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The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill But Came Down a Mountain

By Ifor David Monger

[Man Narrating] For some odd reason,
lost in the mists of time,
there`s an extraordinary
shortage of last names in Wales.
Almost everyone seems to be
a Williams, a Jones or an Evans.
To avoid widespread confusion,
Welsh people often add
an occupation to a name.
For example, there was
Williams the Petroleum...
- and Williams the Death.

- [Barking]

There was Jones the Bottle
and Jones the Prize Cabbage,
which described his hobby
and his personality.
Evans the Bacon...
and Evans the End of the World.

The Lord God tells us.

It`s all in His book.

But one man`s name
was a puzzle.

And it wasn`t until I was ten years old
that I asked my grandfather...
about the man with the longest
and most enigmatic name of all.

The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill

But Came Down A Mountain ?

Now there`s a long name for you,
and a long story.

You are not going
to fidget, are you ?

For this is a story--
an epic story.

Yes, epic.

[Horn Honking]

[Grandfather] It must have
been 1917, on a Sunday,
when two retired army officers
arrived in Ffynnon Garw.

The younger man, Anson,
was just startin` to enjoy life,
having recently left hospital

after service in France.
However, his superior,
George Garrad,
had been retired
to the Ordnance Survey...
in the hope that this would help
the morale of his troops,
who`d been driven to drink
by his irksome personality.
Many men had gone
to the Great War,
and the rest of the village
was in chapel.
All except Morgan the Goat,
of course.
[Speaking Welsh]
Oh, uh, excuse me.
Well, does anyone here speak English ?
[Muttered in Welsh]
Oh, English, are you ?
Huh ? Huh. That would
explain everything.
- Well, it`s Sunday.
They`re all in chapel.
- We`re just wondering if, um--
Charming.
We`ll press on, I think.
- [Anson Groans]
- Well, do you want
to come in or don`t you ?
[Grandfather] As I said, the rest
of the village was in chapel,
includin` mothers
with babies.
Since the young men went to war,
there seemed to be a lot
of ginger-haired babies.
But in those hard times,
no one seemed to mind...
except Reverend Jones,
of course.
Are all of the wicked men
just in Germany ?
Wouldn`t that be nice

if all the wicked men...
were on the battlefields
of France ?
[Grandfather] Oh, Reverend Jones
was in fine form that day.
Nearly every Sunday
he preached against the war...
and Morgan the Goat,
in that order,
though he never mentioned
Morgan the Goat by name, of course.
They are also among us here...
in this very village.
What`s yours ?
Well, um,
that`s very kind.
I`ll, uh, have
a pint of bitter, thank you.
[Cock Crowing]
[Woman] Morgan ?
Well, pleasant enough
sort of place, isn`t it ?
I suppose so,
considering it`s Wales.
A valued guest.
A regular.
Very particular.
Refined even.
[Vehicle Approaching]
- This is turning out to be
quite a busy spot.
- [Horn Honking]
[Footfalls On The Stairs]
[Panting]
Now then. Oh.
Oh, I hate the summer.
[Morgan] Ah, morning, Sergeant.
Morning.
My name is Garrad. George Garrad.
Uh, we`re staying here
at the inn.
I guessed that from your luggage.
English, are you ?
Looking for more coal,

I suppose.

No.

Cartographer, actually.

Yes, sort of surveyors,
if you like.

We make maps. We're here
to measure the mountains.

Very useful, I'm sure.

I'll have you know it's
an important part of the war effort.

One must know
one's terrain.

[Morgan] You've come to the right
place with your measurements.

There's some terrain. That's
a mountain. First mountain in Wales.

- What's it called ?

- [Together] Ffynnon Garw.

[Garrad Laughs] Goodness gracious,
these Welsh names.

Would you mind
saying that again ?

'Fuh-non Gar-rue,' man.

It's simple. Listen.

I'll write it down
for you now...

so you can get it right
on your map doings.

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Of course, it will only appear
if it's over a thousand feet.

Don't be twp, man.

That's well over a thousand.

[Snickers]

Now then.

Oh, eh--

Excuse me.

- I think--

- You ready for another ?

You can keep the change,

Mr. Morgan !

Thank you, Miss Elizabeth.

Thank you very much.

Ooh, that Morgan !

Look, sorry.

Could I please have a pint of bitter ?

No need to get

all English about it.

Hey, the English are

in the pub, and they say they

come to measure the mountain.

All this way

just to measure our mountain.

Measuring it ?

Well, who needs to know

the height of a mountain, I ask.

[Fly Buzzing]

- Another drink, gentlemen ?

- [Garrad] Ah-ha ! No. No.

- No, thank you. Most hospitable.

- Yes, no, no, thanks.

- Anything else I can be getting you ?

- No.

All right then. I'll be taking the dog

for a walk. See you in the morning.

Oh, there is one thing.

I know it's hard to find staff

in this time of war, but we will

require an assistant.

Someone quite strong,

preferably.

I think you will find that

His Majesty's Ordnance Survey...

will provide

equitable remuneration.

They'll pay,

but not very much.

Oh.

Well, those that aren't

in France are down the mines.

-Of course, there's Johnny Shellshocked.

-Sorry. Who ?

Johnny Jones, back from the war.

Gone a little doodle-alley-tap.

- He lives with his sister,

poor thing. But strong.

- Oh, I see.

As long as you don't

expect him to talk... or think.

[Garrad] We will require
his services just as a porter.

[Morgan] Oh, well.

Johnny should be able to manage that.

- Perhaps we could meet him.

- Oh, absolutely.

First thing in the morning.

He seems to have rather
an impatient dog, wouldn't you say ?

[Chuckles]

Yeah.

- [Morgan] Why not ?

- Because he's not ready.

All he has to do

is hold a pole straight.

Don't be twp. No one gets paid
for just holdin` a pole.

Unless you're Betty
from Cardiff.

- Don't start that again.

- Megan said she saw her,

all tarted up again

in the pub on Saturday.

She's been advisin` me on
the refurbishment of my establishment.

Refurbishin`
your establishment !

I've never heard it
called that before.

[Clapping Hands]

Mornin`, Johnny.

I got some English stayin` at the pub.

Makin` maps, daft buggers.

[Chuckling]

They need help, of course.

Someone to carry

what they can't or won't.

There's money.

So should I tell them

you're interested ?

