

# **Nosloo**

## **THE GREAT**

Written by

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Half-Hour Pilot

"The Secret World of Jim Colvin"

**TEASER**

**EXT. ANCIENT BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT**

Scorched ground. Dead bodies. A CASTLE burns in the distance.

SUPERIMPOSE: "The Land of Fee-Nee (Dimension 86) - The Fortress of Nosloo The Great"

**INT. CASTLE TOWER - NIGHT**

NOSLOO (1,236), a dark troll wizard, wields a MAGIC STAFF. A BLAST. Nosloo dives away as it BLOWS the wall apart.

NOSLOO  
Cool it, Hibboticus. We're bros.

Another BLAST hits Nosloo's staff. He looks up in terror.

HIBBOTICUS (1,237), a much darker troll wizard, hovers above.

HIBBOTICUS  
You're like Father, Nosloo... WEAK.  
Together, we could rule Fee-Nee.  
Betray your people. Stand with me.

NOSLOO  
My people are my strength.

HIBBOTICUS  
They will be your downfall.

A MAGIC ROPE wraps itself around HIBBOTICUS. He falls. BRENDA (1,176), the troll mage who threw it, pulls down her hood.

BRENDA  
I heard your brother was visiting.

Nosloo runs to her. Scoops her in his arms. Kisses her.

NOSLOO  
Quick, give me the Ometahedron.

Brenda pulls out the OMETAHEDRON, a small glowing orb.

BRENDA  
What's it do again? You got so many thingies, it's hard to keep track.

NOSLOO

It opens a portal to a land without magic where my brother will be powerless. Keep it open until I get back, then shut the thingy off.

BRENDA

How do I shut the thingy off?

Nosloo taps it in his paw.

NOSLOO

You kinda whack it a couple times. Whatever you do, don't let it go through the portal. If the thingy goes to the land without magic, it can't magic me back to you.

HIBBOTICUS rises into the air behind them.

HIBBOTICUS

This ends tonight, Nosloo.

Nosloo kisses Brenda.

NOSLOO

Whatever happens, know that I'll always come back to you.

BRENDA

You'd better, ya' bastard.

Nosloo raises the Ometahedron above his head.

NOSLOO

Spirits of air, masters of light, aid Nosloo the Great in his perilous fight. Before my brother does something more tragic, open a portal to a land without magic!

The portal opens. A DAD and his KID picnic in DIXON PARK.

KID

What's the ugly thing in the sky?

Dad takes off. The kid dives under a picnic table.

NOSLOO

You ain't so pretty yourself!

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I**EXT. LEROY'S PUB - DAY**

A quaint stone building in a row of shops.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Everly Heights, Ohio (Dimension 94) - 1994"

JIM COLVIN (32), a stiff guy in a black suit and SUNGLASSES, stands at BILCO DOORS in the sidewalk. He has a BRIEFCASE. A look up the street. He TAPS the bilco doors three times.

The doors spring open. Metal steps lead down into darkness.

JIM  
Let's get weird.

**INT. W.E.I.R.D.E. HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Jim opens the small window in the door. Inside sits EVIL JIM, who looks like Jim with one more goatee and one less haircut.

EVIL JIM  
Bite me, puke bucket.

JIM  
Nice to see you too, Evil Jim.

EVIL JIM  
Who says I'm the evil one?

JIM  
The six billion people who used to live on your Earth.

EVIL JIM  
They had it coming. Especially that tree-hugging cheater Ramona.

Jim shrinks back.

JIM  
My Ramona's nothing like that.

EVIL JIM  
That's what I thought, before the honeymoon... You can't trust her.

JIM  
Go back to your scheming, Evil Jim.

EVIL JIM  
It's just Jim.

**INT. W.E.I.R.D.E. HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A drab gray war room.

INSERT - A mural on the wall with multiple, interconnecting Earths. Text below reads **W.E.I.R.D.E. TASK FORCE.**

SUPERIMPOSE: "Weaken and Eradicate Inter-Dimensional Enemies"

BUCKY SUTTON (40s), a balding man with a too-big tie tucked into his belt, leans over a PLANT (27) and shakes his fist.

