BROOKLYN

by

Nick Hornby

YELLOW SCRIPT
24th April 2014

Adapted from the novel by Colm Toibin

(c) 2014
Finola Dwyer & Amanda Posey
Wildgaze Films Ltd
53 Greek Street
London W1D 3DR
T: +44 (0)20 7734 7065
F: +44 (0)20 7734 4250
E: bennett@wildgaze.co.uk
A quiet, working-class residential street in Ireland, early 1950s. It's morning, but it's still dark. One of the front doors opens, and out slips EILIS - early twenties, open-faced pretty without knowing it. She closes the door quietly behind her and walks quickly up the street.

There is a hissed call from behind her. She turns, and her sister ROSE - thirty, attractive, slender, pale - is running after her, in nightdress and bare feet, holding out a piece of bread and jam. Eilis takes it from her, makes a face to show how grateful she is.

EILIS  
(mouthing)  
Go back to bed.

Rose nods, tiptoes back to the house.

CREDITS

It's the early mass, and the church has only a smattering of worshippers. Eilis is kneeling and praying with two other women: MISS KELLY, fifties, thick glasses, a constant look of disapproval on her face, and MARY, the same age as Eilis, but large and simple-minded - her mouth is usually open, indicating her lack of comprehension at more or less any given moment. Eilis yawns. Miss Kelly shoots her a look. Chastened, Eilis stifles the yawn and looks fixedly ahead.

Finally, there is weak daylight. Mary and Eilis wait while Miss Kelly finds her keys and opens the side-door to her shop. This is clearly not a normal morning for Eilis - she has something on her mind. She watches Miss Kelly carefully, trying to judge the right moment to speak to her. The door opens, Mary walks into the shop, leaving Miss Kelly and Eilis bringing up the rear.

EILIS  
(suddenly)  
Miss Kelly, might I talk to you later?

MISS KELLY  
Not if what you're going to say will cause trouble for me in some way or another.

End of conversation. Eilis closes her eyes for a moment, fearful of the confrontation to come.
Miss Kelly turns on the light, and we see the shop for the first time. It’s a well-stocked, and well-kept, grocery store, but it almost certainly hasn’t changed since the 1920s. Eilis walks to the back of the shop to collect the bread, which has obviously been there since the previous day, and places it on the counter. While Miss Kelly takes a piece of long, yellow paper out of its packet, Mary places a ladder carefully under the old piece, which is stuck to the ceiling and covered with the bodies of dead flies.

Later. A male customer is buying a single cigarette from Eilis. Miss Kelly is peering through the shop window from an angle.

MISS KELLY
The nine o’clock mass is over, girls. Here they come.

Later. The shop is packed – customers standing three or four deep at the counter. Eilis and Mary are coping as best they can; Miss Kelly is directing them, in a way designed to cause maximum resentment. Miss Kelly spies a well-dressed woman standing well back, and smiles at her.

MISS KELLY
Mrs Brady, what would you like this morning?

MRS BRADY
Half-a-dozen rashers, please.

MISS KELLY
Of course. Eilis will get that for you now.

Eilis is about to serve a shabbier woman standing right in front of the counter. Eilis looks at her helplessly.

SHABBY WOMAN
(aggrieved)
I was next.

MISS KELLY
And you still are. Mary, if you serve Mr O’Leary back there, will you make a mess of it? I suppose you will. Let’s see.

Mary is stung by the barb. Miss Kelly doesn’t notice and doesn’t care anyway.

MARY
Mr O’Leary?

(CONTINUED)
Mr O’Leary, like Mrs Brady, is well towards the back of the scrum. Miss Kelly’s favouritism seems designed to cause resentment and frustration, but the customers seem used to her arbitrary treatment of them, and there are no outward signs of dissent. Miss Kelly turns her attention to a timid-looking woman standing right in front of her.

MISS KELLY
Yes?

TIMID WOMAN
(quietly)
I need some shoe polish.

MISS KELLY
Shoe polish? Ah, but that’s not really a Sunday item, now, is it? These people need things for their dinner or their tea. Why couldn’t you have remembered yesterday?

Miss Kelly leans over the counter to stare at the timid woman’s shoes. The timid woman stares at the counter, humiliated.

MISS KELLY
Because it looks like you needed it yesterday.

TIMID WOMAN
I’m sorry.

Miss Kelly sighs deeply, shakes her head, and goes to find the offending item.

INT. KELLY SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON

Miss Kelly locks the door of the shop behind the last customer. Eilis stops tidying up and waits until the door is locked before speaking.

EILIS
Miss Kelly...

MISS KELLY
(tetchy)
I hadn’t forgotten. Spit it out, whatever it is.

EILIS
I’m..I’m away to America.

Miss Kelly likes to think she knows everything, but this gives her pause. She soon recovers.
MISS KELLY
(scornful)
Whose idea was that?

EILIS
Father Flood in New York arranged it. Rose used to play golf with him, when he lived here. He sponsored me. He... he found me a job, and got me a visa, and..

MISS KELLY
Well, we won’t be needing you back here.

EILIS
I don’t sail for a month. I could work every Sunday until I go.

MISS KELLY
I shall want to train a new girl up straight away.

EILIS
But I could help.

MISS KELLY
No, thank you.

She starts to turn her back on Eilis, but she has one last thing to say.

MISS KELLY
Your poor sister.

EILIS
(surprised)
My sister?

MISS KELLY
Oh, mothers are always being left behind in this country. But Rose...That’s the end for her, isn’t it? She’ll be looking after your mother for the rest of her life.

This time she does turn her back and walk away.

EXT. NANCY’S HOUSE. NIGHT

Eilis is knocking at the door of a house not dissimilar to her own. She scarcely has time to complete a second knock, and the door flies open.
Her friend NANCY, already wearing her coat, smiles at Eilis, pulls the door shut behind her, and starts walking off down the street with Eilis trailing in her wake.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Nancy and Eilis walking arm-in-arm down the street. Now we can get a chance to look at Nancy properly: she’s staggeringly pretty, film-star pretty. It helps that she’s dressed up and made up to go out - Eilis looks a little wan by comparison, even though she’s made an effort too - but even so, she’s a stunner.

EILIS
You look beautiful, Nancy.

NANCY
Thank you.

EILIS
You look so beautiful it makes me despair of this place.

Nancy laughs.

NANCY
Why?

EILIS
You’re the prettiest girl in County Wexford. You should be able to choose any man you want. And we’re hoping that George Sheridan from the rugby club looks your way.

The scornful way she emphasises the social institution suggests that she doesn’t think he’s much of a catch.

NANCY
(sufficiently excited to miss the point)
Do you think he might?

EILIS
Of course he will. I know you like him, Nancy, but he’s not Gary Cooper, is he? And those boys, with their hair-oil and their blazers..

She shudders her distaste.

NANCY
He has beautiful eyes.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
And he’s going to come into a beautiful shop in the Market Square.

NANCY
(changing the subject)
Why didn’t you wear your blue dress?

Now it is Eilis’s turn to look a little discomfited.

EILIS
Are you asking why I didn’t make more of an effort?
They have reached the small hall where the dance they are attending is taking place. They join a small queue to get in – all girls.

**NANCY**

What if one of the boys from the rugby club asked you to dance? Wouldn’t you like the pleasure of telling him it’s too late?

They laugh.

**INT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT**

Nancy and Eilis are leaning against the wall sipping lemonades. There aren’t many men this early in the evening, and the dance-floor is almost deserted. Suddenly there is a buzz from the girls scattered around the place. Eilis’s eyes are drawn to the same place as everyone else’s: to the door. A group of young men, dressed almost identically, and just as Eilis described – blazers and hair-oil – are coming in. One of them is **JIM**, who we will meet much later.

These young men exude a confidence bordering on arrogance – they’re hard to like *en masse* – and consequently the uniform looks slightly sinister. They ignore everyone in the room and make their way to the soft drinks bar. Eilis rolls her eyes. Nancy is blushing.

Later. Nancy and Eilis are still waiting. Eilis is watching the rugby club boys, Nancy is looking anywhere but. The camera picks out **George**, who is tall, confident, as oily as his friends – and no Gary Cooper.

**EILIS**

He’s looked over here twice already.

**NANCY**

He hasn’t!

**EILIS**

He’s walking over here now.

**NANCY**

*(still looking the other way)*

He’s not!

He is. We see him. Nancy, however, still has her back to him.

**EILIS**

*(impatient)*

Why would I keep lying to you about what George Sheridan’s doing?
George arrives. He nods at Nancy.

GEORGE
Would you like to dance?

Nancy is almost too nervous to nod her head.

Moments later. George and Nancy on the dance floor. Over their shoulders the camera picks up Eilis, making her way towards the door, holding her coat. A couple of the rugby clubbers whisper and snigger as they watch her leave.

INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS’S HOUSE. EVENING

It’s Eilis’s last night at home. Eilis, her mother MARY and her sister Rose, are eating, initially in silence. The sound of cutlery hitting crockery only serves to emphasise the tension and the sadness of the evening. Eilis keeps sneaking glances at the rest of her family, trying to gauge how unhappy they are.

There’s no outward trace. Rose and her mother are both concentrating on their food, determined to give nothing away. Eventually Eilis has to say what is on her mind.

EILIS
(quietly)
I wish I had written to Father Flood about you, Rose.

ROSE
Me? I have a job. You had a couple of hours on a Sunday working for Nettles Kelly.

MARY
(mildly disapproving)
You shouldn’t call her that.

ROSE
I think it’s quite a kind name. Considering she’s actually a terrible old witch.

Mary makes a scandalised face.

EILIS
I don’t want to spend my last evening talking about her.

ROSE
Good.

But nobody knows what they do want to talk about.

(CONTINUED)
They say it’s hotter there in the summer, and colder in the winter.

Mary puts her knife and fork down despairingly.

充分但显然不一致的焦虑

What in Heaven’s name will she do about clothes?

She’ll buy them, mother.

She doesn’t want to be wasting her money on clothes.

She won’t have much choice. She’ll be there...

She stops herself from finishing the sentence. An even deeper and unhappier silence falls on the table.

Close on an old and very large suitcase. It’s about two-thirds full of Eilis’s things. Pull back to show Rose and Eilis peering into it.

There. It wasn’t so hard to decide after all.

Is that really everything you own? Oh, Eilis. I should have looked after you better. I should have taken you shopping twice a year, summer and winter.

You’ve bought most of the clothes in this case. That’s one of the reasons I’m going, because I can’t buy my own.

If it was just that, I’d spend every penny I had on you, gladly. But I can’t buy you a future. I can’t buy you the kind of life you need.
EILIS (whispers)
I know. (Beat) But you’ll come to see me there one day?

ROSE
Yes.

EILIS
And you’ll look after yourself?

ROSE
You don’t have to worry about me.

EILIS
And I’ll come home to visit, won’t I? Because I couldn’t bear it if...

Rose has to stop this, because she can’t bear it either.

ROSE
You haven’t packed your shoes yet. They’ll take up a bit of room.

EXT. LINER. DAY
Eilis is wedged at the deck-rail of a large passenger liner, along with a lot of other emigres, her large suitcase in front of her. Among the crowd on the dock below her are Rose and Mary. There are a lot of tears, from passengers and the people they are leaving behind. Rose and Mary, however, like Eilis, are keeping everything in. The ship blasts its horn to announce its imminent departure; everyone jumps and laughs nervously, and the waving becomes more frantic. Rose and Mary, however, suddenly turn away from the boat and push through the crowd. Rose looks back helplessly and blows Eilis a kiss. Eilis watches the backs of the two of them until they disappear out of sight.

INT. STAIRCASE, LINER. DAY
Eilis bumps her case down the narrow steps deep in the bowels of the boat. She reaches a corridor and examines the sign on the wall directing passengers to their berths. She has to descend still deeper into the boat.

INT. CABIN. DAY
Eilis’s cabin is tiny and windowless, and she has to share it with someone: there are two bunk beds. She wedges her suitcase into an available space.

She opens the bathroom door. The bathroom is tiny. It contains a toilet and a sink.

(CONTINUED)
There is another door, apparently leading into the next cabin. A sign on the door says ‘UNLOCK WHEN NOT IN USE’. Eilis pushes it open and sees two middle-aged women unpacking.

EILIS

Sorry.

She shuts it again quickly. She doesn’t know what to do, so lies down on the bottom bunk with her hands behind her head, staring. She closes her eyes, but suddenly the cabin door bursts open and a glamorous blonde, late thirties, bustles in to the room with a large trunk. This is GEORGINA, her cabin-mate.

GEORGINA

Off!

Eilis sits up and stares at her, uncomprehending. Georgina waves a ticket at her.

GEORGINA (CONT’D)

Number one. Bottom bunk. That’s mine. You’re on the top.

Eilis scrambles up the ladder to her bed. She can’t sit up – the ceiling is too low – so she has to lie down, and is therefore unable to make eye-contact with Georgina throughout the scene.

GEORGINA

This is hell. Never again.

EILIS

(trying to be friendly)

Never again to America?

GEORGINA

The mistake was coming home from America in the first place. I’d do anything to get out of this horrible cabin, and I mean anything. Let’s go for a smoke.

EILIS

I don’t.

Georgina rolls her eyes.

GEORGINA

Suit yourself. I’ll see you later. Unless I find a nice man in First to smoke with.

She bustles out.
Eilis is on her own in the Third Class dining room. She is eating a plate of very brown and very unappetising-looking mutton stew. She eats as much as she can, although a lot of the meat is gristle, which she has to extract from her mouth with a napkin, as discreetly as possible.
She finishes, dabs her mouth with the napkin. The underemployed waiter comes over immediately to clear away her plate.

**WAITER**

*It’s good to see that not everybody’s put off their dinner by the weather forecast.*

Eilis looks at him blankly.

**WAITER (CONT’D)**

*(cheerful)*

*It’s supposed to be a rough one tonight, so none of the other passengers are eating. A few spoonfuls of soup, maybe, but not the mutton stew.*

Comprehension dawns. Eilis looks stricken.

**INT. CABIN. NIGHT**

Eilis is standing in her nightgown, clutching her toothbrush and toothpaste. She is waiting outside the locked bathroom. She taps on the door. Nothing. She waits a few moments. She puts her ear to the door, but the only noise comes from the ships engines – in Third Class, a loud, deep constant. She grimaces suddenly, and closes her eyes. She’s sweating. She knocks on the bathroom door again.

**EILIS**

*(to the door)*

*Oh, please unlock it.*

She can’t wait any longer. She stumbles out into the corridor looking for a toilet...

**INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

...Nothing. She tries to go upstairs to the Second Class cabins, but the door at the bottom of the stairs is locked. She’s desperate now. In an alcove of the corridor, she sees a mop and bucket. She picks up the bucket, ready to throw up in it – but as soon as she does so, she realises that her problems are at the other end. She puts the bucket on the floor, squats over it. She looks around desperately for something to wipe herself with, but there is only the mop. She hates herself, and everything that has led to her being here. She starts to throw up.
Eilis comes back in, holding the mop and the bucket. She knocks on the bathroom door again. No answer, but this time she hears the sound of retching. She pukes into the bucket. For a moment there is a little contrapuntal symphony of retching.

Eilis is asleep on the bottom bunk. Close on her face – green-tinged, sweaty. A hand touches her face, and Eilis opens her eyes. It’s Georgina.

**EILIS**

I’m so sorry about the smell. And the bucket.

**GEORGINA**

(gently)

Oh, don’t worry. The whole boat stinks. Even First Class. I’ve just been thrown out of there, by the way, so you’ll have me throwing up in here too.

**EILIS**

The bathroom door was locked all night.

