

" P L A N E T O F T H E M E N "

by

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208

PLANET OF THE MEN

(A sequel to "Planet of The Apes")

1

Final scene from the first film. Taylor is in front of the Statue of Liberty in a state of violent despair. Nova watches him apprehensively, then plucking up courage, she touches his shoulder, her eyes questioning him mutely -

TAYLOR

And I believed that I had discovered a new world! This is Earth, nothing more than Earth!

Exasperated by Nova's air of bewilderment, Taylor shakes her by the shoulders and points, howling, towards the Statue -

TAYLOR

The Earth! Can't you understand that all these things could only have happened on Earth?

Nova is badly frightened by Taylor's outburst and recoils from him with a defensive gesture. Taylor controls himself and, slightly calmer, he shrugs his shoulders and strokes her hair -

TAYLOR (despondently)

No. You don't understand. You can't begin to understand. You know nothing.

Nova makes a sketchy attempt to smile, then suddenly stiffens her head. She listens, indicating the surrounding forest. There is a cracking of twigs and before long some figures emerge through the trees.

They are humans. They move furtively, in leaps and bounds from thicket to thicket and come nearer little by little.

TAYLOR

The fears of Zaius had some foundations after all. This jungle is also inhabited . . . inhabited by men.

He takes a long look around, and adds in tones of derision.

TAYLOR

Men? The creatures of our species, Nova! Not the smallest spark of light in their eyes. Heads that have become a mass of unconscious molecules.

Each time he speaks the humans retreat slightly. Then they advance a little nearer and the circle narrows around Taylor and Nova. She is becoming nervous.

TAYLOR

Stop!

The men pause momentarily. Then they continue to move furtively without walking towards Taylor directly. Singly, their leaps appear to have no purpose, but the gathering is generally moving towards Taylor. It is obvious that the sound of his voice is causing a feverish excitement. Taylor shakes his rifle and speaks roughly.

TAYLOR

I said: Stop! Stay where you are! . . .
Am I going to have to arm myself against my fellow men?

Another hesitation, then a fresh advance which looks ominous. Taylor starts to raise his rifle. At that moment there is a terrific noise of breaking branches, and a wild buffalo emerges from a thicket and charges towards the group. In the twinkling of an eye, everyone rushes towards the trees and climbs out of reach.

However, one of the women, who carries a baby in her arms, is unable to get out of the way of the charging beast.

Taylor, who has stayed with his gun levelled, fires. The buffalo flounders and rolls to the ground. Taylor has shot him in the head. The buffalo is still.

A long silent scene: the woman with the baby stares intensely at Taylor, then at the dead beast. The men perched in the trees do the same. A few to start with, then all together, they decide to climb down.

Taylor is now resting on his rifle and waiting in an attitude of hope.

The woman places her baby at the foot of a tree, turns towards Taylor and throws herself face-downwards in front of him, her head in the dust like a grovelling dog.

Some of the men follow suit, until soon all are prostrate in front of Taylor, who watches their antics with an intense curiosity. Taylor looks up to the sky, as if he has discovered a light. His mood of dejection and despair slowly lifts.

TAYLOR

Perhaps all is not lost.

He looks into Nova's eyes and smiles. She holds his gaze, and, in turn, tries to smile. But her features contract and her smile quickly changes into a grimace of pain. She pales, is shaken by a spasm, and also falls to the ground.

TAYLOR

Not you!

He wants to force her to her feet, but realises that she is ill.

TAYLOR

But you are unwell. What is the matter?

Nova recovers, tries to smile again, straightens with an effort, points towards the baby at the foot of the tree then towards her own stomach.

TAYLOR

You want to say that . . . a child?

(his voice grows steadily more impassioned)

A child! . . . a son! a son! . . .
And this, you understand?

Nova intensifies her grimaces, which become more and more like a human smile. For the first time a light of intelligence shows in her eyes. Taylor straightens, he has reached the height of excitement.

TAYLOR

No, all is not lost. This is a sign from the sky! I don't know what devil has amused himself by reversing the laws of nature on this Planet, but here there is a great mission to accomplish.

He turns in the direction of the City of Apes.

TAYLOR

Zaius, I take an oath; you will hear more of me. Even if it takes my entire life, I swear that one day you will know real men . . . to both of us, Zaius!

A fairly long silence. Taylor contemplates the men prostrate before him and presently addresses them .

TAYLOR

Men, real men, I swear it. Listen to me, you others. We have a long way to go together, a terrible height to recover. We have already taken the first steps to-day . . . and now, to start with (shouting) . . . Get yourselves off the ground!
Stand up!

The men take fright and don't move. Taylor goes to the woman with the baby, takes her hand and forces her to get up. Slowly, one after the other, the men lift their heads

and straighten up. They avoid Taylor's stare. He seizes one of them bodily and forces him to look him in the eye.

TAYLOR

Stand up, all of you! And look at me! Men have to hold themselves upright and look each other in the eye.

2

Four years later in the City of Apes; Zaius' office. Zaius is closeted with one of his orang-outan colleagues; Maximus. Sounds are heard from outside, as if slogans are being chanted by large crowds.

MAXIMUS

These sort of demonstrations are going to undermine our rule.

ZAIUS (morosely)

I know that.

MAXIMUS

These young intellectual chimpanzees are unsupportable. This is a rebellion which could establish itself. We're going to have to do something about it.

ZAIUS (pensively)

Yes . . . we have to do something

Outside the noise increases. Zaius goes to the window and lifting a corner of the curtain looks out.

Long distance view of street demonstrations. A long procession of apes and brandishing placards.

A closer view of a group shows that they are all young chimpanzees. The slogans are clear and one can read the

various placards: "Release Zira and Cornelius", "Down with Tyranny", "For a Free Science"

At the head of this group, young Lucius is recognisable; he gives a signal.

Zaius lets the curtain fall and steps aside from the window.

MAXIMUS

The situation has done nothing but deteriorate over the last four years. Ever since the appearance of that man Taylor

ZAIUS

That monster with a human face and the language of apes, who has caused grave defection amongst weak spirits like Zira and Cornelius. Their arrest hasn't done any good. It's the nephew of Zira, that imbecile Lucius, who now propogates heresies and madness.

MAXIMUS

Why don't you have him arrested too?

ZAIUS

They would find another to take his place.

Uproar grows outside. Zaius and Maximus look out of the window again. A group of mounted gorilla police are in the middle of charging the demonstrators.

MAXIMUS

Brave gorillas, Happily they keep a cool head. They are completely loyal.

ZAIUS

Loyal and stupid. Their truncheon blows only end by provoking more riots, which recommence within the hour.

MAXIMUS

So?

ZAIUS

So, I have decided to change my tactics . . . to provisionally make things peaceful. I am having Zira and Cornelius brought here.

MAXIMUS

You're going to free them?

ZAIUS

I would have done that a long time ago, if they had agreed to make a public admission of their errors.

MAXIMUS

And they refused!

ZAIUS (enraged)

Does that surprise you? You still don't understand intellectuals . . .

MAXIMUS

And to-day?

ZAIUS

We will see. I have decided to show them the velvet glove. It is the only way to get the population back under control.

Zaius rings a bell. Presently Zira and Cornelius appear, escorted by two gorillas. At a sign from Zaius the gorillas retire. There is a silence during which fresh disturbances are heard from outside.

ZAIUS

I hope you are both satisfied with the result of your theories. We are on the brink of a revolution.

ZIRA

Scientific theories have never been the cause of revolution Dr. Zaius. The real provocations are totalitarianism and unjustified repression.

Zaius shrugs his shoulders and adopts a concilliatory tone.

ZAIUS

We won't go into that. What is past is past. I have brought you here to give you some good news. I am prepared to release you immediately, on the condition . . .

ZIRA

A condition that we find unacceptable. You have already made your terms clear.

ZAIUS

At least wait to hear what I am proposing to you to-day
Dr. Cornelius, you are a reasonable ape, and a young intellectual with a brilliant future ahead of you, for which I have high hopes . . . putting aside a few points over which we differ. You cannot mean to spend the rest of your life in prison out of sheer stubbornness.

CORNELIUS

You may call it stubbornness, I call it my professional integrity. I cannot agree to any denials . . .

ZAIUS

Who said anything about denials?
I am only asking you to keep quiet.

ZIRA

Only! To silence the greatest
scientific discovery of our time.
Answer him, Cornelius.

Cornelius is silent, deep in thought. The moment he opens
his mouth Zaius cuts in

ZAIUS

There are many other worthwhile
discoveries for an intellectual
such as yourself to make, Dr. Cornelius.
Let me repeat that you may think as
you like. It makes no difference to
me. Believe your own theories if you
wish after all, isn't that
the basis of all true science, to be
scientifically impartial? But we must
hear no more talk about this man, this
monster, in our City of Apes. Keep
quiet and the people will forget. Believe
me, it is in everyone's interest.

CORNELIUS

Then may I ask you, Dr. Zaius, if you
yourself have really forgotten him? Can
I ask you if you have not thought about
him during the last four years?

ZAIUS

I have.

He is silent for a moment and then speaks in a grave voice.

ZAIUS

I have thought about him, and I have
no intention of concealing anything
from you to-day. On the contrary, he

has been brought to my notice, and in a way that I hope will give you something to think about - as it would to any reasonable ape who believes in the future of the simian race. Sit down, Dr. Cornelius, and you Zira. I am going to show you everything. When you know what has happened over there in the forbidden zone, the jungle where he lives, I am sure you will be as convinced as I am that all apes should stay united . . . one day we may all have to face up to a mortal threat to our race. Give me the dossier Dr. Maximus.

CORNELIUS

What is it about?

ZAIUS

Reports received from my agents concerning the activities in the forbidden zone.

ZIRA (scornfully)

You mean your spies?

ZAIUS

If you prefer . . . read this.

Zira and Cornelius bend over a lengthy document. Cornelius reads in a loud voice

CORNELIUS

"Report from the chief of the hunter gorillas"

ZAIUS

He is not a spy, as you insinuated. It was after receiving his report that I attempted to keep better informed of the situation.

CORNELIUS (reading)

"On finding signs of several large troupes of humans beyond the Forbidden Zone, we decided to make an exception and take a raiding party over there. Authorisation was asked for and given by the Chief Council . . ."

ZIRA (interrupting)

Given because you hoped that Taylor would be killed during the raid, isn't that so Dr. Zaius?

Zaius shrugs his shoulders and doesn't reply. Cornelius continues

CORNELIUS (reading)

"The raid was being prepared with care by our best hunters. A group of humans had been found and surrounded. But when the Beaters started to sound their gongs, instead of rushing in panic as usual towards the hunters and the waiting nets, that day, the men"

3

Direct view of the raid

Along the forest border a line of gorillas on horseback are seen; they are waiting for the game.

The beaters are seen making a terrific uproar in the forest. Some brandish clubs, the others ring gongs. All of them are screaming and howling. They have no firearms.

Between the hunters and the beaters are a group of men. At the first sound of the gongs they start to run panic-stricken from the uproar towards the line of hunters. Then Taylor's furious voice is heard

TAYLOR

Stop! Come this way!

He is seen, armed with his rifle, barring the way of the running fugitives. He waves them impressively towards the direction of the noise. Nova stays near him carrying a baby in her arms.

TAYLOR

This way! These ones are not armed.

The fugitives hesitate, then stop and gather round him. Taylor starts to walk towards the beaters. Nova follows him unquestioningly. After some hesitation the men follow too.

TAYLOR (emphasizing his words
with gestures)

Follow behind me. And get in order.
We are not a herd of cattle.

A shot of the mounted hunters waiting, slightly puzzled, for the game that doesn't appear.

A procession of men march behind Taylor. Their appearance forming a complete contrast to the panic-driven troupe of previous occasions. They walk together, two or three abreast.

It is noticeable that some, mostly the very young who are hardly more than children, pick up sticks and copy Taylor's way of brandishing or carrying his rifle on his shoulder. The uproar of gongs and yells get nearer. It is obvious that many are uneasy, but they all continue to march forward with their eyes fixed on Taylor.

