"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

Original Screenplay

by

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Based on characters created by

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FINAL SCREENPLAY
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"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

FROM BLACK SCREEN
SHOCK-CUT TO EXTREME CLOSEUP:

1 THE EXPLOSION OF ROCKETS
as we watch as it speeds away from CAMERA.

CUT TO:

A-1 EXT. SPACESHIP (STOCK)
It soars into space.

2 INT. ORBITING SPACESHIP

through whose windows the same light lividly illuminates
three space-suited and helmeted ASTRONAUTS -- afraid and
curiously hesitant at the controls. We establish a Dual
Date Meter showing the year in terms both of "EARTH TIME"
and "SELF-TIME". Both panels read: 3955.

ASTRONAUT 1 (MALE)

We made it.

ASTRONAUT 2 (MALE)

So far. But one thing is for certain.
Whoever wins the war, there'll be no
place on Earth for us.

ASTRONAUT 3 (FEMALE)

Where are we going?

ASTRONAUT 2 (MALE)

(briskly)

Probably to our death. But just
possibly --

3 P.O.V. SHOT - EARTH'S RIM WHITENS TO INCANDESCENCE

and a soundless explosion sends a column of fire and cloud
mushrooming up towards us.

4 SPACESHIP

Appalled silence. Through the ship's windows the ASTRONAUTS
are watching (and we with them) the nuclear disintegration
of Earth. The incandescence almost burns through their
space helmets. In awed voices:

Cont.
ASTRONAUT 2
The fools...they've finally destroyed
themselves.

ASTRONAUT 1
My God, the earth is no more.

Cont.
ASTRONAUT 3
And we've escaped.

The spaceship begins to shudder.

ASTRONAUT 2
We have, if we survive the shock wave.

The shock wave of the huge, megatonic explosion hits the spaceship from below.

Chaos and pandemonium inside. We multiply normal air turbulence a thousandfold and are bashed, buffeted, whirled, twirled, lifted a hundred miles and dropped fifty, before slowly flattening out to some semblance of equilibrium on (presumably) a new orbit. The Date Meter digits under "EARTH TIME" have begun to click and race erratically. ASTRONAUT 2 watches intently.

ASTRONAUT 2
The shock must have ... unbalanced the mechanism. I don't understand.

Now he turns to look at another dial.

ILLUMINATED PANEL LABELED "AUTOMATIC RE-ENTRY SEQUENCE"

Across it curves the descending graphline which traces optimum re-entry path. Now the lights begin to trace the spacecraft's actual re-entry path, which sometimes slightly deviates to left or right of the graphline but always approximately follows its course.

ASTRONAUT 2
We've been forced out of orbit.

ASTRONAUT 1
(looking at panel)
We're descending.

ASTRONAUT 3
But where?

The spacecraft is seared with flames and smoke as it plummets through space. The windows fog and blacken. ASTRONAUT feverishly works at controls to no response.

A-5
LONG SHOT - SPACECRAFT (STOCK)
The fiery missile descends on our screen.
leap at the windows. Descent is rapid, and suddenly through the blackened windows, the entry is completed for light can be seen flickering through the charred cracks.

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.
We descend rapidly to be swallowed in a cloud bank.

INT. SPACECRAFT
SHOOTING across the frozen ASTRONAUTS, we see the Date Meter spin to a halt.

EARTH TIME
1973

SHIP TIME
3955

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. (STOCK)
We are crashing rapidly into the ocean.

SPLASHDOWN (STOCK)
The spacecraft splits the water into churning waves. Then all is still.

EARTH - AERIAL SHOT - THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK
We are watching it from the P.O.V. of a U.S. Marine helicopter PILOT flying on normal coastal reconnaissance duty; and the coast itself (as plane banks to include it) is California. All is peaceful, empty and deserted. Until...PILOT mildly reacts to an object beached on the tideline far below. His prop-blades louden as he goes into a steep, investigatory dive.

FROM PILOT'S P.O.V.
We ZOOM towards the floating and still-unopened spaceship.

INT. PILOT'S CABIN
As he flattens off and reascends:

PILOT (radio-reporting)
Tower, this is Red Baron Five. I have an object beached on the tide- line -- uh -- seemingly one of our spacecraft. Coordinates are southeast corner of sector Alpha Charlie. Relay this to appropriate recovery forces. I have enough fuel to orbit for forty-five minutes. Please alert Red Baron Ops and I'll squawk Channel Two for radar fix.
INT. OPS ROOM

DUTY OFFICER
(on phone)
Rescue, we have Red Baron Five
report of possible spacecraft
washed ashore in southeast sector
Alpha Charlie. Immediately launch
two choppers to effect pickup and
recovery. Base Radar will vector
them to the location.

He picks up second phone and dials.

DUTY OFFICE
The Colonel, please.

EXT. COLONEL'S GARDEN

The COLONEL, among friends, is barbecuing a steak on the
lawn of his private quarters as the garden phone rings
beside him. The roar of the o.s. helicopters passing
overhead and the nature of the phone message itself
distract him from the steak which, during the brief
conversation's course, is burnt to a cinder. As the
helicopters recede:

COLONEL
I didn't even know we had anything
up. Okay, I'll call Washington.
(seeing burnt steak)
Damn!

HELIICOPTERS IN FLIGHT

OFFICE IN WASHINGTON

3-star GENERAL BRODY stands against wall map of splashdown
area and barks into phone.

BRODY
No serial number? ... Well, it
may have been burnt out on re-entry.
... No, neither did I. I'll check
with Deputy Director, NASA, and
call you back.

He cuts the call to initiate a new one.

EXT. HELICOPTER

disgorging FROGMEN at spacecraft. First helicopter
departs.
OFFICE AT CAPE KENNEDY

INTERCUtTING DEPUTy DIRECTOR with BRODY in Washington.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CIVILIAN)
(patiently)
General Brody, I'm telling you...
We have no spacecraft up.

BRODY
(irritably)
You're telling me that what never went up can't come down. And I'm telling you it just has. And now I'm going to tell the President.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH AREA

Military vehicles, combat Marines, trucks, jeeps, etc. swarm.

WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

The PRESIDENT is an articulate, unruffled professional politician with a flair for irony. Into phone:

PRESIDENT
Let us hope and pray that you are right, General. But I think we should be alert to a remoter possibility: that the Russians retrieved one of our missing spaceships and remanned it with astronauts who have now accidentally splashed down in our own territorial waters. If they're alive, you may tell Colonel Winthrop at El Palomar to welcome them with caution. Whether they're alive or not, have NASA go over that ship with whatever's the scientific equivalent of a fine tooth comb. And until we know more, I want a full security clampdown on the entire operation.

(drily)
You understand me, General. This is not for the networks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACECRAFT

being towed ashore by cable attached to truck winch. FROGMEN, swimming alongside, shout orders to truck on beach.
18 INSIDE SPACESHIP

Its windows still fogged and blackened; the OCCUPANTS still helmented. We hear o.s. FROGMEN faintly shouting orders from outside.

ASTRONAUT 2
We are being pulled.

FROGMAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
How the hell do you hold onto this thing.

FROGMAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Some Frogman you are.

He laughs.

ASTRONAUT 1
They speak our language. At least they have intelligence.

ASTRONAUT 2
(urgently)
Then at least let us conceal our intelligence from our captors. Our safety may lie in silence.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. FIRST HELICOPTER RETURNS

and lands on beach. COLONEL emerges, with two AIDES, to view:

20 EXT. SPACECRAFT AT WATER'S EDGE

21 MARINES SURROUND SPACECRAFT AT THE READY

22 THE OPENING OF THE SPACESHIP'S HATCH

Our helmeted ASTRONAUTS emerge, descend; and draw themselves up, line abreast, facing:

23 COLONEL AND AIDES

COLONEL
Welcome, gentlemen.

Then their faces stiffen in aghast astonishment, as we:

CUT TO:

24 FROM THEIR P.O.V. - THE ASTRONAUTS UNHELMETED

They are all chimpanzees. One of them (MILO) is a character new to our series. The other two are CORNELIUS and his wife ZIRA. Over their heads we SUPER:

TITLE AND CREDITS

which continue over a:
MONTAGE

A. CREDIT: ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES
Frozen shot of the three apes.

B. CREDIT: (STARRING)
A shot of the Colonel and two aides. Camera ZOOMS into
head shot of Colonel.

C. CREDIT: RODDY McDOWALL
Close shot of Cornelius. Pull back to Med. shot. He
looks off.

D. CREDIT: KIM HUNTER
Camera pans to Zira.

E. CREDIT: BRAD DILLMAN
Full shot - beach action. Colonel and two aides run
towards jeep.

F. CREDIT: NATALIE TRUNDY
Colonel in f.g. reaches for phone in jeep. Two aides
in b.g.

G. CREDIT: ERIC BRAEDEN
General Brody reacting to news on telephone (freeze
frame).

H. CREDIT: (CO-STARRING)
Deputy Director, NASA, reacting to news (freeze frame).

I. CREDIT: SUPPORTING CAST
President of the U.S. reacting to the news (freeze frame).

J. CREDIT: RICARDO MONTALBAN AS ARMANDO
Full shot - Ops Room receiving news on teletype.

K. CREDIT: MUSIC - JERRY GOLDSMITH
Tighter shot - Ops Room - activity on phone.

L. CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPHY - JOE BIROC
Full shot - security gate. Trucks and ambulance entering
air base.

M. CREDIT: ART DIRECTION, ETC.
Security gates being closed. Zooming into off-limits
sign.

N. CREDIT: MAKEUP DESIGN AND FILM EDITOR
Full shot - trucks and ambulance arriving at air base
depot.

Cont.
25 Cont.

O. CREDIT: UNIT MANAGER, ETC.
Ambulance being opened to admit Ape-onaunts.

P. CREDIT: PANAVISION, ETC.
Apes being escorted by soldiers to guardhouse (director's note: possible two shot).

Q. CREDIT: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Low-bed truck carrying spacecraft.

R. CREDIT: WRITTEN BY
Tighter shot on moving truck carrying spacecraft.

S. CREDIT: PRODUCED BY
Jeep arriving at air base depot. Aide to Colonel enters building.

T. CREDIT: DIRECTED BY
Colonel and Aide emerge from building heading towards guardhouse.

MONTAGE ENDS.

26 EXT. MARINE BASE - COLONEL AND AIDE

who is carrying a large paperbag, as they walk past Headquarters Buildings.

COLONEL
Did you call the Zoo?

AIDE
Yes, sir. We're in luck. The sick bay's almost empty except for a mauled fox cub, a deer with pneumonia, and a depressed gorilla. The Apes will be hidden from the public. They'll be quarantined. If they want medical attention, it's available on the spot. And the experts can start giving them the once-over first thing in the morning. General Brody's very pleased.

COLONEL
Me, too. Can't have a lot of monkeys making messes in the Guardhouse. Have we fed them? Like raw steak or something?

AIDE
The Zoo tells me that chimpanzees, like all apes, are vegetarian, sir.
26 Cont.

COLONEL

Good God.

AIDE
(indicating paper bag)

They suggested oranges.

They have reached:
EXT. GUARDHOUSE

whose door is unlocked by an obviously shaken MARINE M.P.

COLONEL

What's the matter?

MARINE M.P. helplessly ushers them into:

INT. GUARDHOUSE

Its rear section (behind bars) is furnished with austere but serviceable beds, chairs, tables and a washing sink with plates and cutlery in rack above. On the floor: a capacious rawhide valise, from which ZIRA (gloved and shod) has extracted a robe into which she is changing. Her discarded space suit lies at her feet. MILO and CORNELIUS have already changed. Their space suits are hanging neatly from wall hooks. At COLONEL'S entry, MILO and CORNELIUS rise courteously to their feet, while ZIRA struggles hastily into her robe. From the threshold:

COLONEL

(automatically)

Excuse me. I didn't mean to disturb....

(aghast to Aide)

What am I saying?

AIDE

They're...pretending to dress.

COLONEL

What d'you mean, pretending?

They are dressing. Where'd they get those clothes?

MARINE M.P.

(indicating valise)

They brought them with them, sir.

(gulping)

In a suitcase.

COLONEL

Suit....?

(with an effort; to Aide)

Greg, give them their oranges.

AIDE advances cautiously with paper bsg.
We HOLD COLONEL and MARINE M.P. talking in f.g., while AIDE proffers oranges (which the TRIO gracefully accepts) in b.g.

ZIRA, holding her orange, has gone straight to the sink rack, from which she takes three plates, three knives and three forks.

**COLONEL**

(not noticing;
to Marine M.P.)

Arrange prisoner escort for 16:30 hours...

ZIRA distributes plates and cutlery to MILO and CORNELIUS. To AIDE's astonishment, the APES draw up chairs and sit round the table.

**COLONEL**

(not noticing;
to Aide)

We're sending them to the Zoo Infirmary.

The APES start meticulously quartering their oranges on their plates with their knives.

**COLONEL**

(still to Aide)

They'll have company. There's a gorilla in the next cage.

ZIRA, overhearing this, reacts violently; rises, picks up her plate and hurls it to the ground.

**COLONEL**

(looking round at last)

Now why the hell did it do that?

The full implications of the plates and the knives only strike him as we:

**CUT TO:**
INT. ZOO INFIRMARY - NIGHT

We START on CLOSE SHOT of the deer with pneumonia, cradled under ultraviolet lamps which (as we PULL BACK) prove to be the huge, clinically furnished room's only light source -- for the sick animals must get their rest. We PAN past a recumbent camel and the mauled fox cub, into whose small sleeping body the rubber tube of a suspended flask is intravenously dripping plasma; and END on a white-coated KEEPER (with flashlamp) inspecting our APE TRIO, now installed in one of two large, contiguous cages at the dim room's center: straw for them to lie on; a bowl of water for drinking; and a generous supply of oranges and bananas, one of which he cautiously proffers to ZIRA through the bars, while playfully patting her head. ZIRA rejects the banana and slaps his face. Taken aback but still amiably:

KEEPER
Have it your own way, mate.

Clang! He locks them in and exits. When the light from his flashlamp has faded to near-darkness, we hear an outer door more distantly locked.

ZIRA
(outraged whisper to Cornelius)
I'm not his mate. I'm yours.

CORNELIUS
Zira, please control yourself. I think they're trying to be kind.

ZIRA
This cage stinks of gorilla.

She sits down disconsolately on the straw. Instantly CORNELIUS sits by her and takes her hand. In undertones:

ZIRA
Cornelius -- where are we? What's happened?

CORNELIUS helplessly shrugs. From the shadows, very softly:

MILO
I know where we are. I know what has happened.

ZIRA and CORNELIUS stare at him.

MILO
In some fashion -- and I lack the intellect to know precisely how -- we have traveled from Earth's future into Earth's past.

Cont.
CONELIUS
But we saw Earth destroyed.

