

THE IMP

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FADE IN

INT. DRUID'S HOVEL (WALES) - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 8th Century Wales

A dying DRUID lies in a thatched hovel, murmuring in Gaelic and wrapped to his scraggly white beard in wool blankets.

A Catholic FRIAR, sweat glistening on his bald pate, urgently scribbles the Druid's last words on a sheet of parchment.

Sounds of a mob of ANGRY VILLAGERS pounding on the hovel door.

As the Druid mutters, an eerie green glow coalesces above him.

FRIAR

By heaven, it works!

With a burst of light, a small, green goblin of a CREATURE, with a scaly tail and a mischievous, toothy grin materializes.

But the Druid gasps, and his eyes roll back in his head.

FRIAR (CONT'D)

No. No! Don't die yet. Not yet!

CREATURE

Aw, curses!

Once the Druid dies, the Creature shimmers and disintegrates.

As an axe splits the door, revealing the Angry Villagers outside, the Friar pockets the parchment and climbs out the rear window.

INT. 8TH CENTURY WELSH MONASTERY/FRIAR'S CELL - NIGHT

The Friar bursts into his cell and hides the parchment within a huge leather book. His hand places the book on his shelf.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Present day

A hand wearing a Star Trek logo wristwatch scans past ancient tomes in a library, passing over this very same - now slightly singed - volume to remove instead the antique book beside it.

LLOYD MCMIFTER, late 20s, hair mussed, glasses thick, tweed trousers too short over white socks and black sneakers, but lovable as a puppy in a mud puddle, high-fives himself.

LLOYD

Aha! Found it! Self high-five!

Like a child rapt by a new toy, he sits down on the floor to read.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/ENTRY - DAY

CECILIA BEAUMONT, 20s, bookish, charming, and even smarter than she is pretty, pauses at the library entry to fawn over a PUPPY held by a CHILD. The Puppy tries to lick her face.

CECILIA

Aren't you cute? Oh, we're licking.

NERMAL, an aging library docent, walks by with a cart of books.

NERMAL

Miss Cecilia! How was Switzerland?

CECILIA

Oh, Nermal, I got the fellowship!

NERMAL

Huzzah, indeed! How's your French?

CECILIA

(terrible French)

Maintenant j'learn le Français avec mucho rapidement. Au revoir!

As Cecilia hurries away, Nermal excitedly places a red troll doll on top of his book cart, as if it were a secret message.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/ENTRY - DAY

The door labeled "Research Division" opens into a clutter of cubicles, books, printouts, and a huge tub of shredded paper.

MARTY, 20s, gangly as an inflatable wavy-arm tube man, carries in a stack of pages that towers up to his chin.

BOSS MYERS, 50s and rotund, whose habit of chewing antacid tablets makes him look rabid, storms in, knocking Marty over.

MARTY

So ... many ... unnumbered pages.

Marty spies Nermal pushing his book cart and the red troll doll.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Red troll doll. That's the signal!
Red troll doll! Gotta tell Lloyd!

Boss Myers thrusts his watch against Marty's nose, which he can do because Marty, on his knees, is now at his eye level.

BOSS MYERS

Three hours! Three godforsaken
hours! Where is Lloyd McMifter?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

Lloyd, still sitting on the floor, obliviously turns the pages of his book until Marty explodes, panting, into the room.

MARTY

Lloyd! Ted droll roll! Ded toll
roll! Ted dol sen ded!

LLOYD

Ted Danson is dead? Zeus's beard,
man, no wonder you're distraught.

Marty huffs an inhaler. Holding his breath, he performs charades: diseased animals, a woman, lederhosen, Nazi banks...

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(guessing the charades)

You have syphilis? Hitler constipated?
Oh: Justin Bieber eating a taco? How
are you still holding your breath?

Lloyd spies Nermal walk by and wink, the troll doll atop his cart. Lloyd points and squeals like a lottery winner.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

The red troll doll signal! Cecilia
is back from Europe!

Thinking that Lloyd has understood his charades, Marty beams.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/STAIRWAY

Lloyd scampers down the stairs, Marty at his heels.

MARTY

You finally going to talk to her?

LLOYD

Today - note my emphasis - is the day.
I'll open with a topical witticism:
(woodenly)
"I'm as loaded as Lindsay Lohan's
lawyer."

MARTY

Nice alliteration, but—

LLOYD

Then I'll pay her a compliment: "I like your haircut."

MARTY

How do you know she has a haircut?

LLOYD

Facebook.

MARTY

You're friends with her?

LLOYD

In a sense.

MARTY

So you're a stalker. When can I expect my "save the date" card?

LLOYD

If she says "thank you," I say—

MARTY

You have it scripted? Lloyd! You don't need a gimmick, just be yourself.

Lloyd points to his plain face and nerdy getup.

LLOYD

Yeah, how could she turn down all this?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

They burst out a door into a hall, directly in Cecilia's path.

BEGIN LLOYD'S FANTASY

The instant Lloyd sees Cecilia, she appears as if bathed in holy light and accompanied by a chorus of Cupid sopranos.

CECILIA

Oh, I love your watch!

LLOYD

Really?

CECILIA

It's the limited Star Trek edition Commander Series from 1989, isn't it?

LLOYD

Yes! I won a trivia contest at
Comic Con.

CECILIA

Sigh, I miss Next Generation.
Don't you love how Captain Piccard
combines conscience and virility?

LLOYD

And a latent artistic temperament.
Like when learns to play the Ressian
flute on the rustic planet of Kataan.

CECILIA

Darmak and Jeladd at Tenagra!

LLOYD

Timber, his arms wide!

Lloyd and Cecilia fall into each others arms and kiss.

END FANTASY

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

As his fantasy fades, Lloyd realizes he is kissing Marty,
whose eyes are wide and frightened as he struggles.

Lloyd freezes, lips locked on Marty's, as Cecilia walks by.

Once she turns the corner, he awkwardly releases Marty.

MARTY

You are freakishly strong!

LLOYD

It was the iron fist of panic.
Well, that was an epic success. Now
she thinks I'm gay.

MARTY

She's not the only one. But no, you
don't dress well enough.

Then, as if from nowhere, Boss Myers grabs Lloyd by the ear.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I forgot for all the kissing:
Boss Myers is looking for you.

LLOYD

No kidding. Ow! Harassment! Witnesses!

MARTY
Witnesses? Where?

BOSS MYERS
You recall, Mr. McMifter, I sent
you to find the original source of
a certain 9th Century quotation...

Lloyd tears a page from his notes and hands it to Boss Myers.

BOSS MYERS (CONT'D)
...and, per usual, you became
distracted by reading the entire
book. For the past three hours.

LLOYD
I'm sorry! Wait, three hours? Oh,
no. Oh, dear Lord, no!

INT. PET RESCUE CENTER/ENTRY - DAY

Lloyd, sprints madly past the window of the Pet Rescue Center,
realizes he's overshot the door, runs backward several steps,
and bursts, wheezing, into the lobby, startling an ATTENDANT.

LLOYD
Ahab the Kitten! Where is he?

ATTENDANT
Sorry, Lloyd. No one adopted him.
They're putting him down now.

Crab-like, Lloyd scrambles over the Attendant's counter.

INT. PET RESCUE CENTER/VETERINARY ROOM

The VET, a woman barely out of school, prepares a syringe to
euthanize KITTEN AHAB, a scrawny kitten missing a hind leg.

Screaming, Lloyd bursts in and dives across the room.

When the clangor settles, Lloyd stands, cradling Kitten Ahab.

LLOYD
I'm not too late! Saints be praised!

The Vet gawks at the syringe, now embedded in Lloyd's rump.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Sorry, I ... what? Oh.
(noticing the syringe)
So that's why I can't feel my legs.

Lloyd reels into the lobby, wobbling like a newborn colt.

The Attendant notices the syringe in Lloyd's rear.

ATTENDANT

Did she try to kill you again?

LLOYD'S P.O.V. - THE ATTENDANT

This isn't what Lloyd hears. No, he hears the sound of a whale being castrated. He hallucinates that the Attendant's head has been replaced by the Star Wars cantina scene.

BACK TO SCENE

LLOYD

(slowed to 33 RPM)

Is this real life?

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/ENTRY STAIRS - DAY

As Lloyd, still drugged, teeters up the steps with a pet carrier, his left leg buckles and he lurches off screen.

We hear the crunch of his landing on the marble steps, and the sound of Kitten Ahab yowling.

Nermal watches as Lloyd emerges and tries to pull himself, slug-like, up the stair railing with his lips.

NERMAL

Three martini lunch?

Lloyd puts the pet carrier down on Nermal's book cart.

LLOYD

(talking like a Wookiee)

Adrenaline!

NERMAL

Come again, now, Chewie?

LLOYD

Need adrenaline! Fend off anesthesia!

NERMAL

Oh, hello Cecilia!

LLOYD

Ahh, adrenaline surge. Thank you.

NERMAL

No, I mean, hello, Cecilia.

Lloyd, whirling to find Cecilia beside him, whimpers.

LLOYD
I'm not gay!

CECILIA
Is that a kitten?

LLOYD
I'm loaded as Lindsay lawyer's Lohan!

CECILIA
Random, but nice alliteration. May I?

Cecilia opens the pet carrier and strokes Kitten Ahab.

LLOYD
They were going to put him down.

CECILIA
Let me guess: no one would adopt him
because he's missing a leg?

Cecilia smiles at Lloyd, but then PROFESSOR LELAND REEDE,
early 30s, dapper and handsomely patrician, interrupts.

REEDE
We allow pets in the library, McMifter?

CECILIA
Oh, Professor Reede.

REEDE
Call me Leland, please. You're not
a student here for much longer.

LLOYD
I'm not gay!

REEDE
Come, you don't even have genitals.
(back to Cecilia)
How long before you move to Geneva?

LLOYD
(traumatized)
What?! Who-now-what-when?
(beat)
Geneva Wisconsin?

CECILIA
(laughing)
No, not that one.

REEDE
Listen, as my favorite animal naturopath,
would you care to join me for Dr.
Freidemann's fundraiser this evening?

CECILIA

Really? I've been trying for a ticket for weeks! I even asked my father.

Reede leads Cecilia away, chatting amiably.

LLOYD

I do so have genitals!

NERMAL

Good for you. That's more than you've said to her all year!

INT. RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE - DAY

Lloyd stumbles into his cubicle - which contains a Roomba automatic vacuum and a life-sized cardboard cutout of Star Trek's Captain Piccard - and releases Kitten Ahab onto his desk.

Kitten Ahab arches, hissing, as Boss Myers enters menacingly.

BOSS MYERS

Where have you been? Must I ever remind you there are other souls with degrees in Folklore and Mythology who'd cherish a position in library research?

LLOYD'S P.O.V. - BOSS MYERS

Lloyd, still drugged, recoils as he sees two of Boss Myers.

BACK TO SCENE

LLOYD

Aaah! My worst nightmare.

BOSS MYERS

I have an assignment for ... is your brain on drugs?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/CAFÉ - DAY

Professor Reede and Cecilia take tea at a café table.

REEDE

Does your father approve of your move?

CECILIA

We don't talk much, what with the things he does to animals.

REEDE

Ah, medical testing? I'm sure he claims his pharmaceuticals save lives.

CECILIA
He's developing injectable cosmetics.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

Lloyd dizzily scans shelves. As he touches the Friar's book from the opening scene, his drugged state induces a hallucination:

INT. 8TH CENTURY WELSH MONASTERY/FRIAR'S CELL - NIGHT

Out his window, the Friar sees the angry Villagers approach the monastery. He grabs the book where he hid the Druid's parchment.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

Lloyd, blinking after his "hallucination," notices the book.

LLOYD
Whoa. Hey, I found it! Self high-
five ... wait, this is old Gaelic.

And, as usual, Lloyd gets distracted and reads. As he flips a page, he has another "flashback:"

INT. 8TH CENTURY WELSH MONASTERY/FRIAR'S CELL - NIGHT

As sounds of commotion mount in the hall, the Friar opens this very book to the precious sheet of parchment dictated at the dying Druid's hovel. He dips a quill into his candle and uses melted wax as glue to seal the parchment between two pages.

Just as he closes the book, three BURLY VILLAGERS burst in.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

Lloyd, engrossed in reading, turns those same glued pages.

LLOYD
Makes no sense. Did I skip a page?

He holds the book up to a nearby desk lamp to soften the wax, then pries apart the pages to reveal the ancient parchment.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
What is this? Again, Gaelic.
(reading)
"A summoning?"

Lloyd murmurs the Gaelic text of the parchment aloud. Suddenly:

The parchment erupts with a blast of pyrotechnics. As prismatic lights crackle in the library stacks, a shriek:

IMP
Warp speeeeeeeeeed!

One last thunderous burst of light. Then silence. Except:

THE IMP perches on the back of a chair, grinning ear to ear. Humanoid, but cat-sized, the Imp sports wiry limbs, tail, green and thorny scales, tiny bat-wings, and a pointy grin.

IMP (CONT'D)
(singing)
"Be our guest, be our guest, put
our service to the test!"

LLOYD
Great. Still hallucinating.

IMP
No, sir, this is the real Bones. As
in McCoy.

LLOYD
Hang on, only my unconscious makes
Star Trek puns that bad.

Lloyd tries to swat away what he believes is a hallucinatory Imp, but instead pricks himself on one of the Imp's horns.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Ow!

The Imp slaps Lloyd jovially in return.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Hey! Since when do
hallucinations...