A shot of the line of beaters, then the meeting of the two groups. The beaters give their favourite war-cries, shaking their clubs. Taylor stops calmly in front of them and leans on his rifle. At the sight of the gorillas some of the men make a move to run.

TAYLOR (yelling)

Stop! Stay where you are!

The men obey him. Nova tightens her grip on the baby she holds in her arms. The young men carrying sticks are leaning on them as Taylor does with his rifle.

A fresh shot of the beaters shocked by this unexpected reaction. Their stupification is revealed through the gradual weakening of their gong-beats. Finally the uproar subsides into a near total silence, broken by an occasional gong-beat, each more timed than the last.

Another shot of the mounted hunters on the edge of the forest. They are straining their ears and listening in amazement to the decrease and final ending of the noise.

A Hunter Gorilla

What the hell are they doing?

A new shot of the two groups, beaters and humans, face to face. The silence is complete, Taylor indicates the borders of the forest with his rifle and speaks to the beaters

TAYLOR

This is my kingdom. I intend to be left in peace, me and my people. I also intend that, in future, no-one is going to disturb our country with this ridiculous yelling and screaming. Is that understood?

An astonished silence from the apes. Taylor beckons his men and followed by them crosses the line of beaters. One of them, an enormous gorilla, makes a protest and lifts his club against a man. Taylor brings up his rifle and shoots. The ape's arm falls to his side inert.

TAYLOR

The next time I'll blow your filthy ape-head off. Drop all your cudgels!

He raises his rifle. The young men follow suit with their sticks. The apes panic, drop their cudgels and gongs and start to run in disorder towards their horsemen.

Nova, still holding her baby, picks up one of the gongs and looks at it curiously. She gives it a few awkward and timid bangs. The baby laughs, so does Nova and starts to hit the gong harder.

The youngest boys pick up all the remaining gongs and copy Nova. The last apes rush away terrified. At the sight of them Taylor explodes with laughter.

New shot of the horsemen ready for their catch. They hear the sound of the gongs begin again.

One Hunter Gorilla

At last, they're getting on with it!
About time too!

Another

The game won't be long now.

Another

Here they come.

Terrific noise from the forest. All the hunters get their guns ready . . . and the troupe of beaters emerge, in a state of complete panic.

A beater

The-man-who-talks, the man who
talks is there!

The hunters are furious and start raining blows down on the beaters.

4

At the City of Apes. In Zaius' office, Cornelius is finishing the report.

CORNELIUS (reading)

"We came back empty-handed that day,
and with one of our beaters wounded"

ZAIUS

I'd like to bring your attention to
one particular point, Dr. Cornelius.
The woman who followed Taylor was
recognised by one of the beaters. It

was the same one who was in Taylor's cage and who went with him when he escaped. Now, this woman carried a baby in her arms. (a pause) Are you beginning to understand why I consider it a duty to keep informed of all that is happening over there?

ZIRA

I certainly don't regret that the hunters returned empty-handed. These raids are always cruel.

ZAIUS

And on which subjects are we going to be able to continue our experiments? How is your medical science going to progress, Dr. Zira, if men are not going to let us capture them?

Zira shrugs her shoulders without replying. Zaius shows Cornelius another report.

ZAIUS

Read this one. It is particularly interesting. It was made by one of my most competent agents: a chimpanzee. I trust you will not doubt his word.

CORNELIUS (reading)

"Having passed into the Forbidden Zone, by the evening I reached an area which bore signs of human occupation. After nightfall I penetrated deeper into the forest. The moon lit my path. Presently, I noticed a strange smell, and I noticed a light through the trees. I crawled towards it. It was then that I witnessed the most amazing sight . . ."

Actual shot of the chimpanzee crawling in the forest towards the light he sees through the trees. He soon comes to a vast clearing, well lit by the moon and at the same time one sees the following scene:-

Taylor is in the centre of a circle of men, women and children, all squatting or reclining on the ground. Nova is next to him. By her side is their son, SIRIUS, who is now about two years old. Taylor is holding a flaming branch in his hand and is lighting a pile of wood with it. The bon-fire begins to catch light.

The flames reach higher, illuminating the surrounding humans. It's obvious that many of them are experiencing sharp pangs of fear. Some avert their eyes and even hide their faces. Some others start to run towards the forest. Once again Taylor's commanding tones ring out.

TAYLOR

Stop! Stay where you are!

They stop instantly. It is apparent that they have become used to obeying this order.

TAYLOR

Watch. Men must not be afraid of fire.

He pokes the fire. Baby Sirius leaves Nova and goes to Taylor who shakes a small burning twig in front of his face. Sirius laughs. He grabs a stick himself and waves it about. Hesitatingly Nova goes up and does the same. Taylor bursts out laughing.

The children and the very young men in the company draw slowly closer whilst the more adult stay where they are. Taylor watches them as he plays with his son who he has taken in his arms.

TAYLOR

Fire! Fire! Fire! This is fire!

Sirius repeats after him, burbling at first, but then sounding clearer.

SIRIUS

Fire, . . . Fire, Fire!

NOVA (she attempts to imitate her son)

Fi . . . , Fire, Fire!

She laughs. Taylor turns and speaks to the gathering. He raises his voice and points to his mouth

TAYLOR

Fire, Fire, FIRE!

First the children, then the others try to repeat this together. In the end their murmurings become stronger and their voices ring out over the forest with growing enthusiasm.

The Company

Fire Fire Fire ... FIRE!

At the same time, the children and the young men become more courageous and draw closer to the fire. In the end they each take a lighted stick, like Sirius, and waving them, they improvise a sort of dance.

6

Cornelius finishes his recitation in Zaius' office

CORNELIUS (reading)

"... That is what I saw over the border of the Forbidden Zone. Men who did not run away from fire, who were able to articulate a word, and the children of men who danced round a fire, exactly like the children of apes. I couldn't bear to watch the scene any longer and I finally took to my heels!"

ZAIUS

There you are. And you can read more recent reports. They point to many fresh disturbing occurrences. Are you not convinced yet that a threat is building against the simian race? Do you believe we should wait for the day when our rule and even our existence may have to be defended? Do you now think it is a good idea to spread your theories amongst the people? They can only breed trouble and disorder. I am appealing to your conscience as an ape, Dr. Cornelius.

Cornelius bends his head wordlessly. Zira shrugs her shoulders furiously.

ZAIUS

I have faith in you. You are both free. I am sure that you have understood.

7

Ten years later. Shot of the amphitheatre in the City of Apes. (p. 58 of the script: "Planet of the Apes"). The atmosphere is reminiscent of a political election, which is precisely what is happening. They are holding an election for the highest post, that of "The Minister of Science". Cornelius has had the audacity to set himself up as opposition candidate to Zaius.

The slogans marked on the pennants strung across the amphitheatre read as follows: "Vote for Cornelius", "Science Knows No Limits", "Immediate Investigation Of The Human Conditions", "Peaceful Co-Existence Between Apes and Men", "Cornelius Must Lead Apes and Science".

The attendance is pretty sparse, the majority being chimpanzees: there is an odd gorilla here and there and a lot of empty benches.

Cornelius is standing on the platform giving a speech. Zira and Lucius are sitting on either side of him.

CORNELIUS

. . . For ten years I have kept silent. But to-day, when my opponents have started a campaign which can only lead to a bloody war, I believe it to be my duty to speak, with one aim in mind, which is to solicit your support to oppose this terrible manoeuvre. It goes without saying that all apes are brothers, and this is always in the forefront of my mind (clapping from all the benches) . . . All apes are brothers, but that is no reason to massacre humans. Men also have a right to live.

A few enthusiastic claps from some chimpanzees and murmurs of disapproval from the few gorillas.

CORNELIUS

. . . And I will go further. We should, without prejudice, stretch out our hands to the humans and help them to better their miserable condition. It would be a task worthy of apes, and if you give me your trust - if you elect me as your Minister of Science - here, in a phrase, is what my aim will be: "Peace and friendship with men!"

The chimpanzees applaud again, but very half-heartedly. The gorillas are dissenting and muttering angrily amongst themselves. Cornelius leaves the platform and talks to some of the chimpanzees in the front benches. Other discussions are going on around the room. Snatches of conversation are heard:

A Chimpanzee

All the same he's going a bit too far. Friendship with men! Give them a hand indeed!

A Gorilla

It's disgusting. He shouldn't be allowed to speak.

Zira moves over to Lucius and talks to him in a low voice

ZIRA

Is this the crowd you hoped to gather? I don't see anyone here apart from a few of our friends, and one can hardly say that they are very enthusiastic.

LUCIUS

Everything has collapsed. That old charlatan Zaius has manoeuvred the situation with diabolical cunning. The time for revolution was ten years ago when you were in prison. Then you were martyrs and I could have found an army of young apes ready to overthrow Zaius. Since then, patiently and little by little, he has broken the spirit of revolt. He has been broadcasting everywhere how he is for freedom of thought. He took some ostensibly liberal measures. He has given a few honorary posts to one or two chimpanzees, and as they grew older, my friends allowed themselves to be appeased. The height of his hypocritical talent is to have allowed Cornelius to take part in the elections. There is no doubt what the result will be!

ZIRA

Don't you think Cornelius has the slightest chance of being elected?

LUCIUS

None.

ZIRA

So?

LUCIUS

So war will be declared against the humans. Zaius has been secretly preparing public opinion over the last ten years. To-day he will have achieved his wish. Look.

He points to the almost deserted amphitheatre, Cornelius is alone, and the last of his audience hurry through the exits.

8

The same amphitheatre a few days later, another political meeting is under way: this time Zaius is giving his speech. Assembled round him on the platform are Maximus and other orang-outan colleagues.

The audience is far larger and more vociferous than Cornelius' crowd. It is evening and the crowd is seen dimly. However the platform of Zaius is floodlit - only the first few rows are clearly seen and they are filled with a majority of gorillas and orang-outans.

The pennants are far larger and brighter, also more numerous than those of the first meeting. They read: "The Planet of the Apes Belongs to the Apes", "Humans are Beasts, They Should be Caged", "Vote for Zaius, the Only One Who Can Save Our Race", "The Human Race Must Disappear", etc.

Zaius speaks solemnly. His speech is frequently interrupted by applause.

ZAIUS

Allow an old ape to talk to you, one who has been your Minister of Science for years now and who asks for your support again to-day, because he believes it to be his duty (clapping) . . . Allow me to tell you to-day the whole truth, without glossing over the danger which threatens us, as some of my opponents have done . . .

Thunderous applause. Cries of "Death to Cornelius". Zaius smiles indulgently and after a moment raises his arms for silence

ZAIUS

The truth can be expressed in one sentence. A threat of extinction menaces the Simian Race. You know the cause of this. A monster spewed up from Hell has appeared on our planet. A man ... certainly nothing more than a man, I assert one more time that true science has proved this fact (clapping)... Only a man my friends, but this man is dangerous. This man has managed to imitate some of our actions. By some freak of nature, extraordinary but not inexplicable, he is able to speak a few words. He has got hold of a rifle and learnt how to use it . . . Another instance of straightforward mechanical imitation, a caricature of our genius . . . I don't need to denounce the elucidations of a few pseudo men of science, who believe that these are signs of a hidden conscience! (sarcastic laughter and clapping). *These are* obvious examples of the humans' highly developed imitative instinct. But this man, relatively superior in comparison to his fellows, has managed to make the others obey him, and is inspiring them to hate our race . . .

A Voice from the Crowd

How can he inspire them if they have no soul?

Muttering and grumbling in the audience. Two gorillas in charge start towards the heckler. It is Lucius, lost in the crowd, Zira is by his side. Zaius interrupts with a hypocritical smile and gestures the two gorillas away.

ZAIUS

I beg my young heckler to let me continue. When I have finished, I will be happy to listen to any arguments he has to offer. Everyone here knows how I have always championed the right of free speech.

ZIRA (in an undertone)

Liar!

