

COLD OPEN

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A framed photo: a little boy and little girl pose with identical twin moms. The border reads: BEST COUSINS.

We pan to see JEFF and SHAREE sitting on the couch. They are those kids, now 29, sitting the same way, watching TV with laptops open. Jeff is smoking a joint. Sharee pets their adorable disabled dog Marnie. They are both baked a.f.

Jeff offers the end of their joint to Sharee who shakes her head - definitely not.

She lifts a bong into frame and takes a gnardo rip.

SHAREE

I'm starving.

JEFF

Me too.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sharee holds a box of Cracklin' Oat Bran, looking in the fridge.

SHAREE

Jeff, did you not pick up milk?

JEFF

Oh fuck I did a few days ago. It's still in my car.

SHAREE

Does Seamless have milk?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's already on Seamless on her phone. It says:

0 results for "Milk."

JEFF

No.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Can you drive? No, I'm too
 high. Me too. Jinx. Fuck.

SHAREE
 Can you drive? No, I'm too
 high. Me too. Jinx. Fuck.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Sharee rides a bike; Jeff rides a squeaky Razor scooter.

SHAREE
 You gotta get a tune-up on that
 scooter.

JEFF
 I just did six months ago.

Suddenly, an ENORMOUS plume of smoke appears in front of
 them, and two bodies SMASH onto the ground in a burst of
 thunder.

Jeff and Sharee enter frame, slowing to a stop.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Holy shit, I'm tweakin' out. I'm
 seeing shit, Sharee.

SHAREE
 No, Jeff, me too. I see it! HOlee--

A GRACE JONES-TYPE and a HEAVYSET ALBINO TEEN approach,
 wearing metallic, phosphorescent clothes. GRACE JONES slips
 something into her bag.

ALBINO TEEN
 What year is it?!

JEFF
 Twenty sixteen.

GRACE JONES
 (to ALBINO TEEN)
 That's 30 years of breathable air!

GRACE JONES and ALBINO TEEN hug, emotional.

GRACE JONES (CONT'D)
 Thank you. Quickly, Stargot. We
 must get to the U.N.!

GRACE JONES and ALBINO TEEN run across the highway. Then:

SHAREE

WAIT!

GRACE JONES and ALBINO TEEN turn back.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

Where'd you get your bodysuit--

We hear the SHRIEK of a Range Rover blaring Pitbull as it SMASHES into GRACE JONES and ALBINO TEEN, killing them instantly.

JEFF/SHAREE

HOLY SHIT!!!!/OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!!

A "future shoe" rolls and stops at their feet. The Range Rover reverses, then speeds away.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH - LATER

EMTs pack the bagged bodies into an ambulance. Jeff and Sharee talk to COPS.

COP 1

Okay, so I gotta say something they can file it as -- so, jaywalking?

JEFF

No, I'm telling you: they weren't walking.

SHAREE

They literally came out of the sky!

The cops stare. Beat.

COP 2

Just put "jaywalking."

Cop 1 writes on a pad.

COP 1

And what are your names?

SHAREE

Sharee Aniello.

JEFF

And Jeff Aniello.

COP 1

You married?

SHAREE

We're cousins.

COP 2

Alright, get outta here.

The cops walk away. Jeff and Sharee turn to go.

SHAREE

(to Jeff)

Like, I'm not an aliens person.

JEFF

No, me neither!

Something catches Sharee's eye. In the brush on the shoulder is something: a metallic, phosphorescent messenger bag.

SHAREE
(calling after cops)
Hey I just found something--

COP 2
I SAID GET OUTTA HERE!

The cop screech past them, almost hitting them.

SHAREE
Jesus!

Sharee opens the bag and takes out a beat-up bong, almost Grecian in its ornate design.

JEFF
Oh my God...

The bong twinkles in the moonlight. There's a message written on it!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Now in the apartment, we see the message is written in as many different languages as can fit. Sharee reads:

SHAREE
"Time Traveling Bong. Smoke once,
travel through time. Smoke again,
return."

