

**THE STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT**

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**BLACK**

The unmistakable sound of a newspaper being folded over and smoothed out.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER

snapped taut. Slow ZOOM IN until the following CLASSIFIED AD is legible:

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.

INT. ROOM 248, JORDAN HALL, STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

We meet the cast as they are interviewed for what will come to known as The Stanford Prison Experiment.

First THE STAFF - white graduate students **CRAIG HANEY, DAVID JAFFE** and black undergrad **CURTIS BANKS**. Haney and Banks are big - six feet plus. Jaffe smaller with keen, sensitive eyes. They will be asking the questions here.

The year 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.

In the interest of clarity, a question will be asked followed by the intercut answers of the applicants.

HANEY

Have you ever been depressed for weeks at a time...?

APPLICANT #1

No.

BANKS

...lost interest or pleasure in most activities...?

APPLICANT #2

Not that I recall.

JAFFE

...had trouble concentrating and making decisions...?

APPLICANT #3

Sure, a little bit during finals week.

HANEY

...or thought about killing  
yourself?

APPLICANT #4

Only when the Cowboys lost the  
Super Bowl.

JAFFE

In the past year, have you consumed  
any alcohol or illegal drugs?

APPLICANT #5

Nope. I'm clean as a whistle.

APPLICANT #6

The time required for my studies  
doesn't allow for such things.

APPLICANT #7

How important is my answer?

STONER APPLICANT

(clearly stoned)

Nah, man. I'm like, you know...

(makes a zooming horizontal line  
with his hand)

...straight.

He can't maintain, gives in to the giggles.

BANKS

Have you ever experienced any  
emotional problems associated with  
your sexual interests, your sexual  
activities, or your choice of  
sexual partner?

APPLICANT #6

(blushing)

No. God, no.

APPLICANT #8

(smiling, proud)

Nope, I'm all good in that  
department.

APPLICANT #3

I've...um...touched myself some.  
But that's not a problem, right?  
Wait, why are you writing that  
down?

HANEY

Have you ever been arrested for a  
crime or had any dealings with the  
criminal justice system?

APPLICANT #9

No sir.

APPLICANT #8  
Not as of yet.

APPLICANT #4  
I stole some baseball cards once.  
From the Woolworths. My dad made me  
take them back, right before he  
kicked the shit outta me.

The STONER APPLICANT's reply to the question is to do  
his damndest to suppress his giggles. He fails.

JAFFE  
If selected for this study, would  
you rather be a guard or a  
prisoner?

A flurry of responses, all proclaiming that they  
would rather be a guard, except for:

APPLICANT #8  
Don't matter to me - I'm cool  
either way.

Huh. Best we keep an eye on this one.

One final question:

HANEY  
Why do you want to participate in  
this study?

Once again, the answers are all but universal, each a  
subtle variation on...

APPLICANT #1  
The money.

Telling.

#### **INT. CLASSROOM - LATER**

Haney, Jaffe and Banks are seated around a large  
table adorned with eight by ten photographs of  
EIGHTEEN YOUNG MEN, some of whom you'll recognize  
from the interview process. They are separated into  
three groups - eight to the left, eight to the right  
and two in the center.

A MAN stands before them, his back to us, clutching a  
FIFTY-CENT PIECE in his right hand. He flips it into  
the air...

CLOSE ON THE FIFTY CENT PIECE

as it tumbles end over end over end until

THE MAN'S HAND

enters frame and slaps the coin down hard on the table like a pistol shot. The hand slowly draws back, revealing the "heads" side of the coin.

THE MAN

leans down and slides one of the photos from the center to the right.

We COME AROUND to meet the man face to face. **DR. PHILLIP ZIMBARDO**, thirty-eight, wavy black hair and Mephistophelian goatee - an intensity in his eyes that intimidates and ingratiates at the same time.

ZIMBARDO

Gentlemen, it looks like we have our guards and our prisoners.

**INT. APARTMENT - EVENING**

A modest one bedroom San Francisco flat. Unpacked boxes tell us we have just moved in. Zimbardo prepares dinner in the cramped kitchen with a gourmand's flair.

**DR. CHRISTINA MASLACH**, a striking brunette easily a dozen years younger than Zimbardo, comes through the door, leather satchel slung over her shoulder. She kisses him warmly. A May-December romance in fresh bloom.

CHRISTINA

Smells delicious.

She holds up a bottle of wine. He smiles.

**INT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

Zimbardo and Christina eat dinner from paper plates and drink wine from paper cups. Two people seemingly comfortable with eating in silence, until...

CHRISTINA

I've got some news.

Zimbardo looks up inquisitively.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

They offered me the job at Berkeley. And I'm taking it.

Zimbardo nods, his expression betraying nothing.

ZIMBARDO

When do you start?

She just looks at him. Once again he nods, understanding.

CHRISTINA  
It was Berkeley or NYU. I had to-

ZIMBARDO  
I understand. And I'm happy for you, I really am. It's no small achievement.

CHRISTINA  
You're mad.

ZIMBARDO  
I'm not. Just bad timing, that's all.

CHRISTINA  
You've got Haney and Jaffe. You don't need me.

ZIMBARDO  
Doesn't mean you won't be missed.

If he's trying to make her feel bad, it's working.

CHRISTINA  
I'm sorry.

Zimbardo nods, accepts the facts for what they are and gets over it. He smiles, rises and crosses to Christina.

ZIMBARDO  
There's nothing to be sorry about. I really am proud of you, Christina. You're going to excel at Berkeley.

He bends down and kisses her tenderly, a gesture of reassurance and approval.

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.

And still the hammering.

**EXT. JORDAN HALL - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Sandstone, intricate glasswork, ornate archways. A cornerstone: "Jordan Hall - Psychology." Zimbardo enters the building with a spring in his step.

**INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY**

Cheap lumber, hand tools, nails and paint. Zimbardo, Haney, Banks and Jaffe turn a short hallway into a makeshift jail. Three small office/storage rooms in a former life are being cleaned out. Zimbardo points to a prominent CLOCK on the wall.

ZIMBARDO

Take it down.

TIME LAPSE shows the corridor evolve into what will come to be known as the prison yard, the empty rooms into cells - each with a barred window on the door and three beds inside. Banks and Haney hide small MICROPHONES in the cells.

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

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

A 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:

STANFORD COUNTY PRISON and NO SMOKING WITHOUT PERMISSION

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

THE HOLE

Linger ominously on this as Zimbardo and the others survey their work with a smile.

**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 who is going where. For now they are faces in a crowd. They will become individuals soon enough.

ZIMBARDO

Good afternoon, gentlemen, and welcome to orientation.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
You'll be pleased to know you've  
all been chosen as the prison  
guards for our study.

The recruits smile, relieved.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
This choice was made based on the  
exemplary qualities you  
demonstrated during your  
interviews.

Smug smiles, pride all around. Jaffe and Haney share  
a wry grin, Jaffe casually tossing a coin - the only  
real deciding factor in any of this.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
Your job will be to maintain order.  
You'll stand watch around the clock  
in eight hour shifts. Obviously, no  
prisoner can leave once jailed,  
except through established  
procedures.

Nods all around. Semi-serious at best.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
(gesturing to his staff)  
Remember. Just as you are watching  
the prisoners, Warden Jaffe and the  
rest of the prison staff will be  
watching you. Now I cannot stress  
this enough. You cannot, in any  
way, hit or physically assault the  
prisoners.

Banks begins handing out KHAKI UNIFORMS to the young  
men.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
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.

Haney follows, handing each new guard a dark wooden  
NIGHTSTICK.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
You can create a sense of the  
arbitrary, that their lives are  
controlled totally by the system.

Zimbardo gives each of the boys a pair of classic  
70's MİRRORED SUNGLASSES.



ZIMBARDO (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.

**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. A 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 his younger brother MILES (7) hose off his coal black '66 Dodge Charger. After a moment...

KORPI

You missed a spot.

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 (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAAAAAAH. 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

Jerk-head. I'll 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  
(grabbing Korpi by the arm)  
I'm placing you under arrest for  
violation of California Penal Code  
Section Two-Eleven, armed robbery.

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

KORPI  
Turn off the hose and go inside.

MILES  
But Doug...

KORPI  
(winking)  
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, a stunned Miles finally finds his breath.

MILES  
MOM.

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

# **INT. BOOKING ROOM - DAY**

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

SECOND COP (O.S.)  
Full name?

KORPI  
Douglas Martin Korpi.

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-

COP

Shut up and move.

**EXT. JORDAN HALL - DAY**

The cops remove the still blindfolded Korpi from their patrol car and walk him inside.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

TILTING UP: A pair of polished black boots walking briskly. Khaki pants, the business end of a police baton, a black belt, a khaki uniform shirt and the expressionless face of:

**KARL VAN ORSDAL (18)**, emotion obscured by mirrored sunglasses. In any other attire, Van Orsdal - tall, skinny and not even remotely muscular - wouldn't merit a second thought. He is trying to look official but not doing a very good job.

The cops hand off Korpi to Van Orsdal, who pulls him into:

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY**

As built by Zimbardo and his staff the day before. The cheesiness of it is almost comical.

VAN ORSDAL

Hands against the wall.

