

THE STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT

Written by
Tim Talbott

Producer:
Christopher McQuarrie

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First Draft

BLACK

VOICE (V.O.)

A scenario for studying the
effects of long term
confinement...

SUPERIMPOSED TITLES IN WHITE:

Male college students needed for
psychological study of prison life.
\$15 per day for 1-2 weeks beginning
Aug. 14. For further information &
applications, come to Room 248,
Jordan Hall, Stanford U.

*(Note: Voice over will be intercut with the fleeting
visuals that make up the title sequence. In the interest
of clarity it will be left intact.)*

The voice speaks quickly, matter-of-factly. A man in love
with his work.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We propose the establishment of a
simulated prison in order to study
the psychological and sociological
problems associated with a prison
environment. Paid volunteers will
be randomly assigned the roles of
guard or prisoner. We will provide
a minimal standard of nutrition,
health and sanitation. Medical and
psychiatric facilities will also
be accessible. Each volunteer will
be tested to ensure that they meet
a psychological profile consistent
with that of a normal, well-
adjusted, average young man. Those
chosen must sign an agreement to
participate for the full duration
of the study. Failure to honor the
letter of this agreement will
result in a loss of pay.
Participants will agree to having
their behavior observed and
consent to psychological testing
at the discretion of the
investigators. Films will be taken
of the study, also at the
investigator's discretion, and all
participants will agree to allow
them to be shown provided the
content has information of
scientific value.

The black of nothingness gives way to the not-so-black of a well-worn chalkboard. A coin spins into frame in slow motion, tumbling over and over. Up and then down.

Images are a mix of black and white seventies-era video tape, grainy 16mm film and the "reality" of 35mm.

We meet the cast as they are selected for what will become known as the Stanford Prison Experiment.

Now this is a true story. Thus, in a unique approach to contemporary cinema, no one will be given a candy-ass backstory and there will be no subplots fabricated from the ether to foster sympathy. Our players enter as equals and are defined by their actions. This may feel disorienting at first but, believe it or not, they used to make movies like this all the time without serious injury. Just lay back and relax. Your brain may have forgotten but your body will remember.

If at any time you feel disoriented, suck on this:

Were you ever nineteen, broke, badly dressed and sure your take on things was the right one? If you know what we are talking about then you know every one of these people. If you don't, you are excused. And you're in for a painful realization when you look back at yourself ten years from now.

First we meet THE STAFF - **CRAIG HANEY, CURTIS BANKS** and **DAVID JAFFE** - all in their early twenties; three nerds cut from the same corduroy. They are graduate students working for the University. They will monitor the experiment.

That coin again, tumbling in slow motion...

The staff screen VARIOUS PROSPECTIVE PARTICIPANTS.

It is 1971. The hair, the clothes, the glasses and hygiene are all delightfully bad. Certain faces come and go with a single question and answer. Others come back again. This isn't your first movie. You'll start to figure out who is going to make it and who isn't.

The coin again. What's that about? It lands on the palm of someone's hand before it is slapped on a table. The candidates for this experiment may have been hand picked, but their roles are randomly assigned. The coin and the coin alone determines a participant's immediate destiny: Heads = Guard. Tails = Prisoner.

The coin slaps on the table time and again, faster and faster, intercut with the faces of the chosen. The last slap lands like a pistol shot taking us to:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Empty but for SIX NAVAL OFFICERS at a table facing a podium and the cigarette smoke that hangs in the air.

They are paying for this experiment.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A contrasting image of SIX STUFFY AND SQUARE ACADEMICS. The same smoke, but this time from pipes.

They must approve this experiment.

The Navy Brass and the Stuffy Academics are both hearing the same pitch. The pitch that has, until now, been flowing past us in voice over - a pitch delivered by a man with his back to us. To his right is his nervous looking staff - Haney, Banks and Jaffe. To his left is the beautiful:

DR. CHRISTINA MASLACH - freshly Ph.D.'d and only a few years older than the boys on the staff. But she is light years ahead of them in terms of smarts. She is the right arm to the man wrapping up his pitch. It is his voice we have been hearing all along.

MAN SPEAKING

The study will focus on three areas relevant not only to prison life but to everyday human interaction. First, we will seek to create a *psychological* environment within the physical environment provided. Second, we will study differential perception, i.e. the perspective of guards versus prisoners on the same situation. Third, we will investigate the power of labels and their influence on behavior.

Come around at last to meet the man face-to-face. **DR. PHILIP ZIMBARDO**, thirty-eight, wavy black hair and Mephistophelean goatee. Not what we would expect from the head of psychology, but hey, this is the seventies. There is an intensity in his eyes that somehow intimidates and ingratiates at the same time. In conclusion:

ZIMBARDO

Will our simulated prisoners or guards come to behave in a manner similar to prisoners and guards in a real life prison? We hope so.

CLOSE ON: A Navy Budgeting Form as a hand stamps:

APPROVED

CLOSE ON: A memo with the letterhead "STANFORD ETHICS COMMITTEE" as a hand stamps:

APPROVED

END TITLE SEQUENCE. The sound of hammering takes us to:

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Looking east down the long palm tree lined entrance to the university campus at an impressive facade of overwhelming "Mission-style" architecture. Breathtaking.

And still the hammering.

EXT. JORDAN HALL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Sandstone, intricate glasswork, large ornate archways. Inscribed on the cornerstone: "Jordan Hall - Psychology."

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Cheap lumber, hand tools, nails and paint. UNIVERSITY STUDENTS turning a short hallway into a makeshift jail. Three small rooms that served as offices or storage rooms in a former life are being cleaned out.

Zimbardo, Christina, Haney, Banks and Jaffe are working as well.

TIME LAPSE shows the corridor evolve into a makeshift prison, the empty rooms into cells - each with a barred window on the door and three beds inside.

The far end of the hallway is walled off to make:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A small rat-hole of a room from which the staff will observe the experiment. A primitive video camera peers through a small, screened hole.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Jaffe adds the finishing touch, hanging three neatly painted signs. The first two can be seen from anywhere.

STANFORD COUNTY PRISON and NO SMOKING WITHOUT PERMISSION

A final sign hangs on the door of a small, empty closet opposite the cells. It reads:

THE HOLE

It is on this ominous sign that we linger as Zimbardo, Christina and the others survey their work with a smile.

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zimbardo lies in bed, his cigarette suggests what we missed. A naked woman enters and gets into bed with him. It is Christina. They smile, kiss, cuddle - her head on his chest. She works up the nerve to say something. Then:

CHRISTINA

They offered me a position at
Berkeley in the fall. I have to go
and interview.

That scares him, but he stays cool.

ZIMBARDO

When?

CHRISTINA

Tomorrow.

ZIMBARDO

This is a hell of a time to-
You're my right arm, Christina. I
need you for this.

CHRISTINA

Don't be ridiculous.

ZIMBARDO

There's nothing for you in
Berkeley that you can't-

CHRISTINA

In Berkeley I'll be a professor.
Here I'm just another grad student
fucking a professor.
(stopping herself)
I'm sorry. That was-

ZIMBARDO

That was your life in a nutshell.
I'm the one who's sorry.

She shrugs it off, smiles. Good woman.

CHRISTINA

Everything I know I learned from
you. My observations would be-

ZIMBARDO

I don't need you to watch the
experiment. I have Jaffe and the
boys to do that. I need someone to
watch me.

CHRISTINA

You?

ZIMBARDO

This study has the chance to be
something unique. Something
important. I want to do this
right. You know how I can get when-

She takes his face in her hands.

CHRISTINA

Hey... Hey... I love you. You were
born to do this. Nothing is going
to get in the way of that. Not
even you.

They kiss. Finally, Zimbardo relaxes a little.

ZIMBARDO

I knew I'd have to let you go
sooner or later. I was just
counting on later.

CHRISTINA

I'll be gone five days.
(off his look)
What can happen in five days?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Improvised banter. Laughing, smoking, ice breaking.
Zimbardo and staff share inside smiles as they study NINE
YOUNG MEN sitting around a conference table. We recognize
their faces from the interviews of the title sequence.

You are not permitted descriptions to differentiate them.
Truth is, they are not all that different.

And there will be no sinister foreshadowing to tell you which of these guys are going where. For now they are faces in a crowd. They will become individuals soon enough. Finally:

ZIMBARDO

Good afternoon, gentlemen, and welcome to orientation. As guards it is essential that you report for your shifts promptly. You will stand watch around the clock in the form of three eight hour shifts.

(gesturing to his staff)
Warden Jaffe and the rest of the prison staff will be housed adjacent to the cell blocks watching you. Obviously no prisoner can leave once jailed, except through established procedures. Your job will be to maintain order.

Nods all around. Semi-serious at best.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

Now I cannot stress this enough. You cannot, *in any way*, hit or physically assault the prisoners.

The guards nod again. At least one of them smiles.

INT. ARMY/NAVY STORE - CONTINUOUS

These same young men browse through fatigues and overalls, looking for just the right thing to wear as:

ZIMBARDO (V.O.)

You can, however, create in the prisoners feelings of boredom, a sense of frustration, of hopelessness. You can create a sense of fear to some degree.

One guard settles on a pair of drab khaki pants and matching shirt.

ZIMBARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You can create a sense of the arbitrary, that their lives are controlled totally by us, by the system.

Another picks out polished black boots.

Jaffe and Haney admire a selection of wooden night sticks in a glass cabinet. They share a wry grin. And finally:

ZIMBARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They need to learn from the outset
 that they will have no privacy at
 all. There will be constant
 surveillance. Nothing they do will
 go unobserved. We are going to
 take away their individuality...

CLOSE ON: A pair of classic 70's mirrored sunglasses. One of the guards walks up to them, his reflection swelling as he gets closer. With a smile, he reaches out and takes them down.

ZIMBARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In general, what this all leads to
 is a sense of powerlessness. That
 we have total power over the
 situation... and they have none.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A beautiful tree-lined street of modest homes buzzing with activity. Everyday people mowing their lawns, riding their bicycles, walking home from church in their Sunday best. An animated snapshot of Anytown, U.S.A.

SUPER: Day 1

EXT. KORPI RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

DOUG KORPI (22), an affable young man with longish hair and a mischievous smile, watches as his younger brother MILES (7) hoses off his coal black '66 Dodge Charger. After a moment...

KORPI
 You missed a spot.

MILES
 Where?

Korpi points to the front right wheel well where soapy bubbles still remain. Miles aims the hose but the water stops flowing. Instinctively, Miles looks directly into the end of the hose and as soon as he does, water gushes all over his face.

KORPI
 AHAHAHAHAHAH. SUCKER.

Miles turns to see Korpi holding a recently crimped length of hose. He rushes over and tries to squirt him but Korpi just cuts off the flow of water again.

MILES

You jerk-off. I'm gonna get you for that...

But Miles stops, looking past Korpi as:

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you Douglas Korpi?

Korpi turns to find himself confronted by A COP, his Palo Alto police car just beyond. A CAMERAMAN and SOUND RECORDIST exit a vehicle parked across the street and follow close behind, recording the scene.

Korpi blinks, realizes and plays along.

KORPI

That's the name they gave me.

COP

(consulting notes)

I'm placing you under arrest for violation of California Penal Code section two-eleven, armed robbery.

He grabs Korpi by the arm.

MILES

Hey wait a minute. He didn't do anything.

KORPI

(to Miles)

Turn off the hose and go inside.

MILES

But Doug...

Miles is confused and frightened but Korpi winks.
"Everything's cool."

KORPI

Don't worry. Everything'll be alright. Now go on inside... And tell Mom I won't be home for dinner.

Miles does so and we follow. He stops in the doorway, looking back as PASSERSBY gather and stare.

COP

Hands on the car and spread your legs.

The Cop frisks Korpi from head to toe and cuffs him. Then he guides him into the back seat and closes the door. The Cameraman continues to film. Korpi smiles and shakes his head. "Over the fucking top."

The patrol car roars off with lights and sirens, leaving the neighbors amazed and confused. On the porch of Korpi's house, a stunned Miles finally finds his breath.

MILES

MOM.

(Note: Over the course of Korpi's arrest and booking, the screen will split and show various parts of the arrests/bookings of the other prisoners. What matters most is that Korpi be singled out.)

INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Korpi looks out the back window to see the camera crew following close behind with the Cameraman perched on the hood of the car. Too much.

INT. BOOKING ROOM - DAY

The Cameraman continues to film as A SECOND COP fingerprints a grinning Korpi and takes his mugshot.

SECOND COP (O.S.)

Full name?

KORPI

Douglas Martin Korpi.

SECOND COP (O.S.)

Address?

KORPI

1174 Greendale Terrace.

SECOND COP (O.S.)

Occupation?

KORPI

Student.

The First Cop enters the frame, produces a black blindfold and wraps it tightly around Korpi's head, obscuring his vision. This suddenly isn't so funny.

KORPI (CONT'D)
 Whoa, wait a minute. No one said
 anything about-

BLACK

COP (V.O.)
 Shut up and move.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON: A pair of polished black boots walking briskly
 beside a trailing pair of hi-top sneakers.

TILT UP TO REVEAL: Khaki pants, the business end of a
 black police baton leading up to a black belt, a khaki
 uniform shirt and finally, the expressionless face of:

KARL VAN ORSDAL (18), all emotion obscured by the
 mirrored sunglasses that hide his eyes. In any other
 attire, Van Orsdal - tall, skinny and not even remotely
 muscular - wouldn't merit a second thought about whether
 or not you could take him in a fight. He is trying to
 look official but not doing a very good job.

*(Note: The screen splits to show the police handing over
 the other prisoners, one by one, to the staff.
 Blindfolded, they are driven around town for a while,
 then walked back and forth along a winding and arbitrary
 route to confuse them. They will have no idea where they
 are in the end.)*

Van Orsdal pulls a cuffed and blindfolded Korpi into:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

The same place we saw Zimbaro and his staff building the
 day before. The cheeziness of it is almost comical.

VAN ORSDAL
 Hands against the wall.

Korpi reaches out somewhat awkwardly until he finds it.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
 Don't move.

Van Orsdal exits the yard, leaving Korpi alone. After a
 long silence, Korpi manages a small laugh.

BANG. He is startled when THREE OTHER GUARDS enter, all
 sporting the familiar khaki uniforms, police batons and
 mirrored sunglasses.

Meet the DAY SHIFT (10am-6pm).

As the tallest and oldest, **TERRY BARNETT (24)** is very imposing. He carries a clipboard and already likes it.

JOHN LOFTUS (18) carries a medium-sized box. He exudes a casual attitude. He's basically a good guy and fun to be around. He smokes almost constantly.

JONATHAN MARK (20) brings up the rear, holding what look like long T-shirts in his hand. Mark seems the most uncomfortable with the current situation. He's definitely more of a follower than a leader.

Barnett gets right in Korpi's face and speaks in a loud, stern voice. Remember, this all has a clear sense of role-playing at first. No one is taking it too seriously.

BARNETT

Feet apart. Wider. I said wider.
Now keep your head down. Take off
your shoes.

Korpi pulls his hands back from the wall and leans over.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Keep those hands on the wall.

JOHN

Use your feet.

As Korpi does this, the guards whisper amongst themselves. They keep consulting the clipboard, a little confused about proper procedure.

BARNETT

Okay, hands at your sides. Now I
want you to strip.

KORPI

Huh?

BARNETT

Shut up and strip. Place your
clothes on the floor to your
right.

Korpi reluctantly does as he's told. In a moment he is completely naked, save the blindfold. John produces a paper bag from his box and confiscates Korpi's clothes.

JOHN

Hands against the wall.

The sheepish Mark holds out the shirts in his hand to reveal they are actually somewhat feminine smocks, each with a unique number stenciled on the front and back.

Barnett grabs one and holds it up against Korpi's naked torso. Clearly too big. He grabs the other one and holds it up - not perfect but close enough.

MARK

Don't we delouse him first?

BARNETT

Shit.

(to Korpi)

Don't move. Just shut up and stay where you are.

He hands the smock to Mark and exits. Korpi is naked and vulnerable, John and Mark are extremely uncomfortable.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Zimbardo and staff watch this on a black and white monitor. Mark paces back and forth to avoid looking at Korpi. John unconsciously slaps nightstick to palm.

ZIMBARDO

Did any of you tell him to do that with his nightstick?

JAFFE

No. Intimidating, though.

ZIMBARDO

Not five minutes into it. Just like you said.

He turns to a man we have not seen before. A LARGE, MENACING BLACK MAN stands in the corner, arms folded, expressionless. This is **CARLO PRESCOTT**, age forty-some, but his eyes are much older. They have seen things we hope never to see.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

It seems like an eternity before Barnett returns carrying a large aerosol can. He offers it to Mark. They whisper:

MARK

What? Why me?

BARNETT

Just do it.

(barking in Korpi's ear)

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Step away from the wall with your
hands above your head. Do it now.

Mark approaches and reluctantly sprays Korpi from head to toe with a delousing chemical, keeping a fair distance when spraying his buttocks and genital region.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Zimbardo and the others have to chuckle at how ridiculous this looks. Only Prescott fails to see the humor. What's his deal? We wonder.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

When Mark has finished, Barnett hands Korpi the smock.

BARNETT

Put this on.

Once Korpi has done this, John removes a length of chain and a padlock from his box. He wraps the chain around Korpi's right ankle and locks it. He then hands Barnett a stocking cap made of panty hose material. Barnett removes Korpi's blindfold and hands him the cap.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Put this on your head. Make sure
all your hair is tucked inside.

KORPI

You're kidding, right?

BARNETT

Shut up and do it.

John removes a pair of rubber flip-flops from his box and hands them to Korpi. The guards take him in and can't help but smile at their first complete prisoner.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

My, my, my... Now he sure does
look sweet, doesn't he fellas?
John, show our new prisoner just
how pretty she looks.

