

## **Titicut Follies** (1967)

*Titicut Follies* was filmed over four weeks in April and May 1966, at the Bridgewater State Prison for the Criminally Insane in Massachusetts, which is run by the state's Department of Corrections. Wiseman's first film provides a disturbing look at the treatment the state gives the criminally insane, and it became the subject of a complex legal battle that lasted over twenty years. After the film's screening at the New York Film Festival in the fall of 1967, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts ordered that it be banned and the negative destroyed. In 1969, the Superior Court allowed the film to be shown to professionals in the relevant social fields of law, medicine, and social services, but maintained the ban on public exhibition, a decision that was finally overturned in July 1991, when the Superior Court reversed the earlier ruling. The film shows a series of activities and procedures at Bridgewater, including psychiatric interviews and hearings, the force-feeding of an inmate who refuses to eat, daily routines such as bathing and shaving, a birthday party, and a funeral—all framed by scenes of the annual variety show organized by the staff with inmate participation. As an instructor of criminal law, Wiseman had taken his students to Bridgewater, and he says the idea for the film came from the shock of what he saw. *Titicut Follies* introduces many themes to which Wiseman would return, including institutional processing and the examination of a particular institution as social microcosm.

*[Title accompanied by sound bridge of group singing. The annual variety show at the Massachusetts Correctional Institute (MCI), Bridgewater State Prison for the Criminally Insane. The first shot begins with CU of one singer's face and quickly pulls back to reveal entire group of performers on the stage. The performers sing "Strike Up the Band" with pom-poms.]*

*the course of the scene the camera moves in and pans all the individual faces in CU. Applause as the camera pulls back to reveal a wider view of the stage, then cut to CU of Eddie.]*

EDDIE (A GUARD): And it keeps getting better. Now we got to get the paper. The next one is a Western jamboree by Fred, Stan, Joe, and Steve, but it takes them a little while to get a guitar goin' or something. So, it reminds me of a little joke. I bet you people thought I had no talent at all. These two Beatles are walking down the street, and they saw Father Mulligan. And he had a broken arm. And they said, "Father, how did you break your arm?" He says, "I fell in a bathtub," and they said, "Gee, that's too bad, Father." So they continue to walk down the street, so one Beatle says to the other, "What's a bathtub?" And the other Beatle says, "The hell do I know, I'm not a Catholic." [*Laughter, applause. Cut to inmate taking off his clothes, other inmates in various states of undress, some guards visible, including Eddie.*]

GUARDS (*amid banging and chatter*): Come on, next. Where's Lindsay? Lindsay . . . take off your socks . . . Russell, stand here. Let's go . . . Next. Russell, come around. Next. Let's go. Lindsay, Harry, c'mon. Harold, over here, get your clothes. [*Cut to CU of an inmate being interviewed. Although we occasionally see the back of Dr. Ross's head, during this part of the interview we never see his face, the camera focusing instead on the inmate.*]

DR. ROSS: Was any actual sexual relation between you and the . . . this female child?

INMATE: Yes.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): How old, how old was the child?

INMATE: Only eleven.

DR. ROSS: Eleven? Eleven-year-old . . . And how did you feel about that you commit such crime?

INMATE: I didn't feel good about it.

DR. ROSS: Do you have any conscious experience or any recollection about the time, what did you have in your mind when you were involved to this crime? Remember? Have you been drunk, you been under drug? You been intoxicated?

INMATE: I was drinking.

DR. ROSS: You were drinking. What did you drink?

INMATE: Ah, whiskey.

DR. ROSS: Whiskey. Did you meet this child on the, this girl, on the street?

INMATE: Yes. She was on a bike.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): Is this girl is a very well-developed girl? Is a—looks a few years older than her age?

INMATE: No.

DR. ROSS: Eleven years? No? This could be a quite immature child, huh, a young girl?

INMATE: [*Nods yes.*]

DR. ROSS: You have this experiences or this practices before or this is just the first time?

INMATE: No, I had before.

DR. ROSS: You had that, this crime, you did commit this crime before? Or similar—you have been recorded for similar charges before?

INMATE: No, I never been caught before.

DR. ROSS: Never been caught but you have been in practice in this way that you abused a young girl, child?

INMATE: Even my own daughter.

DR. ROSS: Even your own daughter. Now, how you feel about it—you do things like that? How did your wife felt, how did your wife feel about it?

INMATE: My wife said something wrong.

DR. ROSS: There must have been.

INMATE: Myself, I'd just as soon, my law—the way I am right now, if I'm going—have to stay like this, I'd as soon go to jail and stay there. [*Cut to shot of a nude inmate, camera panning left to show guards continuing their strip search.*]

FIRST GUARD: McCready, take your clothes off . . . Come on this side now . . . Good, okay, let's go.

SECOND GUARD: Somersault, colored.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Somersault, c'mere. Richard, c'mere, Richard. Over here.

FIRST GUARD (*to Somersault as he undresses*): Take 'em off, c'mon. Put your hands out. Turn around. Turn around! Put your hands out again. Okay . . . Take your stuff and get over here. Take your stuff and get over here! Now get dressed. Here. [*Cut to CU of Dr. Ross. Now the camera focuses on Dr.*

*Ross, smoking a cigarette, and there is only an occasional glimpse of the inmate.]*

DR. ROSS: You know what the masturbation? How often you masturbate a day, or a week?

INMATE: Sometimes three, three times a day.

DR. ROSS: It's too much. Why you do this when you have a good wife and she's attractive lady?

INMATE: There's no reason for it.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): She must to have not been, she must to have not been giving you too much sex satisfaction, huh?

INMATE: No—

DR. ROSS: You tired about your wife, are you interested in other woman?

INMATE: I'm interested in other women, I, I don't know, I just, I can't, I—

DR. ROSS: Have you ever get your conscience about—to have mature women, a big tall, or husky, luscious-looking female?

INMATE: Uh-huh.

DR. ROSS: What you are interested in, big breast or small breast . . . in a woman?

INMATE (*overlapping*): I never thought of it.

DR. ROSS: Never thought of it. You have any homosexual experiences? I guess you have. What was it?

INMATE: You mean, uh, with someone else?

DR. ROSS: With men, with other boys.

INMATE: Yeah.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): You have. What was—?

INMATE (*overlapping*): When I was young.

DR. ROSS: What was it?

INMATE: Ah, just masturbating and stuff like that.

DR. ROSS: You try to masturbate other men, huh? Other boys?

INMATE (*overlapping*): They used to do it to me, and I used to do it to them.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): Masturbate. The public masturbation or common masturbation. You engage in a common masturbation with other men, other

young men. How oft—, long you did this, how long you have these practices?

INMATE: Well, it started when I was in the Boy Scouts. We went on a hiking trip, went camping. And I started with this guy, who used to live near the house. He was quite old.

ROSS (*overlapping*): You had, you've never had a guilt feeling when you masturbate? [*Cut to CU of another inmate in the common room.*]

OTHER INMATE: They, they, they was gonna take my balls outta me. I told the doctor I—before I come here—I told the doctor before I come here—I didn't want my balls taken outta me, so they took the cords out instead. Right there. [*Cut back to CU of inmate being interviewed by Dr. Ross.*]

DR. ROSS: Then actually you don't understand that you are a sick man?

INMATE: I know there's something wrong, otherwise I wouldn't do things like that. But that's the way I am, right, I—

DR. ROSS: You have been in jail, you've been in House of Correction, you've been in reformatory, you've been in Lyman's School and so forth, and you have been involved in criminal offenses, breaking and entering, assault and battery, driving without authority, and so forth. And then, additionally, you have moral charges. You are with your own daughter, with other young, immature children, female children, and then you have been trying to hang yourself, you've been assaulting other people, and you've been setting fire. And you've been . . . quite intolerant and, and apprehensive and—

INMATE: Restless.