**GEORGINA**

(angry on Eilis’s behalf)

Oh, those bastards. That’s what people do. They keep the bathroom for themselves on rough nights. We’ll fix them.

She fishes in a handbag and finds a nail-file. Deftly, she unlocks the bathroom door. There’s nobody in there. Quickly, she pulls her trunk into the bathroom and jams it against the door on the other side. There is now no room in front of the toilet.

**GEORGINA**

It won’t be very comfortable. But at least it’s ours now.

They smile at each other. Almost immediately there is a furious knocking on the bathroom door. Georgina hurls herself against the door with a fury.

**GEORGINA**

Fuck off! Do you hear me? Fuck off! If you’d been nice last night, we would have played fair.

(MORE)
But now you’ve got no toilet for five days, you bastards.

Eilis laughs, and then winces.

GEORGINA
Go on, you can use it. I’m going to get us some water. That’s all you’re allowed. You’ll bring it all up again, but you won’t feel so bad. And you’ll be right as rain after a night’s sleep.

INT. CABIN. DAY

Georgina comes into the cabin. Eilis emerges from the shower, drying herself. She’s looking better.

GEORGINA (mock-dramatic)
We have a peace treaty.

EILIS
With next door?

GEORGINA
Yes. They have given their solemn word never to lock the bathroom door when they’re not using it. They know they’re out of their depth with me.

The women smile at each other.

GEORGINA (CONT’D)
Are you going to America to live?

EILIS
Yes.

GEORGINA
You have papers and everything?

EILIS
Yes. And a job.

GEORGINA
You have family there?

EILIS
No.

A beat.

(_CONTINUED)
GEORGINA
Well. You’ll make friends easy enough. Where will you be staying?

EILIS
In Brooklyn. New York.

Georgina smiles wryly.

GEORGINA
Ah. Well, try and remember that sometimes it’s nice to meet people who don’t know your auntie. Just every now and again.

EXT. DECK. DAY

Eilis and Georgina are leaning on the rails of the third-class deck, looking out to sea.

EILIS
I haven’t been sick for hours.

GEORGINA
It’s nice, isn’t it?

EILIS
I’m very hungry.

GEORGINA
That’s why you haven’t been sick for hours. We can eat soon. Maybe tomorrow.

INT. CANTEEN. NIGHT

Georgina and Eilis eating in the canteen. The journey is nearly over, so there are more diners now. Both women look tired and pale. Georgina studies Eilis.

GEORGINA
Oh, dear. We’ll have to do something with you. They’ll put you in quarantine or something if you try to enter the country looking like that.

INT. CABIN. NIGHT

Georgina is pulling clothes out of Eilis’s case.

GEORGINA
Nothing fancy. You mustn’t look like a tart.
She carries on pulling the plain-looking clothes out of the case.

**GEORGINA (CONT’D)**
Oh. Well. Looking like a tart isn’t going to be a problem.

She finds a white dress with a red floral pattern.

**GEORGINA (CONT’D)**
That’s not too bad.

**EILIS**
My sister gave me that.

**GEORGINA**
Wear it with this...

She finds a plain cardigan.

**GEORGINA (CONT’D)**
And this.

She pulls out a plain scarf.

**INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE. DAY**

Eilis is in the queue to get in to the immigration centre, looking anxiously ahead of her. Her compatriots, men and women and children, are all around her. She is wearing make-up, and she looks very different - much less naive.

Over her shoulder, we see a VISTA OF THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE. Eilis stares at it for a little while, wide-eyed.

**GEORGINA (V.O.)**
Don’t look too innocent. I’ll put some rouge and mascara on you. And perhaps some eye-liner.

**INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE. DAY**

Eilis inside, approaching the officials. We watch with her as a family is in the process of being turned away: a man, his wife, a toddler and a baby. The woman (and baby) are crying, the man distraught. They are clearly poor: the man’s boots have holes in them.

**GEORGINA (V.O.)**
Polish your shoes, and don’t cough, whatever you do. And stand up straight.

Eilis remembers to stand tall. She’s looking at all the people around her, and the hard-luck stories they represent.

(CONTINUED)
A few minutes later. Eilis is showing her papers to the official.

GEORGINA (V.O.)
Don’t be rude, or pushy, but don’t look nervous.

It’s as if Eilis remembers the advice even as we’re hearing it: she suddenly lifts her eyes from the official’s shoulders towards a point ahead of him - towards America.

GEORGINA (V.O.)
Think like an American. You have to know where you’re going.

The official hands Eilis her papers back and ushers her through. She walks towards the light on the other side, and suddenly the sun blanches out everything; we just see a silhouette, walking into nowhere.

EXT. MRS. KEHOE’S STREET. EARLY EVENING

Eilis is struggling with her suitcase down a dimly-lit Brooklyn residential street.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING

Round a dining table in a basement kitchen are five girls, including Eilis, and a middle-aged lady. This is the impeccably-dressed landlady of Eilis’s lodging-house in Brooklyn, MRS KEHOE. The girls are standing and holding hands, while Mrs Kehoe says grace, so we get a good look at them.

Two of the girls – PATTY and DIANA – are young and attractive. Patty is the only native American in the house – the rest are Irish. Patty and Diana are a double-act, firm friends and quick to defend each other. SHEILA is older, glamorous in a femme fatale way, with a chequered history. There is constant tension between Patty and Diana on one side and Sheila on the other. MISS MCADAM is prim, plain, bespectacled, severe-looking and from Belfast.

MRS KEHOE
Bless us, oh Lord, and these thy gifts which we are about to receive from thy bounty through Christ our Lord, Amen.

MISS MCADAM
Amen.

Patty and Diana exchange glances and try not to laugh at Miss McAdam’s piety. Everyone sits down to eat.
MRS KEHOE
I saw you had a letter today, Diana. Any news?

DIANA
Mr de Valera has had another operation on his eyes, she says. He’s been in Holland.

MRS KEHOE
(dismissively)
I don’t want news I can read in a newspaper.

SHEILA
(artfully)
Anyway, we would describe Mr de Valera as “politics”, would we not, Mrs Kehoe? And we do not like politics at the dinner table.

Her firmness is parodic – she’s making fun of Mrs Kehoe, who seems not to notice.

MRS KEHOE
We don’t.

DIANA
(aggrieved)
It’s not politics, to talk about eye operations.

MRS KEHOE
It is if the eyes belong to a politician. And I don’t like to talk about hospitals very much, either. Patty, have you had any luck with that cold cream?

PATTY
No, Mrs Kehoe. It still hasn’t come in. I asked Miss Tyler in Cosmetics. And I showed her the advertisement.

MRS KEHOE
I don’t want to have to travel all the way to Manhattan for a jar of cold cream. Maybe you could have a look in Bartocci’s for me, Eilis?

EILIS
Yes, Mrs Kehoe.

SHEILA
Oh, Bartocci’s is bound to have it.

(CONTINUED)
Patty rolls her eyes.

DIANA
She doesn’t know for sure, Mrs Kehoe. She’s saying that Bartocci’s is a better store than Webster’s, just to get at Patty.

MRS KEHOE
They’re both very good, and you girls are lucky to be working there. Eilis, from the look of you, you have greasy skin, is that right? What do you do about that?

EILIS
(embarrassed)
Just...Well, I wash it, Mrs Kehoe. With soap.

MISS MCADAM
There’s nothing wrong with soap. Soap was good enough for Our Lord. I expect.

MRS KEHOE
And which brand did he use, Miss McAdam? Does the Bible tell you that?

DIANA
And our Lord was a man, anyway. He didn’t care about greasy skin.

Mrs Kehoe shakes her head in disbelief.

MRS KEHOE
(sternly)
Ladies. No more talk about Our Lord’s complexion at dinner, please. (Beat) Girls, you will help Eilis find something suitable, won’t you?

There are enthusiastic murmurings of consent. Eilis tries to look pleased.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Eilis in the dark in her small bedroom, trying to sleep. It’s hot, and the house is alive with noise, even late at night. There are footsteps on the ceiling above her, and the sound of a lavatory chain flushing through the wall. Down the hallway, there is the sound of a whispered conversation between two of the girls. Eilis gives up on sleep, opens her eyes properly and stares at the ceiling.
EXT. MRS KEHOE’S STREET. DAY

Early morning. Eilis shutting the door of Mrs Kehoe’s brownstone behind her. She walks up the quiet street.

EXT. FULTON STREET. DAY

The camera picks Eilis out in the bustle of people. She’s waiting to cross the road; on the other side is Bartocci’s, the department store where she works.

INT. STAFF ROOM, BARTOCCI’S. DAY

Eilis takes her clock card from the holder in the wall, puts it in the machine, waits for the heavy thud of the punch, puts the card back in the holder. She walks to her locker, puts on the blue uniform that all the female shop assistants wear. As she changes, a colleague, DOROTHY - the same age as Eilis, but chattier, - and cattier - starts to change at the locker next to hers.

   DOROTHY
   Hi.

   EILIS
   Good morning.

They change in silence for a couple of moments.

   DOROTHY
   Did you go out last night?

Eilis looks at her blankly. Dorothy laughs.

   DOROTHY
   Out. The opposite of in.

   EILIS
   No.

   DOROTHY
   I went to see a movie with my boyfriend.

Eilis carries on changing. Dorothy becomes exasperated by Eilis’s lack of engagement, and embarks on both sides of the conversation.

   DOROTHY
   “What did you see, Dorothy?” “I saw ‘The Quiet Man’, Eilis. They filmed it in Ireland.” “Oh, I’m from Ireland.” “I know you are. That’s why I thought you might be interested.”

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
(sincerely)
Thank you.

Eilis finishes changing and walks out of the room. Dorothy watches her go.

OMITTED

INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY

Close on a small metal case with a hinged door on one end. We see Eilis’s hand putting cash and a docket into the holder, and closing the door. Eilis pushes the holder firmly into a tube, and it whizzes up to the ceiling.

The camera follows the tube system a little way and then pulls back, to reveal the women’s department of a beautiful 1950s department store in all its quiet, dignified splendour - lots of dark wood, lots of lovingly-arranged items of clothing. Very few of us have ever seen, or can remember properly, a store like this, but we ache for its loss anyway.

Eilis is standing behind the counter, smiling pleasantly at a customer, a middle-aged white woman.

EILIS
Shouldn’t be a moment.

They wait in silence. A few yards away, and unnoticed by Eilis initially, stands Eilis’s supervisor MISS FORTINI - thirtysomething, utterly devoted to the store. She’s watching Eilis carefully.

Finally Eilis spots her. Miss Fortini clearly makes her uncomfortable. Eilis tries to make herself look busy. She puts the stocking that the woman has bought into a bag, and then starts to write something down on a docket. Unseen by the customer, Miss Fortini tells Eilis in mime to speak and to smile. Eilis freezes even more. Miss Fortini steps towards her.

EILIS
(in a rush)
Is it still hot out there? I haven’t been outside since this morning but I can tell that it might be. Very. It just..looks it.

She ends this awkward little speech with a forced smile, but it’s enough to ward off Miss Fortini, who switches her attention elsewhere for a moment, to Eilis’s visible relief.

CUSTOMER
It’s warm, yes.

(CONTINUED)
The metal tube returns with a whoosh and a clank. Eilis extracts the change and the docket, and hands both to the customer. The moment she has gone, Miss Fortini returns.

MISS FORTINI
Remember: if people like it here, they’ll come back.

Eilis nods, as if Miss Fortini has said something deep, or interesting.

MISS FORTINI
So you treat every customer as if she’s a new friend. Is that a deal?

EILIS
I’ll try.

MISS FORTINI
(gently)
It’s not a matter of trying. It’s what you have to do. (Beat) Do you try to wear panties every day?

The analogy is slightly off, inappropriate, and Eilis is thrown for a moment.

EILIS
No. I mean, I don’t try. I..I just put them on.

MISS FORTINI
You see what I’m saying?

EILIS
Yes.

MISS FORTINI
Good.

INT. DINER. DAY

Lunch time. While Eilis eats her grilled cheese sandwich at the counter, she watches her fellow diners - male colleagues smoking and joking, girlfriends talking animatedly, people on their own reading the newspaper. Everyone seems to know what they’re doing there except Eilis - everyone seems comfortable in their own skin, absorbed in their environment. Eilis looks anxious and uncomfortable and lost. She finishes her sandwich, swallows as quickly as she can, catches the eye of the young, handsome waiter.

EILIS
Could I have the bill please?
WAITER
I hope that when I go through the pearly gates, the first sound I hear is you asking me for the bill in that lovely Irish brogue.

Eilis smiles nervously. She leaves some money on the counter and stands up to leave.

WAITER
See you tomorrow, sweetheart.

Eilis gives a quick, thin smile and walks out.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Eilis comes out of the lunch joint and exhales.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING.

The girls and Mrs Kehoe are eating dinner, in exactly the same formation as the first time we saw them.

MRS KEHOE
Have they told you a date for the nylon sale yet, Eilis? We’ve never had a Bartocci’s girl living here. (She taps her nose) We may get some inside information.

EILIS
I haven’t been told anything.

PATTY
I’ll bet you wouldn’t let on if you had.

DIANA
She’s that sort. More loyal to her bosses than to her friends.

PATTY
Like a Red spy.

Eilis is flustered.

SHEILA
(wearily)
Oh, dear God.

MRS KEHOE
I’ll thank you to keep His name out of a conversation about nylons, thank you very much.

(MORE)
'Brooklyn' YELLOW Script Dated 24th April 2014

CONTINUED:

MRS KEHOE (CONT'D)
He might be everywhere, but He’s not in Bartocci’s on sale day.

SHEILA
I’m sorry, Mrs Kehoe.

They all settle back down.

MRS KEHOE
I was glad to see you finally got some letters from home today, Eilis.

Eilis looks up from her plate as if electrocuted.

EILIS
Did I? I...I forgot to check.

She half-stands - she can’t wait.

MRS KEHOE
They’ll still be there after dinner.

EILIS
Oh. Yes. I’m sorry.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING

The door bursts open and Eilis comes rushing in, clutching her letters. She sits down on the bed, and tears the first one open. As soon as she starts reading she begins to weep uncontrollably. We hear ROSE’s voice.

ROSE (V.O)
The big news here is that since you left, Mummy has stopped shopping at Nettles Kelly’s.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Rose is at her desk, writing to Eilis.

ROSE (V.O.)
As you know, her bread wasn’t always fresh, and she overcharged for everything. And she’s awful.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

Rose’s voice fades out. Eilis’s crying reaches a new level – she has to stop reading because she can no longer see. The banal domestic details of her old life intensify her homesickness to an agonising pitch.
INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE, DAY

The girls are eating their breakfast and ignoring Eilis, who is still reading and re-reading her letters. She’s not crying, but she’s pale and unhappy-looking.

MARY (V.O.)
I haven’t told her to her face. There’s no need. She knows that she overcharges and her bread’s not fresh.

INT. DINER. DAY

Eilis at what is obviously her usual position in the diner. Her sandwich and glass of milk are untouched in front of her. She’s reading the letters again.

ROSE (V.O.)
We talk about you every evening, of course. We want to know everything. I’m sure you’re busy, but even if your letters were two hundred pages, they wouldn’t be long enough for your mother. Take care of yourself. Love.

INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY

Eilis at her counter. Her customary look of timidity has been replaced by something altogether more despairing, and as she serves a customer, she is quite clearly struggling for composure. Miss Fortini watches from a distance. The customer takes her purchase and leaves. Miss Fortini walks up to her.

MISS FORTINI
Is it your time of the month?

Eilis shakes her head.

MISS FORTINI (CONT’D)
So what is it?

Eilis cannot stop the tears. She shakes her head again.

