Well, then... Urrmm, now.
I'll begin at the beginnin.
A fine, soft day in the spring it was
when the train pulled into Castletown,
three hours late as usual,
and himself got out.
He didn't have the look
of an American tourist at all about him,
not a camera on him and, what was worst,
not even a fishing-rod.
Castletown?
- Castletown?
- Could you tell me the way to Inisfree?
Inisfree? Aw, five miles and maybe a half more.
- Do you see that road over there?
- Yeah.
Don't take that one, it'll do you no good.
Now, the best road to Inisfree, and many...
Oh, Inisfree you want. Be savin your breath,
let me direct the gentleman.
Happen to know the way to Knoghenor?
If you knew the way there,
would he be asking the way to Inisfree?
There's many knows Knoghenor
that doesn't know Inisfree.
If you'd take the time to study
your country's history, Mr Maloney...
- ...you'd be the first to admit it.
- Don't send the poor man there.
The fishing is finished there entirely.
Tell me, Yank, what is it that you're after?
- Is it trout or salmon?
- All I want is to get to Inisfree.
Ah, now you're talking sense.
The best fishing in the country.
- True.
- Trout as long as your arm.
And salmon! The last one I got,
I expected Jonah to pop out of his mouth.
Ah, Inisfree. I'd bring you there myself,
only I got to drive the train.
Hey, was I telling you about that trout
I got two summers before last?
- At Inisfree?
- Not at all!
At Ballygar, over the other end of the country.
My sisters third young one is living at Inisfree,
and she be only too happy
to show you the road.
- No, no, if she was here.
- It's Inisfree the man wants to go to.
- You see that signpost over there?
- What do you know...
Inisfree, this way.
I wonder, now, why a man would go to Inisfree.
- Six foot six?
- Four and a half.
- Cincinnati?
- No, Pittsburgh.
Pi..Pitss...
Dont you remember, Seaneen, and how it was.
The road led up past the chapel,
and it wound, and it wound,
and there was the field where
Dan Tobins bull chased you.
It was a lovely little house, Seaneen,
and the roses.!
Your father used to tease me about them,
but he was that proud of them, too.
Thats nothin but a wee humble cottage.
That little place across the brook,
that humble cottage. Who owns it now?
The widow Tillane. Not that she lives there.
- You think she'd sell it?
- I doubt it.
Dont bet on it cause Im buyin it.
Why...why would a Yankee from Pittsburgh
want to buy it?
Ill tell you why, Michaleen Oge Flynn,
young small Michael Flynn,
who used to wipe my runny nose
when I was kid.
Because Im Sean Thornton,
and I was born in that little cottage.
And I've come home, and home Im gonna stay.
Does that answer your questions
once and for all, you nosy little man?
Seaneen Thornton... The...
And look at you now.
What do they feed you,
all you men who are in Pittsburgh?
Steel, and pig-iron furnaces so hot
a man forgets his fear of hell.
When you're hard enough,
tough enough...other things.
Other things, Michaleen.
Now then, here comes myself,
that's me there, walking.
That tall, saintly-looking man.
Peter Lonergan, parish priest.
Good day, Father. Sean, this is Father Lonergan.
Father, would you believe it?
This is Sean Thornton,
born right here in Inisfree, home from America.
- Hello, Father.
- Ah, yes.
I knew your people, Sean.
Your grandfather...
He died in Australia, in a penal colony.
And your father, he was a good man too.
Bad accident, that. And your mother?
She's dead. America, when I was twelve.
I'll remember her in the mass tomorrow.
You'll be there, seven o'clock.
- Sure, I will.
- Good.
Sean, I'd like to have a little word
with Michaleen here.
- Sure thing, Father.
- It'll only take a minute.
- It's a little matter...
- Take your time. I'll be up ahead.

(MICHALEEN):
Hey, is that real? She couldn't be.
Uh, nonsense, man. It's only a mirage
brought on by your terrible thirst.
Come up, Napoleon.
Over here we pronounce it Co-han.
Good morning.
None of that now.
It's a bold, sinful man you are, Sean Thornton.
Who told you to playing patty fingers
in the Holy Water?
- Just being polite, thats all.
- What is this?
Maybe you dont know
its a privilege only for courting couples,
and then only when the banns have been read.
And Mary Kate Danaher
dippin her fingers in as neat as you please.
- What did you say her name was?
- Mary Kate Danaher.
And dont be getting any notions in your head.
- Mary Kate...
- Forget it, Sean, forget it.
- Put it out of your mind.
- Why? Whats the matter?
- She isnt married or anything?
- Married? That one?
Not likely. And her
with her freckles and her temper.
Oh, that red head of hers is no lie.
Still, a man might put up with that
but not with her lack of a fortune.
The wealthiest woman in Inisfree
was the widow Tillane.
She had neither chick nor child, poor soul,
but she was well-respected
and good to the poor.
- So you were born there, is that it?
- Yes, maam.
All Thorntons were born there,
seven generations.
I see. And what is your thought, Mr Thornton,
are you planning to turn
White O Mornin into a national shrine?
Perhaps charge tuppence a visit
for a guided tour
through the cottage where the Thorntons
were born. Are you a man of such eminence?
No, not exactly.
My own family has been in Ireland since
the Normans came hundreds of years ago,
but weve seen no reason to establish
monuments or memorials...
Look, Mrs Tillane, I'm not talking about memorials or monuments.
Ever since I was a kid
living in a shack near the slag heaps,
my mother has told me about
Inisfree and White O Mornin.
Inisfree has become
another word for heaven to me.
When I quit the... When I decided to come here,
it was with one thought in mind.
Inisfree is far from being a heaven, Mr Thornton.
Maam, Mr Red Will Danaher
wishes to be announced,
I mean, Squire Danaher.
Watch your muddy boots!
- Mrs Tillane.
- Mr Thornton, from America.
- Aw!
- Boo.
Its him I'm here about, Mrs Tillane.

- (WILL):
- Is what true?
That behind me back, hes trying to steal
White O Mornin right from under me nose?
And what concern of yours is this, Will Danaher?
Concern? Concern enough.
Havent I made you a fair offer
for that same piece of land?
- And mine, lying right next to yours?
- You may keep your offers.
- Oh, so its true. You sold it!
- No, I have not.
Oh, I knew it was a dirty lie
the very minute I heard it!
Sure, I said to him,
Paggy McFarland, I wont believe
that Sarahd be selling White O Mornin.

(WILL):
between your land and mine.
And for a stranger to move in, says I.
What would she be doing that for?
And us so close to an understanding,
you might say.
- So you told him all that?
- That I did.
Down at the pub, I suppose,
in front of all those big ears,
with pints in their fists
and pipes in their mouths.
You may have the land, Mr Thornton,
for 600 pounds.
- Done!
- No, you cant. 610!
As I remember, you said 700 pounds.
See here, little man... 710!
- How about an even thousand?
- A thousand and...
And...and Ill be saying good day to you,
Mrs Tillane, and all here but one.
And Ive got you down in my book.
My dad remembers his dad well.
Mike Thornton.
He had shoulders on him like an ox.
I saw him meself this mornin. A tall,
handsome man, as I was passin that chapel.
If youd pass the pub as fast as you pass
the chapel, youd be better off, little squint.
Just look at them!
Eating me out of house and home.
Get back to the fields! Theres work to be done.
Isn’t it a bit early in the day
for the bottle...even for you?
Feeney, get your book out.
Set down the name, the one Sean Thornton.
Oh, look at me clean floor! You dirty little...
- Shut your gob.
- Aw, shut you, little man! Here.
Clean it up yourself,
or there will be no dinner tonight!
There now! Look now,
you mustnt mind himself this day.
Thats all the work youre good for,
you little tattletail.
- Feeney, have you written the name I gave you?
- I have.
Well, strike a line through it.
Thats for him. Sean Thornton...
So... He bought White O Mornin
in spite of you.
Good for widow Tillane.
Pay no attention to her at all! Take no notice.
You do, and therell be a fine wake
in this house tonight.
After all, hes got more right to that land
than you have!
Hell regret it to his dying day,
if ever he lives that long.
- Will it be all right if I leave my bags in here?
- I imagine theyll be safe enough.
If you see a little guy, Michaleen Flynn,
tell him Im waiting for him in the bar.
- Itll be a pleasure, especially for Michaleen.
- Thanks.
Is there anything you should like now, Yank?
If I think of anything, Ill let you know.
(BAR IS QUIET)
Evening.
Pleasant night.
- Ill try one of those black beers.
- Oh, the porter. Yes, sir.
Sir, will you join me? Matter of fact,
Id like to buy everybody a drink.
I do not believe I heard your name, tall man.
Thornton. Sean Thornton.
And... your fathers name?
Mike. Michael Thornton.
He used to live here, by the Mornin.
I just bought the place back.
Thats why Im here.
Then your grandfather
would be Ol Sean Thornton.
- Right.
- Bless his memory.
So its himself youre named after.
Well, now. That being the case, it is
a pleasant evening and we will have a drink.
There was a wild colonial boy
#Jack Duggan was his name
# He was born and bred in Ireland
# In a town called Castlemaine
- Good evening, Father.
- Is the rest of the committee here?
- Theyre waiting.
- Sorry were late.
- The fishing was bad, was it?
- Fine lot of time we had for that!
- Oh, Michaleen...
- Commandant Forbes.
You can forget about the Commandant.
Were at peace now.
Sure, but I havent given up hope.
- Your Yankee friend is waitin in the bar.
- Oh, hes here already...
Wait a minute. Who is he anyway?
Hes a nice, quiet, peacelovin man
come home to Ireland to forget his troubles.
- Troubles?
- Yes, hes a millionaire like all the Yanks.
But he is eccentric. Wait till I show you.
- What is it?
- A bag to sleep in. A sleeper bag they call it.
Im tellin you. The sleeper bag...
Wait till I show you how it operates.
- Where does it open?
- Hurry up, I have an important appointment.
- Well, open it up!
- Here.
# At the early age of sixteen years
# He left his native home
# And to Australias sunny shores
# He was inclined to roam
# He robbed a wealthy squireen
# All arms he did destroy
# A terror to Australia was
# This wild colonial boy
Sean Thornton, the men of Inisfree
bid you welcome home.
Thank you.
And the men of Inisfree
bid you welcome home.
- Whats wrong with that little speech?
- Oh, youd be knowin what.
Im a man from Inisfree, and the best man.
And I bid no welcome to a man fool enough
to pay 1000 pounds for a bit of land
that isnt worth 200!
True for you, squire.

(MAN):
named Danaher bid 810?
Get your book out.
Put his name down: Dermot Fahy.
If you were half the man you think you are,
you wouldnt begrudge a Thornton
the right to his birthplace.
- What right has he to a land hes never worked?
- Its Thornton land, isnt it?
- Youve too much of your own as it is.
- Quiet, if you please.
Parliamentary procedure.
Squire Danaher has the floor.
If I had the floor...
- ...Id hit that big ape with it.
- Hold on.
I dont blame Mr Danaher for gettin on his ear.
Whos on his ear? Why, you and ten like you
couldnt put a Danaher on his ear.
- Its just a way of speaking...
- Mind your ways, then.
The point is, its already done. I own
the property now, and since were neighbours...
Neighbours? Neighbours...
Never!
And if I so much as catch you putting
one foot on my property, I...I...
And, oh, another thing.
You keep away from my sister Mary Kate.
Shes not for the likes of you.
Where I come from, we dont talk
about our womenfolk in saloons.
You sort of make a habit of it.
This morning it was widow Tillane.
- Whats that?
- Thats true. Its ashamed you should be.
Hey, look, Im not accusing Mary Kate.
Its him.
Why, this very moment,
let him deny it if he can.
At the back of the chapel,
he took liberties that he should not have.
- I said good morning to her.
- Good morning?
- It was good night you had on your mind.
- Thats a lie.
(MUSIC STOPS)
- Thats a what?
- I said thats a lie.
Thats a word I take from no man!
Put up your fists.
- Im not gonna fight you.
- But Im gonna...
Thank you.

(FATHER):
Whats the matter with you?

(FORBES):
Feeney, take him home, will you.

(FEENEY):
- Come on, what do you say?
- Never.
Take the mans hand, or Ill read your name
on a mass on Sunday.

- (FEENEY):
- Id join the Church of Ireland first.
As if theyd have you.
Shake his hand like I tell you.

- (FEENEY):
- Shake hands?
Its a good grip you have.
I always hated a flappy handshake myself.
Father Paul!
Michaleen, introduce me to this quiet,
peacelovin man of yours.
I have a strange notion
were going to be friends, Yank.
Give me a minute.
Just let some blood run back into this.
Sean Thornton... His grandfather,
a grand man he was, was hung in Australia.
I could tell you blood-curdlin stories about him,
but me throat...

(SEAN):
# He was born and bred in Ireland
# In a town called Castlemaine
# He was his fathers only son
# His mothers pride and joy
# And dearly did his parents love
# This wild colonial boy
Are you sure you wont change your mind,
and come around home with me?
Dont worry about it.
Ive got my sleeping bag, havent I.
Well, its a nice, soft night.
So, I think Illjoin my comrades,
and talk a little treason.
- Good night, Sean.
- Good night, Michaleen.

(MICHALEEN):
(SEAN YELLS)
(MARY KATE SCREAMS)
So bold one you are.
Who gave you leave to be kissin me?
- So you can talk?
- Yes, I can, I will, and I do.
Its more than talk youll be gettin
if you step closer.
- Dont worry. Youve got a wallop.
- Youll get over it, Im thinkin.
Some things a man doesnt get over so easily.
Like what supposin?
Like the sight of a girl coming through the fields,
with the sun on her hair.
- Kneeling in church, with a face like a saint.
- Saint, indeed.
And now, coming to a mans house
to clean it for him.
But...that was just my way
of bein a good Christian act.
I know it was, Mary Kate Danaher,
and it was nice of you.
Not at all.
- Hello.
- Good morning, Mr Thornton.
- How are you, Fa..Doctor...
- No, no. Mr.
And on formal occasions,
the Reverend Mr Playfair.
And this is Mrs Playfair.

(MRS PLAYFAIR):
You are a wonder.
It looks the way all the Irish cottages
should...and so seldom do.
And only an American
would have thought of emerald green.
- Red is more durable.
- And the roses! How nice.
You'll need lots of horse manure.
Fertiliser, I mean. Horse is the best.
Oh, I brought you a plant.
You know, a primrose by a rivers brink.
Brim, not brink.
The next line ends in hymn.
Poets are so silly, aren't they?
Oh, I hope you're not one, Mr Thornton.
- Oh no, maam, I...
- Thornton.
There's a familiar ring to it.
Ring to it... Thornton...
It's a common name.
Thank you for the plant, Mrs Playfair,
this is damn...darn...awfully nice of you.
Oh?
It's a bed. Excuse me.
- Morning.

- (MAN):
Biggest one I could find.
Is that a bed or a parade ground?
Oh, a mand have to be a sprinter
to catch his wife in a bed like that.
(HORSE WHINNIES)
Whoa!
Mr Flynn... And what are you all dressed up for, Michaleen Oge?
I ha...
- I have come...
- Oh, I can see that.
- But from whose pub was it?
- P...pub?
You've a tongue like an adder.
I go about me own business,
and tell Thorn Seanton
hes well off without you.
Wait a minute. What was that?
Well, if you listened
and not be interruptin the matchmaker.
I have come...
- ...at the request of Thorn Seanton...
- Sean Thornton.
Shut up.
...bachelor, and party of the first part...
...to ask of you, strictly and formally, here...
...Mary Kate Danaher, spinster...
...and party to the second part...
Well?. Go on, you were sayin?
Me mouth is like a dry crust,
and the sun is that hot, and me pate...
Would you be steppin into the parlour?
The house may belong to my brother,
but whats in the parlour belongs to me.
I will then, and I hope theres a bottle there,
whoever it belongs to.
It could be.
You have a fine, steady hand.
To good bargaining.

To resume:
- The party of the first part...
- Thats him.
...has instructed me to enquire
before enterin into formal negotiations...
- ...whether the party to the second part...
- Thats me.
...thinks kindly of the general idea,
or in his own words...American, eh...
- ...eh, yes, he wants to know if you go for it.
- Go for it?
  - And if you do, hell speak to your brother.
  - That wont be easy.
Oh, as well I know it.
Hed as soon put his fist into my teeth
as bid me the time of the day.
What did Sean...the party of the first part,
say about my fortune?
He says he doesnt give it...
He says its a matter of
complete indifference to him.
- He did?
- He says he doesnt give a sh...
He says its all one to him if you come
in the clothes on your back, or without them.
Oh, he did, did he? Well.
A fine opinion he must have of me, if he thinks
Id go to any man without a proper fortune.
And this you may tell
your Mr Party of the first part:
When I wed, whatevers my own, goes with me.
Get up, little man.
And all this furniture is mine.
And I have that china, and linen,
and 50 pounds in gold my father left me,
and my mothers rings, brooches,
my grandmothers veil, her silver comb...
Thirty pounds odd in notes and silver
Ive earned these past 15 years, thats all.
Youre a well propertied woman.
I wouldnt mind marryin you meself.
Eh, whered you leave the bottle?
And Id have you tell him, that Im no pauper
to be going to him in my shift.
# Lo, young May moon is beamin love
# The glow of ones lamp is gleamin love
# How sweet to row through Mourners Grove
# While the drowsy world is dreamin...
- You know The Peter And The Ghost.?
- I do not.
- Neither do I.
- Could you use a little water in your whiskey?
When I drink whiskey, I drink whiskey,
and when I drink water, I drink water.
Back to business now.
What answer will I give Sean Thornton, Mary Kate Danaher?
Well, you can tell him from me that...
...that I go for it.
# Heres to steal a few hours from the night
# My dear
- How do I look?
- You look fine.
- Hey, what do I say?
- Ill do all the talkin.
- And Im suppose to stand here like a dummy?
- Shh, now.
- Will, theres someone coming to call.
- Who?
Its... well...
Its Michaleen Oge Flynn, and theres a gentleman with him.
Here, Will, put on your coat.
Will Danaher, theyre comin to the front door.
Since when has the back door been not good enough?

- (MICHALEEN):

- (SEAN):

(MICHALEEN):
wed like a word with your brother.
Come on in so, and welcome.
Easy now!
Mr Sean Thornton, bachelor,
meet Miss Mary Kate Danaher, spinster.
Miss Danaher, meet Mr Thornton from Pittsburgh, Massachusetts, USA.
- Good evening, Miss Danaher.
- This...
This way, please.
- Eh, this is my brother...
- Leave the room.
- But...
- I said, leave the room.
- Yes, Will.
- Sit down, thats what chairs are for.
- If you've come for supper, you're late.
- Gracious invitation, but thank you, no.
I don't suppose there's a drop in the house.
- Help yourself to the buttermilk.
- Buttermilk? The Borgias would do better.
Well come with your permission
to the object of this visit.
You've noticed, I presume,
that I'm wearin' my official black coat.
I have. For your dead friend here.

(WILL):
to arrange any marriages for me.
I see. You've been making fine progress
with widow Tillane in the last ten years.
- Is that what you've come to talk about?
- I have not.
- I've come to talk about your sister and him.
- Aw, get out.
If he was the last man
on the face of the earth, I'd still say no.
- Now just a minute.
- If it's a question of the girl's fortune...
Why, if it'd be a shilling piece
he wanted with her...
- ...I'd still say no.
- Come on, Michaleen. I told you so.
- I'll explain it to her myself.
- Hey, Yank, I'll count three.
If you're not out of the house by then,
I'll loose the dogs on you.
If you say three,
you'll never hear the man count ten.
- Oh, Mary Kate, we tried.
- Well see him again some other time.
I thank you anyway,
Sean Thornton, for the asking.
You don't think this changes anything?
It's what you say that counts, not him.
Now, now, Sean.
You've gone too far, that's enough.
Say, what is this?
We're gonna get married, aren't we?
- I don't get it.
This is Ireland, Sean, not America. Without her brothers consent she couldn't, and wouldn't. I'm sorry for both of you. Those were the bad days. Sean with a face as dark as the black hunter he rode. A fine, ill-tempered pair they were. It was only a matter of time before one or the other broke his neck. We knew things couldn't go on this way. Easy, Sean!

Hello, Mary Kate...Danaher. Good morning, Sean Thornton. So, we formed a little conspiracy. The Reverend Mr and Mrs Playfair, Michaleen Oge and, saints forgive us, myself. And on the day of the Inisfree Races, we sprung the trap on Red Will Danaher. Remember, you make your speed when you hit the water.

- Yes, father.
- And ride carefully, my son.
Yes, mum.

Thornton, no silks.
- Your colours, Thornton.
- Thank you.
- Good luck.
- Good luck.

Ladies, gentlemen, your attention, please! Will all the lovely ladies, who are putting up their bonnets for the Inisfree Cup, please place their bonnets on the finishing line. Ladies, your bonnets, please! - Will you not be putting up your bonnet? - Indeed, I will not.
- No?
- No!

Okay, Michaleen, the widows bonnet. Will all the gentlemen riders please go to the starting line. All riders, please. Crown at 20 to 1 on the Yank. I'm given 20 to 1 on the Yank... - I'm given 30 to 1...40 to 1 on Danaher.
- Flynn!
If you've done any matchmaking between
Thornton and my widow, I'll put you in my pocket.
- Ah, so you've heard?
- Father, what sort of a scoundrel is this Yank?
One minute it's me sister,
and the next it's herself.
Well, blame no one but yourself.
If you'd saved me as your matchmaker,
you would've been married long since.
- True, Will, true.
- I'm not saying it's too late yet.
- What do you mean?
- Why has the widow stood you up so long?
- You're a fine looking man.
- I am.
- A rich, propertied man.
- And well she knows it.
- Father, will I tell him?
- Go ahead, Michaleen.
What woman would come into a house
with another woman in it?
If you got rid of Mary Kate,
the widow would be in like a shot.
- No.
- Yes. You had your chance and you flubbed it.
You refused Seaneen Thornton,
and he reneged on you.
Now, I doubt if he'd take your sister
if you put 1000 pounds on her.
- Father Lonergan?
- I can't say it's true, and I won't say it's not.
- But there's been talk.
- Oh, a lot of talk.
A lot of talk, eh?
Two women in the house,
and one of them a redhead.
Two women.
Three Our Fathers, and three Hail Marys.
Morning, Mary Kate. Morning, children.
Don't sit there gawking.
You're gonna put up your bonnet.
- I will do no such shameless thing.
- You will.
I will not!
No bonnet, Mary Kate? What a pity.
Betting will now stop,
and the sale of all intoxicating
and alcoholic drinks will cease. I mean it now!
Oh, Sergeant Major, in your good time, please.
The Yanks holdin back.
Foul!
- Look at that crazy Danaher!
- Wouldn't it be wonderful if he broke his neck?
Maybe he will now, God willing.
Will... Will, come on!
- Foul.
- I didn't see it!
Come on, Sean! Sean...I mean Paul, Father Paul.
- Thornton!
- He took your bonnet, Sarah.
Fine race! You rode like a trooper.
Trooper... Trooper Thorn, of course!
I knew I'd seen you somewhere before.
Now that you know,
I wish you'd keep it under your hat. Forget it.
- I understand. It'll be our secret.
- Thanks.
Your bonnet, Mrs Tillane.
- A cup for the winner.
- Oh, thank you.
- Flynn... Does your offer still stand?
- Well, eh, that depends.
- You...eh, you mentioned...500 pounds.
- 350, and not another penny.
Well, I speak to me
principal of the first part, eh?
(CHURCH BELLS RINGING)
Good morning, good morning. Come on.
Well, now. The banns having been read...
...and no man objecting...
...I'm permitting this man to court me sister.
But under the usual conditions.
Mr Flynn?
- Do you assume the full responsibility?
- I do, I do.
And from now on, they'll do the walkin
and the talkin under me own eyes.
Well, then. Let the courting commence.
None of that! Hands to yourself, and your own side of the road.
- Get onto the other side of the cart.
- Up you go.

(PEOPLE CHEER)

(SEAN:
Back in the States Id honk the horn and the gald come-a-runnin... Come-a-runnin? Im no woman to be honked at, and come-a-runnin. America... Pro-hi-bi-tion. Do you see that over there? Thats the ancestral home of the ancient Flynns. It was taken from us by...by...by the Druids. (FLYNN SINGS TO HIMSELF) Youre the quietest couple Ive ever herded. Well get nowhere by this rate. Off you get. Ill let you do a healthy mile or so, just to get you two walking correctly together. Now, shes a fine, healthy girl. No patty fingers, if you please.
- Nice day.
- It is that, Mr Thornton.
- Thats a pretty bonnet you have on.
- Bonnet?
Dont you talk to me about bonnets!
After leaving mine stuck up...
Easy now, easy now.
Is this a courting or a fight?
Have the manners not to hit a man until hes your husband, and until hell hit you back. I am sorry. I have a fearful temper. You might as well know about it now, instead of finding out about it later.
We Danahers are a fighting people.
I can think of a lot of things Id rather do to one of them...Miss Danaher.
Shh, Mr Thornton.
What will Mr Flynn be thinkin?

(SEAN):
Well, what are we waiting for?
Mary Kate Danaher! Sean!
Eh...ep... Come on!

(MICHALEEN):
Come back at once!
(MARY KATE SCREAMS)

(MICHALEEN):
Come back at once!
Come back here! Come back!
I think you have more sense than I have myself.
Whoa there, Freddy.
If anybody had told me six months ago,
that today I'd be in a graveyard in Inisfree
with a girl like you that I'm just about to kiss...
- The kiss is a long way off yet! - Ha?
We just started the courting and
next month well walk together,
and the month after that therell be the trashing party...
No.
- Maybe we wont have to wait that month... - Yup.
- ...or for the trashing party... - No.
- ...or for the walking out together. - No.
And so much the worse for you, Sean Thornton,
for I feel the same way about it myself.
(LOUD THUNDER)
And so they were married in the same chapel
I gave them their baptism.
Later, there was a nice, quiet little celebration.
(LOUD, CHEERFUL MUSIC)
# Oh, as I went out one mornin: It being the month of May
# A farmer and his daughter abide their bonny way
# And the girl had only come in to the milking of her cow
# SayinI will anI must get married, The humour is on me now
# Oh, the humour is on me now, Oh, the humour is on me now
# SayinI will anI must get married, The humour is on me now
# So, at last the daughter married, she married well-to-do
# And loved her darlinhusband a month, a year, or two
# But he was all a tyrant as he quickly rode about
# SayinIm sorry I ever married, The humour is on me now
# Oh, humour is on me now, Oh, humour is on me now
# SayinIm sorry I ever got married, The humour is on me now
(SINGERS LAUGH)
To a successful conspiracy.
- A toast, to the bride and groom! - One moment.
There will be no toasts until we've seen the brides fortune.
The brides fortune? You'll see it, never fear.
Well see it now, if you please.
The proprieties must be observed.
- Father Lanergan. - Feeney.
350 pounds gold.
A collection of furnishings, linen,
and pewter goes with the sister...
...of Will Danaher.
Then, a toast.
May their days be long, and full of happiness.
May their children be many, and full of health.
And may they live in peace, and freedom.
Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentlemen. Attention, please.
Squire Danaher has the floor. In other words,
hes got somethin to say to you all.
Thank you. I have a little announcement to make.
Fill up the glasses. All of them.
Eh, today, Ive given my sister in marriage.
My only sister, and now shes gone from the house of Danaher.
- But whats in a house without a woman? - Thats true.
Thats right, whats a house without a woman in it?
Yeah, whats a house without a woman in it?
Where would any man of us be without a woman?
- Even Father Lonergan had a mother. - What do you expect?
Yeah, what do you expect. What do you expect...
So... So...
- So, without further eloquence...
- Without further eloquence...
So, without further eloquence,
I will give you a toast to myself...
...who is soon to be wed.
All she has to do is to say that little word.
Whens the happy day, Sarah darlin?
Have you lost the little sense you were born with?
- Whats the matter, Sarah darlin?
- And dont darlin me.
Who gave you the right to make such an announcement?

(WILL):
Why... The Reverend Mr Playfair,
Mrs Reverend, Father Lonergan.
...eh, little Flynn...Michaleen.
- Didnt you tell me...
- Oh, I didnt, I didnt.

Oh, you lied, didnt ya? You lied, didnt ya?
You all lied! Its bad enough for you people, but my own priest.
You got her by fraud and falsity. You put them up to this.
- I dont know what youre talking about.
- Will, for heavens sake.
- Danaher, youre crazy! Crazy, am I?
This is something you wont get, now or never!
Now, get out of here. All of you!

(WILL):

- (WILL):
No, not without my fortune.
Its mine, and my mothers before me...
(SOUNDS OF BOXING)
(CROWD SHOUTS WILDLY)
(CROWDS BOOING)
Steady, Trooper, steady.
Lets go home.
Ever since I was a little girl,
Ive dreamed of havin my own things about me.
My spinet...over there,
and the table here, and...my own chairs to rest upon.
And...
And the dresser over there in that corner.
And...my own china and pewter shinin about me.
And now...
I didnt know you felt that way about it but...
...seems like a lot of fuss and grief
over little furniture and stuff.

- (MARY KATE):
- Yeah.

(SEAN):
- Dont touch me. You have no right.
- What do you mean no right?

(MARY KATE):
Ill cook, and Ill wash.
Ill keep the land, but that is all!
Until Ive got my dowry safe about me,
Im no married woman.
Im the servant Ive always been,
without anything of my own.
Thats ridiculous! Youre my wife, and fortune...
- What is this?
- Havent I been trying to tell you?
Not until you have my dowry, you havent got any bit of me.
Me, myself!
Id still be dreaming amongst the things that arent my own...
...as if I had never met you.
Theres 300 years of happy dreamin
in those things of mine, and...
...I want them. I want my dream.
Ill have it and I know it!
- Ill say no other word to you. - All right.
Youll have your dowry, or daughter of fortune,
or whatever you call it.
Well, get it then.
There will be no locks or bolts between us,
except those in your own mercenary little heart.
(LAUGHTER AND MUSIC FROM OUTSIDE)
- Sean. - Howd you sleep?
Dont be shamin me, please, in front of your friends.
What...? Oh, okay.

# (MEN).:
# Many lessons I took in the art
# The Cupid, the blagger, while sportin
# An arrow drove straight through me mush, mush,
mush, toor-i-li-anny
# Me mush, mush, mush, toor-i-li-ay
# So I lathered him with me shillelagh
# For he trod on the tail o me mush, mush, mush, toor-i-li-anny
# And just like the dingle before
# I lathered him with me shillelagh
# For, he trod on the tail of me coat
Hello, the house! Anyone up?
- Good mornin! - Good mornin.
I...I suppose its a bit early to be callin.
After you left last night, Mary Kate,
a couple of us persuaded Danaher to change his mind.
Its a...what might be called a sort of
a belated wedding present.
My things... My furniture!
Wed brought them over last night,
but due to the circumstances...
Thanks, thanks.
- Okay, easy now. - God bless all here.
Thats right. Oh, be careful. Over there by the wall.
No, no, no. Turn it around, so that
the light shines on the music.
- Thats grand. Thats grand now.
- Where do you want this?
- Mighty handy. - It...
It was my mothers, and my mothers mothers before.
- Where do I put it? - Where do you suppose?

(MICHALEEN):  
- Were sorry about the dowry, Mary Kate.
- We couldnt get him to change his mind.
- Not even Father Lonergan could do it.

- (SEAN):  
- Keep my fortune?
- Youve got your tables and chairs.
- What do we care about his money?
- My money.
Let him have it if it means that much to him.
- What manner of man is it that Ive married?
- A better one, I think, that you know.
Impetuous! Homeric!

(MARYKATE):  
# My island, Im returning
# From wasted years, across the wintry sea
# And when I come back
# To my own dear island
# Ill rest awhile
# Beside you
# Bromwell Creek
Now I know why you have so many rock walls in this country.

(MARY KATE):  
- Yeah. - A fine farmer you are.
- Not a turnip, or a potato in the field. - Or children.
(ROOSTER CROWS)
Sorry.
Well, I...I suppose theyll make a very fine
display around the cottage.
- It is a pretty cottage, isnt it? - I think so.
Lets see now.
We need a plough, and a cultivator,
and seed for planting.
About a horse for the ploughing...
We could sell that hunter of yours.
Ill buy another horse for the ploughing.
Why not a tractor?
Oh, a tractor... Nasty, smelly things.
Besides, theyre an awful price.
- With a horse, you get other advantages.
- Yeah. For the roses.
Roses, again.
You...
We could do our shopping in Castletown,
and if we put a good foot under us,
wed be back by suppertime.
- Five miles! - Well, thats just a...
Good stretch of the legs, huh?
All right, get on your walking shoes.
Ill be a minute.
(HONKING FROM OUTSIDE)
(HONKING FROM OUTSIDE)
So, youre not a woman to be honked at, ha?
Why, its beautiful! Did you ever see...
- It looks like it could fly.
- Only one horsepower, but its all yours.
- Mine? - Sure. Think you can drive it?
Hold on to your hat!

(RED WILL):
- Lets have another pint. Im buying this one.
- High time.
- Whats that? - I said, thats fine, squire.
Good health to you all.
- Look, he sold the crossbreds. - The what?
- The sheep hes been planning on. - Oh.
Hurry, now is a good time to ask him. Well, go on.
He cant say that he hasnt got it with him now.
Cant you understand that
I didnt marry you for your fortune?
I don't give... a hang about the money.
But he does! That's the whole point of it.
Now will you go and ask him?
No. Why shame ourselves?
Shame? The shames on you, not on me.
Or on me too, if I married a coward.
Is that what you think of me?
What else if you let him rob you out of my money?
Money! I'm sick of the talk of it.
Is that all you Danahers think about? Money?

