

[Michael] Wilson was not, however, the first to rework the script after Zanuck gave the film the go-ahead in September 1966. Almost immediately Jacobs hired a young American writer called Charles Eastman, with whom he and Schaffner had already had lengthy discussions. They wanted him to develop the main characters and build up the suspense. But instead of reworking the existing drafts, Eastman took the film in a completely different direction. ... Eastman did a lot of research on apes and took a lot of photographs at the zoo, but he never actually wrote about them. In December he submitted twenty-seven pages, in which the crew never quite manage to leave the spaceship, and was promptly replaced by Michael Wilson.

Brian Pendreigh, page 79, *The Legend of the Planet of the Apes*

PLANET OF THE APES

screenplay by

Charles Eastman
301 Second Street
Hermosa Beach California

FADE IN.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. CONTROL CENTER.

Nipples of colored light pulsate at meaningful intervals to the weird orchestration of beeps and buzzes and supernatural whistlings.

We MOVE in an oddly lighted atmosphere through row upon row of control panels, like the narrow shelves of a cramped public library, where dials and gages and graphs tick and vibrate and adjust in an awesome intelligence.

We MOVE past consoles of monitoring meters and measures fit into corners and into the ceiling of this endless brain.

The feeling is cold and cryptlike for all the brilliance of the machinery.

CLOSE ON CLOCK.

There is a dual clock: two faces set under glass within a common frame. The label over clock A designates Spacecraft, while the label over clock B designates Earth. Time on the Spacecraft is a quarter past eight, but the hands on the other clock revolve as fast as propellers and therefore it is impossible to tell what the Earth time is.

Between the two clocks is a dial marked Earth-Spacecraft Time Differential and this reads at about four hundred and fifty years.

(These dates and timings should be worked out by someone better educated than I in the Relativity Theory, and perhaps even cheated to some extent if necessary, so that the Spacecraft may have been in flight at the speed of light fifty years plus one year to accelerate to that speed; and departed from Earth in 2016. In that same period of time (50 plus 1) approximately five hundred years should have elapsed on Earth.)

A faint map of the universe is etched on the glass frame that covers these clocks and a small white light that moves just perceptibly across this surface represents the Spacecraft we are presently aboard.

CONTINUED.

We PULL back shortly from the clocks to reveal what appears to be a bank of television screens each with a different view of the universe and each labeled appropriately: Andromeda, Crab, Betelgeuse, Tau Ceti, Solar, Rumford C23, et cetera.

PULLING BACK further, a console of knobs and switches comes into the picture and before this an empty swivel chair turns gently this way and that.

We MOVE IN on the console to observe more closely this work area. There is nothing here in the nature of human figuring or computations; only a home-made sign which reads RUMFORD OR BUST, and an ashtray with a long cylinder of ash resting precariously on its rim. One thing more: an everyday screwdriver twists back and forth on the surface of the console, rocked by the same rhythm that sways the swivel chair; it moves to the edge of the console and back, to the edge and back, and only a fraction of weight and balance and movement keeps it from falling over.

PAN up again to the television screens and HOLD ON the two central pictures, the Solar System and Rumford C23. The Sun in the first and Rumford in the second are bracketed significantly or circled to set them apart from their galactic neighbors.

(The SOUNDS of the swaying swivel chair and the screwdriver moving across the surface of the console continue under.)

The CREDITS begin here, PLANET OF THE APES, as a future version of a speedometer under the television screens spins the distance the Spacecraft has come from the Solar System and the distance it has yet to cross before the system of Rumford Catalogue 23 is reached.

)) (X)
at end

The CREDITS continue as we alternate views of the universe through these screens, observing the distant galaxies and nebulae with the best actual photography we can get of these wonders; (the real thing, no matter how rainy and flat photographically, is more impressive and terrible and awesome than any twinkling fabricated heavens.)

CONTINUED.

The CREDITS conclude with the sharp reverberating interruption of something falling.

And we PAN quickly back down to the console surface. The cigarette ash remains as it was, hanging intact over the lip of the ashtray. The screwdriver is gone.

