



**Information Commissioner's Office**  
Promoting public access to official information  
and protecting your personal information

## **'THE LIGHTS ARE ON ...'**

Transcript of the ICO's training dvd

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### **SCENE 1: INSIDE OPEN-PLAN OFFICE DURING THE DAY.**

*A man (PETER), sitting at his desk in an open-plan office, is speaking into his phone, recording his voice-mail message.*

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

To record a new voice message, please speak after the beep.

*There is an audible beep.*

**PETER:**

Hi, erm, you've reached the voice-mail service for Peter Hedley. I'm sorry I can't take your call right now, but I will be away from the office for the next couple of days on business – (Beat) – Well, I say on business, but actually it's not really actually – per se – you know, an actual business trip. It's more a training thing – you know, one of those company initiatives – at some - probably ghastly - out of town hotel – you know, pokey little rooms with over-eager central heating and a tiny telly with a picture like a snowman in a snowstorm...and one of those ridiculous trouser press thingys which are fantastic at toasting sandwiches...Anyway, our masters, in their wisdom, feel it's time for us to get a proper grip on the challenges of the Data Protection Act – which, well, you can imagine how excited we are about that...so...well, that's what I'll be up to. And a positively riveting time will be had by all. Errr, thing is...of course, if you *need* to contact me, you can call me on my mobile. The number for that is...errr... 07736...9...

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Time up in 5 seconds.

**PETER:**

Oh god...errr...07736...973...47...

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Time up. Thank you.

There is a beep and then a 'dead line' drone

**PETER:**

(deflated)

...8. (Beat) Bugger.

*A colleague (GLEN) calls over to Peter.*

GLEN:  
Come on mate. Everyone's in the minibus.

PETER:  
Oh...right...errr...

*Peter puts the phone down. His phone immediately rings. A colleague (LAUREN) is on the line.*

LAUREN:  
Peter. The credit and personal contact details of the investors – you promised! I need them yesterday.

PETER:  
Ah, Lauren. Hi. Of course...but...you know all this stuff is very sensitive – I need time to really...and I've got to go on this training thing and...

LAUREN:  
Yesterday Peter. You promised me I'd have all the paperwork by...

PETER:  
I know what I promised. (Beat) Right. I'll take the files with me, and get the information e-mailed to you this evening. OK.

*He puts the phone down. Sighs. Picks up several files from his desk and juggles them with an overnight bag which he picks up from the floor beside his desk, before trudging off.*

## **SCENE 2: OUTSIDE HOTEL - BIN AREA**

*A little later, as Peter arrives, he passes a couple of members of hotel staff carrying a computer hard drive and monitor etc out to a large bin by the side of the hotel. The first member of staff drops the hard drive by the side of the bin. The second member of staff puts the monitor down by the side of the bin, but is not happy with what they are doing.*

MEMBER OF STAFF 2:  
Are you sure it's all right to just leave these here? I mean, it could have personal stuff on it, like staff salary and bank details – you know. Shouldn't we - well – destroy it – smash it up or something?

MEMBER OF STAFF 1:

What? You want employee of the month or something! No-one's gonna do anything with this steam- powered piece of garbage? It doesn't matter!

*Member of staff 2 looks at the box and then at his colleague who is sauntering back into the hotel. After a beat '2' shrugs and follows '1' back and into the hotel.*

### **SCENE 3: INSIDE HOTEL RECEPTION.**

*Seconds later, Peter is standing at reception, waiting for the hotel receptionist to attend to him. Glen has just checked in and has picked up his bags to go to his room*

GLEN:  
See you later.

PETER:  
Oh. Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Sir?

PETER:  
I'd like to check in too please.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Very good Sir. You're with the Cornchurch group?

PETER:  
That's right.

RECEPTIONIST:  
If I could have your name, please, Sir.

PETER:  
Peter Hedley.

*The Receptionist inputs the information into a computer.*

RECEPTIONIST:  
Very good. And, just for security, could I have your date of birth.

PETER:  
Oh. Right. Errr...4<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup>, 69.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Thank you Mr Hedley and have you stayed with us before?

PETER:  
Errr...No.

RECEPTIONIST:  
I see. Would you prefer a smoking or non-smoking room, Sir?

