

HUMANZEE

Written by

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ELECTRIC GOO FILMS

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANNIE sits in front of a mirror, a dark veil over her face. She's looking down, avoiding the mirror. She's fidgeting with something.

The door bursts open, and a young woman dressed in all black pokes her head into the room. The sounds of a film crew in the next room can now be heard.

MAKE-UP ARTIST

(O.S.)

Do you... need any make-up?

Annie doesn't look up. She slowly and subtly shakes her head no.

MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Okay, um... Let me know if you need anything.

ANNIE

(QUIETLY)

Thank you.

The door closes, leaving Annie in silence.

The veil hangs down in front of Annie's face. A scarred, bulging chin peeks out from the bottom as she looks down at her lap. She's shaking nervously, still fidgeting.

In her hands, she holds a worn, scratched black button. She falls still.

Annie looks up into the mirror at herself, veiled. She leans in. She reaches up, hesitates, and lifts the veil from her face.

Her face is mangled, with bulbous mounds of grafted skin bulging out. The only trace of her original face left is one piercing eye.

A CLOSE-UP on ANNIE'S EYE.

The door opens again. Someone enters.

P.A.

(O.S.)

Are you ready?

Pause on Annie's eye. She gets up and rushes out.

CUT TO: BLACK

OPENING CREDITS

MELANCHOLIC SYNTH UNDERSCORES...

IN A DIMLY LIT BASEMENT, A HAND APPEARS GRASPING A CRAYON.

THE CRAYON DRIFTS ACROSS A LARGE PAPER, SCRIBBLING AWAY AT A DRAWING THAT COMES TOGETHER IN GLIMPSES.

THE HAND IS GRIMY, DIRT BENEATH ITS' FINGERNAILS.

THE FINISHED DRAWING. IT'S SCRATCHY AND HARD TO MAKE OUT. A SELF PORTRAIT OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE.

THE CAMERA RISES FROM THE DRAWING IN A GOD'S EYE VIEW. A SHADOWY FIGURE GRABS IT AND LEAVES FRAME.

TITLE CARD: HUMANZEE

FADE IN:

INT. JANE'S PRIUS - DUSK

JANE HOWELL (50s) clutches the steering wheel of her electric car as she speeds onto an otherwise quiet small-town road. She's wearing a dirty, baby blue fast food uniform.

A recording of a soft-voiced woman plays over the spiritual music. Jane centers herself and focuses intently.

SPIRITUAL GUIDE

Your vibrational self is the epicenter of all your source energy. You were entirely source energy before you came into this realm, and you can tap into it to manifest the life you want. That source energy is what man calls God. Repeat this mantra after me, Dear universe.

Jane takes a big breath in, and out.

SPIRITUAL GUIDE (CONT'D)

I am here now. Thank you for granting me the life I've been given.

JANE

Dear universe. I am here now. Thank you for granting me the life I've been given.

SPIRITUAL GUIDE

*My vibrational self emits
positivity and the law of
attraction aligns with my spiritual
rhythm.*

JANE

*My vibrational self emits
positivity and the law of
attraction aligns with my spiritual
rhythm.*

SPIRITUAL GUIDE

*By seeking to understand our
negative vibrations, or what some
may call sin, we are able to tap
into a higher form of
consciousness. However, to absolve
we must embrace. You cannot achieve
enlightenment until you face who
you are. You are you. And you
always will be. No matter what.
You-*

Jane switches off the radio. In silence, she trucks along a quiet suburban street, stopping to turn into a driveway.

Through the windshield, a white colonial house looms in the glow of the headlights. It's in visible disrepair, and sits in complete darkness.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the quiet darkness, Jane steps into frame and slows down as she looks up at the house before walking to the front door.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the pitch-black darkness of the home, the sounds of multiple locks being unlocked are heard. The door swings open and Jane steps in, outlined by moonlight.

She flicks on a light switch, and a rusty glow illuminates a cluttered entry way. She drops her coat and handbag on the floor, kicking her shoes off as she starts walking down the hallway clasping a paper fast food bag.

Breaking away from her, we track along the walls, which are covered from floor to ceiling with *stuff*. Old newspapers, framed photos, memorabilia. It's evidential of a long life led. The windows are covered by dusty, sun-faded blankets.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Jane drops the fast food bag on the kitchen counter and pops the cork off a bottle of absinthe, pouring the green liquid into a glass. She delicately aligns the perforated spoon on top of the glass and places a sugar cube on top. Carefully, she slides it underneath a drip fountain filled with ice.

