

- 1 INT. CAR - DAY 1
- We see JONNY PEPA - mid-20s, dark brooding good looks, sunglasses - driving slowly through a mass of people gathered around Havana airport. He's threading his way through people and cars, the noise everywhere is deafening: shouts, laughter, music, gunshots. He shuts the window to muffle the noise and we hear the car radio playing a song.
- 2 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY 2
- A motorcyclist, his identity obscured by helmet and goggles, fills the screen. Dust billowing from the road, green hills in the background, the noise of the bike engine extreme.
- 3 EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY 3
- A Pan Am Douglas DC-4 touches down on the tarmac. At one side of the runway, a raised platform contains a band and a singer, BENITA ALVAREZ, who's singing the same song that was playing in JONNY's car. The sound from the band is distorted through the PA system. The sun blazes over the crowds.
- 4 INT. CAR - DAY 4
- JONNY reaches down to change the channel on the car radio as his car creeps along at walking pace through the crowds. A news station comes on.
- RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
 ...the day the whole of Cuba has  
 been waiting for. World motor  
 racing champion Juan Fangio has  
 just landed at Havana airport! He's  
 here to defend his title at this  
 year's Cuba Grand Prix.
- 5 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY 5
- Screen filled with the obscured face of the motorcyclist, he corners a broad bend in the hills, surrounded by trees, the engine roaring.
- 6 EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY 6
- As the aircraft taxis on the runway, there's movement at one side: a group of students are running onto the tarmac. One carries a flag which says Cuba Libre on it. BENITA and the band play on but she looks concerned.

7 INT. CAR - DAY 7

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
...Such a glorious day for Cuba...

JONNY winds down the window again, grabs the arm of a policeman beside the car who's pressing the crowds back.

JONNY  
Hey Paolo, get me some space, can't you? I got to pick up some guy who's on the plane with Fangio. For Mister Manzini.

POLICEMAN  
(shouts above the noise of the crowd)  
We're trying, Jonny. It's crazy here.

8 EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY 8

Armed police charge at the students who are running towards the aircraft, block them off as steps are being wheeled up towards the door of the plane. The police start beating the students with truncheons. Some of the young men start to run back, others are on the tarmac, bleeding. The band still plays beside them.

9 EXT. MOUNTAIN REBEL CAMP, SIERRA MAESTRE - DAY 9

The motorcyclist brings his bike to a stop, kicks down the sidestand and gets off. He pulls off goggles and helmet. This is SEBASTIAN ORTIZ: 40s, silvery hair, his face brown with dirt and sweat. He walks towards a group of men in beards wearing combat gear. They are sitting, some eating, some cleaning rifles.

10 INT. CAR - DAY 10

JONNY reaches the edge of the tarmac. Over to one side, police are dragging off protestors, some lie motionless on the runway. Other police are holding in the excited crowds. A chant is going up: Fangio, Fangio. The band still plays the song.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
...and President Batista himself will host a dinner in honour of Señor Fangio at the Hotel Nacional tonight...

A protestor gets slammed by a policeman against JONNY's car and his head cracks on the windscreen, smearing it with blood. The policeman pulls him off and drags him away.

JONNY doesn't register any emotion, flicks the windscreen wiper on to clear the blood.

11 EXT. MOUNTAIN REBEL CAMP, SIERRA MAESTRE - DAY 11

SEBASTIAN walks through the group of men, acknowledging them as he goes. He coughs badly as he walks, clearly not that well. Ahead of him, a tall, well-built man sits with his back to him, leaning over a radio. He is bearded. This is CASTRO.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
...and there he is! Señor Fangio emerges from the aircraft to wave to the welcoming crowds. What a day for Cuba!

12 EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY 12

JONNY is let through the final cordon of crowds by two more policemen and parks the car on the runway close to the aircraft. He gets out, leans against the long bonnet of the Oldsmobile, lights a cigarette. He watches as the last of the students are dragged away at one side by police, then the welcoming committee for Fangio who is now on the tarmac, shaking hands with a large, medalled officer at the head of a line of people. This is General MIRANDA.

13 EXT. MOUNTAIN REBEL CAMP, SIERRA MAESTRE - DAY 13

SEBASTIAN  
Fidel.

CASTRO turns around, then stands up. SEBASTIAN coughs again. CASTRO comes up to him and embraces him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
(looks intently at him)  
We are ready.

CASTRO  
You are sure?

SEBASTIAN nods. CASTRO walks away a little, looks up at the hills, then turns back. The radio is still on.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
...In three days' time, the greatest driver in the world will once again race the Malecon...

Castro leans down, switches the radio off. Silence.

CASTRO  
Then we go.

14 EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY

14

JONNY pushes his way through the crowds as a middle-aged man in a cream safari suit almost finishes descending from the steps from the aircraft doors. This is DRAKE. Jonny pushes some people away roughly and takes DRAKE's arm.