BUCKY  
Talk, you carbon dioxide-sucking  
parasite.

SUSIE ROGERS (40s), dressed in the same black suit as everybody else, yanks a leaf off the plant.

SUSIE  
If you don't tell us where you  
planted your "seed," I'm busting  
out the weed killer!

The PLANT shakes. A speaker on the wall CRACKLES to life.

PLANT  
Fine. You'll find them spaced out  
eight inches apart behind the high  
school. KNOW THIS. My people won't  
rest until we save the plants of  
this dimension from--

BUCKY  
I know. That's why I brought my  
dimensional randomizer.

Bucky pulls a cattle prod-like device from his coat pocket.

PLANT  
What's a dimensional randomizer do?

SUSIE  
Sends you to a random dimension.  
Duh.

Bucky prods the plant. It warps away as Jim walks in.

JIM

The dimensional randomizer, Bucky?  
That costs fifteen grand every time  
you power it up.

Bucky tosses a plain BOX to Jim.

BUCKY

Who cares? Uncle Sam buys memory  
correction glasses like they're  
chewing gum.

Jim tosses his old "sunglasses" in the trash, opens the box,  
then pulls out his new MEMORY CORRECTION GLASSES.

JIM

I needed these. My old pair has  
been shooting blanks for weeks.

INTERCOM ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Agents, report to Dimension 2500 to  
train for a "Waterworld" scenario.

SUSIE

These movie-inspired training  
scenarios are getting old.

Susie tosses down a METAL DISC. It glows. An orb of light  
surrounds the trio. They disappear.

**EXT. DIMENSION 2500 - BOAT - DAY**

Jim, Bucky, and Susie stand on a ramshackle boat in the  
middle of the ocean, fighting off SEA PIRATES.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Waterworld World (Dimension 2500) - Ocean"

Jim sees PIRATE 1 sneak up behind Bucky.

JIM

Watch out!

He shoots his pistol. The pirate collapses on the deck.

PIRATE 2 runs up. Susie shoots him in his pirate booty.

PIRATE 2

Not in the booty!

He falls in the water.

SUSIE

So, how did the honeymoon go?

PIRATE 3 sinks his teeth into Jim's arm. Jim knocks him back, then shoots him.

JIM  
The honeymoon was fine. Except...  
(looks off into forever)  
Ramona's hiding something from me.  
Maybe she's already bored?

BUCKY  
What happened, pal?

JIM  
It started on our cruise...

**INT. CRUISE SHIP DINING ROOM - TWO WEEKS AGO**

Jim sits across from his new bride RAMONA COLVIN (29), a free spirit wrapped up in a mesh sweater.

The WAITER (30) slaps the check down on the table.

WAITER  
Sir, your card was declined.

JIM  
Ramona, dear... Did you buy something on the Visa?

Ramona takes a big swig from her water glass. Looks around.

RAMONA  
Me? Um... Of course not. Maybe you lost track, with the wedding.

JIM  
Yeah. You're right. I'm being paranoid again.

WAITER  
Sir? The check?

**INT. CRUISE SHIP CABIN - NIGHT - ONE WEEK AGO**

Jim lays in bed, arms crossed, staring at the ceiling.

The door opens. Ramona stumbles in, wearing her kimono.

JIM  
Honey? It's three in the morning.  
Where the hell were you?

RAMONA

Calm down, tax man. I was, uh...  
Watching the ocean from the lido  
deck.

JIM

For four hours?! You left me lying  
here staring at the ceiling.

RAMONA

Want something else to stare at?

She loses the kimono.

JIM

Wow. Get over here, Mrs. Colvin.

RAMONA

Yes, sir, Mr. Paranoid.

**INT. COLVIN LIVING ROOM - YESTERDAY**

In the modest suburban home, wallpaper remains half-hung and  
tables half-assembled. Ramona mixes a can of paint, the phone  
cradled against her shoulder.

Jim walks through the front door, pizza in hand.

JIM

Honey, I'm home!

