



Scripts.com

Call Me: The Rise and Fall of Heidi Fleiss

By Norman Snider

Soon it'll be time for me to go.
I wasn't a great communicator,
but I communicated great things.
Pete Rose
finally agreed yesterday to a deal...
in which he dropped
his suit against baseball...
...and that
the Menendez brothers acted out of fear.
I'm not a good mathematician,
but I imagine it'll be about...
I- I would think
probably 5,000 a month.
President and Mrs.
Bush welcomed King of Pop,
Michael Jackson to the White House...
Earlier this year, Amy pleaded
guilty to a lesser charge...
for the shooting of
Buttafuoco's wife, MaryJo.
This is our time. Let us embrace it.
We must do what America does best.
We are standing on the steps
of the courthouse
here in downtown Los Angeles...
waiting for the arrival
of Heidi Fleiss...
who's now been dubbed
the "Hollywood Madam. "
Here we go.
...power and corruption.
The worst thing about
being on trial is you have to get up early.
- I wasn't used to that.
- Heidi. Heidi!
Will you cop a plea?
Hi, guys.
How do you like
your chances today?
You know what? Usually you wait
till after for my comments.
What about Charlie Sheen?
Seen him lately?
Only in the movies.

There were so many articles
later on, and they all got it so wrong.
There will never be another 27-year-old
who ran the sex business the way I did.
I met Princess Diana.
I had lunch with the First Lady.
When Time or Newsweek came out with
the cover of the 10
highest-paid C.E.O. 's...
in the count, half of them were my clients.
And how did I meet them, you ask?
First I met my boyfriend
who took me to his friend, the madam.
She looked after girls... lots of girls.
Through her I began to
date men... lots of men.
They made me money... a lot of money.
And life began to move fast...
really, really fast.
It became a blur of dollars,
dicks, drugs and deceit.
And that's what got me here.
But wait, we've gotten
way ahead of ourselves.
Let's slow down, take a breath
and start from the beginning.
I've always had a thing for older men.
The first one was my dad.
Sometimes I had a feeling
that he was conducting...
some weird, complex experiment with me
and my brothers and sisters.
But only he knew what it was.
- You jerk.
- Kids. Kids.
Heidi, stop this nonsense.
All right, guys. Everybody, everybody.
Hold it, hold it, hold it.
It does not help to be punitive.
The whole blame thing, I just hate it.
Okay, Mr. Pediatrician.
This isn't one of your
child-care theories. This is real life.
- Mom's right. Mom's right.

- Off!

Just that one thing this family
does not need, Elissa, guilt.
You know what, Heidi? You can throw
one pea at Daddy. One. Just one.
Sorry.

You're at the Weisman's right?

- I hate that little Mikey.

- I know. He's such a brat.

Pay attention. You're at the Frieberg's
Friday night. Be there by 7:00, okay?

- Okay.

- And you still owe me my commission
from last time.

Heidi, you've got this whole neighborhood
organized for babysitting.

I know.

Heidi. Heidi.

Coming, Mom.

- What's so important?

- We have to talk.

- Okay.

- Paul and I are splitting up.

Your father and I
don't belong together.

Don't you love him anymore?

So my folks split up.

A few years later, I dropped out of college
and got a real estate license.

- Let's go, cutie.

- It was the end of the '80s.

Stock market had tanked.

Everybody said the big party in America
was over. I always had my own agenda.

- I was always looking for something else.

- Beautiful, baby.

- Hey, mind your own business.

She's an orphan.

- How are you?

- Fabulous. Fantastic. Wonderful.

- Heidi, where you going?

- Ivan.

Heidi, come on.

Come on. Dance for me, honey.

- What? Like that?

- Ooh, you're so pretty. Come on.
You can put the best-looking
22-year-old guy in front of my face...

- and it's just like...

- Let me see, Heidi.
To me, an older guy is
much more of a sexual turn-on.
I'm talking like someone
so old he needs a walker.
I really didn't know how old Ivan was.
Anywhere over 40 is the right age for me.

- Take that thing off.

- Besides, I loved his condo...

