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Markel Productions Announces Psychological Thriller Series “The Amicidal Massacre” — A Modern Horror About Visibility, Love, and the Lies We Tell on Camera

CHICAGO, IL — 11/3/2025 — Markel Productions, the film division of Markel Media & Management, officially announces the development of *The Amicidal Massacre*, a six-episode psychological thriller created, written, and directed by Isaiah Markel Lesley, a Chicago-based filmmaker redefining urban horror through emotional realism and identity-driven storytelling.

Set against the haunting intimacy of modern influencer culture, *The Amicidal Massacre* follows a rooftop engagement party that unravels into chaos when a buried obsession resurfaces — and the cameras keep rolling. Told through found footage, police bodycams, and digital memories, the series exposes the fine line between love, envy, and the performative perfection demanded by today’s culture of visibility.

“This isn’t just a murder story,” says creator Isaiah Markel Lesley. “It’s a mirror — a confession about how social media turned our private wounds into public content. The camera doesn’t just record what happens; it decides what we remember.”

Visually influenced by “Gone Girl,” “You,” and “The Blair Witch Project,” the series blends the elegance of psychological realism with the urgency of found-footage intimacy. Chicago itself becomes a living character — a city that watches, remembers, and reflects every secret too beautiful to stay buried.

Backed by the creative force of Markel Media & Management, the series brings together emerging Midwest talent across cinematography, sound, and design to create a world both stylish and terrifyingly real. Each 15–20 minute episode weaves moral ambiguity, suppressed identity, and digital voyeurism into a tension-filled meditation on truth and trauma.

The Amicidal Massacre is currently seeking strategic investors, sponsors, and production partners to complete pre-production, with plans to submit to major festivals including Sundance, SXSW, and Tribeca, followed by digital distribution through A24 TV, Netflix Independent Originals, or Hulu’s genre slate.

A full press kit, series bible, and investor deck are available upon request at theamicidalmassacre.com

About Markel Productions

Markel Productions is a creative imprint under Markel Media & Management, founded by filmmaker and entrepreneur Isaiah Markel Lesley. The company produces emotionally intelligent, visually distinct stories centered on identity, faith, and psychological realism within contemporary Black narratives. Based in Chicago, Markel Productions serves as both a creative studio and storytelling incubator — committed to building honest cinema that watches back.

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 Chicago, Illinois

THE CITY WATCHES

CHICAGO - AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT

The rooftop is still.

Chicago hums beneath me like an old hymn — the kind you don't remember learning, but your bones remember how to sing. Wind threads itself through string lights and laughter left hanging in the air. Glass sweats. Silverware glints. Somewhere between the river and the rails, sirens braid into the night like prayer.

Every window is an eye.

Every reflection, a witness.

The city doesn't sleep; she records.

I point a camera at the skyline and the skyline points one back. We measure each other in flicker and breath. I can taste the metal of the wind. I can hear the electricity in the bulbs — the soft insect buzz of a ring light halo doing God's work and the Devil's. Light warms the table like blessing. A single napkin twitches. Somewhere, a chair remembers the last person who touched it.

This is where The Amicidal Massacre begins: not with a scream, but with quiet that knows what's coming. The kind of quiet where the air gets heavy and the lens feels heavier. The kind of quiet where love rehearses its lines and jealousy hits record. If you listen long enough, you can hear the city lean closer. If you look long enough, the frame starts to breathe.

I built a story in this silence. A story about a halo that becomes an interrogation lamp. About a woman who mistakes visibility for love, and another who learns that love is a kind of violence when it has nowhere to go. A story that asks the camera to do what confession used to do.

The rooftop is still.

But the city is awake, and so am I.

The red light blinks like a pulse. We're alive.

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I make films because silence hurts louder than sound. Because I grew up in a world where we said “I’m fine” into rooms that were on fire. Because in churches and living rooms and group chats, we learned to curate the parts of ourselves that wouldn’t get us left. We documented our smiles and domesticated our grief. We called it growth. We called it healing. We called it “going live.”

I wanted to tell the truth the way it arrives in real life: too late, too pretty, too public. I wanted to make something that feels like your thumb hovering over “post,” heart punching your ribs, the ring light making a saint out of your skin while your voice shakes just outside the microphone’s patience. I wanted to show how we edit ourselves until the person we’re performing looks more like us than we do.

*So I wrote *Mia* — all glow and grace and caption-ready light — a woman who believes that sharing is sincerity and attention is safety. And then I wrote *Lily*, the shadow at the edge of that frame, a caretaker with hands full of unspoken sentences, a body full of unsurrendered yes. I put them on a roof with a city that never blinks and asked the camera to keep me honest. When the footage rolls, *Mia* becomes immortal in pixels; *Lily* becomes inevitable in blood. We are all a little of both.*

Chicago taught me how to see people in reflections: train windows, bar mirrors, blackwater glass on Michigan Ave. The city keeps your secrets in the same place it keeps your face. I learned that love here is stubborn and loud and holy and sometimes starving. I learned that confession is not apology; it’s appetite. We used to whisper forgiveness to ceilings. Now we upload it. We refresh to feel absolved.