A long beat.

JEFF
No way right this is real, right?

SHAREE
I mean, we just saw people fall out
of the fucking sky!

JEFF
I KNOW. We have to try this, right?

SHAREE
Just to know--

JEFF

Shit, I can't. I just picked up Ahmed's brunch shift. It's in the schedule now.

SHAREE

What if when we come back, you come back to a little earlier so you can cover that shift? OR not agree to it in the first place.

JEFF

Plus, if we actually traveled through time, moms would kill us.

SHAREE

It would be amazing to go back to before I had credit card debt.

JEFF

Or before I got genital warts.

SHAREE

And before I got genital herpes!

JEFF

Let's do this.

SHAREE

Yes.

She reaches for a lighter and grabs the bong.

JEFF

Wait! If this actually works, I need to poop first.

SHAREE

So smart. After that I'm gonna change my tampon.

JUMP CUT:

They're back and ready. The bong is packed about to be lit.

JEFF

(holding bong)
Here goes nothing!

Sharee goes to light it.

SHAREE

Wait!

Share goes and fills Marnie's bowl.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

Okay.

JEFF

(to the dog)

Love you, Marnie.

Sharee lights the bong. A faint rumble grows into a GIANT RUMBLE. The earth beneath them starts to shake.

Smoke fills the air, engulfing them. Jeff and Sharee are sucked up and away, like the clearing of a giant bong chamber.

Marnie sniffs the ground where they were.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SALEM TOWN CENTER, 1692 - DAY

The pilgrim Province of Massachusetts Bay, populated with late 17th-century homes and shops.

Townspeople go about their day at the market. Suddenly, the same rumble grows louder and Jeff and Sharee SMASH TO THE GROUND AS GRACE JONES AND ALBINO TEEN DID IN A PLUME OF SMOKE!!!!

JEFF (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Whoa...

SHAREE

(buggin)

Whoa...

Jeff and Sharee look around then slowly at each other. VILLAGER (gaunt, covered in sores) points at them.

VILLAGER

Witch! Wiiiiitch!

Villagers gather, pointing and starting to grab pitchforks. SIR IPSWITCH (elderly, blind, raised moles) approaches.

SIR IPSWITCH

Witchcraft has come to Salem!

Jeff and Sharee look at each other: Fuck.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SALEM TOWN CENTER - DAY

The crowd of villagers are pale, greasy, pock-marked, and covered in cold-sores:

VILLAGER

There was a gash in God's ceiling,
and the witch appeared!

SIR IPSWITCH

Sounds like witchcraft to me!

The crowd begins to get angry!

CROWD

THIS IS GOD'S COUNTY! / THE
CHILDREN! / NO WITCHCRAFT! / SPOOKY!

JEFF

No - guys! Guys! We're Not witches,
we're just normal time travelers!

SHAREE

We're from two-thousand-sixteen!

CROWD

SHE LIES! / NUMBERS ARE THE DEVIL!
/ SCRATCH HER EYES OUT!

JEFF

(to Sharee)

Let's get the fuck outta here!

Sharee lights the bong - it's cashed.

SHAREE

Weed! Weed!

VILLAGER

The witch has a tiny caldron!

Jeff fumbles for the weed in his cargo-shorts pocket. A BURLY ASSHOLE grabs the bong.

SIR IPSWITCH

IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

The BURLY ASSHOLE rips the bong from Sharee's grasp and holds it above his head--

SHAREE
NO!!! STOP!!!

JEFF
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

-- and SMASHES it to the ground. SIR IPSWITCH steps forward.

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)
We'll stamp out witchcraft just as
we did those feather-loving
Indians!

VILLAGER
But Sir Ipswitch, we've used all
our smallpox blankets on the native
children! ...To kill them!

SIR IPSWITCH
Then we must deliver the ugly witch
to Reverend Hale!! He'll know what
to do!