PETER:  
Non-smoking please.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Very good. And which Newspaper? Independent or Times?

PETER:  
Oh, don't worry, I won't have time for that.

RECEPTIONIST:  
I see. And, if I might have your shoe size.

PETER:  
My...what? My shoe...errr...is that strictly necessary?

*The Receptionist stares at him and smiles, but says nothing.*

PETER:  
Ah. Well...if it's... errr...9 normally. 9 and a half sometimes...you know, depending on whether it's brogues or trainers or...

RECEPTIONIST:  
Thank you sir. 9 is sufficient. We can't input half sizes on the system.

PETER:  
Oh. Right.

*The Receptionist smiles at him.*

PETER:  
So. If I could have my key.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Absolutely Sir. Soon as we've completed the guest information form. Not much more to cover.

PETER:  
Ah. Right.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Full English or Continental?

PETER:  
Sorry?

RECEPTIONIST:  
Breakfast – your preference, Mr. Hedley.

PETER:  
Oh, right. Good. Errr...Continental I s'pose.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Thank you. And, early morning call?

PETER:  
Oh, yes. Thanks. 7.00 am, please.

RECEPTIONIST:  
Very good. And... sexual orientation.

*PETER's smile freezes.*

PETER:  
I'm sorry...did you just ask me...?

RECEPTIONIST:  
You sexual orientation, Mr. Hedley.

PETER:  
But...l...the...errrr...

RECEPTIONIST:  
There are *other* people waiting to register Sir.

*Peter looks over his shoulder and he is embarrassed to see that there is a queue of people forming behind him.*

PETER:  
(Hissing between his teeth)  
You can't be serious!?

RECEPTIONIST:  
If it's something your uncomfortable with, then I can...

PETER:

It's not that! But, I mean...it's a bit personal, isn't it?

RECEPTIONIST:

(Nodding her head and looking at Peter as if he is rather an unsavoury character)  
Perhaps we better leave that part of the form blank.

PETER:

(Trying to keep his voice down)

What are you looking at me like that for!? I haven't got anything to hide. I just don't see the point in...

RECEPTIONIST:

Please, say no more Sir. I understand.

PETER:

No you don't. Look I'm a married man - OK...Not that I'm all hung up about who's what and all that. I mean, you know, if I was being honest, there was a time, obviously a very long time ago, when I had what I suppose you might call a bit of a crush on Marc Bolan... you know.

T-Rex posters on the wall and all. It was more sort of teenage hero-worship, I s'pose...but...

RECEPTIONIST:

(Looking at Peter intensely.)

I see Sir. (Her gaze moves over his shoulder)

*Peter turns to see that everyone in the queue has been listening in very closely. He turns to the receptionist and says rather desperately.*

PETER:

Can I please have my room key now?

RECEPTIONIST:

Of course, Sir. Room 85.

#### **SCENE 4: INSIDE PETER'S HOTEL ROOM.**

*Moments later, Peter is checking out every aspect of the room. First he fiddles with the air conditioning and heating control. As he is doing this, his mobile phone rings.*

PETER:

(Answering the phone)

Peter Hedley.

CALLER:  
Hello Mr. Hedley - Fiona Coombes – Revenue & Customs.

PETER:  
Oh. Hello Ms. Coombes.

CALLER:  
Please call me Fiona.

PETER:  
Oh, right. Hello Fiona.

*Peter turns the various light switches on and off in a variety of combinations.*

CALLER:  
Is now a good time to talk?

*Peter leaves the lights on.*

PETER:  
Yes. I've a few minutes before...

*PETER starts to play with the Corby trouser press – absently opening and closing it, etc.  
He turns it on and off, on and off.*

CALLER:  
Oh good. I'm calling about a Mr. George Lambert – I understand he's a client of yours.

PETER:  
Yes. That's right. How did you...?

CALLER:  
I've just spoken to one of your colleagues, a Ms. Lauren...

PETER:  
...Fisher. Lauren Fisher.

*PETER leaves the trouser press on and moves over to the kettle sitting on a table in the room. He checks it has water in it. He turns the kettle on.*

CALLER:  
...That's right...and she's rather concerned...you see we are monitoring Mr Lambert's financial activities.