MILO
And Earth will be destroyed --
just as we saw it. Only, since
seeing it, we have passed through
a....backward disturbance in time --
did you notice the Date Meter
clicking down after the shock
wave hit our ship? -- and we
have returned to Earth almost
two thousand years before its
destruction.

(solemnly)
That is another reason for keeping
silence. Our human captors would
not be edified to know that, one
day, their world will crack like
an egg and fry to a cinder, because
of an Ape war of aggression.

His low tones have become just emphatic enough to disturb:

GORILLA IN NEXT CAGE
It shifts, grunts and whimpers uneasily.

BACK TO SCENE
The TRIO reacts. We CLOSE to:

MILO
Apes, at this instant in time,
cannot yet talk. For the moment,
we should follow their example.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

33 EXT. ZOO - MISTY MORNING SHOTS (6:00 A.M.)

We hear occasional call of a tropical early bird, and close to two human early birds: LEWIS DIXON, a young animal psychiatrist, and his pretty (female) research assistant, STEVIE. As they walk:

LEWIS
(Feeling in pocket)
The driver brought a report from the Air Base.
(scanning it)
The usual imitative behavior ... mimicking salutes ... hand-shaking ... sitting on chairs ... eating off plates with knives ... but--

He hesitates.

STEVIE
What, Lewis?

LEWIS
There was a sort of carpetbag in the ship.

STEVIE
With food?

LEWIS
No -- clothes. Stevie, they changed into them.

STEVIE
I don't believe it.

But his reaction says it is true. We have reached the Infirmary's main (open) door which is guarded by two SOLDIERS.

STEVIE
What are they doing here?

LEWIS
Security.
(undertone)
Join the Marines and see the Zoo ...

Passing between the SOLDIERS, they enter:
A-33    INT. INFIRMARY CORRIDOR

They don white smocks (marked with their own names) hanging from wall hooks; walk past the sick deer and the fox under treatment in small box-cages against the wall; and enter:
MAIN ROOM - DOUBLE CAGE

In one half of the cage sleeps the depressed GORILLA; in the other half, very much awake, sit CORNELIUS and ZIRA staring at the Intelligence Test apparatus. Outside the cage stands KEEPER.

LEWIS
Good morning, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Hi, Dr. Dixon.....Dr. Branton.

Our APES survey them stonily.

ARTHUR
(fingering bruise on cheek)
The female's a bit uppity, sir.

LEWIS
Okay, I'll be careful. We'll start with the Wisconsin Multiphasic.

STEVIE opens the cage.

LEWIS
Go easy, Stevie.

STEVIE
They look pretty docile.

LEWIS
Yes, but don't take any chances.

The Wisconsin Multiphasic is a screen which can be lowered and raised (like a window shade) between the Investigator on one side and the Subject on the other. ZIRA winks knowledgeably at CORNELIUS. MILO gestures her into more discreet behavior. KEEPER sets up apparatus during:

LEWIS
(to Stevie)
Unless the spacecraft was remotely controlled, they must have been conditioned to press at least some of the right buttons. They can't be morons.

(to Keeper)
The female first, Arthur. And set up Tic-Tac-Toe.

Cont.
To everyone's surprise and KEEPER's relief, ZIRA promptly squats down on her side of the raised screen. The hyper-cautious MILO disapprovingly shakes his head. LEWIS raises screen and displays a single red cube for three seconds before lowering screen to mask ZIRA's view. When he raises it again, he is simultaneously displaying a blue pyramid, a green cone, a yellow sphere, a blue cube, a red octahedron and the red cube. ZIRA instantly selects the red cube, which she offers curteously back to LEWIS. LEWIS gives an astonished whistle. STEVIE, too, reacts in amazement.

LEWIS
She seems to be pretty smart.
All right -- let's make it difficult.

He lowers the screen, and readies an assortment of five colored blocks, then raises the screen only for a second, then lowers it. He now adds additional blocks to make it an even dozen, and breaks up the pattern of five previously seen by ZIRA. Now, almost smugly, he raises the screen, but any superiority he may have felt is quickly erased as ZIRA swiftly selects the original five blocks. LEWIS is dumbfounded, STEVIE drops her notebook and the KEEPER stares in utter disbelief.

Now, LEWIS pulls the drawer out from the table, and we see that slots for all twelve blocks have been carved in the bottom. No slouch ZIRA. She deftly and swiftly fits all twelve blocks into their proper niches. Whereat she rises to her feet, clasps hands over her head like a boxer acknowledging victory. CORNELIUS responds with mirth, but MILO shakes his head.

LEWIS has risen at this interplay between the apes and now questions the KEEPER quietly.

LEWIS
They haven't eaten this morning?

ARTHUR
Not a bite...just as you ordered.

LEWIS
Good. We'll go for the banana...

Scattered about the cage are a number of oddly constructed wooden boxes, all gaily painted. STEVIE now adds several more, as ARTHUR tugs on a rope pulley to lower a banana from the top of the cage.

Cont.
This is a test unfamiliar to ZIRA, who responds to its challenge. She speculatively eyes the banana; then stoops to prowl among the boxes, which she carefully examines without touching them. Then she straightens...and thinks. The tension is insupportable. Suddenly ZIRA, moving into action, interlocks all the boxes so that they form a somewhat eccentric staircase leading to the banana. Having done so, she ascends the "stairs," sits on the top, and stares smugly at the banana, now only inches from her nose.

STEVIE
Why doesn't she take it?
ZIRA
Because I loathe and detest bananas.

CORNELIUS
Zira!

As though in a slow nightmare, STEVIE sags and faints. Somehow, LEWIS catches her and lowers her to the cage floor. Somehow, KEEPER sluices water from the drinking bowl over her upturned face. As she recovers:

LEWIS
(sweating)
Help me get her away. I'll come back.

Jointly supporting STEVIE, they leave the cage, which KEEPER locks. We STAY with:

34 OUT
35 APE TRIO

MILO
Zira, are you mad?

CORNELIUS
Dr. Milo, please don't call my wife mad.

MILO
(evenly)
I did not call her mad. I merely asked her if she was. And I repeat the question.
(to Zira)
Are you mad?

ZIRA
I hate deceit.

MILO
There is a time for truth and a time, not for lies, but for silence. Until we know who is our friend and who our enemy--

ZIRA
And how in the name of God are we to know that, unless we communicate? We can speak. So I spoke.

MILO
We can also listen ...
35 Cont.

CORNELIUS
To a lot of psychiatric small talk --

MILO
And we can watch ...

CORNELIUS
A display of primitive apparatus --

ZIRA
(kicking the apparatus)
Primitive? It's prehistoric. It
couldn't test the intelligence of
a newt.

She kicks the apparatus again, and it collapses. The
GORILLA in the next cage gives a disturbed grunt.

CORNELIUS
Zira, calm yourself --

ZIRA
I am calm.

She knocks another piece of apparatus endways. Now even
MILO's self-control snaps. He stalks to the side bars
and (with eyes screwed shut in frustration) briefly but
fiercely shakes them before spinning round, with back
pressed against the bars, to glare at his two tormentors.
We SHOOT AT AND PAST HIM into the next cage where the
GORILLA now shambles to its feet and slowly advances from
b.g., during:

MILO
Stop arguing. It's too late for
that.

His body masks the GORILLA's crouched and stealthy approach
from them -- but not from us.

MILO
Use your heads and start thinking.
Now that they know we can speak,
how much shall we tell them? How--

ZIRA
(screaming)
Milo-o-o!

Through the bars, two hairy hands converge on MILO's
throat and strangle him to death. The roaring of the
GORILLA, the throttled cries of MILO and ZIRA's screams
combine to launch:
of alarmed birds and beasts as panic briefly infects the Zoo. E.g., a sleeping owl opens huge eyes; cranes cry; mallards take off from pool; seals cough; apes gibber; tigers snarl; lions roar, and elephants trumpet. We might
(instead of separating each cry) overlay sound *cumulatively*
so that each new noise is added to its predecessors, as we build visually and aurally to a massive and bestial crescendo before:

CUT BACK TO:

THE CAGE

The "panic" is over. Outside, STEVIE (shaken but recovered) confers with LEWIS. As KEEPERS 1 and 2 lift a blanketed stretcher and carry MILO's body out of shot:

LEWIS
We shall want a full autopsy ...

STEVIE
With particular emphasis on the cranial and oral areas.

LEWIS
Keep him in cold storage till the report's in. Then send him to Taxidermy.

(wryly)
He's a museum piece.

A low moan turns their heads toward the cage's interior. ZIRA sits crouched in a corner, her head in her hands and rocking from side to side. CORNELIUS is comforting her.

LEWIS
(to Stevie)
I'd better do this alone.

She nods and stays outside the cage, which LEWIS enters. He looks compassionately at the two huddled APES, the straw, the orange peel, the bananas, the abandoned Intelligence Test apparatus.

LEWIS
(gently)
We mean you no harm.

Silence and stillness.

LEWIS
Do you understand? We mean you no harm.

Cont.
Slowly and bitterly, ZIRA points an ironic and accusing finger at the next cage, where an anesthetized and chained GORILLA slumps in the shadows.

LEWIS
But he isn't us. He's your own kind.

ZIRA
(angrily on her feet in a flash)
He's a gorilla.

As CORNELIUS soothes her:

LEWIS
I mean he's of your race. He's an Ape. Look. You don't have to be afraid. We've put him in chains and under sedation. Do you understand that?

ZIRA
I should. I've been doing it half my life to Humans.

LEWIS
(dumbfounded)
Humans?

ZIRA
(as though this explained everything)
I'm a psychiatrist.

A second shock. LEWIS covers dazed eyes with his hand and, after a struggle, regains his self-control.

LEWIS
So am I. And I mean you no harm.

CORNELIUS
(at last)
We know that.

LEWIS, over one hurdle, exhales.

LEWIS
Do you have a name?

CORNELIUS
My name is Cornelius. And this is Zira -- my wife.
LEWIS
Mine is Lewis -- Lewis Dixon.

He diffidently extends a hand. CORNELIUS takes it. ZIRA doesn't.

LEWIS
Nobody's going to believe it.

CORNELIUS
Believe what?

LEWIS
That primitive apes can talk.

Cont.
ZIRA
(furious)
Primitive?

LEWIS
(quick smile)
I mean that in our 'primitive' civilization, apes just don't talk.
I mean I think it's important that, when our 'primitive' security precautions are lifted, the first time you say something in public you should talk to what we 'primitively' call the Right People.

ZIRA gives him a long, searching look ... and smiles.

ZIRA
May I say something personal?

LEWIS
(smiling back)
Please.

ZIRA
I like you.

LEWIS looks gratefully from her to:

CORNELIUS
I did from the beginning.

CUT TO:

WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

Round a long table the PRESIDENT meets his SERVICE CHIEFS OF STAFF and a scientific advisor, DR. HASSLEIN -- a tall, dominating university professor with pale, fanatical eyes.

PRESIDENT
Gentlemen, I am aware that what I have to tell you may create a credibility gap somewhat wider than the Grand Canyon. Nonetheless it is true.

We PAN expectant faces and return to:
The U.S. spaceship, which splashed down off the South California coast yesterday, is one of the two which were lost in outer space more than a year ago. To be axact, the one commanded by Colonel Taylor.

Astonishment, but as yet no incredulity.

Have they identified the bodies, Mr. President?

(kind of enjoying himself)
They have identified three -- ah -- bodies. All living...
(sensation)
...at the time of their rescue, though by an unhappy accident one was killed early this morning in the Los Angeles Zoo.

(aside to Air Force)
Zoo?

What would astronauts be doing in a zoo?

They were not astronauts, General Faulkner. They were apes.

The SERVICE CHIEFS jerk back in their chairs as though struck. Only HASSLEIN leans forward.

Chimpanzees, to be precise.

Stunned silence.
PRESIDENT
They are harmless, friendly and by all reports extremely intelligent and sophisticated creatures -- but, being animals, they cannot of course tell us where the ship came from or how they got into it. I have therefore decided to convene a Presidential Commission of Inquiry in Los Angeles tomorrow, consisting of leading experts in all fields relevant to a situation whose implications -- whether zoological, biological, psychological, medical, mathematical, historical, physical or even spiritual -- are numberless. The two surviving Apes will be produced for the Commission's inspection. No television coverage. The Press will be invited to attend but not participate. I see no reason any longer to conceal this extraordinary discovery from the rest of the world.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - THE STORY BREAKS
- On BBC TV News At Ten -- if possible, after its dramatic identificatory ZOOM to Big Ben's clock dial, which sounds the first stroke of the hour.

BRITISH NEWSCASTER
(very restrained)
One of the two American spaceships, believed until now to have disintegrated in orbit, splashed down unexpectedly in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Southern California today...
(map in b.g. illustrates)
...and is stated to have been manned ...
if you can call it 'manned' ... by monkeys.

Less and less restrainedly on German, French and Japanese TV.

Finally, on American TV:

U.S. NEWSCASTER
(very unrestrained)
LOST SPACESHIP HIJACKED BY ...
APE-ONAUTS!

MONTAGE ENDS.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:
INT. HALL OF LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING - MAIN DOOR

Starting on bulletin-board announcing the session, we PULL BACK to include imposing V.I.P.'s filing in; and pick out DR. HASSLEIN being nobbled by:

REPORTER
Dr. Hasslein -- as the President's senior scientific adviser, what do you expect to experience from this historic meeting?

A pause. Then, turning to look straight into TV camera:

HASSLEIN
Fear.

SMALL SIDE ROOM

which will open into the main amphitheater. STEVIE, herself nervous, soothes CORNELIUS and ZIRA.

LEWIS
(entering)
All set?

She nods.

LEWIS
(to Apes)
When I break the news, start slowly with simple answers to what'll certainly be simple questions.

ZIRA
And if the questions become less simple?

LEWIS
Be yourself.

CORNELIUS
(wagging a warning finger at his wife)
Your better self, Zira. Please.

An USHER opens the door and beckons. LEWIS and STEVIE rise. So do the two APES and (CLANK!) we see that they are loosely chained together. ZIRA irritably shakes her chain.

LEWIS
I'm sorry.

ZIRA
What do they think we are -- gorillas?

The two HUMANS escort the two APES into:
INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

LEWIS, STEVIE and APES enter to stand centrally between the COMMISSION (seated at a long table) and an amphitheater -- in one sector of which sit some fifty V.I.P.'s; in another, the PRESS. The chained APES sit in chairs six feet apart...whereat the AUDIENCE applauds.

NOTE: Whatever the APES do and (later) say is bound to elicit strong AUDIENCE reactions. -- particularly at the outset.