Korpi reaches out 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 likes it.

**JOHN LOFTUS (18)** carries a medium-sized box. He exudes a casual attitude - 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. Definitely more of a follower than a leader.

Barnett gets in Korpi's face, speaking in a loud, stern voice. 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 back from the wall and leans over.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Keep those hands on the wall.

As Korpi does this, the guards whisper, consulting the clipboard, confused about proper procedure.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Okay, uh...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 obeys. 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. They are actually somewhat feminine smocks, a unique number stenciled on the front and back of each.

Barnett holds one up to Korpi's naked torso. Too big. He tries the other - 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 - the guards, extremely uncomfortable.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Zimbardo and staff watch on a black and white monitor. Mark paces 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 someone 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**

Barnett finally returns carrying a large aerosol can and offers it to Mark. They whisper:

MARK

What? Why me?

BARNETT

Just do it.

(barking in Korpi's ear)

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

Mark reluctantly sprays Korpi from head to toe with disinfectant, including his buttocks and genitals.

**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**

With Mark finished, Barnett hands Korpi the smock.

BARNETT

Put this on.

Once Korpi has done this, John removes a chain and padlock from his box, locking the chain around Korpi's right ankle.

Then he produces a pair of flip-flops and a stocking cap made from panty hose. Barnett removes Korpi's blindfold.

BARNETT (CONT'D)

(re: cap)

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

KORPI

You're kidding, right?

BARNETT

Shut up and do it.

Korpi puts on the cap and flip-flops. The guards take him in and 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. Then he sees the number on his chest:

8612

BARNETT (CONT'D)

Now listen up. From now on, you  
will be known as prisoner 8612.  
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/8612

Yeah, I got it.

BARNETT

What was that?

KORPI/8612

(managing a smile)

I mean yessir, Mr. Correctional  
Officer, sir.

BARNETT

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.

Korpi/8612 sits on one of the cots and waits...

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/OBSERVATION ROOM - TIME LAPSE**

TIME LAPSE as an additional EIGHT PRISONERS are processed. Zimbardo and his staff watch it all in silence from the observation room. Over time, 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 the others. We'll meet them all in time. For now, we focus on the last of them:

**PRISONER 819 - STEWART LEVIN (17)** is an all-American kid, athletic, a little short. A bit of a problem dealing with authority. He is led to:

**INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT**

From his cot, Korpi/8612 studies his new cellmates.

**PRISONER 1037 - RICH YACCO (19)** is lanky and dark-haired with a thick mustache. He's laid back, if not a little straight-laced.

Levin/819 stands by the door, unsure of what to do.

KORPI/8612

You can sit down you know.

Levin/819 takes a seat on his cot. Yacco/1037 offers him a lazy wave. Korpi/8612 extends a hand.

KORPI/8612 (CONT'D)

I'm Doug. That's Rich.

LEVIN/819

I'm Stew. Stew Levin.

KORPI/8612

Nice to meet ya, comrade. What're ya in for?

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  
We're supposed to be quiet.

KORPI/8612  
Or what? They can't lay a finger on us. It's in the contract.

YACCO/1037  
I just think things'll go smoother if we do what we're told.

#### **INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT**

All nine prisoners are lined up, depersonalized by their identical outfits and 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. The perfect subject for this experiment.

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

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

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

**PAUL BARAN/5704.** A tall, gangly young man who counts smoking as his only vice. And finally, there is:

**TOM WILLIAMS/2093.** Human wallpaper. A rigid follower of rules and regulations. 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.

BARNETT  
(reading)  
Prisoners are part of a  
correctional community.



BARNETT (CONT'D)

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

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, amused.

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 arbitrary. The reading/reciting goes on forever, but a handy dissolve and this note will save you from having to endure it.)*

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER**

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

BANKS

Jesus. Two more weeks of this?

ZIMBARDO

You're on, Jaffe.

Jaffe stands, donning a suit jacket. As he is about to leave:

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

And Jaffe... Maybe tell the guards to lighten up a bit.

The sound of a throat clearing off screen. All eyes turn to see Prescott looming in the doorway, glaring at Zimbaro. Pause. Zimbaro nods, relenting.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

All right. Don't interfere.

**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. Jaffe enters in a dark suit and sunglasses, playing up the warden bit.

BARNETT

Prisoners, stand at attention for  
Warden Jaffe.

Jaffe looks the prisoners over, stifling a smile.

JAFFE

All of you have shown that you are  
unable to function in the real  
world. 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.

(to prisoners)

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

(pointing to John)

Now follow Mr. Correctional Officer  
in learning how to count.

John takes center stage and speaks in a commanding  
voice, punctuates his speech 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, Levin/819 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.

KORPI/8612

Seems to me like they're having a lot more fun twirling their batons and acting all gung-ho than I'm having with my balls hanging out of this fucking dress and being talked down to like some retard.

YACCO/1037

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

(laughs)

Hell. Fifteen bucks a day. And for what? Easiest money I ever made.

LEVIN/819

And it's money I really need, so-

KORPI/8612

We all need it. But why should we be working harder for it, yeah? I'm thinking we need to make the guards earn their pay.

#### INT. GUARD ROOM - DAY SHIFT

A classroom just off 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 day shift, he is a constant smoker and one laid back dude - compassionate and 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 and actually has a great deal of presence. Seems like an affable guy. But things change.

He and Geoff check their uniforms in the mirror, making sure they're neat. Burton sees this.

BURTON

I can almost smell the pork.

GEOFF

Well, I'd rather look 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  
 Haven't seen the movie. Thanks for  
 ruining it.

ESCHELMAN  
 Great flick. But I was partial to  
 the Captain myself.

Eschelman checks himself in the mirror, assuming 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 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, 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 and food 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. One  
you gonna have to earn.

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  
Look at this guy. Thinks he's John  
Wayne or something.

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  
(re: blindfolds)  
Aren't you gonna take these off?

Burton look to Eschelman. "What do we do?"

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 that slack in your hand like some kinda dime-store faggot, 819. Do your business.

LEVIN/819

I...can't.

ESCHELMAN

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

YACCO/1037

It's hard with someone watching you, Mr. Correct-

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 teeny penis 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. You'll just have to hold it.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER**

Burton and Geoff take the blindfolds off 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 utterly ignored Williams/2093. Their compliance will 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)  
In thirty minutes you will be  
required to turn in a finished  
letter. Do not seal the envelopes.  
Whether or not your letter gets  
sent will be based on your  
behavior. Are there any questions?

KORPI/8612  
Mr. Chief Correctional Officer,  
will we be allowed one phone call?

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 wasn't 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 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. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT**

The clock reads 8:00. Haney naps on a nearby cot.  
Zimbardo, Jaffe and Banks are bleary-eyed and jittery  
from coffee, glancing at the monitor while reading  
the prisoners' letters.

ZIMBARDO  
"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."  
Clearly, he's not taking this  
seriously.

JAFFE  
(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."

BANKS  
Hey, check this one out.

Banks hands a letter to Zimbardo.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Look how he signed it.

Zimbardo looks for the signature. We are not allowed  
to see it.

ZIMBARDO  
Jesus. It's been less than ten  
hours.

JAFFE  
Might be an interesting two weeks  
after all.

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**

GEOFF  
Hands against the wall.

The prisoners assemble in the yard and slowly comply.

KORPI/8612  
This is ridiculous.

BURTON  
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 looks to Eschelman. "Is this how we're  
supposed to do this?" Eschelman shrugs.

ESCHELMAN  
Okay 1037, go. Loud and clear.

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

ESCHELMAN  
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, never the same.

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

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

ESCHELMAN  
1037, why don't you get out here  
and do twenty jumping jacks for me.  
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 starts 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 it done.

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  
I...I couldn't tell ya.

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. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

9:45. Jaffe and Banks can't believe what they're  
seeing. Zimbardo studies intently, transfixed.

BANKS

That John Wayne guy is remarkable.  
From the second he stepped on the  
yard, he's been in complete  
control.

JAFFE

And that accent... Where did that  
come from?

ZIMBARDO

He's created a character for  
himself. He's completely  
disassociated.

(pointing to the monitor)

And all the guard shifts have  
broken 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)

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
And a reluctant follower. What's  
his name?

BANKS  
Geoff Loftus. His brother John is  
on the day shift.

ZIMBARDO  
His brother is more of a wingman,  
wouldn't you say? Find out which is  
older. Might be interesting.

ESCHELMAN (ON TV)  
Let me hear it, loud and clear.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER**

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

ESCHELMAN  
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?

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

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)

All right. The rest of you, back in your cells.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Haney is still asleep. Jaffe notices Banks yawning.

JAFFE

One of us should go home.

BANKS

Are you kidding? This is just getting good.

JAFFE

We all need to pace ourselves. We have another two weeks of this.

BANKS

Fine.

They share a look of understanding. Rock, paper, scissors. Jaffe loses and curses. Banks laughs.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Night-night.

**INT. THE HOLE - LATER**

The door opens from the outside and Korpi/8612 has to shade his eyes from light.

ESCHELMAN

Come on outta there, 8612.

**INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - CONTINUOUS**

Yacco/1037 and Levin/819 stand at the foot of their made beds. Eschelman lingers at the door, eyeballing Korpi/8612 and twirling his nightstick.

