

Lazlo Loohooville Revival

written by

Brandon Delgado

INT. DINER - DAWN

CLOSE UP on a nationwide newspaper flat on a diner table next to some fresh coffee and a plate of breakfast eggs, bacon, and toast. The newspaper date reads:

"October 15th, 1994"

The newspaper shows uninteresting news except for the column on the right. A snippet about a memorial for the five year anniversary of "The Bombing of McNamara Publications".

EAMON, 40s, reads this newspaper while he enjoys his breakfast. Eamon is clean shaven, thick Jeffrey Dahmer glasses, permanent sad puppy eyes, and a short-sleeve, baggy, plaid button-up shirt tucked into slacks. There's no other way to spin it, Eamon looks like a dork.

LORCAN, 12, Eamon's son, walks to Eamon's table from the restrooms, to his own breakfast. Permed and bleached mullet, torn denim vest, and a "the world is my oyster" attitude. If Eamon was Lorcan's age, Lorcan would be his bully.

Eamon is Irish as indicated by his heavy accent. Lorcan sounds more like a typical, suburban, American boy.

EAMON

Your food is ready. You should eat,
we still got a long ways.

LORCAN

Should've just taken a plane, dad.

EAMON

Oh c'mon, we've seen a lot of
beautiful landscapes driving
through America.

LORCAN

Sure.

EAMON

Your mother loved roadtrips. When I
first moved here to be with her,
she insisted we spend an entire
summer driving from Boston to
California. Cross-country.

LORCAN

Did you?

EAMON

Heh, no. "We won't have enough toothpaste, it'll cost too much for every motel stay, the trunk won't fit all our food supplies". I was too cautious. And now, I regret it everyday. That's why I insisted we drive here. As a tribute to her.

LORCAN

Hm. Well, too bad it's not actually California. It's backwaters redneck land with, let's see...

Lorcan pulls out a paper map from the backpack sitting next to him and spreads it on the table.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, five miles deep within an ocean of pine with only one road in and out...

Beat.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

(Sarcastic)

Oh, and it's permanent!

EAMON

No, it's temporary. We'll only be there a few months, at worst. And plus, this could be your big break!

A single eyebrow raised, Lorcan sips on his milkshake.

LORCAN

Sure.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

POV BIRDSEYE.

Eamon and Lorcan drive through a narrow country road. A forest of pine trees on both sides of the road. Far off in the distance, away from the road, there's a military base.

They cross a bridge and drive through more forest until the area clears to show a low-ground, Atomic-era town sign. It reads:

"Welcome to Loohooville! - Strike while the Iron is hot! - Population: 1,865"

The sign depicts a preppy adult male and his nuclear family in front of a government-built house.

POV LORCAN.

Lorcan stares at the town sign as they pass it. He spots a police cruiser parked right behind it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOOHOOVILLE - CONTINUED

With the forest cleared, WE see the town of Loohooville surrounded by a mountainous landscape on one side, and more dense, thick forest on the other side. It makes the town look tiny.

Loohooville is full of government-built, cookie-cutter houses. All houses are either desolate and abandoned, or improved and cared for, no in between.

Not a single church in sight.

Eamon and Lorcan continue their drive through the town.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUED

Main Street is one long strip of local stores and business both left and right. A Walmart-like grocery store and the town center are the only perimeter breaks along the strip.

Loohooville's town center is a large, flat, concrete plaza about the size of a football field filled with vegetation and benches. The fresh autumnal breeze has blown warm-colored leaves onto the square, it gives it more vibrance.

On one end of the town square, is the town hall, an uninspiring piece of 70s brutalism. Looks more like the DMV.

On the other end, there's a makeshift stage with a giant white screen, like that of a drive-in movie theatre. There's leftover chairs that face the screen.

There's a lot of townsfolk on both side of the road. Shop keepers, owners, teens, kids, all watch Eamon & Lorcan drive by. They're curious. Some even look excited.

Eamon and Lorcan drive past a telephone pole riddled with missing persons posters. One in particular, for a "Mackenzie Reichtratt".

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUED

Eamon and Lorcan arrive to their new home.

It sits comfortably with the other two story, red brick, urban, Americana houses. This is the good neighborhood.

They spot a bum in their yard, or at least what looks like a bum, who speaks with their neighbor, REGRETTA (50s). A silver fox, red-headed, tomboy woman. She works on the engine of an all-black hotrod. Regretta looks like she belongs on a WW2 propaganda poster that calls for the might of an all-women's workforce.

The bum, is KNOLLY KNAX (40s), a large lumberjack beard on him, stained trucker's cap on top of dust-brown medium length hair straight from the 70s, denim jumper with suspenders.

Eamon steps out.

EAMON

Mr. Knax!

KNOLLY KNAX

"Ee-ah-mawn"!

Lorcan is confused by such a Southern pronunciation of a genuine Irish name. Eamon doesn't seem to care.

Eamon and Knolly hug.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Ahahaha! Awww, glad you made it here safe, partner! I know that long drive can make folks crazy with miles and miles of nothin'. Who'd you bring with you? "Lorcan", ain't it?

LORCAN

"Loor-kahn".

Knolly gets down to eye level with Lorcan.

KNOLLY KNAX

Oh! My apologies. I don't believe we had a proper introduction when I was in Boston, so...

Knolly's shakes Lorcan's hand.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Lorcan! Names' Knolly Knax... with two K's. I'm the mayor of this here town.

LORCAN

You're kidding.

EAMON

Lorcan!

KNOLLY KNAX

Aha naw, it's alright! It's casual Friday, so you best believe I wouldn't want to be looking so mayoral. Not really my thing in the first place.

LORCAN

(To himself)

Clearly.

KNOLLY KNAX

You came in at just the right time, Lorcan. If there's any perk to any small town, it's how involved the community gets on holidays, and Halloween ain't no exception! Alllllll the kids trick o' treat together and allllll the big grown ups hand out the best candies in this neighborhood! You're gonna love it!

Lorcan nods, unamused.

LORCAN

Lovely.

EAMON

Yeahhhh, he just can't wait to start school tomorrow and make a whole lot of friends!

KNOLLY KNAX

Speaking of friends... Let me introduce you to my most beautiful assistant, Miss Reichtratt, your new neighbor.

Regretta shakes Eamon's hand from across the short, chain linked fence that seperates their houses.

REGRETTA
 (flattered)
 Ohhh calm yourself, Knolly! That's
 how you get another issue written
 about you!

Knolly instantly looks hurt.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)
 Ee-ah-mawn... Wow, you looked...
 smaller in your headshots.

She smiles and waves at Lorcan.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)
 Hi Lorcan, I love your hair! Very
 rebellious!

LORCAN
 Thank you. It's part of an indie-
 subculture movement called grunge.
 Pretty exclusive, underground-
 stuff.

REGRETTA
 Oh... bless your heart.

EAMON
 Uh, nice to meet you, Miss
 Reichtratt! Are you having car
 troubles there?

REGRETTA
 I hope not, I was tinkering with
 Ol' Betsy to *avoid* car troubles in
 the future. Oh, here, lemme help
 with that luggage.

EAMON
 Oh no, it's fine, really--

REGRETTA
 (Towards her house)
 Mark-Henry! Come out here and help
 your new neighbors.

A little red haired boy steps out from Regretta's house, he
 looks to be a year or two younger than Lorcan. And thinner.
 Much thinner. This is MARK-HENRY (10).

MARK-HENRY
 (Nervous)
 Hi.

LORCAN

Hey.

They stand awkwardly for a few moments before they start to move luggage into Eamon's house. Mark-Henry struggles with one luggage bag while Lorcan easily carries two.

MARK-HENRY

(Amazed)

Woah.

REGRETTA

That's Mark-Henry, my nephew. I've been raising him for the past few months now since Johnny, my brother, tragically passed away.

EAMON

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that.

REGRETTA

Oh no, you're fine. Johnny worked in a dangerous line of work so he was prepared. He left me his house, and Mark-Henry will inherit Ol' Betsy on his 18th birthday. But, of course, I'd trade it all for Johnny to be back with us.

EAMON

What about his mother?

REGRETTA

Oh, we're not even gonna open that can of worms today, sugar. Today is your day! Let's linger on that! Can I just say, I am beyond shocked Knolly actually managed to bring you here! But I'm oh-so-excited to work with y'all on this film!

KNOLLY KNAX

Well, I'll just say, just 'cus you're given a miracle, doesn't mean it'll start automatically working for you, ain't that right, Ee-ah-mawn? The miracle was finding you, but then I had to convince you of this project!

EAMON

And that you did! I'm just glad my audition tape was well-received!

KNOLLY KNAX

Ee-ah-mawn, your audition was so good, I put it up for the whole town to see!

The three laugh.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Well, hey, listen, take today'n'tomorrow to settle down, buy some groceries, make sure Lorcan is prepared. The day after that, I'll bring y'all around to the studio for a tour and table read, 'uh?

EAMON

Sounds great!

KNOLLY KNAX

They're gonna love y'all!

CUT TO:

Lorcan moves in the last bit of luggage they had. Eamon closes the front door.

LORCAN

Why are you letting people butcher your name?

EAMON

It's fine, son.

LORCAN

Dad, it's YOUR name. You have to correct people ASAP or there goes your name... "Ee-ah-mawn"? I didn't even know you could butcher it that badly... "Aii-moon". See? Easy.

EAMON

(Playful)

You know, you're right, it is MY name, so I get to choose if I'M offended with people's pronunciation of it.

LORCAN

Okay, "A-man".

EAMON

Well, now you're just intentionally
butchering it... C'mon, let's move
these upstairs.

Eamon and Lorcan grab their luggage and head upstairs.

BACK TO:

Knolly and Regretta still hang around the fence, they watch
Eamon's house.

KNOLLY KNAX

What do you think, Regretta?

REGRETTA

He seems more innocent than his own
child. He won't be an issue at all.

KNOLLY KNAX

"Ignorance is bliss"! I mean, even
if they learn, they're still under
contract...

INT. CAR - DAWN

Amongst all the other soccer mom vans and school buses, Eamon
drops off Lorcan at the local elementary-middle school.

EAMON

You should try to make friends,
Lorcan. You'll be doing yourself no
favors if you decide to dislike
something before even giving it a
try.

Lorcan steps out the car with his backpack, but before he
walks away, he turns and leans into the window.

LORCAN

(Sly)

I'm just here for the paycheck.

He laughs and walks away as Eamon looks unamused.

CUT TO:

On his way back, past the town hall, Eamon joins the drive
thru for an obscure fast food chain. He reaches the speaker.

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (O.S.)

Wow! It's you!

EAMON

Pardon?

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (O.S.)

Uh, I mean, hello! May I take your order?

EAMON

Yes, hi, do you fellas serve coffee?

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (O.S.)

Yes, sir, we do! And not just coffee, but also macchiatos, frappes, lattes, and hot chocolate!

EAMON

Oh wow! That's impressive! But, uh, I think I'll just take a coffee today. Decaf.

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (O.S.)

Yes, sir! I'll have it ready for you at the window!

Eamon pulls up at the window only to find the entire crew of the restaurant crowded behind the drive thru operator. Excitedly, they wait to see Eamon.

He's weirded out, but remains polite. The operator opens the window and hands him his coffee.

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (CONT'D)

(excited)

Here you go, mister! That'll be one dollar!

As Eamon takes out a dollar bill. He can't help notice that the entire crew are *still* there, still they stare at his every move. He remains polite and gives the operator a dollar.

DRIVE-THRU OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, mister! I truly hope you come to enjoy your stay at Loohooville, mister Creedence!

The operator gives him a wink.

EAMON

(awkward)

Oh, uh, thank you...

Eamon waves goodbye and drives off. His nervous smile remains.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Well, let's see if the fellas at the grocery store are alike.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

In the packed cafeteria, Lorcan is in line as he grabs lunch with Mark-Henry.

Everyone, even the lunch ladies, stare at Lorcan in awe. Lorcan notices. He's weirded out, but tries to ignore it.

LORCAN

So I take it you're pretty cool to hang with.

MARK-HENRY

(shocked)

What?! What makes you say that?!

LORCAN

You skipped class and are only now showing up for lunch. What are you, an anarchist?

MARK-HENRY

Oh, uh, no... My dad's car just broke down again so we had to take the bus and that's a long wait.

LORCAN

Dude, that's rough. I don't think I've ever taken a bus.

MARK-HENRY

Oh, why would you with your abilities?

LORCAN

Hah. Hey, just because I've done a few gigs here and there, doesn't mean I think I'm too good for the world.

MARK-HENRY

(Amazed)

You amaze me.

LORCAN

Okay dude, please don't be like everyone else here.

MARK-HENRY

Um, weird how?

Lorcan leans in to whisper.

LORCAN

Look around, everyone is staring at me like I'm an alien or something. Like, I get it, I'm a... what do you all call us? "City folk"? A city folk who's been in some popular stuff, sure, but c'mon, this is too much.

The two find their seats to sit down.

MARK-HENRY

Oh, um, yeah, they're weird.
(casual)
It's okay, I'm cool about it.

Mark-Henry pulls out a comic book to read from his backpack.

LORCAN

What's that?

MARK-HENRY

Oh, nothing, just being cool, that's all.

LORCAN

A comic book, seriously?

Upon closer inspection, Lorcan notices that the comic book cover has three characters on it. It reads:

"PROTECTOR AND FIERCE FIRE vs. IRISH IRON - Issue #77 - A Call to Action! - Written by Lazlo McNamara"

In the style of kid-friendly, vintage Marvel comics, there is a man in a green spandex suit, an Irish clover in the center, a helmet that covers most of his face, but not enough to notice he's clean shaven, an ominous green cape, and arm sleeves cut off to show off his GIANT, bowling-ball seized biceps. He wears two metallic, mystical, green gauntlets on both hands. This is IRISH IRON (?). He is front and center, deep in thought.

In a Superman pose, he wears a deep-blue spandex suit with a GOLDEN armor chest plate over the suit.

Engraved into it, are a lot of symbolism for the law. A shield, a balance, etc. This is PROTECTOR.

Lastly, a boy in a red, yellow, and black spandex suit to Irish Iron's left. He looks awfully similar to Lorcan. He's even posed with his arms crossed and one eyebrow raised, like Lorcan would. This is FIERCE FIRE.

Protector and Fierce Fire rest on Irish Iron's shoulders like shoulder angels/devils.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

That red dude looks a lot like me,
don't you think?

MARK-HENRY

(Gasps)

Is... is this one of those tests?

LORCAN

What?

MARK-HENRY

Nothing, *Lord-can*.

Mark-Henry winks at Lorcan.

LORCAN

(Annoyed)

It's "*Loor-kahn*", and what are
these comics even about?

MARK-HENRY

They're about Protector & Fierce
Fire going on adventures and
fighting their great nemesis, Irish
Iron! This issue in particular is
great. My mom FREAKED out when it
fist came out. Or at least that's
what dad used to tell me.

LORCAN

Huh... Read it to me.

MARK-HENRY

Huh?

LORCAN

Read it to me. I want to know what
that red dude is all about.

A smile grows on Mark-Henry. He opens the comic up to read.

INT. ISSUE #77 - SKYSCRAPER - EVENING

In the style of animated comic book panels.

POW!

As he smashes into a skyscraper of an NYC style city, Irish Iron is defeated after a battle with Protector & Fierce Fire. He lays in the middle of an office. Citizens surround him, amazed.

Fierce Fire flies into the scene with his fire propulsion abilities. He walks up to a dazed Irish Iron.

FIERCE FIRE

I bet you feel like a real *hot shot* now, huh?

Protector also flies into the scene. He looks beaten and bruised, but not as bad as Irish Iron. Although, he is exhausted.

The crowd cheers for him.

PROTECTOR

Hello, beautiful citizens! Do not worry, there is nothing to fear, Irish Iron was smacked with my "Dazed & Confused Uppercut"!

The crowd cheers even louder. Irish Iron tries to speak, but mumbles gibberish.

PROTECTOR (CONT'D)

Now, do step back from the scene. My deepest apologies for *Irish Iron's* inconvenience. It's time for him to go straight to jail!

Protector arrives to Fierce Fire's side.

PROTECTOR (CONT'D)

Why don't you do the honors, today?

FIERCE FIRE

About time!

Fierce Fire leans over Irish Iron.

FIERCE FIRE (CONT'D)

Listen here, Irish Iron, as an enforcer of American law, you are hereby arrested with no chance of bail. Your trial date will be set by the "National Court of Justice"!

Protector picks up Irish Iron for police officers that arrive on scene to handcuff him.

FIERCE FIRE (CONT'D)

You may never lose motivation for all things evil, I'll give you that, but you will always be outnumbered! Always on the receiving end of a 2-for-1 special!

