

Continuous shot; Shows Áine's "normal"; hero's journey Set-up

Imagery related to narration.

ÁINE (AS NARRATOR):

I'd say I've got it decent. About two thousand years young, the queen of the sídhe and I made a cloak that can change the land. Not that I abuse it, mind - I'm not one of them ~~Greek bunch~~.

From Olympus

clearer
dig at
Greek
myth

Despite that, most fellas know to keep their distance from me, but c'mere and I tells you what happened to the last one ~~who~~ ^{to} chanced it.

Lake beside Áine's home, Fitzgerald is hiding among trees/etc to spy on her while she (attempts) to wash. She is interacting with the fairies, when his shadow creeping up scares them off.

~~ÁINE (SIGHING):~~

Excessive exposition; proposal in story
is pretty enough

~~If you've peeped on me just to propose again, I'm about ready to bust-~~

~~As she turns to face him, she trails off in shock.~~ Fitzgerald is holding the cloak of Ireland at swordpoint.

ÁINE (ANGRY):

-You... ~~who-~~ ^{who-?}

Earl Fitzgerald!

ÁINE (ANGRY)

~~You wouldn't.~~ Forget the sídhe, you'd be hurting your own, messing with that.

None here;
better pace
allows
audience an
intro to Fitzgerald

FITZGERALD (smug):

~~Grieving sons do make good soldiers! Though, I can't promise they'll have my reverence for~~
~~womankind. Especially not of a witch.~~

Áine of the sídhe, marry me, and no one gets hurt!

Maybe just a literal
proposal? Maybe Áine narrates?

The sídhe cower near Áine.

→ More here; set up her outwitting of the Earl

ÁINE (defeated): ~~(pretending)~~

~~Enough.~~ (She sighs) ...You've bent my arm back far enough. I'll marry you. Just...
Fine.

ÁINE glances at the fairies; a signal to listen.

ÁINE:

...Exactly when and where do you need me?

→ perhaps reads as nervous? Ticks viewer?

FITZGERALD (throwing the cloak over his shoulder):

Glin Castle, of course, just before morning mass. ~~No need for an audience.~~ If you want any hope of viewing this thing again, though, I'll be seeing you tomorrow.

Originally written to explain
lack of crowd - scene cut,

No emphasis here; disrespect cloak
itself

He gets up and leaves. He doesn't care to see what state he's left his bride-to-be in.

no emphasis; again, line
redundant

→ goes here instead; false moment of hopelessness before reveal - Áine's apparent helplessness is an act

ÁINE (relaxing):
...He's awful confident.

ÁINE stares after him.

Sí #1:

Would d'you want anything kept of the corpse, Your Highness?

ÁINE turns to face THE SÍDHE. THE SÍDHE are poised with weaponry. Visual joke: the national flowers of Gallowglass' ("foreign warriors") home countries are costumed as such.

ÁINE (chuckling):
Leave behind... an ear. ~~Maybe he'll finally hear me when I say, "no".~~

So he'll listen → emphasis on symbolism of her choice