- his boat, his Mercedes.

- Come on. Let me see, Heidi.

- We passed the restaurant.

- So, big deal.

- I heard Bowie goes there.

- Little Heidi.
So curious. So impatient.
Maybe one day she'll grow a brain.
Excuse me. I may be a dropout
but I'm not an airhead.

- No more than most women.

- Nice.
Alex was the greatest madam
in Hollywood, but nobody knew about her.
I think there was something
really cool about that.
Alex, here you go. This is
the beautiful Heidi I told you about.
Hi.
I love your house.
You see, Ivan and Alex hated each other...
but went through this pretense
of being the best of friends.
Or maybe they loved each other and pretended
they couldn't stand each other's guts.
It was confusing.
Anyhow, everybody thought Alex
was a nice old lady with a cold.
Truth was she was usually whacked-out
of her gourd on blow.

I don't think she'd been out of her house since Ford was president.

- Thanks.

- What's that?

Well, for the tickets.

Paris, London, Hong Kong.

- Who are they for?

- Some lucky girls.

Sell your pussy, see the world.

You don't have a credit card?

I haven't had a bank account in 20 years.

- Why not?

- That's how the I.R.S. Find you.

You know, the banks and, uh...

Okay, the... You know, what we discussed earlier.

Heidi, you wanna work for me?

Excuse me?

I don't think you've discussed this with Heidi.

I'm running a business.

I don't do social work.

Alex, she's cute,

and by the way, great in the sack.

You'd screw anything, wouldn't you?

You're always telling me,

"I need girls. Ivan, find me girls. "

Yes, yes.

But I'm not desperate, you know.

Come on, Ivan. On a scale of one to 10, she doesn't even make a five.

Think psychology.

Think about your clients.

- What do you mean?

- Heidi will remind your studio execs of their wives.

- Or their daughters.

- There you go.

So what do you think?

Just like Raquel, right?

Fabulous.

Four-fifty.

I got killed on that Chargers game.

- My God. What is this?

- It's called a finder's fee.
- Correct.
- Ivan, am I wrong, or did you just sell me to Alex?
Heidi, tell me, do I look like a man who needs \$450?
- You son of a bitch.
- Heidi, calm down. You're taking this the wrong way.
- Who do you think you are, you bastard?
- Calm down. Listen to me. You're a groupie. You go out and screw anybody with a big name... for a lousy Caesar salad on Sunset.
- You may as well get paid for it.
- I won't do it.
Why not? Do you know who her clients are? Do you have any idea?
It would put us right in the middle of everything.
Ivan, please don't make me do this. I'm not making you do anything. If you wanna do it, you do it. If not, you don't.
- Good.
- Okay. Fine.
Then no more fun at the racetrack... if you can't pay the bookie.
You know what? Right now I'm really turned on. Talk dirty to me.
You like that.
Little whore. Little bitch. I'm your little bitch.
Absolutely.
So I end up sending three of my top girls... direct to the set in Malta for two nights.
- So I guess he's not gay after all.
- Gracias.
Not this week.
That enough for you?
That's good. Good.

Same time next week?

My greens.

- Always a pleasure, Alex.

- Excellent.

Heidi.

- Glen. Heidi.

- Hi.

His name is Glen Feather.

He worked for a national tabloid.

He had seen a few too many
black-and-white movies about reporters.

Celebrities have to pay for sex?

Hollywood girls are tough.

Even if a guy is a celebrity, you know
they're not gonna screw him for long...

unless he marries them

or gives them a career break.

These days a guy can spend \$300 on dinner
three nights running and still not get laid.

They don't pay you for the sex, you know,
they pay you to leave.

Alex said

I had a lot to learn about being sexy.

That's how I met Lauren.

She was supposed to teach me.

Lauren was once married to a huge rock star.

She lasted with him for about three months.

You wanted to see me?

- But hey, that's rock and roll.

- Hi. I'm Lauren.

- Hi. Let me make you more comfortable.

- No.

Do something with her.

She looks like hell.

Rodeo Drive.

Men came from all over the world...

and they were totally horny.

