

THE MONKEYMORPHOSIS

by

Geoffrey Falk

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - MORNING

A one-bedroom, utilitarian bungalow in Pasadena, hiding behind a stunted palm tree, a lawn overdue for a cutting, and no such thing as flowers in the space left for a flowerbed.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

GREG SAMSKA, a scrawny, beta-male Team Lead software developer in his mid-twenties, sits on the couch, with his laptop and a cup of coffee on the coffee table.

The room also contains a digital piano, and a widescreen HDTV on the wall.

He wears a t-shirt with Darwin's "tree of evolution" printed on the front, listening to music from his iTunes playlist and scanning the news on his laptop.

(Ideal playlist/soundtrack music: Joe Jackson, "Is She Really Going Out With Him?")

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE/SIDEWALK

A low-browed, muscular man (ARNOLD) walks past the house with a gorgeous blonde (JEANIE) on his arm.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Greg looks up from the laptop screen, sees the couple, and shakes his head.

GREG

Two percent of the human genome  
consists of Neanderthal DNA. And  
there it goes.

He gulps down the last of his coffee, and rises.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR

Greg emerges from inside the house with his backpack in one hand, and closes the door behind him.

As he walks down his empty driveway to the sidewalk, a male beagle (SNOOP) trots up to him from the path to his neighbor's backyard, wagging its tail.

GREG

Alright, but just one this time.

Snoop barks excitedly as Greg takes a chocolate-chip cookie out of his backpack, squats down, and feeds it to him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where dem bitches at? Where dem  
bitches at?

Snoop barks.

Greg gives him a good, rough petting; then rises and continues down the sidewalk, hoisting his backpack onto his back.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Greg sits, working on his laptop, with his backpack on an empty seat beside him.

He intermittently checks out the cute girls in the train, receiving no attention from them in return.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A mid-rise, glass-and-steel office building in downtown L.A.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Greg walks along the sidewalk toward the office building, with his backpack on his back.

Two beautiful WOMEN approach from the other direction. Greg looks directly at their faces; they ignore him as they pass.

As he approaches a crossing side street, an ugly black SUV, with open windows, pulls alongside him, hugging the curb. It's driven by the twenty-something DICK, with his blond, poodle-like girlfriend PAMELA (mid-20s) in the passenger seat.

The SUV slows and turns uncertainly, without signaling, onto the side street. It crawls to a stop, blocking Greg's pedestrian path.

As Greg waits, the vehicle inches forward another foot, bringing its passenger door right in front of him.

GREG  
What the--

DICK  
(violently)  
Shaddup!

Pamela stares stoically ahead.

The vehicle starts moving slowly backward, onto the primary street.

GREG  
Where did you learn--

DICK  
Shaddup!

GREG  
(beat)  
How about if I just shut up, since  
you clearly know what you're--

DICK  
Shut up!!

INT. CNCS/ENTRANCE DOOR - DAY

Greg places his thumb on the biometric scanner at the unobtrusive wooden entrance door to CumuloNimbus Cloud Solutions (CNCS)--a small, publicly owned company with around fifty employees.

The scanner recognizes his fingerprint, beeps, and unlocks the door.

He enters the office space.

INT. CNCS/HALLWAY - DAY

A pretty, quirky, British, 19-year-old brunette (EMMA HOLMES) wanders through the cubicle farm with a handful of envelopes, looking for their recipients.

She pokes her head into

GREG'S CUBICLE

Greg writes the next lines of code for the JetStream app, in the C++ language.

EMMA  
Greg Samska?

GREG  
Yes.

She hands him the envelope with his paystub.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You're new here.

EMMA  
I'm new everywhere.

GREG  
You sound like you're from across  
the Pond.

EMMA  
I wouldn't call the Atlantic a  
"pond." Unless you're deliberately  
understating its size, as a form of  
irony.

Greg cracks a smile, at meeting a kindred spirit.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'm Emma. From Purley. In South  
London. Say no more.

GREG  
My sister once saw half a dozen  
students coming out of a building  
at UCLA, all simultaneously quoting  
different lines from Python's  
"Parrot Sketch."

EMMA  
There must have been a showing?  
"And Now for Something Completely  
Different"?

GREG  
Either that, or the universe is not  
only stranger than we imagine, it's  
stranger...

GREG & EMMA  
...than we can imagine.

GREG  
J.B.S.--

EMMA

Haldane. My brother's a physicist.  
Across the Pond.

A mid-thirties, up-and-coming executive intrudes--NICHOLAS  
NIKWIT, the VP of Product Development at CNCS.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We should talk later. About  
aquaculture, and such.

She exits, walking down the hallway to the next cubicle.

NICHOLAS

(to Greg)

Got that JetStream demo done for  
the AGM yet, Code Monkey? I don't  
want to have to cover for your bugs  
again.

GREG

They're ticks. Monkeys have ticks,  
not bugs. Ticks, fleas, and lice.  
Try grooming one sometime. You  
might like it.

NICHOLAS

Just get it right, monkey. That's  
what we're paying you for.

He breezes out, down the hall.

GREG

Yes, Mr. Nikwit. Right away, Mr.  
Nikwit. Monkey get right.  
(he vocalizes a monkey's  
chant, scratching himself  
with his "monkey arms")  
Ooh-ooh! Eee-eee! Aah-aah!

Emma pokes her head back in.

EMMA

I know how you feel. Who was that?

GREG

Nicholas. He's just upset 'cause he  
had to wipe his ass all by himself  
this morning, and he couldn't even  
get that much done right. Where the  
hell was his assistant?

HALLWAY

A slim woman (AUGUSTA, mid-20s) strides brusquely down the hall, studiously avoiding eye contact with the other employees.

She has scarcely a hint of boobs or butt, and wears oversized glasses with black frames on a plasticine-like face--a style-conscious "3 dressed up as a 9."

GREG'S CUBICLE

Augusta passes by, in the hall.

GREG

Oh, there she goes. Hi Augusta.

Augusta ignores him.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to Emma)

She doesn't make eye contact with inferiors. I think she's afraid whatever makes us uncool might be contagious.

EMMA

You think I'm uncool?

GREG

You must be: You're talking to me. And making eye contact.

EMMA

Plus, I play violin.

GREG

That's the definition of uncool.

EMMA

I know. I was accepted by the L.A. College of Music, but the tuition's astronomical. So I figured I'd work for a year first. Or take up the accordion. Now, regarding aquaculture: Did you know....

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

MIKE ROSE (early-40s) and JEROME KRAEPELIN (mid-60s) drive up in their golf cart to a teeing ground, and stop.

Mike is CumuloNimbus's competent, fair-minded Vice President. Jerome is the clueless-about-everything President and CEO of CNCS.

They get out of the cart.

JEROME

Why don't you go first, Mike. Age before beauty.

Beat.

MIKE

Sure.

Mike takes out a driver and tees up.

JEROME

What do you think of this 3D app we're working on?

MIKE

JetStream? The sky's the limit, Jerome.

JEROME

I'd better get started brainstorming for version 2.0.

Mike lofts a beautiful approach shot into the clear-blue sky, the ball landing on the green.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Hmm. Not bad for a Vice President. Let's see what your President and CEO can do.

He struggles with the five-iron in his golf bag, trying to pull it out.

It won't budge, so he tries another club, with the same result.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Looks like they're stuck. Seabiscuit! Must be my new grips. Mind if I borrow yours?

MIKE

(beat)

Sure.

He hands his driver to Jerome.



INT. CNCS/HALLWAY - DAY

Greg and a senior hardware engineer, THEO (mid-20s) walk down the hallway toward Greg's cubicle, carrying take-out coffees.

THEO  
I've solved the pixilation problem,  
when you change the viewing angle.

GREG  
So everywhere's a sweet spot now?  
Sweeet.

Back at the

ENTRANCE DOOR

Jerome and Mike enter from the outside hallway.

JEROME  
That was quite a workout. Who do  
you think won?

MIKE  
I wasn't ... keeping score.

JEROME  
We'll call it a tie, then. How's  
the annual report coming?

MIKE  
I'll have the first draft on your  
desk by nine tomorrow morning.

JEROME  
I'll try to get in by ten or ten-  
thirty. Excuse me, I have to talk  
to our engineers. Make sure they're  
still on track.

Jerome leaves Mike and walks toward Greg's cubicle, stopping when he reaches Greg and Theo in the hallway outside Greg's cell.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
This JetStream app you're putting  
together--how does it work?

GREG  
It streams video from the cloud,  
into our hardware. Like Netflix,  
but in 3D, without glasses.

JEROME

I know all that. But the cloud  
we'll be keeping our content on....

GREG

Yeah?

JEROME

How high up is it?

GREG

How high ... up?

JEROME

In the sky.

GREG

It's, uh--

JEROME

Does it overlap with other clouds?  
Will there be jets flying through  
our data? Will we get better  
reception when it's raining?

(beat)

Dammit, man, these are questions  
our shareholders are going to ask  
at the AGM! I need to have answers!

GREG

(ironic)

We could implement atmospheric  
climate control, but it'll cost  
more.

JEROME

That's okay, we'll do it as a one-  
off.

GREG

(beat)

Yes. Why not.

JEROME

Any questions, I'll be in my  
office.

He exits, toward his office.

THEO

(to Greg)

Good luck with that.

He exits, in the opposite direction from Jerome.

Greg enters his

CUBICLE

and sits down in his chair.

Just as he gets back to work, Mike pokes his head in the doorway.

MIKE

Greg, what's the status of the JetStream app? For the annual report.

GREG

Right on schedule.

MIKE

I didn't even need to ask, did I?

GREG

(smiles)  
Nope.

MIKE

You make my job too easy. You're in the videoconference with Paramount later?

GREG

Yep.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM - DAY

Jerome, Mike, Nicholas, and Greg sit around the table, with a speakerphone placed between them.

A webcam looks down on them from the corner of the ceiling, with a video projection area on the wall below.

JEROME

Alright, gentlemen, I want this demo to go spotlessly.

The executives from Paramount (incl. HARVEY, 50s), sitting at a comparable table in their own offices, appear on the projection area.

HARVEY  
(on the screen)  
Hello, Harvey Benson here.

JEROME  
Harvey, Jerome Kraepelin. How are you?

HARVEY  
(on the screen)  
Sorry, Jerome: We have audio from you, but no video.

GREG  
The webcam needs to be enabled separately. And swap the cables. It's on the checklist.

He rises, walks over to a computer on a rolling stand below the projection area, enables the webcam, and reroutes a cable.

JEROME  
(indicating Greg)  
Our lead software engineer.

Greg sits back down.

NICHOLAS  
(away from the speakerphone)  
And usability expert.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM HALLWAY - LATER

Augusta walks past the floor-to-ceiling frosted glass, talking on her company cell phone.

AUGUSTA  
No, that's not what I ordered. You expedite my executive chairs or we'll find another vendor.

She hangs up.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)  
Idiots.

Jerome, Mike, Nicholas, and Greg enter from the boardroom.

JEROME

(to Greg)

See what you can do about linking  
the webcam to the speakerphone.  
Hook it all into a motion detector  
if you have to.

GREG

That's a bit of a security--

JEROME

I want to be able to start a  
videoconference from an icon on my  
cell phone! The Internet of Things,  
it's the wave of the future!

He turns to exit, with Nicholas--then stops cold, as if  
struck by lightning, and turns around to face Greg.

JEROME (CONT'D)

I just had a brainwave! We'll  
broadcast our conferences in 3D!  
Showcase our technology with each  
new meeting! Come on, Nick, help me  
brainstorm.

He and Nicholas exit, excitedly.

MIKE

Will that work?

