When Luck Runs Out

by

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EXT. FOREST ROAD - MORNING

Morning fog hovers over a winding road and dense forest.

A DEER pads out into the road. Hooves clatter on the pavement. The rest is silence.

The DEER pokes at a small flower in the middle of the road.

Then it stops. Perks up.

Listens. A slight hum...

In a flash, it leaps off the street just as——

ZHOOOOM! A ruby-red BMW convertible careens past the animal, missing it by inches. The engine roars. AC/DC blares at concert levels.

Cut out: The car is being handled by a MAN (28) — tall, pale with dirty reddish hair, a slick gray suit, and a smile that says he likes to hear himself talk.

He closes his eyes. Jams along to the music. The vehicle picks up more momentum.

The MAN opens his eyes, looks up — just in time! He swerves his car around a deep curve that sweeps over a cliff.

Unshaken, he resumes his listening spree.

Superimposed title: WHEN LUCK RUNS OUT.

A truck passes, nearly grazes the convertible. No problem — the MAN hurtles around another curve at max speed. Exits the main road.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The MAN’s car charges through a stop sign. A passing sedan honks.

His convertible blows through green traffic lights — perfectly timed — and zips past a homeless hitchhiker onto a rural road.
On impulse, he cuts the wheel. The BMW skids onto a gravel driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS


The MAN hops over the car door, thermos of coffee in his hand.

He’s instantly met by a BUSINESSMAN (50) — sensible, grey-haired — he looks like his idea of excitement is to slip an extra scoop of sugar in his afternoon coffee.

BUSINESSMAN
You’ve got some luck, Eamon.

EAMON
Oh, good morning, Robert! You’re looking fresh as a daisy.

ROBERT
Yes, good morning.

They stroll through the worksite. It’s littered with WORKERS making preparations.

EAMON
Everything’s coming together for the ground-breaking, right? Can’t get too ahead of ourselves. And what was it you were saying?

ROBERT wears a tired expression — someone frustrated by spreadsheets. EAMON sips at his thermos.

ROBERT
I said you’ve got some luck, Eamon. Somehow you picked a site that doesn’t need a waiting period for permits.

EAMON picks up a nail gun on a work table.

EAMON
Not luck, Robert. Brains.
(examines nail gun)
(MORE)
EAMON (CONT’D)
How do you think I became a real real estate contractor?

BAM — the nail gun goes off. It pierces a passing WORKER’s wooden board, centimeters from his face. The WORKER stares back at EAMON, horrified.

EAMON (CONT’D)
(gesturing with thermos)
Just doing some testing. Carry on.

EAMON and ROBERT continue walking. EAMON indulges in his coffee.

ROBERT
So you knew about the waiting period exception?

EAMON
Of course. What, do you think I wouldn’t consider...

(scratching his neck)
That thing you said?

ROBERT
The county isn’t used to working without the waiting period, so we just have to convince them that our permit is valid for Wednesday. I think there are several institutions we can go through.

(closes eyes)
And you know how I feel about institutions. I love a good hierarchy...

EAMON is playing with a hammer from a utility table.

EAMON
Hmm, what? All those words put together sound like bureaucracy, which I think we’re both trusting you to handle.

EAMON tries to toss the hammer up — it flies backwards instead. The handle lands directly in the outstretched hand of a WORKER mid-yawn.

ROBERT
Right. Speaking of which, I’ve been told there’s a stack of mail from some bureau that you haven’t picked up. A stack of mail? How could you not? That’s like a dream.
EAMON
I’ll get to it. As long as none of it is from my family, or the bank, or that 8 year old who thinks he’s my pen pal.

EAMON shudders as he sips his thermos.

ROBERT
Please do. I don’t want to be standing around here and not know that we’re actually getting audited. I cannot have that right now.

(looks away)
Not that I wouldn’t ever want to get audited.
(bites lip)
It’s something I might want to try some day...

EAMON plays with a hard-hat left on the ground.

EAMON
You’re the boss.

ROBERT
And you’ll continue with your lucky streak for us?

EAMON
If “lucky” now means “brilliant,” then yes. Isn’t that why you present me with a nice big bag of cash every week?

WOMAN
You mean pot of gold?

They’ve stopped in front of a WOMAN (35) – dark features, piercing intelligence, journalist attire.

EAMON
I meant bag of cash. Who is this?

WOMAN
Shouldn’t there be a pack of leprechauns greeting me here? And pots of gold?

EAMON
On that note...

EAMON walks past her.
ROBERT
Eamon, this is Meredith Walsh.
She’s with the Times.

EAMON stops.

EAMON
The who?

ROBERT
You scheduled an interview with her
today, remember?

EAMON backtracks.

EAMON
(scratching his neck)
Of course, Meredith...

MEREDITH
Walsh.

EAMON
Walsh, I remember exactly.

EAMON shakes her hand.

MEREDITH
Pleasure.

EAMON
Let me show you around.

EAMON leads MEREDITH around the foundation.

MEREDITH
You had no idea you were going to
be interviewed, did you?

EAMON
(scratching neck again)
Are you kidding? I’ve been looking
forward to this all week.

MEREDITH
It’s Monday.

EAMON
Well, I haven’t been that excited.

EAMON takes a small sip from his thermos.

MEREDITH
Why were you scratching your neck?
EAMON
Why were you?

MEREDITH
I wasn’t.

EAMON
No need to be defensive. I didn’t mean anything by it.

MEREDITH
Is that coffee in your thermos?

EAMON
No, I don’t drink coffee. It dulls the senses. I’ve gotta be on the top of my game in this line of work.

He scratches his neck again. His face says: what am I doing?

MEREDITH
So what’s in it?

EAMON
Uh... water.

MEREDITH
Oh good, I’m thirsty. Can I have some?

EAMON
No.

They keep walking. MEREDITH glances at a passing WORKER — EAMON quickly tosses the thermos on the ground.

They stop in front of a huge section of dirt.

EAMON (CONT’D)
This is the big project right here. Code name:
   (pause for effect)
The Big Project. We’re going to start ground-breaking in two days.

MEREDITH
Very exciting. And I hear you’re nearly the most successful real estate broker in the country at your age, correct?

EAMON
Yes... nearly.
Shouting — from the other side of the site.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Hang on just a minute.

EAMON leaves MEREDITH to investigate the commotion. MEREDITH follows anyway.

Two CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are restraining a short MAN (30) — 1.5 meters tall, exhibiting the physical fitness of a teddy bear. Other WORKERS are gathered around.

MAN
You can’t do that to my lawn! It’s been landscaped! And get your hands off me before I get a rash!

EAMON slides into the CROWD with impeccable cool — the kind that would make cucumbers jealous.

EAMON
What’s going on over here?

MAN
I’ll tell you what’s going on! You’re all trespassing!

EAMON paces in front of the MAN like a schoolteacher.

EAMON
Trespassing is a strong word. Maybe you could tell us how you feel?

MAN
I feel like I’m being trespassed on! This is my property.

EAMON
Mmm, not good at all.
(to a random WORKER)
Perhaps a bit delusional.
(to BRYAN)
What’s your name, son?

MAN
Bryan O’Reilly. And we’re the same age.

EAMON
(shakes hand)
Bryan, nice to meet you. My name is Eamon McCarthy. I know, I know, don’t get too excited.
BRYAN
Can they let go of me?

EAMON nods. The WORKERS let go of BRYAN. MEREDITH watches the action from the sidelines.

MEREDITH
What’s going on here exactly?

EAMON
It’s nothing to worry about.
(privately to MEREDITH)
Just clearing up a zoning dispute.
I fix these like they’re bribes. So all the time.

BRYAN
Nothing to worry about? My garden is ruined! Do these tulips look content to you?

EAMON cracks his knuckles.

EAMON
(to MEREDITH)
Why don’t you wait for me by the tent?
(to BRYAN)
Mr. O’Reilly——

BRYAN
Are you going to pay for this?

EAMON
Actually, Mr. O’Reilly, we already did.

BRYAN
Oh no — I’m not ready to deal with any time travel right now.

EAMON
Don’t be silly.

EAMON snaps at an ASSISTANT that just appeared.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Danielle?
(SHE hands him a paper)
Thank you, that was quick.
(back to BRYAN)
Now——
(pauses, back to DANIELLE)
(MORE)
EAMON (CONT’D)
Honestly, I’m surprised, Danielle, this was much snappier than usual.

(back to BRYAN)
Now, this is a deed on your mortgage. Since your fees haven’t been filed in six months, the rights are up for purchase. But it would be taken by the banks otherwise, so we — Doyle Farms Real Estate — ooh...

(hands BRYAN a business card)
— we handle everything — ...have chosen to acquire this property from said banks. So, in fact, blah de blah, quid pro quo, you’re trespassing.

BRYAN gives EAMON a blank stare.

BRYAN
But... I live here.

EAMON puts an arm around his shoulder. BRYAN stands immobile.

EAMON
I know, it’s all bureaucracy. I don’t understand it either, but I don’t make the rules. I just use them to my advantage.

BRYAN
What about my house?

EAMON pulls away. He sizes up BRYAN’s shack.

EAMON
I’m afraid that as of ground-breaking this...

(checks watch)
Wednesday, it will cease to exist as you know it. In fact, we’ll probably burn it.

BRYAN
Why!?

EAMON
Meh. Something to do.

BRYAN
I knew that my luck was gone... all dried up. Just like my lilies.
BRYAN pulls dried lilies out of his pocket.

EAMON
Trust me, luck had nothing to do with it.
(taps his head)
It’s the ol’ noggin. You’ve just been out... brained.

BRYAN discards his lilies — forcefully.

BRYAN
Is that what you think, Mr. Real Estate Man?

EAMON
Please — it’s Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Real Estate Man was my father.

BRYAN
Well, Mr. McCarthy, you couldn’t be more wrong. I’m from this area, born here, raised here. I should know.

EAMON
And I “should” do my taxes, but instead...

BRYAN
This land flows with the currents of luck!

EAMON
I see.
(turns to go)
Now that that’s settled...

BRYAN runs in front of EAMON, forcing him to stop.

BRYAN
You don’t believe me? You don’t believe in the eddies of fortune?

EAMON
It’s not that I don’t believe you, per se. It’s that you’re a complete looney.

EAMON tries to get around him. BRYAN blocks the way.

BRYAN
You’re crazy! Can’t you see that you’re destroying this habitat?
(MORE)
BRYAN (CONT’D)
My people have all left because of you! From every old home in this whole county, they’ve been driven out.

EAMON
Actually, you should be forwarding all complaints to Robert, my boss — he loves them. But this...
(gestures to BRYAN’s
general location)
...isn’t really my area.

BRYAN
You’re darn right it isn’t.

EAMON
I’m glad you’re starting to come around.

EAMON starts to walk away. He stops and turns back around.

EAMON (CONT’D)
You know, maybe you should stop worrying about your luck all day, and just work a little harder. You know, like the rest of us?

BRYAN
But I don’t think—

EAMON
Make him leave. He keeps talking.

EAMON leaves the CROWD. MEREDITH falls in next to him.

MEREDITH
You mind telling me what that was all about? He seemed to have some very peculiar things to say...

EAMON
Just another town mad-case.

MEREDITH
Do you feel like there are a lot of them around here?

EAMON stops. He looks at her: you must be new.

EAMON
Let me show you something — there’s a diner down the road.
(MORE)
EAMON (CONT'D)
(checks his watch)
Hungry?

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATER, MORNING

Outrageous leprechaun-themed diner, sparsely populated.

EAMON and MEREDITH sit at a booth. MEREDITH has coffee and a dyed green muffin, EAMON has orange juice with green eggs and hash browns.

MEREDITH
If Doyle Farms beats its profits again, I’m told it could break a mid-size growth record held for this decade. Are you anxious to get there for the acclaim?

EAMON scratches his neck.

EAMON
Oh, I don’t pay attention to things like that. Acclaim, what does that even mean? Fame, prestige — they’re all just words.

MEREDITH
You’re doing it again. The neck scratching.

EAMON
(taking hand away)
That’s your opinion.

MEREDITH drinks her coffee.

MEREDITH
That man back at the site, was he losing his home to your project?

EAMON
No, he was already losing his home to the bank. Like this.
(covers the eggs with his hash browns)
So then all we did was step in.
(brutally smashes the eggs with his fork)
Everybody wins.
MEREDITH
But haven’t the Doyle Farms Real
Estate business ventures driven all
the housing prices up in this area,
including mortgages?

EAMON
Hey, more business is good for the
whole town’s economy. Just look at
this place. It wouldn’t be booming
without us.