They thought there was something
magic about Beverly Hills.

And me and the rest of Alex's
girls were there, just waiting...

ready to take their money from them.

- Alex is great, isn't she?

- You think so?

- We're just slabs of meat for her.
- But she's so on top of it.
So how'd you get into this?
After my marriage broke up, I decided to become an actress. Good luck.
- Tough, huh?
- I auditioned for everything.
I auditioned for soaps, for commercials.
I couldn't even book a Depends ad.
Working for Alex is way better than waitressing. What about you?
- I want everything. The best.
- What do you mean?
The best house, best cars, the best clothes, the most beautiful lovers.
I wanna hang with the best people and get paid for it.
He needs you to stay five minutes more, he pays one full hour.
He needs you dress up...
nurse, Nazi... he pays extra.
He wears a rubber all the time.
- What if he's a talker?
- Hello.
- Hello, Alex.
- Bill.
- I was thinking about some company on Saturday.
- How many girls?
- Three this time.
- The usual hotel?
- Yeah, the pink one on Sunset.
- For how long?
- Just a night.
- \$5,000. Bye-bye.
If he's talker, if he wants to bitch about his wife, that's extra.
Nothing is for free.
Mr. Mendel esta aqui.
Muy bien. Gracias. You'll like Mendel.
- Mendel.
- You wanted to see me?
Yes. Can you take a seat outside, please?
I'll be about five minutes.

When my little girls are bad,
Mendel spansks them for me.
So there they were.
They found his rubbers.
They filled them with water...
thought they were balloons, you know...
then dropped them
all over the Persian carpet.
I gave him
such a good story for his wife.
Alex, I love talking to you.
Sure. Now you're going to learn the most
important thing you'll ever learn from me.
- Shoot.
- Keep your mouth shut.
The client knows about me. I know about
the client. Nobody else knows anything.
I know how to keep a secret.
Heidi, you're smart.
- Hello.
- I got a piece of business for you.
- Don't mess up.
- Okay.
I gotta tell you, I was nervous.
I was afraid the guy might need me to do
some weird, perverted sex act...
with a Rottweiler or something.
Felt like I was in
the middle of an O.D.
My heart was beating
like a damn drum.
I've been hanging out
with rock stars since I was a kid.
They were right at the top of
the sexual pecking order in Hollywood.
Alex's girls thought
they were gods or something.
To me they were just another
bunch of guys who
would screw mud if nothing else was around.
- Alex sent me.
- Hi.
Some of the guys were partying?
We'll make the record company eat it, right?

Naturally.

Backstage at the Greek

a couple of years back.

I remember. You liked my tattoo.

What does it say again?

"Forever is not enough"?

Very good.

- What was your name again?

- Heidi.

- It's 1,500.

- That seems high.

- You get what you pay for.

- Come on, man. Aren't you happy to see me?

Absolutely. But you know what?

I need to be paid.

Man, like, you should be paying me.

Excuse me?

All right. Catch you later, man.

Wait.

Lonely at the top, huh?

Oh, yeah.

Tasty little one, aren't ya?

Go again?

At the age of 22,

I traveled the world first-class...

and got paid for it.

I ate, slept, shopped, toured and enjoyed
the finest of everything.

Most people save their entire
lives to do that.

Or they never get a chance.

Heidi.

The client is waiting.

You like that?

Heidi.

It's good.

- How about some sneakers?

- Just bought these.

- Tacky.

- Heidi, I'm not really interested in
all this materialistic crap.

I just would like to buy a present for
my little brother, okay?

