

136 Cont.

BRENT
They both died when I was a kid.
I was raised by my grandmother.

ALBINA
(interested; jerks
head)

BRENT
Maternal.

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
No. I was an only child.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
New York, originally.
(rueful grin)
And right now I wish I were back.

Unnervingly, all the INQUISITORS laugh out loud. Even
MENDEZ thinly smiles.

BRENT
(uneasily)
What's so funny ...?

ALBINA
(sympathetically;
jerks head)

BRENT
I'm single.

MENDEZ and INQUISITORS all raise their eyes to:

A-136 THE FIVE RECESSES

above and behind BRENT. On each recess there springs up,
almost simultaneously, an image (differing in content and
color) of NOVA, who is projected:

- In black-and-white, by the NEGRO: pulling herself through
the octagonal air-vent. (Sc. 108)

Cont.

A-136 Cont.

- In blue, by ALBINA: asleep in BRENT's arms on the bench in the square.
- In red, by FAT MAN: as BRENT forces her head down into the basin of the fountain. (SC. 119)
- In purple, by MENDEZ: hammering on the outside of the Cathedral's double-door.
- In green, by CASPAY: her seizure and removal by GUARDS.

CUT BACK TO:

B-136 MASTER-SHOT

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
(instantly defensive)
She doesn't come into it. Where
is she?

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
(dangerously)
I said she doesn't come into it.

A pause. NEGRO, ALBINA and CASPAY slowly turn and look enquiringly at FAT MAN, to whom we CLOSE. He shakes his head, as if to say: Not yet.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
Where is she?

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
(doggedly repeating)
Where is she?

NEGRO, ALBINA and CASPAY look at FAT MAN.

FAT MAN
(blinks)

Cont.

B-136 Cont.

BRENT cries out; doubles up as though kneed in the groin ... and gradually, painfully, straightens.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
(defiantly)
I'll tell you, if you tell me.

Silence.

BRENT
(losing temper and
yelling)
WHERE IS -----?

FAT MAN
(blinks)

BRENT is 'lifted' off his feet in mid-yell, as though by an uppercut -- and goes down for a (putative) count of five. As he rises, rubbing his jaw:

BRENT
Just tell me where I am. Tell me
what you want of me -- and her.
I don't want to see her hurt.

FAT MAN smiles.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
(wearily)
My time or yours? By my time, I'm
twenty-six. By yours, I'm getting
on for two thousand.

Now the INQUISITORS look at each other speculatively; and MENDEZ raises great, hooded eagle eyes to:

137 HIS RECESS

On it is projected in purple:

T		Z
A	23	Θ
U	11	Θ
A	2	F
U	13	Θ

The four INQUISITORS nod their understanding of the image's implication (*). The dwarf, CASPAY, raises twinkling eyes to:

138 HIS RECESS

And projects a contributory equation in green.

CUT BACK TO:

(*) Technical advice may well yield a mathematically more apposite 'projection' than this computer-code instruction for calculating the time/space continuum of an approaching astral body. I stole it from the astronomer, Hoyle.

139 MASTER SHOT

The INQUISITORS are all looking down on BRENT.

BRENT
(of his own accord)
I'm an astronaut.

Sharply, the five pairs of eyes "confer" and lift again to:

140 ALL FIVE RECESSES

On each there subliminally springs up (not quite simultaneously) a different image of TAYLOR. ALBINA remembers him as handsome; CASPAY, as very tall from a dwarf's P.O.V.; NEGRO, as argumentative. And the FAT MAN remembers him in pain. The images successively vanish, as we:

CUT BACK TO:

141 MASTER SHOT

Now CASPAY amiably jerks his dwarf's head.

BRENT
(hotly)
I didn't 'break into' it. I took
refuge in it. Refuge from the
thoughts you ... someone ... was
putting into my head. You were
trying to make me kill.

CASPAY
(jerks head)

BRENT
No, I never have. I grew up
between wars.

CASPAY
(jerks head)

BRENT
I loathe and abominate them.

MENDEZ lifts his eyes to:

142 HIS RECESS

He projects an image (seen only by his colleagues) of the Atom Bomb, unscreened and spotlight above the High Altar.

CUT TO:

143 MASTER SHOT

The NEGRO takes his cue; jerks his head at BRENT, who has seen nothing. But a wary look comes into BRENT'S eyes. He doesn't answer. They notice he doesn't answer. ALL, except MENDEZ, lean forward.

NEGRO
(re-jerks head)

BRENT
(with an eye on
FAT MAN; carefully)
Nothing, at first. It was too
dark, after the brightness outside.
Then the lights went on, and I saw...
whoever it was ... coming towards
me from the Altar.

CAMERA SLOW-TILTS until we are SHOOTING UP past BRENT'S head in LOWER F.G., to include the Bomb's image in all FIVE RECESSES above and behind him in UPPER b.g. We CROSS-CUT this shot with INQUISITORS, during:

INTERCUT WITH:

144 INQUISITORS

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
It's hard to remember. At the
base of the Altar was a -- a sort
of kneeling-desk.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
Above it were ... screens.

CASPAY
(interested; jerks head)

BRENT
They were beautifully carved. In
gold, I'd say. I can't remember
the pattern.

Cont.

144 Cont.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

And BRENT suddenly faces a trap from whose brink he knows that he must somehow withdraw. We violently INTERCUT incisive head-jerks from all the INQUISITORS, except MENDEZ, during:

BRENT
I said 'they' because ... there must have been two ... I could see the join down the middle ... I didn't say 'perfectly carved', I said 'beautifully carved'. I could see the join down the middle ... yes, I remember it ... No, I don't remember the pattern, but I remember the join ... I'm not an artist. I'm a mechanic. Joins are easier to remember than patterns.

NEGRO
(jerks head)

BRENT
If they could open, they weren't open. They were shut. And if they hid anything that I shouldn't have seen, I didn't see it.

We can see it -- still projected in quintuplicate on the five recesses. The FAT MAN shuts his eyes and, for the first time keeps them shut as we INTERCUT him with BRENT writhing about the floor with the arched back of a victim to the scalding internal agonies of Prussic acid. At last, the FAT MAN opens his eyes; and BRENT'S "fit" passes.

BRENT
(prone; pouring sweat)
I've told you the truth. Hurting me won't help. Even killing me ...

The FAT MAN licks well defined lips. The GUARDS haul BRENT upright to enable him to confront an affable head-jerk from CASPAY. The disarming twinkle never leaves his eyes, during:

BRENT
(hand to brow; tiring)
'Secrets?' Did I say that?

Cont.

144 Cont.1

CASPAY
(jerks head)

BRENT
Oh, yes. To the man in the cathedral.
I asked him whether he could read my
thoughts. He said 'Can an eagle read
a pig's?' ...

CASPAY'S twinkling smile broadens.

BRENT
... by which I took it that he
couldn't. I said: 'So I can
keep my secrets.'

CASPAY
(jerks head)

BRENT
No particular secret. Just secrets
in general.

CASPAY
(jerks head)

BRENT
(thinking rapidly)
Well, for one thing, the secret that
I hadn't come here alone.

Instantly ALBINA takes over; jerks her strikingly handsome
head.

BRENT
She's called Nova.

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
Only two days.

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
Don't be crude. I'm fond of her --
and grateful.

Cont.

144 Cont.2

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
Because she helped me.

ALBINA
(jerks head)

BRENT
(distinctly)
To break out of Ape City. If it's
of any interest, they intend to
invade you.

CUT TO:

145 RECESSES

The five images of the Bomb flick out -- leaving spaces as
blank as:

146 INQUISITORS' FACES - ASTONISHMENT

After a beat, ALL lean forward and jerk their heads.

BRENT
(blocking his ears)
Stop doing it together! I can't
separate ... I can't select ...
and you go on at me. On at me.

He is still blocking his ears and so can hear nothing, as we:

CUT TO:

147 MENDEZ

MENDEZ
(softly)
We should speak.

He looks at:

A-147 ALBINA

We SLOW PULL-BACK, finally to include BRENT (hands dropped,
now) during:

ALBINA
(soothingly)
Are we to apprehend that you ...
sojourned in the City of the Apes
as lately as two days ago?

A-147 Cont.

BRENT
'Sojourned' is putting it over
politely but you may apprehend
just that.

Suddenly, BRENT does a double take.

Cont.

A-147 Cont.1

BRENT

You talked. You didn't think at
me. You talked.

CASPAY

(more cheerfully
colloquial)

Of course Albina talked, Mr. Brent.
We can all talk. I have to keep in
rather better practice, as Minister
for External Affairs -- not that we've
had many External Affairs until recently
-- but most of us have shed the habit
of talking, because we no longer need to.

FAT MAN

(unexpectedly)

Except when we pray.

NEGRO

When we speak or sing to God ...

ALL make the Sign of the Bomb.

ALBINA

... we open our lips ...

CASPAY

(serenely)

... and pray for peace.

BRENT

In my day, it was the other way round.
The warmongers talked loud. Very loud.
But some of us prayed silently --

NEGRO

Of what use was silence?
(with a gesture that
embraces the entire City)
New York was flattened.

BRENT

(staggered)

New ---?

CASPAY

(beaming)

New York, Mr. Brent. You've come home.
Sixty or seventy floors lower, maybe ...

Cont.

A-147 Cont.2

We are TRACKING IN over CASPAY'S shoulder to what (unfocused) has hitherto seemed to be a dark patch on the white wall. It is a 20th. century subway sign -- preserved in a patch of the original structure under a protective strip of perspex. Like an ancient inscription. Which it is. OVER THIS:

CASPAY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

... at what was once sewer level ...

CUT BACK TO:

148 MASTER SHOT

CASPAY

... But home, nonetheless. And at a very apposite moment, it would seem, to save us from being flattened again.

BRENT

(warily)

Save ...?

FAT MAN

Tell us about the Apes, Mr. Brent.

But BRENT is thinking -- hard.

ALBINA

Are you, perhaps, a pa-ci-fist?
Like us?

BRENT looks with suspicion at her grave and beautiful face.

BRENT

I'm a more hybrid and maybe less effective thing, ma'am. What we used to call a Dove. Doves abominate war -- but, in the last resort, for their country's or even the world's freedom, they're prepared to wage it.

CASPAY

This is your country. And your world.

FAT MAN

Tell us about the Apes, Mr. Brent.

Cont.

148 Cont.

BRENT
(ignoring him)
If a man is forced to fight, he
must love what he fights for.

ALBINA
(ghost of a smile)
And you do not love us?

BRENT
(ironic)
What I've seen here has given me
little cause --

NEGRO
What have you seen, Mr. Brent?

BRENT
Pain inflicted.

ALBINA
(soothingly)
You imagined he was hurting you.

BRENT laughs.

FAT MAN
Because I imagined I was hurting
you. Are you in pain now?

BRENT
No.

FAT MAN
No imaginary bones broken? Or
blood flowing?
(with increasing
enjoyment)
Or eyeballs bursting? Or guts
spilling?

BRENT
(louder)
No.

FAT MAN
Then I have hurt but not harmed you.

BRENT
Did one of you imagine, this
morning, that I was suffocating
a woman to death?

Cont.

148 Cont.1

FAT MAN

How could we? Death is unimaginable.

ALBINA

Traumatic Hypnosis is a weapon of peace.

CASPAY

(twinkling mysteriously)

Like the Visual Deterrent.

With a whoosh! a pillar of flame springs up a yard in front of BRENT, who reels back. With a whoosh! a vertical geyser jet of steam, behind him, drives him back towards the flame.

CASPAY

(delighted)

Or the Sonic Deterrent.

On soundtrack only: An invisible volley of machine-gun bullets from BRENT'S RIGHT is countered, from his LEFT, by an ear skewering electronic scream rising and loudening to a top note which even our audience should find intolerable. Then, with sudden simultaneity: VISUAL EFFECTS vanish and SONIC EFFECTS cut out.

CASPAY

(blandly)

Weapons of peace, Mr. Brent.

ALBINA

Like all our weapons.

FAT MAN

(soothingly)

Mere illusion.

BRENT loses his temper and his discretion.

BRENT

Illusion! Illusion! Damn your greasy hypocrisy, is the Bomb an illusion? Is the Bomb a weapon of pe ----

He checks himself too late. After a silence.

NEGRO

(softly)

What bomb, Mr. Brent?

Cont.

148 Cont.2

BRENT, cornered, says nothing for so long that all the INQUISITORS look at FAT MAN who leans forward, still open-eyed, in smiling anticipation. There is no point in BRENT'S delaying his surrender.

BRENT

That Atom Bomb I saw above the
High Altar in your Cathedral.

All the INQUISITORS stand and make the Sign of the Bomb. Even CASPAY no longer smiles. And MENDEZ rises like a lean Colossus.

MENDEZ

Then you have beheld God's
instrument on Earth, in whose
image He created our inmost
selves to be a light to brighten
the path of Peace and to reflect
His everlasting glory, and his
eternal truth.

He motions the INQUISITORS to sit, but himself remains standing.

MENDEZ

It is written that, in the
First Year of the Bomb --
when my remote forefather led
his few, surviving people out
of the Captivity of war on Earth's
surface -- the blessing of the
Holy Fall Out descended on them
from above ...

(BRENT winces)

... and they built this white, new
City out of the blackened bowels
of the old. And generation succeeded
to generation. But the Spirit of the
Holy Fall Out, still working within
us, has made our inmost selves so
to shine, that none might behold
such brightness save only the Bomb,
our Creator. Blessed be the Bomb
Everlasting ... To whom alone we
may reveal our inmost truth and...

(BRENT shuts his eyes)

... whom we have served all our days
in peace.

MENDEZ sits.

Cont.

148 Cont.3

CASPAY

(unsmiling; to BRENT)

Help us keep that peace. For we
possess no weapons other than
those you have seen.

NEGRO

Tell us about the Apes, Mr. Brent.

Cont.

148 Cont.3

BRENT

(quietly throughout;
to MENDEZ)

You call it God's instrument. I
call it the Devil's. You call it
everlasting. I pray for its
extinction.

(to NEGRO)

What little I know of the Apes, I
loathe and detest. But I loathe
and detest the Bomb more, because
its existence makes possible its
use. And while it survives in your
keeping, I will not help you or
take your side.

CASPAY

You ask us to destroy our God?

BRENT

You seem to have destroyed mine.

In an ominous silence, MENDEZ raises his eyes to:

149 HIS RECESS

He projects an image of NOVA.

CUT TO:

150 SHOOTING OVER ALBINA'S SHOULDER

She mentally "picks-up" MENDEZ'S Nova-Image (which flicks out) and transfers it to her own recess, where it stays, during:

151 MASTER SHOT

CASPAY

Mr. Brent, let me make a last appeal to your reason. For more than a thousand years we have dwelt here, content to live at peace with others because we were at peace with ourselves. Now we learn that others, more brutish and aggressive than we, are not content to live at peace with us. Your information would help us to defend ourselves with the harmless but effective weapons we have shown you. They are our only means of defense. We have no Ministry of War. We have no Army.

BRENT

(doggedly)

You have an Atonic Bomb.

CASPAY

Which is an object of innocent worship, at ceremonies which you are free to attend.

BRENT

(quoting, softly)

'Onward, Christian soldiers,
Each to war resigned
With the Cross of Jesus,
Vaguely kept in mind.'

CASPAY

I beg your pardon?

BRENT

Nothing.

CASPAY

(ingratiating
smile)

Then what may we hope for in the way of help?

Cont.

151 Cont.

BRENT

Nothing.

CASPAY

(the smile hardening)

How unfortunate ... for Nova.

CUT TO:

152 BRENT

Reacting, first to CASPAY; then (over sound of O.S. scuffle) to NOVA who is lugged into shot, struggling between GUARDS 3 and 4.

BRENT

(shouting)

How can she help you? She's dumb.

You're not to harm her!

CUT TO:

153 MASTER SHOT

ALBINA motions the GUARDS to release NOVA, who runs into BRENT'S protective arms. As he kisses her mouth:

ALBINA

(soothingly)

Of course not, Mr. Brent. We never harm anyone. You are going to harm her.

CUT TO:-

154 CLOSE SHOT - THE KISS

continuing. Tender at first, it develops from the loving into the lustful; and from the lustful into the lethal. He is pinching her nostrils and suffocating her mouth with his. Her struggles intensify, as we

CUT TO:

155 FAT MAN

His eyes are closed.

CUT BACK TO:

156 THE KISS

continuing. NOVA'S struggles grow weaker.

CUT TO:

157 CLOSEUP - NEGRO

NEGRO

Tell us about the Apes, Mr. Brent.

CUT TO:

158 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - FAT MAN

His eyes blink open. He looks interestedly at:

159 BRENT AND NOVA, BREAKING

She slips, fainting, to the floor from BRENT'S slackened grasp. He stares down at her, appalled.

CUT TO:

160 IMPASSIVE INQUISITORS

NEGRO

Tell us about the Apes.

CUT TO:

161 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRENT AND NOVA

BRENT fighting bewildered horror with returning intelligence. He must talk, but he must lie. He must save NOVA from possible death and the Bomb from possible activation. With an edge of hysteria:

BRENT

(shrilly)

The Apes are a primitive, semi-articulate and underdeveloped race whose weapons have not progressed beyond the club and the sling.

CUT TO:

162 FAT MAN

Wearily closing his eyes.

CUT TO:

163 BRENT

with foot raised over NOVA'S unconscious body.

BRENT
(inner conflict)
They should fall an easy prey
to stamp on the many peaceful
weapons at your dispose of her
with your foot on her belly and
stamp.

(yelling at FAT MAN)
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

CUT TO:

164 PANNING SHOT - FAT MAN (OPENING HIS EYES) TO:

NEGRO
Start again about the Apes,
Mr. Brent. The first time was
lies.

BRENT
(at end of tether)
How do you know? How do you
know ...?

He kneels beside NOVA, cradling her head in his hand, as we

CUT TO:

165 FROM BEHIND INQUISITORS: ALL FIVE RECESSES

Once again, an image of TAYLOR springs up on each. And
at this moment:

166 NOVA

regains consciousness. BRENT is so holding her head that
the first thing she sees (above and behind him) is:

167 P.O.V. SHOT - FIVE BLURRED IMAGES OF TAYLOR

Sliding into identifiable focus.

CUT TO:

168 SHOOTING UP FROM NOVA AND BRENT IN LOWER F.G. TO TAYLOR'S
QUINTUPLE IMAGE IN UPPER B.G.

BRENT kneels with his back to the images above, still
cradling NOVA'S head.

Cont.

168 Cont.

BRENT

Nova, I never meant ... it wasn't
I ... look at me. Look at me.

But she is looking past him, up to the images which he cannot see; and her lips are mutely framing the name "Tay-lor" which he, lacking our hindsight, cannot lip-read. He wonders: has he both hurt and harmed her? She lifts her hand ... and points, with feeble urgency, at the images. As he begins to look round:

CUT TO:

169 FLASH - INQUISITORS

simultaneously lowering their eyes.

CUT BACK TO:

170 BRENT, NOVA, IMAGES

He is looking behind and above him ... at five blank recesses. He looks down again at NOVA, and up at:

171 THE INQUISITORS

MENDEZ

What you would not do out of
hatred for our God, do for the
love of her.

NEGRO

Tell us about the Apes, Mr. Brent.

The FAT MAN licks his lips.

CUT TO:

172 TWO SHOT - BRENT, NOVA

BRENT, at the end of his tether, cracks. Still kneeling and cradling NOVA'S head, he begins to speak in a toneless, brainwashed voice. And as he speaks, we alternately HOLD IN SHOT or INTERCUT the recesses, on whose blank white surface single computer symbols in black (factual), green (political), blue (psychological) and red (physiological) spring up on the respective "screens" of NEGRO, CASPAY, ALBINA and FAT MAN. Simultaneously the symbols are being assembled and sorted into separate vertical columns (one of each color) on the central recess in front of MENDEZ. What we are watching, of course, is the collation and analysis of BRENT'S information with a view to the INQUISITORS formulating a plan.

Cont.

BRENT

(reciting like a
tired child)

The Ape Community may be subdivided into three groups: the militaristic Gorillas, led by the Army Commander, General Ursus; the Right Wing Intellectual Orangutans, led by the Minister of Science, Dr. Zaius; and the minority Left Wing Pacifist-intellectual Chimpanzees, who have no effective leader.

The black and green symbols have been clicking up on the recesses of NEGRO and CASPAY. The black, only, continue to multiply, during:

NEGRO

(jerks head)

BRENT

I estimate the Army's numerical strength at around two thousand, mounted and dismounted. Their principal weapons are the rifle and the machine gun...

(absently stroking
Nova's hair)

...in whose accurate use they have been proficiently trained. I also observed primitive cannon, of whose accuracy I am more dubious; and I would infer, from their knowledge of explosives, that they are conversant with the depth charge and the mine.

CASPAY

(jerks head)

BRENT

The political motivation of the invasion is expansionist. There has been a population explosion, and they need living space.

ALBINA

(jerks head)

BRENT

The psychological motivation lies deeper. I would say that Apes consciously hate Man because they subconsciously fear him. Though

Cont.

172 Cont.1

BRENT (Cont.)
 they believe God created the Ape
 to be Man's master, they sense
 that Man could ultimately become
 capable of mastering them. So
 they hunt him down for fear that,
 one day, they may be the hunted.
 They imprison him in concentration
 camps for fear that, one day, he
 will imprison them in circuses and
 zoos ...

Halfway through this continuing speech, we TRACK-IN
 (LOSING BRENT) to the computer-symbols multiplying in
 blue and red on the recesses; and simultaneously we
 begin (with loudening SOUND EFFECTS) a very slow

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

173 EXT. THE APE ARMY ON THE MARCH - DAY

URSUS and ZAIUS ride together at its head. Behind them
 the tramp of feet, the pounding of horses' hooves and
 the clatter of gun carriages gradually drowns:

BRENT'S VOICE
 They cut open his cranium for
 fear that, one day, his brains
 will be better than theirs.

The SOUND and the IMAGE of the Army's advance takes over.

CUT TO:

174 NEW ANGLE

The COLUMN is passing the house of ZIRA and CORNELIUS.
 (NOTE: We may presume that Ursus will take the same up-
 country hill-route to the Forbidden Zone as did Brent and
 Nova when they arrived from it.)

CUT TO:

175 INT. HOUSE -ZIRA, CORNELIUS - DAY

Watching and hearing ARMY from window.

ZIRA
 (disgustedly)
 Dr. Zaius is with him. Some
 people's convictions are about
 as deep as a kidney basin.

Cont.

175 Cont.

CORNELIUS
They have to show unity.

ZIRA
So should the Chimpanzees.

CORNELIUS
But, Zira, we're too few. We'd
be cutting our own throats. How
can we take any initiative, while ...
(indicating ARMY)
... they're here.

They watch as the REAR COLUMNS pass and recede. Then:

ZIRA
Has it occurred to you that
tomorrow ... they won't be here?

Their eyes lock.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. - FURTHER UP THE ROAD - URSUS, ZAIUS, BUGLER,
VANGUARD AND VANGUARD COMMANDER

All are GORILLAS except ZAIUS. They turn a corner to
confront:

177 CHIMPANZEE STUDENT DEMONSTRATION

A pathetic one. Half a dozen earnest young CHIMPANZEES
are sitting-down across the road. The central TWO
DEMONSTRATORS hold up a banner, paint-scrawled: "GIVE
US PEACE."

INTERCUT:

178 VANGUARD GROUP AND DEMONSTRATORS

URSUS' brow darkens.

URSUS
(undertone to BUGLER)
Halt.

BUGLER'S primitive horn yelps a signal which is reechoed
by other o.s. buglers down the column. They halt twenty
yards from DEMONSTRATORS.

Cont.

178 Cont.

ZAIUS
(no more than chiding)
Get off the road, young people.

The "young people" continue to sit -- obstinately and sincerely.

URSUS
(softly to Vanguard
Commander)
Remove them.

COMMANDER draws his revolver; but URSUS, taking it by the muzzle and twisting it out of COMMANDER'S grasp, puts the muzzle back into COMMANDER'S hand and points to revolver's butt.

URSUS
That end only.

As COMMANDER nods and turns to give murmured orders to VANGUARD:

URSUS
(to ZAIUS)
We don't want martyrs.

The VANGUARD advances in b.g; and (LOSING URSUS and ZAIUS) we PAN the SOLDIERS into confrontation with the seated DEMONSTRATORS. The fight-pattern is familiar: manhandling is met by resistance; resistance provokes force; and force escalates into brutality. Most of the clubbed, battered and bleeding DEMONSTRATORS are kicked, lugged and flung into ditches on the road's either side. As to the others:

URSUS
(to Bugler)
Advance.

The horn yelps, and is re-echoed. The COLUMN advances. We CLOSE IN on FEET TRAMPLING A FEW SEMI-CONSCIOUS DEMONSTRATORS. And the wheel of a gun-carriage driving the word "PEACE" on the banner into the kicked-up dust.

179 TRACKING BACK IN FRONT OF ADVANCING URSUS, ZAIUS AND
BUGLER - ALL MOUNTED

URSUS smiles smugly at ZAIUS, who pointedly looks straight ahead with the inscrutability that we connect with his anger. URSUS signals a left wheel to BUGLER, who puts the horn to his lips and blows. Before the horn sounds:

CUT TO:

180 INT. CATHEDRAL ORGAN LOFT - TIGHT CLOSEUP - THE INDEX
FINGER ON A WHITE GLOVED HAND . . .

... hits a trumpet stopped note on the manual. We have time to see his music sheet headed "PSALM OF MENDEZ II", before we:

CUT TO:

181 MASTER SHOT - CATHEDRAL - MENDEZ, CHOIR AND CONGREGATION
OF 300

NOTE: The form of service is a frightening mutation of ancient Christian observance -- beautifully sung to just recognizably traditional chants and melodies, whose harmonies have been "futurised".

From the High Altar (whose screens are closed) MENDEZ faces the white robed CHOIR and CONGREGATION, who sing with an inward and spiritual serenity that accentuates their outward and spiritual grace. CAMERA ROVES during:

CONGREGATION

The heavens declare the glory of
the Bomb: and the firmament
sheweth His handiwork.

His sound is gone out unto all lands:
and his light unto the end of the world.

He descendeth from the outermost part
of heaven: and there is nothing hid
from the heat thereof.

CAMERA FAVOURS CHOIR. We recognize all the pretty
CHILDREN whom we saw singing and dancing round the
fountain in 128.

CHOIR

(only)

There is neither speech nor language:
but His voice is heard among them.

Cont.

181 Cont.

Back to:

CONGREGATION
(fortissimo)
Praise Him: my strength and my
Redeemer.

In the 2-second pause before the "Gloria":

CUT TO:

182 FLASH - MENDEZ

kneeling at the prie-Dieu, he presses:

183 FLASH INSERT: THE EMERALD BUTTON

184 SCREENS

gradually parting to reveal the spot lit Bomb.

INTERCUT:

185 CONGREGATION

CONGREGATION
(singing)
Glory be to the Bomb; and to the
Holy Fall Out: as it was in the
beginning, is now and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.(*)

During above, we CLOSE TO:

186 PANNING SHOT - FRONT PEW (HITHERTO UNSEEN)

Facing us, from our LEFT to RIGHT: FAT MAN, NOVA, ALBINA, BRENT, CASPAY, NEGRO. In the pew behind: the four gigantic GUARDS. ALL singing with fervour and radiant sincerity -- except NOVA, who cannot, and BRENT, whose revulsion (at the degradation to which Christian ritual has fallen) is reflected in his horror struck silence. He and NOVA have now been decently robed (in alien black) over their rags; and both look physically refreshed and cleaner. As the "Amen" ends, on a falling cadence, the main lights of the cathedral very slightly dim down, leaving the Bomb spotlit..

CUT TO:

(*) Note to Composer: The 'Amen' could be anything up to seven-fold, if MUSIC requires extending to cover PAN in subsequent scene.

187 INSERT: THE GLOVED HAND OF THE ORGANIST
strikes A above Middle C, giving the note to:

188 MENDEZ, KNEELING AT PRIE-DIEU

He ritually assumes his priestly white hood.

MENDEZ
(intoning)
Almighty and everlasting Bomb,
who came down among us to make
Heaven under Earth...

CUT TO:

189 CONGREGATION, FAVORING FRONT PEW

CONGREGATION
Lighten our darkness.

MENDEZ
O Instrument of God, who destroyed
Devils to create Angels...

CONGREGATION
Grant us thy peace.

INTERCUT:

190 LONG SHOT - MENDEZ

MENDEZ, his back to us, stands and raises adoring arms to
the Bomb above him.

MENDEZ
(intoning)
Remember now thy Creator.

CONGREGATION
Let mine eyes behold His glory.

MENDEZ
(repeating, sforzando)
Remember now thy Creator.

CONGREGATION
Let His eyes behold the beauty of
us, His handicraft.

Cont.

190 Cont.

MENDEZ

(removing hood;
in a voice like
a trumpet)

Reveal that beauty to thy Maker!

CONGREGATION

(a shout)

I reveal my Inmost Self unto my
God!

CUT TO:

191 TIGHT CLOSEUP - THE ORGANIST'S BARE LEFT FINGERS

as they unglove his right hand...which is made of articulated metal. It strikes a triumphant chord to a hymnal prelude, which continues over a:

CUT TO:

192 PANNING SHOT - FRONT PEW INQUISITORS

as they successively and ecstatically pull off the rubberised masks which have concealed the "beauty" of their "inmost selves". Under each mask lies (to us, but not to them) an appallingly mutated travesty of the face it has hitherto concealed. This is at once the moment of truth and the moment of total horror: excoriated skin, black for the NEGRO, grey for the rest; heads (like ALBINA'S) sparsely tufted with steelwool hair; the cupped eyes of toads; noses like condors' beaks or so concassed that we can only identify nostrils which might have been drilled into a face (like CASPAY'S); and webbed or smocked skin tissue stretched between herpetic lower lips (FAT MAN'S) and vulture-wattled or vestigial chins.

It is these post-nuclear monstrosities, who now (as the organ MUSIC swells) raise their voices in pride and happiness to sing, while CAMERA ROVES:

CONGREGATION

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small...

The four-foot six, CASPAY exchanges brotherly smiles with the six-foot four NEGRO; and then smiles up at BRENT, who cannot in conscience smile back.

CONGREGATION

All things wise and wonderful...

Cont.

192 Cont.

MENDEZ'S hooded head is still turned away to the High Altar as we TILT UP to the spot-lit Bomb, for:

CONGREGATION

The good Bomb made us all.

The joy of the 300 Mutant singers increases during an ORGAN - intermezzc between stanzas. Then:

CONGREGATION

He gave us eyes to see with ...

We ZOOM close enough towards apiteously unmasked little CHOIR BOY to see that his eyes are slewed in a fixed incurable squint.

CONGREGATION

... And lips that we might tell
How great, the Bomb Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Perhaps we should be happy (as they indubitably are) that no one has told them otherwise. Over the "Amen", we CLOSE TO:

193 TWO SHOT - BRENT AND (UNMASKED) ALBINA

ALBINA

Mr. Brent ... in respect ...
remove your mask.

BRENT

(gently)
I have no mask. I am as my
Creator made me.

Herself repulsive, she edges away from him in repulsion.

CUT TO:

194 LONG SHOT - MENDEZ, HOODED, KNEELING AT PRIE-DIEU

He speaks the Benediction.

MENDEZ

May the blessing of the
Bomb Almighty and the fellowship
of the Holy Fall Out descend on
us all, this night and for
evermore.

Once again he presses the emerald button. Over o.s. CONGREGATION'S spoken "Amen", we TILT UP to the Bomb, on which the screens are slowly closing. As they close:

QUICK FADE IN

195 CORRIDOR OF PORTRAITS - BRENT, DEROBED, WALKING BETWEEN
("REMASKED") CASPAY AND FAT MAN

As they pass the earlier Mendez portraits:

CASPAY
(smiling)
I trust our simple ceremony
convinced you of our peaceable
intentions.

BRENT walks on for half-a-dozen steps without answering;
then stops opposite the gap between the last "ugly" portrait
and the first "beautiful" one. He looks from one to the
other.

BRENT
(guardedly)
I found it ... informative.

CASPAY
(smiling)
Then your cooperation has had its
reward.

BRENT
(without turning
from the two
portraits)
Its only reward?
(turning)
When may I hope to be set free?

CASPAY'S mouth still smiles. Not his eyes.

CASPAY
You may hope whenever you please,
Mr. Brent. Have pleasant dreams.

And he proceeds alone down the corridor with a gracious
wave.

BRENT
(drily)
I doubt it.

FAT MAN puts an unwelcome finger on BRENT'S elbow and
guides him to a passage turning left off the corridor's
far side. They enter:

196 A CATACOMB COMPLEX

as labyrinthine as the grotto, but white-walled and
sourcelessly white-lighted.

196 Cont.

FAT MAN

How can we let you loose on the eve
of a war, Mr. Brent?

Another twist in the labyrinth.

FAT MAN

You know too many of our secrets.

Another turn ... into a cul-de-sac ending on a closed door.

FAT MAN

(touching wall button)
Like your friend.

The hinged door opens inwards into:

197 A BARE WHITE CELL

BRENT confronts TAYLOR. FAT MAN watches, lolling against
the open door.

TAYLOR

(incredulous delight)
Brent! How in -----?

BRENT

(a yell of joy)
TAYLOR!

Over the yell's first syllable:

CUT TO:

198 CORRIDOR OF PORTRAITS - GUARD ESCORTING NOVA

She hears the distantly yelled second syllable; bites the
GUARD'S hand, drawing blood; slips his grasp and runs like
a gazelle toward the sound's source. She has already turned
into the passage leading to the catacomb complex, as the
giant GUARD begins his lumbering pursuit.

CUT BACK TO:

199 CELL - TAYLOR, BRENT, FAT MAN

TAYLOR

(to Brent, smiling)
Tell me.

BRENT

(smiling too)
There's one helluva lot to tell.

Cont.

199 Cont.

From the doorway:

FAT MAN
(distinctly)
No. There is nothing. Ever.

And he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

200 TWO SHOT - TAYLOR, BRENT

The smiles drain from their faces which epileptically jerk and twitch (under the hammerblows of hypnosis) into expressions of homicidal hatred.

BRENT
(vainly struggling)
Get out of my ---

TAYLOR
(ditto)
----- head!

PAN to FAT MAN shutting his eyes tighter.

CUT TO:

201 THE FIGHT

It is a fight between two friends in the grip of a power willing them not merely to hurt but to murder each other -- with no lethal holds barred and no dirty, killer's trick (such as eye gouging) left untried. The noise is prodigious. Occasionally, we INTERCUT or INCLUDE FAT MAN, eyes screwed concentratedly shut, still standing in the open doorway. As fight peaks:

CUT TO:

202 CATACOMB COMPLEX - NOVA HEARS FIGHT'S NOISE

and lets it guide her through the labyrinth, where the Guard has lost her.

CUT BACK TO:

203 THE FIGHT CONTINUING

At a moment when BRENT and TAYLOR briefly break and face each other, gasping, grunting, even slaverling:

CUT TO:

204 FAT MAN (EYES SHUT) FEELING IN HIS ROBES
and throwing on the floor between them:

205 CLOSEUP - TWO KNIVES

which two HANDS instantly grab from the floor

CUT UP TO:

206 FIGHT CONTINUING WITH KNIVES

At the climactic moment when BRENT and TAYLOR are so interlocked that the knife of each (as FAT MAN has planned) touches the heart of the other:

CUT TO:

207 NOVA BEYOND AND BEHIND FAT MAN IN DOORWAY

so shocked by what she sees that the miracle (as can happen, with mutes who are not deaf) occurs.

NOVA

Tay ... lor.

We just sufficiently DISTORT her voice on Soundtrack for it to exhale the tinny, faraway but crystal-clear quality of the first word spoken by a "schooled" deaf child.(*). The effect on us should be to make us cry. The effect on FAT MAN is to make him (fatally!) open surprised eyes, to which we ZOOM. Over Closeup of eyes:

BRENT

(o.s., rasping cry)

The bastard's eyes are open.

SHOCK-CUT TO:

208 FLASH - TAYLOR

slings his knife into FAT MAN'S heart. As NOVA runs into cell and out of shot, the FAT MAN (still leaning against the door) plucks ineffectually at the now bloody knife; then staggers to the cell's center. The spring-hinged door, released, slams shut -- disclosing no handle on the inside. We hear the click of an automatic lock, and PAN TO:

FAT MAN

(eyes glazing)

Unto God ... I reveal ...

Cont.

(*) There are very moving examples in MANDY (where a genuinely deaf child's voice was dubbed over Mandy's first utterance of her own name) and Lindsay Anderson's documentary, THURSDAY'S CHILDREN.

208 Cont.

FAT MAN
(wrenching off his
mask)
... my Inmost S-s-s-s-s ...

The dying hiss, as he slumps, emerges from a head remarkably small for so large a man. We LIFT to see BRENT, bathed in sweat, squatting above the o.s. corpse.

BRENT
They're still open.

CUT TO:

209 TAYLOR HOLDING NOVA

TAYLOR
Shut them. He can't hurt us
now. Thanks to her.
(kissing Nova)
You talked. And we're alive.

She looks up at him, pleased at his pleasure; and he kisses her again. For the first time (as the kiss is prolonged) there is a silence, in which we hear the soft, steady rush of air ... from a six-inch, impenetrably-grilled octagonal vent in the wall behind TAYLOR. BRENT (wiping his fingers on his clothes) approaches it.

TAYLOR
(breaking from kiss)
It's no use. I've tried. We're
near a main air-conditioning vent.

BRENT
It's cold.

TAYLOR distastefully eyes FAT MAN'S INTERCUT corpse.

TAYLOR
Just as well.
(nose wrinkling)
We may have to wait.
(grinning at Brent)
Now you talk.
(smiling proudly
at Nova)
Half as well as her.

CUT TO:

210 NOVA'S BAFFLED GUARD

stalking out of catacomb complex into corridor of portraits.
GUARD looks RIGHT at:

203

211 LONG SHOT - MENDEZ KNEELING BEFORE PORTRAIT OF MENDEZ I
and by his gestures seeming to commune with it. Is
something wrong?

CUT BACK TO:

212 GUARD

turns left and descends staircase to throne room door.
As his foot touches the bottom step, a red light glows
from the door. He looks at it; sits resignedly on the
steps; and waits.

CUT TO:

213 THRONE ROOM (DIMMED) - CASPAY, NEGRO, ALBINA

tensely watching a radar wall-screen registering abstract
signals of great complexity on a grid map of the frontier
zone. NEGRO jerks head at CASPAY.

CASPAY

Don't project. We might be
intercepted.

NEGRO

Will they cross tonight?

CASPAY

Is there a moon?

ALBINA

(consulting screen)
Last phase.

CASPAY

Just the same -- we'd better watch.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

214 STAIRCASE OUTSIDE

The red light still glows. But the GUARD is asleep.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

215 EXT. FRONTIER ZONE - EARLY DAY

(NOTE: Detail of the immediately ensuing scenes depends so much on locations, numerical strength of Cast etc., that I have mainly written master scenes.)

Spectacular shots establish the Ape Army COLUMN fanning out along a front restricted by the inland rocks (f.g.) and the sea (b.g.). As the maneuver ends, we CLOSE TO:

216 URSUS WITH BUGLER

riding parallel to, and in front of, the first extended line of INFANTRY, who he keenly inspects. We PAN him into shot with ZAIUS (mounted) at the line's center. Here he halts, shakes his eyes and peers out at:

217 FULL P.O.V. SHOT - DESERTED FORBIDDEN ZONE

its far horizon hazed in the morning heat.

CUT BACK TO:

218 URSUS WITH BUGLER

in the total hush that always precedes an attack:

URSUS
(to Bugler)
Sound the advance.

BUGLER puts the horn to his lips. But before he can blow it, URSUS knocks his arm up -- listening intently to a new and totally unexpected sound from behind the horizon: the faint, faraway bray of a single trumpet fanfare, infinitely more sophisticated than any ever heard by the Apes. It ends on a pure, high note, and in the silence, the Apes hear something else.

It is the tramp of distantly marching feet, and with a rapidity the more terrifying because it has as yet no discernible cause, the sound is growing louder ... and louder.... and louder. As the earth ahead begins to shake, the half-deafened line of Ape Infantry falters, searching the horizon for the sound's source and finding none.

URSUS, perturbed, motions ZAIUS and BUGLER to ride out with him to a vantage point where all Apes of the Line can see (and be rallied by) the presence of their leader. But even as the TRIO halt, ZAIUS plucks URSUS' sleeve and points to:

219 A "MOVEMENT" ON THE HORIZON

at first too vague and mirage-like in the distant heat haze to be identifiable. Then, gradually, the movement becomes an approaching army.

URSUS

(to Bugler)

Company Commanders to hold their
fire till the enemy's within range.

BUGLER gallops out of shot, as the steadily advancing enemy army becomes discernibly an ARMY OF MEN.

The MEN wear glittering metal armour and are so tall, godlike and perfectly disciplined that the Apes cannot believe their terrified and disillusioned eyes. The thunder of marching feet peaks, blotting out all other sound. We can now pick up Human faces ... black, brown, yellow and white -- the elite of a race whom the Apes had dismissed as brute beasts. Yet these "beasts" carry weapons so far in advance of the Apes' that their purpose cannot be identified.

220 CLOSEUP - URSUS' VANTAGE POINT

URSUS

(bellowing)

Open ... FIRE!

CUT TO:

221 APE INFRANTRY

firing.

CUT TO:

222 ARMY OF MEN

already halted, as the smoke clears; standing stone-still en masse; and not a man among them falling. Their armour must be bullet-proof.

CUT TO:

223 MED. CLOSE SHOT - URSUS, ZAIUS AND RETURNED BUGLER
VANTAGE POINT

With a confidence he does not feel:

URSUS

We've halted them.
(facing troops)

FIRE!

CUT TO:

224 APE INFANTRY

firing.

CUT TO:

225 ARMY OF MEN - UNTOUCHED

as the smoke clears. And now their glittering armoured ranks part, at the center, to create a corridor -- as impeccably as the Red Sea must once have parted for Moses.

CUT TO:

226 URSUS, ZAIUS, BUGLER

watching tensely.

CUT TO:

227 APE INFANTRY

aimed rifles swinging to the center and converging on:

228 ARMY OF MEN - THE "CORRIDOR"

Down it, advances the coup-de-grace:

NAKED GORILLAS on all fours, chain-harnessed to gun carriages, exhaustedly drag white, monstrous, futuristically-nuclear gun after gun after gun to the battlefield's forefront. If a GORILLA flags or falls, "it" (for we can no longer distinguish male and female) is whipped.

We CLOSE TO:

229 WHIFLASH DESCENDING ON NAKED GORILLA

As it bites into the hide:

SHOCK-CUT TO:

230 ZAIUS

roaring in atavistic horror (we DUB the recorded roars of a genuine orangutan) like one of his remote ancestors.

CUT TO:

231 URSUS

"grunting" inarticulately with rage and humiliation.

CUT TO:

232 APE INFANTRY

throwing down rifles, for they cannot fire on their own kind; pointing and gibbering -- each with the (recorded) cries of his own species.

CUT TO:

233 ARMY OF MEN

The NAKED GORILLAS have manhandled the monstrous white guns into a perfectly straight line, which faces Ursus' infantry. Their task done, the GORILLAS are unshackled and whipped o.s.

CUT TO:

234 VANTAGE POINT - FAVORING ZAIUS

the first to recover himself. The durability of all his teaching hangs on the action he now steels himself to take. He turns to the paralyzed INFANTRY and authoritatively thunders:

ZAIUS

God created Apes in His own image!
The vision is false!

Then he charges, alone on horseback, across the intervening limbo, right up to the closed phalanx of the ARMY OF MEN ... and through them, as though they were insubstantial ghosts. Which they are.

(Even Mutants cannot project solid "apparitions", though -- primed with Brent's information -- they nearly succeeded with the unsolidity of this one.)

CUT TO:

235 ZAIUS

Having passed through the "apparition", he sees the empty landscape ahead, and wheels his horse round to look back. To his joy and relief, he finds:

236 P.O.V. LONG SHOT

Nothing and no one interposed between himself and the army of Ursus, whom he triumphantly signals to advance.

CUT TO:

237 URSUS, BUGLER

with INFANTRY reforming in b.g. URSUS coldly acknowledges the signals. He, too, is relieved -- but jealous and furious that it was Zaius and not he, the Army Commander, whose gallant action turned the tide of battle.

URSUS
(to Bugler)
Sound the advance.

The horn yelps.

238 QUICK CUTS - THE INFANTRY ADVANCES

CUT TO:

239 ZAIUS

dismounted, waving and pointing to ground. We TILT DOWN AND CLOSE TO:

240 CLOSEUP - A SIX-FOOT-SQUARE OCTAGONAL VENT

set flush with the ground, just beyond the horse's hooves.

CUT UP TO:

241 CLOSEUP - ZAIUS - SPECIAL EFFECT

As he opens his mouth to shout, we ZOOM BACK to reveal unexpectedly that the image we are watching is being projected in perfect colour on a wall-sized screen in:

242 THE THRONE ROOM

MENDEZ and surviving INQUISITORS are watching, grim-faced.

ZAIUS' IMAGE
(shouting)
There are ways down!

CUT TO:

243 MENDEZ AND INQUISITORS

All perturbedly rising. Then, quietly:

CASPAY
(to NEGRO)
You know the range of their
City?
(NEGRO nods)
Set it in the mechanism, and
wait for me.

NEGRO exits shot.

CASPAY
(to ALBINA)
I want a public projection
at adult and infant level:
'Clear the streets. Stay indoors.'

ALBINA nods and exits shot.

CASPAY
What will you do, Holiness?

MENDEZ
Pray.

BRIEF TIME-
DISSOLVE TO:

244 MONTAGE - PREPARATIONS AT THE SURFACE

Ape SAPPERS lowering dynamite depth-charges into half-a-dozen main air vents. URSUS is everywhere -- supervising. The charges are linked to an electric plunger which, as MONTAGE ENDS, URSUS himself approaches.

Cont.

244 Cont.

URSUS
(with brutal humour)
I declare this City...open.

He presses the plunger.

CUT TO:

245- RAPID MONTAGE
247

INTERCUTTING the six explosions on the surface with
FLASHES of the shaken City below:

- A. Thunderous echoes reverberating along air tunnels.
- B. Minor cracks appearing in white, outer masonry. The ubiquitous white light flickers off...on...off...on, and re-achieves stability.
- C. A trickle of plaster falls from a ceiling on to... the empty throne of Mendez.

MONTAGE ENDS with the sixth and loudest explosion in the main air vent, near:

248 INT. PRISON CELL

TAYLOR, BRENT and NOVA fling themselves to the floor (TAYLOR protecting NOVA) as the cell wall, which abuts on the air tunnel outside, cracks in a more serious breach. BRENT, as the smoke and dust clear, is leaping towards it, when TAYLOR (still prone) grabs his ankle and brings him to the ground.

TAYLOR
Wait. Let them come down.

CUT UP TO:

249 SURFACE - THE LAST APE INFANTRYMEN

Clambering down into the six main vents. Nothing remains on the surface of the Forbidden Zone but a score of riderless, tethered horses (we identify those of Ursus and Zaius) under the guard of four young Gorilla-SENTRIES.

CUT DOWN TO:

250 CELL - TAYLOR, BRENT, NOVA

ALL prone, listening to the tramp of approaching feet.

BRENT
They're coming.

250 Cont.

TAYLOR points to the narrow breach in the wall.

TAYLOR
If they look through that,
we're dead ducks.

He squints over his shoulder at FAT MAN'S corpse.

TAYLOR
And they mustn't see that dead
duck, either. Help me shift him.

Outside, the feet march nearer. TAYLOR and BRENT lug FAT MAN to the base of the breached wall; and themselves (with NOVA) lie adjacently along the wall's base. The sound of tramping feet peaks. The Apes are directly outside. We CLOSE TO:

251 CLOSEUP - THE BREACH

in which a GORILLA'S blood-shot eye appears. He cannot possibly see the four bodies lying immediately below and therefore out of his sightline. But he's taking no chances. As feet continue marching, the eye vanishes from the breach, through which the muzzle of a machine gun now appears.

CUT TO:

252 FULL SHOT - CELL

The machine gun rakes the cell with lateral fire. Bullets bite into the adjacent walls. The only ricochet hits the FAT MAN'S corpse, which twitches at the wall's base. The muzzle is withdrawn. The sound of marching feet begins to diminish.

TAYLOR
Wait.

CUT TO:

253 AIR TUNNEL OUTSIDE

The rear of the APE COMPANY ('A') is passing the breached outer wall of the cell. They recede, unopposed, down the wind tunnel.

CUT TO:

254 CELL

The sound of marching feet fades to silence.

TAYLOR

Now...

He and BRENT hurl their shoulders to the weakened wall. At the second assault the breach widens. At the third, it gives. TAYLOR picks up the FAT MAN'S two discarded knives.

TAYLOR

(throwing knife
to BRENT)

Just keep it out of my ribs...

ALL THREE step through the breach into:

255 AIR TUNNEL

They begin walking cautiously uphill towards the distant surface exit.

CUT TO:

256 MONTAGE - VARIOUS AND DIFFERING AIR TUNNELS

down which 'B', 'C' and 'D' Companies of the Ape Army march in convergent directions.

CUT TO:

257 CATHEDRAL CRYPT - NEGRO AT A CONSOLE

An urgent CASPAY joins him in shot.

CASPAY

Albina's on watch. They're down. Is the range set?

NEGRO

(carefully factual)

The range is indicated.

CASPAY

Then set it. His Holiness will do the rest.

NEGRO

Or not.

CASPAY looks at him sharply.

Cont.

257 Cont.

NEGRO
(his hand on a
locking-lever)
He has a choice. So have I. If
The Bomb is God's instrument, is it
for God's use ... or mine?

CASPAY
Until you know what use a thing is,
you have no right to decide that it
shall not be used. Should we deny
the knife, which can kill, to the
surgeon who can heal?

He puts his dwarf hand on the NEGRO'S giant one, and
depresses the locking-lever.

NEGRO
(factual, as always)
The range is set.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from knife, in Taylor's hand.

CUT TO:

258 TRACKING SHOT - BEHIND TAYLOR, BRENT AND NOVA
toiling uphill through air tunnel.. Just after passing a
tributary passage leading RIGHT off tunnel, they confront:

259 BLASTED TUNNEL SECTION
Hunks of white tiling litter the ground ahead, fallen from
the sagging ceiling.

BRENT
This must be where the charge explo ----

TAYLOR grabs BRENT'S arm. In the silence we hear the tramp
of more approaching feet. And over a hump in the uphill
road, appear:

260 REARGUARD SECTION OF APES
carrying a twelve-foot battering ram. They see and react to:
261 P.O.V. SHOT - TAYLOR, BRENT, NOVA
standing on far side of the explosion's rubble.

CUT TO:

262 APES

Dropping battering ram with a crash! at which the weakened tunnel ceiling creaks. The APES unsling their rifles; aim; press triggers and fire at:

263 TAYLOR, BRENT AND NOVA

DEFENCELESS - the CRACK of rifle fire brings the tunnel ceiling crashing to the ground between the opposed GROUPS, in a fall of masonry which the Ape bullets cannot penetrate. Our TRIO turn about and race backwards to the tributary passage (Scene 258) that leads into:

264 THE CATACOMB COMPLEX LABYRINTH

which NOVA already knows. For the first time it is she who leads TAYLOR and BRENT.

CUT TO:

265 AIR TUNNEL - APE REAR GUARD

Pounding their way through the fallen rubble with the battering ram. They burst through to the further side, and look for our TRIO but cannot see them. APES re-form, and march out of shot. As their steps recede, PAN TO:

266 GAP IN RUBBLE

Through it, much further uphill, NOVA leads BRENT and TAYLOR back into tunnel. They continue in LONG SHOT towards exit.

CUT TO:

267 CORRIDOR OF PORTRAITS

Gorilla CADETS already line the far wall like a Guard of Honour for ZAIUS, who is inspecting not them but the portraits as he stalks towards us with SERGEANT-Instructor whom we recognise. On reaching the "beautiful" portraits, ZAIUS' glowering face darkens in deeper outrage.

ZAIUS

They're obscene. Have them destroyed.

He moves to the head of the descending stairway.

SERGEANT

(cheerfully bawling)

F1-i-ix bayonets! Destroy them!

Cont.

267 Cont.

The CADETS, charging, slash with their bayonets and smash with their rifle-butts. As they step back, we PAN the portraits of once-beautiful faces -- now splintered, shattered and grotesquely marred. Over this, from below: the sudden, muffled but agonised cry of a woman.

SERGEANT, machine gun at the ready, brushes past ZAIUS down staircase; presses wall button. As the doors slide open, ZAIUS follows SERGEANT into:

268 THRONE ROOM

ALBINA sprawled in a chair before the wall screen, a little phial in her outstretched hand. ZAIUS takes the phial; cautiously sniffs, and drops it to the floor.

ZAIUS

She's dead.

SERGEANT, from behind chair, looks down at ALBINA. ZAIUS looks up at the televisual glass wall-screen, which contains the only image still relevant to the battle on the surface: the FOUR Gorilla SENTRIES guarding the tethered horses.

ZAIUS exits shot, to explore -- leaving SERGEANT still looking down at ALBINA from behind chair. Her beauty excites him. His hairy hand moves over her unmoving breast.

ZAIUS' VOICE

(o.s., conversationally
from above)

Sergeant.

The hand is withdrawn. SERGEANT looks up and behind at:

269 ZAIUS

Among thrones at upper level.

ZAIUS

Come up.

(as Sergeant ascends)

There's a way out into a square.

As SERGEANT joins him, he points down at:

270 P.O.V. SHOT - ANGLED DOWN ON WALL SCREEN

ZAIUS' VOICE

(o.s.)

And put that out of action.

CUT TO:

271 TWO SHOT - ZAIUS, SERGEANT

SERGEANT pulls back the machine gun's cocking handle and takes aim.

CUT TO:

272 SHOOTING DOWN - ALONG SERGEANT'S GUN SITES

Towards wall screen in lower b.g. The wall screen FAVOURS SENTRY NO. 1 nearest us. We LIFT to exclude SERGEANT, during:

SERGEANT'S VOICE

(o.s., jocular)

The base of the...neck.

On the word 'neck,' we ZOOM to wall screen till it FILLS FRAME, so that we are actually with SENTRIES on the surface. And in the back of SENTRY NO. 1's neck, quivers TAYLOR's KNIFE.

SENTRIES two, three and four (backs to us) squat in b.g., playing an incomprehensible crap game with nuts, as SENTRY No. 1 drops noiselessly dead on his face in f.g., with knife's haft pointing to the sky.

SENTRY NO. 2

(crouched over game)

Primatus!

(over shoulder)

Your throw.

He turns fully round; sees CORPSE; utters a dismayed roar. All THREE SENTRIES draw revolvers; rush to CORPSE and peer down at it, with their backs to..BRENT and TAYLOR breaking cover from behind a boulder near tethered horses in b.g., and stalking the SENTRIES. SENTRY NO. 3 looks left; SENTRY NO. 4 looks right. SENTRY NO. 2 makes the grave mistake of looking bodefully up from the sky-pointing knife to the sky itself, as TAYLOR (unarmed) grabs him from behind in a Japanese stranglehold.

CUT TO:

273 THE FIGHT ON THE SURFACE

Note to fightmaster. Against a b.g. of restive tethered horses: THREE Gorilla-SENTRIES, armed with revolvers, confront BRENT, who still has his knife; TAYLOR, who is unarmed until he (or BRENT on his behalf) can recover the knife from CORPSE'S neck; and NOVA armed with nothing but her nails and teeth. It is essential that all THREE Gorilla-SENTRIES be killed.

In the silence that follows victory, we hear the wind that whines eternally over the Forbidden Zone. With their bloody knives, TAYLOR and BRENT untether the two horses of Ursus and Zaius. NOVA mounts behind TAYLOR; BRENT mounts alone.

TAYLOR

Where...?

BRENT

To the ship.

TAYLOR

(grinning)

I'd forgotten.

Over the rhythmic, diminishing thud of their horses' hooves, we:

QUICK LAP-
DISSOLVE TO:

274 CLOSE SHOT - THE RHYTHMIC, CRESCENDO THUD OF THE APE-WIELDED BATTERING RAM

against the great double doors of the Cathedral. We PULL BACK AND UP TO:

275 TOP-SHOT - CATHEDRAL SQUARE

on which the Ape COMPANIES have converged. The doors crash inwards, as:

276 URSUS AND ZAIUS

lead 300 elite gorilla troops into:

277 REVERSE MASTER SHOT FROM ADVANCING APES' P.O.V. - THE CATHEDRAL INTERIOR

MENDEZ, alone, stands facing us from behind the prie-Dieu. The altar screens are closed. URSUS and ZAIUS, flanked by GUARDS with machine guns, stalk up the nave to a halfway point where URSUS imperiously motions a halt. Indicating MENDEZ:

URSUS
(to GUARDS)
Arrest that ... Creature, and
bring it to me.

As GUARDS reach sanctuary:

CUT TO:

278 MED. CLOSEUP - MENDEZ BEHIND PRIE-DIEU

He presses the emerald button. It glows green.

CUT BACK TO:

279 MASTER SHOT

The altar screens part. The GUARDS look up; hesitate; and, at the moment of their hesitation, are halted by the strong, stern, authoritative voice of:

MENDEZ
This is the Instrument of my God.

GUARD 1
(recoiling in
whisper)
He can speak!

Cont.

279 Cont.

MENDEZ

It has the power to destroy millions.
And I alone, if so I will, can send
it into the firmament to fall upon
your city and your people, and blast
them from the face of Earth.

URSUS laughs sardonically; snatches a machine gun and
aims it at the Bomb.

ZAIUS

(urgently interposing in
a furious undertone)
Ursus, you blinkered and semi-literate
fool! If you can read more than
military maps, for the love of God
read the writing on the wall! Man is
descended from Apes ----

URSUS spits in his face.

ZAIUS

(indicating Bomb)
---- and that weapon (of which our
science is still ignorant) marks the
depth of his descent. The Humans who
made it, were our masters once; and
the man who wields it...
(indicating MENDEZ)
...is our master still. He can
destroy our world as wantonly as his
ancestors destroyed theirs. And
being Human, he will -- unless you
yield.

URSUS, the simple soldier, pulls back the aimed machine-
gun's cocking-handle.

URSUS

Or put the weapon out of action.

And he fires a prolonged burst (long enough to empty
the magazine or bandolier) over which we:

CUT TO:

280 MED. CLOSEUP - MENDEZ

Pressing the second, topaz button. It glows yellow.

CUT TO:

281 CLOSE SHOT - THE BOMB

Its impenetrable armor-plating deflecting the final bullets of the burst. HOLDING Bomb in shot, we TRACK or CRANE BACK to:

282 MASTER SHOT

In the silence, as the volley's reverberations fade, the Bomb begins to rise very slowly on what we know to be launching pad.

CUT TO:

283 MED. CLOSEUP - MENDEZ

One claw-like finger poised above (but not touching) the ruby button.

MENDEZ

Prepare to meet thy God.

CUT TO:

284 TWO SHOT - URSUS, ZAIUS

URSUS

If we can't shoot it down,
we'll haul it.

ZAIUS

But --

URSUS

(bellowing)
Pioneers! Rope and tackle!

CUT TO:

285 MASTER SHOT

THIRTY PIONEERS race either side of MENDEZ (who never even deigns to turn from the prie-Dieu) and climb, as only Apes can, up the great beaten-gold brackets that support the still rising Bomb. As they climb on the Bomb itself, it stops.

CUT TO:

286 URSUS

smiling triumphantly at Zaius.

URSUS

(bellowing to
o.s. troops)
Well done!

CUT DOWN TO:

287 CRYPT - CASPAY, NEGRO

A yellow light is winking on console.

NEGRO

Ready to launch.

CASPAY

Unless they crack.

CUT UP TO:

288 TIGHT SHOT - APES ON BOMB

More GORILLAS, falsely encouraged by the Bomb's stoppage, have joined their fellows, who swarm about the armor-plated casing with rope and tackle.

CUT TO:

289 MED. CLOSEUP - MENDEZ

His fingers still poised above the ruby button.

MENDEZ

If you are content that your
city and your people should
perish, then my God will arise
and his enemies shall be scattered.

He stares, insolently confident, at:

290 CLOSE SHOT - URSUS

Who contemptuously raises his revolver.

CUT TO:

291 TIGHT SHOT - THE BOMB

With FOUR massive GORILLA-PIONEERS weighing down its snout, it begins to swivel slowly and creakingly forward on its vertical axis between the gold brackets.

CUT TO:

292 MASTER SHOT - URSUS

shoots MENDEZ through the heart. MENDEZ stiffens but, at first, does not fall.

293 SHOOTING UP, PAST DYING MENDEZ IN F.G., TO BOMB SLOWLY SWIVELING DOWN IN B.G.

In the five seconds before MENDEZ dies:

- The Bomb completes its 180-degree downward tilt.
- MENDEZ, paralyzed, stays erect but cannot move his finger from above the ruby button.

Then he falls forward. The hand that presses the button is the hand of a dead man -- without power of choice. The ruby glows red.

CUT DOWN TO:

294 CRYPT

Red light winking on console. NEGRO stares at CASPAY, and records his last fact.

NEGRO

We are murderers.

CUT TO:

295 MASTER SHOT - CATHEDRAL

With a roar, the Bomb's rocket-propellant ignites. We see APES burning and dying, as we know that Mutants, also, will shortly burn and die. Then, soundlessly, the light whitens to incandescence and a BLEACH-FADE, from which we:

CUT STRAIGHT IN TO:

296 THE EARTH'S SURFACE (BUT WHERE ARE WE?)

shaking to the huge shock of the distant atomic explosion underground. We PAN TO:

297 THE TETHERED HORSES OF URSUS AND ZAIUS

Rearing, whinnying and plunging in terror. As the earth tremor diminishes, we CONTINUE PAN to:

298 SPACESHIP

We HOLD this, until the tremors have subsided; then CLOSE TO:

299 BRENT

emerging from hatch. Carrying "kit with gauges" (as in PLANET OF THE APES Sc. 27) attached to the mouthpiece of his space helmet. After reading gauges, he divests himself of the apparatus, and calls down the hatch.

