

A woman with long, dark, flowing hair stands in the center, her body glowing with a vibrant purple energy. She is surrounded by a large, black, coiled snake that forms a protective circle around her. The background is a dramatic, dark landscape with a glowing yellow sun or moon in the sky, a waterfall on the right, and a winged figure on the left. The overall atmosphere is mystical and otherworldly.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

A SCREENPLAY BY
S.S. SULEIMAN

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Written by

Shariff S. Suleiman

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

Hustle Suss
Shariffs@HustleSuss.com

Superimpose:

So God created man in his image, in the image of God he created him;

MALE and **FEMALE**, he created **THEM**.

- Genesis 1:27

DARK OMINOUS CLOUDS.

*

The black sky churns. Rain falls heavy – not gentle garden rain but sheets that pound the earth like fists. The soil drinks greedily, swelling and shifting.

We track down to --

EDEN. GLADES - NIGHT

Beneath the surface – a stirring. Earth bulges. Mud splits. Pale fingers push through, slick and shaking. They claw for air.

SUPERIMPOSE:

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Another hand. Forearms. Shoulders, then --

Her face. A **WOMAN**.

She hauls herself from the ground – clay-slick, mud-masked, breathing fire into lungs that have never known breath.

She collapses on hands and knees, gasping, then COUGHS. Chokes on rain. Learns to swallow. The thunder rolls away as if it knows to give her room.

A faint VIOLET RADIANCE flickers beneath her skin – kindling from within. The light grows before settling like a veil around her nakedness. The light clings like fabric. This is her **HALO**.

She squeezes mud from her hair. Dark strands unfurl.

Rain continues to rinse her face, revealing porcelain skin and eyes the color of violet glass.

She looks at her hands, turning them over, baffled by their belonging --

Palm. Back. Palm. Back.

She slowly rises. Her legs tremble as she reaches --

Standing and wavering – nearly falling before catching herself. Her bare feet sink into mud that reshapes to cradle her.

2.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

Her first step. Halts. Another. Halts. She's learning to trust the ground. She shifts weight. Tests her balance. Raises one foot and sets it down heel-toe. She repeats with ceremony, discovering the ritual of walking.

CHORUS OF SERAPHIM

Hosannah... Hosannah... Hosannah...

The **CHORUS OF SERAPHIM** hums faint in the air – not loud enough to be commanding, yet not soft enough to be a secret. It is constant.

NOTE: The Chorus of Seraphim is always heard as a faint diegetic hymn in every scene, unless otherwise noted.

The Woman flinches at the sound. She listens. The hum reverberates in her collarbones.

She inhales through her nose, tasting the rain, green and sap. An exhale. Her breath fogs in the cool thinning rain.

The sky lightens with the first-blush of dawn. This world feels like it is holding its breath for her.

She turns in a slow circle observing --

Trees black against cobalt. Low hills glistening. A distant glow, soft as a promise.

A whoosh of wind through tall grass makes the field bow to her, all at once, as if some invisible instruction is passed from blade to blade.

She smiles without meaning to.

The violet light beneath her skin brightens a shade. As she gets a feel for her mechanics, a distant sound draws her attention --

A rapid BUZZING that joins the hush, proceeds a bright smear of color that zips near. Then another. Then many, folding into one shape.

A small WINGED HEAD: A CHERUB. This is **DAN** – a cherub's head with pinions beating so fast they watercolor the air. His eyes are wide with wonder.

The Woman suspiciously looks back at her new observer. Unthreatened by this creature, her attention shifts. She moves into the trees to begin her exploration of this new home.

Unauthorized reproduction or distribution prohibited.

© 2026 Shariff Suleiman / Hustle Suss. All Rights Reserved.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

Dan follows, while keeping at a safe distance.

EDEN. REFLECTING POOL - DAWN

The pool lies undisturbed. A beautiful vibrant light shines from beneath the water's surface like something breathing.

