

"PLANET OF THE APES"

Second Draft Screenplay

by

Rod Serling

From the Novel

by

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. MESA DAY (EARLY EVENING)

A SLOW PAN PAST craggy mountain walls rouged by a brilliant setting red sun, their irregular peaks silhouetted against a multi-colored sky. There is no sound as this PAN CONTINUES OVER until we are SHOOTING DIRECTLY ACROSS a valley floor TOWARD A GIANT SPACE CRAFT. SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARD the craft. It is approximately 100 feet high, of generally cylindrical shape. It rests on four landing cradles that show evidence of damage. The ship, itself, is pock-marked with indentations splashes of black discoloration suggesting the aftermath of tremendous heat. A light wind travels across the valley floor like a thin, haunting wail. Particles of dust hit the side of the ship with little POPPING SOUNDS in the silence. The ship seems to shift its weight barely perceptively as one of the cradles bends a little from weight imbalance. Concurrent with this is a WHIRRING SOUND inside the ship - a low-pitched SPORADIC HUM as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INT. SHIP LOW ANGLE SHOT DAY
LOOKING FROM THE NOSE UPWARD TOWARD THE TAIL - FOUR PILOT SEAT

now empty, PAST TIERS OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, TAKING IN FOUR BULBOUS GLASS "CASKETS" that appear like leeches attached to the walls, their occupants indistinct, darkened FIGURES under the glass. A PAN OVER TO ONE BANK OF LIGHTS AND PANELS as a variation of a tape machine starts and stops, sending out FAST INDISTINCT WHIRRING NOISES, then what is almost a human VOICE played much TOO SLOWLY and then much TOO FAST; and then, in the middle of SOUNDS AND SQUEALS, certain words do take on clarity.

TAPED VOICE:

Guidance system deviating. Guidance system deviating. Acceleration, seven-point-three. Velocity, steady. Bulkheads, pressure tight. Zero gravity, constant.

Now there is the sound of more STATIC as the machine speeds up and in the process one of the reels BANGS NOISILY on a protruding metal lip that hangs out from the instruments above it. This sets up METALLIC CLANGING, MORE NOISE, and then DISTORTED VOCAL SOUNDS. A SLOW PAN OVER TO THE PILOT'S SEAT. There is a small arm table to the left on which rests a flight log, its metal covers bolted to the table top, small metal bands holding the pages open.

3. ANOTHER CLOSE ANGLE THE OPEN PAGE
THE FOUR GLASS "CASSETS" VISIBLE IN B.G.

In large letters on the top of the first page, we read:
"FLIGHT LOG - TERRA. 15TH ENTRY." OVER THIS we now HEAR
THOMAS' VOICE:

THOMAS' VOICE:

We are now one hundred and eighty days in space. All systems are functioning perfectly. There have been no negative effects of weightlessness on the crew. There is some sense of disquiet as we near the end of this cycle. In three hours we place ourselves in "deep sleep" and will remain comatose for the balance of the journey. There has been some evidence of psychosis and minor irritations that must stem directly from the sameness of the routine and regimen during the six months we have spent in space, but there is a feeling of even more apprehension at burying ourselves in those glass caskets for the two year period it will take to arrive at our destination - the new star which we call "Terra." This will be the last log entry before reaching destination, though I will notate briefly the moment we switch guidance system to automatic.

Now the CAMERA PANS AWAY from the open ledger TOWARD the FOUR "CASSETS", two on each side of the ship. In the f.g. is the WHIRRING TAPE that now, completely malfunctioning, SPEEDS UP to a point of no return, CLANKS AND CRUNCHES to a fiery EXPLOSIVE end as whole tiers of dials and levers erupt in a smoking, melting room. Almost concurrent with this moment are a SERIES OF LOUD METALLIC CLICKS as the glass domes covering the "caskets" automatically open.

4. DOLLY SHOT WITH THE CAMERA UP TOWARD THE TAIL OF THE SHIP

UNTIL we are SHOOTING DIRECTLY DOWN TOWARD TWO of the OPEN "CASSETS" at THOMAS AND LAFEVER. Both men awaken at the same moment Both look warily around. Thomas rises to a sitting position.

LAFEVER:

(calling out)

Johnny?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

You all right?

DODGE'S VOICE:

(from across the ship)

Are we there?

5. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he rises from the "casket," grabs a bulkhead ladder, pulls himself up, looks around, bewildered.

THOMAS:

We've malfunctioned somehow.
We're not in space.

There are expressions of surprise from the other two men.

LAFEVER:

How could that be possible?

DODGE:

If we went into orbit, everything
would have moved back in the manual.

THOMAS:

Unless we didn't go into orbit.
Unless we...spiralled right in.

PAN OVER TO LAFEVER who now sits upright.

LAFEVER:

Spiralled right in...where?

CUT TO:

6. LONG ANGLE FROM THE NOSE OF THE SHIP TOWARD THE THREE MEN

as they start climbing down the sides toward the nose.
Thomas moves INTO THE LENS until he's closeup, distorted.
He stops abruptly, his eyes go wide.

THOMAS:

Blake!

7. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS

as he climbs back up the bulkhead toward the fourth "casket."

8. ANGLE OVER THE UPTURNED DOME

as Thomas peers inside and reacts.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

DODGE:

(over his shoulder)

Is he all right?

(a pause)

Johnny - is Blake all right?

He joins Thomas IN THE FRAME and stares down.

DODGE:

(continuing)

Oh, my God!

The CAMERA SLOWLY ARCS AROUND so that it's SHOOTING INTO THE "CASKET" at a space-suited SKELETON'

CUT TO:

9. GROUP SHOT THE OTHER THREE SPACEMEN

as Thomas' eyes scan the "casket," then suddenly he points at a large crack in the glass dome, taps at it.

THOMAS:

This did it right here. There was air leakage or something.

10. CLOSE SHOT DODGE

as he forces his eyes away from the skeleton.

DODGE:

Two years, Johnny. Could a man... could someone turn into...

11. ANOTHER ANGLE THE THREE MEN

THOMAS:

(very softly)

How do we know it's two years?
How do we know it isn't five
years or ten years?

DODGE:

At least one thing went according to plan.

(he looks down at his hands, then into the faces of the other two)

The aging process was supposed to have stopped.

(he nods)

We haven't changed. No matter how many years have gone by,

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

LAFEVER:

You know what it's like? It's like Rip Van Winkle .

THOMAS:

(looking down the length of the ship, then from one to the other)

All right, gentlemen...Somebody pay the conductor. This is where we get off!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

12. EXT. SHIP

NIGHT

A panel opens on the side of the ship and three space-suited figures walk slowly down a ramp. Each carries a variation of a rifle.

13. CLOSER ANGLE THE THREE

as they stop at the foot of the ramp, looking slowly around the horizon, then toward the craggy peaks. Thomas looks down at an instrument in his hand.

DODGE:

(his voice filtered through his helmet)
What's the reading?

THOMAS:

We can take off the suits.
It's breathable.

All three men remove their heavy glass-fronted helmets. Dodge stamps his feet up and down.

DODGE:

Nothing special about the pull.

LAFEVER:

(thoughtfully)
Exactly as Earth's. Atmosphere is the same, too.

THOMAS:

(locking up toward the sky, with a nod upward)
But that's not the same. For a minute there, I could have sworn that -

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

LAFEVER:
(following Thomas' look
toward the sky)
Is that the Big Dipper?

THOMAS:
(staring)
It looks like a...like a swastika.

DODGE:
The star at the top of the cup.
Ursa Major Alpha. It's moved.

LAFEVER:
The tail of the Dipper's changed, too.
Ursa Minor.

14. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as his eyes sweep across the sky, then he points.

THOMAS:
Check me out on this one, LaFever.
Is that Pollux?

LAFEVER:
(nods)
That's Pollux.

THOMAS:
The twin stars.
(a pause)
But where's the other one? Where's
Castor?
(he turns toward
the other two)
We're not on Earth, that's for sure.
(then another look
toward the sky)
But we're not where we started out
for either.

DODGE:
What happened, Johnny? Meteor
storm or something?
(he motions toward
the side of the ship)
It's been smacked around.

THOMAS:
Possible.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

LAFEVER:

But if we went off course, we would have been automatically awakened. The whole guidance system must have malfunctioned.

(he shakes his head, disbelieving)

But there were an even dozen alternate safety checks. One would have covered for the other right on down the line.

THOMAS:

It's a machine. The whole damn thing's a machine. Sophisticated and very ingenious...but always with possibility of error.

(he looks around the landscape again)

We'll check the tape later. That'll tell us part of what happened anyway.

(he points toward the end of the valley)

Let's get the tractor out and take a ride. It broadens out beyond that last peak there. Let's go see where it leads?

He starts toward the ship.

LAFEVER:

Johnny?

Thomas pauses near the entrance, turns toward LaFever.

LAFEVER:

(continuing)

Shouldn't we...shouldn't we bury Blake?

15. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he looks toward the dented side of the ship and the damaged supporting cradles.

THOMAS:

(with a thin smile)

First things first. First we'll try to figure out where we are...

(he looks toward the ship)

...then we'll see if this thing can go up again.

(a pause as he looks from one to the other)

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

And if it can't...then we'll talk
about funerals.

DISSOLVE TO:

16. SHOT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP

as a giant porthole opens and a tank-like vehicle moves
down tracks to the ground. This is a low-slung job with
a glass-domed top that glides along NOISELESSLY. The
glass dome opens revealing Thomas at the controls. Dodge
and LaFever move away from the ship to enter the vehicle.
The dome closes after they disappear inside.

17. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE MESA FLOOR

as the vehicle moves soundlessly over the rocky bottom
toward the valley entrance far ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

18. EXT. BEACH ANOTHER ANGLE THE VEHICLE DAY

as the glass dome opens. The three men come out, one by one,
jump down to the sandy beach, look briefly past the long
lines of waving palms and then toward the seemingly endless
expanse of ocean.

19. CLOSER ANGLE THE THREE OF THEM

DODGE:

Is that...is that a shoreline?

He points in the direction of the ocean.

LAFEVER:

You can't tell with the haze.

(he turns toward
Thomas)

What do we do, skipper? This
thing is supposed to be amphibious.

(he nods in the
direction of the
vehicle)

THOMAS:

Why not?

He cups his eyes, staring into the bright water toward what
appears to be the distant shoreline.

20. CLOSER ANGLE THOMAS

as he suddenly stops, stares at something.

21. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

as Thomas breaks away from the other two, runs to the shoreline, then into the water. He pulls some large object behind his back onto the shore.

22. GROUP SHOT

as LaFever and Dodge join him and stare down at the thing he's dragged onto the beach.

23. CLOSE SHOT THE OBJECT

It looks like a scarecrow but dressed in fur, damaged and water-soaked, but obviously some kind of animal or human figure tied onto a makeshift wooden cross, indefinite as to origin - but certainly an upright anthropoid in general form.

24. GROUP SHOT

as the three men stare down at the "thing."

LAFEVER:

A good Anthropologist could go out of his mind over something like that.

(he nods toward the "thing." then he looks expectantly toward Thomas)

Any ideas?

THOMAS:

(a rueful smile)

I wouldn't know where to begin.

Dodge walks around the thing, looks at it from a different angle, leans down, hoists it up, puts it against the trunk of a palm tree, steps back a few feet.

DODGE:

Scarecrow.

(he looks toward the others)

Isn't that what it looks like?

A scarecrow.

25. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

Yeah. Kind of a scarecrow. But
in the form of a ...

(he stops, rubs his
jaw, looks at the
other two)

... in the form of an ape!

26. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THE THREE MEN

as SUPERED OVER the tableau of the three of them on the
beach 's a ROLL OF CREDITS beginning with the picture
title, "PLANET OF THE APES." After CREDITS,

DISSOLVE TO:

27-
30. SERIES OF SHOTS THE VEHICLE

as it skims over the water much in the manner of a hydrofoil
boat toward the distant shoreline.

DISSOLVE TO:

31. EXT. OPPOSITE BEACH DAY

The vehicle comes up from the water as its wheels take the
place of the hydrofoil extensions. It moves across the
narrow beach into what appears to be dense jungle.

CUT TO:

32. INT. VEHICLE THE THREE MEN

peering out of the glass dome at the trees, palmettoes, and
other vegetation as it moves by.

33. SHOT A JUNGLE CLEARING AHEAD VEHICLE'S P.O.V.

Dead ahead, in the center of the clearing, is the remnant
of a fire, smoke still curling up from the bed.

34. ANOTHER ANGLE THE VEHICLE

as it stops. The glass dome opens. Thomas and LaFever
climb out, walk toward the fire. Dodge covers them from
the vehicle.

DODGE:

(calling out)

What is it?

35. CLOSER ANGLE THE FIRE

Thomas kicks away brush and a remnant of a small rock.

THOMAS:

This is man-made.

He scans the jungle around him, then looks at LaFever. LaFever responds to the look.

LAFEVER:

You getting it, too?

THOMAS:

(nods)

What would you call it - intuition?

LAFEVER:

Whatever it is, I've been feeling it for the past three hours.

36. ANOTHER ANGLE THE AREA

as Dodge leaves the vehicle, walks over to them, points to the fire.

DODGE:

How old is it?

THOMAS:

Couple of hours maybe.

Again his eyes traverse the area.

37. PAN SHOT THOMAS' P.O.V.

as the CAMERA MOVES AROUND the trees and vegetation, PICKING UP particles of sunlight that sends dancing bright shafts of light through the dense undercover.

38. GROUP SHOT

LAFEVER:

You want to join the party, Dodge?
This is sixth sense week. You feel it?

DODGE:

Being watched?
(he nods, wipes the perspiration off his face)

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

DODGE: (Cont.)

Funny.

(a pause)

It's like earth...and yet it isn't earth. A bloody question mark. The scarecrow in the shape of an ape...a star pattern that's almost right but isn't quite. Where are we, skipper?

THOMAS:

(after a deep breath)

I wish I knew.

(his eyes scan the ground)

No footprints.

(a pause)

Just a feeling.

(his eyes dart around ahead)

We'll go through there.

39. ANOTHER ANGLE THE THREE MEN

as they go back to the vehicle.

40. CLOSE SHOT THE GLASS DOME

as the three men get in pulling it down over them. At the moment it is closed, something heavy and circular hits it with a tremendous force cracking it slightly. All three faces appear at the dome as it is hurriedly reopened.

41. ANGLE THE GROUND DOME'S P.O.V. A COCONUT

that lies alongside the vehicle. All three men stare at it, then LaFever and Dodge look at Thomas.

LAFEVER:

Dropped by nature...or thrown by man?

THOMAS:

It cracked the plexi-glass. So it either fell from ten thousand feet...or it got thrown. That pretty much narrows it down. We are being watched, and a little close for my money.

42. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

as they once again close the dome. The vehicle starts up, pushes its way across the clearing back into the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

43-
46. SERIES OF SHOTS THE VEHICLE

as it leaves the jungle, enters a nondescript area that is almost sagebrush in appearance. This in turn changes to almost desert.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. EXT. DESERT THE VEHICLE TWILIGHT

as it rounds a bend of outjutting rock and stops. WHIP PAN OVER to desert edge. Lined up as far as the eye can see are "ape scarecrows," each a bizarre animal hide crucifixion silhouetted against a slowly darkening sky.

48. CLOSER ANGLE THE GLASS DOME THE THREE MEN

staring. The dome opens. They look out toward the horizon.

LAFEVER:

(softly)

My God! Figure that out!

(he looks toward
Thomas)

It'll be dark soon.

(he nods in the
direction of the
scarecrows)

Do we head toward them?

DODGE:

It's almost as if they were
guarding something. Like a
skirmish line.

THOMAS:

(looking at the sky)

I think we'd better bed down for
the night. But I don't like it
out here in the open.

(he half turns in
the direction from
which they've come)

Let's go back behind those rocks.

49. ANGLE THE VEHICLE

as it turns, starts to retrace its course.

50. MOVING SHOT THE VEHICLE

as it heads toward a clump of rocks.

51. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUND

Underneath the vehicle's tracks we suddenly see first, small indentations appearing, then large fissures, then the composition of the ground changes and it's as if suddenly they're moving into a marsh.

52. ANOTHER ANGLE THE VEHICLE

as it stops, strains to move forward - its tracks groaning and gradually becoming enveloped in mud, and finally giving up the battle altogether as the vehicle starts to sink.

53. CLOSE SHOT THE GLASS DOME

as it is flung upward. The three men get out and stand on top of the vehicle as by this time it begins to sink with incredible speed.

DODGE:

(shouting)

It's quicksand or something!
We're getting sucked under!

THOMAS:

Jump! Get clear!

All three men leap off the vehicle. Dodge and Thomas get clear of the circular quicksand area. LaFever lands in it. He almost immediately is sucked under almost to his chin.

54. CLOSER ANGLE THE GROUND

as Thomas grabs him by the hair. LaFever, in turn, grabs Thomas' arm. Dodge holds onto Thomas' feet and gradually they extricate LaFever and pull him out of the sucking yaw.

55. ANGLE THE THREE MEN

on the ground, out of breath but still staring in horror

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

as the vehicle is sucked under the mud and gradually disappears. SLOW PAN ACROSS their faces as all three are gradually aware of what is the predicament.

DODGE:

(his voice very low)
Skipper - we've got trouble now.
(he nods toward
the quicksand)
There goes everything we own.
Weapons, food - everything.

LAFEVER:

We're going to have to get back
to the ship.

THOMAS:

Not at night, we're not.
(he shakes his head)
Let's go back there. Get behind
some rocks. We'll head back to
the beach in the morning. We're a
good two days away on foot.
(he slowly rises to
his feet, looks down
at his belt, removes
a hunting knife)
It used to be Rip Van Winkle. Now
it's Robinson Crusoe.

He starts off followed by the other two as the sky turns dark and night comes.

DISSOLVE TO:

56.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE

NIGHT

The three men sit with their backs against rock walls listening to the distant night sounds - a screeching bird, a guttural roar from far off, a snap of some distant broken branch. A SLOW PAN PAST each face as they listen, senses straining.

LAFEVER:

(very softly;
to Thomas)
Still feel it, skipper?

THOMAS:

I'm numb now. I don't know what
the hell I feel.
(he rubs his jaw)

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

We probably should have played these tapes...found out exactly what happened.

DODGE:

We might have been able to figure out where we are.

THOMAS:

That, strangely enough, isn't what ties me now.

(a pause; meaningfully)

It's when we are. I don't know what the time divergent is in space. Nobody knows for sure. According to all the mathematics operative... we should have been asleep for close to eighteen months.

(he shakes his head)

We should have awakened just before going into orbit.

(he leans back against the rock)

But something happened - God knows what. Cosmic dust maybe. A meteor deflecting us...that the guidance system didn't compensate for. But it sets up a chain reaction of error. Time, place - everything.

DODGE:

So here we wait.

LAFEVER:

Here we sit breathing. That's more than Blake got out of the bargain.

DODGE:

(a little impatiently)

LaFever, you wanna count blessings - go count blessings.

He rises, walks to the periphery of the rock, stares out at the night, looks up at the sky.

57. LONG SHOT THE DISTORTED BIG DIPPER

58. ANGLE LOCKING DOWN AT THE THREE MEN FAVORING DODGE

DODGE:

Look at it up there. The changless

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

DODGE: (Cont.)
sky...that suddenly changes.
(a pause as he
looks toward the
others; intensely)
I'd just like to get a fix on
something. Just one lousy natural
law. Just one known proveable
truth, and start from there.
(he shakes his head
back and forth)
But this place -
(he shakes his
head again)
- nothing. No place to start.
Nowhere to -

59. ANOTHER ANGLE THE THREE OF THEM

Small pebbles dislodged at the top of the rock scurry down toward them. All three look up.

60. SHOT TOP OF THE ROCK

For just one fleeting second there appears a heavy squat silhouette of something staring down at them. It then vanishes.

LAFEVER:

You see it?

THOMAS:

I heard it, that's all.

DODGE:

I saw something.

Another SLOW PAN PAST their faces.

THOMAS:

(very softly)

Come out, come out, wherever
you are.

The CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PULLAWAY from the three men who stand there motionless, wary...and frightened.

DISSOLVE TO:

61. EXT. BEACH

DAY

as the three men come out from the jungle, all of them sweaty, dead tired. They flop on the sand.

62. TOP HAT SHOT LOOKING ACROSS THE SAND AT THE THREE MEN

Dodge opens his eyes, wipes the sweat from his face.

DODGE:

I don't know about the two of you -
but I'm not up to swimming back
across there. That's about sixty
miles.

LAFEVER:

We'll have to build a raft or
something.

THOMAS:

Which would be quite a trick.
We've got one knife.

(he rises to a
sitting position,
looks up and down
the beach)

I think we ought to follow the
beach. Somebody's alive here
and maybe somebody builds boats.
Canoes. Or something. We'll take
a break and then move down there.

He nods toward one direction.

63. ANGLE DODGE

as he rises, walks over to a coconut that lies on the ground,
examines it, then walks a few feet toward a row of coconut
trees.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

64. TOP OF SOME TREES

as two fronds part and we're looking into a pair of eyes.

65. ANOTHER ANGLE DODGE

as he stands there transfixed.

DODGE:

LaFever...skipper...don't look now.
Either there's somebody up in that
tree just above me...or we're on a
planet where coconuts got the damndest
blue eyes you ever saw.

66. LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THE THREE MEN
as they stare in the direction of Dodge's pointed hand.
67. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE TOPS OF THE COCONUT TREES
where now we see the outlines of SEVERAL HUMAN FORMS
peering from behind the heavy foliage of the tree tops.
68. CLOSER ANGLE THE THREE MEN

THOMAS:
(in a low voice)
Move back over here, Dodge.
Very slow. LaFever, stay put.
Let them make the move.

LAFEVER:
Who's "them?"

69. FULL SHOT THE SCENE
as from out of the jungle area come score upon score of
"HUMAN BEINGS." Their steps are tentative, curious, but
desperately frightened. There are MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN
dressed, if at all, in loin cloths and animal furs. They
look like two-legged animals and from their ranks comes an
occasional skittering sound like that of monkeys; an
occasional responsive grunt, but nothing even remotely
resembling a language.

70. GROUP SHOT THE THREE MEN
LAFEVER:
(tightly)
How about it, skipper? We're
running out of room.
THOMAS:
Just sit tight.

71. SHOT THE "PEOPLE"
as they move closer to the astronauts. Two of them move
over toward Dodge, staring at his shirt, grunting disapproval
but obviously bewildered. One of them reaches out suddenly,
rips the shirt from Dodge's back. He jumps back. Both
LaFever and Thomas move to his side. Two of the other "men"
advance on LaFever. One of them makes a motion toward his
chest in a ripping gesture as if telling LaFever to divest
himself. LaFever looks questioningly at Thomas.

'CONTINUED'

71 (Cont.)

LAFEVER:

What's that supposed to mean?

THOMAS:

They don't like our clothing.
It scares them somehow.

He holds up his hand for quiet, then very slowly takes off his shirt. The "people" react with low jabberings, an occasional nod - nothing resembling honest emotion, and especially nothing remotely resembling a smile. But if anything, there is an affirmation in evidence - a satisfaction that Thomas has done something to their liking. Almost as if by some extra-sensory signal, they gradually sit down in the sand, a few of them bringing over coconuts which they pound together to open.

72. GROUP SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

as they, too, sit back down on the sand. Thomas looks across toward a group of "women," rises to his knees, beckons for the coconut that the women are trying to break open. The women look from the coconut to Thomas, totally uncomprehending. Thomas walks over toward them. They shrink back away from him. He picks up the coconut, takes a knife from his belt, drives it into the coconut, splitting it and then pulling it apart. He then hands them the two pieces.

73. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he stares at them.

74. CLOSE SHOT THE THREE WOMEN FAVORING NOVA

a youngish woman with long wild hair but a face like an oil painting in which someone has dulled the colors. We are looking at a strange formless beauty that comes without emotion. It is almost a mask.

75. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS

as he stares at her. LaFever comes INTO THE FRAME alongside of him.

LAFEVER:

Look at their faces, Johnny.
Ever see anything like that?

THOMAS:

Once or twice maybe.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

Dodge now comes INTO THE FRAME.

DODGE:

Where?

THOMAS:

(very softly)

In a zoo.

LAFEVER:

(staring at him
incredulously)

Animals?

THOMAS:

(nods)

Just like animals.

He reaches over for another coconut, holds it up, then holds the knife up, smiling toward the group of women.

76. CLOSE SHOT THE THREE WOMEN

who stare at him, their faces totally tense.

77. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

(softly)

See if you can get them to smile.

(at this he grins
broadly, favoring Nova)

How about it, lady? Give us a big
smile? See? Big smile!

78. CLOSE SHOT NOVA

who stares from the coconut to the knife to Thomas' face. She starts to twist her mouth aping his smile, but all that comes out is a strange twisted grimace.

79. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE ASTRONAUTS

DODGE:

Wild! She's trying to imitate you.
But she doesn't know how. None of 'em
do. They don't know how to smile!

80. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT DODGE
DODGE:
(his voice reflective
as he looks toward
the other two)
A planet with people who don't
know how to smile.

81. CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER
LAFEVER:
People?
(he shakes his head)
Arms, legs and a head - but that's
where the resemblance ends.

82. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS
THOMAS:
They are animals. Gentle, tentative,
curious. But animals.

83. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE GROUPS OF "PEOPLE"
ASTRONAUTS P.O.V.
as they squat in the sand, jabbering, shoving coconut meat
into their mouths, scratching themselves.

84. SHOT NOVA
as she jams the food into her mouth, then suddenly stops
abruptly, looking toward Thomas.

85. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS
He's cutting up pieces of coconut with his knife, picks
up a piece, chews it off in small measured bites. His
eyes meet Nova's.

86. CLOSE SHOT NOVA
She looks down at the coconut in her hand, then toward Thomas
She breaks off a piece, puts it in her mouth in a mimicry of
Thomas.

87. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS
THOMAS:
Like chimps.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

He watches her rise now, tentatively walk over to look down at his shirt which lies on the ground. She picks it up, still very tentative, studies it. A "MAN" rises from his squat, goes over to her, rips the shirt from her hand, backhands her viciously, propelling her backwards. The three astronauts are on their feet, but it is Dodge who reaches the scene first. He buries one fist into the giant man's stomach doubling him up. And then, as part of the combination, lets him have it flush on the jaw. The giant topples to the ground, stunned, blood pouring from a split lip. Dodge, a moment past his anger now, is appalled by what he's done. He looks concernedly toward LaFever and Thomas.

88. PAN SHOT PAST THE STOIC FACES

who show no emotion whatsoever. Then in the silence we hear a SOFT SOB. The PAN CONTINUES OVER to the fallen giant who on his hands and knees crying like some small abused child.

89. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

(his voice reflective)

You want to know something? I hope to God this isn't the best we find.

LAFEVER:

(alongside of him, nods)

I don't think this is the best, skipper. I think there must be...another race. Somebody...somebody with shirts and ties maybe.

(he looks toward the silent faces across from him)

And whoever and whatever they are...these people are scared as hell of them.

90. GROUP SHOT THE "PEOPLE"

as they rise and start to file back toward the jungle. A few of them look back toward the astronauts, their look expectant

91. GROUP SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

DODGE:

What about it? Do we join the safari?

THOMAS:

I don't think we've got any choice. Let's go.

The three men rise and move out bringing up the rear of the column.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. EXT. FIELD

DAY

as the group of "people" now joined by OTHERS, come into an open clearing.

93. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM

as they come from various parts of the jungle. After a moment we see the three astronauts also in the group.

94. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

as they suddenly stop. WHIP PAN ACROSS the field. There, in line, are a row of "APE SCARECROWS" just as we've seen before

95. CLOSE GROUP SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

THOMAS:

Same things.

DODGE:

(after a quick look around)
Look at the reaction.

96. GROUP SHOT THE "PEOPLE"

JABBING, pointing toward the scarecrows, obviously frightened and taking several steps backwards.

97. GROUP SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

DODGE:

Unmasked I give you the following reaction. This is a great place to visit - but I'd hate like hell to live here!

98. SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

I think they're after food. I think that's the point of this trip. Did you notice how -

He stops abruptly, his head jerks skyward.

SCRIPT CUT TO:

99- CLOSEUPS EACH ASTRONAUT'S FACE
101.

as in the b.g. we suddenly hear the sound of ENGINE NOISES getting louder.

LAFEVER:

Nobody can kid me! Those are aircraft engines!

(CONTINUED)

99-
101 (Cont.)

DODGE:

Helicopters, that's what they sound like .

Thomas, incredulous, looks toward the "people."

THOMAS:

Look at them!

102. SHOT ACROSS THE FIELD THE "PEOPLE"

as they start to run in different directions, mothers pick up babies - a milling, fear-ridden, panicky attempt at escape and suddenly, appearing over distant trees, are helicopters. They swoop down on the group forcing them to turn in their tracks like some airborne sheep dogs collecting a herd.

103. SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

as, standing alone, they SHOUT and wave at the helicopters. "People" run past them. Nova stops by Thomas and tries to pull him. LAUGHING, he pushes her away and continues to wave at the helicopters.

104. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT DODGE

as his eyes go wide open, his jaw drops. He lets out a wail of almost FRENZIED LAUGHTER.

DODGE:

Oh, my God! I have now seen
everything there is to be seen
in the whole bloody universe!

ABRUPT
CUTS TO:

105-
106. CLOSEUPS THE OTHER TWO ASTRONAUTS

as they, too, look, start, react and convulse with LAUGHTER. A WHIP PAN ACROSS THE FIELD in the direction of a car engine as coming through the foliage we see the: ZOOMAR

107. SHOT THE FRONT END OF A JEEP

as it comes to a stop at the edge of the clearing. PAN UP SLOWLY THE FRONT GRILL TO THE WINDSHIELD where standing are TWO APES dressed immaculately in the white garb and pith helmets of British hunters. Behind them, on foot, come SEVERAL OTHER GROUPS OF APES, CHIMPANZEES and ORANGUTANS in assorted sizes and shapes, but all dressed as members of a safari carrying guns of different calibre.

108. CLOSE SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS FAVORING DODGE

DODGE:
(shrieking with laughter)
I'll die. I will positively --

There is suddenly a fusillade of SHOTS. Dodge's face goes pasty-white. He lets out one small gasp as the CAMERA PANS DOWN his body to where his fingers clutch at a bloody mass that was his stomach, then he topples OUT OF THE SCENE.

109. ABRUPT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:
(screams)
Dodge! Dodge, get --

He suddenly grabs at his throat as a bullet pierces his neck from the side.

110. ABRUPT HIGH ANGLE SHOT THE FIELD

as we see converging on the SCENE literally hundreds of clothed apes and monkey forms firing fusillades of shots at masses of fleeing people.

111-
115. SERIES OF SHOTS THE SLAUGHTER

as literally droves of humans are wiped out by the gunfire.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

116. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

on the ground, hand clutching his throat, clawing at the earth to get away while the SOUNDS OF SCREAMS envelope him. Running feet go back and forth in front of him and behind him.

117. ANGLE SHOT LAFEVER

Running people knock the gun out of his hand, then he's pushed along by a milling mob. In the process, his shirt is torn off. He's buffeted along, looking desperately for the other two astronauts, trying to fight his way back to the field. Suddenly, he's enmeshed in a giant net.

118. ANGLE SHOT THROUGH THE MESH LAFEVER'S P.O.V.

as a group of apes at various vantage points pull tightly on the net and entrap him.

119. ANOTHER ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD HIM

from outside the net, his fingers pulling on the mesh as he shouts.

LAFEVER:

(shouting)

Johnny! Dodge!! Hey you guys --

His voice is lost in the DIN OF CRIES AND SHOUTS as the CAMERA PULLS BACK FOR A SLOW DOLLY AWAY as, on the field, we see the apes piling up bodies of the dead. Another party of them are depositing nets full of people into waiting trucks. They do this with business-like precision. The DOLLY CONTINUES BACKWARDS until we're on a:

120. SHOT TWO GIANT APES

One of them tilts his helmet back, takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to his companion, who takes it then accepts a light from a lighter.

APE 1:

Good show.

APE 2:

Not a bad bag at that.

(then his eyes narrow.

He points with a hairy hand toward the field)

My God! Look at that.

A PAN OVER to a:

121. SHOT THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF THOMAS

lying face down on the ground, the wound pulsing in his neck.

122. ANOTHER CLOSE ANGLE THOMAS

as the legs and puttees of the apes come INTO THE FRAME, then the two Apes kneel down alongside of him.

APE 1:

Now I've seen everything. Where do you suppose he got our clothes?

He examines the wound on Thomas' neck.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

APE 1:

(continuing)

He's still alive.

(he takes out a revolver)

Shall I put the poor beast out of his misery?

APE 2:

Are you kidding? This might be a trained one who escaped. Might be worth a little extra at that. Throw him on the truck.

APE 1:

(pointing to a couple of chimps)

Over here, boys. Put this one on the truck.

123. SHOT THE TWO CHIMPANZEES

as they approach.

CHIMP 1:

(laughs)

Look at the clothes on this one.

(then questioningly toward the two Apes)

Escaped from a circus or something?

APE 1:

Probably.

124. MOVING SHOT THE TWO APES

as they walk back toward the jeep, passing mounds of bodies still being added to.

CUT TO:

125. TAIL GATE TRUCK

On the truck, tied together by ropes, are shivering, desperately frightened "people"; and just being flung over the dropped tail gate is the figure of Thomas. We see him briefly, then he is obliterated by the tail gate as it comes up in FRONT OF THE LENS. The truck starts to pull away FROM THE CAMERA, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

126. EXT. TRUCK EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' FACE DAY

the eyes half-closed, filmed with pain and cloudy half consciousness.

127. SHOT THE SKY HIS P.O.V.

It's a conglomeration of moving clouds, distorted bent telegraph poles, odd surrealistic building forms - all of which overlap one another slowly, turning from bright to gray to darkness, which in turn is superceded by jumbled and distorted forms that loom over him as shadowy figures and forms. Gradually, behind these appears a giant light in the general form of a surgery light that goes in and out of focus. Now NOISES start to collect - first, VOICES, indistinct, that echo and re-echo; then the METALLIC CLASHING of what sounds like metal instruments banged together.

128. EXTREMELY TIGHT BLOWN-UP CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' FACE

His lips move with tortured effort, his head shakes from side to side - rejecting, pleading; then his eyes go wide, staring in one last effort.

129. REVERSE ANGLE HIS P.O.V. A GIANT BLOWN-UP PLASMA BOTTLE

half filled with blood. The upper half of the bottle reveals a distorted hairy face. PAN DOWN the rubber tube of the bottle to an:

130. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT A HAIRY HAND

131. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as his eyes shut tight and he tries to scream, then his eyes close and there is total, sudden blackness.

DISSOLVE TO:

132. INT. CAGE OUT OF FOCUS SHOT THE BARS

wavering until gradually the scene takes on clarity and we are looking through bars at the prostrate body of Thomas, who lies on his back on what is roughly akin to a bed of straw. His eyes blink open, then wince against a shaft of sunlight that comes through a window above the cage. He slowly turns his eyes to stare toward the cage door.

133. TOP HAT SHOT ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE CAGE TOWARD CAGE DOOR
THOMAS' P.O.V.

The bars are shimmering and indistinct and gradually, with great slowness, come INTO FOCUS. Behind them we see the outline of a FEMALE FIGURE that takes on clarity with the bars, and we're finally looking at the white-smocked figure of a woman, who is peering through the bars with great clinical interest, hands in the pockets of her smock, her expression alert and intelligent, the face young despite a few simian wrinkles that frame her white muzzle. Under her arm she carries a leather briefcase.

ZIRA:

(smiles)

How are we today? Feeling better,
are we?

She takes out a key, unlocks the cage door, bends over to look more intently into Thomas' face.

134. CLOSE TWO SHOT THOMAS AND ZIRA

Thomas tries to speak. Nothing comes out from his bandaged throat.

ZIRA:

Can't even growl, huh? --

She briefly touches the bandage, feeling around it very gently and lightly, then nods as if satisfied, is about to turn away when she suddenly stares at something.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

135. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' HAND

An Annapolis ring is on one finger.

136. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THE FINGER

with Zira's hand COMING INTO THE FRAME to touch it, stare at it.

137. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP INTO ZIRA'S FACE

as she turns questioningly toward Thomas, frowning.

ZIRA:

They said you were probably an escaped
circus animal or something.

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

ZIRA: (Cont.)

(she nods)

You gave our people quite a start at that.

(she points to him)

The trousers... this ring probably.

She smiles again, moves back, shuts the cage door, scribbles down something on a sheet of paper, looks down the length of cages that cover one end of the room.

138. ANGLE SHOT OVER HER SHOULDER

We see other men in the cages pacing back and forth. A couple of them shake the bars. GUTTERAL NOISES emit from others. She starts to move down the row of cages, when a SOUND stops her in her tracks. She turns to stare toward Thomas, who has risen to one elbow, his mouth opening and closing in a desperate attempt to make a noise. Finally something does come out - just a weak pained grunt, but a noise nonetheless. Zira turns back toward him, smiling.

ZIRA:

Now what is it this time?

(she points to her neck)

Hurt just a little bit, does it?

Well, we'll keep you on liquid, old timer, and we'll have that bandage off in a week or so. You just relax there.

(she digs into the pocket

of her smock, takes out a

sugar cube, holds it out in

between the bars)

Here we are. Can you come and get it?

Can you come and get the sugar?

139. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

His eyes grow wide. At this moment, he feels a sense of naked humiliation and shame that he's never felt before. He recoils from her, shaking his head back and forth but in an unconscious gesture of rejection.

140. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING THROUGH THE BARS ZIRA

who shrugs, smiles.

ZIRA:

Just relax, old timer. Just breathe through your nose and be a good happy boy.

(she moves to another cage)

How are we today, old timer?

141. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE OTHER CAGE ZIRA'S P.O.V.

as the man in it shakes the cage, jumps up and down. His tongue is out. Spittles of drool comes out the corners of his mouth.

ZIRA:

We know what we want, don't we?
Yessiree, we know what we want.

She hands him the sugar, which the man takes and jams into his mouth. Then she continues down the other cages, occasionally writing little notes.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

142. THE BARS THOMAS' CAGE

as, with one final burst of effort, he gets onto his hands and knees, slams himself against the cage bars, gives one pain-wracked, deep-from-the-gut CRY, which comes out almost as a whisper.

143. ANGLE SHOT THROUGH THE BARS DOWN THE LINE OF CAGES

We see Zira at the end, still making notes and then giving directions to a couple of white-coated technician assistants. Their voices are low and indistinct.

144. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he whirls around from the cage to FACE THE CAMERA. His mouth opens and shuts again and the pain of it is obviously almost unbearable. Finally, he reaches up to the bandage, claws at it for a moment, then claws again, then pulls and rips at it, and finally removes his hand. Blood drips from the fingertips. He looks toward the far wall of his cage, takes his fingers, draws one single line of blood, then reaches to his neck again and again the fingers come out bloody. He continues to scrawl things, in blood, on the wall.

CUT TO:

145. SHOT ZIRA AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR

She starts to walk back toward Thomas' cage, pointing out various cages enroute and giving terse directions to the two lab assistants who are with her. As she gets CLOSER TO THE CAMERA, her words take on clarity.

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

...this one here is liquid feeding.
If he tries to take off a finger -
you muzzle 'im. He's a mean one.
And blonde, over here --
 (she points to a cage
 across the way)
-- he'll be leaving this afternoon.
So hold off cleaning the cage until
after two.

Now she moves to Thomas' cage, but her back is to it as
are the two assistants. Over her shoulder we see the
scrawled bloody message on the wall of Thomas' cage which
reads, "I CAN SPEAK". Crumpled at the foot of the wall,
unconscious, is Thomas, himself - one bleeding hand
extended, still touching the wall.

146. CLOSER ANGLE ZIRA

She looks down at her notes, jerks her thumb over her
shoulder toward Thomas' cage.

ZIRA:

This is a post-operative one in here.
No feeding at all until tomorrow
morning. Give him water if he seems
thirsty. Keep his cage clean, too.

She moves PAST THE CAMERA and we hear her voice fading off.

ZIRA'S VOICE:

(continuing)

If Dr. Zaius wants me, I'll be in my
office.

The CAMERA STAYS on the two assistants, one of whom picks
up a bucket; the other heads down toward the other end
of the cage corridor. The one with the bucket moves over
to a sink and starts to let water into the bucket. He's
interrupted by a SHOUT. He whirls around to stare toward
THE CAMERA.

CUT TO:

147. SHOT DOWN THE AISLE

as the "mean one" suddenly breaks open the cage door, falls
forward on his face and with growling ROARS starts to run.
The assistant at the far end of the corridor shouts.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

ASSISTANT 1:
(shouting)
Get the hose! Get the hose!

148. ANOTHER ANGLE THE AISLE

as the one with the bucket grabs a hose screwed into one of the faucets and starts to spray the escaping "man", who moves across the aisle trying to fend off the stream of water, half blinded by it. He reaches the front of Thomas' cage and is backed against it by the pressure of the water. The two assistants converge on him, one still playing the water stream on him.

149. CLOSER ANGLE THE "MAN"

He flails his arms around, half choking, half sputtering.

150. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER THE WATER

entering Thomas' cage, hitting the wall in a sudden burst.

151. ANOTHER ANGLE THE "MAN"

as one of the Assistants, carrying a sharp-ended pole, prods him viciously, forcing him back across the aisle.

ASSISTANT 1:
Put him in number six - that's empty.

They back him against an open cage, force him inside, slam the cage door shut, which automatically locks it, then they start to walk TOWARD THE CAMERA.

ASSISTANT 2:
Damned animals! Why don't they keep 'em in a zoo where they belong!

They move PAST CAMERA LENS which ARCS OVER toward Thomas' cage, SHOOTING THROUGH THE BARS TOWARD THE WALL. There are a few spattered blood marks but the message has been washed away.

DISSOLVE TO:

152. INT. CAGE ROOM LONG SHOT FAVORING THE FLOOR NIGHT

where we see the shadows of various "men" standing by their cage doors, gripping the bars. PAN UP TO a:

153. LONG SHOT DOWN THE AISLE

We see the "men" standing there at the doors, numb-looking, stoic, emotionless. There is the SOUND of a HEAVY METAL DOOR BEING OPENED AND CLANKING SHUT. The two Assistants come in wheeling a "feed bucket" heaped high with bananas and other fruit. They wheel the cart TOWARD THE CAMERA, throwing pieces of fruit to the various "men" in the cages, who start making SLURPY, ACQUISITIVE SOUNDS, stretching out their arms through the bars.

154. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TWO ASSISTANTS

as one holds up a banana.

ASSISTANT 1:

Watch this.

(he holds up the banana in front of one of the "men")

Hey, blonde. Speak!

155. ANGLE SHOT THE "MAN" IN THE CAGE

He flings his arm out through the bars, grabbing for the banana.

ASSISTANT 1:

Come on. Speak!

The "man" in the cage lets out a GUTTERAL ROAR. The two Assistants CHUCKLE. They throw him the banana, which he eats skin and all.

156. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM

as they continue down the aisle until they reach Thomas' cage. He lies on the mat, his back to the door.

ASSISTANT 1:

(banging on the cage with his stick)

Let's rise and shine in there! Chow time. Come and get it.

ASSISTANT 2:

(looking down at a chart)

This one's on liquid.

(he points to his throat)

He's the one who got shot in the throat.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

ASSISTANT 1:

Oh, yeah.

(he points, chuckling)

Look at the pants on him.

(he bangs on the cage again)

Hey, beautiful. You with the pants.
Want some water?

157. ANOTHER ANGLE THROUGH THE BARS THOMAS

as he turns on his other side, opens his eyes, stares at the two Assistants, struggles to rise, flops over weakly, then literally crawls over to the cage door, his mouth opening and closing but no sounds emitting. He reaches the cage door, grabs hold of it for support, then with desperation, keeps pointing to himself then to his mouth, opening and closing it again.

158. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE ASSISTANTS

who CHUCKLE with delight.

ASSISTANT 1:

How about that? I told you this one
had been trained.

Both men turn at the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.
Zira walks in.

ASSISTANT 1:

(continuing)

Feeding time, Miss Zira.

ZIRA:

(with a look toward the clock)

Feeding time was an hour ago. Break
your backs sometime and try doing some-
thing on schedule.

(she moves toward Thomas'
cage)

How's the patient?

ASSISTANT 1:

(anxious to placate)

Oh, this one's a humdinger. Has a
whole bunch of tricks.

(he moves to Zira's side,
looking through the bars)

Come on, boy. Do some tricks. Show
Miss Zira how smart you are.

159. ANOTHER ANGLE THROUGH THE BARS THOMAS

as he lifts up his head, his face a study in pain and misery. He kicks himself over so that he lands on his back, then weakly, but with great effort, lifts up his hands and goes through the motions as if writing. There is a HOOT OF LAUGHTER from the Assistants that is shut off abruptly by Zira's look.

160. CLOSE ANGLE ZIRA

as she stares through the bars toward Thomas, something pensive and reflective in her look.

ASSISTANT 1:

I never seen one like that who'd --

Zira waves him quiet.

ZIRA:

Just be quiet, would you?
(now her voice takes
on a softer tone)
Come over here, old timer. Come
over here. I won't hurt you.

Thomas continues to lie there, totally enervated, unable to move. Zira turns to the Assistant.

ZIRA:

(continuing)
Open this up, would you?

ASSISTANT 1:

I'd be careful of this one, Miss Zira.
You know how they are when they're
wounded.

ZIRA:

(evenly)
I know how they are when they're weak
and in pain.

ASSISTANT 1:

I hate to see you goin' in there.
One of us ought to have the hose
ready.

He looks at her steely glance, makes a half-shrug, moves over and unlocks the cage door.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

You two go hide under a table. If I need help, I'll call for you. I won't expect a damned thing - but I will call on you.

She moves into the cage.

161. TWO SHOT

Thomas lying there, Zira kneeling over him. His eyes are open. He touches his throat, then taps his lips.

ZIRA:

Thirsty, old timer?

Thomas shakes his head.

162. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

reacting. Her eyes narrow.

ZIRA:

(she frames the words carefully now)

Are you thirsty?

163. CLOSE TWO SHOT

Thomas again shakes his head.

ZIRA:

(mouthing the words as she says them)

Can you eat anything?

Again Thomas shakes his head.

ZIRA:

(continuing)

Can you understand me?

Thomas reaches forward to grab at her in sudden excitement, nodding his head furiously. He is suddenly thrust back by a long pole thrust in by the frightened Assistant.

ASSISTANT 1:

I told you, Miss Zira. When they're hurt like that - you can't trust 'em.

Zira rises slowly.

164. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THOMAS

He senses a lost opportunity and is suddenly gripped by a sense of desperation. With a GUTTERAL SOUND he reaches for her.

165. CLOSE SHOT HER WHITE SMOCK

as Thomas' hand encloses around a fountain pen stuck in a breast pocket.

166. ANGLE SHOT OVER ZIRA'S SHOULDER

as the Assistant pulls her away and attacks Thomas with the pole.

167. SHOT THE FLOOR

as Thomas falls backward, still clutching the fountain pen. He grabs at the pole, wrenches it out of the Assistant's hand, then with a last burst of desperate energy, throws himself at the Assistant, bringing the fountain pen down like a knife.

168. CLOSE TWO SHOT THOMAS AND THE ASSISTANT

as they grapple. The Assistant lets out a SCREAM of pain as the fountain pen sticks into his shoulder. Assistant 2 comes INTO THE FRAME. He carries a short wooden club, which he brings down heavily on the side of Thomas' head, sending him down to the floor. He then drags his companion out of the cage, slamming the door shut.

169. CLOSE SHOT THE FOUNTAIN PEN

as it drops to the floor of the cell. Zira retrieves it through the bars.

ZIRA:

See that he doesn't get any pens or anything else. And keep a light on in here. I want him watched.

170. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

as she stares at the fountain pen, then inserts it into her pocket.

171. ANGLE SHOT DOWN THE CORRIDOR

as Zira moves away from the cage, followed by the two Assistants. At the far end of the corridor, one of the Assistants flicks a switch. The overhead lights go off, except for one shining directly into Thomas' cage.

172. SHOT THROUGH BARS THOMAS

as his eyes open. They are filled with a sick pain. He crawls across the floor of the cage to the door. Supporting himself on the bars, he gets slowly to his feet, then leans against the cage door, arms outstretched.

173. CLOSE ANGLE THOMAS

as he looks down at the floor.

174. SHOT THE FLOOR HIS P.O.V.

We see his shadow spread-eagled.

175. SHOT THOMAS

as his eyes first lift.

176. ANGLE SHOT DOWN THE CORRIDOR

There are a long line of shadows as the other humans stand in identical attitudes to Thomas'. PAN BACK OVER to:

177. CLOSE ANGLE THOMAS

as his head sinks forward and from deep from his torn throat comes an anguished CRY as he sinks slowly to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

178. EXT. COMPOUND HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THOMAS DAY

who lies in the sun, his throat freshly bandaged. He opens his eyes and blinks into the bright orb overhead. He is pale and unshaven, still very weak; but time has passed now and when he rises there is a suggestion of building strength.

179. HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT THE CONCRETE WALLS

There is some movement at the top. PAN UP THE WALL until we see Zira standing on the catwalk with DR. ZAIUS. (CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

DR. ZAIUS:

And that's your very precocious "man",
is it?

(he uses "man" as we
would say "chimp")

ZIRA:

We're going to learn something with
that one. There's something....
something very odd about him.

DR. ZAIUS:

Odd?

(he nods with his head
toward the compound)

I understand he tried to kill one of
the Attendants. I'd say he ran pretty
close to form.

ZIRA:

He understands me. He understands me
perfectly.

DR. ZAIUS:

(with a shrug)

A lot of them do. The brighter ones.
But you know, yourself, a lot of it
is rote. A lot of it is mimicry.

(a pause)

Given him any tests yet?

ZIRA:

That's why I asked you to come over,
Dr. Zaius. Watch this.

She reaches over to a small black electronic box.

180. CLOSE SHOT THE BOX

as she pushes a button.

181. ANGLE LOOKING AT THOMAS

as a CLANGING BELL RINGS. Thomas walks across the compound
with small, measured steps to stand near one end. He looks
up toward the walls as ANOTHER BELL RINGS. He sits down on
the ground.

182. SHOT THE WALL

as it slides open and food is thrown out from a dark recessed
interior. Thomas starts to eat the food slowly with his hand.

183. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT ZIRA AND DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

(with a gesture, almost
disdainfully)

Conditioned reflex principle. He shows
a capacity to learn simple and basic
things. But really, Dr. Zira, that's
hardly evidence of this strange native
intelligence you talk about.

He takes out a pipe, starts to fill it with tobacco, then
with a peculiar hunched-over gait, he paces back and forth.

184. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

as he paces.

DR. ZAIUS:

I recall a case. Female human. About
eighteen years of age. She could actually
speak about a dozen words. Never related
the words, of course...had no understand-
ing of language per se, but any low form
with a modicum of intelligence can be
taught over a period of time --

He stops abruptly as he turns in his back and forth walking
to look toward Zira, who is smiling and stifling a laugh.
WHIP PAN DOWN to the compound. Thomas is mimicking Dr. Zaiu
walk to perfection, even aping the use of the pipe the way
Dr. Zaius uses it to emphasize his words.

185. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who controls her smile.

ZIRA:

He has a sense of humor. You'll give
him that.

186. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

He jams the pipe in his teeth.

DR. ZAIUS:

There are certain lizard forms that
can do the same thing.

He moves to the parapet of the wall to look down.

187. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT HIS EYES
as he stares down at Thomas.

188. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS
who stares back up at him.

189. MED. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

There's an arrogance about that one
I don't much care for.

(he looks toward Zira)

When he recuperates... we'll try
removal of the pre-frontals. We'll
see how your incredibly intelligent
"human" reacts to this kind of surgery.

CUT TO:

190. SHOT ZIRA
as she reacts, then looks down toward the compound.

191. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THOMAS
who stares back up toward her.

DISSOLVE TO:

192-
198. SERIES OF SHOTS THOMAS UNDERGOING TESTS WITH ZIRA

These are the standard battery of reflex action, Pavlov
experiments, etc. We see Thomas handling these things with
care and precision as opposed to the stumbling hit and miss
trial and error reaction of the other humans. There are
SHOTS of Zira, as she jots down notes furiously, continually
looking up with amazement at a new success by her charge.
The last test is

DISSOLVE TO:

199. INT. CAGE ROOM

with Zira and Dr. Zaius outside of Thomas' cage. A PAN OVER
FROM them TO Thomas who is involved in opening a box that is
closed by nine different systems - bolt, pin, key, hook, etc.
- the old Kinnaman test that we know. Thomas adroitly solves
the device and pushes it away from him, looking toward Zira
who, in turn, looks toward Dr. Zaius.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

What do you think? Thirty-one seconds,
Doctor.

DR. ZAIUS:

Impressive manual dexterity --

ZIRA:

(a little tightly)

His dexterity isn't at issue. But
the fact that he took less than a
minute to reason it out --

DR. ZAIUS:

"Reason" it out? My dear Doctor...
you are so damnably - and I might add,
mystifyingly - insistent on attaching
intelligence to rather basic and
primitive skills --

ZIRA:

(growing angry but
holding it in)

Dr. Zaius - if you'll forgive me, sir -
and you seem so desperately reluctant
to allow one benefit of one doubt --

Dr. Zaius gestures as if shutting off the argument, turns
halfway away from her, stares down the corridor toward the
other cages.

DR. ZAIUS:

I prefer not arguing the point, my dear.
Shall we check some of the others?

Zira nods reluctantly, looks briefly at Thomas, who stands
at the cage staring at her, then turns and follows Dr. Zaius
down the corridor toward the other cages.

200. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

gripping the bars, staring at her, and then reacting - eyes
widening. WHIP PAN OVER down the length of the corridor to
the far door at the end, as it opens and two attendants lead
in a group of women.

CUT TO:

201. GROUP SHOT THE WOMEN

Their faces are all visible save for one whose back is turned:
FROM THE CAMERA, her head down. The attendant pulls her
roughly by the hair to make her face the two Doctors, and we
see for the first time that it is Nova.

CUT TO:

202. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he grips the bars tighter.

203. GROUP SHOT THE WOMEN

as Dr. Zaius comes INTO THE FRAME.

DR. ZAIUS:

Distribute them.

(he looks toward Nova)

Put this one in there with the trouble-
maker. Number six.

The attendant pulls her by a chain. She goes along unpro-
testing but with dulled methodical footsteps, simply allowin.
herself to be led, but neither contributing nor holding back

204. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM

as they stop in front of the cage of the blond man two
down from Thomas.

205. CLOSE SHOT THE CAGE

The blond rises from the darkened corner of the cage and
makes several anticipatory GRUNTS as one of the attendants
unlocks the cage. There is the SOUND of BANGING ON METAL,
making them turn to look in Thomas' direction. Thomas is
banging on the cage bars.

206. GROUP SHOT FAVORING DR. ZAIUS AND ZIRA

DR. ZAIUS:

(superciliously)

What have we here? A little jealousy?
I think we may have mixed up the mates
here.

(he looks toward the
attendant)

Give her to the trick one over there.
Dr. Zira's favorite.

The attendant locks the cage again as the blond man starts
to roar with anger, shaking the bars.

207. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who laughs uproariously, but motions toward Thomas' cage
again to reinforce his order. The attendant moves Nova over

(CONTINUED)

207 (Cont.)

to Thomas' cage, unlocks it, shoves her inside. We hear his RETREATING FOOTSTEPS along with the FADING LAUGHTER of Dr. Zaius as the SOUNDS of OTHER CAGES being OPENED AND SHUT REVERBERATE around the room.

208. CLOSE TWO SHOT NOVA AND THOMAS

as they look at one another. Nova reaches up and touches the bandage on Thomas' neck. Thomas grabs her hand, brings it up to his face, lays it against his cheek, then looks through the bars.

209. LONG SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER ZIRA

who stands transfixed in the center of the corridor, staring at him, somehow deeply moved and also bewildered by the show of affection from the strange animal in the cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

210. EXT. COMPOUND

DAY

Again the hot bright sun bathes the area in white light. There are groups of people sitting around in small clusters, each of them chained to one of several posts imbedded in the ground. An attendant walks by with a large bucket of food. He unlocks one of the central chains then WHISTLES and beckons as people rise lethargically and move to a corner of the compound. He lays the bucket down. Immediately GRUNTING humans surround it, digging at it with their bare hands while the attendant picks up another bucket and starts toward another post where other "humans" wait. PAN OVER to a small delivery truck where other attendants are removing cans of food.

211. SHOT THOMAS

who sits more or less by himself away from the others. An attendant comes over to unlock the central chain. Nova, who is the closest to him, immediately rushes with the other toward a bucket of food. Halfway there, she stops, looks inquiringly back toward Thomas; then, following instincts rather than anything else, she moves with the others toward the food.

212. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he slowly rises to his feet. His eyes scan the compound yard until they fix on the small delivery truck.

213. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER THE TRUCK
its driver's seat door open.

214. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS
as he continues to stare at it.

215. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE COMPOUND THOMAS
as he walks slowly toward the open front door. He looks
left and right as he does so.

216. FULL SHOT THE COURTYARD
Most of the attendants are watching the "humans" eat. No
one is close to the truck.

217. CLOSE SHOT THE TRUCK DOOR
as Thomas gets there. Again a look around him - then,
poised as if to leap into the driver's seat, he stops abrupt

218. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THE IGNITION
The keys are not there.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

219. CLOSE SHOT THE KEYS IN ONE OF THE ATTENDANT'S HANDS
as he swings them around his fingers.

CUT TO:

220. ANOTHER FULL ANGLE THE COMPOUND FAVORING THOMAS
Over his shoulder, we see the TRUCK DRIVER talking to one
of the attendants, still swinging the ignition keys. He
waves goodbye, starts back toward his truck, pushes up the
tail gate, locks it shut, then moves over to the cab and
inside.

221. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS
standing there watching as the truck engine is started and
the vehicle pulls away to momentarily obliterate Thomas as
it passes him. When the truck LEAVES THE FRAME, the CAMERA
STAYS on the same spot where Thomas was standing. The spot
is now empty.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

222. EXT. CITY STREET

DAY

223-
228. SERIES OF SHOTS THE TRUCK

as it moves slowly down the street. It passes stores with ape mannequins in the window; chimps and monkeys walking back and forth on the sidewalk; a gorilla policeman directing traffic; past a movie marquee with a large picture in front of two monkeys in a passionate embrace.

229. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TRUCK

as it pulls to a stop.

230. CLOSE SHOT THE TRUCK

as the driver gets out, moves around to the tail gate, opens it, starts to remove empty cans.

231. SHOT THE DRIVER

as seen from the interior of the truck as he stops abruptly and looks down at something on the floor.

CUT TO:

232. TWO FOOT LENGTH OF CHAIN

as the driver picks it up, holds it out, studies it, looks puzzled, throws it back into the cab.

CUT TO:

233. EXT. PARK FULL SHOT THE AREA

DAY

as a classroom full of young chimps move in a column of two's down the walk past a giant heroic statue of a gorilla astride a horse.

234. MOVING SHOT THE "CHILDREN"

as their high pitched young VOICES squeal out things like: "My daddy and mommy..."; "Will there be an ice cream man here today?"; "Do you like the teacher?" etc.

235. CLOSE SHOT THE LAST TWO "CHILDREN" IN THE COLUMN

as one of them stops and stares, transfixed - his eyes wide. He points in front of him.

CHIMP:

Teacher - look! Look at the escaped man!

236. ANGLE SHOT UP THE COLUMN TOWARD THE "TEACHER"

who hurries back toward the small "boy" and in the process looks in the direction where he's pointing.

237. SHOT THROUGH THE WOOD SLATS OF A PARK BENCH THOMAS

who is huddling behind it, his eyes visible through the opening.

238. ANOTHER ANGLE THE "TEACHER"

as she SCREAMS and starts to collect the "children" like a mother hen, shooing them in the opposite direction, SCREAMING as she does so.

239. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THE PARK

as Thomas breaks away from behind the park bench, races across the park lawn. After a moment, he's pursued by a policeman and a dozen other onlookers.

240- SERIES OF SHOTS THOMAS

245.

as he races over lawn, onto sidewalk, across a crowded street

246. TOP HAT SHOT THOMAS

as he approaches a curb. One foot fails to clear it and he sprawls headlong INTO THE CAMERA LENS. He remains there motionlessly for an instant, then scrambles to his feet, smashing against a store window. He turns to face a mob of monkeys, chimps and gorillas closing in on him. Some are dressed in business suits, policemen's uniforms, sport clothes, etc.

247. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS THEIR P.O.V.

He opens his mouth desperately, trying to form words and give them voice, but nothing comes out. Finally, in desperation, he goes through a series of pantomime, pointing to himself, his throat, his mouth, drawing figures in the air, trying to simulate a space ship, etc. A PAN PAST THE FACES of his audience as suddenly there is total silence, which is replaced by a GROWING LAUGHTER. The eyes of the audience look upward to something beyond Thomas.

248. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who becomes aware that they're no longer looking at him and that their laughter is directed to something else. He slowly turns to look over his shoulder.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

249. THE STORE FRONT BEHIND THOMAS

with a large sign reading, "PROFESSOR MONTY'S TRAINED MAN EMPORIUM". In the window directly behind Thomas, is a "MAN". He's dressed in five inches too short slacks, a porkpie hat, the remnant of a shirt, and he is mimicking everything that Thomas has done.

250. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS AS SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS

He closes his eyes, throws his head back as if wanting to scream. We see the reflection of the trained "man" doing identically the same thing. This reflection is wiped out by the faces and forms of the apes as they converge on Thomas and drag him away.

251. TILT ANGLE SHOT THOMAS

as he is pulled on the sidewalk.

252. CLOSE SHOT A TRUCK

as he's slammed against it.

253. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TRUCK

as he's flung inside the back. Certain VOICES stand out over the din.

VOICE 1:

Where you gonna take him?

VOICE 2:

He escaped from the zoo?

VOICE 3:

Somebody ought to shoot him. He's dangerous.

DRIVER'S VOICE:

I recognize him. He's from the lab. They're raising bloody cane over it. He escaped this morning.

The rear panels of the truck are slammed shut. Thomas' face can be seen through the window.

254. REVERSE ANGLE HIS P.O.V. THE CROWD

as it starts to move away. One last sight is etched into his mind as the truck pulls forward. It's a gaudily dressed little monkey with a hand organ. Chained to it is a small five-year-old boy with a tin cup.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

255. INT. ZIRA'S OFFICE

DAY

She talks into a Dictaphone, referring to her notes on top of her desk.

ZIRA:

(into microphone)

The subject: Male animal. Age: Approximately thirty-five. Referred to as Case number three eleven - file number A-six. The subject escaped from the laboratory compound this morning and was not apprehended until the middle of the afternoon. And while the tests are not complete, I am still convinced that he shows far better than average intelligence. In the Delayed Reaction experiment, the subject indicated almost instantaneous comprehension. His galvanic skin response to certain stimuli was sixty percent more pronounced than the previously highest subject ever used here. And while my colleagues are of a different mind, as to the Intelligence Quotient of this subject, it is my growing conviction that there may even be a possibility of some kind of voice communication.

The CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY as her VOICE FADES OFF.

ZIRA:

Tomorrow morning I intend to administer additional tests in perception and visual stimulation...

Her VOICE FADES OFF COMPLETELY as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

256. INT. CELL CORRIDOR

DAY

SLOW PAN DOWN the aisle separating the cages. Most of the "men" stand lethargically at their cell doors. The PAN CONTINUES OVER to Thomas who is inside his cage, now alone.

CUT TO:

257. SHOT ONE OF THE WINDOWS

An ape janitor sprays a window cleaner on the windows, fogging them up. He wipes out two panes then turns at the SOUND of the distant DOOR OPENING. Two assistants come in and walk down the aisle carrying a ring of keys.

ASSISTANT 1:

All right, my children...exercise time.

He looks questioningly at the other assistant.

ASSISTANT 2:

Seven, nine and eleven - they go first.

258. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS' CELL

as the first assistant moves over to it, sticks a key in the lock then puts on a pair of heavy gloves. In one hand he holds a large chain with a heavy snap at the end.

ASSISTANT 1:

(beckoning toward Thomas)

You gonna be a good boy today? Let's go, pants. Time for a nice airing.

Thomas slowly advances toward the cell door and stands there quietly. He allows the assistant to reach in through the bars and hook the chain onto the steel collar around his neck. The assistant then opens the cell door. Thomas steps out. The other assistant moves INTO THE FRAME carrying a big pole

ASSISTANT 1:

He's being real sweet today. I don't think he plans to give us any trouble.

He scratches Thomas' head as if he were an Airedale.

ASSISTANT 1:

(continuing)

Will you, boy? You won't give us any trouble today, will you?

ASSISTANT 2:

He's quiet.

ASSISTANT 1:

Probably misses his girl friend.

Thomas' head jerks up.

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

ASSISTANT 1:

(continuing)

She'll be coming back tonight, old fellah.
Your li'l ol' sweetie pie'll be back right
after dinner.

There is the SOUND of a small commotion from the cell of the blond man. The assistant hooks Thomas' chain onto the cell door then they move toward the blond's cage, poking through the bars with the pole to make him back away.

259. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

He leans against the wall near the window ledge, puts his head against it, closes his eyes.

260. EXTREMELY TIGHT PROFILE SHOT THOMAS

as his eyes open. He stares toward the clouded window, looks down at his hands then back to the window. He starts toward the window and is jerked up short by the length of the chain. He stretches out with one hand toward the window panes but winds up six inches shy of touching it. His head jerks around in a panic, then he spies a bucket with a mop on the floor left by the janitor. He reaches forward, takes the mop, moves it toward the window and slowly starts to write in the clouded window glass. PAN OVER TO THE GLASS - SHOOTING OVER HIS SHOULDER.

261. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT HIS WORDS ON THE GLASS

"I CAN SPEAK. I AM A CIVILIZED MAN. I AM FROM ANOTHER PLANET." There is the SOUND of a door slamming. A WHIP PAN OVER to Zira who stands in the corridor staring first at the window and the writing, then toward Thomas.

262. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he turns to look at her, naked appeal on his face.

263. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who continues to stare at him, half in bewilderment - half in triumph.

DISSOLVE TO:

264. INT. LARGE LECTURE ROOM

with row after row of empty seats stretching high to the rear of the room in graduated levels. Near the lecturer's desk we see Zira and Thomas alone in the room bathed in one overhead spot while the rest of the room is in shadow. A SLOW PAN DO one of the central aisles as we hear Zira's voice reading from the notes Thomas has been scrawling.

ZIRA:

(reading)

"Earth is the third planet from the sun. We departed there many months ago in a space ship powered by atomic reactor and anti-gravity devices. There were four in our party. One is dead. I have no idea where the other two are or if they've survived."

(she puts the notebook down, stares at him)

Are you tired now? Do you want to go on?

Thomas nods vigorously.

265. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD ZIRA

who studies him intently. When she speaks it's as if she's reflecting and not actually addressing him.

ZIRA:

It's incredible. It's without any kind of precedent. It's...it's too much to believe.

266. TWO SHOT ZIRA AND THOMAS

as he scribbles furiously on paper, turns the sheet over so she can read.

267. CLOSE SHOT THE PAPER OVER HER SHOULDER

On it is scrawled, "But it's true."

ZIRA:

If we can find the other two, they could verify this. And according to you - they can speak.

268. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who nods again.

269. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who studies him. She reaches for a telephone, picks up the receiver.

ZIRA:

(into the phone)

An outside line, please.

(she then dials a number)

May I have Mr. Digby, please? Is he still there? Thank you.

(a pause)

Mr. Digby? Dr. Zira at the lab. Mr. Digby, on your last expedition into the inner-land, how many live men did you take? How many?

(a pause)

Well, let me ask you, Mr. Digby - were any of them peculiar? I mean - any of them...different in any way? I see.

(a pause)

I see. How old a creature was he?

(she stares at Thomas, nodding as she does so)

Well, I'd like to see that one. Do you suppose I might run over there now?

(she looks quickly at her watch)

I know it's late, but it's rather important. Thank you, Mr. Digby. I appreciate it.

(she replaces the receiver, looks intently again at Thomas)

They captured eleven males and three females alive. One male...seemed...seemed odd to them.

270. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who again scribbles on the paper.

271. CLOSE SHOT THE PAPER

The words scrawled there are, "That would be Dodge or Lafever. Let me go with you."

272. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who reads from the paper then looks up at him. She nods.

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

All right. We'll go there right now.

(a pause)

And we'll see if...you are indeed a visitor from another planet...or if this isn't one of the most incredible hoaxes some clever zoologist hasn't perpetrated.

CUT TO:

273. EXT. CITY STREET

NIGHT

as a car zooms down a fairly empty street.

CUT TO:

274. EXT. LARGE CONCRETE ENTRANCE

with a sign over it reading, "ZOO."

275. ANOTHER ANGLE THE CAR

as it goes through the gates and parks in a parking area close by.

276. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING TOWARD AN ADMISSION BUILDING

as "Mr. Digby" comes out the front entrance, walks toward the car. He's a sizable orangutan dressed in a sloppy business suit. Zira approaches him from the car.

DIGBY:

Odd time to come calling, Doctor.

ZIRA:

I know that, Mr. Digby. I hope I haven't inconvenienced you. I'd like very much to see the male you talked about. The one partially dressed when you captured him.

Digby points to a collection of cages nearby.

DIGBY:

He's over there in the Man Building.

277. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

as she looks in the direction of a caged building then back to the car. Digby motions her ahead. She starts toward the cages and the two of them move out of earshot. WHIP PAN OVER to the car. Through the side window we see Thomas sitting in the rear seat, his collar and chain visible but his face pressed against the window, staring out. After a moment, Zira's voice can be heard again, along with Digby's as they re-approach the car.

278. ANGLE SHOT ZIRA

as she moves away from the zookeeper, walks toward the car, opens up the rear door, reaches for Thomas' chain. He gets out of the car and follows her, still on the chain, toward the cages.

279. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM

as they walk toward the cages.

CUT TO:

280. ANGLE SHOT THROUGH BARS OF THE CAGE LOOKING TOWARD THE APPROACHING ZIRA

and behind her, Thomas. Zira pauses, Thomas walks a few steps forward then stops. He blinks his eyes, opens his mouth and slowly shakes his head back and forth, stunned by what he's looking at. INTO THE FRAME comes the top naked half of a man's back, grabbing onto the bars. We hear a low animal growl.

281. ABRUPT TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' FACE

as he stares.

282. ABRUPT TIGHT CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER'S FACE AS SEEN THROUGH THE BARS

bearded, mouth drooling, eyes wild and haggard - small grunting growls emitting from his mouth.

CUT TO:

283. AREA OUTSIDE THE CAGE

as Digby comes INTO THE FRAME to join Zira.

(CONTINUED)

283 (Cont.)

DIGBY:

Gave us a little trouble, that one.
But he's toned down quite a bit.

(he moves closer to
the cage; loudly)

Can you speak?

(he taps on the
cage bars)

Can you speak for me?

284. CLOSE SHOT THE CAGE

as Lafever jumps up and down and growls. Digby, smiling, hands him a lump of sugar which Lafever jams into his mouth. Digby reaches through the bars and scratches Lafever's head, turns toward Zira.

DIGBY:

There you have him. Good specimen
but nothing really unusual.

285. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who turns to look at Thomas.

286. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who opens his mouth. He emits a small SOUND then walks toward the cage, reaches up, grips the bars, stares into Lafever's face.

287. CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER

who stares back at him much like a mildly interested animal.

288. CLOSE SHOT THROUGH THE BARS THOMAS' FACE

as the tears roll down his cheeks. Behind him we see Zira and the zookeeper exchange a look. A SLOW DOLLY IN to Zira's face as she listens to the SOUND of Thomas' sobs and reacts to them.

DISSOLVE TO:

289. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

NIGHT

There are two dozen "Scientists" sitting in attendance as Zira stands by the lecture podium.

(CONTINUED)

289 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

...and it's my conclusion, despite the fact that there has been no corroboration, that the written communications from this subject are suggestive of an intelligent, rational, highly sophisticated frame of reference.

290. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

as a "Scientist" raises his hand and rises.

SCIENTIST 1:

Dr. Zira. Are we to understand that the notes you've indicated were written by the subject with the knowledge of their content?

ZIRA:

They were in direct response to random questions. It's hard to believe that they were a part of some prearranged lesson or specific learning process. As I say - they were direct responses to my questions.

SCIENTIST 2:

(from his seat)

And the story he told? He's...some kind of... "space traveler"? This is the sense of his notes?

ZIRA:

He claims to be one of four astronauts from a planet called "Earth." The evolutionary process there was in direct contrast to ours. There were first apes and from them came humans who are the intelligent beings of the planet.

There is a spread of laughter in the room.

SCIENTIST 3:

(taking off his glasses
and wiping his eyes)

You will forgive us, Dr. Zira, but you'll admit to seeing the humor of all of this. On the planet Earth, we're to understand, apes are held in captivity.

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

There is a shriek of laughter from the audience at this.

SCIENTIST 3:

(continuing; finding
it difficult to speak
through his laughter
as he continues)

And humans...

(he chuckles)

...humans are in the ascendancy...

(he laughs again and now
explodes with laughter)

...and are the intelligent beings on
the planet.

There is a perfect gale of laughter at this which gradually dies away until there is dead silence. All heads turn toward the rear of the room where Dr. Zaius has just entered. He looks around somberly. The various "Scientists" rise in obvious respect. He acknowledges a few of them with terse nods, then addresses himself to Zira.

DR. ZAIUS:

You must share your jokes with me,
Doctor. They must have been quite
funny.

291. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

ZIRA:

(tightly)

Nothing I've said this evening is meant
to be funny.

292. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

Indeed? Then what has titillated this
august body? I could hear the laughter
out in front of the building.

ZIRA:

I tried to reach you earlier, Doctor.
I've been reading my notes about the
male subject I've been working with.

DR. ZAIUS:

Oh, yes -

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

I left a transcript of my notes on your desk.

DR. ZAIUS:

I browsed through them.

ZIRA:

(tightly)

And?

DR. ZAIUS:

Remarkably well-trained animal.

ZIRA:

(with impatience and growing anger)

You read what he wrote?

DR. ZAIUS:

(with a look around him)

I read what some marvelously astute animal trainer taught him to write.

There is a murmur of very positive reaction in the room at this.

ZIRA:

I'm afraid, Doctor, I must contradict you, sir. I can't vouch for his story but I must tell you that this is not a normal human being -

DR. ZAIUS:

(interrupting her; loudly)

Agreed! I absolutely concur! He is not a normal human being. His rages, his uncontrollable beastiality, sets him apart from even the most undeveloped man.

293. ANOTHER ANGLE ZIRA

as she starts to collect her notes into a pile.

ZIRA:

Within a week, Doctor, when the subject gets his voice back, I'll be in my office to accept your apologies.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

There is a murmur of stunned surprise as Zira moves abruptly away from the podium and starts down the aisle toward the exit. She passes Dr. Zaius on the way to the door. He follows her with his eyes until she reaches the door, then he calls out in a barking command.

DR. ZAIUS:
(calling out)
Dr. Zira!

294. ANGLE SHOT UP THE AISLE TOWARD HER

as she turns to face him.

DR. ZAIUS:
If you're going downstairs to tuck your subject into his straw - let me save you the trouble. I've had him removed to the surgical wing.

ZOOMAR INTO Zira's face.

ZIRA:
(she breathes this out)
The surgical wing?

WHIP PAN BACK to Dr. Zaius.

DR. ZAIUS:
Precisely. He is interesting. And for that reason I think it more beneficial to us that we utilize this admirable subject.
(he checks his watch)
He'll be entering the Encephalic section about now. I'm undecided whether to perform a Partial Ablation of the frontal brain or have the whole zone of the Occipital area removed. Either way, the result should be interesting.

295. ANOTHER ANGLE THE AISLE

as Zira whirls around, opens the door, rushes out.

296-300. SERIES OF TILT SHOTS ZIRA

as she races down corridors. At first we hear Dr. Zaius' voice shouting after her but this fades off into a few angry echoes.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

301. INT. SURGICAL WARD EXTREME TIGHT CLOSE SHOT
A BLINDING LIGHT BULB IN THE CEILING THOMAS' P.O.V. NIGHT

as he lies strapped to a moving cart, staring into the light. A gorilla doctor is showing a group of visitors around the ward. They follow him as he moves down the aisle several feet away from Thomas. He stops in front of a young teenage boy who sits there in the bed, a tray of food now in front of him, gazing at it with bewilderment.

DOCTOR:

This young animal is famished. Hasn't eaten for twenty-four hours. Yet he doesn't react a bit when confronted with his favorite food. This is the result of a Partial Ablation of the frontal brain which was performed some months ago. Here are some other interesting cases.

Across the room are a couple of cages. The Doctor walks over to them.

DOCTOR:

(continuing)

On each of these subjects we've performed an operation affecting various areas of the cerebral tissue.

