

A FILM TREATMENT

LILITH RISING

Written by Kenneth Draconian

HORROR · DISASTER · GODS AND MONSTERS

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Let's have a meeting and talk about
you producing my film.

Kennethdraconian@gmail.com

libravenous67@protonmail.com

kennethdraconian.com

THE PIECE

Lilith Rising

A film treatment by Kenneth Draconian. Horror-disaster. Gods and monsters. Adults only.

LOGLINE

When the ancient demon queen Lilith is resurrected by her devoted follower Kenneth, she unleashes a vengeful war upon humanity, forcing the world to choose between total submission or total destruction.

SYNOPSIS

Lilith Rising is a supernatural disaster epic tracing the apocalyptic rampage of Lilith, Queen of Hell, after her resurrection by the occultist Kenneth. Grieving his death and enraged at her own past exile, Lilith demands his return, achieving it through a

bloody ritual that sacrifices his last living relative. Reunited, Kenneth becomes the only loyal general and her greatest lover to her wrath as she interprets his loyalty as devotion and as a mandate for global vengeance. Their tour of destruction begins in America, where Lilith unleashes biblical-scale hurricanes, tsunamis, and supernatural hordes upon Miami, New Orleans, and Houston, reducing them to drowned, burning ruins. Between cataclysms, their twisted relationship flickers with moments of dark humor and unsettling intimacy. Unsated, Lilith expands her war globally. She then delivers an ultimatum: submit or be destroyed. The shattered world unites against her. As the credits roll, Lilith smiles, accepting their choice of total war.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

LILITH

Ageless. Queen of Hell, resurrected from oblivion. Her goal is apocalyptic revenge against the world that exiled her and killed her beloved Kenneth. Her flaw is an all-consuming rage that blinds her to any possibility of redemption or peace.

KENNETH

30s. A modern occultist whose devotion brought Lilith back. His goal evolves from reunion to survival within her cataclysmic crusade. His flaw is blind loyalty to Lilith, which means she is his hero, which is really not a flaw.

CHIEF OF POLICE

50s. A pragmatic authority figure representing New York's futile resistance. His goal is to manage an impossible crisis. His flaw is powerlessness in the face of supernatural terror.

AUNT ROSE

60s. Kenneth's unsuspecting relative. Her goal is to help her nephew. She becomes an unwilling sacrifice, her death underscoring the ruthless logic of Lilith's resurrection ritual.

TONE AND THEME

Tone: Operatic, unrelenting, darkly grand. A blend of supernatural horror, disaster epic, and nihilistic romance. Visual style is hyper-saturated with hellish reds and deep shadows, mixing intimate character moments with colossal, city-shattering spectacle. Theme: The cost of absolute love meeting absolute vengeance; the fragility of civilization when faced with primordial chaos; the question of whether devotion can survive the monstrosity it creates.

NARRATIVE SUMMARY

Act I — Resurrection

The film opens on a series of rapid, devastating attacks across New York City. The Empire State Building implodes. Grand Central Terminal is blasted apart. The Brooklyn Bridge's cables snap. Lower Manhattan floods. Through the smoke and ruin, a female figure watches from a rooftop, a helicopter's spotlight catching her serene smile. She looks directly into the camera lens embedded in the drone. "It's me. Lilith. Queen of Hell. My Kenneth brought me back." In a fortified NYPD command center, monitors show the devastation. The Chief of Police, face etched with exhaustion, addresses a live feed where Lilith now stands in Times Square, untouched by the surrounding fire. "Oh, Lilith," he says, a strained attempt at diplomacy. "So great to have you in the Big Apple." She cuts him off, her voice a blade of ice. "Enough pleasantries. Where is my Kenneth? Where is his body?" He

informs her it's at the county morgue. When he weakly protests her taking it, her eyes flash crimson. The ground trembles. The Chief, swallowing his fear, stammers, "We... we can make exceptions."

At the morgue, Lilith is met by Ronald, a nervous associate of Kenneth's from his occult circles. He doesn't recognize her and makes a crude pass. "Shut up," she says, her power filling the sterile room. "It's Lilith. Queen of Hell." He pales. She demands to know how to bring Kenneth back. Ronald explains a necromantic ritual: a blood transfusion from a family member, and a sacrifice. "Could the family member who gives the blood... be the sacrifice?" Lilith asks, her head tilting. Ronald nods slowly. "That would be a... better offering." Kenneth's Aunt Rose arrives, worried but determined to help. As she completes the blood transfusion, she says her goodbyes, planning to leave. In a motion too fast to follow, Lilith's mouth is at her

neck, vampiric fangs sinking deep. Two responding officers burst in, guns blazing. Bullets tear through Lilith's dress but harmlessly ricochet from her skin. She pulls free, drops Rose's drained body, and dispatches the cops with brutal efficiency, feeding on them both. "Three sacrifices," she murmurs, wiping her mouth. On the slab, Kenneth Draconian gasps, sitting upright. "Hey... what happened?" Lilith strokes his face. "I brought you back from the dead." He sees Rose's body. "Oh, hell. What happened to Aunt Rose?" Lilith's reply is simple, final. "I had to give them a sacrifice."

Act II — The American Tour

Kenneth, disoriented but alive, asks what happens now. "We are going on tour," Lilith declares. He misunderstands, asking about a band. She rolls her eyes. "Our tour

of destruction. We are going to show this world what it gets when it fucks with a woman like Lilith.” Their first stop is Miami. Lilith stands on a beach, arms raised. The sky churns black. A Category 5 hurricane, beyond any scale, forms in minutes and slams into the coast. The city drowns. Skyscrapers topple. Fires rage unchecked by the overwhelmed emergency services. Lilith and Kenneth walk calmly through the flooded downtown, the synth-pop anthem “We Stand Alone” by Covenant playing diegetically from a shattered car radio. They leave as the city sinks. New Orleans is next. Local gangs, armed and brazen, gather at the broken levees, shouting taunts. “Come on, bitch! We gonna send you back to the kitchen, you witch!” Lilith merely laughs. “Fucking jagoffs.” She raises a hand. From the Gulf, a wall of water one hundred feet high rises, blocking out the sun. Her voice booms, “It was nice knowing you. Goodbye.” The wave crashes down, scouring everything in its path.

Bourbon Street becomes a canal. Caskets from flooded cemeteries float like macabre boats. Lilith destroys blocks with laser-like beams from her eyes before they commandeer a boat and depart.

Houston earns Lilith's contempt. "What a shithole." Kenneth offers no argument. Targeting the city's pride, they attack during major sporting events. At a Texans football game, a sudden, vicious F5 tornado materializes over the stadium at halftime, shredding the stands. The scene is one of total carnage—bodies torn apart, debris mixed with viscera. Simultaneously, at the Astros baseball game, Kenneth opens a fiery portal. A thousand snarling hellhounds pour forth, tearing through players and fans alike. Lilith affectionately pets one beast that licks her face repeatedly. Kenneth grimaces. "You know they lick their own assholes, right?" Lilith frowns. "You're gonna hurt his feelings." Seeking a moment of bizarre normalcy,

they stop at an ice cream shop in Galveston. Sitting on a deck overlooking the storm-churned ocean, Lilith slowly licks her cone. Kenneth watches, sexual imagery flashing in his mind. She catches his look. “Do you love me?” He frowns. “That’s a stupid question.” She persists. “Why? I think it’s rather obvious. The angelic realm—both Michael and Christ—tried to get me to join, to stray from you. Both times I said no. And we weren’t even together then.” They both speak at once: “Those times when we...” “...well, you know...” They pause, then finish in unison: “...you were being difficult.” A moment of silence hangs between them before they both erupt into genuine, roaring laughter.

Act III — Global War

With the American cities left in years-long ruins, Lilith sets her sights overseas. “The world has to pay,” she states. What follows is a montage of global devastation, swift and merciless. Paris burns, its monuments melting. London floods, then burns. Germany, Italy, Greece—all reduced to smoking rubble. She takes particular, vicious pleasure in destroying Israel, leaving only firelight in the darkness. Saudi Arabia’s gleaming cities are flattened, its people forced back into tents. East Asia falls next: China’s great walls crumble, North Korea’s regime is erased, Japan’s islands shake. Finally, Russia: Saint Petersburg is flattened; Moscow is set ablaze. From a balcony in Mexico, where they’ve taken a brief, violent lovers’ weekend, Lilith uploads a livestream to the surviving global networks. Her face is calm, deadly. “I have declared war on this world. You have two choices: submission, or be destroyed. There is no third option. My general, Kenneth, and I will now hear submissions of

surrender.” The response is unified fury. The attacked nations, along with a traumatized United States, form an unprecedented alliance. They reject surrender outright. Instead, they declare Kenneth and Lilith global public enemies number one, placing astronomical bounties on their heads. News broadcasts from each capital show leaders vowing retaliation, soldiers mobilizing, weapons of terrible power being activated. The final shot holds on Lilith’s face as she watches the declarations of war stream across a massive screen. A slow, terrifying smile spreads across her lips. She speaks softly to the empty room, her words a promise and an epitaph. “So. They have chosen death.” Fade to black. Credits roll.

Fade to black.

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Kenneth Draconian

Kennethdraconian@gmail.com

libravenous67@protonmail.com

kennethdraconian.com

For option and acquisition inquiries, please contact the author at Kennethdraconian@gmail.com, libravenous67@protonmail.com, or kennethdraconian.com.

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