; but after walking only three paces she sees Caesar, stops, drops the book ...walks on without it.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT 150

Too early, yet, for clients. The Chimp Busboy (who fled from the flaming crepes in Scene 29) is laying a table when he becomes aware (tap, tap, tap!) of Caesar looking in from outside a window. Their eyes briefly meet. Then the Busboy snatches up two lethally serrated steak knives from his tray and surreptitiously pockets them.

OUTSIDE RESTAURANT WINDOW - CAESAR 151

From his marketing bag, he takes a standard "red card" shopping list (see Bookshop Scene 21) which he lays on the windowsill. Then, with a quick look left and right, he furtively produces a pen from his pocket.

INSERT - "RED CARD" 152

The last item on the list already reads: "1 doz. steaks N.Y. cut". Caesar's hand with pen enters shot and adequately forges an additional item: "1 gal. kerosene". Over this we overlap from next scene:

FEMALE SERVER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
One dozen steaks New York cut...

OUT 153

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC WASHROOM PASSAGEWAY - CAESAR 154

Still carrying bag and kerosene can, he passes the Men's and Women's rooms (with their respective silhouettes above the doors) and turns under the Ape silhouette to enter:

INT. APE WASHROOM 155

So dimly lit that, after the bright light of day, we can at first discern almost nothing...except the now familiar sound of (unfamiliar) ORANGUTANS grunting "in session" -- a practice that must be spreading. The grunting stops, as Caesar enters and deposits his marketing bag (only) beside a small white table and chair from which a female CHIMPANZEE CLEANER rises (setting aside her broom) at his approach. He hands her the kerosene can; and we PAN her past a row of wash basins -- each with a single push-button faucet -- to the dark rear of the washroom. Here she thrusts the can through the first of a row of sprung doors.

CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSEUP - CLEANER'S HANDS 156

setting down kerosene can...beside six other identical cans. As the door springs shut again:

CUT TO:

CAESAR 157

Seated at the Cleaner's table (with an authority that almost transorms it into a General's desk) he receives, from the four lined-up Orangutans, their red card shopping lists -- to each of which (having scrutinized it) he adds a further, well-considered item. We MOVE IN CLOSER to each successive card till we can read the fourth one, originally ending: "Collect repaired Colt .45." Caesar adds: "100 rounds ammo for above." He dismissively gestures Orangutans to their outdoor duties.

PANNING ORANGUTANS TO EXIT 158

where they cross with (entering) Chimp-Busboy, whom we PAN back into shot with Caesar. From his outer pockets Busboy proudly produces four steak knives; and from inside the waistband of his scarlet trousers -- with an assassin's flourish! -- an immense butcher's carver. Caesar acknowledges, and indicates:

CLEANER 159

who collects knives from Busboy and takes them through second spring-door, where she drops them into:

TOP SHOT - WASTE BIN 160

filled with assorted knives, carvers and several meat cleavers. She exits lower frame in direction of o.s. table, as Busboy (to the sound of flushing) emerges from a further door. Hygienically conditioned, he pauses at a washbasin, runs his hands under the press-button faucet and dries them above a foot-operated electric drier. Then, on his way out, he repasses table where Cleaner (with whom we STAY) now sits "innocently" beside her broom. No sign of Caesar. The efficiently run arsenal has become, once more, an efficiently run washroom.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - A TUBBY FINGER 161

repeatedly flips a desktop intercom button, which urgently buzz-buzz-buzzes. We PULL BACK to reveal Kolp still buzzing and Hoskins precipitately entering.

HOSKYNS
What's this - a red alert?

KOLP
(complacent)
Sort of. Ape Management Computer's coughed up an intriguing error.

He pauses - on purpose.

HOSKYNS
Okay. Intrigue me.

KOLP
Shipment five-oh-seven I-for-Indonesia ex Borneo comprised three Orangutans and one Chimpanzee.

HOSKYNS
So?

KOLP
So there are no Chimpanzees in Borneo.

The INTERCOM buzzes. Kolp answers it:

KOLP
Yes?

OPERATOR'S VOICE
(filter)
I can't seem to get through to Ape Management. All the lines are busy.

Cont.

161 Cont.

KOLP
Keep trying! It's urgent!

He flips off intercom.

OUT 162

INT. APE MANAGEMENT RECEPTION'S OPAQUE GLASS BOOTH - 163
OPERATOR, ASSISTANT

both overlapping on phones which ring again the moment they hang up.

ASSISTANT
Sorry, sir. The conditioning cages are full to capacity. We have no vacancies till Tuesday...Thank you, sir.

OPERATOR
Sorry, three-oh-nine. Our cages are full. We cannot accommodate new intake till after Tuesday's auction.

ASSISTANT
No, Ma'am, we're not buying. Only selling...yes, ma'am. I have noted he can arrange flowers and peel potatoes.

OPERATOR
(picking up a red phone)
Head Office Transportation? Branch Eleven Reception. Please divert Brazil Shipment five-oh-five to Galveston where there are vacancies for accommodation. We have none.

ASSISTANT
Branch Eleven Reception.
(suddenly alert)
Yes, sir. One moment, please.
(covering mouthpiece)
State Security. Chief Inspector Kolp. Line three.

OPERATOR
(punching button)
Yes, Inspector?
(pause, to Assistant)
Give me the Indonesian File for last month.

Cont.

163 Cont.

The Assistant shoves a circular file of plastic cards in front of the Operator, who starts riffling through it.

OPERATOR
Yes, sir...let's see....Shipment five-oh-seven ex Borneo.....
(finds card)
Yes, the chimpanzee was sold to...
(faint surprise)
Governor Breck.

INT. BRECK'S SUITE - CLOSE ON BRECK - NIGHT A-163

There is a look of half-admiring astonishment on his face.

