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# Space Chimps

By Kirk DeMicco

Since the dawn of time,  
space flight has been a dream.  
The rocket made  
it a reality.  
But before man braved  
that first giant step...  
the brave stepped into the rocket...  
and the brave were chimps.  
Ham 1 was the first American  
to boldly go...  
where no man, or chimp,  
had gone before.  
And tonight his brave legacy lives on.  
Introducing Ham the Third...  
Ham's one and only grandson.  
Thank you. Thank you.  
No autographs. No flash photos.  
- Okay, fine. Photos. I'll sign that later.  
Ladies and gentlemen, strap yourselves in  
as we embark on a mission to the stars!  
Space, stars, blah, blah, blah.  
- Enough with the lecture. Let's get to the action.  
- Aim high, buckle up.  
Chin down, opposable thumbs in.  
When you gonna stop worrying about me,  
Houston? Space is in my veins.  
- And between your ears.  
- It's showtime!  
Here we go! Come on!  
Let's make some noise!  
Let's tear the roof off of this tent.  
We're gonna go bananas!  
Hup! Hey! Hoop!  
Prepare to be amaze-ified.  
- Let's light this candle.  
- Say it with me.  
- T-minus three-  
- Three, two, one!  
Blast off!  
Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!  
Ladies.  
And back again.  
I'm so excited. I just can't hide it!  
Keep your eye on the landing pad.

No monkey business.  
Stay on target, hotshot.  
Big finale comin' up. Hoo-hoo!  
And a flipsy...  
and a dipsy and a do.  
Whoo-hoo! Whoa!  
Whoa, whoa. Whoa!  
- Oh, Lord.  
- Whoa!  
Whoa. Whoa, whoa. Whoa!  
This is not good! Oh!  
Oh! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!  
He's always showboatin'.  
Ta-da!  
It's all good, folks!  
That's why I put the helmet on the monkey.  
The Infinity  
probe successfully advancing past lunar orbit.

**Status:**

Unmanned and remote-controlled.

**Mission:**

Detecting unidentified space anomaly.

Warning. System malfunction.

System malfunction.

- It's so pretty!

- Ha!

Come here, little fluttereye.

- Oh, no!

- Zartog!

Can't you brats read?

Keep away from my house!

- Oy.

- Hmm.

You monster!

If I could catch you punks,

I'd dunk you in the Freznar too!

No wonder why

everyone in town hates you!

Just the way I like it. Huh?

Whoa! Look! It's coming closer!

It's a sky beast!

Crudlar.

A gift from the sky.

Hey!

Huh?

I am the Infinity probe  
from the planet Earth.

We will now perform a full-body examination  
for purely scientific purposes.

Oh.

Since the dawn of time,  
man's indomitable spirit...  
has led to great achievements  
in culture and civilization.

He's created wonders in architecture,  
art, music, engineering.

But man isn't all work.

He likes to play too!

I want to live like them.

- System control interface operational.

- Huh?

Manual override engaging.

Help me!

- Aha!

- Huh?

A new day has come,  
and that day is Zartog!

The simian program started in the 1960s.

And these chimpanzees are like  
the ones used in the first space missions.

- When do they go in space?

- Well, they don't.

They're just exhibits of the past.

Hey, what's up, Comet?

I don't know, but something big!

What do you mean "lost"?

Senator,

the Infinity was drawn off course...  
by a magnetic attraction from a dimensional  
anomaly in the time-space continuum.

- In English.

- It was sucked into a wormhole.

My constituents care about potholes,  
not wormholes.

Do you know how many potholes  
we can fix for five billion dollars?

- Area of the pothole.
- The power of three.
- Multiplied by four.
- Cosine.
- Multiplied by seven.
- Carry the two-
- Depending on fluctuations in asphalt-
- Labor costs-
- And overtime.
- It was a rhetorical question, brainiacs.

Our data indicates the Infinity's emerged on the far side of the universe.

As you can see from this image...

the Infinity has landed on a planet in a crater filled with H<sub>2</sub>O.

- It means water.
- I know what it means.

Senator, if the atmosphere is viable, the planet could sustain life.

Maybe even an NFL expansion team.

This could prove what we suspected all along.

We are not alone.

Just think what a mission could do for science.

Not to mention T-shirt sales.

Political gold.

I want astronauts over there pronto.

Not gonna happen.

Too risky for humans.

We don't have a clue how the wormhole will affect living tissue.

It could transmogrify the D.N.A., causing blindness.

- Heart failure.
- Most likely, death.

Gripping.

Comet, what are you doing?

Getting us a mission.

- We could send the chimps.
- Chimps? Chimps.

Hmm. Not humans, but not horrible.

Show me what you got.

Guys, we got a mission.

Senator, Titan, Luna and Comet  
are fully prepared for the mission.  
They have been training for this  
their whole lives.  
Training, shmaining. These chimps are boring!  
They're... chimp nerds.  
Uh, technically, there's no such thing  
as nerds in the simian world.  
I know a nerd when I see one.  
- Do you think he means we're nerds?  
- No, no. We're super cool.  
What this mission needs is some P.R.,  
some sizzle to grab the media's attention.  
It needs a chimp with the right stuff.  
It needs someone like... him!  
A real hero, with dignity and nobility.  
He's been dead for 30 years.  
But he does have a grandson.  
Ta-da!  
Ahh! Oh, ho-ho-ho!  
Houston, no! Ooh!  
Oh! Thumb pain. Aah!  
- When I promised your grandpa I'd look after ya-  
- Ooh! Ow!  
I never thought I'd be playin' pick-up sticks  
with monkey bones night after night.  
What can I say?  
I'm an envelope pusher.  
- I can't do anything halfway.  
- Yeah?  
Well, you keep showboatin',  
and you'll be halfway to the taxidermist.  
No, no, you can't take him!  
He belongs to me.  
Official government business:  
eminent domain, national security...  
a lot of other scary black helicopter stuff  
you don't wanna mess with.  
Ooh. He's older than I expected.  
Well, you ain't no spring chicken either.  
- And you're lookin' for-  
- Oh, he's so cute!  
Yeah, I'm a hottie.  
I am Dr. Smothers, and you are going

into space just like grandfather.

Space?

Wrong answer.

You got the wrong Ham, Doctor. Okay.

Bye, space lady who's attracted to me.

- Hey!

- Good to see ya. Take care.

- Don't let the door hit ya on the-

- Well, uh-

He seems very excited to go.

Kid, you're throwin' away

the only shot you got.

This is a chance to make good,

live up to your legacy.

Hey, I'm the star of my show, not just  
the warm-up act for some human astronaut.

Your grandfather

wasn't some warm-up act.

He was a NASA astronaut.

Got his face on magazines,

newspapers, television.

