

S.O.S T I T A N I C

by

James Costigan

REVISED

February 2, 1979

September 18, 1979

Following are cast and production credits for "S.O.S. Titanic," airing as a special three-hour presentation on the ABC Television Network's "The ABC Sunday Night Movie," **SEPT. 23:**

SERIES: "THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE"

PROGRAM: "S.O.S. Titanic" — The courage and horror that accompanied the sinking of the "unsinkable" Titanic in history's most awesome sea disaster are dramatically recreated in a special three-hour film. This dramatization is based on factual and personal accounts. Identifiable characters are drawn from actual persons and fictitious names were given to certain characters who existed but whose actual names remain unknown.

TELECAST: Sunday, Sept. 23 (9:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight, EDT)

STARRING: David Janssen as John Jacob Astor
Cloris Leachman as Molly Brown
Susan Saint James as Leigh Goodwin
David Warner as Laurence Beesley
Ian Holm as J. Bruce Ismay
Helen Mirren as May Sloan
Harry Andrews as Captain Smith
Beverly Ross as Madeline Astor

CO-STARS INCLUDE: Shevaun Briars as Katie Gilnagh
Michele O'Connor as Kate Mullins
Antoinette O'Reilly as the beautiful Irish girl
Anna Quayle as Turkish bath attendant
Geoffrey Whitehead as Thomas Andrews

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: Christopher Challis, B.S.C.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Roger Gimbel

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: William S. Gilmore, Jr.

PRODUCED BY: Lou Morheim

WRITTEN BY: James Costigan

(MORE)

DIRECTED BY: Billy Hale

SUPERVISING EDITOR: John A. Martinelli, A.C.E.

MUSIC BY: Howard Blake

PRODUCTION DESIGNER: Herbert Westbrook

EDITED BY: Rusty Coppleman

COSTUME DESIGNER: Barbara Lane

SUPERVISOR OF VISUAL EFFECTS: Wally Veevers

SOUND MIXER: Robin Gregory

CHIEF MAKEUP ARTIST: Richard Mills

RESEARCH BY: The Titanic Historical Society

SEPCIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR: Martin Gutteridge

PRODUCTION COMPANY: A Roger Gimbel Production for Argonaut Films Limited in
association with EMI Films Limited

ORIGINATION: Filmed at Shepperton Studio Centre, England, and on
locations in London, off the Isle of Man, in the waters off
Greenland and on the Queen Mary at Long Beach, California.

ABC PRESS REPRESENTATIVES: Jim Butler, New York
Mabel Hill, Hollywood

* * * * *

FADE IN:

1 EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

A smooth sea, a clear, starlit night, no moon. FOCUS ON the bow of a ship slicing through the water. OVER THE SHOT comes the CRACKLING, METALLIC SOUND of an early WIRELESS RECEIVER, repeating over and over S.O.S. (three dots, three dashes, three dots). The CAMERA MOVES UP TO REVEAL the name CARPATHIA emblazoned on the bow.

2 INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

The Carpathia is a modest cruise ship of the Cunard Line. Nothing about it is large or grand compared to the great luxury ships currently afloat (the year is 1912), least of all the cramped space of the radio shack, which also serves as the single operator's cabin. In the f.g., his earphones lie on the worktable containing the wireless equipment. Emanating FAINTLY from them, the SOUND of the S.O.S. CONTINUES, unheard by HAROLD COTTAM, who sits on his berth in the b.g., in shirtsleeves, removing his tie. From Liverpool, he is twenty-one, gangling and raw-boned. Yawning, he lays his tie on the chair where he has previously placed his jacket. Like all operators of the time, he wears a Marconi uniform rather than that of the shipping company. He rises, sings to himself as he crosses to the worktable, where he noisily winds the clock which reads twelve thirty-five.

COTTAM

'Good night, ladies.
Good night, ladies.
Good night, ladies, I'm gonna
leave you now...'

The CAMERA EMPHASIZES the earphones, their MONOTONOUS DOT-DOT-DOT DASH-DASH-DASH DOT-DOT-DOT BARELY AUDIBLE. Cottam sits at the table to untie his shoelaces.

COTTAM

'Merrily we roll along, roll along,
roll along...
Merrily we roll along, o'er the
deep blue...'

Head bent toward the table, his attention is at last drawn to the earphones. He falls silent, listens. The DISTRESS SIGNAL is VERY FAINT. Frowning, he puts the phones on. Silence. He switches on the transmitter, taps out the call letters M.G.Y.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

On the second finger of his big, powerful right hand, he wears a gold signet ring. Now he sends G.M.O.M. (good morning, old man). As he starts to put a question -- "Did you know?" -- he is cut off by an urgent message, which we HEAR FAINTLY from his earphones: "C.Q.D. C.Q.D. S.O.S. S.O.S. Have struck a berg." The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE TO Cottam's face, registering astonishment. His accent is Liverpool.

COTTAM

Blimey!

The message continues, "Position 41° 46' N, 50° 14' W." Cottam scribbles these figures, tears the leaf from the pad, rips off the earphones, hurls out the room.

3 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Cottam races along the deck toward...

4 THE BRIDGE

where FIRST OFFICER DEAN stands watch. Dean is fortyish, swarthy, with a luxuriant black moustache.

COTTAM

Officer of the Watch!

DEAN

Who's that?

COTTAM

Cottam, sir!

In an obviously agitated state, he swiftly approaches the older man.

DEAN

What's the problem?

COTTAM

I've had an urgent message.

DEAN

At this hour? I thought you switched off at midnight.

COTTAM

I normally do. But I'd been listening to the news from Cape Race.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

COTTAM (CONT'D)

I left the receiver on. Good job
I did... It's the Titanic.

DEAN

The Titanic?

COTTAM

She's sinking.

DEAN

Sinking? It's not possible. She's
unsinkable.

COTTAM

The message is to come at once.

DEAN

But she can't be sinking. She's
brand new. She's making her
first crossing. What happened?

5

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

FOCUS ON a door marked "Captain." Without hesitation,
Dean flings it open.

DEAN

Captain!

6

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Light from the passage spills into the darkened room,
silhouetting the two men in the doorway. The figure
in bed stirs, grumbles irritably, sleepily.

ROSTRON

What? What?

DEAN

Sir, wake up!

ROSTRON

I'm awake.

(rousing)

I'm awake, dammit, I was only
just dropping off. Who the
blazes is it?

DEAN

First Officer Dean, sir!

Rostron sits up, squinting against the light.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

He is in his forties, lean and ramrod straight, with a small head, a sharp, solemm face.

ROSTRON

Bloody hell, Dean, since when do you push your way in here without knocking?

DEAN

I beg your pardon, sir, but it's an emergency.

ROSTRON

I don't care a blue damn what it is! I want to see some discipline on this ship!

Dean stands stiffly at attention.

DEAN

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

ROSTRON

Who's that with you?

DEAN

Cottam, sir.

ROSTRON

Cottam?

COTTAM

Wireless operator, sir.

Rostron switches on the bedside lamp, shading his eyes to squint at Cottam.

ROSTRON

Oh, yes.

DEAN

He's had an urgent communication from the Titanic.

ROSTRON

The Titanic?

Cottam nods.

ROSTRON

Well? What is it?

COTTAM

It's a C.Q.D., sir.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

ROSTRON

(alarmed)

C.Q.D.? Are you sure?

COTTAM

Yes, sir. They used the new
distress signal, as well. S.O.S.

DEAN

She struck an iceberg.

ROSTRON

God Almighty!

He throws back the covers.

7 INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the cart on which Rostron is picking up the
Carpathia's position, measuring the distance to the
Titanic.

ROSTRON (O.S.)

She's fifty-eight miles away.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALS Dean, Cottam, CHIEF ENGINEER JOHNSTONE, PURSER
BROWN, CHIEF STEWARD HUGHES, and DR. MCGHEE, ranged un-
easily about the room, looking anxious. Also present
is the youthful dark-haired SECOND OFFICER, JAMES BISSET.

ROSTRON

Our course is North fifty-two West.

Bisset salutes and exits. Rostron scribbles the position
on a pad, tears off the leaf, hands it to Cottam.

ROSTRON

Get back to your man on the Titanic.
Tell him we're coming as fast as we
can... that we should be there in
just under four hours' time.

COTTAM

(bleakly, regretting
the delay)

Four hours.

The vibrant METALLIC SOUND of the S.O.S. is HEARD AGAIN.
Beneath it, MUSIC BEGINS, pulsing with the same staccato
urgency.

9 INT. WIRELESS SHACK - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the worktable. With the MUSIC CONTINUING, Cottam sits tapping out the Titanic's call letters. He receives a confirmation, begins sending his message. OVER THIS IMAGE, COMMENCE the MAIN TITLES, starting with...

S.O.S. TITANIC!

10 EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

UNDER TITLES, REPEAT the SHOT of the Carpathia's bow slicing through the water.

11 INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT

BETWEEN TITLES, Captain Rostron gives urgent instructions to First Officer Dean.

ROSTRON

Call out all hands. All boats to be readied and swung out. Open all gangway doors. A pilot ladder at each gangway, and a chair sling for bringing up the sick or wounded. Canvas bags for children.

12 MONTAGE - PREPARATIONS

The sense of swift, urgent action continues with a SERIES OF SHOTS SHOWING lifeboats being uncovered and swung, ladders and sling chairs and canvas ash bags prepared. The TITLES CONTINUE as other preparations are SEEN, matching the orders voiced by Rostron ON the SOUNDTRACK.

ROSTRON (V.O.)

Blankets. Break out every available blanket. Have them ready at the gangways and in the saloons, along with hot coffee, tea, soup, whatever.

We SEE blankets being drawn from supply rooms, stacked beside gangway doors and in the saloons. We SEE kitchen personnel stumbling sleepily in the dark, lighting lamps, lighting stoves.

ROSTRON (V.O.)

I want first aid stations set up in all three dining rooms. Anything needed for immediate treatment of exposure or injury should be readily to hand.

Hands are SEEN rolling bandages, taking bottled stimulants and restoratives from shelves.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

In a public room cots are unfolded and set up in rows. With the END of the MAIN TITLES, Cottam raps sharply at the door of the chart room.

13 INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT

Dean opens the door.

ROSTRON

Did you get through all right?

COTTAM

Yes, sir. I told him within four hours, just as you said.

ROSTRON

And what was his reply?

COTTAM

He said...

(a pause, with
difficulty)

... 'Please hurry, old man. Engine room flooded. We are sinking head down.' Then there was nothing.

Pained, Rostron looks at his officers, their faces reflecting his distress.

14 EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

AGAIN the SHOT of the Carpathia's bow cutting through the water.

15 OMITTED

thru

18

19 MONTAGE - SHIP'S PROGRESS

The Carpathia moves deeper and deeper into the region of ice. A ROCKET FIRED from her deck EXPLODES in a burst of light, illuminating the bergs that loom on every side, obliging the ship to swerve this way and that. A CLOSE SHOT of the engine room telegraph on the bridge SHOWS the speed being reduced to half. We SEE her moving more slowly in the water. Another ROCKET is FIRED, followed by a series of ROMAN CANDLES. Now the handle of the telegraph is moved to STOP.

20 INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

The clock stands at four. EIGHT BELLS SOUNDS, followed by an ominous and total silence. Rostron, the Helmsman and seaman remain perfectly still..

ROSTRON

We're here.

The faces of all reflect the awfulness of having arrived to find nothing.

21 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the telegraph handle being swung to point at STOP.

21A DEAN AND BISSET

stare into the enveloping darkness.

DEAN

Nothing.

22 MONTAGE - DAYBREAK

The first light of day appears along the eastern horizon. As it grows brighter, an awesome sight is gradually revealed: a vast field of ice stretching to the north; at least two dozen icebergs, some of them more than a hundred feet high. The sea is deathly calm. There is no wind. It is a bleak and fearfully beautiful scene.

23 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

FROM THE POV of the Carpathia's bridge, a green flare suddenly ignites in the near distance, brilliant in the half-light, moving back and forth in an arc.

24 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Dean and Bisset watch the flare, the former through his glasses.

DEAN

It's a lifeboat.

BISSET

One? Only one?

25 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

FROM THEIR VANTAGE, we WITNESS a chilling spectacle.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

Out of the thin, frosty mist lying low on the water comes a single, forlorn lifeboat, its oars turning feebly, propelling it at a painfully slow pace. In its stern, a shadowy figure at the tiller waves a green flare in a slow arc.

26 EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

As the boat comes nearer, the CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSER VIEW.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

On its side we SEE the White Star emblem, which is, in fact, a silver star on a red pennant.

There are four crew members and twenty-one passengers in the boat. Of the latter, only one is male, BRAHIM YOUSSEF, dark, middle-aged, seated near his wife, HANNE, and his children, MARIAN and GEORGES. The rest are women from all three classes. All wear white life belts. All are chilled, all stricken to a curiously passive stillness by their ordeal. Crewmen and several women pull wearily at oars. FOURTH OFFICER BOXHALL stands in the stern, one hand on the tiller. In his other hand, the green flare fizzles out, and he drops it into the sea.

27 EXT. CARPATHIA - DAY

As the lifeboat moves in close, Bisset scrambles down a rope ladder lowered from the foredeck. Two seaman follow him, fending the boat away so that it doesn't smash against the ship's side.

28 EXT. LIFEBOAT

Having dropped into the boat, Bisset and the seaman maneuver it astern to a point below an open door on C deck and there make it fast. A ladder dangles. A safety rope is thrown down. Bisset catches it, turns to face the pale, staring faces in the boat. No one speaks. They stare at Bisset as if unable to perceive him as real; he is silent out of respect for what they have endured. The strangeness of the moment is felt by all, but none can mend it. The survivors know that a degree of warmth and comfort waits just above them, but for a time it seems that no one will take the initiative to be first. Then, finally, a slender, fair-haired, strangely dignified girl of nineteen: MADELINE FORCE ASTOR. When she reaches Bisset, she stops. They stare at one another in silence.

MADELINE

Shall I go first?

Bisset smiles at her with difficulty, puts the noose over her head and shoulders, secures it under her arms. Then he holds the ladder and she starts up, the CAMERA MOVING WITH her. The ladder wobbles and sways with each step. Her face reveals courage and fear in equal degree.

29 EXT. FOREDECK

Several seamen take the safety rope in slowly. Purser Brown waits, and when the young woman reaches the top of the ladder, he reaches out and pulls her onto the deck.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

She huddles in his arms, her fingers pressing into him as if to reassure her of his existence, her face tight against his shoulder.

MADELINE

What ship is this?

BROWN

The Carpathia.

MADELINE

(savoring it)

Carpathia.

BROWN

And the Titanic?

Her face goes slack at the sound of it. She pulls a little way back, stares into his eyes like an anguished child with a dreadful secret to reveal.

MADELINE

Gone.

30

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Boxhell stands just inside the door, facing Captain Rostron. There is a pause before either speaks, as if the word ending the previous scene were reverberating in the air. Boxhall is twenty-eight, comes from Hull.

ROSTRON

What time?

BOXHALL

Twenty minutes past two.

ROSTRON

Approximately three hours after the collision.

BOXHALL

Slightly less than three.

ROSTRON

With how many still aboard, would you estimate?

BOXHALL

Hundreds.

Rostron frowns. Although this is what he has half expected, the news is still alarming.

X

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

BOXHALL

All the boats together, assuming every one got away with a full load, wouldn't have held half of those aboard. Chances are more than a thousand went down.

On the starboard wing of the bridge, FIRST OFFICER DEAN -- visible to Rostron over Boxhall's shoulder -- shouts into the room.

DEAN

Another boat on the starboard bow!

Rostron and Boxhall look out the porthole.

DEAN

And another beyond that.

31

EXT OPEN SEA - THEIR POV

In the distance, a boat can be SEEN limping toward safety. The one beyond it is scarcely more than a speck on the horizon.

32

CLOSE SHOT - LIFEBOAT

This is boat number thirteen. A fireman (stoker), BARRETT is at the tiller. Of the crew, there are two other firemen, two stewards, and a baker. Several of these man the oars, rowing awkwardly from lack of experience. Only Lookout LEE, being a seaman, has the knack of it. This is a larger boat than the first. It carries fifty-six passengers, tightly packed, most of them standing for lack of space to sit. FOCUS ON LAURENCE BEESLEY, in his late twenties, tall, slender, rather Patrician looking. Like most of the others, he is not, as he wrote later, "in much condition to face the cold of that night"; no overcoat, just a Norfolk jacket under his lifebelt and -- oddly -- a dressing gown over his arm. FROM THIS VIEW, the CAMERA RISES TO INCLUDE the boat behind, which is not moving forward but rather rolling and drifting helplessly.

33

CLOSER SHOT - ENGLEHARDT B

The Englehardt is a partially collapsible boat with a wooden hull joined to canvas sides. This one floats upside down, half submerged by the weight of the exhausted men who stand atop it, struggling to keep their balance.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

Here the suffering from cold and exposure is greatest, since all have climbed out of the water, their clothing soaked through. In all, there are twenty-five or six. One man lies face down at their feet. Among those standing, two abreast, we SEE Second Officer LIGHTOLLER, the prototypical heroic seaman, tall and strong, fair-haired and handsome, in command of the situation if not exactly in control of it. Other crew members are Chief Baker CHARLES JOUGHIN, bolstered by brandy; Assistant Cook JOHN COLLINS, sustained by youth and a powerful body; and Wireless Operator HAROLD BRIDE, small and dark, dapper and boyish, twenty-two years old, suffering the effect of frostbite on both feet. Among the passengers is JACK THAYER, the same age (seventeen) as COLLINS, a clean-cut "preppie" from Philadelphia.

34 BOAT NO. 12

approaching and threatening to pass on its way to the Carpathia...

35 LIGHTOLLER

begins to blast shrilly on a whistle and wave his arms over his head. Young Thayer adds his voice to the din, waving and bouncing.

THAYER

Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!

BRIDE

Steady, old man, you'll swamp us.

Number 12 pulls alongside. Among its passengers, we have a GLIMPSE of LEIGH GOODWIN, in her late twenties, intelligent and distinctive looking rather than pretty.

LIGHTOLLER

All right now, slow and easy!

Big, husky JOHN COLLINS is the first to risk the transfer. Moving cautiously in order to jog the Englehardt as little as possible, he achieves a footing in number twelve. Struggling with the inert form of the fallen fireman, Lightoller calls for assistance from the boat.

LIGHTOLLER

Lend a hand, will you?

Leigh Goodwin and a male passenger are nearest. They help to pull the fireman aboard. Leigh rubs his hands, feels for a pulse, looks up at Lightoller.

LEIGH

This man is dead.

36 MONTAGE - THE RESCUE

Ranged along the starboard side of the Carpathia are the empty boats already evacuated (at the end there will be a total of eighteen, including two Englehardts). In a BRIEF SEQUENCE of SHOTS we SEE the following rescue operations...

37 MOLLY BROWN

snarling and snapping her hand away when Quartermaster HITCHENS tries to assist her from boat number six. She is a hefty, big bosomed woman of forty-four, with a face of clock-stopping proportions. She permits LOOKOUT FLEET to assist her to the ladder.

38 ENGLEHARDT D

yields RENE HARRIS, a dark, pleasantly plump woman in her thirties, who is hauled aboard the Carpathia in a chair sling, her broken right arm immobilized in a cast, one sleeve of her fur coat dangling. From the same boat come LOLO and LOUIS NAVATRIL, three and four years old, respectively. A canvas ash bag carries them aloft, eyes wide with the wonder of it all.

39 ANOTHER LIFEBOAT

brings the beautiful and stately COUNTESS OF ROTHES, who refuses the bosun's chair and insists on climbing the ladder, after she has seen young MARY MARVIN, near collapse, lifted aboard.

40 ENGLEHARDT C

numbers among its survivors, JOSEPH BRUCE ISMAY, Managing Director of the White Star Line, aged forty-nine, dark and good-looking, with a full moustache twisted at the ends. In his immaculate dark suit and overcoat, he seems oddly removed from the others, clad in a jumble of night-gowns and dressing gowns, pygamas and overcoats, bedroom slippers and boots, scarves and shawls. He takes his turn at the ladder like a man in a trance, climbing mechanically, his eyes glazed.

41 EXT. C DECK - DAY

Purser Brown completes his words of welcome and instruction to a woman passenger, then turns his attention to Ismay, who has just stepped off the ladder.

BROWN

Good morning. The stewards will direct you to a dining saloon, where there's food and drink and medicine, if you need it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

BROWN (CONT'D)

Will you kindly give your name to my assistant?

ISMAY

(half aloud)

I'm Ismay.

BROWN

Beg pardon?

ISMAY

I'm Ismay.

BROWN

Mr.. Ismay of the White Star Line?

No reply. Ismay stares blankly.

BROWN

The Titanic was...

ISMAY

My ship.

(tonelessly)

My ship.

Aimlessly, he begins to walk away, not toward the waiting stewards but in the opposite direction.

BROWN

Sir, it's this way.

ISMAY

Leave me alone.

He continues off, moving with no more sense of direction than a sleepwalker. Brown casts a worried glance at his assistant.

42 EXT. OPEN DECK - DAY

A deserted deck, far forward in the ship. Ismay stands alone at the rail, staring straight ahead, a dark, lonely, isolated figure. The CAMERA OBSERVES him from a certain remove, emphasizing his isolation, then MOVES IN CLOSE. At this distance his eyes appear haunted, his face is drained of color. An icy wind disturbs his hair, but it would be difficult to say if his incessant shuddering is the result of cold or of recollection.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

Behind Ismay, a door opens and a steward emerges, in the company of Dr. McGhee.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

He points to the man at the rail. McGhee instructs the steward to remain behind, proceeds on his own, approaching Ismay with caution, finally addressing him.

McGHEE

Mr. Ismay?

No response of any kind.

McGHEE

Sir, I'm Doctor McGhee, Ship's Surgeon. Won't you come inside now, where it's warm and we can try to make you comfortable?

A pause, then Ismay answers as if he had only heard the one word and failed to grasp its meaning.

ISMAY

Comfortable?

McGHEE

What's the good of standing out here in the cold this way?

Something below takes Ismay's attention.

ISMAY

Look... there's something in the water just there!

McGHEE

I don't see anything.

ISMAY

(pointing)

Look, look, just there! Open your eyes, why don't you?

44 THEIR POV - THE WATER

A number of deck chairs float on the surface, drifting a short distance beyond the ship's bow.

45 OPEN DECK

McGhee squints to identify the objects.

McGHEE

It's only a bit of flotsam.

ISMAY

Are you sure?

46 EXT. TITANIC - DAY

With Ismay, we share a fleeting memory of the great ship in all its glory, moving away from its berth in Southampton.

47 OPEN DECK

as before.

McGHEE

A few deck chairs, by the look of it.

ISMAY

That's all?

48 EXT. TITANIC

Another fleeting glimpse of the majestic vessel.

49 OPEN DECK

as before.

McGHEE

All I can see.

ISMAY

A few chairs?

As he speaks, the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN TO A TIGHT SHOT of his face.

ISMAY

All that beauty? All that strength and power and grace? A few chairs?

50 THE SEA

The CAMERA HOVERS ABOVE the water where the chairs float, SLOWLY DESCENDING TOWARD them as Ismay's VOICE CONTINUES ON the SOUNDTRACK.

ISMAY (V.O.)

So much gaiety. So much excitement and laughter and joy.

As the CAMERA DESCENDS TO the swirling surface of the water, MUSIC BEGINS to swirl, very softly at first, GROWING LOUDER, the bouncy, cheerful strains of Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" and "Pineapple Rag." Gradually, the SOUND of VOICES is ADDED, a babble of bright, animated conversation.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

ISMAY (V.O.)

So much life. So much life.

As the CAMERA BREAKS the surface of the sea, there is a
WATERY DISSOLVE TO...

51 INT. TITANIC'S ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

This is perhaps the most spectacular space in the ship, the First Class entrance hall on the Promenade Deck, with its sweeping double staircase beneath a huge dome of glass and wrought iron, which sheds a brilliant light over all. MUSIC and VOICES RISE in VOLUME. The place swarms with expensive people, passengers and their guests inspecting the ship, climbing the stairs to the Boat Deck, descending to the decks below, enthralled by the scale and beauty that are everywhere in evidence. Stewards pass through carrying hand luggage to the cabins located behind the stairs. Contributing to the sense of excitement and elation are WALLACE HARTLEY and his band, consisting of a piano, viola, bass, two cellos and violin. Their repertoire of ragtime, Lehar, Oskar Straus, Offenbach, Irving Berlin and Lionel Monckton is apparently endless. Children hang over the balconies formed by the stairway's curving balustrades, watching the glittering scene below. At the center of it all is J. Bruce Ismay, serving as guide to his American-born wife, JULIA, and three teenage children: EVELYN, GEORGE and THOMAS, called Tom. They enter the NOISY hall through a door leading to the after part of the deck, making their way through the crowd toward the staircase, talking above the MUSIC.