John leads Korpi over to a mirror. Korpi is shocked by his appearance. The smock just barely covers his genitals. This is also the first time he sees the large number stenciled across his chest:

BARNETT (CONT'D)
(in Korpi's face)

Now listen up. From now on, you will be known as prisoner 8612. When someone asks you a question, that's what you will be addressed by. Other prisoners will call you 8612 and only 8612. And you will, at all times, refer to us as Mr. Correctional Officer. Got it?

KORPI

Yeah, I got it.

BARNETT

What was that?

KORPI/8612

(managing a smile)

I mean yessir, Mr. Correctional Officer, sir.

BARNETT

Put him in Cell Number Two.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS behind Korpi and he takes in his new surroundings. The "cell" is a cramped twelve by ten foot room. No sink, no toilet, no windows and nowhere to walk thanks to the three cots jammed side by side within.

Korpi/8612 sits on one of the cots and watches the yard through the barred door, waiting...

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/OBSERVATION ROOM - TIME LAPSE

Over the course of an afternoon, an additional EIGHT PRISONERS go through the same procedure as Korpi.

Zimbardo and his staff watch it all in silence from the other side of the make-shift wall.

The guards become confident and familiar with the routine, stripping the last few prisoners themselves.

Conversely, each successive prisoner becomes more and more embarrassed at having to go through this treatment in front of a growing number of fellow prisoners.

We'll meet them all in time. For now, we focus on the last of them - humiliated as he is led to Cell Number Two.

PRISONER 819 - STEWART LEVIN (17) is in many ways an all-American kid, excelling at academics as well as sports (despite being short). As we will come to learn, he's got a bit of a problem dealing with authority.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT

Korpi/8612 sits on his cot studying his new cellmates.

PRISONER 1037 - RICH YACCO (19) is a lanky, dark-haired young man with a thick mustache. Yacco is laid back, mellow if not a little straight-laced. He is reclined on his bed, taking the whole thing in stride.

Levin/819 stands near the door of the cell, uncertain of what to do.

KORPI/8612

You can sit down you know. You
don't have to stand there all day.

Levin/819 takes a seat on the empty cot. Yacco/1037 offers him a lazy wave. After a moment, Korpi/8612 extends a hand.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)

I'm Doug. That's Rich. What's your
name?

LEVIN/819

Stew. Stew Levin.

KORPI/8612

Nice to meet ya, comrade. So
what're ya in for, pal?

LEVIN/819

Excuse me?

KORPI/8612

Your crime. What did you do?

LEVIN/819

Uh... they said something about
burglary. But I didn't really-

KORPI/8612

Sure, sure. The joint's
overflowing with innocent men. WE
BEEN FRAMED, FRAMED I TELL YA.

VOICE FROM ANOTHER CELL (O.S.)

Give it a rest, man.

LEVIN/819

But no one's really guilty of anything, right? I mean, this is just an experiment.

Korpi/8612 stares at him like he's completely insane, which makes Levin/819 all the more uncomfortable. Finally, Korpi/8612 cracks into a broad smile.

KORPI/8612

Relax, I'm just messing with ya.

LEVIN/819

Oh, right. That's... that's funny.

YACCO/1037

You know maybe you should knock off the chit chat for awhile. We're supposed to be quiet.

KORPI/8612

What are they gonna do, take away our birthday? They can't lay a finger on us. It's in the contrac-

YACCO/1037

Do what you want, man, but I think this whole thing'll go smoother if we just do what we're told.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

All nine prisoners are lined up, depersonalized by their identical outfits and stocking caps. We've already met Korpi/8612, Levin/819 and Yacco/1037. Take a moment to meet the others. They range in age from 18 to 22.

JIM ROWNEY/4325. Aggressively average. The only thing that stands out about him is the fact that nothing stands out about him. The perfect subject for this experiment.

WHITT HUBBELL/7258. A handsome blonde kid. Affable, funny and athletic, but not the brightest bulb on the marquee.

GLENN GEE/3401. Asian (the only non-Caucasian). A smart, quirky little nerd and a bit of a hard nut to crack.

JERRY SHUE/5486. A bit of a hippy with long brown hair. He is immediately vulnerable when the guards confiscate his thick glasses. This will be a problem later.

PAUL BARAN/5704. A tall, dark-haired, gangly young man who looks like he could fail both algebra and shop class. It is important to remember that he counts smoking as his only vice. And finally, there is:

TOM WILLIAMS/2093. Human wallpaper. A rigid follower of rules and regulations. He is so uniquely square that even the nerdiest nerds in high school wouldn't give him the time of day. The ultimate nobody. Remember him anyway.

By now the guards are in a groove, acting more like what they think guards should be. Mark and John pace the yard, swinging their nightsticks aggressively into their palms as Barnett barks the orders.

Adding to the surreal atmosphere is the almost constant presence of TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS, walking about the edges of the corridor, snapping pictures. Hardly prison-like.

BARNETT

Now. Some of you prisoners already know the rules, but others have shown that you need to learn them.

John hands Barnett the rules like a good little toady.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Prisoners are part of a correctional community. In order to keep the community running smoothly, prisoners must obey the following rules. Rule number one, prisoners must remain silent during rest periods, after lights out, during meals and whenever they are outside the prison yard. Rule number two, prisoners must eat at meal times and only at meal times. Rule number three, prisoners must participate in all prison activities. Prisoner 3401, when must prisoners remain silent?

GEE/3401

Uh... during meal times, rest peri-

BARNETT

(interrupting)

Prisoners must remain silent during rest periods, after lights out, during meals and whenever they are outside the prison yard.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zimbardo and staff watch, more amused than anything else.

BARNETT (O.S.)
Prisoner 4325, when must prisoners
remain silent?

ROWNEY/4325 (O.S.)
Meals, rest times, before lights
out, aft-

BARNETT (O.S.)
Prisoners must remain silent
during rest periods, after lights
out, during meals and whenever
they are outside the prison yard.
When must they be silent?

ROWNEY/4325 (O.S.)
Meal time, rest time, after lights
out, any time they're off the
yard...

BARNETT (O.S.)
Repeat the rule as stated.

*(Note: There are many rules, all of them arbitrary. The
reading/reciting of rules goes on forever, but time lapse
and this note will save you from having to endure it.)*

PAN UP to the clock on the wall reading "4:20". DISSOLVE
to show the hands of the clock now reading "4:58". We PAN
DOWN to the monitor and...

Thirty-eight minutes of standing at attention and we're
still going over the rules. The prisoners are listless,
bored. This mindless repetition has clearly drained them.

ZIMBARDO
You're on, David.

Jaffe pulls on a suit jacket, leaving with a smile.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER

BARNETT
Is mail a right or a privilege,
2093?

WILLIAMS/2093
A privilege.

BARNETT
Are visitors a right or a
privilege, 3401?

GEE/3401
A privilege.

BARNETT

What rights do you have here in prison?

The prisoners look at one another, caught off guard.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

You have NO rights. Everything is a privilege.

JOHN

We are your biggest privilege.

This elicits a bit of nervous laughter from a few of the prisoners. Just then, Mark enters the yard.

MARK

The warden is ready to inspect the prisoners.

BARNETT

Okay. Prisoners, stand up straight at attention.

Jaffe enters the yard in a dark suit and reflective sunglasses. He plays up the warden bit nicely, slowly walking along the row of prisoners, looking them over, trying hard to stifle a smile.

JAFFE

As you probably already know, I'm your warden. All of you have shown that you are unable to function outside in the real world, that you lack the responsibility of good citizens of this great country. We are going to help you learn what your responsibilities are. If you follow the rules and keep your hands clean, if you repent for your misdeeds and show a proper attitude of penitence, we'll get along just fine.

(turning to Barnett)

I'd like to see a count please.

BARNETT

Yes sir.

As Jaffe takes a position against the far wall, Barnett addresses the prisoners.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

This is a count. You will have to do this often so learn to do it.

(pointing to John)

BARNETT (CONT'D)
Now follow Mr. Correctional
Officer in learning how to count.

John takes center stage and speaks in a commanding voice.
He punctuates his speech by pointing with his nightstick.

JOHN
From left to right you're going to
read off your number. You're going
to say, "My number is", followed
by, "Mr. Correctional Officer."
Let's start at the end.

SHUE/5486
My number is 5486, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

ROWNEY/4325
My number is 4325, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

And so on down the line... Forever.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - HOURS LATER

The cell door slams and locks. Korpi/8612 and Yacco/1037
sit on their cots while Levin/819 sits on the floor.

LEVIN/819
Is it just me or are those guys
taking this whole thing a bit too
seriously?

YACCO/1037
They're just doing their job, same
as us. Seems like they're working
a lot harder for their fifteen
bucks a day than we are.

KORPI/8612
Well, I intend to make them.

LEVIN/819
What do you mean?

KORPI/8612
If they want to be all gung-ho
about everything, we should do
whatever we can to take the fun
out of it for them. Right now it
seems to me that they're having a
lot more fun twirling their batons
and acting all tough than I'm
having with my balls hanging out
of this fucking dress and being
talked down to like some idiot.

YACCO/1037

I don't think this is about fun,
man. This is a job.

LEVIN/819

Yeah, this is money I really need.

KORPI/8612

We *all* need it. But why not make
them work for it if they're gonna
hassle us with all this prison
rules and numbers nonsense?

LEVIN/819

How's that gonna make the next two
weeks go by any faster?

YACCO/1037

Yeah. If they wanna make like
they're real prison guards, let
'em. Me, I'm gonna do as little as
possible to earn my money.

INT. GUARD ROOM - DAY SHIFT

A classroom just around the corner from the yard where
the guards can hang out. The THREE NIGHT SHIFT GUARDS
(6pm-2am) are changing into their uniforms. They are:

GEOFF LOFTUS (20). Like his younger brother John on the
day shift he is a constant smoker and one laid back dude.
A compassionate young man prone to helping others.

CHUCK BURTON (20) is a short, pudgy drone looking like a
squat Che Guevara. A complete follower - as generous or
dangerous as those around him.

DAVID ESCHELMAN (18). Tall and good looking with a
winning smile, he fancies himself an actor. He has a
great deal of presence. You just can't take your eyes off
of him. For now he's just an affable guy. But things
change.

ESCHELMAN

Man, I gotta tell ya, I never
thought I'd ever be dressing up
like this.

BURTON

I can almost smell the pork.

GEOFF

Well, I'd rather dress like a pig
than be wearing a dress.

Burton puts on his mirrored sunglasses.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You know who you look like? You look like that guy from *Cool Hand Luke*. The one that kills Paul Newman at the end.

BURTON

I haven't seen it. Thanks for ruining it.

ESCHELMAN

I was always partial to the Road Captain myself.

Eschelman steps in front of a mirror and checks himself out. He assumes a malevolent pose, brandishing his nightstick before slowly adding the finishing touch - the mirrored sunglasses. Then, in his best Strother Martin:

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Now men, I can be a nice guy... or I can be one real mean sum'bitch. It's all up to you.

A P.A. blasts off screen:

JAFFE (O.S.)

Attention all prisoners. Meal period will begin in five minutes. Meals will be served on the yard in shifts. Prisoners have fifteen minutes to complete their meals. That is all.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER

A table has been set up on the yard and food is served buffet style to the prisoners of Cells One and Two. The menu? Pork and beans, a slice of Wonder bread and a glass of milk. Burton and Geoff stand guard.

Korpi/8612 drops his spoon in disgust.

KORPI/8612

We should strike for better food.

LEVIN/819

And more money.

GEOFF

Just eat your food, 8612, and keep your comments to yourself.

Baran/5704 finishes his meal and neatly places his dishes in a bus tub. He turns to Geoff...

BARAN/5704

Hey man, can I have a smoke?

Geoff reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Eschelman appears and stops him. He drops right into character, speaking in the confident southern drawl that will come to define him.

ESCHELMAN

Smoking is a privilege, 5704. And that is a privilege that you gonna have to earn, son.

BARAN/5704

That's not what it says in the-

ESCHELMAN

As for the rest of you, I need not remind you about rule number one. I don't want anymore talking.

KORPI/8612

(mocking)

Oooooooooooo...

Eschelman slams his nightstick down on the table, stunning everyone. This guy is not kidding around.

ESCHELMAN

That means you, 8612.

KORPI/8612

Geez, lighten up, man...

ESCHELMAN

(to Burton)

Time for a bathroom break. We gonna take 'em up two at a time.

INT. LAVATORY - NIGHT SHIFT

The doors to the stalls have been removed assuring no privacy. Burton and Eschelman spin the blindfolded Yacco/1037 and Levin/819 around a few times as if playing "Pin the Tail on the Donkey", then position them before their respective toilets.

ESCHELMAN

Have at it, gentlemen. You got five minutes.

LEVIN/819

Aren't you gonna remove our blindfolds?

ESCHELMAN

You both big boys. You'll figure it out.

Yacco/1037 and Levin/819 sigh audibly. Yacco/1037 fumbles to take a seat on the toilet. Levin/819 stands motionless at the urinal. After a long pause:

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there with your pecker in your hand like some kinda dime-store faggot, 819. Do your business.

LEVIN/819

I... can't. I just can't.

ESCHELMAN

Come on, 1037. It's literally time to shit or get off the pot, boy.

YACCO/1037

You know it's really hard to go when somebody's watching you, man.

ESCHELMAN

Who's watching you, 1037? You callin' me a queer, boy?

YACCO/1037

No, but...

ESCHELMAN

You sittin' in the men's bathroom with that tiny little dick of yours wearin' a dress and you got the audacity to call me a queer?

YACCO/1037

Look, I didn't mean to...

ESCHELMAN

You know what, time's up. Step out, both of you. You'll just have to hold it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER

Burton and Geoff take the blindfolds off of Gee/3401 and Baran/5704, uncuff them and lock them in Cell One.

"Warden" Jaffe stands opposite the cells.

(Note: Certain prisoners remain silent and obedient, but will always be part of the visual. You are reminded not to forget the painfully average Rowney/4325 and the always obedient and utterly ignored Williams/2093. While they never act up, their compliance will prove to be a powerful force later on.)

JAFFE

Visiting day is on Tuesday. We want to give you the opportunity to write a letter to the person that you would like to have visit.

The guards hand each prisoner a single sheet of paper, an envelope and a pen.

JAFFE (CONT'D)

At the end of thirty minutes time you will be required to turn in a finished letter. Do not seal the envelopes. Whether or not it gets sent will be based on your behavior. Are there any questions?

KORPI/8612

(sarcastic)

Mr. Chief Correctional Officer, will we be allowed one phone call?

GEOFF

Watch it, 8612.

JAFFE

No, you will not.

YACCO/1037

Mr. Chief Correctional Officer, when will we know our sentence?

JAFFE

When sentence is passed on you.

YACCO/1037

When will that be?

JAFFE

That's for the judge and the court to determine.

YACCO/1037

When will we go to court?

JAFFE

That's also up to the judge and
the court to decide.

Shue/5486 raises his hand.

JAFFE (CONT'D)

Question, 5486?

SHUE/5486

My glasses, Mr. Chief Correctional
Officer.

JAFFE

What about them?

SHUE/5486

I... I need them to see.

JAFFE

Your correctional staff is here to
serve you, 5486. You don't need
your-

SHUE/5486

But I get headaches if I don't-

ESCHELMAN

(nudging with nightstick)
Don't interrupt the warden, boy.

KORPI/8612

Let the guy have his glasses, man.

GEE/3401

And my pills. I need to take my
pills or I-

JAFFE

I was not aware you took
medication, 3401.

GEE/3401

Well... Vitamins, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

The guards roll their eyes. What a load of shit.

ESCHELMAN

You get all the vitamins you need
in the tasty nutritious food we
serve you, 3401.

GEE/3401

Yes, but-

BURTON

That's enough chin-wagging. Let's
get to writing those letters,
ladies.

Gee tries to speak up again but Jaffe has already left.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON KORPI/8612'S LETTER as he writes the following:

"Dear Cindy, Greetings from the Stanford County Prison.
Everything here is fucked."

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Zimbardo sits at his desk, delighted as he reads the
prisoners' letters. Haney and Banks stand in the doorway
skimming letters. Prescott sits silent in the corner
doing the same.

ZIMBARDO

(laughing)

Listen to this. "I'm gonna do my
best to organize the other
prisoners and bring an end to this
oppressive situation." It's
signed, "Power to the people." I
mean, Christ, it's been less than
ten hours.

HANEY

(reading another letter)

"Power to the oppressed brothers,
victory is inevitable. P.S. No
kidding. I am as happy here as a
prisoner can be."

ZIMBARDO

Hmmm... Interesting dichotomy
between the two, wouldn't you say?

BANKS

Indeed.

JAFFE

Who knows, maybe the next two
weeks won't be as tedious as you
thought they'd be.

We play that line off of Prescott to menacing effect. He
sighs and looks up at the clock standing at 8:45.

The hands dissolve to 10:00. Off this:

BANG BANG BANG.

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)
Let's go boys, we're gonna have
ourselves a little count. Gonna be
a lot of fun.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

The prisoners exit their cells and assemble in the yard.

GEOFF
Hands against the wall.

The prisoners slowly comply.

KORPI/8612
This is ridiculous.

GEOFF
No talking. You want this to last
all night?

ESCHELMAN
He's right. The better you do
this, the shorter it will be.

GEOFF
First, we're gonna count off by
ones, starting with 1037.

Burton and Eschelman look at each other. Is this the way
they're supposed to do this? Eschelman shrugs, content at
the moment to follow Geoff's lead.

ESCHELMAN
Okay 1037, go. Loud and clear.

YACCO/1037
One... One-oh-three-sev-

ESCHELMAN
Whoa, whoa, whoa, stop. Is that
loud? Maybe you didn't hear me
right. I said loud AND clear.
Let's go.

The count begins, loud, clear and...

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - DISSOLVES

Painful to watch. Dissolves of the monotonous, grueling
count. It's never right and it's never the same.

