

CARPATHIA

Written by

Gary J Rose

Based on the novel Carpathia by Gary J. Rose

Groser@pacbell.net  
(530) 613-9232

FADE IN:

BLACK

A low, steady THRUM of engines.

A working sound. Dependable. Constant.

FADE UP:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

A moonless ocean. Black water under cold stars.

A lone ship moves through it with quiet purpose.

RMS CARPATHIA.

Not new. Not glamorous. Built to work.

SUPER: APRIL 15, 1912

The ship's running lights slice the darkness.

The sea offers nothing back.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Orderly. Dimly lit. Professional.

A clock ticks. Instruments glow.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR ROSTRON (50s), precise and composed, studies a chart. He has the look of a man who does not waste words—or motion.

First Officer DEAN (40s), capable, stands nearby with a logbook.

DEAN

Air temperature's dropping again.

ROSTRON

(nods)

Ice reports?

DEAN

Scattered. Nothing confirmed on our lane.

Rostron turns slightly, considering.

ROSTRON

Maintain course. Post extra lookout.

Dean nods, moves.

Rostron looks out through the bridge windows.

Only darkness. Only sea.

The ship hums beneath him—steady, obedient.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER DINING SALOON - NIGHT

A modest dining room compared to the great liners, but still respectable.

Passengers eat late meals. Some laugh softly. Some read. Some stare through portholes at nothing.

A STEWARD moves among them, calm and practiced.

At one table, an AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN (30s) speaks to his WIFE.

BUSINESSMAN

They say the Titanic is unsinkable.

WIFE

Why are you talking about that ship again?

BUSINESSMAN

Because it's all anyone talked about in New York. Biggest thing afloat.

WIFE

(smiles)

Then it doesn't need our attention, does it?

The steward passes, hears it, says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DINING SALOON - NIGHT

A YOUNG MOTHER (20s) walks with a small CHILD in nightclothes. The child is sleepy, clinging.

MOTHER

We'll be in port soon. Just a little more.

She says it like a promise, like she needs to believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Heat. Motion. Steel.

ENGINES drive in steady rhythm.

CHIEF ENGINEER JOHNSTON (50s), practical and hardened by the sea, inspects gauges with a mechanic's instinct.

An ENGINEER'S MATE (20s), newer, watches him.

MATE

She sounds good tonight.

JOHNSTON

She sounds good every night—until she doesn't.

The mate chuckles nervously, unsure if that's a joke.

Johnston taps a gauge.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Keep her happy. She keeps us alive.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cramped. Alive with sound.

HAROLD COTTAM (20s), wireless operator, wears headphones. Fingers poised over the key.

Static. Routine chatter. Positions. Weather.

He writes, sends, receives. A man doing a job no one notices—until they must.

A second operator, BRIDE (early 20s) (a composite), yawns at a small desk, sorting paper.

BRIDE  
Quiet night.

COTTAM  
That's how you want it.

A burst of static. A message slips through.

Cottam adjusts the dial.

BRIDE  
Anything?

COTTAM  
Just traffic. Half of it nonsense.

Cottam listens again.

Then something cuts through—

a signal unlike routine traffic.

Weak. Broken. Insistent.

Cottam straightens. Focus sharpens.

He turns the dial a fraction. Listens harder.

Three letters fight through interference:

S O S

Cottam freezes.

BRIDE  
What is it?

Cottam doesn't answer yet. He listens again to be sure.

The signal repeats.

Cottam's hand tightens on the pencil.

COTTAM  
(low)  
That's... distress.

BRIDE  
From who?

Cottam listens.

The static clears just enough.

A name forms through the noise.

COTTAM

Titanic.

Bride sits up fast now.

BRIDE

The Titanic?

Cottam is already writing, already verifying, already moving.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Normal rhythm. Quiet.

A STEWARD enters—hesitant, careful not to alarm.

STEWARD

Captain... the wireless room requests  
you. Immediately.

Rostron looks up. That's enough.

ROSTRON

(to Dean)

You have the bridge.

Dean nods. Rostron moves.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam stands when Rostron enters. Hands him a slip.

COTTAM

Captain... distress call.

Rostron reads. His expression stays controlled, but something  
locks in.

ROSTRON

Position?

COTTAM

Unclear at first. I'm pulling it  
again.

Cottam listens--writes--listens.

COTTAM (CONT'D)

Approximate position... fifty-eight  
miles. Heavy ice region.

Bride watches Rostron's face like a thermometer.

ROSTRON

Message content.

Cottam reads from his notes, careful.

COTTAM

They're taking water. They're  
launching boats. They're asking all  
ships to come.

Rostron absorbs. No speech. No drama.

ROSTRON

Keep receiving. Get me updates the  
moment you have them.

COTTAM

Yes, Captain.

Rostron turns to go.

Bride blurts, unable to hold it.

BRIDE

Sir... can we make it?

Rostron stops. Looks at him.

ROSTRON

We will try.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron enters with purpose. The bridge senses it  
immediately.

ROSTRON  
All hands to stations.

Dean looks up sharply.

DEAN  
Sir?

ROSTRON  
Titanic is in distress. Alter  
course. Full speed.

A beat—pure shock.

DEAN  
Captain... the ice—

ROSTRON  
I know.

Rostron moves to the chart table, marks the position with a pencil point.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
We're going anyway.

Rostron remains at the chart table as the officers move.

For a brief moment, the bridge clears around him.

He studies the coordinates again — not calculating distance now, but time.

His jaw tightens. Once. Then he straightens.

Dean nods—then snaps into action.

DEAN  
(to crew)  
Hard to starboard. New heading—now!

The HELMSMAN turns the wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA begins to turn.

A slow, massive pivot.

As if the ship itself must decide.

Then she commits.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron's voice stays even, almost quiet—but it drives everything.

ROSTRON  
Shut off heat to passenger areas.  
Divert steam to engines.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN  
Passengers will complain.

ROSTRON  
They can complain alive.

Dean nods, sends orders.

Rostron absorbs the report.

His eyes flick — briefly — toward the passenger decks below, unseen.

He closes the logbook without writing.

Then, evenly:

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
Swing lifeboats out. Ready to  
lower. Get blankets on deck. Hot  
drinks ready.

DEAN  
Aye, sir.

Rostron turns to a YOUNG OFFICER.

ROSTRON  
Wake the doctor. Tell him to  
prepare for... exposure.

The officer blinks—then nods, gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A RUNNER arrives breathless.

RUNNER  
Chief Engineer! Captain's  
orders—full power. Steam diverted.

Johnston's eyes narrow.

JOHNSTON  
Diverted from where?

RUNNER  
Passenger heat.

Johnston understands what that means.

He looks at the engines like a man looking at a horse asked to outrun a storm.

JOHNSTON  
(to his men)  
All right. We give her everything.

The men move. Valves turn. Gauges rise.

The engine note deepens—strained now, purposeful.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Heat shuts off. The corridor chills quickly.

Doors open. Passengers step out, confused.

A WOMAN in a robe looks down the corridor.

WOMAN  
Is there a problem?

A STEWARD forces calm.

STEWARD  
Temporary adjustment, madam. Please  
remain in your cabin.

WOMAN  
It's freezing.

STEWARD  
I'm sorry.

He moves on. Behind him, murmurs grow.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - SHIP'S INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The SHIP'S DOCTOR (40s), groggy but competent, pulls on a coat as an OFFICER speaks quickly.

