

**THE REPRESENTATION OF MARGARET THATCHER IN *THE IRON*
LADY MOVIE**

A GRADUATING PAPER

Submitted in Partial of Requirement for Gaining
the Bachelor Degree in English Literature



By:

MERLIA WINDIANA

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ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

FACULTY OF ADAB AND CULTURAL SCIENCES

STATE ISLAMIC UNIVERSITY SUNAN KALIJAGA YOGYAKARTA

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2015

A FINAL PROJECT STATEMENT

I certify that this thesis is definitely my own work. I am completely responsible for the content of this thesis. Other writer' opinion or finding included in the thesis are quoted or cited in accordance with ethical standards.

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The Writer,



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ABSTRACT

THE REPRESENTATION OF MARGARET THATCHER *IN THE IRON LADY*: MOVIE

By: MerliaWindiana

The Iron Lady (2011) is a biography movie which is directed by Phyllida Lloyd. The theme of the story in this movie emphasizes both politics and love. The main character in this movie is presented as a superior woman in political arena. Although the theme of this movie is about political issues in the Britain during 1936-1990, the writer decides to observe the main character in this movie by concerning on characterization. The character is Margaret Thatcher. Margaret Thatcher can be presented as a woman with superiority and independence who tries to get the equality in education, liberty and right in her era. The aim of this research is to understand the representation of Margaret Thatcher's characterization and to shape out the meaning of representation. Furthermore, to answer the research question, the writer uses representation theory by using reflective approach by Stuart Hall. To achieve the purpose of the research, the writer uses qualitative description method. The technique of this research is an observation with objective critique. By using this method, the writer gets the answer of the research question. The writer finds three reflective meaning of Margaret representation. The first is the failure of time management. Margaret cannot establish her time as a public servitor, wife, and mother, second, the reflective meaning is that a family has the important part in someone life span, last, the reflective meaning is being a political leader has big consequence, especially for a woman, because she has three responsibilities that are responsibility of her state, her husband and her children.

Keyword: *Characterization, representation, reflective meaning*

ABSTRAK

THE REPRESENTATION OF MARGARET AND DENNIS THATCHER *IN THE IRON LADY*: MOVIE

Oleh: Merlia Windiana

The Iron Lady (2011) adalah sebuah film biografi karya Phyllida Lloyd. Tema dalam film ini menekankan pada politik and cinta. Pemeran utama dalam film ini digambarkan sebagai wanita superior pemegang kekuasaan politik. Meski tema dari film ini adalah isu politik yang terjadi di Inggris pada tahun 1936-1990, penulis memutuskan untuk mengobservasi kehidupan pemeran utama dari segi karakterisasinya. Karakter ini adalah Margaret Thatcher. Margaret Thatcher direpresentasikan sebagai wanita superior dan bebas yang berusaha mendapatkan kesetaraan dalam pendidikan, kebebasan, dan hak pada masanya. Tujuan penelitian ini adalah untuk memahami representasi dari karakterisasi Margaret Thatcher dan menemukan makna dari representasi tersebut. Oleh sebab itu penulis menggunakan teori representasi dengan pendekatan reflektif oleh Stuart Hall. Adapun untuk mencapai tujuan penelitian penulis menggunakan metode deskripsi kualitatif. Metode analisisnya adalah observasi data dengan kritik yang objektif. Dengan menggunakan metode ini penulis menemukan tiga refleksi makna dari representasi Margaret Thatcher. Pertama adalah kegagalan pengelolaan waktu. Margaret tidak mampu menyeimbangkan waktunya sebagai pelayan masyarakat, sebagai isteri dan sebagai ibu. Kedua adalah bahwa keluarga adalah bagian terpenting dalam kehidupan seseorang, dan yang ketiga adalah menjadi pemegang kekuasaan politik memiliki konsekuensi besar khususnya bagi seorang perempuan, karena mereka memiliki tiga tanggungjawab yaitu tanggungjawab untuk negaranya, untuk suaminya dan untuk anak-anaknya.

Kata kunci: *karakterisasi, representasi, refleksi makna*

MOTTO

“The only way to achieve the impossible is to believe it is possible”

— ALICE IN WONDERLAND



DEDICATION

I dedicate this graduating paper to:

my beloved parents, *Abah &Ummi*

my beloved husband, MahfudIhsanudin,

my beloved daughter, Nabighah Qauliya Ihsanudin,

my beloved sister Livia Kristanti,

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As the writer believes that every human being cannot be excluded from the lacks, there are still some errors and mistakes in this graduating paper. Therefore, the writer does hope all the constructive correction to make this graduating paper get improved.

Wassalamu'alaikum.wr.wb

Yogyakarta, 10 February 2015
The Writer

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

I.1 Background of the Study

In the 20th century, a movie is a new medium which has been furnishing a literary work. Therefore, movies are discussed in literature field. A movie is interesting because it has complex elements to deliver the meaning of the story. According to Boggs and Petrie in *The Art of Watching Film*, “Movie is recognized as a unique and powerful art form on a par with painting, sculpture, music, literature and drama” (2008:3). In addition, it does not only use the abstract symbol like words and picture to deliver the meaning, but also the concrete image, and sound (audio-visual element) (2008:3). In this way, the audience can understand the idea and the meaning of the movie more clearly.

Recently, the development of the movie as a new medium in the literary work becomes more creative and imaginative which develop in line with the modern technology. Nowadays, many movies with many different genres are produced such as science fiction, horror, fantasy fiction, etc they shows more creativity and imagination presented in the story and movie maker technology. Besides that, there are some genres of the movies delivering the true story, or social life story such as documentary movie and biographical movie. One of movie genres which is interesting to be analyzed is a biographical movie.

A biographical movie is a movie which story is all about the story of a person's life(OLPD, 2008:38). In addition, a biographical movie includes the true story and social life value. There are many examples of popular biographical movies which have been produced such as *The Miracle Worker*, *Napoleon*, *The Ten Commandment*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, and *The Iron Lady* (www.imdb.com)

The writer chooses *The Iron Lady* as one example of biographical movies which are created based on the life of the first female Prime Minister in the Britain, Margaret Thatcher. It is chosen as the object of analysis because of some reasons. The writer prefers *The Iron Lady* movie to the others because the movie is related to the history and moral value of life, especially, for women who have opportunities to work outside of home. In addition the write is also interested to analyze this movie because the theme of the movie which tells about politics, and superiority of women. The last reason is Margaret's power syndrome as the consequence of her authority. Margaret's power syndrome is Margaret physics condition that shown in her old day. She got some disorder such hallucination that she always remembers her authority when she still young and her family. This condition is appeared dominant by the director in this movie.

The Iron Lady movie tells about a political issue in the Britain, where Margaret Thatcher tries to against the gender stereotype in her era. Margaret wants to be equal in education, liberty, and right as well as men. As the remark of her hard work, she is elected to be the first female Prime Minister in the Britain history. Margaret

successfully leads the Britain about 11,5 years, even though in the last year of her governance she is forced to surrender her position as a Prime Minister. Her achievement in the politic aspect makes her becomes a superior in the public and domestic sector. In the public sector she has opportunity to work in the parliament and got important position, and then in the domestic sector she has main role in her family. Margaret has a husband, Dennis Thatcher, as the one who always accompanies, and gives advice for whatever she does. However, her husband passes away, and the elderly Margaret unable accept the reality of her husband's death. She is haunted by her past memories which bring disadvantageous on her elderly psychology. She acts as if her husband is still alive, besides she also feels like she is still the Prime Minister for Britain. In this way, the writer is interested to analyze Margaret Thatcher in *The Iron Lady* movie.

The story of *The Iron Lady* movie has deep social message. This movie shows the life of a career woman who should compete with men in political field until her identity is accepted by the nation. In this study, the writer focuses on the representation of Margaret Thatcher as the main discussion. The life of Margaret Thatcher as a political leader who has complex problems becomes interesting to be analyzed. The writer tries to find out how Margaret Thatcher's life is represented and explores the significant meaning of her representation.

In this movie Margaret Thatcher is presented by the director as a wife and mother who cannot be limited only on domestic field, and located only in the

domestic sector. Moreover, she is not presented as a weak, irrational, and unconfident woman. She is a woman who has equal opportunity to men. Margaret Thatcher can get education, liberty, suffrage, and right as well as men get. She is also able to be principle to take important decision because of her position as a Prime Minister. In this case, the gender equality is used by the director to present Margaret Thatcher character. It shows that the woman has equal opportunities in the society including the education, health, and job. In Islam, Allah equality between men and women are explained in *An-nisa verse 32*.

لِّلنِّسَاءِ ۖ اَكْتَسَبُوْا مِمَّا نَصِيْبُ لِلرِّجَالِ ۗ بَعْضٌ عَلٰى بَعْضٍ مِّمَّا فَضَّلَ اللّٰهُ فُضْلًا ۗ مَا تَمَنَّوْا وَّلَا

عَلَيْمًا شَيْءٌ بِكُلِّ كَانٍ ۗ اَللّٰهُ اِنَّ فُضْلِهٖ ۗ مِنَ اللّٰهِ وَسْئَلُوْا اَكْتَسَبْنَ مِمَّا نَصِيْبُوْ

“And do not wish for that by which Allah has made some of you exceed others. For men is a share of what they have earned, and for women is a share of they have earned. And ask Allah of his bounty. Indeed Allah is eve, of all things knowledge” (<http://quran.com>)

In fact, Islam does not underestimate the women status. They also have right to work as men. *An-nisa verse 32* has meaning that Islam motivates the women to work and achieve their achievement like men. In Islam, there will be a calculation of their acts before the resurrection day for everyone men and women. On that day, it has been promised that no one will be able to save themselves. In this way, each

person has to do their best before the resurrection day for the good result, including women. Therefore, in order to achieve the best result, women also have a right to do their best in every aspect of life such as education, carrier, hospitality, etc.

This explanation emphasizes two main principles of the equality. They are the same treatment between men and women and the same opportunity. As seen in *The Iron Lady* movie, a woman gets more equality in the treatment and opportunity including in education, job and liberty.

However, the director not only presents the superiority in this movie but also the consequence of it. Margaret Thatcher had great career in the political field when she was young, but she was haunted by her past memories in her elderly. She gets the power syndrome as the consequence of her superiority. Therefore, the representation that is represented in Margaret Thatcher character in *The Iron Lady* is important to be searched in order to know the consequences of being a superior woman.

Finally, this research focuses on how Margaret Thatcher is represented in the movie and the significance of her representation. In this way, the writer analyzed he character by using representation theory as the main theory, and the movie theory to support the analysis because the source of this study is the movie.

I.2 Research Question

Based on the topic, this study formulates one problem to be answered in this discussion. The question is:

How is Margaret Thatcher represented in *The Iron Lady* movie?

I.3 Objective of Study

This study aims to understand how Margaret Thatcher is represented in *The Iron Lady* movie and to know the consequence of her superiority.

I.4 Significances of Study

Theoretically, this study renders a new contribution and information for the larger body of knowledge, especially in the representation analysis.

Practically, this research is important for academics. This study can be useful to give reference for those who intend to study in the same area. For non academic readers this research can help them to interpret the movie.

I.5 Literature Review

Here, the writer presents the review related on studies which contains the previous researches done by other researchers on the same subject.

The first previous study of *The Iron Lady* has been done by Yenni the student of English Letter at Sanata Dharma University entitled “*Gender Stereotyping Shown by Sexist Language in Phyllida Lloyd’s The Iron Lady*”. According to Yenni, there are two main problems discussed in her thesis. The first problem is about kinds of sexist language found in the movie’s dialogues, and the second problem is about the stereotypes revealed through the use of sexist language in *The Iron Lady*. She uses the theory of language communication, sociolinguistics, and sexist language. In her research Yenni finds there are four kinds of stereotype gender expressed by sexist language. These are the stereotype on men’s and women’s trait expressed by one ready-made phrase and one phrase with implied meaning; the stereotype on men’s and women’s role expressed by 7 phrases with implied meaning, 2 ready-made phrases and 2 metaphoric phrases; the stereotype on men’s and women’s behavior which expressed by 3 phrases with implied meaning; and the stereotype on men’s and women’s physical characteristics expressed by 2 phrases with implied meaning and one metaphoric phrase.

The second previous study of *The Iron Lady* has been done by Livia Tarulia student of Social and Politic Faculty, Universitas Sebelas Maret, “*PEREMPUAN DAN*

POLITIK (Analisis Wacana Kekuatan Perempuan dalam Film The Iron Lady)” There are three problems explored by her, they are subject discourse, modus discourse, and mode discourse. She applies the theory of discourse analysis of Halliday's model. In her research she finds the substances of feminist power.

In this study the writer focuses on the representation of Margaret Thatcher character by using representation. Therefore, this study in this research is different from the previous studies

1.6. Theoretical Approach

This research discusses the representation of Margaret Thatcher in *The Iron Lady* movie. Therefore, the writer uses the theory of representation. Then, for the supporting theory, the writer uses the theory of movie to complete the analysis. Here are the theories used to solve out the problem statement.

1.6.1. Theory of Representation

Since *The Iron Lady* is a popular biographical movie, it directly becomes a subject of cultural studies in which it has attention in the representation issue.

According to Turner,

“Film does not reflect or even record reality; like any other medium of representation is construct and ‘represent’ its picture of reality by way of codes, convention, myths, and ideologies of its cultures as well as by way of the specific

signifying practices of medium. The result of cultural approaches to 'film representation' is ultimately to focus on the relation between film representation 'language' and 'ideology' (Turner, 1999:152-153).

