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The Forgiven

By Michael Ashton

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Smile.

Good.

Neil hits him for the
six, a terrific shot,
lands straight in the cut.
Eldridge fields the ball.
The crowd is really tense now
as it's Tyson's turn
to take up the attack again.
The Typhoon bowls with avidity
and it's slightly wide...

Today, I'm gonna
tell you a little story
of a witch
who was called Nomahange.

In a big pot, and
while they're cooking
the witch will sing
Sisiboge!

Piet, Piet!!

It's my... it's my Pa!

Come on.

Don't worry, don't worry.

I'm going to talk to him.

You little bastard!

I told you not to come here.

Voetsek!

Where is my daughter?

She hasn't been home
since last night.

No.

Just get out of here.

No.

Just get out of here.

No. Where is my daughter?

No!

Get out of here.

Just get out of here.

Hi, there.

Archbishop!

Kefilwe,

I'll be right there!

Oh, you're right, she is beautiful.

Yes.
When did your daughter disappear?
She disappeared
three year, Father.
Go on, please.
She go in the night.
She say she very afraid.
She go to see
her boyfriend Osiswe.
She did tell me that Osiswe
was in the mix
of security police.
Father,
they're not coming back,
not she, not Osiswe,
are they?
I'm gonna to look into it.
I promise.
Blomfeld! Come!
Come, Blomfeld!
Hey, Blommie!
Hey, Blommie.
Hey, Blommie, Blommie.
Blomfeld.
Stop!
For fuck sake!
I been searched a dozen
times already, Kruger.
And now you get
searched again, Blomfeld.
You looking
for some hospital time
and a compensation claim, boy?
Come. Walk.
The fuck are you staring at, kaffir?
Not in my office,
unless you want me to throw this
in the waste bin.
Prisoner Blomfeld,
do you seriously think
the Archbishop
is going to bother to read this?
Let alone come
all the way out here

to see a convicted
death squad assassin?
Dismissed!
Get him out of here.
Check you later, poes.
Well...
they're right.
The tumor is halted, Your Grace.
But it's too early
to be speaking of remission.
Only time will tell.
So I can be run over
by a bus tomorrow
and then I'll die a healthy man.
I heard your interview
on the radio.
Truth and reconciliation
between all sides
would be a fine thing.
But it's too early
for us to be speaking
of remission?
May I have a word
in private, Doctor Biehl,
away from these ears
of this old goat?
She's going to ask you to ask me
to rest.
No. I'm going to tell him
to order you to rest.
When Mandela asked me to head
the Truth
and Reconciliation Commission,
he gave me a choice
precisely because he knew
I had no choice.
When the President speaks...
we have no choice,
do we, Doctor?
It seems not.
Exactly! See?
Move.
We grant amnesty to a black face,
we are accused of being biased;

If we grant amnesty to a white,
we are accused of being
Boer stooges.
It's impossible.
Sise,
difficult is not
the same thing as impossible,
is it, Archbishop?
Two politicians
are deadlocked.
In the end...
one says,
"Look,
I'll admit I'm wrong
if you'll admit I'm right."
"Agreed, agreed,
but you go first."
"Okay.
I'm wrong,"
says the first politician.
And the second politician yells,
he yells,
"You're right!
You're right!
You are wrong!
You are wrong!"
Bish, it's for you
Good people all over the world
are praying for our success.
Well, maybe they need
to pray a bit harder.
Oh, Alex, have hope.
No. You're gonna need
stamina, leading that lot.
Yes. But if the
Commission can weld itself
into somewhat of a united group,
then there's hope
for the nation.
Is that Blomfeld's letter?
Yes, it is.
Which should have been shredded,
as I advised.
I can't get it out

of my head, Vinnie.
It is... it's so articulate.
He quotes Plato's Republic
and...
John Milton.
It's just...
it's quite engaging.
Don't go to Pollsmoor,
that's my advice.
He's, um, only out
to harm you, you know,
he'll try and destroy you.
Don't exaggerate.
Don't.
Father,
he's a psychopath
and a convicted killer.
I know who he is.
Well, then?
No one...
is beyond redemption, Vinnie.
Hmm.
Prisoner Blomfeld, go to C-Block.
You have a visitor.
Oh. All right.
Nice one.
Bloody Hell.
He fell over.
Thank you, Sergeant.
The fucking prison bastard
told me you wouldn't come.
"No way," he said.
But I knew you would come.
I knew you wouldn't be able
to resist it.
Genius.
Well, you are sure
that I would come,
so I'm sure
that you are prepared.
Don't play with me, bru.
Don't delude yourself.
Delude myself?
Thinking you can get inside here.