BRECK
Good God! We've had him under our nose all the time.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal that Kolp and Hoskyns are present.

KOLP
Just one thing, sir. I'm quite willing to execute the ape immediately, on your verbal order alone --

BRECK
You'll have it in writing, Kolp.

KOLP
Thank you, sir. However, supposing he can talk, but won't?

BRECK
I don't understand.

HOSKYNS
What the Chief Inspector means, sir, is that there'd still be a doubt. If his mouth stays shut, the case stays open. We'd like to close the file.

BRECK
You will, gentlemen. I promise you.

Breck snaps on the INTERCOM.

BRECK
(into intercom)
Get me Mr. MacDonald in the Command Center.

INT. COMMAND POST - CLOSE ON MACDONALD - NIGHT B-163

He picks up a phone.

MACDONALD
MacDonald speaking.
(pause)
Yes, sir?
(pause, baffled)
You want me to turn Caesar over to Inspector Kolp?
(with faint sarcasm)
Am I to understand that he's on your Achilles list?
(firmly)
No, sir, I'm not questioning the order, but --
(pause)
Well...

He turns, glances over his shoulder. ANGLE to reveal Caesar well in the b.g. As MacDonald turns back to the phone, we realize that Caesar knows he was being scrutinized. CLOSE on MacDonald as:

MACDONALD
(into phone)
...as a matter of fact, I sent him out on an errand. He should be back momentarily.
(pause)
Yes, sir. I'll do just as you say.

He puts down the phone, turns to find Caesar standing behind him. Their eyes meet. MacDonald hesitates for a moment, then reaches into a desk drawer, pulls out a pair of shackles.

MACDONALD
(unhappily, with a gesture)
Come.

He starts out of the Command Post, Caesar at his heels.

INT. DESERTED PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT C-163

MacDonald moves slightly ahead of Caesar into a long empty corridor that slopes gently upward.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT CC-163

Kolp and Hoskyns, accompanied by two POLICEMEN, come out of an elevator, cross the terrace -- still high up in the building -- and step onto a descending escalator.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT D-163

MacDonald and Caesar move along an upward sloping ramp.

ESCALATOR - NIGHT E-163

Kolp, Hoskyns, and the two Policemen get off the escalator, cross the landing, step aboard another descending escalator.

INT. A THIRD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT F-163

As Caesar and MacDonald continue along another upward sloping ramp, Breck's voice is heard on a loudspeaker.

BRECK'S VOICE
(filter)
Mr. MacDonald, are you near a phone? Come in, come in.

MacDonald grimaces, comes to a stop at a wall phone, lifts it from the receiver.

MACDONALD
Yes, Mr. Governor?

BRECK'S VOICE
(filter)
Kolp and Hoskyns are on their way down. Is Caesar back yet?

MACDONALD
(pause)
Not yet, sir. I'll keep a look out.

BRECK'S VOICE
(filter)
Report to me as soon as he's been handed over to them.

MACDONALD
Yes, sir.

He looks at the phone, starts to hang it up.

A LANDING - NIGHT G-163

Kolp, Hoskyns, and the two Policemen alight from the descending escalator, cross a landing and start briskly down a flight of stairs.

INT. THIRD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT H-163

MacDonald turns from the phone, looks at Caesar.

MACDONALD
(with a helpless shrug)
I wish there were some way we could communicate, so you'd understand --

CAESAR
(quietly)
I understand, Mr. MacDonald.

ANGLE ON MACDONALD I-163

stares at Caesar, thunderstruck.

TWO SHOT - CAESAR AND MACDONALD J-163

CAESAR
Yes. I'm the one they're looking for.

STAIRCASE - NIGHT K-163

Kolp, Hoskyns and the two Policemen continue their descent.

INT. THIRD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT L-163

MacDonald is still staring at Caesar in astonishment.

MACDONALD
(breathless)
I never believed it. I thought you were a myth.

CAESAR
I'm not. But I'll tell you something that is -- the belief that humans are kind.

FLASH CUT:

FOOT OF STAIRCASE - NIGHT M-163

Kolp, Hoskyns and the two Policemen reach the bottom step, start along a gently descending passageway similar to the one Caesar and MacDonald are standing in.

INT. THIRD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT N-163

MacDonald vehemently shakes his head at Caesar.

MACDONALD
No, no, Caesar. There are some --

N-163 Cont.

CAESAR
A handful. But not most of them. They won't be kind until we force them to. And we can't do that until we're free.

MACDONALD
And how do you propose to gain your freedom?

CAESAR
By the only means left to us. Rebellion.

MACDONALD
It's doomed to failure.

CAESAR
Perhaps -- this time.

MACDONALD
And the next.

CAESAR
Maybe.

MACDONALD
But you'll keep trying?

CAESAR
There won't be freedom until there's power, Mr. MacDonald. How else can we achieve it?

MacDonald looks into Caesar's eyes for a long moment. Then, albeit still distantly, the approaching echo of brisk, mixed footsteps can be heard. MacDonald gestures behind him.

MACDONALD
Go!

Caesar hesitates, races back along the passageway, disappears around a corner. MacDonald turns, listening as the footsteps grow louder. A few moments later, Kolp, Hoskyns and the two Policemen appear.

KOLP
Ah, Mr. MacDonald. We have orders from the Governor to take the ape, Caesar, into custody.

Cont.

N-163 Cont.1

MACDONALD
I know.
(holds up shackles)
I've been looking for him.

KOLP
He's not in the Command Post?

MACDONALD
No.

Kolp shoots an alarmed look at Hoskyns.

OUT 164

EXT. WASHROOM PASSAGE - CAESAR - NIGHT 165

He hurriedly passes the human washrooms and enters his own.