Well, uh, come along

to the pub later, all right ?

Ah ! Good mornin`,

Reverend Jones.

I see God`s in His heaven
and all`s well with the world.

- Have you no shame ?

- No !

I can`t think where I`ve left it.

[Chuckles]

[Reverend Jones] When does a hill
become a mountain ?

I think it must be a comparative term.

I mean,

you take the Himalayas
of India.

There they have mountains of
10,000 feet which are referred
to, I believe, as foothills.

But take our mountain.

That isn`t a foothill !

Well, again, placed in the Alps, it
wouldn`t even be considered a hillock.

- But it isn`t in the Alps !

It`s here ! Here in Wales !

- Oh, quite.

So who-- who decides
on British maps ?

Mr. Davies,

now this in confidence.

- They`re saying--

- What, the English ?

Yes ! They`re saying that
it must be over 1,000 feet.

Really ! I`d imagined
5,000 was the standard.

But how high is Ffynnon Garw ?

Is it over a thousand ?

Over two thousand ?

A thousand ? I`d always imagined
it was a few hundred.

Oh, dear. Oh, and I thought
you were an educated man.

Oh, dear.

Oh, dear.

[Grandfather] The first mountain
in Wales.

Yes, it is something we have
boasted about since time immemorial.
We didn't have the biggest mountains
of the North...
nor the beautiful mountains
of mid-Wales,
but we could claim that we lived
in the shadow of the first mountain...
inside the Welsh border.

These mountains
have defeated every invader.

This is where
the Britons fled...
when they were invaded
by the Romans, the Angles,
the Saxons, the Vikings,
the Normans.

Oh, yes, they all invaded
this island of Britain,
but they've never
taken the mountains from us.

They've never taken
ancient Britain.

[Chuckles] My God. Those last
stretches are steeper than they look.

- Yeah.

- I hardly think that
your pedometer reading...
will be much use.

Uh, well, not much,
but, uh, nevertheless--

So, can you see either
of our checkpoints from here ?

Uh,

n-no.

But I can see
those two men again.

SngSng [Faint Singing]

Rather ominous. Reminds me
of surveying Abyssinia in '88.

- [Men Chattering]

- [Morgan] Come on, boys.

Any more bets ?

This may be your last chance.

[Man] 2,300.

2,300.

For Williams the Petroleum.

Good man, good man.

Right, Anson.

Oh, uh, well,

same as you,

I imagine.

Mmm, yes.

More or less.

Good.

The very men we need.

Mr. Garrad, sir.

Settle our bet.

How high is our mountain ?

I'm sorry.

I can't say yet.

We've only just done

the first recce.

You must have some idea.

Well, nothing accurate

as yet, I'm afraid.

- Good night.

- Night.

- [Men Murmuring]

Uh, look.

I may be wrong, but after 25 years

of doing this sort of thing, I doubt it.

I would say about 930 feet.

Gentlemen.

- 930 ?

- 930 ?

[Dog Barking]

- [Knocking]

- Come in.

- Mr. Anson !

- Oh, Mr. Morgan.

Yes. Perhaps you can help.

Do you know, um, who those two gentlemen

down there in the street are ?

They've been

following us all day.

[Morgan] Thomas Twp

and Thomas Twp Too. Local farmers.

They`re not quite
with it-- touched.

- Oh.

- Stupid. Twp.

That`s Thomas Twp on the left
and his brother, Thomas Twp.

- Sorry ?

- Oh, he`s Thomas Twp Too.

- He is.

- Or is it the other way round ?

W-Well, whichever. Tha-That`s fine.

It was just they were, um--

-We were beginning to get a bit worried.

-Oh, quite harmless.

Now I think

I can safely say...

I`m speaking on behalf of all
of my patrons-- villagers to a man--
when I say I feel--
we feel--

that your Mr. Garrad`s done a pretty
shoddy job measuring Ffynnon Garw,
which is, to any trained eye,
a mountain.

- Beg your pardon ?

- Oh. Accepted.

No, no, no, no. I mean-- Sorry.

I-I`m not quite following what you--
930 feet, man ?

I hope he doesn`t intend sticking to
this obviously euphonious measurement.

No, th-th-the thing is,

Mr. Morgan, we haven`t really
measured, um, your mountain yet.

We`ve merely made a preliminary
reconnoitre, which has yielded
a very approximate figure.

[All] Click, click,
click, click, click.

- All the way to the top.

- That`s it ?

- Yep.

- Well, no wonder they
bloody got it wrong.

[Men Laughing]

And then finally, um, we`ll make measurements using... this.

Uh, b-but

to use this thing,

which we call

the transit,

we have to be able to clearly

view the summits of Newton

Beacon and Whitchurch Hill.

- But they`re not mountains.

- No, they`re not mountains,

Mr. Morgan. They`re not.

But Her Majesty`s

Ordnance Survey of 1887...

established their heights

and the distance between them...

and the distance between them

and Ffynnon Garw.

And, and, and, um,

given those measurements,

we, we should be able to ascertain

the true height of Ffynnon--

Uh, this elevation.

Ah, so you`re saying

it probably isn`t 930 feet.

Well, I`d be very surprised if today`s measurement was accurate, yes.

Ah, good.

Well, I`ll see you in the bar then.

Yes, yes, yes.

You should bear in mind, Mr. Morgan,

that your, uh, mountain-- whatever--

may very well be more than 930 feet.

- Yes !

- But it may also be less.

[All] Less ?

- [Men Muttering]

- No !

[Grandfather] All this fuss.

Over what ?

Is it a hill ?

Is it a mountain ?

Perhaps it wouldn`t matter

anywhere else, but this is Wales.

The Egyptians built pyramids.

The Greeks built temples.

But we did none of that
because we had mountains.

Yes, the Welsh
were created by mountains.

Where the mountain starts,
there starts Wales.

If this isn't a mountain--

Well, if this isn't a mountain,
then Anson might just as well
redraw the border...

and put us all in England,
God forbid.

[Morgan] Good morning, Thomas,
and Thomas.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- What can I do you for ?

We've come to see the men
who are measuring the mountain.

Well, uh, hello.

This is Mr. Garrad,
and, um, my name's Anson.

And as you can see,
we are terribly busy.

This is my brother, Thomas Twp,
and I am Thomas Twp Too.

We've no learning,
and most people say we're twp.

