



Scripts.com

# The Stanford Prison Experiment

By Tim Talbott

How's it going, fellas?

- Hi.

- Hi. How you doing?

All right.

Comfortable?

Uh, yeah.

Sure.

Okay. Question one.

Have you ever talked  
to a psychiatrist  
or a psychologist  
about an emotional problem?

Uh, no.

Nice.

Have you ever felt  
you needed help  
with an emotional problem?

Uh...

No.

Have you ever attempted  
to kill yourself?

Wow.

Uh, no.

No.

In the past year, have you  
consumed any alcohol or...

- Yes.

- Illegal drugs?

Illegal drugs?

Um, yes.

Do... is this...

this is going on record?

If I say "no,"

that means that I can be in it?

Not necessarily.

It's \$15 a day?

- Yeah.

- That's correct.

No, I haven't had any alcohol  
or anything like that.

Have you ever given in to  
an aggressive urge or impulse?

Uh, what do you mean by that?

Like, domestic violence

or rape, incest...

- No, no, no, no.

- Things of that nature.

- No.

- No.

I go to Stanford.

Okay.

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

Does love count?

If you'd like it to.

Okay, then no.

Why do you want to  
participate in this study?

To be honest,  
financial gain.

I could use a little cash  
this summer.

I just saw the \$15 a day.

I was looking through the ads,  
and it was just...

the most interesting.

If selected for  
this study,

would you rather be  
a guard or a prisoner?

I don't think I have  
the qualities to be a guard.

Prisoner.

Prisoner, I guess.

I-I wouldn't want to be a guard.

- Prisoner.

- A prisoner.

Prisoner.

A prisoner sounds like  
it would be a little less work.

Prisoner.

Why's that?

Nobody likes guards.

All right,

we got a heads.  
So we can just put him  
over there,  
yeah,  
with the prisoners.  
Last one.  
You want the honors?  
Heads again.  
He's a prisoner.  
Okay, so the last  
one's a guard.  
Exactly.  
Well, guys,  
I think we have our prisoners  
and our guards.  
Good afternoon, gentlemen.  
I am Dr. Phil Zimbardo,  
professor of psychology  
here at Stanford University.  
Welcome to orientation.  
You're gonna be  
very pleased to know  
that you all have been chosen  
to be the prison guards  
in this study.  
And that choice was made based  
upon the exemplary qualities  
that you all demonstrated  
during your interviews.  
So good for you.  
This experiment will be  
an extension of my research  
into the effects prisons  
can have on human behavior.  
And being that it's summer  
and the school's almost empty,  
we should have near complete  
privacy for this study.  
And as you'll soon see,  
we have cleared out  
some of the teachers' offices  
and converted them  
into prison cells,  
and the hallway will serve

as the prison yard.  
But remember,  
just as you are watching  
the prisoners,  
my graduate staff and I  
will be watching you.  
So under no circumstances  
whatsoever are you to hit  
or physically assault  
the prisoners in any way.  
Now, you'll all be given  
sunglasses and uniforms  
to give the prisoners a sense  
of a unified,  
singular authority.  
Once a prisoner is jailed,  
he will not be able to leave,  
except under  
established procedures.  
And from this point forward,  
you should never refer  
to this as a study  
or an experiment again.  
A lot of these books,  
I don't even know  
where I got them.  
The perils of  
moving in together.  
What are you  
thinking about?  
The experiment?  
No, experiment's routine.  
You know, I'm gonna be away  
for two weeks,  
and then...  
And then you are  
gonna be starting  
your new job.  
You make it sound like  
it's in a different state.  
Berkeley is an hour  
up the road.  
Oh, that I know.  
It's just I don't know

what the guys and I  
are gonna do without you.

Phil...

No one's ever gonna  
take me seriously and...  
and my career seriously  
until I go out there  
and prove it on my own.

Hey...

It could have been  
New York.

I made this decision  
for us.

I know.

I know.

I know.

It's just...

You know what?

Nobody deserves this  
more than you.

You were a great  
student of mine.

And you're gonna be  
a great professor.

Thank you.

Now wait a second.

You did miss a spot  
right over there.

Hey!

You can't fall for that.

Come on!

Get out of here.

Get out of here.

Hey. You Daniel Culp?

Uh, yeah.

That's...

That's the name  
they gave me.

I'm placing you  
under arrest  
for violation of  
California Penal Code 211,  
armed robbery.

Hey, my brother

didn't do anything.  
Uh, they know that.  
Everything will be fine.  
Gogo on, tell Mom  
I won't be home for dinner.  
She'll understand.  
It's okay.  
Hands on the car and spread 'em.  
Which one of us  
should start?  
Well, I'll do it.  
Okay,  
feet apart.  
Wider.  
I said "wider. "  
You guys,  
this doesn't have to be...  
Just keep your hands  
on the wall.  
Okay, just keep your hands  
on the wall.  
Um, put your head down.  
Uh, and take off  
your shoes.  
Uh...  
Oh, oh.  
Okay.  
Um...  
Put your hands  
at your sides.  
Now I want you to strip.  
Uh, really?  
Maybe I could have  
some privacy first...  
Shut up!  
And strip.  
And put your clothes  
on the floor.  
Oh, man.  
Put your clothes  
to the right.  
The shirt.  
Don't we have  
to delouse him first?

Oh, shit.  
Uh, stay where you are.  
Ah, oh.  
Right.  
Jesse.  
Ah.  
You made it.  
I'm so happy. I'm so happy.  
- Yeah.  
- Very, very, very good.  
Uh, everybody,  
this is Jesse Fletcher.  
He's gonna consult with us  
on the experiment.  
We got Paul, Kyle,  
and you remember Mike.  
- Hey.  
- Yep.  
Hi.  
Why don't you  
pull up a chair?  
What?  
Why me?  
Just do it.  
All right.  
Put your arms  
above your head.  
Fuck.  
Wow.  
Hey, Phil,  
um,  
I don't mean to be rude,  
but what qualifies him  
to be here?  
Well, he's got experience.  
You're kidding, right?  
Okay, boys,  
let's take her down there  
and show her  
just how pretty she looks.  
All right, listen up.  
From now on, you will be known  
as Prisoner 8612  
and only as 8612.



And you will,  
at all times,  
refer to us  
as Mr. Correctional Officer.  
You got it?  
Uh, yeah,  
I got it.  
What was that?  
I mean, yes, sir,  
Mr. Correctional Officer, sir.  
Yeah, good.  
All right,  
um,  
let's take her down  
to cell number two.  
All right.  
Let's get the next one.  
Hey.  
What are you doing in here?  
You're missing everything.  
What?  
You brought me here  
to legitimize this experiment,  
and there's nothing legitimate  
about this place, Phil.  
You're right.  
You're right.  
I didn't explain it well.  
Prisons, they represent...  
a loss of freedom,  
literally  
and symbolically.  
Yeah, but that does not explain  
why they're wearing dresses.  
They're wearing dresses,  
Phil.  
Yes, I understand.  
Uh...  
We're trying to strip away  
their individuality...  
Make them uniform,  
feminize them.  
Feminize them?  
Yes.

Feminize them.  
Take away all the things  
that make them them.  
You see, we're trying  
to understand  
how an institution  
affects an individual's  
behavior.  
We're trying to do something...  
We're trying to do  
something good.  
Hey, man.  
I'm Daniel.  
Uh, that's Jeff.  
Hey.  
I'm... I'm Peter.  
Well, nice to meet you,  
comrade.  
What are you in for?  
Uh...  
they said something  
about burglary,  
but, uh,  
I mean, I didn't really  
do anything.  
Sure, sure.  
Joint's overflowing  
with innocent men.  
We've been framed...  
framed, I tell ya!  
I'm just messing with you.  
You can sit down, you know.  
Yeah.  
Are you aware we're  
supposed to be quiet?  
Yeah, you are aware  
they can't lay a finger on us.  
It's in the contract.  
We can do whatever we want.  
I'm just saying I think  
it'll go a whole lot smoother  
if we do what we're told.  
Okay!  
Time for lineup!

Prisoners are part of  
a correctional community.  
In order to keep the community  
running smoothly,  
prisoners must obey  
the following rules.

**Rule number one:**

prisoners must remain silent  
during rest periods,  
after lights out,  
during meals,  
and outside the prison yards.

**Rule number two:**

prisoners must eat at meal times  
and only at meal times.

**Rule number three:**

prisoners must participate  
in all prison activities.

**Rule number four:**

prisoners must address  
the guards  
as Mr. Correctional Officer  
and the warden as Mr. Chief  
Correctional Officer.

- Rule number five...

- You're on, Mike.

Smoking is a privilege.

**Rule number six...**

You can call me, uh,

Warden from here on.

