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) 

SHAREE 

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
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) SHAREE
(shocked) (buggin)
Whoa... Whoa...

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

VILLAGER
Witch! Wiiiitch!

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--
-- 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)
Jeeeeeefffff!!!!

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 ears, 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 Ipswitch extends his cane, stopping Jeff. A bucket of
piss is thrown from above, narrowly missing Jeff. Ew!
Ipswitch 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
ture 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
JEEEEEFFFFF!!!!!

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 tomorrow.

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
SHAREEEEEEE!!!

END OF ACT TWO
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

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 cool!/ 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