GREG

Without our hardware for the  
receivers? No. So, how's  
Alessandra?

MIKE

(grins)

How bad could she be?

EXT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE - DAY

Emma stands outside the chimp cage, after work, just out of  
the animals' reach, signing to the apes in American Sign  
Language (ASL).

An intern zookeeper (PHIL, 19) in uniform, walks up to Emma.

PHIL

What are you doing?

EMMA

Seeing if any of them know sign  
language. Like Nim Chimpsky.

The dominant male chimp (CLINT) comes over to the bars  
opposite Emma.

PHIL

That's the alpha. We call him  
Clint, on account'a he likes  
car'mels. Don'tcha, buddy?

He takes a couple of unwrapped chewy candies out of his pants  
pocket, and throws them into the cage.

A few of the other chimps advance toward the caramels; Clint  
chases them away, loudly asserting his alpha-male status.

EMMA

They're almost human.

Phil positions himself between the cage and Emma, vying for  
her attention.

PHIL

Don't let 'em fool ya: Like my  
uncle says, they got bodies, but no  
conscience. They can't go to  
heaven. I'm Phil. I'm interning  
here.

As he offers his unwashed hand to Emma, Clint extends a hand  
out of the cage, deftly fishing for the key ring in Phil's  
shirt pocket.

Phil whips around and away from the cage.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Clint! You leave them keys alone!  
Thou shalt not steal!  
(to Emma)  
See? They don't understand.

Phil's supervisor, JAY, approaches behind them.

JAY

Phil! I need you to clean the  
elephant cage. And the camels after  
that.

PHIL

Again?  
(to Emma)  
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe how much them elephants and camels can shit. 'Tween you and me, they get some nasty vaginal sores, too. See you 'round.

He trudges away, toward the elephant cages.

EMMA

(to herself)  
Almost human.

INT. FITNESS CLUB/CARDIO AREA - NIGHT

Greg enters, in his gym clothes.

He stops, seeing a shapely California blond (KAYLEIGH GOLDEN, early-20s), with her long hair tied back, jogging on a treadmill.

GREG

Oh, wow.

He takes a deep breath, heads for the treadmill beside her, and starts walking on it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where are you headed? The beach?

Kayleigh ignores him, staring straight ahead, as if he didn't even exist.

GREG (CONT'D)

I love long walks on treadmills in the moonlight. And New York in June. How about you?

The goddess continues ignoring him.

GREG (CONT'D)

See you in St. Louis.

He steps off the still-running treadmill and walks into the

STRENGTH-TRAINING AREA

A couple of muscular jocks (JACK and Arnold) are already working out, amid OTHERS.

Greg picks up a couple of light barbells from a rack, as Jack reaches for weights three times as heavy.

JACK  
(mocking)  
What're you gonna do with those?

He stares Greg down and then walks away, with his weights.

GREG  
(under his breath)  
Gift for your wife?

He puts the unimpressive weights back down, and walks instead toward one of the strength-training machines.

Arnold intercepts Greg, deliberately bumping him aside.

ARNOLD  
I'm using that.

Beat.

GREG  
As you wish.

He takes a step back toward the cardio training area.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Pan troglodyte.

ARNOLD  
What'd you say, bitch?

Greg stops.

GREG  
Practicing for my biology exam.  
(shrugs)  
Bitches gotta study. See you at  
Skeptics in the Pub.

ARNOLD  
Huh?

GREG  
Bitches gotta question everything.

He hastens toward the exits.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The monthly meeting of Skeptics in the Pub--two dozen adults, mostly middle-aged white men, many of them bearded.



The weary Greg sits beside BRIAN at a table, with a pint of beer and a basket of wings.

Phil stands, in his work clothes and dirty boots, holding a well-worn Bible, haranguing the skeptics.

PHIL  
Before he died, Darwin said  
evolution was wrong. He accepted  
Jesus as his savior!

GREG  
No he didn't.  
(to Brian)  
This is why we shouldn't publish  
the meetup address.

PHIL  
What good is half a wing? Or half  
an eye!

GREG  
Half a wing is better than none, in  
precisely the same way that half a  
pint is better than none. Or half a  
basket of wings is better than  
none. See?

He takes a wing from the basket, and bites off half of it.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Evolution in action.

PHIL  
Huh?

Greg rises from his chair.

GREG  
(to Brian)  
See you next month.  
(to Phil, ironically)  
God willing.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Standing with her violin, behind a sheet-music stand, Emma plays the opening phrases from Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik."

Her cat, AUDREY--named for her slender forepaws, a la Audrey Hepburn--relaxes on the couch.

EMMA  
(to Audrey)  
That's delightful. I didn't know  
you wrote that.

Audrey meows.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Greg sits down at his digital piano, placing an opened bottle of beer and a shot of tequila beside him.

He downs the shot, then starts noodling on the keys.

GREG  
Would monsieur care for a slice of  
Chopin?

He begins playing a Chopin Nocturne (Op.9 No.2).

GREG (CONT'D)  
It's delicately wafer-thin.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM

Dancing around the room with her violin, Emma plays a solo-violin version of a middle section from Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz, stopping at the end of a phrase.

EMMA  
(to Audrey)  
This one time, at pan-galactic band  
camp....

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Seated at his digital piano, a drunken Greg improvises a few blues-influenced lines.

GREG  
(singing)  
Don't gimme no more o' that Old  
Janx Spirit.

He takes a swig of beer.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
Just a little bit more o' that Old  
Janx Spirit.

He takes another swig, emptying the bottle.

GREG (CONT'D)

Just gimme one more o' that Old  
Janx Spirit.

He rises and walks unsteadily over to the

KITCHEN

Greg opens the fridge door.

GREG

Out of jynnan tonnyx. What Would  
Douglas Adams Do?

He takes another beer out of the fridge, opens the bottle,  
and walks to the

LIVING ROOM

He sits down on the sofa, and turns the widescreen HDTV on,  
channel surfing.

ON TV: A scene from the original King Kong movie, with the  
ape perched at the top of the Empire State Building.

Kong holds Fay Wray in one hand, and fights off biplanes with  
the other.

FLIP

"Every Which Way You Can": A '70s movie about a weather-  
beaten trucker and brawler (JOSEY, 40s) accompanied by his  
pet orangutan, ORVILLE.

They drive along in a beat-up pickup truck.

JOSEY

You have to stop thinkin' about  
her, Orville. Apes like her are a  
dime a dozen.

Orville blows a raspberry.

FLIP

An Animal Planet documentary: "Real Gorillas of Gombe  
Stream."

Members of a gorilla tribe sit around in the rainforest, grooming each other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Among members of the group, grooming serves as a means of bonding. Here, Fifi grooms Frodo ... until Passion decides it's her turn. This is common behavior among primates, and is their version of smalltalk, or gossip. It's a literal "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" relationship, and it speaks volumes about who's who in the social world of Gombe.

FLIP

"Real Teenagers of Beverly Hills": Two attractive high-school seniors, JENNIFER and LAURA, get ready for school, in front of a large bedroom mirror.

Jennifer stands behind Laura, doing the latter's hair.

JENNIFER

Did you see how Hilary was throwing herself at Vinnie after football practice?

LAURA

She's such a skank. When we bet who could had sex with the most boys over lunch-hour, she came in first!

JENNIFER

I didn't think anyone could beat your record.

LAURA

I know! Little junior bitch. She makes me feel old.

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

Greg stares at the TV, in disbelief.

GREG

Christ. They're worse than Gombe.

FLIP

ON TV: The Animal Planet documentary continues, showing a group of fighting, wild chimpanzees.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Pound for pound, chimps are three to five times stronger than humans. They put that strength to good use, in defending the tribe against outsiders ... and against any challengers to the alpha-male throne.

Frodo chases another male ape away from Fifi, barking aggressively at him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Across the Congo River we find their close relatives, the bonobos ["buh-NO-bos"]. With their thin necks and graceful hands, they almost look more suited for the library or concert hall than the gym. Even so, in a fight between a bonobo and a man, the bonobo would win. Thankfully, they seldom fight, preferring to "make love, not war."

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

Greg finishes his beer, turns off the TV, and rises from the couch.

GREG

That's my problem. I'm a bonobo in a world of chimps.

He turns out the lights, heading unsteadily for the bedroom.

GREG (CONT'D)

I want to make love, they want to make war. They end up making love and war, and I'm stuck making ... software.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sunlight streams in through Greg's bedroom window.

All from Greg's POV:

Greg awakens in bed.

He pushes off the covers, rises, and walks half-asleep to the

BATHROOM

closing the door behind him.

Eyes half open, he urinates into the toilet, gazing around the room and out of the window, with his hands and feet still out of his POV.

For just a moment, an unfamiliar long, slender shaft of flesh, from which the golden stream flows, darts into his lower field of vision.

He finishes peeing and flushes reflexively, catching the first glimpse of a dark, ape-like hand on the handle.

He grunts inquisitively--now being surprised at the sound of his own voice.

He steps over to the sink, and looks into the mirror--seeing the face of a lean bonobo ape staring back at him.

He attempts to speak, constrained to unintelligibility (always) by his new vocal anatomy:

BONOBO GREG

What the fuck?

He examines the front and back of his hands, and the fur on his arms, legs, and chest.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

What. The. Fuck.

He looks himself in the mirror again.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

Code Monkey?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bonobo Greg sits down at his kitchen table naked, opens his laptop, and begins typing.

He Googles: "Man changed into monkey".

He hits Enter, and scrolls down the list of unhelpful results.

He Googles again: "Man becomes ape disease".

He hits Enter again, and scrolls down the new list of results, finding nothing of use.

He Googles once more: "Code monkey is real monkey".

He pauses, then adds "Kafka" to the search terms, and hits Enter.

He scrolls down the results, shaking his head.

Finally, he lets out a wail of frustration, slamming his furry fist down on the wooden table.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Bonobo Greg enters a half-full subway car, with his backpack, in his work clothes.

The doors close behind him, and the train begins moving.

He sits down, takes his laptop out of the backpack, and opens a software specs document on his computer, occasionally catching a glimpse of his reflection in the screen and subway-car windows.

Across the aisle, three cute teenage girls (BRITTANY, KYLIE, and MARIAH) watch him, with fascination. They giggle, catch his eye, and look away.

Bonobo Greg returns to working on his laptop.

The girls continue looking him over (cf. Easy Rider).

BRITTANY

I like his hair all over his body.

KYLIE

And I like his eyes. And his hands.  
He looks like a musician.

Bonobo Greg looks up to meet their gaze; they again look away, shyly.

BONOBO GREG

(to himself)

Hot damn.

Farther down the subway car, an elderly couple (DWIGHT and LYNNE) from Louisiana gaze at Bonobo Greg with disdain.

DWIGHT

We ought to put him in a cage and charge admission to see 'im. Looks like a refugee from a gorilla love-in.

LYNNE

A gorilla couldn't love that.

INT. CNCS/ENTRANCE DOOR - DAY

Bonobo Greg places his thumb on the biometric scanner at the entrance door to CumuloNimbus Cloud Solutions.

It still recognizes his fingerprint, and unlocks the door.

He enters the office space.

INT. CNCS/GREG'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bonobo Greg sits down at his desk, and hooks his laptop into its dock.

Emma steps into the cubicle, focused on a sheaf of papers in her hand.

EMMA

Hey, Greg. The company's doing accessibility training, so you need to complete this by the end of the...

She hands him a paper, stopping cold at the sight of the ape (in Greg's clothes) seated in front of her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

...Cenozoic Era? Hello?

She performs the ASL sign for "Hello."

Bonobo Greg mimics the sign back to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(signing and speaking)

Are you Greg?

BONOBO GREG

Ughh.



