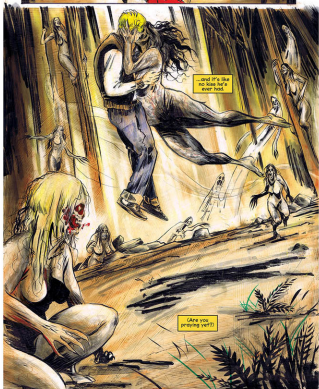




And so, bewitched by her, he does...



...and it's like no kiss he's ever had.

(Are you praying yet?)

MEANWHILE:

You stupid, selfish, mongrel half-breed--

--do you realize what you've done?

--what I'VE done?!

--I'm trying to HELP!!!

You've put **EVERYTHING** at risk by bringing him here--

The cover-- Our sisterhood--

She didn't know! She was as surprised as any of us--

--you saw that, Della, plain as night!

If anything, the boy must've followed us--

Then you were careless, which is the worst sin of all--

Oh, Spellmans, you'll all face the Council's wrath--

Fine, so we'll face the Council--

In the mean-time--



--LET ME GO SO I CAN FIX THIS!!!



--AARRRGHH!



...
...so-sorry about that...



...you wretched, naive creature...

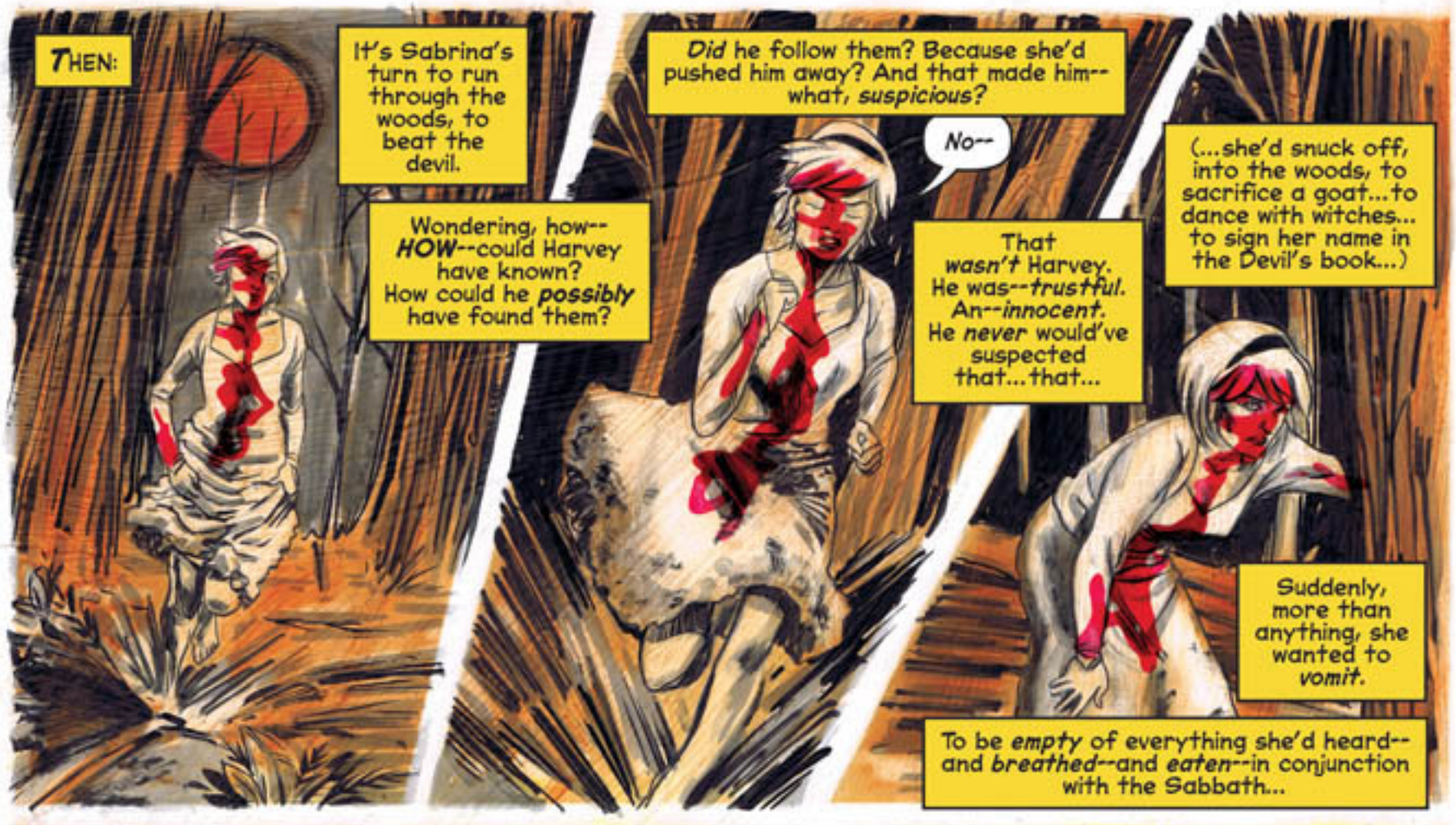
...how do you think tonight ends?

