

A FILM TREATMENT

LILITH VS THE WORLD

Written by Kenneth Draconian

HORROR · DISASTER · GODS AND MONSTERS

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Let's have a meeting and talk about
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THE PIECE

Lilith vs The World

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

LOGLINE

After millennia of torment, the ancient demoness Lilith and her ruthless lover Kenneth unleash a global war of vengeance against humanity; as world leaders bicker in their final hours, a scorned sorceress offers them a chance to defeat the undefeatable—but her price may damn them all.

SYNOPSIS

Having conquered swathes of the globe, the demonic duo Lilith and Kenneth prepare their final, devastating strike on America. As world leaders panic and squabble in a

last-ditch war room, the sorceress Selene—Kenneth’s ex—arrives with a deal: she can neuter Lilith’s power in exchange for Kenneth’s custody. The desperate Coalition agrees. Selene’s magic strips Lilith of her supernatural might, rendering her human and vulnerable. The Coalition attacks, leading to a cataclysmic 16-hour firefight that annihilates their forces but corners the lovers. Facing certain capture or death, Lilith and Kenneth, echoing Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, choose a defiant, bullet-riddled last stand against impossible odds, falling together in a bloody, tragic embrace. Their bodies are recovered, but their legend—and the devotion they inspired—is frozen in time, a warning and a dark inspiration.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

LILITH

Ageless. The first wife of Adam, cast out and demonized. Goal: the utter humiliation and suffering of a world that rejected her. Flaw: a toxic, all-consuming love for Kenneth that fuels her rage and blinds her to strategic retreat.

KENNETH

40s. A former military strategist of mythical lineage, now Lilith's consort and general. Goal: to build a new world order with Lilith as its dark queen. Flaw: a fanatical loyalty that mirrors hers, making him willing to burn the earth rather than betray her.

SELENE

30s. A powerful sorceress with white-golden hair, Kenneth's former lover and almost-wife. Goal: to reclaim Kenneth and prove her superiority over Lilith. Flaw: a narcissistic obsession that makes her a wild card, equally dangerous to both sides.

THE COALITION

A fractured assembly of the world's remaining powers. Goal: survival. Flaw: pride, infighting, and an inability to grasp the apocalyptic nature of their enemy.

tone and theme

Tone is operatic, brutal, and tragically romantic. Visual style blends grim, war-room realism with mythic, shadow-drenched grandeur. Themes explore the destructive power of scorned love, the folly of human division in the face of existential threat, and the choice between a principled, glorious death and a hollow, negotiated survival.

narrative summary

Act I: The Storm Breaks

The war room is a cathedral of cold steel and holographic maps bathing everything in a sickly blue. Lilith, all sharp angles and smoldering eyes in tactical leather, strides in. Kenneth is already there, a statue of focused menace. She doesn't speak; she grabs him, her kiss less an affection than a sealing of a pact, hard and possessive. "I can't wait to get my vengeance," she whispers against his lips, her voice like ground glass. "They are gonna see what terror really looks and feels like." The captains of her dread legions file in—Phoenix, Las Vegas, Chicago, Saint Louis—their names a death knell for American cities. She lists them like a grocery list: Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Seattle, Portland, Denver, San Francisco. "We attack at dawn." Captain Smith asks for rules of engagement. Boots on the ground? Tanks? Kenneth answers with a smile that doesn't touch his cold eyes. "Death from above." Lilith looks at him, winks. "You got that right, sweetie." The captains are dismissed. Alone, she and Kenneth collide again, a tangle of

hands and teeth and shared annihilation, a violent prelude to the dawn. Half a world away, in a bunker deep beneath Geneva, the last holdouts of the old world fray. The American President, bags under his eyes, watches as the German officer advocates for a tactical nuke. “So what if it kills an extra few hundred thousand?” An Israeli officer mutters about historical echoes, sparking a venomous “What’s that supposed to mean?”. A petty argument between the Japanese and Chinese officers erupts into shouted threats—“China could squash Japan!” “My ass!” The President slams his fist on the table. “Gentlemen! You can’t fight in here! This is the War Room!” The door bursts open. A woman walks in, untouched by the bunker’s grime. Selene has hair like spun white gold, and an aura that makes the air hum. A flustered guard stammers that he tried to stop her. Men shout to remove her. She speaks, and the room freezes. “Do you wanna stop Kenneth and Lilith, or just fuck around?” They give her a chair. She tells them of

her past with Kenneth, their love, her planned wedding. The President, exasperated, asks what this has to do with now. “I have a deal,” Selene states, cool as ice. “You get them both. Whatever you do to Lilith—prison, execution, I don’t care. But I want Kenneth. In my custody.” The President refuses, citing law and morality. Selene stands to leave. “When you call me back,” she says, pausing at the door, “I won’t just be asking for Kenneth. But more. You stupid men don’t know what you’re dealing with. But trust me, soon you will. Plan for a lot of funerals. Cause that’s what’s coming.” The Chinese officer demands to know what she means. “Death,” she says, her final word hanging in the air. “Like a snowstorm at the North Pole. And none of you are safe.”

Act II: The Scorned Goddess’s Gambit

Lilith and Kenneth's campaign is a montage of silent, surgical horror. Drones blacken the skies over Phoenix. In Chicago, tanks adorned with their sigil—a serpent coiled around a sword—flatten city blocks. Countries fall, not just from force, but from despair. Millions, seeing the old orders crumble, swear allegiance to the new dark throne. Only a brittle Coalition of China, Russia, Japan, Britain, Germany, Greece, and Italy remains, holding on for survival, not victory. In a quiet, frost-tinged park, Kenneth meets Selene. From behind a thick oak, Lilith watches, a predator stilled. Selene runs to him, arms open. Kenneth puts a hand out, stopping her chest-high. The rejection is physical, brutal. "I can't be with you," he says. Selene pleads, cites the bloodshed, the pain. "Many have hurt her," Kenneth replies, his voice flat. "It's not vengeance. It's justice." Behind the tree, Lilith whispers, "That's my boy." Selene reveals the Coalition's offer: turn on Lilith, save himself. "Me and Lilith are many things,"

Kenneth says, a rare flicker of emotion in his eyes. “Toxic. Unreasonable. Selfish. Dominant. But we are both insanely loyal to one another. So I have to decline your offer.” He walks away, back to the shadows where his queen waits. Back in the bunker, Selene sits before the chastened Coalition. “We agree,” the President says heavily. “If they surrender, we will hand you Kenneth.” Selene’s smile is thin and cruel. “I told you. I want more. Land. Money. Before, it was just to help. Now, you give me what I ask for.” They have no choice. They agree. “What are you going to do?” the German asks. Selene’s eyes glow with latent power. “Make Lilith human. After that, you won’t even need tanks and missiles.” That night, in a penthouse overlooking a burning city, Lilith flinches. A searing pain, not physical, but existential, tears through her. She stumbles, clutching her chest. Kenneth catches her. Her demonic aura, the palpable terror she projects, evaporates like mist. The ancient power leaves her. She is just a

woman—frightened, mortal, and suddenly, crushingly vulnerable. A profound depression, a weight of millennia of humanity she never asked for, sinks its hooks into her soul. The Coalition strikes at dawn. The battle is a 16-hour symphony of destruction. Kenneth’s loyalists fight with fanatical fury, but without Lilith’s supernatural dread leading the charge, they are merely elite soldiers. Missiles pound their fortifications. Wave after wave of Coalition troops are cut down by expertly held positions. The cost is apocalyptic—the entire assault force, hundreds of men, is wiped out. But they have succeeded. They have pushed Lilith and Kenneth into the heart of their ruined stronghold, a concrete courtyard surrounded by the blasted skeletons of buildings. Amid the smoke and rubble, Kenneth finds Lilith huddled in a corner, her eyes hollow. He tells her the situation: they are surrounded, the last of their personal guard gone. “So,” Lilith says, her voice a dry rasp, “what do you think our chances are

for victory?" Kenneth kneels before her. "Honestly?" "Yes." "Slim to none." A ghost of her old smirk touches her lips. "You ever see Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid?" "No." "Wow." "Sorry, I haven't." "Well," Kenneth says, managing a real smile, "end of the movie. Surrounded. Looking at the hangman's noose, most likely. Or prison forever." He meets her eyes. "They go out in a blaze of glory." Understanding passes between them. No surrender. No negotiation. No living in a cage, separated. Kenneth throws four heavy pistols at her feet, then hefts a massive M60 machine gun, the belt of ammunition clattering. "Let's make our last stand." They kiss then, not with the violent hunger of before, but with a deep, sorrowful, and utterly final passion. It lasts for minutes, a quiet island in the roar of impending death.

Act III: The Last Stand

A distorted voice booms from a helicopter above through a loudspeaker. “KENNETH AND LILITH. YOU ARE SURROUNDED. WE ARE SENDING IN OUR MEN. SURRENDER OR MEET YOUR FATE.” Lilith throws her head back and screams, a raw, human sound of defiance. “NEVER!” The voice returns. “THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.” The main doors of the stronghold blast open. Lilith emerges, a pistol in each hand, firing with precise, mechanical fury. Kenneth is beside her, the M60 braced against his hip, roaring like an angry god. Muzzle flashes strobe in the dusty gloom. Coalition soldiers fall, one after another, caught in the fatal funnel. They fight back-to-back, a dance of death perfected over a hundred battles. For a few, glorious minutes, it seems they might carve their way through the army itself. Then the helicopter sweeps low. Its minigun whirs to life, a sound like tearing metal. It unleashes a storm of three hundred rounds in seconds. The concrete around them explodes into

dust and chips. Lilith is hit first, her body jerking violently, red blossoms appearing on her leathers. Kenneth takes rounds in the leg, the shoulder, but he keeps firing upward until the M60 clicks empty. Another burst from above. He stumbles, falling towards her. They collapse into each other's arms on the blood-slicked ground, a tangle of limbs and fading breath. The gunfire stops. An eerie silence falls, broken only by the whump-whump of the helicopter and the moan of the wind. From the Coalition lines, Selene runs forward, ignoring shouted orders to stay back. She drops to her knees beside Kenneth. His eyes are glazed, his breathing shallow. She cries, "Oh, Kenneth... what have you done to yourself?" Her hand brushes his chest, touching the torn fabric of his shirt. Beneath the blood and dirt, the printed words are visible: KENNETH LOVES LILITH. On the ground, Lilith's trembling hand finds his. Their fingers interlock, a final, feeble clasp. Then, stillness. The Coalition soldiers move in

cautiously, securing the scene. Under Selene's furious, grief-stricken gaze, they wrap the two bodies in thick black polyurethane. They are placed side-by-side in a dual military transport case. The lid closes with a definitive thud. The case is wheeled away into a refrigerated vault, a macabre trophy and a political necessity. The screen fades to black. Over the black, the driving, vengeful chords of Satyricon's "Die By My Hand" begin to pulse. The credits roll. A montage plays behind them: fleeting, iconic scenes from all three films in the saga—Lilith's awakening, Kenneth's pledge, cities burning, the war room arguments, the final kiss in the rubble. The images are visceral, tragic, epic. The final card appears, not white text, but etched as if in stone, bleeding slowly onto the screen: LONG LIVE LILITH DEVOTEES. THESE MOVIES—ALL THREE OF THEM—ARE DEDICATED TO YOU. HAILZ — KENNETH DRACONIAN. The music swells to a crescendo, then cuts to abrupt, absolute silence.

Fade to black.

If you like what you read, get in touch, and let's have a meeting and talk about you producing my film.

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