

"THE SECRET OF THE PLANET OF THE APES"

(Working Title)

"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

(Release Title)

Original Screenplay

by

PAUL DEHN

Based on characters created by

Pierre Boulle

APJAC Productions Inc.

First Draft

"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

FROM BLACK SCREEN
SHOCK-CUT TO:

1 A SILENT DETONATION OF WHITE LIGHT

which builds to a blinding, nuclear intensity.

CUT TO:

A-1 INT. ORBITING SPACESHIP

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

ASTRONAUT 1 (MALE)

Were we wise ... ?

ASTRONAUT 2 (MALE)

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

ASTRONAUT 1 (MALE)

And where are we escaping?

ASTRONAUT 3 (FEMALE)

(briskly)

Probably to our death. But just possibly--

2 OUT

A-2 P.O.V. SHOT - EARTH'S RIM WHITENS TO INCANDESCENCE

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

3-
4 SPACESHIP

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

ASTRONAUT 2

The fools have finally destroyed themselves.

ASTRONAUT 1

Earth is dead.

ASTRONAUT 3

And we live.

3- Cont.

4

The spaceship begins to shudder.

ASTRONAUT 2

But for how long? Here comes the
shock wave.

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

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

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

VOICE

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

More static, then the radio goes dead.

ASTRONAUT 2

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

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

ASTRONAUT 2

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

He is looking at:

A-4

ILLUMINATED PANEL LABELED "AUTOMATIC RE-ENTRY SEQUENCE"

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

A-4 Cont.

path, which sometimes slightly deviates to left or right of the graphline but always approximately follows its course.

ASTRONAUT 2
We've been forced out of orbit.

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

ASTRONAUT 3
But where?

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

5 EARTH - AERIAL SHOT - THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

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

6 FROM PILOT'S P.O.V.

We ZOOM towards the floating and still-unopened spaceship.

7 INT. PILOT'S CABIN

As he flattens off and reascends:

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

8 OUT

CUT TO:

9 INT. TOWER

DUTY OFFICER

(on phone)

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

He picks up second phone and dials.

DUTY OFFICER

The Colonel, please.

10- OUT
12

A-12 INT. COLONEL'S OFFICE

COLONEL

(into phone)

I didn't even know we had anything up. ... Okay, I'll call Washington.

13 OFFICE IN WASHINGTON

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

BRODY

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

He cuts the call to initiate a new one.

14 OUT

15 OFFICE AT CAPE KENNEDY

INTERCUTTING DEPUTY DIRECTOR with BRODY in Washington.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CIVILIAN)

(patiently)

General Brody, I'm telling you ... We have no spacecraft up.

Cont.

15 Cont.

BRODY

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

16- OUT
A-16

CUT TO:

17 WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

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

PRESIDENT

Let us hope and pray that you are
right, General. But I think we
should be alert to a remoter
possibility: that the Russians
retrieved one of our missing space-
ships and remanned it with astronauts
who have now accidentally splashed
down in our own territorial waters.
In the event they're still alive, I
suggest you order the helicopter to
lift the spaceship out of the ocean
unopened ... You have? Good. Then
it should not be opened until landed
at air base under armed military
surveillance.

(drily)

And General. This is not for the
networks.

CUT TO:

18- OUT
B-18

BB-18 INT. TOWER - DUTY OFFICER AND STAFF

From squawk box we hear:

VOICE

(filtered)

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

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

Cont.

BB-18 Cont.

DUTY OFFICER

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

CUT TO:

C-18 INSIDE SPACESHIP

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

ASTRONAUT 1

We're prisoners.

ASTRONAUT 3

Yes -- but whose?

ASTRONAUT 1

The voice spoke our language. At least they have intelligence.

ASTRONAUT 2

(urgently)

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

CUT TO:

D-18 OUT

19 EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT (?)

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

20 INT. HANGAR

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

A-20 THE OPENING OF THE SPACESHIP'S HATCH

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

B-20 COLONEL AND CAPTAIN

COLONEL
Welcome, gentlemen.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

22 CLOSEUP - A RED TELEPHONE

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

TITLE AND CREDITS

Over this we see a:

23 MONTAGE

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

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

MONTAGE ENDS, as:

24- OUT
25

26 EXT. COLONEL AND CAPTAIN

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

COLONEL
Did you call the Zeb?

Cont.

26 Cont.

CAPTAIN

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

COLONEL

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

CAPTAIN

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

COLONEL

Good God.

CAPTAIN

(indicating paper bag)
They suggested oranges.

They have reached:

27 EXT. GUARD HOUSE

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

COLONEL

What's the matter, Sergeant?

SERGEANT helplessly ushers them into:

28 INT. GUARD HOUSE

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

28 Cont.

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

CAPTAIN
They're ... pretending to dress.

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

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

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

CAPTAIN advances cautiously with paper bag.

29 MASTER SHOT

We HOLD COLONEL and SERGEANT talking in f.g., while
CAPTAIN proffers oranges (which the TRIO gracefully
accepts) in b.g.

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

COLONEL
(not noticing;
to Sergeant)
Arrange prisoner escort for 1630
hours ...

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

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

29 Cont.

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

COLONEL
(still to Sergeant)
They'll have company. There's a
gorilla in the next cage.

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

COLONEL
(looking round at
last)
Now why the hell did it do that?

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

CUT TO:

30 OUT

A-30 INT. ZOO INFIRMARY - NIGHT

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

KEEPER

Have it your own way, mate.

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

ZIRA

(outraged whisper
to Cornelius)

I'm not his mate. I'm yours.

CORNELIUS

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

ZIRA

This cage stinks of gorilla.

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

ZIRA

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

CORNELIUS helplessly shrugs. From the shadows, very softly:

MILO

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

ZIRA and CORNELIUS stare at him.

Cont.

A-30 Cont.

MILO

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

CORNELIUS

But we saw Earth destroyed.

MILO

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

(solemnly)

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

His low tones have become just emphatic enough to disturb:

B-30 GORILLA IN NEXT CAGE

It shifts, grunts and whimpers uneasily.

C-30 BACK TO SCENE

The TRIO reacts. We CLOSE to:

MILO

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

FADE OUT

FADE IN

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

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

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

He hesitates.

STEVIE
What, Lewis?

LEWIS
There was a sort of rawhide
valise in the ship.

STEVIE
With food?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

32 APES' CAGE

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

LEWIS
Hi, Arthur.

Cont.

32 Cont.

ARTHUR

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

Our APES survey them stonily.

ARTHUR

(fingering bruise
on cheek)

The female's a bit uppity,
sir.

Cont.

32 Cont.

LEWIS

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

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

LEWIS

(to Stevie)

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

(to Keeper)

The female first, Arthur. And set up Tic-Tac-Toe.

To everyone's surprise and KEEPER's relief, ZIRA promptly squats down on her side of the raised screen. The hyper-cautious MILO disapprovingly shakes his head.

LEWIS

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

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

LEWIS

(indicating screen to Stevie)

You can take that away.

STEVIE

I'll say.

LEWIS

Tic-Tac-Toe, Arthur.

(indicating Cornelius)

With that male.

32 Cont.1

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

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

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

This is a test unfamiliar to ZIRA, who responds to its challenge. She speculatively eyes the banana; then stoops to prowl among the boxes, which she carefully examines without touching them. Then she straightens ... and thinks. The tension is insupportable. Suddenly ZIRA, moving into action, interlocks all the boxes so that they form a somewhat eccentric staircase leading to the banana. Having done so, she folds her arms and smugly stands at the "staircase's" foot.

Cont.

32 Cont.2

STEVIE

Why doesn't she climb?

ZIRA

Because I loathe and detest bananas.

CORNELIUS

Zira!

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

LEWIS

(sweating)

Help me get her away. I'll come back.

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

33 APE TRIO

MILO

Zira, are you mad?

CORNELIUS

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

MILO

(evenly)

I did not call her mad. I merely asked her if she was. And I repeat the question.

(to Zira)

Are you mad?

ZIRA

I hate deceit.

MILO

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

ZIRA

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

MILO

We can also listen ...

Cont.

33 Cont.

CORNELIUS

To a lot of psychiatric small talk --

MILO

And we can watch ...

CORNELIUS

A display of primitive apparatus --

ZIRA

(kicking the apparatus)

Primitive? It's prehistoric.

It couldn't test the intelligence
of a newt.

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

CORNELIUS

Zira, calm yourself --

ZIRA

I am calm.

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

MILO

Stop arguing. It's too late for
that.

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

MILO

Stop arguing and start thinking.
Now that they know we can speak,
how much shall we tell them? How--

ZIRA

(screaming)

Milo-o-o!

Through the bars, two hairy hands converge on MILO's
throat and strangle him to death. The roaring of the
GORILLA, the throttled cries of MILO and ZIRA's screams
combine to launch:

34 MONTAGE - (STOCK?) SHOTS

Of alarmed birds and beasts as panic briefly infects the Zoo. E.g., a sleeping owl opens huge eyes; cranes cry; mallards take off from pool; seals cough; apes gibber; tigers snarl; lions roar, and elephants trumpet. We might (instead of separating each cry) overlay sound cumulatively so that each new noise is added to its predecessors, as we build visually and aurally to a massive and bestial crescendo before TIME DISSOLVING back to:

35- THE CAGE
36

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

OFFICIAL 1
We shall want a full autopsy...

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

OFFICIAL 1
Keep him in cold storage till
the report's in. Then send him
to Taxidermy.
(wryly)
He's a museum piece.

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

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

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

LEWIS
(gently)
We mean you no harm.

Silence and stillness.

Cont.

35- Cont.

36

LEWIS

Do you understand? We mean
you no harm.

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

LEWIS

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

ZIRA

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

As CORNELIUS soothes her:

LEWIS

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

ZIRA

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

LEWIS

(dumbfounded)
Humans?

ZIRA

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

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

LEWIS

So am I. And I mean you no
harm.

CORNELIUS

(at last)
We know that.

LEWIS, over one hurdle, exhales.

Cont.

35- Cont.1

36

LEWIS

Do you have a name?

CORNELIUS

My name is Cornelius. And this
is Zira -- my wife.

LEWIS

Mine is Lewis -- Lewis Dixon.

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

LEWIS

Where do you come from?

CORNELIUS and ZIRA exchange glances.

CORNELIUS

Dr. Milo knew.

LEWIS

Doctor -- ?

ZIRA

And you killed him.

CORNELIUS

Nonsense, dear. The gorilla killed
him.

LEWIS

(sweating)

From where did Dr. Milo know
you came?

Cautious silence.

LEWIS

From where?

After a beat:

CORNELIUS

(cryptically)

From our present -- back into yours.

LEWIS frowns in pardonable puzzlement. Then helplessly:

LEWIS

Nobody's going to believe it.

Cont.

35- Cont.2

36

CORNELIUS

Believe what?

LEWIS

That primitive apes can talk.

ZIRA

(furious)
Primitive?

LEWIS

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

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

ZIRA

Can I say something in private?

LEWIS

(smiling back)
Please.

ZIRA

I like you.

LEWIS looks gratefully from her to:

CORNELIUS

I did from the beginning.

CUT TO:

37 WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

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

Cont.

37 Cont.

PRESIDENT

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

We PAN expectant faces and return to:

PRESIDENT

The U.S. spaceship, which splashed down off the South California coast yesterday, is one of the two which were lost in outer space more than a year ago. To be exact, the one commanded by Colonel Taylor.

Astonishment, but as yet no incredulity.

ARMY

Have they identified the bodies, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT

(kind of enjoying himself)

They have identified three -- ah -- bodies. All living...