Hey, maybe tell the guards  
to lighten up a bit.

- Yeah.

- I wouldn't do that.

**Rule number eight:**

prisoners must report...

All right.

Don't interfere.

All rule violations

to the guards.

**Rule number nine:**

failure to obey

any of the above rules  
may result in punishment.  
All right,  
stand at attention  
for Warden Penny.  
All of you have shown  
that you are unable to function  
in the real world.  
You lack the responsibility  
of the good people  
of this great country.  
Well, we are here  
to help you learn  
what your responsibilities are.  
Now, if you follow the rules  
and keep your hands clean,  
if you repent for your misdeeds  
and show a proper attitude  
of penitence,  
well, we'll get along just fine,  
gentlemen.

- How is it in there?

- It's fine.

Prisoners are falling in line.

Yeah, we kind of did  
all the hard work for you.

I can almost smell the pork.

Better pork than  
wearing a dress, dude.

You know who  
you look like?

You look like that guy  
from Cool Hand Luke.

You know, the one that kills  
Paul Newman at the end?

Haven't seen the film.

Thanks for ruining it, man.

Oh, it's a great flick.

I'm partial to Captain  
myself.

Now, I can be a nice guy,  
or I can be one real mean  
son of a bitch.

It's all up to you.

Oh, we should strike  
for better food.  
And more money.  
Just eat your food,  
Keep your comments  
to yourself.  
Hey, man.  
Can I have a smoke?  
Oh, yeah.  
Smoking is a privilege,  
5704,  
one you're gonna  
have to earn.  
It says in the contract,  
after mealtime...  
As for the rest  
of you prisoners...  
I need not remind you  
of rule number one.  
I don't want  
any more talking.  
Uh-oh.  
Look at this guy.  
Thinks he's John Wayne  
or something.  
- Jesus.  
- What the fuck, man?  
That means you, 8612.  
You got that?  
Okay, is it just me,  
or...  
Are these guys taking this thing  
a bit too seriously?  
Uh, yeah.  
They're just doing  
their job.  
Same as us.  
Uh, really?  
'Cause it seems to me like  
they're having more fun  
twirling their batons  
than I'm having  
with my balls hanging out  
of this fucking dress.

This isn't about fun.  
This is a job.  
Yeah, but for 15 bucks?  
Yeah, 15 bucks  
that I really need.  
Yeah, we all need it,  
but why should we be working  
twice as hard for it  
than these guys?  
I'm thinking we need to make  
the guards earn their pay.  
Visiting day is in two days.  
We would like to give you  
the opportunity  
to write a letter to the person  
that you would like to have  
come visit.  
Isn't that nice?  
In 30 minutes,  
you will be required  
to turn in a finished letter.  
Do not seal the envelope.  
Whether or not  
your letter gets sent  
will be based  
on your behavior.  
Are there any questions?  
I have a question,  
Mr. Chief Correctional Officer.  
Uh, will we be allowed  
one phone call?  
No, you will not.  
Oh, yeah...  
Question, 5486?  
I...  
Yeah, yeah, Mr. Chief  
Correctional Officer,  
um, my glasses...  
What about them?  
Well, I...  
I mean, need them to see.  
Wha...  
Your correctional staff  
is here to serve you, 5486.

- Right, it's just I get...  
- You don't need your glasses.  
Don't interrupt  
the warden, boy.  
Mr. Correctional Officer,  
when will we know  
our sentence?  
When judgment  
is passed on you.  
And when will that be?  
Well, that is for the judge  
and the court to determine.  
When are we gonna  
go to court?  
That is also for the judge  
and the court to determine.  
Uh, Mr. Correctional Officer,  
sir, uh, my pills...  
I need my pills...  
I wasn't aware that  
you took medication, 3401.  
Uh, well, they're vitamins,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, you get all  
the vitamins you need  
in the tasty, nutritious  
food we serve you, 3401.  
- Yes, but...  
- That's enough chin-wagging.  
Let's get to writing those  
letters, ladies.  
No, nothing so far.  
"I'll do my best to organize  
the other prisoners  
and bring an end  
to this oppressive situation. "  
Signed, "Power to the people. "  
Well, clearly, he's not  
taking this very seriously.  
Hey.  
Check this one out.  
Look how he signed it.  
Jesus.  
It's only been ten hours.

This might be an interesting  
two weeks after all.

Mm-hmm.

Let's go, boys.

All right, gentlemen,  
we gonna have ourselves  
a little count.

Gonna be a lot of fun.

Okay, 5704, go.

Loud and clear.

- 7258.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

Is that loud and clear?

Maybe you didn't hear me right.

Loud and clear.

Go.

- 7258.

- 819.

- 1037.

- Stop!

1037, you don't know  
your own name?

Why'd you have to  
look down?

'Cause I didn't know  
my number.

- You didn't know your number?

- No, sir.

You know your name now, boy?

Yes, sir.

- What's your number?

- 1037.

Then, 1037, don't look down  
at your dress next time.

Start again.

- Faster.

- 5704.

- 3401.

- 7258.

When I say, "Again, faster,"  
I expect you to go again,  
faster.

5704, go again. Faster.

- 5704.



- 3401.
- 7258.
- 819.
- 1037.
- 8612.
- 2093.
- Uh, 5486.

Now, that was terrible.  
Maybe them caps on your heads  
are a little too tight,  
gentlemen,  
'cause that was slow as hell.  
Since you guys  
can't go forwards,  
how about we try  
going backwards?  
407...

No, God damn it.  
I said backwards.  
Starting with him.

- 5486.
- 2093.

Uh, 86  
Fuck!

Excuse me, 8612?  
Did you use profanity?  
Yes, I did,

Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, just for that, you have  
to start all over again.

- 4

- Because of you.  
That's right, don't interrupt  
Mr. Correctional Officer.

Go, 4325.

- 4325.
- Uh, 5486.
- 2093.
- 8612.
- 1037.
- 819.
- 7258.
- 3401.
- 5704.

- Tell you what you're gonna do.

Tell you what we're gonna do.

I got a great idea.

How about we try singing it?

That'll get the blood boiling  
a little bit.

5704, go!

I know you got it.

I know you got a set  
of lungs on you, 5704.

I see any smiling,  
it's jumping jacks.

Go.

5704

3401

7258

7258, you think this is funny?

Start again.

- Higher.

- Like a pretty little girl.

5704

3401

7258

I can't get that high.

819, how about you give me  
a couple jumping jacks,  
if you find it so funny.

Y'all find that funny?

Y'all think this is funny.

This ain't no Romper Room.

Since y'all find this  
so amusing,

how about you come on out here  
and give me ten jumping jacks,  
all y'all at the same time?

Count 'em off.

And sing it loud and clear.

- Ten jumping jacks. Let's go.

- One, two, three

Four, five, six

Seven, eight

Nine, ten

This John Wayne guy  
is remarkable.

From the second  
he stepped in the yard,  
he's been in complete control.  
He's just doing his job.

- 5704.
- 3401.
- 1037.
- 8612.
- 2093.
- 5486.

No.

Now count it like you mean it.

- 5704.
- 3401.
- 7258.
- 819.
- 1037.
- 8612.
- 2093.
- 5486.

I want it fast,  
I want it loud,  
and I want it clear.

5704!

- 3401!
- 7258!
- 819!
- 1037!
- 8612!
- 2093!
- 5486!
- 4325.

That was pretty,  
real pretty.

That's how  
we want it done.

What are you so proud about,  
7258?

Tell me the number of the dress  
to the man to your right.

Don't look.

No cheatin'.

I couldn't tell you.

I tell you what.

Why don't you come out here  
and give me ten  
jumping jacks  
after you tell me  
what number that is?  
4325,  
tell me the number of the man  
standing to your right.  
Um, 5486,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, since  
you had to look,  
I want you  
to step up here,  
I want you to do  
five push-ups,  
four jumping jacks,  
then eight push-ups,  
then six jumping jacks  
so you will  
remember the name  
of the man standing  
to your right  
and you won't have  
to look next time.  
Five push-ups.  
There you go.  
One, two, three,  
four, five.  
One, two, three...  
Little less rattle there.  
Four.  
- One...  
- All the way down now.  
- Three...  
- There you go.  
- Four, five.  
- That's a real man's push-up.  
Six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four,  
five, six.  
Get back in line.  
Did y'all enjoy your counts  
this evening?

No, sir.

Who said that?

- This one.

- 8612?

What?

You want me to lie?

Maybe you'd enjoy

a little time in the hole.

Anybody else

not enjoy their counts?

Anybody else want to be

honest here?

Good.

Hey, I, uh...

I think one of us

needs to go home.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, yeah.

We got another

two weeks of this.

We need to pace ourselves.

Fine.