ESCHELMAN

Get crackin', boy. Don't none of these other prisoners get to sleep until you make your bed to my satisfaction.

KORPI/8612

(under his breath)

John Wayne is a fag.

Yacco/1037 and Levin/819 stifle laughter.

ESCHELMAN  
What was that 8612?

KORPI/8612  
Nothing, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN  
Did you just sass me, 8612?

KORPI/8612  
No, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN  
No? I could've sworn you did. Why  
don't you come out here and give me  
twenty pushups just the same.

**INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - LATER**

Eschelman inspects Korpi/8612's bed.

ESCHELMAN  
I don't know, 8612. Those don't  
look like hospital corners to me.  
How about you, 1037? Do those look  
like hospital corners to you?

Yacco/1037 looks to Korpi/8612, then hangs his head.

YACCO/1037  
No, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN  
1037, remove the sheets from 8612's  
cot so that he might try again to  
make his bed correctly.

Korpi/8612 simmers, bites his tongue.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER**

An exhausted Jaffe struggles to keep his heavy eyes  
on the monitor.

ESCHELMAN (ON TV)  
I just don't know, 8612. The other  
men have made up their beds all  
nice and neat. Why I bet I could  
bounce a quarter off any one '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 so  
that he may try yet again.

JAFFE  
(to himself)  
Jesus, doesn't this kid ever get  
tired?

Jaffe stands, stretches, rubs his eyes. He steals one  
last look at the monitor, then lies down on a second  
makeshift cot, beside Haney, and is out like a light.

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Zimbardo sits at his desk, phone to his ear, rubbing  
his eyes.

CHRISTINA (ON PHONE)  
How's it going?

ZIMBARDO  
Mostly dull.

CHRISTINA  
Mostly...

Zimbardo betrays his excitement just a little.

ZIMBARDO  
Well, there are indications that a  
certain reality is beginning to  
take hold.

**INT. CHRISTINA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A tired-looking Christina sits in her cluttered  
office, phone to her ear.

CHRISTINA  
You're sure it's not role-playing?  
It is only the first day.

ZIMBARDO  
Hard to say. You'd have to see this  
John Wayne kid to believe him.

CHRISTINA  
His name's John Wayne?

ZIMBARDO  
That's what the prisoners call him.

CHRISTINA  
They're settling in fast.



**INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Zimbaro looks down at his desk and the prisoners letters scattered there, focusing on one in particular.

ZIMBARDO

Faster than I could have imagined.

We realize Zimbaro is only half-listening to Christina as he leafs through the prisoners' letters laid out on his desk.

CHRISTINA (ON PHONE)

You sound tired. Get some rest.

ZIMBARDO

You too.

CHRISTINA

Good night.

He hangs up, looking down at his desk.

CLOSE ON: The letters. Hastily written notes only a few sentences long, all signed "love" or "miss you" or "yours" followed by a name. Except the one in Zimbaro's hand. The one we were not allowed to see before. At the bottom of this letter it says:

Sincerely,

Prisoner 1037

Zimbaro stares at that signature, wondering what to make of it. Finally, he smiles...

**INT. GUARDS' ROOM - OVERNIGHT SHIFT**

The night shift guards play cards as the **OVERNIGHT GUARDS (2am-10am)** change into their uniforms. We've already met tall and skinny **KARL VAN ORSDAL**. Where he might have looked awkward escorting Korpi/8612 into the yard, he is on his game now.

**ANDRE CEROVINA (19)** resembles a bespectacled couch potato with long, straight hair.

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

VAN ORSDAL

So how'd it go tonight?

ESCHELMAN

Not bad, not bad. We ran 'em pretty ragged. Did so many goddamn counts them boys don't know whether to shit or wind their watch.

Geoff isn't proud. Varn smiles, already a follower.

VARN

Nice.

ESCHELMAN

Man, you shoulda seen 8612's face when I made him remake his bed for the twelfth time. Little fucker looked at me like I just took a shit in his ice cream.

BURTON

(laughing)

Thought he was gonna bust out cryin' right there and then.

GEOFF

You know, it could'a just as well been us in those cells and them in here.

ESCHELMAN

What are you trying to say?

GEOFF

Just that I feel bad for the guy. You were riding him pretty hard.

BURTON

Lighten up. It's not like he's in a real jail where there's some big black dude who's gonna fuck him in the butt if he drops the soap or anything.

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

Big, black Prescott stands in the doorway. An absolutely awful, shitty moment. The night shift guards grab their shit and slink out of the room.

Prescott just shakes his head, reaches into his pocket and comes up with three police whistles - tosses them to a shamed Van Orsdal.

**BLACK**

The shrill BLAST OF POLICE WHISTLES bursts our eardrums.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - OVERNIGHT SHIFT**

Haney is shocked from a deep sleep. 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. Sticks banging. Overnight Guards swarm in.

SUPER: 2:34 a.m.

The prisoners assemble, 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... LET ME  
HEAR IT.

Audible sighs from the prisoners. Not again.  
Cerovina's voice 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.

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 has 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 do the required pushups in unison. But  
Levin/819 does them faster, finishing and standing.

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.

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 does 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.

Pause. Van Orsdal blinks - Levin's words striking some chord. He nods to Cerovina who shuts the door and locks it. Van Orsdal turns, angry now...quiet.

VAN ORSDAL  
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? What happened?

But there are no cameras in the cells.

HANEY  
Should I get Zimbardo?

Jaffe thinks, tired and confused.

JAFFE  
We'll see what happens.

# **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, Mr. Correctional Officer.

Yacco/1037 quickly gets to work making the bed.  
Meanwhile:

**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. With his nightstick.

LEVIN/819  
But...they're not allowed to-

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  
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. But there's nine  
 of us. Think about it. They can't  
 throw all of us in here.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - OVERNIGHT SHIFT**

Seven prisoners stand around a table with seven tin  
 bowls of 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  
 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  
 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.  
 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 slumps against the wall, crushed.

KORPI/8612  
YOU COWARDS. 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  
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  
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 | HANEY            |
| Get Zim- |       | I think I'll get |
|          |       | 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 as he is hauled into his cell. His struggling grunts O.S. give way to screams. We're suddenly concerned.

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

Van Orsdal exits carrying Shue/5486's smock and 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**

Prescott leans calmly on the door-jam. Haney, Jaffe, Banks and Zimbardo know this is getting out of hand.

JAFFE  
Do we step in?

Zimbardo hesitates - looking to Prescott for any hint of guidance. Prescott gives nothing.

JAFFE (CONT'D)  
Dr. Zimbardo?

Zimbardo bites the bullet, decides.

ZIMBARDO

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

BANKS

This *is* where it goes.

ZIMBARDO

It's been less than twenty-four hours. The prisoners will adjust when they see how pointless it is to fight.

He says this with a look to Prescott as if to say, "Right?" Prescott offers a subtle nod.

HANEY

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

ZIMBARDO

We don't get involved. We observe.

**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 Two. They are surprised to find Yacco/1037 and Hubbell/7258 there.

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 - OVERNIGHT SHIFT**

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

HUBBELL/7258

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)

Glenn Gee.

Levin/819 sits on the empty cot, stiff as hell.

BARAN/5704 (CONT'D)

How's the Hole?

LEVIN/819

At least the guards don't hassle you in there.

Baran grinds his teeth and paces, jonesing.

LEVIN/819 (CONT'D)

You alright?

BARAN

I'd just about suck a dick for a cigarette.

GEE/3401

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.

Gee/3401 holds two fingers to his lips, inhaling like he's smoking a cigarette. Baran/5704 glares.

LEVIN/819

Listen. 8612 and I were talking in the Hole and we've got an idea.

**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 - on 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.)

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 nightstick 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 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 SHIFT**

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. I won't  
have them thinking we can't handle  
this.

MARK

So...what do we do?

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER**

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

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

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY SHIFT**

Jaffe and Haney stare in amazement.

JAFFE

Who the hell called these guys?

**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 and all six guards swarm inside.

YACCO/1037

What's goin' on here?

VAN ORSDAL

Hands against the wall.

HUBBELL/7258

What?

BARNETT

Uniforms off.

KORPI/8612

What the fuck?

VAN ORSDAL

Take 'em off. NOW.

Yacco/1037 glares at Korpi/8612. "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.

Guards converge on Cell Two again. A loud SLAM O.S.

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. Playing this off Levin/819's face, leaving it to our imaginations, makes the screaming all the more horrible. His cellmates just stare. "You fucked up."

VAN ORSDAL (O.S.)

Handcuffs.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)

NO. NO. NO.

Another scream. Levin/819 and his cellmates wince.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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 Two. The guards exit the cell 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 hope the next cut will be to one of defiant resistance. But 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.      |
| THE DOOR. QUICK. QUICK.   | THEY'LL 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.        | AND YOUR CLOTHES IN      |
| FUCKIN' SIMULATION.       | PRISON. FIGHT THEM.      |
| FUCKIN' SIMULATION (Etc.) | RESIST 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 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?

BARNETT  
Since Cell Three behaved themselves, their beds will not be torn up. They'll be returned when order is restored. Use whatever influence you have with 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  
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 about which side he's going to be on. Then:

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

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 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?

