

006 MIDWIFE (CONT'D)

(to Aoife)

Give Broicsech a cool cloth, girl.
She looks very pale.

007 AOIFE

Of course, midwife.

AOIFE, A YOUNG MAID, SQUEEZES EXCESS WATER FROM
A CLOTH AND DABS THE BROW OF BROICSECH (PRON
'BROCKSHEH') WHO'S ENDURED A DIFFICULT BIRTH.

008 AOIFE (CONT'D)

You did a grand job, Broicsech.

009 BROICSECH

(weak)

It's a girl?

010 MIDWIFE

A beautiful *girleen*.

011 BROICSECH

(weak)

Thank you, Jesus and Mary.

THE MIDWIFE STIFLES A GASP.

012 MIDWIFE

Aoife, hand me that cloth, for the
baby.

013 AOIFE

Here.

AS AOIFE PASSES THE CLOTH, THE MIDWIFE WHISPERS:

Side 1
START >>>

014 **MIDWIFE**

(aside, to Aoife)

Did you know she was a Christian?

015 AOIFE

(sotto, lying)

No!... I work with her in the
kitchens every day... she's never
spoken of it!

016 **MIDWIFE**

(loving the gossip)

I've never met a Christian! Do you
think Chieftain Dubhthach knows -
[she's a Christian]?

THEY'RE INTERRUPTED BY THE BOOMING TONES OF
LARGER-THAN-LIFE DUBHTHACH (PRON 'DU-AKH').

017 DUBHTHACH
Is that a wee babby I hear?

018 MIDWIFE
It is, Chieftain Dubhthach. A
daughter. Just look at her.

THE MIDWIFE PASSES HIM THE BABY, WHO MAKES A
LITTLE GURGLE.

019 DUBHTHACH
(delighted)
She's a strong one.

020 MIDWIFE
She is, sir.

021 DUBHTHACH
With a shock of bright red hair.
(proclaims)
I'll name her Brigid, in honor of
the goddess of fire. What do you
think, Broicsech?

BROICSECH MAKES A FAINT MURMUR.

022 MIDWIFE
Broicsech is very weak, sir.

023 DUBHTHACH
Ah. Yes. Err... tricky business
this childbirth, eh?

024 MIDWIFE
(biting her tongue)
Yes. It's quite the effort.

025 DUBHTHACH
I'll leave you women folk to it
then. And wee Brigid I'll put,
err...

026 MIDWIFE
Put her in the crib, sir.

<<< END

027 DUBHTHACH
Yes! That's what I'll do.
(puts baby in crib)
There you go now my girleen, nice
and cozy in your - [crib].