

Cast

Morgan - Donald Crisp
Beth - Sara Allgood
Haw - Roddy MacDonall
Griffith - Walter Pidgeon
Mykara - Maureen O'Hara
Dai Brudo - Rhys Williams
Lanto - John Lodge
Cyfartha - Barry Fitzgerald
Perry - Arthur Shields
Brown - Anna Lee

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

Screenplay

by

Philip Dunne

Philip Dunne

* * *

Produced by Daryl F. Zanuck
Directed by John Ford

2nd Revised Final
April 18, 1941

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

Over the SOUND TRACK comes a magnificent choir of men's voices singing one of the great Welsh songs. The voices continue through the opening scene, but more softly when the voice of the narrator comes in.

FADE IN

I CLOSE SHOT

Huw's hands, the hands of a man about sixty, are carefully folding some shirts, ties and socks into an old blue cloth. OVER SCENE comes Huw's voice:

As the hands knot the blue cloth round the clothes, CAMERA MOVES OVER to the window, ANGLED so that we can see - beyond - a typical Welsh coal valley, ugly, dirty dominated by its stacks, cranes and towering slag heap. Not far from the window the great slag heap rises in a broken sweep, high into the sky.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE, as if passing through the window until we are looking up the steep street. In the b.g. are the slag heap and the collieries. Moving up and down the street are poorly dressed men, walking bent because of the steepness of the street. The houses are built of quarry stone, grimy and huddled together - an atmosphere of poverty and decay.

VOICE

I am packing my belongings in the little blue cloth my mother used to tie around her hair when she did the house, and I am going from my Valley. And this time I shall never return.

I am leaving behind me my sixty years of memory -
(pause)
Memory.

There is strange that the mind will forget so much of what only this moment is passed, and yet hold so clear and bright the memory of what happened years ago - of men and women long since dead.

For there is no fence nor hedge round Time that is gone. You can go back and have what you like of it - if you can remember.

2 FULL SHOT - VALLEY

The ugly coal Valley. Smoke, blackness, poverty. The SHOT DIMS slowly down as the Valley as it was appears, fresh and green, each detail in the new scene fitting in with its counterpart in the old. The Chapel, almost hidden in the first scene, now stands bravely in view.

VOICE

So I can close my eyes on my Valley as it is today - and it is gone - and I see it as it was when I was a boy. Green it was, and possessed of the plenty of the earth. In all Wales, there was none so beautiful, for the colliery had only begun to poke its skinny black fingers through the green.

3 SERSEN SHOT

Colliery with only a small slag heap - a splotch of ugly black on the green.

VOICE

The black slag - the waste of the coalpits - made only a small pile then -

4 EXT. THE CHAPEL - LONG SHOT

Dominating the street.

VOICE

- and our little Chapel was master of the Valley from where it stood at the head of the street.

5 LONG SHOT - FROM HILLTOP

Far down the hill a man and boy appear, slowly climbing the hill. They are GWILYM MORGAN and his ten-year-old son, the same HUW who is the narrator of our picture.

VOICE

Everything I ever learnt as a small boy came from my father, and I never found anything he ever told me to be wrong or worthless.

6 CLOSE PANNING SHOT

Morgan and Huw. They wear the clothes of the period around 1890. They are of a family of coal miners and should be attired accordingly. Morgan is smiling down at Huw as the boy struggles to keep up with his father's great strides.

VOICE

He used to tell me of my Valley and its people - the brave men of Wales who never bowed to Roman or Danish or Saxon conquerors until so many had died that the women could not bear enough children to fill the ranks. The Men of the Valley, long since gathered to their Fathers -

7 CLOSEUP - HUW

drinking in what his father says. He looks round him as if expecting actually to see the men of whom his father is speaking.

VOICE

- became as real to me as if I had met them face to face. But the battles they had fought had been long forgotten and we of my Valley fought a new fight now - to wrest from beneath the green the black wealth of Nature:

8 PANORAMA SHOT

Morgan and Huw have stopped on the ridge of the hill. We see them in silhouette against the golden light that bathes the Valley. The wind blows through their hair.

the coal - which first enriched us and then made us poorer than we had been before. Coal miners were my father and all my brothers - and proud of our trade as our ancestors had been of theirs.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 CLOSE SHOT - COLLIERY WHISTLE BLOWING

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. COLLIERY CUTTING - CLOSE SHOT

IVOR, the eldest of the Morgan sons, punching at the coal face with his pick. He wears a miner's outfit and is blackened and grimy with the coal dust.

VOICE

We were a big family. After my father: Ivor, the eldest - solid and dependable as the mountainside.

11 ANOTHER CUTTING - CLOSE SHOT

IANTO, second of the sons up to his waist in water, is levering out a boulder with a crowbar.

VOICE

Ianto - who had the devil's own tongue and liked a fight better than the blood in his veins --

Ianto turns at the SOUND of the whistle.

12 CLOSE SHOT - DAVY

pick on shoulder, lantern in hand. He is coming down from one of the cuttings.

VOICE
Davy, the brain of the family --

13 CLOSE SHOT - OWEN AND GWILYM

trundling a barrowful of coal. CAMERA SWINGS a little to favor Owen.

CAMERA SWINGS a little to favor Gwilym.

VOICE
Owen, the dreamer, whom we seldom heard speak --

VOICE
Gwilym, who was named for my father, and yet as quick with his tongue as my father was slow --

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. COLLIERY - MED. SHOT AT CAGE

The miners, with Morgan and his sons prominent in SHOT, taking their places in the cage. It moves slowly up, CAMERA PANNING with it. We should see some adolescent boys in the SHOT.

VOICE
Saturday was the great day, for then the men would be paid off as they came off the morning shift.

15 FULL SHOT - AT THE MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

The stalwart miners, grimy with coal dust, are coming from the cages and lining up to get their pay. The Morgans again are prominent.

VOICE
In those early days of the colliery, money was easily earned, and plenty of it. And not in pieces of paper, either -

16 CLOSE SHOT

Ivor receives his pay in gold from the paymaster in his little booth.

VOICE
Solid gold sovereigns, yellow as summer daffodils -

17 CLOSE SHOT

The gold coins on the paymaster's counter. Ivor drops one and it rings faintly OVER SCENE.

VOICE
- and they rang when you hit them on something solid.

18 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - MED.
SHOT - DAY

ANGHARAD, a pretty girl of seventeen, stands in the door looking up toward the colliery. She goes into the house, reappears with a stool which she sets outside the door. After a moment, MRS. MORGAN (BETH) comes out, wearing a snowy white apron, and sits on the stool, spreading the apron.

VOICE

My sister Angharad would warn my mother that the men were coming up the hill. On pay day, all the women would dress up specially in their second best, with starched stiff aprons.

19 FULL SHOT AT COLLIERY

The miners start down the hill in a solid, compact mass. As they approach CAMERA, one of them, in the f.g., opens his mouth and starts a song. Others immediately join in the rich Welsh harmony.

VOICE

One of the men would strike up a song. Singing is in my people as sight is in the eye.

20 ANGLE FURTHER DOWN THE HILL

The miners marching down the hill, singing. As they pass each house, a little group breaks off, goes to the house and performs the actions described in the monologue:

VOICE

As the men came up they threw their wages, sovereign by sovereign, into the shining laps, fathers first, sons and lodgers in a line behind.

21 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

Morgan and his five grown sons leave the procession and turn in the little gate. Morgan throws his sovereigns in his wife's lap and passes into the house. IVOR passes next with a smile for his mother, the other brothers follow. IANTO tweaks Huw's ear as he passes.

VOICE

With my father and five brothers working we had forty every week for the box on our mantelpiece.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. MORGAN SHED - FULL SHOT

The boys have stripped to the waist and are having the grime scrubbed off their backs by their sister and Huw. Buckets of water and towels are in evidence.

VOICE

Then the scrubbing - out in the shed. My mother had drawn the buckets of hot water and cold - and I used to help my sister scrub the coal dust from my brothers' backs. Most would come off them, but the hands were hopeless.

23 CLOSE SHOT

A pair of grimy hands. Their owner scrubs at them without avail, leaving the black lines of coal dust.

VOICE

Scrub and scrub, Mr. Coal would lie there and laugh at you.

24 FULL SHOT

The boys towel themselves vigorously, with Huw standing on tiptoe to reach Ivor's broad shoulders.

VOICE

It is the honorable badge of the coal miner - and I envied it on my grown-up brothers.

25 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

He looks with distaste at his own lily-white hands.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. MORGAN KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT

Morgan at the head of his table. His head is raised as his lips move in the act of saying grace. All are standing.

VOICE

Then dinner, with my father saying the grace, looking up at the stain in the ceiling, and -

CAMERA MOVES SWIFTLY BACK, showing the bountifully laden table and the expectant family waiting. Huw squirms restlessly, and his father shoots him a look.

VOICE

- maybe giving me a look under his brows if I moved.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

CAMERA NOW TAKES IN the whole table. Morgan is carving.

VOICE

There was always a baron of beef and a shoulder or leg of lamb at my father's elbow. And chickens or ducks or goose - and plenty of vegetables - and the soup --

27 CLOSE SHOT

Beth Morgan ladling out soup for the family. The plates are passed round.

VOICE

There was a smell with that soup - vital with herbs fresh from the untroubled ground. If happiness has a smell, I know it well - for in those days it was all over our house.

28 MED. SHOT

The family begins to eat.

VOICE

There was never any talk while we were eating. I never met anybody whose talk was better than good food.

Beth moves to the stove to lift a lid off a pot. CAMERA PANS with her. She looks back at her family, smiling.

VOICE

My mother was always on the run - always the last to start her dinner and the first to finish. For, if my father was the head of our house, my mother was its heart.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

29 CLOSE SHOT - ANGEARAD

washing dishes in the sink. Huw stands with a towel, wiping.

VOICE

After dinner - when dishes had been washed - the box was brought to the table, for the spending money to be handed out.

30 INT. PARLOR - CLOSE SHOT

the box on the mantelpiece. Beth comes into scene and lifts down the box. CAMERA PANS with her as she takes it over to the table and sets it down in front of her husband, who is smoking his pipe. The sons are gathered round. As Morgan opens the box, Huw and Angharad hurry in from the kitchen. Morgan begins to hand out small amounts of money to his children as they step up in order of their age, but first he gives some to Beth, and with it an affectionate kiss.

Huw, as the youngest, is last in line.

31 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND HIS FATHER

Huw stands eagerly and expectantly. Morgan gives him a playful frown and then puts a penny in his hand.

As soon as he gets the penny, Huw turns and runs from the room like one possessed. Morgan and Beth laugh after him.

32 MED. SHOT

Huw reaches the door. He starts out through the door, then stops, hurries back and grabs his cap and runs out once more.

33 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

as Huw darts out. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY with him as he runs up the street and around a corner.

VOICE

My father used to say that money was made to be spent just as men spend their strength and brains in earning it - and as willingly - but always with a purpose.

VOICE

I had my Saturday penny every week --

VOICE

Out of the house and round the corner - as I had run a hundred times before.

34 EXT. LITTLE GREEN IN FRONT OF THE CHAPEL

Huw appears, running. CAMERA PANS with him as he approaches the Chapel. He slows down to a respectful walk.

CAMERA PANS with him as he walks past the Chapel, touching his cap politely to a dignified elderly couple he passes. As soon as he has passed the Chapel he breaks into a run once more.

VOICE

Softly now, for respect for Chapel was the first thing my father taught us.

35 EXT. SMALL SIDE STREET

Huw runs into scene and up to a small bakery and confectionary shop, embellished with a sign.

TOSSALL
BAKERY AND CONFECTIONS

Huw darts in. A bell jingles from somewhere within the shop. CAMERA MOVES UP on the dingy window. Huw is dancing impatiently from foot to foot before the counter. A benign, elderly woman hands him a package of toffee, which she has all ready for him and accepts his penny. Huw gives her a polite little bow and turns to leave the shop. CAMERA HOLDS on the door as he comes out, (the bell jingling once more.) He is cramming the toffee into his mouth. He is in heaven. He chews mightily and stuffs in some more. Some of it gets caught round a back tooth and he puts in an exploring finger to straighten it out.

VOICE

Then straight to Mrs. Tossall the Shop for that toffee which you could chew for hours, it seems to me now, and even after it had gone, down, you could swallow and still find the taste of it hiding behind your tongue. It is with me now - so many years later. It makes me think of so much that was good that is gone.

36 CHANGED ANGLE

Huw comes back to his own house. He stops near the gate, looking off down the street. The chewing motion of his jaws slows.

VOICE

It was on this afternoon that I first saw Bron -- Bronwen --

37 REVERSE ANGLE

VOICE

Approaching the gate, walking up the steep hill, is a very pretty girl with a double basket held on her hip, her hat tied under her chin with a gay bit of ribbon.

She had come over from the next valley for her first call on my mother -

As Bronwen approaches the gate we begin to hear her footsteps, the Chapel bell tolling, the rumble of wagon wheels, all the dim murmuring sounds of a little village come to life. Bronwen is looking inquiringly at the house. She turns in at the gate, which creaks, stops as she sees Huw. She smiles.

BRONWEN

Is this Gwilym Morgan's house?

Huw, staring at her, nods.

BRONWEN

(smiling)

You must be Huw.

Huw gulps, turns and darts into the house. Bronwen laughs as she moves towards the house.

38 INT. MORGAN KITCHEN - MED. SHOT

Beth is at the table under the window, cutting a pie. Huw runs excitedly in.

BETH

What's the matter with you?

Huw cannot speak; he points, gaping, into the parlor. Beth looks up.

BETH

Oh -

She puts down her knife, straightens her hair hurriedly, and goes into the parlor.

39 INT. PARLOR - MED. SHOT

Bronwen is standing outside the door. Beth comes from the kitchen and starts to the door.

BETH

Is that you, Bronwen?

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

BRONWEN
(whispers)

Yes.

BETH
Come in, my child.

She opens the door; Bronwen comes in. Beth kisses her in warm greeting, then stands back to look at her.

BETH
There is lovely you are.
I am so proud for Ivor -

BRONWEN
(shyly)
I'm the one to be proud.

BETH
(laughing)
You think well of our Ivor?
It seems only a few months
since he was scratching round
like this one here -
(she indicates
Huw, who is
still gaping)
- with his mouth open.

She puts a finger under his chin to close his mouth, then takes Bronwen's basket, gives it to Huw.

BETH
(to Huw)
This is Bronwen, Huw, who
is to be your sister.

BRONWEN
(with a smile)
We've already met.

She bends down to kiss Huw. Huw reacts to this with wonder and awe, touching his finger to his cheek.

BRONWEN
(smiles)
Be careful of the basket.
There's shortcake in it.

It is less a warning than an invitation to help himself. But Huw's mind is not on shortcake. Then Morgan's voice comes over scene.

MORGAN'S VOICE
(heartily)
Well -

40 CHANGED ANGLE

Morgan is coming down the stairs, followed by his sons. He smiles at Bronwen, then crooks a finger over his shoulder.

MORGAN

Ivor -

Ivor comes down the stairs, looking at Bronwen. The brothers grin at him covertly. Morgan, grinning, pushes Ivor toward Bronwen. Morgan looks over and sees Huw gaping. As Ivor is about to take Bronwen in his arms, Morgan takes Huw by the back of the neck and leads him towards the stairway.

41 CLOSE SHOT

Morgan leading Huw to the stairs. Huw would like to look back, but doesn't dare.

MORGAN

(grinning)

Those things are not for you,
my son. You will have your
turn to come.

He gives Huw a friendly push up the stairs and goes back into the room.

42 CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Huw reluctantly climbing the stairs, stopping occasionally to look wistfully back. He can hear the happy, excited voices of the people below: Ivor's brothers meeting Bronwen, congratulating Ivor, etc.

VOICE

I think I fell in love with Bronwen then. Perhaps it is silly to thin a child could fall in love. But I am the child that was, and nobody knows how I felt, except only me. And I think I fell in love with Bronwen that Saturday on the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY - FULL SHOT

Crowds of people, all dressed in their best, are moving into the Chapel.

VOICE

All our Valley came to the wedding, and Bron's valley, too --

DISSOLVE TO:

44 FULL SHOT - INT. CHAPEL

It is packed, men sitting on one side, women on the other.

VOICE

- and Chapel packed so full you could not raise your elbows -

45 INT. CHAPEL - CLOSE SHOT - IVOR

waiting nervously with Ianto beside him and his other brothers behind him.

VOICE

Ivor had my father's white waistcoat and there is a swell he was with the pinks in his buttonhole.

46 CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Bronwen, in her wedding dress, coming up the aisle on her father's arm.

VOICE

And Bron in her great-grand-mother's wedding dress.

47 CLOSE SHOT

Beth and Bronwen's mother crying happily into their handkerchiefs.

VOICE

My mother and Bron's were crying down in front --

48 CLOSE SHOT

Morgan and Bronwen's father, as the latter steps back from Bronwen to stand beside Morgan. They are both perspiring and uncomfortable.

VOICE

And her father and mine looking unhappy in their high collars and top hats.

49 CLOSE SHOT

Morgan brothers, with Huw, standing solemnly.

VOICE

And all my brothers as solemn as a funeral. But the new preacher -

50 MED. SHOT - MERDDYN CRUFFYDD

The minister, standing at the head of the aisle as Ivor and Bronwen take their places before him.

VOICE

- Mr. Gruffydd - was not solemn. It was my first sight of him.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

Gruffydd looks at Ivor and Bronwen with his head on one side, smiling a little, and with something of appraisal in his eyes. They shift a little uneasily.

VOICE

I remember how he smiled - and looked at Ivor and Bronwen - and waited - and waited - almost as if he would refuse to marry them unless he could learn right there from looking at them that they would be happy together.

51 FULL SHOT

The congregation waiting for the minister to begin the services. Some of the elders in the front pews are rather startled by Gruffydd's easy informality.

52 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD

still smiling down at Ivor and Bronwen. Then his eyes grow serious and he begins the ceremony.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. CHAPEL GREEN - DAY - MED. SHOT

Long tables, loaded with food, have been set up before the Chapel. The happy wedding guests are thronged round the tables, laughing and chatting. CAMERA MOVES UP on the display of victuals. Prominent is an enormous wedding cake.

VOICE

I will never forget the party after the wedding - and the wedding cake it took two men to lift.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Celebrants waiting round with tankards as Morgan swings a bung-starter on a barrel of beer. The beer gushes forth. Morgan begins to fill the tankards, straightening to take an enormous gulp himself. Beth, inside the house, is dispensing tea to the women.

VOICE

It was one of the few times I ever saw my father drink too much beer - but if a man cannot get drunk on the night his eldest son marries and gives him a chance for grandchildren, let us all go into the earth and be quick about it. Everyone was drunk that night, and if tea had been beer, the women would have been on the floor, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

The guests are assembled, singing. Ivor, now in his ordinary Sunday best, is leading the singing.

56 CLOSER SHOT

The Morgan family sitting with others on the porch. Huw is sitting with Mr. Gruffydd and his father and mother, all singing. A short distance away, Anghared sits with Ianto, Davy, Owen, and Gwilym. They also are singing. Huw looks up at Gruffydd, who is singing with vigor and enthusiasm.

VOICE

We made a noise to lift the mountain from its base, indeed, and we learned Mr. Gruffydd could sing as well as he could preach.

57 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND GRUFFYDD

Gruffydd, continuing to sing, gives Huw a little smile. CAMERA PANS OVER AND takes in Angharad and her brothers. Angharad looks over toward Gruffydd. She stops singing as she watches him.

VOICE

And Angharad could not sing at all for watching him.

58 CLOSE SHOT

Huw, as he notices that Angharad is not singing. He follows her glance to Gruffydd, looks back at her, then back at Gruffydd, as if he understands the reason for her silence. Gruffydd is oblivious of Angharad's adoring gaze.

59 CLOSE SHOT

Angharad, Ianto and Davy - Angharad still looking at Gruffydd, Ianto notices that she is silent and gives her a hearty nudge in the ribs. Angharad hastily begins to sing once more.

60 FULL SHOT

The crowd singing under the stars, with lighted windows of the houses round them.

VOICE

And round about us the Valley echoed with the happy voices - happy, then - all of us - but soon there was to be trouble.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

A mine employee tacking up a card, headed:

WAGE SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 3RD

The men gather round. An angry buzz goes up from them. A bitter voice rises:

MINER

Up to our waists in water all week - and paid short today.

Morgan and his sons, along with several other miners, shoulder their way into the forefront of the scene, read the notice, frowning.

62 CLOSE SHOT

Morgan and his sons reading the notice. Morgan looks up at the mine office.

63 CLOSE SHOT - OUTSIDE MINE OFFICE

Christmas Evans, the owner, stands there with his manager. They go back into the office.

64 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN AND HIS SONS

Morgan turns to Ivor, who is beside him.

MORGAN

Ivor - find Dai Griffiths and Idris John and bring them to the office.

Ivor goes out of scene. Morgan turns to go but Ianto detains him.

IANTO

Will we come with you?

MORGAN

No. This is a matter for the older men. Home to your mother and ask her to keep my supper hot.

Davy frowns as Morgan goes out of scene.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

DAVY

But -

Ianto puts his hand on Davy's arm, restraining him.

IANTO

Leave it now, Davy.

Both look off after their father with worried frowns.

DISSOLVE TO:

65

INT. MORGAN PARLOR - DAY

The Morgan boys are sitting tensely, waiting. Beth can be seen in her kitchen in b.g., Huw and Angharad helping her. Morgan comes quietly in, crosses to hang up his jacket. His back is to the boys, but we can see his face. He looks angry and bitter. He pauses without turning as he hangs his coat.

MORGAN

(quietly)

Why aren't you washed?

IANTO

We were waiting for you.

