

1 EXT. SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY

1

Chaos outside the Supreme Court. Police vans slowly push through a mostly BLACK CROWD who chant political slogans. They bang on the sides of the vans. The noise is deafening.

TITLE OVER: Supreme Court, Pretoria, 20 April 1964

A BBC REPORTER is struggling to report above the ruckus.

BBC REPORTER

The so-called Rivonia Trial, where Nelson Mandela and his seven co-accused face a possible death sentence for treason, continues today amid much protest...

His words are drowned out by the appearance of the police vans. The crowd erupts in a roar, saluting their heroes.

2 INT. COURTYARD - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY

2

Gates are opened and the vans are directed into a courtyard. The crowd tries to push through, but POLICEMEN keep them at bay with wooden batons.

The vans stop. The doors are yanked open and the MEN inside are ordered out. Manacled ankles jump down to the gravel and follow one another into the Supreme Court building.

3 INT. COURTROOM - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY

3

As the prisoners are marched into the packed courtroom, the AUDIENCE raise their fists and chant. JUDGE Q. DE WET bangs his gavel, calls for order. Eventually everyone settles down.

The lead prisoner is NELSON MANDELA (45). He cuts an impressive figure, in a finely tailored suit, as sharp as his eyes. He retakes his seat and, before proceedings can begin, there's a commotion up in the gallery.

Nelson turns to see a woman in traditional Thembu dress. This is WINNIE MANDELA (27), a woman as striking as her dress, proud wife of the man sitting in the dock. Just like her husband, she has a distinctively regal bearing.

Once again, Judge De Wet bangs the gavel.

JUDGE DE WET

Order! Order!

Judge de Wet calls up to Winnie in the gallery above.

JUDGE DE WET (CONT'D)

Mrs Mandela, this is your final warning! You are not to wear traditional regalia in this courtroom! It encourages... dissent!

WINNIE

My Lord, may I remind you that of the limited rights I have in this country, I still have the right to choose my wardrobe.

Everyone around her laughs, causing the Judge to fume.

JUDGE DE WET

Sit down!

She does so. Her eyes locks with Nelson's. She smiles slightly; he doesn't. Winnie's smile fades as Nelson stands.

NELSON MANDELA

I believe South Africa belongs to all the people who live in it, be they white or black. During my lifetime, I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.

He sits down. You could hear a pin drop.

4 INT. COURTROOM - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY

4

TITLE OVER: 53 days later

Judge De Wet casts his steely gaze upon the accused.

JUDGE DE WET

Having weighed the evidence, this  
Court finds all the accused guilty  
of sabotage and of conspiracy to  
overthrow the State. The sentence  
in the case of all the accused is  
that of life imprisonment!

Pandemonium. Nelson's eyes desperately search for Winnie amid the chaos. She strains to get a glimpse of him. Suddenly their eyes lock, but only for the briefest moment, as NELSON is hustled away by some POLICEMEN.

We HOLD on WINNIE's agonized features and slowly dissolve to:

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. BIZANA - DAY

5

Long grass sways in the wind. It is a picture of tranquility.

TITLE OVER: Pondoland, South Africa, 26 September 1934

Pan across a gentle, rolling valley to a thatched hut, one of several positioned in the shape of a crescent. Five half-naked female CHILDREN of varying ages, cluster around the door of a hut, anxious to look inside.

We hear a woman in labour and the first cries of a baby. MAKHULU (55), the girls' grandmother and midwife, appears in the doorway and addresses NANCY (6).

NOTE: Most of Winnie's childhood years will be in isiXhosa with English subtitles.

MAKHULU

Nancy, go and call your father!

Nancy starts to run along the path leading up the hill.

6 EXT. BIZANA - DAY 6

Nancy runs into the village, continues through the gate of the schoolyard, toward the small red-roofed schoolhouse.

7 INT. CLASSROOM - BIZANA SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 7

COLUMBUS MADIKIZELA (40), a teacher in suit and tie, stands at a blackboard, where he points with a ruler to the words of the Lord's Prayer, which the PUPILS are repeating after him. A loud knock interrupts the lesson.

NANCY (V.O.)

Papa! Papa! You have to come quick!

Columbus goes to the door, looks down at his little daughter.

COLUMBUS

(excited)

Well? Do you finally have a brother?

Nancy shrugs. Columbus claps his hands and informs the class that school is over. They are only too happy to disperse!

8 EXT. FIELD - BIZANA - DAY 8

Columbus and his young daughter hurry across a field.

9 INT. MADIKIZELA HOME - BIZANA - DAY 9

Columbus enters, breathless.

COLUMBUS

Please! Tell me it's a boy!

GERTRUDE, the mother, smiles nervously from her bed. Columbus looks at her, then at Makhulu. He sighs. Makhulu, also clearly disappointed, offers him the newborn baby.

MAKHULU

The sixth girl in a row. Gertrude is wasting our time.

Columbus takes the baby, cradling the gurgling infant in his arms. He looks at Gertrude. Her eyes are filled with sadness.

As he holds the helpless baby, Columbus is captivated by her, his disappointment forgotten for a moment.

COLUMBUS

I shall name you Nomzano Winifred  
Madikizela.

GERTRUDE

(weakly, from her bed)  
Winifred? What kind of name is  
that?

COLUMBUS

A Godly one. It means friend of  
peace.

Columbus looks across at his wife and his smile disappears.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

Enough girls now. We need a boy!

10

EXT. VILLAGE NEAR BIZANA - DAY

10

Two Xhosa youths are engaged in an intense stick-fight. Loud clacking of sticks and SPECTATORS cheering. The stick-fighters' arms, legs and shaved heads glisten with sweat and the lard they've rubbed into their bodies. They wear traditional blankets, tied at the waist with a leather strip.

Makhulu is the most rowdy of the spectators. She gestures wildly with her hands and shouts instructions.

MAKHULU

The toes! Strike the toes!

A shriek of pain, followed by a louder shriek, as the stick connects in successive blows. Blood oozes from STICK-FIGHTER #1's feet, who retaliates with a frenzied attack, landing several blows on STICK-FIGHTER #2, who trips and falls. The crowd, except Makhulu, erupt in cheers.

STICK-FIGHTER #1 moves in, pressing the end of one stick against STICK-FIGHTER #2's throat. With his other stick, he flicks away the blanket covering STICK-FIGHTER #2's chest.

STICK-FIGHTER #1

Hau, a girl!

CROWD MEMBER

It is Winifred!

The crowd gasps. Winnie (12) quickly covers herself, then flips over onto her stomach and strikes STICK-FIGHTER #1 with a violent mule kick to the groin. Makhulu cheers.

MAKHULU

That's my girl!

STICK-FIGHTER #1's sticks clatter to the ground as he grabs his groin. Columbus arrives, cantering on horseback.

COLUMBUS

Let me through! Let me through!

Columbus grabs Winnie by the arm, then briskly leads her and the horse away, despite Winnie's loud protestations.

11 EXT. ROAD - BIZANA - DAY

11

Columbus has Winnie by the arm and the horse by its bridle as they stride down a dirt road. Makhulu struggles to keep up.

YOUNG WINNIE

Father, please, you are hurting me!

Columbus turns toward Winnie, releases her arm.

COLUMBUS

How many times must I tell you!

Stop trying to be what you are not!

YOUNG WINNIE

But I beat every one of those boys!

COLUMBUS

Our traditions forbid girls from using the sticks!

WINNIE

Some traditions are not fair!

Please Father, allow me to fight!

COLUMBUS

No, you are a girl! You are not to fight with the sticks!

WINNIE

And what must a girl do? Clean the house, cook the food, make babies?

COLUMBUS

We must respect our traditions.

WINNIE

These traditions took Mama to her grave. She was so young, with so many babies.

COLUMBUS

It was the fever that killed your mother. Never talk like this again!

WINNIE

It is not easy to please you, Father.

Winnie turns away. Columbus reaches for her, but Makhulu restrains him.

MAKHULU

Let her be. She tries so hard to be your son.

A sadness crosses Columbus's face as they watch Winnie run into the distance.

12 EXT. SCHOOL - BIZANA - DAY

12

A car comes driving up a dusty, rutted road that leads to the schoolhouse. The car has to hoot at some cattle on the road. They amble lazily out of the way.

Columbus comes out to greet the two WHITE WOMEN SCHOOL INSPECTORS who get out the car. Their HIGH HEELS are not exactly suited to the muddy path that leads to the schoolhouse.

WHITE WOMAN INSPECTOR  
(SUBTITLES)  
What the hell Sarie, why did we  
volunteer?

COLUMBUS  
I am Columbus Madikizela,  
Headmaster of Bizana Elementary  
School. Welcome.

He extends a hand. They don't.

WOMAN INSPECTOR #1  
Next time, have your picannins  
chase the cattle off the road and  
gravel the walkway. Look at my  
shoes.

COLUMBUS  
Yes Madam.

13 INT. CLASSROOM - BIZANA SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 13

The Inspectors scribble in official books as the PUPILS, all  
sitting on the floor, look at them.

COLUMBUS  
As you can see, we do not have  
desks and chairs. Our only  
equipment is blackboard and chalk.  
And look at the overcrowding. Could  
your white children do good work  
under such primitive conditions?

WOMAN INSPECTOR #2  
These children are lucky to get any  
education at all in such a God  
forsaken place!

The remark incenses Columbus. Young Winnie watches her father  
as he expresses his frustration.



## COLUMBUS

White children have free schooling,  
free stationary, fine buildings, up-  
to-date equipment and compulsory  
education for all. Where's the  
justice in that?

## SCHOOL INSPECTOR #2

Mr Makidikizela, we do not  
appreciate kaffirs giving  
themselves airs and complaining  
about the system, if you please. We  
have come to evaluate your teaching  
abilities and so far, you do not  
make a very favourable impression.

Columbus seethes, but manages to restrain himself.

## COLUMBUS

Despite all our disadvantages, I  
will wager that any one of my  
pupils could compete with any white  
pupil in your cities.

The Inspectors exchange smug glances. Columbus turns to the  
class. His eyes fall upon his daughter.

## COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

Winnie. Come forward and recite  
Shakespeare's Eighteenth Sonnet for  
these gentlemen.

Winnie hesitates, but rises and moves to the front of the  
class. Her classmates wait in anticipation. She looks at her  
father nervously. The Inspectors exchange bemused glances.  
Columbus nods at his daughter.

## COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

Go on, Winnie.

She begins to recite the sonnet.

## YOUNG WINNIE

Should I compare thee to a summer's  
day...

She does it perfectly. The Inspectors exchange startled glances.

14 EXT. SCHOOL - BIZANA - DAY 14

Car doors slam shut and the Inspectors' car rattles down the road. Columbus watches from the doorway. Winnie stands beside him, her eyes glinting with pride.

15 EXT. GRAVEYARD - BIZANA - LATE AFTERNOON 15

Winnie sits at her mother's graveside. The late afternoon sun makes her face glow, accentuating her striking cheekbones. She is joined by Nancy who sits down next to Winnie.

NANCY

It's so peaceful here.

WINNIE

Yes.

She looks at the simple old wooden cross.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

One day, when I go to the city and get a job, I will save all my money and buy her a bright marble stone. You will be able to see it from the next village!

NANCY

Ah, Winnie. Always many fanciful ideas. You still wish to go there?

WINNIE

Where?

NANCY

The city.

WINNIE

Oh yes. But...

She trails off, her mood darkening.

NANCY

But?

WINNIE

As you said, it is just dreaming.

NANCY

Maybe not.

WINNIE

How so?

NANCY

I am to be married.

WINNIE

Married?! To whom?!

NANCY

Sefton.

WINNIE

Him? Why him? He can't stick-fight  
to save his life!

NANCY

I like him. He wants to marry me.  
He can pay Father twenty cows.  
Maybe more.

WINNIE

You will let yourself be sold for  
twenty cows! Mother wanted us  
educated, not sold into marriage  
like slaves!

NANCY

You are the clever one, not me. I  
can't even read properly. This way,  
Father gets money. A cow is money.  
Twenty cows is lots of money...!  
Then he can pay for you to study.

Winnie, stunned, starts to walk away, then turns back to  
Nancy. Tears well in her eyes as she hugs her sister.

WINNIE

No. You don't have to be sold. I'll help you, every night, until you can read. Then you will finish school.

NANCY

I'm too old. Soon, I'll be twenty. All girls get married before they are twenty.

Winnie's eyes well up with tears. She doesn't know what to say. She throws her arms around Nancy and hugs her.

WINNIE

Oh, Nancy...

16

EXT. RURAL RAILWAY SIDING - DAY

16

As Winnie and Nancy come apart, they stand at a little railway siding. Winnie (19) is now a beautiful young woman; however, she wears a dress that is hopelessly out of fashion. Nancy is visibly pregnant.

NANCY

You see, dreams do come true.

WINNIE

You should be the one taking the train, Nancy.

NANCY

It was always going to be you. Besides, I like being married.

Winnie pats her sister's stomach.

WINNIE

I can see that!

A train arrives at the siding with a screech of metal on metal. As she boards, Winnie turns to Columbus.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Father. I will try not  
to disappoint you.

Columbus is a man of few words. He nods. The train whistle  
blows. Columbus lifts Winnie's makeshift luggage - a bundled  
blanket - into the train.

COLUMBUS

Winnie?

WINNIE

Yes, Father?

COLUMBUS

Yes, I was disappointed when you  
were not born a boy. But now I am  
so proud, I am so very proud that  
you are my daughter.

Tears well in her eyes. The WHITE CONDUCTOR lends Winnie a  
hand with her bundle. Winnie composes herself. Another blow  
of the whistle and the train starts to move. Winnie gives  
them a big wave. Nancy waves back. Columbus stands stoically.

NANCY

Don't forget to write!

WINNIE

I won't!

As the train disappears, Nancy turns to her father.

NANCY

What did you say to Winnie, father?

COLUMBUS

Nothing she didn't already know...

17 INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

17

In a crowded third-class carriage, full of chickens and  
luggage, Winnie is lucky to find a window seat. Her eyes are  
still misty with tears as she watches the rustic countryside.

She sees TWO XHOSA CHILDREN, stick-fighting in a field. She watches them until they disappear from view.

18 EXT. JOHANNESBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY 18

The train arrives, showing a sign: "JOHANNESBURG STATION". The doors open into a CROWD of people. Winnie steps onto the platform, wide-eyed and bewildered.

She looks around. People jostle her, push her along. She gets swept up in the crowd and finds herself exiting onto the street. She transfers her bundle expertly onto her head.

19 EXT. STREET/JOHANNESBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY 19

Winnie emerges onto the street. There are cars, buses and street VENDORS. It is all overwhelming for this country girl.

She stares at an unfamiliar sight: A BLACK WOMAN in rags, with a BABY in her arms, begging from passers-by.

Something tugs at her from below. It's a ravaged old BLACK BEGGAR, his legs missing. He moves around on a wheeled plank.

BEGGAR

Nkosi, sisi!

The beggar shakes a tin with some coins. She recoils in fright. He follows her as she retreats, bumping into some PEDESTRIANS. She apologises. Then she hears her name called.

WOMAN #1

Miss Madikizela! Miss Madikizela!

TWO MIDDLE-AGED WHITE WOMEN in fashionable coats approach.

WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

So sorry we're late. There was a frightful accident in Booyens!

WOMAN #2

Yes, we do apologise!

WOMAN #1

We are so very pleased that you are coming to study with us!

WOMAN #2

Yes. Our first student from a rural area!

WOMAN #1

We hear your father is a chief?

WINNIE

No, Madam, my father is only a teacher, the son of a chief. The first black teacher in our district, though!

WOMAN #2

Oh, never mind royalty. The daughter of a Xhosa-teacher-son-of-a-chief is quite good enough! Welcome to Johannesburg!

20 EXT. MAIN BUILDING - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY 20

TITLE OVER: Jan Hofmeyr School of Social Work, Johannesburg, 1953

A number of students enter and exit the building.

21 INT. CLASSROOM - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY 21

Winnie and other STUDENTS listen to a WHITE LECTURER.

LECTURER

A career as a social worker means two things for certain: Long hours and pitiful salaries!

The students laugh, but the lecturer gets serious.

LECTURER (CONT'D)

But that's not why we are here. We are here because the reward of helping a fellow human being in distress is beyond calculation...

Winnie listens intently.

22 INT. LIBRARY - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY

22

Winnie works in the hushed quiet of the library. THREE YOUNG, well-dressed WOMEN approach her. These are fellow students MARCIA (white), ELLEN (white) and HARRIET (Indian). Marcia sits down on the edge of the desk.

MARCIA

Enough with the books, Win! Come,  
we're going to town.

WINNIE

I've seen the town.

Marcia leans across and closes the book in front of Winnie.

ELLEN

You study too much. You're going to  
put us all to shame. It's Saturday,  
for goodness sake!

The LIBRARIAN clears her throat, pointing to the "SILENCE" sign.

HARRIET

Maybe she doesn't want to go out  
looking like her grandmother...?

MARCIA

We can fix that!

23 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

23

A train comes rolling into the station. WHITE PASSENGERS disembark, their coaches marked "FIRST CLASS - WHITES ONLY". The girls stand back to let the passengers pass. BLACK PASSENGERS disembark from the rear coaches.

ELLEN

Hey, we're in the wrong place. It  
says whites only.

HARRIET

What the hell, let's get in.



ELLEN

What if the conductor comes?

HARRIET

I'll show him my tits.

The other girls laugh.

MARCIA

How about you, Winnie, will you show?

WINNIE

Don't worry, you board here. I'll go to the back.

HARRIET

Hell no, if you go, I'll have to go too. I'm even darker than you...

Winnie smiles self-consciously.

ELLEN

Third class is half the price.

MARCIA

Come, let's all go half price.

The girls run toward the overcrowded third class coaches.