DR. ROSS: —depressed and—do you think you are a normal man? What you think? And do you still believe that you don't need help? At some time ago, you told that *you* need the help.

INMATE: Well, I need help but I don't know where I can get it.

ROSS: Well, you get it here, I guess. [*Cut to CU of the other inmate in common room looking into the camera. Camera pans right to show other inmates standing about in the room where they were strip-searched. One inmate's voice begins to rise above the general din. As the inmates file out of the room, he comes into view.*]

GUARD: Stowe, Curtis Stowe. Arthur Herald.

INMATE: . . . Biddledegah biddledegah Charles Goodman, biddledegay Benjamin Kaplan, biddledegah biddledegaw biddledegah Volpe, biddledegah biddledegah Lieutenant Governor Richardson, biddledegah biddledegah parole

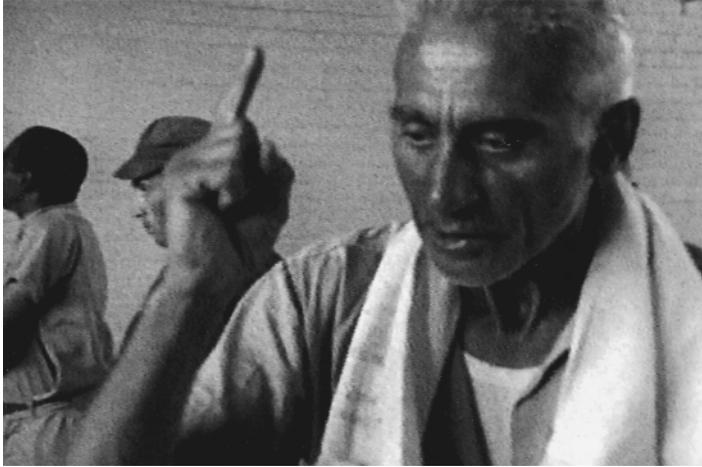
board member, biddledegah McCormack, biddledegale biddledegah and the all members on the parole board. Biddlegaw. Oh oh oh oh. Bid-dele-de-gay. I want all those men arrested. Biddledegah. Immediately. Biddledegah. From 168 pounds down now to 96 pounds, and all those known. Biddledegah. The Deputy Brewer and all those known, John F. Powers, biddledegay Volpe, Charles Gorn, biddledegah Deputy Brewer and Brewer all out. Go back to von Braun. Biddledegah, and go all over the world, Biddledegah. Contribute to Nazi party. Biddledegah and tell Israel biddledegah, Palestine, Ben Gurian government biddeldgah biddledegee, give money, sheckle. Biddlegaw [nonsense] President Johnson [nonsense], biddlegah all my efforts, Chinese, Japanese [nonsense]. Biddledegah. We now know the truth, biddledegah twenty billion dollars [nonsense], Charles Gorman, biddlegah Volpe [nonsense], and now death. [nonsense] Biddledegah. [nonsense] I point 'em out [nonsense], for I am called Christ Jesus [nonsense], and I am called a Borgia [nonsense]. And John Kennedy walking the earth biddledegah, was now biddledegah in truth Christ, Jesus [nonsense]. They send from Mississippi niggers over this fuckin' part of the country biddledegah. John Kennedy, I say you sick boy. You listen to the wrong fuckin' people. Biddledegah. And they say people. Biddledegah Black Muslims [nonsense]. No good, we send back to England to my sister there. Biddledpuh Biddledegah. And back to Mississippi, we put 'em in prison and we put a sign up there: "Niggers, don't let me see you fucking here by sun-up." [Nonsense.] Finished. Ooo. Cha. Chee. [Cut to guards motioning to inmate who had been interviewed, as they escort him out of Dr. Ross's office.]

GUARD: King. King. Let's go. [Cut to back of inmate in common room.]

INMATE: Finished. In the name of the father, the son, the holy spirit, amen, amen, amen, amen. Amen, amen. Thy will is done again. Whatsoever sayeth, the marriage contract is already written, and I shall go to Pittsfield General Hospital and I shall wait. John F. Kennedy biddledegah, thy will is done and also Lucy Baines Johnson, biddledegah President Johnson, biddledegah, and all come over, stay at Kurdistan Holiday Inn, and Jacqueline, bring the children with you also. For all that thou sayest is done. For I say unto thee biddledegah oh biddledegah and the right side of my son disappeared on my side. I have honored thee and loved thee always. Therefore, I have completed my mission in life. I have spoke the truth of Jesus forever and ever, amen. Come in, Mr. President Johnson, and now order my release. [Cut from the inmate along with others filing out of the room to guards escorting the interviewed inmate down a hallway, through doors, up a stairway, and into another room.]

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—office.]  
 [FIGURE]  
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1. An inmate spouts nonsense.

FIRST GUARD: You from King? Huh? [*The inmate nods yes. Once inside room, he undresses.*]

GUARD: Suicide . . . suicide, isn't he?

GUARD (*offscreen*): There an empty one?

GUARD (*offscreen*): Number 8 is empty. [*The first guard leads the inmate to cell 8.*]

GUARD: Is he a transfer from King?

FIRST GUARD: Yeah.

GUARD: Okay. [*First guard locks inmate in. The camera moves up to small window in cell door and holds briefly on the inmate, his back to the camera, looking out a window. Snatches of a radio broadcast may be heard. A trombone is heard on the sound track playing a hesitant chorus of "My Blue Heaven," providing a sound bridge to the next scene.*]

RADIO: The news in Vietnam today is you can't walk down the street. Were you ever afraid? [*Camera pans the yard in long shot. Inmates milling about and sitting on benches. Inmate playing "My Blue Heaven" on the trombone. Cut to interior CU of another inmate singing snatches of "Chinatown, My Chinatown," a television screen behind his left shoulder in the upper right of the frame. On the TV a female entertainer also is singing.*]

INMATE (*changing to another song*): When I lost the sunshine in roses /

When I lost you, dear old gal / You break my heart, to say goodbye mother /  
When I lost you, now dear.

TV SINGER (*overlapping*): . . . Oh, how I love Johnny / My heart, I love  
Johnny / Oh, how I love Johnny / But he never knew/ But he— [*Singing  
inmate ascends stairway. Cut to guard walking down a corridor toward the  
camera.*]

EDDIE: Hello, John. What time do they open up these poor unfortunates?

JOHN: In about another minute or two.

EDDIE: A minute or two. They're not vicious, I hope.

JOHN: Huh?

EDDIE: A man could get hurt.

GUARD: You get this and I'll get the others.

EDDIE: Okay.

GUARD (*overlapping*): He starts here and I'll start there . . . You do what you  
want.

EDDIE: Very interesting work.

GUARD: Open all the doors, by the way.

EDDIE: Tuesday, got to open all the doors . . . [*To inmate passing by with  
bucket*] Hi, John. [*To man out of view in cell*] You going home in ten days?

INMATE (*offscreen*): You better believe it.

EDDIE: Hah? You going home or some other jail?

INMATE (*offscreen*): No, I'm going home.

EDDIE: Oh. You think your stay here has helped you? [*Laughs and mum-  
bles.*] What doctor? Ross? Ross? Oh, so long.

GUARD: He'll be here shortly.

EDDIE: He'll be in Budapest. Hello, Arthur. [*In the corridor, more cell doors  
are opened, inmates coming out. One carries his bedpan. Cut to shot of in-  
mate emptying his pan in the sink and returning along corridor. Cut to out-  
side another inmate's cell.*]

FIRST GUARD: How come you got such a messy room?

INMATE: Hmm?

GUARD: How come your room's all messed up?

INMATE: Oh, I mind my business.

FIRST GUARD: You mind your business?

INMATE: Sure. I mind my business, yes.

FIRST GUARD: Oh, yeah? Is that why you've got a dirty room?

INMATE: Yeah.

ANOTHER INMATE (*offscreen*): Who's got the dust pan here?

ANOTHER INMATE (*offscreen*): Right here.