Irish Iron is escorted away. The crowd claps and cheers as Protector and Fierce Fire soak in the praise.

CUT TO:

In the back of a police wagon, Irish Iron sits and thinks. The words, "2-for-1" ring in his head as drawn by thought bubbles.

IRISH IRON

The kid's got a point.

He looks directly at the reader.

IRISH IRON (CONT'D)

I need help.

CRACK!

The officers immediately stop after a loud ruckus in the back shakes their wagon. They step out and head to the back only to find an Irish Iron shaped hole on one side of the wagon.

OFFICER

Why do we even bother...

INT. ISSUE #77 - LAIR - NIGHT

In his metallic, retro-futuristic lair, Irish Iron interviews a range of gals, mainly pin-up style beautiful women. He sits behind a makeshift lemonade stand, without the lemonade. The words "Interview for Evil Assistant - No experience required!" are painted above.

IRISH IRON

So what makes you think you're a great fit for this job?

INTERVIEWEE #1

Well, being raised by narcissistic parents, I have years of experience with gaslighting, just ask all my previous boyfriends!

CUT TO:

IRISH IRON

What would you say is your greatest weakness?

INTERVIEWEE #2

Umm, I need to raise my tolerance for "enhanced interrogations". I mean, I can waterboard like the best of them, but I draw the line at nails and teeth. Yuck!

CUT TO:

IRISH IRON

Protector & Fierce Fire deliver me another ass-whopping, the U.S. Attorney General announces I will be jailed back at the Norwegian Maximum Deluxe Penitentiary, yet I just finished an order of "Destroyium" for my railgun, what do you do?

Interviewee #3, a thin, blonde, average girl, who wears thin glasses like a dentist, is stunned by the question.

Or so it seemed.

INTERVIEWEE #3

First, I would call your friends at "Evil News Corp" to spin the story and make Protector & Fierce Fire look like the aggravators. Then, I would hire "Evil Law Firm's" Raunchy Randy to help build a case on the basis of unfairly extraditing an American citizen. Lastly, I would *cancel* the order of "Destroyium", to avoid any evidence build up, pending the trial.

Irish Iron is very impressed.

CUT TO:

Later at night, after all the interviews, Irish Iron sits in bed as he looks over the files of all the interviewees. He comes back to Interviewee #3.

IRISH IRON

A dang shame she doesn't look like the others, but wow, did she impress me. I should sleep on it. Irish Iron knows better than to make rash decisions.

On the next page, a text box meant for a narrator is displayed around silhouettes of interviewees. It reads:

"Are you a rebel without a cause? Do you perform the Ooby-Dooby to the devil's music? Do you cheer for a wallop against Protector & Fierce Fire? Then you may be a perfect match as Irish Iron's assistant! Apply in the next page!"

In the last page, there is a kid's version of a job application, clearly meant as a gag, with an address to "McNamara Publications".

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Eamon arrives to the Walmart-like grocery store and parks amongst the other cars.

As soon as he enters, all towns folks in sight turn to glance at him with glee. Eamon cautiously waves at them. He grabs a cart and starts to shop.

In the bedsheets section of the store, in a far and lonely corner, Eamon passes by an "employees only" door.

The door opens, WAYLEN (38) calls to him.

WAYLEN

Psst.

Eamon turns. He spots Waylen's star-spangled bandana wrapped around his cranium. He sports a patchy beard and a Vietnam war green army jacket.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

You're Ee-ah-mawn, right?

EAMON

Um, yes.

WAYLEN

Get in here.

Waylen opens the door wide for him.

EAMON

(worried)

Oh, uh, I was just about finished with my shopping. I'm gonna go head and--

WAYLEN

Get. In.

Hesitant, Eamon enters. He leaves behind his cart.

The back of the store is a warehouse with a loading dock.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Caught you at just the right time, I still got a few minutes left on my lunch break.

Waylen leads Eamon to an office in a corner. Waylen sits behind the desk and resumes his lunch. Eamon stands awkwardly in the doorway.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Sit.

Eamon sits on a chair against the wall.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

It's alright, I just wanted to have a talk with the new talent of Loohooville.

Eamon looks more worried than ever.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Aw, shucks, where are my manners? Name's Waylen.

Waylen extends a hand out. Eamon reluctantly shakes it.

EAMON

Nice to meet you, "vay-loon".

WAYLEN

Naw, naw, "Way-linn"... Now ain't that a curious accent.

(laughs)

(MORE)

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Your gon' be dragged on your ass
down the street with that name-
butchering accent!

Eamon looks uncomfortable. Waylen notices.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Sorry... When you're ostracized by
the town, you tend to forget how to
socialize.

EAMON

... Ostracized?

WAYLEN

Long story, put shortly, never
underestimate the power of pure
fuckin' coincidence. A mother's
love was the only thing keeping me
from being banished completely from
this town. So here I am, working
for my momma, in her store.

Eamon nods. He spots a newspaper on the desk. He sees himself
on there. The headline reads:

"What you need to know about 'Eamon Creedence'".

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, hah, says here you lack
investigative skills.

EAMON

Excuse me?

Waylen scratches his beard.

WAYLEN

Well, I just inferred since they
don't mention it. You've played all
sorts of roles, or "jobs", as it's
put here. Plumber, spaceman,
corporate lawyer. That's quite the
resume... but never somethin' like,
say, a detective?

EAMON

Well, I almost played the role of
the leading investigator for the
Unabomber case in an autobiography.
I was meant to spend a lot of time
with him to capture his character,
and therefore, his brilliant set of
investigative skills.

WAYLEN

... Wasn't it the brother who
ratted him out?

EAMON

(awkward)
Well... yes.

WAYLEN

Anyways, what I was tryin' to get
at is, how would you like to play
the role of *junior* investigator to
me? Because Ee-ah-mawn, we got
ourselves a mystery in this town.

EAMON

Oh? What's the mystery?

Waylen gets up and searches through a file cabinet until he
pulls out a comic book. He hands it to Eamon.

WAYLEN

Who's writing these comics?

Eamon looks down at the comic. It reads:

"THE ADVENTURES OF IRISH IRON - ISSUE #83 - Irish Iron
RETURNS!"

The style of this comic is much more grim and hyperrealistic
than the issue Lorcan saw. Irish Iron actually looks
terrifying.

He now has a GINORMOUS orange beard and wears a brown flat
cap. He looks livid. Like a dog growling. Under the pure
black shadow of the flat cap, his face is mostly hidden,
except for his glowing red eyes.

He's mid-flight, flying straight towards the reader, ready to
grab them by the neck.

Eamon is very confused.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Don't look too confused now. You're
barely about to spend a full day
here, aintcha?

EAMON

Yes.

WAYLEN

Well, I'll try not to spook you away from this town, but here's the gist... Lazlo McNamara was an outsider who wrote comics for about 30 years. He was nothing more than a man who stopped by this town and felt pity for us. So, when he became very successful, we always received first dibs on every new issue of "*Protector & Fierce Fire vs Irish Iron*".

EAMON

Really? I always saw Lazlo's name when I used to read his comics as a child. Never really dug into his history as a person. Guess, I was just too caught up in his stories.

WAYLEN

Aw, hell, it'a A LOT. But *that*...

Waylen points at the issue Eamon holds.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

"*The Adventures of Irish Iron*"?
That ain't him. Take a look at this...

Waylen reaches behind a large and wide drawer unit and pulls out a BULLETIN BOARD. He stands it on top of his desk. Eamon leans in and observes the main take aways from it.

At the MID CENTER of the board, there is a lone notecard held in by a push pin. The notecard splits the board into TWO sides. There are red bands that connect to it, push pin to push pin, from all the other notecards on the board. This notecard reads, "1989 - 1994 - The Silence".

On the TOP LEFT, there's a strip of a comic book cover. It reads:

"*Protector & Fierce Fire vs Irish Iron - Issue #82 - Home At Last! - Written By Lazlo McNamara*"

A note card below it reads, "Lazlo final issue(?)".

There's a newspaper snippet below the comic strip. The newspaper headline reads:

"34 KILLED IN BOMBING AT MCNAMARA PUBLICATIONS"

The notecard for the newspaper snippet reads, "Lazlo dead. Who? What? When? Where? Why?"

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Back in '89, we received Lazlo's final issue, issue 82, which, I have no doubt in my mind, WASN'T meant to be his final issue. After 82 dropped, for five years, nothin'... Then, just back in March, *that* appears.

Eamon looks back down at the comic he holds. He looks at the board and notices the comic belongs on the TOP RIGHT where a notecard reads, "Mysterious writer annoys us".

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

That ain't Lazlo. It's way too haunting, violent. Lazlo's comics were always meant to be kid-friendly. So... here's what I'm askin'. Who took over his comics?

The right side of the board is filled with pictures of "suspects". These include Regretta and Knolly, both of which are discarded as suspects by red marking, because as the notecard states, "Issue 83 also ruined them".

If casually glanced at, one would think Waylen wants to solve a homicide case.

Waylen takes a final bite into his sandwich. Eamon is weirded out, but remains polite.

EAMON

Pardon, uh, but, um, why, uh, these are just- well...

WAYLEN

Comics? What's the big fuckin' deal about a bunch of kid's comics?

EAMON

Well... yes.

Waylen thinks as he munches more on his sandwich.

WAYLEN

I think I'd rather have you find out on your own. Like a journey, ya know? Telling you right now, well, won't make ya too happy.

EAMON

I'm already not that happy...

WAYLEN

But, you're curious, aintcha? Like it or not, ya gots an itch to find out now, dontcha? Now, you'll be subconsciously looking for clues. That's just how the human mind works. Learned that at PsyOps training.

(to himself)

Also, learned staring at goats does fuck-all.

Beat.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Anyways... you best scratch that itch in secrecy. Don't let the town know you're investigating. Pulling someone away from their fantasy world would be like pulling on the tail of a growling canine. You been to the town hall, yet?

EAMON

I have not.

WAYLEN

... You should visit, sometime. A good starting point for your journey, if you ask me.

EAMON

Well, I'm currently very busy right now.

WAYLEN

Heh, yeahhhh, that film Knolly's producing, right? Well, I can only respect Knolly for actually trying to pull away from that fantasy. Too bad it's already come back to bite him.

Waylen has a hearty laugh.

EAMON

What do you mean?

Waylen looks over at the clock.

WAYLEN
Lunch time's up.

He gets up, stretches, and heads out the office.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)
Congratulations! You got the role!
Now, start snoopin' around,
"Detective Ee-ah-mawn". When you
start findin' answers, you're gonna
be dyin' to tell someone! Don't
worry, I'll still be here.

Eamon looks unsure. Waylen leads him back to the store. Eamon steps back into the store.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)
Oh, not to stereotype, but you
being Irish and all, I'd advise
straying from trying out the
moonshine this here town is famous
for. I've seen it make folks do
some very regrettable choices.

EAMON
Oh, I don't drink.

WAYLEN
Well, hot damn, you really are like
him.

Waylen winks at him. As he laughs, Waylen closes the door.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Lorcan and Mark-Henry hang out on top of a playground castle, it overlooks the school and a bit of the town.

LORCAN
So what do you all do for fun
around here.

MARK-HENRY
Um, well, I read my comics.

LORCAN
That's not very fun.

MARK-HENRY
Oh! I hear some of the eighth
graders will be sneaking into the
woods to summon the devil on
Halloween.

LORCAN

Fun, but only if you're dumb enough to believe that will work.

MARK-HENRY

Well, what do you believe in?

LORCAN

Definitely not entities. I believe in values.

MARK-HENRY

Wow. You really are him.

LORCAN

Huh?

EDDY (14), a large, even for his age, punk boy throws a paper ball at Mark-Henry's head from below.

EDDY

HEY! What are you kids up to?

MARK-HENRY

Oh no.

Mark-Henry ducks to hide.

LORCAN

Who's that?

MARK-HENRY

(whispers)

Eddy. One of the eighth graders.

EDDY

Mark-marky, come down here! I need my lunch money and lunch starts in 5 minutes. Do NOT make me late.

Lorcan looks down below. Eddy and his crew spots him.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Well, looky-here, who would've guessed this. Hey! Lord-can, right?

LORCAN

(to himself)

Christ.

(to Eddy)

"Loor-kahn"!

EDDY

Whatever! Listen here, I'd suggest you not be seen hanging around losers, you have a reputation to revive, don't ya?

LORCAN

Go away, dude. I don't know what you're talking about.

EDDY

Big talk for someone who's very vulnerable right now!

LORCAN

(to Mark-Henry)

What's this guy's problem?

MARK-HENRY

I don't know, but best you don't tease him.

EDDY

Lorcan, how about you join my crew? That alone will skyrocket your reputation! We run this school! Everyone will bow down to you like they bow down to us, isn't that right, Marky-marky?

Lorcan pulls out a dollar bill and drops it below. Eddy catches it.

LORCAN

Here, I'm paying my taxes, alright? Now, go away.

EDDY

You little punk! You think you can just *buy* me?!

RIIIING!

The lunch bell rings.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Argh! This ain't over! You're lucky I don't wanna be late!

Eddy and his crew leave.

MARK-HENRY

Is he gone?

LORCAN
 (annoyed)
 For now...

EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

Eamon rushes to take the last of his groceries inside before he heads back out. Regretta works on Ol' Betsy until she spots him.

REGRETTA
 Well, hello, neighbor!

EAMON
 Hi, Miss Reichtratt!

REGRETTA
 Oh hun, you can just call me Regretta. Heavens! Is it already time to pick up the kids from school?

EAMON
 Yes, yes it is.

Regretta speed walks to Eamon as he reaches his car.

REGRETTA
 I wish I didn't have to be such a big bother, but try as I might, Ol' Betsy broke down on me again. Would you mind giving me a ride to the school, I need to pick up Mark-Henry.

EAMON
 Sure! Hop on in!

REGRETTA
 Aw, bless your kindness!

The two enter and head to the school.

INT. CAR - CONTINUED

As Eamon and Regretta drive to the school, they talk.

REGRETTA
 So, Ee-ah-mawn, how you liking the town so far? Did you get a warm Loohooville welcome?

EAMON

I do believe so, yes. Everybody has been very, very kind to me.

REGRETTA

Ohhhh, your accent is just a real beaut' now isn't it? Now, I know Loooonites can be really... *praiseful*. But that's only because you're the first of your kind to ever step foot here.

EAMON

And what kind would that be? Irish? Actor?

REGRETTA

All of the above... and *much* more.

Eamon chuckles.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

What about the missus? When will she be arriving here?

EAMON

Uh, unfortunately she won't be. My wife passed giving birth to Lorcan. But, I'm sure she would've loved it here.

REGRETTA

Oh, that's tragic, but I think she's given this town a miracle.

EAMON

(awkward)

Uhh, yes, I suppose so.

They drive by the town hall. Regretta stares at it.

REGRETTA

And what's the opposite of a miracle? A curse?

EAMON

A curse, indeed.

REGRETTA

Well then, this town seems to be tap dancing in between. Tell me, how did Knolly do it?

(MORE)

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

How did he convince you to pack up and drive here? It couldn't have been just the money.

EAMON

Um, well, I think anybody would be very flattered when a mayor travels so far across the country just to propose a job offer. He told me his project for a "New Loohooville". He said he wanted to usher in the modern era here. And what better way to do that than creating a revenue machine with film! I loved the idea of helping an entire town through film, so I was on board!

Regretta looks desperate to spill a secret.

REGRETTA

Do you believe in destiny? I do, and I think you're here for a bigger reason than you may realize.

EAMON

(awkward)
Oh, okay. Heh.

The two arrive to the school early. Eamon parks curbside with all the other cars that wait.

REGRETTA

Oh shucks, guess we're here early. I could've probably fixed Ol' Betsy with all this time.

EAMON

What seems to be the problem with her?

REGRETTA

Well, I think it may be the inertia switch trips, but I ain't much of a car person. I was on my way to being one though, with Johnny teaching me the ins n' outs.

Regretta sighs.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

I miss him every day. But I think I'm starting to feel the wound healing. Lil Mark-Henry, not so much.

(MORE)

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Johnny was all he had after his mother mysteriously up'n'left again a few years ago. Now, Ol' Betsy seems to have increased in sentimental value for lil Mark-Henry. So, he won't be too happy when he puts two n' two together here real soon.

EAMON

If you don't mind me asking... how did... Johnny pass?

REGRETTA

Well, it was about the time Knolly first became mayor in 1989. One night, two years after Mackenzie had disappeared, Johnny wakes up to the sound of ruckus in the shed out back, where he kept all his work supplies. There, he found Mackenzie stepping out. Nearly shot her, too. But, she turned around fast enough to remind Johnny of the face he fell in love with. Teary eyed, she apologized to him. For everything. She was... different. Calm. Soft-spoken. Likable, even. They talked and talked. For hours. Before she leaned in and kissed him, leaving Johnny stunned, allowing her to get in her mysterious van and drive off. Johnny snapped out of it and chased after her in Ol' Betsy, on a rainy night...