CROWD
YES!/ FUCKIN' WITCH!/ FUCK THAT
WITCH!

A VILLAGER slaps Sharee across the face.

SHAREE
Jesu--

JEFF
She's not a witch!

A VILLAGER takes their brown sock off their NASTY ASS DIRTY
FOOT and stuffs it in Sharee's mouth.

SHAREE
(muffled)
WHHHH! FUUUUU--

JEFF
She's my cousin! She works at the
Verizon store!

SIR IPSWITCH
(amused)
Oooh sir, you're under quite a
spell of hers! You are bewitched,
my Lord! What a tricky, hairy
little witch!

JEFF
I'm not bewitched! We time traveled
here together!

VILLAGER

The first sign of being bewitched
is to say you're not bewitched!

JEFF

If she's a witch, I'm just as much
a witch!

BURLY ASSHOLE draws a knife and holds it to Jeff's neck.

BURLY ASSHOLE

I never met a male witch, but you
do have a a high voice and long
eyelashes. Maybe you are a witch--

JEFF

(then, lower voice)
No, you know what? Spell is broken.
She bewitched me good, that witch.
Take her away.

Sharee is horrified and taken away by the crowd and VILLAGER.

SHAREE

(muffled)
Jeeeeefff!!!!

Jeff's like YEESH, I don't know!

JEFF

(fanning himself)
Wow! Wow. That was a strong one.
Thanks guys!

The BURLY ASSHOLE sheaths his knife. Everyone is relieved.

BURLY ASSHOLE

I wanna fuck that witch to DEATH.

SIR IPSWITCH

So! Where are ye--

BURLY ASSHOLE repositions SIR IPSWICH, to speak TO Jeff.

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where are ye from, sir...?

JEFF

Oh. Jeff. I'm from Jersey.

SIR IPSWITCH

(savoring the words)
Sir Jeff-from-Jersey.

(MORE)

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)
 You must be weary from your brave,
 witch-fighting travels.
 (to BURLY ASSHOLE)
 Elias, run along to the tavern and
 tell them to prepare a mighty horn
 flask of mead and some steaming
 meats...

BURLY ASSHOLE
 For certain!

BURLY ASSHOLE runs off like a little bitch.

JEFF
 Wow thanks. That sounds really
 cool.

SIR IPSWITCH
 Cool? Are you cold, sir?

JEFF
 Oh, no. Cool. As in like-- it's all
 good.

SIR IPSWITCH
 Oh. Well, that's... coo-ol. The
 witch chose a great town, I'll give
 her that. Let me show you around.

Jeff grabs the broken bong shards.

SIR IPSWITCH
 I may be blind, but I know this
 town like the space betwixt my
 arsehole and my testicles. Gentle
 Sir Jeff, point my stick toward the
 church bell.

We see the church bell. Jeff points SIR IPSWITCH toward it.

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)
 (starting to walk)
 Here we go. Over there is where
 Negro George makes the tiles.
 (calling to him)
 Hi, George!

GEORGE (O.S.)
hey.

SIR IPSWITCH
 He's a cool Negro.

Yikes.

INT. REVEREND HALE'S HOUSE - DAY

CROWD throws Sharee in front of REVEREND HALE (Bryan Cranston).

VILLAGER

Here's the witch who flew with
three Satans, Reverend, with their
pricks lodged deeply in her baby
hole, screaming hexes--

Sharee screams, muffled. Reverend Hale removes the sock.

SHAREE

Feh! Ew! That is some BULLshit. I'm
not a witch! My name is Sharee
Aniello, I'm 29 years old--

The crowd GASPS.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

I graduated-- ugh, almost graduated
from Rutgers. I'm not a fucking
witch!

REVEREND HALE

Silence child! Stand.

Sharee's nervous as Reverend Hale approaches and inspects
her: behind her hears, neck, her wrists, etc.

SHAREE

(whispering)
Please don't rape me.

