

THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

Working Title

First Draft Story Outline

by

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We rove Modern City's Civic Center soon after sunrise. Its otherwise deserted streets (over which we SUPER the date "2004 A.D.") are being prepared for some sort of festivity by groups of early WORKERS: human males in red, females in blue. We watch:

- Group 1 hosing down a sidewalk.
- Group 2 sweeping clean behind Group 1, and passing:
- Group 3 brushing adhesive "size" on the back of a poster held face downwards on a cafe tabletop.
- Group 4 attaching a furled flag to the base of a flagpole.
- Group 5 scrubbing (and masking) the plinth of a stone statue, whose shoes only are visible below the hem of a sculpted robe. A loudening drum-roll, as the Scrubbers step back to reveal the plinth's inscription: "CAESAR I". Then triumphal MUSIC crashes in over a CUT TO:

The flag unfurling in the wind as it reaches the mast-head. Against a yellow ground, the head of an Ape (CAESAR) rises from symbolically blood-red flames. Over the flag, as it flutters, we SUPER MAIN TITLE:

"BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES"

and CUT TO:

- Group 3 affixing the poster to the wall. It bears the same device as the flag, but the head is profiled and subscribed: "HAIL, CAESARI"

CUT TO:

- Dramatic shot of the statue's head. Imperial Caesar looks down on his subjects, one of whom (a human male) is climbing up a ladder to scrub the great stone face - from which, as he scrubs, we CUT TO:

Caesar's own face. A human hand is combing his hair and beard. We PULL BACK to reveal Caesar seated in a futuristic "robing-room" before a tall mirror. He is attended by his red-uniformed VALET, who now ceases his ministrations and steps back to observe the reflected result.

CAESAR
Thank you, George.

As Valet backs out of shot, MACDONALD (Caesar's Negro overseer in "CONQUEST") moves into the mirror and stands behind the Chimpanzee who is now his master. We shall learn that he is the only Human in Modern City permitted to wear clothes rather than a servant's uniform.

MACDONALD
Your escort is ready, Caesar, and
the Council is assembled.

Outside, in a long interior corridor, two armed, black-uniformed Gorilla GUARDS spring to attention and salute as Caesar regally

emerges, followed by Macdonald. The Group moves off through a MONTAGE of interior corridors. Minor Ape Officials, encountered en route, give place with that slight inclination of the head which serves for a royal bow in England. The few Human Workers back away more obsequiously and bow lower. During this, we
SUPER:

MAIN CREDITS

And as CREDITS END, we reach great double-doors on which Macdonald ceremonially knocks. Over the doors opening, CUT TO:
REVERSE LONG SHOT (from inside the Council Chamber) of doors flung open by human SERVANTS.

MACDONALD
Pray silence for Caesar!

He gives place, as Caesar enters and the Councilors rise from either side of a long table. They are:

- 3 CHIMPANZEES led by PAN* who is young, intellectual and idealistic. The speed of his talk reflects the speed of his mind; and his mind is all peace between Apes and humans.
- 3 GORILLAS led by ALDO, who is early-middle-aged, aggressive, militaristic, hates Humans and would like them exterminated - if necessary by war.
- 2 ORANGUTANS led by ZENO, who is the elderly apostle of science and reason. It takes him longer than the others

* The scientific name for the species Chimpanzee.

to form a conclusion; but the conclusion, once reached, is always more practical than Pan's and more logical than Aldo's.

The Orangutans are a minority faction, but their two votes in Council can be decisive in the event of a deadlock between the three Chimpanzees and three Gorillas. We must watch Zeno. At the picture's end, he will become the Lawgiver retrospectively referred to in "PLANET". In the SCREENPLAY we shall more fully establish the character and viewpoint of each faction-leader during the brief debate that follows Caesar's opening statement. Meanwhile, all Councilors resume their seats for:

CAESAR

Fellow Chimpanzees, Gorillas and Orangutans! On this thirteenth anniversary of the Night of the Fires, I have (as is our annual custom) assembled and collated reports from all territories on the state of Ape Supremacy; and I now announce with pride that ninety percent of Mankind is under Ape domination and control.

A growl of approval, as the Gorillas' hairy hands slap the tabletop. Macdonald remains impassive.

CAESAR

There are still isolated pockets of human resistance in the north - but I stress that they are isolated and therefore constitute no serious threat provided that they remain scattered, until we have rounded them up and disarmed them.

Macdonald just perceptibly sighs.

CAESAR

(looking at him)

Disarmament of their minor weapons continues. Disarmament of their major weapons appears complete. We shall use the former only for our own defence - and the latter will never be reactivated.

(to Councilors)

The world may breathe again. It cannot now be destroyed by those who walk upon it. Thirteen years after the Night of the Fires, we stand upon the brink of an Era of Peace.

Only the Gorillas take no part in applause which is punctuated by murmurs of "Peace!" from the rest. Then, softly but audibly:

MACDONALD

And goodwill, Caesar?

CAESAR

(puzzled)

Towards whom?

MACDONALD

Towards Men.

A pin-drop silence, broken by Aldo, who spits.

CAESAR

You have our goodwill, provided you keep our laws.

ALDO

(snorting)

What more do you want? A seat on our Council?

MACDONALD

Yes.

Another silence. Then, successively, Aldo, GORILLA 1 and GORILLA 2 laugh . . . and laugh.

MACDONALD

(interrupting)

I have seen to it that we have served you quietly, faithfully and efficiently for more than a decade. We have put not only our energies at your disposal but our knowledge. God gave you brains. We have given you minds. You still need us. Yet we have no representation on your Council.

ALDO

Because it is our Council.

PAN

(rising)

It is not our Council but the Community's. And I do not see why Humans, who share this Community in however humble and subordinate a capacity, should not demand at least one seat on -

ZENO

(rising)

Demand or deserve?

MACDONALD

I have said that we have served you peacefully for more than -

ZENO

(sardonic)

Ten years! Can ten years of good behavior expiate ten thousand years of bad? What use is peace in the south, while there are still rebels in the north? Come to us again, when no Human has killed either an Ape or another Human for one hundred years -

MACDONALD

And we have all been exterminated -

ALDO

(with relish)

Ha!

MACDONALD

- because we are no longer of use to you -

CAESAR

(gently, but with
authority)

Macdonald, the fact that you saved my
life twice on the Night of the Fires does
not entitle you to address this Council
or to formulate policy. You, too, are
a servant. What sets you above your
fellows is that you are mine.

(smiling)

And I hope you will remain so.

BOOM! The audience may jump at the sound of O.S. cannon-fire,
but not those inside the Council Chamber, who have been expecting
it. Macdonald, deferential again, looks at his watch.

MACDONALD

Your subjects await you, Caesar.

As all rise, we CUT TO:

BOOM! In the courtyard outside, a cannon (operated by Gorillas)
fires a second "royal" salute to cheers and cries of:

MASSED APES

Hail, Caesar! Hail, Caesar! ad lib.

CUT TO:

The "robing room" where Caesar is being groomed and invested in
a resplendently green ceremonial cloak by his VALET, while the
sound of the firing and crowd-voices continues outside. We
PAN OFF him to:

LISA (the female Chimpanzee from "CONQUEST") being similarly
robed and groomed by two human MAIDS in blue servant-costumes.
As a Maid tightens Lisa's belt, Lisa (to both Maids' consternation)

gives an involuntarily little gasp of pain but follows it instantly with a smile of reassurance, pats her own belly and whispers something in the Maid's ear.

MAID

Oh, Ma'am I'm so glad.

CAESAR

Come, Lisa. The citizens are waiting.

They go out and emerge into:

The courtyard - followed at a discreet distance by Macdonald. Here a BODYGUARD of six Gorillas salute and escort them through the parted Ape Crowd into:

Modern City's Civic Center. Pretty much the same as it was in "Conquest" except for the one stupefying change: the Master-Servant situation has been completely reversed. Everywhere the Apes are now the masters and mistresses - Gorillas in black, Chimps in Green, Orangutans in orange-brown - and the Humans (males in red, females in blue) are now the slaves.