Ramona jumps. Almost spills the paint. Recovers.

RAMONA

SHOOT. Gotta run, hun. See you  
tomorrow. Okay. Love you.

She hangs up. Jim puts the pizza down.

JIM

Who was that?

RAMONA

Wrong number.

JIM

You said "love you."

RAMONA

Well, I love everybody, you know?

JIM

Hmm...



**INT. W.E.I.R.D.E. HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The winded, wounded trio materializes on top of the conference table.

JIM

I don't know if I can trust Ramona.

CYNTHIA POSTAL (55), so buttoned-up she might as well be a pair of boots, looks up from her workstation.

CYNTHIA

Your new bride? You assured us this marriage wouldn't be a security risk, Colvin.

SUSIE

I vetted her, ma'am.

JIM

It's a personal matter...  
Infidelity.

CYNTHIA

Jim, we live in a world built on trust. If you can't trust her, how can we trust you?

Bucky flops back on the couch, feet up on the coffee table.

BUCKY

You wanna build trust? Find a project to work on together. Me and Candy had the girls. We're so busy dealing with their bullshit, we don't have time to fight.

SUSIE

Aww, you know you love her, Bucky.

BUCKY

Yeah, but don't tell her. I'll never hear the end of it.

JIM

Hmm... A project...

CYNTHIA

What about a dog? Civilians find them "cute." I don't see it myself.

JIM

A dog? Yeah. I always wanted a--

An AIR HORN sounds. The monitors on the wall flash red text:

**INTER-DIMENSIONAL INCURSION - DIXON PARK**

SUSIE

People, we have an INCURSION.

Cynthia runs back to her workstation to examine the readings.

CYNTHIA

A portal, eh? Jim, go check it out.

JIM

Yes, ma'am. After I take care of this, mind if I go pick up the new dog like you suggested?

CYNTHIA

Just get both these situations under control, Colvin.

**EXT. DIXON PARK - DAY**

Jim runs down a hill, directly into the dad who saw Nosloo.

DAD

Have you seen my son? There's a monster down there... A monster!

Jim taps his sunglasses. A FLASH OF LIGHT. Dad relaxes.

JIM

Your son ran into some friends.

DAD

I just remembered... He ran into some friends. Sorry.

Dad steps away, revealing a GIANT PORTAL floating above the park.

JIM

Shit.

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II****EXT. DIXON PARK - DAY**

Jim pulls a PORTAL DAMPENER, which looks like a pen flashlight, from his pocket. RICKY SPECIAL (16), dressed like a politician heading to a rally, runs up.

RICKY

Mr. Colvin! How was the honeymoon?

Jim's eyes dart back and forth between Ricky and the portal.

JIM

Sorry, neighbor. I can't chat now.  
(points at the portal)  
It's a work thing.

Ricky stares up, mouth open.

Nosloo peers through the portal. Due to inter-dimensional mass conversion, his four-foot frame looks two stories tall.

JIM

Stand back!

Jim steps in front of Ricky, then raises his portal dampener.

JIM

Not today, ugly.

**INT. CASTLE TOWER - NIGHT**

Nosloo stands by the portal, ready to jump. Brenda nestles the Ometahedron in her arms.

Hibboticus SNARLS.

HIBBOTICUS

It doesn't matter where you run,  
brother. I am the lightning, and I  
will STRIKE YOU DOWN.

Hibboticus BLASTS Nosloo.

NOSLOO

Hey, that stings!

Nosloo falls back into the portal, waving his staff.

BRENDA

Baby, no!

--Brenda reaches for her lover's hand.

--Nosloo lets go of his staff.

--Their fingertips touch. Slip apart.

--Nosloo fades away.

--A BLAST to Brenda's back. She falters.

--The Ometahedron tumbles through the portal.

**EXT. DIXON PARK - DAY**

Nosloo crashes to the ground. His staff BONKS his head.

RICKY

An alien? He's so UGLY.

Nosloo stirs. Sits up.

NOSLOO

You ever look in a mirror? That  
stubby little snout is--

The Ometahedron CRACKS Nosloo in the head. He passes out.