Have fun down here

in the dungeons of Jordan Hall.

- See you later.

- Good night.

Hey, Phil?

You want to go

get some rest?

Uh...

No, I'm gonna stay here

a little bit more.

Come on out of there, 8612.

Get crackin', boy.

Don't none of these other

prisoners get to sleep

till you make your bed

to my satisfaction.

Go on. Nice and tight.

And I assure you,

all of those other

prisoners are real tired

from all those counts

you made 'em do.

No wrinkles now.  
Oh, I hope you're not  
done yet.  
I think your mama taught you  
to make a better bed than that.  
Come on now.  
Don't disappoint  
your mama, boy.  
Move those sheets.  
Start over.  
I want those corners  
nice and neat.  
John Wayne is a fag.  
What was that, 8612?  
Um, I'm sorry,  
Mr. Correctional Officer?  
Did you just sass me, 8612?  
Um...  
No? No.  
- Hmm.  
- No, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
That's funny.  
I could've sworn you did.  
That's so strange.  
Very strange.  
You know what?  
Just the same, 8612,  
why don't you come on  
out here in the hallway  
and give me 20 push-ups?  
Count 'em off  
so everybody can hear them.  
One, two, three, four...  
- Louder.  
- Five, six seven, eight...  
- Nine, ten...  
- Don't touch his bed, 1037.  
- 11, 12...  
- I see you.  
13, 14...  
I don't think  
cell three can hear you.  
15, 16, 17, 18,  
19, 20.

Well, are you ready  
for me, 8612?  
Sure am,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
All right, now.  
I don't know, 8612.  
Them look like  
hospital corners to you?  
How you guys doing?  
- Good.  
- Yeah.  
- Good.  
- Good.  
- I mean, we...  
- How'd it... how'd it go?  
- Not bad.  
- Yeah.  
Not too bad.  
I mean, we...  
We ran 'em pretty ragged.  
- Really?  
- Yeah.  
You should've seen  
8612's face  
when I made him remake his bed  
for the 12th time.  
Little fucker looked at me  
like I just took a shit  
in his ice cream.  
Thought he was gonna  
burst out crying  
right then and there.  
Yeah, I mean,  
he might have.  
He's a pretty  
emotional guy.  
- Nice.  
- He got pretty upset.  
So they just, uh...  
they let you do it?  
Nobody steps in?  
Well, yeah, I mean, they don't  
really have a choice, you know?  
Who's gonna step in?

I mean,  
you know,  
you're the boss man.  
Hell yeah.

Wow.

They got to do  
what you say.

Well, I guess we'll  
have to give 8612  
a little extra  
attention tonight.

Mm-hmm.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Let's go!

- Come on!

- Wake it up!

- Are you fucking kidding me?

Hello!

Hey.

You hear that?

Get out of there.

- All right.

- Get the fuck out of bed!

- Come on!

- Man.

- We just finally got to sleep.

- Oh, no.

We slept all day for this.

Hands up.

Against the wall.

Do it.

Hey, give me that.

Now, this

is an exercise period.

Each prisoner must

complete the following:

30 jump

Turn around.

30 jumping jacks,

30 sit-ups,

30 push-ups.

It is up to

the guards' discretion



whether or not a prisoner  
shall do more.  
Well, hell,  
let's make it 40.  
Do 'em now.  
Hey, you heard the man.  
- Fuck!  
- Come on!  
Jumping jacks,  
sit-ups, push-ups.  
Get to it.  
Go!  
One, two, three...  
Keep going!  
- You only did six, 7258.  
- I did at least seven.  
Yeah, good.  
You're finished when I say  
you're finished, 819.  
Get back down.  
I did 40 push-ups.  
That's what you  
told me to do.  
I did them.  
I'm done.  
Hey, everybody  
keeps going,  
unless 819 decides  
to join you  
for an additional 20.  
What's it gonna be?  
You gonna do your 20,  
or are these guys gonna go  
till they drop?  
It's up to you.  
Fine.  
Fascist pig.  
Two, three...  
- Everybody, stop.  
- Four..  
- Everybody, stop.  
- Six, seven...  
- 819, stand up.  
- Eight, nine, ten.

- 11, 12, 13, 14...  
- I said stand up, 819!  
15, 16, 17, 18,  
19, 20, sir!  
What did you just call me?  
I think you heard me,  
you fascist pig.  
Open up the hole.  
Open up the hole.  
The rest of you, return  
to your cells immediately,  
have them neat and orderly,  
and be standing by the foot  
of your bed in three minutes.  
Go now.  
Not bad,  
not bad.  
Is this your bunk.  
8612?  
Yes, it is,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Why don't you make up  
your bunk, 8612?  
I did,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Oh, really?  
Well, that's not  
what I see.  
What the fuck, man?  
I just made that!  
What was that?  
What just happened?  
Fuck.  
He...  
You shit bag.  
- You...  
- Take him, take him, take him.  
Put him in the fucking hole.  
- Get in the goddamn hole.  
- Oh, 819's already in the hole.  
Put him in the hole!  
Should I get Zimbardo?  
Just put him in the hole!  
Just do it.

Uh...  
Let's just...  
see what happens here.  
You just hit him.  
You're not supposed to hit him.  
Clean up his bed.  
You're not supposed  
to hit him.  
You hear me, 1037?  
Fix his bunk.  
You got two minutes.  
You hear me?  
Don't talk back.  
You fix that  
nice and neat now.  
What happened out there?  
That guy fucking hit me  
with his nightstick.  
He hit you?  
They're not allowed to do that.  
Well, I did grab  
his throat first, but,  
I got to tell you,  
it felt good.  
It felt really good.  
I... I really don't think  
that's the way to go.  
Bullshit.  
If we can convince the others,  
the odds favor us, man.  
It's what they'd do  
in a real prison.  
Wait, what are you...  
No talking, 8612!  
Shit and fall in it,  
motherfucker!  
Think about it.  
There's only ever three of them.  
There's nine of us.  
How many more of us  
can they throw in here?  
All right, everybody.  
Mealtime's over.  
I want you to wash your dishes

and return to your cells.  
Come on.  
5486,  
said mealtime's over.  
No, not...  
not until I get my glasses.  
Don't be a pain in the ass.  
I said mealtime's over.  
Get up.  
I said I want my glasses.  
- Get him up.  
- All right.  
- Get up.  
- No.  
- No.  
- Get up.  
- Get up.  
- Fuck you.  
- Hey, hey, hey.  
- Give me my glasses!  
Let go of the table.  
We'll talk about  
your glasses.  
Will you just give me  
my glasses?  
I get really bad headaches.  
I'm not gonna fucking...  
- Come here!  
- Give me my fucking...  
- Get Zimbardo.  
- I'll get Zimbardo.  
Lock him up.  
Everybody's got something,  
huh?  
Phil, hey,  
uh,  
you have to come  
see this.  
When did this happen?  
About ten minutes ago.  
Should we step in?  
Phil?  
No.  
Let the guards figure it out.

Let's see where it goes.  
This is where it goes.  
It's only been a day.  
Let the guards handle it.  
I think this whole thing is  
taking a turn for the worse.  
- Hey!  
- You see...  
Let 'em handle it.  
Oh, man.  
All right, let's go.  
- Is it that time already?  
- It's that time.  
Wait...  
Wait, what's this all about?  
It's new cell assignments.  
Warden's orders.  
How was the hole, man?  
It's all right.  
At least the guards aren't  
hassling you in there.  
You okay, man?  
I'd just about suck a dick  
for a cigarette.  
You know, I got to say,  
I'm very dissatisfied with  
this whole experience so far.  
You know,  
I just want my pills.  
They're vitamins, Gavin.  
You're not gonna die.  
Hey, guys.  
Guys,  
8612 and I were talking  
in the hole and, um...  
I think we've got a plan.  
What the fuck?  
Oh, fuck.  
Someone open this door  
immediately  
or face severe punishment.  
Blow it out your ass,  
Mr. Correctional Officer!  
- Fuck!

- Whoo-hoo!  
Way to go,  
cell number one!  
We're with you  
all the way!  
Revolution!  
That's right!  
You heard him, motherfuckers!  
Revolution!  
Men, it's your job  
to keep my prison in order,  
and right now,  
there doesn't seem to be  
a whole lot of order out there.  
Sir, they've blacked out  
their doors, and they...  
Why am I hearing excuses?  
Do not forget,  
you have all the authority.  
Yes, sir.  
And you're stronger  
than they are.  
They're starting to create bonds  
with each other.  
Break 'em up.  
- Okay? Get back in there.  
- Yes, sir.  
Establish some order  
before it gets out of control.  
Yes, sir.  
And don't forget,  
if you need to...  
call for backup.  
Step away from the door.  
Fuck you.  
- Whoa!  
- Step away from the door.  
Fuck you!  
Come on, get up!  
- Hey!  
- Stop struggling!  
- They're taking our beds, man!  
- Cell three, cell three.  
Get against the wall!