But we're not so twp as to
not know that we're twp.

Well, how novel.

It was very nice to meet you.

We would like to know how you intend
to measure the mountain.

We would like to watch, and we'd
be happy to help carry your rule.

Really ? Well, thank you.

That's splendid.

They don't call them
twp for nothin`.

[Garrad] Good God.

[Speaking Welsh]

Thomas, I`m not
altogether happy...
about you carrying
this equipment for the English.

Are you suitably
rewarded ?

I don`t know, sir,
but I`ll put it down.

- Morning.

- Morning.

We`re for the historical
measurement.

Have you met
the Reverend Jones ?

N-N-No, no.

How do you do ?

You`ll do your best now,
I`m sure, hmm ?

- Well ?

- What`s the result ?

[Garrad] Please. We have
hours of calculations ahead of us.

I`m afraid you`ll have to be
a little patient, but, uh,
we should know this evening.

Now, excuse me,
gentlemen.

Oh. Thank you.

Please be careful.

- And how do you know later ?

- Well, we`ve made measurements
with those two hills,
and we already know the height
of Newton Beacon and Whitchurch Hill.

- But how were they measured ?

- The same way. By comparing
them with other hills.

But who measured
the first hill ?

Well...

God, my boy. God !

[Grandfather] That night, the pub
did big business...

as all gathered
to hear the result.
All except Reverend Jones,
of course,
who wouldn't step into
such a den of iniquity.

[Men Chattering]

- Same again ?
- No, I wish to change my bet.
- You can't do that.
- Well, then, I wish
to place another one.

[Chattering Stops]

- Feeling any better ?
- No.

No, I've got a shocking headache.
I think I should lie down.

Do you, um, want me
to tell them then ?

That's a splendid idea, although it
really should be me. On the other hand,
this might be a good chance for you
to get practice talking to the natives.

- You don't know when it might be handy.
- Mmm. Yes, of course.
- 980 feet.
- Ah-ah !

Objection 'sustained.'

I'm not taking any bets
under a thousand feet.

- Traitor.
- Traitor ?

[Speaking Welsh]

Are you sure you haven't got
any English blood in you ?

- Any result ?
- No !

They're not going
to like it very much, are they ?

No. All the same,
these figures are science.

And what is science,

Mr. Anson ?

I always forget that one,

don't I ?

- Oh, come on.

- Um, science is dispassionate.

Exactly.

- [Chattering]

- Ahem. Ahem !

[Chattering Stops]

Oh. Evening.

-Well, Mr. Morgan, with your permission.

-Mm-hmm.

Gentlemen. Um, we have now...

[Bumps Head, Chuckles]

completed the,

uh, survey of, um,

[Mispronouncing]

Ffynnon Garw...

and, um, I have to inform you

that it is...

984 feet.

- What ?

- [Men Exclaiming]

Now I-I-I realize that this

may be a disappointment to you,

um, but I would ask you to remember

that it is just a measurement...

and in no way should detract from the

beauty of, or indeed your affection for,

this, uh, uh--

[Stammering]

H-Hill.

Thank you.

- Hill ?

- [Men Chattering]

A result ?

Tell me. Do they have a result ?

It's a... hill.

[Whispering]

A hill.

Ohh.

Perhaps it would have been different

if there hadn't been a war,

but this was 1917, and

people were exhausted by loss.

Those that were allowed to stay

manned the pits,
mining the coal
that would fuel the ships.
Twenty-four hours a day
they labored.
Corners were cut.
Coal was hacked hastily,
and those who survived
the trenches died for the coal.
It was a sad time.
Our friends had been taken,
our sons, our husbands.
A once-close community
was slowly bein` destroyed.
How could we face those who survived
if they returned to find no mountain ?
While they had fought the Germans, we
had lost the mountain to the English ?
Our village had been ruined, and now
they were takin` our mountain...
and our Welshness.

- Meeting in the village hall.
- Meeting in the village hall !

Meeting in
the village hall !
[Panting]
Reverend Jones...
is assembling a meeting
in the village hall.

- Now !
- What does that old coot
think he`s gonna do ?
- Raise the mountain ?
- He`s gonna organize
an official complaint.

Come on, boys.
Were you comin` ?
A complaint ?
[Townspeople Chattering]
Thank you, thank you,
thank you.
Look, I propose
a petition...
demanding the inclusion

of Ffynnon Garw...
as the first mountain
in Wales,
to be included on all
of His Majesty`s maps.
And who`s gonna read this petition ?
Huh ? Who`s going to agree ?
- I don`t think I need any advice
from you, Mr. Morgan.
- I haven`t finished.
I haven`t finished yet.
I don`t want Ffynnon Garw
to be on the map...
because we begged for it,
because we-- we pleaded.
No ! If Ffynnon Garw
has to be a thousand feet,
then I say
let it be a thousand feet !
Twenty feet !
That`s all we need !
A 20-foot tump
and we have our mountain.
- I`m not sure how legal that is.
- Yes. Or ethical.
''Legal'' ? ''Ethical'' ?
How legal was it to say that
a thousand feet is a mountain...
and 984 isn`t, huh ?
Do we call a short man a boy
or, or, or a small dog a cat ?
- [Laughing]
- No !
This is a mountain--
our mountain--
and if it needs to be
a thousand feet, then by God,
let`s make it a thousand feet.
I would prefer it,
Mr. Morgan,
if you did not take
the Lord`s name in vain.
Ye-Yes, Ivor, go on.
Have a go.

- Uh... Morgan the Goat--

- [Townspeople Laughing]

Sorry, Morgan.

Morgan has a point.

I have visited mountains that are topped
by ancient burial chambers,
and it is that full height
which is measured.

I see nothing wrong with
adding to Ffynnon Garw.

- [Townspeople Murmuring]

- In Rhondda Fawr,
there`s a huge coal tip above
the village, and that`s on the maps.

[People Murmuring]

Am I the only one that thinks
this smacks of sharp practice--
of cheating ?

What do we do ? Lower one part
of Ffynnon Garw to raise another ?

Take it from your garden if
it makes you feel better.

Yes ! Yes ! It would
make me feel better.

I would be happier...
if the mountain was raised
by toil, by sweat,
by work,
by sacrifice.

Yes ! Take the earth
from our own gardens.

- That would make me feel better.

- You`re just making it impossible.

