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Statement of Sammie Mays

I am a writer and an author, my name is Sammie Mays. Early in my career (1986 / 87) I decided to try my luck in covering the New Orleans NATPE Convention (acronym for National Assoc. Television Program Executives). Strolling through the aisles, mesmerized by the Hollywood celebrities, TV shows and convention booths, there, in the flesh, was Bill Cosby, Mr. Huxtable: big smile, selling the Bill Cosby Show. He said hello and engaged me in small talk. I was thrilled he had stopped me. Of course I was in hopes of interviewing him. I introduced myself as Sammie Mays – a writer from Mississippi which, in a recent released national poll, happened to be the poorest state in the nation, the least educated state in the nation, with the highest number of teenage pregnancies, and the state with the highest DUI arrest rate. I quickly interjected that if he, Mr. Cosby, would do a brief interview with me that it would help my career. Mr. Cosby responded, “Its lunchtime, the convention center closes shortly, how about you walk with me over to the hotel and we’ll talk along way?” “Yes of course” I said. I jumped at the invitation.

We left the convention center through the loading dock area. The only person out there was a man and I asked if he would take a picture of us, Mr. Cosby & me. I then asked Mr. Cosby if he minded – he did not. I handed my camera over for a quick photo to be taken.

Over more small talk, Mr. Cosby and I walked across the street to the hotel and took the elevator up. Once in his suite Mr. Cosby invited me to have a seat in the lounge area. There was a couch, coffee table, two lounge chairs and a small table between. I sat in one of the lounge chairs giving me a view of Mr. Cosby at the bar area, where he mixed a drink with his back to me, and then brought it over. He then walked back to the bar area to fix himself something. For courage (hoping it would help the impromptu interview go smoothly) I took a big swig, and then I took another. The next thing I remember when I awoke, from my state of unconsciousness I seemed to have been drooling, and was sloppily slouched in the chair with barely the edge of my bottom in it. I, at first, felt embarrassed and ashamed. What had I done? I quickly tried to collect my wits. I wiped the wetness from my mouth and pulled myself up in the chair while trying to deduce my surroundings. Mr. Cosby was standing there, staring down, saying nothing.

I had been out cold and I could not tell how long. I was discombobulated. I looked up at Bill Cosby for him to say something, to shed light on what had happened. He had this placid expression on his face like there was no need for any concern. Yet, my mind was reeling. Did I faint and collapse on the floor? Did Bill Cosby lift me back up into the chair? With more questions racing through my mind the answer was instantaneous: If I had fainted then why did

Bill Cosby not call 911 for medical attention? Too risky. What if I had died? My body began waking up. I felt something stabbing at my breasts. I glanced down. My long sleeve button-down shirt was unbuttoned and my underwire bra slid over to the side exposing my breasts. The out-of-place wire was digging into my chest. The chain belt which I wore tightly around my waist had been unhooked and re-hooked, left loose around my hips.

At once my senses were completely taken over by fear. My face and body had a flushed feeling. The crud was tightening the skin on my chin. My survival instincts told me to keep cool, pretend all is well and that the “knockout” was completely my fault. I told myself to mimic Cosby’s unruffled expression and I could likely walk out of the lair without further issue. I calmly stood up and tucked in my shirttail while profusely apologizing – over and over again – for embarrassing myself in front of him and taking up his valuable time – although I knew Bill Cosby had done this.

Afraid he was going to join me in the elevator, I held my breath until the door closed. Once in the lobby I realized I had just survived an encounter with a scheming madman who hid his demons behind an alluring persona. I knew I looked a mess – everyone seemed to be staring – but I did not bother stopping to fix my appearance in the lobby ladies room. I did not want to step back out and Bill Cosby be standing there, nor did I wish to go back after the “interview” to the NATPE Convention. I never wanted to see Bill Cosby again, or ever talk about him – that is, until all these many years later I learned Bill Cosby preyed upon other women in somewhat the same manner.

May 1, 2015