

Renewing Ireland's Future

Direction:

It's a dark, misty day. Everything is under a shadowy, grey hue. In the middle of a desolate bog that is surrounded by hills on all sides, we see a lone man cutting turf by hand. Blistering winds crash against and swirl around him.

While cutting into the turf he hurts his hand. We get a close up of his grimacing face as he barely holds back from cursing, electing to bite his thumb to try and redirect the pain instead. He forces his shovel back into the ground and on impact we cut to a woman, who is just pulling up to the gate of the old bog.

She exits her car, with a blueprint type document under her arm. She climbs through the old bog's gate, which is now home to a wind farm.

She puts on her hard hat as she walks across the land. The swirling winds continue to blow. A strong gust causes her to look back over her shoulder and shelter her eyes....

As she turns we cut back to the man in the bog, the windmills removed... He's breathing heavily now, coming to the end of his endless shift, the pile of cut turf beside him shares his height. He sighs with frustration, before sticking his shovel into the ground again.

As he does we cut back to the woman. She climbs the steps at the foot of a windmill and opens the secure box that monitors their performance. She looks up at the turning windmill and around at the barren land, pausing to reflect on the bog's past and present, an emotional look in her eyes, one of pride with her work but also a sense of loneliness, like she's missing someone... she looks around again before shutting the door of the box.

As it swings shut we cut back to our sole turf-cutter. He lifts his head from his shovel and looks around the bog with a near defeated look on his face, exhausted from his day's work. He seemingly shares a moment with this woman who isn't actually there. He wheels the cut turf over to his old dishevelled van, throwing it in the back before jumping in to the driver's seat.

As he shuts the door we cut back to the woman who has just sat down in her own vehicle, a modern, electric 4x4.

Night falls as she begins her long drive home. The moon illuminating the road ahead. She hopes to get back for bedtime but doesn't make it. She pulls up outside her home and sneaks quietly indoors to not wake her sleeping family. She boils the kettle before sitting on an old family chair in the living room with a cup of tea

She sits, holding the cup of tea tight to her chest, and picks up the framed photo on the coffee table beside her. It's a picture of her grandfather, who is now revealed to us to be the same man who was working on the bog. She smiles at the photo before....

ANNCR: ***So much has changed in the last couple of generations,
But even more needs to change in the next.***

***That's why Bord na Móna has ceased all peat production, and is committed to
providing renewable energy to 30% of Irish homes by 2030. Providing clean
energy for your future...***

Direction:

*The woman's young son peeks his head into the room, visibly exhausted but unable to sleep. His
mother gestures for him to join her on the chair. He accepts and cuddles up beside her.*

ANNCR: ***And his.
Bord na Móna. Renewing Ireland's Future.***