made the movie with the Staten Island crew, but I managed to retrieve the script. They ran into delays with their other projects. I didn't hear from them after that, until one day I read in the *New York Post* that they had all got busted and went to federal prison. Shit happens!

Vanessa moved out and started dating Donald Trump. Go figure.

The following year was a disaster for me. I went to see a psychic, and she said someone had put a curse on me. "A woman, someone very close to me, she's a witch." I knew who she was talking about—it was a double whammy from both of those fine young ladies!

Ziggy eventually married Cookie. He left his wife for her. Like the movie *My Fair Lady*, he tried to transform Cookie into a society dame. She went from rock 'n' roll to Mary Poppins, but that kind of lie couldn't last. It was a soap opera. She started eating pills like M&Ms. "Page Six" should have given them their own column. Ziggy was cuckolded so many times that we lost count. He continued to take her out in public to social events and make believe nothing had happened. The poor girl would be sitting at a dinner, stoned on pills, and sobbing her eyes out, while Ziggy continued his conversation with whomever and ignored her. Mr. Sensitive, he never was.

At the end of the day, I think she put the hex on him too. With all his smarts in business, and all his wheeling and dealing, he never had her sign a prenup. She had him by the balls.

Like my mom used to say, "You wanted a bike. Now you have to pedal."