

SINS OF A DAUGHTER 2

Written by

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001

BLACK:

SUPER: "THE SIEGE OF ALEXANDRIA - 48 BC"

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

Close on the stern of a wooden hull ship as she cuts through the ocean water swiftly.

As the view widens, the stern is of a galley, oars manned and rowed in unison to the quickened beat of a constant DRUM.

The view continues to widen until we witness a large FLEET of ships, battering rams at the stern - armed and armored battle hardened SOLDIERS line the decks.

EXT. THE DECK - GALLEY - DAY

In an elevated position on deck, stands a POWERFUL FIGURE, he is resplendent in stunning armor and plumed helmet - his eyes fixed onto the shore of a harbor.

Two LIEUTENANTS stand either side of the Powerful Figure, neither can disguise a small smug, satisfied smile.

LIEUTENANT #1
They await us.

LIEUTENANT#2
Ready to die.

The Powerful Figure, however, does not allow himself ANY sense of satisfaction.

POWERFUL FIGURE
Ram all their ships, climb aboard,
attack before they sink, they will
not escape us!
(beat)
I want no prisoners.

EXT. THE HARBOR - ALEXANDRIA - DAY

JULIUS CAESAR sits on a tall, magnificent stallion, adorned in magnificent armor by the harbor that shelters his entire fleet - a large ARMY behind him.

The enemy fleet approaches the harbor, the mass of Soldiers visible on each deck - sails billowing, making good time.

An officer, HIRTIUS, stands beside Caesar, GRIM, eyes upon the approaching ships.

HIRTIUS

They will soon be upon our shore.

Caesar continues to contemplate the inevitable conflict, hands on hips, displays no emotion.

HIRTIUS (CONT'D)

We cannot match their number when they land.

CAESAR

Then they must not land.

HIRTIUS

Our fleet is trapped in the harbor, we have lost the advantage.

SUDDENLY

A speeding HORSEMAN comes to a sudden halt before his leader.

HORSEMAN

Caesar - the enemy has entered the city gate, we cannot hold them, we are trapped.

Composed and relaxed, Caesar places his helmet on his head.

The enemy ships have entered the harbor and almost upon his fleet.

The vast Roman fleet moored in the harbor are ten ships deep, bound together, breached by planks as walkways.

The enemy galleys career into the Roman vessels, inflicting deep wounds into their sides, immediately take water, ROARS from the Soldiers as they disembark and rush for the shore.

CAESAR

Torch our fleet. Give the signal.

Hirtius looks up at Caesar, bewildered.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

The dockyards will burn, fire will spread upon their fleet. They will not land.

Soldiers begin to torch their own fleet, the fire spreads quickly, burns the dockyards, then onto enemy ships.

The Roman army at the front kneel - a mass of archers behind fire thousands of arrows into an enemy in disarray, many die before they reach the shore.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

Perhaps we can match their number
now!

The fire rages into an inferno, the flames spread across the docks towards some substantial buildings.

Hirtius is stricken when the fire takes hold of an ancient building.

HIRTIUS

Caesar, the Great Library, it burns
- Cleopatra will not be pleased.

CAESAR

Cleopatra will be less pleased if
she becomes captive - this is not
the time for sentiment, Hirtius.

He turns in the saddle, raises an arm, gives the order for his Army to march forward and commence the ATTACK.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - ALEXANDRIA - DAY

CLEOPATRA and her MAIDENS watch from a high balcony as the battle unfolds below them, anguish on their faces.

MAIDEN 1#

Look, the fire spreads to our Great
Library, what must we do?

CLEOPATRA

Never trust a Roman with fire, they
will destroy everything for a small
advantage... conquest does not sate
their appetite.

MAIDEN 2#

In conquest and battle there is
always fire.

CLEOPATRA

... This is Roman might against
formidable foe - they cannot sate
an appetite unless there is blood,
any blood. Boys and their swords.

A small entourage of four GUARDS, two Maidens and a PRIESTESS arrive, stop, but the Priestess continues before Cleopatra.

PRIESTESS

... It is done, my queen.

