

REACTOR

by

Chris Sandiford

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

FROM A GREAT ALTITUDE WE SOAR over a thick blanket of endless CLOUD bathed in enchanting moonlight.

We nudge downward, descending at a shallow angle into the fluff, revealing:

A VIOLENT THUNDER STORM. Lightning and rain. Our CAMERA jostles in the gloom. We continue to descend, pushing through the cloud cover to...

EXT. OCEAN / MAERSK LINE CONTAINER SHIP - CONTINUOUS

... A massive MAERSK E-CLASS SHIP. ENID. 20 storeys high and nearly 400 meters long. Heavy with cargo, she bounds gracefully over the swells.

High above the vessel we observe Enid's deck awash with rainwater.

FWOOSSSSSH! PING!

A HARPOON towing a heavy CABLE rips past us, down into one of Enid's CONTAINERS near her bow.

EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS

On Enid's deck we can see the CABLE tower skyward as it disappears behind thick storm clouds. LIGHT radiates from this region of the sky as...

An MI-17 TRANSPORT HELICOPTER cuts through the cloud cover, towing itself in with the cable it fired.

INT. MI-17 TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A PILOT struggles to keep his craft steady in the storm. The chopper rocks violently.

DRUMM (O.S.)

Easy, ace.

We swing over to a statuesque figure in MILITARY FATIGUES. This is COLONEL DRUMM (The Dude Lebowski meets John Rambo).

DRUMM (CONT'D)

Didn't come all this way to kill ourselves.

"ACE"  
Aye, Colonel. This storm is  
something else.

Drumm turns to a comrade with a slick LAPTOP wired to an ANTENNA.

DRUMM  
How's that signal, slick?

"SLICK" types away. Looks up at Drumm. Gives thumbs up.

CUT TO:

INT. ENID BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A veritable penthouse with a near 360-degree view of Enid's deck. A single ENID CREWMAN stands watch as rain lashes the windows around him. An array of monitors fizzles out.

Puzzled, he approaches a RADAR console. The display is unintelligible.

Something catches his eye beyond the console: through the rain our crewman can spot the chopper as it descends on Enid's bow. THUNDER ROLLS relentlessly outside.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

A Maersk Line CAPTAIN (50s, grizzled) scarfs a forkful of spaghetti. A CLAXON BLARES. He shoots to his feet.

INT. ENID BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT PREVIOUS)

The alarm fades into B.G. Our Enid Crewman stares into the gloom through binoculars. The BRIDGE PHONE BUZZES. He answers.

ENID CREWMAN  
Bridge.

CAPTAIN  
This had better be good!

ENID CREWMAN  
Sir, we've got a chopper moored to  
the bow. You expecting anyone?

CAPTAIN  
 (incredulous)  
 Alarms are for emergencies,  
 crewman!

THROUGH BINOCULARS: The chopper lands. 4 MEN WITH ASSAULT RIFLES jump out onto the forward containers.

ENID CREWMAN  
 (OFF guns)  
 Then, with respect, Captain, get  
 your ass in gear! These guys have  
 weapons!

Enid crewman clicks off. Our captain slams down the receiver and turns to the 3 CREWMEN in the mess:

CAPTAIN  
OK, listen up!

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enid's alarm is swallowed by the sound of her 111,000 HORSEPOWER DIESEL ENGINE; a 26 meter-wide, multi-level leviathan.

A slender figure works on the engine's uppermost level. She dons a Maersk Line RED JUMPSUIT and STUDIO HEADPHONES. She tinkers on something unseen. A MAERSK ENGINEER darts in.

MAERSK ENGINEER  
 (shouting)  
 Alvarez!... EMILIA!

She continues to tinker; her back to us. The engine is deafening. He throws an empty WATER BOTTLE -- hitting her. She turns to face him and removes her headphones.

MAERSK ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
 Hostiles outside! Emergency  
 protocol!

He leaves.

ON ALVAREZ who goes back to work, REVEALING:

She's been putting together (what looks like) a wide-barrelled GRENADE LAUNCHER all along.