

"PLANET OF THE APES"

Screenplay

by

Michael Wilson

Based on Novel

by

Pierre Boulle

SHOOTING SCRIPT
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"PLANET OF THE APES"

FADE IN

1 EXT. CONSTELLATION OF ORION - NIGHT

Stars glitter like diamonds on the black velvet backdrop of space. The Belt of Orion is center screen, but much nearer and larger than ever seen by an Earth-bound astronomer.

A speck of light appears in the lower left corner of the screen. No spaceship can be seen, but only a glowworm, a solitary spermatozoan gliding through the womb of the universe. Over this we HEAR the voice of an astronaut. He is concluding a report.

ASTRONAUT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

So ends my last signal until we reach our destination. We are now on automatic, a mere hundred and five light years from our base...and at the mercy of computers. I've tucked in my crew for the long sleep. I'll join them presently.

2 INT. CABIN OF SPACESHIP - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The cabin is neither cramped nor spacious, but about the size of the President's cabin in Air Force One. In the immediate f.g. is a console of dials and switches flanked by four chairs. Only one of the chairs is occupied. The astronaut's back is to CAMERA. There is a ladder amidships which leads to an escape hatch. The after part of the cabin is obscured in darkness. We hear the MUSIC of a Mozart sonata emanating from a phonograph of stereotape. The astronaut is speaking into a microphone.

ASTRONAUT

Within the hour we shall complete the sixth month of our flight from Cape Kennedy. By our time, that is...

He pauses, looking up at:

3 TWO LARGE CLOCKS - ON CABIN WALL

One clock is marked SELF TIME, but instead of twelve numerals it has twenty-four. One of the needles is moving very slowly.

Cont.

3 Cont.

The other clock is labeled EARTH TIME, and its units, like those of a tachometer, are given by hundreds and thousands. The largest needle of this clock makes one revolution every second. Over this we hear:

ASTRONAUT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

But according to Dr. Hasslein's theory of time in a vehicle traveling at close to the speed of light, old Mother Earth has aged a few thousand years since our departure -- while we have scarcely aged at all.

4

CLOSE ON ASTRONAUT

This is TAYLOR. He wears simple dungarees (or Churchill suit) and comfortable boots. He seems calm and pensive. Extracting the butt of a cigar from the breast pocket of his dungarees, he lights it, then continues:

TAYLOR

It may be so. This much is probable: the men who sent us on this journey have long since been moldering in forgotten graves; and those, if any, who read this message are a different breed. Hopefully, a better one.

He begins to roll up his left sleeve.

TAYLOR

I leave the twentieth century without regret. Who was it? Marshall?... said 'Modern man is the missing link between the ape and the human being.'

He removes the cigar from his mouth, turns to look out through one of the portholes into the astral night.

TAYLOR

One final thought -- nothing scientific, purely personal. Seen from up here, everything looks different... Time bends and space is boundless. It squashes a man's ego. He begins to feel like no more than a mote in the eye of eternity. And he is nagged by a question: what if anything, will greet us on the end of man's first journey to a star?

Cont.

4 Cont.

TAYLOR (Cont.)

Are we to believe that throughout these thousands of galaxies, these millions of stars, only one, that speck of solar dust we call Earth, has been graced -- or cursed -- by human life?

(pause)

I have to doubt it.

He extracts a hypodermic needle from his breast pocket and injects it into the vein of his forearm. He continues speaking.

TAYLOR

(sardonically)

That's about all. I wonder if Man, that marvel of the universe, that glorious paradox who has sent me to -- the unknown... still makes war against his brother, and lets his neighbor's children starve.

Cont.

4 Cont.

Taylor withdraws the hypodermic needle from his vein and secures it in a drawer of the console.

TAYLOR

Well then, Earthmen: A missing link salutes you. Bless you, my descendants.

Taylor snuffs out the cigar butt and places it in the drawer beside the hypodermic. Then, flicking a switch to cut off the Mozart, he rises and looks up again at:

5 THE CLOCK MARKED EARTH TIME

The longest needle of this clock now makes nearly two revolutions per second. The shortest needle points to the numeral 2105.

6 INT. CABIN - TRACKING WITH TAYLOR

Space scientists have presumably solved the problem of weightlessness, for Taylor walks the short distance from the console to the after section without particular effort. CAMERA FOLLOWS him, and we can now see four glass capsules, or "caskets", in the rear of the cabin. Taylor looks down at them.

7- SEVERAL SHOTS - THE FOUR CASKETS - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.
10

One of them is open. The other three are occupied by astronauts: DODGE, LANDON and STEWART. They, too, wear dungarees and boots. Dodge and Landon are thirtyish, clean-shaven, virile -- America's finest. Stewart is a handsome young woman, her hair bobbed short. Their eyes are closed and they do not appear to be breathing -- yet no undertaker could make them so alive.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TAYLOR

He grasps the handle of his own casket and slowly pulls himself into it. Continuing SILENCE. CAMERA MOVES IN as Taylor pulls the glass lid shut and secures it. He adjusts two dials inside the capsule and lies back, buckling his safety belt. CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSEUP of Taylor. His eyes are open. He seems serene, even enraptured.

(NOTE: Credits will appear here over a series of shots designed to convey a sense of loneliness, of separation, and of the passage of time.)

DISSOLVE TO:

12-
16

A SERIES OF SHOTS - A DISTANT GLOBE (MINIATURE)

We see a strange and distant planet. At first the globe occupies but a small area of the screen; but with each new VIEW it comes closer and looms larger, as if observed from a spaceship in a spiraling orbit of descent.

The topography of the planet bears little resemblance to our own. Much of it is obscured by cloud cover; even more of it appears to be cratered desert of reddish hue. We can, however, make out a few narrow "green belts" and a patch of blue water.

In the FINAL SHOTS of this SEQUENCE we see the strange planet as it would be observed from a spacecraft plummeting from twenty thousand feet to one thousand feet. It appears that the ship will fall into a vast lake surrounded by soaring sandstone pinnacles. The water is blue-black, the pinnacles vermillion. (This is the Lake Powell location, at Lone Rock.)

17

INT. SPACESHIP - FULL SHOT - DAY

Four empty pilot seats are seen in f.g., the four glass caskets in b.g. We HEAR the RHYTHMIC BLEAT of a WARNING SIGNAL, a RUSH OF WIND as in a rapid descent, and perhaps the ROAR OF RETROJETS. Then, a great CRASH as the craft hits water. The whole ship shudders on impact. Loose equipment falls to the cabin floor. CAMERA MOVES DOWN the cabin aisle as the ship begins to roll in the water and HOLDS on the four glass caskets. There are THREE LOUD METALLIC CLICKS as the glass domes of the caskets swing open automatically.

18

CLOSE ON TAYLOR

He now has a full beard. His eyes come open. Instantly alert, he rises to a sitting position, gazing across at:

19

DODGE AND LONDON - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

They, too, awaken and sit up, staring at Taylor. They, too, are bearded.

TAYLOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You all right?

They nod.

20

BACK TO TAYLOR - CLOSE SHOT

He glances at the casket beside his own.

TAYLOR

Stewart?

(struggling to his feet)

Stewart?

21 CLOSE SHOT - THE FOURTH CASKET

Its dome remains unopened. The young woman is a skeleton in a Churchill suit.

22 REACTION SHOT - THE THREE ASTRONAUTS

Dodge and Landon have joined Taylor and stare at the grinning skull of their dead comrade. A low, descending HUM of equipment is heard. Simultaneously the lights begin to FADE. A moment later they brighten, but not as much as before.

TAYLOR

There goes our primary power.
We're on auxilliary.

A slight CRACKING sound is heard. Taylor turns quickly away and o.s.

23 REVERSE ANGLE - THE FORWARD CABIN

A trickle of water has begun to seep through a ruptured seam in the cabin. Taylor darts to a porthole and peers cut.

24 LONG SHOT - WHAT TAYLOR SEES:

The porthole is no more than six inches above the water line. In the distance we discern a shoreline of red desert.

TAYLOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

We're in the soup. We're sinking.

25 INT. CABIN - FULL SHOT

The leak in the seam becomes a growing spray of water. Taylor turns away from the porthole, calling:

TAYLOR

Dodge! Read the atmosphere!

Dodge moves instantly to the ladder beneath an escape hatch and mounts it. Taylor stumbles down the aisle of the rolling ship toward the console and addresses Landon, who is still staring at Stewart's skeleton.

TAYLOR

Landon! Send a last signal.

LANDON

(dazed)

What signal?

Cont.

25 Cont.

TAYLOR
To Earth! That we've landed!

As Landon lurches toward the communications equipment in f.g.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. THE STRANGE PLANET - LONG PANORAMIC SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON (LONE ROCK, LAKE POWELL)

We are looking at a lifeless desert of sandstone buttes and pinnacles. There is no sign of vegetation anywhere. CAMERA PANS DOWN to a body of water that could be the bay of an inland sea. The deep blue of the sea contrasts sharply to the red sands of the shoreline. CAMERA HOLDS on the stricken spaceship, wallowing like a beached whale a hundred yards offshore. The portholes of the craft are beneath the water, and only its roof and the tail fin of its tail assembly are visible. The red-hot skin of the ship vaporizes the water around it.

Suddenly a snorkel-like tube sprouts from the escape hatch, which is located amidships.

27 INT. CABIN - CLOSE ON CLOSED ESCAPE HATCH

Dodge, standing halfway up the ladder, has fastened a kit of gauges to the end of the snorkel tube. He reads the dials, removes the kit, sniffs the air in the tube and then, taking a deep breath, announces:

DODGE
It's breathable.

TAYLOR'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Okay! Blow the hatch before we
lose auxilliary power.

Dodge reaches for a control mechanism near the escape hatch.

28 CLOSE ON TAYLOR AND LANDON

The spray of water coming through the ruptured seam is increasing. The LIGHTS DIM again and the SOUND of the warning signal FADES. While Landon fiddles with the radio, Taylor tries to get the tape recorder rolling, but all we hear are scrambled and unintelligible noises.

Cont.

28 Cont.

LANDON
It's no use...there she goes.

TAYLOR
Forget it. Abandon ship.

29 WIDER ANGLE - THE CABIN

The escape hatch is now open. Taylor darts over to the ladder and passes a folded life raft up to Dodge. When Landon reaches the ladder, Taylor hands him two neatly packed rucksacks, and Landon climbs through the escape hatch. Taylor is about to follow with a third rucksack, then turns and crosses the cabin for a last look at:

30 THE TWO CLOCKS - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

Both clocks have stopped: the red needle of the clock labeled SELF TIME rests on the numeral 18; the red needle of the clock marked EARTH TIME rests on the numeral 3975.

31 EXT. TOP OF SPACECRAFT - MED. SHOT

Dodge inflates the raft with a cartridge of compressed air and tosses it into the water. He and Landon jump into the water and climb onto the raft as Taylor emerges from the hatch. Taylor slips into the water and climbs onto the raft. He and Landon begin to paddle toward shore, while Dodge immediately opens another kit and takes a sample of the water.

32 CLOSE ON THE MEN IN THE RAFT

DODGE
(half to himself)
Briny...twenty-five percent
salinity. Near the saturation
point.

LANDON
(looking back)
She's still sinking...

33 THE SPACESHIP - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

Only the radio antenna and the tip of the tail fin remain visible.

LANDON'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Going...going...

The craft vanishes beneath the water.

34 CLOSE ON THE MEN IN THE RAFT

Dodge is still busy with his kit. Landon is still looking back, but Taylor doesn't bother to turn his head.

LANDON

Gone.

TAYLOR

(flatly)

We're here to stay.

35 ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING WITH THE RAFT

They gaze at the forbidding sandstone battlements as they near the shore.

LANDON

Well? Where are we? Have any notion, skipper?

TAYLOR

(confidently)

We're some three hundred and twenty light years from Earth. On an unnamed planet in orbit around a star in the constellation of Orion.

(looks off at the "sun")

That could be Bellatrix.

36 THE SUN - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

Low on the horizon, seen through a dense envelope of dust particles.

DODGE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Too red for Bellatrix.

37 BACK TO ASTRONAUTS IN RAFT

Landon glances skeptically at Taylor.

LANDON

You didn't have time to check the tapes, so you don't really know, do you?

(as Taylor ignores him)

What went wrong?

(sardonically)

We weren't programmed to land in water.

Cont.

37 Cont.

DODGE

(grinning)

The question, Landon, is not
so much where we are as when
we are.

TAYLOR

(stands up in
raft)

We've had a nice snooze. Let's
start earning all our back pay.

38 WIDER ANGLE - THE BEACH

As the three astronauts step out into shallow water and
pull the raft ashore.

TAYLOR

Take your soil test, Dodge. I'll
check the equipment.

Dodge moves inland about ten yards, removes a small hand
drill from his belt, extends the rod of the drill three
feet and begins to take some subsoil samplings. Taylor
begins to examine the contents of the three rucksacks.
Landon sits down on the beach, hands around his knees,
gazing moodily at the sunken spaceship. During this and
succeeding scenes we sense that Dodge's obsession with
scientific inquiry leaves him immune to fear: Landon is
possibly more courageous and certainly more "human," for
he has many fears to control: while Taylor -- detached,
cool and misanthropic -- is something of an enigma.

TAYLOR

(calls Dodge)

Got your sensors?

DODGE

Yo!

TAYLOR

Geiger counter?

DODGE

Yo!

Cont.

38 Cont.

TAYLOR
 (taking inventory)
 One pistol...twenty-four rounds
 of ammo...two medical kits..
 one camera...one TX9..
 (loudly, to the
 others)
 We've enough food and water for
 three days.

DODGE
 But how long is a day?

TAYLOR
 Good question.
 (turning)
 Landon -- check your communications
 kit.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LANDON

He seems not to have heard.

TAYLOR
 (sharply)
 Landon! Join the expedition.

LANDON
 (rising)
 Sorry...
 (crossing to his
 kit)
 I was thinking of Stewart. What
 d'you suppose happened?

TAYLOR
 (flatly)
 Air leak. Died in her sleep.

LANDON
 You don't seem very cut up about
 it.

TAYLOR
 It's a little late for a wake.
 She's been dead nearly a year.

LANDON
 Then we've been away from Earth
 for eighteen months.

Cont.

39 Cont.

TAYLOR

By our time.
(smiling at Landon)
You've turned gray.

Landon involuntarily touches the gray hair of his temple as Taylor adds lightly:

TAYLOR

Apart from that, you look pretty chipper for a man who's two thousand and thirty one years old.
(casually)
I read the clocks. They bear out Hasslein's hypothesis. We've been away from Earth for two thousand years, give or take a decade.

(pause)
Still can't accept it, huh?

LANDON

(long pause)
You know it.

TAYLOR

Because time has wiped out everyone and everything you cared for -- they're dust.

LANDON

Prove it. If we can't get back, it's still just a theory.

TAYLOR

It's a fact, Landon. Buy it. You'll sleep better.

Dodge enters scene. A handful of reddish sand dribbles through his fingers.

DODGE

Nothing will grow here....there's just a trace of hydrocarbons, and most of the nitrogen is locked into nitrates.

TAYLOR

Any sign of dangerous ionization?

DODGE

No.

Cont.

39 Cont.1

TAYLOR

(rising)

Okay. If there's no life here,
we've got just seventy-two hours
to find it. That's when the
groceries run out.

He picks up one of the rucksacks and puts it on. The
others follow suit.

DODGE

Which direction?

TAYLOR

(decisively, pointing
west)

That way.

DODGE

Any particular reason?

TAYLOR

None at all.

He moves out. Dodge follows. CAMERA PANS with them.
They have gone only a few paces when Taylor looks back
over his shoulder and halts.

40 REVERSE ANGLE - FEATURING LANDON

Landon is squatting in the sand, sticking something into
the soil. It is a small American flag, the size of a
handkerchief.

41 REVERSE ANGLE - FEATURING TAYLOR AND DODGE

Mirth bubbles up in Taylor's throat. He explodes with
wild laughter. He is still laughing as they move out.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-41 DAWN SHOT (GUNSIGHT - LOC #43)

42 THE ASTRONAUTS' TREK

They descend from the plateau (Ochre Dunes)

43 ASTRONAUTS CONTINUE MARCH

Across the top of the hills there suddenly runs a line of fire (Black Dunes).

44 THEY MOVE ACROSS THE TERRAIN

Jagged bolts of lightning flash across the sky, but bring no rain, and thunder claps sound like heavy artillery. (Gray Area)

45- OUT
58

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

59 ANOTHER PART OF THE CANYON (OCHRE DUNES AREA) - GROUP SHOT - DAY

Several huge boulders are dislodged, and the three astronauts run wildly to escape the falling rocks. When the avalanche ends, they sprawl on the lifeless sands, breathing heavily and drenched with sweat, surrounded by enormous boulders. Taylor looks about him.

TAYLOR

Everybody all right?

Murmurs of assent from Dodge and Landon. Taylor rummages through a limp rucksack, comes up with some empty food cartons, rummages again, coming up with a cigar butt.

TAYLOR

Water check.

Dodge takes a plastic canteen from another rucksack and inspects it.

DODGE

Eight ounces.

Dodge lies back and looks up at the sky.

DODGE

It doesn't add up. There's a mantle of dust around this planet and yet it's as humid as a jungle. Thunder and lightning, and yet no rain. Cloud cover every night and that strange luminosity, and yet no moon.

Cont.

59 Cont.

Landon also looks up at the sky.

LANDON

If only we could get a fix.

TAYLOR

(needling him)

What would you learn? I've told you where you are and when you are.

DODGE

(gently)

Taylor -- quit riding him.

TAYLOR

(harshly, to
Landon)

You're more than three hundred light years from your precious planet. Your loved ones have been dead and forgotten for twenty centuries. Even if you could get back, they'd think you were something that fell out of a tree.

LANDON

(wearily)

All right --

TAYLOR

There's only one reality left. We're here and it's now. You get ahold of that and hang on tight, or you might as well be dead.

LANDON

(quietly)

I'm prepared to die.

Taylor turns to Dodge, throws up his hands.

TAYLOR

He's prepared to die! Doesn't that make you misty? Chalk up another victory for the human spirit!

Dodge rises and moves off, o.s., either embarrassed by this colloquy or unwilling to hear it again. Taylor, cigar clamped between his teeth, spins toward Landon.

Cont.

59 Cont.1

TAYLOR

Straighten me out on something.
Why did you come along at all?
You volunteered. Why?
(a beat; no answer)
I'll tell you. They nominated
you for the Big One and you
couldn't turn it down. Not
without losing your All-American
standing --

LANDON

(hard)
Climb off me, will you!

TAYLOR

And the glory, don't forget that.
There's a life-sized bronze statue
of you somewhere. It's probably
turned green by now, and nobody
can read the name plate. But
never let it be said we forget our
heroes.

LANDON

Taylor. I'm telling you --

TAYLOR

Oh, and one last item. Immortality.
You wanted to go on forever.

(pause)

Well, you damn near made it. Except
for Dodge and me, you've lived
longer than anybody. And with
Stewart dead, it looks like we're
the last of the strain. You got
what you wanted, kid. How does
it taste?

Silence. Taylor lies down, spent of his venom, pillow'ng
his head on a rucksack.

LANDON

(softly)
Okay. You read me well enough.
Why can't I read you?

TAYLOR

Don't bother.

Cont.

59 Cont.2

LANDON

(looking off)

Dodge... he's not like me at all. But he makes sense. He'd walk naked into a live volcano if he thought he could learn something no other man knew. I understand why he's here. But you... You're no seeker. You're negative.

TAYLOR

But I'm not 'prepared to die.'

LANDON

(heatedly)

I'd like to know why not. You thought life on Earth was meaningless. You despised people. So what did you do? You ran away.

Taylor's eyes are closed. He is silent for a moment. When he speaks, his tone is soft, reflective.

TAYLOR

No, not quite, Landon. I'm a bit of a seeker myself. But my dreams are a lot emptier than yours.

(pause)

I can't get rid of the idea that somewhere in the Universe there must be a creature superior to man.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING DODGE

who has been wandering around, studying the boulders and the barren soil. Taylor and Landon can be seen in b.g. Dodge spots something and squats down to examine it.

61 CLOSEUP - WHAT DODGE SEES:

It is a tiny desert flower, no more than an inch high.

62 CLOSEUP - DODGE

His eyes light up as he calls:

DODGE

Taylor! Over here!

63 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - ANGLING DOWN

as Taylor and Landon hurry over and kneel down on either side of Dodge. The astronauts hover over the tiny flower like three magi perceiving the infant Deliverer.

DODGE

Life.

He digs gently around the roots of the plant with a small instrument.

DODGE

Where there's one there's another.
And another. And another.

TAYLOR

Let's find them all.

A-63 SUNSET SHOT

64 END OF THE TRECK AS THE ASTRONAUTS START FROM THE CANYON
TO THE TAMARISK AREA

Absolute desolation (Ochre Area). The astronauts start down the canyon.

65 ASTRONAUTS CAST HUGE SHADOWS

As they move across the terrain (top of Crazy Canyon).

A-65 JUMP SHOT

As they jump across a gap. Thunder and lightning again (top of Crazy Canyon).

B-65 THEY MOVE DOWN

They march across Crazy Canyon overlook.

C-65 REACTION SHOTS OF ASTRONAUTS

A-R-66 SERIES OF SHOTS OF DESCENT OF ASTRONAUTS DOWN SHEER FACE
OF A CANYON (Wire Grass Canyon).

For a brief moment several "creatures" appear. We cannot identify the species.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. A DRY WASH - CLOSE GROUP SHOT - DAY

Blooming tamarisks border a dry stream bed. Taylor and Landon hover over Dodge, who is probing the soil with his drill. Their dungarees and faces are caked with dust.

Cont.

67 Cont..

DODGE

It's a stream bed, no doubt about
it -- but bone dry.

Landc straightens up and looks off, startled by something
he sees.

LANDON

Look...

68 LONG SHOT - A CLIFF BEYOND THE TAMARISKS

with the astronauts in f.g. In the distance, on the skyline, we can make out a long row of wooden crosses. Some animal or vegetable matter appears to be tied to the crosses.

LANDON

Scarecrows?

TAYLOR

Let's take a look.

Taylor plunges into the thicket of tamarisks, followed by Dodge and Landon. Their view of the cliff is momentarily obscured. CAMERA HOLDS on the distant crosses. For an instant only, three "creatures" again appear on the skyline near the crosses. Then they vanish.

69 REVERSE ANGLE - THE ASTRONAUTS

as they emerge from the tamarisk thicket nearer to the base of the cliff. They halt and look up at:

70 THE CROSSES - ANGLING UP - FROM ASTRONAUT'S P.O.V.

We can now see the pelts of unrecognizable animals have been bound to the crosses and, thus mounted in a long row, seem to make a boundary or serve as a warning. The living bipeds are no longer visible.

71 BACK TO THE ASTRONAUTS

Dodge and Landon are still looking up at the strange crosses, but Taylor is scanning the terrain at the base of the cliff. The sound of rushing water can be heard.

TAYLOR

(half to himself)

Never mind the scarecrows..

He breaks into a run, CAMERA PANNING with him as he moves toward a declivity in the face of the cliff.

72 MOVING SHOT - DODGE AND LANDON

Agonized with thirst, they follow Taylor.

73 FLASH SHOT - THE TOP OF THE CLIFF

For an instant we see the bipeds again, moving in the same direction.

74 EXT. A DECLIVITY IN THE CLIFF - FEATURING TAYLOR

He scrambles up a rock-strewn gorge and looks off at the terrain beyond.

75 EXT. A WATERFALL - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

The cascade is not spectacular, but the vegetation around it is startlingly lush. (This location is not at Lake Powell, but at the Ranch).

76 CLOSEUP - TAYLOR

His parched lips break into a smile.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. WATERFALL AND POOL - FULL SHOT - DAY

The cascade has formed a cool and inviting pool. Thick foliage grows to its very edge. Dodge is on his hands and knees, testing the liquid with his kit. The others wait expectantly.

DODGE

It's loaded with minerals...
but safe.

Without further ado Landon ducks his face into the pool. Dodge scoops up water in his hands and drinks. Taylor follows suit.

LANDON

(coming up for air)
Can we take a dip.

TAYLOR

(looks around)
Okay.

Landon and Dodge immediately remove their boots, strip down and plunge into the pool. But Taylor does not yet disrobe. Alert and curious, he strolls along the bank of the pool, looking around.

78 DODGE AND LANDON SWIMMING

79 TAYLOR

as he briefly looks around, then starts taking off his shirt.

80 DODGE AND LANDON

as they arrive at opposite shore.

81 MED. SHOT - FAR SIDE OF POOL

as Landon sees something on shore.

82 TAYLOR IN WATER

as he swims across.

LANDON'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Hey, Taylor! Look at this --

Dodge and Taylor climb out of the pool and squat beside Landon.

83 CLOSE SHOT - WHAT THEY SEE:

The print of a large five-toed foot is clearly visible in the wet sand.

84 GROUP SHOT - THE THREE ASTRONAUTS

Taylor rises and walks slowly toward the underbrush, scanning the ground for other sports.

CUT TO:

85 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POOL - FULL PANNING SHOT

Our view of the astronauts beyond the cascade in b.g. is partially obscured by broad-leaved foliage directly in front of CAMERA, which PANS SLOWLY away from the waterfall and HOLDS on the astronauts' clothing at the edge of the pool. Suddenly and inexplicably a pair of dungarees slithers away into the underbrush. A few seconds pass. Now a pair of bronzed and brawny shoulders fill the SCREEN, blocking our view.

86 REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE ON A HUMAN FACE IN HEAVY FOLIAGE

Or is it human? The hair is matted, the face bearded, the jaw prognathous, the orbital rim prominent.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT EDGE OF POOL

A brown thick-fingered hand appears from behind heavy foliage and plucks at a boot. The boot vanishes.

88 BACK TO THE ASTRONAUTS - ON OTHER SIDE OF POOL

Dodge is standing near Taylor and looking back at the spot where they left their clothing. Suddenly he seizes Taylor's arm and points silently at the far bank of the pool.

89 WHAT THEY SEE:

Another pair of dungarees slithers into the underbrush and disappears.

90 REVERSE ANGLE - FULL PANNING SHOT - THE ASTRONAUTS

Led by Taylor, they dive back into the pool and swim to the other bank. Emerging from the water, they look around in bewilderment. Taylor makes hand signals to indicate absolute silence and a reconnaissance. The three astronauts fan out and move cautiously into the jungle (or rain forest).

91- EXT. JUNGLE (OR RAIN FOREST) - SEVERAL SHOTS - MOVING WITH
93 THE ASTRONAUTS

Little sunlight penetrates this dense vegetation. These SHOTS are INTERCUT with:

94 WHAT THE ASTRONAUTS SEE:

fleeting forms as yet unidentified; trembling foliage; brown shadows against a green backdrop.

95 EXT. A SMALL CLEARING - FAVORING THE THREE ASTRONAUTS

who stop at the edge of the clearing, startled by

96 WHAT THEY SEE:

a number of primitive bipeds, male and female, scarcely visible behind trees and bushes on the other side of the clearing -- here a face, there a portion of a head and torso. Throughout this sequence, the primitives are never seen clearly or at close range.

97 BACK TO THE ASTRONAUTS

reacting. They speak in whispers.

LONDON

My God...they look almost human.

DODGE

They -- there's a herd of them.

TAYLOR

Show them we're friendly.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Taylor advances a few steps into the clearing, extending his empty hands and beaming like a politician.

TAYLOR

(warmly)

Greetings!

98 REVERSE - THE STRANGE CREATURES - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

There are perhaps a dozen of them. They shrink back as Taylor advances -- hostile, frightened, or both. We now see that some of them are clutching articles of the astronauts' clothing and equipment. Taylor stops, stares at them glumly.

Cont.

98 Cont.

TAYLOR

No cigar.

LANDON

Try telling them our names.

Taylor grimaces at Landon.

