

PLANET OF THE APES REVISITED

Screenplay

by

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FIRST DRAFT SCREENPLAY  
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"PLANET OF THE APES REVISITED"

FADE IN

PRE-CREDITS

1 EXT. MASTER-SCENE ESTABLISHING FORBIDDEN ZONE - DAY

CAMERA PROWLs a wilderness in which nothing grows; and the silence is total except for the whine of a dry wind blowing in from the distantly-heard sea. Over this desolation, we DUB a male voice sufficiently distinctive (the slight stammer on 'd' is optional) for us to realise that it belongs to no disembodied commentator but to a character whom we may meet and identifiably hear again.

TEACHER

(o.s.)

Set this d-down: Whatever lives  
can be evil.

But could anything live in this dead place?

TEACHER

(o.s.)

When the astronaut, Taylor, came first among us from a voyage in outermost space, he perceived that his ship had passed through a fold in the Fourth Dimension, which is Time. And Taylor knew that he was older than when his journey had begun ... by two thousand years and ten.

A pause, in which the wind whines higher and louder, before dropping again, behind:

TEACHER

(o.s.)

But in the first days he did not know the name of the strange planet on which he had set foot -- where Apes (risen to great estate) had acquired the power of tongues, while Man (fallen from his zenith to become a beast of the earth) had lost the means of speech, and was d-dumb.

CAMERA continues PROWLING the wasteland.

Cont.

1 Cont.

TEACHER

(o.s.)

Set this d-down: Taylor hated war.  
And since the Apes of those times  
were fighting a bestial war-with-  
weapons to exterminate peaceful  
and defenceless Man, Taylor believed  
that Man was the more worth saving.

We catch our first sight of the sea -- a Dead Sea like  
the Dead Land.

TEACHER

(o.s.)

Only when Taylor and his woman  
were at last driven from the  
City of the Apes into the wilder-  
ness called the Forbidden Zone...

We CUT IN ambiguous shots (from 'PLANET I') of a  
mysterious rock formation, during:

TEACHER

(o.s.)

...did he find a desert-land of  
rock and stone -- barren, unfruitful,  
devoid of life and eternally laid  
waste by Man's vilest war in Man's  
history -- and in this wilderness,  
Taylor set eyes upon the Statue----

We CLOSE to preciser shots of ... a statue, with spikes.

CUT TO:

2 FINAL SHOT FROM 'PLANET I' (A-423) CLOSING ON TAYLOR

Dumbfounded, TAYLOR slides from his horse's saddle;  
approaches the spikes. NOVA dismounts, too, and follows  
him.

TAYLOR

(a cry of agony)

God damn you all to hell!

He falls to his knees; buries his head in his hands.  
CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK AND UP to a HIGH-ANGLE SHOT  
disclosing what TAYLOR has seen. Half-buried in the sand  
and washed by the waves is the Statue of Liberty.

Cont.

2 Cont.

TEACHER

(o.s.)  
---and Taylor knew he was back  
on Earth... an Earth defiled and  
destroyed by the hand of Man. Set  
this down: Whatever lives can be  
evil.

TITLE MUSIC IN STRONGLY, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. MONTAGE: LONG TREK - TAYLOR AND NOVA ON THEIR HORSE  
As TAYLOR shoulders his Ape-rifle, we SUPER:

TITLE AND CREDITS

As TREK proceeds inland to greener, lusher country,  
TAYLOR'S dark scowl gradually lifts; and (as CREDITS END)  
he has regained his composure.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. RUSHING STREAM - TAYLOR, NOVA, HORSE

TAYLOR halts horse by the water's edge and helps NOVA  
dismount. ALL drink. Then TAYLOR lies back, for a brief  
rest, with NOVA by his side. He puts an arm round her  
and looks up at a sky hazed with white cloud.

TAYLOR

Where in hell do we go from  
here?

(eyeing Nova)

Or do we just stop off and  
found a human colony? And the  
kids would learn to talk...  
better sense than the Apes.

(his finger  
on her lips)

Try to say the name I gave you.  
No-va.

She remains mystified and mute. He points at her; and  
each time he points, he repeats:

TAYLOR

No-va ... No-va ... No-va.

Cont.

4 Cont.

Still she stays mute; then, suddenly and to his intense pleasure, points a finger at him and looks into his eyes enquiringly.

TAYLOR

Taylor.

Each time she points, he repeats.

TAYLOR

Tay-lor ... Tay-lor ...  
Tay-lor.

Her lips barely move in silent mimicry. But no sound comes out. So he kisses them.

TAYLOR

Let's find a home.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

5 TREK CONTINUES ALONG THE STREAM'S BANK

Somewhere near, a dove is rhythmically cooing. Then, as they round a riverbend into flatter more open country, they abruptly and uncannily confront:

6 SPECIAL EFFECT 1: A 'SPLIT' LANDSCAPE

The 'green belt' ends on a mile-long line as straight as if it had been ruled by a draughtsman. Behind the line: green grass, green trees and the rushing stream. Beyond the line: endless desert sand, a few charred tree stumps, and the cracked dry bed of the very same stream which foams behind them.

7 CLOSE SHOT - HORSE, TAYLOR, NOVA

The horse stops dead, trembling.

TAYLOR  
(coaxing)  
C'mon, boy, get going.

But as the horse puts a tentative hoof across the borderline, the dove's cooing CUTS OUT on SOUNDTRACK with the abruptness of a switched-off tape recorder. As the hoof is withdrawn, the cooing as abruptly starts again. Baffled, TAYLOR looks up at:

8 SPECIAL EFFECT 2: 'SPLIT' SKY

The sky, too, is divided by the same dead-straight line. Behind the line: white-cloud haze. Beyond the line: a burning-blue, cloudless vault from which a huge sun blindingly blazes. TAYLOR fights his unease.

TAYLOR  
I've seen mirages. But ...

Once again he sets the horse to the borderline; and once again the dove's cooing cuts out.

TAYLOR  
... I've never heard one.

The horse again refuses.

TAYLOR  
(reining left)  
Okay, okay. It doesn't look exactly  
welcoming, anyway.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

9 MONTAGE: THE TREK IS RESUMED

... away from the stream and across more open country, which gradually flattens (after much journeying) to a great open plain. From here, they could go anywhere.

MONTAGE ENDS.

CUT TO:

10 TAYLOR

looks LEFT at endless plain under a cloudless blue sky. He looks RIGHT and reacts violently to:

11 SPECIAL EFFECT 3: THE "CURTAIN OF RAIN"

Only three hundred yards away. But a good mile wide. And the rain is hissing (so loud that we can hear it) from halfway down the sky in which there is no cloud. Blue above; and sourceless rain below -- like a bead curtain strung across the horizon and suspended from ... nothing. TAYLOR turns the horse toward the rainstorm. But the horse rears, whinneys, wheels through an about-turn and tries to head in the opposite direction.

TAYLOR  
(struggling for  
control)  
Hey there! Hold it, Buster! I  
didn't steal you from the Apes  
to be carried right back to the  
cages. We're looking for a home --  
not a cage. We're heading north!

12 MONTAGE: THE TREK IS RESUMED

And while they ride, the epicentre of the rainstorm recedes (as if wind-blown, though there is no wind) over the northern horizon. After it has vanished, TAYLOR heads the horse north again. TREK, TREK, TREK across the plain, with the sun's heat intensifying over the sort of arid land we saw at the film's opening. At length:

13 SPECIAL EFFECT 4: GREAT "FISSURES"

... begin to open up in the dry, cracked earth -- always just ahead of the horse's feet. Whichever way TAYLOR reins his horse, another fissure opens and heads the terrified animal off in a new direction. From a final fissure, snakes appear. The horse screams, swerves, and bolts off at a gallop.

14 QUICK-TEMPO MONTAGE: THE TREK RESUMES

But at a gallop, now, which TAYLOR cannot control. Away from the "snakes", away from the "fissures". The hooves of the bolting horse pound the hard, dry earth; and its mouth foams as TAYLOR lugs on the reins with all his strength. Ahead the plain stretches out uninterrupted and endless. Then how does TAYLOR suddenly find himself on:

15 SPECIAL EFFECT 5: THE BRINK OF A "PRECIPICE"

... plunging thousands of feet to a canyon below. Wrenching at the rein, TAYLOR just manages to turn the horse along the precipice's edge, where the animal is sufficiently exhausted for him to control and halt it. He dismounts to quiet the horse, leaving NOVA in the saddle. Both look back. Not at the flat plain of cracked earth which we know they have just crossed, but at:

16 SPECIAL EFFECT 6: A SECOND "PRECIPICE"

... rearing up directly in front of them and towering as high as the first precipice (behind them) plunges low. They are on a 10-yards-wide ledge between the two.

TAYLOR  
(staring up at  
second precipice;  
scared)  
That wasn't here. We'd have seen  
it. Somebody's playing soldiers.