The portal collapses into nothing.

Ricky picks up the Ometahedron, now dark and lifeless.

RICKY

What's this?

Jim snatches it away.

JIM

Don't touch that.

Nosloo stirs. Jim steps between Nosloo and Ricky.

NOSLOO

BRENDA. No. HIBBOTICUS.

JIM

Sir? Sir, as an authorized agent of  
the W.E.I.R.D.E. Task Force--

RICKY

The Weird-ey Task Force?

JIM

We usually just say 'weird'. The 'e' is silent.

RICKY

That's a weird way to spell it.

JIM

Exactly. Now, creature, your incursion into Dimension 94 breaks the Inter-Dimensional Peace Treaty of Grafton-6. Please state your name and home dimension.

NOSLOO

I'm Nosloo the Great, hero, troll, and embarrassed brother of the dark wizard Hibboticus.

JIM

But what's your UDI?

NOSLOO

What? Who cares? He has my Brenda. I need to get back.

JIM

We want you to get back, but first, we need to know where you're from.

Jim examines the Ometahedron.

JIM

You used this to generate the portal, right? They usually have the UDI printed on them somewhere.

He finds a dial on the bottom.

JIM

Ah, it's probably under here.

Jim turns the dial. MAGIC SPARKLES pour out. Nosloo dives to catch the sparkles, but they phase through his hands. Through the grass. Into the earth. Out of sight.

NOSLOO

Not the pixie dust!

JIM

Shit. You used magic?

NOSLOO

Well, yeah. I'm a dark troll wizard.

JIM

Bad news, buddy. Magical realms can open up portals to science-based realms, but we can't open one back.

NOSLOO

Please, help me find a way back to the land of Fee-Nee. My people...  
(weeps)  
Brenda... He has Brenda.

JIM

Who knows? One day, maybe a portal opens up and your "Land of Fee-Nee" is on the other side. Until then, you're stuck.

Nosloo falls to his knees. Leans on his staff.

NOSLOO

To top it all off, I left the cauldron on.

RICKY

We gotta help him, Mr. Colvin!

JIM

No. I gotta help him.

Jim taps the side of his sunglasses.

JIM

Thanks for walking my... dog with me, Ricky. Why don't you head home?

Ricky pats Nosloo's head.

RICKY

I gotta head home. Cute dog.

Ricky runs off. Nosloo cries on Jim's pants.

NOSLOO

I let everybody down. My dad was right. I should've become a bard.

JIM

Hey, it's not so bad. We've got a great holding cell for you. With snacks.

Nosloo pulls back, hopeful.

NOSLOO  
And you'll stay there with me?  
Until you can send me home?

JIM  
Oh, no. That's below my pay grade.

NOSLOO  
Ah, a big shot. A high-muckety-  
muck. My equal.

JIM  
I mean, I wouldn't say that...

NOSLOO  
If we're equals, I should stay at  
your place. You gotta have pretty  
sweet digs, with your "pay grade."

JIM  
It's a starter home. My wife is  
fixing it up though.

NOSLOO  
Wife? What's wife?

JIM  
My partner? The woman I love?

NOSLOO  
You have a Brenda? I have a Brenda.  
See? Equals.

JIM  
Yeah. Equals. But I can't take some  
creature home from the office.

NOSLOO  
You all keep calling me that.  
"Creature." I'm a guy, just like  
you. Not some "dog" you can take  
for a walk in the park.

Jim's eyes light up. Inspiration.

JIM  
You know what? Maybe we can help  
each other. Come on.

He stands and walks back towards the park entrance.





Jim creeps in, followed by Nosloo, who leans his staff against the counter. It CRASHES to the ground.

NOSLOO  
You said down, right?

Jim puts his glasses on the table. Nosloo grabs for them.

NOSLOO  
Your eye covers. Let me try.

Jim smacks his hand.

JIM  
NO. Those are government property.

Nosloo looks around the kitchen.

NOSLOO  
What a fantastic... dump.

JIM  
We like it. Make yourself at home.