Morgan turns as Beth comes in. Morgan speaks to her kindly.

MORGAN

The cut is only a few shillings.
There will still be plenty for
all of us.

(he pats her arm)

A bit of supper now, is it, girl?

Beth goes back into the kitchen. Morgan turns to the boys, who are still eyeing him steadily. He is taking his time over satisfying their curiosity. Finally, he speaks:

MORGAN

It is because they are not getting
the old price for coal. Come and
wash, now.

He starts to go, but Ianto stops him.

IANTO

May we speak, first?

MORGAN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

IANTO

They have not given you the
real reason for this cut.

Morgan's eyebrows go up.

DAVY

(nodding)

We have been expecting it for
weeks - ever since the iron
works at Dowlais closed down.

MORGAN

What have the iron works to do
with us?

IANTO

The men from Dowlais have come
to the colliery, willing to
work for any wage - so all our
wages must come down.

Davy, standing near the box on the mantelpiece, nods
gloomily.

DAVY

And this is only a beginning.
Watch, now. They will cut us
again and still again, until
they have this

(he taps the box)

as empty as their promises.

MORGAN

Nonsense. A good worker is
worth good wages, and he will
get them.

IANTO

Not while there are three men
for every job.

DAVY

(pressing the
point)

Why should the owners pay more -
if men are willing to work for
less?

MORGAN

Because they are not savages!
They are men, too. Like us.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont. 1)

IANTO

(quietly)

Men, yes. But not like us.
Would they deal with you just
now when you went to them?

MORGAN

(honestly)

No.

IANTO

That's because they have power
and we have none.

MORGAN

(with irony)

How will we get power, then?
From the air?

The boys exchange another look, then Davy speaks
with deliberation.

DAVY

No - from a union of all the
men.

Morgan's lips compress.

MORGAN

Union, is it?
(with studied
distaste)

I had no thought I would ever
hear my own sons talking socialist
nonsense.

DAVY

(hotly)

But it's sense. Good sense.
Unless we stand together -

MORGAN

(cuts in)

I have had enough of this talk.

DAVY

(protesting)

But, Father -

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont. 2)

Morgan turns his gaze full on him, looking him in the eyes. Davy stares for a moment, then subsides. Morgan, having established his mastery over his sons, returns to his normal tone.

MORGAN

Come and wash, now. Your good mother will be waiting.

Morgan leads the way out. CAMERA PANS to Huw, watching with wide eyes, sensing the bad feeling that exists between father and sons.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. COLLIERY - DAY - RAIN - MED. PANNING SHOT

Huw going home from school, carrying books. He stops short as he comes to the colliery entrance, looks up to where the checkers stand, checking the trams loaded with coal that the men push past them. Two of the checkers stand under little sheds. Morgan, the third, is standing in the pouring rain without a shed. Huw stares at his father standing there.

67 MED. SHOT - MORGAN

grim-faced as he does his job in the pouring rain. CAMERA PANS OVER as Ianto and Davy approach with their trams. They are looking accusingly at their father. He averts his eyes from them. He looks over the coal in their trams, makes a check mark and waves them past. They hesitate a moment, then they go on past. Morgan turns to check a tram pushed by another miner.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY

The family is at dinner. They are silent and tense, the boys looking at their father out of the corners of their eyes. He is eating quietly. CAMERA IS MOVING UP FAST ON DAVY, who suddenly jumps to his feet, shaking his fist.

DAVY

(with sudden anger)

Do you think I will let them make my father stand like a dog in the rain and not raise my hands to stop it?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

BETH
(scandalized)
Hisht, Davy -

All turn to look at Morgan, who finishes chewing what is in his mouth and then turns to look at Davy.

MORGAN
(quietly)
Who gave you permission to speak?

DAVY
(stubbornly)
This matter is too important for silence. They're trying to punish you -

MORGAN
(cutting in)
It is not more important than good manners.

DAVY
(heatedly)
But what are we going to do about it? You will die of the cold when it comes to snow.

IANTO
(nods grimly)
Let us all stand together and see how they will act, then.

DAVY
Right. The men will come out if we say the word. All the pits are ready.

At this, Morgan's eyes harden. He speaks with quiet deliberation and emphasis.

MORGAN
You will not make me a plank for your politics. I will not be the excuse for any strike.

IANTO
But if they learn they can do things like that to the spokesman, what will they try and do to the men?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 1)

MORGAN

We will see. Be silent, now,
and finish your supper.

DAVY

(desperately)

But - Father -

MORGAN

(sharply)

Enough, now.

His manner says plainly that he will tolerate no more of this talk. He begins to eat his dinner, Davy sits down, but Owen slams down his fork.

OWEN

It is not enough!

MORGAN

(sternly)

Owen -

OWEN

(doggedly)

I am sorry, sir - but -

MORGAN

(quietly)

Hold your tongue at table until
you have permission to speak.

OWEN

I will speak against injustice
anywhere --- With permission
or without it.

MORGAN

Not in this house.

OWEN

In this house and outside.

MORGAN

(quietly)

Leave the table.

OWEN

(also quietly)

I will leave the house.

He pushes back his chair and rises. Beth puts out
her hand to her husband.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 2)

BETH

Gwilym -
 (to Owen)
 Tell your father you're sorry.

OWEN

(stubbornly)
 I'm not sorry.

Gwilym suddenly springs to his feet.

GWILYM

I'm with you! We can find lodgings
 in the village.

BETH

(shocked)
 Gwilym!

Morgan sits like a rock, his eyes traveling slowly to his other sons. It is a challenge to them to choose sides and state their intentions. Davy meets his look defiantly, then slowly rises to his feet. Morgan's look passes over to Ianto. Reluctantly, Ianto joins the others.

MORGAN

All of you, then?

They nod silently, in unison.

MORGAN

(quietly)
 You have one more chance. Sit
 down - finish your dinner -
 and I will say no more.

IANTO

(also quiet)
 We are not questioning your
 authority, sir, but if manners
 prevent our speaking the truth
 - we will be without manners.

There is a moment's pause, then Morgan picks up his knife and fork.

MORGAN

Get your clothes and go.

The four boys turn and go slowly toward the stairs.

69 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

watching breathlessly.

70 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

He resumes his dinner, outwardly calm, but his hand trembles slightly as it carries his fork to his mouth.

71 MED. SHOT

BETH

Oh, Gwilym -

She begins to sob quietly. Angharad rises and begins to stack the plates. She looks at her father, and then her mother, then puts down the plates.

ANGHARAD

(mutinously)

I'm going with them - to look after them.

Beth whirls on her, her tears forgotten. In her emotion, she slaps Angharad lightly.

BETH

Close your mouth, girl. Get on with your dishes.

She means what she says. Angharad wilts, picks up the plates and goes to the sink. Beth looks up toward the stairs.

72 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

This is the room used by all the boys. There are five beds in it. Ianto, Davy, Owen, and Gwilym are packing their clothes in bundles, rolling up their mattresses, etc.

73 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - BETH

She turns and goes slowly to the sink after Angharad, her shoulders sagging.

74 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN AND HUW AT THE TABLE

Huw is pretending to eat. Morgan lays down his knife and fork and stares stonily straight in front of him. Huw scrapes his plate with his fork. After a moment, Morgan smiles a little, without looking at Huw.

MORGAN

Yes, my son. I know you are there.

He looks at Huw kindly and fumbles for his pipe, begins to fill it.

FADE OUT

75 FADE IN

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BACK BEDROOM

Beth is making Huw's bed in the f.g. Beyond are the bare springs of the four beds of her other sons. She looks at them sadly as she gives Huw's pillow a final pat. Over scene we hear a door slam and running feet on the stairs. Beth turns as Angharad comes bursting into the room. Her face is white, her eyes wide with excitement.

BETH
(beginning)
Goodness gracious, girl!

ANGHARAD
(breathless)
Mother - the men are coming
up the hill!

BETH
What?

She hurries toward the stairs, followed by Angharad.

76 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - MED. SHOT AT FRONT DOOR

Beth and Angharad emerge and go to the gate. CAMERA PANS to shoot down the street toward the colliery. All the way down the hill the women are appearing at their gates, looking anxiously off toward the colliery. In the b.g. the men appear, walking slowly and quietly up the hill. There is no singing.

77 CLOSE SHOT - BETH

looking toward the men with her hand to her mouth. Then her eyes move to the towering slag heap.

78 FULL SHOT

from Beth's point of view. The conveyor belt is moving up the slag heap, dumping the slag on the growing pile. As Beth watches, it slows and comes to a creaking stop.

79 MED. FULL SHOT

Beth and Angharad in the f.g., the other women waiting at their gates. Some boys are running excitedly ahead of the men. We begin to hear their cries, unintelligible at first, but then coming more clearly.

SHOUTS

Struck work - the men have
struck work! It's a strike!

80 FLASHES

of several of the women reacting: careworn faces contract, a tear or two, a stringy woman gathers her two little children protectively under her arms.

81 MED. MOVING SHOT

The vanguard of the men as they come up the hill. Their faces are grim, but determined. CAMERA MOVES slightly over to pick out Morgan and Ivor as they approach Bronwen's cottage. Bronwen is waiting for Ivor. Ivor and Morgan exchange a look, then Ivor goes to join Bronwen, entering the gate without a word. Morgan moves on toward his own house.

82 EXT. GRUFFYDD'S LODGINGS

A small, dingy house in a street down the hill below the Chapel. Gruffydd and Huw come out from the house, climb the few steps to the street level, and stand staring at the men passing up the street. Gruffydd is coatless and carries a book in his hand with his thumb marking the place, as if he had been interrupted during a lesson. Huw is excited and curious, Gruffydd troubled and sad. The men pass Huw and Gruffydd. The Morgan brothers are prominent in the scene. Inasmuch as they are the strike leaders, they are surrounded by a group of eager, gesticulating men.

HUW

(in a whisper)

What does it mean, Mr.
Gruffydd?

GRUFFYDD

(soberly)

It means that something has
gone out of this Valley that
may never be replaced.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

Huw is deeply impressed. He looks off again toward the men. Gruffydd puts his hand kindly on Huw's shoulder.

GRUFFYDD

Home to your father and mother,
now. They will need you today.

Huw looks up at Gruffydd for a moment, then nods and runs out of scene toward his own house.

83 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

Beth, Morgan and Angharad watching silently at the gate. Huw comes running into scene, crossing in front of his brothers who are approaching up the hill. The brothers pass by the house without stopping, nor looking over. CAMERA HOLDS on the depleted Morgan family watching them pass.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 EXT. MINE WORKS - FULL SHOT - DAY

There is no smoke coming from the chimneys and a big crowd of men is gathered silently outside.

85 FULL SHOT - VILLAGE STREET

The men are standing idly about in knots, some leaning up against the walls.

86 PANNING SHOT DOWN STREET

The women are sitting dejectedly on their doorsteps. Children play aimlessly about in the streets, with shrill noise and laughter, unconscious of the tragedy that has befallen the village. The sound of the children's laughter begins to fade as the voice comes in.

VOICE

There is strange it was to go out into the street and find the men there in the daytime.

87 CLOSE SHOT - HOW

He comes out of his house and looks off down the street.

VOICE

It had a feeling of fright in it.

88 MED. SHOT - SECTION OF WALL

Where some men are leaning, arguing quietly. They leave, strolling off down the street, leaving a black mark, shoulder high, on the wall.

VOICE

All down the hill, along the walls, a long black mark could be seen where men's shoulders had leaned to rub grease.

89 MED. SHOT - SECTION OF WALL

Some women, determined looking, are scrubbing off the black marks with buckets of soapy water.

VOICE

The women would scrub, but soon it was back, for the men had nowhere else to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. COLLIERY - DAY

The men standing silently before the colliery. They are now wearing overcoats and scarfs. The wind is howling. The music begins to build in b.g.

VOICE

Twenty-two weeks the men were out, as the strike moved into winter.

91 OUT

92 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

A crowd of depressed, ugly shivering men outside. CAMERA PANS ACROSS their faces. From behind CAMERA a stone is thrown, crashes through Morgan's window. Simultaneously, the music reaches a climax and stops.

VOICE

Always the mood of the men grew uglier - as empty bellies and desperation began to conquer reason. Any man who was not their friend became their enemy.

540 REVISED - "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" - 5/19/41

92-A INT. MORGAN PARLOR

Morgan is smoking quietly. He does not move as
the stone crashes in, spraying glass at his feet.
Beth and Huw, in b.g., gasp in dismay. CAMERA
HOLDS ON THEM.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 to
105 OUT

106

EXT. HILLSIDE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Huw and Beth, warmly dressed, are moving up the hill toward CAMERA. There is a grim implacable light in Beth's eyes. She gasps:

BETH

This way?

Huw nods and points. As they come CLOSE TO CAMERA, a few drops of rain fall on them. Huw turns up his collar against the rain and stumbles on after his mother, who appears not to notice the rain as she moves purposefully up the hill.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

107

ANOTHER LOCATION ON HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Beth and Huw moving steadily on. A flicker of distant firelight begins to play on their faces. The rain is now coming down harder and the wind is beginning to blow.

108

EXT. HILLSIDE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT - RAIN

The union meeting. The men are crowded round a circle of Druid stones. They have lit several fires and are all warmly dressed against the cold. Now the meeting is breaking up in the increasing rain. The men are headed toward the path that leads back to the village.

109

MED. SHOT AT EDGE OF CROWD

Some of the men stop as Beth and Huw appear. She moves determinedly past them in the now driving rain up to some rocks which form an impromptu speakers stand. Davy, Ianto, Owen and Gwilym are standing there with other men. They look over in surprise as their mother appears. She turns to face the moving men.

BETH

(in a loud,
strong voice)

Wait! Wait till you have
heard me.

The men, surprised, turn to face her.

110

CLOSE SHOT - BETH

as she looks over the crowd. Her eyes are like Joan of Arc's. Davy and Ianto step toward her, but she ignores them. When she speaks, her voice is low and resolute, like a man's.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

BETH

I am Beth Morgan. I have come up here to tell you what I think of you all, because you are talking against my husband.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY across the faces of the men. Some look ashamed, some angry and defiant.

BETH

You are a lot of cowards to go against him. He has done nothing against you and he never would and you know it well. For you to think he is with the owners is not only nonsense but downright wickedness. How some of you can sit in the same Chapel with him I cannot tell.

111 MED. SHOT - BETH

fierce-eyed as she looks over the crowd.

BETH

There is one thing more I will say and that is this.

(her voice takes
on a note of fate)

If harm comes to my Gwilym I will find out the men and I will kill them with my hands. And that I will swear by God Almighty.

112 CLOSE SHOT - THE MORGAN BROTHERS

staring.

113 CLOSE SHOT - BETH

She takes Huw by the arm and leads him away, CAMERA PANNING with her. The men part for her as before, staring after her in the pelting rain. CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO the brothers staring.

· DISSOLVE TO:

114 BETH AND HUW ON HILLSIDE - NIGHT

making their way down the hillside, in the dark and rain. The wind is beginning to howl fiercely.

115 MED. SHOT - STEEP BANK ABOVE BROOK

Beth and Huw appear above. They slip on the bank and fall to the rocks on the edge of the brook. Some half-melted snow is banked there.

116 CLOSE SHOT - BETH AND HUW IN THE SNOW

He lies quiet as she struggles to her knees. The rain has plastered her hair across her face. She is white-faced and panting.

BETH

Huw -

He stirs, pulls himself upright, smiles at her, but dazedly.

HUW

Yes --

BETH

Are you hurt?

HUW

No. I'm all right.
(bravely)

Up a dando now, Mama.

She laughs in her relief.

BETH

Up a dando, is it? And who was up a dando just now and frightening his mother sick?

She looks around, brushing off the snow.

BETH

Where's the bridge?

HUW

(points)

Over by there.....

117 MED. SHOT

They start wearily in the direction Huw has pointed.

VOICE

I was wrong then, for in the blackness I thought we were below the bridge and in truth we were above it.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 MED. SHOT - ANOTHER LOCATION

Beth and Huw stumble into scene, pause to get their bearings. Huw points first in one direction, then another. They start off again in the teeth of the gale.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Huw and Beth, almost totally exhausted, stumbling down a steep place. It is raining fiercely and the wind shrieks through the trees above them.

VOICE

Hours it seemed, and no feeling or sense was in me --

120 CLOSER SHOT

Beth is failing visibly. Huw puts his arm around her, struggling to support her.

VOICE

-- but I was crying to God to help me save my mother and I was helped sure or I could not tell where I found the strength--

DISSOLVE TO:

121 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

An angle shooting low across it, as Beth and Huw stagger toward it. They reach the bridge. Beth clutches at the bridge rail for support. The wood is rotten and breaks under her weight. She pitches forward into the icy water a few feet below the bridge. Huw gives a frightened gasp and throws himself in after her.

122 CLOSER SHOT IN WATER

Beth, inert, is slung around by the swift current. Huw struggles closer to her. CAMERA PANNING as the current brings her up against a rocky point. Gasping with the cold Huw brings her head and shoulders clear of the water. He cannot leave the water himself, but must push against her with all his might to hold her clear of the racing stream.

VOICE
So strong was the cold that for minutes I couldn't breathe --

123 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

his face contorted, struggling to hold his mother up as he stands shoulder deep in the icy black water.

VOICE
How long it was I cannot tell, but there was a weariness of time before I saw a light --

A faint light appears upon Huw and the inert figure of Beth.

124 CHANGED ANGLE

Huw desperately holding on as the light grows stronger. Dark figures appear in the rain. It is a group of men from the meeting, headed by Davy and Ianto. They have a lantern.

125 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND BETH

Huw turns, his eyes glistening in the light, opens his mouth to shout.

VOICE
I tried to shout but my voice was gone from my throat.

126 MED. SHOT

Davy, Ianto and the men as, not seeing Huw and his mother, they start to cross the bridge.

127. CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND BETH

Huw's mouth is open, he is trying to shout against the wind, but he cannot make himself heard. He begins to fail, to slip. Beth's head rolls and she almost goes under the water.

128 CLOSE SHOT

Ianto and Davy with the other men on the bridge. They are about to leave the bridge and pass on when Ianto almost casually notices that the rail is broken. He stops for a second look, holding the lantern high.

129 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND BETH

Huw straining mightily to hold Beth above the water.

130 CLOSE SHOT

Ianto with the lantern. He starts to move away then raises the lantern once more. As he looks down the stream, his eyes widen in horror. He turns and shouts into the storm.

IANTO
(shouting)

Davy -

He puts down his lantern and plunges forward into the water.

131 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND BETH

Huw giving his last ounce of strength to hold up his mother until Ianto reaches them. As Ianto pulls them to the bank, Davy and the other men are there to help them to safety.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

132 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Bronwen is sitting with some sewing, singing softly. The shades behind her are drawn, so the light in the room is dim. She raises her head and looks out of scene toward the wall bed. CAMERA MOVES round to show Huw, unconscious and swathed in bandages, lying in the wall bed. As she looks, his eyes open. He turns his head slowly to look at Bronwen. She puts down her sewing and crosses swiftly over to him, CAMERA MOVING UP CLOSE.

BRONWEN

Oh - Huw -

(there are tears
in her voice)

There is proud I am to have
your name.

(she kisses him
softly, straightens
and smiles down
at him)

HUW

(with difficulty)

Mother?

BRONWEN

(cheerfully)

Upstairs - and doing well.
The doctor is with her now.

He closes his eyes with a little smile. She stands looking down at him with pity and affection.

133 CHANGED ANGLE

Morgan, Angharad and Dr. Richards come down the stairs and move over to look down at Huw.

BRONWEN

(whispering)

He was awake just now.

DR. RICHARDS

(in a low voice)

He'll do then. But it's beyond
me to say why. You are breeding
horses in this family, Mr. Morgan.
This boy should be in his coffin,
for my part.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

MORGAN

(smiles)

Then he's a Morgan, is it?

His hands stray gently to Huw's bandaged shoulder. He touches it proudly and lovingly. In the meantime the Doctor is getting into his overcoat, which Angharad holds for him.

DR. RICHARDS

He should be fed now, Mrs.

Ivor - a little soup and some warm smile.

Bronwen nods and goes into the kitchen. Morgan, Angharad and the Doctor go out through the front door.

134 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

as the Doctor, Angharad and Morgan come out. Morgan closes the door, but not completely. It is left open a crack. Gruffydd comes up the steps, carrying a book.

MORGAN

(to Gruffydd)

Huw was awake just now, and spoke to Bron.

GRUFFYDD

(to Richards)

How long, then, for the little one?

DR. RICHARDS

(pursing his lips)

It's hard to say. His legs were frozen to the bone. A year - two years - quiet like that. But I can't promise he will over walk again -

135 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

as his eyes open once more. It is evident that he can hear what is being said outside the door. Dr. Richards' voice comes over:

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.)

DR. RICHARDS' VOICE

Nature must take her course -
Mr. Gruffydd --

Huw stirs as he hears this. His lips quiver a little; then he looks up.

136 MED. SHOT - BRONWEN

now in the room with Huw's soup. She looks at Huw anxiously, then hurries to the door.

137 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - MED. SHOT AT FRONT DOOR

as Bronwen comes out, closing the door behind her. She addresses herself to the Doctor, with compressed fury.

BRONWEN

(fiercely)

Mind your tongue! I think
he heard you,

Disturbed, Morgan, Gruffydd, Angharad and the Doctor look toward the door, then Morgan, Gruffydd, Angharad and Bronwen re-enter the house. The Doctor moves down the path.

138 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - MED. SHOT

Huw in the f.g. is lying with eyes bright with tears. Gruffydd comes over, followed by the others, and sits down beside him.

GRUFFYDD

(smiling)

Hello, Huw.