- He even met the president.

- I met the chief of police once.

Ham!

He did somethin' to be proud of.

Had a dream and went for it.

- You got dreams?

- I'm living my dream.

Whoa!

Uh, Houston? We have a problem.

Thanks for supporting your government.

Under threat of prosecution!

I- I'm- I'm gonna

need that trailer back.

- Huh.

- Well, looks like we're gonna

need a new cannonball.

You like to travel?

- Here he comes.

- Stand proud.

I can't believe it. We'll be flying

with the grandson of the great Ham.

You sure they said "grandson"?

- Whoa! I know my rights.

I'm calling the A.S.P.C. A!  
- Huh?  
I demand to talk to my ringmaster!  
Help! I've been kidnapped!  
Oh, he's clearly excited  
to be in a new environment.  
Oh, God!  
Good glass. Ow!  
Commander Titan,  
navigation and coordinates.  
Ham. Don't and care.  
Lieutenant Luna.  
It's an honor, sir.  
- Mmm-mmm-mmm.  
- Yeah. Oh, my.  
Hello, lady chimp.  
Do not mind if I "dooble."  
Luna means moon in Latin.  
That's right, sir.  
- What do ya know? Two lovers of language.  
- Name's Comet.  
Computers and electronics.  
I look forward to serving with you.  
Sorry, kid, but I gotta play Poughkeepsie  
on Saturday. Let's go, Houston!  
Sir, with all due respect,  
you've been selected for a mission...  
of historical significance  
in the noble pursuit of-  
Land of the free, home of the brave.  
Yada, yada, yada.  
Listen, the only mission I have  
is to entertain. Watch and learn.  
- Abracadabble.  
- Oh, cool!  
Oh, perfect. He's a joke.  
Anyway, best of luck, break a leg,  
blast off-Whatever it is you say.  
But I gotta bounce.  
What are those?  
Rocket packs. We'll be demonstrating them  
to the press Saturday morning.  
My ticket home.  
Quake with fear!



Lord Zartog is here.

Ho!

By now, you are all aware  
of the insane power...

I command with my big, shiny  
driving machine whatchamathingie.

Are there any among you  
who oppose my rule?

Ah, wait.

So you're saying you're in charge  
because that thing landed on your hut?

Yes, and if you don't obey me,  
I will dunk you in the Freznar.

You wouldn't do that  
'cause I'd be frozen forever.

- Exactly!

- Not the Freznar!

Cold!

Anyone else fancy a dip?

Good.

All of you, get to work!

Let's get this party started.

The Infinity recorded 10 G's  
through the wormhole.

If the chimps' internal structure  
cannot withstand the pressure...  
they will explode like a mouse in a microwave...

frying their brains  
and splattering their guts.

Your teeth look amazing!

Here comes five G's.

Here comes six G's.

This thing is going so fast, right?

Yoo-hoo!

Seven G's. Eight G's.

This might be a weird time to ask...

but will you help me  
move next week?

It's not even that much stuff.

We'll make a day of it!

Hey, that was fun.

- You guys got a log ride?

- My turn.

- Oh, poor little Comet.

He thinks he's going into space.  
Three chairs, three chimps.  
Gee, where we heading for lunch?  
I'm not eating trans fats anymore.  
Well, that went well.  
We'll need you here, Comet. Our eyes and ears.  
Hey, kid.  
Did I ever tell you the story of the short-circuiting  
posigrades in the first Mercury rockets?  
That was you?  
It was the day Ham's grandpa  
and I coined the term...  
"So easy a human could do it."  
Oh, I don't know  
what makes me happier-  
Einstein's unified field theory...  
or watching monkeys on a treadmill.  
# I am Titan, I am strong #  
# No one wants to sing along #  
# Get a life, one, two #  
# You're lame Three, four##  
What?  
And to think, I almost dropped out of Harvard  
to start a software company.  
Who's laughing now, Bill Gates?  
Memorizing sequences is a vital test  
of the chimps' brain capacity.  
You guys into sweet jams?  
When are you gonna  
straighten up and fly right?  
- Saturday, about 10:00 a.m.  
- Ham!  
I made these radios for the voyage. I think  
they might work through the wormhole.  
- Huh. You made these?  
- Well, I'm good with machines.  
Listen, kid, thanks for the Bananaberry,  
but I won't be needing it.  
Comet, I'll take the radio.  
Uh- Hey, kid.  
Special-edition simian space shades.  
Wow! Thanks!  
Sweet!  
My fellow citizens, this mission

will travel clear across the cosmos...  
where we hope to finally answer  
the age-old question:  
"Is there intelligent life out there?"  
Review rocket controls.  
Right thumb go, left thumb stop.  
Up is right, down is left.  
- You got that?  
- Yeah, yeah. Right thumb go, left thumb stop.  
Now you're seein' it, now you're not.  
Boop, boop. Where'd it go?  
Here it is.  
Hi! I was hiding.  
Oh! You're missing a link.  
Chimp up, cannonball.  
You're not in the circus anymore.  
Making this giant leap  
through the wormhole...  
comes at great risk and danger.  
Who will blaze this trail for us?  
The few, the proud...  
the monkeys!  
- Awesome!  
- A historic moment.  
And here he is—a symbol of our country's  
once and future greatness...  
Ham the Third!  
Thank you, thank you. Hey!  
To the circus and beyo-  
That's gotta hurt.  
Wait! Oh, no.  
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!  
How much fuel is in that backpack?  
- Oh, boy.  
- Cool!  
Ah, wrong way!  
Incoming!  
- Chimps gone wild.  
- Uh-oh! Oh, no!  
Holy nards!  
- Heads up!  
- Save the children!  
Run for your lives!  
Whoa! Wow! Oh! Huh?

Hey, look! I'm on TV!  
Oh! Whoa, no!  
- Crazy monkey!  
- He's a maniac!  
Oh, that's not good.  
He's a joke!  
Oh.  
Whoo-hoo!  
Which way to the circus?  
Huh? Uh-oh.  
Ta-da!  
- Load 'em up.  
What kind of simulator is this?  
It looks really realistic.  
Oh, it is.  
Okay. I got that out of my system.  
Wait. Not quite yet.  
Okay. I'm good.  
Now, where are we?  
Uh, guys?  
The simulated Earth's  
getting smaller and smaller.  
This isn't a simulation, is it?  
We are now officially space chimps.  
The Horizon has  
completed its first phase of operation.  
Oh, wonderful!  
- There you go.  
- # Congratulations to us #  
- Ha!  
- Yeah!  
No, that's not straight enough.  
No, no. Now that-  
No, it's too straight.  
Who is this?  
I don't remember dunking him.  
No, no! You're doing it all wrong!  
Move the Flanderck higher.  
Line up the twobs in a row.  
Careful with that!  
It took me all day to dunk.  
- Splork!  
- Yes, Lord Zartog?  
- Kneel to Lord Zartog.