MISS FORTINI (CONT’D)
You cannot carry on like this. You must either cheer up, or pretend to cheer up. Take some time off now. Go and sit in the staff room.
INT. STAFF ROOM. DAY

Eilis sitting on her own in the large, shabby staff room, full of overflowing ashtrays and coffee-cups with lipstick rings on them. She’s still holding her glass of water. Dorothy, her colleague, comes in.

DOROTHY
I forgot something.

She rummages, in a desultory fashion, through a pile of newspapers and magazines on a table.

DOROTHY (CONT’D)
I heard you pulled a stunt. Nice work if you can get it, sitting on a chair in the staff room sipping a glass of water.

The door opens, and Miss Fortini comes into the room with FATHER FLOOD. Father Flood is bearded, pleasant-looking, clearly trustworthy. He smiles warmly at Eilis.

FATHER FLOOD
I’m so sorry, Eilis. This is all my fault.

Eilis looks at him, surprised. Father Flood is about to continue, but he looks at Dorothy first.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
Would you give us a moment? Thank you.

Dorothy leaves, throwing Eilis a look. Miss Fortini notes it.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
I’d been led to believe that you didn’t need looking after. Franco Bartocci said you were doing great here. Ma Kehoe said you were the nicest lodger she’d ever had...

Eilis smiles.

FATHER FLOOD
What?

EILIS
Ma Kehoe!

Miss Fortini, observing the slight uplift in Eilis’s mood, slips out of the room.

FATHER FLOOD
Don’t ever call her that to her face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
But I’d forgotten just how bad it feels to be away from home. Do you spend every second thinking about giving up here and going back?

Eilis nods vehemently.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
But at the same time, you know you can’t, because there’s nothing there. It would be the end of you.

She says nothing.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
I have enrolled you in a night class. For book-keeping. Brooklyn College, the best there is. It will be three nights a week, but you’ll get a good qualification at the end of it. And I’ve paid your tuition for the first semester.

Eilis looks at him wonderingly.

EILIS
Why?

Father Flood smiles.

FATHER FLOOD
“Why?” Not, “Thank you”?

Eilis looks stricken.

EILIS
I’m sorry. Thank you. But...Why?

Father Flood thinks for a moment.

FATHER FLOOD
I was amazed that someone as clever as you couldn’t find proper work. I have been here too long: I forget what it’s like in Ireland. So when your sister wrote to me about you, I said that the Church would try to help. Anyway, we need Irish girls in Brooklyn.

EILIS
I wish I could stop feeling that I want to be an Irish girl in Ireland.
FATHER FLOOD
All I can say is that it will pass. Homesickness is like most sicknesses. It will make you feel wretched, and then it will move on to somebody else.

Eilis thinks about this, and nods decisively.

INT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE. NIGHT

Eilis listening to a lecture in her night class. She’s absorbed, anxious, furiously taking notes. She is the only woman in the class; the men are all either Jewish or Italian. The lecturer, MR ROSENBLUM, is in his forties, bespectacled, and wearing a skull-cap. He’s animated by his subject, but it’s clear that most of the class are despairingly perplexed.

MR ROSENBLUM
Now, Taylor versus Standard Gas Co is one of the most important corporate cases decided in the Supreme Court in the last twenty years. This was the case responsible for the Deep Rock doctrine, so it’s maybe the biggest milestone in parent-subsidiary law. In public utility integration proceedings alone...

He stops, looks at his students, to emphasise the point he is making.

MR ROSENBLUM (CONT’D)
.. literally thousands of investors may be affected by its application.

We see a close-up of Eilis’s pad: she’s underlining the words ‘literally thousands’.

INT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE - CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Eilis is sitting outside the lecture room on a wooden bench, while the other students stretch their limbs and yawn. She’s eating a sandwich. A young Jewish man is sitting a few feet away from her, doing the same thing. He looks at her.

YOUNG MAN
Did you understand any of that? I mean, a single word?

Eilis, eating, shakes her head, covers her mouth with her hands, laughs.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
He’s not even reading from a book.
He just knows all this.

He stands up.

YOUNG MAN
Let’s hope the next hour is easier.

He smiles at her and goes back into the hall as Eilis crams the last remaining crust into her mouth.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING

Dinner time, all the girls and their landlady, the usual formation. Miss McAdam, the battle-axe from Belfast, is holding forth.

MISS MCADAM
One of the things that ruins Christmas in America is the turkey. It all tastes of sawdust.

MRS KEHOE
So that’s one cheese sandwich for Miss McAdam, and extra turkey for everyone else.

The girls snigger; Diana brays.

MRS KEHOE (CONT’D)
Ladies, please. Eilis, Father Flood told me about your Christmas plans.

DIANA
Oh, you’re not serving lunch to the old fellas who’ve got nowhere to go, are you? He asks us every year, and we always say no.

SHEILA
You’re a saint, Eilis. They smell awful.

PATTY
Sheila knows how they smell because that’s where she goes husband-hunting.

Diana brays again.

MRS KEHOE
As I cannot stand to hear Diana laugh again, I would appreciate it if you kept your witticisms to yourself, Patty.

(MORE)
'Brooklyn' YELLOW Script Dated 24th April 2014

CONTINUED:

MRS KEHOE (CONT'D)
It’s a marvellous thing you’re doing, Eilis. A Christian thing. I wish there were more like you. I’ll be doing some of the cooking myself.

Silence falls around the table. The other girls look at Eilis, some pityingly, some clearly irritated.

EXT. STREET. DAY

It’s a bright, cold Christmas morning. Mrs Kehoe and Eilis are on their way to Father Flood’s lunch. They’re both carrying big bags of potatoes.

MRS KEHOE
I know how you’re feeling, Eilis. The first Christmas away is hard for all my girls, but there’s nothing I can do. All I can say is that the next one won’t be as bad.

Eilis cannot afford to think that far ahead, and in any case there is little consolation in Mrs Kehoe’s words.

EILIS
(quiet)
No. I suppose not.

INT. PARISH HALL. DAY

The hall is old, and shabby, but it has been decorated with paper streamers, and it looks cheery and welcoming. There are several long trestle tables, each the length of the hall. Eilis and many other women, including Mrs Kehoe, all wearing paper hats, are laying the tables. Father Flood looks on anxiously.

FATHER FLOOD
I think we will have to open the doors, ready or not. Maureen?

A woman standing near the large double doors unbolts them and opens them. Immediately, old, shabby, tubercular men start to pour through the door in an apparently never-ending stream. It is a haunting, moving sight: the lost, the lonely and the defeated. Eilis forgets herself and stares at them.

EILIS
(to Father Flood)
How many are we expecting?

FATHER FLOOD
There were two hundred last year. There may be more this.
Eilis and Father Flood watch as the men are chivvied along to one of the long trestle tables. Almost immediately they are served with soup and stout.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
All Irish. And all Irish men, more or less. The occasional couple, when the woman is too old to cook.

EILIS
Why don’t they go home?

FATHER FLOOD
If there’s nothing at home for a young clever girl such as yourself, there’s nothing at home for men like these. Some of them have been here nearly fifty years and have lost touch with everyone. These are the men who built the tunnels and the bridges and the highways. God alone knows what they live on now.

Eilis becomes fixated by one particular man. He is wearing an old brown coat and a scarf, and his cap almost obscures his face. She looks as though she’s seen a ghost. She puts her hand to her mouth in shock.

FATHER FLOOD (CONT’D)
Don’t tell me you know someone here.

Eilis can’t speak for a moment.

EILIS
My da.

FATHER FLOOD
I was told that your father had passed away.

Eilis recovers herself.

EILIS
Yes. He did. Four years ago. I’m sorry.

FATHER FLOOD
I understand. Christmas lunch in the Parish Hall... It’s like seeing faces in the fire. It’s happened to me. I have seen men from my childhood who must have been dead thirty years or more. Which one?

Eilis points at the man in the brown coat.

(CONTINUED)
Ah. Frankie Doran. He’s not your father.

Do you know everyone here?

No. But I know him. You’ll see why later.

Later. The room is filled with smoke and conversation and laughter. The tables are being cleared away, and bottles in brown carrier bags are being passed around. In a corner of the room, two men are playing fiddles and another a small accordion. Father Flood pulls out a chair, stands on it and clears his throat. Slowly, the room falls silent.

I don’t want to interrupt the proceedings, but I’m sure you’d like to show your appreciation to all the ladies here for their hard day’s work.

Father Flood leads the applause. Some of the men are applauding in Eilis’s direction – she’s the youngest helper in the room – and she blushes, smiles, looks down at her feet.

And by way of a thank you present… As many of you know, there’s a great singer in the room today, and perhaps he can be persuaded to entertain us all. Frankie?

The man in the brown coat gets to his feet and starts to sing in Irish. The musicians in the corner join in, tentatively at first, but then with confidence and sympathy. He sings the slow, mournful ballad beautifully, and the smoke and squalor of the room, the poverty of the diners, become beautiful too. The haunting music carries on over the following montage:

Two men, both in their sixties, are swinging punches at each other. Some of the men watch on amused; Father Flood and a couple of the others try to separate them.
INT. PARISH HALL. DAY
The room is nearly empty. Father Flood, Eilis and the other ladies are trying to rouse some of the casualties of the lunch; it’s like a battlefield. One or two of the men are lying in pools of their own urine.

EXT. PARISH HALL. DUSK
Eilis steps out into a blizzard. There is a man sitting against the wall, asleep.

EXT. BROOKLYN. DUSK
Eilis making her way through the deserted streets, alone, the wind and snow cutting through her.

Montage and music end.

INT. HALLWAY, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. NIGHT
Eilis enters Mrs Kehoe’s house, shakes herself off, takes off her coat. We can hear, from upstairs, the peals of laughter and tipsy shrieks of the other lodgers. Mrs Kehoe emerges from the front room.

MRS KEHOE
Would you like to come into the front room for a glass of something? You’ve earned it.

EILIS
Thank you.

INT. FRONT ROOM, MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. NIGHT
The room is large, and surprisingly well-furnished: old rugs, heavy, comfortable-looking furniture, dark pictures in gold frames. There is an old gramophone and a wireless in one corner of the room, and a roaring fire in the hearth. Eilis takes it all in while Mrs Kehoe pours her a glass of sherry.

MRS KEHOE
You survived.

EILIS
Oh, it wasn’t so bad.

Mrs Kehoe gives her the sherry and they sit down.

EILIS (CONT’D)
Happy Christmas.
MRS KEHOE

Cheers.

They sip their drinks ruminatively.

MRS KEHOE (CONT’D)
Miss McAdam is leaving us. She is going to live with her sister in Manhattan.

EILIS

Ah.

MRS KEHOE
She has the best room in the house. The basement. It’s the biggest and the warmest and the quietest and the best-appointed, and it has its own entrance.

Eilis doesn’t say anything, but she knows what’s coming.

MRS KEHOE
I can only let a certain kind of girl stay there, do you see?

Eilis nods, while suppressing a smile. Mrs Kehoe notices her amusement.

MRS KEHOE
Oh, and I’m not talking about looks, here. (Beat) Although I will admit that God gave Miss McAdam an advantage, when I had to think about who I could trust to live down there. You’re a pretty girl, Eilis, but you’re sensible. So. You’re having the room and that’s that. If you’re working tomorrow, you can pack tonight, and I’ll have your things moved in the morning.

EILIS
Will the other girls not mind?

MRS KEHOE
(with satisfaction)
Oh, I expect so. What don’t they mind?

She drains her sherry.

MRS KEHOE (CONT’D)
It’s been a long day.

Eilis realises this is her cue to leave.

(CONTINUED)
'Brooklyn' YELLOW Script Dated 24th April 2014

EILIS
Thank you, Mrs Kehoe.

She puts her sherry down and leaves the room, leaving Mrs Kehoe staring into the fire.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING

There has been a significant change at the dinner table: DOLORES, an Irish country girl - red hair, freckles, slow on the uptake - has replaced Miss McAdam. There is an atmosphere around the table that is new - the teasing and occasional outbreaks of bitchiness have been replaced by a sullen and resentful silence. It becomes clear that the ill-will is directed at the newcomer.

Mrs Kehoe attempts to change the atmosphere.

MRS KEHOE
Girls, you’ll take Dolores to the dance with you on Saturday night, won’t you?

DOLORES
(delighted)
There’s a dance?

MRS KEHOE
Down at the parish hall. Father Flood doesn’t think there’s enough for you girls to do at the weekends.

DIANA
Oh, there’s plenty for us to do. He just doesn’t want us doing it.

Laughter around the table.

MRS KEHOE
There’ll be no alcohol, but you can have fun without it.

DIANA
(with obvious insincerity)
Oh, Patty and I aren’t going this week. We’re... going to see a movie instead.

Eilis watches the dynamic carefully. She doesn’t want to get involved.

MRS KEHOE
Well, I’m sure Dolores would enjoy a movie just as well.
DOLORES
I would, very much. There are so many more movies here in New York than in Cavan.

SHEILA
Yes, it’s surprising, isn’t it? You’d think it would be the other way around.

Patty sniggers. Diana gives one of her awful laughs. The dynamic of the group has clearly changed, with the advent of Dolores: the relationship between Patty/Diana and Sheila is less adversarial.

PATTY
Of course, you’d be welcome to join us, Dolores. So long as you don’t mind being a gooseberry.

MRS KEHOE
Ah, so you both miraculously found boyfriends over the last couple of days, did you? Well, I hope you have more luck with these than you did with the last few.

Sheila cannot resist a smile of satisfaction.

MRS KEHOE
Will you be going, Eilis?

EILIS
Yes, Mrs Kehoe.

MRS KEHOE
Well, you can look after Dolores, then.

EILIS
Of course.

53 INT. BEDROOM, MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. NIGHT

Eilis is writing a letter in her new bedroom. It is so much bigger and nicer than her previous room - it has a fire, a rocking chair, rugs on the floor, and a desk, at which she is sitting. She has photographs of Rose and her mother up on the mantelpiece. Suddenly there is a knock on the door. Eilis walks over and opens it - Patty and Diana are standing there.

DIANA
(whispering)
We need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
What is it now?
She pointedly doesn’t ask them in.

PATTY
It’s that Dolores. She’s a scrubber.

Diana starts to laugh, and Patty claps a hand over her mouth.

PATTY
It’s true. She cleans houses. We can’t have her at the table with us. We’re shopgirls and stenographers, not scrubbers.

EILIS
I’m trying to study.

She begins to close the door in their faces.

DIANA
A scrubber, from Cavan, living under...

Eilis closes the door.

DIANA (O.S.)
...our roof?

EXT. PARISH HALL. NIGHT

Dolores and Eilis are queueing to get into the dance. We’ve seen this before, back in Ireland, with Eilis and Nancy. But Dolores is no Nancy. She has made a huge and grotesquely misplaced effort for the dance. She’s wearing a cheap leather jacket, a frilly white blouse and white skirt, black stockings and garish bright red lipstick. Eilis’s discomfort is acute.

And the surroundings are different, too. A group of African American men are sitting on steps nearby, playing a game with dice; two men wearing yarmulkes walk through the queue.

INT. PARISH HALL. NIGHT

Inside, however, Ireland has been successfully recreated: there’s the non-alcoholic bar, the nearly empty dance-floor, the Irish musicians. Eilis is sitting next to Dolores on a wooden bench, watching the dancing. Eilis looks bored and unhappy.

(CONTINUED)
DOLORES
God, there’s nobody here. How are we supposed to get a fella if there’s nobody here?

EILIS
I expect most people will come after nine.

DOLORES
People? Or fellas?

EILIS
Some of the people will be fellas.

DOLORES
I’d love to meet a fella.

Eilis closes her eyes despairingly.

DOLORES
Have you had an American fella? Are they different?

