CHILLING ADVENTURES OF SABRINA

Chapter One: “OCTOBER COUNTRY”

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directed by Lee Toland Krieger

Based on characters appearing in Archie Comics Publications

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Chapter One:
"October Country”

Revision History

DATE	COLOR	PAGES AFFECTED
11/30/2017	**Studio Draft 2**	**Full Draft**
11/28/2017	Studio Draft	Full Draft

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Chapter One:
"October Country”

CAST**

Sabrina Spellman
Harvey Kinkle
Rosalind Walker
Prudence
Dorcas
Agatha
Mary Wardwell
Young Woman/Madam Satan
Hilda Spellman
Zelda Spellman
Ambrose
Orlando West
Dean Hawthorne
Librarian
Science Teacher
Mr. Kemper
Mrs. Margaret Kemper
Connor Kemper**
Martha Kinkle
Audra Walker
Handsome Man
Beautiful Woman
Baby
Mrs. Meeks
Older Gentleman/Albertus Blackwood

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Chapter One:
"October Country”

SETS

INTERIORS

MS. WARDWELL’S CAR

WARDWELL’S COTTAGE
- BATHROOM
- KITCHEN

SPELLMAN HOUSE
- SABRINA’S BEDROOM
- KITCHEN
- PARLOR
- SABRINA’S BATHROOM
- ATTIC STAIRS
- THE ATTIC
- EMBALMING ROOM
- ENTRANCE HALL

KINKLE HOUSE
- LIVING ROOM

WALKER HOUSE
- DINING ROOM

HAWTHORNE’S HOUSE
- LIVING ROOM

BAXTER HIGH
- HALLWAY
- GIRLS LOCKER ROOM
- GIRLS SHOWERS
- DEAN’S OFFICE
- DEAN’S FRONT OFFICE
- WARDWELL’S OFFICE
- OUTSIDE WARDWELL’S OFFICE
- LIBRARY
- LIBRARY CARREL
- SCIENCE CLASSROOM

EXTERIORS

GREENDALE MAIN STREET

COUNTRY ROAD

MS. WARDWELL’S COTTAGE

SPELLMAN HOUSE
- BACK YARD
- FRONT PORCH

THE GREENDALE WOODS
- THE CLEARING

BAXTER HIGH SCHOOL
- LUNCH AREA

GREENDALE STREET

GREENDALE RURAL ROAD

GREENDALE APPLE ORCHARD
- PARKING LOT

CORN MAZE
- CENTER OF THE MAZE

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1 EXT. GREENDALE MAIN STREET - NIGHT 1

An almost FULL MOON hangs over GREENDALE, a small town in the HUDSON RIVER VALLEY. It's a crisp, cold night. The smell of logs burning in fireplaces. Crunchy leaves underfoot.

An OCTOBER WIND blows through the town. We hear OTHERWORLDLY FEMALE VOICES, singsongy, dim, carried on the breeze:

Witch, old witch, how do you fly?/On a broomstick going by...

WE PAN from the MOON down to...Greendale's local movie house, THE VOYEUR, on its main commercial strip. Playing, according to its marquee: **George Romero's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.** As the CAMERA moves to find the theatre's MAIN DOORS, we hear --

-- Witch, old witch, what do you wear?/Black old clothes and uncombed hair...

THE DOORS BURST OPEN -- out come the MOVIE THEATRE PATRONS -- including, front and center: SABRINA SPELLMAN (15-almost-16, bewitching) and her dreamy boyfriend HARVEY KINKLE (16, dark, longish hair, *not quite* a hippie), his arm around her shoulders. They are with Sabrina's best gal pal, ROSALIND (16, African-American, coke-bottle glasses, fun) --

SABRINA *
Okay, mark my words, that movie is *
destined to become a *cult classic* -- *
George Romero is a *genius* -- *

ROSALIND
Are you *for real?* That movie made *
no sense -- but it *was* nice to see *
a brother be the hero for once -- *

While Harvey and Rosalind chat, Sabrina notices three uncanny, gorgeous TEENAGE GIRLS in matching private school girl outfits (PRUDENCE, DORCAS, and AGATHA) walk by, glowering at her...

HARVEY
Yeah, agreed -- though he *did* get shot at the end --

The Three Girls' lips *aren't* moving, but somehow, they seem to be the ones reciting the eerie rhyme Sabrina's hearing: *Witch, old witch, what do you drink?/Apple cider and midnight ink...*

ROSALIND
(to Harvey)
-- by the *white* sheriff, which is *typical*, but at least he wasn't eaten by one of those -- what *were* those things, anyway? Sabrina? *

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SABRINA
(turning back to her friends)
Well, in the movie, the newscaster called them “ghouls,” but that’s not accurate. Reanimated corpses that eat human flesh -- the way *these* things did -- are called “zombies” in most cultures, after the Haitian Creole word *“zombi”* -- or so I’ve been told...

Harvey and Rosalind look at Sabrina -- *how does she know these things?* -- just as a painfully shy misfit classmate of theirs, ORLANDO (in the present-day, we’d describe her as a boy trapped in a woman’s body), passes them --

SABRINA (CONT’D)
Orlando, hey! We’re going to the diner, if you want to --

ORLANDO
(eyes fixed on the ground)
Ihavetogethomethanksbye --

Orlando leaves, just as MARY WARDWELL, a mouse of a woman, walks by Harvey, Rosalind, and Sabrina on her way out --

MS. WARDWELL
Excuse me --

SABRINA
-- Ms. Wardwell?
(genuinely surprised)
What, what are *you* doing here?

MS. WARDWELL
At this *precise* moment, Ms. Spellman, I’m wondering why it is that so many of my students are shocked whenever they see me outside of school. Teachers *do* have lives, you know.

SABRINA
I only meant -- I didn’t know you were a fan of horror movies --

MS. WARDWELL
Who doesn’t appreciate a good scare every now and then? Especially this time of year.
(she breathes it in)
“October Country,” Ray Bradbury calls it. “Where the hills are fog and the rivers are mist. Where twilights and midnights linger.”

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HARVEY
(loving her for it)
Sabrina's *nuts* for horror movies, the gorier the better --

MS. WARDWELL
Well, I'm sure it helps to have a strapping young man like yourself holding her hand through them.

SABRINA
Ms. Wardwell -- we have a tradition of going to the movies and then to the diner to dissect whatever we just saw -- do you want to join us?

MS. WARDWELL
(considers it...)
I have papers to grade. Including yours. But thank you for the offer.

Ms. Wardwell continues on her way. Once she's out of earshot:

ROSALIND
'Brina, *why* would you do that?

SABRINA
What, invite Ms. Wardwell? She's my advisor, Roz. And I like her. Besides, I feel bad for her --
(looking after Wardwell)
-- living in that house, all alone, it must get (lonely) --

HARD-CUT TO:

2 INT./EXT. MS. WARDWELL'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 2

Wardwell's rocking along a NARROW ROAD, hemmed in on both sides by TREES. Her WINDOW's down. WIND whips her HAIR. Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising" is *cranked up* on the radio. Wardwell sings along...

As she rounds a CURVE -- *a DARK FIGURE darts out of the trees and into the road right in front of her* -- Wardwell ***slams*** the brakes -- ***jerks*** the wheel sharply, *barely* missing the Figure, *screeching and skidding to a stop* --

3 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME 3

Wardwell climbs out of her car, approaches the huddled shape of a YOUNG WOMAN in the middle of the road. She's covered in dirt and mud; stringy DARK HAIR hangs in her face; her arms and legs are scratched and bleeding --

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MS. WARDWELL
Are you alright? Are you hurt?

The Young Woman holds up her arms, towards Wardwell --

YOUNG WOMAN
Help me...<u>please</u>...help me...

4 INT. MS. WARDWELL'S CAR - NIGHT 4

Wardwell drives. HER EYES glint in an almost predatory way as she studies the Young Woman in her rearview mirror... *

MS. WARDWELL
You poor creature. You're like a bird with broken wings, aren't you?
(then)
My cottage is just down the road. We'll get you cleaned up, then call Dr. Saperstein in the morning.

5 EXT. WARDWELL'S COTTAGE - NIGHT 5

Ms. Wardwell's car is now parked in front of what looks like a...GINGERBREAD COTTAGE, like something out of a fairy tale, at the edge of THE WOODS.

The CAMERA moves towards the FRONT DOOR. Above it, we find: An IRON SPIKE, affixed above the door's jamb. Almost like a lucky horseshoe. From inside, we hear WATER RUNNING...

6 INT. WARDWELL'S COTTAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 6

Ms. Wardwell runs a steamy, hot BATH for the Young Woman, who sits on the (closed) toilet seat.

MS. WARDWELL
There's a towel, a robe, Q-tips. You get nice and cleaned-up. I'll be downstairs.

7 INT. WARDWELL'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 7

Ms. Wardwell is puttering around when the Young Woman comes down. Her hair is wet, slicked back. She's preternaturally gorgeous. As Wardwell pulls out a chair for her to sit:

MS. WARDWELL
I brewed you some tea. And found you some yummy almond cookies in the cupboard.

The Young Woman sits at the kitchen table. So does Wardwell.

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MS. WARDWELL (CONT'D)
Won't you tell me your name?
(silence)
Or what happened? *Did* someone attack you?

YOUNG WOMAN
(a whisper:)
The woods.

MS. WARDWELL
Someone attacked you in the woods?

YOUNG WOMAN
(shaking her head)
No, *the woods* did.

A long pause as Ms. Wardwell weighs this. Then nods.

MS. WARDWELL
You're not from around here, are you? It's one of the first things children in Greendale are taught: *Don't go into the woods at night*.
(then)
Everyone knows about the witch-hunt in Salem, but there was one right here, in Greendale, the very same year. In 1692. An entire coven, 13 witches, were hung in the forest. Their angry spirits have haunted the woods ever since. Or so the story goes.

YOUNG WOMAN
But -- aren't you scared? Living so close to the woods?

MS. WARDWELL
(laughing, almost giddy)
Me? Oh, no. No, no, no. Those are just *stories*. Besides, I have an iron spike over my door. Blessed in a church. Witches can't cross iron, *everyone* knows that.

YOUNG WOMAN
How do you know so much? About witches? And about what happened in the woods? *

MS. WARDWELL
I'm...Greendale's unofficial town historian, I suppose.
(MORE)

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MS. WARDWELL (CONT'D)
I also teach at the local high school, at Baxter High.

The Young Woman affixes Wardwell with her eyes --

YOUNG WOMAN
Is one of your students named...*Sabrina?*

MS. WARDWELL
Why, yes. Sabrina Spellman. Her family's been a part of Greendale for centuries -- generations. Do *you* know Sabrina?

YOUNG WOMAN
(spitting out the words:)
No -- but I knew her bastard-of-a-father. Who broke sacred witch-law when he married a mortal sow.

