

# The Witch's Kiss





Salem, Mass. 1692

**I**t is the height of the witch trials and no one is safe, especially the women.

A casual remark by one's own tongue, or unfounded accusations from a spiteful neighbor could condemn you, and render you into the clutches of the puritan town elders.

And so with trepidation, young and beautiful Abigail Purify, the local hot virgin, hurries along the cobblestone streets, to plead her case to the Reverend Demonicas.

Maybe he can save her...









“Oh Reverend, please help me. I’m being hounded and harrassed by the lecherous young men in town.”





*“Abigail, I understand your plight.  
But are you sure it’s not you that  
has been provoking their lustful  
cravings? Let me help you.”*



knight films



**T**he devious Reverend fails in his attempt to subjugate the virginous Abigail. But he is able to turn the tables on her and label her a demonic seductress in the eyes of the town elders.

The devil's disciple scored a victory over his virtuous victim, but the book is not closed with his misogynist triumph.

*Au contraire.* For he has unleashed the vindictive venom of his feminist adversaries, and instigated an ages to come...

**Battle of the Sexes**

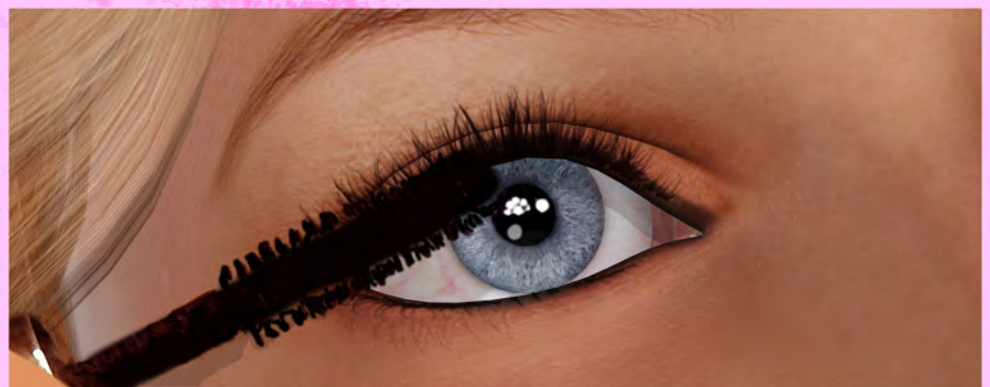
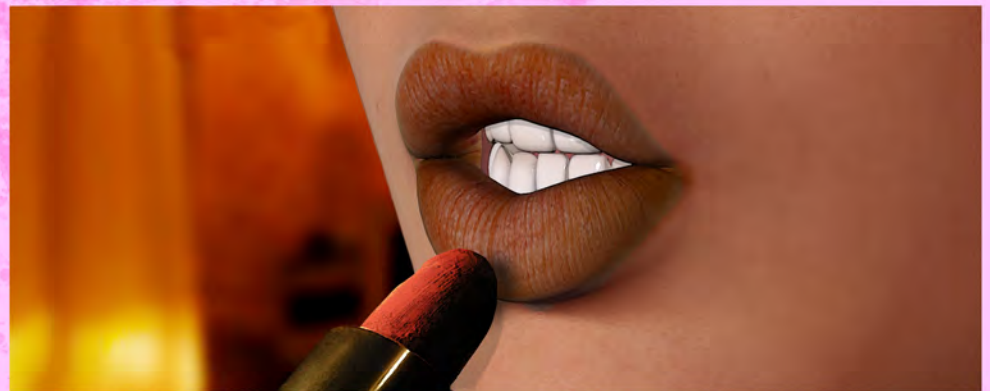




*Abigail suffers the fate of many innocents. But her spirit lives on.*



RACHAEL AWAKENS FROM HER DREAM/VISION.



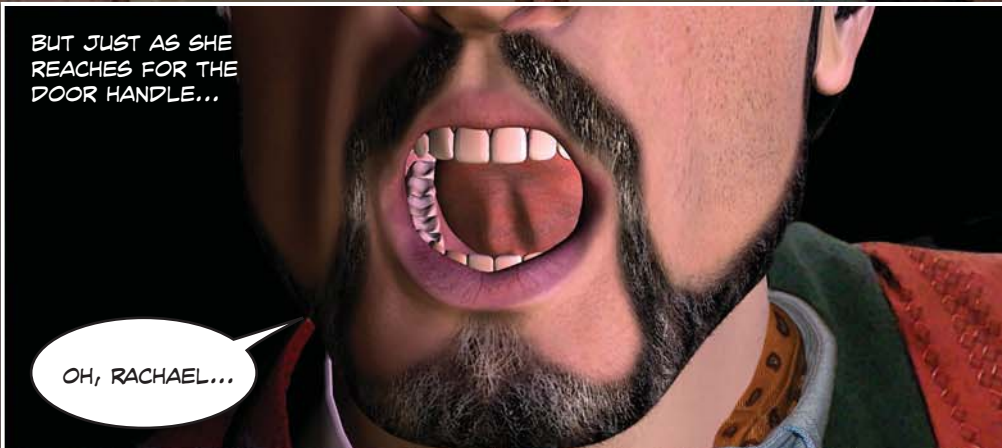


RACHAEL STOPS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. WITH A QUICK LOOK AROUND SHE HEADS FOR THE FRONT DOOR....