ZAIUS (when things have settled down)

This man has installed himself beyond the borders of the Forbidden Zone.. We have to admit to-day that there are more humans over there than we previously thought. He is preaching revolution against us, the apes - I have evidence from a reliable source. Therefore even tomorrow, if we do not prepare ourselves, we could find our country invaded by these bestial creatures, with no reason in their heads but with hearts full of hate. It is a human tide which comes to submerge us and which would be the end of all civilisation on this planet . . . This is what awaits us.

Uproar, shouts of indignation, that Zaius stills with a gesture before continuing

ZAIUS

Furthermore the situation is perhaps even blacker than I have indicated. In days gone by I was well-informed of this man's conduct. For many months, in fact for some years now, none of my agents have been able to enter the area he considers as his kingdom. He has posted sentries who watch the border day and night . . . Why? I ask you Why . . . if he is not preparing his

(Zaius cont:)

army of blood-thirsty beasts, for
the purpose of launching an attack
on our city?

Fresh uproar and shouts of consternation.

9

Amongst the men. The peaceful atmosphere makes a complete contrast to the picture invoked by Zaius.

Taylor is ploughing a field to show a group of three men what they have to do. He handles the sort of rough wooden cart still found in many countries. The cart is pulled by a buffalo. The harness is made from vines and pieces of wood. A small area of the field has already been tilled.

At the end of the field is a strange looking village composed of huts made out of branches and clay, and with thatched roofs.

Sitting in front of one of the huts is Nova, watching the ploughing with interest. Neither she nor Taylor seem to have been affected by the thirteen or fourteen years that have passed since the beginning.

Taylor stops the buffalo and speaks to one of the men.

TAYLOR

It's your turn now . . . Gee!

The buffalo becomes unharnessed. The man was going too fast .

TAYLOR

Stop. I told you that you must
press hard with your arms ... like this

The man tries again, a little less awkwardly. He manages to make a rather crooked furrow. Taylor who is standing near the other two men talks to one of them.

TAYLOR

I don't see your son John. I
told him to come for his lesson.

The Man (speaking with difficulty)

Son? John?

TAYLOR

I said: Where is he?

The Man

John . . . there.

The man waves his arm in the direction of the forest.

TAYLOR (with impatience)

Where? I said where? You must
speak. Do you hear? Speak.

The Man (with an effort)

In . . . the . . . cave

TAYLOR

That lazy bones. I am going to
box his ears.

He walks a few steps towards the forest, changes his mind
and calls out -

TAYLOR

Sirius!

NOVA (sitting in front of the hut)

Sirius! Sirius!

Her speech is laboured but far better than that of the men tilling the field.

Long shot of Sirius, who suddenly appears on the threshold of the hut. He is a boy of thirteen who looks mature for his age. He is a handsome lad who radiates health and energy; his face is alert and intelligent. When he appears Nova looks at him with delight.

Sirius speaks quite normally.

SIRIUS

Did you call for me, mother?

NOVA

Your father is calling you.

SIRIUS

Do you want me, dad?

TAYLOR

You can come and take over this instruction for me. The adults are hard-headed, far more so than the young ones, but little by little the idea gets through.

SIRIUS

Alright, father.
(to the labourer) . . You, you've
been told to press hard down, . . .
and to walk straight, good Lord!
Your furrow is as twisted as a monkey's
leg . . . Now watch!

He demonstrates, making a perfect furrow. Taylor has returned to the hut for a moment, and puts his arms round Nova. They both watch their son with tenderness and pride.

TAYLOR

I'll be back in less than an hour.

Nova nods her head, showing that she has understood.

TAYLOR

You haven't asked me where I'm going . .
You must talk to me, talk.

NOVA

Where are you going?

TAYLOR

To punish a lazy boy who is playing
truant from school.

NOVA (uncomprehending)

School playing truant?

TAYLOR

He has taken a walk to avoid
working. He deserves to be taught
a lesson . . . understand?

NOVA (smiling)

Nova has understood. Nova does not
play truant from school - she doesn't
deserve to be taught a lesson.

TAYLOR

Well done!

He kisses her and disappears into the forest, whilst Sirius
continues to watch the ploughing.

10

Shot of Taylor, in the forest. He reaches the entrance of a sort of cave, a narrow hole in the rocks. He notices naked footprints on the sandy surface.

TAYLOR

He is well off here . . . always ready to hide away when there's a job to do! That's typical of a man!

He passes into the grotto and walks down a dim and narrow passage. The passage opens out into a large underground room, rather reminiscent of some of our prehistoric caves. Piles of rock and stalactites and stalagmites.

At the end of the room, between two needle-like rocks, a light can be seen, which increases as Taylor gets nearer, and which makes the stalactites sparkle.

TAYLOR (in a hushed voice)

What on earth can he be doing in there?

He continues to walk carefully. The scene at the end of the room becomes clearer little by little within the circle of one brilliant light - in contrast with the rest of the cave. The illumination comes from a great many little balls of lighted resin which are stuck in the cracks all over the rock. The end of the room is evocative of a church or temple altar where a religious ceremony is about to take place.

As if to confirm this impression, the back of a man is seen; he is facing the wall, and in the setting, looks like some kind of priest. His movements are slow and measured and he applies himself to his strange work with intense concentration.

One finally sees that the man (very young: fifteen or sixteen years old) is painting. A bold design already forms part of the mural; a design which could be buffalo or deer-hunting by a group of men armed with bows and arrows. This wall painting resembles those in our prehistoric caves. The drawing (in chalk or charcoal) is

finished. The man is in the middle of colouring the picture. Near his feet is a stone melting pot containing yellow clay, which he is applying to the wall with a large wooden tool.

The young man is so deeply absorbed in his work that he doesn't hear Taylor arrive. Taylor has stopped a few feet behind him and visibly shaken with emotion. He finally speaks in strangled tones .

TAYLOR

Art . . . Art! . . . This is Art!

The young man turns with a start. He looks like a guilty child caught in the act who tries to avoid being smacked. Taylor gives a shout of joy .

TAYLOR

We've made it! Victory! Victory!

He rushes to the youngster and clasps him in his arms.

11

In the amphitheatre of the apes, Zaius is finishing his election speech

ZAIUS

. . . To conclude, before the bestial instincts which threaten our civilisation are unleashed, I say it would be criminal not to defend ourselves. And I also say that the best method of defence in a case like this is to attack (violent applause) Now you know my plans. It is so that I may perform this public service that I ask you to vote for me.

Zaius sits down in a thunder of applause. Lucius is seen climbing onto a bench and shouting.

LUCIUS

I have something to say.

Voices

Out! Out! A chimpanzee has no
right to be here!

ZAIUS (smiling)

My young heckler may have his say.
We are not afraid of arguments here.

LUCIUS

I have to say that humans are not . .

An outburst of shouting and whistling. Some gorillas rush
towards Lucius and he is thrown out of the amphitheatre.

12

A few months later Zaius is in his office accompanied by
his three fellow orang-outans, waiting for the election
results. From time to time a radio gives the latest
results.

The Radio

Sector no. 10. Population: 1225
Voters: 1002 Results: Dr. Zaius 946 votes
Dr. Cornelius 56 votes

The three orang-outans clap. Zaius looks bloated.

The Radio

Approximate result of sector no.12
In the lead is Dr. Zaius with 424
votes, against 290 for Dr. Cornelius.

MAXIMUS

That is the chimpanzee area!
Even there you are way ahead.

The Radio

Approximate result of the total of all sectors. Population 73,192
In the lead: Dr. Zaius with 42,341 votes, followed by Dr. Cornelius with 3,101 votes.

The three orang-outans renew their applause. Zaius remains calm.

MAXIMUS

Assured success, Dr. Zaius. An overwhelming success.

ZAIUS (simply)

Of course, I never doubted it.

Another Orang-Outan

What steps are you going to take, Dr. Zaius, to carry out your programme?

ZAIUS

I am meeting the head of our army this evening - Field Marshall Urus. The measures to be taken are his province.

Cheering is taking place outside and is seen from the square, under Zaius' windows.

Various Shouts

Long live Urus. Long live the army.
Long live Zaius!

Field Marshall Urus arrives in the square. It is possible to distinguish this enormous gorilla from a distance with his uniform covered with various decorations and awards. He is on horseback, followed by various body-guards, and other gorillas on horseback. The small group clear a passage for themselves up to Zaius' door, greeted by

frantic cheering all the way. A crowd of apes are gathered in the square, where loudspeakers are broadcasting the election results.

Field Marshal Urus dismounts, attended by one of his soldiers and disappears into Zaius' block.

In one corner of the square Zira, Cornelius and Lucius have been watching the Field Marshal's arrival.

CORNELIUS (heatedly)

Zaius hasn't lost much time. Even before the final results are through, he's called in the army.

ZIRA

It will mean the extermination of men!

CORNELIUS

Of the majority, certainly of Taylor, the most important. The rest will return to their animal state . . . or end up in our cages.

LUCIUS

It is pure genocide, a crime against against humanity!

CORNELIUS

You said 'humanity'! Just like Taylor.

ZIRA

This crime has to be stopped.

CORNELIUS

I did all that I could to oppose Zaius. Apart from a few chimpanzees I have no following.

ZIRA

Then Taylor must be warned what is being plotted against him and his people.

CORNELIUS (after a pause)

As Zaius is going to declare a state of war, that would be an act of treason.

Zira is about to reply when her voice is drowned by the loudspeakers.

The Radio

Final and total results of all sections. Population: 73,192
Voters: 65, 294
Dr. Zaius has 61,123 votes
Dr. Cornelius: 4,171 votes
Dr. Zaius is elected

The last words are drowned by the shouts of the crowd who start chanting .

The Crowd

We want Zaius! We want Zaius!

The windows of Zaius' office open. The balcony is suddenly illuminated by floodlights. Zaius appears singly in front of a small group, the three orang-utans and the Field Marshal are slightly behind him. Then Zaius turns, beckons to Urus who comes and stands by his side. Zaius shakes his hand with great ostentation; this causes extra cheering from the crowd.

Shot of the three chimpanzees in shadow in the square.

LUCIUS (soberly)

Strength allied with tyranny and injustice. If it is a treasonable act, Cornelius, I am prepared to commit it. I am going to warn Taylor.

ZIRA

I am going with you.

CORNELIUS (after a hesitation)

You are both mad. . . but I'm
coming too.

Zira rushes into his arms, whilst the noise about them
gradually abates.

13

Fast moving view of the three apes travelling. Cornelius
and Zira in a chariot, Lucius on horseback. They pass in
front of the scare-crow figures.

ZIRA (to Cornelius)

We are entering the Forbidden Zone.
Are you sure of what you're doing?
There is still time to turn back.

CORNELIUS

And you?

ZIRA

I am only risking my freedom,
perhaps my life. But you, you are
sacrificing a great career.

CORNELIUS

I am with you . . and with the spirit
of scientific exploration and discovery.
What did you imagine? I am dying to
see with my own eyes the amazing sights
that Zaius' agents have reported. I
want to know exactly what that man has
been able to take on over there, and

(cont:)

(Cornelius, cont:)

how successful he has been . . .
Sometimes I think the whole thing
is a dream.

ZIRA

Is that your only reason?
Scientific curiosity?

CORNELIUS

You know very well that it isn't.
It's plain you are never going to
allow me to stay neutral in this
matter.

14

They are passing through the Forbidden Zone. They pass in front of the cave that Zaius had blocked by blowing up the entrance. They then follow the same path along the beach which Taylor and Nova take in the final scenes of the first film.

When they come near to the spot where Taylor discovers the Statue of Liberty, they hear sounds of noisy confusion, which is soon dominated by Taylor's authoritative voice. The three chimpanzees stop and listen.

ZIRA

It's him.

The three chimpanzees continue on foot until they come in sight of the Statue. They stop in their tracks, paralysed with shock.

The Statue of Liberty is ~~is~~ the centre of a great hive of activity. Taylor has taken it into his head to raise the Statue back upright.

On the side that the Statue is leaning, tree trunks are being used to prop her up. On different levels of an immense wooden scaffolding a team is seen to be levering

and shifting tree-trunks, to straighten the Statue little by little. For the same purpose, on the other side about a hundred men are pulling on a rope made of plaited vines lashed around the Statue. On this side a trench has been dug to make the work easier.

