

*1400*

*P.D.*

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EXT. BARN - ESTABLISHING SHOT

SUPER: VILLAGE OF MUDD, 1400 A.D.

INT. BARN/CONSTABLE STATION

The interior of a barn has been converted into a rudimentary police station. Animal stalls have been covered with bars to make crude JAIL CELLS; WANTED POSTERS advertise rewards for Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Little John; and letters on the wall read: "POLICE DEPARTMENT - VILLAGE OF MUDD".

A nonchalant cow still stand in one of the stalls, chewing cud.

FRANCINE, a constable with a badge proudly fixed on her chest, makes a speech:

FRANCINE

As constables, it is our duty to hold the powerful to account. In the year 1400, the wealthy cannot continue to flout the law. But first-

Francine slaps on a PARTY HAT.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

We have a party to throw!

REVEAL: CONSTABLES in party hats surround SHERIFF BOGGS, 40. Boggs is covered in streamers - asleep.

CUTHBERT (20s, weaselly) blows a noisemaker in Sheriff Boggs' face. He jerks awake with a SNORT.

CUTHBERT

Happy retirement, Sheriff Boggs!

FRANCINE

I vow to continue the work of Sheriff Boggs. Not only his quest to find the best Lard Wheel in town-

Francine gestures to a table of half-eaten pastries that resemble DONUTS.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

-but also his quest for justice. Though I may focus a little more on the justice.

SHERIFF BOGGS

(glum)  
I wish I didn't have to retire. I  
feel fine.

FRANCINE

Don't be ridiculous, you just  
turned 40!

SWAIN (20s, handsome and athletic) chimes in.

SWAIN

Yeah, you're bound to die any day  
now.

FRANCINE

Swain!

SWAIN

It's true.

CUTHBERT

Well, I wish you didn't have to  
retire, sir.

FRANCINE

(under her breath)  
Keep it up, Cuthbert, soon there'll  
be a new Sheriff in town.

A voice booms out.

MELVIN

(O.S.)  
There certainly will!

Melvin, 30, dressed in a fancy constable uniform, rides his  
HORSE - a magnificent steed - directly into the middle of the  
police station.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

I've been waiting outside for just  
the right moment to enter!

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, who are you?

MELVIN

I--

Dramatic pause.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

--am Melvin.

CUTHBERT  
(starstruck)  
Great name.

MELVIN  
I've been transferred from the  
City, to take over for the sheriff  
who died.

SHERIFF BOGGS  
(whines)  
Retired.

MELVIN  
...Right. Retired, soon to die.

FRANCINE  
So the City thinks they can just  
send us a new Sheriff? Without even  
consulting us?

MELVIN  
Of course they can. Who else would  
do the job?

FRANCINE  
I think we should promote from  
within.

SWAIN  
I don't want the job.

FRANCINE  
Not you, Swain.

CUTHBERT  
I've only been here 2 months, but  
I'm game!

FRANCINE  
Definitely not you, Cuthbert!

MELVIN  
So it's settled then! I'm Sheriff.  
First order of business is to hunt  
down all the witches.

FRANCINE  
(face-palms)  
Oh no, you're one of those.

CUTHBERT  
(sucking up)  
I've been *saying* we should do  
something about the witches!

MELVIN  
Then I think it's clear who should  
be my right-hand man.

Cuthbert waits eagerly, but Melvin turns to Swain.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
You there! You look like a hearty  
fellow.

Swain shrugs.

SWAIN  
Used to be a jousting.

MELVIN  
Excellent! Nothing witches fear  
more than a real man's man.

Cuthbert looks deflated. Francine rolls her eyes.

FRANCINE  
Shouldn't we solve real crimes  
rather than chase after fictional  
beings?

MELVIN  
If you wish. What "real crimes"  
have you had around here lately?

FRANCINE  
I have my suspicions about the  
local lord, Lord Whitely--

CUTHBERT  
(eager, interrupting)  
There's a missing chicken over at  
Benson's farm!

MELVIN  
A **STOLEN** chicken!?

