

HEART OF THE OCEAN

**ADAPTED SCREENPLAY
BY
LEWIS FIDOCK AND ISABELLE SULLY**

May 3, 2015

**ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
BY
DAVID CAMERON**

May 7, 1996

DI0070

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NOT FOR REPRODUCTION**

WALT DISNEY/TOUCHSTONE PICTURES

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Author: Fidock, Lewis, Sully, Isabelle
Author original: David Cameron

Title: Heart of the Ocean
Circa: Present
Genre: DRAMA*
Location: North Atlantic
Ocean/England/New
York/Australia

SYNOPSIS:

Deep-sea explorer Brock Lovett has reached the most famous shipwreck of all - the Titanic. Emerging with a safe believed to contain a diamond called 'The Heart of the Ocean', he discovers that the safe does not hold the sort after diamond but instead, a drawing of a beautiful woman wearing it. Through a series of serendipitous events Lovett encounters Rose, George Holmes, Biao Ge, Jan du Plessis and Clive Palmer - a string of unlikely characters brought together by an entrepreneurial feat and something buried deep beneath.

CHARACTERS:

Rose Calvert (nee Darwin) - Titanic survivor, owner of the Heart of the Ocean
Jack Dawson - Third class passenger and artist on the original Titanic
Caledon Hockley - Rose's ex-fiancé
Brock Lovett - Deep sea diver, discoverer of the Titanic wreckage
Lewis Bodine - Titanic expert
Clive Palmer - Australian mining magnate
Biao Ge - Director, CSC Jinling Shipyard
Jan du Plessis - Chairman of Rio Tinto

*Genre: DRAMA/ROMANCE/THRILLER

BUDGET

High

Medium

Low

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor
Idea		■		
Story Line		■		
Characterisation		■		
Dialogue		■		
Setting/Production Values				

LOVETT (V.O.)

Dive nine. Here we are again on the deck of Titanic... two and a half miles down. The pressure is three tons per square inch, enough to crush us like a freight train going over an ant if our hull fails. These windows are nine inches thick and if they go, it's sayonara in two microseconds.

OUTSIDE THE SUB, the ROV, a small orange and black robot called SNOOP DOGG, lifts from its cradle and flies forward.

SNOOP'S VIDEO POV, moving through the cavernous interior. The remains of the ornate hand carved woodwork which gave the ship its elegance move through the floodlights, the lines blurred by slow dissolution and descending rusticle formations. Stalactites of rust hand down so that at times it looks like a natural grotto, then the scene shifts and the lines of a ghostly undersea mansion can be seen again.

Snoop enters a corridor, which is much better preserved. Here and there a door still hangs on its rusted hinges. An ornate piece of molding, a wall sconce, a champagne bottle, some WHITE STAR LINE china all hint at the grandeur of the past.

LOVETT

Okay, I want to see what's under that wardrobe door.

BODINE

I'm tryin' boss.

LOVETT

Easy, Lewis. Take it slow.

Lewis grips a wardrobe door, lying at an angle in a corner, and pulls it with Snoop's gripper. It moves reluctantly in a cloud of silt. Under it is a dark object. The silt clears and Snoop's cameras show them what was under the door...

BODINE

Ooohh daddy-oh, are you seein' what I'm seein'?

CLOSE ON LOVETT, watching his monitors. By his expression it is like he is seeing the Holy Grail.

ON THE SCREEN, in the glare of the lights, is the object of their quest: a small STEEL COMBINATION SAFE.

CUT TO:

LOVETT

Well, here it is, the moment of truth. Here's where we find out if the time, the sweat, the money spent to charter this ship and these subs, to come out here to the middle of the North Atlantic... were worth it. If what we think is in that safe... is in that safe... it will be.

Lovett grins wolfishly in anticipation of his greatest find yet. The door is pried loose. It clangs onto the deck. Lovett moves closer, peering into the safe's wet interior. A long moment, then... his face says it all.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB DECK, PRESERVATION ROOM - DAY

Bodine is on the satellite phone with the INVESTORS. Lovett is yelling at the video crew.