ISMAY

So much for the Smoking Room and
the Palm Court.

(pointing)

The electronic lifts are just round
behind the staircase, and then
forward of that there are some
thirty-odd cabins.

(approaching stairs)

This will take us up to the Boat
Deck.

TOM

Are we going back to the Bridge
and the Wheelhouse?

ISMAY

I don't think so. They won't want
anyone under foot just now. Look
there -- it's almost sailing time.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

Set in an intricately carved panel above the landing is a large bronze clock with a lightly draped female figure on either side, holding a wreath above the clock's face, which reads a quarter to twelve.

JULIA

Such a beautiful clock.

ISMAY

Thank you, darling. I chose it.
It's meant to be Honor and Glory
crowning Time.

A voice from above arrests them. JOHN JACOB ASTOR comes down the stairs, the winsome Madeline on his arm. Aged forty-seven, he is tall and slender, with a full moustache. Despite his heartiness here, he is essentially a rather shy and awkward man.

ASTOR

They ought to be crowning you,
Ismay!

ISMAY

Hullo!

ASTOR

Never mind. There'll be every sort
of honor and glory coming your way
after today. We all thought the
Olympic was the last word, but this
really is the summit.

MADELINE

Congratulations.

ISMAY

Too kind.

The Astors have continued downstairs, the Ismays up, the
CAMERA MOVING WITH the latter as they reach...

52

THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY

X

and cross to their left toward the door labeled
"Gymnasium."

JULIA

Who was that?

ISMAY

Countryman of yours, my dear.
John Jacob Astor and his bride.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

JULIA

His child bride.

ISMAY

I think half the millionaires
in America have booked passage
on this crossing.

GEORGE

Who else could afford to pay
four or five thousand dollars
for a room?

JULIA

Dearest, how vulgar!

ISMAY

That's for a suite of rooms, son.
Kindly remember that a berth can
be had in Third Class for almost
nothing.

EVELYN

Shall we visit the Third Class
accommodations, Father?

ISMAY

Good heavens, whatever for? You
can't expect to see everything
in a few hours. After all, the
ship is as long as four city
blocks and as tall as an eleven
story building. I'm sure you'll
find this much more amusing.

53 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A large room -- 18 by 44 feet, ceiling 9½ feet high --
lit by eight large, frosted windows, beyond which the
silhouettes of passengers pass, sauntering on the boat
deck outside. Here are rowing machines and cycling
machines and, most intriguing of all, several automated
"horses" and "camels" located at the far end of the room.
The children, exclaiming with delight, race toward them
at once, while their parents confront THOMAS ANDREWS on
his way out, wearing a boiler suit and carrying a tool
kit. He is a big, strong, good looking man of thirty-
nine, with an attractive personality, modest and
friendly. His simplicity, his Belfast accent provide
a contrast to Ismay's flamboyance and public school
diction, and he is always slightly cautious in the other
man's presence.

(CONTINUED)

ISMAY

Ah, here's the man of the hour, himself! Hail to thee, O Chief Designer! I've been taking bows for your handiwork all morning. I can't convince anyone that you built it, that I only commissioned it, so I've given up trying.

ANDREWS

How are you, Bruce? Julia?

JULIA

Hello, Tom. What are you toggled out for?

ISMAY

You're not still working?

ANDREWS

Just tightening up the odd bolt here and there.

ISMAY

Tommy, you've got an army of helpers for that.

ANDREWS

Yes, but if I see to it myself, then I've no one but me to blame if it's not done properly. Any road, I enjoy it.

ISMAY

Own up, you're a perfectionist. A hard case.

Andrews merely smiles at this, not sure if it is meant as compliment or criticism.

ISMAY

See you soon.

ANDREWS

Right.

He goes. Ismay smiles at his wife in a spirit of "Same old Tommy." In the b.g., the small, muscular instructor, T.W. McCawley, clad in white flannels and a sleeveless athletic vest, has turned the switches that start the horses and camels vibrating. The children, seated astride, shout with joy.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN

Daddy, it's lovely! Do come and try!

ISMAY

No, thank you! Hold on tight.

He and Julia walk toward the windows. When they stop, the silhouette of a lifeboat can be SEEN outside, casting a shadow on the glass. With the toe of his boot, Ismay touches the oar of a rowing machine.

ISMAY

I expect this will do me for exercise. Stand me in good stead, too, in case of emergency.

JULIA

Oh, don't. Not even in jest.

ISMAY

Darling Julia, there isn't one chance in a million that anything will go wrong. She passed her trials without the slightest incident. She's perfect.

The SOUND of a SERIES of REVERBERATING BLASTS on the SHIP'S SIRENS. Evelyn calls from her perch.

EVELYN

Is that 'all ashore,' Father?

ISMAY

Yes, come along. We must say our goodbye.

McCawley turns off the motor of Evelyn's "animal," moves to help her dismount.

TOM

But we haven't seen the squash court yet!

GEORGE

Or the swimming bath!

EVELYN

I vote for the Turkish baths. Mother had a magazine that said they were frightfully erotic.

JULIA

Exotic, dear.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

ISMAY

Plenty of time for all that. The
Titanic is going to be around for
years and years, I assure you.

Having dismounted, the boys approach, looking disappointed.
With a consoling arm round each, he guides them toward the
door. Julia follows, her arm about Evelyn.

ISMAY

Someday you'll bring your own
children and say, 'Can you believe
it? I was actually here to see her
off back in April of 1912.'

TOM

I'd rather we were sailing.

GEORGE

Infinitely rather.

54 EXT. OPEN DECK - DAY

Passengers and visitors bid goodbye as the SHIP'S SIRENS
CONTINUE to BLAST. A STEWARD carrying a gong passes
among them.

STEWARD

All ashore that's going ashore!
All ashore that's going ashore!

In the f.g., Madeline Astor puts her small, gloved hand
over her ears to shut out the SOUND of the SIRENS. Smil-
ing, her husband puts his arms around her, as if to
shield her from the DIN.

55 EXT. DOCK - DAY

The dock is aswarm with last-minute activity: Visitors
coming off the ship, late travellers hurrying on, long-
shoremen rushing with handcarts full of cases tagged
"Stateroom Baggage" or "Not Wanted on the Voyage."
Leigh Goodwin, carrying a valise, hurries to overtake
a PORTER.

LEIGH

Which is the way to Second Class,
please?

PORTER

(points)
Just there, miss.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

LEIGH

Thank you.

She hurries on, pushing her way through the crowd.

LEIGH

Excuse me... excuse me, please...

I'm sorry... may I get through?

Nearing her destination -- the Second Class gangway -- she collides with Laurence Beesley, moving in the same direction. Her valise strikes his, knocking it from his hand. She seems not to notice and continues forward.

LEIGH

Excuse me... I'm sailing.

Beesley bends to retrieve his bag, replies tartly.

BEESLEY

Yes, well... so am I, as it happens.

Finishing the sentence as he rises, he finds that his attacker, whose face he never saw (nor she his) has already vanished into the crowd. He resumes his progress toward the gangway.

56 EXT. OPEN DECK - DAY

DANIEL MARVIN, twenty-one, son of an American film magnate, focuses his camera on his bride, MARY, nineteen. Both are slim, dark-haired and attractive. While he turns the camera's hand-crank, Mary walks self-consciously toward him.

MARVIN

That's it... keep coming... keep coming... smile, darling... walk right on past me... that's it.

She walks past, out of his shot. He goes on cranking, photographing other passengers who come and go on the deck.

57 VINTAGE BLACK AND WHITE FILM

We have a GLIMPSE of old, grainy film showing passengers walking to and fro, their movement jerky and faster than normal.

58 EXT. OPEN DECK

Marvin continues to crank his cumbersome camera.

59 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

As described in a contemporary issue of "The Shipbuilder," the Titanic's bridge is a "veritable forest of instruments." At the front, forward of the wheelhouse, are located the docking, steering and engine room telegraphs, as well as the loudspeaking telephones to various stations. Fifth Officer HAROLD LOWE, a handsome, hot-blooded young Welshman, mans the latter, while Fourth Officer Boxhall stands ready at the engine room telegraph. A relief Quartermaster is also on duty. This is WALTER JOHN PERKIS, dark and dashing with a villainous moustache. Receiving on the phone a reply to the latest order, Lowe calls aloud:

LOWE

Tugs are all fast, sir!

60 INT. WHEELHOUSE

The Helmsman at the wheel is Molly Brown's adversary in lifeboat six, Quartermaster Hitchens. Beside him stands the Pilot, GEORGE BOWYER, middle-aged, stockily built, with a beard covering half of his weatherbeaten face.

On the other side is Captain EDWARD J. SMITH. He is stout and magisterial. Although a year short of sixty, he looks nearer seventy with his snow-white beard and moustache -- albeit a hale and vigorous seventy. Beside him are Chief Officer HENRY WILDE, a big, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven man of forty, and Second Officer Lightoller.

SMITH

Mister Bowyer, we're in your expert hands until we reach the Nab. May we have your orders? We have a rendezvous this evening in France.

BOWYER

Thank you, sir.
(raises his voice)
Let go your stern ropes!

LOWE

(into phone)
Let go the stern ropes!

61 OMITTED

X

62 EXT. FORWARD DECK

A party of seamen stand ready among the capstans and mooring bollards.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

First Officer JOSEPH MURDOCH, a sober, self-confident, sharp-eyed Scot in his late thirties, is very much in command.

MURDOCH

All right, then, my bonny lads...
get cracking! Hop it, hop it!

X

63 EXT. PROMENADE DECK

Ismay, standing among a cluster of PASSENGERS, smiles and waves toward the quay.

64 EXT. QUAY - DAY

Amidst a crowd of WELL-WISHERS, Julia, Evelyn, Tom and George wave back. As the ship is towed backward out of its berth, they begin to move along the quay in order to keep Ismay in sight, taking care not to interfere with a newsreel PHOTOGRAPHER who trains his camera on the ship.

65 VINTAGE FILM

Grainy, black and white newsreel film shows the Titanic being towed from its berth by tugboats.

66 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Fifth Officer Lowe shouts toward the wheelhouse.

LOWE

Aft tug away, sir!

The pilot responds.

BOWYER

Slow ahead!

Boxhall grips the handle of the engine room telegraph.

BOXHALL

Slow ahead!

He turns the pointer from "Stand By" to "Slow Ahead."
The SOUND of BELLS is HEARD, answering from below, shrill and insistent.

67 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The telegraph stands at "Slow Ahead." BELLS shriek. Overseen by a staff of ENGINEERS, led by Chief Engineer BELL, the enormous pistons begin to rise and fall, the huge wheels to turn.

68 INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

A crew of FIREMEN (stokers), their clothing still relatively clean, shovel coal into the furnaces.

69 INT. ENGINE ROOM

Pistons and wheels move faster, faster.

70 EXT. TITANIC - DAY

FOCUS at the waterline. The two massive screw propellers begin to turn, churning the water.

71 INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

In the wheelhouse and on the bridge -- VISIBLE THROUGH the GLASS -- all share the exhilarating sense of an adventure begun.

SMITH

Gentlemen... we're under way.
Since there was no formal
launching, I should like to say
God bless this ship... and all
who sail in her.

72 VINTAGE FILM

A brief SEQUENCE OF SHOTS is SEEN, showing the Titanic leaving Southampton, accompanied by the rousing strains of "Rule, Britannia... Britannia rules the waves!" Finally we SEE the reel splutter to an end, numbers flashing by until the SCREEN GOES BLANK.

73 INT. CHIEF OFFICER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Total darkness. Silence. A light suddenly comes on a lamp above a small table in cramped quarters, lit by Henry Wilde. He takes off his cap, throws it on the narrow berth, unbuttons his uniform jacket as he sits at the table, picks up pen, dips it into ink, begins to write, the nib scratching the paper. His VOICE is HEARD on the SOUNDTRACK, the accent Liverpudlian.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

WILDE (V.O.)

Dear Sis... I have only just now come off watch and am dashing this off to you, old chum, as I know you will be anxious for word of the great occasion. We had a near thing leaving Southampton. A ship docked nearby was nearly sucked into a collision by the force of our propellers, but never mind, no harm done, although one bloke in First Class insisted on being put ashore at Cherbourg, saying it was a bad omen, or some such rubbish. The loading in France went off without a hitch, and we are now underway again.

(dips pen, resumes writing)

It's a typical first night out, very quiet as always in any ship.

74 INT. 3RD CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The CAMERA FOCUSES ON a sign pointing the way to "Lavatories -- Third Class," then MOVES TO SHOOT the length of a long, stark corridor, lit by naked lightbulbs, with exposed pipes overhead. Wilde's VOICE CONTINUES OVER the SHOT.

WILDE (V.O.)

The passengers haven't got the feel of it yet, and in this case neither have the crew.

Brahim Youssef ENTERS the SHOT from the direction of the lavatories, wearing an old, frayed dressing gown and carpet slippers, starts down the long corridor, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

WILDE (V.O.)

The sheer distance from one end to the other is such I expect it will be a fortnight at least before I find the shortest route.

Arrived at the door to his cabin, Youssef opens it.

75 INT. YOUSSEF CABIN - NIGHT

The children are already in their iron berths, covered with dark blankets.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

The patch of linoleum covered floor is so small that Youseff's wife, who, in nightdress, stands brushing her hair when he enters, must climb into her berth to let him pass. Murmuring something to her in Arabic about the cramped quarters, he removes his dressing gown in front of the metal wardrobe which stands against the wall (no porthole), pulls open the wardrobe door.

76 INT. ASTOR SUITE - NIGHT

The wardrobe in the Astor bedroom is large and ornate, elaborately carved and decorated in the Louis Quinze style, with panels of silk brocade set in the doors. FOCUS ON one of these as Stewardess MAY SLOAN opens it and hangs a sable evening wrap inside. She is a cheerful, healthy and well-scrubbed-looking woman of thirty-five, with a friendly, direct manner. Returning her attention to the open steamer trunk standing near the wardrobe, she takes out a particularly handsome gown and, since there is no one else in the room, cannot resist holding it up before her and observing herself in the mirror.

MADELINE

Like it?

She has appeared in the bathroom doorway, observing with a smile. May Sloan is startled, quickly lowers the dress.

MAY

I'm sorry. I'd no business.

MADELINE

No, no, it suits you.
(gestures "hold it
up again")

Let's see.

(studies her)

It's a very good color for you.
You're taller than I am. You'll
want to have the hem let out a
little.

MAY

I will?

Madeline grasps her arm, smiling conspiratorially, speaking in a muted voice.

MADELINE

It's yours when we reach New York.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

MAY

Oh, no, madam, I couldn't.

MADELINE

You like it, don't you?

MAY

It's the most beautiful dress I've ever seen.

MADELINE

Then it's settled.

MAY

But I...

Madeline puts a finger to her lips, indicating the door into the sitting room, which is ajar. Then she crosses into...

77 THE SITTING ROOM

where her husband sits reading a newspaper. She stands watching him in silence for a moment. Then he speaks, without looking up.

ASTOR

Just catching up on the London papers.
I didn't have a chance this morning.

(looks up, smiles)

Find everything you need?

MADELINE

Yes. There's no bidet in the bathroom, of course, but then it's not a French ship, it's British. One mustn't expect miracles.

This has been said with a slight air of mock grandeur, for his amusement. He grins appreciatively, holds out his hand. She takes it.

ASTOR

Mrs. Astor likes her comfort.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

MADELINE

I'm awfully spoiled, aren't I,
for the rather ordinary daughter
of a man who runs a forwarding
firm in Brooklyn?

ASTOR

You were never ordinary, I
don't care who your father
is. And you're not half as
spoiled as you're going to
be when I get through with
you.

MADELINE

Did you spoil Ava when you were
first married?

The name is pronounced "Ah-va."

ASTOR

Nobody spoils Ava. She's the
one who spoils things.
Everything. I got used to
her insulting me, calling me
stupid and clumsy, but I
never got used to her cruelty
to Vincent. Even when he was
no bigger than that...

Indicating a small child's height:

ASTOR

... shaming him in front of
her guests. Now he's as old
as you are, and I don't suppose
he's ever had a kind word from
her. Everywhere he goes,
people say, 'Ah, your mother...
the greatest beauty of the age,'
and he just looks at them.

She presses his hand to her cheek, kisses it, in a
gesture of sympathy and understanding.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

MADELINE
I'm not beautiful.

ASTOR
You are.

MADELINE
Not like her. But I can be kind.
I can be infinitely kind.

78 EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of the Titanic, travelling west, light shining from hundreds of windows and portholes. The only SOUND is that of the SEA.

79 EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

FREDERICK FLEET and REGINALD LEE, both in their early twenties, keep watch. A BELL STRIKES the half-hour from the bridge. Fleet tolls the CROW'S NEST BELL and calls:

FLEET
All's well!

80 EXT. POOP DECK - NIGHT

A SHOT of the Titanic's billowing wake VIEWED from the aftermost point on the ship, with concomitant SOUND.

81 EXT. THE AMERICA - DAY

Aboard the tender "America," Irish emigrants, their average age little more than twenty, stand on two open decks, staring in awe and wonder at the ship waiting to receive them.

82 THEIR POV - THE TITANIC

It looms ever larger.

83 ABOARD THE TENDER

The CAMERA FOCUSES on MARTIN GALLAGHER standing in the bow. He is twenty-three years old, lean and dark, with a somber air. He stares gloomily at the Titanic, reflecting Wilde's sense of "something not quite right" about it. The CAMERA ALTERS its ANGLE TO REVEAL a slight, childlike youth standing near: DANIEL BUCKLEY, aged twenty-one.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

DANIEL
What do you think of it?

MARTIN
Dunno what to think.

DANIEL
Gives me the shivers. Big is
one thing... but that.

MARTIN
It'll seem small enough, no doubt,
when we're a thousand miles from
any land, and nothing but the
great ocean all around.

DANIEL
You've been to sea before, then.

MARTIN
I haven't.

DANIEL
Me, neither.

84 ON THE UPPER DECK OF TENDER

X

several reporters and photographers keep themselves apart
from the emigrant mob, observing them with a superior air.

85 THEIR POV - BUMBOATS

The tender overtakes a small fleet of bumboats laden with
Irish linen and laces, bolts of homespun fabric.

86 ON THE TENDER

KATIE GILNAGH, plump and pretty and just sixteen, watches
with her friend, KATE MULLINS, who is twenty. Hovering
near are two youths from their hometown: JAMES FARRELL,
a hearty, strapping boy of twenty-four and DAVID CHARTERS,
who is a year or two younger, an inch or two shorter, and
far less self-assured.

KATIE
What're those, Kate?

KATE
Dunno.

JAMES
Bumboats.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

KATE

Bumboats? What's bumboats?

JAMES

Boats what carry things to sell
aboard ships when they're riding
at anchor.

DAVID

How do you know that, Jim?

JAMES

Didn't my brother go all round the
Orient the time he was a merchant
seaman? And didn't he used to
write home about such things?

87

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Aboard the Titanic, FOCUS ON bolt of fabric. It unrolls
with a flourish. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a MER-
CHANT displaying his wares to a group of interested First
Class passengers.

MERCHANT

What is your pleasure, ladies?
Here's the finest Irish linen
in creation. Here's lace as
fine as any you'd ever find in
France or Belgium... finer, I'm
thinking.

The Astors approach, viewing the scene.

ASTOR

There's Maggie Brown down there.

MADELINE

Molly Brown, darling.

88

THEIR POV - MOLLY BROWN

wearing a shoulder-cape of sable and a huge, feathered
hat, examining a bolt of vividly-coloured fabric.

MADELINE (O.S.)

She's decided that 'Maggie' sounds
rather common.

89

THE ASTORS

He is waving, to no avail.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

ASTOR

She doesn't see us.
(sees someone else
approaching)

Oh-oh.

A wealthy, imperious dowager and her ramrod-straight daughter come toward them. He braces himself for the confrontation.

ASTOR

Hello, Kate. Louisa.
(no reply; icy
stares)

May I introduce my wife...?

Without stopping, tilting their heads as if his wife weren't there, the women sweep past. Stung, Astor stares angrily after them.

MADELINE

Friends of Ava's?

ASTOR

Yes.

MADELINE

She inspires loyalty.

ASTOR

She buys loyalty. Or else extorts
it.

MADELINE

It doesn't matter.

ASTOR

Of course it matters.

To divert him, she has picked up a beautifully-made lace jacket.

MADELINE

Look at this. Isn't it lovely?

She holds it in front of her.

ASTOR

(still distracted)
Very nice.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

MADELINE

See how full it is in the waist.
I'll need that in a few weeks when
I've really begun to show.

ASTOR

(to Merchant)

How much is it?

MERCHANT

(sizing him up)

Well, now... in round figures...

MADELINE

That's what I'll have before long.

MERCHANT

One hundred and sixty pounds.

ASTOR

You're joking.

MERCHANT

Not a bit of it.

MADELINE

One-sixty?

ASTOR

Eight hundred dollars.

MADELINE

Oh, that's ridiculous.

(folding jacket)

No, thank you.

(lays it down)

Molly's friend, Mrs. Bucknell, is
on board. Let's go and see if they
can't dine with us tonight.

ASTOR

I'll be along.

He kisses her lightly on the forehead. She starts off,
browsing each display of goods as she goes. Astor locks
glances with the Merchant.

ASTOR

Fifty pounds.

MERCHANT

One hundred and sixty.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

ASTOR

One hundred.

MERCHANT

And sixty.

Astor takes a billfold from his pocket and begins placing ten pound notes in the Merchant's palm.

ASTOR

You're a hard man.

MERCHANT

Come to that, it's a hard life,
your honour.

90 FURTHER ALONG

Madeline approaches the place where Molly Brown is still examining bolts of fabric.

MADELINE

Molly?

MOLLY

Madeline! How are you, darlin'?
(they embrace,
kiss)
How do you feel?

MADELINE

Fine. I wasn't a bit sick this morning, thanks to you. I simply willed myself not to be, the way you said.

MOLLY

Good! Now you can give me some advice.

She lifts a bolt of bright green fabric and drapes it flamboyantly over her ample bosom.

MOLLY

All this stuff just brings out the Irish in me with a vengeance, but you've got to tell me honestly if it's apt to make me look like Paddy's pig!

For Madeline's amusement, she dances a little jig, humming "The Irish Washerwoman" as she bounces. Madeline laughs and claps with pleasure.

91 ELSEWHERE ON THE DECK

Laurence Beesley watches the activity of the makeshift open-air market. He stands toward the rear of the ship, behind a rail. In the rail is a gate, and on it a sign which -- viewed from Beesley's side -- reads "First Class Passengers Only -- No Admittance."

92 EXT. 2ND CLASS SUNDECK

A row of deck chairs arranged in the shelter of the raised roof of the smoke room is on the deck below. Here Leigh Goodwin sits, legs wrapped in a blanket. She has been reading a book, but at the moment she is staring at Beesley in profile, as if reading his thoughts about the people on the other -- and forbidden -- side of the barrier. Beesley would describe her in his book as "a graceful girl with a distinguished air heightened by a pair of pince-nez." Since the glasses are essentially for reading, she now removes them from the bridge of her nose for a better look.

93 HER POV - BEESLEY

It is an impressive profile -- proud nose, firm jaw. The eyes give nothing away, so that, like Leigh Goodwin, we might wonder if it is envy or disapproval that their owner is experiencing. After a moment, he seems to become aware that he, the watcher, is being watched. He turns his head toward the deck chairs.

94 LEIGH GOODWIN

promptly drops her eyes, puts her spectacles on again, returning her attention to the book she holds.

95 BEESLEY

watches her for a moment.

Up the staircase come First Officer Murdoch and Second Officer Lightoller. The CAMERA MOVES with the two officers as they walk smartly across the Second Class Promenade, passing Leigh in her deck chair, enter the First Class section, continue through the gate marked "Officer's Promenade" where a familiar VOICE greets them.

SMITH (O.S.)

Here, you two!

96 OMITTED

&

97

98 FARTHER UP THE DECK

toward the bridge, Captain Smith and Chief Officer Wilde stand facing the Irish Reporters and Photographers.

SMITH

Come and be immortalized!

While he waves them into position, one of the Reporters puts a question.

