

A FILM TREATMENT

LILITH AND THE BREAKING OF THE SEALS

Written by Kenneth Draconian

DARK FANTASY THRILLER · ADULTS ONLY

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Let's have a meeting and talk about
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THE PIECE

Lilith and the Breaking of the Seals

A film treatment by Kenneth Draconian. Dark fantasy thriller. Adults only. All principals are adults.

LOGLINE

To bring the banished Queen of Hell back, Kenneth hunts the sixty-six human Seals holding her out, while archangels learn too late that he is the sixty-seventh, and that his death is the rise.

SYNOPSIS

Kenneth walks the Brooklyn Bridge, talks to a man, and puts him over the rail. Cape Cod. The woods outside Burlington. He speaks into a recorder. Three seals broken. Sixty-four to go. In New Orleans at Mardi Gras he tells Leslie her women are useless. She says Lilith chose them. He has broken three. They have broken none. He calls her a bitch under his breath. She calls him to Austin. She cleans the failures herself. A chokehold in a gym. A jogger and a truck. A push off a boat. A text from QOH. Has it been done. It has, my Queen. Good.

In a warehouse between realms, Angelo the Grey Angel tells Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel that twenty-seven seals are already gone. Kenneth is the companion. Michael says he should have killed him when he had the chance. Kenneth is not a demon. He is a thousand percent loyal. The weekend takes ten more. Thirty left. Operation Find

Kenneth. Leslie puts a phalanx on him. Five more, Florida and California. She counts twenty-four and thinks twenty-five. He tells her to let him worry about the missing one. Four college devotees are seals. Showers. Chokeholds. She does not want it. He says he will do her in if she does not. Done. A thumbs-up.

Angelo screams the shocker. Kenneth is the final seal. He dies, Lilith rises. Raphael says he does not think Kenneth can be stopped. Six more fall in a New Orleans firefight. Two hundred humans die in the crossfire. Ten left. Michael and Angelo race north. Kenneth and Leslie drive from Vermont. He shows her the photograph. The one he wanted and never got. Two more. Eight. He stops in the woods, knocks her out, binds her, takes her, and tells her she is the seventh seal. He strangles her and stages it. Amtrak. Three passengers. Wall Street. A church. Headlights. He runs. Subway. Two

left. A Manhattan politician, and him. The last human seal is an eighteen-year-old college girl in Greenwich Village. He assaults her, then cuts her with words until she takes a kitchen knife. Michael and Angelo hit the street screaming no. She stabs him six, seven times. He smiles. Lilith is rising. My job is done. His blood draws a sigil. Lilith steps out of a column of dark flame. Who killed my Kenneth. The girl says it was an accident. Lilith backhands Michael fifty blocks, drops Angelo, and ends the girl. Empire State Building, Grand Central Station, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Lincoln Tunnel are left in ashes by Lilith. She sets fire to all four with a series of explosions. Ashes and dust is what's left. A helicopter. A reporter runs up. Are you Lilith. She says yes. May I interview you. She says you may. Makeup artist does Lilith. The interview starts. What has happened. Is this another 9/11? It's me. Lilith. Queen of Hell. My

Kenneth brought me back. I want vengeance. Fade to black.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

KENNETH

Thirties. Grim, contemptuous, loyal. Goal: the seals, including his own. Flaw: he hates her other followers and will kill anyone, Leslie included.

LILITH

Ageless. Queen of Hell, formless until the blood moves. Goal: vengeance for the exile and for Kenneth. She texts as QOH.

LESLIE

Thirties. Muscular. Head disciple. Goal: prove the women. Flaw: she wants his regard and still becomes the seventh seal.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Ageless. Stern. A failed friendship with Kenneth. Goal: the order. He says he should have killed him.

ANGELO, THE GREY ANGEL

Not heaven, not hell. Loud, informed, bitter. He is the one who names the final seal.

RAPHAEL AND GABRIEL

Lieutenants. Raphael is the one who says Kenneth cannot be stopped.

tone and theme

Gritty, relentless, blasphemous. Highways, hotels, rain, then crimson and gold. Theme: loyalty as the weapon. The bureaucracy of heaven arrives late. The last seal is the man doing the work.

NARRATIVE SUMMARY

Act I: The hunt begins

Night on the Brooklyn Bridge. Kenneth walks like a man with a list. He talks. Then the stranger goes over the rail. He does not watch the splash. He marks the Draconian Ritual. Cape Cod, a seaside mansion, the same quiet end. Pine woods outside Burlington. Breath in the cold. Into a recorder: three seals broken. Sixty-four to go.

Mardi Gras. A dim apartment. Leslie and her muscle. A job failed. These women are fucking useless. They can't even break a seal. These women are the ones Lilith chose. My voice should count. I have broken way more seals than these female feminists have. You have only broken three. That's three more than all of you. She turns to leave. Kenneth says under his breath: Bitch. Two hours. Leslie on the phone. Lilith needs you in Austin. Another one dropped the ball. I'm on it. She handles the failures. A gym. A chokehold. Mother says she can't have her girls above ground making her look bad. A jogger and a truck. A boat at night, shark water, a push. QOH. Has it been done? It has, my Queen. Good.

A warehouse between realms. Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Angelo in a trench coat. It has begun. What has. The breaking of the seals. Twenty-seven already. Forty

away from Lilith rising. Who's helping her. Kenneth. Her most loyal companion. Michael's jaw. I should have killed Kenneth when I had the chance. Why. Lilith can't help what she does on some levels. Kenneth will do whatever she asks. No superpowers. A thousand percent loyal. A powerful adversary.

Act II: The fall of the seals

A midnight call from Washington. It's done. All ten. Leslie, woken beside another woman: yes, all ten. Good work. I know. He hangs up. Angelo slams a table. Ten over the weekend. Thirty left. Michael cuts the scream. We can argue, or work the problem. Operation Find Kenneth. Find him and the operation is dead. Lilith's texts burn onto Leslie's screen. A phalanx. Two front, two back, two each flank. He hates it. It works. Five more. Florida and California. Five more seals gone. Where from. Two and three.

So twenty-four left. I thought twenty-five. There is. Where's that one. You let me worry about that. He circles her. Hot lesbo honey. A faint smile she does not mean to give. The revolt is in her eyes. Don't fuck with me, says Kenneth. Do your fucking job. If you don't, I will do you in. Not a pretty way. You're either with Lilith, or you're not. I will do it. The text: Done. A thumbs-up. Do your job. I will do mine.

Four young women. College athletes. Nascent devotees. Seals. Leslie enters the showers, a muscular lesbian no one suspects. She enters the showers and takes care of the seals on Kenneth's command. Showers. Muscle. Thumbs-up. Michael has Angelo by the shoulders. Sixty-seven to twenty-one. Why not kill Kenneth, then the seals. Angelo screams it. Kenneth is the final seal. He dies, Lilith rises, the end begins. Mother of God. No. Not of God. May the Lord have mercy on us. Raphael, hollow: I

don't think Kenneth can be stopped.

Act III: The apocalypse of one

Six more in a New Orleans firefight. A hundred humans in the crossfire. Ten left. A black car, Florida toward New York. Michael floors it when Angelo says gun this thing. On the Vermont road, Kenneth and Leslie. This is it. Ten seals, and it's done. As long as you have me. What happens when this is over. We get new orders. Have you fallen for me. I'm a lesbian. Well, now I do have a hard on. They both laugh. No one special. You're always looking at that. What is it. A picture. Just of the one that got away that I never got. She's a redhead. The only thing this world has that I enjoy. He opens the glove box. A faded photograph. The one I wanted but never got. Us Libras. A thousand lovers or no one. The same thing. The book goes back. Two more. Eight.

He pulls into the woods. A blow to the temple. She wakes naked, roped to a tree. He takes her. Her screams sit in the pines. He finishes. Unties her. She is crying. If you wanted it, you didn't have to knock me out. But for this, I did. Green eyes. You're the seventh seal. Lesbian pussy is pretty damn good. What a tragedy. I must do what I must do. His hands on her throat. The struggles stop. He stages a random killing, ditches the car, and boards Amtrak with a two-hour lead. Three passengers on the train. Seals in the coach. Four left. Wall Street. A broker out a high window. A forged note. One more down. Three to go. An empty church. A nun. He assaults her and kills her, and talks about the vows while he does it. One more down. Headlights. Michael and Angelo. He bolts out the back. Subway. Fifteen, twenty minutes behind. Two seals left. A female politician from Manhattan. And Kenneth.

Greenwich Village. An eighteen-year-old college girl. The last human seal. He assaults her, then cuts her down with the mouth. Whore. The cunt. Wash it. She takes a knife. On the street Michael and Angelo scream no. Six stabs. Maybe seven. The knife hits the floor. I'm sorry. That's okay. I liked pounding your pussy. Anything else before you die. She shakes her head. Yes. Lilith is rising. My job is done. They stand over him. The girl babbles. The blood moves. A sigil. A column of dark flame. Lilith, formed. Who killed my Kenneth. The girl points at herself. An accident. Lilith steps in. Michael interposes. A backhand. He goes through walls and windows, fifty blocks. A kick. Angelo folds. She kneels. Good night. A touch. The girl is done.

Fifteen minutes of the city. The Empire State spire. A gesture. Implode, then explode. Grand Central. A blast through the concourse. The Brooklyn Bridge cables,

cut. She watches it go. The Lincoln Tunnel wall, ruptured. Lower Manhattan floods. A helicopter over fire and water. What has happened. Is this another 9/11. She looks into the lens. It's me. Lilith. Queen of Hell. My Kenneth brought me back. Now I want revenge on this world for sending me away, and for killing Kenneth. I want more than justice. I want vengeance. Fade to black.

Fade to black.

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