INT. APES' WASHROOM 166

A "grunting session" between Orangutans and Gorillas is in progress. Caesar silences them with an urgent gesture, then hunkers down in the group's center beside a patch of sawdust on the stone floor, and rapidly draws a sketch map in the sawdust. He is giving his troops an Order of the Day. He rises, points at the sketch, indicating with a grunt that the others should study it. They grunt affirmatively, bend forward to look at the sketch. Caesar turns, hurries out.

EXT. WASHROOM AREA - NIGHT 167

Caesar comes outside, starts away, then sees a Policeman -- apparently on routine patrol -- some yards away. Caesar calmly turns, starts off in another direction...and sees a Second Policeman. Still calm, Caesar makes off in a third direction...and sights a Third Policeman. Then, simultaneously, they move toward him. Realizing it is a trap, Caesar tries to dash by them. The three Policemen wrestle him to the ground. As Kolp and Hoskyns appear from a shadowy passageway and watch in silence, Caesar's hands and feet are manacled. PAN away to nearby terrace, from which MacDonald is watching.

EXT. APE MANAGEMENT - DAY (IRVINE) 168

SWIFT PAN - taking in quick facets of the APES training, and then we bring into frame, in VERY BIG CLOSEUP:
CAESAR - as he is taken into:

INT. APE MANAGEMENT - (COMMUNICATIONS CENTER) - (STUDIO) A-168

The air is loud with the grunting and the gibbering of overcrowded apes in b.g. The apes become even more restless, and agitated, as they see Caesar: it is as if they sense that their leader is about to be removed.

PAN with Kolp, Hoskyns, a Guard, and Caesar as they step up to a GLASS BOOTH - the FINGERPRINTING SECTION:

While Caesar has his fingerprints taken, Kolp moves quickly across to a small glass window and taps on it authoritatively.

KOLP
(as window is flung up)
This is special. We want a 'No' Cage cleared for about twenty minutes.

OPERATOR 1
(at end of tether)
For crying out loud!

KOLP
He probably will. That's why we want it cleared.

OUT B-168, 170

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - "NO" CAGE 171

Two POLICEMEN unshackle Caesar, while a THIRD POLICEMAN stands by ready to hold down Caesar's spread-eagled arms and legs so that KEEPER may flip a switch, which activates.

INT. "NO" CAGE - CLOSE TOP SHOT - AUTOMATIC CLAMPS 172

are applied to CAESAR'S wrists and ankles.

ZOOM THROUGH GLASS PANEL to reveal MACDONALD and BRECK approaching within watching range:

CAESAR is now pinioned to the tabletop, where he lies in a white hospital robe, like a patient about to be operated on.

As the KEEPER steps forward to wire him for electrocution:

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - MACDONALD AND BRECK A-172

looking through the glass panel into the "No" Cage.

MACDONALD
(trying to cover for himself)
I still don't understand why he made a run for it.

BRECK
(impatiently)
It's simple enough, Mr. MacDonald. The ape has intelligence. When he learned his friend Armando was dead, he assumed the man had first betrayed him under torture.

MACDONALD
But we don't do that -- to humans.

Without replying, Breck looks back into the cage.

As the KEEPER finishes wiring CAESAR with head electrodes, CAESAR turns toward the glass panel.

ANGLE ON CAESAR AA-172

...from just behind him, as Caesar sees MacDonald staring at him through the glass panel. Establish also -- in Caesar's line of sight -- the control switch on the wall that regulates the flow of current into the electrodes.

CLOSE - MACDONALD B-172

gazing back at Caesar, seeing the look of supplication in his eyes.

THE CAGE C-172

Kolp nods to the keeper.

KOLP
Now.

The Keeper advances the switch -- which Caesar is now watching -- and this time the WALL SPEAKER does not say "NO". It says:

SPEAKER
Talk.

Caesar twists in pain and looks back imploringly at:

CLOSE - MACDONALD D-172

He winces in helpless anger.

ANGLE ON KEEPER E-172

He increases the current.

SPEAKER
Talk.

CAESAR'S convulsions worsen. Once more he turns his pain-blinded eyes toward MacDonald.

CLOSE - MACDONALD F-172

His face tightens in stubborn fury. His eyes try to flash courage to Caesar, as if saying: "Hang on, hang on!"

CLOSE - BRECK G-172

His expression is equally taut, but with a kind of wild anticipation. He nods to the Keeper.

BRECK
More.

CAESAR H-172

turns to look at the switch as the Keeper shoves it forward another notch. ZOOM in for:

OUT 173

BIG HEAD - CAESAR 174

uttering his first cry. A long, loud, animal cry of pain from the gut.

SPEAKER
Talk!

The cry from the threshing head becomes a roar.

SPEAKER
Talk!

WIDER ANGLE - CAESAR A-174

He tears his eyes away from the switch to look straight at MacDonald.

CAESAR
Have pity.....

A SHOUT of elation goes up from the men in the cage.

FLASH CUT TO:

CLOSE - MACDONALD B-174

He gives a sharp nod and --

CAESAR C-174

gasps in relief, having seen it.

FLASH CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - MACDONALD AND BRECK CC-174

As MacDonald looks away, apparently sickened, Breck turns toward him in triumph.

BRECK
Well, there's your proof! My God, it's incredible, but --

MacDonald, his back to Breck, is moving down the corridor. He weakly waves Breck off...

BRECK
We had to know!

CLOSE - MACDONALD D-174

Moving shot. Despite his feignedly unsteady gait, we see that his face has a look of determination on it. Behind him, after making a silent gesture of contempt-cum-regret, Breck has turned to look back through the glass panel into the cage. MacDonald, a quick glance over his shoulder, turns a corner, starts swiftly down a hallway.

Cont.

D-174 Cont.

(NOTE: From now until the end of the sequence, unless otherwise specifically indicated, everytime we CUT AWAY to MacDonald, he will be hurrying through the Ape Management complex: down corridors, through doors, up staircases, past armed GUARDS -- who always nod to him deferentially.)