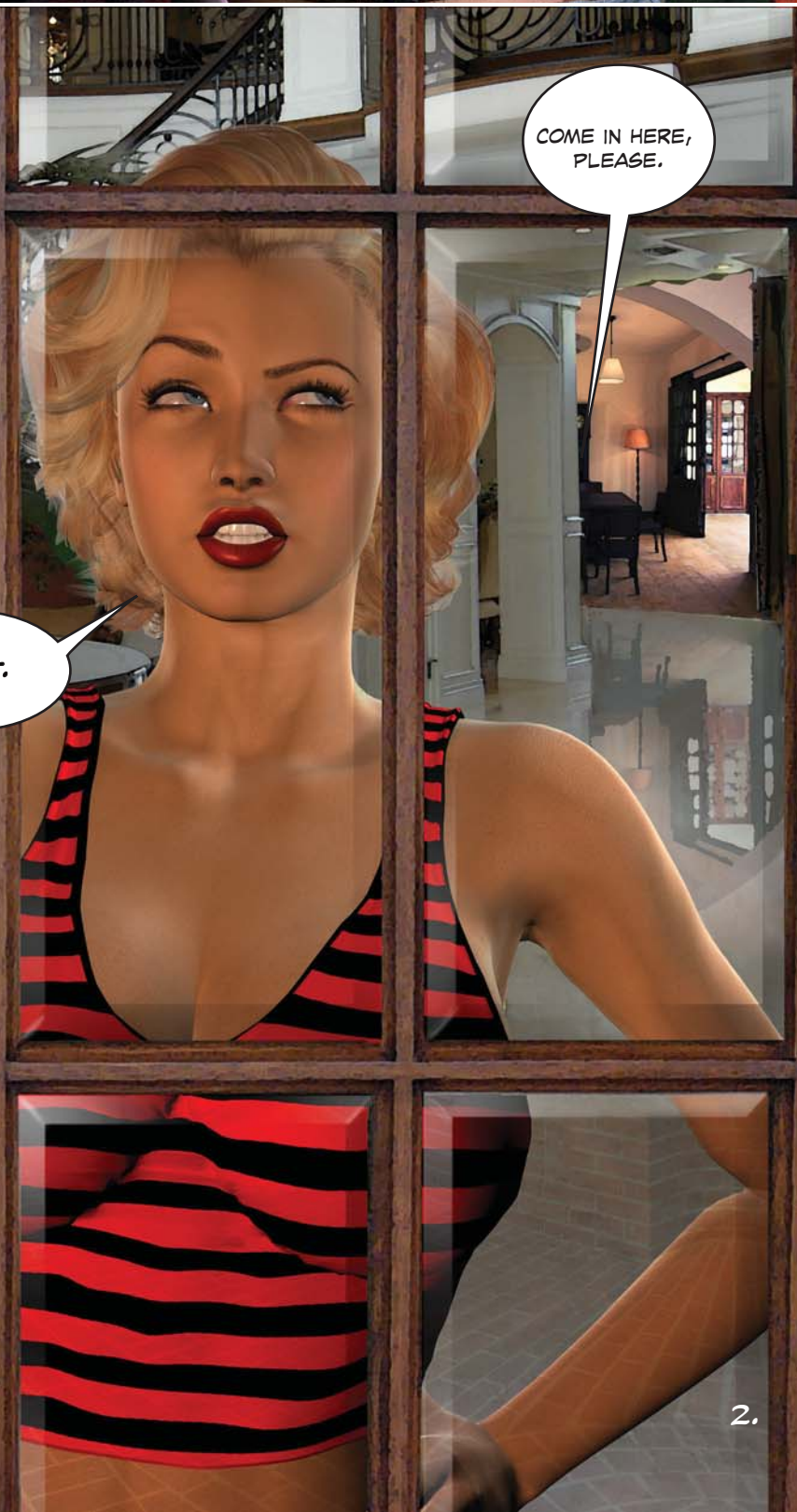
BUT JUST AS SHE REACHES FOR THE DOOR HANDLE...

OH, RACHAEL...



COME IN HERE, PLEASE.

OH SHIT.





RACHAEL'S GUARDIAN, UNCLE FRED; CRIPPLED IN THE SAME CAR ACCIDENT THAT KILLED HER PARENTS.



GOOD MORNING  
UNCLE FRED

UGH. THAT OUTFIT.  
I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY  
YOU HAVE TO ADVERTISE  
THE PRODUCT IN SUCH A  
CHEAP AND OBVIOUS WAY.

