

PUBLIC DISGRACE

Written by Kenneth Draconian

Screenplay Treatment

Logline

A humiliated husband's attempt to punish his wife by forcing her into a BDSM event backfires spectacularly, transforming her from a reluctant participant into a hedonistic mastermind who ultimately seizes control of their marriage and turns his own cruel lesson against him.

Character Breakdown

KENNETH DRACONIAN (40s): Proud, controlling, and simmering with wounded masculine pride. His perceived humiliation is a festering wound. His goal is to reassert dominance and make his wife suffer for her infidelity. His core flaw is a catastrophic underestimation of her—and of the power dynamics he thinks he understands.

SYDNEY DRACONIAN (late 30s): Initially appears contrite, weary, and emotionally hollowed by her mistake and the subsequent collapse of her marriage. Her initial goal is simple survival and the desperate, futile hope of salvaging their relationship. Her core flaw is a lifetime of suppressed desire and a latent, immense capacity for ownership she has never been allowed to explore.

Tone and Theme

Tone: A psychosexual thriller with elements of dark erotic drama. The tone begins as cold, claustrophobic, and punitive, shot in sterile blues and greys. It gradually warms and intensifies into a vibrant, saturated, and dangerously liberating world of reds, golds, and deep blacks. The score shifts from dissonant, anxious strings to pulsing, rhythmic, predatory electronica.

Theme: The story explores the volatile alchemy of punishment, power, and liberation. It asks: What happens when the instrument of control becomes the key to the jailer's cage? Themes of revenge, self-discovery, and the complete inversion of domestic power structures are central.

The Narrative Summary

Act I: The Punishment

Kenneth Draconian sits in the stark silence of his modern apartment, the evidence of Sydney's infidelity a cold weight in his hand. Their confrontations are not shouts, but icy pronouncements. He doesn't scream; he sentences. He presents his terms for the marriage's potential survival: she will accompany him to "The Chrysalis," an exclusive, underground BDSM gathering. Her role is not as a *domme*, but as a shared object, a spectacle for his curated selection of men and women. It is to be her public disgrace, a mirror of his private humiliation. Sydney, pale and trembling, her eyes wide with a terror that borders on dissociation, agrees. She whispers, "For us." The statement is hollow. Kenneth mistakes her fear for submission.

They arrive at The Chrysalis, a converted industrial space thrumming with bass and shadow. Kenneth, in a sharp suit, is the cold conductor. Sydney, in lingerie chosen by him, is the exposed instrument. The initial scenes are a brutalist tableau of her shame. She flinches at the touch of a stranger's hand. She closes her eyes tight as a woman's mouth meets her skin. Kenneth watches from a velvet chair, sipping bourbon, a faint, grim smile on his lips. The pain on her face is his balm.

Act II: The Transformation

Midway through the night, a shift occurs. Sydney's tears dry. The rigid terror in her spine melts not into limpness, but into a fluid, deliberate curve. During a scene where she is bound, something clicks. The surrender isn't to Kenneth, or to the strangers—it's to the sensation itself. A low, shuddering moan escapes her, one that holds no note of distress. She opens her eyes. Her gaze finds Kenneth's, and for the first time, he sees no plea in them.

In the following weeks, Sydney initiates a return to The Chrysalis. Not as a penitent, but as an explorer. She researches. She selects her own attire—leather, latex, commanding lines instead of fragile lace. Kenneth, unsettled but interpreting this as his lesson finally sinking in, agrees. He expects a broken wife reformed in his image. What he gets is a phoenix.

Sydney thrives. The woman who recoiled now commands attention. She laughs, a rich, full sound lost for years, as she takes charge of a scene. She discovers a voracious appetite, reveling in the touch of multiple partners, men and women, with an authority that turns participation into curation. The “punishment” has become her playground, her academy, her arsenal. She tells Kenneth, her voice warm with a newfound, terrifying confidence, that the swinging lifestyle isn’t a sentence—it’s a revelation.

Act III: The Reckoning

The final act culminates in their pristine, minimalist apartment, now charged with a completely different energy. Sydney stands before Kenneth, transformed. She is dressed in the severe, elegant attire of a femdom—a sleek black harness over a crimson corset, thigh-high boots. The aesthetic is one of absolute, unquestionable authority.

She does not shout. She smiles. She recounts her journey, her words not an accusation but a coronation speech. “You ran this relationship,” she states, a clinical fact. “You built the prison. I just found the key inside it.” Then, she unveils the new terms. Her desire now is to see him experience true surrender. To see him with another man. To watch him perform an act she specifies with chilling, graphic clarity. It is the ultimate inversion: the architect of disgrace, disgraced by his own blueprint.

Kenneth sputters, his anger deflated by the sheer, monumental force of her will. The power dynamic has not just shifted; it has been annihilated and rebuilt in her image. With a quiet command—“Come here, boy”—she reduces him to posture and motion. He crawls to her across the cool hardwood floor. The sound of his knees and palms is the only noise. She fastens a slim, black leather collar around his neck. The click of the buckle is deafening.

“My bitch,” she says, the words a final seal.

She leans down, her voice a whisper laden with promise and threat, outlining the specific, immediate price he will pay. The camera holds on Kenneth’s face—the arrogance gone, replaced by dawning, absolute comprehension of his defeat. The screen FADES TO BLACK before the act is shown. The final sound is not a whimper, but the profound, resonant silence of total power transfer.

END CREDITS

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