

CUBA LIBRE

Pilot: "The Golden Age of Hijacking"

written by

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**TITLE CARD: Between 1968 and 1972 more than 130 aircraft were hijacked in the U.S.**

**TITLE CARD: The following is based on true events.**

**INT. BOEING 727 - DAY**

**SUPER: Summer 1969**

Businessmen dressed in suits with wide lapels and families in their Sunday-best board the plane.

Two ARAB MEN in white thobes and headdresses board the plane while the Caucasian passengers give them the side eye.

A YOUNG BOY (7) stares at the men and their clothing until his MOTHER (30s) turns his head away.

MOTHER

It's not polite to stare.

She hoists her luggage up, struggling to get it into the overhead compartment when a MAN IN DARK SUIT helps her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MAN IN DARK SUIT

No problem at all.

A curly-haired HIPPIE (20s) boards the plane and looks for his seat. He clocks the Arab Men and does a double take. They might be the only other people that stick out for not wearing a suit.

The Hippie takes his exit-row seat and takes out a magazine, but keeps looking over at the Arab men.

The Young Boy notices.

YOUNG BOY

He keeps looking over at those guys like he knows something.

MOTHER

Some people don't always remember their manners. Good thing you got your mom with you.

She tousles his hair and he sits back down, but he can't take his eyes off the Hippie.

The Young Boy looks out the window and panics.

YOUNG BOY  
Mom. Mom, look! There are no  
propellers. The plane has no  
propellers!

MOTHER  
OK. That's enough of the dramatics.  
Calm down.

YOUNG BOY  
But -

MOTHER  
Right now.

He is quiet but still panicked. The Man in Dark Suit looks over.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
First time flying?

The Young Boy nods as the Man lights a cigarette.

MAN IN DARK SUIT (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Flying is the safest  
way to travel. I found it helps if  
you have something to do. Try this.

He reaches into his pocket and hands the boy: a stick of gum.

The Young Boy unwraps the gum and loads it into his mouth, which instantly salivates and drools down his chin, but he is contented.

The Young Boy looks over at the Arab Men, who point out the window and seem to be having an animated discussion, then he looks over at the Hippie, who is now sweating profusely.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (P.A.)  
Flight Attendants, arm doors for  
departure.

The Flight Attendants start to close the doors when they are stopped by several POLICEMEN who board the cabin. There are a couple K-9 units and they go down the aisle.

The Arab Men pull their feet up off the floor as the dog invades their row. They shout at the dog and its handler.

Then another K-9 unit BARKS at the Hippie who is curled up in his seat to avoid the dog.

POLICEMAN 1  
Over here.

The other Policemen hurry over to the exit row where the Hippie is and they reign in the dog.

POLICEMAN 2  
Stand up, son. Hands up.

He meekly reaches overhead, his hairy belly peeking out from the bottom of his knit shirt... along with a little bit of **packaging tape** stuck to his skin.

POLICEMAN 1  
Hold -

Policeman 1 reaches forward and violently LIFTS UP the Hippie's shirt, revealing a **lumpy mass taped** all around his body.

POLICEMAN 2  
Bomb! Bomb! Get down!

Everyone SCREAMS and panics as the Hippie SHOUTS over the confusion -

HIPPIE  
... it's not! It's not! Not a bomb!

The Policemen look up and inspect him closer: the Hippie has **several kilos of drugs strapped to his body**.

Policeman 1 LAUGHS and the situation defuses.

POLICEMAN 1  
Everyone, relax. It's just a dopehead.

The cabin SIGHS in collective relief as the Policemen cuff the Hippie and lead him out, while several passengers in First Class applaud.

The Flight Attendants close the doors and the engines WHIRR up.

### **LATER**

DING.

The SEATBELT and NO SMOKING SIGNS turn off as the plane levels out at cruising altitude.

The Young Boy stares at the seat of the Man in the Dark Suit across the aisle and one row up.

The Man in the Dark Suit lights up a cigarette as the FLIGHT ATTENDANT (20s) walks by with her cart.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Stewardess? Miss?

She turns to him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Can I get you anything?

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
How 'bout a drink?

She gives him a smile.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
After that, I think we could all  
use one.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Let me buy one for you, too.

She smirks and feigns shock.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I'm on duty!

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Then just use the Duty-Free liquor.

She smiles and rolls her eyes at his joke.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
What can I get you?

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
How 'bout a "Cuba Libre"?

She reaches into her cart and starts making the drink.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
You know, I hear that if Castro  
catches anyone saying that, they're  
shot on sight.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Over a drink?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Over a word.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
What's the world coming to?

She squeezes a lime wedge in and hand him the drink.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Here's your "rum & coke".

A LONG-HAIRED MAN forcefully pushes his way past her to get to the front.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Hey! Excuse me. Could you remain seated until the cart -

The Man in the Dark Suit quickly downs his drink and stands.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Allow me.

She gives him a gracious smile and he gets up and walks towards the front.

The Long-haired Man is joined up front by a BEARDED MAN, and the two of them turn and stand at the front of the cabin.

The Man in the Dark Suit walks up the aisle towards the two men, reaches behind his back under his suit jacket, and **pulls out a gun.**

He approaches the front of the cabin, the two men spot him - **and he walks right past them.**

He walks through the First Class cabin right up to the door of the Flight Deck and KICKS the door in.

He points the gun at the CAPTAIN (40s) and cocks it before he says -

MAN IN DARK SUIT (CONT'D)  
Take me to Havana.

END OF TEASER