

## Brooklyn – Review

Adapted from a Colm Tóibín novel and directed by John Crowley (*Intermission*, 2003; *Boy A*, 2007), *Brooklyn* is a **sweeping**, old-fashioned romance that draws power from its lead performances. Saoirse Ronan is a revelation as Eilis Lacey, a young Irish immigrant transplanted from **rural** Ireland to 1950s New York, while **heavyweight** actors such as Jim Broadbent and Julie Walters and younger talent in the form of Domhnall Gleeson and Emory Cohen do a fine **job** as parental figures and love interests, respectively.



Working off a **script** provided by Nick Hornby, another **esteemed** novelist (*High Fidelity*, *About a Boy*), Crowley stages the film in three distinct acts: we **meet** Eilis in her **town** of Enniscorthy, where she **struggles** to find decent employment, and, **despite** strong friendships, is **dissatisfied** with how her life is going. Her older sister Rose (Fiona Glascott) arranges for her to **travel** to Brooklyn in search of a better life, which forms the film's second act, before tragedy results in an unexpected return for Eilis to her hometown and much soul-searching on the **young** protagonist's part.

Crowley's attention to detail is **staggering**; the Ireland and Brooklyn he **delivers** are fully realised, vivid projections of life in the not-so-distant past, an **accomplishment** made all the more impressive by the fact that the majority of the film's New York-based scenes were shot in Montreal. To **delve** into the story too much would spoil things, but Eilis's experiences as a young immigrant - the **homesickness** she **suffers** and the slow steps she takes towards happiness and fulfilling her potential - are beautifully rendered, and the film's strong focus on human relationships blesses it with a **timeless**, aching sincerity.