Lloyd inspects the Imp, poking and prodding, and the Imp giggles like the Pillsbury Doughboy

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Are you real?

The Imp nods, plasters its ears back, and looks up at Lloyd with big, Disney-animal eyes.

Pause.

IMP
So...

Lloyd panics, shrieks girlishly, and bolts. Not looking where he's going, he charges straight into the wall.

IMP (CONT'D)

No, wait!

Lloyd, deaf to reason, rebounds from the wall and knocks against one of the vast bookshelf units, causing it to teeter.

IMP (CONT'D)

Why does this always happen?

The teetering bookshelf falls, in turn knocking over the next, and so forth. Dominoes, but bigger.

Lloyd, oblivious, stumbles to his feet and runs into the path of toppling bookshelves. He screams, as death descends.

IMP (CONT'D)

Up, up, and away!

With a puff of smoke, the Imp is suddenly dressed as Superman, complete with cape and tights. And, in this case, a tail.

The Imp swoops in, grabs Lloyd, and flies him to safety through the perilous gauntlet of cascading bookshelves.

As Lloyd's vision clears, he sees the Imp standing over him in a Superman pose.

LLOYD

Super-Yoda?

IMP

Do these knickers make me look fat?

Lloyd panics again and the Imp leaps on him, pinning him down.

IMP (CONT'D)

Bad human! Think nice thoughts!
Flowers, snuggles, foot massages by
the cast of Glee! Look, bunnies!

The Imp claps its scaly hands and, sure enough, a family of lop-eared rabbits cavorts amid the rubble, distracting Lloyd.

IMP (CONT'D)

Bunnies. Is there anything they
can't do?

LLOYD

Why are there bunnies...?
(remembering the Imp)
Oh, holy jumping St. Francis!

IMP
 Stay with me – “holy jumping what?”
 – calm down. Do I look dangerous?

The Imp sprouts oversized eyelashes and grins, but its green mouth sports a menacing festival of pointy teeth.

INT. HALLWAY

Lloyd sprints down the hall, howling in terror, with the Imp flapping after him on its tiny wings.

IMP
 This has gone better.

LLOYD
 Go away!

IMP
 I can't. Not unless you dispel me.

LLOYD
 How do I do that?

IMP
 Rule Number One: to get rid of an Imp,
 you need the counter-summoning spell.

LLOYD
 That's the only way?

IMP
 There is one other option, but you
 wouldn't like it. You'd have to—

And then, the elevator doors at the end of the hall open, Terminator 2 style, revealing a furious Boss Myers.

LLOYD
 Aaah! Certain death! Certain death!

Lloyd skids to a halt and about-faces into the Imp.

IMP
 (a la Schwarzenegger)
 Come with me if you want to live.

INT. RARE BOOKS ROOM

Lloyd races back into the Rare Books Room and slams the door on the Imp's face.

With a sound like a balloon animal being swallowed, the Imp miraculously squeezes its entire body through the keyhole.

IMP
Oh, God, that was like Hillary Clinton's womb!

LLOYD
Whatwhatwhat is going on!

IMP
What now who?

LLOYD
Who-slash-what are you?

IMP
Imp. Your Imp. You summoned me.

The Imp hands Lloyd the ancient parchment of summoning.

LLOYD
I did? Imp?

IMP
"I" as in "Iehova," "M" as in "mnemonic," "P" as in "psychiatrist."

LLOYD
Wait, why did you use the Latin spelling of Jehovah?

IMP
You have an Imp with magical powers at your command, and that's what you ask?

LLOYD
It's just, Jehovah is usually spelled with a "J" ... sorry, "magical powers?"

The Imp nods.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Like what? Like, you could make me a Star Trek uniform?

IMP
Original or Next Generation? Or those eighties turtleneck things from Wrath of Khan?

LLOYD
Next Gen, of course.

The Imp claps its hands, and, with a puff of smoke, Lloyd is suddenly dressed, head-to-toe, in a Star Trek uniform.

IMP

And, by the way, there's one thing you're forgetting. Cue...

BOSS MYERS (O.S.)

Fee fie foe fum!

IMP

... the fat guy.

Lloyd flings his body against the door as Boss Myers tries to open it. The doorknob rattles ominously.

BOSS MYERS (O.S.)

Little pig, little pig...

The Imp sings horror movie music, feeding the panic as Lloyd gropes for something on the floor.

LLOYD

Help me!

The Imp claps again, and the door is suddenly barricaded with chains, locks, a wooden beam, and a very angry DOBERMAN.

Lloyd recoils and holds up a rubber door stop.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

I might have gone for this, but your thing works too.

To the sound of Boss Myers pounding on the door, Lloyd struggles to right one of the bookshelves and replace books.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Clean! We have to clean up!

Lloyd re-shelves books, failing to notice that the Imp, now dressed as a janitor holding a mop, becomes a whirlwind of activity - literally - righting shelves and replacing books.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Is the Star Trek getup one of my wishes? I only get three, right?

The Imp scarcely pauses in its cleaning frenzy.

IMP

Pooh! You have ordered the deluxe model Imp, here.

(MORE)

IMP (CONT'D)

No limits, no fees, but, as my ex wife used to say, substantial penalties for early withdrawal. So what'll it be?

LLOYD

Can you make Cecilia love me?

IMP

No, only you can do that.

LLOYD

You're like a cliché with legs.

IMP

Sorry, I can't affect or harm people. It's Rule Number Two. But tell me more about this Cecilia.

LLOYD

She's smart, and pretty, she reads, and she loves animals. She's perfect.

IMP

So you've given this a lot of thought.

LLOYD

Oh, you know, every moment of every day. Roughly.

IMP

And the problem?

LLOYD

She's moving to Geneva.

IMP

Geneva, Wisconsin?

LLOYD

I wish! Hey, we could follow her there! Is that too stalker-ish?

IMP

Only in a romantic, "I want to keep your skin in a jar" sort of way. How about we start smaller?

LLOYD

She's going to be at the Freidemann fundraiser tonight. But—

And suddenly, an invitation materializes in Lloyd's hands.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

No, no, no. I can't talk to her, even with a script. Not on my own.

IMP

You're not on your own. You got me.

Boss Myers continues pounding on the door.

BOSS MYERS (O.S.)

By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!

LLOYD

Aaah, we're never going to get this room cleaned-

But wow, by now the Imp has completely restored the room.

INT. OUTSIDE THE RARE BOOKS ROOM

Boss Myers flings his stubby body against the door.

BOSS MYERS

McMifter! I am addressing a dead man.

Boss Myers hears the door unlock and he slowly pushes it open.

INT. RARE BOOKS ROOM

The room looks better than it ever has, with Lloyd standing there nervously, still wearing a Star Trek uniform.

LLOYD

Oh, hi!

One of the bunnies the Imp summoned earlier hops into view, and the Imp tackles it, whisking it off screen.

BOSS MYERS

I will begin by submerging you in a vat of scorpions ... what are you wearing?

LLOYD

(egad, the Star Trek outfit)

Oh no.

The Imp rips off the uniform, leaving Lloyd in his briefs...

BOSS MYERS

Aaah! My eyes! So much pale!

...and instantly replaces Lloyd's original, ugly clothing.

LLOYD
 (to the Imp)
 Great Scott, get out of here!

Lloyd tries to stuff the Imp into a recess in a bookshelf.

IMP
 Wait, Lloyd, he can't see—

Lloyd claps a hand over the Imp's mouth, but the Imp bites Lloyd's hand, and Lloyd recoils with a shriek.

IMP (CONT'D)
 No one can see or hear me but you!

BOSS MYERS
 McMifter: padded cell. At once.

LLOYD
 Right away. And here's that book
 you assigned me to find.

Lloyd hands over the volume, but pockets the magic parchment.

Clearly troubled for Lloyd's sanity, Boss Myers takes the book as one might accept an hors d'oeuvre from a vampire.

IMP
 Shall I get rid of him?

LLOYD
 Yes, please.

BOSS MYERS
 (hearing only Lloyd)
 "Yes, please" what?

But then the walls start bleeding, accompanied by the sort of music one might expect from Marilyn Manson's exorcism.

Deeply unsettled, Boss Myers backs away, closing the door, and the Imp, with a clap, makes the walls stop bleeding.

INT. OUTSIDE RARE BOOKS ROOM

Boss Myers pops an antacid, then reopens the door to see Lloyd innocently brushing books with a feather duster.

INT. RARE BOOKS ROOM

When Boss Myers retreats, Lloyd turns to the Imp, raises one finger as if to ask a question, then faints dead away.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/MARTY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Boss Myers enters Marty's cubicle, still unsettled by his encounter with Lloyd. Marty shrinks, expecting a beating.

BOSS MYERS
What are the signs of a stroke?

MARTY
Want me to look it up? Wait, are you sick? Sweet heaven, I have dreamed of this day!

Boss Myers sighs and wanders off, tossing more antacid tablets into his mouth and chewing them like candy.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/ENTRY

Lloyd pokes his head through the door. The Imp pokes its head in over Lloyd's.

Marty leans out from his cubicle.

MARTY
Hey, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Aaah!

IMP
Aaah!

The Imp wraps its limbs and tail around Lloyd's head.

MARTY'S P.O.V. - Lloyd appears to struggle with nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

MARTY
Uh, Lloyd?

LLOYD
Cut it out.

IMP
Sorry.

MARTY
Cut what out? You okay?

LLOYD
Me? Sure. Fine. Peachy. You?

MARTY

Guess what? I finished my thesis!

LLOYD

The Confessions of St. Augustine?

MARTY

A complete translation, into urban vernacular. I made an audiobook, too.

Marty taps his iPhone to play his recording.

MARTY (V.O.)

(his voice on iPhone)

"What up, dog? Props to your power!"

LLOYD

All thirteen volumes?

MARTY

Want me to email you the MP3s?

LLOYD

Not really.

MARTY

Okay, will do. Oh, and I think Boss Myers might be having a stroke.

Lloyd and Marty launch into Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. The Imp, of course, summons a dozen instruments and accompanies.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE

Still singing, Lloyd makes it to his cubicle, where Kitten Ahab sleeps atop the Roomba as it vacuums the carpet.

IMP

Roomba, check. Kitten, check. Captain Piccard cutout, check. You're either a nerdy neat-freak with an SPCA membership or one really twisted fetishist.

Kitten Ahab wakes from the Roomba and rubs against the Imp.

LLOYD

The former. Hey, Ahab can see you!

IMP

Animals love me. I smell like truffles.

Lloyd pulls the parchment from his pocket and regards it.

LLOYD

What's to stop me summoning an army
of Imps?

IMP

Don't be an idiot. Rule Number Three:
no one must ever, ever, ever-ever-
ever-ever summon more than one Imp.

LLOYD

Why?

IMP

The second Imp goes bad. Really bad.
Yogurt-left-on-a-car-seat-in-July bad.
And when we go bad, a dispel scroll
really is the only way to get rid of us.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lloyd, with the Imp and Kitten Ahab, nears a Ford Pinto riddled
with Star Trek bumper stickers and one for Enterprise car rental.

IMP

Nonononono! Any car but that one.
Any car ... yep, it's that one.

LLOYD

What? It runs.

IMP

So does diarrhea.

LLOYD

Hey, this was my Gramma's car. I'm
just lucky she lets me use it.

IMP

Now I see how you get all your dates.

INT. LLOYD'S FORD PINTO - NIGHT

As Lloyd turns the key the car makes ominous grinding noises.

IMP

Let's get rear-ended. Put me out of
your misery.

INT. LLOYD'S FORD PINTO - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Lloyd's car deteriorates as he drives, lurching and grinding.

IMP
 (singing)
 "Bang, Bang, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang--"

LLOYD
 Would you shut up?

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

Lloyd's car sputters to his garage just as the car expires.

LLOYD
 Great, just great. Now how am I going
 to get to the Freidemann Fundraiser?

The Imp whistles, dressed as a mechanic, twirling a wrench.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
 Can you fix it?

IMP
 What, use extreme measures to preserve
 the life of something that suffers so
 badly? No. But I can rebuild it.

LLOYD
 Better than it was before?

IMP
 Better, stronger, faster.

Lloyd departs, and, with a mischievous grin, the Imp
 transforms the wrench into a blowtorch.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

Lloyd enters from the garage and releases Kitten Ahab.

LLOYD
 There you go, Ahab.

Countless PETS scamper in and out, regarding the new kitten.

GRAMMA, ancient but still spry, sits at the kitchen table
 oiling a crossbow. She speaks with a thick Welsh accent.

GRAMMA
 It might be nice if you brought home
 something that walked on two legs.

LLOYD

I rescued the duck, didn't I? Say,
what's with the crossbow?

GRAMMA

Your Hendar killed my wedding gift
with this crossbow. Don't judge.

LLOYD

And why does the kitchen smell like
a skunk eating a hobo?

GRAMMA

Your precious duck has conjunctivitis
again. I'm making a tincture.

LLOYD

I was afraid it was dinner. I have
to go out tonight. Will you be okay?

GRAMMA

I have my crossbow, don't I?

Lloyd heads upstairs as Gramma jokingly aims at Kitten Ahab.

GRAMMA (CONT'D)

It's useful for culling the herd.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd brushes his teeth, a towel around his waist, when he
hears the Imp's voice from downstairs.

IMP (O.S.)

I'm baaaaack!

Then he hears Gramma's shriek and the twang of a crossbow.