24      **EXT. JOHANNESBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY**      24

Winnie and company, laughing, exit the station steps.

25      **EXT. RISSIK STREET - JOHANNESBURG - DAY**      25

Winnie and company walk down a busy Rissik Street. Ellen threads her arm through Winnie's.

One or two WHITE MEN pass, donning their hats...whistling. WHITE WOMEN, however, throw them a few prize scowls.

The four girls giggle, enjoying the attention. But it's plain to see that Winnie feels awkward.

26 EXT. JOHN ORR DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 26

They stop in front of a John Orr shop window display. A stunning red dress on a pearly white mannequin. Winnie stares at it, transfixed. Marcia nudges Ellen.

MARCIA

I think she likes it. Let's go try it on!

27 INT. JOHN ORR DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 27

They enter the store. John Orr is a "whites only" store. PEOPLE stare at them.

28 INT. JOHN ORR DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 28

The girls wait outside a change-room. A WHITE SALES ASSISTANT watches them anxiously.

SALES ASSISTANT

Only paying customers are allowed to try on the dresses.

HARRIET

If she likes it, she might want to take it in several colours. One for each day of the week.

The sales assistant leaves in a huff to find the MANAGER.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

What's taking you so long...?

Harriet peeks over the change-room door, revealing Winnie in some outrageous bloomer underwear from yesteryear!

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Those have got to go!

Winnie, embarrassed, shoo's Harriet away. The girls wait. The change-room door opens and Winnie appears in the red dress. She looks gorgeous. Her three friends are stunned.

ELLEN

You look like Cinderella!

Harriet whistles.

MARCIA

You have to buy it!

But Winnie shakes her head.

WINNIE

There are better things to do with money.

MARCIA

Darling, buying beautiful clothes is the only thing to do with money!

Marcia digs in her purse, pulls out some notes and thrusts them toward Winnie.

WINNIE

No, really, that's not...

MARCIA

You can pay me back later.

Winnie hesitates, looking at herself in the mirror. Just then the manager arrives with the flustered sales assistant.

MANAGER

What do you think you're doing!

MARCIA

My friend wants to buy a dress. Is that a problem?

MANAGER

You're going to ruin that dress!

HARRIET

Ruin it?

MANAGER

You people don't...bath! The next customer won't want that dress!  
It'll...smell!

The manager manhandles Winnie back into the change-room.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Take it off!

HARRIET

Leave her alone!

Harriet is about to assault the manager with her handbag, but Winnie manages to stop her.

MANAGER

Take it off before I call the  
police!

WINNIE is deeply embarrassed. Harriet glares at the MANAGER.

HARRIET

Keep your damned dress!

29 INT. WINNIE'S ROOM - HOSTEL - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - NIGHT 29

Winnie, in bed, is carefully cutting out an advertisement for that same dress from a magazine while the other girls sleep.

30 EXT. MADIKIZELA HOME - BIZANA - DAY 30

Seated next to Columbus, Nancy opens a parcel, revealing some fabric and a letter. She opens the letter. The picture of a red dress slips out and flutters to the ground. Columbus's old fingers pick it up. He looks at the picture.

COLUMBUS

What is this?

Nancy shrugs. She hands the letter to Columbus.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

No, you read.

Nancy's finger slowly follows the words on the page. She silently mouths the words as she reads. It takes a while.

NANCY

She wants Granma to make her a  
dress!

COLUMBUS

A dress? What for?

Nancy looks at the letter, her finger following the words.

NANCY

She says the other girls tease her  
about her clothes.

COLUMBUS

What nonsense. They looked fine on  
your dearly-departed mother!

NANCY

Yes Father, but this is something  
only girls understand.

COLUMBUS

Understand? What's to understand?  
She should be worrying about her  
studies, not this dresses thing!

31 INT. CLASSROOM - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY

31

Winnie concentrates intently on a lecture with her  
classmates. She takes notes.

LECTURER

Many of the young girls you will  
encounter are orphans or come from  
broken homes. They suffer from  
depression, have no sense of pride,  
no sense of their place in the  
world. It is easy to label them  
delinquents. However, your job is  
not to judge them, but to guide  
them to recovery.

32 EXT. NETBALL COURT - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY

32

Winnie is playing netball. She plays very well. She spins  
around an opponent, shoots for the hoop, and scores! Her TEAM  
MATES cheer.

33 INT. LOCKER ROOM - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY

33

Harriet and PAM (an attractive Cape Malay girl), both just off the netball court with Winnie, congratulates her.

HARRIET

Good game, Winnie!

PAM

You'll easily make first team!

Winnie smiles.

PAM (CONT'D)

Hey, there's a big Freedom Rally in Kliptown this afternoon. Want to come? Harriet's coming, and Marcia.

WINNIE

I'm not sure. My father-

HARRIET

Oh, come on, Win! Your father? He's a thousand miles away!

Winnie looks at them, contemplating the suggestion.

34 EXT. KLIPTOWN - DAY

34

A large CROWD of mostly BLACK PEOPLE. It is a vibrant, colourful event with many political banners. A contingent of POLICEMEN stand about, whom everyone tries to ignore.

Winnie, Harriet, Pam and Marcia arrive to hear a smartly-dressed NELSON MANDELA (36) addressing the crowd. He is tall and handsome, his hair parted stylishly down the middle.

NELSON MANDELA

We call upon all the people of  
South Africa, both black and white!  
Let us work together for a free  
society and an end to Apartheid!

Winnie watches this man intently.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

And let our ideals be gathered  
together in a Freedom Charter!

A collective cheer goes up, with much clapping and ululating.

MARCIA

He's amazing!  
(to Pam)  
Who is he?!

Pam answers, but it's hard to hear her above the din.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Nelson who?

PAM

Mandela! Nelson Mandela!

HARRIET

I'd follow him anywhere!  
(to Winnie, loudly)  
What do you say, Winnie?

Before Winnie can answer, policemen burst onto the stage. A  
POLICE CAPTAIN grabs the microphone away from Nelson.

POLICE CAPTAIN

This is an illegal gathering! You  
must disperse immediately!

Nelson and his COMRADES remain on the stage.

NELSON MANDELA

This is a peaceful meeting,  
Captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN

We have our orders. Now disperse,  
before I put these on you!

He reaches for his handcuffs. Nelson and his comrades move  
away slowly. Suddenly a YOUNG POLICEMAN gets into a scuffle  
with a CROWD MEMBER. The scuffle quickly escalates.

The police charge and chaos ensues. Winnie and her three friends run, as does Nelson and his comrades.

35

INT. DINER - JOHANNESBURG - NIGHT

35

This is a "liberal" hangout with some MIXED-RACE COUPLES scattered about. Loud jazz is playing. Winnie, Harriet, Pam and Marcia sit sipping bottled Cokes from straws.

HARRIET

I'd like to find out more about  
this Mandela fellow! What a  
dreamboat!

PAM

He's a lawyer.

WINNIE

A black lawyer?

PAM

He works with Oliver Tambo.

WINNIE

How do you know all this?

PAM

He's defending a friend of mine who  
was caught without a pass. She  
hardly earns anything, so he did it  
for free.

MARCIA

What, a lawyer who works for free?

PAM

My friend says he's also a boxer.

HARRIET

A boxer! Mmm. Wouldn't mind going a  
few rounds with him.

MARCIA

Always ready for a few rounds, our  
Harriet is...



Just then, PETER MAGUBANE (26) approaches their table with a 35mm SLR camera slung around his neck. He aims it at Winnie.

PETER MAGUBANE

Wow! Who's the new lamb?

HARRIET

Winnie, this is Peter Magubane.

Peter's a photographer for Drum magazine.

Peter, grinning broadly, shakes Winnie's hand.

PETER MAGUBANE

May I take your picture?

WINNIE

I'd rather you didn't.

Peter lets go of Winnie's hand, raises the camera.

PAM

Come on, Winnie. You never know.

Everyone reads Drum. A picture in it could make you famous!

Before she has time to respond, the camera flashes - a glamour shot of Winnie. Flash, another; flash, another.

36 EXT. BUS STOP - SOWETO - DAY

36

Winnie stands in a long queue of BLACK COMMUTERS. It is cold; everyone wears heavy overcoats. A large black Buick passes.

37 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - SOWETO - DAY

37

Nelson sees Winnie as he drives. His head cranes around. OLIVER TAMBO (37), sitting next to him, shouts a warning:

OLIVER TAMBO

Watch out!

Nelson turns, just in time to see a truck ahead! He slams on the brakes! Then, he starts to reverse back in the direction of the bus-stop. Oliver is mildly horrified.

OLIVER TAMBO (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Nelson?!

Nelson ignores the protest and stops the car in front of Winnie. He winds his window down and calls to Winnie:

NELSON MANDELA

Need a lift?

Winnie can't believe her eyes: It's the guy from the rally!

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Come, get in.

She doesn't react.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I've seen you before somewhere...

Winnie is in a daze; shakes her head. The arriving bus honks for the black Buick to get out the way.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Sure you don't want a lift?

WINNIE

(trying to stay cool)

I'm sure.

The bus honks again.

OLIVER TAMBO

Let's go, Nelson...!

Nelson allows the bus to stop. Winnie gets on the bus.

38 INT. BUS - SOWETO - DAY

38

Winnie finds a window seat. She can't believe what she's seeing: The Buick drives alongside the bus! Nelson waves at her. She pretends not to notice.

39 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - SOWETO - DAY

39

OLIVER TAMBO

What are you doing?!

NELSON MANDELA

Maybe she'll change her mind.

OLIVER TAMBO

We're already late, Nelson!

Nelson reluctantly accelerates past the bus. He nearly runs into an oncoming car as he peers into the bus one last time. She allows a smile to cross her face.

40 EXT. LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT 40

A few aged cars are parked outside. Nelsons arrives in his Buick. A GUARD approaches the car. Nelson hands him the keys.

NELSON MANDELA

Remember, don't fall asleep. Hoot if you see anyone.

41 INT. LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT 41

A lively meeting of the African National Congress is in progress. Most of the MEN around the table are BLACK, with two INDIANS and one WHITE. A WOMAN DELEGATE serves tea.

WOMAN DELEGATE

Tea?

NELSON MANDELA

Yes, thank you.

WOMAN DELEGATE

White or black?

NELSON MANDELA

Mostly black-

He holds up his fingers, a tiny space between forefinger and thumb.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

-with a little bit of white.

Laughter from everyone around the table.

## BLACK DELEGATE #1

We should join forces with the Pan  
Africanist Congress. They're good  
with explosives. Look what they did  
to that police station in  
Johannesburg!

Oliver picks up a PAC pamphlet showing a photo of the  
aftermath of the explosion. He shakes it in the air.

## OLIVER TAMBO

The PAC wants to drive this  
country's four million white people  
into the sea, and they want us to  
help them do it!

Oliver tears up the pamphlet in disgust. Nelson,  
surprisingly, is not listening to this. He's paging through a  
Drum magazine, holding it surreptitiously out of sight.

## OLIVER TAMBO (CONT'D)

We refuse to work with people who  
exclude whites, coloureds or  
Indians from membership of their  
organisation. Ours is a struggle  
for justice, not domination. That's  
what the African National Congress  
has always stood for!

## BLACK DELEGATE #2

But we're getting nowhere! The  
Apartheid State is becoming more  
powerful by the day. They've got  
tanks and guns and...

Suddenly, Nelson exclaims:

## NELSON MANDELA

I knew it!

He taps a page of the magazine victoriously. Everyone turns  
to look at him. Nelson shows the magazine to Oliver - it's  
the picture of Winnie that Peter took in the diner.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I knew I'd seen her somewhere  
before!

Everyone looks at him quizically. He grins.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

My future wife.

The moment is shattered as a car horn blasts! Everyone  
freezes. The white delegate is the first to speak.

WHITE DELEGATE

Nelson! Oliver! Quick! Hide!

OLIVER TAMBO

What about you?

Before he can answer, a megaphone blares from outside:

DE VRIES

(voice over)

This is the police... You are  
surrounded... Everyone out, NOW!

WHITE DELEGATE

Go!

Nelson is the first to react. He runs toward the passage and  
flips the electrical main switch. The lights go out.

42 INT. LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT

42

Nelson moves a huge cupboard in the corridor, revealing a  
hideaway. Oliver slips inside to the cramped space. Nelson  
follows, pulling the cupboard back into place.

43 EXT. LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT

43

Police cars train their headlights on the farmhouse. The MAN  
in charge of the action- CAPTAIN DE VRIES-talks through a  
megaphone. DE VRIES is NOT your stereotypical bad cop. In  
fact, he is rather ordinary looking but there's nothing  
ordinary about his fanatical devotion to his task.

DE VRIES  
 (through a megaphone)  
 Come out with your hands on your  
 head!

44 INT. LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT 44

POLICEMEN burst into the dining-room, their rifles pointed at everyone around the table.

DE VRIES  
 Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo...  
 where are they?

The Captain grabs the white delegate by the throat. For such a slight man he has surprising strength.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)  
 You communist traitor bastard!  
 Where is Mandela and Tambo?!

BLACK DELEGATE #1 quickly speaks up in his defense.

BLACK DELEGATE #1  
 They're not here.

DE VRIES releases the white delegate, strikes black delegate #1 with an open-handed blow to the back of the head.

DE VRIES  
 Don't you lie to me, kaffer!

Black delegate #1 turns his head sideways, spits on the ground. DE VRIES strikes him again.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)  
 (to his men)  
 Find them! Go!

45 INT. HIDEAWAY - LILIESLIEF FARMHOUSE - RIVONIA - NIGHT 45

Nelson and Oliver sweat profusely as they hear the police search the place amid much screaming and thudding. A shot is fired. Nelson wants to intervene, but Oliver restrains him.

46

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - SOWETO - DAY

46

A long queue of POOR PEOPLE patiently wait their turn. Winnie, Harriet, Pam and Marcia man the soup kitchen, dishing out a meal to the grateful recipients.

PAM

How do you know it was him?

WINNIE

I know!

HARRIET

Was he trying to pick you up?

WINNIE

I suppose he was just offering me a lift.

HARRIET

You suppose?! Come now, girl...

PAM

How does he look, close up?

WINNIE

I could only see him through the window, but...

HARRIET

But?

WINNIE

His eyes.

HARRIET

Yes?

WINNIE

They were like the eyes of an eagle, you know, when they spot a mouse in the grass down below.

MARCIA

Wow, you really looked into his eyes, didn't you...?

Winnie says nothing. She pours soup into another bowl.

47 INT. GRADUATION HALL - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY 47

STUDENTS and their PARENTS applaud as PROFESSOR PHILLIPS (white), in academic gown, caps a GRADUATE. Winnie, Harriet, Pam and Marcia all sit in academic robes.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

And now, Mr Van Heerden, from the  
Department of Education, will  
present our Distinguished Graduate  
Award to this year's top student.

MR VAN HEERDEN approaches the podium, puts on his spectacles, and reads from a framed diploma:

MR VAN HEERDEN

Graduating with distinction at the  
top of her class is...  
(frowns; struggling)  
Nomzamo Winifred Madi... Madikela.

Winnie shrugs as her friends lead the applause. A camera flashes as Peter records the moment.

48 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - DAY 48

Winnie, holding a letter, sits across the desk from Prof Phillips.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

Congratulations! It's a full  
scholarship. You'll have your  
Master's in a year or two. And, if  
you wish, I'm sure you could apply  
to live and work in the United  
States permanently!

Winnie stares at the letter.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

You don't seem too excited, Miss  
Madikizela?



WINNIE

Of course I am, Sir. Everyone  
dreams of going to America.

She looks down at the letter again, her shoulders sinking.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

But?

WINNIE

I cannot accept.

Prof Phillips can't believe what he's hearing.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

Do you understand what an honour,  
what a privilege this is, for both  
the school and for yourself? It's  
the opportunity of a lifetime!

WINNIE

Yes, Sir. I know. But I can't. I'm  
needed here.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

Here?

WINNIE

Baragwanath Hospital. They've  
offered me the post of medical  
social worker after I graduate.  
It's the first time the position  
has ever been offered to...

She hesitates.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

To?

WINNIE

To... To a black person.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

Yes, well, that's wonderful of course. But...Baragwanath?! It's a battleground!

WINNIE

Exactly.

49 EXT. BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY

49

This very large government hospital is surrounded by thousands of small houses and shacks on a desolate landscape.

TITLE OVER: Baragwanath Hospital, Soweto, 1956

50 INT. OUTPATIENTS' WARD - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY

50

A black MAN enters, a cardboard box in his hands. He looks around anxiously, sees long queues of PEOPLE in distress, among them a MAN WITH A MACHETE stuck in his head.

Winnie, in uniform, sits at a desk. A desk plaque reads: "MEDICAL SOCIAL WORKER". She's consulting with an ELDERLY PATIENT. The MAN goes to her with his box.

MAN

Dumela, sisi.

WINNIE

I'm sorry. There's a queue. You will have to wait your turn.

MAN

This is for you.

He puts the box down on the desk and leaves quickly. Winnie stands, hailing after him.

WINNIE

Wait! Wait! Come back!

But he's gone. She opens the box to reveal a BABY. It is silent, staring up at her with wide, innocent eyes.

51 INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY 51

Winnie watches from behind a glass partition as a YOUNG WHITE DOCTOR attends to the abandoned baby. ADELAIDE TAMBO (27) comes up behind her.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

We get at least ten a week... You mustn't let them in.

WINNIE

Not let them in?

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Into your heart. Or you'll spend endless nights crying into your pillow.

Winnie looks at this woman. There's something wonderfully stoic about her. There is an immediate rapport between them.

ADELAIDE TAMBO (CONT'D)

I'm Adelaide.

WINNIE

Winnie.

Adelaide smiles.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

I know. Everybody's talking about you! Choosing Soweto over Boston!

WINNIE

It wasn't difficult.

Winnie turns to the glass, a tear running down her face.