Beat.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Ol' Betsy doesn't do rainy nights. So he swerved off the road and next thing... he crashes into that basketball hoop.

Eamon looks over to where Regretta stares at. There's a basketball court near the playground with a hoop gone on one side. Instead, there is a small shrine for Johnny. Eamon is skeptical.

EAMON

Um, again, if you don't mind me asking... how do you know all of this? It's a very detailed story.

REGRETTA

Oh well, it's one of the short stories in issue #84 of "The Adventures of Irish Iron - A Few Good Apples". It was dedicated to the good people of Loohooville. Although, I feel the selection is based on someone's agenda and therefore, bias.

EAMON

... What?

REGRETTA

All I'm sayin' is, I cannot see that whore Mackenzie having a redemption arc like that. She was always living in her own delusional fantasy world, talkin' 'bout her destiny. Always obsessive, manipulative, and hurtin' Johnny in every way but physical. And then I get put in with all the bad apples in issue #83 based on a bunch of lies?! Like, sure, I'm a non-believer, but when EVERYONE around is a believer, and your career is based on EVERYONE liking you... you gots to compromise in someway.

RIIIINGGG!

The school bell rang. Children start to flood outside. Regretta steps out.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Oh! That's our cue!

Regretta goes to look for Mark-Henry amongst all the children outside the school. Eamon remains puzzled on what he heard.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Eamon parks next to Regretta's mailbox. Regretta and Mark-Henry step out. Mark-Henry runs inside, angry.

REGRETTA

Mark-Henry!

Regretta sighs. She turns back to Eamon.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Thank you again Ee-ah-mawn, I promise this won't be a frequent occurrence.

EAMON

Oh it's no worries!

REGRETTA

Why don't y'all let me cook you and Lorcan dinner tonight? As a thank you.

EAMON

That sounds lovely! Me and Lorcan would love that, right, son?

LORCAN

He's just saying that because neither one of us can cook.

EAMON

Hey!

REGRETTA

Well, come on in! I cook a most lovely trout!

INT. REGRETTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

The house is decorated with Victorian style furniture.

Lorcan can't help notice the grandiose paintings of ships and their canons. Or framed pictures of mushroom clouds.

REGRETTA

Mark-Henry, start boiling some water in a pot.

Mark-Henry stubbornly obliges. He heads to the open kitchen that connects to the living room. Regretta notices Lorcan, who stares at all the decors.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Heh, Johnny loved anything that went "boom"! So he made it his hobby and career as a demolition's expert. Only one in a thirty-mile radius. That made him very valuable.

MARK-HENRY
 (inaudible)
 Can we not?

LORCAN
 Gnarly. Sounds like the type of
 dude I would've loved to hang out
 with.

MARK-HENRY
 (stern)
 Well, you can't. Because he's dead!

REGRETTA
 Mark-Henry! He was just
 complementing your father!

MARK-HENRY
 Well, maybe he shouldn't talk about
 someone he never knew!

LORCAN
 (awkward)
 It's cool, I won't.

MARK-HENRY
 Shut up!

Mark-Henry runs upstairs to his room.

REGRETTA
 Mark-Henry, please come back down!

Regretta is frustrated. Lorcan stands awkwardly.

EAMON
 I can go talk to him.

REGRETTA
 Probably best that you don't.

EAMON
 Maybe he just needs a punching bag.
 I'm good at that.

Eamon heads upstairs. Regretta politely smiles at Lorcan.

REGRETTA
 Lorcan, why don't you help me cook?

Upstairs, Eamon notices one of the bedroom doors slightly ajar. Through the slit, he can see a dimly lit, artist's workspace filled with drawings on the wall.

Curious, Eamon slowly enters the room. The drawings on the wall cover every wall. They range from fairy, adorable, mythical creatures to hyperrealistic monstrosities. The drawings show an artist's descent into madness.

No sign of Mark-Henry, but Eamon spots a comic on a table. It reads:

"PROTECTOR & FIERCE FIRE vs. IRISH IRON - ISSUE #82 - HOME AT LAST! - Written by Lazlo McNamara"

Eamon is surprised to find a copy of one of Waylen's clues. He begins to read it.

INT. ISSUE #82 - SKY - DAY

The kid-friendly, Lazlo-style Irish Iron flies through the clouds. He looks down below. He speaks into a watch he now wears.

IRISH IRON
They must be here somewhere!
Assistant, I need more pinpoint
directions!

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Copy! In about 300 clicks, turn
East.

Irish Iron activates WARP SPEED. He flies so fast, any cloud in the way dissipates.

He slows down after spotting Downtown Boston.

IRISH IRON
I'm nearby.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Okay, turn North. You will fly for
20 clicks until you reach their
neighborhood.

IRISH IRON
Country side? So they like to live
modest, huh?

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
To a degree.

He flies until he reaches the countryside where he spots a comically huge, beautiful, high-tech, brick house amongst sparse, two-story houses.

He lands on the front steps and knocks.

PROTECTOR (O.S.)
Who is it?

IRISH IRON
Uhhh, your pal, "Horseface"
McGeath.

PROTECTOR (O.S.)
Horseface! What are you doing here
so unexpectedly?

IRISH IRON
Uhhh, I brought some, uhh... beer!
Yes, beer! Let's drink!

PROTECTOR (O.S.)
Oh! Well, what kind did you bring?

IRISH IRON
Only the finest from Dublin.

PROTECTOR (O.S.)
Ah, my hometown. Sounds delicious!
Come on in!

Irish Iron shrugs. He opens the door.

POW!

He's instantly uppercuted by Protector. He's launched into the air where he falls flat on his back in the front yard.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Sir! Are you okay?!

PROTECTOR
Irish Iron, I thought you'd know me better by now. Years and years of rivalry between us and yet you don't know that, yes, while I may be Irish, I do NOT consume alcoholic beverages. Because stereotypes are hurtful! Nor do I smoke ANY kind of drugs! Because drinking and smoking hurts the body, and we only get one body! So best we take care of it!

Protector gives a thumbs up and winks at the reader.

A school bus drops off Fierce Fire. He steps out and spots Irish Iron. He immediately transforms from his school boy uniform to his red-hot costume.

FIERCE FIRE

Ugh, can't even arrive home without you bugging us? What are you, drunk? This is a new low even for you, "Irish Idiot".

The children on the bus cheer for a fight.

PROTECTOR

Go easy on him, my "Dazed & Confused Uppercut" has already knocked him silly.

Fierce Fire fiercely shoots a line of fire at Irish Iron. It scorches his buttocks, causing him to launch into the air with pain.

IRISH IRON

OOOOWWWWWWWW!

PROTECTOR

(to Fierce Fire)
So how was school?

FIERCE FIRE

I failed my Algebra test.

PROTECTOR

What?! I told you that if you failed again--

FIERCE FIRE

--It's not MY fault I keep missing school days because justice prevails!

As Irish Iron is about to land on top of Protector, without even a glance, Protector catches him by the throat, then launches him like a spear to a field in the distance.

Protector and Fierce Fire fly to the site.

PROTECTOR

Well, if you were struggling with the material, why not ask me to hire a tutor? You know that would've never been a problem.

FIERCE FIRE

You were always BUSY! "Son, another time", "Not now, I have a meeting", "I'll get back to you". You've been treating me like a business associate!

They land at Irish Iron's crash site.

IRISH IRON

Please... no more...

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Boss! Your vitals signs are low!

Irish Iron is ignored. Fierce Fire maintains eye contact with Protector as he grabs Irish Iron by the collar. His free hand becomes pure fire as he closes his fist and begins to punch him in the face.

PROTECTOR

I'm... I'm sorry. It's just... I've been thinking...

FIERCE FIRE

About?

PROTECTOR

... Retirement.

Fierce Fire stops. He steps aside as Protector, while he maintains eye contact with Fierce Fire, uses telekinesis to SMACK Irish Iron between two trees nearby.

FIERCE FIRE

What? Retirement from what?

PROTECTOR

From being Protector.

FIERCE FIRE

Woah. Why?! You can't retire, that's part of our curse.

PROTECTOR

Son, those meetings, they were meetings for the soon to be, "League of Superheroes". Imagine that. *Support*. We could finally rest, *retire*, live as normal citizens for as long as we want, doesn't that sound nice?

FIERCE FIRE

It... it... does sound nice.

PROTECTOR

Yes! Your mother always talked about it. A normal life. No more pressure from world governments. No more godlike training sessions. We could eat any food that we want!

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

BOSS!!

Fierce Fire grows a smile on his face.

FIERCE FIRE

That does sound nice, dad. I could finally be a normal kid. I can stop looking so ridiculous with this thing on me.

Protector drops Irish Iron as he goes in for a hug with Fierce Fire.

Irish Iron's burned, bloodied, body rolls down next to Protector. Finally, they acknowledge him.

FIERCE FIRE (CONT'D)

Yikes.

PROTECTOR

Shit.

(gulps)

We may have gone a little too far this time.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

YOU BROKE THE TRUCE!! YOU BROKE THE TRUCE!! I'm REPORTING you to National Court of Justice!!

PROTECTOR

Now now, mysterious voice, there is no need for rash decisions.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

YOU MONSTERS!! Even Irish Iron never took it this far!!

FIERCE FIRE

(to Protector)

Uhh, you know, we could get started on that normal life right about now, we're just going to have to make a lot of sacrifices.

Protector thinks on it.

PROTECTOR

Yeah, a fresh start sounds good right about now.

Protector and Fierce Fire fly away away in a hurry. They leave an unconscious Irish Iron on his lonesome.

INT. ISSUE #82 - LAIR - CONTINUED

Back at Irish Iron's lair. His assistant, the average looking blonde, just watched everything unfold from the giant computer screens on the wall. She's livid.

ASSISTANT

Boss... I WILL avenge you.

A narrator's box sits on the bottom of the page. It reads:

"Will Irish Iron live?! Is this the end, one way or another, for Protector & Fierce Fire?! Will the National Court of Justice finally be useful for once?! Find out on the next issue of... Protector & Fierce Fire vs. Irish Iron!"

BACK TO:

INT. REGRETTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

Eamon finishes the comic. He's amused.

MARK-HENRY

My mom was obsessed with that issue.

Eamon is spooked to hear and find Mark-Henry as he stands in the doorway.

EAMON

Oi! You scared me there, Murrcc-Aunry.

MARK-HENRY

You speak funny.

EAMON
I get that a lot.

Mark-Henry approaches Eamon. He sits next to him on the bed.

EAMON (CONT'D)
So why was your mother obsessed
with this issue?

MARK-HENRY
Because she didn't know if Irish
Iron died or not. At least, that's
what my dad used to tell me.

EAMON
Seems like everybody in this town
is obsessed with these comics, no?

MARK-HENRY
Yep. I haven't read the new ones,
though. Regretta doesn't let me...
Have you started working on your
mission?

EAMON
Aha, it's more like a job, but not
yet. I start tomorrow.

MARK-HENRY
And when you finish? Are you going
to leave us?

EAMON
Well, Murrcc-Aunry, it's like this,
you are taken care of, until you
can take care of yourself. I won't
leave until Loohooville can take
care of itself.

Mark-Henry looks unsure. Eamon looks around at the paintings.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Are these your drawings?

MARK-HENRY
No, they're my mom's. Dad told me
she loved to draw. Regretta didn't
like that very much.

EAMON
Really? How so?

MARK-HENRY
 (Giggles)
 She burned a lot of her drawings.

Eamon is surprised.

EAMON
 Why's that?

MARK-HENRY
 Ummmmmmmm... this used to be
 Regretta's room, until dad and mom
 got married. Then, mom wanted this
 to be her work room, but Regretta
 still lived here. So they always
 argued, but mom won. Regretta was
 so mad she had to leave, that she
 stole mom's best drawings and
 burned them.

EAMON
 That's pretty mean.

MARK-HENRY
 Yeah. I never saw mom that upset.
 Even dad was worried.

REGRETTA (O.S.)
 (distant, shouts)
 Dinner's ready! Ee-ah-mawn, Mark-
 Henry, come on down!

MARK-HENRY
 Ugh, I'm going to have to
 apologize, won't I?

Eamon politely nods. Mark-Henry heads downstairs. Eamon
 contemplates.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - MORNING

Knolly waits outside a studio warehouse. He looks no
 different than his "Friday casual" outfit. Next to him,
 Regretta is dressed office-proper. She holds a clipboard and
 pen like a true assistant.

Eamon and Lorcan arrive and park.

KNOLLY KNAX
 Big man!

EAMON
 Knolly!

The two hug.

KNOLLY KNAX

Lorcan! Sorry you're missing out on school. I'll be frank with you, this will be a frequent occurrence.

LORCAN

You know what, anybody who gets me out of school is a friend of mine.

KNOLLY KNAX

Don't worry, you'll be getting twice the amount of homework to make up for it!

LORCAN

Great.

Regretta steps up.

REGRETTA

Anyways, first order of business, here are your scripts.

She hands Eamon and Lorcan two THICK copies of the script.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Read them, study them, go wild with highlighters, you know the drill.

KNOLLY KNAX

Annnnd hold on tight to them while I show y'all around!

Knolly opens the door for all to enter.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Step in to magic land!

INT. FILM SET - CONTINUED

They walk by a stage setup to look like a scene in a dark and spooky forest. There's a crew busy as they set everything up. They do not look like Loohoonites.

REGRETTA

How long did you say you've been in the industry, Ee-ah-mawn?

EAMON

Seven years. I varied a lot between minor roles in films.

(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)

Lorcan has done commercials and short films for three years now.

KNOLLY KNAX

Well I get the feeling this is gon' be y'all's big break!

EAMON

Hopefully! I've never had a leading role in a feature film.

LORCAN

I'm just happy to be out of commercials for good. I swear, people will look back at these commercials and laugh at us.

They enter a costume room, the costume designer, JODI (27), sits on a chair as she reads a fashion magazine. She stands out like a sore thumb from the people of Loohooville with her preppy, New Yorker outfit.

JODI

Ahh, our main stars, what a pleasure!

She shakes hands with Eamon and Lorcan.

KNOLLY KNAX

Jodi, why don't you show our stars your work-in-progress?

JODI

It'd be my pleasure.

Jodi heads to the back of the room.

KNOLLY KNAX

All our crew here are outside talent I hired. They'll be staying at the hotel y'all probably drove by on the way here. Which reminds me, Regretta, hun, when all this kicks off and the money starts swarming in, we're gonna want to build our own hotel. I'm thinking... twelve stories high!

REGRETTA

Best we can do is two.

Regretta jots down on her clipboard.

Jodi returns with costumes.

It's Protector & The Fierce Fire.

LORCAN
Ohhhh, okay, I get it now.

EAMON
Huh. Won't you look at that.

KNOLLY KNAX
Ee-ah-mawn, why don't you go ahead
and try out your costume?

EAMON
Sure!

Eamon unbuttons his oversize, saggy dress shirt.

Hidden underneath all along, was the swole, chiseled body of
a champion. Pecks and abs that would rival Hercules, and
press tightly against a tank top.

KNOLLY KNAX
(amazed)
Truly, blessed I be.

Jodi becomes flustered.

REGRETTA
How are you a b-list actor, again?

EAMON
Hah, I'm not sure. Guess I just
never found the right agent.

Eamon can't put on his costume. It's actually too SMALL.

JODI
Oh god... You're headshots made you
look... but you're actually...

Eamon hands back his costume to Jodi.

REGRETTA
Well, back to the drawing board,
Jodi.

JODI
Clearly.

Jodi heads back to put up the costumes. Eamon puts his shirt
back on. All continue their walk.

They now enter a storyboard room. Folks are too busy as they
work to notice them.

EAMON

Okay, I have to ask, how does a small town get the budget for *all* this?

They arrive to a water dispenser. Knolly grabs some water.

KNOLLY KNAX

Well, lemme do you one better, does the name "Lazlo McNamara" ring a bell?

EAMON

Yes, actually. He was a rather big player in the comic book industry. It's *another* reason I accepted this role, I recognized his name from the comics I used to read as a child.

KNOLLY KNAX

And you used to read Irish Iron comics as a kid?! *Sheesh*. You just keep getting better and better, Ee-ah-mawn.

EAMON

Well, no. I never heard of the "Irish Iron" comics before I arrived here. I was more of a "Dr.Umbrella Mysteries" type of guy.

LORCAN

And I'm more of an outdoorsy, monster trucks kind of guy.

Eamon chuckles.