He moves closer to the cage, pointing to one man. He takes a spoon off the tray, thrusts it between the bars. The man makes a series of disjointed gestures in addition to making grotesque attempts to grasp the bars, closing his fingers on empty air.

DOCTOR:

(continuing)

Now this fellow here had the whole zone of the Occipital area removed. He can no longer distinguish the distance or shape of objects. And the fellow alongside there was once a rather remarkable subject. We had succeeded in training him to an astonishing degree. He answered to his name and, to a certain extent, obeyed simple orders. He'd solve fairly complicated problems and learned how to use rudimentary tools. Today, he's forgotten all his education. Doesn't even know his own name. Cannot perform the slightest trick. And he's become the stupidest of all our animals - as a result of a particularly difficult operation: Extraction of the temporal lobules.

302. ANOTHER ANGLE THE CORRIDOR FAVORING THE DOCTOR

who suddenly becomes aware of Thomas' wheeled stretcher. He heads over toward Thomas.

DOCTOR:

This is an interesting case here. He'll be undergoing surgery very shortly - as soon as Dr. Zaius comes down. This one has been taught to write in full sentences.

303. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP THE VISITING APES AND GORILLAS THOMAS' P.O.V.

as they cluck interestedly.

APE 1:

What's the bandage around his neck, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

He was wounded while being hunted down.

He bends over the strapped-down body of Thomas, touches the bandage, pushes Thomas' chin up so that he can examine the wound.

DOCTOR:

(continuing)

That's healing very nicely. Very nicely, indeed.

There is the SOUND of low chimes. The Doctor looks up at a clock on the wall.

CUT TO:

304. CLOSE SHOT THE CLOCK

It reads "8:30PM". The Doctor checks his own watch then motions to a nurse across the room.

DOCTOR:

Put this one under now, will you, nurse?

305. SHOT ACROSS THE AISLE THE NURSE

who moves over to a glass-covered medicine cabinet, takes a syringe, turns and starts to walk toward Thomas.

306. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS NURSE'S P.O.V.

as she approaches him. He strains against the heavy leather straps, turns his head from side to side. The Doctor tries to hold him down.

DOCTOR:

Easy there! Easy there! This won't hurt you.

(he turns to the nurse)

Two c.c.'s - just to quiet him down.

We'll give him full dosage when he goes into surgery.

The nurse nods and injects the needle into Thomas' arm. He opens his mouth to try to scream but nothing comes out except a low groan. Then the nurse starts to wheel him down the corridor.

307. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he is moved down the aisle. He turns his head slightly to the left.

308. TRUCKING SHOT TAKING IN THE VARIOUS "SUBJECTS"

as they stare at him uncomprehending, each a study in very special grotesquery.

309. HIGH ANGLE MOVING SHOT THOMAS' P.O.V. THE CEILING AND LIGHTS

as the cart continues down the aisle toward swinging doors which open to admit him.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

310. OUT OF FOCUS SHOT INT. SURGERY ROOM NIGHT

A SERIES OF PANS AROUND THE ROOM to distorted images of a surgeon, attending nurses, etc. This is seen from the perspective of the drugged Thomas' eyes. The voices enveloping him have a hollow echoey quality; and standing out over them are Dr. Zaius' voice and Zira's.

DR. ZAIUS' VOICE:

Dr. Zira...I must ask you to leave this room. This is not a request. This is a specific order.

(CONTINUED)

310 (Cont.)

ZIRA'S VOICE:

You can't subject this man to surgery
now -

DR. ZAIUS' VOICE:

(interrupting her;
angrily)

Madam, may I remind you that what we
can and cannot do does not happen to
be your province -

ZIRA'S VOICE:

(desperate now)

But he's an intelligent being.
Eventually he'll be able to speak
and tell you himself -

ABRUPT CUT TO:

311. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA DR. ZAIUS IN B.G.

who has just made a motion, pointing to her. Rough hands
pull her aside.

DR. ZAIUS:

Remove her if you will, please!

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN for a:

312. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

You will commence now, Doctor!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

313. THE SURGEON

who nods to the surgical nurse who moves a tray full of
instruments closer to the table.

314. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD THE SURGEON, HIS ASSISTANT
AND THE NURSE - DR. ZAIUS IN THE B.G., THEN ZIRA - ALL AS
SEEN FROM THOMAS' P.O.V.

315. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING DOWN TOWARD THOMAS

his eyes open. They are milky and indistinct with the spot
of drugs, but there remains a certain clarity in them and
with it a fear.

316. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE SURGICAL TEAM
THOMAS' P.O.V.

They exist in hazy outline now but shimmering in front of them is a surgical instrument which sort of wavers in mid-air and then slowly begins to descend in an arc toward Thomas

317. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' EYES

the pupils dilated. A beam of light from the surgical instrument crosses his pupils and plays around their edges; and then from his mouth comes his first spoken word - a gigantic scream of protest.

THOMAS:

(screaming)

No! Get away! Let me alone!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

318. A GLASS CONTAINER IN A NURSE'S HAND

on which instruments are half immersed in disinfectant. The scream shocks her and the glass container drops from nervous fingers. The CAMERA FOLLOWS IT as it smashes on the floor.

SERIES OF ABRUPT CUTS TO

319-328. SERIES OF SHOTS THE FACES OF DR. ZAIUS, ZIRA, THE SURGEON
AND NURSES

These CUTS CONTINUE TO INCLUDE CLOSEUPS OF MANY DIFFERENT FACES OF CHIMPS, GORILLAS, APES, etc., until we realize, upon PULLING BACK, that we are in:

329. INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER DAY

filled with a vast gallery of onlookers whose collective voices are a giant murmur of expectation. Hundreds of eyes turn as the large set of double doors in the back of the chamber open and another flurry of movement and noise attends the entrance of Thomas, flanked by Zira and a few others. He is ushered down the long central aisle of the room toward the podium.

330. PAN SHOT ACROSS THE FACES OF THE APES AND GORILLAS

as first there comes a couple of snickers, then an errant chuckle, and finally uproarious laughter with lap-pounding, heads thrown back, until the room is engulfed with noise. Flash bulbs pop on and off.

331. CLOSER MOVING SHOT THOMAS

aware of the laughter but somehow neutral to it at this moment. He follows his guides up the few steps toward the podium. More flash bulbs pop, television cameras grind, but the laughter becomes even shriller and louder until Thomas turns and lets his eyes scan the room.

332. CLOSE SHOT HIS FACE

as he stares at the assemblage.

333. PAN SHOT THE FACES OF THE APES

as very slowly the laughter dies away and the room is suddenly engulfed in a massive silence. A frock-coated ORANGUTAN rises from behind the speaker's diadem, walks to the lectern.

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

My fellow assembly members. We have called this special session to hear an address by a visitor to our land. He goes by the name of Thomas and he has asked to speak to this body. Fellow assembly members...Mr. John Thomas from the planet Earth.

334. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THE ASSEMBLY

as there is a murmur of voices, some sporadic hand clapping and then a pregnant expectant silence. Thomas approaches the lectern. He's dressed in an ill-fitting suit. He blinks as the flash bulbs pop, faces the room.

THOMAS:

Mr. President. Members of the assembly. I can well imagine...how the figure of a man - dressed and speaking - must appear to you. I don't wonder at your laughter.

335. PAN SHOT ACROSS THE FACES OF THE APES

as eyes turn away from him as if the place were suddenly engulfed with some strange incipient shame.

336. ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS FROM ASSEMBLY

THOMAS:

But your willingness to allow me - a recent inhabitant of a cage - to speak to you - suggests that we have landed in a civilized place peopled by civilized beings. Paradoxically, the planet I come from...Earth...is also civilized. But the repositories of wisdom and reason are Men!

337. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE ASSEMBLY

as there comes a murmur of reaction.

338. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

THOMAS:

There seems little doubt but that we can share our respective wisdoms. We can share our progress. This is why we have come. To explore, to take note of other civilizations.

(a pause)

Not as belligerents - however different we are from one another. On the planet Earth we have developed space travel. And after a journey of many, many years, we have landed here on your planet.

(a silence as he surveys the assembly again)

I will, over the next few weeks and months, tell you of my planet as I hope you will tell me of yours. I can say now that on Earth intellect is embodied in the human race.

(a pause)

Apes....apes...

339-344. SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS THE ASSEMBLY MEMBERS

THOMAS' VOICE:

...have remained in a state of savagery. It is Man who has evolved. It is Man's mind that the brain has developed and flourished. It is Man who has invented language, discovered fire, made use of tools. It is Man who settled my planet and changed its face. Man, in fact, who established a civilization so refined that in many respects it resembles your own.

345. LONG SHOT THE ASSEMBLY

and then a SLOW PAN PAST the loudspeakers on the wall. This PAN CONTINUES OVER THOMAS' VOICE until we're SHOOTING in a jam-packed central corridor outside of the assembly room. Through large glass doors we can see the front of the building with a mob of gorillas, apes and chimps standing on the sidewalk stretching to the street listening to a bank of loudspeakers set up outside.

THOMAS' VOICE:

Once again I reassure you that you need not fear us. And I hope and pray that we need have no fear of you.

CUT TO:

346. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT OVER THE HEADS OF THE ONLOOKERS
DAY

as they face the loudspeakers on the building.

THOMAS' VOICE:

Our conquest of space...the victory that we of Earth have just won that has resulted in our moving past the stars to reach you...this is your victory too. As we stand here and exchange our thoughts, our ideas... the fact that we can do so means that this conquest of the universe is your conquest as well. I thank you for letting me address you today. We have, I believe, in a glorious manner - opened a new chapter in the history of the universe!

347. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE CROWD

as there are first, murmurs of approval and then loud and resounding applause. The CAMERA MOVES DOWN so that it is SHOOTING TOWARD the front door. We can see a flurry of excitement and motion inside the building, then Thomas comes out flanked by apes, uniformed guards, government officials, etc. His picture is being taken, reporters shove microphone into his face, and he is engulfed by crowds as he moves out of the building. We see Zira alongside of him acting as a guide, interpreter and almost a bodyguard.

348. CLOSER ANGLE REPORTERS AND THOMAS

REPORTER 1:

Mr. Thomas, would you tell us again, what is the nature of your arrival on our planet? We've been told that your ship landed in the Island area which has been quarantined to our race for many centuries.

THOMAS:

Our ship obviously landed automatically. The other two astronauts -

REPORTER 2:

Astronauts?

THOMAS:

That's a term we use in our planet to describe space travelers. The four of us had been placed in what we call a "deep sleep." Very roughly, it's utilizing the principle of a special gas that renders the subject unconscious for long periods of time. We have no idea when we landed. We assume it was a matter of hours between the landing and when we awoke.

REPORTER 1:

How was your ship powered, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

A nuclear power device also utilizing the principle of anti-gravity.

There is a murmur of reaction. Thomas senses that the words have no meaning.

THOMAS:

(continuing)

It's quite apparent that on my planet there has been considerable advancement in the whole area of space travel that you people -

He smiles and they return the smile.

THOMAS:

(continuing)

- that you "people" have yet to pursue.

(CONTINUED)

348 (Cont.)

REPORTER 3:

We've been told, sir, that you've been somewhat reluctant in telling your precise point of landing and, indeed, where the space craft is actually located now.

THOMAS:

(rubbing his jaw)

There's a card game we play back on my planet. It's called poker. One of the secrets of playing it successfully is never to reveal your whole hand. You always hold something back.

(a pause; lightly)

I guess you might say that that's what I'm doing right now. I'm holding back a few things.

REPORTER 1:

Like the proof of your origin?

Another murmur of reaction to this.

349. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

His eyes narrow as he nods.

THOMAS:

You might say that. The proof of my origin.

REPORTER 2:

Mr. Thomas, would you consider yourself the representative of the norm on Earth?

THOMAS:

(a half smile)

The norm?

REPORTER 2:

Are you representative of the average Earth inhabitant?

THOMAS:

It appears I have to be under the circumstances.

There is a light roll of laughter at this.

REPORTER 1:

But you had two companions with you -

350. CLOSER ANGLE THOMAS

THOMAS:

(the smile fades)

Two living. One of them was apprehended the same time I was. For the past several weeks he's been confined in one of your zoos. The other member of my crew is missing.

351. GROUP SHOT

REPORTER 3:

Could you tell us, sir, how you react to...the physical appearance of... well, you might say...our breed?

THOMAS:

(with a smile)

I suppose in much the same manner as you react to me. In chronology it would work something like this: First, shock - then diminishing shock - and finally, patient forbearance.

There is considerable laughter at this, then the CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is SHOOTING FROM the front of the building TOWARD the street where the crowds have followed Thomas to a waiting limousine flanked by motorcycles and followed by a line of other official vehicles. Then it takes a SLOW PAN OVER TOWARD the front doors, SHOOTING THROUGH the glass and on INTO the open doors leading to the assembly room. A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARD the assembly until we're SHOOTING INTO the middle of the room.

352. INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

In this giant, cavernous, empty place sits Dr. Zaius all alone. The President of the assembly comes back into the room.

353. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM DR. ZAIUS PRESIDENT'S P.O.V

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

Doctor?

Dr. Zaius turns very slowly to face him, then rises from his seat.

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

(continuing)

A most exciting moment. The "man" has redeemed himself admirably.

(CONTINUED)

353 (Cont.)

Dr. Zaius slowly nods but says nothing. The President takes a few steps closer to him.

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

(continuing)

An act of providence that he spoke when he did.

(he shakes his head)

We would never have known.

DR. ZAIUS:

(as if awakening

from a dream)

Never have known?

354. TWO SHOT DR. ZAIUS AND ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

That he was a civilized being. A rational being.

(he makes a gesture)

That he's our equal.

355. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

Our equal, Mr. President? I hope...
only our equal.

He looks off toward the open doors leading to the corridor and street. There is the SOUND of cheering.

DR. ZAIUS:

(continuing;
very reflectively)

He has told us much of Earth. Its perennial wars...its violences.

(a long pause)

God help us if he's our superior!

DISSOLVE TO:

356. INT. PLANETARIUM

NIGHT

Several APE SCIENTISTS form a semi-circle around Thomas as he looks through the lens of a large telescope. He moves away from the lens, looks up at a large blown-up photograph of the solar system which is on one wall.

SCIENTIST 1:

Not a very clear night, Mr. Thomas. Some of the planet bodies lack proper definition.

THOMAS:

Even so, your solar system and mine are incredibly similar. With the exception of two or three known bodies - they're almost identical.

(CONTINUED)

356 (Cont.)

SCIENTIST 2:

Which must account, I suppose, for...
certain similarities in what you tell
us is the evolution of our two planets.

357. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

ZIRA:

Our language, for example.

358. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he looks up toward the photograph.

THOMAS:

The language is the least understand-
able of the similarities.

(he rubs his jaw, looks
away, and the following
is almost an after-
thought monologue spoken
to no one in particular)

Even as a coincidence, it's unbelievable.

ZIRA:

What is, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

That you speak English.

ZIRA:

Eng-lish?

THOMAS:

That's the native tongue of my
country. And perhaps two or three
other countries on Earth.

(he looks at her,
addressing himself
to her now)

That's the incredible thing. Climate,
atmospheric conditions - things like
that...all that would explain similar-
ities of dress. Even means of trans-
portation and communication. But
language...to have the identical
language...

Again he looks up toward the photograph.

359. SHOT THE PHOTOGRAPH

THOMAS' VOICE:

(OVER THE SHOT)

There seems little doubt but that...
there are a lot of questions that
still have to be answered.

DISSOLVE TO:

360. INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM

DAY

SEVERAL APE EDUCATORS sit in graduated tiers drinking coffee obviously in an informal atmosphere. An open door to one of the corridors reveals a sign which reads: "FACULTY TEA THIS AFTERNOON. COME AND MEET MR. THOMAS FROM THE PLANET EARTH.

361. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM A GIANT MAP

which has been pulled down like a movie screen. One of the ape Professors is pointing it out to Thomas, who also has a mug of coffee. A predominant feature of the map is one particular area which looks like North America with the entire Gulf State's section removed. Also, it has been split into three distinct pieces of land separated by bodies of water. The Professor is just finishing an informal geographical "lesson", using a pointer. He puts it down, turns toward Thomas.

PROFESSOR 1:

I think that fills you in as to
locations, Mr. Thomas.

362. ANGLE THOMAS

as he studies the map, moving closer to it to study it. He points to one particular circular area.

THOMAS:

This is your city right here.

PROFESSOR 1:

(taking off his pince-nez)

That's correct,

(he looks inquiringly at Thomas)

Something you don't understand, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

On this one continent alone, it must
cover twenty-five thousand square miles -
and yet you occupy this little dot over
here. Why?

(CONTINUED)

362 (Cont.)

An ape woman in a white smock rises from the audience, fingering beads.

APE WOMAN:

Did anyone explain the contamination to you, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

I think it was mentioned.

APE WOMAN:

I'm Dr. Ernestine. I'm with the Biology Department here. Expeditions have been sent out, Mr. Thomas - west on our own continent and to several of the continents beyond. There has been evidence of some form of radio-activity. But of a massive nature.

THOMAS:

Radio-activity?

APE WOMAN:

It's mentioned in many of our historical documents. Places where plant life and human life existed in abundance, totally wiped out. So we've been rather cautious in our expeditions beyond.

There is a MURMUR in the audience. Another Professor rises.

PROFESSOR 2:

It strikes me, Mr. Thomas, that therein lies our greater difference. You on Earth are obviously a restless breed. After you've reached all your visible horizons, you head into space. We, on the other hand, are only just beginning our search of the horizons.

PROFESSOR 1:

We have several Archaeological expeditions in the field now, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS:

(nods)

Another question then, Professor. When you talk about radio-activity, doesn't this suggest some sort of nuclear power existing in another time? A previous time?

(CONTINUED)

362 (Cont.1)

PROFESSOR 1:

We just don't know, Mr. Thomas. As you have perceived, we have only just begun our own research into nuclear physics. We are obviously far behind you in this area. And since there was no civilization prior to ours, we assume that the radiation emanated from less than dramatic sources. Perhaps some sort of natural radium carried by cloud formations during prehistoric times.

THOMAS:

Cloud formations?
(he looks dubious)
I suppose it's a possibility.

APE WOMAN:

(again fingering her beads)
You mentioned, I believe, Mr. Thomas that on Earth you'd had nuclear warfare -

THOMAS:

On one occasion we resorted to the use of atomic bombs. This was many years ago... during a conflict we called World War Two. The bombs were dropped on two cities of an Oriental country called Japan.

(a pause)

Thank God we're sufficiently civilized not to have resorted to this kind of warfare again.

APE WOMAN:

(softly)

Pardon us, Mr. Thomas. But to use a bomb as you describe even once - suggests to us, who have never even had a war - that you are scientifically advanced... but there remains a question as to how civilized?

THOMAS:

(he slowly nods)

The point...is well taken.

263. FULL SHOT THE ROOM

as a BELL RINGS ending the session. The various apes rise. Several walk over to shake Thomas' hand. There is a HUM OF VOICES.

364. CLOSER ANGLE THOMAS

as he turns to stare at the map and continues to study it. His eyes narrow as something eludes him and he searches in his mind for what it is. He's interrupted by two of the apes coming over to him to chat, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

365-
370. OMITTED.

371- SERIES OF SHOTS A VAST AND ALL-INCLUSIVE SIGHTSEEING TOUR
381. THOMAS, ZIRA AND A COLLECTION OF OFFICIALS

as they move by motorcade, helicopters, walking, etc., with appropriate SHOTS of whatever Zira is pointing out and explaining. (COURT BUILDING)

ZIRA'S VOICE:

This is our Supreme Court building here. We have a three branch government, much as you've described your own. Judicial, legislative and executive. But there are no states or principalities or countries. We have but one country and one assembly to govern.

(CHURCH)

ZIRA'S VOICE: (Cont.)

This is the Church of the Earth. Again we find similarity, Mr. Thomas, in that ours is a monotheistic society with a belief in one God, except that here church attendance is obligatory.

(FACTORIES)

ZIRA'S VOICE: (Cont.)

Our industry is government controlled, and our system of apprenticeship starts after the fifteenth year. Each of our citizens is tested as to skills and aptitudes and is placed into his proper industrial capacity, or in another field of endeavor should his skills be otherwise specialized.

(ART MUSEUM - A LINE OF PAINTINGS ON A WALL. THEY ARE MOSTLY PASTORAL OR STILL LIFE)

(CONTINUED)

371-381 (Cont.)

ZIRA'S VOICE: (Cont.)

Judging from what you've told us, Mr. Thomas, we have perhaps not advanced culturally as far as you have. There are very few ancient schools of art - or at least, little evidence of same. But we are a reasonably young civilization here with history and tradition accordingly undeveloped...

(PAN SHOT DOWN A STREET TAKING IN RETAIL STORES, A BEAU PARLOR, A MOVIE THEATRE - ALL PEOPLED AND FUNCTIONING WITH APES)

ZIRA'S VOICE: (Cont.)

But, here again we find similarities. Our day to day existence seems much like yours.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

382. HIGH ANGLE GIANT MUSEUM BUILDING
LOOKING UP TOWARD THE FRONT STONE FACADE

with huge lettering reading: "MUSEUM OF NATURAL SCIENCE." The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY THROUGH the front door INTO the vast interior. INTO THE FRAME COMES Zira, Thomas, and an accompanying collection of guides and officialdom. The curator of the museum - a white-haired ape - is leading the through. They enter one particular room, almost identical a comparable Earth museum, which features a long line of glass-enclosed, self-illuminated "rooms" dressed in various scene types - each occupied by an animal stuffed and simulating its natural habitat, each frozen in a life-like position. The curator walks a few feet ahead of the group, spewing out a sing-song description of the various animals.

CURATOR:

This is the timber wolf here - found generally in the northern regions - one of the larger of the species. Over here - the muskrat, and over here - one of the smaller of the carnivores, popularly referred to as the mongoose...

383. LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND THEM TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF ANOTHER WING LYING IN DARKNESS BEYOND THEM

The curator turns somewhat apologetically at the door.

(CONTINUED)

383 (Cont.)

CURATOR:

This is our new wing in here, and we're still waiting for the electricity to be turned on.

(he removes a small flashlight from his belt)

But there are some new exhibits in here that are quite interesting.

384. ANOTHER ANGLE THE GROUP AS SEEN FROM THE DARKENED ROOM

They enter and stand there silhouetted against the light. The curator's flashlight goes on and starts to play around the room. ZOOM IN TO:

385. THOMAS

as he suddenly gapes. A WHIP PAN OVER TO:

386. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT
THE YELLOW-WHITE FACE OF ASTRONAUT DODGE

his eyes beady dead glass. He stands there with a group of other humans.

387. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS

as the cigarette drops from his open mouth.

388. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who looks stricken.

ZIRA:

(sotto voce)

My dear God, curator. Couldn't you have --

She is interrupted by Thomas moving past her into the dark room and over to the glass case. He stands there staring at what is now just a darkened shadowy silhouette of Dodge.

THOMAS:

(in a strained tone)

Tell me all about this one, Mr. Curator. Man in his natural habitat. But add this. His name was Dodge. He was a fellow astronaut. And he was shot down in a wholesale slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

388 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)
(he looks around toward the
silent faces of the others)
Civilized? Did I say civilized?
(he looks briefly - once
again - at the frozen body
of Dodge)
You miserable animals, you. You miser-
able damned animals!

389. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

as Thomas starts to run, pushing his way through the others
back into the lit section of the museum.

ZIRA:
(shouting after him)
Thomas! Thomas, come back!

390. GROUP SHOT ZIRA AND THE OTHERS

standing in the middle of the lit room. Behind them we see
a giant chart on the wall which traces, in pictures, the
evolution of the planet - fish to reptile to crawling land
animal to man and by degree up to ape. The last figure is
that of the civilized ape dressed in clothing.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

391. EXT. STREET MOVING TILT SHOT THOMAS NIGHT

as he runs down the steps of the museum in an aimless, dire-
ctionless escape. He runs headlong into two strolling "love
pushes his way past them, races across the street in a blur
of a TAXI HORN as the car has to screech to a stop to prevent
hitting him.

392-
395. SERIES OF TILT EXTREME ANGLES THOMAS

as he continues to run.

CUT TO:

396. EXT. ZOO HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THOMAS NIGHT

as he smashes against the iron gates, pulls on them, and
finally one swings open. He throws himself through into the
area beyond.

397. CLOSE MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

as he runs past several cages of animals and then stops dead staring across at Lafever's cage. A SLOW PAN OVER TO the cage. The door is open. The cage, itself, is empty.

CUT TO:

398. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he whirls around to stare INTO THE CAMERA, and at this moment his face is bathed in a white glaring light.

VOICE:

(off in the darkness)
That's him, isn't it, Dr. Zira? How do you want us to get him?

ZIRA'S VOICE:

I don't want you to "get" him at all.
(then in a different tone)
Mr. Thomas?
(a pause)
Mr. Thomas?

Thomas' head drops forward, his eyes close for a moment, then he raises his head to look toward Zira's voice.

399. REVERSE ANGLE ZIRA THOMAS' P.O.V.

She steps out in front of the glaring car lights and walks through the iron gate toward him, pausing a few feet away.

ZIRA:

We've removed your friend to the hospital. He's being well cared for.
(another pause)
Won't you come with me now?
(still another pause)
You must be tired and hungry.

400. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Thomas walks toward her, stops very close to her.

THOMAS:

(softly)
Do you understand what it is we saw?

(CONTINUED)

400 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

(nods - her voice soft)
Yes, I do. I'm deeply regretful.

THOMAS:

(shaking his head back and forth, almost rejecting it)
They stuffed him. They stuffed him like an animal.

Zira, with an instinctive gesture of pity, touches his arm.

ZIRA:

He'll be removed.

THOMAS:

(stares into her face)
You don't understand, do you?
(a pause)
To us...to us, you're the animal.