He launches a text-to-speech app on his laptop, and types nimbly, as the app's synthesized voice reads his text, in the default woman's voice.

LAPTOP  
(female synthesized voice)  
Yes, I'm Greg.

Bonobo Greg growls, switches the app to a male voice, and has it read the line again.

LAPTOP (CONT'D)  
(male synthesized voice)  
Yes, I'm Greg.

EMMA  
What happened?

Bonobo Greg shrugs, and types.

LAPTOP  
(male synthesized voice)  
When I went to bed I was normal.  
Now I'm Dr. Zaius.

EMMA  
(shaking her head)  
Zaius was an orangutan. You look more like a bonobo--they're the smart, piano-playing ones. Can I get you anything?

Bonobo Greg types.

LAPTOP  
(male synthesized voice)  
A biography of Jane Goodall?

Beat.

EMMA  
Okay.

She exits, confused.

Nicholas strides in, focused on his iPhone.

NICHOLAS  
Code Monkey: JetStream isn't displaying properly on iOS 9. Didn't you bother to test--

He notices Greg's transformation into a literal monkey.

Jerome walks by in the hallway.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)  
Jerome, check this out. It's a real  
Code Monkey.

Jerome looks Bonobo Greg over.

JEROME  
Do we do to get vaccinated?  
Tetanus? Rabies? Malaria?

NICHOLAS  
I'd be more worried about the  
effect on our launch date. I'll  
talk to H.R. about bringing on  
additional resources.

Bonobo Greg types.

LAPTOP  
(male synthesized voice)  
Don't. They'll just get in the way.

JEROME  
Who said that?

NICHOLAS  
His text-to-speech app.

JEROME  
I thought only Stephen Hawking  
could afford those. I need to speak  
to you in my office. About the M-O-  
N-K-E-Y.

He and Nicholas exit.

Mike pokes his head into the cubicle, concerned.

MIKE  
Greg?

Bonobo Greg grunts.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
My goodness. What happened to you?

Bonobo Greg types.

LAPTOP  
(male synthesized voice)  
I fell asleep watching Animal  
Planet.

MIKE  
Is there anything I can do?

Bonobo Greg types.

LAPTOP  
(male synthesized voice)  
You know any bonobo lingerie  
models?

INT. CNCS/NICHOLAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Augusta stands behind Nicholas in his office, going over a financial statement on his computer screen.

She leans over his shoulder, to get a better look at the numbers.

AUGUSTA  
Couldn't we improve our bottom line  
by outsourcing the research and  
development?

Her hair brushes against Nicholas's shoulder.

NICHOLAS  
We can finish this off tomorrow.  
Let's meet in the boardroom in ten  
minutes, to ... go over a few  
things.

GREG'S CUBICLE

In a recording app opened in a remote-connection server window on his laptop, Bonobo Greg views the empty boardroom (from the POV of the videoconferencing cameras).

He presses the red "record" button, closes the window to the server, and shuts down his laptop.

Emma pokes her head in the doorway.

EMMA  
You want to go to the zoo? Meet  
some of your cousins?

BONOBO GREG  
(shrugs; unintelligibly)  
Okay.

EXT. L.A. ZOO - DAY

Emma shows Bonobo Greg around the primate exhibits.

The orangutans and the chimpanzees are kept in separate cages, with a brick-encircled garden between them.

Bonobo Greg carries an iPad, for occasional text-to-speech use.

EMMA  
I like coming here. It reminds me of the office. But with less shit-throwing.  
(she indicates the orangutan cage)  
There's the orangutans. They don't exchange greetings or make eye contact. Like New Yorkers.

Bonobo Greg grunts, in understanding.

Phil comes over, eyeing Bonobo Greg warily.

PHIL  
Uh....

EMMA  
It's okay: He's with me. From work.

PHIL  
Uh, alright.

He walks away, still eyeing Bonobo Greg uncertainly.

EMMA  
(to Bonobo Greg)  
And over here, our nearest evolutionary relatives: The chimpanzees.

An inquisitive, beta-male chimp (GLAUCON) comes over to the bars across from Emma.

Glaucou signs "Hi" to Emma; she signs the same greeting back.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
That's the smart, geeky one.  
Glaucou. From--

Bonobo Greg grunts to interrupt, and types on his iPad.

IPAD  
(male synthesized voice)  
Socrates.

Emma smiles.

EMMA  
Yeah. The dialogues. I've been  
teaching him sign language. He only  
knows one word, so far. But I guess  
that's how Plato started, too. Next  
thing you know, people were writing  
footnotes to him.

Bonobo Greg laughs a mildly hooting ape-laugh at the dry,  
clever reference. ("The philosophical tradition ... consists  
of a series of footnotes to Plato.")

Clint rushes on his knuckles toward Glaucou, chasing him away  
from the bars, to get a better look at Emma himself.

A female chimp (SONDRA) with swollen, red genitals knuckle-  
walks past Clint.

Instantly distracted, Clint turns and mounts her from behind,  
thrusting his penis into her swollen vulva.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Chimps have sex every seven hours,  
on average. But each copulation  
only lasts seven seconds. Bonobos  
are even friskier. They ... oh  
sorry, I guess you already know all  
about bonobo sex.

Bonobo Greg grunts and shakes his head, fascinated to learn  
more about an area he's still trying to figure out after his  
sudden transformation.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Their females greet each other by  
rubbing their genitals together  
'til they climax.

Bonobo Greg shows surprise.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Like Ellen fans. Or Tegan and Sara.  
They have sex--

Bonobo Greg gives a questioning grunt.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Bonobos.

Bonobo Greg nods and gives an "I understand" grunt.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They have sex every ninety  
minutes...

Bonobo Greg hoots.

EMMA (CONT'D)

...but only for fifteen seconds  
each time.

Bonobo Greg gives a disappointed grunt.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Male gorillas do it for a minute,  
but even with a harem they only  
have sex a few times each year. And  
orangutans go on for fifteen  
minutes.

Bonobo Greg grunts and types on his iPad.

IPAD

(male synthesized voice)  
Like New Yorkers.

EMMA

Ha! Not the ones I've dated.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike walks past the half-lit boardroom, in the otherwise-  
empty office, after hours.

He stops, hearing slippery, wet, rhythmic sounds, and groans  
of pleasure.

In the midst of the thigh-slapping:

AUGUSTA (O.S.)

(panting)  
About outsourcing....

NICHOLAS (O.S.)  
They'll never outsource this.

Beat.

MIKE  
(shakes his head)  
I knew I should have accepted that  
offer from Grey Interactive.

He walks on down the hall.

INT. FITNESS CLUB/STRENGTH-TRAINING AREA - NIGHT

Bonobo Greg pumps impressive amounts of iron on a barbell, testing his newfound ape muscles--and discovering for himself that, pound-for-pound, chimps and bonobos are far stronger than humans.

Nearby, Jack does curls with dumbbells, sneaking looks at his new competition, feeling suddenly inadequate by comparison.

Bonobo Greg puts down the barbell, and walks toward one of the strength-training machines, as Arnold coincidentally heads for the same machine.

Arnold takes one look at the "new alpha" and steps aside.

ARNOLD  
It's all yours.

As Bonobo Greg works out vigorously on the machine, Kayleigh watches him with interest, from a distance.

After many reps, Bonobo Greg gets up from the machine, and Kayleigh walks smoothly and over to him.

KAYLEIGH  
I don't think I've seen you here  
before. I'm Kayleigh.

She extends her delicate hand.

Bonobo Greg takes her hand and manages a congenial grunt in response, struck dumb by her beauty.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
You want to grab a coffee? Or  
juice?

Bonobo Greg nods a grunting "Yes."

INT. JUICE BAR - NIGHT

Bonobo Greg takes two fruit drinks from the bar, and carries them over to the table-for-two, where Kayleigh sits with her toned legs crossed, loosening her mane of blond hair.

Bonobo Greg puts the drinks down on the table, and sits down himself, opposite Kayleigh.

KAYLEIGH  
Passion fruit. My favorite.

She takes a sip.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
So I'm still trying to figure out what to do with my life.

Bonobo Greg grunts, with interest.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
I'm interested in the history of fashion. Like, you know the seam down the back of Marilyn Monroe's stockings?

Bonobo Greg grunts and nods with recognition.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
That's because they had to sew her into them. It only became "sexy" after she started wearing them.

Bonobo Greg grunts with interest, giving her his full attention.

Kayleigh looks him in the eyes, dreamily.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
I swore I'd never date another bodybuilder. All they ever talk about is their pecs, and their delts, how many reps they did. But you ... you're such a good listener.

Bonobo Greg grunts and nods, in sympathetic agreement.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)  
My boyfriend's out camping, with his buddies. My apartment's just down the street, if you want to come up for some ... wine.



She puts her hand warmly on his, on the tabletop.

Bonobo Greg grunts and nods a gentle "Yes."

He rises, with Kayleigh's hand in his.

INT. KAYLEIGH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streams in through the window.

Kayleigh's long, blond hair cascades over Bonobo Greg's furry chest, as they sleep together in Kayleigh's bed, her head on his breast.

Bonobo Greg opens his eyes, and slips out from under Kayleigh's arms.

He walks softly to the

BATHROOM

Bonobo Greg turns on the light, and closes the door.

He looks at himself in the bathroom mirror, shakes his head in disbelief, then grins, and hoots softly at his good luck.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

DR. TROY HIGGINS (40s) opens a door and enters an

EXAMINATION ROOM

Bonobo Greg sits on the examination table, with his iPad.

Dr. Higgins sits down in a chair by a computer desk.

DR. HIGGINS

Good morning, Mr. Samska.

Bonobo Greg grunts.

Dr. Higgins calls up Bonobo Greg's file on his PC.

DR. HIGGINS (CONT'D)

We have the results of your genome sequencing. You have the human form of the FOX-P2 gene, not the chimp allele. So your speech limitations aren't genetic.

Bonobo Greg grunts, and types on his iPad.

IPAD  
(male synthesized voice)  
What's next?

Dr. Higgins rises from his chair.

DR. HIGGINS  
There's a surgical option. We'd  
enlarge your pharynx, and  
reconstruct the soft palate to give  
it a more human architecture. With  
a tongue and vocal-cord transplant  
from a suitable donor--

Bonobo Greg types on his iPad.

IPAD  
(male synthesized voice)  
Tongue?

DR. HIGGINS  
The human tongue, vocal cords, and  
mouth are more flexible than the  
apes'.

He examines Bonobo Greg's face, in his hands.

DR. HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
You'll never have the maxillofacial  
pliability of a homo sapien. But  
with surgical intervention, there's  
no medical reason why you wouldn't  
be able to produce intelligible  
human speech.

Bonobo Greg grunts, and types on his iPad.

IPAD  
(male synthesized voice)  
Woo-hoo!

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. L.A. ZOO/ENTRANCE GATES - DAY

Emma stands outside the gates, handing out flyers to the  
entering crowd.

EMMA

An elephant is killed every fifteen minutes by a poacher. That's a hundred every day. At that rate, all elephants in the wild will be dead in ten years. Air Shepherd can stop it. Support us on Indiegogo!

A passing MAN, leading his family in, accepts a flyer.

INT. CNCS/GREG'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bonobo Greg sits, working at his laptop.

There are bandages wrapped around his neck, and his mouth is shut gingerly.

In a remote-connection server window on his laptop, with a media player app opened, he scrubs through a file recorded from the POV of the boardroom videoconferencing cameras.

The fast-forwarded images show a meeting between Jerome and Nicholas.

Bonobo Greg drags the file to a folder on his laptop.

Emma pokes her head into the space, with a flyer in her hand; Bonobo Greg quickly closes the server window.