INMATE: That's right. [*Camera pans left to show the two other inmates cleaning up the room.*]

FIRST GUARD: You going to keep it a little cleaner tomorrow?

INMATE: Yes, I will.

FIRST GUARD: Huh?

INMATE: [*Inaudible.*]

SECOND GUARD: Okay, see you later, kid. Well, bye-bye now. Right.

FIRST GUARD (*as they lock inmate back in his cell*): This one's a good one.

SECOND GUARD (*moving to another cell*): Arnie, come on, Arnie. Hello, Arnie.

INMATE (ARNIE): Good evening.

SECOND GUARD: What's the matter?

FIRST GUARD: What you got in your mouth there?

ARNIE: I have something in my mouth, and—

SECOND GUARD: Take it out of your mouth. Drop it on the floor there.

ARNIE: Why you keeping a man from work? [*Inaudible.*]

SECOND GUARD: You want to go to work?

ARNIE: Yes, sir.

SECOND GUARD: Where?

ARNIE: Any old thing helpin' out.

SECOND GUARD: Wanna sell watermelons?

ARNIE: [*Inaudible*] for a sugar plant.

SECOND GUARD: Okay. How about singing us that watermelon song?

ARNIE: Where can I work? I'd like to know, *where* can I work?

SECOND GUARD: Where?

ARNIE: Where?

SECOND GUARD: Where? Well, whatever you feel like doing. What do you feel like doing? What *can* you do?

INMATE: Excuse me.

SECOND GUARD: What can you do? [*To another inmate being put in his cell*] Okay. Okay. Alright. Go ahead, then. Alright. [*To another inmate*] Hey, Stan. Hey, Stan [*inaudible*]. [*Stan is locked in his cell. Cut to another inmate, Jim, being led down the hallway. Camera follows guards and Jim through corridors and stairways to barbershop.*]

SECOND GUARD: How come your room's so dirty, Jim? How come you're—

JIM (*shouting*): Hey! The goddamn thing isn't dirty, is it?

FIRST GUARD: What?

SECOND GUARD: Louder.

FIRST GUARD: What'd you say? [*Guard slaps Jim.*] What'd you say, Jim? Huh?

JIM: I didn't say anything.

FIRST GUARD: What? I didn't hear you. Speak up, man, I can't hear you. What'd you say?

SECOND GUARD: Come on, Jim.

FIRST GUARD: Come on, Jim, let's go wash up.

SECOND GUARD: You'll get shaved.

THIRD GUARD (*in room*): Sit in that chair.

FIRST GUARD: How's that room, Jim?

JIM (*sitting in barber's chair*): Very fine.

FIRST GUARD: What?

JIM: Very clean.

SECOND GUARD: How come you put—

FIRST GUARD: What'd you say? How's that room? Huh? How's that room, Jim? . . . Answer me.

THIRD GUARD (*brushing shaving cream on Jim's face as the camera moves in for CU*): You gonna keep that room clean, Jim?

JIM: Yes, sir.

THIRD GUARD (*while shaving Jim*): How come you got it all dirty last night? Hmm?

JIM: Colder last—colder than it was yesterday, now, wasn't it?

FIRST GUARD: What did you say, Jim?

JIM (*voice rising*): A little cooler.

FIRST GUARD: Huh? What?

THIRD GUARD: What did you say, Jim?

FIRST GUARD: How's that room gonna to be tomorrow, Jim? How's that room gonna be tomorrow, Jim?

THIRD GUARD (*stops shaving Jim momentarily until he answers*): Hey, how's that room going to be?

JIM: Very neat, very clean.

SECOND GUARD: How come it's not clean today? You told me that yesterday. What happened? . . . Hmm? . . . How come you ripped all your clothes up?

FIRST GUARD: How's that room, Jim?

JIM: Very clean—

FIRST GUARD: Huh?

JIM (*overlapping*): —clean as I can keep it.

FIRST GUARD: What'd you say? Answer me, Jim. [*Camera moves to CU as Jim is shaved in silence. His lip is cut and bleeds from the left side of his mouth. The guards daub some of the blood with towels.*]

THIRD GUARD: Okay, Jim.

JIM: Thank you very much indeed. Thank you ever so much.

THIRD GUARD: Have a drink of water, Jim, before you go back.

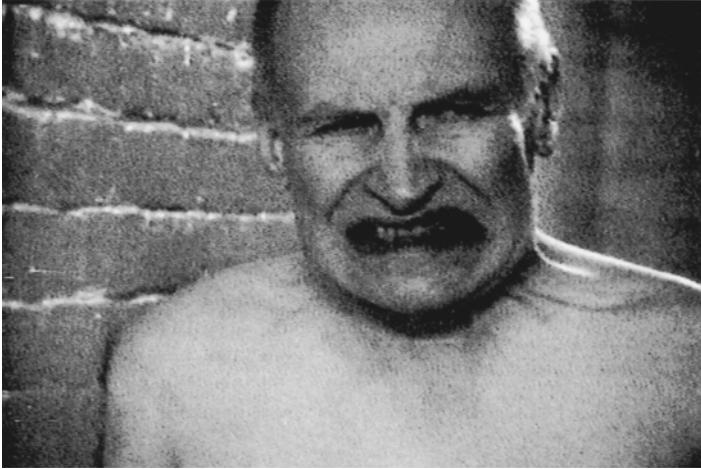
JIM: Alright. On the house, isn't it?

THIRD GUARD: Yeah, on the house. [*Laughs.*] Go ahead, have a drink.

JIM: Thank you very much.

FIRST GUARD: You can have some more if you want, Jim. What did you say, Jim? [*Camera follows guards and Jim into the hallway.*] How's that room going to be tomorrow?

JIM: Very clean.



2. An inmate shouts that his room will be clean.

FIRST GUARD: Huh?

JIM: Spick-and-span, very clean.

FIRST GUARD: What? What? Real clean, Jim?

JIM (*shouting*): Yessirree.

FIRST GUARD: Huh? What are you doing, Jim? Good morning, Jim.

JIM: Morning.

FIRST GUARD: How's that room going to be tomorrow?

JIM: The very best of mornings.

FIRST GUARD: Huh? What? What did you say?

JIM (*shouting*): I said very, very clean!

FIRST GUARD: Louder, Jim!

JIM (*shouting*): Didn't I?!

FIRST GUARD: What?

JIM (*shouting*): Didn't I?!

FIRST GUARD: What'd you say? Can't hear you, Jim.

SECOND GUARD: What are you hiding, Jim?

FOURTH GUARD: Alright, c'mon, let's go. Right down here.

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—Yessirree.  
 [FIGURE] [place  
 figure 2 near  
 here]

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FIRST GUARD: Everything's gonna be clean? Huh? How's that room going to be? How's that room going to be, Jim?

FOURTH GUARD: Hold him up here, when you get there. Hold it.

JIM (*going into cell*): Thank you very much. Thank you very, very—very clean. [*Jim stamps around in his cell naked. The camera zooms in for a closeup of Jim covering his mouth, and then reverse zooms to a full shot as Jim continues stamping his feet and banging on the window. Again there is a forward zoom to CU of Jim, hand over his mouth.*]

GUARD (*offscreen*): Keep that room clean, Jim. [*Camera moves back to FS, holding briefly on Jim as he continues stamping. The camera begins zooming in again, and there is a cut to CU as Jim salutes the guards.*]

GUARD (*offscreen*): How about keeping that clean, Jim?

GUARD (*offscreen*): You play the piano, Jim?

JIM: Yes.

FIRST GUARD (*offscreen*): What'd you say, Jim? Huh?

GUARD (*offscreen*): What do you play?

JIM: I play the Umana.

GUARD: What?

JIM (*mumbling*): I play Umana at my home in Fitchburg.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Fitchburg?