REVEREND HALE

I have inspected the accused, and
there are no markings of the devil.

SHAREE

Right?!

REVEREND HALE

We do not want to incite the
village with hysterics. We have to
give the girl a chance by doing
some research--

SHAREE

Finally some common sense--

REVEREND HALE

Scientific, unbiased tests--

SHAREE

Thank you! Someone with education
and a little class--

He swiftly STABS SHAREE IN THE TIT with a knitting needle.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

FAAAUUUCK!

REVEREND HALE cleans the needle to mild applause from CROWD.

CROWD

Tit stab!/ Well done!

He wipes the needle with a handkerchief and holds it up.

REVEREND HALE

She bleeds! A human quality! But
I'm still not convinced!

CROWD

Us neither!/ Hell no!

REVEREND HALE

We will do a series of tests to be
absolutely certain!

The crowd cheers.

SHAREE

(sotto)

God help me.

REVEREND HALE

Don't talk about my God!

Reverend Hale pierces her other tit! We go off on Sharee's
screams.

EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

Sir Ipswich continues to show Jeff around town.

SIR IPSWITCH

That's where we treat the sores--

(sniffs)

Op--

Sir Ipswich extends his cane, stopping Jeff. A bucket of
piss is thrown from above, narrowly missing Jeff. Ew!
Ipswich goes on.

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)
 Over there's where the glass is
 blown; this is where we keep the
 native's scalps and skins--

Jeff ducks inside the glassblowing shop. Unaware, Ipswitch
 continues.

SIR IPSWITCH (CONT'D)
 Over there's where we boil the puke
 stockings--

INT. GLASSBLOWING SHOP - DAY

Jeff enters the small glassblowing barn. It's empty.

JEFF
 Hello?

GLASSBLOWER (Ian Roberts) appears, startling Jeff.

GLASSBLOWER
 Sincere apologies. I was... tending
 to my goat.

JEFF
 Hi, I'm Jeff--

GLASSBLOWER
 --the Bailiwick of Jersey?! You
 vanquished the wharty witch! Is it
 true you can count to... one
hundred?

JEFF
 ...Uh huh--

GLASSBLOWER
 (gasp)
 Please show me.

JEFF
 (sighs)
 One. Two--

CROSS DISSOLVE:

LATER

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Ninety nine, one hundred.

Glassblower is clapping. That was AMAZING.

GLASSBLOWER

Wow. Can you imagine if you could go higher?

JEFF

I can't. Okay, so I need your help.

Jeff pulls out the broken bong.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Can you fix this? I use it to smoke.

He fits together the pieces to show the glassblower.

GLASSBLOWER

Surely I can mend this.

The Glassblower puts on a jacket and a jacket on the goat.

JEFF

Can you do it now, though? I need it as fast as you can fix it.

GLASSBLOWER

It'll be very quick! But I want it perfect for you, Sir Jeff. All I have to do is travel twenty miles to Brewster for the coals. At dusk--

JEFF

Couldn't you--

GLASSBLOWER

Please! Let me finish! I'll stop for ham and rub my goat to rest. Upon my return, the fire will have to warm for twelve hours, half a day, nigh. It'll be done come morrow!

JEFF

You're the only glassblower, right?

GLASSBLOWER

(ignoring)

In the meantime, venture to the whorehouse, just two doors away. Get a rub-down, taint-to-toe and toe-to-taint!

This interests Jeff.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Trees reflect off a placid lake. Suddenly, the surface is broken as Sharee emerges from the water, SCREAMING, tied to a dunking stool. She is dunked again as the CROWD cheers.

SHAREE
JEEEEFFFFF!!!!!!

MONTAGE:

* A sexy wench giggles as she removes her merkin, tosses it onto Jeff, then jumps on him.

* An old man has Sharee over his lap and spanks her with a paddle. She screams.

* Jeff dips candles with an old woman. Hers are perfect - his are wonky. They laugh.

