

PROLOGUE: AUGUST, 1962.

It used be, in the old days, witch-babies were baptized with unholy water on the first full moon after their birth...



HOMESCHOOLING: A FIELD TRIP.

Which never quite made sense to me. How could there not be a choice? Free will?



THE WOODS NEAR SALEM VILLAGE.

The Fall-- the foundation on which our faith is based-- happened because of free will.



Then came the Trials in...

What year, Sabrina?



1692, summer and fall.

Correct. The Year of Infamy...



...when how many witches were executed?



Nineteen by hanging, Aunt Zelda.

One poor warlock crushed by stones...





That's right, Giles Corey, who--when asked to reveal the names of other witches, so that his life might be spared--famously said...

...more weight...

He was a martyr and a hero, Giles Corey.

May the Dark Lord bless and keep him.



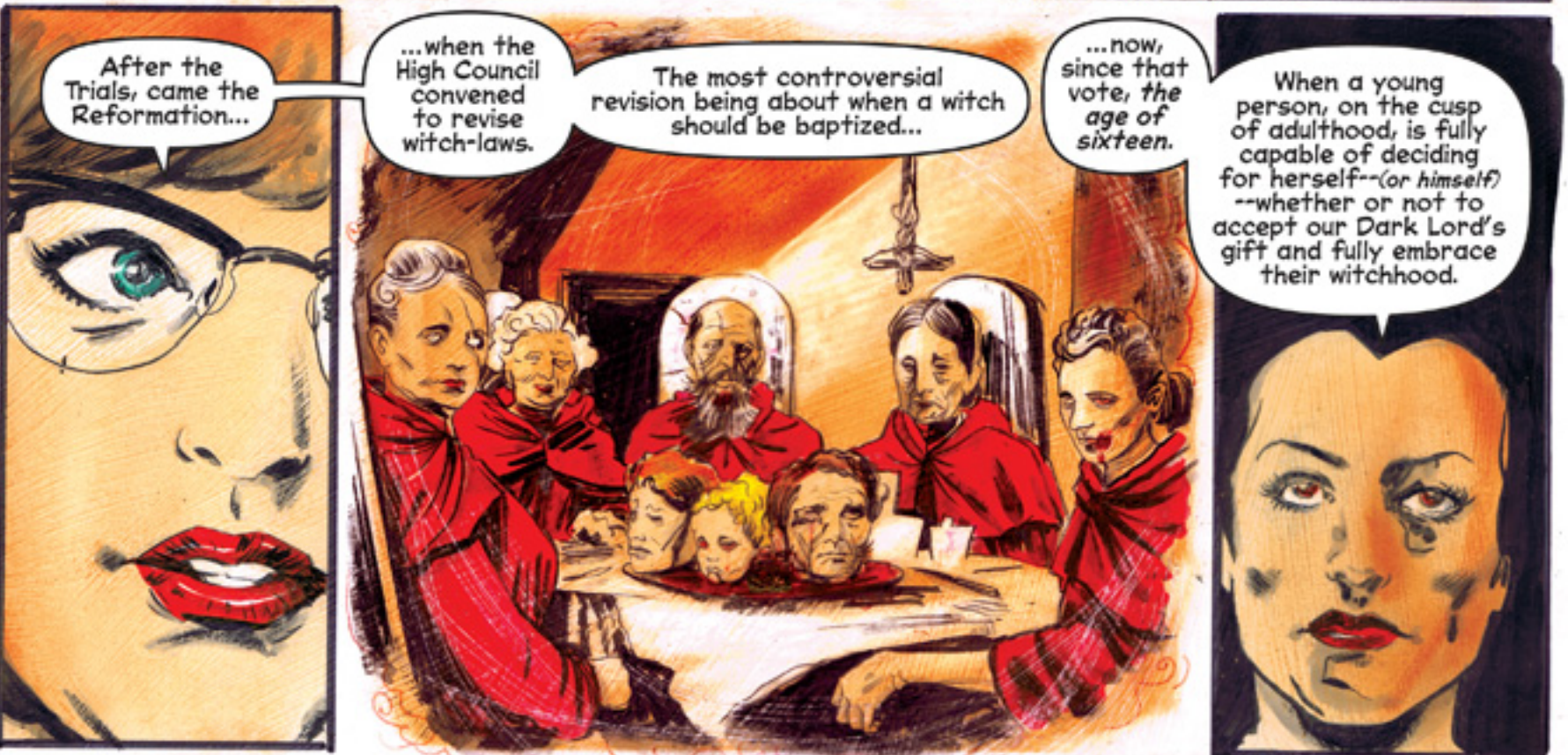
The Trials were the grimmest chapter in our history, Sabrina.

