

28. INT. DALE'S CELL NIGHT

DALE'S LIGHT IS SWITCHED ON AND HIS TRAP OPENED. DALE IN BED, IS MASTURBATING. BERRIMAN, DISGUSTED, IS WATCHING.

BERRIMAN

You're charged!

29. INT. DALE'S CELL MORN.

DALE IS IN BED, LYING ON HIS SIDE. IT IS DAWN, BEFORE THE ROUSE BELL. DALE IS STARING AT THE CELL DOOR. SUNRAVS FILTER THROUGH THE BARRED OPENING ABOVE HIS BED. DALE IS IN DESPAIR.

SUDDENLY, FROM UNDER THE CELL DOOR, A LIZARD SKITTERS ACROSS THE FLOOR AND FOLLOWS THE CREVICE AT THE BASE OF THE WALL. DALE KEEPS HIS EYES ON IT. AFTER A SHORT WHILE, HE JUMPS OUT OF BED AND GOES OVER TO THE SKINK. HE TRIES TO GRAB IT, BUT THE LIZARD EVADES HIM.

DALE

(TO THE LIZARD) I'm not gonna hurt yer, you stupid bastard.

DALE FINALLY MANAGES TO CAPTURE IT. HE CLASPS THE LIZARD INSIDE HIS HAND AND GOES BACK TO BED. HE HOLDS HIS HAND UP IN FRONT OF HIS EYES AND SLOWLY RELEASES HIS FINGERS. A LOOK OF DISAPPOINTMENT COMES OVER HIS FACET. THE LIZARD APPEARS TO BE LIFELESS, SPRAWLED OUT UPSIDE DOWN IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND. HE STUDIES IT FOR A WHILE, THEN MANOEUVRES IT AND POKES IT WITH HIS FINGER. THE LIZARD SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE. DALE IS SURPRISED. IT JUMPS OUT OF HIS HAND AND FALLS TO THE GROUND. DALE GETS UP AND CATCHES IT AGAIN. HE IS STANDING ON THE CROSS WITH THE SKIN IN HIS HAND. HE TURNS IT UPSIDE DOWN AND THE LIZARD GOES INTO A MOTIONLESS TRANCE ONCE AGAIN. A RUSH OF THOUGHTS ENTER DALE'S MIND. HE IS ENLIGHTENED BY THE CREATURE'S BEHAVIOUR. A SMILE COMES OVER HIS FACE. THE ROUSE BELL SOUNDS. DALE MOVES TO THE BARRED OPENING, STRETCHERS UP AND LETS THE LIZARD ESCAPE INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

30. INT. C.P.O.'S OFFICE DAY

DALE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNOR WHO IS SITTING AT COGLAN'S DESK. KERT AND COGLAN ARE TO EITHER SIDE ASSUMING THE AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNOR. THE GOVERNOR LOOKS AT DALE.

CONT.

GOVERNOR
Dale, you are charged with making unnecessary
noise and obscene behaviour.

DALE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. THE OFFICERS ARE SHOCKED.

COGLAN
Quiet.

DALE LAUGHS LOUDER.

GOVERNOR
You are further charged with insolence and...

DALE
Forget it, Gaffa.

DALE UNDRESSES. THE OFFICERS, STUNNED, LOOK ON.

You can't charge me, mate...
I'm no longer part of this world...
I've resigned.

GOVERNOR
Get dressed, son.

DALE
I've no need for your clothes, Gaffa.

DALE SITS ON THE FLOOR. HE REMAINS PERFECTLY STILL.

I've resigned.

GOVERNOR
Get him out'a here.

KERT GOES TO THE DOOR AND CALLS FOR BERRIMAN AND GAUNT.

I want him on bread and water until he is prepared to conform to regulations.

BERRIMAN AND GAUNT ENTER AND CARRY DALE OUT. DALE LAUGHS.

COGLAN

We'll sort him out, Sir.

GOVERNOR

Hhmmmm...I don't want any incidents Mr Cogan.

31. INT. CELL BLOCK NIGHT

DALE (SINGING V.O.)

"Blowing in the wind....."

KERT, SEETHING, STANDS IN THE CELL BLOCK AREA. DRISCOLL WASHES DISHES. GAUNT CHECKS THE ARMOURY CUPBOARD. GILCHRIST AND DIXON WALK UP AND DOWN EITHER SIDE OF THE CELLS. BERRIMAN WATCHES DRISCOLL. BARRETT IN THE OBSERVATION CELL, IS GRINNING AT KERT, WHO IGNORES HIM. DALE'S MATTRESS IS ROLLED UP AND, ALONG WITH HIS CUPBOARD AND BLANKET LEANS AGAINST THE WALL OUTSIDE HIS CELL. GAUNT LOCKS THE CUPBOARD, AND WALKS TO KERT.

GAUNT

What about his clothes?

KERT

Put 'em with the rest.

GAUNT PICKS UP DALE'S CLOTHES, WHICH HAVE BEEN HEAPED IN A CORNER, AND THROWS THEM ON HIS MATTRESS.

Better give him these (INDICATING UNDERPANTS).
We don't want him catching a cold.

GAUNT LAUGHS AND STARTS TO UNLOCK DALE'S TRAP. DRISCOLL HAS FINISHED THE DISHES.

BERRIMAN
Come on. That'll do.

BERRIMAN STANDS OUTSIDE DRISCOLL'S CELL. DRISCOLL MARCHES TO BERRIMAN, PUTS HIS MEAL IN HIS CELL, STEPS OUT AND PREPARES TO STRIP OFF. BERRIMAN PUSHES HIM HARD.

Get in.

DALE SEES DRISCOLL BEING PUSHED IN AND LOCKED AWAY, AS GAUNT THROWS THE UNDERPANTS IN.

DALE
Hey boys. Are you there boys?

GAUNT LOOKS AT KERT.

Corn, let's hear it.

BARRETT
Yeah, mate.

DALE
That you, Tigge?

BARRETT
Yeah, mate.

GAUNT
Quiet, Dale.

DALE
Hey, don't let these dogs worry you. They're only as strong as you let 'em. Resign and they can't touch yer.

KERT RACES TO DALE'S CELL.

KERT

I'm giving you fair warning, Dale.

DALE

Hey, did you hear that boys? Isn't that nice of the cocksucker. He's giving me fair warning.

DALE MIMICS KERT. KERT SLAMS THE TRAP.