CLEOPATRA

You have done well. No one was suspicious?

PRIESTESS

We were never looked upon, their concerns lay with the battle and their safety. You were most wise, my queen, to protect and foresee this possibility.

Cleopatra turns to face the chaos that ensues by the harbor and dockyards.

CLEOPATRA

The precious scrolls are safe and must remain so - I shall become a Caretaker, the first, others will follow for centuries to come - do you have the chest?

The Priestess claps her hands, a Maid #3 brings the small chest with a Dragon motif and a small key, kneels, offers with arms outstretched.

The Priestess brings the chest towards Cleopatra, the two women stare at each other - she offers the key.

PRIESTESS

You know what you must do.

She takes the key, opens the chest - nothing happens.

THEN

The Dragon begins to stir, the chest lid slowly slides back, rotates, pivots on one corner - the Dragon becomes ALIVE.

Small flames and smoke emanate from the nostrils, Cleopatra walks towards the little beast, her left hand outstretched, palm upwards, her wrist exposed under the nose.

Without warning, the Dragon LUNGES forward, bites her wrist and leaves a Dragon tattoo - she doesn't flinch.

PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

He will allow only you to open the chest.

CLEOPATRA

... HE, needs a name, a hero's name
from the past... from Troy, Hector,
the greatest Trojan of them all.

A CRY filled with fear is heard.

MAIDEN #3 (O.S.)

... LOOK!

They all turn towards the Maiden, then make their way towards
her at a far corner of the balcony facing East.

They witness a large enemy army enter their city - there is
fighting, a small Roman resistance, CLASH of steel and some
fires, PEOPLE begin to panic and scatter.

MAIDEN #3 (CONT'D)

We are lost, what must Caesar do?

All eyes on Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

... Win!

They all march back to their original position, watch the
destruction below unfold.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Priestess.

Their eyes lock, a knowing look, the Priestess moves forward,
both hands raised, palms up, eyes closed - she whispers some
magic words, SUMMONS powerful forces.

PRIESTESS

Psst. Psst. Psst. Psst.

She opens her eyes, hands lowered, a kindness upon her face.

PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

When the time comes, Cleopatra, I
and my kind shall take your place.
The scrolls and Ancient Knowledge
shall be protected and safe.

SUDDENLY

A stunning white Persian cat jumps into Cleopatra's arms,
PURRS, content, while she strokes the feline.

The Priestess approaches Cleopatra, offers a confident smile.

PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

... Caesar will have his victory,
as you shall yours - the deed is
now done, your will shall prevail,
the Ancient Secrets preserved.

She presents her left arm, palm upwards, a Dragon tattoo on her wrist.

EXT. THE HARBOR - ALEXANDRIA - DAY

The battle rages, but going well for the Romans, Caesar and Hirtius STRIKE and THRUST their enemy down - blood on their swords and armor.

HIRTIUS

(glee)

Caesar, it all goes well - the Gods
favor you this day.

Caesar slowly turns his head towards the palace balcony, he can see Cleopatra, allows himself a smile.

PALACE BALCONY

Cleopatra can see Caesar, returns his smile.

CAESAR

Yes... but whose Gods?

PAUSE

HIRTIUS (O.S.)

... Caesar. CAESAR!

Caesar slowly turns his head towards Hirtius who stares ahead, the Roman follows this fixed stare, stops at the tall Powerful Figure, flanked by both his Lieutenants.

A wry smile emerges on Caesar's face, almost a grin.

CAESAR

... Leave the tall one for me.

EXT. KIRRIBILLI - SYDNEY - DAY

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

Two WOMEN, both dressed in black, long dress, hat and veil, walk along a sidewalk in step, against an old stone wall of large stone brick cut by convicts.

The stone wall continues until they come to a tall green iron gate, a GUARD at his post recognizes them, tips his hat - has KIRRIBILLI HOUSE inscribed on one of the stone bricks.

WOMAN 1#

Is the Prime Minister home today?

GUARD

Not today, ladies, you can come in.

This is the Prime Minister's private residence in Sydney, a wonderful house built in 1855 - the two Women walk past the residence and under a huge tree.

