"THE SECRET OF THE PLANET OF THE APES"
(Working Title)
"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"
(Release Title)

Original Screenplay
by
PAUL DEHN

Based on characters created by
Pierre Boulle

APJAC Productions Inc.

First Draft
"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

FROM BLACK SCREEN
SHOCK-CUT TO:

1

A SILENT DETONATION OF WHITE LIGHT

which builds to a blinding, nuclear intensity.

CUT TO:

A-1

INT. ORBITING SPACESHIP

through whose windows the same light vividly 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)

Were we wise ... ?

ASTRONAUT 2 (MALE)

We were agreed. Whoever wins the war, there'll be no place on Earth for us. We've escaped.

ASTRONAUT 1 (MALE)

And where are we escaping?

ASTRONAUT 3 (FEMALE)

(briskly)

Probably to our death. But just possibly--

2

OUT

A-2

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.

3-

4

SPACESHIP

Appalled silence. Through the ship's windows the ASTRONAUTS are watching (and we with them) the nuclear disintegration of Earth. In awed voices:

ASTRONAUT 2

The fools have finally destroyed themselves.

ASTRONAUT 1

Earth is dead.

ASTRONAUT 3

And we live.

Cont.
The spaceship begins to shudder.

**ASTRONAUT 2**

But for how long? Here comes 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.

Meanwhile, the bright, white light of Earth's final holocaust has slowly faded, as the spaceship's windows fog and blacken. All that can now be heard is frenzied static on the ship's radio. The static begins to cross-fade into (unbelievably yet unmistakably!) a single human voice.

**VOICE**

...further student rioting on the campus today at Berkeley Univ... (static) ...police are standing by to...

More static, then the radio goes dead.

**ASTRONAUT 2**

He's speaking our language! I don't understand...

But we, perhaps, begin to. For we notice that the "EARTH TIME" year-digits on the spaceship's Date Meter have been simultaneously clicking back from 3955 to 1973.

**ASTRONAUT 2**

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

He is looking at:

**ILLUMINATED PANEL LABELED "AUTOMATIC RE-ENTRY SEQUENCE"**

Across it curves the descending graphline which traces optimum re-entry path. Beneath it are three dials. Now (to the roar of released rocket propellant and the wavering of dial-pointers) computer-controlled light-dots 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?

And indeed the spaceship is being pulled gravitationally back into the atmosphere of:

5 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.

6 FROM PILOT'S P.O.V.

We ZOOM towards the floating and still-unopened spaceship.

7 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 tideline -- uh -- seemingly one of our spacecraft. Coordinates are southeast corner of sector Alpha Charlie. Relay this to appropriate recovery forces. Please alert Red Baron Ops and I'll squawk Channel Two for radar fix.

8 OUT

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

He picks up second phone and dials.

DUTY OFFICER
The Colonel, please.

OUT

A-12

INT. COLONEL'S OFFICE

COLONEL
(into phone)
I didn't even know we had anything
up. ... Okay, I'll call Washington.

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.

OUT

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.

Cont.
15 Cont.

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:

16
A-16

17
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 space-ships and remanned it with astronauts who have now accidentally splashed down in our own territorial waters. In the event they're still alive, I suggest you order the helicopter to lift the spaceship out of the ocean unopened ... You have? Good. Then it should not be opened until landed at air base under armed military surveillance.
(drily)
And General. This is not for the networks.

CUT TO:

18
B-18

BB-18
INT. TOWER - DUTY OFFICER AND STAFF

From squawk box we hear:

VOICE
(filtered)
Rescue squadron approaching base one seven five point three. Spaceship secured and in tow. Request landing procedure.

We hear the hum of o.s. helicopter(s) approaching.

Cont.
DUTY OFFICER
Roger. Approach north runway seven point eight seven. Actual set-down in area south of Hangar B.

CUT TO:

C-18 INSIDE SPACESHIP

Its windows still fogged and blackened; its OCCUPANTS still helmeted. Muffled helicopter hum behind:

ASTRONAUT 1
We're prisoners.

ASTRONAUT 3
Yes -- but whose?

ASTRONAUT 1
The voice spoke our language. At least they have Intelligence.

ASTRONAUT 2
(urgently)
Then at least let us conceal our own intelligence from our captors. Until we have their measure, our safety lies in silence.

CUT TO:

D-18 OUT

19 EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT (?)

Helicopter hum loudens. From a large open truck in f.g. (flanked by MARINES with rifles at the ready) we hear and then see the copters approaching. Copter 2 lands. Copter 1 deposits spaceship in rear of truck and flies out of shot. Truck moves off and we FOLLOW it through a "corridor" of armed MARINES into:

20 INT. HANGAR

where the COLONEL, a CAPTAIN (Officer of the Day) and armed ESCORT are waiting. The hangar doors clang shut. We STAY on COLONEL and CAPTAIN, still tensely waiting, as appropriate SOUND EFFECTS herald:

A-20 THE OPENING OF THE SPACESHIP'S HATCH

Our helmeted ASTRONAUTS emerge; descend; and draw themselves up, line abreast, facing:
B-20 COLONEL AND CAPTAIN

COLONEL
Welcome, gentlemen.

Then both their faces stiffen in aghast astonishment, as we:

CUT TO:

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.

CLOSEUP - A RED TELEPHONE

Silent for a beat. Then its ring stabs the silence. It continues ringing until a Presidential HAND picks it up, when MUSIC (urgently suggestive of Morse Code) hits:

TITLE AND CREDITS

Over this we see a:

23 MONTAGE

A. Secret Communications: green phones, purple phones, scramblers, hectic switchboards, yards of telex in cipher, sheaves of memos en clair - the lot!

B. At Air Base: gates locked, furloughs cancelled, perimeter guard doubled, as also "KEEP OUT" security signs.

MONTAGE ENDS, as:

24 OUT

25

26 EXT. COLONEL AND CAPTAIN

who is carrying a large paper bag, as they walk past HQ buildings.

COLONEL
Did you call the Zoo?

Cont.
CAPTAIN
Yes, sir. We're in luck. The sick bay's almost empty except for a mauled fox cub, a deer with pneumonia, a depressed gorilla and a camel. 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 Guard House. Have we fed them? Like raw steak or something.

CAPTAIN
The Zoo tells me that chimpanzees, like all apes, are vegetarian, sir.

COLONEL
Good God.

CAPTAIN
(indicating paper bag)
They suggested oranges.

They have reached:

EXT. GUARD HOUSE

whose door is unlocked by an obviously shaken Guard Commander (SERGEANT).

COLONEL
What's the matter, Sergeant?

SERGEANT helplessly ushers them into:

INT. GUARD HOUSE

It's 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 suit 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:
28 Cont.

COLONEL
(automatically)
Excuse me. I didn't mean to disturb...
(aghast to Captain)
What am I saying?

CAPTAIN
They're ... pretending to dress.

COLONEL
What d'you mean, pretending? They are dressing. Where'd they get those clothes?

SERGEANT
(indicating valise)
They brought them with them, sir.
(gulping)
In a suitcase.

COLONEL
Suit...?
(with an effort;
to Captain)
Greg, give them their oranges.

CAPTAIN advances cautiously with paper bag.

29

MASTER SHOT

We HOLD COLONEL and SERGEANT talking in f.g., while CAPTAIN 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 Sergeant)
Arrange prisoner escort for 1630 hours ...

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

COLONEL
(not noticing;
to Sergeant)
We're sending them to the Zoo Infirmary.

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

**COLONEL**
(still to Sergeant)
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 FULL 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 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 amicably:

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.

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

CORNELIUS
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:

B-30 GORILLA IN NEXT CAGE
It shifts, grunts and whimpers uneasily.

C-30 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

31 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 rawhide valise in the ship.

STEVIE
With food?

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

We have reached the Infirmary's main (open) door which they enter after showing passes to 2 SOLDIERS on guard outside.

STEVIE
(undertone)
Join the Army and see the Zoo...

CUT TO:

32 APES' CAGE

where KEEPER is already on duty, sweeping debris clear of intelligence test apparatus.

LEWIS
Hi, Arthur.

Cont.
ARThUR

Hi, Dr. Dixon....Miss Stevie.

Our APES survey them stonily.

ARThUR

(fingering bruise
on cheek)

The female's a bit uppity,
sir.

Cont.
LEWIS
Okay, I'll be careful. Set up the Wisconsin Multiphasic.

This 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, who winks back. MILO gestures them 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.

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
She knows this one. All right -- let's make it difficult.

He lowers screen and displays a single red cube for three seconds before reraising screen to mask ZIRA's view. When he lowers it again, he is simultaneously displaying a blue pyramid, a green cone, a yellow sphere, a blue cube, a red octohedron and the red cube. ZIRA instantly selects the red cube, which she offers courteously back to LEWIS. LEWIS gives an astonished whistle; rewards ZIRA with a handful of raisins, which she promptly eats; and STEVIE retrieves her notepad which has fallen from her hand.

LEWIS
(indicating screen to Stevie)
You can take that away.

STEVIE
I'll say.