INT. KITCHEN

Lloyd skids to the kitchen to see Gramma lowering the crossbow.

The Imp lies sprawled on the floor, the crossbow bolt
piercing its scaly forehead.

CATS, DOGS, RABBITS, FERRETS, and a DUCK crowd the fallen Imp.

LLOYD

No, oh no!

GRAMMA

You brought a *Bwbach* into this house?

LLOYD
It's an Imp.

GRAMMA
I know what it is, daft boy!

LLOYD
Clear back! Give him some air!

As Lloyd scatters his pets and kneels, the Imp reaches up to touch Lloyd's face, gurgling weakly.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Shhh. Don't try to talk.

IMP
(gasping)
Of all the souls I've encountered
in my travels...

LLOYD
Yes?

IMP
Yours was the most ... human.

The Imp expires with a sigh. All the pets howl in anguish.
Lloyd stands, cradling the Imp's limp, wee body.

LLOYD
No. No! Why, Gramma, why? He was my
only chance ... wait a minute, that
was a quote from Wrath of Khan.

IMP
She's a crack shot, that one.

The Imp plucks the crossbow bolt from its skull with a flourish.

LLOYD
You green-blooded, inhuman-

IMP
Oh, come on, you should have seen
your face. Are you actually crying?

Lloyd drops the Imp to the floor.

IMP (CONT'D)
Ow.

The pets throng the Imp, sniffing and licking.

LLOYD

Hang on. How come Gramma can see you?

IMP

Sometimes mystic types from old Welsh Country still have a way with the magic ... say, um, why so many pets?

LLOYD

Forget that, what am I going to wear?

EXT. OUTSIDE CECILIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Professor Reede, born to sport a tuxedo, smiles as Cecilia emerges from her building lobby in an evening dress.

REEDE

May I say that you look ravishing?

CECILIA

Or you could tell me I'm brilliant.

REEDE

That may be, but your brain isn't wearing that dress.

CECILIA

That may be, but I've always preferred people whose minds have more style than their bodies.

REEDE

Of course, naturally. Here...

Reede holds open the passenger door of his bright red BMW.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gramma dabs at the duck's eyes with her tincture.

The Imp, dressed as a herald and thronged by pets, blows a fanfare on an antique trumpet and announces:

IMP

His most royal nerdliness, Lloyd McMifter, the Duke of Dork.

LLOYD (O.S.)

Funny.

Lloyd steps into the kitchen, and Gramma gapes at him.

A new man, Lloyd wears a tailored tuxedo, with his hair styled and his thick glasses replaced with contact lenses.

GRAMMA

Well, maybe you won't die alone.

Lloyd shakes his head and stomps into the garage.

IMP

(to Gramma)

No, but you will. Oh, snap!

Gramma reaches for her crossbow and fires at the Imp just as Lloyd dashes back into the kitchen. Lloyd flings himself to the ground to avoid being shot.

LLOYD

Nerfburgers! My Gramma packs heat!

GRAMMA

Then stay out of the kitchen.

IMP

(to Lloyd)

What's the matter? You look like you found a finger in your stool.

INT. GARAGE

Lloyd drags the Imp into the garage and points at an immaculately polished Jaguar where his Pinto used to be.

LLOYD

Someone stole my car!

IMP

And replaced it with a Jaguar. Yes, that makes perfect sense!

The Imp holds a set of car keys before Lloyd's nose with its tail while whistling the tune to "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang."

LLOYD

I could kiss you.

The Imp plants a moist kiss on Lloyd's lips.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Gross, you taste like body farm.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

As Lloyd drives, the Imp straddles what looks like a stationary bicycle in the back seat.

LLOYD
What's with the exer-cycle?

IMP
Power-boost technology. Five
hundred pound-feet of torque...

The Imp pedals a few times, and the Jaguar roars.

IMP (CONT'D)
...and one Imp.

LLOYD
Whoa.

IMP
"Whoa?" It's not a horse, Lloyd.
So, what's your plan?

Lloyd begins hyperventilating.

IMP (CONT'D)
Tantric breathing? Sexy, if a bit
premature. We're not even there yet.

Lloyd slams on the brakes.

LLOYD
What the hell am I doing?

IMP
Just keep driving.

The Imp pedals, and the car lurches forward against the brakes.

LLOYD
I don't know anything about tuxedos,
and fundraising dinners, and oh my
God, Cecilia will be there!

Lloyd presses the brakes harder. The Imp pedals harder. As they argue, the Jaguar remains in place but its wheels spin and smoke like a drag racer's.

IMP
That's the whole point! You're dressed
like a scene from Downton Abbey and
you even smell nice. For once.

LLOYD

You don't understand. I can't talk to people. I get weak, my nose bleeds...

By now they're yelling to be heard over the squeal of the spinning tires, which have engulfed the Jaguar in smoke.

IMP

I'll be right there with you, buddy, every step of the way.

INT. SQUAT CAR ON THE STREET BEHIND THEM - NIGHT

A squad car, manned by an OLD COP and a YOUNG COP, stops to behold the spectacle of Lloyd's smoking Jaguar.

YOUNG COP

(dismissively)
Jaguar owners.

OLD COP

Normally I find them quite docile.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

Lloyd tries downshifting as his wheels spin; the engine squeals.

IMP

Take your foot off the brake! I worked really hard on these tires!

LLOYD

Turn this car right back around!

IMP

Oh, okay, dad!

Lloyd notices police lights in his rear view mirror.

LLOYD

Shoot! Shoot! The police!

IMP

You want me to shoot the police?

The IMP summons a miniature bazooka as it pedals.

LLOYD

No, but—

The Old Cop approaches and taps on Lloyd's window, but can't get a good view of Lloyd through all the smoke.

LLOYD AND IMP

Aaaah!

Lloyd releases the brake in his panic, and his car rockets into the intersection.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A delivery truck shears off the rear end of the Jaguar.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

Lloyd screams as the Jaguar flips and rolls.

LLOYD

Ah! Death! Death!

IMP

Houston, we have liftoff!

The Imp claps its hands, and helicopter blades sprout from the roof of the mangled Jaguar.

LLOYD

No liftoff! I prefer death!

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Old Cop gapes as the Jaguar rises into the sky.

The Young Cop darts from the squad car, acrobatically leaps onto a mailbox, and launches himself upward, reaching for the underside of the Jaguar.

But, alas, he misses, and splats face down on the pavement.

The Old Cop sighs at the antics of his partner.

OLD COP

I'll go put out an APB.

YOUNG COP

On who, Inspector Gadget?

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Lloyd's heli-Jaguar speeds over the rooftops.

LLOYD

Please, no, I get horribly airsick!

The Imp claps, and an airsick bag appears in Lloyd's hands.

IMP

This is your, uh, captain speaking.
We'll be cruising at, uh, ninety
feet, dropping to seven feet as we
pass over startled winos who will
look at their paper-bag-wrapped
bottles and shake their heads—

LLOYD

Unacceptable! Put us down, now!

The Imp shrugs, and the helicopter blades abruptly stop. The
heli-Jaguar free-falls toward the pavement.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Gently! Gently!

The Imp claps, and inflatable pontoons burst from the
Jaguar's chassis, cushioning their landing.

Lloyd, hyperventilating, holds the airsick bag over his mouth.

IMP

Please remain in your seats until
the captain has pushed Lloyd's
stomach back into his abdomen.

LLOYD

Never do that again.

But then, a police siren chirps just behind them.

Lloyd looks back, and sees the police car, lights flashing.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Crikey, I'm like a chick-magnet,
only for police!

IMP

I think they call that a "criminal."

OLD COP (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

Step out of the — whatever the hell
that thing is — with your hands up.

LLOYD

Get us out of here!

The Imp sighs, claps, and the helicopter blades spin.

The heli-Jaguar rises, into the path of a police helicopter, which floods the car with a police spotlight.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Helicopters? Seriously?

POLICE PILOT (O.S.)
(over loudspeaker)
Land your freaky-weird craft at once!

IMP
I'm sensing a chase scene!

EXT. IN THE AIR ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

The heli-Jaguar turns and speeds off over the rooftops with the police helicopter in pursuit.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

The Imp is now equipped as if piloting a Star Wars X-Wing ship. It maneuvers the heli-Jaguar between buildings, making Star Wars sound effects as it tries to lose the police helicopter.

Lloyd holds the airsick bag to his face and vomits into it.

The heli-Jaguar rolls over, and Lloyd loses his grip on the airsick bag. The bag flies down to the ceiling of the car, but miraculously lands upright and doesn't spill.

Lloyd reaches for the bag, but the heli-Jaguar turns on its side. Again, the airsick bag lands upright.

EXT. OUTSIDE A HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

The heli-Jaguar flies on its side through the open sliding-glass doors on the balcony patio of an opulent penthouse.

INT. HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the penthouse, two JEWEL THIEVES busily work at drilling through a steel safe.

The Jewel Thieves pause as the heli-Jaguar rockets through.

The heli-Jaguar pivots over the kitchen island, then shoots sideways down the hallway and through the master bedroom.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Lloyd scrabbles after the airsick bag, which ricochets about the inside of the car like a firework, inexplicably always landing upright and not spilling a drop.

IMP

Uh oh.

LLOYD

What do you mean, uh oh?

IMP

Take the wheel for a sec.

INT. HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE

The Imp leaps out the window of the heli-Jaguar, flies ahead, and yanks open the enormous sliding-glass door in the master suite just as the heli-Jaguar rockets through it into the open air beyond and plummets, nose-first, toward the pavement.

EXT. OUTSIDE A HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

The police helicopter halts its pursuit and hovers outside the penthouse, shining its spotlight inside and illuminating the two Jewel Thieves.

INT. HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The two Jewel Thieves lower their drills...

JEWEL THIEF #1

God hates me.

JEWEL THIEF #2

So do I, right now.

...and put their hands up.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The POLICE PILOT regards the scene of the jewel heist.

POLICE PILOT

(into radio)

Dispatch, I've got bad news and good news.

EXT. IN THE AIR ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

The heli-Jaguar nosedives toward the ground.

The Imp flies after it, gaining slowly.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Lloyd yanks the steering wheel, which pops off in his hands.

LLOYD

What the what? Beam me up, Scottie!

Just before he hits the ground, the Imp overtakes the heli-Jaguar, climbs in, takes the controls, and sets the craft down right in front of:

EXT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/VALET PARKING - NIGHT

Lloyd's battered heli-Jaguar descends beside the parking VALET.

INT. LLOYD'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

As the heli-Jaguar comes to a gentle stop, the still-upright airsick bag topples from the dashboard, spilling its contents onto Lloyd's trousers.

LLOYD

Aw, man!

EXT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/VALET PARKING - NIGHT

Lloyd, with the Imp (also in a tuxedo) wiping up the vomit from Lloyd's trousers, exits the car and topples to the ground.

Without getting up, Lloyd holds up his keys to the Valet, who is too stunned by the car to even look at Lloyd.

LLOYD

Sorry about the vomit.

IMP

His other car is also a Pinto.

LLOYD

There might be some pee, too.

INT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/LOBBY - NIGHT

The fundraiser is well-underway, with passed hors d'oeuvres, a bar, ice sculptures, and a classical chamber orchestra in front of which elegantly-dressed PATRONS dance.

Lloyd, his trousers now more or less clean, tiptoes in.

IMP

You'd think after what we've just been through, this would be easy.

LLOYD

Well, guess what? I'm clenched so tight I could poop diamonds.

IMP

As amazing as that would be, howzabout I make you invisible instead?

LLOYD

Seriously? I'm like the Ringbearer!

The Imp, perched on Lloyd's shoulder, whispers "Frodo" into Lloyd's ear in his best Sauron voice as:

Lloyd saunters in, making a face at a startled MATRON. He pirouettes, snatches a glass of wine from a WAITER, strikes an inept Fosse pose, and finds himself right in front of Cecilia.

CECILIA

Oh, I love Bob Fosse!

Lloyd blinks, turning to see if she's addressing someone behind him. He turns back toward her, very slowly.

LLOYD

I'm not really invisible, am I?

IMP

(struggling not to laugh)
I told you, I can't do people.

CECILIA

No, and it would be a shame if you were, with an entrance like that.

LLOYD

(to Imp)
I am going to kill you.

CECILIA

A-plus on the entrance. But a C-minus on small talk.

LLOYD

If I keep digging my own grave, do
you think I'll reach hell eventually?

Professor Reede swaggers up, handing Cecilia a champagne flute.

REEDE

McMifter? What are you doing here?

LLOYD

I have never been so glad to see
you as I am right now.

CECILIA

Leland, meet ... sorry, I see you at
the library all the time, but we've
never been introduced.

Lloyd flusters, her politeness dumbfounding him.

The Imp grabs Lloyd's chin and moves it up and down, which,
sadly, makes Lloyd look like a dog eating peanut butter.

IMP

"Lloyd." Say it. "Llooooooyd!"

REEDE

McMifter and I are old ... classmates.

IMP

Say your name, bitch!

Reede leans over and lifts McMifter's trouser cuff.

REEDE

No white socks, at least.

(to Cecilia)

He would tell you his name is Lloyd,
if he weren't rendered mute by women.

CECILIA

Really a pleasure, Lloyd.

Lloyd squeaks like a puppy's chew toy.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

How's your kitten?

The Imp grabs one of Lloyd's eyelids, stretching it wide.

IMP

I swear, I will lick your eyeball
unless you say something! In
English, not in "Squeaky Toy."