They arrive to the outer perimeter, surrounded by shrubs and under a tree - both stand before two headstones.

They lift their veils and remove their hats, ESTELLE (50) and HANNAH (35) look older than before, but have aged very well.

Hannah retrieves some flowers from her bag and places them at each grave.

HANNAH

Father...
(then)
... husband.

ESTELLE

They were good men, I miss them both.

HANNAH

What now?

ESTELLE

My time draws near, Hannah, I am old, we must decide soon.

The view widens until we have an INCREDIBLE vista of Sydney Harbour, the Bridge, Opera House and vast array of ferries, small sailing and motor boats, ships.

DISSOLVE:

SUPER: "1912"

The image is transformed into Sydney Harbour circa 1912 - the Bridge and Opera House did not exist, sailing and motor boats did.

INT. SHIP TERMINAL - SYDNEY - DAY

Robert is at the docks in Sydney, watches every passenger on every ship disembark, still no Hannah.

He approaches the CUSTOMS CLERK.

CUSTOMS CLERK

No, there is no Hannah O'Brien on our records to this point - as I explained yesterday, and the day before that, I will inform you the moment she is.

Robert opens his wallet, places several notes onto the Custom Clerks desk.

ROBERT

When you do - I can be generous in my appreciation.

EXT. DECK - SHIP - DAY

The ship enters Sydney Heads and into the famous harbour, the city is within site, a different place devoid of their Bridge and Opera House.

Hannah and Yasmin on the port side, both girls lean over the handrail.

YASMIN

We are here, Hannah O'Brien, the other side of the world.

HANNAH

I wonder what lies ahead?

YASMIN

That's simple, the future. Our future.

HANNAH

... Our future. I see only good fortune - safe at last.

INT. OMAR'S HOUSE - CAIRO - DAY

Omar rises from his chair, walks towards a world map on the wall, places his finger on Cairo, Egypt, then traces a path to Australia, stops at Sydney.

EXT. CIRCULAR QUAY - SYDNEY - DAY

It's a beautiful Sydney day with a clear blue sky, bright sunshine, though DARK CLOUDS loom on the horizon.

A hive of activity on the quay, ship passenger terminal and on the water, where ferries, boats and ships abound.

The ship with Hannah and Yasmin sails into view, begins to slow towards the dock at the passenger terminal.

Robert is seated on a bench, comfortable, relaxed, looks up to see the new arrival.

The ship is in position to berth at the passenger terminal, mooring ropes secured, Hannah looks down upon the dock, she spies Robert.

He looks up, for a moment, their eyes lock, the whole world stands still, finally, glances inside his coat, touches his gun for assurance, manages a satisfied smile, both hands on hips.

Hannah cups her hands, as if holding a globe, static, spark and electrical charges slowly begin to build, obscured from view, Hannah also manages a satisfied smile.

CUSTOMS

Hannah and Yasmin make their way down the gangplank, the old CUSTOMS MAN eyes both young ladies suspiciously.

CUSTOMS MAN
Anything to declare.

HANNAH
No, sir.

CUSTOMS MAN
You're both travelling with...?

HANNAH
Alone.

His eyes dart onto the papers before he looks up again.

CUSTOMS MAN
... Dublin, Southampton, Cairo, Sydney... alone. Where are your parents?

HANNAH
Passed away.

CUSTOMS MAN
State your purpose here!

HANNAH
A new start, a new life, our past
is behind, us.

YASMIN
... For both of us.

He's not quite convinced, takes his time, his eyes shift from one to the other, then stamps their papers.

TERMINAL

They make their way through the terminal.

SUDDENLY

Robert steps in front of them, no words are spoken, he looks at the two girls, pulls out his gun.

Hannah releases her MAGIC, he is flung back against a wall, fixed against it as if by glue.

She walks towards him, FURIOUS.

HANNAH
... Have you no shame, you would do
such a thing in a place like this?

She cannot disguise her disgust and storms off with Yasmin.

They find a taxi and two MEN to load their luggage.