Wardwell's eyes go wide with fright. She pushes away from the table -- as the Young Woman makes a quick gesture -- and a SHARP KNIFE jumps from its BLOCK on the kitchen counter -- *hovers in mid-air* for a quick beat -- then *impales* itself, "Carrie"-style, into Wardwell's neck, *killing her* instantly --

Wardwell slumps forward; her head *hits* the table with a wet * *THUNK!* A pool of BLOOD widens beneath Wardwell's head. The Mystery Woman...who is, in fact, a concubine of hell named MADAM SATAN...dips her fingers in the blood. Then she traces a CIRCLE around her face with the blood, muttering a spell...

Madam Satan looks out the window. The CAMERA follows her gaze to -- THE MOON. Then, when the CAMERA pans *from* the moon *back* to Madam Satan -- *she has Ms. Wardwell's face!*

MADAM SATAN
The Great Work begins, Dark Lord...

8 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME 8

LOOKING DOWN ON: Sabrina, head on the pillow, in bed, asleep.

MADAM SATAN (POST-LAP)
I will deliver her unto You --

Sabrina's EYES *snap open*. She sits up, done sleeping for the night. Climbs out of bed, goes to her DESK. Above it, there's a poster-sized CALENDAR. Many days are crossed-off. Sabrina cross off another. Three more until...HALLOWEEN, a date she has marked with two very different events: SWEET SIXTEEN and DARK BAPTISM. *Hmmm...*

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She goes to her room's WINDOW, looks out at the WOODS across the way. They seem...alive, malevolent, almost...

A beat. Then, just as Sabrina turns from the window -- from the darkness -- *a BIRD smashes through the glass, shattering it!* Sabrina jumps backwards -- and out of her skin -- *as the bird lands with a THUD on the floor* --

Only...it's *not* a bird, it's a BAT, flopping around on the floor, unable to fly, because *both* of its wings are broken -- The poor creature's in agony -- Sabrina's stricken --

She looks around -- picks a HEAVY BOOK up off her desk, THE DEMONOMICON -- lifts it over her head -- closes her eyes -- whispers a protection against whatever the bat portends --

SABRINA
Absit omen --

-- then slams the book down on the bat to end its misery, as WE SMASH TO WHITE TEXT AGAINST BLACK**: October 28, 1968.**

9 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 9

The next day. SUNLIGHT streams in. The room is eerily empty. It looks like a normal teenage girl's room, iconic posters of the Beatles, "West Side Story," and "Hair" on the walls.

10 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 10

The sound of SIZZLING BACON. Sabrina's aunt HILDA (late 30s) is at the stove. Sabrina's other aunt, ZELDA (same), sits at the round breakfast table, reading a NEWSPAPER, *The Greendale Gazette*, with its headline**: LBJ Eyeing Bomb Halt.** Sabrina's cousin, AMBROSE (mid-20s), also sits at the table, reading the comics section -- as Sabrina comes in, dressed for school, holding an old SHOEBOX.

SABRINA
Morning, Aunties, Ambrose --

HILDA
(warm, kind)
Morning, dear, how did you sleep?

ZELDA
(sharp, cold)
Terribly, by the sounds of it. That *was* you we heard creeping around at the hour of the wolf?

Hilda moves from the STOVE to the REFRIGERATOR...

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SABRINA
Now that you mention it, Aunt Zee, I *did* wake up a couple of times.

HILDA
(a throwaway:)
Rabbit's feet under your pillow tonight, you'll sleep like the dead.

SABRINA
(sitting at table)
Speaking of the dead...a bat flew into my room last night. Smashed through one of my windows.

AMBROSE
I'll fix it.
(still reading the comics) *
The window, not the bat.
(looking up, eager)
Oh! Unless you want me to bring it back?

ZELDA
No, Ambrose, we'll have none of your necromancy, thank you very much. Sometimes, dead *is* better.

HILDA
The poor thing. Was it badly hurt?

SABRINA
Its wings were broken. I had to...
(touching the shoe box)
I'm going to bury it in the garden, if that's okay?

HILDA
Certainly. In the pet cemetery by the sundial. There's room there.

SABRINA
It's an ill omen -- isn't it, * Aunties? A dead bat?

AMBROSE
Definitely for the bat... *

HILDA
Did you say the words we taught you?

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SABRINA
"Absit omen" --

SABRINA/HILDA/ZELDA/AMBROSE
"May the bad thing not happen" --

HILDA
-- you're alright, then.

Sabrina gently tiptoes into the following conversation...

SABRINA
Of course, between the dead bat this morning, the curdled milk *yesterday* morning, and the two-headed frog in my shoe the day *before* yesterday...and with my dark baptism only three days away...I can't help but wonder if the universe isn't trying to tell me something.

No one takes the bait. Moving from the fridge, Hilda puts a green MILKSHAKE-LIKE DRINK in front of Sabrina.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
What's this?

ZELDA
Before the baptism, the temple of your body needs to be purified. Cleansed of its toxins.

SABRINA
(skeptical)
Oh. Right. What's in it again?

HILDA
Eggs. Milk. Rosemary. Agrimony. A capful of vanilla. A pinch of John the Conqueror root.
(off Sabrina's look)
Other herbs from my garden. Drink up, dear.

AMBROSE
Don't do it, Cous --

ZELDA
Ambrose.

Hilda, Zelda, and Ambrose look expectantly at Sabrina, who has no choice *but* to *gulp-gulp-gulp-gulp...*

HILDA
(suddenly emotional)
Oh, Sabrina. I, I promised myself I wouldn't cry, but...
(MORE)

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HILDA (CONT'D)
(dabs her eyes)
...how I wish your mother and father were here to see this, to see you.

SABRINA
(a sad beat)
Me, too, Auntie.

HILDA
They'd be so proud of you, of the young woman you've become.

Before things get *too* sappy, Zelda *slams* a thick PHOTO ALBUM on the table, in front of Sabrina.

ZELDA
Before you rush off, you need to pick a familiar -- and *no*, you can't put it off any longer. The Council sent the Registry. I've indicated a few suitable options. There's a handsome hedgehog, a noble-looking owl --

SABRINA
About that, Aunt Zelda, and in the interest of civil rights for all, I've been wondering -- instead of picking a familiar out of a book, which is so, I don't know, *dehumanizing* --

ZELDA
Familiars are *goblins* that have assumed the shape of *animals* in order to serve their witch-masters. There's nothing *human* about them --

SABRINA
-- but I was *wondering:* Rather than *me* picking one, it might be nice if we sort of...*both* picked each other --

HILDA
(smiling)
What a charming idea.

ZELDA
(enraged)
What in Lilith's name are you *blathering on* about?

AMBROSE
-- for fuck's sake, isn't the *important* thing that Sabrina *identifies* a familiar, not *how* she does it?

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SABRINA
I'll be ready, I promise.

OFF Sabrina, drinking some more of Hilda's milkshake...

AMBROSE (PRE-LAP)
That thing with the familiar...

11 EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - MORNING 11

The SKY is filled with billowing, gray CLOUDS. We're behind the SPELLMAN HOUSE, a beautiful old VICTORIAN. Multiple levels, with SEVEN GABLES and a classic wrap-around PORCH.

Sabrina's kneeling on the ground. She's just finished burying the shoe box. It's a tiny FRESH GRAVE surrounded by older ones, near a stone SUNDIAL. Ambrose stands next to Sabrina, in a robe, smoking a joint, nursing a cup of coffee.

AMBROSE
...are you *trying* to give Zelda an aneurism? Or is it indicative of some -- *deeper* doubt you're having?

SABRINA
(as she stands up)
Doubt?

AMBROSE
About your baptism. I thought you were excited --

SABRINA
-- I am, I *am* excited to...

As they walk around the side of the house, a SIGN in the FRONT YARD comes into view**: SPELLMAN MORTUARY - Funerals, Burials, and Rites.**

SABRINA (CONT'D)
(she looks out at trees)
...go into those creepy woods at the stroke of midnight, on my sixteenth birthday, dance around a fire with a bunch of naked *strangers*, sign my name in the Book of the Beast, and pledge my eternal allegiance to the Dark Lord...
(back to Ambrose)
...I mean, why would *anyone* have *any* doubts about that?

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AMBROSE
First of all, the nudity's optional. Second of all, as someone who's *had* his dark baptism, I *promise* you: It'll be the most *fantastic* and *phantasmagoric* night of your life.

SABRINA
I'm sure. But *you* didn't have to give up the human half of your life beforehand. Your boyfriend --

AMBROSE
I've never had a boyfriend (nor do I want one) --

SABRINA
-- your friends --

AMBROSE
The *animals* are my friends --

SABRINA
...all I'm saying, Ambrose, is that it's *easier* for someone who's been a full-witch from birth.

AMBROSE
True, but afterwards, when *you're* a full-witch...
(devil on her shoulder:)
You'll stay younger longer. You'll get to cultivate your gifts at the Academy, not helter-skelter lessons from Baby Jane and Auntie Mame in there. You'll amass wealth, and power, and influence. You'll *belong*, Cousin, in *every* sense of the word. Hell, you'll be a member of the Church-of-the-mother-fucking-Night, the oldest, most bad-ass coven in the country. One day, you *might* even be High Priestess -- the way your father was High Priest -- wouldn't *that* be a turn of the screw?

SABRINA
(eyes narrowing)
Ambrose, are Hilda and Zelda *paying you* to woo me to the darkside?

AMBROSE
Me? No, they pay me to *embalm bodies*. And to rob the occasional grave.
(MORE)

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AMBROSE (CONT'D)
But to woo you? Nope. They just know what it's like. Last-minute cold feet? It's to be expected.

SABRINA
All those things you said, Ambrose... *
I *want* them, I do, I just...
(she shakes her head)
It's dumb. You're only supposed to start missing things *after* you say goodbye to them, right?

12 EXT. GREENDALE WOODS - LATER 12

Sabrina is walking through the MIST-FILLED WOODS, following a TWISTY TRAIL until she reaches --

A SMALL CLEARING

Sabrina picks up a STICK, clears it of leaves, and uses it to trace SYMBOLS into the ground with it. As she does, Sabrina recites, under her breath:

SABRINA
Casper guide thee, Balthazar bind thee, Melchior keep thee...

Sabrina unzips her book-bag, pulls out a handheld BRASS BELL. Rings it ONCE. In a strong voice:

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Spirits of the forest, I pronounce my intentions to thee: Come forth and seek me, and *equal* we will be --
(rings it a SECOND time)
Not master and servant, but *familiar* to *familiar*, to share our spirit, our knowledge, and our traits --

Sabrina rings the bell a THIRD and final time. She lowers it. Looks around, into the trees, expectantly, but...nothing is * readily appearing.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
-- and now, Spirits, we will *wait*.

When Sabrina goes to put the bell back into her book-bag, she's startled to find -- *she's not alone.* The THREE GIRLS from the movie theatre are there, amongst the trees, surrounding her. NOTE: The girls are *always* moving, circling Sabrina like private-school sharks...

PRUDENCE
A summoning spell, Sabrina?

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DORCAS
Calling forth a familiar?

AGATHA
Then you *do* plan on being baptized?

SABRINA
(playing it cool)
Prudence, Dorcas, Agatha...what, *uhm*, what did you think of the movie last night?

DORCAS/PRUDENCE/AGATHA
(dead serious)
We liked the part where the ghouls ate the humans. That was fun.