Well, then
let's stop the games
before they go any further.
This is no fucking game, kaffir.
Hey. Hmm.
"Father."
"Father"...will do.
You got to be kidding yourself
that what's gonna
happen here is random.
I've read all about you.
Studied it.
I've got plenty of time to do
what I need to do.
Mr. Blomfeld,
what is it that you want?
Is it amnesty?
And if it is?
Well, now,
I'm not saying that I can even
consider your application.
But if you want to be free,
from then part of the process
in seeking amnesty...
"Involves making a full
and frank confession,
leaving nothing out."
I know, I can bloody read.
You will have
to seek forgiveness.
You must ask for it.
Forgiveness?
Forgiveness for what?
For offing some black
bastard thieving scum
trying to steal my country?
It's our country.
Fuck that! Your country.
What have your people
ever done to build it?
Two years ago,
we had an election.
A free election,
where anyone who wanted

to vote could do so
without violence.
Now, that is an achievement.
That's what helps you sleep
easy at night, is it?
Pride in your achievement,
hmm?
Listen, boy...
Uh-uh,
"Father." We agreed on that.
How does it feel...
hmm?
Colluding with your
former white masters?
Colluding?
In what way?
Once a slave,
always a slave.
Your white masters
haven't gone away,
have they?
You're still serving them
the same kak!
Except now it's called
"reconciliation".
You're covering them,
that's what it amounts to.
Come on,
be honest,
it's easy if you try.
We either learn to live together
in this country
or we will die together
in this country.
Well done, kaffir!
You've grasped the bottom line.
Life is one animal
eating another.
Death is one animal
being eaten by another.
You either have a full belly
or you're in a full belly.
Darwin. Unalterable facts.
The rest is just

window dressing.

Chintz.

We are all God's children.

We are all connected
by a common humanity.

I could tell you a thing
or two about humanity,
about what's buried
in the red earth
of this country, hmm?

About "Disappearing,"
about the "Elimination,"
about the "Unconventional
Operational Methods,"
about "Hit Squads,"
about "Hacksaw".

Oh, yeah.

So you think we share
a common humanity, kaffir?

We are...

all capable of acts
of depravity.

Even you? Yes?

Yes, even me.

Good boy!

Now, the truth... When you sit
on that commission of yours,
don't tell me
you don't feel anger?

Oh, I feel anger.

And you wonder, don't you?

Why God just doesn't
fucking wipe the slate clean
of his two-legged creation?

Sometimes I wonder that.

I feel sorry for you,
mission-school boy.

Turn the other cheek, hey?

To forgive is a choice
made by other ordinary people
much more courageous
than I will ever be.

Ah! Come on!

Be a man. Own the fire

in your belly.
Go for it.
I refuse your version
of humanity,
and I intend to continue
to struggle...
against it.
How many on that commission
of yours are priests?
Four.
Clever, our leaders,
aren't they?
Forgiveness is fucking baked
into the cake.
Civil war,
which you seem to want,
is not in anyone's interest.
A blood bath is inevitable.
It's pure.
It's honest!
Out of the bloodbath
emerges the victor.
The stronger, the superior,
who the weak and inferior
have to kneel before.
You'll fail today
or you'll fail tomorrow.
I'm right, aren't I, kaffir?
I can see it in your face,
you see,
I want the war between us
to drag us all
into the bloody vortex,
because the winner who emerges,
listen to me,
will be white.
Visit's over.
The visit's over!
Why did you ask me
to come here, Mr. Blomfeld?
To offer you the very thing
you thought to offer me.
Enlightenment.
We've been parading

our limitations all day.
So, hopefully we'll find
some enlightenment later.
I have killed.
I've killed lots.
Killed the kaffirs
because I chose to.
Exercised my free will to do it,
enjoyed it.
So don't you come in here
with your fucking cross
pretending you can love me.
You swear...
too much.
Too right, my bru.
But now I'm inside your head,
staring right back at you
every time you look
in the mirror.
Hatred,
always in you, from now on.
I'm right aren't I, kaffir?
Brutality is the aberration,
Mr. Blomfeld, not love.
Think on that,
no matter...
how uncomfortable
it may make you feel.
Thank you, Sergeant.
Thank you.
Be careful.
He was security police.
Some of them are.
Amandla.
Amandla.
I see now what your plan is.
Fuck you all, Schmidt.
Open.
Open.
There goes the
holiday in Namibia Se Poes.
You said all the records
was destroyed?
There was just too much.

Nobody's going
to find out anything
if you just hou jou bek.
And that goes for you too, Mosi.
Let me sort this out.
How is it, Chommie?
Long time no see.
I see you got some new friends.
Can I help?
Yeah, take him to the toilet,
looks like he needs a piss.
Where is the Archbishop?
Why?
Because he's not playing
in the sand.
He's busy.
It's hard work.
You need some sun screen.
You might have a long wait,
the Archbishop
is seeing someone.
Waiting is our game, lady.
Waiting's our game.
Mrs. Morobe, Kefilwe,
there must be something else
you could tell me.
Nobody see her
ever since she go.
Nobody knows nothing.
But Mpho did tell me
that Osiswe was afraid.
So, she was frightened?
I tell her, stay in house.
Mpho tells me,
"I'm not Mamparra,
I'm not live like prisoner."
Father,
Mpho did tell me that Osiswe
was in the mix
of Security Police,
afraid of Operation
Hacksaw or something.
Hacksaw?
Operation Hacksaw?