ZIRA:

(her voice even and soft)
I do understand.
(a pause)
But tell me something, Mr. Thomas.
(a pause)
You have museums on Earth?

THOMAS:

(looking at her questioningly)
Of course.

ZIRA:

And taxidermy.

Thomas looks at her sharply - her point and the truth that accompanies it striking at him.

THOMAS:

(nods - a little reluctantly)
Yes. And stuffed animals in their native habitat.

ZIRA:

(her voice very soft)
Well?

(CONTINUED)

400 (Cont.1)

THOMAS:

(averting her look)

I'm just going to have to learn that...
I'm the freak. I'm the animal in the
clothing.

(he grins a little crookedly)

I'll have to get accustomed to who's on
which side of the cage.

ZIRA:

Come. We'll have a nice quiet dinner.
Then you can get some rest.

She holds out her hand to him, leading him back across the
area over toward the iron gate and the waiting automobile.

401. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he pauses by the gate to look back toward the cages - the
various animals staring back at him.

402. PAN SHOT DOWN THE LINE OF THESE CAGES

foxes, wolves, etc. - the fear-filled eyes of trapped, hope-
less creatures.

CUT TO:

403. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

(softly)

I swear to God...if I ever get another
chance, I won't even set a mouse trap!
You can believe it!

He turns, follows her through the gate toward the car.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

404. INT. ZIRA'S OFFICE

NIGHT

A single light burns on her desk. Thomas sits there poring
over a collection of anthropological books. Zira enters the
room carrying a tray of coffee, which she places in front of
him.

405. CLOSER ANGLE THE TWO OF THEM

as he holds up a chart showing the steps of evolution of the apes and across the page a comparable evolution of humans. Thomas holds it out toward her.

THOMAS:

This is the accepted hypothesis, I take it?

ZIRA:

(questioningly)

You mean as to evolution?

THOMAS:

I mean as to comparative evolution. The ape was always in ascendance. Is that right?

ZIRA:

That's the theory. The human being on this planet, Mr. Thomas, never progressed beyond the point of the most primitive existence.

(a pause - and then
somewhat probingly)

Why?

THOMAS:

Natural curiosity.

(he grins)

Also pride. I'd like my team to win the pennant.

ZIRA:

(cocks her head very girl-like)

The pennant?

THOMAS:

(smiling as he lays the
chart aside)

An expression. Having to do with the great American pastime.

(a pause - as he looks again
toward the chart - then to
Zira, blurtng out)

Why do you kill men here, Zira?

ZIRA:

This is not from choice, Mr. Thomas. We try to keep them isolated but they reproduce quickly. Very often they'll travel in bands and steal food.

(CONTINUED)

405 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

That explains the scarecrows.

ZIRA:

(nods)

Precisely. But sometimes the scarecrows aren't sufficient. Hunger conquers fear. So once or twice a year we have what we call...a weeding out process.

THOMAS:

(looks away)

I'm familiar with it. It's what we do to buffalo on Earth. Or what we did do before they became extinct.

(then - staring at her)

It's really incredible. The similarities. Almost exact...but not quite exact. Like a slightly out of focus photograph. Identical until you study it carefully. You think it's identical...then you walk in a room...

He points across the room toward the door.

406. SHOT THE DOOR

which is perhaps eight feet wide.

407. BACK TO SCENE

THOMAS:

And you realize your doors are eight feet wide. See what I mean? They're exactly the same kind of doors...

(he turns his hands around
in a tilting gesture)

...except a little bit tilt.

ZIRA:

(desperately anxious to
understand)

Tilt?

408. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

Tilt, Dr. Zira.

409. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA THOMAS' P.O.V.

the white smock, the bracelet on her hairy wrist, the high heel shoes on her paws.

410. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

Tilt, Dr. Zira.

DISSOLVE TO:

411. INT. RESTAURANT

NIGHT

This is a small bistro-like place with a four piece band that plays what might be considered an oriental version of "swing". The melody is recognizable but occasionally soured by flat notes which are part of the music scale indigenous to the place and breed. A SLOW PAN PAST a couple of dancers and a few diners TO A small corner table where Thomas sits with Zira, conscious of the occasional whisperings and side looks thrown at him. Zira smiles at him, touches his arm.

ZIRA:

(gently)

I think they're going to get used to you.
It'll just take some time, that's all.

THOMAS:

(taking a healthy slug from
his highball glass in front
of him - smiles at her)

I'm fixing it so that I'm developing an
immunity to being conspicuous.

(he holds up the glass)

A votre sante. Or cheers? Or skol? Or
whatever it is you say.

ZIRA:

(holding up her own glass -
smiling at him)

To your health.

THOMAS:

(grinning - the drink
obviously affecting him)

Universal and very apt!

He downs a couple of good solid slugs while Zira sips carefully at hers, then she looks at her wristwatch.

(CONTINUED)

411 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

It's getting late. And you've got a big day.

THOMAS:

Another one?

ZIRA:

(smiling - nods)

Care to hear the breakdown?

(she reaches into her bag -
takes out a slip of paper,
reads from it)

Press conference in the morning. Tour of generator plant, eleven thirty A.M. Tour of aircraft plant prior to lunch, then luncheon at the plant. Televised press conference at two-thirty, followed by a cocktail party held in your honor by the Scientific Association.

THOMAS:

(shakes his head)

A cocktail party. Held in my honor by the Scientific Association.

(a pause - he looks away)

That's a swig from the old bottle - right there!

She looks at him questioningly. He turns to her.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

It's sort of like a Bird Watchers Society from Detroit, Michigan, holding a cotillion for King Kong!

Zira shakes her head, uncomprehending. He reaches over, pats her arm.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

Inside joke!

412. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TABLE

as an ape waiter walks over toward them.

APE WAITER:

Excuse me, Dr. Zira. You're wanted on the telephone, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

412 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

(rising)

Thank you.

(she turns toward Thomas)

Please excuse me. I'll be right back.

She turns and walks past the waiter, across the dance floor toward the opposite end of the room. Thomas looks up at the waiter, points to his glass.

THOMAS:

Hit me again, huh?

APE WAITER:

Same thing?

THOMAS:

Same thing. Whatever it's called.

APE WAITER:

It's called an Evening Charge.

THOMAS:

(grins - blinks his eyes -
the liquor taking hold very
fast now)

An Evening Charge. I'd like another
"Evening Charge".

413. CLOSER ANGLE THE TABLE

as the waiter very timorously reaches for the glass. Thomas makes a movement to turn in the chair to look toward the dancers. The waiter withdraws his hand hurriedly as if touching something hot. Thomas looks at him surprised, pushes the drink over to him.

THOMAS:

Take it, will you? I'm not going to
bite you.

The waiter forces a smile, puts the glass back on the tray, backs away with a half bow, then hurriedly moves back across the floor. Thomas chuckles, looks back toward the dancers and is aware of one couple dancing close to him, engaged in whispers and intermittent looks in his direction.

414. CLOSE SHOT THE DANCERS

FEMALE APE:

Go ahead. Ask him.

MALE APE:

Don't be silly --

(CONTINUED)

414 (Cont.)

FEMALE APE:

Go ahead. He won't do anything.

415. ANOTHER ANGLE TAKING IN BOTH THE DANCERS AND THOMAS

The male ape moves away from his partner, stands a few feet away from Thomas, his fingers twining and intertwining, his voice nervous.

MALE APE:

Excuse me.

Thomas looks at him, slightly swaying now.

MALE APE: (Cont.)

My wife would like to hear you talk.

THOMAS:

How's that?

MALE APE:

My wife would like to hear you say something. She'd like to hear you speak.

THOMAS:

Speak?

The male ape nods as his wife joins him.

FEMALE APE:

Would you, for us? We've never heard a "man" speak.

THOMAS:

(rising from the chair)

You've never heard a man speak? Well... now I will speak.

His voice is a little bit louder now. Several other dancers pause in their steps to listen to him. Two of the musicians stop playing, aware of something happening; and very gradually, the whole room takes on a quiet with all eyes turned toward him.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

416. ZIRA

as she comes out of a phone booth, stops, looks alarmed as her eyes scan the room.

417. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he leaves his chair, walks unsteadily through the dancer up to the platform, steps up to mount the platform. The band leader hurriedly backs away.

418. THOMAS AS SEEN FROM DANCE FLOOR

He blinks, sways, grins, stifles a burp.

THOMAS:

Ladies and gentlemen...I will now speak.

(a pause)

Bow wow!

There is a stunned, surprised, incredulous silence as they all stare at him.

THOMAS:

(continuing)

Now doesn't that grab yuh?

Now he is very close to total inebriation. His eyes, fuzzy and unfocused, stare around the sea of faces until he picks out Zira. He smiles blandly, holds out his hand to her.

THOMAS:

(continuing)

Dr. Zira, my dear...shall we dance?

He takes a step out over the platform into mid-air and collapses in a heap on the dance floor amidst a welter of female CRIES.

ABRUPT CUT TO

419. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

NIGHT

as a taxi pulls to a stop in front of the building. The driver gets out, opens the rear door. Zira gets out first, then the two of them help Thomas who, rubber-legged and with some difficulty, gets out of the back seat and stands insecurely and wavering on the sidewalk. Zira hands the driver a coin.

ZIRA:

Thanks so much. I'll see to him from here.

DRIVER:

You sure, Doctor? He don't look so good.

Thomas slaps him on the back.

THOMAS:

Old friend...looks are deceiving. Now to you, I don't look so good. And to me...you look like the wrong end of a banana. But given time and reflection...the two of us will look like what we're supposed to be to one another. Check?

(CONTINUED)

419 (Cont.)

DRIVER:
(backing away)
Check.

ZIRA:
(taking Thomas' arm)
Come on, Mr. Thomas. I'll see that you
get upstairs.

She takes his arm and starts to lead him toward the bui'din.
The ape driver shakes his head, gets back into the front se
guns the engine and the cab pulls off.

CUT TO:

420. INT. LOBBY BUILDING NIGHT
as Zira leads Thomas in.

421. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM
as they walk over to the elevator. They pause. Zira pushe
a button then looks at Thomas who is staring across the rec
at a wall-sized mirror. He walks away from her in stiff-
legged, drunken but fast sobering deliberateness.

422. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM
as he goes over to the mirror, stands in front of it and
stares at it. He sees Zira's reflection in the mirror,
standing behind him and staring at him.

ZIRA:
(concerned)
What's the matter, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:
I think...I think it's time to wake up
now. It's been a very interesting and
exciting dream...but it's time to wake up.

423. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

ZIRA:
(softly)
It isn't a dream, Mr. Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

423 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(holds)
You're quite right. It's no dream.
(he reaches up, touches
the hard surface of the
glass)
Lovely place you've got here.
(he turns to slowly
survey the very modern
lobby)
Tastefully decorated. Very modern.
(and now there's a
sense of hunger in
his voice)
But you know something, Doctor? I think
I'd prefer spending the night at the zoo.

Behind them the elevator doors slide open as the car descends to the main floor.

424. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS AND ZIRA

at the elevator door. He steps aside to let her enter then turns expectantly. She holds out a key to him.

ZIRA:

Your apartment number is thirteen B,
Mr. Thomas. Can you find it yourself?

Thomas looks down at the key, slowly reaches for it.

THOMAS:

Yeah.
(a pause)
You don't care for a...for a night cap or
anything? Or some sad songs, slightly off
key?

425. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

ZIRA:

The call I received, Mr. Thomas, earlier
this evening -
(a pause)
- it was in response to an earlier in-
quiry of mine.

THOMAS:

So?

(CONTINUED)

425 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

(with an enigmatic
smile, points to
his key)

There will be no need for your having to
spend the night at the zoo, Mr. Thomas.

426. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THE TWO OF THEM

as they stare at one another. Thomas looks down at the key
nods, turns, goes into the elevator. The doors close and we
hear the whirring SOUND of its ascent.

427. ANOTHER ANGLE ZIRA

as she turns away from the elevator, walks very slowly across
the lobby. A night clerk at the desk comes out from parted
curtains behind the desk, nods, smiling, toward her.

NIGHT CLERK:

Evening, Doctor.

ZIRA:

Good evening.

NIGHT CLERK:

Get him back all right?

ZIRA:

(nods; softly)

Yes.

NIGHT CLERK:

(looking toward the
elevator)

Must be a...a funny kind of job. I mean...
running around with an animal all over the
place. Harmless, is he? Are they sure he's
harmless?

(another pause)

Wouldn't suddenly get wild on you, would he?

428. SHOT ZIRA

by the doors. She shakes her head.

ZIRA:

(her voice very soft)

Not wild. Only lonely.

The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the floor indicator over the
elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

429. INT. THOMAS' APARTMENT

NIGHT

There is a long, extremely modern, sunken living room facing a sliding glass door which leads to a balcony overlooking the city. The front door has been left open and the only light in the room comes from the hall. Thomas stands on the balcony staring out at the night and the distant lights of the city surrounding him. He takes a deep breath, turns moves back into the living room, stops abruptly and starts.
PAN ACROSS THE ROOM TO A:

430. SHOT A STEEL CHAIN HOOKED AROUND A DOORKNOB

A SLOW PAN DOWN the length of the chain until we're looking at a shrouded figure in the darkness with a glint of a metal collar.

431. ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING THOMAS

as he approaches, looks at the chain, follows it with his eyes.

432. SHOT NOVA

as, in inching away from him, she moves into a shaft of light from the open door. She remains flattened against the wall, shrinking away from him. Thomas moves over to the chain, unwinds it from the door, holds it in his hand, stares at her.

433. ANOTHER ANGLE NOVA

She studies him with fear-ridden eyes, looking up and down at his clothing, then in a sudden spasm of panic she bolts away from the wall, is caught up by the chain and in a jarring, painful violence is pulled down to the floor. Thomas stands over her, extends his hand. She remains on her knee. opens her mouth, bares her teeth. Thomas drops the length of chain alongside of her, again reaches down. She makes a move as if to bite him. He grabs her face in both his hands and in the process draws her up to her feet. She remains rigid, her face in a tight, taut mask.

THOMAS:

(in a very low tone)

As of right now...as of this minute...
we're no longer a couple of scared
animals temporarily off a leash.

(a pause as he
searches her face)

Do you understand? We're human beings.

(CONTINUED)

433 (Cont.)

He turns away from her, walks across the room, opens up a dresser drawer, takes out a robe, carries it back over to her, lets it drop alongside of her.

THOMAS:

(continuing - now his voice takes on a kind of firm gentleness)

Put it on. Put it on, Nova, and be a human being.

He turns abruptly. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM across the room to the balcony.

CUT TO:

434. EXT. BALCONY

NIGHT

He stands there, his back to the sliding glass door, staring out at the night, listening to the sporadic and distant traffic NOISES. Far distant chimes ring twice; then there is the SOUND of the chain dragging from inside the living room. He turns very slowly.

435. SHOT ACROSS HIS SHOULDER NOVA

standing on the other side of the glass. She has put on the robe. He walks into the living room, looks down at her, feeling an ache of tenderness. She goes rigid again as he reaches for the collar around her neck, manipulates it, then parts it and takes it off of her. The two of them stand there close together. He bends down, kisses her cheek.

THOMAS:

Now, my dear...now you're a woman. Now you're what you're supposed to be.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN both of their bodies as they stand close together. The collar drops to the floor, rolls a few feet off and comes to a stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

436. INT. THOMAS' APARTMENT SHOT ACROSS A COFFEE TABLE DAY

on which stands a tea pot with dainty demi-tasse cups. Across the room, sitting in stiff discomfiture, is Dr. Zaius and alongside of him, Zira. Dr. Zaius, with a quick look around the room, pulls out a pocket watch, opens and shuts it, puts it back, then looks with impatient expectancy at Zira.

(CONTINUED)

436 (Cont.)

DR. ZAIUS:

Well?

ZIRA:

(with a half smile)

He left word that they were taking a walk.
That we should just sit and be comfortable.

DR. ZAIUS:

"They" are taking a walk, and we should
just sit comfortably. In the past four
or five weeks, Dr. Zira, Mr. Thomas has
proven himself remarkably adaptable. He
goes from the floor of a cage to the
giver of social teas. And who shall
pour? His mate - late of the jungle?

He shakes his head with impatient anger, takes out his
pocket watch again, studies it, then rises as he snaps it
shut, returns it to his vest pocket.

DR. ZAIUS:

(continuing)

And if you persist in the masquerade
amenities - then convey my apologies to
the "gentleman" and tell him I'm flying
out to the north tonight by helicopter.
Explain to him that we have an archaeolog-
ical expedition there and my services are
required.

ZIRA:

They should be right back -

DR. ZAIUS:

(reaching for his hat
and gloves)

Indeed they should. But there's every
likelihood that they've been held up.
Something unforeseen, Dr. Zira. Perhaps
a luscious coconut on a top branch. Or
perhaps our...our "host" has to pick
some nits out of his mate's hair.

He starts to turn toward the door just as it opens. WHIP
PAN OVER to Thomas who steps aside to let Nova enter. She
is dressed in a simple dress, her hair pulled back in a bun.
Her face, sans any kind of makeup, is radiant - if nervous

ZIRA:

(with real warmth)

Good afternoon, Mr. Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

436 (Cont.1)

THOMAS:
How are you, Dr. Zira? Dr. Zaius? For-
give us for being late.

ZIRA:
Enjoy your walk?

THOMAS:
Very much.

He takes Nova's arm and leads her into the room.

THOMAS:
(continuing - lightly)
Rather an historical afternoon. Several
moments went by when nobody even looked
at us. I think we're starting to blend
with the scenery.

There now ensues a total silence.

437-
440. SERIES OF CLOSEUP CUTS

Zira's face, then Dr. Zaius, then Nova and finally, Thomas.
The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Thomas turns to Nova.

THOMAS:
(very gently)
Nova, my dear. Would you pour the tea?

441. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:
(he makes a wry face;
under his breath)
Oh my dear God -

442. CLOSE SHOT NOVA

as she goes over to the tea pot, pours two cups - her hand
shaking perceptively as she picks them up, turns, carries
them over to Zira and Dr. Zaius.

443. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

There is no question but that tension shows on his face.

444. CLOSE SHOT NOVA DR. ZAIUS IN B.G.

She wets her lips.

445. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

His mouth moves, uttering silent words.

446. CLOSE SHOT NOVA

NOVA:

(hesitantly, with an
archaic foreign stiffness,
but nonetheless with ab-
solute clarity)

Would...you...care...for...lemon...or...
cream...Doctor?

447. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

She positively beams.

ZIRA:

Lemon, Nova, thank you.

Nova turns toward Dr. Zaius, handing him a cup.

NOVA:

And...you...Doctor?

448. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

He stares at her, bug-eyed, reaches for the cup, touches
it briefly then lets it fall, smashing to the floor.
Oblivious to the broken cup, he continues to stare at her.

DR. ZAIUS:

I'll be damned!

Nova turns, her face frightened, tears beginning to show.
Thomas hurriedly moves to her side.

THOMAS:

No harm done, my dear. Pour Dr. Zaius
another cup.

He kneels down to start to pick up the broken pieces of
crockery.

449. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT DR. ZAIUS THOMAS' P.O.V.

DR. ZAIUS:
(his voice tight)
Tell me, Mr. Thomas. What other
tricks does your mate do?

450. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

who whirls around toward Dr. Zaius in silent but meaningful remonstrance; then she looks, with abject apology, toward Thomas who smiles reassuringly at her. The smile fades as he turns toward Dr. Zaius.

THOMAS:
Dr. Zaius. According to your
anthropology, it's taken you some-
thing close to five thousand years
to learn to walk upright. This
woman has learned to speak in five
weeks. I think you'd better go back
to your books.

(without giving him a
chance to respond, he
turns toward Nova;
gently)

Pour the Doctor another cup, my dear.
And make allowances for him. His
hands and fingers aren't as agile as
ours.

451. CLOSER ANGLE ZIRA

who nods in silent assent.

DISSOLVE TO:

452. INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL WARD NIGHT
LONG SHOT DOWN A ROW OF CAGES

where we see different bandaged and incapacitated animals including a smattering of humans. The heavy door at the far end of the corridor opens. A "keeper" enters, followed by Thomas. In the semi-light the two figures cast giant shadows across ceiling and wall. They walk down the length of the long aisle to a cage at the end closest TO THE CAMERA

453. CLOSE SHOT THE CAGE

We can see the silhouette of Lafever inside. The keeper rub the sleep out of his eyes, points to Lafever, GRUNTS a question mark. (CONTINUED)

453 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(sardonically)

You got a language? Ask me, Jack - don't grunt it at me.

KEEPER:

(a little sheepishly)

This what you wanted to see?

THOMAS:

This is who I wanted to see. Open it up, will you?

The keeper unlocks the cage. Lafever immediately leaves his straw pallet, comes to the cage door. He takes a long studying look at Thomas and there is a glint of recognition. He opens his mouth as if to speak but no sound comes. Thomas holds out both his hands.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

Lafever? It's Thomas. Do you understand? Do you recognize me now?

454. CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER

He blinks, nods slowly, his lips move; then he very slowly raises his hand, points to his throat, shakes his head. Thomas comes in closer to him.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

It's trauma, Paul. You can't speak because you've literally been frightened to death. But you will speak. I'm having you removed to a real hospital. And you're going to get better. Understand? We'll have you speaking again... and out of here.

Lafever nods, backs into the cell again. The keeper precipitously closes the cage door, is about to lock it. Thomas grabs his arm.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

There's no need to lock it. He wasn't supposed to be caged in the first place.

KEEPER:

He wasn't supposed to be but he had to be. He bit the morning guard on the arm - almost to the bone.

THOMAS:

They told me he was to be taken to a hospital.

(CONTINUED)

454 (Cont.)

KEEPER:

(stifling a smile)

When he stops biting, he'll probably go to a hospital. In the meantime, he's going to have to stay here with the rest of the animals.

455. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

reacting to the line.

456. CLOSE SHOT KEEPER

who stares back at him, meeting the look.

THOMAS:

Treat him gently...patiently...he won't be biting anymore.

KEEPER:

(shrugs)

Nobody's mistreating him.

THOMAS:

(taking a step toward the cage)

I'll be back tomorrow, Paul.

He turns, starts to walk away, stops at the SOUND of BANGING on the bars, turns.

457. SHOT KEEPER THOMAS' P.O.V.

He's banging on the cage, holds up a banana.

KEEPER:

Speak, boy. Let's hear you speak.

458. SHOT LAFEVER THROUGH THE BARS

For a moment there is confusion and for just a fragment of a moment there is rejection, but then some instinct takes over. He rises, lets out a GROWL. The keeper CHUCKLES, throws the banana into the cage, then turns to look toward Thomas.

459. SHOT THOMAS

as he turns, retraces his steps over to the keeper, grabs him by his shirt front.

(CONTINUED)

459 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(his voice tense and low)

Now hear this, Cheeta. The next time you give him food - put it on a plate. You understand? Because in a couple of weeks - you'll be calling him "Mister".

He flings him against the cage door then turns abruptly and walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

460. EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIGGINGS DAY
SWEEPING, PANORAMIC SHOT A CAMP

with tents, quonsets, etc. - several vehicles bearing signs which read: "FOURTH NORTHERN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION". There is a stockpile of various artifacts, potteries, etc., much scurrying activity with various "scientists". On a knoll several hundred yards away from the main camp, in what is obviously the site of the major digging, we see a bulldozer and other groups of apes surrounding it. The CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PAN ACROSS THE AREA, TAKING IN A SHOT OF A HELICOPTER as it lands, then:

461. LONG SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he gets out of the helicopter, crouches over in a run underneath the swinging blades of the helicopter, over to a group of waiting apes close to a jeep. He gets in the jeep as it starts off, heading toward the knoll.

CUT TO:

462. EXT. KNOLL DAY

A large excavation where we see several apes and gorillas - many with pick axes and other digging tools - as they dig energetically into the ground. Several stand around one particular spot where what appears to be an end of a wooden box protruding from the ground. They continue to dig around it until finally the box is extricated. It is long and rectangular.

CUT TO:

463. ANOTHER ANGLE THE JEEP

as it pulls to a stop. One of the apes near the box leaves the group, walks over toward the jeep. He wears khaki and a pith helmet. He wipes his face, takes off the pith helmet.

CORNELIUS:

(his tone is respectful)

Glad you came, Doctor. This is the area right here.

464. ANOTHER ANGLE DR. ZAIUS

as he gets out of the jeep, moves to the top of the knoll and stares down toward the box and the group of apes who part to allow him to see it.

DR. ZAIUS:
(somewhat shortly)
Interesting. Open it up yet?

CORNELIUS:
We're about to.

465. MOVING SHOT WITH THEM

as they move over to the box.

CORNELIUS:
(as they walk)
The whole place has proven a gold mine.
Much as we thought. Pottery, dishes,
what appears to be the remnant of a map.
There's no question but we've uncovered
what was a village or a town...or even the
outskirts of a city.

They reach the box. Cornelius makes a motion for one of the apes with a crowbar to pry it open.

466. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING OVER THE BOX COVER TOWARD THE FACES
OF THE ONLOOKERS
FAVORING CORNELIUS AND DR. ZAIUS

CORNELIUS:
What would you say, Doctor?

467. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he stares.

468. ANOTHER ANGLE
LOOKING TOWARD THE INTERIOR OF THE BOX

There lies what is obviously a human skeleton.

469. GROUP SHOT FAVORING DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:
(acidly)
Are you asking to know what it is,
Mr. Cornelius?

(CONTINUED)

469 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

I'm asking you to verify what appears fairly obvious.

DR. ZAIUS:

What is obvious is that it's not a simian skeleton, that's all. Those are the bones of a human being.

(a pause)

And further, what you've obviously uncovered are the graves of some pets.

470. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS

as he moves away from Dr. Zaius over to an area close to the excavation and to an object that sticks out of the dirt. He wrestles with it for a moment, then pulls it free. It is a large stone tablet that falls on its back at his feet.

471. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT IT

Much of the carving is obliterated by age but very obviously there is a cross, the remnant of a name and the suggestion of other letters. Cornelius looks up.

CORNELIUS:

(his voice quiet)

And this, Dr. Zaius?

DR. ZAIUS:

(tightly)

A tombstone - a grave marker of a sort.

(then looking down the row of excavations)

And this is quite obviously a graveyard.

(another pause)

Which is interesting and coincidental and doubtless of considerable historical value.

(a pause, then meaningfully and somewhat challengingly toward Cornelius)

Are we to draw other inferences from it, Mr. Cornelius?

(CONTINUED)

471 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

Only one, sir. The one thing
that comes to mind. The one question.
(he looks down the
row of excavations
then back to Dr.
Zaius)

It would appear, sir --

DR. ZAIUS:

(cutting him off)
It would appear, Mr. Cornelius,
that we must continue digging
here. But it should be equally
understandable to you that no
conclusions must be made until
we've had ample opportunity to
examine thoroughly whatever it
is we've found.

CORNELIUS:

(nods, but there
is a strange
questioning look
in his eyes)
I am agreeable to that, Doctor --

Dr. Zaius turns sharply away from him.

DR. ZAIUS:

You have my quarters prepared?
We can talk further there, Mr.
Cornelius.

Cornelius nods, motions for the apes to continue
digging, then goes back up the knoll toward Dr.
Zaius and joins him in the jeep as it pulls
away.

DISSOLVE TO:

472. INT. TENT

DAY

Dr. Zaius is unpacking a small overnight bag. Cornelius
stands at one end of the tent. Dr. Zaius, becoming
very aware of him, turns part way toward him.

(CONTINUED)

472 (Cont.)

DR. ZAIUS:
You look... poised, Mr. Cornelius.
I think that would be the word...

CORNELIUS:
(an embarrassed
smile)
We've gone through several
exciting days here, Doctor.

DR. ZAIUS:
And the Academy is indebted to
you. You've done some exceptionally
good work, Mr. Cornelius. But
if you'll forgive perhaps a
small remonstrance: Your job
has been to find not
necessarily to evaluate.

473. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS

who looks up sharply.

CORNELIUS:
Doctor, I'm an Anthropologist
and an Archaeologist. In either
case, "finding" is not the whole
function. You find and you
evaluate.

474. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who turns completely toward him now.

DR. ZAIUS:
Go ahead, Mr. Cornelius --
evaluate.
(he points
toward the
cot)
Sit down. Be comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

474 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

(sitting down;
a little nervous)

It would appear, Dr. Zaius,
that.... that we have uncovered
a human cemetery.

DR. ZAIUS:

(betraying no
emotion)

A human cemetery.
(a pause)

Suggesting, Mr. Cornelius, that
there was a point in the history
of this planet when humans were
sufficiently civilized to have
cemeteries.

CORNELIUS:

How else would you explain
caskets and grave markers?

DR. ZAIUS:

I've already given you a hypothesis.
They were obviously pets.

CORNELIUS:

Our pets.

DR. ZAIUS:

(with a gesture,
then more point-
edly and with
more positiveness)

The accumulative evidence over the
past several hundred years, Mr.
Cornelius, is explicit. The human
race on this planet was never
civilized. It had no culture.
It had no science. It had no
voice - no language - no com-
munications.

(he moves away
from the cot,
lighting a cigarette)

I think the place has gotten to
you, Mr. Cornelius. The mood. You've
let your imagination grow a bit
lurid. And you've allowed a few
decayed bones to distort your
logic.

475. CLOSER ANGLE DR. ZAIUS

as he moves toward the open tent flaps. There is the SOUND of a DISTANT HELICOPTER, the noise of it growing louder. Dr. Zaius opens up the flap. Framed in the opening is a descending helicopter that gradually comes to a stop.

476. LONG SHOT OVER DR. ZAIUS' SHOULDER THOMAS

as he alights from the helicopter. Dr. Zaius, in a fury, whips the flap closed, whirls around toward Cornelius.

DR. ZAIUS:

(his voice ice cold
with fury)

May I inquire, Mr. Cornelius, who saw fit to invite the earth man here?

CORNELIUS:

(rising)

There were...there were several of us, sir, who thought he'd find it interesting.

DR. ZAIUS:

(tersely)

No doubt. Despite the fact that this expedition is government sponsored with specific provisions made against any outsiders. If you were desperate for onlookers, Mr. Cornelius, we could have organized Sunday picnics out here and the entire populace could have attended.

CORNELIUS:

(defensively)

Frankly, Dr. Zaius, none of us could perceive any harm in -

DR. ZAIUS:

(interrupting him)

None of you, Mr. Cornelius, are responsible for making judgment in this area. It's for the Academy to decide.

(he opens up the
tent flap)

I'll be at the excavation. Join me there.

He starts out and stops a few feet outside as Cornelius appears at the tent opening.

CORNELIUS:

What about Mr. Thomas, Doctor?

477. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who looks briefly toward the helicopter.

DR. ZAIUS:

Make him feel at home. Show him the bones, Mr. Cornelius. Tell him his illustrious race were formerly gods. Make him happy, Mr. Cornelius.

DISSOLVE TO:

478. EXT. DIGGINGS LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THE GIANT HOLE NIGHT

There are several piles of dirt and now a line of unearthened caskets that lie in a row along the floor of the hole. Floodlights have been set up and at odd places apes continue to dig and sort. A PAN UP ONE SIDE of the hill to REVEAL Thomas as part of one of the groups of apes. He, too, is in the process of digging. The PAN CONTINUES UP TOWARD a distant night horizon where appears the jeep with Dr. Zaius alongside of the driver. The jeep stops. Dr. Zaius gets out, moves toward the parapet of the hole and looks down.

479. ANGLE SHOT FAVORING DR. ZAIUS THOMAS IN THE B.G.

DR. ZAIUS:

Good evening, Mr. Thomas. Feeling energetic are we?

THOMAS:

Disturb you, does it, Doctor?

DR. ZAIUS:

Not at all. Find anything of interest?

THOMAS:

These caskets -

DR. ZAIUS:

(overlapping him)
I've seen the caskets. And the headstones.
(a pause)
Of some long range interest perhaps.

THOMAS:

Nothing more than that?

(CONTINUED)

479 (Cont.)

DR. ZAIUS:

It points up very little not already surmised. There has been somewhat of an affectionate bond on occasion between the master and the animal. The ape has been civilized, Mr. Thomas, for a thousand years.

THOMAS:

And the man?

DR. ZAIUS:

The man?

He laughs softly and turns away.

480. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

as he walks over to a small bonfire from which coffee is being served. An APE ATTENDANT pours him a mug, holds it out to him.

481. GROUP SHOT AROUND THE FIRE

as Thomas comes up from the hole to stand near Dr. Zaius. Cornelius, a few feet away, joins them.

482. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he stares at Thomas.

DR. ZAIUS:

Archaeology your line, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

(meeting his look
head on and matching
the tone of his voice)

A hobby, Dr. Zaius.

DR. ZAIUS:

Indeed? You're quite remarkable, Mr. Thomas. You go from the floor of a cage - to the holder of scientific opinions in the space of a month and a half.

(he looks down at
his coffee mug)

Given more time - I wonder how far you would go.

483. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

I think the question is, Doctor -
how far would you let me go? Or
any of my kind for that matter.

484. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who looks up at him.

DR. ZAIUS:

Your kind? I don't think that questions
will very likely be put to a test, Mr.
Thomas. I don't think your "kind" wants
to go very far - except perhaps to a
higher limb on a tree!

485. TWO SHOT THOMAS AND DR. ZAIUS

THOMAS:

That's hardly a scientific hypothesis,
Doctor, considering what you've found
here today.

DR. ZAIUS:

It's not meant to be a hypothesis,
Mr. Thomas. It's a statement of fact.
(a pause)

Unequivocal and categorical, Mr. Thomas.
Man, here, is an animal. Man, here
was an animal. He had no civilization.
He wore no clothing. He thought no thoughts.
He spoke no language.

486. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

Just a few feet away from here is
a cemetery, constructed and filled
by a civilized race. A race which
according to the consensus of your
science never got past a crawl and
a couple of grunts.

(his voice is more
intense now)

(CONTINUED)

486 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

But you've just uncovered more than
a cemetery, Doctor. You laid bare a
question. Which came first - the
chicken or the egg?

(a pause, then very
meaningfully)

The ape...or the man?

487. CLOSER ANGLE DR. ZAIUS

who is about to retort when we

CUT TO:

488. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON A GROUP

Simultaneously there is a SHOUT from the digging area.

VOICE:

(shouting)

Mr. Cornelius - you better take a
look at this right away!

CUT TO:

489. ANOTHER ANGLE SHOT THE DIGGING AREA

as Cornelius, Dr. Zaius, Thomas and others run down the
side of the hole to where another group of apes stand
around a new digging. What has been uncovered is a
sizable vertical tunnel.

490. CLOSER ANGLE THE GROUP

as they stand around the lip of the hole looking downward.

APE:

It's some kind of shaft. And it's
very deep.

491. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS

who gets down on his hands and knees and looks down over
the rim.

CORNELIUS:

How deep?

(CONTINUED)

491. (Cont.)

APE:
We can't tell yet. But it's an
artificial shaft of some kind.

492. CLOSER ANGLE CORNELIUS

as he's about to get back on his feet. In the process of
putting pressure on his hands to rise, one hand touches
something.

493. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS' HAND

as he uncovers dirt from the object and we see him take
the object in his hand.

494-498 SERIES OF SHOTS THE FACES OF THOMAS, CORNELIUS, ETC.

as they react to the object.

499. MOVING SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he walks toward one of the floodlights set up and holds
the object out in the beam of light.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

500. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT A DOLL

A human form preserved almost intact with vestiges of hair
and eyes and still revealing a few chips of color. It is
attired in a little dress; and there can be no question as
to its origin or what it represents. A SLOW PAN UP to
Dr. Zaius' face and beyond to the faces of Cornelius and
Thomas.

501. ANOTHER ANGLE DR. ZAIUS

as he moves away from the floodlights over to the rim of
the shaft, still holding the doll tightly. He finally
looks up to survey the group who are studying him.

DR. ZAIUS:
(his voice terse)
And what is it you think we've
found, Mr. Cornelius?

CORNELIUS:
(softly)
Not found, Doctor. Lost. And I'm
afraid that would be a birthright.

502. CLOSER ANGLE DR. ZAIUS

He is torn by what he's thinking and by what he's afraid to think. Compulsively, fanatically, he turns, looks down in the shaft and suddenly throws the doll into it.

503. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN THE SHAFT

as the doll hurtles downward. A floodlight set up at the top aiming down the hole makes the doll cast giant, fleeting shadows during its descent; and suddenly, ECHOING down the length of the shaft, is the distorted VOICE of the DOLL saying, "Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama."

ABRUPT CUT TO:

504. THE DOLL

as it lands on the floor of the shaft. We are looking at a BLOWNUP CLOSEUP of its PROFILE as it continues to say, "Mama, Mama, Mama." A SLOW PAN UP the wall of the shaft. The DOLL'S VOICE can still be heard, though gradually DIMINISHING until we reach the top of the shaft. Dr. Zaius, Cornelius and the others stare down toward the source of the voice.

CORNELIUS:

(softly)

They had a language. While we swung from trees, they had a language.

505. MOVING SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as, tight-lipped, he moves away from the shaft over to one of the floodlights. He stops there.

506. LONG ANGLE THOMAS DR. ZAIUS' P.O.V.

THOMAS:

Dr. Zaius?

Dr. Zaius turns slowly to face him.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

(rather gently)

What's been changed? Only a historical fact. Only an origin. Man was once the dominant creature here. Nothing else has been changed.

(CONTINUED)

506 (Cont.)

A SLOW PAN OVER to Dr. Zaius.

DR. ZAIUS:

Something has been changed, Mr. Thomas.
A whole history.

(a pause)

Indeed...a whole truth. You're quite
right. We've uncovered a question.
Now we have to unearth an answer.

(another pause)

If Man had a civilization here...
what happened to it?

ABRUPT CUT TO:

507-511. EXT. DIGGING SERIES OF MONTAGE AND STYLIZED SHOTS DAY

of pick axes, shovels, the shaft being widened then shored
up, pulleys being constructed and sent down into the hole,
then artifacts being removed.

512-517. SERIES OF CLOSER SHOTS THE ARTIFACTS, THEMSELVES

Pieces of pottery, the remnant of a revolver, an item of
clothing, a bowl, a toy fire truck, a wheel, etc. INTERCUT
these artifacts with faces: Dr. Zaius, Thomas, Cornelius
and others.

DISSOLVE TO:

518. INT. SHAFT

DAY

We are looking at a giant steel door, bent, ripped at its
hinges, and finally succumbing to the blows of the apes
as they kick it down.

519. SHOT OVER THE APES' SHOULDERS
INT. SMALL SQUARE CUBICAL

where is suddenly revealed a FAMILY of HUMAN SKELETONS:
two sit at a table, another stands at a small window, two
others are at other points of the room, but all have
obviously had life stop in one violent moment.

520. DOLLY SHOT INTO THE ROOM WITH THE APES

as they stare around at the interior. Thomas comes INTO THE
FRAME, following them into the cubical. He looks around,
exchanges the look with Cornelius who has come in after him.

(CONTINUED)

520 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

As if we needed any further proof.

(another look
toward Thomas)

They were obviously all killed at the same moment. This isn't a cemetery. They were all alive when...whatever it was...happened.

An ape turns from examining a skeleton.

APE:

What was it that did happen?

521. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

whose eyes scan the room. They stop, looking down at the door which has been pushed open.

522. MOVING SHOT THOMAS

as he walks over to the door and looks down at it.

523. ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he bends down, wipes away an accumulation of dust and dirt and stares at what he's uncovered.

524. CLOSE SHOT THE DOOR

On it, weathered by age but nonetheless visible, is a sign which reads, "PUBLIC AIR RAID SHELTER."

525. ANGLE THOMAS THE SIGN'S P.O.V.

THOMAS:

(softly)

Man did have a civilization. He preceded you. And then he died.

526. ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he rises, looks around the various apes who stare at him.

THOMAS:

Cause of death...suicide.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

527. EXT. DIGGING A LARGE BONFIRE NIGHT

around which sit the various apes.

528-532. SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS THEIR FACES

as they wait expectantly. These include the faces of Dr. Zaius and Cornelius. A PAN OVER to Thomas who has just arrived at the bonfire. He carries with him some of the artifacts. He puts them aside then looks across the fire at Dr. Zaius and Cornelius who rise.

CORNELIUS:

What about your tests, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

Every one of the objects you've uncovered has been exposed to massive radioactivity. And the bones of the skeletons uncovered in the shelter...they indicated an advanced stage of decomposition. Suggesting again radioactivity. Also, thermal burns. Whatever the nuclear device was that detonated - the shelter provided no protection whatsoever. It leaked like a sieve. It also must have cracked open in many places after several devices were exploded, which explains why it was exposed to the light of the additional blasts.

DR. ZAIUS:

Do you want to continue your hypothesis, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS:

(after a pause)

The following is not a hypothesis. The following is the truth. Much of it has be be offered without explanation, but all of it comes to you as fact.

There is a MUMUR of reaction as Thomas points to the distant diggings.

THOMAS: (Cont.)

What you've uncovered is the remanant of a society - five hundred...maybe a thousand years old. What happened was a bomb. Probably a hydrogen bomb;

His eyes scan the pile of artifacts.

533. CLOSE SHOT THE PILE

534. BACK TO SCENE

THOMAS:

That bomb and others like it were dropped. It buried this planet. It turned it into a jungle. And from it emerged...

(a long silence)

...you. And a handful of human beings. Descendents of the bomb. Only this time around...the ape became the dominant creature. And Man evolved as the animal.

(he looks toward Dr. Zaius)

I don't think any of this is arguable anymore, Dr. Zaius.

535. CLOSE SHOT ONE OF THE APES

who steps out in front of the group closer to the fire looking across at Thomas.

APE:

(very softly)

So from a tiny cubical full of skeletons...a hole in the ground... a few artifacts...you'd have us rewrite the history of our race. And you'd ask us to admit that you are the master and we are the animals.

536. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

I'm telling you that you were once tree dwellers. But at the same time, I'm making an admission that the homo-sapien...Man, the wise; Man, the rational creature... destroyed himself and left you his civilization by default.

APE:

His civilization!

(CONTINUED)

536 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

On Earth, the ape possesses a highly developed sense of mimicry. They copy everything we do. Copy us... to such an extent...that with us, the verb, "ape" is synonymous with "imitate."

CORNELIUS:

But our own culture, Mr. Thomas -

THOMAS:

(turning toward him)

You don't have a culture, Mr. Cornelius. Or a science. Or an industry. The houses you live in, the buildings you occupy, the clothes you wear, the things you believe, the books you read - the very God you worship...that all came from Man! Five hundred...a thousand years ago...but not from an ape mind. Or an ape will. Or the logic, the reason, or the rationale of an ape.

(his eyes sweep across the group)

You're imitators. You've been mimicking the creature Man, who was there ahead of you!

537. LONG ANGLE LOOKING ACROSS THE AREA TOWARD THE APES

as Thomas walks slowly toward them, then through them, toward his tent. He pauses near one of the piles of artifacts and stares at the objects.

538. THE PILE THOMAS' P.O.V.

the wheels, toys, pottery, a dented coffee percolator - all the residue which now suddenly takes on dimension and reality and are familiar...desperately familiar items. He continues to stare at these for a long long moment, then walks past them again into the darkness beyond the tents.

DISSOLVE TO:

539. INT. TENT ANGLE LOOKING THROUGH A MOSQUITO NET
THE SLEEPING THOMAS NIGHT

There is the SOUND of a ROARING HELICOPTER ENGINE suddenly springing to life. Thomas bolts up, parts the mosquito net crosses the floor of the tent toward the flap.

CUT TO:

540. EXT. TENT NIGHT
as Thomas emerges.

541. LONG SHOT A HELICOPTER

starting to warm up its engines. PAN OVER to Dr. Zaius who, dressed in an overcoat, starts toward the helicopter. He stops, seeing Thomas, walks toward him.

DR. ZAIUS:

Some of us are returning to the city,
Mr. Thomas. This gives me an opportunity
to say goodbye.

THOMAS:

(surprised, but not
showing it)
You won't be coming back here?

DR. ZAIUS:

You won't be returning to the city.

THOMAS:

(very softly)
What's happened to the hospitality,
Doctor?

542. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who stares at the flickering lamp from a close by tent which casts shadows on his face. He looks tired and old even under the somewhat ageless exterior of the simian face

DR. ZAIUS:

Some skeletons, Mr. Thomas. Some burnt
relics. Some evidences of...man's culture.

542a. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

I'm a menace now - that's the point?

(CONTINUED)

542a (Cont.)

DR. ZAIUS:

Man has always been a menace. His wisdom must walk hand in hand with his idiocy. His emotions conquer his logic. Down deep he's a belligerent animal who must give battle to everything around him. And in the process, he will always destroy himself.

(a pause)

This is the truth we've dug up out of a hole, Mr. Thomas. It's the truth you've told us about in describing the history of your own planet.

(another pause)

We apes have no death wish, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS:

Does it occur to you, Dr. Zaius, that on earth Man has finally become civilized? I'm proof of that. I'm proof that he has reached out for the stars...and has gathered them in. And that for the first time in the history of my race...perhaps the history of the universe...he has ceased to be a destroyer.

543. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TWO OF THEM FAVORING DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

If that is indeed truth - we have come close to a millenium.

(he shakes his head)

But this planet cannot afford to put it to a test. We can't take the risk.

(a pause)

We will expect you to leave, Mr. Thomas.

544. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

Assuming I can get my ship back into the sky.

545. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

Pray that you can. The alternative must be obvious. So long as you live amongst us, Mr. Thomas, you compete. Dwell on that.

546. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

And if we do compete, Doctor, I would have to remind you that Man has preceded you. And I am Man.

(a pause)

Dwell on that!

547. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

as Dr. Zaius turns and walks slowly toward the helicopter.

DISSOLVE TO:

548. INT. HOSPITAL CAGE LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN
THE AISLE DAY

between the various cages toward the far window which is open. A strong and steady wind blows sporadically into the quiet and empty room. The CAMERA starts a SLOW DOLLY DOWN the corridor TOWARD the window. At one point in the DOLLY, we are able to see Lafever's cage. He rises from a corner of the cubical, comes to the bars. He looks gaunt, bearded, but his eyes are brighter - more aware. He clutches the bars and smiles, opens his mouth, wets his lips, tries to form words for a moment, and then his voice comes out.

LAFEVER:

Good...morning. I'm...I'm glad to see someone. I...I can speak again, you know. Where's Johnny Thomas? Where's Dodge? I...I'd like to...to see them...

The CAMERA ARCS UP to a:

549. SHOT LAFEVER'S FACE THROUGH THE BARS

His smile suddenly fades, the mouth grows taut, his eyes fear-filled, and gradually his face is suffused with alarm.

LAFEVER:

Hey...hey...wait...a...minute...please...
why...hey...please...

The cage door is swung away from his grasp and the SCREEN IS OBLITERATED by the BACKS of TWO LARGE GORILLAS who converge on him. When their FORMS LEAVE the SCREEN, we are

(CONTINUED)

554. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THOMAS

as he runs toward the excavation. He stops, staring around him at the nothingness. WHIP PAN to the tent area where suddenly, Cornelius and another ape appear and stare at him silently.

555. MOVING SHOT THOMAS

as he walks down from the knoll toward the cleared area where the tents were. He pauses a few feet from the two apes, looks from one to the other, then focuses his attention on Cornelius.

THOMAS:

(tersely)

And good morning to you, Mr. Cornelius.

Cornelius nods, looks toward Thomas' tent. Thomas does likewise; and we see two apes tearing it down, removing the poles. Another group have already pulled part of the tent material over to a small fire on the ground and are burning it.

556- ANOTHER ANGLE THE GROUP FAVORING THOMAS
557.

who walks over toward Cornelius.

THOMAS:

What happens now?

CORNELIUS:

(swallowing hard)

We're to...we're to await the arrival of the helicopter. It'll be here shortly.

THOMAS:

And it will take us where?

CORNELIUS:

It will take you back to the site of your ship...if we can find it.

At this moment there is the WHIRRING SOUND of an approaching helicopter far off in the distance. For a moment all eyes go skyward, then back toward Thomas.

THOMAS:

(makes a gesture toward the area)

And the expedition's kaput. No more digging.

(CONTINUED)

556-
557 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:
(staring at him)
What expedition?

ABRUPT CUTS TO:

558-
562.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS THE OTHER APES

who stare at Thomas blankly, emotionlessly.

563. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:
(very softly)
That's it, huh? Nobody dug up anything.
(another pause as he
looks around)
No dolls. No toys. No proofs of the
past. No memory of same.
(a thin smile)
Odd, Mr. Cornelius, how every species
has its own unique defect. In the case
of the ape - he never learned subtlety.

The flashing shadows of the helicopter blades play on them as the SOUND grows LOUDER and LOUDER and into the FRAME drops the helicopter to land a hundred yards from them. The blades slowly come to a roaring stop. Cornelius points to it.

CORNELIUS:
Shall we, Mr. Thomas?

Thomas nods, starts to follow Cornelius toward the aircraft.

564. CLOSE SHOT THE HELICOPTER DOOR

as Thomas reaches it. It is partly ajar. He starts to open it toward him.

565. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS

CORNELIUS:
(suddenly shouting)
Mr. Thomas - get down!

566. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as instinctively, while whirling around, he falls forward. The glass of the helicopter door disintegrates concurrent with an EXPLOSIVE ROAR. WHIP PAN OVER to a small knoll of a hill where a thin eddying spiral of smoke can be seen along with the glint of sun on a rifle barrel.

567. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE

as Thomas runs under the rotary blades and out toward the hill. There is another WHINE of a BULLET as it travels inches over his head.

568. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he continues, in a ducking zigzag run, to head for the rifle.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

569. SHOT AN APE

who rises, rifle in hand. He stands irresolutely in front of the charging Thomas then, panicking, he turns and starts to run, dragging the gun with him.

570. ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT HIM

as he starts down the reverse slope of the hill, stumbles, the gun goes off. He lets out one choked SCREAM, falls, and rolls down the rest of the hill head over heels to wind up motionless at the foot, hands outstretched, blood seeping from a hole in his back.

571. ANGLE THOMAS

as he stares down at the dead figure then turns and slowly walks back toward the helicopter.

572. TWO SHOT THOMAS AND CORNELIUS

The latter looks down at the ground as Thomas approaches him

THOMAS:

Subtle, you aren't. But murderous -
that you sure as hell are.

(CONTINUED)

572 (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

No, Mr. Thomas. The ape is not subtle.
And murder's...a new experience.

He looks toward the helicopter to where the ape pilot has appeared, eyeing them warily - then with a look toward Cornelius that is frankly questioning.

573. SHOT CORNELIUS THE HELICOPTER'S P.O.V.

CORNELIUS:

Take Mr. Thomas wherever it is he wants to go.

APE PILOT:

(taken aback)

Those aren't my orders, Mr. Cornelius -

574-
584

OMITTED.

585. ANOTHER ANGLE THE DOOR

as Thomas, with incredible speed, catching the ape pilot by surprise, pulls him out of the doorway and sends him sprawling to the ground. In the same motion he vaults into the helicopter himself, slams the door just as the ape gets back on his feet and flings his weight against it.

586. ANOTHER ANGLE THE HELICOPTER

as we see Thomas through the window moving to the pilot's seat.

587. SHOT THE APE AND CORNELIUS

CORNELIUS:

(shouts)

Get down!