She plonks the flyer down on his desk, planting it right in front of him.

EMMA

Save the elephants.

Bonobo Greg grunts, more annoyed than interested.

EMMA (CONT'D)

How'd the surgery go?

Bonobo Greg shrugs.

Emma turns to exit, and takes a step away; then completes the full turn and takes a step back toward Bonobo Greg, winding up in the same place she started.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you know anyone who plays piano?  
I need an accompaniest.  
Accompanist. For my concert.

INT. CNCS/NICHOLAS' OFFICE - DAY

Nicholas tears his hair out, revising a word-processor document.

NICHOLAS  
This is crazy.

Jerome pokes his head in the door.

JEROME  
Say, Nick: How about we skip out early for a game of golf? Man against ball, armed with nothing more than a five--

NICHOLAS  
Mike and I are up to our asses revising the specs for JetStream 2.0.

JEROME  
I got a pretty good start on those, you shouldn't have much--

NICHOLAS  
(to his monitor, but intended for Jerome)  
They're incoherent. Like they were written by someone with Alzheimer's.

JEROME  
Oh. Well, if anyone needs me....  
The voice of experience....

He exits, dejected.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Bonobo Greg sits on the examination table in Dr. Higgins's office, with the bandages still around his throat.

He holds his mouth open, as Dr. Higgins examines his tongue with a tongue depressor.

DR. HIGGINS  
Yes, that's healing nicely. Let's take a look at your throat.

He removes the bandages from around Bonobo Greg's neck.

DR. HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Good.

He finishes removing the bandages.

DR. HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Why don't you try to say something?

Bonobo Greg clears his throat.

BONOBO GREG

(tentative)

The rain, in Spain ... falls mainly  
on the plain?

DR. HIGGINS

Yes. Very good.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Greg walks along the sidewalk toward the CNCS building.

Two beautiful women (DANICA and MADISON, early-20s) approach from the other direction. They look Bonobo Greg shyly in the eye as they pass.

GREG

Good morning.

DANICA

Uh, hi.

(to Madison)

Who was that?

Greg smiles to himself and keeps walking, sneaking a quick glance back at the babes, as they watch him.

As he approaches a crossing side street, the ugly black SUV, with open windows, again pulls alongside him, hugging the curb, still being driven by the twenty-something, macho Dick (with no passenger).

The SUV slows and turns uncertainly, without signaling, onto the side street. As before, it crawls to a stop, blocking Greg's pedestrian path.

GREG

Again??

He walks to directly in front of the vehicle, and begins making fierce monkey noises, leaping and beating his chest, then beating with his fists on the hood, etc.

INT. SUV

DICK

Shit!

He panics, puts the vehicle into reverse, and steps on the gas, barely looking in the rear-view mirror.

EXT. SIDEWALK

A cement-mixer truck's horn blows, a split second before the truck clips the rear of the SUV, spinning the SUV sideways in the sidestreet.

Bonobo Greg walks over to the SUV driver's door and leans into the open window, speaking to the unharmed but disoriented and extremely frightened, gibbering Dick.

BONOBO GREG

(calmly)

Where's your girlfriend?

DICK

She's, uh ... we split up.

BONOBO GREG

Chicks, huh?

DICK

(beat)

Yeah.

BONOBO GREG

Guess I'll shut up now. If that's alright with you.

DICK

Uh ... okay.

Bonobo Greg walks away, along the sidewalk, toward the CNCS office.

INT. CNCS/TECH MEETING ROOM - DAY

Half a dozen software and hardware DEVELOPERS (20s and 30s), including Theo, sit around a meeting table.

Bonobo Greg enters and walks up to the whiteboard, leading the design meeting.

BONOBO GREG

Sorry I'm late. Ran into a moron in a dickmobile. There's some new requirements for JetStream. More notes from the Salieris, to improve our symphony.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands, playing her violin emotively.

Bonobo Greg accompanies her on his digital piano, as they finish practicing Mozart's Sonata for violin and piano in G major, K.301.

EMMA

That's good. Peter Gabriel would be impressed. Watch out, or he'll want you to tour with him.

She puts her violin back in its case.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You want to grab a sandwich?

BONOBO GREG

I can't--I'm meeting with a leader from the Secular Student Alliance. They want me to debate a Young Earth Creationist.

EMMA

Which one?

BONOBO GREG

Ken Bacon.

EMMA

Sounds like fun!

BONOBO GREG

Are you being facetious?

EMMA

(taken aback)

No. I love stuff like that. I have Richard Dawkins' autograph. When's it happening?

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

A packed hall, for the debate between religious and secular sides, on the teaching of evolution in schools.

Bonobo Greg sits patiently in a chair, onstage, dressed in a well-tailored suit.

Emma sits in the front row. Several seats to her right is the academically attractive CATHERINE (20s) with her boyfriend; several seats to her left is the comparable ANDREA (20s).

A webcam is set up in front of the stage, streaming the event live on the Internet.

KEN BACON (40s), representing the Biblical side, stands at his lectern, speaking into the mic.

KEN

If evolution is true, why are there still monkeys? Why haven't they all evolved into humans by now? Evolution is just a theory. Let's teach the controversy.

He sits down in his chair onstage, to a smattering of polite applause.

INT. HOUSE/BASEMENT

Phil sits on the couch in his parents' basement, a lite beer in hand, watching the streaming debate on a modest Internet-enabled TV.

PHIL

You tell 'em, Uncle Ken. I didn't evolve from no uncivilized monkeys!

He takes a swig of beer, and belches.

The belch turns into an open-mouthed yawn.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Geez. I was up too early, cleanin' them camel toes.

PHIL'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Phil, have you cleaned your room yet?

PHIL

I'm watchin' Uncle Ken's debate!



PHIL'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Honor thy father and thy mother.

PHIL  
I'll do it later, Mom! Sheesh!  
(to himself)  
I bet Jesus never had to clean his  
own room.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL

Bonobo Greg rises and walks up to his lectern and mic.

BONOBO GREG  
(into the mic)  
Yes, why haven't the apes all  
evolved into humans by now? And  
where are all the missing links?

He shrugs comically, idly studying his almost-human hands.

The predominantly secular Audience chuckles.

Bonobo Greg basks in the attention of the girls in the audience, temporarily distracted by Catherine and then by Andrea.

Emma glances first at Catherine, then follows Bonobo Greg's gaze to Andrea.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
The idea that the first five books  
of the Bible were written by Moses,  
is just a theory. And it's a  
completely wrong theory: Even  
theologians know that those books  
were assembled from at least four  
earlier documents, and the Exodus  
never happened. Teach that  
controversy.

The Audience applauds lightly.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
Noah's Ark is just a theory. And an  
laughably ridiculous one, when you  
consider the migrations that would  
have had to occur. Penguins from  
the Antarctic trekking up to the  
Middle East and back again, without  
even a stop in Madagascar.

The Audience chuckles.

Bonobo Greg, ignoring Emma, again has to tear his gaze away from Catherine, Andrea, and the other smiling women scattered throughout the audience.

Emma again glances first at Catherine, then at Andrea, then twists her neck to get a glimpse of the rows behind her, increasingly suspicious.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

The idea that Adam and Eve lived six thousand years ago in the Garden of Eden isn't even a theory. It's a fairy tale, comparable to the belief that Hansel and Gretel were the first boy and girl created by God--or that Our Father in heaven, Geppetto, sent his only wooden Son, Pinocchio, to lie for our sins.

The Audience laughs.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

(singing)  
When you wish upon a star...  
(speaking)  
of Bethlehem.

The Audience laughs.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

Santa Christ and the twelve apostles, Jesus Claus and his eight tiny reindeer. All of them, ludicrous, childish fairy tales, unworthy of belief by any rational adult.

The Audience claps.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

(deliberately)  
The fact that humans share 98.7 percent of their DNA with both chimps and bonobos is not just a theory. Also not a theory, is the scientific fact that as humans migrated out of Africa, they interbred with Neanderthals. In some parts of L.A., they still do.

The Audience laughs.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

To paraphrase Voltaire: If the Chief Primate didn't exist, we'd have to invent him. And we'd show him all the signs of submission that beta apes give to their alphas.

Catherine, Andrea, and the other women continue gazing raptly, enthralled by this unique "alpha male."

Emma fidgets, steaming silently at being so conspicuously ignored.

INT. CNCS/JEROME'S OFFICE

Jerome sharpens a pencil in an electric sharpener, with a packet of fig newtons open on his desk.

JEROME

Pencils and paper, those were the days. Clark Gable, Errol Flynn....

Nicholas enters.

NICHOLAS

We need to talk.

JEROME

Come in. Can I get you a ... pencil?

He offers his; Nicholas ignores it.

NICHOLAS

It's about Mike. I've covered for him as long as I can, but he's just not doing his job. Augusta will back me up on that. I spend more time explaining to him why he's wrong than I actually spend working.

JEROME

I knew it! Beneath that cool, confident, lingerie-model-dating exterior is a ... a.... So, what do you need from me?

NICHOLAS

You've got to take him off the JetStream project. Get him out of here. For the good of the company.

JEROME

Consider it done! We'll tear his balls off!

NICHOLAS

(beat)  
Sure.

JEROME

One hand washes the other. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. You can lead a horse to water, uh....

(he offers)  
Fig newton?

Nicholas takes the pastry without a word, and puts it in his mouth.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Hey, that Augusta's really something.

NICHOLAS

(stops chewing)  
Heh?

EXT. KARATE CLUB - DAY

Bonobo Greg approaches the front doors, carrying his gym bag.

A beautiful brunette (NINA, early-20s) exits with her bag.

BONOBO GREG

What's up? Broken any hearts lately?

NINA

(beat)  
One or two.

BONOBO GREG

Care to make it three?

NINA

(intrigued)  
Maybe.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM HALLWAY

Emma walks past the boardroom carrying a handful of papers, in the otherwise-empty office, after hours.

She stops and cocks her ear, hearing slippery, wet, rhythmic, thigh-slapping sounds coming from the half-lit room.

BOARDROOM

Jerome bangs Augusta, doggy-style, at the head of the table.

JEROME

I like the cut of your jibs, Miss Perot. Who do you think we should fire first? After Mike.

AUGUSTA

That dweeb who delivers the pay stubs--limey cunt.

Jerome stops thrusting.

JEROME

I've never thought of her as slimy.

AUGUSTA

Limey cunt.

JEROME

Can we discriminate based on hygiene? I'd hate to wind up in a lawsuit. If she was born that way--

AUGUSTA

Limey! Not slimey!

JEROME

(calming)  
Alright, now. No need to get your panties in a bunch.

He glances down at her panties, bunched around her ankles.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Er, keep calm and carry on, as the Brits used to say.

He resumes thrusting.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
You know why they called them  
slimeys.

Augusta plants her face on the table.

AUGUSTA  
(to herself)  
Dear God. Make it stop.

BOARDROOM HALLWAY

Emma sighs.

EMMA  
Maybe they're hiring at Grey  
Interactive.

She walks on down the hall.

INT. KARATE CLUB - NIGHT

Bonobo Greg and his karate partner BRUCE (20s) wear karate  
outfits.

Bruce holds two pine boards back-to-back, vertically, with  
their face toward Bonobo Greg.

A pretty Asian girl (MIDORI, 20) watches, along with a few  
other classmates.

Bonobo Greg focuses, then strikes through the boards with his  
hand, held sideways...

BONOBO GREG  
Hi-yah!

...breaking them cleanly in half.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
(to Midori)  
Learned that from Miss Piggy.

Midori giggles, and smiles invitingly at him.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM - DAY

Jerome, Nicholas, and Augusta sit on one side of the table,  
with Mike across from them.