One more word out'a you and you'll get a bucket of water.

BARRETT

Give him one for me, mate.

KERT NODS TO BERRIMAN, WHO GETS THE KEYS AND GOES TO BARRETT'S CELL.

DALE

And if you have any complaints you'll find yourself hanged with your own blanket. You can do what you want'a kert. You can't hurt me because I've resigned. (SHOUTING) You hear that boys? You've only gotta resign and they can't hurt you. What about resigning.

BARRETT

I'll resign, mate.

GAUNT AND BERRIMAN ENTER BARRETT'S CELL AND POMMEL HIM WITH FISTS AND BATONS.

DALE

Good on yer, Tigge. Let's give it to these dogs. We're gonna break this fuckin' joint.

KERT SMILES. BARRETT IS UNCONSCIOUS.

What about it boys?

NOBODY ANSWERS.

Don't tell me you like gettin' bashed...
What are yer, all fuckin' gutless.
Don't you see they've got you all bluffed.
You've only gotta stand up to 'em.
Hey, Tigge? Come on you fuckin' dogs.

SILENCE.

Well, you can all get fucked. I'll do it on me own.
They'll never break me again. I'm, no longer part
of their fuckin' system.

KERT LOCKS DALES TRAP. THE OFFICERS SMILE AT EACH OTHER, PLEASED THAT THE
PRISONERS HAVE NOT RESPONDED TO DALE.

GAUNT
He's trouble.

KERT
(SARCASTICALLY) You just worked that out now?

DALE
I've resigned. I'm free. You hear that dishlickers?
Free!

32. INT. GOVERNOR'S COURT MORN.

THE GOVERNOR IS STARING OUT THE WINDOW. HE IS DEEP IN THOUGHT. A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR DISTURBS HIM.

KERT ENTERS THE OFFICE.

GOVERNOR
Yes, come in.

Ah, Charlie, sit down, will you.

KERT TAKES A CHAIR.

Coffee?

KERT
No thanks, Bill.

THE GOVERNOR SITS BEHIND HIS DESK.

GOVERNOR
Charlie, I'm concerned about H Division.
(LOOKING @ KERT IN THE EYE) Do I have cause to be?

KERT
(TAKEN ABACK) I don't think so.
Everything's running smoothly.

GOVERNOR
How do you mean, smoothly?

KERT
(DEFENSIVELY) Well...the men are doing what they
are told.

GOVERNOR
What about this thing with Dale?

KERT
Don't worry about it, Bill. You know the sort,
thinks the world owes him a living.
I'll take care of it.

GOVERNOR

Good.
We have a responsibility to the people outside.
They're the ones who have decided that these
men are no longer fit to live in their society.
But we also have a responsibility to the prisoners.

KERT

These particular men are the unwanted furniture,
you and I both know that.

GOVERNOR

Yes, that maybe true, but I'm also worried
about my officers in H Division.

KERT LOOKS QUERIOUSLY AT THE GOVERNOR.

KERT

I'm not sure I know what you mean.

GOVERNOR

It has an effect on them, I can see it, surely
you can? I just wonder if it's the right thing
to be doing.
You know my policy for H Division, I use it as a
scare tactic for the majority of the prisoners.
But the ones who take up residence, because I'm left
with no other alternative, don't seem to improve.
I've seen a hatred in their eyes that wasn't there
before.
And the officers, they can't even adjust to shifts
in other Divisions. Their attitude towards the
prisoners is hostile. Maybe this whole thing has
backfired. To tell you the truth, I've been thinking
about making some changes.

KERT

(CONCERNED) Changes?

GOVERNOR
Charlie, I want you to run H Division. I need
someone who can enforce discipline with tolerance.
That is, of course, if you want the job.

KERT IS SURPRISED.

KERT
Oh, I want the job. But H Division is just as tough
for the officers as it is for the inmates.
In fact, it takes a very fine officer to be able to cope with the
conditions.

GOVERNOR
Bryant taught me, many years ago, that people who
are not good at their jobs encourage disorder.
(PAUSING) I think that the two of us can sort this out.

33. INT. DALE'S CELL DAY

DALE, WEARING HIS UNDERPANTS, IS SITTING AGAINST THE BACK WALL OF HIS CELL. NEXT TO
HIM IS A PLASTIC BOTTLE, HALF FULL OF WATER, AND TWO CRUSTS OF DRIED BREAD. HE IS
SHIVERING.

DALE
(SHOUTING) Hey!
What about me exercise I'm entitled to?

34. INT. CELL BLOCK AREA DAY

BERRIMAN, GENEROUSLY FEEDING OFFICER TABBY, GLANCES IN THE DIRECTION OF DALE'S
CELL. THEN WALKS INTO THE RECEPTION AREA. THE CAT CONTINUES EATING ITS MEAL.
BERRIMAN RETURNS WITH KERT. THEY GO DOWN THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE LABOUR
YARDS.

STILL AGAINST THE BACK WALL, DALE, IS EATING A CRUST OF BREAD. HE REACTS TO APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

DALE
(SHOUTING) Hey! Hey mucus!

HE BANGS ON THE DOOR.

What about me exercise, yer scumbags.

THE DOOR OPENS. KERT AND BERRIMAN STAND THERE. DALE BACKS AGAINST THE WALL, EXPECTING TROUBLE.

KERT
(CALMLY) Come on...step out, son.

WARILY, DALE GOES TO THE DOOR. BERRIMAN HALF BLOCKS THE DOORWAY CONFRONTING HIM.

(QUIETLY) Mr Bertiman.

BERRIMAN, BEGRUDGINGLY STEPS ASIDE, ALLOWING DALE TO PASS.

DALE AMBLES DOWN THE CORRIDOR FOLLOWED BY BERRIMAN AND KERT. HE STOPS IN FRONT OF GAUNT, AND MIMICKING HIM, LOOKS HIM UP AND DOWN.

DALE
Gaunt...name?

GAUNT LOOKS BEYOND DALE TO KERT.

Do your buttons up, Gaunt.

GAUNT

Get in.

BERRIMAN AND GAUNT CLOSE IN ON DALE. DALE IN MOCK PROTEST TO KERT.

DALE

I'm giving this officer a direct order.

DALE LAUGHS, DERISIVELY, AND ENTERS THE HARD.