And suddenly he nerves himself to find out who.

TAYLOR  
Nova!

She begins to dismount, but he stops her.

TAYLOR  
(urgently miming as  
he speaks)  
If you ... lose ... me, go to  
Ape City.  
(as she reacts  
in terror)  
Not to the Gorillas. Go to the  
Chimpanzee quarter. There's no  
other way.  
(fighting her  
incomprehension)  
Find Zira. Zi-ra.

Cont.



16 Cont.

NOVA, recognizing the name, nods less fearfully. TAYLOR produces something from a place of concealment in his clothes, and puts it in her hand.

TAYLOR

Give ... Zira ... this.

She holds his hand and will not let go till she knows he wishes it. Then, as he unslings and lays down his rifle, we LOSE her and PAN TAYLOR walking resolutely across the 10-yard ledge towards the second (up-rearing) precipice. To climb it, he must find finger-holds. So, a yard away, he stretches both hands out and upwards. But as his hands touch the rock face:

CUT TO:

17 SPECIAL EFFECT 7: THE INTANGIBLE ROCK FACE

Both hands strike clean through it; and the rest of TAYLOR'S body, unbalanced by the unexpected lack of resistance, follows ... and vanishes. It is as though he had passed through a bead curtain and there is nothing on the bare rock face to indicate his passing.

CUT TO:

18 NOVA SCREAMING

The scream scares the horse which (before she has had time to dismount and follow TAYLOR) gallops away from us along the 10-yard ledge. As she recedes, we ANGLE DOWN on the discarded rifle and:

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. NEW LOCATION - SMALL RECONNAISSANCE - SPACECRAFT INTACT ON SEASHORE - DAY

Through its already open escape hatch clambers our hero, BRENT, in good physical shape. We PAN him to SKIPPER, lying with his head propped on sand -- in very poor shape indeed. He hears BRENT'S footfall and struggles feebly to raise his revolver.

SKIPPER

(eyes wide open)

Who's that?

BRENT

Brent, Skipper.

Cont.

19 Cont.

BRENT kneels beside SKIPPER and passes his hand twice across SKIPPER'S eyes, which do not flicker.

SKIPPER

Did you contact Earth?

He breathes with such difficulty that we infer terminal pulmonary collapse.

BRENT

Not a crackle. And I think maybe I know why.

SKIPPER

Uh?

BRENT

Did you get an Earth-Time Reading after re-entry?

SKIPPER

No. I blacked out. I couldn't see.

BRENT

Well, I just have. Three-nine-seven-five.

SKIPPER'S cracked lips form a barely audible whistle.

BRENT

We've come through a Hasslein time-bend.

SKIPPER

Did Taylor?

BRENT

(convincedly)

We were looking for him, weren't we? We followed his exact course. We lost contact with Earth in precisely the same position as he did. What happened to him's happened to us.

Cont.

19 Cont.1

SKIPPER  
(ominously restless)  
What has happend to us, Brent? Where  
are we?

BRENT  
Wherever we are, Earth's two thousand  
years older. And quiet. Quiet as the  
grave.

Silence all about them, except for the light sea-wind.

SKIPPER  
You're going to have to dig mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 MONTAGE: NOVA TREKKING ALONE ON HORSEBACK

... from inland towards the sea. MONTAGE ENDS as horse and rider approach a dune. Suddenly the horse's ears prick; and NOVA, too reacts to a dull, rhythmic sound coming from behind the dune. As she halts:

CUT TO:

21 THE SOUND'S SOURCE

With spacecraft in b.g., BRENT is shovelling sand over a rough grave on the dune's far side. His melancholy task done, he straightens; flexes tired muscles; looks about him and (freezing to sudden immobility) sees:

22 P.O.V. SHOT - NOVA ON HORSEBACK

looking down at o.s. BRENT from the dune's crest. Timid and wary, but less afraid by the sight of a fellow-human than she would have been by an Ape.

INTERCUT:

23 BRENT AND NOVA

studying each other. BRENT is momentarily the more perturbed. On what he had thought to be a remote planet, he has seen a human riding a horse. With realisation dawning, he looks down at the grave.

BRENT

(softly)

Skipper ... I think you've come home.

He looks up again at NOVA; and in order to make a gesture of friendship, throws away the shovel. NOVA remains motionless.

BRENT

(gently)

Who are you?

No answer. So, assuming a smile, he begins slowly and unaggressively (for fear of scaring her) to climb the slope of the dune. Once beside her on the crest, he points to himself.

BRENT

Brent.

And, as though coaxing an animal, he extends a friendly hand. A pause, while she thinks. Then instinctively

Cont.

23 Cont.

(for this talking, gesturing, smiling Human is obviously one of TAYLOR's kind) she smiles back; dismounts; and puts into BRENT's hand not her own hand, but whatever she holds that TAYLOR gave her.

CUT TO:

24 INSERT: ON BRENT'S PALM, AN IDENTITY TAG FACE DOWNWARDS

BRENT  
(o.s., pleased)  
You have a name?

As his other hand begins to turn the tag over:

CUT TO:

25 BIG HEAD SHOT - BRENT

Reacting violently to name on o.s. tag.

BRENT  
Taylor!

CUT TO:

26 CLOSEUP - NOVA

Reacting to his speaking the name. Nodding excitedly.

CUT TO:

27 MASTER TWO SHOT - BRENT, NOVA

Everything that he now says is reinforced by frantic mime. His index finger sweeps the landward horizon.

BRENT  
Where?

She mystifyingly shakes her head. BRENT points successively to NOVA, to himself and to the tag, during:

BRENT  
You ... take me ... to Taylor.

She shakes her head again, and he doesn't understand why. But we do -- when she motions him into the horse's saddle and jumps up behind him. She has her instructions. She has a man to help her carry them out. It doesn't matter if BRENT himself believes that she is taking him direct to TAYLOR. She is taking him where TAYLOR told her to go. As they recede, under her guidance:

SHOCK CUT TO:

28

EXT. CLOSEUP - GENERAL URSUS - DUSK

A gargantuan Gorilla in military uniform, subtly haranguing massed Apes in the huge, torchlit arena on Ape City's outskirts. Beside him sits the elderly Orangutan, DR. ZAIUS, and other members of the Ape Hierarchy. We INTERCUT URSUS and SPECTATORS, during:

URSUS

I am a simple soldier. And, as a soldier, I see things simply. And what I saw, when I became your Army Commander was simply this: a country imprisoned to the east by the hungry sea -- and to the north and the south and west by uninhabitable desert. And I saw worse. I saw a country infected from within ...

A low growl of applause inflates his rhetoric.

URSUS

... by parasites who devoured the fruits that we had planted in a land rightly ours; who battered on the fertility of fields that we had made green with wheat; who polluted the pure and precious water of our lakes and rivers with their animal-excrement; and who continued to breed in our very midst like maggots in a once-healthy body.

Another growl, which URSUS instantly and professionally hushes.

URSUS

I do not say that all Humans are evil simply because their skin is smooth. Indeed, God in His wisdom has never given these dumb savages the Ape's divine faculty for distinguishing between Evil and Good. But I say that their ways are not ours, as their smell is not ours. I say that they are unalterably primitive as we are invincibly progressive. I say that, had they been allowed to live and breed among us unchecked, the concept of Ape Power would soon have become meaningless; and the healthy body of our State -- on which they feed like worms -- a rotting corpse.

28 Cont.

The growl of applause is shot through with rising hatred.  
Pressing his advantage:

URSUS

For all that they walk upon two legs,  
they were dumb, smooth-skinned,  
brute beasts, when first we built  
and colonized this great City a  
thousand years ago. They are dumb,  
smooth-skinned, brute beasts today --  
those few, those very few that we  
have permitted (for our own purposes)  
to survive. People of Ape City, I  
bring you good tidings.

They wait in a pin-drop silence which URSUS deliberately  
prolongs.

URSUS

Today, the bestial Human herds  
have at last been systematically  
flushed from their feeding  
grounds!

The growl becomes a roar.

URSUS

No single Human Being has escaped  
our net. They have been hunted-down --  
in the hills, in the valleys, in the  
desert, in the jungle -- and are  
now all either slaughtered or in  
captivity.

The roar becomes full-throated, and continues over a:

CUT TO:

29 FULL SHOT - LOOKING DOWN ON ARENA

from a slope on the hillside above. Its thick undergrowth  
(as we PAN) screens:

30 BRENT (APPALLED) AND NOVA (AFRAID)

Flat on their stomachs, and watching.

CUT BACK TO:

31 CLOSE SHOT - URSUS AND HIERARCHY

URSUS

Those fortunate Humans in captivity  
will be used by our revered  
Minister of Science, Dr. Zaius ...

He bows to ZAIUS, whose powerful face remains inscrutable.