JEROME

(to Mike)

The bottom line is, you're not pulling your weight. We can't afford to keep covering for you.

MIKE

I've done everything that's been asked of me, and more.

NICHOLAS

It's your word against mine.

AUGUSTA

And mine.

JEROME

And mine. If you want to exit gracefully, clean out your desk, and have your resignation on my desk by tomorrow at 9 a.m. Or ten. I'll try to get in by ten-thirty.

He rises from his chair and heads for the door, followed by Nicholas and Augusta.

They exit, leaving Mike alone in the room.

He rises.

MIKE

I'll have it there by eight.

INT. CNCS/ENTRANCE DOOR - DAY

Emma enters, with a take-out coffee in her hand.

MIKE'S OFFICE

Mike packs his personal belongings into bankers boxes.

Emma enters from the hallway with her coffee, fearing the worst.

EMMA

Mike? What are you doing?

MIKE

The Three Stooges are kicking me out.

EMMA

They can't do that. You're the only competent, non-psychopathic executive they've ever had!

Mike stops packing, and smiles wistfully.

MIKE

I'll miss you too, Emma. If you ever need a reference....

He continues packing.

EMMA

Are you coming to the AGM?

MIKE

I don't think--

EMMA

You're still a shareholder, right?

Mike stops packing.

STAFF KITCHEN

Bonobo Greg waits by the microwave, as it counts down to zero.

BONOBO GREG

(as Captain Picard)

Tea. Earl Grey. Hot.

The microwave beeps. Bonobo Greg opens its door, and takes out the steaming cup of tea.

Emma enters, agitated.

EMMA

Have you heard about Mike?

BONOBO GREG

That he's "pursuing other opportunities"?

EMMA

We have to do something.



BONOBO GREG

In case you haven't noticed, aside from actually creating whatever product these bozos are trying to sell on any given Wednesday, I don't count for shit around here.

EMMA

So you're just going to let them shaft Mike?

BONOBO GREG

Unless you know of someone hiring programmers with big, furry opposable thumbs.

EMMA

You know where you can stick those big, furry thumbs.

BONOBO GREG

Around middle-C, accompanying you on piano tonight?

EMMA

Shit. Yeah, there too.

Her eyes narrow.

She picks a long blond hair off Bonobo Greg's furry shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Whose is this?

BONOBO GREG

Jane?

EMMA

Very funny, Tarzan.

INT. SMALL CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A small classical performance venue, with theater seating for several hundred audience members (including Theo).

Onstage, Emma (in an elegant dress) plays violin.

Bonobo Greg, wearing a long-tail tuxedo jacket, accompanies her on a grand piano.

Together, they perform Mozart's Sonata for violin and piano in G major, K.301.

As Emma plays, she keeps an eye out for beautiful women in the audience--finding (from her POV) at least half a dozen, including the gorgeous blond SHANNON and the equally beautiful brunette AMANDA (both early-20s), seated side-by-side in the center of the front row. They wear low-cut dresses, their eyes riveted on Bonobo Greg.

Emma glances back at Bonobo Greg, suspicious ... but he's fully absorbed in performing his musical part.

She again surveys the rapt babes distributed throughout the audience, agitated.

Bonobo Greg sneaks a quick peek at Shannon and Amanda, trying not to smile.

INT. SMALL CONCERT HALL/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Members of the audience crowd around Emma and Bonobo Greg (separately), congratulating them after the show.

On the wall near them is a decorative pair of crossed swords on a plaque.

Emma's violin and bow rest on a side table.

The group around her is primarily composed of her relatives, including her snaggletoothed British UNCLE ERNIE (50s).

UNCLE ERNIE

Well done, Emma. Say, how do you get to Carnegie Hall?

(beat)

Practice.

Half a dozen beautiful young women (incl. Shannon and Amanda) in revealing dresses flock around Bonobo Greg.

SHANNON

(to Bonobo Greg)

Would you autograph my chest?

She hands him a marker, offering her abundant cleavage for his canvas.

BONOBO GREG

(nonchalant)

Sure.

He starts writing across her breasts, then shakes the marker.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

(wryly)  
It's running out of ink.

AMANDA

There's a party at the Tomcat  
Mansion tomorrow. Larry wanted us  
to invite you.

BONOBO GREG

Larry Hughes?

SHANNON

He liked the way you tore the balls  
off that creationist. Justin  
Beaver'll be there.

BONOBO GREG

Beaver?

AMANDA

Action starts around ten.

Bonobo Greg holds the ineffective marker in mid-air, his  
signature still only half-complete.

SHANNON

(smiles)  
We'll get some fresh markers.

They turn and walk away.

BONOBO GREG

It's good to be King ... of the  
Apes.

As the last of Emma's admirers leave her, she turns and  
glares at Bonobo Greg, furious.

She picks up her violin bow, then strides over and pokes  
Bonobo Greg aggressively in the abdomen with it.

EMMA

This was my show!

She pokes him again with the bow.

BONOBO GREG

Stop poking me!

He backs away, but she keeps pace with him, poking him yet  
again.

EMMA

No!

Bonobo Greg grabs a rapier from the plaque on the wall.

Throughout the following he parries her violin-bow thrusts, as they move through the stairs, backstage machinery, and instruments in a "Princess Bride"-worthy violin-swordfight.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This was my show!

BONOBO GREG

'Cause you're the talent with the organ grinder, and I'm just the monkey doing tricks and collecting coins? I deserve that applause as much as you do.

EMMA

I'm not talking about the applause. I'm trying to build a career as a serious performer, and I can't swing a dead parrot without hitting some bird with tits out to Gibraltar...

BONOBO GREG

What?

EMMA

Near Spain! ... who's only here 'cause she's got the hots for a piano-playing monkey!

BONOBO GREG

I'm an ape!

EMMA

(rolls her eyes)

I know that, Darwin. I was speaking colloquially.

BONOBO GREG

I'm an alpha male: I have to sleep around. If I don't, some other ape'll come along, and I'm back to being an invisible beta!

EMMA

You weren't invisible to me. So who haven't you fucked yet? Inigo Montoya's sister?

BONOBO GREG

(sarc)

Nice one, Buttercup. What are you so pissed about? We never even dated.

Beat. Emma relaxes her bow/sword, conflicted.

EMMA

Enjoy your bimbos.

BONOBO GREG

That's the best you can do?

EMMA

Enjoy your bimbos. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. To the last syllable of recorded time.

She turns on her heel and walks away.

INT. CNCS/HALLWAY - DAY

Employees walk toward the office entrance door at quitting time, with Theo and Emma bringing up the rear.

THEO

Great show last night.

EMMA

Thanks. I wasn't sure anyone was listening to the music.

They exit.

GREG'S CUBICLE

Bonobo Greg makes a few final changes to the JetStream app, then shuts down his computer and rises from his chair.

Augusta steps up to his cubicle door.

AUGUSTA

Where do you think you're going?

BONOBO GREG

Party at the Tomcat Mansion.

AUGUSTA

I've underestimated you. Underneath all that dorky bullshit, you're a real animal.

BONOBO GREG

Coming from you, that means a lot.

As he tries to squeeze past Augusta she puts her arm out, stopping him.

AUGUSTA

(threatening)

Monkey: Whoever winds up running this company, a year from now I'll be micro-managing every department. I can make your life very easy ... or I can outsource your job to India. Do you know how they treat monkeys in India?

BONOBO GREG

Worship them.

AUGUSTA

Huh?

BONOBO GREG

Hanuman, the monkey-god. Central character in the Ramayana. Monkeys are his representatives on earth. They have free run of the country. All the bananas they can eat.

AUGUSTA

Be in the boardroom in five minutes. Unless you want to find out what they do to monkeys ... in North Korea.

She walks away down the hall--her flat, receding butt offering neither consolation nor interest.

BONOBO GREG

So now I have to Google that?

INT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Clint sniffs around the willing Sondra, and then mounts her from behind.

She shrieks with ape-ish delight.

INT. CNCS/BOARDROOM HALLWAY

The door to the half-lit boardroom opens from inside and Bonobo Greg steps out, smoothing his tangled fur, feeling dirty.

BONOBO GREG

North Korea couldn't be worse than that.

He walks down the hall.

EXT. TOMCAT MANSION - NIGHT

Bonobo Greg rings the doorbell, wearing a Curious George baseball cap on backwards.

Shannon opens the door, smiling, and talking over the noise of the hip-hop music pounding the walls inside.

SHANNON

Come on in.

INT. TOMCAT MANSION/PARTY ROOM

Shannon leads Bonobo Greg into a room full of beautiful people (incl. Amanda, LARRY HUGHES [80s], and CHUCKY [40s], a solidly built black man).

Onstage, JUSTIN BEAVER performs: A 19-year-old white rapper, with prominent bucked teeth covered by gold grills.

He wears designer sunglasses and a baseball cap on backwards--with the bill of the cap stylized into a protruding beaver's tail.

A diamond-studded solid-gold maple leaf hangs around his neck on a heavy gold chain.

He finishes his karaoke song; the audience applauds.

JUSTIN

Alright, who else wants to do some karaoke?

SHANNON

(to Bonobo Greg)  
You should.

AMANDA

Yeah!

CROWD  
Yeah! Do it!

BONOBO GREG  
Alright.

He gets up onstage; Justin hands him the mic.

JUSTIN  
Nice hat.

BONOBO GREG  
(to Justin)  
Mind if I borrow your sunglasses?

JUSTIN  
Okay, sure.

He removes his sunglasses, and hands them to Bonobo Greg.

The backing music for Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey" begins playing. (Alt: Any hip-hop song, with custom parody lyrics about monkeys.)

CHUCKY  
Shock dat funky monkey!

Bonobo Greg dances onstage.

The audience dances and claps along.

BONOBO GREG  
(singing)  
Cover me when I run  
Cover me through the fire  
Something knocked me out the trees  
Now I'm on my knees  
Darling  
Don't you monkey with the monkey

Justin watches Bonobo Greg perform--feeling uncomfortably exposed without his sunglasses, no longer the coolest guy in the room.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
Hey! Monkey, monkey, monkey  
Don't you know you're going to  
Shock the monkey



In a fit of Gabriel-inspired audience interaction, Bonobo Greg throws himself backward off the stage, crowd-surfing on the sea of beautiful arms.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Hungover the next morning, Bonobo Greg walks along the sidewalk, with one furry arm wrapped around Shannon's slender waist, and the other around Amanda's.

Greg wears Justin Beaver's sunglasses, with the Curious George baseball cap turned backward on his head.

BONOBO GREG

That was a night to remember.

SHANNON

What do you mean?

BONOBO GREG

Well, the party, and--

SHANNON

We do that every night.

INT. CAFE

Emma sips a breakfast latte at a window table, working on her laptop.

(Ideal ambient music: Joe Jackson, "Is She Really Going Out With Him?")

She looks out at the sidewalk and sees Bonobo Greg approaching on the sidewalk, between Shannon and Amanda.

Emma shakes her head, sighs, and closes her laptop.

EXT. CAFE/SIDEWALK

Bonobo Greg notices Emma through the glass in the coffee shop.

He continues walking along, with his arms wrapped snugly around Shannon and Amanda.

BONOBO GREG  
(to Amanda)  
What say you, Glaucon?

AMANDA  
Huh?

BONOBO GREG  
(to Shannon)  
Plato?

SHANNON  
What?

BONOBO GREG  
The Allegory of the Cave? All we see are shadows cast by objects passing in front of a fire, but a philosopher's like a prisoner who's been freed--

SHANNON  
(laughs)  
You think too much. We just want to have fun.

Beat.