YASMIN
A hotel, any reputable hotel.

Robert is still fixed to the wall when approached by a man, one of the four Men that stalked Estelle back in Ireland, a FIEND (35), unshaven with a moustache.

FIEND
Why did you show your gun, I had my
knife and ready to use it?

ROBERT
Father made it my duty, not yours.

FIEND
You brought attention to yourself.

His arms are released and prises himself off the wall, he notices people are staring.

ROBERT
Come with me.

They are outside the terminal, but neither girl is in sight.

FIEND
Your father will not be pleased.

They look at each other, Robert can see the disdain in the Fiend's face.

TAXI

Hannah and Yasmin are seated and peruse the surroundings of their new city, they come to a stop at a hotel close to the busy quay area, an array of people along the street.

Hannah contemplates, she is not convinced this is the right hotel for them, she informs the DRIVER.

HANNAH
Driver, can you perhaps take us
somewhere... less conspicuous?

The Driver turns to look at them both, filled with curiosity.

DRIVER
... You means discreet, young Miss?

HANNAH
Precisely.

He can't resist a smile on a lined and weathered face.

DRIVER
I may know a place.

He turns his taxi around, weaves amongst lesser streets, the ambience of their surroundings change the further he travels.

Yasmin looks around her, a measure of concern.

YASMIN
The quality of buildings diminish
the further he drives.

They finally arrive, parked in front of the EXCHANGE HOTEL in Balmain - a fine establishment in a less than fine neighborhood.

The Driver can sense a measure of concern.

DRIVER

We be three miles from the city,
young Miss, I can take you back.

Hannah looks at the hotel, the street and local pedestrians
in the area.

HANNAH

Where are we?

DRIVER

Balmain, blue collar, working class
- there be no finery here.

HANNAH

This will do fine, thank you Driver
- should you encounter any enquiry,
you have no knowledge of our
whereabouts.

She pays him handsomely, he smiles, tips his hat, then off.

INT. RECEPTION - EXCHANGE HOTEL - DAY

The two girls enter, they are greeted with a wary look by the
RECEPTIONIST (50) - she studies them suspiciously.

HANNAH

Good afternoon.

RECEPTIONIST

Afternoon.

HANNAH

Your largest room, two beds, for a
month.

The Receptionist's eyes narrow, her suspicion grows.

RECEPTIONIST

One month?

HANNAH

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

My largest room?

HANNAH

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

You can pay?

HANNAH

In advance.

There is no hesitation.

RECEPTIONIST

Sign the register, Room 22 if you
choose to stay.

Both girls sign the register.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You didn't ask my price.

YASMIN

Is it a fair price?

RECEPTIONIST

I would not rob two fine young
ladies.

Yasmin registers a faint smile.

YASMIN

I have some experience in these
matters - your eyes tell me you
tell me true.

HANNAH

We accept. May we have two keys.

ROOM 22

Both girls enter, surprised by the quality, they are
immediately comfortable.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Home for the next month.

EXT. QUAY - CITY - DAY

The Driver returns to Circular Quay, the major waterfront in
Sydney, teeming with PEOPLE on the move.

SUDDENLY

VOICE (O.S.)

YOU, DRIVER, STOP!

The Driver stops, Robert and the Fiend approach, their manner
assertive.

ROBERT

... Two fine young ladies, from the ship terminal, did you perhaps take their custom, an address perhaps.

DRIVER

... Mm, I'm trying to remember, two fine young ladies you say?

The Fiend approaches him, their faces very close, his body language menacing.

FIEND

Try to remember, old man.

Robert takes a money pouch out of his coat, gently pushes the Fiend away, tries a gentler approach.

ROBERT

The blonde is my sister, some small family quarrel, we need to find her - persuade her to come home - there is a handsome reward.

DRIVER

How handsome?

Robert holds up the bag, jingles the coin, there is a generous amount, the Driver considers.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

... I would remember two fine young ladies... wasn't my taxi they took.

He rides off, the two men frustrated in their search.

INT. EXCHANGE HOTEL - DAY

Hannah is alone and approaches the Receptionist.