MEREDITH looks around. Some sad-looking POOR FOLK eating by
themselves. A couple of isolated WAITRESSES standing. A small
gang of rough-looking MEN sitting on the counter stools.

EAMON (CONT’D)
This whole county is built around
some ancient leprechaun myth and a
bunch of legends about fortune and
such. Everyone here is obsessed
with it. Those men over there, they
hunt leprechauns. That’s what they
do with their free time. Some
people watch football, others...

HUNTER #1
(shouting to HUNTER #2)
We were close, laddie. So very
close to getting one of those
little creatures —— and nabbing
great fame and fortune. We’ll get
one next time, I’m sure of it.

HUNTER #2
(drinking whiskey straight
from the bottle)
I always remind myself that once I
get my hands on a real fresh
‘chaun, mark my words, I’m going to
mount it on the wall next to my
deer rump.

HUNTER #3
(unintelligible Irish
words)

HUNTER #1
You know, I’d prefer if you didn’t
say those things about my mother.

MEREDITH turns back to EAMON. His face: see?
EAMON

Seriously.

MEREDITH

You don’t believe in any of the myths?

EAMON

Are you kidding?

(laughs)

But this is what these people imagine, and guess what? Tourists actually come here for the stories and, I don’t know, landmarks or whatever. So I got this idea, you know, we make this “leprechaun” amusement park where everyone can come and look at famous sites and go on rides and have a fun little romp around. And if these kinds of people believe in these fairy tales, then more power to them.

(takes a bite of eggs)

Or more cash to me. Same difference really.

MEREDITH

You’re using them. It’s manipulation.

EAMON

I’m giving them what they want. Magic and leprechauns. If you don’t believe me, look at your muffin. Does that look like a normal person muffin to you?

MEREDITH

I guess not.

EAMON

No kidding, it looks like it was baked by a toddler with a crayon.

MEREDITH frowns. EAMON tears a chunk from the muffin for himself.

EAMON (CONT’D)

(food in mouth)

But don’t let me stop you, they’re delicious.

ROBERT enters the diner.
ROBERT
Eamon, there you are! We’ve been looking for you.

EAMON
How’s the groundwork?

ROBERT
The evictions are all secure, and the permit and contracts should be ready in time for the big ground-breaking ceremony, assuming my assistant can get them in to the bureaus.

(licks his lips)
Mmm, just thinking about getting those forms in all neatly lined up, and in the proper order...

(coughs)
Anyway, it looks like we did it!

EAMON
I think that calls for a celebration.

ROBERT
Excellent idea. What were you thinking?

EAMON
The Playhouse? Good news calls for gambling, don’t you think?

ROBERT
I’ll tell the crew. In the meantime, though, we have to do ground preparations on the east side.

EAMON
Right, now it’s just dirt.

(to MEREDITH)
This was lovely.

EAMON starts to get up.

MEREDITH
Hang on, we still haven’t talked about your personal life yet.

EAMON
No time right now, sadly. But hey, if you meet me at the casino tonight you’ll get your chance.
MEREDITH
(playing the pun)
Isn’t that lucky?

EAMON
Oh, it’s never luck, Meredith.
Trust me. And you should, because
I’m in real estate.

ROBERT leaves the diner – EAMON follows suit. MEREDITH
remains in her seat, scribbling notes.

HUNTER #1 passes her table on the way to the bathroom. He
jumps when he sees her face.

HUNTER #1
(hitting karate pose)
Gahhhhh!

MEREDITH flinches.

MEREDITH
What? What happened?

HUNTER #1
Oh nothing, I just thought you was
a leprechaun.

He eyes her suspiciously for a second.

Then he turns back towards the bathroom. Walking away, he
checks the loaded pistol in his waistband.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYHOUSE CASINO - EVENING

Drinks, cards, cigars, roulette, craps, slot machines. EAMON,
EMPLOYEES, and OTHERS enjoy themselves.

The roulette wheel spins, landing on thirteen.

ROULETTE MAN
Thirteen!

EAMON
That’s me!

PEOPLE cheer and EAMON smiles. The ROULETTE MAN hands over
the big prize of chips in a baggie.

EAMON (CONT’D)
I guess this round’s on me!
ROBERT clinks a glass — the room falls quiet.

ROBERT
Everyone, those of us from Doyle Farms, I just wanted to give a toast — to our dear colleague, Eamon McCarthy. Without him, none of this would have been possible. Here’s to his success, and his soon-to-be acclaim as the greatest of young real estate entrepreneurs on the Atlantic coast. We owe you one.

EAMON
You owe me five!

ROBERT
That’s the spirit.

They drink and the party continues. ROBERT comes over to EAMON’s side.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
Eamon, found you!

EAMON
I wasn’t hiding...

ROBERT
(lowered voice)
Listen, I just wanted to let you know — we can’t have any holes in our process over the next few days. None at all.

EAMON
(not sober)
Of course. I’ve got it under control. Look at me. Look at me. Now stop looking at me — it’s weird. I’ve got it under control.

ROBERT
I mean it. None of these permits are set in stone — the county could pull it out from under us at any time.

EAMON
Aye, captain.

ROBERT nods and disappears into the crowd. EAMON is tipsy, holding his drink. He scans the room.
He spies MEREDITH lurking about. He saddles over to her.

EAMON (CONT’D)
I was afraid you wouldn’t make it.

MEREDITH
And why is that?

EAMON
Um... I’ve been told it’s an attachment disorder.

EAMON takes a long gulp of his drink.

MEREDITH
Does that mean you’re ready to talk about your personal life?

EAMON
Not much to tell. So far it’s just been solving crimes and punching sharks.

MEREDITH
Somehow I’m not convinced. What kind of person gets in to your kind of work?

EAMON swallows his drink.

EAMON
The better kind.

MEREDITH
What exactly do you mean by that?

EAMON
I got to where I am because I’m smarter and harder working than everyone else. Plain and simple.

MEREDITH
But you must have caught a lucky break at some point?

EAMON
Luck has nothing to do with it. And I’m tired of hearing about it.

MEREDITH
You’ve never felt like you’ve been lucky with where you are now? Or that the people you’ve evicted got the raw end?
EAMON
(mildly drunk)
No, those people ended up where they did because of their own choices.

MEREDITH
If you were in their shoes, how would you feel?

EAMON
I could never be in their shoes. That’s the point. It’s impossible.

MEREDITH
What about all that money you just won at roulette?

EAMON
I made a good decision, Meredith. That’s what I do at my job. That’s what I’m paid for. And I’m sorry if you’re jealous because I’m a success and your "luck" got you your job in journalism.

MEREDITH takes in what EAMON just said.

MEREDITH
Excuse me?

EAMON takes in what he just said.

MEREDITH
Too harsh?

EAMON
No, you’re a peach. I’m definitely... looking forward to writing about you.

MEREDITH
Okay, great!
(pause)
I’m going to get some fresh air.

EAMON walks off – swiping someone’s drink from the bar – and continues onward.

CUT TO:
EXT. PLAYHOUSE CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Warm spring night. EAMON stumbles outside. He surveys the landscape.

Then he ambles over to his car. Gets in. It roars into motion.

EAMON drives wildly but, of course, hits nothing. Another car swerves to avoid him from the other direction. We hear:

   MAN (O.S.)
   Hey, watch where you’re going!

   EAMON (O.S.)
   I did!

We tilt up: to the stars. They twinkle and glisten in view.
The night glows with ominous energy.

CUT TO:

INT. EAMON’S HOUSE - MORNING

EAMON jolts awake. He turns to his clock — 9:53 a.m. — he missed his alarm!

   EAMON
   No— no, I’m late! I’m late! Get up!!

He flings himself out of bed and lands badly on his ankle.

   EAMON (CONT’D)
   (clutching ankle)
   Ow!

He struggles to pull his pants on. They rip. He falls down.

   EAMON (CONT’D)
   Buggering — little — gunk!

He dons a (stained) shirt and heads downstairs.

   EAMON (CONT’D)
   (sighs)
   Well, at least it isn’t raining.

BOOM. Thunder echoes from nearby, rattling his house. Oceans of rain plummet outside.

EAMON frowns at the downpour. A long moment passes.
EAMON (CONT’D)

Yup, that’s better.

He grabs whatever protective hat he can find — a book.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAMON’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

EAMON huddles against the rain as he jogs over to his convertible. The top is up from the night before.

He tries to force the top down — it seems to be jammed. He looks at the drenched car. Then makes a face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - MOMENTS LATER

EAMON is driving his open-top convertible through an Amazon-worthy rainstorm. It’s difficult to see where his skin ends and the water begins. He checks his watch again.

EAMON

Move, people! C’mon!

EAMON is stuck at a red light. He reaches to grab his button-down shirt. The light turns green.

There is water under his feet as he presses the pedals.

On the next block there’s another red light. He waits at the red light until it finally turns green. The car in front of him doesn’t move. He beeps.

EAMON (CONT’D)

Go!

He beeps again.

EAMON (CONT’D)

Go!

He beeps for a few seconds. The light turns yellow.

EAMON (CONT’D)

Hello!? Go!!

The car accelerates — and the light goes red. EAMON is stuck. He punches the dashboard — it hurts his hand.
EAMON (CONT’D)
Unhhh... Let’s go!

He glares at the traffic light. It switches from the top red bulb to the bottom bulb... which is somehow also red.

EAMON (CONT’D)
What?

EAMON scoffs and drives forward anyway — only to stop immediately as other cars continue to pass in front of him.

He sighs, drumming on the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

EAMON arrives in his BMW at the worksite location. He cuts the wheel to make his turn, but the entrance is blocked off. He’s forced to stop and make a diversion into the parking lot.

EAMON pulls the car in. The nearest spots have been taken. He swerves his convertible into a disabled (handicap) spot.

He gets out with his shirt and jacket, locking the door to his roofless car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION WORKSITE - MOMENTS LATER

The WORKERS are gathered under a large canopy in the rain.

EAMON arrives, far more drenched than the rest of them. ROBERT is up on a table addressing the crew.

ROBERT
Eamon! You’re late.

EAMON
(out of breath)
Yeah, I... Huh. There’s a first time for everything, I guess.
(sees the gathering)
What’s going on?

ROBERT
How about a better question — what’s going on?
ROBERT holds a wet newspaper. The other WORKERS are silent.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
Meredith Walsh’s report in the Times. It’s brutal — she tore you to pieces. We’re talking humanitarian-level intervention. She even compares you to some actual dictators.

EAMON
What? But the interview went really well. That doesn’t make any sense.

ROBERT
Don’t look at me. I didn’t write it. And if I did, I probably wouldn’t have used so many slurs.

EAMON grabs the newspaper from ROBERT’s hand. He reads it quickly.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
If it makes you feel any better, that drawing of you is highly inaccurate.

EAMON
(looking back up)
Okay, whatever, we’ll get past it. Is the weather supposed to interfere with ground-breaking?

ROBERT
No — well, see, that’s the other thing. Some of our unfinished contracts pulled away because of this whole article business! And without all of the contracts, our permit is invalid for a non-waiting period site. And without a permit...

EAMON is engrossed in the paper again.

EAMON
I get it, it’s a hold up. We just have to wait it out.
(from the paper)
Really? “A danger to our children and democracy”? Where is this coming from?
ROBERT
Eamon, it’s not a hold up. It’s a disaster. We can’t wait it out, these people are looking for blame.

EAMON looks up again. He’s breathing harder now. He sweats under the rainwater and tears at the edges of the newspaper.

EAMON
So what are you going to do?

ROBERT
I’m sorry, Eamon, but... we’ve got to let you go.

EAMON winces — a pain in his head. His hands rip off sections of the paper.

EAMON
Let me go? What, you’re firing me!? 

ROBERT
There’s nothing I can do. Please, give me back my paper.

EAMON paces back and forth with furious energy. He throws bits of paper everywhere.

EAMON
You’re firing me from this project? My project!? I designed the site, I got the contractors and the investors on board, I found the land! I’m the one holding this whole thing up!

EAMON kicks the tent pole, knocking it over and collapsing a corner of the canopy. He immediately attempts to rectify the pole’s position.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Metaphorically.

ROBERT
Look, it’s possible this thing will blow over in a little while. But until we’re in the clear, we can’t have you testing our luck.

EAMON approaches ROBERT’s table, three feet below him.

EAMON
Your luck? Is that what you think this is?
(MORE)
EAMON (CONT’D)
I’ve got news for you, sir —
there’s no such thing. If you want
me to leave, I’ll leave. Just say
so. But I know you’re going to need
me.

