

BROOKLYN

by

Nick Hornby

YELLOW SCRIPT
24th April 2014

Adapted from the novel by Colm Toibin

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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,

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.

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Her friend NANCY, already wearing her coat, smiles at Ellis, pulls the door shut behind her, and starts walking off down the street with Ellis trailing in her wake.

7

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

7

Nancy and Ellis 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

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?

7

CONTINUED:

7

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.

8

INT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT

8

Nancy and Ellis 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. Ellis'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 Ellis 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. Ellis rolls her eyes. Nancy is blushing.

Later. Nancy and Ellis are still waiting. Ellis 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 Ellis, 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, ELLIS'S HOUSE. EVENING

MARY

They say it's hotter there in the summer, and colder in the winter.

Mary puts her knife and fork down despairingly.

MARY

(with deep but clearly displaced anxiety)

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

ROSE

She'll buy them, mother.

MARY

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

ROSE

She won't have much choice. She'll

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.

11 EXT. LINER. DAY

11

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.

12 INT. STAIRCASE, LINER. DAY

12

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.

13 INT. CABIN. DAY

13

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'. Ellis pushes it open and sees two middle-aged women unpacking.

ELLIS

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

She finishes, dabs her mouth with the napkin. The under-employed 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.

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 ship's 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...

...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.

18

CONTINUED:

18

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

But now you've got no toilet for five days, you bastards.

Ellis 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.

19

INT. CABIN. DAY

19

Georgina comes into the cabin. Ellis 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)

19

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.

20

EXT. DECK. DAY

20

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.

21

INT. CANTEEN. NIGHT

21

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.

22

INT. CABIN. NIGHT

22

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.

23

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE. DAY

23

Eilis is in the queue to get in to the immigration centre, looking anxiously at the other 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.

24

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE. DAY

24

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 (2 327eN), are.4qeing turned

A few minutes later. Ellis 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 Ellis 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 Ellis 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.

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, Ellis?

EILIS

Yes, Mrs Kehoe.

SHEILA

Oh, Bartocci's is bound to have it.

28 EXT. MRS KEHOE'S STREET. DAY 28

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

29 EXT. FULTON STREET. DAY 29

The camera picks Ellis 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.

30 INT. STAFF ROOM, BARTOCCI'S. DAY 30

Ellis takes her clock card from the holder in the wall, puts

30

CONTINUED:

30

EILIS
(sincerely)
Thank you.

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

31

OMITTED

31

32

INT. BARTOCCI'S. DAY

32

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. Ellis 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.

Ellis 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 Ellis 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.

Lunch time. While Ellis eats her grilled cheese sandwich at the counter, she watches her fellow diners - male colleagues

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.

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

WAITER

See you tomorrow, sweetheart.

Ellis gives a quick, thin smile and walks out.

34 EXT. STREET. DAY 34

Ellis comes out of the lunch joint and exhales.

35 INT. DINING ROOM, MRS. KEHOE'S HOUSE. EVENING. 35

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, Ellis? 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.

Ellis is flustered.

SHEILA

(wearily)
Oh, dear God.

MRS KEHOE

I'll thank you to keep His name out

35

CONTINUED:

35

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,
Ellis.

Ellis 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.

36

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING

36

The door bursts open and Ellis 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.

36A

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

36A

Rose is at her desk, writing to Ellis.

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

36B

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

36B

Rose's voice fades out. Ellis'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.

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

MARY (V.O.)

Ellis is 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! /TT1.0 1 Tf(newspapers

FATHER FLOOD (CONT'D)

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.

41 INT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE. NIGHT

41

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'.

42 INT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE - CORRIDOR. NIGHT

42

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.

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.

43

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

43

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)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

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.

44

EXT. STREET. DAY

44

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.

45

INT. PARISH HALL. DAY

45

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

FATHER FLOOD (CONT'D)

Ah. Frankie Doran. He's not your father.

EILIS

Do you know everyone here?

FATHER FLOOD

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.

FATHER FLOOD

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.

FATHER FLOOD

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.