You broke witch-law, you spat on the covenant, you defiled Our Lord's church...



...I...I'll make this right...

Aunties, talk to her.



THEN:

It's Sabrina's turn to run through the woods, to beat the devil.

Wondering, how-- **HOW**--could Harvey have known? How could he *possibly* have found them?

Did he follow them? Because she'd pushed him away? And that made him-- what, *suspicious*?

No--

That wasn't Harvey. He was--*trustful*. An--*innocent*. He never would've suspected that... that...

(...she'd snuck off, into the woods, to sacrifice a goat... to dance with witches... to sign her name in the Devil's book...)

Suddenly, more than anything, she wanted to vomit.

To be empty of everything she'd heard-- and *breathed*--and *eaten*--in conjunction with the Sabbath...



She chokes down the nausea, resumes her night-flight--

(If she is lucky, if they survive, all questions will be answered; all decisions re-examined--)

Right now, though, the *only* thing that matters is *Harvey*--

--finding him, and getting him --*getting them both*--out of Greendale. (Ambrose would help; so would Salem.)



They'd go far, far away and build a house, somewhere quiet and unknown.

She'd pour a circle of salt around the house. And nail iron into the trees around the house. And grow onions in their garden. The devil *abhors* the smell of...



...on...ions...

No. Nononono **NO--**



In the afternoon, a busload of kids from the neighboring town of Riverdale arrived.

They'd heard about the missing boy and wanted to help...



...well, most of them did, anyway.

Yuck. If I lived here, I might make myself disappear, too.

Ronnie, be nice.

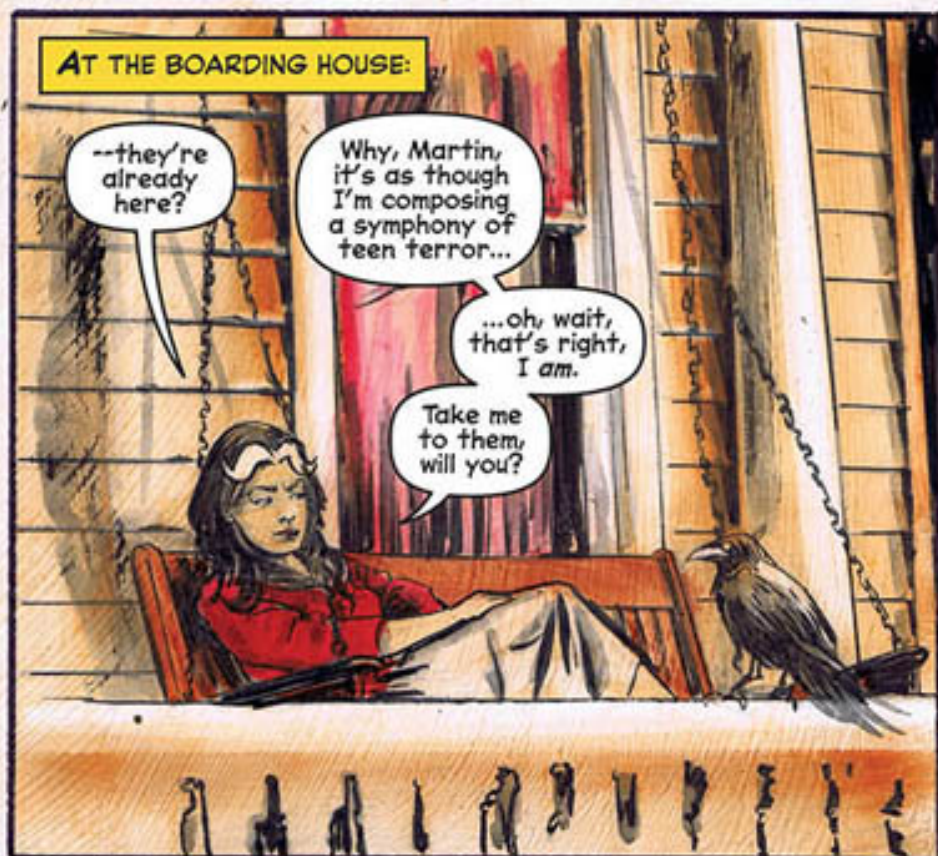
This is about us giving back.



...truly, I thought it was about us meeting some new boys so we could make Archie jealous.

Veronica, you're terrible.

Yes, deliciously so.



AT THE BOARDING HOUSE:

--they're already here?

Why, Martin, it's as though I'm composing a symphony of teen terror...

...oh, wait, that's right, I am.

Take me to them, will you?