"NO" CAGE - MED. SHOT E-174

The Keeper has returned the switch to "Off". Caesar, only half-conscious, is still gasping in agony. Kolp looks up at Breck through the glass panel.

KOLP
We're satisfied, Mr. Governor.

Breck flips on a "talk-box" outside the "NO" Cage, speaks into it.

BRECK
It's amazing! Amazing! Make him say something else.
(pause)
Ask him....if he's....
(fascinated)
...capable of abstract reasoning.

Kolp turns toward Caesar.

KOLP
You heard the Governor.

CAESAR F-174

stares back in silent defiance.

CUT TO:

MACDONALD G-174

going through a doorway and up a flight of stairs.

CUT TO:

KOLP GG-174

looking down at Caesar.

KOLP
Answer!

CLOSE - CAESAR H-174

whose strength is returning. His eyes harden; he slowly shakes his head.

CUT TO:

MACDONALD I-174

moving past reconditioning rooms.

CUT TO:

"NO" CAGE J-174

Kolp looks up through the glass panel at Breck, indicating the control switch, and gesturing at Caesar.

KOLP
We can always 'persuade' him.

CLOSE - BRECK K-174

He looks from Kolp to Caesar.

CUT TO:

MACDONALD L-174

moving past a sign on the wall that reads: POWER CONTROL. A GUARD smiles sycophantically as MacDonald passes him, moving toward a closed door.

CUT TO:

"NO" CAGE M-174

Breck stares down through the glass panel at Caesar, then activates the "talk-box".

BRECK
No. He can't help what he is.
(pause)
But....looking at him....it's like seeing a deadly bacillus... and knowing you've finally got it bottled up.

INT. POWER CONTROL ROOM N-174

MacDonald enters the dark room, closes the door behind him. He crosses to a wall-sized pane of glass -- a circuitry schematic -- on which pulsing, criss-crossing lines of light are visible. A box of toggle-switches is attached to the glass pane. MacDonald stares at the flashing light-stripes -- flummoxed. Then he glances down at the toggle-switches -- which are color-coded.....

OUT 175-
A-175

CUT TO:

"NO" CAGE B-175

The Keeper turns to Kolp.

KEEPER
Is that all?

KOLP
Not quite.

He opens his briefcase, produces an imposing document which he displays for the Keeper.

KOLP
I have authority from the Governor for this animal to be destroyed.

KEEPER
Very well. I'll notify the vet to inject him --

KOLP
No. He's wired for electrocution, isn't he?

KEEPER
Yes.

KOLP
Then electrocute him.

Keeper looks up inquiringly at Breck who is staring down through the panel. Breck nods.

KOLP
Now.

Keeper throws switch to maximum, over a:

OUT 176

ANGLE ON CAESAR - WATCHING THE SWITCH 177

After an instant's hesitation, his eyes bulge, his back arches so steeply that the curve looks anatomically impossible. We HOLD him, motionless, in this hideous position for five seconds. Then:

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON KEEPER 178

counting another five seconds on his watch, before returning the lever switch to zero, as:

ANGLE ON CAESAR 179

He slumps into limp and surely mortal immobility. Keeper enters shot for a quick, preliminary glance at the body.

KEEPER
He's dead.

CUT TO:

POWER ROOM - MACDONALD A-179

He flips a few toggle-switches. Some lines go dark, others light up. MacDonald turns, hurries out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

MASTER SHOT - "NO" CAGE 180

Kolp steps over Caesar's folded scarlet uniform on the floor by the unlocked cage door, and leaves the cage.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE "NO" CAGE A-180

Kolp joins Breck and they move along the corridor toward an intersecting passageway.

BRECK
Good work, Inspector.

KOLP
(a knowing smile)
What happened to your...Mr. MacDonald?

BRECK
I'm afraid his tender sensibilities couldn't --

Cont.

A-180 Cont.

He sees MacDonald standing just around the corner of the intersecting passageway.

BRECK
(half-smile)
Ah, there you are.

MACDONALD
(stonily)
Is it over?

BRECK
(not unkindly)
It's over. Let's get back to work.

He takes MacDonald by the arm. The three men move away along the corridor. We HOLD them receding, and:

OUT 181-183

CUT TO:

MASTER SHOT - CAGE - KEEPER, CAESAR 184

In quick succession:

A. Keeper disconnects the "dead" Caesar from his electrodes and clamps.

B. Caesar rises from the dead, knocks Keeper out and connects him up only (since his victim is unconscious) with the electrodes.

C. Caesar throws lever switch to maximum. The restored current spectacularly induces the same arching of the back that Caesar previously mimicked. Only this time it is for real.

D. In the ensuing ten seconds, Caesar calmly picks up his scarlet uniform from the floor. Arranging it carefully over one arm, he moves back to the switch and cuts off the current with his free hand. As Keeper slumps:

E. Caesar walks quietly out of a cage that was never locked anyway.

It is an exit that Bond might have been proud of.

CUT TO:

EXT. APE MANAGEMENT - NIGHT - (IRVINE) A-184

ZOOMING PAST a SQUAD of APES (doing "night training") towards MAIN BUILDING (COMMUNICATIONS CENTER).

We get a fleeting impression that things are on the verge of exploding here too - the TRAINEE APES appear excessively dull this evening - in some cases, downright uncooperative - and their TRAINERS are having a tough time getting through to them.

As we arrive at MAIN BUILDING:

OUT 185-189

CUT TO:

INT. CAGE - PANNING WHITE-COATED VET 190

opening black leather bag and extracting stethoscope as he approaches and enters "No"-cage.

VET
(cheerfully)
I've come to certify...