ESCHELMAN (V.O.)
 Pitiful, absolutely pitiful. Maybe
 you gentleman have those stocking
 caps too tight... (Etc.)

Meanwhile, Burton is seated at the far end of the hall,
 uncomfortable, not really participating. When Yacco/1037
 flubs his number, the other prisoners wince.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
 1037, why don't you get out here
 and do twenty jumping jacks for me
 because you are so slow. Let's go,
 count 'em off.

(Yacco starts jumping)
 Do ten more for me.
 (pointing to ankle chains)
 And don't make that thing rattle
 so much this time.

Yacco/1037 begins again. Dissolve after dissolve takes us
 late into the night. The count is bordering on torture
 for us as well as them. The prisoners are really dragging
 now, forced to SING their numbers.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
 That was real pretty, real pretty.
 That's the way we want you to do
 it.

A sense of relief seems to wash over the prisoners -
 maybe they'll finally get some sleep. But then:

BURTON
 7258, what's the number of the man
 to your right? Don't look.

Hubbell/7258's expression sinks.

HUBBELL/7258
 Couldn't tell ya.

Everyone's heart sinks. This will never end.

BURTON
 You what?

HUBBELL/7258
 I couldn't tell you, Mr.
 Correctional Officer.

BURTON
 Get out here and do twenty pushups
 after you tell me what it is.

HUBBELL/7258
It's 2093, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

While Hubbell/7258 does his pushups:

ESCHELMAN
4325, what's the number of the man
to your right?

ROWNEY/4325
I don't know, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

ESCHELMAN
Step out and have a look.

ROWNEY/4325
It's 5486, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

ESCHELMAN
Thank you, 4325. Now first I want
you to do five pushups, then four
jumping jacks, then eight pushups
and six jumping jacks so you will
remember exactly... (Etc.)

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER

Geoff brings in a stack of sheets and blankets as
Eschelman orders a final count.

ESCHELMAN
Let me hear it, loud and clear.

The men recite their numbers down the line with
precision, speed and clarity. Like machines.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
All right, gentlemen, did you
enjoy our counts this evening?

KORPI/8612
No, sir.

ESCHELMAN
Who said that? 8612?

KORPI/8612
What? You want me to lie? Gimme a
break.

ESCHELMAN

Maybe you'd enjoy a little visit
to the Hole.

Remember the little closet. The one with the sign?

THE HOLE

Burton and Geoff shove Korpi/8612 in and lock him inside.

INT. THE HOLE - NIGHT SHIFT

Dark and musty. There is barely room to sit down.

BURTON (O.S.)

Sure hope you like it in there,
8612.

GEOFF (O.S.)

'Cause with your attitude, I think
you're gonna be spending a lot of
time in there.

But just as we think Korpi might boil over and say
something to make it worse, he smiles.

KORPI/8612

(to himself)

Thought they'd never put me in
here.

He slides to the floor and laughs. Alone at last.

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)

All right. The rest of you go back
in your cells. You make your beds
and you stay there.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Bleary-eyed and jittery from coffee, Jaffe, Haney and
Banks share uncomfortable looks. They cannot believe what
they are watching on the monitor. Zimbardo, however, is
fascinated. The enigmatic Prescott is totally unmoved
either way. O.S. we hear:

ESCHELMAN (ON TV)

I just don't know, 8612. The other
men have made their beds all nice
and neat. Why, I bet I could
bounce a quarter off'a them. 819,
why don't you toss this here
quarter off 8612's bed, see if it
bounces.

KORPI/8612 (ON TV)
This is bullshit, man. I've made
that fucking bed ten times.

ESCHELMAN (ON TV)
(sighing)
Go on 819. Remove 8612's sheets
and blankets so that he may try
yet again.

HANEY
Does this Eschelman kid ever get
tired?

ZIMBARDO
He's remarkable. From the second
he stepped on the yard, he's been
in complete control. And that
southern accent...

BANKS
It's like once he got that uniform
on he... transformed.

ZIMBARDO
What I've noticed is that the
guard shifts seem to be breaking
up into three distinct roles.
(pointing to Eschelman on screen)
A leader.
(pointing to Burton)
A wingman to carry out his orders.
(pointing to Geoff)
And a reluctant follower.

JAFFE
That's Geoff Loftus. His brother
John is on the day shift.

ZIMBARDO
John is more of a wingman,
wouldn't you say? What do you make
of that?

Jaffe shrugs. Zimbardo makes a note and goes back to
watching Eschelman run his count. Jaffe notices Banks'
exaggerated yawn.

JAFFE
Professor. You should go home.

ZIMBARDO
You mean now? This is just getting
good. Look at them in there.

JAFFE

You're gonna have to pace
yourself. We have another two
weeks of this.

Zimbardo considers this, nods. He stands and heads for
the door, Prescott follows. Haney and Banks look at one
another. Rock, paper, scissors. Haney loses and curses.
Banks is relieved. He stands and puts on his coat.
Meanwhile:

JAFFE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get some sleep.

Jaffe lays down on the floor. Haney gives him a dirty
look. Jaffe looks back: "What?"

JAFFE (CONT'D)

When third shift gets here just
put it on record and go to sleep.

HANEY

What if something happens?

JAFFE

Are you kidding me? The prisoners
are exhausted. The overnight
guards get to sleep for fifteen
bucks a day. Trust me. Nothing is
going to happen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Banks comes out of the observation room. At the far end
of the hall he sees Zimbardo talking quietly, almost
conspiratorially with Prescott. He stops talking when he
sees Banks. After a beat:

BANKS

Good night, professor.

Zimbardo half waves and waits for him to leave. When
Banks is gone, we jump down the hall to Zimbardo.

ZIMBARDO

(whispering)

I dunno, something's missing. I
mean, this is good stuff but I'm
just wondering if maybe there's a
way to, you know... take things up
a notch?

CLOSE ON PRESCOTT. His hard face has a thousand ideas.
None of them good. Then:

The shrill BLAST OF POLICE WHISTLES bursts our eardrums.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Haney is shocked from a deep sleep, spilling coffee on his crotch. Jaffe leaps to his feet. On the monitor:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

VOICE (O.S.)
LET'S GO. UP AND AT 'EM. TIME FOR
A COUNT.

Lights on. Nightsticks banging. THREE NEW GUARDS come in.

SUPER: **2:34 a.m.**

Meet the OVERNIGHT SHIFT (2am-10am).

Earlier we met tall and skinny **KARL VAN ORSDAL**. Where he might have looked awkward escorting Korpi into the yard, he is on his game now. Someone has been coaching him.

ANDRE CEROVINA (19). Bespectacled couch potato with long straight hair.

MICHAEL VARN (24). Napoleonic turd with a thick dark mustache and coke bottle glasses.

The prisoners assemble in the corridor disoriented and shaken. Some of their caps have fallen off during sleep.

VAN ORSDAL
Hands against the wall. I want
those caps on nice and neat.

Cerovina addresses the prisoners, tentative.

CEROVINA
Okay, we are going to go over the
rules, in unison, until everyone
has all of them. And the longer
you guys take to do this, the
longer you have to stand up.

Baran/5704's head droops. Van Orsdal lifts the poor bastard's chin with the end of his baton.

VAN ORSDAL
Everyone, and I mean everyone,
needs to stand at attention.

CEROVINA
 (reading from rules)
 Okay... Prisoners are part of a
 correctional community...

Audible sighs from the prisoners. Not again. Cerovina's voice, reading the rules, fades far, far away into:

BLACK

But just when you think we're letting you off the hook the shrill sound of the WHISTLES deafens us again.

SUPER: 5:59 a.m.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

For a second we think it's a loop. The noise, the lights, the yelling. The prisoners assemble, asses dragging. Yacco/1037 exits his cell with his hands over his ears.

VAN ORSDAL
 Come on, let's go. Move... (Etc.)

He blows his whistle again.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
 Enough with the fucking whistle,
 man. Jesus...

YACCO/1037
 Yeah, we get the point.

Everyone is out in the hall now. All but Korpi/8612.

VAN ORSDAL
 8612, if I gotta come in there and
 get you, you ain't gonna be happy.

Korpi/8612 finally emerges and takes his place in line. The prisoners are completely disoriented now.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
 This is an exercise period. Each
 prisoner will be required to do
 fifty jumping jacks, fifty sit-ups
 and fifty pushups. It is up to the
 guards' discretion whether or not
 a prisoner shall do more.

CEROVINA
 You heard the man. I want them in
 that order - jumping jacks, sit-
 ups, then pushups. Get to it.

As the prisoners wearily begin, we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT - LATER

The prisoners are doing their required pushups in unison. But Levin/819 is doing them faster. He finishes before the rest and stands.

VAN ORSDAL

You're finished when I say you're finished, 819.

LEVIN/819

You said do fifty pushups and I did them. I'm done.

The other prisoners reach fifty and stop.

VAN ORSDAL

The rest of you keep going. You'll do pushups all day long unless 819 decides to join you for an additional twenty.

Levin/819 doesn't budge. Some of the others shoot him "just do it" glances. Van Orsdal just glares at him.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be? You gonna do your twenty or are these guys gonna go till they drop.

LEVIN/819

(dropping)

Fine, you fascist pig.

VAN ORSDAL

Everybody stop. 819, stand up right now.

Levin/819 keeps doing his pushups. Go Levin.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)

I said stand up, 819.

Levin/819 keeps going until he hits twenty, then stands.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)

What did you call me just then?

LEVIN/819

I think you heard me... you fascist pig.

VAN ORSDAL
Throw him in the Hole.

Cerovina pushes Levin/819 in the closet but as he's closing the door, Levin/819 halts it with his hand.

LEVIN/819
You can keep me in here all day.
Still won't change what you are.

Cerovina shuts the door and locks it. Van Orsdal smiles.

VAN ORSDAL
Well, we'll see how you feel about that a little later. Now the rest of you return to your cells, have them neat and orderly and be standing by the foot of your bed in three minutes.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - THREE MINUTES LATER

Korpi/8612 and Yacco/1037 stand at attention as Van Orsdal inspects the cell.

VAN ORSDAL
Not bad, not bad.

He drills Korpi/8612 with a hateful stare. Then he turns and focuses on a perfectly made cot.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
Whose bunk is this?

Long pause. Korpi/8612 fills with dread.

KORPI/8612
Mine, Mr. Correctional Officer.

VAN ORSDAL
Why didn't you make up your bunk, 8612?

KORPI/8612
I did, Mr. Correctional Officer.

VAN ORSDAL
Oh really? That's not what I see.

Van Orsdal reaches down and messes up Korpi/8612's bed. Korpi/8612 snaps, grabs Van Orsdal by the throat and pushes him up against the wall.

KORPI/8612
What the fuck, man? I just made
that.

CRACK. Without thinking, Van Orsdal whacks him in the
chin with his nightstick. Korpi/8612 recoils.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)
FUCK.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Haney and Jaffe snap out of an exhausted daze and focus
on the monitor when they hear Korpi/8612 shout.

JAFFE
What was that?

But there are no cameras in the cells. They cannot see
what happened.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

A turning point. Everyone is stunned for a moment - guard
and prisoner alike. Finally, Van Orsdal blows his whistle
and the other two guards rush in.

VAN ORSDAL
Take this shitbag and put him in
the Hole.

CEROVINA
But 819 is already-

VAN ORSDAL
PUT HIM IN THE HOLE.

Cerovina and Varn each grab an arm and roughly drag
Korpi/8612 out. Van Orsdal turns to Yacco/1037.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
Fix this bunk. You got two
minutes.

YACCO/1037
You hit him... You're not supposed
to-

VAN ORSDAL
DO YOU HEAR ME, 1037?

YACCO/1037
Yes... Yes, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

Yacco/1037 quickly gets to work making the bed.

INT. THE HOLE - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

SLAM. Lock. Korpi/8612 and Levin/819 stand facing each other mere inches apart. There is no room to sit. They are both tired, weaving. It's hellish.

LEVIN/819

Fifteen bucks a day sounded like a lot of money yesterday.

KORPI/8612

Fucking guy hit me.

LEVIN/819

But... they're not allowed t-

KORPI/8612

Well he did. With his nightstick.

LEVIN/819

Did you provoke him?

KORPI/8612

Well, I did grab him by the throat first. And I gotta tell you, it felt good. It felt really good.

LEVIN/819

I really don't think that's the way to go, Doug.

KORPI/8612

Bullshit. If we can convince the others, the numbers favor us, man.

Levin/819 is tired. It takes a beat for him to realize:

LEVIN/819

What are you... You're talking about-

BANG. A nightstick slams the door.

VAN ORSDAL (O.S.)

No talking 8612.

KORPI/8612

(yelling)

SHIT AND FALL IN IT, MOTHERFUCKER.

(lowering his voice)

There's never more than three guards at a time.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)
But there's nine of us. Look at
us. They can't throw nine of us in
here.

Levin/819 smiles, getting it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Seven prisoners stand around a table with seven tin bowls
of warm oatmeal, a gallon of milk and a sugar bowl.

Varn, the short, mustached guard with glasses sits idly
by, picking his nose, ignoring the flagrant ongoing
violation of the "prisoners must remain silent" rule.

YACCO/1037
What do you think guys, should we
do it? I think we gotta decide as
a group, yes or no?

GEE/3401
I just don't know if it's gonna
get us what we want.

SHUE/5486
Seriously, if I don't get my
glasses back soon, my head's gonna
explode.

GEE/3401
I would like my pills.

ROWNEY/4325
Your vitamins, you mean.

We're surprised to hear Rowney/4325 even speak, much less
something a little hostile. Gee/3401 shoots him a nasty
look. It's met with a mocking smile. Two of the most
unflappable characters showing frayed nerves.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
(from the Hole)
Don't eat. They can't make you
eat. They can't make you do
anything. A hunger strike will set
you free. Power to the people.

The prisoners can't help but laugh at Korpi/8612's
outburst. Varn continues to ignore them.

YACCO/1037
What do you think guys, yes or no?

ROWNEY/4325

Since we've been here, it's been
that we all eat or we all don't
eat. I think we should stay
healthy. I think we should eat.

BARAN/5704

I'm with 4325.

GEE/3401

Yeah, me too.

YACCO/1037

Then let's eat.

But we can see Shue/5486 is not completely satisfied.

INT. THE HOLE - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Korpi/8612 and Levin/819 listen as the prisoners grab
their bowls and chow down.

KORPI/8612

YOU COWARDS.

He slumps against the wall, crushed.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)

You fucking cowards.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Van Orsdal enters.

VAN ORSDAL

Alright everybody. Mealtime's
over. Wash your dishes and get
back to your cells.

The prisoners head to a plastic tub to wash their dishes,
all but Shue/5486.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)

5486, return to your cell.

SHUE/5486

No. Not until I get my glasses
back.

Van Orsdal blinks. "The fuck?"

INT. THE HOLE - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

Korpi hears this and quickly stands - a ray of hope.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

VAN ORSDAL

5486, I am giving you a direct order. Now return to your cell immediately.

Shue/5486 rips the number from his chest and throws it on the floor.

SHUE/5486

No. I want my glasses.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)

YOU TELL 'EM, SHUE.

Van Orsdal motions for the other guards.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haney and Jaffe are wide awake, focused now, watching the monitor as the guards close in on Shue/5486. Shue/5486 grabs the table. Varn and Cerovina grab him under his arms and pull to no avail.

SHUE/5486 (ON TV)

Just give me back my glasses, will you please? I've got a real bad headache.

VAN ORSDAL (ON TV)

Let go of the table and we'll talk about it.

Van Orsdal begins to pluck his fingers from the table, one by one. Jaffe turns to Haney.

JAFFE

Call Zimbardo.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Van Orsdal finally succeeds in peeling Shue/5486's hands from the table. All three guards drag him off into Cell Three. Shue/5486 puts up a helluva fight. We lose sight of Shue/5486 as he is hauled into his cell. His struggling grunts give way to screams. We're suddenly concerned.

SHUE/5486 (O.S.)
HEY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HEY.

What are they doing in there? A moment later, Van Orsdal exits carrying Shue/5486's smock.

SHUE/5486 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's really uncalled for, man.

Van Orsdal plucks the torn off number from the floor.

VAN ORSDAL
You'll get it back once your uniform has been repaired.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zimbardo, Haney, Jaffe and Banks crowd around the monitor. All eyes turn to Zimbardo.

BANKS
Do we step in?

Jaffe moves to answer yes, but Zimbardo cuts him off.

ZIMBARDO
No. Let the guards handle it. See where it goes.

JAFFE
This *is* where it goes.

ZIMBARDO
We don't get involved. We observe.

HANEY
Uh... I dunno, I'm getting a real bad vibe here, guys. I think this whole thing is taking a turn.

ZIMBARDO
Come on. It's been less than twenty-four hours. They'll adjust when they see how pointless it is to fight. You'll see. By tomorrow this will be all under control.

INT. THE HOLE - OVERNIGHT SHIFT - LATER

The useless Varn opens the door to the Hole where he finds a grinning Korpi/8612 and Levin/819.

KORPI/8612
Is it that time already?

VARN

Let's go.

He leads the pair to Cell Number Two. They are surprised to find Yacco/1037 and Hubbell/7258 in their cell.

KORPI/8612

What the hell is this?

VARN

New cell assignments. Warden's orders.

He prods Korpi/8612 inside, locks the door, then escorts Levin/819 over to Cell Number One.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT

Ugly silence. Hubbell/7258 and Yacco/1037 are not happy to be teamed with this troublemaker. Finally:

KORPI/8612

Listen, I-

HUBBEL/7258

Man whatever you're selling, we ain't buying.

INT. CELL NUMBER ONE - CONTINUOUS

Varn locks the door behind Levin/819. Gee/3401 and Baran/5704 sit on their cots looking pissed off. Levin extends a hand toward Gee/3401.

LEVIN/819

Stew Levin.

He gets no response from Gee/3401. Baran/5704 waves.