FRANCINE  
No, a missing chicken. They do have  
legs you know.

MELVIN  
Imagine that, a chicken stolen by  
witches. And on my first day.

Melvin raises his sword in the air.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
To the crime scene!  
(lower)  
Where is it?

CUTHBERT  
Just past the shithouses, sir.

They start to leave.

SHERIFF BOGGS  
If you're going, can I finish the  
lard wheels?

MELVIN  
Sure, Boggs. Wouldn't refuse a man  
a wish on his deathbed.

SHERIFF BOGGS  
(trailing off)  
I feel fine...

## ACT 1

## EXT. BEACH - WHITELY MANOR

An imposing, imperious, shady, squat MANOR sits atop a hill that slopes downward to a bright sunny BEACH.

On the beach, LORD WHITELY (60s, human version of his manor) directs SAILORS as they haul BARRELS ashore from several boats.

LORD WHITELY  
Hurry up, lads! This contraband  
won't smuggle itself!

NILES WHITELY (30s, tall thin version of his father) approaches him from behind and taps his shoulder.

LORD WHITELY (CONT'D)  
(irritated)  
What is it!?

He turns and sees that it's Niles.

LORD WHITELY (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
Oh, it's my son. What do you want,  
Niles?

NILES WHITELY  
I was thinking--

KALUNK. FSHHHahhhh...

Lord Whitely whips around. The sailors have dropped a barrel, and a white powdery substance is spilling out onto the sand.

LORD WHITELY  
You FOOLS! You've wrecked its  
purity! Where am I meant to sell  
sandy salt!?

Lord Whitely whips off his hat, revealing an impressive bald spot, and begins scooping salt back into the barrel.

NILES WHITELY  
Father--

LORD WHITELY  
Why are you here, Niles? You're  
meant to be causing a distraction  
down in the village.  
(MORE)

LORD WHITELY (CONT'D)

Did I not give you enough money to  
throw a carnival?

Niles clears his throat.

NILES WHITELY

Father, as you know, I am in a love  
affair with science--

LORD WHITELY

Don't phrase it like that, that's  
awful--

NILES WHITELY

--and so I have decided, instead of  
a carnival or some other mindless  
distraction, I am going to put on a  
Science Faire. I'd love it if you  
could come.

Lord Whitely stops scooping salt and looks up, confused.

LORD WHITELY

You're doing a what?

NILES WHITELY

A Science Faire. The first of its  
kind. Inventors will compete for a  
prize awarded by--

LORD WHITELY

Good God, Niles, I ask you to do  
one thing! No one is going to go to  
that! That's the worst distraction  
I've ever heard of!

Lord Whitely calls to the sailors.

LORD WHITELY (CONT'D)

SINK THE BOATS! We'll have to call  
this one a loss.

NILES WHITELY

(horrificed)

No, don't sink the boats! People  
will come, you'll see!

LORD WHITELY

(gruff)

They'd better. This is my biggest  
haul of the year. *Three* barrels of  
salt, Niles - if the constables  
caught me with this kind of heat, I  
shudder to think what they'd do.



INT. CHICKEN COOP

The FARMER, Melvin, Francine, Cuthbert, and Swain stand around in a chicken coop, as chickens cluck and wander about.

Francine notices something and breaks away from the group.

MELVIN

Oh yes, oh yes indeed.

He turns to the farmer.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

I smell it in the air.

FARMER

Sorry, we didn't get a chance to shovel this morning.

MELVIN

No. This is a smell far worse than that. Although, that is foul. I'm talking about the smell...of a witch.

FARMER

A witch!?

FRANCINE

(O.C.)

Hey, there's a hole in this fence.

MELVIN

Yes, a witch. Spirited your chicken away for some dark ritual, no doubt.

FARMER

(tearing up)

Not Peepers!

Melvin nods solemnly.

MELVIN

Peepers, indeed.

Melvin turns to Swain.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

What say you, right-hand man?

Swain is sitting on a hay bale, whittling a stick. He doesn't respond.

Francine speaks up again.

FRANCINE

(O.C.)