LLOYD

No! Don't! I have an eye phobia!

Lloyd spins around, to all appearances swatting spasmodically at thin air. Patrons recoil as if from a madman.

REEDE

Yes, vintage McMifter.

(to Cecilia)

Shall we?

As Reede leads Cecilia away, Lloyd grabs the Imp by the tail and swings the Imp over his head like a lasso.

IMP

Okay, okay! I won't lick your eyeball!

You look like Pee Wee Herman walking

through a spider web. Let me go!

Lloyd lets go, inadvertently hurling the Imp across the room. The Imp careens through a floral arrangement, bounces off the bar, and lands in the orchestra's bassoon.

And then, Lloyd realizes that everyone is staring at him. He withstands this attention for a few nanoseconds, then bolts.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER - NIGHT

Lloyd rounds the corner to the parking lot and vomits onto the hood of Reede's red BMW, the Imp flying along behind him.

LLOYD

I was an idiot in front of Cecilia.

IMP

In front of the entire room, actually.

But on the bright side, you're famous.

The Imp holds up Lloyd's smartphone, which plays a YouTube video of Lloyd's conniption of mere moments ago.

IMP (CONT'D)

Twelve thousand likes already!

Lloyd dry-heaves.

INT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/LOBBY - NIGHT

Cecilia sees someone approaching over Reede's shoulder.

CECILIA

Oh, boy, wish me luck.

EXT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/VALET PARKING - NIGHT

Lloyd hastens back to the valet parking.

LLOYD

No, no, and no! We're leaving!

But as he approaches the valet lot, he sees the Valet standing next to his heli-Jaguar talking to the Old Cop and the Young Cop. The Young Cop holds an ice pack to his forehead from his earlier impact with the pavement.

The Valet is clearly giving a rough description of Lloyd, holding his hand up to indicate Lloyd's height.

IMP

Uh oh.

The Valet spots Lloyd and points, and Lloyd runs back inside before the police can see him.

INT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/LOBBY - NIGHT

CECILIA'S FATHER, 50s, austere and corporate, greets Cecilia.

CECILIA'S FATHER

So, you somehow swindled a ticket.
Surely you didn't pay full price?

CECILIA

Hello, daddy.

Reede thrusts out his hand to introduce himself.

REEDE

Dr. Leland Reede. I must say, Dr.
Beaumont, I do so admire your work.

CECILIA'S FATHER

Really?

CECILIA

Really?

CECILIA'S FATHER

And what do you do, Dr. Reede?

REEDE

Leland, please. I'm a professor of
biochemistry at the University.

CECILIA'S FATHER

Tenured?

REEDE
Well, not yet.

INT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/ENTRY

Lloyd bursts into the reception once more and spies Cecilia talking to Reede and her father.

IMP
That Reede chap makes my fillings
ache. Let's humiliate him.

LLOYD
How?

BEGIN LLOYD'S FANTASY:

IMP
Oh, say, let's introduce his
illegitimate child...

The Imp claps, and a WAIFISH URCHIN tugs Reede's sleeve.

WAIFISH URCHIN
Daddy, when will you come back to
me and Mommy?
(singing Les Misérables)
"There is a castle on a cloud..."

PATRONS regard Reede with disgust, and the Waifish Urchin sings throughout the remainder of the fantasy sequence.

IMP
And then epic bowel gas.

The Imp claps: Reede makes a noise like a musket discharging, toppling the floral arrangement directly behind him.

LLOYD
You could email his browser search
history to his entire contacts list!

The Imp claps, and dozens of cell phones chime. Various Patrons check their email and blanch.

IMP
Hm. Insufficiently cinematic. I'm
envisioning:

A hail of chum torrents down from above, soaking Reede.

Then, as Patrons scatter, a troop of feral BABOONS pounces upon Reede, rending his clothes to shreds.

And then an ALIEN bursts from Reede's stomach as he screams.

END LLOYD'S FANTASY

But, alas, this is all in Lloyd's imagination, and these scenes vanish as Lloyd watches Reede charm Cecilia's Father.

IMP (CONT'D)

We'll have to settle for this:

The Imp flies to Reede, urinates in his drink, and returns.

INT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/LOBBY

Cecilia notices Lloyd, who looks as if he expects to be Tasered in the testicles at any moment. She waves.

IMP

She sees you! Wave back!

Lloyd waves mechanically.

IMP (CONT'D)

Now wave less like a robot assassin.

Cecilia beckons Lloyd toward her.

Lloyd panics and turns to go, but the Imp clamps its jaws down on Lloyd's crotch.

IMP (CONT'D)

(crotch-muffled)

I swear to you, if you don't go to her, you don't want to know what will happen to your manhood.

LLOYD

Eeeeeeeeeee!

IMP

Such as it is.

The Imp dangling from his groin, Lloyd hobbles over, bowlegged.

LLOYD

(through clenched teeth)

Hi?

CECILIA

Thank God! I don't know anyone else here, and these two—

(Reede and her father)

(MORE)

CECILIA (CONT'D)
—are about ready to start making
out. Are you okay?

LLOYD
There's an Imp biting my genitals.

Without detaching, the Imp slaps Lloyd's face with its tail.

CECILIA
Is that some sort of new STD?

LLOYD
It's like a sea urchin codpiece.

CECILIA
I had a urinary infection last week,
so I sympathize.

Cecilia's Father notices Lloyd.

CECILIA'S FATHER
Ah. And this is?

REEDE
Oh, not again. He's like a pimple.

CECILIA
(introducing them)
Lloyd McMifter, Armande Beaumont.

LLOYD
(to Cecilia)
Your father?

CECILIA
Yep. You get a front-row seat to a
display of my daddy-issues.

CECILIA'S FATHER
And what do you do, Dr. McMifter?

REEDE
Mister McMifter. Oh, nice ring to it!

LLOYD
I'm ... in research.

CECILIA'S FATHER
What field?

LLOYD
All of them?

REEDE
McMifter is a librarian.

LLOYD
Hang on: are you Armande Beaumont,
of Kedaryx Pharmaceuticals?

CECILIA'S FATHER
Let me guess, another fan?

LLOYD
Word is you do animal research.

CECILIA'S FATHER
In the interest of science, yes.

LLOYD
Yeah, that kind of makes me want to
staple your eyelids to a bus.

Cecilia fights back paroxysms of laughter as her father,
unaccustomed to such bluntness, stammers.

CECILIA'S FATHER
I see why my daughter likes you.

Cecilia's Father turns to Reede, while Cecilia beams at Lloyd.

CECILIA
I could kiss you right now.

Lloyd blusters for a moment, then begins to faint.

The Imp unclamps its jaws and supports Lloyd by his collar,
which makes Lloyd look like a marionette to everyone else.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Are you all right? And how are you
doing that?

IMP
Smokey at one-twenty-one mark six!

The Imp whirls Lloyd toward the entrance, where the Old Cop
and the Young Cop are making their way through the crowd.

IMP (CONT'D)
Time to dance!

LLOYD
Dance?

CECILIA
I thought you'd never ask!

Cecilia grabs his hand and pulls him toward the dance floor.

LLOYD
(panicked)
Oh, no. No! I don't—

IMP
Relax, I've got this.

The Imp claps, and Lloyd is suddenly adorned with marionette strings, which the Imp manipulates as it hovers above Lloyd.

IMP (CONT'D)
Get toward the rear exit!

Lloyd dances deftly, thanks to the Imp, though his dance moves grow progressively more exotic.

CECILIA
How did you get into your career?

LLOYD
I couldn't find a subject that interested me.

CECILIA
So you chose research?

LLOYD
I mean I couldn't find just one subject. This way, it's like I get to look for little bits of magic everywhere, every day.

CECILIA
You really believe in magic?

LLOYD
Lately, yes, I do.

CECILIA
So do I.

The Imp has maneuvered them toward the rear exit, with Lloyd now doing a complex hip-hop routine.

Finally, the Imp manipulates Lloyd into a series of demanding Russian Cossack dance moves.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh, that's amazing!

LLOYD
Please make it end!

The Old Cop and the Young Cop wander through the crowd.

IMP

Meet me outside in thirty seconds!

The Imp drops the marionette strings and flies off; Lloyd suddenly goes limp.

CECILIA

Where did you learn to do that?

LLOYD

I have a good puppeteer.

EXT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/VALET PARKING - NIGHT

The Imp flies to the heli-Jaguar, swoops in, and, before the stunned eyes of the Valet, pilots it into the air.

EXT. FREIDEMANN FUNDRAISER/REAR EXIT

Lloyd pauses as he steps out the rear door of the room.

LLOYD

And now, if you'll forgive me, I must be going.

Lloyd climbs into the driver's side of his heli-Jaguar, and before Cecilia's astonished eyes, rises into the night.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/ENTRY - DAY

Lloyd, the Imp on his shoulder, enters the Research Division.

BOSS MYERS

McMifter! What time is it?

LLOYD

Five to eight in the A.M.

BOSS MYERS

Early? But ... but you're never ... your assignments are on your desk!

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/ENTRY

Marty, passing by, sees Cecilia enter the library.

MARTY

Random sighting! Gotta tell Lloyd!

Just then, an elderly BLIND PERSON interrupts Marty.

BLIND PERSON
Excuse me, could you help me find
the bird-watching section?

MARTY
What, now? Hang on, how can you read
a book? Let alone go bird-watching?

BLIND PERSON
My nephew reads me the descriptions.
I loved birding before the cataracts.

MARTY
Oh, such pathos! Okay, come on.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE

As Lloyd sits, the Imp flips through his assignments.

IMP
Isn't all this stuff on the
Internet these days?

LLOYD
There's still a lot of data that
hasn't been digitized. And this
library has one of the best rare
manuscripts collections in the world.

IMP
So your actual job is looking stuff
up? Do you have the Dewey Decimal
System memorized?

LLOYD
We use the Library of Congress
system.

IMP
Aaaaand?

LLOYD
Okay, yes, I have it memorized.

Suddenly the Imp stops, sniffs, and cocks an ear.

CECILIA (O.S.)
Is Lloyd McMifter here?

Lloyd and the Imp peek over the wall of the cubicle.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/ENTRY

And there is Cecilia, talking to Boss Myers, who calls out:

BOSS MYERS
McMifter, a terminator or something
to see you.

INT. LLOYD'S CUBICLE

Lloyd panics.

LLOYD
Oh my God! What do I do?

The Imp, also frenzied, points at Lloyd.

IMP
Nerd! Nerd! Nerd! Nerd!

LLOYD
That isn't helping!

IMP
Your clothes! If she sees you,
we're finished!

LLOYD
Well, do something!

The Imp, dressed as a tailor, with tape measure in hand,
fumbles with pins. Then, frustrated, the Imp gestures.

IMP
Pow!

With a puff of smoke, Lloyd is only in his underwear.

LLOYD
Not good! Not good!

Cecilia approaches the cubicle.

CECILIA
Lloyd?

The Imp puts the finishing touches on the lapel of the Armani
suit Lloyd now wears as Cecilia rounds the corner.

IMP
Okay, no sudden moves. This suit
was a rush job, and the seams ... I
just don't know.

LLOYD
 (forced enthusiasm)
 Hi! Good morning!

He raises his hand to wave, and the shoulder seam of his suit makes a tearing noise. The Imp gets to work repairing it, and climbs over Lloyd like a spider throughout the scene.

CECILIA
 So this is why I always see you
 around the library.

LLOYD
 Would you like to sit down?

Lloyd tries to stand to offer Cecilia his chair, but finds that his trousers have been sewn to it.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
 (to the Imp)
 I'm stuck to my chair!

CECILIA
 I know the feeling. After writing my
 dissertation I had butt-paralysis.

Lloyd grimaces as the Imp, still repairing his suit, plants a foot against his nostrils.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/OUTSIDE RESEARCH DIVISION

Marty sprints for the door, where a DEAF PERSON accosts him.

DEAF PERSON
 (signing while talking)
 Excuse me, could you direct me to
 the audiobooks, please?

MARTY
 What? What?! No!

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE

Lloyd struggles not to react or giggle as the Imp crawls about him, ticklishly sewing his suit.

CECILIA
 So why did you leave last night?

LLOYD
 Oh, I had, um, another party.

CECILIA
Very unchivalrous, sir.

LLOYD
But pray, fair damsel—

Marty charges to Lloyd's cubicle, ranting.

MARTY
Lloyd! Cecilia was ... and then she
... and then, would you believe, this
blind woman ... then I noticed that
Cecilia is right here in your cubicle,
and I thought, "What are the odds..."

Marty trails off into a whimper exactly like a bagpipe drone.

IMP
(singing in a brogue)
Oh Bridgit O'Malley, you left my
heart shaken...

MARTY
Oh, look, a nickel!

Marty collapses to the floor as if shot in the head, then slowly, impossibly slowly, starts to crawl away.

So slowly, in fact, that the Imp darts over, grabs Marty, and whisks him out of view, as if Marty were on a bobsled.

Sounds of Marty shrieking, then Boss Myers howling in surprise, then a crash of bodies colliding.

CECILIA
I like your friend.

LLOYD
I'll be murdering him later.

CECILIA
Make sure you hide the body well. I
could tell you some stories.

Lloyd blinks.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Kidding.

LLOYD
Oh, thank God.

CECILIA
How's your kitten?

LLOYD
Ahab?

CECILIA
Ahab? Oh, because he's missing a leg?

LLOYD
Thank you for being the first
person to get that.