LEWIS
Tic-Tac-Toe, Arthur.
(indicating Cornelius)
With that male.
CORNELIUS, in obedience to a warning glance from MILO, permits himself to be led by the KEEPER's hand to one side of the Tic-Tac-Toe screen. ZIRA is already seated enthusiastically at the other, ready to press panel-button combinations which will dictate the positioning of the noughts and crosses; and after a brief skirmish with CORNELIUS, ZIRA achieves a row of noughts. Whereat she rises to her feet, clasps her hands above her head like a boxer acknowledging victory and retires to a corner, where she sits in triumph on one of a half-a-dozen oddly constructed wooden boxes.

LEWIS
(rewarding Zira with raisins)
Get her off that box, Arthur.
(determined to win)
We're going to need it.

KEEPER cautiously approaches ZIRA, who puts a hand on his proffered arm and graciously rises -- while STEVIE scatters the boxes about the cage and puts a banana well out of ZIRA's reach between the upper bars.

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 folds her arms and smugly stands at the "staircase's" foot.
STEVIE
Why doesn't she climb?

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 (refilled) 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:

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 ...
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
Stop arguing 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:
MONTAGE - (STOCK?) SHOTS

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 andaurally to a massive and bestial crescendo before TIME DISSOLVING back to:

THE CAGE

The "panic" is over. Outside, two OFFICIALS confer in murmurs with LEWIS. As KEEPER 1 and 2 lift a blanketed stretcher and carry MILO's body out of shot:

OFFICIAL 1
We shall want a full autopsy...

OFFICIAL 2
With particular emphasis on the cranial and oral areas.

OFFICIAL 1
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 everyone's head towards 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 Officials)
I'd better do this alone.

They nod and leave. LEWIS enters the cage; looks compassionately at the two huddled APES, the straw, the orange peels, the bananas, the abandoned intelligence test apparatus.

LEWIS
(gently)
We mean you no harm.

Silence and stillness.

Cont.
LEWIS
Do you understand? We mean
you no harm.

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 own genus.
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.

Cont.
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
Where do you come from?

CORNELIUS and ZIRA exchange glances.

CORNELIUS
Dr. Milo knew.

LEWIS
Doctor -- ?

ZIRA
And you killed him.

CORNELIUS
Nonsense, dear. The gorilla killed him.

LEWIS
(sweating)
From where did Dr. Milo know you came?

Cautious silence.

LEWIS
From where?

After a beat:

CORNELIUS
(cryptically)
From our present -- back into yours.

LEWIS frowns in pardonable puzzlement. Then helplessly:

LEWIS
Nobody's going to believe it.

Cont.
CORNELIUS
Believe what?

LEWIS
That primitive apes can talk.

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
'primarily' call the Right People.

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

ZIRA
Can I say something in private?

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.

Cont.
37 Cont.

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:

PRESIDENT
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 exact, the one commanded by Colonel Taylor.

Astonishment, but as yet no incredulity.

ARMY
Have they identified the bodies, Mr. President?

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.

NAVY
(aside to Army)
Zoo?

AIR FORCE
What would astronauts be doing in a zoo?

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

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

PRESIDENT
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. The Press and the media 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:

Cont.
U.S. NEWSCASTER
(very unrestrained)
Ape-onauts hijack lost spaceship!

MONTAGE ENDS.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

39-40 OUT

A-40 EXT. LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING - MAIN DOOR

We PULL BACK to include imposing V.I.P.'s filing in; and pick out DR. HASSLEIN being nobbled by:

TV 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.

41 SMALL SIDE ROOM

which will open into the main amphitheater. LEWIS and STEVIE, themselves nervous, soothe CORNELIUS and ZIRA.

LEWIS
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.

Cont.
I'm sorry.

What do they think we are -- gorillas?

The two HUMANS escort the two APES into:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

In one sector of the amphitheater sit 50 V.I.P.'s, who could include NEGROES; in another sector, the PRESS. In the amphitheater's brilliantly lit arena are TV cameras and their CREWS. Now, on to the dais at the arena's center, walk LEWIS with CORNELIUS and STEVIE with ZIRA. 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.

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 research assistant, Miss 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.

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

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

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 ventriloquial circus 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, Professor. I suggest you rephrase the question.
CHAIRMAN

What is your name?

ZIRA

Zi-ra.

CHAIRMAN

(jocosely to Audience)

One might as well be talking to a parrot -- except that a parrot would have answered...

(mimicking)

...'Pol-ly.'

ZIRA

(outraged)

Polly?

CHAIRMAN

(smugly)

There you are, you see. 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 gestures, does the AUDIENCE. Except for one.

LEWIS

Professor 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

(abstracktedly)

No. Not yet.

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

Cont.
LAWYER
What is the male's name, please?

CORNELIUS
Cornelius.

ZIRA
(affectionately)
My lawfully wedded spouse.

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

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!

Cont.
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--

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...

(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.

HASSLEIN
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 seaboard, he salvaged it, studied it...and half understood it.
A SCIENTIST.
Half? Was 'half' enough?

CORNELIUS
(angry)
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:

HASSELEIN
(softly insistent)
But from where, Cornelius? From where?

CORNELIUS
(after a beat)
From your future.

A pin-drop silence. Then:

SCIENTIST
That doesn't make sense.

Pale eyes blazing, HASSELEIN pounds the seat arm with his fist -- once.

HASSELEIN
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 ...

HASSELEIN uncovers piercing eyes.

CORNELIUS
...beneath the territory next to ours.

OFFICER
Who won the war?

ZIRA
How should we know? Chimpanzees are pacifists. We stayed at home...
CORNELIUS
...and left before the war had ended.

OFFICER
In a spaceship...

ZIRA
Which Dr. Milo learned to handle.

OFFICER
Did you know Colonel Taylor?

A fractional pause in which CORNELIUS and ZIRA exchange telepathic 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 people. We are happy to be here. May we be unchained?

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

43- OUT
46
A-46  EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Flashbulbs explode like flak in an air raid, as MEMBERS of the Commission exit building. HASSLEIN is the REPORTERS' chief target.

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

HAASLEIN
No comment.

REPORER 2
Can you explain it?

HAASLEIN
No comment -- yet.

B-46  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
We do.

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

LEWIS
As we do yours.

(pondering)
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?

Cont.
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:

C-46
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:

47
OUT

48
FULL SHOT - TV STUDIO

The wall clock is ticking to 7:00 p.m. as we END PULL-
BACK on HASSLEIN about to be interviewed by (hopefully)
WALTER CRONKITE.
THE INTERVIEW (MASTER SCENE)

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

CRONKITE
Good evening. This is Walter Cronkite 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 convened (not unsuitably!) at the City's Planetarium.

He turns to HASSLEIN.

CRONKITE
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 by the Male Ape during today's session.

CUT TO:

A-49 CLIP RECORDED BY TV CAMERA

HASSLEIN
(filtered)
Where do you come from, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS
(filtered)
From your future.

CUT BACK TO:

B-49 MASTER SCENE

CRONKITE
Dr. Hasslein, do you believe that?

HASSLEIN
Absolutely. It is the only explanation.

CRONKITE
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 apprehended by less learned viewers, how a person or persons could travel from Time Future to Time Past -- or, indeed, vice-versa?
B-49 Cont.

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

CRONKITE
(wincing)
Could you please explain infinite
regression?

BB-49 INT. CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR
(to Technician)
Roll the film.

CUT TO:

C-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:

HASSELEIN'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...
(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:
D-49   MASTER SCENE

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

HASSELEIN
(very seriously)
Yes.

CRONKITE
So infinite regression is --

HASSELEIN
--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 Cronkite has begun to sweat.

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

HASSELEIN
Imagine for the moment that Time
is like a simple circle -- because
a circle, like Time, has no beginning
and no end.

We have CUT IN the ANIMATION of a circle (with radius 12
inches) being drawn by invisible compasses; and continue
to CUT IN further ANIMATIONS (when indicated) during:

HASSELEIN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
But our Observer would note that a
time-cycle is not single. I believe
in the simultaneous existence of an
infinite number of parallel time-cycles
-- like a phonograph record...
(ANIMATION starts
filling in the circle)
...with concentric instead of spiral
grooves.

The ANIMATION achieves this resemblance.

HASSELEIN
You and I and indeed all of us,
Mr. Cronkite, exist in each and every
one of an infinite number of time-
grooves. In Groove 'A', you may walk
out of this building at 8:15 p.m. and
be killed by a bus.

Cont.
HASSLEIN

(whry reaction from Cronkite)

But suppose you decide to walk out of the building at 8:16. By your action, you 'jump' like a phonograph needle...

(ANIMATION)

...from Groove 'A' to Groove 'B'.
The bus has already passed. And you will be alive.
(sigh of relief from Cronkite)

Every single one of your actions creates a minor disturbance in the time-continuum, which enables you to alter your future and that of others. There are, of course, bigger actions which create wider disturbances...

(ANIMATION)

...like an assassination, for example, or a war.
(leaning forward)

Mr. Cronkite, 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:

50

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.

CRONKITE

(on TV)

Thank you, Dr. Hasslein. The Big News continues in a moment.

Cont.
CORNELIUS
If only Dr. Milo could have heard ...

A sad silence, quickly broken by the "Chiquita Banana" commercial.

ZIRA
(in mock anguish)
Oh, no!

CORNELIUS
(reaching to dining table)
Have a grape, dear, and look the other way.

He deposits a whole bunch in her lap.