And there's a bunch of chicken tracks leading towards it.

FARMER

So there's a witch amongst us! We have to raise the alarm!

CUTHBERT

Yes, and it could be anyone. Even someone on our trusted police force.

Cuthbert looks pointedly at Swain.

CUTHBERT (CONT'D)

(eyes narrowing)

Even someone trusted enough to be a right-hand man.

Francine walks over.

FRANCINE

Hey, did you hear me? I said there's a hole in the--

SPLASH. Cuthbert knocks a bucket over, wiping away the chicken tracks.

CUTHBERT

(not sorry)

Oopsie.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Above a makeshift group of booths and stands, a group of SERVANTS are hanging a banner, directed by NILES WHITELY.

The banner reads: SCIENCE FAIRE.

NILES

Higher! Higher! The first-ever Science Faire must be perfect!

SERVANT

Will there be ale?

NILES

No, there won't be ale. It dulls the mind.

SERVANT

Mind's not the only thing that's  
dull, then.

Some of the other servants SNICKER. Niles rolls his eyes.

NILES

Lazy joke, though presumably an  
effort for you. I look forward to  
the arrival of better minds.

The servant FROWNS.

Just then, the farmer runs through the town square, CLANGING  
a bell and screaming.

FARMER

WITCH! THERE'S A WITCH! IT'S TAKEN  
A CHICKEN, HIDE IN YOUR HOMES!

Shock and murmurs ripple through the servants. Niles scoffs.

NILES

A witch? Really? There's no such  
thing. Have you ever heard anything  
more absurd, Petronella?

PETRONELLA enters the frame. She has a WART on her nose,  
wears a pointy black hat and carries a book labelled  
'SPELLBOOK'.

PETRONELLA

Never in my life, brother.

**Act 2**

EXT. COURTHOUSE

The villagers are excitedly building a PYRE, preparing to burn the witch.

INT. BARN/CONSTABLE STATION

There's a new WANTED POSTER on the wall: an artist's rendition of a chicken with "WANTED" printed across the bottom.

Francine has cornered Melvin.

FRANCINE

They're setting up a pyre, Melvin!  
A PYRE! I bet you know damn well  
once villagers build a pyre,  
somebody's gotta burn.

MELVIN

And someone *will* burn - the witch!

SWAIN

What if there is no witch?

FRANCINE

Then they'll burn an innocent!  
You've just created a complete  
spectacle out of this witch thing,  
when we really *should* be  
investigating Lord Whitely--

GILBERT (diminutive, in simple clothes) steps in.

GILBERT

Excuse me--

FRANCINE

What!?

GILBERT

I don't mean to interrupt a  
haranguing, but I believe I saw the  
chicken you're looking for.

MELVIN

Are you confessing to taking the  
chicken?

GILBERT  
No, I'm saying I saw it--

MELVIN  
How could you have seen it if you  
didn't take it?

GILBERT  
It was just wandering down the  
road!

MELVIN  
A chicken crossing the road?  
Hilarious. Get out of here and stop  
wasting our time.

CUTHBERT  
That's right. We've got a witch to  
find.

Gilbert looks like he's about to argue, but decides it isn't  
worth it. He leaves.

FRANCINE  
See? Even Gilbert thinks you're  
crazy, and he believes in  
evolution! You're going to turn our  
department into a joke!

SWAIN  
Gonna look pretty silly if we don't  
have a witch at the end of this.

CUTHBERT  
That's exactly what a witch would  
say!

MELVIN  
Of course!  
(snaps)  
Of course, there's a witch in the  
department.

CUTHBERT  
And I think we all know who it is.

Francine!

MELVIN

CUTHBERT (CONT'D)  
Swain! Oh- ok, Francine.

FRANCINE  
(scoffs)  
Are you serious?

MELVIN

Are you going to come quietly, or  
is Swain going to have to joust  
you?

FRANCINE

Ha!

SWAIN

(confused)

Sorry sir, how would jousting help  
in this situation?

MELVIN

Jousting helps any situation.  
There's nothing cooler than a  
jouster.