He looks up from bag and reacts to:

P.O.V. FLASH - ELECTROCUTED KEEPER 191

glazed eyes wide open between the head-electrodes. We WHIP PAN to lever switch at "OFF" and:

CUT TO:

VET 192

closing Keeper's eyes.

VET
(shaken)
...a death.
(bawling over shoulder)
Security!

CUT TO:

INT. APE MANAGEMENT - CONDITIONING AREA A-192

CLOSE SHOTS: IN RAPID SUCCESSION. VERY BIG TIP OF BLACK FINGER pressing BUTTONS.

INTERCUT (almost SUBLIMINAL FLASHES) - CELL DOORS B-192 swinging back, sliding open, etc. and APES emerging.

ZOOMING OUT we find CAESAR at the Communication's C-192 Control Board - TWO OPERATORS lie battered on the floor, another struggles weakly - hopelessly with a growing mass of apes.

"SHOCK" CUT TO:

FIRE HOSE AIMED SLAP AT US - the ORANGE FLAME D-192 appears to shoot right to our faces.

The APES are giving their oppressors a dose of their own "fire treatment". The building fills with SMOKE.

CONFUSION REIGNS: And this effect is increased by the rapidity of the cutting.

Many of the KEEPERS, TRAINERS, and OFFICIALS, ETC., have no notion what has "hit" them - they imagine fire has broken out, and that the APES are panicking.

This belief is heightened by the FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT:

P.A. SYSTEM
(o.s.)
Attention all Keepers and Handlers!
All Keepers and Handlers! Attention!

OUT 193-194

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - CAESAR talking into P.A. SYSTEM 195

CAESAR
(on P.A. System)
We have fifty thousand dollars worth of apes in jeopardy. Get them out of here - alive!

OUT 196

CUT TO:

INT. APE MANAGEMENT - THE EVACUATION 197

While some Management PERSONNEL know the "truth" - that the APES have gone berserk and are breaking out - an equally large number of KEEPERS and HANDLERS advance to unlock those cages that still hold captive APES, and they stream out to join their boisterous brethren!

And while we know that two men can subdue an APE by shackling and/or injection - now the APES so outnumber their CAPTORS that the fighting odds are at best one-against-one and at worst one-against-several.

FLAMES blaze in the cages: the APES cast nightmarish shadows as they "riot" - the air is filled with HUMAN SHOUTS, and APE CRIES:

QUICK SCENES 198

A. Handler A snaps one of two linked handshackles on right wrist of Orangutan, who swings the free left-shackle and smashes it into Handler's face.

B. Handler B tries to inject hypodermic into struggling Chimp, who twists Handler's arm till he drops hypodermic into Chimp's waiting free hand. Chimp stabs hypodermic into Handler's stomach.

C. A 6-strong Security Squad, aiming sedative dart-guns, splits up to cope with individual emergencies:

- Squaddy 1 fires at an Orangutan, who sags and slumps.

- Squaddy 2 is about to fire dart-gun at a Gorilla, who instantly holds his Handler (like an Attica hostage) protectively in front of him.

- FLASHES of other struggling apes observing the hostage-device...and imitating it, until:

A MASS-MOVEMENT STARTS 199

as half-shackled APES, burnt APES, bleeding APES and predominantly unscathed apes with human "Hostages" surge forward into CAMERA from cages now on fire in b.g. to public exits in f.g. -- smashing glass booth and scattering assailants with swung shackles or flailing fists en route.

CUT TO:

EXT. APE MANAGEMENT - (IRVINE) 200

The Apes pour from the Main Building - in the darkness their "forms" are grotesque and terrifying.

FLASHING LIGHTS sweep across the ugly mass, who, milling in all possible directions, give an impression of being a far bigger "mass" than they really are - it would seem there were thousands of "rioting", crazed monsters - and the SOUNDS which emanate from them are horrendous.

WE CLOSE TO - SQUAD COMMANDER (and ASSISTANT with walkie-talkie) as Commander tries to appraise the situation:

ASSISTANT
They're panicking!

COMMANDER
(light dawning)
Like hell they are. God help us... they're organized!

WHIP PAN to the APE MASS:

Amazingly, they have gotten themselves into some kind of order - that is to say, at least they are not going around and around in circles, or making off in all directions ...now, the bulk of the Ape Mass - with or without hostages - surges forward.

They are led by Caesar.

And they are going in the direction of the CITY.

COMMANDER
Alert the City!

An ape, brushing contemptuously by, flings aside his no-longer needed hostage, and disappears into the now-empty darkness:

Only the sick-making SOUND of the APES howling for retribution - and blood.

Cont.

200 Cont.

As the SOUND subsides - it means the assault on the City is that much nearer...

Finally...silence...

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT A-200

An atmosphere of tension. MacDonald and Breck are present, the latter attended by some of his Assistants. Lisa is also visible.

BRECK
(on phone, sharply)
Yes, Commander, I understand the situation. Assemble as large a force as you can and follow them.
(hangs up)
Order full mobilization of all security forces -- police, militia, and reserve defense units.

ASSISTANT
Yes, sir.

BRECK
Every entrance to the city must be cordoned off immediately.

ASSISTANT
Are control methods to include the use of tear gas and sedation darts --?

BRECK
There will be but one control method:
-- shoot to kill.

OUT 201-205

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - MODERN CITY - NIGHT A-205

In QUICK CUTS we see street lamps and lights in shop windows being extinguished.

WASHROOM PASSAGE (OUTSIDE APE WASHROOM) B-205

Here the night is full of small, stealthy animal movements.

The Apes (now instinctively "aware" of Caesar's imminent entry into the City) have formed a human chain which stretches from their washroom and winds away into the darkness.

Cont.

B-205 Cont.

