

He's interrupted by a whispering apparition.

THE ATMOS IN THE ROOM CHANGES TO A DRONE EFFECT.

028 AURAL APPARITION

(prophesying, with
whispering FX)

Brigid of the Gael... Brigid of the
people... she is the exalted one...
she will care for her people. She
will transform all of Ireland...

AOIFE AND THE MIDWIFE GASP/SHRIEK.

029 DUBHTHACH

You heard it too? Where's it coming
from? Who said that? Show yourself!

A WHOOSH OF FLAMES RISES AROUND THE CRIB.

030 DUBHTHACH (CONT'D)

The crib is on fire!

031 AOIFE

(alarmed)

The baby!

AOIFE RUSHES OVER. WALLA: BABY BRIGID GURGLES
HAPPILY.

032 AOIFE (CONT'D)

She's unharmed!

033 MIDWIFE

How is that possible?

034 AOIFE

The flames are cool.

(in awe)

They're beautiful. It's like
they're rising all the way to...
to...

035 BROICSECH

(weakly)

...to Heaven. To the angels.

START >>>

036 DUBHTHACH

Don't speak that superstitious
Christian nonsense, Broicsech! It's
clearly the work of... a
mischievous sprite. A treacherous
Sidhe.

(MORE)

DUBHTHACH (CONT'D)
(to Aoife)
Pass me that pitcher of water,
Aoife.

037 AOIFE
(passing pitcher)
There you go now, Chieftain
Dubhthach.

HE DOUSES THE FLAMES WITH WATER. WALLA: THE BABY
STARTS TO CRY.

038 DUBHTHACH
(from a place of fear)
Midwife Ó Flannagáin, take the baby
away from here. I will not have...
whatever that was... in my
household. She can return when she
has... grown out of it!

039 MIDWIFE
(spluttering)
Er, yes, of course.

DUBHTHACH STOMPS OUT.

040 DUBHTHACH (O.C)
(exiting, muttering)
Transform the future of Ireland...
what absolute nonsense!

041 BROICSECH
(weakly)
My beautiful Brigid... God has
blessed you.
(imploring Aoife)
Aoife, she must be baptised.
Please...

<<< END

042 AOIFE
(privately to Broicsech,
tender and tearful)
Whisht now, dear friend. Get your
rest. I'll be looking after Brigid.

EMOTIVE MUSIC TRANSITION.

6

EXT. CHIEFTAIN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

6

ATMOS: A FIERCE IRISH WIND.