



PROLOGUE.

WESTBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A YEAR AFTER THE BIRTH.

THE HOME AND SANCTUM OF EDWARD THEODORE SPELLMAN.



TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

HIGH PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF NIGHT.

TICK TOCK

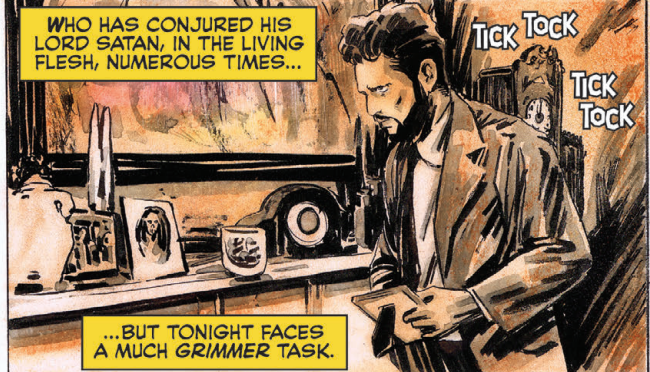
SCHOLAR, OCCULTIST, FATHER.

TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

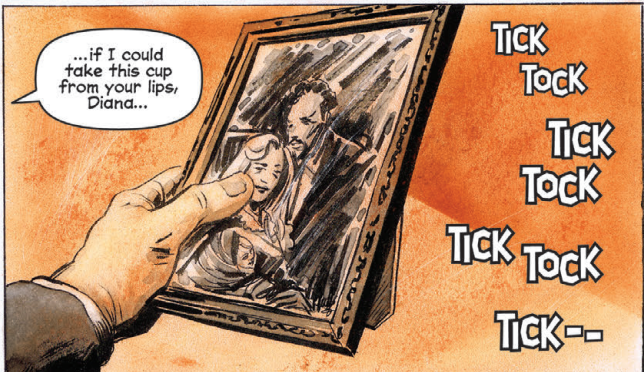
WHO HAS CONJURED HIS LORD SATAN, IN THE LIVING FLESH, NUMEROUS TIMES...



TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

...BUT TONIGHT FACES A MUCH GRIMMER TASK.



...if I could take this cup from your lips, Diana...

TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

TICK TOCK

TICK--



--CLINKK!



Well, well, well.

Good evening, ladies...



...you do know how to make an entrance.

Welcome, Sisters, and remember: We stand in His shadow.

Happy Halloween, Edward--

--yes, Edward, hallowed Samhain.

Is our little one ready to go?



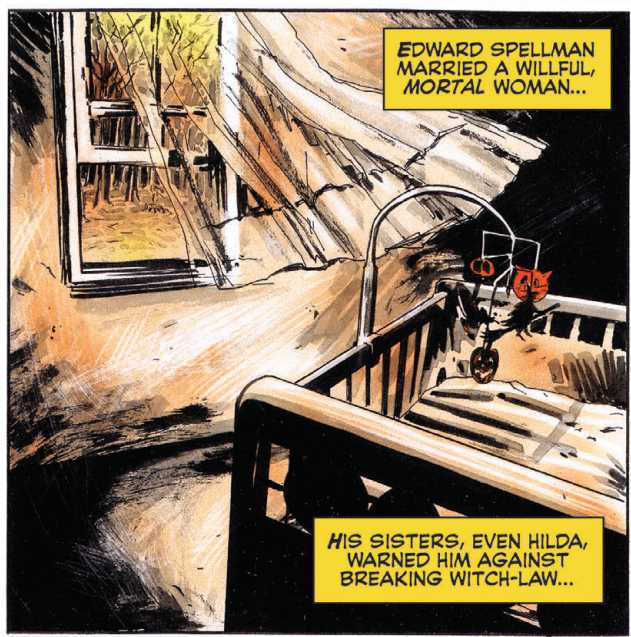
She's upstairs, in the nursery. Her mother's saying goodbye.

You stay right where you are, Zelda...



"...I'll go and fetch them."

It's time, my love. They've come for...