The Woman approaches and kneels at the water's edge where her reflection meets her.

She studies the stranger's eyes. Lifts one hand to her cheek. Hesitates.

A beat. Her hand retreats. Then --

She extends a finger and touches the surface. The mirror shatters into rings - a thousand trembling versions of her.

She laughs - a soft, involuntary burst. The sound startles her.

The CHORUS dims as --

She tries to speak - the first sound comes raw. Then another, softer. The shape of a word begins to form.

Dan flutters into view, hovering just above the water. She sees him fractured in the broken reflections.

He dips lower triggering a reaction --

She turns sharply and reaches - too slow. He glides out over the pool.

DAN

You are new here.

WOMAN

Quite... observant.

Dan circles carefully - studying the violet halo that clings to her.

DAN

It is pleasant in the garden.
Mostly. It would be my pleasure to
guide you.

She glances at the pool, at herself, at him. "Pleasure" feels like a word with heat.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

WOMAN

I will find my way.

Dan hesitates midair – uncertain whether to follow or retreat.

DAN

In darkness, it's easy to lose your way.

(beat)

The darkness only came tonight. It is new, you know.

She tests the idea by turning toward a stand of trees veiled in shadow.

DAN

By the way, I suppose I should warn you... the Trees...

She looks back, eyes curious now.

WOMAN

Trees?

DAN

The Tree of Life. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. You mustn't touch them. Either of them.

WOMAN

There are trees all over. And Not one can I touch?

(beat)

You warn like one who has been punished.

DAN

No punishment. Only rules. He has a plan and it must be adhered to.

A slow smile. Not friendly. Not hostile.

WOMAN

Your warning is noted. Your rule, less so.

She stands. The pool shivers sending little shockwaves all the way to the far shore. She steps away.

Dan rushes to keep up.

EDEN. BLOSSOM PATH - DAWN

The Woman moves between flowering trees heavy with white and pink. Petals drift lazily in still air.

She places her palm on the bark of a young tree. The bark DINGS like a struck bell – a soft, resonant tone that floats up the trunk and through it's leaves.

She withdraws her hand and the tone fades. She touches again. Another note. She smiles. She plays a small song across three trunks and a low branch.

A tiny fox-like creature peeks from behind a fern with big eyes. It inches closer, charmed by the notes.

The Woman extends her hand. The creature sniffs. Then presses its nose into her palm. She feels the warmth, the damp, the smallness. She strokes the ridge between its eyes. The creature shivers with pleasure.

Dan watches, oddly proud.

DAN

You are very good at first times.

She looks down at her hands. These hands, having touched soil, self, bark, beast, water, are already worldly. The thought pleases her, yet frightens her in equal measure.

EDEN. CHERRY BLOSSOM GROVE - MORNING

The grove opens like a cathedral; high boughs carry the weight of white and pink. Petals drift without wind, falling in slow spirals.

The Woman steps beneath, lifting her face. Petals land on her cheeks and shoulders. Some cling. Some blacken at the edges and drop.

As she treks on, a ripple moves through the canopy like a whisper passing from tree to tree. Branches bend to look at her, before recoiling as if startled by what they're witness to.

DAN

How unusual. They're never shy.

She pivots, seeing the grove surveying her. She extends a welcoming hand. A petal lands in her palm. It quivers, wrinkles, and lets go of its color.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

She closes her fingers around it. Opens them to the petal restored - freshly pink, as if the decision to wither had been a misunderstanding.

The grove rearranges itself to make way as she treks ahead. She moves like a needle through silk.

Then --

A thorn catches the arch of her foot.

She inhales sharply. Looks down. A bead of blood wells - bright against pale skin. She presses her thumb into it. Red smears across her skin. She brings her thumb to her mouth. Iron. Warmth.

Her expression flickers: curiosity - recognition - the pain is real.

EDEN. WHEAT FIELD - DAWN

A wall of tall wheat shines with beads of dew - unmoving in windless air.

The Woman approaches. Places her hand against the stalks. Nothing happens. She steps forward and the wheat slowly parts. Not bowing - making space.

A narrow corridor opens before her. As she walks through it, the field closes behind her. No path remains.

EDEN. GOLDEN HILL - CONTINUOUS

At the center of the wheat field is a hill that glows faintly from within the ground, as if morning light is trying to escape. At the crown stands the --

TREE OF LIFE - vast, luminous, trunk banded in silver-gold, leaves whispering with a sound like heartbeat. Fruit hides in high boughs. Shy globes behind veils of green.

The Woman reaches the bottom of the slope and pauses.

Dan hovers at a respectful height above her head, like a worried halo.

DAN

This is a special place - the land
of The Tree of Life.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

WOMAN

It is beautiful. I want to see it closer.

She continues upward, barefoot, carefully but unafraid.

DAN

He will bestow its gift when the time is right.

The Woman looks back over her shoulder, amused.

WOMAN

When He decides.

She goes higher until is face to face with the trunk. She lays her palm on the bark. It is warm. Not metaphor-warm. Body-warm. The bark thrums a deep note up her arm into her jaw until her teeth ring.

She closes her eyes and sees colors behind them: white that thinks of gold, gold that dreams of red, red that spills violet.

She presses her ear to the trunk. A slow beat within like a single page turning endlessly.

A soft pulse rolls outward from the trunk. It moves through Lilith and lifts the hairs along her arms and neck. Her halo deepens, concentrates, then flares like a solar storm.

She gasps. The sound is not fear. It's recognition. She's been fully awakened.

Dan's wings shudder with the pulse. He looks alarmed and delighted in equal measure.

But there is something else – not sound, not light. An energy that she tries to hear.

DAN

You hear him. The other like you.
The creature He called Man.

WOMAN

Does he wait for me?

Dan shrugs as best as a winged head can.

DAN

He rests in the Orange Grove.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

He motioning to the sky.

DAN

He rests too. He only made the Man
yesterday. From the very earth
you're standing on.

There's a glint in her eye as if she knows something on the
subject.

DAN

All the creatures of the garden
gathered for the creation. It was
wonderful. And afterwards, He
called the man... Adam.

Dan waits for a response, but it never comes. The Woman
simply smiles at him from the corner of her lips.

DAN (CONT'D)

Then Adam gave names to all other
creatures.

(beat)

By the way, what are you called?

She steps back, breaking contact. The hum fades. She turns
downhill without explanation and begins to run.

Dan whirls in the air, nearly losing lift. He chases, voice
rising.

DAN (CALLING)

Wait! Wait!

She doesn't wait. The meadow receives her like a road. Grass
bows before her knees. The hill becomes a slide. The whole
garden seems to lean in the direction she has chosen, as if
trying to follow.

EDEN. TRANSITIONAL WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

She cuts into trees. Branches whip the air behind her as if
the forest regrets missing the chance to touch her.

She ducks beneath a bent limb, springs over a fallen trunk.
Flowers bursts like fireworks at her shins.

A swarm of butterflies lifts in front of her face and parts
around her skull with an angry shimmer. She laughs mid-run.
It's a victorious sound – a declaration.

Unauthorized reproduction or distribution prohibited.

© 2026 Shariff Suleiman / Hustle Suss. All Rights Reserved.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

Dan zips in and out of sight, occasionally overshooting her, then doubling back.

Roots twist across the path. She reads them last-second --

The run becomes flight without ever leaving the ground. She reaches a break in the trees and stops so abruptly that the rest of the forest runs past her. Her breathing is purposeful - she has learned this trait in less than a morning.

Ahead is the suggestion of a field more vibrant than anything she has yet seen. A green that means something.

She smiles and steps forward into what calls her.

EDEN. DENSE WOODLAND / VIBRANT GREEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Branches knit tight overhead, making tunnels of shadow. The Woman moves carefully now. With intent.

Dan streaks back and forth - his wings playing a nervous drumline.

DAN

You are quick.

She looks back - Dan, who's with her once again. She continues on, more deliberate now.

DAN

Where are you going?

She pauses and points. Through a break in the trees, a swath of green so saturated it shines.

WOMAN

There.

She parts hanging vines and the woodland opens to --

EDEN. ORANGE GROVE BORDER / VIBRANT GREEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The field is a living emerald - grass impossibly even. Beyond it --

An ORANGE GROVE, orderly and wild at the same time. Orange fruit glow dimly, emitting their own lantern light.

At the far edge of the grass, half in sun, half in shade is --

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

The **MAN**.

Sprawled in long-limbed magnificence; one arm flung across his eyes, the other wide as if to embrace the entire idea of the horizon. His hair unbrushed by law. His skin sun-kissed. He is a sight to behold.

This is **ADAM**.

Around his loins there is a **GOLDEN GLOW** covers his nakedness like a garment, modest and easy; just like the Woman's halo veils her. This is Adam's **HALO**.

The Woman takes one step. Stops. Another. Stops again.

The **CHORUS**, far-off but definite, changes key, as if the choir has leaned forward.

WOMAN

Is that...

DAN

It is. Is he not the most glorious thing you have every seen?
(enthusiastically)
He's wakened.

Adam lowers his arm. Sees Dan first, smiles, then turns his attention to the Woman. His smile changes shape.

They hold each other in sight. She raises her hand but stops mid-air.

Adam mirrors her without knowing. Two hands raised like two halves of one question.

They both pull back at the same time – startled, relieved, disappointed. Both laugh – small, embarrassed. Their laughter sounding alike.

Adam sits up, then kneels, then, unsure of the ritual, stands. He smooths his hair back. It returns to wildness at once. He grins at her, sheepishly regal.

DAN

Don't be afraid.

The Woman inhales a breath that wants to be courage and steps onto the green. The grass bends away from her, a path curving gently toward him.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

As she moves toward Adam, their eyes lock; an instant longing in each's heart.

ADAM

Hello.

The word lands like fruit in open hands. She blinks at it, then tries it on.

WOMAN

Hello.

They close the last distance. They simply share air and let their bodies learn the shape of each other's.

The Woman tilts her head, studying his eyes – they are sweet honey. He studies hers.

She reaches toward his chest, stops. The pause is longer this time. He nods a little. Permission. She lays her palm on his sternum. His skin is just warmer than the day.

She feels movement under bone – rhythm, tide. Her own breath tries to align with it and fails, then tries again, and finds it.

ADAM

It's called "heart". It gives all creatures life.

She presses her ear against his chest and listens to the palpitations increase --

THUMB! TH-THUMB! TH-THUMB-THUMB! THUMB-TH-THUMB-THUMB!

WOMAN

Fast.

Adam mirrors, uncertain where to put his hand. He places it gently on her right side first, nothing. He looks apologetic.

She takes his hand and guides it left. There – a drum, a flutter, a door opening and closing just for him.

They both smile – the same smile – a discovery that makes the whole world brighter along its edges

ADAM

You are...

She stares at him doe-eyed.

The Garden of Eden Written by Shariff Suleiman

ADAM (CONT'D)

...just as I knew you would be.

He smiles.

WOMAN

He made you in his image? Our
Creator is in you. Yet still...

ADAM

I thought of calling you Eve -
Mother of all living things. Do you
like it?

WOMAN

It is a fine name, but not for me.

A beat. The unexpected response catches Adam off guard. Is
this the first disagreement?

She caresses his face and peers deep into his soul.

WOMAN

I am Lilith, who came out of the
darkness because you called for me.

This is the first time we hear her name. And now We know who
she truly is. The Queen of Darkness and Air --

SUPERIMPOSE THE REAL TITLE CARD:

LILITH

Yes. She is **LILITH**.

*