* Sharee is tarred and feathered - she screams.

* Jeff sings with locals as they drink, their swinging tankards overflowing with mead. Jeff dances to a guy playing the lute. He is wasted. He tries to play the lute.

* CROWD locks Sharee in the stocks. They place a dog behind her to hump her.

EXT. STOCKS - NIGHT

Sharee is locked up. She is bloody. A group of teenage girls approach, carrying a lantern.

TEEN #1
Hi, Miss witch?

SHAREE
(shivering with fear)
Girls! Girls! Help me!

GIRL 1
We've come to ask for your help.
Can you cast a spell and make Tommy
Putnam love me?

GIRL 2
Can you make John Proctor love me?

GIRL 3 is hunched over, badly.

GIRL 3

Can you make my spine straight?

SHAREE

I have been beaten. I have been bitten on my boobs by DOZENS of men. I was stretched. PULLED by horses in different directions! I ate maggot pie. I bled! I choked! I'm just like you! I'm not a witch! I'm a human!

GIRL 1

...So can you make Tommy Putnam ask me to the dance tonight or--

SHAREE

Tom-my Put-nam?! The men here are sick! Sadomasochistic fucks! Also, they stink like shit!

TEEN #2

And their stink makes me horny.

SHAREE

Ew!!! You're better off using some kind of gord, I don't know! Do it yourself, and stay away from the fugly ass men here!

A villager, BURT passes, blowing a snot rocket. The girls freeze.

BURT

What are you girls doing near the witch?!

TEEN #1

We're beating her, sir!

The girls start begrudgingly flogging Sharee. Hunched, GIRL 3 keeps missing.

BURT

Good! Put your back into it, girls!

GIRLS

(whispering to Sharee)
Sorry witch! Sorry witch!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Jeff, drunk and eating a turkey leg, stumbles through the square. He sees Sharee in the distance.

JEFF

Oh my god, Sharee, there you are!
Dude, isn't this amaze--

He sees Sharee, who has truly been beat to shit.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Holy SHIT, Sharee! You don't look
so good.

SHAREE

(sarcastic)

No, I'm doing so good, Jeff! Where
have you been???

JEFF

I've been getting the bong fixed! I
found a glass blower!

SHAREE

(crying with joy)

Oh my god. Thank god! That's
brilliant! Of course! You're a
genius. Let's smoke it and get out--

JEFF

Oh, no, it's not ready till
tomorrow. I dropped it off this
morning. It's really an incredible
process--

Sharee is incredulous.

JEFF (CONT'D)

--they do a whole thing with coals
and ham. But it'll be ready come
morrow.

SHAREE

COME. MORROW?! I don't think I can
last that long. This place is HELL.

JEFF

Come on, it's not that bad--

SHAREE

You like it here?! Oh my god, I'm
gonna die here.

JEFF

You're not gonna die. Hester said there've been a couple "witch issues," but no one's ever been killed!

SHAREE

Who the fuck is Hester?

JEFF

This really sweet whore-- her words, not mine-- actually, everybody's words.

SHAREE

You chilled. With a whore?

JEFF

I stopped by the whorehouse--
(off Sharee's look)
To get clues!

SHAREE

WHAT CLUES?! I've been praying all day that I wouldn't get fucked by so many disgusting dudes-- AND A DOG.

Jeff is like ew.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

This is it. It's my last night alive. Just tell me a story. The one when we lost grandma at Epcot... and then we found her.

JEFF

Grandma... was... um...

Jeff passes out at Sharee's feet.

SHAREE

JEFF?!?! WAKE UP YOU BITCH!

TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)

SHUT UP WITCH!

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STOCKS - MORNING

Sleeping Jeff scratches his crotch, waking himself up.

JEFF

My pubes are on fire.

(looking down)

Oh my god, they're pussing. Sharee,
look--

He looks up and the stocks are empty - SHAREE IS GONE!