37. EXT. LABOUR YARD DAY

THE DOOR SLAMS AS DALE ENTERS. THE SUNLIGHT HITS DALE'S FACE AND DISORIENTATES HIM. THROUGH A WHITE HAZE, DALE LOOKS AROUND THE YARD AND SLOWLY FOCUSES ON BRYANT, HOLDING A LARGE HAMMER. HE STARES, MENACINGLY AT DALE. DALE LOOKS FOR A WEAPON. THERE IS NOTHING. DALE IS TIRED AND WEAK. HE CROUCHES READY FOR THE ATTACK AND INCHES TO THE CENTRE OF THE YARD. HE MEETS BRYANT'S THREATENING GAZE.

BRYANT

Nobody calls me a dog, loudmouth.

DALE PAUSES.

DALE

Well you are a dog...and d'yer wanna know why?

BRYANT

Tell me before I break your fuckin' head.

DALE LOOKS UP AT THE CATWALK. DIXON IS AT THE FAR END WITH HIS BACK TURNED. BRYANT CRADLES THE HAMMER. DALE CAUTIOUSLY MOVES AROUND. BRYANT STALKS HIM.

DALE

Someone who gives someone up's a dog, right?

BRYANT
Get to the point.

DALE
Or police informer, right?
Because he's really a copper in disguise isn't he?
Doin' their dirty work for 'em, eh?

BRYANT
Yeah, so?

DALE
Well that makes you a dog...you give people up.

BRYANT LUNGES AT DALE WITH THE HAMMER. DALE REACTS BY THROWING HIMSELF AT BRYANT AND MANAGING TO GRAB THE HAMMER. THEY WRESTLE.

BRYANT
Who have I ever given up?

DALE
Yourself...that's who.

BRYANT USES ALL HIS STRENGTH AND PUSHES DALE AWAY.

BRYANT
What?

DALE
You give yourself up, that's who.

BRYANT
What are yer talkin' about?

DALE WALKS AROUND BRYANT.

DALE
You don't wanna be called a dog, right?

BRYANT
Nobody does.

DALE
That means you're giving yourself up.

BRYANT
Make sense, cunt.

DALE
You give yourself up to being scared of what people think. You're scared you'll be called a dog if you stand up to the screws.

DALE REALISES HE IS HAVING AN EFFECT ON BRYANT.

But that's not the worst of it. You're tough alright, you've got a top reputation, but you're trapped in it, mate. You think that if you don't fight me everyone'll think you're weak.

BRYANT
That was your own undoin', wasn't it?

DALE
Why do yer reckon the screws put me in here with you, eh? What was it we said was the worst type of dog? The copper's lackey. You and I mightn't see eye to eye, mate, but you're nobody's lackey, specially a screw's.

BRYANT LOWERS THE HAMMER AND DALE MOVES CLOSER.

Can't you see what these cunts are up to, that they've been able to get away with murder because of our own stupidity?

They know we're not going to give 'em up.
Look what they've done to Tige.

DALE PRETENDS TO GRAB A FLY.

You have a fly in your hand. You squeeze as
hard as yer can to make certain he's dead.
But the slightest pressure's enough to kill it.

DALE SQUEEZES HIS HAND.

But yer keep on squeezing.
That's overkill, mate. These cunts are squeezing
too hard. I don't wanna end up like Tige.

BRYANT

You can't give 'em up.

DALE

You're your own fuckin' worst enemy.

BRYANT TURNS AWAY.

DALE GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND IN A HEADLOCK. AS BRYANT STRUGGLES, DALE HITS HIM
HARD IN THE KIDNEYS UNTIL HE CEASES TO STRUGGLE AND DROPS THE HAMMER.

You're a fuckin' fool. You had your chance
to get me and you blew it. Well it's too
late, because I'm gonna neck you, mate.
In another thirty seconds you'll be history.

BRYANT STRUGGLES HARD, BUT DALE HAS THE ADVANTAGE.

Go on scream...scream. They'll save you.
You're their number one boy.
Scream you dog!

BRYANT GASPS, BUT REFUSES TO SCREAM.

BRYANT
I'd rather die.

DALE THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND. BRYANT GASPS FOR BREATH. DALE PICKS UP THE HAMMER AND STANDS OVER BRYANT.

DALE
I knew you'd say that. I could'a necked you, because you wouldn't give me up. That's what I meant when I said you're your own worst enemy. We all are. They know we won't give 'em up. We've gotta play 'em at their own game, mate.

DALE OFFERS THE HANDLE OF THE HAMMER TO BRYANT. BRYANT HESITATES, THEN GRABS IT. DALE PULLS HIM UP, LETS GO OF THE HAMMER AND SLOWLY TURNS HIS BACK ON BRYANT. BRYANT LOOKS AT THE HAMMER, THEN AT DALE AND THROWS THE HAMMER AGAINST THE WALL.

BRYANT
How?

DALE
We gotta stop coppin' their shit...and that means we gotta stick together.

BRYANT
Stick together? You can't get these cunts to stick. They're shit terrified of the joint.

DALE
They'd listen to you. I'm terrified of the joint, mate, but I'm more scared I'm gonna kill one of these cunts and end up here for life. Can't you fuckin' see? You've been working for these cunts for years. You're probably responsible for the way Tigge is.

BRYANT LOOKS AT DALE, QUERRYINGLY.

By lettin' 'em get away with the bash.

BRYANT

But give 'em up?

DALE

That's right. It means gettin' up in the box
and saying "that's the cunt who bashed me,
him, him and him";

BRYANT DELIBERATES. PAUSES. THEN LAUGHS. HE GRABS THE LARGE HAMMER AND WALKS TO
THE DOOR. HE LAUGHS AGAIN AND SMASHES THE DOOR WITH THE HAMMER.

38. INT.

CELL BLOCK AREA

DAY

WE HEAR THE HAMMER HITTING THE LABOUR YARD DOOR. KERT SMILES AT BERRIMAN AND
GAUNT. BERRIMAN AND GAUNT, PLEASED WITH THEMSELVES, SLOWLY WALK DOWN THE
CORRIDOR TO THE LABOUR YARDS.

39.