JIM: Yeah. 84 Arlington Street.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Was you a schoolteacher, Jim? [*Camera moves in for another CU.*]

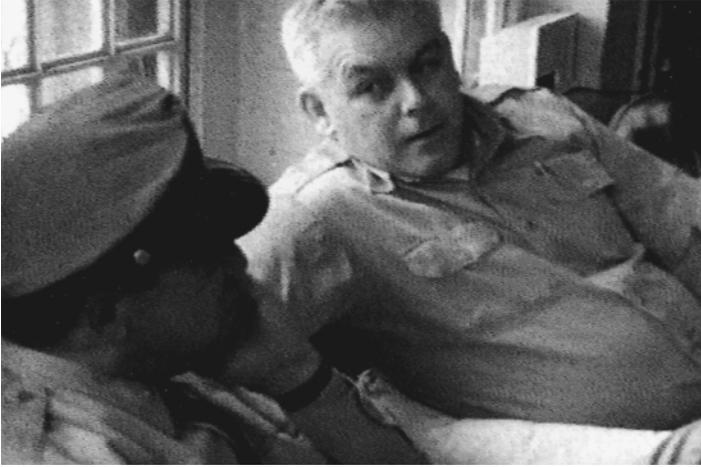
JIM: Short while. Bachelor of Arts. Junior High School. Teacher of arithmenic and mathematics.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Which college did you go to?

JIM: Fitchburg State Teacher's College. Fitchburg Normal School . . . Fitchburg Business College. Fitchburg High School.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Did you graduate with honors, Jim? [*Cut to CU of another guard in conversation elsewhere.*]

GUARD: —so I took it home. I didn't think about it, and I hung it in the closet. Jeez, about a week later my wife opened the door to this closet under the stairs and I'm telling you, the gas that got on my—on the clothes in the closet, you know? Her eyes were starting to water—oh, jeez. That gas hangs



3. A guard talks about tear gas clinging to his clothes.

around for months sometimes, you know? Gets in all the cracks. It's a bastard. The only thing that dissipates it is heat. Give it plenty of heat.

EDDIE: Is that how they get rid of it?

GUARD: That's how they get rid of it. Heat. Downstairs, he was in that cage. Downstairs. We had a couple of big fans in there, we had the heat blasting. We had those fans in there for about, steady for about a week, all the time goin', before we could get the gas out of it. What a mess. [*A string arrangement of "Misty" (?) plays on a radio offscreen for a few moments.*] One time they gassed a guy down there, I forget who the hell it was. Eddie Mitchell. He was in the bullpen. And they gassed him one day. I was on my days off, so when I came back I didn't know they'd gassed him. And I went downstairs. And jeez, the piss is really starting to spoil—my eyes are watering. They really were—I didn't know, ya know. I said, jeez, my eyes are watering. I couldn't figure out. I go upstairs, I start checking the book and, sure enough, they gassed Eddie Mitchell a couple of days before, you know. That gas, you know, it was right in the corridor . . . I don't like it, it seems to affect the shit out of me fast. I just get one whiff of it and whew. [*Cut to Eddie and Willie in CU, singing parts of "Chicago Town" in the variety show, followed by applause.*]

EDDIE: Thank you very much. Willie . . . and me! [*Cut to two-shot of Dr. Ross and inmate Vladimir talking in the exercise yard.*]

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—heat.  
[FIGURE]  
[place  
figure 3  
near here]

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—applause.]  
[FIGURE]  
[place figure 4  
near here]

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4. Guard and inmate sing at the Follies.

DR. ROSS: . . . get you out of this place, and you take a little bit some time, a medication, and then—

VLADIMIR: But that's what I'm thinking. See what I mean?

DR. ROSS: Don't worry.

VLADIMIR: Now you've given me the same story again: "We are going to help you." It's just that—may I ask just why I need this help that, that you are literally forcing on me?

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): I'm not forcing anything—look, look, I tell you, I tell you something—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Obviously I talk well, I think well. I am well, and you are ruining me just—

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): May I say something? We not enforcing you, if you say I don't want to take—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): No, no, no. I don't want to stay here. I am a prisoner.

DR. ROSS: If you say I not want to take the medication, we agree. We not enforce you to take medicine.

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): That's not the principle, doctor. That's not the principle. The principle is that I am here obviously well and healthy, and I am getting ruined. If we send me back to the prison where I might be able to get the—on the street as I should have been—



5. Psychiatrist and inmate in the exercise yard.

DR. ROSS: If I send you back to prison today, you might be able to get back in the same day to Bridgewater.

VLADIMIR: No, no, Doctor, not unless—

DR. ROSS: If you don't believe that, I let my—spit on my face, you know. For sure.

VLADIMIR: Now why should I, why should I do that?

ROSS: Because that, if I say untrue, you know, unreliable things, that I should be punished. We send you back to Walpole today, you coming back tomorrow or maybe even tonight. Honest to God.

VLADIMIR: But Doctor—why—

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): You wanna make, want to take a chance?

VLADIMIR: Yes, I certainly do—

DR. ROSS: We will do it.

VLADIMIR: Since you say that how—just why are you so certain that I should be back tonight or tomorrow?

DR. ROSS: Because they look at you, then they know that you, something's wrong.

VLADIMIR: No, no, but Doctor, Doctor, I mean, just—you are saying that I would be back here tonight or tomorrow. Obviously, I am, I am, I have been weakened since I have been here—

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—tomorrow?  
[FIGURE] [place  
figure 5 near  
here]

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DR. ROSS: I tell you something—

VLADIMIR: —I figure that I have been done harm here since I have been here.

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): I tell you something—

VLADIMIR: Now you tell me that if I should go back I will be back here.

DR. ROSS: Right.

VLADIMIR: Now obviously, then you must know something that I do not know.

DR. ROSS: Right. I tell you something—

VLADIMIR: Since obviously you have observed merely of schizo—

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): I have to leave you. I have to leave you now—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Doctor, merely of schizophrenia paranoia—

DR. ROSS: —but I have to tell you something. If you don't—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Which is, excuse me, which is nothing—

DR. ROSS: Nothing?

VLADIMIR: —which is nothing really dangerous—

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): Nothing dangerous?

VLADIMIR: —that's right. In some cases schizophrenia paranoia is dangerous, as the dictionary would, would say.

DR. ROSS: But practically is not dangerous?

VLADIMIR: Huh? Schizophrenia paranoia is merely the love of your mother and father. Or unless you are to, unless you just happen to get somebody else's schizophrenia paranoia, like, which does happen, which is, which is not agreeable to the body. My case, it happens to be the love of my mother and father, if, if it is schizophrenia, and in that case it is not, then obviously—

DR. ROSS: You mean that's why the man diagnosed a schizophrenic paranoid—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Doctor, you merely look—

DR. ROSS: —because he loved his mother and father? Then I am schizophrenic too, because I love my mother and father. But I never been in a mental institution. Nobody thought I should be.

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): That's right. I am using your words. You looked at me and you tell me I'm a schizophrenic paranoia. Just how do you know? Because I speak well? Because I, because I stand up for what I think?

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—Loose  
line or bad  
break?  
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DR. ROSS: Because you got, because you got the psychological testings. You got—

VLADIMIR: I did?

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): Oh yeah, [*inaudible*].

VLADIMIR: Such as? A test which asks me how many times I go—wait a minute, Doctor—a test which asks me how many times do I go to the toilet? Do I believe in God? [*Brief blast of a prison siren.*] I mean, how ridiculous can you get? If I, I may never go to the toilet or I may go to the toilet, right? Or I may go to the toilet, or I may believe in God or I may not, it is really not the business of a doctor—

DR. ROSS: You quite closely associate the God with the toilet. [*Laughs.*]

VLADIMIR: No, this is the test! This—no, you see what I mean? Now, what does that have to do with my sanity? Obviously you pick out this on *your* test, and you know, this is *your* test, asking me—

ROSS (*overlapping*): Right, let's put the blame on me [*inaudible*]—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): No, no, wait a minute, Doctor. Your test asks me when I go to the toilet too—

DR. ROSS (*overlapping*): [*Inaudible.*]

VLADIMIR: —or even how often my friends go to the toilet, the test asks. It says, how often do your friends go to the toilet, right? Then it says, do you believe in God? Do you love your mother? Do you love your father? It is really, I should say, none, not the business of any kind of doctor or physiologist.