Eilis ignores her.

DOLORES
(twittering, in a rush)
My aunt went with an American fella once, in London, after the war. She said he was different. I’ve always wondered what she meant. I wish she’d told me.

EILIS
(dry)
I don’t suppose it was anything terribly complicated.

Eilis shuffles down the bench a little way. Suddenly the doors burst open and a group of people come in – mostly young women, but a couple of young men, too. Patty and Diana, dressed up to the nines, are among them. Immediately the atmosphere in the hall changes. More people start to dance, there’s more laughter and enjoyment.

DOLORES
They came! The liars!

Eilis ignores her again. Dolores shuffles up to her on the bench.
Eilis has had enough. She has had enough of Dolores; she has had enough of being the kind of person who will look after Dolores. She hesitates for a moment, then stands up and goes to talk to Patty and Diana.

PATTY
(recognising the symbolism of the moment, and amused)
Well, hello.

EILIS
Hello. It’s good to see you.

PATTY
I can see why. I don’t know what you looked like, sitting there, but you sure didn’t look like you were having a good time.

Patty appraises her.

PATTY
Come with me.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT
We see the reflection of the girls in the mirror as Patty fiddles with Eilis’s hair.

PATTY
I know.

She rummages around in her handbag and pulls out a couple of hair-grips. She uses them to put Eilis’s hair up for her.

PATTY
There. That’s better. Now you don’t look like you’ve just come in from milking the cows.

EILIS
Is that what I looked like?

PATTY
Just a bit. Nice clean cows. Let’s go.
Eilis is standing with Patty and a group of her friends, including a young man with heavily oiled hair who is teaching Eilis the steps to the dance that is currently happening on the dance floor. She is slightly distracted by a young man staring at her and smiling, a little distance away. This is TONY - dark, attractive, white teeth, muscular. She ignores him and carries on with her lesson. When she looks back, he’s still staring, still smiling.

YOUNG MAN WITH OILY HAIR
(shouting over the music)
Maybe we could have a dance later?

EILIS
I’m sorry?

YOUNG MAN WITH OILY HAIR
A dance? Later?

EILIS
Oh. Sure.

He smiles and leads Patty onto the dance-floor, flirtatiously enough to suggest that it was Patty he was interested in all the time. The moment he’s gone, Tony makes a move.

TONY
Are you here with that guy? The one who was teaching you to dance?

Unlike just about every other man at the dance, Tony is American.

EILIS
No.

TONY
So would you dance with me?

EILIS
I’m not sure he taught me anything.

TONY
Doesn’t matter. The secret is to look as though you know what you’re doing.

EILIS
Ah. I wish someone had told me that years ago.

He leads her into the middle of the other dancing couples, and they start trying to pick up the steps. It is apparent that Tony can dance, but he doesn’t want to show Eilis up, so he assumes her levels of incompetence and uncertainty.

(CONTINUED)
Later. Tony and Eilis are dancing cheek-to-cheek – not smooching, but clearly relaxed in each other’s company. Over Tony’s shoulder, Eilis catches Patty’s eye. Patty makes a so-so face. Eilis ignores her.

TONY
Where do you live?

Eilis pauses, and then decides it’s OK to tell him.

EILIS
Clinton Street.

TONY
Yeah? That’s on my way home. Can I walk you?

EILIS
I’m going to say yes, then I’m going to tell you why.

He laughs.

TONY
So I don’t get the wrong idea?

Eilis pauses again. It wouldn’t be the wrong idea. It just wouldn’t be the only idea.

EILIS
I suppose so. Is there a girl in a leather jacket sitting on her own on the bench over there?

Tony moves so that he can look discreetly. The camera picks out Dolores, sitting on her own, picking at her fingernails.

TONY
(incredulously)
You don’t know her?

EILIS
I do. She lives in my boarding house, and she’s awful. If I leave with you, I’m sure she’d understand. You’d be rescuing me.

TONY
I get it.

Tony smiles a lot, winningly and unaffectedly.

EILIS
She’ll be OK, won’t she?

TONY
Sure she will.
Eilis and Tony walking through the dark streets of Brooklyn, huddled against each other for warmth. They walk in silence, and then Tony blurts out

TONY
I’m not Irish.

EILIS
You don’t sound Irish.

TONY
I need to make this clear: no part of me is Irish. I don’t have Irish parents or grandparents or anything. I’m Italian. My parents are, anyway.

EILIS
So what were you doing at an Irish dance? Don’t the Italians have dances?

TONY
Yeah. And I wouldn’t want to take you to one. They behave like Italians all night.

EILIS
And what does that mean?

TONY
Oh, you know.

EILIS
No.

TONY
(mumbly)
Hands.

EILIS
Too many of them?

TONY
I think it could seem that way, if you were a girl. Listen, I want everything to be out in the open. I came to the Irish dance because I really like Irish girls.

EILIS
And I was the only one that would dance with you?

(CONTINUED)
TONY
Oh, no, it wasn’t...

EILIS
Oh, so you danced with loads of others?

Eilis is teasing him, and Tony knows it, but he’s not as quick as she is. He tries to formulate a response, gives up, grins again.

They arrive at Mrs Kehoe’s house.

EILIS
This is me.

TONY
Can I take you next week? Maybe get something to eat first?

EILIS
I’d like that. Good night.

She smiles warmly at him, and goes into the house without kissing him.

Eilis and Tony getting something to eat first, before the dance. They are eating in a cheap diner, with formica-topped tables. They’re waiting for their food.

TONY (O.S.)
So...What do you do when you’re not working?

She thinks.

EILIS

TONY (O.S.)
You want to be a book-keeper?

EILIS
I want to be an accountant one day. But, yes, book-keeping first.

TONY (O.S.)
Wow. Is it difficult?

EILIS
I’m talking too much. Tell me about plumbing.
TONY
You know enough about plumbing already.

EILIS
I don’t know anything.

TONY
You know that taps drip and toilets get blocked and that’s all you need to know. I don’t know anything about book-keeping.

Suddenly it is as if Eilis has been switched on, and the following comes out in an unstoppable, unbroken stream.

EILIS
There’s a lot to it. There’s all the maths, of course, but that’s not so complicated. The double-entry system, that takes a while to get used to. And we study company law, too, and that terrifies me.(Fades) So we had to read about an insurance company that went bankrupt in the 1930s, and all the, the legal issues that...

Later. Tony is finishing off his food and listening. Eilis’s food goes untouched, although several times her loaded fork almost makes it to her mouth.

EILIS
(her voice fading in)
...she plays golf, and she’s really good at it. And if she’d been at the dance last Saturday, then I don’t think you’d have looked at me twice, because Rose is beautiful.

Tony has finished - his plate is clean.

TONY (O.S.)
I’m worried you haven’t eaten anything.

EILIS
(smiling)
Too busy talking.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING

The girls eating their supper in a mysterious silence. Patty, Diana and Sheila are finding it hard not to giggle. Mrs Kehoe puts down her knife and fork in disgust.
MRS KEHOE
What is the matter with you girls now?

PATTY
Nothing the matter with us, Mrs Kehoe.

She looks steadily at Eilis.

MRS KEHOE
Is this all because Eilis has found herself a young man?

DIANA
(mock-surprised)
Eilis’s got herself a young man? We didn’t know. She won’t say anything about him.

MRS KEHOE
And why should she, to you awful gossip-mongers? Anyway, I met him on Saturday night when he called for Eilis, and he’s a gentleman.

PATTY
Well, will you tell us what you know about him, Mrs Kehoe? We’re starving here. We know that he’s quite nice-looking.

SHEILA
I didn’t like his shoes much.

EILIS
What on earth is wrong with his shoes?

SHEILA
They were a funny colour.

MRS KEHOE
I’ll tell you this much: I am going to ask Father Flood to preach a sermon on the dangers of giddiness. I now see that giddiness is the eighth deadly sin. A giddy girl is every bit as evil as a slothful man, and the noise she makes is a lot worse. Now, enough.

INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY

The shop is quiet. Dorothy and Eilis are unpacking boxes and putting garments out on shelves.
DOROTHY
You know what I hate about the end of winter? Now it all starts again with the swimsuits. We’re gonna spend hours and hours talking about one stupid item of clothing with a woman who’s so afraid of what she looks like. But in the winter she’ll splash thirty-five dollars on a coat in the blink...

Dorothy is staring into a box she has just opened.

DOROTHY
I don’t believe it.

Eilis looks at her quizzically.

DOROTHY
I’m gonna talk to Miss Fortini about this.

She marches off. Eilis peers into the box. It contains Red Fox stockings. She takes a packet out and examines it.

Later. Miss Fortini comes over to speak to Eilis. She’s angry.

MISS FORTINI
Eilis, I want you to know that Dorothy has left our employment.

Eilis looks at her wonderingly.

MISS FORTINI
As of today. She’s clearing her locker. (Beat) Listen. Brooklyn is changing, and we have to change with it.

Eilis nods, even though she is mystified by the series of apparent non-sequiturs - the stockings, Dorothy, the speech.

MISS FORTINI
Our old customers are moving out to Long Island and we can’t follow them, so we need new customers every week. Which means we welcome every single person who comes into this store. They all have money to spend. Remember that.

EILIS
I will.

Eilis shows Miss Fortini the Red Fox stockings.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
Should I put these out on the shelves?

MISS FORTINI
Yes. Of course. Do you understand anything I’ve been saying?

Beat.

EILIS
No, Miss Fortini.

MISS FORTINI
(sighing)
Red Fox stockings are specially designed for Negro customers. Dorothy was unhappy about us selling them. I asked her to leave. Are you unhappy?

EILIS
No, Miss Fortini.

MISS FORTINI
Good. Quickly, now.

Miss Fortini walks off. Eilis immediately turns her attention to the stockings.

INT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE. NIGHT

Eilis comes out of her classroom with a couple of other students, books under her arm, and begins to walk down the stairs. In the entrance hall she can see Tony, looking around anxiously, clearly worried about missing her. She stops – she clearly isn’t expecting to see him. She watches him for a moment – he doesn’t see her – and she takes in his open face, his vulnerability... He sees her and his face breaks out into a radiant and relieved smile. She smiles back, and walks down the remaining steps towards him.

TONY
All I want to do is travel home with you. No drink, no food, no nothing. I know you have to study, and get some sleep. I’ll take you to your house and then say goodnight. Otherwise it’s too long to wait.

He says this with such unaffected simplicity that it’s impossible not to love him. Eilis smiles her assent.
Eilis and Tony sitting side-by-side on the half empty trolley-car.

TONY
I want to ask you something. And you're gonna say, oh, it’s too soon, I don’t really know him well enough, we’ve only been out a couple times...

Eilis pantomimes alarm.

TONY
Oh, it’s nothing so bad. But it is something that most guys...

EILIS
(laughing)
Please just ask. You’re beginning to terrify me.

TONY
Oh. Sure. Will you come for dinner and meet my family sometime?

EILIS
(laughing)
That’s it? I’d love to.

TONY
You like Italian food?

EILIS
I don’t know. I’ve never eaten it.

TONY
Really? They don’t have it in Ireland?

EILIS
Maybe in Dublin. Not in my town.

TONY
It’s the best food in the world.

EILIS
Well, why would I not like it?

TONY
You’re in a good mood, right?

She looks at him.

EILIS
Yes. Why?

(CONTINUED)
TONY
It’s just... I like how you’re being, I don’t know the word. When you go along with everything.

EILIS
Amenable?

TONY
(delighted with this addition to his vocabulary)
Yeah. Amenable. OK, so while you’re being amenable... Can we go see a movie this week? When you’re not at night classes? And if the date goes well, can we see a movie next week, too?

EILIS
I’ll sign up for two movies.

 Really?

EILIS
Yes. Even if the first date is a disaster, I’ll give it another chance.

Tony’s smile couldn’t be any broader.

INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY
Eilis, in her uniform, serving a customer. Off to the side, Miss Fortini is watching her at work. We’ve seen this before - but this time, Eilis is unaware of Miss Fortini’s scrutiny. She’s absorbed in her work, chatting to the customer, a young woman in her thirties.

EILIS
It certainly feels like it, but this is my first year, so I don’t know how to judge.

CUSTOMER
Well, congratulations. You survived your first New York winter.

EILIS
Oh, it wasn’t so bad.

CUSTOMER
Really? It’s colder in Ireland?

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
Oh, no. It’s colder here.

CUSTOMER
(laughs)
Over here, that’s how we judge the
winter. On how cold it is.

The cylindrical tube shoots back to Eilis’s counter, and she
takes out the receipt and the change and hands it to the
customer.

EILIS
But you have heating. Heating
everywhere. You’re only cold
outside.

CUSTOMER
I guess that’s true. Thanks for
your help.

The customer walks away, and Miss Fortini comes over.

MISS FORTINI
Eilis! You’re like a different
person! Where did that miserable
little mouse go?

Eilis smiles and shrugs.

MISS FORTINI
The homesickness has gone?

Eilis looks startled, as if she has only just realised.

EILIS
Yes.

MISS FORTINI
How did you do it? Maybe I can pass
some advice on to the next poor
girl who feels that way.

Eilis’s face lights up.

EILIS
I...I met somebody. An Italian
fella.

MISS FORTINI
(mock despondent)
Oh, no. Well, I’m not passing that
on. I’d rather have them homesick
than heartbroken. Does he talk
about baseball all the time? Or his
mother?
MISS FORTINI
Then keep him. There isn’t another
Italian man like him in New York.

She smiles at Eilis and moves on.

Eilis is sitting at the kitchen table with a bowl of spaghetti in front of her. There is a fork and spoon on either side of the bowl. Opposite her are Patty and Diana. Eilis goes to pick up the cutlery. Diana gestures at her to stop.

DIANA
Hold it. Remember You’re getting off easy, because we haven’t got sauce.

PATTY
Yeah. You have to remember that the sauce flies everywhere, so take it slowly.

DIANA
I’m gonna say “Splash” every time I see problems.

PATTY
Good idea.

EILIS
(smiling)
Can I start now?

PATTY
Go.

DIANA
Yep.

They watch intently as Eilis grapples with the twirling. All three girls are staring at the spaghetti, lost in concentration. Eilis allows the spaghetti to fall off the fork and back into the plate.

DIANA
(loudly)
SPLASH!

Eilis and Patty jump and then giggle nervously.

DIANA
You just splashed his mother, and his father, and the walls...
'Brooklyn' YELLOW Script Dated 24th April 2014

CONTINUED:

Eilis makes a despairing face.

PATTY
Let’s go again.

EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

A spring day in Ireland. Rose is sitting by the river, reading one of Eilis’s letters and eating an apple.

EILIS (V.O.)
I suppose the most important news is that I have a boyfriend. He isn’t as important as Bartocci’s and my night classes, I know that. But I want to tell you everything that’s going on. Please don’t mention it to Mummy, though. You know what she’s like.

EXT. CINEMA. NIGHT

Eilis and Tony have just been to see ‘Singin’ In The Rain’. They emerge from the cinema radiant; Tony in particular has clearly loved the film.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Tony is earnestly trying out some of Gene Kelly’s dance moves while Eilis watches.

EILIS (V.O.)
He’s decent and kind, and he has a job, and he works hard. We go to the cinema on Wednesdays and he takes me to Father Flood’s dance on Saturdays.

EXT. RIVERBANK. - DAY

Rose reading avidly.

EILIS (V.O.)
I think of you and Mother every single day. But Tony has helped me to feel that I have a life here. I didn’t have, before I met him. My body was here, but my life was back in Ireland, with you. Now it is halfway across the sea. So, that’s something, isn’t it?
INT. STAIRWELL. EVENING

Eilis and Tony are climbing the stairs to Tony’s apartment. Tony is talking animatedly and a little nervously.