Huw's lips form a soundless "Hello," but his face shows his unhappiness and fear. His eyes turn away from Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

(sternly)

Where is the light I thought
to see in your eyes? Are you
afraid, boy?

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

Huw turns his mute, appealing eyes back to Gruffydd. Bronwen is shocked by Gruffydd's sternness. She puts her hand on his arm in protest, but Gruffydd shakes it impatiently off.

GRUFFYDD

(relentlessly)

You heard what the doctor said?

A spasm crosses Huw's face and he nods.

GRUFFYDD

And you believed it?

Huw nods again.

GRUFFYDD

(fiercely)

You want to walk again,
don't you?

(Huw nods)

Then you must have faith.
And if you have, you will
walk, no matter what all
the doctors say.

Huw looks at him piteously.

HUW

(feebly)

He said Nature must take her
course.

GRUFFYDD

(swiftly)

Nature is the handmaiden of
the Lord.

(smiles)

I remember on one or two
occasions she was given orders
to change her course. You
know your Scripture, boy?

Huw nods, wide-eyed. Angharad is watching breath-
lessly, her eyes wide with admiration for Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

Then you know that what's
been done before can be done
again - for you.

(he bends over Huw)

Do you believe me, Huw?

Huw nods again, with shining eyes.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont. 1)

GRUFFYDD

(cheerfully)

Good. You shall see the first daffodil out on the mountain. Will you?

HUW

(weakly, but
with a smile)

Indeed I will, sir.

GRUFFYDD

Then you will.

He grins down at Huw, who grins back. Morgan, with tears in his eyes, squeezes Gruffydd's shoulder with emotion and gratitude. Angharad is smiling with starry eyes. Gruffydd shows Huw the book he has brought him. It is Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Huw weakly reads the title out loud:

HUW

(feebly)

"Treasure Island" --

Gruffydd smiles a little as he touches the book.

GRUFFYDD

I could almost wish that I were lying there in your place - if it meant reading this book again for the first time.

Huw looks at the book close to his head with wondering eyes. Gruffydd rises from beside him and goes out of the room. Angharad hesitates a moment, then follows after him.

139 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT

as Gruffydd comes out. Angharad follows. She calls after him.

ANGHARAD

Mr. Gruffydd --

Gruffydd turns.

ANGHARAD

I couldn't let you go without thanking you.

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD

It was only my duty, girl.

ANGHARAD

(looking at him)

No. It was more than duty.

GRUFFYDD

(his eyes sober)

Yes. He is a fine boy -

He hesitates a moment, looking at her, as if he would like to compliment her personally, but he compromises:

GRUFFYDD

- and you are a fine family.

The look in his eyes is not lost on Angharad. She is still staring up at him with shining eyes. Gruffydd is embarrassed, tries to cover it.

GRUFFYDD

(gently)

You'd better be going back.
You'll catch your death.

ANGHARAD

Yes.

(but she doesn't move)

Will you be coming to supper
soon?

GRUFFYDD

Later - when you are finished
with doctors and such.

ANGHARAD

(with a smile)

I will hurry them away then.

GRUFFYDD

(smiles at her)

Good.

He touches his hat and goes, stopping at the gate to look back at her. She looks after him as if unconscious of her surroundings; then she gives a sudden little shudder of cold, drawing her shoulders together. She turns and goes back into the house.

140 INT. MORGAN PARLOR

as Angharad comes in, closing the door. She stands quietly at the door, thinking of Gruffydd. CAMERA MOVES OVER to take in Bronwen sitting beside Huw. She has picked up the book. She looks up at Angharad with sympathy and comprehension, then turns back to Huw and begins to read.

BRONWEN

(reading)

"Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey and the rest of these gentlemen, having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen --"

Huw's eyes begin to light up. CAMERA HOLDS on them as she reads on.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

141 CLOSE SHOT

Illustration in "Treasure Island": Jim Hawkins in the crosstrees with Israel Hands, dirk in teeth, climbing the shrouds toward him. Huw's hand leafs the page over, as the Voice comes in:

DISSOLVE TO:

540

142 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - DAY

Huw, now without bandages, and propped up in bed, is reading, studying, while the normal activity of the house goes on around him.

VOICE

For months I lay in the wall bed. I learned. I read. All the noble books which have lived in my mind ever since -

143 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - CLOSE SHOT - HUW

Reading avidly, SUPERIMPOSED over this, CLOSE SHOT of the shelf beside the bed. His hands appear, putting the books, one by one, on the shelf:

TREASURE ISLAND
IVANHOE
PICKWICK PAPERS
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

VOICE

- and always I hoped and kept my faith.

SHOT OF SHELF DISSOLVE OUT. Huw sets down his book and listens, looking up.

A sharp tapping comes in on the SOUND TRACK. Huw smiles and taps three times on the wall.

VOICE

For the first months my mother was still upstairs and we could talk to each other with tappings -

DISSOLVE TO:

144 QUICK SHOTS

Morgan painting the door-jams. Angharad hanging fresh curtains, etc. Huw in his wall bed, watching.

VOICE

Then my father began to make preparations - for the doctor told him that soon she would be leaving her bed. New tile for the kitchen - whitewash on our doorstep - new curtains and fresh paint - and, for the occasion -

DISSOLVE TO:

145 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Ianto, Davy, Owen and Gwilym, standing before their father in the parlor. Huw in the wall bed in the b.g. watching. All involved are very serious. The boys look thin and rather ragged.

VOICE

- another surprise for my mother.

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

MORGAN

(quietly)

My sons, I would like to
have you back here to live -

The boys stare as Morgan goes on.

MORGAN

- but on one condition. We
shall all be lodgers here.

The boys are silent a moment before answering.

IANFO

(quietly)

How can you be a lodger in
your own house?

MORGAN

Because I have no authority.
No man shall say he is head
of a house unless his word
is obeyed. You are grown and
entitled to your own opinions.
So, we will all be lodgers
and your mother will care for
all of us.

The boys are silent, looking at the floor.

MORGAN

Will you come?

The boys exchange a look and nod.

MORGAN

Good. It will make your
mother very happy. To-
morrow, then.

The boys turn and go out.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - DAY
CLOSE SHOT - HUW

in his wall bed, looking toward the stairs with shining eyes.

VOICE

Then the great day when at last she came down again into her own house.

147 ANGLE TOWARD THE STAIRCASE

(which in Welsh houses is covered.) We cannot see Beth coming down but we can hear her footsteps dimly on the stairs.

First her footsteps. Strike and hardship and illness all were forgotten. Four months. Only a ceiling between us, yet for four months we hadn't laid eyes on each other.

Beth appears at the bottom of the stairs, assisted by Morgan. She is weak and shaky, and whiter than before, but her eyes are shining. She stands at the foot of the stairs, leaning on Morgan's arm, looking at Huw. Then she slowly crosses over to him.

Then she was there, watching me with diamonds in her eyes and her hand to her mouth. Whether to laugh or cry, now...

148 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND BETH

Morgan in b.g. Her eyes are full of tears. She is too moved to speak. She sits beside him on the bed, devouring him with her eyes. He looks at her almost white hair. His hand goes up to it and touches it wonderingly.

BETH

The old snow got into it --

She chokes on the words, kisses him fiercely, then she moves back a little from him as if the better to see him. Morgan tiptoes over to the door, opens it a crack and signals with his hand.

149 INT. PARLOR - CLOSE SHOT - BETH AND HUW

They looking up, over scene, comes the SOUND of Ivor's choir singing. Morgan, smiling proudly, comes back to them. Beth looks toward the door with wonder. Morgan gently helps her to her feet and leads her out, Huw looking after them proudly.

150 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

The singers, led by Ivor, massed in the f.g. Beth and Morgan on the porch in the b.g.

151 CLOSE SHOT

The Morgan boys watching their mother as they sing in the front row. They have bundles of their belongings with them.

152 CLOSE SHOT - BETH AND MORGAN

She is tremendously affected by the singing, and above all, by the sight of her sons and their bundles. The tears stream down her cheeks, then she buries her face in her husband's shoulder.

BETH

(brokenly)

Oh, Gwil - there is a wife
you've got - resting in her
bed and letting strangers
care for her family.

Morgan smiles and twines a strand of her silver hair round his forefinger.

MORGAN

There is a wife I have got,
then.

BETH

(rallying)

Go on with you, boy.

The men finish their song and burst into a shout for Beth. Cries of "Speech!" Morgan pushes her gently forward.

MORGAN

Go on - say something.

BETH

(frightened)

What will I say?

MORGAN

You found something to say
last time you spoke. It
should be easier now, with
friends.

(CONTINUED)

152 (Cont.)

Beth tries to find words, chokes a little, smiles, holds out her hands to the crowd, hesitates, then blurts:

BETH

Come and eat - everyone -

153 FULL SHOT

The people cheer again and begin to troop into the house, paying their respects to Beth as they pass. But her eyes are on her sons and the bundles in their hands.

154 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BETH

as Ianto and Davy, followed by Owen and Gwilym, come up and embrace her silently. She looks at Ianto's bundle with bright eyes, smiling through her tears, then assumes a mask of sternness.

BETH

There is disgraceful the
condition your clothes are
in from the lodgings -

(lifts Davy's
trouser leg)

- one more step and we would
be seeing the back of your
leg.

GWILYM

You should see Owen's. One
more step and we'd be seeing
the back of his neck, indeed.

OWEN

(pushing him)

Shut up, man.

All go into the house.

155 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - MED. SHOT

Family and guests trooping in. Some are already making for the food-laden table. Ianto intercepts Morgan in f.g. He shows his father a newspaper.

IANTO

Have you seen this?

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

Morgan takes the paper from Ianto and puts on his glasses to read it. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he looks over at Huw.

MORGAN

Well --

(he turns to
the guests)

Listen, everyone - listen
to this!

The guests gather round. Morgan clears his throat importantly.

MORGAN

It seems someone has been
getting his name in the
paper.

He reads proudly from the paper.

MORGAN

'Handwriting competition.
Boys under twelve years
of age. First prize of
Two Guineas is awarded
to Huw Morgan, for an
entry of great merit.'

A cheer goes up. All eyes turn to Huw in the wall bed. Huw is embarrassed, tries to duck beneath his pillow, but Ianto and Bronwen pull him into the open.

MORGAN

And that boy has been lying
there going on four months
and no sound from him but
laughing and no words but
cheerful.

(takes off his
glasses and
wipes them)

I will stay over here to tell you
what a good son you are, Huw. If
I went to you now, I would be
acting very silly, I am afraid.

Bronwen kisses Huw gently.

BRONWEN

There is a clever old man
you are --

156 CLOSEUP - HUW

as he reacts to Bronwen's kiss, embarrassed but happy
His eyes are bright, and he touches his cheek where
she kissed him.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 CLOSE SHOT

Two men with fiddles and Miss Jenkins, a prim spin-
ster who plays the harp. CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing
the celebration in full swing. These people are
hungry and in want, but they are making the most of
the occasion and the Morgans' hospitality. A wide-
eyed miner receives a cup of tea and some cake from
Angharad.

MINER

Real tea you have.

ANGHARAD

A little weak.

MINER

Weak? Hot water at our
house.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG until it picks up Ianto and
Mr. Parry, a bespectacled, ascetic elder who has just
finished piling his plate. He takes a mouthful and
addresses himself to Ianto.

PARRY

Ianto - I haven't seen you
in Chapel lately.

IANTO

I have been too busy.

PARRY

What business, may I ask?

IANTO

(looking at him)

Mine.

At this a hush falls on the people around them.

PARRY

(injured)

Only asking a civil question,
I was.

IANTO

And having a civil answer.

(looks at Parry)

I have been busy with the
union.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

PARRY

(shakes his
head darkly)

Unions are the work of the
devil. You will come to
no good end.

IANTO

(like ice)

At least I am not sitting
on it, talking a lot of
rubbish in Chapel.

PARRY

Look here --

IANTO

(with an im-
patient gesture)

Leave it now, or I will say
something to be sorry.

He turns away from Parry and finds himself face to
face with Gruffydd, who is regarding him steadily.
Morgan, Beth and the other Morgan brothers also move
into scene, listening intently.

GRUFFYDD

No. This matter requires air-
ing. Ianto - why do you think
we of the Chapel talk rubbish?

IANTO

My remark was not aimed at you.

GRUFFYDD

(smiles, but
he is serious)

Then aim it.

IANTO

(deliberately)

Very well. Because you make
yourselves out to be shepherds
of the flock and yet allow your
sheep to live in filth and
poverty, and if they try to
raise their voices against it,
you calm them by saying their
suffering is the Will of God.

(with burning
scorn)

Sheep indeed! Are we sheep to
be herded and sheared by a hand-
ful of owners? I was taught
that man was made in the image
of God! Not a sheep!

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont. 1)

MORGAN

Ianto - Mr. Gruffydd healed
Huw.

GRUFFYDD

(still looking
at Ianto)

Mr. Morgan - Huw healed himself.
(then to Ianto)

I have not expressed my views
here because I have had no
wish to interfere in a family
disagreement.

He looks at Morgan challengingly.

MORGAN

(quietly)

You have my permission to speak.

GRUFFYDD

Well, then, here is what I
think. First, have your union.
You need it.

158 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

listening intently.

GRUFFYDD'S VOICE

Alone you are weak. To-
gether you are strong.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY over the faces of Ianto, Davy,
Owen and Gwilym, listening.

GRUFFYDD'S VOICE

But remember that with strength
goes responsibility - to others
and to yourselves.

159 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD

GRUFFYDD

For you cannot conquer in-
justice with more injustice -
only with justice and with
the help of God.

160 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

listening at the tea urn, lips parted and eyes bright.

161 GROUP SHOT

Silence falls on the little group as Gruffydd finishes. He has obviously made a deep impression both on Morgan and on his sons. Then Parry's lips tighten.

PARRY

Are you coming outside your position in life, Mr. Gruffydd? Your business is spiritual.

GRUFFYDD

(quietly)

My business is anything that comes between man and the spirit of God.

PARRY

(glowering)

The deacons shall hear that you have been preaching socialism -

Ianto, always ready for a fight, steps up to Parry.

IANTO

Mr. Parry --

Gwilym moves in.

GWILYM

(hotly)

Loose the old devil's teeth for him!

Morgan quickly steps between them, pushing Ianto and Gwilym back.

MORGAN

(to Ianto)

He is our guest.

He takes Parry's arm and signals to Beth.

MORGAN

(with a grin)

Beth, give Mr. Parry a pint of home brewed, and put his pipe back in his mouth.

BETH

(militantly)

I will give him a good clout with the frying pan.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

Parry, abashed, shuts up. Gruffydd smiles and leaves the little group. CAMERA CENTERS on Morgan and his sons. They are looking at each other steadily.

IANTO

(to his father)

Can you and your lodgers
agree on what we have just
heard?

MORGAN

(simply)

I have no lodgers - only
sons.

He puts one arm round Ianto's shoulders, the other round Davy's, and signals to Miss Jenkins.

MORGAN

Now, then, Miss Jenkins - a
tune. "Comrades in Arms,"
is it?

The music starts up gaily. All begin to sing, except Parry, who walks off, shaking his head.

162 CHANGED ANGLE

Angharad, smiling happily, goes into the kitchen with a stack of used plates. She sets them on the sink. Gruffydd moves into f.g., looking at her through the door. He sees Angharad inspect her fire, then lift the heavy coal scuttle to refill the range. Gruffydd goes into the kitchen.

163 INT. KITCHEN

Angharad is struggling with the heavy scuttle. The singing comes over scene. Gruffydd comes up to her. She looks at him with a smile.

ANGHARAD

Oh, Mr. Gruffydd - will we
always be in your debt? Now
you have made us a family
again.

GRUFFYDD

(smiles)

Here - let me -

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

He takes the scuttle from her and pours some coal into the stove. She is still looking at him. Gruffydd sets down the scuttle and straightens to face Angharad. She sees that his hands are covered with coal.

ANGHARAD

Oh - your hands - there's
a pity -

GRUFFYDD

(grins)
No matter.

He turns his hands to show her the palms.

164 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD'S PALMS

They show the telltale black lines of one who has worked as a miner.

165 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD AND GRUFFYDD

She takes his hands gently, looking at the palms, then up into his eyes.

ANGHARAD

Have you been down the
collieries?

GRUFFYDD

Ten years - while I was
studying.

ANGHARAD

(moved)
Ten years -

Then she breaks the mood, becomes very businesslike. She moves over toward the sink.

ANGHARAD

A bit of soap, now.

GRUFFYDD

Please don't bother.

He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and begins to scrub at his hands. Angharad turns back to him.

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

ANGHARAD

There is a man for you -
spoiling your good handker-
chief.

Gruffydd grins at her. Angharad gets some soap and a piece of rag.

ANGHARAD

Wait, you. You are king in
the Chapel, but I will be
queen in my own kitchen.

She returns to him and begins to scrub the coal off his hands. Gruffydd's expression has changed. There is no flippancy in his look now. He waits until she has finished, then suddenly speaks, almost as if against his will.

GRUFFYDD

You will be queen wherever
you walk.

Angharad looks swiftly up at him, her heart in her eyes. There is a tense pause.

ANGHARAD

(whispers)
What does that mean?

GRUFFYDD

(looks at
her)
I should not have said it.

ANGHARAD

Why not?

GRUFFYDD

I have no right to speak
to you so.

Angharad continues to look at him, then smiles a little.

ANGHARAD

(softly)
If the right is mine to
give - you have it.

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont. 1)

They stand looking at each other, deeply moved. Then Bronwen comes into the kitchen with some more plates. She stops short when she sees them, sensing that she has interrupted something, then proceeds to the sink. Gruffydd smiles at Angharad and goes out. Angharad looks after him. Bronwen stands watching her with sympathy and understanding. Angharad turns to her a little irritably.

ANGHARAD

Well - what are you staring at?

BRONWEN

(smiles)

Let me have my look, girl.

(then putting

her hand on

Angharad's arm)

If I were single again - I think I should try to marry Mr. Gruffydd, shame to me or not.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

166 FULL SHOT - EARLY MORNING

The moon is still shining, lights are lit in all the houses, and the men, singing, appear to march up to work. "Men of Harlech" is their song.

VOICE

Then the strike was settled - with the help of Mr. Gruffydd and my father - with a minimum wage and at least a promise of no more cuts.

167 FLASHES

Beth preparing lunch boxes. Huw waving goodbye to his father and brothers from his wall bed. The rusty colliery gates opening. The men lined up at the gates, being checked through. Singing men entering the colliery. The winding-house wheel, creaking from disuse, as it begins to turn. A puff of steam from a long disused chimney. The conveyor-belt starting. Men waving their lamps to the boat of the music as they march.

No victory, but it was good to see my mother's face as she made ready the lunch boxes again. The men went back on the early morning shift. Cold it was, and still dark, but in all the village I think I was the only one to stay in bed. Wheels that had grown rusty turned again, spinning wages for the box on our mantel, which had grown so light - work to wipe out the memory of idleness and hardship. The men were happy going up the hill that morning.

168 CLOSE SHOT - AT GATE

The mine manager, with a piece of paper in his hand, is approaching the guards at the gate. As the miners file in, he checks something against his tally. The guard begins to close the gate in the faces of the men who are still waiting to go in. The gates close. CAMERA MOVES UP on the men who have been shut out, singling out Owen and Gwilym, who are standing grim-faced with the other men. CAMERA HOLDS on them, silent, hard-eyed.

- but not all of them - For there were too many now for the jobs open, and some learned that never again would there be work for them in their own Valley -

DISSOLVE TO:

169 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - MED. SHOT

Morgan, Ivor, Ianto, Davy, Owen and Gwilym are assembled - a council of war. Huw, in his wall bed, in the b.g.

OWEN

It is all same all over South Wales. In Cardiff, the men are standing in line to have bread from the government.

(shakes
his head)

Not for us. We will have our share of the box and go.

MORGAN

Where?

OWEN

(quietly)

America.

Morgan's shoulders sag. He turns slowly to the mantelpiece.

170 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

He takes the box from the mantelpiece and sets it down on the table. He opens the cover and stands looking down into it. The others gather round. Morgan slowly takes out two small stacks of sovereigns, sets one before Owen and one before Gwilym. Then Ianto speaks:

IANTO

(quietly)

My share, too, Owen.

DAVY

(quickly)

And mine.

OWEN

No. Our own. We will take no charity.

IANTO

(roughly)

Not charity, man. Sense.

GWILYM

(stubbornly)

No. Only our own.

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

Owen also shakes his head with finality. Morgan closes the box with a snap, then turns to Owen and Gwilym.

MORGAN

Say nothing to your mother.
Let this day be over, first.

Beth's voice comes over scene.

BETH'S VOICE

Never mind saying nothing.

They all turn.

171 CHANGED ANGLE

The little group round the table, taking in Beth as she moves slowly toward them from the kitchen door, where she has been standing.

BETH

I heard.

Beth reaches Owen and Gwilym. The tears spring to her eyes as she embraces them.

BETH

(brokenly)

America - America- my babies -

After a moment Morgan gently withdraws Beth from her two sons, holds her in his arms for a moment. He looks at the boys.

MORGAN

Shall we read a chapter,
my sons?

OWEN

What shall we have?

MORGAN

Isaiah, fifty-five. "Ho every
one that thirsteth, come ye to
the waters, and he that hath
no money, come ye, buy and eat."

Owen crosses to get the Bible from the shelf on the mantel. Beth, unable to stand any more, moves over toward Huw and sits down on the bed beside him. She is crying. Huw tries awkwardly to comfort her.

(CONTINUED)

171 (Cont.)

BETH
 (tragically)
 This is only the beginning.
 Owen and Gwil first - then all
 of you will go - one after the
 other - all of you!