JONNY

This way, Señor Drake. Your car.  
Courtesy Mister Manzini.

DRAKE

(Unruffled, but is taking  
in the scene: police  
still clearing students  
over at one side, FANGIO  
greeting his hosts at the  
reception line, the  
yelling excited crowds)  
Quite a reception.

JONNY

Yeah. Welcome to Cuba.

DRAKE gets in the back of the Oldsmobile, JONNY starts the engine. As the car moves off, the camera focusses in on the car's wheel spinning as it slowly morphs into a spinning casino roulette wheel.

15 INT. CASINO OF THE NAPOLI HOTEL - EARLY EVENING

15

The ball finally clatters into the groove on the roulette wheel. A group of well-dressed people are standing around: WILLIAM SINCLAIR, mid-60s, tanned, a lined face, a wealthy Florida face; PHILOMENA, his wife, wears a glamorous evening gown and has a lively intelligent face, mid-50s, fabulously coiffured blonde hair; RICH, 30s, ruggedly good-looking, smilingly confident; ANGELICA, mid-20s, Cuban, beautiful, clearly in some ways in the service of the other three. A croupier stands the other side of the table.

CROUPIER

Faites vos jeux. Place your bets,  
ladies and gentlemen.

PHILOMENA

Now which one of you handsome men  
is going to win me a little money?

WILLIAM

Go ahead Rich. My wife's depending  
on you. Bring us some luck for  
Monday's race.

RICH

No need for luck, Mr Sinclair.

He places some tokens onto a number.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Your money's safe with me. I'll  
have Fangio breathing in my exhaust  
on Monday.

Laughter.

Three men in dinner suits approach the table as the wheel spins again: it's JONNY, DRAKE and ALBERTO MANZINI: 50s, dark Italian looks, a little jowly, a dangerous smile.

MANZINI  
Sinclair, go steady on me. Don't go  
breaking the bank.

More laughter. MANZINI and SINCLAIR shake hands.

SINCLAIR  
(introducing his wife)  
Alberto, you haven't met my wife,  
Philomena.

MANZINI  
Mrs Sinclair. Welcome to the  
Napoli. Whatever you desire, tell  
my boy Jonny here.

PHILOMENA  
Why thank you Mister Manzini. I'm  
doing just fine right now.

SINCLAIR  
Of course you know my star driver,  
Rich?

MANZINI  
Oh, we all know Rich Clayton,  
William.  
(shakes hands with RICH)  
Feeling like a winner, Rich?

RICH  
Every day of my life, Alberto. You  
know that.

More laughter. MANZINI raises his eyebrows slightly as he turns to ANGELICA.

SINCLAIR  
Oh sorry, this is our translator.  
What's your name, honey?

ANGELICA  
Angelica Romero.  
(she puts her hand out to  
MANZINI)  
(MORE)

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Very pleased to meet you, Mister  
Manzini.

MANZINI reaches out and touches her cheek with a hand adorned  
by jewelry.

MANZINI

No, no, darling. The pleasure is  
all mine.

He turns to DRAKE.

MANZINI (CONT'D)

And this is my good friend Mr  
Drake. All the way from Great  
Britain. Come to see the sights.

DRAKE nods to everyone. JONNY is staring at ANGELICA. He  
can't disguise his emotions - there is a connection between  
them but ANGELICA doesn't meet his eye.

MANZINI (CONT'D)

OK everybody, the show's about to  
start. Will you join me?

The group move away from the roulette table and over to the  
stage area and take their seats at the front. Scantly clad  
waitresses descend from all sides and place champagne glasses  
at their table. JONNY, standing, uncorks the champagne and as  
the cork blows, the curtain rises.

The stage is filled with drummers and dancers and there is a  
swaying line of fake priests, singing a hypnotic chant.  
BENITA ALVAREZ sashays on and begins to sing. The rhythm  
picks up pace, becomes powerful, hypnotic. Suddenly, a blonde  
woman in a black cocktail dress sitting with another group of  
tourists next to our group's table stands up as though in a  
trance and starts to sway towards the stage. PHILOMENA and  
SINCLAIR watch delightedly, RICH is observing MANZINI who is  
whispering to ANGELICA, his hand on her leg. JONNY still  
stares at her and we notice that DRAKE has observed his  
attention. The volume and tempo of the music continues to  
rise and the blonde American begins to dance wildly on the  
stage as though she is hypnotised. She is surrounded by the  
dancers, BENITA and the drummers and fake priests and she  
begins to tear her own clothes off as the beat gets more and  
more intense. Finally, as the music reaches a peak and then  
stops, the woman screams as though she has just woken up. She  
reaches down and grabs her clothes from the floor and runs  
from the stage. The music strikes up again.

The audience erupts into applause and laughter. Another  
bottle of champagne is delivered to our group's table.

SINCLAIR

Well, well, Manzini, that's one  
hell of a show. That poor girl.  
Hypnotised by the music!

(MORE)