TONY
Oh and I’d better warn you about Frankie.

EILIS
He’s the little one.

TONY
Yeah. He’s eight going on eighteen. He’s nice and he’s smart, but he’s been talking and talking about all the things he’s going to say to you.

EILIS
What sort of things?

TONY
We don’t know. Could be anything. I tried to pay him money to go out and play ball with his friends, and my dad has threatened him, but I think he’s looking forward to causing trouble so much that he’ll happily take a beating. This is us here.

TONY
Ready?

Eilis nods. He’s making her nervous.

INT. TONY’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Tony’s apartment is tiny, and Eilis appears somewhat wedged in around the dinner table. Tony has two older brothers, Laurenzio and Maurizio, as well as kid brother Frankie. His mother and father are young – much younger than Eilis’s mother.

The atmosphere around the table is polite and warm. It’s not a question of Eilis having to impress the Fiorello family – they want to impress her, too, or at least the adults do. They understand that she is important to Tony, and Tony is important to them.

Eilis is doing her best with her spaghetti, which is covered in a rich, deep red sauce.

(CONTINUED)
MRS FIORELLO
Hey, how did you learn to eat spaghetti like that?

Eilis pauses before confessing.

EILIS
I’ve been taking lessons.

The family look at her, delighted.

LAURENZIO
Lessons? Like, in a class? You can do that? Maybe I could teach it.

EILIS
No, no. Diana, who lives in the boarding house with me... She cooked me some spaghetti and made me try and eat it without making a mess.

MR FIORELLO
What do you eat in Ireland? Just Irish stew?

EILIS
Not just. We...

FRANKIE
So first of all I should say that we don’t like Irish people.

There are general cries of outrage around the table. Maurizio, who is sitting next to him, cuffs him on the top of his head.

FRANKIE
(outraged)
We don’t! That is a well known fact! A big gang of Irish beat Maurizio up and he had to have stitches. And because all the cops round here are Irish, nobody did anything about it.

Eilis looks at Maurizio for confirmation. He looks embarrassed.

MAURIZIO
There are probably two sides to it. I might have said something I shouldn’t, I can’t remember now.

FRANKIE
No, because they beat you up.

(CONTINUED)
MAURIZIO
Anyway, they probably weren’t all Irish.

FRANKIE
They just had red hair and big legs.

Mr Fiorello stands up and leads Frankie away from the table and out the door by his ear.

TONY
All I can say in his defence is that he’s the only one of us who’ll get a college education.

LAURENZIO
If he keeps his mouth shut.

MRS FIORELLO
Tony tells me you go to college.

EILIS
Oh, just night classes. I want to be a book-keeper. I like working in the shop well enough, but I don’t want to be there forever.

Frankie re-enters the room, with his father right behind.

FRANKIE
(parrot-fashion)
I’m sorry, Eilis. I’m an idiot. Oh, I’m a rude idiot.

His brothers applaud and laugh. Frankie makes a face at them and sits down at the table.

Later. They are eating scallopini, on their own, with no vegetables, Italian-style.

MAURIZIO
So has Tony offered to take you to Ebbett’s Field when the season starts?

EILIS
(to Tony)
You like baseball?

More laughter around the table.

MAURIZIO
(incredulous)
He never mentioned the Dodgers? Not even once?

(CONTINUED)
You know why? Too much of this.

He makes a lewd kissing noise. Tony rolls his eyes. Eilis has the good grace to laugh.

Anyway, you’ll have to go to Ebbett’s Field if you want to see him in the summer.

They’re that important to you?

Put it this way. If our kids end up supporting the Yankees or the Giants, it would break my heart.

The family laughs, but Eilis can only manage a small smile. “Our kids”? Suddenly Eilis sees that their future is all mapped out, as far as Tony and his family are concerned. Frankie is watching her complicated reaction.

She’s not laughing, Tony. I think it’s too late. She’s a Yanks fan.

More laughter. But Tony is watching her carefully.

Tony and Eilis outside Mrs Kehoe’s. Tony comes in close to Eilis, holds her, kisses her cheek. Eilis is stiff, a little afraid.

(softly)

I love you.

Eilis stays in the embrace a moment longer, then pulls away.

I..Thank you for the evening. It was lovely.

She walks down the path towards her house, leaving Tony staring wistfully after her.

Eilis in the bathroom in her dressing gown, cleaning her teeth. She stops, and looks at herself in the mirror – maybe trying to imagine herself older, married, a mother, an American. The bathroom door rattles.
SHEILA (O.S.)

Sorry!

Eilis is pulled out of the reverie and opens the door.

EILIS

I’d finished. (Beat, and then, tentatively) Sheila... Can I ask you something? Why aren’t you married?

SHEILA

Because my husband met somebody else and left me.

EILIS

Oh. I’m sorry.

Sheila shrugs.

EILIS

And...Well, would you get married again?

SHEILA

Has someone asked you?

EILIS

No. Not really.

SHEILA

I won’t ask what that means. Would I get married again? No. I want to be waiting outside the bathroom of my boarding-house forever.

Eilis doesn’t know how to take this.

SHEILA

Of course I do. That’s why I go to that wretched dance every week. I want to be waiting outside my own bathroom. (Beat) While some bad-tempered fella with hair growing out of his ears reads the newspaper on the toilet. And then I’ll wish I was back here, talking to you.

She laughs despairingly, and shrugs.

EXT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE. NIGHT

Eilis emerges from her class, starts to walk down the stairs and stops, scanning the entrance hall. Tony isn’t there. She walks down the stairs slowly, still looking around. She stops in the entrance hall and waits for a moment.
Eilis stands waiting outside, looking up and down the street for Tony. No sign. She gives up and starts to walk up the street.

TONY (O.S.)

Eilis!

She looks around. Tony is on the other side of the street, breathless and smiling. Eilis smiles broadly back, with visible relief.

TONY

I’m sorry.

EILIS

I thought you weren’t coming.

TONY

Yeah. I thought you’d think that. That’s why I wanted to be here no matter what.

EILIS

I need to say something to you.

Tony’s face falls. He thinks he knows what’s coming.

TONY

Can you... Can we talk about something else until we get to Mrs Kehoe’s?

EILIS

It’s not...

TONY

Please?

They start to walk along the street together.

TONY

So. Ten minutes before I’m supposed to meet you and I’m standing ankle-deep in sewage that’s pouring through this old lady’s ceiling.

Eilis looks at his shoes, reflexively.

TONY

Yeah. Even if you were thinking of inviting me in for a coffee, I’d have to say no, for your sake.
EILIS
So how did you fix it in ten minutes?

TONY
I didn’t. I spent the whole ten minutes explaining to the old lady that I had to be somewhere and I’d be back. She didn’t want to let me go.

EILIS
So the sewage is still pouring through the ceiling?

Tony shrugs.

TONY
Oh, what’s the difference between six inches of sewage and a foot?

Eilis laughs. Tony looks at her anxiously – is she really going to break off their relationship? Eilis stops.

EILIS
Let me say what I want to say. I think... I think you’ll... I don’t think you’ll mind.

Tony takes a deep breath.

TONY
Okay.

EILIS
You remember that after I had dinner at your house, you told me that you loved me.

Tony nods, sombre and nervous.

EILIS
Well, I didn’t really know what to say. But I know what to say now. I have thought about you and I like you, and I like seeing you, and maybe I feel the same way. So the next time you tell me you love me, if there is a next time, I’ll...I’ll say I love you too.

TONY
(excited)
Are you serious?

EILIS
Yes.
TONY
Holy shit! Excuse my language, but
I thought we were going to have a
different kind of talk. You mean
it?

EILIS
I mean it.

TONY
So why aren’t you smiling?

She flashes him a quick, forced smile.

EILIS
Can I go home now?

TONY
You love me?

EILIS
Yes. But don’t ask me anything
else, and don’t talk about our kids
being Dodgers fans.

TONY
(laughing)
You want kids who like the Yankees?

EILIS
Tony, please don’t push me.

TONY
(suddenly sober)
All right. I’m sorry.

They walk on.

EXT. STREET. EVENING

Eilis is walking down a Brooklyn street on an early summer
evening, holding an envelope. The trees are green, children
are playing in the street, the last of the daylight is
glinting off the roofs. Eilis takes it all in; she’s happy.

She reaches Father Flood’s parish house and knocks on the
door.

INT. SACRISTY. EVENING

Father Flood is scanning the letter contained in the envelope
while Eilis watches him intently. He hands it back to her
thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)
FATHER FLOOD
Well. You’re marvellous. That’s all I have to say. And it looks to me as though you didn’t just pass those exams. You, you flew through them.

Eilis smiles shyly.

FATHER FLOOD
Most people who come and visit me without notice are in trouble, of some kind or another. I can’t remember the last time anyone came here with good news.

EILIS
I have saved some money. I’ll be able to pay next year’s tuition and pay you back for last year.

FATHER FLOOD
One of my parishioners paid. He needed to do something for mankind, and I won’t tell you why. He’s not out of the woods yet, either, so he can cough up for next year, too.

EILIS
I’d love to know what sort of woods he’s in.

FATHER FLOOD
Yes, well you won’t hear it from me. How’s Tony?

Eilis looks at him, surprised to be asked.

EILIS
He’s well. Thank you for asking.

FATHER FLOOD
He’s a solid man. Qualifications and a boyfriend, Eilis. You’re not the miserable young girl who wanted to go home last winter.

EILIS
That seems like years ago.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING

The girls and Mrs Kehoe at the end of their evening meal. They are collecting plates and putting crockery by the sink ready for washing up.

(CONTINUED)
Eilis puts fresh bowls and spoons down on the table. Mrs Kehoe comes to the table with a large pie on a plate.

MRS KEHOE
I think this is the first time that any girl of mine has passed an exam while living here, so I bought us a treat.

There are murmurs of appreciation. Mrs Kehoe sits down at the table and starts cutting the pie into slices and putting the slices into bowls.

PATTY
Have you told Tony, Eilis?

EILIS
Of course.

SHEILA
And is he taking you out to celebrate?

EILIS
We’re going to Coney Island at the weekend.

DIANA
(drily)
Oh, boy.

EILIS
What does that mean?

DIANA
You have a bathing costume?

EILIS
No. I was going to get one at...

PATTY
Do you have sunglasses?

EILIS
(increasingly alarmed)
No.

SHEILA
You need sunglasses. I read that if you don’t have them on the beach this year people will talk about you.

MRS KEHOE
(witheringly)
And what will they say, exactly, Sheila?

(CONTINUED)
Sheila blushes.

DOLORES

(seriously)
That’s the thing, Mrs Kehoe. You’d never know, because they’d never say it to your face.

Mrs Kehoe rolls her eyes.

MRS KEHOE
Diana’s right, though, Eilis. You need to think carefully about your costume. It’s the most Tony will ever have seen of you. You don’t want to put him off.

INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY

Eilis in her lunch hour, choosing a one-piece bathing suit from the racks in front of her. She picks out a black one and a pink one, and goes off towards the dressing-rooms. As if from nowhere, Miss Fortini appears.

MISS FORTINI
Are you going to the beach?

EILIS
Yes, Miss Fortini. To Coney Island.
With Tony.

MISS FORTINI
Well, I know he’s a saint, this Tony, but every Italian man cares about how his girlfriend looks in her bathing suit. I’d better help you.

EILIS
Thank you.

INT. CHANGING ROOM. DAY

Eilis walks into one of the cubicles, but before she can pull the curtain across, Miss Fortini is in the cubicle with her. There’s hardly room for the two of them. Eilis starts to get undressed, as modestly as she can in the peculiar circumstances. Miss Fortini watches her, matter-of-factly.

Later. Eilis is wearing the black suit. Miss Fortini looks at her thoughtfully, and then reaches forward to pull down the fabric at the top of Ellis’s thigh.

(CONTINUED)
MISS FORTINI
You’ll have to shave down here.
I’ll give you a razor that will do the trick.

She then reaches round to cup Eilis’s bottom. Eilis is too shocked to say anything.

MISS FORTINI
You’re all right there for the moment. And most Italian men appreciate the fuller figure. But watch yourself, over the summer.

She steps back as far as she can and looks at her.

MISS FORTINI
The black’s too dark, for your pale skin. Let’s see you in the green.

Eilis hesitates.

MISS FORTINI
Quickly now.

OMITTED

EXT. CONEY ISLAND. DAY

Tony and Eilis on the boardwalk at Coney Island. It’s a bright, beautiful day; Eilis is, after all, wearing fashionable sunglasses and a headscarf. They’re both eating cotton candy. They stop and look for a space on the packed beach.

TONY
I can see a spot down there that’s probably big enough for one. If we can wedge ourselves in, maybe we can eventually create enough space for two.
We watch as Tony and Eilis make their way down onto the beach to become a small and anonymous part of the New York summer.

Tony is holding a towel round Eilis as she struggles in to her bathing costume. He’s looking away, presumably at her request.

**EILIS**

Why didn’t you tell me to put my costume on underneath my clothes?

**TONY**

I thought you’d know.

She’s finished struggling.

**EILIS**

I’m ready.

He drops the towel. Eilis stands there in her costume, a little embarrassed. Tony gives a loud and lascivious wolf-whistle. Eilis giggles with embarrassment and pleasure.

Eilis and Tony in the sea. Eilis swims away from Tony – she’s a good swimmer – but he swims after her, catches her and draws him to her. He picks her up as she tries to wriggle away, laughing. He pulls her to him and kisses her. She freezes a little and pushes him away.

**TONY**

(smiling)

I’m sorry. What’s a guy supposed to do?

She looks at him, and then kisses him deeply.

FADE OUT.

Eilis at her counter, serving a customer. Music, something ominously melancholic that undercuts the banal pleasantries of Eilis’s letter.

**EILIS (V.O.)**

Dear Rose. Thanks for your letter. I was happy to hear about your golf tournament. You must have been really pleased.
INT. EILIS’S HOME IN IRELAND. DAY

We see Mary knocking on the door of Rose’s bedroom anxiously.

EILIS (V.O.)
I still miss you and mother, and I think about you every day.

INT. ROSE’S BEDROOM. DAY

Mary enters the bedroom. Rose is sprawled half out of the bed, her head nearly touching the floor; Mary rushes over to her, touches her cheek, starts to weep.

EILIS (V.O.)
But I think I can say that for the first time since I’ve been in America, I’m really happy.

INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS’S HOME. DAY

Mary sitting on an armchair in her parlour, gripping a handkerchief tightly. The room is filling up with sombre, concerned people who are queuing up to speak to her.

EILIS (V.O.)
At the weekend he took me to see the Brooklyn Dodgers, the baseball team he loves. They lost, so he was annoyed.

INT. CHURCH. EVENING

Mary on her knees in church, while she prays at mass.

EILIS (V.O.)
But I’ve also started to look for office work, too. I had an interview this week at a textile firm here in Brooklyn.
INT. BARTOCCI’S. DAY

Eilis looks up, startled, as Miss Fortini and Father Flood approach her counter.

EILIS (V.O.)
Who’d have thought that there would be two book-keepers in the family?
I’ll soon be able to afford to...

Her voice trails off. We can’t hear what Father Flood is saying to her, but she looks stricken. The music fades.

INT. STAFF ROOM. DAY

Father Flood and Eilis are sitting on two chairs in the middle, knees almost touching. Eilis is staring at the floor, in shock; Father Flood is watching her with enormous tenderness and concern.

FATHER FLOOD
It was sudden. I think perhaps she was ill, and she knew she was ill, and she didn’t tell anybody.

EILIS
What will happen?

FATHER FLOOD
(softly)
What can happen?

