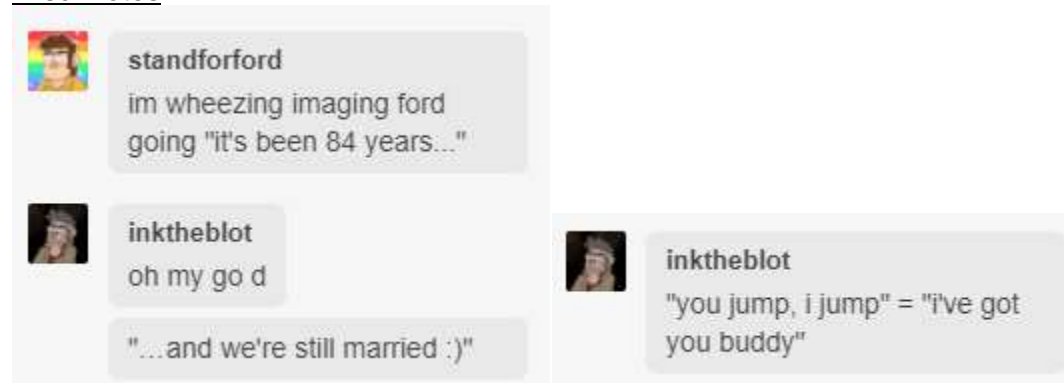


Disclaimer: this is basically just the official screenplay but edited to be more IC, so blame James Cameron and not me for the dramatic descriptions.

Headcanons/background info

- Ford has a French accent (absolutely necessary)
- The diamond (AKA the “heart of the ocean”) is actually the hyperdrive (in miniature!)
- Ford is Rose, Fiddleford is Jack, and Bill is possessing Cal Hockley, the jerk that Rose is engaged to
- Ford made a deal with Bill to build his portal and needs to travel to America and then to Gravity Falls in order to build it, but begins to regret it as they voyage onward
- Bill is on the ship to monitor his “pawn”, Ford, and spoil him and his family to keep them on his side. Ford’s family pressures him to keep the deal w/ Bill because they need the money
- Ford dreams of becoming an independent researcher in America
- Fabrizio, Jack’s friend, is Stanley. Stanley and Stanford are long lost brothers, but don’t find this out until later.
- The “draw me like one of your French girls” scene plays out with Ford drawing Fidds and Fidds saying “draw me like one of your anomalies”
- Fidds and Ford both survive bc they’re geniuses and [attach the life vest to the driftwood to make it more buoyant so they can both survive](#)

Misc. notes



Some rewritten scenes

The first word of each scene will have a link to the video of the scene from the movie, if possible.

[Fiddleford](#) is kicked back on one of the benches, gazing at the stars blazing gloriously overhead and smoking a cigarette.

Hearing something, he turns as Ford 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. He doesn't see Fidds in the shadows, and runs right past him.

TRACKING WITH FORD as he runs across the deserted fantail. His breath

hitches in an occasional sob, which he suppresses. Ford slams against the base of the stern flagpole and clings there, panting. He stares out at the black water.

He starts to climb clumsily over the railing. Moving methodically, he turns his body and gets his heels on the white-painted gunwale, his back to the railing, facing out toward blackness. 60 feet below him, the massive propellers are churning the Atlantic into white foam, and a ghostly wake trails off toward the horizon.

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

He leans out, his arms straightening... looking down, hypnotized, into the vortex below his. His clothes 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 him.

FIDDS

Don't do it.

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

FORD

Stay back! Don't come any closer!

Fidds sees the tear tracks on his cheeks in the faint glow from the stern running lights.

FIDDS

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

FORD

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

FIDDS

No, you won't.

FORD

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!

FIDDS

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

Ford is confused now. He can't see him very well through the tears, so he wipes them with one hand, almost losing his balance.

FORD

You're distracting me. Go away.

FIDDS

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

FORD

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

He takes off his jacket.

FIDDS

I'm a good swimmer.

He starts unlacing his left shoe.

FORD

The fall alone would kill you.

FIDDS

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.

Ford looks down. The reality factor of what he is doing is sinking in.

FORD

How cold?

FIDDS

(taking off his left shoe)

Freezing. Maybe a couple degrees over.

He starts unlacing his right shoe.

FIDDS

Ever been to Wisconsin?

FORD

(perplexed)

No.

FIDDS

Well they have some of the coldest winters around, and I have some relatives up there I used to visit a lot, 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--

FORD

I know what ice fishing is!

FIDDS

Sorry. Just... you look like kind of an indoor boy. 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.

FORD

You're crazy.

FIDDS

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.

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

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

FORD

Alright.

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

FIDDS

I'm Fiddleford McGucket.

FORD

(voice quavering)

Pleased to meet you, Mr. McGucket.

Ford starts to turn. Now that he has decided to live, the height is terrifying. He is overcome by vertigo as he shifts his footing, turning to face the ship. As he starts to climb, one foot slips off the edge of the deck.