LOVETT

Hi, Dave? Barry? Look, it wasn't in the safe... no, look, don't worry about it, there's still plenty of places it could be... in the floor debris in the suite, in the mother's, in the purser's safe on C deck...

(seeing something)

Hang on a second.

A tech coaxes some letters in the water tray to one side with a tong... revealing a pencil (conte crayon) drawing of a woman.

The girl is not entirely nude. At her throat is a diamond necklace with one large stone hanging in the center.

Lovett grabs a reference photo from the clutter on the lab table. It is a period black-and-white photo of a diamond necklace on a black velvet jeweler's display stand. He holds it next to the drawing. It is clearly the same piece... a complex setting with a massive central stone which is almost heart-shaped.

The video camera pans off Lovett to the drawing, in a tray of water. The image of the woman with the necklace FILLS FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB DECK / KELDYSH - NIGHT

Bodine hands Lovett the phone, punching down the blinking line. The call is from Rose and we see both ends of the conversation. She is in her kitchen.

LOVETT

This is Brock Lovett. What can I do for you, Mrs ...?

BODINE

Rose Calvert.

ROSE

I was just wondering you had found the "Heart of the Ocean" yet, Mr. Lovett.

LOVETT

You have my attention, Rose. Can you tell me who the woman in the picture is?

ROSE

Oh yes. The woman in the picture is me.

Fade out

CUT TO:

Rose looks up as the hull of Titanic looms over them... a great iron wall, Bible black and severe. Cal motions her forward, and she enters the gangway to the D Deck doors with a sense of overwhelming dread.

OLD ROSE (V.O.)

It was the ship of dreams... to everyone else. To me it was a slave ship, taking me back to America in chains.

PALMER (V.O.)

Now hold on a minute, I know good people wanting to pay big bucks to be on that ship. The only thing you'll be chained to on my ship is an ice-cold bottle of French champagne.

DU PLESSIS (V.O.)

I think you're missing the point here Clive.

CUT TO:

INT. SUITE B-52-56 - DAY

A room service waiter pours champagne into a tulip glass of orange juice and hands the Bucks Fizz to Rose. She is looking through her new paintings. There is a Monet of water lilies, a Degas of dancers, and a few abstract works. They are all unknown paintings...

CAL

Those mud puddles were certainly a waste of money.

Rose looks at cubist portrait

ROSE

You're wrong. They're fascinating. Like in a dream... there's truth without logic. What's his name again... ?

(reading off the canvas)

Picasso.

CAL

He'll never amount to a thing, trust me. At least they were cheap.

A porter wheels Cal's private safe (which we recognize) into the room on a handtruck.

CAL

Put that in the wardrobe.

CUT TO:

KELDYSH IMAGING SHACK

OLD ROSE

That's the first time I ever encountered that safe, and after the ship sunk never in my mind did I think I would see it again... until now.

LOVETT

Do you know why we went searching for it, Rose?

OLD ROSE

Because it's the largest diamond in the world. Isn't that what you said on the news, Mr du Plessis?

DU PLESSIS:

That is one of the reasons, yes. I have run the largest diamond mine in the world for many years now, and not once have we come close to finding one of similar value.

PALMER
(interrupts)

Sorry dear, can you just tell me about those paintings? I didn't know about the Picasso's and the Monet's and the who-did-ya-say?

OLD ROSE
(unimpressed)
Degas

PALMER
Yeah him, great. Luckily my worthy friend Bao knows the finest replica artist in all of Shenzhen, and in fact the world.

OLD ROSE
A fresh coat of paint doesn't make it real Mr. Palmer

PALMER
No, it doesn't dear, but plastic doesn't make a dinosaur come to life either... It's the imagination, the experience that makes it real. Beyond a fresh lick of paint here, I have big plans for the Titanic, big plans. And that stone is a piece of the puzzle that will make the experience real.

OLD ROSE
What experience is that?

PALMER
Well how about you tell me more of yours on board that ship and with that diamond, and then I will share with you my plan. I really think you'll come to like it..

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As she undresses for bed Rose sees Cal standing in her doorway, reflected in the cracked mirror of her vanity. He comes toward her.