Jim opens the fridge and looks around.

Nosloo pokes through a PLASTIC BAG on the kitchen table. Pulls out some NICKELODEON FLOAM. Sniffs it. Eats it.

JIM  
Put that down. It's a toy we bought for the little girl next door.

NOSLOO  
Tastes fine to me. Salty and airy. Goes great with this.

Nosloo holds up a SCENTED CANDLE with a bite out of it.

JIM  
That was a wedding gift from Melody.

Nosloo takes another bite.

NOSLOO  
Tell Melody she's a damn gourmet.

JIM  
Look, Nosloo, there's a reason I brought you here. My wife has been acting funny, like she's hiding something.

NOSLOO  
You work for some big secret spooky  
agency, right?

JIM  
I do.

NOSLOO  
And does your Brenda--

JIM  
Ramona.

NOSLOO  
Does your Ramona know what you do?

JIM  
No. She thinks I work for the IRS.

NOSLOO  
Then who's hiding something? In my  
realm, we call that 'projection.'

JIM  
We call it that in my realm too.  
But that's why I brought you here,  
to get it all out in the open.  
Maybe if I'm honest with her about  
work, I'll stop projecting.

NOSLOO  
You'll still find a way to get me  
back to the Land of Fee-Nee, right?

JIM  
Oh, sure. Sure, sure, sure.

Jim opens a closet. Hands Nosloo some blankets and a pillow.

JIM  
Let's get you set up in the den.

NOSLOO  
Den of what? Lirons? Rapplebears?  
Squirreltopi? I speak most of those  
languages.

**INT. THE COLVIN BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jim eases into bed. Ramona, squinty with no glasses, peeks  
out from under the covers.

RAMONA  
Jim? What time is it?

JIM  
It's late. Go back to bed, honey.

RAMONA  
Did you get me those fasteners?

JIM  
No, but I do have a surprise for you. In the morning.

Ramona cuddles up to him.

RAMONA  
I love surprises.

JIM  
Let's hope.

Jim clicks off the light.

**INT. W.E.I.R.D.E. HEADQUARTERS - CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Bucky and Susie stand in front of Cynthia's desk as she flips through a DOT MATRIX PRINTOUT: A map, with a red line plotted from Dixon Park to the Woodland Acres subdivision.

CYNTHIA  
Have you heard from Jim? Twelve hours... He's usually so reliable.

SUSIE  
Nope.

BUCKY  
Not a peep.

CYNTHIA  
According to these readings, the Dixon Park incursion was contained.

Bucky points at a red line on the printout.

BUCKY  
Nope. You got some vestigial magic trailing off there.

CYNTHIA  
Is that what red means? I thought magic was coded purple.

BUCKY  
It was, before Uncle Sam's big software update last week.

SUSIE

Typical.

Cynthia runs her finger along the red line.

CYNTHIA

It fades out here at this  
subdivision.

BUCKY

It's probably nothing. Some wood  
nymph crawling off to die...

Susie taps Bucky's shoulder.

SUSIE

C'mon. We got another plant person  
down by Convenience Market.

BUCKY

Can I zap him?

SUSIE

Only if Jim doesn't find out. We'll  
be back, Major Postal.

CYNTHIA

Keep in touch.

They leave. Cynthia taps her finger on the printout.

CYNTHIA

Woodland Acres? Now who do I know--

She stares forward. Furrows her brow.

CYNTHIA

Jim.

**INT. THE COLVIN BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jim snores in bed. The ALARM rings. He smacks the snooze  
button.

Jim turns to cuddle with Ramona, but she's gone.

She SCREAMS from elsewhere in the house. Jim snaps up.

JIM

Shit.

**INT. THE COLVIN DEN - MORNING**

Nosloo clutches his blanket on the couch. Ramona is backed into the corner, terrified.

ON THE TELEVISION - A local morning show featuring CARROT TOP (29), a curly-haired prop comic, holding a cowboy boot with rollerblade wheels attached to it.

CARROT TOP  
(on the television)  
Hey, hey! I've been building stuff  
all day. You're gonna love this.