The PAN continues down past the still swaying swivel chair. The screwdriver now rocks back and forth on the floor beside the skeletal remains of a human form.

In a moment, as the effect of this shock fades, we hear a new SOUND, a faint hum and hissing.

CLOSE ON AIR VENT.

A small dial by the vent is activated by the renewed presence of oxygen in the atmosphere and the several streamers attached to the vent begin to flutter outwardly as the fan within circulates air.

CLOSE ON CONSOLE SURFACE.

The ash disintegrates in the air and is blown across the tabletop past buttons and switches that have now begun to react as though manipulated by invisible fingers.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BRAIN.

Spools of magnetic tape spin, reverse, stop and start.

A multicolored musculature of wires coningle into heavy chords and cables only to spread out again into an unconscionable network of tiny threads and transistors which bring minute but observable action to brass and copper fittings and hammers and holds.

The hissing SOUND mounts, as though it was the effect of the oxygen that was awakening the brain, and not the other way around.

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INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. SOLARIUM.

This is a large circular room lined with clear cylindrical upright caskets which while somewhat frosted and fogged reveal their interiors to contain human forms.

The loud hissing SOUND is now explained by floor level jets which release a thick colored gas that whorls and twists around the base of each casket and there converts into an even thicker spume of another color.

Coincident to the release of gas here begins a kind of Musak presentation of Unto Us A Child Is Given from The Messiah.

The level of gas and spume rises over the caskets to the SOUND of flames and cracking ice.

The caskets with their grey unrecognizeable faces are finally entirely covered with gas and spume and as this soup reaches the ceiling overhead sprinklers begin and water jets down, eating into it and dispersing it as though it was scapsuds.

Now intermingled with the dying hiss of chemical and the SCUND of spray is a human cough; then a joyful shriek and a soft crying.

As the level of scapsuds sinks ghostly wormlike forms emerge.

The caskets are opened now as though they might have been eggs and uniformed disoriented humans writhe in the chemical pudding of their rebirth as it slowly drains away. Their capacities to orient vary as one by one they get their legs under them and within moments transcend the evolution from infant to adult under a driving rain. Some help another; some exchange confident triumphant smiles and signals; some remain dazed.

These are both men and women but in their bland streamlined attractiveness there is not much that distinguishes them from each other; they are all highly trained and much of the human frailty has been programmed out of them.

INDEX O O'TOOLE, youngish, is among the first on his feet and after a moment of slight drenched catharsis, he squints around at the state of the others; he turns off the sprinklers. Working

CONTINUED.

other controls he brings forth a tepid breeze and the walls of the chamber radiate a warm light.

The reborn spread their arms and legs to this glow and are dried as though by a fire. The exultation of Handel, which at first seemed comic, now seems a valid underscoring for this fantastic recovery.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, a rosey blindman in his sixties, is directing his pet monkey toward his cane which has fallen to the floor out of reach, but the monkey is still unrecovered and unresponsive.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE picks up the cane and puts it into ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF's hand.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

(Brightly.)

Is that your taste, Professor? The music?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

I hope not mine alone.

(Not certain who he's talking to.)

Who is it?

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

Index 0 O'Toole, Sir.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Everything in order?

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

Just checking now. But it looks like it's supposed to.

(Then.)

How are you, Sir?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Perfect. And why not?

(Wryly.)

Rested.

But then, as though the experience has not been as easy on him as he might pretend, he sinks to a bench.

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

At my age you're always a bit queasy when
you first wake up.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

(Trying to help.)

Better take some amonia ...

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Preventing further solicitation.)

I'll see Command 1 Duffy as soon as he's
revived and alert.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

(Orders.)

Yes, Sir.

INDEX O O'TOOLE departs as ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
draws his monkey thoughtfully into his arms.

Passing among the others, INDEX O O'TOOLE expresses
the informal but persuasive leadership of youth,
a conditioning and readiness for any environment
and any trial.

He stops by INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE, a sleek
astronette who has not yet got to her feet and
is having trouble doing so. He crouches down
and couches her in his lap. He breaks a capsule
of amonia under her nose. She struggles to
resist the fumes and he holds her tightly.

INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE

I'm alright.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

What do you mean, alright? You don't even
know who or where you are.

INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE

Index 53 Reverse Maryanne, Algae Farm,
Immigrant Cne.

She tries to get free of him but as he is enjoying
her soft weight against his lap he won't let her
go.

INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE

Cut it out, O'Toole. Don't be so funny.

CONTINUED.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

(Being funny.)

Don't forget, I haven't seen a woman in
fifty years.

INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE

(Struck with the thought and
a little anxious.)

Oh my gosh, yes.

(Then.)

Then we did it? It's a fact?

INDEX O O'TOOLE

Yes, Index 53 Reverse Maryanne my dear,
we have taken the big leap. We are now
five hundred years away from home.

But neither one is able to dwell on this fact since
first one and then the other sight the approach of
COMMAND 60 MADDOX, and they leap to their feet.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX, our Hero, has a slightly military,
over-conscientious, too business-like air; and
presently he is stunned beyond the appropriate
confusion of these awakening moments by some
terrible knowledge.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

(Caught.)

Elite 25 Petchnikoff, Sir, is waiting to
see Command 1 Duffy, Sir, as soon as he's
revived and alert.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

(Almost involuntarily.)

Command 1 Duffy is not here ...

INDEX O O'TOOLE

Not here?

INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE echoes this shock.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

(But for his emotion he would
not be thus communicating with
any Index.)

He is not in the solarium. And his casket
has not been occupied.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. CONTROL CENTER.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, ELITE 17 MARGARET, his middle-aged spinsterish assistant, and a half a dozen members of COMMAND, are crowded into this area around the skeleton. ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF's monkey sits on the console and is playing with the screw-driver.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE enters and closes the door.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX
Everyone else accounted for?

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE
Yes, Sir.

COMMAND 81 BOISE enters from the shelves of the brain.

COMMAND 81 BOISE
I see nothing out of order here, Professor Petchnikoff.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
Well, something is out of order. Something is obviously out of order. Command 1 Duffy, for one thing, is out of order.

They all look down at the skeleton and must agree.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX
(More effected than the others.)
Are we just going to leave the poor devil there?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
Command 60 Maddox, he's lain here fifty years. A moment or two more won't make much difference.

ELITE 17 MARGARET
I can't understand such a lapse in judgement. Certainly he knew once Trans-Slumber was thorough oxygen conservation would be automatic.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF has taken his monkey into his arms again and now he fondles the screwdriver thoughtfully.

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
Unless he was trying to edit the program ...

COMMAND 60 MADDOX
(Outraged.)
That would be sabotage!

COMMAND 81 BOISE
(Calming.)
Easy, Maddox. There's no evidence of sabotage.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF's blind fingers move over sealed dials and screwheads.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
No scratched paint or torn screw?

COMMAND 60 MADDOX
What the hell are you saying, Professor?
I won't buy Mortal Funk. Not Duffy.
We've all had the wobblies out here off and on. Duffy was as sound as the rest of us.

ELITE 17 MARGARET
(Reminding him.)
Command 1 Duffy had expressed the possibility of turning back.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF abandons his tactile investigation and touches COMMAND 81 BOISE with his cane.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
Command 81 Boise, please notify Communications that as soon as they have Earth contact I request video retransmission of complete acceleration year as it applies to Command 1 Duffy.

Then, as COMMAND 81 BOISE exits:

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
It's on the tape, Maddox. Command 1 Duffy did express qualms about the big leap.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX
Certain reservations, damnit, that we've all felt.

9

X

Too many people

CONTINUED.

He kneels down to the skeleton and picks up a small electronic capsule that rests amid the dry bones of the neck. (In time we will know this to be a transistor that is surgically fitted into the neck of all leaders; it functions as a 'friend', an identity preserver, and is a direct line to the power system behind the leader of all his thoughts and feelings.)

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

Fortunately, we are not all Command 1 and our thoughts are our own.