I need some help over here.  
Hey, 8612,  
these guys are  
model prisoners.  
They're literally helping us.  
Come on, cell three.  
What kind of fucking  
solidarity is that?  
Shut the fuck up!  
Don't even think about it.  
Do not even think about it.  
I will ruin you.  
Put your caps back on.  
Right now!  
1037, where's your cap?  
It's right there, on the ground  
in front of you.  
Come on, man,  
put your cap back on.  
No way.  
Put your cap back on.  
No fucking way.  
All right.  
Help me get him on the ground.  
Ah!  
Fuck!  
Give me that rope!  
Hey, what are you doing to him?  
You can't fucking do that!  
- That's fuck...  
- Hey, shut the fuck up!  
- Shut up!  
- Ah. Ah.  
- Stop!  
- Get off of me!  
- Stop talking.  
- Get off of me!  
Stop!  
Tie him up.  
Tie him up good.  
How do you like that, huh?  
Stop! Stop moving!  
Cell two,  
as you can see,

your correctional staff  
has prepared  
a delicious, nutritious,  
and very special meal  
for the wonderful prisoners  
of cell three  
in appreciation of their  
good conduct this afternoon.  
You've been  
model prisoners, boys.  
Well done.  
Don't eat that shit.  
Hands off the bars,  
I'm not gonna tell you again.  
What the fuck  
is wrong with you?  
Dan.  
Okay, one thing, though...  
if only one of us gets away,  
we've got to send help  
to bust the other guys out.  
Deal?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, deal.  
Yeah.  
Coast is clear.  
Um...  
I think that 8612's definitely  
been a little, um...  
testy.  
Well, that's the word  
you're gonna use?  
Well, let's go back and look  
at his questionnaire.  
- I...  
- Who's got him?  
- I don't... I don't...  
- I think...  
Hey! Hey!  
Hey!  
No, no, no, no.  
We can't wait for this, man.  
Here.  
Quick.



Fuck, fuck, fuck.  
All the doors are locked!  
We got to go, man.  
They're coming.  
How the fuck do we  
get out of here, man?  
I don't even know  
where we are.  
Hey!  
What are you doing?  
I'm gonna need you to...  
Order you to get back  
in your cells.  
Fuck you, pig!  
The prisoners are escaping!  
Uh, okay.  
The exit! Let's go!  
Oh, what the...  
- Go, go, go, go, go.  
- Yeah, go back! Go back!  
Oh, no. No.  
Against the wall.  
- Against the wall.  
- Shut up!  
- Fucker, get in there.  
- Calm down, man.  
- Fuck you!  
- Jesus Christ.  
Shut your fucking mouth!  
You shut  
your fucking mouth!  
Shut your fucking mouth.  
- I'm tired of this shit!  
- You can't do this to us!  
You're messing with...  
You can't fucking  
do this to us!  
Stop!  
Stop! Stop!  
- You can't do this to us!  
- All right!  
- Okay, okay! Stop!  
- All right!  
Stop!

8612, you have proven to be  
a singular  
and terrible influence to all  
of your prisoners around you.  
You will stay in the hole  
until further notice.  
You will remain here,  
and you will remain silent  
until we fix the door  
to your cell.

Is that understood?

Yes, Mr. Correctional...

- Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.

- Good.

Guys, wake up.

Guys, get up.

Guys, wake up! Guys, get up!

Well, well, well,

look at you three, all  
bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

You know, you boys are in  
for a whole heap of trouble,  
but if you clear this here,  
uh, barricade,

I can spare you a shit storm the  
likes of which you never seen.

Don't let them in.

Come on.

Well,

that's how he wants it.

Knock it down, boys.

All right, now,

up against the wall.

I leave all of y'all alone  
for less than a day,  
and look what happens.

You lose your beds,  
try to escape.

What is so goddamn wrong  
with all of y'all, huh?

This behavior  
will not be tolerated.

And you,

look at yourself.

You're naked.  
Why in God's name  
are you naked, boy?  
Um,  
because...  
You know what?  
Never mind.  
I don't even care.  
Get him back his uniform,  
will you, boss?  
He'll catch a cold.  
Guys, guys,  
I really need... I need  
to speak to a doctor or...  
Or the warden  
or somebody.  
Quiet, 8612.  
Come on, man!  
Don't do that!  
It hurts my ears!  
Maybe you'll think  
about that  
next time you get yourself  
put in the hole.  
All right, you can  
fuck off, man!  
Now, because  
I am not nearly as cruel  
as my fellow colleagues  
on the day shift,  
your blankets will be returned  
to y'all  
and your dresses  
will be repaired.  
However, should you feel  
the need to defecate or urinate,  
please feel free to do so  
in the fine buckets  
provided by  
your correctional staff.  
That'd be us.  
Thank you.  
Guys, seriously,  
y-y-you don't know.

I got to go...  
I... to a doctor.  
Anything!  
I don't know.  
I'm fucked up!  
I feel so fucked up  
inside!  
I mean, God!  
I mean, Jesus Christ!  
I'm burning up inside!  
Don't you know?  
Please, please!  
Please, please,  
please, please!  
Let me out of here!  
I want out!  
I want out now!  
He could be faking it.  
Should we deny his request?  
Let's bring him to  
the old classroom upstairs.  
So, prisoner 8612,  
I understand  
you're not feeling well.  
Um, yeah.  
Yeah, I just, uh...  
I've had this really bad  
headache all day,  
and, um, a couple hours ago,  
I started feeling  
my stomach being all...  
being all knotted up.  
And what is it you'd like  
for us to do about that?  
Well, I just...  
I figured I ought to,  
you know,  
g-get out and go...  
go see a doctor...  
Just to be sure.  
Surely you're not suggesting  
that we release you  
from prison  
for a stomachache.

Look, man,  
I just really don't feel well,  
and it would be really nice...  
Bullshit!  
100% Grade A bullshit.  
This boy's not sick.  
This boy is weak.  
All right, listen, doc.  
You don't know what  
it's like down there.  
What did you say?  
What did you just say to me?  
Hmm?  
I said, "You don't know  
what it's like down there. "  
San Quentin, boy,  
17 years of hard time.  
Do you really think  
you can tell me  
what it's like  
on the inside?  
Uh, no.  
No.  
I, uh...  
No, I guess not.  
You damn right  
you guess not.  
Look me in my eye  
when I'm talking to you.  
You're a wimp,  
They'd knock  
your goddamn teeth out  
and pass you around  
like candy.  
So why don't you tell us  
what the real problem is?  
Uh, all right.  
It's the guards, man.  
I mean, I really think  
the guards  
have gone  
a little bit overboard.  
From what I've seen, I'd say  
you brought that on yourself.

Look, I'd just really like  
to get out of here, okay?  
You know that you're the most  
rebellious one in here.  
It's pretty impressive.  
Maybe if you spent  
a little less time fighting,  
you wouldn't be so tired.  
Yeah, but what  
am I supposed to do, just...  
Don't interrupt me.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
Come on.  
Look at you.  
You telling me  
you can't handle, what,  
some push-ups,  
some jumping jacks,  
guys calling you names?  
Come on.  
Tell you what,  
I'll talk to the guards  
and tell them to go easy on you,  
all right?  
W-would you do that?  
Phil, I think  
we're done here.  
Take him away.  
Wait!  
Wait!  
Wait, wait, wait, wait!  
No, no, no, no!  
I'm not done here!  
No, no, no.  
I want to finish  
the conversation.  
I don't want to do this.  
Hey, you're not really  
gonna tell them  
to take it easy on him,  
are you?  
Oh, my God.  
Of course not.  
Are you kidding me?

He was faking it, anyway.  
I can tell.  
There's no way he's getting out  
of here right now.  
During meals and whenever  
they are in the prison yard.  
Oh, hello, 8612.  
Welcome back.  
Get your ass  
back in line, boy.  
As I was saying,  
prisoners must remain silent  
during rest periods,  
after lights out, during meals,  
and outside the prison yard.  
- Rule number two...  
- What happened?  
Prisoners must eat  
at meal times...  
I couldn't get out.  
What do you mean, you couldn't  
get out of the contract?  
Hey!  
No talking on the line,  
you two.  
- Contract don't mean shit.  
- Rule number three.  
I mean I couldn't get out.  
I mean they wouldn't let me out.  
This is all real.  
This is all real.  
This is all real.  
This is all real.  
This isn't a fucking experiment.  
This is all real.  
They won't let you go.  
They won't let us leave.  
You understand?  
This is real.  
This isn't  
a fucking experiment.  
Don't fucking touch me, man!  
- Just get back in line here.  
- I mean it!

