to lay blame on me somehow, saying that I was neglectful of Vanessa and that she seduced him. Can you believe this asshole? He had the hots for Cookie the entire time and got her away from Vanessa where he could divide and conquer. I had some big decisions to make because Vanessa was living with me. I was no angel; we went overboard with our promiscuities. I had slept with all her girlfriends by then, and she with my friends, men and women. It was an awful tit for tat. Once bitten, I became a vampire myself.

Ziggy, "the dashing Buddy Hackett" with the tweed suits and hair parted on the side, was a friend no longer. I was too old to do anything old school; besides, he had teams of lawyers. I called him out on it, told him he was a scumbag and plenty more. I couldn't help talking shit about him. Instead of an apology of any kind, Ziggy went around town telling people he was going to destroy me and fuck me up and that I'd regret the day I was born. The nerve of this guy. I later realized his animosity ran deeper than just this. Jealousy was a factor in his betrayal. An artist's wife I knew even called me to warn me; she was frightened for me. People like Ziggy liked to ruin people's lives, especially when they were the ones who were guilty. It was some kind of reverse pathology.

During this time, I had written a script with my friend Frank that I was planning to direct. Along with a great casting agent, we were shopping for a producer. One guy we met was kind of comical in a sweet kind of way. He was small in stature and a fast talker with lots of stories. He was also a partner with a well-known action movie star in a production company. They had already made three or four big budget movies at forty to fifty million dollars each. No joke. He is[illegible]