



Scripts.com

# A Dry White Season

By Colin Welland

**FADE IN:**

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS -DAY

Dan Pienaar school is a typical Johannesburg Afrikaans school. The students are mainly from middle-class families. School athletics are in progress. The students, in their smart school uniforms, are cheering enthusiastically a relay race on the immaculately-kept sports ground.

GORDON NGUBENE, a 47-years-old African laborer is working in the school garden. A few feet away is his 15years-old son JONATHAN leaning against a wall watching the games.

BEN DU TOIT, a 50-year-old Afrikaaner history teacher, is enthusiastically cheering his son JOHAN, a 15-years-old, who is leading neck-and-neck with another boy in the last leg of the race. The excitement increases as they approach the tape. Ben is beside himself, egging his son with shouts. The young teacher, VIVIERS, standing next to Ben, is shouting "come on Johan," and slapping the father on the back.

Johan breasts the tape just ahead of the other boy. The ground is invaded by boys running to congratulate Johan. Ben hurries towards his happy but exhausted son; the proud father pushing his way through the animated boys. As he reaches Johan he pats him on the back.

**BEN :**

This was your best race.

**JOHAN :**

(excited)

I beat him, Papa.

**BEN :**

(proudly)

You did son. Come on, shower.

They walk happily towards the school buildings in conversation, Johan being slapped on the back by friends. Ben stops to talk to Gordon who jumps to his feet.

**BEN :**

I'll be expecting you. There isn't much to do, only weeding

the marigolds and watering the lawn and flowers.

(CONTINUED)

2.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDON :**

We'll be there, Mr. Ben'sir,  
Jonathan come to help me.  
Ben hadn't seen Jonathan. He turns to him.

**BEN :**

And how's the algebra? Still  
giving you trouble?

**JONATHAN :**

(with respect)  
Just a little, Mr. Ben'sir.

**JOHAN :**

Me too.

**GORDON:**

(straightening himself)  
He's working hard, Mr. Ben'sir,  
and your money will not be  
wasted. Emily and me will always  
thank you.

**BEN :**

(as he leaves)  
See you both later.

Gordon returns to his work a little distance further. A group of students are laughing and pushing each other boisterously. As they near Jonathan, two nudge each other and giggle. Then, one of them trips Jonathan. He falls to the ground and jumps up aggressively, about to attack the boy. Gordon shouts "Jonathan."  
The headmaster, MRS. CLOETE, aged 65 years, has observed the incident, but takes no action.  
Jonathan stands panting with rage. He suddenly strides away towards the gate in a rage.

**GORDON:**

(shouting angrily)

U ya phi?

(Where are you going?)

Jonathan turns to look at his father and continues to walk off.

TITLES.

EXT. SOWETO BEER HALL -AFTERNOON

The beer hall is a large complex with a drinking area with long rows of low benches.

(CONTINUED)

3.

**CONTINUED:**

Men sit drinking African beer in one-half and one gallon plastics containers. The place buzzes with noise.

Several people are touting wares for sale.

Suddenly a group of about twenty youths walks into the drinking area, obviously to cause trouble. The LEADER starts to address the clients.

**LEADER :**

Your children are starving and you are drinking. We demand freedom and our fathers are drunk. We ask you to boycott these beer halls. Revolution and drink don't work together!

A large MAN WITH SIDEBURNS, obviously drunk, stands up, a stick in his hand.

MAN WITH SIDEBURNS

Since when do children talk like this to their fathers? They need thrashing.

The man and several others advance on the boys. The boys run into the serving area, close the doors and start breaking up the place. Two police Land Rovers SCREECH to a halt outside. The boys run out through a side entrance. They are chased by the police who are black.

Jonathan and his best friend Wellington, also 15 years, are walking towards the beer hall when the boys come running out chased by the police. It is prudent for them to run down the street. The boys and police are bearing down on them. Their escape is cut off by the

appearance of another police Land Rover. Two policemen, two blacks and two whites join in the capture. Jonathan, Wellington and about ten of the boys are arrested. As they are huddled into the vehicle, they protest their innocence without success and are driven away.

INT. SOWETO POLICE STATION -CHARGE OFFICE -AFTERNOON

The charge office is sparsely furnished with a long bench along a wall. There is a reception counter with Sgt: Van Zyl in charge. The boys are lined up against a wall. The sergeant stands with a tall blond man with a scar on his chin, CAPTAIN STOLZ.

(CONTINUED)

4.

**CONTINUED:**

The sergeant reads out a name and looks at Stolz; if he nods the boy stands aside. After this ritual, the ones that Stolz has chosen are marched to a waiting police van and driven away. The others are taken to the cells at the police station, these include Jonathan and Wellington.

EXT. DUTCH REFORM CHURCH -DAY

The MUSIC STOPS. The doors open. The 40 years-old minister Bester comes to the door, then stands and greets his parishioners as they file out of the church. Amongst them, Ben Du Toit --his wife, SUSAN, a clean-cut, immaculate, "toe-the-line" beauty and his son, Johan --the blond, blue-eyed, tanned and torsoed fourteen-year-old every father dreams of. Susan greets friends and acquaintances, pausing to chat... mostly formalities. Johan, his eyes on a girl his age. She is with her father, Mr. Cloete, the headmaster --she smiles at Johan from a distance; he waves awkwardly as she drives off with her parents.

SUZETTE his daughter, sophisticated --groomed. She takes her baby from the black nanny waiting in the car, carries the child to the group chatting with CHRIS, her husband. She shows it off proudly. Ben is chatting, concerned, to a WOMAN. She looks drawn and worried.

MRS. COETZEE (WOMAN)

He won't come to church. He lies in bed all day, listening to his headphones.

**BEN :**

I wondered why he wasn't at school. Would it help if I came to see him? He's always seemed a good kid to me.

MRS. COETZEE

Oh, would you?

**BEN :**

Of course. I'll phone and we can fix a time.

Mrs. Coetzee smiles her gratitude.

**SUSAN:**

Ben! Ben!

She's waving impatiently at him. He crosses back to her. Suzette's BABY is HOWLING.

(CONTINUED)

5.

**CONTINUED:**

She rocks it back and forth, holding it at arm's length. The BABY SCREAMS. The nanny comes forward --Suzette hands it over.

**SUSAN :**

Mrs. Coetzee. She looked worried.

**BEN :**

She's having trouble with her boy. He won't come to school.

**SUSAN :**

So you said you'd have a word with him?

**BEN :**

Yes!

She smiles and walks him to the car affectionately.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE -BARBECUE -DAY

The Du Toit family.

Susan is bringing out the salads. Chris, her son-in-law, is at the barbecue, stinging his eyes. Ben is bouncing his grandson, little Hennie, in a small, portable pool.

The black nanny sits in attendance in the shade, a towel at the ready. The good life...  
... Suddenly disturbed by... Gordon and Jonathan standing uncertain at the far side of the garden; Gordon's hat pressed flat against his chest, Jonathan defiant. Susan looks up --as do each in turn --curious at the intrusion... then the black nanny --and finally Ben. After a moment, Ben walks up to Gordon.

**BEN :**

Gordon! What are you doing here?

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN -DAY

Six cuts, like six knife gashes, revealed on the bloodstained buttocks of Gordon's son, who stands in painful, truculent embarrassment.

Ben is shocked by the severity of the canning.

**GORDON :**

That's not why I'm complaining,  
Mister Ben, sir. If he did wrong,  
I'd beat him myself. But he  
didn't.

(CONTINUED)

6.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDON :**

He did nothing and they wouldn't  
listen. They wouldn't believe  
him.

**BEN:**

I'm sorry, Gordon. But there  
must be a reason.

**GORDON :**

He says he wasn't doing anything  
wrong, Mister Ben, sir. And I  
believe him, I know my son! It's  
an injustice!

**BEN :**

What about the court? Didn't he

state his case?

**GORDON :**

What does he know about court?  
Before he knew, it was all over.

**BEN :**

I don't think there is anything we  
can do about it now.

Outside, peering through the half-opened door, is Johan,  
shocked at what he sees. Ben tapes Jonathan on the head,  
he pulls up his shorts painfully, yet fiercely, anxious  
to cover himself up again.

**GORDON :**

We can get a lawyer to appeal.

**BEN :**

A lawyer? That won't heal  
Jonathan's buttocks.  
Susan appears at the door.

**SUSAN :**

Ben!

**BEN :**

I'll be out in a minute.  
She nods, ushering Johan away from the door back outside.

**GORDON :**

You don't understand, Mister Ben,  
sir. I don't want him to have a  
police record.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7.

**CONTINUED:**

GORDON (CONT'D)

It will be there for the rest of  
his life and make it difficult for  
him to get a job in the future.

**BEN :**



Don't worry, Gordon. I'm sure there'll be no record, it's such a minor case. Please don't worry. Ben calls Johan from the outside.

**BEN :**

Johan, get some iodine from the cupboard.

Johan rushes in the house.

**GORDON :**

I'm not worried about the wounds. They'll heal in time, Mister Ben, sir. It's the wounds here.

(slaps his chest)

I worry about. Injustice... it festers.

Johan comes back with a small bottle of medicine.

**BEN:**

(to Gordon)

Rub it on the wounds and it will help.

EXT. BEN'S GATE -DAY

Ben watches the black man and his son trudge down the long drive, the father's arm on the son's shouldre. At the foot of the drive the nose of an exotic Soweto cab can be seen waiting... a large butterfly painted on the hood.

EXT. BEN'S GARDEN -DAY

Ben takes his place at the table. Susan brings a piece of boerwors and a mug of beer.

**SUSAN :**

Trouble?

**BEN :**

Jonathan has been caned, by the police.

She places the boerwors and the beer before him.

(CONTINUED)

8.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN :**

He probably deserved it.

EXT. SOWETO SCHOOL -SOWETO UPRISING -MORNING

School grounds of the Orlando Secondary School. Students are milling around in high spirits. One group is putting finishing touches to a banner reading: "no to aparhteid education."

There are two other banners being carried around the school yard, followed by the younger children. They

**read:**

"No to the Oppressor's language"

"Bantu education is slave education."

A BOY, one of the eldest, aged about 18 years calls for silence. The STUDENTS immediately obey.

STUDENT LEADER (BOY)

You all know why we are going to march.

The crowd shouts:

**STUDENTS :**

'No to Bantu education'

'No to apartheid'

'Freedom Now'...

**STUDENT LEADER :**

There must be discipline. We start marching from here and we'll join up with the others at the main road. Please take care of the younger ones. Let's go.

The Students start marching led by one of the banners, singing a freedom song.

Amongst them is Jonathan and Wellington. They are singing. The march turns round one of the streets.

**CROSSROAD:**

Several groups of students marchers converge to join the march that has already started, including Jonathan's group. There are several banners condemning Bantu education, apartheid, etc.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

**Examples:**

"ONE MAN ONE VOTE"

"FREE OUT LEADERS"

"NO TO THE AFRIKAANS LANGUAGE"

There are chants of slogans as they march:

**STUDENTS :**

'If we learn Afrikaans vorster  
must learn Zulu.' 'Bantu  
education! Stinks! Stinks!  
Stinks!' 'Equal education! Now!  
Now! Now!'

They also start singing a freedom song.

FURTHER UP STREET

Three police Jeeps block the route of the march. A  
little distance behind are police troops carriers  
( 'hippos' ). About six police-dog-handlers in camouflage  
uniforms stand across the road waiting for the march to  
approach.

As the march gets closer the students' singing increases  
in volume.

The Soweto police COMMANDANT steps forward with a loudspeaker  
in hand. He confronts the lead of the march. He  
signals for them to stop. The dogs are straining at their  
leashes and their handlers taunt the leading group.

**COMMANDANT :**

Now listen to me, this is an  
illegal demonstration. I order  
you to disperse immediately.

The Students start singing the African national anthem  
'Nkosi Sikelele.'

Children of 8, 9, 10 years singing lustily with their  
fists clenched as everyone else.

Jonathan and Wellington singing.

Camouflaged police scrambling out of Jeeps with guns and  
tear gas grenades. They stand with the rifles pointing  
at the marchers. The singing continues.

The Commandant confers with a junior officer who hurries  
to the group of policemen and gives them instructions.

The ones carrying tear gas move towards front. The police start donning gas masks.

(CONTINUED)

10.

**CONTINUED:**

**COMMANDANT :**

This is the last warning.

Disperse immediately or I will take action.

A voice in the crowd shouts "Banutu education..."

The crowd shouts back "Stinks, Stinks, Stinks."

The Commandant gives a hand signal.

Tear gas canisters are thrown into the crowd, the dog-handlers attack. There is panic with Students running in all directions, several choking.

Some of the students start throwing stones at the police, hitting one in the face; he is helped away by a black policeman.

Without warning, SHOOTING STARTS.

Children drop, wounded; friends trying to help the dying and seriously wounded, others helped away.

Some boys appear with dustbin lids as protection and they pelt the police with stones.

The police in the 'hippos' are jumping off and pursuing Students, some SHOOTING.

Woman grabs two of the running children age about 9/10 and hustles them into house.

Jonathan and Wellington are running with a group. In the distance the sound of an AMBULANCE SIREN. A Jeep cuts off their escape, they turn back running as SHOTS are FIRED towards them, a little girl drops, shot in the back. Jonathan shouts to Wellington who is ahead of him.

**JONATHAN :**

Wellington! Wellington!

Wellington looks back, sees Jonathan trying to help the little girl. He runs back to help. Another girl, aged about 17 years, is also trying to help.

Two policemen suddenly appear from behind a house, they are about 18 years old.

The girl straightens up and confronts the two policemen shouting hysterically.

**GIRL:**

Shoot me! Come on, shoot me!

Shoot me!

(CONTINUED)

11.

**CONTINUED:**

She slumps to the ground crying.

Jonathan, Wellington and the Girl are hustled into a crowded van amid punches and kicks from the police. The van drives off leaving the injured Girl on the road, neighbors run to assist the Girl.

As the van is passing, see a burning car, in the distance a building on fire; another AMBULANCE SIREN.

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE:**

A) EXT. AFRIKAANER SCHOOL

B) The screams, the laughter of white kids playing at their school, massed in conviviality, Johan one.

C) Behind, aboard a mower, motors Gordon, in the blue overall of a groundsman, intent in his task.

OVER this white pacifist content, hear...

... GUNSHOTS, SCREAMS, TERROR.

D) EXT. SOWETO -AFTERNOON

The carnage, the dead, the wounded. The stunned bewilderment of blacks and police alike... even the latter unnerved by their own brutality.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. JOHANNESBURG SUBURB -LATE AFTERNOON

Soweto train rushing through suburb of Johannesburg.

REVERSE SHOT FROM train.

INT. SOWETO TRAIN CARRIAGE -LATE AFTERNOON

The third-class carriage is crowded with African commuters returning to Soweto. The passengers represent all the social and economic strata of Soweto: laborers, factory workers, domestic servants, clerk secretaries, the unemployed, etc. In the carriage, Gordon, returning from work, standing.

A LARGE middle-aged WOMAN is standing in the crowded aisle at one end of the carriage. She suddenly shouts:

(CONTINUED)

12.

**CONTINUED:**

**LARGE WOMAN :**

(to man in front of  
her)

Careful with your bag. Can't you  
see where it's touching?

MAN #1

(standing half-way  
down carriage)

Can I see where it's touching?

**LARGE WOMAN :**

Men of today only like looking.

Laughter in the carriage. Gordon is also enjoying the  
joke.

MAN #2

(standing by a door)

It's the electricity.

MAN IN KHAKE UNIFORM

What has electricity to do with  
it?

A few voices also ask same question.

MAN #2

Today with the electricity they

**say:**

(in an affected  
voice)

'Darling let's not switch off  
the light.'

Laughter and voice saying "that's true."

WOMAN #1

(standing very near  
Gordon)

I hope you have electricity with  
those thick glasses of yours.

With your eyes you couldn't find  
anything.

More laughter.

MAN #3

Tell us, does your wife also wear

thick glasses?

MAN #2

(quickly)

You should know, she's your  
sister.

(CONTINUED)

13.

**CONTINUED:**

There is more laughter.

Suddenly a MAN jumps on his seat waving his arms --he's  
about 40 years old --in BLUE OVERALLS. He cannot take  
it any more.

MAN IN BLUE OVERALLS

Quiet! Thulani! Thulani!

The noise goes down.

MAN IN BLUE OVERALLS

They are killing our children  
and you are making jokes...

VOICE (O.S.)

They say hundreds of children have  
died and Soweto is burning.

CLOSEUP -GORDON AND WOMAN

talking about the information.

SMARTLY-DRESSED MAN

The white people, they will pay,  
and soon.

**YOUNG WOMAN :**

'They will pay, they will pay.' Since  
when have they been killing us, putting  
us in jails, starving our children to  
death, taking our land? Hundreds of  
years. And what have you men done?  
Only talk, talk, talk. You are not  
men. Sis. (Shit.)

The conversations in the carriage become muted and serious.  
The train enters Soweto, there is smoke hanging over several  
parts of the township, and official buildings are on  
fire.

Suddenly, the passengers are gripped by the seriousness of  
the situation.

There are snatches of conversation such as:

"That's the superintendent's office

on fire."

"I hope the children are home."

"We have to dodge bullets tonight."

"Vorster must hang for this."

"I hope the world hears about this."

14.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE -EVENING

Silence.

A small three-room Soweto brick house --The living room is modestly furnished.

EMILY, Gordon's 40-year-old wife, is sitting on a narrow iron bedstead against the wall, clutching her youngest 2-year-old son --Her mind is preoccupied. Sitting next to her is a ten-year-old daughter.

Gordon is sitting on a chair at the table with his second eldest son, Robert --aged 14 years --standing by the side of the table --sitting on an old easy chair is a Soweto resident with his 15-year-old DAUGHTER standing beside him.

**GORDON:**

(to girl)

Are you sure it was Jonathan they took away?

The girl glances at her father. He coaxes her to talk.

GIRL (DAUGHTER)

Yes, baba, with Wellington.

INT. SOWETO POLICE STATION -DAY

Black parents, waiting. At the counter with Gordon, a large black man, STANLEY, a friend --his big easy smile is working hard on a white policeman, the station SERGEANT VAN ZYL, about to run out of patience.

**STANLEY :**

No, no, I understand, Baas, but is that all the names? There's no other list somewhere?

SERGEANT VAN ZYL

I'm telling you. He's not in custody. Have you tried the hospital? Have you tried the mortuary?

Gordon sucks in his breath audibly.

SERGEANT VAN ZYL



I'm only suggesting the possibilities.

**STANLEY :**

But, what about John Voster Square?

(CONTINUED)

15.

**CONTINUED:**

SERGEANT VAN ZYL

Look, I've tried to help you.

**STANLEY :**

Thank you.

Stanley walks up to a WOMAN.

**STANLEY :**

You're here too, sis Paulina, who are you looking for?

**WOMAN :**

They picked up my girl --13-yearold girl!

**STANLEY :**

(comforting her)

We are all searching.

The policeman calls her --she hurries to the counter.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BARAGWANATH MORTUARY -DAY

A white-uniformed assistant leads a line of African parents, reeking of sadness, into a cool room where metal drawers open from the walls.

Stanley and JULIUS their black lawyer --the two men seem to be very well-known, people shake hands with them, salute them -

Gordon and Emily's sadness is tinged with anger --they have dignity, defiance, bowed with grief as they are.

Stanley's large hand is placed gently on Emily's shoulder as they examine the dead faces before them.

They belong to children, some in torn, dirty clothes, others naked, some mutilated, others whole and seemingly

unharmred, as if asleep, until the small, neat hole in temple or chest and the small crust of blood is brought to our attention.

A woman behind them starts to scream. They look around to see her holding onto a drawer, her legs buckling. Another woman pulls her close to grieve with her. The assistant approaches them and after a soft exchange he writes a name on a tag and ties it onto the body. The woman can't, won't leave her dead child. Her friend has to pull her away.

(CONTINUED)

16.

**CONTINUED:**

The crowd parts to let them through. Other women reach out to touch her.

Gordon looks into the last drawer, Jonathan is not there. They make their way out past the other parents and a group of mourning women sitting.

EXT. MORTUARY -DAY

Gordon, Emily and their friends cross to Stanley's great white elderly Dodge, this "etembalami" with the big butterfly. For, amongst other things, he is the owner and driver of a pirate taxi.

They get in. Stanley pauses --looks across at a small red VW Beetle parked nearby, waiting. He shakes his head --the VW flashes its lights and drives off.

INT. STANLEY'S TAXI -DAY

Inside they sit in silence... recovering from the ordeal. Only Emily silently whispers "Thank God, thank God." After a while...

**STANLEY :**

What now?

**GORDON :**

He is our son... we must find him.

**JULIUS :**

I'll make more inquiries --John Vorster Square --the special branch --but I don't hold out much hope.

**GORDON :**

You're a lawyer, Julius!

**STANLEY:**

(laughs)

A black lawyer! Those Boers...  
the bastards'll kick him around  
till they lose him.

**EMILY :**

What about the Baas? If he asks,  
they will give him an answer.

**GORDON:**

(bitterly)

When the boy was flogged he didn't  
help. Why should he help him now?

17.

EXT. BEN'S GARDEN -MORNING

Gordon is at work already --8 AM --mowing the lawn.  
He's intense, unsmiling, burdened as he goes about his  
task, expertly.

Sounds of BEN and JOHAN LAUGHING coming from inside.

INT. BEN'S DEN -MORNING

Ben and Johan, in robes, their hair still wet from their  
showers, having an imaginary boxing match. Johan has  
Ben on the ropes, backs him out of the house.

EXT. BEN'S GARDEN

Ben adjusts the sash of his robe and takes the offensive  
towards Johan, as he sees Gordon.

**JOHAN :**

Hi, Gordon.

No response. Ben does a double-take and stops playing.

**BEN :**

(to Johan)

Hold it, champ.

He crosses the yard to Gordon, fluffing his hair dry,  
Johan follows behind.

**BEN :**

Gordon, you okay?

No response again. Gordon continues to work. Ben and

Johan exchange puzzled looks.

**JOHAN :**

Isn't this Jonathan's day to help you?

**BEN :**

How is he, recovering?

Gordon stops, switches OFF the MACHINE, stands not looking at Ben.

**GORDON :**

I don't know, Mister Ben, sir -the police took him.

**BEN :**

Again?

**JOHAN :**

What for?

(CONTINUED)

18.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDON :**

They arrested many. They even deny they've got him. He's disappeared...

**BEN :**

Disappeared? He's a child --why didn't you tell me?

Gordon just looks at him, sadly, patiently.

**BEN :**

Okay! I'll see what I can find out.

Ben walks off with Johan as Gordon STARTS the MOWER.

INT. BEN'S STUDY -MORNING

Ben is talking on the phone.

**BEN :**

Our gardener, yes. Probably

nothing, but he's worried.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -DAY

Sumptuous lawyer's offices, Johannesburg. They're lush-carpeted. A black woman cleaner is finishing off her early-morning chores, packing up as white staff are beginning to arrive. They're fresh, shining, attractive --whipping the covers off typewriters.

A young black girl, smart, well-groomed, is carrying a tray of coffee, desk to desk. FOLLOW her as she approaches her employer's open office door.

We hear his voice --see him on the phone in the b.g.

**LEWINSON :**

... And when was this?

He nods, makes notes. He's in shirtsleeves. At his post early, ready for action.

**LEWINSON :**

Ngubene --Jonathan Ngubene.

INT. LEWINSON'S OFFICE -DAY

The coffee girl enters, places a cup on Lewinson's desk, and retreats.

(CONTINUED)

19.

**CONTINUED:**

**LEWINSON :**

I'll get on to them straight away...

Not at all --I think better this time of morning --after lunch, man, I'm a zombie.

(laughs)

Sure --let you know straight away

--love to, Susan... Cheers!

(puts down phone;

presses his intercom)

Freda! Open an account... Du Toit.

Benjamin Du Toit... Subject...

Jonathan Ngubene.

MONTAGE -SEARCH FOR JONATHAN

A) TYPEWRITER

--CHATTERING out --on Lewinson's headed note paper:

To the Commissioner of Police

Police Headquarters  
John Vorster Square

Dear Sir,

On behalf of our client, Gordon Ngubene,  
we are anxious to discover the whereabouts  
of his son...

B) INT. POLICE HQ. (JOHN VORSTER SQUARE) -INTERROGATION

**ROOM:**

Wellington, Jonathan's friend, is sitting alone in  
fear. Through the wall he can hear MOANING --SCREAMS.  
He closes his eyes tight as if to shut out what he  
is hearing.