CAL
(unexpectedly tender)

I know you've been melancholy, and I don't pretend to know why. From behind his back he hands her a large black velvet jewel case. She takes it, numbly. Rose slowly opens the box. Inside is the necklace... "HEART OF THE OCEAN" in all its glory. It is huge... a malevolent blue stone glittering with an infinity of scalpel-like inner reflections.

ROSE
My God... Cal. Is it a-

CAL
Diamond. Yes it is. 56 carats.

CUT TO:

INT. SUITE B-52-56 - NIGHT

He takes the necklace and during the following places it around her throat. He turns her to the mirror, standing behind her.

CAL
It was once worn by Louis the Sixteenth. They call it La Coeur de la Mer, the-

ROSE
The Heart of the Ocean. Cal, it's... it's overwhelming.
He gazes at the image of the two of them in the mirror.

CAL
It's for royalty. And we are royalty
CAMERA begins to TRACK IN ON ROSE. Closer and closer, during the following:

OLD ROSE (V.O.)
Of course his gift was only to reflect light back onto himself, to illuminate the greatness that was Caledon Hockley. It was a cold stone... a heart of ice.

(pauses)

And after all these years, I can still feel it closing around my throat like a dog collar.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to show her whole face.

I can still feel its weight. If you could have felt it, not just seen it.

LOVETT
Well, that's the general idea, my dear.

CUT TO:

Lovett, standing out of Rose's sightline, checks his watch. Hours have passed. This process is taking too long

LOVETT
Rose, tell us more about the diamond. What did Hockley do with it after that?

OLD ROSE
I'm afraid I'm feeling a little tired, Mr. Lovett.

CUT TO NEXT DAY:

INT. IMAGINING SHACK

Bodine starts the tape recorder. Rose is gazing at the screen, seeing THE LIVE FEED FROM THE WRECK - SNOOP DOG is moving along the starboard side of the hull.

OLD ROSE

The next day, Saturday, I remember thinking how the sunlight felt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THIRD CLASS DECK

Three boys, shrieking and shouting, are scrambling around chasing a rat under the benches, trying to whomp it with a shoe and causing general havoc. Jack is playing with 5 year old CORA CARTMELL, drawing funny faces together in his sketchbook. Fabrizio is struggling to get a conversation going with an attractive Norwegian girl, HELGA DAHL, sitting with her family at a table across the deck. Helga's eye is caught by something. Fabrizio looks, does a take, and Jack, curious, follows their gaze to see.

Rose, coming toward them. The activity in the room stops, a hush falls. Rose feels suddenly self-conscious as the steerage passengers stare openly at this princess, some with resentment, others with awe. She spots Jack and gives a little smile, walking straight to him. He rises to meet her, smiling.

ROSE

Hello Jack

Fabrizio and Tommy are floored. It's like the slipper fitting Cinderella.

JACK

Hello again.

ROSE

Could I speak to you in private?

JACK

Uh, yes. Of course. After you.

ROSE

What's this?

JACK

Just some sketches

ROSE

May I?

The question is rhetorical because she has already grabbed the book. She sits on a deck chair and opens the sketchbook. ON JACK'S sketches... each one an expressive little bit of humanity: an old woman's hands, a sleeping man, a father and daughter at the rail. The faces are luminous and alive. His book is a celebration of the human condition.

ROSE

Well, well...

She has come upon a series of nudes. Rose is transfixed by the languid beauty he has created. His nudes are soulful, real, with expressive hands and eyes. They feel more like portraits than studies of the human form... almost uncomfortably intimate. Rose blushes, raising the book as some strollers go by

ROSE
(trying to be very adult)
And these were drawn from life?

JACK
Yup.

She studies one drawing in particular, the girl posed half in sunlight, half in shadow. Her hands lie at her chin, one furled and one open like a flower, languid and graceful. The drawing is like an Alfred Steiglitz print of Georgia O'Keefe.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DECK PROMENADE / AFT - SUNSET

Painted with orange light, Jack and Rose lean on the A-deck rail aft, shoulder to shoulder.