Worse, even, than the Inquisition, when many more of our kind perished--do you know why?

Uhm...

Because it's the only time in our history when witch turned against witch, the most unspeakable betrayals...

(As if we didn't have enough enemies in the world...)



After the Trials, came the Reformation...

...when the High Council convened to revise witch-laws.

The most controversial revision being about when a witch should be baptized...

...now, since that vote, the age of sixteen.

When a young person, on the cusp of adulthood, is fully capable of deciding for herself--(or himself)--whether or not to accept our Dark Lord's gift and fully embrace their witchhood.



It will be the *single* most important decision of your life, Sabrina.



For many, it's a *straw law*, but you...you actually *can* choose, Sabrina, to live as a mortal.

Your father... ensured that.



And, *whichever* path you decide to follow, the path of *light*, or the path of *night*, your Aunt Zelda and I want you to know--

--we'll love and support you, no matter what.



...of course, *should* you choose to live as a mortal, you will...*live* as a mortal, for better and worse.

You'll grow older, at the same rate they do. Your powers will fade, over the years, the way paintings do in the sun... Your whole life will be less...I don't want to say *remarkable*...



You'll know love, true love.

The possibility of it, at least...

But aunties... I'm *eleven*.

Sixteen's *forever* away.



sniff

Be here before we know it...

Merciful Mephistopheles, Hilda, witches are *incapable* of producing tears, so don't even try.

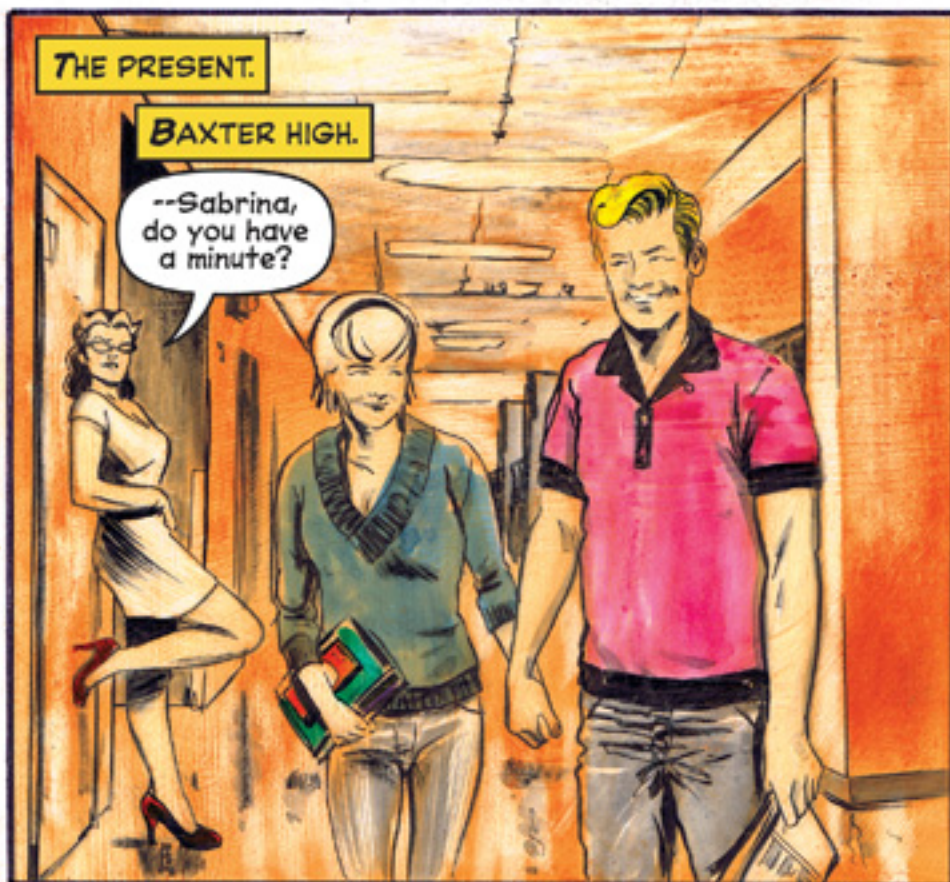
END FIELD TRIP.