ANNOUNCER
(on TV)
And here is a late news flash. The Presidential Commission will be in private session tomorrow without the so-called Ape-onauts, who will be transferred from the Zoo to a hotel and will later be taken on an extended tour of Los Angeles.

As LEWIS switches off the set:

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

10-15 MINUTE QUICK TEMPO MONTAGE WITH MUSIC - APES ON THE TOWN

TV, Press and cine-cameras much in evidence. Minimal dialogue. The emphasis is on visual comedy. E.g.:

A. APES in CHAUFFEUR-driven Mercedes. A CAMERAMAN is shooting back at ZIRA, who can't stop playing with the electric windows. She is switching window shut, when she sees the imposing, tall-hatted DOORMAN of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

ZIRA
Look! A priest!

She points her free finger through the shutting window and traps it.

Cont.
B. Arrival at the Beverly Wilshire. The DOORMAN extricates ZIRA's trapped finger and arms her out of car. CORNELIUS follows. Cameras click and whirr. A small crowd applauds.

C. Inside hotel, at Reception, CLERK proffers Visitors' Book. ZIRA hesitates over "ADDRESS"; then writes "The Zoo". PAGE takes the rawhide valise. They ascend (sensation!) by elevator to:

Cont.
D. Their flower-filled suite, which contains endless
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. We move from sitting room
through bedroom to bathroom, where ZIRA discovers
two hygienically wrapped toothbrushes; unwraps one
and begins to brush her hair with it. CORNELIUS
sniffs at and cautiously nibbles (ugh!) a cake of
soap. LEWIS indicates how to turn on bath taps.
CORNELIUS bends over bath to turn on tap. The
pointer points to SHOWER and he is drenched.

E. Back in Mercedes passing the Beverly Theater, which
is unfortunately reviving "King Kong".

F. CORNELIUS with LEWIS at Carroll & Company. A TAILOR
removes his tape from around CORNELIUS's chest.

TAILOR
May I measure your inside leg,
sir?

CORNELIUS
(coldly)
No.

G. A fashion show at Elizabeth the First for ZIRA and
STEVIE only. The dazzled ZIRA chooses a high-necked,
long-sleeved maxi-skirted evening gown which is very
diamante.

H. Rancho Golf Course. Coached by LEWIS, CORNELIUS
in outrageous golf clothes flukeyl drives 300 yards
off the tee. We FOLLOW ball to lip of hole on
green and PAN BACK to golf cart approaching. LEWIS
hands putter to CORNELIUS, who drives ball another
300 yards, slicing a large divot from the hole's lip.

I. Cocktail party to Press on Beverly Hilton roof.
Over sound of chatter and clinking glasses, we START
on TIGHT CLOSEUP of ZIRA (in her diamante gown)
being interviewed by:

FEMALE REPORTER
(notebook poised)
What is your favorite fruit?

PAN to CORNELIUS being interviewed by:

MALE REPORTER
And how do you find our women,
Mr. Cornelius?
After a beat:

CORNELIUS
(diplomatically)
Very human.

MONTAGE ENDS.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

52 HOTEL SUITE

LEWIS is maneuvering cork from a half bottle of champagne.

LEWIS
It's really only grape juice plus.
You could each have a sip.

As cork pops we ANGLE DOWN on CLOSEUP of glass held by
ZIRA, and TIME DISSOLVE from its bubbles to:

53 ZIRA

lying in bubble bath. PULL BACK to include CORNELIUS in
fancy pajamas, peering down at her.

CORNELIUS
(wrinkling nose)
How's it feel?

ZIRA
Wet -- but very soothing.

54 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL

STEVIE and LEWIS exhaustedly leaving lobby.

STEVIE
What's for tomorrow?

LEWIS
NBC have asked Hasslein to take
Zira round the Museum of Science
and Industry, and CBS want Cornelius
to see a prizefight.

55 EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (USC)

Over MUSIC, we start on rose garden in front of which
ZIRA and HASSLEIN alight from arriving Mercedes. A TV
CAMERA, DIRECTOR and CREW follow them up steps into:

Cont.
A-55  INT. MUSEUM

With MUSIC CONTINUING, they are met by CURATOR, who
(miming "spiel") conducts them past skeleton of duck-billed
dinosaur in Main Hall to darkened Animal Room with (at the
far end) its vividly lit, tropically realistic bush tableau
of African elephants, whose trumpeting the MUSIC mimics.
Then RIGHT into connecting passage where ZIRA confronts
(our own model of) a majestic gorilla with dead, glass eyes.
We TILT DOWN all 8 feet of the gorilla to include ZIRA
looking up at it ... and HASSLEIN looking intently at ZIRA.
She staggers slightly, as though giddy.

56  FULL SHOT - MUSEUM'S APE SECTION

ZIRA faints into HASSLEIN's arms. MUSIC OUT.

57  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:

58  INT. HOTEL SUITE

ZIRA resting on sofa, with HASSLEIN hovering in oddly
oversolicitous 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:

Cont.
ZIRA
It's in the...
(new word)
...re-frig-erator.

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.

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 gorilla's war. Chimpanzees are pashy...
    (the champagne is working)
...pacificists. We stayed behind. We never saw the enemy.

Cont.
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, was there a Date Meter in
the spaceship?

ZIRA
Mm.

HASSLEIN
What did it register after Earth's
destruction?

ZIRA
Nineteen...seventy...three.

We CLOSE to CLOSEUP of "CIGARETTE CASE".

HASSLEIN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
And before? Before the white light
and the tornado?

QUICK MIX TO:
"CIGARETTE CASE" on DIFFERENT TABLE TOP

ZIRA'S VOICE
(o.s.; filtered)
Thirty-nine...fifty...something.

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

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

PRESIDENT
(coolly)
So?

HA S S L E I N
(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.

HA S S L E I N 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.

HA S S L E I N
Herod lacked our facilities.

Cont.
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.

PRESIDENT
This isn't the Bay of Pigs. It's the Bay of Apes. We don't have a mere twenty-four hours to make up our minds. We have...
(calculating on pad)
...one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two years. Let us not, in the vernacular of my day, 'blow our cool'.
HASSLEIN
Mr. President, I cannot feel 'cool' about even the possibility of Earth's destruction -- however far distant.

PRESIDENT
Neither can I, Hasslein, neither can I. But are we sure it was -- or will be -- the Apes who destroyed it?

(flipping through file)
In the afternoon session they admitted to rifles...machine guns...canon...I find no evidence of a nuclear weapon in their armory.

(significantly)
I can in ours.

HASSLEIN
We have their own testimony that they provoked the 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.

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.

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

HAASLEIN
I do.

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

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

HAASLEIN
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?

HAASLEIN
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.

HAASLEIN
There are indications.

PRESIDENT (sharply)
Such as?
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?

Hasslein
Shall I say 'unprofessionally'?

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

Hasslein
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. Hasslein, smiling, sits beside him.
CHAIRMAN

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

One: The Public should be informed that the Ape-onauts, 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. 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 Ape-onauts will in fact be secretly conducted by their 'keeper', Dr. Lewis Dixon...

(we pick him out, deadpan)

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

HASSLEIN'S smile is like a skull's.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

B-61 WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

PRESIDENT reading the speech's continuation to HASSLEIN.

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.'

(to Hasslein)

I find that 'and/or' somewhat sinister.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. STATION WAGON WITH POLICE CAR AND MOTORCYCLE ESCORT
winding through bare, hilly country at DUSK.

INT. STATION WAGON

LEWIS speaks to rearview mirror which reflects CORNELIUS and
ZIRA in backseat.

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 above all, 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 inserting
key in lock of metal wall box 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

If you say so.

E.2
(icy)
He does say so.

ZIRA

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

E.1

What don't you remember, Zira?

ZIRA

I don't remember what I said to Dr. Hass--

Cont.
E.2
(triumphant)
So you did say something.

E.1
Why don't you remember?

ZIRA
Because Dr. Hasslein made me drunk.

HASSLEIN
(suave)
Deliberately. In vino veritas.

ZIRA
I beg your pardon?

E.2
He means you always tell the truth if you're stoned.

CORNELIUS
(rising in distress)
Who is going to stone my wife?

E.2
(seizing on the misunderstanding)
I'll tell you who'll stone her.
The People will stone her when they find out that, one day,
talking monkeys....
(Cornelius reacts)
...are going to bust the whole world wide open and bring it blazing about our goddamned ears.

CORNELIUS
(polite but firmly)
Please do not use the word monkey. We find it offensive.

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?

Cont.
ZIRA
(perturbed)
I withheld nothing. Nobody asked me.

E.1.
And if somebody had?

After a beat:

ZIRA
I should have said that Chimpanzees had no part in it. Only the Gorillas and the Orang-utans.

E.2.
You all look alike to me.

CORNELIUS
(stung)
And I should have said that we possessed no weapon capable of causing such destruction.

E.2.
Then who did?

CORNELIUS
God, if there is a God? Man, if he'd survived somewhere in more sophisticated form?

He glares at E.2., who stares coldly back.

E.2.
Are you trying to make a monkey out of me?

CORNELIUS
(pounding desk)
Please do not use that word! As an archeologist I had access to history scrolls kept secret from the masses, and 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.
E.l.
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.

E.l.
So that's how it all started.

ZIRA and CORNELIUS exchange troubled glances.

HASSLEIN
How did it end?

