

HOLD ON - DUBBED

1. HOLD ON

On the boat

CHAR1

She whips her head around at the sound of his voice. It takes a second for her eyes to focus.

CHAR2

CHAR1 sees the tear tracks on her cheeks in the faint glow from the stern running lights.

CHAR1

CHAR2

CHAR1

CHAR2

CHAR1

CHAR2 is confused now. She can't see him very well through the tears, so she wipes them with one hand, almost losing her balance.

CHAR2

CHAR1

CHAR2

He takes off his jacket.

CHAR1

He starts unlacing his left shoe.

CHAR2

CHAR1

She looks down. The reality factor of what she is doing is sinking in.

CHAR2

CHAR1
(taking off his left shoe)

He starts unlacing his right shoe.

CHAR1

CHAR2
(perplexed)

CHAR1

CHAR2

CHAR1

CHAR2

CHAR1

He slides one step closer, like moving up on a spooked horse.

CHAR1

CHAR2 stares at this madman for a long time. She looks at his eyes and they somehow suddenly seem to fill her universe.

CHAR2

She unfastens one hand from the rail and reaches it around toward him. He reaches out to take it, firmly.

CHAR1

CHAR2
(voice quavering)

CHAR2 starts to turn. Now that she has decided to live, the height is terrifying. She is overcome by vertigo as she shifts her footing, turning to face the ship. As she starts to climb, her dress gets in the way, and one foot slips off the edge of the deck.

She plunges, letting out a piercing SHRIEK. CHAR1, gripping her hand, is jerked toward the rail. CHAR2 barely grabs a lower rail with her free hand.

QUARTERMASTER ROWE, up on the docking bridge hears the scream and heads for the ladder.

CHAR2

CHAR1

2. THE REST OF THE SCRIPT IS OPTIONAL

CHAR1 holds her hand with all his strength, bracing himself on the railing with his other hand. CHAR2 tries to get some kind of foothold on the smooth hull. CHAR1 tries to lift her bodily over the railing. She can't get any footing in her dress and evening shoes, and she slips back. CHAR2 SCREAMS again.

CHAR1, awkwardly clutching Rose by whatever he can get a grip on as she flails, gets her over the railing. They fall together onto the deck in a tangled heap, spinning in such a way that CHAR1 winds up slightly on top of her.

CHAR3 slides down the ladder from the docking bridge like it's a fire drill and sprints across the fantail.

CHAR3

Rowe runs up and pulls CHAR1 off of CHAR2, revealing her dishevelled and sobbing on the deck. Her dress is torn, and the hem is pushing up above her knees, showing one ripped stocking. He looks at CHAR1, the shaggy steerage man with his jacket off, and the first class lady clearly in distress, and starts drawing conclusions. Two seamen chug across the deck to join them.

CHAR3
(to CHAR1)

(to the seamen)