He plunges, letting out a piercing SHRIEK. Fiddleford, gripping his hand, is jerked toward the rail. Ford barely grabs a lower rail with his free hand.

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

FORD

HELP! HELP!

FIDDS

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

Fidds holds his hand with all his strength, bracing himself on the railing with his other hand. Ford tries to get some kind of foothold on the smooth hull. Fidds tries to lift her bodily over the railing, but he slips back. Ford SCREAMS again.

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

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

ROWE

Here, what's all this?!

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

ROWE

(to Fidds)

Here you, stand back! Don't move an inch!

(to the seamen)

Fetch the Master at Arms.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. POOP DECK - NIGHT

A few minutes later. Fidds is being detained by the burly MASTER AT ARMS,

the closest thing to a cop on board. He is handcuffing Fidds. Bill is right in front of Fidds, and furious. Ford is hunched over crying on a bench nearby. Bill is more concerned with Fiddleford. He grabs him by the lapels.

BILL

What made you think you could put your hands on my genius?! Look at me, you filth! What did you think you were doing?!

FORD

Bill, stop! It was an accident.

BILL

An accident?!

FORD

It was... stupid really. I was leaning over and I slipped.

Ford looks at Fidds, getting eye contact.

FORD

I was leaning way over, to see the... ah... propellers. And I slipped and I would have gone overboard... and Mr. McGucket here saved me and he almost went over himself.

BILL

You wanted to see the propellers?

MASTER AT ARMS

(to Fidds)

Was that the way of it?

Ford is begging him with her eyes not to say what really happened.

FIDDS

Uh huh. That was pretty much it.

He looks at Ford a moment longer. Now they have a secret together.

MASTER AT ARMS

Well! The boy's a hero then. Good for you son, well done!

Jack is uncuffed. Cal gets Rose to her feet and moving.

BILL

(rubbing his arms)

Let's get you in. You're freezing.

Bill is leaving without a second thought for Jack.

Fidds and Ford walk side by side. They pass people reading and talking in steamer chairs, some of whom glance curiously at the mismatched couple. He feels out of place in his rough clothes. They are both awkward, for different reasons.

FIDDS

So, you got a name by the way?

FORD

Stanford. Stanford Filbrick Pines.

There is an awkward pause.

FORD

Mr. McGucket, I--

FIDDS

Ford.

FORD

Ford... I feel like such an idiot. It took me all morning to get up the nerve to face you.

FIDDS

Well, here you are.

FORD

Here I am. I... I want to thank you for what you did. Not just for... for pulling me back. But for your discretion.

FIDDS

You're welcome. Ford.

FORD

Look, I know what you must be thinking! Poor little rich boy. What does she know about misery?

FIDDS

That's not what I was thinking. What I was thinking was... what could have happened to hurt this boy so much he thought he had no way out.

FORD

I don't... it wasn't just one thing. It was everything. It was them, it was their whole world. And I was trapped in it, like an insect in amber.

(in a rush)

I just had to get away... just run and run and run... and then I was at the back rail and there was no more ship... even the Titanic wasn't big enough. Not enough to get away from them. And before I'd really thought about it, I was over the rail. I was so furious. I'll show them. They'll be sorry!

FIDDS

Uh huh. They'll be sorry. 'Course you'll be dead.

FORD

(he lowers his head)

I am such an utter fool.

FIDDS

That penguin last night, is he one of them?

FORD

Penguin? Oh, Bill! He is them.

FIDDS

Is he your boyfriend?

FORD

Well, it's a long story. We have a deal. A deal I can't break.

FIDDS

So you feel like you're stuck on a train you can't get off 'cause you're stuck in a deal with this fella.

FORD

Yes, exactly!

FIDDS

So tell him the deal's off.

FORD

If only it were that simple.

FIDDS

It is that simple.

FORD

Oh, Ford... please don't judge me until you've seen my world.

Looking for another topic, any other topic, Fiddleford indicates his sketchbook.

FIDDS

What's this?

FORD

Just some sketches.

FIDDS

May I?

The question is rhetorical because he has already grabbed the book. He sits on a deck chair and opens the sketchbook. ON FIDDLEFORD'S sketches... each one some sort of scientific anomaly, a celebration of everything strange.

FIDDS

Ford, these are quite good! Really, they are.

(looking up from the drawings)

You have a gift, Ford. You do.

FORD

Teach me to spit like a man.

FIDDS

They didn't teach you that in finishing school? Here, it's easy. Watch closely.

He spits. It arcs out over the water.

FIDDS

Your turn.

Ford screws up his mouth and spits. A pathetic little bit of foamy spittle runs down his chin before falling off into the water.

FIDDS

Nope, that was pitiful. Here, like this... you hawk it down... HHHNNK!... then roll it on your tongue, up to the front, like thith, then a big breath and PLOOW!! You see the range on that thing?