Cont.
ZIRA
(stalling)
End?

E.2.
E-N-D -- end. How were the Humans when you left?

A silence.

E.2.
Were they happy?

ZIRA
(stalling)
You could say so.

E.2.
I'm asking you to say so.

He pulls the intercom on the table a shade nearer.

ZIRA
Then I'll say so. They were happy.

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 they were happy -- and dumb.

ZIRA
(seeing where this will lead)
I - - I think he must have meant dumb-stupid -- not dumb-mute.
E.2.
(to Cornelius)
Is that what you meant?

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.
What did the others do? Sing?

ZIRA shakes her head.

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-thousands of them --

The sound cuts out.

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

ZIRA
(frightened)
I can't remember.

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

From the wall speaker:

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

The loop continues playing, intolerably, during:

E.2.
Complete the word, monkey. Complete the word.

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

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.1., who in his turn looks inquiringly at HASSLEIN.

HASSLEIN
(nods)
Send for Dr. Dixon.

E.2.
(to intercom)
Send Dr. Dixon in, please.

CUT TO:
INT. CORRIDOR - LEWIS

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

CLINICAL OUTER ROOM

Predominantly white. A wheeled couch, a stretcher with medical apparatus, chairs and a desk with the inevitable tape recorder. From here LEWIS enters:

INTERROGATION ROOM (AS IN SC. 69)

HAASLEIN

Ah. Dr. Dixon.

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

HAASLEIN

Please take the female into the next room and administer this.

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

HAASLEIN

Sodium Pentothal. Seven and a half grains.

The cotton contains a charged hypodermic.

LEWIS

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

HAASLEIN

( curtly)
And a qualified vet. We have the Commission's authority and...
(indicating E.1. 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. Follow me.

But CORNELIUS has seen the hypodermic and rises in anguish.

Cont.
72 Cont.

CORNELIUS
No! No! No! When we use those things...

HASSLEIN
On whom?

CORNELIUS
...it's for killing.

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

LEWIS
This isn't for killing, Cornelius. It's for... relax. It won't harm her.

ZIRA
Will it harm my baby?

LEWIS
No. So come.

CORNELIUS moans and whimpers.

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

LEWIS guides ZIRA (who looks pathetically back over her shoulder) into:

73

CLINICAL OUTER ROOM

where they are momentarily alone. LEWIS helps her into a white over-smock, tests hypodermic and indicates couch.

LEWIS
(smiling)
Lie down. Bare your left arm.

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. So be--

Cont.
He looks up to see (FLASH P.O.V. SHOT) HASSLEIN watching him alertly from the doorway.

LEWIS
(with loud ingenuity)
--(be)have yourself!

He injects the hypodermic into her hairy arm.

LEWIS
Count backwards from ten.

As HASSLEIN enters, followed by E.I. 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.I. 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 withholds hypodermic and pads the crook of ZIRA'S arm with cotton.

LEWIS
Okay.

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

LEWIS
(coldly)
It's customary to stay.

Their eyes lock.

LEWIS
And safer. I'm a member of the Commission.

LEWIS wins. HASSLEIN closes the door and leans against it, motionless and impassive until the scene's end. We close to:
CLOSE SHOTS - E.I. AND ZIRA, INTERCUTTING HASSLEIN
AND LEWIS

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

E.I.
(gentle throughout)
Zira.

ZIRA
(slurry at first)
Mm.

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

ZIRA
Bigger. But not so ... pretty.

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

E.I.
With ... two assistants?

ZIRA
Three.

E.I.
And there you practiced...

ZIRA
(as though this
were all)
Comparative.

E.I.
Comparative what?

ZIRA
Ana ... ana...

E.I.
Anatomy.

ZIRA
Mm.

E.I.
Whose anatomies did you compare?

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

Cont.
Apes' and Humans'?

ZIRA

Mm.

E.1.
(still gently)
Say yes if you mean yes.

ZIRA

Yes.

E.1.
So you dissected other Apes.

ZIRA

Yes. When they died a natural death.

E.1.
And Humans, too, of course.

ZIRA

Yes. As they were ... made available.

E.1.
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.1.
(matching her enthusiasm)
And in the interests of science, you dissected, removed and statistically compared...
ZIRA
(proudly)
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
scapel. And back to:

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

E.1 turns to see HASSELIN, 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 HASSELIN, 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.

HASSLEIN scribbles a note, which he hands to:

E.1.

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.1.

(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.1.

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:

HASSLEIN

(a whisper)

Lieutenant Dodge.

ZIRA

(sleepily)

Until we came here, we'd never seen that before.

E.1.

When you left, was Colonel Taylor still all--
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.1. by the couch's side, LEWIS with the hypodermic, and HASSLEIN blocking the intercommunicating door.

ZIRA
(a sudden, desolate bowl)
Cor-ne-li-us!

HASSLEIN raps twice at the door. LEWIS holds up the hypodermic.

LEWIS
(grimly to E.1.)
D'you want a repeat?

E.1. smirks interrogatively at:

HASSLEIN
(smiling)
No. We've got enough.

The intercommunicating door opens to reveal E.2. ushering in the young, white-coated, muscular, blond and good-natured male ORDERLY to CORNELIUS and ZIRA. E.1. is unemotionally disconnecting the tape recorder, during:

HASSLEIN
(indicating Zira)
To quarters, please.

ORDERLY
Sir.

LEWIS
She'll need a nap now.

HASSLEIN
She'll get it.
As E.1. hands him two tapes:

HASSLEIN
Which is more than I shall. I have to deliver these to the Commission. Stay near our guests.

LEWIS
I can't face them.

E.1.
You don't have to.
(indicating Orderly)
That's his job.

ORDERLY
Sir.

ORDERLY has turned the couch and now wheels it towards E.2. and HASSLEIN, who have moved to either side of main door leading into corridor. As ZIRA (already asleep) is wheeled between them, the "brutal" E.2. looks down on her with genuine pity.

E.2.
Poor little bastard.
(to Hasslein)
Care for my job?

At least he has performed it professionally.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANETARIUM - WEARY COMMISSION - LATE AFTERNOON

We CLOSE to:

CHAIRMAN
(stifling a yawn before 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 sourly on the dais next to:

Cont.
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 academician 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.

We hunt animals for sport. If they are edible we eat them, which the Apes do not -- since they are vegetarians. For the purpose of promoting education, we lock animals in zoos. We dissect their dead bodies and experiment on their live ones in the cause of scientific research. This does not argue that we hate animals -- only that we use them for such philanthropic (though admittedly selfish) ends as the defeat of human diseases like cancer.
CHAIRMAN (Cont.)
On these grounds the Commission, by a majority vote, deems it morally unjust and indeed impolitic that the two Apes under scrutiny should be exterminated.

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:

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:
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!

ZIRA
(mildly)
Oh, I don't know, dear. Taylor thought much the same about me -- at first.

CORNELIUS
Did they make you tell them about him, 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.

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.

Cont.
CORNELIUS
(a snarl)
Jabbing needles into a pregnant
female ... !

ZIRA
I've done that, too.

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.

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

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

Cont.
ZIRA
Ought we to call for--

But CORNELIUS has spotted ORDERLY's key ring (three keys only) on a chain attached to his belt.

CORNELIUS
We call for nobody and nothing.
We leave.

He detaches key ring from chain and takes ZIRA's hand.

CORNELIUS
Come.

He unlocks the door from inside; opens it; and peers left and right before pulling ZIRA through. We STAY INSIDE and, as the door shuts, we hear it locked again from the outside. Then 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:

TIGHT SHOT - LEWIS AT (OUTER) PHONE IN HIS OFFICE

LEWIS
We shan't know the findings till Hasslein gets back -- but after what she said, I guess they won't be pleasant... Stevie, I can't face them alone. You've got to come and help me... Bless you, dear. I'll tell the guard to let you through.

(blowing a vestigial kiss)

'Bye now.

He hangs up and lifts adjacent inner phone. OPERATOR's voice answers.

LEWIS
Guard House, please.

CUT TO:
EXT. NIGHT - SHOOTING FROM MAIN GATE TO HOUSE...

...past Guard House in LEFT f.g. In far b.g. main front
door opens to emit a narrow shaft of light which silhouettes
our APES as they sneak through, close the door (CORNELIUS
relocks it) and advance under cover behind bushes to our
RIGHT of the driveway. At this moment the phone rings in
the Guard House.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARD HOUSE - TRACKING BEHIND GUARD

moving from his window seat to phone ringing in b.g.

GUARD

Guard ... Yes, Dr. Dixon?

CUT TO:

EXT. APES PRONE BEHIND BUSHES

CORNELIUS

Now.

He half-rises and starts to run -- with body crouched
for better cover. ZIRA tries to rise but (a grunt of
sudden pain!) cannot. She holds her belly.

CORNELIUS

(over shoulder)

Zira!

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

CORNELIUS

(as they advance)

What happened?

ZIRA

I think my pains have begun.

CORNELIUS strikes his forehead with his hand, as we:

CUT TO:

GUARD ON PHONE

GUARD

Has she a pass? ... Then can
you give me a description so
I'll know her? Thanks.

He takes a ball-point and begins to jot on a notepad.

CUT TO:
SHOOTING PAST GUARD WITH HIS BACK TO OPEN WINDOW IN B.G.