DR. ROSS: Physician?

VLADIMIR: No, physiologist. Ah, a physician might, might go for that too. And now you're keeping me here a year and a half and I keep saying the same story, I am being harmed.

DR. ROSS: Let's walk a little bit.

VLADIMIR: Now, after a year and a half of being harmed, you turn around and say if I should go back to the prison—

DR. ROSS: To the toilet?

VLADIMIR: No, no, to the prison, to the prison, you say that I might be back tonight or tomorrow. Then obviously you must consider that those, the surroundings have had something to do with it. With keeping me, keeping me

well or— [*Cut to man exercising in yard. Camera follows him with voiceover of antiwar inmate speaking.*]

ANTIWAR INMATE: . . . How did they want, what do you call it, the first great war. How did the first great war start? Because of a demand by the Austria-Hungary dynasty for execution of the culprits who're already sentenced [*cut to CU of antiwar inmate*] to life imprisonment in Serbia, yet they demanded a prosecution and execution by Austria-Hungary laws. What does that mean? They wanted execution. The war was fought over execution, the same execution that is going on in Vietnam, Vietnam over American execution of these natives of Vietnam. They're not Viet Cong, they're not communists. Anyone that the American government doesn't like, they use, they foist on this term of *communist*. Because I speak the way I do, you gonna call me communist? I'm not a communist! Even though I have communist affiliations. Communist really means community-ist, that's what we are, community-ist, if you want to call us communistic, communist, because we're for a community, we like the world standards. We're for the people, and that's what they call these, what do you call it, people that talk about any matter, agitators. We agitate, do we start these troubles? I'm a communist because I expound my views about the world conditions. It's the duty of every citizen to expound his views or her views of what goes on in the world. If more of them expounded their views about conditions in the world, less chaotic conditions would exist, and a nuclear war is in the offing, because not what I say, not what all these warmongers or peacemongers blab about, because all through the ages, you'll find every time a new weapon was put out, they say these dreadnoughts, is the end of war. They said the submarine would end the war, what happened? The gas mask put an end to war. What happened? They got gas masks. What about these submarines that's supposed to control the seas? What happened? They got airplanes that drop depth charges. You look through the ages and you find out that for every new weapon put out, somebody else puts out a counterweapon. But, but the nuclear weapon doesn't stop because people are stockpiling. Anybody, anybody that starts stockpiling weapons eventually uses them. They get tired of stockpiling. And then they're just like a bunch of little kids, they figure they got toys to play with, they're gonna play with those toys, but at the first chance you get. You wait to 1967, you wait, in 1970s, you're going to see the greatest nuclear war of all time. In 1967, you're going to see what happened . . . I can tell you how the Vietnam situation got started.

PROWAR INMATE: Wait a minute. Vietnam, okay? Those people, the com-

munists, are going to offer them something and they'll be fooled. The communists will give them nothing but regimented government. Strictly regimented government.

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): But why did the war in Southeast Asia start?

PROWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): They're trying to plan people's futures and they cannot do it—

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): No, no. The original navigators that flew recommending the missions in Southeast Asia used the abbreviation called S-O-Vietnam. It means to the navigator who doesn't see anybody it means *Sovietnam*. Name. Soviet-name. And they hated—

PROWAR INMATE: Like I was saying, what those people like is what they're going to accept no matter who tries to fight it out of them. Nobody can stop them.

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): There are forces that are beyond your mental abilities to realize, what do you call it, what happens. You are not qualified to judge the planetary system, universe system.

PROWAR INMATE: How about this, the communists are terrorizing those people—

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Oh, the communists, they're just plain natives, that's all. There's other factors, mitigating factors, that you don't understand about, that do take place in Southeast Asia.

PROWAR INMATE: Give me an answer. Why is terrorization of those people supposed to, supposed to—

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Show me who? Who?

PROWAR INMATE: —be able to take over their country and hold it in such a secure reign?

ANTIWAR INMATE: Look, look, they've had terrorism there in Southeast Asia for about three hundred years.

PROWAR INMATE: Strictly by the communists lately, oh yeah—

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Wait a minute. If want to stop the—

PROWAR INMATE: And Buddhists.

ANTIWAR INMATE: Oh, no, it isn't.

PROWAR INMATE: Oh, yes.

ANTIWAR INMATE: You want to stop that war in Southeast Asia—

PROWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): The Buddhists—

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Bullshit!

PROWAR INMATE: —by suicide are trying to kick out the government of Ky because they think he is collaborating with communists.

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): It's their country, that's their, that's their natural prerogative, that's a natural right to try to kick out anybody that tries to influence their nation, influence their governments.

PROWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Well, they have no proof, they have no proof about the collaboration with the communists. They're guessing.

ANTIWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): What's the American government doing there? Who, who puts the American flag—doing, hoisted over South Vietnam?

PROWAR INMATE (*overlapping*): Let John, let John tell you—

ANTIWAR INMATE: Alright. No, no, you tell 'em, what-d'ya-call-it. And what else? The main fact about South Vietnam people don't realize: there are French influences, there are still French, you could say drawbacks, from the French revolt. They're still trying to monopolize the American military there. You throw out the French from Southeast Asia, you have no war in Asia. In fact, Ky and some of the others are one of the, you could say, puppets of the French regime and they're just trying to promote, fill in the gaps that the French weren't able to do and there isn't a nation in the world that can do more than the French have started and America will reach the same rut as they are because there is one great factor that influences the war in Southeast Asia, this is this: America's the female part of the earth world and she's sex crazy. Her sexiness brings on wars, like the sperm that is injected, injected by man into a woman, and by a woman in her own body. It has the same effect [Cut to panning CU of four inmates. On the sound track an inmate begins to sing the topical hit "Ballad of the Green Berets"], same influence, only this is on a gigantic pattern, a gigantic pattern is finally—you mean to tell me that after you have a sex intercourse you feel fine, or you feel healthy? You don't. [Cut to exercising inmate, camera following from behind. After the line "Men who mean just what they say," there is a cut to the inmate singing it, with the inmate with the trombone behind him, screen left. As the song ends, there are three shots of other inmates in the yard, followed by a cut to CU of Dr. Ross.]

DR. ROSS: Mr. Malinowski, come here a moment. How you feeling? Hmm, good?

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line or bad  
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INMATE (MALINOWSKI) (*through window in cell door*): Not too bad.

DR. ROSS: Not bad? Alright. Did you eat, Mr. Malinowski, did you eat your food? No? Why, if you don't eat food, then we going to feed you, with tube through your nose. (*On telephone*) This is Dr. Ross, I like you prepare for two patients for tube feeding . . . two patients in F Ward . . . They doesn't eat for three days, yeah, yeah, one is Malinowski and the other one is Chicory, Joseph Chicory or Chicarky . . . Yeah, that's right, tube feeding, when you are, when you get ready, when you get ready? . . . [*Inaudible*] Well, I will advise the officer. Mr. LaPointe . . . [*Cut to guards leading Malinowski down corridor.*]

GUARD: Do you want him here or do you wanna—?

DR. ROSS: Now, Mr. Malinowski, do you realize that you're not eating too long and we should give you some food. Then, this is a question, whether you agree to drink this food or are going to put through a tube through your nose, into your stomach? Do you want to drink it, or we get the tube and put you in your nose? Whether you drink it or not? Do you want to drink it? . . . Let him sit down, maybe he drink it.

GUARD: You want to drink it or you want to have it dumped through your nose?