My filmmaking is simple. I shoot like the truth is shy. I light like guilt has a temperature. I hold on a face long enough for the mask to get tired. I don’t chase jump scares; I wait for the moment a person realizes they’ve been performing for a god that doesn’t love them back. The cut happens there.

If you’re reading this as an investor, as an actor, as a crew member, as press — know that I’m not asking you to believe me. I’m asking you to look with me. To hold your breath where I hold mine. To let the camera be a conscience, not a costume. The work is delicate. The work is dangerous. The work is honest.

*I made *The Amicidal Massacre* because I’m tired of stories that punish women for being visible and reward men for being quiet. I made it because repression is not neutral — it collects interest. I made it because I wanted to feel what happens when performance finally meets the bill for all the love it promised to pay.*

*The lens is a mouth. The city is a choir.
When we press record, the truth doesn’t start — it stops hiding.*

Chicago breathes like a person who's almost calm. You can hear her exhale through the "L" tracks, the groan of steel stretching awake. In the morning she smells like iron and espresso; by night she tastes like static and cheap perfume. She remembers every argument that ever echoed between her brick shoulders.

When I walk her streets, I don't hear traffic — I hear applause. The city claps for survival every time the light changes and we keep moving. Storefronts blink neon rosaries. Windows hold the faces of people rehearsing happiness before they open the door.

I shoot here because she doesn't flinch. You can put a camera anywhere — under the viaduct, on a rooftop, in the reflection of a liquor-store freezer — and she just stares back, unbothered. Chicago doesn't ask for permission to look. She already saw you.

*In *The Amicidal Massacre*, the city isn't backdrop; she's accomplice. She's the hum under Lily's voice memo, the flicker that turns Mia's smile to warning, the witness that keeps every secret long enough to replay it later. The skyline cuts itself into every shot like a fingerprint. The lake mirrors everything we hide.*

Sometimes, when the wind slides between the high-rises, it sounds like breathing caught between confession and scream. That's what this story feels like — the moment before the voice breaks.

I grew up inside that sound. It taught me rhythm, pacing, patience. The way thunder pauses before it speaks. The way silence in this city means danger, not peace. That's how I build tension — not with music, but with the absence of it.

Chicago is a mirror that never lies, even when she wants to. She gives me reflection instead of redemption. Every frame is a sermon about who we become when the world won't look away.

*It starts with light.
Too warm, too clean.
The kind of light that wants to be worshipped.*

Mia's camera hums; a halo of pixels crowns her head. Behind her, the city glitters like applause. She's narrating happiness, trying to convince herself it's real. Lily watches from the corner of the frame — not jealous, exactly, just hungry.

The footage looks harmless until you know how to listen. There's a tremor in Lily's laugh, a hesitation in Mia's breath before she says yes. Somewhere in the background, silverware clinks against a plate like a countdown.

And then the slideshow begins.

*I won't tell you what it shows. I'll tell you how it feels.
The air folds in on itself. The skyline bends. The color drains from the frame until the only thing left is sound — a gasp, a scrape, a body hitting glass. The city doesn't flinch. She keeps recording.*

*The rooftop becomes a chapel.
The table becomes an altar.
Every guest becomes a witness.*

The blood doesn't move fast; it creeps — polite, deliberate, careful not to ruin the décor. The camera jitters, searching for the truth and finding only versions of it. When the officers arrive, their bodycams pick up what's left: lilies, napkins, a city that refuses to look away.

People call it a massacre. I call it a confession that got too loud.

Because that's where the story really begins — not in the killing, but in the retelling. Every survivor edits their own version. Every viewer picks a side. Every upload rewrites the memory until guilt looks heroic and love looks like proof.

*That's the world of The Amicidal Massacre:
A crime scene turned content.
A testimony turned trend.
A tragedy too cinematic to delete.*

The camera doesn't blink, and neither do we.

Every story is a mirror. Some lie. Some beg. This one demands.

When I look into The Amicidal Massacre, I don't see horror — I see reflection. The horror comes later, when you realize the reflection is still moving after you've turned away.

We live in an era where visibility replaced intimacy. We confess to cameras instead of people. We baptize ourselves in content and call it healing. We build our lives like sets — one good angle away from redemption. I made this series because I'm terrified of how beautiful self-destruction looks under ring-light symmetry.

Lily and Mia are not opposites; they're echoes. One performs to be loved, the other loves to be seen. Both think they can control the narrative, as if the camera were a mirror that owed them mercy. But cameras don't forgive — they archive.

The massacre isn't a murder; it's a metaphor for the cost of performance. The blade is just punctuation. The real wound is exposure. Every viewer becomes a participant the moment they replay the footage. Every share, every replay, every slow-motion gasp — a prayer said backward.

*We used to pray for forgiveness. Now we post for it.
We used to bury our secrets. Now we brand them.*

The algorithm is the new altar, and attention is the only god that answers quickly.

In that sense, the series is not about Lily's madness or Mia's perfection — it's about us. The ones watching. The ones who slow down to stare. The ones who refresh tragedy like weather updates. The audience isn't innocent; it never was.

*Chicago knows this. She's built on testimony — every brick laid over a story someone swore they'd never tell.
The city watches us repeat her sin: recording pain so we don't have to feel it twice.*

That's the real massacre. Not the blood on the floor, but the love we killed trying to keep it pretty.

*The first rule: the camera is never neutral.
It breathes. It manipulates. It prays.*

I don't shoot scenes; I shoot confessions. Every frame is a sentence, every cut a hesitation. The lens doesn't ask what's true — it asks what someone is willing to show.

*In *The Amicidal Massacre*, I use three languages of seeing:
the vlog, the bodycam, and the memory.*

*The vlog speaks in ring-light grammar — polished, center-framed, aspirational. The camera loves *Mia* too much to notice her unraveling. Every frame is worship. Every smile, choreography.*

The bodycam speaks in judgment. Its vision is cold, bureaucratic, unblinking — proof for a world that doesn't believe women until they're gone. Its light doesn't flatter; it exposes.

*And then there's the memory — handheld, intimate, sometimes distorted. The footage we don't remember recording but keep replaying anyway. That's where *Lily* lives: in the footage between facts.*

*Color is confession.
Light is punishment.
Sound is memory.*

Gold bleeds into blue as the story decays. The warmer the light, the bigger the lie. When truth arrives, it's fluorescent and unkind. The color palette shifts the way shame does — slow, quiet, irreversible.

I design silence like dialogue. I let air speak. You'll hear the wind scrape the mic, the hum of a refrigerator pretending not to listen, the sigh of a camera battery dying mid-sentence. When the characters stop talking, the city finishes their thoughts.

The edit moves like guilt — circling, replaying, trimming too close. I don't chase shock; I chase recognition. The moment when beauty cracks and what's underneath isn't ugly, just human.

My crew knows: we're not making a horror series, we're building evidence. Every scene is an exhibit. Every take is testimony. We film as if someone will study it later for the truth we missed the first time.

*That's my craft — restraint as revelation.
To make beauty ache.
To make silence scream.
To make every viewer wonder if they're complicit just by watching.*

No story like this is made alone. Even solitude needs sound design.

Everyone who steps into The Amicidal Massacre — actor, grip, designer, financier, publicist — becomes a witness. You don't just join a production; you inherit a heartbeat. You become part of the quiet machinery that makes confession cinematic.

On set, I ask one thing: honesty. Not the polite kind, the dangerous kind. The kind thatogs the lens and makes the boom operator forget to breathe. The kind that reminds us we're not performing; we're documenting what truth looks like when it trembles.

Markel Media & Management is the backbone of this vision — a home for stories that bleed, rebuild, and dare to whisper instead of shout.

Through Markel Productions, I've built a creative house that merges realism with ritual. We work small, deliberate, intimate. Our lights hum. Our cameras linger. We don't chase spectacle — we cultivate stillness until it blooms into something unbearable.

My collaborators understand this language. We build sets that feel like sanctuaries, edit bays that hum like prayer rooms. We argue like siblings and film like surgeons. Every role, from sound design to wardrobe, carries moral weight — because in our world, fabric can lie, color can confess, and silence is always saying something.

Actors come to this project not to perform, but to surrender. You don't play Lily; you let her haunt you. You don't play Mia; you learn how to be looked at until it hurts. This isn't method — it's memory.

For investors, this is not a gamble; it's preservation. We're archiving the modern condition — the anxiety of exposure, the hunger for attention, the cost of being visible. The series is designed for longevity: short episodes, timeless psychology, infinite replay. Every frame is branded in truth, every soundbite a relic of our generation's obsession with being witnessed.

And for the crew — the ones who hold the camera steady while the world shakes — you are the real witnesses. The eyes behind the eyes. The ones who know that what we capture isn't fiction; it's proof.

*When people ask what kind of team I'm building, I say:
Faithful. Fearless.*

People who understand that art is not escape — it's evidence.

*The camera isn't watching us.
It's remembering us.*

The city exhales.

Morning slides across the skyline like a slow apology. The rooftops remember what happened; the lake pretends it didn't. Somewhere, a siren changes its mind and turns back.

I stand where it ended — or began, depending on how you watch it — and I think about all the eyes that will one day sit in the dark, watching this unfold. The way the light will hit their faces. The way the silence between scenes will pull at their pulse.

This series isn't asking for your attention; it's asking for your reflection. It's asking what version of yourself you perform when you think no one's watching — and what you're willing to do to stay visible once they are.

I don't want viewers to escape. I want them to feel implicated. To lean forward when the frame gets too still. To recognize themselves in the flicker and wonder who's holding the camera.

*That's what *The Amicidal Massacre* really is — a collaboration between art and audience, witness and sinner. Every partner, every actor, every investor becomes part of the confession. Every choice leaves fingerprints. Every lens keeps score.*

*Chicago will hold us accountable. She always does.
The wind will carry our noise, and the skyline will file it under "truth."*

*So here's my invitation — not to fund a show, but to enter a mirror.
To everyone reading this:
bring your craft, your vision, your hunger.
Bring your fear of silence and your faith in story.*

*Let's build something honest enough to hurt and beautiful enough to heal.
Let's make the kind of film that watches back.*

Come witness this with me