LEWIS
(to table)
Members of the Commission...
(to amphitheater)
...ladies and gentlemen. My name is Lewis Dixon and I am the animal psychiatrist who has been in charge of these two Apes since they arrived at the Los Angeles Zoo. My assistant, Dr. Stephanie Branton, and I are ready to answer your questions. What may astonish you is that our chimpanzee friends are ready to answer your questions, too.

A confused murmur. The AUDIENCE doesn't get it.

LEWIS
Not by signs. Not by looks or movements. But by words.

In a silence punctuated by uncertain titters, the COMMISSION's elderly CHAIRMAN rises.

CHAIRMAN
Dr. Dixon, as a zoologist, I know and respect your work. But if you think you're going to turn a Presidential Commission into a ventriloquist's act, I have to inform you ---

LEWIS
And I have to inform you, sir, that these Apes have acquired the power of speech.

CHAIRMAN begins to laugh; and, taking its cue, the AUDIENCE laughs with him. When the laughter has subsided:

LEWIS
It is for you, ladies and gentlemen, to assess how far that power can be exercised intelligently.
CHAIRMAN

May we be told which is the --

ah -- 'female of the species'?

Over further laughter, LEWIS indicates ZIRA, who has
simultaneously risen from her platform chair.

CHAIRMAN

Did she rise as a reflex to your
having indicated her, or in answer
to my question?

LEWIS

That is for you to decide.

CHAIRMAN

Have you a name?

ZIRA

(distinctly; as
though to a child)
Zi-ra.

A gasp of astonishment from AUDIENCE.

CHAIRMAN

(ruffled but under
control)
Certainly she can articulate, which
in itself is extraordinary. But,
Dr. Dixon, are we to infer that
'Zi-ra' is her name, or some -- some
phrase in her own language which
means ... 'yes' or 'no', for example?

LEWIS

(politely)
Infer what you wish, Mr. Chairman.
I suggest you rephrase the question.

CHAIRMAN

What is your name?

ZIRA

Zi-ra.

CHAIRMAN

(jocosely to Audience)
There you are, you see. One might
as well be talking to a parrot --
except that a parrot would have
answered...

(mimicking)

...'Pol-ly'.
ZIRA
(outraged)
Polly?

CHAIRMAN
(told-you-so)
What did I tell you? Mechanical mimicry. Unique in an ape, vocally, without a doubt, but...
(dismissive gesture)
Does the other one talk?

CORNELIUS
(rising)
Only when she lets me.

A moment’s stunned silence, broken by a yell of delighted laughter from ZIRA, who runs to CORNELIUS and hugs him. Then with a whoosh! the entire AUDIENCE rises to its feet except for CHAIRMAN, who collapses in his seat. ZIRA, still chuckling, resumes hers. So, under LEWIS’s pacifying gesture, does the AUDIENCE. Except for one.

LEWIS
Dr. Hasslein?

But HASSLEIN is not standing to ask a question. He is standing transfixed by the limitless implications of an ape answering unmechanically, sensitively, lucidly and, above all, humorously a question which was not even addressed to him.

HASSLEIN
(abstractedly)
No. Nothing.

He sits and an amiable young (NEGRO) LAWYER rises.

LAWYER
What is the male’s name, please?

CORNELIUS
Cornelius.

ZIRA
(affectationately)
My lawfully wedded spouse.

To STEVIE’s (but not ZIRA’s) consternation, an empurpled CARDINAL rises in outrage.

Cont.
CARDINAL

Wedded...?

LEWIS
(placatory)
Later, Your Eminence.

LAWYER
(smiling)
Cornelius, do you or your ... lawfully wedded wife speak any language other than English?

CORNELIUS
What is Eng-lish?
(mild sensation)
I speak the language taught me by my father and mother, who were taught by their fathers and mothers before them. It has been the language of my ancestors for at least two thousand years. As to its origins, who can be sure? The gorillas and orang-utans in my community believe ... believed...

We FLASH-IN a CUT of HASSLEIN alert to this hesitation.

CORNELIUS
...that God created Apes in his own image and that our language---

The CARDINAL is on his feet again. But so is ZIRA.

ZIRA
(to Cornelius)
Nonsense!

CARDINAL
(approvingly)
Hear, hear.

He sits down.

ZIRA
As an intellectual, Cornelius, you know damned well that the gorillas are a bunch of militaristic nincompoops and the orang-utans a bunch of blinkered, pseudo-scientific geese.

(laughter and applause)
As to Humans, I've dissec---

Cont.
As she checks herself, we FLASH again to the ever-alert HASSLEIN.

ZIRA
--examined thousands of them and,
until now, I've only discovered two
who could talk in my life. God
knows...
(t to Cardinal)
... Excuse me ... who taught them.

CORNELIUS
Where we come from, Apes talk and
Humans are dumb.

LAWYER, stunned, sits down amid confused and incredulous
AUDIENCE reactions. Now HASSLEIN uncoils to put the
crucial question.

HASSELEIN
Where do you come from, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS
I'm still not sure.

ZIRA
Dr. Milo was sure.

She buries her head in her hands.

CORNELIUS
(an arm on her
shoulder)
Dr. Milo was a genius in advance
of his time. When the spaceship
first landed intact on our seabord,
he salvaged it, studied it ... and
half understood it.

A SCIENTIST
Half? Was 'half' enough?

CORNELIUS
(angered)
Enough for us to escape, when war
became inevitable. Enough for him
to have been murdered in your Zoo.
Enough for my wife and I to be here.

Over murmurs of sympathy:

Cont.
HASSLEIN
(softly insistent)
But from where, Cornelius? From where?

CORNELIUS
(hesitates)
I told you.... I'm not sure.

A beat:

CHAIRMAN
Maybe the 'female' knows.

ZIRA
(irate)
Of course, the 'female' knows. We came from your future.

A pin-drop silence. Then:

CHAIRMAN
That doesn't make sense.

HASSLEIN
(quietly)
It's the only thing that does.

He sits down and covers his eyes, the better to meditate.

ARMY OFFICER
Cornelius, you spoke of war. War between whom?

CORNELIUS
Between the Gorillas and whoever lives ... lived ... will live...

HASSLEIN uncovers piercing eyes.

CORNELIUS
...beneath the territory next to ours.

ARMY OFFICER
Who won the war?

CORNELIUS
How should we know? Chimpanzees are pacifists. We stayed at home...

Cont.
CORNELIUS
...and left before the war had ended.

ARMY OFFICER
In a spaceship...

CORNELIUS
Which Dr. Milo learned to handle.

NAVAL OFFICER
Did you know Colonel Taylor?

A fractional pause in which CORNELIUS and ZIRA exchange
warning glances. There could be trouble here. The Apes'
treatment of Humans (Taylor included) was not a pretty
one. Then:

CORNELIUS
No. Is he a soldier?

ZIRA
We are peaceful creatures. We
are happy to be here. May we be
unchained?

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALL OF FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Reporters flock, as MEMBERS of the Commission exit building.
First to be encountered is the CHAIRMAN.

REPORTER 3
Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman ...
a word ...

CHAIRMAN
(continues walking)
I'll give you one ... Preposterous!

REPORTER 2
Could you define that, Mr. Chairman?

The CHAIRMAN halts. Carefully, he chooses his words as an
expert politician would.

CHAIRMAN
No! Just let me say this. As Head
of this Commission it will be our
duty to sift the facts from this
bizarre affair and pass our conclusion
on to the President of the United States
for instrumentation.
He moves on, leaving the REPORTERS, cynics all, with a bit of egg on their face.

REPORTER 3
What a load of hugger-mugger!

Then they spy HASSLEIN, zero in immediately on target.

REPORTER 1
Dr. Hasslein, how will you advise the President to handle this ... unique situation?

HASSLEIN
No comment.

REPORTER 2
Can you explain it?

HASSLEIN
No comment ... yet ...!

INT. SMALL SIDE ROOM - NIGHT
as LEWIS and STEVIE help CORNELIUS and ZIRA out of their chains:

STEVIE
You were both fabulous.

LEWIS
They loved you. But I thought there was a moment...

ZIRA
There was.
CORNELIUS
(troubled)
Zira, are you sure we should--

ZIRA
Quite sure.

CORNELIUS
Even to Lewis and Stevie?

ZIRA
Only to Lewis and Stevie. I have to be honest with someone.

STEVIE
Why not with everyone?

ZIRA
Because truth can sometimes harm the innocent. And because I have a reason for wanting to survive. Will you keep two secrets?

LEWIS
If it'll do no harm.

ZIRA
It can only do good.

LEWIS
Then...

ZIRA
Tell them, Cornelius.

CORNELIUS
We did know Colonel Taylor. We came to love him.

STEVIE
But what harm could there be in telling that to--

CORNELIUS
Because, where we come from, Apes do not -- did not -- love human beings. They hunted them for sport, as you might hunt animals.

LEWIS flinches.
ZIRA
We used their bodies, alive and
dead, experimentally -- for
anatomical dissection and scientific
research.

LEWIS covers his eyes -- at first through distaste; then
through the need to ponder. At length he looks up.

LEWIS
We do the same to animals. I'm
a scientist and I sympathize.
But I agree that's a revelation
the masses wouldn't take kindly
to. I think you were right to
deny knowledge of Colonel Taylor.

ZIRA
There was another reason.

STEVIE
What?

ZIRA
They would have asked if he was
alive.

LEWIS
And is he?

CORNELIUS
He can't be.

LEWIS
How d'you know?

ZIRA
(haunted eyes)
From the windows of the spaceship...

She can't go on.

CORNELIUS
...we saw Earth destroyed.

SHOCK CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSEUP - SINISTER PERSON
in thick pebble glasses.

PERSON
Ten seconds...
O.s. creaking and shuffling.

PERSON

Stand by...

Someone coughs. Then silence, for:

PERSON

Four, three, two, one --

He cues with his finger and we PULL BACK to:

FULL SHOT - TV STUDIO

The wall clock is ticking to 7:00 p.m. as we END PULL-BACK on HASSELEIN about to be interviewed by BILL BONDS.

THE INTERVIEW (MASTER SCENE)

Shot and cut as we should see it on TV, but not masked by TV screen. After ABC identification announcement:

BONDS

Good evening. This is Bill Bonds. Reporting from Los Angeles, where the biggest story since the moon landing broke this morning, when two Apes talked -- I repeat 'talked' -- to the Presidential Commission of Inquiry.

He turns to HASSELEIN.

BONDS

With me in the studio is Dr. Otto Hasslein, a senior scientific advisor at the White House, who will give his views on the most crucial statement made to him during today's session.

We show sketch of CORNELIUS by artist, during:

BONDS

Dr. Hasslein, when you asked the Male Ape where he came from, he answered: 'From your future'. Do you believe that?

HASSELEIN

Absolutely. It is the only explanation.
47 Cont.

BONDS
But the explanation itself needs explaining. Doctor, you've written learned dissertations on the Nature of Time. Could you explain, in terms that will be understood by less knowledgeable viewers, how a person or persons could travel from Time Future to Time Past -- or, indeed, vice versa?

HASSLEIN
Time can only fully be understood by an observer with the godlike gift of infinite regression.

BONDS
(wincing)
Could you please explain infinite regression?

48 INT. CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR
(to Technician)
Roll the film.

CUT TO:

49 TIGHT SHOT - A LANDSCAPE PAINTING

We shall later see that it is only the central part of a much larger painting, as we PULL BACK (when indicated), during:

HASSLEIN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Here is the painting of a landscape. But the artist who painted it says, 'Something is missing. What is it? It is I myself who was a part of the landscape I painted.' So he mentally takes a step backward -- or 'regresses' -- and paints...

(PULL BACK)
...a picture of the artist painting a picture of the landscape. And still something is missing. And that something is still his real self painting the second picture. So he 'regresses' further and paints a third...

Cont.
HASSLEIN'S VOICE (Cont.)

(PULL BACK)
...a picture of the artist painting a picture of the artist painting the landscape. And because something is still missing, he paints a fourth and fifth picture...

(BIG, SLOW PULL-BACK)
...until he has painted a picture of the artist painting a picture of the artist painting a picture of the artist painting a picture of the artist painting the landscape.

CUT BACK TO:

50 MASTER SCENE

BONDS
(blinking)
It's enough to drive you mad.

HASSLEIN
(very seriously)
Yes.

BONDS
So infinite regression is--

HASSLEIN
--The moment when our artist, having regressed to the point of infinity, himself becomes a part of the picture he has painted and is both the Observer and the observed.

Even Bonds has begun to sweat.

BONDS
What, in that peculiar condition, would he observe if he were observing Time?

HASSLEIN
He would perceive that Time is like a freeway with an infinite number of 'lanes' -- all leading from the past into the future. But not into the same future. A driver in Lane 'A' may crash, while a driver in Lane 'B' survives. It follows that a driver, by changing lanes, can change his future. You, Mr. Bonds, may walk out of this building at eight p.m. and be killed by a bus.
**HASSLEIN** (Cont.)

(wry reaction from Bonds)

But suppose you decide to walk out of the building at eight sixteen. By your action you 'change lanes'. The bus has already passed. And you will be alive.

There is a sigh of relief from BONDS. HASSLEIN leans forward.

**HASSLEIN**

Mr. Bonds, I do not find it hard to believe that, in the dark and turbulent corridors of Outer Space, the impact of some distant planetary or even galactic disaster 'jumped' the Apes from their present into ours. And indeed the proof lies in their arrival among us...

We PULL BACK to include screen of a TV set in:

**51 INT. INFIRMARY CAGE**

**HASSLEIN**

(on TV)

...and in their spoken, I repeat, spoken testimony.

The Gorilla's cage has been vacated; and CORNELIUS, ZIRA and LEWIS are watching in what has now become a two-cage suite incongruously furnished with chairs, a double divan-bed, a dining table, the TV set, etc.

**BONDS**

(on TV)

Thank you, Dr. Hasslein. It has to be the most incredible story this reporter has ever covered.

(c.s.)

And I think by their intelligence and good humor, the so-called Ape-onaunts have already captured the hearts of the entire American nation. They will not be required by the Commission at tomorrow's session, which will be held in private. Meanwhile, they are to be transferred from the Zoo Infirmary to a hotel and will be taken on an extended tour of Los Angeles.

Cont.
As the APES delightedly react:

BONDS
(on TV)
This is Bill Bonds, for Eyewitness
News from Los Angeles. Good night.

As LEWIS switches off set:

ZIRA
(not used to TV)
Good night.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

APES ON THE TOWN

A. APES in CHAUFFEUR-driven Mercedes escorted by two
POLICE MOTORCYCLES and second car containing two
BODYGUARDS.

ZIRA sees the imposing, tall-hatted DOORMAN of the
Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Cont.
ZIRA
Look! A priest!
The DOORMAN advances to open the car.

ZIRA
(pretending fright)
Goodness! What have I done?

B. The DOORMAN arms ZIRA out of car. CORNELIUS follows. Cameras click and whirr. A small crowd applauds.

C. Inside hotel, at Reception, CLERK proffers Visitors' Card, which LEWIS signs for them.

CLERK
Address, please?