C) POLICE TYPEWRITER

--CHATTERING out --on police headquarters note paper:

To Lewinson & Partners Solicitors

Dear Sirs,

With reference to your enquiry concerning  
Jonathan Ngubene, we suggest you take the matter  
up directly with the particular officer in  
charge...

20.

D) HOSPITAL (JOHANNESBURG)

Young black nurse carrying bedding --corridor -startled  
by moaning, screaming figure of black boy,  
being hustled on trolley into private ward. Boy is  
deposited on bed as policeman is posted outside.

E) TYPEWRITER

--Lewinson's headed paper:

... the whereabouts of Jonathan Ngubene, aged  
15, who was apparently detained by you...

F) 2ND POLICE TYPEWRITER

--Second heading:

The type keys hesitate, tremble, for a considerable  
number of seconds, on and on, as if deliberately delaying  
or uncertain how to answer.

G) MATRON

confronted by Gordon and Emily. She shakes her  
head vigorously, denying all knowledge, shows them the  
door.

**F) FINALLY:**

Dear Sirs,

With reference to your enquiry seeking the

whereabouts of Jonathan Ngubene, we are sorry to inform you we have no record of anyone of that name...

I) HOSPITAL -WHITE SUPERINTENDENT FACING JULIUS

**SUPERINTENDENT:**

It's preposterous. I would have known --of such a case... I mean... in my hospital. You people! You're always raking up trouble!

J) STANLEY

At the back of police headquarters, John Vorster Square. An elderly black cleaner, emptying garbage, is being shown Jonathan's photograph. He looks --and nods -pointing down as meaning the basement.

K) CLOSE ON STANLEY'S FACE

END MONTAGE.

21.

INT. LEWINSON'S OFFICE -DAY

He is with a client. He pushes a button on the intercom.

**LEWINSON :**

... Freda --I said no calls...

Oh... Right... put them through.

Hallo! Yes! How are you?...

that is correct.

He listens --his face slowly becoming solemn -

**LEWINSON :**

Very well. Thank you for finally letting us know.

He replaces the receiver... looks at it for a long second ... before lifting his eyes to the client.

**LEWINSON :**

(to client)

Sorry.

He dials a number.

INT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -STAFF ROOM -DAY

Tea break for the teachers, Ben among them. He is enjoying a laugh with his colleagues --maybe in Afrikaans -we should hear the language here where we need not comprehend. An African serves the tea.

There's a KNOCK --a monitor comes in and talks to Ben who follows him outside.

INT. SCHOOL -DAY

Ben at the phone.

**BEN :**

Hello, Dan... No... it's all right...

INT. LEWINSON'S OFFICE -DAY

**LEWINSON :**

I'm sorry. They have just officially informed me. The boy was never in detention. He died ... the day of the riots and as nobody came to claim the corpse he was buried a month ago.

INT. SCHOOL -DAY

Ben at the phone.

(CONTINUED)

22.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

Thanks a lot, Dan... I'll tell Gordon. 'Bye.

Ben hangs up and stays there... thinking... until the BELL snaps him out of his thoughts.

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -PLAYING FIELDS -DAY

The playing fields, not of Eton but as good as...

... Cries and whistles rise through the still, warm air from a game of schoolboy rugby being played below us by immaculately-fitted teams.

On another part of the field Gordon's lawnmower off to the side --two figures pace --slowly --one white, one black -

A VOICE overlays all this... strange... ironically African.

**GORDON :**

Mister Ben, sir. If it was me, all right. And if it was Emily, all right. We are not young. But



he's out child. My time and your time, it's passing. But the time of our children is coming. And now if they kill our children -if we let them --what is it that we lived for?

**BEN:**

(places a hand on Gordon's shoulder -comforting)  
What can we do, Gordon? You or I... We can't change it.

**GORDON :**

That day, Mr. Ben, sir, when they whipped Jonathan, you also said we can do nothing. But if we had... if someone heard what we had to say this would not have happened.

**BEN :**

It's a terrible thing, Gordon -God knows I'm sorry. But you have other children to live for... I'll help them too with their schooling.  
(CONTINUED)

23.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDON :**

(interrupting)  
How did he die, Mister Ben, sir?

**BEN :**

I told you, Gordon... He died on the day of the riots.

**GORDON :**

That's what they say. But I got to know for certain. How can I have peace? I must know how my son died and where they buried him.

The game on the next pitch finishes with a pierce of the whistle. The kids run off past Ben and Gordon. Gordon climbs onto the small lawn mower and STARTS the ENGINE.

**BEN:**

Gordon. The police --if they've said...

**GORDON:**

I don't care what they say. He is my child. God is my witness today: I cannot stop before I know what happened and where he lies. His body belongs to Emily and me. And drives away --chugging across the field... leaving Ben --helpless --behind him --watching.

**From his:**

**OFFICE WINDOW:**

in the school behind --a worried headmaster watches. We hear his voice over.

CLOETE (V.O.)

... This business of Gordon's son. Be careful, Ben. These are not normal times --one has to make allowances.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CAR PARK

The car park. He and Ben are getting into their cars at the end of the day.

(CONTINUED)

24.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

Don't worry! I'm no crusader. I've known Gordon a long time, that's all.

**CLOETE :**

I understand --it's your

Christian duty to your neighbor.

**BEN :**

Something like that --yes.

**CLOETE :**

Just don't get too close.

Teachers must stay out of politics. Love to Susan!

And drives off, leaving Ben watching him, shaking his head at the man's obtuseness.

EXT. NGUBENE HOUSE -LATE AFTERNOON

Emily is watering a tiny vegetable plot in the yard, with a bucket and a pierced tin.

Robert is playing nearby with the youngest child.

Robert sees Gordon walking slowly to their house and says playfully to the baby:

**ROBERT :**

Look who's coming? It's baba!

Emily turns to look. She immediately realizes that something is wrong. She drops the tin and walks a few steps toward the gate.

Gordon sees her and stops.

Emily starts to break down.

**EMILY :**

Oh, no... oh no, Lord.

Gordon hurries to embrace her.

**EMILY :**

(sobbing and repeating)

Please don't tell me...

Gordon starts to lead her to the house.

Margaret, Emily's neighbor, comes, hurries, helps her, comforts her, escorting them to the house.

25.

EXT. SOWETO MAIN ROAD -DAY

Stanley and Gordon are driving along Soweto main road.

A 10-years-old BOY stops the car.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR -DAY

**BOY:**

(to Stanley)

Baba, I heard you're looking for Wellington. He's out, Baba.

**STANLEY :**

Where is he? Where is he?

**BOY :**

He's with some boys at Dube's shop.

**STANLEY :**

Thank you very much. You've worked like a man.

(turning to Gordon)

Let's go.

Stanley turns the car round and drives off at speed.

EXT. DUBE'S SHOP -DAY

Wellington and a few pals are standing outside the shop --they greet Stanley as they see the car --Stanley shouts back greeting.

**STANLEY :**

Take it easy, boys. Hey Wellington!

Wellington comes to the car. He's limping, wearing sunglasses.

As he's approaching the car, Stanley opens the back door for him.

He enters and removes the glasses.

Stanley notices a deep scar from the forehead to the cheek.

**STANLEY :**

What happened... Don't tell me...

**GORDON :**

Did they do that to you?

(CONTINUED)

26.

**CONTINUED:**

Wellington has a nervous arm-twitch... and nods to the question.

**GORDON:**

(anxiously)

I want to know what happened to Jonathan.

**WELLINGTON :**

Isn't he out yet?

(pause)

I last saw him weeks ago.

**STANLEY :**

Jonathan is dead.

**GORDON :**

I have to know how he died.

INT. BEN'S DINING ROOM

Sizette and Chris with the family at dinner. Suzette is passed the Rand Daily Mail newspaper by Chris, folded at an article headlined: "WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO JONATHAN NGUBENE?" by Melanie Bruwer.

**SUSAN :**

Isn't that tragic? Jonathan was such a nice boy. Even played with my Johan when they were small, God.

**BEN :**

And he was such a nice boy, well-mannered.

**SUSAN :**

You said he was very bright at school.

Chris helps himself to more. Suzette looks at the paper.

**SUZETTE :**

Well, this kind of journalism doesn't help the situation. Look at her face? What does she look like?

**CHRIS:**

The Rand Daily Mail always

exaggerates.

(CONTINUED)

27.

**CONTINUED:**

She passes the paper to Ben. He looks at Melanie's picture: she looks 30 years old, long black hair, large dark eyes with a fierce, unsettling, uncompromising stare, a small nose and a generous and sensual mouth.

**BEN :**

Looks quite attractive to me.

Chris and Johan laugh.

**BEN:**

(he surveys the article; then with a serious tone)

'... Is only the latest in scores of black youths who have disappeared whilst in police custody.'

**CHRIS :**

What does she expect? They're out of control. Give them an inch and they take a hundred miles. It's in their nature. The only language they understand is force.

**JOHAN :**

Chris, Jonathan was fifteen, like me. Would you use force on me?

**CHRIS :**

You're not a terrorist. If you were --like an increasing number of them, you'd deserve it. Look, every time you pick up the newspaper...

**BEN :**

(interrupts; focusing on the paper)

My God, one hundred shot! They didn't have to kill them.

**SUSAN :**

This bloody Bruwer woman reports one hundred shot, but the radio said only twenty and the police were attacked first.

**SUZETTE :**

I thought the idea was to give them their own areas, banstustans. Let them live with their own kind. No chance of conflict then. Everybody's happy.

(CONTINUED)

28.

**CONTINUED:**

**JOHAN :**

And who would do the work?  
Pardon?

**SUZETTE :**

**JOHAN :**

The work, who'd do it?

**SUSAN :**

You for a start. Come on!  
me clear these dishes.  
Help

As Johan stands, to clear the table. He turns to his father with a smile, and shrugs --an irritated Suzette joins them.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE (SOWETO) -NIGHT

The small dark room is crowded. The one oil lamp --on the table --At the table sits Gordon... his glasses on the end of his nose.

Emily is sitting by the stove. Robert stands beside her chair, watching, listening.

The youngsters are sleeping in opposite directions on the iron bed.

Wellington is sitting beside Gordon at the table. There is something wild in his manner. He looks everywhere as if he is scared of being attacked unawares. The black cleaner from John Vorster Sq. stands near the table. Gordon is reading aloud from a handwritten document.

**GORDON :**

'On the second day of our detention at John Vorster Square we were taken to one of the top floors. We were ordered to undress and they started to beat us with fists and sjamboks. This for a long time.'

Wellington nods and gets more paranoid. The black cleaner puts an understanding hand on his shoulder.

**GORDON :**

'On one day me and Jonathan...'  
Gordon pauses... steadies himself... pushes his glasses up his nose... clears his throat...

(CONTINUED)

29.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDON :**

'... We were asked questions for the whole day and night by Capt. Stolz and different policemen -they never stopped. They tried to force us to say we were the leaders at our school, that we were working for the A.N.C. and got money from overseas. Capt. Stolz wanted to know the names of the students committee and where he can find Toni Mtimkulu --  
Everytime they asked question, they beat us. It was bad beating.'  
Wellington nods again. Emily closes her eyes to shut out the image.



**GORDON:**

'We told them we had done nothing and didn't know about all the things they are asking us; on two occasion they put a wet bag over my head and I --couldn't breathe --I thought I was going to die. One day I heard Jonathan being beaten. He was screaming and crying, and then a noise like tables and chairs being knocked down, and Capt. Stolz shouting "you bastard, get up, do you hear me?" Ngubene, don't pretend here, get up." Then the next day I heard he had gone to hospital and I never saw him again.'

There's a long silence. Gordon closes his eyes and struggles with his grief. Emily sobs, Robert looks on in anger. Then, finally, Gordon offers a pen to Wellington, who is about to sign the foot of the statement, when...

... Suddenly there is the sound of a TRUCK APPROACHING. Wellington rushes to the front window and peers outside; then panics, fear in his eyes, he runs into a bedroom and jumps through the window.

Everyone in the room is bewildered.

The front door bursts open. Emily sits impassively looking at the five policemen (two whites and three Africans).

The youngest child startled from his sleep starts to cry.

Emily goes to the bed and picks the child up and returns to her chair.

(CONTINUED)

30.

**CONTINUED:**

LIEUTENANT VENTER

Stay right where you are.

He notices the papers on the table and picks them up. He looks at them and realizes their importance.

Capt. Stolz walks into the room and surveys the room and its occupants. Lieutenant Venter hands him the papers.

He goes through them, nodding to himself as he reads silently. He folds them neatly and puts them into his

inside jacket pocket. He walks up to Gordon.

**STOLZ:**

(to Gordon)

On your feet! So, you must be

Gordon Ngubene?

Gordon doesn't answer.

He turns to the cleaner who automatically stands.

**STOLZ :**

We know each other, don't we?

Calmly, he paces round the room looking around, then when he reaches the bed where the 10-years-old girl is watching terrified, he pulls off the blankets, yanks the girl off the bed by her arm and frantically searches the bed. The child cries. Robert the brother goes to his sister and hugs her as he glares at Stolz with anger and hatred.

**STOLZ:**

(turning to Venter)

Gert, in daardie kammer.

(Gert, that room)

(turning to the other  
one)

Jaimie, in die ander.

(Jamie, the other room)

LIEUTENANT VENTER

Niks, Kaptein.

(Nothing, Captain)

**STOLZ :**

Take the bastards away.

The other policeman appears from the other bedrooms empty-handed. Gordon and the cleaner are roughly handled as they are handcuffed by the African Security Police. Over his shoulder Gordon manages to give Emily one last look, as he's hustled out of the house.

(CONTINUED)

31.

**CONTINUED:**

Emily sits motionless, anger in her face. She can hear the sound of the CARS DRIVING AWAY.

Margaret (her neighbor) appears at the door.

INT. BEN'S STUDY -NIGHT

Behind Ben's house, are the servants' quarters attached to the garage.

Ben has adapted what would have been a maid's room into his study and the adjoining room into a do-it-yourself workshop.

The study has photographs of Ben's past as a provincial rugby player, of his family, school staff and TRECHIKOFF reproduction.

On a cupboard are trophies of individual sports at university.

He works off a plain desk on which is a handsome pipe-rack with several pipes. His indulgence is a comfortable easy chair.

Ben's study, containing only the figure of Ben. He's hunched over his desk, looking blankly at the newspaper. His shirt is unbuttoned, his jacket slung across his chair. He draws heavily on his pipe, wreathing his head with smoke in the beam of the single desk light.

He sits in his chair:

Gordon's voice rises in his thoughts.

GORDON (V.O.)

That day, Mister Ben, sir, when they whipped Jonathan, you also said we can do nothing. God as my

**witness today:**

happened and where he lies. His body belongs to Emily and me.

He mutters --more a prayer than a curse.

**BEN :**

Jeezus --Jeezus --Jeezus Christ.

**JOHAN :**

Good night, Papa!

(CONTINUED)

32.

**CONTINUED:**

Johan is entering, knocking on the half-open door. He's in his pajamas and dressing gown, ready for bed. Ben looks up at him. Johan kisses his father who suddenly clasp his son hard, clinging to him for dear life.

The boy throws his arms around his dad's neck.

**JOHAN :**

Oh, Papa!

Susan appears at the door with a cup of coffee. She's had a bath --her hair is wet --and she's in her housecoat.

Ben and Johan don't notice her approach.

She watches sympathetically for a moment, then...

**SUSAN :**

Coffee! Come on, Johan. Time for bed.

Johan pulls back from his father's arms.

**BEN :**

Yes, son. Go and get some sleep.

The boy nods and leaves.

As Susan rests the cup of coffee on the desk before Ben.

She notices the Rand Daily Mail.

**SUSAN :**

I'm proud of you, Ben... what you've done for that family. But darling, you shouldn't take these things to heart so much. What more can you do about it?

**BEN :**

I don't know. I'm just tired, I suppose.

**SUSAN :**

(stroking his hair gently)

Come, come to bed.

Her housecoat has fallen open. He lifts his face to hers and kisses her.

**BEN :**

I will, in a minute. I'll just put the thoughts of Standar Six away.

They mustn't be lost to posterity.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

She chuckles, satisfied, leaving him.  
 He picks up his cup and drinks. He thinks again for a moment. Then he removes a photocopied letter from an envelope and reads:

OFFICE VOICE (V.O.)

'... Seeking the whereabouts of a certain Jonathan Ngubene, regret to inform you we have no record of anyone of that name...'

INT. CLASSROOM -DAY

Afrikaan boys in uniform hunching over their desks writing... On the blackboard: the date and history test:  
 What year did the first white man arrive in South Africa?

When was the Battle of Blood River?

Who was the Zulu chief who was defeated at the battle of Isanadlawana?

Who was the president of the first Afrikander Republic?

Give the route of the Voortrekkers from the cape?

Ben walks through the aisles and from time to time opportunities to glance at the window at Gordon's motionless tractor sitting in the field.

He turns back and notices a boy focusing on the ceiling. His pen in his mouth, trying desperately to find the answers. Ben has a smile, then crosses to him, bends down and strikes a similar pose.

The class breaks up into laughter.

**BEN :**

(slapping the student's back)

All right, time up! Hand in your test.

Moans from the students.

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -VERANDA -DAY

Ben appears on the other side of the veranda. He is in Cloete's company --the little big man... grey hair... 65 years old. The headmaster.

They stop in before Ben's colleague, Vivier, passing, shakes hands with him. A woman arrives and waits. Cloete

says something to Ben, then laughs.

(CONTINUED)

34.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben smiles and Cloete goes into the office.

The woman approaches Ben... talks to him... they both turn back to see...

... Emily standing there, a soaking headscarf tied native-style around her head.

Ben thanks the woman and crosses the yard.

**BEN :**

What's happened, Emily?

**EMILY:**

(calmly)

I'm sorry, Baas... but it's

Gordon.

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -DAY

... Stanley is waiting in his car. His sunglasses on his nose...

... The SCHOOL BELL RINGS to give the end of the tea interval.

Ben walks out with Emily to Stanley's car. Stanley gets out, they stare at each other. Finally Stanley breaks the silence.

**STANLEY:**

(putting out his hand)

How's it? I'm Stanley! I heard about you!

Ben feels a little uncomfortable.

**EMILY :**

This is Stanley Makhaya... He helps us all the time.

Stanley opens the door to Emily.

**BEN :**

Don't worry too much, Emily, I'm sure Gordon will be home in a few days.

Stanley slaps the door with a big laugh. He gets into the car and drives away.

**CLOSE ON BEN:**

perplexed.

35.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -JOHN VORSTER SQUARE -DAY

Gordon stands facing the wall, his arm raised. He has wetted his trousers.

Captain Stolz is pacing behind him. Lieutenant Venter, sitting on the edge of the desk, is smoking.

**STOLZ :**

Come on, Kaffir, talk!

**GORDON :**

Please, I've done nothing. All I tried to do was to find...

Stolz interrupts him with a blow to his face. As Gordon drops his hands, the officer shouts to him.

LIEUTENANT VENTER

Up with those bloody arms!

**STOLZ :**

We don't like gramophone records here! Now who has been giving you informations?

Gordon doesn't answer.

The Lieutenant walks slowly to him, calmly removes his fag-end of cigarette from his lips and stubs it on Gordon's neck.

LIEUTENANT VENTER

(very calmly)

Why don't you answer the Captain, han?

He walks back to his place.

Captain Stolz opens the door and shouts:

**STOLZ :**

Johannes! The bag!

Gordon has a look of terror.

Immediately a black security policeman walks in with a bag.

**STOLZ :**

All right.

Johannes goes to wet the bag in a bucket in a corner.  
Lieutenant Venter grabs Gordon, throws him onto a chair  
and handcuffs his hands behind the chair.

(CONTINUED)

36.

**CONTINUED:**

Stolz is supervising.

The Lieutenant places the wet bag over Gordon's head and  
ties it.

Gordon starts groaning and wriggling.

**CUT TO:**

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS (JOHN VORSTER SQUARE) -DAY

Under the gaze of a uniformed POLICEMAN in a bulletproof  
glass cage, Ben fills in a slip, then hands it to the  
Policeman, who then makes a phone call.

Whilst waiting, Ben notices a video surveillance camera.  
Just then, a 20-year-old African girl, Afro-style hair,  
is brought in held on both sides by two white policemen.  
She is taken into a lift.

Ben watches them enter the lift and follows the progress  
of lift to the 10th floor.

The Policeman stamps the slip and gives it to Ben.

**POLICEMAN :**

Somebody will meet you on second  
floor.

Ben enters a lift.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM (JOHN VORSTER SQUARE) -DAY

Gordon's still sitting on the chair, slumped --Johannes  
removes the handcuffs as the Lieutenant removes the wet  
bag.

Gordon is breathing heavily and semi-conscious.

Suddenly Captain Stolz punches him heavily on the face.

Gordon drops on the floor with blood gushing from his nose  
and mouth. Captain Stolz grabs him by his collar.

**STOLZ:**

(hysterically)

Come on you bloody black bastard.

Who has been telling you lies?

The PHONE RINGS. Stolz drops Gordon and walks to answer.



**STOLZ :**

(calmly)

I'll be down immediately, Colonel.

**CUT TO:**

37.

INT. VILJOEN'S OFFICE -DAY

Behind the large desk, Colonel VILJEON replaces the telephone receiver; there is a KNOCK on the door --and a young policeman ushers in Ben. Colonel Viljoen stands and extends a hand.

**VILJOEN :**

Come in, Mr. Du Toit, come in.

How do you do?

They shake. He's a large, friendly man, ruddy face, gray crew cut.

**BEN :**

Nice to meet you, Colonel Viljoen.

**VILJOEN :**

I used to watch you play for the Transvaal. You were one of the great wing forwards.

**BEN :**

(grinning)

Long time ago.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

**VILJOEN :**

Come in.

The door opens revealing Captain Stolz.

**VILJOEN :**

Captain Stolz, Mr. Du Toit.

Captain Stolz nods correctly, unsmiling, comfortably dressed, English-style. He shakes hands with Ben. Then walks toward the window and stands there.

As he's watching Ben, he begins to clean out his pipe with a silver penknife;

**VILJOEN :**

(to Ben)

Do sit down.

Ben sinks into a low leather chair before the desk. Behind him he can feel Stolz's eyes.

Viljoen peers through his half-moons at the letter in front of him. The pipe scraping continues behind Ben's ear.

**VILJOEN :**

All right now, Gordon Ngubene.

(CONTINUED)

38.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

Well... to put it simply, Colonel...

**VILJOEN :**

(smiling)

I'm always grateful for that.

**BEN :**

I thought there might have been some kind of misunderstanding I could help straighten out.

**VILJOEN :**

Like what?

**BEN :**

I know him, Colonel. He works at my school. He's done work for me too.

**VILJOEN :**

And you feel you know him enough to vouch for him.

**BEN :**

Yes, after so many years... 10 years. Gordon's not the type to get himself in trouble. He's an honest, hard-working, churchgoing

man.

**VILJOEN :**

Ha! You'd be surprised how many honest, decent, church-going men we come across during a working day.

He leans back comfortably in his chair.

**VILJOEN :**

It's routine, Mr. Du Toit --a routine enquiry. Cleaning up these townships we must leave no stone unturned.

**BEN :**

I appreciate that --but Gordon would never...

**VILJOEN:**

(interrupting)

Not an easy task either --the press screaming blue murder -especially the English.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39.

**CONTINUED:**

VILJOEN (CONT'D)

And they'll be the first to squeal if the Reds took over, make no mistake. Rushing back overseas clutching their bloody British passports. Have you any idea what will happen here if we don't follow every lead? We have a duty --obligation. You have your job --we have ours.

Ben hastens to reassure him.

He looks directly at Ben, frank, open, trustworthy.

**BEN :**

Colonel --believe me, I'm with

you all the way. But in this case --I'm sure that in your worthy pursuit of the guilty you have, unwittingly, involved the innocent. After all, we're all human. We all make mistakes sometimes.

Viljoen laughs again.

**VILJOEN :**

We are indeed, Mr. Du Toit --we are indeed. Though there's many who might need persuading as to that fact.

Then... authority.

**VILJOEN :**

Mr. Du Toit. While you're here, would you mind if I asked you a few questions about Ngubene?

**BEN :**

(genuinely)

Colonel, I'd welcome it.

**VILJOEN :**

Good!

There's another pause. The Colonel takes out a fountain pen --unscrews it --and arranges a sheet before him before speaking.

**VILJOEN :**

Shall we start with his son?

(CONTINUED)

40.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

Jonathan.

**VILJOEN :**

The eldest.

**BEN :**

Yes. He died some time ago.  
Viljoen doesn't react.