BARAN/5704

Paul Baran.

(pointing to Gee/3401)

That's Glenn Gee.

Levin/819 takes a seat on the empty cot, stiff as hell.

BARAN/5704 (CONT'D)

So how was the Hole?

LEVIN/819

Not so bad, really. At least the fucking guards don't hassle you in there.

GEE/3401
 (blurting)
 I gotta tell you, I'm really
 dissatisfied with this whole
 experience so far.

Levin/819 and Baran/5704 exchange a look: "Dissatisfied?"
 Is that your idea of rage, geek?

GEE/3401 (CONT'D)
 I just want my pills.

BARAN/5704
 They're vitamins, man. You're not
 gonna die. 'Course if I don't get
 a smoke I may choke you to death.

LEVIN/819
 You know, 8612 and I were talking
 while we were in the Hole and...
 we've got an idea.

INT. GUARDS' ROOM - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

The day shift guards (Barnett, John and Mark) are
 changing into their uniforms while the overnight guards
 play cards as they await shift change.

BARNETT
 So how'd it go last night?

VAN ORSDAL
 Pretty good. The swing shift guys
 ran 'em pretty ragged. I don't
 think they had lights out until
 after eleven. And then we woke 'em
 up just after shift change and ran
 'em again.

BARNETT
 Nice.

VAN ORSDAL
 Man, you shoulda seen their faces
 when we hit 'em with the lights
 and whistles.

Barnett laughs.

VARN
 I kinda felt bad for the guys.

Shocked pause. All eyes on the quiet Varn.

VARN (CONT'D)

We were all a coin toss away from
being prisoners ourselves, right?

VAN ORSDAL

Come on, it's not like real jail
where there's some big black dude
who wants to fuck you up the ass
if you drop the soap or anything.

The guys laugh. Except Varn. Everyone follows his eyes
and the laughter quickly dries up.

Big, black Prescott stands in the doorway. An absolutely
awful, shitty moment. Everyone grabs their shit and
slinks out of the room. Prescott just shakes his head.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

SUPER: Day 2

Barnett, John and Mark enter, shocked to find:

Three stocking caps and three numbers torn from prisoner
uniforms - 819, 3401 and 5704 - are strewn across the
floor in front of Cell Number One. A blanket hangs over
the barred window and the lights are off inside.

BARNETT

'The fuck...

Barnett grabs his keys and unlocks the door. He tries to
open it but it won't budge.

INT. CELL NUMBER ONE - CONTINUOUS

BARNETT (O.S.)

PRISONERS OF CELL ONE, OPEN THIS
DOOR IMMEDIATELY OR FACE SEVERE
PUNISHMENT.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The prisoners have barricaded the
door with their bed frames and placed the mattresses on
the floor. Baran/5704 and Gee/3401 are sleeping.
Levin/819 lies on his back, hands behind his head,
wearing a big shit-eating grin.

LEVIN/819

Blow it out your ass, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

A night stick comes through the bars and finds the bed
frame, but it won't budge.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT

Korpi/8612 gets to his feet and presses his face to the bars, smiling, uplifted. Hubbell/7250 and Yacco/1037 share a concerned look. They don't want any trouble.

KORPI/8612's P.O.V. Barnett hits the door with all his might. No luck. Mark and Barnett shoulder the door together. It still won't give.

BARNETT

Dammit. This is your last chance, prisoners. Clear this door right now or face the consequences.

LEVIN/819 (O.S.)

Go tell it on the mountain, you candyass fascist pigs.

We hear muffled laughter from the prisoners in Cell Number One. Korpi/8612 laughs.

KORPI/8612

Way to go, Cell Number One. We're with you all the way. REVOLUTION.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Those words hit the guards like a bullet. Korpi/8612 is right. Barnett encapsulates the moment perfectly:

BARNETT

Shit.

MARK

Let's just go to the warden... or Zimbardo, get them to help.

BARNETT

No. No way. It's OUR job to take care of this. We don't want Zimbardo or anyone else to think we're too weak to handle this.

MARK

So... what do we do?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

BOOM. The door bursts open and the guards of the day shift charge in. But they have reenforcements:

Varn, Cerovina and Van Orsdal - the overnight shift. And they have come to kick ass.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT

Korpi/8612 moves to the window to see all six guards charging like bulls. But instead of heading to the barricaded cell, they head for Cell Number Two. Korpi/8612 is shocked when Barnett nearly smashes his fingers with his nightstick.

BARNETT

Back away from the door.

He unlocks the cell door and all six guards swarm inside.

YACCO/1037

What's goin' on here?

VAN ORSDAL

Hands against the wall.

BARNETT

Uniforms off.

HUBBELL/7258

What?

KORPI/8612

What the fuck?

VAN ORSDAL

Take 'em off. NOW.

Yacco/1037 shoots a hateful look at Korpi/8612. "This is all your fault."

INT. CELL NUMBER ONE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of struggling in the next cell - prisoners being overpowered and stripped naked, humiliated.

LEVIN/819

What's the scene over there?

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)

They took our clothes. You?

BARAN/5704

Shit brother, they can't even get into our cell.

We HEAR the guards converge on Cell Two again. A loud SLAM.

VAN ORSDAL (O.S.)

Up against the wall. Do it.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Get the fuck off me, man.

Sounds of a struggle O.S. Korpi/8612 screams wildly.
Playing this off of Levin/819's face, leaving it to our
imagination makes the screaming sound all the more
horrible. His cellmates stare at him. "You fucked up."

VAN ORSDAL (O.S.)
Handcuffs.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
NO. NO. NO.

Another scream. Levin/819 and his cellmates wince.

BARNETT (O.S.)
Let go of it.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
No. You can't fucking force me.
This is an experiment. Shit. Let
go of me, fucker. THIS IS NOT
REAL. THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT.

Another scream. Real pain.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

Prisoners' cots fly out into the hallway from Cell Number
Two. The guards exit Cell Two and lock the door.

BARNETT
When the prisoners in Cell One
start behaving properly, your beds
will be returned.

Korpi/8612, now handcuffed, grabs the bars of his cell
and pokes his head through.

KORPI/8612
Don't listen to them, Cell One.
Don't let them in.

With that, the guards move toward Cell Number Three.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)
Shit. CELL THREE. THEY'RE COMING.

Of course, in our hearts, we are hoping the next cut will
be to one of defiant resistance. It is not to be:

INT. CELL NUMBER THREE - DAY SHIFT

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)	YACCO/1037 (O.S.)
GET YOUR BEDS IN FRONT OF	DON'T LET THEM IN. THEY'LL
THE DOOR. QUICK. QUICK.	TAKE YOUR BEDS.

But utter nobody Williams/2093, painfully average Rowney/4325 and the half-blind Shue/5486 can't or won't offer any resistance. They stand on the far side of the room, a wall of jello. O.S we hear:

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)	YACCO/1037 (O.S.)
FUCK THIS EXPERIMENT AND	THEY DON'T TAKE YOUR BED
FUCK DR. ZIMBARDO. FUCKIN'	AND YOUR CLOTHES IN PRISON.
SIMULATION. FUCKIN'	FIGHT THEM. RESIST
SIMULATION... (Etc.)	VIOLENTLY... (Etc.)

The guards remove their beds without incident. Only Shue/5486 seems to have trouble swallowing it. In fact, this is more humiliating than being stripped.

CLOSE ON: The faces of the guards. Barnett sees nothing wrong with what he is doing. He's just pissed and wants order. But John and Mark keep their heads down, not at all sure this is the right thing to be doing.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

Korpi/8612 (and Yacco/1037 behind him) sees the beds coming out of Cell Three without resistance.

KORPI/8612
What kinda solidarity is that,
Cell Three?

BARNETT
Since Cell Three behaved
themselves their beds will not be
torn up. They'll be returned when
order is restored in Cell One. You
may use whatever influence you
have with the prisoners in Cell
One to make them behave.

Williams/2093 appears in the window of the door to Cell Three. We are shocked to hear him speak.

WILLIAMS/2093
If we knew what was wrong, Mr.
Correctional Officer, we could
tell them.

Van Orsdal blinks, trying to figure out how this whole thing even started. He gives up.

VAN ORSDAL (O.S.)
You don't need to know what's
wrong. You need to tell them to
straighten up.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - CONTINUOUS

KORPI/8612
We're with you all the way, Cell
Number One. All three of us.

HUBBELL/7258
Not me.

Korpi/8612 shoots him a dirty look. Yacco/1037 thinks for
a moment about which side he's going to be on. Then:

YACCO/1037
Good work, Cell Number One. Keep
it up.

Good job, Yacco.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hands off the bars, 8612. I'm not
gonna tell you again.

KORPI/8612
You think we're screwed? You think
you got us under your thumb? You
think we've played all our cards,
but you're just plain wrong.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JOHN
That's it.

John opens the door to Cell Two and yanks Korpi/8612 out,
clad only in a towel. He drags Korpi/8612 to the Hole and
locks him in. He turns and stops in his tracks.

Yacco/1037 is standing in the open door of Cell Two. John
sees the other guards aren't looking. He breaks
character, speaking in a sincere, helpful tone.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey 1037, where's your cap?

It is a small but singular moment. The kind of moment
that could lead to understanding. Yacco thinks, makes a
decision and with a real fuck-you face says:

YACCO/1037

Right there on the floor in front
of you.

John picks it up and tries to hand it back.

JOHN

Come on, man, you gotta put this
back on.

YACCO/1037

No way, man.

JOHN

Just... put it on.

YACCO/1037

No.

Any chance of reconciliation, of humanity, is wiped away.
John the person melts back into John the guard. Angry.

JOHN

Then I guess you'll just have to
join your friend in the Hole.

INT. THE HOLE - DAY SHIFT

Korpi/8612 sits crouched on the floor in disbelief. How
the fuck did this get so out of hand? He hears:

JOHN (O.S.)

Let's go.

YACCO/1037 (O.S.)

I'm not going anywhere.

JOHN (O.S.)

Gimme a hand over here.

Sounds of struggle. Pain. Humiliation.

CEROVINA (O.S.)

Grab his ankles.

JOHN (O.S.)

Gonna resist, huh? Not wise.

Yacco/1037 is screaming, fighting. Korpi/8612 cannot take
anymore. He covers his ears.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

Yacco/1037, painfully hog-tied, is dragged back into his cell and left lying on his stomach.

YACCO/1037

Where's the warden? I wanna talk
to the warden.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - DAY

A hand hits STOP on a video player. Zimbardo, Prescott and the staff have just been watching this chaos. No one can deny this is getting out of hand. After a moment of contemplative silence.

ZIMBARDO

What's the status of Cell Number
One now?

HANEY

Still barricaded.

ZIMBARDO

And what are the guards doing to
rectify this?

BANKS

Playing the empathy card, hoping
Cell One will eventually behave
for the sake of the others.

ZIMBARDO

You think it's working?

Haney, Banks and Jaffe share an uncertain look. Then:

JAFFE

Based on the rate this is
evolving... Well, the need for
self-preservation might take over.

He is trying to say this experiment is going badly.
Zimbardo nods. "Good point." But just as we think he
might come to his senses:

ZIMBARDO

Maybe they should call in some
reinforcements.

JAFFE

But, profess-

HANEY

They're already on it. The overnight shift just left about a half an hour ago.

BANKS

Barnett has called all of the swing shift guards and they've agreed to come in two hours early.

Jaffe looks to Prescott. Prescott looks right back with a shrug as if to say: "What are you gonna do?"

JAFFE

Professor Zimbardo-

Not listening, Zimbardo points to the monitor. Mark has withdrawn to the far end of the corridor.

ZIMBARDO

And which guard is this, the one not participating?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER

The guards have set up a nice little lunch for three on the table in the yard. Korpi/8612 is in the Hole. A second closet has been cleaned out to make another Hole and Yacco/1037 is locked in there. Hubbell/7258 remains locked in Cell Two.

Cell Three - that is the sell-outs: Shue/5486, Williams/2093 and Rowney/4325 - are assembled in the hall.

At the far end of the hall, Jaffe has pulled Mark aside.

JAFFE

The success of this entire experiment rests on making our environment seem like a real prison. Otherwise we can't truly gauge the effects of the situation on the prisoners.

MARK

What about the effect on the guards? I mean, just wearing this uniform is a pretty heavy thing for me.

JAFFE

The experimental group must be acted upon.

JAFFE (CONT'D)

The control group must behave a certain way in order to effect the experimental group. That means the guards are the control group. The guards must act. Otherwise, the entire enterprise is pointless. Do I make myself clear?

MARK

I'll try my best, warden.

JAFFE

Please do. It would be unfortunate to have to replace you.

That really stings. Mark turns and takes his place with the other guards. CLOSE ON JAFFE, hating what he's done.

Meanwhile, Barnett - bastard that he is - walks in with a shit-eating grin on his face. He hands eye-glasses to Williams/2093 and Shue/5486.

BARNETT

You've been model prisoners, boys.
Well done.

Williams/2093 puts his glasses on without a second thought. But Shue/5486, who at one time fought bravely for his rights, looks at his desperately needed glasses with a deepening sense of private humiliation.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

As you can see, your correctional staff has prepared a special meal for the prisoners of Cell Number Three in appreciation of their good conduct this morning. What do we have for these prisoners, John?

JOHN

Looks like we've got two ham and cheese sandwiches for each prisoner along with a can of Coca-Cola and a variety of cookies and pastries for dessert.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)

DON'T EAT THAT SHIT.

JOHN

Can it, 8612.

John bangs on the door to the Hole with his nightstick.

WILLIAMS/2093

May I ask a question, Mr.
Correctional Officer?

Barnett is taken aback. So are we. The geek speaks.

BARNETT

Go ahead, 2093.

WILLIAMS/2093

Will the other prisoners be
getting the same lunch, Mr.
Correctional Officer?

BARNETT

No they will not, 2093. And do you
know why?

WILLIAMS/2093

No, I do not, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

BARNETT

Because in this prison, good
behavior is rewarded and bad
behavior is not.

Williams/2093 looks at his fellow prisoners for a long
moment, then addresses Barnett.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry, Mr. Correctional
Officer, but unless all the
prisoners receive the same meal,
we will not be able to eat it.

Holy shit. No one can believe it. When did this guy
decide to stand up?

BARNETT

Is that so?

Williams/2093 looks at Shue/5486 and Rowney/4325. They
nod in agreement. Redeemed.

YACCO/1037 (O.S.)

Right on.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)

Way to go, 2093. Way to go.

BARNETT

(pissed)

You men take your places at the
table.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

The prisoners sit, arms at their sides, and do not move. Long pause. John, who tried to be nice earlier, has had enough of this shit. He plucks a half sandwich from Williams/2093's plate and takes a bite.

JOHN

Mmmmmmm, this is good. You sure you don't want a bite 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

No thank you, Mr. Correctional Officer.

John grabs the rest of the sandwich.

JOHN

Oh well, more for me I guess.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES on the black and white monitor. The guards pace and peck for what seems like hours - sometimes waving food in the prisoners' faces. The plates of food get smaller but the prisoners never move.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER

BARNETT

Prisoner 5486, why haven't you eaten your lunch?

SHUE/5486

Unless all the prisoners get the same meal, I refuse to eat it, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Pause. Barnett is unsure of what to do. Finally, he snaps, grabbing the sodas and pastries and dumping them into the bus tub. He leaves only the sandwiches.

BARNETT

Ham and Cheese sandwiches will be made available to *all* prisoners, *including those in Cell One* should they remove the barricade from their cell. You men have two minutes in which to eat your sandwiches.

A moment of victory for the prisoners. And while the music may be swelling in your heart, they simply drone:

PRISONERS

Thank you, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

But it sounds an awful lot like: "Suck my dick."

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal Korpi/8612, still wearing only a towel around his waist. He's looked better, but he feels great. John begrudgingly hands him a wrapped sandwich.

JOHN

You can eat in your cell.

Korpi/8612 sees Barnett opening the second Hole.
Yacco/1037 is still chained like an animal on his belly.

BARNETT

Would you like to come out of
there and have some lunch, 1037?

YACCO/1037

Have you returned our beds?

BARNETT

Nope.

YACCO/1037

Then I think I'll stay.

BARNETT

Suit yourself.

Barnett slams and locks the door. The other prisoners share a subtle smile.

INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT - LATER

Hubbell/7258 is asleep on the floor of his cell. A sound awakens him and he looks up to see Korpi/8612 at the door, fiddling with the lock.

Korpi/8612 looks back and the two exchange looks indicating that Hubbell/7258 is welcome to join him.

Long, tense sequence as they work the lock in almost total silence. Come on, guys. Get out. Make it.

Suddenly the whole lock pops out into Korpi/8612's hand. He and Hubbell/7258 have to stifle themselves. Hubbell/7258 pokes his head out of the bars and smiles.

HUBBELL/7258
All clear. Let's go.

But Korpi stops him.

KORPI/8612
One thing. If only one of us gets
away, you have to send help to
bust the other guy out. Deal?

HUBBELL/7258
Deal.

They shake and break.

INT. GUARDS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark is tipped back in his chair, feet up on the table
when Korpi/8612 and Hubbell/7258 run past the door.

MARK
HEY. STOP RIGHT THERE.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
FUCK YOU, PIG.

Mark topples back in his chair. He grabs his police
whistle and blows it loudly.

MARK
THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING. THE
PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Panic. Zimbardo, Jaffe, Haney and Banks look out of their
offices to see the escaping prisoners fleeing past.

ZIMBARDO
Come on.

Zimbardo and staff chase after them. But we remain long
enough to see Prescott mosey out into the hall. He just
lights a smoke and stays cool. He knows how the world
turns. So he waits.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The prisoners have a sizeable lead but don't know where
the hell they're going.

HUBBELL/7258

Where's the exit, man? How do we
get out of here?

KORPI/8612

I dunno. Just keep going.