SABRINA
Technically, they were zombies, not ghouls, but yeah, that was...cool...

PRUDENCE
If you're baptized, we assume that means you'll be transferring to the Academy of Unseen Arts?

SABRINA
...mayyybe. To be honest, I'm not super-keen on giving up my Friday and Saturday nights for Witches' Sabbath School. Unlike some, I *have* a social life...

DORCAS
That's wise. We don't want half-breeds at the Academy.

Sabrina doesn't like the sound of that. Her eyes narrow.

SABRINA
By half-breed, you mean someone who is half-witch, half-mortal. Like me.
(realizing)
So this visit is meant to...?

AGATHA
It's an *advisement*. A warning. Stay with your own kind. You *don't* want what happened to your mother and father to happen to you.

SABRINA
(a beat)
...what did you say?

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PRUDENCE
The accident that took their lives... *

DORCAS *
...it would be a shame if a similar *
one befell *you*... *

A nerve's been touched, but Sabrina *won't* let herself be *
baited by these mean girls --

SABRINA
(moving to leave)
I'm gonna be late for school --
I'll see you Succubitches when I
see you --

But the Weird Sisters *aren't* finished --

PRUDENCE
Stubborn mutt. Remember: We *did* try
to warn you --

They lift their hands to their sides, blocking all of
Sabrina's avenues of escape -- they begin to chant --

DORCAS/PRUDENCE/AGATHA
Vos omnes ministri odey et
destructiones et Seratore discorde --

SABRINA
...what, what are you doing?

DORCAS/PRUDENCE/AGATHA
Et qui libiter opera facitis et
tractibus, quod eat noce --

SABRINA
(realizing)
A *curse?* You're *cursing* me?

DORCAS/PRUDENCE/AGATHA
Vos conjurae idec nos conjuo et
deprecur quod ministrare et
consecrate ista imaginem et odid
fiat mier alve, Sabrina --

At which point, THE WEIRD SISTERS TAKE OFF INTO THE AIR --

(NOTE: We *don't* see the witches flying -- it's rare we'll see
such an effect on our show -- but we *are* looking down on
Sabrina from their POV to give us the *impression* of flying.)

After they've gone, Sabrina is alone in the woods, shaken by
that encounter. She takes a few steps, stops --

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SABRINA
Wait...

Sabrina rubs her HAND across the bottom of her NOSE. There's a faint STREAK OF BLOOD on the back of her hand. *Fuck, her nose is bleeding...*

SABRINA (CONT'D)
It's on me, the curse...

A beat -- *then Sabrina bolts* -- starts racing through

THE WOODS

as fast as her feet can carry her --

13 EXT. BAXTER HIGH - MORNING 13

Sabrina slows down a bit as she approaches her school, but is still booking it as she weaves amongst the STUDENTS milling in front of the school's MAIN DOORS and enters the building --

14 INT. BAXTER HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING 14

Sabrina hurries down the main hall -- she blows by Rosalind, standing in front of the lockers --

ROSALIND
Sabrina, hey, girl -- *

SABRINA
Stepped in some poison ivy, Roz, gotta wash it off me --

Sabrina disappears around a corner --

15 INT. BAXTER HIGH - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - MORNING 15

Empty. We see -- Sabrina's CLOTHES on the floor. We hear the SOUND OF A SHOWER RUNNING...

16 INT. BAXTER HIGH - GIRLS SHOWERS - SAME TIME 16

Sabrina's in a steam-filled shower STALL, under a stream of water as hot as she can bear, washing -- *scrubbing* -- her face, her body, *everything* -- as if she were literally trying to *scrape* the Weird Sisters' curse off her -- repeating: *

SABRINA
If truly I am cursed today, let water wash the hex away/If truly I am cursed today, let water wash the hex away...

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17 INT. BAXTER HIGH - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - MORNING 17

Post-shower, Sabrina is at her LOCKER. Her hair's still wet; she's just finished changing into a different set of clothes (she had in her locker), when -- she hears SOMEONE CRYING --

Sabrina walks around a set of LOCKERS and finds...Orlando, on a bench, sobbing, nose running... *

SABRINA
Orlando?

Immediately embarrassed, Orlando turns from Sabrina, tries to control herself, wipes her nose --

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Orlando, what is it? What happened?

ORLANDO
Nothing -- <u>Nothing</u> happened --

Sabrina goes to a PAPER TOWEL DISPENSER, gets a few, takes them back to Orlando, who accepts them. Sabrina sits next to her, puts an arm around the girl --

SABRINA
(gently, comforting)
You don't have to tell me, but can I do anything to help?

ORLANDO
They -- they pulled up my shirt --

SABRINA
(horrified)
-- *what?* Who did?

HARD-CUT TO:

18 INT. BAXTER HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING 18

Sabrina, barreling down the hallway. STUDENTS get out of her way. She's a woman on a mission --

SABRINA (PRE-LAP)
It was *four* of them. Four *troglodyte* football players. *

19 INT. BAXTER HIGH - DEAN'S OFFICE - MORNING 19

Sabrina sits in DEAN HAWTHORNE's office, opposite him. He's perched behind his desk, jotting notes on a YELLOW PAD. His office's GRANDFATHER CLOCK, prominent, *ticks-ticks-ticks...*

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DEAN HAWTHORNE
I see. And why are *you* telling me about this and *not* Ms. West? Busy-body, are we?

SABRINA
No, Dean Hawthorne. But Orlando says that she's *tried* to talk to you about incidents like this in the past and you've ignored her.

DEAN HAWTHORNE
That is absolutely false, I opened a file when she made her first complaint. And I update it whenever she makes a subsequent one.

SABRINA
You *update* a *file?* What good does *that* do if you let these *mutants* have their run of the school? Harassing girls like Orlando?
(enraged)
They pulled up her shirt, Dean Hawthorne. Because, they said, they wanted to see if she had *breasts.* To see if she was really a boy or a girl under there -- *and they don't even get a slap on the wrist?*

DEAN HAWTHORNE
Give me their names, Ms. Spellman, and I'll have them brought in for review.
(Sabrina's quiet)
You *do* have their names -- you *must*. Else, you wouldn't have come barging into my office like a, a banshee.

SABRINA
Orlando...wouldn't tell me their names.

DEAN HAWTHORNE
She won't give them to me, either. Which is why my hands are tied.

SABRINA
It's because she's ashamed -- and terrified of reprisals --

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DEAN HAWTHORNE
While I appreciate your...*activist* spirit, Ms. Spellman, what exactly would you like me to *do?*

SABRINA
How about you question *all* of the football players? Start there.

DEAN HAWTHORNE
Ah. You'd like me to instigate a witch-hunt?

SABRINA
(that resonates with her)
...focus on the victim, then. Orlando doesn't feel safe here -- in *your* school. She's scared that if she talks to you, she'll be ignored. She's afraid that if she makes *eye-contact* with the wrong person in the hallway, she'll be hurt. That if she goes to the bathroom at the wrong time of day, she'll be attacked. She's living in a, a *constant* state of fear.

DEAN HAWTHORNE
From what you're saying, it sounds like the problem is with Ms. West.

SABRINA
(tight)
What? How do you figure that?

DEAN HAWTHORNE
Ms. West is a...*particular* sort of person. Her...ambiguous body-type *confuses* the other students. Perhaps, as her friend, you might suggest that she seek out a more... *specialized* school. One which can better...*accommodate* her needs.

SABRINA
(controlled outrage)
With all due respect, Dean Hawthorne...*you're a troll*.

20 INT. BAXTER HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING 20

Sabrina comes out of Hawthorne's office, churning. She rounds a corner -- and runs smack into --

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SABRINA HARVEY
Harvey -- Babe --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
-- hey, what's up? You okay? *

SABRINA
I'm fine -- it's Hawthorne -- *

HARVEY
Oh, jeez, what did that pig do now?

SABRINA
He gave me detention because I called *
him a troll -- *

HARVEY *
(smiles, proud) *
What, again? *

SABRINA *
There are some guys on the football
team -- four, I think -- who've been
picking on Orlando. Being *cruel* to *
her, Harvey, calling her a freak, *
pawing at her -- *

HARVEY
(charged up)
Fucking dickheads -- The whole world's *
burning, and they're acting like
entitled *assholes* --
(then)
Who were they?

We start to hear a dramatic *CLIP-CLOP-CLIP-CLOP*...

SABRINA
I...I don't know. And Orlando won't
say. Can you ask around? And I'll
do the same --

We reveal that the *CLIP-CLOPPING* is coming from a PAIR OF HIGH HEELS, walking down the hall towards Harvey and Sabrina...

HARVEY
Yeah, but 'Brina, these guys, they'll
close ranks. Especially to someone
who's not on their bullshit team --

We're staying tight on those HEELS in the FOREGROUND...

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SABRINA
I don't care, Harvey, we *have* to do something --

HARVEY
Hey, we'll *try,* I'm just saying: They're not gonna name names --

SABRINA
So, what, there's *no way* to protect Orlando -- is *that* what everyone's telling me?

MS. WARDWELL (O.S.)
Not at all. Perhaps *I* can be of some assistance, Sabrina.

Sabrina and Harvey turn to the newly "inhabited" Ms. Wardwell. The "mousey woman" from before has become...a SULTRY LIONESS. Her hair's down and cascades to her shoulders; her top buttons are undone. She fairly crackles with sexual energy and power...

21 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 21

Sabrina sits in a chair as Ms. Wardwell (aka Madam Satan) circles her...

MS. WARDWELL
The tragedy of Orlando West is that she was born in the wrong time and is living in the wrong place. The... confusion she feels, it isn't *so* uncommon. A professor at Columbia University has just written a paper about it...

SABRINA
Alas, we're not at Columbia, we're at Baxter High. In Greendale.

MS. WARDWELL
Where Puritan roots run deep. And Dean Hawthorne is the most prudish, the most oafish, the most misogynist of them all. When will the world learn? Women should be put in charge of *everything*. Our assistant dean, Ms. Glover, *she* wouldn't turn a blind eye to what's happening.

SABRINA
(angry)
I wish Hawthorne would just --

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Sabrina stops herself.

MS. WARDWELL
Would just *what?* Let yourself finish the thought.

SABRINA
(biting down on her anger)
Hawthorne's a bully...and I wish someone would teach him a lesson.

MS. WARDWELL
...why not you?

SABRINA
I couldn't --

MS. WARDWELL
Couldn't you?

SABRINA
How would that help Orlando?

MS. WARDWELL
Dean Hawthorne *isn't* an ally. Assistant Dean Glover *is*. If Hawthorne were to...go on a sabbatical, say, I'm sure you and Ms. Glover might put your heads together and come up with a solution.

SABRINA
Problem is, Dean Hawthorne *doesn't* take sabbaticals -- or days off, even.

Ms. Wardwell walks to her OFFICE WINDOW. In one of its corners, there's a SPIDER, sitting in its WEB...

MS. WARDWELL
He's scared of spiders, you know.

SABRINA
Dean Hawthorne is?

MS. WARDWELL
Mmm. Absolutely *terrified* of them. Or so I've heard, in the teachers' lounge.
(turns back to Sabrina)
Can you imagine? A big brute like that? Scared of such a tiny thing?

