

PLANET OF THE APES

Written by
Sam Hamm

FADE IN:

1. EXT. STARFIELD - NIGHT

A sprinkling of STARS against the black backdrop of endless space. We TILT DOWN - down, through nothingness and more nothingness, until -

BLAZING COLORS - reds, blues, sizzling whites - explode across the sky. A SECOND BURST erupts - then a THIRD - and we continue to TILT DOWN until a familiar sight dominates the screen:

2. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

We're not in outer space after all - just New York City. Another round of FIREWORKS lights up the sky, and off in the distance we hear CHEERING. SUPER TITLE: 4 JULY 1998

3. EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Packed streets; the whole city seems to have turned out for the show. Drunken revelers, tourists, hookers and hustlers, cops on horseback - greeting each new pyrotechnic display with WHOOPS of giddy hilarity.

4. EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - THE PROMENADE - NIGHT

Manhattan just across the harbor, Lady Liberty to the south. Young COUPLES in love, FAMILIES with kids - they're all lined up six deep at the Promenade railing, CLAPPING AND CHEERING.

5. >EXT. ROOFTOP - SPANISH HARLEM - NIGHT

A dozen or so TEENAGE KIDS up on the roof, necking, smoking, drinking beers, playing loud MUSIC - all GRINNING at the fireworks. One of them LOOKS UPWARD at the sound of a far-off WHISTLING . . . Suddenly, his face is BATHED in RED LIGHT. A SCREAMING comes across the sky. A FIREBALL streaks down from above and it stems to be coming DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM! With a yelp of fear, he dives to the tar-and-gravel surface of the roof. The other kids turn, SEE WHATS COMING, and join him there.

2.

6. EXT. PROMENADE - THAT MOMENT

PANIC in the crowd as they see the fireball approaching. It looks as though it's going to slam smack into Manhattan.

7. EXT. TIMES SQUARE - THAT MOMENT

CHAOS. PANDEMONIUM. Times Square turns the color of MOLTEN LAVA as the fireball streaks past overhead, so close it almost seems you could reach up and touch it. The cheers have given way to hysteria . . .

8. EXT. PROMENADE - THAT MOMENT

ALL SPECTATORS have now abandoned the Promenade. The sky's ablaze with light. It's high noon - at midnight.

The FIREBALL slices downward from the clouds, clearing the Battery, nearly shaving the top story off the World Trade Center. It slaps into the harbor with the percussive force of an exploding bomb.

9. EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THE KIDS ON THE ROOF, slackjawed at the light show. A beat - then they begin WHOOPING and APPLAUDING WILDLY.

10. EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - NIGHT

A vast, red-hot cloud of SCALDING STEAM rising from the water . . . and spreading across the night sky until the cityscape of Manhattan is completely obscured behind it. FADE THROUGH TO:

11. EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

The harbor is congested with ships. COAST GUARD CUTTERS; two oceanographic RESEARCH VESSELS; a CONTAINER SHIP, half again the size of the Exxon Valdez; and a FLOATING CRANE. MILITARY HELICOPTERS are circling lazily above it all.

The decks of the various vessels are swarming with people - not just crewmen, but military observers, government bureaucrats, civilians - and all eyes are on the CRANE as the chain begins to rise.

A CHARRED, BLACK MASS breaks the surface of the water.

3.

It's no meteorite. It's a MACHINE - of inexplicably baroque design, with ornate curlicues, filigree, nodules and modules protruding in all directions. It looks not unlike a pair of Sherman tanks joined together, Siamese-twin style, at the cannon turrets. Or a flying Rorschach blot.

12. EXT. FISHING BOAT - THAT MOMENT - DAY

The disgruntled CAPTAIN of a ramshackle fishing boat is watching the action with binoculars. His crew can't set sail while the harbor's blocked, and they've already lost half a day's catch.

CAPTAIN

That's a weather satellite?

One skeptical crewman is reading the Post. The page-one banner headline screams: "WEATHER SATELLITE NEARLY FLATTENS MANHATTAN"

FISHERMAN #1

They don't close off the whole harbor for no damn weather satellite.

13. EXT. HARBOR - ON FLOATING CRANE

The crane hoists its cargo high into the air and PIVOTS - swinging the strange alien craft into position over the deck of the CONTAINER SHIP.

14. INT. HOLD - CONTAINER SKIP - THAT MOMENT

TECHNICIANS in airtight SAFE SUITS are preparing a great plasticene SHROUD. Once the craft has been lowered into the ship, the shroud will be sealed around it, forming a sterile tent. No one knows what they'll find inside the craft - but they don't want it getting out prematurely.

15. EXT. DECK - CONTAINER SHIP - THAT MOMENT

A twelve-foot wall of SCAFFOLDING has been erected around the hold of the ship. MORE SCIENTIFIC GEAR is mounted on it: an X-ray machine, an ultrasound unit, a heat-sensing device, COAST GUARDSMEN clamber up the scaffolding like monkeys, helping the CRANE OPERATOR guide the craft into the hold.

TECHNICIANS stare at their various monitors and telemetric readouts. The ULTRASOUND OPERATOR shouts into the hold . . .

4.

ULTRASOUND MAN

IT'S HOLLOW. IT'S HOLLOW. Jesus . . . THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THERE!

A thermal printer spits out a hard copy of the ultrasound screen. A FUZZY, MANLIKE SILHOUETE is plainly visible within the craft.

ULTRASOUND MAN

Oh man, Herb - this looks like a -

An EXPLOSION interrupts him.

A HATCH has BLOWN OPEN just beneath the left wing - and now, dangling from its chain, the whole craft begins to ROTATE. Whatever's inside is about to come out.

Several GUARDSMEN dive from the scaffolding to the deck. Others are too scared to move.

And a couple reach instinctively for their SIDEARMS . . .

VOICES FROM HOLD [o.s.]

Don't shoot! DON'T SHOOT!!

16. INT. CRAFT - THAT MOMENT

A POV shot from WITHIN the craft - looking THROUGH the open hatch at the frenzy outside. As the craft turns, a GUARDSMAN comes into view - clinging to the scaffolding, WIDE-EYED WITH HORROR.

In the foreground, a WHITE-GLOVED HAND rises suddenly into frame . . . and an inhuman voice croaks out something that sounds like:

VOICE

Pllleeeeeeeeezzz . . .

GUARDSMAN I

JESUS!

WHATEVER HE SEES drives him into a frenzy. He STARTS SHOOTING.

17. EXT. DECK - OUTSIDE THE CRAFT - ON GUARDSMEN

A blur of motion. The PASSENGER of the craft, BLEEDING, pitches forward through the open hatch and hangs there, half in, half out. A SECOND GUARDSMAN lunges at the guy with the gun -

5.

GUARDSMAN I

YOU IDIOT! WHAT ARE YOU -

They grapple. The CRAFT, dangling in midair, ROTATES AROUND - and the OPEN HATCH DOOR knocks both GUARDSMAN to the deck!

Screaming and confusion all around. The CRANE OPERATOR swings the pod hard left, trying to avoid any further injuries. Like a big wrecking ball, the craft slams into the scaffolding, causing it to COLLAPSE.

The CRANE OPERATOR tries to HOIST the pod away from the damage. As it rises, we ZERO IN on the dead PASSENGER dangling out of the open hatch. A TRICKLE OF BLOOD runs down the side of the craft . . .

. . . and POOLS on the deck . . . where it SEETHES and CHURNS like a living, tumorous organism . . .

. . . until a small quantity of BUBBLING PINK ORGANIC SLOP arises from the puddle of blood, and begins to CRAWL AWAY across the deck!!

BOOTS sprint past, SPLATTERING the moist pink crawling goo into several discrete globules. But the globules REGROUP, as if driven by some primordial homing instinct, into a single pulsating mass. The undulating blob squirts out a tendril and DRAGS ITSELF across the deck -- over the railing -- INTO THE HARBOR.

18. EXT. FISHING BOAT -DAY

The CAPTAIN lowers his binoculars and snorts in disgust.

CAPTAIN

Your tax dollars at work. - Stow the goddam nets. Let's go home.

He takes a last bite of his sandwich, chucks what's left overboard.

A SEAGULL spots breakfast and swoops toward the captain's leftovers. It snags a hunk of meat and lets out a startled SQUAWK. The bird flaps its wings furiously, trying to take flight --

-- but a LONG PINK TENDRIL pulls it downward. The keening gull VANISHES beneath the waves as we

CUT TO:

6.

19. INT. HOSPITAL - BIRTHING CENTER - DAY

An enormously PREGNANT WOMAN is drinking from a water fountain in the hallway of a modern MATERNITY WARD. SUPER TITLE: 12 APRIL 1999 NINE MONTHS LATER

She lets out a little SQUEAK. A helpful NURSE rushes to her side.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I think I felt another contraction!

SPLATTERING NOISES on the tiles. Her water's broken. She looks down, lets out a little exclamation of embarrassment . . .

NURSE

Don't worry, well take care of that. The birthing room is all ready for you.

The PREGNANT WOMAN glances down the hallway, where the corridors intersect. Several DOCTORS appear to be in a big hurry. A guy in a suit uses a KEY to summon the FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

The elevator opens - and the DOCTORS push what looks like a CHROME SARCOPHAGUS onboard. It's three feet long. On a rolling cart. With a refrigeration unit beneath it ...

PREGNANT WOMAN

What in the world is that?

NURSE

Oh, it's . . . it's for preemies.

(swiftly turning her around)

This way.

A SCREAM echoes in the hospital corridors. Not the scream of a woman in labor - this one's a MAN.

The PREGNANT WOMAN glances back over her shoulder - just in time to see an hysterical FATHER at the end of the corridor, with ORDERLIES and DOCTORS swarming around, trying to calm him down.

NURSE

This way. Please.

She steers the pregnant mom down the hall, away from the commotion.

7.

20. EXT. HOSPITAL- ROOFTOP

A HELICOPTER touches down on the rooftop helipad, and a group of SPECIALISTS from the Centers from Disease Control in Atlanta debark.

They carry themselves with the natural authority of young hotshots - the best and brightest in their field.

Leader of the pack is DR. SUSAN LANDIS, a handsome woman in her early thirties, with a face full of quick, ironic intelligence, insatiable curiosity, boundless good humor. When she's on the job, though, she takes on a crisp, no-nonsense, almost military demeanor - and just now, she is well and truly on the job. She hits the tarmac moving . . .

DR.ENGEL

Susan! Thanks for coming so quickly -

DR. ENGEL is 64, heavyset, distinguished-looking. He's at the head of a phalanx of doctors and hospital administrators. She gives him a warm smile as the two groups head en masse for the rooftop elevator.

SUSAN

For you? Black plague couldn't keep me away. - What's the latest? Holding at five?

ENGEL

It was five yesterday, Susan. Today it's -

(grimly)

I'll let you see for yourself.

21. INT. HOSPITAL - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The whole gang's scrubbed down and changed into surgical gear. They're looking through a glass window into a maternity ward lined with CRIBS. The room is sealed - and the obstetric NURSES are wearing SAFE SUITS.

ENGEL

Now get ready for this. I don't think any of you have ever seen anything like it . . .

ENGEL gestures to a NURSE on the other side of the glass. She gingerly lifts an infant from its crib . . . pulls the swaddling back from its face . . .

Several of the CDC hotshots jump back in shock. The newborn infant is leathery, wrinkled, with liver spots and rotting yellow teeth. It weighs nine pounds. It looks like an EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MAN.

8.

SUSAN

I've seen it. Hutchinson-Gilford . . .

CDC HOTSHOT

Neonatal progeria, right? Accelerated aging in the womb.

SUSAN

Kids are usually dead by the time they're ten.

ENGEL

No, Susan, no. If it was Hutchinson-Gilford I wouldn't have called you up from Atlanta.

(gesturing to the NURSE)

We've got three neonates here, all born today.

This one was 3 PM - just over an hour ago.

The NURSE leans over a crib, unwraps a baby. It has a full head of oily hair - the acne-covered face of an adolescent.

ENGEL

This one was noon.

Same routine. Baby #2 looks like a sallow, balding, middle-aged man.

ENGEL

And this one was 7:45 AM . . .

Before the NURSE can pull back the blankets a TINY, CLAWLIKE HAND shoots out from the third crib - waving with knobby, arthritic fingers.

SUSAN stares compassionately at the ancient, wizened infant. She knows it's pointless, but she can't stop herself from waving back.

ENGEL

When they're born they look normal. Within twelve hours . . . they're dead of old age.

The CDC crew are already BUZZING among themselves.

SUSAN

- You've had five of these??

ENGEL

I told you, Susan. It was five yesterday.

ENGEL raps on another observation window - this one curtained off.

9.

Inside, a nurse draws the curtain back, allowing SUSAN to see . . .

. . . an entire ROOMFUL of afflicted babies, THIRTY OR FORTY OF THEM, in various stages of disintegration.

ALL HEADS TURN at a new round of SHRIEKS and WAILING from anguished parents in the hallway. The CDC crew falls deadly silent - ashen-faced. It's as if they've just seen the end of the human race.

ENGEL

We haven't had a normal birth today.

22. INT HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM

It's been commandeered by the CDC high command, who have taken over every available phone jack to plug their laptops into the net. There are several open pizza boxes on the central table.

ENGEL

- and we don't know what to do with the parents. You heard what the maternity ward is like. It's bedlam.

SUSAN

Forget about containing it. it'll be in all the papers by morning.

A CDC WORKER, ALBERT, rushes up to SUSAN with a printout.

ALBERT

Here's what we've got. Eight in Chicago; eleven in Pittsburgh; four in our beloved home town of Atlanta . . .

SUSAN

Airline hubs.

ALBERT

- and Jersey is crawling with 'em.

SUSAN

Let's hope for a contact vector. If it's airborne we're knee-deep in shit creek.

10.

ENGEL

it's incomprehensible. Hutchinson-Gilford's a spontaneous mutation. How could it be infectious?

SUSAN

My guess is it's not. If you isolated the mutagen you could reproduce it - transfect the population by virus. Catch the virus, and the mutagen kicks in . . .

ENGEL

But that would mean somebody had to -

SUSAN

Tailor it, yeah. The big question is when. If this stuff's had nine months to spread . . .

SUSAN looks up at the sound of a choked SOB from across the table. In the midst of all the frantic activity, one of the CDC team, a young woman named DONNA, has totally lost it. She sits frozen over her laptop screen, face buried in both hands.

SUSAN goes over and lays a consoling hand on her shoulder.

SUSAN

Take a break, Donna. Grab a catnap. We'll get by without you for an hour.

DONNA

No, no, I'm fine. I'll-

Just that quickly, her hands are racing over the keyboard again.

SUSAN

Whoa. That's no suggestion, that's an order.

DONNA looks up at her hollow-eyed, TEARS trickling down her cheeks.
DONNA
Susan, I'm two months pregnant.
There's nothing SUSAN can say. Stunned, she sits down beside her
colleague. The two of them embrace.

11.

23. INT. CDC - FOUR MONTHS LATER - DAY
SUSAN and ALBERT at an electron microscope. The grainy image from
the microscope appears on a large overhead MONITOR.

There's a tiny tendriled PINK ORGANISM floating among the red and
white corpuscles . . .

SUSAN

That's our vector.

ALBERT

Whose blood are we looking at?

SUSAN

Yours. It doesn't like you. You're not going to
get pregnant. It's just loitering around with
nothing to do.

She nicks a switch. The image on the monitor changes. LOTS OF little
pink critters, occasionally SHOOTING OUT pseudopods at passing corpuscles -
sometimes actually INGESTING them.

SUSAN

This is me. It's interested. No action yet, but
definite possibilities. And this . . .

Flick - another new image. Pink blobs everywhere, FEASTING.

ALBERT

Jesus, it's an orgy!

She gives him a tight little cockeyed smile ...

SUSAN

Six months pregnant. Work to do. Cells to
invade. DNA to ruin . . .

ALBERT

What is it? It's not a virus, exactly. It -

SUSAN

Albert, I don't have a bleeding clue what it is.

There's nothing like it on the books. All I
know is, it's awfully good at what it does.

She turns off the monitor. They sit there in glum silence.

12.

ALBERT

That last sample. Was that Donna?

SUSAN nods wearily.

ALBERT

She's still going to carry the baby to term?

SUSAN

I guess she's hoping for a breakthrough. I
guess she's counting on us to . . .

The odds against them are too enormous. She can't even say the words.

24. INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

A remote linkup site for ABC Nightline. A CAMERA CREW bustles
around a bank of MONITORS on which we see live footage of a) a smug
REVEREND; b) a State Dept. TERRORJSM EXPERT; and c) TED KOPPEL,
at his desk in foreground, the other two composited behind him.

REVEREND [an monitor]

The year 2000 is upon us, Ted. We're seeing the fulfillment of biblical prophecy. There's no question the last days are at hand.

TERRORISM EXPERT [on monitor]

It's a simple failure of policy. We've known for years that the international terror network is heavily invested in biological weapons -

The THIRD GUEST is SUSAN, taping live right here in the linkup studio, and she's listened to this stuff long enough.

SUSAN

No. No. This is not something you can buy from your neighborhood arms broker. This is generations beyond anything we can do -

TERRORISM EXPERT

Yet somebody did it. If it didn't come out of our labs, then -

REVEREND

All things are possible with God.

13.

SUSAN and the EXPERT roll their eyes, let out snorts of frustration. The REVEREND sits there smiling, Buddha-like in his serenity.

KOPPEL

Reverend, exactly what are you getting at?

REVEREND

As a nation, Ted, we've denied the sanctity of human life; we've put our trust in scientists, like the young lady here, instead of in God; and now with this horrible plague our own sins are finally coming back to -

SUSAN

Oh, come on, Reverend. Is it biblical prophecy or is it my fault? Let's make up our minds.

TERRORISM EXPERT

We'd all love to hear your explanation.

SUSAN [on TV]

It's not divine retribution. It's not Islamic fundamentalists. I know this sounds absurd, I know it's ludicrous, but it's the only explanation that makes sense.

(long pause)

This plague did not originate on earth. We've been invaded.

25. INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

She opens the door, slams it shut behind her, and lets out a GASP.

The lights are on. There's a STRANGE MAN in her favorite reading chair, over by the wall of books. He's fortyish, Jamaican, perpetually bemused. He's smoking a pipe. He's made himself very much at home.

SUSAN

Who are you?

DODGE

Dr. Landis?

He jumps to his feet, shows her what he's been reading. It's a textbook on viruses. The author is SUSAN herself.

14.

DODGE

I was just wondering why they don't put the author's photo on textbooks. They'd sell a lot more copies in your case.

(extending a hand)

Raymond Dodge. I watched you on Nightline.

You were terrific.

SUSAN ignores his hand. She marches to the phone, dials 911.

SUSAN

Found the popcorn okay, I hope?

(into the phone)

Hello, I'd like to report a -

She stops in mid-sentence - stares at a pair of SUITCASES standing near the door. Her suitcases. She lowers the phone, GAPES at DODGE.

DODGE

Our plane's leaving in forty minutes.

SUSAN

Plane?

DODGE

I packed a couple of weeks' worth. If you need more things, we can have them sent.

SUSAN

You've been in all my stuff? What is this? I don't even know who you are!

DODGE

(patiently)

I'm Raymond Dodge, and I'm here on behalf of Dr. Troy --

SUSAN

Dr. Troy? Alexander Troy?

DODGE

From the JPL. You know him?

SUSAN

I get PBS.

15.

DODGE

He wants you to come to New Mexico tonight.

He has some . . . information that might be of interest to you.

SUSAN

About the plague?

(off DODGE's nod)

Does he know about telephones?

SUSAN storms to the front door and opens it to usher DODGE out.

SUSAN

You know, Mr. Dodge, I'd like to help you out, but the work I'm doing here is actually kind of important. I do appreciate the invitation . . .

Winching, DODGE looks past her into the hallway. SUSAN turns abruptly - and finds herself staring at two FEDS in dark suits and shiny shoes, posted on the landing outside her apartment door.

DODGE

Well, that's just it, Dr. Landis. It's not exactly what you'd call an invitation.

DODGE points to the suitcases. The FEDS barge in and grab one apiece.

SUSAN is too bewildered to protest.

CUT TO:

26. EXT. DESERT - AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Okay, call it Roswell - a top-secret underground facility hidden in the New Mexico desert. The only signs of it on the surface are a series of PLANE HANGARS carved out of a semicircular CLIFF WALL.

A MILITARY HELICOPTER slices through the cloudless skies and descends toward a vast MESA at the foot of the cliffs. Great horizontal PANELS set into the door of the plateau slide back to admit it. 27. ~T. HELICOPTER~PAV A USAF PILOT up front; in the rear are SUSAN and DODGE. She's looking about in amazement as the helicopter descends past SENTRY TOWERS and great swiveling ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS mounted in the sheer cliff walls.

16.

DODGE looks bored. He's smoking his pipe, paging through a sheaf of computer printouts. For him it's just another commuter flight.

28. RVT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - DAY

NORAD would be green with envy. everywhere you turn, there's a research team working at a bank of fantastically expensive equipment. It's the sort of place James Bond villains hang out, when they're plotting to overthrow the world.

A glass ELEVATOR CAPSULE disgorges SUSAN and DODGE.

SUSAN

You think you know where the plague originated?

DODGE

I'll let Troy tell you about it.

(to a TECHNICIAN)

Dino! Is Troy up yet?

DINO

You're just in time for his wake-up call.

SUSAN

(checking her watch)

Dr. Troy believes in getting his beauty sleep.

DODGE chuckles enigmatically. He leads SUSAN to a nearby lab area, where DINO is rotating a GLASS-AND-CHROME SARCOPHAGUS, seven feet long and REFRIGERATED, into an upright position.

SUSAN almost GASPS as the LID pops open. A hiss of FROSTY AIR comes gushing out . . .

DR. ALEXANDER TROY climbs slowly out of the cryo-unit and stretches. He's stiff and extremely cold. He's also STARK NAKED.

TROY

How long?

TECHNICIAN

36 hours. How do you feel?

TROY

Frosty. Any dermal damage? How do I look?

17.

SUSAN

You look smaller on TV.

TROY looks up, sees SUSAN, realizes he's at a social disadvantage.

DINO offers him a bathrobe. He pulls it on hurriedly . . .

DODGE

We can usually talk him into wearing pants. -

Susan Landis? Alexander Troy.

TROY

Dr. Landis! Your great admirer. I'm glad you could come on such short notice.

SUSAN

(snidely)

I had lots of help.

TROY

I hope the boys weren't too ... abrupt with you. You see, we're on a very tight schedule -

SUSAN

I can see a lot of tax money at work. But I still don't know what you're doing or why I'm here.

TROY

You're here because we need you.

SUSAN

Who's "we"?

TROY

The human race.

29. INT. LABORATORY~ DAY

SUSAN at a microscope, examining tissue and blood samples.

SUSAN

Yeah. That's it. This tissue's crawling with the stuff.

At her side are TROY, DODGE, and another scientist in a lab coat - WELDON STEWART, thirtyish, slightly pudgy, on the nerdy side.

18.

STEWART

The pink stuff. The vector. It appears to be some kind of self-replicating organic machine . . . all it does is reproduce and -

SUSAN

- and attack fetal DNA. Have you figured out

the coding yet? Do you know how it's programmed?
STEWART shrugs helplessly. SUSAN swivels around on the lab stool
and fixes the three men with her steeliest gaze.
SUSAN

Why don't we all just lay our cards on the
table, boys? I don't know where you got that
tissue sample I'm looking at . . . but I know
it's not human.
DODGE

We should've gone public a year ago . . . we'd
be that much farther ahead . . .
SUSAN

We thought we had it contained. But there
was blood loss - from the wound -
SUSAN

Stop it! Just tell me. In English - !!
TROY

Susan, there's someone we'd like you to meet.
30. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY
GREEN LIGHT floods a sealed VACUUM CHAMBER , visible through a
wall of UNBREAKABLE GLASS. On the other side, suspended from a
tangle of wires, hangs the FROZEN CORPSE . . . of an ORANGUTAN.

In a spacesuit. A bloodstained spacesuit, with a neat round BULLET
HOLE in the abdominal area.
TROY

We picked him out of New York Harbor.
About fourteen months ago.