52 MONTAGE: 52

1. We see Winnie's ease and dedication with the constant stream of PATIENTS; re-uniting a YOUNG MOTHER with her BABY; helping an illiterate OLD BLACK MAN fill in a form.

2. Winnie waiting patiently in the bus queue at dusk. A black Buick appears. She cranes her neck anxiously. The Buick seems to be slowing, then passes by. No Nelson this time.

3. Winnie writing a letter to Nancy; NANCY reading it to COLUMBUS...

4. Winnie at Baragwanath Hospital, humming a lullaby to yet another abandoned BABY.

53 EXT. BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DUSK

53

Winnie emerges into the winter chill, hears her name being called. Adelaide and Oliver stand at Oliver's car.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Winnie! Can we give you a lift home?

WINNIE

Isn't it a bit out of your way?

OLIVER

Not at all. Come.

Winnie spots a car in the distance, coming up the driveway.

WINNIE

Thank you, that would be lovely.

As the car comes closer, she sees it's not a Buick. Winnie leaves with Adelaide and Oliver.

54 INT. OLIVER'S CAR - NIGHT

54

Oliver looks at Winnie in the rear-view mirror.

OLIVER TAMBO

Adelaide's told me a lot about you.

WINNIE

She has?

OLIVER TAMBO

She says you intend changing the world.

Adelaide, embarrassed, punches Oliver on the arm.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Oliver!

OLIVER TAMBO

(to Adelaide)

That's what you said!

His eyes lock with Winnie's in the rear-view mirror.

OLIVER TAMBO (CONT'D)

Well?

WINNIE

I wouldn't know about that. If only  
I can give every abandoned baby a  
chance, then maybe...

Adelaide shakes her head.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

I don't feel like cooking... Let's  
all go to Dizzys!

55

INT. DIZZY'S RESTAURANT - JOHANNESBURG - NIGHT

55

It's crowded in the popular eatery in Jeppe. The three of  
them are in earnest conversation, seated at a corner table  
laden with food. Oliver pats his suit pockets with concern.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

What's the matter, Oliver?

OLIVER TAMBO

My wallet.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

How he remembers what to take to  
court is anyone's guess...!

Winnie immediately reaches for her bag.

WINNIE

I might have...

Oliver puts a hand on hers.

OLIVER TAMBO

I wouldn't dream of it, my dear.

Oliver spots someone in the CROWD.

OLIVER TAMBO (CONT'D)

Wait, there's Nelson!

Winnie turns to look behind her: Indeed, it's Nelson, cutting his usual, impressive figure at a table near the bar.

OLIVER TAMBO (CONT'D)

Nelson! Nelson!

He waves him over. Winnie turns away, adjusts her hair.

WINNIE

Oh, my...

Adelaide looks at her oddly.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

What's the matter, Win?

Before she can answer, Nelson is upon them.

NELSON MANDELA

Wait, don't tell me, Oliver. You've left your wallet at home!

OLIVER TAMBO

Haven't done so in...

NELSON MANDELA

Yes, weeks. You still owe me from...

The words freeze in his mouth as he sees Winnie.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

You!

Winnie smiles.

WINNIE

Yes. Me. Winnie M-

NELSON MANDELA

Madikizela, daughter of a teacher,  
son of a chief from the village of  
Bizana, in the district where my  
ancestors are buried.

Adelaide is completely taken by surprise.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

(to Winnie)

You two know each other?

WINNIE

Not exactly. He offered me a lift  
once.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

I'm sure he did! Nelson's always  
offering lifts to pretty girls...

NELSON MANDELA

(laughing)

Who's side are you on, Adelaide?

ADELAIDE TAMBO

The girl's side, of course...

NELSON MANDELA

(back to Winnie)

Don't you use the bus anymore?

WINNIE

What do you mean?

NELSON MANDELA

Every time I go past that bus stop  
looking for you, you're never  
there.

WINNIE

I work strange hours.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Twenty four hours!

NELSON MANDELA

(to Winnie)

How about getting a bite to eat?

WINNIE

I've...just eaten.

NELSON MANDELA

I mean tomorrow. I will send a driver to fetch you.

WINNIE

I'm working tomorrow.

NELSON MANDELA

The next day?

WINNIE

Working.

NELSON MANDELA

The next day, then?

She looks at him for a beat. Then, her face breaks into a smile.

56 EXT. BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY

56

Winnie stands outside the hospital, dressed smartly but demurely. A green Packard pulls up.

57 INT. GREEN PACKARD - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY

57

The DRIVER watches in the rear-view mirror as Winnie continues to fiddle with her hair and make up. He smiles.

DRIVER

Mr Mandela asked me to bring you to the office first.

WINNIE

Fine. Thank you.



58

EXT. TAMBO/MANDELA LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

58

Winnie sits on a bench in a corridor. A clock shows ten past one. The area is crowded with CLIENTS. Oliver appears.

OLIVER TAMBO

Hello, Winnie. Nelson will be with you shortly.

Winnie gestures at the crowded corridor.

WINNIE

This must be the busiest law firm in Johannesburg.

OLIVER TAMBO

It's because our work is mostly pro bono.

WINNIE

Pro bono?

OLIVER TAMBO

For free.

Winnie smiles, shakes her head as he leaves.

DISSOLVE TO: The clock: ten to three. Winnie's still waiting.

NELSON MANDELA

Sorry to keep you waiting like this. It's just that...

WINNIE

Don't worry, Oliver explained. Everything is for free.

NELSON MANDELA

Free is mainly for political clients - people who, like us, object to the Apartheid laws and get arrested. All others pay by the hour.

WINNIE

I'll keep objecting then, Mr  
Mandela.

NELSON MANDELA

You do that, Miss Madikizela. Come,  
let's go.

Nelson takes her elbow and they exit together.

59

INT. AZAD'S CURRY DEN - JOHANNESBURG - DAY

59

Winnie sits across a table from Nelson. She's just taken a  
mouthful of curry.

WINNIE

It's...hot!

She grabs a glass of water.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm on fire! What is this?

Nelson smiles.

NELSON MANDELA

Have you never eaten curry before?!

She continues to down the water, shaking her head.

WINNIE

N...O...

She manages to compose herself, tears streaming down.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

The newspapers are right: You  
really are one of the most  
dangerous men in South Africa!

Nelson laughs.

NELSON MANDELA

I'm sorry! Don't eat it. Come,  
let's go somewhere else.

She gestures at his plate of food.

WINNIE

But you haven't eaten your curry...

NELSON MANDELA

I'm hot enough!

Winnie smiles, offers him a glass of water.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I like you. You're not scared?

WINNIE

Me, scared? I'm not scared of boys.

Nelson stops, looks at her. A pleasant smile crosses his face. It turns into a loud laugh.

NELSON MANDELA

Why waste such a lovely day sitting  
in a restaurant?

60 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

60

Nelson drives his car down a dusty road. Winnie is seated next to him.

61 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

61

Nelson's car is parked nearby while they walk in a field.

WINNIE

I was the biggest disappointment in  
my father's life.

NELSON MANDELA

Why do you say that?

WINNIE

He so desperately wanted a son. I  
was the sixth daughter in a row.

NELSON MANDELA

The sixth?

She nods.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

But that would make him a rich man!  
He would get a lot of cows for six  
girls! Lobola from each son-in-law.

Winnie smiles.

WINNIE

I tried my best to impress him. I  
became the best stick-fighter in  
the district. There wasn't a boy  
who could beat me!

NELSON MANDELA

A stick-fighter?!

She nods again, suddenly showing some snappy moves.

WINNIE

Yes, the best! So watch out!

NELSON MANDELA

Well, I'm glad you...

WINNIE

What?

NELSON MANDELA

Weren't born a boy and...and that  
you scared the others away!

Winnie laughs out loud, starts running into the tall grass.  
Nelson runs after her. She stumbles, as one of her shoes  
snaps a heel. Nelson catches her before she falls. Suddenly  
they're very close. The sexual tension is high.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

There's something I have to tell  
you. Something important-

WINNIE

(softly)

Tell me later.

She leans upward and their lips join momentarily. Winnie takes off her shoes, turns around, runs toward a big tree next to a gurgling stream. Nelson follows, puts his arms around her waist. Suddenly Winnie is in his arms, kisses him hard. They stand, watching the flowing stream.

62 INT. WINNIE'S ROOM - HOSTEL - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - NIGHT 62

Winnie is about to get dressed. She's wearing some fancy underwear. Harriet is lying on her bed, watching her.

HARRIET

You weren't wearing those awful  
blue bloomers, were you?

WINNIE

Of course not!

They laugh. Then Harriet gets serious.

HARRIET

I still can't believe you allowed a  
married man to kiss you.

WINNIE

I didn't know he was married.

HARRIET

Why didn't he tell you?

WINNIE

He was going to.

HARRIET

Then why didn't he?

WINNIE

I kissed him before he could.

Winnie turns to Harriet, showing her a potential dress.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

What about this one? Too obvious?

Harriet is not interested in the dress. She persists.

HARRIET

But Winnie, he's married!

WINNIE

He's getting a divorce.

HARRIET

How do you know that?

WINNIE

He said I had nothing to do with  
the end of his marriage. He said it  
was over a long time ago.

HARRIET

And you believe him?

She holds up another dress. It's the red dress.

WINNIE

How about this one?

HARRIET

You bought it!

WINNIE

No, my Granny made it.

Harriet smiles.

HARRIET

Perfect!

63 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - NIGHT

63

Winnie, wearing the red dress, is seated next to Nelson as he  
drives.

WINNIE

So where is the dance?

NELSON MANDELA

Change of plan. I completely  
forgot. There's an important  
political meeting at the Community  
Hall, and Oliver wants me there.

WINNIE

A political meeting? I can't go  
like this!

NELSON MANDELA

Why not? You look beautiful!

64

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - SOWETO - NIGHT

64

Nelson is on stage, giving a speech with his usual fervour.

NELSON MANDELA

Prime Minister Verwoerd is no  
better than those Nazis whom we  
helped defeat during the war! His  
ideas of racial supremacy are  
dangerously close to Hitler's. And  
this time, we are the Jews! It is a  
grim fact that fascism is alive in  
our country, and its defeat has  
become the principal task of the  
African National Congress. A task  
we undertake on behalf of all the  
people of South Africa...

Winnie, in her red dress, sits in the packed auditorium. She  
is acutely aware of stares from the AUDIENCE, most dressed in  
their work clothes. WOMAN #1 gives Winnie the once over, then  
turns to WOMAN #2 with a disapproving tone:

WOMAN COMRADE

Look at that dress...

WOMAN COMRADE#2

Such intimidating and seductive  
beauty definitely does not go with  
being a revolutionary. What on  
earth is Nelson thinking?

WOMAN #1 glances at Winnie again. Winnie turns away,  
embarrassed. However an ATTRACTIVE WHITE WOMAN sitting nearby  
overhears this exchange. This is MARY BOTHA and she will  
feature prominently in WINNIE's life at a later stage. She  
turns to the two gossips.

MARY BOTHA  
I think she looks rather lovely.

That puts them in their place; MARY turns and smiles at WINNIE. WINNIE smiles back.

65 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - NIGHT

65

NELSON MANDELA  
You even charmed Ismail, and that says a lot!

WINNIE  
Everyone stared at me. You should have let me change first.

NELSON MANDELA  
You looked wonderful! Maybe just a little over-dressed, but...

WINNIE  
But?

NELSON MANDELA  
Let's get you to the right occasion.

66 INT. DANCE HALL - SOPHIATOWN - NIGHT

66

Nelson escorts Winnie onto the dance floor. The music is vibrant. Many colourful COUPLES spin around them. Winnie is uncertain.

WINNIE  
I...I can't...

But Nelson will have none of it.

NELSON MANDELA  
Follow me!

He leads her into a dance. He's really good. Winnie lets him lead. They make a very striking couple.



67 EXT. HOSTEL - JAN HOFMEYER SCHOOL - NIGHT

67

It is very late and raining softly when Nelson's black Buick pulls up in front of Winnie's hostel at Jan Hofmeyr School.

68 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - NIGHT

68

Nelson switches off the engine, looks at Winnie. The only sound is the rain on the roof of the car. Nelson leans across and kisses her. Softly at first, then hungrier. She relents. But, just as their passion is about to overtake them, Winnie extricates herself.

NELSON MANDELA

What's the matter?

She straightens herself.

WINNIE

We should wait until your divorce is through.

NELSON MANDELA

But I told you, it'll be finalised any day now.

WINNIE

Good.

She gives him one last peck on the cheek, then she opens the door and steps into the rain, rushing toward the shelter of the hostel. Nelson watches her go, laughs out loud.

69 EXT. KRUGER SQUARE - PRETORIA - DAY

69

Nelson leads a seething mass of PROTESTORS as they swarm into the square. Nelson turns to address the crowd below the statue of Paul Kruger. He holds up his passbook.

NELSON MANDELA

I urge you to take your passbook, this document that labels you a third class citizen and restricts your freedom of movement, and burn it on the flames of justice!

He drops it into a flaming oil drum on the steps of the statue. The crowd cheer. Winnie, arm in arm with Adelaide, move with the crowd as it surges forward.

70

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

70

Nelson is in his boxing shorts, working up a sweat in a run-down gym. He's punching at a bag when the TRAINER shouts:

TRAINER

Hey, Nelson! Nelson!

Nelson stops punching, turns to the trainer sitting next to a radio. He turns up the volume.

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Listen!

RADIO NEWS READER (V.O.)

All eyes are on the halls of justice where the trial of the rebel black leaders Nelson Mandela and Oliver Tambo commences next week. Both are lawyers, now out on bail. The charge: Treason! The sentence? Possibly death! What started as a campaign to protest laws requiring Natives to carry passbooks, has, according to the State, become a campaign of open defiance. Possibly the start of a revolution.

The trainer looks more worried than Nelson.

TRAINER

The death sentence for refusing to carry an identity document?

NELSON MANDELA

Madness. Utter madness.

Nelson punches the bag with new vigour, hitting low.

71 INT. COURTROOM - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY 71

TITLE OVER: Supreme Court, Pretoria, 1958

Track across the multi-racial faces of the Treason Trial ACCUSED. Nelson looks bored as a WHITE PROSECUTOR cross-examines DE VRIES, who is a MAJOR now.

Winnie and Adelaide enter the courtroom at the back. It is filled with JOURNALISTS and SPECTATORS. JUDGE F.L. RUMPFF presides.

Nelson looks about the courtroom and his eyes smile when he sees Winnie. She is not smiling.

PROSECUTOR

Major, would you say these exhibits establish a reasonable indication of seditious intent?

DE VRIES

I would say that is correct.

He turns to glare at MANDELA.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

If Mandela and his thugs had their way, they would murder us in our beds.

DEFENSE LAWYER

Objection, my Lord. That is outrageous conjecture!

DE VRIES

It's the truth! Ask him!

The JUDGE turns to the PROSECUTOR.

JUDGE RUMPFF

Mr Prosecutor?!

The prosecutor is embarrassed, fidgets with his files.

JUDGE RUMPFF (CONT'D)

Gentleman, in my chambers please...

This Court is adjourned.

72

INT. NELSON'S BUICK - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

72

Nelson and Winnie drive along a scenic dirt road. Winnie stares out the window, dejected.

WINNIE

Will they put you in prison?

NELSON MANDELA

(shakes his head)

The State doesn't have enough evidence.

WINNIE

Oh Nelson, are you sure?

NELSON MANDELA

Have we set off any bombs? Have we shot anyone? Ours is a campaign of non-violent defiance.

WINNIE

That Major De Vries, he's a nasty one. Dangerous.

NELSON MANDELA

Yes, he'd like us to burn down Parliament or attack Pretoria so that he can start a war. But we're not going to. We're simply asking to be treated like human beings with equal rights. Not like third-class citizens in our own country.

Suddenly, he pulls off onto the side of the road.

WINNIE

Why are we stopping?

He switches off the engine.

NELSON MANDELA

You know Rose, whose husband is  
also on trial with us?

WINNIE

(hesitant)

Yes...?

NELSON MANDELA

I believe she's an excellent  
seamstress.

WINNIE starts to protest.

WINNIE

I thought you liked my dresses!

He smiles.

NELSON MANDELA

I'm told she makes the best wedding  
dresses in Johannesburg.

A proposal of marriage- Winnie is shocked, but then allows  
herself a smile.

WINNIE

Marry a boxer? Never.

73

EXT. METHODIST CHURCH - BIZANA - DAY

73

Amidst traditional music, Nelson and Winnie emerge from the  
little corrugated iron church. Winnie looks resplendent in a  
white wedding dress. Nelson looks dashing in a tailored suit.  
A great cheer erupts from the crowd of GUESTS.

Maj DE VRIES and his men, in PLAINCLOTHES CARS, lurk in the  
background. Winnie notices them, but chooses to ignore their  
presence.

The bridal couple get into a car festooned with ANC colours  
and drive off to the reception.

74 INT. NELSON'S BUICK - BIZANA - DAY

74

Seated in the back, they kiss, just as one of the POLICEMEN takes a photograph from the open window of the police car.

75 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - BIZANA - DAY

75

It is a typical Xhosa wedding, intertwined with European elements. Winnie and Nelson sit at a long table, loaded with dishes and a fabulous wedding cake. Winnie carefully cuts out a slice of cake, then places it on a strip of wax paper. She starts folding it up with care.

NELSON MANDELA

What are you doing?

WINNIE

I shall treasure this for the rest of my life...

WEDDING GUEST

A Speech! A Speech!

Other wedding GUESTS take up the chant.

EVERYONE

Speech! Speech!

Nelson whispers to Winnie. She stands up.

WINNIE

My husband has just informed me that you will be spared the boring bridegroom speech because, as you know, he is banned from addressing public meetings!

Nelson grins and everyone applauds.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

But, of course, I am not banned. So please rise, and drink a toast to my husband the boxer. To Nelson Mandela, the most courageous of men!