No, Mr. Morgan,

I am not !

Oh, that man.

J-Johnny.

- Well, this is--

- No, listen. [Muttering]

In France--

In France, we dug trenches
ten miles long.

We took earth from here
and built hills there.

We moved fields.

You wouldn't believe what we did.

It's possible.

It's just hard work.

I'll help.

[Grandfather] And that's how
it all started.

The Reverend had an idea,

but Morgan had a better one,

which the Reverend altered...

and Johnny believed possible.

Of course, it didn't change the fact
that Morgan the Goat...

wouldn't talk

to Reverend Jones...

and Reverend Jones

wouldn't talk to Morgan the Goat.

And Johnny could rarely

talk to anyone.

[Knocking]

Sergeant.

- Gentlemen.

- Mr. Anson.

On behalf of the village,

we would like to convince you

to persuade Mr. Garrad...

to stay longer and

measure the mountain again.

Again ? Well, I-I'm sorry, but I think

today's reading was accurate.

We're going to add

20 feet.

- [Anson] What do you mean

add 20 feet ?

- 'Tis legal, isn't it ?

Heights of other mountains

sometimes include burial mounds.

- Even coal tips.

- Aye !

- Uh, well, now that is true--

that permanent features

are sometimes allowed, but, uh--

Good.

Twenty feet it is then.

We can't possibly wait

while you, uh,

add 20-- 20 feet.

- I mean, how are you going to do this ?

- Never you mind.

We'll manage. You just

convince Mr. Garrad.

[Stammering] Uh, n-no, I know

I'd be wasting my breath.

We have a very tight schedule, and, um,

Mr. Garrad's very eager to get on.

- All we're asking--

- No, it's very late,

so if you don't mind,

we will be leaving

first thing in the morning.

Thank you.

- Aye, it's a damn shame, man.

- Don't worry.

They're not goin' anywhere.

Sorry, Morgan ?

I missed that.

I must be goin' deaf

in this ear, man.

- I said good night, Sergeant.

- Aye, aye.

Good night now.

- Morgan ?

- I need two pounds of sugar.

- [Loudly] Two pounds !

- Shh !

- [Whispering] It's rationed.

- I know it's rationed.

Come on, Ivor.

This is a national emergency.

Yes, but...

two pounds ?

I don't want to have to tell people
that it failed because of you, Ivor.

So, are they stayin' ?

Oh, I, uh, I think

I won them over, my love.

I think I won them over.

For God's sake, Anson,

crank harder.

I am doing my very best.

Perhaps you'd like to have a try.

I'd hate for you to have to exert yourself a little bit.

- [Backfire]

- What did you say ?

Trouble, gentlemen ?

Uh, yes.

I'm afraid so.

Oh. Dear, oh, dear,

oh, dear.

[Anson] Uh, Mr. Morgan.

By the way,

I was wondering:

to the, uh, the flagpole ?

Dry rot.

Dry rot ?

In Wales ?

- That looks more than 20 foot, man.

- Oh, it's 20.

- Bloody hell. We're gonna need a lot of earth to cover that.

- Aye.

- [Knocking]

- It is not 9:

- Good morning.

- Reverend Jones.

Uh, am I disturbing you ?

I thought you were one of the children.

[Laughing]

Oh.

Ah.

Just what we need to talk about.

Today is an historic day.

Historic !

A day which generations will talk about...

for years to come !

- Is there news from the front ?

- No.

The news is here.

The news is up there.

Today...

we are building

a mountain !

And I want your pupils

to help.

My pupils.

To labor.

To help you falsify

the height of a--

To falsify ?

Oh, Mr. Davies,

both your sense of community

and your vocabulary...

leave much

to be desired.

[Piano Keys Banging]

- [Grunting]

- [Backfire]

- So ?

Ahem.

Well, um--

Well what ?

Well, difficult to tell.

And by now,

you've probably flooded it.

We'd best leave it

for ten minutes.

Fancy a drink ?

Forgive me, Lord.

- [Air Hissing]

- Sh-shh--

No, they know not

what they do, as you said.

Sng Bread of heaven Sng

Sng Bread of heaven SngSng

There you are. I've been standin`

at that bar like a lemon.

I'm busy.

Refreshments.

- Hey, get that.

- Ahem.
- What shall I say to them ?
- Don't say anything.
Just push it to the garage
and take the engine apart.
Yeah, but I've never taken one of these
apart. It isn't a two-stroke.
- Now's your chance to learn.
- What if I can't put it
back together again ?
You'll have done
a great service.
All right, let's get this down
to the garage, eh ?
Ah, bloody hell.
- Quite.
- When it rains it pours, eh ?
So, do you know
who's behind this ?
I don't know what
you're suggesting.
What I am suggesting,
Mr. Williams,
is that our problems
seem highly coincidental...
with my qualification
of your mountain as a hill.
I am beginning to suspect
childish revenge, bad sportsmanship--
Stop ! Now stop before you say
something that you will regret.
Yes, it's true
a lot of people are upset,
but to think that
anyone would--
Mr. Garrad, sir,
we are an honorable people.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
It just seems
very, very odd.
Well, let's forget that for now,
get this down to the garage.
And, um, how long do you think

the repairs will take exactly ?

Oh, I'll, uh--

I'll have you on your way in no time.

Good. Because otherwise, we shall
have to make alternative arrangements.

No need for that,
gentlemen.

Now if you'd kindly
remove your luggage...
and push me.

Push ?

Push.

- Tommy in ?

- He's sleepin`. Night shift.

- I have to see him.

- He's not going anywhere for you.

Wake him, woman !

This is a matter of life and death !

Oh, very good, very good.

Excellent.

- Three buckets. Excellent, excellent.

- Hello, hello.

- We've chosen a hot day for it.

- Oh, better than rain.

But it's going
to rain later.

Well, all the better
to refresh us, you see.

Be optimistic. Now go on. Dig.

Fill that third one, quick.

Ask some house on the way into Cardiff.

You can't miss it.

But, Morgan,
I'm workin` nights.

There`s some of us
workin` day and night.

I don't want to be telling people it all
failed because of Tommy Twostroke.

Capital, capital.

Right. Let me
just get my tools.