CUTHBERT

What about the people who support  
the jousters, huh? Like, for  
instance, the people who wipe the  
sweat off the horses? Aren't they  
cool too?

SWAIN

(sidebar to Melvin)

Cuthbert used to wipe the sweat off  
the horses.

MELVIN

Well obviously.

Francine puts her hands up.

FRANCINE

Ugh! I'll go quietly, if the rest  
of you agree to do the same.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

One side of the "SCIENCE FAIRE" banner is hanging down - a  
single servant struggles to put it back up, with no one on  
the other end.

Petronella sits nearby with her nose in her spellbook.

NILES WHITELY

Why is he doing that alone? Where  
is everyone?

PETRONELLA

They've all gone to the courthouse.  
A witch trial promises to be more  
exciting than a Science Faire.

NILES WHITELEY

What!? But this Faire can't fail;  
I'm meant to distract people from  
Father's illegal salt-smuggling  
operation!

PETRONELLA

SHUSH!

Petronella and jabs her thumb toward the servant.

PETRONELLA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

A witch trial will distract them  
fine. Try to avoid screaming about  
crimes.

LORD WHITELEY trundles toward them.

LORD WHITELEY

Why is no one here? I've taken time  
out from my illegal salt-smuggling  
operation to come to this.

PETRONELLA

Honestly, am I the only one of us  
who knows how to be subtle?

She picks up a nearby broom, hops onto it and glides away.

NILES WHITELEY

They'll be here, Father.

LORD WHITELEY

Harrumph. You're lucky there's a  
witch trial.

NILES WHITELEY

A witch trial is unscientific  
nonsense. Witches aren't real.

LORD WHITELEY

Really? Didn't you once accuse that  
constable Francine of witchcraft?  
Or was that just because she  
rejected your marriage proposal?

Niles goes red.

NILES WHITELEY  
I was young! And I took it back  
immediately!

LORD WHITELEY  
The accusation or the proposal?

NILES WHITELEY  
Both!

LORD WHITELEY  
Well I, for one, am glad she's on  
trial. She was getting a bit too  
interested in my...activities.

NILES WHITELEY  
Francine's the one on trial?

LORD WHITELEY  
Of course. She's over 16 and  
unmarried. It practically screams  
witch.

NILES WHITELEY  
(heated)  
Petronella's over 16 and unmarried!

LORD WHITELEY  
(surprised)  
Yes, but you have seen her, haven't  
you?

Niles storms off.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Francine is on the stand. Villagers JEER from the crowd.

Melvin acts as PROSECUTOR, Cuthbert as ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR,  
Swain as BAILIFF.

MELVIN  
Silence, SILENCE! We're going to  
have a *civilized* witch trial.

FRANCINE  
This is absurd.  
(speaks to crowd)  
You people have known me my whole  
life. Do I seem like a witch to  
you?



Petronella calls out from the crowd. She's still got her broom next to her.

PETRONELLA

Excuse me, how does one *seem* like a witch?

MELVIN

The thing about witches is they hide in plain sight, cleverly blending in as mouthy women who stick out.

FRANCINE

A-ha! You said women! I'm sure it's not a coincidence that I'm the only woman on the force, and I'm the one accused of witchcraft.

MELVIN

Of course it isn't. Men can be witches, obviously, but for every male witch there's roughly 1000 female witches.

CUTHBERT

(nodding)

That math checks out.

Niles BURSTS IN.

NILES WHITELY

This is a farce!

MELVIN

On what grounds?

NILES WHITELY

On the grounds of- of-

He looks at Francine, but he can't get the words out.

NILES WHITELY (CONT'D)

--of why is no one at my Science Faire!?

A voice calls from the crowd.

VOICE IN CROWD

*Bo-rrring.*

FRANCINE

(apologetic)

It does sound boring, yeah.

MELVIN  
Even the witch agrees.

Niles looks betrayed, even more so when he spots Petronella in the crowd.

NILES WHITELY  
*Et tu, Petronella?*

VOICE IN CROWD  
*Gibberish! He's a witch!*

NILES WHITELY  
It's Latin, you imbecile.