REPORTER

Is it true this will be your last voyage, then, Captain... going out in a blaze of glory, as it were?

SMITH

Not quite, not quite. Though I do see retirement in my immediate future. I'm looking forward to a long, tranquil time in dry-dock before I'm finally sold for scrap ... as it were. How's this? Is this how you want us?

Lightoller and Murdoch face the cameras rather shyly and stiffly. Wilde is quite relaxed about it and even manages a decorous half-smile. The Photographer's magnesium flares blaze. FREEZE the FRAME, its color bleached by the afterglow. The effect should be that of looking at an old, delicately-tinted, slightly blurry photograph. Slowly, gradually, something else, some other presence, begins to take form at the center of the blur, something indistinct, moving slightly, bobbing gently up and down.

99 EXT. THE AMERICA - DAY

The tender bobs beside the Titanic as the last few passengers make their way up a wobbly gangway. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY DOWN from a considerable height TO SINGLE OUT the mysterious object introduced in (which is to say SUPER-IMPOSED OVER) the previous SHOT. What comes INTO FOCUS at last is a human face of unearthly, indeed almost unbelievable beauty. ROSALEEN is the name we shall give to the girl Beesley saw but failed to name. In his own description, she is "a girl of really remarkable beauty, black hair and deep violet eyes with long lashes, and perfectly shaped features, and quite young, not more than eighteen or twenty." We will fully understand the lyrical nature of her introduction when we SEE:

100 BEESLEY

on C Deck (two decks above the one where the loading is in progress) just outside the library, a book clutched in his hands, staring down over the rail, dazzled.

101 ROSALEEN

follows the others to the foot of the gangway, hesitates, raises her face for a last look at the ship before entering it. Inevitably, she sees:

102 BEESLEY

looking down at her with a smitten schoolboy face.

103 ROSALEEN

returns his gaze for a moment -- whether out of curiosity or reciprocated interest would be hard to say. Then, at the last, she lowers her eyes with a becoming modesty and mounts the gangway, disappearing into the ship.

104 BEESLEY

continues to stare even after she is gone, eyes glazed, mouth ajar, incredulous, deeply moved. Euclid has looked on Beauty bare.

105 INT. E DECK - DAY

At the inner doorway of the Third Class entrance, a STEWARD stands, checking the tickets of the emigrants.

STEWARD

Ticket number F-twenty-nine, thank you, down the stair to your right.

(checks Rosaleen's ticket)

E-forty-four. That's this deck. Follow the passage to your left. There'll be a stewardess to help you.

The CAMERA GOES with Rosaleen into the long, narrow...

106 3RD CLASS CORRIDOR

lit by naked light bulbs, with exposed pipes in its ceiling. That it is a dispiriting, cavernous sort of place shows in Rosaleen's face. A stewardess down the way calls encouragingly. She looks rather like a parlor maid in her black uniform and voluminous white apron. The hair is worn swept up and rolled, with a little starched cap perched on top. She is VIOLET JESSOP from Croydon.

JESSOP

Single ladies this way! Come along, dear!

Rosaleen continues toward the stewardess. The CAMERA HOLDS, VIEWING her from behind, walking away. Out of one of the small cross-passages comes Steward JOHN HART, a cheerful, fatherly little man, leading Martin Gallagher, who carries his only suitcase. They do not encounter Rosaleen, who has already passed, but move along the passage TOWARD the CAMERA.

HART

Never mind. We'll get you sorted out. This alleyway's something, ennit? The officers have nicknamed it Park Lane after the poshest street in London. That's irony. The crew call it Scotland Row, which if you've ever been to Liverpool, you know is thoroughly disreputable.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

They encounter Daniel Buckley coming in the opposite direction, also carrying his case.

HART

Lost, I shouldn't wonder?

DANIEL

(holds up ticket)

My ticket's for a cabin that's already full up.

HART

Another one! Come on, then. Join the parade. You have to expect these little mishaps in a bran' new ship.

Daniel falls into step beside Martin.

DANIEL

'Lo.

Martin nods. Hart leads them into another short cross-passage, stops at an open door, reaches in to rap on it.

107 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN

Bare walls painted grey, linoleum floor, four bunks, a wash basin, a wooden bench. David Charters sits on an upper berth, eating an apple, while Jim Farrell rummages through his case, open on the berth below. They look up in response to the KNOCK. Hart leads the others into the entry.

HART

English-speaking?

JAMES

Reluctantly.

HART

(to Martin and Daniel)

You can stow your cases under the bunks.

(of wash basin)

You've got soap and towels there, and the lavatory's right 'round the bend, which is where I shall be before this trip is over, I can see it comin'.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

He goes. An awkward pause, relieved finally by Farrell.

JAMES

Well, it looks like we're going to be sharing. This here is David Charters.

(puts out his hand)

I'm Farrell. James. Jim.

(shakes with Martin)

We're from Longford.

MARTIN

Gallagher. Martin. Donegal.

JAMES

You're a long ways from home.

Shakes hands with Daniel.

DANIEL

Buckley. Daniel. Daniel Buckley.

JAMES

Why don't you have the upper there? You're smaller than Martin. Less trouble getting in and out.

DANIEL

Right.

He carries his bag across the room, sets it on the wooden bench facing his bunk. Martin puts his case on the lower berth, looks about the room bleakly. James, watching him, smiles.

JAMES

Not exactly the Royal Hibernian, is it?

MARTIN

The Royal Hibernian? What's that?

JAMES

That's the swankiest hotel in Dublin, is what that is.

MARTIN

Oh.

James closes his case, slips it under the bunk, goes to the basin to wash his hands, not so much because they need it as that the new bar of soap and new white towels are so inviting.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

Martin is impressed and intrigued by the reference to city swank but tries to appear casual in pursuing it.

MARTIN

Been much to Dublin, then, have you?

JAMES

We passed through on our way down here.

DANIEL

And did you stay at the Royal whatever-you-call-it?

JAMES

Are you daft, or what? With sod all between us? We stayed at Westland Row Station, is where we stayed, long enough to change trains. And last night in Cobh, which the bloody-minded British insist on calling Queenstown, we slept rough in a little park.
(drying his hands)
The girls stayed in a guest house.

DANIEL

The girls?

DAVID

Two girls from our town travelled down with us.

James bends to look into the cabinet below the basin.

JAMES

Name of Gilnagh and Mullin. The two Kates.

(produces a large
porcelain chamber
pot)

Ah... the beer drinker's friend!

108 INT. GIRLS' CABIN - DAY

It is almost identical to the boys' cabin. Katie Gilnagh and Kate Mullins are sharing with BRIDGET BRADLEY and MARY AGATHA GLYNN, both sturdy country girls, aged about twenty. The four are obliged to engage in a kind of awkward ballet as they move about their cramped quarters, taking necessities like combs and brushes, etc., from their cases and putting them into the mesh receptacles slung like small hammocks beside each berth. Kate and Bridget bump in the process.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

KATE

I'm sorry... Mary Agatha, is it?

BRIDGET

Bridget. Bridget Bradley.

MARY

I'm Mary Agatha.

KATE

I'll get it straight.

BRIDGET

It's you two are the problem, the pair of yous.

KATIE

Just remember she's Kate and I'm Katie.

MARY

Shocking business, isn't it?
Putting four in a space this small.

KATIE

Small is it? Seems massive to me.

BRIDGET

Go on!

KATE

She means it. She's one of ten kids.

KATIE

And two rooms in the house. We was all times three and four to a bed.

A sudden RUMBLE shakes the cabin. All start.

KATIE

Mother of mercy, what's that now?

MARY

An explosion!

Almost in unison they bless themselves. Stewardess Jessop, passing their open door, puts her head in.

JESSOP

Not to worry! They've started the engines is all. You happen to be quite near the casing.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

KATIE

Are we moving?

JESSOP

We will be in two shakes.

She goes. Katie quakes.

KATIE

Heaven help me, I'm gonna be seasick, I know.

KATE

Think that way, and you will.

Another startling SOUND, not far off, jars them. Katie gasps. Bridget crosses to the door.

BRIDGET

Now what?

109 INT. PASSAGE

At the head of the passage stands Bugler, P. FLETCHER, a cocky youth of about seventeen from Southfields (London), with jaunty cap and a dark blue uniform that seems at least a size too small. As the other girls follow Bridget into the doorway, and heads appear elsewhere, he repeats the shrill summons on his BUGLE.

BRIDGET

Is it abandon ship or run for your lives or what is it at all?

FLETCHER

It's lunch.

MARY

Do you make that racket every time it's lunch, then?

FLETCHER

And breakfast. And dinner. Third Class dining saloon one deck down. Thank you.

He turns on his heels and goes. Katie looks at Kate, eyes wide.

KATIE

Dinner? They call tea dinner. What swank. I never had dinner in me life.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

KATE

We're on our way to ruin, the
bunch of us.

All giggle with anticipation. Somewhere in the distance
O.S., Fletcher can be HEARD BLOWING the CALL to lunch
again.

109A INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Stokers feed the furnaces.

110 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The telegraph reads "Slow Ahead." BELLS RING. The great
machinery throbs slowly and steadily.

110A EXT. TITANIC - DAY

Again FOCUS on the stern near the waterline as the
propellers churn the water.

111 EXT. OPEN DECK - DAY

Daniel and Mary Marvin stand in the middle of the deck,
he cranking his camera, filming the Irish coast.

MARY

My stomach is growling.

MARVIN

Almost finished.

Wanting a wider angle, he lifts the camera, steps back-
ward, colliding with the Countess of Rothes, passing
with her cousin Helen Cherry.

MARVIN

I'm sorry.

COUNTESS

No harm done.

She goes. He resumes cranking. RENE and HENRY HARRIS,
walking arm in arm to lunch, stop, reluctant to pass in
front of the camera.

MARVIN

It's all right, folks. This reel's
nearly used up.

RENE

Quite an expensive toy, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

MARY

It was a wedding present.

MARVIN

My dad's in the business. Moving pictures.

HENRY

Oh, yeah? Tell him to save his money and invest it in something with a future, like vaudeville.

RENE

Henry's a theatrical producer, Broadway.

HENRY

Henry Harris.

He holds out his hand. Marvin stops cranking long enough to shake it.

MARVIN

Hi Marvin. This is my wife, Mary.

MARY

Hello.

RENE

Pleased to meet you. I'm Rene.

Marvin sights through the view-finder again.

MARVIN

You really think movies are a flash in the pan?

HENRY

My father always used to say, 'Sinking cash in a short-term novelty is like waiting for ships that never come in.'

RENE

Sinking? Ships? Was that supposed to be funny?

HENRY

Only by accident.

RENE

Enough about accidents. Let's eat.

They continue on their way. Marvin and his bride exchange an amused smile. He resumes cranking.

111A VINTAGE FILM

Black and white shots of the Irish shore, viewed from the deck of the Titanic, accompanied by MUSIC that has the quality of a soft Irish day.

112 INT. ASTOR SUITE - DAY

In the Astor's bedroom, Thomas Andrews, dressed in a tweed suit, stands at an open window (rectangular, not a porthole), staring wistfully at the Irish coast. After a moment, Stewardess May Sloan enters, carrying an armful of fresh towels. Seeing the back of the man at the window, she stops short.

MAY

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANDREWS

It's all right, Miss Sloan. It's only me.

MAY

Mr. Andrews.

ANDREWS

The Astors have gone down to lunch. I just nipped in to give a prod to that fan you reported out-of-order.

A small folding ladder stands beneath an electric fan attached to a ceiling beam.

MAY

Having a last look at Ireland?

ANDREWS

Yes. Isn't it foolish? We're hardly away yet, and I'm homesick already.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

May places hand towels next to the marble-topped basin,
carries bath towels into bathroom.

MAY (O.S.)
Where do you come from,
exactly?

ANDREWS
From Comber in Country Down.
but I live in Belfast now.

MAY
(emerging)
So do I.

ANDREWS
Do you? Where?

MAY
Kerslan Road. Strandtown.

ANDREWS
Yes, of course.

MAY
It's good to meet someone from
home.

ANDREWS
Yes.

Again he looks toward shore, and the wistful expression
returns. May watches him, sympathetically.

113 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

A SHOT of the Titanic, VIEWED from the stern, moving
AWAY FROM CAMERA. Beesley's recollection: "In our wake
soared and screamed hundreds of gulls, which had quar-
relled and fought over the remnants of lunch pouring
out of the waste pipes as we lay-to in the harbor entrance;
and now they followed us in expectation of further spoil
... screamed and dipped down into the broad wake of foam
which we left behind."

114 OMITTED
thru
116

117 INT. E DECK - NIGHT

Again the long, narrow corridor lit by naked light bulbs.
A MOVING SHOT of the Youssef family approaching the head
of a stairway where a sign reads "To Third Class Dining
Saloon."

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

As they walk, Youssef talks continually to his wife and children in Arabic, saying how hungry he is and how he hopes the food is better tonight than it was at lunch, when everything was terribly bland. English cooking he finds totally lacking in flavor. Not enough spice, not enough zest.

118 INT. 3RD CLASS DINING SALOON - NIGHT

It is a large, plain room with portholes high up in the walls and rows of pipe-like pillars supporting the timbered ceiling. On a floor of dark linoleum stand rows of long, narrow tables seating ten or twelve in heavy wooden arm-chairs, all facing one another, none at the head or foot. The tables, which are set without cloths and with cheap, utilitarian dishes and utensils, are already quite full, and the BABEL of many tongues -- Arabic, Yiddish, Armenian, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, German, etc. -- swells as the Youssefs descend the stairs and absorb their patriarch's conversation. Harried TABLE STEWARDS scurry about among the diners, carrying large platters piled with mutton and boiled potatoes. Demands on their attention are met with exasperated cries of "All right, all right, I've only two 'ands, 'aven't I?" and "Don't get yer arse in an uproar!" and "Keep your knickers on, dearie, I'll be there soon as ever I can!" and "We got three kinds of potatoes: boiled, boiled and boiled!" and, of the mutton, "Now who wants this nice fatty bit 'ere? Ooh, ennit lovely?"

119 INT. RESTAURANT FOYER - NIGHT

The discreet little wall plaque where passage and foyer meet points "To Ritz Restaurant." The Countess of Rothes passes, accompanied by her cousin, GLADYS CHERRY. The Countess' glorious hair is swept up, the neckline of her gown, cut low (with a full-blown pink rose tucked into the cleft) to emphasize the length and grace of her magnificent neck. At her approach, the Page Boy, C. TURVEY, smartly opens the restaurant door. Turvey is probably fifteen or so, but looks no more than twelve.

TURVEY

Good evening, my lady.

COUNTESS

Good evening.

Gladys smiles and nods at the boy as they pass.

120 INT. RESTAURANT

In contrast to the Third Class Saloon, all SOUND here is muted.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

Waiters, when they speak at all, speak softly. The Maitre D's suggestions are made almost in a whisper. Conversation is hushed. The Shipbuilder described the bandstand as "partly recessed and raised on a platform at the after end." On it a STRING QUARTET discreetly plays "The Merry Widow Waltz," followed by other selections ("Vilia," "Maxime's," "Marsovia," "Oh, Come Away, Away") from the same score. The Shipbuilder continues: "The style of decoration is that of the Louis Seize period. The room is paneled in beautifully marked French walnut of a delicate light fawn color, the moulding and ornaments being richly carved and gilded. The windows are draped with plain silk fawn curtains having flowered borders and richly embroidered pelmets. The floor is covered with an elegant pile carpet having an unobtrusive design. The color is a delicate vieux rose. Small tables have been provided to accommodate from two to eight persons, and crystal standard lamps with rose-colored shades illuminate each table. The chairs are in similar light French walnut to the walls, the upholstery covering is Aubusson tapestry in quiet tones representing a treillage of roses." A contemporary artist's sketch reveals a room of considerable elegance, tables agleam with fine napery and porcelain, crystal and silver. At one of these sit the Astors, Molly Brown and EMMA BUCKNELL, a Philadelphia matron of fifty, eating their dessert. The others are conventionally dressed, but Molly indulges her taste for bizarre costume, wearing a gown and headdress that suggest the lost grandeur of Egypt. At the table next to theirs, the ASSISTANT MAITRE D' prepares Crepes Suzette in a flaming chafing dish, while a WAITER stands by to serve them. Heads turn as Maitre D' PAUL MAUGE leads Countess and cousin to their table.

ASTOR

She dines late.

MOLLY

She's a countess. When you're a countess, you dine when you dawg well feel like it.

EMMA

Countess of what, Maggie?

MOLLY

Of Rothés. And don't call me Maggie.

MADELINE

I find her fascinating. She looks just the way I've always wanted to ... worldly and mysterious.

Astor smiles at her, touches her hand.

(CONTINUED)

120. CONTINUED: (2)

ASTOR

Nonsense. I wouldn't change you
for all the countesses in Burke's
Peerage.

MOLLY

Talk about mysterious, just take a
peek back there in the corner.

As unobtrusively as possible, the others follow her direc-
tion and see:

121 BENJAMIN GUGGENHEIM

sitting alone, sipping a demi-tasse, staring blankly before
him. He is fair, handsome, fortyish, immaculately groomed,
his evening clothes beautifully cut.

MOLLY (O.S.)

What, you ask yourself, is that
gay dog Benjamin Guggenheim doin'
all by himself at a table for two?

122 MOLLY

swallows a forkful of pie and ice cream and continues.

MOLLY

We-elll... the story is he finally
broke up with the Marquise de
Ceruti, an' now he's on his way
home to see Florette and the kids
for the first time in seven, eight
months.

At this, Madeline frowns, which could be a warning or a
signal. Molly isn't sure.

MOLLY

What's wrong?

MADELINE

Nothing.

She drops her eyes, takes a dainty bite of creme caramel.
Molly proceeds, undaunted.

MOLLY

Well, the story further goes he's
got this young, blonde chanteuse
on board, but if it's true they
sure are bein' discreet, because
so far nobody's seen him with
anybody but his secretary, who
is neither blonde nor female.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

MADELINE

Such an attractive looking man.

ASTOR

(objecting)

Here now.

MOLLY

I'll tell the world. He can leave
his shoes outside my room any old
night.

EMMA

(chiding)

Maggie!

MOLLY

Molly. Darn it, Emma.

ASTOR

Scandalous.

(puts his napkin
on the table)

This conversation is too spicy for
me. I'm going up to the smoke
room and have a very, very mild
cigar.

He rises. Madeline takes his hand.

MADELINE

Don't you want coffee?

ASTOR

No, and I think you ought to
have cocoa or Ovaltine.

She smiles at the others, pressing his hand to her face.

MADELINE

The father of my child-to-be.

He bends and kisses her brow.

ASTOR

I'll come back for you.

He goes. The Maitre d' bows to him at the door. Madeline
stares fondly after.

MOLLY

Well... now we can loosen our
corsets and let down our hair.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

X
X
X

122 CONTINUED: (A2)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(to Madeline)

Walk me to the ladies.

She rises with a wink to Emma, indicating she wants a word alone with Madeline. The CAMERA MOVES WITH Molly and Madeline.

MOLLY

Did I really bother him with my nonsense?

(CONTINUED)

X
X
X
X
X
X

122 CONTINUED: (2)

MADELINE

Of course not, you're good for him. You make him laugh. Lord knows he needs it, after all he's suffered on my account.

MOLLY

Oh, poo.

MADELINE

No, it's true. That's why I did that...

(the warning frown)

... when you mentioned Mister Guggenheim's wife and children. John still hasn't got over the insults and the snubs that came after his divorce... and worse after we were married. Because he loved me, he thought his friends would accept me automatically.

MOLLY

His friends do. As for the others, to hell with 'em.

MADELINE

He can't say that, Molly. It's desperately important to him. It's his life.

This declaration stops the conversation dead. Seeing the truth of it reflected in Molly's face, Madeline looks away, looks down, and the great sad eyes seem sadder than ever. Emma looks on sympathetically, unable to console. Molly puts out a hand.

MOLLY

Cheer up. Everything's gonna look a whole lot brighter after the baby's born. You got so much happiness in store for you, honey.

The younger woman can only manage a feeble smile in return for this solace.

123 INT. 3RD CLASS GENERAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Third Class general room and smoke room on C Deck are essentially one large space, with small tables seating four ranged between rows of back-to-back wooden benches of the sort found in railway stations. Doors on one side open onto the open deck constituting the Third Class Promenade.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

In a corner of the smoke room is a small bar, presently crowded with men bringing glasses back to be refilled. Two harried BARMEN work as quickly and effectively as they can. The CAMERA GOES with James Farrell, carrying four pints of stout from the bar to his cabin mates, who sit waiting his return. He passes through the smoke room section, where passengers of mostly Mediterranean origin are gathered, sitting with drinks, pipes or cigars, talking quietly, a few humming nostalgically the plaintive MELODY played on a concertina by one of their number. In the general room section, the faces are predominantly Irish, with young women sitting sedately on one side, young men on the other. In the center, one or two middle-aged couples, a few girls and a few children dance together, none very gracefully, all with a degree of self-consciousness and, in the case of the children, of silliness. The MUSIC is a set-dance called "Madame Bonapart," played on the piano and Irish pipes by two young male PASSENGERS. Although the tempo is that of a hornpipe, the dancers opt for whatever steps they happen to know, adding to the effect of awkwardness. This is the view confronting his friends on their bench when James arrives with the drinks.

JAMES

Grab it, lads, grab it.

All take glasses.

DANIEL

Thanks very much.

DAVID

Your health, Jimmy.

MARTIN

Slainte.

JAMES

Up the Irish.

They drink, then stare bleakly at the scene on the dance floor and across the room.

JAMES

God, this is fierce. It's no different to what it was at home.

DANIEL

I know what you mean. Girls on one side, boys on the other, and never the twain shall meet.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

The problem as I see it is, we're
all the time having dances, and
we don't know how to dance.

JAMES

Well, I don't. for one, and I'm
jiggered if I'll apologize for it.
Damn silly business, in my view.

A slight pause, then the taciturn Martin delivers himself
of what is, for him, an extended revelation.

MARTIN

I can dance.

DANIEL

Can you, Martin?

MARTIN

I can, so. It's only I haven't
seen the girl yet.

DANIEL

What girl is that?

MARTIN

The girl I'll be after dancing
with.

James slaps him on the back.

JAMES

Well, good luck, old son! It
looks a pretty narrow field from
where I sit.

Again they stare in silence at the dance floor and beyond.

124 THE ROOM - THEIR POV

FOCUS ON the dancers. The CAMERA MOVES FORWARD almost into
their midst, FOCUSING NOW ON the girls seated against the
far wall. IT MOVES FURTHER TO SINGLE OUT the fair Rosaleen,
standing alone by the door, her exquisite face half in
shadow as she watches the dancing.

125 MARTIN

sees her and cannot quite believe that he does.

126 ROSALEEN

remains intent on the dancing.

127 MARTIN

rises, knowing he has found his girl.

128 ROSALEEN

is distracted by his movement. She looks at him.

129 MARTIN

smiles, not confidently, but tentatively, hopefully.

130 ROSALEEN

blushes, and drops her eyes.

131 MARTIN

hands his glass to Daniel.

MARTIN

Hold that, will you?

He starts across the room, holding Rosaleen in view, but when he reaches the center of the dance floor, where he must weave and dodge, two of the children seize him, drawing him into their dance, twirling him about.

MARTIN

Here, don't be doing that. Stop it now, do you hear?

They release him, feeling a bit dizzy. Regaining his equilibrium, he looks at once toward the far wall.

132 ROSALEEN

is halfway out the door.

133 MARTIN

calls after her.

MARTIN

Hey!

He hurries across the room toward the door.

134 EXT. OPEN DECK - NIGHT

The Third Class Promenade is mean compared to the space allotted the First and Second Classes. At the moment, it is partially lit by several overhead lamps. Martin comes through the door of the general room. The MUSIC inside blares for a moment, then is muted when the door closes.

MARTIN

Hullo?

135 THE DECK - HIS POV

Empty. No one in sight.

136 MARTIN

calls again, slightly louder.

MARTIN

Hello?

He crosses to the center of the deck, turns in a complete circle, looks everywhere. The CAMERA MOVES to the rail that divides the deck, FOCUSING on the sign attached to the gate: "SECOND CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY - NO ADMITTANCE." OVER the SHOT, Martin's VOICE is HEARD once more.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Hullo?

