

A FILM TREATMENT

THE PROPHET OF DOOM

Written by Kenneth Draconian

DARK DRAMA · ADULTS ONLY

Adapted from the four-part story

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THE PIECE

The Prophet of Doom

Written by Kenneth Draconian. A film in four acts, from the four-part story. Genre: dark drama. Adults only.

LOGLINE

In the spring of 2029 a man who says he is Lilith's husband gives the Earth seven days, takes what he wants from a cult that thought devotion was a pass, and breaks the seals so a new world can start on an island he does not share.

SYNOPSIS

March 2029. Every screen glitches. The Prophet tells the planet justice is coming for Earth and everyone on it. By April the markets and the churches are already in panic. In a candle-lit compound Damian promises his Draconian circle they will be spared. The Prophet walks in. Damian names Lilith. The Prophet says he does not know her. He makes love to the goddess. He is one of her husbands. Damian smiles. None of you will get a pass. Because I said so. He points at Lena, a Polish redhead in the back row. The cult pushes her forward. Seven days. New York and the Earth will make Noah look like child's play. He may keep her. He has interviews.

On a live desk he holds up one finger. Seven days. The Earth is going for a ride. The cult cannot reach him. He tells Lena she is his fuck toy. She says she is okay with that. Her status goes up. In a relationship with The Prophet. On a second broadcast he asks the anchor if she has a daughter, eighteen or older, and laughs. She throws him off. In the alley Damian offers two blondes, twenty-one and twenty-two, for a pass. The Prophet will consider it. In the penthouse he ignores Lena for them. She takes a blanket to the couch.

Leslie, early forties, sharp, invites him home and gives him a key. She will not beg to be spared. He might. Lena slaps him. He slaps her back, drags her by the hair, and throws her from the sixty-ninth floor. He breaks seven stone seals. Trees bend. Oceans rise. Streets split. He burns the suite and takes the blondes to Leslie's. A crew catches him. He broke the seals. Because Lilith wanted it. A middle finger to Heaven.

In the abyss Lilith, cape and heels, orders a demon to make sure her Prophet makes it. Kenneth is unpredictable unless he is pleasing her. Today is Lilith's day. New York sinks. He pays a

cabbie, pulls Leslie aboard, and tells her he had an ace. Protected by a goddess. They laugh. The boat finds a high volcanic island. This is where we rebuild. Weeks. Food, weapons, shelter, fire, a spring. Not the Hilton. The blondes are pregnant. On the mainland Damian dies in the bunker with his dead circle. Prophet, my ass. More like the asshole. Text over a dark Earth. Humanity must start over. In Lilith we trust. Nine Inch Nails. Every Day Is Exactly the Same. Fade to black.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

THE PROPHET / KENNETH

Adult. Calm, arrogant, hard to please. Goal: Lilith's day, and whoever he keeps. Flaw: a toy is a toy, even the one he took first.

LENA

Adult. Polish redhead. Pushed forward by her own circle. Goal: stay chosen. Flaw: she updates her status and still ends on a couch, then a pavement.

DAMIAN

Cult leader. Goal: a pass for Draconian devotion. Flaw: he spends his own people and still dies in the bunker.

LESLIE

Early forties. News anchor. Goal: the man, not a plea. Flaw: she knows he will not spare her and gives him the key anyway.

THE TWO BLONDES

Twenty-one and twenty-two. Damian's currency. They leave with him, survive the boat, and carry the first children of the island.

LILITH

Goddess in the abyss. Cape, heels, jewelry. Goal: the revenge she could not take. She laughs when the demon hesitates. Today is her day.

TONE AND THEME

Dark drama. Hijacked screens, candle compound, studio light, a sixty-ninth-floor glass, then flood and a white beach. Theme: false salvation. Devotion does not buy a pass. Judgment is a shrug. The new earth starts with the man who broke it and the women he did not throw.