Father,
I'm begging you, Father,
please!
Find me just one piece of bone
so I can make
a decent burial for my girl.
I promise,
Mrs. Morobe,
I promise.
Thank you.
Officer.
Good morning, Archbishop.
Excuse me, Your Grace.
I just want to ask him
a question.
It's okay.
Okay.
Can I ask you a question?
It's about loyalty.
Sir,
you served your country
for 30 years,
loyally,
then you witch-hunted.
That's kak, no?
This is not a witch hunt.
Thank you, Officer.
Excuse me, sir,
Your Grace, just...
I was just wondering.
Do you people think
you're better than us?
And the reason I say that
is because,
let's say going forward,
we get a really kak president
and those are our bodies
buried there.
Will you still be digging us out
and crying about reconciliation?
I pray we will.
I believe we will.
Yeah,
but you can't guarantee it,

can you?
Thank you, officer.
Excuse me.
Listen, lady,
I am an officer of the law,
I can ask him what I'd like.
Excuse me, Your Grace,
I'd like to ask you
one more question.
You tell me,
what good is any of this?
What's... What's buried
should stay buried.
The only thing
that will stay buried
is anger
and resentment.
Don't think you don't need us
on your side,
that's all I'm saying.
There are no sides,
we are one nation now.
One nation?
Hell, we're all going to be
covered in gold
at the end of this rainbow.
Good day, officer.
I'm sorry, Your Grace.
It's okay. It's okay.
No, they've got nothing on us...
It's a klomp kak.
We just need to keep quiet,
keep our mouths shut.
Mosi, come.
So many secrets.
It's like a cancer.
Is it that evil creature
in Pollsmoor?
Don't let him inside,
you hear me?
If I'm the only person
that he's inside,
then it wouldn't be so bad.
Note to self then, Archbishop,

don't go back into Pollsmoor.

You hear me?

Vinnie, can you...

can you get Oliver

or one of our researchers

to look and to give me

information

on this secret operation

called "Hacksaw"?

Okay.

Huh?

Of course, sir.

Huh, do you?

What do you advise me?

Why Mogomat?

Yes, Benjamin's a bitch.

You a wife.

He's the general's wife.

Please explain to us

the purpose of the SSA.

The SSA, Security police,

its purpose was to extract

information.

We were told to keep it clean,

but, uh...

Go on,

Mr. Xhosa.

Torture included

the punching of genitals

until blood came, and pus.

Electric rods in vaginas.

Sorry.

Does the name...

Mpho Morobe

mean anything to you?

No.

What about operation Hacksaw?

Mr. Chairman,

I must interrupt this witness.

I have here

a High Court order of sub judice

that forbids further testimony

of this witness.

Really?

Alex.
Colonel,
do you have nothing to say
to these families?
To David Lyon's family
or...
Simba Goniwe's family.
Families who have had no news
of their beloved son
or their adored husband
for years.
Do you have nothing to say
that would ease their pain?
That might give them...
closure?
I will say only this,
Archbishop,
we were fighting a war
against communism.
I was battling a threat
to us all.
Communist regimes,
harsh, repressive regimes,
intent on making Africa theirs.
Colonel,
look at the faces
of these families.
They are your own people!
Colonel, you cannot change
what is over
or where you have been,
but you can change
where you now go.
Mr. Chairman,
I have lodged a complaint
with the Public Protector
to have a declaration
that this proceeding
is a politically motivated slur
against my client's
honor and integrity,
and that of the SADF.
Really, son?
This farrago...

is alienating a large sector
of white South Africa.
Now, if that was your intention,
you have achieved it.
And I do not see
how this furthers the aim
of peace and reconciliation.
Everyone,
we are taking
a five-minute break, please.
Mrs. Morobe,
Kefilwe,
what are you still doing here?
We're just sitting.
See,
tomorrow, Mpho is turning 20.
I have candles to light.
Twenty.
You should go home.
When I get news of Mpho,
I will tell you, I promise.
Oh, she was...
always wanting to study.
Perhaps to be a doctor.
She always saved for books.
Yes.
Kefilwe knows.
How can I pray for her
if I don't know what happened?
Good evening.
So how did it go?
Interesting.
Well, I see you won't come in
for your cocoa,
so I come out here.
Good night.
This music always reminds me
of President Mandela's
inauguration.
I played it for them.
They wanted to know
about that day.
But how do you convey it,
that sense of freedom?