It is a magical moment... Perfect

JACK
I went down to Los Angeles to the pier in Santa Monica. That's a swell place, they even have a rollercoaster. I sketched portraits for ten cents a piece.

ROSE
A whole ten cents?!

JACK
(not getting it)
Yeah, it was great money... I could make a dollar a day, sometimes. But only in summer. When it got cold, I decided to go to Paris and see what the real artists were doing.
Rose looks at Jack, getting eye contact...

TRANSITION:

INT. ROSE'S SUITE

... 1912. Like in a dream the beautiful woodwork and satin upholstery emerge from rusted ruin. Jack is overwhelmed by the opulence of the room. He sets his sketchbook and drawing materials on the marble table.

ROSE
Will this light do? Don't artists need good light?

JACK
(bad French accent)
Zat is true, I am not used to working in such 'orreable conditions.

(seeing the paintings)
Hey ... Monet!

He crouches next to the paintings stacked against the wall.

JACK

Isn't he great... the use of color? I saw him once... through a hole in his garden fence in Giverny.

She goes into the adjoining walk-in wardrobe closet. He sees her go to the safe and start working the combination. He's fascinated.

ROSE

Cal insists on lugging this thing everywhere.

JACK

Should I be expecting him anytime soon?

ROSE

Not as long as the cigars and brandy hold out.

CLUNK! She unlocks the safe. Glancing up, she meets his eyes in the mirror behind the safe. She opens it and removes the necklace, then holds it out to Jack who takes it nervously.

ROSE

A diamond. A very rare diamond, called the Heart of the Ocean.

Jack gazes at wealth beyond his comprehension.

ROSE

I want you to draw me like your French Girl. Wearing this.

(she smiles at him)

Wearing only this.

He looks up at her, surprised. Rose hands Jack a dime and steps back, parting the kimono. The blue stones lies on her creamy breast. Her heart is pounding as she slowly lowers the robe.

ROSE

Tell me when it looks right to you.

She poses on the divan, settling like a cat into the position we remember from the drawing... almost.

JACK

Uh... just bend your left leg a little and... and lower your head. Eyes to me. That's it.

Jack starts to sketch. He drops his pencil and she stifles a laugh.

ROSE

I believe you are blushing, Mr. Big Artiste. I can't imagine Monsieur Monet blushing.

JACK

(sweating)

He does landscapes.

ROSE

Date it, Jack. I want to always remember this night.

He does. She accepts the drawing from him, and crosses to the safe in the wardrobe. She puts the diamond back in the safe, placing the drawing on top of it. Closes the door with a CLUNK!

CUT TO:

CLUNK! Cal opens his safe and reaches inside. As Lovejoy watches, he pulls out two stacks of bills, still banded by bank wrappers. Then he takes out the "Heart of the Ocean" putting it in the pocket of his overcoat, and locks the safe.

CAL
(holding up stacks of bills)

I make my own luck.

Cal grins, putting the money in his pocket as they go out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC/TITANIC - NIGHT

CRASH SEQUENCE/ SERIES OF CUTS:

THE BOW OF THE SHIP thunders right at CAMERA and-
KRUUUNCH!! The ship hits the berg on its starboard bow.

UNDERWATER we see the ice smashing in the steel hull plates. The iceberg bumps and scrapes along the side of the ship. Rivets pop as the steel plate of the hull flees under the load.

IN #2 HOLD the two stewards stagger as the hull buckles in four feet with a sound like THUNDER. Like a sledgehammer beating along outside the ship, the berg splits the hull plates and the sea pours in, sweeping them off their feet. The icy water swirls around as the men scramble for the stairs.

PALMER (V.O.)
Brings a tear to my eye thinking about this tragedy, but not only this tragedy. The stories are still as young as toddlers, the ones of friends and voters sitting helplessly, watching, as the floods that hit Ipswich Q.L.D tore through the living room and put a hard working family out on the side of the road to wait for something, anything, but most of all, like those aboard the Titanic... the godly sight of dry land. And let me tell you, that's why I had my chest puffed out for not only me but the rest of the potential paying customers onboard Titanic 2. When I put it to Biao Ge I told him that this would have to be, and will be, the best piece of maritime construction that CSC Jinling could ever have their name on.

