

"W O M B"

written by

Adam J. Nadworniak

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

FADE IN:

---

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Modest. Shadows creep across the walls.

SARAH HOLT (early 30s), visibly pregnant, sits on the couch. She clutches a glass of water, restless. Her eyes are wide, haunted.

On the coffee table, a SHIMMERING FIGURE flickers into view: a LITTLE GIRL, eight years old, cross-legged, watching her mother intently.

This is LILY. Ethereal, innocent, unnerving.

LILY

He's coming tonight, Mom.

Sarah flinches.

SARAH

The doctor? I already told him..  
About the visions. About you.  
He thinks I'm crazy.

LILY

He doesn't matter. *They* do.  
They'll try to silence you.

---

FLASHBACK - INT. CLINIC - DAY (TWO MONTHS AGO)

Bright. Sterile.

DR. CHEN (40s) prepares a syringe. He smiles reassuringly at Sarah, who looks uncertain.

DR. CHEN

This new Cronen-20 vaccine - it's  
safe.  
No side effects. Perfectly fine for  
pregnancy.

Sarah exhales, hesitant. Rolls up her sleeve. The needle pierces skin.

---

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (ONE MONTH AGO)

Sarah bolts upright in bed, clutching her belly. A strange electrical pulse courses through her womb. Her breath shakes.

She whispers to herself.

SARAH

It's just a dream. Just a dream...

The hum fades. Silence.

---

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sarah paces, agitated. Lily hovers nearby.

SARAH

He said he'd send someone... to  
"assess my mental state."  
All I did was tell him the truth.

Suddenly - CRASH! The door bursts open.

MASKED THUGS in tactical gear storm in. Guns raised.

THUG 1

Where is she?!

Sarah stumbles back.

SARAH

Get out!

Lily's eyes glow faint red. Her child's voice deepens, echoing.

LILY

You shouldn't have come.

Thug 1 raises his gun at Sarah.

THUG 1

Stay still, bitch!

He freezes. His hand trembles. Then - SNAPS to aim at his partner.

THUG 2

What the-?

BANG! Thug 2 drops. Blood sprays.

Thug 3 dives for cover, panicked.

KITCHEN DRAWERS fly open. Knives hover in mid-air.

WHOOSH! A steak knife slams into Thug 3's shoulder. He SCREAMS. Another into his leg.

Finally – a carving knife slices his throat. He chokes, falls still.

Only Thug 4 remains. He trembles. Suddenly convulses violently – blood oozing from his pores.

The blood BLACKENS, crystallizing into jagged shards. With a sickening CRACK, the shards rip away from his body, clattering to the floor like broken glass. His body collapses in a heap.

Silence. Only Sarah's ragged breathing.

Lily drifts closer, calm again.

LILY

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

Sarah kneels beside a corpse. She pulls an ID BADGE from the pocket. Her eyes widen:

NuForm Therapeutics.

SARAH

NuForm... the vaccine.

Lily nods solemnly.

LILY

They don't want anyone to know.

Sarah's jaw tightens.

SARAH

Then we'll make them know.

---

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sunlight cuts across the wreckage. Broken door. Blood stains.

Sarah sits on the couch, the NuForm badge in hand. Lily floats nearby, brighter than before.

SARAH  
"Zero side effects." They lied.

LILY  
They always lie.

Sarah rises, determined. She opens a hidden compartment — pulls out a BURNER PHONE and ENCRYPTED HARD DRIVE.

SARAH  
I was digging already. Just in case.

She stares at Lily, voice low.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
This is going to be dangerous.

LILY  
I'll protect you.

Sarah's eyes harden.

SARAH  
Then let's find the truth.

On TV — a cheerful ANCHOR: "Cronen-20 vaccine — a global success!"

Sarah glares at the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Not for long.

---

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A single bulb swings. Sarah types furiously at a laptop. Lily hovers close.

SARAH  
Hidden trials... financial shells...  
Got it. Pregnant subjects. My date.  
My lot number.

Lily's glow flares.

LILY  
They experimented on us.

SIRENS blare outside. Red lights flash through the windows.

SARAH  
Damn. They found us.

Two MASKED THUGS rush in.

THUG 5  
Target acquired!

Lily SCREAMS – the walls HUM with psychic energy.

Thug 5 is yanked into the air, spine snapping. His rifle clatters away.

Thug 6 lunges at Sarah. She grabs a wrench and SWINGS – CRACK! His skull caves in. He drops instantly.

Sarah stares at the bloody wrench, trembling.

SARAH  
We don't have much time.

She snatches the hard drive, shoving it in her jacket.

LILY  
Where?

SARAH  
Somewhere public. Somewhere they  
can't hide.

On her laptop: a highlighted name – Dr. Elara Reid.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We start with her.

---

EXT. METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL – DAY

Busy. Patients, doctors, nurses bustling.