And when we were talking about Llywelyn
the Last, you will remember that--

- [Knocking]

- Come in.
- We`ve come for the children.
- We need them at home.
Well, this is most irregular.
Refreshments !
Anyone in need of refreshments ?
Ahem.
Go on.
Go on home.
I can`t say I like this village.
It`s altogether far too quiet.
Yes, I noticed.
I rather like it.
Do you think he has a clue
about what he`s doing ?
Well, h-h-he`s certainly
stripping it with great confidence.
- I know, but--
- I`m afraid I don`t know
the first thing about motorcars.
Unfortunately,
neither do I.
Aha ! I think, gentlemen,
I`ve found the problem.
Ahem. Yeah.
And what`s that ?
Well, I don`t know
the English word, but in Welsh,
we call it a--
a bethangalw.
- A what ?
- A ''bairthandgaloo.``
- Yeah. Close enough.
- And, um, where can
we get a replacement ?
- Ooh, Cardiff.
- Cardiff !
We`ll send Tommy Twostroke
when he gets back.
Right.
- Tommy !
- I thought that--
Never mind what you thought.
What the hell are you doin` here ?

- Morgan sent me.
- What does Morgan want ? It`s
Thursday. I`ve got my work.
- He wants you to come right away.
- And lose my job ?
It`s an emergency. He said,
''Tell her I can`t do it without her.''
- Can`t do without me ?
- Mmm, something like that.
[Morgan] Ha`penny change.
Thank you.
- Ah ! Mornin`, Reverend.
- Don`t you ''Good mornin`, Reverend'' me.
This is typical.
While the entire village-- with the
notable exception of Davies the School--
toil in this heroic task,
you have applied your labor
to, to, to making a profit...
and to further disseminating
the evil of alcohol.
Now, now, Reverend. I think the heat is
getting to your good temper.
- I`m supplyin` a service.
- [Scoffs]
A true service
would be free.
Trust me.
I`m making no profit.
Oh-ho-ho, dear.
Trust you ?
The day has yet to dawn...
when I will trust you.
Oh, come on, George.
It`s not the end of the world.
Just means we`ll have to
stay here for another few days.
Is there any transport
for hire at all ?
No, everything`s
being used, um, for the, uh--
Yes ? For the what ?
- The war.
- Oh, the war. Yes.

I thought I heard
a train last night.

So is there
a railway station here ?

- Well, uh--
- It's a simple question.
Is there or is there not
a railway station ?

Well, not really.

Not really ?

[Train Whistle Blowing]

[Singsong Chattering]

[Chattering Continues]

- [Cooing]

- [Chattering]

- Ah. Morning.

- Oh.

Do you have
a train timetable ?

- Trains ?

- Yes, trains.

Uh, you're English, are you ?

Anson ?

Uh, yes.

Yes, we are, yes. Um,
and we-- we'd like
to catch a train.

Ah. No trains.

Good God, man,

I just heard one.

They're coal. There's coal trains
all day, coal trains all night.

But no passenger trains.

- Don't see any passengers, do you ?

- [Cooing]

[Morgan] Meat pies !

Apples ! Pears !

[Whistles]

[Sighs, Groans]

Now, now.

The Good Lord took a day
to divide heaven and earth.

We can't expect
to do better.

And, and, and we`ve broken
the back of it.

- That`s the important thing.

- We haven`t broken the back of it.

Yes, we have.

[Speaking Welsh]

We`re almost
up to 14 feet.

We`ll need more as we get higher
and the base grows wider.

- He`s right.

- Oh !

Pessimists, all of you.

And you !

- You ! You said it would rain.

- And it will.

God, dear. Ohh.

Morgan, what the devil`s goin` on ?

I have Tommy Twostroke...

comin` to the house

with a desperate message.

Desperate !

That`s the word, Betty.

Desperate times, desperate measures,
desperate Englishmen.

You had better not be suggestin`
what I think you`re suggestin`.

[Glass Clinking]

Oh. Hello.

Um--

[Bumps Head]

Sorry. Could I, um,
possibly have a glass of beer ?

- Do I look like a barmaid ?

- Barmaid ? Never !

I`m surprised at you, Mr. Anson,
makin` a mistake like that.

This is our honored guest,
Miss Elizabeth.

I`m sorry. I simply assumed
because you were behind the bar--

Well, I like my regulars
to feel that this isn`t a pub.

It`s a home away from home.

- Home ?
- Back so soon ? Shame.
Difficulty with the breathing again ?
Terrible trouble with her chest.
I knew you were returnin` to Cardiff
too soon. I told you so.
She soldiers on
under adversity.
What can I get you
to drink, huh ?
- Pint of bitter, please.
- Coming up.
And put it
on my account.
Your account ?
To show there`s
no hard feelings.
Oh, really, there`s
no need for that.
Thank you anyway.
Um, Reginald Anson.
Elizabeth. Miss.
And it would be my pleasure.
Well, there. Enjoy your drinks.
I`m sure you`ve a lot to talk about.
Oh--
Uh, I`m afraid
Mr. Morgan...
does so like to discuss
one`s private matters in public.
Terribly bad taste,
I find.
[Loudly]
Quite common.
Well-- [Laughs] You can
rely on me for complete discretion.
I`m sure. Now,
would you excuse me ?
I gave up my first
real, honest job !
Mr. Garrad, sir !
Ah, excuse me.
What can I do you for ?
- [Whispering] Anson. There`s

dirty work at the crossroads.

- Hmm ?

I just spoke to Morgan
about staying another night,
and he wasn't
the least bit surprised.

Oh, no, no, no.

You shouldn't jump to conclusions.

Williams the Garage Man had already
told him that the car was inoperable.

He had ?

Oh, I see.

One can't be too careful
in foreign climes.

- Well, it's only Wales, George.

- It's still foreign, Reginald.

I understand.

I-I do ! Completely !

Especially
since they are English.

Morgan, you're
missing the point.

No, you are missin`
the point, girl.

All you have to do
is charm the old fool...

so his days
don't seem so empty.

Morgan, your head's empty.

All this for just a map !

Just a map ?

Is that what Tommy Twostroke said ?

Half-wit !

Just a map !

Maps, dear Betty,
are the--

uh, the undergarments
of a country.

- They give shape to continents.

- You-- !

Oh, George.

L-Let me introduce you.

This is, um,

Miss Elizabeth from Cardiff.

Come for the good
mountain air.

And this is

Mr. George Garrad.

- Pleased to meet you.