- Yes, Lord Zartog.  
Soon the house of Zartog  
will be finished.  
It's going to be magnificent!  
It's a shame the volcano will destroy it  
when the three suns line up on Triple Sunday.  
I'm one step ahead of that volcano.  
That's why I'm building those.  
These pipes will divert  
the Freznar safely away.  
Nothing will ever destroy  
the house of Zartog.  
But if you divert  
the volcano's Freznar...  
the entire village will be buried.  
Exactly! A glorious reflecting pool  
to reflect my gloriousness...  
gloriously.

- Eh, but-but-but where would we all live?  
- With me, in my dungeon.  
How gracious of you, my lord.  
Commander's log. Stardate: now.  
Space, the final frontier.  
I have bravely led-  
- Oh, stewardess?  
Can you get me a pillow and a blanket?  
- Stay in your seat.  
- It's regulation.  
- I have bravely led my-  
Look! No hands, no feet. No tail.  
Back on Earth, your insubordinate behavior  
would get you chimp-martialed!  
- You're not gonna do that  
the whole trip, are you?  
- What?  
Use "chimp" to replace real phrases.  
I tell ya. I'm gonna kill him.  
Commander! Violence  
is against the primate directive.  
- You're right, Lieutenant.  
- Is love against the primate directive?  
- Aah!  
- Listen and learn, cannonball.  
- The approach sequence

must be activated in order.

Fire the engines true and fast.

Red one first, blue one last.

In between, press 3-6-5

if you want to stay alive.

- Permission to speak, Commander?

- Permission granted.

- You're a dork.

- I don't like you.

Engaging 3-D matrix.

- Ready visual imaging.

- Fire photon torpedoes!

- Aah!

- It's go time, cannonball.

Oh, yeah? Prove it.

- Titan, don't!

- You are a threat to the mission!

Ta-da!

- Oops. I'm sorry. What do you think

we should name our kids?

What? I'm gonna take off.

- You're goin' down!

- Orbital stabilizers. Check.

- Hey, is this your card? Is this your card?

- Auxiliary thrusters, check.

- Collision detector, check.

- Circus freak!

- Not your card, huh?

- I can't take this for another 73 light-years!

- I gotcha! Here it comes!

- Hang in there.

Ding-dong-Aah!

Easy on the fur, furious George.

Unruly crew member has been detained.

- Ow!

- Enact regulation number 815.

What's regulation 815?

Guys!

I gotta pee!

Whoo! Talk about suction!

- Ugh.

- Oh, and by the way, guys,

we lost the toilet paper.

Not my fault.

- Thrusters aligned for entry.  
- Wow.  
Am I glad we're not goin'  
into that crazy-lookin' thing.  
Sorry. While on the mission  
I can only hear real astronauts.  
Then who did you just say sorry to?  
- Someone else.  
- Then why did you just say "someone else"?  
- Jerk-boy!  
- Nitpicker!  
- Poop-thrower!  
- Maybe there's some music on the radio.  
# Hey, monkey-rena #  
Circus freak!  
Approaching dimensional anomaly entry.  
Brace for event threshold.  
Approaching five G's-Six G's!  
Eight G's!  
Must... stay... alert.  
Losing... consciousness...  
- now.  
- Titan!  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Come on! Come on!  
Where's reverse on this thing?  
- Welcome to InStar.  
- Oh, thank God.  
How can I help you?  
Horizon has entered the wormhole.  
- Marvelous!  
- We'll reacquire signal  
in 12 minutes, 20 seconds.  
- This better work.  
- We got three chimps strapped  
into a \$3.7 billion spaceship.  
What could go wrong?  
Whoa-ho-ho! Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa!  
Whoa-whoa-whoa!  
Hey, cool, a planet.  
And we're headed right for it.  
Oh, my God,  
we're headed right for it!  
Wake up! Wake up!

You gotta land this thing!  
Okay, no need to panic.  
You're just hurtling out of a wormhole  
on the other side of the universe...  
at 9,000 miles an hour and no brakes!  
Pull up! Come on!  
Steering wheel!  
Please let one of these be a force field.  
Please, please, please!  
- Air bags deployed.  
- I did it!  
I am the smartest chimp  
in the universe!  
Whoo-  
No-oh-oh! Aaah!  
Ow.  
Whew.  
Well, that wasn't so bad.  
Ship stabilized.  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa-whoa! Whoa!  
Reacquire signal in five,  
four, three, two, one.  
I'm heading to Kinko's later if anybody  
wants me to run off their rsum.  
You lost the ship?  
It must be some sort of  
technical malfunction.  
Burning microwave popcorn  
is a technical malfunction.  
This is a billion-dollar disaster!  
Look on the bright side- if they don't come back,  
we save five grand on cake and balloons.  
We can always count on  
the 24-hour fail-safe restart system.  
You have 24 hours  
to bring back those chimps...  
or I'll cut your funding  
and make this space program history!  
And I mean every cent.  
You won't even be able  
to afford pocket protectors.  
You monster!  
Remember, no bucks, no Buck Rogers.  
Oh. I love Buck Rogers.



Who is Buck Rogers?  
They lost contact!  
Comet to Luna. Come in, Luna.  
Must be solar flare interference.  
I'll hack the mainframe  
to filter the signal.  
Shoot,  
in my day we just yelled louder.  
Oh, great.  
We landed in Barstow.  
Let's see. Elephant's peanut chest.  
No, not that one.  
Circus mess hall. Ringmaster's Yugo.  
Houston's banana closet- Hmm.  
Whoa.  
One small step for Ham...  
one more small step for Ham...  
and yet another small step-  
What are you doing out here?  
Whoa!  
Testing for gravity?  
- Yeah, it works.  
- Who authorized you to open the hatch?  
Commander.  
Commander?  
You are a liability to this mission.  
Ha! Liability?  
I was steering this crate while you and  
Commander Coma were sawing logs!  
You stayed awake, and you didn't  
activate the landing sequence?  
- That's all you had to do.  
- Not true.  
I was catching up on my panicking.  
No! Don't!  
- What?  
- The air could be poisonous!  
Oh, no!  
Poisonous air!  
- Lieutenant's log.  
- Choking.  
- Air is breathable.  
- Gaspings.  
- The temperature is normal.

- Dying.

Winning daytime Emmy.

And there is no sign of intelligent life.

Blah!

Look, the planet has three suns.

Amazing.

Just like every science fiction movie involving  
another planet guessed there would be.

As you all know,

tomorrow is Triple Sunday!