**VILJOEN :**

What do you know about Gordon's  
activities since Jonathan's death?  
The noise stops behind.

**BEN :**

Nothing, Colonel.

**VILJOEN :**

Did Gordon ever discuss the death  
with you?

**BEN :**

Of course he did --he was upset.  
The Colonel pauses.

**VILJOEN :**

But he accepted the truth?

**BEN :**

He is a religious man... in the  
end he would have resigned himself  
to it.

**VILJOEN :**

Would have? You mean he didn't?  
Was he angry? Rebellious?

**BEN :**

Come on, Colonel! If one of your  
kids died...  
(nods to family picture  
on desk)  
... and nobody would tell you how  
it happened or where his body is  
buried, wouldn't you be upset?

**STOLZ :**

We told him how his son died, Mr.  
Du Toit.

(CONTINUED)

41.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben turns back, surprised.

**VILJOEN :**

You have a son, Mr. Du Toit?

The Colonel looks up at him... the first sign of steel in his eyes... then back to the papers.

The noise starts again behind Ben.

**VILJOEN :**

Does he burn and destroy -everything he can lay his hands

on?... No --and neither does

mine. That's what I can't

understand... after everything

the government does for them.

(looks straight at Ben)

Think about it, Mr. Du Toit.

We're for you, not against you.

**BEN:**

(irritably)

I've never doubted it, Colonel.

It's you who appear to be doubting

me. These questions. You're

making me feel like a criminal.

There's a moment's pause --then a burst of laughter.

**VILJOEN :**

I'm sorry, Mr. Du Toit... I'm

sorry. It's force of habit. Once

a policeman, always a policeman,

eh?

More laughter --Ben joins in. Viljoen stands, signalling an end to the meeting.

EXT. BEN'S CAR -DAY

Johan is sitting, waiting, in the parked car... the RADIO ON. He's bored.

INT. COLONEL'S OFFICE

**VILJOEN :**

... As soon as we're satisfied  
he's innocent, he will be released.  
We know what we're doing, Mr. Du  
Toit. You want your wife and that  
boy of yours to sleep safe tonight,  
don't you?

(CONTINUED)

42.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben nods, smiles, makes for the door, turns.

**BEN :**

One last favor, Colonel?

**VILJOEN :**

Fire away!

**BEN :**

Gordon's wife --she's very  
worried. May she bring him some  
food and a change of clothes while  
he's still here?

**VILJOEN:**

No problem! Thank you for your  
help...

**BEN:**

Thank you. I'll rely on you, then.

**VILJOEN :**

Will you find your way out?

**BEN :**

I think so. And thanks. I feel  
much happier now.

**VILJOEN :**

Good! And give my regards to  
your father-in-law --tell him  
we'll have a drink sometime -maybe  
go to a game.

**BEN :**

I will. Goodbye.

And the door shuts behind him.

There's silence for a moment... Viljoen staring at the closed door --Stolz looks expectantly at him.

**VILJOEN :**

(pointing up)

Is the little bird singing yet?

**STOLZ :**

I'm working on it.

**VILJOEN :**

Good.

Stolz leaves, shutting the door behind him.

**CUT TO:**

43.

EXT. JON VORSTER SQUARE

Ben opening his car. Johan is sitting in the front seat.

As Ben gets into the car, he glances at the John Vorster Square building.

INT. BEN'S CAR -DAY

Ben is motoring through and out of Johannesburg. Johan is silent beside him, impatient.

**BEN :**

I talked to them. Gordon will be released soon. The colonel was very understanding.

**JOHAN :**

Did you see Gordon?

Ben suddenly realizes that he didn't ask to see Gordon.

**BEN :**

(embarrassed)

No.

**JOHAN :**

Did they say anything about Jonathan?



**BEN :**

No, but... Johan, he is dead. We can't do anything for him. Don't mention this visit to your mother. Okay?

INT. DU TOIT KITCHEN -NIGHT

Suzette and Susan in the kitchen arranging the dessert tray. The kitchen is surprisingly neat. LAUGHTER is coming from the dining room.

**SUZETTE :**

What extra-mural interest?

**SUSAN :**

Champion of political detainees!

Ben comes in to open extra bottles of wine, hears Susan's line.

**SUZETTE :**

(laughing, turns to Ben)

Is that right, Papa?

(CONTINUED)

44.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

That's right, Suzette. But, only

**one detainee:**

**SUZETTE :**

Our Gordon?

**BEN :**

That's right.

**SUZETTE :**

(disbelieving)

My God. What on earth for?

Susan leaves the kitchen without a word, with the dessert plates on the tray to the dining room.

INT. DU TOIT HOUSE -DINING ROOM -NIGHT

Susan reaches VIVIERS and the minister DOMINEE BESTER, with their dessert plates. The candles have burned down amid the detritus of dinner: glasses disarranged and dirty, the cloth spotted with food and wine and ashes. In addition to Viviers, dateless, and Bester and his wife, the school's headmaster, Cloete and his wife.

INT. DU TOIT HOUSE -KITCHEN -NIGHT

Ben hastily uncorking a bottle of wine while talking to Suzette.

**SUZETTE :**

It must be a mistake, Papa.

**BEN :**

Of course it is. I went down there, told them. They're looking into it.

**SUZETTE :**

Went down where?

**BEN :**

John Vorster Square.  
Suzette giggles, amazed.

**SUZETTE :**

You old devil you. Does Ma know?

**BEN :**

No. And you're not going to tell her.

(CONTINUED)

45.

**CONTINUED:**

A pause. She looks at him.

**SUZETTE :**

Be careful. I don't want my favorite Papa in trouble, Gordon or no Gordon.

She ruffles his hair, smiles, kisses him. They go back into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM -NIGHT

**BEN :**

More wine? Viviers?

**VIVIERS :**

Not for me, Oom Ben. I'm drunk  
enough.

**BEN :**

Mrs. Cloete?

MRS. CLOETE

Please!

Ben serves her.

Susan passes to fetch milk jug and sugar basin from the  
chinese cupboard.

MRS. CLOETE

(to Mrs. Bester)

Oh, I saw those sheets you liked,  
Sally, on sale at Bloom's.

MRS. BESTER

Will you be free on Wednesday  
afternoon? I have one or two  
other things to buy.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

Susan enters the kitchen. As she is about to place the  
jug and basin on the table next to the tray with cups of  
the same set, there is a knock at the door.

**SUSAN :**

(turning to the door)

Come in.

The door opens and Stanley steps in.

(CONTINUED)

46.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN :**

(surprised)

Who are you? What do you want?

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM -NIGHT

Ben and guests hear Susan.

Ben jumps up, hurries to the door. Viviers starts to follow.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

Ben stops at the door, sees Stanley, turns to Viviers.

**BEN :**

It's all right.

Viviers returns to his seat as Ben shuts the door behind him.

**BEN :**

Oh, it's you... hum... Stanley, isn't it?

(to Susan)

That's all right, darling.

Ben leads Stanley out of the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

**CLOSE ON SUSAN:**

intrigued.

INT. LEWINSON'S HOME -NIGHT

Lewinson is at the phone, behind him his wife, too, is entertaining guests for dinner.

**LEWINSON :**

A Friday night, man! I'm no doctor, I'm not on standby all the bloody time. Can't they wait 'til Monday?

INT. BEN'S STUDY -NIGHT

**BEN :**

Dan! I'm standing here with Gordon's clothing in my hand. It's bloodstained...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47.

**CONTINUED:**

BEN (CONT'D)

There are broken teeth in the pocket. Monday may be too late!  
(pause)

The lawyer has been banned.

Stanley is waiting, his great hand on his hips, the other one on Emily's shoulder. She is sitting on a chair.

Obviously, Stanley doesn't expect a positive response.

INT. LEWINSON HOME -NIGHT

**LEWINSON :**

(interested)

Do you mean Julius Ngakula?

(pause)

Too bad, he's a good lawyer. Why are you getting so involved, Ben?

INT. BEN'S STUDY -NIGHT

**BEN :**

I'm just trying to help Gordon.

... You represented many cases, tell me, does this happen often?

(pause)

But Gordon's not political.

(pause)

Okay, Dan, I'm sorry for disturbing your weekend.

Ben replaces the phone. Turns to Emily and Stanley.

**BEN :**

He agrees to see you tomorrow and will apply to the supreme court for an interdict to stop any assaults on Gordon. And, we'll find out what's going on.

**STANLEY :**

You're all right, Lanie.

Ben can just hear Emily's soft voice.

**EMILY :**

Thank you, Baas.

**STANLEY :**

Come on, sisi. Tomorrow it'll all be first-class again.

48.

INT. DU TOIT LOUNGE -NIGHT

Laughter again. Ben has rejoined the party in the lounge. The women are together talking, laughing and the men on their own.

**SUSAN :**

More coffee, anyone?

General assent.

**CLOETE :**

The security police don't arrest people for nothing, Ben. Leave it alone.

**BEN :**

They could make a mistake.

**CLOETE :**

Blacks lead double lives. One you see and one you don't. These people surprise you all the time.

**VIVIERS :**

(joking)

That's what I like about them.

**BEN :**

We're not concerned with 'blacks.'

We're talking about GORDON. A good man and very loyal.

**SUSAN :**

(serving coffee to Cloete)

And a hard worker too.

**CLOETE :**

A hard worker? I had to get rid of him.

Susan doesn't react. She leaves to join the womens' group.

**BEN :**

What?

**CLOETE :**

I fired him a few days before he was arrested for staying away from work for days. And for the sake of the school I say good riddance.

**BEN :**

What do you mean 'good riddance'?

(CONTINUED)

49.

**CONTINUED:**

**CLOETE :**

I have a responsibility for the children. These are troubled times, Ben, we can't trust the natives any more.

**BESTER :**

You have to be extra careful about any influences, Oom Ben. Even their churches are breeding grounds for all sorts of evil ideas.

**BEN :**

Gordon's not subversive and definitely not a Communist.

**CLOETE :**

Then he's got nothing to worry about!

**VIVIERS :**

Except his three teeth. Our government mustn't allow such things to happen. After all, it's a Christian government.

(turning to Bester)

What do you say, Dominee?

Bester doesn't answer.

**BEN:**

(irritably)

I'm not talking about the government! I believe in our government, damn it...

His sharp tone surprises everybody. He quiets.

**BEN :**

... Look, I know the police often know more than we do. I'm not questioning that. I'm as loyal as the next man. But I do know Gordon Ngubene... there is something wrong.

There's a moment's embarrassed silence, broken by Suzette's entrance with a tray of glasses and a bottle of brandy.

**SUZETTE :**

(putting the tray in front of Ben)

Anything else, Papa?

(CONTINUED)

50.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben starts pouring, and offers the first glass to Bester.

**BEN :**

Dominee?

Bester shakes his hand.

**BESTER:**

Nee Dankie.

Ben hands the glass to Viviers.

Immediately Viviers raises his glass and laughingly says:

**VIVIERS :**

Oom, Ben, may your problems be small ones!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM (JOHN VORSTER SQUARE) -DAY

Gordon is undoing his trousers.

Venter roughly drops the trousers and pushing him to the floor.

He handcuffs him while Johannes pulls off the trousers and underpants, and manacles his ankles.



Johannes fetches a rod.

Venter goes to a cupboard, pulls out two electric wires with electrodes attachments and places them on the desk. All the preparation is done with practiced efficiency. From the adjoining room there are angry shouts of a woman.

Venter and Johannes place the rod between Gordon's elbow-joints and the back of his knees. The door opens.

Gordon has a look of terror on his face.

CAPTAIN STOLZ (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late.

Captain Stolz enters carrying a thickish file under his arms, goes straight to the desk and sits down.

**CAPTAIN STOLZ:**

Johannes, the table.

Johannes moves the table in line with the desk.

Lieutenant Venter and Johannes lift the trussed Gordon and the ends of the rod between the desk and table.

(CONTINUED)

51.

**CONTINUED:**

LIEUTENANT VENTER

You're a heavy shitface. Too much mealie porridge!

Captain Stolz holds Gordon by the head and swings him like a pendulum.

**STOLZ :**

How do you feel today? Ready to fly?

Very calmly Captain Stolz pulls out some papers from the file.

**STOLZ :**

(pointing one sheet of paper)

Yes, Mister Ngubene, we know about this Wellington... and...

(pointing another affidavit)

... We know about him... and him

... Now, we want the names of the

others. And today you're going  
to tell us.

The WOMAN in the next room SHOUTING louder than before -that  
one is a real and tough activist -

**STOLZ :**

(to himself)  
Bloody woman.  
(to Johannes)  
Water!

As Johannes is fetching the bucket of water. Venter goes  
to the cupboard and stays there.

LIEUTENANT VENTER

'Samson' is ready, Captain, shall  
I switch him on?

Johannes empties the bucket over Gordon. Stolz attaches  
the terminal to Gordon's earlobes.

**STOLZ :**

(to Venter)  
Okay. Gert!  
Gordon is given a short burst of electric shock.

**GORDON :**

(reacts)  
Hai!  
(CONTINUED)  
52.

**CONTINUED:**

**STOLZ :**

That was a small taste of 'Samson.'  
We have a whole day...  
A knock at the door.

**STOLZ :**

... Kom!  
A black policeman in uniform. JOHNSON SEROKE, enters  
with a letter in his hand.

**STOLZ :**

What do you want?

**SEROKE :**

A letter for you, Captain.

Stolz goes to take the letter and turns to place it on his desk. He notices Seroke still standing.

**STOLZ :**

What are you bloody-well waiting for?

**SEROKE :**

No reply, Captain?

**STOLZ :**

Get out of here.

Seroke leaves.

**STOLZ:**

(to Gordon)

Now about these affidavits who told you to collect them? The A.N.C.? Who recruited you? Gordon mumbles something.

**STOLZ :**

What?

He bends forward to hear, and Gordon's swollen, puffy eyes hold his gaze.

**GORDON :**

I don't know anything about the A.N.C.

**STOLZ :**

You've had your chance. Now you're going to shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53.

**CONTINUED:**

STOLZ (CONT'D)

(to lieutenant in Afrikaans)

Reg gert. (Okay, Gert)

Gordon suddenly shakes violently and shouts repeatedly.

**GORDON :**

Hai! Hai! Hai!

INT. DUTCH REFORM CHURCH -MORNING

Dominee Bester is preaching from the pulpit.

**BESTER :**

God created the whole human race  
so that they could occupy the  
entire earth. He decreed how  
long each nation should flourish,  
and what the boundaries of each  
territory should be. Our task is  
to preserve that creative diversity.

Behind him, in his deacon's black tails, Ben listens with  
clasped hands. On the opposite side, another man is listening,  
standing in the love of his family, Cloete.

**BESTER :**

Brothers and sisters, like our  
forebears, the Voortrekkers, who  
trekked into the wilderness  
preserve the Afrikanere way of  
life given to them by God. Today,  
we also live in times of great  
danger. Let not fear overcome  
you! Cling to the ways of justice  
and truth preserved by our leaders.  
So shall God be honored...

BEN'S POV

The faces of his friends scattered among the pews, Suzette  
and Susan listening intently, Johan beside her visibly  
bored, his eyes wandering to the Cloete's daughter at  
the end of the pew.

**BESTER :**

... So shall the Afrikaner people  
flourish.

The organ plays the opening notes to a hymn, the congregation  
rises and sings.

54.

INT. BEN'S GARAGE -DAY

Ben's garage/workshop --the door is open. Ben and Johan

are together building a strong desk for Johan.  
The RADIO offers MUSIC to keep them company. Susan is  
confronting Ben.

**SUSAN :**

Why didn't you tell me you'd been  
down to John Vorster Square?

**BEN :**

What difference would it have  
made?

**SUSAN :**

I'm your wife, damn it!  
She turns the RADIO DOWN, irritably.

**BEN :**

I didn't want to upset you.

**SUSAN :**

Upset me? It upsets me when you  
share your bloody secrets with a  
child!  
Johan is embarrassed. Ben glances at him. Johan shrugs  
and shakes his head "not me." Ben planes on.

**SUSAN :**

Ben! Ben! Look at me for God  
sakes!  
(turns to Johan)  
Johan uit met jou!  
Johan leaves.

**BEN :**

(posing down the  
plane)  
Now what?

**SUSAN :**

We have a good life. We may not  
have everything we might have had  
if...

**BEN :**

(interrupts)

... If I'd been more ambitious.

(CONTINUED)

55.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN :**

(looking at him)

Ben, what's happening?

(pause)

Sometimes it seems to me I don't  
know you.

Ben looks at her. Her tone is panic, urgent. She looks  
afraid. He crosses over to her, takes her in his arms.

**BEN :**

What's happening --it's something  
I've never had to face --deal  
with --before.

**SUSAN :**

He's the gardener for God's sake,  
not one of the family.

**BEN :**

Be patient with me... When Gordon  
is free you'll have me all to  
yourself again... promise.

**SUSAN :**

(nuzzling into his  
chest)

Ben. We're growing old.

**BEN :**

Nonsense. One's as old as he  
feels. I feel young and very  
attractive. I can still do my  
duty.

She smiles up at him, chuckles, and then they kiss.  
Johan interrupts.

**JOHAN :**

Papa.

**SUSAN :**

(smiling indulgently at  
Johan's interruption)

**JOHAN :**

Stanley's here, Papa.  
Johan leaves.

**SUSAN :**

Oh, bloody hell!  
(CONTINUED)

56.

**CONTINUED:**

Susan exclaims in angry frustration and flees.  
Stanley appears at the garage door. He stands.

**STANLEY :**

Gordon's dead.

**BEN :**

What?

The news leaves Ben speechless. Stanley continues in  
flat, emotionless tones.

**STANLEY :**

The bastards say he committed  
suicide... hanged himself.  
Ben, recovering from the shock.

**BEN :**

Suicide... is that what they told  
Emily --poor woman...

**STANLEY :**

They didn't tell her. She heard  
it on the radio like the rest of  
us. I contacted Lewinson  
immediately. He then rung the  
police to ask why Emily wasn't  
informed. Would you believe it,  
they said they were sorry, and they

didn't know where to contact her.

Ben walks slowly out of the garage in deep thoughts -

Stanley follows him.

EXT. GARAGE -DAY

**BEN:**

(almost to himself)

God! I never thought Gordon could  
commit suicide.

**STANLEY :**

Did you understand me? I said,  
they said he committed suicide.

**BEN :**

How do we know?

**STANLEY :**

Gordon wasn't a coward.

(CONTINUED)

57.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

Yes, but...

**STANLEY:**

(interrupts aggressively)

What do you mean 'but'? What  
about Timol who they said had  
jumped from a top-floor window?

What about Ngudle? What about  
Mosala? Joyi? Malele? They all  
died in that John Vorster Square.

All suicide, eh?

Ben stares at him. There is something like a strange  
silence between them. Ben is confused and Stanley is  
staring at him. Ben breaks this embarrassing mood.

**BEN :**

Anything I can do to help?

**STANLEY :**



He's got brothers.

**BEN :**

(surprised)

Brothers?

**STANLEY :**

I'm his brother, man, we all are!

We'll take care of everything.

(with pride)

That's the African way.

**BEN :**

Stanley, I'd like to see Gordon.

**STANLEY :**

Don't look for trouble, man. You

know there are riots all over

Soweto. You're out of it. Why

don't you stay out?

**BEN :**

Don't you understand? I've got to go.

**STANLEY :**

(with a mischievous

smile)

You got to go? Of course, Lanie... the

last farewell. But we have to be careful.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR -DAY

Stanley drives sportingly as he talks to Ben, seated in the back.

(CONTINUED)

58.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

We expected it.

**BEN :**

How can you talk like that!?

**STANLEY :**

A guy gets picked up by the S.B...  
he's part of history, man.

**BEN :**

You mean you had no hope, you  
didn't believe he'd be released?

**STANLEY :**

Hope's a white word, Lanie... It's  
not hope we need.  
There's silence for a moment.

**BEN :**

Well, thank God Emily has you to  
lean on, Stanley.

**STANLEY :**

Emily is like my sister... We go  
back many years.

**BEN :**

Do you belong to the xhosa tribe too?

**STANLEY :**

I am an African. That's all!  
(looking through the  
rear mirror)  
Comprende?

**BEN :**

I am an African too!  
Stanley turns abruptly.

**STANLEY :**

What?

**BEN :**

I was fourteen before I wore shoes  
--except for church... I grew up  
on a plaas miles from any town...  
watching sheep and...

**STANLEY:**

(interrupts)

Bullshit! Next you'll have me believing we grew up in the same country, same laws, same freedom, same everything!

(CONTINUED)

59.

**CONTINUED:**

He laughs.

EXT. SOWETO BORDER -DAY

**STANLEY:**

(like a tour guide)

We are now about to leave the white jungle and entering the land of love and glory.

The car approaches a huge perimeter notice:

"YOU ARE NOW ENTERING SOWETO TOWNSHIP. NO PERSON WITHOUT THE NECESSARY PERMIT IS ALLOWED..."

Ben is driven into a different world; children playing in dirty streets, in wrecks of cars, open spaces devoid of vegetables, smoke from large rubbish dumps, burnt-out skeletons of buses, beer halls and buildings. Clusters of policemen in battle dress patrolling in the distance.

**BEN :**

So this is Soweto.

**STANLEY :**

(like an actor, with big expansive gesture)

Land of love and glory, Lanie!

(turning suddenly to Ben)

But watch out for the police and army. They're patrolling all the time.

The car follows an isolated broken stretch of tarred road hill cluttered with rusty tins, cardboard containers, bottles.

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR -DAY

A group of young children playing under the blinding sun in a muddy ditch, notice the big painted butterfly on the hood of Stanley's car.

They wave and scream at Stanley in their language and he screams back at them.

Two little girls start running, heading toward the car. Stanley notices the red VW parked in a corner. He maneuvers and parks his car nearby.

**STANLEY :**

(opening door)

Hurry up, Lanie.

60.

BEN'S POV

A modern funeral parlor with its name painted on the side:  
"MOROKA FUNERAL DIRECTOR (PTY) LTD."

**BACK TO SCENE:**

Stanley notices the two little girls with dusty smiling faces, standing there waiting for him.

**STANLEY:**

(checking his pants'  
pockets)

No sweets today. I'm sorry,  
babies.

The children give Stanley a coy disbelieving look as they watch him go with the "white man."

CHILDREN'S POV

On the doorstep of the funeral parlor: Stanley and Ben run into a young woman coming out with a shoulder bag and a camera.

The young woman and Stanley exchange a quick, friendly greeting --it's MELANIE BRUWER, the Rand Daily reporter --and keep moving.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

Ben turns back for a moment. Her face seems familiar to him. He would like to talk to her, but there is no time. Stanley is already inside.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR -DAY

Ben and Stanley follow the proprietor who is expensively-dressed in a dark suit. Gordon's coffin stands as one of many in the room.

Inside the casket, brass fittings, white satin, lies Gordon, incongruous, ludicrous in a black Sunday suit. His hands are crossed on his chest like the claws of a

bird and his face, barely recognizable, is gray, the left side distorted, blackish purple.

There are rough stitches of the postmortem across his skull and a scar on his lips.

Stanley speaks in an African language to the undertaker. The man opens Gordon's shirt and reveals the bruised and battered chest.

(CONTINUED)

61.

**CONTINUED:**

Stanley observes Ben who looks at the wounds with horror. Then another command from Stanley and the undertaker opens the shirt to the waist. Ben's ashen. Stanley thanks the man and turns to leave. Ben remains a minute. He shuts his eyes tightly. Now he saw it. Now he must believe it. He must accept that this battered corpse is Gordon.

As he follows Stanley, he thanks the undertaker.

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR -DAY

Outside the "sunlight," the children's laughter and Stanley, hands in pockets, waiting for Ben by the car. The same two little girls approach Stanley who gives them some coins --they run off happily.

Ben is coming outside blinking in the glaring sunlight. Stanley glares at Ben, who is pale, shaken and silent. They get into the car in silence.

**STANLEY:**

(turning to Ben)

'The living close the eyes of the dead. The dead open the eyes of the living.'

Stanley starts the car.

**BEN :**

Please, take me to Emily.

Stanley looks at him.

**STANLEY :**

Look, we'd took one hell of a chance to get here, let's not push it.

**BEN :**

I really have to see her, Stanley.  
Stanley drives off.

**STANLEY:**

(determined; looking  
through rearview  
mirror)

I said don't push it. I have to  
keep you alive. What's more the  
house is full of mourners.

(CONTINUED)

62.

**CONTINUED:**

They drive in silence... then:

**STANLEY :**

What are your thoughts now?