That, uh, that first moment,
the taste of it.
That sweet, sweet nectar.
How do you convey it
to someone who was born
into freedom?
You can't. You can't.
Oh, my dear, drink your cocoa,
it's getting cold.
Remember...
those jets
flying overhead,
streaming smoke
in the colors
of the new national flag
and...
everybody cheering.
Yes. And you dancing
with that fat white businessman
like two seals.
He wasn't a businessman.
That's what I was telling them.
He was Nelson Mandela's...
ex-jailer.
And we were dancing because...
those jets flying overhead,
they were ours.
Not someone else's.
Ours.
We were free.
I hope we don't let
this slip away.
Oh, no.
And what is it you were really
thinking about out here,
my dear workaholic?
Hmm?
Mrs. Morobe
and her niece
have been waiting
at the Commission
every day this week.
I... promised.
Mpilo,

with your illness,
you know I've had mixed feelings
about you continuing
the chairmanship.
Huh? What?
Why didn't you tell me before?
Oh, Desmond Mpilo Tutu,
you are incorrigible.
There's still some life
in this old goat yet then, huh?
And I know it's important
for Mrs. Morobe,
for all of us,
this Blomfeld man.
Lavinia wants me
to get you to promise
never to see him again.
She says he's very dangerous.
She showed me his letter.
God knows what goes in his head.
He's very clever.
That doesn't mean that
he should get the last word.
Yes, which is exactly why
I asked Varney
to get you his file.
Know your adversary.
You read this?
Twice.
Leah Nomalizo Shenxane.
We've been married so long,
I don't even remember...
how long.
But every day,
you surprise me more...
and more.
Come, come.
Go over to the goat.
Oh. Yes.
What do you advise me?
Salute!
Salute.
Salute.
Salute!

Salute.
Salute!
Salute.
Blomfeld!
You like my wall, Kruger?
Yeah, I like it.
The kaffirs are up to something.
You should take the kaffirs
down a peg.
You know what
"Paradise Lost" is, Kruger?
A nightclub?
It's a poem, you clutch plate,
about me.
Fuck you.
Aaah!
Down!
Get down.
Get the fuck down, you fuckers!
Down!
Down!
Down. Now.
Do you want a fucking lockdown,
you animals?
No, sir!
Are there rules
here, you bastards?
Yes, sir!
Whose fucking rules are they?
Yours, sir!
Whose fucking rules are they?
Yours, sir!
Don't you forget it.
No, sir!
Salute
Salute!
You're a man now, Idukwe.
Ex-President F.W. de Klerk
started off with
what Desmond Tutu later called
a handsome apology.
Apartheid was wrong.
I apologize in my capacity
as leader of the National Party

to the millions
of South Africans
who suffered
the wrenching disruption
of forced removals
in respect of their homes,
businesses, and land,
who over the years
suffered the shame
of being arrested
for pass law offenses.

Hansie?

What?

The fete, Melissa's school fete.

You should come.

They'll wonder why

you aren't there.

Who for a long time were...

Sanette and Jan are coming.

I told them we'd all go

for a braai with the kids.

A braai.

Yeah, let's go for a braai.

I'll say this for those blacks,

at least their leaders

stand by their men.

To the millions

of South Africans

who suffered

the wrenching disruption

of forced removals in respect

of their homes,

businesses, and land,

who over the years

suffered the shame

of being arrested

for pass law offenses.

Who over the decades

and indeed centuries

suffered the indignities

and humiliation

of racial discrimination.

The head of the ANC's legal department,

Matthews Phosa,

remarked afterwards
that de Klerk sat in Pretoria
and knew everything that went on
in the ANC's Quattro camp
in faraway Angola,
but nothing about Vlakplaas...
So, you're back, huh?
Glutton for it, are we?
So you have whipped that pig de Klerk.
So what?
So,
we are living in Technicolor.
Now they are saying
that it's time for
the rainbow nation
to unite.
That's what they're saying,
is it?
You, white boy in Hout Bay,
with an up and under
behind the door?
Terre Blanche and the AWB.
You Green and Golds, is it?
Shit, man, that is buffalo dung.
You know, Mr. Blomfeld,
when I left here last time,
I didn't just even think,
"Well...
that's that.
It's over."
I have fully,
fully investigated your case.
And?
And...
amnesty for your crimes
is highly unlikely.
You showed your victims
no mercy,
and besides the...
extreme brutality,
your crimes reveal
no political context.
No political context?
My context,

as you call it,
stretches back some 300 years.
When my ancestors
were farming this land
and building its cities,
yours were creeping out
of the bush,
trying to murder them.
That's context.
My people were murdered
by yours.
In Zimbabwe.
Yes, I know.
Zimbabwe, South Africa?
Same difference.
Is it?
Is it the same?
I don't know.
You're the expert on context.
You tell me.
Your people
Believed in this...
this little subversive book.
It's a beautiful little book.
It's my favorite,
which teaches us,
"Proclaim liberty
to the captive,
sight to the blind
and to set
the oppressed free."
That's in Luke 4:18.
Your people...
felt they were being oppressed
by the British,
they fought back
and they became free.
So you need to learn
from your own history
that when a people
decide to be free,
my dear friend, nothing,
absolutely nothing
is gonna stop them