Moreover, Turner says that "movie is part of a wider argument of representation the social practice of making image, sound signs, stand for something" (Turner, 1999:49). It means that film is the representation of idea and construction of social practice.

Furthermore, representation theory is appropriate to find out the representation of Margaret Thatcher and to figure out the significance of the representation. According to Hall, representation connects meaning and language to culture. It means using language to say something meaningful about? or to present the world, meaningfully, to other people (Hall, 1997:15). People have the concept of representation in their head. The simple system of representation is when someone sees an object and the concept in her or his head which tells her or him what kind of object, then the visual image. In addition, visual image is also part of the system of representation.

Turner defines that "representation is the production of the meaning of the concepts in our minds through language. It is the link between concept and language which enables us to refer to either the real world of object, people or events, or indeed to imaginary world of fictional object, people and event" (Turner, 1997:17).

Representation has two processes of representation, the first process is by which all sorts of objects, people, and events are correlated with the set of concept which carries around in the people's head. The second process is constructing the meaning by language (1997:17-18).

The general term that people use for words, sounds or images which carry meaning is sign. Signs are recognized to languages and it is the existence of common languages which enable people to translate thoughts in words, sounds and images, and then to use these, operating language, to express meaning and communicate thought to other people. Turner said that, the relation between objects, concept and signs will produce the meaning in language and the process of these three elements together is called 'representation (Turner, 1997:18-19)

Representation has three approaches to construct the meaning. First is reflective approach in which the meaning is thought to lie on the object, person, idea or event in the real world and the language functions like a mirror to reflect the true meaning as it already exists in the world. Second is intentional approach. This approach is used to get the meaning in representation argues the opposite case. It holds that it is the speaker, the author, who imposes her/his unique meaning on the world through the language. Words mean what the author intends they should mean. The last is constructionist approach in which the things mean people is construct meaning, using representational system-concept and sign. It can use language system or whatever system to present the people concept. Indeed, constructionist approach expresses the idea by saying that all signs are 'arbitrary'. It means that there is no natural relation between the sign and its meaning or concept (1997:25-27).

As Hal said "representational system consist of the actual *sounds* we make with our vocal chords, the image we make on light-sensitive paper with cameras, the

marks we make with paint on canvas, the digital impulses we transmit electronically”(1997:25). Related to this approach, the writer uses the two processes of representation.

In conclusion, the analysis of Margaret Thatcher uses the reflective approach as the appropriate approach to find out the answer of the problem.

1.6.2. Film Theory

Since the main data of this research is a movie, the film theory is used as the secondary theory to support the analysis. Film has become a specific form of communication with technology (Abrams, 2001: 75). This study analyzes the representation of Margaret Thatcher character that is identified as a woman with her role domination. The representation does not only depend on the viewer interpretation, but also from the director that they have role to construct any relationships on the movie (Turner, 1999:58). Therefore, to support the character analysis the writer uses *mise-en-scense* concept to show up the director construction. This concept will be used to emphasize the design, costume, the arrangement and movement figure, spatial relation (obscured, dominant, etc) and the placement of the object in the movie (1999:69)

1.7 Method of Research

1.7.1 Type of Research

In this research the writer uses qualitative method. The research of qualitative method refers to the meaning, concepts, definition, characteristics, metaphors, symbols and descriptions of thing (Djam'an, 2010:2 via Muhammad, 2011:30). There are three methods that can be used by qualitative method they are, observation, interview and document analysis. The data of qualitative method are words, pictures, numerals which are not gotten by using statistic form (Djam'an, 2010:2 via Muhammad, 2011:35). Then, the writer analyzes the data descriptively based on the theory of representation and film theory.

1.7.2 Data Source

In this research, the writer only uses the primary data. The source of the primary data is movies entitled *The Iron Lady*. The data are gotten by the writer from the script and shot of the movie.

1.7.3 Data Collecting Technique

The writer collects the data by using observation method. Observing method is used for the document data such as newspaper, magazine, novel, prose, script of movie, and drama (Djam'an, 2010:2 via Muhammad, 2011:33). The steps of collecting data in this research are mentioned below:

1. The writer watch the movie
2. The writer understands the intrinsic of the movie.
3. The writer selects the dialogues, and classifies the appropriate dialogues related to the representation of Margaret Thatcher
4. Capture the shot that shows e representation of Margaret Thatcher

1.7.4 Data Analysis Technique

After the writer gets and collects the data, the next step is to analyze the data. The data are analyzed descriptively by using two theories. They are the representation theory and film theory. The first theory is used to present Margaret Thatcher character whereas the second one is to identify all the facts in the movie.

Moreover, the writer uses several steps to analyze the data. The steps are

- a. classifying the data based on director mind of representation by analyzing role domination and the effects.
- b. constructing the meaning of the representation;
- c. drawing the conclusion by connecting the character of Margaret Thatcher to the analysis of the reflective meaning

1.8 Paper Organization

This paper consists of four chapters. The first chapter consists of eight points. First is background of study which shows the reason of the writer in making this study; and the explanation about the object and subject of the research. Second is research question that states the problem in this study. Third is objective of the study that explains the purpose of this study. Fourth is significances of the study that show the benefit of this study. Fifth is literature review that compares this study with the previous researches depending on the object, theory, and methodology of the research. Sixth is theoretical approach that explains the theory used in this study. Seventh is method of research that talks about the data source, the technique of collecting data, and the technique of analyzing data. The last is paper organization that shows the management of research presentation .The second chapter consists of intrinsic element of *The Iron Lady* movie. The third chapter consists of analysis and explanation of the data. The last chapter consists of conclusion of the analysis.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION

The research's objectives are to find out the representation of Margaret Thatcher and to shape out the reflective meaning of the representation in *The Iron Lady*. In this analysis, the writer formulates the data to the theory of representation by analyzing the process of representation. The first process describes the director concept of representation while the second process describes Margaret Thatcher reflection by using the element of the movie, shot and plot.

The writer finds four representations of Margaret Thatcher as well as considers the director concept of representation. The representations of Margaret Thatcher are, superiority, independence, and the consequence of Margaret's power. Margaret Thatcher is described as a public servitor who has career in the parliament of Britain. In fact, Margaret represents as one of the most powerful political leader of the 20th century. In addition, in public sector Margaret Thatcher is represented as a superior woman with optimist, firm, and strong character, and in the domestic sector she is represented as an independent woman with less affection, and less time. Nevertheless, in her old day Margaret Thatcher is represented as a lonely and frail woman as her power consequence.

Moreover, the writer concludes three reflective meanings of Margaret representation. The first is the failure of time management. Margaret cannot establish her time as a public servitor, wife, and mother. The second, the director shares the

constructed meaning that family has important role in life of someone. The last, the director shares the constructed meaning that a political leader is not simple job. Especially for a marriage woman, because she has three responsibility, that are for her state, her husband and her children.

Indeed, the writer finds three conclusions of this research. Firstly, if women has chance to work in the important position they will have big consequence for their life. Secondly, a marriage woman who works as public servitor will get difficult to handle her time for her family and her job. The last, to be a political leader does not always make the family feel proud and consider someone's pleasure.

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Appendix I

The Data (Dialogue)

No	Dialogue	Superi ority	Characteriz ation		Syndrome	
			Publ ic	Dom estic	Hallu cinati on	Loneli ness
1.	<p>HEATH. The fact of the matter is, it's absolutely crucial that we are seen by the public to be acting as conciliators and not aggressors. Yes, Education Secretary.</p> <p>MARGARET. Yes...Prime Minister, with the Miners' leader calling today for the army to mutiny in support of the strikes, this seems the wrong time for conciliation</p> <p>HEATH. Your thoughts are duly not</p>	✓				
2.	<p>MARGARET 1941, when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. Did America go cap in hand and ask Tojo for a peaceful negotiation of terms? Did she turn her back on her own citizens there because the islands were thousands of miles from mainland United States? No, no, no! We will stand on</p>	✓				

	<p>principle or we shall not stand at all)</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>With all due respect sir, I have done battle every single day of my life, and many men have</p> <p>Underestimated me before. This lot seem bound to do the same but they will rue the day.</p>					
3.	<p>DENIS</p> <p>They'll destroy you.....</p> <p>Cont'd</p> <p>Throw in the towel now, love. Don't let those bastards see you humiliated. You just won't win, darling. Not this time.</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>I am the Prime Minister.</p>		✓			
4.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>I don't expect everyone just to sit there and agree with me. But what kind of leader am I if I don't try to get my own way - to do what I know to be right</p>		✓			
5.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>Gentlemen, if we don't cut spending we will be bankrupt. Yes the medicine is harsh but the patient</p>		✓			

	<p>requires it in order to live. Shall we withhold the medicine? No! We are not wrong. We did not seek election and win in order to manage the decline of a great nation.</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>The people of this country chose us because they believe we can restore the health of the British economy and we will do just that! Barring a failure of nerve.</p>					
6.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>Don't they know if you take the tough decisions, yes people will hate you today but they'll thank you for generations.</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>They believe in striking, I believe in working!</p>		✓			
7.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>Well tell him to come up and see me after he's kissed them good night, would you Carol darling?</p> <p>CAROL.</p> <p>He's not here Mummy. Mark lives in South Africa.</p>	✓				
8.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>We both know that is highly unlikely that I would ever be</p>	✓				

	<p>elected leader. But I will run. I will run. Just to nip at their heels and make them reaffirm the principle on which the conservative party must stand. There is so much to do.</p> <p>DENNIS.</p> <p>You are insufferable Margaret, do you know that?</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>Dennis, you married someone who is committed to public service, you knew that. And it is my duty.</p> <p>DENNIS.</p> <p>Don't call it duty. It's ambition which has got you this far. Ambition. And the rest of us, me, the children, we can all go to hell</p>					
9.	<p>DENNIS.</p> <p>Margaret, I really think you should come home and defend yourself old girl. Heseltine is campaigning ferociously.</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>I do think my best spent and seeing an end to the cold war, don't you? After all this time they will know what I stand for</p>	✓				
10.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>They grow up so fast</p>			✓		

11.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>All I wanted was for my children to grow up well and be happy - happier than I was certainly. And I wanted you to be happy of course. Were you happy, Denis? Tell me the truth.</p>			✓		
12.	<p>DENIS.</p> <p>I know you can hear me, sweetheart, so there's no use pretending you can't.....</p> <p>MARGARET</p> <p>Enough. Denis, enough!</p>			✓		
13.	<p>MARGARET</p> <p>If I can't hear you then I can't see you. And if I can't see you then you are not here.</p> <p>MARGARET</p> <p>And if you are not here, I am not going mad. I will not...I will not go mad.</p>			✓		
14.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>You're dead, Denis.</p> <p>DENIS.</p> <p>Ah. Well, if I'm dead... who are you talking to? Shall we dance ?</p>			✓		
15.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>You look happy.</p>			✓		

	<p>DENIS.</p> <p>Yes, I do, don't I? You're drinking too much.</p> <p>CONT'D.</p> <p>Whatcha doing?</p> <p>CONT'D.</p> <p>Not like you. Looking back</p>					
16.	<p>MARGARET.</p> <p>NO...Not yet...Denis. Wait...I said I don't want you to go yet.</p> <p>CONT'D.</p> <p>Denis...Please...No...Not...Don't...N O...I don't...I don't want to be on my own.</p> <p>DENIS.</p> <p>You're going to be fine on your own, love. You always have been.</p> <p>MARGARET.</p> <p>Denis!!</p>					✓

APPENDIX II

THE IRON LADY MOVIE SCRIPT

INT. SHOP. NR CHESTER SQUARE.
LONDON. PRESENT. DAWN.

Man behind the counter: One forty-nine please.

Margaret: How much is the milk?

Man behind the counter: Forty-nine pence. Thank you.

EXT. STREET. CHESTER SQUARE.
LONDON. PRESENT. DAWN.

MARGARET heads down the busy street, shopping bag in hand.

INT. KITCHEN. CHESTER SQUARE.
LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret sits at breakfast with her husband Denis sipping tea. Denis butters his toast. Margaret shakes her head.

Margaret: Too much. Much too much butter.

Denis: I like butter.

Margaret: Milk's gone up.

cont'd: 49p a pint.

Denis: Good grief! We'll have to economise. I suppose we could always sell the car. Or take in paying guests!

cont'd: Watch out. She's on the prowl.

Margaret to Denis: Eat your egg.

June: Goodness! There you are.

Margaret: Yes. Margaret eats her egg.

cont'd: Here we are.

INT. CORRIDOR CHESTER SQUARE.
PRESENT. DAY.

June (Whispering): I don't understand how it happened, how could she possibly have got out? It's very very important

cont'd: Please just make it really clear. Who's on after you?

Police Guard: Dixon.

INT. BEDROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

A wide cupboard Margaret's eyes move back along the rail in front of her, her fingers touch hanger after hanger of brown tweed and grey twill. June goes over to the curtains, pulling them back, letting in the sunlight

June: Beautiful day. Oh, you've made a start. Carol's coming soon, I'll get some bags. Anything you want to go to Mark, I'll bring up a suitcase for it.

The smell of smoke lingering. Suddenly Denis' hand reaches across, wavering between jackets of brown tweed and grey twill-He reaches for a suit.

Margaret: No no no no. The grey.

Denis: You sure?

