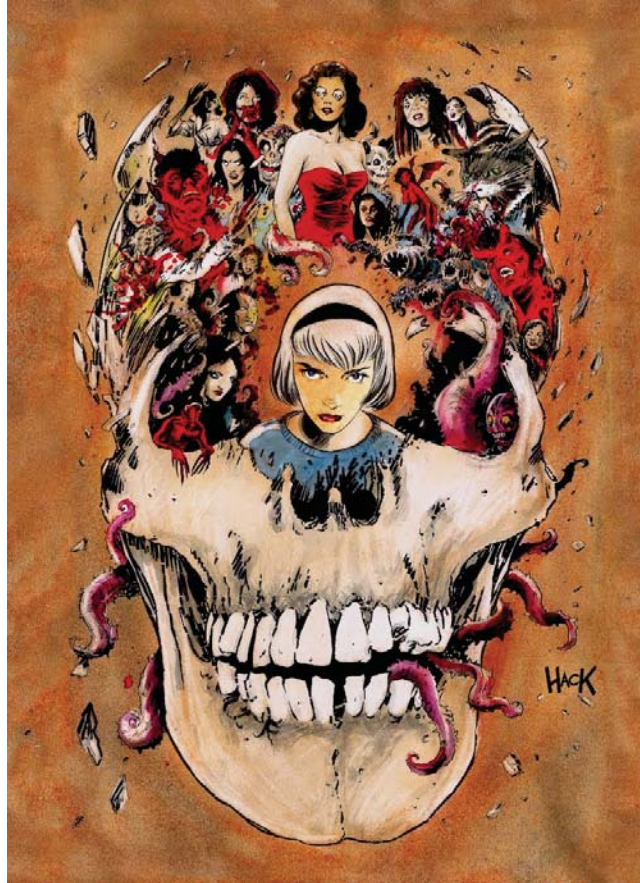


# CHILLING ADVENTURES OF SABRINA



## **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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**ARCHIE COMICS  
BERLANTI TELEVISION  
WARNER BROS. TELEVISION  
NETFLIX**

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**CHILLING ADVENTURES OF**  
**SABRINA**

Chapter One:  
"October Country"

Revision History

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CHILLING ADVENTURES OF  
**SABRINA**

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

# CHILLING ADVENTURES OF SABRINA

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

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?

\*

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)  
*Ihavetothomethanksbye* --

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."

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 -- \*

MS. WARDWELL

Are you alright? Are you hurt?

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

YOUNG WOMAN

*Help me...please...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.



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)

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...*

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...

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?

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)

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?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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?

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)



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?

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?* \*  
\*

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 oday 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 --

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...*

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 -- Nothing 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...*

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 --

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 --

\*  
\*

Harvey -- SABRINA 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...



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 --*

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...

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...

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...

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.

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?

\*

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 *demand*s 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?

\*

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. \*



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)

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... \*

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"...

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.

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)

\*

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)  
*Listen to my voice, hear my words* --

\*

She takes his head in her hands --

SABRINA (CONT'D)

-- and *forget* 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 --

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.

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.



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?*

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.

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.

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 WHOOSH! Sabrina's "parents" start to burn! They  
writhe 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.

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...*

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...

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.

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.



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. \*

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 --

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, human 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 or the Path of Light --*

ZELDA/HILDA/SABRINA/AMBROSE

*-- but not both --*

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 done -- and  
it's what they wanted 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)

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 --

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 --

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?

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 --



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 turnout at our first meeting.

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?"

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?

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.

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 --

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...

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 Pickery --*

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 --*

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)



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. \*

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.*

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)

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**

\*