Ramona waves a fireplace poker with malice.

RAMONA  
What are you?

NOSLOO  
I could ask the same of you, lady.

Jim runs into the den, panicked and out of breath.

JIM  
Look, I can explain every--  
(notices what's on TV)  
Carrot Top?

RAMONA  
That thing is watching it.

Jim hits the POWER BUTTON on the TV. Nosloo tackles him.

NOSLOO  
You've KILLED him. Carrot Top's  
gnarly inventions could have helped  
me hang ten towards home, and  
you've killed him!

JIM  
Carrot Top's at the TV studio.

NOSLOO  
So he's alive? Thank Jakabak.

RAMONA  
What the hell is it, Jim?

JIM  
It's a work thing.

RAMONA

What does some alien have to do  
with your job at the IRS?

Jim pushes Nosloo out the door.

JIM

Nosloo, go wait in the kitchen...  
And don't eat anything.

NOSLOO

No promises, dude.

JIM

And stop talking like Carrot Top.

Jim slams the door. Ramona stands, hands on her hips, fuming.

JIM

Ramona, I love you, but I haven't  
been completely honest with you.

RAMONA

Yeah, the alien tipped me off.

JIM

He's a dark troll wizard.

RAMONA

Of course. I should have guessed.

JIM

I work for the W.E.I.R.D.E. Task  
Force--

RAMONA

The Weirdey Task Force?

JIM

The 'e' is silent, and I'm supposed  
to be silent just like the 'e,' but  
I can't lie anymore. We're a  
government agency that protects  
Americans from foreign dimensions.

RAMONA

So I married a liar. Great.

JIM

What about you? Making secret  
charges on the credit card...  
You're cheating on me, aren't you?

Ramona looks away.

RAMONA

I told Jennifer you'd be upset.

JIM

You're cheating on me with Jennifer Special? She has a family.

RAMONA

It's not like that... Have you ever heard of Vitamate?

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - THREE WEEKS AGO**

Ramona flips through a VITAMATE PAMPHLET while JENNIFER BAXTER-SPECIAL (38), looking artsy with her blue-tinted sunglasses, sips a CHAI TEA.

JENNIFER

We're thrilled you joined the Vitamate family. You are going to make so much money.

Ramona shuffles nervously in her seat.

RAMONA

Let's hope.

JENNIFER

Now, as far as payment... Your first "Power Pack" runs seven hundred dollars, shipped.

RAMONA

Shit. I'll need to check with Jim.

JENNIFER

Once Jim sees your profits rolling in, he won't care. Come on. You only live once.

RAMONA

You only live once. I love that. Okay! I'll put it on our Visa.

She hands Jennifer her card.

**INT. COLVIN DEN - MORNING**

JIM

Fine. You got suckered. But what about the cruise? You stayed out all night on the cruise.

RAMONA

I was selling Vitamate to drunks at the bar to cure their hangovers.

JIM

Does Vitamate cure hangovers?

RAMONA

Sort of? Not really.

JIM

But what about when you told that person on the phone you loved them?

RAMONA

It's like I said. I love everybody. I was making a coffee date with Kelly to sell off the last of my stock.

JIM

Kelly? She's nice... Why hide it?

RAMONA

You think everything I like is a scam. I hate when you judge me.

JIM

Kinda like how I didn't want you to judge me about my job.

RAMONA

Those are two different--

The doorbell RINGS.

NOSLOO (O.S.)

I'll get it!

JIM

No, Nosloo! I'll be right down!

(to Ramona)

Help me. Nobody can see him. My life is on the line.

Ramona crosses her arms and looks Jim up and down. He offers a meek, desperate smile.

**END OF ACT II**



**ACT III****INT. COLVIN LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Nosloo wraps ALUMINUM FOIL around the couch. The doorbell RINGS again.

NOSLOO  
HOLD YOUR HORSES. I'm working on an invention.

Jim and Ramona run in from the kitchen.

JIM  
(loud whisper)  
Nosloo! Be quiet!