EILIS
When will they bury her?

FATHER FLOOD
Tomorrow.

EILIS
Without me.

FATHER FLOOD
Without you. You’re too far away, Eilis.

Eilis starts to cry, and becomes almost hysterical.

EILIS
Why did I ever come here? Why did I ever come here?

FATHER FLOOD
Rose wanted a better life for you. She loved how well you were doing.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
And now I will never see her again.

Father Flood doesn’t say anything.

EILIS
That’s right, isn’t it, Father? I will never see her again.

FATHER FLOOD
You know that I think you will. And she will be watching over you, every day, for the rest of your life.

EILIS
I wish I had never left. I wish I had never come over here.

INT. DINER. NIGHT

Tony and Eilis are sitting in the diner that they use before the Saturday night dances. They have coffee cups in front of them, but they’re not drinking. Tony is quiet, grief-stricken for a woman he’s never met.

TONY
I keep thinking about what it would be like if one of my brothers died. I’m sorry if that sounds selfish. But it means I can feel what you’re feeling.

EILIS
I think about it and think about it, and then I forget about it for a moment, and when I remember again it’s as though I’ve just been told. I can’t bear it, Tony.

TONY
I wish I could stay with you tonight.

EILIS
But I’ll see you in the morning. It’s very nice of your family, to come to Mass with me.

TONY
They wouldn’t miss it for anything. I don’t mean that like it sounds. I just mean...

EILIS
I know. Thank you.
TONY
You want to go home, I guess.

EILIS
Yes. But I don’t know if I can.

TONY
If it’s money, then we can all help. I mean, the whole family.

Eilis blinks back more tears.

EILIS
And how would it be for you if I did go home?

Tony shrugs, and then says, simply and sincerely

TONY
I’d be afraid, every single day.

EILIS
Afraid that I wouldn’t come back?

TONY
Yeah. Home is home.

EILIS
I’m not sure I have a home any more.

Tony thinks.

TONY
You’re not going to work tomorrow, are you?

EILIS
No.

TONY
After the mass, can I take you somewhere?

EXT. LONG ISLAND. DAY

Tony and Eilis are standing on a piece of utterly featureless and undeveloped land. The wind is blowing, and we can hear seagulls, although there is no view of the sea.

TONY
This is it.

He gestures around him.

(CONTINUED)
TONY
We’re going to build five houses here, if we can. Mom and Dad will have one, because Mom has always wanted a house with a back yard. And we’ll sell three. And the other one... My brothers asked me if I wanted it, and I said I did.

Tony studies her face intently.

TONY
So I guess what I’m saying is, would you like to live here on Long Island? I know it doesn’t look like much right now, but all the land around here has been sold, so we wouldn’t be on our own. And there’d be, there’d be telephone cables and electricity and everything.

Eilis laughs.

EILIS
I would hope so.

TONY
We’re going to set up a company, a building company, the three of us, and I’m gonna do the plumbing, and Laurence will do the carpentry, and...

Eilis looks around her, trying to imagine the future that Tony sees. It’s not so hard to do.

TONY
Don’t go quiet on me. At least tell me you’ll think about it.

EILIS
I don’t need to think about it.

She holds out her hands, and Tony takes them, and she pulls him towards her. The camera pulls back and back until we see two tiny figures, on their own, standing in the middle of their own future, of a part of America that doesn’t even exist yet.

INT. PARISH HOUSE. EVENING

Eilis is sitting in a chair in Father Flood’s office. She’s nervous and pale. Father Flood is pacing around. They are both watching the telephone.
FATHER FLOOD
I’m sure she won’t be long.

EILIS
I’m not sure she even knows where the parish house is.

FATHER FLOOD
Oh, Father Quaid has a car. He was going to collect her and drive her up.

EILIS
Part of me doesn’t even want to talk to her. My own mother!

FATHER FLOOD
It’s a difficult conversation to be having, Eilis. You wouldn’t be human if you were looking forward to it.

The telephone rings. Both of them stare at it for a second, and then Father Flood gestures at Eilis to pick it up.

EILIS
Hello? Mummy?

She sounds noticeably more Irish throughout the conversation.

EILIS
I can’t really hear you.

INT. PARISH HOUSE, IRELAND. EVENING

Mary is in the same situation - in an unfamiliar ecclesiastical office, with a priest watching her with concern. Mary looks so much older than the last time we saw her, and completely defeated. What comes out of her mouth cannot reflect the depth of her pain.

MARY
Well, the rain held off, anyway.

Intercut phone conversation.

EILIS
That’s good.

MARY
And the whole of her golf club came. Every single one of them. We had a real houseful afterwards.

Eilis doesn’t say anything.
MARY
Are you still there?

EILIS
Yes.

MARY
People really loved her, Eilis. Her friends from work, the neighbours, everybody.

Eilis is weeping.

EILIS
I know.

MARY
Nobody knew what to say to me.

Finally, her words reflect how she is feeling.

MARY
When your daddy died, I said to myself that I shouldn’t grieve too much because I had you two. And when you went to America, I told myself the same thing because she was here with me. But everyone’s gone, Eilis. I have nobody.

Eilis is weeping so hard that she can’t speak. Father Flood comes up behind her and puts his hand on her shoulders.

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Eilis lying on her bed, staring at the ceiling. She’s still wearing her coat. She gets up and leaves the room.

INT. TONY’S HOUSE. NIGHT

Eilis knocks on Tony’s door. It’s late, and the house is dark. Tony opens the door wearing a T-shirt and undershorts. He’s clearly been asleep.

TONY
Come in for a second. I’ll get dressed.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Tony and Eilis walking through the quiet, late night streets. Tony holds Eilis to him as close as he can.
TONY
(resigned, sad)
I knew it.

EILIS
Just for a month or so. I know it would make her feel a little better.

Tony doesn’t say anything.

EILIS
Please speak.

TONY
Will you marry me before you leave?

EILIS
You don’t trust me to come back?

TONY
Marry me. Marry me. We don’t have to tell anyone. We can do it quickly, and it will just be between us.

EILIS
But why do you want to do it?

TONY
(agonised)
Because if we don’t, I’ll go crazy.

EILIS
Would a promise not be the same?

TONY
If you can promise, then you can easily do this.

Eilis sighs, nods, smiles weakly.

TONY
(heartfelt)
Thank you.

EXT. MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. NIGHT

They have arrived at Eilis’s lodgings. They stand on the sidewalk outside the dark, quiet house and kiss.

EILIS
Come inside.

TONY
Really?
She leads him down the little path to her private entrance in the basement and unlocks the door.

INT. EILIS’S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Eilis and Tony enter the basement room. Eilis takes off her coat, and Tony stands there awkwardly.

TONY
So this is it? This is where you live?

EILIS
Yes, and if you make one tiny noise she’ll evict me.

Shyly, she walks towards him and kisses him gently. The kiss becomes more passionate. Eilis pulls his shirt out from his trousers and runs her hands up and down his back. They move towards the single bed without speaking. Tony lifts Eilis’s skirt and undoes his trousers and lies down on top of her. All the time, there is a sense that Tony is taking his cue from her, that he would stop the moment Eilis expressed any doubt or fear. But she moves out from underneath him and discreetly removes her panties. Tony pulls his trousers off and takes off his boxer shorts.

They make love. Eilis tries hard not to panic at the feeling of Tony inside her, but she’s clearly shocked by the sensation; meanwhile Tony is much noisier than she would want him to be, and that panics her further. Eventually he is still, and he lies on top of her for a moment.

A floorboard creaks above their heads. Tony looks up, looks at Eilis.

EILIS
Oh, there’s no point in worrying now. Stay with me.

Tony gets off her, stands up, takes the rest of his clothes off and gets into bed. Eilis hesitates, then starts to unstrap her bra.

EXT. MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. DAY

Eilis comes home from work. She pushes at the gate to the basement, but it has been padlocked.

INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE’S HOUSE. EVENING.

Eilis is making herself some scrambled eggs in the kitchen for her tea.

(CONTINUED)
Mrs Kehoe is sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper. There is a frosty silence. Patty comes in and fills the kettle.

MRS KEHOE
Patty, I’ve put a lock on the basement gate. Just for peace of mind. You never know who might try to get in there.

She folds the paper, stands up and leaves the room.

PATTY
As God is my witness, I heard nothing last night. Nothing at all. But it sounded lovely.

Eilis looks away, embarrassed.

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY

Eilis and Tony walking in to City Hall, hand-in-hand. Both have bought new suits for the occasion, but they are on their own.

INT. CITY HALL. DAY

Eilis and Tony are in the waiting room in City Hall; there are a couple of other parties waiting to get married, but they really are parties, with friends and parents and siblings. The group sitting nearest to them contains an eight or nine year-old boy, Frankie’s age, who is bored, and getting into trouble with his parents. Tony leaves Eilis sitting on a chair and starts fooling around with the boy: they play bat and ball with a rolled-up newspaper and a light plastic ball that the kid has been playing catch with. The boy’s father comes over.

BOY’S FATHER
Is he annoying you? Because he was annoying me.

The father is Irish.

TONY
No, no. I got a brother the exact same age. Hey, are you Irish?

BOY’S FATHER
(grinning)
Is it so obvious?

(CONTINUED)
TONY
I’m just about to marry an Irish
girl, so I guess I notice it more.
There are a lot of you in Brooklyn.

BOY’S FATHER
Sometimes it seems as though there
can’t be anybody left at home.
Where’s your girl from?

TONY
Enniscorthy, in County Wexford.
Have you heard of it?

Tony throws the kid a gentle pitch with the ball.

BOY’S FATHER
I think my wife has family there,
but she’s got family everywhere.

TONY
It’s the same thing with my family.
If you believe anything my dad
says, the Fiorellos own most of
Italy. I don’t understand why we
ever left.

The other man chuckles. Tony calls over to Eilis.

TONY
Hey, Eilis. Come here a second.

An official from County Hall emerges from an office and
addresses the waiting room.

OFFICIAL
Anthony Fiorello and Eilis Lacey.

TONY
Maybe another time.

BOY’S FATHER
Good luck.

Eilis takes his arm. Tony kisses her on her cheek and they
walk off to get married.

EXT. MRS KEHOE’S HOUSE. NIGHT

Tony and Eilis are kissing outside Mrs Kehoe’s. Eilis breaks
off and looks at him.

EILIS
Will we ever tell our children we
did this?

(CONTINUED)
TONY
Maybe we’ll save it for some anniversary.

EILIS
I wonder what they’ll think of it?

TONY
They’ll believe that we saw a movie and ate hot dogs. They won’t believe that on our wedding night I dropped you off at Ma Kehoe’s and went home.

Eilis smiles and kisses him again. The camera pans back to show the married couple, kissing in the dark with nowhere to go.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CHURCH IN IRELAND. DAY

A sunny Sunday morning. Eilis is emerging from Mass arm-in-arm with Mary. Suddenly we see what we haven’t been able to notice before: Eilis has come back from America a different person. She’s older, and more sophisticated, her clothes are better and brighter than those of anyone else from her town, her hair-style classier, her skin a different colour. Mary, meanwhile, has been aged very quickly by grief and loneliness.

Eilis’s emergence into the Sunday morning light is complicated. People are excited to see her, but at the same time they know they have to be respectful of her recent loss. Her friend NANCY - Eilis’s age, pretty, bubbly - is, however, just overwhelmed with excitement, and pushes through the emerging congregation to greet her. Eilis breaks into a broad smile.

EILIS
Nancy!

In a modern age, or a less buttoned-up culture, they would fall into each other’s arms and squeal. There is that level of excitement, but they channel it through the clasping of hands.

NANCY
You look so glamorous!

MARY
(sourly)
I told you so.

Eilis rolls her eyes at Nancy.

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
I’m so sorry about Rose.

EILIS
Thank you.

NANCY
It was a beautiful funeral, Mrs Lacey.

EILIS
How are you?

Nancy wiggles her fingers, and Eilis sees the engagement ring on her finger.

EILIS
(excited)
No!

MARY
I knew. But I wanted to let Nancy tell you herself.

NANCY
I’m so glad you can come to the wedding.

EILIS
Can I?

NANCY
Your mother accepted the invitation on your behalf.

EILIS
When is it?

NANCY
The 27th of August.

Eilis’s smile freezes perceptibly.

NANCY
Will you come out with George and me tomorrow night? Annette wants to see you, too.

Eilis looks at Mary for permission.

MARY
Oh, I don’t mind. I’ll have to find you a key. I don’t want you getting me out of bed.

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
We all want to hear what life in
New York is like.

EILIS
I’ll try and think of something to say.

Nancy rejoins her parents, who are standing a little way away, waiting for her.

EILIS
I’m booked to go back to New York on the twenty-first.

MARY
(blithe)
Oh, you can wait an extra week to see your best friend married.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY
Eilis walking down a path in her local church in Ireland.
She’s holding a wreath. Close on her hands – she takes her wedding ring out of her pocket, slips it on.

She arrives at Rose’s grave. She kneels, places the wreath on the grave, stands up. She’s sombre, near tears, but together.

EILIS
I’ve come home. Just for...

An elderly lady is coming down the path. Eilis stops, self-conscious, and waits until she’s walked past.

EILIS
Just for a month or so. I know mother needed me home. There’s so much to do. Mother wants me to go through all your clothes, and take what I want. I can’t bear to take anything. (Beat) Rose, I got married. I married Tony. Just before I left. Nobody knows, not even Mother. Only you, now. We were married at City Hall, and when I go back we’ll get married properly.
I’ll tell people then. I can’t believe I’m married to someone you will never know. But you’d like him. I know you would. He’s sweet, and funny, and he has these wonderful eyes that..

She stops and sighs heavily.
EILIS
I wish..Oh, I wish everything were different. (Beat) It’s so strange, being in the house without you. Every time I hear even the slightest noise I think it’s you. I pray for you every day. I hope you pray for us.

She closes her eyes, momentarily, and then walks away.

INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS’S HOUSE. DAY

Eilis and Mary, sitting at the table in the front room, plodding through the pile of letters that have to be written.

MARY
So now.

She picks up the next one in the pile.

MARY
Mrs O’Toole from Cush.

EILIS
Do we really have to do this? Getting a letter of condolence isn’t like getting a birthday present, is it? What if Mrs O’Toole from Cush writes back to thank you for your thank you?

MARY
Then I’ll thank her.

EILIS
And you’d be happy to spend the rest of your life like that?

MARY
It’s not as if I have anything else to do. Nor anybody else to talk to. It might as well be Mrs O’Toole from Cush.

EILIS
(wearily)
What do you want me to say?

Just at that moment there is the sound of a car horn – two beeps, a cheery greeting.

EILIS
That’ll be Nancy and George and Annette.

(CONTINUED)
MARY
Off you go. Enjoy yourself.

EXT. EILIS’S HOUSE. EVENING

Waiting outside in the gleaming four-door saloon car are Nancy, George, her fiancée, and his friend Jim. Both men are sporting the Rugby Club trademark blazers and Brylcreem. There is no sign of Annette. The men are in the front seats – it’s George’s car – and Nancy is in the back. Eilis pauses momentarily when she sees Jim. She smiles thinly and gets in.

INT. GEORGE’S CAR. EVENING

Eilis settles herself in and George starts the car.

NANCY
Eilis, this is Jim Farrell.

EILIS
(cool)
Hello.

Jim turns around and shakes Eilis’s hand. He’s confident, direct, sincere, manly. If he didn’t come with rugby-club baggage, he might even be described as extremely attractive.

JIM
It’s a great pleasure to meet you.

Eilis nods. When Jim has turned around again, Eilis makes a why-didn’t you-tell-me? face at Nancy.

JIM
(to George)
We could try the Connaught Hotel bar. There may be a few of the fellas from the rugby club there.