GUARD: Either drink it or he'll dump it down the tube through your nose. [*Malinowski is restrained on a table. Dr. Ross prepares for tube feeding.*]

DR. ROSS: Get some drinking water. Put the towel in there. Give me the towel. [*Dr. Ross covers Malinowski's genitals with a towel.*]

GUARD (*offscreen*): Water?

GUARD: This is vasoline. There ain't much of anything left.

DR. ROSS: Got any mineral oil?

GUARD: No. We don't usually use this, you know.

DR. ROSS: Do you have any other grease or oil or anything? . . . Any one of you gentlemen, write down on a little piece of paper whatever you need in F Ward. Mineral oil, jelly, bacitracin, ointment, what you need?

GUARD (*offscreen*): We needed thorazine or dexadrine. You were gonna get us a box of this [*inaudible*].

DR. ROSS: Got any grease, butter?

GUARD (*offscreen*): Butter. We've got plenty of butter.

DR. ROSS: Plenty butter. [*Camera moves in to CU as Dr. Ross inserts tube into Malinowski's nose.*]

GUARD: Boy, this guy's a veteran, he's been tube-fed before, he's a veteran. Swallow, just swallow, swallow, swallow, that's-a-boy. [*Cut to brief shot of Malinowski's corpse being shaved, then back to CU of Malinowski being tube-fed. The insert shot, like the others that follow, are completely silent.*] The marker's down there, way down there.

DR. ROSS: Here?

GUARD: Yeah, right there.

DR. ROSS: That's some water, yeah?

GUARD (*offscreen, on telephone*): Yeah, what d'ya want? Sam Virgil? [*To other guard*] Francis, Sam Virgil work Friday?

GUARD (FRANCIS): No, he didn't work all last week. He'll be in tomorrow.

GUARD (*offscreen, overlapping on telephone*): He says no. Okay.

DR. ROSS (*climbing onto chair with tube and funnel*): Got any clamp here? Any clamp, clamp? For thermostat?

GUARD: Clamp? [*Cut from mid-shot of Dr. Ross holding tube and funnel to CU of mortician, then to CU of Malinowski's corpse being shaved by a guard/mortician, and then back to Dr. Ross pouring the food mixture into the funnel.*]

DR. ROSS: Got more food?

GUARD: Food? More food. [*Cut from CU of Malinowski with the tube in his nose to another CU of Malinowski's corpse being shaved, followed by a cut back to Malinowski with the tube inserted.*]

GUARD: Save some for the other guy.

GUARD: It says it's broke. [*Inaudible.*]

GUARD: Ain't nothing to worry about.

GUARD (*offscreen*): Chew it. Chew your food.

DR. ROSS: You have him get me a jug. [*Cut from CU of two of the guards restraining Malinowski to CU of Malinowski's dead eyes being stuffed with cotton. Cut to fuller view of mortician working on the corpse, followed by a cut back to one of the guards.*]

GUARD: Fresh?

DR. ROSS: In a jug. Yeah, in a stainless steel jug. You have some more?

GUARD: Yeah.

DR. ROSS: Please get this jug of water into his [*inaudible*].

GUARD: Did you save some for the other guy?

DR. ROSS: Yeah, I'll need a whiskey. [*Laughter.*]

GUARD: Thanks.

DR. ROSS: Very good patient, very nice.

GUARD: Okay, good, Doctor. Here it is, kid, take it off. Hey, that wasn't bad. He's a veteran.

GUARD: He's a good one. [*Cut from MS of Dr. Ross removing tube from a prone Malinowski and wiping his face with a towel to MS of Malinowski's corpse being fanned by mortician. Cut back to Dr. Ross cleaning Malinowski.*] I think he's been tube-fed before.

GUARD: I guess so.

DR. ROSS: Alright. That's it. You're clean. [*Cut to insert shot of Malinowski in his casket, then to Malinowski being helped up from the table after the tube feeding.*]

GUARD: Okay, you've had your dinner.

GUARD: He is an experienced kid at that. Oh, watch the tube, will ya, kid. [*Malinowski is led back to his cell, camera following. After he goes into his cell and the door is closed, there is a cut to a shot of Malinowski's casket being put in storage drawer in morgue. Cut to CU of sign saying "Happy Birthday."*]

VOLUNTEER 1: There's going to be a big blow, I can see it coming. [*Cut to LS of table. An inmate blows out candles on birthday cake.*] Whee-ee! [*A trio of inmates in costume sing part of "Have You Ever Been Lonely?" as cake is being served.*] [*Singing along with the song while cutting cake*] Alright, here's one whoozit of cake . . . oop, that one better wait.

VOLUNTEER 2: Do you think you're able to stand trial now?

INMATE: Oh, sure.

VOLUNTEER 2: Well, good, good.

INMATE: I feel good. I'm on medication. I wasn't—they just found the medication, you know. January, last January.

VOLUNTEER 2: What does the medication do for you?

INMATE: Everything. It relaxes my muscles. When I'm tense and nervous, I get—my muscles get tense and I feel like, you know, you get upset.

VOLUNTEER 2: Now you just wanna feel like—

INMATE: Yeah, it feels relaxed.

VOLUNTEER 2 (*overlapping*): —go to sleep.

INMATE: Not sleepy, but—I don't get angry, or nothing just, you know, bothers me anymore.

EDDIE (*singing*): 'Twas, let me see: 'Twas at the bar, at the bar, where I smoked my first cigar, and the nickels, nickels, nickels, roll away / It was there by chance that I stole a pair of pants and now I am serving thirty days.

NURSE: You know that fellow who's master of ceremonies?

VOLUNTEER 1: Yes.

NURSE: —they tell me he's the worst paranoid.

VOLUNTEER 1: Is that so?

NURSE: Eddie, how did you make him go through with it?

EDDIE: Who, Willie Williams?

NURSE: Willie Williams—you would think—he was just so relaxed, and you'd think he'd been doing it for years. [*Eddie mumbles something.*] And he's a paranoid, they can't reach him.

EDDIE: You reached him, Alice.

NURSE: This is a letter from an inmate of mine. Imagine, they sent me this letter. I wish you could read it, really. An inmate from the other side, in the alcoholic. Look at the nice letter he wrote me, here it is, right here. Well, yeah, Wilhelm.

VOLUNTEER 1: Well, isn't that nice?

NURSE: Isn't it? And he sent this medal to me.

VOLUNTEER 1: He sent that?

NURSE: He sent that. Isn't that nice? I hope we cured him.

VOLUNTEER 1 (*overlapping*): But it really is a lovely letter.

VOLUNTEER 1: That's lovely.

NURSE: It is, it really is.

VOLUNTEER 1: It makes you feel good—

NURSE (*overlapping*): Well, it makes you feel good that you're doing a lit-

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—me.  
[FIGURE]  
[place figure  
6 near here]



6. A nurse shows a volunteer her gift from a former inmate.

tle something for 'em, even at the time you don't think you're helping them, because they have such a problem. But when you get a letter like this, and then it makes you feel as though, well, you at least tried.

VOLUNTEER 1: . . . accustomed to this sort of thing.

VOICE (*offscreen*): Something new to me too.

VOLUNTEER 1: Come on, boys. Oh, look, you fellows standing back there. C'mon up here and show us how good your aim is. Oh, come on. What's so bashful? Come on now. [*Camera pulls back to reveal she is holding a makeshift bull's-eye for a game of Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey.*] Alright, move over fellows. We got a, we got a fellow who's going to aim right in the middle. That's it, right up to it and stick it right—alright, put it on. That's the way . . . Good. Oh, I think you got licked, young man, I think you got licked that time. Yes, you got licked that time. Alright, come on, somebody else we need here. Come on, now, we need somebody else to get a really good—

INMATE: I'm off now—

VOLUNTEER 1: Well, nobody else has hit the spot yet.

INMATE: I'm off, I'm off. I'm gone.