LEWIS looks helplessly at:

CORNELIUS
(shrugging)
The Zoo.

A BELLHOP takes the rawhide valise; and, followed by their ever-present BODYGUARDS, the GROUP ascends by elevator to:

D. Their flower-filled suite, which contains numberless gift baskets (from members of the public) piled high with bananas. Two further gifts (with cards attached) are a small seesaw and a stationary bicycle. STEVIE is on her knees unwrapping...a child's multicolored rubber ball.

CORNELIUS cautiously opens the refrigerator; jumps when it lights up; and is inspecting the Manager's complimentary bottle of champagne, as we LOSE him and FOLLOW ZIRA through bedroom to bathroom. Here she discovers two hygienically wrapped toothbrushes; unwrap one and begins to brush her hair with it. CORNELIUS joins her in shot and warily tests a small chromium lever. It flushes the (closed) toilet. They look at each other speculatively.

E. CORNELIUS with LEWIS (and BODYGUARD) driving up to Carroll & Company ... where a TAILOR removes his tape from around CORNELIUS's chest.

TAILOR
May I measure your inside leg, sir?

CORNELIUS
(coldly)
No.
He emerges, new suited, into street, where ZIRA (waiting in Mercedes with STEVIE) is unable to conceal her hilarity. Two SALESMEN emerge behind him, carrying boxes to car and unmasking door sign: "WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN".

F. A fashion show at Giorgio's for ZIRA and STEVIE (with BODYGUARD). The dazzled ZIRA chooses a high-necked, long-sleeved, maxi-skirted cocktail dress. She emerges into street and "models" dress for the waiting CORNELIUS, who goes into stitches. Three SALESWOMEN with boxes follow her towards car.

53 OUT

A-53 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE SUITE

To the sound of chatter and clinking glasses, ZIRA (in her cocktail dress) is being interviewed by:

1ST FEMALE REPORTER
(notebook poised)
Madam Zira, I represent 'Fur and Feather', a pet magazine --

ZIRA
(twinkling)
D'you think I'm a pet?

1ST FEMALE REPORTER
(smiling)
Yes, I do rather.

We PULL BACK to include LEWIS listening RIGHT, and WAITER entering LEFT to proffer champagne glasses in tray. LEWIS takes two glasses.

LEWIS
(to Zira)
Try some. It's sort of ... Grape Juice Plus.

ZIRA seizes glass and is about to take a hearty swig.

LEWIS
Hey! Just a sip.

2ND FEMALE REPORTER
(pencil ready)
Madam Zira, what is your favorite fruit?

ZIRA
(smacking her lips)
Grape.
PAN to CORNELIUS being interviewed by:

MALE REPORTER
And how d'you find our women, Mr. Cornelius?

CORNELIUS
(diplomatically)
Very human.

CUT TO:

B-53
NEW ANGLE

Party apparently continuing -- but, for a second or two, WITHOUT SOUND. Over this:

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
Tomorrow Zira is to speak at the Bay Area Women's Club...

We PULL BACK to include a TV screen in:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

After the party's over. CORNELIUS in fancy pajamas, obliquely viewing end of "party" - newsreel on TV.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
...and will later accompany Dr. Hasslein to the Museum of Natural History -- while Cornelius will attend a prizefight - his first -- before visiting Disneyland to dedicate a new boat for the Jungle River Ride.

CORNELIUS has risen and walked across sitting room into:

BATHROOM

ZIRA is lying in a bubble bath.

CORNELIUS
Tired?

ZIRA
A little.

CORNELIUS
(sniffing bath)
How's it feel?

ZIRA
Soothing -- but very wet.

CUT TO:
56  INT. BAY AREA WOMEN'S CLUB

From AUDIENCE, we PAN to:

ZIRA
(from platform)
A marriage bed is made for two --
but every damned morning it's the
woman who has to make it. We have
heads as well as hands. I call
upon Man to let us use them!

Tumultuous applause.

CUT TO:

57  The ardent applause to ZIRA's speech bleeds through into
a crescendo of screaming and yelling, for our picture is
a TIGHT SHOT of Two Boxers, one hammering the other into
senselessness.

A-57  TIGHT SHOT - AUDIENCE

The crowd, standing, yelling for blood, as CAMERA ferrets
out a sitting, unemotional CORNELIUS. LEWIS, flushed with
excitement, resumes his seat beside him.

   LEWIS
   Well, how do you like it,
   Cornelius?

CORNELIUS continues to stare straight ahead, then:

   CORNELIUS
   Beastly...!

58  EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (USC)

We start on rose garden in front of which the limousine
is parked. A small crowd has gathered on the steps.

59  INT. MUSEUM

The CURATOR, talking incessantly, is leading ZIRA,
DR. HASSLEIN and her bodyguard into the Rotunda dinosaur
exhibit.

Cont.
CURATOR
We are now approaching the
Amrodenmus Valeus Leidy, a giant
flesh-eating dinosaur. The scientific
name is a compound of the Greek Amtron,
which means hollow, and Demus, which
means body frame, referring to the
backbone or vertebra. The trivial
name is valons, Latin for strong.
The complete technical designation
can be translated as: a strong
hollowed vertebra. And this 'little'
fellow is the Camptosaurus Marsh, a
Primitive Duckbill Dinosaur. The
scientific name is a compound of the
Greek Campto which means flexible or
bent; and Saurus, which means lizard.
The generic name therefore means
flexible lizard. In 1879, O. C. Marsh,
of Yale University, described the first
known species of this genus from the
Jurassic Beds of Wyoming. Since that
time other specimens have been found
throughout the Rocky Mountain area.

Cont.
59 Cont.

CURATOR (Cont.)
Camptosaura is a primitive member of the Ornithopoda or Bird Footed Dinosaurs. Although primarily Bipedal, Camptosaurus could drop to all feet to feed or amble. The teeth are well developed for grinding vegetation.

During this, ZIRA has continued walking and now approaches a majestic gorilla with dead glass eyes. ZIRA, looking up at the eight-foot monster, suddenly gasps, staggers as though giddy.

60 FULL SHOT - MUSEUM'S APE SECTION
ZIRA fainted into HASSLEIN's arms.

61 NEW ANGLE - KNEELING HASSLEIN SUPPORTS RECUMBENT ZIRA

HASSLEIN
(to o.s. Curator)
It must have been the shock ...

ZIRA
(opening eyes; straight into camera)
Shock, my foot. I'm pregnant.

NOTE: From here on, ZIRA's clothes will need increasing padding.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:
INT. HOTEL SUITE

ZIRA resting on sofa, with HASSLEIN hovering in oddly over-solicitous attendance.

HASSLEIN
I shan't leave you till Cornelius comes back... No, no, I insist. Is there anything I can get you?

ZIRA
I have a strange craving --

HASSLEIN
That is only natural --

ZIRA
-- for Grape Juice Plus.

As Hasslein reacts, mystified:

ZIRA
It's in the ...
   (new word)
   ...re-frig-er-ator.

With a secret look of curious satisfaction, HASSLEIN extracts and unstoppers the complimentary bottle of champagne and pours it generously into a sizeable wine goblet, which he places on a low table beside her.

ZIRA
Lewis said only a sip.

HASSLEIN
(eagerly)
I assure you it's an excellent restorative -- especially in cases of pregnancy. How long have you known?

ZIRA
(sipping)
Since well before the war. It was another reason for escaping.

HASSLEIN draws up a chair, takes a lighter and cigarette case from his pocket, then "checks" himself. ZIRA drinks, during:

HASSLEIN
Forgive me. In view of your condition, I shouldn't smoke.

Cont.
He repockets lighter but does something with his thumb to the "cigarette case" which he leaves on the low table. We CLOSE to it, during:

HASSLEIN
Who won your war?

Back to:

ZIRA
(drinking)
It wasn't our war. It was the gorillas' war. Chimpanzees are pashy...
(the champagne is working)
...pacifists. We stayed behind. We never saw the enemy.

HASSLEIN
But which side won?

ZIRA
(drinking)
Neither.

HASSLEIN
(refreshing her glass)
How do you know that if you weren't there?

We can continue to INTERCUT the "cigarette case", during:

ZIRA
(slurred)
When we were in space...we saw a bright, white, blinding light.
We saw the rim of Earth melt.
Then there was...a tornado in the sky.

She hiccups and slops a little champagne on the table top. HASSLEIN instantly lifts the "cigarette case" and (after mopping the wet patch dry) carefully replaces it on the table.

ZIRA
I feel magnificently sleepy.

HASSLEIN
(earnestly)
Zira, the Date Meter in the spaceship...?
ZIRA

Mm.

HASSELEIN

What did it register after Earth's destruction?

ZIRA

Nineteen...seventy...three.

We CLOSE to CLOSEUP of "CIGARETTE CASE".

HASSELEIN'S VOICE

And before? Before the white light and the tornado?

QUICK MIX TO:

"CIGARETTE CASE" on DIFFERENT TABLE TOP

ZIRA'S VOICE

(filtered)
Thirty-nine...fifty...something.

As HASSELEIN clicks off and opens up the bugging device, we PULL BACK to reveal HASSELEIN and the PRESIDENT in:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

PRESIDENT

(coolly)

So?

HASSELEIN

(hotly)

So you have evidence, Mr. President, that one day talking Apes will dominate the Earth and finally destroy it in thirty-nine fifty-something.

PRESIDENT

(massive calm)

I doubt if we shall still be in office by then.

(opening a file)

And according to the NASA experts, who are still subjecting the spaceship to microscopic scrutiny, the precise year of what you merely infer to be Earth's destruction is recorded on the flight synthesizer as thirty-nine fifty-five.

(a beat)

A.D., presumably.
HASSLEIN discomfited.

PRESIDENT
Now what do you expect me and the United Nations -- though not necessarily in that order -- to do about it? Alter what you believe to be the course of the future by slaughtering two Innocents -- or rather three, now that one of them's pregnant? Herod tried that, and Christ survived.

HASSLEIN
Herod lacked our facilities.

PRESIDENT
He also became unpopular. Historically unpopular. And we don't want that, do we?

HASSLEIN
(aghast)
Are you actually saying --

PRESIDENT
I'm saying that our two visitors seem really very charming and peaceable people -- or rather creatures -- and that the voters love them.

HASSLEIN
Do you want them and their progeny to dominate the world?

PRESIDENT
Well, not at the next election. But one day, if the progeny turn out to be as nice as the parents -- who knows? They might make a better job of it than we did.

HASSLEIN
By destroying the world?

PRESIDENT
Are you sure that what they saw destroyed was the world?

HASSLEIN
Aren't you?
PRESIDENT
I consider it dispassionately as
a possibility -- not hysterically
as a fact.

HASSLEIN winces.

HASSLEIN
We have their own testimony that
they provoked a war.

PRESIDENT
And they seem to have provoked
you pretty thoroughly into the
bargain. I'm not saying you're
wrong, Hasslein. I'm saying that
before I have them shot against
a wall, I want convincing that the
writing on the wall is calculably
true. Now. Convince me.

Cont.
HASSLEIN
(rising and pacing)
By their testimony, we know that Apes will acquire the power of intelligent speech and become the master race on Earth. By Zira's testimony, we know that she is pregnant with child. By my own testimony, it would be genetically possible for this child -- provided always that we permit its birth --
(a sharp glance from the President)
-- to bear or to beget a talking Ape by or from a dumb one in a present-day jungle or a present-day zoo.

PRESIDENT
And do you truly believe that by deliberate, present-day action we can neutralize that possibility? That we can alter the future?

HASSLEIN
I do.

PRESIDENT
But do you believe that we should? Given the ability to alter the future, have we the right to do so?

HASSLEIN buries his head in his hands; then looks up at the PRESIDENT with genuine unhappiness.

HASSLEIN
I don't know, Mr. President. I've wrestled with this, and I don't know. How many futures are there? And which future has God, if there is a God, chosen for Man's final destiny? If I urge the destruction of these Apes, am I defying God's will or obeying it? Am I God's enemy or His instrument?

PRESIDENT
An assassin would say the latter. Do you approve of assassination?

HASSLEIN
We condoned the attempted assassination of Hitler because he was evil.
PRESIDENT
But would we have approved killing him in babyhood when he was still innocent? Or killing his mother when he was still in her womb? Or slaughtering his remote ancestors? We have no evidence, Hasslein, that these Apes are evil.

HASSELEIN
There are indications.

PRESIDENT
(sharply)
Such as?

HASSELEIN
There were hesitancies and small discrepancies in their answers to the Commission which suggest that, if properly interrogated --

PRESIDENT
Are you suggesting they were improperly interrogated?

HASSELEIN
Shall I say 'unprofessionally'?

PRESIDENT
You want them given the works by the C.I.A. or something?

HASSELEIN
The full works, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
Then tell that to the Commission. I will abide by their findings.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

COMMISSION sitting. On the dais, the CHAIRMAN reads.

CHAIRMAN
Therefore, having convened in secret session, the Commission makes the following interim recommendations:

CAMERA singles out LEWIS, a very tight-faced, discouraged young man.

Cont.
CHAIRMAN (Cont.)

One: The Public should be informed that the Apes, after their arduous space voyage and the fatigue arising from its attendant publicity, are to be afforded rest and privacy in a location whose identity will not be divulged to the public. They will then be found research employment suited to their high intellectual capacities.

Two: Since, however, there is justifiable cause for suspecting that they have withheld vital information from the Commission, the Apeonauts will in fact be escorted by Dr. Lewis Dixon...

(we pick him out, deadpan)

...to the installation known as Camp Eleven and held there, in his care, for interrogation by the C.I.A. under the guidance and supervision of Dr. Otto Hasslein.

CUT TO:

WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

PRESIDENT reading the speech's continuation to HASSELEIN.

PRESIDENT

'Three: On the interrogation's completion, the Commission will reconvene to discuss its findings and make such further recommendations as may be deemed just and/or expedient.' I find that 'and/or' somewhat sinister, Hasslein.

HASSELEIN

(suavely)

Just technical phraseology,
Mr. President, I can assure you.
EXT. STATION WAGON WITH POLICE CAR AND MOTORCYCLE ESCORT winding through bare, hilly country at DUSK.

INT. STATION WAGON

LEWIS speaks to rear-view mirror which reflects CORNELIUS and ZIRA in back seat.

LEWIS
(troubled)
I wish I knew how to advise you. They may try to make you angry -- but don't be, or you'll be trapped into wrong answers. Try to keep polite.

CORNELIUS
You hear that, Zira?

ZIRA stares grimly ahead.

CORNELIUS
For the baby's sake.

She nods. Through the windshield, the Camp gate distantly looms, during:

LEWIS
And whatever you do, don't tell them what you told me.