(sensation)

...at the time of their rescue, though by an unhappy accident one was killed early this morning in the Los Angeles Zoo.

NAVY

(aside to Army)

Zoo?

AIR FORCE

What would astronauts be doing in a zoo?

PRESIDENT

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

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

PRESIDENT

Chimpanzees, to be precise.

Cont.

37 Cont.1

Stunned silence.

PRESIDENT

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

CUT TO:

38

MONTAGE - THE STORY BREAKS

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

BRITISH NEWSCASTER

(very restrained)

One of the two American spaceships, believed until now to have disintegrated in orbit, splashed down unexpectedly in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Southern California today...

(map in b.g. illustrates)

...and is stated to have been manned...if you can call it 'manned' ...by monkeys.

- Less and less restrainedly on German, French and Japanese TV.
- Finally, on American TV:

Cont.

38 Cont.

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

MONTAGE ENDS.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

39- OUT
40

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

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

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

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

HASSLEIN
Fear.

41 SMALL SIDE ROOM

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

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

ZIRA
And if the questions become less simple?

LEWIS
Be yourself.

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

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

Cont.

41 Cont.

LEWIS

I'm sorry.

ZIRA

What do they think we are -- gorillas?

The two HUMANS escort the two APES into:

42 OUT

A-42 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

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

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

LEWIS

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

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

LEWIS

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

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

CHAIRMAN

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

Cont.

A-42 Cont.

LEWIS

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

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

LEWIS

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

CHAIRMAN

May we be told which is the --
ah -- 'female of the species'?

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

CHAIRMAN

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

LEWIS

That is for you to decide.

CHAIRMAN

Have you a name?

ZIRA

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

A gasp of astonishment from AUDIENCE.

CHAIRMAN

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

LEWIS

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

Cont.

A-42 Cont.1

CHAIRMAN
What is your name?

ZIRA
Zi-ra.

CHAIRMAN
(jocosely to Audience)
One might as well be talking to
a parrot -- except that a parrot
would have answered...
(mimicking)
...'Pol-ly.'

ZIRA
(outraged)
Polly?

CHAIRMAN
(smugly)
There you are, you see. Mechanical
mimicry. Unique in an ape, vocally,
without a doubt, but...
(dismissive gesture)
Does the other one talk?

CORNELIUS
(rising)
Only when she lets me.

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

LEWIS
Professor Hasslein?

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

HASSLEIN
(abstractedly)
No. Not yet.

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

Cont.

A-42 Cont.2

LAWYER

What is the male's name, please?

CORNELIUS

Cornelius.

ZIRA

(affectionately)

My lawfully wedded spouse.

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

CARDINAL

Wedded...?

LEWIS

(placatory)

Later, your Eminence.

LAWYER

(smiling)

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

CORNELIUS

What is Eng-lish?

(mild sensation)

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

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

CORNELIUS

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

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

ZIRA

(to Cornelius)

Nonsense!

Cont.

A-42 Cont.3

CARDINAL
(approvingly)
Hear, hear.

He sits down.

ZIRA
As an intellectual, Cornelius, you
know damned well that the gorillas
are a bunch of militaristic
nincompoops and the orang-utans a
bunch of blinkered, pseudo-scientific
geese.
(laughter and applause)
As to Humans, I've dissec--

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

ZIRA
--examined thousands of them and,
until now, I've only discovered two
who could talk in my life. God
knows...
(to Cardinal)
...Excuse me ... who taught them.

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

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

HASSLEIN
Where do you come from, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS
I'm still not sure.

ZIRA
Dr. Milo was sure.

She buries her head in her hands.

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

A-42 Cont.4

A SCIENTIST.
Half? Was 'half' enough?

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

Over murmurs of sympathy:

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

CORNELIUS
(after a beat)
From your future.

A pin-drop silence. Then:

SCIENTIST
That doesn't make sense.

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

HASSLEIN
It's the only thing that does.

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

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

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

HASSLEIN uncovers piercing eyes.

CORNELIUS
...beneath the territory next to ours.