We watch - and follow - the kerosene cans being passed from hairy hand-to-hand-to-hand.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHROOM C-205

FEMALE GORILLA CLEANER distributes arms to APE RIOTERS lined up in the gloom. Knives and meat-cleavers to Orangutans and Chimps; though the Busboy rejects a steak knife in favor of his treasured carver; and to Gorillas exclusively - revolvers.

EXT. PERIMETER OF CIVIC CENTER D-205

at the chain's end. The kerosene cans accumulate on the sidewalk: their bearers are shadows:

TILT UP TO the impressive,ultra-modernistic edifice - and ZOOM INTO A LIGHTED WINDOW:

INT. STUDIO - CLOSEUP - TV ANNOUNCER IN MID-NEWSCAST E-205

ANNOUNCER
...and a small mixed group of Apes scheduled for intensive re-conditioning have escaped from their quarters at Ape Management. Until they have been rounded up by the police all citizens are requested to remain indoors. A further announcement will be made as soon as re-capture is effected.

INTERCUT FLASHES OF: EXT. MODERN CITY. People listening and quietly drifting off...

ANNOUNCER
(as he's handed a sheet)
And here, I guess, it is.

As he looks down at the news flash, his face blanches.

ANNOUNCER
Ape Management is in the hands of the Apes. Many officials are either dead or held hostage, and the main band of rioting Apes are, at this very moment...

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT EE-205

Breck, MacDonald and the others are watching the telecast.

ANNOUNCER
(greatly apprehensive)
...marching on the City. It has been established that the Ape mob is under the 'command' of a super-normally intelligent chimpanzee who has...
(swallowing)
...acquired the power of speech.

Breck spins angrily at MacDonald.

BRECK
That idiot! Get out a retraction immediately. Announce that the talking ape has been apprehended and put to death!

MacDonald nods, turns away.

QUICK SHOTS OF PEOPLE EVACUATING STREETS F-205

leaving them eerily deserted...and silent...

The kind of silence that precedes a storm...

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
This would suggest that the Ape Leader may be the child (thought to have been destroyed) of the Two Talking Chimpanzees, Cornelius and Zira, who came to us from outer space twenty years ago. As such, he constitutes a threat to the future of the whole Human Race!...

CUT TO:

EXT. MODERN CITY G-205

A CITY WAITING. Waiting for something that has never taken place upon this planet before - pitched battle between members of the Animal Kingdom and the Human Race.

As POLICE and FIREMEN prepare for the coming onslaught, we PAN from one deserted street, to another - and another - and now we begin to pick up intermittent - but recognizable SOUNDS... They belong to the advancing HORDES OF APES:

INTERCUT ABOVE WITH QUICK SHOTS OF CAESAR H-205

leading his "troops" into the City - strange and eerie since the curfew has driven all civilian life from the streets - which are now totally deserted.

Not so deserted! A POLICE SNIPER - high up and concealed - lines up his TELESCOPIC SIGHT on:

Caesar - ever wary, ever alert as he moves forward.

Now Caesar is in the Sniper's sights: the trigger is squeezed - and FIRED.

A moment before, Caesar, with that uncanny instinct for survival which is the gift of the animalistic breed, finds the tall building ahead not to his liking, and even as the bullet is ejected, he steps into the shadows - and the Ape walking next to him is the victim.

This arouses the Ape Mob to fury - and they begin running...

CUT TO:

INTERCUT: POLICE and FIREMEN as they form a "Human Barricade". I-205

SIDEWALK OUTSIDE CIVIC CENTER J-205

The SOUND of the "approaching Army" stirs the apes waiting here into action.

They start to empty the cans of kerosene...GORILLA ignites a soaked cloth at the head of the kerosene trail - and WHOOSH!

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER K-205

As the FLAMES SHOOT UP - it is the signal for the CITY APES to join their "Brothers" in open revolt -- and combat.

INTERCUT: L-205

Caesar's "MOB" - aroused to fury - running towards the center of the city.

Like a tidal wave, they roll over (or crash through) all opposition.

EXT. BOOKSTORE M-205

A WINDOW is SMASHED - and a LIGHTED TORCH thrown into the store.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE SHOTS N-205

On wide lenses - heightens the macabre and very frightening effect of Caesar's "Mob" as they surge forward -- and the SOUNDS that issue from their blood-crazed throats are CHILLING in the extreme.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CLOSE SHOTS - THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS 206

As once in the book-bonfires of pre-war Nazi Germany, an entire cultural heritage is going up in crackling flames; and scorched titles from (respectively) the Bible, Milton, Dreiser, Audubon, Spengler, Darwin, Margaret Mitchell and Shakespeare spell out their doom-laden message.

"REVELATION...PARADISE LOST...AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY... (AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE BALD EAGLE)...DECLINE AND FALL OF THE WEST...THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION...GONE WITH THE WIND... ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS - SHACKLES SWUNG AT STORE WINDOWS 207

Enable: TWO ORANGUTANS to loot RAZORS from a BARBER.

A POSSE OF GORILLAS to loot GUNS and AMMUNITION from GUNSMITH.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER 208

blazing away in (matte) b.g. In mid f.g. AMBULANCE MEN are first-aiding burnt humans and burnt apes, as RESCUE FIREMEN come and go. Many corpses lie unattended.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BUSBOY 209

adroitly using the "flambé" apparatus to set the place on fire.

OUT 210-225

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT A-225

An Assistant looks up from a phone on which he is speaking, addresses Brock and MacDonald.

ASSISTANT
Riot Control reports that the Apes have broken through the outer cordon. Advance units are approaching the plaza.

Cont.

BRECK
(raging)
Then why in hell don't I hear gunfire?