Our three suns will come together as one  
and the volcano will explode!

And in honor of this special day,  
and more importantly, me...

I'm throwing a celebration,  
a sort of palace-warming party.

- Your overlord!

- What?

- Another metal beast fell from the sky!

- A metal beast?

- Like this one?

- Only bigger!

Only bigger! Only bigger!

- Bigger than mine?

- It's not the size of the beast.

It's what you do with it  
that matters, my lord.

- Traitor!

- I-I'm not a traitor!

- Then take it back.

- Uh, okay. I take it back.

You can't take it back,  
now it's out there. They all heard.

You all heard, right?

- Oh!

- Splork!

- Uh, me?

- Congratulations! You're the general.

Take a party of warriors  
and bring me the sky beast.

Uh, okay, the tall guy,  
you with the red belly...

guy with the pointy hat  
and the splotchy one at the back.

I'm always picked last.  
Mount up!  
Take the Fluvians!  
Imagine, we're the first astronauts  
to ever set foot on this planet.  
These photos will be front-page news.  
The most important images  
of the century!  
Can you get one of my good side?  
Oops. Forgot. I'm all good side.  
Maybe take one of me looking heroically,  
with my chin like this?  
- Oh, and another one like this.  
- Clown.  
Ever alert. Brooding.  
Poised to strike. Candid.  
Laughing candid.  
I've been naughty.  
Huh? Hmm.  
Wait, Luna.  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.  
This is the first sign of complex life  
on an alien planet!  
- Astronauts gather knowledge. It's what we do.  
- I'd just be a little careful.  
You? Careful?  
I'm just saying, that looks like a flower  
used by Piddles the Clown.  
I gotta hear this.  
Piddles is a very cute clown...  
who has a cute little box  
covered with cute little flowers.  
The kids think it's the sweetest thing  
they've ever seen, until-  
Boo! A giant snake pops out.  
Please. I'm a trained astronaut.  
I know what I'm doing.  
Trained astronaut?  
Space chimps are a joke.  
Is that what you think  
of your grandfather?  
Just pick your flowers  
and let's get back to Earth.  
If there's no traffic in the wormhole,

I can still make the 8:00 show at the circus.

- Uptight, scientific, bookworm chimp lady.

- Hmm.

- What does Piddles do next?

- He usually throws a bucket of confetti on the audience... and then runs around smashing pies in his own face.

I don't think that's gonna help us here.

My Simian Space Manual. There must be something in here about what to do.

"Alien captures. Alien uprisings.

- How to say no to an alien probe."

- Manual override!

Confetti. I can't explain it.

It just scares things.

- You sure they're not scared of them?

- Huh?

I know this sounds crazy, but I think these guys are gonna be super chill.

- Death to strangers!

- Ooh, great name for a band.

Titan! Wake up!

The sky beast is ours!

Quick, this way!

- But we can't leave the ship, or Titan!

- Looks like they're leavin' us.

Return to Lord Zartog!

Titan!

Get them! Fire!

You should've never left the ship!

This is all your fault!

Me? I didn't sign up for this!

I should be in the makeup trailer, not stuck on an alien planet, saving you!

You saving me? I'm the astronaut here.

You're just a P.R. stunt!

Wow, you are really sinking low.

Yeah, well, you deserve it.

- No. I mean you're literally getting lower.

We're sinking!

- Aah!

I can't get out!

Like we say in the circus, " The show ain't over

till the bearded lady shaves her back!"

- Ew.

- It's as gross as it sounds too.

Ham!

Climb on my shoulders and grab that vine!

Excuse me. That's my leg.

- They're in the swamp!

- Attack!

- Now what?

- Swing, very stiff one.

Swing like the wind!

Release your inner chimp!

Come on, Luna.

Like you're on a trapeze.

- I'm not from the circus.

- Life's a circus, Luna. Only the tents get bigger.

Fire!

Tarzan yell!

Ham! I can't do this! I'm gonna fall!

- Yes, you can, Luna! You can do this!

- I can't!

Use your shoulders, kick your legs,  
swing and let go.

Shoulders, legs, swing, let go.

Shoulders, legs, swing, let go.

- Nice! There you go. You're getting it!

- Shoulders, legs, swing.

- Let go!

- You're gettin' it! The chimp has been released!

Swing, let go.

Hey, check this out, Ham!

Whoo!

- No!

- Whoo-hoo-hoo!

- See? Nothing to it!

- Ham!

Just a couple of chimps swingin' through  
a jungle of vines with eyes and mouths.

Eyes and mouths!

Snake one, meet snake two.

Whoo-hoo!

- Get them!

- Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

- Ham, help!

- Luna!  
Whoo-hoo!  
It's showtime!  
Afternoon, ladies.  
- Some first date, huh?  
- This is not a date.  
Oh, yes, it is.  
And I really hope to see you again.  
Because we're about to... fall!  
Ham, what do we do now?  
Aim for the soft patch.  
Spread your arms wide.  
Chin down. Thumbs in.  
- I hope you know what you're doing.  
- Are you kidding me?  
I do this every day of the week.  
Except Monday. That's my me day.  
Ham?  
Luna, chin down.  
Ham!  
Whoo!  
Ham?  
Ham? You're okay, right?  
Ham, get up.  
Come on, Ham.  
I'm sorry I was rough on you.  
Sure, you were irresponsible,  
dangerous and undisciplined...  
but you saved my life.  
And you were kind of funny in an  
unbelievably annoying way. And you were-  
- Cute?  
- No.  
- Handsome?  
- No.  
Like Brad Pitt,  
but way shorter and more hairy?  
What?  
Luna, do you copy?  
- Let me just say one thing.  
- Luna's alive.  
You are the most annoying, obnoxious,  
self-centered creature I have ever met.  
- Ham's alive.

- Luna? Ham? Do you read me? Come in.  
You're an embarrassment.  
We can hear them,  
but they can't hear us.  
We'll need to calibrate  
the Gregorian array...  
replace the helix mirror  
and cross-feed the surrounding shroud.  
The only word I understood was "feed."  
Mission log. We are stranded  
on a hostile alien planet.  
Commander Titan has been kidnapped.

- And we're falling in love!  
- No, we're not!  
Ignore that last part. Delete! Delete!  
- Kidnapped?  
- Stranded? We gotta get movin', kid.  
We've lost our ship  
and have only 22 hours...  
before the automatic pilot engages  
and we're stuck here forever.  
Whoa. What?  
What do you mean, "stuck"?  
The ship has a safety program to automatically  
fly back to Earth 24 hours after we land.  
It was in your manual.  
Was that before or after the chapter on the  
fleet of rescue ships they'll send to save us?

