

The Night Lives On

written by

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INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

The radio room is quite small, with wires and pipes running across the ceiling and walls. Everything else is a mess though, as a table in the corner is flipped, multiple chairs are broken and paper litters every inch of floor. A small MARCONI SET (A MORSE CODE MACHINE) is smashed on the desk at the far end of the room.

JACK PHILLIPS (25) is standing, covered in cuts and bruises, as he wipes some blood from his mouth. He is sharp-featured, with short hair and a ruffled uniform. He shoots a glance at HAROLD BRIDE (22). HAROLD BRIDE, sitting down with his back against the wall, looks noticeably younger, and carries a similar amount of cuts and bruises.

A BANG is heard, and the sound of flowing water. HAROLD BRIDE puts his head in his hands.

HAROLD BRIDE

It's too late isn't it? We left it too late. I can't believe we left it too late.

Another BANG followed by a distant SCREAM.

HAROLD BRIDE (CONT'D)

Oh god, I can't do this.

HAROLD BRIDE puts his head in his hands.

JACK PHILLIPS

I'm going to need your help if you want to get out of here.

HAROLD

What do you mean?

JACK

We still have a job to do and if you help me now, we could save lots of lives.

HAROLD

Okay. Yeah, that's fine. Sorry. Yes sir. What do you need?

JACK PHILLIPS leans on the desk, and mutters to himself. He looks intently at the MARCONI SET, and sees a ripped wire, tracing his finger along it.

TITLE: UP TO THE BOILERS

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JACK and HAROLD stand close at the desk, staring at the BROKEN MARCONI SET. They are noticeably cleaner, and not covered in blood.

JACK

I just don't understand. This is a top of the line ship, it should have fully operational machines. And it definitely should have the tools to fix said machines when they break.

HAROLD

You've been the one pushing it so hard all night. Sending out messages isn't life or death you know?

JACK

We are away at sea for 7 days, you know how upset these passengers get when they are cut off from the world for 7 days?

HAROLD

I know they are the rich and uppity types but surely they can find something to do on here besides that. They're on the bloody Titanic for christ's sake.

JACK

All the best amenities in the world and they still find something to complain about. That's why I've been staving away here. We stop for just five minutes and we'll have the captain knocking on our door.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

JACK and HAROLD look startled. They stand in disbelief.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

JACK (CONT'D)

Go on mate, get the door. Quick now.

HAROLD

Right.

HAROLD quickly runs to the door to open it. To their surprise, CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH stands in the doorway, panting heavily. He is an older man with a white beard, and is almost drenched in water.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH

Have you both begun?

JACK

Transmitting coordinates?

HAROLD

He's been at it for hours.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH breathes a deep sigh.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH

Transmitting an S.O.S.

HAROLD

An S.O.S?

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH

You didn't hear?

JACK

We didn't sir.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH

You've been told to evacuate. We hit an iceberg. We are sinking.

HAROLD

An iceberg? We'll be fine right?

JACK

How did we hit an iceberg sir?

HAROLD

Did you say sinking? What's going on?
Is this a joke?

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH

There's not much time-

HAROLD

Time for what? Captain I need to know
what-

JACK
Calm yourself.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH
Please, leave enough time for
yourselves. May God have mercy on us.

CAPTAIN EDWARD SMITH leaves. Harold begins to panic.

HAROLD
We'll be fine right? This ship is
built to withstand icebergs right?

JACK
This might be the thing we were
trained for.

HAROLD
And what's that?

JACK
An issue.

HAROLD
What do we do?

JACK
We need to fix the transmitter. We
need to get to work on the S.O.S.

HAROLD
I want to leave sir, I miss my family
and those lifeboats are the only way I
can have a chance.

JACK
You will see your family again, that I
promise. Hand me a screwdriver.

There's a pause.

JACK (CONT'D)
I said hand me a screwdriver.

HAROLD
You promised this voyage would go
well. You said I'd be okay.

JACK
I need you to help me. I need you to
stay strong. I need you to be more
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
confident than me right now, because
I'm terrified.

HAROLD
You're terrified? How can you be
terrified? You should be the calm one.

JACK grabs HAROLD by the arm, and looks him in the eyes.

JACK
We will transmit the last coordinates,
then we can try to get out of here.
Can we do that?

HAROLD looks at his arm, and then pushes JACK away.

HAROLD
No, we can't. You sat there and broke
that damn machine with all your
fiddling and then expect me to stay
here and fix it? We've sent enough
messages, now I'm leaving.

HAROLD turns to leave.

JACK
I sat and sent the messages. You
didn't.

HAROLD turns back. There's a pause.

JACK (CONT'D)
I was the one sat on that chair doing
the work while you-

HAROLD swings a punch at JACK. JACK hits the ground with a
THUMP.

HAROLD
I am going to get out of here before
it's too late. I suggest you do the
same.

HAROLD goes to the door.

Suddenly, JACK lunges at him. He pushes HAROLD against the
door and their faces are inches apart.

JACK
Think about how many lives are at
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
risk. Think about your family back
home, what would they think?

HAROLD
I have family on the ship.

HAROLD pushes JACK away and they stand together in silence
for a few moments.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
I want to spend my last moments with
them. It's a shame you won't do the
same.

JACK lunges at HAROLD and a PUNCH lands. Then a forceful
SHOVE, followed by another PUNCH. They wrestle with each
other, landing devastating blows on each other.

A CHAIR is broken, and a table is flipped.

Eventually they sit down in the same spots as the beginning,
with the same bloodied, messy faces.

END OF FLASHBACK:

A BANG.

HAROLD BRIDE
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late. I can't believe we left it too
late.

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HAROLD
What do you mean?

JACK
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help me now, we could save lots of
lives.

HAROLD

Okay. Yeah, that's fine. Sorry. Yes
sir. What do you need?

JACK leans on the desk, and mutters to himself. He looks
intently at the MARCONI SET, and sees a ripped wire, tracing
his finger along it.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What do we need to do?

JACK

We can wire this part here, and then...

HAROLD

Maybe this goes here?

JACK

Yeah, try that.

HAROLD

I will go find some more insulation.

JACK

I'll try and fix this connector.

HAROLD begins rummaging around a few boxes.

HAROLD

What's the plan for afterwards? After
we fix it? Will we just run for it?

JACK

You can run for it. I'm going to stay
transmitting.

HAROLD

What? What do you mean?

JACK

You have something to live for, you
have a life outside of this boat. You
should go and live it.

HAROLD stands in disbelief for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have no one waiting for me back
home, so let me do this one thing.

HAROLD approaches with a piece of wire.

HAROLD

You are doing brilliant work. It was
an honour knowing you.

JACK takes the wire, and places it near the machine. It
awakens.

JACK looks back at HAROLD.

JACK

Thank you. I pray you make it out
alive.

HAROLD shakes JACK's hand.

He leaves JACK behind.

SUPER: Over 1,500 people died aboard the H.M.S Titanic.

JACK PHILLIPS amongst them.

HAROLD BRIDE made it to safety, alongside 700 other people.

All due to the efforts of both men.

THE END