from becoming free.
Yes. Very good.
Very high-minded of you.
But there's something
you just don't get, kaffir.
Something you just do not get.
Killing someone
is never political,
no matter what anyone says.
Killing someone is personal.
It's always, always personal.
It's simple.
You like to read, eh?
Study on this,
"Unconquerable will,
study of revenge,
immortal hate,
courage to never submit
or yield,
what else is not to be overcome?
Better to reign in Hell
than to serve in Heaven."
Lucifer.
You quoted that poem
in your letter.
So papa was a teacher,
so I'm assuming he knows
it's "Paradise Lost."
And if you don't,
you're just one more
half-educated mzee
in my eyes.
You're a dreamer, my old Hotnot.
I grant you that.
A fucking dreamer.
Dreamer?
Yes.
I, for 40 years,
I dreamed of voting...
freely in a free country
in the land of my birth.
For 40 years,
I've been in the wilderness.
Now, it's finally come to pass.

There was this one
neutralization
and I was standing there
on this stoep
covered in kaffir brain,
and blood, and shit.
My old head was throbbing
like babelas...
and after the killings,
we set a fire.
And I could hear this voice
inside my head
as clear as you're
hearing me now,
telling me I had no dreams,
no passion, no hope.
"What is life without
them things?" it asked me.
"I have passion, I have dreams."
I remember shouting back.
And all the boys were there,
Francois, Hansie,
all the Hacksaw boys,
they were watching me
through the flames.
The whole time that voice,
"What dreams, what dreams?"
I had dreams!
I had dreams once, I did.
But you fucking people,
you stole them from me.
How... How old...
were you when you
joined the AWB?
What the fuck is that
got to do with anything?
How old?
Seventeen.
And what has it got
you, Mr. Blomfeld,
33 years of hate?
Fuck you.
It's too much for you, isn't it?
The Commission?

That's plain enough.
I didn't come here
to discuss The Commission.
You can't forgive
the likes of me.
Breaking your faith,
isn't it, eh?
I have watched the light
of life flicker out and die
behind the eyes of so many
I have done.
That is cock-stiffening,
I can tell you.
I have ministered to the dying,
and I'm no stranger to death.
First, when the knife goes in,
they just don't believe it.
They are in shock.
Then is coming acceptance.
Oh, yeah.
They are grateful, aren't they?
Sometimes I feel I can almost
hear them whispering,
"Thank you,
thank you."
So don't you come in here
and pontificate,
you self-righteous doff.
TRC has broken you inside,
made the sham of your faith.
I'm right, aren't I?
You can't forgive the beasts
that you confront every day.
That cancer is eating you alive.
You are so finished, boy.
Don't you call me "boy"
again, Blomfeld.
Or what?
Under your mask...
you're riddled
with self-loathing.
Easier to...
to be angry at the world
than to be angry at yourself.

I understand.
When they arrested you,
you had this on you.
You hung onto it
for 40 years.
Why?
Visit's over.
What happened?
And don't hide behind
Aristotle, or Plato, or Milton.
You're right,
you're right.
I have to stare in the mirror
at myself every day,
and so do you.
And you're not... you're not...
you're not a fallen angel
and I'm not God.
We're both just men.
One question...
what do you know
about this Operation Hacksaw?
I said, visit's over, kaffir.
You are locked inside
two prisons, Blomfeld.
One is made of concrete
and barbed wire.
The other one
is worse
because it's there in your head.
"The mind in its own place,
and in itself,
can make a heaven of hell,
or a hell of heaven."
That's Milton.
So, if you're going to read him,
don't cherry-pick.
You must read him properly.
What the fuck is that?
That is your way out of prison.
That could be a way out
of your personal hell.
Come out, Blomfeld.
Come out.

Don't stay there.
God is waiting for you.
Come out.
He quoted Milton at me.
I lost my temper.
But he knows about Hacksaw,
and whatever Hacksaw is,
it is linked to the death
of Mpho Morobe.
Blomfeld.
I'm thinking I go get me a beer
when the shift is done.
Maybe a sweet piece
of hundred-rand ass.
Come on, bru,
what the fuck is it between
you and that kaffir?
Thinking you can sell out
and save your neck
like the other braks?
What the kaffir gets
from me is medicine
I choose to give him,
you fucking poes.
And understand this,
nobody uses the word
informer about me.
Fuck off, Francois.
I find it impossible to believe,
President de Klerk,
that the involvement
of at least one cabinet minister
and two police commissioners,
in human rights violations
represents
nothing more than aberrations
by mavericks,
but many state-sponsored
killings
have been known to happen
and the state has brought
no senior ministers to justice.
What are you up to,
you fucking kaffir?