Cecilia holds up her hand for a high-five, but Lloyd fails to realize what she intends.

CECILIA
You don't high-five much, do you?

LLOYD
Oh! No, only with myself.

Lloyd high-fives her, and his sleeve tears as he does so.

IMP
(returning)
Tarnation! I slaved over this suit!

An awkward silence.

LLOYD
Anyway, Ahab had a bit of a fever,
but Gramma whipped up a tincture.

IMP
Ixnay on the amma-gray! Not sexy!

CECILIA
You live with your grandmother? Is
she a veterinarian?

IMP
Talk about her hemorrhoids. Chicks
dig that.

LLOYD
No, but quite an herbalist.

IMP
Now describe her wrinkled, spotted
waddle!

CECILIA
Seriously? I'm doing my doctorate
on homeopathic veterinary sciences.

LLOYD
Yeah, I know.

CECILIA
You do?

IMP
Creepy! Now you sound like an entire wall of your room is nothing but blurry telephoto pictures of her.

LLOYD
I mean, I heard.

CECILIA
Could I meet her? Your Gramma?

Lloyd's and the Imp's jaws drop in tandem, the Imp's more dramatically, accompanied by the sound of an anvil clang.

Lloyd just stares at Cecilia. She stares inquiringly back.

IMP
Dinner! Invite her, so you can show off your grandmother. Of all things.

LLOYD
(to Imp)
Dinner?

CECILIA
Dinner?

LLOYD
(to Cecilia)
Dinner? I mean, would you like some?

CECILIA
A bit early in the day for me. But if you and your grandmother are free tonight?

IMP
Address! Give her your address!

LLOYD
Sure! Um, let me find a pen.

Looting his desk for a pen, Lloyd opens his top drawer, exposing the parchment of summoning.

IMP
No, give her a card! A card!

LLOYD
A card?

CECILIA
Do you have one?

LLOYD
No.

IMP
Yes! Say yes!

LLOYD
Yes?

CECILIA
This isn't a trick question.

The Imp claps, and vapor rises from Lloyd's jacket pocket.

IMP
In your pocket. Your other pocket!

Lloyd ultimately finds his new business card, which is made of etched copper, and hands it to Cecilia.

CECILIA
"Lloyd McMifter, idiot savant." Cute.

Lloyd glares at the Imp, which grins slyly.

Just then, Professor Reede enters Lloyd's cubicle.

REEDE
Cecilia! So this is where you are.
Doctor Freidemann is here!

IMP
Where does this guy keep coming from?
He's like the herpes of bad timing.

CECILIA
Here? In the library?

REEDE
I know you didn't get to meet him
last night.

CECILIA
Yes, your nose was too far up my
father's—

REEDE
Come, I'll introduce you.

CECILIA
 (to Lloyd)
 See you tonight. Seven-ish?

Lloyd rises in reflexive politeness as Cecilia turns to go, but he's still stitched to his chair. He leaves most of his trousers behind and stands there in his drawers.

Fortunately, Cecilia has stepped out of view, leaving only Reede to gawk at Lloyd's Star Trek briefs.

As he departs, Reede glances at Lloyd's open desk drawer, where he spies the parchment of summoning. Reede hesitates, frowning at the parchment, before departing.

LLOYD
 Cecilia. For dinner. O.M.Gee whiz.

IMP
 Let's hope Gramma doesn't shoot her.

LLOYD
 Say, do you cook?

IMP
 Do I cook? Please.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen looks like a battleground. Bits of food, pots overflowing, ankle-deep cookware, and piles of flour.

Lloyd, wearing one of Gramma's flowery aprons, opens the oven to be engulfed by a gagging cloud of black smoke.

LLOYD
 Is it supposed to do that?

IMP
 I don't know, are you a blacksmith?

Gramma, sharpening a hatchet on a whetstone, enters, followed by several Pets, which lick at patches of food on the floor.

GRAMMA
 Are you sure I can't help?

LLOYD
 No, Gramma, thanks. Under control.

GRAMMA
Bwbach are always terrible cooks.

IMP

I resemble that remark!

Gramma menaces the Imp with the axe as she exits.

Lloyd claps his hands at the pets.

LLOYD

Out, out, out, all of you.

IMP

(a la Gordon Ramsay)

You call this cooking? I've seen better potatoes come out of steaming pig turds! If you—

The doorbell rings.

LLOYD AND THE IMP

(paraphrasing Poltergeist)

She's heeeere!

LLOYD

That was surreal.

INT. ENTRY

Gramma, still carrying the hatchet, opens the door to Cecilia, who bears flowers, wine, and a small gift box.

CECILIA

(startled by the axe)

Oh, my! You must be Lloyd's grandma. These flowers are for you.

GRAMMA

Aren't you sweet. Let's find a vase.

CECILIA

Should I ask about the axe?

GRAMMA

It was my late husband's.

Gramma beckons, and Cecilia follows to a china cabinet in the entry, where Cecilia puts down her purse.

Gramma selects a crystal vase and chops a few inches off the stems of the flowers with the axe. Cecilia flinches.

GRAMMA (CONT'D)

There. I'll wait to fill this until Lloyd's done burning down my kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Panic ensues, with Lloyd running in circles and the Imp flying to and fro, licking splattered sauce from the walls.

IMP

Wait! Wait! Calm down. Deep breaths. You go welcome Cecilia.

LLOYD

I'm not dressed!

The Imp claps its hands, and Lloyd is suddenly suited up.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

If dressing me is that easy, why did you sew me to my chair this morning?

IMP

Comic relief.

LLOYD

For whom?

IMP

(changing the subject)
You door. Me dinner. Just stall!

LLOYD

What is it with you and stalling?

INT. ENTRY

Just then, Lloyd skids in.

LLOYD

Oh, hi! Sorry, sorry! Almost ready.

GRAMMA

Ready, my ass. I'll bet it tastes like a chimney sweep.

Cecilia kisses Lloyd on the cheek, and he nearly swoons, putting his hands on his knees and taking deep breaths.

CECILIA

Your grandma is darling.

LLOYD

"Darling?" You've no idea.

CECILIA

I brought you something.

Cecilia holds out the box.

Lloyd opens it, finding a tiny metal rod with cloth straps.

LLOYD
(baffled)
I've ... always wanted a ... this.

CECILIA
It's a prosthetic leg. For Ahab.

GRAMMA
(elbowing Lloyd)
She's better looking than I
expected. How'd you pull that off?

IMP (O.S.)
Readyyyyyyy!

LLOYD
Well, how about some dinner?

GRAMMA
Here's hoping you get lucky.

Gramma deftly swipes Cecilia's wine bottle and retreats.

INT. DINING ROOM

The table is decorated like a scene out of Versailles.

CECILIA
Smells wonderful. Can I help?

LLOYD
God, no! I mean, I've got it all
under control. Sit-sit-sit!

Lloyd scurries into the kitchen and returns with two plates covered by silver cloches. He places one before Cecilia.

CECILIA
What's under here?

As he takes his plate to his seat, Lloyd can't resist a peek: beneath the cloche is a whole, roast, garnished sheep's head.

LLOYD
Holy goat-faced boy!

Lloyd drops the plate and cloche with a deafening clangor. The sheep head rolls toward Cecilia, but Lloyd manages to kick it, soccer style, across the room into the entry.

CECILIA
What? What is it?

Lloyd dives on her plate before she can lift the cloche.

INT. KITCHEN

Lloyd bursts in to find the kitchen knee-deep in eggshells.

LLOYD
What the hell is this?

IMP
You try separating eggs when you're covered in horns! It's impossible!

LLOYD
No, this! Sheep heads!

IMP
Yeah?

LLOYD
Sheep heads! Sheep heads!

IMP
They're a delicacy.

LLOYD
Maybe. In Yemen!

IMP
Have you even tasted it?

LLOYD
I'm not serving Cecilia a scene from The Godfather! Make something normal!

INT. LLOYD'S DINING ROOM

Lloyd returns to the table, taking deep breaths.

CECILIA
Everything okay?

LLOYD
Needs to cook more. Or something.

A small explosion rocks the kitchen, and the Imp bursts from the kitchen door, on fire and screaming. It runs about the room extinguishing itself, then conjures a fireman's hat and flies back into the kitchen.

Cecilia glimpses flames in the kitchen as the door closes.

CECILIA
Oh my God, is your kitchen on fire?

LLOYD
No...?

CECILIA
Are you sure? Maybe we should-

LLOYD
No! Please! You sit. I'll check.

INT. KITCHEN

The Imp sprays a fire extinguisher as Lloyd enters.

LLOYD
How's it going there, Backdraft?

IMP
Cooking is stupid!

LLOYD
This was your idea.

IMP
Fine.

The Imp goes to the window.

LLOYD
Where are you going?

IMP
Dinner for two. And-

LLOYD
I know, I know: stall.

The Imp leaps out the window.

INT. LE ROIX RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER sets two plates down before two GUESTS.

WAITER
And may I bring you anything else?

In a blur, the Imp rockets in, seizes the plates, and departs.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd steps sheepishly out and grins awkwardly at Cecilia.

LLOYD

So.

Sounds of the Imp returning.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Just a sec.

INT. KITCHEN

Lloyd finds the Imp panting and holding out the two plates.

IMP

Plates...food...dinner...yum...

Lloyd hastens to grab the plates and then recoils in pain.

IMP (CONT'D)

...hot...

INT. LE ROIX RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Waiter and Guests gawk at the sudden disappearance of their entrees. Only an Imp-footprint in their butter dish offers evidence of mischief.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd, wearing oven mitts, sets one plate before Cecilia.

CECILIA

Is this ... roast lamb?

Lloyd sits with the other plate.

LLOYD

Enjoy.

A long pause, during which the Imp drags itself, exhausted, from the kitchen to perch at the edge of the table.

CECILIA

Um...

IMP

Oh no.

LLOYD
You're a vegetarian, aren't you?

The Imp throws up its hands.

IMP
Oh, for the love of frappity frap!

And in a flash, the Imp is gone.

CECILIA
Isn't this the same china as Le
Roix Restaurant?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/OUTSIDE RESEARCH DIVISION - NIGHT

Professor Reede loiters at the Research Division door.

Nermal wanders down the hall, making sure doors are locked.

NERMAL
Closing time, Professor Reede.

REEDE
Oh, good evening, er, Norman.

NERMAL
Nermal.

REEDE
Ah, yes. I wonder if I could
impose on you for a favor?

NERMAL
My wish is your command.

REEDE
I completely forgot to pick up a
project Lloyd left for me on his desk.

NERMAL
No problem.

Nermal unlocks the door to the Research Division.

REEDE
No need to wait for me. I'll lock
up when I go. Thanks ever so.

INT. LLOYD'S CUBICLE

Reede loots Lloyd's desk. Momentarily, he finds the parchment.

REEDE

What have we here?
 (reading)
 "A summoning?"

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd and Cecilia sip Courvoisier as the candles burn down.

CECILIA

Tell me how you whipped up a roast
 squash pasty so fast?

LLOYD

Old Cornish secret.

CECILIA

Say, where's your grandma?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Surrounded by rapt pets and Gramma, the Imp reads to them from Fifty Shades of Grey. The living room walls are adorned with Gramma's collection of ancient weaponry.

IMP

(reading)
 "'Oh dear, Anastasia, what am I going
 to do to you?' I'm panting loudly.
 All I can concentrate on is his voice
 and his touch. Nothing else is real.
 Nothing else matters, nothing else
 registers on my radar."

Gramma, flushed, fans herself with the blade of her hatchet,
 and the Imp wipes away a tear.

INT. DINING ROOM

Cecilia nibbles on a chocolate-covered strawberry.

CECILIA

Does your grandma do any consulting?

LLOYD

Are you a curator of antique weapons?

CECILIA

What? No, for my dissertation. Leland
 - Professor Reede - is helping with
 my defense, and-

LLOYD
You're kidding.

CECILIA
No, why?

LLOYD
I'm guessing your dissertation has something to do with animal healing.

CECILIA
Yes?

LLOYD
It's just that Reede does animal research. Experiments on them.

CECILIA
I thought he was a biologist.

LLOYD
Biochemist. We were undergrads together. I helped him pass this Gaelic class he took on a lark so he could flirt with the T.A.

CECILIA
I didn't know the University did animal testing!

LLOYD
They don't exactly advertise it. But I volunteer at the pet rescue center, and they get a lot of Reede's castoffs. The ones that, um, survive. We think he's doing some sort of drug development.

CECILIA
So that's why he's so interested in my father's company.

Suddenly, a police floodlight beams through the window.

YOUNG COP (O.S.)
(over loudspeaker)
Attention, criminals, we have the place surrounded! Come out with your hands—

Someone interrupts the Young Cop, and Lloyd and Cecilia hear a hushed argument over the loudspeaker.

OLD COP (O.S.)
 (whispered, over loudspeaker)
 What the hell are you doing?

YOUNG COP (O.S.)
 (whispered, over loudspeaker)
 Will you just let me—

OLD COP (O.S.)
 (whispered, over loudspeaker)
 No, give me that thing—

The argument continues during the scene.

CECILIA
 What's going on?

Lloyd has a deer-in-the-headlights look as the Imp flies in.

IMP
 Hurry, we have to deal with this!

INT. ENTRY

Lloyd skids to the entry, with the Imp and Cecilia at his heels.

IMP
 Here, hide Cecilia in here.
 (indicating coat closet)
 I just read a book about nifty
 rooms and did a quick remodel of
 your coat closet. She'll love it!