**BEN :**

What do you mean?

**STANLEY:**

(aggressively)

Come on. I know you came to see  
the body. What do you think now?

**BEN:**

(exposed)

I... I cannot think. I'm  
confused.

**STANLEY :**

You either believe what you saw  
or maybe you still prefer the  
government version.

**BEN :**

For Christ sake, just get off my  
back, Stanley.

**STANLEY :**

Okay. It was a simple question.

Stanley turns his RADIO ON and BANTU MUSIC invades the car as it speeds away in a cloud of dust.

EXT. WHITE SUBURB STREET -LATE AFTERNOON

The big brassy Dodge is threading its way through the leafy calm of the white suburb.

The "Bantu" MUSIC is STILL PLAYING on the radio under Stanley's animated conversation with Ben.

**STANLEY :**

You know, Lanie, when you run a taxi, especially a pirate taxi like me, you have eyes and ears everywhere. Even when a policeman farts in his bed you know. People want a reference book, a permit to stay in Soweto, a house, anything, we taxi drivers know the routes. I'll tell you something...

A news bulletin in African language interrupts the music. Stanley listens.

(CONTINUED)

63.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

Shit!

**BEN :**

What?

**STANLEY :**

Dr. Hassiem has been picked up.

**BEN :**

Who's he?

Stanley silently pulls up along the curb and comes to rest at Ben's gate.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE -ENTRANCE -LATE EVENING

**STANLEY :**

Dr. Hassiem is the doctor we got to represent Emily at Gordon's autopsy. We wanted the truth.

Ben suddenly realizes the significances.

**BEN :**

He would have testified. Bloody hell!

**STANLEY :**

A smart move by your Boer brothers. They have silenced Hassiem.

**BEN :**

His report has to be important. We can only use what we have. Therefore, Lewinson must get a very good advocate.

(pause)

If only we could get hold of this Hassiem's report.

**STANLEY :**

What's the use? It's one big game and we blacks are merely spectators. Hey Lanie, can one be a spectator as he's being kicked around?

He laughs.

(CONTINUED)

64.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

It's not a question of being spectators. The courts are impartial, the law is what matters.

**STANLEY:**

(quite seriously)

That's what you all say. I have to move man. Your neighbors! Now, be careful. They will put their marks on you!



**BEN :**

Who?

Stanley takes an empty cigarette packet from his pocket, he writes on it.

**STANLEY :**

You'll find out!

(handing the packet  
to Ben)

In case you need me. Don't give  
your name --just say 'Lanie'  
phoned --right?

Ben gets out of the car.

**BEN :**

Now tomorrow at ten...

**STANLEY:**

(interrupting)

Sharp! At our smart liberal  
friend's office, yeh!

**BEN :**

Good night.

Stanley drives vigorously away.

Ben walks slowly and thoughtfully towards his house. He  
notices Susan watching him through the window.

He slumps on a chair on the veranda as Susan comes out of  
the house followed by Johan --they both stand slightly  
worried at his moroseness.

**BEN :**

I went to Soweto and saw Gordon's  
body. They have lied to me, my  
own people --they killed him! I  
saw the body.

(CONTINUED)

65.

**CONTINUED:**

Johan looks horrified.

**SUSAN :**

Ben, you're not a doctor. His death was announced officially. They wouldn't say anything unless they were certain of their facts.

**BEN:**

(more animated)

Facts? There's a doctor who participated at the autopsy. A Doctor Hassiem and he...

**SUSAN:**

(interrupts)

You mean the Indian doctor who's been arrested?

**JOHAN :**

It was in the five o'clock news, Papa.

**BEN :**

That's him, he represented Emily at the autopsy.

**SUSAN:**

(suddenly desperate)

Ben, I'm sorry about Gordon's death, but please for all our sakes, forget about this whole thing. Let's get back to a normal life.

**BEN :**

Can I have a drink?

**JOHAN :**

A brandy?

**BEN :**

You always know what I need. Johan hurries into the house.

**SUSAN :**

(pleading)

Please, Ben, I'm frightened.

She turns and walks into the house, leaving Ben.

66.

EXT. SOWETO CEMETERY -MORNING

The large Soweto cemetery has scores of graves ready for burials. The chief mourners, Emily, Robert, his sister, Margaret, four relatives and Stanley are standing on either side of the PRIEST. Gordon's coffin is in the grave; several wreaths are on the side of the grave. There are about fifteen hundred mourners, and half are youths. There are several local reporters and overseas television reporters.

The police are in attendance in large numbers at the edge of the crowd, some in battle dress and some with dogs.

**PRIEST :**

Before I conclude, I have to say we are tired of making this journey every day, sometimes twice in one day, burying our children, and those, like our departed brother, Ngubene who were merely seeking the truth; and those who have been denounced by traitors amongst us; and those who have been brutally killed for no reason, yes I shall say it, by the police. Let those who rule this land of ours listen to the word of God; let them listen to our peaceful and just demands; let them be humble and go down on their knees and seek forgiveness, then listen to God.

**The crowd roars:**

The Priest starts a short hymn and the crowd joins in. At the end of the hymn.

**PRIEST :**

We will have a few words from Mr. Pilani our father and leader. The crowd starts singing a freedom song with arms raised. The funeral has now become a political demonstration.

Mr. Pilani, who is a dignified, educated 70-years-old, walks slowly and waits beside the chief mourners. He is handed a loudspeaker.

(CONTINUED)

67.

**CONTINUED:**

A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER threads his way through the crowd, a loud hailer in his hand. As he reaches the grave he turns. The crowd is quiet. He says something to the Priest then addresses the crowd.

**SENIOR OFFICER :**

The funeral is over. I order everyone to go home. This is not a political rally. I repeat, disperse.

As though by signal the police start attacking the mourners with truncheons and dogs. There is pandemonium, women screaming, people falling into graves or covering in them.

The Priest and Stanley lead Emily and the family away in the opposite direction.

The press and television are recording the scene. The police start throwing tear gas canisters. There is no confrontation, the crowd is fleeing in all directions. One television cameraman is purposely pushed into a grave by a very young policeman, his round recordist is pulled up into the adjoining grave by the connecting cord. Melanie stands on a tombstone watching and making notes.

INT. BEN'S LOUNGE -NIGHT

Ben, Susan watching the main evening news bulletin on TV. On the screen a sequence of rioting.

COMMENTARY (V.O.)

Despite repeated warnings young blacks attacked the police with rocks and petrol bombs. Five policemen were injured.

Susan briefly glances at Ben.

COMMENTARY (V.O.)

Several arrests were made. One youth was killed and five wounded.

Follows the newscaster and then reports:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

This morning there was a serious disturbance at the funeral of Gordon Ngubene.

Susan leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

68.

**CONTINUED:**

**NEWSCASTER :**

The detainee who committed suicide by hanging himself at John Vorster Square. An overseas television cameraman broke an arm during the disturbance. It's been reported that several people had been killed by a car-bomb in Belfast Northern Island...

Ben turns OFF the TV and stays in his thoughts.

EXT. JOHANNESBURG -STREET -AFTERNOON

Stanley and Ben are driving in the outskirts of Johannesburg.

EXT. APPROACHES OF SOWETO -AFTERNOON

Stanley drives seemingly alone at very high speeds, which he maintains through the streets of Soweto... using his horn to scatter people out of his way, to the anger and indulgence of others.

The CAR SCREECHES to a halt outside Emily's house.

Stanley gets out of the car and greets the startled neighbors... and acknowledges the friendly shouts of children.

Stanley looks around, then goes back to the car, opens the back door, leans and says something. Suddenly, to everyone's astonishment, Ben crawls out of the car; Stanley hustles him into Emily's house.

Stanley waves at the people, a sign of assurance, then closes the door behind him.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE -AFTERNOON

Ben stands awkwardly for a moment, taking in the room and the people in it. He then walks over to Emily who is standing at the table. He goes to shake her hand.

**BEN :**

How are you, Emily?

**EMILY :**

Well, thank you, Mr. Ben, sir.

Eh, that's father Masonwane, our priest, and that's Margaret from next door.

Ben nods at them. Stanley sits himself down.

(CONTINUED)

69.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

(raising his hand in greeting)

Mfundisi...

(priest)

... Sisi!

(sister)

**EMILY:**

(to Ben)

Please sit down. Take this chair, the other one is broken.

**BEN:**

(apologetically)

I didn't mean to disturb you.

I've come to talk to you.

**EMILY :**

(as she sits on the broken chair)

Yes, it's good. What I want to know is why did they kill him. He didn't do them nothing. You know, Mr. Ben, sir, I washed his whole body for he was my husband. And I know a man who killed himself, he doesn't look like that.

**MARGARET :**

Master, you must understand she's still raw inside.

**BEN :**

I'm sure.

Robert walks in, looks at Ben and walks into his bedroom to fetch something, then as he's about to go out:

**EMILY :**

Robert, where are your manners today? Don't you greet visitors?

Robert stops momentarily and looks at Ben with hostility and hurries out of the room banging the door.

**EMILY :**

I'm sorry for his rudeness.

**PRIEST:**

(to Ben)

You have to understand what's happening to our children today, they're like wasps when you burn their nest.

(CONTINUED)

70.

**CONTINUED:**

**MARGARET :**

That's right. Our children are saying 'that's enough!' Things have to change in this country. They accuse us of being cowards.

**BEN :**

Emily, I have really come to assure you that I will do all I can to help you find out what really happened to Jonathan and your husband --we cannot bring them back to life, but we can make sure that this sort of thing won't ever happen again.

**PRIEST :**

You mean well, sir, but it's

better to forgive. If we keep the pain alive then hate and bitterness will remain with us.

**BEN :**

The air must be cleared. So we can breathe again.

**PRIEST :**

The air can only be cleared if we forget about yesterday's thunder.

**EMILY :**

Mr. Ben is right. It's not that I want to go on with this thing because it's a bad thing that Jonathan died, that Gordon died that's hard enough to bear, but I can forgive it. But they covered Gordon's name with dirt and we must clean it up, else he'll never have peace in his grave.

**STANLEY:**

(to Ben)

You must understand for us, suicide is a coward's way out, how do they say, it's a 'cop out.'

**BEN :**

Gordon wasn't a coward and we'll prove that. We have a very good advocate for the inquest. His name is De Villiers. I have confidence in him and the truth will come out.

(CONTINUED)

71.

**CONTINUED:**

**EMILY :**

The truth must be known. They



killed my husband who wouldn't hurt a fly and they killed Jonathan who was only a child...

**PRIEST :**

Those people who did it are sinful people who don't know what they're doing.

**STANLEY :**

He! Mfundisi, what are you saying now? You mean...

**PRIEST :**

We must help them. That's the only way. They need our help, not hate, but love.

**PRIEST :**

I pity them and I ask the Lord to help me so I can learn to love them.

**STANLEY :**

If that's what you preach in your church you will soon be starving.

**EMILY :**

They covered his name with dirt.

**PRIEST :**

Aren't you afraid sis Emily?

**EMILY :**

No. In the end one grows tired of being afraid.

**STANLEY :**

Amen!

Ben has been listening to the discussion with interest, this being the first time he has heard Africans talking seriously about their problems.

**BEN :**

Emily, Stanley and I will do all we can. As I said we have a good advocate. Everyone involved with Gordon's death will be questioned and all that's known regarding what happened in John Vorster Square will come out.

(CONTINUED)

72.

**CONTINUED:**

**MARGARET :**

How can anything come out of that John Vorster Square? Who there

**will say:**

boy and Gordon?'

**BEN :**

Lawyers ask questions.

**MARGARET :**

And don't policemen lie?

**EMILY :**

Thank you, Mr. Ben, sir for what you're doing.

**BEN :**

(standing)

I'm pleased I came.

**STANLEY :**

(to Ben as he goes to the door)

Wait, let me check the situation.

He opens the door and walks out.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE -AFTERNOON

A small group of youngsters are there, hands thrust into their pockets, hanging around in a stony silence.

Robert is standing by the door.

Stanley calls one of them and talks to him --the boys look around and say something.

As Stanley goes back to the door, passing Robert, he ruffles his hair.

**STANLEY :**

(to Robert)

Take it easy.

(then to Ben)

It's okey, dokey, but hurry.

Ben hurries out of the room. The children stare at him.

**BEN :**

(as they go to the car)

Do I...

(CONTINUED)

73.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

(interrupts)

Yes, on the floor man.

Stanley opens the back door for Ben. Who crouches on the floor.

Some of the boys snicker and one bursts out laughing.

As Stanley gets into the car he shouts at them:

**STANLEY :**

Okay. Kids, time to go home. Be careful.

**BOY :**

(shouting back)

Sure 'bra' Stanley. Take it easy.

Stanley drives off at speed.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SOWETO -LATE AFTERNOON

Stanley is driving, they have left Soweto. Ben still on the floor.

**BEN :**

Are we still in Soweto?

**STANLEY :**

Why don't you look for yourself?

Ben rises and sees that they're at least a mile out. He is not amused.

**BEN :**

(sitting up)

What the hell are you playing at?

**STANLEY :**

(as he bursts into

loud laugh)

Precautions, Lanie.

**BEN:**

(exposing)

Don't call me Lanie! What does that mean anyway?

**STANLEY :**

(still laughing)

You will not understand, Lanie.

They drive off.

74.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Susan and Ben are in bed. Susan is in Ben's arms, she is relaxed and loving.

Ben talks quietly and calmly.

**BEN :**

I think I am without awareness.

I have always cared about people,

call it a social conscience. But

my visit to Gordon's house made me

experience another dimension of

human conditions.

**SUSAN :**

The poverty, ja...

**BEN :**

No, I expected that. But

listening to them talk made me

realize that I did not know the

blacks. Now I question my

attitudes, my concerns as Ben, and

complacence as a white person.

**SUSAN :**

Ben, I know your anxiety about the inquest. All will be cleared up, in a legal way, and you'll be back to your normal self. Now let's turn off the lights.

Susan kisses Ben tenderly.

INT. COURT ROOM -FIRST DAY OF INQUEST -DAY

The inquest of Gordon Ngubene... conducted by MAGISTRATE KLOPPER. In the witness box is DR. JANSEN, the state pathologist, giving evidence. Advocate DE VILLIERS is cross examining.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Dr. Jansen, you are a state pathologist of many years standing and I have no doubt a well-qualified pathologist. Could you now please tell us what caused the death of the deceased?

DR. JANSEN

I found that death had been caused by the application of force to the neck, consistent with hanging.

(CONTINUED)

75.

**CONTINUED:**

There's a vigorous reaction to this around the court, which gives us a chance to discover the crowd:

In the white section of the public gallery are Ben and about eight other whites.

The black section is filled to capacity with a few standing.

In the front row is sitting Stanley next to Margaret. At the entrance, a white policeman.

In the press section are several reporters; amongst them Melanie Bruwer the Rand Daily Mail reporter.

Colonel Viljoen and several policemen are sitting around the court.

**DE VILLIERS :**

You are sure about the hanging?  
This pressure on the neck, could  
it also have been exerted in other  
ways?

DR. JANSEN

It could, but it is not for me  
to speculate.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Of course not, Doctor. The list  
of injuries found on the body was  
horrifyingly long; bruises,  
swellings, abrasions, broken rib,  
lacerations, etc. How long before  
death do you estimate he received  
these injuries?

DR. JANSEN

I couldn't say exactly.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Roughly.

DR. JANSEN

Some were fourteen to twenty days  
old, others three to four days and  
others even more recent.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Even more recent. I see. I  
understand you had a Dr. Hassiem  
present at the autopsy.

DR. JANSEN

That's correct.

(CONTINUED)

76.

**CONTINUED:**

**DE VILLIERS :**

There were two reports, ours and  
his. Did they tally?

DR. JANSEN

Yes, it was. In most respects.

ON Stanley listening.

**DE VILLIERS:**

Isn't it normal practice to have one report? Why did Dr. Hassiem decide to draw up a separate report? If he really co-signed yours.

DR. JANSEN

That's for him to answer!

**DE VILLIERS :**

I would very much like to, Dr. Jansen, but he's been detained -you know of course that he represented the Ngubene family. Thank you.

There's a murmur around the court... Ben looks across at Viljoen who returns his gaze --smiling.

**CUT TO:**

DR. HERZOG

the police physician, giving evidence.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Dr. Herzog, did you examine the deceased?

DR. HERZOG

Yes, one day Captain Stolz called me in. The man had toothache.

**DE VILLIERS :**

(aggressive)

That's all?

DR. HERZOG

(uncomfortable)

As far as I could tell --yes.

(CONTINUED)

77.

**CONTINUED:**

**DE VILLIERS :**

You didn't examine him thoroughly?

DR. HERZOG

Why should I? The man was perfectly healthy, just complaining of toothache. I extracted three decayed teeth, and gave him aspirin for the pain... that's all.

**DE VILLIERS:**

Did the captain or anyone else assist you during the examination?

DR. HERZOG

(hesitates)

I... I cannot remember.

**DE VILLIERS :**

(more aggressive and accusing)

Dr. Herzog, tell us. Have you been intimidated by the Security Police or did you deliberately cooperate with them in playing their disgusting little game of hide-and-seek?

**LOUW :**

(jumping up from his seat)

I protest, Your Worship.

**MAGISTRATE:**

Advocate De Villiers, will you refrain from insinuations?

**DE VILLIERS:**

Thank you, Doctor Herzog... I'm sure Gordon Ngubene was extremely grateful!

Herzog's face is impassive.

ON crowd reacting.

**MAGISTRATE :**

Advocate Louw?

During the hubbub De Villiers and the state advocate trade places. The courtroom is quiet.



(CONTINUED)

78.

**CONTINUED:**

**LOUW :**

Thank you, Your Worship. I'd like to call Captain Stolz. There's a buzz from the spectators as Captain Stolz walks up to the witness stand. He's given a Bible.  
ON Ben --watches him.  
CLOSEUP -STOLZ  
In witness box, swearing in Afrikaans.

**LOUW :**

You're a police officer stationed at John Vorster Square?

**STOLZ :**

That's right, Your Worship.

**LOUW :**

You arrested Gordon Ngubene. Could you describe what happened?

**STOLZ :**

Acting on information we had received, I went to the house of the deceased, accompanied by Lieutenant Venter, Lieutenant Botha, and three native members of the security force. This was about 10 P.M. I informed Ngubene that he was under arrest under Article 6 of the Terrorism Act. He then became violent and resisted arrest. A certain force had to be applied to restrain him.  
ON Stanley listening.  
ON Ben listening.

**STOLZ :**

We found several incriminating documents. These pointed to his

involvement with the A.N.C. and activities endangering the security of the state.

79.

ON Ben looking at Stolz, and shaking his head, bewildered.

**LOUW :**

Was the deceased ever assaulted to your knowledge?

**STOLZ :**

Never. He was always treated with courtesy and correctness. But, one time we had cause to use force against him. It was the day before his death. The deceased suddenly showed signs of aggression. He tried to jump through the open window of my office. He was acting like a mad man. It took six of my men to restrain him, and he had to be manacled hand and foot, for his own safety. But once he calmed down, he was ready to make a statement about his activities. The next morning we found him dead in his cell.

**MAGISTRATE :**

Is the statement in evidence?

**LOUW :**

No, Your Worship. It can't be disclosed in court without damaging our investigation, but I would like to offer into evidence a suicide note written by the deceased.

Louw, taking it from his file on the table. Stanley and Margaret listening.

**LOUW :**

'Dear Captain. I prefer to die rather than betray any more of

my friends. Amandla! Gordon  
Ngubene.'

He hands it to the court clerk. There's uproar at this.

**LOUW:**

Thank you, Your Worship.

**MAGISTRATE :**

Advocate De Villiers?

(CONTINUED)

80.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben is disgusted. He looks about the court, as if seeking allies. His eyes meet Melanie's --just for a second there's recognition --then he returns to De Villiers. Advocate De Villiers cross-examining Captain Stolz.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Thank you, Your Worship. Captain Stolz, you said you treated the deceased always with courtesy and correctness, then how do you account for the injuries found on the body?

**STOLZ :**

Sometimes detainees deliberately injure themselves for propaganda purposes.

The gallery screams its objections. Stanley leans forward and grins across the partition at Ben. The Magistrate warns the crowd. Finally the gallery quiets down.

**DE VILLIERS :**

You say he tried to jump out of the open window... Are there no bars to prevent such an act?

**STOLZ :**

They had been removed for repair.

**DE VILLIERS :**

And why did he wish to jump out?

Because you were torturing him?

**STOLZ :**

He wasn't tortured.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Perhaps it was the toothache then.  
No reaction from Stolz.

**DE VILLIERS :**

You said you seized incriminating documents at the deceased's home; can you produce them to see how subversive he was?

**LOUW:**

(to Magistrate)

Those documents cannot be introduced as evidence, Your Worship, in view of the fact that state security is involved.

(CONTINUED)

81.

**CONTINUED:**

The Magistrate makes a note.

**DE VILLIERS :**

I put it to you, Captain --that the only subversive activities the deceased had been involved in were his efforts to establish what happened to his son, Jonathan, allegedly shot during a riot, although several witnesses are prepared to testify that he died in detention one month later.

**LOUW :**

(jumping up)

I protest...

**DE VILLIERS :**

This would support my case that an

innocent man has died in your hands under highly questionable circumstances.

**LOUW :**

If it please Your Worship... this unwarranted slur on the integrity of the special branch is unacceptable... and based, I may say, on allegations which are in any case irrelevant to the present inquest.

**MAGISTRATE :**

I agree.

**DE VILLIERS:**

(turning on Louw)

If the police are really interested in retaining an unsullied reputation, they should not object to the real facts being presented. Thank you, Captain.

**LOUW :**

The real facts are being presented --as the following affidavits prove. They are all by detainees --who testify that they had all seen the deceased intermittently from the time of his detention -to the time of his death --and on all occasions he was in good health.

(CONTINUED)

82.

**CONTINUED:**

As the documents are passed to the Magistrate, they are scorned by De Villiers. Imperviously he requests:

**DE VILLIERS :**

I trust the signatories of these ... documents... are available to

corroborate their evidence in person.

STRAIGHT ON ARCHIBALD CHIGORIMBO

Detainee in the witness box. He swears in Zulu. De Villiers holds his signed affidavit.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Mr. Archibald, when did you first meet Gordon Ngubene?

**ARCHIBALD:**

(looking at black crowd, then to De Villiers)

I never saw Gordon Ngubene.

A sudden stillness in the court.

ON Ben.

ON Stanley.

ON Melanie.

ON Louw.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Are you saying that you didn't sign this statement?

**ARCHIBALD :**

... I never met Mr. Ngubene...

they forced me to sign. Captain Stolz, he hit me many times with a rubber hose... he said he would kill me 'less I signed... this... this is what he did to me.

He pulls up his shirt --his back is covered in bruises.

The crowd cannot restrain itself any longer. Ben is aghast by what he sees.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Thank you, Mr. Archibald.

(CONTINUED)

83.

**CONTINUED:**

**MAGISTRATE :**

Advocate Louw?

**LOUW :**

(uncomfortable)

No thank you, Your Worship.

As Archibald leaves the witness stand, held by a special branch officer, he raises his fist in salute and shouts

**to the crowd:**

Ben looks at Archibald. He is very impressed by this strength in the prisoner's eyes.

An officer of the court shouts at the crowd: "silte in die koort" (silence in court) --bailiffs collar a few of the loudest protesters and pull them with brutality out of the courtroom.

**DE VILLIERS:**

(to town, wearily)

May we put up the second signatory?

Louw confers hurriedly with the prosecution officers, then turns back to the court.

**LOUW :**

Your Worship --the other three signatories cannot appear for reasons of state security.

He sits down, bland, examining his papers.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Your Worship, I'd like to recall Captain Stolz.

As Captain Stolz returns to the stand he crosses Archibald being handcuffed by the S.B. officer.

Ben watches him passing by the detainee, straight, impassive without a look to him.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Captain, you're still under oath --you took Archibald's statement. Was it voluntary? I'm sure you'll say it was, then how did he come by the injuries on his back?

**STOLZ :**

He fell down the stairs a few days ago.

(CONTINUED)

84.

**CONTINUED:**

**DE VILLIERS :**

Fell down the stairs. You should do something about those stairs, Captain, so many people fall on them. Thank you.

The crowd laughs.

**STOLZ:**

(to the Magistrate)

Your Worship, may I be excused? I have to escort detainee Archibal back to John Vorster Square.

**MAGISTRATE :**

You may, Captain, and thank you.

(to the crowd)

I think this's a good moment to adjourn --we'll reconvene at two thirty.