HUW
 (stoutly)
 I will never leave you, Mama -

Beth takes him by the shoulders, stares into his eyes.

BETH
 Yes, Huw. If you should ever
 leave me, I will be sorry I
 ever had babies.

HUW
 (wondering)
 Why did you have them?

BETH
 (with a twist
 of her lips)
 Goodness gracious, boy! Why,
 indeed? To keep my hands in
 water and my face to the fire,
 perhaps.

172 CLOSE SHOT

Morgan, as he marks his place in the Bible. His sons are grouped round him. Before Morgan can begin to read, though, they hear a commotion out in the street. They all look up, as they hear loud, excited voices shouting something we cannot distinguish. One of the boys opens the door and all go out in the street.

173 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE

Father and sons stand in the f.g. as Beth comes curiously out to join them. Approaching the house is about half the village following the figure of Dai Ellis, the postman, who carries a letter high in his hand. The villagers are shouting and chattering to each other.

IANTO
 What is it?

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

MORGAN

They're coming here.

They exchange a look, almost as if this might be a lynching party come to get them. The villagers approach behind the postman. Dai Ellis, his hand trembling with excitement, holds up the letter. He tries to speak but his vocal chords are paralyzed with excitement. He stutters impotently.

IANTO

(impatiently)

What's with you, man?

Ellis finally produces words:

DAI ELLIS

(his voice breaking
into a falsetto
squeak)

From Windsor Castle it is -

He hands the letter to Ivor.

174 GROUP SHOT

The Morgans, tremendously excited. Ivor takes the letter. The villagers gather close round as Ivor rips it open with impatient fingers. He begins to read from the letter.

IVOR

(in a trembling
voice)

Mr. Ivor Morgan is commanded
to appear before her Majesty
at Windsor Castle with chosen
members of his choir.

A great shout goes up from the assembled villagers.
Morgan, powerfully affected, grabs Ivor's shoulder.

MORGAN

To sing before the Queen.
(with quiet pride)

My son, I never thought to
see the beautiful day.

(then with
animation)

Ianto, Davy -

(to the assembled
villagers)

All of you. Fetch everyone
from all the Valleys round.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

MORGAN (Cont.)

(to the postman)

Dai Ellis, get your trap and
to town to spread the news.

Davy - over to the other
collieries - invite everybody -
it's a celebration, tell them.
Ianto - down to the Three Bells
for beer. Open house tonight -
for all who will come.

Then his eye catches sight of Owen and Gwilym
standing together. There is a break in his voice
as he addresses them.

MORGAN

My sons. You shall have a
send-off worthy of Morgans.

175 FULL SHOT IN STREET

The people running excitedly off in different direc-
tions, Dai Ellis jumps into his trap, which stands
in front of the post office, and whips his horse
off into a gallop.

DISSOLVE TO:

176 EXT. VILLAGE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The windows are all lit and people lean in them,
looking out. The party is assembled. The street is
filled with celebrating people. Beer is flowing
freely. All are singing the last bars of a gay
Welsh song.

177 EXT. CHAPEL - CLOSE SHOT

As the song finishes, Morgan climbs up on the wall
with Ivor. The choir is assembled in the street.
He holds up his hand for silence. When he gets it
he begins to pray, simply and sincerely:

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

MORGAN

O Heavenly Father, I give thanks from the heart to live this day. I give thanks for all I have, and I do give thanks for this new blessing. For you are Our Father, but we look to our Queen as our mother. Comfort her in her troubles, O God, and let her mighty worries trouble not more than she shall bear in her age. And let sweetness and power and spirit be given to these voices that will sing at her command. And may Ivor have strength to acquit himself with honour. Amen.

178 FULL SHOT - STREET

A deep, reverent, "Amen" goes up.

CROWD

Amen.

Morgan climbs down from the wall and joins Beth. Then Ivor raises his hand and brings it down sharply. The tenors sing the first line of "God Save the Queen."

179 CLOSE SHOT - IVOR AS HE LEADS

Sopranos join the tenors with the second line.

180 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

in his wall bed, eyes shining. Bron and Angharad are with him. The window is open. Baritones, bass and alto come in with tenor and soprano.

181 FULL SHOT - CHOIR SINGING

All the voices are now in.

182 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN AND BETH

Morgan is singing along with the choir, but Beth is silent. She is looking steadily, with tears in her eyes, out of scene. CAMERA PANS in the direction of her glance.

183 CLOSE SHOT - THE MORGAN BROTHERS

in the front line of the choir, singing with the rest. CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSE on Owen and Gwilym, as the anthem goes into its final chords.

184 FULL SHOT - VILLAGE

as the anthem comes to its close.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

185 INT. CHAPEL - DAY - FULL SHOT

Gruffydd is leading the congregation in the closing hymn of the service. The hymn stops and the men begin to pick up their hats.

GRUFFYDD

(soberly)

Will you please remain in your places? There is a meeting of the deacons.

A little buzz of conversation goes up as the people resume their seats. The deacons, mostly elderly men, stalk stiffly up to the front of the Chapel. Morgan is among the deacons. Gruffydd relinquishes his place at the lectern to Mr. Parry. Gruffydd walks slowly down the aisle, his head bent. He passes Angharad, who is sitting on the aisle, and moves to the back of the Chapel.

186 CLOSE SHOT

Mr. Parry, spokesman for the deacons, stands forward.

PARRY

(sternly)

Meilyn Lewis - step forward.

187 REVERSE ANGLE

A girl, whom we have not seen before, stumbles past Angharad. She is sobbing violently into her handkerchief, which covers her face. She steps before the assembled deacons.

PARRY

(looking down
at her)

Your sins have found you out,
and now you must pay the price
of all women like you. You
have brought a child into the
world against the commandment.

188 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

staring, white-faced, shocked and pitying.

189 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD AT THE BACK

Expressionless but manifestly uncomfortable.

190 PAN SHOT

The stern faces of the deacons, ending on Morgan, who alone among them looks disturbed and unhappy.

PARRY

(continuing)

Prayer is wasted on your sort.
You shall be cast forth into
the outer darkness till you
have learned your lesson.
Meillyn Lewis, do you admit
your sin?

191 CLOSE SHOT - MEILLYN LEWIS

as she sobs out something like "Yes."

192 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

She rises slowly to her feet.

193 MED. SHOT

Parry looking sternly down at Meillyn Lewis.

PARRY

Then prepare to suffer your
punishment --

194 REVERSE ANGLE

Angharad's voice rings out.

ANGHARAD

Stop it! Stop it! Let her
alone - you hypocrites!

195 MED. SHOT

It is as if the meeting had been struck by lightning. Meillyn Lewis, mouth open, tears dripping from her eyes, is staring at Angharad. The deacons are also staring, still too amazed to be angry. Then Morgan moves. His face is white with fury. He strides over to Angharad.

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

MORGAN
(furiously)
Angharad - you -

Gruffydd steps quickly between them. He puts his hand on Morgan's arm.

GRUFFYDD
(looking at Angharad)
Leave it now, Mr. Morgan.

He urges Angharad gently away. Morgan stares after them. CAMERA PANS with Gruffydd and Angharad as they exit from the chapel, with all the congregation staring.

196 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Angharad and Gruffydd come out. She is still white and shaken. He looks at her soberly. At a little distance from them an old, poorly dressed woman, Meilyn Lewis's mother, is waiting nervously, holding a baby. Angharad with an angry gesture raises her eyes to Gruffydd's.

ANGHARAD
(passionately)
How could you stand there and watch them? Cruel old men - groaning and nodding to hurt her more. That isn't the Word of God! "Go thou, and sin no more," Jesus said.

GRUFFYDD
(sadly)
You know your Bible too well - and life too little.

ANGHARAD
(sternly)
I know enough of life to know that Meilyn Lewis is no worse than I am!

GRUFFYDD
Angharad!

ANGHARAD
What do the deacons know about it?

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

ANGHARAD (Cont.)

(she clenches
her fists)

What do you know about what
could happen to a poor girl
when she loves a man so much
that even to lose sight of him
for a moment is torture!

Her eyes try to hold him, for she is now referring to
her own love for him. But Gruffydd will not meet the
issue.

GRUFFYDD

It was cruel, but you must
realize that the men of the
Valleys here have made their
homes, lived and died with no
help from any government of
men - no authority but the Bible.
If it has produced hypocrites
and Pharisees the fault is with
the human race. Men are not
angels.

ANGHARAD

They were like devils today!
My father, too.

(accusingly)

And you stood by and let them.

Gruffydd frowns. He is as deeply moved as Angharad,
but finds his predicament difficult to explain to
her.

GRUFFYDD

It's their Chapel. I am only
its servant. If I spoke out
now - they could put me out to
preach in the hedges with only
the sparrows to listen.

ANGHARAD

But you will speak out against
it?

GRUFFYDD

(nods gravely)

When the time is ripe. When
the ground is prepared. Believe
me.

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.1)

She softens. Their eyes meet and hold. Then both turn as the door of the Chapel opens in the b.g. and Meillyn Lewis stumbles out. She runs to her mother, crying. Other people begin to appear from the Chapel. Meillyn takes the baby, kisses it. She and her mother cling to each other forlornly and start to walk slowly away.

197 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD AND GRUFFYDD

Looking after them with compassion. With one accord they start to move after Meillyn and her mother. Angharad calls gently:

Meillyn - ANGHARAD

FADE OUT

FADE IN

198 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Huw reading in his wall bed. Beth is straightening up the room. Huw looks up as sunlight falls across him from the opening front door. Huw looks over, his face lighting up.

199 REVERSE ANGLE

Gruffydd is standing, framed in the sunlight. There is something portentous in his manner. His face is very grave. Beth moves into scene. She is surprised to see Gruffydd.

BETH
Good morning, dear Mr. Gruffydd.
There is good to see you. Angharad
is down to market.

Gruffydd does not move. His eyes remain searchingly on Huw.

GRUFFYDD
(looking at Huw)
I have come for Huw.

BETH
(surprised)
For Huw?

She looks over at him. Huw is smiling. He has sensed why Gruffydd is here. He is smiling - but frightened and a little in awe.

HUW
The daffodils are out, Mama.

BETH
(with her heart
in her eyes)
Oh, Huw -

She crosses over to him, clutching her hands in her apron. Gruffydd, still with his eyes on Huw, advances.

GRUFFYDD
Where are your clothes, Huw?

HUW
Under my pillow, sir.

BETH
Your pillow?

(CONTINUED)

• 199 (Cont.)

HUW

For these months - ready
for today.

GRUFFYDD

(smiles)

Come you, then - You shall
bring back a posy fit for a
queen for your brave mother ---

HUW

(eyes shining)

Indeed, I will -

Beth is too stunned to move. As Gruffydd starts to help Huw out from under the covers, to retrieve his clothes from under the pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

200 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

a bright, windy morning. CAMERA IS ON A CLOSE SHOT of a patch of daffodils nodding in the wind. CAMERA PANS UP from the daffodils to reveal in the b.g. Gruffydd carrying Huw on his shoulders. They are silhouetted against the skyline. They come close to the daffodils. Gruffydd gently lowers Huw to his feet, supports him there, while both look at the flowers. They smile at each other. Gruffydd carefully releases Huw and moves a few steps away from him, then turns and holds out his hands to Huw.

GRUFFYDD

Now, then - over to me ---

Slowly, painfully, Huw moves one leg forward, brings the other up to join it. Then he sways as if about to fall. Gruffydd steps quickly forward to support him, but Huw waves him away with a grin.

HUW

(a little
breathless)

I'm all right ---

He takes two more steps, which brings him to Gruffydd. They grin at each other, and Gruffydd takes hold of him.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD

Enough, now.

(looks at Huw
searchingly,
speaks gravely)

You have been lucky, Huw.
Lucky to suffer and lucky to
spend those weary months in
your bed. For so God has
given you the chance to make
spirit within yourself. And
as your father cleans his
lamp to have good light, so
keep clean your spirit.

HUW

How, Mr. Gruffydd?

GRUFFYDD

By prayer, my son. And I
don't mean mumbling, or
shouting, or wallowing like
a hog in religious sentiments.
Prayer is only another name
for good, clean, direct
thinking. When you pray,
think well what you are saying,
and make your thoughts into
things that are solid. In
that manner, your prayer will
have strength, and that
strength shall become part of
you, mind, body and spirit.

As Huw looks up at him, deeply impressed. Then
Gruffydd smiles.

GRUFFYDD

And the first duty of your
new legs shall be to carry
you to Chapel next Sunday.

DISSOLVE TO:

201 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY - MED. MOVING SHOT

The Morgan family approaching the Chapel. Morgan
and Beth are not in evidence. In the group are
Angharad, Ianto, Davy and Huw, who is now limping
painfully, with the aid of Davy.

202

CLOSER SHOT - NEAR CHAPEL ENTRANCE

IESTYN EVANS, a rather supercilious young man, and dressed - even overdressed - in the height of fashion, lounging on the Chapel green. He looks over and sees Angharad. He steps forward and raises his hat.

IESTYN

Hello, Angharad.

Ianto and Davy step in front of Angharad.

IANTO

(with dangerous
quiet)

Who are you talking to?

IESTYN

(casually)

Angharad. Your sister,
perhaps.

Ianto knocks him down with one punch.

203

CLOSE SHOT - IESTYN

out cold, as he crashes against the Chapel entrance and winds up sitting on the ground. His fall dislodges the sign announcing the subject of the sermon. It falls across him:

"LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER"

204

GROUP SHOT

Ianto, his brothers and Angharad all looking down at Iestyn. Angharad then goes for Ianto with clawed fingers.

ANGHARAD

You devil.

Davy catches Angharad and pulls her back from Ianto. Ianto looks at his knuckles, then at the fallen Iestyn.

IANTO

(quietly)

I will not have my sister treated like a pit-woman. His father may own the colliery, but if he wants to speak to you, let him ask permission. We have a home and he knows well where it is.

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.)

The Chapel-goers are now crowded round. Iestyn is being helped to his feet by Morgan and Iestyn's father, Christmas Evans. They approach Ianto and the others.

EVANS

Did you hit my son?

IANTO

I did.

MORGAN

Here at Chapel?

IANTO

(looking at
Iestyn)

That's where he was. Button-hole and all.

EVANS

I will have you in court,
young man!

IESTYN

(to Ianto, groggy
but defiant)

Doubtless you had a reason.

IANTO

Doubtless. And doubtless I
will break your neck if I
have another reason.

MORGAN

Why did you hit him?

IANTO

Let him tell you.

Morgan looks at Iestyn, who speaks after a moment's hesitation.

IESTYN

I spoke to your daughter, sir.

EVANS

(his eyebrows
go up)

You spoke to her?

IESTYN

(somewhat
chastened)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.1)

Evans turns to Ianto and holds out his hand.

EVANS

Ianto, I am sorry for what I said.

(glares at Iestyn)
If a man spoke to Iestyn's sister, murder would be done.

He pushes Iestyn toward Ianto.

EVANS

Now, then - shake hands - no malice anywhere, is it?

They shake hands, but gingerly, like a couple of prize fighters. Then Iestyn bows to Morgan.

IESTYN

I will call to ask your permission tomorrow evening, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN

Good, I will wait for you.

Over scene comes the sound of organ music, the processional from the Chapel. All adjust themselves and start into the Chapel.

205

EXT. CHAPEL - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING toward the entrance as Ianto and Iestyn enter together, walking side by side, but still stiff toward each other. Christmas Evans follows and after him Davy and Huw. Then Beth and Morgan. As Beth and Morgan come CLOSE TO CAMERA, we see that there are tears in her eyes. Her husband notices them.

MORGAN

(in a whisper)
What ails you, girl?

BETH

(sniffing)
Too young - even to be thinking of marriage -

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

MORGAN
(cocking a
humorous eye
at her)
How old were you?

BETH
(wiping her
eyes)
Much older, boy.

MORGAN
Go on with you, girl. You
were younger still than
Angharad.

Angharad follows them. She comes face to face with
Gruffydd, hesitates a moment, then goes into the
Chapel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGAN KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

She is looking through the open door toward a group in the parlor. Her expression is bewildered and unhappy. CAMERA HOLDS on her a moment as we hear Gruffydd's voice come over.

GRUFFYDD'S VOICE

The bath holds one hundred gallons. "A" fills the bath at the rate of twenty gallons a minute. "B" at the rate of ten gallons a minute.

CAMERA PANS to reveal Gruffydd, Morgan and Bronwen coaching Huw, who sits at a table piled with books and papers. Beth sits nearby, busy with her sewing. Gruffydd is giving Huw a problem. Huw takes notes as Gruffydd talks.

GRUFFYDD

"C" is a hole which empties the bath at five gallons a minute. Got it?

(Huw nods)

How long to fill the bath?

Beth clicks her tongue disapprovingly. They all turn to look at her.

BETH

There is silly. Trying to fill a bath with holes in it, indeed.

MORGAN

A sum it is, my girl. A sum. A problem for the mind. For his examination into school next month.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

BETH

(doggedly)

That old National School.
There is silly their sums
are with them. Who would
pour water in an old bath
with holes? Who would think
of it, but a madman?

Morgan's eyes seek heaven.

MORGAN

It is to see if the boy can
calculate, girl. Figures,
nothing else. How many
gallons and how long.

BETH

In a bath full of holes.

She throws her sewing at her workbasket, misses it
and throws it again twice as hard. Morgan regards
her with an exasperated grin, then turns to Gruffydd,
who is smiling covertly.

MORGAN

Now I know why I have such
a tribe of sons. It is you.
Beth Morgan is the cause.
Look you, Mr. Gruffydd. Have
you got something else?

GRUFFYDD

The decimal point, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN

The decimal point, then -
(with a look
at Beth)
- and peace in my house.

BETH

(calmly)

Go and scratch.

She rises, putting her work away. Gruffydd also gets
up.

GRUFFYDD

(with a smile)

It is late, now. I will be
going.

(puts his hand
on Huw's shoulder)

We will follow the decimal
point tomorrow night.

(bows to Morgan
and Beth)

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.1)

They ad lib goodnights to him. Morgan puts out the lamp on the table, which leaves only the little lamp near Huw's wall bed. He and Beth go up the stairs as Gruffydd goes to the door, signalling to Huw to follow him. Huw hobbles after Gruffydd.

207 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - NEAR DOOR - CLOSE SHOT

as Gruffydd and Huw come out. From his pocket Gruffydd takes a beautiful pencil box which he presents to Huw.

GRUFFYDD

It was mine and my father's.

HUW

(deeply appreciative)
There is beautiful, Mr. Gruffydd.

208 CLOSE SHOT - PENCIL BOX IN GRUFFYDD'S HANDS

The hands slide the lid back and forth.

GRUFFYDD'S VOICE

See how he joined it - and the pattern of grained woods on the lid and round the sides.

209 CLOSE SHOT - BOTH

GRUFFYDD

Labor and love - therefore beauty.

He gives the box to Huw.

GRUFFYDD

It's yours - for when you go to school.

HUW

(in an awed
whisper)
Mr. Gruffydd --

GRUFFYDD

Take care of it, then -

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

HUW
(overwhelmed)
Oh, I will, sir - thank you -

GRUFFYDD
You're having an opportunity
none of your brothers had - to
get yourself a good education
in a good school. Be worthy
of it, Huw.

HUW
I'll try, sir.

GRUFFYDD
Good. You will come tomorrow?
I promised your father we would
make him a frame for the picture
Queen Victoria gave to Ivor.

HUW
Yes, sir.

GRUFFYDD
(smiles)
Good night then - and God bless
you.

HUW
Good night, sir.

Gruffydd goes down the path. Huw goes back into the
house and closes the door.

210 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - CLOSE PANNING SHOT

Huw as he hobbles back over toward his bed, looking
at the pencil box with wide eyes. He sets it down
beside the bed and begins to undress.

211 INT. MORGAN BEDROOM (BETH AND MORGAN'S) - NIGHT

Beth, in her old-fashioned nightgown, is just climb-
ing into the double bed and pulling up the covers.
Morgan, in an equally old-fashioned nightshirt, is
approaching the bed with a lighted candle, which he
sets beside the bed.

BETH
(frowning a little)
Gwil - who is in charge of this
decimal point?

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

MORGAN

(pleading)

Look, Beth, my little one,
leave it now, or else it will
be morning and us fit for
bedlam, both.

BETH

But who thought of it?

MORGAN

I don't know. The French,
I think.

BETH

Well, no wonder! Those old
Frenchies, is it?

MORGAN

(climbing into bed)

There is an old beauty you are.
Go to sleep now before I will
push you on the floor.

Beth turns over on her side.

BETH

(muttering, as she
turns)

With Frenchies and old baths
full of holes, what will come
to the boy? What will come to
the country, indeed?

MORGAN

Let the Old Queen in Windsor
Castle worry over that.

Beth, apparently mollified, settles herself in the
bed and closes her eyes. Morgan reaches over to
pinch out the candle, but before he can do so, Beth's
eyes open and she speaks once more:

BETH

Gwil --

MORGAN

(patiently)

Yes, girl?

BETH

(dreamily)

I wonder does the Queen know
about this decimal point?

MORGAN

Well, devil throw smoke!

He pinches out the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

212 INT. GRUFFYDD'S LODGINGS - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

It is a combination study, bedroom and carpentry shop. (For woodworking is Gruffydd's hobby.) Now, of course, we can see nothing, for the room is dark. Gruffydd enters, crosses to his desk and lights the lamp upon it. Then he stops short. The light reveals Angharad standing there. Her mood is strange, unnaturally calm. For a moment they are silent.

GRUFFYDD

(quietly)

You shouldn't be here.

ANGHARAD

I couldn't spend another night without knowing.

(she looks up at him with tortured eyes)

What has happened? Is something wrong?

GRUFFYDD

Wrong?