OFFICER
Who won the war?

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

Cont.

A-42 Cont.5

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

OFFICER
In a spaceship...

ZIRA
Which Dr. Milo learned to handle.

OFFICER
Did you know Colonel Taylor?

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

CORNELIUS
No. Is he a soldier?

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

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

43- OUT
46

A-46 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

HASSLEIN
No comment.

REPORTER 2
Can you explain it?

HASSLEIN
No comment -- yet.

B-46 INT. SMALL SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

As LEWIS and STEVIE help CORNELIUS and ZIRA out of their chains:

STEVIE
You were both fabulous.

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

ZIRA
There was.

CORNELIUS
(troubled)
Zira, are you sure we should --

ZIRA
Quite sure.

CORNELIUS
Even to Lewis and Stevie.

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

STEVIE
Why not with everyone?

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

B-46 Cont.

LEWIS
If it'll do no harm.

ZIRA
It can only do good.

LEWIS
Then...

ZIRA
Tell them, Cornelius.

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

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

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

LEWIS
We do.

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

LEWIS
As we do yours.
(pondering)
I'm a scientist and I sympathize.
But I agree that's a revelation
the masses wouldn't take kindly
to. I think you were right to deny
knowledge of Colonel Taylor.

ZIRA
There was another reason.

STEVIE
What?

Cont.

B-46 Cont.1

ZIRA
They would have asked if he was
alive.

LEWIS
And is he?

CORNELIUS
He can't be.

LEWIS
How d'you know?

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

She can't go on.

CORNELIUS
...we saw Earth destroyed.

SHOCK CUT TO:

C-46 TIGHT CLOSEUP - SINISTER PERSON
in thick pebble glasses.

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

PERSON
Stand by...
Someone coughs. Then silence, for:

PERSON
Four, three, two, one --
He cues with his finger and we PULL BACK to:

47 OUT

48 FULL SHOT - TV STUDIO

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

49 THE INTERVIEW (MASTER SCENE)

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

CRONKITE

Good evening. This is Walter Cronkite reporting from Los Angeles, where the biggest story since the moon landing broke this morning, when two Apes talked -- I repeat 'talked' -- to the Presidential Commission of Inquiry convened (not unsuitably!) at the City's Planetarium.

He turns to HASSLEIN.

CRONKITE

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

CUT TO:

A-49 CLIP RECORDED BY TV CAMERA

HASSLEIN

(filtered)
Where do you come from, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS

(filtered)
From your future.

CUT BACK TO:

B-49 MASTER SCENE

CRONKITE

Dr. Hasslein, do you believe that?

HASSLEIN

Absolutely. It is the only explanation.

CRONKITE

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

B-49 Cont.

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

CRONKITE
(wincing)
Could you please explain infinite
regression?

BB-49 INT. CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR
(to Technician)
Roll the film.

CUT TO:

C-49 TIGHT SHOT - A LANDSCAPE PAINTING

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

HASSLEIN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Here is the painting of a landscape.
But the artist who painted it says
'Something is missing. What is it?
It is I myself who was a part of the
landscape I painted.' So he mentally
takes a step backward -- or 'regresses'
-- and paints...
(PULL BACK)
...a picture of the artist painting
a picture of the landscape. And still
something is missing. And that something
is still his real self painting the
second picture. So he 'regresses'
further and paints a third...
(PULL BACK)
...a picture of the artist painting
a picture of the artist painting the
landscape. And because something is
still missing, he paints a fourth and
fifth picture...
(BIG, SLOW PULL-BACK)
...until he has painted a picture of
the artist painting a picture of the
artist painting a picture of the
artist painting a picture of the artist
painting the landscape.

CUT BACK TO:

D-49 MASTER SCENE

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

HASSLEIN
(very seriously)
Yes.

CRONKITE
So infinite regression is --

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

Even Cronkite has begun to sweat.

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

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

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

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

The ANIMATION achieves this resemblance.

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

Cont.

D-49 Cont.

HASSLEIN

(wry reaction from
Cronkite)

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

(ANIMATION)

...from Groove 'A' to Groove 'B'.
The bus has already passed. And
you will be alive.

(sigh of relief
from Cronkite)

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

(ANIMATION)

...like an assassination, for example,
or a war.

(leaning forward)

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

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

50 INT. INFIRMARY CAGE

HASSLEIN

(on TV)

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

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

CRONKITE

(on TV)

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

Cont.

50 Cont.

CORNELIUS

If only Dr. Milo could have heard ...

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

ZIRA

(in mock anguish)

Oh, no!

CORNELIUS

(reaching to dining
table)

Have a grape, dear, and look the
other way.

He deposits a whole bunch in her lap.

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

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

As LEWIS switches off the set:

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

51 10-15 MINUTE QUICK TEMPO MONTAGE WITH MUSIC - APES ON
THE TOWN

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

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

ZIRA

Look! A priest!

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

Cont.

51 Cont.

- B. Arrival at the Beverly Wilshire. The DOORMAN extricates ZIRA's trapped finger and arms her out of car. CORNELIUS follows. Cameras click and whirr. A small crowd applauds.
- C. Inside hotel, at Reception, CLERK proffers Visitors' Book. ZIRA hesitates over "ADDRESS"; then writes "The Zoo". PAGE takes the rawhide valise. They ascend (sensation!) by elevator to:

Cont.

51 Cont.1

- D. Their flower-filled suite, which contains endless gift baskets (from members of the public) piled high with bananas. Two further gifts (with cards attached) are a small seesaw and a stationary bicycle. STEVIE is on her knees unwrapping ... a child's multicolored rubber ball. We move from sitting room through bedroom to bathroom, where ZIRA discovers two hygienically wrapped toothbrushes; unwraps one and begins to brush her hair with it. CORNELIUS sniffs at and cautiously nibbles (ugh!) a cake of soap. LEWIS indicates how to turn on bath taps. CORNELIUS bends over bath to turn on tap. The pointer points to SHOWER and he is drenched.
- E. Back in Mercedes passing the Beverly Theater, which is unfortunately reviving "King Kong".
- F. CORNELIUS with LEWIS at Carroll & Company. A TAILOR removes his tape from around CORNELIUS's chest.

TAILOR

May I measure your inside leg,
sir?

CORNELIUS

(coldly)

No.

- G. A fashion show at Elizabeth the First for ZIRA and STEVIE only. The dazzled ZIRA chooses a high-necked, long-sleeved maxi-skirted evening gown which is very diamante'.
- H. Rancho Golf Course. Coached by LEWIS, CORNELIUS in outrageous golf clothes flukily drives 300 yards off the tee. We FOLLOW ball to lip of hole on green and PAN BACK to golf cart approaching. LEWIS hands putter to CORNELIUS, who drives ball another 300 yards, slicing a large divot from the hole's lip.
- I. Cocktail party to Press on Beverly Hilton roof. Over sound of chatter and clinking glasses, we START on TIGHT CLOSEUP of ZIRA (in her diamante' gown) being interviewed by:

FEMALE REPORTER

(notebook poised)

What is your favorite fruit?

PAN to CORNELIUS being interviewed by:

MALE REPORTER

And how do you find our women,
Mr. Cornelius?

51 Cont.2

After a beat:

CORNELIUS
(diplomatically)
Very human.

MONTAGE ENDS.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

52 HOTEL SUITE

LEWIS is maneuvering cork from a half bottle of champagne.

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

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

53 ZIRA

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

CORNELIUS
(wrinkling nose)
How's it feel?

ZIRA
Wet -- but very soothing.

54 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL

STEVIE and LEWIS exhaustedly leaving lobby.

STEVIE
What's for tomorrow?

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

55 EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (USC)

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

Cont.

A-55 INT. MUSEUM

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

56 FULL SHOT - MUSEUM'S APE SECTION

ZIRA faints into HASSLEIN's arms. MUSIC OUT.

57 NEW ANGLE - KNEELING HASSLEIN SUPPORTS RECUMBENT ZIRA

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

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

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. HOTEL SUITE

ZIRA resting on sofa, with HASSLEIN hovering in oddly oversolicitous attendance.

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

ZIRA
I have a strange craving --

HASSLEIN
That is only natural --

ZIRA
-- for Grape Juice Plus.

As Hasslein reacts, mystified:

Cont.

58 Cont.

ZIRA

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

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

ZIRA

Lewis said only a sip.

HASSLEIN

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

ZIRA

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

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

HASSLEIN

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

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

HASSLEIN

Who won your war?

Back to:

ZIRA

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

Cont.

58 Cont.1

HASSLEIN
But which side won?

ZIRA
(drinking)
Neither.

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

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

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

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

ZIRA
I feel magnificently sleepy.

HASSLEIN
(earnestly)
Zira, was there a Date Meter in
the spaceship?

ZIRA
Mm.

HASSLEIN
What did it register after Earth's
destruction?

ZIRA
Nineteen...seventy...three.

We CLOSE to CLOSEUP of "CIGARETTE CASE".

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

QUICK MIX TO:

59 "CIGARETTE CASE" on DIFFERENT TABLE TOP

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

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

60 PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

PRESIDENT
(coolly)
So?

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

PRESIDENT
(massive calm)
I doubt if we shall still be in
office by then.
(opening a file)
And according to the NASA experts,
who are still subjecting the
spaceship to microscopic scrutiny,
the precise year of what you merely
infer to be Earth's destruction is
recorded on the flight synthesizer
as thirty-nine fifty-five.
(a beat)
A.D., presumably.

HASSLEIN discomfited.

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

HASSLEIN
Herod lacked our facilities.

Cont.

60 Cont.

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

(aghast)

Are you actually saying--

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

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

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

By destroying the world?

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

Aren't you?

PRESIDENT

I consider it dispassionately as a possibility -- not hysterically as a fact.

HASSLEIN winces.

PRESIDENT

This isn't the Bay of Pigs. It's the Bay of Apes. We don't have a mere twenty-four hours to make up our minds. We have...

(calculating on pad)

...one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two years. Let us not, in the vernacular of my day, 'blow our cool'.

Cont.

60 Cont.1

HASSLEIN

Mr. President, I cannot feel
'cool' about even the possibility
of Earth's destruction -- however
far distant.

PRESIDENT

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

(flipping through
file)

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

(significantly)

I can in ours.

HASSLEIN

We have their own testimony that
they provoked the war.

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

(rising and pacing)

By their testimony, we know that
Apes will acquire the power of
intelligent speech and become
the master race on Earth. By
Zira's testimony, we know that
she is pregnant with child. By
my own testimony, it would be
genetically possible for this
child -- provided always that we
permit its birth --

(a sharp glance from
the President)

-- to bear or to beget a talking
Ape by or from a dumb one in a
present-day jungle or a present-day
zoo.

Cont.

60 Cont.2

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

I do.

PRESIDENT

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

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

HASSLEIN

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

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

We condoned the attempted assassination of Hitler because he was evil.

PRESIDENT

But would we have approved killing him in babyhood when he was still innocent? Or killing his mother when he was still in her womb? Or slaughtering his remote ancestors? We have no evidence, Hasslein, that these Apes are evil.

HASSLEIN

There are indications.

PRESIDENT

(sharply)
Such as?

Cont.

60 Cont.3

HASSLEIN

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

PRESIDENT

Are you suggesting they were improperly interrogated?

HASSLEIN

Shall I say 'unprofessionally'?

PRESIDENT

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

HASSLEIN

The full works, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

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

61 OUT

A-61 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

COMMISSION sitting. On the dais, the CHAIRMAN reads. HASSLEIN, smiling, sits beside him.

Cont.

A-61 Cont.