Ha! No way,
my weaselly little kaffir.
No way is that shit
going to work.
Hello, Father.
Aunty got very sick.
Now I don't know what to do.
What is antimony, father?
Antimony, some such thing,
doctors said.
It's a poison, I'm afraid,
it's a poison.
You must not give up.
What can you do?
One man alone.
I have a lead.
I'm hopeful about it.
So, please,
don't give up hope
and we will not give up on you.
I did wrong.
You made a little mistake,
a little one.
Sorry, Your Grace,
there is nothing I can do,
really.
If your name isn't on here,
you don't go in,
no matter who you are.
This is crazy.
Get me the governor.
Governor, it's imperative
that I see Mr. Blomfeld.
Your Grace,
I have been overruled
by the Department
of Correctional Services
and there is simply nothing
I can do about it.
I see.
Good day, Your Grace.
Good day.
Wasted journey, huh?
No,

I got to see you.

Good day.

Howard, we need to contact
the Department of Correctional
Services immediately.

I'm sorry to be the
bearer of bad news, Arch.

Inkatha have issued a statement
to the press.

It says that
the commission's findings
are failing
to investigate impartially,
that we're ANC stooges.

What?

On what grounds?

That there is
no rational connection
between evidence given
and conclusions we draw.
Don't they realize the damage
they are doing?

To all of us!

To... To... To their own...
people.

Excuse me. Can I
have your attention. Please?
There has been a bomb threat
against the commission
and I'm afraid
the police have told us
we have to cancel
today's session.

I'll get back to you
as soon as I can, all right?

Alex, the Archbishop
would love a word.

Please go gently on him.

I've never seen him so down.

I'll get back to you soonest.

Bish?

Bomb threat?

Good God. What's next?

What next?

What next?
Inkatha has made
a public attack
on the integrity
of President Mandela himself.
That's all we need.
Tribalism.
Bish,
this whole enterprise
is in danger of collapsing,
isn't it?
I don't know, Alex.
You tell me.
I just don't know.
My God,
why are you silent to me?
Show me a sign, please?
Mpilo.
Oh, my darling.
Remember that time,
the kids wanted
to play on this beach
but it was whites only?
Uh, they wanted to swim so badly
but the look on their faces,
I was so angry.
Yes, and humiliated.
I felt that way
the other day at Pollsmoor.
I see,
Pollsmoor.
Reminded me
of when I was a small boy,
walking to school
with my father,
crossing that white area,
watching my father's face
as he had to show
his pass to police
and them yelling at him
and call him names.
And he endured it all
for my sake.
I just... I just...

I just stood there.
I couldn't take away
his humiliation.
I... I failed him.
Leah, I failed him.
Maybe that lost soul
in Pollsmoor
is right.
Maybe I'm just...
an... an... an old fraud...
delusional, and...
and...
unworthy.
Oh,
Mpilo, you're crazy.
No.
So what are you talking about?
You've spent a lifetime
defending the dignity of others.
Never to give up, never.
You're not going to give up now.
Absolutely not.
Yes.
So much hate over what?
Over what, huh?
A pigment of our imagination.
Ah.
Mr. Pollsmoor's completely
underestimated you,
completely.
This pack,
plus this,
if you take out Blomfeld.
No hassle for a month
for any of your boys.
Why you want him dead?
He's a fuckin' rock spider.
You understand,
it's good for you, him gone.
He wants your territory.
Make it soon.
Salute.
Salute.
Salute.

Salute.

Salute.

Salute.

Salute, salute, salute.

Can I help you

with something, kaffir?

You are Blomfeld?

What you want,

huh?

What you want?

I said.

This is a death knife.

You know what's going

to happen to you now,

don't you boy?

Yes, sir.

What you say?!

I said, yes sir, I know.

You got some guts coming

over here trying to take me on.

What have I done to you?

Hmm?

Something from the past?

With your family maybe?

Why you do this thing?

I've been paid

to come and kill you.

Show me your marks.

Take your top off, fuck it!

I've got no marks, sir.

How come?

How come, no 28 tattoos?

I'm not a soldier yet.

I didn't think so.

How old are you?

Seventeen years, sir.

Seventeen?

So why they send you?

Nobody sent me.

Wanna be a man, eh?

Join the brotherhood, eh?

How long you're in for?

Four years, sir.

You kill me that becomes 20.

Is that what you want?
No, no, no, sir.
You're Mogomat's wifey?
Manservant, is that it?
You've fucked yourself now,
haven't you?
You're like a rat in a maze.
What's your name?
Mboweni, Benjamin.
Mboweni? You Tsonga?
My dad is a Tsonga.
He comes from Mpumalanga.
What they're gonna do
to you now, Benjamin?
They will... they will...
they will kill me, sir.
They will kill you.
Yes, they will.
I return one of your own.
See? Blomfeld,
you're taking our woman, now?
No, he bloodied me
by himself,
one-on-one.
Benjamin.
No Benjamin.
Wait.
You can take me.
Sure you can.
But I take a few noses, ears,
and pricks with me,
for sure I do.
You all hate me
for what I've done
to your people.
I absorb your hate.
I feed on it.
And you, Francois,
you bliksem cunt?
You hate me for all those terrible
things we've done together.
Discipline.
No.
No one.