At Caesar's passing, the Male Apes bow and the Females (some with difficulty) bob curtseys. The Humans obsequiously give place to him and his entourage (or are non-violently chivvied into doing so by the Gorillas) as the tour of inspection proceeds and reveals how weirdly the tables have been turned since the end of "Conquest".

- Everywhere are yellow flags and posters of Caesar's head backed by the symbolically blood-red flames of the Night of the Fires. A triumphal banner across the royal route proclaims: "HAIL, CAESAR!"
- In a greengrocer's shop window, replete with fruit and vegetables, a human ARTIST is bedecking effigies of Caesar and Lisa with fresh flowers.
- A P.A. speaker bawls: "Citizens of Ape City! Caesar is amongst you and commands that you show him neither ceremony nor homage on this festal day that celebrates thirteen years of Ape Freedom."

CUT TO:

- Chimpanzee ANNOUNCER, continuing in studio: "Let there be no formalities. But go your ways in peace."
- Gorilla POLICEMAN surreptitiously chivvying one of half-a-dozen human SWEEPERS who have been cleaning up the entry into:
- The Piazza, where we INTERCUT Caesar and Lisa with P.O.V. shots:
- At the outdoor cafe, seated Apes are being served by Humans with bananas, oranges, grapes and raisins which they eat with attempted refinement. A Chimp calls "Waiter!". A Gorilla (less articulate) thumps the table, and a human WAITER comes obsequiously running.

- In a playground a group of Ape CHILDREN are sliding down chutes, sitting on see-saws and swinging on swings under the supervision of a female Human Teacher, (LINDY). At Caesar's approach:

LINDY
Now what shall we play, children?
Follow My Leader or Blind Ape's Buff?

CHILDREN
(in dutiful unanimity)
Follow My Leader!

Caesar is delighted. His Group descends into:

- A pedestrian subway, where we pass doors to three restrooms respectively labeled "Ladies", "Gentlemen" . . . and "Humans". It is from the last of these that there emerges a human STRANGER, who blocks the Group's progress: a tall, lean John Carradine type with fanatical blue eyes and an authority enhanced by his clothes which are of the trim but travel-stained sort that Humans used once to wear.

STRANGER
(ironic smile)
Hail, Caesar.

Macdonald hastily interposes himself between the Stranger and an angry Caesar flanked by his angrier Bodyguard.

MACDONALD
(quietly)
By what right are you not in servant's uniform?

STRANGER

By the right of humans to dress as they please.

CAESAR

(quietly)

Humans have no rights except those conferred on them by Apes.

(to Guard-Commander)

Arrest him.

As the Guard moves forward:

STRANGER

Wait!

The monosyllable has the stopping force of a .45 bullet.

STRANGER

If you harm one hair of my head, this City will be destroyed.

In the silence, Lisa touches her belly, whimpers and hides her eyes. But Caesar suddenly relaxes and rolls his eyes skyward in mock resignation.

CAESAR

Another lunatic!

(to the Guard Commander)

Detach two Gorillas to escort him to General Aldo's Headquarters for interrogation. Then report to me.

Guard Commander clicks to obedient attention.

MACDONALD

And Caesar?

CAESAR

Yes, Macdonald.

MACDONALD

May I respectfully suggest that he be well-treated until we're sure?

CAESAR

Of what, Macdonald?

MACDONALD

Of his lunacy.

Caesar frowns and turns to Guard Commander.

CAESAR

See to it.
 (to Macdonald)
 Come. We're wasting time.

The Escort moves off in one direction; the Group exits subway in the other. Emerging, they pass:

A Barber's Shop, to which we CLOSE as Group exits shot. Human hands remove a hot towel from the face of . . . an Ape. He is having his shoes shined by a little BLACK BOY, to whom he tosses:

INSERT: A silver dollar-sized coin on the Boy's black palm. It has Caesar's profiled image and is circumscribed "CAESAR 1 REX IMPERATOR SIMIORUM*." From the image of Caesar's head:

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE TO:

The real Caesar's profile, frowning in the doorway (opened by Macdonald) of Aldo's office, as we slow PULL BACK during dialogue to include Stranger (back turned, between Guards) addressing Aldo. In the corner sits a human CLERK, punching a shorthand-typewriter.

STRANGER

For the last time, I will speak
 before no one but Caesar.

CAESAR

Caesar is here.

He sits, as Stranger whips round into confrontation.

CAESAR

What is your name?

STRANGER

You took it away and gave me a number.

ALDO

What number?

STRANGER

(scornfully)

Do you expect me to remember it?

ALDO

Where have you come from?

STRANGER

The North.

ALDO

What territory?

Silence.

MACDONALD

For your own sake, please tell us.

Silence.

MACDONALD

Who are you?

STRANGER

A messenger.

CAESAR

Sent by . . . ?

STRANGER

My master.

CAESAR

(patiently)

Has he a name?

STRANGER

We call him Nimrod . . .

Dialogue unexpectedly continues uninterrupted over a visual:

SHOCK CUT TO:

NIMROD, seated at a portable wooden table in a tattered tent through which the north wind flaps and whines. A grizzled giant by John Wayne out of Royal Dano, he wears the battered cap of a former U.S. Army General and listens (with two young "AIDES") to a radio-speaker on the tabletop.

STRANGER'S VOICE
 (continuing, through speaker)
 . . . because he was, and is, a mighty
 hunter.

CAESAR'S VOICE
 And what is his message?

Through the tent flap we focus briefly on a distant, old-type bomber plane being serviced by humans, and:

CUT BACK TO:

Aldo's Headquarters.

STRANGER
 "Set our people free."

An amused silence.

CAESAR
 No.

STRANGER
 Or else -

CAESAR
 (stung to anger)
 Did you set us free, when we were
 your slaves? There can be no "or else".

STRANGER
 (quietly)
 Caesar, there can. We have a plane
 and we have a bomb.

MACDONALD

(softly)
Christ.

STRANGER

A bomb that could reduce this city -
which is the Capital of your Empire -
to rubble.

CUT TO:

The North. PULLING BACK from the exterior shot of bomb ready
for loading onto a plane ready for fuelling. NIMROD and AIDES
listening intently to the radio-speaker's crackling silence.

AIDE 1

That shook 'em.

AIDE 2

Now they'll turn the heat on.

CAESAR'S VOICE

(through speaker)
Where is this Nimrod?

CUT TO:

Aldo's Headquarters.

STRANGER

I have told you. In the North.

ALDO

Where in the North?

Silence.

ALDO

(banging fist on table)
Where? Where? Where?

Silence.

ALDO

We can make you talk.

STRANGER

I repeat: if you harm one hair of
my head, your City will be destroyed.

CAESAR
Apes have ways of hurting without
harming. Brutus!

One of the Gorilla Guards clicks to attention.

CAESAR
Show him.

BRUTUS (from behind) thrusts his hands under the Stranger's arms, locks fingers across the Stranger's chest, and with sundry expert movements of the thumbs, begins to apply a pressure which (though it never wipes the scornful smile off the Stranger's face) drenches him with the sweat of appalling pain. We INTERCUT the faces of the onlookers - starting on the Clerk and ending on Macdonald, who winces at the sudden, sickening crunch of what seem to be breaking bones. Caesar and Aldo leap simultaneously to their feet.

CAESAR
You fat-knuckled idiot! You've
broken his ribs.

But Brutus is feeling the Stranger's chest under his shirt, and shaking his head.

BRUTUS
No. . .no.

ALDO
Then what have you broken?

BRUTUS
This.

And from under the shirt he extracts a small, smashed, plastic microphone attached to a miniature transmitter concealed in the shirt's inner pocket.

ALDO
 (indicating Stranger
 to Guard 2)
 Shoot him.

MACDONALD
 Caesar - !

CAESAR
 The damage is done. We have been
 heard. Our City is infected. Cleanse
 it!