KNOLLY KNAX

Okay, well, listen to this, in his will, Lazlo left the town of Loohooville exclusive rights to all his works. He, me, and every film production company in the world knew how valuable those rights are. He *and* me, knew how much revenue a miracle like that could generate for this town, if managed right.

Regretta steps in and grabs some water, too.

REGRETTA

We're basically setting up the foundation for any production company to just walk in here and start producing Lazlo-based productions with tax breaks as very lucrative incentives. And of course, Loohooville gets a pretty cut of whatever revenue they make.

Eamon is in disbelief. Knolly begins to head to another room, the rest follow.

EAMON

Loohooville... landed... exclusive rights... to ALL of Lazlo's works?

KNOLLY KNAX

Ee-ah-mawn, Lazlo and Loohooville have had a very special relationship since he first visited from Fort Pencilstim.

They arrive to a conference room. A large, wooden, waxed table sits in the middle. Many office chairs surround it.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Yesiree! But I know all this sounds like business for the sake of business so allow me to say this... This film, in particular, is a passion project for moi and the town of Loohooville. I'm incorporating such a unique style of filming that I think I get first dibs on coining the term! I think I'll call it... "found footage"!

Knolly, Regretta, Eamon, and Lorcan take their place.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

(jolly)

Now, let's get started with this table read, 'uh? Regretta, bring in the cast!

REGRETTA

You got it.

Regretta picks up a megaphone and opens a door to another room. She aims the megaphone into the room and speaks into it.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Alrighty, what are we paying you
for to stand around?! Get in here!
Chop-chop! Time is money!

Eamon and Lorcan are surprised to see Regretta be so strict.

KNOLLY KNAX

(awkward)

Heh, Regretta on and off work are
two different people.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eamon sits in bed. He reads over the script. He leaves the TV on, it displays an American flag as it waves against the wind. The national anthem plays.

As the anthem ends, the display becomes distorted, attempting to switch programs. Eerie sounds play like the switch of cassette tracks, or a roll of film. This catches Eamon's attention.

The TV switches to display missing person's flyers. A name, height, weight, age, a police sketch of the person, and their last known location is all that's shown.

Each flyer takes up the whole screen and lasts for 5 seconds before it switches to another flyer. One of them is for a "Mackenzie Reichtratt". Her last known location was "Johnny's house". Her police sketch is so distorted it's uncanny.

Creeped out, Eamon turns the TV off.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Eamon and Lorcan step out.

VROOM! VROOOOOOM!

Ol' Betsy's engine revs right next door. They spot Regretta in the driver seat, Mark-Henry in the passenger. They're elated. Regretta waves at Eamon & Lorcan.

REGRETTA

(Shout)

Well, ain't it just the good-est of
mornings, neighbor?!

Eamon and Lorcan wave back. They feel her excitement.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

After he drops off Lorcan, Eamon goes to shop. He intentionally shops in the bedsheet section, hoping to meet Waylen.

After he waits a little too long, Eamon knocks on the door.

WAYLEN (O.S.)
(Muffled)
Employees only!

EAMON
It's Eamon.

The door opens. Waylen pokes his head out.

WAYLEN
That it is. Come on in.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Waylen's office. Waylen eats lunch. Eamon sits on the same chair as last time.

WAYLEN
Incentivizing tax breaks, huh?

EAMON
Yeah! It sounds like a legitimate business they got laid out. Like I said, Knolly told me about his "New Loohooville" plan when he visited me in Boston.

WAYLEN
Huh, good for them. Looks like they've managed to turn around public opinion of themselves after the mess of issue 83.

EAMON
So then, what happened in issue 83?

Waylen takes a chug from his beer.

WAYLEN
You remember that comic I gave you?

EAMON
Yeah.

WAYLEN

Yeah, that's issue 83.

EAMON

Oh! I should probably read it then,
huh?

Waylen nods and finishes his food. He gets up and resumes work. He unpacks some bear spray from pallets. Eamon joins in.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Waylen, something strange happened
last night.

WAYLEN

Do tell.

EAMON

Last night, I left the TV on as I
was studied the script and suddenly
it started broadcasting missing
person's flyers? What's all that
about? It was quite a few of them.

WAYLEN

Ah, most of 'em is people who don't
want to be found. I would know
because I was surely on display at
some point.

EAMON

You went missing? When?

Waylen stops. Eamon follows.

WAYLEN

Back in my teenage days. I just
couldn't stand the boredom of
living here. So I up and left with
whatever to go out and do whatever.
Didn't work out too well. I was
about in Memphis when I decided it
best to just join the traveling
prison, the military. And there she
went again... Pure fuckin'
coincidence. I joined just as the
Vietnam war kicked off.

EAMON

I think Johnny's wife was on there.

WAYLEN

Who? "The town clown" Mackenzie?

Eamon nods. Waylen laughs.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, poor Johnny. Stood by her all them years while she committed all sorts of sins then had the audacity to play victim like the whole town was wronging her. Listen to this, one night she shows up at MY momma's house, unannounced, begging me how I oughta help her escape! I could see genuine fear in her eyes, but after all that backstabbing Johny? I shut that door right in her face.

EAMON

Why did she go to you?

WAYLEN

You know, some of them missing persons have been found over the years. All corpses amongst this ocean of pine. Safe to say, I'm the only one who's managed to trek from this piece of civilization to another.

Beat.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Now, you keep this a secret, but over the years, I've started offering navigational services to those looking to leave Loohooville like I did. You must've caught wind of that so, she came to me.

EAMON

Curious.

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

You mentioned you were ostracized for leaving?

WAYLEN

Naw, it wasn't for leaving. When I returned from 'nam, folks weren't exactly happy to see my mug, but I was still allowed to roam free.

(MORE)

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Wasn't until issue 83 drops with its blatant lies, that I get booted to the shadows.

EAMON

Phew. This town is just one big Chinese finger trap, isn't it?

WAYLEN

Well, how does one escape a Chinese finger trap?

EAMON

Uh, call for mother to bring some scissors?

WAYLEN

... You *ain't* nothing like Protector. Naw, you escape by going deeper.

Waylen pulls out a five dollar bill and hands it to him.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Hey, since I got you here, why don't you get me a cold sand-which and another beer?

EAMON

Sure.

Eamon takes the five dollar bill.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Eamon and Lorcan enter the restaurant. They walk up to the hostess. The restaurant is full of life and vibrant.

EAMON

Hi, um, do--

HOSTESS

-- Goodness! Ee-ah-mawn and Lord-can!

LORCAN

(frustrated, shouts)
 "Loor-kahn"! It's "LOOR-KAHN"!

Dead silence.

Even the music stops.

All restaurant folks turn to look at them. Eamon and Lorcan are spooked.

Suddenly, all restaurant folks clap and cheer.

LORCAN (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Fucksakes. Okay, this is creepy now.

The hostess had remained unfazed.

HOSTESS
 Y'all here to dine in, right?

EAMON
 Umm... yeah. Why not?

Eamon looks at Lorcan, Lorcan's face says "why".

HOSTESS
 Please! Right this way!

The hostess leads them to the best table, the center table. As they walk by towns folks, every one of them stares with a giddy grin on their faces. Some whisper amongst each other.

They reach their table.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
 What drinks can I get you? On the house, of course.

EAMON
 I'll have some tea.

HOSTESS
 Are you sure? We also serve some very fine beer and moonshine. It may not be directly from Ireland but I'd say it has that Irish "kick" to it!

EAMON
 Uh, tea is fine.

HOSTESS
 Gotcha! And for you, "Loor-kahn"?

The hostess winks at him.

LORCAN
 (intimidated)
 Water. J- just water.

HOSTESS

You got it!

The hostess hands them menus, then walks away.

EAMON

Son, if you ever wanted to feel like a king, this is it.

LORCAN

Yeah, I don't like it.

EAMON

Then let this be a lesson, fame isn't all that it is.

LORCAN

Were you ever treated like this?

EAMON

Ehh, as a b-list actor the best you get is your grandma becoming your number one fan. So this is just as new to me, as it is to you... I quite like it. It's *buzzing*.

Eddy and his parents enter the restaurant. The hostess leads them past their table.

EDDY

(To Lorcan)

Hey, pig-face.

Eddy continues his walk. Lorcan is annoyed. Eddy's father, a burly, husky man, suddenly stops.

EAMON

What was all that about?

LORCAN

(sarcastic)

Oh, nothing, just being treated like a king, that's all.

EDDY'S FATHER

(to Eddy)

What did you just call him?

EDDY

Nothin'.

Eamon and Lorcan turn to notice. Eddy's father is livid.

EDDY'S FATHER

Pig-face? Was that it? Is that what you call the very people sacrificing so much to drag your sorry ass- our sorry asses out of this CURSED hellhole?!

EAMON

Uh, sir, I'm sure it was just some banter between the kids.

Eddy's father grabs Eddy by the collar of his shirt and DRAGS him to Lorcan.

EDDY'S FATHER

You little shit stain, you better save any dignity you have left and apologize RIGHT NOW!

Eddy bursts into tears. Some folks can be heard as they demand Eddy apologize.

EDDY

(to Lorcan)
I'M SORRY!!

LORCAN

(uncomfortable)
It's... it's okay.

EDDY'S FATHER

(to Eamon)
I'm sorry for my son's RUDENESS.

EAMON

(nervous)
N- no worries. Respect is very important, indeed, yes.

Eddy's father smacks Eddy on the back of the head as they head to their table.

EDDY'S FATHER

(to Eddy)
You just keep finding new ways to disappoint, dontcha?

Eamon shakes his head. Lorcan is embarrassed.

EAMON

Christ. That is NOT how you control your kid.

Lorcan looks guilt-stricken. Eamon notices.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Hey, there's not much we can do about that. Just best you avoid him at all costs now, huh?

INT. ISSUE #83 - HELLSCAPE - UNKNOWN

In a lava hellscape, surrounded by a red dust so intense you could choke on it, from a pile of fresh, crisp ashes on bedrock, Irish Iron begins to rise.

This is hyperrealistic, angry, big beard, beer belly, Irish Iron. He rises and rises, an expression of pure rage staring right back.

He now stands on top of a pile of ashes.

Suddenly, he flies upwards. He CRASHES through the hellscape.

CUT TO:

INT. ISSUE #83 - LAIR - NIGHT

Irish Iron's lair is now rundown and depreciated. His assistant, half-hidden in the shadows, wearing a cloak to cover her face, sits on Irish Iron's throne. She speaks to the reader.

ASSISTANT

Your two gods are dead. Irish Iron's wrath returns. But unlike your two "gods", he is merciful. Irish Iron is a "corruption buster". He always has been. But those two "gods" always got in the way of justice. Now, he returns to his hometown, Loohooville, to squash "The Idea".

She gets up and picks up a book that resembles the Necronomicon. She throws it in a trash bin.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

And what is "The Idea"? Well, it is a set of beliefs that go against Irish Iron's view of a perfect citizen. Those who believe in The Idea have ravaged *his* city and ruined lives of innocent people. Men, women, even little girls.

She returns to the throne.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

So listen here, either stay away from The Idea, or face the same consequences your ancestors did.

A smirk grows on the visible part of her face.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

But for some of you... there is no choice. You have already sided with The Idea long ago. Allow me to explain...

The assistant powers on the run-down lair monitors and computers. Displayed on one of the giant monitors is a crude drawing of Knolly. Like a political cartoon.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Knolly Knax. A real fortunate son. Look at him. You would never guess he was born to wealth. Born to corrupt. Many, if not all of you, may not know this, but Knolly cheated on his wife during his first term.

Two monitors show two drawings. One of Knolly making out with a silhouette of a young woman in his office. The young woman also has blonde hair. Another of Knolly's wife laying alone in bed.

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But even such a young, precious intern wouldn't be immune to Knolly's abuse. He has forced his own workers to do his own dirty work. He has taken out multiple loans and syphoned tax payer money for his "New Loohooville" plan, leaning Loohooville closer and closer to bankruptcy. Just like his father.

A monitor switches to show Knolly's father, a worn-out, old politician. He steals a money bag from a poor person, and gives it to baby Knolly.

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Loohooville mayoral elections are coming up, aren't they? Maybe Loohoonites should start thinking about alternatives to Knolly...

All monitors switch to black. One of them then shows a drawing of Regretta burning Loohooville.

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And every corrupt leader needs a corrupt assistant... Regretta. The creep spy with a temper tantrum. Regretta has used her powers to ruin the lives of people. Especially those who have found love. Perhaps it's her infertility that makes her susceptible to tantrums against a brand new nuclear family. And as assistant to the mayor, she has access to personal info of the entire town. Who's to say she hasn't used that info to ruin a marriage or two?

Another monitor now shows a line of Loohoonites. They walk out of Loohooville, with their heads hanging low.

All monitors switch to compose a single drawing of Vietnam War young Waylen, approaching a group of Vietnam children cowering in a corner.

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Babykiller". Waylen served under what Protector calls, "The Greatest Army". He left Loohooville in order to destroy lives. Everyone knew this when he returned, but that wasn't enough. Y'all gave him a second chance, and what does he do? He helps others leave Loohooville, tricking them into thinking they're leaving for a better place, but instead, they're forced to become killing machine like him. If you've ever wondered where your missing child went, best you keep wondering, for the answer might be too much...

A monitor shows a desolate house in Loohooville.

Another monitor now shows Irish Iron overlooking Loohooville at night. He's on one knee, as if being knighted.

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Those are the big three evils of Loohooville. Perhaps you should all serve them justice through your founder's motto.

(MORE)

ASSISTANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But, The Idea, can be applied to
 many others. Especially those who
 have wronged the wrong people, "The
 Good Apples".

One monitor displays a list of towns folk's names and next to it, a crime they have committed, trivial or not.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Eamon finishes reading Issue #83. Without time to digest what he just read, the national anthem finishes playing on his TV.

Eamon leans in, anticipating.

Nothing.

No distorted display, nor eerie sounds. Just black.

Eamon leans in closer. The silence is tense. Suddenly, a commercial plays:

"Hi folks! Malween Matlock here to introduce you to--"

A generic, 90s infomercial for a pseudo-functional product BLASTS from the TV. Eamon is startled.

He calms his nerves, disappointed.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TWO WEEKS

-- Eamon and Lorcan in the costume room. Lorcan has his makeup put on. Eamon puts on a costume that fits him.

-- Lorcan on set, in a dojo setting. He pretends to be training as the cameras roll. He gets "hit" on the nose and has a nosebleed, but he remains determined.

-- Eamon and Lorcan walk down Main Street. People are much more respectful of them. Some still approach them, but just for a handshake. Eamon and Lorcan look comfortable.

-- They walk past the town hall. Eamon oblivious to it.

-- Regretta, Mark-Henry, Eamon, and Lorcan eat at a restaurant. Everyone laughs and has a good time. Eamon sneaks a suspicious look at Regretta.

-- Eamon places a picture of Eddy's father under "suspects" on Waylen's board. Waylen laughs. Eamon is serious.

-- Eamon drives past the town hall, still oblivious to it.

-- Knolly watches from the director's chair as Eamon and Lorcan finish a scene on the scary woods setting. The scene finishes.

KNOLLY KNAX
That's a wrap!!

-- The entire cast & crew gathers around the celebrate.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A band plays swamp rock in a corner. The last of the cast and crew leave. Some stumble on their way out. Only Eamon, Knolly, and a few folks remain. They're already drunk.

KNOLLY KNAX
Oh ho, brother! We did it!

EAMON
That we did!

They chug down their beers.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something, Knolly, what happened between issues 82 and 83? For my research, I read the comics and noticed a... split in the comic's overall style, so to speak.

KNOLLY KNAX
Hooboi...

Knolly chugs another beer.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)
Back in the 60s, a bored Lazlo McNamara trekked his way here from Fort Pencilstim with nothin' but a pencil and notepad. He was Irish. Like you. He made his way to this HERE bar and started writing. He would write everyday. They treated him like king, but it wasn't because he was Irish, but because they *feared* the Irish.

Eamon nods attentively.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Lemme tell you a lil about Loohooville... It's suspected that Loohooville used to have rich history pre-Civil War. Then along came O'Heilann and his brigade. Mean sons of bitches. They scorched this town and it's history down to its bones and rebuilt it to suit themselves. And since everyone back then was, believe it or not, dumber than today, they were easy to spook with a figment of O'Heilann's imagination.

EAMON

... Irish Iron?

KNOLLY KNAX

Yep. Created him as a way to keep the towns folk in check while he was out fucking about the rest of the South. When all was done, he returned here, king. To this day, he's still got the largest tombstone of all Loohooville.