TAYLOR

Well, if we're looking for an icebreaker...
(turning to the creatures)
Listen, folks.....

More shrinking back by the frightened primitives.

DODGE

(softly)
I'm afraid they aren't having
any.

99- OUT
102

103- A SERIES OF FLASH SHOTS - THE JUNGLE (OR RAIN FOREST):
105

A pistol goes off with a deafening crash, and the primitive creatures scatter in panicky flight. After a while, quiet returns to the jungle.

106 EXT. A JUNGLE PATH - THE ASTRONAUTS

They examine the remnants of their clothing and equipment and start to don whatever is able to be worn. Taylor puts on what remains of a ripped pair of trousers; Dodge starts to improvise from the remnants of the kit (it is a torn shelter half). Landon, like Taylor, has the remains of his pants.

DODGE

They didn't leave much did they?

LANDON

Shall we follow them?

TAYLOR

Haven't much choice.

As they walk off down the jungle path.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 EXT. A GROVE OF FRUIT TREES - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

This need not be a cultivated grove. A few trees (peach or apricot or avocado, it matters not) grow wild in a pleasant glade. Nor is the grove extensive. The three astronauts sit under a tree in f.g.; the primitives sit under a clump of trees some fifty yards away. Each camp is feeding and warily watching the other. In the distance beyond the fruit trees is an open grassy plain or cultivated field.

108 THE PRIMITIVES - FROM LANDON'S P.O.V.

They too are sitting under trees, munching fruit. There are no more than a dozen altogether.

109 BACK TO ASTRONAUTS - CLOSE GROUP SHOT

TAYLOR

Well, at least they haven't tried to bite us.

DODGE

Blessed are the vegetarians.

110 THE OTHER CAMP - FEATURING A YOUNG WOMAN

Squatting on her haunches, eating fruit, gazing back at Taylor. Her hair is long and black, her skin nut brown, her face hauntingly lovely and hauntingly stupid. This is NOVA.

111 BACK TO ASTRONAUTS

Landon looks o.s. at the primitives.

LANDON

We got off at the wrong stop.

TAYLOR

You're our optimist. Look at the bright side. If that's the best there is around here, in six months we'll be running this planet.

DODGE

(suddenly)

Look...

112 THE PRIMITIVES - THEIR P.O.V.

They appear to be agitated, although neither we nor the astronauts have yet heard or seen any cause for alarm. The primitives get to their feet, sniffing, listening.

113 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - THE ASTRONAUTS

Puzzled and alarmed by the primitives' behavior, they too get to their feet.

LONDON

Think they'll attack us?

Taylor turns, looks back at:

114 THE DISTANT JUNGLE (OR FOREST)

From which they recently emerged. There is no sign of life.

115 LONG PANNING SHOT - THE PRIMITIVES

They suddenly run laterally across the grove, heading back toward their jungle. A rumble becomes audible -- it is the SOUND of HOOFBEATS.

116 VERY LONG SHOT - THE JUNGLE (OR FOREST)

Twelve "horsemen" suddenly emerge from the trees, riding abreast at a canter, like a squadron of cavalry about to charge. The horses look huge. So do the riders, but at this distance we cannot identify them.

117 LONG PANNING SHOT - THE PRIMITIVES

Cut off from their natural habitat, they reverse direction and flee toward the tall grasses of the savanna (or cultivated field).

118 LONG SHOT - THE RIDERS

With an exultant battle cry they break into a gallop. The hunt is on.

119 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - THE ASTRONAUTS

Stupified, frozen in place.

120 LONG SHOT - THE RIDERS

Coming closer. We HEAR a rifle shot, then a flurry of shots.

121 MED. SHOT - THE THREE ASTRONAUTS

A bullet spansks into the fruit trees above their heads. They run, CAMERA PANNING with them as they race toward the tall grass in deep b.g.

- 122- A SERIES OF FLASH SHOTS - THE HUNT IN THE SAVANNA
124
As the "horsemen" close in on the creatures fleeing on foot.
- 125 MED. CLOSE SHOT - A RIDER
He reins in, raises his rifle and fires. For the first time, we see that he is a GORILLA. He wears a simple quasi-military uniform -- tunic, trousers and boots.
- 126 FLASH SHOT - DODGE
Running through the high grass. He is shot in the back and falls.
- 127 FLASH SHOT - TAYLOR
He drops at the side of his fallen comrade.
- 128 CLOSE TWO SHOT - ANGLING DOWN ON DODGE
As Taylor rolls him over. Dodge is dead.
- 129 WIDER ANGLE SHOT - THE SAVANNA - FEATURING A LINE OF BEATERS
The beaters are all GORILLAS. They carry long sticks and nets, and their task is to flush out the terrified primitives cowering in the tall grass.
- 130- A SERIES OF SHOTS - THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED:
135
- (a) Landon flees from one rider only to be cut off by another. He stumbles and a rearing stallion tramples him.
 - (b) A third mounted gorilla flings a net over a running female. She is hopelessly entangled. This is Nova.
 - (c) Landon lies unconscious on the grassy plain, an ugly gash on his forehead.
 - (d) Taylor crawls through the tall grass on his hands and knees. A rider crosses his path without seeing him.
 - (e) The beaters close in on Taylor, blocking his escape route.
 - (f) Taylor changes direction and decides to run for it.

136 EXT. SAVANNA - PANNING WITH TAYLOR

Bent low, he flees through the tall grass. A SHOT rings out. Taylor falls.

137 CLOSE ON TAYLOR

Lying on his back. His fingers go to his throat. Blood appears between his fingers. He opens his mouth in pain, but no sound comes forth, as Taylor sinks into unconsciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 EXT. GROVE - FULL SHOT - THE HUNTERS - DAY

The hunting party has reassembled here beneath the fruit trees. Some of the gorillas have dismounted; others are still on horseback. In the middle distance is a crude horse-drawn wagon. The sides and top of the wagon form a wire cage. Three captive males and one female are visible within the cage. Dodge and Landon are nowhere to be seen. Two gorilla porters enter scene, dragging a male human corpse by the ankles, as two other bearers enter scene with a living burden on a long carrying pole. Taylor dangles from the pole, held aloft by the bonds around his wrists and ankles. CAMERA PANS with the two gorillas as they dump Taylor into the wagon and close the tail gate.

139- OUT
140

141 CLOSE ON TAYLOR - WITHIN WAGON CAGE

His throat is smeared with blood. His eyelids flutter as he regains consciousness.

142 CLOSE SHOT - WHAT TAYLOR SEES:

Three primitive males bound hand and foot. They seem docile in captivity. The female, Nova, clasps bound wrists around her bound ankles and gazes blankly at Taylor. There is a JOLT of MOVEMENT as the wagon gets underway.

143 CLOSE ON TAYLOR

With a great effort he raises himself on one elbow and looks out from the cage.

144 TRUCKING WITH THE WAGON - WHAT TAYLOR SEES:

A gorilla hunter stands over a dead man, one foot planted on the chest of his kill and his rifle butt resting on the abdomen. Facing him is another gorilla with an old-fashioned camera on a tripod.

Cont.

144 Cont.

APE PHOTOGRAPHER

Smile.

The hunter bares his teeth.

145 CLOSE ON TAYLOR

He faints.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

146 INT. A SURGERY - ANGLING DOWN ON TWO OPERATING TABLES - NIGHT

The surgery is dimly-lit. (If possible we should be unaware of the source of illumination.) Taylor lies strapped to the nearer table. He appears to be unconscious. The young female captive, Nova, is strapped to the table beside him. She is conscious. Taylor is receiving a direct blood transfusion from her.

Hovering over Taylor are a NURSE and a surgeon named GALEN. Both are chimpanzees. Galen wears a bloody surgical apron, the nurse a white smock. Galen is removing a filthy bandage from Taylor's neck. A door behind them opens and DR. ZIRA, an animal psychologist, enters. She, too, is a chimpanzee and wears a smock like the nurse's.

ZIRA

Which one was wearing the strange clothes?

GALEN

Him.

Zira looks down at Taylor.

ZIRA

Will he live?

GALEN

(irritably)

I don't know. This beast lost a lot of blood.

Galen paws through a tray of surgical instruments. The equipment is obsolescent and the room untidy -- like that of a callous small-town veterinarian.

GALEN

(to Nurse)

There's no probe here. Find one!

NURSE

Yes, sir.

She exits. Zira runs a forefinger across a dusty table. Her voice is soft and well-modulated.

ZIRA

This place is dirty, doctor.

Cont.

146 Cont.

GALEN
(defensively)
These animals are dirty, doctor.
They stink, and they carry com-
municable diseases. Why aren't
they cleaned up before they're
brought here?

147 CLOSE TWO SHOT - TAYLOR AND NOVA

His eyes come open. Over this we hear:

ZIRA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You don't sound happy in your
work.

GALEN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I'm nothing more than a vet in
this laboratory...

Taylor feebly turns his head and looks at Nova. She
returns his gaze with an unchanged empty stare. We
sense that Taylor realizes her blood is flowing into
his veins. Over this we hear:

GALEN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You promised to speak to Dr. Zaius
about me.

ZIRA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I did. But you know how he looks
down his nose at chimpanzees.

Taylor rolls his eyes toward the apes. Weak as he is,
we see his astonishment at hearing them talk.

148 BACK TO GROUP AROUND OPERATING TABLE

as the Nurse reenters with a probe and hands it to
Dr. Galen, who protests to Zira:

GALEN
But the quota system's been
abolished! You made it. Why
can't I?

Cont.

148 Cont.

ZIRA

What do you mean, made it? I'm an animal psychologist, that's all. We don't have any authority.

GALEN

You do pretty well when it comes to getting space and equipment.

ZIRA

That's because Dr. Zaius realizes our work has value.

GALEN

Hmph!

ZIRA

The foundations of scientific brain surgery are being laid right here -- in studies of cerebral function in these animals.

GALEN

They're still dirty. And their bite is septic. Look at that...

He shows Zira infected teeth marks on the back of his left hand.

GALEN

(to Nurse)

Hold his head.

The Nurse complies, gripping Taylor's skull with both hands. Galen leans down and begins to probe the throat wound. Taylor passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

149 INT. A ROW OF CAGES - ANIMAL LABORATORY - TRACKING SHOT - DAY

The cages are no larger than small jail cells. There are four of them. Bars, not walls, divide the cages, so that all four are visible. Each of the first three cages is occupied by a primitive male. At the moment the first two are quiet -- dozing or scratching apathetically. The third occupant is stolidly regarding a half-dozen brightly colored hollow wooden boxes, or blocks, of varying sizes and proportions on the floor of his cage. He is trying to stack the boxes in such

Cont.

149 Cont.

a way as to reach a banana dangling from a cord twelve feet overhead. He has correctly selected the first two large, sturdy blocks for his tower under the banana -- but the tall third block is too unstable on its small base to support the broad-based fourth block.

A-149 CLOSE - TAYLOR

Taylor, looking much stronger, sits on a pile of dirty straw in the fourth cage. There is a clean bandage around his throat. He watches the block-building primitive with contemptuous amusement.

Both the third and fourth blocks tumble to the floor when the primitive tries to mount his tower. He stands there, staring dully at the scattered blocks, then up at the unattainable banana.

B-149 MED. - THE LABORATORY

A door at the end of the aisle opens and a gorilla named JULIUS enters, dressed in a keeper's uniform. He quickly closes the door, snatches up a broom, starts sweeping. Julius is obviously late for work. Taylor struggles to his feet, moves to the bars of the cage, tries to call out.

TAYLOR
(soundlessly)
Hey! Hey!

The three other primitives move toward the bars of their cages. Julius barks at them.

JULIUS
Simmer down!
(points at Taylor)
You especially.

The third primitive goes back to stacking his blocks. Julius comes up to Taylor's cage, indicates a like set of blocks strewn across its floor, extends his broom handle to whack the banana overhead.

JULIUS
Better give it a try, stupid.
Unless you like going hungry.

He returns to his sweeping. Taylor glowers at him. A moment later, the door at the end of the aisle opens and Dr. Zira enters.

Cont.

B-149 Cont.

JULIUS

Good morning, Dr. Zira.

ZIRA

Good morning, Julius. How's our patient today?

JULIUS

No change. The minute you open the door, he goes into his act.

She starts down the aisle toward Taylor's cage. He grasps the bars, awaiting her anxiously. As she passes the second cage, the primitive in it shakes the bars, jumps up and down. His tongue is hanging out. Zira smiles, stops, digs into the pocket of her smock.

ZIRA

(playfully)

Well, what do we want this morning?
Do we want something? Speak!
Come on, speak!

The primitive continues to jump up and down energetically. Zira takes a cube of sugar from her pocket, holds it up for his inspection.

ZIRA

Do we want some sugar, old-timer?

The man eagerly sticks his hand through the bars. She drops the cube in his hands. He jams it into his mouth.

JULIUS

(concerned)

You could get hurt doing that, Doctor.

ZIRA

Don't be silly. He's perfectly tame.

She moves toward Taylor's cage, Julius behind her.

JULIUS

They're all tame until they take a chunk out of you.

150 CLOSE SHOT - FEATURING TAYLOR - ZIRA AND JULIUS

Taylor starts to open his mouth as Zira comes up to the bars.

Cont.

150 Cont.

ZIRA

Well, Bright Eyes, is our throat
feeling better?

TAYLOR

(frantic mouthing)

Listen, listen -- I can speak --

He winces, puts his hand to the bandage.

ZIRA

(sympathetically)

Awww, it still hurts, doesn't it?

JULIUS

See? He keeps pretending he can
talk.

Taylor glares at Julius, slams the bars.

TAYLOR

(mouthing)

I'm not pretending! I can talk!

Zira hurriedly takes a pen and notebook from the breast
pocket of her smock, starts to scribble.

ZIRA

(excitedly)

Did you see that? It's remarkable!

JULIUS

Huh?

ZIRA

He's trying to form words.

JULIUS

Well, you know what they say.
Human see, human do.

Taylor is staring in silent fascination at the pen and
notebook. He stops mouthing, points at them.

JULIUS

Now what?

Cont.

150 Cont.1

Taylor gestures for Zira to come closer to the bars.

ZIRA

He seems to want something.

She advances tentatively toward the cage.

JULIUS

I'd be careful, doctor.

Taylor suddenly reaches through the bars, tries to snatch the pen and notebook from Zira. Julius instantly jabs his broom handle through the bars, hitting Taylor in the ribs.

JULIUS

What did I tell you!

(to Taylor)

Try that again, I'll break your arm!

Zira draws back, looking at Taylor in surprise.

151 CLOSER - TAYLOR

His face is twisted in frustration.

TAYLOR

(mouthing)

What's the matter with you? I can talk! Can't you see that?

Over this a door is heard opening o.s., and Julius' voice, nervous, deferential:

JULIUS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Good morning, Your Excellency.

Taylor looks o.s.

152- OUT
160

161 BOOM SHOT - THE THREE APES - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

Julius and Zira cross to a stout, imposing orangutan who has just entered the laboratory. Julius bows to him. This is DR. ZAIUS. Like the other apes, he wears a simple tunic and trousers, but his garments are of a costlier material, and several decorations are woven into the sash of his tunic.

Cont.

161 Cont.

ZIRA
(bubbling)
Dr. Zaius, I'm so glad you could
come. He's over here.

Zaius crosses with them to Taylor's cage. Beneath his
austere manner, we sense tension, worry. Zira looks up
at Taylor, her tone an appeal.

ZIRA
Bright Eyes, show him! Go ahead!
Do your trick!

Taylor just glares at her.

ZIRA
Speak! Go on. Speak again.

TAYLOR
(silent mouthing)
My - name - isn't - Bright Eyes!
It's Taylor!

ZIRA
There! Can you believe it? It
looks like he's talking.

ZAIUS
(evenly)
Yes, amusing. A man who acts
like an ape.

Taylor turns to Zaius.

TAYLOR
(silent mouthing)
I'm not acting! I can talk!
How much proof do you want?

ZIRA
(thunderstruck)
Dr. Zaius, I could have sworn
he was answering you!

ZAIUS
(nodding, but
unmoved)
He shows a definite gift for
mimicry.

Zira wiggles her fingers excitedly.

ZIRA
I wonder how he'd score on a Hopkins
manual dexterity test?

Cont.

161 Cont.1

Zaius' voice is quiet, but there is steel in it.

ZAIUS

An animal?

JULIUS

Look!

Taylor is frantically wiggling his fingers.

ZIRA

He's moving his fingers!

ZAIUS

Of course. He saw you moving yours.

ZIRA

But perhaps he understood --

A-161 CLOSE - TAYLOR

He is pleading silently as Zaius' voice is heard over the SHOT.

ZAIUS' VOICE

(o.s., hard)

Man has no understanding,
Dr. Zira. He can be taught
a few simple tricks. Nothing
more.

ZIRA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I beg to disagree. According
to my experiments --

B-161 CLOSE - ZAIUS

A warning burns out of his eyes as he stares at Taylor.

ZAIUS

A word to the wise, Dr. Zira.
Experimental brain surgery on
these creatures is one thing.
I'm all for it.

C-161 CLOSER - TAYLOR

Fear clouds his eyes. Abruptly, he stops moving his lips.

D-161

MED. THE GROUP

Zaius sees the effect his words have had on Taylor. He turns to Zira, goes on in a more detached tone.

ZAIUS

But your behavioral studies are another matter entirely. To suggest that we can learn something about simian nature from a study of man is nonsense. Besides, men are a nuisance. They outgrow their own food supply in the forest and migrate to our green belts and ravage our crops.

(looking casually
at Taylor)

The sooner they're exterminated, the better.

He turns toward the door. A disappointed Zira follows him. Zaius looks back at Taylor just before going out.

ZAIUS

It's a question of simian survival.

E-161

CLOSE - TAYLOR

He stares after Zaius, then looks away, slumps to the floor. A pause, then a VOICE is heard.

APE GUARD

(o.s.)

Is this the one you wanted, Doctor?

ZIRA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yes, thank you.

(pause, her voice
much closer)

Bright Eyes?

Taylor looks up.

ZIRA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I've got a present for you.

F-161

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CAGE

Standing outside the cage, held on a leash by an APE GUARD, is Nova. She looks at Taylor without expression. Zira gestures at JULIUS.

Cont.

F-161 Cont.

ZIRA

Put her in with him.

Julius unlocks the cage door, leads Nova inside, removes her leash and collar. Taylor has gotten to his feet. Julius goes out, locking the door behind him. Nova hesitates, then slowly reaches out, takes Taylor's hand. Zira beams at them.

162- OUT
169

DISSOLVE TC:

170 EXT. EXERCISE YARD - ANIMAL COMPOUND - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY -

It is nothing elaborate. A wire fence encloses a dirt yard. This compound is situated on the outskirts of Apetown and the town is visible in the distance.

There are about a dozen adult human captives within the enclosure, no more than a third of them females. Some of them trudge around the dusty yard like convicts in a penitentiary. Others squat against the sun-drenched wall.

A big male suddenly runs to the fence and tries to climb it. Several guides, armed with whips and torches, immediately close in on him. The primitive recoils in fear from a fiery torch and rejoins the captives' circle.

171 CLOSER ANGLE - THE YARD - FEATURING TAYLOR

He plods sullenly back and forth across the rear of the yard, occasionally glancing off toward the approaches to the compound. Nova is at his heels. He ignores her. Once again he looks off, stops suddenly. Nova bumps into him. He turns, impatiently shoos her away, then looks o.s., again.

172 ZIRA AND COMPANION - TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

Zira can be seen approaching with a young chimpanzee, DR. CORNELIUS. He wears a simple smock over his tunic and trousers. Cornelius glances surreptitiously around, covertly takes Zira's hand.

CORNELIUS

Do you have to work tonight?

ZIRA

No.

CORNELIUS

Neither do I.

He gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

173 CLOSER - TAYLOR

He drifts toward the fence, Nova behind him.

174 MED. SHOT - ZIRA AND CORNELIUS

They come up to the fence. Zira nods toward Taylor.

Cont.

174 Cont.

ZIRA

That's Bright Eyes. The one I
was telling you about.

CORNELIUS

What's so special about him?

ZIRA

Watch.

(to Taylor)

Hello, Bright Eyes. How's our
throat today?

Taylor stares at her impassively, then looks around to see
that no guards are watching, hunkers down, begins to
scratch in the dust. Nova extends unclean fingers to
touch the bandage on his throat. Taylor flinches, pushes
her hand away. Nova touches a bluish bruise on the
inside of her own forearm, then searches for a similar
bruise on Taylor's forearm.

ZIRA

(excited)

Look -- she remembers.

CORNELIUS

Remembers what?

ZIRA

The blood transfusion.

CORNELIUS

(peevish)

Zira, come on. You know they
can't --

(he stops, looking
off)

Oh oh. Here comes Number One.

Taylor looks up and o.s., quickly rises.

175 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE YARD - FEATURING DR. ZAIUS

Who is approaching the two scientists from deep b.g.
Zaius is followed by a huge and much decorated gorilla
whom we recognize as the Leader of the Hunt Club.

ZIRA

(in a whisper, to
Cornelius)

Something's bothering him. He's
been prying around the lab for
the last two days...

X

175 Cont.

ZIRA (Cont.)
(as Zaius comes
nearer)
Good morning, Dr. Zaius. You
know Dr. Cornelius, my fiance.

Cornelius bows respectfully. Zaius is patronizingly polite.

ZAIUS
Oh, yes -- the young ape with
a shovel. I hear you're planning
another archeological expedition.

A-175 MED. SHOT - TAYLOR

He has stepped back from the marks he made in the dust, is watching Zaius with concern.

CORNELIUS' VOICE
(o.s.)
Yes, sir. If the academy agrees.

ZAIUS' VOICE
(o.s.)
The project will require my
support, of course.

176 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLING DOWN ON TAYLOR AND NOVA

A primitive male squats down to see what Taylor has marked on the ground. In letters a foot high he has written:

I CAN WRITE

Nova, at once petulant and playful, erases the WRITE with a bare foot. Taylor angrily flings her aside. This violence provokes the primitive male, who snarls at Taylor and cuffs him. Over this we HEAR from a distance:

CORNELIUS' VOICE
(o.s.)
I hope I can count on it, sir.

ZAIUS' VOICE
(o.s.)
A friendly warning, Cornelius --
when you're digging for artifacts,
don't bury your reputation.

Taylor slugs the snarling male, who wades in, trying to bite him.

Cont.

176 Cont.

A VOICE
(o.s.)
Guards!

177 WIDER ANGLE - THE FIGHT

Two gorilla guards rush in to break up the fight. One of them lashes out with his whip. The other pokes his torch at Taylor. Its flame brushes his arm. Taylor opens his mouth, gives a silent yell of pain, shrinks back. Zira runs to the fence.

ZIRA
(to guards)
Stop! You've hurt him! Take
them inside!

Prodding the malcreants with their torches, the two guards herd them toward a doorway in the wall. Zira hurries around the side of the fence and o.s.

178 MED. SHOT - ZAIUS, CORNELIUS, HUNT CLUB LEADER

ZAIUS
Cornelius, if you have a moment
today, I'd like to discuss this
expedition of yours in more
detail.

CORNELIUS
(eagerly)
Certainly, sir. I'll get my notes
and come right over.

He exits hurriedly. The Hunt Club Leader turns to Zaius.

HUNT CLUB LEADER
I don't understand these animal
psychologists. What's Dr. Zira
trying to prove?

ZAIUS
That man can be domesticated.

The hunter guffaws. Zaius turns away and looks down at:

179 THE DUST UNDERFOOT

Just beyond the fence we can make out the letters:

I CAN

Zaius' extended foot appears beneath the bottom wire of the fence. The foot wipes out the letters.

180 CLOSEUP - ZAIUS

His face is a mask.

181 INT. TAYLOR'S CAGE - MED. SHOT - DAY

He is slumped against the bars of the cell, gingerly touching a large, reddening blotch on his arm. Julius watches him uncertainly from a few yards away. In the b.g., the outside door opens and Zira rushes in, hurries down the aisle.

JULIUS

What happened?

ZIRA

Those fools and their torches!
Do you have any ointment?

JULIUS

I'll see.

He moves to a cabinet at the other end of the laboratory, rummages through some drawers.

182 MED. SHOT - ZIRA - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

Zira comes up to Taylor's cage, studies him solicitously.

ZIRA

I'm sorry, Bright Eyes.

183 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE TAYLOR

He looks steadily at Zira, who is only an arm's length away. CAMERA MOVES IN on them. Suddenly Taylor reaches out, snatching the pen and notebook from the pocket of her smock. Zira leaps back with a cry. Julius grabs a club, races up to the cage, unlocks the door.

JULIUS

I told you what you'd get!

184 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THEM ALL

Taylor is scribbling furiously on a sheet of note paper. The guard moves in, his club upraised.

ZIRA

(pleading)

Julius, don't. It doesn't matter.

Cont.

184 Cont.

Julius swings his club at Taylor's head. Taylor lifts his right arm to ward off the blow, and the stick strikes him sharply on the hand. He drops the pen and notebook. The guard swings again, driving Taylor to the wall. Then Julius retrieves the stolen articles.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ZIRA

The guard returns her pen and notebook with the comment:

JULIUS
Natural born thieves, aren't
they?

Zira glances at the notebook. Her face clouds.

186 INSERT - WHAT SHE READS:

A hasty, almost illegible scrawl:

My name is Taylor.

187 CLOSEUP - ZIRA

Her eyes afire with a wild surmise.

188 TWO SHOT - ZIRA AND JULIUS

Her eyes never leave Taylor as she tells the guard:

ZIRA
Get me a collar and leash. I'm
taking him to the infirmary.

JULIUS
He's vicious, Doctor. Besides,
it's against the rules.

ZIRA
Do as I say.

The guard shrugs and moves off o.s. Zira beckons to Taylor. He comes forward to the bars of the cage.

ZIRA
(sotto voce)
You wouldn't hurt me, would you..
Taylor?

DISSOLVE TO:

189 INT. DR. CORNELIUS' OFFICE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The office is simple, almost Spartan. There are books but no bric-a-brac; several painted portraits of Great Apes but no tape recorder or other modern office equipment. Taylor sits at a desk, scribbling furiously on a sheet of paper. His leash has been removed, but not his collar. Zira stands at his elbow. Cornelius paces nervously up and down, reading a sheaf of notes Taylor has already written.

CORNELIUS

(stubbornly)

It's a stunt. Humans don't write.

ZIRA

Dear, you're a scientist. Don't you believe your own eyes?

CORNELIUS

(to Taylor)

Where did you learn to do this?

190 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE OFFICE

Taylor scribbles something on a small desk pad, rips off the page, hands it to Cornelius.

CORNELIUS

Jefferson Public School, Fort Wayne, Indiana?

He looks at Taylor narrowly. Taylor nods.

CORNELIUS

(sardonically)

Back on that planet you say you came from?

(Taylor nods again)

Um-hm.

(to Zira)

He may be intelligent, but he's also mad.

Taylor scribbles something else on the pad, hands it to Zira, points at Cornelius.

ZIRA

(reads aloud)

'And you're a fool'.

She smiles. Cornelius bristles.

Cont.

190 Cont.

CORNELIUS

Now, just a minute --

ZIRA

Oh, Cornelius, be quiet.

Taylor has resumed writing. He hands the sheet to Zira, who reads aloud.

ZIRA

'Dodge was killed in the hunt.
What happened to Landon?'

(looking at
Taylor)

I don't know.

CORNELIUS

(scornfully)

And they fell out of the sky
with you?

Taylor writes quickly, hands the note to Zira.

ZIRA

(reading)

'Not fell -- flew!'

Taylor impatiently begins to fold a sheet of paper.

CORNELIUS

Flight is a scientific impossibility.

ZIRA

And even if it weren't, why fly?
Where would it get you?

Taylor points to the floor and mouths the word "Here!"
He flings the paper plane he has just fashioned into the
air. It describes a graceful arc around the room and
lands at the feet of Cornelius, who slowly picks it up,
then exchanges a long glance with Zira.