EXT. COURTROOM -DAY

Emily, Margaret, Stanley and a man, are sitting outside the court eating fish and chips. There are various Africans sitting around for their lunch break.

**CUT TO:**

INT. CAFE NEAR COURT -DAY

Ben and Dan Lewinson having a light lunch in a nearby cafe.

**BEN:**

(buoyant)

De Villiers is making mincemeat of them.

**LEWINSON :**



He's very good. His cross-examination has got them rattled.

**BEN :**

It's obvious to anybody! The evidence is clear!

(pause)

Did you see Archibal's back? He didn't have to tell the truth.

Dan Lewinson's dry laugh catches in his throat.

(CONTINUED)

85.

**CONTINUED:**

**LEWINSON :**

That's what Stolz is saying to him right now in his torture room.

**CUT TO:**

INT. COURTROOM -AFTERNOON

Advocate De Villiers and a dignified Emily in the witness stand.

**EMILY :**

Captain Stolz lied. My husband never fight the police when he was arrested. They were rough with him, pushing him and threatening.

**DE VILLIERS :**

When your husband's clothes were given to you, in what condition were they?

**EMILY :**

There was blood on them and in the back pocket I found three broken teeth.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Now Mrs. Ngubene, you have seen the note that's said to have been

written by your husband. Do you recognize the writing?

**EMILY :**

(firmly)

That's not how my husband writes.

(strongly)

He never wrote that letter, they lie.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Thank you, Mrs. Ngubene.

**MAGISTRATE :**

Advocate Louw?

He shakes his head.

**EMILY:**

(facing the

Magistrate and in

firm voice)

They killed my husband and son.

(CONTINUED)

86.

**CONTINUED:**

ON Ben, satisfied.

**MAGISTRATE :**

(to a policeman next

to Viljoen)

Will you take the woman out?

**DE VILLIERS :**

I'd like to call my last witness.

Grace Nkosi.

Grace's name is called. She is an attractive 20-yearsold girl. As she passes by Ben, he watches her with

concern; her face looks familiar. Of course he remembers having seen her at John Vorster Square the first time he

went there to meet the colonel. GRACE NKOSI is the

African girl the two security officers were lifted to the ten flour. He recognizes her.

Grace Nkosi in the witness stand.

She swears in Xhosa.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Were you ever detained?

**GRACE :**

Yes sir, at John Vorster Square.

**DE VILLIERS :**

For how long?

**GRACE :**

Six months.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Can you tell us what happened to you during that time?

**GRACE :**

I was interrogated by many special policemen, but mainly Captain Stolz and the one they call Venter. As they were searching somebody I know, they wanted me to tell them where that person was hidden. As I refuse to cooperate they beat me with a sjambok. After some time I fell and they kicked me in the face and stomach.

ON Ben obviously shocked.

(CONTINUED)

87.

**CONTINUED:**

**GRACE :**

I spot blood and they try to make me lick it. Then Captain Stolz threw a wet towel and started twisting it around my neck...

(she illustrates)

... until I lost consciousness. They did this several time and the last one Captain Stolz said

'come on meid, speak up, or do you want to die like Gordon Ngubene?' A few days later I was released.  
ON Melanie taking notes.

**DE VILLIERS :**

Thank you, Miss Grace. That's all, Your Worship.

**LOUW:**

(rising and looking at Grace for some seconds)  
You made that up. Say you made it up.

**GRACE :**

It's the truth. I have nothing more to say.  
Louw sits down.

**MAGISTRATE :**

We shall adjourn until tomorrow morning. I'll hear the arguments and give the verdict.  
The crowd stands and starts to leave the courtroom.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

INT. COURTROOM -MORNING (SECOND DAY)  
A silent black crowd; Emily, Margaret, Stanley anxiously awaiting the verdict. Today the public gallery is more crowded than before.

**MAGISTRATE :**

I wish to thank both advocates for conducting this case without rancour and in the best traditions of the South African legal profession.

(CONTINUED)

88.

**CONTINUED:**

ON Ben's face. ON Dan Lewinson's face. ON Viljoen and Stolz's faces.

**MAGISTRATE:**

I have listened to all the evidence and the arguments. To begin with I have to say that there was no conclusive evidence offered to prove beyond doubt that members of the Security Police had been guilty of assault or any irregular conduct on the deceased. There were indications that Ngubene was aggressive and on more than one occasion had to be restrained with force. There was sufficient evidence to conclude that death had been caused by a trauma following pressure applied to the neck, consistent with hanging. Consequently, I find that Gordon Ngubene committed suicide by hanging himself and that on available evidence his death cannot be attributed to any act or omission or amounting to a criminal offense on the part of any person.

**CUT TO:**

Viljoen and Stolz smiling, shaking hands with Advocate Louw in congratulations.

**CUT TO:**

INT. FOYER OF COURTROOM -DAY

The predominantly black crowd obviously dissatisfied with the verdict, discussing it as it moves slowly towards the main entrance.

In the crowd Stanley, Margaret and Emily controlled, dignified but obviously pained.

**CUT TO:**

**BEN:**

totally depressed, walking up to Emily.

(CONTINUED)

89.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

(to Ben over noise  
of the discussion)

Don't worry, man. There's another  
day!

Ben leans towards Emily.

**BEN :**

I'm sorry, Emily.

Several press photographers are taking pictures ostensibly  
of Emily the widow.

Stanley gently guides Emily out of the building.

Ben, who is following, is besieged by the insistent  
reporters, shouting:

**REPORTERS :**

'Mister Du Toit, how do you know  
Mrs. Ngubene?' 'Mister Du Toit, can  
you answer, is it true, he was a  
terrorist?'

Ben tries to get through.

**REPORTERS :**

Mister Du Toit, what do you think  
of the verdict? Do you believe  
the police?

Melanie appears, grabs Ben and pushes him away through  
them.

**REPORTER :**

Hang on, Melanie, I'm coming with  
you.

**MELANIE :**

(shouts back)

Fuck off.

The press is still pursuing them.

As Ben and Melanie reach Melanie's car:

**BEN :**

My car is over there.

**MELANIE:**

(opening the car)

Never mind your car. Let's get away from these vultures.

(CONTINUED)

90.

**CONTINUED:**

They get into the car and as they drive away, Melanie introduces herself.

**MELANIE :**

By the way, I'm Melanie Bruwer.

**BEN :**

Obviously of the Rand Daily Mail. I read your article about Jonathan.

**MELANIE :**

Ten out of ten, Mr. Du Toit. I know about you too.

**BEN :**

(uncomfortable)

You do?

Melanie smiles.

**MELANIE :**

We have a mutual friend. One Stanley.

**BEN :**

I remember. The mortuary in Soweto...

(pause)

... The ambiguous Stanley.

**MELANIE :**

Stanley? No. Just careful. A

big black rough uncut diamond.  
Don't be fooled by his happy-golucky  
attitude. There's much more  
to him.

**BEN :**

He couldn't have given you a  
glowing report of me.  
(suddenly aggressive)  
I'm sorry, but where are we going?

**MELANIE :**

I thought a cooling drink at my  
house.

**BEN :**

(on the defensive)  
Mrs. Bruwer, I'm not...  
(CONTINUED)  
91.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE:**

(interrupts)  
I promise you. I'm not after an  
interview or anything like that.  
She smiles.

**BEN :**

I really must go home.

**MELANIE :**

Please, Mr. Du Toit, and you'll  
meet my darling father.  
She smiles again. A disarming smile.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOME -DAY

Melanie drives into the yard. The house is an old  
Colonial style house amidst flowers, bushes and trees, a  
controlled wild garden.

A figure is bent over a beehive. A large brimmed old hat  
with a net hides his head and features.

Melanie stops the car in the driveway.



**MELANIE :**

(pointing from the  
car)

There he is by the eucalyptus  
tree, on the left. That's old  
Bruwer.

They get out of the car and walk towards him.

**BEN :**

How long have you lived here?

**MELANIE :**

Oh, about twenty-one years. I  
love this house.

**BRUWER :**

(without looking up)  
Is that you, Melanie?

**MELANIE :**

Of course, Dad. I want you to  
meet a friend.

**BRUWER :**

Does anyone have a friend  
nowadays?

(CONTINUED)

92.

**CONTINUED:**

He straightens up and throws the net over his head and  
studies Ben. MR. BRUWER is seventy years old; an  
interesting face with a goatee beard.

**MELANIE :**

Mr. Du toit, Dad.

**BRUWER :**

Do you like bees?

**BEN :**

(smiling)

I have nothing against them.

**MELANIE:**

(to Ben)

Be careful, I can see philosophy coming.

**BRUWER :**

You shut up.

(to Ben)

Let me tell you about bees, and for that matter ants: a bee has a completely altruistic sense of purpose --based on the common good. A course from which he cannot be deflected. Greed, ambition, they mean nothing to him. He lives solely to serve his fellow bee.

**MELANIE :**

What about individuality, Dad?

**BRUWER :**

There's the rub, my girl. There's the rub. One of these days I'll ask the bees. I'm sure they have the answer. Now, you two run along!

He replaces his net and continues with the hive.

**MELANIE :**

A drink, Dad?

**BRUWER :**

I've been peeing too much this morning.

(CONTINUED)

93.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

(as they walk toward the house)

That's my Daddy.

Melanie and Ben enter the house.

INT. MELANIE'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

The Bruwer living room is a profusion of piles of papers, of books on shelves, on tables, on the floor, paintings --records, African sculptures.

On the floor tangled lengths of flex leading from a record player to two voluminous speakers.

A settee, a chess set. The furniture is old and well-used, dominated by a large leather club chair --two big cats sleeping on it. It's civilized pandemonium.

**MELANIE :**

(gesturing to the room)

Now you see in what environment I was spawned.

Ben looks at the shelves and smiles.

**MELANIE :**

Please sit down, on that chair.

(pointing to club chair)

That's Dad's. Drink?

**BEN :**

Please. A...

**MELANIE :**

(interrupts, mischievous)

A brandy?

**BEN:**

(looking at her surprised, then smiling)

No thanks, a beer will be fine.

Melanie goes into the kitchen leaving Ben. He cannot forget what he heard and what he saw in the court!

She returns barefooted, with two beer mugs, and hands one to Ben.

(CONTINUED)

94.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

The mugs are the few things that Dad brought from Germany. He studied philosophy in Tübingen and Berlin before the last war.

**BEN :**

I thought they were German?  
Melanie sits, her legs propped up on the settee, hugging her knees.

**MELANIE :**

Mr. Du Toit, tell...

**BEN :**

(interrupts)  
Please, call me Ben.

**MELANIE :**

All right, Ben, tell me, why are you so depressed? You really expect a different verdict?

**BEN:**

(disgruntled)  
Why do you ask? Can you understand it?

**MELANIE :**

Of course I understand it. What could they have. I'm not cynical. I'm only trying to be realistic.

**BEN :**

Tell me, Miss Bruwer...

**MELANIE :**

Ben and Melanie, that's fair.

**BEN :**

Tell me, do you believe in the notion of justice?

**MELANIE:**

(lighting a cigarette)

I'll never stop believing. But in this country I've learned it's pointless to look for it in certain situations.

**BEN :**

What use is a system if justice does not apply to all situations?

(CONTINUED)

95.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

Exactly. And you cannot fight for justice unless you know injustice very well. You've got to know your enemy first.

**BEN :**

That's a tall order: 'know injustice... know the enemy.' it seems I have a long haul ahead of me.

**MELANIE :**

Not at all, Ben. You have already taken the first steps.

(pause)

Welcome to South Africa!

She smiles.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Susan is sitting at the dressing table. She is applying cleansing cream to her face. She is relaxed. Ben is getting ready for bed.

**SUSAN :**

Did you enjoy the 'bobotie?' When I heard the verdict on the news I knew you'd be upset.

(softer)

I wanted to make you something

special.

**BEN :**

(thoughtful)

Thank you, darling.

A pause. Susan starts to remove the cream.

**SUSAN :**

I'm glad it's all over. You take things to heart too much.

Ben comes and stands behind Susan --looking at her through the mirror.

**BEN :**

(trying to keep control of himself)

They killed Gordon --first they kill Jonathan, and then him. How can they get away with it?

(CONTINUED)

96.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN:**

(soothingly)

Now come on, Ben. Gordon's death upset me, too. But the Magistrate had all the facts. He must know what he's doing, he's had years of experience. The case has run its course, and nobody can do anything more about it! It's all over and done with.

**BEN :**

(looking at her)

I'm not so sure about that, Susan!  
Susan swivels around and faces Ben.

**SUSAN :**

I'm damned well sure! It's over, Ben! You better get that into your head.

Ben just stares at her with seething anger. She stands up and starts being hysterical.

**SUSAN :**

A teacher, always a bloody teacher.  
You never moved yourself for us.  
But for the blacks, oh yes. Whose  
side are you on, Ben? And I'm sick  
and tired of those natives coming  
here. Why don't you bloody well  
go and live in Soweto?  
Ben strides out of the room.

**SUSAN :**

(following and shouting)  
Now where are you going?

**BEN :**

(without looking)  
Soweto!  
Then shuts the door behind him.  
Susan stands stupefied. There's the sound of the SPARE  
ROOM DOOR.  
INT. SPARE ROOM -NIGHT  
Ben is standing in the middle of the room, in the dark.  
On the wall behind him is a young Suzette's picture.  
(CONTINUED)  
97.

**CONTINUED:**

After a few seconds, Ben moves slowly to the bed and sits  
on it still in deep thought.

**SLOW MOVE TO a:**

**CLOSEUP ON BEN:**

**And:**

FADE OUT.

**FADE IN:**

INT. NEWSPAPER AND CONFECTIONARY SHOP -MORNING  
It's a Saturday morning.  
A shopping center in a white suburb. Ben goes into a

newspaper shop.

There are two children buying sweets and a woman leaving.  
The PROPRIETOR is an Afrikaner in his middle age.

**BEN :**

More meneer Van de Merwe.  
(Morning Mister Van de Merwe.)

**PROPRIETOR :**

(in offhand manner)  
More meneer du Toit.

**BEN :**

Our boys gave the Eastern province  
a thrashing.

**PROPRIETOR :**

Yes.  
Ben realizes that the man is not his usual conversational  
self.

**BEN :**

Is anything wrong?

**PROPRIETOR :**

No.  
Ben goes to pick up an Afrikaans newspaper and the Rand  
Daily Mail.

**BEN:**

(walking up to counter)  
And a packet of tobacco and pipe  
cleaners.  
The man gets them and takes a note from Ben and gives him  
his change. By then a man is waiting.

(CONTINUED)

98.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

See you tomorrow.  
As he walks out the other man turns around to watch him.  
EXT. STREET -MORNING



Ben walks out of the shop. The newspaper under his arm. A group of three middle-aged women turn to look at him. Ben didn't see them. A little further on, he meets Mrs. Coetzee. He tries to greet her but she walks straight by. Further on, he notices two men obviously talking about him. Then a couple of boys on bikes snigger as they pass him. He begins to wonder what's it all about, and spontaneously checks his clothes.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE -VERANDA -MORNING

Susan and Suzette sit there. Suzette's holding a newspaper --the Ossewa --Susan's thoughtful, her face is red and discomposed --obviously she had cried. The PHONE RINGS but they deliberately ignore it.

Ben appears with the newspapers under his arm, sees Suzette's sports car and hurries to join them. Suzette doesn't even give him a chance to kiss her.

**SUZETTE :**

(jumping up and showing the cover of Ossewa)  
Now, Papa, this is going too far! How could you?

**BEN :**

(surprised)  
How's that, Suzette?  
Ben takes the newspaper and looks at the cover. A picture of himself and Emily outside the courtroom. The two faces are close together with the notes:  
"EMILY NGUBENE, wife of native who died in detention, comforted by a friend of family, Mr. BEN DU TOIT."  
And in parenthesis "see page two."  
He throws the Ossewa on a chair and checks into the Rand Daily Mail. Inside there is a long article with Emily's picture, titled "the Face of Grief."  
Ben folds up the newspapers, and shakes his head. He suddenly realizes why the people reacted like that outside.  
(CONTINUED)

99.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUZETTE :**

You didn't stop to think of the family.  
Poor mother, how can she face anyone?  
And tomorrow is Sunday!

**BEN :**

Now listen...  
Johan steps into the veranda.

**JOHAN :**

What's everybody yelling about?

**SUZETTE :**

You listen, Papa, just tell me, why?  
Recognizing his father in the photo, Johan has picked up  
the newspaper from the chair.

**BEN :**

Do you really think I specially  
arranged for the photographers to  
take that picture? And what's  
more it's distorted.

**SUZETTE :**

What's distorted about it? Your  
face is practically touching that  
meid's face, like you were about  
to kiss her.

**BEN :**

(disgruntled)  
Suzette, pull yourself together!

**SUZETTE :**

Today the whole country has seen that  
photograph. We, your children, are  
going to suffer. At this very moment  
Chris is negotiating with the Provincial  
Council. Would you like to see them  
cancel it? You have no feeling, Papa!

**BEN :**

(shocked)  
Suzette!  
She leaves in rage.

**JOHAN:**

(conciliating)

What's Papa done, anyway? If something happened to him, wouldn't you be upset?

(CONTINUED)

100.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN:**

(standing up)

Not enough, Johan, to throw myself into the garden boy's arms.

**BEN :**

That goes without saying.

**JOHAN:**

(trying to joke)

There must be easier ways of getting your name in the paper.

Before she can stop herself, Susan slaps him across the face, although not hard. Johan leaves without a word.

She clutches her hand, shocked at having it against him.

The PHONE starts to RING. Susan runs out sobbing.

Ben looks at her then walks into the living room to pick up the phone.

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM -MORNING

**BEN:**

(into phone)

Who?... I don't know you and have nothing to say to you... No thank you for your advice!

He puts the phone down. The PHONE RINGS again. Ben picks it up and waits.

**BEN :**

It's you, Viviers... I appreciate it... of course... Not yet... Any thank you. Tot siens.

He replaces the receiver and is about to light his pipe

when the PHONE RINGS again.

**BEN :**

Morning, Mr. Cloete... I'd like to say...

(impatiently)

... Mr. Cloete, may I ask what on earth has the picture to do with politics?... I'm sorry Mr. Cloete, I have to go.

He replaces the telephone and walks out of the house.

The PHONE KEEPS RINGING.

101.

EXT. BESTER'S FARM -COUNTRY -DAY

The farm is a typical transvaal farm covering thousands of acres. In the distance there's a range of mountains.

Several cattle are grazing, herded by a poorly-clad African and his son, aged 8 years.

Bester and Ben are leaning on the wooden fence of the cattle kraal with calves penned in.

**BESTER :**

Everything was examined in depth in court.

**BEN :**

Did you read the papers, Dominee? Were you happy with what came to light? And is it the Magistrate's work to pretend that the facts which came to light didn't exist?

**BESTER :**

Was it really facts, Ben?

Just then the African "HERDBOY" walks up to them taking off his lattered greasy hat.

**BESTER :**

Ja? What is it Tom?

TOM (HERDBOY)

Does the Baas want me to bring the bull now?

**BESTER :**

Later, Tom.  
TOM (HERDBOY)  
Dankie, Baas.  
Tom hurries away.

**BESTER :**

I bought a bull last week.

**BEN :**

I know, Gordon. What they said about him, that he was plotting against the government --is a downright lie. He was only doing what I would have done as a father; searching for his son.

**BESTER :**

No one but God can see what's in our hearts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102.

**CONTINUED:**

BESTER (CONT'D)

Isn't it presumptuous to pretend we can speak for someone else?

**BEN :**

Have you no faith in your fellow men, Dominee? Don't you love your neighbor?

**BESTER:**

(confronting Ben)

Wait a minute, instead of criticizing blindly, don't you think we have reason to be proud of the judiciary we have? suppose this had been Russia; what do you think would have happened then?

**BEN :**

What's the use of reaching a

court when a handful of people have all the power to decide what is going to be said in that court and by whom? The one man they allowed to speak for himself, that young Archibald Chigorimbo, didn't he immediately deny everything they forced him to say in his statement? And the girl who spoke of her own torture?  
CUSTOMER PAGE 99 MISSING

**BEN :**

That did not refer to our situation in this South Africa. Do you know what I believe in, Dominee, that once in one's life, just once, one should have enough faith in something to risk everything for it.

**BESTER :**

One can gain the world and still lose one's soul. Tea must be ready.  
Bester and Ben walk towards the house still in conversation.  
103.

INT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -MORNING

The staff is having coffee during morning break in the staff room. The room has several easy chairs, a table with the morning newspapers on it. The walls have pictures of South African scenes.

There are several conversations in Afrikaans. This is the first morning since the photograph.

Ben walks into the staff room. The conversations stop. Everyone looks at him with hostility. The teachers all place their cups on the table and quietly file out of the room.

Ben pours himself a cup of coffee; as he takes his first sip, Cloete looks in, sees him. He walks in.

**CLOETE :**

I hope you don't mind us talking

here.

**BEN :**

I don't mind, Mr. Cloete.

**CLOETE :**

I'll come to the point. You can't imagine how shocked I was by that scandalous photograph in the Ossewa.

**BEN :**

The woman lost her husband, she was shattered with grief.

**CLOETE :**

A Kaffir woman, Du Toit.

**BEN:**

(angrily)

I can't see that it makes any difference.

**CLOETE :**

Have you gone color blind then? And what about the apartheid laws? Our first responsibility as teachers is the reputation of the school, the pupils entrusted to us. We have to be an example to them in and out of this school yard.

Ben looks at him calmly.

(CONTINUED)

104.

**CONTINUED:**

**CLOETE :**

I thought I had warned you about involving yourself with Kaffirs. Obviously you didn't heed my advice. That's all I have to say for now.

Cloete walks out of the room.  
Viviers hurries into the room, he is late for his  
coffee.

**VIVIERS :**

'Morning, Oom Ben.

**BEN :**

(acknowledging  
greeting)  
Viviers.

**VIVIERS :**

(pouring coffee)  
Private coffee with Cloete?  
Ben picks up the copy of the Ossewa with the photograph  
and shows it to Viviers.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOME -DAY

Ben stops the car in the Bruwer driveway. From the  
driving seat he searches the garden for Bruwer.  
He walks up to the front door and knocks, but there's no  
reply. He goes 'round to the back and finds the old man  
on his knees weeding his vegetable garden.

**BEN :**

Good afternoon, Professor.

**BRUWER :**

(looking up)  
Melanie isn't home. You are...

**BEN :**

Ben Du Toit. You have a nice  
vegetable garden.

**BRUWER :**

You mean the area or the produce?

**BEN :**

Both. What plants are these?  
(CONTINUED)

105.

**CONTINUED:**



**BRUWER :**

What's the world coming to? It's herbs, can't you see? Thyme there, oregano over there, feunel next to the tomatoes, sage here and rosemary somewhere. Poor plants, they re not in their ideal soil or climate. Next time, I'll bring some soil from the mountain of Zeus. Perhaps the old man's holiness will do the trick. He throws down the small weeding-fork.

**BRUWER :**

Come, you are just the person to sample my greengage wine. I don't suppose you've ever tasted it? I'm sure I'm the only person in the country making greengage wine. He leads Ben to the two old chairs by the back wall. He enters the kitchen and returns with a bottle of greengage wine and two glasses.

**BRUWER:**

(as he pours)

The first bottle this year, and you don't have to tell me if you like it or not. Tell me, did you ever study philosophy?

**BEN:**

Not really. I've read a few books.

**BRUWER:**

(taking a sip)

Not bad, in fact quite good. Now where was I... Oh, I was going to say after decades of philosophy, I find myself being forced back to the earth. Do you know, Ben, we're all living in the spell of abstractions. Hitler, apartheid,

the great American dream, the lot?

**BEN :**

What about Jesus?

**BRUWER :**

Misunderstood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106.

**CONTINUED:**

BRUWER (CONT'D)

(referring to the  
wine)

You don't have to finish it.

**BEN :**

(lying)

It's quite nice.

**BRUWER:**

Melanie has told me a little about  
you. It's not an easy road you  
have chosen.

**BEN :**

I feel I have no choice.

Bruwer farts loudly, Ben is taken aback, but the  
Professor continues.

**BRUWER:**

Of course you have a choice.  
Damn it. One always has a choice.  
Only thank God you made the choice  
you did. But all I want to say  
is, keep your eyes open, young  
man.

**BEN :**

That's encouraging.