END PROLOGUE.

THE PRESENT.

BAXTER HIGH.

--Sabrina,
do you have
a minute?



...sure, Ms. Porter.

I'll catch
up, Harvey.

Yeah,
okay, I'll
be at the
car...

See you
mañana,
Ms. Porter.



Harvey...
Kinkle, is it?

And he's your
boyfriend?

Uhhh,
yes...



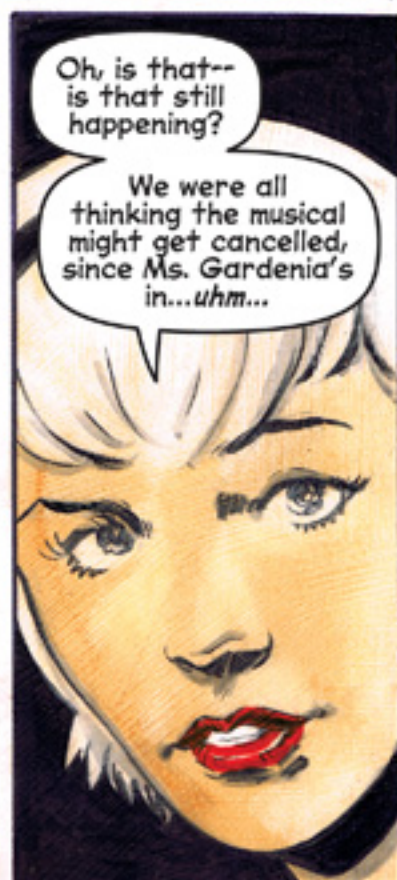
Lucky you.
He's very
handsome...

He'll make a
wonderful Birdie in
"Bye Bye Birdie."



Oh, is that--
is that still
happening?

We were all
thinking the musical
might get cancelled,
since Ms. Gardenia's
in...uhm...



In a
coma?

No, in addition to
taking over Ms. Gardenia's
classes, Principal Caruthers
asked me to assume steward-
ship of the Drama Club,
including its production
of "Bye Bye Birdie."

The show,
as they say,
must go on.

I, I
suppose...



I found
Ms. Gardenia's
casting notes in
her desk. She was
planning to cast
Harvey as
Conrad Birdie,
and either you
or Rosalind
as Kim--

Really?
Rosalind?

Well,
she does
have red
hair...





...to be honest, I was going to schedule callbacks, but I don't know, even in just talking to you now, I have a sense that we'd get along so much better.

We-ell, I don't want to spread rumors...