OFFICER  
Titanic's sunk—may be  
sinking—Captain says prepare for  
exposure and shock.

The doctor's face tightens.

DOCTOR  
How many?

OFFICER  
Unknown.

The doctor looks around the small infirmary—too small for what's coming.

DOCTOR  
Then we triage. We use every  
blanket onboard.

He moves, commanding nurses and stewards.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ice reports begin coming in from LOOKOUTS.

LOOKOUT  
Ice ahead—small pieces.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Post more eyes. Lanterns at the  
ready.

Dean leans in.

DEAN  
Sir, with respect—this speed—

ROSTRON  
 (interrupting, calm)  
 With respect, we either get there  
 or we don't. Speed is the only  
 thing we control.

Dean nods. That's command.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam listens, writes, sends.

COTTAM  
 (reading, urgent)  
 "Come at once. We have struck  
 iceberg."  
 (pauses, listens again)  
 "Engine room flooding."

Bride looks sick.

BRIDE  
 They're really-

COTTAM  
 Keep quiet.

Cottam writes another fragment.

COTTAM (CONT'D)  
 "Women in boats."

He looks up at Rostron's empty doorway as if expecting him to appear.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

Ice appears in the ship's path—white ghosts against black water.

The CARPATHIA slices through a field of it.

Too fast.

The ocean has become a minefield.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

LOOKOUT  
Iceberg—dead ahead!

Dean reacts instinctively.

DEAN  
Hard a—port!

Rostron's voice cuts through—controlled.

ROSTRON  
Port five. Hold.

Dean looks at him—are you mad?

Rostron doesn't blink.

The HELMSMAN turns just enough.

The ship slips past the iceberg with yards to spare.

A collective breath held—released.

No one celebrates. No one speaks.

They keep moving.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A gauge trembles.

An ENGINEER wipes sweat.

ENGINEER  
She's running hot.

JOHNSTON  
She'll run hot until the ocean  
freezes.

ENGINEER  
If a bearing goes—

JOHNSTON  
Then it goes. Not before.

He watches the engines like a man watching a fire he cannot put out.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER LOUNGE - NIGHT

More passengers gather now. A low, worried crowd.

A MAN in a suit speaks too loudly.

MAN

They wouldn't shut off heat unless something's wrong!

A WOMAN clutches her shawl.

WOMAN

My children are cold.

A STEWARD speaks firmly—quiet authority.

STEWARD

Ladies and gentlemen, please return to your cabins. The ship is assisting another vessel.

MAN

What vessel?

The steward hesitates half a beat—then decides honesty is better than rumor.

STEWARD

The Titanic.

A hush.

The word changes the air.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean approaches Rostron again, lower voice now.

DEAN

Sir... if we hit ice at this speed—

ROSTRON

Then we die like fools.

Dean absorbs that.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
So we don't hit ice.

Dean nods, grimly.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam's pencil scratches.

COTTAM  
(reading)  
"Can you see us?"  
(listens)  
"Come as quickly as possible."

Bride stares at the wall.

BRIDE  
They're asking like we can just-

COTTAM  
(sharp)  
Send acknowledgment.

Bride moves to the key, hands shaking.

BRIDE  
(to himself as he taps)  
Carpathia coming...

Cottam listens again.

A final fragment comes through, faint.

COTTAM  
"CQD... SOS..."

Then-

STATIC.

He adjusts the dial.

Nothing.

He tries again.

Nothing.

His face goes pale.

BRIDE

What?

Cottam listens another long beat.

COTTAM

The signal's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron receives the update without expression.

ROSTRON

Maintain course.

Dean studies him.

DEAN

Sir... if they're gone-

ROSTRON

Then someone is still in the water.  
Maintain course.

Dean nods.

The ship surges forward.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ship presses forward.

The bridge crew is quieter now. The initial urgency has  
burned off, replaced by something heavier.

Responsibility.

Dean watches Rostron - trying to read him.

DEAN

Sir... may I ask-

ROSTRON

No.

Dean nods. That's fair.

Rostron studies the chart again. He marks the Titanic's last known position with a firm pencil dot.

No erasing.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

Ice thickens.

Not a field - a maze.

The CARPATHIA threads through it with dangerous confidence.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The engines labor harder now.

Steam hisses. Metal vibrates.

Johnston studies the gauges with growing concern.

ENGINEER

Chief... pressure's beyond recommended.

JOHNSTON

Recommended by who?

ENGINEER

By the people who built her.

JOHNSTON

Then they should've built her stronger.

A pause.

ENGINEER

If a piston seizes-

JOHNSTON

Then we fix it if we can. And if we can't-

He doesn't finish.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER, wrapped in blankets, stares at frosted glass.

Her breath fogs the window.

She knocks on the wall. Hard.

PASSENGER  
Steward!

A STEWARD enters, already tired.

STEWARD  
Yes, madam?

PASSENGER  
The heat is gone. Entirely.

STEWARD  
Yes, madam.

PASSENGER  
Why?

The steward chooses truth again.

STEWARD  
Because the engines need it more  
than we do.

She studies him.

PASSENGER  
Are we in danger?

STEWARD  
We're moving quickly.

That's all he gives her.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam listens to nothing.

Static fills the space where voices were.

Bride paces.

BRIDE  
What if we missed them?

COTTAM  
We didn't.

BRIDE  
How do you know?

COTTAM  
Because they were still sending  
when we answered.

Bride stops.

BRIDE  
That doesn't mean—

COTTAM  
It means they were alive.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

LOOKOUT  
Ice ahead — close!

Dean reacts instinctively.

DEAN  
Reduce speed!

Rostron doesn't move.

ROSTRON  
Maintain.

The ship misses the ice by feet.

Dean exhales sharply.

DEAN  
Sir... with respect—

ROSTRON  
If we slow down now, we arrive too  
late.

Dean absorbs that.

DEAN  
And if we strike?

Rostron looks at him.

ROSTRON  
Then we answer for that too.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The ship pushes on.

Unforgiving.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A LOUD METALLIC CLANG echoes.

An engineer freezes.

ENGINEER  
What was that?

Johnston listens - counts beats.

JOHNSTON  
Bearing slip.

ENGINEER  
That's bad.

JOHNSTON  
It's not good.

ENGINEER  
We should throttle-

JOHNSTON  
Not unless the Captain orders it.

He wipes his hands.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)  
And he won't.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The doctor prepares in silence.

Blankets stacked. Supplies counted and re-counted.

A NURSE looks up.

NURSE  
How many do you think?

The doctor doesn't look at her.

DOCTOR  
Enough.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER LOUNGE - NIGHT

The room is crowded now.

Low voices. Anxiety barely contained.

A MAN stands.

MAN

If we're heading into ice, we  
deserve to know!

A STEWARD steps forward.

STEWARD

Sir, please sit down.

MAN

My wife is freezing—

STEWARD

So is the sea.

That shuts him up.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron checks the clock.

Time bleeds away.

DEAN

Sir... if we arrive and find nothing—

ROSTRON

Then we keep looking.

DEAN

For how long?

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

Until the sea tells us to stop.

Rostron looks out through the bridge windows.

Ice drifts past — close enough now to measure, to imagine  
impact.

For the first time, he does not answer immediately.

A beat.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
Maintain speed.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

A faint signal flickers - not Titanic.

Another ship.

Cottam listens.

COTTAM  
Frankfurt says they're standing by.

BRIDE  
Standing by where?