19.
SUSAN

Where'd he come from?
DODGE

Best guess right now is an earth-like planet
orbiting Alpha Centauri.
TROY

Poor guy. Traveled almost five light-years to
earth - and a 19-year-old coast guardsman
shot him on sight.
SUSAN'S gaze is riveted on the Orang. His eyes remain open even in
death. He seems to be looking right at her ... pleading.
SUSAN

So someone put a diseased lab animal in a
spacecraft - and shot it to earth?
The men exchange a look . . . CHUCKLE among themselves.
STEWART

That's what we thought at first.
TROY

Then Dodge here started playing with the
navigational computers.
DODGE

The math was driving me crazy at first. We
count on our ten fingers - base ten. Well, this
baby was all programmed in base twenty.
SUSAN

. . .Fingers and toes.
Grins all around. The boys are warming up to SUSAN. They think alike.
TROY

That was no lab animal. That was the pilot.
CUT TO:

31. AERIAL POV SHOT - THE CRAHD CANYON - DAY
A POV SHOT from the cockpit of a supersonic, infinitely maneuverable
AIRCRAFT rocketing THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON. We SWOOP,

20.
DIP, ARC RIGHT and LEFT, DO A BARREL ROLL - all at nauseating,
vertiginous speed, barely avoiding the sheer rock walls on either side!
TECHNICIAN [o.s.]

Okay, I'm killing your left engine! You're
going into a tailspin!
PILOT [o.s.]

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!!
Suddenly we're SCREAMING DOWN toward the floor of the canyon!
32. INT. FLIGHT-SIMULATOR LAB - DAY
We're looking at a guy in a GYROSCOPIC SIMULATOR. He wears a
VIRTUAL-REALITY HELMET which gives him the aerial-landscape view
we've just seen. As he works the joystick, the HARNESS he's strapped
into PITCHES and YAWS just as an aircraft would. The simulator is
capable of 360-degree motion in all directions, so he's being swung back-
wards, forwards, upside down. It's like being in a milkshake machine.

He's a hell-raising hotshot of 26, and his name is CMDR. DAVID ASTOR.
VOICES call out from the floor below the simulator:
TROY

ASTROBOY!
DODGE

HEY, ASTROBOY!
ASTOR shaves a sharp turn just a little too close. He lets out a
SCREAM. The gyroscopic harness JERKS, BUCKS, JITTERS . . . and
comes to a DEAD HALT.

ASTOR pulls off his VR helmet, cursing a blue streak.
ASTOR

Goddammit, Troy, you pinheaded needle-

dicked slide-rule sucking son of a mentally defective monkey, you just made us crash on a alien goddam landscape!

TROY

Sorry! There's someone I want you to meet.

ASTOR unstraps himself, climbs down from the gyro unit. He takes one

21.

look at SUSAN and turns on the oily charm.

TROY

Susan Landis? Cmdr. David Astor. Our pilot.

ASTOR

The gene queen! My pleasure. I thought you were coming in a couple of weeks ago.

SUSAN

My invitation was lost in the mail.

ASTOR

Let me apologize for anything my colleagues may say or do. They come from a distant isle where beautiful women are only a myth.

He bows formally, kisses her hand - like an over-the-top parody of Eddie Haskell.

TROY

Astroboy was in the psychopathic ward.

The only way he could get out was to volunteer for this mission.

SUSAN

. . What mission?

ASTOR

They haven't shown you yet? Follow me.

38. INT. HANGAR - DAY

METAL DOORS roll back. BLINDING SUNLIGHT pours in. Inside the hangar, a FORTY-MAN GROUND CREW of mechanics is swarming around an utterly staggering sight.

It's a STARSHIP - the same one we saw dredged out of New York Harbor. It's no longer a charred, blackened mass; it's been restored to its full, pristine, butterfly-winged glory. TECHNICIANS are even now buffing it to a high sheen. It looks ready to lift off.

The boys can't help themselves. They break into big grins every time they see it. And SUSAN does likewise.

22.

SUSAN

Oh my God. - Does it fly?

TROY

(chuckling)

C'mon. I'll let you sit in the captain's chair.

34. INT. SPACECRAFT - DAY

as they enter. The interior is divided into a number of cramped compartment. The BRIDGE area has a large observation port - and, beneath it, an instrument console which duplicates the one in ASTOR's simulator.

SUSAN wanders around wide-eyed. She's actually standing inside an artifact from another world.

TROY

I was hoping to reverse-engineer the drive - learn to build one from scratch. But the plague tightened up our schedule.

SUSAN

You mean . . . ?

DODGE

It was programmed for a round-trip all along. So as long as we've got our boarding pass . . .

ASTOR

We're gonna fly this sucker right back where it came from!

As she moves from the bridge toward the rear compartments of the ship, she sees a row of five chrome-and-glass SARCOPHAGI - just like the one we saw TROY in.

SUSAN

Cryogenic tanks. So that's why you were relaxing in the deep-freeze . . .

TROY

The trip's going to take six years. The ship's not big enough for food and water, so -

DODGE

Well need a good rest anyway.

23.

The five SARCOPHAGI are all labelled with the names of their future occupants. SUSAN traces along with one finger - until she gets to the FIFTH chrome coffin, which bears no name.

SUSAN

Troy. Stewart. Astor. Dodge . . .

(pause; smiling)

One berth still open. Who's number five?

The others just stare at her. It takes her a good three seconds to get the picture. And off her shell shocked expression we

CUT TO:

INT. INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A six-piece Mexican marimba band supplies the soundtrack; a WAITER brings a fresh pitcher of margaritas over to a table near the outdoor patio, where we find TROY, DODGE, STEWART and ASTOR. There's a fifth place setting - SUSAN's - but she's not in her chair.

STEWART, potted, is drawing Minkowski diagrams on cocktail napkins. He's explaining relativity to ASTOR, an unreceptive student.
STEWART

Now we accelerate for a year - travel at max speed for four - and in the last year, we decelerate. Of course, due to relativistic time dilation, six years for us will be thirty-four on earth. But if we send our findings back by radio, there should still be a handful of fertile pre-menopausal women . . .
A gorgeous COCKTAIL WAITRESS slinks past. ASTOR eyes her and claps STEWART briskly on the shoulder . . .
ASTOR

Hold that thought, Stewart. I'm gonna get us a fresh batch of cocktail napkins. He jumps up, dogging the WAITRESS's heels. TROY, meanwhile, is anxiously scanning the restaurant.
TROY

What happened to Susan?

24.
DODGE

Ladies' room, I think -
TROY

That was ten minutes ago.
The two of them exchange a nervous look. TROY heads outdoors.

36. EXT. DESERT~ NIGHT
She's wandered down from the outdoor patio into the desert. She's out among the cacti, wandering along a dry creek bed, staring at the stars. TROY wanders up behind her.
TROY

. . . Need a little air?
SUSAN

I'm sorry. I was just listening to all of you talk about the future . . . and I got this awful, clammy sense that the future was all used up.
TROY

Children are the future. Take them away, and you take away hope.
A weird pronouncement, coming from TROY. She looks at him askance.
SUSAN

You have kids?
TROY

No. I did, but . . . no.
She waits for a further explanation. After a few seconds she realizes there's not going to be one. TROY has some sort of emotional wound that he doesn't want probed; she respects his wishes.
SUSAN

Why'd you pick on me, Troy? There are others
in my field that are at least as qualified. More
experienced . . .

TROY

It's not a flattering answer.

25.

SUSAN

I'm past caring about politesse.

TROY

We had three candidates. You were the best -
and you had the least to lose.
She looks at him as if he's slapped her in the face.

TROY

The others had families. Obligations, ties . . .
reasons to stay behind.

SUSAN

I had a calico cat once. Till it died.

TROY

You have a sister in Florida. You've been
engaged twice; you broke it off both times.
You haven't had a date in seven months -

SUSAN

Well, Christ, I've been working, haven't I.

TROY

- which puts you in exactly the same category
as the rest of us. We've all had our lives
collapse around us. We get on with it. We do
our work!

Her mood softens a little.

SUSAN

I don't want the destiny of the race on my
shoulders, that's all.

(shaking her head)

They still line up outside the CDC. Pregnant
women, every day. They know there's nothing
we can do for them, but they show up anyway
-- just wanting to see us, or touch us, or -

TROY

Susan? If we stay here, we die. If we go there
(pointing skyward)

- we find an answer, or we fail. But at least
we took that one tiny chance we had.

26.
SUSAN

Which one's ours?

TROY turns her around - points to the southwest corner of the sky. As she searches for the tiny twinkling pinprick of Alpha Centauri, the camera TILTS up - up - upward into the heavens . . . and we DISSOLVE TO:

37. EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

A BRILLIANT STARFIELD like the one we just left. And in fact we might think we're still back in the New Mexico desert . . .

. . . except for the BLACK SPACECRAFT~ that appears out of nowhere and comes zooming right at us. The CAMERA WHIP PANS WITH IT as it speeds beyond the ringed splendor of Saturn, vanishing into the icy dark.

38. INT. SPACECRAFT - night

TIGHT ON THE INSTRUMENT CONSOLE at the front of the cockpit. Two side-by-side CHRONOMETERS read:

SIDEREAL DATE: 11/19/01 21:07:17

EARTH DATE: 07/08/02 11:51:03

Needless to say, the SECOND chronometer is ticking off the minutes at a visibly faster clip than the first.

We move back through the ghostly silence of the ship, past lab gear and radio telescopes, to the PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - five frosted-over SARCOPHAGI standing upright in a row. We see the LABELS on each: ASTOR. STEWART. DODGE. TROY...

And, last but not least, LANDIS.

39. EXT. OUTER SPACE - SERIES OF DISSOLVES - THE CRAFT

Past the solar system and well on its way to Alpha Centauri. The ship is now at full velocity, and space-time is WARPING around it. The stars look distended, almost liquid ... as if the universe had begun to MELT.

40. INT. SPACECRAFT - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Through the observation bay, THREE SUNS burn brightly. We've entered another solar system. The CHRONOMETERS read:

27.

SIDEREAL TIME: 03/29/16 01:94:30

EARTH TIME: 06/21/33 12:02:56

Then: a sudden GRINDING NOISE as gears come to life. LIGHTS flick on in the darkened craft; OXYGEN hisses through ventilation grates . . .

TROY's cryo-unit expels a little CLOUD OF CONDENSATION as the seal breaks. The chrome & glass lid retracts and he floats out, WEIGHTLESS. He grabs an upright, takes a deep breath, and pulls himself down to the floor so his VELCRO SHOES can take hold of the carpet.

ASTOR [o.s.]

Man, I've woken up with some ugly-ass

critters in my time, but this -

TROY looks up. ASTOR is floating HORIZONTIALLY two feet overhead.

TROY

Asshole. I'm even glad to see you.

ASTOR lets out a Texas whoop, REVELING in his own weightlessness.

He KICKS OFF on a bulkhead, launching himself toward the cockpit up

front. DODGE and SUSAN are floating out of their coffins as well . . .
DODGE

Give me a bagel and a New York Times.
This gets a LAUGH out of the boys. SUSAN joins in. But then -
SUSAN

What the hell's that?
SMALL PURPLE GLOBULES the size of a poker chip art floating in the
air before her eyes. The men look around; they're all-over the cabin. As
ate numerous bits of SHATTERED GLASS . . .
SUSAN

Stewart?
All eyes turn to the fifth coffin. The chrome half of the lid is still in place.
But the glass is missing, except for a few ragged shards stuck in the
frame. It seems to have exploded outward ...

DODGE touches one of the purple poker chips.
DODGE

Blood.

28.
They exchange nervous looks. SUSAN peers around a corner... and the
bloodless, bone-white corpse of STEWART floats out to greet her.
There's a big open GASH on the back of his left hand.
SUSAN

He must've cut his hand when the glass blew.
DODGE

Near-vacuum conditions - his bloodstream
would've emptied out in a couple of seconds -
TROY

And it never coagulated. No oxygen. Till now.
Stunned silence - till ASTOR sticks his head in from the cockpit area.
ASTOR

Save it for later. Man your stations. Now!
TROY

He's our friend, Astor - he's dead -
ASTOR

He's probably been dead for a decade or two.
The rest of us are one hour to touchdown, and
we got us a way funky port stabilizer.
DODGE

Meaning what?
ASTOR

Meaning we're damn sure lucky we got a pilot on board.

41. EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

A HUGE, BLUE-GREEN PLANET looms before us as the spacecraft hurtles toward its surface, dwindling down into the tiniest of specks.

42. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE DECENT

We break through the clouds into a bleak, beautiful, icy landscape of CANYONS and MOUNTAIN RANGES. The ship swoops, dives, pitches as ASTOR feels out the lay of the land . . .

29.

43. INT. SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

Our four surviving spacefarers huddled around the observation port.
ASTOR

God damn. Come on. Gimme something flat!

DODGE

(at the radar screen)

I'm showing a flat basin - about six acres -
nine clicks west. That room enough for you?

ASTOR

Stand back and watch me work.

44. EXT. MOUNTAIN BASIN - ON SHIP - NIGHT

With VTOL rockets blazing the ship descends to the icy, snow-covered plain below. MOUNTAINS surround it in all directions.

45. INT. CRAFT - NIGHT

A soft THUNK and they're down - the first humans to land on another planet. The momentousness of the occasion doesn't escape them. For a few moments they just sit there, staring at each other, until . . .

DODGE

Atmospheric readout says it's safe to breathe.

TROY

Better wear the excursion suits anyway. Well
need to keep warm.

46. EXT. MOUNTAIN BASIN - NIGHT

The hatch opens. Hydraulic steps descend. Our four spacefarers step out of the craft and into their new environment.

There's snow and ice everywhere you look. FOUR MOONS of various sizes shine above. Low on the horizon hangs the tiny red orb of Proxima Centauri, the smallest sun in this triple-star system. Because of the planet's orbital angle, Proxima Centauri NEVER SETS. It burns like a perpetual nightlight, bathing the landscape in a dim, dull neon glow.

The group communicates by means of RADIO MIKES in their helmets.

30.

TROY [filter]

I guess somebody ought to take off his helmet.

Any volunteers?

LONG SILENCE. They exchange looks. No eager beavers in this group.

SUSAN [filter]

Astroboy?

ASTOR [filter]

My mama always taught me ladies first.
SUSAN rises to the challenge. She twists TWO KNOBS on either side of her collar, breaking the airtight seal. Then she lifts her helmet off and TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

Two breaths. She LAUGHS. The others follow suit. Within moments they're all breathing the rarefied air of a new world, and LAUGHING.
PULL BACK TO:

47. POV SHOT - FROM ROCKS - ON MOUNTAIN BASIN
Their LAUGHTER echoes in the distance. From this rocky perch high above the basin we can see the whole tableau: the ship, its passengers -

- and, as dawn breaks over the mountains, we can see something else as well. The unmistakable silhouette of a crude stone-tipped SPEAR in the foreground ... and clutching it, a HUMAN HAND.

48. EXT. MOUNTAIN BASIN - DAY
TROY and DODGE are a short distance uphill from the ship, standing over a man-sized PILE OF ROCKS. DODGE pulls a tiny AMERICAN FLAG from his pocket and PLANTS IT at the head of the grave. They linger there a moment saying their silent farewells to STEWART.

ASTOR and SUSAN are unloading gear from the spaceship. In the glare of the triple sun, the snow around the ship's begun to turn slushy.
ASTOR

Whoa, little lady. Let me carry that for you.

31.
SUSAN

Enough with the chivalry, okay? I'm not some delicate nower. Crazy as it sounds, women can lift crates just iike men.
ASTOR

Landis - I happen to likt women. If it was up to me, we wouldte brought four women.
SUSAN

And one man? - Who's the man?
ASTOR

Three guesses.
By now, DODGE and TROY have come trudging down to join them. The two scientists take seats on newly-unloaded CRATES.
TROY

Four women and Astroboy. It's macabre.
ASTOR
Well, like it or not, gentlemen, the four of us just may be humanity's last chance to perpetuate itself as a species.
SUSAN is REELING from this line of discussion. Waving htr hands, shaking her head in disbelief, she wanders back to the ship.
SUSAN

WHOA-A-A. Check, please!

49. POV SHOT - ON THE FOURSOME

Now we're watching them from the vantage of an UNSEEN OBSERVER moving gradually closer past icy boulders, around trees . . .

SUSAN

Excuse me - boys - I just put the radio box over by this rock. - And now it's gone.

NERVOUS LOOKS all around. They hear a BIRD CALL. From among the boulders - awfully close. Then another - as if answering the first . . .

DODGE

Let's get back in the ship.

32.

No debate necessary. The four of them back cautiously toward the craft, scanning the plain, the surrounding boulders.

50. INT. SPACECRAFT - A MOMENT LATER

The moment they're inside with the hatch closed, they hear a series of metallic CLANGS against the outer skin of the craft.

TROY

Someone's throwing shit at us . . .

ASTOR's way ahead of him on that count. He ignites the VTOL rockets.

51. EXT. PLAIN - ON SPACECRAFT

Several ROCKS and a crude SPEAR bounce off the ship. We pan down to the ROCKETS blasting fuel onto the snowy plain . . .

We hear a strange CREAKING noise - and then, without warning, a great big FISSURE opens up under the spacecraft.

52. INT. CRAFT - THAT MOMENT

Suddenly the craft PITCHES SIDEWAYS. Everyone in it is THROWN TO THE FLOOR. TROY drags himself up to the console - stares out the viewport at GREAT SLABS OF ICE breaking up beneath them -

TROY

Jesus Christ. We're on a lake!!!

53. EXT. PLAIN - ON SPACECRAFT - THAT MOMENT

The ship's at a 45-degree angle and SLIDING RAPIDLY into the icy waters. The hatch blows; ASTOR and DODGE dive out and tumble across the ice to safety.

SUSAN's next -

- but when she hits the ice, it GIVES WAY BENEATH HER! TROY sees her disappearing into the freezing water -

TROY

SUSAN!!

- and without hesitation, DIVES IN AFTER HER!

33.

54. UNDERWATER SHOT - BENEATH THE ICE

She's sinking like a stone. He grabs her, tries to swim to the surface, but CAN'T - she's too heavy. Another thirty seconds and they're goners.

The SHIP continues to slide into the water. TROY drags SUSAN laterally to the ship ... catches hold of the open hatch, and manages to PULL THEM BOTH along the exterior of the hull, toward sunlight . . .

55. EXT. LAKE - A MOMENT LATER

They break the surface, GASPING. TROY lifts SUSAN out and they flop on the ice, exhausted and hypothermic, TEETH CHATTERING from the cold. Their suits are full of water. Another minute or two out here on the floe, and their suits will be full of ICE instead.

SUSAN

Sh-should've . . . sh-should've let me . . .

TROY

You're the most important cargo we've got.
(shuddering)

Suits full of water - we'll freeze if we -
A SPEAR whizzes between their faces and MBEDS ITSELF in the ice.

They look around. DODGE and ASTOR have been taken captive by a HUNTING PARTY - two dozen SHAGGY, FUR-CLAD STONE AGE MEN.

55. INT. CAVE - DAY

In the deepest pocket of a labyrinthine CAVE DWELLING we find our four heroes seated around a fire. DODGE and ASTOR are still wearing their excursion suits, but TROY and SUSAN are bundled up in borrowed animal furs.

They're being guarded by a tight circle of WOMEN and OLD MEN. The women chew hides, the geezers chip flint tools. A CHILD paws at the odd fabric of ASTOR's suit; ASTOR slaps back, makes a face at him.

The CHILD breaks into wild, hyena-like laughter. His mother grunts and whacks him sharply upside the head.

ASTOR

Hey, Troy:, I forgot. Which one of these guys was the spaceship designer?

34.

TROY

Look. They're human. That doesn't make them the dominant species.

DODGE

They're obviously dominating us.

ASTOR

A bunch of women, Medicare patients - hell. Why wait? We can take 'em right now. SUSAN's been staring off into the distance through all this.

SUSAN

The men are down at the mouth of the cave, Astor. They're having a council meeting.

TROY

Probably deciding whether to worship us, or eat us.

DODGE

With a nice chi-ant-i.

DODGE

ASTOR

Listen. There's a crate of rifles down by the lake. If we can get to 'em - if just one of us can get to 'em . . .

DODGE pulls out his pipe and LIGHTS IT with a Zippo. The TRIBESMEN GASP, awed and fascinated at the sight of the tiny FLAME.

He holds it out for an old MAN to TOUCH. The old man lets out a YELP, and DODGE quickly snaps the lighter SHUT. Almost at once, THREE OF THEIR GUARDIANS clamber off over the rocks to bring this shocking news to the tribal leaders. TROY LAUGHS . . .

TROY

That settles it. We're gods.

DODGE

Hey, I'm the god. You three can be my little elves.

The TRIBAL LEADERS come hunyng into the rear cavern. DODGE rises boldly to his feet, holds up the lighter and demonstrates its use.

35.

The TRIBESMEN gasp in unison. They start to move in toward the flame - but the merest gesture from DODGE sends them back, cringing ...

ASTOR

Man. You got this god shit down.

The TRIBESMEN chatter and grunt excitedly among themselves. But then, abruptly, they FREEZE - going absolutely silent. Our four captives stare at one another in confusion. A deathly HUSH in the cave . . .

Then they hear it.

Distant musical notes - the sound of a HUNTER'S HORN signalling the start of the chase -

- and suddeniy the TRIBESPEOPLE are RUNNING OFF in all directions, some toward the back of the cave, some toward the front. Five seconds later TROY and the gang are standing there alone and unguarded.

57. INT. CAVE - NEAR MOUTH - POV TROY

There's a huge CAMPFIRE blazing in the large vault at the mouth of the cave, and the TRIBE is running around it in a shrieking panic. Some leap out of the cave; others crawl into cramped nooks and crannies. The HORN sounds again - accompanied by a throbbing, warlike DRUMBEAT.

TROY and SUSAN emerge, spot the cave entrance just past the campfire - and find themselves staring out at an unbelievable sight.

HOVERING just outside the mouth of the cave is a WHIRLYBIRD. And seated in it, aiming what looks like a BAZOOKA directly at us . . .

. . . is a GORILLA in full military dress!

He fires. A canister of TEAR GAS rattles across the cave floor. An instant later, everyone's choking on NOXIOUS GREEN FUMES.

58. EXT CAVE MOUTH - THAT MOMENT

A BILLOWING GREEN CLOUD pours out of the cave - and with it, MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN, who dive out GASPLING onto the steep, rocky slopes below. The cave mouth is flanked by gas-masked GORILLAS with guns and prods. One of them yanks on a CABLE . . .

... and a HUGE NET springs up to snare the humans as they come tumbling head-over-heels from the mouth of the cave!

36.

59. INT. CAVE - DEEP TUNNEL - THAT MOMENT

In the swirling gas it's almost impossible to see. DODGE has fallen in with a batch of tribesmen who are tacing DEEPER into the cave.

They're clambering up a craggy wall toward an AIRHOLE - just big enough to crawl through. SCREAMS and WAILING as the tribespeople climb OVER one another in their panic to get out.

DODGE stares up at the airhole. It's as if someone's standing outside, opening and closing a TRAP DOOR, letting one human out at a time . . .

VOICE [o.s.]

PULL! !

60. EXT. AIRHOLE - ON THE SLOPES - THAT MOMENT

Outside, we can see that TWO GORILLAS are holding a wooden PLANK in place over the AIRHOLE.

GORILLA I

PULL!

On command from their comrade, they lift the plank for a couple of seconds. A HUMAN climbs out and bolts off at a sprint - until GORILLA I, who's posted a short ways off, takes aim with his rifle and FIRES.

Skeet shooting ... with humans.

61. INT. CAVE - TUNNEL - A MOMENT LATER

DODGE at the airhole. The plank opens. Two grinning GORILLAS stare down at him. Horrified, he leaps back down over the mass of bodies. The others continue lemming-like toward their fates as he races deeper into the cave, looking for another exit.

57. INT. CAVE MOUTH - A MOMENT LATER

The rifle-toting, gas-masked APE GUARDS on either side of the cave entrance. The one on the left leans around to have a peek inside; and the red-hot end of a BIG FLAMING LOG, freshly plucked from the campfire, slams squarely into his gut. Dropping his rifle with a shriek, he LOSES HIS FOOTING and goes bouncing off among the rocks.

