

SUPERMICK

(c)Copyright 2016.

OVER BLACK:

TEXT: In 2010 a film crew traveled to Co. Mayo to unravel the truth about local superhero, SuperMick. This is the only footage that remains.

FADE IN:

INT. MICK'S SHED - DAY

A tiny, cramped space. Old, useless garden tools cram the area. Two PEOPLE sit on tiny stools.

SUPER: SuperMick's Hideout, Killala, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

One of these people is SUPERMICK (50s), balding, wears red spandex and a cape. His belly hangs over his tight leggings and the Superman logo is stitched onto the chest with a letter "M" drawn beside it in black marker.

Beside him is ANNE (30s), wearing a neat suit. She pushes her glasses up along the bridge of her nose, looks just past the camera.

ANNE

We rolling?

She fixes her stare toward the camera.

ANNE

Ok, I'm Anne Dowd and I'm here with SuperMick, Killala's only superhero, is that correct?

She looks at SuperMick.

He nods, gives a proud, goofy grin.

ANNE

And when you say superhero, you mean you have powers, right?

SUPERMICK

Of course I do, love.

ANNE

Like?

SUPERMICK

Well, I can fly. And I'm known to have a mean right hook.

ANNE

You can fly?

He releases a huge belly laugh.

SUPERMICK

I get that a lot, but it really is easy to explain. You see, over the years I've drank more than my fair share of the black stuff--

He looks to the camera

SUPERMICK

--or Guinness, to the foreign nationals watching.

He returns to look back at Anne.

SUPERMICK

But, you see, my body takes it in a little differently. It turns it into a special gas, and when released, I fly.

ANNE

So, eh, you--

He holds up a hand to stop her, smiles gently.

SUPERMICK

Let's just say it doesn't smell the May West.

She shifts on her stool, a little uneasy.

ANNE

Ok, impressive... And I've noticed you don't wear a disguise.

He stares down at the costume he wears, grabs a part of his cape as if to prove a point.

SUPERMICK

Of course I wear a disguise.

ANNE

So, nobody recognises you?

SUPERMICK

Not a soul.

INT. MICK'S COTTAGE - HALLWAY - LATER

Anne walks past a framed picture on a hall table of a man identical to SuperMick, only wearing everyday clothes. She picks it up and shows it to the camera.

ANNE
Uncanny, right?

INT. MICK'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anne sits on a sofa beside BRIDGET (50s), short curly hair and heavy set.

ANNE
So, you're Bridget O'Leary, wife of
Mick O'Leary?

BRIDGET
Indeed.

ANNE
That's your husband, right?

Anne points to another framed picture of the man identical to SuperMick.

Bridget smiles, nods.

ANNE
And what are your thoughts on
SuperMick?

Bridget's face tightens.

BRIDGET
Arsehole.

Anne arches an eyebrow.

BRIDGET
Please excuse my language, but he
really is a nosy bastard.

Anne tries to hold in the laughter, she cracks a smile.

INT. MARY'S NEWSAGENT - LATER

A horribly aged place, stocked with the bare essentials.

ANNE (V.O)

Later that day, we decided to ask
around town about SuperMick.

Anne stands at the counter. From the other side, MARY (60s)
peers at her through thick glasses.

MARY

Wanker. Always sticking his nose in
where it's not needed.

ANNE

But he's a superhero, he can fly?

MARY

Superhero my flute. He says he can
fly, I've never seen him do it.

ANNE

I see, and do you know Mick O'Leary
by any chance?

Mary's face changes instantly, now giving the warmest smile.

MARY

Ah Mick, a lovely man.

INT. FLANNERY'S PUB - NIGHT

A dark, mostly brown coloured pub. A cosy place for a pint.
The place is packed, the music is loud and the chatter
ongoing.

ANNE (V.O)

By what we heard so far, people
weren't happy of SuperMick's
presence in Killala. So we headed
to the local watering hole to find
out more.

Anne walks along the bar. Mick (SuperMick in plain clothing)
sits next to his wife, Bridget. He notices Anne and the
camera, spins around, lifts his pint of Guinness as a
greeting and gives a wink and a smile.

Anne approaches the bar. JIMMY (60s), a classic barman
complete with a smile, notices her.

JIMMY

What can I get ye?

Anne leans in and talks louder to beat the noise.

ANNE

Just looking to find out opinions
on SuperMick.

JIMMY

Ah, sure he's only a bollocks.

ANNE

Why does no one like him? Everyone
in this town seems to hate the guy.

JIMMY

And too right. The fucker calls
himself a superhero. Says he can
fly. Codswallop. He's an old loon
that likes to play dress up.

ANNE

And what about Mick O'Leary?

JIMMY

What about him? An absolute gent.

ANNE

But can't you see, Mick is--

The music cuts.

WOMAN (O.S)

The newsagent is on fire!

EXT. FLANNERY'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER

A crowd now gathers outside, they look on as huge flames
tear through Mary's Newsagent across the street.

A loud roar booms from above.

A massive, scaly BEAST, complete with wings and a long tail
- a dragon of sorts - swoops down low and breathes more fire
on to the surrounding buildings.

Screams come from within the crowd.

SuperMick bursts out of the door from the pub, marches
through the crowd, where Mary stands and sobs.

MARY

No, no, no. Not this gobshite.

SuperMick bends his knees slightly, lets out a small, squeaky fart and jumps - and flies.

A collective groan comes from the crowd as the smell hits them.

SuperMick gets close to the beast. It breathes more fire which just misses SuperMick, who pivets at the last second.

A mixture of shock and fright washes over his face. He looks back down toward the ground at the crowd of people. Bridget, Mary and Jimmy look back, their faces full of doubt.

SuperMick jets higher into the sky and far, far away.

The beast turns toward the onlookers, blasts another round of fire at them.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Cloudless blue skies, golden sand and crystal clear water.

SUPER: A Beach, Unknown Location.

Mick sits on a lounge with a cocktail in hand.

MAN (O.S)

SuperMick--

MICK

--Just Mick now.

MAN (O.S)

Mick, that night many died. Your wife, Jimmy from the bar, Mary the newsagent. They're all dead. Even Anne, a reporter just doing her job. Why didn't you do something?

Mick leans in a little closer.

MICK

Son, did you see that fucking thing. It was flipping huge and breathing fire. Fire! I was a superhero, not a fucking eejit.

Mick sits back and takes a long sip of his cocktail.

FADE OUT.