Ford goes through the steps. Hawks it down, etc. He coaches him through it (ad lib) while doing the steps himself. He lets fly. So does he. Two comets of gob fly out over the water.

FIDDS

That was great!

BILL

You will never behave like that again! Do you understand?

FORD

I'm not some pawn in your game that you can command! I am your equal! Bill explodes, sweeping the breakfast china off the table with a crash. He moves to him in one shocking moment, glowering over him and gripping the sides of his chair, so he is trapped between his arms.

BILL

Yes! You are! And you are *mine*. So you will honor me, as a man is required to honor his end of a deal! I will not be made out a fool! Is this in any way unclear?

Ford shrinks into the chair. He sees the maid, frozen, partway through the door bringing the orange juice. Bill follows Ford's glance and straightens up. He stalks past the maid, entering the stateroom.

FORD

(in tears)

We... had a little accident. I'm sorry. Let me help.

FORD

Ford, this is impossible. I can't see you.

He takes him by the shoulders.

FIDDS

Ford, you're no picnic... you're a spoiled little brat even, but under that you're a strong, and smart, and you're the most amazingly astounding man I've ever known and--

FORD

Ford, I--

FIDDS

No wait. Let me try to get this out. You're amazing... and I know I have nothing to offer you, Ford. I know that. But I'm involved now. You jump, I jump, remember? I can't turn away without knowin' that you're goin' to be alright.

Ford feels the tears coming to his eyes. Fiddleford is so open and real... not like anyone he has ever known.

FORD

You're making this very hard. I'll be fine. Really.

FIDDS

I don't think so. They've got you in a glass jar like some butterfly, and you're goin' to die if you don't break out. Maybe not right away, 'cause you're strong. But sooner or later the fire in you is goin' to go out.

FORD

It's not up to you to save me, Ford.

FIDDS

You're right. Only you can do that.

TITANIC STEAMS TOWARD US, in the dusk light, as if lit by the embers of a giant fire. As the ship looms, FILLING FRAME, we push in on the bow. Fiddleford is there, right at the apex of the bow railing, his favorite spot. He closes his eyes, letting the chill wind clear his head.

Fiddleford hears Ford's voice, behind him...

FORD

Hello, Ford.

He turns and he is standing there.

FIDDS

Come here.

He puts his hands on his waist. As if he is going to kiss him.

FIDDS

Do you trust me?

FORD

I trust you.

FIDDS

Close your eyes.

He does, and he turns him to face forward, the way the ship is going. He presses him gently to the rail, standing right behind him. Then he takes his two hands and raises them until he is standing with his arms outstretched on each side. Ford is going along with him. When he lowers his hands, his arms stay up... like wings.

FIDDS

Okay. Open them.

Ford gasps. There is nothing in his field of vision but water. It's like there is no ship under them at all, just the two of them soaring. The Atlantic unrolls toward him, a hammered copper shield under a dusk sky. There is only the wind and the hiss of the water 50 feet below.

FORD

I'm flying! Ford!

He leans forward, arching his back. He puts his hands on his waist to steady her.

Rose closes his eyes, feeling himself floating weightless far above the sea. He smiles dreamily, then leans back, gently pressing his back against his chest. He pushes forward slightly against him.

Slowly he raises his hands, arms outstretched, and they meet his... fingertips gently touching. Then their fingers intertwine. Moving slowly, their fingers caress through and around each other.

Fiddleford tips his face forward into his blowing hair, letting the scent of him wash over him, until his cheek is against his ear.

Ford turns his head until his lips are near his. He lowers his arms, turning further, until he finds his mouth with his. He wraps his arms around him from behind, and they kiss like this with her head turned and tilted back, surrendering to him, to the emotion, to the inevitable. They kiss, slowly and tremulously, and then with building passion.

Fiddleford and the ship seem to merge into one force of power and optimism, lifting her, buoying her forward on a magical journey, soaring onward into a night without fear.

Fiddleford and Ford enter and run laughing between the rows of stacked cargo. They come upon William Carter's brand new RENAULT touring car, lashing down to a pallet. It looks like a royal coach from a fairy tale, its brass trim and headlamps nicely set off by its deep burgundy color.

Ford climbs into the plushly upholstered back seat, acting very royal. There are cut crystals bud vases on the walls back there, each containing a rose. Fiddleford jumps into the driver's seat, enjoying the feel of the leather and wood.

FIDDS

Where to, Mister?

FORD

To the stars.

BILL

Where are you going? To him? Is that it? To be a whore to that gutter rat?

FORD

I'd rather be his whore than your pawn.

BILL

(grabs him)

NO! I SAID NO!

Ford spits in his face like Fiddleford taught him and runs away.



standforford

bill: AH! MY EYE! DO YOU
KNOW HOW LONG THAT
TAKES TO REGENE- WAIT
I'M A FLESH PUPPET I HAVE
TWO OF THESE THINGS

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Name?

FORD

(looks meaningfully at Fiddleford)

McGucket. Stanford McGucket.