NARRATIVE SUMMARY

Act I: No exemptions

March 2029. Every screen, outlet, and stream glitches at once. A dark figure. The Prophet. Justice is coming. Planet Earth must receive her judgment, along with all the humans on it. April. Panic, markets down, religious hysteria on every continent. The deadline has a date and no face the governments can arrest.

A lavish underground compound. Candles. Damian's circle, wealthy, Draconian Tradition, Satanists in their own telling. We are Draconian. We worship the dark primordials. We will be spared. The Prophet enters unannounced. The air drops. They kneel. Damian steps up. Do you know Lilith. We serve her lineage. The Prophet laughs, soft and arrogant. I don't know Lilith. I make love to the goddess. I am one of her husbands. Damian looks at his deputy. Great. Even better. The Prophet looks around the room. None of you will get a pass. Why. Is there nothing we can give you. Because I said so.

His eyes find the back row. Lena. Polish. Red hair. Pale. Sharp. Come here and follow me. Damian and the circle push her. Go with him. Do whatever he says. She looks at them, then steps up. In seven days New York City and the Earth are going to experience something that will make Noah's Ark and the Great Flood look like child's play. Seven days to get your shit in order. Justice is coming. I'm going to keep her as long as she pleases me. I'm a hard man to please. She might go home tonight. Or never. I have TV interviews to do. Come, Polish. You're with me now.

Studio lights. New York. Lena behind his chair like a trophy. He looks into the lens. Planet Earth, you have seven days. Seals and approval, Heaven and Hell, underworld and angelic realm, for the justice you deserve. One finger. A cold smile. So you have seven days, and the Earth is going for a ride. One week until the new Earth. The finger holds. The lights flicker. Static.

Act II: The currency

Damian's lair. Phones. Voicemail. Unread texts. The Prophet is at underground parties with Lena, BDSM rooms, swinger hangouts, the countdown somewhere else. After a session with Lena and another woman he lights a cigarette. You're my fuck toy now. You belong to me, not

them. She looks up, calm. Surprisingly, I'm okay with that. Good.

A prayer session breaks on a notification. Lena's profile. In a relationship with The Prophet. A photo. She does not look bothered. Damian understands the channel is gone. A cable desk. A stern anchor. Lena in designer leather beside him. Is there any appeal. Any offer of peace. He leans in. Do you have a daughter. You know. One that's eighteen or older. The laugh fills the studio. The anchor slams her papers. Disgusting. Security. Get him off my set. He stands, hands up. God damn lesbians. I am not. Commercial static.

Rain alley. Damian out of the shadow. So you turned Lena against us. No. She willingly left you. What do you want. A luxury van. Two blondes, twenty-one and twenty-two, fearful and obedient. Take them both. But I get spared. Give me my pass. The Prophet looks them up and down. For this, I will consider it.

Hotel penthouse. Champagne. Lena at the glass. He puts everything on the two blondes, on the king bed, and does not look at her. She pulls a velvet blanket off the parlor couch, shuts the door, and wraps herself in the next room. The party goes through the wall. Her eyes in the dark. Chosen, and still a toy. Cut to black.

Act III: The seals

Networks. Countdown clocks. Streets already failing. He is back on a desk across from Leslie, early forties, sharp. He reads hate mail live. You better watch it, Prophet. We will kill you, then we all live. In your face. He tosses it. Gen Z is so damn stupid. Suppose someone does take you out. They have ten to twenty just like me on the other side willing to come. It can't be stopped and won't be stopped. He rips the letter.

She smiles. Hot mics. Hey honey. Is your pussy wet. Why don't you come back to my place and find out. Her penthouse. He asks to see her again. A spare key in his palm. I'm not going to beg or even ask you to spare me. I know you won't. I might. You like me enough. If you didn't, you wouldn't take the key. They kiss. I have work to do, even though I don't want to. Bye. What's your name again. Leslie. Oh, Lez-lie. Do you like women. I can be motivated, if it turns you on. Next date.

The suite. The blondes are out. Lena alone. I ain't no whore. I changed my Facebook status for you. I blew you. I swallowed your load. Then you should be thanking me. She slaps him. He slaps her back, takes her by the hair, and drags her to the glass on the sixty-ninth floor. Over the rail. She screams the whole drop. He walks to an altar. Seven stone seals. He breaks them, one by one. On the seventh, the ground answers. Trees bend. Oceans surge. Fissures open in the streets. A flare into the curtains. The sixty-ninth floor goes up.

Lobby. Alarms. The blondes run to him. He twirls Leslie's key. Got a new place. Without that other annoying bitch. Let's go. The drive is wildfire, flood over the sea walls, highways split, looting. A field crew catches him at the car. What is happening. I broke the seven seals. Why. Because it's the way Lilith wanted it. And I'm her most loyal. I'm getting Lilith the revenge she was never able to get. This is our middle finger to Heaven. The anchor, frozen. Wow. Thunder. Black.

Act IV: Lilith's day

The abyss. Lilith over a scrying pool. Cape robe to the floor. Heels. Dark makeup. Jewelry. She watches the Earth come apart. Make sure my Prophet makes it. A demon hesitates. What, really. She steps into his face. Is that a problem for you. Oh, no. Yes, my Queen. She throws her arms wide and laughs until the cavern moves. Kenneth is always unpredictable. Unless he's trying to please me. Now I get my justice. Into the lens. Today is Lilith's day.

Billions. Coasts under tsunamis. New York going under. Towers into the Atlantic. Kenneth and the two blondes out of a taxi at a reinforced marina. Tom the cabbie, here's your money. We're getting out here. Leslie runs through water at her knees. Come with us. NYC is sinking. You won't make it otherwise. Yes. Thank you. They board a heavy sea boat.

The bay throws the hull. Below, Leslie across from him, the blondes huddled. So you really broke the seals. I did. You wanna fuck one last time. Why only one last time. We don't know what's gonna happen out there. I had an ace up my sleeve the whole time. What. Protected by a goddess. They laugh. Okay. Let's go pound that pussy.

The storm drops them on a high volcanic shore. Morning. Ash in the sky. A lagoon. White sand. This is where we rebuild. Weeks. Cans, weapons, a shelter, a fire, a spring. It's not the Hilton, but it will do. First night he takes both blondes, from behind, the ritual resumed. A jump. Both visibly pregnant. He sits a carved throne by the fire, Leslie and the consorts beside him, an empty ocean, a sun.

The mainland. Burnt cities. Dry rivers. Ash. Damian alone in the bunker with the corpses of his circle. He spits blood. Prophet, my ass. More like the asshole. He goes down knowing the bribes and the offerings bought nothing. Kenneth is the one who walked out. The camera leaves the body, leaves the country, leaves the atmosphere. A dark Earth. Storm cover. Jagged text. Humanity must start over. In Lilith we trust. Black. Every Day Is Exactly the Same. Credits. Fade to black.

How the four parts sit as one film

No episode cards. Act I is the hijack, the compound, Lena pushed forward, and the one finger. Act II is the toy, the status, the daughter line, and Damian's two blondes. Act III is Leslie's key, the sixty-ninth floor, the seven seals, and the middle finger. Act IV is Lilith's laugh, the sinking city, the island, the pregnancies, and Damian's last line.

The song is the credits, not a trailer. Nine Inch Nails. The text is the button. Humanity must start over. In Lilith we trust.

Played as one film, the hijack is the cold open and the island is the last image before the text. Damian's pass is refused in Act I, rented in Act II, and buried in Act IV. Lena is the tribute, the status update, and the drop. Leslie is the key and the boat. The blondes are the currency and the pregnancy. Lilith does not appear until the seals are already dust, and then she claims the day. The credits song is the only mercy the picture offers, and it is not mercy. Every day is exactly the same.

Fade to black.

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