ANGLE ON: Across the quad, he sees a mob leading a mouth-bound Sharee into a courthouse. A BOY rings a big bell.

BOY

Behold the fair trial of a hairy,
greasy, very guilty witch!

JEFF

SHAREEEEE!!!!!!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The crowd murmurs. Sharee sits at the front bench, wearing a full-on witch outfit: pointed hat, broom.

SHAREE

I really don't think is fair. It paints a certain picture--

BAILIFF

Shut your face-hole, witch!

(then)

All rise for the Honorable Judge Hale.

Reverend Hale enters in judge's robes.

SHAREE

You're the reverend and the judge?

REVEREND HALE

I'm the virgin inspector, too.
(wink)

SHAREE

EWWW!

REVEREND HALE

Citizens of Salem. The smelly hag has survived many of our tests. Only a witch could survive eating donkey shit!

SHAREE

You make it sound like I wanted to! For the record, I did not--

REVEREND HALE

SILENCE! We will now hear witness testimony from the public.

CROWD

She bewitched my wife!/ She gave me a wet dream!

REVEREND HALE

(banging gavel)

Chill, chill! Please remain chill!

Sharee can't even.

INT. GLASSBLOWING SHOP - MEANWHILE

Jeff, breathless, enters the shop (still itching his junk.)

GLASSBLOWER
 Good day, Sir Jeff! Your vase-pipe
 was just cooling.

He tongs it over to show Jeff. It's really wonky and looks like a butt-plug.

GLASSBLOWER (CONT'D)
 (so proud)
 How good is this??

JEFF
 What the fuck is this?

GLASSBLOWER
 It's your vase-pipe! It works
 perfectly well!
 (he sucks air through)
 And now it makes you come faster,
 too!

JEFF
 Excuse me? What?

GLASSBLOWER
 You know, ejaculate! Which brings
 me to this: I'd like to share my
 goat with you.

JEFF
 No time to eat, I gotta go.

Jeff runs out.

GLASSBLOWER
 (calling after Jeff)
 No, not to eat! For fucking.
 (sighs, to self)
 Guess it's just us again, Mrs.
 Chilton.

ANGLE ON: a sad goat.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

In quick cuts, various angry villagers take the stand.

SCENIC MONTAGE:

PORTLY MAN

My wife refuses to lie with me of
late - surely she is bewitched!

SHAREE

Yeah that's why. Good one, Moses
Fletcher. My bad! That's all me!

CUT TO:

SCARY MAN

Remember when I laid hands on those
boys? The witch made me do it!

SHAREE

Do you guys have the word pedophile
in this town yet? Ya need it!
Degory Samson is one!

CUT TO:

FARMER

I've got a cheesy film on my penis!

SHAREE

Hey, Humility Cooper: rag plus
water. Rub. On. Dick.

REVEREND HALE

Don't be sassy, witch!

CUT TO:

GIRL 3

My spine's still curved.

Sharee shakes her head, resigned.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - SAME

Jeff runs by the WHOREHOUSE and sees A WHORE and stops.

JEFF

Hey, I came here yesterday and woke
up with a rash. Have you seen this
before?

He shows her his rash.

MAURA

Oh yes, that's just a little "whore dust". It will callous over and harden in no time.

JEFF

Ew! May I please speak to Hester?

MAURA

You may not. Hester died last night.

JEFF

Oh my God. What did she die of?!?

MAURA

Old age.

JEFF

How old was she?

MAURA

Very, very old. She was 24. She was like a mother to me.

Yikes! Jeff, confused, keeps itching and runs off.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jeff runs into the courthouse with the hidden bong. Reverend Hale sees Jeff and is tickled.

REVEREND HALE

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to introduce the man the legend, you love him, you've seen him, you've heard the tale of his counting skills, a very good friend of mine, the one, the only, SIR JEFF!!!!

CROWD goes WILD as Jeff approaches the stand. They go quiet.