(glares at other WORKERS)
You think I got this project going
because I “lucked out?” I’ll tell
you something. I’m going to appeal
to one of those bureaus and get
that permit going again before the
ground-breaking. Once that happens,
you’ll see why you need me.

(directly to ROBERT)
Just give me a few days.

EAMON is fuming, and shaking, and sweating in pain and anger. He starts back to his car.

As he goes, he kicks the pole back out from under the canopy.

ROBERT
Eamon, wait!

EAMON turns.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
You forgot those letters from that
bureau. Shouldn’t forget.

EAMON returns and grabs the letters roughly from ROBERT’s
hands. He winces again in pain.

EAMON
Just you wait.

EAMON walks back again, kicking the pole now on the ground.

Walking, EAMON rubs his temple and reads one of the letters. The top has a logo in the shape of a coin with a hole in the center, and the words BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE.

EAMON (CONT’D)
(struggling)
“Dear Sir or Madam, This letter is
to inform you that”—AGHHH!

EAMON grips his head — and suddenly collapses to the ground.

Grunting in pain, he writhes in the mud. His other hand
crinkles the letter.
EAMON (CONT’D)
(weakly)
Help!... Help!

ROBERT sees what’s happening.

ROBERT
Eamon! Somebody get some help!

WORKER
Like, a therapist?

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - LATER

EAMON wakes up. He’s lying on an examination table, gown and all. He sits upright and looks around.

A DOCTOR enters the room and smiles a little too warmly.

DOCTOR
Ah, you’re awake.

EAMON
(lugubriously)
Did I pass out or something?

DOCTOR
Yes, you did. And your colleagues were kind enough to bring you your clothes — they’re in the corner. How do you feel? A little sick?
(baby voice)
A wittle tiwed?

EAMON
Ugh, I don’t know. My head hurts. Shouldn’t I have a bed?

The DOCTOR is hanging medical images on the wall.

DOCTOR
My name is Peter McCann, I’ll be fixing you up today. While you were unconscious, we ran an MRI scan.

EAMON
Oh.

DR. MCCANN
Turns out... you have an intracranial aneurysm!
(MORE)
DR. MCCANN (CONT'D)
(points to slide)
See here?

EAMON
A what?

DR. MCCANN
A brain aneurysm. Ooh, want a balloon? They’re for the kids, but I love ‘em.

DR. McCANN strolls over to the pediatric balloon machine on the wall. He stretches out a balloon.

EAMON
What’s an aneurysm mean?

DR. MCCANN
It means that a blood vessel in your head has a weak wall, so it has swollen...
(fills balloon on hissing air spout)
...to an enormous size, creating pressure in your head.
(points to balloon)
Like this.
(points to scans)
Now, as you can see, you have a basilar artery aneurysm, which is pretty rare. You should be glad that we found it before it ruptured, doesn’t happen often.

EAMON
(not great)
Great.

The balloon is now half a meter across.

DR. MCCANN
It’s in the back of your head, which means it has a higher risk of rupture, unfortunately.

EAMON
What happens if it ruptures?

BAM! — the balloon pops. EAMON jumps.

DR. MCCANN
Whoops — I’ll get you another.
(looking around)
Hmm, I guess that was the last one.
(MORE)
Anyway... rupture... Oh, yes, what happens — hemorrhaging! About 60% of patients die immediately after rupture.

EAMON
Bloody hell.

DR. MCCANN
Yes, it’s a bummer, you know, for me. I had this one guy who I was giving a prostate exam, and then BOOM — he just drops dead on the table.
(to himself)
Talk about a weird situation...

EAMON
But how did I get this thing? I’ve never had head problems before.

DR. McCANN fills out data on a clipboard.

DR. MCCANN
There are some genetic and lifestyle risk factors, but it’s mostly just... bad luck.

EAMON
Bad luck?

DR. MCCANN
Sorry to say. Best I answer I can give you.

EAMON
That’s impossible.

DR. MCCANN
No, I mean it. I’ve got no other answer.

EAMON
I was talking about the aneurysm.

DR. MCCANN
Well, impossible or not, you’ve got it.

EAMON
Is there anything you can do about it? Or is it all wishes and prayers?
DR. MCCANN
There’s surgery. Currently, though, our neurosurgeon is sick. He has rabies.

EAMON
(horrified)
Oh no.

DR. MCCANN
Yes, we’re very worried about him, too. But I keep thinking — rabies? And at this time of year? What are the chances, you know?

EAMON
(too loudly)
HAHA!

DR. MCCANN
Now, normally, we would fly you out somewhere else, but since you have no rupture we can’t really say that it’s an emergency.

EAMON
It’s not??

DR. MCCANN
Well, no. I mean, there’s a good chance your aneurysm won’t rupture at all — which means it can’t technically be declared an emergency according to our hospital rules. But we’ll give you some blood thinners and you should be able to head out right away.

DR. McCANN winks and leaves the room without waiting for EAMON to respond.

EAMON
Wait, when might this thing rupture? Wait!

EAMON stares at the wall.

EAMON (CONT’D)
I cannot believe this.

He looks down to see that he is still clutching the letter from earlier. He opens it and reads it.
EAMON (CONT’D)

“Dear Sir or Madam, This letter is to inform you that you have used approximately 100% of your total life luck allotment. The current total stands at...

(headache returns)

...and must report to... but only submitted at the time... if you have any questions, please visit your local luck depot.” And where am I supposed to find that?

He looks on the back and front of the letter. Then he sees something on the top.

EAMON (CONT’D)

“National Bureau of Fortune and Chance, Regional Office 42C. 121 Sycamore...”

(to his clothing in the corner)

This can’t be real.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

It’s no longer raining. EAMON wanders outside with a canister of pills in his hand. He looks around — confused.

EAMON

Where is my car?

Then he lets out a tectonic sigh. He proceeds to walk, on foot, down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - LATER

Nondescript, grey concrete. EAMON arrives. In the front are glass doors, a logo with a punctured gold coin, and small letters reading “BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE”.

EAMON swallows his apprehension and makes his way inside.

CUT TO:
INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - MOMENTS LATER

We’re in a plainly furnished government bureau resembling a clerk’s office or motor vehicle registry. Benches lay about and a single TELLER window is open at the back.

EAMON approaches the TELLER, a woman who has no sense of humor or empathy for anyone in this world other than her pet bat — whose picture sits framed on her desk. Her free time is likely spent performing blood rituals for Satan.

EAMON
Hello, excuse me, I got this letter.

TELLER
Take a number.

The TELLER points to a queue dispatcher.

EAMON
Okay. This notice—

TELLER
Number.

SHE points again.

EAMON
Right. Got it.

EAMON takes a number and sits in a cramped, plastic seat. Next to him is a MAN inexplicably in a full body cast. EAMON waits, twiddling his thumbs.

EAMON (CONT’D)
(to MAN)
How long does this usually take?

No response. The cast covers the MAN’s mouth.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Mmm, okay then.
(to himself, rolling eyes)
Rude...

EAMON slumps against the seat. He watches the clock.

Tick-tock.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - LATER

EAMON is still waiting. He’s nodding off to sleep.

TELLER
Next number! 261.

EAMON
Huh?

TELLER
262.

EAMON
(leaping up)
No, that’s me! 261!

EAMON rushes up to the TELLER, who speaks as if every moment helping a client makes her want to blow her brains out.

TELLER
What’s the issue?

EAMON
Hi, I got this letter...

He hands the WOMAN the now worn and crumpled note. She glances at it for a nanosecond.

EAMON (CONT’D)
You mind telling me what this is?

TELLER
Luck notice.

EAMON
Is that supposed to mean a bloody thing to me? What’s a luck notice? What is this about?

The TELLER sighs like she was just told her bat has indigestion. She points at various sections of the letter.

TELLER
 quickly and annoyed)
It’s a standard notice for a high rate of luck consumption. If you’re living at this rate for an extended period of time, after the amount of months listed here your luck becomes void.

(MORE)
TELLER (CONT'D)
Following this period, the current state of fortune becomes dependent on several factors, including ancestral reserve and bodily generation, but normally they amount to a fraction of the typical product until such luck has reached an invalid state.

(looks at EAMON)
Don’t like it? That’s how it works, I don’t make the rules.

EAMON
I have absolutely no idea what on earth you’re talking about.

TELLER
Your fortune supply has been depleted for your account.

EAMON
I don’t even know what this place is. Are you saying... I’m out of luck?

TELLER
Correct.

EAMON
What? How is that even possible? That’s not a thing! You can’t be out of luck! It doesn’t even exist!

TELLER
Sir, is there something I can do for you, or are you just going to stand here and complain?

EAMON
Well, I... No, this is ridiculous. What does this letter have to do with me? How did this happen? I haven’t even done anything. Is this some kind of joke?

TELLER
(noting the letter)
As already listed here, your rate of consumption has been above your recommended level for an extended period of time.

EAMON
Nobody told me about that.
The TELLER types into what appears to be an IBM PC running MS-DOS. It whirs mechanically, accompanied by the squeaks and clunks of what is likely a squirrel living inside of it.

TELLER
According to our records, the warning letters have been delivered for several months. You’ve had access to this information for a sufficient amount of time.

EAMON sighs.

EAMON
What am I supposed to do now? Is there some program to — I don’t know, get it back or something?

TELLER
We don’t offer that, sir. We offer saving plans, but you already blew your whole reserve. You’d have to apply to the central government for a chance at an appeal... and the way your luck is going...

EAMON
I have a brain aneurysm! Can I get an application for a special circumstance?

TELLER
(pulls out a green packet)
We have a form here for medical emergency situations. It’s only 145 pages. Just put in all of the requisite information and answers to each of the questions. No skipping please or it will be rejected. You bring this to us and we’ll get the application delivered to you in six to eight months.

EAMON
Six to eight months!?

TELLER
Yes, then you’ll be able to apply for an appeal.

EAMON
Then!?
TELLER
We don’t recommend it for everyone, though, since rejection is rather harsh.

EAMON
What do you mean? Like, a fine?

TELLER
No, sometimes the state will just decide to kill you.

EAMON laughs weakly like it’s a bad joke. The TELLER’s face indicates that she has never told a joke.

EAMON
That won’t... happen to me, right?

TELLER
 Doesn’t hurt to try.

EAMON
Yes, yes it does. That’s exactly what it does.

TELLER
Anything else I can help you with?

EAMON
Um...

TELLER
Next! 262.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION WORKSITE - LATER

The sun is setting. EAMON arrives at the worksite on foot. The WORKERS have all gone home for the day.

EAMON reaches the parking lot. His car isn’t there.

He picks up a tow sticker from the parking sign. He crumples it in his hand and then punches the disabled sign. It hurts his fist more, and he clutches his fist — as well as his head.

EAMON wanders aimlessly through the worksite, kicking tools left out, trying to break things.

He sits down on a stump and looks out on the land.
Then EAMON yells. Loud. Just yells at the top of his lungs to get the tension out.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Sorry, I’m leaving.

EAMON turns. BRYAN is dragging along two large suitcases.

EAMON
What are you doing here?

BRYAN
I said I’m leaving. I’m sorry if it’s not that easy for me to move my entire life out in a day.

EAMON
Oh.
(pause)
I forgot.

BRYAN
Don’t sweat it. I know you’ve got bigger things to worry about than the lives you’ve ruined.

EAMON
Yeah, no kidding.

BRYAN
Like losing your luck... Anyway, I won’t bother you. I’ve got to find somewhere to stay so that I can, you know, survive.

BRYAN starts to leave.

EAMON
Wait, stop!

BRYAN stops. He swivels around.

EAMON (CONT’D)
How’d you know — about the luck thing?

BRYAN drops his suitcases, crossing his arms.

BRYAN
And why, under all that I hold dear, should I tell you?

EAMON
Please?
BRYAN
Okay, good point. It’s actually a pretty simple answer. I’m a leprechaun.

EAMON
A what?

BRYAN
A leprechaun!

EAMON
(muttering)
I’m sorry I asked...

EAMON goes back to picking at the dirt. BRYAN walks over.

BRYAN
It’s true, you know. I’m not supposed to tell anyone — but...
(whispers, telling a secret)
I’m not great at keeping secrets.
(sighs)
Plus nobody believes me anyway.

EAMON
I can’t imagine why.

BRYAN
It’s because I’m a half-leprechaun. Human mum. That’s why I’m so tall.

BRYAN stands proudly, showing off his 1.5 meter frame.

EAMON
No kidding. Half? I can’t say you look much like a leprechaun.

BRYAN
I still identify as one. Where’s your cultural sensitivity?

EAMON
Where’s your funny hat and green suit?

BRYAN
I only wear those on special occasions. I’m not very religious.