URSUS

... for research-experiments which  
will bring benefits to us all.

The flat (purposely?) unemphatic statement is greeted,  
nonetheless, by a small but spirited outbreak of  
minority-clapping from:

32 CHIMPANZEE SECTION OF AUDIENCE

As these intellectual and more kindly Apes clap, a  
Gorilla MILITARY POLICEMAN (armed) turns inward from  
the Arena's edge to face and challenge them. All stop  
clapping except one female (ZIRA) who continues. Her  
neighbor (CORNELIUS) plucks her sleeve. We CLOSE TO:

CORNELIUS

(a whisper)

Zira! Stop! You're in danger.

ZIRA

(drily)

So is the future of Science.

CUT TO:

33 BRENT, NOVA

Her hawk-eyes have spotted o.s. ZIRA, at whom she  
excitedly points. She tugs at BRENT'S arm and leads  
him expertly through the thick undergrowth, during:

URSUS

(distant o.s.)

But while Dr. Zaius dissects live  
Humans in our laboratories ...

CUT TO:



34 CLOSE SHOT - URSUS

URSUS

... and while we house live Humans in our cages or pen them in our camps, they will still, as of old, be a drain on our resources. They will still, as of old, be devouring the fruits of our land. They will still be eating our meat and infecting our water. Ours is a small country.

The growling has begun again.

URSUS

The time has come to make it larger.

Over a yell of approval, we ZOOM to CLOSEUP of ZAIUS. His eyes slew up towards o.s. URSUS. Somewhere, there is conflict between these two.

CUT TO:

35 BRENT AND NOVA

Scrambling down hillside.

CUT TO:

36 URSUS

He is reaching his peroration.

URSUS

I draw your attention to that area beyond our northern frontier which, for many centuries we have called the Forbidden Zone. 'Forbidden', because it was thought better that knowledge of the mysteries, which it concealed, should be confined solely to your leaders.

We PULL BACK to include ZAIUS -- staring inscrutably ahead, as URSUS' voice loudens for the climax.

URSUS

We, your leaders, believe that the time has now come to make you, the people, privy to the newest of these mysteries.

Pin-drop silence. Then:

36 Cont.

URSUS

The Forbidden Zone is inhabited.

A great "A-a-a-ah!" from the crowd.

URSUS

And inhabited -- if I deduce rightly from the evidence which my scouts and patrols have set before me -- by enemies who constitute yet a further threat to our frontier, our land and our people.

A crescendo growl of anger.

URSUS

I am a soldier, who has no taste for war except when my country's survival is at stake and my people are threatened. I believe that that threat is now real. Though our adversaries have not yet been seen, they possess devices by which they make their presence known. And I say to you, as your Army Commander, that I think it imperative for us to confront them, before they confront us. I say that wherever they can live, we can live. I say that if we evict and destroy them, we shall possess the only habitable region -- for elsewhere is only rock and desert -- into which our cramped and overcrowded population can deservedly expand.

(filling his lungs  
for a final  
Hitlerian yell)

I therefore intend ... to INVADE!

CUT TO:

37

PANDEMONIUM

The ranked GORILLAS rise in a standing ovation and (reverting, as men still do, to primitivism at moments of mass-hysteria) beat their chests to the rhythmic drumming sound once feared in jungles.

CUT TO:

38- URSUS TURNING TO CONFRONT ZAIUS, WHO RISES  
39 URSUS is smiling. ZAIUS is not.

CUT TO:

40 PANNING CHIMPANZEE SECTION

Seated and silent amid the uproar, till the Gorilla MILITARY POLICEMAN summons REINFORCEMENTS who (with truncheons and bayonets) menace the DEMONSTRATORS into standing. We PAN AHEAD of POLICE, to:

CORNELIUS

(standing)

Zira!

She remains seated -- to his perturbation at her foolhardiness.

CORNELIUS

(urgent undertone)

Zira, as your husband, I beg you to stand up.

ZIRA

Only for my principles.

CORNELIUS

(smiling despite himself)

All right. For your principles, then. And mine. Only stand!

She stands ... a split-second before POLICE enter shot.

CUT TO:

41 HALF-WAY DOWN HILLSIDE - DEEPENING DUSK

Lights and habitations visible below. The distant ovation continues as a Gorilla PATROLMAN (we TRACK BEHIND him) strolls on his beat along a rough track between dense scrub. As he strolls, the ovation dies away to total silence. Suddenly a twig loudly snaps, from a spot already passed by PATROLMAN. As he stops short and looks back:

CUT TO:

42 UNDERGROWTH: BRENT AND NOVA LYING-UP

O.s. PATROLMAN'S footsteps approach.

CUT TO:

43 PATROLMAN

Pausing for a routine check. He flashes his torch vaguely into a patch of scrub a yard or two ahead of:

44 BRENT AND NOVA

Not breathing, as the light misses them.

CUT BACK TO:

45 PATROLMAN

Peers into undergrowth; sees something; aims revolver and fires quick "right-and-left".

INTERCUT:

46 UNDERGROWTH

The first bullet grazes NOVA'S forehead. BRENT'S hand smothers what would have been a cry of pain.

47 PATROLMAN

Puts his arm into undergrowth and pulls out a shot rabbit. Convinced that this was the sound's source, he picks it up by the legs and recedes into the gathering darkness.

CUT TO:

48 INT. RESEARCH COMPLEX - NIGHT

We START on a dozen HUMANS penned in cages for tomorrow's experiments, and PULL QUICKLY BACK to the complex's administrative end, where ZAIUS and URSUS stand in confrontation.

ZAIUS

General Ursus, I can only pray  
that this is wise.

URSUS

Why should you doubt it, Minister?

ZAIUS

I think you've been ... precipitate.

URSUS

Or merely decisive?

Cont.

48 Cont.

ZAIUS

Decisions come from weighing evidence.  
It is through evidence that a  
scientist arrives at the truth.

URSUS

And a politician?

ZAIUS

(smiling)  
At expediency.

URSUS

Then let us discuss what is evident  
and what is expedient. What is  
evident is that we face a population  
explosion. What is expedient is --

ZAIUS

-- that we should control it.

URSUS

And be outnumbered by our enemies?  
I look to the day when not thousands  
but millions will march under the  
Ape banner.

ZAIUS

(strolling towards  
cages)  
Should we not wait until then  
before invading?

URSUS

And let our enemies invade us first?  
I would sooner attack at my  
convenience than be forced to  
defend at theirs.

ZAIUS

Ursus, who and what are they?

URSUS

They live. Therefore they eat.  
We invade or we starve. It's as  
simple as that.

ZAIUS

And as dangerous.

They have reached the cages, where HUMANS are voraciously  
feeding.

48 Cont.1

URSUS

(pointedly)

What is more dangerous than famine?

ZAIUS gives him a long, cold, ominous stare.

ZAIUS

The Unknown.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. ZIRA AND CORNELIUS - NIGHT (STUDIO?)

approaching their house.

ZIRA

(fuming undertone)

If I had any proper sense of scientific purpose, Cornelius, I shouldn't be cutting up the healthy heads of Humans. I should be dissecting the diseased brains of Gorillas to find out what went wrong.

CORNELIUS

(smiling)

And how'd you put it right?

ZIRA

(striking her breast)

Wet-nurse their babies on the milk of Chimpanzees. The milk of kindness.

They have reached their door, which CORNELIUS opens for her. As she goes through into darkness:

ZIRA

At least when our child is born, it won't be breast-fed on bile.

(loudly)

I abominate Gorillas.

CORNELIUS

(following her)

Sh-h-h!

We TRACK BEHIND them into:

50

INT. DARKENED ROOM

CORNELIUS

Somebody may hear you.

As CORNELIUS feels for the light:

BRENT'S VOICE

(c.s., apologetic)

I'm afraid somebody has.

The light goes on -- revealing NOVA with blood on her forehead and BRENT in the tattered vestiges of his filthy space suit.

50 Cont.

BRENT stands in the shadows; NOVA, under the light.

ZIRA

Nova!

As NOVA runs to ZIRA, CORNELIUS (with one hand on the light switch) instantly shuts the door with the other.

ZIRA

(to Nova)

Your head!

She finds a cloth, a water pitcher, a bowl, forceps; lays NOVA on a divan and begins deftly to treat the wound.

BRENT

(anxiously)

Are you sure you know how to ----

ZIRA

(without looking around)

Stop fussing. Among other things, I'm a trained vet.

(double take; looking around)

You talked.

BRENT steps into the light.

CORNELIUS

(excitedly)

Your boots! Your clothes...!

ZIRA

And you talked.

BRENT

(bewildered)

Is that ... unusual?

ZIRA

(staring at him)

In the sense that after a lifetime devoted to the scientific study of Humans I've only found one other like you, it may be said to be unusual.

BRENT

I think I know the one other.

Cont.