PETER:  
Oh. Why?

CALLER:  
Well, obviously, it isn't appropriate for me to divulge too much.

PETER:  
I see.

CALLER:  
It would obviously be good for you to know that his financial records tally with what we hold here and it would be good for us to know if he's about to engage in any financial transactions which we should be aware of.

PETER:  
Of course.

*Peter turns on the television. He is surprised to find it is a colour set, with a good picture.*

CALLER:  
So could you just confirm the bank details you hold for Mr. Lambert to me.

*Peter quickly opens a file lying on his bed. He rifles through some papers, his attention half on the television. He scans a file.*

PETER:  
The National MidWestern. Account number 00987633768.

CALLER:  
Yes, that's the one. And what sort code do you have logged for that?

PETER:  
66-78-94.

CALLER:  
That tallies.

PETER:  
That's good.

*Peter picks up the television remote and presses every single button in succession.*

CALLER:

Now, so that I can then assure you and your colleague, Ms. Fisher, that you are in possession of the correct documents, if you could fax the latest set of audited accounts you are holding to me.

PETER:

(Flicking through the TV channels at speed)

Oh, that would be...

*He tosses the TV remote on the bed. He starts looking through the bed side drawers. He finds a hairdryer.*

CALLER:

It's no trouble. We're here to help. My fax number is: 00123 77864578. And if I could have those in the next couple of hours. Your colleague is chomping at the bit for me to check the paperwork over. I suspect my doing it would save you a great deal of time.

*Peter thinks about this as he scribbles the fax number down, while plugging the hairdryer in.*

PETER:

Oh, well, it would be helpful. Lauren's working to a really tight schedule.

CALLER:

I'll look forward to receiving the documents. Thanks very much. Bye.

*The call ends. Peter looks around. The TV is on, the lights are on, the kettle starts to boil. He turns the hairdryer on.*

PETER:

Well, everything works!

*PETER looks at the hairdryer, blasting air into his face. Suddenly there is a spark at a socket. He has overloaded the system. Smoke begins to rise from the socket.*

PETER:

Ah...

*Suddenly the all the room lights blow and Peter is plunged into blackness.*

PETER:

Right.

*In the black we hear Peter stumble around. He connects with something and falls with a crash. We hear him whimper. We hear him find the phone.*

PETER:

Hi – errrm...reception? Room 85. Someone's turned the lights out. Yes – I'm completely in the dark. Well, it is a little inconvenient actually. Right. Thank you.

*We hear Peter put the phone down. He tries to make his way to the door. We hear him crash and tumble again. We hear a faint 'ow'.*

### **SCENE 5: INSIDE HOTEL MEETING ROOM / COFFEE AREA**

*The Cornchurch group are gathering in the room. They all have Cornchurch badges on and are milling around the table which has coffee and biscuits on it. Colleagues are greeting one another etc. Peter is in amongst the group. He is speaking with a colleague, LYNN. Peter has a plaster across the bridge of his nose.*

LYNN:

(Staring at his nose)

You alright Peter?

PETER:

Well, yes. I was...errr...fell over in the shower and..

*Lynn is really staring at his bruised nose.*

PETER:

Oh, look, there's...I must just go and...

*Peter escapes and sidles up to Glen.*

PETER:

Glen, hi there.

GLEN:

(Looks at Peter's face) You OK mate?

PETER:

Yeah fine, just a bit...you know...Listen, what are Lynn and her crew doing here? I mean, Can we really afford to be giving call centre operatives jollies at expensive hotels?

GLEN:

It's not a jolly, is it? People like Lynn – the call centre team – they're the front line when it comes to being on the ball when dealing with requests for information, and treating people with respect. You know as well as I do, good data protection practice is essential to excellent customer service, isn't it ?

*Glen's mobile phone rings.*

GLEN:

Hello. (Beat) Look! How many times! I am not interested in a time share villa in the Costa Del anywhere. No, a holiday complex with it's own pool and Irish Theme pub is not my idea of heaven. (Beat) I beg your pardon? Did you just say I was mad? Look, where did you get my number from anyway? (Beat) But I told one of your colleagues – the chap who called me yesterday - not to call me again...and I said the same thing to another one of your colleagues the one who called me this morning – at Six am! Well, it's nice that your passion is to make me happy. So, look – make me happy. LEAVE ME ALONE!

Glen ends the call. He shakes his head and turns to Peter.

GLEN:

Sorry mate, where were we?

The training group leader, MALCOLM, calls the group to order.

MALCOLM:

OK everyone. If we could take our seats, so we can get started.

## **SCENE 6: INSIDE HOTEL MEETING ROOM / MAIN AREA.**

*Moments later, the group is seated 'theatre style'. A low platform stage with an overhead projector and screen is centre of the low stage. Standing on the stage, facing the group is Malcolm.*

MALCOLM:

Welcome everyone. We're here today to learn about the Data protection act and how it impacts on us in the jobs we do. Now, I'm sure many of you understand how important it is to guard against offering or disclosing information inappropriately or inadvertently...and how important it is to keep the information you hold secure and up to date. We all know that information is much more than facts and figures; information represents people – and the way we handle and protect people's information can directly affect their well-being ... as well as their confidence in us. To illustrate this point, I'd like to introduce you to a member of our training team, Julia.

*The woman Peter encountered as the hotel receptionist steps up on to the stage.*

JULIA:  
Hello, everyone.

PETER:  
(Shaking his head, says to himself)  
Oh.

MALCOLM:  
Yes. Some of you have already met Julia, our 'undercover' hotel receptionist. It really is amazing how much we feel compelled to reveal to someone, simply because we perceive them to have authority in our transactions with them. Julia here knows the shoe sizes of 50% of the people in this room.

*There is a ripple of laughter around the room. Peter laughs nervously.*

MALCOLM:  
I can also tell you that, of those people Julia checked in, 48% prefer The Full English to the humble Continental...And without embarrassing anyone here, Julia also uncovered a rather interesting romantic story involving Marc Bolan and...

*Peter shoots up from his seat.*

PETER:  
Look, it was just a bit of teenage hero-worship, there was nothing...

*Peter looks around him. All of his colleagues are looking at him. Malcolm and Julia are looking at him too, somewhat open-mouthed.*

PETER:  
Ah.

JULIA:  
(Quietly)  
Mr. Hedley. Your secret was safe with us.

PETER:  
Right. Errr...Right.

*He sits down. Malcolm gathers himself.*

MALCOLM:  
So, the first point arising from this exercise is: It isn't right to collect *all* the information we can, simply because we are in a position to collect it. No hotel *needs* to know your shoe size before they offer you a room for the night. And as an organisation, you should never collect more information than you actually

need to fulfil your stated purpose or to deliver your stated service. Collecting and keeping information which is not relevant to your specific requirements is simply not acceptable – and as we've seen - it can lead to all sorts of complications. There are cases of people having mortgages refused or being given the wrong medical treatment because inaccurate information which has been stored about them. (Beat)

So, we're going to start today with an insight into the techniques some 'specialists' or *blaggers* use, to extract information from people like you. Now if I could ask...

*Malcolm looks at a list of names on a clipboard.*

MALCOLM:  
...Ms. Lynn Marcos to join us up here on the platform.

*Lynn steps forward.*

PETER:  
(To himself)  
Here we go.

*Lynn is offered a seat on the platform. Julia sits in another seat, with her back to Lynn.*

MALCOLM:  
Now, we're going to try a little bit of role-playing...but, unlike a lot of role-playing exercises Lynn, you are actually going to play yourself. You are going to be a call centre operative dealing with a call from a member of the public. That shouldn't be too difficult, should it.

LYNN:  
(A little unsure)  
No.

MALCOLM:  
Lynn, I really want you to try as hard as you can to imagine that you are at your work-station during a typical day. We've got the headset you would normally use – if you could put that on for us.

*Lynn puts on the hands-free telephone answering head-set. Malcolm hands Lynn a clip-board with paperwork attached.*

MALCOLM:  
And here's some background information you may need.

*Lynn nods.*

MALCOLM:

So, in a few seconds a call is going to come in and I'd just like you to deal with it in the way that you would on any normal working day. Alright. (to the rest of the delegates) Let's see what happens.

JULIA:

Hello is that Cornchurch Ltd?

LYNN:

(A little self consciously)

It is, good morning, Lynn Marcos speaking, how can I help you?

JULIA:

Hello. My name is Sylvia Castle – my husband and I have an account with you.

LYNN:

Ah, right.

JULIA:

I just wanted to let you know – we've moved recently - and I'm not sure you have our correct home address.

LYNN:

OK. Could I have your account number, please Mrs Castle?

JULIA:

0097754378.

LYNN:

Just looking on the computer screen now...(She flicks through the paperwork on the clipboard)

The address we have is 47 Acacia way, Standborough. Your husband changed the address we have on our records last week.

JULIA:

Oh good, he's done it already. That's great. Thank you.

LYNN:

No problem. Is there anything else I can help you with?

JULIA:

No, I don't think...actually, as I'm on, could you just confirm the bank account details you have for us. We changed branch when we moved and he's probably told you already, but I just want to be sure...

LYNN:

(Looking at screen)

According to our records your account is with the Standborough branch of Barking Bank

JULIA:

Yes, that's right. And can I just check which account number he's given you, he's always getting the business account mixed up with the personal...

LYNN:

9987445367001.

JULIA:

Wonders will never cease – he's done it all without any bullying from me!

*Lynn smiles.*

JULIA:

And I assume the debits for his pension plan are going through from the new account now?

LYNN:

Yes, they are.

JULIA:

Excellent. Well, I'm glad everything's in order. Sorry to have troubled you.

LYNN:

No trouble at all.

*The call ends.*

MALCOLM:

Very good. So, Lynn, how did you think that call went?

LYNN:

(Unsure why she is being asked the question)

Fine.

MALCOLM:

A typical, unremarkable call from a typical customer, yes?

*Lynn nods.*

MALCOLM:

Well, what if I was to tell you that the caller you have just given detailed personal information to was not the *current* Mrs. Castle at all, but someone working on behalf of Mr. Castle's first wife.

LYNN:

No. That's not possible. She knew the account number.

MALCOLM:

That's right. She knew an account number. But that isn't necessarily enough to be certain, is it? What else did she tell you – what else did you ask her, to verify her identity?

LYNN:

Well...I...

MALCOLM:

You see, Mr Castle's financial activities are being vigorously pursued by his first wife – who, after an extremely acrimonious separation, is still keen to find out if Mr Castle has hidden money anywhere – like in a pension plan. She also wants to know where Mr Castle has moved to – something which, for his own reasons – Mr Castle wants to keep private. And you gave the unknown caller that address.

LYNN:

But, I...

MALCOLM:

Whatever the rights and wrongs of any given situation, it is not acceptable for organisations like yours to get entangled, by supplying information inappropriately.

MALCOLM: (Cont:)

Not only are you likely to lose Mr Castle as a customer, there is the much more serious possibility of legal proceedings against you, as a result of this clear breach of the Data Protection Act.

LYNN:

Legal proceedings!?

MALCOLM:

Against your company – it would be a distinct possibility, yes. Whilst individuals cannot be held responsibly for unwittingly divulging information they shouldn't,

companies can be brought to account for not having the correct safeguards and procedures in place to prevent the inappropriate release of information.

LYNN:  
(to the assembled group)  
Sorry.

MALCOLM:  
It was just a role play , Lynn – designed to make the point, so don't be too hard on yourself.  
It's a rare individual who can instinctively identify those calls which are genuine and those which are bogus. The art of 'blagging' is something all of us in this room have to be fully aware of – and we all have to develop the right strategies to protect ourselves and our client's information from being *blagged*. (Beat) Let's give Lynn a round of applause for being such a good sport.

*Lynn returns to her seat.*

PETER:  
(To himself)  
Silly cow.

MALCOLM:  
Blaggers, or 'trace agents' as they prefer to be called, can be pretty unscrupulous in obtaining the information they want. And, when the rewards are as high as they can be, it's not all that surprising. They impersonate colleagues, friends, local authority officials...the list is endless. And they can be very convincing indeed. They often get the information they're after without arousing any suspicion at all. And their job is made all the easier if they call us when we are in the middle of a busy day, juggling 101 competing priorities and unable to fully concentrate on the call and the sensitivity of the information we are being asked to provide.

*Peter thinks about this for as moment. He recalls the call he received from the Revenue & Customs earlier in the Morning, during which he responded without thinking, while exploring and playing with all of the electrical items in his room.*

**(FLASHBACK)**

PETER:  
(Shaking his head, shrugging off the memory, he says to himself;)  
Nah.

MALCOLM:

We need to look at strategies which will help us guard against the intrusion of blaggers and other key aspects of data protection policy, so that the information we hold is properly managed and protected. But, before we do, let's have a five minute coffee break to reflect on what we've learnt so far.

## **SCENE 7: INSIDE MEETING ROOM / COFFEE AREA**

*Peter joins Glen at the table where coffee is being served. He gestures at Lynn.*

PETER:

You were right. Our call centre people really do need training. Fancy falling for that, eh?

GLEN:

And you don't think you would?

PETER:

(Smug)

Course not!

*Peter's phone 'bleeps'. He has a text message from Fiona from the Revenue & Customs, asking him if he has faxed over the documentation yet, as time is pressing.*

PETER:

Ah! 'Scuse me a minute.

*He hurries out of the room.*

## **SCENE 8: INSIDE HOTEL BUSINESS CENTRE.**

*Peter is faxing pages from the files he brought to the hotel with him. Each page is marked 'CONFIDENTIAL'. As the faxed page exits the fax machine he places it back in a file.*

## **SCENE 9: INSIDE HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM.**

*The delegates are about to take part in a 'paired' role-play session. Lynn is working with Glen.*

MALCOLM:

OK, so I'd like us to try role playing around the problems associated with receiving unsolicited phone calls. Who'd like to start us off?

*Before he can finish, Glen's hand shoots in the air. Moments later:*

GLEN:

Hello, I've been receiving frequent calls from your sales team. I want to know what information you hold on me and I really want the calls to stop.

LYNN:

Oh, I see Mr Francis. Well, I am sorry if you have been receiving an annoying level of calls.

And, of course, I'll be happy to inform you of the data we have on record for you, but first, I will need to ask you a few questions for security reasons. Could I have your postcode please?

GLEN:

RT13 3PP.

LYNN:

Thank you. And your house number?

GLEN:

22.

LYNN:

Good. And, your home phone number?

GLEN:

0222 776 5545

LYNN:

That's fine. Well, I can confirm that all of the contact information we hold for you is correct.

GLEN:

I was never in any doubt about that. I get at least three calls from your sales team every day.

What I really want to know is how you got hold of my information and why you keep calling me.

LYNN:

Well, according to my records, you have a subscription to *Lawnmower and Leaf-blower Monthly* – and when you took out the subscription, you ticked the box authorising the publishers to pass your contact details on to associate companies such as us here at *Hack and Wrecker Power Tools*.

GLEN:

Ah, I see. Well, can I ask you to remove my details from your database and stop calling me please?

LYNN:

Of course, Mr Francis – if that is your preference, we will take your details off our contact list and we won't trouble you again.

GLEN:

And there'll be no passing my details on to some other organisation, will there? I really don't want to be called at home by any more sales teams.

LYNN:

No, Mr. Francis. I'll make sure that your information is no longer available for marketing purposes.

GLEN:

Thank you for being so helpful.

LYNN:

You're welcome, Mr. Francis.

## **SCENE 10: INSIDE HOTEL BUSINESS CENTRE.**

*Peter has finished faxing. He leaves the business centre with a relieved smile on his face.*

## **SCENE 11: INSIDE HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM. A LITTLE LATER.**

*As Peter re-enters.*

MALCOLM:

So, of course, observing our obligations under the Data Protection Act isn't just about what we do and don't disclose – it's also about the ways in which we manage the information we hold.

As holders of information, we have a responsibility to ensure that the data we hold is kept up to date and accurate – so that we can never be guilty of misrepresentation. And, secure handling of information is a vital part of data protection – which also means that when information is no longer required, it must be destroyed appropriately.

You know, there are a number of things we can all do in our own lives to manage the use of information held about us – for example, we can register with the

Telephone Preference Service and choose not to have our personal details used by telephone sales organisations.

*Peter thinks about this. He recalls the computer being left by the bins, etc.  
FLASHBACK Peter shakes his head and tuts.*

MALCOLM:

So, let's review the eight data protection principles.

*Malcolm refers to a Power-point/overhead-projector slide. As he refers to each point, where appropriate, there is a **FLASHBACK** to an earlier moment in the film that illustrates the point.*

MALCOLM:

Personal information must be fairly and lawfully processed. When you are requesting information from people, it really pays to be open. Tell them why you need the information, what you are going to do with it and who else might have access to it. Experience tells us that people will tend to complain only when they discover that information held about them has been used for purposes which they weren't previously told about. That isn't either fair or open.

Information must also be processed for a specified purpose.

Information collected and collated must be adequate, relevant and not excessive.  
(FLASHBACK – Peter and the hotel receptionist)

MALCOLM:

Information must be accurate and kept up to date

Information must not be kept for longer than necessary and when no longer required must be disposed of promptly and professionally. (FLASHBACK – The old computer left sitting by the side of the bins)

Information must be processed in line with the rights of the individual – which means that any person who you hold information about has the right to see that information, if they ask in writing, and have it corrected if it is wrong. People can also object to having their personal details used for marketing purposes.

(FLASHBACK – 2<sup>nd</sup> role play involving Lynn and Glen)

That information must be kept secure and...not transferred to countries outside the European Economic Area, unless adequately protected.

A lot of this is common sense, isn't it...but you'd be amazed at how often our common sense abandons us when it comes to handling and protecting data.

*Peter 'huffs' smugly at this comment. There is a knock on the conference room door.*

*A member of hotel staff pokes her head around and into the room.*

MEMBER OF HOTEL STAFF:

Sorry to interrupt, but someone left this in the business centre, in the fax machine.

I thought it might be important. It's got 'confidential' written on it.

*The entire room goes silent. Malcolm takes the page from the member of hotel staff.*

MALCOLM:

Does the document belong to anyone here?

*Everyone looks around at everyone else. After prevaricating for a moment, Peter stands up.*

PETER:

Errr...yes...it's err...If I could have it back please.

*Malcolm passes the document to Peter. There is a ripple of comment around the room.*

PETER:

Silly...oversight...errr....still, no harm done, eh.

*He sits down. Glen, sitting nearby leans across.*

GLEN:

(slightly angry)

That looks like it's from the key investor files. Tell me you haven't brought them out of the office.

PETER:

Well...Gosh...Come on...That would be stupid wouldn't it.

GLEN:

Very. (Beat)

PETER:

Yes. Very, very stupid.

*Beat.*

GLEN:

(Shaking his head)  
The files are here, aren't they.

Peter nods quickly.

GLEN:  
And you've been faxing confidential customer details to a third party.

PETER:  
(Sheepish)  
Not just any third party.

GLEN:  
Good grief! Who?

PETER:  
Someone at Revenue & Customs

GLEN:  
*Who exactly?*

PETER:  
Errr...Fiona something...I think.

*Glen shakes his head in disbelief.*

GLEN:  
And you've verified that she is who she says she is and is entitled to the information.

PETER:  
Well...the err thing is...

*He shakes his head..*

GLEN:  
(shocked)  
Bloody hell, Peter. Haven't you learnt anything?

*Peter's head drops.*

## **SCENE 12 INSIDE HOTEL ROOM.**

*Peter is looking through his notes and various leaflets re: DPA. He is engaged by what he is reading.*

PETER: (to camera)  
I have now.

*The phone rings.*

CALLER:  
Hello, Mr Hedley. Reception here. Just wanted to make sure that the lights in your room are now functioning.

PETER:  
Oh, yeah Great. The lights are back on. Thank you.

*He ends the call. Still reading a leaflet, he turns the TV on and flicks the kettle on to boil. He pulls a sandwich pack out of a case or pocket, opens the pack and places the sandwich in the Trouser press. He turns the trouser press on. There is a fizz, a spark and the lights go out once again, plunging the room into darkness.*

*Peter attempts to feel his way around the room we hear him crash into and over something. We hear a plaintive 'ow'.*

End