Drip. Drip. Drip. Dr-

She impatiently yanks the glass away, dropping the sugar cube in and filling it up in the sink.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Jane settles into a battered leather recliner, kicking her feet up on the coffee table. She turns the TV on, and takes a small sip from her glass.

She flips through channels and settles on a soap opera. Barely focused on the TV screen, Jane relaxes deep into the chair and takes a long swig of absinthe.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Jane jumps in her seat, almost spilling her drink. She switches the TV off and turns to face the source of the banging sounds.

We pan to the right of the TV to see A DOOR.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

There's an eery glow emanating from the bottom of the door. Something alive rustles on the other side, casting a shadow across the floor of the living room.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

JANE
(flinching)
Ziggy, enough!

Beat. A piece of paper crumples as it's squished through the bottom of the door.

From a low angle, we see Jane slowly approach the door. She stares down at the floor, leans over and picks up the piece of paper.

It's the crayon drawing from the title sequence.

The sounds of ZIGGY's heavy, excited breaths get louder behind the door. It builds to a quiet, whooping vocalization.

JANE (CONT'D)
Wow... Ziggy. This is... sweet.
Thank you, honey.

Ziggy's really excited. We can hear him writhing in place, his shadows moving rapidly in the glow from the door.

The door knob starts violently shaking as he pulls on it from the other side.

JANE (CONT'D)
(commandingly)
Settle down.

The noises stop. Jane's demeanor shifts.

JANE (CONT'D)
(sweetly)
I'll be down in just a minute,
baby. We can watch your favorite
movie, okay?

Ziggy *screeches in joy*, and we hear the sounds of him slamming his hands against the floor followed by his flailing body barreling down a set of stairs.

Jane pauses for a moment, staring at the door. She steps out of frame.

... She approaches a drawer that's overflowing with Ziggy's drawings, which she has to press down in order to fit the new one in. As she closes it, it gets crumpled even more.

... Her finger traces over a row of DVDs before landing on one and pulling it out. *BEDTIME FOR BONZO*. The cover art shows RONALD REAGAN with his arm around a chimpanzee.

... The DVD casing is heavily weathered. She hesitates, putting it back on the shelf and goes to grab something else. Her hand snaps back and she grabs BONZO anyway.

... She grabs the fast food bag off the counter.

... In a shallow focus shot of the absinthe glass, Jane approaches and lifts the drink out of frame. She slams down the empty glass and storms off.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A greenish fluorescent light casts over heavily-used art supplies that are scattered across the grimy concrete floor. Tufts of loose hay frame the drawing pads and paint-caked brushes.

The sounds of multiple locks being unlocked ring out in the basement followed by the quiet creaks of footsteps descending down a staircase. Ziggy's heavy breath looms in the background alongside the noises of static from a TV.

The camera rises from the floor into a wall of darkness.

Click. KTTTTSCCHH. Click. KTTTTSCCHH.

Preceded by the sounds of her footsteps on the floor, Jane steps into the light, holding the fast food. She looks across the room, gulps and forces out a smile.

The camera slowly pans to meet her line of sight, revealing some of the room as it travels. The walls are painted with a mural of the jungle like an enclosure at the zoo. There's a dirty toilet against the wall, and worn out ropes dangle from the ceiling.

There's a boxy television set on the opposite side of the room, and ZIGGY sits in front of it. He's clicking the channel button over and over again, switching from static channel to static channel.

There's a spilled box of cereal on the floor that he's eating from.

JANE

Ziggy!

He slowly turns to face her, staring directly into the camera. Ziggy is half human being and half chimpanzee.

He begins making a low whooping sound, slowly building until he violently charges directly at her on with his knuckles on the floor.

He grabs her into a hug at her waist, almost knocking her over.

JANE (CONT'D)

Careful, darling! I'm happy to see you too.

Ziggy stares up at her with a big grin, still cooing. We get our first clear look at his face.

Jane raises the bag of fast food.

JANE (CONT'D)
Are you feeling hungry?

Ziggy yanks the bag out of her hand and quickly waddles into the corner where he tears the paper bag to shreds, sending french fries everywhere. Barely getting the paper wrapping off his burger, he shovels it into his mouth.