OFF Sabrina, the implications of what Wardwell is saying landing on her...

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22 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY 22

Hilda is dusting the cozy room. Perfect for receiving guests and -- as we'll soon learn -- clients. An old-fashioned PHONE (with multiple lines) starts to RING/BLINK. Hilda goes to it, punches a button, answers --

HILDA
(a little too brightly)
Spellman Sisters Mortuary, how may I assist you?

23 EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY 23

-- Hilda comes out, all aflutter. The SCREEN DOOR *bangs shut* behind her, startling Zelda, sitting in her fave ADIRONDACK CHAIR, sunglasses on, with a REFLECTOR, taking the sun (like Little Edie from "Grey Gardens") --

ZELDA
Sister, you're like a moth in heat, what is it?

HILDA
Remember on the news last night? That *awful* story about the young man who was stabbed? His mother and father called. They're coming to see us, hysterical with grief, the poor dears.

ZELDA
(a beat)
Remind me again, how young was he?

HILDA
Twenty-four, I believe.

ZELDA
(as she stands)
Praise Satan. And do the parents want an open or closed casket?

HILDA
We -- didn't get that far, Zelda.
(reminding her:)
Their son was just stabbed to death...

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ZELDA
Well -- even if we *can't* use his flesh, we need blood for Sabrina's baptism, and *human* blood is *always* preferable to animal blood for our rituals, so the timing *couldn't* be more perfect. Hellishly so.
(resuming her sunning)
The Dark Lord works in mysterious ways, Sister. He always provides.

24 INT. BAXTER HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY 24

Sabrina is at the LIBRARIAN'S DESK. An older FEMALE LIBRARIAN stands behind it, cataloguing BOOKS.

SABRINA
Excuse me, do you have a copy of the yearbook?

LIBRARIAN
Which year? I got 'em all.

SABRINA
Last year's.

LIBRARIAN
1968, wait one second.

While the Librarian turns from Sabrina to scan the SHELVES behind her desk, Sabrina's eyes land on one of the POSTERS hanging on the wall. It's a stark quote from "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë**: I AM NO BIRD AND NO NET ENSNARES ME.** Next to it, there's a poster of a FLOWER surrounded by the words: **SISTERHOOD IS BLOOMING...GET READY FOR SPRING.**

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
(re: the posters)
The Dean doesn't approve. He asks me to take them down whenever he pops in for a visit. They go right back up again after he's gone.
(handing it to her)
Here's the yearbook.

Sabrina's eyes linger on the posters as she takes the book...

25 INT. BAXTER HIGH - LIBRARY - CARREL - DAY 25

Sabrina sits in a semi-private carrel at the back of the library, flipping through the yearbook. Black-and-white PICTURES of students. In clubs, on sports teams, etc. She reaches the "Faculty" section. Finds a PHOTO OF DEAN HAWTHORNE that takes up an entire page...

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SABRINA
A graven image...

Using a RULER to do it neatly and quietly, Sabrina tears the page out of the yearbook.

SCIENCE TEACHER (PRE-LAP)
This weekend affords us in Greendale a unique opportunity...

26 INT. BAXTER HIGH - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY 26

Sabrina, Rosalind, and Harvey sit amongst OTHER STUDENTS. Harvey's drawing Jack Kirby-style CARTOONS in his NOTEBOOK. * Their SCIENCE TEACHER lectures in front of a blackboard:

SCIENCE TEACHER
...to see, with the naked eye, the completion of a lunar *tetrad.* That is, the last of *four* successive *complete* lunar eclipses with no *partial* eclipses * in between. Astronomers are also predicting that this final eclipse will * be an L-4: That is, a blood moon...

OFF Sabrina, *the moon itself aligning for her baptism...* *

27 EXT. BAXTER HIGH - LUNCH AREA - DAY 27

Sabrina and Rosalind sit at a PICNIC TABLE, having lunch. Well, Rosalind's having lunch, Sabrina's having a THERMOS of Hilda's weird drink...

Sabrina's looking at ANOTHER TABLE -- crowded with FOOTBALL PLAYERS, laughing, carousing -- then turns back to Rosalind.

SABRINA
It would be a club. For girls.

ROSALIND
Okay. To do what?

SABRINA
To...meet and support each other in a safe environment. Where they-slash-*we* can discuss...issues and problems they're -- *we're* -- facing. And, hopefully, come up with solutions.

ROSALIND
(getting excited)
Ooh, you mean a club to topple the White Patriarchy.

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SABRINA
...*ye-es*, but when we fill out the form, let's just say it's a group that fights for -- no, *promotes* (that's less threatening) -- equality and empowerment. You could be the president.

ROSALIND
Why not you?

A beat. *Because I'm not gonna be here,* thinks Sabrina, but she can't say that, so, instead...

SABRINA
...we could be co-presidents.

ROSALIND
I'm down, but you think Hawthorne's gonna support that? He wouldn't let me start a Junior Black Panthers Club last year, remember?

SABRINA
I may have a plan for getting this through without...interference from Hawthorne.

ROSALIND
(peeling an orange)
And are you wanting to do this because of what happened to Orlando?

SABRINA
Yes. But not just her. *Any* girl who feels like she doesn't...*fit*. Or that she's...*off*. I mean, that could be *you* -- that could be *me* --

ROSALIND
'Brina...is something going on with you, girl?

Sabrina hesitates. She *wants* to tell her friend so badly, but how...?

SABRINA
Hypothetically, Rosalind. If I were suddenly to, to leave Baxter High --

ROSALIND
Wait, are you *transferring?* Or are your crazy-ass aunts threatening to home-school you again?

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SABRINA
No, no, I'm just *saying* -- *if* I left --

ROSALIND
I would *kill you* for abandoning me in this hell-hole --

SABRINA
-- *understood*, but if...for reasons beyond my control...I were forced to, to say goodbye to Baxter High...I'd want to leave knowing that I'd made it a better place, Roz. A *safer* place.
(looks down) *
Even a *little* safer. This club could be my, my legacy.

ROSALIND
(she regards Sabrina, then:)
Like I said, I'm down. When are you looking to do this?

SABRINA
As soon as possible. But *definitely* by Friday.

ROSALIND
(typical Sabrina)
Just in time for your birthday.

SABRINA
Yes, but remember, we're *not* making a big deal about that this year.

ROSALIND
But it *is* a big deal. It's your Sweet Sixteen...on Halloween...my parents are going away...*there's an eclipse*... That kind of cosmic alignment *demands* a party --

SABRINA
-- I have plans.

ROSALIND
Uh-huh, with Harvey?

SABRINA
With my aunts. Sort of years-in-the-making plans. *
(then)
Will you still help with my club?

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As Rosalind and Sabrina continue to talk, the CAMERA shifts its focus from them to...a rather large RAVEN sitting on a tree limb, spying on the girls...

28 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 28

Ms. Wardwell sits at her desk, singing softly as she works on a little arts-and-craft project. Pieces of yarn, scraps of cloth, some loose straw...

MS. WARDWELL
John Petit is dancing/With his finger he is dancing/With his hand he is dancing...

Ms. Wardwell holds up what she's just finished: A crude, li'l SABRINA DOLL. Wardwell smiles. Places it down on the desk, next to a series of other POPPETS (little dolls) representing our * characters that Wardwell's been making...

A sudden CAWING draws Wardwell's attention to the window -- where the raven (from the previous scene) has just landed.

MS. WARDWELL (CONT'D)
Stolas, my familiar, my faithful *
factotum, tell me... *
(turning to the raven)
...whatever were those two bitches *
talking about?

29 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY 29

Hilda and Zelda are sitting across from a middle-class couple in their 40s, MR. and MRS. KEMPER. Mrs. Kemper's eyes are RED and PUFFY. Mr. Kemper's trying his best to be strong.

HILDA
Mr. and Mrs. Kemper, we're so sorry for your loss. And my sister and I want to assure you that we'll do everything in our power to make this as painless as possible for you.

MR. KEMPER
Who gets him from the hospital -- *
the morgue?

ZELDA
We'll arrange for that. We'll take care of all those pesky details.

Mrs. Kemper opens her purse -- hands Hilda a PHOTOGRAPH of their son CONNOR. Mid-20s, blond hair. *

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HILDA
So handsome. *

MRS. KEMPER
(angry) *
Do *you* have children?

MR. KEMPER
Margaret.

HILDA
(a beat of regret)
I don't. We don't. That's why we can't even begin to imagine your suffering. There's nothing more awful than losing a child.

MRS. KEMPER
(desperate)
Can you make Connor look like that? *
So we can see him -- as he was -- *
one last time?

The quickest of beats, then --

HILDA
We'll do our best --

ZELDA
-- but are you *certain* you wouldn't prefer a closed casket? Sometimes, that's just better.

Hilda turns to look at her sister in disbelief.

HARVEY (PRE-LAP)
So I've been debating...

30 EXT. GREENDALE STREET - DAY 30

Harvey and Sabrina walk along a STREET that runs parallel to the edge of the FOREST. Holding hands. Fingers entwined.

SABRINA
Uh-huh, you've been debating...

HARVEY
For your birthday. Rosalind wants to throw you this big bash --
(before Sabrina can object)
-- but I dunno, don't you think it would be nice if it were just the two of us? We could pack, like, a picnic.
(MORE)

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HARVEY (CONT'D)
I could find us a nice, quiet, out-of-the-way spot. We could hippie-flip, watch the eclipse together...

SABRINA
Harvey...

HARVEY
Okay, maybe not hippie-flip. But everything else --

SABRINA
-- sounds like a dream. *
(then, she just says it:) *
You're a dream, Harvey. *

HARVEY *
Come on... *

SABRINA *
I mean it. At home, it's like "The Munsters," and I'm Cousin Marilyn. At school, it's like "The Outsiders," except I'm *not* a greaser and I'm *not* a soc, I'm... *
(she doesn't know) *
The only time I feel like I'm *myself* ...*sort of* myself...is when I'm with you. *

HARVEY *
(he smiles) *
Does that mean yes to the hippie-flip? *

SABRINA *
(dying inside) *
...I can't. Like I told Rosalind, I have this...family thing. Well, more of an obligation. It's...important. *

HARVEY
What's so important you're gonna give up your birthday for it?

Sabrina stops walking; Harvey does, too. She turns to the TREE-LINE, contemplating it...

SABRINA
Can we take a different way home? It might be easier if I showed you... *

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31 EXT. GREENDALE WOODS - THE CLEARING - DUSK 31

Sabrina has brought Harvey to the clearing. She's looking up; he's looking at her...

SABRINA
Listen.
(they do, then)
I love that sound. Wind blowing through tree branches? I think that's my favorite sound in the whole world...

HARVEY
What...did you want to show me?

SABRINA
This place. Where I was born, Harvey. Not in Greendale General, like it says on my birth certificate. Here. In this grove of trees. Almost sixteen years ago.
(there's more)
It's also, *uhm*. Where I'll be *reborn* this Saturday night. On my birthday. At the stroke of midnight. Under an eclipsing blood-moon.
(then)
That's why I can't go to a party at Rosalind's...or on a psychedelic picnic with you.