I'm not like you, Heidi. I don't worship

at the temple of consumption.
You know what, Jase?
You don't have to come on like
some plaster saint, okay?
Where'd you get that dough? You're usually
so broke you can't even afford Tampons.
- Keep a secret?
- Of course.
Guys pay me to have sex with them.
What, you don't believe me?
- Wow.
- It's from the richest guy in Brazil.
I like to wear it with sweatpants
'cause I look so Arab.
The one constant in
this business were the Hollywood regulars.
Hmm. But there was nothing
regular about Steve.
Jesus, they just keep getting younger.
I'm sorry, ladies. It just ain't happening.
- I'm all out of ideas.
- Oh, don't cry, dear.
Better women all over the world
have tried and failed at the task.
Wait a minute.
Let's have a fantasy night.
Hey. Fantasy is my business.
Mine too.
Oh. Oh, yeah.
Like any other producer,
Steve needed to be pitched a good sto,
All right. So how're we
gonna make it, kiddies?
First, you'll be walking that red carpet
in Cannes with Lauren and Charisse.
- What about you, Heidi?
- Heidi will be there too...
when you get the Palme d'Or.
- Then you'll all go back to
a fabulous hotel suite.
- Sounds promising.
Your phone will be ringing
with offers, like, nonstop.
Then Lauren will take

her big, long tongue...
and lick you all over.
Charisse will open her beautiful mouth.
That's when the White House
calls for advice on foreign policy.

- Yeah?

- That's where I make my entrance.

I'll present you with the award for
Outstanding Male Performance.

That was a very nice weekend.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Heidi, see you soon.

- Oh.

- Oh.

Man, there's probably \$40,000 in here.

How's that for two days' work?

- Let me see.

- Oh.

- I'm going to the track.

- How can he afford that?

Duh. Steve can afford anything
his little heart desires.

Especially you, you idiot.

The big money was in
being sent to the foreigners.

If only my Hebrew
school teacher could see me now.

Your order is here from Madam Alex.

Please. Do come in.

- You may sit.

- Okay.

May I offer you a glass of bordeaux?

I think you'll like it.

I own an interest in the vineyard.

- So what's your name?

- You may call me Prince Hassan.

May I?

Yes. I'm from Saudi.

Though I lived in London for many years.

Then guess that means we don't have to
sweep for any bombs or anything.

Or not really.

That'd be kind of silly.

- We're not in Palestine, dear girl.
- Hello. You mean Israel?
I certainly don't mean the Zionist Entity.
Where'd you get that from, Vanessa Redgrave?
I don't need some actress's help
to know the facts.
What is it with you guys anyhow?
What do you want, for God's sakes?
I mean, besides a heap of dead Jews?
- Out.
- You're kidding?
Get the hell out of here,
you wretched little girl.
No meaningful dialogue
on Middle Eastern issues?
Immediately.
Asshole.
- You're not listening to me, Ivan.
- This is terrible.
You know, that's what attracts me
so much about you,
your intense interest in my day.
- Jesus, Ivan.
... police officers and civilian personnel.
Pretty soon we have
communism in this country.
Whatever.
That is key for Alex's business.
All these cops from way back.
There's gonna be a shakedown.
You should pay attention.
You don't even wanna hear
about what happened with this jerk?
So you messed up. Big deal.
When a guy is turned on, he doesn't give
a shit about a broad's politics.
Just open your mouth
when you have to. There you go.
Trust me, I don't need you
telling me how to be a hooker.
Heidi, listen to me.
Learn something.
You'd be a great madam.
No, I'm serious.

Significantly better than Alex.

- I can see this in you.

- You're nuts.

She's a horrible, horrible person.

Alex is old and cranky.

She's not gonna last much longer.

Hey. Come on.

Cutie-pie.

Not all of Alex's clients were Johns.

That payola bust is ancient history.

Goddamn it. You know I work

for you guys for 20 years.

If you're my handler, you should know about that heroin case I put Hutchins onto.

- Hutchins is retired.

- I know. He was so stupid he couldn't bust Peewee Herman.

Well, you're a lot smarter than him. You got that right.

- You gotta be smart to stay in my business.

- And a little bit mean?

It's a mean world.

The way I see it, you've been taking a free ride for about five years now.

- That's gonna stop.

- What about the porn ring?

Everybody in the U.S. Attorney's office knows I made that case.

Geez, Alex,

you're talking about past history.

Now lately, you haven't given us even but a nibble. Why is that?

Too many people know I work for you.

I have enough enemies, believe me.

Alex forgets why we let her stay in business.

They don't like that downtown.

So we're about to close out the account.