PETRONELLA  
(shrugs)  
Sorry Niles. Science *is* boring.

Niles turns on his heel, in a huff.

Gilbert pipes up, from a seat nearby.

GILBERT  
I'll stop by, Niles. I love science.

NILES WHITELY  
(sneers)  
Science isn't the name of a pig, Gilbert!

Niles storms out.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Lord Whitely is right outside, he looks past Niles into the courthouse.

LORD WHITELY  
Who's that new constable, Niles? He looks familiar.

NILES WHITELY  
What? I don't know, Melvin something.

LORD WHITELY  
Melvin...Smith?

NILES WHITELY  
Maybe. Who cares?

Lord Whitely looks a bit stricken.

LORD WHITELY  
If you'll excuse me, I need to move  
some bodies.  
(beat)  
Figure of speech, of course.

NILES WHITELY  
You're leaving?

LORD WHITELY  
Yes.

He puts his hand on Niles' shoulder.

LORD WHITELY (CONT'D)  
But before I go, you should know  
that today has been a great  
disappointment to me.

Niles looks crushed.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Niles' Science Faire banner has blown down. It rolls across  
the empty square like a tumbleweed. Niles sighs.

He sets about setting up his invention. It's a papier mache  
volcano.

He puts a sign in front of it that reads: BUBBLY MOUNTAIN! :)  
It's written in bubble letters of course.

Niles pours vinegar into the mountain, and as it fizzes up  
and over, he watches, head in his hands.

GILBERT  
Niles?

Niles looks up, hopeful.

GILBERT (CONT'D)  
I brought my invention.

Gilbert is holding a TOILET. Niles makes a face.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Villagers JEER as Francine walks a straight line on the  
courthouse floor, her arms out at her sides. She turns around  
and walks back, also in a straight line.

MELVIN

Now! You must touch your nose with  
your outstretched arms.

Francine does so, easily.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Alright, she passed. However, there  
are more tests to come!

SWAIN

Melvin, this is usually the test we  
give to people accused of drunk  
donkey riding. Is it the same for  
witches?

MELVIN

It's similar, to be sure.

(to the room)

Now for the next test! Say the  
alphabet backwards.

VOICE IN CROWD

*What's the alphabet?*

MELVIN

Alright, we'll skip that one.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Gilbert has set up his toilet at one of the booths. Niles is  
sizing it up.

NILES WHITELY

What is this foul thing? It looks  
like a porcelain throne.

GILBERT

(laughs)

It's something like that. But it's  
a throne for the everyman.

NILES WHITELY

I hate it already.

GILBERT

Of course, you can't see its full  
capability, because it's meant to  
be installed indoors. I'm thinking  
it may replace the outhouse.

Niles's face drops.

NILES WHITELY  
(disgusted)  
The *outhouse*!?

GILBERT  
Yes. This is a flushing machine.  
It's meant to carry waste away--

NILES WHITELY  
Your invention is an *indoor*  
*outhouse*, you're insane!

GILBERT  
Well it's a practical solution to a  
practical problem, isn't that what  
science is for?

NILES WHITELY  
No, no! that isn't what science is  
for! Imagine thinking science could  
be so crass.

GILBERT  
But Niles, everybody poo-

NILES WHITELY  
**I don't!**

Gilbert looks chastened.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Francine is back on the stand. Melvin speaks to the crowd,  
brandishing an INKBLOT TEST.

MELVIN  
Behold! The ink blot test! If she  
sees a butterfly, she is a witch!

He turns to Francine, and waves the paper at her.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
Do you see a butterfly!?

FRANCINE  
...No.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Niles is HAULING Gilbert's toilet to the very back of the  
arranged booths. He sets it down and then quickly wipes his  
hands all over his pants.

NILES WHITELY  
There. Now let's pray he doesn't  
find it back here.

GILBERT  
Pray who doesn't find it?

NILES WHITELY  
The judge.

A BOOMING VOICE.