CELL BLOCK

NIGHT

BERRIMAN IS SITTING AT A SMALL TABLE. HE IS PEELING AN APPLE WITH A POCKET-KNIFE.
IN FRONT OF HIM IS AN OPEN NEWSPAPER AND A RADIO. THE RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY.
MATTRESSES, BLANKETS, ETC. ARE STACKED OUTSIDE BRYANT AND DALE'S CELL. WE HEAR A
WHISTLE. BERRIMAN, REACTING TO THE WHISTLE, TURNS THE RADIO OFF.
ANOTHER WHISTLE.
BERRIMAN QUIETLY WALKS TO EACH CELL. THE OBSERVATION CELL IS EMPTY. WHEN HE
REACHES THE FAR END, A LOUD KNOCK IS HEARD FROM THE OPPOSITE END.
F.X. KNOCKING. BERRIMAN WALKS BACK.

BERRIMAN

What number?

THERE IS NO REPLY. BERRIMAN SHOUTS.

Who's knocking?

E.X. LOUD KNOCKING.
A LOUD KNOCK IS HEARD DOWN AT THE FAR END. BERRIMAN RACES DOWN, SHOUTING.

Who's knocking!

DALE

Opportunity, yer mug.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING. BERRIMAN SHOUTS.

BERRIMAN

Who's that? Who said that?

BRYANT

Who dat there?

DALE

Who dat?

BARRETT

Hey, dere.

PRISONER

Who dere?

THE PRISONERS BREAK INTO LAUGHTER. BERRIMAN RUNS UP AND DOWN, SHOUTING.

BERRIMAN

Shutup...shutup...you bastards, shutup.

THE NOISE SUBSIDES.

WE HEAR ANOTHER WHISTLE.

DALE IS STANDING NEAR THE DOOR OF HIS CELL. ON THE FLOOR IS A SINGLE BLANKET.

DALE

What's doin', Coua?

BARRETT, DRESSED AND GRINNING, IS LISTENING AT HIS DOOR. BARRETT KNOCKS ON HIS DOOR.

BARRETT

Mr Berriman? Hey, Mr Berriman?

BERRIMAN
What number?

BARRETT
Two, Mr Berriman.

DALE MIMICS BARRETT.

DALE
And get here quick, you cock-sucker.

V.O. OF PRISONERS LAUGHING AS BERRIMAN RACES TO BARRETT'S CELL AND OPENS THE TRAP.

BERRIMAN
What'd you want?

BARRETT SPEAKS IN AN AFFECTED ENGLISH ACCENT.

BARRETT
Be a good officer and turn the radio up, old
chap.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

BERRIMAN
One more wise crack out'a you Barrett, and you're
charged.

BERRIMAN SLAMS THE TRAP CLOSED. THE PRISONERS START SHOUTING.

DALE
Hey, keep the noise down Berriman.

PRIS.4

Quiet.

BRYANT
Lay down you motherfucker.

PRIS.5

Quiet.

BARRETT

Shutup, Berriman.

DALE

Get back to yer kennel.

BRYANT

Who dat? Who dat there?

BARRETT

What's doin'?

BRYANT

We want food.

BARRETT

Yeah, give us food.

DALE BANGS ON HIS DOOR.

DALE

We want food.

BERRIMAN PACES UP AND DOWN SHOUTING AS THE PRISONERS CHANT, "WE WANT FOOD".

BERRIMAN

Shutup...shutup...shutup.

DRISCOLL SITS SILENTLY IN HIS BED. THE CHANT SUBSIDES.

DALE
Yeah, shut up, you blokes.

PRISONER
Who's makin' dat noise?

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

BRYANT
Hey, quieten down, I'm trying to sleep.

BARRETT
Ten Four.

DALE
Who dat? Who dat dere?

BERRIMAN IS LOOKING THROUGH THE SPYHOLE AND TELLING EACH PRISONER TO "SHUT UP".
HE LOOKS INTO BRYANT'S SPYHOLE.

BERRIMAN
Shut up...

BRYANT
I said quiet.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING. BERRIMAN LOOKS INTO DALE'S SPYHOLE.

DALE
Who dat?

BARRETT
What's doin' Lizard?

DALE
You're the one, mate.

BARRETT
Who said dat?

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

BRYANT
Turn the radio up.

PRIS.6
Turn it up.

DALE
Turn the radio up, Berriman.

E.X. OF PRISONERS BANGING ON THE DOORS AND CHANTING "WE WANT THE RADIO".
BERRIMAN NOW HAS A NOTEBOOK. HE MOVES FROM CELL TO CELL, WRITING IN THE BOOK
AND SHOUTING. THE CHANTING SUBSIDES.

BERRIMAN
You're charged...you're charged...

DALE
Charge with what, Berriman?

BARRETT
Eatin' between meals.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

BERRIMAN
You'll find out.

DALE
You bewdy. Hey, boys, you hear that?
I'm charged.

PRIS.6

I'm charged too.

PRIS.5

Me too.

DALE

Charged with what Berriman?

BERRIMAN

Refusing to obey an order, making unnecessary noise, and abusive language.

DALE

Abusive language?

What are yer talkin' about?

PRIS.6

Give it to 'im, mate.

DALE

I haven't used any abusive language...you cunt!

PRIS.6

Yeah, you cunt.

BRYANT

Motherfucker.

DALE

You cunt.

V.O. OF ALL PRISONERS CHANTING, "CUNT...CUNT..."; BERRIMAN SLAMS THE TRAP. BARRETT GIVES A DOG HOWL. V.O. PRISONERS BARKING AND HOWLING. BERRIMAN WRITES IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE CHANTING STOPS. SILENCE. V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

DALE

Who dat?

PRIS.5

Who dat dere?

DALE

Well if we can't have our wireless, we'll just have one of our own. This is bravo one to bravo two. Come in bravo two.

BARRETT

Bravo two to bravo one. I hear you loud and clear.

HE LAUGHS AND GIVES A LOUD WOLF HOWL. V.O. PRISONERS GIVING WOLF HOWLS.

Ten four.

BRYANT

Bravo three here.

DALE

We hear you bravo three. How you doin' it, Coutar?

BRYANT

On me head, mate. What's doin' lizard?

BERRIMAN OPENS DALE'S TRAP.

BERRIMAN

I'm warning you lot. You're heading for trouble, Dale.

DALE

Fuck off, Berriman.

BERRIMAN SLAMS THE TRAP.

BARRETT
Who dat?

BRYANT
Who dat there?

DALE
We'd better do a muster, eh mate?

BRYANT
Muster up.

BRYANT JUMPS UP

Let's stand up and be counted. Muster up.
Everybody on the cross.

BRYANT STEPS ON THE CROSS.

Atten...shun.

DALE STANDS TO ATTENTION ON HIS CROSS.