50 Cont.

ZIRA drops the forceps in the water bowl. CORNELIUS stares at BRENT, who throws him the identity tag.

CORNELIUS  
(catching it and  
reading)  
'Taylor!' Is that your name?  
Are you his brother?

Cont.

50 Cont.1

BRENT

No. My name is Brent and I'm his  
friend. I was sent to find him.

(indicating Nova)

I only found ...

ZIRA

(cleaning the graze)

Nova.

BRENT

Alone by the sea.

(collecting tag  
from Cornelius)

She gave me this and brought me  
to ... you.

CORNELIUS

(eyes shining)

Then he's alive!

BRENT

Is he?

ZIRA

(sharply)

Isn't he?

BRENT

I thought I'd find him here.

ZIRA sighs; strokes NOVA'S hair - but clinically, like a  
vet stroking a cat. And NOVA sleeps, during:

CORNELIUS

He was here.

(passionately)

And if it hadn't been for Zira, he'd  
be here still -- a stuffed specimen,  
with glass eyes, in the Great Hall  
of the Zaius Museum. Like his two  
friends.

BRENT

(softly)

Oh, God.

CORNELIUS

She helped him escape .

Cont.

50 Cont.2

ZIRA

We Chimpanzees accept what the  
Gorillas will not countenance:  
that once, long ago, your ancestors  
and ours were of the same family.  
How can we help you?

BRENT

Can you tell me where you last  
saw Taylor?

ZIRA

Get the map, Cornelius.

CORNELIUS unrolls the map on a table. We INSERT it, as  
required.

CORNELIUS

Here is our City.

ZIRA

And here, to the north, is where  
Cornelius and I last saw him riding  
with Nova -- through the gap between  
this lake and the sea.

CORNELIUS

They were heading for what we call --

BRENT

The Forbidden Zone?

Pin-drop silence. Then:

ZIRA

Who told you that?

BRENT

(smiling)  
Your Army Commander.

CORNELIUS, who has been bent over the map, straightens so  
suddenly that he sends the table crashing. NOVA wakes, and  
ZIRA steps protectively in front of her as though to shield  
her from BRENT.

CORNELIUS

(appalled)  
General Ursus ...?

Cont.

50 Cont.3

ZIRA

Are you his spy?

Quickly, gently, BRENT shakes his head.

BRENT

I watched the Meeting. We were  
hiding in the scrub above the arena.

Sighs of relief. BRENT helps CORNELIUS set up the fallen  
table. ZIRA briskly rolls up the map, during:

ZIRA

Then if ever you see Taylor again,  
tell him to stay clear of the  
Forbidden Zone. General Ursus  
believes that it's inhabited. He  
intends to invade. Even our  
Minister of Science dare not stop  
him.

BRENT

Dare not?

CORNELIUS

(earnestly)

Dr. Zaius, alone among our leaders  
knows that Man evolved from the Apes  
and, at one time, became their  
superior. He knows how Man abused  
that superiority and nearly destroyed  
the world. He knows that evolution  
can strike twice; and that even when  
every Human alive today has been  
slaughtered, Man could still re-evolve  
from the very Apes who had once made  
him extinct. And then...

ZIRA

...Zaius fears that the whole  
destructive cycle could begin again.  
But he has to bear the burden of that  
fear -- without sharing it. Because  
if he shared it and proclaimed the  
truth, the Apes (who believe they  
are God's chosen) would lose their  
thousand-year-old faith in God's  
choice. Zaius hopes for peace through  
the preservation of innocence.

Cont.

50 Cont.4

BRENT

And you?

ZIRA smiles at CORNELIUS, who smiles back.

CORNELIUS

Through the propagation of  
knowledge.

On SOUNDTRACK: two pairs of distantly approaching footsteps  
... and a door slamming. Then silence.

CORNELIUS

(relieved)

It's only our neighbours. They're  
home.

BRENT

We're putting you in danger by  
staying.

He takes NOVA'S hand.

ZIRA

Have you a horse?

BRENT

Up in the scrub.

ZIRA

Get rid of your clothes before  
daylight. And if you're caught  
by the Gorillas, promise me one  
thing.

BRENT

What?

ZIRA

Never to speak. Never, never,  
never. If they hear you speaking,  
in the end they'll have to kill you.  
(ironically)

Only Apes can speak.

(indicating Nova)

Stay as dumb as she. We'll try to  
help.

BRENT

Is there no way in which I can help  
you?

Cont.

50 Cont.5

A pause.

ZIRA

Find Taylor.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. A CLEARING IN FRONT OF HILLSIDE PATROL HUT - NIGHT  
(STUDIO?)

On a dying wood fire, under a tree, bubbles a flat pan from which Gorilla PATROLMAN is eating (with his hands) the rabbit he recently shot. Its flayed skin lies at his feet near a canister, from which he pours a few drops of paraffin to coax the fire into heating the last morsels. He chews a selected bone, throws it on the ground and belches.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. BRENT AND NOVA CLIMBING HILLSIDE TRACK - NIGHT  
NOVA (scarred forehead) stops, suddenly, and sniffs.

BRENT

(whisper)

What is it?

Cont.

52 Cont.

She sniffs again, and licks her lips greedily.

BRENT  
Hungry? So'm I.

She tugs his arm, urging him forward.

BRENT  
Okay, okay.  
(finger to lips)  
But quietly ...

Stepping slowly, stealthily, she leads him off along a side track.

CUT BACK TO:

53 CLEARING - PATROLMAN

becoming aware of, and then alert to, the slow and stealthy footsteps approaching. He picks up the canister; clambers noiselessly up the tree, and is lost in its foliage. The footsteps draw nearer.

CUT TO:

54 BRENT, NOVA

cautiously reaching the edge of the clearing. They peer through scrub to survey:

55 P.O.V. SHOT

the hut in darkness. The embers of the fire all but dead. Total silence as we SLOW TRACK-IN to the pan with its tempting rabbit gobbets.

CUT TO:

56 PATROLMAN UP TREE

noiselessly unscrewing canister. He looks down from his branch, which overhangs the "dead" fire, onto:

57 P.O.V. TOP-SHOT

BRENT AND NOVA stealthily approaching the pan. As they bend over it:

58 PATROLMAN

tips canister.

CUT TO:

59      PARAFFIN-FED FLAMES WHOOSH FROM THE FIRE

NOVA (like a puma in reverse!) springs back out of harm's way, but BRENT'S tatters catch alight. Over his yell of pain, as both dash for the scrub:

CUT TO:

60      FLASH - PATROLMAN UP TREE

aiming his revolver. As he fires:

CUT TO:

61      BRENT (BEATING OUT BURNING CLOTHES) AND NOVA

both vanishing into shrub. For a second, the branches are silhouetted by the diminishing light from BRENT'S burning clothes.

CUT TO:

62      PATROLMAN JUMPING DOWN FROM TREE

His boots, scattering sparks, douse the fire. He blows his whistle. Other whistles answer.

CUT TO:

63      MONTAGE: THE CHASE

Other Gorilla PATROLMEN converge. As BRENT and NOVA are finally captured:

CUT TO:

64      EXT. - THE GATE OF A "PEN" CLANGS SHUT ON BRENT, NOVA

and hundreds of captive HUMANS -- emaciated, filthy, some of them howling, some of them dying, and at least one of them dead. BRENT'S final action is to start undressing the CORPSE in order to procure its unincriminating clothes, before we

FADE OUT



FADE IN

65 EXT. - GORILLA SERGEANT RIDING THROUGH CITY'S OUTSKIRTS -  
NEXT MORNING

He passes much hectic military preparation: squad drill and rifle instructions; a bayonet assault course, whose stuffed dummies are made to resemble Humans; SOLDIERS cleaning Artillery guns, grooming horses etc. We FOLLOW SERGEANT, beyond outskirts, to:

66 GUARDED OPEN GATE OF SAME HUMAN "PEN" AS SCENE 64

Outside it: two horse-drawn cage-wagons -- one of whose DRIVERS is watching CORNELIUS selecting Humans for research. GUARDS have already manhandled six HUMANS into this cage, as SERGEANT rides up.

SERGEANT

(barking at Guard)

Twenty required on Number Two Range  
for C Company target practice. Jump  
to it!

GUARDS manhandle further Humans into second cage-wagon: among them ... NOVA clinging to BRENT. Both see and are seen by:

67 CORNELIUS

Playing it very cool, he approaches the GUARDS who are handling NOVA and BRENT.

CORNELIUS

Stop a minute.

He expertly appraises BRENT and NOVA for items of anatomical interest; fingers BRENT'S jawbone and cranium; lifts NOVA'S eyelid -- murmuring impressive gibberish.

CORNELIUS

Brachycocephalic ... and prognathous  
... incipient glaucoma ...

(louder)

We could do with these two.