TROY steps out of the cave and heaves his blazing louisville slugger down the side of the cliffs. The SECOND APE GUARD calls out through

37.
the thick greenish smoke ...
APE GUARD II

Cletus! What was that??
TROY

HELP! HELP!
APE GUARD II climbs down from his perch to investigate. He starts to cut across the cave mouth, but the instant he steps onto the ledge - ASTOR'S HAND closes around his collar - and sends him slamming to the cave floor! The last thing this ape ever sees is SUSAN, poised above him with a big nasty BOULDER, about to PULVERIZE his SKULL.

Grabbing the dead ape's rifle, ASTOR and SUSAN hook up with TROY on the rocks above the cave. As they scan the landscape they can see that they're in the midst of a truly massive operation:

FLEETS of TRUCKS and all-terrain vehicles down below ... a veritable ARMY of gorillas and chimpanzees. And in the skies, FOUR MORE HELICOPTERS, FUMIGATING all the nearby caves with tear gas.
TROY

We've got to go up. It's the only way -
ASTOR hands him the rifle, claps him on the shoulder -
ASTOR

Sorry, I'm heading for that crate of rifles. Meet you back here on New Year's Eve.

63. EXT. SNOWY SLOPE - THAT MOMENT
HUMANS scrambling down a big open expanse of perfect powder. TWO APES IN SNOWMOBILES appear over the crest of the hill; a NET stretches between the two vehicles, effortlessly SCOOPING UP HUMANS as the Skidoos whiz past.

64. EXT. ROCKY DEFILE - THAT MOMENT
APES ON SKIS converge from several directions, FIRING PISTOLS into the air. They're HERDING a group of frightened humans down through a series of PROGRESSIVELY SMALLER OPENINGS in the rocks.

An APE swings an AXE - severing a SUPPORT ROPE. The snowy ground

38.
beneath the humans' feet suddenly DROPS AWAY, and they plunge headlong into a PITFALL - conveniently lined with netting for easy removal of the day's catch.

65. EXT. ROCKS ABOVE FROZEN LAKE - THAT MOMENT
MORE HUMANS making their way downhill - including ASTOR, who sticks out like a sore thumb in his spacesuit. A TRIBESMAN collides with him from behind, knocking him off his feet.

He gets up cursing - then hears a metallic SNAP and a howl of PAIN. The TRIBESMAN is writhing, leg caught in a STEEL BEAR TRAP - as ASTOR surely would've been if he'd kept to the same path!

He reaches the campsite and the CRATE OF RIFLES. RIPS OFF THE LID. Reaches down - and feels a BEE STING on his neck.

It's a TRANQUILIZING DART. He barely has time to yank it out before he topples to the ground in a heap. An APE in sun goggles skis up to the site, stops on a dime. He gazes in puzzlement at ASTOR's odd garb, at the crate of rifles. He reaches into his designer parka and pulls out a CELLULAR PHONE.

66. EXT. HIGH GROUND - THAT MOMENT

TROY and SUSAN keeping low to the ground, working their way from one hiding place to the next, with GUNSHOTS echoing all around them.

They take cover amid a cluster of BOULDERS to do some quick recon. If they can make it across a big flat expanse of snow, they might be able to hide out in the rocky cliffs beyond. Unfortunately, APES ON SKIDOOS are crisscrossing the plain, PICKING OFF stray humans . . .

TROY

TROY If we could grab one of those things . . .

An ENGINE guns behind them. SUSAN peers around the boulder:

SUSAN

Look out. There's one coming up behind us.

TROY braces himself against the boulder. At the last instant he swings his RIFLE up into the approaching snowmobile's path. WHAM! - the Skidoo keeps going, but the GORILLA stays behind.

39.

TROY and SUSAN race toward the abandoned vehicle and climb aboard. As they take off across the snows, a WHIRLYBIRD swoops into view . . .

67. INT. WHIRLYBIRD - MOVING - THAT MOMENT

An APE PILOT and an APE GUNNER staring down in SHEER GLEE at the sight of two humans piloting a SNOWMOBILE.

PILOT

Get a load of this. They're making a getaway!

GUNNER

Human see, human do!

Chortling, they PEPPER the ground below with MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

The engine of the hijacked Skidoo takes a hit. It begins to trail OILY SMOKE as TROY frantically ZIGZAGS among the rocks to evade fire.

68. EXT. SLOPES - ON SKIDOO - MOVING

TROY and SUSAN GLIDING over the crest of a hill. Their eyes widen in unison. They SLAM ON THE BRAKES - SKID KARD LEFT -

- and stop mere feet away from the edge of a PRECIPICE. They're trapped on the brink of a YASWNING CHASM, a thousand feet deep . . .

A SECOND WHIRLYBIRD rises up from the canyon, no more than twenty feet in front of them, and BLANKETS THE SNOWMOBILE in a thick shroud of KNOCKOUT GAS.
FADE THROUGH TO:

69. EXT. ROAD - ON TRANSPORT - MOVING - DAY
An OVERHEAD VIEW of a TRANSPORT TRUCK driving down a frozen, muddy mountain trail. The back of it's outfitted as a big open CAGE, and it's full of HUMAN BODIES. Dead? Unconscious? Hard to tell.

Atop the stack of bodies is ASTOR - still in his excursion suit. He wakes up - reacts in horror and disgust to the animal stench all around him.

70. EXT. OUTDOOR HOLDING PEN - DAY
Bare, muddy ground. SUSAN is sprawled there, a couple of feet away from TROY - who's moaning softly, right on the verge of coming around.

40.
ASTORS VOICE [o.s.]

TROY! TROY!!
TROY sits up slowly, aching all over. He sees the TRANSPORT TRUCK rumbling past, with ASTOR in the back.
ASTORS

HEY, TROY!!
TROY tries to answer, but breaks out into a fit of violent COUGHING the after-effect of the gas attack.

71. EXT. ROAD - ON TRUCK - THAT MOMENT
The chimp driver, MARCELLUS, looks nervously back over his shoulder and slams on the brakes. He climbs out of the open cab and peers into the CAGE - looking for an ape stowed away among the humans.
MARCELLUS

Who said that? Who's in there?
ASTOR

Hey. Open this thing up. Let me out of here.
MARCELLUS makes no reply - except for a SQUEAK OF SHOCK. He JUMPS BACK as ASTOR rattles the bars.
ASTOR

Yeah, you, monkey boy. Let me out! Who the hell's in charge around here?
MARCELLUS fires a TASER WEAPON - what the apes call a "stinger" - at ASTOR. The human jerks, twitches, and topples over, unconscious.
MARCELLUS

Colonel Ursus!! Colonel Ursus!!
A burly, uniformed GORILLA marches over to MARCELLUS' truck.</ul
MARCELLUS

The man. The one in the strange clothes. He was speaking!
URSUS

Speaking? Speaking words? Are you drunk?

41.
MARCELLUS

No, it's true! You warned us to report anything unusual . . .

72. INT. PEN - ON TROY AND SUSAN - THAT MOMENT
TROY is gaping at the gorillas and ASTOR, TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR. SUSAN picks this inopportune moment to wake up ...
SUSAN

Where -
TROY clamps a hand firmly over her mouth before she can say any more.</ul

73. EXT. ROAD - ON THE APES - THAT MOMENT
URSUS

You did well to tell me. Lord Zaius will be pleased.
(looking around suspiciously)

Have the human brought to the command tent. Tell no one what you saw.
Understand?
URSUS strides off past the pen. He doesn't notice TROY, his hand still clamped over SUSAN's mouth, lying back in the mud - and pulling her down with him.

74. EXT. CLEARING - DUSK
A brightly decorated ROYAL WHIRLYBIRD touches down in an open field. GORILLAS rush wildly about, unrolling CARPETS over muddy patches.

Out steps LORD ZAIUS - a princely Orangutan with bright orange fur, garbed in the colorful ceremonial robes of a simian Senator. Orangs are the mandarin class of the planet - benevolent dictators, except for the benevolent part - and they rule by universally-acknowledged divine right.

ZAIUS is the alpha male of alpha males, a furry Gordon Gecko, ruthless, calculating and, as apes go, sexually magnetic. He revels unashamedly in his own power, his own vast appetites. Other apes of every rank quite literally clear a path when they see him coming, hunching meekly like peasants before the feudal baron.

COL. URSUS bows and consults briefly with him. Concerned, ZAIUS waves off his entourage and goes with URSUS to the command tent.

42.
75. INT. COMMAND TENT - DUSK
ASTOR lies in a heap in the middle of the tent, UNCONSCIOUS. He's wearing manacles and leg irons, and he's chained to a STAKE.

MARCELLUS, the cart driver, is waiting demurely in a corner. His eyes go wide and he GASPS AUDIBLY at the arrival of.. .
MARCELLUS

LORD ZAIUS!!
He FLINGS himself worshipfully to the ground. ZAIUS sighs wearily.

ZAIUS

Oh, get up, before I trip over you. You're the one who found this ... talldng human?

MARCELLUS

Yes, your lordship. I reported it directly to Col. Ursus -

URSUS

And I to you. Not a word to anyone else.

ZAIUS nods, pleased. He takes a pitcher of water from a camp table and EMPTIES it on ASTOR - who comes around gradually, GROANING.

ZAIUS

I'm Lord Zaius. You are my prisoner. I'm told you have a trick you wish to perform for us.

ASTOR

. . . Kiss my ass.

STUNNED SILENCE. ZAIUS stares at URSUS . . . at MARCELLUS . . .

. . . then breaks into gales of GREAT, THUNDEROUS, THIGH-SLAPPING LAUGHTER. As soon they're sure it's okay, URSUS and MARCELLUS join in. ASTOR rattles his chains whiie they stand there YUCKING IT UP.

ZAIUS

I like that, I do. Oh, that's clever. Did you learn it in the circus?

ASTOR

My name is David Astor. Lieutenant Commander, United States Air Force . . .

43.

URSUS

Another was sighted in the same strange garb. His hide was dark, like the southern tribes.

ZAIUS

Is that true? Did you bring your friends with you? How many?

(no reply)

How many of you are there?

ASTOR SPITS at him. The ape underlings GASP. ZAIUS shows no reaction at first - merely wipes the gobbet away with a handkerchief. Then, abruptly, he GRABS a fist of ASTOR's hair - PULLS the human's face within an inch of his own - and BARES HIS TEETH:

ZAIUS

HOW MANY?

ASTOR

Get your filthy paws off me, you damned dirty ape!!

ZAIUS SLITS HIS THROAT with one swift stroke of the STRAIGHT RAZOR concealed in his free hand.

He lets the limp ASTOR drop to the ground. He wipes his razor with the same handkerchief, pockets both. Then, shuddering in disgust, he SNIFFS his own paw - the one with ASTOR's scent on it.

ZAIUS

Grodd, they stink, don't they - !
Poor feeble-minded MARCEUUS finally pipes up:
MARCELLUS

If I may humbly ask your Lordship . . . how is it that the beast was able to speak?

ZAIUS

Speak? Marcellus, if you've read your sacred scrolls you know that humans cannot speak. They lack the animating spark of divinity.

ZAIUS

But, Lord Zaius - you saw it, I saw it - Ursus saw it-

44.

ZAIUS

Is it so, Ursus? Did you see such a thing?
URSUS

No, your lordship.
ZAIUS

Execute the heretic.
MARCELLUS

Lord Zaius, I beg you! You must know it's -
ZAIUS cocks an eyebrow at URSUS. BANG!! - End of plea.

URSUS holsters his gun and stands at attention, awaiting orders. ZAIUS kneels by the corpse to check for a pulse - and finds none.

ZAIUS

These wild ravings would surely have alarmed the rank and file. Don't you agree?
URSUS

Quite so, your lordship. You may rely upon my absolute discretion.
With a click of the heels he turns to go. ZATUS picks up MARCELLUS' gun - and TRAINS IT at the back of the unsuspecting gorilla's head.
ZAIUS

Oh, that I guarantee.

76. EXT. COMMAND TENT - THAT MOMENT - DUSK
A SECOND SHOT rings out. SEVERAL APE GUARDS come racing to the tent just as ZAIUS emerges, shaking his head sadly.</ul
APE GUARD

Your lordship! Are you all right? We heard gunshots!
ZAIUS

Yes, a tragic chain of events. We may never know exactly what happened.
DISSOLVE TO:</b

45.

77. INT. DELOUSING BUNKER - DAY

GORILLAS herd TROY and the other males through a cement bunker, where they're hosed down with an acrid chemical spray.

78. EXT. DETENTION PEN - DAY

In the yard outside, the WOMEN are being forced one-by-one through a wooden STALL, like cattle at a slaughterhouse. A CHIMP VET jams a nine-inch SYRINGE into a howling female's haunches.

Then he reloads for the nutt customer . . . SUSAN.

VET

Next.

79. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

TROY and SUSAN caged in the back of a TRANSPORT TRUCK. They ride past a big open PIT - where they see GORILLAS whistling and cracking jokes as they heave HUMAN BODIES into a MASS GRAVE.

One of the corpses is still wearing a spacesuit. ASTOR.

TROY and SUSAN turn their eyes in horror. The truck rumbles down the narrow mountain roads and runs onto a more modern thoroughfare ...

80. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE APE HIGHWAY

a LIMO with a chimpanzee driver cruises past. The tinted rear windows open, and a pair of posh Orang PARENTS point the human truck out to their KIDS, who wave excitedly;

a BILLBOARD for Apeland's favorite cartoon family, the SIMIANS, Thursdays at nine on channel 2;

a BILLBOARD with an ape track star clearing a hurdle as he endorses WHEATIES - Breakfast of Chimpanzees;

a vast THEME PARK, with rides and roller coasters. Standing watch over it all is the gigantic figure of MICKEY MONKY in his white gloves and red two-buttoned shorts.

a BILLBOARD advertising casual wear, with a sepia photo of a monster ape and the legend "GARGANTUA WORE KHAKIS"

46.

a BILLBOARD for chocolate peanut butter cups - Rhesus Pieces;

a roadside REST STOP, with dozens of trucks and station wagons parked outside fast-food joints - BANANA KING, INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF MANGO PATTIES, McCOCONUTS (over 21 billion served);

a BILLBOARD showing a stern gorilla in military garb saluting the camera, with the slogan FOR GRODD AND COUNTRY - Elect Colinius to the House of Primates';

a BILLBOARD featuring an anorexic, waiflike ape, nude from the waist up, arms wrapped around her chest, announcing "FETISH - the new perfume by Calvinus";

a suburban MULTIPLEX THEATRE. The left side of the house is showing the visionary sci-fi epic "12 MONKEYS." The right side has little Macaque Cullcin in the comedy smash "HOME ALONE 2."

TROY and SUSAN react with growing amazement to each new wonder. It's a cracked, crazy-quilt PARODY of earth culture - and it's too uncomfortably close to the real thing to have developed accidentally. It's a madhouse - a madhouse!

81. EXT. APE CITY - DAY

Apes are naturally arboreal, and their cities are VERTICALLY ORIENTED - storefront stacked upon storefront, five and six deep, all accessible by means of TREES and LADDERS.

Apes don't actually cross the streets - not on the ground, anyway. They use the MONKYBARS suspended over every intersection. The skyline is CLOGGED with monkeybars, connecting every home, every business.

TROY and SUSAN stare above them at the APE BUSINESSMEN headed for work, swinging from bar to bar in three-piece suits, BRIEFCASES clenched tightly in their teeth.

82. EXT. ZRI - ESTABLISHING - DAY

On a hilltop above the city sits the ZRI - or, as the sign at the entrance informs us, Zoological Research Institute. The truck pulls in . . .

There's a large, modern building just off the parking lot, and behind it, a good two acres carefully landscaped with streams, trees, and concrete caves to simulate a 'natural' environment for its human denizens.

47.

A kennel-like SPUR extends from the back of the main building, almost bisecting the outdoor habitat. Lined with windows and stalls, it offers shelter from the rain and cold when needed, as well as a discreet vantage point from which the scientists can observe the animals' interaction.

83. INT. LAB/HABITAT - DAY

The ZRI is in the capable paws of DR. ZIRA, a brilliant, dedicated young zoologist, the chimp equivalent of Jane Goodall. At the moment she's bottle-feeding a HUMAN BABY, cradling it in her arms, COOING to it.

This heartening act of simian kindness is the first thing TROY and SUSAN see when their gorilla warders, SCIPIO and BERNARDUS, lead them into the ZRI with the other humans from the transport truck.</ul

ZIRA

Oh, good, the new lot! Check their heads, will you? The last batch was crawling with ticks.

A chimp ORDERLY wheels a gurney out of a nearby room. On it is a HUMAN MALE, newly autopsied, chest cavity open, several vital organs missing. The new arrivals chitter and jump in agitation . . .

ZIRA

Messenio. Where is the sheet? We have a fresh shipment of humans, and the first thing you show them is a cadaver with no sheet.

ORDERLY

But Dr. Zira. They're animals. It's not like -

ZIRA

All animals understand death. Why, look at the big one here. He's pale as a ghost!

She gives the nursing INFANT to her assistant, LIVIUS, and reaches out for TROY. He flinches at first - until he realizes that she's only trying to SOOTHE HIM with a few gentle, motherly strokes of her paw.

ZIRA

There, boy, it's all right. We'll take care of you.

(to the WARDERS)

Just let them into the habitat. They'll calm down eventually. And Casca? Put on some music - something soothing.

48.

The WARDERS open a metal gate and herd the newcomers through it one by one. As she watches the humans, ZIRA's head cocks to one side.

ZIRA

Livius, come here. --ok at this. (pcruse) Feet.

All the wild humans have tough, black-soled, callused-over FEET. But TROY's and SUSAN's are still tender - pink, bloody, and blistered.

ZIRA

All torn up. Like they've never gone barefoot.

They eye TROY and SUSAN in concentration as the two gorilla WARDERS prod them out into the habitat.

84. EXT. HABITAT - THAT MOMENT - DAY

As they emerge, MUSIC wafts in from the speaker system - something soothing, as promised. Soothing ... and disturbingly familiar.

A Mozart string quartet.

TROY and SUSAN both stop in their tracks when they hear it. They walk a discreet distance from the laboratory spur - just out of earshot . . .

SUSAN

Are you hearing what I'm hearing?

TROY

Mozart

SUSAN

I think it's Beethoven.

A snaggle-toothed, demented-looking HUMAN has been loping along a few paces behind them. TROY turns ...

TROY

Hey, pal. Beethoven, or Mozart?

SNAGGLEPUSS lets out a hyena-like HOWL and races off to the far end of the habitat, where LIVIUS is leaning out of a second-story window, emptying a crateload of OVERRIPE FRUIT.

49.

SUSAN

If they've got Mozart - by radio, or whatever they must know about Earth.

TROY

That whole big operation in the mauntains , . . maybe they knew we'd landed. Maybe they were looking for us.

(shaking his heard)

Hell of a welcome wagon.

They scan the habitat in paranoid silenct, remembering poor Astroboy.

SUSAN

Do you think Dodge made it?

TROY

Maybe . . . if he lost the excursion suit.

(shrurgging)

We'll never know cooped up in here. have to find a way out.

SHRIEKING from across the yard. The habitat dwellers are kicking and clawing at one another in their quest for the nicer bananas.

SUSAN

What do we do in the meantime?

SUSAN

(heaving a sigh)

Mingle.

85. INT. ZIRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ZIRA hunched over a stack of triplicate forms, working late. A MONITOR over her desk shows a video feed of the habitat.

86. EXT. HABITAT - NIGHT

Looking for a way out, TROY paces along the periphery of the habitat. It's bounded on all sides by a iron-grille fence some fifteen feet high.

He finds a stick, digs in the dirt. The bars of the fence are set into solid concrete a couple of inches below ground. It won't be easy to tunnel out.

He looks up. CHAIN-LINK FENCING stretches over the top of the habitat

50.

- but a couple of the taller trees have grown right up to, and through, the wire mesh. Intrigued, TROY starts climbing.

86. EXT. HABITAT -ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

A sinister-looking, extremely hirsute specimen watches TROY shinnying up the tree. He's the alpha male of the captive humans, and for obvious reasons the chimps have dubbed him FURBALL.

Now's his chance. His eyes turn toward SUSAN, who's over by a water drum, washing her sore, cracked FEET. She doesn't notice FURBALL until he's crept up tight behind her.

She turns with a GASP. FURBALL grins, pounds his chest, gestures inexplicably . . . and breaks into a wierd, ritualized DANCE. Other males begin to gather at a discreet distance - and SUSAN realizes that she's being SERENADED. It's actually kind of cute - until the dance ends . . .

. . . and FURBALL flings himself on top of her! She wrestles him aside, knees him in the gut; he lets out an awful, hyena-like SCREAM . . .

88. EXT. HABITAT - ON TREE - NIGHT

Up in the high branches, TROY hears the pained shriek. OTHER MALES are already beginning to close in around FURBALL and SUSAN. He's down the tree in no time flat, sprinting frantically through the brush.

89. EXT. HABITAT - NIGHT

TROY fights through the circle of MALES. He sees a doubled-over FURBALL rolling in the dirt, moaning in agony, clutching at his crotch.

SUSAN - looking very much in control - is standing a couple of feet away, swinging a big heavy BRANCH as if it were a croquet mallet . . .

SUSAN

Can't stand hairy backs.

TROY

I would've used a nine-iron.

Angry chattering among the assembled MALES, who seem confused by this display of atypical female behavior. They continue to close in - fifteen or twenty of them, vs. TROY and SUSAN.

With a mighty YELL, TROY lifts the WATER DRUM - and DOUSES THE LOT

51.

of them. They back off, howling in charus. Now TROY grabs the branch and POUNDS IT against the empty water drum -

- creating a RACKET which sends the males SCATTERING in all directions. It also brings ZIRA and LIVIUS racing out to watch.

ZIRA

It's Tenderfoot. I think we've got a new alpha!

DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. ZRI PARKING LOT - DAY

A COMMOTION outside the labs. We see TV TRUCKS, gorilla SECURITY GUARDS . . . and a tight circle of PICKETERS marching back and forth with PROTEST SIGNS.

"Human Rights Now." "Stop the Cruelty." "Animals Havt Feelings Too" - and so on.

91. EXT. HABITAT - DAY

TROY's intrigued by the protest. But as he's going over to investigate, he passes SNAGGLEPUSS, who has just stolen a MELON from a human MOM and her 10-year-old. The MOM babbles wildly at TROY, pleading her case. As alpha male, he's now expected to settle these disputes.

TROY yanks the melon away from SNAGGLEPUSS, claps a hand over his face and shoves him back on his ass. Then, with a slight bow to MOM, he proceeds on his way to the ience.

92. EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT - DAY

The leader of the picketers - a handsome young ape named CORNELIUS - is being interviewed by a LADY NEWSAPE and her camera crew.
CORNELIUS

It's barbaric! Would you let your household pet, your dog, your cat, be cut up, tortured, exposed to deadly diseases? No! It would be unthinkable! Unsimian!
(with growing fervor)

The human being is just as intelligent as a dog or cat! Loyal, affectionate . . . they have their own forms of rudimentary hygiene . . .
LADY NEWSAPE

You make them sound like big bald apes.

52.
CORNELIUS

Well, they are! The human's genetic makeup differs from that of the chimpanzee by exactly one point six percent.
OPEN SNICKERING among the camera crew. They've been waiting for CORNELIUS to reveal himself as a nutcase, and he never lets 'em down.
LADY NEWSAPE

For our younger viewers we should point out that these same radical views got you expelled from the Academy of Science. Not to mention charged with heresy.
CORNELIUS

Charged, but never indicted! Never indicted!
(grabbing at the mike)

It's true my theories have been suppressed deliberately suppressed - but no one has ever been able to disprove them!
A convoy of OFFICIAL VEHICLES pulls into the nearby parking lot.
CREW MEMBER

IT'S LORD ZAIUS!!!
LADY NEWSAPE

Oh my Grodd! See if he'll give us a statement.
CORNELIUS is already forgotten. A GOFER runs off to beg ZAIUS for a few words. A MAKEUP TEAM swarms around the LADY NEWSAPE, combing her face and shoulders, applying hairspray to her arms . . .

93. INT. HABITAT - POV TROY

watching as ZAIUS emerges from his state limo. Lesser apes clear a path, falling into an impromptu RECEIVING LINE on either side of him.

94. EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT - DAY

primping her hair, batting her eyelashes at ZAIUS. She's all aflutter in the presence of so much raw power and animal magnetism. . .