INT. YET ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The door to the men's room opens from within. Barnett and John, in mid-conversation, step out into the corridor.

JOHN

...And the chick leans right into
my ear and says, "More," and I'm
like, "Honey, any more and I'm not
gonna be able to drive the van."

EVERYTHING FREEZES. Korpi/8612 and Hubbell/7258 skid to a halt, Barnett and John between them and the only way out. John and Barnett are stunned. Speechless.

The prisoners look at one another, swelling with adrenaline, a silent understanding. A nod.

And they charge. Time slows. The moment is milked. John and Barnett are motionless, shocked, blank. Korpi/8612 and Hubbell/7258 link arms, heads down. Ramming speed. They smile. They are going to make it.

SLAM

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER

Your hopes are dashed. The door to the yard opens and Barnett and John enter, dragging Korpi/8612 and Hubbell/7258, handcuffed and chained together at the ankles. They stop in front of the Hole and Barnett unchains Korpi/8612 from Hubbell/7258.

BARNETT

Man, this place is becoming your
second home, 8612.

KORPI/8612

Suck it 'til my face caves in.

Barnett shoves him in the Hole and locks the door.

Meanwhile, John comes out of Cell Number Two more pissed than ever.

JOHN

You will remain here and you will remain silent until we repair the door to your cell. Is that understood?

OVER JOHN'S SHOULDER we see a dejected Hubbell/7258 kneeling by the far wall, handcuffed to the radiator.

HUBBELL/7258

(sighing)

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

INT. CELL NUMBER ONE - DAY SHIFT - LATER

The lights are out, the door is still barricaded.

Levin/819, Gee/3401 and Baran/5704 are enjoying a peaceful sleep. We tense as slivers of harsh light stream into the cell. Then a scraping noise.

PAN OVER to the cell door window. Two large push brooms inch in and work upon the cot barricade. Levin/819 stirs.

LEVIN/819

Aw shit. Wake up you guys.

The three prisoners are immediately on their feet, reinforcing the barricade. A hand reaches in and yanks the door-covering sheet aside to reveal the prisoners' worst nightmare -

ESCHELMAN. Behind him are the other two night shift goons, Burton and Geoff.

ESCHELMAN

Well, well, well. Look at you three, all bright eyed and bushy-tailed. You know, you boys are in a whole heap a trouble. But if you clear this here barricade right now I can spare you a shit-storm the likes of which you never seen.

The prisoners share a look. What do we do? To our surprise:

GEE/3401

Don't let them in.

Eschelman sighs.

ESCHELMAN

I was afraid it would come to this.

WHOOSH. A blast from a fire-extinguisher fills the room. Cold chemicals spray bare flesh and sting lungs. The prisoners recoil and scream. The guards laugh.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
Knock it down, boys.

The guards attack the barricade with vigor, dislodging the vertical cot and gaining a foothold in the doorway. Levin/819 and Baran/5704 try to reinforce the barricade but are met with another long, excruciating blast from the extinguisher.

Off the sounds of screaming and laughter we:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER

Silence. Agony. Defeat. The prisoners (with the exception of Yacco/1037 and Korpi/8612 who are still in the Hole) are lined up against the wall.

The prisoners of Cell One have been stripped and wear only towels. Hubbell/7258's uniform has been returned.

Eschelman walks down the line and places a small metal bucket before the door of each cell.

ESCHELMAN
It has come to my attention that some of the prisoners are unhappy with life in our prison. So much so that they decided to try and release themselves on their own recognizance. As you can understand, this behavior cannot and will not be tolerated.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Hey I really need to speak to the warden or a doctor or somebody.

Eschelman nods to Burton who bangs the door to the Hole.

BURTON
Quiet 8612.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Fuckin' don't do that, man. It hurts my ears.

BURTON
Maybe you'll think about that before you get yourself thrown in the Hole again.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
You can just fuck off, buddy. Next
time, the door goes down. I mean
it.

Burton just smiles and walks away. Eschelman continues.

ESCHELMAN
As I was saying, this kind of
behavior will not be tolerated.
Therefore, effective immediately,
prisoners will only be allowed one
lavatory visit per shift.

Some of the prisoners grumble.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
SILENCE ON THE LINE. Now should
you feel the need to defecate or
urinate at any time other than a
scheduled lavatory visit, you are
free to use these fine buckets
provided by your correctional
staff. That's it. Back in your
cells.

As the men shuffle back inside:

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Seriously you guys. I really need
to see a doctor or something. My
head is pounding and I feel sick
to my stomach.

Eschelman and Burton say nothing as they exit the yard.
But Geoff lingers, whispering through the door.

GEOFF
I'll pass your request along to
the warden.

Long pause.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Thank you.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT

We are watching all of this on the monitor. Voices confer
quietly O.S.

ZIMBARDO (O.S.)
He could be faking.

JAFFE (O.S.)
Would you like me to deny his
request?

ZIMBARDO (O.S.)
Yes... But if he's not faking, we
could have a potential liability
issue if we deny him treatment.
Have him brought to my office.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - LATER

Korpi/8612 - blindfolded and shackled - is led in by
Burton. The blindfold is removed and Korpi/8612 finds
himself face-to-face with Zimbardo, flanked by Jaffe and
the menacing Prescott.

JAFFE
So Prisoner 8612, I understand
you're not feeling well?

KORPI/8612
I've been having these headaches
all day and then, just a couple of
hours ago, I started feeling my
stomach being all knotted up and,
you know, I just think that I
oughta get out, you know, and see
a doctor just to be sure.

Betraying a flicker of sympathy, Jaffe looks at Zimbardo
for direction but gets nothing. He resumes his role.

JAFFE
Surely you're not requesting you
be released from prison because of
a stomachache?

KORPI/8612
Look man, I don't feel well and I
really just think that-

PRESCOTT
This is bullshit. One-hundred
percent grade-A bullshit. What I
see before me is not a sick man.
What I see is a pathetic little
white boy who's unable to cope
with even the most minimal of
prison hardships.

We are as stunned as Korpi/8612, hearing this man speak
for the first time.

KORPI/8612

Hey, you don't know what it's like
in there-

Prescott rises, towering.

PRESCOTT

Boy, you're looking at a man who
spent seventeen years hard time in
San Quentin and you think you can
tell me what it's like inside?

In your face, whitey. Korpi/8612 looks away.

KORPI/8612

No... I guess not.

PRESCOTT

Damn right you guess not. Show me
some goddamn respect and look me
in the eye when you talk to me.

Korpi/8612 looks up at him, frightened. Prescott holds
his gaze for a long, intimidating moment, then returns to
his seat.

JAFFE

Maybe you should tell us what's
really bothering you, 8612.

KORPI/8612

It's the guards, man. They've
really just gone overboard with
the way they've been treating us.

PRESCOTT

You're a wimp, 8612. A
pusillanimous little wimp. A
mental and physical weakling of
the highest order.

Korpi/8612 rubs his eyes, confused, ashamed.

ZIMBARDO

Maybe there's something I could do
for you, 8612. Maybe you and I
could come to some sort of...
arrangement.

Oh shit.

KORPI/8612

What kind of... arrangement, sir?

ZIMBARDO

I'll speak to the guards and make sure that you're no longer harassed *if...* and *only if...* you agree to provide me with a little information from time to time.

KORPI/8612

You want me to... to be a snitch?

ZIMBARDO

You don't have to answer me now. You can inform the warden of your decision after you've had a bit of time to think it over.

Zimbardo makes some notes on the page in front of him.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

I think we're done here.

Burton wraps the blindfold around the bewildered Korpi/8612's face and takes him out. Zimbardo smiles, pleased with his "performance."

But the hard-ass Prescott betrays a look of real concern for the boy. We have to wonder how much of his performance was real.

ESCHELMAN (V.O.)

Now let's hear your numbers again, everyone, loud and proud.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

Eschelman leads the prisoners through a count. They call out their numbers as directed. The door opens. Burton brings Korpi/8612 in and removes his blindfold.

ESCHELMAN

Against the wall, 8612.

KORPI/8612

(walking into his cell)
I couldn't get out.

ESCHELMAN

(to Geoff)
Help him against the wall.

Geoff goes in the cell and brings a dazed Korpi/8612 out.

YACCO/1037

What are you saying? You couldn't break the contract?

ESCHELMAN
No talking on the line.

KORPI/8612
I couldn't get out. They wouldn't
let me out. You can't get out of
here.

The frightening urgency of Korpi/8612's voice is getting to the others. Geoff puts a compassionate hand on Korpi/8612's shoulder.

GEOFF
Come on, 8612. Get in line.

KORPI/8612
(shoving Geoff away)
Don't fucking touch me, man. I
mean it.

Burton comes to Geoff's aid and the two restrain him. Eschelman sighs and utters the words we now dread.

ESCHELMAN
Put him in the Hole.

Close on the faces of the other prisoners, their fear:

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
Let go of me. Let go of me, you
motherfuckers. Let go.

Korpi/8612 breaks free and runs for the make-shift wall at the end of the corridor, ripping the mesh cover from the camera portal.

OBSERVATION CAMERA P.O.V. - FISHEYE. Scary. Black and white video as Korpi/8612 lunges at the camera.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)
I WANNA SEE THE WARDEN. I WANNA
SEE THE WARDEN RIGHT NOW. I'LL
SMASH YOUR CAMERA. I'LL BEAT THE
SHIT OUT OF YOUR GUARDS. GET ME
THE FUCKING WARDEN. GET ME THE
FUCKING WARDEN RIGHT NOW.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jaffe sits at the monitor, watching this with a stricken look on his face. Haney stands behind him, slightly freaked out. Korpi/8612 does his best to resist as Geoff and Burton each grab an arm and Eschelman slaps the cuffs on him. They drag him and lock him in the Hole yet again.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)
 MOTHERFUCKERS. YOU FASCIST
 MOTHERFUCKERS. THIS IS JUST AN
 EXPERIMENT. A FUCKING EXPERIMENT.

His screaming reaches a new high in hysteria and we go:

BLACK

SUPER: **Day 3**

ZIMBARDO (O.S.)
 You did WHAT???

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

HANEY
 We let him go.

Haney and Jaffe are seated opposite a shocked Zimbardo and Banks. A tape recorder sits on the table.

HANEY (CONT'D)
 We called his girlfriend, had him
 sign the release and we, uh... we
 let him go.

ZIMBARDO
 Mr. Haney, do you realize the time
 and effort, not to mention the
 money that has been spent to
 realize this experiment?

HANEY
 Yes sir, I do.

ZIMBARDO
 And do you realize that by
 releasing one of the prisoners
 early, you may have jeopardized
 the entire enterprise?

HANEY
 Given the circumstances, I feel
 that there was no alternative-

ZIMBARDO
 No alternative?

JAFFE
 Phil, the kid was in serious
 crisis. He was hysterical,
 threatening to harm himself and
 others. And he kept demanding a
 lawyer...

HANEY

I think he was in real psychological danger.

ZIMBARDO

Oh really? And did you think, as a consultant, that maybe, just maybe, you should have contacted the Superintendent of this prison before compromising everything we've done?

Haney and Jaffe look at each other, beginning to wonder if maybe Zimbardo is a little too involved in his role.

HANEY

It was late, the situation was escalating and there was no way to-

ZIMBARDO

Did you stop to THINK, Mr. Haney, that perhaps Prisoner 8612 was pulling a fast one on you? That he simply became bored and unsatisfied with our prison experience and decided to act the part of an insane prisoner in order to break his-

Jaffe reaches over and pushes PLAY on the tape recorder. Korpi/8612's meltdown fills the air:

KORPI/8612 (ON TAPE)

I can't take it anymore, I gotta have a lawyer. Do I have the right to ask for a lawyer? I want a lawyer. This is a fucking EXPERIMENT. You're messing with my head, man, my HEAD... You have no right to fuck with my head. That contract is not serfdom. I can break the contract and get no money. It's not serfdom. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO FUCK WITH MY HEAD...

It's not what he is saying so much as how he is saying it. His voice is shrill, unnatural. Terrifying.

Korpi/8612 sobs uncontrollably. Unnerved, Zimbardo pushes the STOP button. After much thought...

ZIMBARDO

It would appear that you made the right call given the circumstances.

Haney and Jaffe breath a collective sigh.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

Obviously this raises some serious questions. How do we account for this extreme reaction? I mean, if something like this can happen in less than thirty-six hours-

JAFFE

Perhaps there was some flaw in the screening process?

BANKS

I don't think so. At one point or another we *all* interviewed him and he seemed as normal and stable as the rest of them.

ZIMBARDO

We must've missed something. There must have been some kind of weakness in 8612-

JAFFE

His name was Korpi.

ZIMBARDO

I'm sorry, what?

JAFFE

8612. His name was Korpi. And his only weakness was that he resisted. He didn't bend, so he broke.

VOICE (O.S.)

He broke because he couldn't control the other prisoners.

Everyone turns to find Prescott standing in the doorway.

HANEY

But he was a prisoner.

PRESCOTT

You don't believe me - play the tape, man. He was fine so long as he was running a revolution. He only came apart when he lost control of the others.

Zimbardo and his staff share looks. They had not realized this.

JAFFE

Are you saying that if the roles had been reversed, Korpi would have been another Eschelman?

PRESCOTT

Roles? Man, there is only one role. We are instruments of the system. And as instruments we make other instruments. The individuals are destroyed.

ZIMBARDO

By the system.

PRESCOTT

Man, the system doesn't do anything. The system is just a mass of instruments. Guards make instruments of prisoners, prisoners destroy the individual - even as they're rooting for him.

JAFFE

Like they did to Korpi.

PRESCOTT

Korpi, 8612, whatever the fuck you wanna call it - he wasn't an individual. He wanted control.

BANKS

And you think if the prisoners had stuck with him, Eschelman would have lost?

PRESCOTT

Man, Eschelman *can't* lose. Eschelman is serving the system, making prisoners into instruments. Korpi was serving himself.

JAFFE

He was standing up for his rights.

PRESCOTT

He was using other instruments to get what he wanted.

JAFFE

I'm sorry, but I think you're basing your point of view on your own experience. On real felons in a real prison. This is-

PRESCOTT

So now this isn't a prison?

JAFFE

This is a *simulated* prison. A-

PRESCOTT

This is eighteen college boys who've never been punched in the face, that's what this is. This experiment could not be further from a real prison if it were on the dark side of the fucking moon.

JAFFE

You're missing the point. We're trying to demonstrate the power of a given situation. The power of labels and-

PRESCOTT

All you're demonstrating is who *has* the power in a given situation. Any situation. But that isn't what should scare you. What should scare you is that this isn't my world you're simulating. It's yours.

Prescott walks out, leaving the others to contemplate his perspective. And as though nothing had ever happened:

ZIMBARDO

Okay then, visiting hours begin at seven this evening. I want the prison and the prisoners cleaned up before they arrive.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/ VARIOUS CELLS - LATER

The prisoners scrubbing the walls and floor of the corridor and their cells while guards loom over them.

INT. LAVATORY - LATER

Barnett sprinkles powdered cleanser into the three toilets of the lavatory, laughing. Levin/819, Baran/5704 and Gee/3401 each clean a toilet with their hands.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

The prisoners are assembled, wearing only towels. Mark stuffs their uniforms into a garbage bag.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

The prisoners are lined up in their towels, arms in the air. Mark and John, each armed with a bucket of soapy water and a large sponge, wash the prisoners like cars.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

Immaculate. The prisoners stand at attention in freshly laundered uniforms. No stocking caps or ankle chains, hair combed. Jaffe inspects them with mixed emotions.

JAFFE

I must say that I am impressed.
You men have done a fine job
today, a fine job. In recognition
of your good behavior, there will
be no work period before dinner.
You're all on rest and recreation
until further notice.

PRISONERS

Thank you, Mr. Chief Correctional
Officer.

Jaffe leaves, stopping at the sign he made on day one:

THE HOLE. Perhaps a little ashamed, he takes it down.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Zimbardo, Haney and Jaffe review videotape of the day's events with great interest.

ZIMBARDO

This is incredible. There's been a
complete lack of incident since
the first count of the morning.
Even Cell One is following orders
without hesitation.

JAFFE

Quite a contrast from yesterday, I
have to say.

ZIMBARDO

The question is why? Is it because
the guards crushed their
rebellion? Is it the uncertainty
about what happened to Prisoner
8612? Why are they suddenly so-

Haney enters the office with a reel of audio tape.

HANEY

You guys gotta hear this.
(threading tape into machine)
This was taken from Cell Two.

He pushes PLAY.

YACCO/1037 (ON TAPE)

The big guard told me 8612 took a swing at the warden. They have him locked up in maximum security.

HUBBELL/7258 (ON TAPE)

'The hell is maximum? They got something worse than the Hole?

YACCO/1037

I don't even want to know.

HUBBELL/7258

Bullshit, man. I think they're just trying to keep us in line.

YACCO/1037

Then where is he? What did they do with him?

HUBBELL/7258

I'm telling you he's at home. That breakdown was a jive act, man. Don't worry. He'll be back.

YACCO/1037

What makes you say that?

HUBBELL/7258

We had a deal... when we tried to escape. If either of us made it out, we'd come back and bust the rest of the guys out.

Zimbardo and the others share a look of "oh shit."

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

The prisoners sit in absolute silence as they eat a hot dinner of chicken pot pies. Eschelmann sits at the head of the table, leaning back, nightstick in hand. Burton enters with a tray full of additional pot pies.

BURTON

Anybody ready for seconds?

PRISONERS

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer/
Thank you, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

Eschelman eyeballs Williams/2093 relishing his seconds.

ESCHELMAN

2093, you've never had it this
good, have you?

WILLIAMS/2093

No I haven't, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Your mama never gave you seconds,
did she 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

No she didn't, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Makes it so you never want to go
home, don't it 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

Don't have a home, Mr.
Correctional Officer, sir.

Everyone freezes in mid bite, looking at Williams/2093.
Even Eschelman is speechless for a second.