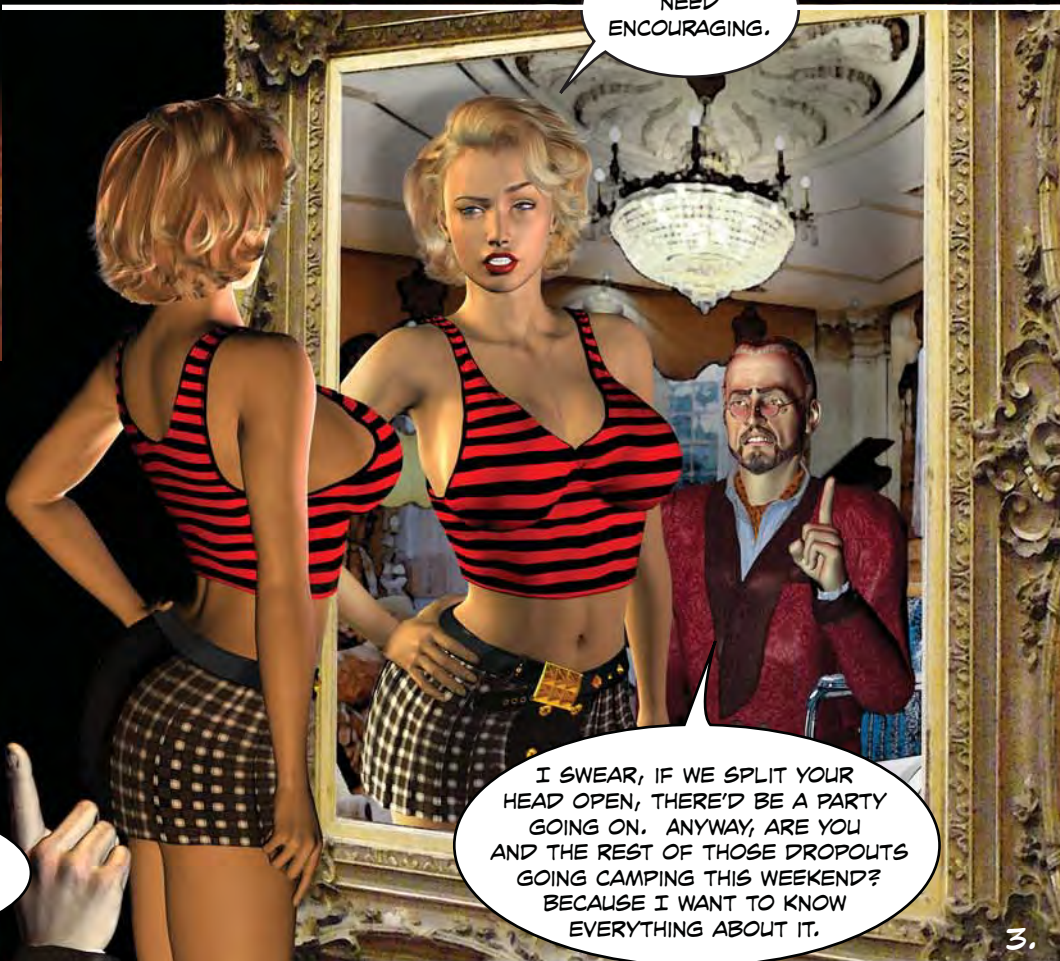
YOU THINK THIS OUTFIT  
WAS CHEAP!? BESIDES,  
IF YOU DON'T ADVERTISE,  
NOBODY'LL BUY.



THEY DON'T  
NEED  
ENCOURAGING.



AND YOU'RE NOT HELPING,  
YOU'RE ONLY ENCOURAGING  
THEIR FEEDING FRENZY.



I SWEAR, IF WE SPLIT YOUR  
HEAD OPEN, THERE'D BE A PARTY  
GOING ON. ANYWAY, ARE YOU  
AND THE REST OF THOSE DROPOUTS  
GOING CAMPING THIS WEEKEND?  
BECAUSE I WANT TO KNOW  
EVERYTHING ABOUT IT.





BOY I SWEAR THAT OLD GUY IS DRIVING ME NUTS.



I BET HE'S JUST SURE YOU'RE GONNA RUN AWAY AND JOIN SOME SEX-CRAZED CULT.



HE JUST NEEDS TO GET LAID.



I'M GOING TO IF HE DOESN'T RELAX.

I DON'T THINK HE CAN GET IT UP.



ANYWAY, ENOUGH OF DEPRESSING UNCLE FRED. WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE CAMPING?



I TOLD YOU I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT!



YOU KNOW, THE USUAL. SEX. SO, RACHAEL, ARE YOU AND JOSH GONNA...



YOU DON'T OPEN UP THE BUFFET SOON, HE MIGHT GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I HAVE ANOTHER GIFT THAT KEEPS HIM HAPPY.



THEIR THREE BOYFRIENDS AWAIT THE GIRLS WHILE SHOOTING POOL AT THE CAMPGROUND...

THIS WEEKEND, WE'RE GONNA  
HAVE THE TIME OF OUR LIVES!

YOU SAID IT, BRO.  
HOT TIMES.

I GOT A CONFESSION  
TO MAKE...



ME AND RACHAEL... WE AIN'T NEVER  
DONE IT, YOU KNOW, ALL THE WAY.

YOU NEVER SLIPPED HER  
THE OLD SALAMI?

NO CHECKEN  
ZE OIL, HUH?



NO KIDDIN'. I GET  
FREEZER BURN ANYTIME  
I REACH FOR HOME PLATE.

SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF BLUE BALLS  
AND JACKIN' OFF TO ME.