588. SHOT THE ROTARY BLADES
as they start to revolve.

589. ANOTHER ANGLE THE SCENE
as the helicopter lifts off and goes airborne in an almost
vertical pattern.

590. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS AND THE APE PILOT

APE PILOT:
Where does he think he's going?

CORNELIUS:
(shakes his head)
I don't know.

APE PILOT:
Won't do him much good. That thing
won't stay up forever. Eventually
they'll get him.

591. CLOSE SHOT CORNELIUS
staring skyward.

CORNELIUS:
I'm not so sure. He's smarter than we
are. Much smarter.
(a pause)
That's why they wanted him dead!

CUT TO:

592. AERIAL SHOT THE RECENT DIGGINGS
now flattened with the new earth and resembling some kind of
square in the landscape.

593. SHOT THOMAS
staring through the window of the helicopter. He suddenly
reacts to something, staring downward.

CUT TO:

594. AERIAL SHOT THE DIGGINGS
as sections of earth, loosened by the explosions, begin to
shift and move and then sink. This movement takes the form
of a running line like an earthquake fault snaking across the
ground until it reaches one point and from the earth emerge
a GIANT METAL ARM and around it something resembling a kind
of IRON PICKET FENCE.

595. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASS THOMAS

as he studies this, bewildered by it.

DISSOLVE TO:

596. INTO CONTROL TOWER SHOT OVER THE SHOULDERS OF THREE APE
TRAFFIC CONTROL OPERATORS THE AIRPORT OUTSIDE NIGHT

One of them, on a radar scope, frantically pushes a couple of buttons, then motions to the ape alongside who picks up a microphone, rises from his seat.

APE CONTROLLER 2:

(into the microphone)

This is air traffic control...this is air traffic control. The helicopter approaching the field from the southeast... please identify yourself. Come in, helicopter. Use band 9, 24 k.m. Identify yourself, please. Helicopter now approaching the field - identify yourself.

He looks at the other two apes, shakes his head.

597. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

as the ape leaves the microphone, goes over to a telephone, picks it up.

APE CONTROLLER 2:

(into phone)

Security Police, please.

(a pause)

This is the control tower. We have an unidentified helicopter on our radar approaching the field. He refuses to identify himself --

598. SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM THE APE AT THE RADAR SET
who whirls around.

APE CONTROLLER 3:

He's off the scope.

599. SHOT THE APE ON THE TELEPHONE

APE CONTROLLER 2:

(into phone)

He's gone past the field. Coming in from the southeast but very low. I think he'll be landing someplace close by.

(a pause)

Right. Take care of it.

He puts the phone down, then goes to the window to peer out and up.

CUT TO:

600. EXT. FIELD ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THE HELICOPTER NIGHT
which is ringed by POLICE. A black official-looking car
pulls to a stop. Dr. Zaius gets out, followed by other apes:

601. CLOSER ANGLE THE CORDON

A SECURITY OFFICER steps forward, touches the peak of his
cap.

SECURITY OFFICER:

Good evening, Doctor. This is the ship
here.

Dr. Zaius looks at it briefly, nods tersely.

DR. ZAIUS:

That belongs to the expedition. There
was no one in it?

SECURITY OFFICER:

No one, sir. Whoever flew it in, left
it right here and took off.

Dr. Zaius turns to start back to the car.

DR. ZAIUS:

(commandingly)

Keep this aircraft guarded. I don't
want anyone getting on it without
written permission from me.

602. ANOTHER ANGLE THE CAR

as Dr. Zaius gets in. The door is shut, the car is thrown
into gear and zooms forward. The CAMERA REMAINS ON the area
where the car was parked. Beyond it, in a clump of bushes,
we SEE the indistinct figure of a man who waits for a moment
then turns and disappears into the foliage.

CUT TO:

603. INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LONG SHOT THE CORRIDOR NIGHT

leading to Thomas' apartment. A UNIFORMED APE stands guard
at the door.

604. SHOT THE ELEVATOR

as the arrow above the door indicates the ascent of the car
The doors slide open and ANOTHER UNIFORMED APE gets out.
The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM DOWN the corridor. A SLOW PAN UP TO
a skylight above the corridor, where we see Thomas crouched
listening.

APE GUARD 2:

Any sign of him?

(CONTINUED)

604 (Cont.)

APE GUARD 1:
Nobody's been in here.

APE GUARD 2:
All I know is what I get from the big-time psychiatrists. He'll come back here to get his mate. That's supposed to be the "behavior pattern" - or whatever it is they call it.

APE GUARD 1:
His mate?
(he jerks his thumb toward the door)
The woman? That doesn't make any sense. She's been missing since this morning.

APE GUARD 2:
He doesn't know that. He thinks she's still here. And that's supposed to be the reason why he'll be coming back. He's a pretty shrewd cookie, so the minute you see him - blow the whistle.

APE GUARD 1:
Where did the woman go, anyway?

APE GUARD 2:
(shrugs)
Who knows? Who know anything around here? Damned animal suddenly turns out to be civilized...
(he points toward the apartment door)
...Next thing we know, the woman's been taken away. God knows where and God knows by whom.
(he makes a gesture of disgusted resignation)
I suppose we'll have to wait until the big-time psychologists write it all up in a book.

He turns and starts back toward the elevator as again the CAMERA PANS UP TO the skylight. Thomas is gone.

CUT TO:

605. INT. HOSPITAL WARD

NIGHT

It is a rectangular room with perhaps eight or ten empty beds and one bed that is occupied. On it lies LaFever, staring straight up. Swinging doors at one end of the room open. A NURSE enters, walks over to LaFever's bed, checks him, makes a notation on a chart, then continues down the room to exit through the opposite doors. A SLOW PAN BACK OVER TO the original doors. Through a small circular window we suddenly see Thomas peering in. He opens the door warily, then enters the room, stops abruptly, staring across at LaFever.

606. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

as he crosses over to the bed to stare down at LaFever.

607. CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER

as Thomas leans over him. His face is white and gaunt under a growth of beard, but it's a face that looks painted on. The eyes are lusterless and dead, without any awareness or consciousness.

THOMAS:

LaFever? It's Johnny. Can you hear me?

(a silence as he
bends lower)

You understand what I'm saying?

When he speaks to him, his hand moves toward LaFever's head to turn it toward him. We now see, through the matted, unkempt hair, a long irregular scar that travels the length of the skull, starting at the temple.

608. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THE SCAR

609. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS LAFEVER'S P.O.V.
as he reacts.

610. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

as Thomas, moved more now by desperation than by design, lifts LaFever off the bed, gets him to his feet and starts to guide him down the length of the room. He moves like an automaton but he does move.

CUT TO:

611. EXT. HOSPITAL LONG SHOT THOMAS AND LAFEVER NIGHT

as they move slowly across the hospital grounds toward the road. A car turns in from an adjacent highway. Its lights flash across the scene. Thomas flings himself on LaFever, pushing him down to the ground just as the lights sweep over them.

612. CLOSER ANGLE THE TWO OF THEM

on the ground. Thomas waits until the car turns up the drive way of the hospital entrance then again forces LaFever to his feet and the two of them move toward the road.

CUT TO:

613-
618. SERIES OF SHOTS THE FLIGHT THOMAS AND LAFEVER

in alleys of the city, constantly searched for by police cars, chased by spotlights and sirens, then on the outskirts of the city, still pursued, and finally the area adjoining the airport.

CUT TO:

619. INT. HANGAR NIGHT

An APE MAINTENANCE "MAN" is just closing the engine housing of a helicopter.

620. LONG SHOT OF HIM

moving away from the craft, wiping his hands on an oily rag.

621. MOVING SHOT OF HIM

going to the hangar doors, opening them. He takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one. Another MAINTENANCE APE approaches him.

MAINTENANCE APE #2:

All kinds of excitement.

MAINTENANCE APE #1:

I heard. Do they know who stole the ship?

MAINTENANCE APE #2:

Nobody's saying anything, but I hear it's the "man."

CUT TO:

622. SHOT TOOL BENCH

PAN DOWN until we're looking at two sets of feet and then the faces of LaFever and Thomas. Thomas grabs LaFever's arm.

THOMAS:

Try to understand, LaFever. Stay right here. Don't move. Don't say anything. I'll be right back.

623. ANOTHER ANGLE THE HANGAR

The two maintenance apes stand at the doors and behind them, in the shadows of the giant room, Thomas who stealthily, in a crouch, moves across the room toward the helicopter. He quietly opens the door.

CUT TO:

624. INT. COCKPIT

as Thomas quickly scans the controls, flicks on a key.

625. CLOSE SHOT THE GAS GAUGE

as the arrow moves to a half-way point.

626. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as his fingers move over the controls studying them. He turns, starting out, then stops abruptly and catches his breath.

627. SHOT THROUGH THE HELICOPTER WINDOW LAFEVER

who has risen to his feet and with slow measured robot-like steps is walking toward the hangar doors.

628. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he smashes his fist against the glass in a silent, screaming protest.

THOMAS:
(under his breath)
LaFever!

629. ANGLE SHOT TOWARD THE HANGAR DOORS

as one of the apes suddenly spies LaFever. He is first aghast, then shouts.

MAINTENANCE APE:
(shouts)
Look at that!

The other ape whirls around. The two of them start toward LaFever.

CUT TO:

630. SHOT THE HELICOPTER

as Thomas, at the controls, suddenly sends it into forward motion.

631. SHOT THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD OF THE HELICOPTER

as the apes, seeing the helicopter moving toward them, fling themselves aside and out of its path. LaFever turns very slowly toward the sound of the engine and just stands there.

632. EXT. HANGAR

NIGHT

as the helicopter moves out through the open doors.

633. SHOT THOMAS

as he leaves the plane, runs toward LaFever. The two apes step in front of him. He kicks one out of the way, hits the other one hard, sending him sprawling. He reaches LaFever, starts to pull him by the arm. One ape jumps him from behind and pulls him down. The other runs toward the helicopter and leaps inside of it.

634. SHOT THOMAS

in combat with the ape. The ape's blows are wild, slapping affairs. Thomas' are sharp, damaging. The ape tries to force his greater strength, but Thomas wards him off with jabs and hooks. He finally topples the ape over with a hard combination of rights and lefts, then turns to look toward the helicopter. He starts to run toward it. We see the ape at the controls who, seeing Thomas approach, leaps from the seat preparing to meet him.

CUT TO:

635. INT. HELICOPTER

as Thomas barges in. The ape grabs him, flings him against the side of the ship. Thomas is stunned for a moment.

636. SHOT THE APE

as he starts to enclose him in his giant, hairy arms. Thomas ducks, evades him, plants a right in his stomach. The ape falls forward. Again Thomas ducks, moves away from him, his back to the controls. The ape, recovering, again lunges for him. Again Thomas ducks and evades. This time the ape, unable to stop his momentum, falls forward on the controls.

CUT TO:

637. EXT. HELICOPTER

as the rotary blades start to whir with a loud, screaming noise. Thomas packs up a wrench from a tool kit close to the cockpit. As the ape moves toward him, Thomas lets him have it with the wrench, knocking him backward and out of the fight.

638. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

Aware of the noise, he moves toward the controls and in the process sees LaFever walking toward the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

638 (Cont.)

THOMAS:
(screams)
LaFever, get back!

At the same time, he flings himself on the controls, but LaFever's last sound on earth - a PIERCING SCREAM - is a testimony to horror and to what the blades have done.

639. ANOTHER ANGLE THE COCKPIT

as Thomas, sick, forces himself to manipulate the controls.

CUT TO:

640. EXT. HELICOPTER

as it goes airborne almost concurrent with the arrival of GROUPS of SHOUTING GORILLAS and APES as they try to converge on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

641. EXT. SPACE SHIP SITE HIGH ANGLE LOOKING EARLY MORNING.
UP FROM THE CANYON WALLS TOWARD A MULTI-COLORED SKY

pink and orange and oddly hued. A PAN DOWN until we're LOOKING ACROSS the canyon floor, first toward a helicopter sitting several hundred feet away, then a PAN OVER to the space ship itself. From inside come the SOUNDS of STATIC, GARBLED VOICE TRACKS, ETC. Over this suddenly appears the SOUND of a DISTANT AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

642. ANOTHER ANGLE THE SPACE SHIP

as Thomas appears at the top of the ramp. He searches the sky, then reaches into a holster that he now wears and takes out a gun. He backs away into the shadow of the opening, watching the helicopter hover above.

643. SHOT THE GROUND

with the shadow of the helicopter propeller growing larger and larger and finally INTO THE FRAME the helicopter lands.

644. LONG SHOT THE GROUND THOMAS' P.O.V.

as from the other helicopter comes Zira and Cornelius. They take slow and tentative steps toward the space ship and then become aware of Thomas standing there.

ZIRA:

Mr. Thomas?

645. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he comes out onto the ramp, walks halfway down it, still holding the gun. He holds it up.

THOMAS:

Will I need this?

CORNELIUS:

No, Mr. Thomas, you won't need that.
We've come to help.

646. ANOTHER ANGLE THE BOTTOM OF THE RAMP

as Thomas continues down and Cornelius and Zira meet him there.

THOMAS:

Tell me one thing, will you?
Where's Nova? Is she all right?

CORNELIUS:

Dr. Zira had her removed early
yesterday morning. She's left the
city. She's gone back to her people.

THOMAS:

She's safe?

ZIRA:

As safe as humans can be on this
planet, Mr. Thomas.

CORNELIUS:

Other helicopters were taking off
after us. They'll be here soon.
You have to get away.

(CONTINUED)

646 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(smiles wanly)

Unfortunately, that won't be possible. This ship isn't going anywhere. There isn't any propellant left. The guidance system's all smashed ...

(a crooked smile)

... and one man couldn't operate it anyway.

(he looks up the ramp toward the interior)

I was able to play some of the tapes, though.

647. CLOSE SHOT THE THREE OF THEM

THOMAS:

... They were calibrated by the hour. They notated and put down every aspect of what the ship was doing. Velocity, time passage, course and deviation from course - everything. So the tape gave me a message, Mr. Cornelius ... Dr. Zira. To Astronaut Thomas, with love. With the following sentiments.

(a pause, his voice shakes)

This ship has been away from the Earth close to two thousand years. In some incredible way -

(he shakes his head)

- in some incredible way, twenty centuries have gone by and we slept through them.

(he turns again to look at the ship)

Rip Van Winkle. That's what LaFever called us. Hell, Rip Van Winkle was a piker ... a baby.

(he turns back toward them)

I think it's a little too much, now. Everything's a little too much.

(he leans against the side of the ramp, lifts his head, closes his eyes)

I could swallow most of it. Swallow

(CONTINUED)

647 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

it and digest it and live with it.
A planet where apes superseded men.
A whole world turned upside down
like a crazy dream. But to find out
that I'm ... I'm two thousand years
ahead of myself - that's too much.

Zira instinctively reaches out to touch his arm.

ZIRA:

Would you try to understand some-
thing, Mr. Thomas? We offer you help
... out of compassion. And out of
guilt. Two very human emotions. But
the fact that you're in jeopardy ...
that also comes from a human emotion.
Our own fear. We have seen what Man
can do and we're frightened by it.
That makes you a menace. And the fact
that you could take a woman - an
animal in our eyes - and within a
month show us that your civilization
is just lying there dormant, ready
to spring out - then the fear becomes
overwhelming.

CORNELIUS:

(looking urgently
at the sky)

Come with us, Mr. Thomas. Eventually
they'll be here.

THOMAS:

Come with you where? To a costume
shop? To get me a gorilla suit?
(he shakes his head)
There's no place to go. No place
at all to go. You two better leave.
I'll take care of myself from now on.

648. LONG SHOT CORNELIUS AND ZIRA

as they walk away, Thomas in the f.g. watching them.

THOMAS:

(compulsively; shouts)

Dr. Zira!

They both turn toward him.

648A. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:
(his voice tight)
Both of you. Thank you for ... for
your compassion.

They look at one another, then turn and continue onto the
helicopter.

649. ANOTHER CLOSE ANGLE THOMAS

He puts the gun back into his holster, walks down the ramp,
steps a few feet away, surveys the ship again, looking at it
from the bottom onto the top and then suddenly he stops dead
as something in the sky captures his attention.

650. SHOT THE SKY THOMAS' P.O.V.

There are still a few early morning stars yet visible.

651. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he studies them - a profusion of thoughts running across
his mind. Questions, puzzles, and then in his eyes we read
the first hint of an answer.

652. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON HIM

as he moves across the floor of the canyon in a dead run.
He reaches the helicopter, climbs inside, then takes her
airborne.

CUT TO:

653. INT. HELICOPTER

Thomas suddenly looks down at the radio RECEIVING EQUIPMENT
which suddenly begins to HUM, then we hear Cornelius' voice.

CORNELIUS' VOICE:
Mr. Thomas? We're above you and
just to the south of you. Can we
help in any way?

654. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

as he reaches for the microphone and flicks it on.

THOMAS:

(into the microphone)

I'm afraid not. I think I'll just -

He stops abruptly, suddenly caught by something he's seen out of the side window. He stares at it.

CORNELIUS' VOICE:

Mr. Thomas - are you all right?

THOMAS:

(continuing to stare
out the window, talks
into the microphone)

Mr. Cornelius ... just below me
something is sticking out of the
ground. Do you see it?

CORNELIUS' VOICE:

Wait a minute.

(a pause)

Yes, I see it. Some ruins -

THOMAS:

(into the microphone)

They mean nothing to you, but
remember them. And remember what
I'm going to tell you now. Because
in case I don't get where I'm going
... the following is another chapter
in your history book. Can you hear
me?

CORNELIUS' VOICE:

Yes, Mr. Thomas. We can hear you.

THOMAS:

(into the microphone)

When we first landed and looked
toward the sky, some of the stars
had changed their positions. We
assumed we were somewhere out in
space and that explained it. It
wasn't a question of space ... it
was time. Time had altered the look
of the sky. When I looked in your
telescope, it was almost identical
to what I'd seen on Earth. Almost
identical ... and again I assumed
I was on another planet.

(CONTINUED)

654 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

(a pause)

Your maps ... again familiar. So damned familiar that it was like trying to stick a piece in a jigsaw puzzle.

(another pause; he looks out the window)

Here's the last chapter in the history book, Mr. Cornelius. The stars are the solar system as I know it. Your map is a map of a world I know. Parts of the land have sunk into the sea. Continents have been split. Jungle has replaced cities ...

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

655. TIGHTER CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

(into the microphone)

... But I've come home, Mr. Cornelius. This is Earth.

(a pause)

And now I know where I'm going. I'm going back to the race of men. It's time to start a new history book, Mr. Cornelius. I hope ... I hope we'll be able to write it together.

He releases the button on the microphone, tosses it aside, manipulates the controls so that the helicopter banks to the left and loses altitude.

CUT TO:

656. AERIAL SHOT THE HELICOPTER

as it roars across the sky. A PAN DOWN from it to see what Thomas has already seen. Down below, protruding from the earth, is the giant metal arm surrounded by its iron picket fence. But this time it is caught in the blaze of the mornin sun revealing it as what it is - the top part of the Statue of Liberty.

CUT TO:

657. EXT. SKY

as the helicopter heads toward the jungle area beyond. The
CAMERA PANS BACK for a:

658. SHOT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

as we take a

SLOW FADE TO
BLACK

THE END

PADE IN:

1. EXT. SKY

DAWN

There are tiny pinpoints of fading star lights as the night gives way to the morning. WE MOVE IN OPTICALLY on one of the stars until we see it move and come toward us reaching a point where it now can be discerned. It is a long, cylindrical space craft, moving silently across the sky. It moves toward us until it BLOTS OUT THE LENS with its massive size, then goes past us. Now the CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PULL BACK until we are looking at the ship from the rim of mountain on some indistinguishable land body.

1A. ANOTHER ANGLE THE SHIP

as it slowly but perceptively slows down, gradually changes direction so that its tail, rockets and afterburners face the ground and it starts to lose altitude, perhaps five hundred feet off the ground. Its retrorockets blast out with sheets of flame, stopping its propulsion until it seems to explode into the ground in clouds of fire and smoke.

1B. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE SHIP

Then a SLOW PAN PAST craggy mountain walls rouged by a brilliant setting red sun, their irregular peaks silhouetted against a multi-colored sky. There is no sound as the PAN CONTINUES 360 DEGREES until we are now on the mesa floor looking directly toward the space craft. It rests on four landing cradles that show evidence of damage. The ship, itself, is pock-marked with indentations, splashes of black discoloration, suggesting the aftermath of tremendous heat. A light wind travels across the valley floor like a thin, haunting wail. Particles of dust hit the side of the ship with little POPPING SOUNDS in the silence. The ship seems to shift its weight barely perceptively as one of the cradles bends a little from weight imbalance. Concurrent with this is a WHIRRING SOUND inside the ship - a low-pitched SPORADIC HUM, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INT. SHIP LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING FROM THE NOSE DAY
UPWARD TOWARD THE TAIL - FOUR PILOT SEATS

now empty, PAST TIERS OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, TAKING IN FOUR BULBOUS GLASS "CASSETS" that appear like leeches attached to the wall, their occupants indistinct, darkened FIGURES under the glass.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

A PAN OVER TO ONE BANK OF LIGHTS AND PANELS as a variation of a tape machine starts and stops, sending out FAST, INDISTINCT WHIRRING NOISES, then what is almost a human VOICE played much TOO SLOWLY and then much TOO FAST; and then, in the middle of SOUNDS AND SQUEALS, certain words do take on clarity.

TAPED VOICE:

Guidance system deviating. Guidance system deviating. Acceleration, seven-point-three. Velocity, steady. Bulkheads, pressure tight. Zero gravity, constant.

Now there is the SOUND of more STATIC as the machine speeds up and in the process one of the reels BANGS NOISILY on the protruding metal lip that hangs out from the instruments above it. This sets up METALLIC CLANGING, MORE NOISE, and then DISTORTED VOCAL SOUNDS. A SLOW PAN OVER TO THE PILOT'S SEAT. There is a small arm table to the left on which rests a flight log, its metal covers bolted to the table top, small metal bands holding the pages open.

11 (Cont.)

LAFEVER:
You know what it's like? It's like
Rip Van Winkle.

THOMAS:
(looking down the length
of the ship, then from
one to the other)
All right, gentlemen... Somebody
pay the conductor. This is where
we get off!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

12. EXT. SHIP

DAWN

as from a metal-covered port hole which slides open, there
is a burst of light and then a rocket SCREAMS out into
the early morning sky. It travels up in an arc for perhaps
800 to 1000 feet, then bursts into light like fireworks.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

12A. GLASS PANEL

that slides open through which we can see the eyes of the
Astronauts staring at it. Thomas has some sort of a
light measuring device, which he studies and relates to
the bursting rocket. A PAN OVER to a panel, which now
opens on the side of the ship, and after a moment, three
space-suited figures walk slowly down the ramp. Each
carries a variation of a rifle.

13. CLOSER ANGLE THE THREE

as they stop at the foot of the ramp, looking slowly
around the horizon, then toward the craggy peaks. Thomas
looks down at the instrument in his hand.

DODGE:
(his voice filtered
through his helmet)
Your density checked out with that
flare. What's the component reading?

THOMAS:
We can take off the suits. It's
breathable.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

All three men remove their heavy glass-fronted helmets.
Dodge stamps his feet up and down.

DODGE:

Nothing special about the pull.

LAPEVER:

(thoughtfully)

Exactly as Earth's. Atmosphere
is the same, too.

THOMAS:

(looking up toward the
sky, with a nod upward)

But that's not the same. For a
minute there, I could have sworn
that --

(CONTINUED)

80. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT DODGE

DODGE:
(his voice reflective as he
looks toward the other two)
A planet with people who don't know
how to smile.

81. CLOSE SHOT LAFEVER

LAFEVER:
People?
(he shakes his head)
Arms, legs and a head - but that's
where the resemblance ends.

82. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:
They are animals. Gentle, tentative,
curious. But animals.

83. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE GROUPS OF "PEOPLE" -
ASTRONAUTS' P.O.V.

as they squat in the sand, jabbering, shoving coconut meat
into their mouths, scratching themselves.

83A. SHOT TWO MALES

starting to fight over one of the coconuts.

83B. SHOT THE ASTRONAUTS

as they look at this and react.

84. SHOT NOVA

as she jams the food into her mouth, then suddenly stops
abruptly, looking toward Thomas.

85. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

He's cutting up pieces of coconut with his knife, picks up
a piece, chews it off in small measured bites. His eyes
meet Nova's.

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22A.

86. CLOSE SHOT NOVA

She looks down at the coconut in her hand, then toward Thomas. She breaks off a piece, puts it in her mouth in a mimicry of Thomas.

87. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:
Like chimps.

(CONTINUED)

316. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE SURGICAL TEAM
THOMAS' P.O.V.

They exist in hazy outlines now but shimmering in front of them is a surgical instrument which sort of wavers in mid-air and then slowly begins to descend in an arc toward Thomas.

317. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS' EYES

the pupils dilated. A beam of light from the surgical instrument crosses his pupils and plays around their edges; and then from his mouth comes his first spoken word - a gigantic scream of protest.

THOMAS:
(screaming)
No! Get away! Let me alone!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

318. A GLASS CONTAINER IN A NURSE'S HAND

on which instruments are half immersed in disinfectant. The scream shocks her and the glass container drops from nervous fingers. The CAMERA FOLLOWS IT as it smashes on the floor.

319- SERIES OF SHOTS THE FACES OF DR. ZAIUS,
328. ZIRA, THE SURGEON AND NURSES

These CUTS CONTINUE TO INCLUDE CLOSEUPS OF MANY DIFFERENT FACES OF CHIMPS, GORILLAS, APES, ETC. until we are CLOSE ON THE FACE OF CORNELIUS. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

328A. INT. CORNELIUS' OFFICE DAY

This is a young ape dressed in a white scientist's coat staring across the room. PAN OVER for a:

328B. SHOT ZIRA

who stands there alone.