HARVEY
I don't understand -- reborn how?

SABRINA
The ceremony's called a, a "dark baptism" -- but it's not as bad as it sounds.
(continuing:)
And to be clear: I *like* dark things, I do. But there has to be a, a *balance*, right? The dark is sort of *meaningless* without at least *some* light. The moon *has* to shine before it can be eclipsed -- does that make any sense? *

HARVEY
I'm still wrapping my brain around the phrase "dark baptism"...

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SABRINA
It's kind of like when we went to Shoshanna Feldman's *Bat Mitzvah*. Or Guadalupe Lopez's *quinceañera*. I'm leaving my...*girlhood* behind.

HARVEY
In the woods? Is that a metaphor?

SABRINA
Harvey, do you remember -- at the beginning of the school year -- what Ms. Wardwell told us about Ye Olde Greendale? And how there were witch-trials like in Salem, but no one talked about them, or wrote about them -- there are no gravestones, no monuments?

HARVEY
Hazily... *

SABRINA
That's because the witches *won*. And they didn't want anyone to know. So that the coven could keep living in Greendale, privately, undisturbed, through the centuries.
(then)
So that *we* could.

HARVEY
(this is a joke)
"We." Wait, are you saying...?
(then:)
What are you saying? That you're a, a...

SABRINA
Half-witch, on my father's side.
(off his look)
I'm saying that witches...*are* real. *
They *exist*. And after this weekend, *
after my baptism...once I sign my
name in the Dark Lord's book, I'll *
have to leave Baxter High -- and go to the Academy of Unseen Arts --

HARVEY
What?

SABRINA
-- and *we'll* have to break up.

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HARVEY
Wait -- what -- why?

SABRINA
I have to..."renounce any and all meaningful connections to mortals."

HARVEY
Feels like you're reciting from some rule-book --

SABRINA
I am. A *very* old rule book.

HARVEY
(incredulous)
We have to break-up because *you're* a witch?

SABRINA
I, I know how it sounds --

HARVEY
It *sounds* bonkers -- No, it *sounds* like you're making up an excuse for why you don't wanna be with me --

SABRINA
No, Harvey, that's not --

HARVEY
You're a witch -- sorry, a *half-* witch -- I guess your aunts, they must be witches, too?
(Sabrina nods)
Okay, well, *that's* slightly less surprising --
(then)
And what, you all -- worship the Dark Lord? Who's that, the Devil?
(Sabrina nods)
Sabrina --

SABRINA
Harvey --

HARVEY
This is some -- twisted, messed-up joke -- *
(then)
Or it's *not* -- and you're *crazy* --
(then)
Or *I'm* crazy --
(then)
(MORE)

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HARVEY (CONT'D)
Or you're a *half-witch* -- and *we're* breaking up this weekend --
(then, choking up)
I think -- I think that's *the worst* option --

SABRINA
Oh, Harvey --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
-- *why did you tell me?*

SABRINA
I -- I thought you should know --

HARVEY
Is there anything I can do to stop this from happening?

SABRINA
My dark baptism?

HARVEY
Us breaking up --
(she shakes her head "no")
Then you *shouldn't* have told me --
You should've let me live in, in *blissful* ignorance -- these last few days --

SABRINA
You're right, I should've --
(making the decision)
So. Harvey. *Forget I said anything --*

HARVEY
I mean, I'd *love* to, but I don't think that's *possible* --

SABRINA
It is when you're dating a witch --
(then)
<u>Listen</u> to my voice, <u>hear</u> my words --

She takes his head in her hands --

SABRINA (CONT'D)
-- and <u>forget</u> I said anything.
(a quick incantation:)
Bless your mind and bless your heart/Let these painful thoughts depart/This memory has run its course/Now cast it out with witches' force --

HARVEY
Wait --

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Sabrina *kisses* Harvey -- it's a long, *long* kiss -- then, when * they break apart --

SABRINA
Harvey?

HARVEY
(disoriented)
Sabrina...what...where...are we?

SABRINA
The woods. We're in the woods.

HARVEY
Why...?

SABRINA
We were walking home and decided to try a different path.

HARVEY
Oh. And then?

SABRINA
And then...we got lost for a minute, but now we're okay.

HARVEY
...good. *
(she takes his hand)
Were we talking about something?

A beat. Then sadly, as they resume walking...

SABRINA
I was telling you how I have plans with my aunts this Halloween...

32 EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DUSK 32

Sabrina is walking up to the house. Ambrose is on the porch, leaning back in a chair, feet propped up on the railing, having another joint, reading a copy of "October Country" by Ray Bradbury.

AMBROSE
Hey.

SABRINA
Hi. I might need your help with a spell later.

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AMBROSE
My grimoire is your grimoire. What time?

SABRINA
(as she goes into the house)
Midnight.

AMBROSE
The witching hour. Spooky.

33 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 33

Sabrina sits at the kitchen table with Zelda, while Hilda, as usual, flutters around, gathering some items --

HILDA
-- but I don't understand *why* they would just curse you. For no reason.

SABRINA
Because they're *horrible*, Aunt Hilda. Everyone who goes to the Academy is *snobby* and *horrible*.

Hilda and Zelda trade a look. Again, not taking the bait.

ZELDA
You see, this is *precisely* why you need a familiar. To protect you from these sorts of attacks. *

SABRINA
I tried summoning one.
(then)
And I hope you're not blaming the victim, Aunt Zelda.

Hilda sets a GLASS BOWL and a large EGG on the table.

HILDA
Break the egg into the bowl, dear. *

SABRINA
No, Auntie, I told you, I washed it off.

HILDA
Just to be sure.

Sabrina breaks the egg into the bowl. It's YOLK is RED.

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HILDA (CONT'D)
As I thought. It's a blood-curse. And it's lingering. Salt water bath, reversing candles, that should take care of it, off you go.

Sabrina hesitates. There's something she wants to bring up...

ZELDA
You heard Hilda. Go. You need to be clean for the baptism.

SABRINA
The weird sisters said something about Mom and Dad. *

ZELDA *
What *about* them? *

SABRINA *
About their accident, about it * happening to me -- *

Zelda looks at Hilda, who's *about* to say something, until --

ZELDA
Well, that's just *poppycock*. Your * mother and father were flying to * Italy -- Edward was giving a * lecture at the Vatican -- and their * plane went down. Tragically. *
(then) *
Which, by the way, is why *none* of us * is *ever* getting on a plane again. * It's *unnatural*, witches are meant to * fly on brooms, not planes, *honestly*, * I tried to warn your father -- *

SABRINA
I know, Aunt Zee, but it was almost * like they were implying -- *

ZELDA
(exasperated)
That's enough nonsense, Sabrina.
Now get upstairs and into a bath like your Aunt Hilda says.

A beat. Sabrina decides to let it go. For now. She leaves, but WE STAY WITH Hilda and Zelda...

ZELDA (CONT'D)
What?

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HILDA
It's not right, keeping the truth from her.

ZELDA
Sadly, that's not our decision to make, Hilda. We follow His will, Praise Satan.

HILDA
She's almost sixteen, she's bound to wonder. Start asking more questions...

ZELDA
Yes, and *we* will obfuscate and defect for as long as demonly possible -- *now get those candles and make sure that curse is burned away*.

34 INT. KINKLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 34

Harvey's mother, MARTHA KINKLE, sits on the couch, in the dimly lit room. We hear the FRONT DOOR opening, Harvey coming in...

HARVEY (O.S.)
Hello? Mom?

Harvey enters the room.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...Mom, what are you doing, sitting in the dark?

He turns on a light. On the COFFEE TABLE: An ASHTRAY full of CIGARETTE BUTTS and an almost-finished GLASS OF SCOTCH.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...you okay?

MARTHA KINKLE
Mrs. Hamilton down the street got a, a call today. Her son was killed. Blown to --
(her voice cracks)
...he was blown to pieces.
(she turns to him)
And your brother's over there and we haven't heard from him in *weeks*.

Harvey's older brother is in Vietnam. Harvey goes to his mom, hugs her. Comforts her as much as a 16-year-old can.

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HARVEY
Tommy's okay, Mom. He, he's gonna be just fine...

35 INT. WALKER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 35

The FRONT DOOR opens and Rosalind comes in, shucks off her book-bag. Her mom, AUDRA, calls from the kitchen:

AUDRA (O.S.)
Baby, is that you?

ROSALIND
Hey, Mom.

AUDRA (O.S.)
Picked up your new glasses from Dr. Spector. They're on the table.

Rosalind turns to the DINING TABLE. On it, there's a plastic EYEGLASS CASE. She goes to it, opens it, takes out a pair of INCREDIBLY THICK GLASSES. Somehow even *thicker* than the ones she's wearing. Audra appears in the doorway, drying her hands on a washcloth.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
I like those frames, don't you?

Audra's trying to be positive. A beat, Rosalind nods.

36 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 36

Sabrina soaks in a claw-footed BATHTUB. Filled with steaming salt water. Surrounded by dozens of lit BLACK CANDLES.

CLOSE-UP ON HER FACE. After the day she's had, Sabrina can't help it, her eyelids are getting heavier and heavier...they close...

...and...she...drifts...off...to...sleep...

Then, when Sabrina opens her eyes...

37 EXT. GREENDALE WOODS - NIGHT 37

...she's in a DREAM. Like the one from "Rosemary's Baby."

The tub now sits in the middle of THE CLEARING, surrounded by the lit candles. Sabrina looks around at the trees... *

She sees the DARK FIGURES of a MAN and a WOMAN, dressed for travel. "Dad" carries a SUITCASE. "Mom" holds a swaddled BABY. Their backs are to Sabrina.

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SABRINA
Mom? Dad?

The Figures turn to face Sabrina. A HANDSOME MAN. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. Smiling sadly. *

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Mom?

The Figures start walking away from Sabrina, disappearing deeper into the forest. Sabrina climbs out of the tub, and -- dripping wet, naked -- she heads after them... *

38 EXT. GREENDALE WOODS - NIGHT 38

Sabrina's moving through the forest, trying to catch up to her "parents," who -- in that maddeningly dream-like way -- remain elusive, always disappearing behind *another* bend in the path, *another* tree...

Finally, the TRAIL Sabrina's following opens up to *

THE CLEARING, again. *Sabrina's been going in one big circle!*

Only now: Her "parents" are tied to STAKES, blindfolded, with KINDLING piled high at their feet. The SUITCASE rests on a STONE ALTAR, open like a book. The BABY, wrapped in blankets, lies in one of the suitcase's halves, her tiny feet kicking in the air. In the case's *other* half, a DEMON BABY kicks *its* tiny, HOOFED FEET in the air. The two babies are symbols of Sabrina's DUALITY.

ROBED WITCHES circle the clearing, chanting. Among them: The Weird Sisters, Ambrose, Ms. Wardwell, Rosalind, even Harvey. Hilda and Zelda hold burning TORCHES. Sabrina takes in the scene, and -- just as she realizes what's about to happen -- * * *

-- Hilda and Zelda set the piles of kindling aflame! In a terrifying <u>WHOOSH</u>! Sabrina's "parents" start to burn! They <u>writhe</u> in pain! Sabrina rushes towards them to help --

39 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 39

-- Sabrina startles awake in the tub! The candles have burned low. She looks at a CLOCK on the wall. It's almost midnight.