A BAND strikes up and the guests start to sing Nkosi Sikelel' I'Afrika. Everyone stands and sings with passion. Nelson looks at his radiant new wife with pride and love. The band segues into a waltz, and Nelson leads Winnie onto the dance floor. She is a much better dancer than before.

The POLICEMEN are sitting in their car, the doors and windows open due to the heat. One of the GUESTS cheekily approaches them with a tray of cooldrinks! (Note: They are in enamel cups). The POLICEMEN readily accept until DE VRIES interjects angrily:

DE VRIES

What the bloody hell do you think  
you're doing, Sergeant?!

POLICEMAN

It's...hot, Major.

DE VRIES

You want to drink out of the same  
cups that they do?!

The POLICEMAN, about to take a sip, quickly puts down the CUP.

76

LATER:

76

The party is in full swing. Nelson is doing an African dance with Makhulu. Winnie sits at the main table with Columbus.

COLUMBUS

You have chosen well, my daughter.  
I know and respect this man. He  
dreams of freedom for us all. But  
he is now on trial for his life...?

WINNIE

All the more reason that I should  
be by his side.

COLUMBUS

He is on a dangerous path.

WINNIE

And I will walk it with him,  
Father.

77 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY

77

Nelson's Buick pulls up in front of a modest little house in Orlando West, a suburb of Soweto. The car is laden with gifts, including some live chickens in a box on Winnie's lap.

NELSON MANDELA

Not exactly Buckingham Palace, but  
welcome to your new castle!

WINNIE

Oh Nelson, I'd live in a tree with  
you! Come, I can't wait.

She starts to get out of the car.

NELSON MANDELA

Wait, let me help you!

Nelson hurries around to her side of the car. He lifts her up, intending to carry her over the threshold of the house.

WINNIE

Nelson, wait! The chickens!

The box overturns and the chickens scatter across the road. Winnie jumps from his arms, runs after the chickens. Nelson joins the chase and together they "recoup" the chickens. Nelson then picks her up, carries her to the front door. They both laugh as Winnie holds onto the box of chickens.

78 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

78

Winnie is asleep in Nelson's arms. A flashlight lights up the box of chickens. A police boot kicks the box and the chickens dart across the yard. Loud knocking at the front door. Nelson gets up, wearing his boxer shorts. Winnie cowers in bed.

NELSON MANDELA

Who is it?

The knocking persists.



NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

POLICE (V.O.)

SAP! Maak oop! Open up!

Nelson opens the front door and is pushed aside by POLICEMEN.

NELSON MANDELA

You can't just... Where's your warrant?

POLICEMAN #1

The lawyer wants to see the warrant.

MAJOR DE VRIES steps in front of Nelson.

DE VRIES

What warrant, would that be?

DE VRIES removes a document from his pocket.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

Here. Your very own Freedom Charter. It's the only warrant we need.

He drops it on the floor. POLICEMAN #3 bursts into the bedroom, shining a flashlight in Winnie's face.

POLICEMAN #3

Wie is jy?! (Who are you?!)

POLICEMAN #1

Seker 'n hoer! (Probably a whore!)

Nelson walks to the rather short POLICEMAN #1.

NELSON MANDELA

Do not dare speak to my wife like that!

POLICEMAN #3 rounds on Nelson.

POLICEMAN #3

What you going to do about it,  
kaffer!?

Nelson raises his fists instinctively. The other policemen surround him threateningly, their hands on their holsters.

POLICEMAN #1

(to Nelson)

Go for it!

Winnie, scared, pulls the blankets up to her chin. But Nelson doesn't rise to the bait. He lowers his fists.

DE VRIES

No wonder a few Boers in oxwagons  
defeated you people. No backbone.

(to his men)

Search the house!

Nelson sits down on the bed to console a distraught Winnie.

NELSON MANDELA

Ignore them. They'll be...

A loud noise in the kitchen. Winnie rushes from the bedroom in her night dress.

WINNIE (V.O.)

No! Oh my God!

NELSON MANDELA

Wait! Winnie, stop!

79

INT. KITCHEN - #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

79

Drawers stand open; some broken crockery on the floor. Winnie rushes past POLICEMAN #1 standing in the doorway.

POLICEMAN #1

Where do you think you're going?!

Winnie ignores the question, goes to the kitchen cupboard, stands on tiptoes and takes down a tin box.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Put that down!

Nelson enters with DE VRIES.

NELSON MANDELA

What is going on here?

Winnie looks at POLICEMAN #1, slowly opens the tin box.

POLICEMAN #1 draws his revolver, aims it at Winnie.

POLICEMAN #1

Drop it!

Winnie drops the tin box onto the kitchen table. The slice of wedding cake spills out.

DE VRIES picks it up, assesses it.

WINNIE

(pleading)

Please. It's my wedding cake.

DE VRIES smiles and takes a huge bite.

DE VRIES

Not bad.

WINNIE goes crazy- she lunges for DE VRIES, but NELSON manages to pull her back, out of harm's way.

Nelson's eyes lock with those of DE VRIES- the look in his eyes completely unnerves De Vries. He puts the cake down. Winnie rescues what remains of it.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

Come, men, let's go.

The front door closes as WINNIE tries to save her cake..

80

EXT BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL DAY

80

Establishing shot of the ever-busy Baragwanath Hospital.

81 INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY 81

Winnie, pregnant, is busy working as a COLLEAGUE approaches.

COLLEAGUE

Superintendent wants to see you.

WINNIE

Why?

The colleague shrugs, turns and walks away.

82 INT. OFFICE - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY 82

Winnie stands before the all-white Hospital EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. She tries to remain calm, dignified.

WINNIE

You have no right to do this.

SUPERINTENDENT

Our hands are tied.

WINNIE

Tied? Tied?! You are doctors! Not government stooges!

The Committee just stare back at her.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

What about all these children that need nursing and caring?

Suddenly she winces in pain, clutching her abdomen. The young white doctor moves to help her, but she shoves him away.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Leave me alone!

83 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT 83

Nelson tries to comfort his wife at the kitchen table.

WINNIE

Can they just fire me without a reason?!

NELSON MANDELA

Yes. You're the wife of Nelson  
Mandela.

He hugs her close.

He caresses her pregnant stomach tenderly, smiling.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Think of it as maternity leave.

A car horn sounds outside.

WINNIE

I wish you weren't going! I have a  
feeling that our child will be here  
before you return.

Nelson stands, picks up a suitcase.

NELSON MANDELA

I'll be back next Friday.

WINNIE

Drive carefully. Those country  
roads are dangerous.

He hugs her and leaves.

84

INT. ROOM - BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY

84

A NURSING SISTER puts a BABY GIRL in Winnie's arms.

WINNIE

Oh your daddy will be so proud!

The baby gurgles.

NURSING SISTER

Where is the father?

WINNIE

He's away.

The nursing sister nods sympathetically.

NURSING SISTER

It must be difficult.

WINNIE

What?

NURSING SISTER

Being married to such a man.

Winnie holds up her baby proudly.

WINNIE

My husband is out there, fighting  
to ensure that when she grows up,  
she can have a normal life.

(smiles)

So, no, not difficult at all.

85 EXT. CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 85

A run-down but quaint building in downtown Johannesburg.

TITLE OVER: Child Welfare Society, Johannesburg

86 INT. CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 86

Winnie is being shown around by the WOMAN we've met before,  
when the two gossips were being rude about WINNIE's dress.

MARY BOTHA

As you can see, our resources are  
limited, but we do the best we can.

Winnie sees many CHILDREN and lots of activity. Everything  
seems to be running smoothly.

WINNIE

It looks like you're doing an  
excellent job.

MARY BOTHA

Thank you.

WINNIE

Are you not frightened?

MARY BOTHA  
Frightened? Of what?

WINNIE  
Of hiring me?

MARY BOTHA  
(laughing)  
Because you're Nelson Mandela's  
wife?

WINNIE frowns.

WINNIE  
How did you know?

MARY BOTHA  
How could I not?! In fact, we've  
met before.

WINNIE  
We have?

MARY BOTHA  
Well, not met actually, but I was  
at that meeting in Jeppe where your  
husband gave one of his passionate  
speeches.

WINNIE's face lights up, remembering.

WINNIE  
The red dress!

MARY nods and smiles.

MARY BOTHA  
It would be a privilege to have you  
working here.

WINNIE  
They can be very...persuasive.

MARY BOTHA  
So can I, Winnie, so can I.

87 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

87

It's late. Nelson and his comrades are talking and  
strategizing in the smoky living-room.

Nelson gets up, goes to the kitchen where Winnie is making tea for them. He comes up behind her, nuzzling her neck.

NELSON MANDELA

Don't worry, they'll be leaving soon.

WINNIE

Hmmm. I heard that one before.

He continues to nuzzle her neck.

NELSON MANDELA

Half an hour.

He kisses her some more.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Then we can see about giving Zeni a brother. Or sister. Or both.

Oliver enters the kitchen unseen.

OLIVER (V.O.)

Nel... Oh, sorry.

They turn. Winnie smiles at Oliver.

WINNIE

Just making you some tea, Oliver.

OLIVER

That's very kind of you, but we've taken up enough of your time.

WINNIE

Tell Adelaide I miss her.

Oliver turns back to his comrades.

OLIVER

Come guys, let's go. Nelson's a family man now.



88 INT. CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 88

Winnie, looking tired, works at a desk piled high with case folders. Mary approaches in a hurry. Adelaide is with her. They look worried.

WINNIE

What's the matter?

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Turn on the radio!

Mary does so. News report of a police shooting in Sharpeville. The three women listen in shock and horror.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Sharpeville Massacre, 21 March 1960

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

Eyewitnesses report the police opened fire without giving sufficient warning. Sixty-nine people, including women and children, have been killed, with scores more wounded. Reaction from world leaders has been swift: Unanimous condemnation for what increasingly appears to have been a massacre of civilians.

WINNIE

We must go to Baragwanath Hospital. They will need our help.

89 INT. BARAGWANATH HOSPITAL - DAY 89

WOUNDED PEOPLE fill the entrance hall and corridors. Ambulance sirens can be heard. Winnie, Adelaide and Mary help attend the wounded. Winnie, covered in blood, looks up at Mary with a haunted expression.

WINNIE

Most of these people have been shot in the back.

MARY BOTHA

My God, have they all gone mad!  
Today I am ashamed of my race.

90 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.A. POLICE HQ - DAY 90

Lieutenant-Colonel DE VRIES addresses a group of OFFICERS and CIVILIANS. NOTE: This should be in Afrikaans, with subtitles.

DE VRIES

This Sharpeville thing is a press disaster for us. It's all over the world. Ja, Afrikaners are being portrayed as monsters. No one thinks of those few policemen, surrounded in their station, with rocks flying at them...!

He shakes his head in disgust.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

The Blacks currently have the moral high ground. We have to move quickly. Get their leaders before they can gather momentum. Ja. Kick them where it hurts most!

91 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY 91

Winnie, with Zeni at her side, watches from the doorway as Nelson hastily packs a suitcase.

WINNIE

My father warned me this day would come. I just didn't know it would be so soon.

Nelson snaps the locks shut. Winnie rushes into his arms.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Always remember that I love you,  
and in my heart, I'm with you, no matter where you are.

NELSON MANDELA

Look after my daughters...

(smiles bravely)

And please take care of my wife.

A car honks impatiently. He snatches up the suitcase, kisses her on the forehead, and leaves. A door closes. Winnie sits down and finally allows herself to cry.

92

MONTAGE:

92

1. Nelson addresses the Organization of African Unity.
2. Nelson meets with Oliver in London.
3. Nelson meets European Heads of State.
4. Nelson back in South Africa, in varying disguises.
5. Police cars traversing the countryside.
6. Lt-Col DE VRIES on newsreel footage:

LT-COL DE VRIES

Some of the world's leaders see this Mandela through rose-tinted glasses. A grave error. He is not only a very dangerous native, but a dyed-in-the-wool communist!

93

INT. CINEMA HALL - TOWNSHIP - DAY

93

Lt-Col DE VRIES's image starts to flicker and die as the film projector malfunctions. The house lights come on. The AUDIENCE start to grumble, but as Nelson walks onto the stage, they recognise him and start chanting his name:

AUDIENCE

Mandela! Mandela! Mandela!

Nelson calls for silence, then addresses the audience.

NELSON MANDELA

There can come a time when a man is denied the right to live a normal life!

(MORE)

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

When he can only live the life of  
an outlaw! Comrades, we must never  
give up the struggle for our  
freedom! We must continue until we  
get one man, one vote!

He raises his fist in the Black Power salute:

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Amandla!

The audience rise and return the salute en masse:

AUDIENCE

Ngawethu!

94

EXT. CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DUSK

94

Winnie emerges from the building, walks to the green Packard  
parked nearby and gets in. Suddenly a hand reaches over from  
the back seat and covers her mouth. She panics instantly.

NELSON MANDELA

Shh, Winnie! It's me! Nelson! Shh,  
you're safe! Shhh!

She looks back at him, wide-eyed. He is disguised as a tramp  
with unkempt hair and beard. He slowly lets go of her.

WINNIE

Nelson! Nelson, how...?!

NELSON MANDELA

Spare key from the office. I am so  
sorry I frightened you!

She reaches back and puts her arms around his neck.

WINNIE

Oh Nelson! You're safe!

They kiss passionately. She breaks the kiss.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Come home with me, just for  
tonight! The children miss you! I  
miss...

NELSON MANDELA

The house will be watched! They're  
looking for me. Everywhere..

He kisses her tenderly.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

The hardest part of all is being  
away from you...

He suddenly breaks the kiss as A COUPLE pass by, albeit  
without noticing them in the car. Nelson is instantly on  
edge.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I...I have to leave the country...

WINNIE

No! Please God, Nelson, no!

NELSON MANDELA

It is the only way.

WINNIE

In my heart I am always with you.  
I'll wait for you! Wherever you go!

NELSON MANDELA

I must go.

He squeezes her hand one last time.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Kiss the little ones for me.

He checks the area, then gets out of the car and disappears  
into the gathering night. Winnie watches him go.

95

EXT. ROAD - HOWICK, NATAL - NIGHT

95

TITLE OVER: Howick, Natal, 5 August 1962

A police roadblock on a deserted country road. A smart-  
looking car approaches in the distance.

96 INT. SMART CAR - NIGHT

96

Nelson, disguised as the chauffeur, glances in the rear-view mirror at a white man and comrade, CECIL WILLIAMS, seated in the back. He puts a re-assuring hand on Nelson's shoulder.

CECIL WILLIAMS

Easy does it. We'll bluff our way  
through, like always.

Nelson slows the car down, stops at the roadblock. POLICEMEN approach. Nelson looks dead ahead as a policeman shines a torch in his face. The policeman grins noticeably.

POLICEMAN

Good evening, Mr Mandela.

97 INT. COURTROOM - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY

97

The ACCUSED in the Rivonia Trial sit in a packed courtroom. Suddenly, ululating and cheering in the gallery above. Winnie enters the gallery, resplendent in beaded headdress and ankle-length dress in the ANC colours.

JUSTICE DE WET

(bangs his gavel)

Order! Order in Court...! Any  
person who causes disruption to  
this Court, no matter who he, or  
she, may be, will be removed from  
this courtroom! Permanently!

Winnie's eyes lock with Nelson's in the dock below. Nelson nods at his wife. She nods back, fierce and determined.

LT COLONEL DE VRIES is also there, looking smug and satisfied...

98 INT. VISITING ROOM - JOHANNESBURG JAIL - NIGHT

98

Winnie sits opposite Nelson at a table. He smiles.

NELSON MANDELA

I guess I ran out of disguises.

Winnie's face shows her concern. Nelson gets quietly serious.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Winnie...

WINNIE

Yes, my love?

NELSON MANDELA

The death sentence. If it comes...

He trails off.

WINNIE

What?

NELSON MANDELA

We will not appeal it.

Winnie is appalled.

WINNIE

But...

NELSON MANDELA

We will not appeal it.

She understands with reluctance, nodding her head slowly.

99 INT. COURTROOM - SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY 99

As in the opening scenes, Judge de Wet bangs his gavel:

JUDGE DE WET

...life imprisonment!

NELSON MANDELA is hustled away, leaving a devastated WINNIE frozen to the spot. People try to console her, but she's lost in a swirl of appalling emotions.

100 EXT. SUPREME COURT - PRETORIA - DAY 100

Winnie emerges from the court and is immediately surrounded by JOURNALISTS vying for her attention. Peter Magubane is taking photos amongst the other photographers.

## AMERICAN REPORTER

Mrs Mandela, what are your plans,  
now that your husband has been  
sentenced to life in prison?

Winnie doesn't answer at first, but then her eyes lock  
with....LT-COLONEL DE VRIES, watching her from the crowded  
steps. He acknowledges her with a small smile of victory.

She steels herself and turns back to the REPORTER with a  
sudden, new found tone of defiance in her voice.

## WINNIE

I will not allow the selfless  
efforts of my husband and his  
friends to be abandoned. I will  
continue their struggle for a free  
and equal South Africa...

CUT TO:

101 MONTAGE:

101

WINNIE is trying to carry on, regardless. We see her:

1. Winnie is distributing pamphlets.
2. Winnie is addressing small groups of women.
3. Winnie is talking to Peter as he photographs her and other  
women with protest placards: "NO JUSTICE", "END APARTHEID",  
"1 MAN 1 VOTE", "FREEDOM FOR ALL"...

102 INT #8155 ORLANDO WEST DAY

102

WINNIE enters her small "matchbox" house. "Small" it might  
be, but it feels huge and empty.

She stands there desolately as we dissolve into a tracking  
shot of her writing a letter to NELSON...

## WINNIE

(voice over)

I don't even know if this letter  
will ever reach you, whether you  
will ever read it, whether they'll  
even allow you to read it.