- Come here.  
- No! No!  
Let go of me!  
No!  
You motherfuckers!  
You motherfuckers!  
You motherfuckers!  
You fascist motherfuckers!  
I want to see the warden!  
You understand me?  
You have no right  
to fuck with my head!  
You have no right!  
I'll smash this camera!  
I'll beat up  
your fucking guards!  
I want out,  
and I want out right now!  
You're messing with my head,  
man.  
My head!  
You have no right  
to fuck with my head!  
Okay, what is it?  
Uh...  
We've hit a breaking point  
last night,  
and, um,  
8612 is gone.  
We let him go.  
Well...  
You let him go?  
Well, the contract  
explicitly says that...  
Do you understand  
how much time and energy,  
not to...  
not to mention money,  
has been spent  
on this experiment?  
I leave for one shift,  
and you have tampered  
with the integrity  
of the entire enterprise.



Phil, we were following  
protocol.

The kid was  
in a serious crisis.

He was hysterical.

He was threatening  
to harm himself and...

I'm the superintendent  
of this facility.

I make that decision.

Nobody else.

It was late.

Everything was escalating  
really quickly.

- Kyle.

- We...

Did you even stop to think,  
for one second, if 8612,  
just like Jesse said yesterday,  
was bullshitting you?

He wanted a lawyer.

What is it  
with these lawyers?

Oh, my God.

I see.

I see.

Well, then,  
why did 8612 lose it?

What did we miss  
in the screening process?

I mean, we missed something.

We were all there.

We all screened him.

He was only in there  
for two days.

Yeah, but without any  
sunlight and sleep,  
your sense of time  
has been totally altered.

His only weakness  
was that he resisted.

He didn't bend,  
so he broke.

No, he broke because he couldn't

control the other prisoners.  
8612 just wanted control.  
Even as a prisoner  
with essentially no rights?  
No, Jesse's right about that.  
8612 was fine  
while other people  
were serving him.  
So what?  
You think if the other  
prisoners had stuck with him,  
then, what, John Wayne  
would have lost?  
Man, John Wayne can't lose.  
He served the system.  
8612 served himself.  
I'm sorry.  
I don't buy any of this.  
No, I don't imagine  
you would.  
This is bullshit.  
You're basing your conclusions  
off your own experience...  
on real felons  
in a real prison.  
So this is not a prison?  
This is a simulated prison.  
This is 18 college boys  
who's never been punched  
in the fucking face.  
That's what this is.  
I think you guys  
are both missing the point.  
- He missing the point.  
- I'm not missing anything.  
You missing something.  
No, here's the point.  
The only thing  
that separates those two  
was a coin flip.  
All right, what steps are being  
taken to replace 8612?  
Well, none, as of yet.  
- We got...

- Kyle, come on.  
Start notifying the alternates  
immediately, okay?  
Okay.  
And find out which ones  
can start tomorrow.  
Got it.  
Until then, what do you want me  
to tell the prisoners?  
Tell them 8612 has been taken  
to maximum security.  
Get some more fear  
into them.  
As you know,  
today is visiting day.  
For the sake of your friends  
and family,  
I want this place  
made presentable.  
That means cleaning up  
the mess you've made,  
as well as cleaning up  
yourselves.  
Out of respect  
for your loved ones,  
I want you to put on  
the outward appearance  
of self-dignity,  
confidence,  
love,  
happiness,  
even if you have none.  
You never had it this good,  
have you, 2093?  
No, I haven't  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
So you never want to go home,  
huh?  
I don't have a home,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
What was that?  
I don't have a home.  
Can't afford one after tuition.  
Been living in my car

all this summer.  
Y'all, uh,  
y'all see how good you got it  
now, don't you, huh?  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, you best remember that  
when you're talking  
to your visitors.  
Wait.  
Hey, um,  
you guys should hear this.  
So this was taken  
a couple of hours ago  
from the mic in cell two.  
I was talking to the big guard,  
and he told me  
that they had him locked up  
in maximum security.  
No, that's bullshit, man.  
I'm telling you, he's at home.  
That breakdown  
was some jive acting.  
- He'll be back.  
- What makes you say that?  
Because we had a deal.  
When we tried to escape,  
he said if either of us  
make it out,  
thatthat we'd come back  
and then bust  
the rest of the guys out.  
Hey, Phil.  
Phil, it's time.  
The, uh... the visitors  
are here.  
So...  
How are you holding up?  
I'm... I'm okay.  
You know, it's actually  
not so bad  
if you just cooperate.  
But are you...  
cooperating?  
You're cooperating, right?

Ever since I was stripped down,  
bare naked, I have been.  
Yeah, 'cause, see, I got  
most of the rules memorized,  
except for the...  
I guess, the new ones we get  
at the guards' discretion.  
Tell him  
the most important rule, 4325.  
The most important rule is  
always obey the guards,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Amen to that.  
Can they tell you  
to do anything?  
Yeah.  
What right do they have  
to do that?  
Well, the guards  
run the prison.  
Well, aren't there  
certain rights  
that they have  
to respect, I mean...  
Well, prisoners have no rights.  
Well, I think  
maybe they do.  
Not in this prison.  
H-how's the food?  
Are they feeding you well?  
Yeah, three meals a day.  
You look exhausted.  
He looks fine.  
Probably just a little  
too much time in the hole.  
W-what's the hole?  
I don't think you're supposed  
to talk about the hole.  
Okay.  
If something isn't right,  
you can let us know.  
You know that.  
No.  
I-I...

Everything's fine.

Are you sure?

Yeah, of course.

Okay.

We miss you.

I miss you too.

Drive safe. Thank you.

Uh, Mr. Zimbardo,

we don't mean

to make any trouble,

but we're just a bit

concerned about our son.

Okay.

Well, what...

what...

what seems to be

the problem?

Honestly, he looks like

he hasn't slept in a week.

Hmm.

Is there anything wrong

with your boy?

Does he...

does he sleep well?

Normally, yes.

I-I... that's what has me

so concerned.

You know what? We are recreating

a prison environment here,

and one of the ways

that we do that

is by instituting

regular counts.

Some of those counts take place

very late at night.

So that may be it.

Okay.

To be honest,

Mrs. Mitchell,

we're all very tired,

but everybody else seems to be

handling it pretty well,

and...

I don't know.

Your son seems to be  
a pretty tough kid.  
Do you think  
he can handle it?  
Of course, he can.  
He is a tough kid.  
My wife's just being  
overprotective.  
- It's her nature.  
- No, I understand.  
We've wasted enough  
of the man's time.  
Okay.  
Thank you, Mr. Zimbardo.  
You're welcome.  
It's Doctor.  
Doctor.  
- Hey.  
- Okay.  
I think we're gonna double up  
on security tonight.  
Right?  
Uh...  
Guys, 8612.  
You heard the tape.  
He wants to come back, break  
the other prisoners out, okay?  
Right, he wants to play a little  
cat and mouse game, that's fine.  
I'll play a little  
cat and mouse game with him,  
but I'm not gonna let him  
screw up our work.  
I'm gonna personally  
sit guard myself tonight.  
Phil, you know, we actually  
were just talking...  
that it might be a good idea for  
you to get some rest tonight.  
No, a good idea right now  
is to keep our prison safe.  
I expect you guys to be a little  
bit sharper than this, okay?  
Are we on the same page?

Can we be on the same page?

- Sure.

- Yeah.

Right? All right.

Phil?

Yes. Hi, Jim.

What are you...

What are you doing down here?

Picking up

some summer reading.

And you?

It's quite the late hour.

I'm actually waiting for  
one of my subjects to arrive.

- Ah, your prison study.

- Mm.

I saw some of your boys earlier  
in the hallway.

It's a frightful sight.

Just following protocol.

Mm.

Well, I would love to...

to sit and chat

with you, Jim,

but I'm actually in the middle  
of it right now.

Oh.

Certainly.

- We'll catch up later.

- Yes.

Something I'm curious about,  
Philip.

What's the independent variable  
in your study?

I'm sorry?

Have you introduced

a variable

that might influence

your outcome?

This is an experiment, right?

Not just a simulation.

Are you challenging me,

Jim?

No, I'm not challenging.



I just...

Well, while I would love  
to sit here and  
explain my prison to you,  
I actually have  
more pressing matters  
than whether or not you  
understand the academics  
of my work.

Sorry to bother you.

I'll see you again  
when the semester begins.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Looks like 8612

is a no-show for tonight.

Let's get Kyle and Vogel  
and meet in the conference room.

I hate to be the bearer  
of bad news,  
but Kyle's gone.

Gone?

What the fuck do you mean,  
gone?