Behind him, Jane watches in silence.

J CUT TO:

BEDTIME FOR BONZO plays on the television screen.

ONSCREEN:

BONZO HOPS UP AND DOWN ON THE LEDGE OF A BUILDING. RONALD REAGAN SCALES THE WALL, URGING BONZO TO JUMP.

REAGAN
I want you to jump, Bonzo.

AN OLD EINSTEIN-LOOKALIKE GRASPS HIS FACE IN HORROR. THIS IS A REAL SCENE FROM *BEDTIME FOR BONZO*.

BACK TO:

THE BASEMENT

Ziggy is sitting on a small, dirty, red plastic chair intently picking at Jane's scalp. She's sitting with her legs crossed on the floor in front of him.

She yawns, then catches a whiff of Ziggy and scrunches her nose. We come in tight on Ziggy's greasy fingers as he grooms her hair. He finds something and lifts it to his mouth.

Jane's eyes are slowly closing as she begins to nod off.

Pluck!

He pulled out a small clump of hair from her scalp. Jane's head snaps back suddenly.

JANE
Agh, Ziggy!

He doesn't move. She turns and looks up at him.

He stares at the television screen in complete silence with a little gloss in his eyes. She turns to the screen.

CUT TO:

ONSCREEN:

BONZO THE CHIMP SITS SOLEMNLY IN A CAGE. BEHIND THE BARS, HE LOWERS HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

Without breaking his gaze, Ziggy slowly lowers himself to the ground and crawls up to the TV.

He stretches out his arm and delicately caresses the screen, which is now displaying a closeup of Bonzo. The static of the CRT TV screen buzzes at his touch.

Suddenly, Jane bounds over to the TV and switches it off. Ziggy stumbles backwards as she nudges past him, putting herself between him and the screen.

JANE (CONT'D)
What's gotten into you?!

Ziggy looks up at her, an innocence in his weepy eyes. He points a shaky finger at the TV, then to his own chest. He whimpers softly.

JANE (CONT'D)
(pointing at the screen)
No! Ziggy, that is NOT you. That is NOT you.

As she gets louder, Ziggy's wails do too. He begins rhythmically rocking his head back and forth as he starts to build to a full howl.

JANE (CONT'D)
(pointing at him)
THIS IS NOT A CAGE.

DING-DONG!

They both freeze. Jane, breathing heavily, takes a moment to process the doorbell. Ziggy's eyes widen. Jane's pointed finger wags in place as she thinks, landing thoughtlessly back on Ziggy.

JANE (CONT'D)
Stay exactly where you are, and
keep your mouth... shut.

DING-DONG!

Jane barrels away and up the stairs, leaving Ziggy behind. He loosely follows her, stopping as she slams the door.

He turns back into the room, still cooling down from his enraged state. He slaps the floor and hobbles over to his toys, grabbing a stuffed monkey with one button eye off the floor. He whacks it against the floor, then tears its limbs off.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Upstairs, Jane bursts into the kitchen and pulls a drawer open. It's filled with silverware on the left, and a small pistol on the right. She grabs it and slams the drawer shut.

DING-DONG! D-DING-DONG!

Jane shifts towards the door, sliding the gun into the backside of her pants.

DING-DONG!

Jane unlocks the door and swings the door open. It's ANNIE. She's not wearing her veil. The two stare at each other. Jane's face lights up. Jane steps outside and closes the door behind her.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE

A...Annie.

Annie doesn't react. Jane opens her arms for a hug and steps towards Annie, who takes a step back to avoid it.

ANNIE

It's good to see you, Jane.

There's a pause. Jane's smile slips a little bit.

JANE

Did you want to come in? I can fix you up a drink, or just some tea or... or... I can heat up some left-overs...

ANNIE

(cutting her off)

I'm perfectly fine where I am. I'll be quick.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ziggy stares up at the ceiling, listening to the muffled voices of Jane and Annie. He gets visibly anxious as he listens to the unfamiliar voice, darting his head around and quietly whooping.

He shuffles over to the stairs, the voices outside getting louder. He coos and ascends up the staircase on all fours.

As he climbs, the destroyed stuffed monkey comes into view. Ziggy has unsuccessfully tried to reassemble it back to its original form, the torn off limbs placed carefully back where they belong.