(MORE)



WINNIE (CONT'D)

Hell must be like life without you.  
I know now that loneliness is worse  
than fear-I would sooner the door  
was being kicked in and they  
conduct one of their searches.  
Anything, other than being away  
from you... Oh Nelson, I miss you  
so.

103 INT. POLICE STATION - JOHANNESBURG - DAY

103

Winnie complains bitterly to a low-ranking POLICE SARGEANT.

WINNIE

(exasperated)

My husband is allowed one visitor  
and one letter every six months.

POLICE SARGEANT

Mrs Mandela, there are procedures.  
First, you put in an application-

WINNIE

I've done that!

POLICE CAPTAIN

-and then it gets sent to Pretoria,  
where it's reviewed. Then it gets  
sent to the Supreme Court, where a  
Judge-

Winnie breaks down, whimpering.

WINNIE

Please. He's my husband. I haven't  
seen him for almost a year...

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sorry, Mrs Mandela. I'll call.

104 EXT. POLICE FERRY - TABLE BAY - DAY

104

The bow of a ferry cuts through a heavy swell. Winnie is sea-sick. She hurls her lunch all over the deck. One of the TWO POLICEMEN guarding her is forced to jump out the way.

POLICEMAN #1

Nee, fok!

POLICEMAN #2 laughs. Winnie stares ahead to Robben Island.

TITLE OVER: Robben Island Prison, 10 kilometres from Cape Town

105 EXT. FERRY DOCK - ROBBEN ISLAND - DAY 105

The TWO POLICEMEN lead Winnie off the ferry.

106 EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY 106

Winnie is escorted by the TWO POLICEMEN. She sees PRISONERS toiling away in the sun. Suddenly she sees Nelson; he doesn't see her. He has the number 466/64 on the back of his overall. Winnie hesitates, but her police escort nudges her along.

POLICEMAN #1

Keep moving!

She continues walking, turning to look at Nelson a few times.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY 107

Winnie is led down a corridor of opening and closing steel gates. She arrives at a steel door marked "MAXIMUM SECURITY".

108 INT. BODY SEARCH ROOM - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY 108

Winnie is in her underwear, spread-eagled, facing a wall. A FEMALE WARDEN tugs at the elastic of her underwear.

FEMALE WARDEN

Everything off.

Close on Winnie's face as she freezes in shock.

FEMALE WARDEN (CONT'D)

You want to see him or not?

Winnie turns her back and slowly undresses.

109

INT. VISITING ROOM - ROBBER ISLAND PRISON - DAY

109

Nelson sits behind thick glass as Winnie enters. He stands, touching the glass. Winnie touches the glass on her side. A PRISON GUARD sits at a table nearby.

PRISON GUARD

You have fifteen minutes. No political talk, and no whispering, or I will terminate the visit immediately. Understood?

Winnie doesn't answer. She stares into her husband's eyes.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

UNDERSTOOD?!

Startled, Winnie nods her head.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Now sit down!

Nelson and Winnie both sit down. They look at each other, not knowing what to say. Then they both talk at once.

WINNIE

I've been trying...

NELSON MANDELA

I'm sorry this is... You first.

WINNIE

I've been trying to get permission to see you for months. The British Ambassador had to intervene-

PRISON GUARD

No political talk!

NELSON MANDELA

I have heard about the trouble you are having at home. I've asked...

PRISON GUARD

No political talk!

Nelson stops, turns to the guard.

NELSON MANDELA

Is there anything we can discuss?

The guard just looks at him. Nelson turns back to Winnie, frustrated, whispering:

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Oh, Winnie... I miss you so very much... in every way a man could miss a woman.

PRISON GUARD

No whispering!

She puts a hand on the glass, whispers:

WINNIE

I miss you, too. In every way.

PRISON GUARD

I said no whispering!

Winnie turns to the guard with a withering look.

WINNIE

We are talking about love!  
Something you know nothing about!

PRISON GUARD

You think you're clever, hey?  
That's it. Visit over.

Winnie puts her hands on the glass. Nelson does likewise.

NELSON MANDELA

(isiXhosa; subtitled)

Tell them they must never give up.

WINNIE

I will. And Nelson, I'll wait.  
Forever, if I have to.

PRISON GUARD

The visit is over! Come!

The guard leads Winnie from the room.

110 EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY 110

Nelson, in the hot sun, swings the hammer with controlled fury. The limestone explodes. Again he swings. Again.

111 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 111

Lunchtime. The restaurant is full. The MANAGER tries to prevent Winnie from entering.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

Excuse me, excuse me! You can't  
come in here! It's whites only!

Winnie forces her way past the manager and goes to a table where TWO MIDDLE-AGED WHITE MEN are eating. She throws a newspaper on the table in front of them.

WINNIE

This is unacceptable!

The men look up.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

You call yourselves journalists?  
You should be ashamed of  
yourselves!

The manager tries to manhandle Winnie toward the exit.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me!

RESTAURANT MANAGER

That's it! I'm calling the police!

WINNIE

You do that!

Winnie glances toward the door. Peter enters quickly with his camera. He captures the following scene.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

By this time tomorrow, the whole world will know...

JOURNALIST #1

What the hell do you want?!

WINNIE

You mentioned my husband's name twice in the whole of last year! Twice!!

Having glanced at the newspaper, the men recognise her.

JOURNALIST #2

Mrs Mandela...

WINNIE

Don't Mrs Mandela me! You are the only liberal newspaper left in the country, yet you can't be bothered anymore to write about the miscarriage of justice which put my husband on Robben Island for the rest of his life!

JOURNALIST #1

It's not that...

WINNIE

No?! How is it then?! Ah, to hell with you, spineless cowards!

Winnie walks briskly toward the exit. She passes the distraught manager on her way out.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Out of my way!

Peter follows Winnie out of the restaurant.

112

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.A. POLICE HQ - DAY

112

Col DE VRIES and some MEN IN SUITS are having a meeting.

## MAN IN SUIT

Putting Nelson Mandela on Robben Island was the best thing we ever did. Ja. Much more effective than hanging him. Out of sight is out of mind. But that bloody wife of his... Look, yesterday's London Times.

HEADLINE: WINNIE MANDELA SHAMES SA PRESS

## COL DE VRIES

Ja. She's been stirring up the foreign press... Gentlemen, we have to break her spirit, once and for all.

113 EXT. ELEMENTARY CONVENT SCHOOL - DAY

113

Zeni and ZINDZI (Zeni's younger sister), in their school uniforms, stand waiting with a NUN. Zindzi looks very vulnerable with her tiny case. She's crying. Winnie arrives hurriedly in a battered old car. She gets out and rushes to her daughters, hugging Zindzi.

## WINNIE

Don't cry, Zindzi. Don't cry, my dear. We'll find you another school. You'll have new friends.

Winnie straightens and looks at the nun.

## NUN

School Inspectors came this morning. They talked with Mother Superior.

## WINNIE

They're little children! What threat can they possibly be?

## NUN

I am sorry. The Inspectors said they would investigate our overseas funding. That could delay...

WINNIE

It is because Nelson Mandela is  
their father...! And you call  
yourselves Christians?!

She takes her children by their tiny hands and leads them  
toward her car. The nun turns, walks away, her head bowed.

114 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY

114

Winnie is about to drive away in her car when a police van  
stops in front of her. TWO POLICEMEN get out and approach.

WINNIE

Do you mind? You're blocking my  
way!

POLICEMAN #1 hands her a document.

POLICEMAN #1

You're not going anywhere.

Winnie scans the document.

WINNIE

What is this?

POLICEMAN #2

You have been issued with a banning  
order.

WINNIE

Why?

POLICEMAN #1

This order restricts you to your  
home district, Orlando West, for a  
period of five years.

WINNIE

What...?! Five years?!

POLICEMAN #1

That is correct.



WINNIE

I can't even drive to Johannesburg?

POLICEMAN #2

That is correct.

WINNIE

When does it start?

POLICEMAN #1

At midnight on Monday.

115 INT. OFFICE - CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 115

Mary works at her desk when Winnie walks in. Winnie puts a piece of paper on the desk. Mary picks it up.

MARY BOTHA

Why? What's this?

WINNIE

My resignation.

MARY BOTHA

I don't understand.

WINNIE

I've been banned.

MARY BOTHA

Banned?

WINNIE

Restricted to Orlando West. I'm not allowed to leave that district or I will be thrown in jail.

Mary gets up and hugs her.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for all your support. I will miss you, and the children.

MARY BOTHA

Oh, this is so unfair! So unfair!

116 INT. LAUNDRY - ORLANDO WEST - DAY

116

Winnie works diligently in the hot, steamy environment. The OWNER, a slimy guy, approaches her in the back room.

OWNER

Here.

He hands her an envelope.

WINNIE

What's this?

OWNER

Your wages.

WINNIE

But it's not the end of the month?

She stops, realising.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Of course. They paid you a visit,  
didn't they?

He shrugs.

OWNER

I'd be risking my licence, keeping  
you on. But...

WINNIE

But what?

He leans forward and touches her arm.

OWNER

...we could always come to some  
sort of arrangement...

She throws a load of wet washing at him and storms out.

117 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DUSK

117

Winnie enters the house. Zindzi's small hand clutches her finger as she skips alongside. Winnie bends down and picks up an envelope that has been pushed under the door.

ZINDZI

What is it, ma?

WINNIE

An invitation to address the women of Soweto.

118 INT. SMALL HALL - SOWETO - DAY

118

Winnie addresses a small hall packed with WOMEN. She's full of passion and fierce determination.

WINNIE

They think because they've put my husband on an island, that he will be forgotten?!

CUT TO: A larger hall, a LARGER AUDIENCE.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

They are wrong! The harder they try to silence him, the louder I will become! Nelson Mandela's dream of a free society, rid of Apartheid, will be kept alive!

CUT TO: An even larger hall, an even LARGER AUDIENCE.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

We, the women of Africa, will make this dream a reality! To those who oppose us, we say: Strike the woman, and you strike the rock!

The WOMEN applaud fervently.

WOMEN

Yes! Yes! Amandla!

They raise their fists in the Black Power salute. Winnie is amazed. Slowly, she too, raises her arm.

WINNIE

Amandla...! Amandla!

119 INT. APARTMENT - LONDON - NIGHT

119

Oliver is in his study when Adelaide pops her head around the corner.

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Oliver, come look at this!

He follows her into the living-room. She turns up the television's volume to show South African police teargassing crowds, chasing rioters, etc.

BBC NEWS READER (V.O.)

A new voice has joined the cry for  
social justice in racially divided  
South Africa.

Winnie comes on screen, addressing a gathering of WOMEN.

BBC NEWS READER (CONT'D)

Mrs Winnie Mandela has vowed to  
keep alive that flame of freedom,  
lit by her husband Nelson, who is  
currently serving life in prison  
for alledgedly conspiring to  
overthrow the Apartheid State...

ADELAIDE TAMBO

Oh, Winnie! I am so proud of you!

A worried frown creases TAMBO's brow.

OLIVER TAMBO

I thought you said she was not  
political?

ADELAIDE TAMBO

It seems I was wrong.

120 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT 120

The front door crashes open.

121 INT. BEDROOM - #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT 121

Winnie sits up in bed. Zeni and Zindzi start crying. A POLICE WARRANT OFFICER enters, followed by TWO POLICEMEN.

WARRANT OFFICER

Take her away.

Winnie screams as they drag her off, away from her children.

122 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT 122

Winnie fights the TWO POLICEMEN as they drag her to a van.

WINNIE

(shouting to neighbours)

Look after my children, somebody!

Please, take care of my babies!

The policemen shove Winnie into the back of the van.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

MY CHILDREN!

The van's door slams shut. It roars away. Zeni and Zindzi stand crying. NELLIE MATABOGI, Winnie's neighbour, rushes over to comfort them.

123 INT. WINNIE'S CELL - PRISON 123

Winnie is led into a small, windowless cement cell (4x3 paces), lit by one naked light bulb hanging from the cement ceiling. This light is always on. The cell contains three vermin-infested blankets, coir mat (bed), plastic water bottle, mug and sanitary bucket (without handle).

FEMALE WARDEN

(reading from a document)

You are being detained under  
Section 6 of the Terrorism Act.

WINNIE

My children? Where are my children?

FEMALE WARDEN

You are suspected of committing acts that endanger the maintenance of law and order, or of inciting other people to commit such acts.

WINNIE

MY CHILDREN! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY CHILDREN!

A FEMALE WARDEN slams the cell door shut. It bears a sign: SOLITARY 3. Winnie crumples to the ground, sobbing.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO-

The SAME ANGLE but a SUPER that reads: 200 DAYS LATER

124 MONTAGE: INT. WINNIE'S CELL - PRISON

124

1. Winnie is huddled in a corner. Sleep deprivation, poor nutrition and despair have made her look old.

2. Winnie is staring at some ants that scurry along the floor. She takes a bread crumb and holds it toward an ant.

WINNIE

Here. Remember, you're not to eat it.

The ant takes it!

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Good. Now go left. No, left! Your family is over there!

The ant goes left and into a hole. She offers a crumb to another ant. The ants seem to be listening to her!

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Careful. Take this to your husband, but don't let anyone see it. Quickly!

The ant scampers off, running along the wall, disappearing into a small hole.

FEMALE WARDEN (V.O.)

Who are you talking to?!

Winnie holds a finger to her lips.

WINNIE

Sshh!

She hesitates, then begins reciting Shakespeare.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's  
day. Thou art-

A sudden rap of a baton on the steel door. The ants scatter.

FEMALE WARDEN (V.O.)

Silence!!

WINNIE

...and more temperate. Rough winds  
do shake the darling buds of  
May...and summer's lease...

FEMALE WARDEN (V.O.)

I SAID, NO TALKING!!

3. Winnie wakes with a start as the door bursts open and she is dragged out by TWO MALE WARDENS.

125 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

125

Winnie, obviously sleep deprived, stands under a naked lightbulb, balancing on the THIN EDGE OF A BRICK (which is cutting into her feet). A RED-FACED POLICE INTERROGATOR stands inches from her. This is MAJOR PRINSLOO. The female warden stands in a corner.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

In this country, communists and  
their wives have no rights!

WINNIE

I have rights. Where are my  
letters? Please, I have...

MAJOR PRINSLOO

You think you're special because  
you're married to that kaffer who  
thinks he's smarter than all of us?

She whispers something, but it is barely a mumble.

WINNIE

"Should...should...I compare  
thee..."

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Huh?!

WINNIE

"...to a summer's day...

MAJOR PRINSLOO

(Subtitles)

What is that shit?!

The FEMALE WARDEN pipes up.

FEMALE WARDEN

I think it's poetry, lieutenant.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Poetry?!

Dead tired, Winnie sways and crumples to the floor.

MAJOR PRINSLOO (CONT'D)

Did I say you could sit down?!

MAJOR PRINSLOO hauls her up. Winnie falls, hitting her head  
against the wall. She passes out. The female warden throws a  
bucket of cold water over her. Winnie wakes, startled.

126

INT. WINNIE'S CELL - PRISON

126

Winnie is on her knees, her face close to the floor. A few  
ants look at her, then at a bread crumb.



WINNIE

Now listen carefully and say after  
me...

FEMALE WARDEN

No talking!

WINNIE

(whispers)

Shh! Softly! Repeat after me...

The ants keep looking at her.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

So long as men can breathe or eyes  
can see, so long lives this, and  
this gives life to thee.

FEMALE WARDEN

NO TALKING!

WINNIE

(whispers)

Good, but you must practise more.

She divides the bread crumb into two, feeds it to the ants.

127 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

127

Winnie, severely sleep deprived, stands under a naked light  
bulb. MAJOR PRINSLOO sits opposite her at a table. Again, the  
female warden stands in a corner.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

We know about your telephone  
conversations with Oliver Tambo!

WINNIE

What conversations?

MAJOR PRINSLOO

We recorded them all, so don't lie!  
Tell me what you talked about!

WINNIE

You recorded them. Why do you want  
me to tell you?

COLONEL DE VRIES watches from the other side of a TWO WAY  
MIRROR.

MAJOR PRINSLOO gets up in a flash, clearly annoyed.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

We talked about overthrowing your  
Government, about chasing all of  
you into the sea!

MAJOR PRINSLOO

You think you're funny? Well, we'll  
see about that.

(to FEMALE WARDEN)

Vat haar weg! (Take her away!)

The female warden escorts Winnie from the room.

COLONEL DE VRIES continues to watch from behind the two way  
glass.

128 EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY 128

Nelson and his fellow PRISONERS are hard at work in the sun.  
An INDIAN PRISONER is talking to Nelson, with one eye on the  
GUARDS.

PRISONER

My source says she's still in  
solitary.

NELSON MANDELA

It's been eight months!

Nelson says this a little too loudly.

PRISON GUARD

Hey, Mandela, shut your mouth!

As the guard turns away, Nelson asks his fellow prisoner:

NELSON MANDELA

What do they want from her?

The INDIAN PRISONER shrugs.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I wish there was some way I could  
send her some...encouragement.

The OTHER PRISONER thinks for a moment.

PRISONER

Maybe there is...

The guard is again alerted by their voices. He hurries over.

PRISON GUARD

Another word, and you'll both be  
here all night.

Nelson again hammers the limestone with controlled fury.

129 INT. WINNIE'S CELL - PRISON

129

Winnie is pacing the length of her cell:

WINNIE

One, two, three, four.

Then the width:

WINNIE (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

She repeats it several times. Suddenly the door opens. A MALE PRISONER hurriedly returns Winnie's sanitary bucket. The door clangs shut. As Winnie moves to retrieve it, she spots some silver cigarette packet paper in the bucket.

Somewhat disgusted, she takes it out, unfolds it to reveal a scrawled message: "REMEMBER: YOU ARE THE MOTHER OF THE NATION! I PRAY FOR YOU EVERY DAY - N". Tears stream from her eyes as she clutches the note.