I mean, gone, gone.

He, uh... he had a death  
in the family.

Jesus Christ.

I mean, I'm sorry,

but, fuck,

this could not have come  
at a worse time.

He didn't come.

It's been days since he got out,  
and he didn't come.

Hasn't even been a day yet.

That's not true.

It's been at least two.

No.

No way.

Oh, fuck.

How are we even  
supposed to know?

He told us

he would come get us.  
Yeah, well,  
he also started to think  
that all this was real.  
Isn't it?  
Hey, man. Hey.  
You got to pull it together,  
all right?  
We've only got another week  
in here.  
Another week?  
We're not even gonna last  
another night.  
They've taken our clothes;  
they've taken our beds.  
They don't even do that  
in real prisons.  
They do.  
All right. Come on.  
Mealtime.  
Let's go.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Come on.  
Come on, 819.  
It's mealtime.  
Do we have a problem here?  
I want to see a doctor.  
See if you can find one  
in there.  
Ah!  
What's going on in there?  
Ah!  
What's your name, son?  
I'm 4325, sir.  
So how are you holding up?  
Not too bad, considering,  
sir.  
Um, sorry, Father.  
What are you doing here?  
I'm here to provide  
guidance and counsel  
to the prisoners  
in this jail.  
So what measures

are you taking  
to get out of prison?  
I'm not...  
entirely sure  
if I understand the question.  
Has bail been set  
in your case yet?  
If it has, sir,  
I'm unaware of it.  
All right,  
what about counsel?  
Do you have a lawyer?  
No.  
I wasn't aware that I was,  
um,  
supposed to...  
Do I need a lawyer?  
Well, son, just how  
do you suppose  
you're ever going to get out  
of here without one?  
Wha...  
Whywhy would I need a lawyer  
for an experiment?  
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.  
Uh...  
Come on, 819,  
you're the last one up, buddy.  
Yeah, sit down.  
All right, let's start  
with your name, son.  
What's your name?  
8819?  
It's not a trick question,  
son.  
It's 819.  
And what steps  
are you taking  
to secure your release?  
I'm sorry.

Whatwhat steps am I...  
am I what?  
It's a simple question, son.  
I don't know why  
you're asking me this.  
I don't know what  
any of this means.  
I didn't know I had to take  
steps to secure my release.  
I don't know what  
you're talking about!  
Calm down, son.  
Have you spoken  
to your lawyer?  
My lawyer?  
I have an uncle  
who's a lawyer.  
I could call him,  
but I don't...  
That sounds like  
a good start.  
All right, all right,  
just calm down.  
Everyeverything's  
gonna be fine.  
- Take a deep breath.  
- No, look, I'm sorry, but...  
Can I just see a doctor  
or call my parents?  
I just need a little help  
right now, and I...  
Please, can I just see  
a doctor or something?  
Hey, hey, hey,  
hey, hey, hey.  
Hey, everything's  
gonna be all right.  
Listen,  
what I'm gonna do is,  
we're gonna clear out  
of this room,  
get a nice meal  
brought in here.  
If you're still feeling

bad this afternoon,  
we'll call a doctor, okay?  
Okay, so I'm assuming  
that you've all seen  
and heard the mess  
that your fellow prisoner has  
created for us this afternoon.

So I want you all  
to say now,  
after me,

"Prisoner 819  
did a bad thing. "

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Okay, that's great,  
but I said loudly enough  
so that he can hear you.

20 times.

Let's go.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Well, uh, thanks again,

Father.

I think it really did  
make a difference.

- It's my pleasure.

- Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

What you're doing here,  
it's a good thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

It'll teach these boys of  
privilege what a prison is.

They should know.

I couldn't agree  
with you more.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.  
Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.  
Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

Hey, Phil.

I'm really worried  
about 819.

- He's calling a lawyer.

- Who?

The priest.

I don't trust that man.

They can shut  
this whole place down.

I don't think so.

He wasn't here ten minutes,  
and he became

part of the experiment.

Even if he did call a lawyer,  
why should that  
be any different?

Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

No!

- Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

- No, I didn't!

- Prisoner 819 did a bad thing.

- No!

Just stay here.

Let me handle this.

Hey, Peter?

They think I'm  
a bad prisoner,  
but I'm not,

I swear I'm not.

Hey. Hey.

You're not even  
a prisoner at all.

And that's not a prison.

It's a hallway...

With a bunch  
of empty offices  
in the basement  
of Jordan Hall.

You're free to go.

Okay?

All you have to do is sign

a couple of release papers.  
All right?  
Jesus, Phil,  
why did you do that?  
Hey, he was a lost cause.  
I had to say something.  
All this talk  
about lawyers...  
I can't afford  
any more liabilities.  
I'm not letting anything  
get in the way  
of the progress  
that we made...  
I know.  
I understand that.  
And will you make sure that  
he takes him to Student Health  
and gets him checked out?  
Yeah.  
Hey, did you find  
a replacement for 8612?  
I'm trying.  
It's not that easy.  
There's not that many people  
left on campus.  
Well, get on it!  
Phil?  
- Oh, ah.  
- Hi.  
Hi. Oh.  
Oh, I'm so glad you came.  
So this is it?  
Well, it's quiet right now,  
but it... it has been  
truly extraordinary  
the way these boys  
have adapted.  
It's significant.  
It'll get better  
later tonight.  
Well, you're gonna have me  
around for a while.  
I heard about Kyle.

So I'm volunteering to take  
his place on the parole board.  
That's fantastic.  
Now you'll get to see  
what it's really like.  
Like a chimp.  
And then the chimp  
raped the woman.  
- And she had a baby that...  
- You're a liar, man.  
No, no, I swear. I swear.  
Literally, every story you tell  
is a bullshit lie.  
I'm fucking serious.  
And the baby was half chimp  
and half human.  
It had, like, sideburns  
and shit, like those.  
I'm fucking serious.  
Hey, let's go, new guy, eat up.  
No thank you,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, that is not  
an option, 416.  
Well, I'm sorry  
you think that, sir.  
You're sorry...  
Bring me his plate.  
How about you pick up  
those sausages, boy?  
Now,  
you will not leave  
this closet  
until those sausages  
are in your belly.  
Got me?  
I believe the correctional staff  
has convinced me  
of my many weaknesses.  
Despite my horrible disrespect  
for them,  
the staff has treated me well.  
I now know that every member  
of the correctional staff



is only interested in  
the well-being of the prisoners.  
And I believe that  
because of their goodness,  
I have been rehabilitated  
and transformed  
into a better human being.  
On a personal note,  
the prisoner adds,  
I will turn 23 on Monday.  
This being my last year  
at Stanford,  
I would like to be paroled  
so that I may spend one more  
birthday with my old friends.  
Sincerely, 1037.

From your request,  
it sounds like  
you're very happy  
with your setup here.  
Why do you want parole?  
Well, as I stated  
in the request,  
it's my 23rd birthday on...  
Don't you think  
the prison staff is capable  
of giving you  
a birthday party?  
Yes.

But for sentimental reasons,  
I would rather spend...  
You should have thought about  
that before you broke the law.  
Sir?

Why are you in prison,  
1037?

I was charged with assault  
with a deadly weapon.  
How do you plead?  
Not guilty.  
Not guilty?  
Not guilty?

So you're saying that the police  
officers who arrested you

didn't know what  
they were doing,  
that they...  
that there was a mistake,  
that there was some confusion,  
that there...

- No, sir.

- I'm not done speaking.

They're lying,  
is that what your saying?

They're lying?

Well, I haven't seen  
any evidence,

but I'm sure it's probably good  
if they picked me up for it.

Then you admit  
there is some merit  
to the charges against you.

Yes.

There probably is some merit  
in what they're saying.

Yes.

You do recognize  
that prisons are  
for people who break rules,  
and you put your freedom  
in jeopardy  
doing exactly  
which you did.

Yes, and I realize that now,  
and I...

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

I don't understand  
the question, sir.

- I'm sorry.

- Oh, you don't understand.

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.  
1970,  
you were arrested  
for passing bad checks.  
Now, you tell us that  
you can make it out there,  
but your behavior  
don't reflect it,  
nor do your behavior  
reflect it here.  
Now, I think  
that you're destined  
to be prison scum.  
I understand that, sir.  
You believe in God?  
Yes, sir, I do.  
Why is that?  
Well, because that's just  
what I was taught, and...  
You were also taught that  
assault is against the law.  
Or do you think it's legitimate  
to go around hurting people?  
No, sir. I do not.  
But you stated  
in your own handwriting,  
"My horrible disrespect  
for them. "  
Horrible...  
disrespect.  
That's hurtful,  
is it not?  
1037, is it not?  
Yes, sir, it is.  
And what do you think  
would happen  
if everybody in this nation  
disrespected  
everyone else's person, huh?  
I don't know.