137 INT. 2ND CLASS LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cushioned silence. The large (40 by 58 feet) room's style is called "Colonial Adams": sycamore panelling, beamed ceiling supported by fluted columns, Wilton carpeting in a bold floral pattern, geometrical (lozenges) tapestry on heavy armchairs, grouped four to a table (round). Near the windows are double writing bureaus, and at the forward end of the room a huge, bow-front, glass enclosed bookcase. Seated at the desk, with his back to the case, is the LIBRARY STEWARD, described by Laurence Beesley as "thin, stooping, and sad-faced, and generally with nothing to do but serve out books." A smattering of passengers read or write letters.

138 BEESLEY AND LEIGH GOODWIN

sit at such an angle to one another that they have only to look up from their books to be staring into each other's face. They do not look up, as it happens, but the impression is somehow given that they are, nonetheless, very much aware of one another's presence. Utter silence prevails to the end of the shot, when a sudden BLARE of MUSIC changes the scene.

139 INT. CAFE PARISIEN - NIGHT

The MUSIC is "In the Shadows," played by the full ship's orchestra: two pianos, two violins, two cellos and a bass viol. Wallace Hartley conducts from one of the pianos. He wears white tie and tails. A top hat sits waiting on his piano. When the song finishes, he rises, setting the tempo for the next number. Donning the top hat, he turns and sings toward the dance floor, where seven or eight attractive young couples -- including Daniel and Mary Marvin -- dance cheek to cheek.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

As he sings, he reaches up to a paper crescent moon hung by a thread from the ceiling and turns it so that the side covered with glitter is replaced by a dark side.

HARTLEY

'Turn off your light, Mr. Moon Man,
Go and hide your face behind a cloud.
Can't you see that couples want to
spoon, man?
Two is company and three's a crowd.

140 AT A TABLE FOR FOUR

Molly Brown and Emma Bucknell sit watching the romantic scene on the dance floor. Molly's drink is a large whisky. Emma daintily sips a Pink Lady. Hartley's SINGING continues in the background through the following dialogue.

HARTLEY (O.S.)

'When each little lad and lady
Finds a spot that's nice and shady,
That's your cue to say good night...
Good night!
And if they want to spoon,
Listen, Mr. Moon,
Be a sport and turn off your light.'

MOLLY

Ah, Emma, to be seventeen again.
Or even thirty-nine.
(drinks)
I can't think of a worse place to
be on your own than a big, romantic
ship like this, unless it's
Niagara Falls. You just know there's
so much love goin' on. You lay there
in the dark and watch the shadows
movin' past that little crack of
light under your cabin door.
Footsteps comin' close... Footsteps
goin' away. There's a soft knock
on a door, and a soft voice answers.
The door closes. You wonder if you're
the only one sleepin' one to a bed
tonight.

EMMA

Maggie, you shock me.

MOLLY

I'm gonna brain you if you don't
stop callin' me Maggie.
(suddenly)
Sit up straight.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

EMMA

(obeying)

Was I slouching?

MOLLY

I'm not concerned with your posture. You're blockin' my view.

EMMA

View of what?

MOLLY

There's a bozo sittin' over there behind you... don't look around... he's glancin' this way...

140A MOLLY'S POV

The "bozo" is a rather nondescript department store BUYER from Philadelphia. Seated alone at a small table, he smiles tentatively, as if waiting for an invitation.

MOLLY (O.S.)

... like he was gittin' up courage to ask me if my programme is full up for the evenin'.

140B MOLLY

smiles flirtatiously over the rim of her glass.

MOLLY

Not exactly love's young dream, but he wouldn't turn your stomach.

EMMA

Maggie...

MOLLY

Molly.

EMMA

Molly, you wouldn't dance with a perfect stranger?

MOLLY

Why, certainly not! Emma Bucknell, what in the world are you thinkin' of?

- 141 DANCE FLOOR X
- FOCUS ON Molly and her "bozo" slithering across the floor to the pulsing rhythm of a tango. X
- 141A CLOSE SHOT - THEIR FEET X
- Molly's dancing slippers and the Buyer's black patent leather shoes step smartly in time to the MUSIC. X
- 142 INT. 1ST CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT
- FOCUS ON a man's feet, shod in patent leather evening pumps with grosgrain bows, walking noiselessly along the carpeted corridor. The CAMERA FOLLOWS his feet past door after door. Shoes or boots or pumps have been left outside for polishing. The SOUND of RAPPING is HEARD, very softly. After a moment, a SOFT FEMALE VOICE answers from within: "Who is it?" The reply is so soft as to be inaudible. The door opens. The man's feet move inside. The door closes.
- The CAMERA MOVES UP to a SHOT of the passage. It is empty. Then two men appear at the far end: Chief Boots S. STEBBING and Assistant Boots E.J. GUY. Stebbing carries a small notepad. Whatever shoes have been left, he scribbles the cabin number, puts the leaf into the shoes, puts the shoes into the box carried by Guy. We WATCH until he picks up the high button shoes. As he does so, the SOUND of a WOMAN GIGGLING softly is HEARD within, and both men look in curiosity toward the door.
- 142A INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT
- The huge, cylindrical pistons, glistening with grease, pump rhythmically.
- 143 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT
- FOCUS CLOSE on Fifth Officer Lowe striking eight bells (midnight).
- 144 EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT
- Again Lookouts Fleet and Lee are on duty. Lee tolls the crow's nest bell.
- LEE
All's well!
- 144A INT. 1ST CLASS ENTRANCE - NIGHT
- The grand staircase is deserted. A steward mounts noiselessly, stops before the bronze clock, opens its case, turns its hands -- which point to midnight -- back to eleven.

144B INT. BOOTS ROOM - NIGHT

In a small space, cluttered with large tins of waxen shoe polish, brushes and buffing cloths, Stebbing and Guy and two other assistants sit cleaning and shining the vast quantity of shoes and boots contained in several boxes.

(CONTINUED)

144B CONTINUED:

The dozens of pairs already attended to stand in neat rows. Scraggly, funny little E.J. Guy sings to himself as he works, his accent redolent of Bow Bells.

GUY

'Just a little love, a little
kiss...'

STEBBING

Some 'opes.

GUY

'Just an hour what 'olds a world
of bliss...'

STEBBING

You'd like to go on the frisk,
wouldn't yer, you randy little
beast?

GUY

'Eyes what twinkle like the stars
above me...'

STEBBING

You may've got off with a
stewardess or two in the
Mauretania, but the Titanic's a
different keg of ale, I can tell
you. Captain Smith's a right
stickler for discipline.

GUY

Yah, but, Bootsy, look at it this
way: 'e's got to sleep sometimes,
ain' 'e? And what 'appens while
the captain sleeps?

(slight pause)

Answer me that.

(finishes his song

with an impish grin)

'An' the little words what you
say you lo-o-ove me!'

144C INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

FOCUS CLOSE ON Captain Smith, asleep in his berth, his
breathing heavy and regular and quite audible, a shade
this side of snoring. OVER the SHOT, MUSIC begins, the
melody of "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss" reprised.

144D EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of the ship steaming west, light glittering at many windows, lights going out at some, the "Love/Kiss" MUSIC continuing to the end of the SHOT.

145 EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Cool, clear weather, brilliant sunshine. Leigh Goodwin is in her deck chair. She flips through the several books in her lap, rejecting each in turn. Putting them aside, she sees Beesley sitting nearby, engrossed in a volume. She removes her pince-nez, puts it into her bag before daring an attempt at conversation.

LEIGH

What do you find to read in that rather primitive library?

No reaction. Then suddenly aware someone has addressed him, Beesley looks up. A slight pause.

BEESLEY

I beg your pardon?

LEIGH

They don't seem to have anything except what the library steward calls 'light shipboard reading.' 'Stover at Yale.' 'Hopalong Cassidy.' I was wondering how you found anything so engrossing.

BEESLEY

Oh, this isn't one of theirs. I'm just catching up on Fischer's work on proteins. Rather dry stuff, I'm afraid.

LEIGH

You're a scientist.

BEESLEY

Nothing so colorful. I teach. I'm a science master at Dulwich College. Not college in the American sense. It's a boys' school.

LEIGH

What a coincidence. I'm a teacher, too. At a girls' school. In the States.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

BEESLEY

That is a coincidence.

LEIGH

Yes.

A slightly awkward pause. They seem to have run out of conversation. Then, marking his place, he closes his book.

BEESLEY

I'm rather bored with this. Um...
would you care for a stroll?

LEIGH

That'd be nice.

They rise, leaving their books on the chairs, begin to walk, in silence at first. Suddenly, both speak at once.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

BOTH

I'm on my way...

They smile at the gaffe, then abruptly commit it again.

BOTH

Please go on, I...

This time they laugh.

LEIGH

You first.

BEESELY

I was only going to say I'm on my way to the states for my first visit. Leave of absence.

LEIGH

I made a tour of India with a group of teachers from all over the world. Now I'm on my way home. I'm on leave, too.

BEESELY

Another coincidence.

She nods. They continue in silence until they reach the rail on the after part of the deck. Here they can look down to the...

146 3RD CLASS PROMENADE

where much of the activity is centered around an exuberant skipping game which induces laughter, shouts, and a general air of gaiety.

147 2ND CLASS DECK

After a moment's observation, Leigh turns and looks up toward the...

148 1ST CLASS PROMENADE

where well-dressed passengers pass to and fro or stand at the rail chatting, looking down on the Second Class as the Second Class looks down on the third. Among them we SEE Bruce Ismay talking to the Astors. The atmosphere is muted, sedate and inescapably elegant.

149 LEIGH

watches.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

LEIGH

This is a funny place to be, isn't it? We're the middle.

BEESLEY

The middle?

LEIGH

The middle class. Haven't you noticed? This ship is a microcosm of the British social system. It's a maze of barriers erected to keep them...

(indicating Third)

... from getting where we are, and to keep us from getting where they...

(the First)

... are.

BEESLEY

Yes, but it's not social, is it? It's purely economic. Any rich peasant can have his pick of accommodation up there, and a nobleman short on funds might just find himself travelling down there. In that sense, you'd have to say the thing is really constructed on the American principle of equal opportunity, based on the ability to pay.

LEIGH

(looking down)

I don't see any dukes or earls milling about, do you?

BEESLEY

Well, none wearing a coronet. But look at that chap there. I noticed him yesterday, and the day before as well.

150 3RD CLASS PROMENADE - THEIR POV

A slender YOUNG MAN with a rather gloomy, aristocratic face, stands well away from the others, staring out to sea.

BEESLEY (O.S.)

He always keeps to himself. He's always immaculately dressed. He never comes out without gloves.

151 ON B DECK

Beesley continues.

BEESLEY

I've evolved a theory about him.

LEIGH

Go on.

BEESLEY

He's been a failure in some way or other at home, and the family have given him the proverbial shilling and a one-way ticket to America. He finds himself thrown among those who normally might be employed to cook his meals or clean his boots.

LEIGH

What about the pretty girls?

BEESLEY

They only make him uneasy. Oh, he can appreciate their beauty right enough, but in his world, don't you see, they'd be serving girls and housemaids. He wouldn't know how to treat them as equals.

LEIGH

He has all the arrogance of his class.

BEESLEY

Yes, and yet one can't help feeling sorry for him. He must be desperately lonely.

LEIGH

(smiles at him)

How romantic you are.

BEESLEY

Am I?

LEIGH

I think so. Making up stories about people, when all you have to do is ask a deck steward. They know everybody's business.

BEESLEY

Oh, no, I couldn't do that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

BEESLEY (CONT'D)

And anyway... it helps to pass
the time. One has to do something.

She sees he is staring at...

152 ROSALEEN

moving around the periphery of the games being played below.

153 LEIGH

studies him sympathetically, smile fading.

LEIGH

Yes.

154 ROSALEEN

mounts the narrow stair to the poop deck. There are only a few Third Class passengers here, standing at the rails, chatting or staring at the vast, calm sea. Drawing her knitted shawl close about her, the beautiful, solitary young woman walks in a straight line to the aftermost point of the deck, beyond which lies only the ship's foaming wake, and beyond that the horizon. En route, she passes two young men whose backs are to her. The CAMERA SWERVES from her to them and we RECOGNIZE...

155 MARTIN

Staring out at the water, he appears to feel her pass. He turns, watches her proceed to the after rail.

156 ROSALEEN AT THE RAIL

is a sight so evanescently lovely, so romantic as to seem no more than illusion or a dream. The CAMERA SHOOTS from a position in space behind the ship, so that the name "Titanic" appears just below the girl, and below that, the churning water.

157 OMITTED

X

158 INT. TURKISH BATHS - DAY

The "cooling room" is a page from the Arabian Nights: tiled walls and floors, carved Cairo "curtains" over the windows, Moorish pillars, inlaid Damascus tables and low couches covered with licentious fabric.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

In this hushed, misty and faintly moist atmosphere, MAUDE SLOCOMBE, the hefty, fortyish masseuse, administers a massage to a recumbent female PASSENGER. Nearby, the Countess of Rothes, in a flowing peignoir, seated before the mirror of a teakwood dressing table, watches while her maid brushes her long, silken, just shampooed hair. On one of the couches, head and torso wrapped in towels, lies Madeline Astor, watching the elegant older woman with interest and envy.

158A INT. CORRIDOR

Under a sign reading "Turkish Baths" MILTON LONG in his early twenties, peeks furtively through the door of the baths, holding it open a crack. Seventeen-year-old JACK THAYER approaches, carrying a rolled bathing suit.

JACK

Hey? I'm looking for the swimming pool.

Without taking his eyes from the door, Long holds up his own suit.

LONG

Me, too.

JACK

Oh, good.

(extends his hand)

Jack Thayer.

Long shakes hands, still intent on the view within.

LONG

Long. Milton Long.

(beckoning)

Get a load of this.

Jack joins him at the door, peeks inside.

JACK

My word. Scheherezade.

158B INT. TURKISH BATHS

Maude Slocombe, overhearing the conversation at the door, turns from her task.

MAUDE

Scheherezade?

(crossing to door)

I'll give you Scheherezade!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

158B CONTINUED:

MAUDE (CONT'D)

(pulls door open to
reveal culprits)Aren't you ashamed? Just what
is it you're after.

JACK

Could you tell us the way to
the swimming pool?

MAUDE

The swimming bath is just there.
First turning on the right.

(closing door)

Have a nice cold shower, straight
away.

(to herself, walking)

Boys will be boys... malheureusement.

She continues into:

159 THE TEMPERATURE ROOM

Where Rene Harris lies concealed from toe to chin in an
electric bath, which resembles an early and possibly
homemade model of the iron lung.

RENE

I believe I'm parboiled.

MAUDE

Ten minutes more, dear. Be
brave.She has crossed to a door with a glass panel in it. She
opens it, calls:

MAUDE

Mrs. Brown, your time is up,
Lovey!

160 INT. STEAM ROOM

Molly, wrapped in a towel, sits cooking among several
portly, indistinct figures. She looks, as she would
probably put it, like the wrath of God.

MOLLY

Maude, have you got a Bromo out
there?

MAUDE

We'll see. Come along.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

MOLLY

I'm gonna take another half hour,
hon.

MAUDE

Whatever for?

MOLLY

For my sins.

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE as she puts a hand up to her aching forehead. OVER the SHOT, MUSIC BLARES: Irving Berlin's "Everybody's Doing It Now."

161 INT. CAFE PARISIEN - NIGHT

On the dance floor, the younger set do the two step. Molly Brown and her department store Buyer more than hold their own. At Ismay's table, which includes the Countess of Rothes, Gladys Cherry, and three or four other distinguished PASSENGERS, a WAITER uncorks a bottle of champagne and pours a little in Ismay's glass.

ISMAY

(tasting it)

Perfect.

As the Waiter pours for the Countess, Ismay looks around the room with satisfaction.

COUNTESS

You must be enormously proud.

ISMAY

Yes, dear lady. Insofar as pride is a sin, I confess I am very, very guilty.

162 INT. 1ST CLASS LOUNGE - NIGHT

At a table for four, ARCHIE BUTT lifts a glass to his mouth. He is forty-seven, of military bearing, with a small, neat moustache. FRANCIS MILLET, is sixty-five, hair almost white, with a not-so-neat moustache. CLARENCE MOORE is a debonair sportsman in his forties; ARTHUR RYERSON is a magnate of fifty-odd. All are in evening dress and smoking cigars as they play a silent, intensely concentrated game of bridge. The clock on the big fireplace mantel strikes ten as Rene and Henry Harris, seated nearby, deal a hand of Double Canfield (two handed patience or solitaire). There are a number of others in the room, some in quiet conversation, some simply enjoying a drink or a smoke. Rene's attention is on the four bridge players.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

RENE

You know, every time we've been in here, day or night, those four are always sitting in exactly the same place? I believe the ship could tip over or blow up or run aground and not one of them would take his eyes off his hand.

HENRY

Play cards.

She slaps a card onto the table. At that moment, J.J. Astor passes. The CAMERA ACCOMPANIES him to the bar, where Benjamin Guggenheim stands alone, finishing a small brandy, smoking a cigar. Like Astor and the others present, he is still in dinner clothes.

ASTOR

(to barman)

Cognac, please.

(sees Guggenheim's glass is almost empty)

May I buy you a drink, Guggenheim?

Guggenheim turns to him. A slight pause before he replies.

GUGGENHEIM

Why not?

ASTOR

(to barman)

Two.

The barman moves out of earshot. Astor takes a leather cigar-case from his jacket. Guggenheim produces and offers his own.

GUGGENHEIM

Try one of these. Something special from Havana.

Astor takes a cigar, clips it with a cutter attached to his watch chain.

ASTOR

What a relief. I seldom know these days exactly who's still speaking to me and who isn't.

GUGGENHEIM

Why wouldn't I be sympathetic?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

GUGGENHEIM (CONT'D)

Our stories aren't so very different. Just a couple of middle-aged refugees...

ASTOR

Refugees!

GUGGENHEIM

... fleeing from bad marriages, falling for younger women... condemned to wonder for the rest of our lives.

ASTOR

Wonder what?

GUGGENHEIM

Do they really want us for ourselves, these golden girls, or is it just the name... the position... the money?

The CAMERA has been CLOSE ON Guggenheim during this last speech. When it CUTS BACK TO Astor for his troubled reaction, we are no longer in the lounge, but rather in:

162A OMITTED

163 INT. ASTOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madeline is in her bed, presumably asleep. Astor stands before the mirrored wardrobe, undressing. Having removed his dinner jacket, he now unties his tie and opens his collar. Studying himself critically in the glass, he sucks in his stomach, pressing it with both hands when it fails to flatten as much as he would like. After a moment, his attention is drawn to Madeline's reflection in the mirror. Her eyes are open. She is watching him. He turns to her with a loving smile.

ASTOR

Did I wake you?

She shakes her head, holds out her arms to him. He crosses, sits on the edge of the bed. She puts her hand on his stomach, as if to say "It's all right. I like you as you are." His melancholy persists.

ASTOR

I hate getting old. I hate having
a paunch.

MADELINE

What about mine?

He puts his hand on her belly.

ASTOR

I love that.

(pause)

I love you. Do you love me? Is
it really possible?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

She reaches up and pulls him down to her, into a lingering kiss.

164 INT. 2ND CLASS LIBRARY - NIGHT

Leigh and Beesley are prominent among those who sit reading or writing letters. They sit at the same table, engrossed in their books, until the Steward speaks from his desk.

STEWARD

We will be closing in five minutes' time, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you.

Leigh and Beesley share a glance. She removes her pince-nez spectacles.

165 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Leigh and Beesley, books in hand, descend together into...

166 INT. 2ND CLASS CORRIDOR

Directly they enter the corridor, they are all but stopped by the sight of a young couple saying good night outside the girl's door, locked in a rather fervent embrace. There is embarrassment on both sides. Breaking off the love-making, the girl slips inside. The boy goes off toward his own cabin. Leigh and Beesley continue along the passage in silence, both uneasy. They stop before her door. Another awkward moment. Neither moves. Then she offers her hand.

LEIGH

Good night.

BEESLEY

Good night.

LEIGH

If I had a chaperone and a luxury suite with a sitting room, I could ask you in for a chat. As it is I'm sharing a cabin about this big...

(forms a square
with her hands)

... with a total stranger.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

BEESLEY

So am I.

LEIGH

We'll see each other tomorrow.

BEESLEY

I expect we will, yes.

They share a grin at the obviousness of this.

LEIGH

It's inevitable!

They smile at one another a moment longer.

LEIGH

See you at breakfast?

He nods, starts off as, very quietly, she opens the door.
A little way along the passage, he stops, turns.

BEESLEY

I say... I don't know your name.

LEIGH

It's Leigh.

BEESLEY

Miss Leigh... or...?

He leaves the question unfinished.

LEIGH

Miss Goodwin. Leigh Goodwin.

BEESLEY

I'm Laurence Beesley.

LEIGH

I know.

BEESLEY

How?

LEIGH

I asked a steward. I told you,
they know everybody's business.

Again they share a smile. Then she goes inside and shuts
the door, leaving him alone in the long, empty corridor.

167 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

FOCUS CLOSE on Rosaleen, lying in her narrow berth, her
face angelic in sleep.

168 INT. 3RD CLASS CABINS - NIGHT

Martin, in his bunk, lies on his back, eyes open, staring at the bottom of the bunk above.

169 INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Five huge furnaces stand side by side. Brawny FIREMEN stripped to the waist, shovel coal from the piles at their feet, piles continually replenished by TRIMMERS, wheeling barrowsful from the bunkers. Within the gaping, insatiable mouths of the furnaces, flames leap and roar. The effect is a little like a glimpse into the Inferno.

170 INT. RITZ RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A crew of Italian WAITER'S ASSISTANTS move busily about, removing the last traces of dinner, setting tables for tomorrow's breakfast. At her desk sits the CASHIER, poring over the day's accounts, toting up rows of figures, muttering the addition half aloud.

171 INT. BOOTS ROOM - NIGHT

As before, Stebbing and Guy and assistants sit cleaning and shining boots and shoes. To needle the older man, Guy begins to hum -- just loud enough to be audible -- the tune of "Just A Little Love, Just A Little Kiss" and gets the expected dirty look from Stebbing.

172 INT. WIRELESS CABIN - NIGHT

Harold Bride sits at the worktable, frowning at what he hears coming over the earphones. On his pad he has written:

French liner Touraine reports thick
ice field lat. 44.58, long. 50.40.

He continues to write...

Saw another ice field and two
icebergs lat. 45.20, long. 49.09.

... and calls at the same time toward the open door into the sleeping quarters.

BRIDE

Jack? Jack... you awake?

JACK PHILLIPS appears in the doorway, in shirtsleeves, tie-less.

BRIDE

This has got to go straight up to
the bridge.

Phillips crosses to the worktable.

173 EXT. ICE FIELD - DAY

At first light, we SEE a vast plain of ice stretching away to the horizon.

173A INT. BOILER ROOM

Stokers shovel coal into the blazing maws of the furnaces.

174 CLOSE SHOT - ICEBERG

A huge berg sheds part of its slanted surface. The loose ice breaks away with an awesome RUMBLE and tumbles into the water like an avalanche.

174A INT. ENGINE ROOM

Piston and wheels thrust and turn monotonously.

175 EXT. OPEN SEA - SUNRISE

A WIDE SHOT from the boat deck of the Titanic, with a life-boat hanging in the f.g. Beyond it, a still sea, the sun just now appearing above the horizon.

176 INT. ENCLOSED DECK - DAY

FOCUS ON water sloshing across the deck. ENLARGE SHOT TO SHOW sleepy DECKHANDS scrubbing by dawn's early light. Farther along, WINDOW WASHERS work on the large panes of glass enclosing the deck.

177 ANOTHER PART OF THE DECK

With an ELECTRICIAN standing by, Andrews balances on a small ladder, tinkering with one of the light fixtures attached to the inner wall of the deck.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

Ismay comes around a corner, moving at a smart pace, wearing a pullover in place of a jacket, taking his pre-breakfast constitutional.

ISMAY

Good heavens, I thought I'd be the first one out for a spot of air, and here you are, at it already, Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

ANDREWS

This lamp failed to go on last night.

ISMAY

What's one little lamp among thousands? You fret too much, my dear fellow. Relax. Enjoy yourself. Chap in the smoke room last night used the phrase 'a floating Babylon.' Absolutely flawless.

He continues down the deck. Andrews, still intent on the lamp, replies under his breath:

ANDREWS

Not absolutely.

The window of a nearby stateroom opens. A dust cloth is snapped. Then May Sloan's head appears.

MAY

Good morning.

Genuinely pleased to see her, Andrews stops work, smiles.

ANDREWS

Good morning. Sleep well?

MAY

Like a baby. I've never known a ship so steady in the water.

ANDREWS

It's something, isn't it? Of course, we've been blessed for weather.