A small but singular moment. Yacco/1037 thinks, makes a decision and with a real fuck-you face says:

YACCO/1037  
Right there on the floor in front of you.

JOHN  
(picking it up)  
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 is wiped away. John the  
person melts back into John the guard. Angry.

**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.)  
Gimme a hand over here.

Sounds of struggle. Pain. Humiliation.

|                  |                                 |
|------------------|---------------------------------|
| CEROVINA (O.S.)  | JOHN (O.S.)                     |
| Grab his ankles. | Gonna resist, huh? Not<br>wise. |

Yacco/1037 screams. Korpi/8612 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 SHIFT**

A hand hits STOP on a video player. Zimbardo,  
Prescott and the staff have been watching a replay of  
the chaos. No one can deny this is out of hand.

ZIMBARDO  
What's the status of Cell 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                                          BANKS  
But, profess-                                They're already on it.

HANEY  
Barnett called the swing shift.  
They're coming in two hours early.

JAFFE  
We can't afford to pay overtime.

HANEY  
No one asked for any.

Zimbardo is amused as much as amazed. This shit is too good to be true. He turns back to the monitor, deep in thought. Jaffe looks to Prescott. Prescott shrugs as if to say: "What are you gonna do?"

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 it. Hubbell/7258 remains locked in Cell Two. Martial law.

Cell Three - the sell-outs: Shue/5486, Williams/2093 and Rowney/4325 - are assembled in the hall. Barnett 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 once 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 Three in appreciation of their good conduct. What do we have for them, John?

JOHN

We got two ham and cheese sandwiches for each prisoner along with a can of coke 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 Hole door with his nightstick.

ROWNEY/4325

May I ask a question, Mr. Correctional Officer?

BARNETT

Go ahead, 4325.

ROWNEY/4325

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

BARNETT

No they will not, 4325. Because in this prison, good behavior is rewarded and bad behavior is not.

Rowney/4325 looks at his fellow prisoners for a long moment, then addresses Barnett.

ROWNEY/4325

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?

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

YACCO/1037 (O.S.)  
Right on.

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)  
Way to go, 4325. Way to go.

BARNETT  
(pissed)  
You men take your places at the  
table.

ROWNEY/4325  
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 Rowney/4325's plate and takes a bite.

JOHN  
Mmmmmmm, this is good. You sure you  
don't want a bite, 4325?

ROWNEY/4325  
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.  
Guards pace and peck for hours - sometimes waving  
food in the prisoners' faces. The plates of food get  
smaller but the prisoners never move. Eventually:

BARNETT (V.O.)  
Prisoner 5486, why haven't you  
eaten your lunch?

# INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - LATER

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 to eat your sandwiches.

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

PRISONERS

Thank you, Mr. Correctional Officer.

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

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The door to the Hole 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 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.

SLAM. The other prisoners share a subtle smile.

**INT. CELL NUMBER TWO - DAY SHIFT - LATER**

CLOSE ON A POWER OUTLET

as Korpi carefully uses his thumbnail to unscrew one of the outlet's screws. Once he removes it, he crosses to the cell door and begins to work on the lock.

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

Korpi/8612 looks back and the two exchange looks indicating that Hubbell/7258 is welcome to join him. He considers the consequences then moves to the door.

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

Suddenly the lock pops out into Korpi/8612's hand. He and Hubbell/7258 have to stifle themselves. Hubbell/7258 looks through the bars and smiles.

HUBBELL/7258  
All clear. Let's go.

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

HUBBELL/7258  
Deal.

#### INT. GUARDS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark tips 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, blowing his whistle:

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 prisoners fleeing past. 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**

Barnett and John - in mid-conversation - step out of  
the men's room and 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."

...just as 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, silently  
understanding that they can't get out this way. They  
retreat from whence they came, only to be intercepted  
by Jaffe, Haney and Banks. As Zimbardo arrives,  
winded, Korpi/8612 and Hubbell/7358 know they're  
fucked.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT - MOMENTS LATER**

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 them.

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

Barnett shoves him in the Hole and locks the door.  
Meanwhile, John comes out of Cell Two, furious.

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  
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

Guys, wake up. Wake up.

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

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 wonder what to do. To our surprise:

GEE/3401

Don't let them in.

ESCHELMAN

That's how he wants it...

WHOOSH. A blast from a fire-extinguisher fills the room. Cold chemicals sting bare flesh and 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.

#### INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT

Close on Jaffe watching on the monitor, the sounds of anguished screaming and laughter O.S. Unable to look anymore, Jaffe turns away, catching sight of a fascinated Zimbardo scribbling notes in his book.

ANGLE ON: Prescott at his usual place in the doorway, giving Jaffe that now familiar shrug.

**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 wear only towels. Hubbell/7258's uniform has been returned. Eschelman places a small metal bucket in front of each cell.

ESCHELMAN

It has come to my attention that some of the prisoners are unhappy here - so much so that they tried to release themselves on their own recognizance. This behavior 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 Hole door.

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 fuck off, buddy. Next time, the door goes down. I mean it.

Burton 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.

(as the prisoners grumble)

SILENCE ON THE LINE. Now should you feel the need to defecate or urinate between scheduled lavatory visits, feel 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 talk to the warden.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT**

The staff confer O.S. as they watch on the monitor.

HANEY  
 He could be faking.

JAFFE  
 Should I deny his request?

All eyes on Zimbardo, thinking. Finally:

ZIMBARDO (O.S.)  
 Bring him to my office.

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - LATER**

Korpi/8612 - blindfolded and shackled - is led in by  
 Burton. The blindfold is removed and Korpi finds  
 Zimbardo, 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.

JAFFE  
 What would you like us to do?

KORPI/8612  
 I, 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 but gets no direction. 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-

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-

PRESCOTT  
BULLSHIT.

The eruption startles the staff almost as much as it  
does Korpi/8612.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
One-hundred percent grade-A  
bullshit. This boy ain't sick. This  
boy is weak. Unable to cope with  
the most minimal of prison  
hardships.

KORPI/8612  
You don't know what it's like in  
there-

Prescott rises, towering.

PRESCOTT  
WHAT DID YOU SAY? WHAT did you just  
say to me, boy?

KORPI/8612  
You don't know what it's...

But looking in Prescott's eyes, Korpi/8612 suddenly  
realizes that Prescott knows all too well.

PRESCOTT  
San Quentin, boy. Seventeen years  
hard time. Seventeen years -  
eating, sleeping, showering,  
shitting with the darkness. Do you  
really think you can tell me what  
it's like inside?

And now we know. Korpi/8612 looks at the floor.

KORPI/8612  
No...I guess n-

PRESCOTT  
Damn right you guess not. SHOW ME  
SOME GODDAMN RESPECT AND LOOK ME IN  
THE EYE WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU.

Korpi/8612 looks up at him, trembling.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
You're a wimp, 8612. A  
pusillanimous little pussy. A  
mental and physical weakling of the  
lowest order. They'd knock your  
teeth out and pass you around like  
a party favor.

Zimbardo puts a hand on Prescott's arm. Prescott  
collects himself and steps toward the back of the  
room, reigning in his rage.

ZIMBARDO  
Maybe I can speak to the guards and  
ask them take it easy on you.

KORPI/8612  
You would do that?

Jaffe looks at Zimbardo, surprised. "Would you?"

ZIMBARDO  
I would...provided you would be  
willing to supply us with a little  
information from time to time.

Even Prescott is surprised. He didn't know Zimbardo  
had it in him.

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. Back in your  
cell.

(to Burton)  
I think we're done here.

KORPI/8612  
Wait-

But Burton wraps the blindfold around his face and:

**BLACK**

ESCHELMAN (V.O.)  
Now let's hear your numbers again,  
everyone, loud and proud.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT**

The prisoners call out their numbers. Burton brings  
Korpi/8612 in and removes his blindfold.

ESCHELMAN  
Against the wall, 8612.

KORPI/8612  
I couldn't get out.

YACCO/1037  
What are you talking about? The contract says-

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 and Geoff restrain him. Eschelman sighs:

ESCHELMAN  
Put him in the Hole.

CLOSE ON the other prisoners, their fear:

KORPI/8612 (O.S.)  
No. Let go of me. Let go of me, you motherfuckers. Let go. NO.

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 SHIFT**

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.  
 YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY HEAD, MAN,  
 MY HEAD... YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO  
 FUCK WITH MY HEAD...

**BLACK**

SUPER: Day 3

ZIMBARDO (V.O.)  
 You let him go?

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

Haney and Jaffe sit opposite a shocked Zimbardo and Banks.

HANEY  
 The contract says-

ZIMBARDO  
 Mr. Haney, do you realize the time and effort, not to mention the money, that has been spent to realize this experiment? That you've tampered with the integrity of this entire enterprise?

JAFFE  
 Phil, the kid was in serious crisis. He was hysterical, threatening to harm himself and others.

ZIMBARDO  
 I am the superintendant of this facility. I make that determination. No one else.

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

HANEY  
 It was late, the situation was escalating. There was no way to-

ZIMBARDO

Did you stop to *think*, Mr. Haney, that perhaps Prisoner 8612 was pulling a fast one? That he-

JAFFE

He wanted a lawyer.