ANGHARAD

You know what I mean. Why have you changed towards me? Why am I a stranger now? Have I done anything?

GRUFFYDD

No - the blame is mine.

(he goes on)

Your mother spoke to me after Chapel. She is happy to think you will be having plenty all your days.

ANGHARAD

(with a note of scorn)

Iestyn Evans.

GRUFFYDD

(looking at her)

You could do no better.

ANGHARAD

(quietly)

I don't want him. I want you.

(CONTINUED)

GRUFFYDD

(quietly)

Angharad - I have spent nights too - trying to think this out. When I took up this work, I knew what it meant. It meant devotion - and sacrifice. It meant making it my whole life - to the exclusion of everything else. That I was perfectly willing to do. But to share it with another -

(with sudden emotion)

Do you think I will have you going threadbare all your life? Depending on the charity of others for your good meals? Our children growing up in castoff clothing - and ourselves thanking God for parenthood in a house full of bits?

(he shakes his head with determination)

No - I can bear with such a life for the sake of my work.

(suddenly savage)

But I think I would start to kill if I saw the white come into your hair twenty years before its time.

Angharad comes close, looking up at him with misty eyes. She understands the significance of his last remark.

ANGHARAD

(softly)

Why?

He doesn't answer.

ANGHARAD

(more insistently)

Why would you start to kill?

Gruffydd averts his eyes. She moves even closer to him.

ANGHARAD

Are you a man - or a saint?

GRUFFYDD

(in a low voice)

I am no saint - but I have a duty towards you. Let me do it.

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont. 1)

Angharad realizes that she has made no impression on him.

ANGHARAD

(brokenly -
tearfully)

Did I come here to hear sermons
about your duty?

He does not move. She stares at him for another moment, then turns on her heel and goes out. Gruffydd stands looking after her.

213 EXT. GRUFFYDD'S LODGINGS - NIGHT

Angharad comes swiftly out. CAMERA PANS with her as she rounds the corner, then she bursts into sobs as she hurries along.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

214 INT. GRUFFYDD'S LODGINGS - DAY

CAMERA is on a CLOSE SHOT of Gruffydd's work bench. Huw and Gruffydd are busy making the picture frame. Huw shows Gruffydd the piece he has been working on.

GRUFFYDD

Good. Now a piece for the molding - about two feet.

HUW

Yes, sir.

He hunts around on the bench for a piece of wood and then looks up at Gruffydd.

HUW

Will I ever be rich, Mr. Gruffydd?

GRUFFYDD

(gravely)

You are rich, Huw.

HUW

Me? Oh, no, Mr. Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

What do you want, then?

Huw is silent, trying to think what he wants.

GRUFFYDD

(smiles)

If you cannot think what you want, think how you would feel if you lost what you have. Your father and mother. Your brothers and sister. Your home. Would you feel poor if you lost them?

(Huw nods)

Then you are rich in possessing them. And that is the real wealth, Huw - because it was earned by love.

Huw is deeply impressed by what Gruffydd has said, but he is still struggling with his thoughts about Gruffydd and Angharad. He hesitates a moment, then blurts out:

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)

HUW

But you will never have either
kind of wealth! You can't
marry Angharad because you
have no money.

Gruffydd is startled by Huw's outburst. Huw looks
up at him challengingly, then Gruffydd speaks quietly:

GRUFFYDD

(kindly)

Who has been talking to you,
Huw?

HUW

Bron - and - I have heard
other talk.

Gruffydd's face goes stern for a moment, then he
smiles a little wistfully and lays his hand affection-
ately on Huw's shoulder. After a moment he turns and
goes slowly to the window.

215 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD AT THE WINDOW

Huw in b.g. watching him. Gruffydd is silent for a
moment, then speaks as much to himself as to Huw.

GRUFFYDD

(quietly, but
with bitterness)

Perhaps there is still a third
kind of wealth. Perhaps a man
is wrong to ask more for him-
self than the opportunity to
serve his God --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

216 EXT. CHAPEL - BRIGHT SPRING DAY - FULL SHOT

Shooting head on toward the Chapel door. The whole
Valley is out, in much the same spirit as for Bronwen
and Ivor's wedding earlier in the script. The
villagers are cheering, throwing rice, etc. at a
bride and groom emerging from the Chapel. In the
close f.g. stands a smart, open carriage, driven by
a coachman, who is not in too resplendent uniform.
Until the bride and groom come close, we do not see

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

who they are. They are ducking, shielding their faces from the rice. The coachman jumps down to help them into their carriage and we see that they are Iestyn and Angharad. Iestyn is smiling proudly. Angharad's face is blank. Iestyn helps her into the carriage and climbs in beside her. He takes her hand possessively.

IESTYN

My darling - you shall have
everything in the world.

He kisses her while the celebrants round the carriage laugh and cheer. She responds, but automatically, without any real warmth. Her eyes go past him back to the Chapel, then the coachman cracks his whip and, with a jerk, the carriage moves out of scene. The celebrants crowd into the f.g. waving after the carriage. CAMERA begins to MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD the Chapel, as the people gathered there begin to leave, moving down into the street. Near the Chapel door are the last of them, Morgan, Beth and Huw. They start to move slowly away from the Chapel. Beth is crying, Morgan has his arm around her. Huw looks at his mother, then back toward the open Chapel door. His face is very grave. They go out of scene as CAMERA MOVES UP to the door.

217 INT. CHAPEL - LONG SHOT

From the door, Gruffydd is seen moving methodically about at the front of the Chapel, putting away his book, extinguishing a candle, straightening the cloth on the lectern. He finishes his work and walks slowly TOWARD CAMERA. As he comes close, we see that his face is grave and self-contained. CAMERA MOVES BACK through the door as Gruffydd comes out. He gently closes the door, turns and goes out of scene.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

218 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

Children, boys and girls, are filing into the classroom as if from recess. A group of them come into f.g. One of them, Mervyn Phillips, is a rather bullying, heavy type. They stop by a desk and look down. On the desk are Huw's books and the pencil-box given him by Mr. Gruffydd. The boys exchange mischievous looks. Mervyn Phillips takes up the pencil-box and cracks it against the desk. Others begin to tear Huw's books, pouring ink on them, etc. One of the boys looks back over his shoulder.

BOY

Look out, here he comes.

They scatter to their own desks. Huw comes up to his desk.

219 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AT HIS DESK

As he looks down, his eyes widen, then his fists clench and tears start in his eyes. He looks up.

220 ANGLE TAKING IN SURROUNDING BOYS

as Huw faces them.

HUW

I'll fight you all.

Some of the boys laugh, some sneer at him.

MERVYN PHILLIPS

Dirty coal miner!

HUW

You first.

Then Huw begins to sob, though he tries to fight the sobs back. He tries to mop the pencil-box with his clean handkerchief, then puts the handkerchief to his eyes, leaving a black smudge on his face. His fists clenched, he starts toward Mervyn Phillips. One of the boys calls out warningly.

BOY

Look out!

-(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.)

All take their seats hastily as the sound of the door opening comes over scene.

JONAS, the master, has entered the room. He is an unpleasant man, young, but heavy, and pedantic, with a sneering manner and an affected English drawl. He looks at the class and notices Huw's rumpled, tearful condition. He walks slowly over to him and stands looking down at him. Huw looks defiantly up at him, rising slowly.

JONAS
You are the new boy?
(with an
unpleasant smile)
What a dirty little sweep
it is.

He pulls Huw's handkerchief from his pocket and inspects it disapprovingly, holding it daintily between two fingers.

HUW
(rebelliously)
It was clean when I left home --

The smile, as if by magic, leaves Jonas's face.

JONAS
You will address me as "sir"
or I will put a stick about
you. Now sit down. If you
expect to stay with us you
will have to be more civilized.

221 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

The mutiny wells up in him. He glares fiercely at Jonas. Jonas turns away and moves up to the head of the class.

DISSOLVE TO:

222 EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY - MED. SHOT

The children are pouring out for midday recess, CAMERA MOVES UP in the jostling crowd, picking out Huw and Mervyn Phillips as they approach each other.

MERVYN
Fight me, will you?

(CONTINUED)

222 (Cont.)

He swings wildly at Huw. Huw swings back, but is no match for Phillips. He goes down under a rain of blows, comes up with his nose and mouth bleeding and goes down again. This time Mervyn jumps on him and pummels him on the ground. The boys who have gathered round the fight are all for Mervyn. They cheer him on as he pounds Huw.

DISSOLVE TO:

223 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING - MED SHOT

Huw, battered and bedraggled, slowly approaches the house. He carries his broken pencil-box and ink-stained books. His clothes are smudged and torn. His face is a battered mass with a black eye and bloody nose and several cuts. He looks at the front door, then turns and goes past the house to sneak in the back way. He stops as over scene comes Davy's voice.

DAVY'S VOICE

Here he is.

Ianto and the other brothers are coming out of the shed, where they have been washing. They come up to Huw.

224 CLOSER SHOT - HUW AND HIS BROTHERS

Ianto sees Huw's face and whistles. He lifts Huw's chin. Huw tries frantically to think of a plausible lie.

HUW

I - I fell on the mountain.

IANTO

(grimly)

Did you win?

HUW

(honestly)

No.

Ianto looks at Davy.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

IANTO

Where will we find Dai
Bando?

DAVY

At the Three Bells, likely.

IANTO

Come.

They go out of scene. Huw turns to the house.

225

CHANGED ANGLE

Beth is coming out of the house with a pail of slops. She sees Huw and stares. She puts down the pail and runs to him, taking him in her arms, tears in her eyes.

BETH

Oh, Huw - what have they
done to you?

Morgan comes out of the house and crosses to Huw. He looks gravely at his son, then takes him by the arm.

MORGAN

Come with me.

He leads him into the house. Beth, fearful that Morgan is going to give Huw a licking, hurries after him.

BETH

Gwilym - Gwilym -

226

INT. MORGAN PARLOR

Morgan and Huw come in, followed by Beth, protesting. Morgan says nothing. He stops before the mantel-piece, takes down the box and sets it on the table. He takes a few coins from it and looks at Huw.

MORGAN

Are you willing to go back
to school tomorrow?

HUW

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.)

MORGAN

Good. From tonight you shall have a penny for every mark on your face, sixpence for a bloody nose, a shilling for a black eye, and two shillings for a broken nose.

He gives some coins to Huw. Beth has been listening with growing disapproval.

BETH

Gwilym - stop it.

(to Huw)

Fight again and when you come home not a word shall you have from me. Not a look.

(fiercely)

Break your old nose, then!
Break your mother's heart
every time you go from the
house!

MORGAN

A boy must fight, Beth.

BETH

Fight, is it? Another beating like that one and he will be dead.

MORGAN

(smiles)

He has had no beating. A hiding - yes - but no beating. He shall come for more until he is giving the beating, is it?

The two are glaring at each other, the first serious disagreement we have seen between them. Then the door opens and Dai Bando comes in with Ianto and Davy. Dai is a prize fighter, short, but as broad as he is tall, with long arms, only one or two teeth in his head. He bears the marks of a hundred fights on his face and wears a patch over one eye. The other eye is a mere slit between puffs. Morgan and Beth turn. Morgan is glad to see Dai, but Beth shows her disapproval from the beginning. Dai, however, is too simple to notice this. He is like a big friendly dog as he comes beaming across to them, walking with the curious, mincing prize fighter's walk. Following Dai now, and throughout the picture, is Cyfartha, a mild little man in violently checked clothes and an enormous curved pipe. He is Dai's manager, second, guide, philosopher and friend.

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.1)

DAI

(heartily)

Good evening, Mrs. Morgan.

(to Morgan)

Good evening, sir.

CYFARTHA

(to everyone)

Good evening to you.

Morgan smiles pleasantly and shakes hands, but Beth only looks at Dai coldly. Ianto pushes Huw gently toward Dai.

IANTO

(to Huw)

Dai is going to teach you to box.

DAI

(correcting him)

To fight, first. Too many call themselves boxers who are not even fighters.

(impressively)

Boxing is an art, is it?

Cyfartha nods agreement and pantomimes a punch. Beth lets out an emphatic snort of disapproval. Morgan tries to cover her rudeness.

MORGAN

Get on with you, girl. Won't you offer Dai and Cyfartha a cup of tea, now?

CYFARTHA

(hastily)

No - no. No tea, Mrs. Morgan. In training he is -- for the match with Big Shoni. Only beer for him. A pint of your good home-brewed, Mrs. Morgan, is it?

He holds up two fingers suggestively. Beth, with obvious bad grace, moves toward the kitchen, glowering. Dai's manner becomes professional.

DAI

(to Huw)

Now, then. Strip off, boy.

Huw unbuttons his shirt.

227 CLOSE SHOT AT KITCHEN DOOR

Morgan has intercepted Beth.

MORGAN

(whispers)

What's with you, girl?

BETH

(in a fierce

whisper)

Frenchies - and old baths
with holes - and now --
prize fighters!

She goes into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Morgan shakes his head and goes to rejoin the group.

228 GROUP SHOT

Huw is stripped to the waist. Dai begins pinching and feeling his muscles, poking him in the ribs.

DAI

(frowning)

More in the shoulder, more
in the forearm, and his legs
want two more pairs like
them before they will be
enough.

IANTO

(quickly)

Not his fault, Dai.

DAI

No, I forgot.

He shows his one tooth to Huw in a grin of apology, then pats Huw on the back. Cyfartha also pats him.

DAI

Now - hit me by here, boy.

He sticks out his chin and touches it with a stubby forefinger. Huw hesitates. Dai touches his chin again impatiently.

DAI

Go on, boy, hit to kill.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

CYFARTHA

(puffing at his pipe)

A sovereign if you will have him
on the floor.

Huw, bewildered, and not at all wanting to do it,
nevertheless lashes out with his fist. He catches
Dai solidly. Dai takes the punch without even
blinking.

DAI

Hm. Uses his shoulders well,
eh, Cyfartha?

CYFARTHA

I have seen worse.

He punches the air speculatively. Dai goes down
on his knees, which brings him down to Huw's height,
and squares off in boxing position.

DAI

Now, look you.

(demonstrates
as he speaks)

Never swing round unless you
have an opening. Jab first,
then hook. The straight left
first, is it? Up on your toes,
with your right near your chin --

As he speaks, he demonstrates. Huw copies his
position. They begin to spar, Cyfartha shadow-
boxing in b.g. Beth reappears with the beer,
slams the mugs down on the table.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

229

CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND MERVYN PHILLIPS

squaring off. Huw in the correct boxing position he has learned from Dai. Both are stripped to the waist. At the beginning of the fight, Mervyn has the best of it, smothering Huw under his wild swings, but Huw keeps his head - and his feet. He begins to jab Mervyn's unprotected nose with his left. Then, when Mervyn's guard goes up, he catches him with a short right in the wind. Mervyn doubles over and Huw gives him a short left and clear right hook. Mervyn goes down in a heap, with a bloody nose. Huw looks at him in wonder. Wide-eyed, he inspects the fists that have wrought this miracle. Mervyn's sister Ceinwen, a very pretty girl about Huw's age, pushes through the crowd and goes on her knees beside him.

CEINWEN

(crying)

Oh, Mervyn - Mervyn --

She takes her handkerchief and tries to staunch the flow of blood, then she rises to her feet and confronts Huw with blazing eyes.

CEINWEN

You've killed him! You
dirty little beast, you've
killed my brother!

She goes for him fiercely. Huw backs up, trying to fend her off, then an arm comes into scene and closes on her shoulder. She stops, looks up, frightened.

JONAS' VOICE

Softly, now.

230

MED. SHOT

Jonas is standing, holding Ceinwen, but looking at Huw. There is a smile on his lips.

JONAS

Dear me, dear me. So our
coal mining friend has been
indulging his favorite passion
again?

(then like a
lash)

Go to my desk and wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

231 INT. CLASSROOM - MED. SHOT

Huw and Mervyn are standing at the master's desk.
Jonas is not in scene.

MERVYN

(whispers)

Stuff a book down your trews
or he'll have you in blood.

232 WIDER ANGLE

taking in the class, watching in awe and anticipation as Jonas comes in swishing a flexible, ivory-headed cane. There are a few nervous titters from the girls in the class.

233 CLOSE SHOT - CEINWEN

sitting near the front. She has her handkerchief covered with her brother's blood, in her hand, and is smiling triumphantly at Huw.

234 CLOSE SHOT

Huw, as he catches Ceinwen's look. His lips set grimly.

235 MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jonas comes up to Huw and Mervyn.

JONAS

(softly to
Mervyn)

Will you be so good as to
make a back?

Mervyn obediently bends over.

JONAS

(sweetly)

Thank you.

(turns to Huw)

Please to bend across his
back.

Huw obliges. Jonas swings the cane high in the air, then brings it down ferociously across Huw's back.

236 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

as he takes the first lash. His lips tighten a little, his eyes flicker, that is all. We hear the cane descend once more.

237 CLOSE SHOT - JONAS

his face is twisted with sadistic pleasure as he brings the cane down again and again.

238 CLOSE PANNING SHOT

The faces of the children as the SOUND of the blows come over. Their faces mirror their growing fear and pity at the ferocity of the caning. Last of all, CAMERA turns to Ceinwen and stops on her. The smile of triumph is slowly going from her face as the blows fall. Her eyes are glued to Jonas' stick, moving up and down with its rise and fall. She begins to pick at her bloody handkerchief.

239 CLOSE SHOT - JONAS

as he brings the stick down, harder and harder. Finally, it breaks. Its ivory head bounces on the floor, Jonas steps back, breathing heavily. Huw slowly and painfully straightens. Mervyn does likewise and stands watching him respectfully.

JONAS

(in a squeaky,
breathless
falsetto)

Now, then, fight again. Was
just a taste. Teach you
manners.

With a motion of his hand he indicates that Huw is to resume his desk. Huw looks him in the eye and Jonas' eyes avoid his look, then Huw turns and slowly makes his way down the aisle to his desk.

240 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - HUW

He walks with pain but keeps himself erect. The other children look at him with admiration, respect and pity. Then Huw comes to Ceinwen's desk. He

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

stops for a moment, looking down. She is looking up at him with wide eyes. The handkerchief before her is torn and shredded into little pieces. Then he moves on to his desk, slowly, still erect, sits down.

DISSOLVE TO:

241 EXT. SCHOOL - MED. SHOT

The children are passing out through the doors on their way home. Mervyn Phillips and Ceinwen appear. Ceinwen is looking round through the crowd for Huw. They stop while she looks. She still clutches the bloody handkerchief. The last of the children pass them. Ceinwen turns to Mervyn.

CEINWEN

Go on, you. I'll be home later.

She goes back into the school.

242 INT. CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT

Ceinwen passes through toward the classroom. She opens the door and goes in.

243 INT. CLASSROOM - MED. SHOT

from Ceinwen's point of view. Huw is sitting alone at his desk. Ceinwen goes over to him. CAMERA MOVES UP. She looks down at him with great sympathy.

CEINWEN

Are you staying here, then?

HUW

For a little --

CEINWEN

And no dinner?

HUW

No.

CEINWEN

Will I get some for you? My house is close by here.

Huw shakes his head stoically. Ceinwen watches him, with tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

243 (Cont.)

CEINWEN

(impulsively)

Huw Morgan - I will kiss you!

She kisses him warmly. He winces a little as her hand comes in contact with his shoulder. She is immediately full of remorse.

CEINWEN

Did I hurt?

HUW

(stoutly)

No!

CEINWEN

They say you had pieces of carpet down your back.

HUW

Feel if there is carpet.

She touches his back gently. He cannot control an involuntary start.

CEINWEN

(crying)

There is sorry I am. No carpet.

They look at each other in embarrassment for a moment, then Ceinwen speaks softly:

CEINWEN

I've got a robin's egg.
Would you like it?

HUW

I have plenty.

CEINWEN

No.

HUW

Yes. Nightingales, too.

CEINWEN

Are there nightingales with
you?

HUW

(boasting a little)

Thousands.

CEINWEN

We used to have them here, but
the new ironworks burnt all
the trees.

(CONTINUED)

243 (Cont.1)

She gives him a winning smile.

CEINWEN
May I come and listen to the
nightingales with you?

HUW
Yes.

CEINWEN
(excitedly)
When?

HUW
(rather
brusquely)
Next summer, girl - when they
are singing again.

Ceinwen is rather taken aback by this, but after a moment she recovers her composure. She looks at Huw shyly out of the corner of her eye.

CEINWEN
Have you got a sweetheart,
Huw?

Huw is startled and speechless. Making a great effort, he rises, straightens his back and picks up his lunch box.

HUW
I will go home now.

CEINWEN
(horrified)
Across the mountain? Let my
father take you - in his trap.

HUW
(rather
ungraciously)
No --

CEINWEN
Please, Huw..

HUW
(with determination)
No.

He starts away from her toward the door. CAMERA
HOLDS ON Ceinwen, hurt and disappointed. Her lip
trembles a little at his rudeness.

244 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

as he stands in the doorway. He looks back at Ceinwen, speaks abruptly:

HUW

I will bring you a nightingale's egg tomorrow.

He goes out.

245 CLOSE SHOT - CEINWEN

Her face lights up as she stands looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

246 EXT. VILLAGE STREET - EARLY EVENING - MED. SHOT

Huw is dragging himself painfully up the hill. He can barely walk but his eyes are shining with pride. As he passes the Three Bells, Ivor, Ianto, Davy, Dai Bando and Cyfartha come out.

IVOR

Well - the scholar!

He slaps Huw on the neck. Huw winces, almost faints from the blow. Ianto catches him.

DAVY

What, now?

Davy peels the shirt from Huw's back and they stare at it.

IANTO

(in a whisper)

Did you have that in school?

DAVY

He has cut you to the bone, man. Who was it?