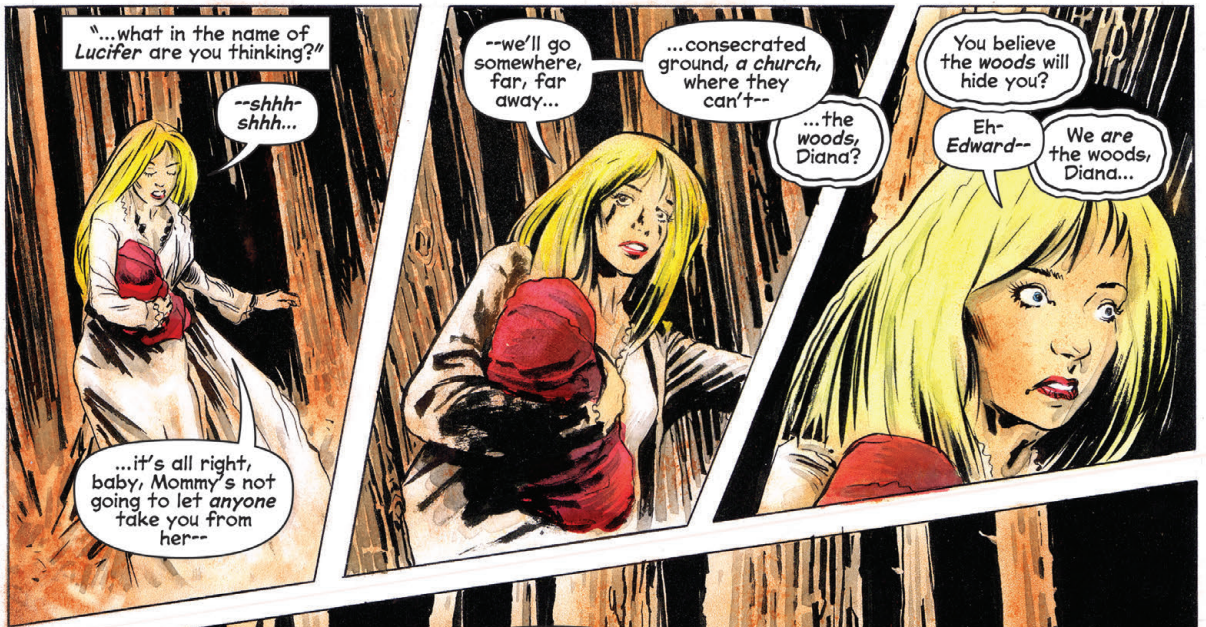
EDWARD SPELLMAN MARRIED A WILLFUL, MORTAL WOMAN...

HIS SISTERS, EVEN HILDA, WARNED HIM AGAINST BREAKING WITCH-LAW...



OF COURSE, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN WILLFUL HIMSELF.

Oh, Diana...



"...what in the name of Lucifer are you thinking?"

--shhh--
shhh...

--we'll go somewhere, far, far away...

...consecrated ground, a church, where they can't--

...the woods, Diana?

You believe the woods will hide you?

Eh-- Edward--

We are the woods, Diana...

...it's all right, baby, Mommy's not going to let anyone take you from her--



...but then, you've never understood that about us, have you?

We are the weird woods... we are the salty earth... we are the blood moon... we are the cold October wind that blows through the dry, dead corn...

We are mountains, and rivers, and caves, and night...