The swipe of a clothes brush, briefly seen, drawn across one sleeve Margaret: Yes.

cont'd: Definitely the grey.

Denis: Righty ho. Boss knows best.

June spies the newspaper, sees the photos of twisted carnage on the front page.

Denis: Don't let her take my paper away.

Margaret: Oh, I haven't had a chance to look at that yet, dear.

June: Sorry.

Denis: Atta-girl.

DENIS smiles as he stands in the bathroom doorway,

cont'd: Damn.

Margaret: Blot it...Blot it..

June: Sorry ?

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

A comfortable drawing room, filled with the photographs and memorabilia of a former political life. Margaret stands by the window, half a dozen of Denis' ties in her hand. Pulling back the net curtain, Margaret peers out two policeman stand down below next to a police BMW car. They are lost in conversation, pointing to the door, clearly concerned. One police man nods to the other, a sense of the changing of the guard as he drives off in the BMW. Suddenly from behind

Denis: Now look what you've done. Are they to keep the loonies out or you in?

cont'd: I'll be off then.

Margaret: Wear your scarf. There's a chill out there.

Suddenly looming over her and grinning down as if at the top of a tunnel Susie, Margaret's personal secretary carrying a cardboard box.

Susie: Good morning Lady Thatcher. Are you alright ? How are you feeling?

Margaret: I'm fine, thank you Susie.

Susie: I've just been reading about the bombings.

Margaret: Yes. Frightful.

Susie: Sorry.

cont'd: These are the books for you to

sign. I brought as many as I could find. Shall we go through your appointments?

cont'd: We said we'd go through them today.

Margaret: Yes, of course, dear. Today.

Susie: The invitation has come from Downing Street for the unveiling of your portrait. I'll put it on the mantelpiece, and there's an invitation from Lord Armstrong for lunch on the first Friday of next month.

cont'd: I said no because you've got a concert that afternoon but if you'd like to..?

cont'd: It looks like a very interesting programme.

Margaret: What are they playing?

Susie: I think they said Rogers and Hammerstein.

INT. SADLER'S WELLS. LONDON.
1950. NIGHT.

An orchestra in full flight a programme for THE KING & I on a woman's lap. A man's hand reaches in and her hands slips into his.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER
SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret's gaze, seeing Denis just visible in the street below. He looks up, smiles,

Margaret: He hasn't got his scarf on.

Margaret throws Denis a half wave. In return, he twirls his umbrella and does a couple of steps of a Chaplin walk for her benefit before passing the Postman who is shuffling through his letters as he approaches the front step, below.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER
SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret' is at her desk signing a stack of her memoirs, The Downing Street Years. Margaret opens one, reaching for a pen. The curve of inky handwriting as she begins to sign them, Margaret Thatcher. Close on the swoop of the pen. Without missing a beat, she writes the name Margaret Roberts. The insistent blare of an air raid siren from another time cuts through .

INT. BACK PARLOUR. SHOP.
GRANTHAM. 1943. DUSK.

The rumble of an approaching air raid overhead The Steady Shake of the table legs all around pulls out to reveal

BEATRICE ROBERTS [early 50's] austere, crouched next to Margaret under a wide kitchen table along with Alfred Roberts [early/mid 50's] a cumbersome man and Muriel Roberts [21 yrs]. The sound of an air-raid siren.

Alfred: Did someone cover the butter? All look at one another in a panic.

Margaret: I'll go.

Beatrice: Leave it.

Alfred: Margaret

INT. SHOP. GRANTHAM. 1943. DUSK.

Margaret scooping up the butter cover slamming it quickly over the thin slice of butter left in the butter dish before sliding it into the cold cupboard underneath the counter. Suddenly the shop illuminates a distant explosion. Margaret momentarily paralyzed before, running back towards the back parlour to resume her place under the table.

INT. BACK PARLOUR. SHOP.
GRANTHAM. 1943. DUSK.

Alfred: Good girl.

cont'd: Tomorrow, no matter what they do, it'll be business as usual.

Customer : Two of the small beef, Mr. Roberts.

Margaret glances up at her father serving further down the counter.

Alfred: What is the life blood of any community? It's business....

INT. HALL. GRANTHAM. 1943. DAY

Alfred on a small town hall stage behind a makeshift podium.

Alfred: Not just big business but small businesses, like mine.

The soft press of men all around, Margaret, a lone woman amongst them, peering over shoulders.

Beatrice: Margaret!

cont'd: cups!

Margaret sinks a little, taking the tray, and glances back at ALFRED just visible on a stage.

Alfred: We on this island are strong. We're self-reliant. Sometimes we're plain bloody minded.

cont'd: But we also believe in helping each other. And I don't mean by state hand-outs...

EXT. STREET. GRANTHAM. 1943. DAY.

Margaret sweeps outside the shop, glancing across the street at three pretty girls dolled up for the evening and arms linked, crossing on the other side of the pavement.

Pretty young woman 1: Margaret, do you want to come to the pictures?

MARGARET's eyes catch on the glitter of a brooch in passing. They turn to look at her whispering and giggling.

Pretty young woman 2: She can't come, she's got to study.

cont'd: Miss Hoity Toity!

The sting of embarrassment, the sense of the pretty girls whispering about her, eyes travelling over her disparagingly.

Alfred: Never run with the crowd, Margaret. Go your own way. The sway of a skirt as they walk away.

Alfred: Open it then.

INT. SHOP. GRANTHAM. 1943. DAY.

Close on a telegram addressed to Margaret Roberts, 1-3 North Parade, Grantham. Margaret's father Alfred, watching.

Margaret: I've got a place at Oxford.

Alfred bear hugs Margaret awkwardly.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret at her desk, the ghost of a smile.

INT. SHOP. GRANTHAM. 1943. DAY

Alfred: Don't let me down Margaret.

Beatrice standing at the sink working the squeak of the cloth against a stubborn tea stain.

Margaret: Mother?

Beatrice: My hands are still damp.

Beatrice turns and walks back to where she came from. Margaret looks back at the

letter, heart bursting, trying to contain her joy.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret looks down, pen in hand, the words Margaret Roberts newly signed in the front cover. She tears the page out.

INT. BEDROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret napping in bed. The still of the bedroom, caught in the half light of a late afternoon A hand slides a teacup onto the bedside table The flicker of MARGARET's eyelids quickflash BEATRICE: Margaret!

cont'd: cups!

PRESENT

Margaret stirs again, blinking awake. Denis sits by the window. He is bent over a pair of spectacles, wrapping wire around one of the arms with a pair of pliers. Other items of clothing of his are on Margaret's couch.

Denis: They're talking about you again.

The murmur of June on the phone-
Margaret: What time is it?

Denis: Sun's not quite over the yard arm. Time for tea.

confronts the extraordinary head-gear.

Margaret: What have you got on your head?

Denis: Found it in the cupboard and thought bugger it, it's Friday, why not fancy dress?

Margaret sits drinking her tea, June's hushed tones almost audible.

Margaret: You look ridiculous.

Denis: Bosslady no like? She makes a shushing motion.

Margaret: No, Denis, Bosslady no like.

Margaret resumes listening. The door ajar, the sounds of life just audible outside.

June: It's taken Carol so long to get her to agree to this. She's been so reluctant to let his things go. Denis sinks onto the bed, bored.

Margaret: Feet.

He tuts and adjusts his legs so that his shoes don't dirty the bedspread. Margaret stands, ear pressed close to the open door.

June: You can never be sure she's taking her medication...I think sometimes she hides them..

Denis: Oh, rumbled!

Margaret looks back at her cup of tea, spots two pills resting in the tea cup. She considers the pills, pops them in her mouth, drinks.

June: She's definitely more distracted than usual today.

INT/EXT. BEDROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. DAY.

Carol: Can I suggest you remove the sticker from the back of your car.

cont'd: Well then take the sticker off! I call that false advertising! I would say keep the change, but there isn't any change.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

A scotch being poured. The cap not quite going back on the whisky bottle. A frantic fumble for the remotes for the tv.

Carol: Hello June, any news? I've brought every bag I could find.

High shot of Margaret sitting in a chair watching TV. As if she has been there a while. Carol enters with suit carriers in her arms.

Carol: Hello Ma. Bloody taxi driver. Wouldn't take my card. I said don't have a sticker saying you take Visa and then insist on cash. Can you believe it? I was rummaging around the bottom of my bag. He didn't get a tip.

Margaret: I didn't know that you were dropping by today, dear.

Carol: Yes, you said yesterday... You wanted to make a start on Dad's things. The cupboards ? Then I can help you dress.

cont'd: You've got Michael and Margaret Jaqueline...

Carol: Coming for dinner tonight.

Margaret: Of course.

We're having halibut.

On TV, images of a bombed street,

Carol: Oh God. Isn't it terrible?

cont'd: They think it's Al Quaida

Margaret : Denis!

Quick Flash: Denis in pyjamas, brushing his teeth in a hotel bathroom, glances at her through the open door.

Denis: It'll be fine. Come on, get your head down, it's ten to three, for God's sake.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL. BRIGHTON. 1984. NIGHT.

Chaos outside the Grand Hotel in the aftermath of the bomb. The injured are pulled through the rubble.

News Reader : At ten to three this morning an explosion extensively damaged the Grand Hotel in Brighton, scene of the Conservative Party conference.

News Reader 2: Where the Prime Minister and a number of her cabinet were staying.

News Reader 3: Five people have died, many others are injured, some critically. The IRA have claimed responsibility.

Denis and Margaret sit in their coats covering Margaret's evening dress and Denis pyjamas. Both looking out in silent shock at the devastated Grand hotel, reflected on the glass of the car windows.

Margaret looks on with quiet, sobering despair, still numb with shock. DENIS looks at her. He grips her hand. They sit, fingers locked.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DAY.

Close on Margaret's hand and whisky glass. Shaking.

Margaret: We must release a statement, offering our condolences.

Carol: I'm sure they've already

Margaret: We must never, ever, ever give in to terrorists.

Margaret sees June and Carol exchange looks of 'oh dear...'

INT. BEDROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DUSK.

MARGARET sits in a dressing gown at a dressing table, staring at her reflection. Carol stands behind her, holding up several dresses.

Carol: Now ma, are we going long or just below the knee tonight?

Margaret: Oh, below the knee I should think.

She watches, irritated, as Carol reaches to move a pile of Denis' clothes.

Margaret: No! Don't move those. I haven't finished sorting them.

Carol: I hear you went out today... You mustn't go out on your own Mummy. We've talked about that.

Margaret: There was no milk.

Carol: Call Robert he'll get it for you if June's not up

Margaret: I am not for the knackers yet.

From behind Denis: Now take it easy, Margaret.

Denis just visible, perched on the bed, looks up from doing the crossword in the newspaper

Carol: No one is saying that.

Margaret: If I can't go out to buy a pint of milk then what is the world coming to. Really Carol, please don't fuss about it. You've always been like this, fuss fuss fuss. You must find something better to do with your time. It's most unattractive in a woman. When I was your age the last thing I wanted to do was fuss around my mother.

DENIS: Four down, 9 letters.

cont'd: Something something something something something something something... Refusal to change course

Margaret: Obstinate. Denis writes, pleased.

Carol looks up, with quiet bemusement-
Carol: What?

Margaret deflects, pointing to a necklace in Carol's hands.

Margaret: Pearls. I'll wear the pearls.

cont'd: There they are. My little twins.
Thank you, dear.

INT. CORRIDOR. CHESTER SQUARE.
LONDON. PRESENT. EVENING.

The murmur of conversation Carol tails
Margaret, steady on the approach towards
the drawing room.

Carol: It's nearly all familiar faces,
William, Michael and his lovely wife

Margaret: Jacqueline.

Carol smiles, clearly reassured-

Carol: And then there's Peter, James R
and James T and that very nice man.

Margaret: Yes

Carol: we met last year.

Margaret: Yes I remember-CAROLI think
he's bringing his new lady friend just to
mix it up a bit. We're rather short on
women - but I'm sure we'll manage-

Margaret: I've always preferred the
company of men

Carol gestures ahead, Margaret nods,
reticent, yet forcing herself on, she
hesitates at the door, her hand trembling
on the handle.

Carol: Ma?

INT. CORRIDOR. DARTFORD. 1949.
EVENING.

Close up of a shoe being rubbed on a calf.
A young hand hesitating on a door handle.

INT. SITTING ROOM. HOUSE.
DARTFORD. 1949. EVENING.

A 1950's drinks party-A bank of stuffy
Grey Suited Men pontificating and their
wives lost in a separate polite
conversation

Grey Suited Man: Ah, Miss Roberts.
Hoping to be chosen as our candidate for
parliament.

A young Margaret [24yrs] stylish in a suit,
straight from work, stands clutching her
handbag, oddly out of place amidst the
neat 50's chintz. A bank of sporting prints
collage a wall. A bespectacled young
Denis Thatcher (30's) glances up from his
drink, taking her in.

INT. DINING ROOM. CHESTER
SQUARE. LONDON.
PRESENT. EVENING.

Margaret: Well I don't like coalitions,
never have...

Denis: Start on the outside...

INT. DINING ROOM. HOUSE.
DARTFORD. 1949. EVENING.

Denis whispers: and work your way in.

A long table packed with silverware. She
looks back at her ornate and rather
hideous starter, a tiny wobbling savoury
confection in aspic.

Portly Host: Attlee has his sights set on

the steel industry, you mark my words.