COTTAM  
Farther away than we are.

Bride shakes his head.

BRIDE  
Then it's us.

Cottam nods.

COTTAM  
It was always us.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Steam pressure spikes again.

ENGINEER  
Chief!

Johnston grabs a rail as the ship SHUDDERS.

JOHNSTON  
Hold her together.

ENGINEER  
She's screaming.

JOHNSTON  
So are they.

That lands.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ice surrounds them now.

The ship feels small.

Rostron hasn't moved.

DEAN

Sir... visibility is improving slightly.

ROSTRON

Good.

DEAN

That means—

ROSTRON

I know what it means.  
Dawn is coming.

And with it, the truth.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The darkness thins.

Ice reveals itself everywhere.

The CARPATHIA slows - just enough.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Rostron grips the rail.

Not fear.

Anticipation.

DEAN

This is the position.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

All stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The sky begins to lighten—barely.

Gray replaces black.

Ice is visible now in terrifying detail: slabs, ridges, floating chunks.

The CARPATHIA threads between them—fast, deliberate.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Lookouts strain their eyes.

Rostron hasn't slept. Neither has anyone else.

DEAN

We're nearing the last position.

ROSTRON

Reduce speed. Not stop—reduce.

Dean nods.

The engines ease back.

Now the ship is not only moving.

It is searching.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

The ship moves cautiously now.

Not racing. Not stopping.

Searching.

Rostron studies the water ahead, eyes sharp despite the long night.

Dean approaches quietly.

DEAN

Sir... we're burning time.

ROSTRON

We burned time when we were asleep.

Dean nods. That answer holds.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

Ice drifts around the hull in every direction.

Some pieces scrape gently against steel.

Others loom - waiting.

The sea is no longer empty.

It is cluttered with questions.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - PRE-DAWN

The engines strain even at reduced speed.

Johnston listens with his whole body now.

ENGINEER

Chief... she's losing efficiency.

JOHNSTON

From ice?

ENGINEER

From being asked to be something  
she's not.

Johnston wipes oil from his hands.

JOHNSTON

She's a ship.

ENGINEER

She's a passenger ship.

JOHNSTON

Tonight she's a lifeboat.

That settles it.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Cottam keeps listening.

Nothing.

Bride watches him.

BRIDE  
No one else calling.

COTTAM  
That doesn't mean they're gone.

BRIDE  
It means no one's answering.

Cottam adjusts the dial again – slower now, deliberate.

COTTAM  
Then we answer anyway.

BRIDE  
You've been at this a long time.  
You need to take a break.

Cottam hesitates, fingers hovering over the key.

A glance at the clock.

Then at the receiver.

COTTAM  
I'll stay.

He taps the key again – steady, relentless.

INT. CARPATHIA – PASSENGER CABIN – PRE-DAWN

A CHILD coughs in the cold.

The MOTHER pulls blankets tighter.

MOTHER  
It's all right. It's all right.

She's not convincing herself anymore – just the child.

Outside the cabin, boots move quickly.

Orders travel the corridors now.

INT. CARPATHIA – INFIRMARY – PRE-DAWN

The doctor finishes arranging supplies.

Blankets stacked higher than the beds.

A nurse looks at the door.

NURSE  
They haven't arrived yet.

DOCTOR  
They will.

NURSE  
How do you know?

The doctor considers.

DOCTOR  
Because ships don't move like this  
unless someone is waiting.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Visibility improves by degrees.

Shapes emerge farther out.

Rostron leans forward.

DEAN  
Sir... I'm seeing something.

Rostron follows his gaze.

A DARK SHAPE floats past the bow.

Too large to be ice.

Too small to be a boat.

ROSTRON  
Hold course.

The object drifts closer.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The object turns in the water.

A DOOR.

Splintered. Waterlogged.

Once part of a room.

Now part of the sea.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Dean swallows.

DEAN

That's from a ship.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

All stop.

The engines cut.

The silence returns - heavier than before.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The CARPATHIA drifts.

More debris appears.

A deck chair.

A crate.

A life belt.

No voices.

No movement.

Only evidence.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Dean can't help himself.

DEAN

Sir... if there were boats-

ROSTRON

There are boats.

Dean looks at him.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

They had boats. Which means someone  
got into them.

Dean nods. Hope, thin but real.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Johnston receives the stop order.

He lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

ENGINEER

Is that it?

JOHNSTON

No.

ENGINEER

Feels like it.

JOHNSTON

That's because now the waiting  
starts.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Cottam listens again.

Still nothing.

He writes the time in the log.

Then another note.

CARPATHIA STANDING BY.

He underlines it.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Rostron grips the rail.

Dean watches him closely now.

DEAN

Sir... permission to speak freely.

ROSTRON

Granted.

DEAN

If we find nothing... the world will  
say we ran a ship into ice for  
ghosts.

Rostron considers that.

ROSTRON

The world can say what it likes.

Dean waits.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

We'll know why we came.

That's enough.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The gray light strengthens.

Shapes sharpen.

The sea gives up more of its story.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

LOOKOUT

Sir... I see something ahead.

Rostron steps forward.

ROSTRON

What kind of something?

LOOKOUT

Low in the water. Wood, I think.

Rostron doesn't hesitate.

ROSTRON

Slow ahead. Easy.

The ship moves.

Careful now.

Respectful.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

A BOAT takes shape.

Still.

Crowded.

Unmoving.

The CARPATHIA approaches.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

A long beat.

Then -

A hand lifts.

A voice, weak but human:

SURVIVOR (O.S.)  
Hello...?

Rostron closes his eyes once.

Then opens them.

ROSTRON  
Prepare to receive survivors.

Dean's voice cracks slightly.

DEAN  
All hands... to rescue stations.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

Debris appears.

A wooden chair.

A life belt.

A crate.

Objects that belonged to people.

The CARPATHIA glides past them like a ghost.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Dean sees the debris, throat tight.

DEAN

Sir...

Rostron's eyes stay forward.

ROSTRON

All stop.

The engines fall silent.

The sudden quiet is violent.

The sea offers only small sounds—ice tapping hull, water lapping.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The CARPATHIA drifts among wreckage.

No voices.

No movement.

Only proof that something enormous happened here.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Dean speaks without meaning to.

DEAN

We're too late.

Rostron doesn't answer.

Then—

LOOKOUT

Boat ahead!

Everyone turns.

The boat is a shape at first, barely separate from the sea.

ROSTRON

Slow ahead. Hard to port.

Dean blinks—relief and fear together.

DEAN

Aye, sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

A LIFEboat materializes in the gray light.

Still. Overcrowded. Motionless.

The CARPATHIA approaches carefully.

A long moment.

Then—

A hand lifts.

A faint, broken voice:

SURVIVOR (O.S.)

Hello...?

CUT TO:

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Rostron closes his eyes once—only once.

Not relief. Not triumph.

Recognition.

He opens them.

ROSTRON

Prepare to receive survivors.

Dean nods, voice rough.

DEAN

All hands to rescue stations!

The ship comes alive again.

The answer begins.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

The lifeboat drifts closer now.

Close enough to see faces.

Too close to look away.

Crewmen lean over the rail with lanterns.

SAILOR

Easy... easy...

Hands reach up - stiff, shaking, barely responsive.

A SURVIVOR collapses as he's hauled aboard.

No cheers.

Only breath.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - PRE-DAWN

SURVIVORS are helped across the deck.

Some walk. Some are carried. Some don't move at all.