Beat.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

You gotta understand, Ee-ah-mawn, Lazlo gave belief to this here lil town with those comics, that we don't have to live in fear of O'Heilann's creation. And silly as it may be, it worked! Every month, Lazlo would send a box of every new issue, and folks would treat it as gospel. For about twenty years, this town was prospering! Folks here was starting to sound hopeful, rational, intelligent even! Loohooville was boomin'!

Knolly lingers on that sweet memory for a bit. He chugs his beer and becomes saddened.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

And then I became mayor! And on my first week, I get a call from Lazlo's attorney, thinking he's about to congratulate me... only to tell me Lazlo had been killed.

Knolly chugs the remainder of his beer.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

(to bartender)

Carver! Get that moonshine ready!

(to Eamon)

Folks couldn't find out. This town would've imploded through the conspiracy theories alone... Lucky for me, we had us an expected storm for that next day. So as one of my first acts of mayor, I bribed our electric company to shut the power off for a day, and I canceled shipments of the next day's newspapers. Called it a, "once in a century storm". To this day, I'm not even sure if it was the right choice. Because, obviously, next month we don't get no new issue. Folks start twitching. Month after that? Still nothing. All hell breaks loose. And me being stubborn, I just couldn't bring myself to tell them.

Knolly contemplates.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Five whole years, no gospel. And I had to let folks just white knuckle it through.

Beat.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

The first three years, I didn't think we were gonna make it. But, fourth year comes 'round, folks start accepting the world for what it is. Loohooville was about ready to demystify and move on from Irish Iron like I, Regretta, and I suspect Waylen had... Then the fifth year... The INSTANT I win reelection, issue 83 arrives in people's mailbox. Dozens and dozens of copies. It FUCKING RUINED ME!

Knolly sweats intensely at this point.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Eamon, I can't stress enough how issue 83 did something Lazlo's comics NEVER did. It acknowledge us. Bar some blatant lies, it *knew* us. Secrets were spilled. For everyone! And that annihilated any progress this town was making. It sent folks back to Civil War stupidity. They wanted my head! The wife left me and took the kids with her! So, in a desperate move, I promised folks I would find Protector & Fierce Fire to save us from Irish Iron's wrath.

EAMON

You knew about me and Lorcan?!

KNOLLY KNAX

(Laughs)

Nope... just pure fuckin' coincidence, bud.

Eamon laughs.

EAMON

Are we here to revive your career, Knolly?

KNOLLY KNAX

Ha. No, you're here to revive this town. Don't think there is any saving me...

CARVER (40s) arrives with a moonshine jar. He sets it down for Knolly and Eamon to pour as they please. Knolly pours both of them a cup, then chugs his.

EAMON

Woah woah woah! Are you not supposed to drink that sip by sip?!

KNOLLY KNAX

Ahaha! Ee-ah-mawn, this here moonshine... might as well not be moonshine with how radically different it is! Take a drink!

Eamon takes a careful sip.

EAMON

Wow! This is... delicious?!

KNOLLY KNAX

Ain't it?!

EAMON

Must've taken something special to make this, no?

KNOLLY KNAX

Something? Or someone?

EAMON

Who made it?

KNOLLY KNAX

... Let me rephrase. Something? Or some... community?

EAMON

... Whomst? Made it?

KNOLLY KNAX

A lil, tight-knit, secluded community 'bout 30 minutes from Loohooville. We call them... The Moonshiners!

EAMON

Obviously.

KNOLLY KNAX

Some of us starting to think they been here longer than Loohooville itself! Imagine that, a few hundred years perfecting your craft. Bet you they've made moonshine a million times! And you do something a million times, you ain't never gonna mess up.

EAMON

... Probability says otherwise.

KNOLLY KNAX

Who's this probability and why he saying otherwise?

Eamon chugs his moonshine. He nearly chokes with how hard he coughs. Some folks notice and chuckle. Knolly refills their cups.

EAMON

It's like this... what can go wrong, will go wrong, given enough time.

KNOLLY KNAX

Hm. Even after the millionth batch?

Eamon leans over to look at the band as they play.

EAMON

How many times you think they've played the same song? Ten times? A hundred? How many places? Just here, right? In the calm, fresh breeze of Loohooville. But what if, on their fifth-thousand time playing that song, they played on a Boston rooftop during rush hour? You don't think they'd struggle, maybe even mess up? Doesn't matter how many times you've done something routinely without mistake, it matters if the forces that be let you do it, without mistake.

Knolly is in awe, and drunk.

KNOLLY KNAX

Sheesh!

EAMON

How do they make this particular moonshine?

KNOLLY KNAX

I don't even know! The Moonshiners are tight-knit for a reason, they prefer not to mingle. Very secluded. Every two months, there's only two reasons they'll ever stop by here, to buy necessities, and to sell their moonshine. Them in their "'bout to go pray to my savior" Sunday clothing.

EAMON

Sounds like Mennonites.

KNOLLY KNAX

Meno- what? Menopause? Oh boy, listen, when God is that cruel--

EAMON

-- No, no. Mennonites. Amish. Communities that prefer to keep to themselves.

KNOLLY KNAX

Ah, yeahyeahyeah, just like that. Thing is, there's only so much a small community can manufacture for an entire town, right? So their moonshine is kinda scarce. Us townsfolk savor every drop we can until the next batch.

EAMON

Well hell, with a taste like that, I'd savor every drop even with an abundance!

KNOLLY KNAX

Ain't that the truth!

EAMON

I ain't gonna go blind or hallucinate if I chug this, right?

KNOLLY KNAX

Not unless them Moonshiners want this whole town dead.

The two laugh. Eamon takes a big gulp of moonshine. There's a big, dumb, drunken smile on him.

EAMON

What the hell did I get myself into coming here?

KNOLLY KNAX

Buddy, I feel the same way.

The two laugh.

EAMON

Now, excuse me, because on the other hand, my body doesn't like to savor any drop of piss.

Eamon heads to the restrooms.

Knolly shakes the jar of moonshine. It's hollow.

KNOLLY KNAX

(to Carver)

Carver! Tell me you still got moonshine from the last batch.

CARVER

'Fraid not.

Knolly looks defeated. Carver then takes out another jar with a cork top. A full jar. He walks up to Knolly.

CARVER (CONT'D)

But I do got that new batch them Moonshiners delivered!

KNOLLY KNAX

Oh! God is good! When did they's stop by?!

CARVER

'Bout a week ago.

KNOLLY KNAX

(to himself)

Sneaky, sneaky!

CARVER

Them Moonshiners been giving me a lot of trouble, though. Had to pay 80 cents on the ounce.

KNOLLY KNAX

The hell? And with the storm we recently had, there ain't no guarantee it's up to perfection!

CARVER

I'm sure it's fine. They's been making moonshine since my great-great-grandpappy spat on a campaigning Lincoln's face.

Knolly has a hearty laugh.

KNOLLY KNAX

Well, if there was one thing Mackenzie was good for, it was strong-arming them. Hell, she was runnin' them likes' if they worked for her!

CARVER

Well, I ain't no psychosis psychopath, so I can't make them stubborn sons of bitches bend a knee for us like she could...

KNOLLY KNAX

Ahhh, I'll talk to them next time they stop by. C'mon Carver, do the honors already!

Carver takes the cork top off and pours one for Knolly, who chugs it without hesitation. He then takes out some cash.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)
Lemme have a jar for the road.

CARVER
You got it.

Carver walks off.

Eamon returns. He stumbles. He puts on his jacket.

EAMON
I think I'm gonna call it a night there, Knolly.

KNOLLY KNAX
Ee-ah-mawn, you haven't even tried the new batch!

EAMON
Maybe some other time. But you gotta take me home, no way do I ever drive like this.

Knolly laughs. He turns to the band as they finish a song. He listens intently. WE can start to hear what sounds like a harmonica being played outside.

In fact, with how quiet the bar has become, everyone can hear it. All look at each other, except Eamon, who's clueless. They know what they're all think.

KNOLLY KNAX
Ee-ah-mawn, before you head out for the night...
(to all)
How about we have ourselves a poor boy shuffle?!

Everyone in the bar cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUED

A bum plays a harmonica on his lonesome under a streetlight.

Besides him, are makeshift instruments. A banjo, makeshift bass guitar, even makeshift drums.

Soon, Knolly, Eamon, the bargoers, and the band step out to join the bum in the corner. Drunk out of their minds, Knolly, Eamon, and the bargoers join in on the tune of the harmonica and begin to dance like hillbilly maniacs. The band finds their makeshift instruments, preparing themselves to join in on the tune.

KNOLLY KNAX

Reginald! Play to this man's tune!

Once ready, the band smoothly slides into the harmonica's interlude with a swamp-rock song like something out of Willy and the Poor Boys.

Cheers, hollers, and an all around good time in an otherwise desolate, poor, rundown street corner in Loohooville.

INT. CAR - LATER

On a narrow road, Knolly, drunk, drives Eamon and himself home.

KNOLLY KNAX

WOOOooooooo! I tell you hwat, I haven't had a ramble tamble like that in so long!

EAMON

Fits so perfectly for a night like this!

Both sing a tune from the radio, Knolly barely maintains eyes on the road, much less a grip on the steering wheel.

The car swerves here and there until SUDDENLY Knolly freaks out. He spots a ginormous MAN who stands in front of the road. Knolly jerks the steering wheel. It sends him and Eamon off the road and into the wilderness below.

A drunken Knolly steps out his mangled car, unscathed.

Eamon is unconscious.

KNOLLY KNAX

Aw, hell.

He grabs his keys and forcefully opens the trunk. It reveals an intact rifle, duffle bag, and comic strips of Irish Iron.

He takes the rifle.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

"Boy scout leeeesson #4". If, ever, you are wrecked and lost, just like me right now... Haha, JUST like me right now... Stay put! Help will arrive.

Knolly grabs a fractured remain of his newly bought moonshine jar inside the car.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

Boy howdy, I have never needed help more badly in my life than this very moment.

Knolly sits on the hood of his car, rifle on his lap. He begins to doze off.

His eyes close. While closed, a hum is heard.

It gets louder and louder.

The hum of a bomber plane that approaches. Knolly opens his eyes and stares up at the night sky.

ZZZZZOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!

A sonic boom SHAKES everything. Knolly, the grass, and every single tree in the area are forced to sway to the right. Leaves explode off trees and bushes.

Knolly tries to spot the object in the sky.

A speckle in the night sky, but it leaves a smoky trail.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

(stunned)

YOU SUMABITCH!

Knolly launches off the hood of the car and sprints into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUED

Knolly is now deep in the woods. He is too exhausted to continue.

KNOLLY KNAX

(angry)

Nooooo! Where'd you go? I had you!

He clenches his fists and grips his teeth.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

I've ALWAYS had you! I know what you're up to! Irish Iron, loud-mouth, good-for-nothing goat-fucker! Show yourself! Where is my wife? Where are my kids? Why'd you TELL them! Why'd you tell EVERYONE! C'MON! Fight me!

Silence.

Knolly catches his breath.

Beat.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)

You fucking COWARD! YOU RUINED MY LIFE!

He puts his hands on his knees. He breathes harder now. His legs wobble, but he stands tall.

After a few moments, Knolly turns around and begins to walk back.

BAM!

Irish Iron.

The Irish Iron, SLAMS down on the ground right in front of Knolly.

The body of a withered-out, long-forgotten strongman. The worn out face of evil. Red glowing eyes with a notorious, angered, blood-seeking expression.

Instantly, he grabs Knolly's rifle by the barrel and forces it to point back at Knolly's head, from below the jaw. He CRUSHES Knolly's trigger finger, forcing Knolly to BLAST his own head open.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

POV EAMON.

Eamon slowly opens his eyes. Everything is a blur.

MARK-HENRY

And then what happened?!

LORCAN

His dad dragged him to their table.
Eddy had snot running down his
nose. It was uncomfortable, dude.

MARK-HENRY

No way! I would've loved every
minute of it!

Eamon wakes up to find Lorcan, Regretta, and Mark-Henry with
him. Regretta rushes to his side.

REGRETTA

Ee-ah-mawn...

LORCAN

Dad!

Eamon attempts to speak. He tenses up from the pain.

EAMON

W- what... happened?

REGRETTA

(to Mark-Henry)

Mark-Henry, go get the nurse!

Mark-Henry rushes out the room.

LORCAN

Dad, you were in a car accident.
They found you deep in the woods.

EAMON

... Just me?

REGRETTA

Yes, just you in Knolly's car. Ee-
ah-mawn, what happened to Knolly?

EAMON

... He was with me. Driving me
home. Suddenly... he swerves off
the street and... we crash.

REGRETTA

Swerves? Why would he swerve?

EAMON

... I don't know. It was-- agh!

Eamon feels a sharp pain in his neck as he tries to adjust
himself.

EAMON (CONT'D)

It was so sudden. Like he spotted a deer in the road or something.

REGRETTA

That can't be. Even a drunk Knolly would know to just run over that sucker. Or to stay at the crash site until help arrives. There must have been more. Ee-ah-mawn, try harder, rememb--

LORCAN

(Annoyed)

-- Hey! Give "Aii-moon" a break! He just woke up!

REGRETTA

You're right. Sorry.

EAMON

... How long was I out?

LORCAN

Three days.

REGRETTA

You've been all the talk of the town... again.

EAMON

I'm guessing people don't truly believe I'm a superhero anymore, huh?

LORCAN

What?

Regretta is stunned to hear this.

EAMON

Knolly told me a lot at the bar.

REGRETTA

... No, they still believe. I had to spin the story, hard.

EAMON

Was that your first act as interim mayor?

REGRETTA

Afraid so. Knolly never said how cutthroat this job was... Golly, I pray he's found.

LORCAN

People think... we're superheroes?

EAMON

(to Lorcan)

I'll tell you everything at home.

(to Regretta)

Just tell them the truth, Ruh-gree-uh. Knolly told me you were *all* ready to move on a year ago, you can do it again.

REGRETTA

It doesn't work like that, anymore. Fool me once, and all that.

EAMON

Our contract ends after the two week grace period. After that, we're gone... Sorry.

A nurse walks in to check on Eamon. Mark-Henry returns. Regretta steps away.

REGRETTA

Rest. I'll take you home as soon as possible.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Eamon wears an arm cast. Lorcan sits on the floor. His eyes widen. He's surprised.

LORCAN

This is... fucked!

EAMON

Woah! Oi! Language!

LORCAN

Dad, these people are INSANE! I knew it! I always did!

EAMON

... It's not their fault, son. They've been brainwashed.

(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)
 Everything Knolly was doing,
 everything, it was to get rid of
 this Irish Iron from people's
 minds. It all makes sense now.
 Every move he made... was
 planned...

Eamon's eyes fluster. He realizes something.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 Quick! Get my audition tape!

LORCAN
 What?

EAMON
 My audition tape! The one I made
 with him in Boston! It should be
 right under the TV in my room. Go!

Lorcan rushes upstairs. He returns with the tape. He inserts
 it into the DVR of the living room TV.

CUT TO:

INT. TAPE - APARTMENT - DAY

Eamon stands in a studio apartment. He wears his casual
 clothes and thick glasses. He stares into the camera.

KNOLLY KNAX
 Gosh dangit, technology. How do you
 work this thang? Ahhh, hold on.

Beat.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)
 Well, in the meantime, why not tell
 me something about yourself? I'm
 thinking I could get the local news
 journal to print a story about our
 new famous actor arriving.

Eamon laughs. He pushes his glasses back up.

KNOLLY KNAX (CONT'D)
 Ah, let's see... what motivates
 you?

EAMON
 Oh? What motivates me? Ummm, let's
 see... my son, for sure.

KNOLLY KNAX

Well, that's just dandy isn't it?
"Lord-can", ain't it?

EAMON

Yeah, something like that. Yeah, he wants a lot in life. Ambitious boy, he is. He wants the fame and the wealth. I tell ya, I've never seen a boy that confident. He motivates me, to turn his dream alive, you know?

KNOLLY KNAX

Heh, confident boys, they overcomplicate a lot. You could say that was me with my pops.

EAMON

Ah, Lorcan knows what he wants. Best, I not get in his way, right?

KNOLLY KNAX (O.S.)

Alrighty! Whenever you're ready!

EAMON

Gotcha... Hello, my name is Eamon Creedence, and I will be auditioning for the part of "Protector" in "Protector & Fierce Fire: The Movie".

Eamon takes off his thick glasses. He takes a deep breath and glances down at the script in his hand. He puts on a pure, stereotypical, American superhero accent.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Citizens of Loohooville! This is Protector speaking to you from an undisclosed location! It's been YEARS, but we are back! Your mayor, mayor Knolly Knax, has given us much needed asylum after the events that occurred in issue 82! After our last battle with Irish Iron, we abandoned our source of power, our costumes, in a panic! We have also come to find out that Irish Iron is ALIVE and STRONGER than ever. But do not panic!