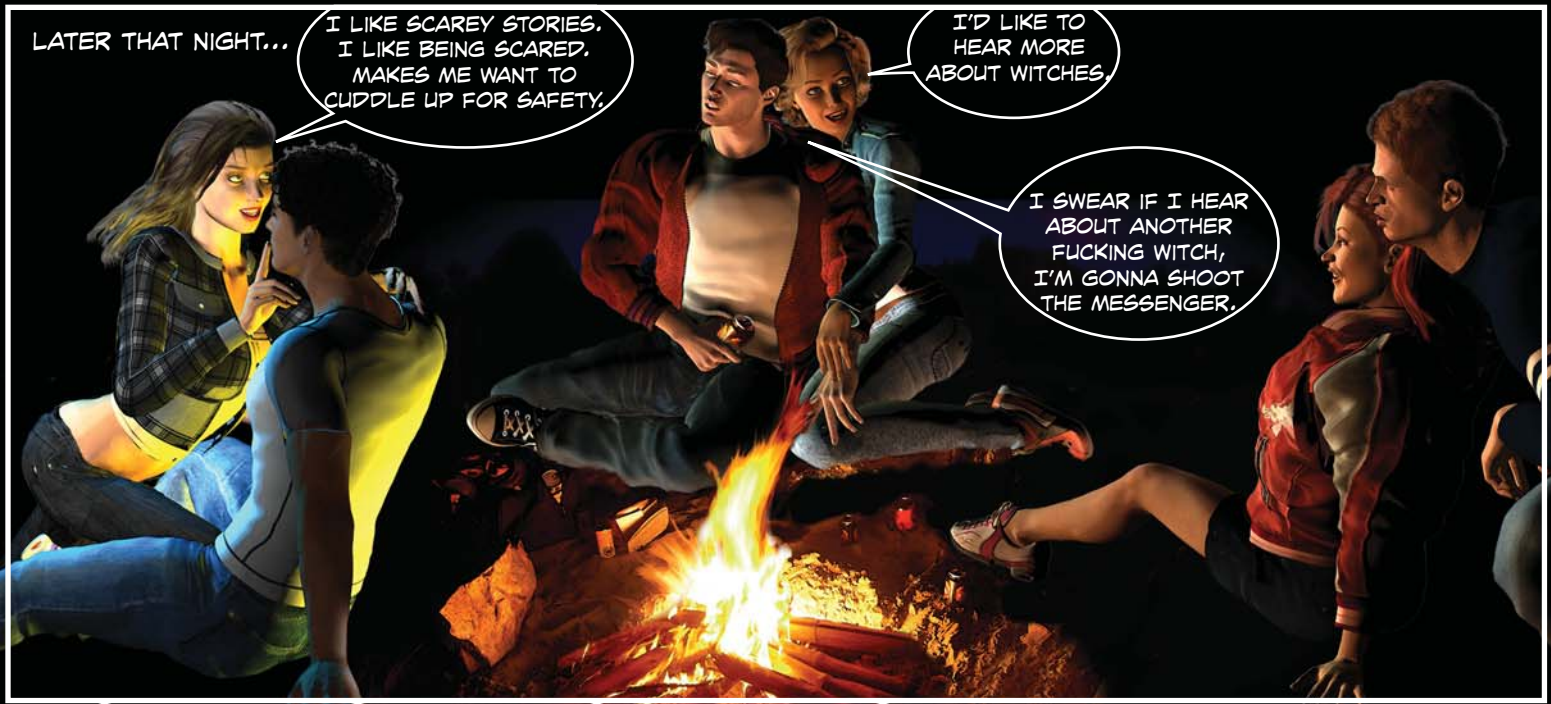
After neutering  
his latest minion,  
Cassandra throws  
down the gauntlet to  
the Demon Master



the Demon Master oversees the initiation of the Villain.







LATER THAT NIGHT...

I LIKE SCAREY STORIES. I LIKE BEING SCARED. MAKES ME WANT TO CUDDLE UP FOR SAFETY.

I'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT WITCHES.

I SWEAR IF I HEAR ABOUT ANOTHER FUCKING WITCH, I'M GONNA SHOOT THE MESSENGER.

HEY, DON'T LISTEN IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, BUT OTHER PEOPLE LIKE THESE STORIES.

STORIES ARE ONE THING, BUT YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT.



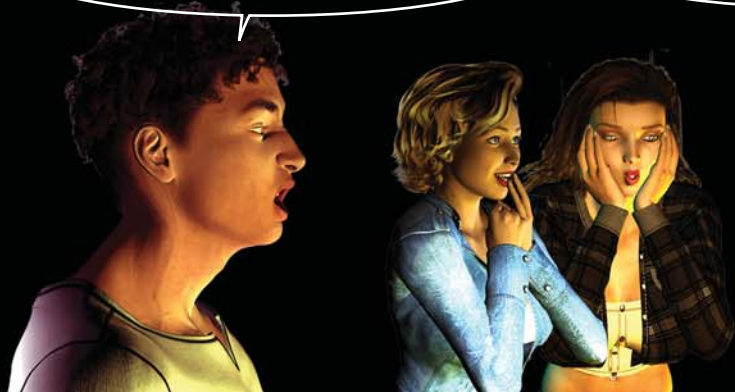
I'M JUST SAYING I'VE HEARD STORIES. THIS OLD WITCH CHANGES SHAPE. AN OLD HAG, A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. SHE LURES YOU INTO THE WOODS.