Sarah approaches, disguised in a hoodie and sunglasses. Lily flickers faintly at her side, nearly invisible.

SARAH (muttering)  
Dr. Elara Reid. Head of R&D. She knows.

LILY  
She knows.

Sarah steels herself.

SARAH  
Then she'll talk. One way or  
another.

She disappears inside.

---

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is bustling. Patients, nurses, families.

Sarah slips through, head low beneath her hoodie. Lily flickers faintly beside her, nearly invisible in daylight.

SARAH  
Keep close. They'll be watching.

She pulls out her burner phone, typing quickly.

SARAH (cont'd)  
A little noise... give us cover.

She sends an anonymous tip to the press: "Cronen-20 not safe. Check NuForm."

---

INT. DR. ELARA REID'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. ELARA REID (50s), sharp and meticulous, scrolls through files. A knock.

REID  
Come in.

An EMPLOYEE enters, nervous, holding a tablet.

EMPLOYEE  
Dr. Reid... news outlets are buzzing.  
Some conspiracy about Cronen-20.

Reid frowns, typing furiously. Her monitor flashes red:

"UNAUTHORIZED DATA ACCESS DETECTED - NUFORM SERVERS."

Her face tightens.

REID (to herself)  
How the hell...?

---

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah creeps closer to Reid's office. Lily hovers faintly at her side.

SARAH  
Distraction worked. Let's see if  
she talks.

The office door swings open. Dr. Reid steps out — freezes when she sees Sarah.

REID  
My God... you survived.

Sarah glares.

SARAH  
You poisoned me. You created her.

Lily flickers into view — her glow sharpens. Reid gasps, backing away.

REID  
What... what is that?

LILY  
The truth.

---

INT. DR. REID'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reid stumbles back. Lily raises a hand. A red shimmer envelops Reid. She SCREAMS, clutching her head.

FLASHES — in Reid's mind:

- sterile labs
- women strapped to beds, pregnant, hooked to machines
- NuForm executives whispering
- data falsified

Reid's eyes widen. Sarah looms closer.

SARAH  
Tell me about the others. The  
trials.

REID (straining)  
Failures... mutations. We tried to contain it.

LILY (fierce)  
And when you couldn't?



REID (breaking)  
We... terminated them. Neutralized.  
For the greater good.

Sarah reels, horrified.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You murdered them.

Reid shakes, tears streaming.

REID  
They were unstable. Dangerous. We  
couldn't-

BANG! The office door BURSTS open. SECURITY GUARDS storm in.

GUARD  
Step away from her!

Lily's glow flares. The guards FREEZE mid-step, suspended  
like mannequins.

LILY (voice echoing)  
No one touches my Mommy.

---

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sarah drags Reid out of the office. Her face is pale, sweat  
beading. Another contraction seizes her. She gasps.

SARAH  
Where's the real lab?

REID (trembling)  
Upstate. Underground. Project Quickening.  
Heavily secured..

The hallway darkens. A new squad of ELITE NUFORM OPERATIVES  
emerges - black armor, heavy rifles, visors glowing red.

Sarah panics.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Lily..

Lily floats forward. Her glow turns blinding red. Her voice  
deeper, inhuman.

LILY  
You'll never have her.

The operatives FIRE. Bullets freeze mid-air.

Lily SCREAMS – the hallway ERUPTS.

- Rifles twist and implode.
- One operative is slammed against the wall until bones crack.
- Another is lifted and bent backwards, spine snapping.
- A third is hurled through the window in a spray of glass.

Sarah shields her face, horrified at the carnage.

REID (in shock)  
It's not a child... it's a weapon.

Sarah stares at Lily – torn between awe and fear.

---

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - MINUTES LATER

Sarah hauls Reid upward, trembling, contractions hitting harder. Lily floats close, flickering faintly – the rampage drained her.

SARAH  
Files. Proof. Where?

REID (panting)  
NuForm servers. Backups. All of it.  
If you can make it out alive.

Above them – WHIRR of helicopter blades. Searchlights sweep past the stairwell windows.

Sarah steels herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Then we end this. On the roof.

---

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - DAY

INT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL - SUB-LEVEL HALLWAY - DAY

Fluorescent lights BUZZ overhead. SARAH staggers into the corridor, dragging DR. ELARA REID. Sweat beads on Sarah's brow; another contraction twists through her.

At the far end, a wall of NUFORM GUARDS in black tactical armor raise their rifles. Visors glow. Safety off. A kill box.

Sarah freezes, breath hitching. She clutches her belly, fighting for air.

LILY drifts forward, shimmering red, calm and small and impossibly still. Her little-girl voice carries, echoing along tile and steel.

LILY  
You want my Mommy? ... Go through  
me.