As GUARD picks up second telephone, CORNELIUS's hand appears clutching the window sill. He has observed the gate-opening routine on arrival in Scene 64, and now (head and shoulders rising cautiously above sill) makes a long arm to insert key in the lock of the metal wall-box, during:

GUARD
(to second phone)
Guard ... Hank? Which Hank?
Oh, the Orderly ... No, I haven't.
Should I have? He's not on pass ...
Well, sorry.

CORNELIUS's key is the wrong one. He fumbles for another as GUARD hangs up second phone and returns to first.

GUARD
Sorry, Dr. Dixon.
(picking up ball-point)
Yeah...
(finally)
Yeah.

As he puts down ball-point, CORNELIUS's key engages in lock. He turns it.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE GUARD HOUSE

With the electric circuit broken, the gate-latch softly clicks up. CORNELIUS pushes the gate open, pulls ZIRA through and, as softly, closes the gate by hand, during:

GUARD'S VOICE
(o.s.)
And pretty, too!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - GUARD ON PHONE

GUARD
(smiling)
She'll be welcome, Dr. Dixon.

QUICK TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT ANGLED DOWN ON DISTANT FREEWAY - NIGHT

The headlights stream by. The far-off traffic faintly roars.
ZIRA'S VOICE
Not that way.

We PULL BACK to include both APES lying flat on an outcrop of the wooded hillside well below the o.s. Camp.

CORNELIUS
How are the pains?

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

CORNELIUS
You ought 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.

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

ZIRA
(stopping)
What's that?

CORNELIUS
(soothingly)
Another bird.

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

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SHOOTING FROM REAR TO FRONT OF STATION WAGON - NIGHT

As it sharply turns and brakes, its headlights illuminate the "DANGER" sign on Camp gate. We PAN to include STEVIE in driver's seat. Halted, she sounds her horn. The gate-latch clicks. GUARD emerges and shines a torch on her face turned in profile towards him.

Cont.
GUARD
Miss Stephanie Branton?

STEVIE
That's me.

GUARD
Dr. Dixon's expecting you.

CUT TO:

NEW TERRAIN - NIGHT
No trees now. Only bushes, which face us. The bushes part and CORNELIUS peers out.

CORNELIUS
It's a road.

We PULL BACK to include highway, as ZIRA's face joins that of CORNELIUS between the parted bushes, and PAN to see distant headlights approaching at such high speed that the APES are almost caught unaware. The bushes snap shut two seconds before a black Mercedes draws level. We WHIP PAN it, as it passes, and:

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - HASSLEIN AT WHEEL
And driving very fast because his thoughts are elsewhere.

HASSLEIN
(wracked by doubt)
Is it enough, Mr. President? Is it enough?

(more softly; to himself alone)
Why am I still afraid ... ?

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCEDES RECEDING
So fast that it misses the turnoff to Camp Eleven; brakes with a squeal; reverses, and takes the uphill turn.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN BUSHES FARTHER ALONG HIGHWAY
CORNELIUS kneels helplessly over recumbent ZIRA, who is again in pain.
INT./EXT. - HASSLEIN TAKES THE SHARP TURN TO THE GATE...

...which is open now but manned by THREE GUARDS. Open, too, is the front door from which FOUR POLICE OFFICERS emerge to clamber into ticking-over police car. Other STAFF are searching bushes with torches. And (subject to budget) the whole area is floodlit.

GUARD 1
(to Hasslein)
You're wanted in Admin, Doctor.
Urgent.

The Mercedes roars in, narrowly missing the police car as it roars out. We STAY with police car and hear its siren starting as we:

CUT TO:

ADMINISTRATION CORRIDOR

Hasslein strides down corridor and turns through open door into:

ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - E.1., E.2., POLICE CAPTAIN

HASSLEIN

What's happened?

Cont.
E1.

Murder.

We PAN, fractionally, to include something sheeted on a stretcher. E2. twitches sheet to reveal:

TOP SHOT - DEAD ORDERLY'S GLASS-GASHED FACE

Over this:

E2.'S VOICE

(o.s.)
The Apes have killed their Orderly.

Back to:

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 E1.:

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? 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

Cont.
HASSLEIN (Cont.)
unable to do more than grunt or slobber. I'm only a scientist, whose proper tools are cold, proven facts. But scientists are entitled to deduce from facts. Scientists are entitled to consciences. And my conscience bleeds when I confront these Apes and deduce the future of Mankind -- however distant. If it's fanatical to feel pity for the unborn, then I'm a fanatic. Somebody has got to begin to care.

CUT TO:

LEWIS AND STEVIE

Approaching front door from inside. In urgent undertones:

LEWIS
That's it then. I'll take a right to the freeway. You take a left to the highway. Watch the bushes at the roadside. They can't have gone far.

STEVIE is crying. With more hope than he feels:

LEWIS
We'll find them.

STEVIE
And if we don't...?

LEWIS
We'll rendezvous at--

Cont.
A harrassed POLICE OFFICER enters front door from outside.

LEWIS
--you know where.

HASSELIN ON AN OFFICE OUTER PHONE

HASSELIN
The female's pregnant, so they can't move fast. And even if they could, where can they move to? Yes, the police are broad-casting a public warning. And I have the President's permission to release the interrogation tapes to the networks. We don't want them martyred. The public has to be told that the killers of today could become the mass murderers of tomorrow.

CUT TO:

NEW TERRAIN

The APES are trudging behind bushes on highway where there are a few distant lights (as though of habitations) ahead. ZIRA walks with increasing difficulty; staggers, and finally sags. CORNELIUS lowers her gently to a bush-girt dip in the ground.

CORNELIUS
I'm giving up. I'm going to get help.

ZIRA
No ...

CORNELIUS
Look, I only lost my temper and hurt him. It isn't as though I'd killed him. But if we go on 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.

(settling her in the dip)
You'll be safe here. I'll come back with help.

He walks off into the darkness.  

CUT TO:
LEWIS'S CAR DRIVING SLOWLY RIGHT

He peers from side to side; approaches freeway on-ramp; hesitates; then frustratedly shakes his head, accelerates and enters freeway.

CUT TO:

STEVIE'S STATION WAGON DRIVING SLOWLY LEFT

She peers at the bushes out of which CORNELIUS peered in Scene 89; drives on and recedes.

CORNELIUS APPROACHING LIGHTS

They turn out to belong to an isolated gas station. CORNELIUS walks nervously towards a lighted window in its rear. Inside, the radio is broadcasting a variety program, whose (filtered) voices louden as CORNELIUS draws near:

"WIFE"
Honey, our doctor says I need making love to at least five times a week.

"HUSBAND"
Put me down for twice.

A roar of studio laughter, suddenly faded out. CORNELIUS is about to tap on window (where a fat ATTENDANT sits listening) when he hears:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
We interrupt this program for an urgent news flash. The Ape-onauts are wanted for murder. The body of twenty-two-year-old Hank Svenson, a medical orderly presently attached to...

CRESCENDO MUSIC (drowning announcement) mimics the high-string scream in CORNELIUS's head. He blocks both ears with his hands. Then, as his guts tighten and twist, he clutches his belly and runs from gas station. The "scream" thins and fades behind:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (receding)
...cannot have gone far. Any person sighting the killers should not repeat not try to apprehend them but immediately contact...

CORNELIUS is out of earshot, breathing hard. He recovers; takes his bearings, and shambles off in Zira's direction.

CUT TO:
FARTHER UP HIGHWAY - STEVIE'S STATION WAGON SLOWLY APPROACHES...

...passes and recedes.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS REJOINING ZIRA

She is ... sleeping? He touches her. She doesn't move.

CORNELIUS

(alarmed)

Zira!

Still no movement. He shakes her -- almost roughly.

CORNELIUS

(louder)

Zira!

She stirs and opens dog-tired eyes. He sighs with momentary relief. Then:

CORNELIUS

Zira, I killed him.

ZIRA

(struggling up,

alarmed)

Who?

CORNELIUS

The Orderly at the Camp. He's dead. I heard it spoken over the air.

She sits up, frightened.

CORNELIUS

Everybody's hunting for us, Zira.

She begins piteously to moan and whimper. He holds her head against his chest, but the whimpering continues. Suddenly:

CORNELIUS

Hush.

Still, the whimpering.

CORNELIUS

Hush, Zira!

He puts a hand over her muzzle; and in the silence we, too, hear ... a car slowly approaching. Both APES freeze. CORNELIUS peers through a gap in the bushes at:
P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH GAP - THE HIGHWAY GRADUALLY BRIGHTENING...

...in the glow of approaching o.s. headlights. Then the headlights enter shot.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS WITH ZIRA

His eyes straining. At length:

CORNELIUS

It's Stevie's car.

He half-rises, cups a hand to his mouth, as though about to shout; sensibly desists; and, instead, picks up a small rock which he throws at station wagon as it passes.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOWLY MOVING STATION WAGON - ROCK HITS WINDOW

which (mildly) cracks without splintering. STEVIE peers out at:

P.O.V. SHOT - CORNELIUS CARRYING ZIRA

Station wagon draws up quietly by roadside.

STEVIE

Is she all right?

CORNELIUS

She's in labor.

He helps ZIRA into rear section, where there are blankets, and pulls the door shut.