Huw will not answer.

IANTO

(quietly)

Mr. Jonas, is it?

Still Huw will not answer. Ianto's eyes turn slowly to the others.

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

IANTO

We will have a word with
Mr. Jonas.

They all nod grimly, but Huw turns to face them.

HUW

No! Please, Davy - Ianto -
I broke the rule when I
fought.

DAVY

(pointing to
Huw's back)

There is no rule for that!

HUW

(tearfully)

But he had given me warning.

DAVY

Rubbish, boy --

Ianto puts his hand on Davy's arm.

IANTO

Wait, Davy. This is Huw's
affair. He shall decide it.

(to Huw)

Say the word and we will
have the bones hot from
his body.

HUW

Leave him alone.

Ianto nods slowly. He looks from Huw to his
brothers, back to Huw. A smile touches his lips.

IANTO

(softly)

I think our baby brother
is becoming quite a man.

He takes Huw by the arm and leads him away. The
other brothers follow, leaving Dai and Cyfartha
looking after them. Dai's one visible eye is
gleaming murderously.

CYFARTEA

(whispers)

Well - I will go to my death!

They go right back into the bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

247 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

Huw enters and approaches his desk. He stops at Ceinwen's desk for a moment, but we do not see what he does there, then he moves on to his own desk. His classmates, his former enemies, are looking at him and smiling. It is evident that he has now won his spurs as one of them. Huw does not return their looks. He keeps his eyes on Ceinwen's desk. After a moment Ceinwen hurries in and goes to her desk. She looks down at it and a pleased smile comes to her face.

248 CLOSE SHOT - CEINWEN AT HER DESK

A nightingale's egg rests there. She looks over at Huw, trying to catch his eye.

249 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

Satisfied that she has found the egg, he now keeps his gaze averted from her. Over this, Jonas' ruler.

250 MED. SHOT

Jonas moves toward the blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand. As he begins to draw some diagrams on the blackboard, the door opens in the b.g. Dai Bando and Cyfartha appear. They stand quietly for a moment, watching Jonas. Jonas does not see them. Dai is dressed in his Sunday best, with a bowler hat. He carries a light cane.

251 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

His mouth drops open as he sees Dai and Cyfartha. He realizes that something is going to happen.

252 MED. SHOT

Jonas in f.g., Dai and Cyfartha in b.g. as Jonas begins to elucidate in his usual supercilious voice.

JONAS

Yesterday the class made some progress - a very small progress - in the matter of linear measurements.

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.)

As Jonas talks, Dai minces toward him with his prize-fighter's walk. Jonas turns curiously at this interruption.

DAI
(affably)
Good morning, Mr. --

JONAS
Jonas.

DAI
(beaming)
Mr. Jonas.
(to Cyfartha)
We have come to the right
place, then, indeed.

His manner is pleasant, but his eyes are hard as ice. Cyfartha nods.

JONAS
What can I do for you?

DAI
A man is never too old to
learn, is it, Mr. Jonas?

JONAS
(puzzled)
No.

He moves forward a little and Jonas backs up a few steps.

DAI
I was at school myself once.
A flyweight I was, then, and
no great one for knowledge.

He taps Jonas on the chest with a large forefinger.

DAI
But today, different. I am
strong for learning.

They have now reached Jonas' desk and Jonas can back up no farther. Dai shoves his still smiling face within an inch of Jonas'.

JONAS
(scared)
What is it you want?

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.1)

DAI

Knowledge. How would you go
about measuring a stick -
Mr. Jonas?

JONAS

(quavering)

By its length, of course.

DAI

And how would you take the
measure of a man who would
use a stick on a boy one-third
his size?

Jonas gulps, with dry throat.

DAI

(conversationally)

Now you are a good man with a
stick, but boxing is my subject,
according to the rules laid down
by the good Marquess of Queensberry.

CYFARTHA

(interjects)

God rest his soul.

DAI

Happy I am to pass my knowledge
on to you, is it? Good. From
the beginning, then.

He removes his coat and bowler and hands them to
Cyfartha, who brushes off the bowler and neatly folds
the coat over his arm.

DAI

No man can call himself a boxer
unless he has a good straight
left -

JONAS

(yelling)

Help - help -

Dai drives a series of pistonlike jabs into his face.

DAI

Not to hurt your man, see?

(he jabs)

This doesn't hurt. But to
keep him off balance --

JONAS

Help! Police -

He manages to deflect one of Dai's jabs with his arm.

252 (Cont.2)

DAI
 (approvingly)
 Good - pretty blocking, there,
 indeed - but you left your-
 self open for a right hook.

He illustrates with a stinging hook to Jonas' ear.
 He would fall, but Dai's grip on his collar keeps
 him standing.

DAI
 You should be able to hook with
 either hand - for the hook is
 how you will punish your man -

He illustrates with left and right hooks.

DAI
 Shoulder into it - turn your
 fist as you hit - like that -
 that - that -

Jonas cries out feebly.

DAI
 Keep your guard up, man! Under
 your chin like this. But watch
 your man doesn't give you a
 straight right in the solar plexus-

He pumps one into Jonas' ribs. Jonas' breath goes
 out with an "oof." His head comes down.

DAI
 (goes on smoothly)
 - bringing your head down to where
 he will give you the uppercut -

He snaps Jonas' head up with a left uppercut. Jonas,
 his face a mess, is now moaning inarticulately, sag-
 ging in Dai's grip.

DAI
 This -
 (he backhands Jonas
 across the nose)
 is against the rules - so never
 use it. Breaks a man's nose.

He surveys his handiwork. Jonas, moaning, suddenly
 goes limp. Dai shakes him. He sighs as he realizes
 Jonas is out on his feet. He looks at the frightened
 class.

DAI
 Eh, dear - I am afraid he will
 never be one to learn, eh? Cyfartha?

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.3)

Cyfartha gloomily shakes his head. Dai picks Jonas up by the collar and the seat of the pants and drops him in the coal box near the stove, slamming the lid on him. As he does so, the door bursts open. Motshill, the Head, and Tyser, a junior master, rush in.

MOTSHILL

(furiously)

You cowardly brute! I will have you in court.

Dai unconcernedly takes his coat from Cyfartha and puts it on.

DAI

What for? Only a lesson it was.

(settles his bowler)

And now home for a pint, is it?

Dusty old place you have got here.

CYFARTHA

Dusty, indeed. A pint would be a blessing of good.

DAI

(tips his bowler politely)

Good day to you, sir.

Cyfartha also tips his bowler. They go out of the room. Motshill looks after them. Jonas, a sobbing, bloody, coal-smearred wreck, crawls out of the box.

MOTSHILL

(through tight lips)

Mr. Tyser - be good enough to take Mr. Jonas home.

Tyser takes Jonas out. Motshill faces the class, who are all standing.

MOTSHILL

Sit down.

All sit except Huw, who remains standing, white-faced, ready to take his blame.

MOTSHILL

(sternly)

Sit down, Morgan.

Huw takes his seat.

253

CLOSE SHOT - MOTSHILL

Although his face is still stern, there is the flicker of a hidden smile on his lips. He picks up a book.

MOTSHILL

Now - then take your "Caesar's Commentaries" -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

254 INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY - MED. SHOT

Huw, attired in his underclothes, is standing being measured by Hwfa, the tailor, and Old Twm, his assistant. Morgan stands watching. Hwfa rolls up his tape with a snap, looks at Morgan.

HWFA

The coat will be perfect.
The trews, then. Long trews
or short, Mr. Morgan? Shall
he be a man or stay a boy?

255 CLOSEUP - HUW

He looks at his father longingly; more than his soul he wants long trews.

256 GROUP SHOT

Morgan strokes his chin, pretending indecision. Then he smiles.

MORGAN

Long trews, of course.

Huw swells with pride. Hwfa briskly begins to assemble his tape measure, pins, etc. Huw climbs quickly into his coat and trousers.

HWFA

Good. Long it is. Come
back Wednesday at half past
four, and have it hot off
the goose.

TWM

(with sarcasm)

And Nan Mardy coming in at the
same hour Wednesday for a rain-
cloak with black braid and
pockets both sides.

HWFA

(angrily)

What about Nan Mardy, then?

TWM

(elaborately
casual)

Only saying I was, in case.

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

HWFA

In case what?

TWM

(suddenly angry)

In case he has his trews
about his boot tops and his
shirttails above his chin,
man!

HWFA

Devil fly off with Nan Mardy.
A good look at a shirttail
would put life in her.

MORGAN

(breaking in
sternly)

Mind your tongue before the
boy!

Huw, now finished dressing, is bursting with curiosity.
Morgan takes his arm.

MORGAN

Come, Huw.

(to Hwfa)

He'll be here at half past
four.

They go out.

257 EXT. TAILOR SHOP - MED. SHOT

Morgan and Huw come out.

HUW

Why would it do Nan Mardy good
to see a shirttail?

MORGAN

Mind your own business, and Nan
will mind hers, and we'll all
be better off,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRUFFYDD'S ROOM - MED. SHOT

Gruffydd and Huw working at the lathe, repairing Huw's pencil box. Huw is watching Gruffydd under his eye-brows, trying to summon up courage to ask the great question. He absent-mindedly blows some sawdust on Gruffydd, who frowns, but he is really amused. Huw shows what he has done to Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

Good. Now a piece -- cross-grained -- for the corner there.

But Huw doesn't move.

HUW

Mr. Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

Yes -

HUW

Why would it do Nan Mardy good to have a look at a shirttail?

Gruffydd, startled, looks at him.

GRUFFYDD

Where did you hear that?

HUW

From Hwfa, the tailor.

GRUFFYDD

(sternly)
It is a low joke, Huw. I'm surprised at you.

HUW

Is it a joke, then? Dada didn't laugh.

Gruffydd relents as he realizes the boy is in earnest.

GRUFFYDD

It means she is an elderly woman, Huw, with no husband - therefore no children. It means she would be better off with a husband.

HUW

Must she have a husband to have children?

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

Again Gruffydd looks startled. Huw looks at him, earnestly unconscious of any humor in his remark.

GRUFFYDD

Yes - of course. Bronwen will be having her baby any day now. She has a husband, hasn't she?

HUW

(puzzled)

Yes - Ivor.

GRUFFYDD

And your mother had a husband - your father.

HUW

But why?

Gruffydd studies Huw, looks him up and down, debating whether or not the time has come for Huw to learn something of "the facts of life." Huw senses that something momentous is in the office.

HUW

(hopefully)

I'm getting long trows.

Gruffydd makes a big decision, then smiles.

GRUFFYDD

Very well, Huw. Then, first things first: There are some things you will know now and some things you shall wait to know. But I will give you this to think about: There are men and women. But before that, they shall be boys and girls, and before that, babies, is it?

HUW

Yes, sir.

GRUFFYDD

And before that, what?

HUW

(puzzled)

Nothing, sir --

GRUFFYDD

Nothing!

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.1)

HUW

--like in the beginning was
the Word.

GRUFFYDD

(nods)

The Word was with God. And
then?

HUW

Then came Adam and Eve.

GRUFFYDD

Good - So now there was Adam
and Eve in the garden and
what happened?

HUW

They sinned against the Tree
of Knowledge.--

GRUFFYDD

Yes. What then?

HUW

(not too sure
of himself)

Then came an Angel with a
flaming sword and sent them
from the Garden.

GRUFFYDD

(nods)

To earn by the sweat of their
brows. And what after?

HUW

(this he knows)

Then came Cain and Abel, and
Abel was a good man but Cain
killed him.

GRUFFYDD

(laughs)

Wait. Before to kill them,
have them first. Adam and
Eve we have got. Where did
we have Cain and Abel?

HUW

From the Bible, sir.

GRUFFYDD

(a little impatiently)

But where from - to get into
the Bible, boy?

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.2)

There is a slight pause while Huw thinks. Gruffydd prompts him.

GRUFFYDD

Adam was created in the image of God, and Eve from the rib of Adam. But where did Cain and Abel come from?

HUW

They were the sons of Adam and Eve.

GRUFFYDD

Good! Now, what makes a man a father, and why is a woman a mother?

HUW

(deadly serious)
Well, sir; one is with moustache and trows, and the other with smoothness and skirts.

GRUFFYDD

(patiently)

No, Huw. One is a husband and the other is a wife. As Eve was the wife of Adam, and they were the father and mother of Cain and Abel, so a child must have a father and a mother and they must be husband and wife. As there is a time for everything, marriage is the time for having children so -- some day -- as you will be a man -- you will also be a father and the girl you marry will be a mother. Like Ivor and Bronwen today.

Huw nods, dimly comprehending. Gruffydd spins the lathe.

GRUFFYDD

And there you are.

HUW

Is that all, sir?

GRUFFYDD

Is that all? What more then?

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.3)

HUW

I thought it was something terrible.

Gruffydd's manner changes. His face grows very grave.

GRUFFYDD

It is terrible, Huw. Indeed terrible. Think, Huw -

He rises from the lathe. He is thinking now, not of Huw, but of Angharad and the children he will never have. He moves a few steps away from Huw, CAMERA PANNING to keep Huw, wide-eyed, in the b.g.

GRUFFYDD

(in a low voice)

To ask the woman you love to share not only your home, your wealth -

(the thought of Angharad grows stronger)

- your poverty --

(he pauses for a long moment, drawing a deep breath)

- but to share the responsibility of creating life in the image of your God. Many lives, perhaps. Think of the miseries and afflictions that can come to those lives beyond the span of your own. Think to have small children in your own likeness standing at your knee, and to know them as flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, looking to you for guidance as you look to God the Father for yours. Can that be anything but terrible, in majesty and in beauty beyond words?

259 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

Impressed but bewildered.

HUW

But why would it do Nan Mardy good to see a shirttail?

260 MED. SHOT

Gruffydd turns; looks at him sternly:

GRUFFYDD

I told you that was a low joke
and not worth repeating. Home
to your supper, now.

Before Huw can move, the sound of the mine whistle comes over, blowing in a series of short staccato blasts. Gruffydd and Huw exchange a look and run out of the house.

261 EXT: VILLAGE STREET

Men and women are running up toward the mine. The whistle blows discordantly over scene, shouting: "Accident". Gruffydd and Huw join the others hurrying toward the mine.

262 EXT. COLLIERY -

The great winding wheel is slowing to a stop. The cage is coming to the surface carrying a group of miners, among them Ianto and Davy. There is a canvas covered bundle on the floor of the cage. Ianto and Davy's faces are very grave. Gruffydd and Huw appear, hurrying toward the cage. They meet Ianto and Davy, sensing at once from their expressions that the tragedy concerns them.

IANTO

Ivor -

Huw's eyes widen.

DAVY

Slipped under a tram on the
lower level.

They start down the hill toward Ivor's house.

263 EXT. STREET

As Ianto, Davy, Gruffydd and Huw move toward the house, Bronwen appears, walking slowly, with an expression that shows that she has a premonition of what has happened. She clutches Ianto by the arm. He cannot find words to tell her what has happened.

(CONTINUED)

263 (Cont.)

BRONWEN

(breathes it)

Ivor?

Ianto and Davy nod. Bronwen stares, then her eyes close, her knees give way and she faints against Ianto, who supports her.

GRUFFYDD

(to Huw)

Fetch Dr. Richards - quickly!

Huw runs out of scene as Ianto and Davy carry Bronwen into her house.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

264 INT. BRONWEN'S PARLOR - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

The only sound in the room is a clock ticking on the mantelpiece. It is between two and three o'clock. Gruffydd, Morgan, Huw, Ianto and Davy are waiting, their eyes on the stairs. All look haggard from their vigil. Beth comes slowly down the stairs. Her sleeves are rolled up. She looks haggard, too, depressed, but indomitable. She walks over to Morgan. He is standing beneath the framed picture of Queen Victoria on the wall, under which hangs the baton the Queen gave Ivor.

BETH

(quietly, with a twist
of her lips)

We have our first grandson, Gwil -

MORGAN

(nods solemnly)

Give one, and take the other.

Beth's eyes blaze. Her voice shakes a little as she replies fiercely.

BETH

Go to that girl up by there and say that to her. She will have an answer for you.

MORGAN

Hisht, now, Beth. Do not kindle the wrath.

BETH

To hell with the wrath!
(as she speaks she
lifts her eyes)
And I said it plain to be heard

FADE OUT

FADE IN

265 CLOSE SHOT - HUW'S GRADUATION CERTIFICATE

held in Morgan's hands. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in the Morgan parlor. Morgan and Beth are looking at the certificate. Bronwen is sitting in the b.g. with her baby.

MORGAN
 (studying the
 certificate)
 Good - with honors then.
 (smiles)
 Our son is a scholar.

Beth takes the certificate, peering at it with wonder.

BETH
 What is this, Huw? I can
 make no sense with it.

MORGAN
 (proudly)
 Latin, it is.

BETH
 Latin, is it?

She puts down the certificate and takes Huw's head in her hands, looking at him with loving eyes.

BETH
 My poor Huw. Have they stuffed
 your head with Latin, then?

She passes her hand over his head almost as if to see if the knowledge would show in great bumps.

MORGAN
 Now, then. What will you do?
 To Cardiff to school? The
 University and then to be a
 lawyer, is it? Or a doctor?

BRONWEN
 (with a twinkle)
 Dr. Huw Morgan - Well that will
 be something special -

BETH
 (approving)
 Yes, indeed - and a lovely horse
 and trap with a good black suit
 and a shirt with starch. Oh, there
 is good, my little one.

(CONTINUED)

265 (Cont.)

BETH (Cont.)

(briskly)

Now, then. A glass of buttermilk
for you and all your knowledge.

HUW

(smiles)

Yes, mother -

(with a sideways

look at Bronwen)

- and some of Bron's shortcake.

Beth on her way to get the buttermilk, stops and puts
her hands on her hips.

BETH

Oh - and my shortcake is to be
fed to the pigs, is it?

HUW

No. Only I finished it yesterday,
and today is shortcake day with Bron.

Bronwen looks over at Huw with the ghost of a smile.

BRONWEN

I'm sorry, Huw - only currant
bread I made today. Nobody to
eat it now.

Silence falls on the little group. Bronwen's eyes are
shining with unshed tears. She rises and goes toward
the door.

266 CLOSE PANNING SHOT ON BRONWEN

as she goes to the door, leaning her forehead against
the door jamb, holding her baby.

BRONWEN

Oh, mother, I am lonely without
him. I put his boots and clothes
ready every night. But they are
there, still, in the morning.

(her voice catches

on a sob)

There is lonely I am.

She goes out of the house.

540

267 GROUP SHOT

Morgan, Beth and Huw looking after Bronwen with shocked eyes. Then Beth steps into the kitchen for Huw's buttermilk. She comes back with a glass and pitcher. Morgan and Huw are still looking after Bronwen. Beth pours the buttermilk and gives it to Huw.

BETH

Gwil - I will have Bron here to live - if she will come.

MORGAN

(shakes his head)

Not Bron - one mistress in a house.

He sighs, then taps the graduation certificate on the table.

MORGAN

Now, then, Huw. What will it be?

Huw looks toward the door after Bronwen, then back to his father.

HUW

I will go down the colliery with you, sir.

MORGAN

Have sense, Huw. The colliery is no place for you. Why not a try for a respectable job?

BETH

(snorts)

Respectable. Are you and his brothers a lot of old jailbirds, then?

MORGAN

Leave it now, Beth. I want the boy to have the best.

BETH

(stubbornly)

If he is as good a man as you and his brothers, I will rest happy.

MORGAN

Beth - I am thinking of the boy's future. It was different in our time. There was good money and fair play for all.

(CONTINUED)

267 (Cont.)

MORGAN (Cont.)

(taps the graduation
certificate on the
table)

And Huw is a scholar. Why take
brains down a coal mine?

HUW

I would rather, sir.

Morgan drops his hands with a gesture of helplessness.

MORGAN

Decide for yourself, then. And
blame yourself if you are wrong.

HUW

The colliery.

MORGAN

Very well. That settles it -
The colliery -

BETH

Good.

MORGAN

(bleakly)

Good. I am going to get drunk.

He turns and walks out of the room.

268 CLOSE SHOT - BETH AND HUW

Looking after him.

HUW

(abruptly)

Mother - could I go down and
live at Bron's?

Beth is startled at first.

BETH

Huw --

Huw understands that it is because she doesn't want
to lose another of her sons.

HUW

It's only down the street, mother.

Beth considers the idea.

(CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.)

BETH

Yes - it is not good for her to
be alone so much -

(nods with decision)

Yes, go, Huw - until she marries
again, you will do.

Huw, about to rise, stares at her. This possibility
had not entered his mind.

HUW

Marry again? Bron?

BETH

Yes, boy - she is young, still.
She has years of beauty yet -
And no wages going into the
house. Another husband, then -
quick, too.

Huw thinks a moment, then rises.

HUW

I will go and see her.

He exits.

269 INT. BRONWEN'S HOUSE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Bronwen is sitting in her rocking chair, rocking
slowly back and forth. The baby is in her arms and
she is gently stroking its hair. She turns with a
sudden brightening of her eyes, as if she half ex-
pected Ivor to come in. Then the sadness is back on
her face.

BRONWEN

Yes?

Huw comes quietly in. He crosses over to stand
looking down at her.

HUW

I am going down the colliery,
Bron.

A smile touches Bronwen's lips.

BRONWEN

Well - down the colliery.
The old coal will be shaking
in its seam.

(CONTINUED)

269 (Cont.)

Huw, however, is still very serious.

HUW

Bron - would you have me in
the house to live?

She looks at him with widened eyes.

HUW

And have my wages?

Bronwen shakes her head gently.

BRONWEN

Your home is with your mother.

HUW

It was she who sent me.

BRONWEN

From pity.

HUW

No, from sense. If you put
clothes night and morning,
let them be my clothes.