40 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - ATTIC STAIRS - NIGHT 40

Sabrina, in her pajamas, steals *up* the stairwell...

41 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - THE ATTIC - NIGHT 41

This is Ambrose's room -- his domain. Like something out of "Kill Your Darlings." A beat-generation-tortured-poet-vibe.

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What Jack Kerouac's crash-pad might've looked like. Unruly piles of BOOKS everywhere. A RECORD PLAYER. Tons of LPs.

Sabrina has just given her cousin the PICTURE OF HAWTHORNE. *

SABRINA
I don't want to kill him, Ambrose.

AMBROSE
You just want to give him a good scare.

SABRINA
Ms. Wardwell told me he's *terrified* of spiders.

AMBROSE
Oh, that's easy, then. It's lucky Aunt Hilda breeds them.

TIME-CUT TO:

42 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - THE ATTIC - LATER 42

Sabrina and Ambrose sit next to a GLASS TERRARIUM, crawling with different kinds of SPIDERS. Black widows, tarantulas, wolf spiders, trapdoor spiders, everything in between...

AMBROSE
(double-confirming)
Are you *sure* you don't want to kill him? Because we could do that.

SABRINA *
For now, I just need him to take a day or two off from school.

AMBROSE
(disappointed)
Right. We'll only *mildly* traumatize him, then.

Ambrose sets the photo (the graven image) of Hawthorne in the terrarium. As spiders start to converge on/over the ripped-out page...

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Spider, O Spider, pray why do you spin/Your pretty white web so fine and so thin?/To catch fat flies/And make them into pies...

Spiders are crawling all over Hawthorne's picture now...

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SABRINA
Spider, O spider, pray do you not see...

43 INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 43

Hawthorne's in his living room. He fell asleep in his RECLINER. The TV in the corner shows a black-and-white image of a FLAG FLAPPING IN THE WIND as "The Star Spangled Banner" plays, right before the local television station signs off for the night --

SABRINA (O.S.)
...here comes a big, buzzing, blundering bee/He'll spoil your fine net/While you fume and you fret... *

44 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - THE ATTIC - SAME TIME 44

CLOSE-UP on SABRINA'S LIPS as she finishes the incantation:

SABRINA
...but no mercy you grant, and no mercy you'll get. *

45 INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 45

AT FLOOR-LEVEL, WE SEE: *An ARMY OF SPIDERS converging on Hawthorne from the four corners of the room...*

CLOSE-ON: The TV. "The Star Spangled Banner" ends. The television cuts to loud, jarring STATIC --

CLOSE-ON: Hawthorne, waking up with a snort. He's disoriented for a beat, then -- feeling something on his leg -- he looks down -- *as a DOZEN SPIDERS crest the hills of his knees, continuing on to his lap --*

Hawthorne *screams -- leaps to his feet --*

As the spiders crawl all over his body, he frantically tries to swat and shake them off -- everywhere Hawthorne steps, *there are more and more spiders --*

He can't stop yelling; *A HAIRY SPIDER CRAWLS INTO HIS MOUTH --* *

CUT FROM -- *Hawthorne, hysterical, spinning around as if doing a mad tarantella* -- TO --

46 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - ATTIC STAIRS - NIGHT 46

A *"can't-deny-it-that-felt-good"* SMILE on her face, Sabrina fairly skips down the stairs, towards...

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47 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 47

Sabrina comes into her bedroom, and -- immediately -- she can tell something's *off*. Her WINDOW's open; the room's *freezing.* (Like in "The Exorcist," we can see Sabrina's BREATH.) She goes to close the window, stops short with a gasp. Its WOODEN SILL has been gouged. With three deep, jagged CLAW MARKS.

SABRINA
...what now? *

A deep, RASPING VOICE answers from behind her:

VOICE
I heard you calling in the woods...

Fearful, Sabrina spins around. In one of her room's shadow-filled CORNERS, she can't quite make out a dark, HUNCHED-OVER FIGURE, with piercing YELLOW EYES.

HUNCHED FIGURE
...and *I* answered.

SABRINA
(voice steady)
Who -- who are you? Show yourself.

The Hunched Figure nods, *then seems to collapse into itself* * *as it steps forward*, out of the darkness... *

...in the form of a BLACK CAT WITH YELLOW EYES.

The cat *purrs* as it wraps itself around Sabrina's legs...

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Aww, such a pretty kitty.
(she picks the cat up)
And what's your name?

A BEAT, THEN WE SMASH TO A TITLE CARD:

October 29, 1968.

48 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 48

Sabrina's in bed, asleep. The cat's curled up on the PILLOW next to her. The ALARM CLOCK on Sabrina's bedside table starts to *buzz,* waking both of them up --

SABRINA
Hey, there. How'd you sleep?
(the cat meows)
Me, too.

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Sabrina gets out of bed as the cat stretches. Sabrina walks over to her desk and crosses ANOTHER DAY off the calendar. The cat watches her as she crosses to the BATHROOM...

49 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - SABRINA'S BEDROOM - LATER 49

Sabrina comes out of her bathroom, in a robe, her hair wet. She stops short when she sees that -- the cat has somehow opened a TRUNK OF HER CHILDHOOD THINGS. TOYS are tossed on the floor, and the cat seems to be rolling around what looks like...*a plastic bowling ball?*

SABRINA
What are you up to?

The cat paws the ball towards Sabrina. It rolls and stops at * her feet. It's a novelty MAGIC 8-BALL. The kind you shake after asking a question. Sabrina picks it up, looks at the cat.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Clever cat. How'd you know?
(the cat meows)
Psychic connection, I see.

Sabrina sits on the edge of her bed. Asks her question:

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Should I go through with my dark baptism?

She shakes the Magic 8-Ball. The response drifts up to the window**: REPLY HAZY TRY AGAIN LATER.** Sabrina sighs.

ZELDA (PRE-LAP)
I don't understand you, Niece.

50 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 50

Zelda, sitting at the table with Sabrina, stares daggers at * the cat, lapping CREAM from a BOWL, by the stove. Ambrose * also sits at the table. Hilda pours one of her concoctions...

ZELDA
You'd rather a *feral* familiar than one *bred* for service?

SABRINA
Salem doesn't *serve* me, Aunt Zee, we're in a *partnership*. He'll protect me, I'll protect him.

Hilda sets another herbal milkshake in front of Sabrina.

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HILDA
Drink up, dear. *
(with a wink) *
Added some cinnamon this time. *

ZELDA
Protect him from *what?* He's a *goblin*.

SABRINA
There are worse things than goblins in those woods and you know it.

ZELDA
And why, by Beelzebub's horns, did you name him *Salem* of all things?

SABRINA
I didn't. I don't believe people should go around naming *other* people, even if they're goblins.
(then)
He named *himself* Salem.

Ambrose snorts at this. Zelda's annoyed. Hilda mollifies:

HILDA
The important thing is: You have a familiar now -- you're purifying yourself -- you're *almost* ready for your baptism --

SABRINA
About that. I was hoping that we could...*maybe, possibly*...postpone it a little bit?

ZELDA
Postpone it? You can't *postpone* your 16th birthday -- especially not when it falls on the *eclipsing* of a blood-moon that only occurs once every *sixty-six years* --

Hilda places a calming hand on Zelda's shoulder.

HILDA
Why would you want to do that, dear? Are you feeling ill?

SABRINA
No, Aunt Hilda, I just...
(deep breath)
...I, *uhh*, I'm trying to get this club started at school. *

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AMBROSE
Local chapter of the Mickey Mouse Club?

SABRINA
A group for young women. I want to make sure it's up and running before I transfer to the Academy.
(a beat)
And then...truthfully...there's the Harvey of it all --

ZELDA
(been waiting for this)
He hasn't defiled you, has he?

SABRINA
Aunt Zelda -- we're in the middle of a sexual revolution, and you're putting it in those arcane terms? Have I been *defiled?*

ZELDA
Witch-law *forbids* novitiates from being anything *less* than virginal --

SABRINA
I was *gonna* say, "I haven't figured out how to say goodbye to Harvey yet," but now that you bring it up, I admit, I *have* reservations about saving myself for -- the Dark Lord. Why does *He* get to decide what I do or don't do with my body?

ZELDA
Heresy! Do you hear that, Hilda, in our own home?!?

HILDA
She's *only* asking a question, Zelda --

ZELDA (CONT'D)
(back to Sabrina)
Because it is witch-law! *Covenant!*

SABRINA
Okay, but *why?* And if you don't know, that's okay, but maybe I can talk to someone *before* my baptism -- the High Priest of the Church of Night, or the Academy's Headmaster -- someone who can help me *understand* these things -- so I can make an educated choice --

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ZELDA
Choice?!? It is our sacred *duty* and *honor* to serve the Dark Lord. The wonderful gifts He bestows on us in exchange for signing His book -- *and you would deny Him that?*

SABRINA
It's my *name*, Zelda --

ZELDA
And is it better than *mine?* Or Hilda's? Or your cousin's?

AMBROSE
Hey. Leave me out of this --

ZELDA
Or your father's? We *all* signed the book -- *proudly*, I might add.
(then)
This is your mother's influence. She *never* converted --

HILDA
Zelda, calm down, your blood pressure --

ZELDA
(wheeling on Hilda)
As for *you* -- I *never* should've let you convince me to allow Sabrina to attend *public, <u>human</u>* school -- We should've *home-schooled her*, as is our custom --

HILDA
(to Sabrina, chirpy)
Don't you *want* to join the Church of Night as a full member, dear?

SABRINA
I *think* so, I just don't see why I have to give up *everything* that's human in my life to do it --

ZELDA
Witch-law: *The Path of Night <u>or</u> the Path of Light --*

ZELDA/HILDA/SABRINA/AMBROSE
-- but <u>not</u> both --

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SABRINA
(getting hotter)
-- and yet, my father, a warlock, married my mother, and *she* was human --

ZELDA
Yes, and it very nearly got Edward excommunicated --

SABRINA
Which begs the question: Why would I join an organization that would do that to anyone I cared about --

ZELDA
-- because it's what's <u>done</u> -- and it's what they <u>wanted</u> for you --

Suddenly, *ALL THE FURNITURE in the kitchen suddenly leaps six inches off the floor -- including Sabrina and the chair she's sitting in -- there's a full FIVE SECONDS OF LEVITATION --* *

HILDA
-- Zelda! Your telekinesis --

A beat -- Zelda takes deep breaths, gets control of herself -- then *lowers* everything, nice and easy...

ZELDA
...I'm sorry. *
(then)
But *isn't* it what Edward and Diana wanted for Sabrina, Hilda? Didn't * they both say so?