DALE
Bravo one, present and correct, Sir.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING AND CHEERING.

Hold it, I got the salute wrong.
All present and correct, Sir.

DALE SALUTES. THE PRISONERS CHEER.

PRIS. 5

You bewdy.

PRIS. 6

We're with you, mate.

DALE

Bravo two?

BARRETT

This is the Tiger here.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING AND MAKING ANIMAL NOISES.

DALE

You're the one, mate.

BRYANT

What's doin' Tigge?

BERRIMAN OPENS BARRETT'S TRAP. BARRETT PLAYS UP TO BERRIMAN.

BARRETT

I'm stalkin' me prey, mate.

PRIS. 6

You bewdy.

DALE

Watch he don't give you myxomatosis, mate.

BARRETT

Yeah, he's likely to have anythin', the fuckin' rabbit.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

DALE Bravo four?
DALE

PRIS. 4 Bravo four, present and correct, Sir.

PRISONER FOUR GIVES A WOLF HOWL. V.O. ALL PRISONERS GIVING WOLF HOWLS.

DALE Five?
DALE

PRIS. 5 Five here.

PRIS. 6 Six here.

DALE SMILES. BERRIMAN IS FURIOUS.

PRIS. 7 Bravo seven present and correct, Sir.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

PRIS. 8 Eight here. Atten...shun, bravo eight, present and correct, Sir.

PRISONERS LAUGHING AND CHEERING.

BRYANT Better bravo eight. Much better.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING. SILENCE.

DALE

Nine?

Bravo one to nine. Come in bravo nine.

Hey Driscoll.

DRISCOLL IS SITTING, FRIGHTENED, ON HIS BED, BERRIMAN HAS OPENED HIS TRAP.

BARRETT

Hey Driscoll.

DALE

Let's hear it, Driscoll.

BERRIMAN IS THREATENING, DRISCOLL.

BERRIMAN

One word, Driscoll.

PRIS. 5

What are you Driscoll, a dog?

PRIS. 6

He's a dog.

BARRETT

That's it, a fuckin' dog.

Hey Lassie...what about it? Be a good dog and we'll

give you a plate of meaty bites.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

DALE

Carn, Driscoll.

PRIS. 6

One in, all in.

DALE

Yeah, one in, all in.

BARRETT

Yeah, one in, all in.

V.O. PRISONERS SHOUTING.

BRYANT

Hold it...hold it!

THE PRISONERS QUIETEN.

Hey Drisk? Drisk?

DALE

He mightn't be there, mate.

BRYANT

He's there. You're there aren't you, mate.

You don't have to answer, just listen.

You see, it's like this Drisk. We're all sorta like

one big family, you know stickin' together and

fightin' the one common enemy. Driscoll? DRISCOLL?

Hey Lizard, that bloke in the book. What'd he call

it? A unity or somethin'?

DALE

Unity in adversity, mate.

BRYANT

Did yer hear that, mate? Unity. We've gotta stick together.

DALE

Yeah, fuckin' oath.

PRIS. 6

Stick together.

PRIS. 7

Fuckin' oath we do.

BARRETT

Yeah, carn Driscoll, you cunt.

BRYANT

You see we're all a bit scared, mate. You're scared of gettin' a bash and me...well I'm scared too. But you see mate, it's only because we let 'em keep us scared. If we knew they couldn't bash us or load us with charges, we'd have nothin' to be scared of...as long as we stick together, they'll never bash us again. Never.

DALE

You've gotta resign, Driscoll.

BRYANT

That's right, mate. They'll never touch us again.

PRIS. 6

That's right, Couta. Never.

DALE

They can't touch us if we all stick together.

BRYANT

Did you hear that mate? We're gonna stop the bash.

BARRETT

Fuckin' oath we are.

DALE

Unity in adversity.

BRYANT

Down with the bash.

PRIS. 6
Down with the bash.

V.O. PRISONERS CHANTING "DOWN WITH THE BASH". BERRIMAN RUNS FROM CELL TO CELL BANGING ON THE DOORS. THE CHANTING REACHES A CRESCENDO THEN SLOWLY QUIETENS UNTIL ONLY ONE VOICE IS HEARD.

DRISCOLL
Down with the bash...down with the bash.

BERRIMAN LOOKS IN DRISCOLL'S TRAP.

I'm with you Couta...down with the bash.

V.O. OF PRISONERS CHEERING. BERRIMAN SLAMS DRISCOLL'S TRAP.

BRYANT
Good on yer, mate.

BARRETT
You're the one, Drisk.

DALE
Unity in adversity.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

PRIS. 10
Ten here.

PRIS. 11
Eleven here.

PRIS. 12
Twelve, present, Sir.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

DALE
(ELATED) That's everyone.

BARRETT

One in, all in.

BERRIMAN LOOKS IN DALE'S SPYHOLE.

DALE
Who dat? Who dat dere?

V.O. ALL PRISONERS SHOUTING "WHO DAT? WHO DAT DERE?"; BERRIMAN OPENS DALE'S TRAP.

This is bravo one to all units. We have our special report for the day.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING. BERRIMAN WRITES IN HIS NOTEBOOK.

Today the Barracouta fronted his first lot of appeals for the unlawful charges brought against him by officer Berr...mann.

V.O. PRISONERS BOOING.

We cut to our roving reporter, bravo two, for the latest on the court scene.

BARRETT, CAUGHT OFF GUARD, IS SHY.

BARRETT

Ah...yes..er, hallo listeners. This is your friendly neighbourhood (LAUGHS). Neighbourhood...hood...get it?

V.O. PRISONERS "SEND UP" LAUGH.

Your friendly neighbourhood magistrate er...
reporting on the sentencing of that social rodent,
Bryant, otherwise known as the Barracouta.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING, BRYANT LAUGHS.

Um...er..Mr Couta gave his address as pool 13,
3rd Avenue, Melbourne Zoological Gardens.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

And for that I sentence him to er...forty-eight hours
worms and water.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

Er..four counts of keeping a dirty pond...er...
seven days on each count.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING, BERRIMAN OPENS BARRETT'S CELL.

BERRIMAN
Shutup Barreth.

BARRETT
For refusing to obey his keepers, three months
imprisonment.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

And..er..Couta? Destroying government property,
namely the entrance to the pool and as...two
plastic plates er..six months hard labour.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING.

And...um...for unnecessary noise.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING. THEN "SSSSSSHHHHH".