YEAH? DOES SHE GIVE GOOD HEAD?

OH BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS. YOU ALWAYS GOTTA MAKE A JOKE OUTTA EVERYTHING.

HEY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS OR THE TOOTH FAIRY, EITHER.

ENOUGH WITH THE WITCH CRAP. LET'S CHECK OUT OUR CABINS.







LET'S KEEP THOSE  
HANDS IN THE NORTHERN  
HEMISPHERE FOR NOW.

*JOSH GETS AN IDEA....*

LET'S GO CHECK  
OUT THE BARN.

HORSES?

STALLIONS!

OOOH!



ROMNEY, THE CAMPGROUND CARETAKER,  
PLEASURES HIMSELF AS HE WATCHES  
THE GUESTS IN THEIR CABINS...

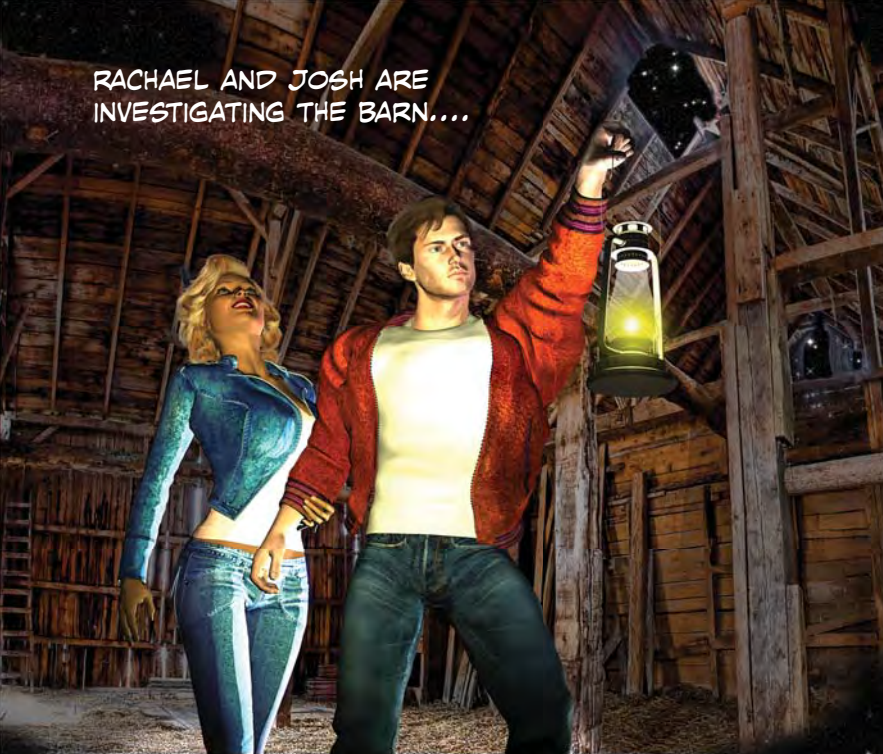
BUT HIS HAPPY ENDING  
CUMS A BIT TOO SOON....

**AH, SHIT!** FUCK! GODDAM IT,  
I HATE IT WHEN THAT HAPPENS.  
PISSES ME OFF!





RACHAEL AND JOSH ARE  
INVESTIGATING THE BARN....



YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY  
OVER THIS. YOU KNOW  
YOU WANT IT TOO.



**JOSH:** C'MON RACHAEL, GIVE ME A CHANCE.  
I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY ROMANCE.  
**RACHAEL:** I'VE HEARD THESE WORDS BEFORE,  
BUT LEAVE THEM BY THE DOOR.



**JOSH:** IT'S NOT THE END,  
JUST THE BEGINNING.  
**RACHAEL:** I CAN'T PRETEND  
I WON'T BE SINNING...



**JOSH:** I WANT TO GIVE IT TO YOU....  
**RACHAEL:** I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU...



WELL, THERE'S THAT  
ONE THING YOU DON'T  
MIND DOING...

OH? WHAT'S THAT?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?



YOU KNOW, HONEY, THAT  
SPECIAL THING YOU DO  
SO WELL WITH YOUR THROAT  
THAT I LOVE SO MUCH...



SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOWS,  
A FIGURE EMERGES...



AND IN ONE DEFT MOVE....



NOW THAT'S WHAT  
I CALL GETTIN'  
SOME HEAD!!!









THE FRUSTRATED VILLAIN HEADS BACK TOWARDS THE CAMPGROUND...



HELP ME PLEASE!!  
IS THERE ANYONE  
IN THERE?



EASY CHILD. COME IN.  
YOU ARE IN  
MUCH DISTRESS...



WHO ARE YOU?  
HOW DID YOU  
KNOW ABOUT ME?

I AM CASSANDRA.  
AND I KNOW MANY THINGS  
THAT WOULD SEEM QUITE  
EXTRAORDINARY TO  
MOST PEOPLE.