That shuts Zimbardo up real quick. His tired eyes suddenly betray nerves. After a beat:

ZIMBARDO

Ah. I see.

Haney and Jaffe breathe a collective sigh.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

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

JAFFE

Maybe a flaw in the screening process?

BANKS

I don't think so. At one point or another we all interviewed him. 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.

JAFFE

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 in the doorway.

PRESCOTT

Korpi, 8612, whatever the fuck you wanna call him - he just wanted control.

BANKS

You're saying if the roles had been reversed Korpi would have been another Eschelman?



PRESCOTT

What makes you think they have different roles?

BANKS

...Obviously one is a prisoner and the other is-

PRESCOTT

Prisoner, guard, leader, wingman - all your bullshit - these aren't roles. These are labels. There's only one role. A man is an instrument of the system and his job is to turn individuals into instruments.

BANKS

But Korpi was an individual.

PRESCOTT

Korpi was an instrument. He was fine so long as the others were serving him.

HANEY

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

PRESCOTT

Eschelman *can't* lose. Eschelman is serving the system. Korpi was serving himself.

JAFFE

So the sole purpose of this system is to make individuals into instruments?

PRESCOTT

Man, the system doesn't *do* anything. The system is just a giant mass of instruments. The *instruments* destroy the individual.

JAFFE

For what purpose?

ZIMBARDO

Who said a system needs a purpose? Maybe the system just is.

Prescott nods to Zimbardo: "Now you're getting it."

BANKS

I'm sorry, I don't buy any of this.

Prescott looks Banks up and down. He us the only other black man in the room and his intellectual opposite.

PRESCOTT

No. I don't imagine you would.

Frustrated, Banks stands, confronting Prescott.

BANKS

This is bullshit. You're basing your conclusions on your own experience. On real felons in a real prison. This is-

PRESCOTT

So now this isn't a prison?

BANKS

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 prison, real or simulated, if it were on the dark side of the fucking moon.

HANEY

I think you're both 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. What you fail to realize is that this isn't my world you're simulating.

(to Banks, pointed)

It's yours.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the dynamic. Banks, a black academic, surrounded by three white academics and a black convict. Prescott walks out, leaving an ugly stink in the room. A long pause follows - an opportunity to confront the issue. Jaffe takes it:

JAFFE

Listen, Curt, I-

ZIMBARDO

So what steps have been taken thus far to replace 8612?

Haney, Banks and Jaffe look at one another. It's as though the last two minutes have gone right past Zimbardo. After an awkward beat:

HANEY

Uh...none as of yet. We thought that maybe-

ZIMBARDO

Start notifying the alternates and find out which ones are available to start tomorrow.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/VARIOUS CELLS - LATER**

BARNETT (V.O.)

As you all know, today is visiting day.

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

**INT. LAVATORY - LATER**

BARNETT (V.O.)

Out of respect for your family and friends, I want this place made presentable. This means cleaning up the mess you've made...

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

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER**

BARNETT (V.O.)

As well as cleaning up yourselves. For the sake of your loved ones you can at least put on the outward appearance of self respect. Even if you have none.

The prisoners are lined up, wearing only towels, arms in the air. Mark and John wash the prisoners like cars with large sponges and buckets of soapy water.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER**

Immaculate. The prisoners stand at attention in freshly laundered uniforms. Hair combed, no caps or chains. 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.

JAFFE (CONT'D)  
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 SHIFT**

Exhausted, Zimbardo and Banks slog through the  
monotony of preparing the prisoners' evening meal.

ZIMBARDO  
Quiet in there.

BANKS  
Even Cell One is behaving.

Zimbardo pauses, suspicious for a moment, then  
shrugging it off.

ZIMBARDO  
Maybe we've turned a corner.

Then Jaffe rushes in with a reel of audio tape.

JAFFE  
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, eating a hot meal of chicken pot pies. Eschelman sits at the head of the table, leaning back, nightstick in hand. Burton enters with a tray of additional pot pies.

BURTON

Anybody ready for seconds?

PRISONERS

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

Williams/2093 particularly relishes 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. Even Eschelman is speechless. Then:

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 humanity in  
Eschelman flickers 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 looks at his watch and smiles.

**INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT SHIFT**

Soft MUZAK. VARIOUS VISITORS, mostly middle class  
parents, waiting.

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 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 as 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.

The visitors grumble angrily, not about the prison, but about their sons' lack of consideration. Zimbardo steals a look at Prescott and winks.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT**

The Rolling Stones "*Time Is On My Side*" 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 him, menacingly slapping his nightstick against his hand.

MRS. LEVIN

You look exhausted.

LEVIN/819

Too much time in the Hole.

MRS. LEVIN

What's the Hole?

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 with his girlfriend MARY ANN (18). Burton sits Indian-style on the table between them, absentmindedly banging his nightstick. 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, but 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 (44). No privacy whatsoever. That a loser like Williams has someone who cares deeply for him is heartbreaking. Warren is clearly that man.

WILLIAMS/2093  
I have most of the rules memorized,  
except for the new ones we get at  
the guards' discretion.

Warren 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.

WARREN  
Can they tell you to do anything?

ESCHELMAN  
Yes.

WILLIAMS/2093  
Well, almost anything.

WARREN  
And what right do they have to do  
that?

WILLIAMS/2093  
Well, they're in charge of running  
the prison.

WARREN  
But aren't there certain rights  
that they have to respect?

ESCHELMAN  
Prisoners have no civil rights.

WARREN  
Well I think that maybe they do...

ESCHELMAN  
Not in this prison.



## INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION AREA - LATER

The night over, the last of the visitors filing out. A few - like Warren 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

We certainly don't mean to make any trouble, Mr. Zimbardo...

ZIMBARDO

It's *Doctor* Zimbardo, actually.

Mrs. Levin smiles through clenched teeth.

MRS. LEVIN

Doctor Zimbardo...but we're a bit concerned about our son.

ZIMBARDO

What seems to be the problem?

MRS. LEVIN

Well, I've never seen him look so...lethargic. I mean, he has circles under his eyes and looks as though he hasn't slept in a week.

ZIMBARDO

What's the matter with your boy? Doesn't he sleep well?

MRS. LEVIN

Normally yes, that's what has me-

ZIMBARDO

Well, we're recreating a prison environment and one of the ways we do that is by instituting counts on a regular basis to make sure the prisoners are accounted for. For necessity's sake, these counts sometimes occur very late at night.

MRS. LEVIN

He just looks so tired...

ZIMBARDO

To tell you the truth, Mrs. Levin, we all are. But everyone else seems to be holding up pretty 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)

We've wasted enough of the 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, eyes wild.

ZIMBARDO

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

Korpi? What about him?

ZIMBARDO

You heard the tape. He plans to  
come back and break them out. I'll  
be damned if he's going to get my  
prisoners.

Jaffe and Haney look at each other with uncertainty.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

And who knows? We might even get  
lucky and be able to get 8612 back.

#### **INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT SHIFT**

The prisoners are chained together with paper bags  
over their heads and their hands on the shoulders of  
the man in front of them. Burton and Geoff lead them:

BURTON

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left.

#### **EXT. BRIAR PATCH - NIGHT SHIFT**

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

#### **INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT**

Banks, Haney and Jaffe work to tear down the prison.

**INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT**

A small, hot janitor's storage room has been hastily cleaned out. The prisoners sit blindfolded, picking 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 SHIFT**

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, struggling to keep his eyes open.

Hearing footsteps in the distance he tenses and stands, ready to attack. Milk the suspense...

VOICE (O.S.)

Phil? Is that you?

False alarm. A PORTLY ACADEMIC in a tweed jacket and bow-tie approaches. This is PROFESSOR COOK (58). Zimbardo recognizes him and sighs, relieved.

ZIMBARDO

Yes, hello Cy. How are you?

PROFESSOR COOK

What are you doing down here at this hour?

ZIMBARDO

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

PROFESSOR COOK

Ah, your prison study. I saw some of your boys upstairs. Frightful sight I must say.

ZIMBARDO

Just following the protocol.

PROFESSOR COOK

I should hope so.

Zimbardo keeps looking past Professor Cook for 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.

He turns to walk away, then pauses, struck with a thought.

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

Zimbardo seems 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  
I'm in the thick of it here, Cy. Can't you see that? I have more pressing concerns than whether or not you understand the academics of my work.

Zimbardo is looking anxiously over Cook's shoulder. Cook follows his gaze to find an empty hallway.

PROFESSOR COOK  
Sorry to bother you, Phil.

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.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT - LATER**

We HEAR footsteps OFFSCREEN. Zimbardo braces, sure this is what he's been waiting for. Instead he sees Jaffe.

ZIMBARDO  
I thought Haney had the next watch?

JAFFE  
Haney's gone.

ZIMBARDO  
Gone? What do you mean gone?

JAFFE  
I mean gone. Family emergency. He said he'll try and come back as soon as possible.

ZIMBARDO  
Christ, this couldn't have come at a worse time. Worse time.

Zimbardo zones out for a minute, staring into space, weaving slightly, exhausted.

JAFFE  
Professor... Professor...  
(touching his arm)  
Phil.

