

Stayin' Alive

by

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FADE IN ON:

INT. DISCO-TECQUE - NIGHT

A dance floor with all the trappings - one that'd make John Travolta orgasm in delight.

Neon lights flash in the floor. A MIRRORED BALL overhead.

SUPER: 1975: The year the Disco Craze was at its height.

VAL (V.O.)

(thick Transylvanian accent)

What was I doing in 1975? Sometimes, it's hard to remember just right. After awhile, centuries bleed together in one's mind. As for short decades, they're out of sight. But somethings, I *do* remember well. The claustrophobic boredom, bearing down on me like a coffin lid. The burning hunger in one's stomach, soul and gut - the need to do *something* with my life. Can you blame a man for seeking a reason to continue his existence? To seek *some* way to fill his empty nights? For me, the torture dragged on for eternity. Until an *old* friend introduced me to a *new* dance craze...

LIMBER YOUNG DANCERS fill the space. Body heat shimmers in the air. Their freaky moves "burn up" the floor.

In one neglected corner, there's... the bar.

VAL (30s) slouches on a bar stool. Slick black hair, intense eyes. His pale skin hints he might be a junky.

But his conservative suit stands out in this crowd.

Bartender RENN (30s) studies Val's every move. As for Renn? He's a mousy man - uncomfortable in his flashy clothes. Timid face, lopsided grin.

Val swivels around, surveys the crowd.

THREE PRETTY YOUNG THINGS (PYTs) gyrate on the dance floor - flesh and ample cleavage exposed.

Val's eyes stay glued to their long necks. He salivates: a longing look on his face.

Renn TAPS Val on the shoulder, swings him back around.

RENN

Don't window shop. You ain't gonna buy.

VAL

(sighs)

That's not my poison anymore. I've been straight for a long, long time.

RENN

Tell me something I don't know. So you gave up eating sweets. But you visit the candy store anyway?

Val shrugs. Looks forlorn.

VAL

It's not like I've got something better to do. Pour me some refreshments, Renn.

He holds up two fingers.

VAL

The usual. Double shot of Red.

A cautious Renn looks around. The DISCO BEAT throbs hard to the tune of *Le Freak*. No one's looking their way.

Renn ducks under the counter, and extracts a bottle. He pours its contents - thick and red - into the darkest glass he can find.

Renn PLOPS a cocktail umbrella over the top, hiding the view of what's inside.

He slides the concoction over to Val. The pale man takes a sip. Quickly COUGHS in dismay.

VAL

What's this? Turpentine?

RENN

You said "the usual." So it's Rat. Caught it fresh this morning, in fact.

Val makes a face.

VAL

Nasty. That's what this drink is.

RENN

Beggars can't be choosers, Val. That's all I got in my store.

VAL
 (sighs)
 So this is what I've become. A vermin
 drinking loner. Wasting my time in God-
 Forsaken dives.

An offended expression floods Renn's face.

RENN
 Hey! Watch what you say there, pal. For
 some of us, that's our life...

Val gulps down the last dregs of his glass. He SLAMS it
 down to the counter. BELCHES hard.

VAL
 Fine. I'll accept both our fates.

He swivels the bar stool around, and watches the PYTs
 again. ONE GIRL segues into a limbo move. It's very
 crazy; yoga-esque.

VAL
 That looks painful. When I was young, we
 never danced *that* way.

RENN
 The world changes, Val. Grow up, get with
 the times.

VAL
 (points to the girl)
 What's that Hippy music she's dancing to?

RENN
 "Hippy"?!? Wake up and smell the... um,
 coffee, Val. This is the Seventies. It's
 Disco now.

The music changes into **Hot Stuff** by Donna Summer. Val
 sways back and forth - smiles.

VAL
 I like this. It's got a beat.

RENN
 Yeah, they all do. That's what makes this
 music great.

VAL
 The creatures of the night. What
 beautiful music they make...

A DISCO STUD shimmies up to the PYTs. Val studies him from afar.

VAL

I used to have some killer moves of my own. I should try that. Sometime.

Renn pours more "red stuff" into Val's glass.

RENN

Only if you're real careful. It's fun. But you should never touch the merchandise.

Val pounds down his drink, rises from his seat. Smooths the wrinkles from his vest.

VAL

Do I look Dance-worthy?

RENN

Well, the red velvet looks nice. But you're not a people person, Val. Spotlights make you break out into hives. You wanna mingle? That bad?

VAL

Please. I just want to do something new. Something to make me feel... alive!

Right on cue, **You Should be Dancing** hits the jukebox. Renn shoots his friend a look of despair.

RENN

Fine. If you must. Just: if anyone offers cocaine, say no. You know how crazy you can get!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

It's full of people, dressed in free-flowing clothes.

SUPER: The Sixties. Duh.

A long-haired Renn leans against a wall. A conservatively dressed Val chats up a HIPPY MALE.

HIPPY MALE

Man, try this. It's outta sight!

The Hippy pulls out a tab of paper. Stuffs it right in Val's unsuspecting mouth.

Val GASPS, surprised. GULPS it down.

HIPPY MALE

Ow, man! That's some sharp teeth you got in there!

Val's eyes dilate. He stares at the man, starts to drool.

MOMENTS LATER

The other PATRONS cower in a corner. Val's latched onto the Hippy's neck - and chowed down.

A panicked Renn tears him away.

The Hippy slaps his hand on the wound and SCREAMS. Blood flows between his fingers.

HIPPY MALE

You bit me. What the Hell! What you think I am, a queer?!?

RENN

Just - take your guitars and go away!

END FLASHBACK

INT. DISCO-TECQUE - PRESENT DAY

A concerned Renn watches Val approach the dance floor.

The pale man attempts some moves. He seems stiff - and somewhat afraid.

Until the music changes one last time. The final tune: **Stayin' Alive.**

Val attempts different steps. The PYTs CLAP as his feet pick up speed. ONE GIRL dances past him. She strokes Val's arm as she slides away.

Renn holds his breath. Waiting...

Thank God - Val doesn't take the bait.

He looks towards Renn; eager enthusiasm lights his face.

VAL

See? I can control myself!

He leans back into limbo - more than human, it seems.
DISCO PATRONS CHEER, impressed.

Val gazes up - towards the ceiling and the mirror disco
ball. His reflection's... missing.

So he dances off to the side, thriving on the ROAR OF
APPLAUSE. He shoots a look over to Renn.

VAL

"Staying Alive?" I love this. I'm gonna
do this... every night!

FADE TO BLACK:

VAL (V.O.)

And that was the start of a beautiful
hobby - not to mention a continued
beautiful friendship as well. Did I stay
with that forever? Of course not. Let it
never be said I'm a man who stands still
in the face of time. Later came the 80s
and 90s - Death Metal Music and Grunge.
But let this one moral be your guide.
People should always go with the flow,
ever seeking their own groove. No matter
how boring life can get, that's how to
keep yourself alive!

FINAL FADE OUT: