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Far and Away

By Bob Dolman

Let us pass!
Buntin, you landlord bastard!
Her beautiful eyes
were a terrible curse
Three days in his grave
she ran off with his purse
Lads! That bloody landlord
Buntin's on his way in.
All hell's breakin' loose!
Death to all landlords!
I hope they kill him.
Would you look at that bastard, Joe?
Landlord, you sinner!
Between your lungs
there's neither heart nor spirit...
but the lump of your own
swallowed money bag!
He'll never get over that one, Joe.
You're a blight on this country
that never belonged to you!
Out!
Out, you robber!
Hey, Joe.
Come on. Are you hurt, Joe?
Danty, take me home to my sons.
Stand still, you ugly animal.
Whoa.
Whoa, you ugly-
Damn you!
Aw, to hell with you!
- Colm!
- What?
Will you look at our little brother?
He can't keep hold of his ass.
Sweetheart of a child,
slaving away.
Is it not enough, Joseph,
you plowed all that muck down there?
My ambition's a little grander
than yours.
- A couple of lazy cows.
- Oh, ambition, is it?
To break your back on land
that isn't your own?

It belongs to the landlord Christie.
Hold your face up, lad.
Now, come on.
Give us something we can aim at.
Just shag off, the pair of you.
There's a goat over there.
- Go improve your love life.
- Now, come on, Joseph honey.
Just a nosebleed's all we're asking.
I've no wish to fight you.
Try pummeling me,
you arrogant son of a bitch!
Get him, Pad-
Watch him!
He's riled up now!
Hold still, now.
Stand up, Joseph!
Lads, your father's been damaged!
You're here, Joe.
Da!
Yeah, and he took on the enemy
with his own bare hands-
fifty of them, armed,
and with hideous guns.
And your father-
he walloped them all...
one by one, the whole lot of them.
And I killed off a fair share myself,
to tell the God's truth-
Quiet, Danty Duff, for once.
Yeah, well...
humble as I am, I'll keep that part
of the story for another time.
How are you feeling now, Da?
My soul is departing from me, Joseph.
- Don't you talk that way.
- I'll talk any way I please.
- I'm dying, I tell you!
- Well, you can't die.
- We need you here, Da.
- Need me? What for?
Her beautiful eyes
were a terrible curse
God bless your soul.

Poor Joe Donnelly.

We'd be as well to sell off a thing
or two now that the old man's gone.
Is that any way to keen
over the death of our father?

Misery's a personal matter, Joseph.

We don't need any instruction.

Thanks.

Sure, he's left us
with a huge debt of rent on the land.

We'll begin to settle our debt
when we harvest the land.

Grow the potatoes and pick them
yourself, Joseph, you ambitious boy!

- You son of a-

- Joseph!

Jesus and the saints preserve us!

We thought you died, Da.

I did, son.

I passed away.

But you're talking to us, Da.

And your eyes-

they're looking about.

I was as dead as a stone,

I tell you.

Now shut your mouth

before I die again.

Well, I am-

Come here!

I've come back

to tell you something.

You're an especially odd boy.

You came back from the dead

to tell me that I'm odd?

You have all kinds of oddities...

clattering around in your brain.

So had I when I was as young as you.

But dreams, my boy,

in this poor corner of the world...

end up in a glass of ale.

No. Not my dreams, Da.

I'll work my own land someday.

Without land, a man is nothing.

That's it. Yeah.

Land is a man's very own soul.
A miracle-
that's what you're looking for.
And by God, if you manage it...
your old da will be
smiling down on you...
from heaven above.
Her beautiful eyes
Were a terrible
God bless your soul, Joe Donnelly...
for the second time.
God rest your soul, Da.
Say nothing to them, lads.
This country's ours.
They don't exist.
What dead man is this?
You needn't answer,
but hear these words.
I represent Mr. Daniel Christie,
who by right of law...
owns this land
and all improvements upon it.
Rent on this property
has not been paid.
The warning's been given thrice.
Keep walking, lads.
Our father's being buried today.
Bastards are burning our house!
That will do.
Where is this landlord Christie?
I want justice for what he's done.
There's nothing I like better...
than the glow of murder
in a young fellow's eyes.
It has a terrible go of rust on it.
I've only killed chickens and pigs
till now.
He's a pig and a chicken in one,
the same Daniel Christie.
Here, now.
Give him a proper taste of death.
Yeah. Landlords.
Captain Moonlight.
Don't pretend you know what Captain

Moonlight means, 'cause you don't.
It's the code, the rebel code.
Now that you've heard it,
keep it to yourself.
Don't breathe it to a living soul.
Do you understand?
Captain Moonlight, Joseph.
Off to kill your landlord, eh?
Blow the bastard's head off!
Don't be afraid to kill him.
Assassinate the bastard!
It was too good to be kept a secret.
Do you know which end of the gun
to point at the gentleman?
He'll shoot himself in the balls,
I'll wager...
and come hobbling home in tears.
Good-bye, Colm.
Good-bye, Paddy.
Good-bye, Joseph.
We'll see you at your wake.
God bless all in this house.
God bless you, son.
Down from the north, are you?
Or perhaps the east?
West of here, maybe?
South.
I prefer to keep my business
to myself, if you please.
Very wise.
God bless you, everyone.
Ah, bless you, sir.
- Whiskey for everyone!
- Oh, great!
How are you, sir, tonight?
Oppressed.
That's the word for me.
I live in a house
that's stuffy and dull...
and worse, I've a wife
who forbids me to drink.
- God help you.
- I crave adventure, boys.
If I had wings,

l'd fly to the stars.
Your good health, sir.
Good health, Mr. Christie.
Liven up, lad.
You're too young to be brooding
in your ale.
What places you
in this small chapter of the world?
He's keeping himself to himself,
that one.
Oh, then it's one of two things:
enterprise or love.
It isn't love.
Rest assured of that.
Then you're a man of business...
like myself.
But I warn you...
it's brought me nothing but misery.
I'm lost in a fog
of commerce and compromise.
I'd trade it all away
for 15 minutes of freedom.
Freedom is a rare thing
in these parts.
It is.
- It is, indeed.
- Oh, indeed it is.
To a long and happy life...
Mr. Christie.
God bless you, lad.
Why should I expire
For the fire of any eye
Though foolish men you slay
For thee I shall not die
Your beauty and your name
Will never conquer me
What have I done
Hello...
souls of the departed...
what a disappointment
I must seem to you all.
Oh, no. Here we are- home.
I recognize these hedges
by their dullness.

O woman, high of fame
Though men have died for thee
This is a difficult murder.
Good evening, Mr. Christie.
Take the horse.
Shannon, I saw you galloping
in the fields.
Dignity, Shannon, Dignity.
A lady must always be civilized,
even when she rides.
No one saw me riding, Mother.
- I saw you!
- Yes, Mother.
'A lady must always be civilized.'
She never leaves us alone,
does she?
No, she doesn't.
There. Go on. Good girl.
Is somebody there?
Stay right where you are.
Don't flutter an eyelid
or I'll stab you.
I'll stab you through.
Father!
Jesus!
Father, help!
I've been all but raped
and slaughtered!
- What is it?
- In the stables!
- What's the fuss about?
- It's the devil himself!
- Mr. Daniel Christie!
- Oh, my God!
Look!
Yes?
I'm Joseph Donnelly...
of the family Donnelly
that you pushed off our land.
What in the name of God
are you talking about?
Prepare to pay for your crimes.
Good Lord Jesus!
Captain Moonlight.

Shannon, come back!
Quickly, find Mr. Chase
and bring him here. Go!
Shannon, come inside.
Shannon, turn around.
Look how black his fingers are,
Mother.
Never mind his fingers.
He's a lowborn blatherskite of filth.
If he's so worthless, then why are you
bothering to dress his wounds?
Our duty is to restore him
to full health...
so he can hear his own neck crack when
he dangles from the hangman's noose.
Turn away, Shannon,
and protect the innocence of your eyes.
Of all the days
to intrude upon our peaceful life.
The ladies are coming by
this afternoon for tea.
I'm feeling very sick
all of a sudden.
Mind yourself, Shannon. Those ladies are
models of manners and behavior.
There.
- Nothing happened!
- Nothing happened, indeed.
A poor, misguided robin has
broken a windowpane.
What a manufactured lie.
I was merely dusting
the liquor cabinet.
As if a bottle in your vicinity
stood long enough to gather dust.
Now, go upstairs.
I can manage in here.
Oh, look at what you've done.
Mary, Mary, Mary Nell
Do you hear your wedding bell
Will he love you, Mary Nell
Time and time alone will tell
You're having a dream.
This isn't really happening.

I want my land!
What became of the man I married?
Some other man's replaced him
and goes about with his name.
A murderous insurgent
under your own roof!
How horrible!
He's as ugly as sin...
and the most vicious creature
I've ever set eyes upon.
Did you get a look at him, Shannon?
A peek.
Shannon, what is your collar doing?
- It's choking me.
- Well, do it up.
Better to choke
than to be vulgar.
I hear a noise.
Let us hope it's Stephen Chase.
We've come for your prisoner,
Mr. Christie.
Good afternoon, Mrs. Christie.
Good afternoon, ladies.
Speak of the sun
and we see its rays.
Oh, my goodness,
we were so frightened.
Keep calm.
You're safe and protected.
Go back to your sinful card playing.
Hello, Shannon.
Hello, Stephen.
My, how handsome he is.
He's a brilliant young man.
He was educated at Trinity.
Of course.
He manages all my husband's
business affairs.
Your daughter is certainly
a very lucky girl.
Yes, indeed.
Shannon, the ladies and I
would like you to play the piano.
I beg your pardon?

Come play something, Shannon.
Something fanciful and nice.
She plays beautifully.
Good gracious, child.
- It's band music, Mother.
- 'Band music'?
It's very modern.
It's from America.
Shannon, stay back.
Careful, boy.
Your life's worth little as it is.
You're the bastard
that burned my father's house.
I've burned many houses in the line
of duty. Am I meant to remember yours?
Maybe you'll remember this.
Pistols, tomorrow at dawn.
Get him upstairs!
Go on.
Come, ladies. Let us resume
our pleasantries in the parlor.
Come, dear.
You, too, Shannon.
What's buzzing around inside
that head of yours, my little monkey?
The day's been disrupted, Father.
Heaven forbid.
I'm running away.
Excuse me.
There's something in here I need.
Perhaps you're wondering
why I'm running away.
Well, I'll tell you.
I'm running away
because I'm modern.
I'm modern,
and I'm going to a modern place.
You're not the only one
who's trapped.
If I stay here, my mother will turn me
into one of her stuffy old friends.
No, thank you.
I'm a little more interesting than that.
I'm very smart, and I'm very modern.

That's all you need to know about me.

Boy, here!

Have a look at this.

Look.

You can't read, can you?

How pathetic.

'Land,' it says.

'Land'?

'Wanted:

strong, healthy men and women.

Every resident of the United States
is entitled to 160 acres of land.'

They've got so much of it
they give it away for free.

No land is given away...
in any part of the world.

In America it is...

and I'm going there.

I'm going to have
a place of my own.

And I will have horses on it,
and I will raise them...

and I will ride them
any way I please.

What do you need more land for?

You own half of Ireland as it is!

You took it, your people did!

I didn't take it.

You just live here

all fancied up on rent...

and broken backs.

Boy, you said you wanted land.

If that's what you want,

then come with me.

Great ships sail

out of Dublin and Liverpool.

But a woman dare not travel alone.

You're brave. You shoot men,
you step on their necks.

When I saw that, I realized
you could be very useful to me.

- Useful, could I?

- Yes! You could be my serving boy.

Oh, I see.

I could polish your boots for you.

They will need a polish

now and then.

Aye, they would.

And I could make you a cup of tea.

When teatime calls for it, yes.

I'll throw the tea in your face and I'll

piss on your boots before I serve you!

Get out!

- I'll pay you threepence a day.

- Get out!

I've got an appointment in the morning,

and I'm going to honor it.

Ha! You'll never win this duel

with Stephen.

We've all seen you handle a gun.

Boy, I am giving you your freedom!

I'm not going to a distant world.

I'm of Ireland,

and I'll stay in Ireland till I die.

That's in about five hours.

These weapons belonged

to my father's father.

His father's father was an ass.

I've asked to serve as your second

in this barbarism.

I appreciate that, sir.

Choose one of those things.

You had a good breakfast this morning,

did you?

- It was grand, sir. Thank you.

- Good.

Count away 15 paces.

- One, two.

- This way, son.

- Three, four-

- Ah, fog.

My life is one long mollifying fog.

The land I hold, I inherited.

It manages itself

with a foggy logic of its own.

Son, I was up thinking about you

all night long.

I knew nothing of your family or their
eviction. I'm sorry for their pain.
I understand why you came to murder me,
and I don't blame you for it at all.
Fifteen!
Turn, each man, and fire!
I can't see anything!
I can.
Boy! Come away from there!
Shannon, get out of the way!
- Assess your stupidity, lad.
- Get away from me, woman!
As you wish.
- Wait!
- Shannon!
Shannon, don't!
Good-bye, Stephen.
'Good-bye'? Don't shoot!
I saved your neck.
You remember that.
Afternoon.
- Thank you, boy.
- Don't call me 'boy.'
Sugar.
Two.
You might display some gratitude
considering I paid for your passage.
I paid, let me remind you.
Oh, good afternoon.
Forgive me if I'm intruding,
but I wonder...
if you'd enjoy a gentle stroll
around the deck.
She's drinking her tea now.
There's no need
to state the obvious, boy.
My name's McGuire,
from Boston, Massachusetts.
Oh, you're American.
Irish born.
I went back for personal reasons.
A stroll would be delightful,
Mr. McGuire.
Parasol.

In my imagination,
America is a wonderfully modern place.
- Am I right?
- Modern as modern can be.
The people, the culture,
the industry.
- What about the land?
- I beg your pardon?
This girl's got it in her head
that they're giving land away for free.
That's true. Oklahoma territory.
The west's opening up.
- I told you, boy.
- Can't be good land.
It's the finest in the world.
Seeds flourish in it.
The cattle that grow upon it
are fat as elephants.
How do you get it, Mr. McGuire?
Is it there when you step off the boat?
Oh, no. You have to travel
When you get there, you'll have to
run for the land in a race.
A race?
Don't lose time in Boston.
As soon as you can,
purchase horses, a wagon and supplies.
Have I upset you?
I didn't expect it
to be so complicated.
We're very fortunate. Any difficulty
can be overcome with money.
Excuse me. I'd like
to speak with Mr. McGuire alone.
Mr. McGuire, I do have money...
but it's in the form of spoons.
- Spoons?
- Ancient spoons made of silver.
I'd planned to sell them
when I arrived in Boston.
Well, I can recommend a couple of shops
that will treat you honestly.
Oh, I'm very much obliged to you, sir.
- Pleasure's mine.

- Thank you.
May I ask what are you doing
sitting at my table?
I'm eating your chocolate cake.
I see. And what have you done
with my father's necktie?
I flung it into the sea.
It was gagging my throat.
You're just upset because everything
I've told you is turning out to be true.
'Cows as fat as elephants.'
I know what that man's after.
I think you should
cover your ankles.
America.
I'm here. I've made it.
I've arrived, Joseph.
I beg your pardon.
United States of America flags!
You're an American today!
Your great friend
Mr. McGuire has vanished.
You want American dollars?
Oh, there he is!
Mr. McGuire!
Over here!
Ah, there you are.
Hey, mister, you Irish?
I can take you to the ward boss.
Need work? Need lodging?
There are people who hate the Irish.
You can't get nothing without the ward
boss. He's the biggest man in Boston.
Go fleece somebody else, boy.
I know the games of these shysters.
Come on, Miss Christie.
I'll find you a suitable hotel.
Cab!
Thank goodness for Mr. McGuire.
Take Miss Christie here
to a decent hotel.
Well, you've certainly upheld
your end of the bargain.
Good luck, Shannon.

Good luck, Joseph.
Need jobs, need lodgings? If you're
Irish, I'll take you to the ward boss.
Hey, McGuire!
- Yes?
- Welcome back.
Oh, my God! My spoons!
They're taking my spoons!
Joseph, Mr. McGuire stole my spoons!
No, please, they're mine.
He stole them from me.
That dead man stole my spoons.
My bag! They're taking everything!
Now I have nothing.
Come away, Shannon.
We have to go.
I have nothing now.
I have no money.
God is punishing me, Joseph.
I stole those spoons from my mother
the morning I ran away.
Hey, you! Stand still!
- I didn't do nothing!
- Who's this man, the ward boss?
That's him there,
fighting in the fancy clothes.
Mike Kelly, his name is.
- I'll take it.
- Come on!
Shannon, you should
stand back over there.
Don't shield me, Joseph.
It's only a boxing match.
What?
Sorry, Mike.
Mike isn't happy when he loses.
You distracted me.
You weren't concentrating.
A scrappy Connemara man, huh?
Fresh off the boat.
Follow me.
Not you, woman.
You just cost me part of a tooth.
- If he gets to go, then I get to go.

- I'm Mike Kelly!

Who is this bit of a snit anyway?

Your wife?

- Certainly not.

- Then who the hell are you, lass?

- She's...

- I'm-

my sister.

- Tell me she isn't a pain in the ass.

- Settle your bets!

'Sister'? Our blood's not even

the same temperature.

These people are my kind of people.

And my kind doesn't like your kind.

In fact,

they hate everything about you.

Now...

for some reason or other

I'm willing to lie for you.

Or we could tell them you're

a rich Protestant. Might be sporting.

No, Joseph.

My brother.

Good.

- What do you call yourself?

- Joseph Donnelly.

Well, Donnelly, let's put you

on the road to citizenship.

We'll get you working

and get you voting when the time comes.

See how the system works here, lad?

Stop it!

- Leave me alone!

- 'Twas a lady who took to the street

- Her name was Biddy McMack

- Get away or I'll claw your eyes out!

She makes a handsome living

out of laying on her back

- I said leave me alone!

- Excuse me, Mr. Kelly.

I'm not a wealthy man

But give me a night of paradise

I'll pay you what I can

Get away!

I'll ask you
to leave this lady alone.
Go ahead and ask.
I've no wish to fight you.
He's no wish to fight me.
I'll take him.
No, he's mine.
He's mine alone.
Kill him, Joseph!
Well, now.
You knocked the piss out of the man
who knocked the piss out of me.
I'm not sure
how I feel about that.
- Dermody.
- Yes, sir, Mr. Kelly.
Time to make the rounds.
We'll take this scrapper
and the girl...
and lodge them at Molly Kay's.
- Grab the luggage.
- Yes, sir.
Come on.
Hey, Pete. Get a match going
these fellows can bet on. I'll be back.
Hey, Mike, how are you doing?
All depends, huh?
Good to see you lads.
- This is it. Here we are.
- Good day to you, Mr. Kelly!
- Molly!
- It's as unpleasant for me as for you.
Got a brother and sister here,
Molly, need a room.
You're in luck.
We had a suicide just this morning.
- Hello, Bridget. How are you?
- Hello, Mike.
Ah, yes.
Any gentlemen up here, girls?
No, not here, Mike.
- Make an announcement, Dermody.
- Ward boss!
- I'd give you another year.

- You're not campaigning, Mike.

Relax, Molly. Politics is more important to these men than sex. And I'm the Virgin Mary.

- God forgive you, Molly.

- Not likely, Mike.

Come on.

Is that Jimmy Dunne I see?

I was chatting with your wife today.

Don't tell my wife, Mike.

And here's the bath, but don't linger in it too long. It's the only one.

Gentlemen,

button up your trousers.

This is your room here.

Ours?

You're not suggesting that we share this room, I hope. I don't care what you do in it... as long as you pay me a dollar a week.

There must be some mistake.

We need two rooms.

- I've only got the one.

- That's not good enough.

- Mike, what have you sent me here?

- You're not listening to me.

The room is fine, and we'll take it gratefully.

As you know,

election time is coming up-

Your sister was spoilt, I'd say.

Here for your support.

I'm sure you've noticed

all these Italians taking Irish jobs.

No Italians are gonna run this town

as long as Mike Kelly's in charge.

Shannon, are you awake?

No, I'm sound asleep.

I think I like America.

- Do you, now?

- Aye.

We've only been here a day.

Look at the welcome we've got.

Would you like a room?
Here you go.
Would you like a job?
Why, here you go.
How about some land?
Well, get a horse,
and help yourself.
So, now you believe me
about the land, do you?
If they're throwing it away,
I wouldn't mind a piece of it.
Maybe this is my destiny.
On his deathbed, my father told me
he'd be watching me from up above.
I wonder now if his spirit
might be near, guiding me along.
If he bumps into Mr. McGuire up there,
tell him I want my spoons back.
Imagine me...
Joseph Donnelly,
standing on my own plot of land.
What would I plant, I wonder?
Oats, corn, potatoes-
Oh, God, no, not potatoes.
Maybe wheat.
Wheat.
Oh, Shannon...
I'm dreaming of it now.
Great fields of wheat
as far as the eye can see.
Oklahoma land was my idea,
you blathering fool!
'Maybe this is my destiny.'
If it weren't for me, farm boy,
you wouldn't even be here!
Well, if it weren't for me,
Miss High and Mighty...
you'd have died
outside in the street.
Give me back my pillow.
Not in a hundred years.
This book is irritating me.
Do you actually think
you're fooling me, Daniel?

Would you prefer I proclaim
my independence and drink in the open?
I like the system we've got.
How could she be so cruel?
Not to send us any word.
She's in America, Nora.
She's been writing to me
for some time now.
You hid these from me?
At Shannon's request.
Read them now...
though they may not
bring you comfort.
- Death to the landlord!
- Burn the house to the ground!
Burn it down!
Captain Moonlight!
Get out of the house, Nora!
- Oh, the letters!
- Leave the letters alone, Nora!
Burn down every last one of them!
Come with me.
Stephen!
We're over here!
Quickly. This way.
All of your life,
collected and destroyed.
I'm truly sorry
for your loss.
Does this mean we're finished?
Are we impoverished now?
No, sir. You still have your land
and your holdings.
This is no longer the Ireland
of my birth.
Our daughter's fallen
into perilous ruin, Daniel.
- We must go to her now.
- Shannon?
She's-
She's been in Boston
these many months.
Then we shall find her there.
You over there, keep working.

If you don't work,
you don't get paid.
Get those chickens plucked.
Get to work.
I think the prettiest girl
in this factory...
one with the prettiest eyes and the
prettiest red hair is Joseph's sister.
If you don't mind my saying so.
You can say what you like, lad.
But I warn you,
that redhead has a bite that stings.
Get to work.
Get your filthy hands off me,
you ugly animal.
That'll cost you a day's wage.
Go ahead.
Insult me again.
Pig.
There goes tomorrow.
Done?
Take Friday as well, you spineless
little fraction of a man.
Bite, lads. Bite.
What are you looking at?
I'm just trying to figure out
what you're doing there.
It's obvious what I'm doing.
I'm cleaning my clothes.
I see.
Do you ever wonder
why it takes you so long?
My clothes, if you notice,
if you look about...
are washed and hung- done.
Your talent astounds me, Joseph.
Move over.
Move over.
If you want to clean your clothes,
you have to get your hands wet.
First, you place the board
like so.
You take the soap in your right hand,
the clothes in the left.

Then you brush the soap
across the clothes twice.
Like so.
Then you plunge and scrub.
You plunge and scrub.
And plunge and scrub and lift.
And if it's still not clean,
well, then you go again.
You plunge and scrub.
You keep on plunging and scrubbing...
till all your plunging and scrubbing
is done.
Thirty, forty...
forty-five-
forty-five, fifty.
You could be a banker, Joseph,
with your ability to count.
Oh, a compliment.
Thank you, Shannon.
Don't suppose you've calculated
what the journey will cost.
If I barter, I can get a buckboard
for under 25.
It's the harness that's costly.
Bit, frame-
Frame, collar, reins.
Oh. Very impressive.
How much have you saved?
Are you still praying you'll
make it to the Oklahoma land race?
- I'll get there.
- Ha! What a corker.
You're a corker, Shannon.
Why don't you go back home to Ireland?
Write to your parents for money.
They'll forgive you
for your petty foolishness.
America may not be exactly
what I thought it would be, but...
if I went back to Ireland,
I wouldn't-
What?
Wouldn't what?
I said I'll get there,

and I'll get there- by myself.
Well, you need supplies.
- Of course. Food, clothes-
- Ammunition, gun.
Whenever I think of guns,
I remember Stephen Chase.
You're lucky to be rid
of that piss-headed snob.
Oh, he wasn't so bad.
You didn't know him as well as I did.
I knew him well enough.
Me, he adored.
He worshiped me.
There wasn't a puddle of mud
he didn't lay his coat upon...
for me to walk across.
- Are you facing east?
- Aye. Facing east.
All right.
Almost ready.
Thanks be to Jesus.
Light.
I'm in.
Good night, Shannon.
What?
Am I beautiful at all?
I've never seen anything like you
in all my living life.
Good.
Let's have another boxing match.
We need another challenger.
This man has not been defeated tonight.
Will anyone box him?
Any challengers to-
Oh, sir, you can beat him.
- You've got the face of a winner.
- I'll fight him.
No! No, no, no, no!
Joseph, there's rules
in this club.
Toe the line and all that.
You got to wait until I signal.
Toe the line, gentlemen.
No kicking, no biting, no gouging.

- Fight me here, farmer!
- Put your foot on the line.
- Right.
- Toe the line. Toe the line.
- Get away.
- Put your toe on the line.
- Come on. You're yellow!
- Come on!
Go on, scrapper!
Stop it.
You've won, Joseph. Stop it.
What a fight!
I knew you had it in you.
Girls, get up the burly-cue.
- What do you call yourself again?
- Joseph. Joseph Donnelly.
That's right. You clobbered
that fella's brains out, lad.
I discovered this fella
fresh off the boat.
Gordon, get this scrapper
something to smoke.
Who's your boy there, Kelly?
A newfangled style of fighting
he's got there.
He's slippery, all right.
Shake hands with Mr. D'Arcy Bourke,
member of the city council.
I'll shake your hand, Mr. Bourke,
but I'm not in a friendly mood.
I came here to fight.
There's fight left in me yet.
He's a lively one, Kelly.
Would you box an Italian
if I scared one up?
I'll box any man
you put in front of me.
Mike! Mike! Mike!
Jesus Christ, Dermody.
When's your voice gonna change?
- We've got another pug.
- Bring him on.
And I'll put money on you.
Place your bets, gentlemen.

The boy's got an appetite, Kelly.
Toe the line, gentlemen.
It's nothing!
I'm feeling grand tonight.
Steady now, you rogue.
- What happened?
- Help me get him into bed.
Joseph, you're covered in blood.
What happened to you?
He's been prize fighting,
but he'll survive.
He had a charge of gunpowder in him
that needed to go off.
And who might you be?
I'm Grace.
I work at the social club.
I did well tonight, didn't I?
You beat 'em all.
But don't talk now.
Get some sleep.
I need to talk to you.
You're his sister, right?
What sort of man is he?
I mean, besides tough
and handsome as the devil?
Well, he's extremely moody.
Ah. I believe that.
Full of spit, isn't he?
And passion?
No. Not really, no.
He's fairly dull.
Dull? Well, I don't know
what sort of men you're used to...
but he's anything but dull.
And the build on him-
Me and the girls got swollen eyes
from gawking at his bum.
Yes, well, good-bye, Grace.
- Would you tell him I-
- Nice to meet you.
- I just want to tell him-
- Good night, Grace.
- That was Grace.
- So she said.

She dances in the burly-cue.
Yes, well, never mind her now.
Just lay there.
No, no.
Joseph, lie still. Lie still.
Look in my boot down there.
- Four dollars.
- I won it.
That's more than plucking chickens
in a month.
I'll have my horse and buggy money
before the winter comes...
and it won't be
from plucking chickens.
There are other ways
to get to Oklahoma, Joseph.
You should have heard them,
Shannon...
cheering me on.
It was grand.
So grand.
Toe the line, gentlemen!
Too slow!
You come to the body.
You come to the face.
And you move out of the way. When he's
coming around, you get out of the way.
They just stand there.
Look at them.
Come on!
Come on, now!
- Well, hello there, Joseph.
- Hello, Cara.
All done up like a gentleman.
- I hardly recognize him.
- How do you do, ladies?
He's a handsome catch,
that Joseph Donnelly is.
If he can keep his knuckles up all
night, imagine what his willy can do.
Shoes. Secondhand shoes, madam.
Would you look at that!
Oh, look at the sleeves
all billowed out.

It's from Paris, France,
it says.

So beautiful and modern.

Excuse me.

Well, excuse me.

Even her poodle's
putting on airs.

Look, Shannon.

There's your famous brother.

Good grief.

He's bought himself another hat.

- See you tomorrow.

- Bye, Olive.

- Hello, Shannon.

- Hello, Joseph.

Well, what do you think?

Do you like it?

Like my hat?

No, not at all.

I'll get some other opinions.

- Do you like my hat?

- It's a fine hat.

- And a fine fight last night.

- Glad you enjoyed it, Connor.

So I left her there,
pulling up her knickers.

Hold on a second.

Here he comes.

Aye, there's my boy,
looking fit and dandy.

- How are you, scrapper?

- Never better, Mike.

- Hello, lads.

- Mr. Bourke would like a word with you.

Joseph Donnelly, still undefeated.

- He's a rascal of a holy terror.

- That he is.

That's a long-legged piece
of strawberry tart.

- Mind your mouth, Mr. Bourke.

- You don't talk to Mr. Bourke that way.

Let it go, Kelly.

This is business,
and the boy's our stock in trade.

Now listen to me, lad.
There's a man I want you to box.
He's a goddamn Italian,
and I want you to spill his blood.
I'll box and I'll win.
But you boys don't own me,
Mr. Bourke.
I box for myself, alone.
What do you think you're doing,
pissing against the wind?
D'Arcy Bourke is a powerful man
in Boston, whose connections I need.
I'm not gonna kiss the back of his
trousers just 'cause the rest of you do.
You like your suit?
Well, do you?
You like having a roof over your head?
I'm your bread and butter, lad.
Cross me, and you're nothing-
nothing but an ignorant mick.
You do what you're told
or I'll throw you out on the street...
and every door you'll knock on
will be slammed in your face.
Do you understand?
Yeah.
Good.
It's gonna be a grand fight,
Mr. Bourke.
Good. That's what I like to hear.
I'm drunk, Joseph!
How can you be drunk?
You just left my sight.
She's working her way
through a jigger of rye.
When I finish it, I may or may not
have another one.
Well, Shannon,
you came to America to be modern.
I'm glad everything's working out.
- You have changed, Mr. Donnelly.
- Improved, you mean.
No. Changed.
Look at all those silly hats.

You'll never get to Oklahoma.
You've spent all your money.
At the rate I'm going,
they'll bring the land to me.
You have turned into a snob.
Excuse me, drunkard.

- Hello, Grace.

- Hello, Joseph.

Will I be seeing you
in church tomorrow morn?
Sounds divine and holy, Grace.
We can share a pew, me and you.

- Toodle-oo.

- Same to you.

She's got an awfully large chest
to be going to church.
Shannon, all chests are equal
in the eyes of the Lord.
She goes into the confession box,
she'll never come out, the little tramp.
Grace isn't a tramp.
She's a dancer in the burly-cue.
That isn't dancing.
That's kicking her knickers up.
I suspect if you asked her to,
she'd kick her knickers off.

- Well, maybe she would.

- Has she?

Let me see.
I'm trying to remember.
Well, think hard, if there's
any brain left in your head.
Look at you. They're making a fool
of you, the ward boss and his friends.

- They respect me.

- They do not. They don't respect you.

- Enough.

- You're money in their pockets...

- and nothing more, Joseph.

- I said, that's enough, Shannon.

You let them pickle you
like a piece of pork.

- They're just using you.

- I said that's enough out of you!

No! Put me down!

Tell me-

Tell me you like my hat.

You're not wearing a hat.

- Say it. Say you like my hat.

- You're not wearing a hat.

Say it!

Why can't you say it, Shannon?

Why can't you say you like my hat?

Why can't you say you like my suit?

I've earned it.

I've done well.

Don't touch me, Joseph.

Why don't you go fondle that slut
with the runaway tits?

If she isn't stuffing her face
with pie.

You're jealous of me.

I make more money than you,
and you're jealous.

I can make money as fast as you can.

Just watch me, scrapper!

Why don't you shag her
and get it over with?

She's my sister.

And I'm your mother.

Every time your gentleman leaves,
I want you to tidy your room.

- Molly.

- I don't want to say that again.

- Mike Kelly's looking for you.

- Where's Shannon?

- Tonight's the fight- the big fight.

- She didn't come home from work.

- The club is crawling with Eye-ties.

- Have you seen her?

- No, I haven't.

- She's there. Shannon is there.

Where?

- Show 'em how it's done, lad.

- There's the lad!

Joseph, for Ireland!

Dago pigs! You're all the same!

We're gonna wipe up the floor

with you!

Shannon, stop this!

- Where is your dignity woman?

- You mind your business, Joseph.

You get your brains smashed in every night. What's the difference?

- There's a world of difference.

- Come on, Donnelly.

These Eye-ties

are tearing the place apart.

- Forget it.

- Get in there and box.

- I've got \$100 bet on you tonight.

- Kiss it good-bye, Mr. Bourke.

I'll make it 200 and I'll

split the winnings with you.

Two hundred dollars, Joseph!

- What?

- Did you not hear me?

I said I'll split the winnings

with you.

- No!

- Joseph.

- Take it.

- Take it?

- I thought you didn't want me to fight.

- But it's so much money.

You've boxed for nickels before.

This is a fortune!

I'll match that offer.

Don't let your stubborn pride

get in the way.

You'll have it-

You'll have Oklahoma.

You'll never have to fight

for them again.

This'll get us out of here.

Us?

Well, you.

I mean you.

That's more like it.

That's a lad!

Right, Joseph, damage the dago.

You hear me?

Come on, keep back, will you?
Get back. Come on!
Fetch Mr. Bourke to the stage.
Get back.
This is a fight to the finish,
gentlemen.
Side betting is allowed,
and a knockdown terminates a round.
Contest grudge, gentlemen.
Come on, scrapper!
Keep your left up!
Yes! Go!
Dirty dago bastard!
Kelly, I smell victory.
I'd enjoy it even more
with a little strawberry tart.
Mr. Bourke would like some company.
I'm not especially attracted
to Mr. Bourke.
You came to me for help.
Let's show some manners.
Come to scratch!
What the hell's he doing?
- What are you doing?
- Get your hands off her!
There's too much money at stake here.
- Filthy pig!
- Get back to scratch!
Do you want to forfeit?
- Shannon!
- Let him go!
You're losing me money, you coward!
Get back in there and fight!
You're gonna forfeit!
Go on, Joe!
Get up, Joe!
- No!
- Get up, Joseph! Get up!
- Come on, Joseph!
- Come on, get up! Get up!
Get up! I've bet more money
than you've got! Get up!
- Get up!
- He's out!

You, get out!
Shut your mouth!
Get this loser out of my club.
' 'Social Club Boxing Tonight
Ireland Forever' '
Did you tell them
we're in Jefferson Court?
Number Six Jefferson Court.
- Six Jefferson Court.
- Make sure they hear you.
- In the South End.
- Her family has come from Ireland.
They're here in Boston.
They're offering a reward.
Have you seen a girl like that?
Find her. Do your job.
Must I do everything for you?
We found her and here she is,
right over here.
We'll never get anything
out of these people.
- They're drunks.
- You seen the girl?
Her family is in Jefferson Court.
Number Six Jefferson Court.
Joseph, what happened to you?
Do come in, scrapper.
That's our money.
We earned it.
There isn't a penny here
doesn't originate with me.
Don't touch her!
You're done, scrapper. You won't
work here, box here, nothing here.
You coppers beat it.
Get him up.
Too bad. But I saw it coming...
the first time
you walked in off the boat.
No! Leave him!
Molly Kay.
These two are banished.
You shelter them even a night,
I'll shut this whorehouse down.

Come on.

It's too cold, Joseph.

- Hey!

- Do you need help, sir?

- Get out of here.

- We haven't eaten for three days.

- I'll work for food.

- I don't hire Irish.

For the love of God,

we haven't eaten for three days.

I said I don't hire Irish.

Now, get out of here!

We can't keep wandering like this.

I know.

It's been so long.

Too many days.

We can't keep doing this.

I think this house is empty.

Look.

- A tree.

- Look! Food!

There's food here.

Joseph, look at us.

I never thought

it would turn out like this.

And we know

there's sweeter land.

Sit down.

Sit down at this beautiful table.

No. We can't. We're burglars.

Please. Please.

I want you to pretend.

Sit down.

I'll serve you.

Tonight I want you to dine.

No, Joseph. Don't serve me.

Just sit down.

Sit down with me.

Let's pretend...

that this house is ours.

That you're my husband...

and I'm your wife.

Sit down.

Did you ever wonder what that land

you dreamed of looked like?

- Aye.

- Mine-

Mine was a green pasture

with tall grass...

that rolled just a little bit.

Mine had a stream

running through it.

Perhaps some trees.

Rich, dark soil.

No rocks to pick out of the ground.

Green pasture and a stream.

They would complement

each other, no?

They would.

The one, in fact...

depends upon the other.

Pretend...

you love me.

I'll pretend I love you.

I'll pretend I love you too.

- What was that?

- Who's there?

Get the hell out of my house!

Police! Police!

Get the police!

Help!

This girl needs help!

Will you let us in?

This-

Is this the Christies'?

Just let us in.

- Quickly, fetch a doctor.

- Yes, sir.

Step aside. You'll infect her

with your filthy hands.

What did you expect?

That you could climb to her station?

- Gunshot!

- Aye.

God, look at her.

- Will she be all right?

- She will now.

The wound is in the shoulder.

l have to clean it.
Shannon, l-
You're safe now...
in this house.
You're gonna be fine.
Take care of her.
Mr. Christie, here's the doctor.
- Something terrible has happened.
- What is it, Doctor?
- Your daughter, Mr. Christie.
- Shannon? She's here?
What's happened to her?
All right, she's all clear!
Let's get the mud cleaned out.
Hey, mick, after you drop that tile,
let's get after these rocks.
Come on! Let's get some goddamn work
done here. Fill up that wheel barrow.
Come on, fill it up.
Fill it up.
Move it! Hey!
Fire in the hole!
Come on, boys, find yourself some cover.
We got fire in the hole!
Hey, you!
Fire in the hole!
Water!
Anybody need water?
Water?
Look at that. All them wagons headed
for the Oklahoma Territory.
l'd be going wit them
if l was as young as you.
Doesn't interest me.
l had a woman once.
But she didn't want me
'cause l had no money.
That's America.
Unless you're rich, you're nobody.
l should never have come
to this place.
Forget the women, boys.
You got a job of work ahead of you.
Da, is that you?

Oh, you look like you're
not doing too well, my boy.
I missed you, Da.
A man is nothing
without land, they say.
Land is a man's own soul.
I'll work my own land someday.
If you manage it, by God,
your old Da...
will be smiling down on you
from heaven above.
Stay where you are, boys.
We're just stopping for water.
Oh, look.
It's the pioneers.
They go to Oklahoma, I think...
for the free land.
They're just wasting time.
There ain't enough land to go around.
One in a hundred
will stake a claim.
The rest of 'em-
they just dreaming.
Think they gonna get
some free land.
Hey, Irish!
Hey, mick, where do you think
you're going?
I was on the wrong road!
There now!
Coming through!
- Coming through!
- Farmers, ranchers, homesteaders!
This well-driller is an example...
of modern American industry
at its finest.
Come up and have a look.
It's not gonna bite. It's just modern.
You may find land tomorrow,
but you won't survive...
in the wilderness,
not without water.
'Land Office'
Folks, each quarter section

is marked.

You run for land, remove the marker
and drive in your own stake.

The race begins tomorrow at noon.

Again, each quarter section is marked.

- You run for land-

- Where can I get a horse?

Well, you're a little late,
cowboy.

Pickings are slim.

Now, this here horse is broke.

That horse there-
green broke.

Know the difference?

Think I can see it.

A broke horse

is a dependable horse.

A green broke horse-

he's faster.

That sounds good.

The faster, the better.

No telling what he'll do though.

Hell, you could end up in Canada
on that green broke son of a bitch.

Stand back!

I think I'll take

the dependable horse.

I would.

You go out and get you a good piece
of land tomorrow now, Joseph.

Thank you, Ralph.

I'm cursed.

Oh, Lord, I'm cursed.

Mother, the clothes will never come
clean if you don't get your hands wet.

There's no order
in this godforsaken place.

Here. Take the soap
and you plunge and scrub.

- 'Plunge and scrub'?

- Like so.

Nora!

I've been shot.

Shot?

Well, shot at, anyway...
by the cavalry.
We crossed the starting line
and we broke the law.
Daniel Christie, I will not have you
riding tomorrow...
in that vulgarity of a race.
The wild west suits me, Nora.
There's no telling what I might do.
Shannon, I found it!
Twenty miles straight west of here.
It's paradise itself.
You will love it.
The earth is dry and dusty here...
but where we'll live
there's a winding stream...
and the grass on the gentle hills
around it grows high and rich and green.
It's the plot of land
you've dreamed of.
Excuse me, Stephen.
- Are you cross with me?
- Of course I am.
We were doing this together,
I thought.
I couldn't take you with me today.
It was too dangerous.
I don't mind a little danger
now and then.
Stop this childishness.
Are we not here, your parents and I,
because you wanted this?
Tomorrow we'll ride as one,
together, side by side.
We'll claim our land,
and then we'll marry...
and finally settle down.
You do want to settle down,
don't you, Shannon?
Yes.
Yes, I want to settle down.
There now. That's better.
I hate to see you angry.
It isn't your nature to be so.

Hello, Shannon.
I wondered if I'd see you here.
I suspected that I might.
That's right. I saw you living
back in Boston all this while.
You look well. Well.
I'm here with my family.
We came by train.
I came by train myself.
You'll be running in the race
tomorrow, I presume.
I always said I'd get my land.
I even bought a horse.
A fine horse.
Well-
Time takes care of everything,
doesn't it?
Everything's worked out...
as it should have.
Don't you agree?
Yeah.
Good luck tomorrow, Joseph.
Aye.
Best of luck to you, Shannon.
Shannon Christie!
You never gave up.
You knew what you wanted
back in Ireland.
And look at ya.
Here ya are.
You're a corker, Shannon.
What a corker you are.
Beautiful country, isn't it, boy?
I found the perfect piece of land
for Shannon and me.
Almost a picture
of what she described.
The land of her dreams.
Congratulations.
Just what the hell
are you doing here?
You bring her to me bleeding,
and now you think you can talk to her?
Stay away from her.

Do you hear me?
There'll be a lot of confusion
in the race tomorrow, lad.
Someone could get shot.
Her beautiful eyes
Were a terrible curse
Three days in his grave
She ran off with his purse
They've got their land all picked out,
the pair of them.
The land of her dreams.
All those months...
I was trying to forget about her.
I was laying down the very track
that brought her here.
To hell with everyone.
I'm gonna get my land.
That's my thought for the night.
Tomorrow I ride for me.
Me alone.
And my horse.
Sweet Mary and Jesus...
and all the saints preserve us.
That there was the oldest horse
I ever saw in my life.
It's almost noon.
We're gonna miss the photograph.
All right. Ready?
I sold him that horse.
Don't let him bluff you, cowboy!
We're breaking the law, Nora.
I don't like you taking charge
of the business side of our life.
Oh, you do too.
Now, listen up.
This stake goes into the ground
over there.
That's your job.
I'll tell you when.
I, meanwhile,
will run the horse around in circles.
He's got to look
all sweaty and tired.
- Even dead would be good. Got it?

- Yes.

But we don't really need
all of this.

It's scary out here, Daniel.

Ah, we'll do fine.

Pretend we're starting out in life...
instead of ending up.

Anyone buy a good pair of spurs?

Sorry.

The race is that way, lad.

Forget the horse, lad...

and find yourself a donkey.

Take him by the bit.

Where the hell is he going?

Shoot him!

Fire!

Get up!

That way!

I have no wish to fight you.

God protect us!

Daniel, here they come!

Stand by, partner,

and pretend you're out of breath.

Pretend? My heart's
up here in my nose.

Oh, my God, Nora.

Oh, this is thrilling.

Nora! Now, Nora! Now!

There it is!

Come on!

Come on, Shannon!

Hurry!

Come on. Come on.

Get up!

Grab the reins!

Are you all right, Shannon?

Go, Joseph. Go.

Ride!

Go get your land.

You're not in Ireland anymore...

you arrogant bastard.

Damn it, Shannon. Do you want

your land or don't you?

This land is mine!

Mine by destiny!
Go ahead, Joseph.
Claim it.
- Shannon. Claim it.
- Stephen!
Look out, Joseph!
Oh, my God!
- Joseph!
- Don't touch him!
- Get away!
- Listen to me!
Get away, Stephen!
Leave!
Joseph, look at me.
Look at me.
No, don't move.
Stay still.
Don't do this.
- You've made your choice.
- Joseph, look at me.
Look at me. Look at me.
- Joseph, look at me.
- I feel myself dying.
No, you stay looking at my eyes.
Look at my eyes, Joseph.
- Shannon.
- No, you're not dying.
Look, you've got your land.
But all the land in the world
means nothing to me without you.
I tried to prove myself to you...
but I know nothing of books,
alphabets...
or sun or moon or-
All I know...
is Joseph loves Shannon.
That's all that matters to me.
No, stay with me. Stay.
Joseph, look at me.
Joseph, please.
Please, don't leave me.
Please, don't leave me alone.
Please.
No, please, God in heaven,

please.

Don't leave me.

This is our dream together.

I don't want this

without you.

I loved you.

I loved you

from the first time I saw you.

I often wondered about that.

You died. You died.

But you could be sure

I won't be dying twice.