



Movie Review - *The Banshees of Inisherin* (2022)

On a quiet island off the coast of Ireland, a man tells his friend he no longer wants to speak to him. The moment passes without drama, but something shifts. That single sentence, spoken without anger, begins to unravel lives. *The Banshees of Inisherin* does not rely on plot turns or grand gestures. Martin McDonagh builds the film slowly, through quiet tension and the sharp ache of distance growing between two people who once shared everything. On the ache of something once steady falling apart without warning or reason.

Colin Farrell plays Pádraic Súilleabháin, a man who finds meaning in the familiar, like his animals, his quiet routine, and the steady presence of those around him. His closest companion, Colm Doherty (Brendan Gleeson), has always been part of that rhythm. Then, without warning, Colm tells him it is over. He no longer wants to talk. No explanation. Just absence where friendship used to live.

That premise sounds slight, but the film never treats it as such. Instead, it asks what happens when the ground beneath a person shifts in a way that feels both absurd and deeply personal. Pádraic cannot accept this new reality. He continues to knock on Colm's door, to ask for a reason, to believe that if he just speaks kindly enough or often enough, things will return to normal. But they do not.

Farrell gives a performance marked by restraint and heartbreak. His Pádraic is not a man prone to violence or drama. He is someone who believed his world was steady until it quietly began to fall apart. Gleeson's Colm is more difficult to grasp. He seeks meaning in his remaining years



through art and solitude, but the way he pursues it is brutal in its finality. Together, they embody two sides of an emotional divide: the desire to hold on, and the need to let go.

Kerry Condon, as Pádraic's sister Siobhán, offers one of the film's clearest voices. She sees the futility in the men's conflict, and she recognizes how much the island itself keeps people small and stuck. Barry Keoghan, playing the troubled and awkward Dominic, adds another layer of sadness, a reminder that loneliness has many forms, and some go unnoticed until they are too deep to reach.

The film is visually spare but haunting. The island feels both beautiful and suffocating. The sea stretches endlessly, and the sky feels open enough to hold anything, but the narrow paths, crumbling walls, and closed-off homes keep pulling everything back in. There is no escape, only the illusion of it. Carter Burwell's score stays quiet, almost hesitant, letting silence carry the weight of what the characters cannot say out loud.

The Banshees of Inisherin is not about conflict in the usual sense. It is about emotional distance, the kind that grows slowly between people who once shared something important. It explores how grief, pride, and isolation feed into one another until nothing can be salvaged. It is both darkly funny and deeply sad.

By the end, the film offers no neat resolution. Some things break and cannot be repaired. Some friendships do not end with a fight; they simply vanish, leaving only questions and empty spaces. The brilliance of this story is how quietly it delivers that truth, and how deeply it lingers after it does.