130 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

130

Winnie is seated at a table. She hasn't slept for days. Her elbow is on the table as she tries to prop up her head. DE VRIES looms over her now...

DE VRIES

You want to be released? It's simple. Go on radio, tell your husband's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, to lay down their arms. And tell the ANC's leaders, like your friend Oliver Tambo hiding in London, to start talking sense to the Government.

Winnie can barely see or hear him, she's so bone-tired.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

In fact, we will fly you by helicopter to Robben Island, to see your husband, and you can stay in a nice little cottage with a sea-view, cook for him and the Prime Minister, while the two of them talk about jointly ruling South Africa... How does that sound?

Her head slips out of her hands and hits the table with a thud. DE VRIES's smile disappears.

131 INT. WINNIE'S CELL - PRISON

131

Winnie is lying on the cold floor of her cell. An ant scurries across the floor and stops in front of her. It seems to contemplate her. A small smile crosses Winnie's face.

WINNIE

Hello, my friend.

The ant just looks at her, its feelers trembling.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

What? No Shakespeare today? Please, just one line.

Suddenly the silence is pierced by the blood-curdling screams of a man being tortured. Winnie starts to sing Nkosi Sikelel' I'Afrika. Her voice is weak at first. Then she sings louder, and louder! The man's tortured screams continue.

GUARD (V.O.)

No singing!

Winnie's cell door bursts open. The GUARD storms in.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You think you're funny??!! Stop  
singing that vokken song!

The GUARD methodically stomps on the ants with his jackboots. Winnie grabs the GUARD around his legs, holding on weakly as his boots continue to stomp on the ants.

WINNIE

NO! PLEASE STOP! OH, GOD! STOP!

GUARD

Who's funny now, eh?! Who's funny  
now?!

He shakes her off, exits, leaving her alone on the floor. Winnie breaks down completely and sobs hysterically. The man's screams continue. Winnie bangs on her cell door.

132 INT. COL DE VRIES'S OFFICE - S.A. POLICE HQ - DAY

132

WINNIE's INTERROGATORS stand before Col DE VRIES.

COL DE VRIES

And?

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Nothing.

COL DE VRIES

Perhaps you're losing your touch,  
Major?

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Sir, if we could apply more  
physical-

COL DE VRIES

(cuts him off)

Out of the question. That comes right from the top; we musn't give her any recourse to accuse us of physically hurting her. Unfortunately.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

She's been in solitary confinement longer than anyone ever has before. Shit, we haven't even allowed her to wash for over five months. She stinks. But she won't give a bloody inch.

COL DE VRIES

Sounds like you admire her, Major?

He throws PRINSLOO a withering look; he looks down.

COL DE VRIES (CONT'D)

We must never apologise for treating a terrorist like a terrorist.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Yes, Sir.

Col DE VRIES signs a form.

COL DE VRIES

Release her.

MAJOR PRINSLOO

Release her?

COL DE VRIES

Yes. We'll have to find another way...

133 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY

133

Mary pulls up in her car. Peter jumps out the front passenger door, opens the door behind him, readies his camera. Winnie gets out, looking frail. Mary comes to assist her.

WINNIE

I'm fine. Just give me a moment.

PETER MAGUBANE

Of course.

Winnie shuffles forward, then stops as she sees Zeni and Zindzi playing in the dirt at the side of the house. They haven't spotted her yet. Then, she calls them weakly.

WINNIE

Girls!

They look up, their faces lighting up immediately.

GIRLS

Mommmeeee!

They run toward her. Winnie kneels to receive them. Peter captures this profound moment on film. MARY turns to him.

MARY BOTHA

(her voice breaking)

Five hundred days. How can any soul survive that...?

134 INT. VISITING ROOM - ROBBER ISLAND PRISON - DAY

134

Nelson sits behind thick glass as Winnie enters. Nelson's smile quickly fades as he looks at Winnie. She is a ghost of her former self. A PRISON GUARD sits at a table nearby.

NELSON MANDELA

Oh, my God. What have they done to you?

Despite her ordeal, her eyes glint with steely determination.

WINNIE

Made me stronger.

Nelson turns to the guard.

NELSON MANDELA

What have you done to my wife!

PRISON GUARD

You should ask yourself that question, Mr Mandela.

WINNIE

It doesn't matter. We are winning. They are so worried they are conscripting white boys straight from high school into the army!

PRISON GUARD

No political talk!

WINNIE

We are winning, Nelson, we are winning.

PRISON GUARD

Visit terminated! Come!

The guard leads Winnie from the room. Winnie's eyes never leave Nelson's until she is out the door.

WINNIE (V.O.)

Be strong, Nelson! We are winning!

TITLE OVER: Soweto, 16 June 1976

135 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SOWETO - DAY

135

Winnie is dropping Zindzi (14) off at school. HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS mill around with placards: "NO TO LESSONS IN AFRIKAANS" / "EQUAL EDUCATION FOR ALL"

A STUDENT LEADER shouts to the group of students:

STUDENT LEADER

No to lessons in Afrikaans! No to the language of the oppressors!

The students respond together:

STUDENTS

Viva!



## STUDENT LEADER

We should march to the Education  
offices and tell them: No more  
lessons in Afrikaans!

The students respond together:

## STUDENTS

Viva!

The students start chanting and march off. As Zindzi is about  
to join them, Winnie calls her back:

## WINNIE

Zindzi, I think you should tell  
them. A march is too dangerous.

## ZINDZI

But we want to show the Boers we  
hate their language!

## WINNIE

Be careful, Zindzi...

## ZINDZI

Don't worry, Ma. It's just a bunch  
of kids marching.

136 INT. CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 136

Winnie is working at her desk when her telephone rings.

## WINNIE

Good morning, Child Welfare?

137 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTH - SOWETO - DAY 137

A HYSTERICAL WOMAN is shouting into the telephone:

## HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Mama Winnie! Please come! The  
police! They are shooting our  
children!

Chaos all around her as STUDENTS clash with POLICE. A  
gunshot, and a GIRL (16) is hit in the chest.

138 INT. GREEN PACKARD - SOWETO - DAY

138

Winnie is driving into Soweto like a maniac. She turns into a street as a group of STUDENTS run toward her. She has to slam on the brakes to avoid hitting them. They run from POLICE who wield sjamboks and fire their handguns indiscriminately.

She tries to reverse, but a police vehicle suddenly blocks her path. She leaps out of the car, joining the pandemonium in the street.

WINNIE

Stop! You can't shoot the children!

Stop! Oh my God! Stop shooting!

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Soweto Student March, 16 June 1976; show the famous photo of Hector Pieterson's body being carried.

139 EXT. STREETS - SOWETO - DAY

139

The streets are a war zone. Winnie looks on helplessly as STUDENTS are shot in front of her eyes. Zindzi is foremost in her mind. She rushes back to her car and drives off.

140 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SOWETO - DAY

140

The tornado of violence has swept past the school by the time Winnie arrives. There are STUDENTS lying on the ground. TEACHERS and CIVILIANS are trying their best to help.

WINNIE

(shouting)

Zindzi...?! Zindzi...?!

ZINDZI (V.O.)

Mama!

Winnie turns, sees her daughter rushing toward her. She runs into her mother's arms. There is blood on her school uniform.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

(crying)

They were shooting at us!

WINNIE

Zindzi! You're bleeding!

Zindzi shakes her head, crying hysterically.

ZINDZI

It's my friend, Lerato!

Winnie tries to soothe her daughter. She strokes her head while her eyes lock on a DEAD CHILD lying in the street.

141 EXT. CEMETERY - SOWETO - DAY

141

A cold wind sweeps dust across a multiple funeral at a bleak cemetery. Hundreds of MOURNERS have gathered. They sing in unison, a mournful chant, as a PROCESSION carries small coffins to open graves.

Winnie, dressed in black, is among the DIGNITARIES closest to the graves. She lays a wreath. POLICE in and around armoured vehicles watch the proceedings. COLONEL DE VRIES is amongst them.

This is a new Winnie that he is observing. The light has gone from her eyes. She addresses the crowd:

WINNIE

The law of nature does not allow  
for parents to bury their children.  
But the laws of this country are  
against the law of nature! We are  
here to shed tears for our  
children. They are the new heroes  
of our Struggle. The silent screams  
of our children are telling us: The  
season for peaceful protest is  
over! Take the fight to the Boers!  
Amandla!

The crowd erupts with the return salute:

CROWD

Ngawethu!

COL DE VRIES's eyes harden- will this woman never give  
up....?

142 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAWN

142

Persistent banging on the front door. Winnie opens the door to reveal TWO POLICEMEN and a police van in the background.

WINNIE

What do you want?

POLICEMAN #1

We are serving a banning order.

WINNIE

I've already got one, thank you.

POLICEMAN #2

In terms of this new banning order, you will be confined to the town of Brandfort. Also, you may not meet with more than one person at any one time.

WINNIE

Brandfort? Where is Brandfort?

POLICEMAN #1

Far away from Soweto.

143 EXT. #802 BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY

143

Winnie and Zindzi (17) stand in front of a small rectangular house in the desolate black township outside Brandfort. The two police trucks that brought them and their household goods from Orlando West, are parked in front of the house.

Under the supervision of THREE POLICEMEN, some UNIFORMED CONVICTS attempt to move Winnie's furniture into the house. Despite their best efforts, none of the large items will fit through the narrow doorway. Winnie and Zindzi try their best to hide their amusement. Eventually, all of the large items (beds, armoires, cupboards, fridge and stove) are loaded back onto the trucks.

POLICEMAN #1

(to Winnie, without making  
eye contact)

We will store this goods at the  
police station until further  
notice.

Winnie nods, trying her best not to laugh. Zindzi covers her  
mouth with her hand. As the trucks drive off, Winnie and  
Zindzi hug each other, laughing and crying at once.

144 INT. KITCHEN - #802 BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - NIGHT 144

Winnie sits on a wooden box against the wall, a writing pad  
on her lap. A candle lights her face as she begins a letter:

WINNIE (V.O.)

My dearest Nelson...

145 INT. MANDELA'S CELL - ROBBER ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT 145

Nelson sits on his bed, reading the letter:

WINNIE (V.O.)

The Government is blaming me and  
other leaders in Soweto for the  
massacre of the school children. So  
I have been banned again, this time  
to Brandfort in the Free State.

146 MONTAGE: EXT. BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY 146

1. View from a distant hilltop, showing Brandfort township  
isolated amidst desert scrubland.

WINNIE

It is a sad, desolate place. I have  
never seen such abject poverty.

2. Several RESIDENTS queue to use a wooden outhouse, while  
others queue to fill buckets with water at a tap.

WINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nine taps provide water for the whole township of five thousand people. There is no electricity. Several families share the same outhouse.

3. A small plain coffin is being lowered into the ground.

WINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Worst hit are the children. There is no clinic, no help for mothers and their babies. Every weekend another pathetic little coffin is lowered into the ground. It's like a concentration camp.

Winnie stands nearby, looking haggard and forlorn.

WINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They have exiled me here, so that they can break my spirit.

4. A LITTLE GIRL has cut her foot on broken glass. Winnie cleans and bandages it. MOTHERS accompanied by SMALL CHILDREN with assorted ailments line up outside her house.

WINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But today I feel that God has liberated me. I am reminded of those early years in Soweto and at Baragwanath. Reminded to use my experience, my hope, to help these people.

147 INT. MANDELA'S CELL - ROBBEN ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT

147

Nelson continues to read the letter:

WINNIE (V.O.)

I suspect that when you read this, most of the page will be blacked out. But I also know that you will understand what lies beneath those black lines.

(MORE)

WINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I pray for you and miss you daily.  
Your forever loving wife, Winnie.

Nelson lowers the letter and, indeed, much of it bears the thick, black ink of the censor. He picks up a framed photo of Winnie from a small, wooden table. His tears flow freely.

148 EXT. #802 BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY

148

TITLE OVER: March 1979

Winnie tends the small vegetable patch in her front yard. A car pulls up. A suited white man, CHRIS HATTINGH, gets out.

CHRIS HATTINGH

Mrs Mandela?

WINNIE

Unless you've come to install running water, go away.

CHRIS HATTINGH

My wife will tell you that I know precious little about plumbing.

WINNIE

Then what do you want?

CHRIS HATTINGH

I've come to offer you a job, Mrs Mandela.

WINNIE

A job?

CHRIS HATTINGH

My name is Dr Chris Hattingh.

WINNIE

You're the doctor in town.

CHRIS HATTINGH

Yes. And I've heard about how you are helping the local community. Working with me, you could continue to help them, and earn a living.

A BLACK MAN on a bicycle stops next to Chris' car, walks toward Chris and Winnie. She looks at the man, then at Chris.

WINNIE

Is this some kind of trap?

A WHITE PLAINCLOTHES POLICEMAN comes walking briskly down the hill opposite Winnie's house. He has a pair of binoculars around his neck. He fusses with his trousers as he walks.

CHRIS HATTINGH

Trap? No, no. This is a genuine offer.

The black man asks Winnie something. She points him in a direction. He thanks her, goes to his bicycle and rides away.

Winnie nods in the direction of the oncoming policeman.

WINNIE

You're not one of them?

Chris looks over his shoulder at the policeman, who now nonchalantly walks up the road with his hands in his pockets.

CHRIS HATTINGH

Thank Heavens, no!

WINNIE

Why are you doing this?

CHRIS HATTINGH

You don't deserve this kind of treatment. Besides, your popularity may be good for business...

Winnie can't believe it. Tears shimmer in her eyes.

WINNIE

When do I start, Dr Hattingh?

Chris reaches over the fence and hugs a startled Winnie.



149 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BRANDFORT - DAY

149

Chris drives his car on a dusty gravel road when he notices a fast approaching car in his rear-view mirror. He waves for it to overtake, but it doesn't. Instead, it accelerates, coming to within inches of his car.

Chris tries to get away, but to no avail. Going round a bend, he loses control of his car. It veers violently down a steep embankment, rolling several times. The other car speeds off.

150 EXT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - BRANDFORT - DAY

150

Winnie arrives at the modest little building. She knocks on the door. It is opened by CHRIS HATTINGH's WIFE.

WINNIE

Good morning! I'm here to...

Winnie notices that Mrs Hattingh has been crying.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

MRS HATTINGH

There's been a terrible accident.

Chris is dead.

Winnie turns to walk away. She turns back, reaches for Mrs Hattingh's hands. The two women hug each other.

151 EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY

151

Winnie stands at the gate, staring out at the weak wintry sunset. We hear her composing a letter to Nelson:

WINNIE (V.O.)

Although they said it was an  
accident, I know they killed him,  
Nelson. Although I didn't even know  
this man, he touched me with his  
offer of help. I never knew I could  
grieve so much for someone other  
than my own kind.

152 EXT. CLINIC - BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY

152

A car pulls up in front of the simple building. A queue of BLACK WOMEN wait patiently outside. Mary, in the driver's seat, stares at the scene in admiration. She sees a POLICEMAN dozing off in an unmarked car across the road.

Mary gets out and walks toward the open door of the clinic. Inside, Winnie is attending to a YOUNG PATIENT. Winnie's face lights up as she sees Mary.

WINNIE

Mary! You finally made it. How did you get a permit to get into the township?

MARY BOTHA

I know people. Won't call them friends...but, here I am.

They hug.

WINNIE

Oh I'm so pleased you're here!

MARY BOTHA

I see you haven't changed.

WINNIE

It's been hard, Mary, very hard. But it feels good to be helping people again. This community has never had a clinic before. The building used to be a liquor store!

Mary pauses for a moment.

MARY BOTHA

How do you do it?

WINNIE

Donations, mostly. Some even from overseas.

MARY BOTHA

No, I don't mean that... How does  
Winnie Mandela do it?

Winnie just shrugs and smiles.

WINNIE

Let's have tea. The police have  
plugged in my fridge at the police  
station, so the milk is fresh, even  
though it seems I'm sharing it with  
them!

MARY BOTHA

(laughing)

The cold comfort of the law!

WINNIE

(laughing)

Indeed. Come, tell me about your  
life, and about what's going on in  
the world.

153 NEWS FOOTAGE: EXT. SOWETO - DAY

153

A MOB chases a MAN, who runs for his life.

MARY BOTHA (V.O.)

There is rioting and death in the  
townships, Winnie. Many of the  
youth, who now call themselves the  
Comrades, are calling for work  
stayaways and boycotts of white-  
owned shops. They say they want to  
make the country ungovernable.

The man discards his plastic shopping bag.

MARY BOTHA (CONT'D)

When people ignore these calls, the  
Comrades call them Government  
collaborators, and then kill some  
of them as an example to others.

The mob catches the man. They necklace him.

MARY BOTHA (CONT'D)

It's awful. They hang a car tyre filled with petrol around the victim's neck and then set it alight. "Necklacing", they call it.

Some in the mob kick the burning BODY.

WINNIE (V.O.)

I can't believe it!

MARY BOTHA (V.O.)

Of course, the Security Police thrive on this black-against-black violence. They say the conflict is tribal - Zulus against Xhosas - and it proves to the world that blacks will never be able to govern this country.

WINNIE

Oh Mary, Nelson must survive to lead us out of this darkness.

154      NEWS FOOTAGE: ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU AT A PODIUM      154

ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU

This barbaric practise of necklacing must be rejected by all who believe in a better future for South Africa. It must stop! Please, stop this madness!

155      INT. #802 BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - NIGHT      155

Winnie and Zindzi watch the news on a small battery-powered black and white television in their tiny living-room.

WINNIE

This is madness! Black people killing black people!

ZINDZI

But Ma, even Oliver in London will not condemn people who have been driven to such extremes by this Apartheid regime!

WINNIE

Burning a man to death with a tyre around his neck! Tutu's right. It's barbaric... Maybe the time has come, Zindzi.