He examines the transistor with distaste.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

You equip a man with a mechanical friend that lays him open to you, every thought and heartbeat, and he's bound to end up seeming less a man.

He hands the transistor over to ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

No one's condemning Command 1, Maddox. We're simply trying to find out what he was up to.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

There's no way we can replay him?

COMMAND 3 HARKNESS

Earth recorded. We just monitored, at Earth's discretion.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

(Losing his temper.)

What kind of crackerjack operation is that, for crying out loud? We're not even sure we can pick up Earth signals out here. Why the hell wasn't Immigrant equipped to record?

ONE

COMMAND members react uncomfortably with reference to the presence of INDEX 0 O'TOOLE. Such talk in the presence of an INDEX violates security.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

Elite 25 Petchnikoff, Sir. Do you want me to come back later?

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Very well, O'Toole. Yes, you'll want to take Duffy down to The Farm, won't you? You'll need a bag or something?

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

Yes, Sir.

He exits on this errand.

COMMAND 3 HARKNESS

(Reprimanding.)

The whole basis of Elite-Command-Index-Drone, Command 60 Maddox, is to prevent just such Info-Overlap.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

Index 0 O'Toole can be trusted.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

We don't want to end up with a snarl of Counter-Info, Maddox.

COMMAND 3 HARKNESS

Lord knows, nothing clogs the machine worse than unchannelled rapport. As if we already didn't have our hands full --

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

(Angry again.)

Command 3 Harkness ... Command 1 Duffy, yourself, and I, and a few others here ...

(With difficulty since this concept is now old-fashioned and perhaps trivial.)

... were friends. Now this may be a little archaic of me, but before he's pulverized on The Farm and fed to the fish and sprinkled on our breakfast algae as a calcium garnish, I'd like to say that as far as I'm concerned there was no better man on this ship, and it's going to take some convincing for me to believe he was cracking up or up to anything wrong, and for us to have to wait for Earth to video replay post slumber activity is a damn poor excuse for efficiency, if you ask me.

CONTINUED.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

(Almost to herself.)

Somebody certainly got up on the wrong side of the bed!

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Trying to make peace.)

Earth's surmised out-concern, Maddox. No doubt they're already reprogramming Duffy's death for us and it's on it's way.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

If he was up to anything you can be sure it was at their direction.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Possibly.

He refers to the screwdriver.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Doubtfully.)

But the means seems a little primitive.

COMMAND 81 BOISE returns, obviously with news. COMMAND attends but COMMAND 81 BOISE waits that extra moment it takes the blind ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF to become aware with the rest of them.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

What is it?

COMMAND 81 BOISE

I have to report that as yet Communications have been unable to attract any Earth response.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

(Recognizing an alarming more.)

What is it, Boise? What's the matter?

COMMAND 81 BOISE

We are in orbit. I have to report we are orbiting the star Rumford Catalogue 23.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

What nonsense are you talking? We couldn't possibly be orbiting Rumford.

CONTINUED.

COMMAND 60 MADDOX

We've got deceleration year to go. We'd overshoot at this speed.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

We couldn't enter orbit on drone. There'd absolutely have to be some manual compensation.

CONTINUED.

COMMAND 81 BCISE

Nevertheless I have to report all computations accord. We have entered orbit Rumford C23.

COMMAND 60 MADDCX

Could we have overslept a year, Professor?
Could we possibly have overslept a whole year?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(After a moment.)

A mistake in calculations is always possible, here and there ...

ELITE 17 MARGARET

Impossible.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Ignoring her.)

But for all programs unanimously to be off a year, as they must be if we are that near Rumford ...

(After another moment.)

Gentlemen, things are not as they should be. That is now too obvious.

He touches the skeleton with his cane.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Perhaps our friend here was afraid, perhaps he had cause to be. However, now that we have taken the big leap someone must get on the horn and talk to the colony. We must do everything to stem the contagion of Mortal Funk, or else we will have an epidemic on our hands out here.

(Then.)

Someone must explain to the colony just where deceleration year went, and who was at the controls when we entered orbit Rumford C23.

This burden is welcomed by no one since none has the answer, and the germ of the above contagion exists in each.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Furthermore, they must be given a new Command 1 without delay.