SERGEANT

(approaching with  
truculent impatience)

Required for target practice on  
Number Two Range. Captain Odo's orders.

CORNELIUS

(icily)

Required for cranial research by order  
of Dr. Zaius, Minister of Science.

(to Guards)

Load them up.

As the cage door of the wagon clangs shut, and DRIVER starts up:

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. THE SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

In far b.g.; Human TARGETS. In f.g.: our SERGEANT instructs Gorilla CADETS.

SERGEANT

Fire!

A volley thunders. Not all the "TARGETS" are lethally hit. Some are wounded. Three or four are untouched. Coloured discs, raised behind the butts, indicate each CADET'S accuracy.

SERGEANT

Reload!

Over a rattle of bolts:

CUT TO:

69 INT. RESEARCH COMPLEX

In far b.g.: ZAIUS conferring with URSUS in undertones. In f.g.: rattle of experimental cage being locked on the last of the six Human GUINEA PIGS delivered by DRIVER, who brings forward BRENT and NOVA for ZIRA'S deadpan inspection. She dictates her observations to female Chimpanzee ASSISTANT. As she does so, ZAIUS and URSUS (rising in b.g.) stroll slowly towards us, during:

ZIRA

(appraising Brent)

Male. Type F cranium. We've plenty of those. Weak occipital development. Substandard lobes.

Tweaking his ear, she gives him a deliberate, deadpan wink.

ZIRA

First-degree facial burns of no conceivable clinical interest.

(turning to Nova)

Female ...

But, in turning, she sees and is perturbed by:

70 URSUS AND ZAIUS

approaching.

ZAIUS

(quietly)

So be it. You know that my scruples were dictated by caution -- not by cowardice. When the day comes, I shall ride with you.

CUT TO:

71 ZIRA

She has not much time. So:

ZIRA  
(exasperated)  
Really, Cornelius is getting  
careless.  
(to Driver)  
There's nothing atypical, here,  
except that they're both unusually  
repulsive. Return them ...

URSUS and ZAIUS enter shot.

URSUS  
(cutting Nova with his  
horse whip)  
...for target practice.

He goes out. DRIVER begins roughly removing BRENT and NOVA.

ZIRA  
(to Assistant)  
Show Dr. Zaius the herpes on 124A's  
lip.  
(to Zaius)  
Malnutrition, possibly.

She follows DRIVER, BRENT and NOVA into:

72 EXT. - COMPOUND OUTSIDE

The empty horse-drawn cage-wagon is waiting with door open at rear. ZIRA helps DRIVER to install BRENT and NOVA inside. DRIVER locks cage door. As he proceeds, alone, to driving seat up front:

ZIRA  
(whisper to Brent)  
Rattle the bars!

BRENT violently does so. NOVA, with uncomprehending obedience, follows suit. Under cover of the clatter, ZIRA whips out her own key on a chain and unlocks the cage door without opening it.

ZIRA  
(whisper)  
It's up to you.

The DRIVER'S whip cracks. The wagon moves off.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. - SHOOTING FROM INSIDE TRAVELLING CAGE

We watch, through bars, the motionless figure of ZIRA ... receding.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

74 CITY OUTSKIRTS

shooting alongside travelling wagon. BRENT peers out at:

75 DISTANT "PENS"

but no traffic or activity along the bumpy road between them and the wagon.

CUT TO:

76 ESCAPE SEQUENCE (TRAVELLING MATTE)

- BRENT opens cage door.
- Climbs out over cage top.
- Leaps down on DRIVER from above and behind.
- Grapples, overpowers and throws out DRIVER.
- Drives wagon, with NOVA inside, at a gallop slap through foot GUARDS converging from the pens.

Shouts, whistles and alarms. But already he has a head start on his PURSUERS.

77 CHASE SEQUENCE

Detail dependent on locations; but we have running time in hand to develop it at considerable length. In general:

#### PHASE 1

We keep the wagon going as long as we require. But mounted GUARDS are bound gradually to gain on it, as Ape City's roads gradually dwindle to mere tracks. In open country, BRENT spectacularly jettisons the wagon.

#### PHASE 2

BRENT and NOVA mount the unharnessed horse and (dodging continuous rifle fire from relentless PURSUERS) achieve the seacoast. Here (still pursued) they head inland and from the top of a rocky eminence suddenly look down on:

78 WATERFALL

cascading into lake below.

BRENT  
(exclaiming)  
The lake on the map! We're -----

At this moment the horse is shot from under them. (NOTE: We might consider the feasibility of its "carcass" plunging into the lake below). Leaping clear, they begin to make the dangerous descent on foot. Another rifleshoot echoes. BRENT looks up over his shoulder and sees:

79 P.O.V. SHOT - A RING OF SILHOUETTED APES

... peering from the high rocks, down which they also begin to clamber.

CUT TO:

80 BRENT AND NOVA

desperately darting behind rock after rock, as rifles crack and the ring closes. They crouch behind a larger boulder, overhanging the lake:

BRENT  
(miming)  
Can you swim?

NOVA nods.

BRENT  
(pointing upwards  
and miming)  
Can they?

NOVA smiles and shakes her head.

BRENT  
(smiling back)  
Then quick!

CUT TO:

81 NEW ANGLE - BOULDER

They crawl up it cautiously ... to within an inch of inevitable exposure; then stand in a split-second pre-diving poise.

CUT TO:

82 FLASH - APES AIMING

CUT TO:

## 83 BRENT AND NOVA DIVE

As they hit the water, so does a hail of rifle bullets.

CUT TO:

## 84 UNDERWATER - CONTINUATION OF DIVE

At its nadir, BRENT tears off strips of his clothing, and motions NOVA to do likewise. They let the strips float back and upwards, as they swim on and downwards.

CUT UP TO:

## 85 LAKESIDE

An over-enthusiastic GORILLA jumps into the water, flounders and nearly drowns ... but is hauled ashore (by a thrown rope) clutching a strip of clothing round which ALL cluster.

CUT DOWN TO:

## 86 UNDERWATER - BRENT AND NOVA

Needing to surface for breath. We HOLD them in CENTER SCREEN, as they rise through the water, till (terrifyingly!) a rock ledge seems to descend from SCREEN'S UPPER MARGIN. They hit the ledge; panic; are sucked under it ... and helplessly recede.

CUT TO:

## 87 UNDERWATER - BRENT AND NOVA

drifting and struggling claustrophobically under the ledge, trying to find a way out. Then the ledge ends as suddenly as it began, and they shoot up, up, up, to:

## 88 INT. - DARKNESS AT THE SURFACE

Coughing, spluttering, inhaling deep gulps of fresh air ... and swimming to the gravelly shore of:

## 89 A SUBTERRANEAN GROTTO

whose faint phosphorescence illuminates them as they collapse, panting exhaustedly. We may FAVOR NOVA'S bosom, as she pants.

BRENT  
(stroking her hair)  
Sleep, Nova. Sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 INT. APE CITY TEMPLE - NIGHT

The temple (as in our picture's predecessor) 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, clad in scarlet.

MINISTER

O God, we pray you, bless our  
great Army and its Supreme Commander  
on the eve of a Holy War undertaken  
for your sake...

CUT TO:

91 REVERSE SHOT - CONGREGATION

We PAN ZAIUS and other MEMBERS of Ape Hierarchy kneeling in front row, during:

MINISTER

...and grant that we, your chosen servants, created and born in your divine image, may aspire the more perfectly to that spiritual godliness and bodily beauty which you, in your infinite mercy, have thought fit to deny to our brutish enemies.

PAN ENDS as we TRACK IN to BIG HEAD of a smugly superior URSUS.

URSUS

(above others)

So be it.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 INT. DARKNESS OF GROTTTO

The drip, drip, drip on soundtrack is the drip of from a stalactite on the roof reaching for a stalagmite on the ground. Nearby lie BRENT and NOVA asleep in each other's arms. We may infer what we will. BRENT wakes; and himself wakes NOVA with a kiss. She is sleepy and confused.

BRENT

(soothingly)

I know, I know. It could be morning, noon or night.

He stumbles down to the water's edge, sluices his face; drinks; scoops more water, and carries it to NOVA. Kneeling over her:

BRENT

Drink your breakfast.... lunch ... dinner ...

Cont.



92 Cont.

She drinks out of his cupped hands and lies drowsily back.  
He gives her a long look.

BRENT

Are you what we were, before we  
learned to talk and made fools  
of ourselves? Did any good ever  
come of talking ... round all  
those tables? Did Apes make war,  
when they were still dumb? Did  
Men?

In the silence we hear the drip, drip, drip of water on  
stone.

BRENT

(to nobody)

You can love without talking.

SHOCK CUT TO:

93 EXT. - CLOSEUP OF GORILLA SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR - DAY

SERGEANT

Fire!