EAMON
And your pot of gold or whatever? Where’s that?
BRYAN
Oh, um...
   (quietly)
I lost it.

EAMON
You lost it.

BRYAN
Yeah, I know, it’s kind of embarrassing. Please don’t tell anyone.

EAMON
I honestly don’t see that happening.

BRYAN pulls a small coin out of his pocket.

BRYAN
Good.
   (sighs)
I lost it all. The only thing I have left is a dirty pot and one stupid, worthless coin.
   (runs his fingers on it)
Here.

BRYAN tosses the coin to EAMON, who fails to catch it. When he picks it up...

The coin is gold with a single puncture in the center. EAMON retrieves his crumpled letter from his pocket. He compares the coin with the Bureau logo — they are exactly the same.

EAMON
(under his breath)
Who’s got no luck now, huh?
   (to BRYAN)
Where did you get this?

BRYAN
It’s mine. From my leprechaun stash.

EAMON
I’m serious.

BRYAN
I’m introverted but sensitive, according to my mum.
EAMON
You must know about this Bureau place, right?

BRYAN
Of course.

EAMON
So you can help me. Get my luck back, I mean. These guys, they’re trying to stop me from becoming the top real estate contractor in the country, but I won’t let them.

BRYAN
Oh. I see.
(beat)
Good luck with that.

BRYAN picks up his suitcases and starts walking away.

EAMON
Wait, but it’s not good luck with that! I don’t have any, that’s the point!

BRYAN continues to walk away. EAMON calls after him.

EAMON (CONT’D)
They told me I’ve zeroed out my balance on my... whatever, and I’m scared! Please!

BRYAN keeps walking.

EAMON (CONT’D)
They say I have a brain aneurysm. If you don’t help me... I’ll die!

BRYAN stops in his tracks. He looks down at his suitcases.

He turns back to look at EAMON.

EAMON struggles with another sharp pain in his head. He looks like another piece of crumpled paper scattered around the worksite.

EAMON (CONT’D)
(weakly)
Please... help me.

BRYAN looks at him for a long moment. He kicks a pebble.
BRYAN
You need luck transfer.

EAMON makes no response. BRYAN sighs.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
So it’s good that you called a leprechaun.

EAMON
(still in pain)
Oh, is it?

BRYAN makes his way back to EAMON.

BRYAN
Yes, it’s our specialty. Of course, it would probably have been more helpful if you had called any other leprechaun besides me, but... that’s just your luck, I guess.

EAMON groans.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
You look almost as withered as my lilies. Come inside, I’ll get you some water.

EAMON rubs his eyeballs and sits up.

EAMON
No, I’m fine.

BRYAN
Please, I insist. My mum always used to say, “Bryan, there’s only one thing worse than being out of luck: being out of luck and dehydrated. Now stop eating directly out of the salt-shaker.”

(shudders)
Wish I’d listened to her...

(gestures to EAMON)
C’mon!

EAMON
Okay, whatever.

CUT TO:
INT. BRYAN’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Simple little house. Well-worn furnishings.

BRYAN waltzes through the door. EAMON steps inside cautiously.

   BRYAN
   Come on in. Make yourself at home.

Full-height bookshelves line the foyer. They’re filled to the brim with shoes. EAMON regards the place.

   EAMON
   This isn’t some kind of... memorial, is it?

   BRYAN
   What? No, it’s my shoe collection. We tend to cobble. It’s a traditional pastime!

The kitchen is green from the walls to the table.

   EAMON
   We? Who else lives here?

   BRYAN
   Oh, no one. My whole family lived around the area in some nicer houses for a while but they all moved out.

   EAMON
   What for?

BRYAN pulls back a curtain to look out on the worksite.

   BRYAN
   Take a guess.

   EAMON
   (oblivious)
   Dilapidated real estate. Of course. So why did you stay?

   BRYAN
   Actually... they never told me they were leaving.

   EAMON
   Not at all?
BRYAN
No, they just kinda... left.
(fills a glass of water)
I’ve never really had any... luck, which is pretty much a disaster for a leprechaun.
(spilling water with his gesture, fills it again)
And they resented that. Plus I’m a half-breed.

BRYAN hands the glass to EAMON.

EAMON
If you were smarter — like me, no offense — you’d realize you don’t need them. And you don’t need luck either.

BRYAN
Right, like my mum always said: “Don’t eat that clover, Bryan. It won’t give you luck. Stop it! There’s fertilizer on that!” Ooh, speaking of...

BRYAN opens a large kitchen cabinet.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Hungry?

In the cabinet are a dozen boxes of Lucky Charms. BRYAN removes one at random.

EAMON
Uh, no, not for me. I’ve already turned 9. Listen, this luck thing... you said you know what to do about it.

BRYAN
I mean, I know-ish, but I’m not exactly an expert. It’s kind of hard to explain.
(thinks)
But you know what? They gave us this video in leprechaun school...

BRYAN leaves the kitchen for a moment.

EAMON
(sighs, to himself)
Leprechaun school...
BRYAN returns with a VHS tape. He inserts the tape into the VCR box connected to an old table-top TV set.

BRYAN
Here we go. Stuff like this always brings me back...
(gulps)
To the trauma.

White text appears on the screen: THE FOLLOWING IS A MESSAGE FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE.

Trumpeting music in a major key. A montage of cheap effects on top of the Bureau’s coin logo.

The video fades in to reveal: a MAN in a suit walking outside in a bright, sunny meadow. The video quality is poor.

MAN
(cheerfully)
Hello there, magical entity or creature, and welcome to your instructional video on fortune generation.

Musical riff.

BRYAN
(eating cereal by hand)
I’ve never actually watched this whole thing through.

The MAN is now in an optical laboratory, looking up from a laser machine. He gestures with his hands as he gives his drawn-out lecture.

MAN
Fortune — and luck, its direct source — travels through the universe as a special particle that only interacts with electromagnetism — or light.

A crude animation illustrates the particle in motion.

MAN (CONT’D)
(speaking slowly)
When visible light is split into various spectra, the luck particles become dislodged. And when they come into contact with the physical matter of those with fortune-sensitive powers —
(points to the camera)
(MORE)
MAN (CONT’D)
Like you!
   (back to gesturing)
— they can be mined for additional fortune and subsequent luck transference.

EAMON
This is... entirely nonsense.

BRYAN
But he’s in the room with all of that equipment.

The MAN is now back in the meadow. There is a poorly superimposed rainbow effect in the background.

MAN
In order to generate this substance...
   (points to camera)
You must be in direct contact with a rainbow!
   (back to gesturing)
However, the occurrence of a rainbow is rarer than we would like. So we have invented an artificial alternative. If you are watching this video, then you have received...
   (spelled out on screen)
A Personal Fortune Replication Generation Technological Device. Or Pfrgtd for short!

EAMON gives BRYAN an incredulous look.

The MAN is now standing next to a table on which the device rests. The device is a prism housed on top of a thick metal contraption.

MAN (CONT’D)
Here is a standard issue Pfrgtd.
   (demonstrating)
Simply feed one of our official forms into the scanner with the name of your client bubbled in — remember, full legal name, please — no nicknames. Sorry, Chaz.
   (now using a lamp)
Then shine a bright light through the crystal’s center. As it touches your body, you should notice an artificial rainbow.
   (MORE)
MAN (CONT’D)
This is what you can use to
generate luck for your client, as
long as they are nearby.

BRYAN
Hmm, I guess that was the problem.

EAMON
Problem?

BRYAN shuts off the TV.

BRYAN
You’ve seen enough, right?

EAMON
Only for one or two hundred
lifetimes, I think. Still, whatever
they were talking about — if this
Bureau thing is real, I’ll try
it...

BRYAN
Yes, except we can’t.

EAMON
Why not?

BRYAN
They took my Pfrgtd away.

EAMON
What? Why!?

BRYAN
Malpractice.

EAMON knocks over his glass of water.

EAMON
Why couldn’t I have gotten help
from any other... whatever you are?

BRYAN
Just your luck, I suppose.

EAMON fumes for a moment.

EAMON
But what about the rain today? We
could look for a real rainbow!
When’s the last time you used a
natural one?
BRYAN
Hmm. The last time...
(thinks)
Never.

EAMON
What are you kidding!?

BRYAN
I don’t go outside much.

EAMON
You don’t go outside? What are you, the world’s worst leprechaun?

BRYAN
That’s what my Pop says. He made me a commemorative mug.
(mutters)
Definitely one of my bottom three birthday gifts.

EAMON
Tell me straight — because I’m literally dying over here: Is there any way to get this Pfr— prism back?

BRYAN
It was taken with a Writ of Enceasement.

EAMON
And?

BRYAN
Well, I don’t know what that means, but it sounds official, doesn’t it? My Pop says we’d have to apply for Disenceasement or an Un-anti-dis-re-enceasement motion or something. But I think we could get it back, I’ve just never tried.

EAMON
We have to. Please, you need to help me.

BRYAN looks at him, not convinced.

EAMON (CONT’D)
I’m not asking anyone else, Bryan. You’re all I’ve got. I’ll do anything.
BRYAN

Anything?

EAMON

Yes, anything. Within reason.

BRYAN considers.

BRYAN

I’ll help you — but you have to give me my house back. And you stop your company from building a gigantic tourist park on our land.

EAMON thinks. Then he scratches his neck.

EAMON

Fine. Yes, deal.

BRYAN

You’re sure?

EAMON’s hand is still on his neck.

EAMON

Absolutely.

BRYAN

Great! I can’t believe it...
(beat)
Okay, let’s go. You drive.

EAMON

My car is gone, so we have to walk. Where are we going?

BRYAN

The Bureau, of course.

EAMON

Oh shi—

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

EAMON and BRYAN are trudging along the side of the road. BRYAN is eating cereal out of a plastic bag.

BRYAN

I’m hungry.
EAMON
There’s food in your mouth.

BRYAN
Yeah, but still.

A car rolls by — EAMON holds out his hand for a hitchhike. It whips by and splashes both of them with mud.

EAMON
Uch... Remind me to burn my clothes later.

BRYAN
That’s the life of the unlucky for you.

EAMON
So this is what you deal with every day?

BRYAN
And now you get it.

EAMON
Wow, I never knew...

EAMON considers for a second.
The second is over.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Thank goodness I’m not one of you. That wouldn’t be fair.

BRYAN
No, of course not.

Another car goes by — EAMON’s hitchhike signal is again unsuccessful.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Any luck?

EAMON’s outstretched arm drops in failure.

EAMON
Not luck, Bryan — people skills.

BRYAN
Any of those?

The two of them continue trekking.
EAMON

Apparently not.

BRYAN

See, this is why I don’t go outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - AFTERNOON

BRYAN and EAMON arrive at the building, mud on themselves.

BRYAN

Wait.

BRYAN wipes a smidgen of mud off of EAMON’s face. It’s not nearly sufficient.

BRYAN (CONT’D)

(pleased)

There. You do me?

A huge streak of gunk covers BRYAN’s face from his forehead to his cheek.

EAMON

Nah, you’re all good.

BRYAN

Okay!

They go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - CONTINUOUS

EAMON and BRYAN enter. They find a shelf of forms and search for the one they need.

EAMON

Where is this thing?

On the “Miscellaneous” section, he sees a “Properties and Permits” form. He picks it up, and then takes out a pen and starts filling it out. Under “client,” he writes “Doyle Farms Real Estate.”

BRYAN

Did you find it?
EAMON
(covers the information)
Oh no, this is nothing. Just keep looking, I have to fill this out anyway for... something else.

One of the BUREAU OFFICERS stands next to the form shelf.

BRYAN
(to OFFICER)
Excuse me, could you help me find the Disenceasement form?

OFFICER
No.

BRYAN
What exactly is your job here, then?

OFFICER
Customer service.

BRYAN
Fair enough.

EAMON and BRYAN rifle through the collections of forms. Until:

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Found it!

EAMON
Me too! I guess our luck isn’t half bad after all...

They each hold up their form — one is bright red and the other blue.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Bloody hell.

BRYAN
We’ll just fill them both out.

EAMON
Right, get a number.

BRYAN wipes mud off of his face. He goes to get a number and EAMON finds a seat. He starts filling out the forms.

DISSOLVE TO:
EAMON is still filling out the form. BRYAN is making shadow puppets without the shadows.

INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - LATER

EAMON waits silently, picking dried mud off his own face. BRYAN makes popping sounds with his mouth.

INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - LATER

EAMON waits silently. BRYAN is asleep on EAMON’s shoulder.

INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - LATER

EAMON waits silently. BRYAN is bouncing up and down, holding his bladder.

