

SAM, I AM

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - July 13, 1977

The iconic discotheque's name graces the marquee. FORTY PEOPLE stand in line, waiting to get in.

The city is drenched in scorching orange light.

DISCO MUSIC BOOMS from inside the building.

INT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

DANCEFLOOR

MARLON, 25, Afro, decked out in a rhinestone leisure suit, dances to The Trammps' "Disco Inferno."

TABLE

CLYDE, 26, looks on, holding a glass of beer. On his table is a pound of cocaine, piled on a mirror tray.

JENNY, 30, taps Clyde on the shoulder. He turns around and smiles. She smiles back.

She flirts with him, the music drowning out her words.

GUN BARREL P.O.V. - MARLON

Marlon continues to boogie.

The gun moves toward the right, from a few patrons to Clyde and Jenny.

BACK TO SCENE

MARLON

does the famous Tony Manero finger point.

The other PATRONS CHEER him on.

INT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

A FINGER taps the trigger of a gun. Five times.

INT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

MARLON

shakes his booty and stomps his foot. He pulls on his collar in order to fan himself with his shirt.

CLYDE

arranges his cocaine into a line.

Jenny points to Clyde's drink. He nods his head, giving her permission. She takes a swallow.

She sets the glass down. She smiles and nods.

MARLON

stops dancing and wipes the sweat off his forehead.

He walks toward Clyde's table and grabs the handkerchief. He wipes his forehead more thoroughly while Clyde holds up nine fingers, followed by three.

Marlon nods and mouths "Wow." Clyde nods likewise.

Jenny writes down her phone number, snorts a small amount of coke, and leaves the table.

Marlon stares at Clyde for a beat. Clyde explains. Marlon nods in understanding, then teasingly touches Clyde's shoulder with his fist. The two share a laugh.

KEITH RICHARDS, 33, appears out of nowhere and snorts half of Clyde's cocaine, in true rock star fashion.

Keith pats Clyde on the back. Clyde and Marlon don't know what to make of it, but laugh anyway.

Keith leaves the table to join MICK JAGGER, 33, DAVID BOWIE, 30, and ANDY WARHOL, 48.

Clyde stops them, and grabs his Polaroid camera off the table. Marlon motions for

JENNY

to come back over. She's happy to oblige.

MARLON

gets the camera ready. Everybody gets into their positions. Jenny joins them, grinning and trying to compose herself.

Everyone smiles. Flash. CLICK.

Marlon and Clyde switch places for one more photo. Cheese. Flash. Click.

Marlon, Clyde, and Jenny shake hands with the celebrities before they leave. Everyone is all smiles.

The three of them chat excitedly about their celebrity encounter. They stare at the two developing photos for a long beat.

GUN BARREL P.O.V. - MARLON, CLYDE, AND JENNY

They share a laugh, still in disbelief. Marlon takes a swallow of Clyde's drink.

Clyde offers him his cocaine, but he politely refuses.

INT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

The finger squeezes tightly on the trigger.

GUN BARREL P.O.V. - MARLON, CLYDE, AND JENNY

The laughter continues.

Immediately after the lyric "Burn, baby, burn," but before the fourth beat, the power cuts out. Pitch black.

BANG!

INT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT (NIGHT VISION)

Clyde is shot in the shoulder, but still alive. He winces in pain. Marlon and Jenny panic.

Jenny reaches into her jean pocket for her flashlight, turns it on. She asks Marlon and Clyde if they have their own flashlights. No.

The three of them slowly make their way toward the main entrance.

Everyone in the room is horrified and frozen in place while Marlon and company make their move.

The SECURITY GUARD, 40, outside opens the door and peeks inside. Marlon and company race toward the door first.

EXT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

Lightning strikes. THUNDER ROARS. No rain. Marlon, Clyde, Jenny, and the security guard duck for cover.

The guard draws his gun and points it in the air.

The guard reluctantly puts his weapon away and nods to see if the others are okay. They nod back.

The guard explains the situation to them. They nod in understanding. He gives them directions, pointing and motioning with his hands.

EXT/INT. CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Jenny drives into black nothingness, with Marlon tending to Clyde in the backseat.

Every building is pitch black until they come across...

...an apartment building with one light on, first floor. Lightning flashes. THUNDER. Not a drop.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jenny parks her yellow '76 Pacer on the side of the road. The only sound that can be heard is a gas-powered generator. Jenny gets out and enters the building, panicking.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is lit by lamps and candles. Two fans blow in opposite directions.

HAROLD, 50 and balding, tells Jenny to get out, but she explains her situation. Wearing short jeans, his white undershirt is drenched in sweat.

She motions toward the rotary phone on the kitchen counter. Harold reluctantly allows.

Jenny races to the phone and dials 911, only to discover...

...the line is dead. She curses and hangs up.

Jenny continues explaining to Harold. He begrudgingly nods his head and follows her outside.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAR

Marlon asks Clyde is he's alright. He nods.

JENNY AND HAROLD

sprint toward the Pacer. Jenny opens the backdoor on the right side and explains.

Harold motions for them to come inside.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

GUN BARREL P.O.V. - HAROLD'S APARTMENT

Harold looks out the window and notices something outside. He has everybody duck.

BANG! Nobody is injured this time.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harold grabs his gun, flashlight, handcuffs and badge wallet and races outside.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harold shoots at the assailant, DAVID BERKOWITZ, "The Son of Sam," 24 and doughy with a Jewfro. BANG! BANG! BANG! Berkowitz drops to the ground, weak and panting.

Marlon, Clyde, and Jenny stand at the front entrance as they witness the proceedings.

Harold proceeds to cuff Berkowitz.

Berkowitz turns around. Harold shows him his badge wallet, illuminated by the flashlight. Sergeant Harold Murray, NYPD.

Sgt. Murray confiscates The Son of Sam's gun.

The three strangers thank Harold for his help.

He nods and smiles a fearful smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END