53.
ZAIUS

"Human rights"? Read your sacred scrolls. It's been scientifically proven that humans lack the animating spark of divinity.

LADY NEWSAPE
(helpfully; to camera)

Meaning, for the lay apes among us, the soul.
CORNELIUS

But they suffer - they feel pain -
ZAIUS

They slaughter one another in the wild! They have no regard for their own kind!
CORNELIUS

That doesn't give us the right to -
CORNELIUS is instantly surrounded by half a dozen apes who are ready to drag him
away for smartmouthing ZAIUS. But ZAIUS waves them off - for the cameras, at
least, he's the picture of tolerance and reason.
ZAIUS

My rash young friend is welcome to his wild theories, even though they
contradict all known facts; and if he wants to claim some sort of kinship with
these mindless brutes . . .
(a theatrical shrug)

I can't deny - there is a strong family resemblance.
An ancient wheezer of a joke, but in the right crowd it always gets a laugh -
even on the Planet of the Apes. CORNELIUS sputters as ZAIUS and his entourage
head inside.

LADY NEWSAPE

In closing, radical activist Cornelius may not have the facts on his side - but
it seems he's made at least one convert here today . . .
The newscam PANS LEFT to take in the "convert" - a visibly startled TROY, who's
been clinging to the bars throughout. He fidgets in embarrassment as the
snickering NEWSAPE ducks back into frame:

54.

LADY NEWSAPE

I'm Cassandra, broadcasting live from the ZRI. Bazk to you, Cato!

95. INT. ZRI LAB/HABITAT AREA - DAY

DR. ZIRA and various ASSISTANTS are mucking out the interior sleeping areas -
changing the straw, hosing the floors, etc. LIVIUS bursts in from outside, his
face contorted in absolute panic.

LIVIUS

Dr. Zira! It's Zaius! He's coming!

ZIRA

Zaius! What? - When??

LIVIUS

Here. Now!!

ZIRA and her chimps GASP - and go into an instantaneous frenzy of furious random
activity, trying to make the lab presentable.

Then, just as ZAIUS and his entourage appear in the doorway, they STOP in
perfect unison - affecting nonchalant poses and delighted grins.

ZIRA

Lord Zaius! What a delightful surprise!

ZAIUS

Zira. May I say you look as fetching as ever.
The Bob Packwood of apes, he flashes an oleaginous smile and slides an arm around ZIRA's waist. She squirms visibly as they stroll past the cages - which only makes him pull her closer.
ZIRA

I've been changing the straw in the cages.
ZAIUS

Well, it becomes you. Sorry to drop in like this, but I wanted you to know, with those rabble-rousers outside - we do have a security team keeping an eye on things.

55.
ZIRA

Oh, they're quite harmless. They just march about . . . hand out their little pamphlets . . .
ZAIUS

They're severely disturbed or they wouldn't be radicals. Can't hurt to be cautious, eh?
ZAIUS helps himself to a banana from a nearby fruit bowl. He seems to be taking an unusual interest in the experimental humans.
ZAIUS

This is the consignment from the Mount Calpurnia expedition? i trust they're serving your purposes?
ZIRA

Yes. Of course. We're all quite grateful.
ZAIUS

Nothing abnormal. No behavioral oddities -- ?
ZIRA gives him a cockeyed look. She can't quite figure out what he's getting at, but he's making her suspicious. He lets it drop.
ZAIUS

Say, you're a big one, aren't you. - Put a suit on him, he could almost pass for a gorilla.
He's referring to TROY - who's now back indoors, on the other side of the bars. Their gazes lock. A slight, fascinated smile comes to ZAIUS's lips.
ZAIUS

He's a surly-looking brute. - You don't like me, do you, boy?
TROY's lips part - just the teeniest bit - as if he's about to answer. ZAIUS coaxes him along, COOING at him. Nothing.
ZAIUS

You look familiar. Have we met before . . . ?
The ape lord holds up his half-eaten banana. Moves it back and forth.

TROY's eyes dart back and forth with the banana.

ZAIUS holds it out just a teensy bit closer. With a guttural SHRIEK,

56.

TROY HEAVES HIMSELF into the bars, swiping wildly at the banana.

ZAIUS, kind soul that he is, yanks it away at the last instant. Laughing, he waves the banana in TROY's face, just an inch or two out of reach.

ZIRA frowns at ZAIUS's sadistic antics, struggling desperately to avoid saying something she'll regret later. SUSAN's watching as well - fearful that TROY's vaudevillian monkey shines will expose them both.

ZAIUS

He needs an outlet for his pent-up aggression.
Too much excess testosterone!

ZIRA

He's an alpha, Lord Zaius.

ZAIUS

I think we should have him fixed.
(holding up two fingers)

Would you like that, boy? Snip, snip??

TROY does a take despite himself. Luckily, he has the presence of mind to cock his head slightly and MIMIC the scissors gesture . . .

ZAIUS

Look at that! He's all for it! Don't suppose I could borrow the garden shears .

. .

ZIRA

Oh, for Grodd's sake, Zaius, just give him the bloody banand!

No one, but no one, talks to LORD ZAIUS this way. He turns, draws himself up to his full hauteur, and gives ZIRA a scowl that sends her lab assistants quite literally scurrying for the corners.

She doesn't back down. Not even an inch.

ZAIUS

. . I beg your pardon?

ZIRA

He made the sign. When we make a sign and they imitate it, we give them a reward. It's what we do. Now aive him the banana.

There's only about a third of the banana left. Just to spite ZIRA, ZAIUS

57.

takes a last bite. Then he theatrically peels what's left and casually flicks it over his shoulder, through the bars.

He pointedly turns his back on ZIRA, who backpedals frantically.

ZIRA

I, I didn't mean to be so harsh with you. It's just -- it's a matter of conditioned reflex, and we have to be consistent, and --

ZAIUS puffs out his chest, flings his arms wide, and lets out a horrible SHRIEK -- an atavistic reminder of the "displays" earthly apes use to intimidate their

rivals. It works, too: ZIRA can't help but cower. She backs away; he advances on her. . .

HE GRABS HER by the muzzle, pulls her close, and whispers:
ZAIUS

I don't enjoy cruelty to poor stupid animals. I prefer to save it for my own kind.
With a last toothy leer, he releases her -- turns, and with a flourish of his cape strides briskly off to rejoin his entourage. As he leaves . . .
ZAIUS

I'll need copies of all your lab notes for review. Please have them on my desk by morning.
ZIRA stands there quaking, eyes shut tightly, trying to regain her composure. It takes her a good three or four seconds to realize that ZAIUS has left her holding the banana peel.

She flings it at a wall as her ASSISTANTS gather about to console her.
ZIRA

Leda . . . I want you to draft a letter of apology to Lord Zaius . . . CC to the Orang Council. The mare fawning, obsequious lies, the better. Let's see if we can't keep our funding.
She exits the lab with all the dignity she can muster. TROY and SUSAN exchange significant glances as she departs. They might have found a kindred soul in ZIRA - perhaps, when the time comes, an ally.

58.

96. INT. ZIRA'S CAR - DUSK

From a back-seat vantage we see ZIRA exiting the ZRI and crossing the lot toward us. She climbs in, starts the car, backs out of her spot . . .

The moment she's out of the lot, a DARK, FURRY SILHOUETTE rises into frame. There's someone hiding in her back seat!
CORNELIUS

Boo.
ZIRA
(shocked)

What are you doing in my car?!
CORNELIUS

I hate to picket the place all day and then walk in and bum a ride. It looks bad.
ZIRA

I thought they were having you watched!
CORNELIUS

Well, I pretended I was getting into the van, but I renally hid behind a shrub. Then they all went away, and I crawled right into your car.
(tapping his forehead)

Brilliant, huh? Gimme a kiss.
ZIRA

Not in the mood. Zaius came in, snooping around ... put his hands all over me again.

CORNELIUS

What? If he tries it again, you tell him you're secretly engaged to a radical bomb-throwing panocidal human-rights terrorist!

He leans forward to nuzzle her neck fur. She claps a hand on his face and shoves him back.

ZIRA

And then well both be out of a job, thanks.

(shivvering in disgust)

The worst part is having to pretend you enjoy it. You males can't possibly understand . . .

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CORNELIUS

I hear he keeps a regular harem downtown at the palace. All species, too - oranges, chimps, gorillas - even a couple of exotics!

ZIRA

Oh, stop it. Exotics? He'd be in jail - !

CORNELIUS

An Orang? Are you kidding? Laws arc for the rest of us, kiddo.

(confidentially)

I know a chimp who was one of his personal concubines! Or her sister, actually. Her sister had a friend, that is, who was doing the laundry for . . . well, it was a very reliable source.

She gives him a wry grin despite herself. She does love the big ape.

ZIRA

I've got a couple of new humans -'d like you to take a look at.

CORNELIUS

(cryptically)

Possible candidates? For the colony?

ZIRA

There's something odd about them - a funny little flicker in the eyes . . . And they're very solicitous of each other. The male shows no interest whatsoever in the other females.

CORNELIUS

A human male? And he's into monogomy? . . .This I'll believe when I see it.

ZIRA

It's funny. Now that you mention it ... I've never even seen him playing with himself.

97. EXT. LAB/HABITAT - SUNSET

SCIPIO drags SUSAN in from the habitat on a CHOKE LEAD.

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up no resistance. ZIRA shoots a smug smile at the warders.

ZIRA

See there? We're friends, aren't we. And we've got a very special surprise for you . . .

She peels off her PLASTIC GLOVE and reaches into her lab coat for a bag of COOKIES. She eats one for herself, holds up another as a treat for TROY - luring him down the hall to a BARRED INDOOR STALL.

The WARDERS throw the door open. Inside the stall is SUSAN - stripped of the hides she usually wears, cowering in embanrrssment on the straw.

ZIRA

Someone we know is fertile!

TROY swallows hard. Now SCIPIO rips off his hides - unceremoniously and SHOVES HIM INSIDE with SUSAN. The bars clang shut.

The two humans just STARE at their captors, profoundly uncomfortable.

SCIPIO

What's the problem here?

BERNARDUS

Something wrong with his equipment?

ZIRA

Oh, shut up and leave them alone. They'll figure it out.

The WARDERS follow ZIRA out of the lab area. SUSAN just loses it. She collapses into wracking sobs, and TROY can't seem to calm her.

SUSAN

I can't stand it. I can't stand it any more.

TROY

Susan, we can't give up. There's too much riding on us -

SUSAN

I can't stand to be in this place!
TROY pulls her ferociously close - WHISPERS into her ear.

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TROY

Then we're not here. We're not here . . .
SUSAN

Where are we . . . ?
TROY

We're a million miles away . . . we're home . . . and we're together . . . and the sand is warm under our feet . . . and the night sky is clear and beautiful above us, and we can hear the waves . . . and a gull calling . . . and no one's around but just us two . . . and we run across the sand, and we fall down, laughing . . .

SUSAN
(almost weeping)

Alexander . . .
Bodies entwining, they kiss - desperately, hungrily. The spell they've woven for themselves is so potent that they don't even hear the DOOR opening. They don't even notice the WARDERS sneaking back inside . . .
BERNARDUS

Oh, baby. Come to papa! I'll take five dollars' worth of that.
TROY and SUSAN freeze in place - like a still picture. Crushed, totally humiliated, they gape at SCIPIO rhythmically thrusting his hips . . .
SCIPIO

Cain't get enough of that funky stuff.
Now ZIRA bursts in, STEAMING. The WARDERS cower before her:
ZIRA

What the hell are you doing? I told you two to leave them alone!!
Glancing back at the cage she drags them bodily to the door.
99. PRIVATE CAGE - ON TROY AND SUSAN
The mood's kinda broken. TROY strokes SUSAN's hair consolingly -

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TROY

Susan -
SUSAN
(distracted)

No. It's just - take me away. Take me away.
TROY

We fall. We fall in the sand ...we're laughing . . . and I kiss you, there under the moon . . . the breeze is warm ... and I love you. And you know - love you, you know it . . . more than anything on the whole planet earth . . .
He kisses her. But as he rolls around in her embrace, his eye goes to the far corner of the LAB - up near the ceiling -

- where he sees the little red LIGHT of a closed circuit video camera. But he can't mention it to SUSAN . . . not just now . . .
SUSAN

Please. Please. Make it be true.

100. INT ZIRA'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

She watches TROY's odd reaction on her private monitor - and scratches her muzzle in puzzlement. Then the two humans resume their lovemaking, and a warm, almost motherly smile crosses her face.

101. INT APE CATHEDRAL - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

The hundred voices of an APE CHOIR are lifted in song. We TILT DOWNWARD from the ersatz Sistine-Chapel ceiling, where the furry hand of Grodd reaches down to touch the furry hand of Ape -

- past GILDED ARCHES and ornate STAINED GLASS WINDOWS which depict haloed Orang saints and Madonnas, usually surrounded by flocks of devout chimps and gorillas come to pay them tribute -

- past the great filigreed gold-and-silver CROSS - a PLUS SIGN, actually, since apes are noted for their long arms - which hangs over the mighty, booming PIPE ORGAN -

- down to the PULPIT where a richly-robed ORANG PRIEST holds both

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arms aloft in a gesture of blessing -

- and finally into the congregation itself: ORANGS in the first few rows; CHIMPS and GORILLAS behind them, on opposite sides of the center aisle; MONKEYS, EXOTICS and so on relegated to the balcony.
PRIEST

In leaving let us humbly beseech the Almighty that he may bless us according to our needs, direct us according to our talents, reward us according to our faith; that all may know the supreme peace of servitude, obedience, and satisfaction with one's lot. Ille ax vobiscum.

The ORGANIST starts to play, but the PRIEST signals for him to wait.

PRIEST

I remind the procrastinators among us that quarterly income taxes are due no later than next week, and may be paid to any of our ordained money-changers as you exit.

Half a dozen robed, high-ranking ORANGS are seated in ceremonial chairs on either side of the pulpit. One of them is ZAIUS - who smiles at the pious elder to his left, and discreetly WINKS.

102. EXT. CATHEDRAL STEPS - DAY

Most of the congregation has departed. The ORANG ELDERS exit in a group; most of them have doffed the robes and changed back into their civilian duds - the PRIEST excepted.

ORANG I

A deeply moving sermon, Your Holiness.

PRIEST

It's the same one - delivered last week and the week before that. What about the Earth ship?

ZAIUS

We've got two units combing the Zone fulltime. No trace of the craft or its wreckage. Luckily, from all indications, it was only a two-man expedition ...

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PRIEST

This is your responsibility, Zaius! The whole social order is at stake. If a single Earthly human survived, religion would collapse class distinctions vanish - taboos crumble . . .

ZAIUS doesn't have much patience with the PRIEST and his bombast.

ZAIUS

- and then what would we do on Saturday night?

The elders SPUTTER as ZAIUS turns his back and marches off down the steps. The PRIEST EXPLODES at this show of impertinence.

PRIEST

Watch your tongue, Zaius! You mock your betters, you profane your trust . . . and your appetite for debauchery is legend even among the lower orders.

ZAIUS

When it comes to strange appetites, Your Holiness, I can't even lay a paw on you. Of course we could always put it up to a public vote . . . The PRIEST gasps, clutches a hand to his chest. His sycophants cluster around him. ZAIUS strolls off fearltssly, CHUCKLING.

ZAIUS

You boys leave the humans to me. I'll see you in church!

103. INT. ZIRA'S APPARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, tidy, lots of plants. Her sleeping hammock is in an alcove off the main room. She loads a tape into her VCR; as she's cueing it up, CORNELIUS enters from the kitchenette with two glasses of wine.

ZIRA

Sit down. That's him - that's Tenderfoot.

CORNELIUS

What do you call her? Tenderioin?

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ZIRA

Now watch this. There's none of the usual pre-mating display. No dance, no preening. They just embrace . . .

CORNELIUS

Grooming strokes . . . a little tongue bath . . .
(squinting; amazed)

Good lord, it almost looks like they're ...

ZIRA

Talking. That's exactly what I thought.

She cranks up the volume on the monitor, but tape hiss and ambient noise drown out any dialogue we, or they, might hear. So CORNELIUS supplies his own dialogue - in rapid-fire, alternating voices:

CORNELIUS

'Oh baby, oh baby, you know I love you - I'll just put it in a little ways' - 'But will you still respect me?' - 'Respect you? But darling - I don't respect you now.

ZIRA

How odd. Tenderfoot sounds exactly like you.

CORNELIUS

We males are all alike.

ZIRA

He must've been someone's pet once - but how'd he wind up with a mountain tribe? And why would Zaius be so curious about the -- She realizes that CORNELIUS hasn't heard a word she's saying. He's staring slackjawed at the screen, where TROY and SUSAN are exploring erotic possibilities undreamt of on the Planet of the Apes.

CORNELIUS

Where in Grodd's name did they learn that?

ZIRA

I'll take you up to the interesting part.

She hits the fast forward. CORNELIUS lunges at the remote control:

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CORNELIUS

Nononononono! This part's interesting!

The tape resumes. CORNELIUS reverts to his trance state. ZIRA fumes.

ZIRA

Sweetheart? Am I imagining this, or are you standing there drooling over a pair of copulating animals?

CORNELIUS

(oblivious)

Hmm. Could you run that last bit again?

She stops the tape abruptly.

ZIRA

I'll run it for the judge when I have you committed, you - deviant!

CORNELIUS

But Zira! It's . . . it's instructional. We could market this tape and make a bloody fortune! I know I'm learning a lot . . .

ZIRA

Shut up and watch.

(freeze-framing the tape)

See? He's all involved, then he looks up . . .

CORNELIUS

Right up at the camera.
ZIRA

Uh huh. As if he knew he was being watched.
CORNELIUS

Oh, that's a bit of a stretch, isn't it?
ZIRA

I told you what it was like. They wouldn't touch each other in front of the warders.
(pause)

Maybe we stumbled across a human being with a rudimentary sense of sexual shame. She stares intently at the frozen image of TROYS FACE on the monitor,

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trying to read the weird jumble of emotions she sees there.

104. INT. LAB/HABITAT - NIGHT
CUT TO:

TIGHT ON THE RED LIGHT of the video camera overlooking the habitat. MUSIC fills the air. What we're hearing is, bizarrely but unmistakably, a gorilla cover version of the Bee Gees' immortal "STAYIN' ALIVE."

In the habitat, VARIOUS HUMANS are dozing among the trees and bushes. All except two - TROY and SUSAN, who are up on their elbows, listening to the Bee Gees and exchanging looks of UTTER INCREDULITY.

105. INT. INT. ZIRA'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT
TROY and SUSAN on ZIRA'S TV MONITOR with it's closed-circuit view of the habitat. Gorilla warder BERNARDUS stops the videotape, EJECTS IT from its deck, and hands it to his partner SCIPIO for filing.

Then he hits a switch and turns the empty deck OFF.
106. INT. ZRI - CORRIDOR TO HABITAT - NIGHT

An elderly GORILLA JANITOR - bespectacled, gray-whiskered, practically toothless - is sitting on a folding chair in the hall, reading a copy of Apehouse. Beside him are his trusty mop and bucket - and the BOOM BOX that's blasting out the Bee Gees.

The WARDERS appear. SCIPIO slips the JANITOR a wad of cash . . .
SCIPIO

Okay, pops. You didn't see anything, right?
JANITOR

Left my glasses at home.

SCIPIO (c) BERNARDUS slink off toward the habitat while the JANITOR admires this month's centerfold - a female baboon, coyly presenting her hideously inflamed purple hindquarters to the camera.

SHOCK CUT TO:

107. INT. ZRI - COMBAT PIT - NIGHT

TWO GORILLAS stripped to the waist, engaged in a brutal fistfight. The

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larger one catches his opponent with a deadly UPPERCUT and lifts him CLEANLY OFF HIS FEET.

The opponent comes down in the dirt with a thud, OUT COLD. The champion ape takes a swig from a metal Flask, then HOLSTS HIS ARMS IN TRIUMPH to a chorus of resounding CHEERS from above.

We're in a COMBAT PIT, in a deserted warehouse somewhere deep in the bowels of the neighboring city. SPECTATORS ring the pit, placing bets on the action - working-class gorillas and chimps, mostly, intermixtd with a sprinkling of slumming UPTOWN TYPES and their society dates.

A spindly little SPIDER MONKEY in a zoot suit and derby hat paces in front of the combat pit. Naturally he smokes a cigar. Being three feet tall, he goes by the name of MAXIMUS.

MAXIMUS

Winner and still undefeated! Brutus the Invincible! Ready to challenge any and all comers! Wholl be next - you? You? You??

108. INT. WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

A gorilla LOOKOUT's standing guard at the door. He hears a knock, and slides back a little panel - like they used to have in speakeasys.

LOOKOUT

Password?

VOICE

Butterball.

The LOOKOUT unbolts the door. SCIPIO and BERNARDUS enter - with a third party in tow. This mysterious figure is tied up in a shroudlike TARPAULIN bound at the waist and knees. There's a leash around his neck, which the warders use now to yank him inside.

Only his FEET are visible. Hairless, human feet ...

109. INT. WAREHOUSE - RINGSIDE - THAT MOMENT

MAXIMUS is still circling the pit, drumming up business.

MAXIMUS

Only 25 sesterces! That's all it costs to take him on. There's over a hundred in the pot!

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SCIPIO

Well take him on!

LOUD CHEERS as the WARDERS shove their bagged contender forward. BERNARDUS hands over the stake as SCIPIO begins untying the tarp.

BERNARDUS

All comers, right?

MAXIMUS

Long as you got the money. Let's see him.

SCIPIO whips the tarp away - unveiling a genuinely stupefied TROY. The crowd lets out a collective GASP. Then they begin to LAUGH and APPLAUD. What a great idea: human vs. ape!

Before MAXIMUS can object, SCIPIO shoves TROY into the PIT!

110. INT. COMBAT PIT - THAT MOMENT

TROY hits the dirt off-balance. By the time he regains his feet, there's 600 lbs. of mammoth, hairy, drunken GORILLA right on top of him.

The ape slams him into the pit wall. TROY throws a powerhouse right at the gorilla's face, but it never connects. BRUTUS is holding him off at arm's length, and the ape's arms are a good foot longer than TROY's.

BRUTUS picks TROY up and spins him around overhead, WWF-style.

111. INT. WAREHOUSE - ON CROWD - THAT MOMENT

MONEY is furiously changing hands. MAXIMUS is starting to wear a big grin. SCIPIO and BERNARDUS ate practically biting their nails off.

112. INT. COMBAT PIT - THAT MOMENT

ALL TROY can do is RUN. Unfortunately, there's no place to run. He looks desperately around for any sort of weapon he might use. BRUTUS, meanwhile, CHARGES - taking TROY in a bonecrushing BEAR HUG.

TROY's arms are pinned to his sides. BRUTUS keeps squeezing. TROY's turning BRIGHT RED, unable to breathe. As he gropes around furiously, his hand closes over BRUTUS' decorative BELT BUCKLE . . .

Choking in the gorilla's death grip TROY lurches forward - gets his teeth around BRUTUS' ear - and BITES OFF a big fat chunk of it! The ape

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SCREECHES and lets go of TROY -

- and, as he backs away, HIS BELT comes off in TROY'S HAND!

BRUTUS comes back at him. TROY cracks the belt like a whip. The BUCKLE slashes across BRUTUS's forehead, opening a bloody GASH. TROY strikes again, this time catching BRUTUS smack in the eye!

The big slow gorilla doesn't have the reflexes to fend off TROY's onslaught. He staggers backward, SCREAMING, hands up over his face. TROY spots the METAL FLASK on the floor of the pit - picks it up and FLINGS ITS CONTENTS into BRUTUS's face.

The alcohol's like ACID in BRUTUS's wounds. As he reels about blindly, bouncing off the walls of the pit, TROY has plenty of time to line up a devastating HIGH KICK to the chin. BRUTUS FALLS.

113. INT. WAREHOUSE - ON SPECTATORS

CHEERING in BLOODTHIRSTY GLEE. MAXIMUS can't believe his eyes. SCIPIO and BERNARDUS are all but doing somersaults.

112. INT. COMBAT PIT - THAT MOMENT

BRUTUS is face down, and TROY kneeling atop him - one knee on the ape 's back, one on his head. He's got the BELT looped around BRUTUS's throat and is savagely, methodically, CHOKING the gorilla to death!