ZIMBARDO  
(snapping to)  
Right.  
(checking his watch)  
Looks like the liberators are a no-show. Better wake Banks. We've only got a few hours before shift change to get the prison back together.

JAFFE  
Maybe you should get some sleep. Start fresh in the morning.

ZIMBARDO  
No, no...we can't risk an escape. The prisoners are too vulnerable now. We've got to lock them back up.

He wanders down the hall, leaving Jaffe concerned.

#### **INT. PRISON CORRIDOR/CELLS - OVERNIGHT SHIFT**

The prisoners try to sleep through the incessant pounding as the prison is rebuilt around them.

SUPER: Day 4

Cerovina hammers a familiar sign on the closet door.

THE HOLE

He is obviously banging for effect, making as much noise as he can and amused with himself. Finally, he opens the door, reaches inside and grabs 819 by the arm.

CEROVINA

Come on, time to eat.

He guides him to a seat at the table and places a tin plate of food in front of him. 819 simply stares at it, refusing to eat. Van Orsdal notices and steps over.

VAN ORSDAL

Do we have a problem here?

CEROVINA

Looks like 819's decided to take over as number one pain in the ass today.

VAN ORSDAL

Rule number two. Prisoners must eat at meal and only at meal time. Now eat.

Without expression, 819 reaches grabs his plate and turns it over on the table.

819

I want to see a doctor.

Van Orsdal and Cerovina each grab an arm and drag him back to the Hole.

VAN ORSDAL

See if you can find one in there.

As they toss him in and slam the door behind him with a chuckle, they are suddenly aware of someone watching them. They turn and their smiles fade.

ANGLE ON: Zimbardo stands in the open doorway at the end of the hall. Beside him is an ELDERLY PRIEST taking in the prison with a passive eye. Meet FATHER MACALLISTER.

#### INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

Father Macallister and Zimbardo sit with Rowney/4325. What we notice in the following sequence is that Zimbardo is not studying the prisoners. He is studying the Priest - gauging his reaction.

FATHER MACALLISTER

What's your name, son?

ROWNEY/4325

4325, sir.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Have a seat. So...how are you  
holding up?

Rowney/4325 steals a nervous look at Zimbardo.

ROWNEY/4325  
Not too bad considering, sir.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Good, good. And what measures are  
you taking to get out of prison?

Long pause. Rowney/4325 can't think of an answer.

TIME CUT:

Baran/5704, now sitting across from Macallister and  
Zimbardo, responds to the previously asked question.

BARAN/5704  
I'm not sure if I understand the  
question, sir?

FATHER MACALLISTER  
What steps are you taking to secure  
your release?

TIME CUT:

Now it's Gee/3401 in the chair.

GEE/3401  
Well, uh, I'm doing my best to  
follow what the guards say and...

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Has bail been set in your case?

TIME CUT:

WILLIAMS/2093  
If it has been, sir, I am unaware  
of it.

Macallister is suddenly all business, somber and  
cold.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Well what about counsel? Do you  
have a lawyer? A public defender?

TIME CUT:

YACCO/1037  
Uh, no sir, I don't. I wasn't aware  
that I needed-

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

TIME CUT:

SHUE/5486  
Why would I need a lawyer to get me  
out of an experiment?

FATHER MACALLISTER  
(getting angry)  
Well, I don't know what experiment  
you're referring to, but you've got  
to take control of your situation  
here son, take control of your  
life.

Zimbardo scribbles notes obsessively.

TIME CUT:

Hubbell/7258 considers this, coming out of a fog.

HUBBELL/7258  
I have a cousin... He's a lawyer.  
Would you call him for me?

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Of course I will.

Zimbardo quickly intercedes.

ZIMBARDO  
I'm afraid we have to move on.

**INT. THE HOLE - DAY SHIFT**

The door swings open to reveal Levin/819 in a ball on  
the floor. He covers his eyes from the light.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Levin/819 sits facing Macallister and Zimbardo, doing  
his best to avoid eye contact.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Let's start with your name, son.  
What's your name?

LEVIN/819  
819?

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



LEVIN/819  
(glancing at Zimbardo)  
It's 819.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
And how are you holding up in here?

Levin/819 begins to tremble.

LEVIN/819  
I'm...managing.

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

For the first time, Levin/819 makes eye contact with  
Macallister, surprised and confused.

LEVIN/819  
What steps am I... What? What?

FATHER MACALLISTER  
It's a simple question, son. What  
are you doing to secure your  
release?

LEVIN/819  
I don't... I...

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY SHIFT**

Jaffe and Banks watch on the monitor.

JAFFE  
I don't get it. Why doesn't he just  
say he wants us to let him go?

BANKS  
I think that's the conflict for  
him. Maybe he needs us to tell him  
he has to go, so it's not like he's  
chickening out.

JAFFE  
Yeah, but the priest... Doesn't he  
understand that any of them can  
just quit?

BANKS  
He read the contract three times.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Levin/819 looks to Zimbardo, then back to the  
priest...and begins to sob, softly at first...

FATHER MACALLISTER  
Whoa, easy son, easy...

...then building to an uncontrolled hysteria.  
Zimbardo and Macallister express surprise.

|                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| ZIMBARDO              | FATHER MACALLISTER   |
| Calm down, calm down, | Easy son. This won't |
| everything's gonna be | help your case.      |
| alright.              |                      |

LEVIN/819  
(between sobs)  
I'm sorry...but I...look, I  
just...can I see a doctor? Please?  
PLEASE? I just...

Zimbardo puts a hand on Levin/819's shoulder.

ZIMBARDO  
What I would suggest is this: That  
you rest in a cell by yourself for  
awhile, have something good to eat  
and then this afternoon, if you're  
still feeling this way, we'll have  
a doctor take a look at you. Okay?

Levin/819 nods through his tears. Zimbardo turns to  
Barnett, who is smirking from the sidelines.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
Officer, bring me a blindfold.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE R&R ROOM - DAY SHIFT**

Jaffe escorts Levin/819 to an old sofa, laying him  
down and covering him with a blanket. Jaffe leaves,  
stopping at the door and turning back to watch  
Levin/819 for moment - a trembling, sobbing wreck.

BARNETT (O.S.)  
2093, what is rule number two?

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT**

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

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

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - DAY SHIFT**

As Zimbardo and Macallister enter:

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

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

PRISONERS (O.S.)  
Prisoners must eat at meal times  
and only at meal times, Mr.  
Correctional Officer.

ZIMBARDO  
Thank you so much for your time,  
Father. It has really made a  
difference.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
It was my pleasure. Anything I can  
do to help.  
(as Zimbardo opens the door)  
I'm going to need contact  
information for the parents of that  
boy, the blonde one...um...73-

ZIMBARDO  
7258? Oh no, that won't be  
necessary.

FATHER MACALLISTER  
I'm afraid it is.

ZIMBARDO  
No, no, you see his parent's are  
fully aware of his involv-

FATHER MACALLISTER  
I'm a priest, Doctor Zimbardo. The  
young man asked for my help and I  
am obligated to do just that.

Zimbardo blinks. "Oh shit."

#### **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE R&R ROOM - DAY SHIFT**

Levin/819, his back to us, twitches, hearing the  
voices O.S.

BARNETT (O.S.)  
And who broke rule number two this  
morning? Prisoner 819 was the one  
who refused to eat at meal time.  
Let's hear it.

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

#### **INT. ZIMBARDO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

PRISONERS (O.S.)  
...refused to eat at meal time.

BARNETT (O.S.)  
Louder. Five times.

Zimbardo hands Father Macallister a sheet of paper with Hubbell/7258's parents' contact information.

BARNETT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Say, "Prisoner 819 refused to eat at meal time."

They shake hands and Zimbardo shows him to the door.

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

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

Macallister leaves and Zimbardo's smile instantly fades. Banks enters from the hallway.

BANKS  
I'm worried about Levin. He's-

ZIMBARDO  
He's calling a lawyer.

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

BANKS  
Levin?

ZIMBARDO  
Hubbell. 7258. He asked for a goddamn lawyer and the priest is obligated to call one. They could shut this whole thing down.

BANKS  
I don't think so.

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

BANKS  
I mean look at the priest. He wasn't here ten minutes and he became part of the experiment. Why should a lawyer be any different?

But Zimbardo doesn't seem sure.

BANKS (CONT'D)

This is more than you could have hoped for, professor. The situation has taken on a life of its own.

On cue, A SOUL-SOURING SCREAM erupts O.S. "What the hell?" Zimbardo and Banks rush down the hall.

The chanting O.S. continues OVER:

**INT. R&R ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zimbardo and Banks enter to find Jaffe kneeling beside Levin/819, now sobbing uncontrollably, tears streaming down his face.

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| LEVIN/819                 | PRISONERS (O.S.)         |
| I want to go back. You've | Because of what Prisoner |
| got to let me go back in  | 819 did, my cell is a    |
| there. I'm not a bad      | mess.                    |
| prisoner. I know I'm not. |                          |

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. 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.)

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 child awakening from a nightmare.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)  
You're free to leave. Do you  
understand? We're sending you home.

LEVIN/819  
...Thank you.

ZIMBARDO  
We just need you to sign a little  
release form, okay?

