

Gorta

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EXT. GARDEN, BY BUSHES - DAY

AARON - a young man, working as a gardener in an old home, is trimming and tending to the bushes but the exterior wall.

A frail person wearing a shawl slowly walks by an opening in the wall and sees Aaron.

FRAIL MAN

(hushed)

Gabh mo leithscéal, a dhuine
uasail?

Aaron looks back up at the man, confused.

AARON

Sorry pal?

FRAIL MAN

(slightly louder, with a raspy
voice)

Gabh mo leithscéal a dhuine uasail,
an bhfuil aon bhia agat? Níor ith
mé chomh fada.

Aaron sort of understands the man, and tries to reply to him.

AARON

(stuttering, struggling to
remember how to speak in
Irish)

Oh, tá brón orm, ach níl aon bhia
agam.

The frail man lingers for a second looking at Aaron and continues walking on. Aaron watches him go, confusion written on his face, but also he feels pity for the man.

EXT. GARDEN, BY THE APPLE TREE - DAY

The next day, Aaron is by one of the apple trees spray it with insecticide. He notices a rotten apple hanging on the tree. He looks at it puzzled, and picks it off the tree. He then notices more of the rotten apples which have fallen on the ground.

He turns to look around the garden more and sees that some of the bushes and flowers have begun to wilt and die also.

Looking around, Aaron is confused at to what could have happened overnight.

(CONTINUED)

He spots the frail man again, staring at him intently through the same open as to where he met him the day before. Aaron looks towards him puzzled.

The man is staring directly at Aaron, almost into his soul. Overwhelmed with confusion, Aaron makes the connection in his head that the man is responsible to to deterioration of the garden.

Aaron looks away from the man for a second but when he glances back he is gone.

Roten apples in hand, Aaron stands in the deteriorated garden.

CUT TO BLACK.