ESCHELMAN

I don't think I heard you right.

WILLIAMS/2093

I don't have a home. Can't afford
one after tuition. I've been
living in my car all summer.

Oh man. The other prisoners look at one another, then at
their meals as Williams gobbles his pie.

For one brief, amazing moment, the human that Eschelman
was when this all started seems to flicker across his
face. But just before he is gripped by compassion, he
smiles at the others.

ESCHELMAN

Do you all see how good you've got
it here? Well do ya?

PRISONERS

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

You best remember that when you're talking with your visitors.

LEVIN/819

Mr. Correctional Officer, sir.
When do we get to see the visitors?

The other prisoners look up anxiously. "Yes, when?"

Eschelman smiles, getting an idea. He walks over to Burton and whispers in his ear. Burton laughs.

INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Soft MUZAK. The corridor outside Zimbardo's office stands as a makeshift reception area. VARIOUS VISITORS, mostly middle class parents, are made to wait.

ZIMBARDO

Once the prisoners are ready, you'll be led into the prison yard in groups of two and you'll be allowed to visit for ten minutes under the supervision of our correctional staff.

PARENT (O.S.)

You mean to tell us we drove all the way down here for ten lousy minutes?

ZIMBARDO

I'm sorry but it's prison policy. Your sons should have told you.

Grumbling. Jaffe approaches, whispers an update. Zimbardo nods, then turns to address the visitors.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

I've just been informed that the prisoners have been enjoying a late supper and requested an extra dessert. They should be finished and ready to visit in just a few moments.

More grumbling. The visitors are really pissed now.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

"Time Is On My Side" by The Rolling Stones plays over the P.A. system. (Yes, it really was.)

MR. AND MRS. LEVIN (middle 40s) are led to a small table where Levin/819 waits. Geoff stands beside the table, menacingly slapping his nightstick against his hand.

MRS. LEVIN
Oh Stew, you look exhausted.

LEVIN/819
Too much time in the Hole.

MRS. LEVIN
What's the Hole?

But before he can answer:

GEOFF
We don't talk about the Hole, do we 819?

LEVIN/819
No, Mr. Correctional Officer.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT SHIFT

Hubbell/7258 sits at a small table with his girlfriend MARY ANN RITCHIE (18). Burton sits Indian-style on the table above them, absentmindedly banging his nightstick against the table. The noise is maddening.

MARY ANN
So how are you holding up?

HUBBELL/7258
I'm okay, you know, trying to keep myself up. It's not too bad in here if you just cooperate.

MARY ANN
Are you cooperating?

HUBBELL/7258
Ever since I was stripped bare naked, I have been.

Mary Ann laughs, until she realizes he is not kidding.

BURTON
7258 was involved in a little escape attempt. He didn't enjoy the rest of the day at all.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT SHIFT

Eschelman looms over Williams/2093 and his step-father WARREN FARRIS (44). No privacy whatsoever. That a loser like Williams has someone who cares deeply for him is heartbreaking. It's clear that Farris is that man.

WILLIAMS/2093

I have most of the rules
memorized, except for the new ones
we get at the guards' discretion.

FARRIS

Uh huh.

Farris rubs his head, distressed by the whole thing.

ESCHELMAN

Tell him the most important rule,
2093.

WILLIAMS/2093

The most important rule is that
you have to obey the guards, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

FARRIS

Can they tell you to do anything?

ESCHELMAN

Yes.

WILLIAMS/2093

Well, almost anything.

FARRIS

And what right do they have to do
that?

WILLIAMS/2093

Well, they're in charge of running
the prison.

FARRIS

Well, aren't there certain rights
that they have to respect?

ESCHELMAN

Prisoners have no civil rights.

FARRIS

Well I think that maybe they do...

ESCHELMAN

Not in this prison.

Suck on that, Farris.

INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION AREA - LATER

The night over, the last of the visitors filing out. A few - like Farris and Mary Ann - seem distressed but say nothing. The rest think nothing of it. Some even congratulate Zimbardo on a successful experiment.

The Levins approach Zimbardo.

MRS. LEVIN

Stew looks so... tired. Are you sure he isn't-

ZIMBARDO

To tell you the truth, Mrs. Levin, we're all tired. But everyone seems to be holding up well.

Awkward pause. Zimbardo can see the Levins are unsure. He thinks fast, turning to Mr. Levin.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

Your boy seems pretty tough to me. Don't you think he can handle it?

Levin's masculine pride overcomes his reason.

MR. LEVIN

Of course he can, he's a tough kid, a real leader. My wife's just being overprotective. It's her nature.

(taking her arm)

Come on, dear.

MRS. LEVIN

But-

MR. LEVIN

We've wasted enough of this man's time.

Mrs. Levin is reluctant, but her husband takes her away. Close one. As soon as the last visitor is gone, Zimbardo's smile vanishes. He turns to Haney and Jaffe - suddenly all business.

ZIMBARDO

Let's get to work. I want the prisoners moved and the prison broken down in one hour.

Jaffe and Haney are confused. Zimbardo sighs.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

8612.

JAFFE

Doug Korpi? What about him?

ZIMBARDO

You heard the tape. He plans to come back and break them out.

HANEY

We don't know if that's-

ZIMBARDO

If he shows up we'll tell him we called off the experiment and sent everyone home. I'll be damned if he's going to get my prisoners.

Zimbardo and Haney walk away. Jaffe is left behind to contemplate where this is going.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The prisoners are chained together in columns with paper bags over their heads and their hands on the shoulders of the man in front of them. Burton and Geoff lead them up stairs with Burton calling out instructions.

BURTON

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left.

EXT. BRIAR PATCH - NIGHT

Eschelman wears a devious smile as he drags the prisoners' blankets through thorny bushes.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Banks, Haney, Jaffe, Zimbardo and others work to tear down the prison and return the area to its former state.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT

A small, uncomfortably hot janitor's storage area on the fifth floor that has been hastily cleaned out. The prisoners sit blindfolded on the floor doing their best to pick all of the thorns out of their blankets.

Eschelman, Burton and Geoff play cards at a nearby table.

ESCHELMAN

Now you boys make sure you get all them stickers out... 'cause those are the blankets you gonna be sleeping with tonight.

PRISONERS

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Zimbardo sits alone in what is now just an empty corridor, waiting for the revolution to arrive. He absentmindedly flips a coin over and over.

He hears footsteps in the distance and tenses. He stands, ready to attack. Milk the suspense...

False alarm. A PORTLY ACADEMIC in a tweed jacket and bow-tie enters the corridor. This is PROFESSOR COOK (58).

PROFESSOR COOK

Phillip? Is that you?

Zimbardo recognizes his colleague and sighs, relieved.

ZIMBARDO

Yes, hello Cy. How are you?

PROFESSOR COOK

I'm well. What are you doing down here at this hour?

ZIMBARDO

Actually, we are conducting an experiment and I'm... Well I'm waiting for my subjects to arrive.

PROFESSOR COOK

Ah yes, your prison study.

ZIMBARDO

That's right.

PROFESSOR COOK

I saw some of your boys upstairs. Frightful sight I must say.

ZIMBARDO

Just following the protocol, Cy. Everything's all right.

PROFESSOR COOK

I should hope so.

Zimbardo keeps looking past Professor Cook for any sign of the insurgents. Cook, in turn, looks past Zimbardo.

PROFESSOR COOK (CONT'D)
This is your mock prison, is it?

ZIMBARDO
Part of it. Listen Cy, I'd love to chat but I'm actually in the middle of something.

Pause. Cook realizes he is being dismissed.

PROFESSOR COOK
Certainly. We'll catch up later.

ZIMBARDO
Yes. Thank you, Cy.

PROFESSOR COOK
Something I'm curious about, Phillip. What's the independent variable in your study?

Zimbardo blinks, unable to process the question.

ZIMBARDO
I'm sorry...?

PROFESSOR COOK
Have you introduced a variable that might *influence* your outcome?

Zimbardo blinks. Then he snaps.

ZIMBARDO
Look, I really don't have time to explain my work to you right now. I've got a potential riot on my hands. The security of my men and the stability of my prison are at stake. Could we please table this discussion for a later date?

Cook looks at Zimbardo strangely but he lets it slide.

PROFESSOR COOK
Very well.

He turns to leave, then looks back to see Zimbardo still wracking his brain for the answer as he flips a coin over and over and over again.

Over this we slowly bring in the sound of hammering O.S.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/CELLS - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

The last nails of the rebuilt prison are driven into place. The prisoners try to sleep through the incessant pounding.

SUPER: **Day 4**

Cerovina enters with a hand-made sign we recognize, hammering it into a closet door. It reads:

THE HOLE

Levin/819 can be heard shouting from within.

 LEVIN/819 (O.S.)
I need to see a doctor.

 CEROVINA
Heard that one before.

And Cerovina walks away.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Haney strings a video reel. Banks addresses Zimbardo and Jaffe.

 BANKS
So we had Father Macallister speak to the boys as planned and I think you'll really be surprised by the results.

ON THE MONITOR, a reluctant Levin/819 takes a seat beside FATHER MACALLISTER, doing his best to avoid eye contact.

 FATHER MACALLISTER (ON TAPE)
Let's start with your name, son.
What's your name?

 LEVIN/819 (ON TAPE)
819?

 FATHER MACALLISTER
It's not a trick question, son.

 LEVIN/819
It's 819.

 ZIMBARDO
Fascinating. Did any of the other prisoners respond to the question with their number?

HANEY

All but 5486. But keep watching.

FATHER MACALLISTER

Okay, and how are you holding up in here?

LEVIN/819

(suddenly trembling)

I'm... managing.

FATHER MACALLISTER

Alright, and what steps are you taking to get out of here?

LEVIN/819

Well, uh, I'm doing my best to follow the rules and...

FATHER MACALLISTER

Has bail been set in your case?

Levin/819 looks at him, confused.

LEVIN/819

No, I, uh...

Macallister is all business, his body language increasingly somber and cold.

FATHER MACALLISTER

What about counsel? Do you have a lawyer? A public defender?

LEVIN/819

I wasn't... I wasn't aware that I needed one.

FATHER MACALLISTER

Well son, just how do you suppose you're ever going to get out of here without one?

For the first time, Levin/819 makes eye contact with Macallister. That's a damn good question.

CLOSE ON JAFFE, watching the tape with increasing empathy bordering on anguish.

LEVIN/819

I don't... I...

Levin/819 begins to sob, softly at first then dissolving into uncontrolled hysteria.

FATHER MACALLISTER
Whoa, easy son, easy...

Zimbardo covers his mouth with bemused surprise.

ZIMBARDO
My God... My... God.

He hits PAUSE. We're meant to think Zimbardo is finally realizing how out of hand this has gotten. But then:

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)
That priest completely bought into our simulation. He's truly acting like a prison chaplain.

BANKS
And he never offers spiritual counsel. Only legal advice.

ZIMBARDO
Unbelievable. Rewind it, I want to see it again.

Banks rewinds the tape. Jaffe stands and leaves the room, unable to watch it again. Just outside he finds the ever spooky Prescott smoking a cigarette. He nods casually. Jaffe walks away.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE R&R ROOM - DAY SHIFT

Jaffe comes to a dark room. He lingers in the doorway, lost in thought. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Levin/819 is lying on an old sofa with his back to us, trembling. Jaffe stares for a long time. Meanwhile:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

Barnett has the remaining prisoners lined up for a count. John and Mark smack their nightsticks into their palms.

BARNETT
2093, what is rule number two?

WILLIAMS/2093
Prisoners must eat at meal times and only at meal times, Mr. Correctional Officer.

BARNETT
That is correct. Prisoners *must* eat. Let's hear you all repeat rule number two in unison.

PRISONERS
 (in perfect unison)
 Prisoners must eat at meal times
 and only at meal times, Mr.
 Correctional Officer.

(Note: The sound of the prisoners carries through the entire sequence, at times overwhelming.)

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zimbardo, Banks and Haney are still discussing the tape.

BARNETT (O.S.)
 And who broke rule number two this morning?

HANEY
 Excuse me sir, but what about 819?

ZIMBARDO
 Clearly psychological. He can't admit what's wrong. He can't just say, "You have to let me go." I mean, I think that's the conflict for him. He doesn't want to feel like he's chickening out. I think he *wants us* to tell him that he has to go.

HANEY
 Well maybe you ought to consider doing just that.

Zimbardo looks at Haney like he is from Mars. Meanwhile:

BARNETT (O.S.)
 Prisoner 819 was the one who refused to eat at meal time. Let's hear it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

PRISONERS
 (sloppy, trailing off)
 Prisoner 819 was the one who...

BARNETT
 Say Prisoner 819 refused to eat at meal time.

PRISONERS
 Prisoner 819 refused to eat at meal time.

BARNETT
Louder. Five times.

PRISONERS
(chanting)
Prisoner 819 refused to eat at
meal time. Prisoner 819 refused to
eat... (Etc.)

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The researchers seem oblivious to the chanting going on outside as they watch Levin/819's tape again. The image of Levin falling apart in front of the priest is juxtaposed by the chanting O.S.

BARNETT (O.S.)
Now I want you to say, "Prisoner
819 did a bad thing."

PRISONERS (O.S.)
Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.
Prisoner 819 did a bad thing...

As they repeat the phrase over and over, the chanting takes on an eerie, almost fanatical vibe.

Zimbardo is oblivious until a soul-souring scream erupts O.S. Zimbardo, Banks and Haney leap to their feet and rush out of the room. The chanting O.S. continues OVER:

INT. R&R ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They find Levin/819 sobbing uncontrollably, tears streaming down his face. Jaffe tries to control him.

LEVIN/819
I want to go back. You've got to
let me go back in there. I'm not a
bad prisoner. I know I'm not.

PRISONERS (O.S.)
Because of what Prisoner 819 did,
my cell is a mess.

Jaffe looks at Zimbardo. "What the fuck are you gonna do now?" After a brief moment of confusion, Zimbardo kneels down, lifts Levin/819's head.

ZIMBARDO
Stew? Stew? I want you to listen
to me very carefully, okay? Can
you do that? You are not Prisoner
819.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

You're Stew Levin, an
undergraduate college student,
okay? Do you understand?

PRISONERS (O.S.)

Because of what Prisoner 819 did,
my cell is a mess... (Etc.)

JAFFE

Somebody go and shut them up.

Haney rushes from the room. Prescott appears in the
doorway, watching with detached interest.

LEVIN/819

They think I'm a bad prisoner, but
I'm not. I swear I'm not. You have
to let me go back in there.

ZIMBARDO

Stew, listen to me. You're not a
prisoner at all. That's not a
real prison out there. It's a
hallway and a few empty offices in
the basement of Jordan Hall. I'm
not a prison superintendent, I'm a
psychology professor. This *isn't*
a real prison, it's just a
simulation.

Levin/819 stops crying suddenly and looks up at Zimbardo
like a small child awakening from a nightmare.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

So we're gonna have you sign a
release form and then we're gonna
let you go home, okay? Sound
good?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE R&R ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zimbardo, Banks and Jaffe watch as Haney escorts
Levin/819 out. Zimbardo sighs, rubs his eyes.

JAFFE

Jesus, it's a good thing the other
prisoners didn't see that.

ZIMBARDO

No, we wouldn't want them thinking
they could fake their way out of
here like the others.

JAFFE

I- That's not my point.

ZIMBARDO

You need to start contacting the alternates and find me a replacement for 819.

JAFFE

Professor, I've been thinking. Maybe we should-

Zimbardo walks away, too busy making notes to see that Jaffe has a problem.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT

CLOSE ON A BUCKET brimming with human waste, clearly visible through the open door to Cell One.

SUPER: **Day 5**

THE REVERSE as the prisoners of Cell One (Yacco/1037, Gee/3401 and Shue/5486) sit around a table eating breakfast. They look across the table with suspicion at:

The new guy; **PRISONER 416**. Pure Shaggy a la *Scooby Doo*. The kind of guy you could easily dismiss as either a hippy, a geek or both. Having no sense of how things got to where they are, 416 is more confused than intimidated.

The overnight guards - Van Orsdal, Cerovina and Varn - study 416 intently, as if looking for a weakness. After a beat:

VAN ORSDAL

Let's go, 416. Eat up.

416 looks at the small heap of scrambled eggs and two pork sausages on his plate. He makes a good effort to play along, picking up his fork. But then he glances at the bucket of excrement and puts the fork back down.

416

No thank you, Mr. Correctional Officer. I respectfully decline.

An immediate and subtle shift in the other prisoners. As if the devil just flew in through an open window.

VAN ORSDAL

You respectfully decline? That is not an option, 416.

The other prisoners quickly resume eating.

416
I'm sorry that you think that,
sir.

VAN ORSDAL
You're sorry that...? Eat your
goddamn breakfast, 416.

416 studies the scene - the other prisoners eating despite the smell of shit, the three guards looming. This is retarded. 416 sits on his hands, shuts his mouth.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
Get him up.

416 is shocked spitless when all three guards grab him.

INT. THE HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

416 is thrust inside.

VAN ORSDAL
You'll stay in here as long as it
takes, all day if you want, until
you learn to eat when we tell you.

416
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

VAN ORSDAL
Bring me his plate.

Varn, the toady, grabs his plate and hands it to Van Orsdal who thrusts it in front of 416.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
Pick up those sausages, boy.

After a moment of deliberation, 416 does as he's told.

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)
You ain't leaving this closet till
those sausages are in your belly,.
Got me?

416
That's never gonna happen, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

Van Orsdal slams the door shut and locks it. Darkness.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT

Zimbardo addresses the prisoners in their cells.

ZIMBARDO

Today you will all be allowed to submit requests to the parole board detailing why you think you should be eligible for parole. At the board's discretion, they will meet with candidates for parole later on in the day. The correctional officers will collect your requests in half an hour.

Zimbardo exits. The prisoners eagerly accept pencils and paper from Mark and Barnett. All except Williams/2093.