As Guard 2's gun fires and blood spreads across the shirt of the still-smiling Stranger:

CUT TO:

The North. Nimrod and "Aides" (the two latter are the pilots who will undertake the mission) calculate that the time required for fuelling the plane, installing the bomb and reaching the target will be X hours. We the audience, therefore know that there is a dangerously short time-limit for the completion of:

Caesar's countermeasures. These are not unsubtle. Modern City is of course equipped with deep shelters which, when first constructed, were designed to accommodate the Human population only. In the event of a nuclear attack, Apes would have been left to fend for themselves. The situation must now be reversed, though the reversal is tempered with a modicum of mercy. Caesar breaks into the holiday celebrations with a

dramatic Proclamation of Emergency on P.A. and TV. The threat (he says) may be a hoax but the Council are taking no risks. Deep shelters shall, for the moment, immediately be occupied by Apes only.

Thereafter (says Caesar) whatever shelter space remains available shall be allocated to Humans selected on a priority basis for their potential usefulness to Ape Society. Humans are asked to stand by public TV screens till those selected have been summoned (by their personal numbers) to fill vacancies in designated shelters. Those not selected must find what shelter they can in subways and cellars.

Throughout Caesar's announcement we INTERCUT its panic-effect on the holiday-making populace - in the restaurant, where half-eaten meals are left unfinished; in the playground, where the Ape Children don't want to be parted from their Human Teacher, Lindy; and in the Barber's Shop etc., etc.

At length the Apes are gone - leaving the Civic Center scattered with holiday-litter and bewildered Humans. An elderly MALE, as though in a trance, begins automatically to sweep the litter from the sidewalks. Like a Zombie.

Caesar exits a conference with his Councilors (all are united in adversity) and invites Macdonald to share the sanctuary of his V.I.P. shelter. To Caesar's distress, Macdonald at first refuses. He prefers to stay (and if need be die) with his own people. Caesar gently argues, ending:

CAESAR

Macdonald, it is wrong for a ruler to be in his servant's debt. You saved my life twice. I command you to allow me to save yours.

MACDONALD

And if I refuse?

Caesar smiles and puts an arm on Macdonald's shoulder.

CAESAR

I'll have you shot.

Macdonald smiles, too . . . and gives in. They have reached:

The "Robing Room", where Lisa (alone) pleads to be allowed to take her two human maids, MARY and ANNA, into the shelter.

Reluctantly, Caesar feels compelled to restrict her to one.

Humans selected for shelter will chiefly be those who can serve not individuals but the State. Poor Lisa! She will have to make a difficult choice.

In the North, the bomb is about to be installed in the plane and we learn something that Nimrod and the two Pilots have known all along; that this is possibly a suicide mission with a conceivable point of no return. Nimrod has gambled all but a small reserve-percentage of his precious fuel on a death-blow to Caesar's capital city. The Pilots have enough fuel to reach the target area, drop the bomb and (with luck and good weather) fly clear of the holocaust before effecting a forced landing on their way home to the North.

NOTE: In the above scene we visually (and unassertively) establish that Nimrod's campsite includes a car graveyard containing veteran vehicles of the 1970's and 1980's. A handful of humans are working (without special urgency) to restore or service these.

CUT TO:

Exterior shots of Apes descending into various shelters - many clutching suitcases and bags of food, some with (Ape) children. One heavily-guarded shelter is also the City Arsenal, filled with boxes of ammunition and crates of small arms. We end on V.I.P. shelter with Caesar, Lisa, Pan, Aldo, Zeno, other Councilors and Aides, Macdonald and the valet, George. Outside, the two human maids, Anna and Mary, approach the shelter with confidence. Lisa cannot bear to watch the heart-rending scene as Anna is given access and Mary is excluded.

In the North, the bomb is installed in the plane.

In the Civic Center the lower-calibre humans (such as sweepers, cleaners, laborers) cluster round an outdoor TV screen, waiting, praying that their names may be called. Indoors, the higher-calibre technicians, teachers, medics etc. watch their own TV sets in small, sparsely furnished rooms and shared apartments. The sets are switched on, but the screens stay silent and black, until:

A VOICE booms out over Civic Center:

"Attention all Humans!"

The screen brightens to reveal a (Chimpanzee).

ANNOUNCER

(as we INTERCUT listeners)

The following will report immediately to Shelter 9 at the intersection of Caesar Avenue and Armando Street.* They will wear their identity discs and carry no baggage except such portable tools and devices as are vital to the useful prosecution of their profession or their trade. Their mates (whether male or female) will not be admitted to the shelter; and no human child shall be released from the School Pound, where second-class shelter is available in the cellars.

Now, as the Announcer (seen on various screens) calls each name and number - preceded by an initial letter denoting his or her calibre - we CUT or PAN to the name's owner. Thus, on a small indoor screen:

ANNOUNCER

A34577 Clement, veterinary surgeon.

We PAN off TV screen to Clem, a handsome young vet in his surgery. With a sigh of relief, he begins methodically to put instruments and drugs into his medical bag.

CUT TO:

Civic Center's big screen.

ANNOUNCER

C21632 Bradford, carpenter.

CUT TO:

* For Ape-buffs. Armando, Caesar's human foster-father, was killed for trying to help Caesar in "CONQUEST".

Brad, in his burly mid-30's, looking at screen. He already carries his small tools in his belt and his larger ones in a bag. He moves off, to the undisguised envy of the Crowd. There could be trouble brewing.

We continue to CROSS-CUT this "call-up" of the Humans in Modern City with the progress of the plane's preparation in the North; and it may be assumed that, whenever we CUT to the North, further names are being called in the South - names, whose owners we shall only meet for the first time in the picture's second half. Meanwhile, after the calling up of (say) an architect and an engineer, we:

CUT TO:

Large indoor wall screen.

ANNOUNCER
B135984 Melinda, schoolteacher.

We PULL BACK to Lindy alone and frightened in her schoolroom, seated at a high desk in front of blackboard scribbled with simple sums and the quotation "We must love one another or die."* She begins to collect colored crayons, pens, pencils, drawing pads, exercise books etc.

CUT TO:

Small screen in shared apartment.

ANNOUNCER
A149760 Alexander, animal psychiatrist.

* W.H. Auden

We PULL BACK to two men in a room whose shelves jointly accommodate the books of the psychiatrist (LEX) and the technical paraphernalia of the radio-ham (FRANK). Lex is thin, bespectacled and frail. Frank - dark, saturnine and compact, emanates the same dynamic power as the man we called "The Stranger".

LEX
(sincerely)
I'm sorry, Frank.

But Frank is brooding and doesn't answer. Lex surveys his books.

LEX
I guess my . . . baggage is all
in my head. I'll just take soap
and a toothbrush.
(fingering his weak chin)
And maybe grow a beard at last.

His fingers have touched the cord of his identity-disc, which he pulls out from under his shirt. And Frank stares at it.

LEX
Mustn't lose this.

FRANK
You might as well.

LEX
Might as well what?

FRANK
Lose it, Lex.

LEX
(alarmed)
Frank, what d'you want?

FRANK
I want to survive, Lex.

He snatches at the disc and pulls it so that the cord bites into the back of Lex's neck.

LEX
(resisting)
Frank, you can't get away with it.
You're not a psychiatrist. You're a
radio technician - !

Frank begins to twist the disc so that the cord twists, too. Just before Lex is (inevitably) strangled, we:

CUT TO:

Shots of low-calibre unselected Humans drifting, dazed and terrified, about the darkening streets. They begin to coalesce into a Mob.

Selected Humans queuing to go down into Shelter 9. Their identity-discs are checked against a typed list at the head of the descending stone stairway. Lindy approaches checkpoint, followed by Frank.

LINDY
B135984 Melinda, schoolteacher.

GORILLA GUARD
Pass.

FRANK
A149760 Alexander, animal psychiatrist.

After a sufficient pause to provide tension:

GORILLA GUARD
Pass.

A step below Frank, Lindy slightly stumbles. He grabs her elbow to prevent a fall.