STEVIE

(softly)

Poor darling ...

(starting a U-turn)

Hide under the blankets. The news is bad.

CORNELIUS

I know. I heard it ... announced. 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--

Cont.
STEVIE
I do, Cornelius, I do. But they won't.

U-turn completed, she is driving quietly back along highway.

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

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

CUT TO:

110 INT. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - A DARK, DAPPER, HANDSOME MAN - NIGHT

In his 40's and, seemingly, of Latin extraction.

ARMANDO
(deadpan)
You are asking the impossible! But...
(dazzling smile)
...for you, I have done it.

We PULL BACK to include LEWIS peeling off his leather jerkin in an elegant caravan whose walls are plastered with handbills for "ARMANDO'S CIRCUS". As LEWIS hangs his jerkin on a hook:

ARMANDO
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? If I did that to my own apes, they would kill me. And with my dying breath, I would say...

Cont.
ARMANDO (Cont.)

(hoarsely)
'You were right, dear friends, you were right.'
(normal voice)
God! Aren't we rude enough to each other without having to be rude to animals?
(opening caravan door)
And anyway, he didn't mean to kill the boy. It was an accident.

LEWIS
I'm very grateful, Armando.

ARMANDO
(in doorway)
You helped to deliver our last baby. Come and deliver our next.

LEWIS takes his vet's bag from beside a Sony TV set on a table with lace cloth; and ARMANDO walks him into:

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
(coyly)
We've been in bed.

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

EXT. BIG TOP

On either side of its entrance are cages -- three with LIONS, three with TIGERS, who placidly grunt and yawn as ARMANDO and LEWIS pass between them into:

INT. MASTER SCENE - BIG TOP

Dim and shadowy, for the audience has long gone home. Again, there are three "indoor" cages flanking each side of the entrance; and only the middle cage in the RIGHT-hand sector -- containing the as yet unseen CORNELIUS and ZIRA -- is lit by a single hanging electric bulb which faintly illuminates the entire scene. From the shadows STEVIE runs, relieved, to LEWIS and ARMANDO.

Cont.
STEVIE
Oh, Lewis, I thought you'd never come! Armando's been a saint.

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

STEVIE
Never! Look what we've done.

We INTERCUT CHIMPS in cages, during:

ARMANDO
(showing first cage)
Here we have put the bad-tempered and troublesome Nero. He gets headaches and, like his namesake... ideas. His brain is growing faster than his cranium.

STEVIE
It's endemic among young chimps--

LEWIS
--and incurable.

ARMANDO
(sadly)
I know. He will have to leave.

NERO slaps his aching head and pounds the floor of the cage.

ARMANDO
(showing second cage)
Here we have bundled the rest of the troupe, including Heloise, Abelard and -- Salome, your god-daughter.

His eyes guiltily swivel heavenwards at this minimal blasphemy and he crosses himself. Over a shot of HELOISE suckling (model of) SALOME:

ARMANDO'S VOICE
(o.s., proudly)
The only chimp ever born in a circus.

Back to:

LEWIS
Los Angeles has had four.
ARMANDO
(with scorn)
Los Angeles is not a circus. It
is a zoo.

LEWIS
So New Yorkers say.

ARMANDO does a double-take and begins to laugh, but puts
a finger to his lips before obliquely pointing, with
elaborate secrecy, through connecting bars to third (lit)
cage.

STEVIE
(smiling; whispers)
Look.

Obliquely (through front bars of second cage and side
bars contiguous with third) we see a vague FIGURE prowling
back and forth. Then ARMANDO tiptoes LEWIS and
STEVIE in front of third cage, where we clearly see
CORNELIUS ... pacing up and down like any anxious husband
about to become a father. In shadow at the cage's rear
lies ZIRA, head towards and feet away from us. In
whispers, as CORNELIUS abstractedly paces:

ARMANDO
And here are your friends ... who
are now also mine.

STEVIE
We cleaned it out ourselves. And
the mattress is Armando's.

ARMANDO
(shrugging)
I am used to sleeping hard.

He has spoken aloud. CORNELIUS stops his pacing and
sees...

CORNELIUS
Lewis!
(striding urgently
to bars)
I was not responsible for the
death --

LEWIS
(taking his hand)
I know.
(smiling)
But you will shortly 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 second cage) pushes past other CHIMPANZEES to display SALOME through the bars to ZIRA, who rolls over on her side to inspect the baby.

ZIRA

(through bars to Salome)

Ma-ma-ma-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 -

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

SHOCK CUT TO:

(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.

Cont.
ZIRA
Milo.

We PULL BACK further through the front bars 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 through the bars 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:

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - E.1. PACING WITH HASSLEIN - DAY

HASSLEIN
(at wit's end)
Where would Apes go?

E.1. suddenly halts. After a beat:

E.1.
To other Apes.

HASSLEIN
(light dawning)
You're right! Search every zoo, every menagerie, every circus...!

CUT TO:

INT. CARAVAN - ARMANDO - DAY

He is breakfasting, at the lace-covered table, off fried egg and sausage; but the egg has congealed on a cold plate and the sausage remains impaled, uneaten, on his upraised fork as he bodefully watches his Sony TV set on the same table. We CLOSE TO:
MASTER SHOT - ARMANDO AND TV SCREEN

ZIRA'S VOICE
Bones, muscles, tendons, veins,
arteries, kidneys, livers, hearts,
stomachs, reproductive organs—

E.I.'S VOICE
Of the dead?

ZIRA'S VOICE
No, no, no. Of the living!

ARMANDO slowly lowers his sausage-impaled fork to the
cold plate, which he pushes away.

ZIRA'S VOICE
There was one who ... somehow ...
died. He possessed a unique skin.
We had it stuffed and put in our
museum. It was black.

As TV screen momentarily FADES:

ARMANDO
(a mutter)
Lewis was right. They've faked
the tapes. You can almost hear
the joins...

TV screen FADES IN:

ANNOUNCER
That recording of the female
ape's confession to the C.I.A.
will be repeated on KABC regular
news bulletins at 4:30, 5:30 and
11:00 p.m.

Two big (photographic) HEADS of CORNELIUS and ZIRA flash
up in b.g. during:

ANNOUNCER
Meanwhile, the latest news is
that the search for the Killer
Apes has been switched to zoos,
menageries and circuses in the
Los Angeles area....

ARMANDO rises abruptly.

ANNOUNCER
...where it's thought they may
be seeking their own kind.

Cont.
ARMANDO
Bastards!

As he leaves caravan, without switching off set:

ANNOUNCER
Stay tuned for Movie Mystery, following a commercial.

The TV screen now fills ours; and up comes a memory of happier days: the "Chiquita Banana" commercial, from which we:

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

APES' CAGE - DAY

The electric bulb has been switched off and the light comes only from the morning sun filtering through the thick tent canvas of the Big Top.

We PULL BACK from CLOSE SHOT: BABY MILO, asleep on the mattress -- all but the back of his little head wrapped in a rough, dark blanket which (SPECIAL EFFECT!) rises and falls in rhythm with his breathing. ZIRA squats solicitously beside him. ARMANDO paces up and down as frustratedly as did CORNELIUS, who now sits motionless on a wooden stool, staring gloomily ahead with his chin cupped in his hands. STEVIE watches them from outside the bars.

ARMANDO
I had planned it all so well!
In a 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 ... those phony tapes, that one accidental death, will turn the people against you. And all zoos, menageries and circuses are to be searched. (in despair)
So what can I do?

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

Cont.
ZIRA
Why did you do it, Armando?

ARMANDO
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.

From outside the bars:

STEVIE
I'll call Lewis.

As she slips away:

ARMANDO
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:

ARMANDO'S VOICE
It is a medal of St. Francis of Assissi.

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

CORNELIUS
Who is he?

ARMANDO
(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? Cont.
ARMANDO

Yes?

ZIRA
I should like to say good-bye
to Heloise.

ARMANDO
If only she could speak, she
would say how sorry--

ZIRA
(quietly)
I know. We understand each other.

He looks at her, interested; and opens the adjacent cage.
Picking up the blanketed BABY MILO, she approaches and enters:

THE NEXT CAGE

All the CHIMPS are quiet; but none so quiet as HELOISE, squatting 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:
approaches and halts outside:

where outgoing OFFICERS are clambering back into three police cars and an attendant ambulance.

HASSLEIN
(through car window)
Any luck?

POLICE OFFICER
No, sir. Another blank.

We CLOSE to HASSLEIN channeling his frustration into a single sharp foot-jab on the accelerator.

HASSLEIN
There must be a way ... The engine (in neutral) snarls on his behalf as we:

CUT TO:

OUT

EXT. STATION WAGON APPROACHING OIL WELL LOCATION - DUSK

INT. STATION WAGON

STEVIE driving. LEWIS beside her with map. APES and blanketed BABY lying down (for concealment) in rear, to which LEWIS now swivels in his seat.

LEWIS
Can you read a map?

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

LEWIS lets map unroll over the back of his seat, where CORNELIUS (on his stomach) can read it.

LEWIS
(indicating)
We're at the southern edge of this oil field here. And here is as far as we dare take you, because we've got to get back for the night search.
124    AIR SHOT FROM HELICOPTER OVER CIRCUS AREA - DUSK

We ZOOM DOWN to Big Top and:

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:
INT. BIG TOP

POLICE searching ape cages in which APES (except for NERO) have been redistributed. ARMANDO, accompanying POLICE, pretends to be very, very bored.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS - OIL FIELD - DUSK

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.