47 INT. PARISH HALL. DAY 47
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.

48 EXT. PARISH HALL. DUSK 48
Eilis steps out into a blizzard. There is a man sitting against the wall, asleep.

49 EXT. BROOKLYN. DUSK 49
Eilis making her way through the deserted streets, alone, the wind and snow cutting through her.
Montage and music end.

50 INT. HALLWAY, MRS. KEHOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 50
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

ELLIS
Thank you, Mrs Kehoe.

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

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, Ellis?

EILIS

Yes, Mrs Kehoe.

MRS KEHOE

Well, you can look after Dolores, then.

EILIS

Of course.

53

INT. BEDROOM, MRS KEHOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

53

Ellis 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

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?

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.

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.

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

DOLORES

Did you see? What a pair of
bitches. That's what the old woman
called them. She said they were all
bitches, apart from you.

Ellis 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.

We see the reflection of the girls in the mirror as Patty
fiddles with Ellis's hair.

PATTY

I know.

She rummages around in her handbag and pulls out a couple of
hair-grips. She uses them to put Ellis'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.

58

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

58

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?

Ellis 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.

59

INT. DINER. NIGHT

59

Ellis 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

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

MRS KEHOE

What is the matter with you girls
now?

PATTY

Nothing the matter with us, Mrs
Kehoe.

She looks steadily at Ellis.

MRS KEHOE

Is this all because Ellis has found
herself a young man?

DIANA

(mock-surprised)

Ellis'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 Ellis, 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.

The shop is quiet. Dorothy and Ellis 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.

Ellis looks at her quizzically.

DOROTHY

I'm gonna talk to Miss Fortini about this.

She marches off. Ellis 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 Ellis. She's angry.

MISS FORTINI

Ellis, I want you to know that Dorothy has left our employment.

Ellis 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.

Ellis 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.

ELLIS

I will.

Ellis shows Miss Fortini the Red Fox stockings.

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?

Ellis 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...

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.

TONY

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.

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?

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?

Eilis makes a despairing face.

PATTY
Let's go again.

67 EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

67

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.

68 EXT. CINEMA. NIGHT

68

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.

69 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

69

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.

69A EXT. RIVERBANK. - DAY

69A

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?

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.

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 scallopi ni , 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?

FRANKIE

You know why? Too much of this.

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

LAURENZIO

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

EILIS

They're that important to you?

TONY

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

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

FRANKIE

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

More laughter. But Tony is watching her carefully.

73

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

73

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

TONY

(softly)
I love you.

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

EILIS

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

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

74

INT. BATHROOM, MRS. KEHOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

74

Ellis in the bathroom in her dressing gown, cleaning her

SHEILA (O. S.)

Sorry!

Ellis 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.

Ellis 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.

Ellis 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.

76

EXT. BROOKLYN COLLEGE. NIGHT

76

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

TONY

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

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

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

(dryly)
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?

Sheila blushes.

DOLORES
(seriously)

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 Ellis's bottom. Ellis 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.

Ellis hesitates.

MISS FORTINI

Quickly now.

82 OMITTED

82

83 OMITTED

83

84 EXT. CONEY ISLAND. DAY

84

Tony and Ellis on the boardwalk at Coney Island. It's a bright, beautiful day; Ellis 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.

84

CONTINUED:

84

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.

85

EXT. BEACH. DAY

85

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.

86

EXT. SEA. DAY

86

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 her to him. 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.

87

INT. BARTOCCI'S. DAY

87

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.

88 INT. EILIS' S HOME IN IRELAND. DAY 88

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.

89 INT. ROSE' S BEDROOM. DAY 89

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.

90 EXT. EILIS' S HOME. STREET. DAY 90

Mary, consoled by a neighbour, watches as Rose' s body, covered by a shroud, is taken to a waiting ambulance.

EILIS (V.O.)
This is a lot to do with Tony. He' s
kind and seems to care about me.
And we have fun, too.

91 INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS' S HOME. DAY 91

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.

92 INT. CHURCH. EVENING 92

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.

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.

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

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.

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?

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.

TONY

We' re going to build five houses
here, if we can. Mom and Dad will

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

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

99 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

99

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

100 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

100

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.

101 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

101

Tony and Eilis walking through the quiet, late night streets. Tony holds Eilis to him as close as he can.

