

MOBO

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1

EXT. MAC CUMHAILL ST - DAY

1

A rental van sits on a hill, rear doors open, as a young Nigerian couple, 30s, new in town, unloads boxes of flatpack furniture and homewares into their end-of-terrace house.

Bored and growing weary is their son, MOBO, 9.

Once his parents go inside, Mobo sneaks up the street.

A face watches through the sheers next door, but disappears as Mobo tries to get a closer look.

Carrying on, he peers into the window of Maguire's Play Emporium.

The window is filled with colourful cars, tractors, kites and colouring books, but amidst the fisher-price-swirl sits a dark little book, "Stair na hÉireann", with images of Celtic warriors and mythical creatures.

Mobo glances back toward his house - the coast still clear, he slips inside.

2

INT. MOBO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

Mobo's parents build shelves and a sofa.

Mobo's Mam stops in her tracks. She glances around. Listens.

DAD

What is it?

MAM

Where is Mobo?

DAD

I haven't seen him since we finished unloading.

MAM

Oh, that boy!

She puts her tools down and moves out into the hallway.

She sticks her head into the kitchen - no.

The bathroom - no.

She starts up the stairs.

3

INT. MOBO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

Mobo lies on his new bed in his pyjamas, Stair na hÉireann across his chest and a handful of colourful chocolate wrappers strewn around him. He's out cold.

MAM (O.S.)

Mobo Oni. What are you up to?

Startled, he sits bolt upright in the bed as his mam swings open the door. He scrambles to hide the chocolate wrappers.

MAM (CONT'D)

That is the face of no good.

MOBO

No, Mama. I was just dreaming.

MAM

Dreaming?! Why aren't you working like your father and me?

His eyes search the room, but he doesn't have an answer.

His mam notices the book and picks it up.

MAM (CONT'D)

What is this?

MOBO

It's my new book. Local legends.

She turns it around in her hands and flips through the pages.

MAM

What language is this?

MOBO

Irish. We are in Ireland.

She squints at him.

MAM

Don't you get smart with your mother.

He drops his head. He knows she's only playing but he never misses a genuine opportunity:

MOBO

I best stay home from school tomorrow so.

His mam's eyes open wide and she grabs him. She tickles him and they roll about on the bed laughing.

MAM

Would you listen to this little devil! Oh my, where did I get him?

She stops and they settle down. She sees the chocolate wrappers.

MAM (CONT'D)

And what is all this? Teeth, now!

Mobo rolls off the bed and into the upstairs bathroom to brush his teeth. She flips through the book again.

MAM (CONT'D)

So what is it about?

MOBO

(mouth full of suds)

Ancient creatures of the land and sea. Kings, druids and the Fianna - young warriors traveling the country fighting for justice.

He lunges with his toothbrush as a sword - toothpaste splashing everywhere.

She examines the images - crazed berserkers raging in battle against Vikings and skull-masked hordes.

MAM

And this will not give you nightmares?

MOBO

No, Mama! One day I will join the Fianna and be a fierce warrior.

MAM

Do they have Fianna from Nigeria?

MOBO

Of course, they have an exchange programme.

MAM

Very modern, these warriors.

She takes in her son in his enthusiasm.

MAM (CONT'D)

You are a terror on my heart, Mobo Oni.

He gives her a hug.

MOBO

I love you, Mama.

MAM

I love you, son.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead and gets up.

MAM (CONT'D)

Now go to sleep. I have your uniform downstairs for ironing. You will look so smart in it.

MOBO

Mmmmmmm....

He crawls around on the bed and wiggles in under the covers.

His mam smiles from the doorway, then flips off the light.

The glow from the street casts a beam of light through the window onto the ceiling, as thoughts of the Fianna linger in Mobo's mind.

Then, the shadow of a horned creature casts the room in darkness, and Mobo's eyes widen.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT -- a knocking on his window.

Mobo jumps up in his bed to see a goat-skulled warrior staring back at him.