At the top of the staircase, Ziggy stares up at the closed door. Being in clearer earshot of the argument, he starts hooting louder and writhing quickly. He bangs his hand against the door twice, then reaches for the door knob and shakes it violently.

It opens. *Jane didn't lock it.*

Ziggy stands in the doorway bathed in the warm glow of the living room, sheer terror in his eyes.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two women are now standing further out in the lawn, Annie backing down every time Jane steps forward.

JANE

I just don't want you to think I didn't worry about you. Of course I did, I just wanted to give you... space. I can't even begin to understand-

ANNIE

I didn't need your help. I could have used a friend, but there's no use getting into that now.

JANE

Annie. I was always just a phone call away. My door, my home is always open to you. No matter how much time passes, you will always, always be like family-

ANNIE

I am here because you were my friend, and I think it's only fair that you know what's coming.

The kindness in Jane's face vanishes.

JANE
What did you just say?

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A distracted Ziggy gazes around the house, staring from knicknack to knicknack and sniffing in all the new smells.

He approaches a shelf covered in figurines and photographs. Some of them show chimpanzees dressed in human clothes. Something tucked away on the back of the shelf catches Ziggy's attention, and he shoves things out of the way to grab it.

It's a framed photo of a little boy holding the stuffed monkey from the basement. The monkey has two button eyes - one smaller than the other. In some way, he kind of looks like Ziggy. He looks closely at the photo.

JANE (O.S.)
(from outside)
My life is none of your business!

Ziggy snaps back to reality, dropping the photo and turning to meet Jane's voice. The glass cover of the photo shatters on impact. He crawls across the room and approaches one of the blanketed windows, pulling at the blanket to see outside.

A dust cloud billows up as Ziggy's head emerges from behind the blanket.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane puts her hand against her hip, almost reaching for her gun.

JANE
Get the hell off my property, NOW!
I will CALL the POLICE.

ANNIE
I'm already leaving, I don't want
to end this with hostility.

Jane is seething, or is she just about to cry?

JANE
Why would you do this to me? WHY
WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?

ANNIE

(calmly)

I should have said something sooner. You don't have to hide anymore.

JANE

They already did their little investigation, they already TORE MY LIFE APART. What more do you want from me? Why do you want to hurt me?

ANNIE

Because I am the only one who knows what you did to him.

JANE

That I LOVED HIM? That I gave him a HOME where he was HAPPY? Don't you dare forget that all of this happened because of YOU looking around where you had no place to look.

As Jane tirades, Annie glances over at the house. With her single peircing eye, she stares at the fleshy creature in the window. Ziggy ducks out of view.

Annie turns to look at Jane. Jane exhales heavily and stares back, recognizing a shift in the air.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ziggy has been seen. He sits down, rocking back and forth in terror. We can still hear the voices fairly clearly from outside.

JANE

Nothing?! Hello?

Ziggy turns his ear to listen.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Without breaking her focus on Jane, Annie slowly backs away into the street. Jane watches her intently, then springs forward.

JANE

You're just gonna ruin my life for a second time and then RUN AWAY? You were a part of our family! We loved you! TREVOR loved you!

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

That name. *TREVOR*. Something about it catches Ziggy's attention, and his eyes widen. Suddenly, he bolts out of frame.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

We swoop over the floor of the basement, intently breezing past the bales of hay and toys scattered on the floor until a little blue toy truck comes into frame.

Ziggy steps forward and reluctantly reaches down to the floor to pick up the truck. He stares at it for a moment of hesitation before turning it upside down.

On the bottom of the truck, written in faded permanent marker reads: **TREVOR**

Ziggy stares at the word, haunted by it. He begins to quietly vocalize.

ZIGGY
T... T... Tr...

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie is walking down the sidewalk into the light of a street lamp. *There is a tricycle laying on its side on the sidewalk.* Jane bursts onto the street. Annie stops, and turns around.

ANNIE
I don't hate you anymore, Jane.
What's done is done, and there's a
million things I'm sure we both
wish we could change. But it's
over.
(BEAT)
I just wish I could have saved your
little boy.

Jane stares her down, dimly lit by the street lamp but shrouded in darkness.

JANE
I should have let you die.

Annie stares back for a moment. In real time, we watch her walk down the sidewalk and across her lawn. She walks onto her front porch, opens the door and steps inside.