He halts at the security-signed gate; shows his pass and/or badge to GUARD, who breaks the electric circuit by pressing buttons on a metal wall panel just inside his window. To CORNELIUS's fascination, the gate latch clicks and GUARD opens gates manually -- saluting as they pass through.

EXT. FROM OUTSIDE THE GATE - STATION WAGON RECEDES INTO DEEPENING DUSK

The GUARD clangs the iron grille of the gate shut in our faces. We ZOOM to its security sign. It says: "DANGER". We FADE TO a:

BLACK SCREEN

ZIRA'S VOICE
(filtered and tipsy)
When we were in space ... we saw a bright, white, blinding light...

The tape stops with a click. We hear a switch being depressed, and CUT IN:
CLOSEUP - A LIGHT

of almost solar intensity, swiveling into CAMERA.

HASSLEIN'S VOICE

Brighter than this?

The light is shining on:

ZIRA

She screws her dazzled eyes shut, then slowly opens them to reconfront:

HER THREE EXAMINERS

HASSLEIN seated between E.1. (amiable) and E.2. (icy) at a table on which stands the lamp that dazzled ZIRA. HASSLEIN presses a button.

PULLING BACK FROM ZIRA

to include CORNELIUS listening nervously by her side.

From a wall speaker:

ZIRA'S VOICE
(filtered and tipsy)

We saw the rim of Earth melt.
Then there was ... a tornado in the sky.

E.1.

(amiably to Zira)

It's your voice, isn't it?

ZIRA

How can I tell? I don't even remember.

E.1.

Why don't you remember?

ZIRA

Because Dr. Hasslein made me drunk.

E.1.

(quietly to Zira)

Why did you tell something to Dr. Hasslein when drunk which you never told to the Commission when sober? Because you and your husband were afraid for the safety of yourselves ... and your unborn child?
(perturbed)
I withheld nothing. Nobody asked me.

E.1.
And if somebody had?

After a beat:

I should have said that Chimpanzees had no part in the destruction of Earth. Only the Gorillas and the Orang-utans.

E.2.
What's the difference? You're all monkeys.

(politely but firmly)
Please do not use the word 'monkey'. We find it offensive. As an archeologist I had access to history scrolls kept secret from the masses, and I suspect that the weapon which destroyed Earth was Man's invention. I know that one reason for Man's original downfall was your peculiar habit of murdering one another. Man destroys Man. Apes do not destroy Apes.

Cont.
HASSLEIN
(cooling the heat)
Cornelius, this is not an inter-
racial hassle but a search for
facts. We admit the possibility
of Man's decline and fall. But
what all of us here would like to
know is how Apes rose.

The emotional temperature drops,

CORNELIUS
(unexpectedly)
It began, in our prehistory, with
the plague that fell upon dogs.

ZIRA
And cats.

CORNELIUS
Hundreds and thousands of them
died. And hundreds and thousands
had to be destroyed to prevent
the spread of the infection.

ZIRA
There were dog bonfires ...

For the first time we see a tape recorder (concealed
from the APES) slowly revolving.

CORNELIUS
By the time the plague was contained,
Man was without pets; and for Man,
this was intolerable. He might kill
his brother, but he could not kill
his dog. So Humans took primitive
Apes as pets.

ZIRA
Primitive and dumb, but still
twenty times more intelligent
than dogs or cats.

CORNELIUS
They were quartered in cages, but
they lived and moved freely in human
houses. They became responsive to
human speech. And in the course of
only two centuries progressed from
performing mere tricks to performing
services.

Cont.
E.1.
Like sheep dogs ...

CORNELIUS
Could a sheep dog cook? Could a sheep dog clean the house? Or go marketing for groceries with a list from its mistress? Or wait on tables?

ZIRA
(with dangerous pride)
Or, after three more centuries, turn the tables on their owners?

HASSLEIN
(instantly)
How?

CORNELIUS lays a restraining hand on ZIRA's.

CORNELIUS
They became alert to the concept of slavery and (as their numbers grew) to slavery's antidote, which is unity. They began to assemble in small bands. They learned the art of corporate and militant action. They learned to refuse.

We INTERCUT concealed tape recorder, inexorably revolving. Then back to:

CORNELIUS
At first they barked their refusal. And then, on a historic day commemorated by my species and fully documented in the secret scrolls, there came an Ape called Aldo, who didn't bark. He articulated. He spoke a word which had been spoken to him, time without number, by Humans. He said 'No'.

The tape recorder revolves.

HASSLEIN
So that's how it all started.
E.2.
(buzzing intercom)
Clip One, please.

From a wall speaker:

CORNELIUS'S VOICE
(filtered)
Where we come from, Apes talk
and Humans are dumb.

E.2.
You recognize your husband's words
to the Commission?

ZIRA
Yes.

E.2.
So Humans were dumb.
(to Cornelius)
Were they happy?

CORNELIUS cannot meet his cold stare.

E.2.
(to intercom)
Clip Two.

From the wall speaker:

ZIRA'S VOICE
(filtered)
As to Humans, I've dissected
thousands of them and,
until now, I've only discovered
two who could talk in my life.

E.2.
Was one of the two who talked
Colonel Taylor?

ZIRA
I never met Colonel Taylor.

E.2.
(to intercom)
Repeat first three seconds of
Clip Two.

From the wall speaker:
ZIRA'S VOICE
(filtered)
As to Humans, I've dissected--
examined thousands of them--

The sound cuts out.

E.2.
What was the word you didn't finish?

ZIRA
(frightened)
I can't remember.

E.2.
(to intercom)
Play the loop.

From the wall speaker:

ZIRA'S VOICE
(filtered)
Dissect... Dissect... Dissect...

The loop continues playing, intolerably, during:

E.2.
Complete the word, monkey.

CORNELIUS
(furiously)
I told you--

E.2.
Complete the word.

ZIRA'S VOICE
Dissect... Dissect... Dissect...

ZIRA
(with a touch of
her old spirit)
It sounds as if I had hiccups.

With a snort of contempt, E.2. flicks off intercom and
wall speaker to look inquiringly at E.I., who in his turn
looks inquiringly at HASSLEIN.

HASSLEIN
(nods)
Send for Dr. Dixon.

E.2.
(to intercom)
Dr. Dixon, please. Dr. Hasslein
calling Dr. Dixon.

CUT TO:
INT. CORRIDOR - LEWIS

Striding anxiously towards a door, whose GUARD admits him. We FOLLOW LEWIS into:

OUT

INTERROGATION ROOM

HASSLEIN

Ah. Dr. Dixon.

He is holding something wrapped in cotton, which he hands to LEWIS.

HASSLEIN

Please be good enough to administer this.

LEWIS raises hostile, inquiring eyebrows as he unwraps the cotton.

HASSLEIN

Sodium Pentothal. One-half gram IV.

The cotton contains a charged hypodermic.

LEWIS

(not taking it)
Dr. Hasslein, I'm an animal psychiatrist --

HASSLEIN

(curtly)
And a qualified vet. We have the Commission's authority and...
(indicating E.l. and E.2,)
...that of the C.I.A.

LEWIS, after hesitation, takes hypodermic; and we PAN him into shot with the seated APES.

LEWIS

(gently)
Come, Zira. Lie down on the couch.

But CORNELIUS has seen the hypodermic and rises in anguish.

CORNELIUS

No! No! No! When we use those things, it's for killing.

Cont.
Killing whom?

CORNELIUS grabs ineffectually at the hypodermic and is with difficulty restrained by E.2.

LEWIS
(stepping in to cover up)
This isn't for killing, Cornelius. It's for ... relaxing. It won't harm her.

ZIRA
Will it harm my baby?

LEWIS
No. So, please. Lie down.

CORNELIUS moans and whimpers.

HAASLEIN
(to E.2.)
Take it to its quarters.

LEWIS guides ZIRA, who looks pathetically back over her shoulder.

OUT
A-78

ANOTHER ANGLE

LEWIS tests hypodermic and indicates couch.

LEWIS
(smiling)
Bare your left arm, please.

ZIRA
(wry whisper)
You don't have to tell me.

As he bends over her to roll back her sleeve:

LEWIS
(whisper)
It has the same effect as Grape Juice Plus.

He injects the hypodermic into her hairy arm.

Cont.
LEWIS

Count backwards from ten.

As HASSLEIN enters, followed by E.l. only:

ZIRA
Ten...nine...eight...seven...
six...
 (getting drowsy)
...five...four...

She pauses.

LEWIS
What's after four?

ZIRA
 (slurry)
...two...

During the above, E.l. has switched on the tape recorder, drawn up a chair to the couch's side and now (hand mike poised) looks inquiringly at LEWIS, who withdraws hypodermic and pads the crook of ZIRA's arm with cotton.

HASSLEIN
 (holding door open)
Thank you, Dr. Dixon.

LEWIS
 (coldly)
It's customary to stay.

Their eyes lock.

LEWIS
I am a member of the Commission.

LEWIS wins. HASSLEIN leans against the wall, motionless and impassive until the scene's end. We CLOSE to:
CLOSE SHOTS - E.l. and ZIRA, INTERCUTTING HASSLEIN AND LEWIS

Most of E.l.'s "questions" are less questions than statements. He is confronting ZIRA with situations which she can confirm or deny.

E.l.  
(gentle throughout)
Zira.

ZIRA  
(slurry at first)
Mm.

E.l.  
You worked in a room like this?

ZIRA  
Bigger. But not so ... pretty.

CAMERA roves the cold, clinical little room. Pretty ...!

E.l.  
With ... two assistants?

Three.

E.l.  
And there you practiced...

ZIRA  
(as though this were all)
Comparative.

E.l.  
Comparative what?

ZIRA  
Ana ... ana...

E.l.  
Anatomy.

Mm.

ZIRA  
Whose anatomies did you compare?

ZIRA hesitates; restlessly moves her head from side to side.

Cont.
79 Cont.

E.I.
Apes' and Humans'?

ZIRA
Mm.

E.I.
 stil gently
Say yes if you mean yes.

ZIRA
Yes.

E.I.
So you dissected other Apes.

ZIRA
Yes. When they died a natural
death.

E.I.
And Humans, too, of course.

ZIRA
Yes. As they were ... made available.

E.I.
Available ... ?

We CUT IN quick, soundless, subliminal FLASHES from
APES 1 and APES 2, luridly illustrating:

ZIRA
The Gorillas hunted them for
sport -- with nets and with guns.
The survivors were put in cages.
The Army used some of them for
target practice.

FLASHES END. As the drug's hypnotic effect diminishes,
ZIRA becomes increasingly articulate and euphoric.

ZIRA
We could take our scientific pick
of the rest.

E.I.
(matching her
enthusiasm)
And in the interests of science,
you dissected, removed and
statistically compared...
ZIRA
(proucly)
Bones, muscles, tendons, veins,
arteries, kidneys, livers, hearts,
 stomachs, reproductive organs...

We CUT IN subliminal FLASH from APES 1: CLOSEUP ZIRA,
from o.s. patient's P.O.V., bending over to operate with
scalpel. And back to:

ZIRA
...nails, tongues, eyes...

E.1. turns to see HASSLEIN, riveted.

ZIRA
...noses, ears, nervous systems,
the various reflexes --

E.1.
(as though puzzled)
Reflexes? Of the dead?

ZIRA
No, no, no. Of the living! You
can't make a dead man's knee jump,
any more than you can test a corpse's
reaction to a prefrontal lobotomy.

LEWIS, sweating, looks at HASSLEIN, concentrating.

E.1.
("admiringly")
You mean you were ... advanced
enough to do experimental brain
surgery on living humans?

ZIRA
Oh, yes. We even tried to stimulate
their atrophied speech centers.

E.1.
Successfully?

ZIRA
Not yet.
(confused)
I mean not now ... anymore.

She draws a hand across her eyes. E.1. looks at LEWIS,
who looks at his watch.

Cont.
LEWIS

Two minutes.

HASSELEIN scribbles a note, which he hands to:

E.l.
Did you stimulate Colonel Taylor's
speech centers?

ZIRA
(irritated mutter)
Of course not. He could talk
already.

Exhausted after her euphoria, she doesn't realize what
she has admitted. The three MEN do and react strongly.
But the object of pentothal is to lull the patient into
truth.

E.l.
(offhand)
Colonel Taylor had colleagues ...

ZIRA
Oh, yes. There was one who ...
somehow ... died before we found
out he could talk. He possessed
a unique skin. We had it stuffed
and put in our museum. Like the
gorilla I saw in yours.

E.l.
A unique...?

ZIRA
...skin.
(a beat)
It was black.

We CUT IN ghoulish FLASH from APES 1: stuffed NEGRO
ASTRONAUT with milky glass eyes in Ape City's museum.
And back to:

HASSELEIN
(a whisper)
Lieutenant Dodge.

ZIRA
(sleepily)
Until we came here, we'd never seen
that before.

Cont.
E.l.
When you left, was Colonel Taylor
still alive?

ZIRA
(scenting accusation)
We loved Taylor.

CUT IN FLASH from APES 1: ZIRA kissing TAYLOR. And back
to:

ZIRA
We did all we could to help him,
Cornelius and I --

As she names her husband, normal consciousness returns.
She lifts herself on one elbow and looks desperately
around for a sign of him; but sees only the cold, white
room, E.l. by the couch's side, LEWIS with the hypodermic,
and HASSLEIN blocking the intercommunicating door.

ZIRA
(desolate moan)
Cor-ne-li-us!

LEWIS
(putting down
hypodermic)
She'll need a nap now.

HASSLEIN
She'll get it.

He raps at the outer door; and a young, white-coated,
muscular, blond and good-natured male ORDERLY enters.
E.l. is unemotionally dismantling the tape recorder, during:

ORDERLY
Sir?

HASSLEIN
Take her to their quarters, please.

E.l. hands tape spool to HASSLEIN.

HASSLEIN
We must get this to commission
immediately.

ORDERLY approaches ZIRA's wheeled couch and looks down
on her. She is almost asleep.

Cont.
ORDERLY

(gently)

Come along, ma'am. It's over now.

(looking down at her)

Boy! She's really out.

LEWIS and HASSLEIN turn at door. HASSLEIN, unemotional, exits, but the concern on LEWIS's face is clearly visible. He exits sadly.

CUT TO:
INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WEARY COMMISSION - LATE AFTERNOON

LEWIS is with them and we shall CUT frequently to his reactions. We CLOSE to:

CHAIRMAN

(reading)
I have to announce that the
President of the United States
has ratified the following final
recommendations made by this
Commission in the light of the
C.I.A. tape recordings delivered
to us by Dr. Hasslein.

We PULL BACK to include HASSLEIN seated rather gloomily
on the dais next to:

CHAIRMAN

(reading)
One: By a majority vote the
Commission finds no solid evidence
for hostility by either Ape towards
the Human Race as at present
constituted in this year of our
Lord, nineteen seventy-three.