Puh-- please--



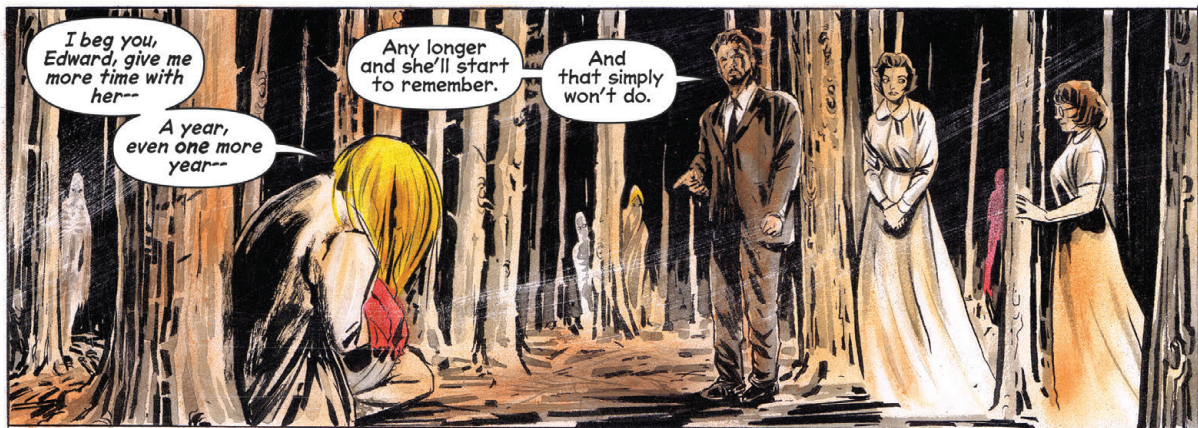
Stay away from me--

You--you can't have her--



You promised us.

We made a pact.



I beg you, Edward, give me more time with her--

A year, even one more year--

Any longer and she'll start to remember.

And that simply won't do.



You'll have another, my pet.

A boy, perhaps. A sweet boy...



...one you can keep.

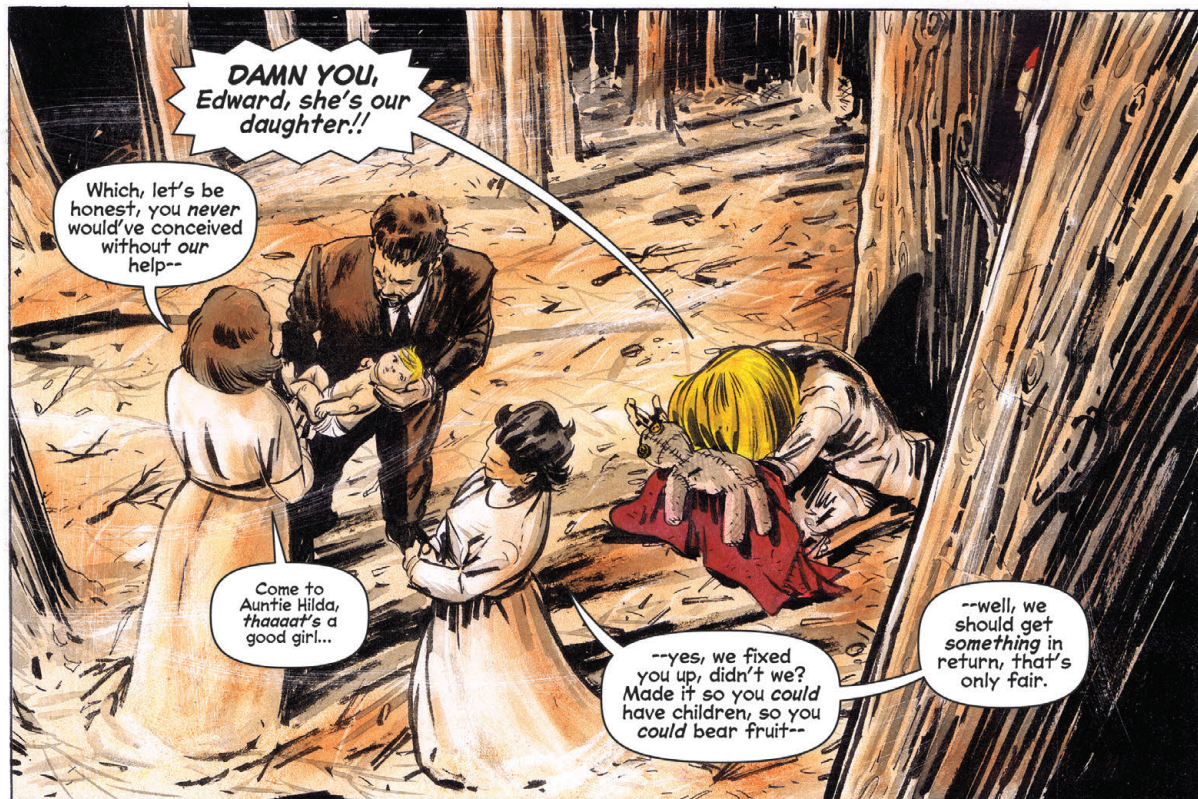


...how?



no.