ZINDZI

Time for what?

WINNIE

For you to leave. Like your sister. Go to London. Oliver and Adelaide are always offering.

Zindzi shakes her head.

ZINDZI

No, Mama. I promised Father that I would stay with you.

Winnie smiles at her daughter.

156 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOX - BRANDFORT POST OFFICE - DAY 156

TITLE OVER: March 1982

Winnie and Zindzi stand by the telephone, expecting a call. Zindzi looks at her watch. The phone rings. Zindzi answers.

ZINDZI

Hello...? I'm fine, how...

Zindzi listens, turns to Winnie with growing excitement.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

What?! When...?! Hold on!

(covering the mouthpiece)

The rumours are true: They've moved him to Pollsmoor.

(MORE)

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

Him, Walter, everyone! They're  
taking them all off the island!  
We've won! We've won!

WINNIE

It's only a small victory, Zindzi.  
Your father is still in prison. The  
sentence was life, remember.

157 EXT. POLLSMOOR PRISON - DAY

157

A PRISON GUARD opens the car's passenger door for Winnie.

GUARD

Welcome to Pollsmoor, Mrs Mandela.

TITLE OVER: Pollsmoor Prison near Cape Town

158 INT. VISITING ROOM - POLLSMOOR PRISON - DAY

158

WARRANT OFFICER JAMES GREGORY shows an uncertain Winnie into  
the room. Nelson smiles and rises from his seat at a table as  
Winnie enters. There is no glass partition.

W.O. GREGORY

Mrs Mandela, you can call me when  
you wish to leave. Press this  
buzzer, next to the door.

Winnie frowns as W.O. Gregory opens the steel door and  
leaves.

WINNIE

(to Nelson)

What's going on?

NELSON MANDELA

I don't really know. Perhaps the  
Government realises it may soon  
need some goodwill from us.

It is a profoundly awkward moment. Neither of them know what  
to do. Nelson smiles. He slowly steps forward, reaches out,  
touches her cheek tenderly.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I have not touched your skin for  
twenty years.

She fights back the tears.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

It is as smooth as I remember.

She can't wait any longer and throws her arms around him.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

I often wonder what our lives would  
have been like if...

Winnie puts a finger to his lips. Nelson embraces her as her  
tears flow freely onto his comforting shoulder.

159

EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - BRANDFORT TOWNSHIP - DAY

159

Winnie is teaching a THREE enthusiastic young KIDS to stick-  
fight. One of the kids points to a POLICEMAN who has been  
standing at the front gate.

KID

Mnungu! Mnungu!

Winnie goes to the policeman, her fighting sticks in her  
hand. The policeman retreats a few steps.

WINNIE

What can I do for you?

He hands her an official document.

POLICEMAN

This is to notify you that the  
Minister of Law and Order has  
relaxed your banning order.

WINNIE

Is this a joke?

POLICEMAN

You are free to return to Soweto.

160 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

160

A car pulls up and Winnie gets out. Only Zindzi is there to welcome her. Peter takes photos of the event. Nellie, Winnie's neighbor, shouts to her:

NEIGHBOUR

Welcome back, Mama Winnie!

Zindzi smiles as she escorts her mother inside.

161 INT. KITCHEN - #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY

161

Winnie opens the tin, looks at the remaining piece of wedding cake, still wrapped in the wax paper.

WINNIE

Just a dried-out piece of cake.

She empties the tin into the trash bag and rinses it.

162 EXT. SOWETO - DAY

162

Peter and Winnie drive through Soweto. Peter's car looks like it is falling apart.

PETER MAGUBANE

You must be careful. Soweto is not as you remember it.

WINNIE

Be careful? This is my home.

PETER MAGUBANE

The new township leaders have called for a boycott of white-owned shops. The young Comrades enforce this boycott. People are made to drink their cooking oil or eat their washing powder if the Comrades think it was bought at white-owned shops.

WINNIE

But why the necklacing? Why are we killing each other?



PETER MAGUBANE

The Comrades prove their power with a necklacing. Also, the Security Police know of the divisions among the new leaders. The Police pay some of them to do a necklacing, and then they film it. These images somehow get to television networks around the world.

WINNIE

Supposedly to show black-on-black violence. I wondered how so many necklacings came to be filmed. Absolutely disgraceful.

A MOB chases a WOMAN, who runs for her life.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Stop the car!

Winnie wants to get out, but Peter tries to hold her back. She breaks loose and runs toward the mob, who now hold the woman. A MOBSTER is rolling a tyre toward the scene. ANOTHER, grinning menacingly, carries a fuel can and shakes a box of matches. The woman recognises Winnie.

WOMAN

Mama Winnie, help me! Please, Mama!

Winnie recognises Nellie, her neighbour.

WINNIE

Stop! This is Nellie Matabogi, my neighbour! Please stop! You can't do this! Oh God, please stop!

MOBSTERS holds Winnie back. Peter appears, starts to use his camera. The MOB LEADER grabs Peter's camera.

GANG LEADER

No camera! Go! And take the old woman with you! Go!

Winnie struggles violently as she and Peter are manhandled back to his car. She manages to regain the camera. Nellie's screams fade into the background as they drive away.

163

INT. BEDROOM - #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

163

Winnie sits on her bed, looking at Peter's photos. She puts her head in her hands. Zindzi is asleep in the bed. A breaking window alerts Winnie and wakes Zindzi. Winnie hides the photos.

ZINDZI

Mommy! Mommy!

Winnie puts her arms around Zindzi. Suddenly, THREE MASKED MEN enter the bedroom. One of them shakes a box of matches.

MOB LEADER

Where is that camera?

WINNIE

Who are you? Stop hiding behind your masks, you cowards! Are you getting paid to do this?

Winnie pulls the mask off one of the men. She recognises him as the mob leader present at Nellie's necklacing.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

MOB LEADER

Mama Africa, Queen of the Struggle!

The men laugh wildly.

WINNIE

Stop this madness! The Government is using you!

MASKED MAN

Don't interfere with the people's justice! You are nice and fat! You will burn well!

WINNIE

Nellie was a mother! She had to go  
to work to feed her children! What  
is this people's justice! Get out  
of my house! GET OUT!

Winnie rushes at them, howling with anger. The men soon  
overpower her. They search for the camera. Zindzi runs out  
the door, screaming for help.

ZINDZI

Help! HELP!

164 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

164

Some NEIGHBOURS appear, among them Percy Mason (35), a burly  
black man, dressed like a gangster. Zindzi runs to him,  
points at the house.

ZINDZI

HELP! My mother! They're going to  
kill her!

Percy rushes into the house where he confronts the men. Percy  
is a fearless street fighter and they are not prepared for  
his ferocity.

The three men flee into the night. Winnie, her clothes torn,  
covers herself with a blanket. She is badly bruised, her nose  
bleeding. Zindzi steps forward to comfort her mother.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

(to Percy)

Thank you. Thank you.

Percy bears a menacing smile. He takes a neatly folded  
handkerchief from his top pocket, hands it to Winnie.

PERCY

From now on, anyone who wants to  
hurt Mama Winnie, has to come  
through me...

165 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SOWETO - DAY

165

Winnie emerges into a small crowd of ONLOOKERS. Percy and a phalanx of track-suited BODYGUARDS surround her. Percy and the BODYGUARDS all have MANDELA UNITED FC (Football Club) emblazoned on the back of their tracksuits. Percy opens a car door for Winnie. His eyes lock with those of an ONLOOKER.

PERCY

What you looking at?

The onlooker looks away. Percy gets into the car, drives off.

166 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - DAY

166

Winnie sits opposite a young black boy, STOMPIE SEIPEI (13). It is obvious that Stompie is a street kid.

WINNIE

What is your name?

STOMPIE

Stompie.

WINNIE

Where are your parents, Stompie?

STOMPIE

Don't know.

PERCY

Stompie's running from the police.  
He says they spotted him at a  
necklacing.

Winnie's empathetic stare penetrates his tough facade.

WINNIE

What do you want us to do for you,  
Stompie?

Suddenly Stompie is afraid.

STOMPIE

Please, Mama, I have nowhere else  
to go. I want to be in your  
football club.

WINNIE

Were you involved with necklacings?

STOMPIE

Only one time... They said I must  
go find the tyre or they will burn  
me.

WINNIE

We have rules here. If you follow  
the rules, then we are your new  
family.

167

EXT. NIGHTCLUB AREA - SOWETO - NIGHT

167

Aggressive kwaito music as the MUFC swagger along in a pack.  
Stompie and a YOUNG FRIEND walk in the back.

Percy and some MUFC YOUTHS grab a PRETTY GIRL and her  
BOYFRIEND. The necklacing mob leader, who was walking with  
the couple, manages to run away. The other MUFC youths give  
chase.

An MUFC youth forces a French kiss on the girl, then rips  
open her blouse. She screams. The boyfriend tries to  
intervene. He gets beaten up.

MUFC YOUTH #1

Why are you with impimpi scum like  
this, my sweetie?

The mob leader runs into a dead-end alley as the MUFC youths  
catch up with him. Percy is with them.

MUFC YOUTH #2

Hold him!

PERCY

Do you know who's paying you?

MUFC YOUTH #3 opens a butterfly knife with a flourish.

MUFC YOUTH #2

We'll put ANC on your face, so your friends will always know whose side you're on!

UNMASKED MAN

Okay, comrades! I'll stop! I'LL STOP!

MUFC YOUTH #3 steps up to the mob leader.

MUFC YOUTH #3

Too late.

168 EXT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

168

A bakkie (light pick-up truck) with THREE BLACK MEN approaches Winnie's home. The mob leader - now the SCARRED MAN - crouches on the back of the bakkie.

SCARRED MAN

Slow down!

They open fire at the house with handguns. Windows shatter. The scarred man tosses a burning Molotov cocktail through a broken window. It erupts in a ball of fire. They speed off.

169 INT. #8115 ORLANDO WEST - NIGHT

169

A car drives up, stops. Winnie gets out. She stares silently at the ashen remains of her home. Percy, Stompie and other MUFC YOUTHS search for anything worth salvaging.

PERCY

We are surrounded by enemies.

WINNIE

Who did this? And why?

PERCY

Because of the talks between your husband and the Government, De Vries can no longer act against you directly. So now he uses his paid informants, the impimpi.

Winnie spots a wedding photograph lying on the ground. The frame is broken, the edges parched. She picks it up.

WINNIE

Where am I going to live?

PERCY

Don't worry, Mama. We will find you another house.

170 EXT. OPEN GRASS FIELD - SOWETO - DAY 170

MUFC YOUTHS play football. A group of happy youngsters.

171 EXT. NIGHTCLUB/UNDERCOVER UDF OFFICE - SOWETO - NIGHT 171

Winnie and Percy are stopped by a BLACK DOORMAN armed with a fighting stick.

WINNIE

I am here to see the Chairman.

DOORMAN

You can't go in.

PERCY

Where are you from, buti? Can't you see this is Winnie Mandela, Mother of the Nation?

DOORMAN

Mother of who?

WINNIE

Percy, wait here. I'm going in.

The doorman moves to block her path. Percy whips out a pistol and thrusts it under the doorman's chin.

PERCY

You heard her, buti.

The doorman steps aside and Winnie enters.

172 MONTAGE: INT./EXT. SHOPS/STREETS - DAY 172

1. Percy and MUFC YOUTHS shake down a variety of people:  
SHOPKEEPERS, SHEBEEN (liquor store) OWNERS, DELIVERY MEN.

2. Percy sits at a table, counting a pile of cash.

173 INT. VISITING ROOM - POLLSMOOR PRISON - DAY 173

Nelson, angry, paces the room. Winnie is seated at the table.

NELSON MANDELA

This Mandela United Football Club  
of yours are thugs!

WINNIE

They are not thugs! They are  
homeless youngsters that I give  
shelter to!

NELSON MANDELA

They are tsotsis! THUGS! The report  
I am getting from Soweto is that  
they are out of control!

WINNIE

All of Soweto is out of control,  
Nelson! These boys, they, they  
protect me!

NELSON MANDELA

Get rid of them...! Or...

WINNIE

Please, Nelson, are you not hearing  
me? My life, Zindzi's life...

NELSON MANDELA

...is there some other reason that  
you're not telling me?



WINNIE

What?! What other reason?!

NELSON MANDELA

This Percy Mason, the coach of your so-called football club, the rumour is that...that...

WINNIE

That what?

NELSON MANDELA

That you are sleeping with him.

Winnie looks at him for a long time. Then she gets up slowly and walks to the door. Just before she opens it, she turns back to look at her husband, whom she lost so long ago.

WINNIE

After they attacked and threatened me in my bedroom, they came back and burned my...our house to the ground. I tried to see the chairman of the UDF in Soweto. I wanted protection. I couldn't even get into the building without a fight. Once inside, they didn't even know me. I was insulted and humiliated. And you, you ask if I'm sleeping with Percy Mason, a man who protected me with his life?! Who still protects me and Zindzi, when no one else does...? Goodbye.

Winnie opens the door and leaves, closing it behind her.

174

EXT. POLITICAL RALLY - MUNSIEVILLE TOWNSHIP - DAY

174

Winnie stands at a microphone on a raised open air platform. She wears a camouflage uniform and beret. Percy and some MUFC YOUTHS sit behind her. A CROWD of young black faces stand before her. There are a few WHITES and some TELEVISION JOURNALISTS in the crowd. She speaks with vitriolic fervor.

## WINNIE

Comrades, we must get rid of the  
 police informers and Government  
 collaborators in our midst! We must  
 unite in the Struggle, so that  
 together, hand-in-hand, with our  
 boxes of matches and our necklaces,  
 we shall liberate this country...!  
 Amandla...! Amandla!

The crowd cheers: Ngawethu! Some crowd leaders start the toyi-toyi war dance as they shout, I-toyi toyi! The crowd answers with A-yi! A-yi! Winnie stares at her army of young admirers. She starts to toyi-toyi on the platform. Percy and the MUFC youths get up and join her.

175 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.A. POLICE HQ - DAY

175

Brig DE VRIES and some SENIOR POLICE OFFICERS watch footage of Winnie delivering her matchbox speech.

## BRIG DE VRIES

So, gentlemen, what do you think?

## POLICE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

It scares the hell out of me,  
 Brigadier.

## BRIG DE VRIES

A matchbox revolution! Absolutely  
 priceless! It's the best answer we  
 will ever have to those who want  
 majority rule in this country.

He smiles with deep satisfaction.

## BRIG DE VRIES (CONT'D)

You know, I almost feel sorry for  
 the ANC.

(laughs)

With friends like Winnie, who needs  
 enemies?

176 INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT

176

Winnie, in a dressing-gown, sits silently in the living-room of her upmarket rented house in Diepkloof, Soweto. She sips from a very full glass of whiskey. Percy and an MUFC YOUTH stand before her.

PERCY

He's a police spy.

MUFC YOUTH

Impimpi!

Winnie gets up and walks away.

WINNIE

Stompie? Are you sure?

PERCY

We have evidence.

WINNIE

I find it hard to believe. He's like my own son. He would never do anything to hurt me.

Stompie's young friend eavesdrops on this conversation from the corridor. He stands concealed and listens intently.

MUFC YOUTH #1

Someone saw him talking to a policeman at the Pirates soccer game. That same Zulu impimpi cop was at your last meeting.

Winnie takes another sip of her whiskey.

WINNIE

Who saw him?

PERCY

Alton Zwane. I trust Alton.

WINNIE

Where is Alton?

PERCY

Don't you believe us, Mama Winnie?

Winnie is deeply concerned. She shakes her head. Stompie's friend retreats down the corridor and runs out of the house.

177 INT. DORMITORY - WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT 177

Stompie is lounging on his bunk, paging through a girly magazine when his friend bursts in.

FRIEND

Stompie, you must get out of here!

STOMPIE

What is it?

FRIEND

Percy told Mama Winnie that you are impimpi!

STOMPIE

I'm not impi...!

FRIEND

Get out of here! Now!

STOMPIE

Where will I go?!

FRIEND

To the church hostel! The Reverend!  
He will protect you!

178 EXT. DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT 178

Stompie runs across the road. He checks around the corner. Percy and MUFC YOUTHS spread out, searching.

Stompie looks further down the road, sees the orange glow of a crucifix above an entrance: Methodist Youth Hostel. He dashes down the road and into the sanctuary of the hostel.

179 INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT 179

Winnie sits on her couch, alone. She takes a large swig of whiskey. She goes to the front door, opens it and calls:

WINNIE

Percy! Percy! WAIT!

180 INT. METHODIST YOUTH HOSTEL - DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT 180

A dark room. A door bursts open as Percy and MUFC YOUTHS rush in and drag the sleeping Stompie from his bed. A priest, REVEREND Colyn, blocks their way as they exit the room.

REVEREND COLYN

What are you doing? Leave him alone!

PERCY

He's a criminal. We're taking him for questioning.

REVEREND COLYN

Leave him alone! This boy is under the protection of God!

PERCY

Stay out of it, faggot!

Rev Colyn gets knocked to the floor.

181 EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - NIGHT 181

Winnie watches from the back door as Stompie is frog-marched into an out-building. Everyone disappears inside. She hesitates, then walks to the out-building, enters, and shuts the door behind her.

Seconds pass. Silence. The door remains resolutely shut.

182 EXT. FIELD - SOWETO - DAY 182

The body of a boy lies on its stomach in the weeds on the fringe of a Soweto field.

## RADIO NEWS READER (V.O.)

The body of Stompie Seipei, a thirteen year old boy who had been living at the Diepkloof home of Mrs Winnie Mandela, has been found in a field in Soweto.

183 INT. BEDROOM - WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - DAY

183

Sitting on her bed, Winnie buries her head in her hands.

## RADIO NEWS READER (V.O.)

Police have opened a murder docket, though it is not yet clear whether the boy's death is connected to his stay at the home of Mrs Mandela.