**BRUWER:**

We are both Boers, Ben. We know

how hard our people worked to get a toehold on this land; it was a good life. Now look at the mess. It's all systems and no God! Sooner or later people start believing in their way of life as

**an absolute:**

fundamental, a precondition. Saw it, with my own eyes in Germany, a nation running after an idea. Sieg heil, sieg heil. I left there thirty years ago because I couldn't take it any longer. And now I see it happening in my own country, step by step.

Terrifyingly predictable. This sickness of the great abstraction. He farts and sips his greengage wine.

(CONTINUED)

107.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben is so fascinated by the old man's conversation he didn't react. He is learning form his old Afrikaner.

**BEN :**

What you say is very interesting and important.

**BRUWER :**

Take for example the way the government is handling the electorate; like a bloody donkey. Carrot in front and kick at the backside. The carrot is apartheid, Dogma. The kick is quite simply, fear. Black peril, red peril, whatever name you want to give it.

(pause)

Fear can be a wonderful ally, Ben. I talk too much, I always do with younger people, they don't fall

asleep to me.

**BEN:**

(laughs)

We Afrikaners have to stop to turn a blind eye and look around us and at ourselves.

**BRUWER :**

You are right. We still have time. History should teach us about those who regarded themselves as the chosen people.

**BEN :**

(standing up  
comforted)

Professor Bruwer, may I say I have needed to hear somebody say some of the things you said. I still have hope for our country.

**BRUWER :**

If you lose that you have lost everything. I'll get back to the earth.

**BEN:**

(shaking hands)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

108.

**CONTINUED:**

**BRUWER :**

I'll tell that hot-head daughter of mine that you came to see her.

Ben takes his leave.

INT. LEWINSON'S OFFICE -DAY

Ben and Dan Lewinson are sitting opposite, cups of coffee in front of them.

**BEN :**

There is absolutely no doubt that they were killed in custody. Those responsible must be punished, whoever they are, or whatever their rank.

**LEWINSON :**

The problem is laying our hands on them.

**BEN :**

Tell me, Dan, we lost at the inquest, what next?

**LEWINSON :**

The family can file a civil claim.

**BEN :**

What does that entail?

**LEWINSON :**

To put it briefly, it means we have to have witnesses, affidavits and any information relating to the arrest and death of Gordon. We also need similar information on Jonathan. You see Ben, for example, Stolz figures in both cases. That's one link at least.

**BEN :**

I know what I have to do.

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE -AFTERNOON

It's lunch time and the working population of Jo'burg has paused for lunch. Ben and Melanie are sitting at a table outside. The cafe is on the outskirts of a very affluent part of Johannesburg.

(CONTINUED)

109.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

I didn't think you would want to

have anything to do with me after that crap in the Ossewa.

**BEN :**

Why? You didn't write it.

**MELANIE :**

I'm a journalist, perhaps tarred with the same brush.

**BEN :**

No.

**MELANIE :**

So what happened? I can imagine. The family, the dominee, colleagues, neighbors...

**BEN :**

A distorted photograph and a few poisoned words and meneer Du Toit is a leper. That's why I called on you the other day, I needed to talk to somebody rational.

**MELANIE :**

Thanks for the compliment. But remember, you're an Afrikaner, you're one of them. In their eyes they regard you as the worst kind of traitor.

**BEN :**

You are an Afrikaner too, and your articles, in a liberal English paper?

**MELANIE :**

My mother was a foreigner, I'm not pure, wragte Afrikaner. They don't expect the same loyalty from me that they demand from you.

**BEN :**

What kind of loyalty? Blind loyalty. Until the deaths of Jonathan and Gordon, I gave all the loyalty I could give, laager loyalty. You know, Melanie, we Afrikaners have always lived in our laager, we have not seen what's beyond the mountains.

(CONTINUED)

110.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

Has it ever occurred to you that the Volk may be scared to leave the laager? That's the downfall of this country. So, where do you go from here?

**BEN :**

We carry on. There has to be justice.

**MELANIE :**

Justice.

**BEN:**

We lost at the inquest, so we pursue them in a civil action. I consulted the attorney Dan Lewinson.

**MELANIE :**

We know each other well.

CUSTOMER PAGE #'S 107 -110 MISSING

**STOLZ :**

Mr. Du Toit, if you knew what we're working with every day of our lives, and what we're up against, you would understand why we have to be so thorough.

**BEN :**

However you go about it.

**STOLZ :**

I can understand you're upset  
about having your house searched  
... but...

**BEN :**

I wasn't thinking about myself.

**STOLZ :**

What are you talking about then,  
Mr. Du Toit?

**BEN :**

My thoughts, Captain, I'm sure,  
are an open book to you.

(CONTINUED)

111.

**CONTINUED:**

Stolz picks up a book of Picasso's Peace Paintings,  
starts leafing through it carefully, scrutinizing each  
page.

He puts the Picasso book carefully back in the place he  
took it from.

**STOLZ :**

An interesting book --Picasso -Not  
one I'm familiar with.

**BEN :**

Not on your list of banned books,  
Captain?

Stolz doesn't react...

**CUT TO:**

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

The search continues in the living room. Susan is  
standing pale, rigid, shocked.

**STOLZ :**

Mr. Du Toit. If you're keeping



anything from us, we can turn this whole house upside down if we want to. We have all the time in the world.

**SUSAN:**

(throwing Ben a warning daggers look)

I'm afraid I don't understand.

Nothing from Stolz.

One of the men starts to roll up the carpet to look under it.

Susan has to move out of his way.

**BEN :**

(gently to Susan)

Why don't you go upstairs?

**STOLZ :**

I'm afraid she has to stay where we can see her --in case she wanted to warn someone.

**SUSAN :**

My father's an M.P.! Warn who?

112.

**CONTINUED:**

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -DAY

All four tires of Ben's car have been slashed to ribbons.

INT. BEN'S GARAGE -DAY

Ben and Johan are there.

Ben takes a file from under a toolbox and measures it carefully against the drawer base. Then, he selects a piece of wood approximately the size of the drawer and tries it for size.

We should be in no doubt that's he's constructing a hiding place.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN -AFTERNOON

Susan is preparing a roast. There's music from a transistor RADIO. Susan is startled by a voice, her father's (Ben's FATHER-IN-LAW). She turns OFF, the RADIO.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Roast beef, I hope it's like your mother's.

**SUSAN :**

(happy)

Papa!

He is aged about 70 years, thick set. She rushes to him and he hugs her tightly and practically lifts her off the floor. She kisses him.

**SUSAN :**

Where's Mama?

She disentangles herself and goes to the living room as excited as a child, the mother is standing by two cases, smiling.

Susan hugs her.

**SUSAN :**

Mama!

She holds her mother at arm's length inspecting her.

**SUSAN :**

The perfume and a new hairstyle.

**MOTHER :**

Your father insisted that I don't disgrace you.

(CONTINUED)

113.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUSAN :**

(hugging her again)

I expected you a little later.

FATHER-IN-LAW

She insisted we start early.

Where is Ben?

**JOHAN :**

(walking in with golf club bag)

In the study. I'll get him.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Have you put on weight, Susan?

**SUSAN :**

Please don't say that, Papa.

Ben walks in.

**BEN :**

Sorry. Didn't hear you arrive.

He shakes hands with Father-In-Law.

FATHER-IN-LAW

How are you, Ben?

**BEN :**

Fine.

He goes to MOTHER-IN-LAW. He kisses her on the cheek.

**BEN :**

And how are you, Ma?

MOTHER-IN-LAW (MOTHER)

Well, Ben, still have trouble with my feet.

**BEN :**

Why doesn't everyone sit down?

**SUSAN :**

I'll prepare some tea. I baked a cake.

She goes to the kitchen.

EXT. LOCAL GOLF COURSE -SUNSET

Ben and Father-In-Law are having a drink after a round of golf, outside the club house.

(CONTINUED)

114.

**CONTINUED:**

FATHER-IN-LAW

I'm getting tired of the trek to Cape Town and then back to Pretoria. If I had my way, Parliament and government would be in the same city. There's nothing wrong with Pretoria.

**BEN:**

I thought you'd prefer Cape Town;  
the sea and Table Mountain.

FATHER-IN-LAW

That's for holidays. Anyway, Ben,  
one of the reasons for this visit  
was that I wanted to have a  
discussion with you.

**BEN :**

What about?

FATHER-IN-LAW

It's that photograph in the  
papers. Ben, a thing like that  
could be an embarrassment for  
someone who is a member of  
Parliament. It's a grievous day  
when one's family's behavior  
comes between him and his duty  
to the fatherland.

**BEN:**

Are you blaming me for trying to  
help those people?

FATHER-IN-LAW

I've been doing that all my life,  
be they black or white. But no  
member of our family has been seen  
with a Kaffir woman before, Ben.  
Father signals the African waiter for more drinks.

**BEN:**

I am glad you mentioned it, Father.  
Because I'd like to discuss the  
whole thing with you. First,  
there's the matter of Gordon  
Ngubene himself.

FATHER-IN-LAW

What about him? I thought the  
case was closed.

(CONTINUED)

115.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

The inquest didn't clear up half of what happened.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Oh, really?

**BEN :**

We have no irrefutable evidence yet, but we have enough to indicate that something serious is being covered up.

FATHER-IN-LAW

You're jumping to conclusions, Ben.

**BEN :**

I know what I'm talking about. The black waiter places the drinks on the table.

FATHER-IN-LAW

All right, Ben, I'm listening. Perhaps I can use my influence. But you'll have to convince me first.

**BEN :**

If they have really nothing to hide, why is the special branch going out of its way to intimidate me.

FATHER-IN-LAW

(practically choking)  
What's this about special branch?

**BEN :**

They raided the house; they are tapping my phone, and I have been threatened by one of the officers.

FATHER-IN-LAW

I'm sorry, Ben, I'd rather not have anything to do with this sort of thing.

**BEN :**

Why?

FATHER-IN-LAW

If the special branch are involved they must have good reasons.

(CONTINUED)

116.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

It's exactly what I said, Father, when Jonathan first got into trouble. Of course, they have

**good reasons:**

Gordon died and how his son died!

FATHER-IN-LAW

(angry)

Ben, how could you side with the enemies of your people?

**BEN :**

You mean you're prepared to sit back and allow an injustice to be done.

FATHER-IN-LAW

(his face grows purple)

It's you, Ben, who talk about injustice? A man who teaches history at school? Did you forget what our people have suffered under the English oppressors? Now that we have at long last come to power in our own land.

**BEN :**

Now we're free to do to others what they used to do to us. What will you do if you were a black man in this country today, Father?

FATHER-IN-LAW

Don't you realize what the government is doing for the blacks?

It's a slow process, Ben. One of these days the whole bloody lot of them will be free and independent in their own parts of the land, the bantoustans --what can be more just than that? But they're not ready yet.

The waiter returns --Father-in-law pays the bill, and as he rises to leave, he puts a paternal arm on Ben's shoulder.

FATHER-IN-LAW

We have nothing to be ashamed of before the eyes of the world, my boy.

(CONTINUED)

117.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

(standing, his golf bag in his hand)

We don't? I'm not sure we're going to survive.

They walk away.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Don't underestimate us, Ben. Our power of survival. We are Afrikaners!

EXT. STREET CORNER -EVENING

Stanley is parked in a street corner in the last white suburb on the way to Soweto. Ben pulls up in his car behind Stanley's. He walks over to Stanley's car and enters the back. Stanley smiles as he points at his watch.

**STANLEY :**

African time.

**BEN :**

I'm sorry.

They drive off towards Soweto.

**STANLEY :**

Doesn't matter, Lanie --as long  
we are on time for the revolution.

**BEN :**

The special branch searched my  
house four days ago.

**STANLEY :**

The S.B. searches your house?  
(chuckles)  
Did they take anything?

**BEN :**

A few journals, letters --nothing  
much. Just wanted to scare me,  
that's all.

**STANLEY :**

Don't be so sure. They may think  
you're onto something big.

**BEN :**

They're not that stupid.  
(CONTINUED)  
118.

**CONTINUED:**

Stanley laughs.

**STANLEY :**

'Lanie' --don't you believe it -nothing's  
as stupid as the old S.B.  
If they decide it's a bomb they're  
looking for, you can shove a turd  
in their face and they'll swear  
to God it's a bomb.  
He laughs... making Ben smile.  
A pause.

**STANLEY :**

And did they?

**BEN :**

What?



**STANLEY :**

Scare you?

**BEN :**

No. They tried too hard.

Stanley laughs again.

**STANLEY :**

Hallelujah!

(offers his huge  
hand)

Shake, man. Join the club.

Ben accepts the handshake.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Susan sitting on an armchair, sewing. She is aware of a car stopping opposite the house. Then several young

**voices shout:**

"Kaffir lover"

"Kaffer boetie"

"Red Communist"

The car drives off at speed.

Susan sits petrified.

**CUT TO:**

119.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR -NIGHT

Ben and Stanley driving in Soweto.

It's a different city by night. The dark seems to soften the violence of the confrontation, hiding the details which, by day, assault and insult the eyes. There are several GUNSHOTS in the distance. The only light comes from the small, square windows of the innumerable houses.

**STANLEY :**

Did you hear that, Lanie? More kids dying?

Ben says nothing.

Further on there's a group of people outside a house. As they pass they hear HYMN SINGING from the house.

**BEN :**

What's happening? What's the singing?

**STANLEY :**

A wake for a child; eight months old. She was sleeping and they threw tear gas into it. They drive on.

**CUT TO:**

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Ben, Stanley and Emily are sitting 'round the table. Ben has pulled the lamp closer to read one of two notes from Gordon --one is written on ruled paper, the other a square of toilet paper. The notes have been smuggled out of John Vorster Square.

GORDON (V.O.)

(shakily)

'My dear wife, you must not worry about me. I miss you and the children. You must look after them in the fear of the Lord. I'm hungry, and I don't know what they want from me. But I think I'll be home some day. I think about...'

They are interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. Emily snatches the notes and stuffs them into her bosom. Everyone is tense as Emily slowly walks up to the door.

(CONTINUED)

120.

**CONTINUED:**

She opens it and a man with a hat and dressed as a minister walks in. Before anyone can say anything, Stanley bursts out in a loud laugh. The man is slightly built, aged 40 years. He is JULIUS NQAKULA.

**STANLEY :**

On your knees, everyone, prayers time.

Ben is perplexed. Emily closes the door and locks it.

**STANLEY :**

Hey man, you should have been a  
mfundisi holiness oozer...

**JULIUS:**

(removing this hat)

Okay, Stanley. It's stupid, but  
one is forced to do these things.  
He walks up to Ben and offers him his hand.

**JULIUS :**

I'm Julius Nqakula... I'm banned  
and also under house arrest.  
That's why I have this ridiculous  
garb on.

**BEN :**

I understand.

**STANLEY :**

He's one of the most solid  
lawyers we have; they've  
immobilized him, that's the right  
word isn't it?  
He laughs.

**BEN :**

Stanley has told me about you. I  
appreciate the risk you are taking  
by coming here to meet me. I was  
reading the notes Gordon smuggled  
out of John Vorster Square...

**JULIUS :**

May I have a glance at them?  
Emily produces the notes. Julius takes them. He starts  
reading the toilet paper, which is harder to read.

(CONTINUED)

121.

**CONTINUED:**

GORDON (V.O.)  
(speaking with great  
difficulty)

'My dear wife. I am still in these conditions... worse... and too much pain. They don't want to believe me. You must try to help me. They won't stop. You must care for the children. I don't know anymore if I will come home alive. They're very -  
(a word mumbled)  
--but God will provide. I love you and I miss you very much. Try to help me because...'  
The voice breaks off.

**JULIUS :**

(to Emily)

When did you get the letters?

**EMILY:**

(uncomfortable)

The first one two days after they took him away. And the other one came later.

**BEN :**

But, Emily, why didn't you tell me long ago?

**EMILY :**

I had given my word to the man  
--who brought them to me -

**BEN :**

Emily, I have to meet the man.

**EMILY :**

He said he didn't want anybody to know who he is. I cannot make trouble for him in his work.

**BEN :**

He has to be persuaded. He is very important to us.

**EMILY :**

(to Julius)

You as a lawyer will understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122.

**CONTINUED:**

EMILY (CONT'D)

We intend starting a civil suit against the police, to do that it is necessary to have as many affidavits as we can from people who have any information about Gordon since he was arrested. And this man is vital and so is the Indian doctor.

**JULIUS :**

You mean Dr. Hassiem. How are you going to do that? You know of course that he is detained.

**BEN :**

I know, with luck they may release him.

**JULIUS :**

With luck.

**BEN :**

But, Emily, this man is important, please try to tell him we will protect his identity. No one will know. Nothing will be done without his approval. I only want to talk to him.

**JULIUS :**

Why don't you leave it to Stanley and I? What do you say, Stanley? Sure.

**STANLEY :**

**BEN :**

May I call you Julius, I'm not very good with some African names.

**STANLEY :**

(laughs)

Nqakula, that's a hell of a name.

**JULIUS :**

Please call me Julius.

**BEN :**

This case must be reopened and we must win. We have to dig up everything. We need your cooperation, Julius.

(CONTINUED)

123.

**CONTINUED:**

**JULIUS :**

Where do I start? Don't forget my restrictions.

**STANLEY :**

They did not ban you so you could sit on your backside and have a Soweto holiday.

**BEN :**

You could help with the affidavits. Lewinson the lawyer has stressed their importance.

**JULIUS :**

We know each other. He's a good lawyer for this kind of case. Of course I'll do what I can. My commitment forces me.

**BEN :**

I'm glad.

**JULIUS :**

How are you planning to safeguard the documents? Stanley told me you have already had a said by the S.B.

**BEN :**

I wouldn't worry. I have a secure place.

**STANLEY :**

Let's hope so.

**EMILY :**

I'll make some tea.

**STANLEY :**

Not for me, Sis --too strong for me. No whisky?

**EMILY :**

In my house? You know better than that, Stanley.

**STANLEY :**

Tea then...

(turning to Julius)

... and God forgive me -

**CUT TO:**

124.

INT. BEN'S GARAGE -EVENING

Ben is standing by the workbench, the new drawer he and Johan built for the toolbox, open before him.

He's rereading Gordon's letters to Emily.

Sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS. Ben quickly puts the letters into the drawer and shuts it.

Susan appears at the door --she looks ten years older.

**SUSAN :**

Ben, it's Johan. You'd better come.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN -EVENING

Johan sits, Ben crouched before him. The boy's shirt is torn, his eyes swollen, his lip cut. He looks at the floor. Susan hovers.

**SUSAN :**

He won't tell me why it happened  
Ben holds his son's arms, gently.

**BEN :**

Johan. Was it because of me?  
He doesn't answer for a moment. Then he nods.

**SUSAN :**

You see! It's gone too far, Ben.  
You've got to stop it...

**JOHAN :**

(shouting at his  
mother)  
I don't care! It doesn't hurt me!  
Susan stares at him, at Ben, turns abruptly, walks out of  
the room. Johan looks at his father.

**JOHAN :**

It was my friends, Dad. They're  
so stupid... They won't listen.  
They don't even want to know what  
you're trying to do.  
He's crying.

**BEN :**

Are you sure you know?  
(CONTINUED)  
125.

**CONTINUED:**

**JOHAN :**

Yes. I know.

**BEN :**

Does it worry you?  
Johan looks at his father through his tears.



**JOHAN :**

Don't stop, Dad. You mustn't  
give up now!  
Ben hugs his son.

**MONTAGE :**

The Gordon Ngubene name-cleaning team on the move.

A) BEN

in a phone box dialing a number.

B) PHONE

RINGING, RINGING, on a desk full of scattered  
files and papers. By the phone a photograph of a sixtyyear-  
old Indian girl.

C) CLOSE ON NURSE

Sound of the PHONE, a young nurse's frightened face as  
she remembers peering in at a young boy, struggling  
and moaning... Policemen closing the door...

D) CLOSE ON

her hand signing the affidavit and handing  
it to a man's hand.

E) CLOSE ON

Ben in the phone box hanging up the phone  
with rage.

F) CLOSE ON

a young black man's face listening to Julius's

**voice:**

JULIUS (V.O.)

... And on the morning of the  
autopsy, as I was cleaning the  
mortuary, Captain Stolz gave me a  
bundle of Ngubene's and ordered  
me to burn them.

(CONTINUED)

126.

**CONTINUED:**

The young man nods.

G) BEN

having a look on the two affidavits before hiding  
them into the drawer of the stool box.

SHOTS. Three! Loud, sharp, terrifying.

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM -LATE EVENING

The WINDOW, a LAMP and a MIRROR SHATTER --Susan screams,

standing, her hands --clamped over her ears --eyes  
tight shut --hysterical --the TELEVISION CHATTERS on  
an Afrikaans' play.  
Ben bursts in, holds her tight, as she screams into his  
chest.

**SUSAN :**

(hysterical)  
Call the police, Ben, call the police!  
Johan's voice comes from his room.  
JOHAN (O.S.)  
Papa! Papa!

**BEN:**

(calling)  
It's okay, son... we're all right.  
Everything's okay!  
JOHAN (O.S.)  
What's happened?

**BEN :**

(shouting)  
It's okay, stay there, please!!  
Gently, he leads Susan who is sobbing now, out of the  
room.  
INT. KITCHEN -LATE EVENING

**SUSAN :**

(in disbelief)  
My God. They were trying to kill us.  
She's seated at the kitchen table. Ben has poured her a  
brandy which she cups in her hands.

**BEN :**

They were trying to scare us, that's  
all.  
(CONTINUED)  
127.

**CONTINUED:**

Her fear turns into anger.

**SUSAN:**

(screaming)

Oh, is that all... What the hell more do you want to happen... we're ordinary people for God's sake --and you've pitched us into this --this nightmare. I can't take any more, Ben... I can't take any more!!

She drops her head and sobs.

Ben sits beside her, and takes her hands to comfort her.

Susan puts her head on his shoulder.

**SUSAN :**

(in a quiet pleading voice)

Please, Ben, stop. Just stop... please.

Ben is obviously moved.

He squeezes her hands, then takes her in his arms.

INT. VILJOEN'S OFFICE -DAY

The colonel, amiable, cool, behind his desk. A dishevelled Ben, pitched angrily forward in his chair.

**VILJOEN :**

Now you must be exaggerating, Mr. Du Toit.

**BEN :**

My house has been searched. My phone is tapped. My mail is opened. And last night three shots were fired through my window --close to killing my wife. Viljoen reacts.

**VILJOEN :**

Mr. Du Toit, if shots were fired into your premises, we will investigate.

**BEN :**

All I want to know, Colonel, is why don't you leave me in peace?  
(CONTINUED)

128.

**CONTINUED:**

**VILJOEN :**

Now wait, wait a minute, Mr. Du Toit, you're not trying to blame me?

**BEN :**

Tell me, Colonel, why is it so important to you people to stop my enquiries about Gordon Ngubene?

**VILJOEN :**

Is that what you are doing?

(he pauses)

Well, now. If you possess any information that may be of use to us, I trust you won't hesitate to discuss it with me.

He leans forward towards Ben, his tone darkening.

**VILJOEN :**

Because if there are facts you are deliberately hiding from us, Mr. Du Toit --If you give us reason to believe that you may be involved in activities that may be dangerous to both yourself and us --then I can foresee some problems.

**BEN :**

Is that a threat, Colonel?

**VILJOEN :**

(smiling and sitting back)

Let's call it a warning. A friendly warning. For God's sake, open your eyes, Mr. Du Toit! Don't you see you're being used!

**BEN :**

(sarcastically)

By the Communists, I suppose.

Ben gets up to go. The colonel doesn't rise to see him out.

**BEN:**

Goodbye, Colonel.

(at the door,  
turning back)

I'm sure.

He leaves. The colonel immediately picks up the phone.  
129.

EXT. BEN'S KITCHEN -EARLY MORNING

A 40-year-old African woman walks up to Ben's kitchen door. She knocks.

Ben opens the door in pyjamas and dressing-gown. She hands him a note and leaves.

Ben reads the note and goes back into the house.

EXT. STREET IN VREDEDORP -MORNING

Vrededorp is a colored section of Johannesburg. It's rundown area vacated by whites. There are children playing in the street. Some unemployed men are sitting on old chairs outside a doorway; a vendor is serving two women from his milk churn.

Ben drives into the street searching for an address. He stops outside a house. As he gets out of the car the children and everyone stop to look at him with interest. He walks up to a door and knocks.

A COLORED WOMAN appears as the door opens. She is young and obviously educated.

**COLORED WOMAN :**

Mr. Du Toit?

Ben nods, hesitatingly.

**COLORED WOMAN :**

Please, come in.

Ben walks into the living/dining room. It's a very tidy room with a three piece sitting room suite, a sideboard with a clock on it. At one end of the room is the dining area. The floor is linoleum and covered with a rug in the middle.