CUT TO:

94 THE SHOOTING RANGE (AS IN SCENE 68)

The same CADETS fire -- decimating a different line of  
living "TARGETS", not all of whom die. And beyond the  
butts, the same white discs appear, indicating accuracy.

SERGEANT

Reload!

DISSOLVE TO:

95 INT. GROTTTO - BRENT, NOVA

BRENT

If there is a way out, it'd  
better be easier than the way in.

Cont.

95 Cont.

He tries to pull her to her feet, but her exhaustion and lethargy defy him.

BRENT  
(letting go)  
Nova, if we stay here, we shall  
die.

No response.

BRENT  
Nova!

Sulkily, she turns her face away and lies inert. BRENT  
thinks hard; then tries an experiment.

BRENT  
Taylor.

The name's effect is galvanic. She leaps to her feet; looks eagerly about her; and points excitedly to the darkness in b.g., where her animal-eyes must have discerned an egress. Now it is she who seizes BRENT'S hand and tugs it so impatiently that it slips from her grasp and she runs on alone into the darkness. As her footsteps recede:

BRENT  
(rueful smile)  
That wasn't very flattering.

A pause. The footsteps have receded into silence.

BRENT  
Nova?

No answer.

BRENT  
Nova!

Only echoes.

BRENT  
(yelling)  
NO - VAA!

'VAA ... vaa ... vaa!' echoing and clanging round the cavern. Perturbed, BRENT strides into the faintly phosphorescent murk of:

96

## INT. THE LABYRINTH

Detail dependent on set. But in general:

The rear of the grotto narrows to a passage which BRENT enters. Almost instantly he confronts a bifurcation.

BRENT

Nova!

No answer. He takes the right fork ... to a dead end; runs back; takes the left fork to ... a second bifurcation; listens and shouts again.

BRENT

Nova!

Silence at first. Then the faint approach of running footsteps gradually loudening. But at the moment when we expect NOVA to run into shot, the footsteps pass on the far side of the rock face against which BRENT leans ... and recede.

To stop her:

BRENT

(yelling)

NO - VAA!

'VAA ... vaa ... vaa!' Distantly, the footsteps stop. Retracing his own steps, he runs back towards the source of hers; picks up a large stone and begins to bang it on the intervening rock face. After an interminable pause, he hears a muffled tapping from her side further down the passage; races to the spot and bangs again with the stone. She taps back. So, banging and tapping, they move forward on either side of the rock face -- though there is no guarantee that his route will continue to run parallel with hers. Indeed, at one moment his path twists sharply left -- and he loses her tapping. Then the path twists right again. Banging and tapping are resumed.

But now, as he walks, the rock face on his other side begins to fall away till he is walking on a ledge ... and the ledge is narrowing. He picks up another stone and peers over the ledge into:

97

## P.O.V. SHOT - INKY BLACKNESS

BRENT'S hand, moving into f.g. drops the stone. Darkness swallows it after three seconds. After another five, we hear and see the faraway, phosphorescent splash as the stone hits water.

CUT BACK TO:

98 CLOSEUP - BRENT, SWEATING

And now we SLOW-CRANE BACK to what BRENT cannot yet see:

99 REVERSE MED. LONG SHOT - THE END OF THE ROCK FACE

A 'U'-shaped outcrop, with its base towards us. Down the arms of the 'U' run the two parallel ledges along which NOVA (LEFT) and BRENT (RIGHT) are separately and unwittingly approaching the 'U's' curved base, where the ledges stop short at a sheer precipice. To this we ZOOM as NOVA misses her footing at the ledge's end -- clinging to a crag as the stones, which she has dislodged, rattle and clatter down the vertical slope below her. During the eight seconds before the stones are silent:

CUT TO:

100 BRENT

traversing the face of the precipice. We PAN him to NOVA'S side, where he climbs the crag and hauls her to safety. They stagger back along NOVA'S ledge, till it reenters the rock face and becomes once more:

101 A PASSAGE

in one of whose ramifications, they collapse exhaustedly. Both are gasping like long-distance runners; and it is only as their breathing quietens that they become gradually aware of a sound which we have CREPT-IN on Soundtrack: a very faint, very faraway hum.

BRENT

(miming to Nova)

From now on ... you stay where  
I can see you.

He cocks his head on one side and slaps his right ear with the flat of his hand.

BRENT

Yesterday's dive ... my ears  
are singing.

He looks curiously at NOVA, who is shaking her own head like a surfacing swimmer.

BRENT

Or are they?

He listens. The hum, very faint and distant continues.

Cont.

101 Cont.

BRENT  
 (thinking aloud  
 to Nova)  
 That hum is not in my head.  
 (holding Nova's  
 head still)  
 Nor in yours. And it's not a  
 natural hum. Not like bees.  
 Not like the wind in caves. It's  
 too ... steady.

He stands up, suddenly, with hope in his eyes; extends a hand to NOVA who obediently (after her scolding) stands, too.

BRENT  
 We're going to chase it.

CUT TO:

102 THE SEARCH FOR THE HUM

Detail dependent on set. In general:

No DIALOGUE or MUSIC in this sequence, for the HUM is the aural 'thread' which will guide them out of the labyrinth; and the excitement of its gradual crescendo at every new twist, turn and fork taken by BRENT and NOVA (her keen ears are sometimes better than his at making a directional decision) will provide all the music we need.

And this 'music' will itself be both aurally and visually augmented, toward the search's end, by the blowing of a light but steady wind behind BRENT and NOVA, which may well (for their path has begun to slope upwards) deceive them and the audience into thinking they are about to surface.

In the search's penultimate stage, they enter:

103 A LONG, SLIGHTLY UPHILL PASSAGE

at whose tapering far end glimmers a sliver of very dim, indirect light. As they approach it, the HUM (already loud) grows louder and the wind behind them strong enough for them to run uphill. We TRACK BEHIND them. The sliver of light widens, framed by a rocky egress just broad enough to accommodate their simultaneous exit (expectantly!) into:

104 A HIGH-VAULTED NATURAL ROCK TUNNEL

Broad as a road, and running uphill at right angles to the previous passage. The HUM loudens to dynamic intensity as BRENT (his hair windblown) looks LEFT for the light source, and freezes incredulously as we WHIZZ-PAN to:

105 P.O.V. MED SHOT - THE VENT

A hundred yards away, set ten feet high in the rock barrier across the uphill road's dead end. Into it blows (or is sucked?) the wind; and from it issues a light too white to be the sky's. It is large enough to admit a man, and apparently quite unprotected. As to its shape:

CUT TO:

106 CLOSEUP - BRENT

BRENT

If Mother Nature made that octagon, she made the Pentagon.

We PULL BACK, as (followed by NOVA) BRENT walks up the hill; two black silhouettes against the bright, white light. The HUM, dynamo-loud, continues menacingly as we TRACK BEHIND THEM to:

107 DIRECTLY BELOW VENT

We see now that its octagonal frame is wrought in white metal. BRENT looks up speculatively to where the wind is rushing through it; then turns and grins reassuringly at NOVA.

BRENT

At least they're not fish. Whatever's inside needs air.

He begins to climb towards the vent. But as he puts his hand on the lowest bar of the octagon to haul himself up, a frightening thing happens. The HUM cuts out. We have become so inured to the noise's intensity that its absence shocks. For five long seconds BRENT is too nonplussed to make the correct deduction. Then he removes his hand from the bottom bar. The HUM restarts. He puts his hand on other bars. The HUM continues. He touches the bottom bar again, but lightly and briefly with one finger. As briefly, the HUM "bloops" ... and continues.

So the bottom bar, which an ignorant intruder would be sure to touch first, is the only sensitized one. He looks down at NOVA. Over the HUM:

Cont.

107 Cont.

BRENT

We can't go back, can we? We've  
got to go on. Now watch.

She's watching already.

CUT TO:

108 FROM NOVA'S P.O.V. - BRENT

Using lower bars adjacent to the bottom one, he hauls himself high enough to grip the top bar of the octagon -- from which (tucking up his knees to keep clear of the sensitized bottom bar) he swings himself in ... and disappears from view. The HUM continues. We STAY with NOVA, alone and apprehensive, long enough for us to feel apprehensive, too. Then BRENT'S head reappears, silhouetted, in the vent.

BRENT

It's ... odd.  
(beckoning)  
Come.

In pardonable tension, he holds both hands protectively above the bottom bar to indicate that she must not use it. And she doesn't. With an intelligence that should touch us, she copies his every previous move and (tucking up her knees) swings, finally, from the top bar into:

109 TIGHT TWO SHOT - HIS WAITING ARMS BELOW

If BRENT were going to fall completely in love with NOVA (which he isn't), he would do so now. This dear, long-suffering, beautiful, dutiful, dumb creature has followed him patiently through thick and thin with what at first he took for the mere animal attachment to a new master found, who might lead her back to a former, better loved master lost. But now she has shown intelligence beyond an animal's capacity; and he hugs her with a mixture of affection and pride, which will make his later behaviour to her seem all the more inexplicable.