Taylor is perched on the top of one set of scaffolding and directs the proceedings, instructing and gesticulating.

TAYLOR

A bit more . . . Heave-ho!
Heave-ho! . . . Easy . . .
Stop! Stop!

The Statue is a little straighter. Taylor climbs quickly down his scaffolding.

Fresh shot of the three apes.

A Commanding Voice (behind them)

Stop!

The three chimpanzees turn their heads and find themselves face to face with two young boys (13 to 15 years old). One has an enormous bow and arrow aimed at them. The other carries a wooden spear at the point of which is a sharpened stone. Lucius makes a defensive move.

Boy with the Bow

Stop! Stay where you are.

He speaks slowly but quite distinctly. (the phrase is recognisable as one frequently used by Taylor)

ZIRA

He talks!

Shot of the working site. The workers are sweating and breathing heavily, they are taking a rest and gazing at the Statue. They have not seen the apes, neither has Taylor who has now reached the ground. He is giving orders to a group of four men who are having difficulty lifting a large stone plaque. Taylor is showing them where he wants it placed at the foot of the Statue.

New shot of the three apes, who are wary of their captors.

Boy with Spear

What are you doing here? This is
the country of men.

LUCIUS

This one speaks, too.

CORNELIUS

And many others, I am sure . . . (softly)
Things move very fast.

Boy with Spear

Apes are not allowed to enter the
country of men . . . Get moving,
straight ahead. We go over there,
the Man Who Speaks will decide your
punishment.

With his spear he points to Taylor in the distance. The
three apes walk towards the Statue. Taylor is engrossed
in the placing of the plaque and doesn't hear them
approach; but groups of workers see them and shrink away
with repugnance as they pass. A general murmuring takes
place.

Several Voices

Apes . . . Apes . . . no apes here.

The plaque has been placed. Taylor, who is still unaware
of anything unusual, steps back to see the effect. By
now Zira is just behind him. An inscription is seen
engraved on the plaque; it is possible to read it as
Taylor himself recites in ringing tones. (It is the
actual inscription that figures on the Statue of Liberty)

TAYLOR (reading)

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe fire
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed to me...

Zira has involuntarily read the last two lines with him.

ZIRA

Very beautiful. Who wrote that?

TAYLOR

The poet Emma Lazarus, a few million years ago.

He turns in utter amazement to see the apes.

TAYLOR

Zira! . . . And Cornelius, and my young friend Lucius! (to the sentries)
Lower your arms you two. These are friends.

Boy with Bow

Apes? Friends?

TAYLOR

Friends. Once they saved my life.
It is thanks to them that I am here.

The two boys look astonished and a little crestfallen. They lower their weapons, clasping them against their chests.

Boy with Bow

How can there be such a thing as a good ape?

Mutters (from the crowd of workmen)

Friends? Friends? . . . Friends with apes!

TAYLOR (raising his voice)

Friends. I forbid anyone to harm them.

The muttering dies down. The two sentries go back to their posts.

TAYLOR (to the apes)

You must excuse them. Its news to them. For a long time now no apes have dared to come here. To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?

Zira is about to reply but Cornelius breaks in.

CORNELIUS

Mostly curiosity . . . but we'll talk about that later. First let me congratulate you on the progress you have made. These men appear to understand what you say.

TAYLOR

They understand me.

CORNELIUS

And they talk!

TAYLOR

Especially the youngsters. My best results have been with the new generation and I have great faith in it.

LUCIUS

That is certainly evident!

- . . -

TAYLOR

Now I would like to offer you the honours of the kingdom I have created here - with the beings that you consider as animals. Come.

The three apes follow Taylor, who takes them into the forest. Zira holds Cornelius back for a moment -

ZIRA

Why haven't you let him know the reason for our visit?

CORNELIUS

There's no hurry. I'd like to know a little more about this strange world where he seems to be king.

15

Taylor, walking ahead of the apes, comes to a clearing. It is the village already seen alongside the ploughed field. The homes are wooden huts cemented with clay. The roofs are thatched. The whole is primitive but very clean. The huts are well set out with small gardens full of plants. Some old men are working in them.

ZIRA

Did the same men who used to live in dens make this village?

TAYLOR

The same. But you haven't seen anything yet. This is only a provisional centre. We are in the middle of making something far better.

CORNELIUS (anxiously)

Far better?

TAYLOR

Shortly they'll be able to leave these hovels and move into the new city that we are building Come.

Taylor takes them back into the forest. They shortly emerge into an enormous clearing. A party of men are felling trees to enlarge it further. They are hacking away in an inexperienced and clumsy fashion, but with great enthusiasm. The head of this working party is a young boy between 13 and 15 years old.

The first part of the clearing is covered with cultivated vegetation.

The woodmen are stupified to see the apes.

The young overseer waves his axe in a menacing manner. Taylor intervenes .

TAYLOR

These apes are my friends and my guests.

The Overseer (scandalised)

Friends? These apes?

The woodmen react in the same way as the workmen on the Statue site. However they obey Taylor and carry on with their work, giving the apes occasional furtive glances.

TAYLOR (pointing to the cultivated area)

This area will be large enough for our vegetables. I have to cut down part of the forest.

LUCIUS (examining the tools)

Stone hatchets.

TAYLOR

Yes, stone. For hunting, arrows tipped with stone. For fishing, hooks of stone. Our tools are still in the Stone Age. But we are progressing from stage to stage by leaps and bounds. Look at my plantations.

CORNELIUS

I am looking

LUCIUS (ponderously)

Our evolution came to pass the day the ape seized his destiny himself with both hands.

ZIRA

And where did you get the seeds from?

TAYLOR (laughing)

From you, I make a good thief! We took some from your fields in the night.

CORNELIUS (rather bitterly)

I don't doubt it. And is that all you have stolen?

TAYLOR

Yes, so far. That was ~~our~~^{our} most vital need. Agriculture is the beginning of all civilization.

CORNELIUS

And this is your ambition.
To create a new civilization.

TAYLOR

Just that: a civilization.

16

They have walked across the fields. They stop on a small hill from where the lay-out of the clearing can be seen.

TAYLOR

At the moment this is my most ambitious undertaking: the future city.

Shot of them together, showing the distant outline of the new city.

Only two buildings have been erected, but they are of lofty dimensions. The walls are made with clay bricks. The roofs are tiled with the same material.

The remainder is a vast building site full of workmen. Some of them are piling up bricks and tiles at various points. Others are transporting enormous tree-trunks and some are digging foundations.

Some are laying outlines with stakes. Judging from what is already completed, they seem to be making a street plan. The streets run parallel and at right-angles, similar to a miniature version of the street plan of New York. A closer look shows street hoardings already erected in some places; on these it is possible to read the names of some of the streets: 5th Avenue, 5th Street, etc.

Taylor shepherds them towards the city, talking all the time .

TAYLOR

Of course we're not able to build any sky-scrappers yet! I don't want to in any case. We're nowhere near the age of concrete. Here is our principal material. I was lucky enough to find a practically inexhaustible clay-pit. Bricks and tiles. With these and with wood from the forests one could build a metropolis!

Shot of the quarry at the edge of the city, where men are fetching clay and making the bricks and tiles. Once again the head workman is a very young boy. The sight of the apes provokes the usual reaction. Taylor deals with the situation as before.

A more detailed shot of the work-site shows the organised and efficient way the different jobs are being directed:

- One workman digs out the clay and shovels it into another pit nearby.
- Another treads the clay down after throwing water over it to make it more malleable.
- A third worker, a woman this time, puts the clay into a mould of wood or of stone which has a shape cut into it.
- The last worker on the production line simply lays the modelled clay in the sun to dry and harden.

The young boy in charge goes from one workman to another, giving instructions by signs interspersed with a few words. He speaks to a man about twice his size in a severe tone of voice.

Head Workman

Less water. Too long to dry. I've already told you six times. You will be punished.

The man lowers his head and quickly gets rid of the water.

ZIRA

Your foremen, those that I've seen so far, all seem to be little more than children.

TAYLOR

All of them. I told you that it is the younger generation for which I have the most hope.

CORNELIUS

And the elders obey these kids.

TAYLOR

As you see. Without argument.

LUCIUS

Very good strategy. Excellent organisation.

Taylor takes them to the largest of the two completed buildings.

TAYLOR

This was the first building erected in our city. Which is the way I wanted it and it is already in use.

ZIRA

What is it?

TAYLOR

The University. This is where the future teachers of man will learn.

CORNELIUS

From you alone?

TAYLOR (smiling)

I have a very valuable assistant ...
Come and see.

Before entering the University, Cornelius stops for a moment and looks up at the building.

CORNELIUS

You certainly have some lofty ideas.

LUCIUS

You can never give too much space
to culture.

TAYLOR

Never enough, in fact. But I have
left room for extensions . . .
I think we will catch them unawares
while they are working.-
Don't make any noise.

They walk further into the building. A chorus of young voices are heard repeating words, the effect is reminiscent of nursery school. Down a corridor is a door leading into a large room: the students' hall.

There are no benches as yet. The students are sitting on the ground which is paved with bricks. There are about twenty pupils, nearly all very young - about eight to fifteen years old. In the last row are a few adults who seem to be having great difficulty in speaking and writing.

They all have clay tablets in front of them (the kind used in ancient times by the Egyptians or Babylonians) and a pen consisting of a piece of pointed wood. In this scene the pupils are reciting the sentences written on the tablets after their teacher.

This teacher is none other than Sirius, and his serious expression, bordering on severity, contrasts strongly with his youthful appearance. He is seated on a stool in front of a table. On this table are several books, but he only

refers to them occasionally. By the slightly open door, concealed from sight, the three chimpanzees watch and listen with amazement. Sirius' speech is faultless. His pupils also articulate pretty well.

SIRIUS (declaiming)

To be or not to be, that is the question

Chorus of Pupils (repeating)

To be or not to be, that is the question

SIRIUS

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune

The Chorus (looking at their tablets)

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune

SIRIUS (his voice swelling)

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And so opposing end them . . .

The chorus recites this rather badly. Sirius reacts with a comic show of authority. He seizes a long stick which is in front of him and raps several times on the table -

SIRIUS

Bad, very bad. You are bellowing like a herd of cows. These words have great meaning. You must give them some expression. (He repeats the lesson putting great emphasis on some of the words)
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble
And by opposing end them . . .

The class repeats after him stressing the same words in a fair imitation.

SIRIUS (in a burst of enthusiasm)

.. "to die . . . To sleep
NO MORE!"

The class recites reproducing Sirius' interpretation. At the door Lucius has been following the scene with growing excitement. He bursts into cheers

LUCIUS

Hurrah! "To die: to sleep. NO MORE!"

Uproar breaks out amongst the students at the sight of the apes. Taylor steps forward. Sirius calms his pupils with a gesture.

SIRIUS

Father, what is the meaning of this?

ZIRA (astonished)

Father!?

TAYLOR

My son Sirius, that most valuable auxilliary that I told you about. He is only thirteen years old, but one would think he was at least sixteen. The children develop faster than they have in the last couple of thousand years . . . Sirius, of all the apes these are the best. I would like you to be their friends.

Zira offers her hand to Sirius, he finally takes it after some hesitation, but his feeling of repugnance shows in his face. Lucius also shakes hands while Cornelius peers at the tablets, shaking his head and muttering in an undertone the last few words

CORNELIUS

To sleep . . . No more!

17

Scene in front of the second house in the new city. It has a small garden, with a few peices of garden furniture made out of wood: tables and rustic benches.

TAYLOR

And this is my new home. We only moved in three days ago.

ZIRA

We?

Nova comes out of the house. She is carrying a wooden broom and a stone bucket containing dust and gravel. There has to be an important change in her manner and her way of speaking. She behaves in the same way as any present day housewife. At first she only sees Taylor

NOVA

These builders are the limit.
The house is in a filthy state.

TAYLOR

I have brought company, you have met them before . . . Nova, they are old friends. Do you remember?

NOVA (in tones of comical reproach)

Why didn't you let me know in advance that you were expecting guests? There is nothing prepared.