Blankets are wrapped around shoulders.

A STEWARD presses a mug into trembling hands.

STEWARD

Drink. Slowly.

The survivor nods - spills half of it.

A WOMAN clutches a CHILD, both silent, eyes too wide.

The child does not cry.

That is worse.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Rostron watches from the bridge wing.

He does not go down to the deck.

Not yet.

Dean joins him.

DEAN  
They're alive.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
How many in that boat?

DEAN  
About forty.

Rostron looks out again.

ROSTRON  
There were more than forty aboard  
that ship.

Dean understands what he's saying.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - PRE-DAWN

Another lifeboat emerges from the gray.

Then another.

Scattered.

Drifting.

The CARPATHIA eases forward, careful not to swamp them.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

LOOKOUT  
Boat to starboard!

DEAN  
Mark position.

Rostron studies the horizon.

ROSTRON  
We take them in sequence. No  
rushing. No panic.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN  
Sir... there may be people in the  
water—

ROSTRON  
I know.

He looks at Dean.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
If we rush, we lose boats. Then we  
lose everyone.

Dean nods.

That settles it.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - PRE-DAWN

The first SURVIVORS are brought in.

The doctor takes over immediately.

DOCTOR  
Wet clothes off. Blankets. Hot  
drinks only after they're stable.

A NURSE moves quickly.

A MAN collapses onto a cot, shivering violently.

MAN  
(weak)  
Is... is the ship still there?

The doctor pauses.

Chooses truth, gently.

DOCTOR  
No.

The man closes his eyes.

That's all he needs to hear.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - PRE-DAWN

More survivors come aboard.

Some kiss the deck.

Some stare back at the sea.

A WOMAN looks up at a SAILOR.

                          WOMAN  
Did you see it?

                          SAILOR  
See what, ma'am?

                          WOMAN  
The ship.

The sailor hesitates.

Then shakes his head.

                          SAILOR  
No, ma'am.

She nods - oddly relieved.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Rostron finally steps out onto the deck level.

Survivors notice him.

They don't know who he is - only that he is in charge.

A MAN reaches for him.

                          MAN  
Captain... thank you.

Rostron stops.

                          ROSTRON  
You're safe now.

That's all he says.

The man grips his arm anyway.

Rostron lets him.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAWN

The sun breaks the horizon.

Cold, pale light reveals the full field.

Dozens of lifeboats.

Debris everywhere.

No sign of the Titanic.

Only absence.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - DAWN

Dean studies the scene through binoculars.

DEAN

Sir... we've recovered all visible  
boats.

Rostron takes the binoculars.

Scans slowly.

Methodically.

ROSTRON

We keep searching.

DEAN

For how long?

Rostron lowers the binoculars.

ROSTRON

Until we are certain.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - DAWN

Cottam sends messages now.

CARPATHIA RECOVERING SURVIVORS.

POSITION CONFIRMED.

REQUEST MEDICAL ASSISTANCE ON ARRIVAL.

He pauses.

Adds another line.

NO SIGN OF TITANIC.

He sends it.

The world begins to wake up.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - MORNING

Survivors huddle together now.

Blankets. Steam from breath.

A WOMAN suddenly looks up, frantic.

WOMAN

My husband - has anyone seen my  
husband?

No one answers.

She keeps asking anyway.

The question moves down the line.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - MORNING

Rostron watches the deck fill.

Dean approaches quietly.

DEAN

Sir... we have over seven hundred  
aboard.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

And counting.

DEAN

The ship wasn't designed for this.

ROSTRON

Neither were they.

Rostron looks out one last time at the empty sea.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
Set course for New York.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN  
Halifax is closer.

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON  
New York is where their lives were  
headed.

Dean nods.

Orders go out.

The ship turns again.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - MORNING

The CARPATHIA begins her slow departure.

She leaves the field behind.

But not the weight of it.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - MORNING

The deck is crowded now.

Survivors sit shoulder to shoulder, wrapped in blankets, eyes  
hollow.

Steam rises from wet clothing.

A STEWARD moves carefully through them, counting under his  
breath.

STEWARD  
Forty-two... forty-three...

He marks a small notebook.

Nearby, a SAILOR gently lifts a frozen pair of shoes from the  
deck.

No owner claims them.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - MORNING

Every surface is occupied.

COTS line the walls. Survivors sit on the floor, backs against steel.

The DOCTOR moves nonstop.

DOCTOR  
Pulse weak... keep him warm... no  
alcohol...

A NURSE looks up.

NURSE  
Doctor - we're out of blankets.

The doctor doesn't stop.

DOCTOR  
Then we use coats. Curtains.  
Anything.

He glances toward a WOMAN shaking uncontrollably.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
And keep them awake. Shock takes  
the quiet ones first.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - MORNING

A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER sits on her bunk, wrapped in her own fur coat.

She stares at the door.

Outside, voices. Footsteps. Groans.

She opens the door slightly.

A SURVIVOR passes - barefoot, shaking, wrapped in a blanket too small.

The passenger closes the door again.

Locks it.

Then, after a beat, unlocks it.

Opens it wider.

PASSENGER  
(to a steward)  
Do you need more blankets?

The steward looks surprised.

STEWARD  
Yes, ma'am. We do.

She nods.

PASSENGER  
Take them.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - MORNING

Rostron stands at the chart table again.

But the chart looks different now.

No longer a race.

A responsibility.

Dean enters with a clipboard.

DEAN  
Sir... count stands at seven hundred  
five.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Any critical cases?

DEAN  
Several. Doctor says hypothermia  
mostly. Some injuries from  
launching.

Rostron exhales slowly.

ROSTRON  
Keep the decks clear. No crowding.

DEAN  
Aye, sir.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Sir... wireless traffic's increasing.

Rostron looks up.

ROSTRON  
From where?

DEAN  
Everyone.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - MORNING

The room is alive now.

Cottam and Bride work in tandem.

Signals come in fast.

COTTAM  
(reading)  
"Is rescue complete?"

Another- "Please advise survivor count."

Bride scribbles replies.

BRIDE  
Everyone wants answers.

COTTAM  
They always do - once it's over.

Cottam pauses as a new message comes in.

COTTAM (CONT'D)  
White Star Line requesting  
confirmation.

Bride looks at him.

BRIDE  
They want to know how bad it is.

Cottam nods.

COTTAM  
They want to know who to blame.

He begins to type anyway.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - MORNING

A GROUP OF SURVIVORS huddle together.

A WOMAN suddenly stands.

WOMAN

Has anyone seen a man named—

She stops.

Her voice breaks.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

He was wearing a gray coat.

No one answers.

She sits slowly.

No one looks at her.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - MORNING

Dean returns.

DEAN

Sir... another ship is asking if they  
should come to the site.

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

No.

Dean blinks.

DEAN

Sir?

ROSTRON

There's nothing for them to do here  
now.

Dean nods, understanding.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

Tell them to proceed to port.

Dean moves to relay the order.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - MORNING

The engines finally ease back.

The ship breathes again.

Johnston wipes his face with an oily rag.

ENGINEER  
She held.

JOHNSTON  
She did.

ENGINEER  
Barely.

Johnston looks up – listening.

JOHNSTON  
Barely is enough.

INT. CARPATHIA – DECK – MORNING

Rostron steps onto the deck again.

Survivors look up.

Some recognize him now.

A MAN tries to stand – fails.

Rostron kneels beside him.