No--



DAMN YOU, Edward, she's our daughter!!

Which, let's be honest, you never would've conceived without our help--

Come to Auntie Hilda, thaaat's a good girl...

--yes, we fixed you up, didn't we? Made it so you could have children, so you could bear fruit--

--well, we should get something in return, that's only fair.



I'll tell them--
I'll tell everyone
what you are--

What
you all
are--

No...



...no, I
don't believe
you will.

And to
be clear,
Diana...

SUPERHERO

"...I'm already damned.
We both are."

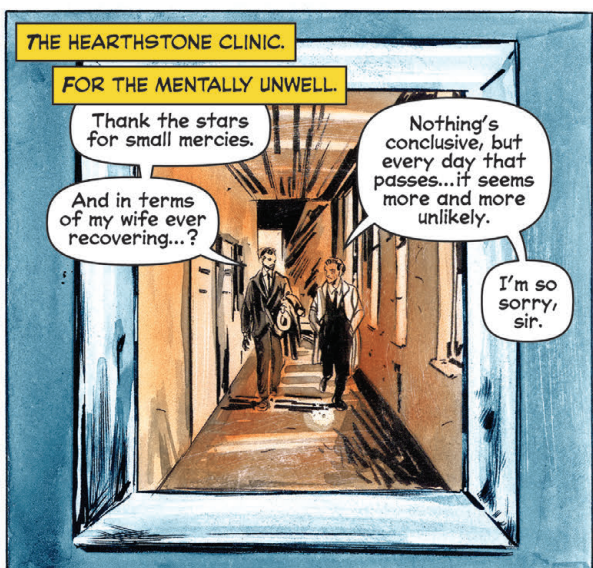


♪ "Lavender's blue,
dilly, dilly,
lavender's green,
When I am
king, dilly, dilly,
you shall be
queen..."

Who told you so,
dilly, dilly, who
told you so?
'Twas my own heart,
dilly, dilly, that
told me so..."

She's not...
suffering, is
she, Doctor
Saperstein?

No, Mr.
Spellman. In
that regard,
at least, the
operation was
a complete
success.



THE HEARTHSTONE CLINIC.

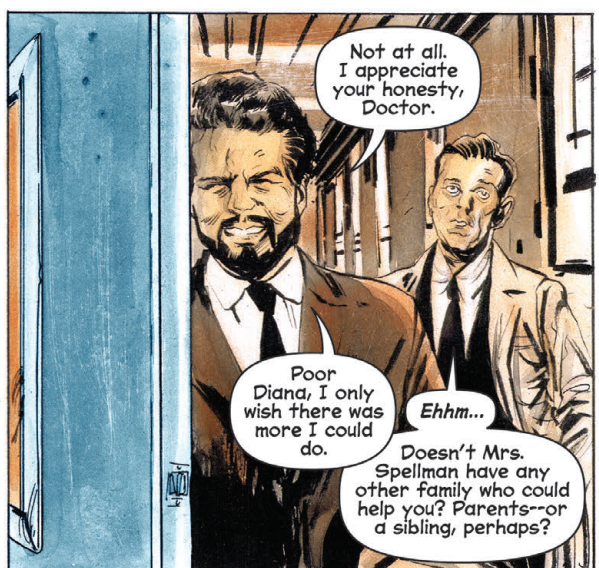
FOR THE MENTALLY UNWELL.

Thank the stars
for small mercies.

And in terms
of my wife ever
recovering...?

Nothing's
conclusive, but
every day that
passes...it seems
more and more
unlikely.

I'm so
sorry,
sir.



Not at all.
I appreciate
your honesty,
Doctor.

Poor
Diana, I only
wish there was
more I could
do.

Ehhm...

Doesn't Mrs.
Spellman have any
other family who could
help you? Parents--or
a sibling, perhaps?