The MINORITY (including, alas, the CARDINAL) becomes
sufficiently vocal for the CHAIRMAN to hammer for silence.

CHAIRMAN

(emphatically reading)
The male's attitude is that of a
deeply interested and well-disposed
academian who studied the alleged
future downfall of the Human Race
with the true objectivity of a good
historian.

The female's case is different, in
that she undoubtedly committed
actions against the Human Race of
a sort which, if they were to be
committed today, would be called
atrocities. But would they be
so-called in two thousand years'
time, when it is alleged that Humans
will have become dumb brutes with
the restricted intelligence of
animals? It has been pointed out
that what Apes will do to Humans
is no more than what Humans are now
doing to beasts.

Cont.
Dubious murmurs from the MINORITY.

CHAIRMAN
(holding up hand)
Nonetheless the Commission is sympathetic to Dr. Hasslein's conviction that the progeny of these Apes could, in the centuries to come, prove an increasing threat to the Human Race and conceivably end by dominating it. This is a risk we dare not ignore. Therefore:

Two: The Commission unanimously 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 humanely be rendered incapable of begetting or bearing another. Thus, the parents can still be employed to serve the community in a manner to which their undoubted talents are best suited.

He raises his gavel.

CHAIRMAN
I now declare this Commission dissolved.

As the gavel begins to fall:

SHOCK CUT TO:
81 CORNELIUS'S INTERLOCKED HANDS...

...smashing down on a white-enameled metal table top.
As we PULL BACK:

CORNELIUS
They're savages!

We PULL BACK further to:

82 MASTER SHOT - APES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Cold, white, fluorescent lighting reveals barred windows with no drapes; two austere cots, on one of which lies ZIRA, fully clothed; two uneasy easy chairs; and two white-cushioned metal ones by the table, on which CORNELIUS once again smashes down his interlocked hands.

CORNELIUS
Savages! Jabbing needles into a pregnant woman!

ZIRA
(mildly)
I've done that, too, dear. And worse. Taylor thought we were savages -- at first.

CORNELIUS
Did they make you tell them about Taylor, too?

ZIRA
They made me tell them about everything, Cornelius.

CORNELIUS
Brutes!

ZIRA
And shall I tell you something? I'm glad I did. We can't live with lies.

CORNELIUS
(himself savagely)
After this, I doubt we shall be allowed to live at all.

Cont.
82 Cont.

She sits up suddenly and anxiously on the side of the cot with one hand held to her very pregnant belly.

ZIRA
Do you mean that?

He takes her hand away from her belly and holds it to his cheek.

CORNELIUS
How long, now?

ZIRA
A week. Maybe more.

CORNELIUS
(a snarl)
They treated you like dirt!

A key rattles in the lock. Is this the death sentence? But the door opens only to admit their young, agreeable ORDERLY with two bowls of soup, four oranges and a glass pitcher of water on a heavy white-enameded tray.

ORDERLY
Sir. Ma'am. It's chow time.

He is about to set down the tray when CORNELIUS, still fuming, shakes his head. ORDERLY looks hopefully at:

ZIRA
I'm not hungry.

ORDERLY
(genuinely concerned)
But maybe someone else is who can't talk yet. Come on, ma'am. It's pure Vitamin C. Drink your soup and eat your orange for the sake of...
(unwittingly)
...the little monkey inside you, and--

CORNELIUS loses his temper. Pushes tray (upwards from beneath) into ORDERLY's face, which the hot soup scalds, as the glass pitcher splinters at his feet and the oranges roll across the floor. CORNELIUS wrests the heavy tray from ORDERLY and crashes it down on his head. As ORDERLY staggers forward, his foot trips over an orange and he falls -- hitting the side of his head on a corner of the metal table and landing face downwards in the splintered pitcher's jagged glass.

Cont.
ZIRA
(rising aghast)
Cornelius, what have you--

CORNELIUS
(breathing hard)
Nobody makes a fool of my wife.
(squatting)
He's unconscious.

ZIRA
Ought we to call for--

CORNELIUS
We call for nobody and nothing.
We leave.

He quietly opens the door and peers left and right. Directly across the passage is another door which he opens to reveal an unused office with window in b.g. CORNELIUS opens the window; and, one leg already over the sill, beckons to ZIRA, whom we have HELD throughout in f.g. She exits the door of their own quarters, closing it softly behind her. As it shuts, we ANGLE DOWN and PAN from the debris on the floor to:

TOP SHOT - GASHED BLOND HEAD OF ORDERLY

face downwards in the broken glass. Blood is beginning to spread across the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING SIDE ROOM - LEWIS ON PHONE-
INTERCUTTING STEVIE IN ZOO INFIRMARY - NIGHT

LEWIS
At least they'll be allowed to live, but it's cruel and horrible. And I'm the one who has to tell them. Stevie, you've got to come and help me.

STEVIE
Of course. I'll come right away.

LEWIS
Thanks, Stevie. I'll be going back with Dr. Hasslein any minute now.

Cont.
LEWIS hangs up, turns to see HASSLEIN, who obviously has overheard.

HASSELEIN
(a slight smile)
Cruel, Dr. Dixon?

LEWIS
Unbelievably. Zira wants her baby.

HASSELEIN
So do I.

LEWIS
But dead.

HASSELEIN
Yes.

LEWIS
And you'd prefer the parents dead as well...wouldn't you?

HASSELEIN doesn't answer. He doesn't need to.

HASSELEIN
Shall we go...?

He leaves, and LEWIS, disturbed and quite fearful, follows.

CUT TO:
EXT./INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

The incoming GUARD 1 moves to ringing phone, as outgoing GUARD 2 presses button on metal wall panel, during:

GUARD 1
(on phone)
Gate four ... No, sir, the lieutenant hasn't checked in yet.

GUARD 2
(leaving)
'Night, Charlie.

GUARD 1
(hand over mouthpiece)
'Night, Ed.

The pressed button has released the latch of the gate, which GUARD 2 opens and closes behind him, manually, before departing. We PAN to CORNELIUS's head cautiously surveying this from outside guardhouse window.

GUARD 1
(to phone)
Yessir. I'll give him that message... yessir.

He puts down phone; and CORNELIUS is wondering what to do, when phone rings again. CORNELIUS ducks out of view, during:

GUARD 1
Gate four ... Yes, Captain ...
No, sir, the supply truck isn't due till 0600 hours ... Well, I'm sorry, sir. We've no way of contacting them before then ...

We PICK UP CORNELIUS approaching wall panel on guardhouse's further side, during:

GUARD 1
The depot's closed, sir.

CORNELIUS presses the panel button. To smother sound of gate clicking open:

CORNELIUS
(mimicking)
'Night, Charlie.

Cont.
GUARD 1
(hand over
mouthpiece)
I said good night.
(onto phone)
Okay, sir. I'll be off duty by
then, but the relief comes on at
0430 hours and I'll get him to
pass the message ... Yessir ...
yessir ... just leave it to me ...

CORNELIUS beckons ZIRA into shot and they pass through
gate, which CORNELIUS gently closes behind them.

CUT TO:

APES RUN OFF HIGHWAY

into and through bushes. ZIRA staggers, clutches her belly
and falls.

CORNELIUS
(over shoulder;
from ahead)
Zira!

A pause. Then the pain suddenly goes and, with a deep
sigh, she rises and joins him.

CORNELIUS
(as they advance)
What's the matter?

ZIRA
I think my pains have begun.

CORNELIUS strikes his forehead with his hand, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HASSLEIN'S CAR EN ROUTE FOR CAMP ELEVEN - NIGHT

Car approaches CAMERA, pulling to a stop as the scream of
a siren rents the night. An ambulance flies past, CAMERA
HOLDING on HASSLEIN and LEWIS in the car. They exchange
a shrug, and the car moves out.

CONT
89 Cont.

CORNELIUS
How are the pains?

ZIRA
They come and go. But they're beginning to come quicker and go slower.

CORNELIUS
You ought to rest. But I'd like to get farther away before...

He helps her up and, in so doing, disturbs an (unseen) bird which flies off into the darkness with a clatter of wings that disturbs them both.

ZIRA
(ominously)
Like a machine gun.

CORNELIUS
Just a bird.

They begin to walk away from the direction of the Camp where, after a few seconds, an ambulance siren distantly but piercingly warbles.

ZIRA
(stopping)
What's that?

CORNELIUS
(soothingly)
Another bird.

They stumble on and down, through the thinning trees until the darkness swallows them.

CUT TO:

90 INT./EXT. - HASSLEIN TAKES THE SHARP TURN TO CAMP GATE

GUARD 1
(scrutinizing passes)
You're wanted in Administration, Doctor. Urgent.

The car roars up drive and brakes sharply at main door. HASSLEIN and LEWIS alight and enter.

91 ADMINISTRATION CORRIDOR

HASSLEIN strides ahead of LEWIS down corridor and turns through open door into:
ANOTHER ANGLE

LEWIS stays in doorway. HASSLEIN walks towards E.1., E.2. and MARINE CAPTAIN.

HASSLEIN
What's happened?

We PAN, fractionally, to include something sheeted on a stretcher. E.2. twitches sheet to reveal:
TOP SHOT - DEAD ORDERLY'S GLASS-GASHED FACE

Over this:

E.2.'s VOICE
The Apes have killed their Orderly.

LEWIS reacts, appalled. Back to:

94

HASSLEIN
baring his teeth in a smug I-told-you-so smile of satisfaction.

HASSLEIN
Where are they?

CAPTAIN
On the run.

HASSLEIN's smile fades and is replaced by a look of desperate sincerity which his earlier interview with the President foreshadowed. To E.1.:

HASSLEIN
Now they've killed, and must be killed. It has to be done -- and done quickly, before we start a stone rolling that'll gather enough poisoned moss to kill us all.

We CUT AWAY to LEWIS, listening (deadpan) in open doorway. He turns on his heel and walks away. Back to:

HASSLEIN
Nothing but weakness, indifference and apathy! Who cares what's going to happen to the Human Race two thousand years from now?

With E.1., E.2 and CAPTAIN, he begins a walk down the corridor, from which LEWIS has already vanished.

HASSLEIN
(walking)
Who cares whether, long, long after we're dead, a Man who might have been another Shakespeare, another Buddha, even another Christ, will be crawling the face of this earth on all fours like a dumb brute unable to do more than grunt or slobber.

GROUP has reached:
95 HASSLEIN'S OFFICE

Ahead of the rest, HASSLEIN stalks past his SECRETARY.

HAASSLEIN
(to Secretary)
Get me the President.

He slams the door of his inner office.

96 INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT
(INTERCUTTING LEWIS'S OFFICE AND GUARDHOUSE)

Guard picks up the phone.

GUARD 1
Gate four.

LEWIS
Has Dr. Branton arrived?

GUARD 1
No, sir. Not yet.

97 CROSS-CUTTING PHONE CONVERSATION

PRESIDENT
Were they armed?

HAASSLEIN
Only with a tray and a glass pitcher.

PRESIDENT
So when they're found, there's no need for a shooting match.

HAASSLEIN
(dubious assent)
Not strictly speaking --

PRESIDENT
I am speaking strictly, Hasslein. Science regards these Apes as unique. The people regard them as almost human.

HAASSLEIN
Then the people must be told that the killers of today could become the mass murderers of tomorrow.

Cont.
(soothingly)
Of course they must, Hasslein.
And I can think of no one better
emotionally qualified then yourself
to persuade them of such a
possibility. But in a democracy
we do not shoot unarmed suspects
on sight -- for a murder in which
their participation is still
legally unproven. I want them
taken -- but taken alive. Is that
clear?
HASSLEIN

Quite clear, Mr. President.

(to Captain)

When you find them, they're to be taken alive. And Captain.
I'm putting every law enforcement agency in the City onto this -- and the entire search is to be coordinated through this office.

CAPTAIN

Yessir.

CUT TO:

NEW TERRAIN - APES

Trudging behind bushes off highway, no distance from Camp area. ZIRA walks with increasing difficulty; staggers, and finally sags. CORNELIUS lowers her gently to a bush-girt dip in the ground.

CORNELIUS

We can't go on. I'm going back to the Camp to find Lewis. I'm going to get help.

ZIRA

No ...

CORNELIUS

Look, I only lost my temper with the boy and hurt him. It isn't as though I'd killed him. But if we go or like this, it may kill you.

ZIRA

(struggling to rise)
It's better now. I can walk.

CORNELIUS

(holding her down)
They may punish us. But at least the baby will be born.

He settles her in the dip and walks off into the darkness.

CUT TO:
A-98 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

STEVIE drives through CAMERA in the station wagon.

99 SEARCH CONVOY TEARING OUT THROUGH CAMP GATE

Two six-by's with MARINES preceded by CAPTAIN in jeep.

CUT TO:

100 STEVIE'S STATION WAGON APPROACHING CAMP AREA

On the first "arm" of a U-bend in the winding highway, she meets the convoy coming from the opposite direction. CAPTAIN's jeep swerves across to trap and halt her.

Cont.
CAPTAIN
You lost, Miss? Oh, it's you, Dr. Branton. Better be careful, ma'am. There's been a murder. The Monkeys have killed their Orderly -- and escaped.

MUSIC as we WHIP PAN off convoy to CORNELIUS crouched in the bushes at the U-bend's center -- his eyes aghast with horror, his hands blocking his ears against the "scream" inside his head, which the MUSIC MIMICS. Then seeing station wagon receding to round the curve of the U-bend, he short-cuts through the bushes to intercept station wagon on the U-bend's second "arm", where he stands in STEVIE's headlights ... and is recognized.

STEVIE
(very shaken)
Cornelius! What've you done?

INT. STATION WAGON

Ticking over.

CORNELIUS
Stevie, I didn't mean to kill him. He was teasing Zira and I hit him with a tray. He tripped and cracked his head on the table. Please believe--

STEVIE
I do, Cornelius, I do. But they won't. Where's Zira?

CORNELIUS
(pointing to bushes)
Back there. Hiding in the bushes. She's in labor.

STEVIE
Oh, God.
(a beat)
Get in.

As he climbs in rear of car:

CORNELIUS
Stevie, you won't take us back to the Camp ... ?
101 Cont.

STEVIE
(ghost of a smile)
No. I have a better idea.

She puts the car into a U-turn.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. CARAVAN DOOR - TIGHT SHOT - NIGHT

It opens to emit a dark, dapper, handsome man (ARMANDO) in his 40's and seemingly of Latin extraction. As he walks down the wooden steps:

ARMANDO
(deadpan)
You are asking me to risk imprison-
ment for the sake of two fugitive
Apes? The answer is -- a thousand
times...
(dazzling smile)
...yes!