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Currently, he is searching every corner of the Earth for us, but little does he know, we will be hiding right under his nose here, in Loohooville! That's right, Loohoonites, I am proud to announce that I, Protector, and my most trustee sidekick, Fierce Fire, will be training, living, and breathing the same air as you! And while, yes, we are vulnerable without our costumes right now, remember back to issue 12, remember back to our collaboration with Dr.Umbrella to create NEW suits! Well, let's just say history sure does love to repeat itself!

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

With that said, citizens of Loohooville, I am giving you all rules to help keep Irish Iron from sniffing us out.

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Rule one: what happens in Loohooville, stays in Loohooville. Wether you vacation, or leave for work, you do not mention I, nor Fierce Fire's presence to anyone outside your town.

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Rule two: you shall only acknowledge us through our alias and NOT through our superhero names! Remember, we are in disguise, we have never been on any adventures, we have never saved the Egyptian king from a mummy's curse, or fought Neptune's calvary to save Mermaid Mary. Do not blow our covers!

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Lastly, rule 3: allow us to be part of your community! We are here for a long time... and a good time! While we wait for our new suits to arrive, we would love to get to know YOU, Loohooville!

Eamon points at the camera and winks.

EAMON (CONT'D)

That is all for now folks! Stay safe. Stay... Vigilant!

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Eamon and Lorcan stare at the TV.

EAMON

Knolly, wasn't kidding then. He really did put the tape up for the whole town to see.

LORCAN

Huh?

EAMON

When we first arrived, Knolly told me exactly that... The town square. He must have gathered everyone around to watch the tape. To show them that he's fulfilling his promises towards "New Loohooville".

LORCAN

Well, we did our part. We played the role, and filmed our scenes, so... Good luck to them, it's time for us to go.

Eamon contemplates.

EAMON

Maybe not...

LORCAN

What?

EAMON

No. Not yet... We have to fulfill his promise.

LORCAN

Are you kidding me?! Why?!

EAMON

Say what you want about these town folks, but things are finally turning around for them. If "New Loohooville" becomes a reality, then the next generation will stop believing in the comics all-together, when the town starts making so much money with every Lazlo adaptation. Money for better schools, better education, and therefore... critical thinking! Lorcan, this has become MORE than just a film for us. It's a mission to help those in need. Free them from... from... a Chinese finger trap!

LORCAN

I am SO confused right now! Dad, chill out. Everybody! Chill out! I need to process this!

EAMON

Theres no time for that, Lorcan. Go get ready for the neighborhood trick-o'-treat. Now would be the worst time to start looking suspicious.

LORCAN

Yeah, no, I'm heading to my room.

Lorcan gets up. He begins walking away when Eamon's GRIPS his wrist. Lorcan looks back at his own father. Eamon widens his eyes and leans in.

EAMON

(stern)

You will not disobey me. Do as I say and go get ready. You're going trick-o'-treating.

Lorcan back from his father. He's intimidated.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Go.

Lorcan obeys. He heads up to his room.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The weather is foggy on Halloween night. Lorcan steps out of his house. He's dressed in a low-effort, makeshift Fierce Fire costume that covers most of his face. The colors are wrong.

EAMON (O.S.)
Stay safe!

LORCAN
Yeah.

Lorcan closes the door and walks along the sidewalk. As he passes Regretta's house, Mark-Henry is steps outside. He's dressed like a scientist with purple Einstein hair.

MARK-HENRY
Lorcan? Hey, wait up!

Mark-Henry joins Lorcan by his side.

LORCAN
Who are you supposed to be?

MARK-HENRY
Dr.Umbrella! Thought I'd switch it up this year since you know, you're here. But wait, those aren't the right colors.

Mark-Henry becomes suspicious.

LORCAN
Yeah, it's, uh, a test suit. It's testing out, um, if I'm strong enough for my *real* suit.

MARK-HENRY
Woah. I never knew that existed!

LORCAN
Yeah, it's highly classified. So don't tell anyone.

The two continue down the Halloween-decorated neighborhood where other children travel in groups, house to house.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUED

Eamon sits in his living room. He stares out at the space in front of him. Suddenly, he stands up from his seat and pulls his car keys out of his pocket.

INT. CAR - CONTINUED

Eamon arrives to the town hall. The parking lot is empty, except for his car. He spots the bar he and Knolly drank at down the street from it.

Eamon puts his car on idle. He taps the steering wheel as he contemplates.

Eamon reverses out the town hall and heads for the bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUED

Eamon enters the bar. Reginald's band plays jazzy blues. It is packed on this Halloween night. Everyone stares cautiously at Eamon as he makes his way to a stool. There's no excitement or praise at the sight of his presence.

Eamon sits on his lonesome. Carver walks up to him.

CARVER

How you holding up, Ee-ah-mawn?

EAMON

Fine. You got any more of that moonshine?

Carver nods. He walks away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUED

Lorcan and Mark-Henry have joined a group of children in trick o' treating. As they walk on the middle of the street looking for their next house, they come across another group of trick o' treaters.

Eighth graders.

They're taller and bigger. The boys wear jeans, the girls wear black skirts, but nonetheless, all dress the same. All-black t-shirts, a laundry bag to collect candy, and a JACK-O'-LANTERN as helmets.

Each jack-o'-lantern has a haunting face carved into it. Yellow light shines out of the faces.

One of the boy jack-o'-lanterns steps up.

EDDY

What are you dorks doing out here?
Don't you know this is our
territory?

MARK-HENRY

... Eddy?

EDDY

Well, well, well... Marky-marky,
you still owe me lunch money,
remember?

Eddy begins walking up to Mark-Henry, punching his palm.

LORCAN

What's up, Eddy.

Eddy halts and stays quiet.

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL

... Lord-can?! How's Protec- uh, I
mean, Ee-ah-mawn?

MARK-HENRY

Uh, excuse you, it's "Loor-kahn".

LORCAN

He's fine. Thanks.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

Are you... finished?

LORCAN

Huh?

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

You have... a suit on. Does that
mean you're... you're ready?

LORCAN

Yeah, I guess.

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL

Woah... Hey, uh, you guys wanna
come along with us? We're about to
sneak into the woods and eat our
candy there.

EDDY

Hey! That's our secret spot!

LORCAN

I thought you guys were going to
summon the devil there?

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL

Who said that?!

MARK-HENRY

(coughs)
Not me.
(coughs)

LORCAN

Uh, never mind. Yeah, we can join.

Lorcan's group cheers. They join the jack-o'-lantern group and begin to walk to the end of the neighborhood, towards the ocean of pine trees. A full moon shines below from the sky.

The jack-o'-lantern girl stays close to Lorcan's side.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Eamon steps out of the bar, drunk. He holds a jar of moonshine. He gets in his car.

He swerves his way back to the town hall.

He parks once again. He shuts off his car. He takes a big gulp from the moonshine. He steps out of his car and walks towards the town center.

CUT TO:

Adjacent from the town hall, Waylen locks the front doors of the grocery store. As he turns, he spots Eamon as he enters the town hall.

INT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUED

A drunk Eamon stumbles into the town hall. It's unimpressive with its vomit-yellow fluorescent lights. He heads down the wide hallway in front of him. His footsteps echo from the marble.

He turns a corner and spots light coming out of an open door down the hallway. He heads towards it.

Along the way, he spots old Civil War memorabilia hanging on the walls.

There's ambrotypes with engraving on the frame dedicated to the "Irish Brigade". Eamon leans in for a better look and spots clover leafs sewed onto sleeves of the uniforms.

EAMON

The Irish Brigade!

Eamon reads a banner placed over the ambrotypes.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 "Faugh a Ballaugh"...

Beat.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 "Clear the way"?
 (sarcastic)
 Ah yes, "clear the way" so we can
 torture poor town folks, huh, lads?
 Sure love the reputation you gave
 us Irish!

Eamon looks over another ambrotype. This one shows the Irish Brigade in a prairie, shoulder-to-shoulder. Next to the ambrotype, there's a portrait of a Civil War veteran. A name and quote is engraved on the frame. It reads:

"Our Dear Founder, Declan O'Heilann - 'Only a savage knows fear by iron, only an Irishman knows discipline by iron.'"

Eamon walks over further down the hall, staring at more ambrotypes. One catches his attention. He halts. He leans in.

The ambrotype shows a photo of the Irish Brigade casually posing with a man in a superhero costume.

The man in the costume has a large beard and is clearly much more stronger and bigger than the rest. He poses like Superman.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 ... Odd.

Eamon vibrates from his Goosebumps. He walks further down the hallway. He now comes across polaroids framed and on display.

The first set of polaroids is of a group of people in office attire celebrating Christmas, New Years, and St. Patrick's Day at the same bar Eamon was just at. Some folks resemble the sketches of missing persons Eamon once saw on his TV.

Next to the polaroids, are official, painted portraits of previous mayors. One portrait, as inscribed on the frame, is that of a "Jimbo Knax". The portrait of Jimbo shows a balding old man with a serious expression. Knolly's portrait is placed right next to him. Knolly poses informally as his expression is of laughter. Opposite of his father.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 A rare one you were, Knolly...

Eamon continues his walk. He's very close to the open door.

A single polaroid, on it's lonesome, catches his attention. Eamon leans in. The polaroid shows a ginger man, in army green uniform, as he holds up a pen and notepad to the camera, in a bar, being smooched on the cheek by multiple woman.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Lazlo...

Eamon gently rests his fingertips on the polaroid. His expression becomes serious. He is now focused.

Eamon turns and enters the room of the open door.

EAMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh christ...

CUT TO:

Eamon discovers an entire room dedicated to Irish Iron.

A shrine covers the entire wall opposite of the door. Depictions, symbolism, and memorabilia dedicated to Irish Iron. It includes a hyperrealistic cardboard cutout of Irish Iron that stands next to the shrine. None of the comics are Lazlo's. Eamon digs through the many letters left on the shrine and finds a comic. It reads:

"The Adventures of Irish Iron - Issue #85 - Dominos!"

Like the most recent issues, this one is drawn with an aggressive style. It shows a line of giant dominos about to topple on Loohooville. Eamon begins reading it.

INT. ISSUE #85 - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A ginger OLD MAN sits on a chair. The retro furniture of the 70s is worn out. He's alone. There's a notepad and pencil on the coffee table in front of him.

CREEAAAK.

The front door opens. Irish Iron's silhouette and glowing red eyes stand in the doorway. The old man neither turns to look, nor is fazed.

OLD MAN

I have no regrets. I am proud of my efforts.

Irish Iron moves closer to the old man.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I started the end for you.

Irish Iron is now directly in front of the old man.

He leans in. A lamp light reveals his mean mug.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Kill the man, won't kill the idea.

Irish Iron leans further in, inches away from the old man.

IRISH IRON
Kill them all, kill the idea.

His hand SPRINGS and latches onto the old man's face, covering it entirely.

CRUNCH!

Instantly, Irish Iron closes his fist and CRUSHES the entire old man's head, sending an explosion of BLOOD and BRAINS that covers the whole room.

In a text box, meant for a narrator to read:

"The first domino in The Idea topples! Irish Iron's wrath continues. Heroes, leaders, fighters, and followers. Many have fallen standing up for a cause they believe in. Many... believed in a losing cause."

SERIES OF SHOTS.

-- Johnny's shrine at the basketball court.

-- Knolly's wrecked car overtaken by vegetation in the forest.

-- Waylen's office with a silhouette watching Waylen eat lunch.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. ISSUE #85 - LAIR - CONTINUED

Irish Iron returns to his lair. His costume is covered in blood. His assistant sits in his throne. We only see her blonde hair from the back and her legs. She watches a monitor that shows the town of Loohoville from a mountain.

ASSISTANT
Go find them.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lorcan and the jack-o'-lantern girl sit shoulder-to-shoulder. Mark-Henry sits with other children, trading and eating candy. The jack-o'-lantern crew sits amongst themselves.

Eddy paces around urgently. He has taken his jack-o'-lantern off, unlike the others.

EDDY

You know, I'm starting to think
it's not gonna happen tonight!

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

Calm down, Edward, it happens every
night on Halloween. Just watch.
Five minutes left. It'll happen.
Like clockwork.

LORCAN

What'll happen?

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL

Irish Iron will fly by.

Lorcan looks disappointed.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

You're going to fly after him,
right?

LORCAN

Fly?!

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

Yeah!

Everyone else nods aggressively.

LORCAN

Maybe... I think it's best we let
him fly away. I wouldn't want to
put you all in danger because you
know how it gets when gods collide.

All the children are fascinated.

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL

I think that's really nice of you.

Eddy rolls his eyes.

Suddenly, a low hum is heard. Everyone goes silent. The hum grows louder. And louder.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY
He's here! He's here!

Everyone stands and looks up at the sky.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY (CONT'D)
Y'all might want to cover y'all's
ears!

The hum becomes INTENSE. The little spot in the woods starts to VIBRATE. Some of the children can barely tolerate it, they scrunch their face in pain.

ZOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!

The ground SHAKES, leaves EXPLODE off trees. Hair, clothes, and even some of the kids are PULLED to the ground by the force. The sonic boom and its effects leave as quickly as they arrived.

MARK-HENRY
Was that him?! Was that him?!

EDDY
Affirmative! That was Irish Iron!

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY
Dude! That was so awesome! Look at
my hands! That's my adrenaline rush
right there!

The jack-o'-lantern crew high-fives each other while the children are wide-eyed and shocked.

Lorcan stares at the sky, skeptical.

LORCAN
(to himself)
... That wasn't him.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY
Hey Fierce Fire, fly after him!

The jack-o'-lantern crew start chanting for him to fly.

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL
You heard what he said, he doesn't
want to put us in danger.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY
Oh c'mon! Just keep the fight in
the air! Irish Iron won't even spot
us!

LORCAN

Uh, no, I'm not doing that.

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY

Booooooo! C'mon! He's getting away!

The chanting gets louder.

LORCAN

(shouts)

No! That didn't even look like no superhero to me. More like... a plane?

EDDY

What the hell kind of plane makes that kind of sound or travels THAT fast?

LORCAN

A military plane, maybe.

EDDY

Jesus, I think you might be an idiot.

MARK-HENRY

Hey, careful! That's Fierce Fire you're talking to!

EDDY

Yeah, well, I'm getting a little tired of this "Fierce Fire" being so hostile towards the very people he's supposed to be protecting! I think he's ruined more lives than he's saved.

LORCAN

Hey numb nuts, in case you don't know, I'm not obliged to save any of you.

Everyone gasps.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

EDDY

You know what, buddy? I think we've had enough of you. How about you FLY your way back home, huh?

Eddy starts to walk away.

LORCAN
Jesus. Small town, small brains.

BAM!

Eddy instantly turns around and PUNCHES Lorcan square in the face.

Lorcan falls to the ground and starts to bleed from his nose.

All are frozen-shocked to see this. Lorcan notices. He gets up.

LORCAN (CONT'D)
(angry)
What?

MARK-HENRY
He bleeds...

LORCAN
No shit I bleed! I just got punched
in the fucking nose!

MARK-HENRY
(stunned)
B- but Fierce Fire never bleeds--

JACK-O'-LANTERN BOY
-- Or curses.

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL
His blood should be nothing but
steam fueled from his ferocity.

LORCAN
(sarcastic)
Hey guys, I don't know if you've
noticed, but this is just a
costume.

MARK-HENRY
What are you trying to say? Are you
not at full power yet?

LORCAN
(sarcastic)
You know... Now that my feelings
are hurt, I don't think I'll ever
be.

EDDY
 (suspicious)
 ... This isn't Fierce Fire.

Lorcan claps.

LORCAN
 (sarcastic)
 Wow! What gave that away?

EDDY
 No, I'm starting to think you may be working for Irish Iron. Ain't no other explanation for why you've been so HOSTILE to us.

MARK-HENRY
 Irish Iron never had a sidekick.

EDDY
 But he did hire an assistant! Who's to say he hasn't expanded and hired a spy? Or another babykiller like Waylen? C'mon! You're telling me it's pure fuckin' coincidence that mayor Knolly is the only one that dies in such a brutal crash, but this "Ea-ah-mawn" survives?

LORCAN
 (to himself)
 The fuck?

Eddy glares at Lorcan. The others are starting to surround him. Lorcan slowly begins to walk backwards.

LORCAN (CONT'D)
 Umm...

EDDY
 I bet we could use him to lure in Irish Iron! Like bait! Anybody got some rope?!

Lorcan is nearly encircled.

LORCAN
 Woah, woah! Stay back!

JACK-O'-LANTERN GIRL
 I thought you were my savior...

LORCAN

Alright, calm down you creep. I'm,
like, three years younger than you!

A child attempts to grab Lorcan's costume. Lorcan flinches and dodges.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

Stand back! Or I'll tell Irish
Iron!