Lloyd ushers Cecilia into the coat closet.

LLOYD
 Here, just hide in here for a sec.

CECILIA
 What? Why hide?

But Lloyd shoves her in and slams the door.

INT. COAT CLOSET

Cecilia finds herself in the coat closet, which the Imp has transformed into Fifty Shades of Grey's Red Room of Pain, complete with S&M equipment. She tries to door: locked.

CECILIA
 Oh my God. Oh no.

INT. ENTRY

Lloyd yanks open the door to reveal the Old Cop and the Young Cop from yesterday's encounter. The Young Cop has a Band-Aid on his eyebrow, and speaks into a portable electronic megaphone. He draws his gun.

YOUNG COP
(into megaphone)
Down on the ground, sir! Pssht!

The Young Cop actually makes the "pssht" sound of the loudspeaker with his mouth.

OLD COP
(annoyed at Young Cop)
Andy, for heaven's sake.

Lloyd shrieks and collapses to his knees, his arms high.

LLOYD
Don't shoot! You're not gonna let
him shoot me, are you?

IMP AND OLD COP
No.

YOUNG COP
Do you know penalty for leaving the
scene of an accident? Pssht!

The Young Cop points to a flatbed truck carrying the back of the Jaguar, which was left behind after it was shorn off in the intersection yesterday.

IMP
Kinda forgot about that.

Gramma bursts into the scene, crossbow drawn.

GRAMMA
Take the pistol off my grandson, or
you get a quarrel in the dingle.

The Young Cop whirls, loses track of his hands, and aims the megaphone at Gramma while holding the gun up to his mouth.

YOUNG COP
Pssht—

The Old Cop swats the gun just as the Young Cop, thinking it's the megaphone, pulls the trigger. The bullet just avoids decapitating the Young Cop, instead knocking off his hat and showering him with ceiling plaster.

INT. COAT CLOSET

Cecilia hear the gunshot and runs in frightened circles.

CECILIA

Oh, God. Okay, think. How do I not
be a victim?

She roots around on a nearby vanity, knocking over bottles of personal lubricant and spray-on glitter.

INT. ENTRY

The Young Cop stares first at the gun, then at the megaphone.

OLD COP

Andy, you can't go waving your gun
around in the suburbs.

LLOYD

But—

YOUNG COP

Damn it, Burt, you haven't seen
auto thieves. I've seen Detroit!

LLOYD

But—

OLD COP

Yeah, well you got kicked off the
Detroit force, didn't you, moron?

YOUNG COP

You promised you wouldn't bring
that up. How am I supposed to
interrogate a perp with you
undermining my authority like that?

LLOYD

But my car is a Pinto!

OLD COP

His car is a Pinto. We looked up the
plates, remember? We also learned
that he has no prior record, no
history of aeronautical engineering
stunts, and he works in a library.

YOUNG COP

You're doing it again! Gawd!

The Young Cop storms off.

OLD COP

(to Lloyd)

This is a courtesy call, since the only thing you have in common with our mysterious heli-Jaguar pilot is that you're a male of average height.

The Young Cop angrily draws his billy club and demolishes one of Lloyd's rose bushes. But his club gets snared by the bush and he loses his balance, falling amid the thorns.

YOUNG COP

Ow! Son of a—!

The Young Cop thrashes, howling, but becomes ensnared by the rose bush. He lies there for a moment, panting, then spends the next few minutes struggling to disentangle himself.

OLD COP

Sorry about Andy.

GRAMMA

He's a piece of work, that one.

OLD COP

Welcome to my hell. Don't suppose you know anyone who slapped your license plate on a flying Jaguar?

LLOYD

The only guy I know who could do that looks like an artichoke with legs.

OLD COP

I'll take that as a "no." Is your Pinto here, sir?

LLOYD

(nervous)

Is ... my ... Pinto ... here?

OLD COP

So we can check to see if someone has stolen the plates?

Lloyd elbows the Imp, which is hovering beside him.

IMP

Ow! What?

LLOYD

(to Old Cop, but hinting to Imp)

You want to see my Pinto with missing plates, in the garage.

IMP
Oh, got it!

The Imp summons its blowtorch, flies off, then returns:

IMP (CONT'D)
Stall!

YOUNG COP
(yelling from the rose bush)
You don't want us coming back with
a warrant!

LLOYD
(mighty sigh)
Hang on. Let me get the remote.

The Young Cop finally escapes from the rose bush, draws his gun, and shoots the bush several times.

EXT. OUTSIDE LLOYD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Lloyd, with the two Cops, stalls at the garage, trying to drown out the sounds of auto body work from within by yelling.

LLOYD
So, you were in Detroit?

YOUNG COP
If you've got a chop shop in there,
you're looking at five to ten of
good times in the shower.

The Old Cop shakes his head wearily.

YOUNG COP (CONT'D)
In prison.

LLOYD
Yeah, I got that.

OLD COP
Sir, please open the door.

The Young Cop grabs the garage door opener from Lloyd.

LLOYD
No, not yet!

Lloyd jumps on the Young Cop's back, but it's too late: the door-open button has been pressed.

They watch the door lift.

Within is his old Pinto, dramatically backlit, painted pink, with bunny ears. At least the license plates are missing.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
What the Peter Cottontail-?!

OLD COP
Why am I not surprised?

LLOYD
Welcome to my hell.

YOUNG COP
You'd better make sure those rabbit ears are street legal, mister.

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE, ENTRY - NIGHT

Lloyd pauses before the coat closet door.

LLOYD
Now for the tricky part.

Lloyd opens the door, and gawks to find coat closet transformed into the Red Room of Pain.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

Cecilia leaps from around the door and blinds Lloyd with a burst from a can of spray-on glitter.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Holy crap, that stings!

Cecilia follows this with a barrage about his head and shoulders with a leather riding crop.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Ow! Ow! Cut it out!

CECILIA
Don't think you can lure me into your Red Room of Pain and expect me not to put up a fight, you pervert!

IMP
I think she likes it.

LLOYD
My life is spiraling into hell.

CECILIA

Once, just once, I'd like to meet a
guy who isn't a total, liar and freak.

LLOYD

I'd explain, but that would almost
certainly make it worse.

Cecilia throws the riding crop at Lloyd, grabs her purse from
the hall table, and runs out into the night.

IMP

So I'll be wintering in Siberia-

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Reede finishes reciting the parchment. Silence. Then:

Another pyrotechnic Imp-summoning show.

REEDE

Oh, mommy, I don't want to die!

When the sparks fade, a demonic EVIL IMP perches on Lloyd's desk.

EVIL IMP

You rang?

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/ENTRY - NIGHT

Lloyd, covered in glitter, throttles the Imp.

IMP

I don't get what went wrong!

LLOYD

Red Room of Pain? What are you thinking?

IMP

But that's how it worked in that
book I just read.

LLOYD

That's not real life!

IMP

How the hell would you know?

LLOYD

What do you mean?

IMP

I know everything about you.

LLOYD

You do?

IMP

That's how Imps work. We take on the characteristics of whomever summons us. Look, I even said "whomever." I must be the product of your brain.

LLOYD

So you know everything I know?

IMP

And sometimes precious little else.

LLOYD

Then what the hell good are you?

IMP

I ... but ... magical ... I make things go "poof" ... seriously?

Lloyd glares.

IMP (CONT'D)

Fine, if I'm so useless, dispel me.

LLOYD

(dramatically)

Imp, I set you free.

IMP

What the--? This isn't Aladdin. You need a counter-summoning spell.

LLOYD

Didn't you say there was another way?

IMP

Yes, you could kill yourself. If the summoner dies, the Imp dies.

LLOYD

Right now, that almost sounds worth it. Just leave me alone, why don't you?

The Imp droops, summons a hobo bag on the end of a stick, and departs, mournfully accompanying its departure on a harmonica.

IMP

I'll go hang out with gargoyles.
They always appreciate me.

The Imp sulks out, awash in pathos, and Lloyd slams the door.
As he turns, he stumbles over the sheep head.

LLOYD

Expletive!

Lloyd kicks the sheep head into the living room.

GRAMMA (O.S.)

(from the living room)
Jesus effing Christ!

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE - DAY

Lloyd, with a riding-crop-shaped welt on his cheek, enters his cubicle and sits at his desk. Marty bursts in.

MARTY

Did you kiss her? Does she have a
friend? Maybe one who likes guys
shaped like linguine?

LLOYD

No, Marty, she's utterly friendless.

MARTY

I guess that's why you two get
along. Hey, you know what St.
Augustine said about women?

Lloyd pulls open his desk drawer, and recoils to find a
rabid, slavering BADGER snarling at him from within.

Lloyd yelps and slams closed the desk drawer.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You okay?

When Lloyd opens the drawer again, the badger is gone.

LLOYD

No. Definitely not okay.

Neither of them sees the Evil Imp, perched spookily atop the
wall of Lloyd's cubicle, with mischief in its eyes.

Lloyd snatches up his assignments from his desk and leaves.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

As Lloyd turns a corner, Reede watches from a doorway.

The Evil Imp slithers up to Reede's shoulder.

EVIL IMP

So what shall we do to him, boss?

REEDE

First we need to know where
McMifter's Imp is.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/ROOFTOP SPIRE - DAY

The Imp sits with its hobo bundle amid stone gargoyles atop the Gothic church, trying to play poker with the inanimate statues.

IMP

I'll see your gravel and raise you
some pumice.

No response from the statues.

IMP (CONT'D)

Wow, are you ever stone-faced.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

The Evil Imp sniffs the air like a bloodhound.

EVIL IMP

Nowhere nearby.

REEDE

Well, then, a little subtle torture?

EVIL IMP

Vicious Visigoths? Swarm of scorpions?
Vin Diesel with buggery in his eyes?

REEDE

No, subtle.

As the Evil Imp flies off, Cecilia bursts upon Reede.

CECILIA

Animal testing? Seriously?

REEDE

Why, Cecilia. A pleasure, as always.

CECILIA
Shut your pie-hole. You lied to me.

REEDE
I wouldn't be so persnickety, if I
were you.

CECILIA
Are you threatening me?

REEDE
Threatening implies that you might
have some say in the outcome.

CECILIA
Go to hell, Reede.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/OUTSIDE THE RARE BOOKS ROOM - DAY

The Evil Imp cuts a hole in the floor with a chain saw.

Lloyd's face is buried in his papers as he steps into the
room. Failing to notice the hole, he plummets through it.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/THE FLOOR BELOW

Lloyd, shrieking, lands on Nermal's book cart.

LLOYD
Ow. Gravity, my old nemesis.

NERMAL
Good God, Lloyd, what are you doing?

LLOYD
Did you know they were doing
construction up there?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY - DAY

As Lloyd walks down the hall, the Evil Imp flies up beside
him and replaces his clothes with a puffy, pink ballgown.

Two STUDENTS pass, gawking and snickering.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS - DAY

Marty passes by and spots Lloyd, still in a ballgown.

MARTY
Your highness.

LLOYD
Whuzzat?

MARTY
The tiara is a nice touch.

Lloyd reflexively reaches up to his head, finds a tiara thereupon, and for the first time notices what he is wearing.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Anything you want to tell me?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

Lloyd races down the hall in his finery, Marty following.

MARTY
We've known each other a long time.

LLOYD
Something is very wrong.

MARTY
Lloyd, there's nothing wrong with it. They're saying it's genetic now.

LLOYD
You know I'm not gay. I've been after Cecilia for months!

MARTY
The way you go after women - i.e., not at all - doesn't help your case.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/ENTRY

Lloyd and Marty burst into the Research Division.

Boss Myers takes one look at Lloyd's outfit, opens his mouth to speak, then simply sighs wearily and turns away.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/RESEARCH DIVISION/LLOYD'S CUBICLE

Lloyd yanks open his desk drawer: the parchment is gone.

Lloyd opens his mouth and screams inaudibly, and just outside the window, dogs begin barking violently.

MARTY
How did you do that?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/HALLWAY

Lloyd, with Marty still following, sprints down the hall, skidding to a stop before Nermal with his book cart.

NERMAL
Whoa there, Cinderella...

LLOYD
Nermal! Nermal! Nermal!

NERMAL
...you're liable to lose a slipper.

LLOYD
Was anyone in my cubicle last night?

NERMAL
Just Professor Reede.

LLOYD
Reede?!

NERMAL
Picking up that project you left him.

LLOYD
I am a dead man.

NERMAL
Well at least you look fabulous.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS - DAY

Lloyd and Marty furiously rifle through books, Nermal watching.

NERMAL
What are you looking at, again?

MARTY
Architectural records.

NERMAL
And why is that, exactly?

MARTY
Because - I don't know. Why, again?

LLOYD
Gargoyles! I need to find gargoyles!

NERMAL
Why not go to St. John's Cathedral?

Lloyd reflects for a moment.

LLOYD
Nermal, I could kiss you.

And with that, Nermal plants a kiss full on Lloyd's lips.

Marty points, beaming with an "I knew it" grin.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Why does that keep happening?

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/PARKING LOT - DAY

Lloyd tries to force the crinoline of his ballgown into his rabbit-Pinto while he yammers instructions to Marty.

LLOYD
...you understand everything?

MARTY
You realize you sound insane? I just learned you were gay, and now this.

LLOYD
I really need you to do this for me. Then get somewhere safe. Like NORAD.

MARTY
NORAD? Why?

LLOYD
If Reede has it in for me, he might go after the people I care about.