OH REALLY? WHAT  
ARE YOU, A WITCH  
OR SOMETHING?

OR  
SOMETHING.





YOU ARE HERE TO LEARN THE POWER YOU POSSESS IN YOUR WOMANHOOD.

HUH?



THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, MEN HAVE ALWAYS OPPRESSED WOMEN.

TELL ME MORE...



MEN FAIL TO SEE THE SPIRITUALITY OF WOMEN.



YOU'RE AMAZING! IT'S LIKE YOU HAVE THE WISDOM OF THE AGES.

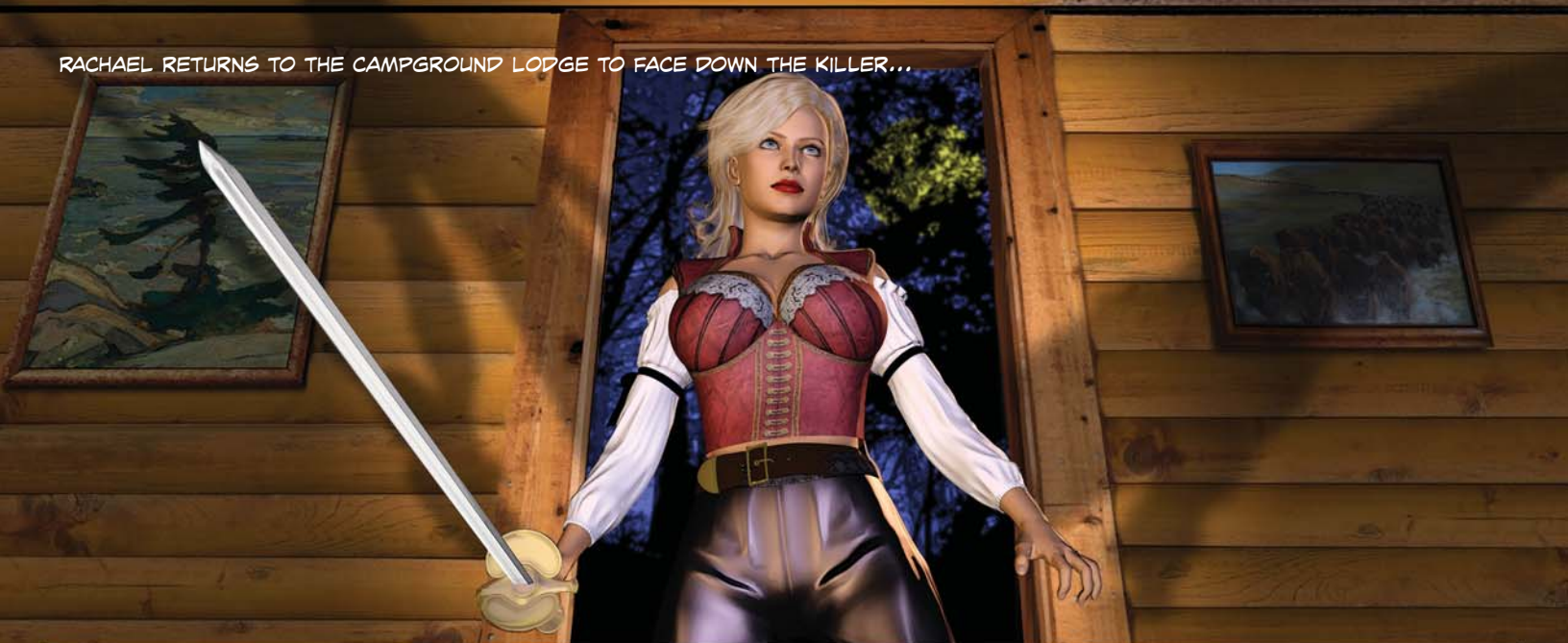
CENTURIES, HONEY.







RACHAEL RETURNS TO THE CAMPGROUND LODGE TO FACE DOWN THE KILLER...





FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS, THE VILLAIN APPEARS.

NOT HIM, YOU MORON!  
THAT LITTLE PANTYWAIST  
COULDN'T BEAT HIS MEAT!

WHO THE HELL  
ARE YOU?

I AM  
**THE MALE AVENGER!**  
I'M HERE TO RID THE WORLD  
OF YOU CASTRATING TROLLOPS,  
AND THOSE PUSSY-WHIPPED  
EUNUCHS MASCARADING  
AS MEN!

ROMNEY FEELS BRAVE AND STEPS FORWARD.

AHH BULLSHIT.  
YOU'RE A FUCKING PSYCHO.

I'LL KILL HIM LATER.  
FEED HIS NUTS TO MY CAT.

YOU'VE BEEN TO SEE  
THE WITCH IN THE WOODS,  
HAVEN'T YOU? SHE'S BEEN  
POISONING YOUR WEAK  
LITTLE MIND WITH ALL  
SORTS OF FEMALE  
SUPREMACY BULLSHIT!

CUT THE CRAP.  
SHOW ME YOUR FACE.



SO YOU WANT TO SEE THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK? WELL, *YOU'VE KNOWN HIM ALL YOUR LIFE!*



I'VE HEARD OF YOU.  
#SATAN'S BITCH?