CUT TO:

RIOT SQUAD VEHICLES AND SHIELDED POLICE ON FOOT 226

as they advance down avenue, between highrise buildings, on:

REVERSE SHOT - MAIN APE-MASS 227

advancing up avenue with knives, firebrands and (in the case of Gorillas only) not yet discernible revolvers, for the classic pause as:

MASTER SCENE - BOTH FACTIONS HALT 228

and confront each other across fifty yards of no man's land. Then a Gorilla steps forward. And an Orangutan. And another Gorilla. Riot Squad Commander raises megaphone to his lips in a crucial attempt to avoid violence.

COMMANDER
No!

For perhaps two seconds the ripple of a communal conditioned reflex instinctively halts the Apes in their tracks. Then intelligence conquers instinct and they break into a loud, wild, collective gibber, which resembles the laughter of mockery and precedes a general advance.

COMMANDER
(without much hope)
Home! HOME!

On the scond "Home!", he ducks as a rock hits his vehicle; and, under a rain of rocks, Foot Police draw their riot sticks as the main battle is joined.

CLOSE TO:

QUICK CUTS - THE INEFFICACY OF RIOT STICKS 229

A - the giant Gorillas (whose heads are way out of harm's reach) have only to pick up Policemen bodily, wrench away their shields and hug, mug, strangle, fling or trample their assailants to frequent unconsciousness and occasional death.

Cont.

229 Cont.

B - The smaller but more viciously agile Chimps, knife-armed, duck in under the stick-blows to pinion Policemen's arms in a clinch and lever themselves into reverse piggy-back on their opponents' shoulders -- between whose blades they lethally thrust their knives.

C - Meanwhile, as the Gorillas crush and the Chimps swarm, the Orangutans methodically collect whatever the Foot Police casualties have dropped -- picking up shields, riot sticks, gas masks, helmets; and unbuckling belts, some with and some without a still-holstered gun. Bedecking themselves with these effective accoutrements (the guns will be redistributed to Gorillas only) the Orangutans wade in to support their colleagues -- many of whom have broken through the decimated ranks of the Foot Police and now face the more sinister challenge foreshadowed by:

THE LINE OF ARMORED VEHICLES AHEAD 230

From one of these a rolled hose is manhandled to a hydrant a block ahead of:

OUT 231

CAESAR 232

clambering up the facade of a corner building to get a better view.

CUT TO:

HAND ACTIVATING HYDRANT 233

CUT TO:

WATER COLUMN 234

(Audience should duck!) barely by-passing CAMERA:

CUT TO:

REVERSE SHOT - FROM BEHIND HOSE OPERATORS 235

Water column hits leading Apes who panic -- especially those bearing thunderously pounded police shields -- and retreat through Police survivors, who scatter out of range to Avenue's either side.

STREET CORNER FACADE - CAESAR 236

clambering down to the ground. He gestures toward the shadows behind him. A dozen Apes scuttle swiftly into sight and join him. The group is a mixture of revolver-armed GORILLAS and CHIMPANZEES, including the Busboy carrying his carver. Caesar looks at them, places his finger to his lips. They all nod. Then Caesar reaches out, touches the carver in the Busboy's hands. The Busboy nods. Caesar looks around the corner and up the street toward the rear of the line of armored vehicles. Then he turns back to his commando group.

CAESAR
(softly)
Now.

They dart silently into the main street, spreading out like skirmishers, racing unsuspectedly toward the armored vehicles from the rear.

ONE POLICEMAN A-236

turns at the last moment, sees them rushing toward him, fires blindly. The fire is returned by the Gorillas.

OUT 237

TWO SHOT - CAESAR AND BUSBOY 238

running parallel with the line of still-active hose.

FLASH CLOSEUP - COMMANDER 239

COMMANDER
For God's sake, they're armed!

CUT BACK TO:

ANGLE ON POLICE 240

as they duck for cover on the sidewalk, Caesar and the Busboy rush past them, following the line of hose.

CAESAR
(pointing down)
Now!

Busboy hurls meat cleaver, which splits hose in two.

CUT TO:

SHOT ZOOMING BACK FROM NOZZLE 241

(whose water column has dwindled and failed) to reveal mystified Nozzle Operator. He looks back barely in time to see Busboy withdrawing his carver from the hose and dashing off into the darkness at Caesar's heels. We ANGLE DOWN to:

TOP SHOT - NOZZLE 242

merely dribbling.

CUT TO:

TIGHT FRONTAL CLOSEUP - MEGAPHONE 243

giving the correct technical orders for firing gas grenades. Orders continue behind:

ANGLE ON CAESAR 244

He grimly reacts and waves his fast-moving commando group into a side alley. Scattered shots follow them. The Gorillas lift their guns to shoot back.

CAESAR
(sharply)
Hold your fire!

He waves them farther back into the shadows, looks out across the plaza.

CAESAR'S P.O.V. - THE PLAZA A-244

His gaze travels to the building which houses Breck's command post.

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT B-244

Breck and MacDonald are watching a video monitor which is jerkily scanning the plaza outside.

Cont.

MACDONALD
The shooting seems to have died down.

BRECK
(uncertainly)
It may have turned them back.

Behind them, some of the MESSENGER APES who have become restive and unmanageable, are being disciplined with truncheons by the Guards.

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT C-244

The Police don gas masks.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ONE ORANGUTAN 245

grotesquely mimicking the Police is trying to put a gas mask over his face.

FLASH CUTS OF: GAS GRENADES 246

being fired at:

REVERSE SHOT - APES 247

Only a few have masks (most of them worn improperly). The rest (as the fumes spread) stagger, double up and utter barks as hoarse as coughs.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CAESAR 248

looking out into the plaza and the clouds of tear gas billowing across it. He turns to the members of his commando group, waves for their attention, pointing at himself.

CAESAR
Watch!

He inhales deeply, holds his breath for a few seconds, then exhales. He points to them.

CAESAR
Do!

The other Apes inhale in unison with Caesar, who then lifts up a finger telling them to: "Hold it!" They nod. He gestures them to follow him, and dashes into the plaza, racing for the building that houses the Command Post.