The group is unfazed. More hands attempt to grab him. Lorcan spots Mark-Henry away from the group. He stares around at everyone, unsure and worried.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

(shouts)
You're all going to die!

They stop.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)
So you capture me. So you lure in
Irish Iron. Then what?! You can't
fight him! You've seen how strong
he is-- I've seen how strong he is!
He would make mince meat of you
all!

Lorcan points at Eddy.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

Especially you! You son of a bitch!
For what you did to me, Irish Iron
will make you suffer! Your mother
will faint when she hears how many
organs Irish Iron managed to hang
you by! You'll be begging to
darkness when he slowly fries your
face with his pulse... beam. Yeah!
Pulse beam! Bet you didn't even
know he could do that, right?

All children begin to back off. They're terrified. Eddy halts. He contemplates.

EDDY

Fine...

Lorcan breathes a sigh of relief.

Eddy pulls out a pocket knife.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Then we'll just have to BURY you so
he never finds out!

LORCAN
... Fuck.

Lorcan SPRINTS into the woods. All chase after him.

INT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUED

Eamon sits on the floor. The comic he reads remains open. He chugs the last of the moonshine. He lays the empty jar on the floor. He begins to sway left and right. He's tired.

Eamon closes his eyes for a few seconds. His grip on the comic weakens and slips out of his hand. It lands on the floor with the last page facing up at him.

Eamon opens his eyes and looks at the page.

It shows a drawing of Fierce Fire as he runs away from a ginormous, green gauntlet.

EAMON
(shocked)
Lorcan!

Eamon hops back and knocks an Irish Iron figurine from the shrine. It lands on him and frightens him.

EAMON (CONT'D)
AHHH!

He tosses the figurine towards the door only to find the cardboard cutout of Irish Iron standing in the doorway.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Mother of Mary!

Eamon instantly SPRINTS out the door, bursting through the cutout.

EXT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Eamon BURSTS through the entrance doors and rushes to his car. Waylen's truck is parked next to him.

Waylen steps out and stops Eamon.

WAYLEN

Heyheyhey! You crazy, Ee-ah-mawn?!
You're way too drunk to drive!

EAMON

Let me go! Lorcan! I need to save
him!

WAYLEN

What?! What happened?!

EAMON

He's in trouble! The comics told
me!

WAYLEN

Which one?!

EAMON

90! No, 85!

WAYLEN

The hell?! Neither issue has even
been released!

EAMON

I don't care! We need to go save my
son!

WAYLEN

Well, shit! Get in!

The two enter Waylen's truck. The truck speeds off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan runs around the corner of a block. He's back at his
neighborhood. No one in sight. He slows down to a walk, out
of breath.

Waylen's truck appears down the road. Lorcan panics and looks
around. He spots a plastic trash bin that lies next to the
curb. He stands it upright and hops into it, closing the lid.

Waylen's truck stops next to the bin. Eamon steps out and
knocks on the bin.

EAMON

Lorcan?

Lorcan POPS out. Eamon dodges the lid from hitting him.

LORCAN

Dad?!

They hug.

EAMON

What are you doing!? Are you...
(burps)
... okay?!

LORCAN

I'm fine. Just got chased by a
group of bloodthirsty loohoos,
that's all.

Eamon steps aside and leans over the ground. He touches his
belly and begins to gag.

LORCAN (CONT'D)

Are YOU okay?

WAYLEN

Just give 'em a moment.

Eamon spits at the ground. He stands straight.

EAMON

Okay... okay... let's get out of
here!

LORCAN

Way ahead of you! C'mon!

The two enter Waylen's truck. As Waylen drives off, he
glances back at Lorcan and shakes his hand.

WAYLEN

I'm Waylen. Don't worry, I don't
believe in the hoopla that got you
here.

Lorcan instantly relaxes.

LORCAN

Finally! A gentleman and a scholar!

EAMON

Son, what happened?! Tell me
everything.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Waylen's truck now drives through a narrow country road. A forest of pine trees on both sides of the road. Eamon stares out the window. He's dizzy as his heads sways. Suddenly, he burrows his eyebrows as he notices they drive by the town exit sign.

EAMON

Uh, Waylen, where are we heading?

WAYLEN

You heard your kid, whole town thinks y'all working for Irish Iron! Y'all try heading back home 'n they'll lock y'all inside y'all's own home and set fire to it! Y'all best hope Regretta can spin a story as good as Knolly used to!

Waylen stops his truck on the shoulder of the road. He steps out to quickly move aside some vegetation, revealing an off-road gravel path. He gestures for Eamon to move the truck through. Eamon stares back blankly.

LORCAN

Christ, dad, how much did you have to drink?

Lorcan climbs over to the driver seat. Waylen notices.

WAYLEN

Yeah, probably the best option.

Lorcan drives the truck past the vegetation, onto the gravel path. He puts the truck in park and climbs back into his seat. Waylen steps back in.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

For the meantime, y'all gonna have to stay with me for a few days. I'll start gearing us all up for an escape from this yahoo town! Hah! Just like the good ol' days!

EXT. HILL - CONTINUED

The three arrive to a two-story cabin in the woods on top of the hill.

Waylen leads them inside. Lorcan assists a drunken Eamon.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUED

Inside, the dusty Victorian furniture is sparse and few.

WAYLEN

Ah... memories. Wait a minute!

Waylen grabs a CROWBAR hidden behind a side table. He pulls out one of the wooden floorboards. He reaches into the hole and pulls out a RIFLE.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Ahahaha! It's still here!

He dusts off the rifle.

EAMON

Bloody hell, Waylen. What is this place?

WAYLEN

"Stop 1" for every person who ever wanted to leave this town. This was meant to be a hunting lodge back when Loohooville was boomin'. But once folks started freaking out, it was abandoned.

EAMON

(sigh)

Please tell me you've figured out what's going on with those comics?

WAYLEN

... Not even close, brother.

Eamon is disappointed.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Funny, for the longest time I believed in them... until I left. Took a step back and saw them comics for what they really were.

EAMON

What are they?

WAYLEN

Comics.

Waylen heads over to a telescope setup in front of a window in the back. He opens the window. He gestures for Lorcan to come take a look through the telescope. Lorcan does.

POV LORCAN.

A B-2 stealth bomber lands on a military base runway. The stealth bomber taxis into a hangar. The doors of the hangar close.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Is that what you and the other kids saw?

LORCAN

Yep...

WAYLEN

That there is stealth bomber, for sure. Once a month, two in the morning, on the dot, they send it and other high-tech planes out for a spin. Doubt this one even has a name yet, it must be so classified.

EAMON

Wouldn't we end up on some list for even spotting them?

WAYLEN

Damn straight. But only if they know that we know. Fort Pencilstim been a secret military base. But you'd never notice it from a ground view. You'd need an arial view to spot the discreet runway and hangars, or at least semi-arial view from a hill, like here yonder! That's why they impose a 10 mile radius no-fly-zone, and good ol' Loohooville is within that radius.

Lorcan steps away from the telescope. He frowns and rubs his eyes.

EAMON

Hey Waylen, it's been a long day. We should probably get some rest.

WAYLEN

Hm? Oh, right. Yeah, head on upstairs. There's a guest room on the first door to the right. Everything should still be intact, bed n' all. Just brush the dust off it.

Eamon and Lorcan head upstairs.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

I'll be watch for a few hours. Make sure nobody spotted us on the way here. We'll rest for a few days. Gonna take a while to get ready for the long trek.

EAMON

Right.

Waylen looks through the telescope and chuckles.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

Three individual hiking backpacks sit on the dinner table. They're packed with hiking equipment. Lorcan's candy bag is also on the table.

WAYLEN

Let's see... Bear spray? Check.
"Spam"? Check. Water bottle? Check.
Piss bottle? Check.

Lorcan sits on the couch as he watches Waylen. Eamon rests on the a recliner, an ice bag on his forehead.

LORCAN

Is all this really necessary? It wasn't THAT long of a car ride getting here.

WAYLEN

Car ride? Oh no, junior, we're hiking our way out.

LORCAN

What, why?!

WAYLEN

... Are Sebastian and Castello still camping out behind that town sign?

Lorcan facepalms.

LORCAN

... The cops.

WAYLEN

Oh, they's cops now?! Heh, figures. Yeah, this town don't like it when folks try to leave, so they's always on the lookout.

(MORE)

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

And something tells me, they's
'specially on the lookout for y'all
now.

Waylen fidgets with the backpacks.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Anyways, there's a hiking trail
that starts from here, but reaches
a dead-end deep in the woods. From
there, one is meant to put their
navigational skills to the test and
head Northeast for about two days.
Ideally, that'll get us to the
highway. Follow the highway, you'll
reach civilization. Rational
civilization.

Waylen looks nostalgic.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Ah, I remember my first time. I was
scared shitless, nearly costed me
my life 'cus I kept walking in
circles!

(laughs)

Over the years, I've visited this
place, hiked the trail, left marks,
arrows, anything to help any poor
soul wanting a new beginning. So,
don't worry, it'll be much, much
easier for us.

Beat.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

Now, I understand y'all's in a
rush, but I do feel the inclination
to mention that a new issue of
Irish Iron is meant to be arriving
in a few days. For my curiosity
sake, I bet we could intercept a
copy.

EAMON

How do the new issues arrive?

WAYLEN

Each issue is delivered to random
folks in town. There's usually a
big hoopla for a few days, but
afterwards, one issue is placed in
the shrine at town hall for anyone
to read.

LORCAN

The what?!

EAMON

Long story.

A muscle car arrives on the gravel road. All three switch to high-alert. Waylen grabs his rifle. He peeks through a window and spots Regretta as she walks up to the door.

WAYLEN

(surprised)

Regretta?

Knock. Knock.

Waylen stands by the door.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

How'd you find us?!

REGRETTA (O.S.)

Your mother says you occasionally visit this place.

WAYLEN

Jokes on you, I wouldn't say "occasionally", I'd say "rarely".

REGRETTA

That... okay?... I still found you.

WAYLEN

... Dammit!

Waylen opens the door, slightly. Regretta is worried.

REGRETTA

Waylen, where's Eamon and Lorcan?

WAYLEN

I don't know who this "Aii-moon" and "Loor-kahn" are.

Regretta peeks inside and spots the three hiking bags.

REGRETTA

Then why do you have three hiking bags ready and packed?

WAYLEN

Fine. You caught me, I'm a guide. I help people escape this town.

(MORE)

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

And I have newly weds looking to start a new life somewhere and they'll be arriving any time now, so you best git before you spook 'em!

Regretta spots Lorcan's candy bag.

REGRETTA

I actually half-believe that, but what kind of newly weds go trick o' treating?

WAYLEN

... Child brides.

REGRETTA

(disgusted)
Waylen!

Eamon steps into Regretta's view.

EAMON

Hi, Regretta.

WAYLEN

What are you doing?! I had this!

EAMON

I really don't think you did...

Eamon opens the door all the way.

REGRETTA

Hi, Eamon.

She leans in to wave at Lorcan.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Hi, Lorcan.

He waves back.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Waylen, may I come in?

WAYLEN

Ugh. Fine. But I ain't putting this rifle away.

REGRETTA

Wouldn't expect you to.

Waylen opens the door for Regretta. She steps in. Waylen sits on his chair as the others stand around.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

There's some very important news I have for y'all... The film released. It was screened at the town square... Everyone loved it.

EAMON

You don't seem too happy about that?

REGRETTA

I think I'm just still in awe. I don't know how Knolly did it. It's as if he saw into the future. He has me doubting my own beliefs.

Waylen leans in, interested.

EAMON

What do you mean?

REGRETTA

He always told me the film would be the answer. After your accident, I couldn't spin the story. They wouldn't listen. So I just screened the film...

Regretta begins to sob.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

And it's as if he stepped in and calmed everyone down. Knolly, "the soothsayer", who could've guessed it! He saved us! Such a raw feeling to the film it made everyone believe it's real! So now the whole film is... it is real! Canon!

She calms herself.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

It's just... there's one last thing missing... The people need their saviors. They *need* to see them.

WAYLEN

What? According to you, they just did.

REGRETTA

In person.

Eamon and Lorcan break eye contact with Regretta.

LORCAN

No way I'm going back there.

EAMON

My son and I would not be safe.

REGRETTA

Ugh, the film... it-- it tipped the balance. Whereas before, folks were more inclined in believing Irish Iron and a minion had infiltrated our town due to recent events...

Lorcan hangs his head in shame. Eamon breaks eye contact.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Well, now they're unsure. They may still believe in Irish Iron, but thanks to the film... they also *want to believe* in their saviors. So what if, on Thanksgiving Day, in the middle of our yearly town square parade and celebrations, Protector and Fierce Fire were to appear?

EAMON

Thanksgiving? That's weeks from now.

REGRETTA

Yes, we're gonna need a lot of time to plan this out. Listen, just one appearance, to confirm that their saviors really won the big fight. Just like the film's ending set it all up to be.

Waylen, who fidgets with his beard, nods.

WAYLEN

Right, because then that'd mystify Protector & Fierce Fire into the same realm as Irish Iron, huh?

REGRETTA

Exactly! Their saviors would now live in folks' minds the same way Irish Iron has done for hundreds of years. And from there, Eamon, Lorcan... you'd be free to leave.

Eamon and Lorcan still look unsure.

WAYLEN

Now, hold on... What about the mystery writer? Whom'st've ever it may be that keeps sending them new issues, they're gonst' no doubt disrupt the peace.

REGRETTA

Not on my watch. Starting tomorrow, the newly founded "Loohooville Publications" will be creating, distributing, and verifying any and all issues of the new comic-book series, "Protector & Fierce Fire Save the World". Any knockoff, spin-off, or rip-off without a seal of approval will be deemed... non-canon.

Waylen nods.

WAYLEN

Well, hot-damn! Love me that idea! Still though, damn shame we never found out why mysterious writer was buggin' us. Gots to be someone with origins here with how personal that hatred translated through comics.

REGRETTA

At this point, doesn't matter who's writing them or why, their voice no longer matters.

Waylen turns to Eamon and Lorcan.

WAYLEN

Well, I'm convinced. How 'bout it, Eamon, Lorcan, one last performance?

Regretta stick her hand out. Eamon considers for a few moments, but ultimately shakes her hand.

REGRETTA

Great! I'll drive y'all three back home. Y'all can stay at my place in the meanwhile.

WAYLEN

It's fine. I'll stay at my momma's.

REGRETTA

Are you sure?

WAYLEN

Yeah. Lemme have one last night here, for the memories.

Eamon stands up and heads to Waylen.

EAMON

Thank you for everything, Waylen.

Eamon and Waylen shake hands.

WAYLEN

I do what I can. Hopefully, they haven't vandalized your car.

Eamon remembers where he left his car.

EAMON

Dammit.

INT. CAR - CONTINUED

Regretta drives Eamon and Lorcan back home. The windows are heavily tinted.

As Eamon stares out the window, they pass by the town square where towns folk set up tables, decorations, and a stage for Thanksgiving.

EXT. REGRETTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

Regretta parks in the open garage, then steps out and closes the garage door.

REGRETTA

Can't have y'all flicking light switches at night at y'all's own place, you know? Don't worry, Mark-Henry can keep a secret.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

That night, Waylen sits back on his reclined chair and watches TV on his lonesome. He pops open a jar of moonshine and chugs it. He does not pay attention to it. Instead, he rubs his beard as he thinks.

WAYLEN

... Aw hell. Why not.

He gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUED

In the backyard, with a view below of the entire forest, Waylen has started a fire in a rusted, metal barrel. He holds a box. He places it on the ground. WE see a bunch of Irish Iron comics in it.

He takes a comic and stares at it. A tiny smirk forms on his face as he caresses it.

The smirk disappears. Waylen throws the comic into the fire.

And another.

And soon the whole box itself, with all the other comics.

The fire BLAZES and CRACKLES. The smoke rises to the sky.

SNAP.

A twig snaps in the void of the wilderness.

Waylen turns to look. He sees nothing.

SNAP!

Another twig. This time closer, and louder.

Waylen rushes back into the cabin. He locks every door, turns off all lights, and grabs his rifle.

In the darkness, with only the moonlight and fire illuminating the room, he waits in a corner with full view of every window and door. Only his eyes and the barrel of the rifle are visible.

A shadow is casted as *something* passes in front of a window, then stops at the back door. Waylen aims at the back door.

A COMIC BOOK suddenly SLIDES towards Waylen from underneath the door. He BLASTS the door.

Beat.

Moments pass by until Waylen finally takes a look down at the comic. Waylen flips through the pages in shock. His eyes fluster heavily as they scan every single page rapidly.

WAYLEN

(shouts)

You?! It was YOU this WHOLE TIME?!