Grey Suited Man: They'll be nationalizing the bloody air next.

Male Guest: Yes, hold your breath, sir, that's government property!

Portly Host: So was your father a political man, too, Miss Roberts?

Margaret: Oh, yes, to his core. And Mayor of Grantham.

Portly Host: And a grocer as well!

Margaret: Yes.

Hostess: And did you help, err, in the...shop?

Margaret: Oh, yes. It was a family business.

Grey Suited Man: A very good starting point for the political life, I'm sure.

Margaret: That and a degree from Oxford.

The put-down, though not intentional, causes Denis to smile. Margaret catches the smile. She remains unruffled and goes back to her food, picking up a knife and fork, working her way in, teasing her hors d'oeuvres.

INT. DINING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. EVENING.

Margaret sits oddly removed, hand instinctively covering her wine glass, as a Wine Waiter hovers.

INT. DINING ROOM. HOUSE. DARTFORD. 1949. EVENING.

pudding is on the go and Margaret is warming to her theme.

Margaret: What I do think is that a man should be encouraged to stand on his own two feet. Yes we help people of course we help people. But for those that can do, they must just get up and do. And if something's wrong, they shouldn't just whine about it, they should get in there and do something about it, change things.

The female guests exchange glances. A half-chuckle from someone.

Portly Host: With all due respect, Miss Roberts, what may have served in Grantham

Margaret: Can serve very well for the people of Dartford too.

Male Guest: Really?

Margaret: I know much more than those who have never lived on a limited income. Just like the man or woman on the street, when I am short one week, I have to make economies the next.

Grey Suited Man: Nothing like a slice of fiscal responsibility.

Margaret: A man might call it fiscal responsibility, a woman might call it good housekeeping.

Male Guest: I'm not sure a home economics lesson is quite what the Dartford constituents need. They see

industry being nationalized, the unions on the up, the pound on the slide...whoever can sort that lot out - he's my man.

Margaret: Or woman?

Denis lets out a spontaneous guffaw as the host and hostess exchange looks. He signals 'Get them out of here'. The men rise.

Hostess: Ladies shall we ?

Portly Host: Miss Roberts, do join the ladies.

The ladies scurry to the sitting room. Margaret is the last to leave.

INT. SITTING ROOM. DARTFORD. 1949. EVENING.

Portly Host : Well. That's told us!

The men laugh raucously. She turns to the ladies who are regrouping at the fireplace and regarding her with suspicion.

INT. DINING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT.

EVENING.

The aftermath of the muted dinner party- Margaret at the helm, a small whisky just visible nestled next to her wine glass. She is flushed and nicely mellow surrounded by mainly male guests

Michael: So, Margaret, how would you have dealt with this if you'd been Prime Minister?

Margaret: Where?

Carol: The bombings, mummy. Today?

Margaret still lost

Carol: We were just talking about them?

Margaret deflects, reaching for her glass, it trembles unsteady in her grasp.

Margaret: No, uhm, yes - we have always lived alongside evil. But it has never been so patient, so avid for carnage, so eager to carry innocents with it into oblivion.

Male Guest: So, would you

Margaret: Western civilization must root out this evil, wherever it hides, or she risks defeat at the hands of global terror in a nuclear age. Unimaginable!

Peter: The Prime Minister gave a very good statement I thought.

Margaret: Yes. Clever man. Quite a smoothie.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT.

NIGHT.

Margaret says final farewells to a guest. He walks away as another couple approach.

Margaret: You don't mind if I sit down...

Sitting down on a nearby chair, Margaret looks with feigned recollection at the Female Guest as she sinks down on the ground in front of her, gripping Margaret's hand.

Female Guest: I heard you speak at conference in 1984 in Brighton just after the IRA bombed the Grand Hotel. You were remarkable. I hope you appreciate what an inspiration you have been for women like myself.

Margaret: It used to be about trying to do something. Now it's about trying to be someone.

The female guest nods and scrambled to her feet, clearly concerned, shooting a look to her husband standing beside her, waiting to depart.

Female Guest: Well anyway, I...thank you.

Margaret: Good night to you.

Carol: Great to see you, thank you very much for coming.

Male Guest: Oh, thank you. It was lovely, absolutely lovely. And I'm so pleased to see your mother looking so well.

INT. DRESSING ROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. NIGHT.

A mirror lined dressing room. Carol helps Margaret with her shoes.

Carol: OK...hold on to me...that's right.

Margaret struggles with the catch on her pearl

Margaret: Can you do the clasp, I can't quite

Carol hurries to help her, Margaret quietly concedes. Fingers fumble to unclasp the pearls

Margaret: Thank you.

Carol: You've got an eyelash.

cont'd: Make a wish.

Margaret, closes her eyes until Margaret blows. She opens them smiles.

cont'd: I spoke to Doctor Michael today- Margaret glances away, deflecting.

cont'd: He is very good and very expensive

Margaret ignores her

cont'd: I know you're not due to see him for another month but I've spoken to him and he can fit you in tomorrow.

cont'd: Just for a check up. Ma please

Margaret: What does Mark think about it?

Carol: Mark?

Margaret: Yes. Tell him to come up. I want to talk to him about it.

Carol: Mark's with Sarah and the children.

Margaret: Well tell him to come up and see me after he's kissed them good night, would you Carol darling?

INT. BEDROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. NIGHT.

Margaret, sitting on her bed, glances expectantly towards the door. Carol sits down beside her.

Carol: He's not here Mummy.

Cont'd: Mark lives in South Africa...

cont'd: you are not Prime Minister anymore and Dad is...Dad is dead

Margaret: You look exhausted, dear. You really must try to get some sleep. Taxis'll be few and far between at this hour...

Carol:Righty-ho. Night night Ma. Sleep well.

Margaret: Good night, dear.

The slam of a door. MARGARET sits, alone.

INT. SADLERS WELLS. LONDON. 1950. NIGHT.

Margaret's Pov of Denis turning to her in the theatre. He smiles. Margaret's fingers absently grazing over the programme, in time with the music. Suddenly a closed fist reaches out, then opens to reveal a sugar mouse. Margaret's fingers reach for it, but it's teasingly withdrawn. Finally, she takes it. She turns to smile at Denis, her face is glowing with happiness.

INT. TOWN HALL 1950. NIGHT.

MARGARET sits on the edge of a trestle table, scrunching a rosette in her hand. The Town Hall is empty save for a couple of Volunteers stacking chairs and sweeping the

floor. The litter of election night is everywhere.

Radio Announcer

Twenty four year old Miss Margaret Roberts lost her bid to win a seat in Parliament today, but she has put new life into the Dartford Conservative Association. Winning candidate Mr Dodds had better watch out, this bright young woman is on his tail.

Denis appears in the doorway, carrying fish and chips. He slides them down in front of her.

Denis: Eat!.

Margaret: Disaster.

Denis: Hang on...Hang on...Hang on...

cont'd: You shaved thousands off their majority. You did splendidly.

Margaret: I Not splendidly enough.

Denis: Ah I see. Self pity.

cont'd:No one is saying you don't need a safe seat. You deserve a safe seat. But it does not come unless you learn to play the game a little.

Margaret: What game?

Denis: You are a grocer's daughter-

Denis: in their eyes. A single grocer's daughter. But if you were to become the wife of a moderately successful businessman

cont'd: You'd get to parliament, and I'd

get to be the happiest man in- in wherever they select you. Margaret, will you marry me? She is genuinely stunned.

cont'd: Well ?

She is frozen. Then she begins to smile and nod her head and smile.

Margaret: Yes. Yes!

He leans over and kisses her, long and passionately until

Denis: What ?

Margaret: I love you so much but...I will never be one of those women Denis - who stays silent and pretty on the arm of her husband. Or remote and alone in the kitchen doing the washing up for that matter.

Denis: We'll get a help for that.

He leans forward to kiss her again but she pulls away a little.

Margaret: No - one's life must matter, Denis. Beyond the cooking and the cleaning and the children, one's life must mean more than that - I cannot die washing up a tea cup.

cont'd: I mean it Denis, say you understand.

Denis: That's why I want to marry you, my dear.

She kisses him.

Denis: Now eat.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT.

NIGHT.

Margaret now on all fours, struggling with her glasses. A pile of DVD's on the floor, The King and I amongst them momentarily catching her eye until-A DVD with hand-written scrawl that we can't quite read. Margaret flicks open the box, struggling to get the DVD out. Fiddling with the DVD player, Margaret puts in the disc and considers, squinting at the remote, trying to make the DVD player work until, suddenly...

Super 8 footage - 1959

Children on a beach in wind-swept, grainy super 8. Denis with a golf club and ping pong balls practicing his drive from a tee, sending ball after ball skying into the sea. Mark and Carol charge into the water to retrieve them.

Margaret: There they are, my little twins. Mark...

DENIS approaches the camera laughing and appears to take hold of it. Margaret is seen sitting on a wobbly camping stool, hardly dressed for the beach, surrounded by papers weighed held down by pebbles. She merrily returns to her work.

Denis: Cornwall, wasn't it? Bloody hell... Look at 'em, little imps. You never really got golf, did you?

DENIS sits behind her on the sofa in a dressing gown, watching the footage. She sips her whisky.

Margaret: You look happy.

DeniS: Yes, I do, don't I? You're drinking too much.

cont'd: Whatcha doing?

cont'd: Not like you. Looking back.

Margaret suddenly presses rewind on the remote, clutched in her hand.

Denis: Don't want to dig around too deep, M. Don't know what you might find. The rapid rewind of Denis swinging his golf club.

cont'd: You can rewind it, but you can't change it.

She freezes the image of him turning to camera, laughing.

Margaret: They grow up so fast.

Margaret turns with something to say, but Denis doesn't seem to be there anymore.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT.NIGHT.

Now on the screen, Mark on a swing. Margaret's face softens.

Margaret: Mark.

He turns and rushes towards the camera, whooshing past it. Without breaking step, suddenly, he's in the room, running past Margaret, still cheering and whooping.

Margaret's hand, just skimming Mark's golden curls. As he moves on, Margaret's curiosity caught following him out

and down the corridor of Chester Square, seeing the Mark and Carol disappear round a corner.

INT. HALLWAY. HOUSE. FARNBOROUGH. KENT. 1959. DAWN.

The crunch of gravel as Carol and Mark race across the drive towards a blue ford car, covered with Tory blue streamers and a Vote For Thatcher poster scrawled with the words Victory.

MARGARET fingers brush dark panelled walls, making her way along endless corridors. Gothic arches, venerable busts, wood panelling and stone.MARGARET's pov as she stays to the side of the impressive corridor. She passes men in suits and groups. Others come towards her and notice her. Her POV as she pushes open a first door 'Tea Room' - a circle of men turn round in chorus as if something with three heads has appeared.POV of a second opening door marked members. A row of urinals. Two headless bodies come towards the camera, scrambling to zip up their flies. POV of the promise of sanctuary. Lady Members. The door opens onto a cupboard sized space. An ironing board. A sea of men's Oxford shoes from ground level. A pair of woman's shoes appear amongst them. They go on tip toe. From above we see Margaret's hat amongst the sea of mens heads and shoulders. Margaret is carried along in the sea of Male Mp's Oxford Shoes.

Airey Neave [Extremely dapper, friendly 43] approaches

Airey Neave: Mrs Thatcher ! Airey Neave. Welcome to the madhouse. Follow me.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS CHAMBER. 1974. DAY

Margaret, now Secretary of State for Education, on the front bench, wearing a neat blue suit and a hat, a phalanx of sitting beside and around her, Ministers Blue and Grey Suited Men, almost at first glance indistinguishable, with Prime Minister Edward Heath (late 50's), neat, effete, slumped rather forlornly on the bench. Margaret, her speech and papers in her hand is fighting hard but the Opposition Labour Benches scent blood - and they literally bray, getting to their feet and shaking their order papers in her face. The Speaker tries to control the chamber but his voice is almost lost in the bedlam.

Speaker: The Right Honourable Lady the Secretary of State for Education.

Margaret: The right honourable gentleman knows that we have no choice but to shut down the schools! Cries of 'Shame!' From the opposition.

cont'd: Because his union paymasters have called a strike deliberately to cripple our economy. Teachers cannot teach when there is no heating, no lighting in their classrooms. And I ask the honourable gentleman, whose fault is that?

Shadow Minister: Methinks the Right Honourable lady doth screech to much. If she wants us to take her seriously she must learn to calm down!

The Opposition Benches love that, rocking in their seats, laughing... falsely of course. But Margaret is aware that there are many Men behind her, on the government benches, who are also sniggering in agreement.

Margaret: If the right honorable gentleman could perhaps attend more closely to what I am saying, rather than how i am saying it, he may receive a valuable education in

Shadow Minister: Why has this Conservative government failed? Why has it forced so many in the public sector into taking strike action to save their own jobs?

It brings the OPPOSITION benches to their feet, shouting, applauding, stamping...

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. 1974. DAY

Margaret walking with Airey Neave towards Downing Street for a Cabinet Meeting. All around, heaped high on either side as far as the eye can see are bags of rubbish. But not neatly stacked, just thrown there, many of them rotting down, spilling their filthy, putrid contents onto the street.

Shadow Minister: Minister, the breakdown of essential public services - transport, electricity, sanitation is not the fault of the trades unions but of this Conservative government in which you so shamefully serve!

INT. CABINET ROOM. DOWNING STREET. 1974. NIGHT.