THE JUDGE  
The judge meaning me!? Professor  
Phillip FrommeFrance, at your  
service.

He gives a twirly bow, and Niles GULPS.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Melvin stands with his back to Francine. It is quiet.

Then, suddenly he WHIPS AROUND.

MELVIN  
BOO!

Francine FLINCHES.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
Hmm. A witch would've turned into a  
crow.  
(sighs)  
Well. I'm all out of tests.

The crowd is getting restless, they start to BOO.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
I suppose, after all, she is not a--

The boos grow louder.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
I know, I know, it's very  
disappointing--

CUTHBERT  
--Just one moment, Melvin, I happen  
to know of a test.

Cuthbert pulls out a hazelnut.

CUTHBERT (CONT'D)  
Francine, will you eat this  
hazelnut?

FRANCINE  
No, I'm allergic to hazelnuts. You  
know that.

CUTHBERT  
A-ha! *Witches* are allergic to  
hazelnuts.

The crowd oooooo's.

FRANCINE  
No they aren't, I am.

CUTHBERT  
If you're not a witch, why won't  
you eat the hazelnut?

FRANCINE  
If I eat the hazelnut, I'll die.

CUTHBERT  
Small price to prove your  
innocence, wouldn't you say?

FRANCINE  
No.

CUTHBERT  
There you have it folks, she's a  
witch.

The crowd *gasps*.

SWAIN  
Oh, c'mon.

The courtroom waits, before Melvin declares:

MELVIN  
SHE'S A WITCH!

The crowd CHEERS.

**END OF ACT 2**

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Professor Phillip FrommeFrance looks back and forth, back and forth, between the two inventions: the toilet and the bubbly mountain.

PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
So this "bubbly mountain", what is  
its use?

NILES WHITELY  
Wonder. Excitement. Titillation.

PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
Hmm. And what of the toilet?

GILBERT  
It lets you shit indoors, sir.

PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
Hmm.

He straightens up, and announces.

PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE (CONT'D)  
Gilbert's the winner.

NILES WHITELY  
(aghast)  
What?

PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
The implications of his invention  
are astounding. I don't even know  
how he came up with it, it's  
remarkable.

Niles is almost speechless with fury, until he turns to  
Gilbert and yells:

NILES WHITELY  
WITCH!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Francine is being marched on a procession out of town.

Niles runs up to Melvin, dragging Gilbert by his ear.  
Professor FrommeFrance huffs and puffs, jogging after them.

PROFESSOR PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
I say, this is most irregular!



Niles speaks to Melvin.

NILES WHITELY  
This man here-  
(indicating Gilbert)  
-is a witch!

VOICE IN CROWD  
*We've already got the witch!*

NILES WHITELY  
There can be two witches.

PROFESSOR PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE  
The man Gilbert is not a witch,  
he's a very accomplished scientist!

VOICE IN CROWD  
*Ah, sounds like witch talk to me.*

Over Niles' shoulder, Melvin notices a CHICKEN, which has somehow found its way atop the pole that once held Niles' banner.

Swain whispers in Melvin's ear:

SWAIN  
Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

MELVIN  
Could be a witch's trick.

SWAIN  
Francine's not a witch, mate. We  
did Baby Jousting together, I know  
her.

The two look over at Francine, who is scowling at Melvin.

SWAIN (CONT'D)  
Watch, I'll prove it to you.

Swain grabs Petronella's broom and launches into a run toward the chicken, holding the broom aloft like a jousting lance. He chucks the broom at the chicken, knocks it off the sign and TACKLES it, falling to the ground in a cloud of feathers.

He leaps back up, holding the chicken above his head.

SWAIN (CONT'D)  
Behold!

The farmer rushes out from the crowd.

FARMER

Peepers!

MELVIN

(in wonder)

Peepers indeed.

The farmer cuddles the chicken affectionately.

FRANCINE

There, now you've found the  
chicken, clearly I'm not a witch,  
can I go please?

MELVIN

But there is a witch! There must  
be. There always is. And I think  
it's clear that the witch is--

MELVIN (CONT'D)

(points to Gilbert)  
That guy!

