

TITANIC

65 EXT. POOP DECK - NIGHT

Jack is kicked back on one of the benches gazing at the stars blazing gloriously overhead. Thinking artist thoughts and smoking a cigarette.

Hearing something, he turns as Rose runs up the stairs from the well deck. They are the only two on the stern deck, except for QUARTERMASTER ROWE, twenty feet above them on the docking bridge catwalk. She doesn't see Jack in the shadows, and runs right past him.

TRACKING WITH ROSE as she runs across the deserted fantail. Her breath hitches in an occasional sob, which she suppresses. Rose slams against the base of the stern flagpole and clings there, panting. She stares out at the black water.

Then starts to climb over the railing. She has to hitch her long dress way up, and climbing is clumsy. Moving methodically she turns her body and gets her heels on the white-painted gunwale, her back to the railing, facing out toward blackness. 60 feet below her, the massive propellers are churning the atlantin into white foam, and a ghostly wake trails off toward the horizon.

IN A LOW ANGLE, we see Rose standing like a figurehead in reverse. Below her are the huge letters of the name "TITANIC".

She leans out, her arms straightening... looking down hypnotized, into the vortex below her. Her dress and hair are lifted by the wind of the ship's movement. The only sound, above the rush of water below, is the flutter and snap of the big Union Jack right above her.

JACK

Don't do it.

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

ROSE

Stay back! Don't come any closer!

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

JACK

Take my hand. I'll pull you back in.

ROSE

No! Stay where you are. I mean it. I'll let go.

JACK

No you won't.

ROSE

What do you mean no I won't? Don't presume to tell me what I will and will not do. You don't know me.

JACK

You would have done it already. Now come on, take my hand.

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

ROSE

You're distracting me. Go away.

JACK

I can't. I'm involved now. If you let go I have to jump in after you.

ROSE

Don't be absurd. You'll be killed.

He takes off his jacket.

JACK

I'm a good swimmer.

He starts unlacing his left shoe.

ROSE

The fall alone would kill you.

JACK

It would hurt. I'm not saying it wouldn't. To be honest I'm a lot more concerned about the water being so cold.

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

ROSE

How cold?

JACK

(taking off his left shoe)
Freezing. Maybe a couple degrees over.
(He starts unlacing his right shoe.)
Ever been to Wisconsin?

ROSE

(perplexed)
No.

JACK

Well they have some of the coldest winters around, and I grew up there, near Chippewa Falls. Once when I was a kid me and my father were ice-fishing out on Lake Wissota... ice-fishing's where you chop a hole in the--

ROSE

I know what ice fishing is!

JACK

Sorry. Just... you look like kind of an indoor girl. Anyway, I went through some thin ice and I'm tellin' ya, water that cold... like that right down there... it hits you like a thousand knives all over your body. You can't breath, you can't think... least not about anything but the pain. (takes off his other shoe) Which is why I'm not looking forward to jumping in after you. But like I said, I don't see a choice. I guess I'm kinda hoping you'll come back over the rail and get me off the hook here.

ROSE

You're crazy.

JACK

That's what everybody says. But with all due respect, I'm not the one hanging off the back of a ship.

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

JACK

Come on. You don't want to do this. Give me your hand.

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

ROSE

Alright.

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

JACK

I'm Jack Dawson.

ROSE

(voice quavering)
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dawson.

Rose 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. Jack, gripping her hand, is jerked toward the rail. Rose barely grabs a lower rail with her free hand.

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

ROSE

HELP! HELP!!

JACK

I've got you. I won't let go.

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

Jack, 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 Jack winds up slightly on top of her.