BONOBO GREG  
The Cyndi Lauper school of philosophy?

SHANNON  
Who?

Beat.

BONOBO GREG  
Plato's little sister.

He glances back at the café, looking in vain for a glimpse of Emma through the glass, but not finding her.

INT. CNCS/ENTRANCE DOOR - DAY

Bonobo Greg, still hungover and wearing Justin Beaver's sunglasses, places his thumb on the biometric scanner.

It recognizes him, beeps, and unlocks the door.

BONOBO GREG

Code Monkey think too much. Three  
Bears think too little. Bimbos  
think just right.

He enters the office.

INT. CNCS/GREG'S CUBICLE

Bonobo Greg enters his work area, to just inside the doorway,  
wearing Beaver's sunglasses.

He puts his backpack down on his desk.

BONOBO GREG

Somebody's been sleeping in my bed.  
You want porridge for breakfast?

He gets his laptop out of the backpack.

HALLWAY

Emma makes her way down the hall, again distributing pay-stub  
envelopes.

Augusta approaches Bonobo Greg's cubicle from the opposite  
direction.

AUGUSTA

Hey, sex-monkey.

She reaches in and tousles his hair, as he makes an effort to  
not recoil from her touch. She then puts her hand on his  
shoulder and speaks softly, menacingly, into his ear.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)

See you again tonight.

She walks on, pointedly ignoring the approaching Emma.

Emma glares at her.

GREG'S CUBICLE

Bonobo Greg sits down heavily in his chair, puts his head in  
his hands, and groans.

BONOBO GREG

Kim Jong-il.

Emma stops conspicuously outside Bonobo Greg's cubicle.

Bonobo Greg raises his weary head, and meets her stare.

EMMA

I've met a handful of people who  
behaved better than animals. You  
used to be one of them.

She tosses his pay-stub envelope at him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Justin Beaver called. He wants his  
sunglasses back.

BONOBO GREG

Very funny.

He opens his envelope.

EMMA

(witheringly)

Justin Beaver called reception.  
They put him through to me. He's  
pissed that you walked off with his  
sunglasses. Alright?

She turns and stalks away down the hall, slamming pay stubs  
down on other employees' desks.

EXT. JUSTIN BEAVER'S HOUSE - DAY

Bonobo Greg walks up to the imposing front door of a Pasadena  
mansion, wearing Justin's sunglasses.

He knocks on the door.

Justin opens the door from inside, squinting in the sunlight,  
focused on his cell phone.

JUSTIN

It's about time.

BONOBO GREG

Sorry about that.

He takes off the sunglasses, and hands them to Justin.

Justin puts the shades on, immediately cool again.

JUSTIN

Hey, you want to hang out? I was just checking my Twitter followers. You must have loads of new ones after last night.

BONOBO GREG

Thanks, but I've got to visit my ... cousins.

JUSTIN

Okay, sure. Catch you later.

He returns his attention to his phone, going back inside and closing the door behind him.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Bonobo Greg trudges alone through the greenspace, under trees, on his way to the L.A. Zoo.

Away from him, in a clearing, TWO KIDS fly remote-control biplanes.

EXT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE - DAY

With few other visitors around, Bonobo Greg walks up to the chimp cage, depressed.

Glaucou comes over to greet the exotic visitor, signing "Hi" against the bars.

BONOBO GREG

What say you, Glaucou?

(beat)

Ow!

He twists his head around and feels with his hand, for a tranquilizer dart stuck in his rump.

Phil stands behind him, holding a tranquilizer gun.

PHIL

Get back in your cage, you atheist monkey!

INT. CNCS/HALLWAY - DAY

Nicholas strides toward Greg's cubicle, focused on a paper sketch in his hands.

He reaches the door to the cubicle, and halts.

NICHOLAS

We need to change the interface. I want--

He looks up, finding Greg's cubicle empty.

Emma walks by, in the hall.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that monkey? I've got to make changes to JetStream, before the AGM!

EMMA

I don't know, I--

NICHOLAS

Find him! If you can't, we'll hire someone who can.

He stalks off.

Emma sighs, and enters

GREG'S CUBICLE

Emma sits down in Greg's chair, picks up his phone, and dials.

EMMA

(into the phone)

Justin? It's Emma from CumuloNimbus --we spoke this morning? This is a longshot, but do you have any idea where Greg.... His cousins? No, I think I know what it means. Thanks.

She hangs up the phone, quietly exasperated.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Of all the zoos in all the world, he had to walk into mine.

She rises, and walks out.

INT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Lying on his face on the concrete floor, stripped of his clothing, Bonobo Greg slowly regains consciousness.

He gazes with blurry vision (his POV) at the other chimps, all watching him intensely--Glaucou at the rear.

He tries to speak...

BONOBO GREG

What the--

...but the bandana tied tightly around his head, through his mouth, gags his speech.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

(through the gag)

Glaucou?

Led by Clint, the chimps close in on Bonobo Greg--their fangs bared, howling at the intruder from another tribe.

EXT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Emma walks through the sparse morning crowds.

Hearing a cacophony of noise coming from the chimp cage, she hurries up to it.

There, Clint chases the scampering, terrified Bonobo Greg aggressively around the cage, with the other chimps howling wildly for blood.

EMMA

Greg? Omigod. They'll kill him.

She turns, and sprints for the Zookeeper's Office.

EXT. ZOOKEEPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma runs up to the window.

Peering inside (her POV) she sees Phil alone in the office with his head down on the desk, asleep in the cooling breeze of a desk fan.

Between his head and the fan is a ring of keys, for the locks on the animal cages.

Emma steps quickly to the office door, turns the knob deftly, and enters the building.

INT. ZOOKEEPER'S OFFICE

Emma tiptoes hurriedly over to the desk...

PHIL  
(talking in his restless  
sleep)  
No more camel toes.

...and lifts the keyring quietly out from under Phil's nose.

INT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Clint continues chasing the panicking Bonobo Greg aggressively around the cage--his prey bouncing around like a pinball, as the other chimps (incl. Glaucon) collude in dynamically blocking his path.

EXT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Emma runs up to the cage door, holding the keyring.

EMMA  
Greg!

Bonobo Greg screams through his gag and glances pleadingly at her just for an instant, running for his life.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'll distract him!

She turns away from the cage, unbuttons and unzips her jeans, and then pulls her jeans and underwear down to below her knees.

She bends forward, with her rump and deliberately exposed vulva facing the cage.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(over her shoulder)  
Clint! I'm ovulating!

Clint stops chasing Bonobo Greg, and hurries over on his knuckles to the cage door--his thirst instantly switched from blood to sex.

He stands erect and presses his body against the cage bars, sniffing excitedly and straining to grab Emma's butt, just out of his reach.



Failing at that, he pokes his erect penis through the cage bars, stretching and thrusting in Emma's direction.

Penetrating nothing but air, he starts masturbating, with his slender penis and leathery hands protruding through the cage bars, grunting with pleasure, his gaze locked on her sex organs.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Am I your Million Dollar Baby?

She wiggles her hips, and angles her pelvis even more toward him.

Clint hoots, jerking himself off.

Bonobo Greg eyes Clint pensively, moving silently closer to the alpha, waiting to strike--while sneaking the quickest possible glance at Emma's backside himself.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The Good, the Bad, and the Horny?  
For a Few Vulvas More?

As Clint's masturbatory motions reach a fever pitch, Bonobo Greg jumps to Clint's side and screams at the top of his lungs.

Clint turns, surprised, to face the source of the noise, just as Bonobo Greg karate-chops him in the throat with all his might.

Clint falls to the concrete cage floor, gasping for air and ejaculating on himself.

Emma quickly pulls up her pants, then unlocks and opens the cage door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Bonobo Greg slips out of the cage; Emma closes and locks the door behind him, hurling the keyring into the bushes.

INT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Inside the cage, the other chimps gather around the prone, gasping Clint--first tentatively poking at him, then increasingly gang-beating on him mercilessly (led by Glaucon), in long-craved revenge for his years of bullying.

EXT. L.A. ZOO/CHIMP CAGE

Emma unties and removes the gag from Bonobo Greg's mouth.

BONOBO GREG  
What are they doing?

EMMA  
Tearing his balls off. Come on!

She grabs his hand, and they run through the sparse crowd.

Emma glances back over her shoulder, and sees Phil standing at the edge of the garden, aiming a tranquilizer gun at Bonobo Greg's rump.

PHIL  
I told yous [sic] to get back in  
your cage, you soul-less monkey!

As he fires the dart, Emma leaps toward Bonobo Greg's back.

The dart hits her at the bottom of her right butt-cheek.

EMMA  
Ow! Greg, I'm hit.

Bonobo Greg looks back over his shoulder.

BONOBO GREG  
Huh?

Emma runs a few steps farther, then stumbles to the ground, falling on her face, losing consciousness.

Bonobo Greg stops running, and turns back toward the prone girl.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
Emma?

EMMA  
(weakly)  
Run.

She passes out.

PHIL  
Do you feel lucky, Chimp?

As Phil reloads, Bonobo Greg gets down on one knee beside Emma, placing his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

He sees the tranquilizer dart in her sweet, young butt--and is briefly unable to think even of his own survival.

He instinctively inhales deeply over her pelvis.

BONOBO GREG

Ovulating.

He shakes his head vigorously, regains his focus, and pulls the dart out of her rump.

He rises to his feet, growling at Phil, with animal hatred in his eyes--his teeth bared, menacingly.

Phil fumbles with the dart, finally getting it into the gun.

PHIL

I dunno why Noah even took yous  
[sic] on the Ark. All it does is  
confuse folks!

With Bonobo Greg a mere five yards away, and closing in, Phil pulls the trigger--and the firing mechanism jams.

Phil tries desperately to get the gun to work, then backs up blindly, panicking ... and trips over the raised edge-stones of the garden, landing helplessly on his back.

Bonobo Greg leaps on him, viciously.

He wraps his strong hands around Phil's throat, crushing his windpipe.

Phil flails helplessly--a rag doll in Bonobo Greg's iron grip.

BONOBO GREG

You should be happy. You're going  
to heaven, to be with Jesus.

Phil's eyes stare back at him in terror.

Bonobo Greg looks over at the motionless Emma ... then back at Phil.

He slowly loosens his grip, and removes his shaking hands from Phil's throat.

Phil gasps for breath, coughing up blood.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

You're right, I don't have a soul.  
You don't either.

He grabs the tranquilizer gun from the ground; then rises, removes the dart, and discards that projectile.

He grips the gun by its barrel and swings it overhand, smashing its butt mightily against the garden stones, breaking it in half.

He drops the broken gun, and walks back toward Emma.

Reaching her, he roars at the gathered onlookers, beating his chest, Kong-like.

The onlookers scatter.

Bonobo Greg lifts Emma's limp body in his arms.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

The geriatric FLOYD (late-70s) lines up his shot, putter in hand, at a hole with a 5-foot high scale model of the Empire State Building for an obstacle.

Playing the game with him are his middle-aged trailer-trash daughter (KELLY, 40s) and her two pre-teen children, BILLY and BECKY.

BECKY

You can do it, Grandpa!

Billy's jaw drops, seeing the approaching monster: Bonobo Greg, with Emma in his arms.

BILLY

Grandpa! It's King Kong!

Floyd looks up, then drops his putter in fear--losing control of his bladder, and peeing himself.

FLOYD

R-R-R-R-Run!

They scatter, screaming, as Bonobo Greg carries Emma through the miniature golf course.

BONOBO GREG

Scared, of a little I.T. geek ...  
from Pasadena?

EXT. CITY PARK

The kids with remote-control biplanes aim their aircraft at Bonobo Greg in the mini-golf area.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE

As Bonobo Greg carries Emma past the Empire State Building model, the two RC planes from the park buzz around them.