CUTHBERT

Swain! Oh, sure, that guy.

Niles looks triumphant.

GILBERT

I'm not a witch! All I did was  
invent a toilet!

MELVIN

A what?

VOICE IN CROWD

*Gibberish, he's a witch!*

PROFESSOR PHILLIP FROMMEFRANCE

It's a French word, and if I may,  
I'd like to offer Mr. Gilbert here  
a position at the university. If he  
is a witch, I'll get him off your  
hands.

MELVIN

Very well. I suppose education  
would be a suitable punishment. I  
hereby declare Gilbert is the  
witch, and Francine is exonerated.

NILES WHITELY

And because Gilbert is disqualified  
for witchcraft, I won the Science  
Faire!

MELVIN

The what?

VOICE IN CROWD

*Gibberish, he's a witch!*

SWAIN

(calls into crowd)

Ok, now that's getting old.

EXT. PYRE - LATER

The villagers gather around a roaring pyre, celebrating.

PETRONELLA

WOO-HOO! BURN THE WITCH!

The chicken is roasting on the fire, turning on a rotisserie.

FARMER

I'm so glad I got Peepers back in  
time to cook him up for dinner.

Swain puts his arm around the farmer's shoulder.

SWAIN

Aye, it's what he would've wanted.

Petronella leans in to speak to Francine.

PETRONELLA

Gotta say, I was surprised when I  
got to the witch trial and saw they  
caught a real one for once.

FRANCINE

Hush, Petronella! Subtlety!

PETRONELLA

Right, sorry.

Petronella takes a bite from a hovering drumstick.

Melvin walks up to Francine, who quickly SNATCHES  
Petronella's drumstick out of the air.

MELVIN

Francine, I want you to know, that  
I was wrong to ever suspect you of  
being a witch.

Francine struggles to hold on to the drumstick as Petronella  
playfully yanks it around through magic.

FRANCINE

Thank you.

MELVIN

You were right about the chicken,  
and dare I say, right about me. I  
overreacted. I would almost say I  
was hysterical, if such a thing  
were possible without a uterus.

Francine sighs.

FRANCINE

What is your obsession with  
witches?

MELVIN

Witches killed my parents.

FRANCINE

Do you have any evidence of that,  
or...?

MELVIN

No, just an inkling. And the fact  
that one the day they died, I  
remember see a flash of light. What  
could that be except magic?

FRANCINE

Right.

MELVIN

But one day, I'll prove it. That's  
why, after my incident in the City--

FRANCINE

When you accused the mayor's  
daughter of witchcraft--

MELVIN

--after my incident, they said I  
had to get out. And out of all the  
pisspot little towns they could've  
sent me to, I chose this pisspot.  
It's where my parents were from,  
you see.

FRANCINE

And you want to find their killer?

MELVIN

The witch, yes. And I could use  
your help.

(MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Swain is a good jousting, but I'm seeing now I may need someone who is more than that.

Swain is gargling beer in the background.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Francine, I'd like you to be my new right-hand man.

Cuthbert overhears, throws his beer on the ground and stomps off.

FRANCINE

Less than two hours ago you were gonna burn me at the stake.

MELVIN

Yes, but it all worked out, didn't it?

Francine watches the villagers take the chicken off the fire and tear into it, ripping flesh off its bones.

Lord Whitely sprinkles SALT onto his chicken leg.

FRANCINE

Where did you get salt?

LORD WHITELEY

Don't worry about it.

Francine's eyes NARROW. She turns back to Melvin.

FRANCINE

You know what. I think I may curse you, Melvin.

MELVIN

Curse me? But, you're not a witch...

(nervously)

Are you?

FRANCINE

If you ever accuse me of being a witch again, you are cursed to become a witch yourself.

MELVIN

(whispers)

No!

Francine laughs.

FRANCINE  
I'm only joking!

Melvin looks relieved.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)  
Or am I?

She grins a mischievous grin. Melvin looks terrified.  
Francine tears into the drumstick with her teeth.

OUT.