LOVETT (V.O.)
Let's not forgot that Rose is trying to tell a story here Clive.

CUT TO:

IN CAL'S PARLOUR SUITE water swirls in from the private promenade deck. Rose's paintings are submerged. The Picasso transforms under the water's surface. Degas' colors run. Monet's water lilies come to life.

CUT TO:

IN A STEERAGE CABIN somewhere in the bowels of the ship, a young IRISH MOTHER, is tucking her two young children into bed. She pulls up the covers, making sure they are all warm and cozy. She lies down with them on the bed, speaking soothing and holding them as the water creeps in.

CUT TO:

EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

Rose stares down terrified at the black ocean waiting below to claim them.

The final relentless plunge begins as the stern section floods. Looking down a hundred feet to the water, we drop like an elevator with Jack and Rose.

JACK
(talking fast)

Take a deep breath and hold it right before we go into the water. The ship will suck us down. Kick for the surface and keep kicking. Don't let go of my hand. We're gonna make it Rose.
Trust me.

She stares at the water coming up at them, and grips his hand harder.

ROSE
I trust you.

IN A HIGH SHOT, we see the stern descend into the boiling sea. The name TITANIC disappears, and the tiny figures of Jack and Rose vanish under the water. Where the ship stood, now there is nothing. Only the black ocean

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/ UNDERWATER AND SURFACE

Bodies are whirled and spun, some limp as dolls, others struggling spasmodically, as the vortex sucks them down and tumbles them.

Jack and Rose surface among them. They barely have time to gasp for air before people are clawing at them. People driven insane by the water, 4 degrees below freezing, a cold so intense it is indistinguishable from death by fire.

A SHOOTING STAR flares... a line of light across the heavens.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IMAGING SHACK/KELDYSH

EXTREME CLOSEUP of Rose's ancient, wrinkled face. Present day.

OLD ROSE

Fifteen hundred people went into the sea when Titanic sank from under us. There were twenty boats floating nearby and only one came back.

One. Six were saved from the water, myself included. Six out of fifteen hundred.

BIAO

That's very sad Mrs. Calvert, I can't begin to imagine the horrible memories forever sitting on the mantelpiece of your mind. The only absolute certainty in life is, of course, death. But there won't be anybody dying on Titanic 2, Mrs. Calvert. A good reputation for our business is something we value as much as life. Myself, Mr. Palmer and the workers at CSC Jinling will make sure that the Titanic sails again with welcoming arms and a happy ending waiting at the other side of its voyage ... not just once, but every time.

As they speak THE CAMERA TRACKS slowly across the face of the rest of the crew on KELDYSH. The reality of what happened here 102 years before has hit them like never before. With her cautionary tale Rose has put them on the ship in its final hours and breathed new found glory in the Titanic 2.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELDYSH STERN DECK

Rose walks through the shadows of the deck machinery. Her nightgown blowing blows in the wind. Her feet are bare. Her hands are clutched at her chest, almost as if she is praying.

ROSE reaches the stern rail. Her gnarled fingers wrap over the rail. Her ancient foot steps up on the gunwale. She pushes herself up, leaning forward. Over her shoulder, we see the black water glinting far below.

ROSE TURNS her head. She turns further, and we see she has something in her hand, something she was about to drop overboard. It is "The Heart of the Ocean". Rose keeps it over the railing where she can drop it anytime. She holds it out over the water. The massive diamond glitters. Then, with an impish little grin, Rose tosses the necklace over the rail.

OLD ROSE
(to herself smiling)

Keep digging, Mr Palmer.

IN THE BLACK HEART OF THE OCEAN, the diamond sinks, twinkling end over end, into the infinite depths.

FADE OUT

***Heart of the Ocean* was written by Lewis Fidock and Isabelle Sully for West Space Journal Issue 4, and has been printed on the occasion of West Space Journal at NGV Book Fair.**

Script performed by Lewis Fidock, Isabelle Sully and others.

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