Before he can finish the job, though, a CHOKE COLLAR drops around his OWN neck - yanking him away from the unconscious BRUTUS.

115. INT. WAREHOUSE - ON SPECTATORS

It's one of MAXIMUS's boys who's wielding the pole with the choke collar. Several others are jumping down into the pit to check on BRUTUS.

MAXIMUS

I ought to shoot that thing on the spot.

BERNARDUS

We won fair and square. Pay up!

116. INT. COMBAT PIT - ON TROY

Someone's looped a ROPE around his chest; he's being slowly dragged up out of the pit. As he rises above the site of the brawl, he stares down at

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the various HANDLERS trying to revive BRUTUS - and having no luck.

This is as close to being a brute animal as he ever wants to come.

117. INT. LAB/HABITAT - NIGHT

The WARDERS dump TROY onto the straw floor of a stall.

SCIPIO

He's a goddam mess. What the hell are we going to tell Zira?

BERNARDUS

Go get Furball.

SCIPIO enters the habitat and snags FURBALL in a choke collar. As TROY looks on, the two warders administer a SAVAGE THRASHING to the hapless savage - beating him with clubs and whips, kicking his ribs and they keep it up even after he passes out.

SUSAN arrives and helps TROY to his feet. She gets one shoulder under his arm and leads him across the grounds, away from the WARDERS.

She helps him stretch out in the tall grass under a tree, An artificial stream runs by it a few feet away; she cradles his head and dips her hands in the water to wash his wounds. She's CRYING.

SUSAN

Alexander. In one way or another I've been alone all my life. I never minded it much. It suited me.

(pause)

But I can't be alone in this place. If you're not here with me, I will die.

He tries to answer through racked, bloody lips. He can barely speak.

SUSAN

Don't try to talk, just listen. We have to find someone we can trust - someone who'll help us. Otherwise well die right here in this cage.

TROY

if we guess wrong . . .

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SUSAN

Yeah, the human race. I know. But we can't save the world until we save ourselves.

(pause)

And we can't afford to lose each other.

118. INT. LAB/HABITAT - MORNING

The battered TROY on a leash, being led to the infirmary by a couple of LAB ASSISTANTS. At the sight of his various scrapes and lacerations, ZIRA launches into a high holy tirade against SCIPIO & BERNARDUS.

ZIRA

How COULD you!?! How COULD you let this happen!?! Why am I PAYING you?!?
SCIPIO

There was no stopping bm. Furball came after his woman. He went totally manshit. Now the lab assistants lead the bloody, hobbling FURBALL past. At the sight of SCIPIO and BERNARDUS he cowers and squawks in terror.

ZIRA

And of course, while all this was going on, the tape had run out. And it just 'happened' that no one thought to slip a fresh one in. What did you do, stand around and place bets??

Too close for comfort. The warders exchange guilty looks.

ZIRA

You're both suspended. Two weeks without pay. Effective now!
She turns, starts for the infirmary. SCIPIO mutters after her:
SCIPIO

Gorilla union might hear about this.

ZIRA

Good! !

119. INT. INFIRMARY - A MOMENT LATER

The battered TROY is strapped to a table receiving first aid from the LAB

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ASSISTANTS. ZIRA hovers at his side, tenderly stroking his head.

ZIRA

We'll fix it, sweetie. Don't you worry. You won't have to put up with this much longer.

TROY cocks an eyebrow, wondering what the hell she means by that.

120. INT. LAB/HABITAT - NIGHT

ZIRA dragging an extremely fidgety CORNELIUS down the corridor past the animals' sleeping stalls.

CORNELIUS

I don't like this! What if someone sees me?

ZIRA

Oh, stop. I sacked the warders. There's no one here but the janitor. - They're perfect candidates.

They stop at a stall. TROY and SUSAN are lounging inside, taking in tonight's musical selection - Schubert's Trout Quintet.

ZIRA

Tenderfoot? Perky? This is Cornelius. He's my fiance. My friend.
They demonstrate by going muzzle to muzzle for a monkey smooch.

ZIRA

He wants to be your friend, and he's going to give you a little test.

A shy wave from CORNELIUS. TROY and SUSAN wave back.

121. INT. LAB/HABITAT - LATER - NIGHT

CORNELIUS alone at the stall door. TROY sits cross-legged opposite him, holding a photo album containing snapshots of various FOODS.

CORNELIUS

Good. Now I'm going to say the name of the fruit; and if you show me the right picture, I'll give it to you. Okay? - Ba-na-na.

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TROY, bored, flips through his book to the banana photo. CORNELIUS takes a banana from a nearby bowl and hands it over, impressed.

TROY offers it to SUSAN, who's pacing behind him, GLOWERING. She wants him to speak up. If they can't trust this guy, who can they trust?

CORNELIUS

You really are remarkable, aren't you. right... plum. Puh-lumm.

SUSAN gives TROY a gentle kick. He starts to say something, changes his mind. He flips wearily through his little book to the plum.

CORNELIUS

Look at that. You'd like to talk, wouldn't you. To form the words . . . "plum."
Plum plum plum. Pl- pl- pl-.

No response from TROY. CORNELIUS laughs at his own silliness.

CORNELIUS

I wish you could talk too. Tell me what you make of it all . . . I wonder what you'd say.

Chuckling to himself, CORNELIUS reaches into the basket for another piece of fruit. SUSAN continues to glower at TROY . . .

CORNELIUS

Pomegranate. Pom- pom- pom- p- p- . . .

TROY

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

The pomegranate drops from CORNELIUS's hand. Five full seconds of silence. Then:

CORNELIUS

GNNNAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

He springs away from the cage and hits the floor running. He runs smack into a water bucket, knocks it over, goes aying, skids fifteen feet on the wet spot, slams his head into the habitat bars.

He sees stars and little birdies. He also sees SUSAN just above him, staring down through the bars with a look of concern.

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SUSAN

Cornelius! Are you all right??

CORNELIUS

GNNNAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Instantly he's back on his feet, sliding every which way. He makes it to the door just as ZIRA comes through. The two of them collide . . .

ZIRA

Cornelius! What in the world -

CORNELIUS

AnimalstalkingallofthemrightoutloudraininspainIhearditIheardit . . .
Pure gibberish. ZIRA, horrified, pulls him close. Still babbling, he buries his
head against her chest.

SUSAN

He hurt his head.

ZIRA

He must have. He - GNNNAAAAAHHHHH!!!

ZIRA jumps back a good three feet. CORNELIUS's feet go out from under him and he
hits the floor again.

TROY strolls over and puts an arm around SUSAN's waist. ZIRA gapes at the two of
them, utterly AWESTRUCK.

TROY

Dr. Zira. I apologize. We should have introduced ourselves sooner. I'm Alexander
Troy. This is my . . . fiancée. Dr. Susan Landis.

ZIRA

Oh. Doctor Susan Landis. Well, why not? If I'm going insane, why do it halfway?
(grinning wildly)

And I suppose you're a rocket scientist.

TROY and SUSAN exchange a look. The answer's just too embarrassing.

121. INT. ZRI KITCHEN - NIGHT

TROY and SUSAN at the kitchen table. ZIRA and CORNELIUS have

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made them dinner - their first hot meal in ages. The chimps take their seats and
prepare to dig in. The humans stare at them expectantly.

TROY

We do know how to use knives and forks.

CORNELIUS

Oh, of course. Sorry . . . it's just that we're used to seeing you at the
troughs . . .

ZIRA winces, embarrassed. He jumps up and goes to the cutlery drawer.

CORNELIUS

So all this time you've been pretending to be humans!!

SUSAN

We are humans.

CORNELIUS

You know what I mean. Ordinary humans. The primitive drooling kind.

ZIRA

Go fetch the wine, dear.

(to TROY and SUSAN)

There's one part of your story that doesn't add up. You say you came here in a
flying craft one that originated on this planet -

TROY

Piloted by an ape.
ZIRA

But we don't have space travel.
CORNELIUS

According to the sacred scrolls, we apes are the crowning glory of Grodd's creation. The idea of life on other planets - it's heretical!
ZIRA

And this disease you're describing ... rapid aging ... mutagens ... it's beyond anything the simian mind could ever conceive!!

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SUSAN

But how do you know about Mozart? If you've picked up our radio waves, you must know about Earth.
CORNELIUS

Mozart? Who's Mozart?
SUSAN

Look. The music you've been piping in here was composed by a human - on our planet over two hundred years ago.
CORNELIUS shoots a look at ZIRA - these two are out there . . .
ZIRA

You're referring to the work of the great orang composer Phillipus.
SUSAN

Well, Philippus may have taken the credit, but Mozart wrote it.
CORELIUS

Oh, did he. I don't suppose it's possible that Mozart stole it from us!
TROY

Forget Mozart. I want to know who's been ripping off the Bee Gees!
This outburst bewilders the chimps so thoroughly that the whole ugly argument shorts out.
TROY

What is it with Orangs, anyway? They do all the music, the art, the - television shows?
ZIRA

Well, that's their holy function. As set forth in the sacred scrolls. Religion - the arts -
TROY snorts skeptically - shoots a sly look at SUSAN.
TROY

Yeah, I thought so. They're the ones with the satellite receivers.

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TROY
(to the chimps)

The Orangs pretty much run this place, right?

ZIRA

No! You must understand! We're all happy with our functions. We have our elected representatives. Our voices are heard . . .

CORNELIUS
(resigned)

They pretty much run it.

ZIRA

But it's always been this way! It's been this way for five thousand years!

CORNELIUS

Whenever a chimp or a gorilla comes up with a new idea, or invention . . . it always turns out the Orangs thought of it first. They're the ones who profit from it.

TROY

Then why don't you revolt?

The two chimps sputter and blink for a full five seconds. TROY's query seems to have fried their mental circuitry.

123. INT. LAB/HABITAT - NIGHT

Dead of night. ZIRA and CORNELIUS escort their new friends back to the habitat. ZIRA looks sheepish as she unlocks the barred door.

ZIRA

I do apologize. It seems so wrong to be putting you back in a cage . . .

TROY

You've been more than kind. Our problem is Zaius. I think I'm starting to understand why he wants us dead.

ZIRA

I agree. It can't wait. Well have to move you to the colony.

80.

Quizzical looks from TROY and SUSAN.

CORNELIUS

We have a sort of private game preserve. Zira sends us the brighter humans ... we're been doing a little selective breeding.

ZIRA

The important thing is, it's safe. No one will go looking for you there. It's right on the edge of the Forbidden Zone.

CUT TO:

124. INT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

ZAIUS in the passenger seat with a pair of binoculars, scanning a barren, snow-capped mountain range. The PILOT points downward.

PILOT

There, your lordship. Just down below.

125. POV ZAIUS - ON FROZEN LAKE

HEAVY MACHINERY ringing the lake. A massive CRANE is dredging something enormous out of a hole in the ice. It's a SPACECRAFT - the same one our five hapless heroes arrived in.

126. INT. SPACECRAFT - DAY

The craft is on its side, so everything is rotated 90° from horizontal. Knee-deep in icy water, ZAIUS makes his way from chamber to chamber, arriving finally at the OPEN CRYOGENIC SARCOPHAGI. Enraged, he slams a fist into the nearest instrument panel . . .

ZAIUS

There wert five of them. Five!!

CUT TO:

127. INT. ZRI LABS - DAY

ZIRA in a raw fury. She's just arrived to find a gang of GORILLA COPS padlocking the doors to the building. They're tacking up WARNING SIGNS which read "QUARANTINE."

80.

ZIRA

WHAT DO YOU THIN~: YOU'RE DOING?!?

GORILLA COP

Imperial order, ma'am. Some kind of virulent disease. This lot's hereby impounded; theyll be moved out first thing tomorrow.

ZIRA

That's nonsense! You can't - why, the animals haven't even been fed!

GORILLA COP

Take it up with Lord Zaius.

128. EXT. PARKING LOT - A MOMENT LATER

Locked out, ZIRA stomps back to her car. Luckily, CORNELIUS and his PICKITERS are on the job. She gestures to him surreptitiously . . . He sprints toward her, waving his protest sign, SCREAMING ANGRILY:

CORNELIUS

SHAME ON YOU!! And you call yourself a doctor. HOW DARE YOU!!

As soon as they're out of hearing range, he drops the act. ZIRA whispers:

ZIRA

Zaius is on to us. How soon can you make a move?

CORNELIUS

Tonight!

She gives him a nod and a wink. Then HOLLERS RIGHT BACK at him:

ZIRA

You come one foot closer and I'll have you arrested!

She climbs into the car and drives off. CORNELIUS returns to his usual post by the fence. TROY and SUSAN are there, looking apprehensive . . .

CORNELIUS

Pack your bags. We're busting you out of this joint tonight.

82.

CUT TO:

129. EXT. HABITAT - NIGHT

TROY and SUSAN roaming about the grounds, keeping an expectant eye on the parking lot.

130. EXT. ZRI LAB - NIGHT

A uniformed gorilla SECURITY GUARD is posted at the rear entrance. He opens the padlock to admit a pair of uninvited guests: SCIPIO and BERNARDUS, the recently fired WARDERS.

SCIPIO

Owe you one, pal.Say - there's nothing to this quarantine business, is there - ?
GUARD

Naah, this lot's headed for the slaughterhouse.

131. INT. LAB/HABITAT - NIGHT

We're looking out through one of the indoor STALLS that open onto the habitat grounds. TROY's just outside. His ears perk up when he hears:

SOFT VOICE

Tenderfoot Oh,Tenderfoot . . .

Is it Comelius? TROY enters the stall and takes a cautious look around the interior of the lab. No one in sight. Then - without warning -

A CHOKE COLLAR drops around his neck. SCIPIO jerks the pole, and BERNARDUS lets him have it full-blast with his stinger. TROY twitches spastically as they drag him out and tie the tarp around him.

SCIPIO

You hairless piece of shit. You owe us two weeks' pay!!

From the habitat, SUSAN SCREAMS. She races across the grounds at full speed, horrified. BERNARDUS slams the door on her.

She watches helplessly through the bars as the two gorilla warders haul TROY's limp form away.

83.

132. INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The usual gang of bcttors ringing the combat pit. MAXIMUS the Spider Monkey is pacing the floor, checking his watch. At last the corrugated steel door rises, and SCIPIO & BERNARDUS enter with TROY in tow.</ul

MAXIMUS

About time. The crowd's getting antsy. Bring your boy over here and let's go.

A ROAR OF APPROVAL from the onlookers as TROY makes his tnrance. SCIPIO begins undoing, his bonds. BERNARDUS, meanwhile, happens to glance down into the pit...

BERNARDUS

Hey, wait a minute -

MAXIMUS

'Any and all comers,' remember? Turnabout's fair play . . .

The conversation stops suddenly, interrupted by distant ALARM BELLS.

133. EXT. ZRI HABITAT - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

Wheels spinning on gravel. As the alann BLARES, a TRUCK screeches through the ZRI parking lot - and yanks down a section of the wroughtiron HABITAT FENCE, which is chained to its hitch.

CORNELIUS' APES, all armed and wearing ski masks, shepherd CONFUSED HUMANS out into the parking lot.

The GORILLA SECURLTY GUARD comes sprinting toward the lot. A MASKED CHIMP steps out from behind a bush and COLDCOCKS him.

134. INT. WAREHOUSE - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT
MAXIMUS, SCIPIO and BERNARDUS by the door, staring up at the ZRI lab on its hilltop perch. NERVOUS MUTTERING from the crowd ...
SCIPIO

That's the lab alarm. They must've -
MAXIMUS

You assholes.

84.
Now, POLICE SIRENS fill the air. Within seconds, the SPECTATORS are stampeding for the doors.

135. EXT. HABITAT - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT
SUSAN comes sprinting through the hole in the fence;
CORNELIUS

WHERE'S TROY?!?
SUSAN

They took him - the warders -
CORNELIUS

WHERE??
She shakes her head. She doesn't know. She starts toward a nearby VAN, one of several idling in the lot, but CORNELIUS holds her back.
CORNELIUS

The vans are decoys. We're down the hill. COME ON!!
The SIRENS are closer now. The four white VANS pull out of the lot and head in different directions. CORNELIUS and SUSAN sprint down the hill toward a deserted side road, where a small black car is waiting . . .

136. INT. WAREHOUSE - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT
SIRENS everywhere. The party's broken up in a hurry. ONLOOKERS are climbing over each other to get out the door.

TROY is staggering around blindly at the edge of the pit. His arms and legs are loose, but he's still struggling with the LEATHER COLLAR around his neck, which binds the tarp over his head.
BERNARDUS

Hey, what about the -
SCIPIO

Screw him. MOVE OUT!
SCIPIO gives TROY an unceremonious KLICK in the ass. It sends him TOPPLING over a spectator bench . . . INTO THE PIT.

85.
137. INT. PIT - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

The tarp billows shroudlike around him as TROY hits the dirt. After a struggle he manages to unbuckle the COLLAR and roll free of the tarp.

The rim of the pit is ten feet above. The warehouse is totally abandoned now, and the lights have been turned out. In the darkness TROY walks right into the

SPECTATOR BENCH - it's fallen into the pit with him. If he angles it against the wall of the pit, he might just be able to climb out.

Before he can try out his plan . . . he hears strange, ragged BREATHING in the shadows. He's not alone.

TROY

I know you're there . . . come on out . . .

A shambling figure stumbles out of the blackness. It's no ape this time it's a HUMAN. But he's dark-skinned, and in the faint light of the pit it takes TROY a good ten seconds to recognize . . .

TROY

Dodge!!

With a howl of glee, TROY rushes forward and grabs his old comrade by the shoulders. DODGE gapes at him in speechless amazement.

TROY

Thank God. I thought I'd never see you again!

(laughing wildly)

Godforsaken crazy planet. Let's see if we can get out of this pit, huh? Give me a hand . . .

DODGE makes no move to help him with the bench. In fact, DODGE's stupefied expression hasn't changed a bit in the last thirty seconds . . .

TROY

Dodge?

With a blood-curdling animal SHRIEK, DODGE CHARGES TROY.

The two of them grapple wildly and pitch to the ground. TROY can't bring himself to slug his old pal - and he pays for it. DODGE rakes ragged fingernails across his face, DRAWING BLOOD.

TROY gets up - backs off. DODGE ducks and comes right at him. TROY braces himself against the pit wall - raises a leg just as DODGE tackles him. He KICKS DODGE onto his back.

86.

By the time DODGE can get to his feet, TROY's managed to grab the BENCH. He SLAMS IT, boardlike, into DODGE's FACE.

Plop.

Spent and exhausted, TROY kneels over his fallen comrade. He sees the SURGICAL STITCHES running just below the skullcap - and worse yet, the half-healed, dime-sized PUNCTURE in DODGE's forehead. It's as if a PISTON'S been driven directly into his friend's brain.

It's one cruel twist too many. Overcome by grief and rage, TROY hugs the limp frame that once housed DODGE to his chest.

138. EXT. STREET - APE CITY - NIGHT

SIRENS BLAR[NG]. We're on the outskirts of town; one of the WHITE DECOY VANS cuts a corner just a hair too close, and bounces up onto the curb. The REAR DOOR pops open . . .

. . . and a half-dozen WILD HUMANS tumble out onto the sidewalk!

139. EXT. STREET - ON POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The van TURNS toward a huge COMMOTION a couple of blocks away. PEDESTRIANS are screaming and racing out into the streets. CARS are swerving. All because of the HUMANS loose in the streets!

The VAN pulls up alongside one fleeing human. An APE COP leans out of the window and PARALYZES the human with a STINGER RIFLE.

More APE COPS jump out of the back of the paddy wagon and drag the fried human on board. Others set out on foot through the streets and alleys, STINGER RIFLES IN HAND.

140. EXT. STREET - ON TROY - THAT MOMENT

TROY, naturally, has chosen this worst of all possible moments to make his escape from the warehouse. He steps out into an intersection and nearly gets run over. Apes don't walk in the streets, of course; they use the network of MONKEYBARS overhead.

He grabs a semicircular MONKEYBAR and climbs atop it. Unfortunately, apes use the UNDERSIDE of the bars, and TROY is scrambling across the TOPSIDE - squashing fingers, prompting LOUD SCREAMS and CURSING as crossing apes DROP into the busy streets.

87.

141. INT. BAR - NIGHT

A fifth-story gin mill. A giant-screen TV is showing an APE BASEBALL GAME. The chimp MANAGER is right up in the face of the orang UMP. Chattering wildly, shaking his fists, the MANAGER does a series of ANGRY BACKFLIPS into the infield.

Two tired apes in BUSINESS SUITS are sitting at the bar nursing drinks.
GORILLA

Whaddaya expect? Nine chimps on the jury. Evidence or not, the guy's gonna walk.
CHIMP

Yeah. - Still, you hate to see 'em play the species card.

TROY bursts in through the door, looking around for someplace to hide. The BARTENDER gasps and pulls out a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. TROY DUCKS as he shoots out a window and darts into a BACK ROOM.

The COPS swing in a couple of seconds later. The BARTENDER points to the back room, and off they go. Up on the screen, BOTH DUGOUTS have cleared, and the two ape teams are squaring off in a massive BRAWL.

142. INT. SUPPLY ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

TROY dumps a couple of crates against the door to slow the cops. Now he opens ANOTHER door - and stumbles across a group of SPIDER MONKEYS engaged in a FLOATING CRAP GAME.

Their MONEY's out on the floor, and TROY KICKS IT ALL AROUND as he sprints through. SCREAMING and CHATTERING IN RAGE, the tiny SPIDER MONKEYS jump him en masse - BITING and SCRATCHING him, CLINGING to him like barnacles on the prow of a ship.

He staggers to a REAR EXIT - manages to get it open just as the COPS arrive. He DIVES THROUGH -

Bad move. They're five stories up, and there are no STAIRS - just a Jacob's ladder on the wall. TROY CRASHES DOWNWARD through a couple of AWNINGS, shedding spider monkeys as he goes. Two stories above ground he slams into a lateral MONKEYBAR that leads him into:

87.

143. INT. NIGHTCLUB - A MOMENT LATER

Straight out of Showgirls - horny chimp tourists stuffing cash into the g-strings of topless GORILLA DANCERS. The girls are wriggling on the runway bar, and onstage there's a KARAOKE ACT . . . APE SINATRA and APE BONO dueting on "I've Got You Under My Skin."

APE BONO

Don't you know, you ald fool/That you never can win . . .

APE SINATRA

Use your mentality/ Wake up to reaiity . . .

TROY bursts onto tht stage at a full run, knocking SINATRA's martini into BONO's hair. He HURDLES the runway, sending TOPLESS DANCERS diving into the laps of the patrons.

144. EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

TROY drops into a darkened alley. Two APE COPS at the far end spot him. He turns - and sees two MORE APE COPS at the opposite end!

The four APE COPS converge on him. TROY ducks into an alcove and rattles the rear delivery door of a FRUIT BAR. Locked tight - no place to go. Cornered, he looks dawn at a pair of oversized GARBAGE CANS . . .

. . . which are brimming over with BANANA PEELS! TROY pitches both cans into the alley. The onrushing APE COPS do a four-way pratfall, YOWLING as their feet skid out from under them on the slimy carpet of banana peels. WKAM - they collide in a furry heap!

145. EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FRUIT BAR - NIGHT

TROY vaults over the carnage. The COPS come slipping and sliding out of the alley behind him. TROY spots a BICYCLE . . .

It belongs to a chimp, CAIUS, who's stapling ADVERTISING FLYERS to nearby telephone poles. He turns just in time to see TROY riding off!

CAIUS

Hey!!

146. EXT. STREETS - MOVING - WITH TROY

With the streets clogged, TROY takes the bike up onto the sidewalk -

89.

dodging SLDEWALK VENDORS, dismantling a THREE-CARD MONTE table. Two COP CARS converge in front of him. He does a WHEELIE and executes a perfect 90-degree turn on his rear tire . . .

. . . rocketing UP the loading ramp of a nearby vegetable tiuck, INTO the air, OVER the nearer of the COP CARS . . .

. . . and down a CONCRETE RAMP that takes him below street.ieval to:

147. EXT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT

CALLIOPE MUSIC; apes in sweaters playing crack-the-whip. TROY realizes he's trapped - the ramp is the only way out. His bike skids wildly. He has to keep one foot on the ice to maintain his balance.