No one.
Yes, he does.
I stand for him.
Quiet.
Benjamin.
Salute!
Salute!
Blomfeld,
I'll offer you a drink.
In your fucking dreams, kaffir.
And don't come
back, you'll get a lick
of my fucking cigarette, dude!
Did Howard leave?
Yes.
You know I think
Mr. Pollsmoor is a lost cause.
I hope you haven't sent Howard
on a wild goose chase.
I haven't.
I'm getting to know my enemy.
Leah has been teaching me.
Any news
about Mrs. Morobe?
Kefilwe called.
She's out of hospital.
Good.
Father,
you feeling better?
Yes.
The other night
I got really, really angry
with God.
So angry with God, I said,
"How can you allow
such and such and such
and such a thing to happen?"
So, I scolded God
for not showing the world
who was in charge.
I said, "Are you
in charge, God?"
But then,
I realized

that that was His way
of getting my backside
off of the pity potty.
Mrs. Van Den Bergh?
You're a very punctual man,
Mr. Varney.
They told me at the shop
you'd be arriving at 11:00.

11:

Do you remember someone
called Piet Blomfeld?
You look like
you need a cup of tea.
Come inside.
Oh, go then!
They think they're Alsatians.
That's blood.
You need vinegar to clean blood.
I said you need vinegar.
The acid cuts the blood.
Scrub.
You're very lucky
to be here, Benjamin.
This place
is better than any school.
Hey!
First, it'll teach you
who you are.
Then, if you have the balls,
it'll teach you
that the only person
you can change is yourself.
Understand?
I know I gave my word
that I would stand for you,
but other than that,
I don't give a poes.
I told you not to come here.
Please...
fuck.
Kruger?
Pollsmoor.
Yes?

Archbishop,
they are going
to piss themselves in hell
they are, at what
I'm going to do.
Come see me.
Yes,
I'm going to tell you
about a certain braai
and what we done when we were
knocking back a few drinks.
You will wish to God
you never listened.
After that,
you can forget about me.
You'll have what you came for
and you and I will be done.
I will come tomorrow.
It's a fucking mess of shit.
Let Mrs. Morobe know
that Blomfeld is going to talk.
Thank you.
This one's got my will in it.
This one's a just-in-case,
if you know what I mean.
Will you post
that one personally,
outside the prison?
Yes,
we will move you
to the high security corridor.
You will be safe there.
Safe? Yes.
Safe it is.
Mr. Varney.
Mr. Varney.
You forgot the press clippings.
Thank you.
There is something
that I haven't told you.
After it was over,
the shooting,
you have
to understand one thing,

Rian Blomfeld, Piet's father,
was a bigoted monster.
After it was over,
he beat Piet up so badly,
he broke his arm.
And then the family
moved to Zimbabwe
and they sent Piet
to a white boarding school.
He was just ten years old.
He was away
when the family was wiped out.
Revenge, people thought.
And he blames himself
for all of it.
I hope you can help Piet,
can you?
I hope so.
Goodbye Mrs. Van den Bergh
and good luck.
So he's coming to see him then,
tomorrow.
Who?
Who's coming to see who?
That fucking kaffir Archbishop.
He's coming to see Blomfeld.
He got the department
to overrule the governor.
Blomfeld is fucking with me.
What is it
with you and Blomfeld?
We were in the same
hit squad together.
He got arrested,
I went undercover.
Me and him, we go back,
way back,
even before Vlakplas.
Boss himself gave us orders.
Fucker!
Too fucking right, brother.
He crosses, he sinks me.
Fuck.
I never took him for a canary.

You know, the governor's
got him on J-Wing.
Yeah?
Well, that won't
fucking save him.
What are you gonna do, Sergeant?
I'm gonna put the shit
heap on lockdown.
I still got friends.
Fucking quick off the mark.
I give them that.
Time to pay,
but you burn in hell with me.
Oh, yeah, for sure you burn.
No lusting to hang on,
no prayers, no begging,
never submit, never yield.
Let them come.
Let them fucking come!
Well then,
how are you feeling now,
a bit fucked?
So you thought
you could fucking snitch.
I am what I am.
See you in hell,
you knuckle-dragging maggot.
Hansi!
Hansi!
Hansi!
It was
the girl's time of the month.
So we stripped her naked.
We made her stand there
with her hands above her head
while the blood
ran down her legs,
to break her spirit.
Her boyfriend,
Siswe Nxumalo was still drugged
in the back of the bakkie.
Some of the boys,
Hansi Coetzee,
Francois Schmidt,