MAY

God must have meant this to be a perfect crossing, don't you think?

ANDREWS

Looks that way.

She senses the effort behind his smile.

MAY

Still missing your family?

ANDREWS

Yes. My wife wasn't very well when I left.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

MAY

Any children?

ANDREWS

One. A little girl. Elizabeth.
She cried when we said goodbye.

MAY

Never mind. Think how lovely when
you're all together again.

ANDREWS

I do. Constantly.

MAY

If you ever want to talk to
somebody about home, just come
along to the linen room. We've
a little electric hob there. I
can fix you a cup of tea.

ANDREWS

Thank you. I'd like that.

She withdraws, closes the window. He remains staring
after her, gratefully.

178 EXT. 2ND CLASS PROMENADE - DAY

Strollers come and go, taking the mid-morning air. Out
of the path of the promenaders, Leigh Goodwin and Laurence
Beesley are playing a game of quoits. She tosses first
one, then another, fearfully wide of the mark.

LEIGH

I warned you, I never was any
good at games.

BEESELEY

Carry on.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

She throws another. It swoops into the air and over the rail. Leigh exclaims in embarrassed self-deprecation. Beesley hurries to the rail. On the...

179 3RD CLASS DECK

below, the quoit has lit among passengers strolling, playing games, etc. One of them picks up the quoit and throws it up to...

180 2ND CLASS DECK

where Beesley catches it, calls:

BEESLEY

Thank you!

LEIGH

I'm sorry. Would you rather stop?

No reply. Something below has caught his attention. She joins him at the rail.

181 3RD CLASS DECK

Rosaleen, alone as always, moves about the periphery of the deck.

182 LEIGH AND BEESLEY

LEIGH

It isn't fair.

BEESLEY

What?

LEIGH

For anyone to be that beautiful.

(pause)

If you were to stand down there...

(pointing)

... there's a barrier there between second and steerage... you could speak to her when she came around.

He looks at her in a way which tells her what she already knows -- that her suggestion is unsuitable.

LEIGH

No, of course not. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

BEESLEY
(with a certain
regret)

All the arrogance of class isn't at
the very top, you see.

LEIGH
It's really none of my business, in
any case. I was talking out of turn.
I honestly am sorry.

183 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN - DAY

Katie Gilnagh lies in her berth, looking very pale and
miserable. Kate Mullins sits on the edge of the bed,
holding her hands.

KATIE
I want to die.

KATE
Whisht.

A RAP on the door. James and David appear.

JAMES
How's the patient?

KATE
Expiring.

DAVID
What time's the rosary?

He and James grin, snigger.

KATIE
Blaggards.

JAMES
We missed you at lunch.

DAVID
Brought you some fruit from the
table.

He produces an orange and an apple. She turns her face
away.

KATIE
Ah, don't, David. Don't ever say
food to me again as long as I live.
Kate, fetch the chamber!

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

KATE

That's foolishness. You've nothing
whatever on your stomach.

JAMES

It's a great pity, surely, to be
lying there the whole voyage, and
you the grandest dancer from
Ballymahon to Drumlish.

KATIE

Me dancing days are over.

JAMES

More's the pity. For haven't we
the fine figure of a lad in with
us do be looking everywhere, so,
for the right partner?

184 INT. GENERAL ROOM - NIGHT

FOCUS ON Martin, sitting gloomily, staring at the door that
leads to the open deck. James, David and Daniel Buckley
are with him, all holding mugs of stout. Beside them sits
OLAUS ABSELETH, a twenty-five-year-old Norwegian, tall and
lanky, with the big, rough hands of a farmer. At the edge
of the dance floor, a LAD of about twenty, accompanied by
a pianist and fiddler, sings in a sweet, untrained voice
to an unusually quiet and attentive crowd.

SINGER

'I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true.
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
That the sunshine's always there.
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!'

Applause, tears and cheers, cries of "Dermot!" -- "Well
done, Dermot!" from his friends, who clap him on the back
and muss his hair when he returns to their midst. James
sets his drink down to applaud, and David follows his
example.

JAMES

Very nice. Very nice, indeed.

DAVID

Got a lovely voice on him, don't he?

The pianist and fiddler launch into an old-time waltz,
"The Connemara Cradle Song."

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

Couples get up to dance. A few boys cross to where the girls are sitting and find partners.

JAMES

Is it true, Ole, what the song says?
That there's bread and work for all
on the other side?

OLAUS

For all who is willing to work and
work hard, yah, I'd say so. What
you find naturally depends what
you're looking for.

JAMES

A bit of money more than anything.

DANIEL

Amen to that.

JAMES

What about you, Martin?

Martin stirs from his daydream.

MARTIN

Pardon?

JAMES

You ought to listen to this, lad,
you might learn something useful.
Ole here has been to America already,
and he knows the ropes. Isn't that
right, Ole?

OLAUS

Well, I didn't do too good the first
time, but now I go back and try again.
Maybe do better this time.

JAMES

Did you hear that, Martin?

Again Martin has been watching the dance floor and the door
beyond.

MARTIN

Sorry.

JAMES

Ah, give over, why don't you? In
my view, there's not a sorrier sight
in the world than a man that's gone
spoons over a girl he's never even
spoken to.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

Leave it alone, Farrell.

JAMES

No, now hear me out, boyo. I'm your friend, amn't I? Even if I've only known you a few days. And what I say is, it's clear to everyone but you that the lady is never going to honor us with her sublime presence again, having stuck her pretty nose in the one time only, and you'd far better...

The advice is suspended when first Martin's attention, then that of the others, is drawn to...

185 THE DOOR

Rosaleen has just come in, wearing a simple dress, her hair drawn back into a bun, a vision of unadorned beauty. She stops just inside, stands shyly watching the dancers.

186 ACROSS THE ROOM

the action of that first evening is repeated, except that this time Daniel automatically reaches out to receive his friend's glass. Martin rises, rapt, his face luminous. Once again...

187 ROSALEEN

is distracted by his movement. She looks at him.

188 MARTIN

watches her until he senses some encouragement, then he smiles.

189 ROSALEEN

does not look away this time, but smiles in her turn, a fragile little wisp of a smile, but somehow radiant.

190 MARTIN

keeps his eyes fixed on hers.

MARTIN

You were saying, James?

James makes a small, priestly sign of blessing with two fingers.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

JAMES

Go in peace, my son. And in your
hour of rapture, let you not be
forgetting tomorrow is Low Sunday.

Martin has not waited for the blessing. He is already
halfway across the room.

X
X

OLAUS

Low Sunday?

X
X

DAVID

First Sunday after Easter.

X
X

They all stare in wonder and envy at the encounter now
taking place near the door.

X
X

191 THEIR POV

X

Martin approaches Rosaleen, stops. She looks up into
his face. His words, which are few, are lost in the
MUSIC. The girl nods. He leads her to the dance floor,
and they begin to waltz.

X
X
X
X

192 CLOSE SHOT - DANCERS

It is a moving sight, this blend of music and movement,
of youth and beauty.

193 JAMES

and the others watch, faces lit with admiration and envy.

194 INT. 3RD CLASS DINING SALOON - DAY

A Catholic mass in progress, with FATHER BYLES offi-
ciating. He is in his forties, with a boyish face,
close-cropped hair, wears small, oval, wire-rimmed
spectacles.

BYLES

Quasi modo geniti infantes...
alleluia... rationabiles sine
dolo lac concupiscite. Alleluia
... alleluia... alleluia!

Tables have been pushed against the walls, chairs arranged
in rows at one end of the room. Among the worshippers --
the majority of whom are Irish -- we RECOGNIZE James and
David and Daniel, looking very sober and pious. Also
present are Bridget, Mary Agatha, Kate and Katie, the
latter looking rather queasy and frail. Martin and Rosaleen
do not sit together, (he is with the single boys, she with
the single girls), but close enough so that each can see
the other with only a turn of the eyes.

195 INT. CAFE PARISIEN - DAY

Captain Smith conducts a Protestant service for a small, select group of passengers, reading aloud from his Book of Common Prayer, the Epistle for the First Sunday after Easter. Prominent among those listening are Ismay, Andrews, the Countess of Rothes, Gladys Cherry, the Thayers with son, Jack, and Emma Bucknell.

SMITH

'This is he that came by water
and blood, even Jesus Christ,
Not by water only, but by water
and blood.'

195A WALLACE HARTLEY

X

strikes the opening chords of a hymn on the piano.

X

195B THE CONGREGATION

X

begins to sing, mostly from hymn books, a few from memory.

X

ALL

'Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!'

X

X

X

X

X

X

X

X

196 2ND CLASS ENTRANCE

Captain Smith has just come onto the deck, accompanied by Officers Wilde, Murdoch, Lightoller and Boxhall. Striding forward along the deck in full dress uniform, they make an impressive spectacle.

197 BEESLEY

sitting in a deck chair beside Leigh Goodwin, regards the parade suspiciously.

BEESLEY

What's this in aid of?

LEIGH

Slumming, do you suppose?

(signalling)

Steward!

The DECK STEWARD, moving about with steaming cups and plates of toast on a tray, anticipates her question, having answered it for others.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

STEWARD

Yes, madam. Captain always inspects
the ship, top to bottom, on Sundays.
It's a White Star tradition.

He serves their broth.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

BEESLEY

Isn't it also the custom to hold
some sort of lifeboat drill on
Sunday?

STEWARD

Yes, that's right.

BEESLEY

Will there be one today?

STEWARD

I 'aven't 'eard of it.

BEESLEY

Isn't it rather important... I mean
that everyone know just which boat
he's assigned to, and where it is,
and so on?

STEWARD

Normally I'd say yes, very important.
But when you're talkin' about the
Titanic... well... it's one great
'uge lifeboat itself, ennit?

He goes. Beesley smiles at Leigh.

BEESLEY

That puts me in my place.

198 ANOTHER PART OF THE DECK

Captain and entourage pass through the barrier into the
First Class Promenade. The first familiar faces they
encounter among the strollers are Astor and Madeline.

ASTOR

Good morning.

SMITH

Good morning.

The others also smile and nod in recognition. In a moment,
they meet Ismay strolling along the deck. X

SMITH

Good morning. X

ISMAY

Another perfect day. One could
scarcely ask for a smoother sea.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

All stop. Smith fishes a slip of paper from his pocket, hands it to Ismay, who reads it.

SMITH

We've had a good few of those from various sources.

ISMAY

How far away is this?

SMITH

Not far. Chances are we'll be well into it by midnight.

ISMAY

Have you any plans to alter course, or speed?

SMITH

I never have in the past. The position, as you know, is the same with every large ship sailing this route. So long as the weather's clear and visibility good, full speed ahead. Put the danger behind you as rapidly as possible. I've lived by that and never encountered the slightest difficulty. Had you anything different in mind for the Titanic?

ISMAY

Certainly not. The company have always had utmost confidence in your judgment. And of course we should be sorry not to arrive in New York on schedule. Please carry on as if I weren't even on board.

The Captain smiles thinly. The advice has been wholly unnecessary. He continues on, officers following. Ismay glances again at the paper.

X

199 INSERT - PAPER

It is a leaf from the wireless operator's pad, reading:
"Greek steamer Athenai reports passing icebergs and large quantities of field ice today at lat. 41° 51' N., long. 49° 52' W. Wish you and Titanic all success. Commander."

199A INT. LINEN ROOM - DAY

199A

A teakettle steams on the hob.

(CONTINUED)

199A CONTINUED

Violet Jessop stands over an ironing board, pressing a stewardess' apron. May Sloan comes in, carrying a black, beaded gown in one hand, a large, artificial flower in the other.

JESSOP

Kettle's almost boiling.

MAY

I can use a cup. The bell in my station hasn't stopped ringing since dawn, never mind it's Sunday.

She has crossed to a full-length mirror mounted on the wall. Now she holds the dress up, tries the flower on the shoulder, the bosom, at the waist.

JESSOP

Is that the frock Mrs. Astor promised you?

MAY

This, my girl, is the Paris gown Mrs. Brown is wearing to the gala dinner tonight. She's decided it's a bit plain for her taste and wants to tart it up with this.

Jessop crosses to a wall lined with cupboards.

JESSOP

There's needle and thread in one of these cupboards. Hang on a minute.

While she searches, May, holding the dress against her, moves her hips, begins to sing to her image in the glass.

MAY

'Fancy the girls in the prehistoric days; each wore a bearskin, covering her bare skin...'

JESSOP

Get you.

MAY

'Lately Salome has charmed us, to be sure, wearing some rows of beads and not much more...'

JESSOP

(recognizing the manner, points)
Marie Lloyd, right?

(CONTINUED)

199A CONTINUED: (2)

MAY

'Fancy my dressing like that, too.
The Daily Mirror man would surely
want an interview.'

JESSOP

Where did you see Marie Lloyd?

MAY

At the Empire in Belfast.

Tucking the flower behind her ear, she begins to strut
in Marie Lloyd style, the room the stage, Jessop her
audience.

MAY

'When I take my morning promenade,
quite a fashion card, on the
promenade. Oh! I don't mind nice
boys staring hard, if it satisfies
their desire...'

JESSOP

(a whoop of laughter)
You are naughty!

Slinking and wiggling with abandon, May fails to notice
when Thomas Andrews appears in the doorway (the door is
ajar) and stands watching with an amused smile.

MAY

"Do you think my dress is a little
bit... just a little bit... well, not
too much of it? Tho' it shows my
shape just a little bit, that's the
little bit the boys admire.'

Andrews applauds, startling both May and Jessop.

MAY

Oh...

JESSOP

That door doesn't close properly.
Has someone complained about the
noise?

ANDREWS

Not at all.

(looking at May)
I'm here by invitation.

(CONTINUED)

199A CONTINUED: (3)

MAY

Just in time you are, too. Miss
Jessop's about to pour, aren't you,
Miss Jessop?

JESSOP

Yes, all right. I'll be mother
shall I?

(pouring hot water
into pot)

We've got fresh scones from the
First Class bakery.

May offers the plate of scones.

MAY

Can we tempt you?

ANDREWS

I'm tempted.

Taking a scone, he realizes the unexpected pertinence of
what he has said, looks into May's eyes, is embarrassed.
Sharing his embarrassment, she is powerless to sustain
her smile of a moment before. Curiosity aroused, Jessop
stares at them, wondering what to make of their sudden,
mutual awkwardness.

200 INT. 2ND CLASS LIBRARY ENTRANCE - DAY

This is the C Deck entrance, containing staircase and
lift and a door into the library.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

FOCUS ON a bulletin board beside the door. It contains a chart showing the ship's position. Laurence Beesley's hand traces the progress from yesterday's position. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE young Alfie King, standing beside his empty lift. His accent is North Country. Beesley described him as "not more than sixteen... a bright-eyed, handsome boy with a love for the sea."

BEESLEY

What do you make of the day's
run, Alfie?

ALFIE

Dunno. Haven't looked at it, sir.

Beesley looks at the notice pinned beside the chart.

BEESLEY

Five hundred and forty-six miles
in the last twenty-four hours.
Yesterday's was five hundred and
nineteen. We must be going faster.

ALFIE

Shouldn't wonder.

The BUZZER inside the lift SOUNDS. The boy gets in.
The door closes. Beesley starts into the library.

201 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Beesley crosses to the library Steward's desk, returning
his latest book.

STEWARD

Have you filled out a declaration
form for American customs yet, sir?

BEESLEY

No, not yet. New York still seems
such a long way off.

The Steward hands him a "Form for non-residents in the
United States. Steamship Titanic. No. 31444."

STEWARD

Might as well be early as late.
The way they seem to be pouring
on the steam now, chances are
we'll dock on the Tuesday -- late
Tuesday -- instead of Wednesday
morning. In that event, tonight
is very likely our last night
but one.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

The news seems to take Beesley by surprise.

BEESLEY

Good heavens.

202 INT. FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE - DAY

This is the elegant space that provided our first glimpse of the Titanic. A few passengers come and go, using stairs or the lifts behind them, returning to their cabins from the afternoon's activities. P. Fletcher, the young bugler, comes up the stairs, takes his station, blows a call.

203 INT. FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

The rosy light of sunset shows outside the windows. The bridge players are at their customary table, with their customary highballs, playing their customary game of Action Bridge. ARCHIE BUTT lifts a glass to his mouth, takes a sip of Scotch and water. He is forty-seven, a man of military bearing, with a small, neat moustache. CLARENCE MOORE is a debonair sportsman in his forties; ARTHUR RYERSON, a magnate of fifty-odd. All are in evening dress and smoking cigars.

At another table, hearing the BUGLE in the distance, Rene and Henry Harris look up from a hand of Double Canfield.

RENE

Dinner.

She looks at the other table, where there is no reaction.

RENE

No reaction. They must have their meals sent in.

204 INT. FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE - DAY

The Harrises enter from the direction of the lounge, crossing toward the staircase.

HENRY

Are we dressing again?

RENE

Of course we're dressing. Every night except the first and last.

HENRY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

RENE

How do I know why? It's the
unwritten law of the sea, that's
why. Moses gave it to Noah, and
he took it from there.

They reach the elaborate stair.

RENE

Wouldn't the Shuberts love this
staircase?

204 CONTINUED:

HENRY

Only if they could get it for half price.

She hesitates at the head of the stair, lifts her arms in parody of a musical comedy queen.

RENE

Lina Abarbanel in 'Madame Sherry.'

She starts down, moving with mock elegance, singing the hit song from that show.

RENE

'Every little movement has a meaning all its own...'

With one hand, she slightly raises her long skirt.

205 CLOSE SHOT - HER FEET

One following the other, they descend, toes daintily pointed.

RENE

'Every thought and feeling by some posture can be shown...'

X

X

Suddenly, the heel of one shoe catches on the tread.

RENE

'And every love...'

X

206 RENE

screams and pitches forward, falling the rest of the way to the landing, some seven or eight steps below.

HENRY

Rene!

He runs swiftly down, kneels at her side.

207 INT. RITZ RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It is the night of the Gala Dinner. The room is abuzz and aglitter with the "smartest" people aboard. Everyone is dressed to the nines. Jewels gleam at ears and throats and wrists. The CAMERA SINGLES OUT the table for twelve where Bruce Ismay is entertaining, among others, Thomas Andrews, Benjamin Guggenheim, Gladys Cherry, and the Countess of Rothes, currently engaged in conversation with Ship's Surgeon DR. O'LOUGHLIN, elderly, heavy-set, with drooping moustache.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

COUNTESS

Poor creature. Is she in pain,
Doctor?

O'LOUGHLIN

She was. I gave her something,
but whether or not she took it is
anybody's guess. She's an
independent little thing.

Ismay is looking toward the door.

ISMAY

Apparently.

The others follow his line of vision.

208 THEIR POV - THE DOOR

The page boy holds the door as Rene and Henry Harris
enter. She wears a sleeveless evening gown. Her right
arm is in a heavy plaster cast and a sling. As the
Maitre d' moves to welcome them, a murmur goes round
the room.

209 MADELINE ASTOR

observes from the table she shares with her husband,
Molly Brown and Emma Bucknell.

MADELINE

Everyone wants to cheer. Why
don't they?

ASTOR

(ironically)

We're all too frightfully refined.

MOLLY

Sez who?

(clapping heartily
she calls to those
at adjoining tables)

Dad blame it, give her a hand!

Gradually, others join in.

210 OMITTED

211 WIDE SHOT - THE ROOM

Everyone is beaming and clapping, even the waiters.

212 CLOSE SHOT - THE HARRISES

acknowledge the tribute with a wave and a smile, following the Maitre d' to their table.

HENRY

(sotto voce)

Take a bow, kid, you're a
celebrity.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

RENE

Uh-huh. What do you have to break
to get a standing ovation?

213 INT. WIRELESS CABIN - NIGHT

A very tired Phillips sits copying the message coming
through his earphones. OVER HIS SHOULDER, we OBSERVE
that he has written:

"From Mesaba to Titanic. Ice report
in lat. 42° N. to 41° 25 N., long. 49°
to 50° 30' N. Saw much heavy pack
ice and a great number large icebergs.
Also field ice."

As his pencil adds the final words... "Weather good,
clear"... Phillips speaks aloud, his line following
directly that of Rene Harris in the previous scene:
"What do you have to break to get a standing ovation?"

PHILLIPS

I'm damned if I'm going to break my
neck running up to the bridge again.
It's only more of the same.

Bride, in flannel pyjamas, puts his head in from the next
room, foam at his mouth, a toothbrush in his hand.

BRIDE

Sorry, Jack. I was just polishing
the old ivories. What did you say?

PHILLIPS

Nothing.

He tears the leaf from the pad and drops it into the wire
"In" basket -- already piled with messages -- at his elbow.

214 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bell, tolled by the Cornish Q.M. Hitchens SOUNDS four
bells (ten p.m.). Also on duty are Boxhall and Lowe, the
young Welshman. Lightoller is the Officer of the Watch.
The BELL in the crow's nest answers, and a CRY of "All's
well!" is HEARD.

X

215 OMITTED

X

216 ON THE STARBOARD SIDE

Murdoch, the Scot, arrives to replace Lightoller, the
Liverpudlian. Both are wearing overcoats for the first
time on this voyage.

216 CONTINUED:

MURDOCH

It's a raw night.

LIGHTOLLER

Perishing cold. Temperature's
dropped four degrees in the past
half-hour.

MURDOCH

Not much wind.

LIGHTOLLER

No. Flat calm.

MURDOCH

Aye. Seems clear enough.

LIGHTOLLER

Perfectly clear.

MURDOCH

Captain in his cabin, is he?

LIGHTOLLER

Yes. We're doing just over twenty-
two knots at present.

MURDOCH

Not bad for a twenty-one knot
ship.

LIGHTOLLER

He said that if it becomes the
least bit hazy, we'll be obliged
to slow down.

MURDOCH

I understand.

LIGHTOLLER

His order is that he's to be
wakened up at once if there's any
noticeable change.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

MURDOCH

Right you are.

LIGHTOLLER

I'll leave you to it, then.

MURDOCH

Good night.

LIGHTOLLER

Good night.

He starts off. The CAMERA SWOOPS AWAY TO...

217 THE FORECASTLE DECK

where it FOCUSES ON Fleet and Lee, warmly dressed, climbing the ladder to...

218 THE CROW'S NEST

where lookouts Symons and Jewell are on duty.

FLEET

All right, you lot, tea's wet.
Down you go.

JEWELL

Not a flippin' minute too soon,
neither, I can tell you, mate.

SYMONS

Too bloody cold by half.

LEE

What's the word?

SYMONS

Keep a sharp lookout for small ice.

FLEET

Have you seen any?

SYMONS

No, but it's out there. I can
smell it.

(starts to descend)

Have fun, chaps.

JEWELL

(following)

Think of us around midnight, all
cozy and snug in a nice warm kip.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

LEE

Oh, ta very much.

He shivers and pulls his knitted cap down over his ears.

219 EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

A SHOT of the bow cutting through the water. After a moment, MUSIC is HEARD, the last few bars of "A little Love, A Little Kiss."

220 INT. CAFE PARISIEN - NIGHT

Only a few diehards remain at the tables. On the dance floor are several young couples, including the Marvins. The MUSIC is Herbert's "I'm Falling In Love With Someone." Daniel Marvin murmurs into his wife's ear.

MARVIN

Want to hear something funny?

MARY

What?

MARVIN

Everybody on the floor is on his honeymoon.

Mary looks at the others, confirming this.

MARY

They're like us. They can't believe it's almost over.

MARVIN

We still have tomorrow.

MARY

I want it never to end. I want to go on sailing... and dancing... and loving... forever and ever.

He holds her closer. They go on dancing.

221 OMITTED

222 AT A SECLUDED TABLE

Astor and Madeline watch the dancers, wistfully, for a moment. Then he looks at her.

ASTOR

I'm too old to be cavorting around a dance floor with a girl less than half my age.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

MADELINE

Especially when the girl is rather pregnant.

ASTOR

Especially then. I really shouldn't ask you.

MADELINE

No, you shouldn't.

(pause)

But I'd never forgive you if you didn't.

With a smile, he rises, holds out his hand, leads her gently to the floor. In each other's arms, they begin, very slowly to dance.

222A INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The familiar silence; a few passengers reading; the Steward at his desk; someone browsing at the bookshelf. Leigh and Beesley sit opposite one another. She is reading. He stares at her. Finally she looks up, smiles, returns to her book. Sensing that he is still watching her, she looks up again.

LEIGH

Anything wrong?

He shakes his head; she nods toward his book.

(CONTINUED)

222A CONTINUED:

LEIGH

Why don't you find something else?
There's always Hopalong Cassidy.