TAYLOR (laughing)

They won't mind the mess . . . or the housekeeping

ZIRA

I'm afraid we invited ourselves.
It's you who must excuse us (offering
her hand) . . . How do you do . . .
I suppose I should call you Mrs. Taylor

NOVA

Call me Nova . . . If you don't mind,
I shall call you Zira

Taylor looks on smiling as his wife and the female chimpanzee start to gossip in a slightly strained fashion. Sirius who has rejoined the party is also strained. He stays alone watching the friendly gathering with an expression of reproach.

ZIRA

Nova, I marvel at everything I've
seen here. Your new home is a real
gem.

NOVA (mincing)

Oh Zira, it's not so very grand . .
(we only have three servants) . . .
But how unforgivable of me! You must
be nearly dying of hunger and thirst
after your journey . . .

LUCIUS

Good gracious no . . .

Nova runs towards the house.

ZIRA

Can I do anything?

NOVA

Thank you but Sirius will give me a
hand, I will only be a moment.
(To Taylor) Darling, make them sit
down, they must be very tired

Nova disappears into the house with Sirius. Everyone sits down on the benches. Zira gazes after Nova.

ZIRA.

Extraordinary!

TAYLOR

Isn't it? But it's during the last three days, since she moved into the house, that she has made the most astonishing progress. I can hardly recognise her myself.

LUCIUS (exalted)

Stupendous! The greatest scientific revolution of all time!

CORNELIUS (musing)

Stupendous . . . yes.

TAYLOR

But men are great egotists. Now tell me what has been happening to you. That old misery Zaius, is he still around? To-day, I bear him no grudge.

The three apes become gloomy. Zira who is about to reply is interrupted by Nova who re-appears in the doorway.

NOVA (to Taylor)

Darling, could you come here for a minute? .. Excuse us, but the house is still upside-down.

Taylor and Nova disappear. The three apes are left alone.

ZIRA (to Cornelius)

Why haven't you told Taylor yet what is going on?

CORNELIUS

I am sorry . . . But after seeing the miraculous emergence of this race, there are moments when I ask myself if Zaius is not justified in thinking that there is a terrible threat here to the simian race.

ZIRA

You can see for yourself how peaceful they are. They are only interested in working and in educating themselves.

LUCIUS

Exactly.

CORNELIUS

But, apart from Taylor and Nova, haven't you noticed the looks of hate these men have been giving us . . . especially the younger ones.

ZIRA

We have done a lot that they have to forgive.

LUCIUS

And we will make amends. Goodness and tolerance will come when the hate is ended.

ZIRA

This is a risk we must take. We have to tell him.

CORNELIUS (after a pause)

So be it. Tell him.

Nova and Sirius come out of the house carrying various clay plates piled with fruit and vegetables, a pitcher and a bowl. They put everything on the table. Taylor puts one arm round Nova and the other round Sirius.

TAYLOR

Now you know the whole family. It is thanks to these two that I have been able to carry out my plans.

NOVA

Let us eat. I'm sorry there is not much to choose from.

ZIRA

Just a minute, Taylor. Cornelius has something very serious to tell you.

TAYLOR

Serious?

CORNELIUS

Serious and most urgent . . . It was not simply curiosity that drove us to make this journey, Taylor.

TAYLOR

I thought not.

CORNELIUS

Zaius is still in power and is more of an enemy to you now than ever before. As I speak he has already dealt you a serious blow. He has turned public opinion against you and is preparing to start a war against men.

A silence follows. Sirius who is still very tense frowns deeply. Taylor keeps calm and sits down at the table.

TAYLOR (slowly)

I understand. I also had no doubt that this moment would come.

18

The City of Apes. In the same amphitheatre as before, a politician is calling for volunteers. (the same politician as on p. 58 of the script of film No.1) Next to him on the platform are three uniformed gorillas. New pennants are floating overhead bearing various slogans: "Join the Valient Simian Army", "The Sacred Duty of the Young is to Fight". There are pictures of a young ape standing under the flags with inscriptions saying: "He wants to prepare for the future and win the war", etc.

Politician

.... In these grave times, the entire population is backing their leader, Dr. Zaius, to whom we owe so much. But to-day the time for sterile discussion is over. To-day we call you to war . . .

Vibrant applause and shouts of "To war! To war!"

Politician

I'm appealing to-day to the younger generation and I tell them this: the duty of every young ape old enough to hold a rifle is to join the fight, if they want to see the end of bestiality on our planet. It is your sacred duty to volunteer to join in the ranks of our valourous army, and to serve under our great generals who are only waiting for this opportunity to show their heroism and bravery . . .

Fresh salvos of cheers and clapping. The three officers on the platform stand up and salute. A military band starts to play and the audience joins in a patriotic song. Everyone then stands up and makes for the exits.

They form a queue at the door of the amphitheatre, where a recruitment centre has been set up in front of a chariot. Several N.C.O.'s welcome the young volunteers, give them papers to sign and give each a rifle, ammunition, and a large sack.

A gorilla colonel surveys the scene, he walks up and down with his hands clasped behind his back. He notices a small chimpanzee furtively trying to get out of line and stops him.

Colonel

What's going on? Aren't you a volunteer?

Chimpanzee

Sir, . . . I . . .

Two N.C.O. gorillas stand each side of him in menacing attitudes.

N.C.O.

Not volunteering?

Chimpanzee (hurridly)

Yes. (He returns to the line)

Shot inside of Temple (p.55 of script No.1). Although it is not very large several dozen chimpanzees have managed to squeeze themselves in. The orang-utan preacher is finishing his sermon

Preacher

. . . And it is the pious duty, of every ape who believes, to take place in this fight, because this fight is for the Forces of Light against the Force of Darkness. This war is a holy war. The beings who threaten us to-day are like animals, because they are ignorant of God. "For God and for Right" must be the rallying cry of this sacred crusade.

Cries of "For God and for Right", interspersed with others of "Death to all men". Fresh chanting from the gorillas outside.

20

In Zaius' office: Zaius and his three orang-utan councillors.

MAXIMUS

Our propaganda has given good results, Dr. Zaius. Everything is going well. The army is ready. Public opinion is behind this great crusade.

ZAIUS

The public is ready, that is true. I took enough pains over preparing them. I am a little less satisfied over the state of the army.

An Orang-Utan

It has never been so strong! The volunteers pour in. Morale has never been so high.

ZAIUS

Too high.

A 2nd Orang-Utan

I don't understand, your Excellency.

ZAIUS

I'm trying to say that our Field Marshal Urus and all his state marshals are thinking this war will be a military walk-over.

MAXIMUS

And you are afraid that it's not going to be quite like that? . . . All the same, our army must be able to finish off an unarmed rabble without difficulty.

ZAIUS

This rabble has a leader of diabolical resourcefulness and cunning. We'd better acknowledge this amongst ourselves, and this man must now be on his guard . . . Zira and Cornelius have been missing for several days.

MAXIMUS

They have betrayed us!

ZAIUS (in a rage)

These intellectuals are capable of all kinds of treason in the name of what they call their ideals!

An usher (a gorilla) enters and announces

USHER

Field Marshal Urus.

ZAIUS

Here he comes . . . he asked to see me urgently. We'll take advantage of the occasion to ask him a little more about his plans.

Field Marshal Urus makes his entrance. This is the first time he is seen at close quarters. He wears a very gorgeous uniform, resplendant with medals. He might wear a cap set on his head at an angle. He is in a state of great excitement. If possible his mask should give an expression of great stupidity. His stupidity is obvious every time he opens his mouth.

He enters, makes a hurried salute and starts to speak.

URUS

Excellency, I am speaking to you now as an old and experienced campaigner. I must be brutally frank.

ZAIUS (agitatedly)

Yes, Yes. I know that. . .
What is it?

URUS

With all the respect that I owe you, Excellency, but with the firmness that my high responsibilities demand. . . (a look of exasperation passes between Zaius and Maximus) . . . I have to say, Excellency, that this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. We cannot postpone operations any longer. The guns must sound and sound loudly. Any holding back would be considered as weakness by our soldiers and, what is worse, by our enemies.

ZAIUS

What are you trying to say?

URUS

The effrontery of these men can be borne no longer. Last night . . . they made another successful raid on one of our advance camps.

ZAIUS

Again! (furiously) and naturally, as on previous occasions, you were not on guard?

URUS

These brutes use the most unfair methods. They operate at night. Furthermore, this time they played the most infamous trick to deceive us.

MAXIMUS

What trick?

URUS

They had the cheek to disguise themselves as apes. Yes, on a previous raid, they had stolen some of our clothes and

21

Actual shot of the scene as told by Urus: it is night. Two lines of men march silently through the forest, one led by Taylor, the other by Sirius. Taylor's group are dressed up in apes' clothing. Taylor and a few others have a complete costume, the remainder are partially clothed; some in shirts, the others in trousers. Taylor stops them at the edge of a muddy stream.

TAYLOR (in a low voice)

Do the same as I do.

He takes a handful of mud and rubs it over his face and hands. The men who are partially dressed cover the rest of their bodies with mud. The young men in Sirius' party who are not disguised cover themselves all over with the mud. Taylor and Sirius inspect their groups and correct a few details. They are completely transformed. Lumps of thick mud alter their features till they look quite grotesque. In the darkness they could be mistaken for a troupe of apes.

TAYLOR

Good. You know what to do Sirius. You circle the post and you launch yourselves on my signal. Our objective this time are guns and ammunition.

SIRIUS

Right.

The two groups separate. Taylor's group is seen filtering through the forest. Taylor is imitating the waddling gait of the apes. The others copy him.

The raiding party arrive in sight of their post which is lit by a single lamp. Taylor halts the main body of his group and goes forward with two of his men. A gorilla sentry spots him.

Sentry

Who goes there?

TAYLOR

An envoy from the Field Marshal

Sentry

Come nearer - just you.

Taylor goes forward waddling from side to side.

TAYLOR

I have a message for the head of
this company.

The sentry holds out his hand. Taylor fells him with one
blow of his truncheon. He motions his men over. They
come forward and conceal themselves near the door. Taylor
raps on the door.

Voice from inside

What is it?

TAYLOR

A message from the General of State.

An N.C.O. opens the door. The men rush through.

TAYLOR

Sirius! Over here!

Sirius' party of young men invade the garrison through
the back windows - A scene of complete chaos - Taken
by surprise and terrified by their attackers' grotesque
appearance the apes are quickly overpowered. Two
entrances are smashed in by blows from the spears.
Taylor aims his rifle at the head of the garrison, who
cries out in terror

Head of the Garrison

Mercy! I surrender.

TAYLOR

Drop your guns, quickly!

The apes obey him and the men gather up all the arms.

TAYLOR

Where are the rifle and ammunition
stores?

Head of the Garrison (pointing to a door)

Over there.

TAYLOR

The key?

Head of the Garrison

But

Sirius lifts his spear menacingly. The gorilla quickly hands over the key. In an orderly fashion the men load the rifles and cases of ammunition onto their backs and disperse into the obscurity of the night - indian file. Taylor, Sirius, and a number of the young boys cover their retreat, and then disappear in turn.

22

Field Marshal Urus finished his story in Zaius' office.

URUS

The height of trickery. Could we disguise ourselves as men, us? . . .
And they vanished into the shadows the same way as they appeared . . .
like rats!

ZAIUS (foaming with rage)

Is that all you can find to say?
And now they are armed. How many rifles have you let them get away with?

URUS

Fifty, Excellence.

ZAIUS

And you have not executed your
Garrison Chief . . . And your
soldiers did not go after them!

URUS (sheepishly)

They did try, your Excellence, but
our soldiers are not used to darkness,
or to the forest - while these
monsters are as much in their element
as fishes in water. They made an
attempt to follow . . . and that cost
the life of one of our men . . he was
pierced by an arrow, we don't know
where it came from . . . An arrow,
Excellency! If we're going to start
waging war with arrows, who can foresee
where that will lead us! That is why,
I implore you, enough of these
perfidious nocturnal raids. The thing
to do, is to wage a glorious battle
in the light of the sun. Let us launch
a major attack in their own country and
crush them completely.

