

On Don Logan's Bad Attitude
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Don Logan is a character in the film "Sexy Beast" (2001). Portrayed by the actor Ben Kingsley, middle-aged, working class Brit, fierce bird-of-prey persona, small, compact, muscular, ramrod-straight posture, shaved head, mustache and goatee, form-fitting short sleeve dress white shirt, grey dress pants, shined shoes.

The scene, a commercial airliner filled with passengers, ready to take off. Don in an aisle seat near the rear puffing vigorously on a cigarette, smoke billowing, a passenger coughs. A female flight attendant, early middle age, serious, business-like, emerges from the front of the cabin, leans over Don:

"Sir, I'm afraid you can't smoke."

"What? What do you want?"

"Your cigarette. You have to put it out."

"Cigarette? What, this? No, I'm not going to put it out."

"You must."

"Why is that?"

"If you don't we can't take off."

"Well, that's your problem, isn't it? It's your move."

"I'm afraid you're--"

"I'm not going to put it out. You're just going to have to wait until I'm finished. Simple as that."

Flashing concern, the flight attendant turns and heads back toward the front of the cabin. A beat, and then a passenger a couple rows

back, middle-aged, middle class appearing, sport coat, neatly-trimmed beard, speaks up:

“Why don’t you just put the cigarette out?”

“What’s that? Yeah, I’ll put it out, providing you’re prepared to let me stub it out on your eyeball. Agreeable? No.”

The passenger sinks back in his seat. From the front, two male flight attendants, early thirties, come into view striding rapidly toward Don’s row. To the passenger seated on his right, Don loudly declares:

“Here comes the gay brigade. Look.”

When the male flight attendants get ten feet from his row, Don abruptly stands up and opens the overhead compartment, pulls out his small bag, and slams the compartment shut. In the process, to no one in particular, he announces:

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll get off the plane.”

Not looking at them, Don brushes past the flight attendants and strides up the aisle, with the attendants in tow. Along the way, cigarette hanging atilt out of the side of his mouth, he barks:

“You happy with that? I’m happy with that. I’ll smoke it outside.”

At the front of the cabin:

“Open the door.”

Don looks back at the agape passengers and shouts:

“I hope this crashes!”

And Don disappears out the door.