LOUD KNOCKS on the door. The trio turns.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
COLVIN. I NEED ANSWERS. OPEN THIS DOOR.

JIM  
Shit. It's Major Postal.

RAMONA  
Who?

JIM  
Aunt Cynthia?

RAMONA  
Your godmother? From the wedding?

JIM  
My boss, actually. Nosloo, quick, hide in the kitchen with Ramona.

NOSLOO  
So this is your Ramona? From her outfit, I figured you hired an exotic dancer from Caliper.

Ramona grabs Nosloo by the fur.

RAMONA  
Listen here, you furball. I am not having a good day, and you are not helping. Get in the kitchen.

Ramona tosses Nosloo through the kitchen door.

JIM

Wow. Those Sweatin' To The Oldies tapes are really working for you.

RAMONA

Just get rid of her.

Ramona stomps into the kitchen.

Jim opens the door. Cynthia barges by him, fuming.

CYNTHIA

Colvin, why haven't you-- What the hell is with all the tin foil?

JIM

That? Ramona is decorating, ma'am. It's breathtaking, isn't it?

CYNTHIA

You want breathtaking? Look at these charts.

She holds up her printout from the office.

JIM

Huh. That's our neighborhood. And a magical energy field. Weird.

Jim forces a nervous smirk. Cynthia GRUMBLES.

**INT. COLVIN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Ramona holds her ear to the door. Nosloo eyes the Floam on the table.

RAMONA

So "Aunt Cynthia" works for "Weirdy" too? Another lie.

Nosloo takes a big bite of Floam.

NOSLOO

Look, Jim isn't--  
(burps)

Sorry. That stuff repeats on you. Jim's a good dude. A high-muckety-muck, like me.

Ramona leans against the wall. Looks off.

RAMONA

I thought he was this nerd, you know? When we first started dating, he'd get all nervous and jittery around me, like a baby chipmunk.

NOSLOO

If fighting the Dark Lord Hibboticus over the centuries has taught me anything, it's that people can surprise you. We grew up side by side... Bros. One weekend conference in the Land of Caliper, and he wasn't my bro no more.

Ramona hugs Nosloo.

RAMONA

You poor thing. We have a place like that called Las Vegas.

**INT. COLVIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jim examines the printout. Cynthia points to the red line.

CYNTHIA

You see? Vestigial magic, leading all the way to your neighborhood.

JIM

I don't know what to tell you, ma'am. Maybe it was some magic... chipmunk... thing.

CYNTHIA

I thought you wrote the book on Applied Inter-Dimensional Species Identification, Colvin.

JIM

I did.

CYNTHIA

Then act like it!

Cynthia smacks him across the back of the head.

JIM

Sorry, Major Postal, ma'am.

**INT. COLVIN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Nosloo and Ramona both have their ears to the door.

NOSLOO  
 Maybe he isn't a high muckety-muck.  
 He sounds like... What was it?

RAMONA  
 A nerd?

NOSLOO  
 Yeah. He sounds like a total nerd.

RAMONA  
 That's my Jim.

Nosloo retrieves his staff from the kitchen floor.

NOSLOO  
 She said stuff from my realm has  
 "vestigial" magic. Time to conjure  
 up a miracle. Here. Give me room.

Ramona stands back.

Nosloo waves his staff around in the air.

NOSLOO  
 Spirits of air, masters of light,  
 aid Nosloo the Great in his--

A FARTING SOUND escapes as his staff dissolves to dust.

NOSLOO  
 It's never done that, I swear.

Nosloo notices Jim's sunglasses on the table.

**INT. COLVIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cynthia snaps her head in the direction of the kitchen.

CYNTHIA  
 Was that a fart?

Cynthia moves to investigate. Jim jumps in front of her.

JIM  
 Don't go in there. You see, our  
 dog... The one you suggested we  
 get! He got into some Floam.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Ramona's been in there all night,  
 cleaning up after his... issues.

NOSLOO (O.S.)  
 Ha!

Cynthia pushes Jim out of the way.

CYNTHIA  
 Enough bullshit, Jim.

JIM  
 Ma'am, you can't go in there.