BRENT

It's clean. So far.

BRENT clambers down; and TAYLOR emerges, helping NOVA.

TAYLOR

(looking skyward)
No cloud?

Cont.

299 Cont.

BRENT

Not a wisp. With luck, the earth-fall in the air vents will have sealed it off.

TAYLOR

Let's pray for luck.

A pause, in which the Zone-wind whines.

TAYLOR

Where now?

BRENT

I knew a man on the moon. And a woman, for that matter. After two thousand years, something should have come of it.

TAYLOR

You want to take off?

BRENT

(looking at the
wasteland)

What's left?

TAYLOR

(looking at Nova)
Only her people ... and ours.

BRENT

They're dumb.

TAYLOR

She talked. So could they.

BRENT

(savagely)

And learn to differ? And learn to quarrel? And learn to hate? And learn to kill? As it was in the beginning? World without end?

(kicking at a stone)

We'd be starting all over again.

TAYLOR

Yes.

BRENT stares at him.

Cont.

299 Cont.1

TAYLOR
We could teach them to talk sense.

BRENT
What a hope!

TAYLOR
(again)
Yes.

A long pause, while the Zone-wind whines. Then BRENT gives the stone another kick.

BRENT
You're mad.

TAYLOR
Maybe.

BRENT
Look. They have no enemies, now. The Bomb's gone off, and with luck it's the last on earth. Don't teach them how to make another.

TAYLOR
We could teach them not to.

BRENT
Why teach them anything? They can be happy animals.

TAYLOR
Animals kill.

BRENT
Yes, but singly. Not collectively. One cat hates one dog. But who in hell ever heard of an army of cats declaring war on an army of dogs? Collective hatred is for those who talk. Be merciful, and keep these ones dumb. Leave them in ignorance.

TAYLOR turns on him with sudden ferocity.

TAYLOR
Listen. The whole stinking, rotten history of this stinking, rotten planet is the history of leaders keeping their people in ignorance.

Cont.

299 Cont.2

TAYLOR (Cont.)

Ignorance that the earth moved round the sun. Ignorance that men were descended from monkeys. Ignorance about the mass-murder of Jews in gas-chambers. Ignorance of what the Bomb would do, when we dropped it on Hiroshima. Zaius kept the Apes in ignorance -- and they died for a false God who taught them they were the Master Race. Mendez kept the Mutants in ignorance -- and the poor bastards were burnt alive by a monstrosity they'd been falsely told was their own Creator. Two thousand years ago, you and I were kept in ignorance about germ-warfare and nerve-gas and all the other cancerous and obscene secrets that governments used to sweep under their ceremonial red-carpets, while the bloody bugles blew a lie: that it was sweet and proper to slaughter our fellow-men. If we're told the whole truth, we can at least protest. We can at least rebel. But if we're not told ... one madman can kill millions.

BRENT

They're children. Leave them be.

TAYLOR

Brent, we could break the cycle. We could change the history of the world.

BRENT

For the better?

TAYLOR

(looking around)
Could it be worse?

BRENT

(looking at the spacecraft)
If it gets worse, there's always the ship.

TAYLOR

If it gets worse, all the more reason to stay.

Cont.

299 Cont.3

BRENT

Not if there's the ship.

Their eyes meet in understanding.

BRENT

I was sent here to fetch you home ...

TAYLOR

We are home.

BRENT

... under orders from my superior officers.

TAYLOR

I'm your only superior officer who isn't, literally, a fossil.

BRENT turns to look at:

A-299 SPACESHIP

We PULL BACK to include BRENT and TAYLOR in FG.

BRENT

(hotly)

Then order me to destroy the ship. And keep the people, we're supposed to educate, ignorant.

TAYLOR

Destroying the ship can't keep them ignorant. Preserving it could. Look, we may be dead by the time they've learnt to talk sentences instead of words. We may be dead before they even understand that the ship's not a God to be worshipped but a thing that's been built. And by the time they've understood that -- in heaven knows how many hundreds or thousands of years -- it'll have rusted and rotted away, anyhow. So, one day, they'll build their own.

BRENT

(torn by indecision)

Then order me.

CUT TO:

B-299 NOVA
joins BRENT and TAYLOR.

TAYLOR

B-299 Cont.

A long pause, with the Zone-wind rising. Then BRENT gives the stone a final kick, walks slowly towards the spacecraft and begins to climb it. Halfway-up:

BRENT
(quoting from some
1990 manual)
'Should spacecraft appear likely to
fall into enemy hands, activate Delta.'
Where's the enemy?

We CLOSE to TAYLOR, with his arm round NOVA.

TAYLOR
(beginning to
smile)
Everywhere.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

300 SPACECRAFT EXPLODING AND BLAZING

We PULL BACK and PAN TAYLOR, NOVA, BRENT -- all watching.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

301 EXT. APE CITY - HUMAN "PEN" - DAY

ZIRA, CORNELIUS and a GROUP of young CHIMPANZEES unlock and throw open the double gates, behind which hundreds of overcrowded HUMANS are cowering. For a long beat (during which we PULL BACK to include TAYLOR, BRENT and NOVA watching on horseback) not a single anti-Ape-conditioned HUMAN dare stir.

Then a small BOY edges to the gates, and hesitates on the threshold. In the pause, TAYLOR tensely grabs NOVA'S hand. The BOY takes an uncertain step forward; and suddenly (seeing no enmity in the CHIMPANZEES' demeanour) breaks into a walk, and from a walk into a run. We PAN him past BRENT; past TAYLOR joyfully kissing NOVA; and HOLD him as he recedes over green fields to freedom.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

302

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

A small GIRL -- clean, combed, neatly dressed -- runs out through the open doors of a big white building and races across a green lawn to join a semicircularly seated group of equally clean, combed and neatly dressed Human CHILDREN, in a school lesson for which she is late. She squats on the grass among her attentive, note-taking schoolfellows in front of o.s. TEACHER whose we heard at the beginning.

TEACHER'S VOICE

(o.s.; reading)

Thus, in the last battle of the last war upon Earth, in the forty-seventh year before the death of Taylor, both adversaries perished.

CHILD 1

What's adversaries?

TEACHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Enemies.

CHILD 2

(younger)

What's perished?

TEACHER'S VOICE

(o.s.; the stammer again)

D-died.

(reading)

And the People of the White City were slain by the Bomb which they had falsely been taught to worship; and, with them, were slain every warrior in the Army of the Apes, who had as falsely been taught that Apes were the Masters of Earth.

A grave SMALL BOY raises his hand.

CUT TO:

303

THE BOOK

from which o.s. TEACHER has been reading. The HAND, which now enters shot to close the Book, is inhumanly hairy. We PULL BACK to reveal:

A-303 CLOSE SHOT - TEACHER - A YOUNG MALE CHIMPANZEE

TEACHER

Yes, Taylor.

BOY

Sir, if they're all dead, why can't
we play there?

TEACHER

Because the Bomb poisoned the ground,
when it exploded ...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

304 EXT. THE FORBIDDEN ZONE - DAY

CAMERA PROWLING a desolate concavity in which nothing
grows.

Cont.

304 Cont.

TEACHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

And even today, the poison is
still trapped under the Forbidden
Zone.

As we CROSS-FADE TEACHER'S voice to the whistling of a dry
wind above the crater, CAMERA SLOWLY CLOSES to:

305 THE SMALLEST OF MOVEMENTS AT THE SURFACE

A square inch of earth twitches ... widens ... heaves ...
and opens, finally, to extrude a hairy, six-fingered hand.
The hand becomes a gorilla's arm, purulent with radio-
active sores. The arm, flexing and unflexing, widens the
hole through which it thrust, till the surrounding scree
and shingle falls away with a rattle to reveal the mouth
of a tunneled octagonal hole.

Out of it clambers an appallingly mutated GORILLA, holding
in his other hand one of the corroded pickaxes originally
used by the Ape Pioneers. He shuts infected eyes as red
as garnets against the unaccustomed light of day; and,
with his free arm, hauls out by the head GORILLA 2, whose
own arms are a mere vestigial six inches long. GORILLA 3
follows, carrying a rusted Ape Army rifle. One eye is
milky-blind; one leg so much shorter than the other that
he must hop instead of walk. GORILLA 1, grunting in-
articulately, throws down his pickaxe. Over the CLANK!
we:

CUT TO:

306 A GROUND DOVE, RESTING ON THE CRATER'S RIM

Startled into flight.

CUT TO:

307 GORILLA GROUP

Instinctively GORILLA 3 raises his rifle and aims it with
his good eye. Then, steadied and supported on his one leg
by GORILLA 1 and 2 -- a hideous group! -- he fires.

CUT TO:

308 THE DOVE

tumbling and falling down the once peaceful sky. As
it hits the earth, we FREEZE SHOT and:

ROLL UP END TITLES