some of the others,
they went and got the tires
and the wood for the burning.
Oh, and Rensberger,
he went back to the farm
to collect the beers
and some steaks.
I went into the hut.
The girl had tied
a bit of old plastic
around her middle
for decency.
It didn't cover much.
I made her kneel.
I had the Makarov
with the silencer on.
I put it
to the back of her skull
and then I blew
the top of her head off.
Switch it off!
Switch it off!
We will resume in ten minutes.
While we waited
for the bodies to burn,
we opened...
we opened some beers
and we had...
someone said, let's...
we had a braai...
Those two young people,
those children
had just been murdered
and you people,
as their bodies burned
had a braai,
a barbecue?
Yes.
So help me God, I...
Was my baby an enemy
to the state?
In what way?
I know nothing can bring
your daughter back.

I want to.
God above as my witness,
Mrs. Morobe.
I want nothing more than that.
I deserve to be punished.
I've lost my right to live
but I can't unmake
what's happened
even if I wish it so.
And...
I can't ask you to forget
and I...
I can't ask you to forgive me.
I just can't...
I can't...
I can't forgive myself.
All I can say is, um...
I'm so...
I'm so...
very, very sorry
for what I've done.
Stand up, Mr. Coetzee.
You robbed me of the most
beautiful thing in my life
and you left me as dead
as the two children.
You personally
did not kill my child
but you never
found it in your heart
to protect her.
A teenage girl at your mercy
but you never even tried.
What a small man you are.
Look at me, Mr. Coetzee.
When I hear you speak
of my child's death,
my heart cries out to kill you.
A mother's heart
cries out for that!
Yes...
I want to kill you
like she was killed.
See what you have done!

But I do not want
my daughter's death
to be made dirty with revenge
and death
because she was beautiful,
too beautiful for ugliness
to be her memory.
Mr. Coetzee,
my child...
looks down on us now.
I can feel it.
And she offers us a chance
to start again.
For you...
to make amends,
to be a big man,
and for me... and for me
to live again,
and for her sake,
I will do this.
Hansi Coetzee,
let her see us
make a clean slate for her sake.
Benjamin.
Good to meet you.
Do you know why you're here?
Something about the Blomfeld?
Yes, something about
the Blomfeld.
Governor?
Hello, Benjamin.
Yes, sir.
How are you?
I'm good, sir.
Don't worry.
The department will transfer you
out of this prison
but before that,
I'm going to read you
the last will and testament
of Piet Blomfeld.
"All I have
are a few bits of junk,
except for my copy of the poem

'Paradise Lost...'
Which is to be given
to Benjamin Mboweni.
There is a little money of mine
in the Witwatersrand Bank.
That money
I leave to you, Benjamin,
for your use.
Understand, Benjamin,
it is not an apology
but it is a reparation
to free you from the results
of what has been done
to your people.
Oh, I wanted to talk to you.
Sit down.
Okay.
I've come to thank you.
You know, for what
you've been doing,
shining a light
into a dark place.
You are a brave woman,
Mrs. Coetzee.
I hated you at first.
Of course.
I'm just as easy to hate
as I am to love.
Well, I just...
I guess I just...
I lived in a bubble.
But now I ask myself,
"How could I not see?"
I'm not talking
just about Hansi.
I guess I'm really talking about
everything that's been going on.
I pretended that
it wasn't happening, but...
I knew.
And at this point,
probably doesn't
mean much, but...
I want to say I'm sorry.

Why doesn't it mean much
to say you're sorry?
I guess because I think that
I'm a bad person
and that you'll think
these are just white tears.
Happily, tears,
they don't have any color
and I think you're a person
in need of a hug
just like the rest of us.
What was that for?
I'm sorry.
These last two years have been
hard for you, Leah.
But I just want you to know
I never took you for granted.
Never.
Why, you old goat,
are you asking me
for forgiveness?
I suppose I am.
Look at it.
What a beautiful sight.
Yes, the sea and all its colors.
I've always loved them.
No, no, no, I mean,
here on the beach.
Our beach.
They say the hardest thing to do
The hardest
is to love somebody
Who doesn't love you
I think
the hardest thing to do
The hardest is to love
Somebody who
Somebody who hates you
How can I just let you
Walk away
And just be free?
How can I dismiss the pain
And what you did to me?
It's the hardest thing to do

Please believe
I forgive you
You're forgiven
I forgive you
You're forgiven
How can I just let you
Walk away
And just be free?
How can I dismiss the pain
And what you did to me?
It's the hardest thing to do
Please believe
But I forgive you
You're forgiven
I forgive you
You're forgiven
How can I just let you
Walk away
And just be free?
How can I dismiss the pain
And what you did to me?
It's the hardest thing to do
Please believe
But I forgive you
You're forgiven
I forgive you
You're forgiven
Oh
Oh
And I forgive you
You're forgiven
And I forgive you
You're forgiven
And I
Forgive you
You're forgiven