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?  
THE CAR ACCIDENT? MY FATHER  
WAS DISTRACTED. HE HIT A DEER.



UNCLE FRED! WHAT THE FUCK! HOW DID YOU...  
HOW CAN YOU... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN  
A *WHEELCHAIR!* CRIPPLED!!!




*I MADE A DEAL WITH A WITCH, TOO!*  
A MALE WITCH. A WARLOCK,  
TO BE PRECISE.

HE WARNED ME ABOUT *WOMEN*;  
SPREADING YOUR *FEMINIST PLAGUE*.  
WELL, I'M HERE TO CURE THAT! WOMEN DON'T  
WANT TO BE EQUAL. YOU WANT TO BE IN CHARGE.  
MAKE ORNAMENTS OUT OF OUR TESTICLES.  
NOT TO MENTION THAT STUPID MOTHER OF  
YOURS WHO PUT ME IN THAT WHEELCHAIR!


YOUR MOTHER WAS THE DISTRACTION  
AND HE SHOULD HAVE HIT HER.  
*THAT HOWLING HARRY NEVER SHUT UP.*  
SHE SQUAWKED IN HIS EAR THE WHOLE GODDAMN  
WAY HOME. HAD MY BROTHER BY THE BALLS,  
NO WONDER HE WENT OFF THE ROAD!







WOMEN HAVE NEVER  
BEEN ANYTHING BUT  
A PAIN IN MAN'S ASS  
SINCE DAY ONE.



OH BAG IT, YOU OLD FART.  
MEN ARE THE REASON  
THERE'S LESBIANS!

LOOK AT ADAM! FUCKED OVER  
BY EVE. STUPID BIMBO COULDN'T  
FOLLOW ONE SIMPLE DIRECTION.


NO TEETH?

JOHN THE BAPTIST. ENDED  
UP WITH HIS HEAD ON A PLATE  
'CAUSE OF SOME BITCH!

MORE MALE PROPAGANDA!  
WITHOUT YOUR SPERM  
THERE'D BE A BOUNTY ON YOU!



YOU FUCKED UP OLD MAN!  
WITHOUT US, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN *BE*.  
WHEN YOU CAN SHOOT A BABY OUT YOUR ASS,  
YOU LET ME KNOW. WOMEN GIVE LIFE,  
MEN TAKE IT AWAY!



YOU'RE HERE  
TO MAKE BABIES  
AND *BE QUIET*!

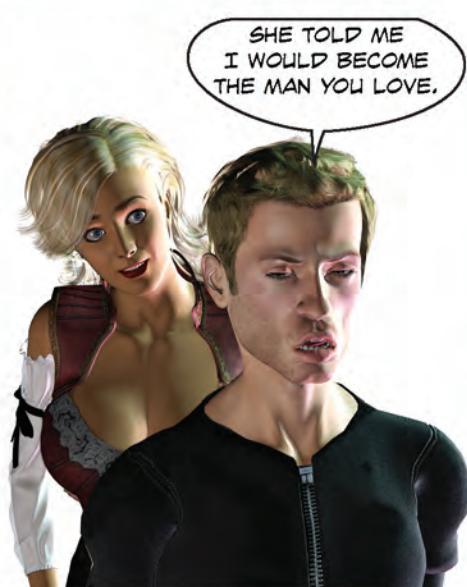
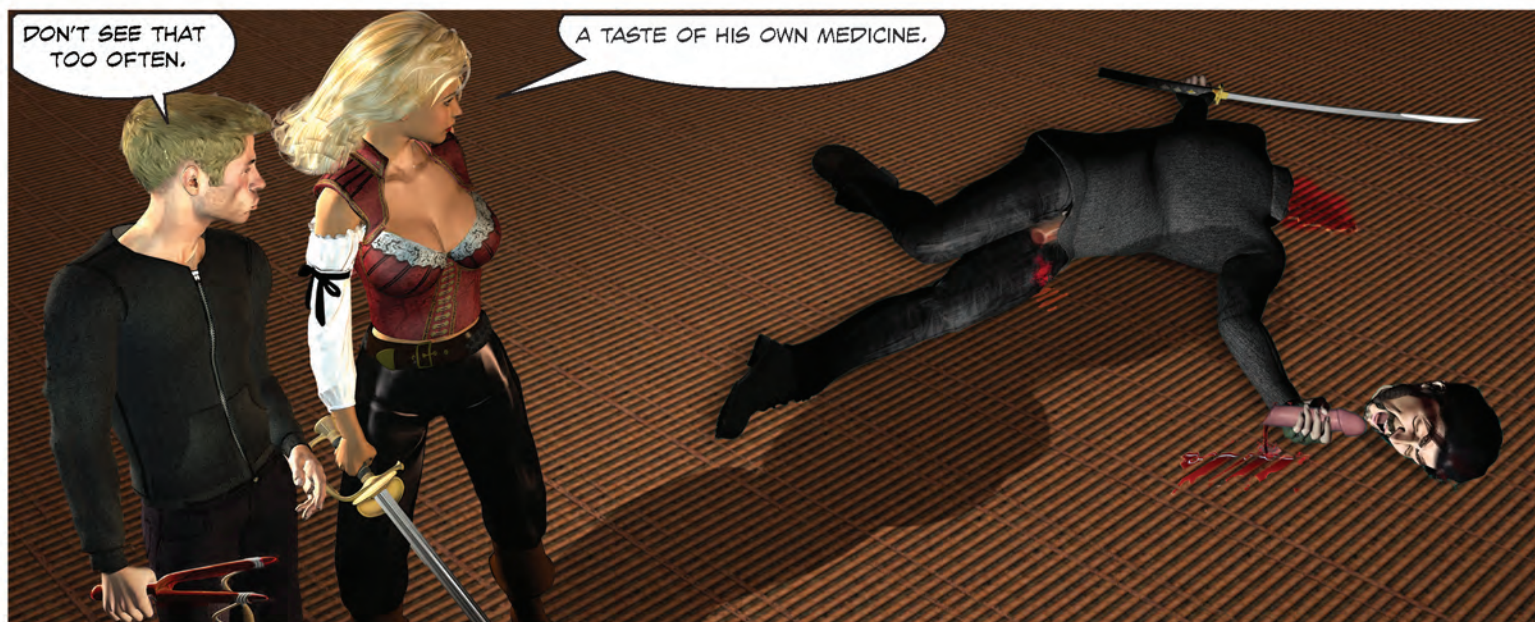