I really don't know.  
You sicken me.  
1037, you sicken me.  
And to be honest,  
I wouldn't parole you  
if you were the last man here.  
You are the least likely  
candidate for parole  
that we've seen.  
Now, how do you feel  
about that?  
Well, I think that you're  
entitled to your opinion.  
Well, my opinion  
means something  
in this particular place.  
I think we've heard enough.  
You can take him away.  
I have one more question  
for you,  
Since you've been here,  
you've been performing  
your duties  
and accruing a certain salary?  
Tell me,  
would you forfeit your pay  
in exchange for parole?  
Yes, ma'am, I would,  
without a doubt.  
Do we let anyone go?  
Well, 1037 looks  
ready to break.  
Yeah,  
but is that a reason  
to parole a man?  
If we let somebody go,  
they're all gonna think  
they can just talk their way  
out of here.  
Am I right, Jesse?  
I was just trying to do it  
exactly how I was treated.  
Completely...  
reenact what they did...

their feelings,  
their attitudes,  
their indifference.

They...

What are...

Jesse, wait.

Hey, where you going?

You know what?

It was an experiment,  
and I went along with it,  
but I really hate myself  
right now.

You did nothing wrong.

That was just protocol.

Protocol?

Back in that room,  
I became everything I've hated  
for so long,  
and I let it happen.

And I enjoyed it.

You can't possibly understand  
how it makes me feel.

Hey.

No.

I need you to stay.

Parole 1037 for me,  
please.

Sure.

Thank you.

Phil...

Oh, no, no.

Don't, don't.

What is happening here,  
Mike?

Is this thing over?

We have become part  
of this experiment,  
whether we like it or not,  
and frankly,

I don't even think  
that we can call this  
an experiment anymore.

It's a demonstration,  
and...

part of me thinks  
that we already  
have the results  
that we were looking for.

- Mike...

- No, I...

I wanted to say that to you  
the last day or two,  
but I was afraid  
to question you.

You know, I suppose that  
if I didn't admire you so much,  
um... I...

I don't know.

And now?

After seeing what this place  
has done to us,  
to 1037,  
to 8612,  
to Jesse,  
now I realize  
that you have  
to see this through.

I think, uh...

- This could be great.

- Yeah.

I had no idea  
it would turn out this way.  
But...

This is important...

To me.

But the results  
are important.

They are.

Parole him.

Good evening, gentlemen.

How about we make this one  
a night to remember?

You mean to tell me  
that you spent all day long  
in that stinking hole  
because you wouldn't eat  
two lousy, little sausages?  
God damn, boy.

Well, maybe you want us  
to take them sausages  
and cram 'em  
up your ass, huh?  
Bet you like that,  
416, won't you?  
Just 'cause you  
have no friends  
doesn't mean you have to make  
everyone else suffer, 416.  
New guy,  
look at me.  
There you go.  
The hell is your problem,  
boy, huh?  
My problem is that  
the guards  
and the people  
running this experiment  
are not treating the prisoners  
like human beings.  
The hell has that got to do  
with sausages, huh?  
The guards and the experimenters  
are clearly in...  
You address me  
as Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Mr. Correctional Officer,  
the guard and the experimenters  
are clearly in violation  
of the rules set up  
for this experiment,  
and I refuse to endorse  
an unfair system.  
What did you  
expect, boy?  
Huh?  
What the fuck  
did you expect?  
Did you expect this to be  
a fucking nursery school?  
Huh?  
Is that what you thought  
this was gonna be?

You thought you were gonna get  
some playtime in the yard, boy?  
You thought you could  
go around breaking the law  
and wind up in  
a fucking nursery school?  
You listen to me, 416!  
You ain't going nowhere  
but this fucking hole  
until you eat  
those fucking sausages!  
Do you fucking  
hear me, boy?  
Now, trust that  
your fellow prisoner  
will not stick his wee-wee  
in your asshole  
as you march to the restroom  
to relieve yourselves.  
Go on, now.  
March.  
Right, left, right.  
You know how it's done.  
Come on, you miserable  
sons of bitches.  
It's time  
to shit and piss.  
That means...  
Go, go on.  
It's incredible,  
isn't it?  
Hey, hey.  
Wait just a...  
Will you wait a second, please?  
What is it?  
What is wrong?  
What's wrong?  
You're a psychologist,  
for Christ sake,  
and you're asking me,  
"What's wrong?"  
You're missing  
the bigger picture.  
This study has the potential



to help people.  
Yes, felons, maybe,  
but those are kids,  
kids who have never committed  
a crime in their lives.  
Kids who volunteered,  
kids who are being  
paid money,  
kids who can leave  
whenever they want to...  
They tried.  
Every single one of them  
came to your parole board  
and all but begged,  
and I was sitting there,  
going,  
"What's wrong  
with these kids?  
"Why don't they just quit?  
"What are they  
trying to prove?  
What are they  
so afraid of?"  
It's you.  
They are afraid of you.  
That is absolute nonsense.  
You're not looking at this  
like a psychologist.  
No, I'm a human being,  
Phil.  
I have empathy  
for other human beings.  
Well, you're not gonna  
cut it in this field  
if you're gonna get so emotional  
over some basic procedure.  
Hey.  
Hey, look.  
You...  
of all people,  
I thought would understand  
what I have tapped into  
in my prison.  
Your prison?

Oh, my God.  
You are so in  
over your head.  
Those are not prisoners.  
Those are not subjects.  
They're not students.  
Those are boys, Phil.  
Those are boys,  
and you are harming them.  
You need to fix this...  
now.  
Wow.  
Are you finished?  
Did I see you smile, 2093?  
I don't think so,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
What, you didn't think  
it was funny?  
I think that it could be funny,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Then why didn't you smile?  
Because I am not supposed  
to smile during...  
That's right!  
They're getting it now.  
5704, what the hell  
are you doing  
with that chair  
over your head, boy?  
I don't know,  
Mr. Correctional Officer...  
Well, if you don't know,  
put it on down.  
You standing there,  
wasting all your energy.  
You like it in there, 416?  
Not at all,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Tough shit.  
7258,  
since you already have  
your hands over your head,  
why don't you play Frankenstein?  
2093 can play

the Bride of Frankenstein.  
7258,  
stand here.  
Walk over like Frankenstein  
and say that you love 2093.  
That's not how  
Frankenstein walks.  
Have you seen Frankenstein,  
7258?  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
So walk like fucking  
Frankenstein.  
Go on.  
I love you, 2093  
Get close.  
Boy, you better get  
a whole lot closer than that.  
Get close.  
Yeah, there you go.  
I love you, 2093.  
Mm-hmm.  
Get the fuck back in line.  
Quit crying  
like a little bitch.  
Why are you such  
an ass-licker, 2093, huh?  
I don't know,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
You don't know.  
Why is it that you try  
to be obedient so much?  
It's in my nature  
to be obedient,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
It's a fucking embarrassment  
how obedient this guy is.  
You little brownnose,  
kiss-ass homeless boy,  
always doing  
what you're told.  
What if I told you  
to get down on the floor  
and fuck the floor, huh?  
What would you do then?

I would tell you  
that I didn't know how,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Uh-huh.  
Don't you go anywhere,  
okay?  
Let's wake up our friend here.  
Now, I want y'all to take  
a really good look at this man,  
because this man here  
did not eat his sausages.  
Now, 2093,  
come on over here.  
Tell 416 you're gonna  
kick his ass.  
I'm sorry, sir,  
but I object.  
And just what  
do you object to?  
I object to the word that you  
used, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
The fuck word are you  
talking about, boy?  
I'm sorry, sir.  
I cannot say the word.  
Ass.  
He doesn't want to say "ass. "  
Well, I gave you an order.  
Now you get over there  
and tell him  
right now.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
I'm unable to do that.  
Well, well, well,  
well, well.  
Our little Mr. Obediency  
has a sore spot  
for bad little words.  
Just tell him that you'll  
kick him in the end.  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Eat your sausages, 416,  
or I will kick you  
in the end.

There you go.  
He said it.  
No, he said it,  
but did you mean it,  
2093, huh?  
Yes. No.  
No, no, I'm sorry.  
No, I did not.  
I didn't mean it.  
So why are you lying?  
I said what Mr. Correctional  
Officer told me to say, sir.  
That's bullshit.  
He didn't tell you to lie,  
now, did he?  
Nobody wants any lying  
in here, 2093.  
Okay?  
Why is it that all of y'all  
are a big load of liars,  
huh?  
Huh?  
- I don't know.  
- Huh.  
I guess we're just  
a bunch of bastards,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Uh-huh.  
I like that.  
Come on out here.  
So are you a bastard,  
too, 2093?  
If you say so,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
I say so...  
I want to hear you say it.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
I object  
to the use of profanity,  
and I will not say it.  
You said couldn't say that about  
another human being, 2093?  
Can you say it to yourself?  
- Hmm?