ZAIUS

Good. That is the wish of us all.
Now tell us what strategy you intend
to employ.

URUS (flustered)

Strategy?

ZAIUS

You and your General of State, you've
surely prepared a plan of the battle.

URUS

A plan? . . . Of course. We invade their territory. . . I will be at the head of my cavalry and, the moment we have them in sight, we will charge over them and exterminate the majority. There's nothing like a cavalry charge, Excellence.

ZAIUS (softly to Maximus)

The cavalry! That's the only thing he knows!

URUS

And behind us, the infantry will follow our charge, occupy the territory, kill the survivors and take some prisoners back to replenish our cages... That is my plan of battle.

ZAIUS

And what will the enemy be doing all this time?

URUS

Enemy? What enemy? . . . Ah, the men. (He bursts out laughing) No more enemies, Excellence. Finished, annihilated.

ZAIUS (exasperated, softly to Maximus)

Stupid brute! What do you think?

MAXIMUS

I think there is no doubt that he is the ape that should conduct this battle. After all, it's only a question (cont

Maximus (cont:)

of crushing a few primitive beings. Fifty rifles in the hands of inexperienced creatures are not going to repel a serious attack.

ZAIUS (to the other two orang-utans)

Is that your opinion?

The Orang-Utans

That is our opinion, Excellence.

ZAIUS (handing a document to Urus)

Agreed. Here is the order to start operations. After all, you are right about one thing, it is time to make a decisive move.

URUS (his hand on his heart)

Thank you, Excellency . . . I will not return until I am victorious.

The Marshal salutes and retires, his face is radiant. The sound of cheers can be heard from the street as he leaves.

ZAIUS

It's not the fifty rifles that worry me.

MAXIMUS

So?

ZAIUS

Man has more subtle weapons at his disposal

The kingdom of men. In front of Taylor's house is the apes' chariot. Zira and Cornelius are taking leave of Taylor and Nova. Lucius is standing slightly to one side.

TAYLOR

Why go back? Your fellow apes will not forgive you.

CORNELIUS

We must leave you Taylor. We've done all that we can for you.

TAYLOR

Nevertheless you know yourselves that the Right is on our side.

CORNELIUS

My place is amongst the apes.

TAYLOR

And you, Zira?

ZIRA

My place is with Cornelius . . .
Lucius, have you decided?

LUCIUS

I have decided and I will stay.
My place is on the side of freedom
and justice.

CORNELIUS

God grant that you will not regret it.

ZIRA

. . And that this war will end quickly in general peace. That is why I am going, Taylor. It is towards that end that we must work.

CORNELIUS

If we are given a chance to do so . . .
Good luck, Taylor. Goodbye, Nova.

Zira clasps Nova in her arms and hugs her with emotion

ZIRA

Isn't Sirius here?

NOVA (embarrassed)

He asked me to say goodbye for him.
He is so busy organising our defences.

CORNELIUS

And after all, in his eyes we will always be wicked apes, in spite of all our efforts to help you. Your younger generation will not accept a single ape.

TAYLOR

I hope too, that one day that will change.

CORNELIUS (climbing into the char

Good luck, Lucius.

LUCIUS (gravely)

Goodbye Cornelius. Goodbye Zira.

The chariot starts off and moves out of sight. Nova, Taylor and Lucius, watch it go. Nova wipes away a tear. It is the first time she has been seen to cry.

TAYLOR (to Lucius)

You have no regrets?

LUCIUS

None. We will perish or triumph together.

TAYLOR

We will triumph.

LUCIUS

I hope so. Listen to me Taylor. I can help you. I am familiar with the stupidity and vanity of our military chiefs. Their only weapon that is of real danger to you is the cavalry. If you can set a trap to foil the cavalry the victory is yours. The infantry is a poorly equipped crowd that would soon surrender.

TAYLOR

I will think of something. In the meantime come and watch the training of our guerrillas.

Over to the men - preparing a trap. Taylor has organised a great many workers for the job - nearly all the adults, even the old ones and quite a few of the women.

They are digging an enormous trench two or three metres deep, with straight steep walls, which stretches in a long line in front of the plantation. In spite of the primitive tools employed the work is progressing very fast. The men are hollowing the trench with a kind of pick-axe and throwing the soil into wicker baskets. A long line of women carry the baskets away on their heads and empty them in the forest. (as the Chinese coolie women used to carry things some years ago).

A large part of the trench is already hollowed out. Some other workmen are gathering branches and greenery to cover the trench. Taylor is there, Lucius at his side, keeping an eye on the workers.

LUCIUS

Your men are good workers. I never thought they would be able to get this far so quickly with such primitive tools

TAYLOR

They have very capable hands. Everything will be ready in two days.

Sirius appears leading a group of boys, each one carries a bundle of sharp stakes

TAYLOR

What have you got there?

SIRIUS

I had an idea, father. Look.

He jumps into the trench at a point where it is being camouflaged and drives a stake into the bottom, the sharp end pointing upward. Taylor doesn't speak.

SIRIUS

Isn't that a good idea?

LUCIUS

It is cruel.

TAYLOR (after another silence)

It is cruel. But we did not make this war and we must win. It is a good idea Sirius. Plant your stakes.

Sirius distributes the stakes and allots different parts of the trench to one boy after another. Taylor and Lucius watch in silence. The boys are whispering together.

One Boy (pushing another forward)

Go on - don't be afraid. Show it to the-man-who-talks

The Other Boy

I daren't

First Boy

Idiot! Go on I tell you! (he pushes him forward)

TAYLOR

What is all this? It's you, John. Are you still working on your picture?

The young man who emerges from the group is seen to be the artist who was painting in the cave. Now he is seen more clearly he is a young man of gentle appearance, almost effeminate, who speaks shyly in a very soft voice. He is holding a metallic-looking object, about the same size and shape as an orange.

JOHN

For some time I've been doing something else. (he holds out the object) (cont:)

John (cont:)

I made this . . (he is very embarrassed)
but I don't know if it's of any use

TAYLOR

What is it?

JOHN

I made it out of cartridge cases
used in the exercises. Sirius gave
me permission to collect them . . .
Then I melted them over a fire . .
a very hot fire, then I set them in
a mould and put sand in the middle . .
like we make bricks . . Afterwards
I made a hole in the middle and then
let it cool. Look, it's pretty.

TAYLOR

So I see. What do you think you can
do with it?

JOHN

First, I didn't really know. Then
I had another idea. We have a lot
of ammunition. Sirius allowed me to
open some cartridges. They were
filled with powder. I opened some
other cases and put the powder together.
When I had a lot I filled up my orange.
Look.

TAYLOR (he is staring fixedly)

Why do you call that an orange?

SIRIUS (who has climbed out of
the trench)

I called it that father, because it
looks like a fruit. But I think that
it has possibilities. Go on John.
What do you do with your orange?

JOHN (laughing)

Oh I had great fun . . . I had taken
the detonating caps too.

TAYLOR

Which you also put carefully to one
side I am sure.

JOHN

Certainly. Everything can be useful.
Then . . afterwards . . (he suddenly
speaks with the excitement of an artist,
realising the value of his work)
Later on, I don't know why but I
started to laugh . . really laugh
because I had an idea which struck
me as being very funny. I mixed some
of the caps with the powder in the
orange . . . and then I hunted around . .
searched for ages. There was something
missing . . . I looked for days and
nights . . . and I found it . . . I
found it . . . the bark of a certain
tree, very dry which catches fire
quickly . . . I twisted it like a vine . .

TAYLOR

Affuse

JOHN (laughs again)

A fuse? I never thought of that name,
but it's very funny. A fuse, yes a
fuse. So I made a little hole in the
orange, I put in the . . fuse, I set it

(cont:)

(John, cont;)

alight and threw it. Oh I threw it very far away, and I stood behind a tree because it made a very loud bang . . . Would you like to see it?

SIRIUS

Please father, let him give you a demonstration. You will see that it's worth the trouble. I believe it's a great invention.

TAYLOR (heavily; sadly)

I don't doubt it.

SIRIUS

There's nothing like an artist for having ideas. It seems quite simple and no-one thought of it before.

TAYLOR (with a sense of overwhelming despondency)

No-one Sirius. No-one . . . Go ahead John. Have your demonstration. Artist! Show us all the resources of your art!

JOHN (always laughing)

I'll throw it into the trench . . . that will be best. That way there won't be any risk.

A young boy brings John some lighted sticks. John opens his grenade carefully with a pin. He sets light to the fuse and throws it far away into the interior of the trench. There is a brilliant explosion. The men who are scared at first lift up their heads.

JOHN

It's over now. We can go and see.

Taylor, Lucius and Sirius and the artist go to see the site of the explosion. All around, the bottom of the trench is riddled with chips and splinters. A fairly long silence.

TAYLOR

How many of these . . oranges . .
have you made?

JOHN

Twelve. But if you give me some
more cartridges I can make a lot,
it's very simple.

LUCIUS (nodding his head)

Simple, as he says, very simple.
And to think we never thought of
such a thing, we apes!

27

Two sentries, hidden in the rocks (the same ones who challenged the three apes) The man with the bow is stretched out on the ground. The other is keeping watch.

The Watcher (who carries a bow)

Here! Come and see!

Man with Spear

It's them! The apes! The enemy!

There is a distant cloud of dust and the same time the sound of horses is heard. The first lot of riders is seen, though it is not possible to distinguish individuals. They are advancing slowly.

Man with Bow

Go and tell the man who speaks.
Quickly.

Man with Spear

And you?

Man with Bow

I'll stay hidden here. I must
have a shot . . perhaps a straggler.

The other hurries across the rocks reaching the forest
and disappears running.

28

Taylor, Sirius, Lucius and several groups of men are at
the trench. The trap is ready, invisible under the foliage.
It is possible to cross by making a detour through a thick
jungle. Taylor gives instructions to a group of men armed
with bows and arrows, a young boy is in charge of the
group.

TAYLOR (to the boy)

Do you understand everything?

Boy

I understand. We stay here, crouched
in the bushes, our weapons are hidden.
When the apes' cavalry arrive we get up
as if we are terrified . . . as in the
past. Run about everywhere . . left,
right, backwards and forwards . .

TAYLOR

Good.

Boy

Just like we used to. Then the cavalry
charges us . . . but they don't see the
trench . . . (he laughs) charge into
the trench . . Wham, pouff! (all burst
out laughing) Then we pick up our guns . .

TAYLOR

Perfect. And my group, hidden in the forest, will join you at that point.

A female sentry runs up panting. She stops on the far side of the trench and calls.

SENTRY

The apes! The army of apes! They have crossed the border.

TAYLOR

Did you get here fast?

SENTRY

I ran all the way

TAYLOR

We still have a few hours left. Sirius it is time to lie in wait with your company. You understand your assignment?

SIRIUS

I let all the cavalry go by. Then I attack from the rear when I hear the shooting start over here.

TAYLOR (takes him to one side)

One last thing, Sirius. I am sure we will be victorious. Once that is achieved, I don't want there to be a senseless massacre. Your boys are very hot-headed. It's your duty to keep them under control.

SIRIUS (rolls his eyes)

I'll try to.

TAYLOR

You will bring all the prisoners straight here. And to finish with we will march to the City of Apes together and make peace . . . Lucius, have you decided - Which group do you want to join?

Lucius points to Sirius and his party of young guemillas who are preparing to go.

LUCIUS

With them . . . I think my presence will be of most use.

TAYLOR (after a silence)

It's your choice. Do you want a gun?

LUCIUS (bends his head)

No gun.

Sirius and his company march into the forest. Lucius follows them alone at the back. The young men give him some nasty looks. Taylor watches them disappear, then he turns to his men.

TAYLOR

Everyone to their stations.

The army of apes. The head of the column with Urus and his generals of state are riding along the beach, they come to the Statue of Liberty.

An Officer

What is that?

URUS

I've heard of it. It's some
prehistoric monument of no interest.
Forward.

The group are passing through the forest.

Officer

Where the hell are the devils
hiding? I still haven't seen any
sign of them.

URUS

They have gone to earth, terrified.
No doubt we will have to smoke them
out.