LINDY
Thank you, Mr. . . Alexander.

FRANK
(grinning)
Call me Lex.

More Humans at the end of the queue go down, down, down, down

And in the North, the two Pilot-Aides go up, up, up into the plane.

Dusk. The unselected Mob marches on a Bank. There'll be vaults, there, and maybe money for later - if there is a "later". They are smashing the windows with broom handles, when the last Ape Police Squad to patrol the City opens fire. A pitched battle ensues between a Squad with firearms and a Mob (superior in numbers) armed only with brooms, picks, spades, hammers etc. Inevitably many Humans are massacred; but some climb through the broken glass and vanish into the Bank. A siren wails, summoning all Ape personnel back into the shelters. The Police Squad recedes. Silence broken by:

Exterior. The plane's four great jet engines suddenly roar into earsplitting life. We PULL BACK to include Nimrod and his "Army" assembled to bid the revving-up plane farewell.

Shots of shelter doors sliding shut. Night is falling on Modern City.

With a thunderous roar the plane takes off and heads south into the deepening dusk.

Interior of plane. Tense technical dialogue between the two (doomed?) Pilots. The fuel and altimeter dials of the veteran plane are established. Its condition is less than perfect.

The red and yellow flags and poster-portraits of Caesar flutter over darkening streets deserted and empty except outside the Bank, where wounded Human Survivors of the massacre still faintly moan and stir. From a poster-portrait we:

CUT TO:

Caesar, deep underground with his entourage, planning for an enigmatic future. We end on:

ZENO
What more can we do?

CAESAR
We can wait.

Interior of plane, buffeted by headwinds. The fuel dial is falling. To evade turbulence, Pilot 1 drops to the minimum altitude consistent with clearing the bomb's explosion, and peers from the cockpit into. . .black night.

Impressive GROUND-SHOT of Modern City by night. Streetlamps have lit automatically and some windows are lit, though empty.

From his shelter, Caesar orders a General Blackout.

INSERT: A hairy Orangutan hand throws a switch (or switches) in subterranean power house.

FULL SHOT: City. All the lights go out. And very, very gradually in the long, momentous silence, we hear the drone of the approaching plane. As it loudens, one of the engines begins to stutter.

The drone and the stutter can just (but only just) be heard by an elderly female human SUPERVISOR in the cellars of the School Pound, where she sits surrounded by scared human CHILDREN. She takes a pectoral cross from its concealment in her bosom and holds it towards the children.

SUPERVISOR

Children, this is called the cross of Christ, who is still said secretly by many of us to be the Son of God. Let us pray for our safety to Him and to His Father. Repeat after me:
Our Father . . .

CHILDREN

Our Father . . .

SUPERVISOR

Which art in heaven . . .

CUT TO:

Interior of plane.

PILOT 1

We're losing height. It's now or never.

PILOT 2

Now.

We CLOSE to his hand activating the bomb's release. And PILOT 1 puts plane into a screaming steep turn, as we:

CUT DOWN TO:

The City. No sound of the detonation. But night slowly brightens into day, and the day slowly dazzles. We catch the classic Hiroshima glimpse of a stray HUMAN backed against a stone wall. Then his body vanishes and only his silhouette remains burnt into the wall . . . which splits. The screen bleaches to a white, blinding incandescence; and the thunder of crashing masonry deafens us, as the now invisible City founders.

Only later shall we learn what happened to the plane.

END OF PART I

PART TWO

TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. V.I.P. shelter in almost total darkness. Two Human SHAPES sit on either side of a table against the concrete back wall, spooning something out of a can into their mouths.

SHAPE 1

We're lucky they never ate meat.

SHAPE 2

(lighter voice)

We're lucky they left orange peel.
We're lucky the shelter was open.

SHAPE 1

Okay. So we're lucky . . . period.

SHAPE 2

(shivering suddenly)

I feel it's evening.

SHAPE 1

What day?

SHAPE 2

What month . . . ?

SHAPE 1

Would you like a minute or two of
light?

SHAPE 2

We've been very economical.

Shape 1 throws a switch on the wall above the table, and light floods the abandoned Ape shelter.

SHAPE 2

That's better.

It isn't better - for us. Both Humans are hairless as albinos; and radiation has stripped their faces' skin, revealing the

hideously complex ganglia of veins, sinews and nerve ends beneath. We are looking at two ancestors of the "evolved" Mutant Colony which was later to found a subterranean civilization in "APES 2".

SHAPE 1

I'd like to have seen our child again.

SHAPE 2

(affectionately)
We'll have others.

It dawns on us that Shape 2 must be female. As the grotesque pair kiss across the table, we:

QUICK TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

Shots of small, bewildered human bands - shocked, stricken and in tatters, wandering aimlessly in a dazed effort to live off the scorched earth, over which a brown fog hangs like a pall.

One such band fights for possession of a withered bush which bears neither leaves nor berries. Another group voraciously falls on and dismembers the brittle skeleton of a man - separately to suck and chew the dry, fleshless bones.*

CUT TO:

A child's grave, scooped and heaped from the grey dust. Over this, the voice of the Children's supervisor:

("MOTHER") AGNES

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty
God of his great mercy . . .

CUT TO:

* If the censor demurs (but why should he?) a cow's skeleton would be second best.

FULL SHOT: Agnes and a group of human Children, all in wind-blown tatters by the wind-blown grave.

AGNES

. . . to take unto himself the soul
of our dear . . . little . . . brother
here departed, we therefore commit his
body to the ground; earth to earth,
ashes to ashes . . .

(intercutting grave)

. . . dust to dust; in sure and certain
hope of the Resurrection to eternal
life . . .

(throwing her pectoral
cross on to the grave)

. . . through our Lord Jesus Christ
Matilda what the hell d'you think
you're doing? Come back at once!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MATILDA, a little black girl.

MATILDA

Mother Agnes, I've found something.

AGNES

(entering foreground)

What?

MATILDA

Grass.

With a cry of hope, the entire Group races toward Matilda. We
ANGLE DOWN on the wind blowing dust over the pectoral cross on
the grave, and:

CUT TO:

MONTAGE with triumphal MUSIC: the trek to greener pastures,
where the air is clean, and the odd dove or rabbit makes
the practical Agnes long for a gun. Even this is to be
vouchsafed her, as we END MONTAGE on:

Group meeting up with the few ragged but cheerful survivors of the "Mob" who took refuge in the Bank. Under the leadership of an amiable giant called Jud, they (like the Children) are heading north. The trek resumes and they come within sight of a screen of distant trees. And suddenly a little BOY cuts through the chatter:

BOY
Listen!

The chatter stops.

BOY
Listen to that bird.

Distantly from behind the trees, we hear: "Pink! Pink! Pink!"

As the sound continues:

JUD
(himself a laborer)
That ain't no bird. That's a
pick - on stone.

AGNES
Glory be to God, there are more
of us!

The Men begin to break into a run, which puts up a rabbit in the scrub.

JUD
(yelling)
Get him, Danny!

Any curiosity we may feel about the rabbit's fate is wiped from our minds by what instantly follows: the cough of an answering rifle-bullet from behind the trees. It knocks the gun out of Danny's hand.

JUD
 (to Group)
 Down, all of you!

CUT TO:

CLOSER SHOT: the screen of trees. In the silence we SLOW ZOOM to a gun-muzzle pointing through the leaves of an upper bough, and hear:

VOICE 1
 (from below; dubiously)
 The orders are not to fire. . .

VOICE 2
 (behind leaves)
 . . . unless they fire first.
 They did.

The gun-barrel dips forward to reveal the hand of the firer reloading. It is the hand of a gorilla. Over this, much nearer than before: "Pink! Pink! Pink!"

VOICE 2
 Alert the outpost.

CUT BACK TO:

Human Group, anxiously conferring. Agnes and her brood are hustled into cover in rear of the Men who fan out in a close semicircle - some armed and ready to fire.

CHILD
 (pointing)
 Look!

CUT TO:

P.O.V. LONG SHOT: A single Gorilla with a rifle stands in front of the distant screen of trees.