He hears FOOTSTEPS running back towards the wilderness.

WAYLEN (CONT'D)

WAIT!! Come back! I'm sorry!!

Waylen drops the comic, which slips between the cracks of the old wooden boards. Drunk, he stumbles towards the back door.

He swings it open. The instant he steps out, a gigantic hand grabs onto the barrel of his rifle. Waylen falls forward near the edge of the hill. He looks back.

It's Irish Iron.

CRUNCH!

Irish Iron DESTROYS the barrel with a closed fist. The rifle crumbles to the floor. He walks towards Waylen, who's too shocked to speak.

Irish Iron grabs Waylen by the throat. He lifts him to eye level. With such a distorted, inhumane, satanic voice as deep as the depths of hell, Irish Iron speaks.

IRISH IRON

JOIN. THEM.

Irish Iron LAUNCHES Waylen off the hill, towards a long and fatal fall into the ocean of pine.

Only the sound of his body is heard smashing against branches and logs.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

Regretta arrives and parks. Waylen's truck is intact. She knocks on the front door.

REGRETTA

Waylen?

No response. She knocks again.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Waylen, I had an idea last night.
 What if you come work for me?
 There's a lot of families still
 looking for answers. Not the most
 lavish work, but... you'd be
 putting a lot of minds at ease
 using your investigative skills.
 And plus, with that kind of work,
 folks would accept you back into
 Loohooville with praise.

No response. Regretta looks in from a window. She spots nothing. She walks around to the back and finds the fire barrel still warm to the touch, smoke rises from ashes. She spots Waylen's rifle intact and the back door riddled with buckshots.

Spooked, Regretta tenses up. She enters the cabin and spots Waylen's hiking bag also intact.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

Hello?

She heads upstairs.

She searches the entire cabin. She doesn't find a trace of Waylen. Regretta steps outside. She stares back at the cabin, a look of sorrow on her face.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NOON

Thanksgiving Day. Weeks later.

Tables, chairs, and food are neatly organized all along the town square. Folks setup a small market to sell their own special food. The Moonshiners are one of them. They're dressed like Mennonites. They look very nervous as they serve everyone juice, including Mark-Henry, who asks for four cups of juice.

One Moonshiner supervises them. Her face is hidden, but her blonde hair is long enough to stick out from the hooded, grey cloak she wears.

On one end of the town square, is the town hall. Across from it, facing it, is the giant screen now made to be a stage.

Eamon peaks through the giant, red curtains of the stage. He allows Mark-Henry in once he's close enough.

EAMON

Guess they're going to need a new name if they're going to stop serving moonshine, huh?

Backstage, there's a couch, dressing rooms, some food, and most importantly, Eamon and Lorcan's official costumes. Lorcan sits on the couch. He stares at the ground, saddened. Mark-Henry hands Eamon his cup. He takes a seat next to Lorcan and hands him his cup.

MARK-HENRY

What's wrong, Fierce Fire?

LORCAN

Nothing, dude.

MARK-HENRY

I'm sorry I couldn't stop anti-Fierce Fire on Halloween. I wanted to, but I really thought it was you...

LORCAN

It's fine, you did what you could.

MARK-HENRY

You think... when I get older, I could be your sidekick?

Eamon looks back. He anticipates Lorcan's response.

LORCAN

... You don't have to be trained by a superhero to be one. Just never lose hope. That'll get you farther than any superpower could.

Eamon smiles.

Regretta enters through the curtains.

EAMON

(to Regretta)

Hey, where's Waylen? I haven't seen him for weeks.

REGRETTA

I don't think Waylen wants to be found...

Eamon is confused.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

I have to help get everything arranged. I just wanted to check on you both real fast.

EAMON

We're fine. We got the script memorized. Just waiting now.

REGRETTA

Okay. We'll be good to go in the evening. You might want to suit up now, though.

Eamon and Lorcan nod.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)

C'mon Mark-Henry.

MARK-HENRY

Bye, Fierce Fire.

LORCAN

Take care, Mark-Henry.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

-- Everyone sits at the tables and eat.

-- Laughter, dancing, and Reginal's band play. Everyone is having a gran ol' time.

-- A child looks up at the sky, worried.

-- Regretta is seen shaking hands with others.

-- The Moonshiners pack up and leave in a hurry.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - EVENING

As the sun sets, some folks relax and talk to one another, others look worried.

Regretta stands up from her seat at her table and excuses herself. She heads for the stage. She enters through the curtains once again. She finds Eamon and Lorcan in the middle of a father and son moment, in costume. They don't spot her.

REGRETTA

... You fellas ready?

Eamon and Lorcan turn around.

EAMON
Yeah, all ready.

REGRETTA
Let's do this.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUED

Regretta walks on stage. She reaches the microphone and taps on it. Everyone turns to her.

REGRETTA
Good evening to all you lovely
Loohoonites. Nightfall is a-comin'.
I know there's fear and doubt on
what that may mean. Well, worry
not, because Knolly, for all his
flaws, always had this town in his
best interest. I worked with him
closely for all these years, yet
even I didn't know how far he had
planned ahead. Tonight, thanks to
his vision, Loohooville will be in
safe hands. The fear we've known,
will finally meet a worthy
opponent!

No one claps. Folks still look unsure.

REGRETTA (CONT'D)
I get it... You need to see it with
your own eyes... No more blind
faith, word of mouth, hushed
whispers. Just hard, undeniable,
proof... Okay, fair enough... Well
then, Loohooville, allow me to
introduce you to... YOUR SAVIORS!

The giant red curtains unveil Eamon and Lorcan dressed as
Protector and Fierce Fire. They pose like superheroes.

Folks are SHOCKED.

Eamon walks up with confidence to the microphone. Lorcan
follows behind. Regretta steps aside.

Lorcan, in sync with the pyrotechnics, throws his fist up
into the sky, creating the illusion of fire coming out of it.

Eamon gestures like Moses splitting the sea, which syncs with the woofers that play a bass-boosted sound effect, creating another illusion of ear-piercing superpowers.

Folks yell, shout, scream, in amazement.

Eamon gestures for the microphone to come to him, like telekinesis. An incredibly thin, translucent string tied around the microphone is used to "float" it towards Eamon's hand.

Eamon speaks in his American, superhero accent.

EAMON
Citizens of Loohooville... We. are.
READY!

Cheers on top of cheers. The crowd can barely contain itself. Some folks actually PASS OUT.

EAMON (CONT'D)
So much training, so many setbacks,
so much... pain. But thanks to
folks like y'all, Knolly, Regretta,
and even Waylen--

Folks are confused by Waylen's mention.

EAMON (CONT'D)
-- Yes! Even... Waylen... We are
finally back to MAXIMUM POWER!

More pyrotechnics. Lorcan flexes. The crowd cheers more.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Forgive us, for we did not expect
the anti-Fierce Fire to infiltrate
the town. It was him that had blown
the whistle on our covers to Irish
Iron! But worry not, for he has
already been brought to JUSTICE!

More cheering.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Speaking of Irish Iron...

The crowd goes silent.

EAMON (CONT'D)
... We. will. PROTECT YOU! We will
protect this WHOLE town! We will be
everywhere! Watching! Like
sentries!

(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)

From across an ocean, from up in
the sky, when we find Irish Iron,
he will face the LAW!

The crowd cheers WILDY. More folks pass out. Lorcan notices.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(fierce)

That wretched, evil, tyrant thought
he could get away with decades upon
decades of instilling fear into
kind souls just trying to live a
peaceful life?! NEVER! He is NOT a
true Irishman! He is an
abomination! A disgusting stain
Ireland has NEVER and will NEVER
claim!

More cheering and even MORE folks pass out. Regretta notices.

Eamon burrows his eyebrows. Veins pop out. Regretta and
Lorcan stare at him with caution.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(angry)

A COWARD with no morales, killing
as he pleases, pillaging for his
own personal gain! I should've
ended him in issue 82!! I should've
CRUSHED and SNAPPED every bone in
his body with my force field
telekinesis!! I should've shoved my
ENTIRE hand into his eye socket and
CRUSHED his brain from within,
watching his sour, putrid brain
juice SQUEEZING out of my fist!! He
is a VILLAIN and he deserves a
villain's DEATH! He is a--

A woman in the crowd SHRIEKS. WE see the entire crowd stare
in fear towards the same direction, off-stage, to Eamon's far
left.

Eamon, Regretta and Lorcan turn to look.

It's Irish Iron.

At a whopping nine feet, Irish Iron walks up stage, towards
Eamon. His beer belly is wider than Eamon's chest. He
radiates a green mist. His beard is taller than Lorcan
himself. His glowing red eyes stare down at Eamon.

Regretta instinctively shields Lorcan. Eamon drops the
microphone out of pure disbelief.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 (disbelief)
 Y- you... you don't exist...

REGRETTA
 ... *How...*

The mysterious woman in the hooded cloak appears from backstage.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
 Quite simple, really.

All turn to looks at the mysterious woman. Her face still hidden by the cloak.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
 You all believe in what I want you to believe.

The mysterious woman unveils her face. She has blonde hair, pearl-like eyes, and a scar running down the left side of her face. It's MACKENZIE (40s). She picks up Eamon's microphone. Everyone is too stunned to stop her. She speaks to the crowd.

MACKENZIE
 I hope that moonshine tasted well. "Made in Loohooville", by y'all's finest slave labor. Although, ever since I was banished, I've made friends with said slaves. Admittedly, they live a rather boring lifestyle. Only thing they had goin' for them was that famous delicious moonshine recipe. Although, these days, it has a very "dream-like" flavor to it, almost makes you see that that don't exist, don't it? I should know... it's my recipe.

Mackenzie turns back to find Eamon, Lorcan, and Regretta still in shock. She cackles.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 Just ask Knolly. Or Waylen. Maybe even "Ee-ah-mawn" knows about it.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 But moonshine takes a long time to brew. We all know that. And those boring bunch couldn't entertain if I gave them crayons. So I started writing... then drawing... then...
 (MORE)

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

laughing. Laughing at the thought of how stupid Loohoonites are. Gullible beyond reasonable doubt. It took me being BANISHED to realize that.

REGRETTA

You bitch!

Regretta attempts to rush towards Mackenzie. Irish Iron steps in front of her and stops her. Mackenzie cackles again.

MACKENZIE

Lazlo really thought he could save this town?! Irish Iron was the only protector this town ever needed. Lazlo was a sham! A false prophet brainwashing you all! He needed to go!

REGRETTA

I knew it! I knew it was you all along!

Mackenzie slowly turns her head to look a Regretta.

MACKENZIE

Oh bless your heart, Regretta. There's knowing... then there's proving. Tell you what, if you can put all the pieces together, I'll put those cuffs on my self.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

But until then, bring me my son!

REGRETTA

No! I... don't even know where he is! Oh shit, where IS Mark-Henry?!

MACKENZIE

You lost my son?! What kind of mother are you?!

REGRETTA

Aha! So you admit I was like a mother to him!

MACKENZIE

I never denied it! You were always meant to be his guardian if me and Johnny were to pass on. It was in our will!

REGRETTA
 (surprised)
 Oh... well... thank you.

MACKENZIE
 Shut up! Bring me my son!

MARK-HENRY (O.S.)
 (distant)
 Mom?!

Mackenzie turns to face the crowd. With her back turned behind, Eamon shifts his eyes around, planning.

MACKENZIE
 Mark-Henry?! My boy! Is that you?!
 Where are you?!

MARK-HENRY (O.S.)
 (distant)
 I'm over here!

Eamon looks up at Irish Iron, who still stands tall over him. Eamon closes his eyes.

MACKENZIE
 Mark-Henry. Where are you? Come
 here, my child! Let us leave this
 town!

EAMON
 (whispers)
 I believe.

Lorcan looks over at Eamon.

LORCAN
 What?

Eamon clenches his fist. He THROWS a punch at Irish Iron and lands a hit on him.

The crowd gasps.

Mackenzie turns around, confused.

MACKENZIE
 Wh- what are you doing?

Eamon clenches his fist again and powers up another punch. Lorcan and Regretta watch in suspense. Eamon punches Irish Iron in the face. Irish Iron is knocked back.

LORCAN

Woah!

EAMON

Son! All you have to do... is believe... in yourself.

Lorcan is unsure.

Irish Iron gets up. Eamon throws another punch, but Irish Iron catches it. He twists Eamon's wrist and whole arm. Eamon yells in pain.

REGRETTA

C'mon, Fierce Fire! We believe in you!

The crowd cheers.

MACKENZIE

What in tarnation is going on?!

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIGHT

-- Lorcan clenches his fist. Fire spawns out of them. He runs up to Irish Iron. He JUMPS and throws a punch midair.

-- POV MACKENZIE. Lorcan jumps and throws a punch at... nothing. Irish Iron is nowhere to be seen.

-- Lorcan punches Irish Iron square in the jaw. He's thrown back, freeing Eamon.

-- POV MACKENZIE. She watches Eamon rush towards an empty space on stage. Eamon dolphin dives off stage, straight towards the ground.

-- Eamon rushes towards Irish Iron, but Irish Iron uses his gauntlet to launch a green beam at Eamon. It blasts him off stage, into the floor below.

--The crowd gathers around them. They look as confused as Mackenzie, until one of them cheers them on. ALL cheer.

-- Eamon and Lorcan get up. They crouch, ready to launch into the air and fly. They JUMP and burst straight up into the sky. Irish Iron also launches into the sky from the stage. A great fight begins as the three twinkle in the sky, every punch like a firework.

-- POV MACKENZIE. Eamon and Lorcan remain on the ground. They stare up at the sky. They throw punches at the air. The crowd cheers and also stares up at the sky.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

What. The. Fuck?!

-- Mark-Henry, just off-stage, stares up at the sky in awe.

MARK-HENRY

My hero...

-- The crowd spots a large explosion up in the sky. Irish Iron is blasted back towards the ground like a meteor. He falls towards the crowd. The crowd runs away in fear.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUED

BOOM!

Dust, soil, pulverized cement flies up into the air as Irish Iron crashes into the ground. The crowd gathers around. Mackenzie rushes off stage towards the crash site.

She pushes her way to the center.

There, she finds Eamon and Lorcan towering over... nothing. The ground is untouched. No Irish Iron in sight.

MACKENZIE

Wh- what happened?! What is going on?!

Eamon turns to look at her. He's exhausted, but proud.

EAMON

Your minion is no more. Fierce Fire, would you like to do the honors this time?

LORCAN

Oh, my pleasure!

Lorcan picks up a defeated Irish Iron. He places hand cuffs on him and begins to walk him towards the parking lot. The crowd, follows. Mackenzie stands still. She is dumbfounded.

FIERCE FIRE

Listen here, Irish Iron, as an enforcer of American law, you are hereby arrested with no chance of bail. Your trial date will be set by the "National Court of Justice"!

Mark-Henry runs past Mackenzie towards Regretta. Regretta holds his hand as they join the crowd.

FIERCE FIRE (CONT'D)

You may never lose motivation for all things evil, I'll give you that, but you will always be outnumbered! Always on the receiving end of a 2-for-1 special!

Lorcan places Irish Iron into the back of a police wagon. He shuts the door and locks it.

EAMON

Citizens of Loohooville... it is over.

The crowd cheers.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Now, what to do with the town traitor?

All turn to look at Mackenzie. With all eyes on her, she snaps out of her frozen state.

MACKENZIE

You're all a bunch of wackos!

Mackenzie runs away into the forest.

Eamon steps to the front of the crowd. Lorcan, Regretta, and Mark-Henry at his sides. He has a hearty laugh until a pain in his head interrupts him.

LORCAN

Dad! What's wro-- agh!

Lorcan also experiences a pain in his head. Soon, everyone also experiences a pain or light-headedness.

The experience passes for everyone.

EAMON

Well, that was concerning.

REGRETTA

Must have been from the poison Mackenzie fed us.

EAMON

Guess so.

Eamon turns to look back at the police wagon.

It's gone.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Wait, what? Where'd he go?!

LORCAN
Uh oh...

Suddenly, a low hum is heard. Everyone goes silent. The hum grows louder. And louder.

REGRETTA
Oh no...

Everyone looks up at the sky.

CONCERNED CITIZEN (O.S.)
Well, what are y'all waiting for?!
Go after him!

Eamon and Lorcan look at each other, determined. They crouch, ready to launch into the air and fly. They JUMP and fall straight back into the ground.

The crowd gasps.

Eamon and Lorcan stare around, concerned.

The hum becomes INTENSE. The town square starts to VIBRATE. Some can barely tolerate it. They scrunch their face in pain.

EAMON
Uhhh... RUN!

Everyone runs away.

POV BIRDSEYE.

A stealth bomber plane flies over Loohooville.

THE END.