- I`m sure.

Damn and blast !

Oh, God.

[Rain Falling]

I said it would.

By God, it reminds me
of the monsoons in the tropics.

So have you ever been
to the tropics ?

Excuse me.

Awful mud slides
on nights like these.

Williams ! Williams !

- Morgan ?

- We need tarpaulins
up the mountain, quick.

All our work
will be washed away !

- That`s the only one I`ve got.

- Right. That`ll do.

- Morgan !

- Get Johnny Shellshocked and
get up the mountain, quick !

- But, Morgan !

- Well, I can`t do it all myself.

Do you want me to have to tell people
it all failed because of you ?

We`re nearly there,
Johnny boy, nearly there.

[Screaming]

- Get down !

- [Screaming Continues]

Get down, Johnny,
you bloody idiot ! Lightnin` !

Get down !

Come on ! Come on !

[Screaming Continues]

Come on !

Come on !

All right.

All right.

-Calm down. Calm down. Shh ! Come on.

-[Wailing]

Good boy.

You can get up now. Come on.

So we forged through Palestine,

and then from there,

on into Cairo, and finally

from there, we went on into Aden.

D`you hear that,

Miss Elizabeth ?

Mr. Garrad`s

been to Aden.

Aden ?

Have you been to Aden,

Mr. Anson ?

[Anson] Uh, no, no.

Not yet, but l-l--

It sounds fascinating.

Another for you,

Mr. Garrad ?

You all right there,

Mr. Anson ?

- Mmm.

- I`ll have another.

And one for Mr. Anson.

And put them on my account.

Thank you very much. How charming to be
treated to a drink by a lady.

Oh, Miss Elizabeth`s
benevolence knows no bounds.

- Bloody hell.

- It was only soddin` thunder and
bloody lightnin`, weren`t it ?

Drove the poor bugger
half mad.

[Shuddering]

- What about the mound ?

- Oh, we saved your mound all right.

You can`t leave him here.

You should take him to Blod`s.

I`ve done enough
for one night.

[Whimpering]
Get some towels
and a blanket, quickly.
Damn shame, poor chap. I saw a lot
of this sort of thing in Sebastopol.
Bugger Sebastopol, George.
Give me your jacket.
Come on ! A large brandy,
please. Quickly.
Right. Unclench
his fingers.
Undo his shirt. Get his shirt
undone and unclench his fingers.
All right, all right.
Let me see if he`s
swallowed his tongue.
That`s it. Come on.
There. Just relax.
- Blod !
- What have you done with him ?
[Morgan] I didn`t do anythin` !
Betty, give the man
the brandy.
Betty ? So this is Betty ?
What the bloody hell is she doing here ?
No, Blod, you-- Don`t get
the wrong idea. This is another lady.
With these gentlemen.
Isn`t that right ?
Uh, yes, yes, we`re from London.
Now can we please get on with
helping this poor fellow ?
- He`s in deep shock. There.
- I`m sorry. I thought
you were somebody else.
Come on, Morgan. Help me get him home.
I know what to do.
All right.
Gently, gently.
Well, I`ve had far too much
excitement for one evening.
If you`ll excuse me,
I`ll say... good night.
- Yeah, but, George--

- Good night !

Oh, don't worry about Morgan.

This isn't the first time

I've looked after him.

He won't be back

tonight.

And thank you...

for helpin' me with Blod.

Oh, it's fine.

Just, uh, seemed the--

Seemed the thing to do, really.

I mean that.

Thank you.

That's fine.

Good.

Well, um, good night,

uh, Miss Elizabeth, and, uh--

Betty.

Betty. Yes. Um,

and, uh, thank you for

a lovely evening, and, uh--

Are you married ?

- I'm sorry ?

- Are you married ?

No.

Good night, Mr. Anson.

You're a gentleman.

Idiot.

[Climbing Stairs]

- Sleepin' quietly ?

- No thanks to you.

Well, I'll just go back and lock up.

I won't be long.

Don't think for one minute

that you're stayin' here tonight.

- After what you've done to Johnny ?

- Blod.

And another thing, Morgan.

If this was all for nothin',

don't think about darkenin'

my door ever again.

- Don't be rash now, girl.

- Bugger off, Morgan.

[Grunts]

Oh, no !

Betty !

[Groans]

Damn and blast !

[Whining]

Good mornin`.

Couldn`t you sleep ?

I slept like a log.

It`s so quiet without

Morgan bangin` around.

[Chuckles]

Morning.

I thought you might

already have gone.

You seemed rather impatient

last night.

Oh, no, no, no. I`m not one
for runnin` around in the rain.

I like to stay snug
in a warm bed and just stare at it.

- Mm-hmm.

- Everythin` looks better when
it`s wet, don`t you think ?

- [Squeaks] Mm !

- Are you hungry ?

Were you lookin`
for somethin` to eat ?

- I`m fami-- famished. I`m famished.

- Yes, you look hungry.

- Ah !

- George.

Ah. Excuse me.

Thank you.

Right, Anson, the order of the day:
sort out this motorcar. Anson !

- Yes ?

- We can`t be sitting
around here forever...
waiting for some joker
on a motorcycle.

- We should be off.

- Back into England or
further into Wales ?

Uh, well, to the north, north,

north into Wales, really.
If it`s rainin` here, it`s rainin` more
there. You might as well wait here.

[Banging On Door]

And the inns
in North Wales-- Ugh !
- Come on, girl. Let me in.
- Like sleepin` in stables.
I`m so wet I`m melting.
Ah. Mornin`.

Morning.

- So ?
- So what ?

You know ! Last night.
Miss Elizabeth and the English.
Firstly, Miss Elizabeth
died in her sleep;
and secondly, they`re
not animals like you, Morgan.
They`re gentlemen.
An animal.

You`re not very good at this, are you ?
Come on. Concentrate.
That fool said he`d

be here by 11:

'I`ll have some news,' he said. 'I`ll
have the part from Cardiff,' he said.
It`s almost sodding noon !
God, I hate the Welsh.
The roads are probably
bad with the rain.
Well, come on, Anson.
Hmm ?

Sorry. Wh-Where
are we going ?
Well, where the hell
do you think ? To get the car.
To get the car.
To get the car. Yes. Yes.

[Checker Taps Against Board]

[Grandfather] The truth is that,
while we Welsh like to believe...
that it was the mountains that

beat the successive invaders,
it was, really, the weather
that comes with mountains.