HANNAH

I followed your instruction - found the post office - mailed my letter.

RECEPTIONIST

You're not one for wasting time.

HANNAH

I'm expecting my Aunt, currently in New York.

RECEPTIONIST

America?

HANNAH

Yes, she sailed the Titanic - I expect her to sail to Sydney, I need to provide an address.

RECEPTIONIST

... The Titanic?

HANNAH

Yes, you've heard of this ship?

RECEPTIONIST

Everyone has heard of this ship.

HANNAH

Of course, it's unsinkable.

It's then Hannah notice's the older woman's expression.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

... Something is awry?

RECEPTIONIST

Your Aunt's ship - it struck an iceberg - fifteen hundred lives perished - I am so sorry, truly sorry, how's it you didn't know?

HANNAH

Were there any survivors?

RECEPTIONIST

Seven hundred I seem to recall.

HANNAH

Then my Aunt is alive.

RECEPTIONIST

How can you be so sure?

HANNAH

Trust me, if only one survived, it would be my Aunt.

EXT. 1912 SKYLINE - NEW YORK - DAY

The partially familiar New York skyline - familiar bridges, devoid of massive skyscrapers the city is famous for, we do have the re-assurance of the Statue of Liberty.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA - NEW YORK - DAY

Both Estelle and John lay in each other's arms, a beautiful bed in a beautiful room.

JOHN

I've waited so long for us to be together like this, but not under these circumstances.

ESTELLE

We're together now, that's all that matters.

JOHN

What are you planning?

ESTELLE

We must get to Hannah, she's still in danger.

JOHN

I have some money.

ESTELLE

I opened an account in New York for Hannah - we can take a train to the West Coast, then book a passage for Sydney.

JOHN

Hannah is safe, I don't understand why, but I sense it.

Cuddle and a gentle kiss.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The worst is behind us, we're safe now, especially together.

KNOCK, KNOCK

JOHN (CONT'D)

That will be breakfast, allow me.

He rises, puts on a white dressing gown, opens the door, only to confront an OFFICIAL looking man in a suit, he serves John some papers.

OFFICIAL

John Fleming?

JOHN

If I am?

OFFICIAL

Sorry to disturb you at this hour,
you are required to appear before a
Senate Inquiry regarding the tragic
loss of the Titanic.

JOHN

Where, when?

OFFICIAL

Why here, of course, the Waldorf
Astoria hotel. Tomorrow Saturday
22nd April 10.30 a.m.

INT. MEETING ROOM - WALDORF ASTORIA - NEW YORK - DAY

The Senate subcommittee met at 10.30 a.m. in a large and
discerning meeting room.

Chaired by SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH with SENATOR FRANCIS
G. NEWLANDS, a large number of personnel were present.

SENATOR SMITH

I will ask Mr. J Bruce Ismay to
come forward and take the stand.
Then after recess Mr. Marconi and
the Titanic wireless operator Mr.
Harold Bride.

The distinguished looking gentleman, in an immaculate three-
piece suit with an impressive moustache, walks in and takes a
seat, he is J BRUCE ISMAY (50).

SENATOR SMITH (CONT'D)

Mr. Ismay, for the purpose of
simplifying this hearing, I will
ask you a few preliminary
questions. First state your full
name, please.

ISMAY

Joseph Bruce ismay.

SENATOR SMITH

And your place of residence?

ISMAY

Liverpool.

SENATOR SMITH

And your occupation?

ISMAY
Ship owner.

SENATOR SMITH
Are you an officer of the White
Star line?

ISMAY
I am.

SENATOR SMITH
In what capacity?

ISMAY
Managing director.

SENATOR SMITH
Mr. Ismay, as far as you are able
to recall - were there many women
passengers that went down with the
ship?

ISMAY
I believe, sadly, that there were
several women that went down with
this ship, my own bed chambermaid
included.

SENATOR SMITH
I see - then Mr. Ismay, how is it
you were able to escape a sinking
ship - but they were not?

INT. EXCHANGE HOTEL - DAY

Hannah waits patiently in her room.