BACK TO:

CHILD
A gorilla!

AGNES
Mother of God . . .

One of the Men fires.

MEDIUM SHOT: Gorilla, ducking a narrow miss, fires back.

CLOSE SHOT: The Man who fired is killed.

MEDIUM SHOT: The prone Gorilla's right arm signals
"Advance!". And we ZOOM BACK to:

FULL SHOT: The Gorilla Cavalry breaks cover through the screen of trees. Riding bareback (as Caesar, a former circus rider, must have taught them) they gallop in a wide semicircle which closes in a pincer-movement to outflank and surround the huddled Humans, who are netted and rounded up like cattle into one (or two) horse-drawn cages that have followed the attacking squadron.

But one Danny escapes; and as the carts rumble out of shot, we stay with him crouching, crawling and snaking, finally, to the shelter of a cave-mouth, into whose half darkness we follow him. Almost instantly he hears steps and voices approaching from deeper in the cave. He flattens himself into concealment behind a rocky buttress.

VOICE 1
I have to save my batteries. Where's
your nearest operational transmitter?

VOICE 2

About a mile's walk down the
subway.

VOICE 1

Then radio to Nimrod that I'm
established in the royal circle.
Caesar gets headaches.* I've
told him they're psychological and
he believes me.

Into the brighter light of the cave-mouth emerges . . . Frank,
the bogus animal-psychiatrist, whom we shall hereafter call
by his assumed name of "Lex".

"LEX"

(smug smile)

He thinks I can cure them.

He turns back to wave good-bye to the owner of Voice 2 (now
dimly discernible in the shadows) and sees Danny flattened
against the buttress.

"LEX"

You've got a visitor.

The owner of Voice 2 walks into the light. He is the third
MUTANT we have seen so far and, despite his hideously marred
face, has a certain authority. We hear "LEX" leaving. Then:

MUTANT 3

Who are you?

CAMPBELL

B64139 Campbell.

MUTANT 3

What is your trade or profession?

* We can plant these in Part One.

DANNY

Gunsmith.

MUTANT 3

(a lipless smile)

We have room for you. Come down.

CUT TO:

Escorted by Gorilla cavalry, the two carts break through the leafy screen into:

The new Ape City under process of construction. The effect should be inspiring, for Apes and their selected Human Experts are working together energetically and harmoniously - though the Humans address even the humblest Ape-laborer as "Sir".

From the P.O.V. of the Humans in the carts, CAMERA ROVES:

- Ape-wielded picks striking on stones as cave-like dwellings are scooped out of rock under the supervision of a Human ARCHITECT who, from time to time, unrolls paper-plans and deferentially issues further suggestions to the workers.
- The Arena (seen in APES 2) now almost finished, as Apes raise and anchor a tall flagpole at its center beside which others are erecting a dais.
- Impressionistic glimpses of Apes being taught under Human supervision to cultivate the land - e.g. seed sowing, vine growing, digging or even ploughing.
(The choice of images will be guided by our budget but must convey that, in terms of food, the community is becoming self-sufficient.)

- Settled in a country where wildlife has not been exterminated, the inhabitants have access to furs, fibres, feathers, hides, skins, barks, and simple fabrics which Female Apes can be seen plucking, plaiting, cutting and crudely tailoring in the open Squares. As we pass, we see fruits and vegetables stacked in a free (but rationed) Market, where a Gorilla Supervisor disposes to each Ape his due. An adult Orangutan trying to steal an extra orange is summarily whipped.

- From a shot of the carts entering the double-gateway of a Human Compound, we:

CUT TO:

Macdonald opening double-doorway to usher Caesar to the head of the Inner Council table where Aldo, Zeno and Pan await him.

NOTE: What we shall call the "Palace" complex (Council Room, Living Room and Bedchamber) demands credibility of construction and decor. Let us assume that our Human Carpenter (Brad) has supervised the making of chairs, tables and beds. Some of the fabrics have been transported from Modern City; others we have just seen being woven. Intermittent sound effects will indicate that construction is not yet complete.

Meanwhile, the Inner Council's debate opens. In gist:

CAESAR

Why did they fire at us?

MACDONALD

They didn't. They fired at a rabbit.

ALDO

(darkly)

How can you be sure?

MACDONALD

We have the rabbit.

ALDO

Then I suggest that they share its fate. Rabbits breed. So will they.

PAN

Caesar has said again and again that the time for killing is over. Let them live and serve the Community like their fellows.

ALDO

(scornfully)

Pan, the pacifist!

CAESAR

General Aldo, your army exists to keep the peace - not to break it.

ALDO

And what if they break us?

The sound of sawing starts in an adjacent room, and Caesar's hand goes suddenly to his head.

ZENO

(noticing)

I have a compromise. Let their survival depend on their co-operation.

CAESAR

(head in pain)

In favor . . . ?

Sawing continues as Zeno raises his hand, followed (after a pause) by Pan.

ALDO

Does that include the children and their supervisor?

PAN

I move that they be put in charge of the teacher, Lindy.

ALDO

(outraged)

You intend to educate them? In the same schools as our own young?

ZENO

(soothingly)

Again, provided they co-operate.

ALDO

What child ever did?

Now hammering starts in the next room.

CAESAR

Macdonald, can that noise be stopped? What are they building?

MACDONALD

A cot for what we hope will be Caesar's son.

PAN

(gently)

They haven't much time.

ALDO

My son was born upon the ground.

CAESAR

(with sudden, icy
fury)

Your son was not royal. And the propriety of a prince's cot is not a matter for debate in council.

ALDO

As Caesar pleases.

Hammer, hammer, hammer!

CAESAR
 (both hands to head)
 Where's Lex?

MACDONALD
 I'll find him.

CUT TO:

"Lex" returning through Ape City. He meets Macdonald and, just before moving out of shot, they pass:

Lindy holding her first unsegregated class for Human and Ape children, watched by Agnes.

LINDY
 (to Chimp Girl)
 Myra, count up to ten.

MYRA
 (with facile mimicry)
 Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten.

LINDY
 (holding up fingers)
 And what is one plus three?

A long silence. Myra can't do it.

LINDY
 Anybody?

ALL HUMAN CHILDREN
 (a concerted yell)
 FOUR!

Not an Ape-child has spoken. Agnes smiles smugly at Lindy.

INT. Medical hut in palace grounds. "Lex", Macdonald and Clem, the vet, (whom we shall call Doc) briefly and privately discuss Caesar's condition. Doc suspects a disease endemic among chimps:

brain-expansion in an unexpandable cranium. But no X-ray apparatus is available to confirm this. Has "Lex" had any success psychiatrically? Not much. Some kind of mental censorship is preventing Caesar from talking freely. Doc offers to inject a minimal dose of pentothal to "unbutton" him. As they leave for the palace:

CUT TO:

UNDERGROUND. Mutant 3 guiding Danny, the gunsmith, along a subway to the steady thrum of a generator which may well be the source of dim lighting. They are pausing by a mutant-manned radio transmitter whose retractable aerial soars through an air vent.

OPERATOR

Come in, Nimrod. Come in, Nimrod.

A voice, very distorted by static, answers - unintelligibly to us but not to the operator.

OPERATOR

Frank, alias Alexander, alias Lex, reports that he is well established under agreed cover in Caesar's court-circle and . . .

Mutant 3 and Danny have moved on, as Operator's Voice dwindles and fades.

MUTANT 3

I'm taking you to the City Arsenal. Out of the bits and pieces the Apes left us, I want to construct a rather unusual missile.

DANNY
 (guarded)
 Will it harm my own kind?

MUTANT 3
 Not noticeably.

INT. Anteroom to bedchamber. CLOSEUP: Doc's hypodermic needle retracts from a small, red-tagged plastic container and is expelled into Caesar's arm. As we PULL BACK to include a couch and stool:

DOC
 Caesar, you'll feel drowsy at first. Then relaxed. Relaxed enough to talk to...
 (indicating)
 Lex.

An interruption. Lisa's human maid, Anna, enters to say that her mistress's labor-pains have started. Caesar only drowsily reacts. Doc quietly puts back the pentothal-container in his doctor's bag, from which he now extracts (say) a sphygmometer and a tube of tablets. He leaves with Anna. And "Lex", seated behind Caesar's drowsy head, is left looking intently into the bag - in which is a second plastic container identical with the first, except that it is black-tagged.

CUT TO:

Only two more quick scenes before the Action starts:

1. INT. Bedchamber. Doc, his ministrations over, looks down at Lisa* with a reassurance he does not feel.

* Though in this outline Lisa's role may appear skeletal, we hope to build her relationship with Caesar into something tender, humorous and touching.

DOC

'I'll be around, ma'am. Send
Anna if you need me.'

He takes Anna aside into the passage connecting bedchamber with anteroom and tells her that, due probably to the long, arduous trek from Modern City to Ape City, the baby's position is wrong. It's not going to be an easy birth. Suddenly we hear Caesar's tormented voice loudening behind the anteroom door.

CUT TO:

2. INT. A dramatic set-piece for Caesar, at long last giving vent to his guilt at having been instrumental in the death of his beloved human foster-father, Armando. (His lamentation will also serve to set this picture in the context of its predecessors.) "He loved me, and I killed him. There will be no more killing, while I am King."

"Lex" glibly soothes him. Armando died so as not to betray Caesar. Had he so betrayed him, the Apes would still be slaves. If Armando's spirit survives, he would be happy at his own suicide's outcome. We end on Caesar's childlike whimper of dependency that characterised his parting from Armando in "CONQUEST":

CAESAR

Armando . . . Armando . . . Armando . . .

A BOOM! from the ceremonial cannons - which we may presume to have been horse-drawn and/or manhandled months ago into Ape City. Caesar's personal standard breaks from the flagpole as the royal cortege approaches the dais in full view of the crowded Amphitheatre.

Lisa walks shakily on Caesar's arm, followed by Anna carrying the blanketed baby. Deferentially in the rear come Doc (with his bag) and "Lex" - respectively in attendance on Caesar and Lisa. As they mount the dais, Lisa stumbles slightly - and Doc exchanges a disapproving headshake with "Lex". The Queen should not have been allowed out so soon.

A hush falls, as Caesar takes the baby from Anna's arms. Then, with Lisa by his side, he holds the child aloft.

CAESAR

To the Council, to the Senate
and to the People of this City,
I present my newborn son . . .

Tremendous cheering.

CAESAR

And I name him, after my Ape
father and my human foster-father,
Cornelius Armando.

The cannons boom; and as the cheering peaks, Lisa sways and falls. "Lex" is at Caesar's side. Caesar gives him the baby to hold and crouches in great concern over Lisa, whom Doc is already attending.

LISA

(frightened eyes
flickering)

Pain . . . pain . . .

Too many Apes, eager to help, are crowding the dais. Anna cannot reach her mistress. The Gorilla Police move in to hold them back.

Doc opens his bag, fills his hypodermic from the black-tagged plastic container and injects its contents into Lisa's arm. Five minutes later she is dead.

Doc, stunned and bewildered, can only stare and stare - first at Lisa, then at his hypodermic. Caesar, reverting momentarily to primitivity, utters a single howl of grief and, with hands pressed to his aching head, begins to "keen" in a low, moaning note as he rocks from side to side inconsolably. The CROWD begins to surge towards the dais, but are held back by Aldo's Gorilla Police. Zeno is given access to the dais; by Macdonald; trying to fight through to Caesar's side, is clubbed to unconsciousness by a rifle-butt.

ZENO
(calling from dais)
The Queen is dead.

ALDO
(among his troops,
from below)
The Queen is murdered!

CAESAR
(regaining his senses)
Lex! Look to the child . . .

He rises and peers about the dias. Then, in panic:

CAESAR
(roaring)
Le-e-e-x!

Over a sudden, appalled and total hush, we:

CUT TO:

"Lex" moving quickly but carefully through a high thicket above the Amphitheatre . . . with the blanketed baby in his arms. He pauses for a second to look down on:

Aldo ordering out, first, the cavalry to sweep the countryside in a search for "Lex"; then the police to arrest Doc, "the assassin"; and finally the infantry to herd all the Humans like cattle into their compound and set up guards round both it and the Human children's school.

QUICK SHOTS, CROSS-CUTTING

- Cavalry thunderously chasing "Lex", who escapes unseen after appallingly narrow shaves.
- Lisa's corpse being shouldered away from the Amphitheatre by chimp stretcher-bearers.
- Doc's bag being dumped on a table for examination by an Orangutan.
- "Lex", with blanketed-baby, slipping safely into the Mutant's cave-mouth.

CUT TO:

At Gorilla Police Headquarters, Doc is savagely grilled by a Gorilla and an Orangutan interrogator. Doc protests that the drug containers must have been switched by "Lex" to create a confusion in which the Queen's death would distract attention from the kidnapping of the baby. Scene ends on:

DOC
Lex must have been an impostor.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP: ZENO

ZENO
Or a conspirator.

PULL BACK TO:

A distraught Caesar presiding over a fierce debate of the Inner Council. In gist:

ALDO

Or one of many conspirators.. How many we do not know. So every human head must roll.

PAN

Let us at least keep ours. What motive had the Doctor for murder? He'd already warned Caesar that the Queen was unfit to attend the child's public presentation. He was among the most privileged of our human advisers.

ALDO

Even privileged worms turn. Unless you stamp them into the ground.

CAESAR

(wearily)

Lex was privileged, too. Might they not both have conspired to kill my wife and kidnap my son?

PAN

Then why did he make no attempt to escape with Lex? I believe the Doctor's story. I believe that Lex switched the labels on the drugs. I believe that Lex was planted among us as a spy.

ZENO

Who by?

PAN

By Nimrod, who wants to finish on the battlefield . . .

SHOCK CUT TO:

"Lex" (we remember he was really a radio-technician) listening to Mutant Transmitter.

PAN'S VOICE (Cont.)

(on distort)

. . . what he began with the bomb.

"LEX"

(to Operator)

Keep monitoring. And get me Nimrod.

CUT TO:

The North. Nimrod with two new AIDES listening to the radio in the tent, whose flap is open.

"LEX'S" VOICE

The Queen is dead and Caesar is brainsick. The Apes are divided - and they'll be more so, when I activate the devices. What do you propose?

Nimrod looks out through tent-flap at:

P.O.V. LONG SHOT: The car graveyard, which is no longer a graveyard. Scores of mechanics have transformed abandoned hulks into viable vehicles. The vehicles may be old crocks but (we hear a distant engine briefly revving) the crocks are by no means crippled. Over this, as revving cuts out:

NIMROD'S VOICE

We're coming south.

CUT TO:

PANNING SHOT: V.I.P. Shelter under Modern City. It has been cleaned up and sparsely furnished. A wall shelf contains a few canned goods that could have been officially distributed from cellared stocks below the bomb's reach. PAN ENDS on:

Previously-established MUTANTS 1 and 2 seated at the wooden table's head. The hideous Female Mutant is feeding the kidnapped Baby Chimp from a bottle, and crooning a traditional lullaby whose words (curiously) seem more apposite to simian than human babies.

FEMALE MUTANT

"Hushaby, baby, on the tree-top.
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall.
And down will come baby and cradle and all."

MALE MUTANT

(tenderly)

It's like having a baby of our own.

CUT TO:

Council Meeting continuing. Caesar, under increasing mental and physical stress, shows signs of cracking. Muffled hammering sounds intermittently outside, during:

CAESAR

My wife is murdered and my son stolen. The Humans are in conspiracy against us.

PAN

There is no evidence that all Humans -

CAESAR

(yelling like Hitler)

The point about conspiracy is that there should be no evidence.

(quieter)

Which of them can now be trusted?

A silence, broken by:

ALDO

The answer to mistrust is massacre. If they live, they talk. If they talk, they plot. If they plot, we die.