BRENT

Nova, if ever I deliver you safely  
to ...

(he hesitates and  
spells)

... T-A-Y-L-O-R, there'll be hope  
for the Human Race.

Cont.

109 Cont.

BRENT (Cont.)  
 (bodefully looking  
 about him)  
 What hopes here ...?

We begin a LONG PULL-BACK to:

110 FULL SHOT - THE WHITE TUNNEL

From the dark, natural world of rock and river, they have entered the preternaturally white world of ... what or whom? They are standing on the white floor of a white-walled, down-sloping tunnel (also octagonal in section) through which the released air now less restrictedly races towards a dot of white light at the tunnel's end. They begin to walk towards the dot, and we HOLD them as they recede from Medium Shot to Long Shot: two diminishing silhouettes, alone except for the continuing HUM.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

111 REVERSE SHOT - BRENT AND NOVA

The HUM has died away, as they emerge from the tunnel into:

112 THE OUTSKIRTS OF WHITE CITY

(NOTE: The City's general design should be based on the premise that it was buried in the nuclear war of 1990 and became a refuge for survivors trying to evade fallout. Parts of the 2,000 years old original structure -- 20th century brick, stone, concrete and perhaps even corroded subway or sewer signs -- might still very occasionally show through the predominantly white architecture and interior decor of a 22nd century catacomb-complex scooped out of ancient foundations).

At the moment the narrow streets (or are they wide corridors?) stand silent and empty between windowless walls. As BRENT and NOVA walk:

BRENT  
 ( softly)  
 Indoors or outdoors? Day or night?  
 (looking up)  
 How can you tell without a sky?  
 And where are the people? Indoors?  
 Then we're outdoors. Outdoors?  
 Then we're indoors. Or are they  
 dead? Is it a ghost town?

Cont.



112 Cont.

BRENT (Cont.)  
(scratching his head)  
Do ghosts need air conditioning...?

They turn a corner into:

113 PUBLIC SQUARE

BRENT  
Do ghosts need flowers?

The flowers, too, are white -- growing in urns between broad benches grouped around a small central fountain, which is not playing. BRENT picks a flower. The stem artificially snaps. The petals won't pull off.

BRENT  
What were they copied from?  
Pictures?

He puts the artificial flower in NOVA'S hair. Then, more briskly:

BRENT  
I think we're outdoors. I think it's night. And I think the people aren't dead. They're asleep.  
(leading Nova to a bench)  
Like you should be. We'll take turns.

They sit side by side on the bench, facing the inoperative fountain. She nestles against him.

BRENT  
Good night. If it is night.

His fingers shut her eyes. His own eyes stare watchfully ahead. As she sleeps, CAMERA LIFTS AND SLOW-ZOOMS to:

114 THE FAR WALL OF THE SQUARE BEHIND THEM

It contains the only door we have yet seen in the White City. A huge, closed, double one. Like a cathedral's.

DISSOLVE TO:

115

INT. APE CITY RESEARCH COMPLEX - URSUS, ZAIUS AND (RELIGIOUS)  
MINISTER - NIGHT

ZAIUS

Supposing they turn out to be  
our superiors.

URSUS

(unrolling map)  
Their territory is no larger than  
ours. We shall not be outnumbered.

ZAIUS

I was not referring to their numbers.  
My supposition concerned their  
intelligence.

URSUS stares at him.

URSUS

(politely)  
Then your supposition was blasphemous,  
Dr. Zaius.

MINISTER

It is written in the Sacred Scrolls  
that God created Apes in His own  
image to be Masters of the Earth.  
We are His Chosen.

URSUS

(to Zaius)  
Do you doubt that?

ZAIUS

(deftly parrying)  
What I doubt is your interpretation  
of God's intention. Has He ordained  
that we should make war?

URSUS

(rising)  
Has He ordained that we should die  
of starvation?

MINISTER

Has He ordained that we should make  
peace with the Human Race?

ZAIUS

(brushing this aside)  
They are mere animals.

Cont.

115 Cont.

URSUS  
(stabbing map)  
And these?

ZAIUS  
They are unknown.

MINISTER  
(unctuously rising,  
too)  
A godly Ape is not afraid of the  
unknown.

ZAIUS  
(icy)  
I am not afraid. I am circumspect.

URSUS looks down on him where he sits, and assumes a politic  
joviality.

URSUS  
Still not too circumspect to ride  
with me on the Day?

ZAIUS  
(the last to rise)  
No. As a scientist, I am also  
curious.

We SLOW-TRACK BACK out of earshot through the COMPLEX to:

116 ZIRA AND CORNELIUS

working late on their Human "GUINEA PIGS". CORNELIUS takes  
notes, as ZIRA puts her face close to the bars.

ZIRA  
Ma - ma - ma - ma ...

A MALE HUMAN mimics the lip movements, but produces no sound.

ZIRA  
(frustrated fury)  
Oh, Cornelius. If I could teach  
one of them to talk ...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

117 WHITE CITY - PUBLIC SQUARE

The same white light. We START on the fountain from which, after five seconds inactivity, the water begins suddenly and gracefully (who turned it on?) to jet. The soft splashing (as we PAN OFF it) alerts NOVA. She wakes BRENT, sleeping beside her on the bench.

BRENT

(yawning)

There should be birds, too.

He eases himself off the bench and pulls NOVA up by one hand.

BRENT

(licking hungry  
lips)

One day, there'll be a steak --  
black as cracked ebony on the out-  
side, with liquid vermilion interior.  
Guaranteed to overlap the plate. Come  
and drink your breakfast.

He leads her to the bowl of the fountain; and gently, playfully, ducks her face into the cool, splashing water. It is hard to tell precisely when the gesture inexplicably degenerates from the playful and the gentle into the horrific. She tries to bring her head up. He doesn't actually push it down. He merely continues holding it -- so steadily, that he doesn't even disturb the white artificial flowers which, only last night, he put affectionately in her hair.  
We TRACK IN to:

118 CLOSEUP - BRENT

His face reflects a convulsive mental struggle between an outer and an inner force. The outer force is saying: Put my hands round her throat. Hold her head down in the water till she dies. The inner force is saying: Take my hands off her throat. Get out of my head. What BRENT grunts and gasps out, as both forces tangle for possession is:

BRENT

Take...put my hands off...round  
her throat hold her throat and  
get out of my head-down in the  
water till she dies ---

(rising to a yell)

I AM FIGHTING AN ORDER!

We PULL BACK to:

119 TWO SHOT - BRENT, NOVA

As BRENT, with a Herculean physical effort, wrenches his hands free and stares, appalled, at NOVA whose eyes (when

Cont.

119 Cont.

her coughing and gagging have subsided) stare back at him in piteous bewilderment. He is struggling not to reapproach her, and backs effortfully away as though fighting something that would push him forward. She stands motionless.

BRENT

(backing all  
the time)

Nova, keep away from her throat her  
bare throat in the water until you get  
out of my head ...

(stopping his ears)

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

He has backed against the huge double door (Scene 114), which (for a perfectly good reason) is not locked. The two half doors swing open behind him. He forces himself back over the dark threshold, stops for a beat to look back at:

120 LONG SHOT OVER BRENT'S SHOULDER: NOVA DISTANTLY FRAMED  
IN DOUBLE DOOR'S DEAD CENTER

Already taking a hesitant step towards him. Then his hands in f.g. pull the half doors closed. As their outer edges touch, it is as though her distant image were crushed between two converging panels of darkness.

CUT TO:

121 CLOSE SHOT - BRENT

Hanging exhaustedly from the inner door-grips -- trembling, sweating ... but sane. For the moment, the "fit" has passed. He turns to survey (at eye level) whatever the interior of this building may behold.

CUT TO:

122 INT. CATHEDRAL AT BRENT'S EYE LEVEL TIGHT SHOT

It holds (in contrast to the bright, white light outside) blessed gloom. We START on the rows of pews flanking a great nave; TRACK BETWEEN them to the threshold of the Sanctuary ... past the choir stalls ... and to a prie-dieu below the High Alter, where a white-robed, white-hooded figure (VERGER) kneels still as a statue. There is no reason why the opening door (even if he had heard it) should interrupt his devotions. The Cathedral door is always open to devotees.

Without turning in the gloom, he lifts his head to look up at something which our TIGHT SHOT still occludes; throws back his hood and raises both arms in an attitude of adoration.

122 Cont.

VERGER  
(ritually intoning)  
I reveal my Inmost Self unto my  
God!

CAMERA TILTS UP to disclose, SPOT-LIT, above the High Altar:

123 A 20TH CENTURY ATOM-BOMB

Perfectly preserved; and slung, like a great inverted Cross,  
between two supporting brackets of beaten gold.

