

Anti-vax

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ANTI-VAX

SCENE 1

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The soft glow of a table lamp illuminates a cozy living room. SARAH, visibly pregnant, clutches a glass of water, her face pale. She stares at her swollen belly, a mixture of fear and wonder in her eyes.

A shimmering, translucent figure of a young girl, LILY, about eight years old, sits cross-legged on the coffee table. She looks at Sarah with an old soul's wisdom.

LILY
He's coming tonight, Mom.

Sarah shivers, not from cold.

SARAH
The doctor? I told him everything,
Lily. About you. About... them. He
thinks I'm delusional.

LILY
He doesn't matter. They do. They're
trying to silence you.

FLASHBACK - TWO MONTHS AGO

INT. CLINIC - DAY

DR. CHEN, masked and gloved, smiles reassuringly at Sarah.

DR. CHEN
This new Cronen-20 vaccine, Sarah,
it's a breakthrough. Zero reported
side effects. Perfectly safe for
expectant mothers.

Sarah, a slight hesitancy in her eyes, nods and extends her arm.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (ONE MONTH LATER)

Sarah wakes up with a jolt, her hand instinctively going to her belly. A strange, almost electrical sensation. She dismisses it as Braxton Hicks.

A few nights later, she sees a faint, shimmering outline in her periphery. She blinks, and it's gone. Then it happens again, clearer this time - a child's silhouette.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (ONE WEEK LATER)

Sarah sits on her couch, tears streaming down her face. Floating in front of her is the unmistakable image of Lily, looking concerned.

LILY

Don't cry, Mommy. I'm here.

Sarah touches the shimmering image, her hand passing through it.

SARAH

Who... what are you?

LILY

I'm your baby, Mommy. The vaccine... it changed things. But it's okay. I can protect you.

END FLASHBACK

SCENE 2

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sarah paces, her anxiety palpable. Lily watches her, a small frown on her translucent face.

SARAH

He said he'd send someone over to "assess my mental state." I just told him the truth! About the vivid dreams, about you... appearing.

Suddenly, a loud CRASH from the front door. Wood splinters. Three heavily armed MASKED THUGS burst in, their movements swift and practiced.

THUG

Where is she?!

Sarah backs away, tripping over a rug. She scrambles backward, terrified.

SARAH

Get out!

Lily's eyes, previously gentle, harden. A faint red glow emanates from her.

LILY

(Voice echoing, slightly distorted)
You shouldn't have come here.

Thug 1 raises his pistol, aiming at Sarah.

THUG 1

Stay right there, bitch!

Suddenly, Thug 1's eyes go wide. His body stiffens, then he turns, his movements jerky, robotic. He levels his own gun at Thug 2 and Thug 3.

THUG 2

What the hell, Marcus?!

Thug 1, under Lily's mind control, fires. THUG 2 takes a bullet to the chest and collapses, gurgling. Thug 3 screams, diving for cover.

Sarah stares, horrified, as Lily's psychic control over Thug 1 intensifies. Thug 1 fires again, narrowly missing Thug 3.

Thug 3, regaining his composure, fires wildly. Thug 1 slumps to the ground, dead, shot by his own former accomplice.

Lily's attention shifts to Thug 3. Silverware from a nearby kitchen drawer flies out, glinting under the dim light. A steak knife, guided by telekinesis, pierces Thug 3's shoulder. He yells in pain.

Another knife, then another, zip through the air like deadly darts. Thug 3 tries to evade, but a bread knife embeds itself in his leg. He falls, writhing. A final, perfectly aimed carving knife finds its mark in his throat. He chokes, blood bubbling, and goes still.

Only one Thug remains, THUG 4, who had been guarding the door. He stares in abject horror at his fallen comrades. He tries to bolt.

Lily's eyes narrow. A visceral, guttural sound, like something ripping, fills the air. Thug 4 screams, a horrifying, drawn-out shriek. His body convulses violently. Sarah watches, aghast, as dark, viscous liquid - blood - begins to ooze from every pore in Thug 4's skin. It solidifies almost instantly, like crude oil, then pulls away from his body, forming grotesque, jagged shapes in the air.

His body shrivels, a hollow husk. The solidified blood, still connected by unseen psychic tendrils, snaps and falls to the floor, clattering like broken glass.

Silence. The only sound is Sarah's ragged breathing.

Lily floats closer to Sarah, her expression serene once more.

LILY

It's okay, Mommy. You're safe now.

Sarah, trembling, stumbles towards the nearest fallen thug. Her hand fumbles through his pockets. She pulls out a wallet. Inside, alongside some cash, is an ID BADGE and a SECURITY IDENTIFICATION card.

The logo on both is unmistakable: a stylized 'C' and 'P' intertwined. The name below it: NU-GENIX PHARMACEUTICALS.

Sarah's eyes widen in dawning horror and understanding. She looks at her belly, then back at the ID.

SARAH

NU-GENIX Pharmaceuticals... The vaccine...

Lily, her shimmering form now subtly glowing brighter, nods slowly.

LILY

They don't want anyone to know, Mommy. About what their "safe" vaccine does.

Sarah clutches the badge, her knuckles white. A fierce resolve hardens her gaze. She has a daughter to protect, and a truth to uncover.

SARAH

Then we'll make them know.

FADE OUT.