ROSTRON  
Easy.

MAN  
Captain... did you see her?

Rostron doesn't ask who.

ROSTRON  
No.

The man nods, tears freezing on his cheeks.

MAN  
Good.

Rostron stays with him until the shaking eases.

Then he moves on.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC – MORNING

The CARPATHIA moves away from the site.

The lifeboats are gone now.

Only open sea remains.

As if nothing happened.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - MORNING

Dean watches the horizon.

DEAN

Sir... what do we tell them?

Rostron knows who "them" is.

ROSTRON

We tell them what we saw.

Dean waits.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

And what we didn't.

The ship presses on.

Rostron stands alone at the bridge window.

Below, survivors are wrapped in blankets - quiet, exhausted.

For a long moment, he simply watches.

He reaches for the logbook.

This time, he writes.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - LATE MORNING

The survivors are more awake now.

That's not an improvement.

Some talk quietly. Others stare outward, refusing to look at one another.

A STEWARD distributes bread. Many take it without eating.

A WOMAN suddenly retches over the rail.

A SAILOR steadies her.

SAILOR

Easy. Easy.

She nods, embarrassed.

WOMAN  
I didn't feel sick until now.

The sailor understands.

SAILOR  
That's how it goes.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - LATE MORNING

The doctor confers with Rostron.

DOCTOR  
We stabilized most of them.  
Hypothermia, shock, some fractures.

ROSTRON  
Fatalities?

The doctor hesitates.

DOCTOR  
A few didn't make it once aboard.

Rostron absorbs that.

ROSTRON  
Do what you can.

The doctor nods.

DOCTOR  
We are.

That's not defiance. It's exhaustion.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - LATE MORNING

Messages come in faster now.

Cottam reads, grim.

COTTAM  
Press inquiries. Shipping offices.  
Government.

Bride writes responses automatically.

BRIDE  
Everyone wants names.

Cottam shakes his head.

COTTAM  
We don't even have a full list of  
who's alive yet.

Another message arrives.

Cottam reads it, then looks up.

COTTAM (CONT'D)  
White Star Line wants confirmation  
on Mr. Ismay.

Bride stiffens.

BRIDE  
The chairman?

Cottam nods.

COTTAM  
They're asking if he's aboard.

Bride looks toward the door.

BRIDE  
Do we answer?

Cottam considers.

COTTAM  
We answer what we know.

He begins to type.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - LATE MORNING

J. BRUCE ISMAY (50s), pale, wrapped in a blanket, sits alone  
on the edge of a bunk.

He hasn't spoken.

He hasn't moved.

A STEWARD knocks gently.

STEWARD  
Sir... we're compiling a list of  
survivors.

Ismay looks up slowly.

ISMAY

I know.

STEWARD

May I take your name?

Ismay hesitates.

Then:

ISMAY

Ismay. J. Bruce.

The steward writes.

STEWARD

Thank you, sir.

The steward leaves.

Ismay stares at the closed door.

He exhales – unsteady.

INT. CARPATHIA – DECK – LATE MORNING

A WOMAN moves through the survivors with purpose.

This is MOLLY BROWN (40s). Direct. Unignorable.

She hands out blankets.

MOLLY

You need this more than I do.

SURVIVOR

Thank you.

MOLLY

You're welcome. Now drink the tea.

She moves on without waiting.

A STEWARD watches her.

STEWARD

Ma'am, you don't have to—

MOLLY

I know.

She keeps going anyway.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - LATE MORNING

Dean approaches Rostron.

DEAN  
Sir... word is spreading fast.

ROSTRON  
It would.

DEAN  
White Star wants statements. The  
press will be waiting.

Rostron looks at the horizon.

ROSTRON  
They can wait.

DEAN  
They won't.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Then they'll be disappointed.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - AFTERNOON

Survivors begin to recognize one another.

A MAN suddenly shouts -

MAN  
Emily!

A WOMAN looks up.

They rush toward each other, collide, cling.

Around them, others watch.

Some smile.

Some look away.

The deck holds both joy and grief - unevenly distributed.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The engines settle into a steady rhythm again.

Johnston listens.

Satisfied – for now.

ENGINEER  
We'll make port.

JOHNSTON  
We always were.

ENGINEER  
Didn't feel like it.

Johnston nods.

JOHNSTON  
That's because we earned it.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Cottam reads another message.

COTTAM  
Government inquiry requesting  
timeline.

Bride sighs.

BRIDE  
Already?

Cottam nods.

COTTAM  
It's always already.

He pauses.

COTTAM (CONT'D)  
They want to know who did what. And  
when.

Bride looks at him.

BRIDE  
What do we say?

Cottam answers without hesitation.

COTTAM  
We say what happened.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Rostron stands alone.

The sea is calmer now.

Dean enters quietly.

DEAN

Sir... do you want me to draft a statement?

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

No.

Dean waits.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

I'll speak when we arrive.

DEAN

Understood.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sir... you did everything right.

Rostron doesn't answer.

Not because he disagrees.

Because that's not the point.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - AFTERNOON

The CARPATHIA cuts steadily through open water.

Behind her, the site of the disaster disappears.

Ahead, the world waits.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - AFTERNOON

The deck has settled into a grim routine.

Survivors wrapped in blankets. Stewards moving between them. Sailors keeping order without force.

A LIST is being compiled on a clipboard.



Pulls a blanket up over his face.

No announcement. No ceremony.

They move on.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Rostron studies the chart again.

The line back to New York is clean now.

Dean enters with a stack of messages.

DEAN  
Sir... more inquiries.

Rostron takes them without reading.

ROSTRON  
Log them.

DEAN  
White Star is insisting on-

ROSTRON  
Log them.

Dean nods.

DEAN  
And the press?

ROSTRON  
They'll get facts. Not commentary.

Dean waits.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
And not yet.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Cottam rubs his temples.

Bride reads a message aloud.

BRIDE  
"Request names of first-class  
survivors."

Cottam exhales.

COTTAM  
Tell them we're still counting  
people, not cabins.

Bride types.

Another signal arrives.

BRIDE  
Inquiry from Halifax.

Cottam looks up.

COTTAM  
What about Halifax?

BRIDE  
They're asking if we're diverting.

Cottam thinks.

COTTAM  
Forward it to the bridge.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Dean relays the message.

DEAN  
Halifax is offering port access.  
Medical facilities ready.

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON  
New York remains our destination.

DEAN  
It's farther.

ROSTRON  
So was the Titanic.

Dean nods.

That settles it.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - AFTERNOON

Molly Brown organizes survivors into small groups.

MOLLY

You sit here. You there. Keep them warm.

Molly looks around – blankets scattered, survivors adrift in silence.

She takes charge.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(Firmly) Alright. We need water here. Blankets there.

Crew and passengers alike respond.

Molly moves on, already organizing the next need.

A STEWARD approaches.

STEWARD

Ma'am, with respect—

MOLLY

I know exactly how much respect you're giving me.

The steward stops.

She softens – just slightly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm not in your way. I'm helping.

The steward nods.

STEWARD

Yes, ma'am.

She continues.

INT. CARPATHIA – PASSENGER CABIN – AFTERNOON

Ismay sits alone again.

A knock.

He doesn't answer.

The door opens anyway.

DEAN (O.S.)

Mr. Ismay?

Ismay looks up.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Captain Rostron would like to  
confirm your identity for the  
manifest.

Ismay swallows.

ISMAY  
Of course.

Dean waits.