We END with LONG SHOT ANGLED DOWN from steep hillside: the station wagon -- a grey beetle with side-lit eyes, scuttling to concealment off the highway, and halting. Its beetle-wing doors flap open.

CLOSE MASTER SHOT - THE OCCUPANTS ALIGHTING

LEWIS tries to counter the intense emotion of this farewell moment by being brisk and practical -- but never really succeeds. A few scattered lights switch on among the derricks as darkness falls, during:

    LEWIS
    Look out for the night watchmen.
    (holding map in
dimmed headlights)
    But once you're over that hill,
you're in more open country.
    Strike west from here and you'll
    hit a disused ship's graveyard.

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

    LEWIS
    I used to play there when I was
    a kid. Nothing but hulks, mostly.
    But you could rest and hide there
    and get your strength back before
    you move on.

    ZIRA
    (dismally)
    On?

Below them, a truck roars along the highway. LEWIS looks uneasily over his shoulder and back at map.

Cont.
LEWIS
From the ship's graveyard it's
a night's walk to this creek,
where there's a cave here. Not
a fancy one, so no one goes --
except...
  (mustered a smile)
...myself, when young. But there's
fresh water and berries--

STEVIE
And we'd try to see you and bring
you supplies.

Again the night breeze. The BABY whimpers.

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

Her voice trails to silence.

LEWIS
It's dark enough to get going.

But CORNELIUS is looking at the BABY.

CORNELIUS
Lewis.

LEWIS
Yes?

CORNELIUS
If they find us, we shall be killed?

LEWIS
(with unwilling
honesty)
Ultimately.

CORNELIUS
Then give us the chance to kill
ourselves when ... if the moment
comes.

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

ZIRA
Please.

Cont.
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!

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 angry profile.

LEWIS
(as harshly as
Cornelius)
Stop hanging about!

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

OIL FIELD - APE TRIO - NIGHT

NOTE: Our Director's more detailed reconnaissance of
the Wilmington and San Pedro LOCATIONS should yield
abundant material for a MONTAGE laden with nocturnal
menace.

Finally, after a steep, exhausting ascent during which CORNELIUS takes the BABY and almost crushes it by
stumbling forwards on slippery ground, they achieve:
HILLTOP

Below, the tall derricks abut on the more distantly glimmering tanks of the refinery. Nothing in Ape City ever looked so eerie as this; and ZIRA points an alarmed finger at the tanks.

ZIRA
Who lives in those?

But CORNELIUS is looking elsewhere at darker, more open country beyond.

CORNELIUS
We're over the hill.
(taking bearings from the stars)
Now we go west.
(over-optimistically)
This'll be easier. Take Milo and keep behind me. I want to be sure all's clear.

They begin:

MONTAGE - THE DESCENT

More perilous than the climb, for the hill's farther slope is steeper and more slippery. Using DOUSLES when necessary, we increasingly speed up CUTTING TEMPO as:

A. CORNELIUS starts sure-footedly towards:
B. Derrick at hill's base.
C. ZIRA (with BABY) starts sure-footedly, but:
D. The slope steepens.
E. She begins involuntarily to run...
F. ...faster and faster...
G. ...until out of control.
H. CORNELIUS, appalled; not daring to shout. He traverses the slope to intercept her, but:
I. She collides with him; falls on her back, holding the squealing BABY protectively high, and:
J. Slides past CORNELIUS, towards:
K. Derrick, looming.

Cont.
L. CORNELIUS, helplessly reacting.

M. Derrick, looming nearer.

N. CORNELIUS hides his eyes.

O. ZIRA barely grazes derrick, one of whose sharp girders...

P. ...retains a shred of her torn dress.

MONTAGE ENDS.

132 PANNING CORNELIUS

as he stumbles frantically down slope (dislodging a few small rocks which avalanche behind him) into shot with:

133 ZIRA

sitting bolt upright in the grass and quietening the BABY.

ZIRA
(authoritatively)
Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma...

CORNELIUS
(helping her up and
taking Baby)
Are you all right?

ZIRA
(rubbing her back)
Except I feel like I've been branded.

CORNELIUS
Then let's get going.
(looking about)
We made a bit of noise.

As they recede westwards into the darkness, we PULL BACK to include base of derrick with the shred of ZIRA's dress still attached to a lower girder. Then we SLOW-ZOOM FORWARD to:

134 DARK PRINT - CLOSEUP - THE SHRED

We hold this for three seconds until (over FADED-UP SOUND of bloodhounds barking and yapping) the DARK PRINT slowly and artificially brightens to the intensity of:
DAY PRINT (SAME AS SCENE 134)

The barking PEAKS. A POLICE BLOODHOUND's nose pushes into FRAME and excitedly nuzzles and sniffs the shred. Then another nose. And another. We ZOOM BACK to:

FULL PANORAMIC SHOT (DAY) - LAST NIGHT'S TERRAIN...

...now fizzing and swarming with ant-like POLICE activity under the hot midday sun. We INTERCUT:

- HANDLERS struggling to restrain their hysterically yapping bloodhounds.

- FINGERPRINT EXPERTS insufflating the telltale girder.

- A POLICE SQUAD, in extended order, combing the downward hill slope and noting signs of disturbance.

Meanwhile:

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL STANDS HASSLEIN...

...lowering angled-down binoculars to reveal cold, triumphant eyes. As a distant whistle blows, he sees:

P.O.V. LONG SHOT - BLOODHOUNDS STARTING TO FOLLOW SCENT...

...with POLICE in jeeps behind.

SHOOTING UP (MED. CLOSE) AT HASSLEIN ON SUMMIT

He consults a map, whose indications his eyes compare with the direction of the chase. Then he briskly folds up map and disappears behind summit in what we know to be the direction of the highway.

WEARY APES (WITH BABY) HALT

and look up at:

FADED SIGN

MCKINLEY & SONS

NAVAL SCRAPYARD

We TILT DOWN from sign to the tall wire fence beneath. It has long since ceased to fulfill its protective function. A second sign ("NO TRESPASSING") -- so pocked with rust that it is almost illegible -- dangles diagonally from eroded wire mesh in which spiders may safely spin. TILT ENDS on torn gap at fence's base. CORNELIUS's hand reaches into LOWER RIGHT of FRAME and tugs at wire above gap. It snaps like trellis with dry rot; and we PULL BACK to see CORNELIUS tugging away enough wire to widen the gap -- through which he and ZIRA (WITH BABY) now enter:
OUTER SCRAPYARD

We PAN APES along a rutted road past mountainous dumps of nautical trash: mildewed timber, huge propellers leprous with dead mollusks, metal tubes that look as if they would snap like cheese sticks, and, all alone, a smashed glass dial that used to register "FULL SPEED AHEAD" but now registers ... "STOP". At the road's end, which is the water's edge, CORNELIUS and ZIRA halt and look uneasily ahead.

ZIRA
The ship's graveyard.

CORNELIUS
Only for tonight.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS - GRAVEYARD

A shanty town of ships that have died without burial -- beached on the mud or berthed in scummy water to rot and rust under the sun and the salt air. Laid out haphazardly, like corpses after a plague, they still carry traces of their former finery about them, as a skeleton may wear jewels: jet-black mussels choking the iron neck of an anchor; a bollard's head, tiara'd with barnacles; limpet-rings round the two splayed fingers of a cleat; and a gangway (which the APES now gingerly cross) jumping and swinging like the necklace on a Balinese dancer. Perhaps the ships are not quite dead. For sometimes, on the slack tide, they move with an arthritic creak or touch one another with a groan -- these poor, amputated hulks who once rode the ocean as proudly and delicately as dolphins.

The APES step aboard and survey:

THE SHIP

A decrepit coastal craft, sawn off clean at the stern which is wedged against the sea wall, her aft superstructure (whose paint has flaked like an old whore's) rises in three tiers of arched entrances to cabins. We CLOSE to one of these and:

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS (WITH ZIRA AND BABY) POINTING

There.

CUT TO:
146 FULL SHOT - THE CHASE

It has reached the refinery tanks, through which the yapping bloodhounds now weave.

CUT TO:

147 INT. HASSLEIN'S BLACK MERCEDES

He is driving at speed - we know not whither.

CUT BACK TO:

148 APES

ZIRA sits in the cabin entrance, her blanket ed BABY on her lap, her legs dangling over the top-tier 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
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:

   ZIRA
   (a patent hint
to Cornelius)
   So do I.

CORNELIUS rises and stretches in the hot sun.

   CORNELIUS
   I'll look for berries. Stay here
till I come back.
   (looking about)
   All's quiet.

CUT TO:

THE CHASE

It isn't quiet here. Jeeps roar, bloodhounds yap, and
dust rises from open country beyond the refinery tanks,
which are still visible in distant b.g.

CUT TO:
CORNELIUS
denuding a dusty bush of its few dusty berries, which he
puts carefully in a rusty can. He cautiously straightens;
looks landward and seaward; then moves off -- maybe in
search of more berries, maybe to go "home".