CONTINUED.

A flush of innocent inconspicuousness afflicts the eligibles; in his heart no one wants the job.

INTERIOR. SPACESHIP. THE FARM.

CLOSE ON covered glass fishtanks where solemn fish rove boredly this way and that. For a moment the following VOICE over the loud speaker seems to be addressing them.

INTERCOM

Ladies and Gentlemen of Immigrant One.
We are proud to report all systems accord
our craft has functioned perfectly as
programmed during Trans-Slumber, and
the entire colony has now comfortably
returned to consciousness without in-
cident. Except for the following small
matters:

We have begun to PAN slowly along the tank and
now onto a second large tank just like the
first, except here there are no fish and
this tank contains algae growing along the
sides and on the bottom.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

It appears the colony has overslept for
approximately one year. As our vehicle
was on automatic deceleration, this minor
miscalculation has done nothing but
deliver us to the doorstep of our
destination, Rumford C23, whose orbit
we have just now comfortably entered.
This error is being fully investigated
and there is no cause for alarm.

PANNING down from the fishtanks we are on INDEX
O O'TOOLE and INDEX 53 REVERSE MARYANNE as they
energetically make love on the floor, oblivious
to the dulcet reassurances of the INTERCOM.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

Repeat, there is no need for alarm.

Now we PAN up, as the love-making is too hot to
handle, to a small conveyer belt which moves toward

*out -
from Boulle*

out

CONTINUED.

a gadget that is related to a meat grinder or coffee mill. The now disassembled skeleton moves along this belt.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

The second wrinkle in Operations a-okay concerns Ex-Command 1 Duffy ... who it appears remained at the helm too long before joining the rest of us in Trans-Slumber, and has as a result returned to his Maker.

The skeleton slips piece by piece into the pulverizer and emerges as a fine grain that is shot into the algae tank.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

While each of us shall miss our beloved Ex-Command 1 his passing shall not be in vain if it brings home to us this tragic object lesson:

We watch as the grain filters down through the tank and is absorbed by the hungry algae; and we listen to the SCUNDS of hungry love making out of sight.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

Emotions scramble rapport and effectiveness. Zeal, even zeal is deadly, out here as well as at home. Feelings are inoperational.

Now the fish of the first tank ~~are~~^{are} released into the second and hungrily eat the bone-fed algae, lately COMMAND 1 DUFFY.

INTERCOM

(Continuing.)

Passion, sentiment, must soon be entirely vestigial in the HB, or else like the saber tooth tiger in the early history of our planet we find ourselves over-endowed for our environment and face therefore the same extinction.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. GYM. *out* -16

COMMAND 60 MADDUX is hanging upsidedown from a trapeze in this gymnasium which is familiar with rings and bars and ropes and trampolines, all in use.

COMMAND 60 MADDUX
With one million HB's to every square Earth mile, a creeping extinction would be a gentle rain from heaven, if you ask me,

He remarks to COMMAND 81 BOISE, who hangs by one arm from a ring nearby. Others in the background, some oddly apelike on the apparatus, exercise and work out the kinks of their long slumber as the

INTERCOM

(Continues.)

In conclusion, Command 1 Successor selection is being processed by Electro-Electorate at this moment and the results will be announced shortly. In the meantime, you are assured the smooth continuation of our journey as we are assured the smooth continuation of all assignments. We proceed as planned to orbit the star Rumford, so similar to our Sun, and to investigate planets in its ecosphere where might be found living room for our desperate descendents at home.

The INTERCOM switches to the weird remote lifeless music of the dental office as COMMAND 60 MADDUX shimmies up a rope to a small platform where COMMAND 81 BOISE crouches, resting.

COMMAND 60 MADDUX
Man, did you hear what I heard? What are they trying to pull off. They're trying to put down a whole year's oversleep and Duffy's death as a minor matter of loose screws.

COMMAND 81 BOISE
Come on, Maddox. What's there to believe in if you can't go with the machine?

Along
COMMAND 60 MADDUX
Boise, where's your mind? Don't you ever ask any questions?