ISMAY (CONT'D)  
I will make myself available when  
needed.

Dean studies him – carefully neutral.

DEAN  
Thank you, sir.

Dean leaves.

Ismay closes his eyes.

For the first time, he looks afraid.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

A MAN stands at the rail.

Stares out at the empty sea.

Rostron approaches quietly.

ROSTRON  
You should sit.

MAN  
If I sit, I'll sleep.

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON  
Then lean.

The man does.

MAN  
Captain... will they remember this?

Rostron looks out at the water.

ROSTRON  
They'll remember what they want.

The man nods.

MAN  
That figures.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnston checks the gauges again.

All within limits now.

ENGINEER  
We pushed her hard.

JOHNSTON  
She pushed back.

ENGINEER  
Think anyone will ever know?

Johnston shrugs.

JOHNSTON  
Not unless something breaks.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Cottam receives a new message.

He reads it twice.

BRIDE  
What is it?

Cottam exhales slowly.

COTTAM  
Inquiry from Washington.

Bride blinks.

BRIDE  
Already?

COTTAM  
Already.

He begins to type.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rostron watches the sun lower.

Dean approaches.

DEAN  
Sir... night will fall again soon.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Post additional lookouts. We won't  
risk ice again.

Dean smiles faintly.

DEAN  
Yes, sir.

A beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Sir... permission to speak freely.

ROSTRON  
Granted.

DEAN  
They'll make you the story.

Rostron considers that.

ROSTRON  
They'll try.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - SUNSET

The CARPATHIA sails on.

The sea glows briefly with color.

Then fades.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - EVENING

The light fades.

Lanterns are lit along the deck.

Survivors huddle closer now, the cold returning with the sun's disappearance.

A STEWARD distributes another round of tea.

STEWARD  
Careful - it's hot.

A SURVIVOR nods, hands shaking too badly to hold the cup steady.

The steward steadies it for him.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - EVENING

The doctor sits for the first time.

Just for a moment.

He rubs his eyes.

A nurse approaches quietly.

NURSE  
Doctor... there are three more  
complaining of chest pain.

The doctor stands immediately.

DOCTOR  
Then there are three more to see.

He moves on.

The chair remains empty.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - EVENING

Night has fallen again.

The bridge is dim, quieter now.

Rostron studies the horizon.

Dean enters with another message.

DEAN  
Sir... White Star is requesting a  
statement before we reach port.

Rostron doesn't look up.

ROSTRON

Denied.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN

They're insisting.

ROSTRON

They can insist all the way to New York.

Dean nods.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - EVENING

Cottam types steadily.

Bride listens, then stiffens.

BRIDE

Sir... another ship is asking why we didn't wait for daylight.

Cottam pauses.

COTTAM

Tell them we were awake.

Bride types.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - EVENING

Ismay sits rigidly on the edge of the bunk.

A knock.

He doesn't answer.

The door opens slightly.

MOLLY BROWN stands there.

MOLLY

Mind if I come in?

Ismay looks up, surprised.

ISMAY

I... yes. Of course.

She steps inside.

MOLLY  
People are saying things.

Ismay nods.

ISMAY  
They will.

MOLLY  
They're saying you saved yourself.

Ismay stiffens.

ISMAY  
I was ordered into a boat.

Molly studies him – not hostile, not kind.

MOLLY  
That's not what they'll remember.

She turns to leave.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Just thought you should know.

She exits.

Ismay sits alone again.

Smaller now.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

A SURVIVOR wakes suddenly, shouting.

SURVIVOR  
The water—!

A SAILOR rushes to him.

SAILOR  
Easy. Easy. You're safe.

The survivor calms slowly, confused.

Others watch – rattled.

The night carries echoes.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean approaches Rostron quietly.

DEAN  
Sir... fatigue is setting in.

ROSTRON  
Post rotations. Keep the bridge  
fresh.

Dean nods.

DEAN  
Sir... have you slept?

Rostron doesn't answer immediately.

ROSTRON  
Not yet.

Dean studies him.

DEAN  
You should.

ROSTRON  
When we reach port.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The engines hum at a steady, manageable pace now.

Johnston leans against a bulkhead.

ENGINEER  
Never thought we'd make it.

JOHNSTON  
We haven't yet.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam removes his headphones briefly.

The silence feels heavier now.

Bride watches him.

BRIDE  
Think they'll come after us?

COTTAM  
Who?

BRIDE  
Everyone.

Cottam puts the headphones back on.

COTTAM  
They always do.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Rostron walks the deck alone.

Survivors sleep where they sit.

Blankets pulled tight.

A CHILD stirs as Rostron passes.

The child looks up.

CHILD  
Are we home?

Rostron kneels.

ROSTRON  
Soon.

That's the truth he has.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ship cuts forward through calm water.

Dean joins Rostron at the window.

DEAN  
Sir... tomorrow they'll want names.  
Stories. Reasons.

Rostron watches the dark sea.

ROSTRON  
Tomorrow they can have facts.

Dean nods.



INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam listens.

Static. Distant traffic.

Bride reads a fresh message.

BRIDE

New York wants confirmation of  
arrival time.

Cottam calculates quickly.

COTTAM

Tell them tomorrow night. No  
earlier.

Bride types.

Another signal interrupts.

BRIDE

A paper in Boston is already  
printing names.

Cottam stiffens.

COTTAM

Which names?

BRIDE

First-class.

Cottam exhales.

COTTAM

Of course they are.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Ismay stands at the porthole.

The water outside reflects nothing.

A knock.

He turns.

DEAN (O.S.)

Mr. Ismay.

Ismay opens the door.

Dean stands stiffly.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sir... the wireless room is receiving inquiries about your actions.

Ismay absorbs that.

ISMAY

Already.

DEAN

The Captain will not comment.

Ismay nods.

ISMAY

Good.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN

For what it's worth... he hasn't commented on anyone.

Ismay manages a faint nod.

DEAN exits.

Ismay closes the door.

Sits heavily.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Molly Brown sits with a group of WOMEN.

She hands one of them a blanket.

MOLLY

Here. You'll need it later.

WOMAN

Thank you.

MOLLY

You don't need to thank me.

She looks around at the others.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You tell it the way it happened.  
That's all that matters.

The women nod – unsure, but listening.

INT. CARPATHIA – BRIDGE – NIGHT

Rostron reviews the logbook.

Every entry precise.

Time. Heading. Orders given.

Dean watches him.

DEAN

Sir... you're writing it all down.

ROSTRON

Someone will.

Dean understands.

INT. CARPATHIA – ENGINE ROOM – NIGHT

Johnston walks the length of the engines.

Hand on steel.

Listening.

ENGINEER

Think they'll blame us for anything?

JOHNSTON

They always blame someone who survives.

ENGINEER

Who do they blame when everyone survives?

Johnston doesn't answer.

INT. CARPATHIA – DECK – NIGHT

A MAN sits alone near the rail.

Rostron approaches quietly.

ROSTRON

Cold out here.

MAN

I know.

A beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

Captain... if you hadn't come-

Rostron stops him gently.

ROSTRON

We came.

That's all he allows.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Bride removes his headphones.

BRIDE

They're asking for interviews.

Cottam snorts quietly.

COTTAM

Interviews.

BRIDE

They want stories.

Cottam looks at the log.

COTTAM

They'll get facts.

Bride nods.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean approaches Rostron one last time before changing watches.

DEAN

Sir... when we arrive... do you want me  
beside you?