In the forest, hidden in the thickets, we see Sirius and
some of his men. The leading members of the cavalry pass
in front of them. One of the boys raises his rifle.
Sirius has to pull him down. He mutters

SIRIUS

Are you crazy? You're going to ruin
everything.

An Officer (pricking up his ears)

I thought I heard a noise

URUS

What noise?

Officer

Sounded like some-one talking

URUS (shrugging his shoulders)

You're beginning to act like a chimpanzee, my friend. Next you'll be hearing human voices, like that Zira!

All the officers burst out laughing.

30

View of the trap. Total silence. Taylor has disappeared. On the far side of the trench we see the men crouched among the bushes and their young commander. The boy makes a signal.

The Boy

Get ready, they're coming

The head of the cavalry emerge from the forest and draw nearer. Urus discovers the enormous clearing: he sees the plantation and the future city in the distance. At last he sees the men. He brandishes his sword.

URUS

They are here. Take up your battle positions.

The cavalry assemble their lines and prepare their rifles. The boy gives his signal. Immediately the humans start running in all directions like mad-men.

URUS

I told you so. They're scuttling like rabbits. What a marvellous spot for a cavalry charge! (he turns to his troops) Ready to charge?

Chorus of Officers

Ready

URUS (facing around and pointing
his sword)

Charge!

He breaks into a gallop, followed by the entire cavalry. An extraordinary spectacle of apes making a cavalry charge as they were made in the previous century. A few shots are fired. The men appear and disappear amongst the bushes as if playing hide and seek.

Taylor, hidden in the forest, his rifle ready, motions his men to prepare themselves.

Fresh view of the charge. Urus, his sword in front of him is the first to reach the trench. The branches collapse. The field marshal somersaults and is followed by his officers of state and then the entire line of cavalry fall on top of them. Complete chaos. Shouts from the apes and neighing of horses wounded by the stakes.

Different angles of the fight: Taylor gives his signal and starts to fire into the fracas. More shots from his group and hundreds of arrows rain down on the cavalry.

Finally we see the painter. The man with the 'oranges'. He is very calmly, with great sang froid lighting his fuse and throwing his explosives one after another. The explosions punctuate the noise of the battle regularly.

The disorder in the trench has reached its height. Taylor calls his men.

TAYLOR

Forward! Attack!

The two groups converge on the trench, where the horses and gorillas are trying to escape. Hand to hand fighting follows with spears, truncheons, etc. . . The gorillas are demoralised and getting the worst of it.

Hidden in the forest, Sirius and his men are watching the army file past. The cavalry has been gone for some time. The final chariots pass by pulling the cages. Sirius is strung up and impatient. Finally the noise of the battle

is heard. Sirius stands up.

SIRIUS

That's our signal!

Same tactics as Taylor. First a volley of shots and hail of arrows. Again and again the boys recharge their weapons. The infantry, taken by surprise, starts to disintegrate.

SIRIUS

Attack!

The whole group throw themselves into the assault.

32

Back to the battle at the trench. The trench is crammed with the corpses of monkey and horses. There is still a furious hand to hand fight but it is obvious that the monkeys have lost the battle.

Urus, on foot, his uniform torn to shreds, his helmet and sword lost, is trying to escape. Taylor notices him, rushes over and holds him at gunpoint.

TAYLOR

Surrender yourself!

URUS (piteously)

I surrender

Taylor imprisons his arms behind his back and frog-marches him to the top of a raised mound.

TAYLOR

Order a general retreat. Order all the apes to drop their guns

URUS (shouting)

Cease-fire . . . Lay down your arms!

Most of the gorillas obey him. The men are more difficult to stop. They continue fighting with spears and lances. Taylor intervenes forcefully.

TAYLOR

Stop! You too! The apes have surrendered. We have conquered them! Victory!

Some Men (echoing)

Victory! Victory!

Soon, the word passes in a chant throughout the company. It's now possible to hear, in the women and children who have been taking shelter in the new city. They appear in the distance and come towards the soldiers chanting.

Chorus of Women

Victory! Victory! Victory!

Nova appears at the head of the column of women and comes towards Taylor with outstretched arms, whilst the cry of "Victory" re-echoes throughout the forest.

The camera moves over the breadth of the forest. As the cries of "Victory" from the centre of the battle become faint in the distance, a fresh clamour grows until the camera comes to Sirius' group where the noise is even greater than that of the main battle. Sirius' company is even wilder than Taylor's men.

Yells from the Boys

Victory! Victory!

We come quickly into the centre of the fighting, which is becoming a complete massacre. Taken by surprise many of the apes went down under the first attack. Many tried to escape, but were surrounded by men with spears who accompanied Sirius' young storm-troopers. The spears drive them towards Sirius' boys who, completely out of control,

are shooting in successive bursts. The apes are in a panic, and now scurrying away in confusion like a herd of trapped beasts.

A gorilla officer drops his rifle and raises his arms.

Officer

Stop! Mercy! I surrender

A Boy

No mercy for the apes!

He shoots him down. The same scene is repeated with a group of four or five other soldiers, massed behind an officer who waves a white handkerchief. The boys close in on him and start firing. Lucius, watching this, tries to intervene.

LUCIUS

Stop. They have surrendered.

A Boy

No prisoners. No quarter. Death
to all the apes!

A menacing circle forms round Lucius. He makes another attempt to stop them.

LUCIUS (shouting)

I am a friend, you know that . . .
Your leader, the Man-who-talks
gave the order: no senseless killing

He is interrupted by increasingly threatening cries.

A Boy

Our leader? . . . Sirius is our true
leader . . . Sirius speaks better
than the Man-who-talks . . . And we,
are we not also now the men-who-talk?
. . . Death to all the apes!

Another Boy

One day Sirius told me: "the only good ape is a dead ape". Death to all the apes!

Lucius catches sight of Sirius, inflamed by the battle, aiming at a gorilla who kneels on the ground.

LUCIUS

Sirius, it's your father, your own father who gave the order

SIRIUS

My father hasn't suffered like these people have. I am one of them because my mother was.

He fires on the gorilla. This starts off a fresh massacre. Lucius who tries to intervene is wounded in turn by a spear and falls to the ground.

His assailant yells

There are no good apes. Death to all apes! Victory! Victory!

As the hunting and massacre of the apes progress, a strange phenomenon takes place. Little by little they start to revert to the mannerisms and habits of their past animal ancestry.

For instance: We notice two or three gorillas hesitating in their flight and, dronning on all fours to continue as if it were more natural to them. They revert to an upright position after a few bounds.

Another symptom: A gorilla, to escape from his pursuers runs towards one of the trees and starts to climb out of reach. Then, for a few moments his movements are those of a real ape. He is killed anyway.

The fighting dies down, the ground is covered with corpses. Apart from a few apes who escaped to the forest, the entire infantry has been massacred.

A Boy

Victory. The army is finished.
But that's not good enough. We
must destroy the city of apes.
We must finish off all the apes.

Different Voices

He's right. To the city! Death
to all apes!

SIRIUS (with difficulty)

My father . . . the Man-who-Speaks
has told us to join him. We will
all march to the city together.

Cries of Protest

There's no more need for the Man-who-
Speaks . . . we are all men who speak. .
The Man-who-Speaks is the friend of
some apes; he is no longer our leader. .
Sirius, Sirius, you are our Chief. You
alone are one of us . . . Sirius, lead
us to the city of apes: Death to all apes!

SIRIUS (after a pause)

After all, this victory is ours. It
is better to finish it off quickly.
You are right . . . Everyone follow me!
To the city of apes!

Great cheers and yells. With Sirius and the young boys
leading, the whole company marches off.

The battle field falls into silence. Surrounded by corpses
an ape slowly raises himself on his elbow and watches
the last men disappear. It is Lucius. He holds his hand
across his bloodied chest and gives a sob.

In the other field of battle everything has calmed down. The ape prisoners have been rounded up and are being guarded by men armed with spears and rifles. The apes are docile and subdued. Taylor is pacing up and down and is very agitated. Nova watches him anxiously.

NOVA

And Sirius?

TAYLOR

He should be here. The battle has been over for some time now and he has won.

NOVA

Are you sure?

TAYLOR

Positive. I know him and he had the easiest job. He is victorious, I know, but . . . (hesitantly) This victory is beginning to worry me as much as a defeat.

NOVA

Why?

TAYLOR

He is some-one who knows how to get over a defeat. I am not so sure now that he knows how to handle a victory. To do that, you have to be a saint . . . or an imbecile like me . . . What can he be doing? He should have joined us long ago . . . I am going to go over there.

NOVA

I'm coming with you.

TAYLOR

If you like. Perhaps it only needs his father and mother to make him see reason (he calls to one of the boys) Take command of the camp while I'm gone. I am going to meet Sirius. No-one must touch the prisoners. Give them something to eat. Only shoot if they try to escape. . (he gives the apes a long look) In any case they won't move. They are quite resigned.

35

On the battle-field littered with corpses, Lucius is dragging himself painfully towards the trees.

Taylor and Nova arrive at that moment. They are on horseback and are followed by a small escort of armed men. Taylor stops in stypification on seeing the extent of the carnage. There are moans from the wounded.

NOVA (with sadness)

Victory.

TAYLOR (enraged)

Victory! I did not want this!

The faint voice of LUCIUS

Victory!

TAYLOR

Lucius!

He jumps from his horse and runs to Lucius.

TAYLOR

Who did this?

LUCIUS

The men . . . (he tries to smile)
It is an ancient instinct re-emerging
from the depths of centuries gone by.

TAYLOR

But Sirius?

LUCIUS (stretching his arm)

Go quickly and try to stop him.
I was not able to.

Lucius falls back dead

36

The City of Apes. Zaius is pacing up and down in his office, his hands behind his back, in front of his three orang-utan councillors.

ZAIUS

This field marshal Urus is playing games with us. He must have had a show-down with the enemy by now.

MAXIMUS

No news is good news.

The other Orang

What did the last report say?

MAXIMUS

A triumphant progression of occupation.

ZAIUS

Triumphant! They had still not met with any resistance.

MAXIUS

Without doubt, because the enemy
is so terrified that they have
gone into hiding.

A noise of horses hooves and general calmmouring. Zaius goes to the window. A mounted gorilla is coming into sight. He is surrounded by a group of passers-by. He leaps off his horse and rushes into Zaius' house.

ZAIUS

News from Urus at last!

MAXIUS

It is to announce the victory.

A few seconds later the gorilla bursts into the office. A dramatic entrance. He is covered in sweat and blood, his clothes are in tatters.

Gorilla

They are coming, Excellency! They
are on their way! They are marching
on the city!

The same amphitheatre as before, the same politician is making a speech. We hear:

Politician

. . .While waiting for the news of
complete victory, which can't be
long now, it is the duty of every
ape . . .

His voice is gradually drowned by shouts of "the men!" "the men!" We then see the politician hesitate, stutter, lose face, look around him from right to left, and finally jump off the platform and run off - he also runs on all fours from time to time.

In the temple, where the preacher is in the middle of an analogical sermon the same rumour grows. With the same result.

Final cut back to Zaius' office, where exactly the same kind of panic and confusion is taking place, whilst the rumour "The men! The men!" is heard from the streets. The two orang-utans also seem to have completely lost their heads. They rush from one side of the room to the other like caged animals, and also keep dropping on all fours.

Zaius, the only one who has kept calm, watches them angrily and bangs violently on his desk.

ZAIUS

Behave! yourselves like apes!
(yelling) Stand up straight!

He restores a bit of order. Zaius questions the gorilla.

ZAIUS

You lie. You've lost your nerve.
It is not possible. Where is our
cavalry?

The gorilla collapses on a chair, gasping.

Gorilla

Fallen into a terrible trap.
Pinned down by thousands of arrows.

ZAIUS

And Field Marshal Urus?

Gorilla

He is captured with the survivors.
All are dead or captured.

A fresh outburst of madness from the orang-utans which Zaius stops

ZAIUS (shouting)

Stand up!! . . . The infantry?

Gorilla

Taken by surprise. No prisoners there. All of them are killed.

The Orangs

All!