YASMIN (O.S.)
Almost there.

HANNAH
You'll miss your taxi.

YASMIN (O.S.)
Coming!

Yasmin finally appears from her bedroom, dressed immaculately
complete with a hat.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
What do you think?

HANNAH
Splendid, you look wonderful.

YASMIN
I'll make an impression?

HANNAH
Indelible.

KNOCK, KNOCK

VOICE (O.S.)
Your taxi is waiting.

They share a hug, one last smile, Yasmin makes her way out.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY

The Senate Enquiry continues with Senator Smith in the chair,
CHARLES HERBERT LIGHTOLLER, cross-examined.

SENATOR SMITH
Mr. Charles Herbert Lightoller, you
are the highest ranking officer to
survive the sinking, are you not?

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir, Second Officer.

SENATOR SMITH
You used the term "life belt".

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH
I wish you would describe a life
belt?

LIGHTOLLER
It consists of a series of pieces
of cork.

SENATOR SMITH
Is there cork on both sides?

LIGHTOLLER
On both sides.

SENATOR SMITH
Are the arms free?

LIGHTOLLER
Free, absolutely.

SENATOR SMITH
And when in the water does this
adhere or extend?

LIGHTOLLER
It is tied to the body.

SENATOR SMITH
Have you ever had one of these on?

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH
Have you ever been into the sea
with one of them?

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH
Where?

LIGHTOLLER
From the Titanic.

SENATOR SMITH
In this recent collision?

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH
How long were you in the sea with a
lifebelt on?

LIGHTOLLER
Between half an hour and an hour.

SENATOR SMITH
What time did you leave the ship?

LIGHTOLLER
I didn't leave it.

SENATOR SMITH
Did the ship leave you?

LIGHTOLLER
Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH

Did you stay until the ship had departed entirely?

LIGHTOLLER

Yes, sir.

SENATOR SMITH

You never abandoned ship? Not at any stage, nor attempt to escape via a boat or raft?

LIGHTOLLER

No, sir, I did not.

WAITING ROOM

John Fleming and Estelle arrive in a waiting room, then asked to be seated amongst other witnesses as they await their turn to speak.

EXT. BALCONY - EXCHANGE HOTEL - DAY

Hannah walks outside onto the balcony outside their rooms, Yasmin enters her taxi, Hannah watches it quickly take her away towards the city in the background.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA - DAY

John Fleming is seated before the Senate Enquiry, completely at ease.

SENATOR SMITH

Several persons have commended your actions in ensuring the safe launch of the boat, that you assisted with the safety and welfare of the women and children.

JOHN FLEMING

I have some experience with boats.

SENATOR SMITH

You have given an excellent account of your escape from the Titanic and how you secured your passage onto a boat but, Mr. Fleming there appears to be one minor omission?

JOHN FLEMING

What would you suggest that omission might be?

SENATOR SMITH

A Mr. Lugard, does the name ring a bell?

JOHN FLEMING

... It does appear to resonate, somewhat.

SENATOR SMITH

Would you care to elaborate?

JOHN FLEMING

My understanding is that he did not survive the sinking.

SENATOR SMITH

Pray tell, and how did you come to that conclusion?

EXT. SYDNEY UNIVERSITY - DAY

Yasmin arrives by taxi, alights, pays the driver handsomely, turns to face a beautiful building, she takes a deep breath, walks past gardens to a large solid door.

A sign tells us this is SYDNEY UNIVERSITY, she enters, where a SENIOR MAN approaches her.

SENIOR MAN

May I help you, Miss?

YASMIN

Medical School, if you please.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA - DAY

All eyes are on John Fleming, all ears braced for his response.

SENATOR SMITH

Mr. Fleming, if I may, I need to inform you that the police would require a quiet word - please do not leave this city, this state, nor this country for that matter until completion of an interview.

JOHN FLEMING

Is there an issue?

Senator Smith allows himself a faint smile.

SENATOR SMITH
Apparently three bullets in the
chest is deemed an issue.

WAITING ROOM

Estelle rises when John leaves the Senate Inquiry room.