The ranks of Bespectacled Grey-Suited Ministers at the Cabinet table, including Geoffrey Howe.

Heath: So these power cuts will continue unless we can reach a compromise. Edward Heath is in mid-flow.

cont'd: The miners are asking for a 35% increase in wages. Obviously we can't go anywhere near that. The unions are not our enemies and never have been. We want - and have always wanted - the broadest consensus...

The Ministers nod. Margaret determinedly edges a little forward so that she is in equal line with the other Male Ministers.

cont'd: I'm sure we are all in agreement that we must do nothing for the moment that will further inflame the current situation.

Minister 1: Hear hear, Prime Minister.

Margaret leans forward for a better view, trying to catch his eye. Heath wavers, mid-speech. All turn to look at Margaret - who sits unwavering. HEATH resumes.

Heath: the fact of the matter is, it's absolutely crucial that we are seen by the public to be acting as conciliators and not aggressors.

(Finally acknowledging Margaret)

Yes, Education Secretary.

Margaret: Yes...

All eyes turn on her again, hearing the reservation in her voice.

cont'd: Prime Minister, with the Miners' leader calling today for the army to mutiny in support of the strikes, this seems the wrong time for conciliation.

Suddenly all the lights go out. A lot of 'bloody hell' 'oh for god's sake'.

Heath: Be patient. They'll come back on in a minute. A beam of light cuts through, just for an instant picking out Heath's moon-like face surrounded by darkness.

Margaret holds the small torch.

Heath: Thank you, Margaret.

A snigger, then the lights flicker back on.

cont'd: Your thoughts are duly noted.

Margaret turns the torch and clicks her handbag shut in satisfaction. Heath's words echo in her head, 'compromise...compromise...compromise...'. An inward look as she's caught by a memory.

Alfred: We on this island are strong. We're self-reliant. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers.

INT. TOWN HALL. 1949. NIGHT.

The packed town hall, Alfred Roberts in full flow on stage.

Alfred: He meant it as an insult but to me it's a compliment. That's why he couldn't beat us, and that's why Hitler can't beat us. The crowd of men applaud. The lone woman in their midst,

Young Margaret watches her father, face aglow.

cont'd: We Conservatives believe in giving people the freedom and opportunity to fulfil their own potential, especially the young. There's no good in pretending we're all equal, we're not all the same, never have been, never will be. We should encourage our children to aspire to achieve more than we have, for our children today will be the leaders of tomorrow.

INT. CAR. STREET. CENTRAL LONDON. 1974. DAWN

Carol and Margaret seated, driving steadily along a deserted street. Margaret thoughtful as the radio plays.

Voice On The Radio

It's 1974 and you'd think it was WWII. Blackouts, no petrol. It's a mess. Heath should resign now and make way for someone who's not afraid to tackle the unions. Carol's nervous prattle begins to break through.

Carol: I swear, it's all gone completely out of my head. My driving instructor thinks I should pass but I feel as if I've hardly had any lessons. Ridiculous isn't it? Maybe third time lucky.

Margaret: Right. The only thing you should remember is that everyone else is either reckless or inept. And often both.

Margaret eyes the road, gesturing Carol to move forward.

cont'd: One must be brave if one is to take the wheel Carol Right.

Margaret: Move over... Move to your right a little bit...

Carol: But if I move to the right aren't I on the wrong side of the road?

Margaret: Carol!

Carol: Well he's in the way!

Margaret: To the right. Move to the right! A yelp from CAROL as the car swerves a little, narrowly missing a lone Cyclist

cont'd: So sorry! Terribly sorry!

Margaret throws a wave from the wound down window. The Cyclist swerves on recognizing her, watching as the car goes round and round the square, almost balletic.

Carol: Hey, look at me, driving!

INT. KITCHEN. FLOOD STREET. LONDON. 1974. DAWN.

Thanks Ma, that was terrific! I really feel I've got a handle on it now.

Carol and Margaret entering kitchen, still giddy from their adventure.

cont'd: You should have seen us, Pa.

DENIS in his dressing gown burning toast and attempting to make breakfast

Margaret: Have you been trying to make breakfast? For Goodness sake, Denis!

Denis scrapes down the toast, eggs boiling in the pan.

Denis: I can boil a bloody egg.

Carol: Mummy took me for a test drive - We went absolutely everywhere. All over the place

Margaret (sudden/cutting in): I've decided. I'm going to run.

Margaret smiles, a growing resolution gripping her.

Denis: What for?

Margaret: I'm going to run for Leader of the Party.

Carol's utter disappointment on seeing she has lost Margaret already.

Carol: Silly me!

Carol storms out of the kitchen.

Denis (calling after): Good luck!

Carol: All the time I thought I was having a driving lesson, it was all about my mother, just for a change!

Margaret: What's she on about?

Denis: It's her driving test this morning!

Margaret: Oh, right. Of course.

Denis: Are you saying you want to be Prime Minister?

Margaret (with false patience): What I'm saying is that someone must force the

point, say the unsayable. None of these men have the guts.

Denis: The Prime Minister has been very loyal to you, MT. He tries, with a trembling hand, to scoop boiled eggs from the pan.

Margaret: But he's weak, and he's weakened the party. One must know when to go. You're shaking.

Denis: I can do it!

Denis pulls his arm away, sending boiled eggs flying.

Margaret: Goodness me! What is the matter with everyone this morning?

Denis: I've told you what the matter is. The business is a bit rocky at the moment and the Doctor thinks I need a rest.

Margaret: And do you need a rest? It's almost challenging. He doesn't answer and she doesn't notice.

cont'd: We both know that it's highly unlikely that I would ever be elected leader, I'll never be elected leader. But I will run. I will run. Just to nip at their heels and make them reaffirm the principles on which the Conservative Party must stand. There's so much to do. She smiles.

Denis: You're insufferable, Margaret, do you know that?

Margaret: Denis, you married someone who is committed to public service, you knew that. And it is my duty

DENIS(interrupts): Don't call it duty. It's ambition which has got you this far. Ambition. And the rest of us, me, the children, we can all go to hell!

cont'd:Don't worry about me, I'll be fine!

INT. SITTING ROOM. CHESTER SQ.
PRESENT. NIGHT

Margaret and Denis sit on the sofa.

Margaret: Where did you go?

Denis: South Africa.

Margaret:Yes.

INT. KITCHEN. FLOOD STREET.
LONDON. 1974. DAWN

Margaret eats breakfast alone, engrossed in the newspaper.

Denis: How many days passed before you realized I was gone? Probably had to ask the cleaning woman where I was.

INT. SITTING ROOM. CHESTER SQ.
PRESENT. NIGHT

Margaret grips her whiskey, shaking her head.

Margaret:When did I lose track of everyone?

Denis: Too busy climbing the greasy pole MT.

Cutting in Interviewer: Mrs Thatcher I understand you recently visited the United States of America.

margaret's attention is caught by an old interview, playing on the TV. She leans forward. On screen, she sits in a neat hat, leaning forward eagerly.

cont'd: What was it you took away from that visit which may be of value here in Great Britain?

INT. STUDIO. LONDON. 1975. NIGHT

Margaret perched on a chair, smiling at the TV

Interviewer –Margaret: Oh that's rather easy to answer, actually. They are unafraid of success.

INT. REECE'S OFFICE. LONDON.
1975. DAY

Margaret is watching the same interview on a TV monitor. She is watching herself intently, as are Reece and Airey Neave. They are polar opposites, Reece flamboyant to Neave's bluff.

She sounds very plummy, like a Conservative party wife from the shires. And she wears a hat.

Margaret On Television:We in Great Britain and in Europe are formed mainly by our history. They on the other hand are formed by their philosophy. Not by what has been, but by what can be. Oh, we have a great deal that we can learn from them, yes. Oh yes!

Margaret is trapped in the moment - but the two men exchange a glance. Neave freezes the picture. Margaret smiles uneasily, like someone expecting a

compliment. Reece considers her, long and hard. It is a little unsettling until-

REECE: Well er...For a start, that hat has got to go. And the pearls. In fact I think all hats may have to go. You look and sound like a privileged Conservative wife and we've already got her vote. You've got lovely hair but we need to do something with it - to make it more-

Airey Neave: Important.

Reece: Yes. Give it more impact. But the main thing is your voice. Its too high. It has no authority.

Airey Neave: Methinks the Lady doth screech too much

REECE: People don't want to be harangued by a woman or hectored. Persuaded yes. That 'oh yes' at the end of the interview, that's authoritative, that's the voice of a leader.

Margaret: It's all very well to talk about changing my voice, Mr Reece, but for some of my colleagues to imagine me as their leader would be like imagining, I don't know, being led into battle by their chambermaid. It's my background, and my sex. No matter how I've tried, and I have tried, to fit in, I will never be truly one of them.

Both Reece and Neave are aware that she has spoken very nakedly - and is thus extremely vulnerable.

Reece: If I may say so - I think that's your trump card. You're flying in the face of everything the Tories

have been thus far. It's really very exciting. One simply has to maximise your appeal, bring out all your qualities and make you look, and sound, like the leader that you could be.

Neave: You've got it in you to go the whole distance.

Reece: Absolutely.

Margaret:Prime Minister?! Oh no. Oh no nono. In Britain? There will be no female Prime Minister here, not in my lifetime. No. And I told Airey, I don't expect to win the leadership, but I am going to run. Just to shake up the party.

Neave: Respectfully, Margaret, I disagree. If you want to change this party, lead it. If you want to change the country, lead it. What we're talking about here today is surface. What's crucial is that you hold your course, and stay true to who you are. Never be anything other than yourself.

Reece: Leave us to do the rest.

Margaret: Gentlemen, I am in your hands. I may be persuaded to surrender the hat. But the pearls were a gift from my husband on the birth of our twins and they are absolutely non negotiable.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. NATIONAL THEATRE. LONDON. 1975. DAY

Margaret stands humming, a Theatrical Coach presses her hand to Margaret's stomach.

Theatrical Voice Coach

And...bring it down.Margaret hums lower, tries to project her voice.

Margaret: Maaaaaaaaaaaaa.

Theatrical Voice Coach: Good, I think we can lose the handbag, Mrs Thatcher...Hands down the sides...Because this isn't really about the voice, it's about belief...A nice deep breath.

Reece and Neave are watching and monitoring the performance. Denis, though present, is having a crafty fag by the window.

cont'd:If you're calling Mr Thatcher, how would you do that?

Margaret looks over at him.

MARGARET: Denis.

He doesn't react.

Theatrical Voice Coach:Yes, I want more authority, I want conviction, I want

Margaret:Denis.

Theatrical Voice Coach:That's right, one more time, deep breath

She puts on her new, lower voice.

Margaret: Denis.

And DENIS reacts immediately, like a guilty thing surprised, stabbing out his cigarette, turning quickly towards her.

Denis:Yes MT!

EXT. YARD. ICE CREAM FACTORY. DAY.

Margaret makes her way through a crowd of applauding workers in crisp white uniforms. Like them, she wears a white cap on her head.

Margaret: You are the backbone of our nation! Small firms like Loveday's Ice Cream. How are you? So nice to meet you ladies.

cont'd: I'll just have a small one, because I'm watching my figure. That's for you young man!

INT. HAIR SALON. LONDON. 1975. DAY

Margaret is having new hair colour and the colourist is 75 percent through putting her hair in foil.

Margaret: I passionately believe it's the growth of small businesses into larger ones that is critical for Britain's future.

Reece and Neave are sitting nearby, both of them reading the Financial Times.

EXT. YARD. ICE CREAM FACTORY. DAY.

Margaret among the ladies again.

Margaret: It has to be something icy on a stick for Denis.Laughter.

cont'd:(returning to her subject)That's the only way we will produce jobs, real jobs, jobs that sustain.

INT. HAIR SALON. LONDON. 1975. DAY

Margaret sitting under the dryer, cooking her new hair, still correcting paperwork while Reece and Neave look on, twiddling their thumbs.

EXT. FACTORY. LONDON. 1975. DAY

Margaret is standing on an impromptu stage outside a factory. She has a hard hat on her head.

Margaret: The Trade Union Movement was founded to protect workers. Now it persecutes them. It stops them from working. It is killing jobs and it is bringing this country to its knees. I say enough. It's time to get up. It's time to go to work. It's time to put the Great back into Great Britain!

INT. HAIR SALON. 1975. DAY

The bouffant is now apparent. REECE and Neave watch in awe.

INT. BACKSTAGE. CONFERENCE HALL. BRIGHTON. 1979. DAY

A darkened backstage. Margaret, clutching her speech, goes over her lines. a female aide sprays her hair. She looks up, starts to move towards the light.

Airey Neave is suddenly next to her.

Neave: Give 'em hell!

cont'd: You look magnificent. Next stop Prime Minister.

Margaret: Oh Airey...

Announcer: The leader of the Conservative Party, Margaret Thatcher!

Margaret pushes back her shoulders and walks into battle to the sound of Growing Applause.

INT. MAIN HALL. CONFERENCE HALL. BRIGHTON. 1979. DAY

Britain needs The Conservatives bannered overhead and hung with Union Jacks. Margaret a swathe of blue, as she passes through her grey suited cabinet. From behind she stands, arms outstretched, accepting the applause, a shock of bright blonde hair as she stands before a sea of Conservative Delegates holding up letter cards we love you Maggie!