BEESLEY

I can't concentrate. I keep
thinking how near the end we are.
Oughtn't we be doing something
special tonight?

LEIGH

Like what?

BEESLEY

I don't know.
(pause)
There's some sort of concert in
the lounge, I believe.

LEIGH

Yes, I saw the announcement. "The
Flight of the Bumblebee and Other
Favorites on Piano and Violin."

BEELSEY

Would you care to go?

LEIGH

Would you?

BEELSEY

Not really.

LEIGH

Neither would I.
(they laugh)
It's probably over by now anyway.

BEESLEY

Very likely.
(pause)
What else is there? A turn on
the deck?

LEIGH

Why not?

They rise. The people they pass en route to the exit are almost all elderly or in late middle-age, resigned to quiet pursuits like reading. The Steward dozes, head on chest. As Leigh and Beesley walk, he nods toward an old gentleman in an easy chair, intent on a book, speaks in a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

222A CONTINUED: (2)

BEESLEY

There I am, thirty or forty years
on.

Leigh looks at him. Is that really his view of his
future? They reach the exit.

222B EXT. DECK - NIGHT

They emerge from the library.

BEESLEY

A friend of mine once said I'd take
my nose out of a book one day and
find that life had passed me by.

(turning up his
collar)

Is this too cold for you?

LEIGH

No, I like it.

BEESLEY

Sure?

LEIGH

(nods)

Let's keep moving, though. It
is bracing.

BEESLEY

To say the least.

They walk at a fairly rapid pace, slowing gradually as
they become accustomed to the chill.

LEIGH

Go on about your friend.

BEESLEY

Diana?

LEIGH

Was that her name?

BEESLEY

Yes. She was very critical of my
nature. She called me the
'carefullest' man she'd ever met.
According to her, by the time I
ever get around to doing a thing,
having weighed every possible
consequence, it's usually too late.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

222B

CONTINUED:

X

BEESLEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

I ought to have asked you to that
concert over dinner.

LEIGH

Why? When neither of us cared
anything about it?

BEESLEY

It would have made a change.
Something at least a little bit
festive. If we were in First
Class, we might have gone dancing.

LEIGH

Yes. On the boat coming over, some
of the more daring young folk in
Second sneaked up there and had quite
a gay time of it, apparently.

BEESLEY

You didn't go?

LEIGH

No. I was afraid of the
embarrassment if I were caught.

BEESLEY

I should be, too.

LEIGH

We're both cautious.

BEESLEY

Yes.

They round a corner, walk in silence for a bit. From
somewhere up ahead, MUSIC is faintly HEARD, growing louder
as they move toward it.

BEESLEY

A turn on the deck won't be much
to look back on, will it? Not
very memorable.

LEIGH

Why not? It's a beautiful night.

She hesitates near the rail.

(CONTINUED)

222B CONTINUED: (2)

Just above them, light shines from the windows of the Cafe Parisien, and the shadows of dancers, moving to the MUSIC, can be SEEN passing the frosted glass.

LEIGH

I don't think I've ever seen so many stars all at one time.

BEESLEY

Amazing, isn't it? So bright up there, and so dark below. The sea doesn't reflect starlight, have you noticed? It's like a great black void. Bottomless.

LEIGH

I think this is much nicer than dancing or listening to 'The Flight of the Bumblebee.' You're wrong to say tonight won't be anything to look back on. I'm sure I'll remember it for a very long time.

BEESLEY

Will you?

LEIGH

Yes.

He has looked at her with his question, she at him with her answer. Now they stare directly at one another for a long moment.

BEESLEY

It was awfully lucky for me that we met.

LEIGH

That I was so forward, you mean.

BEESLEY

Yes, well, there you are, you see? If you hadn't been, I should never have spoken for fear you might think me a...

(shrugs)

... masher, or something.

LEIGH

I could never have thought that. Your face is much too fine for anyone to ever take you for anything except what you are... a gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

222B CONTINUED: (3)

BEESLEY

Fine? My face?

LEIGH

Oh, now, don't fish for compliments.

BEESLEY

No, I...

LEIGH

(continuously)

You know what you look like. When you left the boat deck this afternoon, the woman sitting next to me leaned over and said, 'Your husband is much the handsomest man on the ship.'

BEESLEY

Your husband?

LEIGH

(laughs)

Isn't it silly?

BEESLEY

It appears our spending so much time together has aroused quite a lot of interest. My cabin steward's for one.

LEIGH

Did he say something?

BEESLEY

Yes. He's a very friendly sort of chap. I expect he meant well. He said...

(tries to sound casual)

... it must be hard, with so many people milling about, to find a place to be alone.

A pause. He is not looking at her. She waits.

LEIGH

And?

BEESLEY

That was all.

(CONTINUED)

222B CONTINUED: (4)

LEIGH

It doesn't sound as if it were.
It has the ring of an unfinished
thought.

BEESELEY

Well... then he said something
stupid. I couldn't possibly
repeat it.

LEIGH

You'll have to now. I'll think
it's something awful if you don't.

BEESELEY

It is awful.

LEIGH

Go on.

His glance still averted, he continues with difficulty.

BEESELEY

He said... we were talking just
outside my door... and he said
there's an empty cabin at the far
end of the corridor.

Dead silence. He cannot look at her now. Her voice,
like her face, is under strict control when she replies.

LEIGH

I see.

(pause)

Did he give you the key?

BEESELEY

There is no key. It's unlocked.

Another burdensome pause before she speaks again.

LEIGH

Do you want me to go there with you?

BEESELEY

(hesitantly, looking
at her)

I expect I do, yes.

LEIGH

You expect. But you're not certain.
You haven't weighed every possible
consequence.

(CONTINUED)

222B CONTINUED: (5)

BEESLEY

I scarcely dared think about it.

LEIGH

Then how can you be sure it's what you really want? Not just what you think I might expect from you ... the friendly thing to do. Because we are friends, I believe. Or at least good companions.

BEESLEY

Of course.

LEIGH

But we're not in love, are we?

He looks away.

LEIGH

Well, are we?

BEESLEY

(quietly)

No, I don't expect we are.

LEIGH

Of course not. Either way, I'm told the same rule applies. Shipboard friendships, like shipboard romances, end with the voyage. It's considered bad form to pursue it any further.

BEESLEY

You sound as if you were already saying goodbye.

LEIGH

No... just practicing. I will say good night, if you don't mind. I really am feeling the cold finally.

BEESLEY

I'm sorry. I'll see you to your door.

LEIGH

No, don't. Stay. Have your walk. I'm all right.

(CONTINUED)

222B CONTINUED: (6)

BEESLEY

Please forget what I said. It was clumsy and foolish. I don't know what possessed me.

LEIGH

I think I do. It was just a desire to...

(falters)

... desire to be kind. I'm not offended, honestly. A little shocked, perhaps, but not offended. I suppose actually I ought to be grateful, and I am, in a way. It's just that... forgive me... but I'm waiting for a better offer.

BEESLEY

So you should.

LEIGH

Thank you, all the same. You're a very special man, and I'll never forget you. Good night.

She starts off. He feels awkward about not seeing her to her door.

BEESLEY

Are you sure that I...?

LEIGH

Good night!

She vanishes through the nearest door. He stares after her, in a state of acute discomfort.

222C INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Just inside the door to the deck, Leigh's composure deserts her in an instant. She stops, falls back against the door. Tears start spontaneously from her eyes. Her face, so accustomed to conceal emotion, becomes at once the answer to her own question: "We're not in love, are we?"

223 INT. GENERAL ROOM - NIGHT

On the Third Class dance floor, couples stand singing along with Dermot of the good voice, accompanied by piano and fiddle. Martin and Rosaleen are at the heart of it, holding hands, radiantly happy, head over heels in love.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

ALL
 'Just look at the coffin,
 With golden handles;
 Isn't it grand, boys,
 To be bloody well dead?
 Let's not have a sniffle,
 Let's have a bloody good cry,
 And always remember the longer
 you live,
 The sooner you'll bloody well die!
 Look at the flowers,
 All bloody withered...'

A commotion starts in one corner and swiftly crosses the room: shouts from the men, screams from the women, some of whom climb onto chairs and benches. Martin shouts to a MAN nearby:

MARTIN
 What is it?

MAN
 A rat! There's a rat loose in
 here!

The cry is repeated everywhere: "A rat! A rat!" Rosaleen winces. Martin puts his arms around her, shielding her from the turmoil which now rages around them.

224 JAMES FARRELL

who has drunk his share of stout, regards it as a delightful game. With David and Daniel and Olaus following, he leads the pursuit.

JAMES
 Come on, lads! No more cold
 mutton; it's fresh meat for
 tomorrow's tea!

225 THE RAT

is SEEN rushing this way and that, desperately seeking a means of escape. OVER the SHOT, the MUSIC of the Irish pipes is suddenly HEARD.

226 THE PIPER

plays "The Irish Washerwoman" at a very rapid tempo, which has the effect of turning the melee into a sort of wild dance.

227 THE ROOM

rocks with the movement of the pursuers and those attempting to get out of their way.

JAMES

Foxy little rat, isn't he? Yoicks!
Yoicks! Where is he now?

DAVID

(spying their prey)
Tally ho!

They race off in another direction.

228 BEHIND THE BAR

in the smoke room section, the English Barman seen earlier fills an order, while his Irish assistant, called PADDY, stares unhappily toward the commotion beyond the archway.

BARMAN

Come on, Paddy. Make yourself useful.

PADDY

I don't fancy rats.

BARMAN

Every ship has rats, you know that.

PADDY

Every old ship. This one's on its maiden voyage, so. It's like hearing a banshee on your honeymoon.

BARMAN

Get out of it. What's the time?

Paddy consults his pocket watch.

PADDY

Going on for eleven.

BARMAN

Sweetest words I know.

Having served his last drink, he calls in a loud voice:

BARMAN

All right now, gentlemen, time!
Time, if you please!

(to Paddy)

Start collecting the glasses.

(to the room)

Come along now!

229 INT. BOILER ROOM NO. 6 - NIGHT

This is the forwardmost of the boiler rooms, wide enough for only four of the huge boilers. FIREMEN work almost rhythmically, shovelling coal. Leading Stoker FRED BARRETT stands talking quietly to Junior Assistant Second Engineer JOHN SHEPHERD near the watertight bulkhead door.

230 INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The two great sets of reciprocating engines throb monotonously, watched by a crew of senior and junior ENGINEERS and their ASSISTANTS.

231 OMITTED

232 INT. FIRST CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The CAMERA SHOOTS the length of the passage. Shoes have been left outside several doors. Nothing stirs. There is no sound save the strange, characteristic CREAKING, a sort of straining at seams.

233 INT. FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Here, too, not a stir. The great staircase is empty. The CAMERA MOVES UP to the landing to FOCUS on the bronze clock where Honor and Glory hold the laurel over Time. The time is a fraction short of 11:40.

234 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A SHOT ANGLE UP at a cold, clear sky, ablaze with stars.

235 EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

FOCUS on Lookout Lee, craning his neck, looking up.

LEE

Looks like they're all out tonight.

FLEET

I'd swop the lot for a bit of moon. In moonlight, you can see that bit of wash 'round the base of an iceberg. Gives you some sort of warning. Gives you a chance.

Silence. The CAMERA MOVES IN TO A TIGHT SHOT of his face. Suddenly, he squints and his mouth drops open.

FLEET

Christ!

236 HIS POV - THE WATER

Beyond the ship's bow, a dark form looms out of the water. We feel ourselves being hurtled toward it at a fearful rate of speed.

237 FLEET

turns to the large bell that hangs just behind and above him and jerks the rope suspended from the clapper -- THREE LOUD CLANGS. He then picks up the phone and rings the bridge. The answering voice is that of Lowe.

LOWE (V.O.)

What did you see?

FLEET

Iceberg right ahead!

LOWE (V.O.)

Thank you.

238 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lowe, at the phone, calls to Murdoch.

LOWE

Iceberg right ahead!

Crossing to the engine room telegraph, Murdoch shouts to the wheelhouse.

MURDOCH

Hard-a-starboard!

From "Full Ahead," he brings the pointer to "Stop," then to the opposite extreme, "Full Astern."

239 IN THE WHEELHOUSE

Hitchens turns the wheel sharply to the right.

240 THE BOW OF THE SHIP

begins to swing to the left. Just beyond it, the dark mass in the water looms larger.

241 IN THE CROW'S NEST

Fleet and Lee stare in horror.

FLEET

We've had it.

242 THE IMPACT

The effect here should somehow give the feeling that the CAMERA is LOCATED at the EXACT POINT OF CONTACT between two huge forces, the one irresistible, the other immovable. It is accompanied by a dreadful GRINDING SOUND, the indignant SCREECH of ice and the sickening NOISE of STEEL being TORN and CRUMPLED.

243 ON THE 3RD CLASS PROMENADE

an enormous shadow seems to pass, spraying a shower of ice that glistens as it falls onto the deck.

244 INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

A large, flat pan of newly-baked breakfast rolls, sitting atop an oven, flies onto the floor. The rolls scatter across the floor to the feet of two astonished men: Chief Baker CHARLES JOUGHIN, a dapper, dwarfish Frenchman who lacks only a pince-nez and a beard (he has a full moustache) to remind one of Toulouse-Lautrec; and seventeen-year-old Assistant, JOHN COLLINS, a big, husky, fair-haired Belfast youth, who could pass for twenty.

JOUGHIN

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

245 INT. BOOTS ROOM - NIGHT

Stebbing and Guy look up from their polishing, having felt an unexpected but not alarming jolt.

STEBBING

Hullo?

They strain their ears for a clue.

246 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN

James Farrell has been thrown from his lower berth, lies dazed, amazed, on the floor. David Charters looks down from the upper berth, while Martin and Daniel stir sleepily.

DAVID

How'd you ever get down there,
Seamus?

JAMES

You tell me, you jibber!

247 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Emergency BELLS begin to SOUND as Murdoch activates the lever to close the watertight doors.

248 IN BOILER ROOM NO. 6

The BELL CLANGS and the red light flashes above the watertight door. The heads of Barrett and Shepherd snap toward it in alarm. The former shouts to the firemen.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

BARRETT

Shut the dampers!

Assistant Second Engineer JAMES HESKETH looks down in alarm to see water seeping up and swirling around the bases of the furnaces.

HESKETH

Barrett! Get some men down here to help draw the fires!

BARRETT

Aye aye, sir!

He flings out of the room as furnace doors are slammed shut.

249 INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Moving hurriedly along a narrow, dark passage in the bowels of the ship, Barrett passes a place where the seam between two steel panels has split. Water enters with such force that it momentarily knocks the man off balance as he passes.

250 INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Red lights flash, BELLS RING. The telegraph reads "Stop Engines" as the great pistons huff and rumble into silent stillness. The CAMERA SWOOPS FROM A WIDE, HIGH VIEW of the machinery TO a well with a VANTAGE extending several decks below. Barrett appears on a floor already awash with water, shouting at the FIREMEN who race along catwalks and stairs, moving swiftly down to where he stands, pulling on their clothing as they go, vanishing into the shadows behind him.

BARRETT

At the double! At the double! You want us all blown to kingdom come? Don't any of you show your face back here till every last fire is out!

250A INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Moving toward the boiler room, the firemen arrive at the fissure in the steel plating and must fight their way past the powerful spray, struggling to keep a footing in knee-deep water.

251 INT. 1ST CLASS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Three of the bridge players study their cards, but Archie Butt is looking up from his, a quizzical expression on his face. He speaks casually.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

BUTT
Did you feel something?

MILLET
No.

MOORE
I did. A slight bump.

BUTT
A bump in mid-ocean?

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

BUTT
Did you feel something?

MILLET
No.

MOORE
I did. A slight bump.

BUTT
A bump in mid-ocean?

The others look up from their cards, sharing his curiosity.
He raises his hand in signal, calls:

BUTT
Steward!

252 OMITTED

253 INT. 2ND CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laurence Beesley, in pyjamas and dressing gown, looks out into the corridor, sees a STEWARD leaning against the staircase, in Beesley's own words "probably waiting until those in the smoke room above had gone to bed and he could put out the lights."

BEESLEY
Why have we stopped?

STEWARD
I don't know, sir. But I don't suppose it's anything much.

254 OMITTED

255 INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Smith stands staring at the commutator. Wilde, Lightoller, Murdoch, Boxhall and Lowe stand near, their faces as grave as his. Ismay is on hand, in his overcoat, looking agitated.

ISMAY

Just how serious is it?

SMITH

We are listing five points to starboard.

ISMAY

Oh, my God. What are you doing about it?

Smith looks at him coldly, as if the question were an impertinence, answers calmly but with an edge:

SMITH

At the moment, I'm waiting for a report from Mr. Andrews and the Chief Engineer as to the exact extent of the damage.

WILDE

They've just come into the chart room, sir.

Followed by the others, Smith crosses into:

255A INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT

Andrews -- with Chief Engineer BELL behind him -- stands facing the door. His overcoat hangs open; he is still in his dinner clothes. His face is ashen and extremely grave. In answer to the unspoken questions of the others, but looking straight into Smith's eyes, he simply shakes his head.

SMITH

Is it hopeless then?

ANDREWS

It appears that the unthinkable has happened. As you know, the ship is designed to stay afloat with any three of its first five compartments flooded.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

255A CONTINUED:

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

It would even float if the five were gone, torn away completely. But under no circumstances can it be expected to remain afloat with those five compartments flooded. The sheer weight of the flooding must inevitably bring her down at the head. Every sort of potential damage was considered in the planning. But who could have anticipated a collision that would leave a gash close to three hundred feet long in her side?

Smith stares incredulously at him for a moment before speaking.

SMITH

The pumps will help, of course.

ANDREWS

Temporarily.

SMITH

How much time do you give us?

ANDREWS

At a rough guess, an hour. Possibly two.

SMITH

(to Bell)

You can keep the pumps going?
And the wireless?

BELL

Yes, sir, and the electric lights wherever needed. The emergency dynamos will handle it.

SMITH

Gentlemen, I must say something to you now, which you can well appreciate is the nightmare of every master, and which, in thirty-two years of service to this company, I never once expected to say. We must prepare to abandon ship.

(CONTINUED)

255A CONTINUED: (2)

Into the stunned silence of this moment, an EARSPLITTING SOUND suddenly intrudes, one which Laurence Beesley described as resembling "twenty locomotives blowing off steam in a low key." Ismay clutches his ears, shouting above it.

ISMAY

What's that?

BELL

Steam coming off the boilers!

ISMAY

Can't you stop it?

BELL

We've got to let off steam, sir!
Danger of explosion, otherwise!

Captain Smith's powerful voice is a match for the noise.

SMITH

Mr. Wilde and Mr. Lightoller, uncover the boats! Mr. Murdoch, muster the passengers! Mr. Lowe, we'll want a list of boat assignments! Mr. Boxhall, tell the wireless operator he had better send the distress signal! He'll need our position! I ask you all to be as calm as possible in the circumstances, as an example to the passengers! Bear in mind, there must not be any panic! Carry on!

They salute. He returns it. They move off to their respective assignments, Bell included. When they have gone, Smith, Andrews, and Ismay stand facing each other, the powerful triumvirate rendered powerless, sharing astonishment and dread. After a moment, Smith turns and goes out.

255B INT. WHEELHOUSE

He crosses on the now deserted space, stops, places his hand on the wheel, stands staring straight ahead into the darkness. The engine room telegraph reads "Stop." The CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of the Captain's face. There are tears in his eyes.

256 INT. WIRELESS CABIN - NIGHT

The SOUND of escaping steam seems scarcely less loud than it did on the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

A sleepy-eyed Bride, still in pyjamas, watches from the bedroom doorway while Boxhall leans over Phillips' shoulder to scribble on his notepad.

257 INSERT - PAD

He writes "41° 46' north, 50° 14' west."

258 PHILLIPS

pulls the pad toward him for easier reading and at the same time begins tapping out a distress signal, alternating C.Q.D. with S.O.S. The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE to the transmitter key, and the sharp, metallic S.O.S. vies with the SOUND of STEAM.

259 EXT. FUNNEL - NIGHT

FOCUS CLOSE ON one of the ship's four enormous funnels. A huge steam pipe runs up its forward side. From the top of this issues (as from those on the other funnels) the steam producing the overpowering SOUND.

260 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

On the port side, supervised by Wilde, Lightoller and several ABLE SEAMEN strip the tarpaulin from one of the lifeboats.

261 ON THE STARBOARD SIDE

Murdoch, Lowe and several SEAMEN do the same. Captain Smith stands a little way off, watching. Boxhall comes hurriedly from the direction of the bridge, salutes, shouts.

BOXHALL

Sir!

Smith pulls him into a corner formed by intersecting walls where the SOUND is marginally less oppressive.

BIXHALL

A ship has been sighted about a half point on the port bow! At least a light that might be a ship! Request permission to break out the rockets!

SMITH

By all means! Use your Morse lamp as well!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

SMITH (CONT'D)

The Carpathia is on her way to us,
but she's more than fifty miles
away! If you make contact, tell
them for God's sake to come quickly!

BOXHALL

Aye, aye, sir!

He turns and runs forward, toward the bridge.

262 EXT. 3RD CLASS PROMENADE - NIGHT

David Charters runs across the deck, shrieking in counter-
point to the SOUND of STEAM. James Farrell runs after,
pelting him with handfuls of powdered ice scooped from
the deck. Several passengers, including children, also
play with or simply examine, the ice, exclaiming in a
variety of tongues.

DAVID

Stop it now, Jimmy!

JAMES

Splash me, will you, you lumper?
I'll make a snowman of you, see
if I don't!

Laughing, panting, David runs into a corner, scoops up
ice in both hands, turns and hurls it at his pursuer.

DAVID

Have that, then, you great bully!

As James re-arms against the onslaught, Daniel Buckley
comes out onto the deck, shouting above the noise.

DANIEL

David! Jimmy!

JAMES

Come on, Daniel, this is rare
sport!

DANIEL

Listen, if you've anything in
the cabin you value you'd better
come quickly!

DAVID

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED:

DANIEL

There's water on the floor, and
so help me, it's rising!

Looks of alarm and concern from James and David. The
three hurry toward the entrance.

263 INT. FIRST CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Here on C Deck the SOUND of STEAM is MUTED. Stateroom
Steward ETCHES, very dignified and soft spoken, walks
along, knocks at the first door he comes to. A WOMAN'S
VOICE within calls, "Who is it?"

ETCHES

It's the steward, madam. All
passengers are being asked to
dress warmly, to put on their
lifebelts, and to go above. As
quickly as you're dressed, I'll
be back to help you with your
belt.

He goes to the next door, knocks. A MAN'S VOICE calls,
"Yes?"

ETCHES

It's the steward, sir. All
passengers...

264 INT. 2ND CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Steward JOHN HARDY, thirty-six, moves rapidly along the
passage. He raps hard at each door, then unceremoniously
throws it open, calling into the space -- whether dark or
well lit -- beyond the door.

HARDY

All passengers on deck with their
lifebelts on!

(next door)

All passengers on deck with their
lifebelts on!

(another)

All passengers on deck with their
lifebelts on!

As he moves toward the fourth door, Leigh Goodwin emerges
from the first, pulling a robe about her.

LEIGH

What's happened?

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

HARDY

No cause for alarm, madam. There has been some mishap, and we have been asked to take certain precautions.

(rapping)

All passengers on deck with their lifebelts on!!

265 INT. 3RD CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Here a number of passengers are already out of their rooms, talking excitedly in a melange of English, Arabic, Norwegian and Swedish. The Third Class Stewardess seen much earlier walks among them, urging calm.

JESSOP

It's all right. It's all right. Go back to bed. There's nothing whatever to worry about. Do go back to bed, won't you? That's right.

She encounters Steward John Hart, also seen earlier, as he arrives via a connecting passage.

HART

Here, what are you telling them? The order is to get everyone into their lifebelts.

JESSOP

First I've heard of it.

HART

Well, now you know.

JESSOP

And then what? Send them up to the boat deck?

HART

No, of course not. It's all First and Second Class up there.

JESSOP

They won't stay in the cabins once they've got the belts on. They'll know something is up for certain.

HART

We'll have to herd them into the general room, I suppose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

HART (CONT'D)

And the foyers. The main thing is
to keep 'em calm. We don't want
any unpleasantness.

JESSOP

I understand.

(starts back among
the passengers)

Now listen... listen all of you!

266 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the floor where the water is almost ankle deep.
David pulls his cheap suitcase from beneath a bunk bed,
lays it on the bench, opens it, digs through clothing
to the bottom, pulls out a studio photograph, soggy and
discolored from the water. The SOUND of STEAM is HEARD
only faintly this deep in the ship.