HILDA
(to Sabrina) *
...they did, dear. They did. *

SABRINA
But how would I know that, Auntie? *
Since they died before my first birthday?
(emotional)
We talk about *everything* -- but we *never* talk about them -- *why?*

ZELDA
Sometimes, Niece, dead is better. *
(then)
You're a daughter of the Church of Night. You'll be baptized under a blood moon.
(MORE)

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ZELDA (CONT'D)
As *we* were -- as your *father* was -- *
as your *children* will be. *

Salem meows loudly. Zelda turns to the cat. A warning.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
I don't want to hear it from you.

51 EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING 51

Ambrose has followed Sabrina on to the porch.

AMBROSE
Let me ask you: That spell we cast *
on Hawthorne last night -- you *
enjoyed that; from the "Bad Seed"- *
like glint in your eye, you *loved* *
it. *

SABRINA *
...yes. Of course. *

AMBROSE *
That feeling -- your gifts -- fade *
to nothing if you aren't baptized. *
So why continue to question? *

SABRINA *
Because that's the human condition, *
Ambrose. To ask "why," always. *

Ambrose sighs. *Humans...* *

AMBROSE *
In that case -- and I wasn't going *
to say this in front of the
gruesome twosome -- you need to get *
your hands on a *malum malus*.

SABRINA
(thinking about that one)
"Malus" is "evil" in Latin...but
what's a *"malum malus"?*

AMBROSE
It depends on who's translating. If
it's a *man*, it's an apple of evil.
If it's a *woman*, it's the fruit of
knowledge. The *malum* is symbolic of
the apple that Eve, the first witch,
ate oh-so-long-ago, when she had
compact with the Devil --

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SABRINA
The snake in the garden...
(then)
What do you do with it?

AMBROSE
It's an *apple*, Sabrina, you *bite* it. And it...*whispers* secrets to you. Grants you knowledge. Sometimes, it even shows you a glimpse of the future. "Should you walk the Path of Night or the Path of Light?" The *malum malus* might...*illuminate* one path over the other -- is that interesting to you?

SABRINA
Ambrose, I'm shaking Magic 8-Balls for guidance -- *yes*, I'm interested. Where do I get one? I'm assuming *not* at the A&P?

AMBROSE
Go to any apple orchard, find the oldest tree, it'll have one. The older the tree, the more it's *seen*, the more it *knows*, the more accurate the *malum's* reading of the future -- *your* future -- will be.

SABRINA
(heading off)
Groovy --

AMBROSE
Sabrina, wait, there are rules -- well, more a warning than a rule.
(Sabrina steels herself)
You're only allowed one bite per lifetime. A second bite's poison. You may survive it, but a third bite will *absolutely* kill you.

SABRINA
(heading off)
I'll only take one.

AMBROSE
(calling after her)
And make sure there are no worms in it.

THE CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK as Sabrina heads down the porch steps, off to school. She passes the FUNERAL HOME'S SIGN, on which Ms. Wardwell's RAVEN sits -- until IT TAKES FLIGHT --

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A moment or two later, we see a small, dark shape -- SALEM -- dart down the steps after his mistress...

SABRINA (PRE-LAP)
Hi, Mrs. Meeks, Rosalind and I were wondering, is Dean Hawthorne in yet?

52 INT. BAXTER HIGH - DEAN'S FRONT OFFICE - MORNING 52

Sabrina and Rosalind (in her new glasses) stand in front of Hawthorne's secretary, MRS. MEEKS, behind her desk.

MRS. MEEKS
Dean Hawthorne...won't, *erm*, be coming in today.

SABRINA
(innocent-as-pie)
Oh, no. I hope everything's okay.

MRS. MEEKS
Oh, yes, yes, he's fine, he needed a little break, as we all do, now and then.

ROSALIND
When will he be back? Tomorrow?

MRS. MEEKS
No, I shouldn't think so. He had a shock. I told him bedrest for a few days, then he'll be right as rain. Back on Monday, I shouldn't wonder. *

SABRINA
Ohhh, *shoot*. Rosalind and I have a proposal for a club we were hoping to get approved today...

Rosalind nods her head in eager agreement. *

MRS. MEEKS
We-ell, it's never happened before, but in Dean Hawthorne's absence, *Assistant* Dean Glover would, I suppose, be empowered to review such applications.

SABRINA
Assistant Dean Glover, that's an *inspired* idea -- is she in?

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MRS. MEEKS
She is. Let me check if she can see you right now.

Mrs. Meeks turns to her OLD-FASHIONED PHONE to put the call in, but we stay on Rosalind, whispering to Sabrina:

ROSALIND
Hawthorne's *never* been sick a day in his life -- what did you do, stick pins in a voodoo doll?

Sabrina can't help but smile at that...

MS. WARDWELL (PRE-LAP) *
Really? A *malum malus?* *

53 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - MORNING 53 *

Wardwell sits with her raven familiar. Stroking it... *

MS. WARDWELL *
...and *what*, Stolas, if it shows *
the half-breed something that *
scares her from the baptism? *
(the raven caws) *
Our Dark Lord wouldn't like that, *
would he? No, he would not... *

54 INT. BAXTER HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING 54

A BURST OF ENERGY: Sabrina and Rosalind come *racing* out of the dean's office -- Sabrina's got the signed and approved form (for the club) in her hand -- They blow by STUDENTS -- but when Sabrina spots Orlando, she grabs the girl's hand --

SABRINA
Orlando! Come on! We need help!

Orlando immediately joins Sabrina and Rosalind's dash --

55 INT. BAXTER HIGH - LIBRARY - MORNING 55

LOOKING DOWN ON: Sabrina, Rosalind, and Orlando, sitting at one of the library's TABLES. They have POSTER BOARDS, which they're decorating with MARKERS and COLORED PENCILS...

ORLANDO
How often will the club meet?

ROSALIND
Once a week at least --

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SABRINA
-- *but*, if one of our members needs immediate help or support, we'll of course convene an emergency meeting.
(then)
So the next time someone bullies you, Orlando, you won't have to see Hawthorne alone, *we'll* come with you.

ROSALIND
And if you need an escort down the hall or home, we'll do that, too.

Behind the girls, at the library's CHECK-OUT DESK, a PHONE starts to ring. The LIBRARIAN (from earlier) answers it.

SABRINA
(a rallying cry:)
We are going to change the toxic, male chauvinistic, patriarchal DNA of Baxter High, little by little, day by day, until it's safe for *everyone*.

Orlando likes the sound of that. As she colors in the word "WICCA" on one of the poster boards:

ORLANDO
What does WICCA stand for?

SABRINA
Rosalind came up with it --

In the background, the Librarian hangs up, starts walking towards our girls...

ROSALIND
The **W**oman's **I**nternational **C**reative and **C**ultural **A**ssociation: WICCA.

ORLANDO
Won't Dean Hawthorne just disband it when he gets back?

SABRINA
He can try. But we've been approved for the year.

ROSALIND
In the meantime, we'll get these posters up and pray for a good turn-out at our first meeting.

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The Librarian has reached their table.

LIBRARIAN
That call was for you, Sabrina. Ms. Wardwell's asked to see you in her office.

56 INT. BAXTER HIGH - OUTSIDE WARDWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 56

In the otherwise EMPTY HALLWAY, Salem creeps in front of the DOOR to Ms. Wardwell's office, a stealthy sentinel...

MS. WARDWELL (PRE-LAP)
Assistant Dean Glover tells me she ratified your organization...

57 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 57

Sabrina sits across from Ms. Wardwell, who stands, leaning against the desk behind her. Smiling.

MS. WARDWELL
...and that on the application, *I* was listed as its faculty advisor.

SABRINA
I hope that's okay, Ms. Wardwell.

MS. WARDWELL
Happy to do it. But I'm curious, Sabrina. Didn't I...overhear you saying something about possibly transferring schools?

SABRINA
Huh? I don't think so...
(then, remembering:)
Oh -- wait -- you mean yesterday? *
With Rosalind? *

MS. WARDWELL
Mmm.

SABRINA
(weird)
You heard that? You were there?

MS. WARDWELL
I must've been close by.

SABRINA
That was just -- talk. You know, "what if?"

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MS. WARDWELL
So you have no plans to go anywhere? I only ask because if you *were* thinking of leaving Baxter High...I wouldn't want you to start something you couldn't finish.

SABRINA
(after a beat)
If I can be honest with you, Ms. Wardwell...

MS. WARDWELL
Oh, absolutely. You can trust me. *

SABRINA
There *is* a possibility of me...going to a different school -- a, a private school -- but I'm not one-hundred-percent sure it's something I want.

MS. WARDWELL
Is it a good school?

SABRINA
One of the best. For what it is.

MS. WARDWELL
Then why *wouldn't* you go? Mind you, not that I *want* my prize pupil vanishing on me. But it sounds like * a marvelous opportunity. *

SABRINA
It's just...so hard to untangle my life here, Ms. Wardwell.

The BELL rings, signaling the start of a new class period.

MS. WARDWELL
This merits further discussion. Why don't we get together after school? See if we can't...*untangle* this knot together? Perhaps I can help you determine what is *truly* in your * heart of hearts.

SABRINA
(standing to go)
I'd *love* that, Ms. Wardwell, but I have plans after school.

MS. WARDWELL
Oh?

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SABRINA
I'm going apple-picking.

MS. WARDWELL
(after a beat)
How fun. And where would that be?

58 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - EMBALMING ROOM - DAY 58

"This Is the End" by the Doors plays as -- Ambrose, wearing the smock, gloves, and apron of an embalmer, comes into the tiled room to prepare CONNOR KEMPER'S DEAD BODY, lying on a METAL TABLE under a WHITE PAPER BLANKET. *

AMBROSE *
A bit...Sal Mineo, aren't you? *

Ambrose takes off the blanket to inspect Connor's STAB WOUNDS. Multiple ones, all over his torso and side. Ambrose is clinical about his examination, almost doctor-like. *

Then he notices...a BLUE BIRTHMARK on the body's inner-arm. Ambrose's brow furrows... *

59 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY 59

Ambrose, still in his embalming gear, enters. Hilda and Zelda look up from the JIGSAW PUZZLE they're assembling.

AMBROSE
You should see something. In the embalming room.

60 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - EMBALMING ROOM - DAY 60

Hilda, Zelda, and Ambrose stand over the cadaver. Ambrose is showing them the blue spot.

ZELDA
It's a birthmark.

HILDA
Did you prick it?

AMBROSE
I did.

ZELDA
And?

AMBROSE
Watch.

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Ambrose takes a dagger-like NEEDLE and *pushes it* into the corpse's skin, next to (but not touching) the birthmark. A DROP OF BLOOD fills the point of puncture.

Next, Ambrose takes the needle and pushes it into the birthmark, then removes it. NO BLOOD this time.

HILDA
It doesn't bleed.
(no question about it:)
It's a witch's mark, then.

ZELDA
It *could* be. Or it's simply that his blood's started to settle in his buttocks.

AMBROSE
You're missing the point -- no pun intended. If it *is* a witch's mark, *suggesting* that Connor here was a warlock...and he was *murdered*...

HILDA
A *witch-hunter?* Is that *possible?*

ZELDA
This isn't the middle ages. It's 1968, there *are* no witch-hunters, not anymore.

AMBROSE
It might be worth bringing up to the Council. See if they know of any other -- weird deaths.