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE R&R ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Zimbardo and Jaffe watch as Banks escorts a trembling  
Levin/819 out for good.

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 819.

JAFFE  
I- That's not my point. Maybe we  
should-

ZIMBARDO  
Get me a replacement for 819 as  
soon as possible.

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

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT SHIFT**

Empty. Quiet. The door at the far end opens to  
reveal:

Christina.

CHRISTINA  
Hello? Phil?

No answer. She wanders down the hallway, finding only  
locked doors.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You lost?

She turns with a gasp, coming face to face with:  
Eschelman.

CHRISTINA  
You startled me.

ESCHELMAN

You need help?

He is friendly, smiling. We realize he doesn't have his usual accent. We remember suddenly that the Eschelman inside the prison is just a character. The real Eschelman is so much nicer and as a result so much scarier. But Christina wouldn't know that.

CHRISTINA

Help? No, I- I'm looking for Dr. Zimbardo.

ESCHELMAN

(extending a hand)

I'm David.

CHRISTINA

Nice to meet you, David. I'm Chris.

She takes his hand. His grip lingers. Long pause. We're suddenly nervous for her. Eschelman smiles, warm as can be, almost laughing.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Um...Dr. Zimbardo. Have you seen him?

He releases his grip.

ESCHELMAN

(pointing)

You'll find him back there.

CHRISTINA

Thanks.

ESCHELMAN

My pleasure.

Christina starts back down the hallway, Eschelman's malicious eyes glued to her ass as she goes. He calls after her:

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything. Anything at all.

Christina nods. Nice guy that David.

#### **INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT SHIFT**

Christina enters to find Zimbardo staring at a jumble of notes, his pen hovering over a half finished sentence. Her lips move, but no words come out. It takes a moment for us to realize we are in Zimbardo's head. He cannot hear her. She touches his shoulder and the world comes back to him with a jolt.

He turns. For a moment he seems not to recognize her.

CHRISTINA

Are you okay?

ZIMBARDO

Oh, hey, Chris. You startled me.  
I'm so glad you could make it.

CHRISTINA

Not a problem. I was able to get  
away early.

Her eyes move to the monitor. Nothing to see here.  
One guard pacing an empty hallway. Zimbardo reaches  
over and shuts the monitor off, almost as if hiding  
something.

She scrutinizes Phil's face, noticing the heavy bags  
under his tired eyes.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You look pretty  
tired, hon.

ZIMBARDO

I'm fine. Can I buy you dinner?

CHRISTINA

Don't you want to show me around?

ZIMBARDO

Uh... The prisoners are sleeping.  
We don't want to bother them.

CHRISTINA

Maybe tomorrow, then.

ZIMBARDO

Tomorrow?

CHRISTINA

I just joined your parole board.  
Jaffe told me you lost Haney so...

Her words barely register as he ushers her toward the  
door.

ZIMBARDO

Great. Fantastic. What would you  
like to eat?

**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



Nearby, 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** - Shaggy a la *Scooby Doo*. A guy you could easily dismiss as 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, looking for a weakness. Beat:

VAN ORSDAL

Let's go, 416. Eat up.

416 looks at the scrambled eggs and two 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

That is not an option, 416.

416

I'm sorry that you think that, sir.

VAN ORSDAL

You're sorry th- Eat your goddamn breakfast, 416.

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

VAN ORSDAL (CONT'D)

Get him up.

#### **INT. THE HOLE - MOMENTS LATER**

416 is thrust inside, shocked spitless.

VAN ORSDAL

You'll stay in here as long as it takes - 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 it.

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.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY SHIFT**

Barnett and Mark hand a pencil and a single sheet of paper to the prisoners. The top of the page reads:

APPLICATION FOR PAROLE

The prisoners eagerly fill them out. All but 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 SHIFT**

*(Note: We focus on Yacco/1037's parole the way we  
focused on Korpi's arrest.)*

The parole board, composed of Zimbardo, Prescott, Jaffe, Banks and Christina sitting around a six-sided table.

All are dressed professionally, shuffling papers and drinking coffee like true bureaucrats. It is clear that Prescott is running the show.

Yacco/1037 listens, head bowed, as Prescott reads:

PRESCOTT

"I believe the correctional staff has convinced me of my many weaknesses. On Monday, I rebelled, thinking that I was being treated unjustly. However, that evening I finally realized that I was unworthy of better treatment...

Christina blinks, surprised by these words.

PRESCOTT (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."

JAFFE

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-

JAFFE

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-

PRESCOTT

You should've thought of that before you broke the law.

He says it loudly, causing Yacco/1037 to flinch a little. Christina studies Prescott for a beat, unintimidated. She notices he is trembling with genuine anger.

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/1037

(afraid to answer wrong)

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's 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 yells, startling everyone in the room.

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

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...

Play the moment off Christina, puzzled as to how this  
kid could be so easily swayed. She turns to Zimbardo,  
perhaps hoping he'll intervene. He's too engrossed to  
notice her.

PRESCOTT

I find it hard to take the word of  
a young man with such a checkered  
history with the law. What kind of  
a citizen do you think you can be  
with these kinds of charges?

YACCO/1037

I don't really understand the  
question-

Prescott grabs the pages in front of him, reading.

PRESCOTT

Well I'm looking over your charges  
and this is quite a list. 1965 you  
were picked up and later released  
on suspicion of car theft...1969  
you were picked up and later  
released for lack of evidence at a  
place where narcotics were found.

Christina leans over to read the papers Prescott is  
holding.

CLOSE ON: The papers are all blank - he's just making  
this shit up off the top of his head.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

1970 you were arrested for passing  
bad checks. You know, you tell us  
you can make it out there but we  
can't hold your hand.

YACCO/1037

I understand, sir, and I-

PRESCOTT

Do you believe in God?

YACCO/1037

...Yes sir, I do.

PRESCOTT

And why is that?

YACCO/1037

Well, I've always been taught that way and I find it hard to believe that all this...

PRESCOTT

You were also taught that assault was against the law. Or do you think it's legitimate to go around hurting people?

YACCO/1037

No sir.

PRESCOTT

But here, in your own handwriting, you state, "...despite my horrible disrespect for them..." *Horrible disrespect*. That's harmful, is it not? What would happen if everybody in this nation disrespected everyone else's person?

YACCO/1037

I don't know sir. I really don't-

Prescott leans in - no longer in character but speaking from some place deep inside his soul.

PRESCOTT

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.

Pause. Prescott blinks, coming back from his place of rage. He sits back, lowering his voice.

PRESCOTT

Well my opinion means something in this particular place.

He sees Christina looking at him and the anger changes to something else. It changes to shame.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

I have nothing else.

JAFFE

Thank you, 1037.

Jaffe waves to the door. Barnett enters and takes him by the arm, escorting him to the door. He stops when:

CHRISTINA

I have one final question for you, 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 pay in exchange for parole?

YACCO/1037

Yes ma'am, I would. Without a doubt.

We let these words sit with Christina as Yacco/1037 is taken away, leaving the room in silence.

After a moment, Jaffe opens a folder, spreading out the mugshots and profiles of Rowney/4325, Gee/3401, Hubbell/7258 and Yacco/1037.

ZIMBARDO

Do we let anyone go?

JAFFE

1037 looks ready to break down at any minute.

ZIMBARDO

Yes, but is that a reason to grant a man parole?

BANKS

And what sort of message will one man's parole send to the others?

CLOSE ON: Christina. Did she hear that right?

ZIMBARDO

I just can't tell if 1037 is telling us the truth. 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. Finally, he stands, looking at the pictures on the table - scared white boys "who've never been punched in the face."

PRESCOTT

I'll say this. There's a feeling you get. A dangerous feeling. When you sense a person is capable of anything. Even the darkest of things. And I feel...

Prescott is momentarily at a loss for words, tears of rage in his eyes.

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...

And suddenly, Prescott finds clarity.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

You know what, man? It's an experiment and I went along with it, but I really hate myself right now.

He says this with a look to Banks, almost like he is apologizing.

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. A moment later, Banks, perhaps a little smug, stands and walks out.

Christina looks over at Jaffe. She can see that something is eating at him. She stands and touches Zimbardo on the shoulder, gesturing to Jaffe, urging Zimbardo with her eyes to talk to him. Then she leaves.

For a while, Jaffe and Zimbardo sit in silence, not looking at one another. Finally:

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-

JAFJE

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?

JAFJE

Now? After seeing what this place has done to us - to Korpi, to Yacco...even to Prescott - now I realize 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 thing 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 means a lot.

Zimbardo's gaze shifts back to the prisoner photos on the table before him. He points to two photos, seemingly randomly...

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

Parole these two.

**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?

416 sits alone at a table, his breakfast sausages on the plate before him. 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? 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

Come on, man. Just eat your sausages, okay? Whatever you're trying to do, it won't work.

416 doesn't 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

'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.

(to Burton)

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 to find Gee/3401 lying on his mattress, covered from head to toe in horrific red welts.

GEOFF (CONT'D)  
(rushing for the door)  
PROFESSOR ZIMBARDO.

ESCHELMAN  
Well shit. Looks like we gonna lose  
another one.

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT SHIFT**

Christina comes out of the break room, putting her coat on to head home. She stops in cold shock when she sees Geoff and Burton carrying Gee, his feet dragging, his skin...