Jane watches her the whole time. As the camera shifts to a wide angle, Jane stands alone in the darkness. She turns away and walks back towards her house.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane comes through the front door and closes it behind her. She leans against the door for a second, breathing heavily, her eyes closed. The house is silent. She whispers to herself:

JANE
(WHISPERING)
Dear universe... dear universe...
(BEAT)
My vibrational self emits
positivity and the law of
attraction aligns with my spiritual
rhythm-

She opens her eyes and interrupts herself with a SHRIEK.

Ziggy stares back at her. A blank stare.

Jane pushes herself back against the door and starts locking every lock from behind. She calms herself down and kind of laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)
You... are.. upstairs.

Ziggy takes a few steps forward.

JANE (CONT'D)
You are upstairs. Don't you take
another step forward.

She bursts forward from the door, her finger pointed at him.

JANE (CONT'D)
We have rules in this house.

The TOY TRUCK comes flying from Ziggy's hands, landing at Jane's feet. She looks down at it, then back up at Ziggy. She quickly reaches down and picks it up.

Ziggy stares at her, then suddenly slams his hands against the ground. Jane jumps.

JANE (CONT'D)
ZIGGY!

Ziggy rushes forward to her, grabbing the truck from her hand. He holds it up to her face, pointing at the name TREVOR written on the bottom.

ZIGGY
(ANGRILY)
TR... T... TR...

Jane looks at the truck and pulls it from Ziggy's hand. She crouches down next to him, her hand on his shoulder. A warm smile spreads over her face. She laughs.

JANE
This says Ziggy, baby. This is
yours.

She hands it back to him. He grabs it back and closely inspects it, turning it around in confusion. He looks up at his mother and back down again, hanging his head in embarrassment.

Jane observes him, calculating her next move. There's a cold look in her eyes that vanishes as she opens her mouth to speak.

JANE (CONT'D)
(calmly)
Do you like it up here?

Ziggy slowly raises his eyes to meet hers. There's an innocent little glimmer in them.

JANE (CONT'D)
Just for tonight, Ziggy... Do you
want to stay up here?

He looks around the room for a moment, cooing. Quickly, he begins darting around and looking at everything. He looks back at her, panting happily and darts out of the room.

Now alone in the entry way, Jane breathes out a deep sigh of relief and clutches her chest. As she begins to calm down, a new chill runs down her spine. *WHERE DID HE GO?*

JANE (CONT'D)
(creeping forward)
Z... Ziggy?

Jane steps forward into the house, slowly turning each corner as she steps into new rooms.

JANE (CONT'D)
Ziggy! Where'd you go?

She approaches the open basement door, and reaches to her waist to feel for the gun. Her fingers graze it. Her hand drops down.

JANE (CONT'D)
Are you down there, Ziggy? You can
stay up here.

Silence.

Suddenly, Ziggy barrels up the stairs and bursts out of the darkness. He's carrying all of his art supplies. Crayons, markers and a big piece of paper. He drops everything to the floor and hops up and down in excitement.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Ziggy and Jane sit together on the floor, the art supplies strewn around them. Together, they're drawing on the same big piece of paper. Ziggy's drawing is abstract, while Jane doodles around his work.

He looks around him, taking inspiration from his new surroundings. His home. He glances at Jane with a smile and gets back to work. She stares back at him, the faintest of smiles spreading over her face.

She looks down at his side of the paper. It's vague and scratchy, but it couldn't be clearer to her.

He drew the two of them. The sight of it is too much and Jane bursts into tears. Ziggy looks up at her, dropping his crayon. Unsure what to do, he mimics her crying in some kind of archaic act of empathy.

He crawls over the paper and wraps his arms around her. She resists at first, but gives in and squeezes him tightly.

JANE
Ziggy... I... I...

He coos back.

JANE (CONT'D)
Why don't we go finish the movie?

Ziggy opens his eyes and looks down.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Jane sits on the couch as BEDTIME FOR BONZO is back on the TV in the living room. Ziggy is perched right in front of the screen.

CUT TO:

ONSCREEN:

BONZO, DRESSED IN COWBOY REGALIA, HOPS ABOARD A TRICYCLE IN HIS LIVING ROOM. HE SPEEDS OUT THE DOOR AND DOWN THE STREET.

BACK TO:

Ziggy can't get enough. Jane doesn't take her eyes off of him, completely ignoring the movie.