ESTELLE
You have news?

JOHN FLEMING
... Some!

INT. EXCHANGE HOTEL - DAY

Hannah climbs down the stairs, she hears voices, some small commotion - enters the bar area where a group of unruly men are having a heated discussion.

A bearded charismatic UNION LEADER (30) attempts to control the group.

Hannah approaches the BARMAID (20), drying glasses.

HANNAH
Who are these men?

BARMAID
Painters and Dockers union meetin'.

HANNAH
They sound angry?

BARMAID
Maybe this a rough workin' class
area, but we has shipbuildin' an'
repairs, Mort's Dock & Engineering.

HANNAH
Why are they angry?

BARMAID
Low pay, bad workin' conditions,
they work hard but poor, all 'ave
families to feed... or drinkin'

An uncouth voice emanates from behind Hannah.

VOICE (O.S.)
Need some help, girlie? Need a real
man, a union man?

Hannah attempts to leave, but the UNION MAN blocks her way, a menacing grin, liquor on his breath.

HANNAH

I should wish to pass.

He begins to leer and intimidate, hannah begins to cup her hands in anticipation.

UNION MAN

Should you now? I should you stay,
join the good folk at the meetin'.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Riley, let her pass.

RILEY stands his ground.

VOICE #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

RILEY. Let her pass.

Riley turns his head sharply to face the Union Leader, all eyes upon him, all silent - he becomes angry, but does not answer back, steps aside for Hannah.

Hannah turns towards the Union Leader, their eyes lock for a brief moment, offers him a small nod of appreciation - walks outside.

She quickly makes her way down the street, eventually comes to a small street market of produce, bread and other wares, she peruses what is on offer.

The people are poor, they eye this refined young girl - all wonder what she is doing in their midst, in this rough area, but no one will question her.

She stops at a stall with flowers, herbs and spices, the OLD STALL KEEP (60), keeps a close eye as this girl investigates all the items with a level of skill and knowing.

Intense concentration of the fragrances and taste, the small nibble here from a crushed leaf, cringes, but occasionally a look of satisfaction, PEOPLE take notice.

HANNAH

Where did you acquire such variety?

OLD STALL KEEP

Blue Mountains, eighty mile from here.

HANNAH

The quality is very good.

OLD STALL KEEP

Cooking?

HANNAH

Medicine.

The YOUNG MOTHER (24), is pregnant, her belly quite large, holds her BABY, three CHILDREN in tow, walks from stall to stall for spare or left-over food as she has no money.

People extend their generosity, fill her bag with food - she appears embarrassed, leaves as quickly as she can, her shame too much, her children cough, her bruises NOTICEABLE.

The Old STALL Keep rushes forward, towards the Young Mother, she stops, accepts the flowers offered.

Hannah collects the items she needs, offers the stall owner extra money.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I will buy from you, old woman, a regular, here is extra money, pay stall owners for their generosity towards that mother.

OLD STALL KEEP

Who are you?

HANNAH

I shall return tomorrow with medicine for her children, do this for me, I will become your best customer.

OLD STALL KEEP

Why do you do this?

HANNAH

Why do you?

Hannah collects her items, places them in her bags, nods her goodbye, makes her way back to the hotel.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Wait!

She stops, looks towards the voice, surprised when it's the bearded Union Leader, he walks slowly towards her.

UNION LEADER

I came to apologize.

HANNAH

There is no need.

UNION LEADER

But there is, he is a union member,
this a working class area, we treat
our women better than this.

She studies him a moment, he has a serious, but kind face, a good looking man with a presence, she warms to him, smiles.

HANNAH

Thank you, I appreciate what you
did.

UNION LEADER

I'll walk you back to the hotel.

He grabs her bags, escorts Hannah back to the hotel, neither speaks - people notice and watch them walk together, bemused by this refined young lady with a union leader.

The YOUNG BOY at the hotel grabs the bags, Union Leader doffs his hat, leaves with a silent goodbye, Hannah is impressed as she watches him walk away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

She enters her room, the Young Boy brings in her bags, Yasmin has been waiting.