Wedges of fanatical party faithful on their feet in a kind of rapture. The blessed Margaret ! Denis just visible with Reece, Howe, Pym, Heseltine and several other Grey Suited Ministers of her cabinet, seated close behind now jumping to their feet, with obvious relief and delight - rapturous applause, flash bulbs popping

Margaret smiles, glorious, catching Denis' eye. He is brimming with pride. Airey Neave beams at his protegee.

INT. CORRIDOR. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. DAY.

Close on a photograph of Margaret and Airey Neave. Margaret sits looking at it, her coat on, her handbag on her lap.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1979. EVE.

Margaret is loading papers and files into the boot of her car. Airey Neave drives towards her, winding down his window.

Neave: Good night Margaret. My money's on the filly to win!

Margaret: Oh, thanks Airey. Goodnight.

He laughs and drives towards the exit of the car park. As Margaret closes the boot and opens the door to get in the car suddenly there's a massive explosion, the sound magnified by being in the cavernous underground. For a few seconds we don't know what's happened. Through the smoke we see Margaret running up the ramp towards us.

cont'd: No. No, no! Airey!

New: The Irish National Liberation Army has claimed responsibility for the death of Airey Neave, Margaret Thatcher's spokesman on Northern Ireland.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL. NIGHT.

Margaret on the conference podium, blinking back tears. Behind her, Denis' face etched with the same sorrow.

INT. STEPS. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY

Margaret walks alone down the grand stairway, sombre, deep in thought.

INT. CORRIDOR. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. DAY.

Margaret looks up from the photograph, tears in her eyes.

Airey Neave: If you want to change the party, lead it. If you want to change the country, lead it. You've got it in you to go the whole distance!

On Margaret as memories flood in. A TV headline announces: election 1979.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL. NIGHT

Margaret on the podium.

Margaret: Now, as the test draws near, I ask your help. That together we can shake off the shackles of socialism and restore to greatness this country that we love so much. And the only way is for the Conservative Party to win!

INT. CAR. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1979. DAY.

Margaret peering out of the window, hands sunk in the lap, a flash of the Royal blue fabric of her skirt, clenched in fingers.

News Reader: It's Friday the 4th of May, an historic day for Britain, a Conservative government led by Mrs. Thatcher is set to lead -

News Reader 2: Mrs Gandhi in India, but never in the West has there been a woman Prime Minister.

New Reader 3: The place that she has secured in British history, as the first woman ever to be invited to form a government.

Airey Neave: The bonus of one of the most famous addresses in the world, Number 10 Downing Street.

Noise. flags. banners read 'We Love You Maggie' blur through the window, an abstract cacophony of noise and colour.

DENIS: This is it, steady the buffs old girl.

EXT. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1979. DAY.

The camera from behind on Margaret rising up out of the car, to face a waiting Press Corp. The jostle of a Police Officer, Denis and Others press her either side.

Margaret: I should just like to say that I take very seriously the trust the British people placed in me today, and I will work hard every day to live up to that responsibility. And now, I should like to share with you a prayer of St Francis of Assisi: Where there is discord may we bring harmony... Where there is error may we bring truth... Where there is doubt may we bring faith... Where there is despair may we bring hope..

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1979. DAY.

The Cabinet gathering for a group shot-Margaret Shoulders back, tummies in! Laughter. Michael Heseltine, standing behind Margaret, reaches out to smooth a stray lock of her hair.

Margaret: Oh. Thank you, Michael.

INT. CORRIDOR. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. DAY.

The same image, framed on a side table beside MARGARET. The distant hum of a Hoover.

Margaret:I'm perfectly healthy. There's no need for any of this.

Denis appears, his hand inside his shoe, polishing it vigorously.

Denis: Just let them look under the bonnet, MT. Check everything is hunky dory.

Denis:What is?

Margaret: You. I was on my own for twenty four years before I met you and I can manage perfectly well without you now. So will you please go away and stop bothering me.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. HARLEY STREET. LONDON. PRESENT.DAY

Doctor: Just look straight at me, straight ahead, that's it.

cont'd: Are you noticing night sweats?

Margaret:No

Doctor: Hallucinations?

MARGARET: No.

Doctor: Sleep?

Margaret:Yes, I sleep. Four, five hours a night.

Doctor: So you wake early?

Margaret: And I stay up late. I always have.

Doctor: We just want to keep abreast of it.

Margaret: Yes. Of course.

Doctor: Grief is a very natural state.

Margaret: My husband has been gone for years. Cancer.

Doctor: Carol says you've decided to let his things go. Probably a good thing.

Margaret: Yes. It was my idea. To Oxfam. Perfectly good stuff. People can use these things.

Doctor: Still it must be a bit disorientating. You are bound to be feeling.

Margaret: What? What am I 'bound to be feeling'?

cont'd: People don't 'think' any more. They 'feel'. 'How are you feeling?' 'Oh I don't feel comfortable with that' 'Oh, I'm so sorry but we, the group were feeling...' D'you know, one of the great problems of our age is that we are governed by people who care more about feelings than thoughts and ideas. Now thoughts and ideas. That interests me. Ask me what I am thinking.

Doctor: What are you thinking, Margaret?

Margaret: Watch your thoughts, for they become words. Watch your words, for they become actions. Watch your actions, for they become habits. Watch your habits, for they become your character. And watch your character, for it becomes your destiny. What we think, we become. My father always said that. And I think I

am fine. But I do so appreciate your kind concern.

cont'd: Oh, do please answer that.

cont'd: It might be someone who needs you.

INT. CORRIDOR CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. DUSK.

June: I'll give Carol a quick ring, let her know we're back, then I'll put your electric blanket on.

Margaret nods. Looking through the bannisters, her eyes fall on-A golf ball running along the floor. MARGARET considers, looks up.

Dennis: Steady, steady, steady! Damn. Fore! The ball bounces down the wooden stairs.

INT. KITCHEN. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. DUSK.

Margaret opens the fridge. A cold plated lunch resting on a shelf.

Denis: What about that medicine man, eh? Ah. Cold supper. Standards are slipping Margaret.

Margaret ignores Denis taking out the plate unwrapping the cellophane off it and placing it on a table, already laid ready for her to eat.

cont'd: Well you really gave it to that quack didn't you, darling ? Just like the old days! Hallucinations my eye!

cont'd: How dare he?

cont'd: But then you give us all the run around, don't you?

Denis: I know you can hear me, sweetheart, so there's no use pretending you can't.

Margaret: Enough. Denis, enough!

Denis: Dismissed!

Denis: She does it in the end. Kills him-

cont'd: I don't know why you're being so scratchy.

cont'd: It's not as if you've got anyone else to talk to.

Margaret: When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride

Denis: You know, it's a marvel to me that you can still quote huge chunks of Kipling but try remembering the name of that woman who's just made you that godawful cold collation... No? Come on... you can do it... month of the year... one syllable... rhymes with moon

Margaret: June

Denis: June! Bingo. Knew you'd get there in the end. "When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride, He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside, but the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail. For the female of the species is more deadly than the male..."

Margaret flicks on mixers, radios, toasters. The noise almost unbearable now. Margaret turns on a hi-fi, the TV now on.

Margaret: If I can't hear you then I can't see you. And if I can't see you then you are not here.

Margaret closes her eyes.

cont'd: And if you are not here, I am not going mad. I will not... I will not go mad.

She opens them and suddenly freezes on seeing an image of herself, bewildered and leaving Harley Street, caught on the TV.

Bbc Voiceover: Baroness Thatcher made an apparently routine visit to her doctor today. Although rarely seen in public, Lady Thatcher, the longest serving Prime Minister of the twentieth century, remains a controversial figure.

June: Margaret

Bbc Voiceover: Almost lovingly dubbed by the Soviets The Iron Lady, she's also credited, with her friend Ronald Reagan, with a decisive role in the ending of the Cold War. Her supporters claim she transformed the British economy and reversed the country's post-war decline. Her detractors blame her savage public spending cuts and sweeping privatization of.

Margaret: I don't recognize myself.

INT. BATHROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. NIGHT.

Denis: Am I out of the doghouse yet?

Then a pair of glasses. More gently, Margaret's hand reaches into the cupboard and takes the glasses in her hand.

Margaret lies in bed, book in her lap, Denis beside her reading the paper. She closes the book and pulls off her reading glasses.

Margaret: They're unveiling that portrait of me at Number 10 next month. The invitation's on the mantelpiece. So there'll be Churchill, Lloyd George and me. Just the three of us.

cont'd: I said I didn't want any big fuss but they insisted..Lovely little article in The Telegraph... The Woman Who Changed the Face of History..

Foot vo: Less than two years ago, the Prime Minister quoted St. Francis and talked about bringing faith, hope and harmony to this country.

Margaret: Denis?

She turns in bed. Sudden panic, DENIS is

A HECKLING CHAMBER RISING THROUGH-INT. CHAMBERS. HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1980. DAY.

A Heckling chamber as Margaret sits, facing labour outrage, the labour leader, Foot, grips his paper, mid speech.

Foot: Can the Right Honourable Lady deny, that having brought about the highest level of unemployment since 1934

Margaret bides her time on the front bench, waiting her turn, surrounded by her cabinet ministers including Howe, Pym and Heseltine

cont'd: The biggest fall in total output in steel and coal production in one year since

1931. And the biggest collapse in industrial production since 1921.

cont'd: Can she also accept that her free market economics designed to create a growing middle class ensures that the rich get richer and the poor are irrelevant!

INT. CAR. STREETS. LONDON. 1980. DAY

Protestors: Maggie Maggie Maggie! Out Out Out! Maggie Maggie Maggie! Out Out Out!

PROTESTOR 1: You're supposed to be a mother! You're not a mother, you're a monster! You're a monster!

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DOWNING STREET. 1980. EVENING.

Heseltine: May we have a word, Prime Minister?

Margaret: Yes, but in order to arrive at the palace on time, Geoffrey and I are will be walking out of that door in 15 minutes. As you can see

Heseltine: I know you're running late Margaret, but we have to address this situation in light of tomorrow's blistering press coverage. Blistering! The knives are out. Your draft budget's been leaked, Geoffrey, they are baying for our blood!

Howe: Michael we can't possibly buckle at the first sign of difficulty.

Heseltine: No one is saying we have to buckle.

Prior: But is this really the time to make these spending cuts in the middle of one of the deepest recessions this country has ever experienced?

Heseltine: We need a plan of action, Margaret.

Pym: Absolutely. A strategy.

Gilmour: We must be armed.

cont'd: There's a perception, Margaret rightly or wrongly, that we are now completely out of touch with the country. The patronizing tone inflames her.

Margaret: Really. How much is a pack of Lurpak?

Pym: Lurpak?

Margaret: Butter, Francis. Forty two pence. Anchor butter is forty pence. Flora margarine, still the cheapest, is thirty eight pence. I can assure you I am not out of touch.

Another Minister whispers the words: "Grocer's Daughter"

Margaret: What - did you say?

Gilmour: Nothing. Nothing, Prime Minister.

Margaret: Don't try to hide your opinions. Goodness me, I'd much rather you were honest and straightforward about them - instead of continuously and damagingly leaking them to the press. Well?

Pym: Well, people can't pay their mortgages.

Gilmour: The manufacturing industry is practically on its knees.

Pym: Honest, hard-working, decent people are losing their homes. It's terribly shameful.

Gilmour: The point is, Prime Minister, that we must moderate the pace -

Heseltine: if we're even to have a hope of winning the next election - Pym: Quite right.

Margaret: Ah. Worried about our careers, are we?

cont'd: Gentlemen, if we don't cut spending we will be bankrupt. Yes the medicine is harsh but the patient requires it in order to live. Shall we withhold the medicine? No! We are not wrong. We did not seek election and win in order to please the people of this country chose us because they believe we can restore the health of the British economy and we will do just that! Barring a failure of nerve.

cont'd: Anything else?

cont'd: Thank you. You saved the day once again, Crawfie, you're an angel.

Howe: You can't close down a discussion because it's not what you wish to hear.

Margaret: I don't expect everyone just to sit there and agree with me. But what kind of leader am I if I don't try to get my own way to do what I know to be right.

Howe: Yes. But Margaret, one must be careful of testing one's colleagues' loyalty too far.

Margaret glances up watching the Ministers disappearing, in whispered conversation, like conspirators.

Tv Journalist: We are now one split nation, with a huge gulf dividing the employed from the unemployed.

Union Activist: The Thatcher plan is to break the Trade Union movement.

Margaret: There must be closures of uneconomic coal mines, we seek only an efficient industry.

Miner's wife: The miners are being starved back to work, the need is desperate!

INT. CORRIDOR. HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1981. DAY.

Margaret sweeping along an endless corridor, surrounded by her cabinet, hard on her heels. Howe, Heseltine, Pym, Prior and others. Margaret talking, they hang on her every word.

Margaret: There are those who would say hold back, there are those who would make us retreat -

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE BRIGHTON. 1980.

Margaret: But we shall never give in to them. We shall never waver, not for a second, in our determination to see this country prosper once again. The party faithful erupt in cheers, seconded by all

Margaret's courtiers on the platform. Pym, Prior, Heseltine, Howe and above all

Denis, applauding as if their lives depended on it.

INT. LADIES. HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1980. DAY.

News Reader: A car bomb has exploded outside Harrods department store, killing six people and injuring 71.

NEWS READER 2: Eleven soldiers died today when two bombs were detonated during military parades in Hyde Park and Regent's Park. Seven horses also died in the blasts.

News Reader 3: The IRA have claimed responsibility.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE BRIGHTON. 1980.