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

No.

Dean nods.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)  
You did your job.

Dean smiles faintly.

DEAN  
Yes, sir.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA cuts through calm water now.

No ice.

No race.

Just distance.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron stands alone again.

The logbook closed.

The decisions behind him.

The consequences ahead.

He looks out into the dark.

For the first time, the sea looks ordinary.

That unsettles him more than the ice ever did.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

The ship moves steadily now.

Survivors sleep in uneven clusters.

Some whisper. Some mutter in dreams.

A STEWARD pauses beside a MAN who suddenly sits upright,  
gasping.

STEWARD  
Easy.

MAN  
I thought I heard her whistle.



BRIDE

One paper says the rescue was  
'miraculous.' Another says  
'chaotic.'

Cottam removes his headphones.

COTTAM

They weren't here.

Bride nods.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean stands with Rostron.

DEAN

Sir... they're already framing it.

Rostron doesn't look away from the sea.

ROSTRON

They always frame it.

DEAN

As what?

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

As whatever fits between breakfast  
and the stock market.

Dean absorbs that.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Ismay lies awake.

Stares at the ceiling.

The ship's motion creaks faintly.

A voice outside - muffled, accusing.

PASSENGER (O.S.)

That's him. The chairman.

Ismay turns away from the door.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Molly Brown confronts a MAN speaking loudly to a small group.

MAN  
They should've sent more ships.  
Should've waited.

MOLLY  
Who?

MAN  
Anyone.

MOLLY  
Anyone wasn't there.

The man bristles.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
We were.

That ends it.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Johnston signs off the final engine log.

Hands it to an engineer.

JOHNSTON  
That's the night.

ENGINEER  
They'll read it?

JOHNSTON  
They'll skim it.

ENGINEER  
Then why write it?

Johnston answers without looking up.

JOHNSTON  
Because it happened.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Bride reads another message.

BRIDE  
Congressional inquiry requesting  
statements upon arrival.

Cottam closes his eyes briefly.

COTTAM  
They don't waste time.

BRIDE  
Do they ever?

Cottam shakes his head.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron checks the time.

Dean watches him.

DEAN  
Sir... landfall by morning.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Post full watch.

DEAN  
Yes, sir.

A beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Sir... do you regret it?

Rostron finally looks at him.

ROSTRON  
Regret what?

DEAN  
Turning the ship.

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON  
I regret that we were needed.

Dean nods.

That's the answer.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA cuts through calm water.

Ahead, a faint glow on the horizon.

Civilization.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Survivors stir as lights appear in the distance.

A WOMAN grips the rail.

WOMAN

Is that...?

A SAILOR nods.

SAILOR

That's land.

Some survivors cry.

Some don't.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron looks toward the lights.

Dean stands beside him.

DEAN

Sir... tomorrow this becomes  
something else.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

Tomorrow it belongs to them.

Dean waits.

ROSTRON (CONT'D)

Tonight it still belongs to us.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam sends one final message.

CARPATHIA ARRIVING WITH SURVIVORS.

RESCUE COMPLETE.

He pauses.

Adds one more line.

DETAILS TO FOLLOW.

He sends it.

The machine falls quiet.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA sails toward the waiting lights.

Behind her, the ocean closes.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

The lights of land grow brighter now.

Close enough to feel real.

Survivors gather at the rail despite the cold.

Some lean forward, straining.

Others hang back, afraid that if they look too closely, it might vanish.

A WOMAN grips Molly Brown's arm.

WOMAN

Will they know what happened?

MOLLY

They'll think they do.

The woman nods, uncertain.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean watches the lights through binoculars.

DEAN

Harbor traffic ahead.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Signal our arrival.

Dean moves to comply.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam sends the final approach message.

CARPATHIA APPROACHING PORT.

SURVIVORS ABOARD.

REQUEST MEDICAL AND SECURITY ASSISTANCE.

Bride watches the printer spit out replies.

BRIDE  
They're ready.

Cottam exhales.

COTTAM  
Then it begins.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

A MAN among the survivors begins to speak loudly.

MAN  
They'll ask questions. They'll want names.

Another man snaps back.

MAN #2  
They can ask someone else.

The first man turns.

MAN  
Someone has to answer.

Molly Brown steps in.

MOLLY  
No one owes them a story tonight.

The men quiet.

But the idea lingers.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Ismay sits rigid, jacket buttoned now.

Prepared.

A knock.

Dean opens the door slightly.

DEAN

Sir... we'll be docking shortly.

Ismay nods.

ISMAY

I'll come when called.

Dean studies him.

DEAN

There will be... attention.

Ismay meets his eyes.

ISMAY

I'm aware.

Dean leaves.

Ismay straightens his coat.

The man who arrived aboard a lifeboat prepares to step back into history.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The doctor gives final instructions.

DOCTOR

Those who can walk, walk. Those who can't—stay put.

A nurse hesitates.

NURSE

What about the press?

The doctor doesn't look up.

DOCTOR  
They can wait.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron stands alone.

The harbor lights reflect in the glass.

Dean approaches quietly.

DEAN  
Sir... pilot boat approaching.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON  
Thank you.

Dean waits.

DEAN  
Sir... once we dock-

Rostron cuts him off gently.

ROSTRON  
Once we dock, this stops being  
ours.

Dean nods.

That's the truth of it.

EXT. HARBOR APPROACH - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA slows.

TUGBOATS flank her now.

FLASHES from cameras spark in the distance.

The world is awake.

And watching.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Survivors shield their eyes from the lights.

Some wave weakly.

Others turn away.

A REPORTER'S VOICE carries faintly across the water.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
Who's in charge there?

Molly Brown looks toward the bridge.

MOLLY  
He is.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron hears the distant noise.

The questions.

The assumptions.

He straightens his jacket.

Not for them.

For the ship.

ROSTRON  
(to himself)  
We answered.

He looks out once more.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA glides toward the pier.

Surrounded now.

Defined.

FADE OUT.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

The ship slows further.

Lines are prepared.

The pier looms closer now - crowded, alive.

FLASHES burst from the darkness.

Survivors recoil instinctively.

A STEWARD raises his voice.

STEWARD

Please remain where you are.  
Medical will come to you.

Some listen.

Some don't.

A WOMAN begins to cry – not quietly.

No one shushes her.

INT. CARPATHIA – BRIDGE – NIGHT

The HARBOR PILOT steps aboard.

HARBOR PILOT

Captain.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

Pilot.

The pilot studies the deck through the windows.

HARBOR PILOT

You've got a lot of people aboard.

ROSTRON

Yes.

HARBOR PILOT

You did well.

Rostron doesn't respond.

He turns back to the instruments.

INT. CARPATHIA – WIRELESS ROOM – NIGHT

Cottam removes his headphones.

For the first time since the distress call, the room is quiet.

Bride looks at him.

BRIDE  
That's it?

Cottam nods.

COTTAM  
That's it.

Bride exhales.

BRIDE  
Feels strange.

Cottam allows a thin smile.

COTTAM  
It should.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

The ship eases alongside the pier.

LINES are thrown.

Hands on shore catch them.

The CARPATHIA is secured.

A CHEER rises from the pier - spontaneous, uncoordinated.

Some survivors wave.

Others stare straight ahead.

MEDICS and OFFICIALS board quickly.

Orders overlap.

MEDIC  
This way. Slowly.

OFFICIAL  
We need a count. Names.