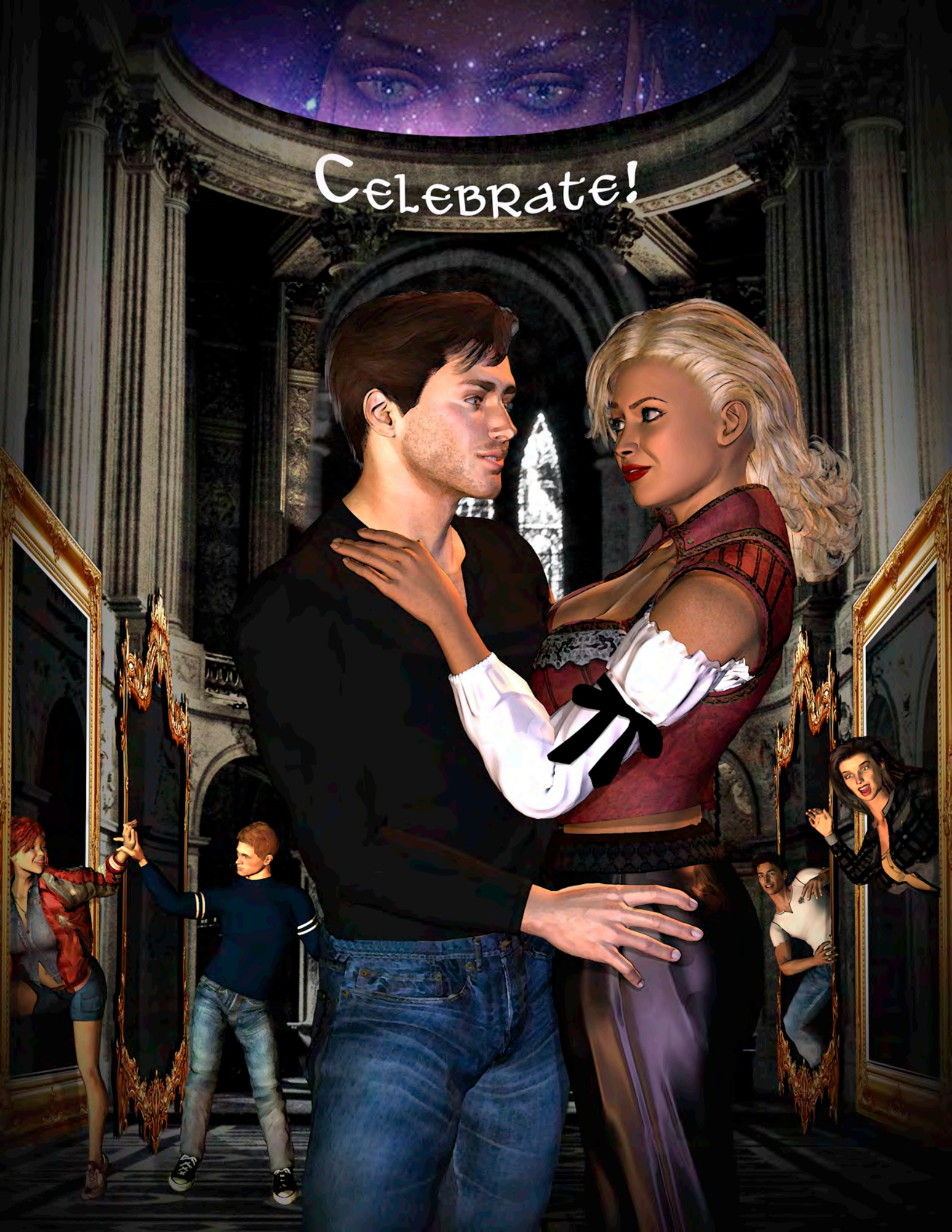








Celebrate!







don't you  
just love a  
happy ending.





knight films