Eilis looks at Nancy, wanting her to say something; Nancy doesn’t even know there’s something to say.

EILIS
(tartly)
Do you have to be with other fellas from the rugby club all the time?

Jim turns around again. He’s amused.

JIM
No. But Nancy told us that we wouldn’t be allowed to talk to you, because you had too much to say to each other. So we’re looking for company.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
(embarrassed)
Oh. Well.

She should probably apologise, but she doesn’t.

GEORGE
Do you not like the fellas from the rugby club, Eilis?

He tries to catch Jim’s eye, but Jim doesn’t want to get involved in this.

EILIS
I don’t, particularly, George.

Nancy nudges her and makes a pleading face. Eilis ignores her.

EILIS
When I first went to America, I missed every single thing about Enniscorthy except one.

JIM
We’re not all the same.

EILIS
You all look the same. It’s the blazer and the hair-oil.

Jim and George look at each other and laugh with recognition.

EXT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL DRIVEWAY. EVENING

They get out of the car. Jim and George walk ahead – Eilis hangs back deliberately so that she can talk to Nancy.

EILIS
Why has he come? And where’s Annette?

NANCY
He saw you at Mass on Sunday morning, and he asked George if we could arrange a drink, just the four of us. And I knew you wouldn’t come if I told you. He’s very nice, so don’t be too hard on him.

EILIS
Is this the same Jim Farrell that was engaged to Cathleen Cassidy? What happened to her?
NANCY
He broke it off. He didn’t think she was serious about him. He was very upset for a while, but he’s over her now.

EILIS
Nancy, I’m...

She hesitates.

EILIS
I’m going back.

NANCY
He knows that. But you can have a bit of fun while you’re here, can’t you?

George and Jim wait for the girls to catch them up. George and Nancy then walk ahead. Jim slows his pace so that he can talk to Eilis privately.

JIM
How is your mother?

EILIS
Oh, she’s...Well, she’s sad. (Beat) And she’s got much older, very quickly.

JIM
(sincerely)
It was a terrible thing. We all went to the funeral Mass. My mother and father and myself.

EILIS
I, I didn’t know that.

JIM
My mother played golf with her, you know. She was very fond of her. It was... It was the saddest thing to happen in the town that I can remember.

Jim is so pained and so genuine that Eilis can only look at him with gratitude. She can’t speak, and she’s close to tears.

EILIS
Thank you.
Eilis, Nancy and George watch as Jim pays for the round of drinks at the bar: pints for the men, gin and bitter lemons for the girls.

JIM
We can stand at the bar, George, can’t we? And the ladies can have their gossip over there.

He gestures towards a quiet table in the corner of the room. After the conversation she had with Jim on the way in, Eilis feels awkward.

EILIS
Oh, we’re not going to talk about anything terribly exciting.

NANCY
(disappointed)
Oh, really? You’ve got nothing to tell me?

JIM
I’d love to hear something about New York. If I promise not to say anything, can I listen?

Later. Jim, George and Nancy are listening to Eilis talking about her new life.

EILIS
Ah, but that’s Manhattan. I live in Brooklyn, and I work in Brooklyn, and if I go out, I go out in Brooklyn, and the skyscrapers are across the river. I don’t even think about them, very often.

NANCY
But you’ve made friends?

EILIS
Oh, the girls in the house aren’t so bad, once you get used to them.

NANCY
You don’t make it sound very glamorous.

EILIS
It’s not, really.

NANCY
Not even...what do you call it? The department store where you work?

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
Bartocci’s? It sells lovely things.
But I can’t afford many of them,
and I don’t like the work.

JIM
What would you like to do?

EILIS
I want to do what Rose did. I want
to work in an office, and deal with
numbers. That’s why I’ve been
studying so hard.

JIM
You should call in at Davis’s. They
haven’t managed to replace Rose,
you know. We do business with them,
and they’ve been looking, but they
can’t find anyone who’s reliable
and qualified.

EILIS
I’ll be going back to New York
straight after the wedding.

JIM
But you might want to earn a little
money in the meantime. I’m sure
they’d be glad to have you.

GEORGE
(teasing)
Oh, you just want her to stay.

JIM
I’m only thinking of Eilis.

He says this ambiguously, and with a smile. He doesn’t mind
being teased, and he certainly doesn’t mind being teased on
this particular subject.

GEORGE
D’you hear that, Eilis? He’s only
thinking of you.

Eilis blushes. She makes eye contact with Jim, and she looks
away first.

EXT. EILIS’ HOUSE. NIGHT

Eilis emerges from George’s car, amid laughter. The evening
has clearly gone well. She walks towards her house and
notices that the light in the front room is still on.
Eilis comes in to the front room. Mary is reading the newspaper in an armchair.

MARY
How was your evening?

EILIS
It was very nice, thank you.

MARY
Was that Jim Farrell I saw in the car with them?

EILIS
It was.

Mary raises her eyebrows quizzically. Eilis isn’t biting.

MARY
His parents are moving, you know. They’re retiring to the country. He’ll be in that big house on his own.

EILIS
Is that right?

MARY
He’s a catch for someone. (Beat) Did you see the air-mail letter that came for you?

EILIS
No. Thank you.

She’s embarrassed by something. Mary studies her.

MARY
One of your new friends in America, I suppose.

EILIS
I expect so. Goodnight, Mummy.

Eilis rushes into the bedroom, sits on the bed, tears open her letter and reads it voraciously. We have seen something like this before - when she was in Brooklyn, devouring letters from Ireland.
Eilis walking through the streets of Enniscorthy, carrying grocery shopping. She smiles and says hello to a couple of people.

Eilis comes in through the front door with the shopping. Mary bustles out of the front room into the hall.

MARY
Oh, thank goodness you’re back.

EILIS
(alarmed)
What’s the matter?

MARY
A lad from Davis’s came round. They have a problem in their accounts department and they need you up there straight away.

EILIS
(relieved)
Is that all? I’ll just put the shopping away.

MARY
No, no, leave it. Straight away, the young fella said.

EILIS
It doesn’t matter what he said, Mother. I’m not an employee. I’d be doing them a favour.

MARY
Please, let me do the shopping.

She blocks Eilis’s way, takes the bags off her impatiently. Eilis sighs, turns around, goes out of the door.

MARIA, a woman in her mid-thirties, ushers Eilis through a large outer office where several people are working into a smaller office. On the desk there is a framed photograph of Eilis. She sees it immediately, but doesn’t say anything.

MARIA
The problem is that it’s our busy season, so all the drivers and mill-workers did overtime last week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
She picks a pile of slips up off the desk.

MARIA
But there’s been nobody to work it all out and add it to their wage slips, and some of the men have started to complain. And I can’t blame them. As you can see, it’s all a terrible mess.

EILIS
If you leave me for a couple of hours, I can work out a system so that whoever comes in after me won’t have any trouble. I’ll come and find you if I have any questions.

MARIA
You’re sure you don’t need me in here?

EILIS
I’m sure.

Later. Eilis is completely absorbed in her work - this, after all, is what she has always wanted to do.

At the end of the day, the office is in impeccable shape - Eilis has tidied up all the overtime slips, and has wage packets lined up in alphabetical order in a box. Just as she is standing up to go, there is a perfunctory knock on the door and MR BROWN, owner of Davis’s, walks in.

MR BROWN
Hello, Eilis. Maria has been telling me that you’ve done the most marvellous job here. We should have known you would, of course. You’re Rose’s sister, after all.

EILIS
Thank you.

MR BROWN
I’m told you have a certificate in book-keeping. Is it American book-keeping?

EILIS
I got the certificate in America, but the two systems are very similar.
MR BROWN
Well, we’ll certainly need someone to deal with wages and so on during the busy season, so I’d like you to continue on a part-time basis. Let’s see how that goes, and then we’ll speak again.

EILIS
I will be going back to the United States soon.

MR BROWN
As I say. Let’s you and I speak again before we make any firm decisions one way or the other.

Eilis hesitates for a moment.

EILIS
Yes, Mr. Brown. Of course. Thank you.

MR BROWN
Now, if you go and see Maria, she’ll have your money for today.

EXT. CLIFFTOPS. DAY
A gorgeous, sunny, windy August day. Nancy, George, Eilis and Jim stand on the cliffs looking out to sea. They are carrying towels and bathing suits. Down beneath them is a gloriously empty sandy beach.

EILIS
(wonderingly)
I’d forgotten.

NANCY
What?

EILIS
This.

JIM
Do you have beaches in Brooklyn?

Eilis smiles, remembering her day with Tony at Coney Island.

EILIS
Yes. But...they’re different. The one I’ve been to is, anyway.

JIM
Stones?
EILIS
(confused)
Stones?

JIM
Are the beaches stony?

EILIS
Oh. It’s not that. They’re very crowded.

JIM
There will probably be quite a few walkers here later.

EILIS
(smiles)
Yes, I’m sure. It’s still not the same.

JIM
I’m sure it’s not. (Sadly) We don’t really know anything of the rest of the world. We must seem very backward to you now.

EILIS
Of course not. You seem calm, and civilized. And charming.

To her own amazement, Eilis is flirting.

The four make their way down the path to the beach. George holds Nancy’s hand as she jumps down the last big step; Jim offers his hand to Eilis. She hesitates, and then takes it. There is a moment between them as she reaches the sand.

Jim and Eilis walk behind Nancy and George along the beach.

JIM
My mother wanted you to know that the golf club is inaugurating a prize in Rose’s name. A special trophy, for the best score by a lady newcomer at the club. She was always very nice to the newcomers, my mother says.

Eilis stops, a little overcome.
JIM
I hope you’re pleased.

EILIS
Yes. Of course. (Beat) So every year, somebody will win the Rose Lacey Trophy?

JIM
Every year. As long as there’s a golf club.

Eilis starts to walk again, lost in thought.

JIM
I think my mother would like you to come along and present it to the first winner. Oh, and she’d like to meet you, by the way. I’m supposed to arrange a time when you can come for tea.

EILIS
Thank you. I’d like that. (Beat) I wish it had been like this before I went. Before Rose died.

JIM
Like what?

EILIS
There was no place for me here before. And now...I have a job, and

She makes a vague gesture, which seems to include Jim, and trails off.

NANCY
(off in the distance)
Here?

She dumps the towels where she is standing.

Later. Nancy, George and Jim are engaged in the age-old and inelegant struggle between towels and immodesty, as they try to put their bathing costumes on. They hop on one leg, curse and giggle. Eilis takes off her blouse and skirt to reveal the bathing costume (and more of the tan) that she got in America. Nancy and George are impressed with the simplicity of the idea; Jim is just impressed generally.

NANCY
Is that an American trick?

EILIS
Yes. It’s a good one, isn’t it?

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
It’s depressing, though, that we don’t think of things like that, isn’t it? I mean, how long have they known about it? A hundred years, probably.

JIM
(reverently)
I don’t think they had bathing suits like that a hundred years ago. And we still don’t have them now.

Nancy and George exchange knowing, smiling glances.

NANCY
Come on.

The four of them skip down the sand into the sea.

INT. TONY’S HOUSE. NIGHT

Frankie, Tony’s little brother, is lying on his bed in his pyjamas, reading. Tony comes in.

TONY
You want to go see the Dodgers on Saturday?

Frankie sits bolt upright.

FRANKIE
Sure.

TONY
OK, will you do something for me?

FRANKIE
What?

Tony closes the bedroom door behind him.

TONY
So if you laugh, or say anything about this to anyone else in the family, you don’t get to see the Dodgers on Saturday. Or any other day of the season. Also, you get a beating.

FRANKIE
Maybe it’s just better if I don’t get involved.
TONY
I really need your help.

FRANKIE
So stop telling me you’re going to beat me up. I like the Dodgers, but I could listen on the radio.

Tony produces a letter from his pocket. It’s crumpled, and a little grubby.

TONY
You know you’re the best writer and reader in the family?

FRANKIE
(cocky)
Yeah.

TONY
I’m trying to write to Eilis, and I want it to be, I dunno...

FRANKIE
You wrote before already. About five times.

TONY
Yeah, but... They’re no good, Frankie. And she’s only written back once. She’s never read my writing before. I’m worried I’m putting her off me.

FRANKIE
I’m eight years old. I don’t know anything about kissing.

TONY
You don’t need to know anything about kissing. You need to know about spelling and, and sentences.

FRANKIE
Grammar.

TONY
Yeah. Will you look?

He hands Frankie the letter hopefully, and a little desperately.
Eilis, Jim, Nancy and George in the sea. Nancy and George are physically intimate with each other, in the way that Tony and Eilis were at Coney Island; Eilis and Jim are further apart, of course, but by no means distant, and playful with each other. Music - the score at this point is wistful, regretful, heartbreaking.

**TONY (V.O.)**
(in a halting, unconfident monotone)
Dear Eilis, I hope that you are doing well in Ireland. I hope that your mother is feeling less sad. It will not be long before your friend gets married and you can come home.

Eilis back at Davis’s, in her one-woman accounts department. She’s animated, confident, her intelligence alive in her face. She’s tallying up a row of figures in a ledger. On the desk, there is a framed photograph of Rose. A driver knocks on the door, she smiles, hands him a wage packet.

**TONY (V.O.)**
This week it is like the whole world’s basements are flooding. I have fixed three. I have been working hard. I have been saving money.

**TONY (V.O.)**
Everybody asks me about you all the time.

**FRANKIE (V.O.)**
You missed out an ‘e’ I think. It’s “everybody”.

A different beach. Jim and Eilis, walking along the water’s edge, carrying their shoes.

**TONY (V.O.)**
Anyway, I think that is all my news. Mom and Dad and my brothers all say hello.
Mary gets up from her armchair, pulls back the curtains. She sees Jim's car parked outside on the street.

**TONY (V.O.)**
I think about you most minutes of most days. Even when I go to see the Dodgers I do not concentrate on the games. (To Frankie) I guess I got “concentrate” wrong, right?

Mary peers intently into the darkness. She, like us, can see Eilis and Jim kissing chastely.

**TONY (V.O.)**
With love, your Tony. (Beat) So how should I change it?

Mary smiles.

**INT. EILIS’S HOUSE. DAY**

Eilis comes in from work. On the hall table there is an airmail letter. She picks it up. She is about to open it there and then, but she decides not to.

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY**

Eilis sits down on the bed with the letter. She stares at the crude but neat handwriting. She goes to open it again - and again, she can’t bring herself to do it.

Close on the top drawer of the chest of drawers by Eilis’s bed. Her hand opens the drawer, puts the letter on top of several other identical letters, all apparently unopened.

**INT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL. EVENING**

Jim and Eilis are eating at the Connaught. Jim is wearing a blazer, and he’s nervous. Eilis recognises his nerves and his vulnerability, and she’s grateful for them.

**EILIS**
No hair oil. And that’s not a blazer, it’s a sports jacket. Have you come out in disguise, Jim Farrell? Are you trying to trick me?

Jim laughs self-deprecatingly, blushes, and smooths his hair, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)
JIM
I knew what you meant, when you said we’re all the same. And it made me think that my life must seem very easy to you. I’m going to run my father’s bar, and I’m going to live in my parents’ house. I can see what that must look like from the outside. But it doesn’t feel like that.

EILIS
What does it feel like?

Jim thinks.

Later. Eilis is eating a roast dinner. Jim doesn’t seem to have touched the food on his plate. He is in full flow.

JIM
And I’ve never been anywhere. I have never even been to England. I’d like to see London, and Paris, and Rome. And New York. It frightens me, the thought of dying without ever leaving Ireland. And there are other things, too...

Later. They are drinking coffee.

JIM
I’m sorry. I wanted to ask you a thousand things and all I’ve done is talked.