CORNELIUS

(softly)

Well, now...

Taylor scribbles on a piece of paper, hands it to Zira.

Cont.

190 Cont.1

ZIRA
(reading)
'Do you have maps?'

Cornelius puts the paper plane on his desk, crosses to a wall map designed like a window shade. He pulls it down. Taylor and Zira join him at the map.

191 CLOSE ON MAP

It's not a map of the whole planet, of course, but only of that portion known to the apes. Therefore it has the antique and fragmentary aspect of a map drawn by some Babylonian cartographer.

A swatch of blue at the right margin indicates a sea. In the southwest quadrant are the "greenbelts" of the ape civilization, looking on the map like jade stones strung on a crescent-shaped necklace. Ruby dots in the jade indicate ape communities. The northwest quadrant, colored brown, is apparently uninhabited. East of the green belts is a patch of green savanna, and next to it the darker green of a jungle. The eastern quadrants are rendered in yellow, and except for a blue lake, appear to be lifeless desert and barren mountain. This area is marked FORBIDDEN ZONE.

Using a pointer, Cornelius orients Taylor, indicating a red dot in the middle of the green belt.

CORNELIUS
We are here...
(moving pointer)
You were captured about here.

Taylor studies the map, then pointing at the lake in the eastern desert, he goes into a brief charade, dramatizing the astronauts' landing and trek.

ZIRA
(interpreting his
movements)
You fell in the water here?...
you came ashore...you marched
across the desert...the mountains
...many days and nights...and
reached the jungle.

Taylor nods, smiles gratefully.

Cont.

191 Cont.

CORNELIUS
(flatly)
Out - of - the - question!

Taylor slams his fist against the wall in frustration.

ZIRA
(annoyed)
Cornelius, why do you insist on
provoking him?

CORNELIUS
(tapping map)
No creature can survive in that
part of the Forbidden Zone. I've
been there. I've seen it.

192 WIDE. ANGLE - THE THREESOME

Taylor strides to the desk, writes something, hands it
to Zira.

ZIRA
(reading)
'Then how do you account for me?'

CORNELIUS
I don't. And I'm not going to
try.

ZIRA
But what about your theory? The
existence of someone like Taylor
might prove it.

CORNELIUS
(shushing her)
Zira, are you trying to get my
head cut off?

ZIRA
Don't be foolish. If it's true,
they'll have to accept it.

CORNELIUS
No, they won't --

Taylor touches Zira on the arm, makes a gesture of inquiry.

ZIRA
Cornelius has developed a brilliant
hypothesis --

Cont.

192 Cont.

CORNELIUS

(quickly)

It's probably wrong --

ZIRA

-- that the ape evolved from a lower order of primate, possibly man. In his trip to the Forbidden Zone he discovered traces of a culture older than recorded time --

CORNELIUS

The evidence was very meager --

ZIRA

You didn't think so then.

CORNELIUS

That was before Dr. Zaius and half the Academy said the idea was heresy.

ZIRA

How can scientific truth be heresy? What if Taylor is exactly the proof you needed? A mutation. A missing link between the unevolved primate and the ape --

Taylor bangs his fist on the desk, mouths the word "No!", scribbles something on a piece of paper.

CORNELIUS

He's touchy, isn't he?

X

Taylor thrusts the sheet at Zira, who reads it aloud.

ZIRA

'I am not a missing link.'

CORNELIUS

Because if he is a missing link, it means the Sacred Scrolls aren't worth their parchment.

X

ZIRA

Well, maybe they're not.

CORNELIUS

No, thank you! I won't get into that battle.

Cont.

192 Cont.1

ZIRA
Oh, Cornelius, show some strength! X

CORNELIUS
Zira, listen to me. We've got a
fine future ahead of us. Marriage. X
Stimulating careers. I'm up for
a raise --

At that moment there is a loud RAP at the door o.s.
All turn.

193 REVERSE ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE DOOR

Dr. Zaius enters with another portly figure, DR. MAXIMUS.
Like Zaius, Maximus is an orangutan.

CORNELIUS
(flustered)
Dr. Zaius --

ZAIUS
(not unkindly)
Did you forget our appointment,
Cornelius?

CORNELIUS
Oh, no, sir. I was just
assembling my notes.

ZAIUS
You know Dr. Maximus, our Commissioner
for Animal Affairs?

CORNELIUS
Certainly, sir. It's a pleasure
to see you again.

He hurries to his desk, starts gathering papers. Maximus
notes Taylor with distaste.

MAXIMUS
What is that?

ZIRA
A man, Dr. Maximus.

MAXIMUS
I know it's a man. And you know
the rules. No animals outside the
compound, and most certainly not
without a leash.

194 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE OFFICE - FAVORING ZAIUS

During the ensuing exchange, Zaius wanders idly through the office. He glances at the scattered handwritten notes, but does not read them. Meanwhile a rattled Zira replies to Maximus.

ZIRA

Yes, sir. But this -- creature
is a special case.

MAXIMUS

Why special?

ZIRA

We're -- conducting a new
experiment.

ZAIUS

Wouldn't it more properly be
done in your office?

ZIRA

Yes, sir.

MAXIMUS

(calling)
Guards?

The gorilla GUARDS enter from outside.

MAXIMUS

Return this beast to the compound.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TAYLOR

He regards the apes with hostility as they cross to him. One picks up his leash. Over THE SHOT we hear:

ZAIUS' VOICE

(o.s.)
What's this?

196 REVERSE ANGLE - FEATURING ZAIUS

Zira stiffens, looking at Zaius. He is holding the paper plane fashioned by Taylor.

ZIRA

A toy. It floats on the air.
(faint defiance)
Try it.

Cont.

196 Cont.

CORNELIUS
(a warning)
Zira....

Zaius looks down at the paper plane in his hand, then back to Zira. He smiles tolerantly.

ZAIUS
Nonsense.

He crumples the paper plane into a ball, drops it on the desk. The ape hooks the leash to Taylor's collar, starts leading him out. Zira follows them.

DISSOLVE TO:

197 INT. CAGES - ANIMAL COMPOUND - FULL SHOT - DAY

The caged primitives are asleep. Julius, the keeper, dozes in a chair outside Taylor's cage. CAMERA PIVOTS MOVING IN ON Taylor, who is lying on his side, also asleep. Nova is curled up behind him. At the sound of a door opening, she comes instantly awake, sitting up and clutching Taylor's arm. He comes groggily awake, raising his head in time to hear:

JULIUS' VOICE
(o.s.)
What's up, Lieutenant?

198 REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT TAYLOR SEES:

TWO GORILLA OFFICERS have just entered the compound. They wear side arms. Julius has just risen from his chair.

APE LIEUTENANT
We're taking Number Four over to surgery in five minutes. Have him ready.

JULIUS
How come? The beast's throat is nearly healed.

LIEUTENANT
(snickering)
It's not his throat this time. The vet's going to geld him.

199 CLOSEUP - TAYLOR

He stiffens but does not move. The apes, of course, speak freely in front of him, believing the animal cannot understand.

JULIUS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Dr. Zira won't like it. She wants this pair to mate.

200 BACK TO THE APES - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

As the Lieutenant replies:

LIEUTENANT

These orders came from Dr. Zaius himself. There's nothing she can do about it.

The two gorillas exit. The guard crosses to a wall peg for a collar and leash.

201 CLOSE TWO SHOT - TAYLOR AND NOVA

Pushing Nova aside, Taylor rises.

202 MED. SHOT - THE CAGE

As Julius unlocks the door and cautiously approaches Taylor, carrying the collar and leash.

JULIUS

(murmuring)

If only you knew, Bright Eyes,
what they're going to do...

(raising collar)

Stand still now...don't give me
any trouble.

The heel of Taylor's right palm crashes into the keeper's chin, nearly snapping his neck. Julius falls unconscious. Taylor leans over him, taking his night stick and a set of keys on his belt.

203 REVERSE ANGLE - TO INCLUDE NOVA AND MALE IN ADJACENT CAGE

The male has awakened. He stares stupidly at Taylor. Nova is whimpering, little strange cries of fear. Taylor moves o.s.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE - PANNING WITH TAYLOR

He leaves the cage, moves swiftly to the nearby door and exits.

205 INT. A DARK CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

Barefoot, Taylor silently pads down the corridor to a locked door.

206 CLOSE ON A DOOR

Which is visible because of a beam of sunlight from the half-open door of a guard room. We HEAR a murmur of ape voices and LAUGHTER. Taylor fumbles with the keys, finds one that fits the lock and opens the door.

207 EXT. ANIMAL COMPOUND - MED. SHOT - TAYLOR - DAY

He emerges, quietly locking the door behind him. Two tethered horses can be seen in deep b.g., and another gust of LAUGHTER can be heard from the nearby guard room. Taylor looks off.

208 LONG SHOT - WHAT TAYLOR SEES:

As already established, the animal compound is situated on the outskirts of the apes' community. The strange skyline of the town can be seen in the distance.

209 PANNING WITH TAYLOR

He starts to cross an open field outside the compound. At that moment we HEAR a shrill police WHISTLE from the guard room. Taylor breaks into a run.

210 REVERSE ANGLE - THE COMPOUND

As the two gorilla officers emerge from the building and run toward their horses.