CUT TO:

124 BRENT

staring at it in horror, from against the double door.

BRENT  
(a whisper)  
In a church ... ?

A scratch on the door behind him. He is too riveted, by  
what he has seen, to hear it. Three more scratches, louder.

BRENT  
(a whisper)  
Nova?

An excited flurry of scratches. BRENT, his back to the  
door, slides both hands into the door grips and stands  
there, as though crucified, bolting it.

BRENT  
(urgent whisper)  
Keep away, Nova. Keep away  
from me... and from here.

But at the sound of his voice the scratching becomes a  
tapping, and the tapping a crescendo, relentless fist-  
pounding, over which we:

CUT TO:

125 VERGER

reacting to noise. He replaces his hood, and presses ...

126 FLASH - INSERT

the first of three jewelled buttons (emerald, topaz and  
ruby) on an ornate panel set in to the top of the prie-Dieu.

CUT TO:

127 VERGER RISING

He makes the Sign of the Bomb. (\*)

CUT TO:

128 EXQUISITELY-WROUGHT SCREENS

sliding together to conceal the Bomb above the High Altar.  
As they touch:

CUT TO:

129 MASTER SHOT

The whole cathedral is flooded with white, bright light ... under which BRENT confronts advancing VERGER, while o.s. NOVA'S pounding on the double door relentlessly continues. But before VERGER has reached BRENT, the pounding stops short to a scuffle of footsteps outside. We hear sounds of a struggle. BRENT races to the double-doors; then inexplicably stops short and (as the footsteps recede) looks back over his shoulder at:

A-129 VERGER

(A tall man of indecipherable age, he shares facial characteristics common to all the City's denizens: great beauty; an unwrinkled skin; deep-set eyes in shadowed sockets; and that slightly accentuated definition of the lip-line which, in men and women of our own day, is often accounted sexy. We are about to learn one other remarkable attribute which he shares with his fellows.)

BRENT strides perturbedly into shot.

BRENT

What d'you mean, there's no  
point? Will they hurt her?

VERGER

(nothing)

BRENT

Maybe you don't, physically. But  
you can hurt mentally.

(hitting his own head)

I know.

VERGER

(nothing)

Cont.

---

(\*) An inverted Sign of the Cross. The vertical downward gesture depicts the body of the Bomb; and the two small lateral gestures, the fins at its base.



A-129 Cont.

BRENT

Yes, it's gone, now. But outside  
in the ---

(suddenly terrified)

Your lips didn't move. Your lips  
didn't move, but I could hear ...  
no, not hear ... I mean I knew.  
I knew what you were thinking.

VERGER

(smiles; says nothing)

BRENT

(dumbfounded)

All of you? Can you tell what  
I'm thinking?

VERGER

(still smiles)

BRENT

(sigh of relief)

So I can keep my own secrets.

The VERGER'S smile vanishes.

VERGER

(nothing)

BRENT

(angrily)

Now? Why the hell should I?

VERGER

(nothing)

But as though in automatic response, BRENT looks quickly  
over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

130 TWO UNARMED GUARDS - AGAINST THE DOUBLE DOOR BEHIND HIM

They are genuine giants. And they merely touch his elbows  
with their fingertips.

BRENT

All right, I'll come.

The TRIO move down the nave. Reaching the sanctuary,  
GUARDS take BRENT left through a transept and out of shot.  
We STAY with VERGER by the prie-Dieu, looking up at the  
closed screens. And looking worried.

CUT TO:

## 131 PUBLIC SQUARE

No sign of NOVA. But the fountain is prettily playing, and so are a dozen CHILDREN (of many races, all beautiful) dancing in a ring round it. They sing:

## CHILDREN

Ring-a-ring o'neutrons,  
A pocketful of positrons,  
A fission! A fission!  
We all fall down.

They fall outwards on their backs in a star-shape, and lie deathly still -- but smiling. It's only a game.

CUT TO:

NOTE: The ensuing scene should adumbrate a mystery without signalling the mystery's solution. It is open to adjustment.

## 132 GUARDS LEADING BRENT

leading Brent down a long white corridor lined on one side by head-and-shoulder portraits -- each titled and dated. We PAN them slowly from BRENT'S P.O.V., for they visually encapsule an aspect of the City's history.

We START on an antique, cracked canvas in an old-fashioned gilded frame, labelled: MENDEZ I: 1997-B.3. The portrait is that of a handsome, strong-jawed, dark-haired, military-moustached soldier in the 20th century uniform of a U.S. Army five-star General. His likeness survives in the portrait of MENDEZ II - V, though the uniform has been replaced by clothes and (later) robes of advancing fashion. The style of painting and framing advances, too; for the portraits are all by different hands.

As we PAN past MENDEZ VI - XIII, a strain of no more than ordinary depravity appears to be developing in the Mendez dynasty, as it once developed in the Hanoverians and the Medici: coarser features, a fatter face, a weaker chin, a balder head; possible evidence of alcoholism in a bulbous nose; and of brawling, in an eye-patch.

But MENDEZ XIII, a handsome enough rogue, must have made a good marriage; because MENDEZ XIV (who appears to have succeeded him when young) is of a beauty sufficiently remarkable to halt BRENT in his stride. But the giant GUARDS will brook no delay and threateningly hurry him past the remaining portraits, which are all handsome. And the new, healthier infusion into the dynastic strain survives to the last portrait of all: the haughty, noble, austere aquiline face (with the characteristically deep-set eyes and delicately-defined lip line) of MENDEZ XXVI.

132 Cont.

We have reached the corridor's end. The GUARDS usher BRENT down the steps of a narrow passage. We LOSE them; TRACK IN to the portrait of MENDEZ XXVI, and:

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

133 MED. CLOSEUP - THE PORTRAIT'S (ENTHRONED) ORIGINAL

MENDEZ is looking down at:

134 P.O.V. SHOT - BRENT BELOW

Being ushered by GUARDS into the 'well' of:

135 MASTER SHOT - THRONE ROOM - INQUISITORS, BRENT, GUARDS

MENDEZ (in purple) sits between, and physically dominates, four other INQUISITORS robed in different (and, for the moment, arbitrarily chosen) colours: a magnificent NEGRO -- coal-black, clad in white; a serene FAT MAN in red; and a strikingly beautiful woman (ALBINA) in blue. The remaining chair (on MENDEZ's right) is turned away from us and seems vacant; but on BRENT's entry it swivels around to face him and reveals ... CASPAY, a charming and cheerful green-robed dwarf, whose head does not rise above the chair-back and whose little legs protrude a yard above the ground.

The INQUISITORS sit high up against the curved white wall of a room shaped like a semi-circular amphitheatre. If they look down, they can see BRENT standing between GUARDS in the 'well' of the hall below. If they look level, they can intermittently see their own thoughts projected on to the straight white wall ahead, where five rectangular recesses -- one opposite each INQUISITOR -- receive the visual impress of their thought projections. Each "screen" is framed in the color matching the "sender" - the Negro's in white, the Fat Man's in red, etc. This is the physical setup for an Interrogation Extraordinary, whose conduct requires:

#### A PRELIMINARY NOTE

The INQUISITORS will mix the following techniques:

- a. Non-visual thought projection. Brent will answer questions which we have not heard spoken. Convention: the questions are 'signalled' by an unassertive little jerk forward of an Inquisitor's head (a sort of nod cut short) as though the questioner were 'throwing' his quarry at the prisoner..

Cont.

135 Cont.

- b. Visual thought projection. Used by the Inquisitors among themselves only. Brent has his back to the recesses and cannot, without turning around, see what the Inquisitors are thinking. Convention: An Inquisitor merely raises his eyes towards his own recess -- on which the projected thought image instantly appears, in the colour of his (or hers) robes. In the NEGRO's case, this would be black-and-white.
- c. The spoken word -- to which Mendez and Caspay (in particular) will resort when Brent under intensive questioning, begins mentally to tire.
- d. Traumatic hypnosis. Used ruthlessly on Brent, when he is unduly stubborn. By thought-transference (as we have already seen) the Inquisitors can hurt him physically or mentally. Convention: the practitioner merely closes his eyes; and Brent remains in pain until the eyes are re-opened.

Our actors should note that each Inquisitor pursues (in alternation) an individual line of questioning. The Negro probes for facts; Albina, for emotional feelings; Caspay, for beliefs and opinions. The Fat Man asks no questions at all. He is there merely to induce pain. At first, Brent is like a man caught in silent cross fire from four machine guns for no Inquisitor yet speaks.

NOTE ENDS.

ACTION RESUMES.

INTERCUT:

136 BRENT, MENDEZ, INQUISITORS

NEGRO  
(jerks head)

BRENT  
Brent.

NEGRO  
(jerks head)

BRENT  
John Christopher.

NEGRO  
(jerks head)

Cont.