ZELDA
Yet another reason Sabrina needs to join the Church of Night. So she's protected. Witches without covers are vulnerable.

HILDA
I've been praying on that, Zelda. If she wants to talk to someone --

ZELDA
She has *us*. Ambrose. That damn cat.

HILDA
But should she want an *outside* opinion --

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ZELDA
And *who* would you like her to speak *to,* Hilda? The Dark Lord, Himself?

HILDA
As close to him as we can reasonably get.

As Zelda debates this, she turns to Ambrose --

ZELDA
Finish the embalming. And careful you don't spill any blood. We'll need *every single drop* for Sabrina's anointment during her baptism. *

61 EXT. GREENDALE RURAL ROAD - DAY 61

Harvey and Sabrina are driving along the COUNTRY HIGHWAY that leads out of town into surrounding FARMLAND. They pass Greendale's TOWN SIGN with its motto**: Let GREENDALE Cast A Spell on You.**

Harvey takes Sabrina hand, kisses it. *What a dreamboat...*

62 EXT. GREENDALE APPLE ORCHARD - PARKING LOT - DAY 62

Harvey's ROADSTER pulls off the highway and into a FARM and APPLE ORCHARD that's been decorated for Halloween. With lots of PUMPKINS. Harvey parks next to A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS sitting in the packed-dirt PARKING LOT. Lots of CHILDREN and FAMILIES walking around. Harvey and Sabrina climb out of the car...

63 EXT. GREENDALE APPLE ORCHARD - DAY 63

Harvey and Sabrina, holding hands, approach ROW UPON ROW OF APPLE TREES. Sabrina's trying to figure out which tree is the oldest, but Harvey's got his eye on the pumpkins...

HARVEY
Babe, do your aunts already have a pumpkin for their porch? *

SABRINA
Uhm. We don't, no.

HARVEY
I'll get us a couple --

Sabrina's spotted what's clearly the biggest, *oldest* tree --

SABRINA
Sure, Harvey -- you do that...

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As Harvey goes towards the pumpkin patch, Sabrina is drawn towards

THE OLD TREE

As she nears it, Sabrina slows. An old-fashioned CORN MAZE has been built around it. To get to the tree, in the maze's center, you have to navigate its twists and turns.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Oh, boy, it's never easy, is it?

Sabrina bravely heads into --

64 EXT. CORN MAZE - DAY 64

Sabrina enters the labyrinth. Made of dried, tightly-wrapped corn. Taller than Sabrina...

...who comes face-to-face with a SCARECROW, propped-up at a CROSSROADS, where the maze splits off into TWO DIRECTIONS. Two paths. Sabrina debates which one to take --

SABRINA
Hickery Pickery, Hickery Pickery
Where shall this girl go?
She'll go east, she'll go west,
She'll go to the crow's nest --
Hickery Pickery, Hickery <u>Pickery</u> --

The LEFT PATH it is. Sabrina vanishes behind one of the maze's corners, but WE LINGER ON THE SCARECROW...

A SUDDEN CAWING as Wardwell's RAVEN lands on the scarecrow's shoulder. A beat -- the sound of TWIGS SNAPPING -- *as the scarecrow's head jerks to the left -- Uh-oh...* *

65 EXT. CORN MAZE - FURTHER IN - DAY 65

Sabrina works her way through the maze. QUICK CUTS AS: She hits a DEAD END...backtracks...follows its twists & turns... hits *ANOTHER* DEAD END...turns around, is getting more and more lost, when she stops... *

She *feels* something...as if she were being watched... Sabrina turns around, is surprised to see

THE SCARECROW

standing stock-still, perched at the end of a long CORRIDOR OF CORN. Staring at her. Uncanny. Sabrina barely has time to register it when -- *the scarecrow jumps to jittery, herky-jerky life!! -- and, at a terrifying speed, starts shambling towards Sabrina, who bolts --*

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A HAIR-RAISING CHASE ensues. The scarecrow moves as though it were being puppeteered -- Sabrina *rushes* through the maze --

66 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 66

Ms. Wardwell sits at her desk, with the POPPETS -- the cloth dolls she was making earlier -- spread out before her -- Gesturing (conducting) with her hands, she's making a SCARECROW POPPET dance madly in mid-air -- and we realize: *Ms. Wardwell's controlling the scarecrow from afar, trying to keep Sabrina from getting to the tree and the* malum malus --

MS. WARDWELL
There will be *no* apple-picking for you, my pretty, pretty.

67 EXT. CORN MAZE - DAY 67

RESUME WITH Sabrina's mad race through the maze. She turns down a row, it dead-ends -- *fuck*. She turns down *another* row, it *also* dead-ends. A third, the same. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*. Completely disoriented, Sabrina spins around -- she *has* to get out of this ALLEY OF CORN before the Scarecrow --

But it's too late.

The Scarecrow's caught up to her. It starts one final, *maniacal* scramble *towards* Sabrina, who has nowhere to go --

Just as the Scarecrow is crossing a "T," where two corridors in the maze intersect, a DARK HULKING FIGURE *lunges* into view, *tackling* the Scarecrow -- and falling with it, out of sight, on the *other* side of the intersection -- (NOTE: It's like that jump-scare in "Signs," when Joaquin Phoenix sees the home-movie of the alien at the kid's birthday party.)

Sabrina's shocked. *What the hell was that thing? And where did it come from?* She hears GHASTLY SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE as she slowly creeps to the "T" intersection... Sabrina steels herself, then rounds the corner, only to discover...

...Salem, licking the back of one of its paws, surrounded by the straw-stuffed remains of the CLAWED-APART SCARECROW. (So Salem, to protect Sabrina, attacked the Scarecrow while in his goblin form, which we'll only ever glimpse fleetingly.)

SABRINA
Salem...
(the cat meows)
Well done -- *good boy* --
(it meows again)
Who...who *sent* that? Was it the weird sisters?
("I don't know" meow)
(MORE)

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SABRINA (CONT'D)
Okay, well, can you help me find the center of the maze?

Salem meows “yes.” Then starts walking down one of the maze’s avenues. Sabrina trails him...

68 INT. BAXTER HIGH - WARDWELL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 68

Ms. Wardwell’s looking down at her desk. The scarecrow poppet has been *shredded*. It’s just pieces of cloth and loose straw now.

Enraged that she’s been stymied, Wardwell yells as *she sweeps ALL THE POPPETS off her desk, scattering them --* *

69 INT. CORN MAZE - CENTER OF THE MAZE - DAY 69

...Sabrina and Salem reach the maze’s epicenter. Where the TREE is. Big and old and (hopefully) wise. *

Sabrina goes up to it. The tree’s BRANCHES are wide and heavy with GREEN APPLES.

SABRINA
How will I know, Salem? Which apple is the...

But then Sabrina sees it. On a lower branch. One particular apple, larger than the others -- and BLOOD RED.

SABRINA (CONT’D)
...the *malum malus*... *

Sabrina stands under the red apple, reaches up to grab it -- Salem, seeing what his mistress is doing, *hisses* a warning -- *

Sabrina hesitates -- but then grabs the apple, twists it off the branch -- Salem hisses again -- but Sabrina’s come this far, there’s no stopping now -- she takes a big, crunchy BITE of the apple --

For a moment, nothing happens -- there’s no glimpse of the future -- Sabrina chews the bite she just took, lowers the apple from her mouth and looks at it, in her hand -- *only now, it’s BLACK, and PUTRID, and teeming with MAGGOTS --*

Then, in an instant -- *in a flash* -- Sabrina finds herself standing in the middle of A TERRIFYING APOCALYPTIC VISION --

NOTE: It’s not at all dream-like. It’s like a Heironymus Bosch painting. * *

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The SKY looks like something out of a Dario Argento movie -- RED as the BLOOD that pours down Sabrina's chin -- the tree next to her is now A WITHERED, GNARLED THING -- from its bare branches, THIRTEEN WITCHES hang, their necks broken, their dangling FEET knocking against Sabrina's head --

And, most horrible of all, the tree's TRUNK *splits open* -- and a half-man, half-goat DEVIL-THING (shades of Guillermo del Toro) pulls itself out of the tree -- *reaching for Sabrina...*

As quickly as possible, Sabrina *spits out* the pieces of apple in her mouth -- breaking the vision -- "returning" her to -- *

THE PRESENT, REALITY

Reeling, she's taking DEEP BREATHS, when -- *oh, shit!! -- a hand falls on her shoulder -- Sabrina jumps --*

But it's just Harvey, who's followed her into the maze --

HARVEY
Pumpkins are in the car. Why didn't you wait for me?

Salem meows as he rubs up against Harvey's legs --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
And who's this guy?

SABRINA
(a beat)
A stray. I'm taking him home.

70 EXT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 70

Sabrina, exhausted, shaken, climbs the steps up to the porch, with Salem right behind her. She opens the FRONT DOOR, goes inside, but...Salem *won't* enter. He seems...*afraid* to...

71 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 71

Sabrina comes in. Hangs up her coat. Goes to the foot of the stairs, calls up:

SABRINA
Aunties? Ambrose? Can we please have a family meeting? I've made a decision about my baptism --
(under her breath)
-- and you're not gonna like it...

ZELDA (O.S.)
-- not another word, Niece.

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HILDA (O.S.)
We, *uhm*. Have company, dear. In the parlor. Come join us, won't you?

SABRINA
Company...

72 INT. SPELLMAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT 72

Zelda and Hilda are perched on the couch. Dressed up. Holding cups of tea. Nervous. Ambrose sits near them. Cleaned up, as well. They are entertaining a strange VISITOR to the Spellman house...

An OLDER GENTLEMAN, dressed all in black. Ears pierced. Long, hard, buffed fingernails. His eyes are milky white. His hair is wispy and almost...womanly. He holds an ornate cane carved from DARK WOOD, with an IVORY HANDLE, twisted into the shape of a SNAKE. Sitting in the room's most imposing, comfortable chair. Next to a ROARING FIRE in the fireplace.

SABRINA
Hello...

OLDER GENTLEMAN
(soft, whispery)
Is this the child?

ZELDA
It is, Your Excellency.

HILDA
(proudly)
This is our niece, Sabrina.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Oh, my child. You have no idea how * *special* you are, do you? How you've * been *chosen*... *

SABRINA
Sorry...do I know you?

ZELDA
Honestly, Sabrina.
(to the gentleman)
Forgive her, Father, she knows not what she says.

HILDA
Sabrina, we're being honored tonight. This is Albertus Blackwood.
(no clue...)
(MORE)

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HILDA (CONT'D)
He is High Priest of the Church of Night.
(uh-oh...)
Our Dark Lord Satan's representative on earth.

ALBERTUS
Your aunts tell me you have doubts about your baptism. That you may, in fact, *not* sign your name in the Book of the Beast...

SABRINA
Uhhh...

ALBERTUS
No, no, no. That *cannot* be. That *must not* be...

Fr. Blackwood smiles, revealing TEETH that have been filed to razor-sharp points.

ALBERTUS (CONT'D)
...so let us see what I can do to convince you.

OFF Sabrina, trembling, not wanting to get any closer, we...

END CHAPTER ONE

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