BRYAN
Do you think I have time to use the bathroom?

EAMON
It’s been hours. Just go.

BRYAN gets up in an awkward urinary stance.

TELLER
398.

BRYAN
Our number!

EAMON
Guess you’ll have to wait.

BRYAN whimpers.

TELLER
What’s the issue?
EAMON
First, do you take property petitions? I saw this form here so I was wondering...

TELLER
Yup.

The TELLER yanks the form from EAMON’s hand and puts it in a slot next to her.

BRYAN
(to EAMON)
What is that form for anyway?

EAMON
Oh, don’t worry about it.

TELLER
Next — 399!

EAMON
Wait, no, we have one more thing. Bryan?

BRYAN struggles with his bladder. He doesn’t want to talk.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Well, Bryan here needs to submit a... Disenceasement form for an immediate return of his Pfr— Personal Fortune Ger— prism.

TELLER
(motioning)
Lemme see the form.

EAMON hands her the red form.

TELLER (CONT’D)
Mmm, Disenceasement? No, this is a Disenceasement Special Cases form. You need the blue form.

EAMON
(pulling out blue form)
We filled that one out too. We didn’t know which so here you go.

TELLER
Nope, only two forms per session.

EAMON
What do you mean?
The TELLER taps the front of her counter. Below it is a sign that reads “TWO FORMS PER SESSION ONLY.”

EAMON (CONT’D)
What!? That makes no sense.

TELLER
We can’t have you stalling the queue.

EAMON
But I’m already up here. And you didn’t even use the other form! You said it wasn’t the right one!

TELLER
Those are the rules.

EAMON
You’ve got to be kidding me.

TELLER
399!

EAMON sighs and grabs a new number. BRYAN rushes to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - MOMENTS LATER

EAMON and BRYAN are waiting on the bench again.

TIME-LAPSE — the hours go by.

EAMON is dozing off.

TELLER
452.

BRYAN
That’s us!

EAMON
Huh? Am I dead?

BRYAN
Not yet, let’s go.

EAMON rises slowly — he follows the bouncing BRYAN back to the TELLER window.
TELLER
What’s the issue?

EAMON
(handing blue form)
Disencaseament.

TELLER
(stamps and attaches another form)
All set. Take this application to the State Management Centre across the street.

EAMON
That’s it?

TELLER
Yup. 453!

EAMON collects BRYAN and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - CONTINUOUS

EAMON and BRYAN leave the building as EAMON addresses BRYAN.

EAMON
So we have to find the... SMC, which is supposed to be just across the street——

Both of them look up. The building across the street is completely ON FIRE. People are screaming, windows are engulfed in flames, and papers and supplies are strewn across the sidewalk. The other adjacent buildings are unscathed.

EAMON and BRYAN stand dumbstruck for a moment. Then:

EAMON (CONT’D)
Oh, come on!

BRYAN
Should we... help them?

EAMON
Don’t be ridiculous.

They turn back in to the door they came from...
INT. BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE - CONTINUOUS

EAMON and BRYAN storm back into the room. They head for the TELLER’s window, where another woman has just been helped.

    EAMON
    Excuse me, but this is just ridiculous.

    TELLER
    Sir, we’re closed.

    EAMON
    What are you talking about? We were just in here.

    TELLER
    Well, now it’s 17:00, so this bureau is closed.

    EAMON
    But you just helped that woman!

    TELLER
    Which was before we were closed. Good night.

EAMON fumes for a moment. He considers.

    EAMON
    You know what? No. You’re not closed. You’re going to help me. I just went across the street to deliver this application — which by the way, is an emergency. And you know what? The building is on fire.

Sirens and screams are heard outside. The TELLER doesn’t flinch.

    TELLER
    Sir, let me reiterate. We’re closed.

    EAMON
    No, I will not let you reiterate. This will not stand. I know my rights.

    TELLER
    Excuse me?
EAMON
I also know all of the zoning and building codes around here.
(scratches back of neck)
In this very structure, I’ve noticed a number of safety flaws in this floor plan, not to mention the excessive number of cracks on the outer sidewalk — they could break my mother’s back! I really ought to report these atrocities. But I don’t think you don’t want to be out of work for three months...

The TELLER, horrified, caresses her bat picture.

TELLER
I wouldn’t have enough money to feed Mordecai...

EAMON
Listen to me. You’re not going to be closed. In fact, you’re going to let us talk to your manager — no, your manager’s manager. We’re talking to the big boss. Now.

The TELLER nods and dials an extension on her desk phone.

BRYAN
Are you sure this is a good idea?

EAMON
I’m being proactive, Bryan. I’m getting this done.

BRYAN
(quietly)
Okay.

TELLER
The Bureau Director, that’s who you want?

BRYAN
No. "EAMON
Yes.

TELLER
I’m told he’s free now. You’ll have a few minutes to meet with him. The twelfth floor, take the elevator behind me here.
BRYAN and EAMON walk around behind the counter to the back. They enter the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

EAMON and BRYAN are silent in the moving elevator. BRYAN looks nervous.

   EAMON
   What?

   BRYAN
   I don’t know if this is such a good idea.

   EAMON
   What do you care? I’ll do all the talking.

   BRYAN
   Yeah, I don’t know...

   EAMON
   You didn’t have any problem with being downstairs.

   BRYAN
   I know...

   EAMON
   Is it about them taking your prism thing away? Are you embarrassed?

   BRYAN
   Yes, but that’s not the problem.

   EAMON
   It’ll just take a second. We’ll get this cleared up and get out of there.

   BRYAN
   I just don’t want to do it, okay!?

   EAMON
   Well, you have to. They’re not giving me this device. Plus, we had a deal. Your house, remember?

BRYAN grunts reluctantly.
EAMON (CONT’D)
Listen, you’re the expert on this luck thing. I don’t even know who the Director is supposed to be.

BRYAN
His name is Stephen O’Reilly.

EAMON
Stephen O’Reilly, you know this guy?

BRYAN is silent.

The elevator dings at the twelfth floor.

EAMON (CONT’D)
We’re here, let’s go.

EAMON drags BRYAN out of the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU DIRECTOR’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

EAMON and BRYAN enter the enormous Director’s office. EAMON wears all of his charm.

EAMON
Excuse me, sir, I hope we’re not intrudi— whoa.

We then reveal STEPHEN at his tiny desk, a 20-cm tall man in a business suit and a scowl. He’s drinking whiskey out of a thimble.

EAMON (CONT’D)
You’re, like, actually a leprechaun.

STEPHEN
Who did you expect? Jesus?

EAMON
(indicates BRYAN)
No, I’m just so used to...
(back to STEPHEN)
Huh.
(pause)
I was — we were wondering if you could help us.
Of course, my pleasure. That’s what I’m here for, isn’t it?
(swallows his drink)
Wait, let me show you something first.

STEPHEN steps out from behind his desk.

STEPHEN (CONT’D)
I bet you’ve never seen a top-tier Fortune Generator up close before.

He heads to a closet in his office — next to a big-screen television — and opens a huge safe. Inside, is a large, beautiful, crystal-clear prism sitting atop a paper scanner. A gorgeous Pfrgdgt.

STEPHEN drags it out. It’s nearly his entire weight.

EAMON
Wow.

STEPHEN
This is my beaut. She’s the most flawless prismatic device in the whole country. Nearly as powerful as a first-degree natural ‘bow.

BRYAN is slowly edging back towards the door.

EAMON
That’s actually why we’re here — for ours. It’s not as nice as that one, I’m sure. But we need this... prism thing back. It’s for my luck. I’m sure you understand.

STEPHEN carefully shoves his Pfrgdgt back into the safe.

STEPHEN
Your prism?

EAMON
No, well, it’s... 

STEPHEN closes the closet doors.

STEPHEN
Bryan’s?

BRYAN has a hand on the door knob.
EAMON
Yeah, how did you know his...?

STEPHEN hops back over to his desk.

STEPHEN
Oh, he didn’t tell you?

EAMON
Tell me what?

STEPHEN eyes BRYAN. BRYAN freezes.

STEPHEN
Bryan’s my son.

Beat. EAMON slowly pivots to face BRYAN. Another beat.

EAMON
What?

BRYAN stares at the floor like it contains the secrets of the universe.

STEPHEN
Yes, unfortunately... for all of us. Bryan is my son, and quite an unlucky one at that.

EAMON
Sure, but that’s not his fault.

BRYAN’s lip is quivering.

STEPHEN
Isn’t it?

EAMON
No, I mean... I don’t think so?

STEPHEN
That’s strange to hear, coming from such a lucky individual.

EAMON
Just because I’ve been handed a few things, now I can’t have opinions?

STEPHEN
Not at all. I just mean that Bryan here, he’s known about his luck problem for a long time. Still refuses to improve.
BRYAN burns at STEPHEN’s words. He rushes forward but EAMON catches him.

EAMON
Bryan has other important qualities, don’t you, Bryan? Look, he’s loyal and trustworthy.

STEPHEN
That’s his biggest problem. Too trustworthy. He’s like any of us in a public bathroom.

Still in EAMON’s arms, BRYAN’s violent energy becomes speech.

BRYAN
I trusted you, Pop! But you all moved out — without telling me! What do you have to say for yourself?

STEPHEN puts his feet up on his desk.

STEPHEN
(to EAMON)
My point exactly. But it gets worse. He’s helping you, for instance. Mr. Real Estate.

BRYAN
Eamon and I have a deal — he’s going to give us back our land. He’s cancelling the Big Project, all thanks to me.

STEPHEN
Oh, is he?

BRYAN
Yes!

STEPHEN smiles at EAMON. EAMON’s stares back, horrified.

STEPHEN
(holding up a paper)
Not according to this form I have here.

BRYAN
What are you talking about?
STEPHEN
“Properties and Permits” form. These all go across my desk for approval before they reach the zoning board. And this one, filed... earlier today — huh — requests an override for a certain amusement park project.
   (looks up at both of them)
Seems very promising. Looks like Mr. Eamon McCarthy is moving forward with the groundwork.
   (to EAMON)
You’re trying to get your job back?

BRYAN is silent for a moment. He looks at EAMON.

   BRYAN
Is that true?

   EAMON
   (quietly)
Yeah.

   BRYAN
Great, you just made me look like an idiot.

   EAMON
And I’m sure that’s devastating to your reputation.

   BRYAN
I don’t need any more of your lip, Mr. — Lip Man.
   (heads to the door)
I’m leaving. I’m done with all of this.

   STEPHEN
Bryan, wait. Please don’t leave.

BRYAN stops at the door.

   BRYAN
What?

   STEPHEN
I want you to stay here with us.

   BRYAN
Are you serious? Why now?
STEPHEN
I’ve realized that we shouldn’t have left you on your own. We want you back home. We miss you.

BRYAN eases back into the middle of the room.

BRYAN
Really? You’ve actually changed your mind?

EAMON
You’ve got to be kidding me. This is like children’s theatre.

STEPHEN
We’re worried about you, Bryan. And with Mr. McCarthy taking your house from you, we’re afraid you won’t have any place to live.

BRYAN
I was getting worried myself...

EAMON
Oh, come on. Are you buying this rubbish? He might as well be selling you actual snake oil.

BRYAN
Forget it, Eamon. I’m not listening to you anymore. I’ve had enough of your lying and your treachery.

EAMON
But he’s using you!

STEPHEN
For what?

EAMON
I don’t know. Fine, don’t listen to me. It’s probably all horseshoes and balloons.

STEPHEN
You still want your luck back, don’t you, Eamon?

EAMON
So what?
BRYAN
That’s the only reason you wanted me around, isn’t it?

EAMON
I can’t say it was for your budding personality.

STEPHEN
What if there were another way? We have other leprechauns here at the Bureau. More... reliable ones, with luck that is. As a thank you for bringing Bryan back safely, I could get you a free jump to the front of the line. You could probably use that, couldn’t you?

EAMON’s hand instinctively touches the side of his head.

EAMON
I think I could deal with that.

BRYAN
So suddenly everything’s just grand, huh? Now that you can get your luck back, it’s hakuna matata!

EAMON
(shrugs)
I guess.

STEPHEN
Why don’t you both follow me? I was just about to head out for the evening.

(presses intercom on desk)
Susan, you can go home now. But don’t leave your teeth this time.

(shudders)
Uch.

STEPHEN heads out of his office with a briefcase. EAMON and BRYAN are left looking at each other for a moment.

BRYAN
And to think I offered you Lucky Charms.

EAMON
So?
BRYAN
There’s a sacred bond between those who share Charms. And you broke it.

BRYAN storms out the door. EAMON is thoroughly confused.