CONTINUED.

COMMAND 81 BOISE smiles agreeably and shrugs.

COMMAND 81 BOISE

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil,
man, Leave it to the machine. The machine
don't lie.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. ELECTRO-ELECTORATE.

Standing before a huge computer in the brain,
ELITE 17 MARGARET hands ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF an
IBM card. He reads it with his fingers and then
explodes.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

It's lying!

ELITE 17 MARGARET

The Electro-Electorate doesn't lie.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

It must be joking.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

It has no time for jokes.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Then it is broken. The machine is broken.
Command 60 Maddox is not Command 1 stock.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

I'm sorry, Professor Petchnikoff. Command
60 Maddox is the result of the election.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

It's a mistake, a terrible mistake.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

There is no mistake.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

He's a trouble-maker.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

That is a personal judgement. I know nothing
of that. I know only that as a result of
all available probes and testings, Command 60
Maddox outranks his fellows.

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Duffy, as well, outranked his fellows on all examinations, but the fact is that inside he was scared spitless.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

It is not yet proved Ex-Command 1 Duffy functioned abberant. In my humble opinion it is unlikely that he did. The judgement of the Electro-Electorate is infallible.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Infallible! Nuts to your infallible. What does a machine know of the hidden motives that move a man and then desert him in a crisis.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

(Smiles benignly.)

Surely, professor, you don't still subscribe to that old wives' tale that a career in rocketry and interstellar penetration is based on pre-adolescent sexual phantasies.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

You know for a fact that it doesn't?

ELITE 17 MARGARET

(A triumphant ball-cutting virginal laugh.)

Certainly. If it was the case how would you explain my success in the field?

Leaving that unexplained, ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF hands back the IBM card.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Please, Elite 17 Margaret, check the cards again.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

There has been no mistake.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

They've been bent, folded, mutilated or something, because Command 60 Maddox cannot assume Command 1. Command 60 Maddox is completely out of place out here. He's

(Continued.)

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Continued.)

been in everyone's hair since blastoff ...
he's an overconscientious antique who'll
completely gum us up if he's given any
authority.

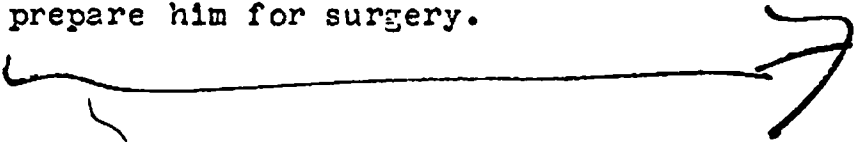
ELITE 17 MARGARET

Command 60 Maddox has won the election,
Professor. He is already Command 1 Maddox.
All histories are automatically being
processed and elevated. It remains only
to notify the subject himself ...

She opens a small case and we regard inside a
fresh shiney transistor like the one removed from
the neck of the skeleton.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

... and prepare him for surgery.



INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. CORRIDOR.

Swathed in sheets and lying prone on a mobile stretcher, COMMAND 1 MADDOX is pushed down this hallway by a medical orderly. Lining the hallway are members of the colony who applaud enthusiastically as he goes by, and the public address intones Hail The Chief. COMMAND 1 MADDOX raises one arm weakly to acknowledge this applause.

The stretcher stops at the entrance to Surgery where ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, holding his monkey, stands with ELITE 17 MARGARET and INDEX C C'TOCLE. COMMAND 1 MADDOX looks up.

COMMAND 1 MADDOX

(Accusing.)

As a soldier I submit to this eminence, Petchnikoff, as I must to all assignments ... but as a philosopher, in this last moment of my human being, I put it to you that we are achieving our horizons at the expense of our species.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF reaches out self-consciously to comfort the patient.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

There there, my dear boy. It's a simple operation. You'll be on your feet in a few days.

COMMAND 1 MADDOX

The ultimate of man is not the machine.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Weakly, a little guiltily.)

As history tells us, no one wears the crown comfortably.

ELITE 17 MARGARET interrupts this exchange by presenting the case containing the transistor to a SURGEON who appears at the door. ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF withdraws his hand and COMMAND 1 MADDOX is wheeled into Surgery.

After a moment, when they are alone, ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, ELITE 17 MARGARET, and INDEX C C'TOCLE.

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

It is, of course, just as I suspected ... his faith in Duffy comes not from conviction but from an antagonism to change, and I predict he's going to be just as incompatible with his system as Duffy was.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

Shall we get along to the brain? We don't want to miss his first signals.

The three of them move down the corridor, and we follow.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

(After a moment.)

Elite 25 Petchnikoff, Sir ... I have to report that there's a kind of uneasy feeling among the Indexes about Ex-Command 1 Duffy. Was he malfunctioning?

ELITE 17 MARGARET

(Before the darkly thoughtful, preoccupied ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF can answer for himself.)

To enter the future as thoroughly, as irrevocably as we have, Index 0, presents certain problems that are still being ironed out. The post-primary mortal that we consider typical is simply not coming off the assembly line as we would like, entirely ready to exist exclusively in time and motion. He has this sticky connection to the past, call it roots in Earth. Well, we anticipated a few snags. Evolution has never been simple and now that it is supervised there is no reason to expect its going to be any more of a snag. Here and there environment proves to be more vigorous than the subject's development and we lose a member of the team. That explains Ex-Command 1 Duffy's death to the Indexes, I hope.

INDEX 0 O'TOOLE

Except you can't help wondering why he wasn't in Trans-Slumber with the rest of us, and I know a couple Indexes have recalled that he wanted to go back --

CONTINUED.

ELITE 17 MARGARET
(Definitely.)

Coincidence. Merely coincidence. Irony at most. He expressed qualms and he was our first casualty, but there is no connection between those facts. The machine compensates for all errors but it is not inhumane. I hope that answers all questions, Index O O'Toole.

INDEX O O'TOOLE
Yes, ma'am, except that he wasn't our first casualty.

ELITE 17 MARGARET stops and ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF who has been lagging behind absorbed in a growing worry catches up.

ELITE 17 MARGARET
Ex-Command 1 Duffy wasn't our first casualty? Is that right? Do you want to explain yourself?

INDEX O O'TOOLE
Well, yes, ma'am. Elite 25 Petchnikoff was our first casualty.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
What are you talking about, O'Neill?

INDEX O O'TOOLE
O'Toole, Sir.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
What are you talking about, O'Toole?

INDEX O O'TOOLE
Your eyes, Sir. Certainly, Sir, they must be considered the first loss to Immigrant One.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF
Not at all. I'm not a young man and some functions fail before others.

INDEX O O'TOOLE
Yes, Sir, but Sir --

CONTINUED.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Interrupting him.)

Unfortunate, but not a casualty. Now come along. What are we standing here for?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF continues down the corridor, wagging his cane in his path agitatedly. INDEX O O'TOOLE regards him confusedly.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

(Concerned.)

What is it?

INDEX O O'TOOLE catches up with ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

Sir ... isn't it true that Ulysses is also blind now?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF enfolds the monkey (Ulysses) into a tighter embrace.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Caught.)

And what do you deduce by that?

INDEX O O'TOOLE

Well, Sir ... how could it be your age then, after all? I wondered at the time of your blindness how you were elected to Immigrant One if there was any weakness in your vision.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

Is this true, Petchnikoff?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

My eyesight is an old matter, Margaret.

She reaches for the monkey.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

But if Ulysses is blind --

The monkey screeches and shows his teeth and won't be touched any ought but ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, who tries to sooth him now.

CONTINUED.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

I'm sorry, Sir. Obviously you didn't wish to speak of it. But in as much as you're both affected I wondered if it might not be oxygen poisoning, and perhaps the ventilation in your quarters should be inspected.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

Why have you been still, Elite 25?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Ulysses' health and welfare is no one's concern but my own.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

But if there's any connection between Ex-Command 1 Duffy's demise and your loss of vision --

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Ignoring her worry.)

Come along now, come along. We're scheduled at the brain. They'll have planted Maddox's friend and we won't be there to welcome him.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. SURGERY.

The small transistor rests on a wad of cotton on a tray of scalples and other surgical hardware; the tray rests on a table being wheeled to within easy reach of the SURGEON.

We watch as gloved hands take an instrument and gently lift the transistor from its bed. The hands transport the remotely beeping, throbbing gadget to an open wound at the base of COMMAND 1 MADDOX's skull.

Naturally, the wound is pretty much obscured by busy hands and smocks and so forth, and to have a clearer view we PAN around to the other side of the table and down. Now, PANNING up under the table we come face to face with COMMAND 1 MADDOX. He is awake and staring down at the floor. His head is held in a vice, like a spit, as the medicos work on the back of his neck.

CONTINUED.

SURGEON

Command 1 Maddox ... you can assist us now by evoking some memory, distant or recent, as you choose, in order that we may properly aim the recall activator.

COMMAND 1 MADDOX blinks slightly with this assignment and we presume does as he is told.

SURGEON

Now, a simple problem in logic, if you please. A king had three daughters and they each ... no, the king had three ministers, that's right, and they each wanted to marry the king's lovely daughter. He just had one daughter, I think that's right.

COMMAND 1 MADDOX's face registers some concern as the man who has his life in his hand's seems unable to present the riddle properly.

SURGEON

And so the king decided to give the ministers some problem to solve and the one who solved it could have his daughter. Or was it that he was dying and the problem was which of the ministers was most worthy to succeed him? Don't try to speak, Command 1 Maddox, please. It scrambles the impulses and I don't want to activate the wrong nerve.

(His voice is droning and effected by his heavy concentration.)

Actually, you'll find as time goes on and you get used to your friend here ... the beeping will fade away like the sound of the sea, you won't notice it ... you'll find in time you'll be giving up speech altogether and rely less and less on interpersonal rapport. When the day comes when we've finally made the switchover from chemical to electronic food, I predict the mouth will become entirely obsolete ...

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. BRAIN.

Among all these instruments and dials and spools are ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF, ELITE 17 MARGARET and INDEX 0 O'TCOLE, bathed in a purple light. The dials wag, the spools begin to turn and the faint SCUND of beeps and whistles permeate the air.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(Reading the beeps.)

What about a kiss, what about kissing?

ELITE 17 MARGARET

What? What on earth are you talking about?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Don't be ridiculous, Margaret. 'What about a kiss, what about a kissing?' is the first message from Maddox. Check the tape.

ELITE 17 MARGARET proceeds to check the tape.

INDEX 0 O'TCOLE

You mean you can actually read the beeps by ear, Professor?

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

A minor compensation, but one of many, son.

INDEX 0 O'TCOLE

(Then.)

Sir ... I'm sorry if you'd rather I hadn't brought up your blindness.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

(He is keeping something to himself.)

Perfectly alright. I'm going to have my ventilation checked. You may be right. I may not be decrepit after all. I might even be able to get workmen's compensation when we get home, or sue the company for negligence.

INDEX 0 O'TCOLE

I was wondering though why you didn't avail yourself of our parts bank.

He picks up ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF's cane which has fallen to the floor again.

CONTINUED.

INDEX O O'TOOLE

Or at least have Surgery install a better perceptor than this. Surely some electronic curb guard would be superior ...

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

I'm a human being, my dear Index C O'Toole. As cowardly, perhaps, as another. As un-functional. And nostalgic. If I decay I decay.

He listens with real sadness as the SOUND of the beeps grow in volume and describe what is happening to COMMAND 1 MADDOX.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

Perhaps what defines the Elite is the soul, and perhaps not all of us have been properly catalogued.

ELITE 17 MARGARET returns reading from a ticker-tape type message.

ELITE 17 MARGARET

What about a kiss, what about kissing? Where does a song come from if the mouth is sealed.

(Not reading.)

Then its all rather scrambled, as though he was trying to speak.

ELITE 25 PETCHNIKOFF

He was cursing, Margaret. Simply cursing. We have no machine to do that for us yet, when the hammer hits our thumb.