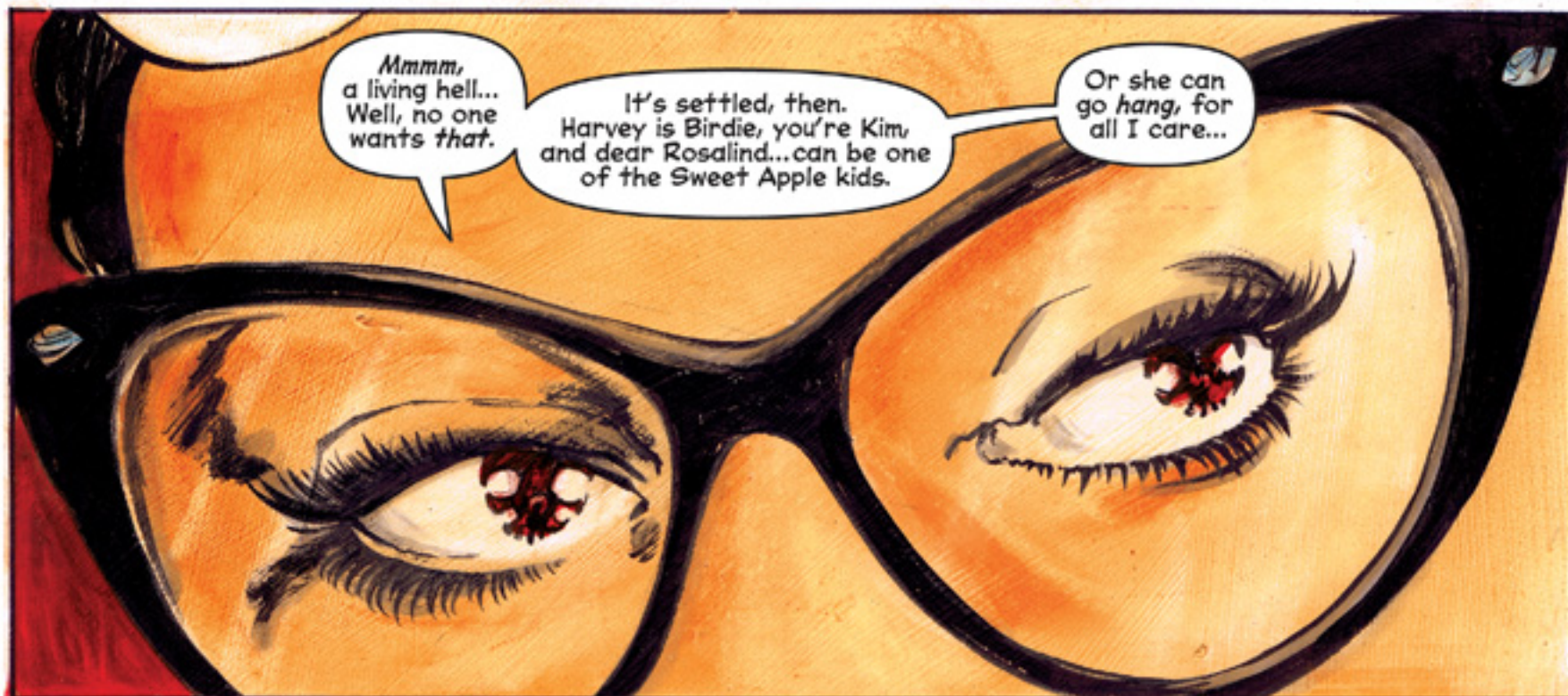


Oh, no. Go ahead.

Spread away.



Last year, when the musical was "South Pacific" and Rosalind played Nellie, she was a complete diva and made Ms. Gardenia's life a living hell.



Mmmm, a living hell... Well, no one wants that.

It's settled, then. Harvey is Birdie, you're Kim and dear Rosalind...can be one of the Sweet Apple kids.

Or she can go hang, for all I care...



I'll post the cast list tomorrow, but if you want to tell Harvey, I wouldn't flay you alive-- as long as you two love birds can keep it a secret.

Oh, Ms. Porter, thank you, we can!

And thank you for trusting me with this role! I won't let you down!



No, Mutt, you won't.

Oh, we're going to have the most lovely time, Sabrina, I can just tell!

Bye, Ms. Porter!

"What did she want?"