- Uh?

I wouldn't think of  
saying it to myself  
because then I would  
be saying that I would...  
That you'd be a bastard.

- Right?

- No, sir.

- Yes, you would.

- Yes. Yes.

What would you be?  
Would you be a bastard?  
You'd be saying nasty things  
about your mother,  
that's what you'd be doing.  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Why the hell won't you say it?  
Because I do not use  
any profane language,  
Mr. Correctional Officer...  
Are you a fucking saint?  
It's real easy.

Just tell me what you are.  
I am whatever you wish me to be,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.

Oh!

Well, you know what?  
If you won't say it...  
If you won't say  
that you're a bastard,  
you want to know  
something, 2093?  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
You just proved my point.  
You a bastard.  
You a bastard either way.  
Isn't that right?  
If you say so,  
Mr. Correctional...

I do say so!

I want to hear you say it,  
god damn it!

I'm sorry.

I won't say it.

Boys,  
I'm sure you want to get a real  
good night's sleep tonight.  
Am I right?  
Yes, Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Well, I think we're  
gonna have to wait.  
Let 2093 think about just  
what a bastard he really is,  
and then maybe he'll tell the  
rest of us that he thinks so.  
May I have a cigarette,  
please?  
At this rate, we gonna be here  
all goddamn night.  
And I love it.  
I think you're  
perfectly accurate  
in your condemnation of me,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
Oh, I know that.  
But I shouldn't say the word.  
Say what word?  
I shall not say with any meaning  
the word "bastard. "  
Holy shit.  
He said it.  
Well, glory be.  
I do believe he did.  
I think we got a winner.  
Chicken dinner.  
We might even get  
to bed early, boys.  
Who knows?  
Huh?  
Sweet relief.  
Now, uh...  
2093, just for swearing,  
why don't you get on the floor  
and give me ten push-ups?  
Thank you,  
Mr. Correctional Officer.  
You're welcome, boy.  
One, two...

- Three...  
- Louder.  
Four, five...  
- Stop.  
- Six.  
Those ain't no push-ups.  
Start over.  
One, two,  
three...  
5704, you come over here.  
Six, seven...  
You can sit on his back.  
- Nine.  
- Stop.  
Sit on his back.  
Keep going, 2093.  
- Go on, boy!  
- One!  
You know what?  
4325, you come  
over here too.  
That's it.  
Sit on his back.  
There you go.  
Now do a push-up, 2093,  
and do not help him!  
One!  
Come on.  
Get back  
against the wall.  
Big, tough guy, huh?  
Can't even do one push-up.  
Yeah.  
Okay?  
Now, Mr. 2093 here  
says he ain't know  
how to fuck.  
We gonna show you.  
Now, I want  
my female camels...  
- Line up.  
- To line up in the middle.  
Shoulder to shoulder,  
right beside one another.



- That's it. Right here.  
- Like so.  
That's right.  
And I want my male camels  
to get behind  
the female camels.  
- Bend down. Bend down.  
- That's right. Come on, boys.  
- Get down.  
- What you doing, boy?  
Get on over here.  
And y'all gonna do like the male  
camels do to the female camels,  
and y'all gonna hump them.  
2093, pay attention.  
You could afford to learn  
a thing or two.  
- Come on.  
- Now have at it, boys.  
Went too deep. Come on.  
Got a lot of work to do now.  
Get inside her.  
She's waiting for you.  
There.  
- Keep humping.  
- Come on, that's it.  
Yeah, that's right.  
Nice and gentle  
with that camel, yeah.  
Good, keep her  
in that low back end.  
That's it.  
Open up that way.  
Keep humping.  
It's okay.  
This one's gonna shed a few  
You know, uh, why don't you, uh,  
serenade your fellow inmates  
to keep them in the mood?  
That's good. Come on.  
What would you like me to sing,  
Mr. Correctional Officer?  
Right here.  
Amazing grace

How sweet the sound  
Come on. Get humping!  
- That saved  
- Good. Get on down there.  
Get in there.  
Put your hand on there.  
- A wretch  
- Put your hand on the hip.  
- That's right.  
- Like me  
Yeah. Oh, whoa.  
This one's gonna be bitching  
if you're bucking this one.  
Oh, yeah, she bucking back  
on your dick; that's good.  
I once was lost  
But now I'm found  
Bend down,  
or I'll fuck you myself.  
Bend down.  
Don't cum yet.  
- Was blind  
- Don't cum.  
- But now  
- Right, there it is.  
You gonna cum.  
- Right, get right back...  
- I see  
That feel nice, 2093?  
All right, faggots, stop!  
Y'all are disgusting.  
Get back in line.  
Line up.  
Come on, get back in line.  
Come on. Get in there.  
Now I want all y'all to come up  
to 416 and thank him.  
Thank you, 416, for singing  
such a pretty song to us.  
Thank you, 416.  
Oh, I think  
you can do better than that.  
- Thank you, 416!  
- There you go.

Thank you, 416.  
Oh, I think you can  
say it louder than that.  
Thank you, 416!  
Yeah, say it  
like you mean it now.  
Thank you, 416.  
From the bottom  
of your heart now.  
- Thank you, 416.  
- Oh, yeah.  
Thank you, 416!  
Thank you, 416.  
Thank you, 416.  
Thank you, 416.  
- Hey.  
- Thank you, 416.  
Thank you, 416.  
Hey.  
Thank you, 416.  
Hey!  
This experiment is...  
Over.  
Did you hear what I said?  
This exper...  
This experiment  
is terminated  
from this point on.  
You...  
The Stanford County Jail  
is now closed.  
You're all free to leave.  
So does this mean  
we're not getting paid  
for the full two weeks?  
I said to myself at  
the beginning of the first day,  
"This could be a very long,  
very boring experiment. "  
Uh, it wasn't conceivable.  
There was just no strong sense  
of precedent  
for how far this thing could go.  
It's easy for you to say,

"Oh, I wouldn't have acted that way. "

But you don't know.

That's... that's the truth.

You don't know.

And now,

I know what I'm capable of, and it hurts.

That...

I don't know... I don't know how else to say it, but it does hurt me to know that.

You know, and I knew right away it was wrong, and I was the only one that could see it.

You know, anyone could see it except for these guys.

You know, you give them the uniform with the glasses and the nightstick, and they simply can't be the same person as if they wore street clothes.

Meanwhile, I'm just a number in a dress.

That's the thing; I wasn't a prisoner in an experiment. I was their prisoner.

I really felt that I was losing my identity, that this person that I call Tom was disappearing.

And it was a prison to me. It still is a prison to me.

You know, I don't look at it as an experiment or a simulation at all.

It was a prison that was run by psychologists instead of by the state.

The consensus  
is that they did suffer.  
But...  
I think that  
they also learned a great deal  
about themselves  
and about human nature.  
And I think most of them  
would say  
that in hindsight it was  
a very valuable experience.  
This whole experience harms me,  
and I mean "harms"  
in the present tense.  
- It harms me.  
- How did it harm you?  
Or how does it  
harm you?  
Is it just to think that  
people can be like that?  
Yeah.  
And I know  
you're a nice guy.  
You know?  
Well, you don't know that.  
No, I do.  
I do know that  
you're a nice guy.  
Then why do you hate me?  
Because I know what  
you can turn into.  
If you were in my position,  
what would you have done?  
I don't know.  
I don't know.  
I can't tell you that.  
- I wasn't.  
- Hmm.  
I don't think I would  
have been as, uh...  
I don't believe  
I would have been  
as inventive as you.  
I don't think I would have

applied as much imagination  
to what I was doing.

You understand?

Yes.

I understand.

I would have been a guard.

I don't think it would have  
been such a masterpiece.

Personally, I-I don't see  
where it was really harmful.

It was degrading,

but that was part of

my particular

little experiment that...

Oh, your particular

little experiments?

- Well, why...

- Yeah. Yeah.

Why don't you tell us

about those?

Yes, I was running

experiments of my own.

Well, tell me about

these little experiments.

- I'm curious.

- Okay.

I wanted to see just

what kind of verbal abuse

people can take before

they start objecting,

before they start

lashing back.

And it really surprised...

It really surprised me that

nobody said anything to stop me.

Nobody said,

"Come on, man. You...

"You can't say

those things to me.

Those things are sick. "

Nobody said that.

And nobody questioned

my authority at all.

And it really shocked me.

I-I started to get...

I started to abuse  
people so much.

I started to get so profane.

And still, people  
didn't say anything.