GEOFF  
PROFESSOR.

They rush him down the corridor. Christina is about to follow when she is startled by a loud BANG O.S. She turns:

CHRISTINA'S P.O.V. The door to the prison yard stands wide open. Her attention is drawn to the junction of an adjacent hallway. We HEAR the approaching echoes of muffled yelling and the creepy sound of CHAINS DRAGGING across the linoleum floor.

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)  
How many times we gonna have to do  
this til you get it right? I said  
MARCH, you worthless assholes.

PRISONERS (O.S.)  
(loud and in absolute unison)  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ON CHRISTINA as she inches forward toward the prison door. She stops dead in her tracks when she sees...

ESCHELMAN - that nice boy she knows as David - leading the group of shuffling prisoners toward the prison yard. They are chained together at the ankles and handcuffed at the wrists, paper bags covering their heads.

Christina stares at the sight in wide-eyed horror. As the prisoners cross into the prison yard, Eschelman catches sight of her. He halts the lead prisoner with his hand and the whole group crumbles in a pile-up.

ESCHELMAN  
(to the prisoners)  
Wait here.

He walks toward Christina, slowly, calmly, stopping at the open door. And then, as friendly as can be, he smiles.

CHRISTINA  
You... You're John Wayne.

ESCHELMAN  
I'm flattered you think so.

And he shuts the door.

ESCHELMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Arrright, you miserable sonsabitches-

Christina quickly turns, freezing when she sees Zimbardo at the far end of the hall. He misreads Christina's awestruck expression.

ZIMBARDO  
Pretty amazing, isn't it?

**EXT. JORDAN HALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT SHIFT**

The door explodes open. Christina comes out, quickly pursued by Zimbardo. He catches her by the arm, turning her.

ZIMBARDO  
Just wait a second, will you? What is it? What's wrong?

CHRISTINA  
What's *WRONG*? You're a psychologist for Christ's sake. How can you be asking me what's wrong?

ZIMBARDO  
I understand how it looks but you're missing the bigger picture. This study has the potential to help countless people.

CHRISTINA  
Felons. *Maybe*. But those are *kids*, Phil. Kids who've never committed a crime in their lives.

ZIMBARDO  
Kids who volunteered. Kids who are being paid. Kids who can leave any time they-

CHRISTINA  
They *tried* to leave. Every one of them came to your fucking parole hearing and all but begged. Jesus, I sat there asking myself what is wrong with these kids? Why don't they just quit? What are they trying to prove? What are they afraid of? And here I realize it's you. They're afraid of you.

ZIMBARDO

That's nonsense. I think you need to look at this as a psychologist. Try to see that-

CHRISTINA

I'm a *human being*, Phil. I have empathy for other human beings. And no matter how I look at it, I'm still going to see the same thing. That you're torturing these boys.

ZIMBARDO

Christina-

CHRISTINA

Those are not prisoners in there, Phil. Those are not students, those are not subjects, they're BOYS... And you're *harming* them.

He's not hearing her.

ZIMBARDO

(disappointed)

Of all people, I thought you'd see the bigger picture here. Understand the value of what we've tapped into. The importance of it.

CHRISTINA

Well then you don't understand *me* at all.

With that, Christina turns and walks away, tears welling in her eyes.

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S CAR - DRIVING - LATER**

Zimbardo drives through the night, listening to music in his car, lost in thought.

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER**

Zimbardo brushes his teeth. It takes a moment for him to catch his own reflection in the mirror. He notices the dark circles under his eyes, traces them with his fingertips.

**INT. ZIMBARDO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER**

Empty. Christina's not here and Zimbardo has no idea when or if she's coming back. Exhausted, his head hits the pillow, but sleep refuses to come for him.

**BLACK**

SUPER: Day 6

**EXT. JORDAN HALL - NIGHT**

Zimbardo cuts a lone figure amongst the streetlights and shadows as he wearily enters the building.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Zimbardo enters, settles in and focuses his attention on the MONITOR as it displays the real-time events taking place on the prison yard.

ESCHELMAN (V.O.)  
Did I see you smile?

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

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            | ESCHELMAN             |
| Because I'm not supposed | That's <i>right</i> . |
| to smile during count,   |                       |
| Mr. Correctional-        |                       |

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

Having a good time in there, 416?

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. 7258, walk  
over 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.

BURTON

We didn't ask you to walk  
like you.

ESCHELMAN (CONT'D)

Start over.

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.

# **INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

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: Williams/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, 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?

CLOSE ON: This is too much even for Burton. He steals  
a glance at Geoff in the corner.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT**

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)  
He's all ready, ain't he? Why don't  
you make like a dog? Go on, make  
like a dog.

Zimbardo is both fascinated and horrified by what he  
sees.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

The humiliation goes on into the night. Each of the  
prisoners complies, but none like Williams/2093. He  
is a model prisoner. Expressionless, compliant. Then  
the music stops - we snap back from numbness when  
Eschelman grabs Williams/2093.

ESCHELMAN  
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  
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 object.

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 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 fuck word 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

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 toward another human being, 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

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  
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

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're a bastard, you wanna know something?

WILLIAMS/2093

Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN

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/2093 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.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Zimbardo's expression is one of shock and overwhelming guilt.

But he can't bring himself to stop things.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - THE NIGHT BEFORE

416 stands wearily in the open doorway of the Hole, Eschelman right in his face.

ESCHELMAN

Now if 416 doesn't wanna eat his sausages, then, you can give me your blankets and sleep on the bare mattress. Or you can keep your blankets and 416 will stay in the Hole another day. What'll it be?

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)  
You boys can keep your blankets.  
(turning to 416)  
Just you and me now, 416.

416  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

ESCHELMAN  
What say you sing your fellow  
inmates a song to help them fall  
asleep?

416  
What...what would you like me to  
sing, Mr. Correctional Officer?

Eschelman thinks for a moment, and smiles his warmest  
smile yet.

#### INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

Silence. CLOSE ON the face of Williams/2093 who,  
despite his reborn obedience, is forced to do more  
pushups, his face a mask of mute humiliation.

In between each push-up we CUT TO another variation  
of in-your-face belittling, balls-out leap-frog, even  
simulated sex with one prisoner dry-humping the  
other. And over this, the sound of 416 as he draws a  
trembling breath and begins to sing, his voice  
cracking at the high notes, his ear hopelessly tin.

416 (O.S.)  
Amazing Grace/ How Sweet the song/  
That saved a wretch like me...

ESCHELMAN (O.S.)  
Is that how it goes? I'm not sure.

416 (O.S.)  
I once was lost/But now I'm  
found/Was blind but now I see...

The images we're forced to endure stand in stark  
contrast to the tragically lonely voice of 416 and  
his pitiful rendition of *Amazing Grace*.

The song carries on even as 416 is shoved back into the Hole, the door slammed shut. 416 continues to sing from inside the darkened closet, the shadows of the bars streaking across his face.

We cannot hear what Eschelmann is saying to the other prisoners, but it soon becomes clear. One by one, they are forced to march up to the door of the Hole, pounding on it with all of their might in a slow rhythm to the hymn.

Through the bars, we see 416 flinch with each and every pounding on the door. Still he sings, even as tears roll down his face. We can hear the pounding now - ever so faintly, like distant thunder growing ever closer as the instruments of the system work to destroy the individual...

#### **INT. THE HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

416 trembles, flinching slightly with each slam on the door, curling deeper and deeper into himself - being hammered into a shape of the system's choosing. The pounding on the door grows louder, clearer, bringing with it the sound of guards laughing and the prisoners chanting:

PRISONERS

Thank you, 416. Thank you, 416.

BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM. CRASH-

#### **INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING**

All motion on the yard stops. All eyes turn to the entrance to the yard where Zimbardo has flung the door open, his face betraying at last the realization of what he has created. He struggles to find words, finally managing:

ZIMBARDO

This...this experiment is over.

Long pause. The prisoners can't believe it. The guards don't want to.

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? This experiment is terminated as of this moment. The Stanford County Jail is now closed. You're all free to leave.

Hubbell/7258 is the first to react, almost crying. He turns to Shue/5486 and the two embrace. A moment later Baran/5704 joins them, laughing. It is when they turn and embrace Williams/2093 - the loser, the loner, the outcast - that we realize this whole thing is truly over.

**INT. HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

416 - never a name, hardly a veteran - does not share their joy. He just slumps against the wall and shakes his head.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

And the Guards? The Guards are strangely sullen. Nothing more depressing for the abusers of power than to have that power so suddenly stripped away. A moment later they seem to realize what it is they have done. They are suddenly gripped with an overwhelming sense of shame. It feels good to watch.

Except Eschelman. He just sighs and, without a hint of guilt, irony or accent, he says:

ESCHELMAN

This mean we're not getting paid  
for the whole two weeks?

**EXT. JORDAN HALL - SUNRISE**

The door opens and the last prisoners of the STANFORD COUNTY PRISON emerge into the dawning orange sunlight, forever changed.

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.

**BLACK**

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.

MARK (CONT'D)

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.  
(pause, thinks)

ZIMBARDO (CONT'D)

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, 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.



RAMSEY/416 (CONT'D)

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

\*