It's total chaos. SKATERS SCREAM and RUN at the sight of him, landing on their asses like Thumper. As the COPS come running down the ramp, TROY glances upward - and sees CAIUS, the ape whose bike he stole, EYEING HIM ODDLY from the railing above the rink.

Then - bizarrely - a number of the SKATERS begin to POINT at TROY, LAUGHING. The ice is littered with ADVERTISING FLIERS - scattered from the back of CAJUUS BIKE. TROY stops to pick one up:

CAIUS MAXIMUS

"The Greatest Show on Orbis Terrae"

Wed - Fri. _ Three Nights Only _ Xerxcs Memorial Coliseum

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!

By now, the APE COPS have got him cornered. But CAIUS comes running up and produces a decorative: leather COLLAR.

CAIUS

HEY! HEY! WHAT'S THE DEAL?

APE COP I

This man escaped from the ZRI. Stand back.

CAIUS scoops up one of the FLIERS and hands it over.

CAIUS

That's no zoo man. Don't you know a highly trained performing artiste when you see one?

(digging into his pocket)

My card.

APE COP I shrugs. He buys it. But APE COP II is still suspicious:

90.

APE COP II

Hold on. Let's see him do a trick.

CAIUS shoots a nervous look at TROY. TROY shoots one back.

CAIUS

What, a free show? Jeez, guys, I would like to sell a ticket or two . . . !

He digs in his coat, slips the COPS a couple of freebie tickets.

CAIUS

Hey - for your trouble. Friday night, front row center. Bring the kids!

APE COP I

Say, thanks, pal!

The COPS leave. CAIUS retrieves his bike and leads TROY up the ramp. The CROWD gives them a farewell round of APPLAUSE; TROY BOWS.

CAIUS

Baby, I don't know who trained your ugly ass - but I'm gonna make you a star!

148. EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

A craggy, ice-capped MOUNTAIN RIDGE. Atop it are SCARECROWS, WARNING SIGNS, BARBED-WIRE FENCE.

CUT TO:

CORNELIUS [o.s.]

The Forbidden Zone . . . home to mutants and monsters and incurable disease.
CAMERA TILTS DOWN - halfway down the side of the mountain - to find SUSAN and CORNELIUS atop furry, llama-like PACK ANIMALS, slowly negotiating their way along a steep and slippery canyon trail.

SUSAN
(skeptically)

Uh huh. Taboo, right?

91.
CORNELIUS

Oh, yes. The only ones allowed in are the Orang priests. It's a kind of purification rite . . . two-thirds of 'em never make it out. But the ones who do come back holy men.

SUSAN

And great composers.
CORNELIUS

Meaning what?

Meaning, if you had spaceships and satellite dishes and you didn't want anyone to know, this would be a pretty good place to hide 'em.

149. EXT. RIVERBED - DAY

CORNELIUS, SUSAN, and the PACK ANIMALS emerge from a narrow declivity into a stretch of flat esker. Not far off, there's a narrow STREAM fed by melting snow from the nearby peaks.

A small, fur-clad HUMAN GIRL of about six is playing beside the stream, poking at shiny rocks with a stick, drawing patterns in the sandy bed.

CORNELIUS

Iocasta!

The child runs up to the caravan, SQUAWKING unintelligibly with excitement.

CORNELIUS throws her a candy from his pack.

CORNELIUS

Use your signs - that's right - now go tell the others we're here.

IOCASTA makes a quick series of sign-language gestures, then scampers uphill to the mouth of a nearby CAVE.

SUSAN

She understands every word you say.

92.
CORNELIUS

The fact is, there's no physiological reason why humans can't speak. That's our goal here - expose the little ones to language, almost from birth, and see what takes hold.

SUSAN

You want her to talk, and you name her 'Iocasta'? I can barely say 'Iocasta.'
They follow IOCASTA up the hill to . . .

150. INT. "THE COLONY" - DAY

Chimpanzee SCIENTISTS and their human guinea pigs greet our caravan as it arrives at the mouth of the cave. Inside, it's warm - almost steamy - because

the nearby caverns house a series of NATURAL HOT SPRINGS. The apes have outfitted the interior to serve both as lab and Living quarters: modern equipment, comfortable furniture, electrical lighting fed by generator, hydroponic food tanks. It's half-cave, half-condo.

Apes and humans alike rush up to help unload the pack animals. As CORNELIUS dismounts to introduce her, a look of distinct unease verging on nausea - crosses SUSAN's face.

CORNELIUS

Everyone - if I may - I'd like to introduce the visitor you've been hearing so much about my distinguished colleague Dr. Susan Landis!

APES bow and curtsy. SUSAN barely seems to notice them. She climbs shakily down from her mount and stumbles to the mouth of the cave.

CORNELIUS

- Susan?

He finally realizes she's retching. He rushes to her side to help her.

CORNELIUS

Poor dear! You've been sick half the time we -

(pause)

Susan. It's, uh . . . it's not what I think, is it?

The ragged look on her face gives him his answer. He throws an arm around her, shouts urgently at his chimp cohorts:

93.

CORNELIUS

Get some water. Find a place for Dr. Landis to lie down. Now!

151. INT. BIG TOP - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEMALE CHIMP in a spangled outfit doing a bareback act: perfectly balanced, one foot on the saddle, one foot held gracefully aloft. Horse is being led around center ring by a MAN on a bicycle - TROY, newly decked out in an undersized plaid SUIT.

RINGMASTER

Smart as a whip, ain't he? You don't have to show him but once ...

CAIUS

Best part is, he don't complain about his gaddam billing.

The two of them eye the BAREBACK RIDER and chuckle sagely.

152. INT. BIG TOP - ON SECOND RING

HUMANS IN CLOTHES doing a novelty routine on a suburban kitchen set. HUMAN MOM in her apron is fixing dinner for the HUMAN KIDS, who bang their utensils on the table. HUMAN DAD comes home from a hard day at the office and puts his derby on the umbrella stand . . .

. . . which sends the ANIMAL TRAINER into a whip-cracking RAGE.

TRAINER

No, no, you stupid bastard! The hatrack. You put it on the hatrack!!

HUMAN DAD cowers and backs into the hatrack, knocking it over. His TRAINER grabs the derby and WHACKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE with it.

Now HUMAN DAD loses it. With a guttural SQUEAL he LUNGES AT the TRAINER. A half-dozen WRANGLERS and CIRCUS HANDS are on him instantly, dragging him back to his cage.

94.

TRAINER

I'll never work with that animal again. He's an imbecile. He can't take direction, he flies off the handle at the slightest -

RINGMASTER

You got three days. Then go find a new one.

CAIUS

I'll tell you who could handle it.

He gestures at TROY, who's just climbed down off his bicycle.

RINGMASTER

Caius. Get real. We open Wednesday. We got national TV in here on Friday . . . TROY's ears perk up suddenly at the mention of LNE TV.

153. INT. BIG TOP - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

An SRO crowd APPLAUDS as a trio of nimble CHIMP AERIALISTS take a bow from their elevated platforms. Then, a TV CAMERA zooms in on our TV HOSTS, a female chimp and male gorilla seated near the center ring.

CHIMP HOSTESS

Now, the act all you kids have been waiting for - and your parents too! That's right - it's time for . . . Horatio's Hilarious Humans!

Now the CAMERAS swing over to the KITCHEN SET we saw before. On a B&W portable TV in the corner, we see an old episode of 1 LOVE LUCY the dialog track replaced by AMMAL GRUNTS and YAMMERING.

TWO YAPPING HUMAN KIDS are at the table, banging knives and forks. MOM - who's wearing an apron and, as we see when she turns around, nothing else - opens the fridge and takes out a CASSEROLE, which she then places in the OVEN.

The kids hear a BEEP-BEEP noise and run to the window. There they see TROY in his plaid suit, pedaling a TOY CAR in circles around the set.

The KIDS rush up to greet him as he climbs out and strolls to the back door of the kitchen. He takes off the derby, reaches for the doorknob . . .

94.

He turns. Faces the audience. Holds up a hand to shield his eyes from the lights. The laughter of the audience dies down to a low murmur.

Dead air. The TV CREW trades nervous looks. CAIUS and the RINGMASTER are sweating bullets. No one has any idea what's going on . . . until TROY opens his mouth.

TROY

APES!! Illustrious apes!

Scattered LAUGHTER, mild APPLAUSE. Surely it's part of the show . . .

TROY

Learned orangutans, wise chimpanzees, noble gorillas - I thank you for your kind applause. But now I must humbly beg your indulgence to speak!

154. INTERCUT - SERIES OF SHOTS

depicting STUNNED REACTIONS to TROY's pronouncement. We see:

_ AUDIENCE MEMBERS, hushed, hanging on TROY's every word. An INFANTS CRY echoes in the silence. The ape-child's MOTHER pulls it close, quiets it down. A few MUTTERS of disbelief, confusion.

_ The RINGMASTER staring slackjawed at CAIUS. Is it some kind of trick? But CAIUS just shrugs, as astonished as anyone else.

_ The CAMERA CREW and TV ANNOUNCERS signalling frantically, dropping everything to focus in on the human's miraculous speech.

155. INT. CENTER RING - ON TROY

EVERY SPOTLIGHT glaring down on him as he pours on the humility.

TROY

I know my appearance is grotesque ... my features bestial, my very scent repulsive to you. Yet I beg you ... look beyond this wretched exterior. I am no ordinary man.

(long pause)

I come from another world. My name is Alexander Troy.

94.

156. INT. ZAIUS' PALACE - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

ZAIUS in his plush digs, cordless phone cradled against his shoulder.

ZAIUS

WHAT?!? -

Alarmed, he grabs a REMOTE and points it at the TV, where he sees:

TROY [on TV]

On my world - through some inexplicable twist of fate - it is humans who are blessed with the gift of speech and culture. Yet my people are dying . . . cursed with a plague we are powerless to fight.

157. INT. ZIRA'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

She's watching the broadcast as well - fighting back TEARS OF JOY at the revelation that TROY is alive and safe.

TROY [on TV]

And so I come to you, oh apes - with your brilliant achievements in science and the arts - to beg your help. Without your generous assistance, my people are surely doomed.

158. INT. BIG TOP - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

TROY KNEELS in supplication before the crowd.

TROY

I throw myself humbly before you.

Then - as TROY gets up - the entire crowd of apes begins to APPLAUD. Orangs, chimps, gorillas rise as one in a STANDING OVATION.

159. INT. ZAIUS' PALACE - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

ZAIUS is watching the tube in a fury. He growls into the phone . . .

ZAIUS

Oh, bloody hell - he's gone and appealed to our better natures.

CUT TO:

97.

160. EXT. INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE - DAY

A big official building. NEWS TEAMS are massed on the steps outside.

NEWS APE I

I'm outside the Institute of Science, where Alexander Troy, the talking human, has been undergoing a battery of isolation tests. Early word is that Troy has passed with flying colors - he is for real - and in fact I'm hearing that in certain areas, such as aeronautics, his knowledge may even surpass our own! TROY emerges triumphantly from the building, with ZIRA and a multispecies group of APE SCIENTISTS in support. TROY WAVES to the cheering CROWDS and is immediately besieged by NEWS APES.

NEWS APE I

Dr. Troy! Has your story been verified?

NEWS APE II

Have you signed a book deal yet?

NEWS APE III

Do you plan to give up your circus act?

TROY

I'll be holding a press conference tomorrow at ten. I thank you all for your kindness, but I'm very tired . . . and a long way from home.

The crowd mobs him as he makes his way to a waiting taxi. He's gone from zoo attraction to national hero in record time.

161. MONTAGE SEQUENCE - TROY AS A CELEBRITY

TV NEWS BROADCASTS intercut with personal appearances by TROY:

* An opera house; Rigoletto, with apes. The curtain comes down, then rises again for the assembled cast to take a bow. A SPOTLIGHT SHINES on the ROYAL BOX, where a tuxedoed TROY is snoring lightly at ZIRA's side. She gives him a sharp elbow to the ribs; he stands, smiles, and takes a discreet bow. The crowd goes wild.

* A TV NEWSCASTER, with the oversized face of TROY smiling from the bluescreen over his shoulder:

98.

NEWSCASTER

Grass-roots support continues to build for the proposed Mission of Mercy to planet Earth home of talking human Alexander Troy.

TROY'S FACE is replaced by APE SENATORS pounding their podia:

NEWSCASTER

The House of Primates today urged the House of Lords to throw the full resources of the nation behind a medical research program to cure the plague afflicting Troy's people . . .

* An ape baseball stadium. TROY throws out the first pitch.

* More TV news. NOW the bluescreen shows CHIMP SCIENTISTS removing a HUMAN CHILD from a primitive SPACE CAPSULE.

NEWSCASTER

Public support for the Mission of Mercy continues to build. Hughes Aeronautics is undertaking a crash program to test the feasibility of aped interstellar flight -

* A toy store. GORILLA CASHIERS in Troy T-shirts selling TROY DOLLS to a stampede of APE CHILDREN. One little chimp can hardly wait. As soon as his mom pays, he RIPS OPEN the packaging and YANKS ON the little cord that makes the doll TALK:

TROY DOLL

E equals MC squared.

* The ape version of "Crossfire," in which a bespectacled, intellectual-looking GORILLA debates a cantankerous ORANG PRIEST:

GORILLA

I'm intrigued by this human social order he describes. "All men created equal" - it's a provocative alternative to a system based on what many feel is outdated religious dogma.

ORANG

Heresy! Read your scrolls: "and in their midst shall there rise up a beast among them; and with honeyed words shall he lead the weak and the iniquitous into perdition!"

99.

The old geezer is still spluttering when we CUT to COMMERCIAL.

* And finally, the parking lot of the ZRI, which is now MOBBED with animal-rights protestors. CORNELIUS's tiny contingent of cranks has now been joined by enough placard-carrying CHIMPS and GORILLAS to populate a small city!

162. INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

TROY and ZIRA, who are seated at the best table in the house examining their menus by candlelight. The other customers are all CRANING THEIR NECKS to get an eyeful of this profoundly absurd sight. TROY waves graciously to each and every rubbernecker.

TROY

It's time to bring Susan back - introduce her to the world. She can certainly help with the research team -

ZIRA

Alexander . . . I hope you're joking.

TROY

But why? You saw the poll today. Wefre got eighty percent support for the -

ZIRA

Public opinion doesn't mean anything here. The Orangs are not going to build a "Mercy Ship" to send you home. And they won't help Susan find a cure.

She shuts up immediately. An elegantly dressed ORANG COUPLE passes the table. The ape claps TROY familiarly on the shoulder.

ZIRA

You're a novelty, Alexander. When the public gets bored with you, they'll make their move.

(looking around suspiciously)

The best thing for Susan is to let her do her work in secrecy.

TROY

I've got to see her, Zira! It's been weeks. I don't know if she's all right, if she's . . . I have to at least get a message through.

100.

ZIRA

Do you want them to find her? They monitor all our communications. Yesterday they came in and seized a stack of videocassettes!

TROY considers the wisdom of what ZIRA has told him. An APE WAITER passes, carrying a TRAYFUL OF ENTREES to another nearby table . . .

TROY

When you get a chance . . . could I see the wine List?

The WAITER's jaw drops. So does his TRAY.

163. INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

A tasteful, intimate set. In one chair, TROY. Beside him, apeland's queen of celebrity journalism, an overly solicitous female Orangutan with laquered red hair and a slight lisp: BARBARIA.

BARBARIA

You're saying that humans of any race can draft legislation? - enter the priesthood?

TROY

We call it "democracy." Of course, it does lead to a certain amount of dissension. We've never known a period of peace and stability such as you've achieved here.

BARBARIA

Iet's talkl about your feelings. How does it feel to be the only intelligent human on a distant planet so far from home and family.

TROY

As you know, there were five of us, Barbaria . . . I was the only one who survived the crash. Without ape kindness and ape hospitality ...

He shrugs. BARBARIA, moved, lays a paw across his hand.

BARBARIA

Thank you Alexander Troy . . . talking human.

101.

TROY

Thank you, Barbaria.

164. INT. CATHEDRAL - HIGH PRIEST'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The HIGH PRIEST and all the ELDERS sitting around in their Sunday robes watching Barbaria. ZAIUS paces the floor, utterly disgusted.

ZAIUS

Talk about animal cunning. He's too smart to challenge us outright . . . so he's killing us with humility!

ELDER

He's a liar. Four humans dying in the crash. We killed a couple of them - at least!

ZAIUS

There's still one unaccounted for. He's trying to protect her.
ELDER

Her?
ZAIUS

We have reason to believe it's a female.
HIGH PRIEST

I'm sick of debating. We should destroy this brute at once. He's an aberration - a freak of nature!
ZAIUS

He's a hero to the chimps and goriillas. Make a martyr of him now, we'd have an open revolt. We have to co-opt him . . . and the woman may be just the weapon we need.
In the distance, ORGAN MUSIC booms. A timid Orang ALTAR BOY pokes his muzzle in through the door.
ALTAR BOY

Your Holiness? The service is beginning.
They file out. ZAIUS holds the door for the doddering HIGH PRIEST.

102.
HIGH PRIEST

"Public opinion." Bah! What about the truth?
ZAIUS

Truth? Your Holiness, if the truth ever comes out, we'll all be tied to a stake and barbecued.

165. EXT. COLONY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A SMALL HUMAN BOY is banging a stick against hollow GOURDS of various sizes, making primitive MUSIC. On the sparse grass outside the cave, CHILDREN are seated in a circle practicing SIGN LANGUAGE with CORNELIUS - who enunciates each word with great precision.

166. INT. COLONY - INFIRMARY - DAY

Making do with the limited equipment at hand, SUSAN has commandeered the INFIRMARY as an impromptu genetics workshop. She's teaching the tricks of her trade to a circle of chimp scientists; CHALKBOARDS are covered with arcane formulae and DNA diagrams.

SUSAN stares at a couple of printouts - shakes her head in confusion.
SUSAN

It can't be. It doesn't make any sense.
Her CHIMP COLLEAGUES cluster around her - examine the printouts - exchange equally puzzled looks.

167. EXT. COLONY - CAVE MOUTH - DAY

IOCASTA, the shaggy little girl we met before, is sitting a short distance away from the language circle working excitedly on a project. When SUSAN comes racing outside with her printouts, IOCASTA runs over and begins pulling on her pants leg.

SUSAN

Cornelius? Come here, look at this ...

IOCASTA holds up her gift: flat rocks strung together on a piece of twine.

SUSAN

Josie. For me? Thank you, honey . . .

CORNELIUS

What have you got there?

103.

SUSAN

Josie's genotype, and mine. We're related.

She hands over the printouts. CORNELIUS reacts in astonishment.

SUSAN

Common genetic material. The paths must've diverged ten, twenty thousand years ago . . . but the two of us fell off the same tree.

IOCASTA - "JOISE" - keeps yanking on SUSAN's sleeve. She's holding a glossy magazine. She opens it and shows SUSAN a picture of a glamorous FEMALE APE wearing a diamond necklace. SUSAN takes the hint. Smiling, she ties the flat-stone version around her neck.

CORNELIUS

I admit she's got your fashion sense, but - how could you possibly share a common ancestor? You're from two different planets!

SUSAN

Either we came here . . . or they came to us.

CORNELIUS

You mean . . . fly to earth? These people? Look at them, Susan! They're savages!

SUSAN

They've all got the aging plague in their blood. Just like me. Yet they reproduce, their children grow normally. Maybe they're survivors.

(beat)

You have archaeology, don't you? What do you know about your own prehistory?

CORNELIUS

Prehistory? Our records go back ten thousand years - to the dawn of time!

SUSAN

No. There was a civilization here before you, Cornelius . . . a human civilization.

CORNELIUS

Oh, stop it! That's - that's -

104.

SUSAN

Heresy? It's in the genes, Cornelius . . . theirs and mine . . .

CORNELIUS

You're wrong. This is a planet of apes! There's no human civilization here.

SUSAN

Not any more. They were killed by a plague . . . the same one that's killing my world now. But a handful survived. They were immune.

(beat)

And if these people are their descendants they must still carry the immune factor.

They both look up. HELICOPTER ROTORS are churning in the distance. The sound galvanizes CORNELIUS. He claps his hands sharply, begins HUSTLING the kids into the cave.

CORNELIUS

INSIDE! NOW!

SUSAN shoots a worried look at him as she helps herd the kids inside -

CORNELIUS

It's routine. They're just patrolling the border of the Zone -

SUZIE

JOSIE! !

The little girl has run off to fetch the NECKLACE, which SUSAN left behind on the rocks. As SUSAN chases her down and scoops her up, a COPTER swings into view overhead; and suddenly we're looking at -

168. SERIES OF STILLS - AERIAL VANTAGE

CLICK: a STILL FRAME B&W IMAGE of SUSAN with the squirming child in her arms, carrying her back to safety. It HOLDS for just a second . . .

. . . and CLICK - on SUSAN setting JOSIE down just outside the cave . . .

. . . and CLICK - on SUSAN glancing up at the sky - AT CAMERA - just a second or two before reentering the cave. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we realize we're watching this last image in . . .

105.

169. INT. VIDEO LAB - DAY

ZAIUS and a pair of ORANG TECHNICIANS at a bank of monitors and videotape decks. He points to SUSAN on the monitor:

ZAIUS

Zoom in on that. Full enhancement. And cue up that tape from the ZRI . . .

The TECHS do as ordered. When they're done, ZAIUS is looking at a passable closeup of SUSAN on the aerial-photo screen - and a freeze-frame of SUSAN and TROY on the ZRI screen.

ZAIUS

Am I blind, or is that the same female?

TECH

No fur . . . they all look alike to me.

ZAIUS (a big wolfish grin)

Trust me on this one.

170. INT. COLONY - LAB - DAY

TIGHT ON SUSAN, peering into a microscope; a television monitor to one side shows us what she's seeing.

SUSAN

I've found it.

CORNELIUS stops what he's doing and races to her side.

SUSAN

The chromosomal aberration. That makes them immune to the plague. It's called PNC.

CORNELIUS

You've seen it before?

SUSAN

We have it on earth. The body can't process certain types of protein - which retards the formation of the myelin sheath - which means no higher cortical functions. No speech.

(beat)

I'll tell you something else. We can cure it.

106.

CORNELIUS

Cure it?

SUSAN

I'm right, Cornelius, I know it. There was a race of humans once - civilized humans - all but wiped out by the plague. And the only ones who survived . . .

CORNELIUS

- The PNC victims?

SUSAN

Yeah. One in a thousand, maybe one in a million - and the same genetic kink that left them speechless saved them from the plague.

They stand there thinking it over for a few beats. Independently of one another, they break out LAUGHING.

CORNELIUS

Susan . . . if this is true . . . if it's curable . . . we could breed a race of talking humans!

SUSAN

You idiot! I've got a whole planetful of talking humans - And we've just figured out how to save them all!

SUSAN stops laughing suddenly - clutches at her stomach.

CORNELIUS

Susan! Are you -

SUSAN

No - no, it's impossible. It's too soon.

(grinning hugely)

I thought I felt a kick!

They grin at each other - LAUGH OUT LOUD again. Until they hear the disturbing noises from elsewhere in the cave . . .

Human screams. Chimpanzee screams. A GUNSHOT.

JOSIE comes racing into the lab, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY. She drops her ape doll and COWERS behind a bank of equipment. CORNELIUS runs to the doorway to investigate . . .

107.

. . . but a BULLET sends him sprawling to the floor.

A young ORANG in military garb enters, sidearm in hand. He stares at CORNELIUS, down on the cave floor, blood gushing from his wounded thigh; at SUSAN; at the stuffed APE DOLL where it fell in the corner.

ORANG

Come on. Won't hurt you. Come on.

JOSIE steps out from behind the machinery and takes his hand. He walks her over to where SUSAN is standing, UTTERLY DISTRAUGHT.

ORANG

Guess you'd be the one who talks, huh?

DISSOLVE TO:

171. INT. ZAIUS' PLALCE - NIGHT

GLASS WALLS open on a spectacular view of the ape city. This big open room is designed for parties, and tonight that's exactly what we've got.

LIVERIED SERVANTS are handing out hors d'oeuvres. In the sunken living room, the creme de Io creme of ape society - resplendent in tuxes and gowns - are doing the Bump to James Brown's "SEX MACHINE."