- Ham, we got one chance of getting home.  
- I've had worse odds than that.  
Let's get moving.  
Behold Sky Beast Two, the sequel!  
Yes!  
Greetings, aliens!  
Don't worry. You didn't wake me.  
I needed to get up.  
I am Commander Titan.  
I have traveled through space  
in search of knowledge...  
to explore the outer reaches  
of the universe...  
make first contact with aliens  
like yourselves...  
seal you in Mylar wrap and take you

to my home planet to be dissected.

- Dissected?

- Oh, you know.

We lay you down on some nice wax paper,  
slice you open with a butter knife.

Oh?

But first, you'll need to form a line...

so that I can label and catalog you.

Organism one, organism two-

Organism three.

I am Lord Zartog,

ruler of the planet Malgor.

Zartog, eh?

Your parents named you that?

'Cause you are different.

I like you. Is that, uh, with one "G" or two?

- I'll take that as a one.

- Organism four, organism five.

- Ow!

Ah, there's-

There's a lot of you. Whoa.

Whoa there, mister.

That's space agency property.

You're in direct violation  
of interstellar protocol.

But, if you cooperate with me,

I will ask the tribunal to go easy on you.

Cooperate with you?

I'm going to destroy you.

I appreciate your honesty.

You're a good man, "Zartig."

And a worthy adversary.

- Be proud.

- Prepare to be frozen forever.

Ha! You don't even know how to use  
the reticulating micromovement device.

Even a first-year cadet  
knows how to do that.

Hmm. Will you show me  
the secrets of the beast?

Negativo. You're not trained.

You're not qualified.

You're not even insured.

Please? I'll do anything.



You could help me find my crew.

- There are more?

- Two others. We, uh, lost them  
in Gunglevik Jungle.

What kind of idiot would go in there?

Ham.

You gotta admit. Being on  
a weird alien planet is almost cool.

All my life, I dreamed of being  
a real astronaut, just like your grandfather.

- And here I am.

- Real astronauts? Wake up, Luna.

The only reason we're here  
is to see if we explode in space.

You're wrong.

We are real astronauts.

- Whoa.

- Ham.

Which one of us  
lost our flashlight... that moves...  
really fast behind rocks  
and has a head?

Cool.

Please, I mean you no harm.

Hi. I'm Lieutenant Luna.

M-My name  
is Killawallowawizzaseywhoa.

Oh, great. It's drunk.

I'm the last free Luzian from the village  
of Killawallowazoowahooweewe.

We come from Earth.

You know, Earth- iTunes, greenhouse gases...

David Beckham.

Whoa. What's up with  
the glow-in-the-dark brain case?  
My head lights up when I'm scared.  
You don't need to be scared of us.

We're your friends.

Friends.

Are you alone?

Yes. My village was imprisoned  
by Zartog and his sky beast.

Its metal claws gave him  
the power to enslave the planet.

Metal claws. The rover!  
We, too, came from the stars.  
Yes. I saw you crash.  
You saw that? That was me!  
- What?  
- Do you know where our ship is?  
- At Zartog's palace.  
- Can you lead us there?  
- Don't worry. We'll protect you,  
Killawallazallawallakillazella.  
Oh, let's just call her Kilowatt,  
or we'll be here all day.  
- Or night.  
- We will set off in the morning.  
The journey is perilous.  
We must cross through the-  
The Valley of Very Bad Things.  
It is a land of untold danger,  
agony and torture...  
not to mention avian urk flu,  
death spouts...  
mad florg disease,  
the Cave of the Flesh-Devouring Beast...  
and the Dark Cloud of Id  
from which no one escapes unchanged!  
Sleep. You'll need your rest.  
I could use a little shut-eye.  
Stay on your side of the planet.  
You Earthlings  
have a funny way of showing love.  
We do, don't we?  
Night, honey.  
Up wake, up wake.  
- Well, that was refreshing.  
We were asleep for, like-  
- Five seconds.  
Yep. Just one of the benefits  
of living on a planet with three suns.  
Huh. Follow me.  
Listen and learn, "Zelig."  
The P.R. 5-13I is a high-performance,  
all-purpose space exploration vehicle.  
Rough, rugged and ready...  
the engineers have outfitted her

with defense systems for every situation.

- And the 60 million kilowatt  
internal nuclear power plant...

guarantees she's always got enough juice  
to get the tough jobs done.

- Ready to take her for a spin?

- Yes! My thoughts exactly.

Whoa!

Oh, the waiting is just mind-numbing.

Well, I really need a Snicker's bar.

I don't know about you.

I'm allergic to peanuts.

Wow. This is even better  
than circus peanuts.

I still can't believe the grandson  
of the great Ham is a clown.

- Hey, I like what I do.

- Don't you wanna be a hero?

You mean like a sandwich?

I wish I could have welcomed you  
with fruit from our village...

but Zartog had it all destroyed.

We're sorry, Kilowatt.

Why would you build  
a machine like that?

- We didn't. The humans did.

- What are humans?

They're like us. Well, 99.9% like us.

But it's the.01

that makes them own everything.

- Don't!

- But they're big gumdrops.

That is not food.

That is a glophopper.

Guys, is it just me, or is that  
a really handsome pile of glophoppers?

Hmm. Hey, check this out.

Whoo!

Why any life-form

would want to mimic you...

is one of the unsolved mysteries  
of the universe.

- Come on. Bust out the scissors.

This rug ain't gonna cut itself.

- Ham.  
I've never danced before.  
Oh, okay.  
So we'll take baby steps.  
Gimme your arm.  
There you go.  
Not too shabby. You're a natural.  
I am? Really?  
Are you kiddin' me? Absolutely.  
Whee!  
I am poppin' as well as lockin'.  
Now the bus stop, robot, King Tut-  
Rump dart.  
Fluvians! Run for it.  
Ham, we can't outrun them!  
Man, I love these dudes. Come on!  
They don't call me  
the "Hamster" for nothing.  
You know, 'cause, like, my name is Ham  
and I'm running in a wheel.  
- Never mind.  
- Ah! Whoa! Ow! Ow! Ahh.  
Get 'em!  
Oh, no! Pull up! Pull up!  
Yes!  
Whoa!  
Ow!  
We really gotta work on stopping.  
No, no, wait. Don't leave, gumdrop people.  
Your stopping skills are great!  
They are afraid. It is the Cave  
of the Flesh-Devouring Beast.  
What is with this planet?  
Would it kill you to have  
a Cave of Cute Little Kittens?  
Ham, we got to finish this mission.  
We only have 12 hours  
till the ship takes off.  
Through the cave  
is the only way to your ship.  
Run!  
Hurry, Luna!  
I want this party to be remembered forever.  
Beyond anything Malgor has ever seen.