He ducks out of the airplane paths.

BONOBO GREG

I don't believe this. Idiot kids.  
Do you even know how radio-control works? Technology in the hands of monkeys.

He continues walking, with Emma unconscious in his arms.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bonobo Greg lays Emma's unconscious body down on his bed, gently, on her side.

He sits down on the bedspread beside her, and brushes the hair away from her moonlit face with his leathery hand.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

I don't even know how to begin to say how sorry I am.

He pauses, closes his eyes, and instinctively inhales deeply over her pelvis.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

You're still ovulating. I better sleep on the couch.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

From Bonobo Greg's POV, he rises from the sofa, and walks to the

BATHROOM

Bonobo Greg closes the door behind him.

He urinates into the toilet and flushes, gazing around the room and out of the window, with his hands and feet still deliberately out of his POV.

He steps over to the sink, and looks at himself in the mirror --his reflection disclosing that he's still a human mind trapped in a bonobo's body.

BONOBO GREG  
(bitter and angry)  
Damn you, Haldane. Stranger than we  
can imagine. Damn you.

He studies the front and back of his piano-playing bonobo hands, then turns on the sink's water, and washes them.

BATHROOM - LATER

Bonobo Greg finishes brushing his teeth, and opens the bathroom door.

He steps out into the

HALLWAY

and comes face-to-face with Emma, on her way toward the front door.

BONOBO GREG  
You're leaving?

She keeps walking; he follows her.

EMMA  
I have to get to work. They haven't  
fired me yet, for no reason.

BONOBO GREG  
Can I at least make you breakfast,  
for ... saving my life?

EMMA  
Not hungry.

BONOBO GREG  
Emma, I--

She stops, and turns to face him.

EMMA

(witheringly)

I saved your life because it was the right thing to do. And you're an endangered species. Don't read too much into it.

She exits coldly out the front door.

INT. CNCS/HALLWAY - DAY

Wearing his business suit, Nicholas carries a large tropical plant to

GREG'S CUBICLE

Bonobo Greg edits video from the boardroom cameras on his laptop, with a near-empty cup of take-out coffee beside him.

Nicholas enters with the plant; Bonobo Greg quickly closes the video-editing app.

NICHOLAS

Monkey: Brought you a tree. Thought it might make you feel more at home.

He puts the plant down roughly on Bonobo Greg's desk, knocking over his coffee.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Feel free to climb it ... on your breaks.

Bonobo Greg watches him exit the cubicle, into the hallway.

BONOBO GREG

(to himself)

Just when I was starting to feel guilty about giving you what you fucking deserve.

He re-opens the video-editing app.

HALLWAY

As Nicholas passes Jerome's office, Jerome calls out:

JEROME (O.S.)

Nicholas!

Nicholas halts, as Jerome steps out into the hall.

JEROME (CONT'D)

I've given this a lot of thought,  
and I'm going to talk to the Board  
of Directors tonight about grooming  
you to take over as President and  
CEO, when I retire in June.

He notices small pieces of debris, from the tropical plant,  
on Nicholas's suit sleeves, and picks a few off.

JEROME (CONT'D)

What's this? Leaves, twigs?

He continues grooming, picking pieces of detritus off  
Nicholas's jacket, and sniffing them.

NICHOLAS

I'll drop it off at the cleaners.

JEROME

Smells like Amazon. The rainforest,  
not that big ... bookstore.

NICHOLAS

Stop grooming me!

He stalks off.

JEROME

That's no way for a future  
President to talk. Without my  
mentor, I'd be nothing!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

At the CumuloNimbus AGM, Mike sits among the shareholders  
with his lingerie-model girlfriend, ALESSANDRA (23) on his  
right, and Emma to his left.

Jerome and Nicholas sit in chairs behind the lectern, along  
with members of the Board of Directors, including ROBERT,  
GAYLENE, and PATRICK.

Augusta sits in the front row.

Bonobo Greg sits alone in the corner by the outside window  
with his laptop, to coordinate the tech demo.



On the wall behind the lectern is a white screen for projecting PowerPoint slides on, and a presently unused 8K flatscreen TV on wheels.

The overhead projector has the title slide of a PowerPoint presentation: "Annual Report - 2014."

JEROME

I just need to step out to the little-executives' room. Hold my calls.

NICHOLAS

We're starting in two minutes.

JEROME

(beat)  
It'll take longer than that.

He rises, and walks out into the hallway.

ROBERT

We'd better get this going.

Nicholas rises, and walks up to the lectern.

NICHOLAS

Good evening, and welcome to the 2015 Annual General Meeting. I'm Nicholas Nikwit, Vice President of CumuloNimbus. We've got some very exciting news regarding cutting-edge products we'll be releasing later this year. But first let's review the growth from last fiscal year.

He picks up a remote control from the lectern, and flips to the next slide in the PowerPoint presentation, the "Statement of Financial Position."

INT. BATHROOM STALL

Jerome sits on a toilet with his pants down, reading a paper copy of The New York Times.

He finishes with the Sports section, and opens the Business one.

JEROME

Yahoo's up another point. That  
Marissa Mayer's like A-Rod on ...  
steroids.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Nicholas finishes his summary and commentary on the  
"Statement of Financial Position" slide.

NICHOLAS

...resulting in a net profit of  
\$4.1 million, for an earnings per  
share of \$3.79.

(beat)

Could someone check on Jerome?

Patrick rises, and exits.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

While we're waiting, why don't we  
take a sneak peak at the  
forthcoming CumuloNimbus 3D  
streaming app, codename JetStream.

He nods to Bonobo Greg, to start the demo on the 8K  
flatscreen.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Our proprietary streaming  
technology is responsive, so it'll  
scale seamlessly from 8K in your  
home theater, down to a few hundred  
pixels on your smartphone.

ON TV: In the boardroom, from the POV of the CumuloNimbus  
boardroom stereoscopic videoconferencing 3D cameras, Jerome  
sits alone at the head of the boardroom table, picking his  
nose while reading a quarterly report, and playing with his  
cell phone.

JEROME

All these icons look the same.

He presses one with his left hand, then turns a page of the  
report; then successfully extracts a large piece of snot with  
his right hand.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Booger.

Augusta opens the door and enters from the hallway.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Miss Perot!

He rises, with the snot still on his hand, and grabs her hand, to shake.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming.

Their hands separate, with Augusta checking covertly for the source of the gross sensation on her palm.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Please, sit down.

They both take their seats.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Nicholas has been telling me a lot about you. He thinks you've got what it takes to be a VP at CumuloNimbus ... if you're willing to do for me what you've been doing with him.

After an awkward beat, he winks.

Augusta looks at her hand, and shrugs.

AUGUSTA

(to herself)

I've gotta wash my hands anyway.

The VIDEO ENDS.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

Jerome re-enters from the hallway, zipping up his fly, and sits down beside Nicholas.

JEROME

What'd I miss?

NICHOLAS

Some monkey's idea of a joke.

JEROME

You think I should say a few words?

NICHOLAS

The fewer, the better.

Jerome rises, and takes the lectern.

JEROME

(indicating Bonobo Greg)  
This is our lead engineer. He's  
been hard at work implementing  
climate control on our cloud. It's  
just a one-off, so it won't affect  
next year's budget.

Bonobo Greg stares at Jerome in stunned disbelief ... and  
then slaps his palm to his forehead.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Here's a sample of the programming  
we'll have available on JetStream.  
(to Bonobo Greg)  
Monkey? I mean, Greg?

Bonobo Greg swipes on his laptop, displaying a page of menu  
options on the 8K screen:

- \* Cleveland Steamer
- \* Dirty Sanchez
- \* The Back Nine

JEROME (CONT'D)

Cleveland Steamer...  
(he ad libs)  
the uncensored history of  
navigation on the Cuyahoga River.  
Starring Mickey Mouse as Steamboat  
Willie.  
(beat)  
Dirty Sanchez--a sitcom for  
Hispanics. Starring George Lopez.  
You don't have to be an illegal  
alien taking jobs away from  
Americans to watch, but it helps.  
(beat)  
And "The Back Nine," the, uh--

Bonobo Greg hoots, and starts "The Back Nine" video playing  
on the 8K screen.

ON TV: The recording shows a doggy-style sexual encounter in  
the half-lit boardroom, at the foot of the table, seen from  
the POV of the boardroom videoconferencing cameras.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Tiger Woods story?

Seen from the back, a gray-haired MAN of Jerome's build, with his pants and shorts down around his ankles, attempts (with difficulty) to vaginally penetrate an androgynous blond WOMAN of Augusta's build (and voice). Her skirt and panties are down around her ankles, and she is bent over the edge of the boardroom table, with her face hidden from the camera.

MAN

What is this, a par three? I'm a  
ten handicap, but I once shot a 69.  
I'm gonna putt you all night long.

The woman moans, faking it, as the man finally gets his dick in, and begins thrusting.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

SHAREHOLDER #1

Is that a girl?

SHAREHOLDER #2

Where's the side-boob?

Augusta sinks down in her chair.

ON TV: The man continues thrusting.

MAN

It's a ... a ... a....

WOMAN

(panting)  
Omigod, Jerome!

MAN

(as he climaxes)  
Hole in one!

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

SHAREHOLDER #1

Jerome?

JEROME

Jerome?

All Shareholder eyes turn to focus on him.

He panics.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
Imposter! I'm a twelve handicap!  
And it was a 68, with a one-stroke  
penalty for trying to improve my  
lay! My lie!  
(beat)  
I'm not lying!

ON TV: The man (Jerome) pulls up his shorts and pants.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
Next time, let's play the "back  
nine."

He slaps the bent-over woman on the butt.

The video CUTS abruptly to the back of ANOTHER MAN, of  
Nicholas's build and haircut, with his pants and shorts  
likewise down around his ankles at the foot of the boardroom  
table, in the half-lit room.

He too is doing it doggy-style with the same androgynous  
blond woman of Augusta's figure and voice--bent over the edge  
of the boardroom table, her skirt and panties down, with her  
face turned away from the (POV) videoconferencing cameras.

WOMAN  
(panting)  
Oh, God. Fuck me, Nicholas! Harder!

She moans with pleasure.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

SHAREHOLDER #2  
Nicholas?

Nicholas clenches his fists, seething at Bonobo Greg, barely  
containing his rage.

JEROME  
Nicholas?

Nicholas turns his head to Jerome, temporarily distracted  
from his anger at Bonobo Greg.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
(lost in the fog of  
memory)  
Of course. He turned pro on  
Augusta. A threesome with ... Tiger  
Woods?

The VIDEO ENDS.

NICHOLAS  
(to Jerome, biting)  
Senile fool.

JEROME  
Where!!

Nicholas rises and glares at Bonobo Greg--ready to beat the shit out of him, even with all the shareholders watching.

Bonobo Greg calmly flexes a bodybuilder "crunch" pose, staring Nicholas down, and leaving him with no doubt as to who'd win the fight.

NICHOLAS  
You're both completely  
incompetent!!

Bonobo Greg slouches, hangs his head, and pouts, in mock shame.

BONOBO GREG  
Code Monkey sorry.

He rubs his right fist in circles over his heart, in the ASL sign for "sorry."

NICHOLAS  
You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

Jerome jumps up from his seat, indignant.

JEROME  
Mine too! Teabiscuit!

They stride across the room in synchrony, side-by-side, out of the exit doors.

Bonobo Greg sits down in the corner, faux dejected.

BONOBO GREG  
Code Monkey sad. Code Monkey build  
JetStream app. App not work.  
(beat; brightening)  
Code Monkey fix app! Code Monkey be  
hero! Code Monkey save day!