His fists tighten as he considers his next move, but:

A hand raises the mask and he sees the face from the window next door - GRÁINNE KELLY, 9.

Mobo relaxes and shifts to the window. Pushes it open.

GRÁINNE

Hi.

MOBO

(still a little shaken)

Hi.

GRÁINNE

Are you in bed already?

MOBO

I was just relaxing.

GRÁINNE

I'm supposed to be in bed.

Mobo nods, him too.

MOBO

What are you doing?

GRÁINNE

There's a Fomorian loose, terrorising the people. I'm going to have to take him down.

Mobo likes her style.

MOBO

What kind of Fomorian? Balor?

GRÁINNE

That's him. Balor of the Evil Eye!
What do you know about him?

MOBO

He's the Fomorian king!

GRÁINNE

I'm impressed! But king or no king,
he's not welcome here. You with me?

MOBO

Do I need a weapon?

Gráinne smiles and produces a sucker-topped bow and arrow.

GRÁINNE

Got you covered, newbie.

MOBO

What's your name?

GRÁINNE

Gráinne.

MOBO

I'm Mobo.

GRÁINNE

Let's go, Mobo. There's villagers
need saving.

She slips away from the window and Mobo smiles as he watches her jump down, bounding from the extension roof to the wheelie bin, to the yard and hiking herself over the side wall.

He turns, stomps his feet into his shoes and reaches for the window jamb.

GRÁINNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bring a coat! It's a cold night in
hell.

He pirouettes and grabs his coat from atop a box.

4

EXT. MAC CUMHAILL ST - NIGHT

4

Gráinne waits, leaning against a streetlight outside Mobo's house. She looks over her shoulder to see Mobo jump down from his wall.

He jogs up to her.

GRÁINNE

Be careful. Don't let your eyes
play tricks on you. There's danger
everywhere! Here, this will help.

She hands him a mask - a homemade wolf headdress.

Mobo's face lights up. He pulls it on.

5/5A EXT. ANCIENT FOREST/MAC CUMHAILL ST (INTERCUT) - NIGHT 5/5A

Through the mask the world changes. Mobo looks out on a dark
and spooky forest. Gráinne now dressed as a warrior in a
cloak and genuine goat skull. Her stick now a spear.

Mobo's draped in a wolf-skin, his arrowheads now razor sharp,
the street dematerialised - except for the streetlight.

Gráinne donkey-kicks the pole and the light fizzles out.

GRÁINNE

Don't want drawing attention. Balor
is up there, on top of the hill.
Move fast, but don't make a sound.

And she's off - sprinting for the summit.

Mobo takes chase and the game is afoot.

He pants heavily under his mask. His eyes darting about at
the new world around him.

He stops, Gráinne is nowhere to be seen.

MOBO

Gráinne?

She yanks him down behind a giant boulder - a grey VW Golf.

GRÁINNE

Shhh! Listen!

In the night air they hear it - a low groan.

They lean out from behind the rock. Ahead of them in a
clearing, Balor trudges through the grass dragging an
uprooted tree. He sees something and grunts, bends down.

GRÁINNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look at him - filthy beast.

But up stands a COUNCIL WORKER with a €2 coin in one hand,
sweeping brush in the other. One of his eyes bandaged from a
recent injury.

COUNCIL WORKER

Finders keepers.

He continues sweeping, the thick bristles scratching and scraping the footpath.

The kids drop back into cover behind the Renault, hands over their ears.

MOBO
What's that sound?

GRÁINNE
His knuckles dragging on the earth.

MOBO
On three?

GRÁINNE
3!

And she's on the move again, darting out and running toward the clearing.

Mobo scrambles after her, running to the brow of the hill.

Then he stops and takes aim.

MOBO
Aaaaaaagh!!

He unleashes his arrow and watches as it flies through the air and:

THWACK -- the rubber sucker bounces off the back of the Council Worker's head.

He turns and moves toward Mobo.

