

BRIGID (CONT'D)
So your driver Rónán and I rescued
it -

055 RÓNÁN
You rescued it! Keep me out of it!

056 BRIGID
It's injured it's poor paw. What an
ordeal it's been through -

057 FERGAL
(steps forward, snooty)
Brigid, I am Fergal of the Clan
O'Neill-

058 BRIGID
Oh Fergal, here, help me get him
inside so I can apply a salve.

BRIGID THRUSTS THE SHRIEKING FOX TOWARDS FERGAL,
WHO HOLLERS.

059 FERGAL
It bit me! The grotty thing bit me!

Side 1
START >>>

060 DUBHTHACH
(booming)
Enough of this! Put that fox down,
girl!

SHE PUTS THE FOX DOWN. IT WHIMPERS.

061 FERGAL
(outraged)
I will take my leave, Chieftain.

062 DUBHTHACH
Fergal, wait now -

063 FERGAL
Slán agat.

FERGAL STALKS OFF. DUBHTHACH RETURNS HIS
ATTENTION TO BRIGID:

064 DUBHTHACH
You have returned to us as unruly
as a badger, girl!

065 BRIGID
I just can't bear to see an animal
suffering.

066 GRAINNE

(as if it's foreign or
distasteful)

She has sympathy for others'
misfortunes, Dubhthach.

067 DUBHTHACH

Sympathy! A noble clansman does not
want such weakness in a wife,
Grainne. He wants obedience. No,
she is not suitable for marriage
yet. Daughter, you will remain here
as a slave until I decide what is
to become of you. You can go to the
kitchen.

068 BRIGID

(outspoken)

Remain a slave? I thought I was
finally...

(thinking better of it)

I'm sorry about the fox... Dad.

069 DUBHTHACH

(bristling at the
familiarity)

Don't call me that! Call me
Chieftain, like everyone else does.

070 BRIGID

Sorry... Chieftain. Sorry, mam.

071 GRAINNE

Step-mam, dear.

072 BRIGID

Step-mam? Oh! Where is my...?

073 GRAINNE

I'm told she died shortly after you
were born.

074 DUBHTHACH

She did. Terrible business.

075 BRIGID

(subdued, it's a double
blow)

I see. I'll go to the kitchen.

076 DUBHTHACH

So you will.

THE FOX SQUAWKS.

077 DUBHTHACH (CONT'D)
(irritated again)
And take that... mangy thing with
you!

<<< END

MUSIC TRANSITION.

9

INT. KITCHEN, CHIEFTAIN'S HOUSE - DAY

9

BRIGID STANDS AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE KITCHEN.

078 BRIGID
(hushed, to fox)
Stay outside, little lad.

BRIGID STEPS INTO A COSY, LOW-CEILINGED TIMBER
HUT. A POT OF WATER BUBBLES ON THE FIRE.

079 BRIGID (CONT'D)
(a bit tearful)
Hello? My name is Brigid -

AOIFE IS SEATED, CHOPPING VEGETABLES. SHE LEAPS
UP FROM HER STOOL.

080 AOIFE
Brigid! Is it really you?

081 BRIGID
The Chieftain sent me down here.
I'm a good dairy maid, but I've not
done much cooking -

082 AOIFE
(brimming with joy)
My name is Aoife. I was there the
day you were born, Brigid.

083 BRIGID
You... you knew my mam?

084 AOIFE
I did! Oh, she was my dear friend.

085 BRIGID
What was she like?

086 AOIFE
Sit down here, love. We'll chop
vegetables for the stew.

STOOLS SCRAPE AS THEY SIT AND CHOP VEGETABLES.