The guards OPEN FIRE. A storm of bullets shrieks down the corridor—then STOP. The rounds hang inches from Lily, quivering like gnats trapped in amber. They DROP, clattering across polished tile.

The guards falter, confused. Lily tilts her head, almost curious.

A pressure moves through the hall—silent, crushing. A guard's helmet BUCKLES; bone collapses. He folds like paper and hits the deck.

Another SCREAMS as his veins bulge black. Blood jets from his pores—hardens mid-air into jagged, obsidian shards. They hesitate, then KNIFE back through him, sawing him to ribbons. Shards rain to the floor like broken bottles.

Lily's glow intensifies.

A third guard is YANKED into the air, arms flailing. His spine arcs until—RIP—his lungs tear through his back, ballooning into veined, wet RED WINGS. He hangs cruciform for one sickening breath, then crumples as the wings deflate.

Two more jerk upright, marionettes on invisible strings. Their rifles swivel in their own hands. They fire—wild, automatic—until both are chewed to pieces and collapse in twitching heaps.

Another guard drops his weapon and scrambles. His face distorts; eyes bulge. With a wet POP his BRAIN is wrenched out through the front of his skull, levitating, trembling—then SPLATS to the tile. His body slumps empty.

The last surviving guard staggers backward, armor rattling. His skin wrinkles as if time itself grips him. Hair goes grey, then falls in clumps. His scream dries into a rattle. Muscles wither. Armor sags. Teeth and nails patter to the floor. In seconds, he collapses into BONES—then ASH.

His helmet rolls, clacking across the blood-slick floor and spinning to a stop.

Silence.

The hallway is a cathedral of horror. Blood turned to glass. A corpse with wings. A brain in a dark puddle. A heap of dust where a man stood.

Sarah trembles, clutching Reid, eyes wide with awe and terror.

Lily turns back to her, glow dimming, voice soft. Childlike again.

LILY (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Mommy?

Another contraction rips through Sarah. She gasps, nods, forces herself forward—dragging Reid past the carnage.

They move.

---

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Concrete steps. Echoes. Sarah hauls Reid upward, panting, every step a fight. Lily floats, flickering, power taxed by the slaughter.

From above: the WHIRR of helicopter blades. Searchlights sweep past the stairwell glass.

SARAH

(to Reid, breathless)

Proof. Where?

DR. REID

(shaken)

The backups are on NuForm's servers...

They hid everything. If you can get that drive to the press—

SARAH

Then we finish it.

She shoulders the door hard—

---

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - DAY

Wind HOWLS. Heat ripples off tar. SARAH bursts onto the roof, dragging DR. REID.

Overhead: a sleek BLACK HELICOPTER emblazoned with the NuForm logo hovers, rotors THUNDERING. Ropes drop. OPERATIVES in black armor rappel fast.

OPERATIVE (MEGAPHONE)  
Surrender the anomaly!

Sarah clutches the ENCRYPTED HARD DRIVE to her chest. Lily drifts in front of her, glowing brighter—a shield made flesh.

SARAH  
(to Reid)  
This is what they're afraid of.  
Their proof. Their nightmare.

DR. REID  
(terrified)  
If she loses control—she'll bring  
the whole building down.

The first wave of operatives hits the roof. Rifles up. They OPEN FIRE.

Bullets FREEZE around Lily. Drop, tinkling.

Lily SCREAMS—high, piercing, psychic. The air ripples, a heat-haze made of force.

The helicopter JOLTS. Rotors stutter against an invisible grip.

One operative is ripped upward, SLAMMED into the skid with bone-breaking force. Another's chestplate CRUMPLES inward, ribs popping. A third is FLUNG off the roof into the white glare of day, scream snatched by wind.

Shrapnel and glass whip across the gravel. Sarah shields her face, teeth gritted.

SARAH  
Lily—stop! You'll kill us too!

Lily rises, eyes bright as coals. Calm. Serene. Terrifying.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT wrestles the cyclic. The console spits sparks.

PILOT (OVER COMMS)  
Systems failing—she's—she's in  
everything!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The chopper LURCHES sideways, belching smoke. Lines snap; rappelling operatives WHIP into vents and parapets—bodies break.

With one final, guttural psychic cry, Lily clenches her tiny fists.

The ROTORS SEIZE. Engines SCREAM. The helicopter lists—drops out of frame behind the building—

BOOM.

A towering FIREBALL boils into the sky. Shockwave rolls across the roof. Shrapnel rains down.

Then—silence. Only the crackle of fire.

Lily flickers. Her form destabilizes, edges breaking into sparks. She sags in the air, then collapses into Sarah's arms like a fainting child.

SARAH  
(panicked)  
Lily! Stay with me—stay with me!

LILY  
(whisper, fragile)  
Too much... Mommy...

Her glow pulses, faint and failing.

A sharp PAIN lances Sarah's belly. Her WATER BREAKS in a warm rush across the tar.

SARAH  
(gasping)  
No... not now. Not now!

She hauls Lily close, grabs Reid, staggers for the stairwell door—

---

INT. HOSPITAL - UNUSED STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A dim, cluttered space: old gurneys, cracked monitors, boxes stacked to the ceiling.

Sarah stumbles in and half-collapses, guiding LILY onto a stained gurney. Lily is barely there—her body all flicker and static.

SARAH  
(pleading)  
Don't leave me, Lily. Please don't  
leave me now—

Lily's small hand trembles. With a last, desperate surge, she reaches toward Sarah's swollen belly.

A FAINT GOLDEN LIGHT spills from Lily's fingers, flowing into Sarah, bathing her in warmth. The room seems to breathe.

LILY  
(weak, halting)  
I... I protected you, Mommy...  
The baby... needs...

Her voice breaks. Her glow gutters. She dissolves into shimmering motes that drift and vanish in the stale air.

SARAH  
(sobbing)  
Lily! ... No!

Another contraction WRENCHES through her. She screams, clutching the gurney rail.

Footsteps pound in the hall—then fade. The building groans. Somewhere distant, sirens.

Sarah steels herself. Alone.

---

INT. HOSPITAL - MAKESHIFT DELIVERY ROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

A deserted ward. Emergency lights paint everything a tired orange.

Sarah lies on a bloodied sheet, face slick with sweat. A NURSE (30s, kind) and a DOCTOR (40s, shaken but steady) have been pulled from hiding by her cries.

NURSE  
You're doing so well, Sarah.  
Breathe—  
in, two, three—out.

SARAH  
(crying)  
She's gone... she's gone...

DOCTOR  
Focus. You and your baby—right  
here,  
right now. Push when I say. Ready—

A contraction. It RIPS through Sarah. She SCREAMS, feral,  
bearing down with everything left in her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Again—push!

Sarah PUSHES. Her knuckles go white on the rail. The world  
narrows to breath and pain and the roar of blood.

Then—A BABY'S CRY slices the air.

The Nurse lifts a tiny WRITHING INFANT, swaddled in a  
bloodstained blanket. The cry floods the room—pure,  
aggressive life.

NURSE  
(in awe)  
It's a girl. She's perfect.

They place the baby into Sarah's arms. Sarah looks down,  
trembling, laughter and sobs tangled in her throat.

The baby blinks—and opens her eyes. Startling, unnatural  
GREEN. Lily's eyes.

Sarah breaks, pressing her lips to the damp crown, tears  
mixing with sweat.

SARAH  
(whispering)  
You're here. You made it... my baby.

The Doctor checks vitals, stunned.

DOCTOR  
Heart strong. Lungs clear. After  
everything... she's a miracle.



In the corner of Sarah's vision—a faint SHIMMER near the monitor. For a heartbeat, Lily's outline stands small and watchful.

Then gone.

Sarah holds her daughter tighter. Love and dread burn together in her eyes.

She looks up at the flickering ceiling light—the hum that once meant terror now a lullaby.

She breathes.

---

EXT. NUFORM THERAPEUTICS HEADQUARTERS - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)

A glass monolith in the heart of the city. The NuForm logo gleams.

A crowd swells across the plaza: PROTESTERS with hand-painted signs—

"NUFORM LIES" "WHERE ARE THE MOTHERS?" "PROJECT QUICKENING = MURDER"

News vans. Boom mics. Cameras everywhere.

On a dais, DR. ELARA REID stands before a forest of microphones. She looks ten years older. But her voice is steady.

DR. REID

I am here to confirm the truth.  
NuForm  
Therapeutics conducted unethical  
trials on  
pregnant women under a program  
called  
Project Quickening. When the  
results were  
not... controllable, the subjects  
were  
silenced. I helped hide it. I can't  
any  
longer.

She holds up a small encrypted drive.

DR. REID (CONT'D)

This contains internal logs,  
clinical

(MORE)

DR. REID (CONT'D)  
video, financial trails.  
Everything.

Reporters shout questions. Sirens wail somewhere close. The crowd surges—rage and relief in equal measure.

---

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Quiet. Sunlight moves across repaired walls. A new door. The place still bears scars.

SARAH sits on the couch, cradling her newborn daughter. The TV on the wall carries Dr. Reid's press conference. The sound is low.

The baby's eyes—green—study her mother's face, curious and ancient.

A faint shimmer dances in the air above the crib. Almost nothing. Almost everything.

SARAH  
(softly, to the baby)  
She didn't die. She came back.  
She'll always be with us.

The baby coos. Somewhere, a glass on the table trembles—just a hair—then settles.

Sarah notices. She doesn't flinch. She kisses her daughter's forehead, eyes shining with something fierce.

Outside, sirens and chants. Inside, breath. The hum of the world.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: W O M B