DAVID

Ah, look at that, will you?
Me mother's picture!

Almost in tears, he lays it gently on the bench, tries
to pat it dry with his handkerchief. James crouches
beside one of the bunks, reaching under it.

JAMES

What's that steward on about?
There's no lifebelts under here.

David steadies the upended suitcase on which Martin
stands to reach the top of the locker.

MARTIN

None up here, either.

JAMES

We've been diddled.

267 INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

FOCUS ON a lifebelt in the hands of John Jacob Astor.
He stabs it with a small gold penknife, rending the fabric,
exposing the stuffing. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. The Astors
sit side by side on two motionless mechanical "horses."
Both appear to have dressed for a gala occasion, both
wear lifebelts. The STEAM SOUND is quite loud here.

ASTOR

You see? That's what makes it
float.

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED:

In the b.g., Instructor McCawley amuses a small group of First Class children, all wearing lifebelts, with feats of strength and agility.

MADELINE

Do you think you ought to do that, darling?

ASTOR

Why not?

MADELINE

Perhaps they'll need it.

ASTOR

I'm sure they have more than enough. There were half a dozen in our suite.

(takes her hand)

It's nonsense for us to be wearing them at all. The ship is unsinkable. That wasn't just a publicity slogan, you know. It's a scientific fact, based on years of experiment... of trial and error.

268 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Laurence Beesley, wearing a Norfolk jacket, a dark garment draped over his arm, moves among the crowd, calling discreetly.

BEESLEY

Miss Goodwin? Miss Goodwin?

269 EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

On the starboard wing of the bridge, Boxhall strikes a large sulphur match, ignites the wick of a rocket. The ROCKET SPUTTERS, then WHIZZES away into the night sky.

270 EXT. TITANIC (QUEEN MARY) - NIGHT

The ROCKET EXPLODES in a shower of white glitter, emphasizing the ship's silhouette.

271 ON THE BRIDGE

Boxhall stands observing his handiwork. Now he picks up the Morse lamp, points it toward the port bow and begins flashing the message "Come at once. We are sinking."

272 INT. WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

FOCUS CLOSE ON Phillips, tapping out S.O.S., S.O.S., S.O.S. The SOUND of STEAM is slightly MUTED but still DEAFENING.

273 INT. 1ST CLASS ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

X

Here, a deck below, the STEAM SOUND is somewhat muffled. The room is more crowded than it has ever been. First Class passengers in a motley selection of clothing -- everything from bedroom slippers to elaborate hats -- sit or stand or mill about, exchanging scraps of information. Most wear lifebelts. Tension and a sense of bewilderment are everywhere, except perhaps at the table of the imperturbable bridge players, none of whom wears a belt. Seeing them still intent on their cards, Rene Harris gives her husband a look which says "See what I mean?" Molly Brown, circulating in ermine wrap and feathered "Merry Widow" hat, addresses her friend, Mrs. Bucknell.

MOLLY

All I say is, tell us what's
expected of us and we'll do it.
It's this not knowin' that makes
ever'body so edgy.

She passes the Marvins and another pair of young honeymooners chatting together. Marvin calls their attention to something he sees O.S.

MARVIN

Look who's here.

274 WALLACE HARTLEY

and his musicians have come in through a side door and are taking their places in the corner where the piano is located. The sight of Roger Bricoux dragging his cello across the floor gets a laugh and scattered applause from the room, including the Countess of Rothes, elegant and soignee even in a crisis, accompanied by her cousin.

MARY

(clapping)

Good. Good. That'll ease the
tension.

MARVIN

If anybody can hear them over
this doggone steam.

275 THE ORCHESTRA

swings into the first of a long medley of ragtime tunes; Irving Berlin's "Ragtime Violin," with smiling Jock Hume shining at the fore. The cheerful MUSIC cuts through the dreary STEAM SOUND, and the whole atmosphere of the room seems to lighten at once. Somebody calls "Good business, Wally!" and the leader smiles and nods in acknowledgment.

276 INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Again Barrett makes his way along the dark, narrow passage, now waist-deep in water, past the powerful spray, moving away from the boiler rooms.

276A INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

With water surging in the darkness below, Barrett swiftly climbs an iron staircase, at the top of which Hesketh waits.

HESKETH

Fires all out in number five?

BARRETT

Aye!

HESKETH

What about six?

BARRETT

Flooded! The boilers are completely under water!

HESKETH

Let's get out of it!

Together they hurtle up the stair.

276B INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A WIDE, HIGH SHOT of the enormous space, the lifeless machinery, Water swirls across the vast floor as Barrett and Hesketh come running up an iron staircase and continue long a catwalk, their FOOTSTEPS RESOUNDING in the silence.

277 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Full SOUND of STEAM. Andrews and another Engineer stride along, side by side, passing May Sloan, on her way to the lifeboats with arms full of blankets. Of the three, only the Engineer wears a lifebelt.

ANDREWS

No lifebelt, Miss Sloan?

MAY

It seemed rather mean to wear one, sir. Apparently they're in short supply.

ANDREWS

Don't be a fool. There are plenty. Find one and put it on straight away.

(CONTINUED)

277

CONTINUED:

She is surprised by the unaccustomed harshness of his tone.

MAY

Yes. sir.

She stands watching his back as he and the Engineer X
continue up the deck, puts a question in a voice he cannot hear.

MAY

What about you?

277A

ON THE STARBOARD SIDE

The boats all appear ready for lowering as May arrives with her pile of blankets, joining the STEWARDS who are placing tins of biscuits in the boats. Lightoller comes across the deck, shouting to Wilde.

LIGHTOLLER

Boats all ready on the port side!
Should't we get the women and children in now?

WILDE

Not yet!

LIGHTOLLER

What's the holdup?

WILDE

Protocol, Mr. Lightoller, protocol!

Lightoller looks incredulously at him for a moment, then turns and starts forward along the deck.

WILDE

(to Stewards)

I want biscuits in every boat!
And water!

The CAMERA MOVES with Lightoller, walking swiftly, grumbling.

LIGHTOLLER

You and your bloody protocol!
You'll be jabbering about protocol.
when you're fifty fathoms under!

He meets Captain Smith coming from the bridge, salutes.

(CONTINUED)

277A CONTINUED:

LIGHTOLLER

Sir! The boats are ready! Don't
you think it's time we got the
women and children away?

SMITH

Without any delay! The assignment
list is no good to us now! Too
late to organize the thing properly!
Just do the best you can, as quickly
as possible!

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

LIGHTOLLER

Thank you, sir!

Before he can turn to act on the order, another rocket is launched. Both look up.

278 EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of the ship, VIEWED from a distance, with the ROCKET EXPLODING overhead.

279 EXT. TITANIC BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The deck now swarms with passengers, mainly First Class, some Second. On the port side, Lightoller stands with one foot on the deck, one in boat number six. A few women and children are already in, but others hang back, staying close to their men.

LIGHTOLLER

Women and children! Women and children! Come along now, quickly, please.

Able seamen and other crew members from many departments assist women, who must jump several feet down into the bottom of the boat, which hangs suspended in space. Hitchens and Fleet are in the boat, helping. A pretty, young MATRON jumps onto an oar lying lengthwise in the boat, gives a cry of pain.

MATRON

My ankle!

Fleet helps her onto a seat. Lightoller continues to roar impatiently.

LIGHTOLLER

Ladies, ladies, please! We're trying to fill this boat! We can't do that without your...

Abruptly, astonishingly, the SOUND of STEAM STOPS, is suddenly replaced by an awesome silence. For a moment, no one moves. All seem frozen, sharing a sense of wonder. Lightoller completes his sentence in a normal voice, that can nonetheless be heard better than his shout of a moment since.

LIGHTOLLER

... cooperation.

MADAME DE VILLIERS, a Belgian wearing a long woolen motor-coat over her nightdress, looks apprehensive.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

DE VILLIERS

What means that?

LIGHTOLLER

It means the fires are all out.
It means the boilers are cold,
madam. It means the Titanic
isn't going anywhere under its
own steam. You'll be just as
well off in this boat.

A seaman starts to escort her forward. She pulls back.

DE VILLIERS

No, is not safe. Non, je vous en
prie! I want go back my cabine...
my jewels!

Molly Brown puts a hand on her arm, steadying her.

MOLLY

Don't be a damn fool, honey.
They won't be any use to you
if this thing sinks.

She leads the woman forward to the deck's edge. Lookout
Fleet comes to assist.

MOLLY

Go on, do what the man says. Get in.

FLEET

(arms upraised)

It's alright, love. I won't drop you.

He lifts de Villiers down into the boat.

LIGHTOLLER

You, too.

He takes Molly's arm, pushes her to Fleet, who staggers
under her weight. Hitchens comes to his assistance.

MOLLY

Hey, hold on a minute! I thought
I'd stick around awhile and watch
the fun. My friend...

LIGHTOLLER

Lower away!

The boat -- carrying Fleet, Hitchens, and twenty-five
women and children -- begins to descend, jerking, bump-
ing. Mrs. Bucknell calls out from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

279

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA

It's all right, Maggie, I'll get
the next one!

MOLLY

(as his head disappears
below the deck level)

Molly!

280

FAR BACK IN THE CROWD

Leigh Goodwin patiently inches her way forward, looking
about for Laurence Beesley.

280A

EXT. TITANIC (QUEEN MARY) - NIGHT

On the starboard side, the MUSIC is slightly louder, but
the scene is much the same. Murdoch is in charge of load-
ing the boats, assisted by Lowe. Wilde -- supervising
operations on both sides -- is her at the moment. Boat
number seven is already halfway down into the water, carry-
ing twenty-five women and children and three seamen. Boat
number five is just beginning its descent, with twenty-two
women and children, tin First Class men, and six crew.
Benjamin Guggenheim stands at the edge of the deck and
addresses one of the people in the boat in a low, earnest
voice.

GUGGENHEIM

If by any chance I'm not on the
list of survivors, tell my wife
that the last time you saw me I
was wearing my English dinner
jacket... I was prepared to die
like a gentleman. It'll make a
nice story to tell her friends.

Overhead, another ROCKET EXPLODES with a LOUD REPORT, a
burst of light. Bruce Ismay, standing between the davits
for boats numbers five and three, peers down over the
side, shouts:

ISMAY

Women and children only! Women
and children only! There must be
two dozen men in those boats!

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

Murdoch, busy loading number three, replies sharply:

MURDOCH

I can't force the women in, can
I? I can't knock them on the
head if they don't want to come!
What about it, ladies? Hurry
along now! Smartly, smartly!

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

Two brothers, DR. HENRY and T.G. FRAUENTHAL, are at the deck's edge. MRS. FRAUENTHAL, in number five, calls up to them.

MRS. FRAUENTHAL

Henry, there's plenty of room here!
Jump!

The men look at each other. The distance is about eight feet. Henry jumps first. His brother follows before the doctor's feet have struck the boat's bottom.

WILDE

Here, what's going on?

Encouraged by this feat, Maitre d' PAUL MAUGE quickly crosses the deck and jumps ten feet into the boat, almost landing on a woman who screams at his approach.

WILDE

I'll put a stop to that!

He hurries toward the bridge, pushing through the crowd.

282 MURDOCH

steps back onto the deck from boat number three, while Lowe takes charge of the falls.

LOWE

Lower away!

Ismay still bustles about, trying to be helpful.

ISMAY

Lower away! Lower away!

The tempestuous Welshman, thinking this man just another officious passenger, flares up.

LOWE

I said that!

ISMAY

Yes, well, don't be all night
about it!

(to seamen)

Come on, boys, lower away!

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

LOWE

I'm in bloody charge here.

ISMAY

Put some life into it! Faster!

LOWE

Listen, mister, you get to hell out of it, and everything will go fine!

ISMAY

(defensively)

I only wanted... (to help)...

LOWE

(shouts him down)

You want it faster, do you? You'll have me drown the whole lot of them! Who the bloody hell are you, any road, to be giving orders that way?

Ismay is stopped, stung. The arrogant answer is not forthcoming. He replies with surprising humility.

ISMAY

I'm a passenger.

LOWE

Then get back with the passengers, and leave the crew to do their work!

ISMAY

I'm sorry.

He turns and walks toward the crowd, who fail to recognize him, and in a moment is lost among them.

LOWE

(to seamen)

Steady now, lads! Steady!

283 INT. CHIEF OFFICER'S CABIN - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the steel locker. Wilde opens it, brings out a case marked "Firearms." He sets the case on his berth, lifts the lid, reaches in and takes out a revolver. He puts it into his pocket, then takes another revolver from the case.

284 INT. 3RD CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

The water in the cabin occupied by James Farrell and friends rises rapidly. We SEE it engulf the bench on which Daniel left his open suitcase. The case rises on the tide, floats for a moment, then sinks under its own weight, leaving a few articles of clothing on the surface.

285 OMITTED
thru
287

288 INT. TURKISH BATHS - NIGHT

Here the water is already a foot deep. It assaults the little mother of pearl inlaid Damascus tables and the folding canvas chairs, smashing them about. The SOUND ECHOES hollowly in the empty room. Remarkably, all the little bronze Arab lamps suspended from the coffered ceiling are still lit.

289 INT. FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Several First Class passengers climb the beautiful staircase to the boat deck. Above, the ORCHESTRA can be HEARD PLAYING the music of Scott Joplin. Rene Harris, led by her husband, a fur coat around her (one sleeve dangling), balks as they reach the bottom step.

RENE

Oh no, let's take the elevator.

HENRY

It's only one flight.

He takes her left arm. They start up, CAMERA MOVING with them.

RENE

Something's funny.

HENRY

What do you mean?

RENE

The steps. Don't you feel it?

HENRY

Yeah. They make you lean forward.

RENE

They're tilted. They're tilted towards the front of the ship. Now what would cause that?

HENRY

Search me.

290 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

As the Harrises emerge, the first thing they see is the orchestra, wearing lifebelts, playing beside the entrance. A ROCKET, EXPLODING NOISILY and shedding its light, gives a festive glow to the scene.

RENE

Hey, I didn't know it was a party!

291 ON THE PORT SIDE

Lightoller is loading boat number four. Baker Joughin lends a hand, fortifying himself now and then with swigs from a hip flask. Astor and Madeline approach.

ASTOR

Don't look so worried. They'll
just keep you out there till
they've got everything shipshape
again, and then they'll bring
you back on board.

292 NEARER THE EDGE OF THE DECK

Women and children are being helped into the boat by Q.M. Perkis. Astor speaks to Lightoller, as confidentially as possible in the circumstances.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

ASTOR

Look here, my wife is expecting.
Do you mind if I get in just long
enough to help her down?

LIGHTOLLER

I wouldn't advise it, sir. The
Chief Officer is getting rather
tetchy at this point. He's even
given us all pistols, just in case.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

ASTOR

Oh, well, I don't want to be shot,
thank you.

(to Perkis)

Please be extra careful of this lady.

Madeline, in sudden fright, puts up her hand to touch his face.

MADELINE

Johnny?

ASTOR

Soon, my darling. We'll be together soon.

He takes her hand, kisses it, then helps her down into Perkis' arms.

LIGHTOLLER

Lower away!

Madeline stares her fill of him as the boat is lowered. When she is lost to sight, Astor turns, walks back through the crowd of men who have watched their wives and children vanish. Beyond them, standing alone, he finds Guggenheim, crosses to him.

GUGGENHEIM

What sort of chance do you think we have?

ASTOR

Do you really want to know?

GUGGENHEIM

I do, yes.

ASTOR

I couldn't tell Madeline, but I've had a word with Bruce Ismay. It appears our confidence in this vessel has been somewhat misplaced.

Guggenheim accepts the news stoically, reaches into his breast pocket, produces his cigar case. Astor takes one, reaches for the cutter on his watchchain. Elegant and correct in their dinner clothes, they prepare to smoke.

293 INT. GENERAL ROOM - NIGHT

A restless, increasingly doubtful crowd of Third Class passengers fills the big, double room to overflowing.

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED:

Steward Hart, backed by two other stewards and Stewardess Jessop, addresses them from the wide stair leading directly up to the promenade deck. Beside him stands HERR MULLER, the interpreter.

HART

Now listen, please, listen!

MULLER

Achtung! Attenti! Attention,
s'il vous plait!

HART

I have been authorized to lead you up in small groups to where the lifeboats are! The rule is women and children first, of course!

(to Muller)

Just repeat it in Arabic and Norwegian. Most of the others have some English.

Muller begins the process.

294 AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

James, David and Daniel stand close to Katie, Kate, Bridget, and Mary Agatha.

Martin and Rosaleen are together. Olaus is close by, with his COUSIN, BROTHER-IN-LAW and sixteen-year-old HEDWIG TURKULA.

JAMES

Small groups how-are-you? That'll take from Jericho till June, I'm thinking. Come on. We'll have our own small group.

He begins to make his way around the periphery of the room, leading his Irish friends. After a few words in their native tongue from Olaus, the Norwegian contingent follow. All wear lifebelts except James, David, Martin and Daniel.

295 EXT. 3RD CLASS PROMENADE - NIGHT

The RAGTIME MUSIC can be HEARD in the distance. The little band of explorers emerge, start across the open deck.

DAVID

I say, Mary Agatha, may I have this dance?

They do a little tease of a two-step, moving along with the others. Martin and Rosaleen watch amused.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

DANIEL

No two ways about it, this is the
best shipwreck I've been to in the
whole of me life.

James, hurrying in advance of them, is not amused.

JAMES

You'll dance to another tune when
you're arse-deep in water!

295A INT. 3RD CLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They reach a narrow stair that leads to an upper deck. At
the bottom is a gate with a sign "FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS
ONLY - NO ADMITTANCE." James looks at Olaus.

JAMES

What's your answer to that, Ole?
You with them great powerful mitts
of yours.

Olaus seizes the gate and, with main force, shatters the
lock that holds it closed.

JAMES

Well said.

He leads the others up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

298

THE RITZ RESTAURANT

They enter via a small service passage at the rear. The size and grandeur of the room instantaneously hold them spellbound.

KATIE

Oh, Kate!

KATE

Will you look at that now!

MARY AGATHA

Did you ever?

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED:

Every table is meticulously set for tomorrow's breakfast, gleaming in its own lamplight. The girls approach shyly but with a compulsion to touch tablecloth, plates, cutlery.

KATIE

Real linen.

BRIDGET

Real silver.

Martin and Rosaleen, hand in hand, take it all in.

MARTIN

If what they say about the States is true, it's the way we'll all be living before long. Picking up gold and silver from Tom Tiddler's ground.

Slowly they drift across the room to the main entrance, James still in the lead. Suddenly the main door opens and a big, tense, fortyish man appears, wearing a Sam Brown belt with holster and pistol: Master-at-arms KING.

KING

What's this? What's this? 'Ow did you lot get in 'ere?

(sees Olaus entering through the back door)

Oh, I see. That's your game, is it? Lemme tell you it'll go very 'ard wiv all of you if there's anything missing from this room tomorrow. Furthermore, every First Class stateroom 'as been carefully locked, in case you got any ideas. There'll be no looting aboard this ship while I'm Master-at-arms!

KATE

(offended)

Looting, is it?

KATIE

We don't know anything about any looting. It was only looking we were.

DANIEL

Looking for a way to the lifeboats.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

Do you go through here?

KING

Where I go doesn't come into it.
 You go back the way you came, and
 be quick about it!

(puts his hand
 on the holster)

You're not meant to be round 'ere
 and you know it!

JAMES

Ah, for God's sake, mister, let
 the women through at least!

The outburst is so strong, direct and deeply felt that the rule must inevitably be bent. King hesitates for a moment, then:

KING

Well... it's against the rules,
 but... all right. Women only,
 mind.

Katie and Kate look at James. He nods. Olaus speaks a few Norwegian words of instruction and reassurance to Hedwig. They start through the door. Rosaleen is the last to go. She and Martin share a lingering look. Their hands are still joined as, finally, she starts away.

299 CLOSE SHOT - THEIR HANDS

They part reluctantly, fingertips touching at the last.

300 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

On the starboard side, boat number nine holds close to fifty occupants, eight of them crew, two or three male passengers and the rest women and children. FOCUS CLOSE ON the hands of Daniel and Mary Marvin. She is in the boat, he on the deck. Their hands are pulled apart as Fifth Officer Lowe lifts her down into the boat.

MARY

Danny... please!

MARVIN

It's all right. I love you.

Among the women waiting at the deck's edge to be loaded into the boat, we SEE IDA STRAUS and her maid, ELLEN BIRD. X
 Observing the parting of the Marvin's, the older woman X
 steps back, directing her servant into her place. X

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

(puzzled)

Mrs. Straus...?

IDA

You go ahead, Ellen.

ELLEN

But Mr. Straus said...

IDA

It's all right. I'll explain to him.

She starts back across the deck.

ELLEN

He won't like it.

IDA

He's put up with me for forty years.
What can he do to me now?

Moving against the tide of women and children, she has crossed the deck to where her husband, ISIDOR STRAUS, stands among the men. They stare at one another in silence for a moment, and we feel he already knows what she has to say.

IDA

Don't be angry. And please don't argue. My mind's made up. I'm going to stay with you for a little.

STRAUS

How long is a little?

IDA

We'll see.

(takes his hand)

We'll see.

In the b.g., Murdoch shouts.

MURDOCH

Lower away!

As the boat begins to descend, Captain Smith comes INTO the SHOT, calls down over the side through a megaphone.

SMITH

All boats! All boats! Keep together!
A light has been sighted on the port bow! Row toward that light!

300 CONTINUED: (2)

Straus smiles, shakes his head as if to say "incorrigible."

STRAUS

How long is a little?

IDA

We'll see.

(takes his hand)

We'll see.

In the b.g., Murdoch shouts.

MURDOCH

Lower away!

As the boat begins to descend, Captain Smith comes INTO the SHOT, calls down over the side through a megaphone.

SMITH

All boats! All boats! Keep together! A light has been sighted on the port bow! Row toward that light!

301 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

On the port side, MUSIC continuing in the background, Lightoller's face is briefly illuminated by the rocket's glow as he shouts back along the deck. He is forward now, loading boat D, one of the Englehardt collapsibles.

LIGHTOLLER

Any more women? Any more women, please? Come along, ladies, this is the last boat but one on this side! You can't afford to pick and choose!

The figures on the sidelines here are all male. Rene Harris looks sadly at Henry, standing on the deck, tries to smile, waves with her left hand.

HENRY

See you soon, kid.

RENE

You better.

Through the crowd comes MONSIEUR NAVATRIL, carrying Louis in one arm, Lolo, in the other, both warmly dressed in hats and belted overcoats. Lolo clutches a Punch doll. Navatrill's look is an appeal to Lightoller.

NAVATRIL

I don't suppose...?

LIGHTOLLER

Best hand them over, sir.

NAVATRIL

Their mother is not here, you see. They have only me.

Lightoller takes Louis from him, passes him down to one of the crew.

LIGHTOLLER

They'll be well looked after.

As he transfers Lolo, the doll slips from the child's hand and falls unnoticed onto the deck.

LIGHTOLLER

All right, that's it! Lower away!

A SEAMAN, who has been securing the plug in the boat's bottom, scrambles out onto the deck as it begins to descend.

302

CLOSE SHOT - HIS FOOT

It lands squarely on the doll's papier mache head, crushing it.

303

IN THE BOAT

Little Lolo, in a woman passenger's lap, sees the fate of his toy and cries aloud.

LOLO

Polichinenelle! Ma poupee! Ma
poupee!

This upsets Louis held by another woman, and he too begins to cry, stretching out his arms toward the deck.

LOUIS

Papa! Papa!

NAVATRIL

Soyez brave, mes enfants, soyez
brave! Papa vous aime! A bientot,
hein?

304

EXT. BOAT NO. 13 - NIGHT

Starboard side. Boat number thirteen descends.

There are fifty-five passengers in the boat, mostly Second and Thire Class women and children. Familiar among the crew are Fireman Barrett and Lookout Lee. When number thirteen drops past the enclosed Promenade Deck, the latter sees Laurence Beesley standing alone at an open window, the dark garment still draped over his arm.

LEE

Any women behind you?

BEESLEY

(looks around)

No.

LEE

Come on, then. There's a bit of
space just here.

Beesley takes the garment from his arm, throws it down, climbs onto the stell. The boat is now well below the level of the window, and as Beesley jumps, it swings slightly away from the side of the ship, so that he lands precariously, half in, half out, striking the gunwale at the middle of his lifebelt. He slips backward, grips the gunwale with both hands, hangs suspended with his feet just above the water. Lee grabs him, managing to pull him in.

(CONTINUED)

304

CONTINUED

Beesley huddles, panting, in the bottom of the boat.

LEE

All right?

BEESELEY

Yes, thanks. Thanks very much.

He rises, picks up the garment.

LEE

What you got there?

BEESELEY

My dressing gown.

LEE

Dressing gown? What you want to bring that for?

BEESELEY

I, dunno.

(begins to laugh)

I, dunno!

He laughs harder, at the silliness of it, but also out of sheer relief.

LEE

You got a screw loose somewhere, haven't you.

The boat slaps down onto the water. Lee moves to detach the forward fall, shouting over his shoulder.

LEE

Let go the after fall!

As he disconnects the ropes, he looks up to see another lifeboat descending rapidly, coming perilously close. He shouts upward:

LEE

Stop lowering fifteen! Stop lowering fifteen!

Beesley and the others look up to see the other boat. It threatens to come straight down on top of them. All begin to shout "Stop lowering! You're going to hit us!" Lee calls to Fireman Barrett in the stern.

LEE

Cut that bloody rope, man! We're trapped!

(CONTINUED)

304

CONTINUED: (2)

Barrett whips a knife from his belt and slashes the fall ropes. Immediately many oars are reised to thrust the boat away from the side of the ship. When the other boat slaps down onto the water, the miss is so near that the sides of the boats SCRAPE NOISILY.

BEESELY

(a sigh of relief)

Good Lord.

305 INT. WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

The electric light flickers and begins to glow an eerie red. MUSIC can be HEARD in the distance. Bride stands next to the table, wearing his lifebelt. Phillips, pale and clearly fatigued, sits working the transmitter, his belt beside him.

PHILLIPS

I don't think there's any spark left. I can't be sure, but I don't think so.

BRIDE

(looks up at lamp)
Power's going.

Captain Smith appears in the doorway. He, too, looks drawn and tired beyond his endurance.

SMITH

All right, lads, clear out.

BRIDE

Clear out, sir?

Phillips takes off the earphones, turns.

SMITH

You've done all you can. The forecastle's awash. The water's almost up to the bridge. It's every man for himself now. Good luck to you.

PHILLIPS

(rising)
Thank you, sir. To you, too.

But before he can finish, Smith has disappeared. Phillips stoops to pick up his lifebelt.

PHILLIPS

Every man for himself. What does that mean?

BRIDE

We'll know soon enough, won't we?

OVER the SHOT, the SOUND of desperate MALE VOICES is suddenly HEARD.

306 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

In dim, unsteady red light Third Class men passengers swarm up a narrow stair.

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED:

At the top they crush against a locked gate with a sign: "FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY - NO ADMITTANCE." Shoulders are repeatedly thrown against it. The BABEL OF VOICES, of languages, grows louder, more violent. Finally, the gate gives way and the men flood through.

307 INT. FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They swarm into the elegant foyer. Above them, MUSIC PLAYS. Up the great staircase they go, past the magnificent bronze clock, caring nothing for all this beauty, fighting for their lives.

308 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Still the ORCHESTRA PLAYS -- ragtime, one-step, two-step. On the starboard side, Murdoch is loading number fifteen, last of the regular boats. The deck now slopes precipitously. Among the women moving steadily into the boat without coaxing we SEE Kate, Katie, Bridget, Mary Agatha, Hedwig and the ever sad and lovely Rosaleen. Among the crew helping them in we recognize Steward Hart and Stewardess Jessop.

MURDOCH

Keep it moving! Keep it moving!

Hart, alarmed by something he sees O.S., shouts:

HART

Mr. Murdoch!

Murdoch follows his eye line and sees:

309 THE MOB OF MEN

coming swiftly along the deck, moving toward the boat.

310 MURDOCH

speaks quietly to himself.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

MURDOCH

Oh, no, you don't.

He pulls a pistol from his belt; raises his voice.

MURDOCH

We'll have none of that! Stay
back! Stay well back, I'm
warning you!

He raises the gun, FIRES TWO SHOTS over their heads.
At the same moment, a ROCKET BURSTS above them. The
effect is doubly awesome. The men fall back, cowed.

MURDOCH

Any man tries to push in here, I
don't care who he is, and he gets
this for his trouble!

He wields the gun menacingly.

311 IN THE BOAT

Katie, having just found a seat, is startled to see
Daniel, cowering under the planking at one end. She
mouths his name: "Daniel?" He puts his finger to his
lips, terrified of being discovered. Katie pulls off
her black woolen shawl, and -- looking about to make
sure she is not observed -- drapes it over him, conceal-
ing him from view.

311A ON THE BOAT DECK

A group of passenger, mostly Third Class Irish, have
gathered around Father Byles. They kneel on the deck,
many clutching rosaries, while the priest prays aloud
in Latin. Martin, James and David have managed to
gain access to the deck, but seeing that there is no
hope of going into the boats, they join the others,
kneel, make the sign of the cross, begin to pray.

311B NOT FAR OFF

Bootblacks Stebbing and Guy witness this act of accep-
tance. They stand together amidst the confusion, not
knowing where to go or what to do.

GUY

They ain't just forgot about us,
'ave they, Bootsy?

(CONTINUED)

311B CONTINUED:

STEBBING

Not 'alf they ain't. Us and a
right few others. Gawd knows 'ow
many's trapped below decks.

GUY

Wot we gonna do then?

STEBBING

You a Catholic?

GUY

Farthest thing from it. My dad's
a sergeant in the Salvation Army.

STEBBING

I can go yer one better, I'm
Jewish on my old mum's side.
What's it matter now? Come on.

He leads the way across the deck, kneels with Father
Byles' group. Guy follows suit. They fold their hands,
bend their heads and begin to pray, comprehending not
a word of the Latin which the priest intones.

312 INT. 1ST CLASS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Stewardess May Sloan bustles in, wearing her lifebelt
over her uniform, calling as she comes.

MAY

If there are any ladies or...

Her voice rings jarringly in the big, empty room, silent
but for the FAINT SOUND OF MUSIC overhead. No one here
except a single man standing before the fireplace,
looking up at a large painting of New York Harbour,
titled "Arrival in the New World." He wears a dark
coat over his dinner suit. A lifebelt lies on the
table beside him.

MAY

Mr. Andrews?

A slight pause, then he turns to her. His eyes are
full of tears. Suddenly she feels a bumbling intruder.

MAY

All the boats are away now, except
one or two of the collapsible kind.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

ANDREWS
(quietly, in a
colorless voice)
You'd better hurry, then. You
don't want to be left behind.

MAY
Nor you, sir.

ANDREWS
She's going, Miss Sloan.

MAY
Yes, sir. There's nothing for it,
I'm afraid.

ANDREWS
Better hurry.

MAY
You must save yourself, you know.
There'll be questions no one else
will ever be able to answer.

ANDREWS
Possibly. Possibly. It's
something to consider.

MAY
Don't take too long.

ANDREWS
No, no. Not too long. Off you
go.

Reluctant and yet fearful of being left, she goes. He
stares after her. Then he looks at the lifebelt lying
on the table. Finally he turns and looks again at the
glowing, romantic picture depicting the completion of
a successful voyage. He remains motionless, a dreadful
resignation in his face.

313 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

On the starboard side of the deck, now dipping almost
into the water, FOCUS CLOSE ON Bruce Ismay's face. In
the background, the orchestra abandons ragtime for a
hymn titled "Autumn."

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

Unlike Andrews' expression of a moment before, Ismay's is that of a man indisposed to part with life. Standing apart from the other men, he waits in the shadows, watching as:

314 MURDOCH

loads one of the part wood, part canvas Englehardt collapsibles, boat C. Inside are twenty-seven Third Class women and children, a quartermaster, a steward, three firemen and the ship's barber. Four frightened CHINAMEN cower beneath the seats, unseen by Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Any more women there? Come on if you're there! This may be your last chance!

315 ISMAY

looks about. No women come forward. On a sudden impulse, he steps out of the shadows, crosses the deck directly toward the boat. Seeing this dark, indistinguishable figure approach in the half light, Murdoch automatically reaches for the pistol. Wilde lays a restraining hand on his arm, whispers a word of identification into his ear. They stand immobile, watching as Ismay stoops, puts a hand on the deck and eases himself down into the boat.

MURDOCH

Lower away!

The boat begins to descend. Ismay can be SEEN near the center, surrounded by women, staring rigidly before him.

316 WILDE

turns and points up to the top of the officers' quarters where two collapsible boats remain.

WILDE

Let's cut the lashings on those last two Englehardts!

Wilde and Murdoch, followed by two seamen, start across the deck toward the ladder. They pass the group of passengers clustered around Father Byles.

317 ATOP THE ROOF

of the officers' quarters, Lightoller is already at work with a knife, cutting the ropes that hold Englehardt boat B. Murdoch, Wilde behind him, comes up the ladder, pulling his knife as he achieves the roof.

MURDOCH

I'll give you a hand, Lights!

He seizes the rope at the other end of the boat. As he applies his knife to it, water comes rushing over the forward part of the boat deck, to the accompaniment of SCREAMS. The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. Lightoller and the others are dashed off the roof and into the sea. The Englehardt floats off, upside down. As the bow dips:

318 THE STERN OF THE SHIP

rises to an incredible height. Desperate, shrieking men and women struggle upward. Many have already sought a final refuge on the poop deck and even on the docking bridge.

319 ON THE BOAT DECK

Father Byles and his little congregation -- Stebbing and Guy included -- are pitched down into the torrent below. The horrified faces of James and David flash by, then we SEE Martin, clutching, clawing for a hold as he plummets down across the deck and into the water.

320 EXT. BOAT NO. 15 - NIGHT

FOCUS ON Rosaleen, staring in horror at the tilting ship.

ROSALEEN

Martin!

321 THE TITANIC - HER POV

It tilts up at better than a forty-five degree angle, submerged almost to its second funnel, lights still burning in windows and portholes.

322 KATE MULLINS

embraces Rosaleen, turning the girl's face away from the appalling scene.

KATE

Don't look. Don't look.

323 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the water rising toward the second funnel.

(CONTINUED)

323

CONTINUED:

Among the deck chairs and debris, Roger Bricoux's cello floats past. The CAMERA MOVES UP TO REVEAL Jack Thayer and Milton Long Clinging to the starboard rail, staring down at the water ten or twelve feet below. Long is in his early twenties, built like an athlete.

JACK

I'm for jumping.

LONG

I'm for sliding down. You might land on a deck chair or something and hurt yourself.

JACK

You might get pulled under by the suction.

LONG

We'll find out who's right.
(shaking hands)
See you in New York...maybe

JACK

Nice meeting you.

Long climbs over the rail and facing the side of the ship. slips down into the water. Jack peels off the overcoat he wears over his lifebelt, climbs up, perches for a moment then leaps as far out as his strength will carry him. As he strikes the water:

324

THE STERN

begins the final heave that will bring the ship almost perpendicular in the water. A terrible RUMBLING is HEARD within -- engines and boilers being torn from their moorings and hurled forward, smashing through steel bulkheads. It was this sound which many survivors mistook for "explosions."

325

IN THE WATER

Young Thayer surfaces, shocked by the bitter cold. He looks about for his companion.

JACK

Hey?

There is no reply, nor will there be any. He begins to swim away from the ship.

326 ON BOAT AND POOP DECKS

pandemonium reigns. Men, women and children are flung into the sea like so many toys. One of these is little Alfred King, the Lift Boy, too terrified even to scream as he hurtles to his death. Others cling temporarily to rails, ladders, funnels, capstans, cranes. One after another, they lose their grip and plummet, screaming. Others jump.

327 OLAUS ABSELETH

joins hands with his cousin and brother-in-law, speaks a few words of direction in Norwegian, the last of which is "Jump!", and together they plunge into the water.

328 CHARLES JOUGHIN

takes a final swig from his flask, tucks it into his pocket, punctiliously wipes his mouth, draws a breath, blesses himself, jumps.

329 JOHN COLLINS

the big, powerful Assistant Cook from Belfast is struggling along the rail, trying to reach a point that looks safe for jumping, when he sees a WOMAN fighting with her last ounce of strength to save the baby she holds in one arm while clinging to the rail with the other.

WOMAN

Help me... for the love of God,
help me!

With great difficulty, he makes his way to her, so that merely reaching her seems a huge accomplishment. But no sooner has he taken the baby from her than the ship begins its ultimate plunge. Water comes up like a tidal wave, swallowing Collins and the woman, tearing the baby from his grasp.

330 EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

The lights are out now, doused when the machinery broke loose. Beesley describes the ship at this point as "still upright like a column... the stern and some 150 feet of her stood outlined against the star-specked sky, looming black in the darkness. Then, first sinking back a little at the stern, I thought, she slid slowly forwards through the water and dived slantingly down."

331 EXT. ENGLEHARDT C - NIGHT

Several of the men at the oars look over their shoulders at the sinking ship.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

Quartermaster Rowe, at the tiller, shouts at them.

ROWE

Pull! Pull! You want us to get
sucked under? Pull! Don't look
back! Pull!

332 BRUCE ISMAY

sits rowing with a steady stroke, his back to the disaster,
his face deathly pale, his eyes already haunted by the
sight which he can see plain enough without turning.

333 EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

The last we SEE is the huge, elliptical stern with its:

T I T A N I C

Liverpool

disappearing beneath the water, passengers still clinging
to the aftermost rail. Among them we have a GLIMPSE of
John Jacob Astor, his face frozen with fear.

334 EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

FOCUS CLOSE ON Madeline Astor, staring toward the place
where the ship vanished. The melancholy look of a few
hours since seems a tragic beauty now. Nearby, Boxhall
speaks in a barely audible voice.

X
X

BOXHALL

She's gone.

X
X

Across the water comes a heart-rending SOUND -- the
mingled cries of hundreds of voices, men, women and
children, crying for help, crying from pain and fear, pain
of the freezing water and fear of drowning, fear of death.

335 EXT. BOAT NO. 15 - NIGHT

The sign of the cross is made, and there is much hushed
praying, many rosaries in evidence. Katie and Kate and
Mary Agatha and Bridget and Hedwig all stare in dumb won-
der. Rosaleen has taken Kate's advice. Her eyes are
closed.

336 EXT. BOAT NO. 13 - NIGHT

FOCUS ON Laurence Beesley. He has left us an exact
description of the moment. "Unprepared as we were for such
a thing, the cries of the drowning floating across the
sea filled us with stupefaction."

X

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED:

We longed to return and rescue at least some of the drowning, but we knew it was impossible. The boat was filled to standing-room."

336A EXT. BOAT NO. 6 - NIGHT

Molly Brown, wielding an oar, finds the SOUND unendurable.

MOLLY

God Almighty, we got to go back!
We got to go back an' help!

Q.M. Hitchens, quaking with fright at the tiller, shrieks in reply.

HITCHENS

I'll be blown! We ain't goin'
nowhere except straight on! Row!
Everybody... row, damn you!

MOLLY

You shut your nasty little trap! You
just keep a civil tongue, boy, or
I'll come up there an' kick your butt
overboard, you see if I don't!

337 EXT. ENGLEHARDT B - NIGHT

It floats, as before, upside down. Balancing on the hull are Lightoller, Jack Thayer, some seamen and firemen, and Thomas Whitely, the handsome steward who caught Molly Brown's eye in the Cafe Parisien. Altogether there are perhaps twenty-five men on the unsteady craft, all drenched and chilled through. On every side, the chorus of wailing continues.

338 IN THE WATER NEARBY

John Collins swims toward the boat, swims past the dying and the dead. A man flailing close to him manages to get a grip on his neck, pulling him underwater. When he emerges, Collins fights free, reaches:

339 THE ENGLEHARDT

and clings, panting, to the side until he gains breath and strength enough to pull himself aboard. On the other side, Operator Bride clings in the same fashion, half in, and half out of the water. Lightoller notices him.

LIGHTOLLER

Is that Sparks? Better come out of
there, hadn't you?

BRIDE

My feet are numb. I'm not sure I
can stand.

Lightoller bends to pull him onto the hull.

(CONTINUED)

339

CONTINUED:

LIGHTOLLER
You can lie near the middle. You
won't take much space, little fella
like you!

With both Collins and Bride aboard, the boat sinks deeper
and teeters precariously. A burly FIREMAN shouts:

FIREMAN
No more! We'll go under if there's
any more!

The doughty little baker:

340

CHARLER JOUGHIN

swims up behind the boat just in time to hear this procla-
mation. Nonetheless, he grabs hold. So far so good. No
one has seen him. From the water nearby a man's VOICE
calls:

VOICE
Hullo! Hullo, any room there?

LIGHTOLLER
Afraid not, old man! Sorry!

VOICE
Never mind, can't be helped! Good
luck to you, boys! God bless you!

Bride, who now lies shivering athwart the hull, raises a
frosty white face.

BRIDE
Who was that?

LIGHTOLLER
Dunno. Couldn't see.

BRIDE
Sounded like the Captain.

Realizing the truth of this, Lightoller looks off cur-
iously in the direction from which the voice came.

341

HIS POV - THE OPEN SEA

The water is amazingly smooth, the sky starlit. The har-
rowing SOUND has begun to diminish. Beesley wrote: "The
gradually, one by one."

342

OMITTED

343

EXT. BOAT NO. 12 - NIGHT

Lowe at the tiller, speaks the minds of all in his crowded boat.

LOWE

Nothing we can do for them. We're full up as it is.

The CAMERA confirms this, MOVING DOWN INTO the center of the boat, PASSING face after sad, solemn face, until at last it FOCUSES ON the saddest, most solemn of all. Leigh Goodwin stares out across the water with a look of infinite pity and regret. Lowe's voice continues OVER the SHOT:

LOWE (O.S.)

We'd only get swamped if we went back. What's the good of any more dying, if it's no help to anyone?

The CAMERA HOLDS on Leigh.

344

EXT CARPATHIA - DAY

FOCUS ON Leigh standing at the rail of an open promenade deck, staring out to sea.

345

HER POV

The water is perfectly calm, the sun bright in a clear, mid-afternoon sky. There is no trace of ice in any direction.

346

MED. SHOW - LEIGH

Beside her, attached to the rail, is a life buoy labelled "R.M.S. Carpathia."

(CONTINUED)

346 CONTINUED:

Behind her, Second Class passengers from the Titanic huddle on deck chairs, singly or in small groups, dressed as they were when they left the ship -- a few talking in hushed voices, most silent. From this fairly WIDE VIEW, the CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO A CLOSE SHOT OF Leigh's face.

346A INT. FIRST CLASS CARPATHIA CABIN - DAY

FOCUS CLOSE ON the haggard face, the glazed eyes of Bruce Ismay. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL him, sitting on a bed, still wearing formal shoes, trousers, shirt and waistcoat, without jacket, collar or tie. Motionless, he stares emptily before him. On the bed-table beside him are a medicine bottle and a glass with a teaspoon in it. FROM THIS VIEW, the CAMERA VEERS SUDDENLY TO REVEAL Emma Bucknell's face at a porthole, peering in.

347 EXT. FIRST CLASS PROMENADE - DAY

The TINKLING SOUND of a MUSIC BOX is HEARD. With a reprov-
ing glance, Molly Brown pulls Emma away from the porthole,
toward the MUSIC. Among a silent group of first class
passengers, the Countess of Rothes and Gladys Cherry sit
on deck chairs. Lolo Navatril is in a chair between them.
The Countess holds Louis in her lap. To entertain the
children, she twists the tail of a ceramic pig, producing
the MELODY of the MAXIXE. The boys are spellbound. Touched
by the sight, Molly lifts Lolo from his chair. In proximity
to his smile, we SEE her eyes fill with tears.

348 EXT. SECOND CLASS PROMENADE - DAY

Leigh is now looking down into the well deck below.

349 THIRD CLASS DECK - HER POV - DAY

It is a scene very unlike the one aboard the Titanic. No
games, no laughter or loud voices. Olaus and Hedwig have
been reunited with Daniel and the girls. They sit, talking
or not, or walk slowly about the deck. Standing alone at
the aftermost point, looking back across the ship's wake,
is Rosaleen.

350 LEIGH

watches her for a time, then becomes aware that someone is sharing her watch. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Laurence Beesley standing only a few feet away. She speaks without looking at him.

LEIGH

What I notice more than anything else is the silence. I suppose I expected sobbing or screaming or ... I don't know. Everyone is so quiet.

BEESLEY

Perhaps it hasn't hit them yet. I know it hasn't hit me. Perhaps they're still hearing that sound.

LEIGH

I think I'll never stop hearing it. And I keep on looking for certain faces. That sad librarian.

BEESLEY

I know. I so hoped that little Alfie might have come through. The lift boy. It was his first voyage. He loved the sea.

They are quiet for a moment.

BEESLEY

Rumor has it that Mr. Ismay is in shock, and they've got him under sedation. He's supposed to have said to somebody, 'I have no right to be alive. Women and children are dead.'

Another pause. He is staring out toward the water, his face troubled. She looks at him. His hand rests on the rail. In a spontaneous show of sympathy, she puts her own atop it. He looks at her.

LEIGH

You can't feel guilty about being alive. You didn't plow that ship full speed through an ice field you knew was there in the dead of night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

350 CONTINUED:

LEIGH (CONT'D)

You didn't let it sail with thousands of people on board and only enough lifeboats for a few hundred. Who lays down the law about a thing like that, anyway?

BEESLEY

The British Board of Trade.

LEIGH

Then let the British Board of Trade feel guilty. They're no better than murderers. Of course they'll hold some routine little inquiry and give themselves a nice, soothing coat of whitewash, and nothing will have changed. Everything will go on just exactly as it was.

BEESLEY

Not everything. What about us?

LEIGH

Us?

BEESLEY

Shall we ever be the same again?

LEIGH

I wonder.

BEESLEY

Shall we ever be able to look at the world in quite the same way?

LEIGH

I'll never see it as safe and snug, if that's what you mean.

BEESLEY

None of us will.

(of Third Class)

They never did, of course. For them it's always been perilous and unjust. One might almost envy them the fact that they have no illusions to be disabused of. But they...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

350 CONTINUED: (2)

BEESLEY (CONT'D)

(looking up to
First)

... I should think they especially
... have had a shocking glimpse of
the underside of things. The
Titanic was a way of life designed
expressly for them... safe and snug
and teeming with creature comforts
... and it's crumbled under them.

OVER the SHOT, SUPERIMPOSE:

350A CLOSE SHOT - ISMAY'S FACE

staring dolefully out of his cabin's porthole, at nothing
in particular. This IMAGE SLOWLY...

DISSOLVES INTO:

351 EXT. FIRST CLASS PROMENADE - DAY

In a secluded corner of the deck, several newly-made widows
sit together in a small, self-protective formation. One or
two speak quiet words of reassurance to their friends, but
Madeline Astor and Mary Marvin are silent. Jack Thayer
sits on the deck at his mother's knee, holding her hand.
Rene Harris, on the periphery, sits turned away, looking
blankly into space. A plump, wholesome-looking matron,
MRS. LOUIS OGDEN, approaches with a tray containing steam-
ing cups.

OGDEN

Good afternoon, ladies. I'm Mrs.
Ogden from New York. I'm just one
of the passengers on the Carpathia,
trying to do my bit. I've got hot
coffee here, and sandwiches.

There is no spoken reply. One or two shake their heads.

OGDEN

Oh, now, do make an effort. You
know you've got to have some
nourishment, after all.

(extending tray
to Madeline)

Come on, dear. Set them an example.

Madeline draws back almost as if she had expected to be
struck.

JACK

Please don't do that. Just give it
to somebody else, won't you, please?
Every one of these ladies has just
lost her husband.

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED:

OGDEN

I know that, son. I know how I'd feel in their place, and believe me, my heart goes out to you, all of you. But you have to go on living. You just have to say to yourself, 'It was God's will. He moves in strange ways, His wonders to perform.'

(moves to Rene)

Whatever you do, you mustn't lose faith in the infinite wisdom and mercy of the Lord.

Rene's face has been averted until this moment. Now she looks up at the woman with a pained, incredulous expression which Mrs. Ogden interprets as a symptom of grief. She speaks gently.

OGDEN

Coffee?

Rene replies in a voice empty of the zest and good humor that have always characterized it before.

RENE

No coffee. No God, either. God went down with the Titanic.

The CAMERA HOLDS CLOSE on her face. OVER the SHOT, SUPERIMPOSE:

352 THE SEA

The same SHOT seen in the beginning -- of the approximate place where the Titanic foundered, with ice all about and a few deck chairs floating on the surface.

FADE OUT.

THE END