Cont.
He has turned into profile to smile up (as we PULL BACK) at LEWIS descending caravan steps behind him and carrying a leather veterinary bag. As ARMANDO walks LEWIS past signs establishing "ARMANDO'S SENSATIONAL CIRCUS":

ARMANDO
I do it for you. And for Stevie. And for your two distinguished friends.

LEWIS
(ruefully)
Notorious, now.

ARMANDO
To hell with notoriety! What is a husband expected to do? Stand by and see his wife insulted? God! Aren't we rude enough to each other without having to be rude to animals? And anyway, he didn't mean to kill the boy. It was an accident.

LEWIS
I'm very grateful, Armando.

ARMANDO
You helped to deliver our last baby. And now you deliver our next.

They continue into:

103

EXT. CIRCUS COMPLEX - NIGHT

They pass a humbler caravan on whose steps a MALE and FEMALE MIDGET sit smoking.

ARMANDO
(genially)
Hercules! Brunhilde! It's time you were in bed.

BRUNHILDE
(coily)
We've been in bed.

ARMANDO smiles and waves good night. He and LEWIS reach:

104

EXT. MENAGERIE TENT

On either side of its entrance are painted circus wagons.
105 INT. MENAGERIE TENT - MASTER SCENE

Dim and shadowy. Wheeled cages contain a jaguar, a leopard, lions, tigers and a zebra. Uncaged: a tethered baby elephant. Just inside and to the entrance's RIGHT are two cages (containing CHIMPANZEES) set a few yards apart. From the still-masked space between them runs STEVIE.

STEVIE
Lewis! It took you so long.

LEWIS
After your phone call I had to work out an excuse ... They think I'm searching.

STEVIE
Armando's been a saint.

ARMANDO
(smiling)
A minor one. St. Francis would have fixed it better.

STEVIE
Never!

ARMANDO
(indicating first cage to Lewis)
Say hello to Heloise and your goddaughter Salome.

LEWIS crouches to peer at:

106 P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH BARS - ABELARD WATCHING OVER HELOISE as she suckles (in the shadows) their baby daughter SALOME.

LEWIS'S VOICE
Hello, Salome.

CUT BACK TO:

107 MASTER SCENE

ARMANDO
(proudly)
The only chimp ever born in a circus.

LEWIS
Los Angeles has had four.

Cont.
ARMANDO
(with scorn)
Los Angeles is not a circus. It
is a zoo.

LEWIS
So New Yorkers say.

ARMANDO begins to laugh; then points ahead and lays a
finger to his lips with elaborate secrecy.

They have walked past Cage 1 to the hitherto unmasked
space between it and Cage 2. A length of electric flex
has been slung between the two cages; and a single light
bulb, hanging from it, not-too-brightly illuminates
(as we TILT DOWN) a sort of primitive Private Maternity
Ward on the bare ground; a table with a basin of water
and bottle of antiseptic; and a folding cot on which
ZIRA lies blanketed with her head towards and her feet
away from us. In b.g. CORNELIUS, like all expectant
fathers, abstractedly paces to and fro.

STEVIE
(gently)
Lewis is here.

CORNELIUS stops his pacing.

CORNELIUS
Lewis!
(urgently approaching)
I was not responsible for the death--

LEWIS
(taking his hand)
I know.
(smiling)
But you will be responsible for
a birth. How is she?

CORNELIUS
The pains come every five minutes.

From b.g.:

ZIRA
(the truth, as always)
Every four.
CORNELIUS resumes his abstracted pacing and is unaware of a minor commotion as HELoise (in Cage 1) pushes forward to display SALOMÉ through the bars to ZIRA, who rolls over on her side to inspect the baby.

**ARMANDO**

Look at Heloise! She is showing an expectant mother what to expect.

**ZIRA**

(through bars to Salome)

Ma-ma-ma ... Say it ... Ma-ma-ma ...
(ad-lib)

This is too much for the nerves of:

**CORNELIUS**

Zira, don't waste your breath and your strength! You know that a child born of two primitive apes will never talk.

**ZIRA**

I'm getting into practice.

(to Salome)

Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma ...

Her face contorts. She gives a deep cry of pain, as we:

**SHOCK CUT TO:**

108

(SOUND) O.S. BABY'S FIRST CRY OVER (VISUAL) ELECTRIC BULB HANGING IN UPPER FRAME

LEWIS's arm rises into shot from LOWER FRAME, triumphantly holding (model) BABY upside down by its legs and slapping it repeatedly to maintain breathing. Once this is assured, we PULL BACK to include LEWIS giving BABY to ZIRA, who lies with her back to us. She displays BABY to the kneeling CORNELIUS, who rapturously stares and stares and stares. At length:

**CORNELIUS**

What are we going to call...?

**LEWIS**

(smiling)

Him.

**ZIRA**

Milo.
We PULL BACK further to include STEVIE and ARMANDO watching. ARMANDO is lighting a cigar -- presumably for himself. But as CORNELIUS, the proud father, advances to receive congratulations, ARMANDO offers the cigar to CORNELIUS, who has seen enough of America to know what to do with it. He puffs it -- once professionally, and a second time catastrophically. As he coughs and coughs:

ARMANDO

No?

CORNELIUS

(hoarsely)

No.

He returns cigar to ARMANDO, who smokes it.

CUT TO:

A-108 Ext. Camp Eleven - Day

Activity indicates a state of emergency.

CUT TO:

109 Int. Hasslein's Office - Day

It has now become a virtual HQ from which HASSLEIN can direct the search. Extra phones and squawk boxes have been installed; and marked wall maps indicating search areas are on display. HASSLEIN faces LEWIS and E.l., as SECRETARY brings him a report sheet and exits. He reads it with increasing disgust and tosses it aside.

HASSLEIN

Dr. Dixon, can you pinpoint the probable date of the baby's birth with any degree of accuracy?

LEWIS

I never examined her -- but from appearances I'd say in a week to ten days' time.

HASSLEIN

If it's that near, she can't have gone far.

(desperately)

But where would Apes go?

E.l.

(at a venture)

To other Apes?

Cont.
A long beat. Then:

HASSLEIN

(softly)
Of course!
(dialing phone)
Captain Osgood? I want you to
mount a systematic and immediate
search of every zoo, every menagerie,
every circus in the city ... Yes,
I realize that -- but can't you
get police cooperation? ... On my
authority. And I want to be kept
fully posted on results -- whether
positive or negative.

As he slams down phone:

CUT TO:

INT. MENAGERIE TENT - CLOSEUP - ARMANDO - DAY

ARMANDO

Bastards!

PULL BACK to include STEVIE.

STEVIE

Lewis says he'll think of something.

PULL BACK FURTHER (in the dim sunlight filtering through
the thick canvas of the tent) to include CORNELIUS carrying
the rawhide valise, and ZIRA carrying the blanket ed BABY --
forlornly ready to become fugitives once more.

ARMANDO

I had planned it all so well!
In a month -- in just one month --
we move on to our winter quarters
in Florida. I could have released
you in the Everglades and -- oh,
my dear, dear friends! -- you might
have lived happily ever after.
But now ...

(in despair)
What can I do?

CORNELIUS

You have done enough to make us
grateful to you forever.

Cont.
ARMANO
I did it because I like chimpanzees
best of all apes, and you the best
of all chimpanzees. I did it because
I hate those who try to alter Destiny,
which is the unalterable will of God.
If it is Man's destiny one day to be
dominated, then please God let him
be dominated by such as you. Dear
friends, before the police come and
the audience gathers, you and your
pretty baby must go.

STEVIE
(gently to Zira)
Lewis is on his way.

ARMANO
All I can now do to help you is
give you this -- for the child.

From his pocket he takes a little medal on a short chain,
to which we CLOSE, during:

ARMANO'S VOICE
It is a medal of St. Francis of
Assisi.

We PULL BACK as he gives the medal to ZIRA, who studies
it curiously with CORNELIUS peering over her shoulder.

CORNELIUS
Who is he?

ARMANO
(smiling)
He was ... a holy man who loved
and cared for all animals. Hang
it around the baby's neck. For
protection.

ZIRA
Thank you.
(beat)
And Armando?

ARMANO
Yes?

ZIRA
Now I should like to say good-bye
to Heloise.
ARMANDO
If only she could speak she would say how sorry--

ZIRA
(quietly)
I know. But we understand each other.

Armando looks at her, interested; and opens Cage 1. Picking up the blanketed BABY MILO, she approaches and enters:

INT. CAGE 1

where HELoise squats in the shadows with BABY SALOME at her breast. ZIRA squats opposite her, a yard away, with BABY MILO in her lap. For five seconds the two mothers survey each other -- motionless, silent and with grave sympathy -- in a MASTER SHOT from which we CUT AWAY once to MED. SHOT of HELoise and once (for longer) to MED. SHOT of ZIRA. Then we slowly TRACK IN to CLOSEUP of ZIRA, on whom we:

FADE OUT
AND
CUT IN:

INTERCUTTING M.P. PHONING FROM NEW LOS ANGELES ZOO WITH

HASSLEIN IN OFFICE - DAY

M.P.
We've drawn a blank at the Zoo, sir. Ape House -- negative. Infirmary -- negative. Keepers' reports from all other cages -- negative.

HASSLEIN
Are there still animals at the Old Zoo?

M.P.
I don't know, sir:

HASSLEIN
(blasting)
Then FIND OUT!

He bangs receiver down over a:

CUT TO:
EXT. STATION WAGON TURNING OFF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

It pulls up out of sight of the highway on the verge of:

A SPARSELY LIT OIL FIELD

Grey derricks, like clustering Eiffel Towers. Grey pumps like Iron Age birds, rhythmically pecking for the grit that will turn their eggs golden. And, between them, grey scrub tufted with grey grass whose sap has run dry as lunar dust. We are on a moon, landscaped and architected by Man.

CUT BACK TO:

STATION WAGON

Our FOUR OCCUPANTS have alighted.

LEWIS

Here's as far as we dare take you.
The police have put road blocks on every main exit from town.

ZIRA cradles the blanketed BABY in one arm and, with her free hand, clutches the rawhide valise. LEWIS unfolds a map, as STEVIE eases a knapsack over CORNELIUS's shoulders...

STEVIE

Your provisions.

...and hands him a bedroll which he tucks under his prehensile arm.

LEWIS

(to Cornelius)

Can you read a map?

CORNELIUS

I'm an archeologist. I can even draw one.

LEWIS holds map in front of dimmed headlights.

LEWIS

(indicating)

We're at the city limits -- on the southern edge of this oil field here.

(pointing into the dark)

Once you're over that hill, you'll pass through more oil wells and an abandoned refinery. From there, you'll be looking down on a harbor to the southeast and a sort of graveyard for old ships that have become unseaworthy.

Cont.
ZIRA wraps the BABY warmer against the beginnings of a night breeze that blows loose tufts of grass about her feet.

LEWIS
I used to play there when I was a kid. There's a sawn-off derelict ship at one end where you could hide for a week --

ZIRA
(dismally)
A week?

STEVIE
Until the commotion's died down a bit and we can come for you and smuggle you back into the circus.

LEWIS
(more hopefully than he feels)
Then, like Armando said, you could travel with them to Florida when they move on, found a colony in the Everglades and live happily ever after.

Behind them a truck roars along the highway and LEWIS looks uneasily over his shoulder as the disturbed BABY begins to whimper.

ZIRA
(rocking it)
Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma...

Her voice trails to silence.

LEWIS
It's time you should be moving.

But CORNELIUS is looking at the BABY.

CORNELIUS
Lewis.

LEWIS
Yes?

CORNELIUS
If they find us, we shall be killed?

Cont.
LEWIS
(with unwilling
honesty)
Ultimately.

CORNELIUS
Then give us the chance to kill
ourselves ... if the moment should
come.

A long beat in which LEWIS's hand goes to his pocket ...
and stays there.

Cont.
ZIRA
Please.

LEWIS
I shouldn't give you this.
(handing a pistol
to Cornelius)
But I guessed you might ask.
(wry smile)
It was loaned to me by the C.I.A.
for my safety. Now it's for yours
...and Milo's.

ZIRA, carrying BABY, has joined GROUP in front of dimmed headlights.

ZIRA
You're the second Human I've kissed.

She puts her muzzle to his lips, as we saw her do to Taylor.

CORNELIUS
(diffidently to
Stevie)
And you're the first.

He kisses STEVIE, whose eyes are wet; then grabs ZIRA, almost harshly, by the hand.

CORNELIUS
Come along, Zira! Don't dawdle!

She picks up the valise and he hauls her off unceremoniously into the swallowing darkness, leaving LEWIS and STEVIE (their backs to us) watching them recede. We ZOOM to:

CLOSE TWO SHOT - BACKS OF LEWIS'S AND STEVIE'S HEADS

He turns to her in profile, smiling.

LEWIS
You heard him. Don't dawdle!

TIME DISSOLVE TO:
INT. MENAGERIE TENT - NIGHT

From the entrance ARMANDO, with stock list, "politely" watches:

POLICE INSPECTING CAGES

Their weaving flashlights illuminate reacting lions, tigers, jaguar, leopard, zebra and tethered elephant -- and finally converge on the two Monkey Cages near entrance. Here ARMANDO strolls into shot with:

POLICE OFFICER
The Ape with the kid ... ?

ARMANDO
(flip over pages of stock list)
Heloise has been with the circus for seven years ... and the baby's birth was registered sixteen days ago. Look how he's growing!
(showing stock list; enthusiastically)
The first chimpanzee ever to be born in a circus! Do you realize what a distinction that is? It is like being the first fish to be born on dry land. It is like being the first bird to be born without an egg. It is like being the first baby to be born on the moon. It is like--

But by now the Police Officer is long gone.

REVERSE SHOT - POLICE OFFICER 1...

...stopping at tent entrance in which he confronts the arrival (from outside) of:

POLICE OFFICER
Nothing.

As they exit, CAMERA PANS to ARMANDO, who now stops talking. A smile creeps over his face.

EXT. PANNING OIL FIELD - HILLCREST - NIGHT

The city lights wink and glitter distantly on the skyline, silhouetting CORNELIUS and ZIRA with BABY as they achieve the rim of the hill and pause -- panting from the long climb. As ZIRA sets down the BABY and the valise:

Cont.
CORNELIUS
(awed by view)
Like stars in space. It's beautiful.

ZIRA
(drily)
It is -- from here.

CORNELIUS
(stretching)
We must go on.

Cont.
As he EXITS SHOT, she has trouble in picking up both the BABY and the valise. Passing a pony-derrick, she stops ... and looks wistfully at the valise; opens it and peers down at the leopardolette "cocktail" maxi-dress. Then, with a sigh she firmly but carefully secretes the valise in the workings of the pony, and...

...FOLLOWS CORNELIUS into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. HASSLEIN IN OFFICE WITH E.1.