CYNTHIA  
 Commander Colvin, stand down.

Jim's shoulders slump. He steps aside.

JIM  
 Fine. You were bound to find out.

Before Cynthia can open the door, it smacks her in the face.  
 Nosloo walks out, wearing Jim's sunglasses. He taps the side.

NOSLOO  
 Ain't I the cutest little dog you  
 ever seen?

Cynthia's eyes go blank for a moment as light washes over  
 her. A smile creeps across her face.

CYNTHIA  
 Come see mama, little puppy.

She kneels down and puts out a hand for Nosloo to sniff.

NOSLOO  
 Is she gonna grab my--

Jim snatches the glasses off Nosloo's face, puts them on,  
 then grabs Cynthia's map.

JIM  
 Cynthia, how did you mistake this  
 electromagnetic interference with  
 vestigial magic?

Cynthia nuzzles Nosloo, who is into it.

CYNTHIA  
 I must have read it wrong. Didn't  
 I, Mr. Pumpernickel? They keep  
 switching the colors, don't they?

JIM  
His name is Nosloo.

CYNTHIA  
And he's just the cutest, aren't  
you, Nosloo?

Nosloo hugs her back, tears in his eyes.

NOSLOO  
You're the first human who ever  
called me cute. Thank you.

Ramona peeks in and does a double-take at Cynthia and Nosloo.

RAMONA  
Everything okay out here, dear?

Jim smiles at her. She smiles back.

JIM  
Never better.

**INT. COLVIN DEN - LATER**

Ramona and Nosloo stand behind an easel, watching JOY OF PAINTING on the television. Nosloo slathers a green stripe of paint on the canvas.

NOSLOO  
We have happy little trees in Fee-  
Nee. I took one to prom.

RAMONA  
So you're a vegetarian?

Jim enters.

JIM  
She's gone, and tuckered out. You  
play a good round of fetch, Nosloo.

NOSLOO  
What can I say? The stick reminded  
me of an old flame.

Ramona puts down her paintbrush.

RAMONA  
Jim, all the lies and deceit... And  
Nosloo. These can't be your secrets  
anymore. They're our secrets. You  
have to trust me.

He takes off her glasses. Leans in close.

JIM  
I wish I could.

He puts on his sunglasses.

JIM  
This is my secret. For better or worse, today taught me it's better if it stays that way.

RAMONA  
Jim, don't. I'm fine with everything. We can--

Jim taps the side of his glasses.

JIM  
Can you clean up the mess our new dog Nosloo made in the living room?

The anger in Ramona's eyes fades to docile happiness.

RAMONA  
Not until you kiss me, Mr. Colvin.

They kiss as they fall back on the couch.

NOSLOO  
Jim. Buddy. Pal... How could you?

RAMONA  
What are you barking about, Nosloo?

JIM  
He's just excited to be home.

NOSLOO  
Excited? That's one way to put it.

**END OF ACT III**

**END TAG****INT. W.E.I.R.D.E. HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Susie sits down at the conference table.

SUSIE

Hey, Postal. Did ya' ever find Jim?

CYNTHIA

He has a new puppy. It's SO CUTE.

SUSIE

I thought you hated dogs.

Cynthia looks confused, but before she can speak the monitors on the wall flash red text:

**INCOMING TRANSMISSION - DIMENSION 86**

Susie sits at a workstation against the wall.

SUSIE

I'm tuning it in. It's from a land with magic. The signal's weak.

The static flickers to reveal Hibboticus, standing in front of a DARK TROLL ARMY.

HIBBOTICUS

...loo the Great... turn ...  
precious world to dust! His Brenda  
is... I... tained... Ometahedron...  
Return...loo the Great... send  
creatures... attack... Dimension  
94. Now how do you turn this thing--

Hibboticus fiddles with the camera as the picture fades away.

SUSIE

What is that thing?

Cynthia picks up the phone and dials.

CYNTHIA

Whatever it is, it's coming for us.  
(on the phone)  
Mr. President, we need help in  
Everly Heights.

**END OF EPISODE**