The deck becomes crowded with purpose.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Ismay stands, composed now.

A knock.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
Mr. Ismay?

Ismay opens the door.

The official looks him over.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)  
You'll be escorted ashore.

Ismay nods.

ISMAY  
Of course.

As he steps into the corridor, voices rise.

Ismay watches the activity around him – purposeful,  
efficient.

No one looks his way at first.

He adjusts his coat, uncertain what to do with his hands.

After a moment, he steps back – alone, unseen.

PASSENGER (O.S.)  
That's him.

Ismay keeps moving.

Doesn't look back.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Molly Brown helps a WOMAN toward the gangway.

The woman hesitates.

WOMAN  
I don't want to go first.

MOLLY  
You don't have to be first.

The woman nods.

Molly stays with her until she moves.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The doctor supervises the transfer of patients.

He speaks quietly, efficiently.

DOCTOR  
Careful with him. Hypothermia.

A MEDIC nods.

MEDIC  
We've got him.

The doctor watches as the man is taken away.

Only then does he sit.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dean approaches Rostron.

DEAN  
Sir... they're asking for you.

Rostron knows who "they" are.

ROSTRON  
Tell them I'll speak later.

Dean nods.

DEAN  
They won't like that.

ROSTRON  
They don't have to.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

A REPORTER shouts from below.

REPORTER  
Captain Rostron! Did you think  
you'd arrive in time?

Rostron steps to the rail.

The crowd hushes.

ROSTRON  
We arrived.

That's all he gives them.

He steps back.

The reporters shout more questions.

None are answered.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam gathers his notes.

Bride watches him.

BRIDE

They'll be writing about this for  
years.

Cottam nods.

COTTAM

They'll write what they want.

BRIDE

What will we do?

Cottam thinks.

COTTAM

Go back to sea.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Survivors continue to disembark.

Some pause at the gangway.

Touch the rail.

The deck.

A quiet goodbye.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron stands alone again.

The ship is lighter now.

Quieter.

Dean lingers at the doorway.

DEAN  
Sir... you should go ashore.

Rostron shakes his head.

ROSTRON  
In a moment.

Dean leaves.

Rostron looks around the bridge.

Memorizes it.

Then closes the logbook.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA rests at dock.

Crowded. Surrounded.

But still herself.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Rostron steps onto the deck.

Looks out at the pier.

At the people waiting.

At the survivors leaving.

He straightens his jacket.

Then walks toward the gangway.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

The deck is nearly empty now.

Only crew remain.

Blankets are gathered. Lanterns extinguished one by one.

The ship exhales.

A SAILOR coils a line.

SAILOR  
Never seen anything like it.

Another sailor nods.

SAILOR #2  
Let's hope we never do again.

They work in silence.

INT. CARPATHIA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The doctor removes his coat.

Hangs it carefully.

He washes his hands - slow, deliberate.

The water runs dark, then clear.

He turns off the tap.

For the first time, there is nothing left to do.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

Cottam sits alone.

The equipment hums softly.

No incoming signals.

No outgoing calls.

He reaches out.

Turns the set off.

The silence is complete.

INT. CARPATHIA - PASSENGER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ismay walks toward the gangway, flanked by officials.

Voices rise behind him.

Someone calls his name.

He does not turn.

He steps off the ship.

History takes him.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - NIGHT

Molly Brown pauses at the rail.

Looks back at the ship.

At the crew.

She tips her head - acknowledgment, not farewell.

Then she follows the others ashore.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rostron stands alone.

The bridge is empty now.

No orders.

No urgency.

He runs a hand along the chart table.

Closes the logbook.

ROSTRON  
(quiet)  
Finished.

He turns off the bridge light.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The CARPATHIA sits at rest.

Smaller now amid the lights and noise.

But unchanged.

INT. CARPATHIA - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Rostron removes his jacket.

Sets it neatly on a chair.

He sits on the edge of the bunk.

For the first time, the weight hits him.

He closes his eyes.

Just for a moment.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - DAWN

Early light touches the ship.

Crew move about their normal duties.

The extraordinary night already slipping into routine.

A STEWARD scrubs the deck.

Water runs toward the scuppers.

Washes away the last trace of what happened here.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - DAWN

Rostron returns.

Opens the logbook.

Writes one final line.

We don't see the words.

He closes it.

Sets it aside.

EXT. PIER - DAWN

The CARPATHIA prepares to depart.

Lines loosen.

The ship eases away from the dock.

No crowd now.

No cameras.

Just another ship leaving port.

EXT. OPEN WATER - MORNING

The CARPATHIA moves steadily forward.

A familiar silhouette.

One funnel.

Black hull.

Unremarkable.

Essential.

SUPER (SIMPLE,  
CLEAN):

APRIL 1912

RMS CARPATHIA RETURNED TO SERVICE

SUPER:

THE CREW RECEIVED NO MEDALS

NO PARADES

NO COMMISSIONS

SUPER:

THEY ANSWERED

AND THEN THEY WENT BACK TO SEA

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

The CARPATHIA disappears into the horizon.

Just a ship.

That was enough.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - MORNING

Open water.

Calm.

The CARPATHIA cuts forward at an ordinary pace now.

No urgency.

No escort.

Just another working ship on another day.

INT. CARPATHIA - DECK - MORNING

Crew resume routine.

A SAILOR chips ice from a rail.

Another coils rope, humming softly.

Life reasserts itself.

A STEWARD pauses, notices a small object wedged near the scupper -

A CHILD'S BUTTON.

He studies it.

Then pockets it quietly.

The words blur together.

The crew of the CARPATHIA moves on with their work.

INT. CARPATHIA - BRIDGE - MORNING

Rostron stands at the window.

The sea stretches endlessly ahead.

Dean enters, careful not to disturb him.

DEAN  
Course is set, sir.

Rostron nods.

ROSTRON

Very good.

Dean hesitates.

DEAN

Sir... will they call again?

Rostron considers.

ROSTRON

If they do, we'll answer.

Dean nods.

That's the end of the discussion.

INT. CARPATHIA - ENGINE ROOM - MORNING

The engines run smooth now.

Steady.

Reliable.

Johnston listens - satisfied.

ENGINEER

Back to normal.

JOHNSTON

That's all any ship can ask for.

INT. CARPATHIA - WIRELESS ROOM - MORNING

The room is quiet.

Cottam sits with a mug of coffee.

No headphones.

No signals.

Bride enters.

BRIDE

Nothing coming in.

Cottam nods.

COTTAM

Good.

Bride looks around.

BRIDE  
Feels strange not listening.

Cottam smiles faintly.

COTTAM  
You don't miss it until it's gone.

They sit in silence.

INT. CARPATHIA - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

Rostron folds his jacket.

Sets it away.

He studies a small notebook on his desk - the same one from the bridge.

He closes it.

Doesn't lock it.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The CARPATHIA moves on.

A working vessel.

Uncelebrated.

Unremarkable.

SUPER:

THE WORLD REMEMBERED THE DISASTER

SUPER:

FEWER REMEMBERED

THE SHIP THAT ANSWERED

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

The CARPATHIA grows smaller against the horizon.

Just steel and smoke and wake.

Doing its job.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTER-DAY

Rostron removes his coat and sets it carefully on the chair.

He sits, alone now.

The ship's engines hum - steady, unchanged.

Rostron closes his eyes.

Just for a moment.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CARPATHIA

The Night the World Answered

FADE OUT.

END