HASSLEIN frustratedly crumples up three report sheets; tosses them into wastebasket; rises and angrily marks three red crosses over three small areas on wall map, during:

HASSLEIN
Negative ... negative ... negative.

E.1.
Don't worry, sir. We'll get them sooner or later.

HASSLEIN
That's what I'm afraid of. Later. Later we'll do something about pollution. Later we'll do something about the population explosion. Later we'll do something about nuclear war. We think we've got all the time in the world -- but how much time has the world got? And how can we give it more?

He stands with his back to the wall map whose numerous crosses show red (as though for danger) about his head.

HASSLEIN
Somebody has to begin to care.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY AREA - NIGHT

The oil tanks glimmer under a few sparsely scattered lights like a lunar city of the future.

ZIRA
(pausing)
Who lives in those?
CORNELIUS impatiently strides on alone; and answers, looking back over his shoulder:

CORNELIUS
It's where they store the food for their machines. No machine can move without--

He should have been looking at the ground, for he steps in an oil slick, skids and falls. He has staggered to his feet and walked clear of the slick before ZIRA reaches his side.

ZIRA
Are you all right, Cor--

CORNELIUS
Sh-h-h!

He pulls her urgently to her knees behind cover. He has seen:
P.O.V. LONG SHOT - NIGHT WATCHMAN

Unsuspiciously crossing on a distant catwalk. WATCHMAN recedes and turns out of sight. We HOLD the now-deserted landscape for a long beat and:

CUT TO:

APES CROUCHING

CORNELIUS lets out a long breath; then, after a quick look around, approaches the nearest tank ladder and begins to climb it. Halfway up, his oily foot slips dangerously on a rung. He recovers; and, at the top, looks down on:

P.O.V. LONG SHOT - HARBOR AND SCRAP YARD AREA

CUT TO:

ZIRA

looking up.

HER P.O.V. - CORNELIUS ON LADDER

CORNELIUS

We're almost there.

As he begins to climb down:

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. HASSLEIN'S CAR - DAY

It swerves off the highway to join:

SEARCH SQUAD ASSEMBLED AT HILLTOP

Here are two police cars, a weapons carrier, a jeep -- all with engines switched off; ten SOLDIERS, four POLICE, and POLICE CAPTAIN holding oil-stained valise, as he ends (unheard) conversation with FIELD SUPERINTENDENT, who recedes as HASSLEIN alights from car to survey (and frown disapprovingly at) the scene of inactivity ahead. Clutching a folded map, he strides up impatiently.

HASSLEIN

Who found it?

POLICE CAPTAIN

The Field Superintendent -- on a routine service check.

Cont.
POLICE CAPTAIN (Cont.)
(indicating derrick)
It was hidden in the workings.
(revealing dress inside)
I guess she didn't need this anymore.

HASSLEIN
So why don't we get moving?

POLICE CAPTAIN
(patiently)
It's a big area. We've called for helicopters to direct us.

HASSLEIN
How long till they get here?

POLICE CAPTAIN
Twenty minutes.

HASSLEIN
Why so long?

His right hand irritably slaps the palm of his left with the folded map, at which he automatically looks down ... and stays looking ... during:

POLICE CAPTAIN
Running down a fire report in the Simi Valley.

HASSLEIN
(abstractively)
Keep me posted.

He turns, walks back to his car and drives off towards the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP ELEVEN - LEWIS IN HIS OFFICE

He hears a commotion in the hall outside; rises and opens the door to confront a distressed STEVIE.

LEWIS
What's up?

STEVIE
They've found Zira's suitcase.

He stares at her.
132  EXT. FADED SIGN - DAY

MCKINLEY & SONS
NAVAL SCRAPYARD

CUT TO:
PANNING UP TO SHIP

A decrepit craft, sawn off clean at the stern which is wedged against the sea wall. We ZOOM towards former Officers' Quarters and:

CUT TO:

APES AT CABIN THRESHOLD

ZIRA sits there, her blanketed BABY on her lap, her legs dangling over the catwalk -- for all the world like a grandmother taking the sun on her stoop. We INTERCUT shots of putrescence and pollution, during:

ZIRA
Did Lewis really play here?

CORNELIUS
Perhaps it was cleaner then.

ZIRA
It stinks of Man.

CORNELIUS
(charitably)
That's oil. And dead fish.

ZIRA
Is that what Man wanted oil for?
To kill fish?

The BABY begins to cry. She absently rocks it.

CORNELIUS
You don't like them, do you?

ZIRA
Who?

CORNELIUS
Humans.

ZIRA
We've met hundreds here -- and I trust three.  
(to Baby)  
Ma-ma-ma-ma...

But the BABY goes on crying.

ZIRA
He wants feeding.

Cont.
As she prepares to suckle BABY, CORNELIUS tactfully thinks of a good reason to leave her alone.

CORNELIUS
There must be a cleaner place than this. I'll go and look.

As he leaves:

CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY

HAASLEIN's car drives through the refinery tracks. It halts by an oil tank. HAASLEIN approaches tank ladder; thinks twice; returns to car and re-emerges with binoculars; climbs up ladder, from whose top he surveys with the naked eye:

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - SHIPYARD

CUT TO:

HAASLEIN RAISING BINOCULARS

CUT TO:

P.O.V. SHOT - PANNING SHIPYARD

At end of PAN we catch the merest (but most unmistakable) glimpse of CORNELIUS moving high up on the superstructure amidships. As he vanishes:

CUT TO:

HAASLEIN LOWERING BINOCULARS

and rapidly descending the ladder. He gets into his car and goes.

CUT TO:

A-139 HIGHWAY NEAR (O.S.) CAMP AREA

LEWIS and STEVIE driving station wagon downhill.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS

searching for quarters and unaware of danger.

CUT TO:

HAASLEIN'S CAR REACHING SHIPYARD

He alights and walks cautiously along pier toward ship's gangplank.

CUT TO:
142 CABIN THRESHOLD

ZIRA with BABY asleep on her lap -- and herself (in the hot sunlight) growing so drowsy that she rises and enters:

143 INT. CABIN

Pretty dark, for the sunlight barely filters through the two filthy scupper panes. And you wouldn't know it was a cabin, because all the furniture has long since been removed. She adjusts the blanket so that it will serve both as a wrap and a pillow for the BABY; then herself lies down on the bare boards with her head near the BABY. We SLOW-TRACK IN to CLOSEUP of her tired eyes. The heavy lids blink...droop....and fall.

CUT TO:

144 HASSLEIN APPROACHING GANGPLANK

Hand in pocket, he looks speculatively at the ship. He approaches the gangplank. Tests it with his foot. The timber is serviceable and it holds. He starts walking down the gangplank to the barge.

CUT TO:

A-144 CORNELIUS (CAPTAIN'S CABIN)

We see him moving through a series of cabins, stopping to test a set of rusty springs still attached to an Officer's bunk.

B-144 ZIRA

She and the BABY sleeping peacefully.

C-144 HASSLEIN

emerging from the second gangplank onto the forward oil deck. He looks up.

D-144 P.O.V.

CAMERA PANS superstructure. No sign of life anywhere.

E-144 HASSLEIN

He moves across deck to a ladder leading to Officer's Deck, ascends, circles superstructure, enters companionway.
F-144  INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS

HASSLEIN makes his way through a mass of debris, scrapes away some with his foot.

145  CLOSEUP - ZIRA'S EYES

They are open but not alarmed. She has woken but is not aware that anything waked her. We STAY on her eyes for three long seconds.

CUT TO:

A-145  HASSLEIN

approaching a closed companionway. It's stuck, and he pushes with his foot. Suddenly it springs open, slamming with a loud clang against the steel bulkhead.

B-145  ZIRA

springs to her feet, the BABY in her arms.

ZIRA
(calling)
Cornelius?

146  HASSLEIN...

remains frozen. He has heard.

CUT TO:

147  CORNELIUS - IN THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

He hasn't heard; and moves higher up the superstructure, still searching for quarters.

CUT TO:

148  OUT

149  ZIRA

crossing quietly, through the crew's quarters heading for a companionway leading to the forward Oil Deck.

150  EXT. OIL DECK

ZIRA emerges, looking around, then turns to look up at the superstructure for CORNELIUS, but with a startled gasp she sees:
EXT. OFFICER'S DECK

HASSLEIN peers down at ZIRA, surprised.

    HASSLEIN
    (eyes narrowing)
    I see you've had your baby, Zira.
    (silence)
    Give it to me.
    (silence)
    The Presidential Commission has empowered me to take it in my care.

She only holds the BABY closer. Now HASSLEIN pulls his gun. ZIRA bolts back through companionway.

CUT TO:

ZIRA

racing through crew's quarters.

CUT TO:

OUT

EXT. REAR OIL DECK

Emerging from companionway, ZIRA threads her way through a maze of oil pipes, finally reaching a ladder that leads to the open deck above. But at the first rung, she freezes.

HASSLEIN

standing at the top of the ladder.

CUT TO:

ZIRA BELOW

Ducks out of firing line and screams:

    ZIRA
    Cor-ne-lius!

She runs back through Oil Deck.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS HIGH UP ON FLYING BRIDGE

He reacts to the scream but can't see what's happening -- so is about to descend, when he hears and sees:
158 TWO AIRBORNE HELICOPTERS
scouting the area.

159 FROM HELICOPTERS' P.O.V. - CORNELIUS DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT

160 AIRBORNE HELICOPTERS
instantly change direction towards ship.

CUT BACK TO:

161 OIL DECK

ZIRA huddled behind a huge pipe, clutching the BABY. She looks up with foreboding as we hear o.s. HASSLEIN striding rapidly overhead on the deck above. She crawls from behind the pipe; stealthily reaches foot of companionway (to Main Deck) and listens.

CUT TO:

162 FIRST HELICOPTER LANDS

in open field on the other side of the ship. TWO POLICEMEN alight, weapons drawn.

CUT UP TO:
163 OUT

164 HASSLEIN

moving swiftly along the Main Deck to conceal himself behind a bulkhead and watch the second police helicopter set its pontoons in the water. Suddenly, his attention is diverted to:

165-166 OUT

167 SEARCH SQUAD

Two police cars, jeep and weapons carrier moving swiftly onto the pier.

168 BACK TO HASSLEIN

His frustration begins to edge on panic.

169 OVER CORNELIUS

watching search personnel alight from the vehicles.

A-169 CLOSE - CORNELIUS

He, too, shows the traces of panic. But then the tension seems to ease.

B-169 P.O.V.

Lewis' station wagon races onto the pier.

C-169 CORNELIUS

CORNELIUS

(softly)
Thank God!

170 HASSLEIN

He, too, is watching the approach of the station wagon.

171 OUT

A-171 ZIRA

tense, looking off:

172 STATION WAGON

through the maze of oil pipes, we see it stopping by the other vehicles. LEWIS and STEVIE hurriedly get out.
A-172 BACK TO ZIRA

ZIRA
(to herself)
Stevie...!

She swiftly ducks through the oil pipes headed for the companionway leading to the crew's quarters.

B-172 HASSLEIN

stung to urgency. He must get to ZIRA. Stealthily, he creeps to an interior ladder, descends.

173 OUT

174 ZIRA

still clinging to her baby, rushes through the crew's quarters, headed towards the companionway nearest the gangplank. Before she can exit, she is halted by a command (o.s.), ZIRA!

175 HASSLEIN

at the bottom of the ladder, gun leveled.

HASSLEIN
I want that baby.
(silence)
If you won't give it to me, I'll shoot.
(after a beat; shouting)
Give me the child!

She turns to run out to the gangplank, and he shoots her in the back -- once.

176 ON THE PIER

SEARCH PERSONNEL beginning to descend gangplank to barge below, halt in complete surprise.

CUT BACK TO:

A-176 EXT. FORWARD OIL DECK

ZIRA staggers and drops, letting the blanketed BABY fall. HASSLEIN appears on deck, fires three times. We CUT IN A FLASH as, for the last time, the blanket twitches.

177 OUT
LEWIS AND STEVIE REACTING

STEVIE gives a desolate cry of "Stop him!" and starts to run down the gangplank to the barge. And at this moment, unexpectedly, we hear another shot.

HASSELIN

Hit, and swaying by ship's rail near the gangplank.

CUT TO:

FLYING BRIDGE AREA

CORNELIUS, up aloft, fires again.

CUT TO:

HASSELIN

Hit once more, he twists....and falls into the water.

CUT TO:

SEARCH PERSONNEL ON BARGE

A SOLDIER aims his rifle at o.s. CORNELIUS. Spotting this:

CAPTAIN

Don't fire!

But the word "fire" is drowned by the shot itself, as we:

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS

....crashing to the Oil Deck far below.

CUT TO:

THE DYING ZIRA

Clutching the ship's rail, she hauls herself up to do a terrifying and as yet unaccountable thing. Her foot jabs fiercely sideways, kicking the BABY's small, blanketed corpse into the sea. Over the splash, we:

CUT TO:
STEVIE

Watching, appalled.

STEVIE
Oh my God! Why....?

We PULL BACK to include LEWIS as he takes her in his arms.

LEWIS
Animals have no graveyards.

CLOSING ON ZIRA

as she stumbles over the deck, finally reaching CORNELIUS.

ZIRA
(a death whisper)
Cornelius....!

She falls beside him, and dies with her cheek touching his.

From this, CAMERA PULLS BACK up, up and away to a HIGH FULL SHOT of the shipyard area. Over ASCENDING SHOT, we begin a:

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

DESCENDING SHOT - CIRCUS AREA - DAWN

Already we have OVERLAPPING SOUND of sleepy lions grunting, the squeak and gibber of smaller animals, the whinnying of horses, and the soft thud of a mallet on wood. Now, on VISUAL, we:

ZOOM DOWN TO:

THE LOWERED BIG TOP

....bellowing and spectacularly ballooning to earth, over a:

CUT TO:

CIRCUS AT GROUND LEVEL

Ready to move to winter quarters. Crates stacked on trucks, trailers hooked to cars, dogs barking, CIRCUS HANDS shouting. We CLOSE to a line of wheeled menagerie cages which ARMANDO is distantly approaching from b.g. as we TRACK past cages and END ON:
PROFILED CLOSE SHOT - ARMANDO

He has paused at the head of the line by a cage whose contents he masks.

ARMANDO

(throwaway)
Intelligent creature! But then, so....

(crossing himself)
...were your mother and father.

(shouting o.s.)
Ready to move in five minutes...!

Cont.
He walks out of shot between cage and CAMERA, unmasking (as we CLOSE) an infant CHIMPANZEE. It stands, clutching the bars of the cage through which it stares intently and alertly. Then, in an opportune silence:

BABY CHIMP
(triumphantly)
Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma...

It continues with increasing enthusiasm to declaim the first words (if you can call them that) ever uttered by an ape born in captivity. We MOVE IN close enough to identify the medal of St. Francis round its small neck.

FADE OUT

THE END