Seven years.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING AND KNOCKING ON THE DOORS.

DALE

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you the latest on the appeals of the Barracouta. We have some bad news...

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING SARCASTICALLY.

Mr Couta had his seven year sentence squashed by his honour Sir Justice Tapkey.

BRYANT LAUGHS. THE PRISONERS GIVE THEIR DISAPPROVING BOOS. DALE SPEAKS IN AN AFFECTED VOICE.

Mr Berriman, I find it extremely difficult to draw a legal line between when a noise is necessary, and when a noise is unnecessary.

BERRIMAN OPENS DALE'S TRAP.

BERRIMAN
You're charged, Dale.

DALE
Get fucked.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

PRIS, 6
Yeah, get fucked you dog.

PRIS, 7

You motherfucker.

BERRIMAN

You're all charged with disobeying an order.

BERRIMAN SLAMS THE TRAP.

DALE

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important announcement.

V.O. PRISONERS "SSSSHHHHH";

It is believed a bus load of children has plunged head first down a ravine in the Dandenongs.

V.O. PRISONERS CHEERING. BERRIMAN IS DISGUSTED.

BARRETT

You bewdy.

BRYANT

How many died, mate?

DALE

Latest reports indicate thirty schoolchildren have died.

PRIS, 6

You fuckin' ripper.

DALE

That brings the road toll to nine hundred and sixty.

BRYANT
No, mate. Nine hundred and sixty-two.
V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

BARRETT
No stoppin' us from gettin' a grand.

PRIS. 6
Who said dat?

DALE
Who dat?

PRIS. 7
What's doin'?

DALE
Who said dat?

BRYANT
Hey, don't that Berriman's rotten kids go to school
in Dandenong somewhere?

PRIS. 7
Oland Primary, isn't it?

DALE
No, it's Ollinda, mate. Ollinda Primary School.

PRIS. 7
Yeah, Ollinda.

PRIS. 6
That's it.

DALE
Isn't that right Mr Berriman?
Olinda Primary School?

BERRIMAN
You mention my kids you bastard and I promise you
you'll never get out'a here alive.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING AND CHEERING.

DALE
You hear that, chaps?
Let me write that down, Mr Berriman. You're charged
with threatening one of Her Majesty's animals.

BERRIMAN
I'm warning you, Dale, we're gonna...

DALE
Ah, ha, a conspiracy. You hear that, chaps?
Mr Berriman has just threatened me.

BARRETT
Hey, hey, hey Couta?
I heard something about Berriman today, mate.

BERRIMAN RACES TO BARRETT'S CELL AND OPENS HIS TRAP.

BRYANT
What's that, mate?

BARRETT
Well, when the war was on (LAUGHS), Berriman
flew to Germany...and gave himself up.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.
BERRIMAN GETS A LONG POLE AND VICIOUSLY POKES AT BARRETT.

DALE
What, surrendered?

BARRETT
Yeah.

BRYANT
Hey Tige? He must've hitchhiked the Pommy bastard, eh?
He wouldn't have spent a quid on fares.

DALE
Hey? He might'a put his daughter on the beat.

BRYANT
What? With handcuffs on?

DALE
Handcuffs wouldn't have bothered her if she was gettin'
fucked by police dogs.

BARRETT IS SUCCESSFULLY EVADING BERRIMAN'S ATTACK.

BARRETT
Or suckin' 'em off.

DALE
What are yer, crook on police dogs.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

PRIS. 7
If he had all the money he spent on V.D. clinics
for his daughter, the bastard'd be a millionaire.

BRYANT
So he should pay, the swine. She caught it from him,
didn't she?

BERRIMAN MANAGES TO POKE BARRETT IN THE THROAT.

BARRETT

You fuckin' dog, Berriman. fuckin' dog.

BERRIMAN CLOSES THE TRAP.

BRYANT

Tige? Don't let him worry you, mate. His turn's comin'. I promise you, mate.

DALE

Don't let him get to you, mate. You've gotta resign.

BERRIMAN

You're all gonna get it, the lot of you. Each one of you are gonna get a serve. I promise you.

DALE

That's not what the Gaffa said, Berriman.

PRIS. 7

That's right, Berriman, no more bash.

BERRIMAN

Fuck the Governor. We run the division down here.

BRYANT

You won't offer they have a Royal Commission.

BERRIMAN

You won't get a Royal Commission. We'll see to that.

BRYANT

We've got news for you, Berriman. You're ratshit man, ratshit.

DALE
In fact, we're gonna give you one more chance,
isn't that right, boys? We'll give Berriman a chance
to get out.

PRIS, 7
That's right, Berriman. One more chance.

PRIS, 6
One more chance, Berriman.

DALE
Leave the job, Berriman. Just write a statement sayin'
you bashed us and we'll let you off.

BRYANT
Berriman? Did you hear that? Leave it under my door
by eight in the mornin', Berriman.

DALE
And if you don't, we'll neck yer.

BARRETT, HYSTERICAL, IS SITTING IN THE CORNER.

BARRETT
Cunt. Dog. Fuckin' dog.

BRYANT
Well, you're dealin' with me now, Berriman.
How'd you like it if one of me mates dropped around
and cut up your kids, eh, Berriman?

PRIS, 6
I will, mate. Main Road, Ollinda, isn't it?

DALE
That's it, mate.

PRIS. 6
Well, I'll just drop in and say hullo to you and
your missus, Berriman.

BRYANT
Berriman? I've got an ice pick in here and I'm gonna
take your eyes out with it. It's a bit rusty, but I
promise you, you won't see a thing.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING.

I'll do you a favour, Berriman. Tell me which is your
weakest eye and I'll have that one, cunt. Just stay
in the Slot, Berriman, and one day you'll be standin'
with your guard down, Berriman, and I'll get you.
How does it feel to be stalked by a madman, Berriman?

V.O. PRISONERS MAKING "MAD" NOISES.

We run the Division down here. We run it now, you cunt.

PRIS. 6
Fuckin' oath we do.

DRISCOLL
Yeah, you're ratshit, Berriman.
We're gonna chop your fuckin' kids up, Berriman and
feed them to yer dog.

BRYANT
You hear that, Berriman? Just give me a bark if you hear?