MARK

2093, let's go.

WILLIAMS/2093

I won't be needing any, Mr. Correctional Officer.

MARK

You're not even going to try for parole?

WILLIAMS/2093

No sir, Mr. Correctional Officer. I gave my word that I'd stay until the very end.

This only makes Mark angry.

MARK

Suit yourself.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

(Note: Using split screen, pieces of the other prisoner's parole hearings will come and go. But we focus on Yacco/1037's parole the way we focused on Korpi's arrest.)

The parole board, composed of Prescott, Jaffe, Haney and Banks sit around a six-sided table. All are dressed professionally, smoking and drinking coffee like true bureaucrats.

Yacco/1037 listens, head bowed, as Banks reads aloud:

BANKS

(reading)

"I believe the correctional staff has convinced me of my many weaknesses.

BANKS (CONT'D)

On Monday, I rebelled, thinking that I was being treated unjustly. However, that evening I finally realized that I was unworthy of better treatment...

Jaffe and Prescott exchange a glance. "Whoa."

BANKS (CONT'D)

...I now know that every member of the correctional staff is only interested in the well being of the prisoners. Despite my horrible disrespect for them, the staff has treated me well. I deeply respect their ability to turn the other cheek and I believe that because of their own goodness I have been rehabilitated and transformed into a better human being." The prisoner adds: "On a personal note, I will turn twenty on Monday. I would like to be paroled so that I may spend the last moments of my teenage years with old friends. Sincerely, 1037."

HANEY

From your request it sounds like you're very happy with your set up here. Why do you want parole?

Yacco/1037 speaks softly. Utterly cowed.

YACCO/1037

Well like I stated in the request, my twentieth birthday is coming up-

HANEY

Don't you think the prison staff is capable of giving you a birthday party?

YACCO/1037

Yes, but for sentimental reasons, I'd rather celebrate with people that I've known for a long time.

PRESCOTT

You should've thought of that before you broke the law.

YACCO/1037

Sir?

PRESCOTT

Why are you in prison, 1037?

YACCO/1037

Uh... I was charged with assault
with a deadly weapon.

PRESCOTT

I see. How do you plead?

YACCO/1037

Not guilty.

PRESCOTT

Not guilty? Are you implying that
the officers that arrested you
didn't know what they were doing,
that there's been some mistake,
some confusion? That they're-

YACCO/1037

No sir, I...

PRESCOTT

Just a moment, I'm talking.
They're liars, is that what you're
saying?

Yacco is afraid to answer wrong.

YACCO/1037

Uh... I haven't seen any evidence
but I assume it must be pretty
good for them to pick me up.

PRESCOTT

Then you admit there is some merit
to the charges against you.

YACCO/1037

(totally confused now)
Well obviously there must be some
merit to what they say if...

Prescott lunges, startling poor Yacco/1037.

PRESCOTT

What was your crime? Did you shoot
someone or stab them or what? Did
you throw a bomb? Are you one of
those radicals?

YACCO/1037

Uh, no sir, I don't see myself as
a rad-

Prescott is really getting angry now.

PRESCOTT

Surely you recognize that prisons are for people who break rules and you place your freedom in jeopardy by doing exactly what you did.

YACCO/1037

I realize that now...

PRESCOTT

But here, in your own handwriting, you state, "despite my horrible disrespect for them..." *Horrible disrespect*. What would happen if everybody in this nation disrespected everyone else's person?

YACCO/1037

I don't know sir, but I...

PRESCOTT

I think we've heard enough. You sicken me, 1037. And to be honest, I wouldn't parole you if you were the last man in here. I think you're the least likely candidate for parole that we've seen. What do you think about that?

YACCO/1037

I... think you're entitled to your opinion, sir.

PRESCOTT

Well my opinion means something in this particular place.

Prescott sits back, angry at much more than the situation at hand. But when he sees Jaffe looking at him the anger changes to something else... It changes to shame.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

I have no more questions.

Prescott stands and leaves. Jaffe clears his throat.

JAFFE

I have one final question. 1037, since you've been in here, you've been performing your duties and accruing a certain salary. Tell me. Would you consider forfeiting your salary in exchange for parole?

YACCO/1037
(without hesitation)
Yes sir, I would. Without a doubt.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Mugshot photos of Rowney/4325, Gee/3401, Hubbell/7258 and Yacco/1037 are spread out on the table. Zimbardo has joined the others and leads the conversation.

ZIMBARDO
It's really hard to tell because
they were all so nervous.

Haney points to Yacco/1037's picture.

HANEY
This one looked like he could
break down at any second.

ZIMBARDO
Carlo, what do you think?

They all turn to Prescott sitting quietly in the corner of the room, lost in thought. He rubs his eyes, trying to formulate an answer. He struggles for a time, making everyone uncomfortable.

PRESCOTT
The thing I noticed was his
answers... you know, it's just a
feeling you get around people who
jump over tears... who cut their
wrists... that sort of thing.
Here's a guy who had himself
together sufficiently enough to
present, but there were lags
between answers. I mean, for
example this last kid that came
in, 7258. He's coherent, he knows
what's happened, he's still
talking about an experiment. But
1037, he seemed unreal to me and
I'm basing that purely on...
(realizing something)
Experience... on a feeling that I
have.

And suddenly, Prescott finds clarity. He stands.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)
You know what, man? It's an
experiment and I went along with
it, but I really hate myself right
now and I hope nobody else does.

Play that off of Jaffe.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

I was trying to do it exactly... I even had the feelings I had going to the board. I tried to completely recreate, you know, the feelings, the attitudes, the indifference. Chewing gum, getting up and walking out of the room. Man, they're unbelievable. They're rude, they're inconsiderate, they're indifferent. They, they...

Prescott is momentarily at a loss for words, tears of rage in his eyes.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I can't... I can't do this anymore.

And Prescott leaves. The others watch him go in silence.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

Eschelman whistles to himself as he makes his way toward the guards' room to begin his shift. Without warning, he slows, his expression seeming to ask, "What the fuck?"

ESCHELMAN'S P.O.V. Haney and Banks escort Yacco/1037 and average-Joe Rowney/4325, now dressed in their civilian clothes, toward the exit. Both seem totally beaten, unable to make eye contact with Eschelman.

Eschelman's surprise quickly devolves into anger. He heads to work with a newfound purpose.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT

ESCHELMAN

You mean to tell me you sat in that stinking Hole all day long because you don't want to eat two lousy sausages?

Prisoner 416 sits alone at a table, his sausages from breakfast on the plate before him. The guards of the night shift - Eschelman, Geoff and Burton - loom over him.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you want us to take them and cram them up your ass? Is that what you want, 416?

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

You want me to cram those sausages
up your ass?

(no reply)

Suit yourself.

Eschelman crosses to Cell Three and unlocks the door.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

7258, I'm sure you'd like to see
your girlfriend tomorrow. Get on
out here and tell 416 to eat his
sausages. Because nobody, and I
mean nobody, gets any more
visitors until he eats 'em.

HUBBELL/7258

(stepping out)

Come on, man. Just eat your
sausages, okay? Whatever you're
trying to do, it won't work.

416 doesn't even look at him. Burton gets in his face.

BURTON

Just cause you got no friends
doesn't mean you have to make
everybody suffer, 416.

Still no response. Eschelman returns.

ESCHELMAN

416, what's your problem? Answer
me, boy?

Long pause. 416 finally speaks in a soft, weak voice.

416

My problem is that the guards and
the people running this experiment
are not treating the prisoners
like human beings.

ESCHELMAN

What the hell has that got to do
with them sausages? Well?

416

The guards and the experimenters-

Eschelman slams his nightstick against the table.

ESCHELMAN

You address me as Mr. Correctional
Officer.

416

(staying cool)

Mr. Correctional Officer. The guards and the experimenters are clearly in violation of the rules set up for this experiment. I refuse to endorse an unfair system.

ESCHELMAN

Did you expect to be in a nursery school, 416? Did you expect you could go around breaking the law and wind up in nursery school?

(no response)

Well, you're gonna have a fine time lying on the floor tonight with your buddy 7258. No doubt you gonna make him a happy boy.

Eschelman nods to Burton.

BURTON

Back in your cell, 7258.

Hubbell/7258 skulks back to his cell.

BURTON (CONT'D)

What about him?

ESCHELMAN

416 ain't goin' nowhere but the Hole til he eats those sausages.

SHUE/5486 (O.S.)

Mr. Correctional Officer?

ESCHELMAN

Shut up. We're busy.

SHUE/5486 (O.S.)

I think you need to come look at this.

ESCHELMAN

(to Geoff)

Go see what he's babbling about.

Geoff crosses to the door of Cell One.

GEOFF

What's the prob-

Geoff reacts with surprise, quickly opens the door to Cell One and rushes in. After a beat he calls out:

GEOFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Uh, guys? I think we need to get
 the warden in here pronto.

Eschelman rolls his eyes and steps over to the cell.

ESCHELMAN'S P.O.V. OF GEE/3401 lying on his mattress,
 covered from head to toe in horrific red welts.

ESCHELMAN
 Well shit. Looks like we gonna
 lose another one.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Zimbardo is watching tapes of the prisoners, taking
 extensive note. Jaffe appears in the doorway. He has to
 clear his throat twice to get Zimbardo's attention.

ZIMBARDO
 What did the doctor say?

JAFFE
 The rash covers almost ninety
 percent of his body. They're
 giving him diphenhydramine and he
 seems to be responding. I think
 he'll be fine.

ZIMBARDO
 What do they think brought it on?

JAFFE
 They don't know. A reaction to
 clothing or fabric, stress. It
 could be from withholding his
 vitamins...

ZIMBARDO
 Psychosomatic?

JAFFE
 Whatever it was we know he wasn't
 faking.

Jaffe says this in a slightly pointed way. Awkward
 silence. A line that cannot be crossed. But then:

ZIMBARDO
 What is it, David?

JAFFE
 Sorry?

ZIMBARDO

Something has been bothering you.
I want to know what it is.

JAFFE

It's just that... Well...

Say it, Jaffe. Say something... Finally:

JAFFE (CONT'D)

I've been... uncomfortable with
the experiment for a while now. At
times I've wondered if we can even
call it an experiment. Part of me
has been wondering if this isn't
more like a demonstration. That
we've simply gotten the result we
were looking for.

ZIMBARDO

David-

JAFFE

Hear me out. If this is an
experiment, we've become a part of
it whether we like it or not. None
of us has been an impartial
observer. I've wanted to say that
since the first day but I was
afraid to question you. I suppose
if I didn't admire you as much as
I do, I would have tried to put a
stop to this whole thing days ago.

ZIMBARDO

And now?

JAFFE

Now? After being in the
hospital... Seeing 34- I mean Gee.
Seeing Gee like that, I realized
what we're really doing. How
important this experiment really
is. I guess what I am trying to
say is I am glad someone like you
is in charge. I don't think anyone
else would have had the strength
to keep going. And this is too
important to stop.

Even if Zimbardo is not shocked, we sure as hell are. Our
hearts sink. Zimbardo nods, smiles, touched.

ZIMBARDO

Thank you, David. That really
means a lot to me.

And that's the end of that. Jaffe points to the TV screen, back to business.

JAFFE

What's this?

ZIMBARDO

Oh, the tapes from last night.
Just another bathroom run.

ON THE TV. The prisoners, chained together, bags over their heads, shuffle into the prison.

Zimbardo and Jaffe watch it like they are watching golf - totally detached.

Eschelman and Burton wield their batons as they lead the others down the hallway. One of the prisoners stumbles, halting the group.

BURTON (ON TAPE)

Jesus Christ, 5704. Can't you do anything right? On your feet, boy.

Burton slams his baton hard against the floor, jolting the group and hastening the young man to his feet.

BARAN/5704 (ON TAPE)

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jesus Christ.

Jaffe and Zimbardo turn, startled to see Christina standing in the doorway.

ZIMBARDO

Christina... You're back.

Christina walks in slowly, staring at the TV. Images of emotional abuse, humiliating and psychological torture.

CHRISTINA

Jesus God in heaven.

She looks at Zimbardo and Jaffe who suddenly look small.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

What have you done?

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Zimbardo chases down the hallway after Christina.

CHRISTINA

It's a terrible thing you're doing to those boys. Unspeakable.

ZIMBARDO

This research has the potential to help countless people.

CHRISTINA

Felons, maybe. Average college kids who have never committed a crime in their lives? Not so much.

PHIL

You're a *psychologist* for God's sake. There's this fascinating human behavior unfolding right before your eyes and-

CHRISTINA

I'm a *human being*, Phil. I have empathy for other human beings. And I saw what I saw.

ZIMBARDO

More than twenty people have observed this experiment and none of them feel the way you do. You just don't understand the bigger picture.

CHRISTINA

What is there to understand? Seriously, what am I missing?

ZIMBARDO

You're ignoring the importance of what we're doing here, what we're achieving...

CHRISTINA

Am I? You know me, you've known me for almost five years now, you've taught me. Do you really believe that?

ZIMBARDO

You may have your Ph.D. but make no mistake, you've still got a lot to learn.

She stops, turns, speaking in a calm, measured voice.

CHRISTINA

This isn't you. It's just not you. Just step back.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

On a human level, step back, look at what you're doing, what you've done. Those are not prisoners in there, Phil. Those are not students, those are not subjects, they're BOYS... And you're harming them.

Zimbardo just stares at her, unmoved. She throws her hands in the air. "You just don't get it, do you?" She turns and walks away.

ZIMBARDO

Christina-

But she keeps going. Zimbardo shakes his head. "What's wrong with that woman?"

INT. ZIMBARDO'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Zimbardo drives through the night, listening to music in his car, lost in thought.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

His head hits the pillow and he's out like a light.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Zimbardo is shaving in the mirror. It takes a moment for him to see his own reflection. He notices the dark circles under his eyes, tracing them with his fingertips.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Zimbardo sips coffee as he drives toward the university.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Zimbardo enters, ready for work. He notices a fresh video reel has been threaded up and someone has left a simple note taped to the top of it.

"PLAY ME"

Curious, he sits down in front of the machine, reaching for the PLAY BUTTON. We cut sharply on the CLICK-

ESCHELMAN (V.O.)

Did I see you smile?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - THE NIGHT BEFORE

The Night Shift is back. Eschelman is right in our face. Burton prowls about the prisoners. Geoff hangs in the background. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Shue/5486 and Williams/2093 stand at attention.
Hubbell/7258 does pushups, counting as he goes.
Baran/5704 holds a chair over his own head.

416 is still in the Hole.

(Note: The scene is hand-held and up-close, claustrophobic, amplified. Dialogue comes out one line on top of another. Subtle, pulsing score rises gradually. The prison is a well oiled machine now.)

ESCHELMAN
DID I FUCKING SEE YOU SMILE, 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093
I don't think so, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Eschelman points at Baran/5704 - chair on his head.

ESCHELMAN
Don't you think he looks funny?

WILLIAMS/2093
Uh, I think that it *could* be funny, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN
Then why didn't you smile?

WILLIAMS/2093
Because I'm not supposed to smile during count, Mr. Correctional-

ESCHELMAN
That's *right*.

Hubbell/7258 finishes his pushups and gets in line.

BURTON
Why don't you put your hands over your head 7258, so you remember not to smile for a minute?

Hubbell/7258 complies, smock rising, close to revealing his balls. Eschelman turns to Baran/5704.

ESCHELMAN
What the hell are you doing with that chair on your head?

BARAN/5704
I don't know, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN
Put it down and get back in
line.

BARAN/5704
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Burton crosses to the door of the Hole.

BURTON
You having a good time in there,
416? Answer me.

416 (O.S.)
No, I'm not, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

BURTON
Tough shit.

ESCHELMAN
7258. Since you got your hands in
the air, why don't you play
Frankenstein? 2093 can play the
Bride of Frankenstein.
(pointing)
7258, walk over here like
Frankenstein and say that you love
2093.

Hubbell/7258, with his hands still raised, walks toward
Williams/2093. Eschelman halts him with his nightstick.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
That's not how Frankenstein
walks. Start over.

BURTON
That ain't no Frankenstein
walk. We didn't ask you to
walk like you.

Burton positions Hubbell/7258 like a doll to try again.
When he reaches Williams/2093:

HUBBELL/7258
I love you, 2093.

ESCHELMAN
Get up close. Get closer.

Eschelman forces the two together so that they are
practically hugging. So unpleasant to watch.

HUBBELL/7258
I love you, 2093.

Williams/2093 can't help but crack a smile, which
infuriates Eschelman.

ESCHELMAN

You smiled, 2093. Get down and give me ten pushups. 7258, get back in line. Keep those hands up.

Hubbell/7258 complies. Williams/2093 does his ten pushups. Burton stomps a boot inches from his face at the completion of each one.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Now you go over there and tell 5486 that you love him, 2093. And no smiling.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Williams/2093 moves to Shue/5486, straight faced.

WILLIAMS/2093 (CONT'D)

I love you, 5486.

BURTON

Ain't that sweet.

Then he returns to his place in line. AS WE DISSOLVE:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - VARIOUS - THE NIGHT BEFORE

The count is endless. The more tired the prisoners become, the more sadistic energy it seems to give Eschelman and Burton, even as Geoff shrinks deeper into the far corner, hands in pockets, detached.

CLOSE ON: Willimas/2093. While no one is safe tonight, he seems to be the focus of the torture. We stay with him, playing things from his P.O.V. Throbbing music blurs the dialogue, a dull droning creates a sense of numbness. We tune out with him, enduring, but trying not to feel.

Various incarnations of "Frankenstein" lead to leapfrog, which, in their little smocks, is as awful to watch as it must be to play. Bare asses and body hair abound. Eschelman gradually focuses solely on the geeks, Baran/5704 and Williams/2093. The more tiring the leapfrog gets, the more they look like they are humping. Eschelman is loving it.