MARTY
Aw, sweet, but I just don't have those kinds of feelings about you.

Just then Boss Myers walks by, leaving work.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Think he might go after Boss Myers?

LLOYD
He's the worst boss ever. Why would I care about him?

MARTY
You could be really convincing.

LLOYD
Good idea!

Lloyd squeezes back out of his car and charges Boss Myers.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Boss Myers! I love you!

MARTY
We both love you!

LLOYD
You're the most important person in
my entire life!

MARTY
You hear that, world?

Boss Myers's perplexity gives way to panic, and he flees,
dropping his briefcase and an armload of papers.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Oh, that was fun.

LLOYD
Now get moving! Lives hang in the
balance, man!

MARTY
And where are you going?

LLOYD
Who's the person I'm closest to?

INT. CECILIA'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

As Cecilia drives, the Evil Imp swoops down and presses its
head against her car's windshield, making funny faces.

Cecilia, of course, sees nothing.

The Evil Imp teleports, with a puff of smoke, into the car.

EVIL IMP
You've got a date across town, toots.

And the Evil Imp yanks on the steering wheel.

CECILIA
Holy crap!

Cecilia's car swerves, with the Evil Imp steering. She fights with the steering wheel, but the Evil Imp overpowers her.

EVIL IMP
Uh oh, no brakes!

Cecilia's car swerves onto the sidewalk, mashing garbage cans as PEDESTRIANS dive for cover.

CECILIA
Sorry! Look out! I'm sorry!

INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/ENTRY

Lloyd, still in his ballgown, bursts into his house and nearly tramples Kitten Ahab, who is wobbling about on his new prosthetic.

LLOYD
Gramma! Gramma?

Gramma emerges from the kitchen.

GRAMMA
I always wanted a granddaughter.

LLOYD
There's another Imp! You're in danger! Wait, you're all right?

GRAMMA
All right? Hell, I can throw an axe like I was twenty.

LLOYD
Then who ... I'm an idiot! Cecilia!

EXT. LLOYD'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lloyd dashes back outside to the car, Kitten Ahab hobbling after him. Gramma follows to the doorway.

They barely notice a strange whistling sound.

GRAMMA
Don't be daft, boyo. You can't fight an Imp.

Suddenly, the whistling sound is revealed: a piano falls from the sky, narrowly missing Lloyd but crushing Kitten Ahab.

LLOYD
Nooooo!

A jack-in-the-box pops out of the piano, holding a photo of Cecilia, bound to a chair, deep in the bowels of the Library.

GRAMMA

Okay, let's whack the bugger.

Gramma darts back into the house, while Lloyd sinks to his knees before Kitten Ahab buried in the wreckage of the piano.

LLOYD

By Grabthar's hammer, by the suns
of Warvan, you shall be avenged!

Lloyd dives into his car and drives off, just as Gramma emerges from the house, armed head-to-toe in antique weapons.

GRAMMA

Wait! Wait! Idiot boy!

Gramma scampers down the street.

And then, from the rubble of the piano, Kitten Ahab emerges, miraculously alive, though he is missing his other hind leg.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/ENTRY - NIGHT

Marty, flailing and sweaty, charges into St. John's Cathedral. He stops to sip from the holy water font as if it were a drinking fountain, then resumes his panic. He yanks open doors, perplexed to find only ornate confessional booths.

He spies a door labeled "Bell Tower" and tugs it furiously.

FATHER DINGLE, aged and kindly, approaches, unseen by Marty.

FATHER DINGLE

Can I help you, my son?

Marty grows very still and looks upward.

MARTY

God?

Father Dingle touches Marty's shoulder, and Marty jumps several feet in the air, screaming.

Father Dingle, equally startled, screams as well.

Marty holds up one finger for a pause, huffs his inhaler, and launches into an indecipherable charades routine.

FATHER DINGLE
Caligula? Fifty Shades of Grey? Oh:
 Justin Bieber eating a taco?

MARTY
 Dub-T-Eff, what? No, I need to get
 into the bell tower!

FATHER DINGLE
 (uncomprehending)
 Oh, it's been closed for years.
 Sister Ann was the last person up
 there. She had a terrible fall when
 the timbers gave way.

MARTY
 You're kidding?

FATHER DINGLE
 Now she has to push herself around
 on a skateboard.

MARTY
 That's so tragic, and I don't care.

Marty resorts to running around the church, yelling:

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Imp! Imp! I know you're up there!

FATHER DINGLE
 Please, sir! This is a house of God!

MARTY
 (idea!)
 Oh! Confession!

FATHER DINGLE
 Pardon?

MARTY
 Will you hear the shrift of this
 humble penitent, O most holy friar?

FATHER DINGLE
 I could, but are you certain-?

MARTY
 Prithee! The sins of a thousand
 serpents roil in my soul!

Marty shoves Father Dingle into the ornate confessional.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Marty darts into the adjoining confessional booth.

MARTY

Say, father, have you ever read The Confessions of St. Augustine?

FATHER DINGLE

No, actually. Why?

Marty taps his iPhone, and plays his voice reading his thesis translation of The Confessions of St. Augustine.

MARTY (V.O.)

(voice on iPhone)

What up, dog. Props to your power...

INT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/CHURCH

Marty sneaks out and returns to the Bell Tower door. He grabs a gilt candelabrum and uses it to tap the pins out of the hinges.

MARTY

I am so going to hell.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS - NIGHT

Cecilia sits, bound to a chair, in the dark and empty library.

The Evil Imp lies in her lap, curled up like a cat.

CECILIA

Hello? Is anybody here?

Reede steps into the light.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God! Untie me!

REEDE

Whatever for? My little friend went through some trouble to get you here.

CECILIA

You did this? You are so doing jail time, mister! Have fun being the bitch of some toothless, tattooed cellmate named Noodles.

REEDE

There's an image. But no prison can hold me.

Cecilia spits at Reede, but the Evil Imp darts up to catch the spittle in mid air.

CECILIA

Oh, great, you have a force field.

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The bus pulls up to a stop.

The DRIVER cringes as Gramma enters, armed with crossbow, battle-axe, broadsword, and more menacing weapons.

Other BUS RIDERS recoil as she scowls at some PUNKS sitting in the seats reserved for seniors.

The Punks relinquish the seats, and Gramma sits, smiling cheerily at the disquieted Bus Riders opposite her.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Father Dingle dozes as Marty's iPhone in the next booth keeps playing his recording of The Confessions of St. Augustine.

MARTY (O.S.)

(voice on iPhone, rapping)

"...I was a mother-effin' tyke, too cool for school..."

INT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/BELL TOWER STAIRS

Marty creeps up the creaking bell towers stairs.

MARTY

I hear it's hot in hell. And the neighbors are crabby. Must be like Florida.

As he arrives at the top, Marty discovers a hole where the wood floor has given way. A faded nun's wimple dangles from a protruding floorboard, whence Sister Ann no doubt plummeted.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh, good, the creepiest place on earth.

Marty screws up his courage to jump the gap.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/OUTSIDE BELL TOWER - NIGHT

The Imp perches on a ledge, dangling a basket on a string before a gargoyle's stone head just below.

IMP

It rubs the lotion on its skin, or
else it gets the hose again!

MARTY (O.S.)

Aw, man, not a tiny ledge!

Marty, hugging the bell tower, inches out onto the ledge.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(whimpering)

Lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky!

IMP

Marty? That's what I call going out
on a limb.

The Imp elbows the nearest gargoyle as if to share the joke. The gargoyle, of course, does not respond.

IMP (CONT'D)

Gargoyles used to be more fun.

MARTY

Imp! Whatever the hell, are you here?

The Imp creeps in front of Marty like Gollum.

IMP

Oh, yes, precious, we're here.

Of course, Marty can neither see nor hear the Imp.

MARTY

Imp! Please, if I have to go much
further I'm going to piss myself with
a warm, wet, yellow hug of fear.

IMP

This is always such a pain in the
heiny. I'm right here!

The Imp hovers before Marty's face and slaps both his cheeks.

MARTY

Ow! And ow again! What in blazes?

Marty shoots a puff from his inhaler in the Imp's direction.

The Imp gags and coughs.

MARTY'S POV - IMP

Marty sees the vapor coalesce around the Imp's face, revealing a smoky nimbus of the Imp's pointy features.

BACK TO SCENE

MARTY (CONT'D)

Duuuuuuude!

IMP

Uh oh.

Marty lurches backward, and the Imp catches him before he tumbles from the ledge.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS - NIGHT

The Evil Imp has cut and sculpted a topiary of Cecilia's hair.

CECILIA

If you think this is going to endear you to my father ... who is doing that to my hair?

REEDE

Your father? Hah! Irrelevant. At present, you're just chum.

CECILIA

Chum?

REEDE

Bait. I need to be the only one with an Imp, you see. I can't have McMifter's little helper dogging my every move.

CECILIA

Lloyd? What little helper?

REEDE

Oh, come, come. Have you noticed that Lloyd has had a little assistance lately? Dressing well, acting suave, things he would never do on his own?

CECILIA

(realizing)

Like creating an entire fetish room?

REEDE
Yes, quite likely.

CECILIA
I'm such an idiot!

REEDE
Fortunately, two can play that game.

Reede pulls the parchment of summoning from his pocket.

CECILIA
A shopping list?

REEDE
A wish list.

CECILIA
Well the joke's on you. I urinated
on his heart. He won't come for me.

REEDE
Please. He's hopelessly in love.

CECILIA
Really?

The Evil Imp perks up, sniffs, and points like a bird dog.

There, on the far side of the room, obscured by bookshelves in
the dimness, a shadowy figure darts ineptly back and forth.

REEDE
And right on schedule.

The Evil Imp claps, and an Uzi materializes in Reede's hands.

CECILIA
You're not going to shoot him?
(yelling)
Lloyd!

The Evil Imp summons a snarling FERRET and gags her with it.

REEDE
I need to get rid of Lloyd's Imp, you
see, and there are two ways to do that.
One is to use a counter-summoning
spell. Alas, I don't have one of those.

The shadowy figure approaches in a silly zigzag pattern.

REEDE (CONT'D)
Such a flair for the dramatic.

Reede takes aim and fires. And fires again. But the figure's erratic movements make for a challenging target.

Reede sprays bullets until he empties his clip.

REEDE (CONT'D)
More bullets!

The Evil Imp sighs and flies to Reede, summoning more bullets and bickering with Reede while helping him reload.

EVIL IMP
No, doofus, the bullets go that way.

REEDE
Well I don't know, I'm a biochemist.

Reede reloads and moves closer to the figure, firing madly. Finally, a bullet connects, and the figure topples.

Tears well in Cecilia's eyes as she howls through the gag.

Just then, Lloyd creeps up from behind and unties her.

LLOYD
My name is Lloyd McMifter. I'm here
to rescue you.

Cecilia flings the ferret from her mouth and embraces him.

CECILIA
You dummy! What are you doing here!

LLOYD
I like your haircut.

CECILIA
I like your ballgown.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/FAR SIDE OF THE STACKS

Reede and the Evil Imp round a bookshelf and find that the body is nothing more than Lloyd's cardboard cutout of Captain Piccard that had been hastily taped to Lloyd's Roomba.

EVIL IMP
Jean-Luc!

REEDE
This rather pisses me off.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS

LLOYD
We have to go!

Lloyd grabs Cecilia's hand and they run.

Reede and the Evil Imp return to find Cecilia gone.

REEDE
Find them!

INT. UNIVERISTY LIBRARY/FURTHER INTO THE STACKS

Lloyd and Cecilia race down the hall.

CECILIA
What's your plan?

LLOYD
This was as far as I got.

CECILIA
Kind of lame plan, you have to admit.

LLOYD
Then next time you can rescue yourself!

And suddenly the floor is covered with marbles. Lloyd and Cecilia stagger and sprawl.

The Evil Imp rockets toward them and begins binding them together with a lasso.

EVIL IMP
Boss! Found 'em!

CECILIA
I wish I knew what the hell was going on here!

LLOYD
It's Reede's Imp!

CECILIA
Yeah, I got that, but I could use a little backstory.

EVIL IMP
I may not be allowed to hurt you, but Reede can, and I'm going to suggest that he cut you into—

But then, with a sickening crunch, a crossbow bolt lodges in the Evil Imp's face.

LLOYD AND CECILIA

Gramma!

Sure enough, Gramma stands there, armed to the teeth.

GRAMMA

Get a move on!

Lloyd and Cecilia extract themselves from the lasso and crawl away from the puddle of marbles.

EVIL IMP

Owwwww!

The Evil Imp slowly pulls the crossbow bolt from its head.

As Gramma reloads, Reede sprints into view around the corner.

GRAMMA

Is that him?

LLOYD

That's him.

Reede takes aim with his Uzi, but Gramma shoots first and fires a crossbow bolt that grazes Reede's gun arm.

Reede drops the Uzi, which skids under a bookshelf.

REEDE

Son of a bitch!

(to Evil Imp)

Do something!

The Evil Imp claps its hands, and Gramma's crossbow turns into a hissing and thrashing howler MONKEY.

Gramma throws the Monkey, which claws at Reede's head.

REEDE (CONT'D)

Not helping!

The Evil Imp claps again, and a banana tree sprouts, fully formed, from the floor.

The Monkey darts off into the tree, to Reede's relief.

Gramma charges, swinging a morning star over her head, and clubs the spiked ball onto the Evil Imp's face.

EVIL IMP
Damn, that stings!