You'll need streamers.  
Nothin' screams "festive" like streamers.  
I love 'em. Oh, and, uh, some, uh,  
goody bags for when your guests leave.  
It's a fun, simple way to say,  
"Thanks for comin'."  
Splork, grab a pad.  
- Uh-  
- Maybe we'll get lucky...  
and this beast will only devour  
our flesh with his eyes.  
Ham?  
Or not!  
Ooh! We have to find the exit.  
- Aah! Ham!  
- Luna!  
Help! Aah!  
- This way! It's too narrow  
for him to get through!  
- Help!  
- Faster! It's gaining on us!  
Oh! Whoa!  
Dead end! Oh, no!  
Come on!  
- Aah!  
- Whoa.  
- Kilowatt, turn yourself off!  
- Cannot. Too scared.  
But if we can't get out of here, we're dead!  
- That is not helping.  
- Okay, here's a trick.  
To control your fear,  
imagine what you're most afraid of...  
and then imagine overcoming it.  
- Quick, Ham! It's breaking free!  
- Come on. You can do it, Kilowatt.  
- Be brave.  
- Okay. Control your fear.  
Control your fear.  
Control your fear.  
Control your fear.  
Control your fear.  
Control your fear.  
Control your fear.

Control your fear.

Wow. It works.

The exit!

Let's go!

- It's blocking the way out.

- We're trapped.

I have been scared my entire life,  
but you showed me how to control it.

Kilowatt, no!

What are you doing?

- What I must.

- Kilowatt.

If you swallow me,

I will only grow stronger.

- Kilowatt! No!

- Ham! Hurry.

Why did she do that?

Oh, so stupid... and brave.

That was the bravest thing I've ever seen.

- Whoa. Where are we?

- Whoa.

This must be the Dark Cloud of Id.

Oh, it's making me

feel weird... and depressed.

I shouldn't even be here.

I'm just a low-rent circus chimp.

- How does that make you feel?

- Like a stupid pet trick.

Which is all I am- a joke!

I could be replaced by a cannonball.

Oh, man. Delirium, cryin', sobbin'.

They're runnin' out of oxygen!

- Come on, sport. Gotta get through.

- I'm almost there.

I'm not even a good chimp.

I've never once said thank you to Houston.

- He's like a father to me.

- Oh, Ham.

All my life I've been living  
in my famous grandpa's shadow.

How does that make you feel?

You know what it's like

to live in a shadow?

It's cold.

I knew I could never become a hero...  
so I became a clown.  
I think you've had  
a breakthrough. I'm afraid your time is up.  
Here goes.

With this much power,  
they'll hear us for sure.

Oh, Lord.

- Ham-

- You know all that back there,  
it was just the cloud talking. So-  
It's okay. Sometimes the conflict  
between the superego and the id...  
can cast a long shadow in the soul.

I have no idea what you just said.

I'm gonna walk this way now.

Pathetic groveling slaves of Malgor...

welcome to Triple Sunday!

Soon the suns will align  
and the volcano will explode.

And a lot of you are not going to live.

Ahem! That's your cue.

# Do you wanna rock

Do you wanna rock #

# Do you wanna rock right now #

Now we party my way.

# Do you wanna rock

Do you wanna rock right now ## Yeah!

Dance or dunk.

- You.

- Who?

- You're not dancing.

- Yes, I am.

- No, that's more of a shuffle.

- Nope, a dance.

- Shuffle!

- Dance!

Shuffle!

- Shuffle.

- Okay. Shuffle.

Whoa.

That's like the second biggest  
evil lair I've ever seen.

And I've seen two.

Hey, there's the ship.  
And there's the rover!  
Now it is my thrill  
to present the main attraction.  
The monkey who showed me the way.  
Here's Titan!  
- Oh, my gosh. Titan!  
- Oh, my gosh. And he's not asleep.  
Oh, if we just had our rocket packs,  
we could rescue Titan from the air.  
- Are you thinking what I'm thinking?  
- Uh, we're not paid to think.  
As a matter of fact, we're not paid at all.  
Think about that!  
Uh, wait.  
Chimps don't leave chimps behind.  
Luna.  
I hear ya. I hear ya. I do.  
But here's what I have to say about it.  
Let's leave him.  
- Ham.  
- Fine. We'll save him.  
Begin torturously slow dunking mechanism.  
Uh, "Zartig," now that I've gotten to know you,  
you seem like a reasonable alien...  
which is why I'm willing  
to offer you a plea bargain.  
No.  
- Let's go.  
- Whoa.  
Here we go, ladies.  
Sure, go ahead. Dunk me. Now you'll  
never learn how to use the 3-D radar.  
- Huh? 3-D radar?  
- Yeah, oh. Whoa! That's right. 3-D radar.  
- Luna, follow me.  
- Roger that.  
Who's Roger? Is it serious?  
Tell me, tell me, tell me, please.  
Flip the bar with the star.  
Not too far to start the radar.  
You take the left. I'll take the right.  
Alert. Chimpanzees incoming.  
- What?



- Yee-hoo!

Fire away!

Luna! Nice.

Now let's get back to the ship...

- so I can save you guys and pilot us home.

- Whoo-hoo!

- Where did those chimps go?

- They escaped!

Traitor.

Commander,

launch control is unresponsive.

Check diagnostics.

- Huh?

- Nothing but bells and whistles.

But why did they teach us all that stuff

if the controls weren't even hooked up?

I told you guys.

This whole thing was a sham.

They wanted to see if our brains still worked

after going through a wormhole.

- We're Spam in a can.

- And we weren't even supposed to open the can.

Sorry, Luna, but we're

nothin' more than guinea pigs.

Actually, the guinea pigs

are on the Mars mission.

Whee!

The ship was on autopilot

the whole time.

We were never really flying it.

We were never really astronauts.

- You were right all along.

- I didn't want to be right.

Besides, that's what humans think of us,

not what we should think.

Why wasn't I born a rabbit or a squirrel

or an art history major?

Nobody expects great things from them.

Three minutes to liftoff.

Well, at least we're safe and goin' home.

500 push-ups with each arm-

All that training for what?

I can't go.

- What?

- I know we didn't build the probe.  
But it came from Earth.  
We did this to them.  
I can't run away.  
We owe it to Kilowatt and this planet.  
I took an oath to return this ship to Earth,  
and that's what I'm gonna do.

- Ham's right.  
- Huh?  
- Huh?