BRONWEN

(with a little
smile)
Good old man.

HUW

Yes, or no, Bron?

BRONWEN

Yes.

HUW

Good. I will get my bed.

Huw hurries out.

270

EXT. STREET

Huw runs from Bron's house to his own.

DISSOLVE TO:

271 EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT -
DAY

The day shift is going to work. Among the miners as they pass CAMERA are Ianto and Huw, who is a breaker boy.

VOICE
to work then, to earn
bread for those one loves.

DISSOLVE TO:

272 INT. MINE CAGE - MED SHOT

as it drops down the long shaft. The rough walls of the shaft appear to be moving swiftly up. Huw is prominent among the miners huddled in the cage. There should be two or three other boys, slightly older, in the cage.

VOICE
To grow pale in the damp
underground - to know hours,
weeks, and months in the
dark, with the dust of the
coal settling on you with a
light touch you could feel -

DISSOLVE TO:

273 SERIES OF DISSOLVES

as Ianto and Huw work through the day: Ianto monotonously swinging his pick into the coal face, Huw carrying the coal back and loading it on the tram at the foot of the cutting, piling the slag to shore up the walls as they progress into the seam, etc.

VOICE
- as though the earth were
putting her fingers on you,
to warn you that she would
have you there, underneath
her, on her day of reckon-
ing.

DISSOLVE TO:

274 EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

The mine cage comes to the surface and the grimy men begin to pile out.

VOICE
To know the blessed relief
when the whistle blew and
the shift was ended. To
stretch aching muscles -

275 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND IANTO

As they get off the cage. Huw, blinking, draws a deep breath and looks around him as if to drink in the blessed sunlight. Ianto extinguishes his lamp and starts out of scene. Huw follows.

VOICE

- and when we came up into the light again, to know, with thanksgiving, why we mining people sit out on our doorsteps when the sun is shining.

276 PAY WINDOW - MED. SHOT

The men are lining up to get their pay. Ianto, Davy and Huw are prominent in SHOT. Huw looks very proud.

VOICE

But I felt a man now in truth, to be coming up among that crowd of men, sharing their tiredness, blacked by the same dust -

277 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

as he moves along in line in front of Ianto and Davy.

VOICE

- greeting the light with the same blinking in my eyes, thinking with the same mind, of them, with them, a part of them. Among men, a man.

278 MED. SHOT - AT PAY WINDOW

Huw, Davy, and Ianto step up to get their pay. Huw receives his money and moves on, but Davy and Ianto stop at the window. They have received slips of paper with their money. Huw stops and turns back as he sees that something is wrong. They grimly show him their slips of paper.

VOICE

But with my happiness came sorrow. Ianto and Davy, the best workers in the colliery, but too highly paid to compete with poorer, more desperate men.

DISSOLVE TO:

279 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY

Ianto and Davy, carrying bundles and wearing their caps, come slowly out of the house. Morgan, Beth, Bronwen and Huw stand in the door looking sadly after them. They come down the path, wave once and trudge away up the street. CAMERA SWINGS to follow them until they are out of sight over the hill.

VOICE

In my family now only two to earn wages. My father - and myself.

DISSOLVE TO:

280 INT. MORGAN PARLOR - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT HUW'S ATLAS

The book is opened at a Mercator's Projection of the World. Huw is ruling lines from Wales to America, New Zealand, Canada and Cape Town. CAMERA DRAWS BACK showing Beth and Morgan looking over Huw's shoulder.

BETH

What is this old spider, now then?

HUW

(smiles)

One line from us to Owen and Gwil.

(he traces the lines with his fingers as he speaks)

Down to Cape Town to Anghared.
Over her to Ianto - in Canada -
here to Davy - in New Zealand -

Huw smiles up at his mother, puts his finger on the point from which the lines radiate.

HUW

And you are the star, shining on them from this house all the way across continents and oceans.

BETH

(with irony)

All the way?

(CONTINUED)

280 (Cont.)

BETH (Cont.)
(a little bitterly)
How far am I shining, then,
if you can put it all on a
little piece of paper?

MORGAN
A map it is, Beth, my little
one - a picture of the world,
to show you where they are.

BETH
(grimly)
I know where they are - with-
out any old pictures and
spiders with a pencil!

She turns to leave them at the table.

281 CLOSE SHOT - BETH

as she goes slowly away. She stops, turns and looks
back at them.

BETH
(flatly)
They are in the house.

She turns and goes.

282 MED. SHOT

Huw and Morgan looking after her as she goes into
the kitchen.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

283 EXT. BRONWEN'S HOUSE - PANNING SHOT

Huw, grimy and in his working clothes, in a crowd of other miners, comes hurrying down from the colliery and into the house.

284 INT. BRONWEN'S HOUSE

As Huw comes in. He stops suddenly as he sees Matt Harries, a pleasant, raw-boned, not too bright young man, standing in the parlor. He is dressed obviously in his best clothes, which do not fit him very well. There is a rather pathetic bouquet of flowers on the table beside him. He is the picture of a proud and somewhat embarrassed swain. Huw looks at him without enthusiasm.

HUW

Oh -

(then
grudgingly)

Hello --

Matt beams and holds out his hand.

MATT

Hello, Huw.

Huw shakes hands rather unwillingly, looking at Matt with an unwinking and distrustful stare. Matt senses Huw's hostility.

MATT

Calling on Bron, I am, but
glad to see you, too.

Huw looks past him at the flowers he has brought. He frowns in disapproval, then over scene comes Bronwen's voice from upstairs.

BRONWEN'S VOICE

Is that you, Huw?

HUW

(turning)

Yes.

He goes to the foot of the stairs and up a couple of steps.

285 ANGLE ON STAIRS

Bronwen is standing at the railing above and Huw at the foot of the stairs.

BRONWEN

I'm dressing the baby. Will you give Mr. Harries a cup of tea?

HUW

(disapprovingly)

Is he staying for tea?

BRONWEN

Yes.

She goes back to her room. Huw goes back to Harries.

286 MED. SHOT

as Huw returns. Matt, his back to Huw, is just taking down Ivor's ceremonial baton, given him by the Queen, for below the signed portrait of Queen Victoria, where it hangs over the mantel. He is examining it curiously. Huw takes it from him.

HUW

(looking at the baton in his hands)

The Queen gave it to Ivor when he had the choir to sing for her.

MATT

He was a good man, Ivor.

Huw looks up at him.

HUW

Yes -

He turns the baton in his hands, looking sideways at Matt.

HUW

(in a low voice)

Matt -

MATT

Yes, boy --

HUW

There is something I ought to tell you -

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont.)

MATT

Yes?

Huw hesitates as if on the point of speaking, then shakes his head.

HUW

No - not my business --

He starts to move away. Matt follows him, catches his arm.

MATT

But what is it, boy?

HUW

Let Bron tell you --

MATT

It is about -
(he stumbles)
Bronwen - and me - ?

HUW

(in a low voice)
Yes -
(he pauses)
and Ivor -

MATT

(puzzled)
Ivor?

HUW

Bron will never forget him.

MATT

(puzzled)
Of course not -

HUW

(steadily)
And she will never marry
another.

Matt is stunned by this.

MATT

Has she told you that, boy?

HUW

Many times.

MATT

(stunned)
But she has said nothing to me.

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont. 1)

HUW

No - she would not want to hurt you. But she has told me that you are wasting your time here.

MATT

(whispers)

She did?

Huw is not very good at lying, but Matt's denseness makes up for the lack. Huw nods.

HUW

She told me she was sorry for you.

Matt looks very sad. He grins a sickly grin.

MATT

Well, boy - I - I'm glad you told me. I --

(he stumbles)

Well, goodbye, now.

HUW

(politely)

Won't you stay and see Bron?

But he is hoping that Matt will not.

MATT

No.

(gulps)

No - I will go.

Huw nods. Matt picks up his cap, looks at the flowers, and goes. Huw looks after him, with a gleam of triumph, then sobers when he hears Bronwen on the stairs.

287

CHANGED ANGLE

Bronwen comes down the stairs. Through the door, she sees Matt retreating down the path.

BRONWEN

Where did Matt go?

HUW

He didn't say.

BRONWEN

But why -

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont.)

HUW

He said to excuse him to you.

Huw turns away. A suspicion is born in Bronwen's mind.

BRONWEN

Huw -

HUW

Yes -

BRONWEN

What did you say to him?

HUW

(stalling)

To who?

BRONWEN

Matt Harries -- who else?

Huw is obstinately silent. Bron shakes him lightly.

BRONWEN

What did you say, Huw?

HUW

(unwillingly)

I told him lies that made him go.

BRONWEN

(quietly)

Go to his house and fetch him back. Tell him you are sorry.

Huw turns his back to her.

HUW

I'm not sorry - and I won't fetch him back.

BRONWEN

Huw --

Bronwen looks as if she would like to be angry, but there is something pathetic about Huw's jealousy. She cannot be more than a little stern with him.

BRONWEN

He is a good man, and would make me a good husband. Why shouldn't I marry him?

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont. 1)

HUW

Because you don't love him.

BRONWEN

He understands that. Love isn't everything. Goddess is something. And bread is something - and a roof for our heads. I can take no more from you and your good father. Would you have my little Ivor go hungry because there is no man to provide for him?

HUW

I will be the man and provide for him.

BRONWEN

No, Huw - when you are a man, your wages will not be for me.

HUW

They will be for you as long as you will have them.

BRONWEN

(with a little smile)

There is a good old man you are. But some day you will be having a wife of your own - and the lucky one she will be - and children of your own, is it?

HUW

(looking at her steadily)

No, Bron.

BRONWEN

Yes, Huw.

She smiles and runs her hand through his hair. He continues to look at her with the same expression.

BRONWEN

Now - let us forget about Matt today and have our tea together.

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont. 2)

She goes from the room.
CAMERA HOLDS on Huw looking
after her. A long CLOSEUP.
Unshed tears gradually gather
in his eyes. They are not
the tears of childhood.
They are maturely sad.

VOICE

But Bron was wrong. Bron,
whom I always loved - from
the first time I saw her -
until now. That day,
though I looked with the
eyes of a child, I saw
into the future of a man.
And what I saw then has
remained true all my life -
I never married.

DISSOLVE TO:

288 FULL SHOT - VALLEY

With the slag heap now
much larger. The Valley
is beginning to look as
it was in the opening
shots of the picture.

VOICE

In this I never changed.
But there was change now in
my Valley. The slag spread
faster and faster now,
devouring everything in
its path - all the things
put in my Valley by man
and God.

289 DETAIL SHOTS

Gaunt trees half buried
in the slag.
The little brock, now a
green-scummed slough,
choked with slag.
A miner's house as the
slag pours in on it,
crushing it.

My Valley - soon to be
green no longer.

DISSOLVE TO:

290 EXT. TYN-Y-COED - DAY
MED. SHOT

The Evans mansion, which
is the largest house in the
Valley. Huw is walking up
the path to the front door.
He uses the great knocker,
removes his cap, straightens
his tie and shoots his cuffs.
The door is opened by Enid,
a little country maid. A
short distance behind her
hovers Mrs. Nicholas, a
plumply disagreeable house-
keeper in funeral black.

VOICE

Then Angharad came back
- alone. She would not
come to our house, but
stayed at the big Evans
house at Tyn-y-cood.

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

HUW
(politely)
To see Mrs. Evans, please.

ENID
Who is it?

HUW
Huw Morgan.

291 INT. HALLWAY - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Nicholas sweeps forward.

MRS. NICHOLAS
Her brother, is it?

Huw nods and comes in. The maid closes the door.
Mrs. Nicholas looks Huw over superciliously.

MRS. NICHOLAS
This way, please.

Mrs. Nicholas opens the drawing room door. Angharad is standing by the window at the other end of the room. Huw goes slowly in. Mrs. Nicholas stands by the open door.

292 INT. DRAWING ROOM - MED. SHOT - ANGHARAD

She looks older now, and is dressed simply but fashionably. The change in her over the years is more marked than in any other member of the Morgan family. She comes quickly to Huw and smiles at him.

ANGHARAD
Well, Huw.

She kisses him on the cheek. Huw is impressed to meet this grand lady who is his sister. Angharad looks over at Mrs. Nicholas.

ANGHARAD
Mrs. Nicholas, will you bring
tea, please?

Mrs. Nicholas curtsseys and goes out, leaving the door open.

293 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND ANGHARAD

Angharad takes his cap from him and puts it on the window seat.

ANGHARAD

Sit down, Huw.

(he sits. She
takes his hand
and smiles
affectionately)

There is grown you are - and
changed.

HUW

You, too -

Angharad laughs with a trace of bitterness.

ANGHARAD

I look ill and should take
care of myself. Everyone
coming in the house says so.
So you say it and we will be
finished with it.

(with an obvious
change of subject)

Now tell me the news from here.
How are all the boys and girls
we used to know?

HUW

The Jenkins girls are married.
Maldwyn Hughes has gone to be
a doctor and Rhys Howell is in
a solicitor's office and sending
home ten shillings a week --
and --

(looks at her
under his eyebrows)

Mr. Gruffydd is still first up
and last to bed.

The emotion shows in Angharad's eyes. She grasps
his hand.

ANGHARAD

How is he, Huw?

HUW

Not as he was.

ANGHARAD

Is he ill?

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

HUW

Inside. In his eyes and voice.
Like you.

Angharad slowly rises to her feet, looking down at Huw. Her face has gone white, her eyes are terrible.

ANGHARAD

Go from here.

Huw slowly rises to his feet, takes his cap, then both look across the room.

294 CHANGED ANGLE

Mrs. Nicholas is standing in the doorway, leading Enid, who carries a tea service. She has evidently been listening. When she sees that they notice her presence, she moves briskly forward.

MRS. NICHOLAS

Now then, Mrs. Evans. Tea,
is it?

ANGHARAD

Wait, Huw.

Enid carries the service to a table. Mrs. Nicholas busies herself behind it.

ANGHARAD

Leave it, Mrs. Nicholas. I
will pour.

MRS. NICHOLAS

(raising her
eyebrows)

Well - I always did the pouring
for Mr. Iestyn's poor mother.

She raps Enid on the knuckles with her keys.

MRS. NICHOLAS

Thumbs off the plates, Enid.

ANGHARAD

(coldly)

That will do. Not so handy
with those keys, or I will
have them from you. And I
will pour.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

MRS. NICHOLAS

(curtseying)

Yes, Mrs. Evans.

(with an oily
smirk)A new mistress is like new
sheets, yes. Little bit
stiff but washings to come.

She signals to Enid to follow her and leaves the room,
closing the door after them emphatically.

295 CLOSE SHOT

Huw and Angharad looking over after them.

HUW

Why do you have her here?

ANGHARAD

Thirty-seven years in the
family - or so she tells me
sixty times a day. Will you
have tea, Huw?

She sighs and seats herself behind the tea service.

296 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

looking gravely down at her.

HUW

You told me to go.

297 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

genuinely sorry for her outburst.

ANGHARAD

No - stay.

She pats the settee beside her. Ho comes and sits
down next to her. She takes his hand.

ANGHARAD

Huw - I am sorry I was nasty.

HUW

It is nothing girl.

(CONTINUED)

297 (Cont.)

Angharad looks at him, then turns her head away as her eyes fill with tears. She gets out her handkerchief and dabs at her eyes.

ANGHARAD

Eh, dear - I am like an old baby. Oh, Huw - my little one - I tried to tell mother - but I couldn't.

Then she suddenly loses control. The tears come hard now. He puts his arm round her and she sobs on his shoulder. Huw tries to comfort her.

298 INT. KITCHEN - TYN-Y-COED - DAY - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Nicholas and Enid near the table. At the door are a country couple, a man and woman who have come by to sell eggs. A boy in b.g. is seen filling the coalbin. Mrs. Nicholas wears an expression of righteous indignation. As she talks, she is picking over the eggs.

MRS. NICHOLAS

(virtuously)

Not for me to say. Only the housekeeper, I am. Thirty-seven years in the family and living to curse the day.

COUNTRYWOMAN

(somewhat
bewildered)

Well - there is terrible, it is, whatever it is, is it?

MRS. NICHOLAS

(holding an
egg to the
light)

It will not surprise me any day to see the old master rise up white from his grave. Only the gravestone is holding him down, I will swear --

ENID

Terrible - terrible, indeed.
(puzzled)
But what -?

Mrs. Nicholas leans to whisper to Enid.

(CONTINUED)

298 (Cont.)

ENID

(shocked)

Divorce?

The bucolic pair look terribly shocked.

COUNTRYWOMAN

What?

MRS. NICHOLAS

Saying nothing I am, but
that is what is in her
mind.

(to the
country-
woman)

I will take a dozen - but to
ask a shilling is robbery.

(she goes on)

She is here without her
husband, is it? And why?
Because she is in love with
this preacher -

COUNTRYWOMAN

(shocked)

No -

MRS. NICHOLAS

Preacher, I said - Mr. Gruffydd
it is.

COUNTRYWOMAN

(gasps)

Mr. Gruffydd? - Can it be
true?

MRS. NICHOLAS

True indeed. - But you will
never hear it from me.

COUNTRYWOMAN

Oh, I will say nothing,
Mrs. Nicholas -

MRS. NICHOLAS

(hinting
strongly)

Oh, no - no -- unless you
think it is your duty.

Then she takes out her handkerchief and begins to
sniffle into it.

(CONTINUED)

298 (Cont. 1)

MRS. NICHOLAS

Poor little Master Iestyn!
A drab from a coal mine
fouling his home, and him
thousands of miles away!

The country couple shake their heads sadly and go out. After they have gone, Enid turns to Mrs. Nicholas, puzzled.

ENID

(timidly)
But Mr. Gruffydd has not been
near the house -

MRS. NICHOLAS

(with scorn)
What difference is that,
girl? -

(brusquely)
Get on with your work.

Mrs. Nicholas's tears have vanished and we see her as she is.

DISSOLVE TO:

299 INT. COLLIERY - MAIN HEADING - CLOSE SHOT HUW

his eyes blazing furiously and bleeding from a cut on his lip, is giving a terrific beating to a bigger boy, an adolescent. Huw hits him savagely again and again, knocks him up against the wall of the heading, and then, crying, to his hands and knees. Huw is about to launch himself on his victim again when some miners run into scene and pull him away, still struggling to get back at the boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

300 EXT. STREET - DAY
CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Huw comes slowly down the hill from the colliery, walking with head lowered and fists clenched. He passes little knots of people who stare at him, some whispering behind his back, but he will not look at them.

He comes to Bronwon's house, stops with his hand on the gate and looks over to his own house. From his angle we can see that the door is shut.

CAMERA PANS with Huw as he goes over to his own house and up the path, and to the door. The shadow of a cloud falls over him. He looks up, then goes in.

VOICE

The knives that can be hidden in idle tongues. For generations Morgans had lived in the Valley - and now for the first time our name was touched with slander. As the slag had spread over my Valley, so now a blackness spread over the minds of its people.

Our house looked strange to me - and then I know why.

For the first time I could remember, our front door was shut tight in the day-time.

At the time it seemed important to me. But later I was to remember this day for another reason. My father - and the shadow of a cloud that fell across our door. If only I had known then --

301 INT. MORGAN PARLOR

CAMERA SHOTS over Huw's shoulder as he opens the door. Morgan is sitting there in his mining clothes, lacing up his boots. Both stands near him. The sunlight from the opened door falls on Morgan as the cloud passes. Morgan rises as Huw comes in, closing the door. He looks over at Huw.

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

MORGAN

Well, Huw - some trouble with
the Philistines, then?

Both rushes to Huw.

BETH

Oh, Huw - what is it with you?
Look at your hands.

HUW

Evan John -
(bowed and hurt)
He - he said things about
Angharad and Mr. Gruffydd.

BETH

(to Morgan)
Even the children --

MORGAN

You were right, my son -
(to Beth)
I will be back for breakfast.

BETH

You will not go to the Chapel?

MORGAN

No -
(then steadily)
And if they do this, I will
never set foot in the Chapel
again as long as I live.

He turns to go.

BETH

I will have brandy broth and
the sheets warm on your bed.

Morgan replies with a ghost of his old humor.

MORGAN

There is an old beauty you
are.

BETH

(whispers)
Go and scratch, boy.

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.1)

Morgan goes out of the house. CAMERA HOLDS on Beth and Huw looking after him. Then Huw turns to his mother.

HUW

What is this about the Chapel, mother?

BETH

(looking away)
Tonight - after the service -
a deacon's meeting - over
Angharad.

HUW

(shocked)
Angharad. But she has done
nothing.

BETH

(grimly)
Nothing is enough for people
who have minds like cesses
with them.

(with tears)

Oh, Huw, my little one, I do
hope from my soul when you
are grown, their tongues
will be slower to hurt.

HUW

But will Angharad have to
be at the meeting?

BETH

No. None of us will go. But
the disgrace will not stay
away.

HUW

I will go, mother.

He goes out.

302 EXT. STREET

Huw comes out of the Morgan house and starts for
Bronwen's.

540 REVISED - "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" - 5/19/41 151.

303 EXT. COLLIERY - MED. SHOT

Morgan and the other men of his shift are approaching the cage. Morgan gets in, gives a signal to the operator out of scene. CAMERA HOLDS on the cage as it goes swiftly down.

DISSOLVE TO:

304 INT. CHAPEL - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

It is jammed full. All the people in their best clothes, looking righteous. CAMERA PICKS OUT Farry and other deacons sitting near the front. Mrs. Nicholas sits close to them.

305 CLOSE SHOT

At the back, Huw, now washed and dressed, comes quietly in and sits on a rear bench. People near him look at him.

306 PANNING SHOT

People's heads turn as Gruffydd comes in and walks quietly up to the front. He takes his place at his lectern.