(FATHER):
This is very important...
Oh, salmon! He's winking at me.
I've been trying to catch this one for ten years.
I've got to talk to you about my husband and myself.
There he is.
Father, I...I...
You see...
Father, could I...tell you in the Irish?
Hush, hush.
(SHE SPEAKS IN GAELIC)
(HE ANSWERS IN GAELIC)
Sleeping bag, Father, with...
...with buttons.
(SHE SPEAKS IN GAELIC)
Woman, Ireland may be a poor country, God help us,
but here a married man sleeps in a bed, not a bag,
and for your own good... Help, help, there he is!
I've been waiting for this for 10 years!
Keep his head up.
Theres that beauty, that...
Keep his head up. Keep a tight line.
I've got you! I'll get him!
Tight line it is. - Keep his head up!
His head is up!

(FATHER):
Get the net, woman.
Oh, you got him, Father. Keep his head up, you fool!
Get the net!
Get the net, woman!
- God help us! - Oh.
Sleeping bags...
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closin of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise
Over Claddagh
And see the sun go down
On Galway Bay
For the breeze is blowin across the sea from Ireland

(SINGING STOPS)
Youre just in time. Just done me drink.
- Join us, Sean. - Oh, you will have a drink, Sean?

No, thanks.
I wanna talk to you, in private.
- If theres anythin you got to say, say it here.
- Id rather talk in private.

Whats the matter? Youre among friends.
They fought for you, didnt they?
- Maybe theyll do it again.
- Im not askin anybody to do my fightin for me.
- Oh, so youre willing to do your own, are you?
- You know what I came for.
I do. I just want to hear you ask for it.
Just ask for it, Yank.
- Youve got 20 pounds on him.
- And so I have.

What if I put one of me fists in me pocket?
Right or left? You choose, go on.
Go on, thats fair enough, isnt it?

(WILL LAUGHS)
The fightin Thornton!
- It was Mr Thornton, so I brought him in.
- Bless my soul. Sit down.
- Have you tiddled your last wink?
- I have.
- No cheating? - I have not.
- Do you play tiddly-winks? - No, I...
- Maybe I shouldnt have butted in like this...
- Nonsense. How is your lovely bride?
- Fine. - Elizabeth, say good night to Mr Thornton.
But hes only just come...oh. Very well.
Good night, Mr Thornton.
- Good night. - Good night, Cyril.
Good night, Elizabeth. Pleasant dreams.
- Are you sure... - Good night, Elizabeth.
Youre the only one I can level with.
I gotta talk to somebody, or Ill blow my top.
- Danaher, of course? - Yeah.
Since you know who I am...or was,
you know why I dont want any fighting.
Yes, I was reading about it again this evening.
Some men collect butterflies, some stamps.
My hobbies always been sporting events.
There it is.
Trooper Thorn quits ring
Heavyweight challenger hangs up gloves
after fatal knockout
Vows he will never fight again
Its a very understandable reaction.
The papers all say it was an accident.
Just one of those things.
Its just one of those things in a scrapbook,
but when you carry it around in here...
Tony Gardello was a good egg.
Nice little wife and a home, a couple of kids.
A clean fighter.
I didnt go in there to outbox him.
I went there to beat his brains out.
To drive him into the canvas, to murder him.
Thats what I did.
For what? Purse, a piece of the gate.
Lousy money.
And now money is behind your trouble with Danaher.
They think Im afraid of fighting.
All the friends Ive made, even my wife.
- Well, arent you in a way?
- Did you ever kill a man?
Well, I have, and all this talk about her big fortune...
Its not that important.
Perhaps it is to her.
It must be strange to you from America,
but its an old, old custom here, and believe me,
its a good custom.
The fortune means more to her than just the money.
Not to me, it isnt. Not worth fighting for.
- Is your wives love worth fighting for?
- I dont know.
All I know is that...I wont fight,
unless Im mad enough to kill,
and if that means losin her...I dont know.
- Maybe she doesn't love me enough.
- It's a difficult situation.
I think you'll find the right answer in God's good time.
And when that time comes, I hope I'm still here.
- You're not leaving, are you?
- It's a possibility.
My bishop is coming tomorrow on his annual visit,
and I've got such a small congregation,
just 2-3 people at the service.
- He may transfer me.
- The place wouldn't be the same without you.
Elizabeth and I just love this place.
We were born here too, you know.
The bishops a good egg, maybe it'll be all right.
Oh, by the way. Don't underestimate Danaher.
He may be clumsy, but he's got
a tremendous right and a jaw of granite.
I did a little bit of boxing in my time.
You won't be laughin now, will you?
It was at Trinity.
Lightweight champion, 19... The year doesn't matter. It was long, long ago.
All right.
By the way, would you join me in a glass of...
Oh, no.
No. You'll be in training now, of course.

- (Mary Kate):

(SEAN):
- The drink sometimes does that to a man.
- I haven't had anything to drink.

(SEAN):
- Mr Playfair. - That's strange.
I had a long talk with Father Lonergan.
Woman of the house! Where's my tea?
Mary Kate?

(Michaleen):
Shes gone from you, and small wonder.
- What are you talking about? Where is she?
- She came tappin at me door.
- Will you join me to the train, says she. - Why?
The very question. Why, says I.
Because I love him, says she.
I love him too much to go on livin
with a man Im ashamed of.
- What time was this? - Time for the Dublin train.
Saddle up my horse, will you, please.
Saddle his horse?
Ill have no part in helpin
you to put more shame on her.
Saddle his horse...
Dam da dam da, diddle de da...
Well, were off!
Then, might I suggest that the train already
is four and a half hours late.
Now, is it my fault?
Theres a match at Ballygar, and the champions of all Ireland...
If you knew your countrys history as well as
you claim to know it,
youd know that they havent been beaten
west of the Shannon for the last 22 years.
- True! - Its a lie!
If this means what I hope it means...
Danaher versus the Yank.
Itll be weeks on the green this time.
Morning.
Good day to you, sir.
Five minutes, did you say? Right!
- Hes walkin her back, the whole long way!
- Its Homeric, thats what it is, Homeric.
- Post a lookout. They may go home first.
- Wheres your pistol?.
- In the same place. - Excuse me, general.
One by land, two by sea, and Ill follow the lot.
What a day for Inisfree!
On a day like this I can say only one thing.
Gentlemen, the drinks are on the house!
Well, they are.