Stanley is lounging on a settee, beer in hand. On the chair next to him a black man in a brown striped suit,

drinks orange squash. Thirtyish, pleasant face but very tense. He rises as Ben walks in.

**STANLEY:**

(rising and shaking hands with Ben)

How's it? No trouble finding this place? You met Sadie. She's one of us.

Ben nods to her.

(CONTINUED)

130.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

And this is Johnson Seroke. The man of the letters.

**BEN :**

(nodding in greeting)

Johnson.

SADIE (COLORED WOMAN)

Please sit down, Mr. Du Toit. A beer, tea or orange squash?

**BEN :**

A beer would be nice.

Sadie goes to a cupboard and brings out a bottle of beer and a glass. She opens the beer and hands it to Ben.

She disappears into the bedroom with a curtain at the door.

**STANLEY :**

You know they call this place Vrededorp, but we baptize it Malay Camp. Your first time in Malay Camp, Lanie?

**BEN :**

I've driven through here many times.

**STANLEY :**

The main road, eh?

**BEN :**

(smiling)

Ja.

The woman re-enters.

**SADIE :**

You'll excuse me. Stanley, you know what to do with the key.

**STANLEY :**

Sure, Sadie. And thank you. Can I help myself to another beer?

**SADIE :**

You know it is. Goodbye, Mr. Du Toit, and you, be careful.

To the Seroke.

(CONTINUED)

131.

**CONTINUED:**

**SEROKE :**

(trying to smile)

Okay, Sadie.

Sadie leaves.

**STANLEY :**

That woman can die for you. We mustn't be long, Johnson has to be back on duty.

**BEN :**

Alright, let's get on with it.

Stanley tells me, you work at

John Vorster Square.

**SEROKE :**

I had no choice, they transferred me there.

**BEN :**

Yet you smuggled out letters to  
Emily?

**SEROKE:**

(pulling the fingers  
of his left hand one  
by one cracking the  
joints over and over)  
What do you do if a man asks you,  
and he's in trouble?

**STANLEY :**

If they find out he'd be in very  
big trouble.

**BEN :**

I know that. Tell me, what do you  
know about Gordon?

**SEROKE :**

Very little.

**BEN :**

You did talk to him from time to  
time?

**SEROKE :**

He gave me the letters.

**BEN :**

When was the last time you saw  
him?

(CONTINUED)

132.

**CONTINUED:**

**SEROKE :**

Just before he died.

**BEN :**

Did you attend any of the  
interrogations?



**SEROKE :**

No. I'm not a member of the Special Branch. But once I had to deliver a letter to Capt. Stolz, Gordon was there.

**BEN :**

(concerned)

How were they interrogating him? Seroke hesitates and looks at Stanley.

**STANLEY :**

It's okay. Tell him what you told me.

**BEN :**

(anxious)

What?

**SEROKE :**

They were using the pole.

**BEN :**

The pole, what's that?

**STANLEY:**

(demonstrating)

They handcuff you and manacle your feet then they put a pole between your arms and the back of your knees. Then you're like a chicken ready for the oven. They hang you between two tables. Then they do what they like with you. The S.B. call it the aeroplane. Ben is horrified.

**BEN :**

I see. Who were in that room? Stolz...

**SEROKE :**

Lieutenant Venter and a black S.B.  
(CONTINUED)

133.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

You are sure?

**STANLEY :**

He's sure.

**BEN:**

(to himself)

It's very interesting. When was the last time you saw him?

**SEROKE:**

(nervous)

I saw them take the body away to the cells. He was limp.

**BEN :**

You did! Johnson, why do you stay with the police? You don't really belong there.

**SEROKE :**

It's a job. And how can I go away? I love my family.

He jumps up and faces Ben with a look of anger and panic.

**SEROKE :**

They must never know I told you anything. Right?

**BEN :**

I understand. I promise.

**STANLEY :**

This is strictly between the three of us. Don't worry, man.

Seroke shakes hands with them as he's leaving.

**STANLEY :**

(slapping his back)

Take it easy.

Stanley goes to the cupboard for another beer.

STANLEY (O.S.)

A beer, Lanie?

**BEN:**

(shouting)

No, thank you. You know, Stanley, after what happened the other night I was about to give this whole thing up.

(CONTINUED)

134.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

(intrigued)

What happened, man?

**BEN :**

My wife nearly got killed. Three shots were fired into the house. What right have I to expose my family to harassment and actual physical danger? That's what I asked myself.

**STANLEY :**

Three bloody shots and you crawl on your hands and knees to people like Stolz, and say 'I give up.' What is the beginning for you is a version of what we suffer all our bloody life. Shit, I thought you had more guts than this, man!

**BEN :**

I didn't say I'm giving up.

**STANLEY :**

But you thought about it.

**BEN :**

Johnson has revived my  
determination.

**STANLEY :**

It's a hell of a time, Lanie, but  
we'll survive. You and me. I  
tell you!

**BEN :**

You think we may still win in the  
end, Stanley?

**STANLEY :**

Of course not, Lanie --but we  
needn't lose either --what  
matters is to stick around.  
Ben nods.

**STANLEY :**

By the way, man, I'm off on a trip  
--Botswana --thought I'd tell  
you in case you get worried.

**BEN :**

Why are you going there?  
(CONTINUED)  
135.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

Business. Tell you next week.  
Now for the bad news I've been  
saving to the last.

**BEN :**

What?

**STANLEY :**

Julius has been arrested. He  
broke his banning order and  
visited his sister. You know what  
that means? At least a year's  
imprisonment.

**BEN :**

A year in jail just for visiting his sister?

**STANLEY :**

That's the chance he took. And he'll be the last to complain.

**BEN :**

Don't you think the real reason for this arrest was that they found out he was helping us?

**STANLEY :**

So what? Lanie, you're not getting guilt complexes now, are you? That's a luxury only liberals can afford. Julius will be back, man. All refreshed by a spell in the deep-freeze.

**BEN :**

How can we shrug off a man we've been working with?

**STANLEY :**

Who said we're shrugging him off? Best way of remembering a man, Lanie, is to carry on fighting.

INT. BEN'S STUDY -DAY

Ben's study is in chaos.

The books have been plucked from the shelves and the contents of his drawers emptied on the floor.

Ben standing in the middle of the room surveying the vandalism.

136.

INT. BRUWER KITCHEN -AFTERNOON

This is a medium-sized kitchen with two doors leading from it, one to the dining room and the other to the living room. It has not changed since it was furnished twenty years ago, the only modern appliances being the electric stove and a modern mixer on the working table. Ben is leaning against the wall next to the door leading

to the living room, drinking coffee.  
Melanie, bare-feet, her long black hair tied up in a ribbon, is washing up. She looks younger and fragile with this hair-style.

**BEN:**

(smiling)

What about you?

**MELANIE :**

What?

**BEN :**

I mean not married...

**MELANIE :**

And living in this chaos with my eccentric father? I love him and we get on perfectly. We have been together since I was a year old. My mother could not adapt to South Africa. She went back to London and we've never heard from her since.

**BEN :**

Being a professor and bringing up a child, how did he manage that?

**MELANIE :**

Dorothy, dear Dorothy, she was a fantastic mother. In fact she had two families, me and her three children in Alexandra township.

**BEN :**

And this little girl grew up to be a tough journalist. Why a journalist?

**MELANIE:**

(laughs)

Sometimes I ask myself the same question.

She leans against the sink and picks up her mug of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

137.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

Alright. I'll tell you. I was brought up in a sheltered way, not that Dad was possessive, not openly anyway. I think he'd just seen enough of the mess the world was in, to want to protect me as much as he could. Then, I went to university. I don't know what you'll think... being a teacher. Pause.

**BEN :**

About what?

**MELANIE :**

Then I married my ex-teacher.

**BEN :**

Oh. He must have been young.

**MELANIE :**

Fifteen years difference. He too protected me like Dad. Then one day I visited Dorothy in Alexandra and saw her home and the appalling conditions in that township. I was shocked, Ben, and ashamed.

**BEN :**

Go on.

Melanie pours him another mug of coffee and starts to wipe up.

**MELANIE :**

That made me think that I was a parasite, something white and

maggot-like... just a thing... a sweet and ineffectual thing. I felt more and more claustrophobic. Poor Brian, who loved and pampered me. Had no idea what was happening. I left him for a whole year and we divorced.

**BEN :**

And then you became a journalist?

Melanie goes to the living room, as she passes Ben she touches his arm and continues talking.

(CONTINUED)

138.

**CONTINUED:**

MELANIE (O.S.)

I thought it would force me, or help me, to expose myself. To force me to see and to take notice of what was happening around me.

**BEN :**

Did it work?

She returns to the kitchen with a cigarette.

**MELANIE :**

I wish I could give you a straight answer. What did help me was my wanderings in Africa.

**BEN:**

How did you manage that on a South African passport? We South Africans are white devils in Africa.

**MELANIE :**

My mother was English, remember? So I get a British passport. It comes in handy even for the paper.

**BEN :**



You really are your father's  
daughter!

**MELANIE :**

I wonder what he's doing right  
now. Most likely standing on a  
rock, looking through his old  
binoculars at springbok or a lion  
or whatever.

One of the two large CATS approaches them, tail in the  
air, and goes to Melanie, drubbing against her legs,  
PURRING luxuriously. She picks it up into her arms.

**BEN :**

How often does he go on these trips  
to the veldt?

**MELANIE :**

It depends -(  
approaching Ben with  
cat)

--Bonjour, Ben. I'm Porto and my  
friend is Bello!

Ben smiles and starts to caress Porto in Melanie's arms.  
139.

EXT. SOWETO -EMILY'S HOUSE -MID-MORNING

Parked outside the house is a municipality truck already  
half-laden with Emily's furniture and possessions. Four  
Africans in khaki overalls are loading the truck --supervising  
the eviction of Emily are a white Soweto official,  
Captain Stolz and Lt. Venter. In the b.g., a hundred yards  
away is a "hippo" with black and white armed policemen.

Behind the truck are two police Land Rovers.

Emily is sitting outside on one of her chairs as neighbors  
walk up to her to comfort her and say their goodbyes. Her  
daughter is carrying the youngest child and standing next  
to Emily --several children are watching. A woman in  
the crowd starts singing a freedom song: "UMZIMA  
LOMTHWALO" ("THIS BURDEN IS HEAVY"). The song is taken up  
by the other women.

Venter tries to stop them and disperse them. Stolz  
signals to him to leave them alone. One of the Africans  
then walks up to her for the chair. She refuses to get  
off the chair. The man looks at the white official as

though to ask "what do I do." The official looks at Stolz. Venter walks up to Emily and, about to pull her off the chair.

**EMILY :**

Don't you touch me!

Venter pulls back. The women start to ululate. Emily rises majestically, takes the youngest in her arms and walks slowly to the truck followed by her daughter. People cluster around her, singing with rage and shaking her hand. Stolz observes the scene, impassive.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Come back! Buya!

**CROWD :**

(shouts)

Buya! Buya!

Emily and the children are helped onto the back of the truck which drives away preceded by the police "hippo" and escorted from the rear by the Land Rovers. The crowd continues singing.

EXT. STREET -MORNING

Ben is leaving his home. This is a Saturday morning. Two men are sitting in a car a few yards from the entrance to the house. Ben doesn't pay attention to them. When he is about twenty yards past, one of the men, Jaimie --who was present when Gordon was arrested --gets out of the car and follows Ben. Ben stops at a corner for a car and again the FOOTSTEPS stop.

(CONTINUED)

140.

**CONTINUED:**

He turns furtively and sees the man, stopped, turning his head. Ben decides to turn the corner, and listens to the FOOTSTEPS. The man is still following. Ben then decides to turn right back to have a good look at the man. They pass each other and Ben takes a good look at him and turns back onto the streets to the local shops. The man decides not to follow.

INT. BEN'S STUDY -NIGHT

Ben and Stanley sit. Ben on his desk. Stanley in an armchair with a drink. They look perplexed.

**STANLEY:**

(irritated)

She's a widow, man. That's what happens in Soweto when a woman loses her man. They throw her out of the house and out of the city.

**BEN:**

(disgusted)

Zululand! The whole thing smells of being an excuse to send her hundreds of miles from the case. And how will they live there?...

**STANLEY :**

Shit! I was about to find her a place, but I had to go to look for Robert.

**BEN :**

So, that's why you went to Botswana for.

**STANLEY :**

Sis Emily asked me but it was no use. His mind was made up. He was going to join Wellington in Zambia.

**BEN :**

Couldn't you stop him? He's a little boy, Stanley!  
Stanley gulps down his whisky and stands up.

**STANLEY :**

(focusing Ben in the eyes)  
He'll be back in a few years. And he won't be throwing stones!  
Then, puts the empty glass on the desk.  
141.

INT./EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE -EVENING

Stanley peers through the curtains: he sees a car parked outside the house. In it Jaimie and another S.B. They

are watching the house. Stanley quietly opens the door and walks outside.

EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE -EVENING

Stanley walks past his car and approaches the policeman.

**STANLEY :**

(using his usual humor)

Good evening. I'd like to invite you into my humble home, but it's full of terrorists.

The two policemen get out of their car, obviously angry.

**JAIMIE :**

(pointing at Stanley's car)

Open the boot! You cheeky bastard!

**STANLEY :**

Okay, with pleasure.

They search and find nothing.

**JAIMIE :**

Open the door and remove the seat.

Stanley executes the order. Jaimie and the OTHER POLICEMAN peer in, their eyes sweeping the car.

OTHER POLICEMAN

Now, your pass, bliksem.

Stanley produces his passbook and hands it to the Policeman who inspects the pages laboriously, then throws the book to the ground. Stanley doesn't pick it up and just watches the man.

**JAIMIE:**

You watch your bloody step! Right?

They return to their car and drive off. Stanley looks at them thoughtfully, then picks up his book.

EXT. DAN PIENAAR SCHOOL -MORNING

All the students are in classes. Cloete walks out of a classroom and sees Capt. Stolz walking towards the building. Cloete stops to wait for him. They shake hands and walk to Cloete's office talking affably. They enter office.

142.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Ben and Susan in bed, asleep. The PHONE RINGS... waking them both. Ben answers. There's no one there. He puts it down. The RINGING STARTS AGAIN. Ben puts the receiver down.

**SUSAN:**

(calmly)

Ben, please stop whilst there's time. Please, Ben.

**BEN:**

(focusing on ceiling)

It's impossible to stop now, Susan. I believe I'm right in what I'm doing. If I stop now I'll go mad.

**SUSAN :**

(despaired)

Whatever the price you pay for it?

**BEN :**

(painfully)

I have got to.

Susan shuts her eyes tight and turns her back on him to hide her tears.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

INT. CLOETE'S OFFICE -LATE AFTERNOON

It's a functional office. Picture of the South African president (1976) John Vorster, on the wall. Various staff pictures... Ben, summoned by Cloete, sits.

**CLOETE :**

Think of your heritage, man. My

God --think of your wife, your family, friends, neighbors.

What's going to happened to them -all of us --if we can't depend on our own kind? We're educationalists --teachers. We are building for the future.

**BEN :**

Without simple justice we don't  
deserve a future.

**CLOETE :**

We're Boers, man --Afrikaners.  
We are your nation. What's justice  
for us is justice --period!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143.

**CONTINUED:**

CLOETE (CONT'D)

Traitors like you are threatening  
centuries of Afrikaner sacrifice.

**BEN :**

That last remark was slanderous -I'm  
simply being faithful to the  
truth.

**CLOETE :**

Slanderous? My God, man, you  
slander a whole people.  
He walks silently through the office then continues.

**CLOETE :**

You have given me no alternative.  
I have to abide by the regulations  
of the Department of Education -so  
I have made my report.  
And there will have to be a formal  
inquiry. But until such time...

**BEN:**

(rising)

It won't be necessary, Mr. Cloete.  
I'll send you my resignation.

**CLOETE :**

Thank you for making things much  
easier.  
Ben stares at him for a moment, then turns to leave. As  
he reaches the door, Cloete says:

**CLOETE :**

And it would be better if Johan  
left too.  
Ben turns to stare at him, amazed.

**BEN :**

Are you serious?

**CLOETE :**

He's a Kaffir-lover too, isn't  
he?

The color drains from Ben's face. Then he steps forward,  
slaps Cloete thunderously across the face, hurling him  
back into his chair, and strides out, leaving the door  
ajar.

144.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -LATE AFTERNOON

It's the end of the school day. The yard is practically  
deserted. Only Viviers waiting for Ben under the veranda.  
Ben appears.

**VIVIERS:**

Oom Ben, I was waiting for you.  
I have something interesting to  
tell you.

**BEN :**

(striding on towards  
his car)  
Later, Viviers.

**VIVIERS :**

(keeping up)  
But, Oom Ben, it's about the  
S.B. they came to question me.  
Before they started questioning  
me I told them they were wasting  
their time.  
Ben doesn't react.

**VIVIERS:**

They asked if I was cooperating  
with you. What I knew about the

A.N.C. Can you imagine that! They

**then said:**

from a good Afrikaans family and it's important that you realize that communists are looking for people like you and before you know where you are they're using you! And, Oom Ben...

**BEN :**

(reaching the car;  
interrupting him)

I'm sorry, Viviers. I never wanted you to get involved.

(getting into his  
car)

I have just resigned.

**VIVIERS :**

(amazed)

What...?

Ben drives away.

145.

INT. BEN'S DINING ROOM -AFTERNOON

Christmas day lunch. Assembled around the table are Ben's Father-in-law, his wife Helen, Suzette and Chris, her husband, Johan, Ben and Susan. They're all wearing paper hats from Christmas crackers. On the table is a large piece of roast lamb, ox tongue, a large turkey and assorted vegetables.

Ben is at the head of the table adjacent to the door leading to the kitchen, the Father-in-law is sitting by his side facing the door.

Ben is in the middle of carving the turkey, plates are being passed to him.

**JOHAN :**

Was last year's turkey as big as this, Papa?

**BEN :**

About the same size.



**SUZETTE :**

Do you remember the turkey I had for Easter? You said it was as big as a baby ostrich, Papa.

**BEN :**

I don't remember that, Suzette.

FATHER-IN-LAW

You know, Johan, when I was a boy in the Karoo, we used to fry ostrich eggs. You know how big they are?

**JOHAN :**

(laughing)

As big as this table.

**BEN:**

(to Father-in-law)

I think he deserves the parson's nose for that remark.

They laugh. Susan laughs. She does her best to compose. Suddenly... a KNOCK at the outside kitchen door. As Ben turns towards the door it opens and...

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN -AFTERNOON

... Stanley erupts into the kitchen like a great black bull in white suit and white shoes. A scarlet tie is matched by a huge handkerchief hanging from his pocket. He is a little drunk.

(CONTINUED)

146.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY:**

(obviously surprised by this family scene)

Oh!

(then grinning and laughing thunderously)

Merry Christmas, everyone!

There's deadly quiet --not even the clink of a spoon --as the Du Toits look on aghast.

Slowly, as if in a dream, Ben rises and goes to Stanley who spots him.

**STANLEY :**

'Lanie'... compliments of the season, old mate.

**BEN :**

Stanley. What are you doing here?

Before Stanley answers, the Father-in-law gets up from his chair and goes to the kitchen.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Who's this Kaffir, Ben?

**STANLEY:**

(shocked)

Why don't you tell the Boer who this Kaffir is?

**BEN :**

Shut up, Stanley.

(to Father-in-law)

That's all right. I'll...

FATHER-IN-LAW

(quivering with rage)

A Kaffir calling me a Boer?

Chris hurries into the kitchen ready for a fight.

**CHRIS :**

Ben, did you hear that? Call the police, Ben!

**BEN :**

(to Father-in-law)

Please, go to the table.

(to Stanley)

Stanley, wait outside.

(CONTINUED)

147.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

(fuming)

Who are these people, anyway?

**BEN :**

Stanley, this is still my house.

**CHRIS :**

Let me throw him out.

Ben steps between them and pushes Chris back into the dining room.

**STANLEY :**

(laughing)

Let him try, leave him, Lanie.

**BEN:**

(to Father-in-law)

Please leave me with him. I'll explain everything later.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Nothing has changed in this house.

Mother, let's go!

He strides into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM -AFTERNOON

Susan sits with her eyes tight shut --trying to shut out the horror of it all. As the Father-in-law goes into the living room, he pulls back his wife's chair and helps her to her feet.

FATHER-IN-LAW

(to his wife)

Let's leave this house. I've been sworn at by a Kaffir and Ben protects him.

**SUZETTE :**

(following)

Chris!

Chris follows. Susan also. From the living room, she calls Johan who is left alone at the table, perplexed. Johan goes to his mother.

There's a general rush for the door and, without warning, the room is empty. Only the TIN ANGELS TINKLE merrily around their candles.

(CONTINUED)

148.

INT. KITCHEN -AFTERNOON

**STANLEY :**

(with cascading  
laughter)

Lanie! Ever in your fucking life  
seen such a stampede, hah?

**BEN:**

(furious)

Maybe you think it's funny,  
Stanley, but I don't. Do you  
realize what you've done?

(he sighs deeply)

Come into the dining room.

Stanley follows Ben slowly, swaying.

**STANLEY:**

(chuckling)

Jeez, who was that old cunt with  
the potbelly and black suit, looks  
like an undertaker?

INT. DINING-ROOM -AFTERNOON

Ben sits on his chair.

**BEN :**

My father-in-law.

(deliberately)

M.P.

**STANLEY :**

(sitting beside Ben)

You joking!

(he laughs)

Shit! I fucked it all up for you.

Sorry, man.

He laughs again. Ben cannot take it anymore.

**BEN :**

Now pull yourself together,

Stanley. It's not funny at all!

What's the matter with you today?

You're drunk and making an idiot

of yourself. Say what you've come

to say. Otherwise, go to hell!

Stanley's laughter changes into a broad grin. He surveys the table and takes a bit of turkey from a plate and starts to eat it quietly.

(CONTINUED)

149.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY:**

(after a pause)

Right. Dead right. Put the Kaffir in his place.

Ben grabs him by the shoulders and starts to shake him.

**BEN :**

Bloody hell! Stanley, what's wrong with you?

Stanley shoves Ben off, and glares at him, bloodshot eyes breathing heavily.

**STANLEY :**

Emily is dead.

Ben stares at him in stunned disbelief.

**BEN :**

Emily dead? How? When?

Stanley doesn't answer -he cries.

Ben grabs him by the shoulders and shakes him.

**BEN :**

What happened, Stanley? Oh, my God. Please tell me.

**STANLEY :**

(between two sobs)

A broken heart. All they said.

Ben's hand still on Stanley's shoulder, he sits slowly beside him, shaken, his face ravaged by the news.

**BEN :**

God.

Through the window, he sees Suzette and Chris carrying suitcases, back down the path to his in-laws' car;

Father-In-Law shepherding his wife and an ashen, dazed Susan, helping them into the car.

As they leave see Johan leaning against the dining room door, watching his father and Stanley.

INT. BRUWER HOUSE -LIVING ROOM -LATE EVENING

A very tense Ben is sitting on Professor Bruwer's chair. Melanie is curled up on the old settee.

(CONTINUED)

150.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

They don't know what you've got and you're a danger to them. I know there's a point of no return, but with our system, one has to plot the route with care.

**BEN :**

That's the main reason for coming here tonight. Melanie, I need your help. Without Emily, we can't pursue our civil suit. The only thing left open to us is to expose them through the press, and the media here and abroad.

**MELANIE :**

And your safety also, Ben, lies in the press.

(pause)

That way the world will know the brutality and power of our security services; here questions can be asked in Parliament. And the white public can appreciate the implications of the fascist laws of this country.

**BEN :**

You know, Melanie, I'm discovering that the enemy is not in Soweto. The enemy is ourselves. Our

bigotry, our laws, our system. We have our own fight and it's just beginning.

**MELANIE :**

We better win before the blacks have won.

Ben and Melanie laugh.

**BEN :**

Now, before going to the press, I have to have all the documents. I must have two vital affidavits; Dr. Hassiem's, he's detained and Jonathan's friend, Wellington has fled to Zambia.

**MELANIE :**

Zambia? I'm going to Rhodesia...

I can go to Zambia.

(CONTINUED)

151.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

(surprised)

Could you?

**MELANIE :**

And I can use my British passport.

I know my way around Lusaka.

**BEN :**

That would be very useful.

Melanie jumps off the settee.

**MELANIE :**

This calls for a drink. Gin and tonic?

**BEN :**

Please.