PAN

(leaping to his feet)

Caesar has sworn publicly that "the time for killing is over!" That is an oath which cannot be broken.

CAESAR

(with a slyness that should shock us)

It can be modified.

PAN

How?

CAESAR

By cutting out their tongues.

A longer silence, broken by:

ZENO

There must be more merciful ways
of making a man dumb.

CAESAR

(abruptly rising)
Then find them.And he stalks darkly out of the Council Chamber through the
ante-room door, leaving:

PAN

(appalled)
It's madness.

ALDO

It makes sense. If they cannot
speak, they cannot conspire. If
they cannot conspire, they cannot
dominate.

After a pause:

ZENO

You may be right. But they still
have the child. I'm worried about
the child.

PAN

I'm worried about the Children.

CUT TO:

Caesar entering Bedchamber, where Lisa lies robed "in state". As he kneels by the bedside, telling her that her death shall be revenged, the hammering starts up again. Caesar strides angrily to the window and confronts:

P.O.V. CLOSE SHOT: Brad, the carpenter, flanked by two Gorilla Guards. He deferentially explains that he is completing a coffin for the Queen's Funeral tomorrow, and now carefully, delicately screws in a single ornamental metal knob on the coffin's lid. So carefully, so delicately, that we shall remember the scene in retrospect.

BRAD

It's finished.

CUT TO:

Medical Hut starting on CLOSE TOP SHOT of a neatly dissected rabbit, pinned down and variously labeled on a wooden board. We PAN down to a dead dove, doubtless awaiting similar treatment beside it, and PULL BACK to include Zeno and ZAIA in a bare room hung with anatomical charts of Apes and Humans. One chart compares their vocal systems.

Zaia is a young and personable female Orangutan - possibly an ancestress of Dr. Zaius in Apes 1 and 2.

ZENO

Zaia, I speak in confidence. For our survival's sake, this thing may soon have to be done. All I'm now asking you, as the Doctor's best pupil in anatomy, is how it could effectively be done with the least pain.

Zaia picks up a pointer and moves confidently to the wall-charts.

ZAIA

The Doctor says that every human being above the level of an idiot develops a speech-center on one side of the brain depending on whether he is left or right handed. There are modern procedures which so pinpoint the speech-center, and the audio and visual areas tied in with it, that all the faculties concerned could be obliterated - as painlessly as they would be by an electrically induced stroke.

ZENO

Could Man, so treated, still serve the community in however lowly a capacity?

ZAIA

Only as fodder for the birds and beasts and the fishes that he's almost succeeded in exterminating.

ZENO

We don't want that - yet.

ZAIA

(indicating on chart)
Then with relatively little pain, you could sever the laryngeal nerve bilaterally in the neck - and paralyze his vocal chords without paralyzing his other faculties.

ZENO

Could you perform such an operation?

ZAIA

I'm an anatonist. Not a surgeon.
(pause)
But -

ZENO

Yes?

ZAIA

If I saw a demonstration . . .

SHOCK CUT TO:

Human Compound. BIG HEAD of Doc, appalled and sweating behind cage-bars.

DOC

(yelling)

No!

As he speaks, we PULL BACK to include Macdonald, equally appalled, still caged beside him.

DOC

I will not mutilate my own kind!
If you put a scalpel in my hand,
I shall use it on my throat.

CUT TO:

REVERSE P.O.V. SHOT: Outside the cage and glaring in, are Caesar (now indubitably mad) and Aldo, flanked by two Gorilla Guards.

CAESAR

(icily)

If you do, the surgery will be performed by the aptest of your Ape pupils - doubtless more clumsily, probably more painfully and possibly lethally. Let us pray that she will improve with experience.

DOC

But, Caesar . . . why?

ALDO

You murdered Caesar's wife -

DOC
No! The labels were -

ALDO
Your colleague stole his child.

DOC
Yes, but he was only one . . .

CAESAR
(looking shiftily from
side to side)
Among how many? I offered you membership
of a kingdom at peace. You gave me
treachery, and are guilty of treason.

MACDONALD
(quietly)
Even the children?

CAESAR
They will grow into traitors.

MACDONALD
And I?

CAESAR
Armando once told me the story of
Judas. You, above all.

In the silence we hear the approaching thud of galloping horses'
hooves.

MACDONALD
There seems no futher point in talking.

We PAN to the Gorilla Cavalry Commander dismounting.

CAESAR
(very tense)
News.

It is neither a question nor a statement but a command; and the Commander is loth to obey it. He holds up a shred of torn fabric.

COMMANDER
We found this on a thornbush . . .
(pointing)
. . . in the thicket above the
Amphitheatre.

CAESAR
(taking it)
It's from the blanket.

COMMANDER
There were tracks down to the river,
but we couldn't pick them up on the
far side. The water's shallow. He
could have walked miles upstream or
down.

Caesar is rubbing the fabric against his cheek.

ALDO
You're still searching?

COMMANDER
I called the main body back -

CAESAR
(furious)
Why?

COMMANDER
There was a dust-cloud to the north
of the Old City.

We CUT IN CLOSE SHOT of the caged Macdonald, suddenly very alert.
He shoots a meaningful glance at Doc.

CAESAR
(scornful)
The country round the Old City is
all dust.

COMMANDER

The cloud was moving.

Now Aldo turns as alert as:

MACDONALD

(quickly)

Caesar, I said there seemed no further point in talking. I meant that literally.

("dramatic" pause)

I offer myself to be made mute.

DOC

("resigned")

The daylight's fading. Tomorrow, Caesar, at high noon.

CAESAR

(curtly)

You have saved your people certainly from pain and possibly from massacre.

(turning on Commander)

Why did you call back the main body?

ALDO

Caesar, the dust-cloud was moving.

CAESAR

(vaguely)

When the wind blows . . .

CUT TO:

INT. V.I.P. Shelter, starting on CLOSEUP of Female Mutant crooning to Baby Chimp.

FEMALE MUTANT

(as though completing Caesar's line)

. . . the cradle will rock.

We PULL BACK to include Male Mutant with "Lex" who looks down on the Baby with smiling satisfaction.

FEMALE MUTANT (Cont.)

When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall.
Down will come cradle and baby and all.

"Lex" moves to open the door, from which he looks back.

LEX

Take good care of him. We need him.

FEMALE MUTANT

(dotingly)

So do we.

As "Lex" shuts the door behind him:

CUT TO:

EXT. SPECIAL EFFECT: The faraway dust-cloud moving south along the desert horizon. Too faraway for our eyes or ears to identify its nature . . . yet.

CUT TO:

Beneath Modern City. "Lex", striding between the cracked walls of a subterranean corridor, is allowed ingress by two Mutant GUARDS to the City's old Arsenal, where Danny the Gunsmith (with the help of Mutant labor) is consulting blueprints and supervising the construction of a medium-sized projectile, whose sinister oddity of design we shall leave to the ingenuity of our Art Department.

LEX
(extending hand)
We met in the cave-mouth.

DANNY
(grinning and shaking hands)
Right! It's nice to meet a fellow-hu
(man) -
(stopping tactfully short)
- a fellow.

LEX
What are you making?

Danny looks first at the blueprints and then at the projectile. He scratches his head.

DANNY
(genuinely)
I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. Nimrod and Aide in a veteran Jeep at the head of a column whose noise proclaims it to be motorized.

NIMROD
(quietly into walky-talky)
Halt.

The sound of engines cuts out. In the silence, the rising dust obscures the risen moon.

CUT TO:

Ape City - HIGH NOON. CROSS-CUTTING

- EXT. Lisa's impressive Funeral. Six Chimpanzees are Coffin Bearers; and behind them walk Caesar (head bowed in grief) followed by Aldo, Zeno, Pan and a ceremonial detachment of Gorilla Infantry. As the cortege advances between Ape Spectators:

ALDO
(aside to Zeno)
When my mother's time came for
dying, she went into the woods -
and died. She has no grave.

Zeno shrugs.