CUT TO:

SHOOTING BEHIND AND THROUGH WIRE FENCE

including the back of the diagonally dangling "NO
TRESPASSING" sign. Through mesh we see HASSLEIN's
Mercedes (dusty now) slowly approaching us from MED.
to CLOSE SHOT. It stops just short of fence. HASSLEIN
alights; peers speculatively about him; looks up at
big sign; then lower at small sign; then down at the
fence's foot ... where the freshly torn wire intrigues
him, for he touches and feels it. He enters through
gap and, passing CAMERA, moves cautiously out of shot.

CUT TO:

ZIRA IN CABIN ENTRANCE

The BABY asleep on her lap. The sun is very hot. ZIRA
herself begins to nod into a doze; then (with a start)
realizes that she must not sleep exposed, but only in
concealment. She rises with BABY and enters:

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 (from which a cockroach
scuttles) 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:

HASSLEIN APPROACHING THE WATER'S EDGE

He looks speculatively at the ship. A possibility? He
approaches the gangway. Tests it with his foot. The
timber is serviceable and it holds. He starts walking
up the gangway -- and at his fourth step realizes that,
though it holds, it sways ... and rattles.

CUT TO:
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. Then the gangway rattles again -- louder. Alert, she rises on one elbow.

ZIRA
(calling)
Cornelius?

CUT TO:

HASSLEIN...

...having achieved the deck, stops dead in his tracks. He was moving, with his back to us, in the wrong direction. Now he turns into CAMERA; and from his face we know that he has heard not only the call but the name that was called. He heads noiselessly in the vague direction of the sound's source, passing CAMERA, which PANS to his stealthily receding back and follows him as he climbs towards the SEAWARD end of the catwalk.

CUT TO:

LOOKING ALONG CATWALK FROM SEAWARD END

HASSLEIN, still with his back to us, walks from seaward towards landward end.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

ZIRA hears the footsteps with relief. It must be her husband, home again. She rises, picks up BABY and makes for the cabin door.

CUT TO:

LOOKING LANDWARD ALONG CATWALK

HASSLEIN is approaching the landward end in b.g., when ZIRA in f.g. (with BABY) peers out of cabin entrance and looks SEAWARD, where the footsteps were coming from.

ZIRA
Cornelius?

Hearing the quick scrape of a shoe suddenly turning, she spins round to confront:

P.O.V. FLASH - HASSLEIN

Five yards off and facing her with a revolver not yet aimed.

CUT TO:
Quick glance into cabin door. No, she'd be trapped there. Swiftly she backs to catwalk's seaward end; stoops and sets the crying BABY down on the catwalk, a little to one side and behind her so she can step in front to protect it. As she straightens:

CUT TO:

FLASH - HASSLEIN FIRES TWICE

CUT TO:

THE BLANKET TWITCHES TWICE...

...and, as the crying cuts out, is still.

CUT TO:

HAUSLEIN WITH REVOLVER AIMED

advances step by step on ZIRA. At his second step, we may or may not notice the o.s. gangplank rattle once. At his fourth step, a gun fires. The bullet hits him in the RIGHT side of the neck. For a second, he stands quite still. Then, almost apologetically to ZIRA:

HAUSLEIN

Somebody had to begin to ... care.

The last word is less a word than a cough; and the cough is bloody. HAUSLEIN's eyes glaze, as he pitches forward. Over the thud of his fall:

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS ON GANGWAY

Lowering Lewis's pistol. On SOUND, we reprise CRESCEANDO MUSIC mimicking the high-string "scream" in his head (which he heard when he knew he had killed the Orderly) and we HOLD "scream" until he speaks.

Now he staggers dumbly up the swaying, clattering gangway; crosses the cluttered deck to the seaward rail, and clambers up the catwalk companionway to:

ZIRA BY SHIP'S SEAWARD RAIL

As CORNELIUS precipitately enters shot, the "scream" thins and FADES for:

CORNELIUS

(sobbing)

Zira, I've killed two men. I'm a murderer, Zira.

Cont.
Hysterically he hurls LEWIS's offending pistol into the sea. We hear the splash as she takes him in her arms. And, in the first silence, we (but not yet they) become aware of the faint barking of bloodhounds.

Now, with shamed, down-hanging head profiled against ZIRA's breast, CORNELIUS sees:

167  P.O.V. SHOT - THE STILL BLANKET

Between the ship's rail and ZIRA's feet. Over this:

CORNELIUS'S VOICE

Is the baby...?

He cannot say the word "dead". And now our blood crawls. For ZIRA's RIGHT foot jabs savagely backwards, kicking the blanket and its small corpse under the ship's rail and into the sea. Over a splash louder than the pistol's:

CUT TO:

168  CORNELIUS

Still profiled against his wife's breast and looking up questioningly at:

169  P.O.V. BIG HEAD - ZIRA LOOKING DOWN

She is sneering. And we hold this inexplicable reaction until the barking bloodhounds and the wailing sirens grow loud enough to wipe it off her face, as we:

CUT TO:

170  TWO SHOT

ZIRA imperiously beckoning CORNELIUS to the seaward companionway's head.

SHOCK CUT TO:

171  POLICE SEARCH ERUPTS INTO GRAVEYARD AREA

Bloodhounds, handlers, jeeps, an ambulance and blue-winking, shrill-sirened cars which eject more Police Officers. The noise deafens. We PICK OUT one bloodhound hauling its handler up the landward companionway to nose out ... HASSLEIN's corpse.

HANDLER

(yelling down)

They're armed!

CUT TO:
ZIRA RACING AHEAD OF CORNELIUS...

towards the gangway.

ZIRA
(without looking
round; yells)
Cornelius! Get off the ship!

CUT TO:

REVERSE SHOTS - A WHISTLE BLOWS - THE HANDLERS UNLEASH THEIR BLOODHOUNDS

which converge, in a snarling torrent, on the gangway. ZIRA is only halfway down it, when the "torrent" hits her and she goes under. When the bloodhounds disperse, she lies on the gangplank, lacerated, bleeding and in mortal pain. A CAPTAIN and a POLICE OFFICER clatter up the gangway. The CAPTAIN looks down.

CAPTAIN
(curly)
Put her out of her misery.

We STAY on POLICE OFFICER only, as he shoots her.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS

farther back and higher up, amidships. Yelling down at the top of his lungs:

CORNELIUS

Scum! Filthy, smooth-skinned, human scum!

CUT TO:

DOCKSIDE - E.L. (ARMED) PUSHES THROUGH POLICE

and looks up.

E.L.
Come quietly, Cornelius.

CORNELIUS
Quietly? We all came quietly, wanting to be your friends and wishing you no harm. Quietly? When you've killed everything I had left to love? Now kill me. Or...

(right hand creeping to pocket)

...I'll kill you.

Cont.
175 Cont.

We know the pistol is in the sea. We know CORNELIUS is suicidally drawing their fire. But the POLICE know nothing, and E.l. fires -- accurately at CORNELIUS's right hand. CORNELIUS looks at the hand in scorn.

CORNELIUS

I said *kill* me.

Bloody hand in pocket, he begins to walk down towards the gangway, simulating a gun-muzzle with two (pocketed) fingers. E.l.'s gun fires twice -- hitting CORNELIUS in the chest and shoulder. CORNELIUS walks on. The CAPTAIN turns to the POLICE OFFICER.

CAPTAIN

(it could be with
compassion)

Let him have it.

POLICE OFFICER aims and fires his rifle. The bullet hits CORNELIUS above the heart. At the gangway's head, he halts, sways, takes his maimed right hand (unarmed) out of his pocket and holds it over the death wound.

CORNELIUS

(looking down gangway)

You can't break my heart any more.
You broke it when...

He pitches forward. The gangway clatters as he slides down it, face foremost, until his dead cheek touches ZIRA's.

CUT TO:

176

STATION WAGON VIOLENTLY HALTING IN REAR OF POLICE
LEWIS and STEVIE push through, to confront:

177

FULL SHOT - DOCKSIDE AND SHIP

As an ambulance draws up at the foot of the gangway where POLICE are laying out the two BODIES, another OFFICER enters LEFT FRAME, carrying a third. A very small body, and naked. The OFFICER sets it down between ZIRA and CORNELIUS.

CUT TO:

178

SHOOTING DOWN OVER BACKS OF STEVIE AND LEWIS

as they survey the holocaust. Suddenly and in need of comfort, he puts a hand almost fiercely on her shoulder and turns into bitter profile.
LEWIS

Hasslein was right: It had to
be done.

We CRANE steeply BACK and UP to include a full aerial
shot of the scene, as the bodies are lifted into the
ambulance and the ambulance drives away. Now, while
the CAMERA still soars, we OVERLAP on SOUND: the noise
of sleepy lions grunting, the squeak and gibber of
smaller animals, the whinnying of horses, and the soft
thud of a mallet on wood.

FADE OUT VISUAL ONLY
AND
QUICK-FADE IN

179  ARMANDO'S CIRCUS - DAWN

The Big Top is being lowered and spectacularly balloons
to earth behind crates (being lifted onto trucks),
caravans, generators ... and a line of wheeled animal
cages which ARMANDO is approaching from b.g., as we
TRACK past cages and more slowly approach him. The
lions grunt. The tigers snarl. Dogs and CIRCUS HANDS
distantly bark and shout.

We TRACK ON IN to profiled CLOSE SHOT of 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 ... !

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