I'd rather be a hero here on Malgor  
than a space chump back on Earth.  
Lieutenant Luna. This is an order.  
- There goes our ride.  
- And Titan.  
Commander!  
- What about your oath?  
- Chimps don't leave chimps behind.  
You, sir, are gonna make me cry.  
Ham, we need a plan.  
The commander of the mission  
comes up with the plan.  
And your plan is?  
Well, the plan.  
Yes, the plan, of course.  
Since I'm the commander of the plan,  
whatever plan is my plan.  
It's not your plan. It's not Ham's-  
- Titan!  
- Whoa! Whoa!  
It's party time.  
We have contact.  
The ship has exited the wormhole.  
Touchdown in 15 seconds.  
Okay, here we go. History in the making, boys.  
Roll those cameras.  
What the-  
- Whoa.  
- Oh, no.  
I'm afraid the chimpanzees  
did not make it.  
You think?  
That's it. Mission canceled.  
Space program's done.

Oh, no.

They're gonna be stuck up there.

As of tomorrow, this entire agency will be recommissioned into something useful...

like one of those places where you design and paint and bake your own plates!

He does have a point.

That is useful.

What about the two chimps still here?

Two chimps, two words.

"Animal testing."

- We have to get to mission control.

- We're their only chance.

Follow me.

- Hold on.

- Cool.

For a 20th-century chimp, you're moving pretty quickly into the 21 st century.

Yee-haw!

Whoa.

I may be old, but I'm aerodynamic.

- Whoo-hoo!

- Whoa.

You're gonna have to keep up, son.

Whoo-hoo.

- Great plan.

- At last. Prepare to be dunked!

- Lieutenant Luna.

- Yes, Commander?

You should have asked Ham to come up with the plan.

Three chimps, three coats. Which one first?

Is it you?

- The big one?

- What?

Or will it be you, the adorable one?

Or all three at once?

Well, as commander,

the least I can do is make sure...

"Zelbaum" here doesn't dunk you guys.

How would you do that?

Because I will teach you the rover's secret to universal domination.

- Huh?

- The entire universe? That's big, right?

- But first, let my crew go.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa. What?

Tell me.

- No, don't.

- Titan, don't!

- Tell me, tell me, please.

- What's he doing?

Please tell me. Tell it to me.

Tell me please. I'll let you live.

So, to dominate the universe,  
hit the yellow button first.

Turn the blue knob  
and then the green.

Then pull the lever in reverse.

- Oh, this one?

- That's right.

Wait.

- Wow. You really are stupid.

- Yeah.

And a really bad poet.

Oops. Did I say "reverse?"

Crudlar.

That was a joke.

Traitor!

Whoo!

- Huh?

- Huh?

Wowzers.

- Kilowatt! But how?

- Kilowatt, you're alive.

We saw the Flesh-Devouring Beast  
swallow you.

He-He's not big on chewing.

- But how did you get out?

- Um-

Don't make me go there.

- Ew.

- What?

You guys need a hand?

Does anybody want the "Zelik"statue?

'Cause I'll take it.

You have liberated us  
from the bonds of slavery.

We are eternally grateful.

We owe you our lives.

- We came.

- We crashed.

W-We kicked his butt!

What? Why'd you have to

bring his butt into it?

- It's a sayin'. That's how it goes.

- No, that is not how it goes.

I'm, like, 99% sure that's how it goes.

You Earthlings have

a funny way of showing love.

Luna? Do you read me?

Hey, Luna,

is that a banana in your pocket?

Would you evolve?

- Sorry.

- Comet to Luna.

- Comet?

- Luna.

Comet. Oh, thank heavens.

- You'll never believe what's happening.

- We've heard everything.

- We've been able to hear you the whole time.

- The whole time?

Yep. The whole time, son.

I'm sorry I kept pushin' you

to live up to your legacy.

It's okay, Houston.

Maybe it's time I do.

- What's your status?

- Single.

- But there's someone I've got my eye on.

- Oh.

It's Luna,

in case you were wondering.

Oh, wait. Are we talking about

the mission status here?

Yeah.

Ah, well, everything's okay,

but we have no way to leave.

- You still got the probe.

- The probe? It wasn't designed

to return to Earth.

We'll just have to "chimprovise."

You know,

I kinda missed your stupid puns.

- Thank you.

- Titan's right.

- You'll need a complete redesign.

- How do we do that?

Uh, let me put you on with Comet.

First, we'll need to re-engineer  
the aerodynamic skeletal structure.

- Got it. Let me put ya on with Luna.

- Go ahead, Comet.

- Second, you'll need thrust.

- Huh.

We'd need at least

to reach the velocity

to escape the planet's gravity.

We'd never get that kind of thrust without  
a two-stage rocket. It can't be done.

Even if we could build a ship,  
it'd never get off this planet.

Ham?

If you can shoot

a chimp out of a cannon...

you can shoot a ship out of a volcano.

Of course! Geothermal energy.

We don't have much time.

Kilowatt, we're gonna need some help  
if we're ever gonna get home.

Planet Malgor at your service.

Let's chimp this ride.

I know I said I missed the puns,  
but that was just unacceptable.

Standing by. Awaiting instructions.

I need duct tape, and I need it now.

Yeah, over there. Right. That's good.

We have to move fast.

Load up those pipes!

Seal 'em up, fellas!

Kilowatt, we'll never forget you.

Aw, I won't either.

Well, she won't win

any beauty contests, but she'll fly.

- Probably.

- Maybe.  
Hopefully.  
Eh, let's not over analyze it.  
The suns are aligning. You must hurry.  
The volcano is about to erupt.  
Oh, no. What about reentry?  
- You're going to need a nose cone.  
- Nose cone?  
- Huh?  
- No time. How are we gonna build a nose cone?  
Uh, hello?  
Mission control,  
Infinity is in the launch chute.  
- Five seconds.  
- I can't look.  
- It's louder than a cannon!  
- I think I'm gonna be sick.  
- Ooh!  
- Ahh! Whoo-hoo!  
Whoo! We did it!  
We-We-We-We stopped the Freznar!  
We're saved!  
Time to go home.  
Bye. Bye. Bye.  
I can see the headlines now.  
"Commander Titan returns to Earth."  
What will I wear?  
I mean, what goes with ticker tape?  
Approaching wormhole threshold.  
- Here it comes. Take this.  
- Huh?  
- But I don't know how.  
- When we pass out, you've gotta pilot us home.  
What are you, nuts?  
I'm not an astronaut.  
- Are you wearing aluminum clothes?  
- Um, yeah.  
- Are you in a rocket?  
- Yeah.  
- In outer space?  
- Yeah.  
- Are you David Bowie?  
- No.  
Then you must be an astronaut.

Bring this bird home, hotshot!

Whoa!

I'm not cut out for this.

- Ham?

- Luna.

I believe in you.

Wait. Luna, no. Titan.

Titan? Whoa!

You keep showboatin'-

You're not in the circus anymore.

Ham the Third!

Your insubordinate behavior  
will get you chimp-martialed!

When will you straighten up and fly right?