CORNELIUS:
Where is he now?

ZIRA:
Outside. I brought him here.

328C. SHOT CORNELIUS

as he looks concernedly toward the door.

CORNELIUS:

He's guarded?

ZIRA:

No. He's not guarded.

(she takes a step over
toward the desk)

Cornelius, this is not an animal.
This is a civilized, intelligent being.

CORNELIUS:

(takes a deep breath)

Zira, my dear, this is a "Man."
That he can utter some intelligible
sounds...well, that's hardly --

ZIRA:

I want to take him in front of the
Scientific Congress but I need
sponsorship. I don't have enough
seniority to request it.

CORNELIUS:

Take him in front of the Congress for
what? Zira, it would be nothing more
than a trained animal act. They could
go to a circus for that.

ZIRA:

Let it be that, then. Let him go to
the Congress like a sideshow specimen.

Cornelius shakes his head back and forth, sits down at
his desk.

CORNELIUS:

And once you've ruptured the dignity
of that august body, using my name as
a sponsor, how long do you think I'd
keep my post? Zira, my dear, think
about this. The animal that you've
taken under your wing --

ZIRA:

(interrupting)

Will you talk to him? And will you
listen to him? And then make your
decision?

328D. ANOTHER ANGLE CORNELIUS

He reaches out, pats her hand which rests on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

328D (Cont.)

CORNELIUS:

You're persuasive even if you're not
very logical.

(he looks toward the door)

What do we do - whistle?

328E. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

ZIRA:

(with intensity)

You go to the door, Cornelius, and
you open it --

328F. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

as Cornelius, sensing her tone, walks across the room to
the door, then looks back at her.

ZIRA:

And you say to him..."Please come
in, Mr. Thomas."

328G. ANGLE SHOT OVER CORNELIUS' SHOULDER

as he opens the door, revealing the face of Thomas. He is
still chained with a leash that trails behind him.

328H. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD CORNELIUS

who stares at him. He blinks a little.

CORNELIUS:

Please come in, Mr. Thomas.

328-I. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who opens his mouth, then simply nods and walks into the
room. The door closes behind him.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

329. INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER

DAY

filled with a vast gallery of ONLOOKERS, whose collective
VOICES are a giant murmur of expectation. Hundreds of eyes
turn as the large set of double doors in the back of the
chamber opens and another flurry of movement and noise atten
the entrance of Thomas, led with a chain by Cornelius, and
then followed by Zira. Thomas is ushered down the long

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)

center aisle of the room toward the podium. He is in dungarees and a nondescript shirt.

330. PAN SHOT ACROSS THE FACES OF THE APES AND GORILLAS

as first there comes a couple of snickers, then an errant chuckle, and finally uproarious LAUGHTER with lap-pounding, heads thrown back, until the room is engulfed with NOISE. Flash bulbs pop on and off.

331. CLOSER MOVING SHOT THOMAS

aware of the laughter but somehow neutral to it. He allows himself to be led to within a few steps of the podium. The laughter becomes even shriller and louder until Thomas turns and lets his eyes scan the room.

332. CLOSE SHOT HIS FACE

as he stares at the assemblage.

333. PAN SHOT THE FACES OF THE APES

as the laughter for the most part dies away, but there are still pockets of chuckles. A frock-coated ORANGUTAN rises from behind the speaker's diadem and walks to the lectern.

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

My fellow assembly members. As is our custom, we allow our members to sponsor certain scientific demonstrations within this body. A request has come to us from Dr. Cornelius who has held his chair in Anthropology with great distinction. He has brought with him today a trained animal who I'm given to understand can actually... well...

(he rubs his little goatee,
a little embarrassed)

...speaks -- along with some other rather unusual abilities. Dr. Cornelius?

Cornelius lets loose of the chain, walks up the steps and over to the lectern.

CORNELIUS:

My fellow assembly members. This...
this "animal's" name is --

There is a loud LAUGHTER and we hear one shrill VOICE as it

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.)

gleefully shouts out, "He's got a name!" Cornelius waits for the laughter and comment to die down.

CORNELIUS:

(continuing; repeating)

This "animal's" name is Thomas.

(a pause)

I imagine that most of you expect some basic exercises in manual dexterity and evidences of other unusual tricks. But I will let the animal handle his own demonstration.

There are a few lighter laughs at this point but more a gradual, expectant silence as the CAMERA PANS OVER to Thomas as he slowly walks up toward the podium and over to the lectern.

334. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT THE ASSEMBLY

as there is a murmur of voices and then an absolute dead silence.

334A. CLOSER ANGLE THOMAS

at the lectern. He reaches into his pocket and takes out two rubber balls and begins to juggle. The throng remains silent while he performs this. Then he puts the balls down.

THOMAS:

On the planet Earth, where I come from, we also call that juggling.

335. PAN SHOT ACROSS THE FACES OF THE ASSEMBLAGE

as mouths go open, eyes pop. There is an intake of breaths.

335A. ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THOMAS ASSEMBLAGE P.O.V.

THOMAS:

I hope you'll note other vast similarities before I leave you this afternoon. Similarities in our two cultures, because I am a product of a culture, too. A culture...a civilization that exists on a planet called "Earth."

A WHIP PAN OVER THE AUDIENCE as they stare at him, disbelieving and at the same time totally, incredulously amazed.

(CONTINUED)

335A (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(continuing)

I don't wonder that your instincts call for laughter. I understand very well how the figure of a "Man" - dressed and speaking - must appear to you.

(a pause)

But that two of your members have seen fit to make this moment possible - and that all the rest of you listen to me now - suggests that we have landed - my colleagues and I - in a civilized place peopled by civilized beings. Paradoxically, the planet I come from... Earth...has one major difference from this planet. There the repositories of wisdom and reason are Men!

336. OMITTED

337. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE ASSEMBLY

as there comes a murmur of reaction.

338. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

THOMAS:

There seems little doubt but that we can share our respective wisdoms. We can share our progress. This is why we have come. To explore, to take note of other civilizations.

(a pause)

Not as belligerents - however different we are from one another. On the planet Earth we have developed space travel. And after a journey of many, many years, we have landed here on your planet.

(a silence as he surveys
the assembly again)

I will, over the next few weeks and months, tell you of my planet, as I hope you will tell me of yours. I can say now that on Earth, intellect is embodied in the human race.

(a pause)

Apes...apes...

339- SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS THE ASSEMBLY MEMBERS
344.

THOMAS' VOICE:

...have remained in a state of savagery. It is Man who has evolved. It is Man's mind that the brain has developed and flourished. It is Man who has invented language, discovered fire, made use of tools. It is Man who settled my planet and changed its face. Man, in fact, who established a civilization so refined that in many respects it resembles your own.

353 (Cont.)

Dr. Zaius slowly nods but says nothing. The President takes a few steps closer to him.

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

(continuing)

An act of providence that he spoke when he did.

(he shakes his head)

We would never have known.

DR. ZAIUS:

(as if awakening
from a dream)

Never have known?

354. TWO SHOT - DR. ZAIUS AND ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT

ORANGUTAN PRESIDENT:

That he was a civilized being. A rational being.

(he makes a gesture)

That he's our equal.

355. CLOSE SHOT - DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

Our equal, Mr. President? I hope...
only our equal.

He looks off toward the open doors leading to the corridor and street. There is the SOUND of cheering.

DR. ZAIUS

(continuing very reflectively)

He had told us much of earth. Its perennial wars...its violences.

(a long pause)

God help us if he's our superior!

DISSOLVE TO:

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355A- SERIES OF SHOTS - THOMAS
355E.

being fitted in a tailor shop into a suit; being placed into a car; in a cafeteria line, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

356. INT. PLANETARIUM -

NIGHT

Several APE SCIENTISTS form a semi-circle around Thomas as he looks through the lens of a large telescope. He moves away from the lens, looks up at a large blown-up photograph of the solar system which is on one wall.

SCIENTIST I:

Not a very clear night, Mr. Thomas.
Some of the planet bodies lack
proper definition.

THOMAS:

Even so, your solar system and mine
are incredibly similar. With the
exception of two or three known
bodies - they're almost identical.

409. CLOSE SHOT - ZIRA - THOMAS' POV

the white smock, the bracelet on her hairy wrist, the high heel shoes on her paws.

410. CLOSE SHOT - THOMAS

THOMAS:

Tilt, Dr. Zira

410A. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROOM

as Thomas rises, moves across to a table where several books have been stacked. He opens a couple of them then turns to look at her.

THOMAS:

Have you ever noticed, in going through your history...the holes that exist?

ZIRA:

Holes?

THOMAS:

Much is made mention of that a hundred years ago a group of apes invented and then developed the helicopter.

ZIRA:

That's true.

THOMAS:

They just upped and invented the helicopter. There's no mention of experiments in aerodynamics. You see what I'm getting at? Nobody flew a kite. Nobody went up in a glider. First there was nothing - and then there were helicopters. Not just in flight, Dr. Zira, but other things. Electricity. Gasoline engines. Medicine.

(he shakes his head)

There's that damned...damned question mark. Everything fits except one last piece.

ZIRA:

We have one major area of admitted weakness, Mr. Thomas. Our historians have not supplied us properly. We have been aware that much of our past development seems...shrouded.

410B. CLOSE SHOT - THOMAS

THOMAS:

That's a very apt word, Dr. Zira.
"Shrouded."

(he looks down at
the books)

Maybe I can be of service to you.
Maybe I could pull off the shroud!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

410C. A CURTAIN

being parted. We pull back for a:

411. SHOT - INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Behind the curtains on a little bandstand appears a FOUR
PIECE BAND playing what might be considered an Oriental
version of "swing." The melody is recognizable but
occasionally soured by flat notes which are part of the
music scale indigenous to the place and breed. A SLOW PAN
PAST a couple of DANCERS and a few DINERS TO a small corner
table where Thomas sits with Zira, conscious of the
occasional whisperings and side looks thrown at him. Zira
smiles at him, touches his arm.

ZIRA:

(gently)

I think you're going to get used to you.
It'll just take some time, that's all.

THOMAS:

(taking a healthy slug from
his highball glass in front
of him - smiles at her)

I'm fixing it so that I'm developing an
immunity to being conspicuous.

(he holds up the glass)

A votre sante. Or cheers? Or skol?
Or whatever it is you say.

ZIRA:

(holding up her own glass -
smiling at him)

To your health.

THOMAS:

(grinning - the drink
obviously affecting him)

Universal and very apt!

He downs a couple of good solid slugs while Zira sips carefully
at hers, then she looks at her wristwatch.

(CONTINUED)

459 (Cont.)

THOMAS:

(his voice tense and low)

Now hear this. The next time you give him food - put it on a plate. You understand? Because in a couple of weeks - you'll be calling him "Mister."

He flings him against the cage door then turns abruptly and walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

460. EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL DIGGINGS
SWEEPING, PANORAMIC SHOT A CAMP

DAY

with tents, quonsets, etc. - several vehicles bearing signs which read: "FOURTH NORTHERN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION." There is a stockpile of various artifacts, potteries, etc., much scurrying activity with various "scientists." On a knoll several hundred yards away from the main camp, in what is obviously the site of the major digging, we see a bulldozer and other groups of apes surrounding it. The CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PAN ACROSS THE AREA, TAKING IN A SHOT OF A HELICOPTER as it lands, then:

461. LONG SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he gets out of the helicopter, crouches over in a run underneath the swinging blades of the helicopter, over to a group of waiting apes close to a jeep. He gets in the jeep as it starts off, heading toward the knoll.

CUT TO:

462. EXT. KNOLL

DAY

A large excavation where we see several apes and gorillas - many with pick axes and other digging tools - as they dig energetically into the ground. Several stand around one particular spot where what appears to be an end of a wooden box protruding from the ground. They continue to dig around it until finally the box is extricated. It is long and rectangular.

CUT TO:

463. ANOTHER ANGLE THE JEEP

as it pulls to a stop. One of the apes near the box leaves the group, walks over toward the jeep. He wears khaki and a pith helmet. He wipes his face, takes off the pith helmet.

CORNELIUS:

(his tone is respectful)

Glad you came, Doctor. This is the area right here

539. INT. TENT ANGLE LOOKING THROUGH A MOSQUITO NET
THE SLEEPING THOMAS NIGHT

There is the SOUND of a ROARING HELICOPTER ENGINE suddenly springing to life. Thomas bolts up, parts the mosquito net, crosses the floor of the tent toward the flap.

CUT TO:

540. EXT. TENT NIGHT
as Thomas emerges.

541. LONG SHOT A HELICOPTER

starting to warm up its engines. PAN OVER to Dr. Zaius who, dressed in an overcoat, starts toward the helicopter. He stops, seeing Thomas, walks toward him.

DR. ZAIUS:

Some of us are returning to the city,
Mr. Thomas. This gives me an opportunity
to say goodbye.

THOMAS:

(surprised, but not
showing it)
You won't be coming back here?

DR. ZAIUS:

You won't be returning to the city.

THOMAS: (very softly)

What's happened to the hospitality,
Doctor?

542. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who stares at the flickering lamp from a close-by tent which casts shadows on his face. He looks tired and old even under the somewhat ageless exterior of the simian face.

DR. ZAIUS:

Some skeletons, Mr. Thomas. Some burnt
relics. Some evidences of...man's culture.

542a. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

I'm a menace now - that's the point?

542b. CLOSE SHOT - DR. ZAIUS

He looks away from the lamp.

DR. ZAIUS:

(very softly)

Way down deep, Mr. Thomas...deeper than my own consciousness...my own awareness...as deep perhaps as a basic instinct...

(he turns toward Thomas)

...I've known you've been a menace. I've known that Man has been a menace.

(a pause)

This admission, Mr. Thomas...I believe that's why I rejected you. It's why I voiced doubts about your potential...your actuality. I think I've known all along that Man did not come from the jungle... or at least, that was not his last home.

(a pause)

You see, Mr. Thomas, I know all about Man. I think his wisdom must walk hand in hand with his idiocy. His emotions must conquer his logic. I believe he must be a belligerent animal who gives battle to everything around him. And in the process, he will always destroy himself.

(a pause)

This is what we dug up out of a hole, Mr. Thomas. A truth. It's the same truth you've told us about in describing your own planet.

(another pause)

We apes have no death wish, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS:

Does it occur to you, Dr. Zaius, that on Earth Man has finally become civilized? I'm proof of that. I'm proof that he has reached out for the stars...and had gathered them in. And that for the first time in the history of my race...perhaps the history of the universe...he has ceased to be a destroyer.

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543. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM - FAVORING DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

If that is indeed truth - we have
come close to a millenium.

(he shakes his head)

But this planet cannot afford to
put it to a test. We can't take
the risk.

(a pause)

We will expect you to leave,
Mr. Thomas.

544. CLOSE SHOT - THOMAS

THOMAS:

Assuming I can get my ship back
into the sky.

545. CLOSE SHOT - DR. ZAIUS

DR. ZAIUS:

Pray that you can. The alternative
must be obvious. So long as you
live amongst us, Mr. Thomas, you
compete. Dwell on that.

638 (Cont.)

THOMAS:
(screams)
LaFever, get back!

At the same time, he flings himself on the controls, but LaFever's last sound on earth - a PIERCING SCREAM - is a testimony to horror and to what the blades have done.

639. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE COCKPIT

as Thomas, sick, forces himself to manipulate the controls.

CUT TO:

640. EXT. HELICOPTER

as it goes airborne almost concurrent with the arrival of GROUPS of SHOUTING GORILLAS and APES as they try to converge on it.

640a. CLOSER ANGLE THE GORILLAS AND APES

as a car pulls up. Dr. Zaius gets out with others in his party. He looks first at the helicopter then over toward the hangar. The shouting dies away and there is now a dead silence.

640b. MOVING SHOT DR. ZAIUS

as he walks toward the hangar doors. He looks briefly toward first, the body of LaFever, then around the circle of faces.

DR. ZAIUS:
(his voice very quiet)
They leave only one legacy. They
leave death.

He shakes his head and then very sadly turns away to walk out of the hangar toward the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

641. EXT. SPACE SHIP SITE HIGH ANGLE LOOKING UP FROM THE
CANYON WALLS TOWARD A MULTI-COLORED SKY EARLY MORNING

The sky is pink and orange and oddly hued. A PAN DOWN until we're LOOKING ACROSS the canyon floor, first toward a

(CONTINUED)

641 (Cont.)

helicopter sitting several hundred feet away, then a PAN OVER to the space ship itself. From inside come the SOUNDS of STATIC, GARBLED VOICE TRACKS, ETC. Over this suddenly appear the SOUND of a DISTANT AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

641A. ANOTHER ANGLE THE MESA

as the helicopter touches down. The blades slowly come to a stop. Out of it we see the figures of Zira and Cornelius as he helps her out of the craft. They hesitate for a moment then head toward the space ship.

642. ANOTHER ANGLE THE SPACE SHIP

as Zira and Cornelius arrive at the ramp. They wait there for a moment then slowly, and somewhat tentatively, start up the ramp toward the opening.

CUT TO:

643. INT. SPACE SHIP

DAY

Thomas stands near a set of controls in which large spools of tape are just running down. Behind him we see Cornelius and Zira. Zira starts, as if to say something; Cornelius touches her arm, holds up his hand in a warning, then very gently, his voice soft:

CORNELIUS:

(softly)

Mr. Thomas?

Thomas turns slowly to look toward them.

THOMAS:

And a good morning to you.

644. GROUP SHOT

as Cornelius takes a closer step toward him.

CORNELIUS:

We're sorry about your friend.

Thomas nods numbly - the fatigue, the trauma of all the violence obviously wearing now.

THOMAS:

I'm delighted that someone's sorry.

(CONTINUED)

644 (Cont.)

ZIRA:

Nova's all right. I had her removed yesterday morning. She's left the city and has gone back to her own people.

THOMAS:

(nods)

Small rays of light...in the pitch dark.
(he turns toward the
tape machine)

I've been playing these tapes.

(he looks at them)

They were calibrated by the hour. They notated every aspect of what the ship was doing. Velocity, time passage, course and deviation from course - everything. And the tape gave me a message, Mr. Cornelius...Dr. Zira. To Astronaut Thomas, with love. With the following sentiments.

645. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT THOMAS
AS SEEN THROUGH THE SPOOLS OF TAPE

THOMAS:

This ship has been away from the earth close to two thousand years. In some incredible way -

(he shakes his head)

- in some incredible way, twenty centuries have gone by and we slept through them.

646. ANGLE THE SHIP'S INTERIOR THOMAS' POV

THOMAS:

Rip Van Winkle. That's what LaFever called us.

(he laughs shortly)

Hell, Rip Van Winkle never got off the ground. Not compared to us.

647. GROUP SHOT

as Thomas moves past them and puts his head against the bulkhead, fiddles with some dangling, torn wires.

THOMAS:

I do believe, kind friends, that I've had it. I've simply had it. I could swallow most of it. Swallow it and live

(CONTINUED)

647 (Cont.)

THOMAS: (Cont.)

with it. A planet where apes superceded men. A world turned upside down. A jigsaw puzzle with one perpetually missing piece. But to wake up in the morning and to find out that you went to bed two thousand years ago... that's a little much... That's a little too damned much.

Zira moves over to him, touches his arm.

ZIRA:

Mr. Thomas. Try to understand. We want to help you.

He turns and looks at her.

ZIRA:

(continuing)

We've seen what Man can do. We're frightened by it. But there are emotions stronger than fear.

CORNELIUS:

(a little urgently)

We'll try to help you take off, Mr. Thomas. To get away. They'll be coming here soon.

THOMAS:

(a wan smile)

Unfortunately, it's a little late for help. This ship isn't going anywhere. There isn't any propellant left. The guidance system's all smashed...

(a crooked smile)

...and one man couldn't operate it anyway.

(a pause as he moves toward the door to stare out toward the mesa)

So now where can you take me? To a costume shop? To get me a gorilla suit?

CORNELIUS:

(more urgently as he appears to listen intently for intruding sounds)

Come with us, Mr. Thomas. Give yourself a last chance anyway. We'll try to land you close to where your people are.

648. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who studies him intently.

THOMAS:

Someday...God knows when...if I ever
get back to Earth... I'll see that
they build a couple of statues for the
both of you. And if anybody ever talks
to me about a civilization...I'll point
the two of you out. You are civilization.

At this moment there is the DISTANT SOUNDS of ENGINES.

CUT TO:

649. EXT. SHIP

as Cornelius rushes to the exit door, stares out at the
morning sky.

CORNELIUS:

I hear them. You've got to go right now.

650. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN THE THREE FIGURES

as they leave the space ship and run toward Cornelius'
helicopter and then enter it. Within moments the rotary
blades begin to turn and the craft goes airborne, skimming
down the center of the canyon then rising and disappearing
beyond the most distant peaks. SLOW PAN ACROSS the sky
TOWARD the opposite direction where we see three dots on
the horizon that grow in size until they are recognizable
as helicopters.

DISSOLVE TO:

651. EXT. DIGGING SITE ANGLE SHOT
LOOKING TOWARD THE SKY

DAY

as Cornelius' helicopter slowly comes in for a landing.
A PAN OVER FROM its landing point TOWARD the horizon where
we see the giant metal "arm" sticking up. The sun is behind
it so that it appears in a dark silhouette form.

652. CLOSER ANGLE THE HELICOPTER

as Thomas gets out followed by Zira and Cornelius.

653. GROUP SHOT FAVORING CORNELIUS

who points toward a row of trees.

CORNELIUS:

Go northwest, Mr. Thomas. In that direction. The heavy jungle starts about twenty miles in. You should be able to make it before night.

654. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

who nods, looks from one to the other, holds out his hand. Cornelius grips it as does Zira.

655. CLOSE SHOT ZIRA

whose eyes brim.

ZIRA:

Mr. Thomas, I must tell you something. If you weren't... if you weren't so damned ugly... I'd kiss you.

Thomas smiles despite himself, throws her a kiss, turns and starts to walk across the naked ground that shows evidence of the recent fill-in. He looks toward the metal "arm" jutting up as he walks, and continues to walk past it toward its sun-lit side. He then stops and stares at it.

656. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT HIM

as he stares. He is totally transfixed. There is the SOUND OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES in the sky.

657. LONG ANGLE ACROSS THE GROUND TOWARD CORNELIUS

who cups his hands and shouts.

CORNELIUS:

(shouting)

Run, Mr. Thomas! Run toward the woods!
They're coming now!

658. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE LONELY FIGURE OF THOMAS

who continues to stare toward the metal "arm" and remains motionless. The SOUND of the AIRCRAFT ENGINES grow LOUDER and LOUDER and after a moment we PAN OVER TO another area of ground where the three of them are landing. GROUPS OF APES, carrying weapons, race out. They pass Cornelius and Zira and then stop, somehow taken by the fact that Thomas simply stands there. After a moment, Dr. Zaius comes out of the last helicopter. He walks toward the metal "arm," pausing close to Cornelius and Zira.

ZIRA:

We tried to help him, Doctor.
There will be no denials.

659. CLOSE SHOT DR. ZAIUS

who looks at them. There is no rancor and no anger - simply a kind of sad resignation.

DR. ZAIUS:

You will not be asked for denials...
or for any admissions.

(he looks toward the
figure of Thomas)

What has to be done now comes with no
joy whatsoever.

(a pause)

No joy.

He takes a few steps away from them.

660. LONG ANGLE SHOT

Zaius stands alone on the dark side of the metal "arm." Beyond him, standing in the light, looking toward the "arm" on its opposite side, is Thomas.

DR. ZAIUS:

Mr. Thomas? We've come for you.

THOMAS:

Dr. Zaius...would you like to hear
something rather strange?

A pause as the CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN for a:

661. CLOSE SHOT THOMAS

THOMAS:

When we first landed and looked toward the sky, some of the stars had changed their positions. We assumed we were somewhere out in space and that explained it.

(a pause)

It wasn't a question of space, Doctor... it was time. Time had altered the appearance of the sky. And when I looked in your telescope, it was almost identical to what I'd seen on Earth. Almost identical...but again, the missing piece.

(another pause)

Your maps. Still familiar. Like trying to stick a piece in a jigsaw puzzle.

(he takes a step closer to the metal "arm," looks up at it)

So here's the last chapter in your history book, Doctor. Those stars are the solar system that I knew. Your map is a map of the world I knew. Parts of the land have sunk into the sea. Continents have been split. Jungle has replaced cities... but now I know where I am.

662. CLOSER SHOT CORNELIUS

who takes a few running steps behind Dr. Zaius.

CORNELIUS:

Mr. Thomas, run! Please - for God's sake - run --

663. ANOTHER ANGLE THOMAS

as he slowly walks toward the metal "arm," then past it, heading directly toward the gorillas who raise their guns.

THOMAS:

I'm afraid... I'm afraid there's no place to run to. I'm afraid there's no place to go...now.

664. ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he moves TOWARD THE CAMERA, BRIEFLY OBLITERATING THE SCENE, and then there is the SOUND of SPORADIC GUNFIRE.

665. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT A PIECE OF GROUND

as Thomas' body falls in FRONT OF THE LENS to land, face down, in the sand.

666. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT DR. ZAIUS, CORNELIUS AND THEN ZIRA

who stare down at the prostrate, lifeless body.

DR. ZAIUS:

We'll take him back now.

A SLOW PAN AWAY FROM the scene UNTIL we are FOCUSING ON the dark side of the metal "arm," then INTO THE FRAME, PAST the metal "arm," come two apes carrying a pole. Hanging from it is the trussed up body of Thomas.

APE:

What did he mean...no place to go?

667. ANOTHER ANGLE THE APE CARRIERS

as they step into the sunlight. WE FOLLOW THEM walking TOWARD the sunshine, then a SLOW PAN OVER TO the metal "arm" and we see it now for the first time for what it is. Caught in the blaze of the morning sun, this is the top part of the STATUE OF LIBERTY.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

T H E E N D