VOLUNTEER 1: We have to know your numbers. Here we are, that's it, now here's the fellow that's going to put it right on the bull's-eye . . . right on the bull's-eye . . . Now line it right up with this. This is where you're com-



7. A psychiatrist on the telephone before the staff meeting.

ing, bang on. When you hear my voice, you know you're here. C'mon. Shoot. Shut your eyes. Come right at it, that-a-boy. Straight ahead, you're coming right for it, come on, little further, little further, c'mon some more, that's the way, now right on that bull's-eye. Right on that bull's-eye. Oh, that's perfect. Very good, you're inside the ring at least. Now hold the number. Come on now, who else? Come on now, who else? Come on over and try it. Well, is that everybody? Has everybody tried it? You know, this is the first time we've played this game, and I want you all to try it.

EDDIE (*singing part of "Chicago Town," then segueing into his own lyrics, in the process putting on his cap and dancing out the door*): It's do or die for MCI / And that is our gay philosophy / Us poor slobs will lose our jobs . . . [Cut to a psychiatrist talking on the telephone.]

PSYCHIATRIST (*on telephone*): Wait just a second.

SECRETARY (*on intercom*): Yes?

PSYCHIATRIST: Mary, do I have anything listed for court tomorrow? Or anything else?

SECRETARY (*on intercom*): No, you don't.

PSYCHIATRIST (*on intercom*): Thank you. [Back to telephone] I have nothing for court tomorrow. Tomorrow's fine . . . Oh good God, no, I'm usually here, unless I'm dead by then and I've got a cold and I may be . . . I usually get here by 8:15 or 8:00. So at your convenience . . . Okay, well, the earlier

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—don't.  
[FIGURE]  
[place  
figure 7  
near here]

the better. Okay. Why don't you do me favor, give me a call—what time do you get up in the morning? . . . Alright, why don't you give me a call as soon as you roll out of bed, at home. Just to make sure I'm alive enough to get down here . . . Oh God, no! Well, let's put it this way, if I'm sick, with four children in the house I'll be awake, and usually I get up at 5:30 otherwise . . . Don't make it much later than that because I'm out the door to get down here . . . Okay, bye-bye. Okay, now—[*Cut to CU of Vladimir, who is now in the room.*] Vladimir, as I promised you before, if I see enough improvement in you—

INMATE (VLADIMIR): But how can I improve if I'm getting worse? I'm trying to tell you—day by day I am getting worse because of the circumstances, because of the situation. Now you tell me until you see an improvement, and each time I get worse . . . so obviously it's the treatment that I'm getting or the situation or the place or the patients or the inmates . . . Or I do not know which. All I want is to go back to prison where I belong. I was supposed to only come down here for observation. What observation did I get? You call me up a couple of times, you say, "Well, take some medication," medication for the mind? I'm supposed to take medication for—if I have some bodily injury, not for my mind, my mind is perfect. 'Cause I'm obviously logical, I know what I'm talking about. There's nothing—and I am excited, yes, that's the only fault you, you might find with me. And I have a perfect right to be excited, I've been here for a year and a half. And this place is doing me harm. I come in here, every time I come in here, you tell me I *look* crazy. [*Camera begins pulling back to reveal that Vladimir and the doctor are at a staff meeting.*] Now what's—if some, if you don't like my face that's, I mean, that's another story, but that has nothing to do with my mental stability. I have an emotional problem, now, yes, which I did *not* have.

PSYCHIATRIST: What got you down here?

VLADIMIR: They sent me down here for observation.

PSYCHIATRIST: Why?

VLADIMIR: They thought maybe—I went to see a social worker and I saw a psychiatrist and they said that, why don't you go down there, because I had a little problem.

PSYCHIATRIST: You felt the coffee was poisoned, you felt people were mixing you up in your thinking, you were shaking—

VLADIMIR: Not so. The only part that's true is coffee. Now what sort of treatment do I get down here? There are a hundred patients who are walking back and forth who are obviously doing me harm.

PSYCHIATRIST: Are you working here, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR: No, there was a, there was no suitable work for me here. All I've got is, all I've got is the kitchen. And all they do is throw cups around. In fact, it's noisy, they got two television sets, which are blaring. Machines which are going. Everything which is against the mind. There's one thing that a patient does need—and this is what I do know, absolutely, is quiet, if I have a mental problem or even emotional problem. Yet here I'm thrown in with over a hundred of them and all they do is yell, walk around, televisions are blaring, so that's doing my mind harm.

PSYCHIATRIST: Are you involved in any sports here?

VLADIMIR: There are no sports here. All they've got is a baseball, and a glove, and that's it. There's nothing else. Back at the other place I have all the other facilities to improve myself. I have the gym, I have the school, I have all kinds of—anything I want.

PSYCHIATRIST: Are you in any group therapy here?

VLADIMIR: No, there is no group—obviously, I do not need group therapy, I need peace and quiet. See what I mean? This place is disturbing me, it's harming me. I'm losing weight. Everything that's happening to me is bad. And all I get, all I get, is why don't you wait, why don't you take medication? Medication is disagreeable to me. There are people who, to whom you may not give medication. Obviously. And the medication I got is hurting me, it's harming me.

PSYCHIATRIST: Well, Vladimir, you say—

VLADIMIR: In fact, to be specific, it harmed my thorax. I do know that much, what it's harming.

PSYCHIATRIST (*overlapping*): Your thorax?

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Yes, right here. Yes, it has harmed me, it has harmed me in every way possible. Obviously. If you leave me here, that means that you want me to get, get harmed. Which is an absolute fact. It's plain logic, that proves that I am sane. Obviously.

PSYCHIATRIST: Well, that's interesting logic—

VLADIMIR (*overlapping*): Yes, it's absolutely perfect because if I am in a place, as if I were in some kind of a hole or something, right? And if you keep me there, obviously you intend to do me harm. Isn't that perfect logic?

PSYCHIATRIST: No, it isn't, Vladimir—

VLADIMIR: It's absolute perfect. I am getting harmed. I say I'm getting

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—logic?  
[FIGURE]  
[place figure  
8 near here]



8. An inmate explains his situation at a staff meeting.

harmful. You tell me that until I show some improvement, yet each time you said until I show some improvement, I have been getting worse, medication has harmed me—

PSYCHIATRIST: Thank you, Vladimir.

VLADIMIR: No, no, I'm— [*Vladimir is led out of the room, away from the camera, saying something inaudible as he goes. Cut to CU of psychiatrist.*]

PSYCHIATRIST: He's been much better than this. And he's now, he's now falling apart. Now whether this is some reaction to his medication is certainly something we'll have to look at. However, he was looking a lot more catatonic and depressed before. Sometimes we find that on the antidepressants, you remove the depression and you uncover the paranoid stuff, and we may have to give him larger quantities of tranquilizers just to tone this down. So, not looking ready to be able to make it back in prison.

SOCIAL WORKER: He argues in a perfect paranoid pattern. If you accept his basic premise, then the rest of it *is* logical, but the basic premise is not true.

PSYCHIATRIST: That's right. He was very much more closed off and mute before. He'd open up in a one-to-one relationship but never at a staff meeting, and he's opened up over in medical rounds, some, and yet, this is why we had him brought up to staff, to see what would happen. And I think he's certainly shown that he doesn't—

STAFF MEMBER 1: At one time they sought executive clemency for him.

PSYCHIATRIST: Yes.

STAFF MEMBER 1: And it is true that he did learn English.

PSYCHIATRIST: Yes.

STAFF MEMBER : Well, now, he was building up with a great deal of hope to get out. And he did get to the Parole Board at one time. And he was—

SOCIAL WORKER (*offscreen*): It was shortly before he came here that he was due to go—

STAFF MEMBER 1: Yeah, he's now talking about the same thing, about his rehabilitation from his incarceration up to a given point . . . so he's reverting in a way to that kind of thinking.

SOCIAL WORKER: But I think he's terrified of leaving—

PSYCHIATRIST: And the louder he shouts about going back, the more frightened he indicates that he probably is.