Margaret: And now, it must be business as usual.

INT. SITTING ROOM. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. 1984. NIGHT.

Denis in pyjamas, brushes his teeth in the bathroom. He glances at Margaret through the open door as she sits, still in evening dress, working on her speech.

Denis: Come on love, get to bed. I don't know why you do this to yourself every year, it's a speech at conference, not the Magna Carta! She looks up, distracted.

cont'd: N Time to call it a day, darling. It's ten to three, for God's sake.

Margaret: I know, I'm coming Dt.

An almighty explosion rips through the room; wood, glass, furniture splinters, curtains flay from the walls. The fall of plaster, devastating, the hotel room obliterated, reduced to a smoking, dusty rubble.

Margaret: Denis!

cont'd: Denis, there you are. Are you alright?

Denis: My shoes!

Margaret: That's when I thought I'd lost you.

INT. BEDROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. PRESENT. NIGHT.

MARGARET wakes with a start, confused and fumbles for the telephone by her bed

Margaret: Mark?... Hello darling... No, I'm fine... I'm very well...How is... How's... Sarah?... And the children..?

cont'd:Oh... You can't... That's a pity... I was hoping to see you... No really darling... That's fine... Of course... another time... Lovely Darling... Can't wait...Yes...

cont'd: Mark?

Margaret: That was Mark. Not able to come.

Denis: Boy's always going awol.

Margaret: Well it costs him a great deal to fly everyone up here.

Denis:There you go, making excuses for him. Now look where it's got you.

cont'd: Did you know Yul Brynner was a gypsy from Vladivostok?

Margaret: Yes. He moved to Paris when he was fourteen. He played the King of Siam 4,625 times on the London and Broadway stages. What are you doing?

Denis:One likes to make an effort. A snifter?

Margaret: You're dead, Denis.

Denis: Ah. Well, if I'm dead... who are you talking to? Shall we dance ? He takes Margaret in his arms.

The music changes to 'Shall we Dance' from 'The King and I' as Denis takes a confused Margaret in his arms and begins an expansive waltz round the room. The room turns. Young Denis dancing with the Young Margaret. Now its Old Denis dancing with Old Margaret again. Denis loses his footing, and Margaret lurches towards the desk where her eyes fall on figurines of Falklands soldiers. She stares hard.

News reader: The Falkland islands, the British Colony in the South Atlantic, has fallen. Argentina claims its marines went ashore this morning as a spearhead to capture key targets, including the capital, Port Stanley.

INT. STUDY. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1982. DAY.

Margaret sits, composed, staring up at a phalanx of military men and her ministers.

Margaret: Gentlemen, the Argentinian Junta which is a fascist gang has invaded our sovereign territory. This cannot be tolerated. May I make plain my negotiating position. I will not negotiate with criminals or thugs. The Falkland islands belong to Britain, and I want them back. Gentlemen, I need you to tell me today if that is possible.

Admiral Leach: Possible... just, Prime Minister. We can have a Task Force ready to sail in forty eight hours.

Margaret: Forty eight hours?

Admiral Leach: But

Margaret: But?

Admiral Leach: We have a very narrow weather window. We can't fight in winter down there. Nobody can. If we are going, we have to go now.

INT. STUDY. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1982. DAY.

Margaret: Why were the islands left without any naval protection?

John Nott: In the last round of Defence cuts we judged the risk of invasion to be small.

Margaret: Did we?

John Nott: And if you remember, Prime Minister, you agreed that we should reduce the naval presence in the area to an absolute minimum.

INT CORRIDOR. . CORRIDOR. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1982. DAY

Howe: Margaret, the cost of sending 28,000 men and a hundred ships twelve thousand miles, almost to Argentina, will be absolutely crippling.

Margaret: I don't think we should be worrying about money at this point, Geoffrey.

Geoffrey Howe: We can't afford to go to war.

INT. STUDY. LONDON. 1982. NIGHT.

Margaret sits alone.

Admiral Leach: We have to go now.

Margaret: The government has now decided that a large task force will sail, as soon as all preparations are complete.

MP 1: Prime Minister we do still have three weeks before our ships reach the islands.

MP 2: All we're saying is that we shouldn't give up on trying to find a diplomatic solution.

INT. CORRIDOR. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1982. DAY.

A tea trolley and an American entourage surge down a Downing Street corridor.

MP 1: The U.S. Secretary of State has arrived, Prime Minister.

General Haig: So you are proposing to go to war over these Islands. They're thousands of miles away, a handful of citizens, politically and economically... insignificant, if you'll excuse me

Margaret: Just like Hawaii, I imagine.

General Haig: I'm sorry?

Margaret: 1941, when Japan attacked Pearl Harbour. Did America go cap in hand and ask Tojo for a peaceful negotiation of terms? Did she turn her back on her own citizens there because the islands were thousands of miles from mainland United States? No, no, no! We will stand on principle or we shall not stand at all.

General Haig: But Margaret with all due respect when one has been to war....

Margaret: With all due respect sir, I have done battle every single day of my life, and many men have underestimated me before. This lot seem bound to do the same but they will rue the day.

cont'd: Now, shall I be mother?

Hague looks confused, Margaret lifting the teapot

cont'd: Tea, Al, how do you take your tea? Black or white?

INT. CENTRE OF OPERATIONS. 1982. DAY.

Naval Men murmuring messages quietly to Naval attaches. Male lips to male ears, something Margaret has seen all her life. Francis Pym and John Nott stand near

Margaret. The naval fleet sails towards the Falklands. A map of South Georgia and the Falkland Islands. Model boats sit on the water, flags sit on the islands. Argentinian flags. Margaret stares at the map. A whispered message to one of the attaches. He moves a model boat on the map a few inches, leading a fleet of smaller model boats.

Naval Attache 1: The Argentinian ship the General Belgrano and her escorts are pursuing course 273 degrees toward the Argentinian mainland. We are tracking it with our submarine HMS Conqueror. He points to a model submarine at some distance from the Argentinian boats.

Margaret: Is this ship a threat?

Admiral Fieldhouse: Both of these ships are carrying Exocet missiles, Prime Minister. Just yesterday they launched- then aborted- an attack inside the exclusion zone. There is a risk they could try it again.

Francis Pym: The Belgrano is sailing directly away from the islands. Can it really be regarded as a threat?

Admiral Fieldhouse: She's been changing course continually. There's a strong possibility that they're attempting a pincer movement on our carrier group. I advise that we engage them: hit the Belgrano as a warning to the others. Send them all back to port.

Francis Pym: It'll play badly internationally. We'll be seen as aggressors. She stares at the map once

more. One of the men supervising the map moves the model of the Belgrano a fraction further North.

John Nott: This will be an escalation, Prime Minister.

Leach: If there is to be an escalation, it's better that we start it.

Minister: It is steaming away, Prime Minister.

Everyone is staring at Margaret. Even the Assistants bustling in the background have stopped and are listening. Male faces turned to her. She herself seems caught in a pincer movement between the politicians and the servicemen.

Margaret: Sink it.

INT. DOWNING STREET. 1982. NIGHT

TV Footage A flash of a torpedo cutting through the water. A thunderous explosion. Flashes of television images - striated and blurry - the Belgrano listing in the water. Reports of the sinking read out by the MOD's Announcer. Margaret and the Falklands figurine, silhouetted against the dawn light.

TV JOURNALIST: HMS Sheffield, a Type 42 destroyer, was attacked and hit late this afternoon by an Argentine missile...

cont'd: it is seen as a retaliation for the sinking of the General Belgrano, in which over 300 Argentinian sailors died...

Margaret's eyes shining, as if with tears. A soft knocking at the door. She dabs them away quickly.

John Nott: Prime Minister -

cont'd: Latest casualty figures from the Sheffield. He hands her a piece of paper.

Margaret: I must write to them.

John Nott: Prime Minister?

Margaret: The families. I must write to them...

INT. DOWNING STREET. STUDY. 1982. NIGHT.

Margaret at her desk, looks up at Pym.

Margaret: Foreign Secretary...

Pym: I've just been briefed by Admiral Fieldhouse. He told me bluntly that if the Argentinians are prepared and willing to risk their aircraft, they have enough missiles to cripple most of our fleet.

John Nott: President Reagan and President Bellaunde of Peru have some new proposals for the peace plan

Margaret: The peace plan? There will be no appeasement. This is a war. A war they started and by God, we will finish. Shall I tell you what I'm going to write to every single one of these families, these heartbroken families? I am going to tell them that no British soldier will die in vain for the Falklands.

Military Voice: Lieutenant Colonel Jones. Captain Wood. Captain Dench. Lieutenant

Farlane. Corporal Hardman. Corporal Sullivan. Corporal Briar.

Margaret: As the only Prime Minister in the history of our country who is also a mother with a son of my own, I can imagine your agony, and your grief.

Intercut (Stock Footage) troops march through barren landscapes, helicopters hover, a British flag.

Minister: Prime Minister, we have secured the beachhead

News Announcers; The Argentinian troops are demoralized and ill equipped... The paratroops have taken Goose Green...

Radio: Shortly after dark last night, our forces executed what our Commander in Chief has called a brilliant surprise night attack.

Margaret sits at a desk in Downing Street, listening to the news reports. A hand turns off the radio.

Denis Thatcher, bed. He heads down the hall, Margaret following behind.

Radio: From their new positions, our forces can see large numbers of Argentine soldiers retreating and streaming back into Port Stanley. Our forces are moving forward to exploit their success.

Intercut (Archive Footage) Victory! The Union Jack is raised over Port Stanley. The task force return to England to scenes of jubilation. Embraces, balloons, joyful embraces.

INT. CAR. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1982. DUSK.

Margaret peering out, a sea of union jacks and bunting. Cheers, the street lined as the car pulls into Downing Street-The blur of noise, cheering, jostling banners THEN the shroud of black uniforms suddenly encasing the car, blocking out the light-The jaunty distant sound of a military band playing

Denis: Well done, M.

The car door swings open a cacophony of cheers, applause, just audible far off, as Margaret steps out into the street, the camera follows her out peering up at downing street staff leaning out of No 10 windows, waving flags and cheering. MARGARET's gaze lingering on Howe and Pym amongst them, smiling with congratulations, clearly now part of the victory celebrations.

Margaret: We congratulate the men and women of the armed Forces for their skill, bravery and loyalty to this country.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS CHAMBER PARLIAMENT. 1982.

Prime Minister's Questions. Margaret is at the Dispatch Box fighting it out with Michael Foot. Geoffrey Howe is beside her.

Margaret: We were faced with an act of unprovoked aggression and we responded as we have responded in times past: with unity, strength and courage, sure in the knowledge that though much is sacrificed, in the end, right will prevail over wrong.

cont'd: And I put it to the Honourable Member opposite that this is not a day for him to carp, find fault, demand inquiries- they will happen I can assure him of that for we have nothing to hide- no, this is a day to put difference aside, hold one's head high and take pride in being British.

INT. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON PRESENT. NIGHT

Denis: Gotcha! Well that paid off old girl! Your ratings soared! From the most hated Prime Minister of all time to the nation's darling...The world was at your feet, and Britain was back in business!

INT. BALLROOM. WHITE HOUSE. WASHINGTON. 1981. NIGHT.

Quick flash: A glittering ballroom- Margaret waltzing, caught in Reagan's arms, fleetingly passing

Denis looking on, from the sidelines, drink in hand. Margaret's motorcade streaks through the rainy street, Union Jack flying. Margaret shakes hands with Indira Ghandi. Denis is presented with the pink turban.

Newspaper headlines scream Profits, Profits, Profits!

Margaret, triumphant on the podium at party conference. Margaret shakes hands with Gorbachev. The Berlin Wall comes down.

News Reader: The Berlin Wall has fallen. The gates have opened! The police are making no attempt to stop people as they go through.

Headlines: booming business! maggie's millionaires!

INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM. 1979. NIGHT

Margaret dancing with Kenneth Kaunda Of Zambia, Denis stands on the touchlines toasting them a fruity cocktail in his hand.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS STAIRWAY, 1990. DAY.

Margaret hurries down the stairs, her cabinet in tow.

Margaret: I don't agree in any measure!

Geoffrey Howe: But Prime Minister the question of the European single currency will come up.

Margaret: I don't think the country is ready for it yet.

Geoffrey Howe: But we cannot bury our heads in the sand...

News Journalist: A lot of Conservative MP's and Ministers are saying

News Journalist: that there must be a change in that style of management. That Mrs Thatcher must listen more, and on occasion, give in.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS HALLWAY, 1990. DAY.

Margaret moving swiftly down the hall, leaving her cabinet in her wake.

Pym: The point is, Prime Minister, I don't think we can sell the idea of a tax that asks everyone to pay the same.

Margaret: Our policies may be unpopular, but they are the right policies.

Minister 1: Prime Minister I just don't think we can ask the poorest of the poor to pay the same amount of tax as a multi-millionaire.

INT. CABINET ROOM. DOWNING STREET. 1990. DAY

Margaret, seated at the wide cabinet table surrounded by a subdued Cabinet. Most of the familiar old faces Pym, Heseltine, etc. All now gone. Howe the last enduring minister. She casts a gimlet eye over the Grey-Suited Men around her.

Margaret: There it is again! Why not?

Minister 1: Because

Minister 2: Because people... on the whole... think that the tax is manifestly unfair.