V.O. PRISONERS BARKING. BERRIMAN TURNS HIS RADIO UP FULL VOLUME. THE PRISONERS
BARK LOUDER. BERRIMAN BANGS HIS BATON ON THE CELL DOORS. THE GOVERNOR AND
KERT ENTER THE CELL BLOCK AREA. BERRIMAN RUNS TO THE RADIO AND TURNS IT OFF.
BERRIMAN SALUTES THE GOVERNOR. THE GOVERNOR DOES NOT RETURN THE SALUTE.
THE PRISONERS ARE STILL BARKING.

GOVERNOR
What seems to be the trouble, Mr Berriman?

BERRIMAN

Well...er...

GOVERNOR

What's the trouble down here?

THE NOISE SUBSIDES.

DALE

Hullo, it's the Gaffa.

We're trying to get some sleep, Gaffa, but

Mr Berriman won't turn the radio down.

PRIS. 6

That's right. We're doin' nothin' wrong. It's Berriman.

BERRIMAN

That's not right, Sir.

DALE

It's Berriman.

BRYANT

Yeah, it's fuckin' Berriman...Berriman...

BERRIMAN...BERRIMAN...

V.O. PRISONERS SHOUTING "BERRIMAN". BERRIMAN RUNS FROM CELL TO CELL
SCREAMING.

BERRIMAN

Quiet. Quiet. Quiet...Quiet...

THE PRISONERS STOP SHOUTING AS BERRIMAN CONTINUES SCREAMING.

Quiet...Quiet...Quiet.

BERRIMAN, ON THE VERGE OF BREAKING DOWN, REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE AND STANDS TO ATTENTION. THE GOVERNOR LOOKS PITTINGLY AT BERRIMAN.

DALE
We want to charge him with cruel and unusual punishment.

GOVERNOR
Do you now?

DALE
That's right. Cruel and unusual punishment under the United Nations Charter.

GOVERNOR
Is that right?

PRIS. 6
Yeah, I want'a too.

PRIS. 7
Same here.

DALE
He's a dog.

PRIS. 7
We all do.

PRIS. 6
A sadist.

THE GOVERNOR WALKS TO BRYANT'S CELL AND MOTIONS FOR BERRIMAN TO OPEN THE TRAP.

GOVERNOR
What about, Bryant?

CONT.

BRYANT DOES NOT ANSWER. THE GOVERNOR RAISES HIS VOICE.

You wish to write a statement against Officer Berriman?

DALE

Watch it, mate. He's settin' you up. It won't work, Gaffa. We've made up our minds and if it means writing a statement, we'll write statements.

THE GOVERNOR TURNS TO BERRIMAN.

GOVERNOR

The natives have found themselves a spokesman.

BERRIMAN

It's Dale, Sir.

BERRIMAN LOOKS AT KERT. THE GOVERNOR WALKS TO DALE'S CELL. BERRIMAN OPENS THE TRAP.

GOVERNOR

Dale, the big hero.

DALE

I'm no fuckin' hero, mate. I'm shit scared.

GOVERNOR

Yes, you would be scared, Dale. Discipline's the only thing your type fears.

DALE

I'm not scared of being bashed, mate. I'm passed that. I'm just scared of not livin' proper.

GOVERNOR

Does that give you the right to disrupt the Division, Dale? Abuse good officers?

DALE
Good Officers? those cunts would have us in ovens if you gave them the orders.

GOVERNOR
They're good officers, Dale. Devoted to their duty.

DALE
They're pushers, mate. Your fuckin' pushers.

GOVERNOR
They're good officers. they deserve better than the likes of you.

DALE
They deserve fucking.

PRIS. 7
Yeah, fuck 'em all.

PRIS. 6
Dogs.

DRISCOLL
They should all be fucked.

PRIS. 7
Who said dat?

GOVERNOR
I've seen your type before, Dale. You come in here as a young lout with a small lagging. Think you're big time. But you don't know how to handle it, do you Dale? All you're good for is causing trouble.

DALE
I'll tell you somethin' old man. I maybe a lout by your standards, but if it means me gettin' an extra five years to stop your fuckin' henchmen, then I'll fuckin' do it.

GOVERNOR
How long you got before parole, Dale?

DALE DOES NOT ANSWER.

As long as I'm Governor of this prison, you won't get
one day's remission, and I'll guarantee you won't get
parole.

DALE
Threaten me as much as you like, but your days are
numbered. We're not scared of you any more. None of us.

PRIS. 7
That's right.

PRIS. 6
Stick your remission up your arse.

DRISCOLL
We're with you, mate.

PRIS. 7
Unity in adversity.

BARRETT
Cunt.

PRIS. 6
Who dat?

DALE
We're not scared to stand up and be counted.

GOVERNOR
You'll get your chance alright. You'll all get plenty
of opportunity for that.

DALE
Fuckin' oath, we will...and when they hold the
Royal Commission, I'll be the first one to give
evidence.

GOVERNOR
That's a change, an informer wanting to be a grandstander.

DALE
It won't work old man. We've resigned from your world.
You're history, mate. History.

PRIS. 7
Yeah, history.

PRIS. 6
You're a mongrel of a Governor.

PRIS. 7
We're liberated.

V.O. PRISONERS LAUGHING AND GIVING "ANIMAL NOISES". THE GOVERNOR GOES TO
BRYANT'S CELL. THE GOVERNOR MOTIONS TO BERRIMAN.

GOVERNOR
Open his door.

BERRIMAN
But...

KERT
Governor...

GOVERNOR
I said open it.

KERT HANDS THE KEYS TO BERRIMAN WHO UNLOCKS BRYANT'S CELL. THE GOVERNOR ENTERS.
BRYANT STANDS.

DALE
Don't listen to him, mate. He's tryin' to use you
strength against yer.

BERRIMAN CLOSES DALE'S TRAP, THEN FOLLOWS THE GOVERNOR INTO BRYANT'S CELL.

GOVERNOR
(TO BERRIMAN) Wait outside.

BERRIMAN WAITS OUTSIDE.

GOVERNOR

(TO BRYANT) In the old days it was the hard head who
was respected by all. He earned that respect.

Remember the day I became Governor? You were the hard
head...and to prove you were...you spread the word

that nobody was to eat their lunch, and that day not
one prisoner picked up his meal. There was a certain

dignity then. Sure it was hard. But you had pride, a pride in what
you were.

Now...all you can see is young ratbags like Dale, raising
their head and trying to bulllock their way into the big

time. In the old days if anyone lagged anyone, crim or
screw, you'd spit on him. Now everyone wants to be an

informer. I don't understand, Bryant. Why?

40. EXT. H.M. PRISON PENTRIDGE MORN.

DAYBREAK. THE SUN RISES OVER THE BLUESTONE WALLS OF PENTRIDGE PRISON.

41. EXT. LABOUR YARDS MORN.

THE OFFICERS ARE ON THE CATWALK LOOKING INTO THE LABOUR YARDS WHERE THE
PRISONERS ARE MUSTERED. THE GOVERNOR, ACCOMPANIED BY COGLAN ENTERS AND TAKES
UP A CENTRAL POSITION ON THE CATWALK. IN THEIR RESPECTIVE YARDS DALE AND BRYANT
WATCH, INTENTLY, AS THE GOVERNOR PREPARES TO SPEAK.

CONT.

GOVERNOR
Now, I'm sure none of you men are particularly proud of your conduct. But I'm prepared to give you one more chance if you're willing to return to work.

KERT, BERRIMAN AND GAUNT ARE DISAPPOINTED AT THE GOVERNOR'S COMPROMISE.

BARRETT

Gaffa? Do you hear me, Gaffa?

THE GOVERNOR WALKS TO BARRETT'S YARD.

I'm gonna kill you cunts...because I've resigned, you hear me? I'VE RESIGNED...

BARRETT SMASHES THE LABOUR YARD DOOR WITH THE LARGE HAMMER. BRYANT AND DALE GRAB THEIR HAMMERS AND START SMASHING THE DOORS. BARRETT SCREAMS. ALL THE PRISONERS START SCREAMING. THEY BARRICADE THEIR DOORS WITH THE ROCKS. THE GOVERNOR RUNS TO THE TELEPHONE. COGLAN AND KERT WATCH THE PRISONERS AS THE OTHER OFFICERS RUN TO THE CELL BLOCK AREA. THE EMERGENCY SIREN GOES. BRYANT STARTS SMASHING THE WALL BETWEEN THE LABOUR YARDS. DALE, WHO IS IN THE ADJACENT YARD JOINS IN. WHEN THE HOLE IS LARGE ENOUGH, BRYANT CLIMBS THROUGH TO DALE'S YARD, AND THEY BOTH SMASH THE OPPOSITE WALL. BERRIMAN APPEARS ON THE CATWALK WITH A RIFLE. THE GOVERNOR INDICATES FOR HIM NOT TO USE IT. DALE AND BRYANT SMASH THROUGH INTO DRISCOLL'S YARD. THE THREE SET ABOUT SMASHING EVERYTHING THAT IS BREAKABLE, BUILDING TO A PHYSICAL FRENZY.

AN ABRUPT CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

COURT CLERK (V.O.)
...May I please your Excellency, that having been constituted and appointed by order in Council, to be a Board, and inquire into and

DALE IS HANDCUFFED NAKED TO THE BARS OF THE OBSERVATION CELL. HE IS SUFFERING FROM FATIGUE. HIS FACE IS PUFFED AND BRUISED. HE CLOSES HIS EYES IN AN ATTEMPT TO STIFLE THE PAIN. HE OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN, THEY ARE FILLED WITH TEARS. WE END ON AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF DALE'S FACE IN FREEZE FRAME. HIS EXPRESSION READS A COMBINATION OF ANGUISH AND UNCERTAINTY.

COURT CLERK (V.O. CONT.)

report on several matters concerning Her Majesty's Prison Pentridge including by paragraph (a) of the said order in Council, whether prisoners in H Division of Her Majesty's prison, have been subjected to brutal or other forms of ill-treatment by prison officers.

CREDITS ROLL

COUNSEL

Mr Berriman, could you give the Board a little of your background?

BERRIMAN

Ah..I joined the prison service after migrating from England ah...twenty-two years ago, Sir.

COUNSEL

How many years have you worked in H Division?

BERRIMAN

Ah...nearly ten years, Sir.

COUNSEL

Why do you choose to work in H Division?

BERRIMAN

Ah...because of the regular rosters...ah...because the officers in H Division are a very good group of men, very well dressed, very clean.

COUNSEL
Could you tell the Board please, have you ever used any unlawful force on a prisoner?

BERRIMAN
No, I haven't.

COUNSEL
Have you ever had occasion to use force on a prisoner?

BERRIMAN
Yes, I have.

COUNSEL
In what circumstances?

BERRIMAN
There are times when a prisoner jacks up, when he is supposed to be marching and refuses to move. I have used the necessary force to put him into the yards, usually by grabbing him by the collar and the belt of his trousers and the term is, I think frog march him to the yards.

COUNSEL
What about when they refuse to march properly? Would you use any force in those circumstances?

BERRIMAN
I was right behind them, moving them along. If they stopped, I would bump into them.

COUNSEL
Apart from that, are there any other forms of physical contact?

BERRIMAN
No. I can't recall any.

COUNSEL

Ever?

BERRIMAN

Never.

What you are trying to do in H Division is enforce a military style discipline upon people, who as a body, resent it. Is that not right, Mr Kert?

KERT

That is right, Sir. It has been my experience, that the majority of people, whether they be prisoners or members of the armed forces, will do as they are told. But in some cases you may have to raise your voice to get the desired results. You may even have to use a little bit of psychology and in further cases only a clout behind the backside will get the desired results.

COUNSEL

And you would come pretty quickly to that clout behind the backside?

KERT

Not particularly, Sir. Raising the voice and a little bit of psychology helps. But even during 1940, when a soldier did not do as he was told, the sergeant gave him one across the earhole, and he was confined to a military prison.

COUNSEL

This one across the earhole, how often did you do that?

KERT

I have never had to do that myself, Sir.

THE BOARD OF INQUIRY FOUND THAT SOME PRISON OFFICERS OF H DIVISION DID ADOPT UNLAWFUL AND BRUTAL METHODS OF DISCIPLINE AGAINST PRISONERS IN THAT DIVISION. HOWEVER THE CHARGES WERE LATER DISMISSED IN A MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

THE REBELLION ACHIEVED LITTLE FOR THOSE WHO LED IT, BUT THEY MAY FIND CONSOLATION IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEIR EFFORTS HAVE SAVED AND, IT IS HOPED, WILL SAVE THEIR FELLOW PRISONERS FROM THE PAINFUL AND TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES THAT DALE, BRYANT, BARRETT, DRISCOLL AND MANY OTHERS SUFFERED IN H DIVISION.

H DIVISION HAS SINCE CLOSED.

THE END