EAMON
I didn’t even eat any.

EAMON leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

EAMON, BRYAN, and STEPHEN get on the elevator. EAMON and BRYAN stand on opposite sides, not looking at each other.

STEPHEN
(to EAMON)
Will you press B1, please?

EAMON presses it. The elevator starts moving down.

EAMON
What’s in this whole building?

STEPHEN
Mainly internal fortune processing and tracking in the offices. Floor three has a data center and cafeteria. But there’s a production component in the lower levels. That’s where we’re headed.

EAMON
I see.

STEPHEN
Here we are.

The elevator dings open.

BRYAN
Why are we down here anyway?

Two BURLY MEN immediately burst in — they grab BRYAN by the shoulders, dragging him away.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
(being dragged away)
Hey! Stop! Get your hands off me!
EAMON
What the heck is going on?

STEPHEN
I must not have been clear with Bryan when we spoke. We need him here at the facility. Not for his luck generation, but to spit-shine the pots, which assist our heavy lifters. It won’t be optional.

EAMON
Oh.
(pause)
I guess I should’ve seen that coming.

STEPHEN
Come on, I’ll show you around.

STEPHEN leads EAMON out of the elevator into...

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

A huge factory layout. Machines are everywhere. There are dozens of LEPRECHAUN WORKERS behind a large glass window with pots of gold, performing various factory exercises.

EAMON and STEPHEN tour through the facility. EAMON is curious, touching various instruments and peeping into machines.

EAMON
Quite an operation going on here.

STEPHEN
Yes, it’s the biggest in the country. Most of our work is in preventing those big natural disasters and financial collapses you never hear about. Of course, we don’t catch everything.

There are some pots of gold moving by on a conveyor belt. EAMON, trying to remain inconspicuous, reaches out to grab the coins. He misses.

EAMON
Must be difficult.
STEPHEN
Oh, yes. Our resources are quite limited here. Not nearly enough for what we need to cover, especially with squanderers like you using it all up. No offense.

EAMON
(playing with a lever)
None taken. Speaking of which, who is going to give me my luck back? Should I just pick somebody? (points)
Maybe that guy...

STEPHEN
That’s not going to happen.

EAMON
Didn’t you say that you would get me an expert to fix me up?

STEPHEN
I don’t recall saying anything of the sort. You must be confused.

EAMON
Oh no.
(beat)
You’ve lost your memory. Don’t worry, I’m here to help. My name is Vladimir — I’m going to need your wallet.

STEPHEN
Did you honestly even think the Bureau was going to accept your application for more luck or for Bryan’s Fortune Generator? We don’t have the resources here to divert to a spoiled, lying property broker like you. I think we’d pick homeless children first, wouldn’t you?

EAMON
(winding up)
Why you little...
STEPHEN
I guess you should’ve seen that coming.

EAMON sighs.

EAMON
So why even bring me down here?

STEPHEN
Well, my car is on this level, so...

The BURLY MAN takes hold of EAMON and drags him to keep up with STEPHEN.

EAMON
(struggling, to BURLY MAN)
Ow. Do you work out?

STEPHEN
(shooing the pair away)
Off you go then. I don’t expect we’ll meet again, Mr. McCarthy.

EAMON
I swear, one day I’m going to make you into a bobble-head.

STEPHEN
Tom will escort you out.
(to TOM)
Please treat Mr. McCarthy respectfully.

TOM nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUREAU BACK ALLEY – MOMENTS LATER, NIGHT

EAMON is tossed out of the back door of the Bureau and flies into a dumpster.

He claws his way out, pulls himself up, and rolls out the other side... into another dumpster.

As he pulls himself out again, he’s hit with another aneurysm attack — he winces, breathing through the pain.

EAMON
Ughhhhh...
EAMON tries to walk away, limping and dazed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A very dark night. No businesses open, lights are out.

EAMON hugs the walls of the stores and offices on the sidewalk — he tries to walk with his various pains.

    HUNTER #1 (O.S.)
    Stop right there, laddie.

EAMON looks up — squints. In front of him: the three LEPRECHAUN HUNTERS, menacing in the street. They brandish outrageously overpowered firearms.

    HUNTER #1 (CONT’D)
    What are you doing out so late, my friend?

    HUNTER #2
    It’s awfully dangerous out here at night, especially with people like us around.

    HUNTER #3
        (spits)

    EAMON
    Shouldn’t you be hunting leprechauns or role-playing wizards or something?

    HUNTER #1
    Oh, we are. But when we can’t find any to catch...
        (cracks knuckles)
    We beat people up.

    HUNTER #2
    Or worse.
        (cocks shotgun)
    We beat people up harder.

EAMON backs away and puts his hands up.

    EAMON
    Listen, guys, I don’t want any trouble. Come on, you know me. Eamon, from the diner?
HUNTER #1
Oh yeah. You’re the bloke who’s building that amusement park.

HUNTER #2
Right... You’re trying to make a joke of our profession! How interesting...

EAMON
What? No, of course not. It’s a celebration of it! Of whatever it is... that you do.

HUNTER #1
Huh.

(looks around)
Hey Colin, do you see any witnesses around here?

HUNTER #2 advances to EAMON —— eyes fixated, shotgun raised.

HUNTER #2
Nope, seems pretty quiet to me. Paddy?

HUNTER #3
(unintelligible Irish words)

HUNTER #1
Then I guess it’s our lucky day.

HUNTER #2 aims his shotgun at EAMON’s face. EAMON flinches.

EAMON
Wait!

HUNTER #2
What for?

EAMON
I’m thinking!

His aneurysm comes back — he drops to the ground in pain.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Aghhhh!

HUNTER #2
(lowering gun)
Whoa, man, are you okay?

The headache passes. EAMON nods. He stands up weakly.
EAMON
I’m fine.

HUNTER #2
Good.

HUNTER #2 points the shotgun at EAMON’s face again.

EAMON
Wait!

HUNTER #2
What now?

EAMON
(lowered voice)
Leprechauns...

HUNTER #1 lowers HUNTER #2’s firearm.

HUNTER #1
Yeah, what about them?

EAMON
I — I know where you can find them.

HUNTER #2
He’s playing us for fools. When can I shoot him?

HUNTER #1
Hang on a minute. Where?

EAMON
I’ll show you. But, number one, you have to promise not to kill me. Okay? And two, there’s going to be security there. You’ll need firepower. And we have to do it right now.

The HUNTERS look at each other.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Well?

HUNTER #3
(excited unintelligible Irish words)
EAMON
Was that a yes? Because I honestly have no clue what he just said.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION LEVEL - LATER

BRYAN is sitting at a workbench between other LEPRECHAUNS. He polishes a dirty pot. His height sticks out like a sore thumb among the other tiny bodies.

Nobody speaks. He scrubs his pot.

BRYAN
(to LEPRECHAUN next to him)
So... this is certainly fun, isn’t it?

The LEPRECHAUN says nothing.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Do we ever get breaks? My hand is getting tired. I didn’t realize people worked this late.

The LEPRECHAUN only scrubs his own pot harder.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Do you know how much we’re getting paid? I didn’t even sign anything. I think my Pop just... kidnapped me and threw me in here.

LEPRECHAUN
We’re not.

BRYAN
No pay? Why are you still here?

LEPRECHAUN
They give us a place to sleep. Our homes have all been run out over the last couple of years.

BRYAN
I know all about that...

The LEPRECHAUN goes silent again. He’s scrubbing his pot.
BRYAN (CONT’D)
So... why are we polishing these pots again?

LEPRECHAUN
I dunno, they say it’s important. The other workers need them, they’re the ones responsible for making luck to stop disasters and things.

BRYAN
Oh.
(scrubs)
Okay.
(scrubs)
Do you think—

WEE-OOH! WEE-OOH! — a security alarm goes off, lights flash. All of the WORKERS stop, look around.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
What’s going on?

A gun goes off somewhere in the building. Unintelligible yelling. The alarms are still whirring.

More yelling. The door at the far end flings open.

Two SECURITY GUARDS step out — hands up. Behind them are the LEPRECHAUN HUNTERS carrying assault rifles.

Under HUNTER #3’s scrutiny, a GUARD shuts off the alarm system. The other two approach the glass containing the WORKERS.

HUNTER #1
I knew it! I always knew they were real. We’re going to be rich!

HUNTER #2
Jackpot.

HUNTER #1 shoots the glass. It disintegrates. The LEPRECHAUN WORKERS immediately scream and panic. Everyone runs off in a different direction — the HUNTERS give chase.

BRYAN stands immobile, in shock.

EAMON appears at the doorway. He rushes in amidst the chaos and grabs BRYAN by the wrist.
EAMON
There you are! Come on, let’s get out of here!

BRYAN
(shakes him off)
Get off me! I’m not going anywhere with you.

EAMON
What are you talking about, Bryan? This place is a madhouse. I’m rescuing you.

BRYAN
What if I don’t want to be rescued? I have no duty to you anymore.

EAMON
I’m sorry, I didn’t realize you liked it here. I’m glad scrubbing pots is your dream job.

BRYAN
It isn’t, but it’s better than trusting you again.

The screaming, chaos, and gunfire continues to echo throughout the building.

EAMON
Oh please. This isn’t about trust. This is about you not living up to your father’s expectations.

BRYAN
You lied to me!

EAMON
But that’s not what you’re afraid of. You’re afraid of not being able to get me my luck back. You’re afraid Stephen is right.

BRYAN
And you don’t care about anyone but yourself!

EAMON
Yes? Listen, I don’t have time to argue with you. I’m sorry I betrayed you and tried to destroy your house... again.
BRYAN
I still don’t trust you.

EAMON
You don’t have to. But if you help me, you can finally show everyone that you can do more than... this.
(examines pot)
Are you literally a dishwasher?
(puts it down)
Also, let’s not forget that if you don’t come with me, I’ll tell these men with guns exactly what you really are. Hmm? Your height won’t save you then.

BRYAN sits stubbornly.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Come on.
(beat)
I’m still dying here, remember?

BRYAN’s face softens into pudding.

BRYAN
Oh, alright!

EAMON
Good, we’ve got to go!

EAMON and BRYAN rush out of the mayhem and through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

EAMON is pulling BRYAN along as he runs. BRYAN stops.

BRYAN
Wait. What’s the plan?

EAMON
We’re going to steal your father’s Pfr— uh, Pfrg— prism.

BRYAN
What!? Are you insane?

EAMON
Think about it. His device is the most powerful in the country. It has the best chance of working.
(MORE)
And it’s in this building — we already know exactly where it is.

BOOM — Thunder. Sound of rain.

EAMON (CONT’D)
That was loud.

BRYAN
The workers aren’t at their stations — they’re supposed to prevent disasters, like big storms. But now everyone is running around.

EAMON
Then let’s get to this thing quick.

EAMON turns to run down the hall. BRYAN stands still.

BRYAN
Wait.

EAMON stops.

BRYAN
What?

EAMON
What if I can’t do it? What if we find the Pfrgdt but it doesn’t work?

EAMON puts a hand on BRYAN’s shoulder. Another is on the back of his neck.

EAMON
Bryan. I believe in you.

Silence.

BRYAN
Your hand is on your neck.

EAMON
What? Seriously, what’s the difference? Let’s move.

BOOM — another clap of thunder outside. EAMON and BRYAN rush down the corridor.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Where’s the elevator?
BRYAN
Must be around here somewhere.

They turn the corner — a SECURITY GUARD is headed their way.

EAMON steps back behind the corner and pulls BRYAN with him.

EAMON
(whisper)
We’ve got company.

BRYAN
(whisper)
I’ve never fought anyone before.

EAMON
(whisper)
I’ve got an idea. Follow my lead.
(loudly)
Your reports simply aren’t up to par, Geoff.

EAMON and BRYAN stroll around the corner this time.

EAMON (CONT’D)
You filed the turquoise forms but they didn’t have the beige ones attached. You should be fired.

BRYAN
I’m sorry, sir. It’s all so terribly confusing. Don’t hit me!

The SECURITY GUARD stops them.

GUARD
Hey, you two can’t be in here. Didn’t you hear the alarms? There’s a security breach — the leprechauns are off their posts!

EAMON
Is that what all the noise was? We figured there was a disturbance — but we have some late-night memos to write up.

BRYAN
Very memoic memos. Late nights. Important paper filing. QI7 dash 3.
GUARD
It’s not safe for you to be here right now. There are men with guns in the building.

EAMON
Don’t worry, we’ll be safe. We follow the rules.

BRYAN
Straight from the rule book. QI7 dash 3. We know all the acronyms.

EAMON scratches his neck.

