

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**All poetry. Will be censored.**

She is like a force of Nature, a powerful White Goddess.

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**Totalitarian Censorship.**

Free Speech will no longer exist,

**For it will "offend" the Empire.**

Hill of Tara massive crowd is quiet listening to her now.

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**As the Goddess of Poetry,**

**If we lose our voice.**

(looks for emphasis)

**We then lose our Fire.**

**Everything we have -- as People.**

Will be gone.

She hears some Gods we can't see or hear talk to her.

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**I speak to you my fellow Celts on  
the Hill of Tara today.**

(hears gods speak to her)

**Darkness of the Roman Empire** comes  
upon our land.

Her Gods talk to her. She is possessed.

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**The multicultural globalist Roman  
Empire**

(energy builds)

**Says we are too White,**

(proudly)

**That we must be mixed with the dark  
and bred out of existence.**

(lets that sink in)

**That we were born White, and were  
thus born in Sin.**

The crowd is silent in awe watching her heroic speech.

BRIGID (CONT'D)

**They say our words of Pride are  
Hate.**

(lets it sink in)

That we must be silent and **just  
hate ourselves.**

(drives point in)

**Hate is the new Sin,** being imposed  
on us from birth.