TROY and ZIRA arrive. Almost at once, a drunken female PARTYGOER flings herself at TROY and gives him a big wet SMOOCH.

FEMALE PARTYGOER

THE HUMAN!! THE HUMAN!! - I don't care if you are bald all over. I think you're sexy!

in the center of the room is a great big HOLE - and growing through it is an enormous LIVE OAK TREE. ZAIUS - looking like an ape Hef in his velvet smoking jacket - swings elegant~y into the room, followed in short order by a trio of fawning APE BABES in SLINKY LOW-CUT GOWNS.

ZAIUS

Males! Females! Combinations thereof . . . the purpose of our party tonight is to honor a very special visitor to our humble city -

108.

(raising a glass to TROY)

- and to announce that the House of Lards has today approved a Mission of Mercy to his stricken planet. Dr. Troy and his people will have our full resources at their disposal.

APPLAUSE all around. TROY is visibly shocked at ZAIUS' reversal.

ZAIUS

To salute him - and to commemorate our new friendship - I'd like to play a little something I've composed for the occasion.

He sits down at the piano and launches into "RHAPSODY IN BLUE." TROY, appalled, stares around at the adoring guests . . .

APE GUEST I

Boy. What a genius.

172. INT. ZAIUS' PLALCE - LATER - NIGHT

Early in the A.M., and the party's breaking up. ZIRA and TROY are the only remaining guests. TROY sits at the piano with a snifter of brandy, plinking out a pretty fair rendition "NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT."

ZAIUS

Catchy tune. May I ask what it is?

TROY

You should know, Mister Gershwin. It's one of your compositions.

ZAIUS

You play beautifully for an animal. - Zira, could - have my driver take you home? I don't think your escort's in any shape to leave.

TROY gestures that he'll be fine. ZIRA lets a HOSTESS lead her out.

TROY

You know our culture, because you steal it. You knew we were coming here, because you were there to hunt us the moment we landed.

(angrily)

So maybe you know why my world is dying.

109.

ZAIUS

Look, Troy. We Orangs are a tiny minority, but we have a pretty sweet deal. The lower orders are happy with their lot ... and they accept our divine right to rule.

TROY

With human science. Human culture. Human reliaion ...

ZAIUS

Exactly. Now bear with me: you're a chimp, say. Or a gorilla. One day you find out that your high holy lords and masters have stolen all that science, religion, and so forth ... from a race of talking animals.

TROY

I kick your hairy purple ass.

ZAIUS

We think alike on this one. You know, we really weren't all that worried until Sputnik went up . . .

TROY

Sputnik?

ZAIUS

We thought you were going into space! How did we know? We didn't want you coming here with all your equality . . . social justice . . . wars, riots, revolutions

. . .

TROY

So you sent us a plague.
ZAIUS

We thought of it as a vaccine, actually.
TROY

You'd wipe out an entire race so you could go on living in a palace? it's genocide!
ZAIUS

Yeah. Another bright idea we stole from you.

110.
The ape lord begins to laugh, and TROY loses it. He attacks ZAIUS - heaves him into a glass coffee table, which SHATTERS beneath him.

ZAIUS backs into a wall, picking glass from his fur. TROY charges him again, wild-eyed, POUNDING at him viciously . . .
ZAIUS

Stop it. Wefte aot your wife.
TROY

What??
ZAIUS

Your mate, your woman, your wet-monkey- love thing. Your . . . Susan.
TROY backs off. ZAIUS grins.
ZAIUS

We found her at that little animal farm your chimp friends run.
(off TROY's look)

She's fine. And if you give us your silence and cooperation, she might stay that way.
TROY turns and shambles away. His mind is racing in a dozen different directions. For once, he doesn't know what to do.
ZAIUS

It's too late for earth, Troy. When the 'Mercy Ship' arrives, they'll find a dead world and claim it. So let it go! Do as we say. You'll live out your life in comfort . . . well allow Susan to continue her research . . .
TROY

What's the point? Why find a cure, if you won't let her -
ZAIUS

The point, Troy, is that she still think's there's a decent chance of saving the child</u.. >
TROY turns - and faces ZAIUS with a gaze of harrowing intensity.

111.
ZAIUS

You didn't know?? My Grodd, Troy - you're going to be a father!!
ZAIUS' LAUGHTER BURNS in TROY's ears as we
CUT TO:

173. INT. ZIRA'S APPARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

TROY in his evening clothes, ZIRA in a bathrobe; he's woken her up.

ZIRA

So he's got Cornelius?

TROY

Cornelius. And Susan. And my . . .

He can't even bring himself to finish the sentence. The pain on his face moves

ZIRA. She takes his hand.

ZIRA

It's different for you, isn't it. On our world human males don't take part in child-rearing. They don't even have the concept of paternity.

TROY

Not so different. Not so different at all.

He chuckles to himself, softly, bitterly. She gives him a quizzical look . . .

TROY

My boy was thirteen. His mother and I had divorced. It was his weekend with me - only we had a big launch we had to move up, and

(long pause)

Anyway, he should have been with me. But instead he went on a rafting trip with the neighbors, and . . . he should've been with me.

ZIRA

And now . . . after all this time . . . you've got something to lose again.

112.

TROY

I'm going to bring them back, Zira. I'll bring them back - if I have to rip this world apart to do it.

Impulsively she KISSES him. He blinks in disbelief.

ZIRA

I like you humans. You tough little bastards.

CUT TO:

174. INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - DAY

ZAIUS and an ORANG PILOT flying over the Forbidden Zone. In the distance, they see a MAMMOTH FLYING CRAFT, black and moth-winged, executing aerial maneuvers over the mountains. The black craft screams off at ungodly speed - vanishes to a speck on the horizon - and returns just as quickly before settling to the ground a mile or two away.

An excited ZAIUS chucks his PILOT on the shoulder . . .

ZAIUS

There it is. The Mercy Ship!

174. EXT. LANDING PAD - DAY

It's only now, seeing ZAIUS's puny copter landing beside it, that we can appreciate the massive scale of the Mercy Ship - it could blot out half a football field. By the time ZAIUS deplanes, a forty-man crew of ORANGS is already clambering all over the great ship, checking it out . . .

ZAIUS

How's it coming? We're hoping to launch from the Royal Pavilion - on a holiday, if possible.

PROJECT CHIEF

First of the month, your Lordship. The original plans were still in the central database.

ZAIUS climbs into the gondola of a MONORAIL - which transports him up and over the snowy rocks to his top-secret destination . . .

112.

160. EXT. INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE - DAY

A big official building. NEWS TEAMS are massed on the steps outside.

NEWS APE I

I'm outside the Institute of Science, where Alexander Troy, the talkirrg human, has been undergoing a battery of isolation tests. Early word is that Troy has passed with flying colors - he is for real - and in fact I'm hearing that in certain areas, such as aeronautics, his knowledge may even surpass our own! TROY emerges triumphantly from the building, with ZIRA and a multispecies group of APE SCIENTISTS in support. TROY WAVES to the cheering CROWDS and is immediately besieged by NEWS APES.

NEWS APE I

Dr. Troy! Has your story been verified?

NEWS APE II

Have you signed a book deal yet?

NEWS APE III

Do you plan to give up your circus act?

TROY

I'll be holding a press conference tomorrow at ten. I thank you all for your kindness, but I'm very tired . . . and a long way from home.

The crowd mobs him as he makes his way to a waiting taxi. He's gone from zoo attraction to national hero in record time.

161. MONTAGE SEQUENCE - TROY AS A CELEBRITY

TV NEWS BROADCASTS intercut with personal appearances by TROY:

* An opera house; Rigoletto, with apes. The curtain comes down, then rises again for the assembled cast to take a bow. A SPOTLIGHT SHINES on the ROYAL BOX, where a tuxedoed TROY is snoring lightly at ZIRA's side. She gives him a sharp elbow to the ribs; he stands, smiles, and takes a discret bow. The crowd goes wild.

* A TV NEWSCASTER, with the oversized face of TROY smiling from the bluescreen over his shoulder:

112.

176. INT. OLYMPOUS BASE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An enormous PLEXIGLASS DOME caps a SHAET almost half a mile wide.

113.

A hundred feet below the dome, literally DUG OUT of the surrounding glacial mountain, lies the ancient CITY OF OLYMPUS.

This is the last surviving vestige of the human civilization that died out Millenia ago. STATUARY of Greco-Roman design - nobly-proportioned HUMANS in athletic poses - dot the landscape, often half-buried by dirt or ice. The architectute might have servtd as a model for our carth~y ancients as well - but

where they used stone, these humans built their forums, artnas, and coliseums out of metal and glass. The wholc tffect of the place is disturbingly anachronistic . . .

ZAIUS takes it all in from a transparcnt ELEVATOR POD that lowers him from the dome to ground level. The usual coterie of hangers-on waits down below, ready to escort him into the deeper warrens of the city.

177. INT. LEARNING CENTER - DAY

A futuristic LIBRARY: two levels of individual carrels ringing a central open atrium, each niche outfitted with computers and electronic gear.

There's an ORANG at every desk - ranging in age from sixteen to sixty. As ZAIUS and co. pass through, we see one ORANG studying a 3-D wireframe AIRPLANE DESIGN on his computer screen;

* . . . another wearing headphones, conducting an invisible orchestra;
* . . . a THIRD watching a video screen, taking copious notes on Laurence Oliviet in Henry V;
* . . . a FOURTH watching The Brady Bunch, scribbling notes just as furiously as his colleagut.

178. INT. DETENTION CELL - DAY

A dank chamber without much sunlight. CORNELIUS - in leg irons, his thigh wound infected and festering - hears the FOOD SLOT in the door rattling, and hobbles over. He lifts out his tin plate ...

It's covered with fat, chittering, crawly BUGS. He drops the plate, peers through the slot - and sees ZAIUS chuckling at him.

179. INT. MEDIA CHAMBER - DAY

A towering WALL OF VIDEO - 144 screens, in a 12x12 grid, each of them picking up a transmission from a different source. Local news broadcasts, simian soap operas and sitcoms . . .

114.

. . . and fmaily, a string of transmissions from EARTH. It's this latter group that interests SUSAN, who's sitting glumly in one of a row of plush chairs. There's a complicated bank of REMOTE CONTROLS on the console at her left - and the other three walls of the room are lined, floor to ceiling, with neatly catalogued VIDEOS, DVDS, AUDIOTAPES, etc.

As her gaze moves from one screen to the next, she brings up the appropriate AUDIO CHANNEL. We focus in on individual screens with her - FIRST, aerial footage of a tagging FIRE churning black smoke into the skies over Los Angeles. NEWS ANCHOR

The famous walled enclave of Beverly Hills went up in names today when a thermite bomb detonated in the sewer system. A rival neighborhood took credit for the attack ...

Two screens over: a WAR CORRESPONDENT, speaking rapidly in a Middle Eastern dialect, as SHELLS screech past overhead. Behind him, TROOPS nee from advancing TANKS which threaten to crush them beneath their treads. Befort our eyes, an incoming missile hits the WAR CORRESPONDENT's trench - but before the screen goes blinding white, the CAMERA pans over just enough to show us the EIFFEL TOWER.

Just past that, we find the President, ducking terrorist bullets at an Oval Office press conference. AND: armed riot cops rousting homeless squatters in what used to be an elementary school, back when there were still kids. AND: Dick

Van Dyke, still bickering with Mary Sler Moore three decades into the 21st Century . . .

Human society is disintegrating, bit by bit, before SUSAN's glassy, helpless gaze. Just then, a jolly ZAIUS bursts into the room . . .
ZAIUS

Channel surfing?
(chuckling)

Personally I go for the cultural fare. Bravo, A&E, PBS - don't like the pledge breaks, though - and of course, MTV.

Doing the twist, he grabs a remote and pulls in MTV - a 21st-century music video by - "The Militiamen" - so steeped in violence, nudity, and general decadence it would make the most dedicated metalhead blush.

115.
ZAIUS

We all get the urge to boogie down. And the news is just too depressing, don't you agree?

SUSAN hits a master switch, kills the entire bank of TV's. The lights come on automatically. When she stands up, we can see that her LEGS are manacled together. TWO ORANG GUARDS, who've been waiting in the darkness behind her, fasten a leash around her neck.

ZAIUS

What you're seeing is five years old, of course. It takes that long for the transmissions to reach us from earth. - Things are certainly much worse than now.
180. INT. OLYMPUS BASE - CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER
MORE HUMAN STATUARY on either side of us - and, on the walls themselves, CHANGING HOLOGRAPHIC ARTWORK depicting what could be a rustic Tuscan landscape.

Automated SERVO-ROBOTS, tentacled boxes on wheels, roll about performing routine maintenance, polishing everything to a high sheen.

ZAIUS

Human nature, I suppose. Not happy unless you're destroying yourselves. Look at the bunch that built this place. Masters of the universe, every technological marvel you could ask for, and what happens?
(a grandiose shrug)

Some asshole in a lab cooks up a plague, and PHHFFT! Ta-ta, au revoir, hasta la vista. - I do hope they fired his sorry ass.

SUSAN

If it wasn't for him, you'd be peeling bananas in a tree.

181. INT. BOILAB - A MOMENT LATER - DAY

SUSAN's new lab is a pristine dream, full of futuristic gadgetry - far advanced over anything we've seen. On the downside, her EXPERIMENTAL HUMANS - the ones who survived the attack on the colony - are being kept in a row of tiny, cramped CAGES along one wall. They kick

116.

up a fuss at SUSAN's entry; ZAIUS fixes her leash to a long lead.

ZAIUS

Is there anything you need for your lab work?
SUSAN

I'd like to know why you're letting me do it.
ZAIUS

Call me a nice guy. Call me . . . humanitarian.
(chucking)

Troy attacked me the other night, you know. I told him we had you, and he backed off. But he was still thinking - still trying to work out some sort of angle. She stares at him for a long moment. He chuckles engagingly.
ZAIUS

But when I told him about the baby, I crushed him. I could see it in his face. He was absolutely broken . . . like a wild animal when it finally realizes you've tamed it.
SUSAN

You can't crush Troy, Zaius. You'd better kill him, because you'll never crush him.
He strokes her belly. Gently, but with an unmistakable hint of menace.
ZAIUS

Well discuss it again when the time comes. Is there anything you need in the meantime?
SUSAN

One of my animals is sick. She may be contagious. I'd like her taken back to Zira . . .
In a nearby cage is LOCASTA - the human child we know as JOSIE.
ZAIUS

I'll tell the guards. They'll take her out and destroy her -

117.
SUSAN

Let me explain it. Half of my test cultures are based on that child's blood. I want her taken care of and I want her back.
Tough talk for a woman on a leash. But ZAIUS decides to humor her.
ZAIUS

Fine. I'll take her with me in the imperial jet. Fresh linen. Free cocktails. Everything!
SUSAN

And I have a letter. I'd like you to see that Alexander gets it.
She hands it over. He slips it in his pocket and BOWS.</ull>

182. INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LAB - A MOMENT LATER
As he leaves, ZAIUS instructs the two GUARDS posted outside the door:
ZAIUS

The female child - she'll show you the one. And I want her thoroughly searched. All the obvious cavities. Understood?

The GUARDS nod and step inside. As ZAIUS marches off down the hall, he takes SUSAN's letter from his pocket and opens it - begins to read then breaks into GALES OF HEARTY LAUGHTER.

183. INT. LAB - ON SUSAN

Behind her, the Orang GUARDS arc loading JOSIE's cage onto a wheeled cart. As she listens to the echo of ZAIUS' laughter in the halls, a strange, bitter, vengeful look crosses her face . . . and OVER this we HEAR:

SUSAN [v.o.]

"My Dearest Troy . . . The days are long here, and I have nothing to do but work and think of you. Sometimes I can almost feel your touch - heat your voice - and the memory of our time together is all that keeps me sane."

184. ARIAL SHOT - DAY - ON ZAIUS' JET

fyng over the frozen rocky wastelands of the Forbidden Zone.

118.

SUSAN [v.o.]

"I realize now well never see earth again. My only hope is that I can save our baby - that you'll be at my side to see him born, and that the two of us will have the chance to watch him grow together."

185. INT. JET - CARGO HOLD - DAY

JOSIE cowering in her cage, watching luggage slide back and forth.

SUSAN [v.o.]

"The girl is one of my experimental subjects. She has a nasty - virus which I hope Zira can cure. Her name is Josie and she likes to play horsie. I know you do too . . .

186. INT. ZRI LABS - DAY

JOSIE'S CAGE Open in the b.g. ZIRA has the edgy child strapped to an examination table and is looking her over as TROY frowns at the letter:

SUSAN [v.o.]

I love you, Troy. Yours always . . . Susan.

TROY

She's never called me Troy.

ZIRA

Does seem rather formal. The two of you have reproduced.

TROY

And what's this about me playing 'horsie'?

TROY

I assumed that was something private - you know - between a man and a woman?
(shurgging)

Well, there's nothing wrong with the child. Common head cold. It'll be gone in two days.

ZIRA unstraps JOSIE and lets her run around the infirmary while TROY shakes his head in puzzlement. Then it hits him . . .

119.

TROY

Oh. Jesus. She sent a horse to Tray.

ZIRA

- beg your pardon?

TROY

It's an ancient story, Zira. The Trojan horse! The Greek army couldn't get past the walls of Troy . . .

(pause)

So they built a giant horse. Left it outside the city as a peace offering - a gift. And when the Trojans rolled it inside their gates, the Greek army burst out of its belly and killed them all.

ZIRA

Well. it's a repulsive story, all right, but I don't see what it has to do with

-

TROY

She's the horse, Zira! The little girl is a Trojan Horse!

ZIRA

Talk sense, damn it! You can't put an army of killers inside a little girl!

TROY

Yes you can.

He grins fiendishly. She finally realizes what he's talking about.

TROY scoops the flailing JOSIE up into his arms as ZIRA runs to fetch a hypodermic needle.

TROY

Hold still, darling, itll onfy hurt a bit -

ZIRA jabs the syringe into JOSIE's backside, and as it fills with blood we CUT TO:

187. INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

TIGHT ON a bejewelled silver CHALICE full of RED WINE. A chimpanzee ALTAR BOY carries it on an ornate TRAY to the Orang HIGH PRIEST -

120.

- who mutters a few words of blessing over it, then conveys it to the robed ORANG ELDERS, so that each in turn can take a sip . . .

In the congregation, just behind the Orang pews at the front of the chimp section, we frnd TROY and ZIRA - both taking an unusual interest in the communion ritual. ZIRA's fidgeting like wild, about to jump out of her seat, trying to look anywhere but at the altar.

TROY, however, is staring directly at ZAIUS - the last of the' elders to take his sip. The two of them make eye contact; ZAIUS raises the chalice almost imperceptibly - a jaunty private toast. TROY smiles back.

The ethereal choir music dies down, and the PRIEST takes his pulpit.

HIGH PRIEST

Many of you have noticed that we welcome today a most unusual guest - unusual in that he is a human, and in that, if the stories are true, he comes from a distant world.

All eyes are on TROY - some ape parents are even holding up their toddlers so the kids can get a look at him. He nods his head humbly.

HIGH PRIEST

Some have called him a living rebuke to the holy dogma of simian divinity. Nothing could be further from the truth. This talking man has been sent among us as a test of our devotion, and a call to action . . .

The old boy goes into a vicious HACKING FIT - so violent he has to turn away from the: pulpit. One of the ELDERS rushes to his side and pours him a glass of water. He gestures that he's okay . . .

HIGH PRIEST

Where was I - call to action - a call to spread Grodd's message of love and mercy to all the many worlds of the firma-- firmame--

More COUGHING and GAGGING, even worse than before. This time the HIGH PRIEST makes a real show of it - leaning on his staff, bringing up sputum, STAGGERING IN CIRCLES before he finally hits the carpet.

WORRTED MURMURS among the congregation as the ELDERS cluster around the PRIEST. Someone signals the ORGANIST to strike up a tune.

121.

TROY glances at ZIRA, but she won't return his gaze. She's staring guiltily at her shoes.

188. INT. PRIEST'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The HIGH PRIEST is sprawled on a sofa, covered by a stack of blankets, coughing so hard he's convulsing. The ROYAL PHYSICLAN can barely keep him still long enough to shoot him full of antibiotics.

ZAIUS

(coughing)

What the hell is wrong with him?

The ROYAL PHYSICLAN shakes his head - not a clue. Meanwhile, the other ELDERS are beginning to hack and quiver as well . . .

ELDER I

My head's splitting! I must be feverish.

ELDER II

Are you sure it's a good idea for us to be in here - in the room with - with His Holiness?

ZAIUS has lost his voice. He coughs up phlegm into a handkerchief. An Orang in MILITARY GARB peeks in -

MESSENGER

Lord Zaius, I've just had word from Olympus. There's some kind of epidemic . . . it's swept through the entire
(a violent cough)

- base.

ZAIUS

Gtt me the human. Get me Troy!

TROY

I'm already here. Care to invite me in?
ALL EYES TURN to TROY - who's standing in the doorway.
ZAIUS
(indicating the PRIEST)

What do you know about this??
122.
TROY

Heli be dead in forty-eight hours. The rest of you are young and strong. You might last an extra day or two.
HIGH PRIEST

The animal! He poisoned the sacrament!
TROY

Free lesson, your Holiness. Never underestimate an animal when he's cornered.
(to the group)

You'll take me to Susan. We'll transmit her research to earth. Those are my demands.
ELDER I

Demands? From a human? The gall!
TROY

The water supply is next.
ELDER II

He's bluffing.
ZAIUS

Of course he's bluffing! He'd never threaten the lives of his friends - all those innocent chimps and gorillas who admire him so -
TROY

But Zaius, it doesn't affect chimps or gorillas. No more than it affected the little girl you brought me.
ZAIUS realizes he's been played. His CRONIES all glower at him.
TROY

. . . It only affects the profaundly stupid.
Losing it altogether, ZAIUS takes a swing at TROY. TROY grabs his hand in midair and shoves him backward.
ZAIUS

Send word to Olympus. Have the woman shot. Immediately. In the belly ...
The Conclusion: on Wednesday

123.
TROY

Then you don't want the antidote?
HIGH PRIEST

Antidote!?

The sickly ELDERS perk up in unison. ZAIUS is immediately overruled.
SHOCK CUT TO:

189. AERIAL SHOT - ON PRIVATE JET - ESTABLISHING

The imperial plane penetrating into the heart of the Forbidden Zone.

190. INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - THAT MOMENT

A GORILLA PILOT and TROY, who's speaking into the radio.

TROY

It's Troy, baby. We're coming to get you. Now listen carefully. Do exactly what I tell you.

In the rear cabin we find ZIRA, JOSIE, and a collection of bundled-up shuddering ORANGS. The HIGH PRIEST is on a stretcher, IV in his arm. TROY returns, and takes his seat beside ZIRA - who whispers:

TROY

Is there an antidote?

TROY grins and shrugs - beats me.

191. INT. OLYMPUS BASE - DAY

ZIRA's EXPERIMENTAL HUMANS - adults and children alike - are romping about in the ruined landscape under the dome, enjoying their new freedom, frolicking among the columns and statues.

191. INT. OLYMPUS BASE - CORRIDOR - DAY

A couple of SICK ORANG GUARDS are slumped on the floor, half-dead, Janitorial SERVO-ROBOTS cheerfully tidy up around them.

CORNELIUS limps into the corridor. He leans the guards' WEAPONS up carefully against the wall, then begins DRAGGING the guards themselves by the feet, down the spotless hallway to:

124.

193. INT. OLYMPUS BASE - INFIRMARY - DAY

DYING ORANGS EVERYWHERE. The beds are full. The folding cots are full. Any more patients, and the floor will be full.

As CORNELIUS drags the new arrival inside, SUSAN moves from one sick orang to another, administering SHOTS from a hypodermic.

CORNELIUS

That stuff really work?

CORNELIUS

They should come around. We won't be here long enough to find out.

194. EXT. OLYMPUS BASE - LANDING FIELD - DAY

WIPE TO:

CORNELIUS is waiting on the airfield when the imperial jet lands. He's got a big stack of ordnance waiting on the tarmac - stolen from inside.

TROY emerges from the plane, followed by ZIRA and JOSIE, then ZAIUS and the delegation of hacking, feverish ORANG ELDERS. CORNELIUS tosses him a rifle from the pile as ZIRA rushes to embrace him.