Gorilla

Except a few who ran to the forest and were not shot as they escaped.

ZAIUS

Cowards! . . . And you say that the men are marching towards our city.

Gorilla

The youngest of them. They are the most savage, they hate us. They will be here in a few hours if not sooner.

MAXIMUS (the only one apart from Zaius who has not completely lost his head)

Excellence, the situation is very serious. We are in immediate danger. We must do something.

An Orang (maddened)

What to do! What to do! Our army is annihilated. There are only a few police left. We are done for!

ZAIUS

I beg you to keep calm . .(shouting again) . . and stand upright!!!
Have you anything to suggest Dr. Maximus?

MAXIMUS

There is only one course open to us, Excellence. We must make peace, negotiate.

ZAIUS

Do you think that these militants will negotiate with me, with any of us?

MAXIMUS

Not with us, no. But . . . perhaps with Zira and Cornelius.

ZAIUS

The traitors that I have ordered to be shot tomorrow!

MAXIMUS

They are the only ones who may save us to-day, Excellency . . . And there is not a moment to lose.

The streets are full of rumours and there is the sound of distant firing. A new shot of the square where panic has reached its highest peak. Many of the apes are now running about on all fours and the cry "The men, the men!" is interspersed with inarticulate grunting.

At the city entrance. The arrival of Sirius' column. The few policemen who tried to bar the way are beaten and run off. The men march into the city pillaging everything in their path. In the amphitheatre, the politician is waving a white flag in the middle of a crowd who have taken refuge there. He is slaughtered along with most of the others.

The hunt for apes reaches the temple, where the preacher is discovered on all fours under a bench, with some of his followers. The temple is destroyed and the Statue of Law Giver is smashed.

The sacking of the city goes on. Sirius as excited as his men occasionally gives brief orders. We see him perched on the balcony of the amphitheatre.

SIRIUS

Listen to me, all of you. This wicked city must be wiped from the face of this planet. Only fire can purify this foul place, so that it turns to ashes that the wind may blow away.

Different Voices

Raise it to the ground! Yes, Sirius,
is right! Fire! Fire!

The cry of Fire!, Fire!, Fire!, is repeated by all with enthusiasm reminiscent of the earlier scene where they discovered fire for the first time.

The men run here and there, collecting all sorts of furniture and objects from the houses they pillage. They pile everything into a great heap in the amphitheatre, whilst the cry of "Fire!" resounds throughout the city.

It is evening, the sun is setting and Taylor and Nova are hurrying forward on horseback, their small escort has difficulty in keeping up with them. They arrive in sight of the city. Taylor stops and stares. A thick cloud of smoke starts to curl upwards.

TAYLOR

I've come too late!

NOVA

And Sirius?

They gallop towards the city, leaving the men behind.

Night-fall in the city. The amphitheatre is become a furnace, which illuminates the the surrounding ruins. The young men and children dance around the fire. Smaller fires are burning round about. There are silhouettes of apes running in the shadows pursued by men.

Perched on top of the pile is the partially broken statue of the Law River, that the flames have not yet reached.

Suddenly Zira and Cornelius appear and behind them a small troupe of chimpanzees. Zira shouts to make herself heard.

ZIRA

Stop. We are not enemies. We would like to make peace.

A Boy

Who is this monkey who dares to raise her voice?

He goes forward to hit Zira. Cornelius deflects the blow.

CORNELIUS

I would like to speak to your leader.
He knows that we have always been your
friends.

A few of the men hesitate at his tone of authority. Sirius
appears.

ZIRA

Sirius, I once saved the lives of
both your father and your mother . .

A Boy

This one is a doctor of Biology.
She used to make her experiments on
our fathers and mothers . . .

Another

There are no good apes! Death
to the monkey!

CORNELIUS

It was I who put forward the idea
that you were not animals, but
intelligent beings like ourselves,
and that you had a glorious past.
Because of that the apes have
persecuted me.

Shouts (mixed with sarcasm)

It is you who are an ugly beast

SIRIUS

There is only one intelligent being
on this planet and that is man.

Echoes in the Crowd

Man!. Man! Man!

The boys advance threateningly, closing in around the chimpanzees. One of them is struck down. Taylor and Nova arrive at a gallop.

TAYLOR (leaping from his horse)

Sirius! I told you there was to be no massacre. We have conquered. Peace must be made.

A Boy

No peace with the apes. No peace until every ape is dead.

He strikes a chimpanzee who falls to the ground. Taylor steps between them, shouting

TAYLOR

I forbid you . . .

Voice in the Crowd

The Man who Speaks cannot forbid us. We are all men who speak.

TAYLOR

I taught you to speak! I taught you how to think! It was I who raised you out of your bestial condition! (shouting) It was I who gave you fire! And this, this is what you do!

Voices

It is Sirius who taught us! . . . Sirius who showed us how to fight! . . . Sirius gave us victory; Sirius is our Chief.

TAYLOR

Sirius! What does this mean to say?

Sirius looks away and doesn't reply. Silently some of the boys surround Taylor. One of them with a quick movement takes his rifle. Taylor, who tries to keep it is seized and held.

SIRIUS

Father, you must let us alone.
This is our affair.

TAYLOR (struggling)

I am not going to let you kill,
massacre my friends. You'll have
to kill me first.

One of the boys covers Taylor with a gun.

NOVA (imploringly)

Sirius!

Sirius turns away the rifle point and hesitates.

SIRIUS (to the boys)

Enough! . . . (in an undertone to Taylor)
Father, we will not kill your friends
the chimpanzees, that I promise, but . . .

Shouts from the Boys
who have overheard

Sirius wants to capitulate. Sirius
is betraying us . . .

SIRIUS

Enough!

Sirius climbs onto a bench, yelling to be heard.

SIRIUS

The time has come to stop the massacre! (hostile cries) Silence! I am telling you this because we need prisoners. (gradually the silence returns). We have a great need for slaves to work for us. We need trained animals to amuse our children.

A Boy

Slaves! Sirius is right!

Another Boy

And we need live guinea-pigs for our scientific experiments.

SIRIUS

There are plenty of empty cages in the city. Round up all the surviving apes and herd them in.

Fresh applause. By the light of the conflagration the hunt for the apes begins. The cry goes up "Into the cages with the apes, into the zoo with the apes!" The apes have by now ~~now~~ completely lost their nerve and are transformed into a herd of beasts. They all walk on four legs and mutter unintelligably.

41

An enormous cage is seen by the light of the various conflagrations. A vast number of apes are being prodded into this cage. Zira and Cornelius are amongst them. They are already inside, behind bars, silently watching the hunting of the apes outside, and the chaos amongst them in the cage - yes, even the chimpanzees have started to behave like animals.

Sirius is near the cage. Taylor and Nova are also being watched closely by a group of boys. Suddenly there is a fresh outburst of noise.

Shouts

Zaius! Zaius

A group is pushing Dr. Zaius in front of them, prodding him with lances.

A Boy

We found him as he was about to escape on horseback. What shall we do with him Sirius?

SIRIUS

Our worst enemy. A marvellous specimen of the simian race! We must treat him with great care. (laughing) Keep him separate in a specially frightening cage to watch his downfall. Come, I'm going to see to it myself.

They take Zaius, who passes in front of Taylor, who is himself a virtual prisoner. Zaius and Taylor exchange a long look.

ZAIUS

I know man better than you, Taylor!

Zaius receives several blows and is led away. Sirius disappears with the group.

CORNELIUS (from the cage)

There you are Taylor! You have won! The old rule which finished two thousand years ago is re-established.

TAYLOR (in despair)

The old rule! Return of the old rule! And it is I and my son! . . . (he buries his face in his hands)

ZIRA

I don't want you to blame yourself,
Taylor. We are punished for our
pride.

A Boy

When is that filthy monkey going to
stop talking? Why has she got the
cheek to stand up like a man?

We see that Zira and Cornelius are nearly the only ones
left standing upright in the cage. The others are either
squatting or on all fours.

The boy prods Zira with his spear and Cornelius tries to
shield her. Taylor gives a yell, frees himself from his
guards, rushes towards the boy and strikes him. A shot
rings out. Taylor falls to the ground, dead. Nova throws
herself on him and hisses him frantically.

A long silence. The boys form an awed circle round his
body.

One or two (in undertones)

The Man who Speaks, the Man who Speaks
is dead.

Another

He deserved to die. He betrayed us.
He was a friend of the apes.

The rest stay silently round Nova who guards the body with
an unapproachable ferocity. They take no more notice of
Zira and Cornelius.

ZIRA (in a low voice)

I could not have dreamt it would
lead to this. I could not have
foreseen such a thing.

CORNELIUS

I knew it would happen, but I regret
nothing

ZIRA (pointing to the blazing
city and the corpses)

Did you foresee all this?

CORNELIUS

I foresaw it . . . and also other
things . . . because that is not
the worst . . . Look.

He shows her the interior of the cage, where the apes,
having lost all their human characteristics, are behaving
exactly like caged animals. They run about without purpose
on all fours and others shake the bars and stamp their
feet, giving little cries. Others are on their haunches
as if it was natural to them.

ZIRA (with horror)

You are right. This is the worst
part. Do you think: . . . do you
believe we will become like them too?

CORNELIUS

I am afraid . . . I can feel old
instincts troubling my head and
paralysing my brain. Occasionally
Zira, I find it difficult to think.

ZIRA

I feel the same. I can feel my senses
dissolving like a mist . . . (fervently)
We must avoid that at all costs . . .
We must do something and do it now,
while we still possess the vestiges of
reason. In an hour perhaps it will be
too late. Animals cannot take decisions.

CORNELIUS (gravely)

I have thought about it . . .
This, also, I have foreseen.

He takes two ampules of poison from his pocket and gives one to Zira.

ZIRA (smiling)

Thank you for having also thought of me.

They embrace each other, put the ampule into their mouths and bite hard. They fall clasped in each others arms.

More scenes of madness in the cage, illuminated by the firelight, whilst the head of the Law Giver, disfigured by fire, tumbles down into cinders - and Nova, half lying across the body of Taylor, watches the scene with an expression of wild and pitiable bewilderment.

42

The image of the ruined city fades gradually and so does the noise of yelling humans and shrieking apes.

A fresh noise begins, which grows louder until we recognise the sound of children laughing and clapping.

The smoke screen clears suddenly and shows a circus arena illuminated by spotlights. The benches are full of a happy audience, nearly all of them are children.

Three orang-utans are in the arena and a young woman is introducing them. They are Maximus and the two colleagues of Zaius. They are dressed in ridiculous clothes (as apes are nowadays in the circus) Their movements are completely ape-like. Accompanied by applause we watch them go through the usual routine of a chimpanzee tea party. All performed with the awkwardness of animals dressed up.

The audience applaud. Their trainer gives each of them a lump of sugar. Apparently satisfied they sit on a bench and stay there.

The Trainer (female)

And now ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting the greatest attraction of the century, the most knowing ape of his century. I mean the celebrated Zaius!

Music. The curtains open and Zaius makes his entrance. He is wearing a black dress-coat looking very ridiculous and on his head sits a top hat. He is smoking a large cigar. He steps forward with a waddling gait, reaches the middle of the arena, removes his cigar and bows to the crowd. Thunderous applause.

The Trainer

This ape, ladies and gentlemen, and this one in particular, has innumerable talents - he can actually pronounce a few words . . . Now tell this honoured audience your name.

Silence. Then Zaius opens his mouth and makes a visible effort, but he only manages a sort of grunt. The trainer gets angry and hits him lightly with the whip she is holding.

The Trainer

He must be suffering from indigestion. He is in a bad mood. He is sulking . . . Come on, come on. . . You are called Z .. Za ..

ZAIUS (with a terrible effort, his eyes rolling wildly)

Za . . . Zaious!

Thunderous applause. Relieved, the trainer comes up to him, gives him a playful tap on the nose, then a lump of sugar which he devours greedily.

The applause continues, Zaius looks around him in a bewildered fashion, alone now in the centre of the arena. Then slowly and with the irregular movements of a trained ape, he starts to applaud himself also. The Screen fades out on this last picture.