- INT. Medical Hut. Preparations for Doc's operation on Macdonald's vocal chords. Zaia has acquired a certain proficient menace as she straps Macdonald to the wooden operating-table and begins deftly to shave the stubble on both sides of his neck with a cut-throat razor. Outside the open window, a Gorilla Guard looks in.
- A group of Young Gorillas complete the digging of a grave, as the Cortege approaches from b.g.
- With strips of lint dipped first into a bowl and then into a perspex bottle, Zaia disinfects and locally anaesthetizes the shaven areas of Macdonald's neck.

DOC
(with difficulty
achieving self-control)
Good girl.

She hands him a scalpel.

- The coffin with its ornamental metal knob is lowered into the grave, over which Zeno extends a hand in benediction.

ZENO

May you see God, who created us
in His image.

A Chimp grave digger begins to shovel back the earth.

CAESAR

Stand back, all of you - and let
me bid her good-bye!

He jumps into the shallow grave and puts his lips to the coffin-lid.

- Doc's scalpel touching Macdonald's neck for the first incision.

ZAIA

Doctor, that is not the correct
point of entry.

Outside the Gorilla Guard stiffens. Inside Doc behaves as though he'd been testing Zaia, but now knows that he has taught her too well.

DOC

(sweating)

Ten out of ten. I told you you'd
make a great surgeon. Now you mark
it for me.

She takes a felt pen and marks the spot with a white cross.

CHOKER SHOT: Caesar's lips near to the coffin lid's metal knob.

CAESAR

Lisa, dearest Lisa! Your death
will be avenged. For your sake, I
shall not kill those who have
killed you.

CUT TO:

Underground transmitter with Mutant Operators, and "Lex" listening.

CAESAR'S VOICE

(on distort)

I shall strike them dumb!

LEX

Now.

A Female Mutant OPERATOR puts on a pair of thick pebble-spectacles and begins to read from a prepared typescript in a thin, soft whisper.

FEMALE OPERATOR

(reading into mike)

'Caesar!'

CUT TO:

Lisa's grave. Caesar (frozen, incredulous) hears issuing, apparently from the coffin, the thin, soft whisper that could be the dead Lisa's voice.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

'Listen, Caesar. Your enemies are
outside, not inside, the City.
The child is well and in safe
hands. But if you shed or order
the shedding of one drop of human
blood . . .'

CUT TO:

FLASH: Doc's scalpel pressing against the cross marked on Macdonald's neck.

BACK TO:

Caesar, crouched over Lisa's coffin.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
 . . . the child will die.

Caesar leaps out of the grave and runs, yelling, towards the Medical hut's open window.

CAESAR
 Docto-o-ori Doctor Clement!

CUT TO:

FLASH: Doc's hand withdraws his scalpel-point from Macdonald's uninjured neck.

CUT TO:

Zeno, Aldo, Pan and Infantrymen who have (on Caesar's order) withdrawn too far from the grave to have heard the whispering "voice".

ZENO
 He's gone mad.

ALDO
 (to Infantry)
 Head him off!

As they hesitate, Aldo draws a gun.

ALDO
 (roaring)
 That is an order!

The Infantrymen race to try and intercept Caesar before he reaches the Medical Hut, in whose doorway stand Doc, Macdonald and (behind them) a bewildered Zaia. Aldo and Zeno follow leaving:

PAN
(to chimp Coffin Bearers)
If I knew there were a God, I would
pray to Him.

CUT TO:

Outside the Medical Hut, Caesar turns to face his pursuers. His wife (he says) has spoken to him from the grave. Zeno and Aldo exchange bodeful glances, as Caesar continues. His child is alive but will be slaughtered if one drop of human blood is shed at his order. He screams at the pain in his head, and ends:

CAESAR
(an insane yell)
Set all humans free!

Macdonald, not far from Caesar's side, intercepts a final, silent exchange between Aldo putting his hand on his gun, and Zeno nodding. As Aldo draws, Macdonald flings himself in front of Caesar - and is instantly shot dead. His fall re-exposes Caesar. Aldo fires again, and Caesar falls dying beside Macdonald, whose name he whispers twice before death cuts short what would have been a plea for forgiveness.

ALDO
(aiming gun at Doc)
Now we can make war.

SYNOPSIS OF FINAL PHASE

1. Scarcely has Aldo spoken, than a shell explodes short of the Human compound and an ancient recce-plane radios back the information to Nimrod's artillery. Aldo and his retinue race to organize the Ape counter-attack. Even as they leave, two more shells destroy the Human Compound - but not before the Children have escaped in the confusion through the perimeter fence of wooden stakes planted too closely for adult Humans to wriggle through.
2. Nimrod has destroyed the Humans intentionally. They are "collaborators with the Apes and constitute a Fifth column that must be exterminated.
3. The main Ape-Human battle is joined in the rocky open country between the site of Modern City and Ape City. Basically it is a battle between Humans driving veteran vehicles with the reckless abandon of stock cars, and Apes on foot or horseback. But the Apes' armory (cannon and small-arms brought from the Modern City Arsenal) is bigger and more up-to-date than Nimrod's. They have also been taught (when building Ape City) to lay and detonate explosive charges, which they use to deadly effect in rear of Nimrod's out-flanked Army. The battle rages with the do-or-die intensity of Custer's Last Stand. Nets, too, are brought into use, and the snarled-up vehicles are pounded by gunfire into immobility.

4. A handful of Human survivors flee for refuge to the cave mouth, whose location they know. They are joined in flight by the escaped children, and the group enters the cave mouth to descend into Mutantville below.
5. But Ape Scouts have observed this, and Aldo now advances his cavalry in a final charge which isolates Nimrod and is driving him back towards the cave mouth when:
6. From the cave mouth itself, Danny the Gunsmith and Mutant Technicians fire the mysterious projectile which falls just short of the advancing Apes and momentarily halts them. It doesn't explode, but it ticks; and while it ticks, Mutant 1's voice on a loud hailer makes an announcement.
7. The projectile contains (says the voice) a sophisticated and once-top-secret nerve gas which (through the innocent appearance of its cylinders) escaped detection by the Apes in the old Arsenal. The gas's volatility is as considerable as its operational range, and its specific effect is painlessly to induce sterility and therefore destroy reproductivity in those who inhale it. It is if you like to call it so, a Genocide Bomb. And it will explode in "X" seconds.

8. Zeno and Aldo need only briefly confer before deciding to retreat - for the Ape Race must survive by breeding, if it is to fulfill its mission of dominating Mankind. As the Apes gallop away, the ticking stops and the projectile explodes - too soon (we suspect) to save the Apes from sterility.
9. Mutant 1 now appears in the cave mouth to greet:

NIMROD

They call me Nimrod, but my name
is General Mendez* I've
come to offer my services to the
Human cause.

(pausing in the
cave mouth)

What's the name of the nerve gas
in that projectile?

MUTANT 1

It has no name.

NIMROD

Because it's so secret?

MUTANT 1

It has no secret either. It doesn't
exist. The projectile was empty.

Back in Ape City, Zeno reads a proclamation ordaining that from this day Aldo and himself will be the City's joint rulers. He also ordains that the infected land between Modern City and Ape City shall be called the "Forbidden Zone" (see Apes 1 and 2) and begins to deliver the first of the anti-Human homilies later to be

* Mendez is the name of the dynasty that is one day to rule Mutantville. We met Mendez XXVII in Apes 2.

incorporated in the Scrolls of the Lawgiver - by which name he will be remembered for the next thousand years. As he speaks, we -

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

10. From the cave mouth a little group of our Human Children emerge cautiously, almost furtively, and peer into the sunset.

MATILDA

What can he do down there but
pine and die!

LITTLE BOY

He belongs with his own kind.

And they part to reveal the Baby Chimp (who has grown a bit since we last saw him) being given a helping hand to the foreground. He looks this way and that; sniffs the evening air; and then walks away, as alone as Chaplin, into the sunset and the land of his fathers.

Over this, we roll up:

END TITLES