Mobo is frozen. His eyes wide as Balor looms over him.

BALOR
Raaaaaar!

Gráinne jumps between them.

GRÁINNE
No! Granddad!

She pulls back Mobo's mask and the spell is broken. He smiles nervously at the Council Worker.

COUNCIL WORKER
Gráinne, what are you doing out here? You're supposed to be in your bed. You've school in the morning.

GRÁINNE
I know. It's just a quick game. This is Mobo from next door.

COUNCIL WORKER

Nice to meet you, Mobo. I hope she asked your mammy first.

Mobo nods nervously.

COUNCIL WORKER (CONT'D)

Right, well...

GRÁINNE

What did the doctor say about your eye?

COUNCIL WORKER

She says I'll be able to keep it. But she did suggest I get rid of all spear-wielding warriors from the house.

Gráinne shrinks, hides her spear behind her back.

COUNCIL WORKER (CONT'D)

Go on, home with you both. And try not to kill anyone.

He hands Mobo his arrow.

Gráinne leads and Mobo runs after her.

GRÁINNE

Night, Granddad!

The Council Worker watches as they disappear down the street.

Bow and arrow in one hand, mask in the other, Mobo can't hold back his smile as he runs along the street and bursts into a victorious HOWL!

MOBO

Ah-wooooooo!!

Gráinne laughs at her new friend.

GRÁINNE

Ah-wooooooo!!

They laugh as they reach Gráinne's door.

GRÁINNE (CONT'D)

Do you want to walk to school together tomorrow?

MOBO

Yeah.

GRÁINNE

Cool.

He holds out her bow and mask.

GRÁINNE (CONT'D)

Keep them. There's reports of a horde of vikings coming up from Dublin. And some saint with a three leaf weed needs run off too.

Mobo smiles. He pulls a chocolate from his pocket for her.

GRÁINNE (CONT'D)

Thanks. I bet you've not even seen the Púca yet...

A whole world of wonder washes over Mobo's face.

GRÁINNE (CONT'D)

Night.

MOBO

Goodnight...

His mind racing with dreams of adventure, he backs away.

Gráinne smiles and goes inside.

6 INT. MOBO'S HOUSE - MORNING

6

Mobo's mam wakes to the sound of rummaging downstairs.

She pulls herself out of bed and moves down the stairs in her dressing gown.

Mobo is digging in the hallway closet, looking sharp in his new school uniform.

MAM

Mobo, what are you doing now?

MOBO

Mama, where's your...

He turns and sees what he's looking for.

Pulls a BROADSWORD from a box.

MOBO (CONT'D)

Never mind.

His mam watches as Mobo stares in awe at an old umbrella.

MAM

What are you up to, child?

MOBO
 Fianna business, Mama. Fianna
 business.

With that, he runs up, kisses her, and opens the door.

Outside on the step, waits Gráinne in her uniform. She waves.
 And they're gone. His mam doesn't know what's going on.

Mobo's dad stands with a mug of coffee in the kitchen.

DAD
 Fianna business.

With a chuckle, he turns back to the kitchen and she follows.

7 CREDITS OVER PAINTED IMAGES 7

Riding the Púca - Battling Vikings - Tying up St Patrick

8 EXT. MAC CUMHAILL ST - NIGHT 8

Mobo steps from his house to meet Gráinne. A big grin on his
 face.

GRÁINNE
 What are you smiling about? Where's
 your mask?

From behind his back, Mobo takes out two Nigerian masks.

MOBO
 Have you ever heard of the Agbako?

GRÁINNE
 With 16 eyes and a body made of
 snakes?!

MOBO
 You have been studying!

GRÁINNE
 Gotta have my best sidekick's back!

MOBO
 Who is a sidekick?!

He withdraws the masks but Gráinne lunges onto him...

GRÁINNE
 I'm only joking!!

Grabbing a mask, she pulls it onto her head and the screen...

CUTS TO BLACK.