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.


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 pivots 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 lounger 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.