

A FILM TREATMENT

THE SPIDER GODDESS

Written by Kenneth Draconian

DARK FANTASY · EROTICA · ADULTS ONLY

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

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THE PIECE

The Spider Goddess

A film treatment by Kenneth Draconian. Dark fantasy erotica. Adults only. All principals are adults.

LOGLINE

A dying spider goddess bites a fearless caver, and the heir builds a lesbian court, breaks the scientist who sold her, and hatches a legion in the yard of a mansion the government now serves.

SYNOPSIS

Victoria Justice moves through a dripping cave with a headlamp and no flinch for the skitter. In a crevice Rebecca, ancient, massive, dying, watches. I hate to do this. I'm taking the choice from her hands. Fangs in the calf. A flood of venom, a lifetime pressed into days. Damn, that thing bit me hard. The ER draws blood. Dr. Leslie Amber Washington reads the panel and smiles at the screen. This bitch is transforming. I could make millions. She falsifies the report. Everything's fine.

Robert wants the old submissive partner. Ride my coattails or get the fuck out. By ten he is packed. At an all-female gym Victoria takes a woman who has been watching her. Shut up and please your queen. The woman kisses her hands and feet. Dump your boyfriend. You're my dyke now. I won't share you, but you must share me. Skin peels in silken sheets. Leslie calls. Coffee. Something interesting in the bloodwork.

At the cafe Leslie plays concern and grabs her hand. I'm a lesbian. I eat and fuck pussy. Well, Lez-lie. I'm going to make you one of my women. But I'm straight. You won't be when I'm done with you. In the BDSM room Victoria sits nude on a throne chair and puts Leslie's face between her legs, then binds her on a spreader and takes her with a fourteen-inch strap-on. I'm the predator. And I have you now. Leslie calculates through it.

Back in the cave Rebecca is a fragile old woman. She apologizes and hopes it reads as a gift. Victoria calls it an upgrade. She will mate. The line will not die. Never let anyone dominate you. Three weeks. Maybe less. Victoria's court grows. A

tall redhead. A married woman taken on all fours in her own house while the husband is cuffed to a chair. She needs someone who can fuck. You need to know what a real dominant looks like. The wife leaves addicted.

SWAT. Tranqs. In the struggle Victoria bites an agent's hand. He dies in seconds. She cries, shocked. A transparent cage. Leslie walks in triumphant. I played you like a harp from hell, you dumb dyke bitch. Awards. Disgust. Fucking dykes. Women like you are a disease. Who's the dominant now. Victoria vibrates and does not answer.

Hazel, blonde, twenties, berated as a nobody, cleans the glass. Help me. Help you. Unlock it. I'll lose my job. You're rich enough to stick it to her. Will you kill her. I can't promise. I'm a predator. How do I know you won't kill me. Victoria takes the hand through the slot and does not bite. If I wanted, you would already be dead. Tonight. Hazel kills the lock. A safe house. An APB. Leslie corners Hazel with a gun. Victoria drops her from the shadow. Bring her to the cave.

Rebecca is dead, a magnificent desiccated spider. Victoria mourns, then binds Leslie to an X. Thirteen women. A stone throne. They strip Leslie. One takes her with a sixteen-inch strap-on while another forces her mouth to the queen. You will be a lezbo regardless. A sex slave for life. You live because of Hazel. A face-mounted harness. When we're done, you'll be obsessed by the smell of a vagina. Twenty-five men, turned by non-lethal bites into spider hybrids, circle her for a hours-long reclamation under Victoria's order. The handmaidens ask if she is still a lesbian. Yes. But we need an army. Thirteen is not enough. I am going to breed with them. She kisses her cousin Jon. Spider fangs. Sure is.

A hundred and fifty agents hit the cave. A swarm of hybrids and the tribe tears through them. Files closed. Unexplained loss. A détente. The government works for her. Wealth. A hundred-and-fifty-room mansion. Moonlit yard. Red satin open. Thousands of leathery eggs crack. Come, my lovelies. Come to Mama. Fade to black.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

VICTORIA JUSTICE

Thirties. Caver. Entomology in the blood. The bite ends the quiet life. Goal: the line, then the empire. Flaw: subjects, slaves, or prey. Nothing else registers.

REBECCA

Ancient. Dying goddess in a massive arachnid body, then a fragile woman, then a desiccated spider. Goal: an heir. Flaw: she takes the choice and knows it.

LESLIE AMBER WASHINGTON

Forties. Lab wolf. Goal: the Nobel and the money. Flaw: disgust for the desire she fakes, and the belief a cage makes her the dominant.

ROBERT

Thirties. The old dominance. Packed by ten. He is the shed skin.

HAZEL

Twenties. Blonde. Leslie's nobody. Goal: a life past the berating. She unlocks the cage because the hand in the slot does not bite.

THE TRIBE

The gym woman, the redhead, the married woman, thirteen by the cave. Handmaidens. The twenty-five hybrids are the army she breeds.

tone and theme

Dark fantasy erotica. Wet cave dark, lab fluorescence, then a mansion and a yard of eggs. Theme: power as a monstrous privilege. Science as greed. The old self overwritten. Sex as weapon, hierarchy, and propagation. The hatch is the button, the way Lilith's rise is the button.

narrative summary

Act I: The bite and the change

Dripping dark. A headlamp cuts the cave. Victoria does not flinch at the skitter. She watches it. Dusk above. She stays below. In a crevice Rebecca's true form waits, massive, multi-faceted eyes failing. Extinction is a terror she can touch. She sees the fascination and the lack of fear. I hate to do this. I'm taking the choice from her hands. Not malice. Desperation. Fangs in the calf. Not a drop. A flood. A lifetime

pressed into days.

She staggers home. Damn, that thing bit me hard. A brief normal. The ER. Blood. The panel lands on Leslie Amber Washington's screen. Anomalies no standard flag would love. This bitch is transforming. I could make millions off this dumb bitch. She doesn't even know. The report that goes back is a lie. Everything's fine.

Kitchen. Robert wants the submissive partner he controlled. Victoria stands with a new stillness. I'm more dominant now. Ride my coattails or get the fuck out of my way. By ten his belongings are gone. Liberated, she hits an all-female gym. A woman who has watched her. No speech. A back room. A strap-on. Savage. Shut up and please your queen. Fuck me harder. Please, Mistress. After, kisses on the hands and the feet. Dump your boyfriend. You're my dyke now. I won't share you, but you must share me. High heels. The woman kneels.

Eleven-thirty. Silent apartment. Skin peeling in silken sheets. The phone. Leslie. A coffee shop. Something interesting in the bloodwork.

Act II: Ascension and betrayal

The cafe is a trap in a friendly coat. Powerful aura. No boyfriend. Did he mind me dragging you away. I'm a lesbian. I eat and fuck pussy. Leslie takes the hand, performative. I'm a very good friend to have. Victoria sees the other hunter and plays. Well, Lez-lie. I'm going to make you one of my women. But I'm straight. You won't be when I'm done with you.

The apartment has a BDSM room. Nude. Regal. A throne chair. Leslie's face guided between her legs. Then the reverse. Spreader bars. Vulnerable. A fourteen-inch strap-on. Punishing. On the bed, from behind: I'm the predator. And I have you now. Leslie endures. The body is a tool. The mind is already on the deception.

The pull takes Victoria back to the cave. Rebecca in a fragile elderly human form. An apology. A hope that it reads as a gift. Victoria is ecstatic. Robert gone. Senses. Strength. Dominant sex. It has been a gift. The old life was okay. This is an upgrade.

I will mate. Our line will not die. Rebecca's warning: no matter how much you like a man or a woman, never let anyone dominate you. Against our nature. An embrace. How long. Three weeks. Maybe less. Victoria promises to return.

The reign expands. A tall redhead. Then a married woman in the couple's own house. The husband cuffed to a chair. His wife on all fours in front of him. She needs someone who can fuck. You need to know what a real dominant looks like. The wife leaves willing, already addicted.

Bizarre reports. Missing agents from the first cave look. The government moves. SWAT. Heavy tranqs. In the struggle she bites a hand. The agent dies in seconds, convulsing. Genuine tears. Shock. Sorrow. A high-tech containment facility. A transparent cage. The door hisses. Leslie, faux-submissive gone, triumphant contempt. I played you like a harp from hell, you dumb dyke bitch. Data from the start. Awards. I saw an opening and I took it. Now I can get back to men. Disgusted to kiss you. To eat you. A retch. Fucking dykes. Women like you are a disease. Inches from the glass. Who's the dominant now, bitch. She walks. Victoria does not

peak. The rage is volcanic and silent.

Act III: Revenge and kingdom

Hazel cleans the observation glass. Blonde. Twenties. Leslie has just called her a nobody. You work for me. Got it. Victoria calls her over. Help me. Help you. Unlock the cage. I'll lose my job. You will. I'm rich. We can both stick it to her. If I do, will you kill her. I can't make promises. I'm a predator. How do I know you won't kill me. A hand through the feeding slot. Gentle. If I wanted, I could pull you in, bite, and you would die. I am not. She lets go. Hazel exhales. Okay. Tonight.

The cage dies. Victoria comes out contained fury. A safe house. An APB on both. Leslie tracks Hazel alone, corners her, pulls a gun. Before the shot, Victoria is out of the shadow and Leslie is unconscious. Bring her to the cave.

Rebecca has passed. The body is a magnificent desiccated spider. A brief mourn. Leslie bound to a rough X. The tribe, thirteen devoted women, gathers. Victoria on a stone throne. They strip Leslie. One slave takes her with a sixteen-inch strap-on.

Another forces the head between Victoria's thighs. You will be a lezbo, regardless. A sex slave for life. You live only because of Hazel. A harness. A face-mounted strap-on. Victoria grabs the head and makes Leslie fuck her while she inhales. When we're done, you'll be obsessed by the smell of a vagina.

Twenty-five men, turned by specialized non-lethal bites into hulking spider-human hybrids, circle Leslie. An army in the making. Under Victoria's order they take her for hours. A reclamation. After, the handmaidens ask if she is still a lesbian. Yes. But we need an army. You thirteen are not enough. I am going to breed with them. Make more spiders. She kisses her cousin Jon. We're gonna breed. Ain't that right. Spider fangs. Sure is.

The last assault. Over a hundred and fifty agents into the cave. Not one monster. A swarm. Hybrid offspring and the loyal tribe. Chitin and flesh. The files close. Unexplained loss. A détente. The government, pragmatically terrified, agrees to work for her, and she for them. Wealth. A hundred-and-fifty-room mansion.

Moonlit backyard. Victoria in a red satin robe, open on the powerful form. In the grass, thousands of large leathery eggs tremble and crack. Spiderlings skitter toward her. She smiles, mother and empress in the same face. Come, my lovelies. Come to Mama. Fade to black.

Fade to black.

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