STAFF MEMBER 2 (*offscreen*): This is known as Ganser Syndrome.

PSYCHIATRIST: Well, not quite, but—

STAFF MEMBER 2 (*offscreen*): Close.

PSYCHIATRIST: Well, I think what we have to do with him is put him on a higher dose of tranquilizers and see if we can bring the paranoid elements under a little better control, then see if we can get him back on medication—if he's taking it now, and I'm not even sure he is.

STAFF MEMBER 2: The psychological testing always showed there was paranoid—it was, was the thing that was going through it all the way.

PSYCHIATRIST: Right. [*Speaking into tape recorder*] Diagnosis: schizophrenic reaction, chronic undifferentiated type with prominent paranoid features. [*Cut to inmate bending over in a bathtub washing himself. Two guards, mostly offscreen, speak to him.*]

GUARDS: How's that, Al. That's good, huh? Take some of that chocolate pudding out . . . How's that feel? Al, why don't you lay right down in the water so you can get your back washed? Yeah, now soak your piles . . . How's that feel, eh? Lay right down there, Al. [*Laughter.*] . . . Don't drown, Al . . . Sit down, now, that's-a-boy. Back a little. Backwards, Al. Albert, sit down and face me. No, face me. How's that feel? Don't swallow that water. Water's [*inaudible*]. Watch you head. Right back, Al, here. Watch your head on that faucet. That-a-boy, Al. How's it feel?

INMATE (AL): Real good.

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—Loose line  
or bad  
break?  
SRS/ICS

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9. An inmate in the bathtub.

GUARD: Yeah? Warmed up well?

AL: Water's something special, something special, like champagne, eh?

GUARD: Like champagne?

AL: Very good, umm.

GUARDS: Why don't you drink a little cold water, Al? Yeah, we'll give you water. Al, don't be drinking that water. Al, take some water out of here if you want. Get it from the faucet here . . . Feels good . . . You feel nice and clean? Push right back, Al. You have four brothers?

AL: Gotta kiss the mirror in honor of them.

GUARDS: Wonderful. Nice kiss. Okay, Al? All set, Al?

AL: Yeah, had a good time.

GUARD: Okay, let's go. [*Al is led out of the room. Cut to a man put into his cell screaming in his underwear, followed by three shots of inmates milling about in common room and sitting on benches.*]

PRIEST (FATHER MULLIGAN): Peace be to this house [*cut from CU of handicapped inmate picking his nose to MS of priest giving last rites to an inmate in facility hospital bed*] and all who dwell herein. Sprinkle me with this salve, O Lord, and I shall be purified. Wash me and I shall be made blameless . . . May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing, and his most loving mercy, whatever sins you have committed by the use of your sight,

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—eh?  
 [FIGURE] [place  
 figure 9 near  
 here]

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10. A priest administers last rites to a dying inmate.

amen . . . May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing, and by his most loving mercy whatever sins you have committed by the use of your hearing, amen . . . May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing, and by his most loving mercy whatever sins you have committed by the use of your sense of smell, amen . . . May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing, and by his most loving mercy whatever sins you have committed by the use of your sense of taste and power of speech, amen. Now let me have your two hands, please. May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing and his most loving mercy whatever sins you have committed by the use of your sense of touch, amen . . . May the Lord forgive you by this holy anointing, and by his most loving mercy whatever sins you have committed by your use of your power to walk, amen. May the Lord be with you and with your spirit, amen. Let us pray. Lord, Holy Father, almighty and eternal God, by pouring the grace of your blessing on the bodies of the sick you watch over with all interest and care, your creatures, be present in your kindness as we call upon your holy name. [*Cut from CU of inmate receiving last rites to earlier ranting inmate in the yard.*]

INMATE: What is intelligences? Intelligence is where? Even the blessed prisoner, Father Mulligan there with his confessional there, telling the truth. And he exposed it and calls it down to the warden Johnson and things like that. And they get around to it. Father, even the rabbi. Ah, not only the rabbi but the Christian Scientist and the minister. We know all about 'em. For I



11. A guard hosts the Follies finale.

know everything because I'm psychic. I read their fucking minds. They're no good, they're money-changers, they're Judases. [*Singing begins to become audible in background*] And that's all. So, I'll tell you one thing, even Pope Paul is not without sin 'cause even him, and the cardinals, and the See of Trent, helped to mur—, crucify, the man named Pope Pius, and then he comes, and the minister too, and their fucking doctor and Pope John can tell you the same thing. It was never decreed that way. The vicar of the church is Jesus Christ [*inaudible*] and the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of—and I say he's unworthy of being the pope of this world, and I announce that the rightful pope now is Archbishop Fulton Sheen and the other one Cardinal Spellman, so help me God. I, Borgia, say so.

OTHER INMATE (*overlapping, singing while standing on his head*): For the glory of the glory of Father Mulligan, for the glory of his love and his holiness / For the glory of the glory of thy love / For the glory of the glory of the bishop / For the glory of the glory of the cardinal / For the glory of the pastor and the rabbi / For the glory of the glory of his love.

INMATE: She promised me she was going to send me cake and stuff. She's a liar, a liar, a defector of the truth, and so is Peabody. I say so. I, Borgia, say so.

OTHER INMATE (*singing*): For the glory of the glory of Father Mulligan. [*Singing carries over to shot of corpse in body bag in morgue drawer. The body is lifted and put into a casket.*]

GUARD: Wanna get the cover? [*The casket lid is screwed on. CU of a screw being turned in the lid. The casket is carried out to a hearse. One man mutters instructions to the others.*]

GUARD (*to casket*): I'm sorry, Jim. [*Cut to cemetery, where the casket is taken out of the hearse by inmates and carried over to a grave.*]

INMATES (*positioning the casket*): Don't be afraid. You've gone too far over. Joe, let me get up in the front. Let me get up in the front. That's it, take your time . . . Okay, that's alright . . . Now just stand right where you are.

FATHER MULLIGAN: I am the resurrection and the life, he who believes in me even if he dies shall live. And whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel, because he has visited and wrought the redemption of his people. He has raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of David, his servant, as he promised through the mouths of his holy ones, the prophets from of old. Eternal rest grant to him O Lord—

INMATES: And let his perpetual light shine upon him.

FATHER MULLIGAN: May he rest in peace.

INMATES: Amen.

FATHER MULLIGAN: May his soul and the souls of all the faith departed through the mercy of God rest in peace, amen.

INMATES: Amen.

FATHER MULLIGAN: Remember, man, that thou are dust, and unto dust thou shalt return. That's all. [*Camera holds on the casket as all file away from the grave site, out of frame. Cut to performers at the annual show that opened the film. Applause. They sing "So Long for Now." The entire cast comes onto the stage.*]

CAST (*singing*): It's do or die / For MCI / And now that it's all over / We can tell you why / Us poor slobs will lose our jobs / Believe us, it could happen without half a try / The Department of Correction has a talent, you see / We'll never make the big time / But we've got our gay philosophy / Sing and dance and take a chance / Until another year, we're through / Until another year, we're through.

EDDIE: Aren't they terrific?

[*Camera zooms in and pans faces of performers on stage in CU, then zooms back out to full shot, and back into CU as music dies out. Cut to credits: Directed and Produced by Frederick Wiseman. Photography by John Marshall.*]

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—through.  
[FIGURE]  
[place figure  
11 near  
here]

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*Editor: Frederick Wiseman. Associate Editor: Alyne Model. Associate Producer: David Eames. Copyright 1967 Bridgewater Film Co., Inc. After the credits appears the following note: "The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has ordered that 'A brief explanation shall be included in the film that changes and improvements have taken place at Massachusetts Correctional Institution Bridgewater since 1966.'" This note is followed by another: "Changes and improvements have taken place at Massachusetts Correctional Institution Bridgewater since 1966." Copyright renewed 1995 Bridgewater Film Company, Inc.]*