187 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Struggle and Religious LEADERS hover near the microphone at a media conference. UDF-leader Richard Mabusa, well-dressed and charismatic, steps up.

## RICHARD MABUSA

The African National Congress, the United Democratic Front and the Congress of South African Trade Unions have accepted a vote of no confidence in Mrs Winnie Madikizela-Mandela...

Flurry among the JOURNALISTS as they scribble their notes.

INTERCUT: Winnie being harassed by PHOTOGRAPHERS and JOURNALISTS as she tries to reverse out of her driveway.

## RICHARD MABUSA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately Mrs Mandela has become a liability. She is simply not accountable to the structures and principles of the mass democratic movement.

INTERCUT: Winnie addressing a very large CROWD, ending with her arm held high, shaking a box of matches.

RICHARD MABUSA (CONT'D)

Accordingly, Mrs Mandela has been stripped of all her memberships in the Alliance. We denounce her and distance ourselves from her actions and media statements.

184 EXT. VICTOR VERSTER PRISON - DAY 184

Winnie, alone in a taxi, as it drives in through the gates.

185 INT. VISITING ROOM - VICTOR VERSTER PRISON - DAY 185

Nelson is slumped in a chair as Winnie tries to explain.

WINNIE

He was a police informer, Nelson.  
Some would see him as a casualty of war... A war that will only end with your release!

Nelson looks at her with ineffable sadness in his eyes.

NELSON MANDELA

He was a child, Winnie. A child.

WINNIE

Yes, I know he was a child. Oh Nelson, our people do what they do, right or wrong, for our liberation. For your liberation.

NELSON MANDELA

I would rather die here, an old man, alone in prison, than see my freedom bought at such a cost!

Winnie looks away, tears welling in her eyes.

186 INT. PRESIDENT F.W. DE KLERK'S OFFICE - DAY 186

Brig DE VRIES is having a heated conversation with the last white President of South Africa, F.W. DE KLERK.

BRIG DE VRIES

We've finally gotten rid of her!  
Or, should I say, she's managed to  
do that pretty well on her own.

PRES DE KLERK

Too late, Brigadier, I'm afraid.

BRIG DE VRIES

Too late, Sir?

PRES DE KLERK

The whole world is against us. As  
long as Apartheid exists, we  
Afrikaners carry the shame of being  
branded the world's worst racists.

BRIG DE VRIES

The rest of the world are  
hypocrites, Mr President.

PRES DE KLERK

I believe the only honourable, and  
indeed realistic, way forward is to  
negotiate a peaceful transition of  
power to the ANC.

BRIG DE VRIES

A handover of power?! Sir, we can  
defeat them! The Soviet Union has  
collapsed, so Mr Mandela and the  
ANC can expect no more help from  
the Russians, Cubans, East Germans,  
et cetera!

PRES DE KLERK

I know we have the firepower to  
withstand the ANC's armed struggle  
indefinitely, Brigadier, but that's  
missing the point. An eye for an  
eye will only make everyone blind.  
We have this one chance to do the  
right thing, and at the same time  
avert a catastrophic civil war...

(MORE)



PRES DE KLERK (CONT'D)

I believe we must support the  
notion of Nelson Mandela as the  
next President of South Africa.

BRIG DE VRIES

You are making a grave error, Mr  
President. History will not forgive  
you.

PRES DE KLERK

I pray to God that you are wrong,  
Brigadier.

Brig DE VRIES, livid, salutes and leaves the office.

187 INT. PARLIAMENT - CAPE TOWN - DAY

187

TITLE OVER: Parliament, Cape Town, 2 February 1990

Pres F.W. De Klerk stands at a podium, addressing South  
Africa's last all-white Parliamentary Session.

PRES DE KLERK

The prohibition of the African  
National Congress, the Pan  
Africanist Congress, the South  
African Communist Party and a  
number of subsidiary organisations  
is being rescinded.

Applause, with some jeers from the conservative Right.

PRES DE KLERK (CONT'D)

The Minister of Justice will  
oversee the release of political  
prisoners and the unbanning of  
political exiles. We will soon  
announce a date for the release of  
Mr Nelson Mandela...

188 INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DIEPKLOOF - DAY

188

Winnie and Zindzi are both crying as they watch Pres F.W. De  
Klerk's speech on television. Winnie is in a deep depression.

ZINDZI

He's coming home, Ma! He's coming home!

Hooting and celebration in the streets of Soweto.

189 EXT. VICTOR VERSTER PRISON - DAY

189

Hundreds of ONLOOKERS and MEDIA line both sides of the road leading to the gates of Victor Verster Prison near Paarl.

190 INT. NELSON'S HOUSE - VICTOR VERSTER PRISON - DAY

190

Winnie, in smart black and white dress, watch TWO YOUNG WHITE GROOMERS preparing Nelson to leave prison.

NELSON MANDELA

What do you think? Do I look as sharp as Mr Sidney Poitier?

The groomers smile. They finish up and leave. Nelson approaches Winnie.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Twenty-seven years.

WINNIE

It's been a long time...

NELSON MANDELA

Thanks to you, I was able to survive it. I owe you a debt which I may never be able to repay.

Winnie doesn't allow herself to cry. W.O. Gregory enters.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

So, this is it?

W.O. GREGORY

Yes, Sir. The world is waiting to greet you, Mr Mandela.

To his surprise, Nel

son takes him by the shoulder and shakes his hand.

NELSON MANDELA

Thank you, Warrant Officer Gregory.

Nelson offers Winnie his arm.

NELSON MANDELA (CONT'D)

Shall we?

191 EXT. VICTOR VERSTER PRISON - DAY

191

ANC flags fly high as they walk out of the main gate, hand in hand, the end of a long, long walk to freedom. Nelson holds his arm up high, fist clenched proudly. Winnie walks alongside him.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Nelson Mandela's first public speech

FREEZE FRAME as we hear a RADIO NEWS READER:

RADIO NEWS READER (V.O.)

A new turn today in the murder case  
of teenage activist, Stompie  
Seipei...

192 EXT. SUPREME COURT - JOHANNESBURG - DAY

192

Winnie and Zindzi arrive at court amidst a media frenzy.

RADIO NEWS READER (V.O.)

...as prosecutors announce that Mrs  
Winnie Mandela would in fact be  
charged with kidnapping and  
assault. This follows amended  
testimony from witnesses, who,  
until now, have steadfastly denied  
that Mrs Mandela had anything to do  
with the boy's death.

193 INT. SUPREME COURT - JOHANNESBURG - DAY

193

Winnie stands in the dock as JUDGE B. O'DONOVAN presides.

## JUDGE O'DONOVAN

Mrs Mandela, the Court accepts that you might not have been fully aware of all the assaults described, even though most took place at your home. However, the testimony we have heard has also revealed you to be a calm, composed, deliberate and unblushing liar.

Nelson sits in the courtroom, listening in stony silence. Everyone waits breathlessly for his reaction.

## JUDGE O'DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Your complicity in maintaining the captivity of this boy, even after you became aware of the seriousness of the situation, has associated you with grievous crimes...

Winnie turns to find Nelson's eyes, but he sits with his head, bowed.

194 EXT. STEPS - SUPREME COURT - JOHANNESBURG - DAY 194

Winnie and Nelson stand together, facing the world MEDIA.

## NELSON MANDELA

I respect the verdict of the court.  
But my belief in my wife's  
innocence is unshaken.

Nelson turns, goes to his official car. Winnie watches him go. She walks to another car where Mary awaits her.

195 INT. OFFICE - DAY 195

Nelson sits with a much older Oliver.

## OLIVER TAMBO

She can never be South Africa's  
First Lady, Nelson. You know that.

Nelson looks at him in anguish.

NELSON MANDELA

She spent nearly five hundred days in prison, four hundred of those in solitary confinement. Four hundred! She was harassed, banned, nearly killed. Her contribution to the Struggle is beyond calculation.

OLIVER TAMBO

We all know these things. But tragically, her image, now...it's not one that the new South Africa can associate with.

NELSON MANDELA

But what about her? What about my wife, the mother of my children?

Oliver looks at him, sadly.

196 INT. MEDIA CONFERENCE - DAY

196

TITLE OVER: 13 April 1992

Nelson is flanked by his old comrades, Oliver and WALTER SISULU.

NELSON MANDELA

Comrade Nomzamo and I have agreed that, as a result of differences, it would be better for us to separate... I salute her for her immense contribution for the struggle against injustice. I do not part from her with recriminations, but embrace her with all the love and affection I have felt for her since the moment I first met her...

CUT TO: The view from the black Buick, when Nelson first saw Winnie. Except this time, the Buick doesn't stop. WINNIE recedes into the distance...

197 EXT. UNION BUILDINGS - PRETORIA - DAY

197

TITLE OVER: Union Buildings, Pretoria, 10 May 1994

Civilian and military DIGNITARIES and MANDELA FAMILY FRIENDS stand on a raised platform as SAAF jets scream overhead. W.O. Gregory is on the platform, as is Brig DE VRIES.

CNN NEWS READER (V.O.)

Following the transfer of power by the National Party Government to the ANC, the first time in history where a government has willingly handed over power to a former adversary, Archbishop Desmond Tutu has said, and I quote, South Africa is now a rainbow nation.

As a MILITARY BAND plays the National Salute, all military dignitaries on the platform salute, including Brig DE VRIES (who does so with OBVIOUS RELUCTANCE!!!!)

As Nelson moves to take the Oath of President from the CHIEF JUSTICE, his eyes search anxiously for Winnie. He finally finds her, sitting at a distance with the COMMON GUESTS.

NELSON MANDELA

I, Nelson Rohihlahla Mandela...

His voice fades as Winnie watches the man whom she dedicated her life to, become the first black President of South Africa. We hold on her EYES.....four decades of pain and struggle mirrored therein....

TITLE OVER: Seven years later

198 EXT MUNICIPAL BUILDING/ TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION  
HEARINGS DAY 8

Establishing shot of a municipal building. Television crews are busy at work as a crowd pours in for a hearing.

CUT TO:

199 INT MUNICIPAL BUILDING/ TRC HEARINGS DAY 199

Inside, DE VRIES, looking shrunken in a suit that seems two sizes too big for him, is in the hot seat.

He is appearing before the appointed panel of persons selected to Judge persons appearing at the TRC hearing and who will determine whether De Vries qualifies for amnesty or not.

He is sweating, despite a cooling fan nearby.

Eventually, a PANEL MEMBER leans forward, switching on his mike.

PANEL MEMBER

In the case of Brigadier Cornelius De Vries, the Committee has decided not to grant amnesty.

DE VRIES is stunned for a moment, but only for a moment. He rises pointing a finger at the panel.

DE VRIES

You can't do this!! I was...following orders! You have no right to do this!!!

He lurches outside of his chair and rushes the panel, only to be intercepted by THREE BLACK POLICEMEN who wrestle him to the ground, cuffing him.

DE VRIES (CONT'D)

You can't arrest me! I'm your superior!! I'm Brigadier De Vries.

BLACK COP

Not anymore.

DE VRIES

Fuck you too!

CUT TO:

200      **EXT            MUNICIPAL BUILDING/ TRC HEARINGS            DAY            200**

A REPORTER comments as DE VRIES is led out in handcuffs.

REPORTER

**Here, at the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings in Johannesburg** amnesty was denied to Brigadier De Vries for a number of atrocities perpetuated during his term as a senior officer in the South African Secret Service. His fate will now be decided in a court of law. Tomorrow sees the long-awaited appearance of Mrs **Winnie Mandela, former Chairperson of the ANC Women's League.**

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Mrs Mandela, once affectionately known as Mother of the Nation, has been vilified for her involvement in the abduction and murder of child activist Stompie Seipei.

201 INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL - JOHANNESBURG - NIGHT

201

Winnie lies on a sofa in the dark. Her eyes are focused and unblinking as she watches the news on television.

REPORTER

She now not only fights to remain an executive member of the ANC, but also to remain in the very hearts and minds of her people.

Suddenly the television switches off. Winnie drops the remote control and pours neat whiskey from a bottle cradled in her arms.

WINNIE

Is that all you can say? Winnie and Stompie, Stompie and Winnie....?

She holds up the glass in a mock toast.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, too!

She drains it in one go. She pours another. Drains that, too.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Oh Nelson, why, why!?

She screams, hurls the whiskey tumbler against the wall. She tries to stand, but trips and falls. She cuts herself on a piece of glass. She curses. A knock on her room door.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Go away!

MARY BOTHA (V.O.)

It's me! Mary!

Winnie hesitates, then pulls herself up and goes to the door. She opens it. Mary is instantly shocked by what she sees.



MARY BOTHA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Winnie! What happened?!

WINNIE

I...fell.

MARY BOTHA

Let's get that cleaned up.

202

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL - JOHANNESBURG - NIGHT

202

Having cleaned Winnie's cut, Mary searches her handbag.

MARY BOTHA

I knew I had one.

Mary carefully places a plaster on Winnie's cut. Winnie watches Mary's reflection in the bathroom mirror.

WINNIE

Mary Botha, ever resourceful.

Mary looks up at her with a smile.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid of tomorrow. I don't want to go.

Mary puts her hand on Winnie's shoulder.

MARY BOTHA

You don't have to. You been through the humiliation of a trial already. Why go through all this again?

Winnie stares at their reflection in the mirror.

WINNIE

It's not for me, Mary.

Mary nods slowly. Winnie touches the hand on her shoulder.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you'll be there.

203 INT. TRC HALL - DAY

203

Chairs are being placed in a hall; a long table laid;  
microphones positioned on the table; water jugs and glasses;  
a banner across the hall: TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMISSION

The hall is filling up fast. A BLACK BISHOP in his familiar  
PURPLE ROBES is the Chairman. There is much excited chatter  
in the AUDIENCE.

CUT TO:

204 INT TRC HALL DAY

204

The HALL is packed with anxious spectators and journalists  
from all across the world.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

There she is!

Heads turn to look. The audience falls silent as Winnie  
enters. There is no trace of her drunken state from the night  
before. Instead, she has a natural regal bearing. She makes  
no eye contact as she takes her seat.

TITLE OVER: Truth and Reconciliation Commission, 24 November  
1997

TRC COMMISSIONER

Mrs Mandela, as you are aware, this  
Commission is dedicated to healing  
the wounds caused by Apartheid. We  
would like to remind you that this  
is not a court of law. It is a  
forum where victims can tell of  
their suffering, and where  
perpetrators can seek amnesty from  
prosecution, provided they prove  
that their actions were politically  
motivated, and they disclose the  
full, unvarnished truth of what  
happened.

Winnie just stares ahead. Suddenly she turns her head and  
looks at the audience.

TRC COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Having said that, the Commission  
applauds you for coming forward.

Winnie continues to stare across the hall.

TRC COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Mrs Mandela, you may speak.

Winnie leans forward, triggers the microphone.

WINNIE

No. No... Thank you for inviting  
me...

Winnie looks at the audience. Some OLDER BLACK WOMEN have  
blankets draped over their shoulders. The BISHOP clasps his  
hands and speaks into a microphone.

BISHOP

Mrs Mandela...

For a moment, Winnie's face betrays fear. She looks at the  
BISHOP, then composes herself. She listens intently as he  
speaks.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

There is no doubt in my mind, nor  
should there be in anyone else's  
mind, that you have had a hard,  
heroic life, experienced  
unmentionable suffering, and made  
unthinkable sacrifices. But, as we  
sit here, father to daughter, it  
would be equally hard for any of  
us, including you, I hope, not to  
acknowledge in good conscience,  
that somewhere, something went  
horribly wrong.

Silence. Everyone looks at Winnie. Her eyes lock on a BLACK  
BOY (13), sitting near the front. Blood drips from his ears.

WINNIE

(a barely audible whisper)

Stompie?

The boy just looks at her.

FLASH CUTS: Violent, blurry images; then suddenly back to present reality.

BISHOP

I'm sorry, did you say something?

One of the other TRC COMMISSIONERS prompts her:

TRC COMMISSIONER

Mrs Mandela...?

She looks for the boy, but he is gone. The BISHOP goes to her and kneels in front of her. He takes the heavy silver cross that hangs around his neck and clasps his hands in prayer.

BISHOP

All of us in this rainbow nation  
know that you have suffered  
terribly. So if you were to say, I  
am sorry, forgive me, I believe  
that you would be forgiven. So I am  
here, on my knees before you. I beg  
you, Winnie Mandela, Mother of the  
Nation, I beg you, tell us what  
really happened...

The BISHOP holds out his hands to her. Winnie fixes her eyes on the cross around his neck. She clears her throat, leans into the microphone. Winnie's eyes fill with tears.

WINNIE

Yes, it is true, what you say,  
Father... Things went horribly  
wrong... And for my part in those  
painful years, when things went  
horribly wrong... I am deeply  
sorry.

You can hear a pin drop!

Then she gets up and goes to an ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN with a blanket draped over her shoulders. STOMPIE'S MOTHER. Her face is wet with tears.

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
(from the bottom of her  
heart)

I am a mother and a grandmother  
before I am a member of the ANC. I  
know nothing is more precious in  
life than your own children.  
Nothing.

Winnie's mouth is dry.

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
I am sorry for your loss. I am so  
sorry.

She leans forward and embraces the woman - Stompie's grandmother. Tears flow freely down Winnie's cheeks.

205 EXT. BIZANA - DAY

205

Golden grass sways in the breeze on a hilltop. Winnie walks into frame, admiring the breathtaking view.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In 1996 Nelson Mandela and Winnie  
Madikizela-Mandela were divorced.  
After a marriage that had endured  
for thirty eight years, one of the  
world's great love stories was  
over.

206 EXT. BIZANA - DUSK

206

A LITTLE GIRL joins Winnie on the hilltop in the last rays of the setting sun. Winnie looks down at the little girl, who looks up at her: The girl is herself, young again.

- The End -