CUT TO:

ONSCREEN:

BONZO LEAPS INTO A COUPLE'S CAR, THEY SCREAM AND DRIVE AWAY AS HE LEAPS BACK ONTO HIS TRICYCLE AND INTO THE NIGHT.

BACK TO:

Ziggy shriekes in laughter, turning around to look at his Mom. Uncomfortable, she darts her eyes away but laughs a little bit alongside him. Ziggy turns back to the TV. Jane stops laughing instantly as her eyes lock onto something.

It's the framed photo of the little boy, smashed on the floor. Jane can't breathe. We follow her gaze as it intentionally rises to something on a high shelf.

It's a chimpanzee's skull.

Jane is completely still. Her gaze snaps back to Ziggy. He keeps on watching the movie. Without breaking her line of sight, she rises to her feet and swallows.

JANE

Mama's... Mama's just gonna go to
the bathroom, okay?

He coos but doesn't take his eyes off the screen. Jane quickly leaves the room.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Jane stumbles over and grasps the kitchen counter, propping herself. She breathes heavily, holding back an outburst.

Shaking, she reaches for the bottle of absinthe and pours it into a glass. Her jittering hand places the glass beneath the drip fountain once again, delicately placing the sugar and spoon on top of the glass.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

She stares at the glass as it slowly dilutes. Pure silence, except for the sound of the drip.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Her fingernails dig into the counter. Her breath builds back up, growing faster and faster.

In an instant, she grabs the glass away and fills it nearly to the brim with pure absinthe. She brings the glass to her mouth and chugs it down, almost coughing as she does so.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

CUT TO:

ONSCREEN:

BONZO IS ON THE BACK OF RONALD REAGAN'S CAR, CLAPPING AS A TITLE CARD FADES OVER HIM: THE END. IT FADES OUT

BACK TO:

Ziggy claps along with Bonzo in glee. As the movie ends, he slowly stops clapping and his face goes blank. The TV screen goes static, and the DVD ejects. Ziggy looks at it and smashes the disc tray with his fist.

He looks up to the static and shuffles forward. His hand raises slowly to the TV and presses a button, switching the channel.

Now on cable, he stops and watches a TV show for a moment. Onscreen, a man with insane hair waves his hands wildly.

CONSPIRACY THEORIST

(ONSCREEN)

... and that's why we're
domesticated creatures.

(MORE)

CONSPIRACY THEORIST (CONT'D)
 We were placed *back* on this Earth -
 but to do what? The pyramids ...

Ziggy isn't buying it. Visibly bored, he starts changing the channel again. As he switches from channel to channel, we briefly hear...

WHITNEY
 (ONSCREEN)
 -Trevor-

He keeps going, landing on another channel for a second. Soft synths play over footage of a deer in a field. He looks at it, his brow furrowed, then frantically switches back a few channels.

Onscreen, we see the set of the WHITNEY JENKINS SHOW. Ziggy leans in.

CUT TO:

ONSCREEN: WHITNEY JENKINS SHOW

ANNIE, UNVEILED.

ANNIE
 (ONSCREEN)
 Her son used to tell me how scared
 he was. In the end, that's why I
 kept going over there. I was scared
 of him too.

WHITNEY BUTTS IN.

WHITNEY
 And that last day? Can you describe
 the day of the attack?

ANNIE HOLDS BACK.

ANNIE
 I walked in. ...

SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 ... and I saw ... I ran, Trevor ran
 after me and... after that, I don't
 remember much. All I could see was
 red.

(BEAT)
 I remember Joey screaming.

A SLIDESHOW OF PICTURES: THE HOUSE, JANE, ANNIE, JOEY.
TREVOR.

WHITNEY
(NARRATING)
It was 5:03PM when authorities
received a call from Jane Howell,
the owner of Trevor the chimpanzee.

KEN BURNS ZOOM ON A PHOTO OF JANE. SOUND WAVE GRAPHIC.

JANE
(PHONE RECORDING)
MY NEIGHBOR ... SHE'S DEAD! HE
KILLED HER - SHE'S EVERYWHERE ...
YOU NEED TO HELP ME! TREVOR, STOP!
STOP RIGHT NOW!

911 OPERATOR
(PHONE RECORDING)
Ma'am - excuse me, ma'am. Can you
please give me more details? Can
you describe the perpetrator?