- It was the rain that
defeated every invader.

- [George] Anson !

[Grandfather] Yes, simple rain.

[Chattering]

[Chattering]

[Chattering]

- Yes, sir ?

- I would like--

Oh, God. Anson.

- We`d like to send a telegram, please.

- Yes, sir.

I have been advised

by my department...

that I can take a train
from here to Pontypridd.

- A passenger train.

- Yes.

But you told me that
there were no passenger trains.

Going east. I didn`t know
you wanted to go north.

Why did you assume
that I wanted to go east ?

You`re English,
and England is... east.

Anson.

Uh, well, could we possibly
then have, um, two first-class--
eh, second-class tickets
to, to Pontypridd ?

To the north.

I`m sorry.

You could`ve gone yesterday,
but you can`t today.

- Oh ?

- Flooding on the line.

Fl-Flooding.

Gentlemen, success ?

- Flooding.

- As predicted in the Bible.

[Chuckles]

Yes, it`s, it`s interesting actually,
because the, uh, passenger trains...
seem to be affected by
the flooding, but, uh, the coal
trains are running as normal.

Oh, different lines.

Ah ! Yes, of course. I knew there`d be
a simple explanation, George.

- You see, it`s different lines
that they`re on.

- Shut up, Anson.

Now, please send...

some more blankets and
a bottle of gin to my room.

Thank you.

[Grandfather] It started rainin`

Thursday night,

and it rained

all Friday mornin`.

And it rained

all Friday afternoon.

It seemed that the rain
would never stop.

And for the first time, the Welsh and
the English were united by the fact...

that there was

nothin` to do but wait.

But then,

on Sunday mornin`,

two miracles occurred:

It stopped rainin` and,

miracle of miracles,

Morgan the Goat

talked to Reverend Jones.

Ah. Reverend Jones.

Morgan.

It stopped rainin`.

Yes, I`m

quite aware of that.

There are

no trains today.

Yes, yes. There are no trains
on the day of the Lord.

Eh, look, wh-what
I`m sayin` is that, uh,
today is our last chance
to build the mountain.
But since it`s Sunday,
everyone will be in chapel.
Chapel will start at 10:30
as usual, Mr. Morgan.
But no one will work on a Sunday
without your blessin`.
And tomorrow, the English will
be on the mornin` train out, and
we`ll have missed our chance.
They have telegrams and tickets
and orders from head office.
I can`t keep them here
any longer.
It`s today or never.
Chapel will start

at 10:

And it would make the good Lord
very happy if for once you were here !

[Slams Door]

[Chicken Clucking]

- Good morning.

- Yes, it is.

A beautiful mornin`.

- They`re pretty.

- Mmm. Yes.

But not as pretty as me.

Y-You`re supposed

to say that.

Betty !

[Bucket Clanging, Chicken Clucking]

Didn`t you hear me calling ?

I need a clean shirt.

Don`t look at me.

Well, I-I would lend you one,
but I`m afraid this is the only
clean one I have. [Chuckles]

[Chattering]

My text for today
comes from...

Psalm 99:

'Exalt the Lord our God,
and worship...
at His holy hill.'
First thing tomorrow ?
Yes. Yes, I`m afraid so.
Uh, George had some, uh, pretty stern
orders from London last night,
so, um, we`re off

on the 8:

Whatever his, uh,
state of health.
[Chuckles]
He was very drunk last night.
And the night before.
[Imitates George] 'A habit
I picked up in India.' [Chuckles]
[Chuckles] Yes, I don`t think he had
enough to do out there, poor chap.
Oh, yeah.
You`d go mad here too.
No, I-- I could live in a place
like this. I`ve-- I`ve enjoyed myself.
You have ?
I see it as a prayer...
made manifest in soil.
One day,
our children`s children...
will play where
we are piling earth.
Elderly people will be able
to see it from the valley...
and be reminded
of their youth.
And therefore,
even though it is a Sunday--
but especially because
it is a Sunday--
you will see me immediately
after this service...
climbing Ffynnon Garw...
with God`s soil in my hand.

And I will build
that mound...
and dedicate it to God.
I will build that mound...
in memory of our loved ones
who will...
not return from war !
And I will
build that mound...
as a humble echo...
of the great mountains...
the Lord has given us.
And I will build that mound
in celebration of the joy...
our mountain
has given us !
And I will build
that mound knowing...
that the Lord God
is with me.
'Exalt the Lord our God,
and worship
at His holy hill.'
Oh. And I expect
to see you all-- Huh ?
Up there !
[Murmuring]
- Ah.
- But don't think for one minute...
that you can sell beer
on the Sabbath.
Though I must say I don't see what I
could usefully do in a place like this.
Oh, it's easy for you.
You can do anything.
You're an educated man.
Well, I'm not really qualified
to do very much.
I could teach, I suppose.
[Chuckles]
Oh, dear.
Sorry. No, I--
I was, um--
I was going to ask you something

personal; it was probably indiscreet.

I don't mind.

Well, I just, uh--

You know, l-l-l--

I know even less about you than I d--

I did about, um,

[Chuckles]

M-Miss Elizabeth.

[Laughs] Miss Elizabeth.

I couldn't keep that up for long.

Well, there's nothing

very special about me.

I'm the kind of girl you

usually don't notice.

I scuttle in with a tray of tea,

bow my head and scuttle out.

- I'd notice.

- No, you wouldn't.

Not usually.

So, can I ask you

something personal ?

How come you aren't

in France ?

Well, l-l-l was.

Um, I w-- I was, uh--

l-l went out with the, uh,

first wave in 1914.

I was at Verdun.

I came back like Johnny.

Oh.

I'm sorry.

But you're all right now. You just

need some lookin' after. [Chuckles]

[Horses Approaching]

- What on earth ?

- [Morgan] All right, boys.

I'll see you up there.

We've got

the miners now too.

Looks like a carnival.

I feel terribly

responsible. I--

I hope your Mr. Garrad's ready.

We'll have a mountain for him

to measure before tea time.

- [Snoring]

- [Knocking]

Tea wallah !

l-l-lt`s Anson, George.

Oh, Anson. Morning.

Um, l-l just thought l might,
uh, pop up the hill.

It seems the, uh, the villagers
have made a little,
tiny alteration to the height.

l thought l might, uh, measure it.

Nothing much better to do, so--
Capital. Good for you. You could
probably use the fresh air.

Well, that`s what

l thought. Yeah.

Umm, y-you don`t
want to join me ?

- Where ?

- Eh, up the hill.

Oh, good God, no, no, no.

l`ll stay here if you
don`t mind. Lots of paperwork.
Scads to catch up on and such.
Absolutely.

All right. Say, you don`t want me
to open up a window or anything ?

[Door Creaks]

Um, l`m not sure that l
can rely on Mr. Garrad.

But, um, the thing is, l-l
will need an assistant. l--

- You wouldn`t, um--

- Me ?

Wh-Why not ?

Well... l`ve never
been to Abyssinia...
or to Aden...

or Sebastopol,
and l can`t speak
with a posh accent for long.

Well, l-l-l think
we can get over that.

I'm just a maidservant.

Well, I-I don't think the word 'just'
could apply to you about anything.

- Was that a compliment ?

- Yes. Yes.

And n-now I'm going

to blush, so, um,

w-would you

help me... please ?

- Since you said please,
and you're blushin`, yes, I will.

- No !

[Chuckling]

Good. Then, uh,

prepare the engineer`s

transit, please.

- The what ?

- I'll show you.

This is extraordinary.

When Morgan gets

a bee in his bonnet--

Let`s keep

the hands up.

You know, I think

they`re going to succeed.

- [Betty] Hello.

- Hello, hello.

We`ll have a mountain

for your map.

Oh, indeed, I think you will. I--

I just hope you can finish it today.

We lost a lot in the rain,

but we still have a chance.

- Well, perhaps you should
cover it with turf.

- Turf ?

- He means sod.

- Sod ? We`ll need good sod.

A lot of good sod.

This is an outrage !

How dare you ?

Have the council been informed ?

Does anyone have written permission ?

I mean, look at this.

It`s madness !

- Stop actin` so English.

- [People Laughing]

[Speaks In Welsh]

- [Man] Go on up there.

- Right, then, boys. Carry on.

[Man Shouting] Come uppa !

Come uppa ! That`s it. That`s it.

[Grandfather] Absolutely everyone

climbed Ffynnon Garw that day,

except Davies the School,

of course,

and Johnny, who was happy

to help down in the valley,

but too fearful

to go up Ffynnon Garw again.

Thank you, Johnny.

I`ll take that.

There`s not much daylight left

for a measurement.

Well, stop

standing around and help.

Come on.

Look, I`m terribly sorry

about the motorcar.

I covered it with tarpaulin, but

I don`t know. The wind, uh, must`ve--

W-Would that be this tarpaulin

by any chance ?

- Yes.

- That`s all right, Mr. Williams.

I wouldn`t have missed this

for the world.

It`s Johnny.

It`s Johnny !

[Grandfather] It was touch and go

to finish...

while there was still light

for Mr. Anson to measure.

And there are many who

still say we would`ve succeeded,

but fate had one more trick

up her sleeve.

Reverend Jones !

[Grandfather] Later,
when we all talked,
we realized that Reverend Jones
had climbed Ffynnon Garw
five or six times that day,
enough to make
a young, fit man stiff,
and definitely too much
for a man of 82.
Yes. We didn`
know that either,
but Reverend Jones was 82.
And we thought
he was just in his 60s.
Morgan !
- Morgan the Goat !
- [Crowd] Morgan. Morgan.
- He wants me ?
- Yes.
Come closer.
Take my hand now.
I know I can count on you.
[Whispering]
[Whispering] What`s he saying ?
What`s he saying ?
[Whispering Continues]
What`s he saying ?
[Crowd Murmuring]
Get Jones the J.P. !
[Grandfather] The sergeant
verified death,
but Jones the J.P. would have
to consecrate the ground...
before the Reverend Jones
could have his dyin` wish.
This plot of earth
at the summit of Ffynnon Garw...
is duly consecrated to receive
the mortal remains...
of our dear friend
and spiritual leader,
the Reverend Robert Jones.
SngSng [Singing]
So you`ll be takin` the first train

out in the morning ?

Yes. Yes, I`m
afraid we will.

Fair is fair.

We had a damn good fight, didn`t we ?

If it wasn`t for the reverend--

If it wasn`t for the reverend,

it wouldn`t have been built

in the first place.

- Aye. True.

- True enough.

Come on.

Well-- I-It will be measured again.

I mean, eh--

Perhaps we`ll even come back

through here on our return, and--

You won`t be back.

This isn`t a place that people

like you come back to.

Well, I`ll try.

I`ll really try.

'I`ll try' ?

Is that the best you can do ?

After all they`ve done.

All this work.

How would you like them to say

it failed because of you ?

But what am I supposed to do ?

Measure it in the dark ?

Wait up here `til the first light

of dawn, and th-then race down--

The sun`s up at 5:00.

That`s only a few hours away.

I`d keep you company.

W-Well, i-if it is

that late, and, uh,

a-and the sun will

be up soon, I, uh--

I mean, I may as well stay here

and, uh, wait for dawn.

Uh, after all,

we`ve come this far.

- Good night.

- [Speaking Welsh]

Drink, Blod ?
Good night, Morgan.
They`re in chapel. It`s Sunday.
What`s yours ?
[Grandfather] And so it was
that Betty and Anson stayed
a night on Ffynnon Garw.
Now you know what the Welsh
say about people...
who stay on mountain peaks
at night, don`t you ?
They become poets, madmen,
very, very wise, or--
SngSng [Band Playing]
And when they descended,
it was to announce...
that Ffynnon Garw was indeed
a mountain-- of 1,002 feet--
and that they were
engaged to be married.
Yes, it was
an odd courtship,
but one befitting a man
who went up a hill...
but came down a mountain.
[Townspeople Cheering]
[Snoring]
[Young Man] And should you think
this is just a shaggy-dog story...
told by a senile man to his
young, impressionable grandson,
I`d ask you to come
to South Wales,
to the village
where I was born.
And as you drive north
from Cardiff,
look for
the first big hill--
not just a hill,
but a mountain--
and the children
of the people who built it.
However, just before this film was made,

the mountain was remeasured...
and found to be 997 feet.
Thus the mound
had settled back into a hill.
[Ghostly Voice] A hill ?
[Sighing]