(WOMAN):
Why, you...
Its only five miles. Just a good stretch of the legs.
- You lost your shoe. - Thank you very kindly, sir.

(WOMAN):
a good stick to beat the lovely lady.
Thanks!

(GUNSHOTS FROM OUTSIDE)

I think your in-laws are comin
to visit you, Squire Danaher.
Danaher, you owe me 350 pounds. Lets have it.
So, the IRA is in this, too, eh?
If it were, Will Danaher, not
a stone of your fine housed be standin.
A beautiful sentiment.
Ill pay you...never.
That breaks all bargains.

(SEAN):
Its your custom, not mine.

(SEAN):
Youd do this to me, your own wife?
- After what... - (SEAN): Its done.
Theres your dirty money. Take it.
Count it, you spawn, and look.
If ever I see that face of yours again,
Ill push that through it.
Charge it!
Ill be goin on home now.
Ill have the supper ready for you.
All right, Will, you asked for it.
Three to one given on Danaher. Three to one...
- Ill have some of that. Ten on Thornton.
- Done! Anyone else?

(MICHALEEN):
This is a private fight.
The Marquis of Queensbury rules
will be observed on all occasions.
Mind your nose, squire.
Okay with me, Michaleen!
Thanks.
Non-belligerents will kindly remain neutral.
Now, shake hands and come out fighting. I thank you.
Did you hear that, everybody?
The Marquis of Queensbury rules.
- The Marquis of Queensbury rules. - Mar..
Come on, get up, Marquis of Queensbury.
- I hope that Thornton beats him senseless.
- Hes a married man, Sarah.
Who cares about him? Its that big bully concerns me.
Im the best man in Inisfree.
As if I didnt know that.
Call them and tell them to send reinforcements.
Theres a riot here.
Five to one on the big chap, Snuffy.
- Given or taken? - Given.
- Youve had enough? - No.
Well, give a man a hand, then.
Yes, inspector. Thank you, sir.
- What did he say? - To put five pounds on Danahers nose.
- Another ten on Thornton! - Another.
- A pound on Danaher. - Two pounds on Danaher, please.
Two pounds?
...hands of a hundred battles,
eye on a thousand besides...
...stood alone on the victorious field,
his buckler bent...
...his broken sword clutched in his mighty hand...
...the blood of a thousand wounds
oozing from his open veins...
(NOISE OUTSIDE)
- Father! Father Lonergan! - Shh, shhh.
- A big fight in the town!
- And in this fish right here.
- Id put a stop to it but...
- You do that. Its your duty.
But you see, it was Danaher and Sean Thornton!
- Who? - Danaher and Sean Thornton.
Why the devil didnt you tell me?
- Shouldnt we put a stop to it?
- We should, lad, we should.
Its our duty, yes, its our duty.
Come on, come on!
- Hows that bettin going?
- Even money, but dont ruin it.
Well, Danaher, youre a good fight,
Ill say that for you.
When it comes to that, its been a pleasure beatin you.
Thanks.
- Will you take another 20 on Thornton?
- No, the books closed.
A pound on Thornton against the squire.
Go away!
How about a drink?
The drink will be on the house.
That's a good idea. The people of Ballyglon are comin
over by bus, thousands of them.
That's a good idea, not that I'm tired.
I'm as fresh as a daisy.
You look more like a black-eyed Susan to me. Let's go.
- Is that a public house?
- Yes, your lordship.
- Are they going in? - Yes, your lordship.
- Does that mean that the fights over?
- No, that's just the end of round one.
Come, keep away, keep away!
Whiskey? No, that'll be too warm,
it'll get your blood up. Porter is the very thing.
- Ah, it's peaceful and quiet in here, isn't it?
- Yeah.
You know...
This has been a fight I'd come a long way to see.
I hope you can stick around for the finish.
Don't worry about that!
- You know, Yank. I've taken quite a likin to you.
- I'm gettin real fond of you, too.
Your widow, me sister... She could've done a lot worse.
- True, true. - Poor woman.
- Thanks, fill them up again.
- You buy me no drinks.
- The drinks are on the house, sir.
- I'm takin no drinks from you, squint.
- I'm buyin the drinks.
- You can buy me a drink at your wake.
And not before.
I'm buyin!
Bar towel!!
- What time is it? - Half past five, sir.
Lord, he beat you!
Why... I hope you won't be vexed with me,
but I've lost three pounds to Mrs Delany.
I know I shouldn't have bet but...
There you are, Stuffy, 15 pounds.
- Hello there, Elizabeth. - Your lordship.
- And what have you been doing all day?
If you'll excuse me, Ill...
Ill get your tea, Snuffy.

# There was a wild colonial boy
# Jack Duggan was his name
# He was born and bred in Ireland
# In a place called Castlemaine
# He was his fathers only son
# His mothers pride and joy
# And dearly did his parents love
# This wild colonial boy

Woman of the house! I brought the brother home to supper.
Hes kindly welcome.

God bless all in this house.

-Wipe your feet. - Thank you, maam.

Sit down, sit down. Thats what chairs are for.

Hurry it up!

Well, then. So peace and quiet came once again to Inisfree, and we were... Good heavens, whats that woman up to now.?

Make way, shell be runninyou down with that.!

When the Reverend Mr Playfair comes down,
I want us all to cheer like Protestants. Now, spread out!

(CROWD CHEERS)

Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!
No patty fingers, if you please.
The proprieties at all times.

Hold on to your hats. Come on.