EAMON
Sir, if you don’t let us use the elevator, I am going to file a formal complaint. And then Mr. O’Reilly is going to be very upset with you.

BRYAN
You bet I will.

EAMON
Stephen O’Reilly, that is.

BRYAN
Right. Him.

GUARD
Okay, I’m sorry. Go ahead, but don’t yell for me if you get shot.

EAMON
I could say the same to you.

GUARD
What?

BOOM — another clap of thunder. EAMON and BRYAN take off at full speed — leaving the grumbling GUARD.

GUARD (CONT’D)
(to himself)
Just 25 more years till retirement.
Keep swimming, Gerry. Keep swimming.

CUT TO:
INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

EAMON and BRYAN round another corner to find the elevator.

    EAMON
    There it is!

EAMON presses the button. No response.

    EAMON (CONT’D)
    It didn’t light up.

EAMON presses it again.

    EAMON (CONT’D)
    What’s the matter? It’s not showing up. Do we just wait?

EAMON pries at the door. Twice. Three times. No budge.

    BRYAN
    It must be shut down — because of the security alarm.

EAMON bangs on the door.

    EAMON
    Bloody hell. Then we’ll take the stairs.

The stairs are just to the right of the elevator.

    EAMON (CONT’D)
    How many floors is it again?

    BRYAN
    Twelve.

    EAMON
    Twelve!? That’s crazy, I don’t need my luck back that badly.

    BRYAN
    At least you have your limits.

BRYAN heads up the stairs. EAMON grits his teeth and follows.

A beat in the empty hallway. The elevator dings open.

    CUT TO:
INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The building trembles in the storm. EAMON and BRYAN are running up the stairs. They’re panting. EAMON lets out a cry of pain.

EAMON
God, my head!

BRYAN
What happened?

EAMON
Ahh — it hurts. My aneurysm.

BRYAN
Come on, we’ve just got to make it up there. Then I’m sure you’ll be fine.

EAMON
Right, why don’t you try running with an exploding blood vessel in your brain?

BRYAN
Why would I want to try that?

BOOM — another clap of thunder.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Let’s go, we’re almost there.

EAMON
We’re only on the first floor.

Cut out. We see they’re only on the first set of stairs.

BRYAN
I like to think of the glass one-twelth full.

EAMON and BRYAN start moving again, EAMON pushing against the pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISASTER MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Several locations as the storm hits the whole region:

A) EXT. FLAMING BUILDING - The fire in the State Management Centre is finally put out by the rain.
WOMAN
(watching from afar)
It’s over! The building is saved!

A tornado whips through the street, demolishing the building.

B) EXT. TOW LOT - EAMON’S car sits in the lot, filled so high with water that it spills over the windows in the downpour.

C) INT. ROBERT’S BEDROOM - ROBERT wakes up to an alert. He checks his smartphone.

On screen, Doyle Farms’ total financial assets decrement faster than can be read.

ROBERT
(shocked)
The heck...?

D) INT. BUREAU CORRIDOR - HUNTERS are running in a group with their guns out.

HUNTER #1
Where’d they go?

HUNTER #2
I saw one go down this way!

HUNTER #3
(unintelligible Irish words)

The HUNTERS rush through a door to find themselves outside in the storm. The force of the wind instantly LAUNCHES them out into the air.

E) INT. STAIRWAY - EAMON and BRYAN are further up the stairs, sweating now. EAMON is fighting some serious pain.

EAMON
Why did it have to be twelve floors?

The building trembles.

BRYAN
If our luck gets any worse, they’ll grow a new one.

F) INT. HOTEL ROOM - MEREDITH is up typing on her laptop next to a mug of green coffee. The room shakes and the coffee spills on her computer.
G) EXT. HOSPITAL — DR. McCANN is walking out of the building for the end of his shift. He presses his remote to unlock his car — and a man falls from the sky, landing directly on the hood. McCANN looks up and then back down at his remote. He pivots — and strolls back into the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY — MOMENTS LATER

EAMON and BRYAN are nearing the last flight of stairs.

EAMON’S head is in such pain that he can barely walk straight. He nearly crawls up the steps.

EAMON
(gasping)
Can’t... hold on...

BRYAN
Come on. It’s like a brisk hike.

EAMON
I thought... you never... go outside...

BRYAN
Yeah. It’s an indoor hike.

EAMON collapses.

EAMON
Go on... without me... I can’t go any further...

BRYAN
What are you talking about? We’re here. This is the door.

BRYAN opens up the door — the twelfth floor.

EAMON
Huh.

EAMON scrambles up and follows BRYAN through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS

EAMON and BRYAN spill out into the hallway. BRYAN runs off.
EAMON stops for oxygen and to battle the pain in his head. He leans against a wall.

BRYAN returns.

    BRYAN
    Let’s go.

EAMON holds up his hand.

    EAMON
    (out of breath)
    Just... one minute...

BRYAN stands, waiting for EAMON to catch his breath. EAMON winces and groans at his aneurysm.

    EAMON (CONT’D)
    (groaning)
    Errrrrrhhhhh!

EAMON breathes more calmly.

    EAMON (CONT’D)
    Alright, I’m good.

They head off down the hall.

    CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU DIRECTOR’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door bursts open — EAMON and BRYAN rush in.

    STEPHEN (O.S.)
    You’re a little late.

BOOM — another clap of thunder.

STEPHEN is sitting at his tiny desk. On it is a slip of paper, beside which is the PERSONAL FORTUNE REPLICATION GENERATOR TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE.

    STEPHEN (CONT’D)
    Certainly took your time. It’s almost sunrise. And you’re both sweating enough to be on the Bureau’s dance team.

    EAMON
    The elevator wasn’t working.
BRYAN fumbles for a weapon. He finds a paperclip on the floor, which he brandishes.

BRYAN
What are you doing here?

STEPHEN
Ah, yes. I got a call just a short while ago about a security breach. I thought I would check back here myself. Looks like it was a good idea — the better question might be: what are you doing here?

BRYAN
That’s none of your business.

STEPHEN
This is my office, so it’s literally my business.

STEPHEN rises from his chair and strolls around the tiny desk.

STEPHEN (CONT’D)
But I can guess: you’re here for the Pfrgtd.

EAMON
Good guess.

STEPHEN
(caressing the device)
Turns out I’ve got it right here. It’s all yours.

EAMON
What’s the catch?

STEPHEN
There is no catch... only, can Bryan here actually do what he claims he can?

EAMON
With that thing, I’m sure it’s like taking candy from a diminutive mythical creature.

STEPHEN
(chuckles)
It’s not that simple.

(MORE)
STEPHEN (CONT'D)
This device is more powerful than others, but it doesn’t make the process any easier. In fact, if Bryan fails, the results could be devastating. The whole prism might even burst.

EAMON
But you wouldn’t want that to happen.

STEPHEN
Not if I hadn’t taken out a very generous insurance policy on this very Pfrgtd. I think I’ll stand to make money when my son obliterates the rest of your luck.

EAMON touches his head sensitively. He looks at BRYAN.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I’m really just here for the show.

BRYAN
I can do it.

BRYAN begins warm-up stretches.

STEPHEN
Oh, and Eamon, I intercepted some of your papers from the state office that I thought you might enjoy. This one here is your stock award from Doyle Farms as severance. Turns out, your shares are static — so they’ve become worthless as the company grew.

EAMON snags the papers.

EAMON
You can go to hell.

STEPHEN
This is more fun.

BRYAN paces the room.

BRYAN
Okay. I’ve got this. Eamon, take one of the sheets by the device. We need your name for the scanner. Your legal name — fill in the bubbles.
EAMON picks up the form. He finds a pencil on the desk.

EAMON
(to STEPHEN)
Mind if I borrow this?

STEPHEN
(smiles)
Please. What’s mine is yours.

EAMON writes in on the paper. He brings it to the scanner.

STEPHEN (CONT’D)
(to EAMON)
Are you sure about this? Do you know what could happen?

EAMON
(looks him in the eye)
I’m not worried.
(scratches his neck)
I know Bryan can do it.

He feeds the paper to the scanner. It whirs, eats the form.

BRYAN takes a breath in and out. Another breath in and out.

BRYAN
Here goes everything.

BRYAN approaches the Pfrgdt like it’s the gallows. He flicks a switch in the back. A magnificent light shines a harsh rainbow onto his body.

BOOM — another clap of thunder. The floor trembles.

BRYAN closes his eyes. The light radiates brighter.

BRYAN begins to glow. EAMON watches the spectacle in awe.

The prism shines a brilliant white-gold. A heavenly hum sounds — the light shines even brighter. BRYAN’s focus is strong. A bead of sweat dribbles down his cheek.

BOOM — another clap of thunder. The room shakes. The electricity flickers.

BRYAN shuts his eyes tighter. His concentration is wavering. The light goes brighter, then dimmer.

BOOM — another clap of thunder. Lightning flashes in the window.
BRYAN winces — grits his teeth. His eyes are closed, but his head is flailing. Something is going wrong. The sound increases, the light grows brighter. And brighter still.

_BANG!_ — the prism shatters into a hundred pieces!

The light is gone, the magic over. The room lights recover slowly.

BRYAN opens his eyes — gasps in dejection. His failure extends to every limb in his body.

_BRYAN (CONT’D)_

No...

EAMON is clutching his head, kneeling on the ground in overwhelming pain.

STEPHEN walks slowly around his desk.

_STEPHEN_

And that, right there, is proof of my son’s incompetence. The most powerful prism on the planet — destroyed.

EAMON groans.

_STEPHEN (CONT’D)_

And as I warned you, the consequences are ruinous. A failure at this level will result in an immediate depletion of one’s entire fortune resources. I’m sorry this had to happen to you.

EAMON

*(through the pain)*

It didn’t...  

STEPHEN

Hmm? It didn’t what?

EAMON

It wasn’t... me...

STEPHEN

What are you saying?

BRYAN has walked over to examine the remains of the device. He picks up the scanner portion and looks inside.

EAMON

The name... on the form... was...
STEPHEN whips around. BRYAN is holding the form.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
He didn’t put his name as the client. He puts yours.

EAMON
Stupid... bureaucracy...

STEPHEN gulps. He stares straight ahead for a moment.

STEPHEN
(holding something in)
Excuse me. I need to use the bathroom.

STEPHEN rushes out of the room. EAMON laughs weakly.

EAMON
Hah...

BOOM — another clap of thunder.

BRYAN
You didn’t think I could do it.

EAMON
I was right... wasn’t I...?

BRYAN
But what are we supposed to do now?

EAMON
I have... an idea... You said... you said you’ve never used a... natural rainbow... what if... we had one...?

BRYAN
But where are we supposed to find one? We’ve never been that lucky before, why would we now?

EAMON
It’s not luck... we’ll make one...

BOOM — another clap of thunder.

BRYAN
How?
EAMON
The sun’s rising... and it’s raining... it’s raining... because the... other leprechauns left... their stations.... so get them back... it should stop raining...

BRYAN
That’s true!

EAMON
Use... the intercom... on the desk...

BRYAN goes over to the desk. He looks at the intercom.

BRYAN
Let’s see... button for the whole building...

BOOM — another clap of thunder.

EAMON
Hurry up... please...

BRYAN
Found it!
(presses intercom)
Everyone, this is... Mr. O’Reilly. Please return to your workstations immediately. The security threat is over, thank you.

EAMON
Good work...

EAMON falls out of consciousness.

BRYAN
(rushing over)
Eamon!

EAMON blinks and looks up.

EAMON
You really... did something then, didn’t you...?

BRYAN
Just my own luck kicking in, I guess.
EAMON
You know... not everything... is luck, Bryan...

BRYAN
I know.

EAMON
Sometimes... it’s also the ol’ noggin... You’ve gotta do some things yourself...

BRYAN
Like gardening?

EAMON
Hey Bryan...

EAMON is now fading rapidly on the floor.

EAMON (CONT’D)
You can do this... And even if you can’t... because... maybe you can’t... you’re still the first real friend... I’ve ever had...

EAMON has fallen out of consciousness again.

BRYAN
(slapping him softly)
Eamon? Eamon, wake up! Eamon!

The sun is beginning to rise and the clouds are parting.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Eamon! Come on, Eamon, just a little longer...

The sun shines brighter through the clearing sky.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
Eamon, look at the sky. Eamon, look. It’s a rainbow! Look what we did!

EAMON is unresponsive. The rainbow is unimaginably vivid, completely crisp and clear. It shines directly on BRYAN.

BRYAN closes his eyes tight. There are tears running out the sides of his face. He breathes in and out. Calms himself.