211 EXT. A DIRT ROAD - LONG SHOT - TAYLOR

He runs down the road, starts across the long causeway that bisects a small lake, looking over his shoulder.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

212 EXT. APETOWN - LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The community we see at the end of the causeway is small and arcane. There are no power lines, no street lamps -- indeed, no streets as such, but only a small cluster of buildings around a pleasant mall. The architecture of the buildings is faintly derivative of the simpler and less rococo work of Antonio Gaudi -- columns and pillars of brick or exterior masonry look like the trunks and branches of great trees and suggest an arboreal past.

A small number of apes are visible on the mall:

Taylor darts behind the buttress of a building, casing the situation. He looks back at:

213 EXT. LAKE AND CAUSEWAY - LONG SHOT - MORNING

The two mounted gorilla police can be seen on the causeway, galloping straight toward CAMERA. It is evident they will soon spot Taylor.

214 BACK TO TAYLOR - CLOSE SHOT

He retreats from the buttress to a dark archway and vanishes inside the building.

215 INT. A DARK VESTIBULE - MOVING WITH TAYLOR

The vestibule is nothing, no set required, a dark space through which Taylor moves toward a shaft of light. We HEAR faintly the discordant chords of an organ. Or is it an organ? At any rate, a strange and melancholy tune. Taylor arrives at a font.

216 INT. A TEMPLE - PANNING WITH TAYLOR

He appears out of darkness into half-light. The rear of the temple is obscure. Taylor darts behind a screen. Crouching there, he observes:

217 A FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE TEMPLE - MED. LONG SHOT

The temple itself is small and austere. There is no altar, but against a plain backdrop we see a statue of the Lawgiver, a Great Ape holding a book. Below the Lawgiver is an ORANGUTAN MINISTER clothed in black robes. He stands in front of a closed coffin. A dozen mourners, seated on comfortable wicker chairs, form a semi-circle around the coffin. The ape ladies wear cowls.

MINISTER

Weep if you must, but make an
end of sorrow. He lives again.
Yes, he has found peace in Heaven.

218 CLOSEUP - TAYLOR

Crouching, listening, wide-eyed.

MINISTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He was a model for us all, a
gorilla to remember; hunter,
warrior, defender of the Faith.

219 BACK TO FUNERAL CEREMONY - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

As the minister continues his eulogy, a small ape boy detaches himself (as children will) from the group of mourners and comes marching up the aisle toward the rear of the temple.

MINISTER

Cherished husband, beloved father,
generous master -- yes, he was a
font of simian kindness.

220 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING AT TAYLOR

Who is still crouching behind the screen in deep b.g. The small fry is coming closer. Over this we hear:

MINISTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The dear departed once said to me:
'I never met an ape I didn't like'...

Cont.

220 Cont.

The small fry spots Taylor.

CHILD
(shrill soprano)
Look! It's a man!

The mourners' heads turn. Taylor slinks toward the vestibule.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING THE MINISTER

He is aghast.

MINISTER
In Heaven's name...
(aside to ushers)
Get rid of that creature.

Two ushers rise, moving past CAMERA and o.s.

222 EXT. TEMPLE - CLOSE ON VESTIBULE DOOR

Staying close on the temple wall, Taylor moves stealthily away from the vestibule door. The two ape ushers appear.

FIRST USHER
(pointing)
There he is!

They move toward Taylor.

223 FLASH SHOT - TAYLOR

He runs out onto the mall.

224 FULL SHOT - THE MALL

Taylor belatedly sees that he is running straight toward his two mounted pursuers. Darting off in another direction, he races past startled pedestrians.

225 REACTION SHOT - TWO CHIMP PEDESTRIANS

They do a slow take.

FIRST CHIMP
You see what I saw?

SECOND CHIMP
Must've escaped from the zoo.

226 MED. SHOT - A MOUNTED COP

He has spotted Taylor. Drawing a folded net from his saddlebag, he swings it overhead (like a cowboy with a lariat) and gallops off in pursuit of the man.

227- SEVERAL SHOTS - TAYLOR AND PURSUING MOUNTIE
231

Taylor runs frantically from building to building, rounding corners, vanishing momentarily and reappearing on another part of the mall. At one point the mountie nearly overtakes him and flings his net, which falls short. Taylor runs on.

CUT TO:

232 EXT. AN AMPHITHEATER - LOW ANGLE SHOT (FROM GROUND LEVEL)

It is an open-air structure, like a Greek theater, located near the central mall. Steeply tiered, it seats no more than fifty apes. The dais in the pit is some fifteen feet above ground level.

Taylor enters scene, running toward the amphitheater. Changing direction, he darts into what appears to be an access tunnel. A moment later the pursuing cop rides into scene, dismounts and walks toward the amphitheater, looking around for Taylor.

233 EXT. AMPHITHEATER - HIGH ANGLE SHOT (FROM TOPMOST TIER)

Taylor suddenly emerges from the access tunnel and runs up a ramp encircling the amphitheater. (A retaining wall shields him from the view of the apes.) Pausing for breath at the top of the ramp, Taylor crouches behind the uppermost tier of seats and peers down:

234 THE AMPHITHEATER - FROM TAYLOR'S P.O.V.

The cop looks around, spots Taylor at the top tier, and starts up after him.

235- OUT
237

238 EXT. TOP OF AMPHITHEATER - PANNING WITH TAYLOR

He starts to run back down the ramp, but is suddenly confronted by his original pursuer (the dismounted cop) coming up the ramp. Reversing direction, Taylor runs around the rim of the amphitheater and vanishes into an exit tunnel. The cop blows his whistle, summoning another cop, who joins him in the chase.

239- ANOTHER PART OF THE MALL - A SWIFT SEQUENCE OF SHOTS
244

In which we see the fugitive, his pursuers and the reactions of ape shoppers and workers.

245- EXT. OPEN-AIR MARKET - SEVERAL SHOTS
248

A market has been set up on one side of the mall, where street vendors behind carts or tables hawk their wares: fruits, vegetables, wearing apparel, etc. As Taylor runs frantically through the market place, several apes join the chase. In the ensuing pandemonium, like the proverbial Chinese fire drill, several tables are overturned.

249 EXT. A BUILDING - CLOSE ON AN ARCHWAY

Taylor runs into scene, pauses, panting, and looks back at his pursuers. Then he darts through the archway into the building.

250 INT. BUILDING - TRACKING WITH TAYLOR - DAY

For the moment he is the sole visitor in this wing. His pace slows to a walk as he and we observe fleetingly the specimens in what is a simian museum: Possibly several stuffed and unfamiliar animals; primitive artifacts and fossils; possibly the skeleton of a dog, a cat, etc. Over this we hear a shrill police WHISTLE.

251 FLASH SHOT - TAYLOR

He runs again.

252 MED. SHOT - AN APE MOTHER AND CHILD

looking at the stuffed animals as Taylor races past. The mother gives a startled SCREAM.

253 REACTION SHOT - A MUSEUM GUARD

He starts after the fugitive.

254 ANOTHER PART OF THE MUSEUM - FEATURING TAYLOR

He runs past displays of other stuffed animals toward CAMERA and halts abruptly in close f.g., shocked by:

255 WHAT HE SEES: DODGE

stuffed and mounted, Dodge bares his teeth at the world.

256 CLOSEUP - TAYLOR

Reacting in horror. He hears another police WHISTLE and the echoing FOOTSTEPS of approaching guards, which muffle his strangled gasp:

TAYLOR

Dodge...

Taylor vanishes in a BLUR of movement.

CUT TO:

257 EXT. THE MALL - APETOWN - FULL SHOT FROM ON HIGH - DAY

Order has been restored in the open-air market. Taylor bursts suddenly into view from a building on the far side of the mall, running in panic from ape guards in close pursuit. A mounted policeman spots him and heads him off. Changing direction, Taylor is intercepted by another mounted gorilla. And then a third.

CAMERA HOLDS, ANGLING DOWN on the center of the mall. We are witnessing a hideous game: "baiting the man." The mounted police do not shoot or club Taylor, for he cannot escape -- but they circle him, their long whips CRACKING over his head.

258 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CIRCLE AROUND TAYLOR - FAVORING A MOUNTIE

who unfolds his net, swings it overhead and flings it at Taylor. This time he bags his quarry. Taylor gives up. Spent, docile, entangled in the net, he stands stock-still in the center of the mall. Guards and civilians on foot join the circle around the man at bay. They regard him warily.

259 CLOSE SHOT - DR. ZIRA

She pushes through the simian crowd around Taylor and hurries to his side.

260 CLOSE TWO SHOT - TAYLOR AND ZIRA

She paws at the net, crying impulsively:

ZIRA

Taylor, why'd you run away?

Zira removes the net from his face. Panting with exhaustion, Taylor flicks a wild glance at her. He looks demented.

261 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE TWO GORILLA OFFICERS

who approach Taylor and Zira. (They are the same gorillas introduced in Scene 198.) One of them carries a collar and leash. The other presents an I.D. card to Zira.

LIEUTENANT

Security police.

ZIRA

(promptly)

I'm in charge of this man.

Cont.

261 Cont.

LIEUTENANT

No longer, madame. He is now
in the custody of the Ministry of
Science.

His colleague moves toward Taylor with a muzzle.

262 CLOSE SHOT - FEATURING TAYLOR

He speaks at last, his voice hoarse but audible.

TAYLOR

Get away from me, you dirty ape!

263 FULL SHOT - THE SIMIANS AROUND TAYLOR

The arresting officer steps back involuntarily. All the
apes freeze, staring at the speaking animal with mute
astonishment as we:

FADE OUT