Gramma tramples on, drawing a battle-axe, heading for Reede.

REEDE
Help! Help help help!

As Gramma swings, Reede scampers backward, but slips on the marbles, and the axe lands between his legs, just splitting the seam of his crotch.

The Evil Imp flies in, holding an ice pack to its nose with one hand and picking Gramma up by a veiny ankle with the other.

EVIL IMP
Ew, so varicosey!

Then they all pause to the sound of incoming munitions.

EVIL IMP (CONT'D)
This can't be good.

Burning like the Space Shuttle on reentry, Lloyd's Imp smashes through the brick wall of the library and plunges like a cannonball into the Evil Imp. The force of the impact drives both Imps through a dozen rows of bookshelves.

LLOYD
Hooray! You came back!

The Imp emerges from the rubble.

IMP
Yes, and you owe Marty a new pair of trousers.

LLOYD
Is he okay?

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL/OUTSIDE BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Marty, whimpering, clings to one of the gargoyles, garishly illuminated by floodlights.

Over the chop of helicopter blades, he can just make out the sound of a chimpanzee shrieking.

RESCUER (O.S. LOUDSPEAKER)
Hang on, we're sending a rescue chimp!

MARTY
A rescue what?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/FURTHER INTO THE STACKS - NIGHT

The Imp grins.

IMP
They'll get him down eventually.

LLOYD
I can't believe he came through.

CECILIA
What the hell do we do now?

Lloyd grabs Cecilia and Gramma by the hand and they run, the Imp flying along beside them.

LLOYD
I've got no idea, but we have one advantage: I know this library.

CECILIA
Behold, the world's first practical use for a liberal arts education.

GRAMMA
I know, right? I told him: get a degree in something sensible, like chemical engineering or computer science, but—

Just then, an anvil falls onto the Imp's head.

IMP
Ow, my noggin!

The anvil transforms into the Evil Imp.

But Gramma winds up with a battle hammer and clubs the Evil Imp, knocking it several yards down the hall.

IMP (CONT'D)
Thanks, Gramma. I got this.

The two Imps tussle like children, slapping and scratching.

IMP (CONT'D)
Hey, no biting, no biting!

Reede skids around the corner, catching up with them.

REEDE
Ah ha!

GRAMMA
And I've got this.

Gramma stomps toward Reede, swinging a bolo over her head.

REEDE

Oh, come on. You really don't
expect me ... to ... be ...
frightened ...

Reede runs, but Gramma throws the bolo, ensnaring his legs.

LLOYD

Gramma, you can't just kill him.

GRAMMA

Do you have a dispel scroll?

LLOYD

No.

Gramma shrugs, draws her broadsword, and advances on Reede.

REEDE

(to Evil Imp)
A little help?

EVIL IMP

A little busy!

Lloyd grabs Gramma, struggling to restrain her.

LLOYD

Killing is bad! My God, you're strong!

REEDE

This is ridiculous. I'll make my
own help.

Reede draws forth the magical parchment and reads aloud.

LLOYD

Reede, don't!

The two Imps realize what's happening and freeze.

IMP AND EVIL IMP

Reede, don't!

LLOYD

You're not supposed to summon more
than one—

Reede finishes the incantation and an ominous silence ensues.

LLOYD, IMP, AND EVIL IMP

Uh oh.

CECILIA

What? He reads a haiku? So what?

Gramma charges Reede, her broadsword raised.

But the earth quakes and something horrible, like a huge, gangrenous, horned hemorrhoid emerges from the ground.

Gramma buries her broadsword into it, but the thing slowly unfolds and turns toward her.

This is the DEMON: eight feet tall, taloned, betusked, with oozing, hircine eyes and a barbed tail.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

Say, do you see that?

LLOYD

Yeah. I wonder how come we can see it.

EVIL IMP

Very bad.

IMP

Definitely very bad.

The two Imps slink off toward the shadows.

REEDE

I command you to destroy those Imps!

EVIL IMP

What? "Imps" plural? Why me?

REEDE

From the look of this one, I won't be needing you any more.

EVIL IMP

You ... dick!

But things don't go as planned, and the Demon lunges at Reede.

LLOYD

You've got to help him!

EVIL IMP

Is he mental? Look at that thing!

IMP

He's right, we've got to help him.

Reede screams as the Demon savages him.

EVIL IMP

Okay, okay.

The two Imps swoop in and pry the Demon off the unconscious Reede. They tussle, like housecats fighting a Predator.

CECILIA

Now will you let Gramma kill Reede?

GRAMMA

Too late.

LLOYD

What do you mean, "too late?"

GRAMMA

Killing the summoner doesn't work when Imps go bad.

CECILIA

So what do we do?

GRAMMA

We need to find a dispel scroll.

LLOYD

Okay, come on, then.

CECILIA

Or, or, we could hide in a bomb shelter in Guam while the military nukes that thing.

Lloyd hikes up his ballgown, races to a computer terminal, and turns it on. It seems to take an eternity to boot up, and Lloyd smiles, embarrassed.

LLOYD

Library record system. Just needs to, um, load.

Meanwhile, the Demon repeatedly mauls the two imps. Neither sustains damage, it just hurts a lot.

The Demon smites the Imp, and it careens across the room and smashes into the wall beside Lloyd.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

IMP

(dazed)

Hi.

(MORE)

IMP (CONT'D)

Your ballgown is having a bit of a nip-slip. You're like Janet Jackson. Only paler. Much, much-

LLOYD

Get back there and distract that thing! It's your turn to stall!

IMP

Yeah, that's only fair.

And the Imp returns to the fray.

CECILIA

I am so over you talking to air.

GRAMMA

How did you find the summoning scroll in the first place?

LLOYD

Blind luck, actually.

CECILIA

Well, let's just start flipping pages. In a library of ten million books that should only take-

LLOYD

Aha!

CECILIA

Don't tell me you found it.

LLOYD

Self high-five! Come on!

Meanwhile, the Demon grabs both Imps, ties their tails together, kicks them both through the wall, then sniffs the floor like a bloodhound, and lumbers after Lloyd.

A momentary silence, then the two Imps return, dressed as Zorro and Robin Hood.

IMP

Ha-hah!

EVIL IMP

Ha-hah! Where did it go?

IMP

Clearly it had enough of gnawing our heads. Now it must be after Lloyd!

EVIL IMP
Good, I could use a breather.

IMP
Hey, I helped you save Reede.

EVIL IMP
Good point. How is the old chap?

The Imps turn to regard the unconscious Reede.

IMP
You're still here, so he must be
alive. Come on!

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/ENTRY

Lloyd, Cecilia, and Gramma race toward the stairs at the library entry, when suddenly they stop short.

The Old Cop and the Young Cop have just entered, and stand sternly, hands on hips.

OLD COP
Why am I not surprised?

LLOYD
Oh, hi!

Then they hear the unholy snarling of the Demon approaching.

OLD COP
You want to handle this one, Detroit?

YOUNG COP
Cover me.

After the briefest pause, the Young Cop turns and flees.

And then the Demon bursts through the wall.

A moment of silence, as the Demon and the Old Cop size each other up. Finally:

OLD COP
Sorry, above my pay grade.

CECILIA
What? You can't just—

OLD COP
Maybe Schwartzenegger is available, or something. I'm not playing anymore.

Lloyd stares at her, babbles for a moment, then faints.

CECILIA

Oh, no. Lloyd! Wake up! You've got to find your spell. Wake up!

Cecilia slaps Lloyd until he stirs.

LLOYD

Oh, it was another dream.

CECILIA

What do you mean, another dream?

LLOYD

Nothing!

Lloyd all but teleports to his feet and resumes his search.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Here! This could be it.

CECILIA

Could be?

LLOYD

It's a definite maybe. Bring this one.

Lloyd hands an enormous tome to Cecilia, open to a page in scrawled Gaelic, and turns back to the books.

Cecilia tears out the page, and Lloyd squeals like a piglet.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Do you know how old that book is?

They hear the Demon howling in the distance.

CECILIA

Is there a pocket edition? No? Then deal with it.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/ENTRY

The Demon wrestles with the Imp in its robotic exoskeleton.

The Evil Imp swoops in, dressed as a Musketeer, summons an ancient cannon, and begins loading and ramrodding it.

IMP

Where have you been?

EVIL IMP

Found a good book. Hold on.

The Demon tears apart the exoskeleton, and the Imp leaps from the wreckage, sprouting a tiny parachute.

The Demon raises one enormous, taloned foot over the Imp.

IMP

Hurry!

The Evil Imp lights the cannon fuse and ... nothing.

EVIL IMP

Oh, right! Forgot the wadding.

The Demon pummels the Imp, who, now dressed as Rocky, wails.

IMP

Adrian! Adrian!

The Evil Imp adjusts the fuse and lights it again. This time, the cannon fires, blasting the Demon back through the wall.

IMP (CONT'D)

You delayed on purpose.

EVIL IMP

Comic relief.

IMP

For whom?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/STAIRWELL

Lloyd and Cecilia, racing down the stairs with dozens of torn pages, encounter Gramma, racing up.

GRAMMA

There you are! Got it?

LLOYD

Definitely, maybe, one of these.

Gramma points downstairs, toward obvious sounds of battle.

GRAMMA

This way.

CECILIA

No kidding.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/DEEP IN THE STACKS

The Imp and the Evil Imp drive the Demon back to its summoning place, where Reede still lies unconscious. Riding in miniature Sherman tanks, the Imps pepper the Demon with shells.

Lloyd, Cecilia, and Gramma burst into the scene. Lloyd trips over Reede's prone form, scattering his load of papers.

GRAMMA

Oh, come on!

CECILIA

Are you sure this will work?

LLOYD

"Sure" in what sense?

CECILIA

In the sense, "will it work?"

LLOYD

Sure.

Lloyd gropes for one of the pages and reads aloud in Gaelic.

A rumbling sound. Everyone stops, even the Demon.

And flowers sprout from the skin of the Imps and the Demon.

EVIL IMP

I've been Smith and Hawkened!

IMP

Try another one!

Lloyd reads a second page aloud; another rumbling sound.

The ghostly forms of a dozen ethereal SQUIRRELS materialize beside Lloyd and sing Gregorian chants.

CECILIA

Is there a spell for everything?!

The Demon turns and stomps toward Lloyd, and the two Imps dive on its ankles, slowing its approach.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

Lloyd, hurry!

Cecilia grabs bananas from the recently summoned banana tree, and throws them one by one at the Demon's feet.

LLOYD
Like that's going to stop him?

CECILIA
Oh, think outside the box, for once.

The Demon loses its footing on the bananas and falls.

LLOYD
I stand corrected.

CECILIA
Shut up and read something!

The Demon stands and kicks the Evil Imp, which flies into a bookshelf, knocking it over and revealing Reede's fallen Uzi.

Lloyd reads aloud from yet another parchment. Eerie winds stir.

IMP
This is it! Keep reading! And so long, buddy!

LLOYD
Wait, what do you mean, "so long?"

CECILIA
Lloyd?

LLOYD
I'm casting it on this oversized honey badger, here, not on you.

The Demon advances on Lloyd.

IMP
Like the spell knows the difference?

CECILIA
Lloyd?!

IMP
Dispel us, or this thing eats us all. Like the Blob, but with more teeth.

The Demon keeps advancing.

CECILIA, GRAMMA, IMP, AND EVIL IMP
Lloyd!

Lloyd resumes reading, and he, Cecilia, and Gramma retreat before the Demon, until they're pressed against a bookshelf.

Lloyd tries to read faster, but they're not going to make it.

Then, Cecilia spies the fallen Uzi. She snatches it up and delays the Demon by firing the entire clip into its snout.

The Demon shakes its head, brushes the flattened bullets from its face, and steps forward, raising its mighty fist.

Lloyd spits out the last words of the spell and throws himself in front of Cecilia. Gramma throws herself in front of Lloyd.

When Lloyd finds the courage to open his eyes, he sees the Demon staggering backward, struggling for balance.

CECILIA

I think you did it!

The Demon bellows, and makes one vain lunge for Lloyd before disintegrating in a burst of smoke and ash.

The Evil Imp emerges from the rubble, high-fives the Imp, then:

EVIL IMP

Ow.

IMP

Your turn.

EVIL IMP

Tell Reede he was always a jerk.

IMP

Oh, we've got that covered.

EVIL IMP

That's why I loved him.

IMP

I thought you loved me! Those nights at Red Lobster meant nothing to you?

The Evil Imp likewise disintegrates.

IMP (CONT'D)

I'm next. Lloyd, I hope you find the guts to tell Cecilia you love her.

LLOYD

I already did.

IMP

You did? Well. I guess my work really is done. I boldly go...

The Imp executes a courtly bow and disintegrates.

LLOYD

Where no Imp has gone before.
Thanks. For everything.

Lloyd sinks to his knees, and Cecilia crouches beside him.

CECILIA

You okay?

LLOYD

I suppose I'm on my own now.

CECILIA

Not quite.

Cecilia kisses Lloyd.

GRAMMA

What say we make tracks and let Reede
take the fall when the cops come back?

Indeed, they hear sirens in the distance, approaching.

CECILIA

Sounds like a plan.

Cecilia pulls Lloyd by the hand down the hall toward an exit.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

And we have to get you out of that
ballgown.

LLOYD

Cheeky! Your place or mine?

Gramma stumbles in the debris, and kicks a book from her path.

There, beneath the book, lies the parchment of summoning.

Gramma smiles.

FADE OUT