Margaret: Nonsense. Arrant nonsense. This is a simple proposition. In order to live in this country, you must pay for the privilege- something, anything! If you pay nothing, you care nothing. What do you care where you throw your rubbish? Your council estate is a mess, your town, graffiti, what do you care? It's not your problem, it's somebody else's problem- it's the government's problem! YOUR problem is, some of you, is that you haven't got the courage for this fight. You haven't had to fight hard for anything. It's

all been given to you- and you feel guilty about it! Well, may I say, on behalf of all those who have had to fight their way up, (and who don't feel guilty about it) we resent those slackers who take, take, take, and contribute nothing to the community!

cont'd: And I see the same thing, the same cowardice in our fight within the European Union, to retain British sovereignty of Britain, the integrity of the pound! Some of you want to make concessions. I hear some of you agree with the latest French proposals. Well, why don't you get on a boat to Calais? Yes, why don't you put on a beret, and pay 85% of your income to the French government!

cont'd: Right. What can we realistically hope to achieve by the end of session, Lord President? And why have we not made more progress to date? What is that? Is that the timetable? I haven't seen that. May I see it?

Howe: Here it is, Prime Minister. Of course.

Margaret: The wording is sloppy here, and here.

Howe: If you say so.

Margaret: I do say so.

Howe: It's merely a first draft...

Margaret: This is ridiculous. There are two "T's" in "committee"!

She presses so hard that her pencil breaks, so she shoves the paper back towards him, stabbing a finger at the offending word.

cont'd: This is shameful. Shameful! I can't even rely on you for a simple timetable! Are you unwell? Yes you are unwell. Give me the pencil, give it to me!

cont'd: If this is the best you can do I had better send you to hospital, and I shall do your job as well as my own and everyone else's. Gentlemen.

con t'd: As the Lord President has come to cabinet unprepared, I am obliged to close this meeting. She waits for them to take their leave, but they sit there, frozen.

cont'd: Good morning!

Slowly, the men gather their papers and file out of the room, leaving Margaret alone. she sits, gathering herself, hands shaking.

The roar of protest surges through - (archive footage) a huge macabre papier-mache thatcher head, grimacing with one eyeball blinded and the other detached and hanging bloody on a cheek.

Angry Crowd: Can't pay, won't pay! Can't pay, won't pay! Can't pay, won't pay!

INT. CAR. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1990. DAY.

Margaret peering out angry protestors slapping the glass as they pass, the sense of the car being attacked. The smear of smashed egg against the window screen.

Protestors: Out... Out... Out...

Margaret sinks back into her seat as the car, is jostled either side by a blur of

colour, the bang of fists against glass, the roar of the crowd

"Death to Maggie. Off with her head".

Protestors: Maggie... Maggie... Maggie. Out... out... out.

With a whoosh of flames the north side of Piccadilly Circus goes up in flames. Smoke and blood and fire everywhere.

INT. OFFICE DOWNING STREET. 1990. DAY

Late afternoon Margaret sits, silently working. Howe enters, Margaret barely looks up from working Margaret

Howe: My letter of resignation.

Howe slides a letter down on her desk- Margaret looks down at the thick envelope.

Geoffrey Howe: Our differences, I'm afraid, cannot be reconciled.

Margaret resumes working Howe waits and waits and waits. The scratch of Margaret's pen, she works on, refusing to stop for him. Howe stands in Parliament, reading his resignation

speech:

Howe: I have done what I believe to be right for my party and my country. The time has come for others to consider their own response to the tragic conflict of loyalties with which I have myself wrestled for perhaps too long.

Minister 1: Geoffrey's speech in the House of Commons was devastating.

Minister 2: just couldn't take any more of the bullying.

Minister 3: He was almost inviting someone to challenge her for leadership of the party.

Minister 4: She behaved appallingly. I wouldn't have spoken to my gamekeeper like that.

Minister 1: I don't think she can survive this.

Margaret stands, watching the evening news, Heseltine just visible on the TV screen

Heseltine On Tv: I'm here to announce my decision to put my name forward as leader of the Conservative party. I have nothing but admiration for our Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, but I believe our party and our country need a new leader.

Margaret turns to Denis, who stands, clearly shocked, worst fears confirmed.

TV Journalist: It's extraordinary. The rules of the Conservative Party make it possible for Conservative MP's to depose a sitting Prime Minister.

Margaret and Denis on the sofa. She unwraps a sweet, eyes locked on the TV.

Margaret: I am the Prime Minister.

cont'd: Sweetie?

News Journalist: As Conservative MP's gather in Westminster to discuss who they will back in the leadership contest, the Prime Minister said she would not be diverted from critical international affairs

EXT. PARIS STREET. NIGHT

With the Eiffel Tower illuminated behind him, Trevor MacDonald makes his report.

Trevor Macdonald: Tonight in Paris Mrs Thatcher is among thirty four world leaders who came together to celebrate the end of the Cold War and herald the start of a peaceful new age of East/West cooperation.

INT. GRAND HALL. PARIS. NIGHT.

A magnificent painted hallway Margaret sweeping away from a dining room, regal in evening dress.

News Journalist: There's a general feeling that Mrs Thatcher is going to win on the first ballot. We're going to put it to bed tomorrow night, is how one of her campaign staff puts it.

INT. GRAND HALL. PARIS. NIGHT

Margaret walks through a grand hall with her fellow Presidents and Prime Ministers of the world, a lone woman amongst a sea of men.

Denis On Phone: M, I really think you should come home and defend yourself old girl. Heseltine is campaigning ferociously.

Margaret On Phone: I do think my time is best spent seeing an end to the Cold War,

don't you? After all this time they know what I stand for.

PARIS

Trevor Macdonald: Will she, or will she not, be in the job tomorrow?

A Grand Hall a formal dinner, Margaret flanked by bow tied Prime Ministers and Heads of State.

Head Of State 1: Margaret, they can't touch you.

LONDON STREETS Cabinet Ministers walking along trying to hide their features from prying eyes.

News Reader: Mrs Thatcher has failed to win enough votes to secure an outright win in the leadership contest and must now decide whether to put her name forward for the second round.

News Reader 2:As Mrs Thatcher leaves Paris for London to make a last ditch attempt to pull together support for her leadership, the ship may have sailed.

INT.DINING ROOM.CHESTER SQUARE.PRESENT.

Margaret pushes through the double doors into her dining room.

MARGARET: Treachery!

Her cabinet are all around her dining room table. There is no seat for her. She moves round the table.

Minister 1:We will never win another election led by that woman.

Minister 2: We need a leader who listens.

Minister 3: This isn't about her, it's about the party.

Minister 4: One must know when to go.

Minister 1:The question is, how does anyone put it to her?

Close on a minister's face in the dim light.

Minister: If you were to stand, I of course would vote for you Prime Minister

Minister 2: of course would vote for you Prime Minister but I don't think you can win. The loyalty of my colleagues cannot be counted upon.

Margaret: It was the people who put me here

Minister 3:The loyalty of my colleagues cannot be counted upon.

Margaret:it's up to them to tell me when to go.

INT. STUDY. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. 1990. NIGHT.

Margaret stands, watching the evening news.

Denis: Margaret, you can't let them do this to you. Please, boss.

cont'd: They'll destroy you.

cont'd:Throw in the towel now, love. Don't let those bastards see you humiliated. You just won't win, darling. Not this time.

Margaret: Oh Denis.

DENIS, fingers touch hers, she looks at him, sees the tender concern in his eyes. Margaret smiles, determinedly steely under his gaze.

cont'd: I am the Prime Minister.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY

Margaret sits alone on the front bench. A stream of voices from the past -

Speaker: Order! Order!

Margaret: The Right honourable gentleman is afraid!

Northern Voice: This is a naked strategy of closing some coal mines and then selling off

Margaret: They believe in striking, I believe in working!

Irish Voice: This is the woman who's watched ten men on hunger strike starve themselves to death and never flinched!

Margaret: Despicable and cowardly -

Male Voice: Cynical Falklands war

Minister: More homeowners, more shareholders, more savings - The voices begin to blend into one another, white noise.

INT. DOWNING STREET STUDY. 1990. EVENING

Margaret sips a whisky.

Margaret: I offer my resignation after

eleven and a half extraordinary years

Margaret descends the stairs like an operatic heroine, her hand gripping the banister of the staircase. Below the Downing St staff waiting to say goodbye. Many are in tears.

Margaret: proud to have left Britain in a much better state than when we took office.

She passes the photographs of her predecessors and stops to receive a gift, opening it

cont'd: What's this then? A radio... How useful.

She moves down the receiving line of staff. The floor is carpeted with roses. Men's wet eyes. The door ahead. She is crying. Finally reaching the door, Margaret stands bracing herself. Denis's hand on her shoulder standing behind.

Denis: Steady, MT.

Margaret nods, bracing herself. A hand on the door handle. As it swings open

INT. BEDROOM. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT. NIGHT

Margaret stands staring at herself in the mirror.

DENIS: The greatest Prime Minister since Churchill deposed by a bunch of spineless pygmies!

MARGARET: All those years of taking the tough decisions, does any of it matter now?

Denis: It's all been turned to mush!

Margaret: What?

Denis: By these fools! These lily-livered pinkos!

Margaret: These inept placators.

Denis: Very good! These vacillators.

Margaret: Vacillators! Poll takers.

Denis: Popularity seekers.

Margaret: So busy taking the pulse of the public!

Denis: Weak

Margaret: These...weak...weak...weak...we a..weak...Men!

Denis's clothes are all over the room and the main cupboard is open and empty apart from shoes. There are several bin liners already filled with clothes.

cont'd: Don't they know if you take the tough decisions, yes people will hate you today but they'll thank you for generations.

Denis: Or forget you entirely and chuck you out with the rubbish!

Margaret turns away from this thought and opens a last big chest of drawers.

Margaret: All I wanted was to make a difference in the world.

Denis: And you did, love, you did.

She sits at the end of her bed and opens a box she has found in Denis's cupboard. There is a programme from 'The King and I' and a faded blue rosette from some long forgotten election campaign. A small flyer 'Margaret Roberts. Conservative Candidate for Dartford' and some childrens cards "to the world's greatest Daddy love Mark and Carol."

Margaret: All I wanted was for my children to grow up well and be happy - happier than I was certainly. And I wanted you to be happy of course. Were you happy, Denis? Tell me the truth.

There is no response. Margaret is momentarily lost in the room. Then, seized by some compulsion, she begins to pull out the rest of his clothes, shoving them into black bags. As shirts and trousers go in, quick flashes of Denis. His youthful face, smiling at her at the opera. Laughing on the beach in Cornwall. At the door of Number 10, smiling at her. Sharing her bed. Margaret looks up. Denis's suitcase is on the bed. His coat and hat lying beside it. She folds his dressing gown the one from the bathroom hook tenderly and puts it on the top of the case.

Margaret: Denis? Denis?

And there he is by her side.

Margaret: Here's your bag. You're all packed, sorted.

She walks him to the bedroom door and gives him a gentle kiss. Denis starts to walk away.

Margaret: Denis wait...Where are your shoes? You can't go without shoes! Not yet.

Denis straightens his hat.

Denis: Steady.

Margaret: Yes...Steady...

Denis: Steady the buffs

Margaret: Steady...Steady the buffs...

cont'd: NO...Not yet...Denis. Wait... I don't want you to go yet.

cont'd:

Denis...Please...No...Not...Don't...NO...I don't...I don't want to be on my own.

Denis: You're going to be fine on your own, love. You always have been.

Margaret calling out as Denis reaches the window at the very far end of the house and appears to disappear into the white light

Margaret: Denis!!

INT. BEDROOM. HOUSE. CHESTER SQUARE. LONDON. PRESENT.DAWN

From above we see Margaret lying dead asleep on the bed on a pile of Denis' clothes. The bed is surrounded by bulging black bin bags.

Carol: Mummy

Carol: My God, Mum. Are you alright? Mummy you should have called for help, silly old sausage. Have you not even been

in your bed properly? You've done all this?

Margaret: Yes, all sorted. Finished.

Carol: Yes well don't worry about all this. June and I will crack on with it.

Margaret: I was just going to get dressed.

Carol: Shall I call someone, see if anyone can come over and do your hair?

Margaret: Oh. No, you do it.

CAROL: Right, I'm off June.

June: OK. 'Bye.

She stands, picking up the cup. From behind

cont'd: Oh let me do that, Margaret.

Margaret: No, dear, I'll do it.

June: Carol said you might go to the House of Lords today?

Margaret: No no. I'm not going anywhere.

The sound of birdsong and children playing drifts from the street outside. Margaret sets the cup aside, turns and walks out of the room, and out of sight.

APPENDIX III

CURRICULUM VITAE

Name: Merlia Windiana

Nick Name: Meiy

Date Of Birth: Lubuk Linggau, May, 12nd 1990

Address: Srigunung 04/06, Sungai Lilin, Musi Banyuasin, Palembang, South Sumatra

Email: merliawindiana14@gmail.com

Interest: Climbing

Education:

1. MA Ponpes Asslam Palembang (206-2009)
2. UIN Sunan Kalijaga Yogyakarta, English Literature Department, Faculty of Adab and Cultural Sciences (2010-2015)

Activities:

1. Carde of KAMMI Civil Community of UIN Sunan Kalijaga (2010-2013)
2. Secretary of IKPM Musi Bnayuasan (2010-2011)
3. Secretary of Forsilam Yogyakarta (2011-2012)
4. Member of UKM INKAI (2012)
5. Tentor in International Collage (2011-present)