As Melanie walks away, Ben looks at her with admiration

and tenderness... her dress swinging around her legs... her bare feet soundless on the floor... the quiet grace of her movement.

On the way to the kitchen to get the drinks, Melanie goes to the record player. There's a record already on the turntable.

Suddenly as if rising from a dream, Ben murmurs:

**BEN :**

Melanie. Be careful.

**MELANIE:**

(as she plays the record and flippantly)

Of course, Ben.

She goes into the kitchen.

As Melanie hums to herself to the BLUES MUSIC, in the kitchen, Ben walks over to the window and furtively glances out, to assure himself that nobody is watching. He takes then a book on a pile next to the settee and pages slowly through it.

Melanie returns with two glasses, still in her happy mood. She places Ben's glass on the side table next to the settee, takes the book from him and makes him sit down.

(CONTINUED)

152.

**CONTINUED:**

**MELANIE :**

Cheers!

Ben raises his glass and touches it with hers.

**BEN :**

Do be careful. I wouldn't want you hurt.

She reaches for his hand.

**MELANIE :**

(with gentleness)

Don't worry.



**BEN :**

And hurry back.

A new track starts on the RECORD.

**MELANIE :**

(excited)

That's my favorite, Ben.

Jumping up and taking Ben's glass and placing it on the side table, she pulls him to his feet.

**BEN :**

I can't dance.

**MELANIE :**

Rugger player?

They laugh as they start to dance to the slow BLUES MUSIC. The laughing subsides as they hold each other closer. The dancing starts to lose the beat of the music. They look into each other's eyes and Ben envelops her tenderly in his arms hugging her as close as possible against him.

They stop dancing. Ben kisses her. A long, warm and tender kiss.

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Ben and Melanie in bed.

He is kissing her and fondling her passionately. During the love play, Ben reaches for the lightswitch of the bedside lamp, and knocks it over. They make love.

153.

INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET -MORNING

Ben is shopping at the local supermarket. He is pushing a trolley. As he places some groceries into his trolley, he notices a man standing near the check-out counters. The man is similar built as Jamie and similar hairstyle. He's reading a newspaper, his face concealed.

Ben drops the package he was inspecting, back on the shelf and pushes his trolley towards the man to try and see his face.

The man moves away. Ben follows him and has decided to confront him. Man picks up a pack of ham.

Ben is about to remonstrate with him.

**BEN :**

Listen, you...

Just then a LADY and her daughter hurry to the man, pushing a trolley. Man turns to look at Ben.

**WOMAN :**

Darling, put that down, it's not good for your cholesterol.

**BEN :**

(to the man)

I'm sorry, my mistake.

He pushes his trolley away embarrassed.

EXT. SUZETTE'S HOUSE -SWIMMING POOL -DAY

The immaculate blue of the pool. Johan hurls himself out of the water, flops down at the side.

Suzette and Ben nearby, sitting in the sun.

Pieter at the barbecue, sizzling thick steaks.

A servant in white uniform soundlessly laying the table on the patio behind him.

The nanny with the baby in the shade.

**BEN :**

--How's she doing?

**SUZETTE :**

Better... She's waiting for you to ask her to come home.

**BEN :**

I doubt it.

(CONTINUED)

154.

**CONTINUED:**

She turns to Ben, squinting in the sun.

**SUZETTE :**

Papa, I don't want to interfere...

**BEN :**

Then don't.

A pause.

**SUZETTE :**

I know this is going to sound

strange coming from me... I mean  
I haven't exactly been supportive  
for the past months... I can't say  
I agree with what you've done but  
I respect you for what you are...  
ON Johan listening.

**SUZETTE :**

I'm just... destroyed by what's  
happening to us as a family.

**BEN :**

Suzette...

**SUZETTE :**

(interrupts, squeezing  
his arm.)

Please, Papa, for Mom's sake...

For all of our sakes... Let's  
try and patch it up.

Ben smiles sadly at her... Suzette understands. Johan  
looks at them.

**MIX TO:**

EXT. SUZETTE'S HOUSE -LATER

Ben and Johan in the car. Suzette leans in through the  
driver's window.

**SUZETTE :**

Let me know if there's anything I  
can do to help.

**BEN :**

Thanks. I'm glad you understand.

(CONTINUED)

155.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUZETTE :**

I don't want to worry about you.  
That search, this vandalism, those  
shots... they're really after the  
evidence you've been accumulating

... Can I look after them for you,  
Papa?  
Ben smiles.

**BEN :**

You don't have to worry. They'll  
never find them.

**SUZETTE :**

(smiling)

Where on earth do you keep them?

ON Johan looking at Suzette then at Ben with concern.

EXT. INDIAN TOWNSHIP -DAY

Ben has parked his car in a street corner of the upmarket  
section of the Asian township. He peers around him, then  
walks away.

Ben knocks at a door.

The door is opened cautiously by DR. HASSIEM, a tall,  
handsome Indian, aged 35 years. His clothes are casual  
but expensive. His six-year-old daughter, large dark  
eyes, is clinging to his leg. We recognize the little  
girl of the photograph near the telephone, from earlier.

**BEN :**

Dr. Hassiem? I'm Ben Du Toit.

I'm a friend of Gordon Ngubene's...

DR. HASSIEM

(raising his hands)

The inquest is over, Mr. Du Toit.

**BEN :**

Not for me, Doctor. I've got to  
know what happened to Gordon.

Dr. Hassiem looks shaky, nervous.

DR. HASSIEM

I only came home yesterday. After  
three months in detention and now  
I'm banned and confined to the  
house. There's nothing I can do  
for you.

(CONTINUED)

156.

**CONTINUED:**

The little girl still clinging to his leg, watching Ben.

**BEN :**

I know it may be painful to you,  
Doctor, but I need to talk to you.

DR. HASSIEM

How can I be sure you weren't  
actually sent by them?

**BEN :**

Ask Emily. Doctor, we are in the  
process of filing a civil claim.  
And your help is vital.

Hassiem gives Ben a long look. He picks up his daughter  
and opens the door fully.

DR. HASSIEM

Come in.

Ben walks into the large living room, tastefully  
furnished.

DR. HASSIEM

Sit down.

Ben is still looking 'round at the opulence. He sits in  
a chair.

**BEN :**

Thank you for inviting me in.

DR. HASSIEM

(the little girl on  
his knees)

What do you want to know?

**BEN :**

Just one thing, Doctor. Why did  
you sign the State Pathologist's  
report on the autopsy if you drew  
up your own report as well?

DR. HASSIEM

(disconcerted)

What makes you think I signed Dr.  
Jansen's report.

**BEN :**

The report produced in court had  
both your signatures on it.

(CONTINUED)

157.

**CONTINUED:**

DR. HASSIEM

Impossible.

**BEN :**

What did you write in your report?

DR. HASSIEM

Dr. Jansen and I didn't disagree on the facts. After all we examined the same body in the same time. But just on the interpretation. For example, if Gordon, had really been hanged, the marks on his throat would have been concentrated on the front.

(he touches his larynx)

But in this case, the bruises were more obvious on the sides.

Pause. Ben nods, silent.

DR. HASSIEM

Something else really upset me, perhaps it isn't important.

**BEN :**

What was it?

Dr. Hassiem puts down his daughter.

DR. HASSIEM

(leaning forward)

You see, through a misunderstanding I arrived at the morgue too early for the autopsy. There wasn't a soul around except a young African attendant. When I told him I'd come for the autopsy, he let me in. The body was on the table dressed. I noticed blood on the clothes.

**BEN :**

And then?

DR. HASSIEM

As I examined the clothes more closely, a police-officer came in and said I wasn't allowed in the morgue before Dr. Jansen arrived. When I returned with Dr. Jansen, half an hour later, the body was naked.

(CONTINUED)

158.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN:**

(excited)

Doctor, we've already got the African attendant's affidavit. He testified that Capt. Stolz ordered him to burn the clothes.

(pause)

Did you mention what you said in your report?

DR. HASSIEM

Of course. I found it most odd.

**BEN :**

Doctor Hassiem would you be prepared to put that in writing?

Dr. Hassiem thinks it over for a while then:

DR. HASSIEM

Please excuse me for a minute.

Ben watches him leave the room, the little girl following him. He gets up from the chair, walks to the window, glances through it, then steps to look at some family photographs on the mantelpiece. Amongst them a photograph of Dr. Hassiem before "Big Ben." Dr. Hassiem returns with a file, the daughter still following.

DR. HASSIEM

(opening the file)

This is my report. I only have one copy.

**BEN :**

(astounded)

You have a copy of the report?

Hassiem grins.

DR. HASSIEM

I know how to hide things from the  
S.B., Mr. Du Toit.

Ben congratulates him by a deep laughter.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HASSIEM'S OFFICE -DAY

Ben and Dr. Hassiem working as a team, tape the typewritten  
sheets of the report among a Rand Daily Mail  
newspaper pages at the back.

(CONTINUED)

159.

**CONTINUED:**

On Dr. Hassiem's desk we recognize next to the phone, the  
little girl's photograph.

DR. HASSIEM

I hope you have as secure a place  
as I have.

**BEN :**

(with an accomplice  
smile)

I think so.

INT. BUILDING IN CONSTRUCTION -LATE AFTERNOON

A multi-storied building half-built. Stanley standing on  
the fourth floor watching Ben's arrival.

Ben searches for Stanley who draws Ben's attention;  
beckons him up. Ben indicates they meet halfway.  
He joins Stanley who's sitting on a pile of bricks.

**STANLEY :**

(with expansive  
gesture)

Take a pew, man.

**BEN :**

(sitting and  
excited)

We have it, Stanley!

**STANLEY :**

Have what?



**BEN :**

Hassiem's report. You know what that means, Stanley? Melanie arrives in two days. We'll have all the evidence. Everything is in place. We'll get them yet, especially Stolz.

**STANLEY :**

That's fantastic, man.

Stanley produces from his jacket pocket a newspaper -Rand Daily Mail. He opens it on a certain page with the picture of an African in police uniform, and hands it to Ben.

**BEN :**

(shocked)

God! It's Johnson Seroke.

(CONTINUED)

160.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

Late at night. A knock on the door. He opened and five shots, point-blank range. Face, chest, stomach.

**BEN:**

(reading)

'A police spokesman when questioned

**said:**

a black member of the police has lost his life in the service of his country, fighting terrorism."

(folding paper in disgust)

Bloody bastards! They killed him. Stolz must have thought he knew too much.

**STANLEY :**

What's the score? The nurse is detained; the mortuary attendant has disappeared; the police van driver who brought Jonathan to hospital is detained. Julius is in jail, and now Johnson dead.

**BEN :**

Who's next on their secret list, I wonder? How much longer must the list grow of those who pay the price of our efforts to clear Gordon's name.

**STANLEY :**

Hey! Are you going soft, Lanie? We must keep going even more so now. And for every bloke who's going to die of bloody natural causes in their hands. And for our children's future.

**BEN :**

I know. If I can no longer believe that right is on my side, if I can no longer believe in imperative to go on, what will become of me, Stanley?

Ben looks at Johnson's picture again and shakes his head.

INT. BEN'S STUDY -DAY

A 8x10 black and white photograph on Ben's desk.

(CONTINUED)

161.

**CONTINUED:**

On the photograph a naked man and a girl on a bed and a bedside lamp on its side. The man is Ben and the girl is Melanie.

Stolz in sports jacket, standing next to the desk is speaking... patronizing.

**STOLZ :**

We're all made of flesh and

blood, Mr. Du Toit --we've all got our flaws. And if a man likes to sample the grass on the other side of the fence, well, that's his own business. But it would be unpleasant if people found out about it, especially if he's a teacher.

**BEN :**

You mean, if I cooperate, if I stop digging, embarrassing you, threatening you... these photographs will disappear.

**STOLZ :**

Let's just say I may be able to use my influence to make sure that a private indiscretion isn't used against you.

**BEN :**

Suppose I refuse?  
Stolz looks past Ben.

**STOLZ :**

Is this your son?  
Ben whirls around to see Johan at the door. He shoots, puts himself between the photograph and his son obviously surprised to find Capt. Stolz there.

**BEN :**

Johan, leave us alone, please.  
Johan walks away.

**STOLZ :**

Don't you think this business has gone long enough?  
Ben, struggling to maintain his composure.  
(CONTINUED)  
162.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

That's for you people to decide.  
Isn't it? I won't be blackmailed,  
Captain --not even by you.

**STOLZ :**

Mind if I smoke?  
Ben answers by a gesture.

**STOLZ :**

(after lighting his  
cigarette)  
Now be honest. Has all the  
evidence you've been collecting  
in connection with Gordon Ngubene  
brought you closer to the truth  
you are looking for?

**BEN :**

Yes, I think so and there's more  
to come.  
A pause.

**STOLZ :**

I really hoped we could talk  
man-to-man.

**BEN :**

It's not possible, Captain. Not  
between you and me.

**STOLZ :**

It's high time, Mr. Du Toit, we  
allowed the dead to rest in peace.  
I'm offering you a chance.

**BEN :**

You mean my very last chance?

**STOLZ :**

One never knows. It may not be  
important to you, but we have to  
survive.

**BEN :**

If we can only survive through murder and torture, then we have forfeited our right to exist. Slowly and deliberately Stolz stubs out his cigarette in the ashtray.

(CONTINUED)

163.

**CONTINUED:**

**STOLZ :**

Is that your final answer?

**BEN :**

Before you go. I'll tell this, Captain. I have a pretty good idea of what I will eventually uncover. I mean the truth. And I won't allow anyone or anything to come between me and that truth.

Ben walks up to the door to see him out. There's no response from Stolz. He calmly takes a small card out of his pocket and rests it on Ben's desk.

**STOLZ :**

Here's my card --my private line. If you should change your mind... Let's say before the end of the week?

**BEN :**

Goodbye, Captain, and don't forget the photograph. Stolz picks up the photograph and puts it into his briefcase.

**STOLZ:**

(leaving)

Be careful, Mr. Du Toit. There are people who can make things very difficult for you.

**BEN :**

They are wasting their time. They just can't hurt me anymore. I trust you'll give them the message, Captain.

He walks out. Ben follows him 'round the garage and watches him get into his car and drive away. Johan joins his father.

**JOHAN :**

(mischievous)  
A brandy, Papa?

**BEN :**

(smiling back, ruffling his hair)  
A gin and tonic would be fine.  
164.

INT. JAN SMUTS AIRPORT -DAY

Ben and Johan are standing in the public enclosure on the top floor of the airport building. Ben is unshaved, he looks tired, but happy. There is the usual bustle of airport staff for the steps and luggage, two-thirds of the staff being black.

Passengers emerge from the plane Melanie amongst them. Some waving to friends and relatives on the public enclosure. Melanie stops momentarily and looks up at the enclosure. She sees Ben and Johan and waves at them. They wave back and Ben indicates they'll be waiting for her below. She walks off as they happily await her after the usual formalities.

INT. JAN SMUTS AIRPORT -DAY

Ben and Johan are waiting outside the arrivals exit. Several passengers stream out, some being met. Eventually there is a trickle of passengers. An INDIAN WOMAN is one of the last to come out. Ben approaches her.

**BEN :**

Excuse me, I'm waiting for a lady with a red dress. Are there still, many people to come?

**INDIAN WOMAN :**

I did see her. She was ahead of

me. Maybe she's still in there.

**BEN :**

Thank you.

Just then an OFFICIAL walks out of the door. Ben hurries to him.

**BEN :**

Excuse me.

**OFFICIAL :**

Can I help you?

**BEN :**

I'm waiting for a passenger, Miss Bruwer. She's taking a rather long time to be cleared.

**OFFICIAL :**

What did you say her name was?

**BEN :**

Melanie Bruwer.

**OFFICIAL :**

I'll go and check.

(CONTINUED)

165.

**CONTINUED:**

The Official hurries back.

**JOHAN :**

Is there any other exit, Papa?

**BEN :**

No. They have to collect their luggage and pass through customs.

**JOHAN :**

(joking)

Maybe she can't find her bag.

**BEN :**

(smilng back)

That's possible.

Just then Stolz appears through the door. He slowly walks up to Ben and Johan. Ben becomes apprehensive.

**STOLZ :**

Afternoon, Meneer Du Toit. Johan, isn't it?

Ruffling his hair; Johan pulling away and glaring at him.

**BEN :**

What now, Captain?

**STOLZ :**

Word came to me that you were asking after your very good friend, Miss Bruwer. You know, subersives come in all guises and can be very resourceful. Now let's take your friend, she has been using her privilege as a journalist to endanger the security of this country. But you know something else? She has been secretly holding a British passport. A South African passport and a British pasport. Now you tell me, where is her patriotism? Her allegiance? The minister telexed to the immigration officers here declaring her an undesirable immigrant. So she is being put on the first available plane to London. This must be heartbreaking for you. Good afternoon, Meneer Du Toit, Johan.

Stolz walks back.

(CONTINUED)

166.

**CONTINUED:**

**BEN :**

(quietly)



Let's go home, Johan.

**JOHAN :**

I don't understand, Papa...

**BEN :**

(striding)

I'll explain later.

They hurry out of the building in silence.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE -DAY

Ben and Johan arriving at the house. An unsympathetic small crowd is there waiting... They react, murmuring in Afrikaans, watching them with hostility as Ben and Johan get out of the car and discover the chaos. The wreckage. The garage and Ben's study have been bombed. Johan leaves Ben and rushes to the house. The crowd starts to disperse.

The entire tools cupboard has been methodically ripped apart and the contents strewn on the garage floor.

Everything is half-burnt... charred... Ben has sunk onto the stool in total defeat. There's silence.

Then Johan appears at the door. He hands Ben a large envelope --in it, the file with all the papers. Ben looks up at Johan.

**JOHAN:**

(very proud)

I took it out. Hide it in my secret place.

Ben grabs his son, hugs him and holds on for dear life.

**BEN :**

Thank you, son. You did a man's job.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BEN'S STUDY -DAY

Ben is sitting at the kitchen table.

(CONTINUED)

167.

**CONTINUED:**

Before him, scattered on the table: the affidavits he collected, the Hassiem report, cuttings of articles by

Melanie in the Rand Daily Mail about Jonathan, newspaper pictures of Gordon, of Seroke, of himself with Emily, the half-burnt "peace painting" of Picasso, half-burnt photo of Ben with Suzette, a staff photograph, Ben amongst it, and a charred trophy.

Ben starts putting material relevant to his inquiries into a large brown envelope.

Johan enters kitchen with a large envelope and hands it to his father.

**JOHAN :**

Somebody has dropped it through the door.

**BEN :**

Thank you.

**JOHAN :**

(leaving)

I'm nearly ready, Papa.

Ben examines the unstamped envelope with his address, with curiosity then opens it.

The contents is Wellington's affidavit.

**BEN :**

(happy)

Wellington's affidavit!

He looks inside the envelope, expecting a personal note. There's none.

**BEN :**

(to himself)

Good old Melanie!

**CUT TO:**

INT. JOHAN'S BEDROOM -DAY

Johan is packing his sport kit and few clothes into a bag.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE -DRIVEWAY -DAY

Ben and Johan are walking towards the entrance, Johan wheeling his bike. Ben hugs his son.

(CONTINUED)

168.

**CONTINUED:**

Johan gets on the bike and rides out.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN -DAY

Ben is pouring coffee. He looks tired and tensed. The PHONE RINGS in the living room. He hurries to answer it. Who knows, could be Melanie from the airport!

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

Ben picks up the phone. A menacing male voice says:

MALE (V.O.)

Meneer du Toit, tonight we're coming to kill you.

Ben replaces the receiver obviously shaken. aware of FOOTSTEPS approaching the kitchen.

He becomes

Ben is terrified.

A KNOCK at the door and the door swings open: it's Stanley.

**STANLEY :**

(anxious)

What's happened, man?

**BEN :**

(obviously still scared)

It's you. It was a bomb.

**STANLEY :**

And the papers?

**BEN :**

Don't worry. Safe. Thanks to Johan. Incidentally, I have Wellington's affidavit. Melanie found him. She's being deported. The official reason is that she possessed a British passport. I don't know how she managed to smuggle the envelope to me.

**STANLEY :**

Man, it's all happening!

Stanley walks out, glances at the devastated study. He reenters the kitchen and slams on a chair. He takes a packet of "Lucky Strike" from his pocket and offers it to Ben

(CONTINUED)

169.

**CONTINUED:**

**STANLEY :**

Like a joint?

**BEN :**

No, thanks.

Stanley lights a cigarette and surveys the table. He picks up the half-burnt Picasso book, gives it a brief glance, and tosses it back on the table and starts to chuckle.

**BEN :**

(surprised)

What's so funny?

**STANLEY :**

(still chuckling)

They drop the bomb on you!

Ben walks up to him puts his hand on his shoulder.

There's an understanding trace of a smile on his face.

INT. CAFE -DAY

Ben sitting in a cafe smoking his pipe.

him a glass of beer, for which he pays.

A waiter serves

**CUT TO:**

EXT. JOHANNESBURG STREET -DAY

It's raining. Stanley driving in the rain on the same road as Johan.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CAFE -PASSENGERS' POV FROM PARKED CAR -DAY

Suzette's sports car pulls up outside the cafe where Ben

is waiting.

**CUT TO:**

INT. CAFE -DAY

Ben rises as Suzette joins him at his table. They kiss and she sits opposite him.

**BEN:**

(looking at her  
straight in  
the eyes)

How are you, Suzette?

(CONTINUED)

170.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUZETTE :**

(in a soft voice)

Okay, Papa.

**BEN :**

Would you like a drink?

**SUZETTE :**

No, thanks.

Without taking his eyes off her, he takes a brown envelope from a chair and pushes it slowly towards the uncomfortable Suzette.

She picks up the envelope.

**SUZETTE :**

(rising)

I have to go, Papa.

**BEN :**

(looking out)

I know.

Suzette awkwardly kisses him on the cheek.

**BEN :**

Look after them.

Suzette looks at him for a moment and hurries to her car.

As Suzette leaves, Ben turns back into the room, his

eyes glassy with tears.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. STREET CAFE -DAY

Suzette gets into her car and drives off. The parked car follows. The two cars turn at the next corner.

EXT. QUIET STREET

The two cars approach following each other. As the second car overtakes, he draws Suzette's attention with his HORN and signals her to pull up.

As she gets out of her car holding the brown envelope, Capt. Stolz gets out of the other side.

Suzette walks over to the passenger: Colonel Viljoen.

**VILJOEN :**

(smiling)

I see you got the goodies.

(CONTINUED)

171.

**CONTINUED:**

**SUZETTE:**

(happily)

I was on my way to your office,  
Colonel.

**STOLZ :**

We thought we'd save you the  
trouble, Mrs. Klopper.  
She hands Viljoen the envelope.

**SUZETTE :**

Here it is, Colonel.

**VILJOEN :**

Thank you. This country needs  
more people like you.

**SUZETTE :**

I must hurry, Colonel. Goodbye.  
She drives off.

**CUT TO:**

INT. CAPTAIN STOLZ'S CAR -DAY

Stolz gets into the car as Colonel Viljoen starts opening the brown envelope.

**VILJOEN :**

Now let's see what we've got.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. RAND DAILY MAIL BUILDING -DAY

Stanley is parked near the building. He's drumming on the steering wheel to the rhythm of AFRICAN MUSIC from his car RADIO.

**CUT TO:**

INT. STOLZ'S CAR -DAY

Viljoen has just finished opening the brown envelope. He pulls out the half-burnt Picasso book and Captain Stolz's card which he gave to Ben. On the card is

**written:**

"APARTHEID MUST GO"

**TOT SIENS :**

(goodbye)

(CONTINUED)

172.

**CONTINUED:**

Ben Du Toit

**VILJOEN :**

The bastard!

**CUT TO:**

EXT. RAND DAILY MAIL BUILDING -DAY

Johan hurries out of the building and is about to get on his bike. His attention is drawn by Stanley's familiar HOOTER.

Johan turns, sees Stanley, and with a grin makes thumbs-up sign which happy Stanley returns with his large thumb. Johan cycles away followed by Stanley.

**CUT TO:**

INT. CAFE -DAY

Ben looks at his watch. He goes to the cash desk and pays. He walks slowly out of the cafe. Stands at the door to find his car keys; the rain has emptied the street. Ben turns up his collar and waits for a break in the traffic.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. STREET -DAY

Captain Stolz alone in the car. He drives around the corner into the cafe street.

Just then, Ben is hurrying across the road to his car.

Captain Stolz sees him, accelerates and hits Ben, hurling him high into the air. And speeds away.

People rush to Ben's side... crowd quietly gathers.

FREEZE FRAME and...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO BLACK: