

THE QUEEN

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A science-fiction horror treatment

by Kenneth Draconian

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She looks like a woman. She is not. The operation is called Checkmate.

Title

THE QUEEN

Working title. Science-fiction horror. Written by Kenneth Draconian. Every human on screen is an adult.

Logline

A being from another world wears the body of a goddess and the habits of a porn star, and her only aim is to get pregnant. Men who comply are kept. Men who refuse are killed. In ninety days she hatches ninety to one hundred and twenty eggs. In a year she can bring almost five hundred offspring into a city. A harbor detective has one goal, stop the operation she calls Checkmate, before her kind turn humans into slaves.

Tone and Theme

Cold science fiction laid over body horror. Glass suites, black coastal water, white medical light, and a woman who is too perfect to be photographed twice the same way. The sex is bait. The pregnancy is a factory. The mood is invitation, then inventory. Theme: compliance is the safer door and still a collar. Beauty is a tool. Checkmate is not a seduction that got out of hand. It is a landing plan. Humans are the livestock the second wave intends to keep.

Character Breakdown

THE QUEEN, appears 28, calls herself SERA VALE on paper and never blinks wrong in public. Not female. Not human. A goddess face, a porn-star body, a voice pitched to whatever the man in front of her already wants. Goal: get pregnant, again and again, until Checkmate has a population. Flaw, if it can be called one: she does not bother to pretend with a man who has already said no. She kills him and moves to the next.

CALLUM REED, 39, harbor detective. Goal: one goal only, shut Checkmate down and put the Queen in a box that is not a bed. Flaw: he still reads a beautiful woman as a victim for the first forty-eight hours, and that delay costs a precinct.

DARIUS FENN, 34, a club owner who complies. Goal: stay useful, stay alive, keep the suite stocked with adult men who will not ask what the tanks are. Flaw: he thinks a pet is not a slave.

MARA SOLEN, 36, a fertility clinician the Queen buys. Goal: understand the eggs before they open. Flaw: she accepts a private grant and a locked floor, and by the time she films the first hatch she is already on the Queen's list of tools.

EDDIE PALM, 31, Callum's partner. Goal: treat the deaths as ordinary murders. Flaw: he refuses the alien explanation until a man who said no is folded into a wall.

THE COMPLIANT, adult men in the suites, unnamed at the edges, kept fed and used. They are not hurt while they perform. They are not free.

THE SECOND WAVE, unseen for most of the film, a signal in the Queen's blood and in the tanks. Their goal is the same as hers. Earth, with humans under them.

The Narrative Summary

Act One — The Invitation

A white yacht sits off the harbor with its lights too steady for a party. Men come back from it quiet, paid, and smiling. Men who laugh at the hostess and leave early do not come back at all. Callum Reed pulls a body out of a pilings crawlspace. The man is adult, clothes on, no wallet, spine crushed as if a hand the size of a torso closed once. On his phone, one outgoing message: a suite number and the word checkmate.

Sera Vale walks into the precinct to report a theft that did not happen. The room tilts toward her. She has the face of a statue and a body the cameras linger on without being asked. She gives Callum a number. She gives Darius Fenn, waiting in the hall, a key. Eddie Palm writes her up as a witness. Mara Solen, across town, signs a grant to study an anonymous donor's unusual cycle. The donor is already in the building.

Checkmate, in the Queen's mouth, is an operation, not a game. She takes a floor of a waterfront hotel and turns it into a route. Adult men are invited by Darius, by a bartender, by a text that shows her picture and a room number. The ones who comply are not hurt. She beds them, keeps them overnight, and sends them home sore and loyal, already defending her to their friends. The ones who refuse, who shove her, who film her, who say no, she kills in the room and has Darius move what is left. A second body comes up in a trawl net, adult, dressed, back broken the same way. Callum watches a lobby camera catch her crossing a marble floor. Between one frame and the next her shadow has too many joints. He replays it. Eddie tells him to sleep. On the grant floor, Mara measures a cycle that resets in days, not months, and writes a note she does not send: this patient is not pregnant. She is loading.

The Queen walks the clinic after hours and lets Mara see the seam under the ribs, a line like a closed mouth. She does not explain the home world. She explains the job. Men are the gate. Eggs are the army. A year is the window before the rest of her kind need a city that already knows how to kneel. She puts Mara's hand on the seam. Mara does not pull away. That is the moment the clinician becomes staff.

Act Two — Ninety Days

Mara's locked floor fills with tanks. The Queen does not show a pregnancy the human way. On the night of the first laying she locks the suite, sends the compliant men to the walls, and opens along a seam no woman has. Ninety to one hundred and twenty eggs leave her in a single black tide, each the size of a fist, each already veined. Mara films. The Queen watches Mara film and does not stop her. Ninety days are marked on the glass in grease pencil.

Callum raids the hotel and finds Darius alive, naked, unbruised, and unwilling to leave. The compliant men in the adjoining rooms are the same. Fed. Used. Quiet. A man in the stairwell who tried to walk out is not quiet. He is dead, pinned to the cinderblock, the word no cut into his chest by something that did not use a knife. The Queen is not on the floor. She is on Mara's table, already closing, already hungry

again. She tells Callum, without raising her voice, that obedience is safety. She puts a hand on his throat and does not squeeze. She is offering the other door.

He refuses. She does not kill him there. She kills Eddie Palm instead, in the parking garage, a demonstration Callum is meant to watch on a security loop. The body is dropped at the precinct steps. Checkmate continues. The Queen takes more men. Some comply and are installed in the hotel like furniture. Some do not and are found in the water with their backs broken. Mara counts days. The eggs cloud, then clear. Inside, small forms turn toward the light.

At day ninety the tanks bloom. One hundred and six offspring break the shells in a single hour, not human infants and not tiny adults, wet animal-children with their mother's face trying itself on. They do not cry. They look at the compliant men first, then at Mara. Mara reaches for an alarm. The Queen breaks Mara's wrist and sets her back to work. The hatchlings need heat, meat, and a view of the men who complied, so they will know livestock from maker. Callum gets one tank out of the building and onto a police van. The thing inside smiles with Sera Vale's mouth. The van never makes the lab. By morning the tank is empty and the drivers are in the bay, folded.

The middle of the year is a calendar of layings. The Queen takes a new suite each time the last clutch can feed itself. Darius runs the door like a club: adult men only, phones in a bowl, a question asked once. Will you comply? A yes gets a bed, a meal, and the Queen. A no gets the stairwell. Callum interviews a compliant man in a holding cell and watches him ask, calmly, to be returned. The man shows no bruises. He shows a schedule written on his arm in the Queen's hand, nights he is due back. Eddie's empty desk stays in the bullpen. The city buries him as a robbery. Callum pins the lobby still to the wall, the frame where her shadow breaks into joints, and writes one line under it. One goal. Stop the laying.

Act Three — The Year

The Queen does not stop at one laying. Suites multiply. A warehouse on the cove becomes a second floor, then a third. Compliant men are trucked in, kept, and returned to her on a schedule. Refusers die on camera now, a short clip Darius sends to the next guest. The city calls it a cult. Callum calls it an invasion and is suspended for the van. He keeps the one goal. He burns a suite. She lays again in the ashes, another ninety to one hundred and twenty, another ninety days. The first hatchlings are already the size of teenagers and do not attend school. They attend the hotel.

A year from the landing, the count on Mara's board reaches four hundred and eighty-seven living offspring. Almost five hundred. They move like one body when the Queen enters a room. The oldest already stand guard on the compliant men, copying her rule without being told: obey and eat, refuse and break. She stands on the yacht at night, no longer bothering with the slip of a human walk, goddess outline against the harbor, porn-star shape kept because it still opens doors. News calls the hotel a trafficking rumor and cannot get a warrant past the men who keep returning to it on their own. Callum gets aboard with a charge meant for the tanks. Darius meets him on the deck, collar at the throat, unhurt, and takes the charge apart with his hands. He does it gently. He has learned the house style.

The Queen does not waste a kill on a man she can still use. She offers Checkmate one last time. Comply, and he is kept. Refuse, and he dies in front of the year-class. Callum refuses. She kills him on the deck,

one closing of the hand, and drops him into the black water the way the first body came in. The hatchlings line the rail and watch the splash the way students watch a demonstration.

Below, in the warehouse, the compliant men kneel because the offspring have started giving orders. Mara, wrist splinted, updates the board. A signal leaves the Queen's blood and goes up, out of the weather, toward the second wave. Humans are not the tenants anymore. They are the stock. The yacht lights stay too steady. Fade to black. End credits.

End Note

The Queen is an alien who only looks female. Her body is the lure. Pregnancy is the weapon. Compliance is spared. Refusal is killed. Ninety days, ninety to one hundred and twenty eggs. One year, almost five hundred offspring. The operation is called Checkmate. Callum Reed has one goal and does not complete it. The last image is the second wave's door already open, and humans alive only because they are useful as slaves.

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