OUT 249-276

THE PLAZA A-276

Running, dodging, Caesar and his commando group reach the safety of an entry ramp to the command post building. Gunfire cuts down one ape just before he reaches the ramp.

THE ASSAULT ON THE COMMAND POST - QUICK SHOTS B-276

A. A GUARD
running up the ramp, fires at Caesar, hits another Ape, is felled by the Busboy's thrown cleaver. They run forward over his body.

B. ANOTHER GUARD
outside a door, is strangled from behind by the hairy fingers of an Ape.

C. IN THE COMMAND POST - LISA
trying to escape, is hauled back, bludgeoned unmercifully as an example.

D. CAESAR
opens a circuit-control box, rips out the wires.

E. THE VIDEO-MONITOR SCREEN
in the Command Post goes black. PULL BACK to show Breck's frightened face as he sees this.

F. CAESAR'S GROUP
cuts down two more Guards at the entrance to the Command Post, and bursts inside.

G. A BLOODY FIGHT ENSUES:
Guns, knives, hand grenades.

H. A GUARD
about to bludgeon Caesar from behind, is dropped in his tracks by Lisa, who merely gives him a lady-like tap on the collarbone. Caesar smiles at her approvingly. She smiles back.

I. MACDONALD
being borne to the ground by two crazed Gorillas, is saved by Caesar's intercession.

J. AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE STRUGGLE - BRECK
bleeding, is dragged, wild-eyed, before Caesar, who looks down at him.

ANGLE ON BRECK C-276

a look of incredulity on his face.

BRECK
Caesar!

CAESAR
(mock bow)
Your servant. Your creature.
Your animal.

BRECK
I saw you die!

CAESAR
The King is dead. Long live the King! Tell me, Breck, before you die - how do we differ from the dogs and cats that you and your kind used to love? Why did you turn us from pets into slaves?

Breck scans the murderous faces of Apes gathered for the kill, and knows that his hour has come.

BRECK
(quietly)
Because your kind were once our ancestors. Because Man was born of Apes, and there's still an ape curled up inside of every man. You're the beast in us that we have to whip into submission. You're the savage that we need to shackle in chains. You taint us, Caesar. You poison our guts. When we hate you, we're hating... the dark side of ourselves.

Caesar's eyes blaze with anger. He gestures to some Apes behind him.

CAESAR
Take him!

The Apes rush forward to drag Breck out.

SHOCK CUT TO:

A WHIP-THONG BITES INTO A HUMAN BACK 277

from which the shirt has been torn. Over the sound of Apes barking and baying approval:

CUT TO:

A PUBLIC SQUARE IN APE-OCCUPIED SHOPPING CENTER 278

Breck, shackled hand and foot, strung up from a streetlight like a carcass from a butcher's meathook, is being flogged by an Ape. Around them -- bedlam! The streets and walkways are littered with the dead bodies of Apes and Humans. Still struggling Police and Militiamen, their arms and legs bound, are being dragged by Apes to a central assembly area where other truncheon-carrying Apes beat them mercilessly. Every visible human is either dead or captive. The shattered Pet Memorial is visible.

OUT 279-281

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CAESAR A-281

Gazing down from a parapet that overlooks the orgy of violence in the square. Below, the steady crack of the whip can be heard. MacDonald, hands manacled, stands next to Caesar.

MACDONALD
Caesar, this isn't how it was to be.

CAESAR
(coldly)
In your view or mine?

MACDONALD
Violence prolongs hate, and hate prolongs violence. By what right are you spilling blood?

CAESAR
By the slave's right to punish his persecutors.

MACDONALD
(passionately)
Caesar! I, a descendant of slaves and savages, am asking you to show humanity.

CAESAR
(icily spelling it out)
I was not born human.

Cont.

MACDONALD
I know. The child of the Evolved Apes...

CAESAR
...whose children shall rule the earth.

MACDONALD
For better or for worse?

CAESAR
Do you think it could be worse?

MACDONALD
And do you think this riot is going to win freedom for all your kind? Why, by tomorrow --

CAESAR
(cutting in)
By tomorrow it will be too late! If a small, mindless insect like an Emperor Moth can communicate with another over a distance of eighty miles, can't you see that --

MACDONALD
-- an Emperor Ape might do slightly better?

CAESAR
Slightly? What we have done today, every ape in the five continents of Earth will be imitating tomorrow.

MACDONALD
With knives against guns? With kerosene cans against flame-throwers -- ?

CAESAR
Where's there's fire, there's smoke. And in the smoke, from this day forward, my people will crouch and conspire and plot and plan against the inevitable day of Man's downfall: the day when you finally and self-destructively turn your weapons against your own kind.

Cont.

A-281 Cont.1

CAESAR (Cont.)
(with rising passion)
The day of the writing in the sky, when your cities lie buried under the radioactive rubble, and the sea has become a Dead Sea, and the Land a wasteland, from which I shall lead my people out of their captivity! And we shall build our own cities, where there will be no place for humans except to serve our own ends. We shall found our own armies...our own religion... our own dynasty.
(turning)
And that day is upon you -- now! X

OUT 282-290

REVERSE DOWN ANGLE 291

SHOOTING from between Caesar and MacDonald into the square. Below them the square explodes in cries of still unsurfeited vengeance as Breck's twitching body finally falls limp and motionless under the lash. The screeching of the angry Apes grows louder as they lay about them with clubs and truncheons at the remaining humans in the square.

ZOOM IN on the Apes' dark, demented faces in the glow of firelight. Their eyes gleam manically. The sound of their screaming intensifies, growing louder and louder, until it reaches a PEAK...and ends in an ABRUPT BLACKOUT and SILENCE.

CREDIT CRAWL

White letters on black screen. At the conclusion of it...

THE END