JEFF

...Thanks--

The crowd ERUPTS again. Sharee is SO ANGRY.

REVEREND HALE

Witch! Stand and applaud for the brave Sir Jeff or BURN!

Sharee stands and angrily claps.

SHAREE
 (through gritted teeth)
 Whoohoo. Sir Jeff. Alright!

REVEREND HALE
 (to Jeff)
 You look great.
 (reading from his
 parchment)
 Sir Jeff, we don't have any
 questions for you - we just wanted
 to say it's been so fantastic
 having you here this week. Your
 'vibe' is so 'cool' and you've
 taught us so many 'sick' things.
 You're a gentleman and a good
 friend. We've decided to rename our
 street "Jeff Street".

Reverend Hale kisses Jeff slowly on each cheek.

ALL
 We love you, Jeff!/ You're so coo-
 ol!/ You're a star, Jeff!/ Etc.

REVEREND HALE
 Well, I've reached my verdict.

JEFF
 But wait -- my testimony!

REVEREND HALE
 Unnecessary. We have all the
 information we need.

SHAREE
 Wait! Can't I say something in my
 defense?

The crowd CRACKS UP.

REVEREND HALE
 Very well...

SHAREE
 I've written a statement I'd like
 to read--

REVEREND HALE
 (interrupting)
 A woman who can read and write!?
 YOU ARE A WITCH! TAKE HER TO THE
 PYRE!

CROWD grabs Sharee and carries her outside.

SHAREE
Jeff!!! No!!!!!!

Jeff runs after the crowd.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - PYRE

Sharee is tied to a stake with another brown sock in her mouth. Hay is piled at her feet as the EXECUTIONER lights a match and holds it up.

JEFF
WAIT! She's my witch! I want to set her aflame!

EXECUTIONER blows out the match as Jeff steps forward.

SHAREE
Fuck you, Jeff! How could you burn your own cousin? I always included your name on cards for Grandma!

CROWD
JEFF! JEFF! JEFF! JEFF!

Jeff takes a match from EXECUTIONER. Jeff strikes it and grabs Sharee and lights THE WONKY BONG!!! He takes a hit.

A billow of smoke appears, and JEFF AND SHAREE GET SUCKED UP INTO THIN AIR. The crowd gasps. It's silent.

VILLAGE ELDER
Witchcraft IS real!

They all SCREAM! A FARMER has a daughter by the hair.

FARMER
And it is spreading! I found my daughter pleasuring herself with one of my prize gords!

REVEREND HALE
Burn all the women! NOW!

They throw girls on the fire. It's fucking bedlam. Over the shrieks of the town's young girls, camera follows the black smoke upwards into the sky.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. LUSH TUNDRA - DAY

Smoke fills the air and a faint rumble grows louder as Jeff and Sharee SMASH TO THE GROUND!!!!

JEFF/SHAREE

Whoa.

SHAREE

Holy shit, you scared me!

JEFF

I wouldn't burn you. I had a whole thing planned! It went GREAT.

Sharee's face is so fucked up.

SHAREE

Yeah it was great.

They look around and realize they're in an overgrown tundra, definitely not home.

SHAREE (CONT'D)

Where are we? Is this home?

JEFF

Fuck! It must be because the glassblower did such a shitty job on the bong.

SHAREE

Yeah, it looks like a butt plug.

JEFF

Oh my God.

Jeff takes a pube out of his mouth.

SHAREE

So what, are we just bouncing around the space-time continuum??

JEFF

I don't know!

Just then they hear grunting from the bushes - holy shit! Cavemen!!!! THEY ARE IN THE PALEOLITHIC ERA!!!!

JEFF (CONT'D)

They see us.

SHAREE

Don't move - don't breathe.

The cavemen approach, sniffs around Jeff and Sharee, and throw them over their shoulders, taking them away.

FADE TO BLACK.

WE SEE A MONTAGE OF THE NEXT EPISODE!!!!!!!!!!

END OF EPISODE