EILIS
I’m glad.

JIM
Really?

EILIS
Yes.

EXT. CHURCHYARD. DAY
133

It’s the day of Nancy and George’s wedding. Jim, Eilis and Mary, all dressed in Sunday best, are walking towards the church, Mary on Eilis’s arm.

MARY
I don’t want to be sitting right at the back.

(CONTINUED)
JIM
Oh, we'll make sure you get the best seats in the house.
MARY
(alarmed)
Oh, it wouldn’t feel right, sitting up there with Nancy and George.

JIM
(smiling)
We’ll find the second-best seats in the house, then. Would you like me to run ahead and save a couple of places, Mrs Lacey?

MARY
Would you mind, Jim? That would be grand.

Jim walks briskly ahead.

MARY
He’s a real gentleman, isn’t he?

EILIS
(neutral)
He is.

MARY
He came along at just the right time for us.

Eilis says nothing.

MARY
Is he why you changed your ticket again?

EILIS
Oh, no. They need me at Davis’s too much for me to think about going for a week or two, that’s all.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

Nancy and George getting married. Nancy is looking into George’s eyes and reciting her vows.

NANCY
I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honour you all the days of my life.

We see Jim, Eilis and Mary in the congregation. Jim tries to steal a sideways glance at Eilis, but she won’t catch his eye, and, to Jim at least, her expression is unreadable - certainly she’s not smiling. If anything, she looks afraid.
As Nancy and George get into the car that will take them to the church and the reception, Eilis has been caught by one of Mary’s friends, Mrs Byrne.

**MRS BYRNE**

(knowingly)

Your mother tells me you things are working out for you very well in Enniscorthy, Eilis.

Eilis doesn’t know what to say.

**EILIS**

It was a lovely service.

**MRS BYRNE**

And Mr and Mrs Farrell are moving out to Glenbrien, so Jim will...

**EILIS**

(abrupt)

Yes, I know. (Beat) Jim and I promised my mother we’d take her back to the car. She says she can’t remember where we parked it.

**MRS BYRNE**

Oh, do you hear that? “Jim and I! Jim and I!”. It won’t be long now, by the sound of it, and your mother will have a wonderful day out.

Eilis smiles thinly.

**EILIS**

Will you excuse me?

**INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. NIGHT**

Jim and Eilis are slow-dancing to the band, along with several other couples, in the ballroom of the hotel. It’s clearly the fag-end of the evening, and many of the older people have gone home, apart from those too incapable of stirring themselves.

**JIM**

Can we talk?

Eilis pulls her face away, looks at him.

**EILIS**

What about?
JIM

About...Well, the future.

Eilis takes a breath. She can guess what’s coming.

EILIS

Yes.

JIM

I can’t just let you go back to America without saying anything. I’d regret it for the rest of my life. So: I don’t want you to go. I want you to stay here, with me.

Eilis stiffens perceptibly.

JIM

And that means asking you another question, I know that, but I don’t want to bombard you. I’ll save that one for later.

He looks at her expectantly. She shrugs helplessly.

EILIS

Thank you. (Beat) I’m...I’m grateful. And I’m flattered.

JIM

But that’s all?

EILIS

No. No, of course not. It’s just...I had imagined a different life for myself.

JIM

I understand. But your life here could be just as good. Better, even, maybe.
Eilis returns to her previous position: she holds Jim close to her, and puts her head on his shoulder. That way she can demonstrate how she feels without having to say any more.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Eilis is sitting on her bed surrounded by Tony’s letters. She has an air-mail pad on her knee and a pen is poised above the paper. She starts to write.

EILIS (V.O.)
Dear Tony,

She stops again. There’s a pause.

EILIS (V.O.)
Thank you for your letters.

Another pause.

I want you to know that...

She stops again.

EILIS
(out loud, agonised) I don’t know what I want you to know.

EXT. THE FARRELL HOUSE. DAY

Jim lives on the edge of Enniscorthy, in a pretty detached house set back from the road. It’s not big, but it’s bigger than her mother’s house. His car turns into the gravel drive. He jumps out, runs round, opens the door for Eilis, who is wearing Sunday best, a nicely-cut dress that she couldn’t have bought in Ireland.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Mrs Farrell, a large, homely, pleasant woman is pouring tea for Eilis in the small back garden of the house. Jim and Eilis are sitting on chairs at the garden table; Jim’s father is sitting away from them, smoking a pipe on a bench at the end of the garden. It’s a hot day, but there is plenty of shade.

MRS FARRELL
(to her husband)
Will you finish that wretched pipe and sit with us?

MR FARRELL
I can hear perfectly well from where I am.
MRS FARRELL
We’re not here to provide you with entertainment.

MR FARRELL
Oh, don’t you worry. I found that out many years ago.

Jim rolls his eyes at Eilis. She smiles.

MRS FARRELL
(provocatively quiet)
Just ignore him, Eilis. It’s as well Jim takes after me, not him.

MR FARRELL
(shouting)
Speak up!

EILIS
(a little louder than necessary)
Are you looking forward to your move?

MRS FARRELL
(still quiet)
Ah, we’ll miss Enniscorthy. But it’s lovely and quiet in Glenbrien.

Over on the bench, Mr Farrell puts down his pipe in irritation and stomps over to join them.

JIM
Mother’s worried about leaving me here on my own. She thinks I’ll destroy the place.

MRS FARRELL
(carefully)
I’m hoping you won’t be on your own forever.

EILIS
I’m sure he won’t.

Almost before the words are out of her mouth, Eilis can see that she’s said more than she meant to, and we can see she feels panicky. She tries to clarify her position.

EILIS
I mean...

But she can’t find words with the necessary ambiguity - unsurprisingly, given that she doesn’t know what she feels. Mrs Farrell looks at Jim meaningfully.
It’s clear that Eilis has her approval. Jim smiles. He looks happy and proud – and, to us, vulnerable.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

Eilis standing at Rose’s grave. She has just left fresh flowers by the headstone.

EILIS
You’re the only person I can talk to, Rose. There’s nobody else. Not Tony, my husband. My husband! Not Jim. Not mother. Oh, Rose. Can you imagine If I told mummy that I was going to marry Jim? That would be everything she wanted. She wouldn’t be alone. And I could be happy, I know I could. I’d be happy with Jim here, at home. And I could be happy with Tony in America. I know that, too... I wish I could do nothing. I wish I could float above it all, watching. Like you.

EXT. EILIS’S HOUSE, STREET. DAY

Eilis has just returned from visiting Rose’s grave. She is about to walk down the path into her house when she sees Mary, Miss Kelly’s shop assistant, walking towards her briskly.

EILIS
Mary!

MARY
I was just coming to fetch you.

EILIS
(amused)
To fetch me? I haven’t worked for Miss Kelly for a long time, Mary. I may call in to see her soon, if that’s what she wants.

MARY
(anxious)
Please come, Eilis. She told me not to come back without you. You know what she’s like.

EXT. KELLY SHOP, STREET. DAY

Miss Kelly is waiting at the door of the shop where Eilis used to work as Eilis and Mary approach.

(CONTINUED)
MISS KELLY
You look after things for five minutes while I’m upstairs with Eilis, please, Mary. There are no customers in there at the moment, so I don’t think you can make too much of a mess of things.

She leads Eilis round the side of the shop, where there is an entrance to Miss Kelly’s home above the shop. She opens the door without saying anything, and Eilis follows her inside.

INT. MISS KELLY’S FRONT ROOM. DAY

A dingy room, full of old furniture and dust and no colour. We see the dust motes in the afternoon sunlight. Eilis and Miss Kelly enter the room, and Miss Kelly sits down in an armchair. She gestures at Eilis to sit on a smaller armchair facing her. Eilis perches on it, unwilling to relax.

MISS KELLY
So. How have you been getting on?

EILIS
Very well, thanks, Miss Kelly.

MISS KELLY
I heard that you’re working over at Davis’s? In the accounts department?

EILIS
That’s right.

MISS KELLY
And there’s lots of talk about you and young Jim Farrell.

EILIS
Ah, well. You know what people are like. They love to talk.

Miss Kelly smiles to herself.

MISS KELLY
Yes. Do you remember Mrs Brady?

Eilis thinks, or pretends to.

MISS KELLY
She usually comes into the shop on Sunday morning for her rashers.

This hasn’t helped. Eilis still looks blank.
MISS KELLY
No? Well, you have a very busy life now. What with one thing and another.

Miss Kelly pauses for a moment. She’s enjoying unsettling Eilis.

MISS KELLY
Anyway, Mrs Brady has a niece living in Brooklyn.

Eilis is now beginning to feel uneasy - we can almost see the chill that is beginning to run through her.

MISS KELLY
The world is a small place, isn’t it? She had a letter from her a couple of weeks back.

EILIS
And what did it say?

MISS KELLY
Oh, only that she’d been to a wedding at the registry office, and her husband had bumped into a girl from Enniscorthy who was getting married there.

EILIS
I’m not sure what you’re telling me, Miss Kelly. He didn’t bump into me.

This has only the virtue of being literally true. Eilis is visibly shaking. Miss Kelly is loving this. There is unambiguous pleasure on her face.

MISS KELLY
Oh, you can’t fool me, Miss Lacey. Although I’m not sure that’s your name any longer, is it? He couldn’t remember. Something Italian, he thought.

Suddenly, Eilis finds the will to resist her.

EILIS
(quietly)
I’d forgotten.

MISS KELLY
(snorting disbelief)
You’d forgotten! What a thing for—

(CONTINUED)
EILIS
I’d forgotten what this town is like. What were you planning to do, Miss Kelly? Keep me away from Jim? Stop me from going back to America? Perhaps you didn’t even know. Perhaps it was enough for you to know that you could ruin me.

She stands up.

EILIS
My name is Eilis Fiorello.

She meets Miss Kelly’s stare and then leaves the room.

EXT. KELLY SHOP, STREET. DAY

Eilis comes out of Miss Kelly’s flat and closes the door. She stops for a moment, closes her eyes, then walks on.

EXT. POST OFFICE. DAY

We see Eilis walking in to the local post office.

INT. POST OFFICE. DAY

Minutes later. Eilis is leaning against the wall in a telephone kiosk, shaken by her encounter. The telephone rings. She answers it immediately.

EILIS
Thank you.... Hello? I would like to make a reservation for the next available sailing from Cobh to New York....

INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS’S HOUSE. EVENING

Eilis and Mary, eating their dinner. Eilis is drawn, distracted; Mary is content and chatty. We join her in mid-flow.

MARY
I think people even spend more money after a wedding. Nancy’s mother must have been in every shop in the town. She was buying firelighters in Broom’s. Firelighters! In August!

(CONTINUED)
Close on Eilis. She can hardly bear to listen to this. She begins to weep silently.
MARY
But she’d seen Mrs Stapleton in there, and she hadn’t had a chance to go through the whole day in detail with her, so...

Finally Mary notices her tears.

MARY
Eilis, what’s the matter? Has something happened with Jim?

EILIS
Mummy, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I’m married. I got married in Brooklyn before I came home. I should have told you. I should have told you the minute I got back.

Mary puts down her knife and fork. She holds on to the table, as if to steady herself.

MARY
And you kept it from me all this time?

Eilis closes her eyes. She cannot bear the pain she is causing her mother.

MARY
So you’re going back?

Eilis nods.

EILIS
Yes. Tomorrow.

A very brief expression of shock appears on her mother’s face.

EILIS
I want to be with him. I want to be with my husband.

MARY
Of course. Is he nice?

EILIS
Yes.

MARY
(softly, heartbroken)
He would have to be nice, if you married him. The letters that came... I didn’t want to ask.

Eilis is crying again.
EILIS
I know you didn’t. And I didn’t
want to tell you.

Mary stands up.

MARY
Are you on the early train?

Eilis nods.

MARY
I’m going to bed.

EILIS
Oh, mummy...It’s not even eight
o’clock. You don’t have to..

MARY
I’m very tired. And I’d rather say
goodbye now, and only once.

Eilis stands up and they embrace.

MARY
If you weren’t married, would you
still be going back?

EILIS
(helplessly)
Yes.

And then, recognising that this admission causes fresh
pain...

EILIS
I don’t know.

MARY
Perhaps you’ll write to me about
him when you get back?

EILIS
I will.

MARY
Thank you. Have a safe journey.
Goodnight, Eilis.

She walks out of the room, dignified, determined, broken.
Eilis sits back down at the dinner table and puts her head in
her hands.

Montage:
INT. EILIS’S HOUSE – ROSE’S BEDROOM. DAY

Eilis is standing in the doorway looking at the empty room.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Eilis standing outside a large house a little way out of the town. She hesitates, walks down the path and puts a letter through the letter-box.

INT. TRAIN. MORNING

Eilis sitting in a train carriage, looking out of the window.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Jim, dressed for work, stoops to pick up an envelope on the mat in the hallway. He opens it, starts to read the letter it contains.

EXT. SHIP. DAY.

Eilis, standing with a few other passengers on the deck of an passenger ship looking back at the dock as it disappears. A young-looking teenage girl standing a few feet away is watching too. She turns to Eilis.

GIRL ON DECK
So are you away to live in America?

Eilis doesn’t turn towards the voice.

EILIS
No.

GIRL ON DECK
Just visiting?

EILIS
No. I live there already.

GIRL ON DECK
Really? What’s it like?

Eilis smiles wearily.

EILIS
It’s a big place.

GIRL ON DECK
I’m going to live in Brooklyn, New York. Do you know it?

(CONTINUED)
Yes. EILIS

Yes.
GIRL ON DECK
People say that there’s so many
Irish people there, it’s like home.
Is that right?

Finally, Eilis turns to study the girl - takes in her youth,
and her innocence, and her fear.

EILIS
Yes, it’s just like home.

The girl smiles gratefully. Eilis turns away. Suddenly she
thinks better of her unfriendliness, and turns back to the
girl.

EILIS
You’re not to eat.

GIRL ON DECK
Oh. Right. (Beat) But I might be there years.

Eilis smiles.

EILIS
No, you can eat when you get there.
But don’t eat on the boat. It’ll stop you getting so sick. Do you
promise me?

GIRL ON DECK
I promise.

EILIS
And in a moment, I want you to go
straight down to your cabin and
lock the bathroom door on your
side. When next door starts
hammering, you can negotiate....
When you get to Immigration, keep
your eyes wide open, and look as if
you know where you’re going. You
have to think like an American.

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE. DAY

We see the girl joining the back of a dispiritingly long
queue - the same desperation and poverty ahead of her that
Eilis had to deal with when she arrived in New York. Eilis
walks past her quickly down a different path - she gives the
girl on the deck a nod and a smile of encouragement. She
joins a tiny queue over which hangs a sign saying US
CITIZENS ONLY.

(CONTINUED)
EILIS (V.O.)
You’ll feel so homesick that you’ll want to die, and there’s nothing you can do about it apart from endure it. But you will, and it won’t kill you. And one day the sun will come out...

EXT. HOUSE IN BROOKLYN. DAY

Eilis is leaning against a wall opposite a three-story brownstone in Brooklyn. She has her eyes closed as she soaks up the last of a late-summer sunny day. The front door of the brownstone opens, and two men, dressed in overalls and carrying tools, come out chatting. One of them is Tony. Eilis sees him before he sees her, and the camera stays on him for a moment - we notice his openness, his good humour, his innocence.

EILIS (V.O.)
And you’ll realise that this is where your life is.

Tony sees her. He stops in his tracks, smiles broadly, runs across the road. For a moment he’s worried about the reception he’s getting. Eilis’s expression is difficult to read, and for a moment he looks at her anxiously, but she opens her arms to him. Freeze on their embrace.

THE END