

SENTIENT

Written by

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'I wouldn't do that'

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INT. SYDNEY. NAVAL HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY

A NURSE and a Naval officer, 'DABZ', hurriedly wheel Royal Australian Navy Diver, COMMODORE MICHAEL DOWD through a corridor on a stretcher bed.

Dowd contorts with pain.

The lights and ceiling pass-by.

A DOCTOR, joins them.

DOCTOR  
What happened?

Dowd pulls-off his oxygen mask.

DOWD  
(To Dabz)  
I know it was you Dabz!

Dabz secures the oxygen mask back on Dowd's face.

DABZ  
(To Doctor)  
Tank failure.

DOCTOR  
(To Dowd)  
We're taking you to the barometric chamber, Commodore.

They wheel him into a room. The door shuts behind them.

FADE OUT

SUPER: 36 HOURS LATER

INT. BAROMETRIC CHAMBER - MORNING

Dowd is woken by a system warning.

WARNING MESSAGE  
Exit the chamber. Emergency power  
is depleted. Exit the chamber.

Dowd rights himself, clutches his gut and exits.

INT. BAROMETRIC CHAMBER ROOM - MORNING

Dowd staggers into the darkened room then makes his way to the exit door.

The handle refuses to open. He wrenches it. The door flings back and a dead body falls onto on Dowd collapsing them both to the floor.

Dowd flails about wildly pushing the body away then checks for a neck pulse. Dried blood streams from the eyes, nose and mouth of the dead Nurse.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Dowd enters the corridor, left is obscured in darkness. Dowd spots an exit sign to his right and proceeds.

A pile of bodies obscures the doorway.

Dowd rolls-back one of the CORPSES. Dried blood coats its eyes, nose and mouth. They're all the same.

Dowd hears something from behind and turns.

DOWD

Hello?

Dowd stares into the abyss.

From the abyss, something stares back at Dowd.

Dowd backs towards the only other exit, an office behind him.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Dowd locks the door behind him. A howling wind rages outside. Dowd turns to the windows. Venetian blinds obscure the view. A hypnotic red glow seeps through the blades.

Dowd reaches for the draw-cord to look outside.

TEICHER

I wouldn't do that.

Dowd turns to discover scientist, DR. AMON TEICHER wearing infectious diseases protective gear. Teicher sits next to an oxygen tank, with his mask, now retracted to his forehead.

The two men take each other in for a moment.

DOWD

Why not?

TEICHER

You may not like what you see.