307 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD

looking gravely down at his congregation. He begins to speak with quiet deliberation.

GRUFFYDD

This is the last time I shall
talk in this Chapel -

(with infinite sadness)

I am leaving the Valley - with
regret toward those who have
helped me here, and who have
let me help them.

(his voice takes
on an edge of
scorn)

But for the rest of you - those
of you who have only proved that
I have wasted my time among you,
I have only to say this: *

540 REVISED - "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" - 5/19/41 151-A.

308 SHOT OF CONGREGATION

CAMERA PICKS OUT Huw, horrified at the thought of losing his friend.

GRUFFYDD'S VOICE

There is not one among you who has had the courage to come to me and accuse me of wrongdoing - and yet, by any standard, if there has been a sin, I am the one who should be branded the sinner. Will anyone raise his voice here now to accuse me?

309 FULL SHOT

Gruffydd waits, his eyes looking his congregation up and down, then he goes on with scorn:

GRUFFYDD

No. You are cowards, too, as well as hypocrites.

(with a change of tone)

I do not blame you. The fault is mine as much as yours. The idle tongues, the poverty of mind which you have displayed mean that I have failed to reach most of you with the lesson I was given to teach.

(his glance sweeps the congregation)

I thought when I was a young man that I would conquer the world with truth. I thought I would lead an army greater than Alexander ever dreamed of, not to conquer nations, but to liberate mankind. With truth. With the golden sound of the Word. But only a few of you heard me. Only a few understood. The rest of you put on black and sat in Chapel.

(his voice goes scathing)

Why do you come here? Why do you dress your hypocrisy in black and parade it before your God on Sunday? From love? No - for you have proved that your hearts are too withered to receive the love of your Divine Master. I know why you have come - I have seen it in your faces Sunday after Sunday as I have stood here before you. Fear has brought you. Horrible, superstitious fear. Fear of divine retribution - a bolt of fire from the skies.

310 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD

He goes on inexorably:

GRUFFYDD

The vengeance of the Lord.
The justice of God. You have

310 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD (Cont.)

You disregard His sacrifice.
Death, fear, flames, horror
and black clothes.

He takes hold of the lectern with both hands. His voice shakes a little as he speaks:

GRUFFYDD

Have your meeting, then. But know that if you do this in the House of God and in the Name of God, you blaspheme against Him and His Word.

He steps down from his lectern and walks quietly down the aisle. The heads of the congregation turn to follow.

311 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

looking after his friend with tears in his eyes. Then he rises and follows Gruffydd out.

312 FULL SHOT - CHAPEL

People are looking at each other, whispering. A few, friends of the Morgans, get up and walk out. Parry goes up in front of the chapel.

PARRY

Wait - there is a meeting.

Other people get up to leave. One man starts to go. His wife tries to pull him back in his seat, but he pulls away and commands her to follow him with a jerk of his head. More than half of the congregation walks out. The others, the righteous ones, sit looking after them blankly.

DISSOLVE TO:

313 INT. COLLIERY - A CUTTING

Three or four men are working with picks against the coal face. A boy pushes a tram with coal through scene. Morgan comes into scene, stops, raises his head with an expression of alarm.

MORGAN

(sharply)

Hold your picks, there.

The men stop work at once, looking at Morgan. Morgan keeps his head cocked as if listening for something. He steps forward, still listening, pushing one of the men out of his way as he looks up at the face.

MORGAN

(quietly)

Get some props.

(then urgently)

Quick, man.

One hurries to obey. CAMERA HOLDS on the grave faces of the men.

CUT TO:

314 INT. GRUFFYDD'S LODGINGS - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

There is only one lamp lit. Gruffydd's old Gladstone bag and his tin trunk lie near the door. Gruffydd is cording the trunk. He himself is dressed for traveling. He looks up as Huw comes in. Huw's manner is solemn and dejected.

GRUFFYDD

Well, Huw, I am glad you have come.

HUW

Thank you, sir.

(hesitates)

Is - is there anything I can do?

GRUFFYDD

There is. You can do me a great service.

He takes his gold watch from his pocket and hands it to Huw.

(CONTINUED)

314 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD

This watch my father gave me
when I entered the ministry.
Take it, Huw. It has marked
time we both loved.

Huw's eyes fill with tears.

HUW

(whispers)

No - Mr. Gruffydd.

GRUFFYDD

(sternly)

A service, I said you would
be doing me.

Huw fingers the watch gently, looking down at it.
Then he looks up at Gruffydd. The tears are now on
his cheeks.

GRUFFYDD

(he leads Huw
to the door)

No need for us to shake
hands. We will live in
the minds of each other.

Huw stops at the door, looks tearfully up at Gruffydd.

HUW

Won't you see Anghared before
you go?

Gruffydd pauses. His face clouds with pain. Then
he answers gently.

GRUFFYDD

No, Huw.

HUW

She wants you -

Gruffydd studies Huw for a moment, then decides to
tell him why.

GRUFFYDD

Yes. Teacher and pupil we
have been - but friends always.

(quietly)

If I should see her - I could
not find the strength to leave
her again.

(pauses a moment)

Goodbye, my little one - with
love -

(CONTINUED)

314 (Cont. 1)

As they look at each other, over scene, the mine whistle screams once. A short blast. For a moment it does not register on them. Then it screams again. Both look toward the colliery and hurry out into the street.

315 EXT. COLLIERY - FULL SHOT - EVENING

From their point of view. The whistle is going in short alarm blasts. People are coming out of their houses. Men and women running up the hill toward the colliery.

316 MED. SHOT - GRUFFYDD AND HUW

They exchange a look, then start up the hill with the others.

317 EXT. STREET

Gruffydd and Huw cross, looking up toward the colliery. They are joined by Beth, who comes out of her house. No word is spoken as they move up the street. CAMERA PANNING. Bronwen comes out from her house to join them.

318 EXT. THREE BELLS INN - MED. SHOT

Dai Bando comes out with some others. He is older now and his years in the ring have nearly blinded him. He holds a mug of beer and is quite drunk. Cyfartha, also holding a mug, follows him.

DAI BANDO

(vaguely)

What is it now - fire - flood - what?

CYFARTHA

A cave-in, they're saying.

DAI BANDO

Well. I will put my mouth to a barrel, I will, and sleep drunk for the rest of my days.

He drinks deep and hurls his mug away.

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.)

DAI BANDO
(to Cyfartha)
Come - help me up there -

A MAN
What good if you can't see?

DAI BANDO
I can still swing a pick deeper
than any - come on -

He starts out of scene, his hand on Cyfartha's
shoulder.

319 EXT. COLLIERY - ANGLE DOWN FROM THE WINDING WHEEL

The crowd of villagers is gathered at the entrance of
the colliery. The wheel in the close f.g. is turning
slowly.

320 MED. SHOT AT THE MINE CAGE

It comes to the surface. Able-bodied miners begin
to help off those who have been slightly injured in
the collapse below. Other people run into scene and
begin to carry bodies, badly injured men, etc. from
the cage.

321 CHANGED ANGLE

Women rush forward as the men are led and carried
from the cage, anxiously searching the faces of the
living and the dead. One utters a cry of joy as she
embraces her husband who is only slightly injured.
Another, on her knees, bursts into sobs as she finds
her man is dead.

322 MED. SHOT - CAGE

Some miners hurry into it. The manager, holding a
paper, comes into scene and waves his hand. The cage
goes swiftly down. CAMERA PANS with the manager as
he moves over, passing the dead and badly injured,
checking names on the list in his hand.

323 COLLIERY ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT

Huw, Beth, Bronwen, and Gruffydd arrive at the gates. They are looking anxiously for Morgan, glancing at the faces of the injured men being helped away. Beth goes from man to man, looking anxiously, fearfully for her husband.

324 CLOSE PANNING SHOT

Gruffydd and Huw pushing their way through the anxious crowd toward the cage. CAMERA BRINGS them to the manager, with his list.

GRUFFYDD

Gwilym Morgan?

MANAGER

Not yet.

325 EXT. COLLIERY GATES - MED. SHOT

People are still running in from the village. A carriage pulls up, driven by a plainly dressed coachman. Angharad gets out. Her clothes are in contrast to those of the miners' wives and daughters round her, but her expression is the same, for she is one of them. She hurries toward the cage.

326 MED. SHOT

Beth and Bronwen as Angharad joins them. She looks quickly at their faces for a sign of hope. Beth, with her eyes glued to the cage which is coming up, grimly shakes her head. Bronwen puts her arm around Angharad.

327 MED. SHOT AT CAGE

The cage is rising once more. The manager, Gruffydd, and others push forward to help the men off. The miners who just went down emerge, carrying three badly injured men. All are coughing and choking, with smarting eyes.

328 MED. SHOT

Beth, Bronwen, and Angharad are inspecting a new batch of injured men as Gruffydd comes up with Huw. He stops short when he sees Angharad. Their eyes meet for a moment. Then Gruffydd turns to Beth.

(CONTINUED)

328 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD

There is no word of him. I
will go down this time.

Beth nods at him bravely.

HUW

(bursts out)

I will go with you.

Gruffydd shakes his head and pushes him back.

GRUFFYDD

Stay with your mother, Huw.

He looks at Angharad and turns to go. Angharad looks after him with tears in her eyes, fists clenched. Then impulsively she runs after him.

329 MED. SHOT AT CAGE

Which is filling with men to go down. Gruffydd turns as Angharad comes up to him, oblivious of the people around them.

330 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD AND GRUFFYDD

ANGHARAD

(her heart in
her eyes)

Come back.

Their eyes meet with a look which cannot be misunderstood.

GRUFFYDD

Yes.

He looks at her for a moment, then turns and enters the cage. Angharad stands looking after him.

331 CHANGED ANGLE

Huw suddenly leaves his mother and runs toward the cage, jumping on it just as it starts to move down.

332 CLOSE SHOT - BETH, ANGHARAD AND BRONWEN

Beth gasps at Huw's action, starts to move forward, but the others restrain her.

333 INT. CAGE - PANNING SHOT

as it moves down. Huw and Gruffydd in f.g. Gruffydd does not say anything to Huw, but puts his hand on his shoulder. A voice speaks up behind him.

DAI'S VOICE

I have been so long swilling
behind the tap in the Three
Bells that not a button will
meet on my trows.

Huw turns and sees Dai behind him, now in mining clothes.

HUW

Dai -

DAI

Who is it?

HUW

Huw Morgan -

DAI

(with a grin)

Huw, is it?

(then reassuringly)

We will find your father - no
fear. He is the blood of my
heart.

334 INT. HEADING - MED. SHOT

The cage comes to a stop at the bottom. Water immediately flows over its floor, for the heading is already half-flooded. Gruffydd, Dai, Huw, and the other miners step down into the swirling water. They begin to cough, their eyes are smarting with the fumes.

HUW

(looking at
the water)

To our knees already -

GRUFFYDD

They will have the pumps started
soon. Come.

(CONTINUED)

540

334 (Cont.)

A miner speaks up:

MINER

Bad air. Watch the lanterns.

The lanterns flicker even as he speaks. Gruffydd pays no attention to the warning, but forges ahead. The others, tense and silent, follow, coughing, muffling their mouths and noses with their hands.

335 DIFFERENT ANGLE

The little party, lanterns held high, coughing and choking in the fumes, move down the heading. They come to a slight rise and move up it. The lanterns once more burn steadily.

DAI

(sniffing)

The air is better here.

Gruffydd suddenly stops short, holding his lantern high.

336 REVERSE ANGLE

They are faced with a pile of shale and rubble. The roof has caved in. Dai feels for the fall with his hands.

DAI

(in a whisper)

Are they under this?

(he gropes for
a pick)

No eyes needed here. Give me
a pick.

GRUFFYDD

Get some props up here.

One of the men hands Dai a pick. Dai waves the others back and begins to dig into the face of the slide with his pick. Gruffydd and one of the other miners move the slag back with help from Huw and the others. Two of them carry up props, ready to shore up the roof as Dai digs.

DISSOLVE TO:

337 LONG SHOT - VALLEY

The dawn is breaking over the mountains behind the colliery.

338 CLOSER SHOT AT COLLIERY

Men, women and children waiting silently, tensely. Some are asleep, propped up against the wall. CAMERA MOVES UP to Beth, Bronwen and Angharad, still waiting, sitting now. Angharad's head is in Bronwen's lap and Bronwen is gently stroking her hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

339 INT. MINE

The rescue party has made progress. Gruffydd now has the pick, using it not with Dai's strength, but strongly and accurately. He is weary and begrimed.

340 CHANGED ANGLE

Then Gruffydd stops, staring. We do not see what he sees but he glances back at the others.

GRUFFYDD

(quietly)

Here is one of them.

The others move into scene, pull away some rocks and bring a body out from under the slag. Gruffydd kneels beside the body, looks searchingly for a sign of life, and shakes his head.

ONE OF THE MINERS

(looking down)

Evan Lewis he was, God rest him.

Dai takes the pick from Gruffydd.

DAI

Stand back now.

He once more attacks the fall.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

341 EXT. COLLIERY - DAY

Angharad, Beth and Bronwen, waiting as before. Angharad is sitting upright now. The mine manager and two young girls are passing food and drink. One of the girls offers some to Beth. She shakes her head, still staring toward the cages.

DISSOLVE TO:

342 INT. MINE HEADING - MED. SHOT

Dai and Gruffydd are pulling another miner from under the shale. This one is alive but very weak. Dai, Gruffydd and Huw bend closely over him.

DAI

Gwilym Morgan?

The miner makes a feeble gesture.

MINER

He was just ahead of me -

He goes unconscious. Gruffydd signals to two of the rescue squad.

GRUFFYDD

Take him up to the top.

Dai again takes his pick and attacks the fall. He is growing tired now, his breath coming in short gasps, but his energy seems redoubled.

343 CLOSE SHOT - DAI

His face black with dust and glistening with sweat, his breath coming in short gasps, his great muscles trembling as he pulls loose a boulder and sends it with a mighty heave clattering back along the heading. Then he grabs in the dark and stops short.

DAI

Huw!

Huw and Gruffydd push into scene beside him. Dai holds up a grimy, sodden cap.

DAI

Is this his cap?

Huw grabs it from him, examines it and nods. Gruffydd points to the side of the heading.

(CONTINUED)

343 (Cont.)

GRUFFYDD

Up in a stall road.

Dai spreads his great hands helplessly.

DAI

Clear the main or the stall road?

Huw's face shows his tortured indecision.

GRUFFYDD

There is no way to tell --

But even as he speaks, Dai clutches his arm.

DAI

Listen --

Over scene, faintly, comes the tap-tapping of a pick.

344 MED. SHOT

Huw, Gruffydd, and Dai stand listening. They are looking up the stall road. Then Dai swings the pick with new strength.

DAI

Stand away, now.

345 MED. SHOT

as Dai attacks the obstruction with great blows which make the walls shudder. One of the men speaks up nervously:

MINER

Mind the roof, Dai!

DAI

(gasping)

Devil take the roof. God is with us, and time, too.

CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSE behind Dai, Gruffydd, and Huw as Dai continues to shatter the rock. Huw and Gruffydd hurl it back as fast as Dai can pick it out. Then Dai suddenly chokes, gasps, and collapses on his hands and knees. His head rolls drunkenly. He is utterly spent. Gruffydd takes the pick, attacks the wall. Suddenly the wall in front of them seems to give way. The pick flies from Gruffydd's hands as its point meets thin air. They have now reached a pocket in the fall. Huw looks toward the hold in the wall, picks up the lantern and worms his way through. Gruffydd follows.

346 CLOSE SHOT - HUW AND GRUFFYDD

Crouched double as they move forward in the narrow passage, holding their lanterns ahead of them. CAMERA MOVES BACK with them as they go forward, clearing rubble out of their way. They stop, listening. Gruffydd taps with his pick against the rock. They listen again. There is no answer. Gruffydd taps once more, then feebly there are two more answering taps. Huw and Gruffydd turn and crawl painfully toward the sound. They come to another fall. Gruffydd breaks it up with his pick. Huw clears the slag. They crawl through the hold they have made and stop.

347 REVERSE ANGLE

Morgan is lying cramped in a narrow place, cut and half-covered by the fallen rock. Huw and Gruffydd crawl swiftly over to him.

348 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

held as in a vise by the pile of rock. He is unable to move, except for one hand, near which lies his pick. But his eyes turn to Huw and a faint smile touches his lips.

349 CLOSE SHOT - HUW

staring down at his father.

350 CLOSE SHOT - GRUFFYDD

also looking. He looks quickly up at the crumbling roof above them, then tries gently to dislodge some of the rocks upon Morgan. The wall shakes ominously. There is a faint rumbling. Gruffydd stops, startled, with his hand on the rock. He looks down at Morgan.

351 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

He cannot speak, but manages to shake his head slightly, warning Gruffydd not to move the rock.

352 CLOSE SHOT

Shooting past Huw, Gruffydd and Morgan as one of the other men crawls through the hole with a lantern. Huw speaks without looking at him.

HUW

Chris - bring some props,
quick.

CHRIS

Have you found him?

HUW

(in a sob)

Yes.

Chris, wide-eyed, crawls backward out of scene.

353 CLOSE SHOT - HUW, GRUFFYDD
AND MORGAN

Huw lowers himself gently down beside his father, brushing the matted hair back from a cut on his father's forehead, cradling his head in the hollow of his forearm. Morgan smiles up at him. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY UP to a CLOSEUP. Over scene, faintly the voices of the choir begin to sing.

Morgan's head moves slightly. He raises his eyes, looking beyond Huw.

Morgan's eyes slowly close. Huw sits quiet, holding him, looking at him. The voices of the choir grow louder over scene, singing in beauty and triumph.

VOICE

I knew if we moved one stone, the roof would fall on him, for the Earth bore down in mightiness and above the Earth, I thought of houses sitting quiet in the sun, and men roaming the streets, and children playing, and women washing the dishes, and good smells in our kitchen, all of them adding more to the burden upon him. But for all the weight that crushed him I saw in his eyes the shining smile that came from the brightness inside him, like a beacon light burning on the mountaintop of his spirit, and I was filled with bitter pride that he was my father, fighting still, and unafraid. I felt him make straight the trunk of his spine as he called on his Fathers, and then I could hear, as from far away, the Voices of the Men of the Valley singing a plain Amen --

DISSOLVE TO:

354 EXT. COLLIERY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Beth, Bronwen and Angharad. The voices of the choir come over faintly. Beth raises her head as if listening, then speaks very quietly:

BETH

He came to me just now.
Ivor was with him -
(Bronwen turns
to look at her)
They spoke to me and told
me of the glory they had
seen.

Angharad looks at her mother, then off toward the cages. Her eyes are shining, sadly, but with anticipation.

355 INT. COLLIERY

The cage is coming up swiftly. Gruffydd is in f.g., his head held high, a look for Angharad in his eyes. Dai Bando and other miners, weary and dejected are in b.g. Huw is on the floor of the cage, holding his father's head in his lap, looking straight ahead.

The cage nears the top, and light from above appears like a halo, first on Gruffydd, then on the heads and shoulders of the men and Huw and his father.

VOICE

And my mother was right.
Men like my father cannot
die. They are with us still
- real in memory as they
were real in flesh - loving
and beloved forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

356 FULL SHOT OF THE VALLEY

as it was in the beginning,
beautiful in the sunset.

VOICE

Can I believe my friends all
gone, when their voices are
still a glory in my ears?
No, and I will stand to say
no, and no again. In blood
I will say no. For they
remain a living truth within
my mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

357 CLOSE SHOT - BETH

at her stove as we saw her in the first sequence, smiling back at her family at the table.

VOICE

Is my mother gone, she who knew the meaning of my family, and taught us all to know it with her?

DISSOLVE TO:

358 CLOSE SHOT - THE MORGAN BROTHERS

as we saw them in the opening sequence, stepping up to throw their wages into their mother's lap.

VOICE

My brothers, with their courage and their strength, who made me proud to be a man among them?

DISSOLVE TO:

359 CLOSE SHOT - ANGHARAD

sitting on the porch at the reception following Ivor's wedding, looking off at Gruffydd.

VOICE

Angharad - is she gone?

CAMERA PANS OVER to Gruffydd, singing with the rest, smiling over at Huw and Angharad.

And Mr. Gruffydd, that one of rock and flame, who in teaching me, taught the meaning of friendship?

DISSOLVE TO:

360 MED. SHOT - BRONWEN

swinging up the hill with the double basket on her hip, as Huw saw her first.

VOICE

Is Bronwen gone, who proved to me that the love and strength of woman is greater than the fists and muscles and shoutings of men?

DISSOLVE TO:

361 CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

standing with his glasses on calling the attention of his family to Huw's prize for penmanship.

VOICE

Did my father die under the coal? But, God in heaven, he is with me now, in the heat of his pride in my penmanship -

DISSOLVE TO:

362 MED. SHOT

Morgan giving money to Huw
after his fight at the school.

VOICE
- in his quick understanding
of my troubles ---

DISSOLVE TO:

363 LONG SHOT - MORGAN AND HUW

coming up the hill as they
did in the opening sequence.

VOICE
- in the wisdom of the ad-
vice which I never found to
be wrong or worthless.

364 PANNING SHOT - MORGAN AND HUW

as they walk up the crest
of the hill, Huw struggling
to keep up with his father's
great strides.

VOICE
Is he dead? For if he is,
then I am dead, and we are
dead, and all of sense a
mockery.

Morgan and Huw stand in
silhouette, against the
golden light that bathes
their Valley, with the wind
blowing through their hair.

How green was my Valley,
then, and the Valley of
them that have gone.

CAMERA HOLDS on them as the
voices of the choir swell in
mighty crescendo.

FADE OUT

T H E E N D