ESCHELMAN

That's the way dogs do it, isn't it? Isn't that the way dogs do it? He's all ready, ain't he? Why don't you make like a dog? Go on, make like a dog.

CLOSE ON: This is too much even for Burton. He steals a glance at Geoff in the corner.

But it doesn't end. The humiliation goes on into the night. Each of the prisoners complies, but none like William/2093. He is a model prisoner. Expressionless, compliant. Then the music stops - we snap back from numbness when Eschelman grabs Williams/2093.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Why are you such an ass-licker,
2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

I don't know, sir.

ESCHELMAN

Why is it that you try to be
obedient so much?

WILLIAMS/2093

It's... it's in my nature
to be obedient, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

You a liar. You a stinkin'
liar.

WILLIAMS/2093

If you say so, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

BURTON

It's a fucking
embarrassment how obedient
this guy is.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Shit, I'd rather have ten more
8612's than even one more 2093.

(leaning in close)

What if I told you to get down on
that floor and fuck the floor.
What would you do then?

WILLIAMS/2093

I would tell you I didn't know
how, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Eschelman thinks for a moment - jonesing for his next torture. He crosses to the Hole and opens the door. 416 is huddled with a handful of sausages. The light hurts his eyes. He starts to get up.

ESCHELMAN

Don't you go anywhere.

(to Williams 2039)

Take a look at this man. This man
won't eat his sausages. And do you
know what that means for the rest
of you?

PRISONERS

No blankets, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

That's right. It means no blankets for any of you tonight. 2093, come on over here and tell him you gonna kick his ass.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry, sir, but I will not use a profane word towards another human being.

FREEZE. Eschelman blinks. Did he hear that right? All of the prisoners are shocked as well. Eschelman gets in Williams/2093's face, lowering his voice.

ESCHELMAN

And just what do you object to?

WILLIAMS/2093

I object to the word that you used...

ESCHELMAN

Which one? Kick? You don't wanna say "kick", is that what it is?

WILLIAMS/2093

No sir, I do not wish to say-

ESCHELMAN

Then what the hell are you talkin' about?

WILLIAMS/2093

Sir, I do not wish-

ESCHELMAN

I gave you an order.

WILLIAMS/2093

I heard you, Mr. Correct-

ESCHELMAN

Now you get over there and tell him what I told you to tell him. Right now.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry, Mr. Correctional Officer but I'm unable to do that.

ESCHELMAN

Well, you're not capable of having a bed tonight either, is that what you're telling me?

WILLIAMS/2093

I would prefer to go without my
bed than use profanity, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

Eschelman looks at the other guards. "Can you fucking
believe it?" Geoff pipes up, just wanting it to end.

GEOFF

Go over there and tell him you'll
kick him in the end then.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.
(walks to the Hole)
Eat your sausages, 416, or I'll
kick you in the end.

GEOFF

Do you mean it, 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes-No, Mr. Correctional Officer,
I'm sorry. No, I do not.

BURTON

Then why are you lying?

WILLIAMS/2093

I said what Mr.
Correctional Officer told
me to say, sir.

ESCHELMAN

That's bullshit. I didn't
tell you to lie.

BURTON (CONT'D)

Nobody wants you to do any lying
in here, 2093. Why don't you do
some lying on the ground?

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Williams/2093 drops to a pushup position. Burton puts his
foot on his back, applying pressure.

BURTON

Spread your arms out. I don't
wanna see you touch the ground
until I say so.

WILLIAMS/2093

(straining)

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Burton applies more pressure. Williams/2093 struggles,
rising.

ESCHELMAN

5704, you come over here and sit on his back.

Baran/5704 sits awkwardly on Williams/2093's back.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Do a pushup, 2093.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

To our amazement, Williams/2093 actually manages to do it. That just makes Eschelman madder.

ESCHELMAN

5486, you sit on his back too, facing the other way.

(Shue/5486 hesitates)

Let's go, 5486. Get on his back.

Shue/5486 sits with his back to Baran/5704.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Now do a pushup and don't you boys help him.

Williams/2093 tries as hard as he can but it's hopeless - to anyone else, humiliating. But not Williams/2093. Eschelman is frustrated.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

That ain't no goddamn pushup.

BURTON

Get back against the wall. You too, 2093. Let's go.

The prisoners rise and rejoin the lineup. Burton crosses to 416 holding his filthy sausages.

BURTON (CONT'D)

How you like those sausages, 416?
How they taste?

416

I wouldn't know, Mr. Correctional Officer.

BURTON

Since you love them sausages so much, why don't you kiss them?

(416 complies)

How they taste?

416

Like sausages, Mr. Correctional Officer.

BURTON

Mmmmm... I knew you'd like them.

He slams the door in 416's face.

ESCHELMAN

(to the others)

I don't understand this. I don't understand how we can have so many counts and so many times we do it so nice and tonight we just fuck it up. Why is that?

He pauses before the normally quiet Hubbell/7258. But Hubbell/7258 has just about had it.

HUBBELL/7258

I don't know. I guess we're just... bastards, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Are you a bastard, 2093?

WILLIAMS/2093

If you say so, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Williams' compliance is really pissing him off now.

ESCHELMAN

If I say- I WANNA HEAR YOU SAY IT.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry sir, I object to the use of profanity. I cannot say-

BURTON

You said you couldn't say that stuff to other human beings, 2093. You can't say it to yourself?

WILLIAMS/2093

I consider myself a human being, Mr. Correction-

BURTON

You consider yourself *another* human being?

WILLIAMS/2093

I made the statement that I could not say it to another human being.

BURTON

And that includes yourself?

Williams/2093 blinks, trying to collect his thoughts, but he remains calm and collected.

WILLIAMS/2093

The... statement initially would not have included myself, sir. I would not think of saying it to myself because I would be...

Williams/2093 sighs, lost.

ESCHELMAN

You'd be a bastard, wouldn't you?

WILLIAMS/2093

No, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Yes you would.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

What would you be? What would you be? Would you be a bastard?

BURTON

You'd be saying nasty things about your mother, that's what you'd be doing.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Well, let me hear you say it.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry sir, I will not say it.

ESCHELMAN

Why the hell won't you say it?

WILLIAMS/2093

Because I do not use profane language except... I do not use any profane language...

Eschelman is furious now. Trembling. Subtle reactions from the other prisoners. Smiles. Williams/2093, this nobody, the wallpaper, is a fucking hero.

ESCHELMAN

Well why then did you apply it to yourself? WHAT ARE YOU?

WILLIAMS/2093

I am whatever you wish me to be, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Well if you won't say it, if you won't say that you a bastard, you wanna know something?

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

That you just proved my point. You're a bastard.

WILLIAMS/2093

If you say so, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

I DO SAY SO AND I WANNA HEAR YOU SAY IT, GODDAMMIT.

WILLIAMS/2093

I'm sorry, sir, but I will not say it.

ESCHELMAN

Boys, you do wanna get a good night's sleep tonight, don't you?

PRISONERS

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Well I think we're gonna wait a little bit and let 2093 think about just what a bastard he is. And then maybe he'll tell the rest of us that he thinks so.

Eschelman takes a seat and puts his feet up. Williams/2093 looks at his fellow prisoners and then, after a moment...

WILLIAMS/2093

I think you are perfectly accurate in your condemnation of me, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Oh, I *know* that.

WILLIAMS/2093

But I cannot say the word, Mr.
Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

Say what word?

WILLIAMS/2093

(sighing)

I shall not say, with any meaning,
the word "bastard."

THE WORLD STOPS.

Williams tries to take the word back the instant it
passes his lips, but he can't. He closes his eyes,
ashamed. After a stunned beat, the guards smile.

BURTON

Holy shit... He said it.

ESCHELMAN

Well glory be. I do believe he
did. Did he say that, 5704?

The other prisoners hang their heads, devastated.

BARAN/5704

Yes... he did, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

ESCHELMAN

I believe we got a winner.

BURTON

These boys might even get to bed
tonight, who knows?

ESCHELMAN

2093, just for swearing, I want
you to get down on the floor and
do ten pushups.

WILLIAMS/2093

Thank you, Mr. Correctional
Officer.

Williams/2093 drops to the floor and does ten all but
perfect pushups, counting them off as he does them.

CLOSE ON WILLIAMS' FACE. Tears in his eyes. It is, after
all, not what is done to us, but what we do to ourselves
that burns the most.

As if this humiliation were not enough, Burton seems annoyed by the precision of his pushups.

BURTON

2093, where do you think you are,
boot camp?

WILLIAMS/2093

No, Mr. Correctional Officer.

GEOFF

Do ten more.

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Williams/2093 does his pushups then remains in the prone position, unable to look up, unable to show his face. Silence. Just as quietly as he rose, he has so quietly been put down. It seems as though the guards know this. The silence is deafening.

In that moment, the guards share a look. A very clear realization of what they have just done. But then:

GEOFF

Do the rest of you think those are
good pushups?

PRISONERS

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

GEOFF

Well you're wrong.
(to Williams/2093)
Do five more and get back in line.

As Williams/2093 complies:

ESCHELMAN

Open the Hole.

BURTON

Yes, sir.

Burton unlocks the door to the Hole and once again, 416 shields his eyes from the light.

Eschelman climbs onto the table and slides into a sitting position against the wall as:

ESCHELMAN

Now if 416 does not wanna eat his
sausages, then, you can give me
your blankets and sleep on the
bare mattress.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)
 Or you can keep your blankets and
 416 will stay in the Hole another
 day. What'll it be?

416 waits for the answer, hanging by a thread...

A pivotal moment. Look across the faces of the prisoners,
 considering the offer. Sleep without blankets or let 416
 rot in the Hole. That they have to think about it is sad
 enough. Finally:

BARAN/5704
 I'll keep my blanket, Mr.
 Correctional Officer.

Reactions of the other prisoners - subtle and yet
 melting, crumbling.

ESCHELMAN
 What'll it be 7258?

HUBBELL/7258
 I'll keep my blanket, Mr.
 Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN
 How 'bout 5486?

CLOSE ON: The bespectacled Shue/5486, summoning
 strength...

SHUE/5486
 I'll give you my blanket, Mr.
 Correctional Officer.

BURTON
 (getting in his face)
 He don't want your blanket, 5486.

ESCHELMAN
 Well now, you boys are gonna have
 to come to some sort of decision
 here.

BURTON
 How 'bout you, 2093? How do you
 feel about this?

Williams/2093, once a loser, once a hero, now the
 deciding vote. He shakes his head, lost.

WILLIAMS/2093
 If the other three wish to keep
 their blankets, I'll keep my
 blanket, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

(smiling)

We got three against one. Keep your blankets.

(turning to 416)

416, you gonna be in there for a long while, so...

Baran kicks the door shut and:

INT. THE HOLE - THE NIGHT BEFORE

BANG. 416 jumps, bringing tears to his eyes.

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)

...get used to it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - THE NIGHT BEFORE

ESCHELMAN

There's no reason for you to disobey orders. I haven't given you any that you can't obey. You all have 416 to thank for this.

BURTON

Why don't you all thank 416?

ESCHELMAN

Come on, thank him.

PRISONERS

Thank you, 416.

BURTON

5704, I didn't hear you.

It kills Baran/5704 to say it.

BARAN/5704

THANK YOU, 416.

ESCHELMAN

(to Shue/5486)

Now go over there, next to the door. I want you to thank him with your fists... on the door.

SHUE/5486

Any special way, Mr. Correctional Officer?

ESCHELMAN

Hard.

Shue/5486 steps up and slams his fists against the door.

SHUE/5486

Thank you, 416.

ESCHELMAN

You call that hard? I want you to do it like this.

(banging like hell)

Thank you, 416.

BURTON

2093, let's go.

WILLIAMS/2093

Shall I do it the same as Mr. Correctional Officer?

BURTON

Yes... yes, 2093. Just do it the same way.

Williams/2093 bangs the door.

WILLIAMS/2093

Thank you, 416.

JUMP CUT: Hubbell/7258 bangs the door hard.

HUBBELL/7258

Thank you, 416.

JUMP CUT: Baran/5704 steps up to the door.

BARAN/5704

Thank you, 416.

The cuts jump faster and faster, the banging gets louder and louder, reaching a crescendo as the instruments of the system work to destroy the individual...

INT. THE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

BAM. 416 trembles, flinching slightly with each deafening slam on the door, each "Thank you, 416" curling deeper and deeper into himself - being hammered into a shape of the system's choosing. Tears fill his eyes until he buries his face in his hands.

BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM. CLICK.

INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Zimbardo hits the STOP button on the video machine. He sits expressionless for the longest time.

WIDER as he just sits there, developing one hell of a thousand-yard stare, wondering what he has done, wondering what to do...

Fade ever so slowly to:

BLACK

SUPER: The Stanford Prison Experiment was terminated on August 20, 1971 after only six days.

SUPER: Extensive psychological examinations over a number of years determined that the participants were not permanently harmed.

SUPER: Christina Maslach and Philip Zimbardo were married in 1972. They remain together to this day.

END CREDITS ROLL up one side of the screen, the other side flickers to life with grainy 16mm images of faces we have never seen.

They are the real participants of the experiment.

(Note: Miles of compelling footage exists but we've selected a few choice moments to give you an idea of what the end credits will feel like.)

SUPER: JONATHAN MARK - GUARD/DAY SHIFT

MARK

What made the experience most depressing for me was the fact that we were continually called upon to act in a way that is contrary to what I really feel inside. I don't feel like I'm the type of person who would ever be a guard. You know, just continually giving out shit and forcing people to do things and pushing and lying, it just... it just didn't seem like me.

SUPER: MICHAEL VARN - GUARD/OVERNIGHT SHIFT

VARN

I really thought that I was incapable of this kind of behavior. I was surprised, no I was dismayed, to find out that I could really be a... that I could act in a manner I was so absolutely unaccustomed to. And while I was doing it, I didn't feel any regret, I didn't feel any guilt. It was only afterwards... I realized that this was... this was a part of me that I really hadn't noticed before. And it scared me.

SUPER: DOUG KORPI/PRISONER 8612 - MEDICAL RELEASE

KORPI/8612

I've never screamed so loud in my life, I've never been so upset in my life. And it was an experience of being out of control, both of the situation and of my feelings. The Stanford Prison was a very benign prison situation and yet it promoted everything a normal prison promotes. The guard role promotes sadism. The prisoner role promotes a feeling of confusion and shame. *Anybody* can be a guard. It's much harder to be on guard against the impulse to be sadistic.

SUPER: STEWART LEVIN/PRISONER 819 - MEDICAL RELEASE

LEVIN/819

The really oppressive thing for me about the prison experience was being at the mercy of people... The distortion of my sense of time really got to me. Each day, every torturous moment, seemed quite a bit longer than it would have been had I been enjoying myself.

SUPER: DR. PHILIP ZIMBARDO

ZIMBARDO

The consensus is that they did suffer during that week. But they learned a great deal about themselves and about human nature.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)
Most of them say that the
experience, in hindsight, was
quite valuable.

BACK TO STEWART LEVIN

LEVIN/819
That's something I wouldn't wish
on my worst enemy.

SUPER: TOM WILLIAMS/PRISONER 2093

WILLIAMS/2093
I really felt that I was losing my
identity, that this person that I
call Tom, the person who put me
into this prison, was
disappearing. And it was a prison
to me, it's still a prison to me.
I don't look on it as an
experiment or simulation at all.
It was a prison run by
psychologists instead of the
state.

SUPER: DAVID ESCHELMAN - GUARD/NIGHT SHIFT

ESCHELMAN
Personally, I didn't see where it
was really harmful. It was
degrading but that was part of my
particular little experiment to
see just what kind of verbal abuse
people can take before they start
objecting, before they start
lashing back. And it surprised me
that no one said anything to stop
me. No one said, "Come on, man,
you can't say those things to me."
And nobody questioned my authority
at all. It really shocked me. I
started to abuse people so much, I
started to get so profane... and
still, people didn't say anything.

BACK TO DR. PHILIP ZIMBARDO

ZIMBARDO
Was it unethical? That's an
interesting question, one I'm not
sure I can answer at this point.
The bottom line is that people
suffered and that was wrong. And
the experiment went on too long. I
should have stopped it after
8612's breakdown on the second
day.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

(pause, thinks)

But you see, I got trapped in the dual role of principal investigator of the research project and prison superintendent of the Stanford County Jail, which I never should have done. However, the study makes a very profound point about the power of situations, that situations affect us much more than we think. That human behavior is much more under the control of subtle situational forces, in some cases very trivial ones like rules and roles and symbols and uniforms, and much less under control of things like character and personality traits that we ordinarily think of as determining behavior.

And finally, the image of two young men sitting together.

SUPER: CLAY RAMSEY/PRISONER 416 AND DAVID ESCHELMAN

RAMSEY/416

This whole experience harms me and I mean harms in the present tense, it harms me.

ESCHELMAN

How did it harm you? How does it harm you? Is it just to think that people can be like that?

RAMSEY/416

Yes. It let me in on some knowledge that I'd never experienced firsthand. I've read about it, I've read a lot about it, but I've never experienced it firsthand. I've never seen someone turn that way. And I know you're a nice guy, you know?

ESCHELMAN

(smiling)

You don't know that for sure...

RAMSEY/416

I do know that, I do know you're a nice guy.

ESCHELMAN

Then why do you hate me?

RAMSEY/416

Because I know what you can turn into, I know what you're willing to do if you say, oh well, I'm not gonna hurt anybody. Oh well, it's a limited situation or it's over in two weeks.

ESCHELMAN

Well, if you were in my position, what would you have done?

RAMSEY/416

I don't know. I can't tell you that I know what I'd do. I don't think, I don't believe that I would have been as... inventive... as you. I don't believe I would have applied as much imagination to what I was doing. Do you understand?

ESCHELMAN

Yes, I understand... uh...

RAMSEY/416

(conceding)

I think I would've been a guard... I don't think it would've been such a masterpiece.

BLACK