He picks up his laptop, and connects remotely and wirelessly to the development server through the laptop.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
Batman. Spiderman. Superman.  
Monkeyman!

The app's programming code displays simultaneously on the 8K  
widescreen, mirrored from his laptop.

Bonobo Greg silently edits the code, typing furiously.

EMMA  
(to Mike)  
Go on. This is your chance.

Mike rises and approaches the lectern.

He faces the shareholder audience.

MIKE  
I'm Michael Rose. Some of you may  
have seen me at past General  
Meetings, on the side of the  
corporation. I'm here tonight as a  
shareholder, just like the rest of  
you. No one could be more surprised  
than I at what we've seen tonight.  
I know we're all wondering where  
this leaves the leadership of  
CumuloNimbus, having lost their CEO  
and Vice President, after having  
forced the resignation of their  
previous Vice President just last  
week.

Bonobo Greg hoots for attention, indicating he's finished his  
fixes.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
There's more?

A video play-menu shows on the widescreen, with three  
options:

- \* Sputnik
- \* Sputnik
- \* Sputnik

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Sputnik?

AUGUSTA  
(hushed, paralyzed)  
Not Sputnik.



MIKE

Not Sputnik?

AUGUSTA

Not Sputnik!

SHAREHOLDERS

(egging Mike on)

Sputnik! Sputnik!

MIKE

The shareholders have spoken.

Sputnik it is.

Augusta fidgets crazily in her seat, ready to explode, as Bonobo Greg rises and walks to the lectern with his laptop, making quietly-excited hooting noises.

BONOBO GREG

(triumphantly)

Code Monkey present, in glorious 8K, 3D responsive JetStream resolution, touching story of monkey and girl. Movie called, "Sputnik Surprise." Hoo-hoo-hoo, ha-ha-ha!

He hits the top "Sputnik" button on his laptop screen, mirrored on the 8K.

ON TV: Augusta stands at the head of the boardroom table, arms crossed, waiting imperiously, as Bonobo Greg enters reluctantly through the boardroom doors.

AUGUSTA

I knew you'd come. Where else are you gonna work? Let's do it monkey-style.

She pulls down her skirt and thong, and bends over the edge of the table.

Bonobo Greg walks to behind her, reluctantly drops his pants, and penetrates her from behind, thrusting.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)

Fuck me like a monkey! Harder. Harder! Fuck me like a North Korean monkey! An Indian monkey! A Russian monkey!

Bonobo Greg stops thrusting.

BONOBO GREG  
Sputnik?

AUGUSTA  
Sputnik!

Bonobo Greg resumes thrusting.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)  
Oh God, yes!

She starts making hooting noises and clawing at the table, as signs of pleasure.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)  
(ecstatically)  
Sputnik! Sputnik!!

Bonobo Greg reluctantly joins in, with his own hooting.

BONOBO GREG  
(ironically)  
Sputnik!

He rolls his eyes, thrusting his pelvis dutifully.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

Bonobo Greg walks over to the 8K screen and comments dispassionately on the 3D video quality.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
Observe the 135-degree viewing angle, with no pixellated angle transitions. This is proprietary CumuloNimbus technology.

The Shareholders crane their necks back and forth, verifying that the 3D picture remains clear even with changes in their viewing position.

AUGUSTA  
Make it stop!

She rises and strides up to the 8K screen, trying desperately to block the sight of it with her body--annoying the Shareholders, who by now are more interested in verifying that the cutting-edge technology works.

SHAREHOLDER #2  
Get that boobless skank out of there.

Augusta bangs with her fists on the widescreen.

Bonobo Greg steps back, away from her.

AUGUSTA  
(angry to the point of  
tears)  
Stop! Make it stop!!

BONOBO GREG  
Augusta like monkey.  
(hooting)  
Ooh-hoo-hoo, Ha-ha-ha-ha!!

He beats his open right palm on the lectern and then on himself, in mock monkey-excitement.

Augusta gives up and rushes brusquely across the room toward the exit doors, desperately avoiding eye contact with anyone.

She exits with difficulty through the hallway doors, flustered and crying.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)  
That is an ex executive assistant.

The VIDEO ENDS.

Emma smiles wryly, in her audience seat.

EMMA  
Maybe Grey Interactive is hiring.  
Heh. Slimy cunt.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The excited Shareholders begin to file out, past Mike and Bonobo Greg.

SHAREHOLDER #1  
(to Shareholder #2)  
It's 3D that works. Hollywood'll go  
apeshit over this.

Robert and Gaylene, from the BoD, discuss the future of the corporation with Mike.

ROBERT  
Clearly, we need a new President.  
And a CEO. And a Vice President.  
And a VP of Product Development.  
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

There's no one more qualified to run this company than you. As President and CEO.

MIKE

I appreciate the offer, but--

GAYLENE

We'll double your salary.

MIKE

I'd love to, but my girlfriend and I have already booked a well-earned vacation--

GAYLENE

Triple it!

Beat.

MIKE

Throw in a corner office--

GAYLENE

Of course!

MIKE

And we've got a deal.

They shake hands.

Mike turns to his excited girlfriend.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Alessandra--Brazil can wait.

Robert strides up to the lectern of the half-empty room.

ROBERT

Ladies and gentlemen, after an emergency meeting of the Board of Directors, I'm pleased to present you with our new President and CEO, Mike Rose.

Mike takes the lectern.

MIKE

Thank you, Robert.  
(to the Shareholders)  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whatever inappropriate activities may have gone on behind closed doors at CumuloNimbus in the past, I can promise you a new era of integrity and accountability, starting today. The quality of our flagship product speaks for itself, thanks to our lead engineer, Greg Samska.

Bonobo Greg gives a calm "thumbs up" sign to Mike.

BONOBO GREG

(matter-of-factly)

Monkeyman save day. Be hero. Good guys win. All in day's work, for Code-Monkeyman.

MIKE

(into the mic)

Now all we have to do is find a way to make our company and its cutting-edge products go viral.

The audience of tweeting-and-liveblogging shareholders chuckles.

Emma rises from her chair, and heads for the exit doors, into the

HALLWAY

Bonobo Greg rushes out of the AGM, catching up with Emma.

BONOBO GREG

Emma, wait!

She stops, and turns to face him, stone-faced.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

I used to wonder what it'd be like to be one of the beautiful, popular people. To exist in that world. You know what it's like? When Bill Maher said he doesn't date bimbos, 'cause they find him boring. 'Cause he cares about things beyond who's the latest alpha, or which camel-toed Kardashian just gained twenty pounds, or whether Pamela Anderson has hepatitis A, B, C, or all of the above.

(MORE)

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

(beat)

When our fifteen minutes of fame  
and a few decades of beauty are  
over, we're all just flawed, mortal  
mammals.

(beat)

You make me want to be a better  
mammal.

Emma finally lowers her defences.

EMMA

That's the nicest thing anyone's  
ever said to me.

Bonobo Greg moves up close to her, putting his hands on her  
waist.

He leans toward her, and they try to kiss--her outward-turned  
human lips pressing awkwardly against his genetically inward-  
turned ape ones.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

How is this supposed to work?

BONOBO GREG

I probably need plastic surgery, to  
make my lips more like Julia  
Roberts'. Or yours like Nim  
Chimpsky.

EMMA

You're not turning me into a  
chimpanzee ... anarchist, MIT  
linguistics prof ... to satisfy  
your weird animal lust.

Bonobo Greg pouts his lips outward, and they manage a kiss.

Having working out the mechanics, they kiss again,  
passionately.

Emma swoons in his hairy arms.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(breathless)

Damn you, Chomsky.

BONOBO GREG

Let's go save some elephants.

EMMA

We'll need the flyers. From my apartment.

They walk together down the hall, arms around each others' waists, gazing lovingly at each other.

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNA - DAY

A male elephant strokes a female with his trunk, caressing her with his ears.

He mounts her from behind, inserting an enormous penis.

They trumpet together, loudly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CNCS/GREG'S CUBICLE - DAY (MONTHS LATER)

Bonobo Greg works, writing code.

On his desk is a picture of Emma, in a digital frame.

Mike walks into the cubicle, beaming.

MIKE

James Cameron just licensed JetStream 3D. For Avatar 3.

BONOBO GREG

Woo-hoo!

He high-fives Mike.

MIKE

Why don't you take off early. There's a little surprise for you, out front. A bonus, for a job well done.

He tosses a set of keys at Bonobo Greg; Greg eagerly snags them out of the air.

EXT. CNCS OFFICE BUILDING/PARKING LOT - DAY

Bonobo Greg walks out the front doors of the building into a blushing, early spring day, and presses a button on the keychain.

A gloss-black convertible, with the top down, beeps back at him.

He approaches the car, his eyes wide.

BONOBO GREG

Holy shit.

He runs his hands along the sleek lines of the driver's-side fender and hood, sensing the engine underneath.

BONOBO GREG (CONT'D)

It's frictionless.

(beat)

Infinite Improbability Drive...

(he pops open the hood)

...available as an upgrade.

EXT. STREET/INTERSECTION - DAY

Bonobo Greg pulls up to a stoplight, in his black convertible, and (ideally) "Shock the Monkey" turned up loud.

A gorgeous blonde (CHRISTIE, early-20s) pulls up beside him, in a red convertible with the top down.

She flashes a perfect smile at him, tossing her golden mane back over her shoulder.

CHRISTIE

Hi.

Bonobo Greg pauses, then turns the music down and smiles warmly at her.

BONOBO GREG

Enjoy the sun. While it shines.

CHRISTIE

(confused)

Uh, okay?

The light turns green, and Bonobo Greg accelerates away.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bonobo Greg pulls into his driveway in his convertible, with the top down.



He parks, turns the music off, grabs his laptop from the front seat, and heads toward the front door with a spring in his step, singing to himself.

BONOBO GREG  
Don't you monkey with the monkey.

He glances down with satisfaction, at a flowerbed now filled with flowers.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/ENTRANCE

Bonobo Greg enters via the front door, carrying his laptop.

He closes the door behind him and stops, hearing the sounds of a solo violin playing a classical piece expertly in the living room.

He smiles with quiet satisfaction.

BONOBO GREG  
The best of all possible worlds?  
What say you, Haldane?

He strolls leisurely into the

LIVING ROOM

and comes face-to-face with an apparent FEMALE BONOBO, of Emma's height and build, practicing violin behind a sheet-music stand, in the corner beside the picture window, with Audrey sunning herself on the sill.

Bonobo Greg drops his laptop to the floor, in shock.

BONOBO GREG  
What the....

The female bonobo practices a bit more, focused on the sheet music ... and then stops abruptly and quickly pulls the mask off her head, smiling brightly.

EMMA  
April Fool's!

BONOBO GREG  
Oh, you ... I'm gonna fuck you like  
a monkey!

EMMA  
You better!

She puts down her violin and backs away toward the kitchen, her eyes sparkling.

Bonobo Greg begins making hooting ape noises, knuckle-walking on the furniture, moving rapidly toward Emma.

She turns to run, screaming with delight--displaying her enticing backside, and making her own uninhibited monkey noises.

Bonobo Greg chases her noisily through the

KITCHEN

and then out the back door into the backyard.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE/BACKYARD

The yard has been set up like an ape sanctuary (cf. the Arnhem Zoo chimpanzee colony), with plenty of living and dead (semi-horizontal) trees to climb and play around, plus a tire-swing and monkey bars.

Bonobo Greg chases Emma (in her monkey suit, sans mask) up and down the trees, swinging from the branches and other objects, all around the yard.

(Ideal music: The Steve Miller Band, "Jungle Love.")

FADE TO BLACK.