HANNAH

How did your meeting go?

YASMIN

Well, I think, once comprehended to
the fact I'm a female. My knowledge
of medicine impressed the faculty,
father's Paris tutors are known to
them.

HANNAH

When will you know?

YASMIN

At their earliest convenience, I so
want to be accepted, Hannah.

Hannah manages an impish smile, her face an expression of delight.

HANNAH

... Shall we explore some spells
tonight, I do need to practice?

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA - DAY

John Fleming and Estelle are seated at a table in the plush
dining room, both share a coffee.

JOHN FLEMING

You must sail alone, you must go to
Hannah.

ESTELLE

The police investigation can not
last forever, I can't leave, you
shot Luard to protect me, I'll
not abandon you now.

JOHN FLEMING

Hannah...

ESTELLE

... can protect herself, she is an
excellent pupil.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)

I couldn't help overhear.

John Fleming and Estelle look up to see an extremely well
dressed mature woman of means, refined, but a hint of New
Money - composed and confident, she is MOLLY BROWN.

MOLLY BROWN

May I join you?

John Fleming stands, motions with his hand towards a chair.

JOHN FLEMING

Please.

MOLLY BROWN

I'm Margaret Brown.

ESTELLE

The Unsinkable Molly Brown?

MOLLY BROWN

The press love to bestow titles, I
must say, that's a good one.

She hails a passing WAITER.

MOLLY BROWN (CONT'D)
 Strong coffee, bring a pot for
 these folks as well.

She places her hands on the table, takes charge and speaks
 with authority.

MOLLY BROWN (CONT'D)
 The Senate Inquiry returns to New
 York from Washington today and I
 mean to have a word.

JOHN FLEMING
 In relation to?

MOLLY BROWN
 Saw the whole thing, I was there,
 you shot the man in self defence,
 saw it from the water, people in
 your boat are witnesses.

JOHN FLEMING
 Police are making an issue of it.

MOLLY BROWN
 Police always make an issue, they
 have a victim with a bullet or
 two...

JOHN FLEMING
 Three.

MOLLY BROWN
 ... three, then. They need a guilty
 party to close their case then feel
 good about themselves - yet another
 crime solved by New York's finest.
 (beat)
 Won't happen, the press love me -
 I'll make it a circus until we get
 them off your back.
 (beat)
 You survived the Titanic - you can
 survive this.

The coffee arrives, their cups poured, Molly leans back,
 satisfied with herself.

ESTELLE
 You are very kind, I wish there was
 a way to repay you.

MOLLY BROWN
 Actually, there is.

ESTELLE

Name it.

MOLLY BROWN

I saw what you did, Estelle, but I don't understand it.

ESTELLE

I don't know what you mean?

MOLLY BROWN

Southampton.

ESTELLE

Go on.

MOLLY BROWN

Titanic was leaving under her own power - the huge suction from her engines tore mooring ropes that held SS City of New York - pulled her towards us and on a collision course.

ESTELLE

Continue.

MOLLY BROWN

Then, a miracle, three to four feet from disaster the two ships did not collide - a tug, Vulcan, takes City of New York under tow and saves the day.

ESTELLE

I remember, bravo the tug Vulcan.

Molly cannot conceal a wry smile.

MOLLY BROWN

Indeed, bravo, but the Vulcan did not appear to act alone - it was, almost as if by magic.

ESTELLE

You believe in such things?

MOLLY BROWN

I do now.

ESTELLE

We should drink before our coffee gets cold.

They all pick up their cups, all that has to be said has been said.

MOLLY BROWN

You are not going to tell me, are
you - I thank you all the same.

Estelle contemplates for a moment, places her cup down, cups her hands low, in her lap, barely discernible, as electrical sparks begins to form.

Molly can see the sparks, her eyes widen, Estelle whispers.

ESTELLE

Psst. Psst. Psst. Psst.

Molly's chair begins to move slowly backwards away from the table of its own volition - tilts slightly backwards on the hind legs - now her grin widens followed by a soft laugh.

MOLLY BROWN

I knew it!