CORNELIUS

Susan's on her way out. She's rounding up the humans from the colony.

ZAIUS

For Grodd's sake, can we get inside? freezing out here.

TROY

Go on in if you want. We're staying out here.

TROY gestures toward the massive MERCY SHIP. The oranges notice that the BOARDING STAIRWAY is already open and ready for passengers.

ELDER

The Mercy Ship? You're taking the Mercy Ship? Why, we built that ship at a cost of-

125.

CORNELIUS

You built nothing. Humans designed that ship. Humans engineered it - like everything else in this place. All you did was steal it!

ZAIUS

Why, Cornelius. You sound bitter.

CORNELIUS

Susan was right, Zira. There was a race of humans here. And they built a technological paradise . . . which the oranges have spent the last ten thousand years plundering!

TROY

Go warm up the engines . . .

ZAIUS

Hold it, Troy. You don't think we're going to let you go without the antidote. ZAIUS nudges the GORILLA PILOT forward. He's got a gun too. But CORNELIUS turns and points to a nearby snowy peak . . .

CORNELIUS

See that red flag up there? That's where you'll find it. It's a 45-minute hike in good weather.

ELDER I

45-minute hike!?! How do we know what we'll find up there? It could be an empty crate!

TROY

Did you bring the sample like I asked?

CORNELIUS tosses TROY a small corked vial full of yellow fluid.

TROY

There's only enough for one. It takes a while to kick in, but if you don't mind waiting . . .

ELDER I

I suppose we should give it to His Holiness.

ZAIUS

Are you joking??

126.

ZAIUS grabs at the vial. Laughing, TROY casually pitches it into a SNOWBANK ten or fifteen yards away. The ELDERS dive at the drift, trampling each other in their efforts to get there first.

ELDER I barks at the GORILLA PILOT:

ELDER I

What are you looking at?!? Get up there and find that crate!!

The GORILLA trudges off as the Orangs resume their rugby scrum. MOTORS begin to grind overhead; the MONORAIL which runs uphill from the airfield to the dome has started, and the gondolas are in motion.

TROY

That must be Susan. Rev up the ship.

Over at the snowdrift, ZAIUS comes up with the vial. Concealing it in his paw so the others won't see, he pops off the cork and downs its contents. Then he pulls a FOUNTAIN PEN from his pocket - uncaps it to reveal a flashing RED LIGHT and a tiny MICROPHONE . . .

ZAIUS

Now.

195. EXT. DOME - MONORAIL PLATFORM - THAT MOMENT

SUSAN slams the door on a gondola full of FRIGHTENED HUMANS, and sends it off on the long ride down to the airfield. She herds the last batch aboard car #2, then climbs on herself. . .

196. INT. GONDOLA #1 - MOVING

The humans in gondola #1 are petrified as they ride down - the adults more so than the children. They take one look at the ground a hundred feet below and SHRIEK. Most of them cower on the floor of the gondola. And ONE brave soul, who's standing up . . .

. . . gets himself KILLED - by a sudden burst of MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

197. INT. GONDOLA #2 - MOVING

The gunfire seems to be all around them, PINGING off the metal sides of the gondola, making it ROCK laterally. SUSAN can't tell where it's coming from. She pulls her human companions down, out of the range of fire, and then ventures a quick look, poking her head up . . .

127.

She can't believe what she sees.

The skies are: full of FLYING GORILLAS . . . at least a dozen of them, wearing JET-PACKS strapped to their backs! The packs come equipped with stabilizer wings which make the gorillas look like a nightmare vision from everyone's childhood . . . the winged monkeys of Oz!

SUSAN DUCKS just in time as a flying ape fires a burst at the gondola.

198. EXT. AIRFIELD - THAT MOMENT

Down below, TROY is equally agog. He picks up a rifle, begins FIRING at the flying apes. In three tries he manages to pick one off; the gorilla goes flying in a wild spiral, trailing SMOKE as he hits the snow.

Way off in the distance, he sees a couple of TERRIFIED HUMANS in the first gondola DIVING OUT. They plunge a hundred feet to their doom . . .

ZIRA reappears on the stairway of the Mercy ship.

ZIRA

TROY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!?

TROY

Take cover. Start shooting!!

He tosses her a gun from the pile - then picks out three of the biggest he can find for himself. An empty gondola swings down, makes the turnaround, and starts back uphill toward the dome. TROY jumps aboard and starts the ascent, GUNS BLAZING.

ZIRA takes cover beneath the giant mothing of the Mercy Ship and begins SNIPINO at inroming gorillas. Meanwhile, over at the snowdrift, the ELDERS spot an opportunity.

ZIRA's occupied. Which means there's no one watching the PILE OF GUNS on the tarmac - no one but six-year-old JOSIE. Gesturing silently to one another, they sneak up toward the rifles . . .

. . . and stop in their tracks. JOSIE, unattended, has plucked an automatic rifle from tht pile. She sits cross-legged on the tarmac to play with the bolt. She glances over at ZIRA to see how you work these things . . .

The Orangs hesitate. Smile. Wave nicely at the little girl. One bold ELDER wanders up closer, gestures for JOSIE to hand over her gun.

JOSIE frowns. Mine! She squints at ZIRA one last time . . .

128.

. . . and OPENS FIRE, MOWING DOWN TWO OF THE ELDERS IN THEIR TRACKS! The gun jerks and bucks in her grip. JOSIE LAUGHS IN RIOTOUS GLEE and FIRES AGAIN!

The second burst leaves only ZAIUS standing. He dives behind a rock . . .

199. INT. GONDOLA #3 - ON TROY

Jumping up, ducking down, SHOOTING AT GORILLAS who shoot back. He picks off two more flying gorillas. But it's not enough - the cavalry is about to arrive. TWO ARMORED COPTERS appear on the horizon.

A ROCKET whizzes past the gondola - explodes in the snow a half-mile away. A SECOND ROCKET goes off near one of the giant PYLONS which support the monorail. The PYLON buckles - but holds -

TROY's at the midpoint of the uphill ride. A few yards away, SUSAN's gondola passes him on the descent. They have just enough time to make eye contact before they have to duck down again.

COPTER FIRE strikes the pulley assembly from which TROY's gondola hangs. BOLTS POP. The gondola ROCKS - TILTS -

One end drops. It's obviously about to go. TROY shaves his RIFLE over the MONORAIL CABLE - grabs the other end with his free hand - and JUMPS. Hanging on for dear life, he SL~DES DOWN THE CABLE until he reaches the empty gondola BEHIND HIM. He drops inside . . .

200. EXT. AIRFIELD - THAT MOMENT

The COPTERS closing in. A ROCKET zips past and detonates near the Mercy ship, the force of it knocking ZIRA into the snow. As she's getting up, she hears the roar of TURBINE ENGINES behind her . . .

ZAIUS's IMPERIAL JET is screaming down the runway - TAKING OFF!!

201. INT. IMPERIAL JET - THAT MOMENT

The jet lifts off. The HIGH PRIEST smams from the passenger cabin . . .
HIGH PRIEST

WHAT IS THIS? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

In the cockpit we find not ZAIUS, but CORNELIUS - teeth clenched, fists wrapped around the throttle. An ARMORED COPTER is visible through the canopy - hovering over the dome, DEAD AHEAD.

129.

CORNELIUS

Straight to hell . . . Your Holiness.

201. ON COPTER - ABOVE THE DOME

The jet rams smack into it. ~ A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION . . .

201. INT. OLYMPOUS BASE - THAT MOMENT

. . . sends the flaming wreckage of BOTH CRAFTS CRASHING through the great overhead dome - down the shaft - into the ruins of the ancient city! More explosions follow; the walls of the shaft begin to quake and crumble; SNOW and ICE come toppling in from above . . .

204. EXT. TROY'S GONDOLA - THAT MOMENT

The car ROCKS. The good news is, the plane collision took out a couple of flying gorillas with it. The bad news is, there's still one copter to go . . . and the monorail has STOPPED DEAD. TROY's a SITTING DUCK.

He peers over the edge - sees the other gondolas STALLED OUT down the slope.

They're not far from the airstrip - but they're still thirty or forty feet above the ground, too high to jump out.

The COPTER makes another pass. A ROCKET hits a PYLON . . .

This time the pylon doesn't hold. It BUCKLES. The monorail CABLE slips a pulley and GOES SLACK. The floor of the gondola drops out from under TROY - then the car STABILIZES, dangling at a weird angle . . .

205. INT. SUSAN'S GONDOLA #2 - THAT MOMENT

Same deal. HUMANS scream around her as the gondola falls, then stops - falls, then stops again. They're hanging on for dear life. But, as the pylon buckles and the cable slips, they're getting closer to the ground.

Another LURCH leaves them fifteen or twenty feet up. That's good enough for SUSAN. She GRABS a rouble of her companions by the scruff of the neck and PLUNGES over the side of the gondola . . .

. . . landing in a SNOWDRIFT, shaken but intact. She grabs her METAL CASE and herds the other HUMANS downslope, toward the airfield.

130.

206. INT. TROY'S GONDOLA - THAT MOMENT

He's just hanging there, a hundred feet up, waiting to drop. GUNSHOTS ping off the gondola He jumps up to return fire - and can't. No ammo.

The rifle's useless. He drops it to the floor of the car - where he spies a LONGSHOREMANS HOOK, used to guide the gondola when it stops to let passengers off. He grabs the hook, flattens himself against a wall.

A BOLD GORILLA comes flying up. He knows TROY's out of bullets, and he's planning to take him out at point-blank range.

Until the HOOK swings up and PLANTS itself in his leg.

The GORILLA SHRIEKS as TROY reels him in - simultaneously LEAPING from the gondola and WRAPPING HIS ARMS around the ape's waist. The jet-pack's not designed to carry this much weight . . .

. . . and the two of them SPIRAL WILDLY through the air, looping the loop, twisting and turning as they grapple . . .

They hit the snow with TROY on top, the GORILLA underneath - like a big hairy snowboard. Jets still firing, they toboggan downhill. Then the APE slams into a rock - head first - and TROY goes flying . . .

207. EXT. AIRFIELD - THAT MOMENT

Amid machine fire from the COPTER, TROY sprints aboard the Mercy ship. The hydraulic stairway retracts behind him.

208. INT. CRAFT - A MOMENT LATER

He bursts onto the bridge - finds SUSAN, ZIRA, JOSIE and the surviving HUMANS strapped in and ready to go.

SUSAN

We're programmed the takeoff ...

TROY

Then let's blow this pop stand. - Hi!

He grins at her. She grins back, The ship begins to LIFT OFF, g-forces SLAMMING the passengers back in their seats . . .

. . . but by the time they gain a couple of hundred feet in altitude, the remaining ARMORED COPTER sweeps past in front of them, FIRING ANOTHER ROCKET. The rocket explodes just BENEATH them . . .

131.

209. INT. SHIP - BRIDGE - THAT MOMENT

The ship is ROCKING, losing altitude fast.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

VTOL rockets disabled.

NERVOUS LOOKS among all the passengers.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

Auto-repair sequence commencing.

HOPEFUL LOOKS among all the passengers.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

Estimated completion time: sixteen days.

DESPERATE LOOKS among all the passengers. The ship is sinking toward the crest of a mountain ridge - only seconds until impact. TROY scans the horizon desperately.

SUSAN

Troy? What exactly does this mean?

TROY

It means I sure wish we had a pilot on board this thing.

Cliffside dead ahead. TROY hits the rearjets full blast -

210. EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY - ANGLE ON SHIP

Sinkng. It clears the peaks by inches. The VTOL engines continue to smoke. COPTERS and FLYNG APES are closing in from all sides.

211. INT. SHIP - THAT MOMENT

Here on the far side of the peaks they're dropping toward a great huge BOWL of unobstructed snow - PERFECT POWDER. TROY gets an idea:

TROY

Strap in. It's going to be a bumpy ride.

He kills the sputtering VTOL and fires the aft jets full throttle. The ship's bridge JITTERS from the impact as . . .

132.

212. EXT. SLOPE - ON SHIP

The craft slams into the snow! FLAMES SPIT from the aft jets - and the ship picks up speed until it's SCREAMING down the steep, snowy slope like a gatgantuan TOBOGGAN.

BOOKMARK

213. INT. SHIP - THAT MOMENT

ZIRA stares out the observation window, petrified with horror.

ZIRA

Aren't we going down - ?

TROY

Yup.

ZIRA

Isn't that a -

TROY

Yup.

The "it" ZIRA means is the END of the slope, which looms a couple of kilometers ahead. Beyond it, there's NOTHING - a sudden drop into a deep, craggy CANYON.

TROY gives it the gas . . .

214. EXT. SLOPE - ON THE CRAFT

FLYING GORILLAS watch as the ship roars toward the abyss. But there's an UPTURN just at the edge of the slope - and when they hit it, TROY fires the jets FULL BLAST, using the mountain as a gigantic SKI JUMP!!

It works. The ship roars upward into the sky - SPLATTERING the flying apes like bugs on a windshield as it acceleratts into the stratosphere.

215. EXT. AERIAL SHOT - ON SHIP

From the edge of outer space we watch as the ship HURTLES UPWARD TOWARD US, leaving the Planet of the Apes behind.

216. INT. BRIDGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Space looms ahead. The passengers are finally starting to relax . . .

TROY

Now we've got six years to kill.

133.

SUSAN

Could be worse. On earth it's thirty-four.

(smiling)

I knew you'd get us out of there.

TROY

You gave me the tools to do it. You and Cornelius . . .

He glances at ZIRA, who smiles wanly and fights back a tear.

Now TROY unstraps himself from his console chair. He floats up toward the roof of the bridge, WEIGHTLESS . . .

TROY

Come here.

SUSAN unstraps too. Floats up toward him. The two of them go into a tight, zero-gravity embrace, rolling around in midair, kissing, laughing.

Then: a SHRIEK. JOSIE's just unstrapped too - and she's BUGGING OUT. Everyone laughs - except ZIRA, who's watching the console:

ZIRA

Troy, something's wrong with our oxygen supply. The auxiliary tank is breached .

. .

(beat)

Make that two auxiliary tanks . . .

217. INT. SHIP - ENGINE ROOMS - A MINUTE LATER

TROY scooting weightlessly through the ship, pulling himself along horizontally by whatever handholds he can find. When he arrives at the engine room, he gets a downright nasty surprise . . .

LORD ZAIUS is disabling the oxygen tanks one by one!

ZAIUS

Sweetheart. Did you miss me?

TROY BRACES BOTH FEET against a bulkhead and LAUNCHES himself at ZAIUS. They COLLIDE - tumbling UPWARD toward the CEILING.

ZAIUS hits first. Braces himself. Below him, TROY rears back to throw another punch - but when he connects the FORCE of his own blow sends him hurtling back toward the floor! ZAIUS laughs . . .

134.

ZAIUS

As Newton said - for every action . . .

He PUSHES OFF from the ceiling - lands with BOTH FEET against TROY's throat - and BOUNCES OFF toward a nearby hatch!

218. INT. HYDROPONICS CHAMBER - THAT MOMENT

ENOUGH VEGETATION to feed an army is growing here in the artificially lit hydroponics tanks. TROY bursts in, chasing ZAIUS -

- but ZAIUS is BEHIND HIM, hanging upside down OVER THE DOOR. He KICKS TROY into one of the tanks, which SHATTERS - spilling water globules and clumps seaweed UPWARD into the air ...

ZAIUS

Careful! People are starving in China!

TROY

Then don't play with your food!

TROY grabs a shard of jagged glass and launches himself UPWARD at ZAIUS - who sidesteps him, SOMERSAULTING through the next hatch.

219. INT. AIRLOCK - A MOMENT LATER

TROY FOLLOWS. The hatch door hisses ominously shut behind him. In a glass closet he sees a handful of EXCURSION SUITS - and realizes that ZAIUS has lured him into an AIRLOCK. There's another hatch on the far side of the room, and beyond it lies THE VACUUM OF SPACE.

ZAIUS

Vaya con dios, amigo . . .

ZAIUS has wrapped himself up in MESH WEBBING strung against one wall. Hanging on tight, he hits a switch - the SPACE HATCH rises-

- and in the INSTANT before the air explodes outward from the airlock, TROY leaps up and GRABS onto the mesh webbing. He's still got the shard of glass in his hand; he SLASHES WILDLY at the webbing -

- which POPS FREE from its mounting on the airlock wall -

- and sends TROY and ZAIUS, ENTWINED, tumbling out into the void!

135.

220. EXT. SPACE - OUTSIDE SHIP

As they spiral away, a corner of the webbing SNAGS in the airlock door. It's their only lifeline to the ship. But now they're in TOTAL VACUUM - and as studies tell us, a human can survive for no more than two minutes in a vacuum.

GASPING, they shout imprecations at one another. No words come out. There's no sound in space.

ZAIUS wrestles with TROY, trying to break his hold on the mesh. But TROY has a sudden last-ditch inspiration - a flashback to STEWART, his colleague, who died on the voyage out . . .

In SLO-MO, his FINGERNAILS rake across ZAIUS's face, tearing away STRIPS of HUMAN FLESH -

It's like Vesuvius erupting. With a soundless SCREAM, ZAIUS TAKES OFF, ROCKETING AWAY FROM THE SHIP like a punctured balloon as every last drop of blood in his body spews out, GUSHER-LIKE, into the vacuum of space!

The orang lord cartwheels off into the void. By now TROY is beginning to drift away from the ship, and in a few seconds the vacuum will claim him as well. In the instant before he loses consciousness . . .

. . . a WHITE-SUITED ARM wraps itself around his throat. TROY looks up at the face behind the visor - a chimp's face. It's ZIRA, beautiful ZIRA, in an excursion suit, umbilically connected to the ship - dragging him back to the safety of the airlock.

The last thing TROY sees, before the airlock hisses shut, is the eerily beautiful sight of ZAIUSS BLOOD hanging in the blackness before him . . . a thousand tiny globules catching the light of the triple suns like a vast, endless swarm of purple fireflies.

FADE THROUGH TO:

221. INT. SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - NIGHT

TROY, bearded and showing some gray at the temples, sits at the pilot's console speaking into a mike. The sun - our sun - is visible through the viewport, the size of a bright yellow marble.

136.

TROY

. . . and that's our story . . . the same one I've broadcast twice a week for seven years now. With the shipboard computers, my wife devised a mutagen to counteract the plague . . . I'll send the necessary data immediately following this transmission.

He inserts a DATA DISK into a slot, hits a button. The rings of Saturn are coming into view outside as he reaches for the mike again.

TROY

I only hope there's someone left to receive it. This is Dr. Alexander Tray, aboard the ship Bellerophon . . . signing off.

CHILDS VOICE [o.s.]

DADDY! I

TROY turns. A SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY bursts into the cabin and FLINGS HIMSELF into TROY's lap. He's waving a crayoned drawing.

JACK

Look, Daddy, I drew you a picture. Earth!

It's a comically suburban Earth - identical boxy houses with picket fences. One discordant note: the TREES all have purple leaves.

TROY

It's beautiful. But I should warn you - the trees on earth have green leaves, not purple.

JACK

That's what Mom said. I like purple ones. Are we there yet?

TROY

Almost. Almost. Another week or so.

Now SUSAN wanders in. She wraps an arm around TROY's waist while JACK spins around in the swiveling PLOTS CONSOLE.

SUSAN
Still no response?

137.

TROY

No ... we're almost at Saturn. The broadcast would take about ninety minutes to reach us.

(staring at their son)

I wonder what kind of world we're taking him to.

All at once the SPEAKERS begin to CRACKLE. Their eyes turn . . .

VOICE ON SPEAKER

Calling Bellerophon . . . calling Bellerophon. This is Dr. James Adkins of the SETI Institute in New York . . .

They let out a whoop of joy and collapse into one another's arms.

VOICE ON SPEAKER

Transmission received. The mutagen is a success. Repeat, the mutagen works!

Now the two of them are WEEPING in relief. Drawn by the voice on the speakers, another group of passengers comes sprinting breathlessly into the bridge - ZIRA and the gifted HUMAN CHILDREN, now adolescents.

VOICE ON SPEAKER

Send your coordinates so we can lock on. A hero's welcome awaits you!

JOSIE and company are frantically signing to ZIRA . . .

ZIRA

It's a message. From the place we told you about, Earth. The planet of the humans.

The HUMANS leap and chatter in excitement. TROY and SUSAN, meanwhile, are standing at center cabin in a TIGHT EMBRACE, KISSING. They may never come up for air. Their LITTLE BOY dances around them, tugging on their pants legs, trying to muscle in on the action . . .

As they stare out the observation port, faces full of new hope and anticipation, we see the CHRONOMETER on the instrument panel:

EARTH DATE: 09/17/2073

222. EXT. OUTER SPACE - ON SPACECRAFT
HURTLING toward the blue sphere of earth.

138.

223. INT. SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - NIGHT

TROY, SUSAN, JACK and ZIRA strapped into their console chairs, staring out through the viewport. At first, they see nothing but fleecy white CLOUDS. But then, as they descend, the clouds PART . . .

. . . revealing a spectacular MANHATTAN SKYLINE, all lit up.

SUSAN
(to JACK)

There it is, honey! That's New York!

TROY

See all the tall things down below;' Those are the buildings, where the people live and work.

VOICE ON SPEAKER

Bellerophon. . . we have you on visual.

TROY

Bellerophon to airstrip. We're on course. We should touch down in about a minute.

The ship whizzes over the harbor, past a familiar, iconic figure . . .

SUSAN

There! The Statue of Liberty!

TROY

Now we know what they felt like, huh - The immigrants coming into the harbor . . .

She clasps his hand. The two of them BEAM at each other.

224. EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

The ship appears on the horizon, SLOWING overhead as it shifts into VTOL mode. We're watching from behind a chain-link FENCE at the far end of the airstrip, as the GROUND CREW in their full-body jumpsuits swarm about preparing for the spacecraft's descent. LANDING LIGHTS bracket either side of the runway.

225. EXT. AIRSTRIP - ON DESCENDING SHIP - A MOMENT LATER

The big ship touches down gently - a perfect landing. After a moment, a hatch pops, and a big hydraulic STAIRWAY lowers to the tarmac.

139.

TROY's the first one out. The LIGHTS from the tower and the runway are so bright he's practically blinded. But he can still make out the HUGE CROWDS OF SPECTATORS on the other side of the chain-link fences that border the airstrip. And even if he couldn't, he can HEAR the excitement - the laughter, the cheering.

Squinting, he raises his arms in a gesture of triumph. The crowd ROARS - and another ROAR greets each new spacefarer who descends the stair. SUSAN, with JACK in her arms; JOSIE; ZIRA . . .

FLASHBULBS pop in the distance. A number of spectators seem to be trying to climb OVER the chain-link fence. And it strikes TROY that the crowd noise is beginning to take on an odd, almost savage tone . . .

OFFICIAL VEHICLES come driving across the tarmac, waved on by the GROUND CREW with their illuminated batons. Disturbingly, all the members of the ground crew share an odd, hunched posture.

By the time the VEHICLES arrive, and TROY can make out the faces of the passengers, he understands why everything has struck him as subtly wrong.

They're apes.

And they have guns. The blood drains from TROY's face as he pulls his family into a protective embrace. Now FIELD LIGHTS flash on, and he can see the SPECTATORS on the other side of the fence . . .

ALL APES. Jumping, chattering, squealing for blood!

As ARMED APES surround the landing party, a GORILLA in a general's uniform climbs out of a Jeep and strolls over. Baring his huge white incisors, he extends a hand to TROY . . .

GORILLA

Dr. Troy. Welcome home.

SUSAN lets out a horrible SHRIEK, which echoes over the airfield as we pull up and away - echoes until it's drowned out by the guttural grunts of a thousand onlooking APES.

226. EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

And the CAMERA continues to rise - up, up, past the skyline of Manhattan to the HARBOR, where it all began.

140.

And here again we find our old friend the STATUE OF LIBERTY, standing watch on her island pedestal. Only this time, we're not speeding past from behind. We're staring her full in the face.

And time has not been kind to Miss Liberty. in the years since we last saw her, she's undergone radical plastic surgery. For, as we can now see, her once-proud porcelain features have been crudely chiseled into the grotesque likeness of a great grinning APE.

FADE OUT.

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