(CONTINUED)

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

102

CONTINUED:

102

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

103

INT. EILIS' S BEDROOM. NIGHT

103

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.

104

EXT. MRS KEHOE' S HOUSE. DAY

104

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

105

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

105

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

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED:

105

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.

106

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY

106

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.

107

INT. CITY HALL. DAY

107

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

(gri nni ng)
Is it so obvious?

(CONTINUED)

107

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 Ellis.

TONY

Hey, Ellis. Come here a second.

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

OFFICIAL

Anthony Fiorello and Ellis Lacey.

TONY

Maybe another time.

BOY'S FATHER

Good luck.

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

108

EXT. MRS KEHOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

108

Tony and Ellis are kissing outside Mrs Kehoe's. Ellis breaks off and looks at him.

ELLIS

Will we ever tell our children we did this?

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.

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.

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.

111

INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS'S HOUSE. DAY

111

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?

' Brooklyn' YELLOW n say to

MARY

Off you go. Enjoy yourself.

112 EXT. EILIS' S HOUSE. EVENING

112

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.

113 INT. GEORGE' S CAR. EVENING

113

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.

113

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
Ennisclorthy 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.

114

EXT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL DRIVEWAY. EVENING

114

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.

115 INT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL BAR. EVENING

115

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

117 INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

117

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.

118 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

118

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.

119 EXT. TOWN. DAY

119

Ellis walking through the streets of Ennisorthy, carrying grocery shopping. She smiles and says hello to a couple of people.

120 INT. HOUSE. DAY

120

Ellis 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

Well, they've all filled out their overtime slips, which are here...

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.

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?

ELLIS
(confused)
Stones?

JIM
Are the beaches stony?

ELLIS
Oh. It's not that. They're very
crowded.

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

ELLIS
(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.

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

To her own amazement, Ellis is flirting.

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

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.

125 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

125

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 Ellis, 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.

126

EXT. BEACH. DAY

126

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.

127

INT. OFFICE. DAY

127

Eilis back at Davis's, in her one-woman accounts department. She's animated, confident, her intelligence alive in her

130 INT. KITCHEN, EILIS'S HOUSE. NIGHT 130

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.

131 INT. EILIS'S HOUSE. DAY 131

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.

132 INT. BEDROOM. DAY 132

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

137 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

137

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.

138 EXT. THE FARRELL HOUSE. DAY

138

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.

139 EXT. GARDEN. DAY

139

Mrs Farrell, a large, homely, pleasant woman is pouring tea for Eilis in the small back garden of the house. Jim and

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 Ennisworthy. 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.

139 CONTINUED: 139

It's clear that Eilis has her approval. Jim smiles. He looks happy and proud - and, to us, vulnerable.

140 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY 140

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.

141 EXT. EILIS'S HOUSE, STREET. DAY 141

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.

142 EXT. KELLY SHOP, STREET. DAY 142

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 Ellis, 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 Ellis 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 Ellis follows her inside.

143

INT. MISS KELLY'S FRONT ROOM. DAY

143

A dingy room, full of old furniture and dust and no colour. We see the dust motes in the afternoon sunlight. Ellis and

MISS KELLY

No? Well, you have a very busy life now. What with one thing and another.

143

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.

144 EXT. KELLY SHOP, STREET. DAY 144

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

145 EXT. POST OFFICE. DAY 145

We see Eilis walking in to the local post office.

146 INT. POST OFFICE. DAY 146

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....

147 INT. DINING ROOM, EILIS'S HOUSE. EVENING 147

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!

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

Ellis, 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?

Ellis closes her eyes. She cannot bear the pain she is causing her mother.

MARY

So you're going back?

Ellis 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.

147A INT. EILIS' S HOUSE - ROSE' S BEDROOM. DAY 147A
Eilis is standing in the doorway looking at the empty room.

148 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 148
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.

149 INT. TRAIN. MORNING 149
Eilis sitting in a train carriage, looking out of the window.

150 INT. HOUSE. DAY 150
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.

151 EXT. SHIP. DAY. 151
Eilis, standing with a few other passengers on the deck of a 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?

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.

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.

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...

153

EXT. HOUSE IN BROOKLYN. DAY

153

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