You're a threat

to the mission, cannonball!

Believe in yourself, Ham.

Grandpa Ham?

I can't do this. I'm not you.

Well, of course you're not me.

You're you.

You can do things, son.

Just do them your way.

Whoa.

That's them.

They're out of the wormhole.

Infinity, welcome back.

Ham, do you read me?

Shh. The kids are sleeping.

Ham, you have to

align your ship for reentry.

You're coming in too hot. You've gotta reduce  
your angle for reentry by 33 degrees-

- Exactly 33 degrees.

- Uh, kind of exactly or exactly-exactly?

Exactly-exactly.

If you don't nail that reentry window,  
you'll be space dust.

- Great.

- Now, engage ailerons.

- Check.

- Flick the turbulence coolers on.

- Uh, check.

- Adjust the heat deflectors.



And enable gyroscopic stabilizers.

Uh-oh. Help!

I can't reach it.

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

- Ham, you're pitching up.

- No, no, no, no, no.

- Holy out of "controllly!"

- Hey, need a copilot?

Lieutenant Luna. Sure, I do.

Mission Control,

adjusting our angle to 33 degrees.

- Yes!

- Oh, mercy.

We did it! Florida, we have visuals.

What about Commander Coma?

Should we wake him up?

- We don't need a third wheel on our date.

- Luna, ooh.

- Lower the landing gear.

- Check.

Uh, Houston,

our landing gear is toast.

Oh, boy. I picked a bad week

to quit eating bananas.

- What now?

- Don't worry, son.

Low-tech solutions are my specialty.

- Ham, remember the circus?

- Yeah.

- Good. You're gonna crash.

- We're gonna crash?

But this time, stay on target.

- Roger that, Houston.

- Oh, why are you smiling if we're gonna crash?

Because crashing is what I do best.

Yee-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Come out with your paws up.

Paws? They're chimps. Th-They have hands,  
with opposable thumbs.

- Come out with your thumbs up.

- And they don't understand English.

Kick it down.

Yahoo!

Wait, my rug.

We all knew. Everybody knew.  
Everyone knew when you wouldn't  
go swimming at the office party.  
Here we go!  
- Oh!  
- What was that?  
I can't hold it!  
We lost steering control!  
Uh, Ham!  
Whoo-hoo! Clutch.  
I said "clutch!"  
You got it.  
Oh, Lord.  
I never thought I'd be saying this,  
but you gotta crash this ship.  
What are you doing?  
No, Luna, don't.  
I'll see you on the ground.  
While we close the chapter  
on space travel...  
we open an amazing new chapter  
in "paint your own plate" history.  
Whoa! Just a little bit farther.  
Luna, you did it! I got control!  
Yes!  
The national space program  
is hereby offic-  
Oh!  
Whoa!  
No!  
Luna!  
Whoa!  
- Oh, man.  
- Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Luna! Luna! Luna, get up!  
You're okay, right?  
Oh, this can't be happening.  
Come on, Luna.  
I stayed on target this time.  
I was tryin' to be more like you.  
- You were always-  
- Right.  
- Yeah, and you made me-

- Better?

Yeah. And-

And if I had to be without you-

- You won't be.

- Luna!

Ham.

- But how'd you survive?

- Chin down, opposable thumbs in.

Lieutenant Luna, you crash with style.

Cannonball, I was wrong about you.

You would've made

your grandfather proud.

Thanks. I guess I'm just

a chimp off the old block.

That's a good one.

I'll have to use that line.

Way to stick the landin', hotshot.

I always knew you had it in ya.

What can I say?

I'm an envelope pusher.

Hey, Ham.

Official space commander shades.

Here's your Bananaberry back.

It was almost as good as havin' you with us.

The Infinity?

- But how?

- Impossible.

This ship was not designed to return.

- It isn't even a ship.

- It is a miracle.

A major scientific achievement!

But who built it?

I think we might wanna retest

our space chimps' I.Q.'s.

Are you implying

the chimps built this ship?

We may never know who built it,

but they brought it home.

- Senator!

- Senator, were you wrong to

shut down the space agency?

I-Well, I-

I'd like to announce

the opening of a high-tech facility...

devoted to the exploration  
of deepest space.

With first-class facilities for the chimps...  
and with a make-your-own sundae bar.

- Personalized-
- And personalized pocket protectors  
for everyone!
- Excuse me? Excuse me?
- Excuse me?
- Can I-
- Excuse me, over here!

Pardon me! Pardon me!

Did the chimps encounter alien life?  
We will have to launch another mission  
to ever know for sure.

- Ready, Luna?
- Ready, Captain.
- Big fella?
- Born ready, cannonball.

Streamers!

- I love 'em!
- # Every one is addressed to me #
- # Every one is Every one is #
- Whoa. Whoa.
- # Every one is addressed to me #
- Yippee!

# Every one is

Every one is, every one is #

# Can't imagine so many monkeys  
in the daily mail #

# And all of them coming anonymously  
so they leave no trail #

# Never thought I'd have  
an admirer from overseas #

# But someone is sending me stationary  
filled with chimpanzees #

# Some chimps in swimsuits

Some chimps are swinging from a vine #

# Some chimps in jackboots

Some chimps that wish they could be mine #

# Starsky and Hutch chimps

A chimp who's sitting on the can #

# A pair of Dutch chimps

who send their love from Amsterdam #

# Another postcard  
with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# If I had to guess I'd say  
the monkey-sender thinks it's great #  
# He's sending me, maybe she's  
sending me just to see me get irate #  
# I'm losing sleep and it's gonna be  
keeping me up all night #  
# I thought it was funny but now  
I've got money on a monkey fight #  
# Some chimps in hard hats  
Chimps a-working on a chain gang #  
# Some chimps who love cats  
Burning rubber in a Mustang #  
# A birthday-wishing chimp  
A chimp in black like a goth #  
# A goin'-fishin' chimp  
A British chimp in the bath #  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# Somehow they followed me even though  
I packed and moved my home #  
# No matter what they come and they come  
They won't leave me alone #  
# Another monkey in the mail  
could make me lose my mind #  
# But look at me shuffling  
through the stack until I finally find #  
# Some chimps in swimsuits  
Some chimps in jackboots #  
# Some chimps in hard hats  
Some chimps who love cats #  
# I've got some shaved chimps  
That's chimps devoid of any hair#  
# I've got depraved chimps  
Dressed up in the women's underwear#  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# Every one is

Every one is #  
# Every one is addressed to me #  
# Every one is, every one is  
Every one is addressed to me #  
# Every one is, every one is  
Every one is addressed to me #  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# Another postcard with chimpanzees #  
# And every one is addressed to me #  
# And I've got the goin'-fishin' chimp ##