JANE
(PHONE RECORDING)
HE'S SICK. HE'S VERY SICK. HE'S MY
CHIMP, AND HE'S SICK.

911 OPERATOR
(PHONE RECORDING)
Excuse me? Chimp?

JANE
(PHONE RECORDING)
JOEY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A CLOSE-UP ON WHITNEY.

WHITNEY
When authorities arrived on scene,
minutes later, Annie was found
unconscious on the front lawn,
pieces of her body and face strewn
over the property. An officer who
was present, who wishes to remain
anonymous, shares a reminiscence of
what he saw that fateful day.

AN OUTLINE OF A POLICE OFFICER, BACKLIT. HIS FACE IS
COMPLETELY IN SHADOW.

POLICE OFFICER

I was the first one to enter the house. The ... little boy was on the floor. His head was in the living room.

(PAUSE)

It was dead quiet. But then I heard a woman crying downstairs. I found the door to the basement and went down. She, um, Jane was holding the chimpanzee's body in her arms. There was a gun on the floor. That poor thing.

BACK TO WHITNEY. SHE SITS, PALE, GRAVELY LOOKING INTO THE CAMERA. SHE TURNS LEANS IN TOWARDS ANNIE.

WHITNEY

You said earlier you saw *something* when you entered the house. Can you tell us more about what started the attack? What was it that so upset Trevor?

ANNIE HESITATES, LOOKING AWAY. THE STUDIO CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS.

ANNIE

Well... I can't say for sure what might have led to that day. I don't know much about chimpanzees and how they hold onto these kinds of feelings, and I don't know how long it was going on before I...

(BEAT)

I had my suspicions. The way she looked at him, the way she talked about him - like he was more than just an animal. That day... I let myself in like I did every day. Joey was alone, curled up on the couch. He wouldn't talk. I heard these noises coming from the basement. I went down and I... I saw... I saw Trevor... *moving around*. He was on top of Jane.

WHITNEY

Was he hurting her?

ANNIE

No.

(PAUSE)

She was mating with him.

BANG!

CUT BACK TO:

LIVING ROOM

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. THE TV GOES BLACK - a bullet hole in the screen.

Ziggy turns around. Jane is standing behind him, a smoking gun pointed at his head. *She missed.*

ZIGGY

Mama?

Jane gasps out loud and drops the gun. They are both completely still.

The mother and son look at each other. Jane softens her posture and smiles.

There's a pop of a spark from inside the TV. Ziggy leaps forward.

Through a doorway, we see Jane step back as Ziggy flies across the room towards her. She shrieks, he howls and jumps onto her and out of view of the doorway.

The screams and wails continue, accompanied by the sounds of flesh violently hitting flesh. Bones breaking, the squishes of brain matter.

Jane's final scream echoes out, cut off instantly by another thump. The camera slowly travels into the room as the violent thrashes end, and Ziggy can be seen standing over Jane's body. He pants heavily, and stands up straight.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Ziggy stares down, covered in blood. It's dripping from his fingertips. He coos out solemnly.

We now see JANE. Her body is lying gracefully on the floor with her head *completely smashed in*. All that's left intact is a single eye staring down the lens. A pool of blood fills the cavity where her mouth used to be, bubbles of air rising to the surface. They stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits in the quiet darkness of the night. The front door slowly opens, leaving Ziggy silhouetted in the doorway.

He cautiously walks out, still upright, and onto the front lawn. He closes his eyes and listens to the wind in the trees, smells the fresh air, and feels the grass between his toes. He opens his eyes and waddles onto the street.

When he reaches the road, he turns back and stares up at the house in quiet contemplation. He approaches the curb, grabs a big rock, and throws it as hard as he can at the ground in front of the house. A twig snaps behind him, and he turns.

It's Annie, a few yards away. She's walking a little white dog. Her and Ziggy stare at each other for a moment. Annie takes a few steps towards him, but stops herself.

She raises her hand and waves. He holds up his hand back at her.

Annie turns and retreats into the darkness. Ziggy is alone in the street. He looks around. He sees something.

A tricycle. He smiles.

The sounds of the chunky plastic tires are heard first, followed by ZIGGY THE HUMANZEE coming into view as he clumsily rides the tricycle into the street. He rides on, the road ahead disappearing into complete darkness.

THE END