The light grows brighter. A heavenly hum is heard. BRYAN starts to glow.
As he breathes and the light embraces him, BRYAN’s fear and grief wash away. He is purified in the spectral rays of the sun.

The light grows brighter...
And brighter still. The hum is in a crescendo...
The light is now brightest. The hum at its peak...
Whoosh — gone. Silence and darkness.
Beat.
The room’s lights flicker back on. BRYAN opens his eyes.
EAMON is on the floor, not moving. BRYAN looks at him for a long moment. He sighs. His face: I was too late.
Silence.

EAMON
Ow.

BRYAN eyes become dinner plates.

BRYAN
You’re alive!

He gives EAMON a great big hug. His grin is infectious.

EAMON
Get off me, my head hurts.

BRYAN
I did it! I got your luck back!

EAMON
(sitting up)
What? Don’t be ridiculous.
(rubs his head)
I need a brain transplant or something.

BRYAN looks a little disappointed.

BRYAN
Do you not remember what happened?
I thought you were dead.

EAMON
I feel like I’m dead.

EAMON’s phone rings. He answers it.
EAMON (CONT’D)
(groggily)
What?

DR. MCCANN (O.S.)
Eamon, this is Dr. McCann. I know it’s early, but there’s great news! Our neurosurgeon got over his rabies. He’ll be free to perform your surgery as soon as possible. I guess we can count on something even in this financial meltdown.

EAMON
Sure.

EAMON hangs up.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Huh. I guess I’ll be alright.

BRYAN
So what’s next?

EAMON
Nothing... I’m done for.
(picks up letter)
Termination notice. It’s official. They’ve sent me off with useless stocks and nothing else.
(slides to the ground)
Not to mention there’s some kind of financial disaster going on right now.

BRYAN
Financial disaster?

EAMON
Yeah, I dunno. The doctor said something.

BRYAN
I wonder...

BRYAN picks up a remote next to the big-screen television in the room and flicks it on. An ANCHOR reports local news.

ANCHOR
...this overnight financial collapse, associated with international stock markets, seems to already have had a huge impact on local corporations.
BRYAN
This must have happened when the leprechauns left their posts.

ANCHOR
The most severely affected were two insurance providers and a real estate company.

A “Doyle Farms” logo appears next to the ANCHOR on screen.

ANCHOR (CONT’D)
Their stock values have plunged down to nearly zero. They may need to declare bankruptcy, or else be bailed out by the state... if they’re lucky.

BRYAN
Wow. I guess you should be glad you got out of that business, huh?

EAMON
No, wait a sec...
(scans the letter)
These stocks they gave me. They’re static — their value doesn’t change, even though the whole company did. Looking at this now...
(thinks)
These stocks aren’t worthless at all now. I must — I must own controlling interest.

EAMON giggles.

BRYAN
Is that good?

EAMON
Oh, it’s very good, Bryan. Do you know what this means?

BRYAN
No. What?

EAMON thinks for a second. Then he leaves the room.

BRYAN (CONT’D)
What does it mean?

BRYAN follows him out.
ANCHOR

...In other news, devastation in the wake of a major storm was highest in a local county last night...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - LATER, EARLY MORNING

The storm has ravaged much of the infrastructure, including the collapsed State Management building across the street.

EAMON and BRYAN leave the Bureau building and head out into the main street.

EAMON and BRYAN are walking by themselves. The area is quiet. A few pieces of paper blow in the wind.

BRYAN
This place really took a dive.

EAMON
(pointing)
That building over there... was one of our highest bids. Huge value. I guess it’s all gone now...

They keep walking.

BRYAN
So what are you going to do?

EAMON
I’m going to get my job back.

BRYAN looks at the ground as they walk.

BRYAN
Oh. I see.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER, MORNING

It’s a quiet morning. The only sounds are the rustling of trees and chirping of birds.

EAMON and BRYAN are hiking down the road.

BRYAN
Hey, Eamon?
EAMON
Yeah?

BRYAN kicks a pinecone.

BRYAN
Nothing...

The road curves before the entrance to the worksite.

EAMON
Looks like we made it.

As the worksite comes into view, they see: the worksite, weathered but standing. A CROWD of locals, tourists, and reporters gathers around the center. And off at the far side of the field...

BRYAN’s house is completely destroyed.

BRYAN stops in his tracks. A pile of wet, mud-covered rubble is all that remains of his property.

EAMON rushes over to the CROWD.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

Ground-breaking ceremony. The CROWD is gathered around the ribbon that encases the worksite. MEREDITH and other journalists are taking notes. The WORKERS are gathered nearby, watching the event as well.

ROBERT stands on a platform.

ROBERT
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. Regardless of any information you may have heard on the news this morning, or any difficult weather we’ve experienced, we are still going forward with a very special ground-breaking ceremony for you this morning.

A WORKER hands ROBERT a ceremonial shovel. ROBERT walks to the center of the worksite.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
I will now break this ground and declare the project begun!
EAMON (O.S.)
Just a minute!

EAMON’s voice pierces through the crowd. We reveal him just arriving on the scene.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Guess I’m just in time, huh? We had to walk here, so... pretty lucky.

EAMON walks past the crowd and approaches ROBERT.

ROBERT
Eamon?

EAMON
Hey everyone. Sorry I’m late.

ROBERT
(to CROWD)
Unfortunately, Mr. McCarthy is no longer involved in the project. He has been let go from Doyle Farms, due to irreconcilable differences. He is not with the company anymore.

EAMON
Yes — and no.

ROBERT
Excuse me?

EAMON
(holding paper aloft)
According to my severance papers, my static stocks are worth more than the majority of this company’s assets now. I don’t work for Doyle Farms anymore — I own it.

ROBERT
What?

EAMON hands the statement to MEREDITH.

EAMON
Exhibit A.

ROBERT
I don’t believe this.
MEREDITH
Excuse me, Mr. McCarthy, what are you going to do now?

EAMON
Oh, hello there, Meredith. How are you?

MEREDITH
Fine, thank you.

EAMON
Thanks for the piece on my war crimes, by the way.

MEREDITH
I just write what I see.

EAMON
Well, I just write Germanic poetry, so there we go.

MEREDITH looks confused.

MEREDITH
So what happens now, Mr. McCarthy? Are you still going ahead with the ground-breaking? Is the Big Project going forward?

EAMON looks at BRYAN in the back of the CROWD.

EAMON
Unfortunately, Meredith, the company just can’t afford it anymore.

MEREDITH
So what about being the youngest real estate broker in the country to reach such a success?

BRYAN and the CROWD watch EAMON intently.

EAMON
Hmmm. There’s that.
(looks around at the lot)
Plus, we’ve already invested so much into this area already.

EAMON draws out the moment.
EAMON (CONT’D)
I wonder where we could get some funding to build here... Hey, Robert?

ROBERT stands sulking to the side.

ROBERT
What?

EAMON
How would you feel if I kept you on the project, and you still had plenty of paperwork to do? Only, more bureaucratic and you had government funding.

ROBERT
How much paperwork?

EAMON winks at MEREDITH.

EAMON
I think I’ve got an idea.

EAMON takes the shovel —— digs into the dirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND ESTATE - MORNING

TITLE CARD: 6 Months Later

Where the field and worksite used to be now rests a huge, elegant estate. The weather is gorgeous —— the building shines beautifully in the sun.

A ruby-red BMW convertible pulls up slowly to the nearby parking lot. EAMON and MEREDITH are sitting inside.

MEREDITH
You’re a very cautious driver.

EAMON
Thank you. And welcome back —— now that we’ve finally completed it.

EAMON and MEREDITH get out of the car.

MEREDITH
It looks incredible.
EAMON
(touching his hair)
Thanks, I just got it cut.

MEREDITH
Can we go inside?

EAMON
Oh, sure.
(walking to the door)
It is, after all, public property.

EAMON opens the door for MEREDITH. Above the doorway reads: “BUREAU OF FORTUNE AND CHANCE & STATE MANAGEMENT CENTRE”.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

EAMON and MEREDITH enter the spacious foyer.

EAMON
This way.

He leads her into to an open room on the left.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Do you remember Bryan O’Reilly? He handles the shoe room — and he’s also the grounds-keeper.

The room is filled from floor to ceiling with shoes. BRYAN is sorting and polishing them on the rack.

BRYAN turns around.

BRYAN
Eamon!

He greets EAMON with a colossal hug.

MEREDITH
So they didn’t kick you out of here after all.

EAMON takes off his shoes. MEREDITH follows suit.

BRYAN
Nope. Actually, I live upstairs now.
EAMON
(to MEREDITH)
I’ll give you the quick tour.

EAMON leads MEREDITH back to the foyer and through the hall.

EAMON (CONT’D)
See, the original Bureau of Fortune and Chance needed some, uh, reforming. And then the State Management Centre burned down. So we convinced the county to fund a dual project.

A LEPRECHAUN carrying an immaculately polished pot walks by, gleaming with pride. MEREDITH’s eyes widen.

They tour past a room — ROBERT is smelling a form sensuously. He sees them and jumps back, embarrassed.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Robert is now in charge of all the day-to-day paperwork for the Bureau. He keeps things organized.

The next room has a waiting area and teller windows.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Here is our public reception department. They handle all incoming requests — we try to emphasize friendliness now.

The TELLER runs out of the room, chasing her bat.

TELLER
Mordecai, get back here!

By the doorway stands the BUREAU OFFICER. He greets MEREDITH.

OFFICER
Hello, is there anything I can help you with?

MEREDITH
No, but thank you.

OFFICER
(smiles warmly)
Sure thing. Please feel free to let me know.
EAMON
Customer service. Over here we have
our fortune generation facility...

STEPHEN sits in a tiny wheelchair, leading a group of
LEPRECHAUNS concentrating through their Fortune Generators.

STEPHEN
Come on, you call that luck? Push
harder — we’re preventing an
earthquake here!

EAMON
(to MEREDITH)
We probably shouldn’t bother
them...

EAMON guides MEREDITH away from the room.

EAMON (CONT’D)
Stephen had some trouble a few
months back, but he’s recovering
nicely. On the upper floors are the
State Management offices, as well
as living quarters. Down here we
have the clinic...

DR. McCANN walks out of his room with red liquid all over his
hands and scrubs.

DR. MccANN
I tried my best, but...
(wipes his brow)
That bottle of food coloring just
won’t stop leaking.

They keep walking, now in front of a counter on which several
green muffins are plated.

EAMON
We’ve also got the local diner to
move in here with us, so we’re
never without food. Just take a
muffin if you’re hungry, or holler
if you want something else.

HUNTER #1 (O.S.)
Who’s that, laddie?

The three LEpreCHAUN HUNTERS are standing in the middle of
the hallway.
EAMON
Meredith, this is our security team. They joined us once they realized that it was more enjoyable to protect the leprechauns than to hunt them.

HUNTER #1
(to MEREDITH)
You mess with the little laddies, then you’re messing with us.

HUNTER #2
And we don’t like to be messed with. It hurts our feelings.

HUNTER #3
(unintelligible Irish words)

HUNTER #1
Honestly, Paddy, that’s disgusting.

EAMON and MEREDITH have now circled back to the entrance.

BRYAN pops his head in from the shoe room.

BRYAN
I’ll get your shoes!

He disappears into the room. EAMON leans against the wall.

EAMON
So there you have it.

MEREDITH
Quite a lot to take in.

MEREDITH’s shoes fly into the foyer as a pair. EAMON catches them in mid-air and hands them to her.

EAMON
If you want to talk about it, I’m available for dinner tonight.

MEREDITH
(laughs)
Are you asking me out?

EAMON puts his hand on his neck.

EAMON
No.
Whack! EAMON’s shoes fly in this time and hit him in the face. He stands there like an idiot — the moment ruined.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Whoops, sorry!

EAMON puts on his shoes.

EAMON
Anyway...

MEREDITH
I’m so amazed how you turned this whole place around.

EAMON
Well, when your luck runs out... (looks around) Just make your own.

MEREDITH
I can’t believe this was almost an amusement park.

EAMON
Oh, right... (beat) I’ve got something to show you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF GRAND ESTATE – MOMENTS LATER

EAMON and MEREDITH exit the new Bureau building from the back. Sprawling outward in front of them is an amusement park — filled with rides and swimming pools and gardens.

EAMON
(looking out)
So, yeah, we went and built the park here anyway. But now it’s just for us instead of tourists. (turns to MEREDITH) May I interest you in a roller coaster?

MEREDITH laughs. She looks out at his creation.

MEREDITH
I guess you’re pretty lucky after all.

EAMON smiles. Beat.
EAMON
I guess I am.

FADE OUT.

THE END