CHAIRMAN

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

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

Two: Since, however, there is justifiable cause for suspecting that they have withheld vital information from the Commission, the Ape-onauts will in fact be secretly conducted by their 'keeper', Dr. Lewis Dixon...

(we pick him out,
deadpan)

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

HASSLEIN'S smile is like a skull's.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

B-61 WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

PRESIDENT reading the speech's continuation to HASSLEIN.

PRESIDENT

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

(to Hasslein)

I find that 'and/or' somewhat sinister.

QUICK TIME DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. STATION WAGON WITH POLICE CAR AND MOTORCYCLE ESCORT
winding through bare, hilly country at DUSK.

63 INT. STATION WAGON

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

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

CORNELIUS
You hear that, Zira.

ZIRA stares grimly ahead.

CORNELIUS
For the baby's sake.

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

LEWIS
And above all, don't tell them
what you told me.

He halts at the security-signed gate; shows his pass and/or badge to GUARD, who breaks the electric circuit by inserting key in lock of metal wall box just inside his window. To CORNELIUS'S fascination, the gate latch clicks and GUARD opens gates manually -- saluting as they pass through.

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

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

65 BLACK SCREEN

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

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

66 CLOSEUP - A LIGHT

of almost solar intensity, swiveling into CAMERA.

HASSLEIN'S VOICE

Brighter than this?

The light is shining on:

67 ZIRA

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

68 HER THREE EXAMINERS

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

69 PULLING BACK FROM ZIRA

to include CORNELIUS listening nervously by her side. From a wall speaker:

ZIRA'S VOICE

(filtered and tipsy)

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

E.1

(amiably to Zira)

It's your voice, isn't it?

ZIRA

If you say so.

E.2

(icily)

He does say so.

ZIRA

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

E.1

What don't you remember, Zira?

ZIRA

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

Cont.

69 Cont.

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

E.1
Why don't you remember?

ZIRA
Because Dr. Hasslein made me
drunk.

HASSLEIN
(suave)
Deliberately. In vino veritas.

ZIRA
I beg your pardon?

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

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

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

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

E.1
(quietly to Zira)
Why did you tell something to
Dr. Hasslein when drunk, which you
never told to the Commission when sober?
Because you and your husband were afraid
for the safety of yourselves...and
your unborn child?

Cont.

69 Cont.1

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

E.1.
And if somebody had?

After a beat:

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

E.2.
You all look alike to me.

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

E.2.
Then who did?

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

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

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

CORNELIUS
(pounding desk)
Please do not use that word!
As an archeologist I had access to
history scrolls kept secret from
the masses, and I know that one
reason for Man's original downfall
was your peculiar habit of murdering
one another. Man destroys Man.
Apes do not destroy Apes.

Cont.

69 Cont.2

HASSLEIN

(cooling the heat)

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

The emotional temperature drops.

CORNELIUS

(unexpectedly)

It began, in our prehistory, with the plague that fell upon dogs.

ZIRA

And cats.

CORNELIUS

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

ZIRA

There were dog bonfires...

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

CORNELIUS

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

ZIRA

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

CORNELIUS

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

Cont.

69 Cont.3

E.1.

Like sheep dogs...

CORNELIUS

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

ZIRA

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

HASSLEIN

(instantly)

How?

CORNELIUS lays a restraining hand on ZIRA's.

CORNELIUS

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

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

CORNELIUS

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

The tape recorder revolves.

E.1.

So that's how it all started.

ZIRA and CORNELIUS exchange troubled glances.

HASSLEIN

How did it end?

Cont.

69 Cont.5

ZIRA
(stalling)
End?

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

A silence.

E.2.
Were they happy?

ZIRA
(stalling)
You could say so.

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

He pulls the intercom on the table a shade nearer.

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

E.2.
(buzzing intercom)
Clip One, please.

From a wall speaker:

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

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

ZIRA
Yes.

E.2.
So they were happy -- and dumb.

ZIRA
(seeing where this
will lead)
I - I think he must have meant
dumb-stupid -- not dumb-mute.

Cont.