Right.

I never understood what your beef with Alex is anyhow.

- Money.

- What, she owes you?
Other way around.
Believe me, this way is a lot easier.
Meet Michelle,
one of Alex's trusted girls.
Alex once told me to keep my friends
close and my enemies closer.
- Neither of us paid any attention.
- My greens.
Fifteen hundred. Bye-bye.
So, okay. I go to this guy's
office on the studio lot.
We have a couple of glasses
of champagne,
and he's practically screwing me
on his desk.
Mr. Family Values. People magazine.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Exactly. Whatever.
So by this point, he's had enough champagne
to get a goddamn elephant blasted.
And get this.
He wants me to spank his little tushie.
I didn't know he was a spanker.
Good girl. What next?
So I did. I spanked him
with his old lady's riding crop.
- Oh, and by the way, before I forget,
he's like that.
- What's new?
So then I go to go down on
the guy and the next thing I know...
he goes completely rigid
and he looks at me and he says...
"No oral sex. I'm Catholic. "
- Catholic.
- Guy must have a goddamn
broomstick up his ass.
Let's go.
Go, go, go.
Alex Adams, open up! L.A.P.D.
- Open up.
- It's the cops.
- The cops?
- Thank you. Upstairs. Let's go.

What the hell is going on?

Alex. Alex? What is going on here?

- Put your hands behind your back.

Miss, please.

- Stop it.

- Miss. Do not resist.

- Let go. Alex.

Get up out of bed.

Come on. Get up.

Ow.

You didn't even warn me,
you rat bastard. Not even a whisper.

Life's a bitch, right?

You got two minutes.

What's with the hat?

They have me mopping floors, Heidi...
with my bad heart and my diabetes.

You can always sell
my house to raise bail.

One million dollars. I need you to
take calls for me at Ivan's place.

Let's talk about it
some other time, okay?

You've no idea
how much money lawyers cost.

I cannot be out of business for one day.

Jesus. Alex, be cool.

We're probably on tape here.

- Then will you help me?

- Don't worry.

- Help me, Heidi.

- Alex, you know I love you.

- So what do you think?

- What about L.A.P. D?

Just play the game.

It will take care of itself.

- Yeah?

- I've been dealing with them for years.

Look at it this way, you won't have to
go down on any more guys.

Except you, of course.

My pleasure.

What about Alex?

They're sending her to a resort spa

for retired madams.

- It's a great opportunity I'm giving you.

- How would it work?

Same as it does now.

But there'd be a shitload of money
for everybody. Believe me.

I can't screw Alex like that.

It isn't right.

- Oh, please. Right, wrong. Don't be naive.

- You're such a prick.

Things change in this business.

Plans change.

People come, people go.

What business are we talking about,
show business or hooking?

- Same thing.

- So what are you saying?

You will take over Alex's business...

and with my help become the most
powerful woman in Hollywood.

When meeting Steve,

it was always good to bring dessert.

Steve.

Well. Well, well.

Want me to get your waiter? Maybe he can
put your tongue back in your mouth.

No. Don't bother.

All these waiters have screenplays.

- You are?

- Debra. She's from Texas.

Started last week.

I know how you love a new face.

- Howdy, partner.

- Hi.

- Enchanted.

- My good buddy, the notorious Steve.

I've seen all your movies.

This is so great.

Debra, why don't you
go to the little girl's room.

- Steve and I need to talk
a little business.

- But I just sat down.

- Learn to take a goddamn hint.

- Geez.

Mmm.

How much is this going to cost me?

You can have her on the house.

Why?

'Cause if it gets around

that you like her...

every horny real estate agent and dentist

on the west side will be phoning me up.

- Heidi, there has to be a catch.

- There is.

From now on, you won't be dealing with Alex.

You'll be dealing with me.

- Really?

- You know Alex was busted.

Her phones are tapped.

Why you?

'Cause I'm the only girl she knows who can

add and subtract. Why else?

Alex Adams. In view of your health...

and your past record of cooperation...

I sentence you to 18 months' probation.

- You can count yourself

fortunate to have your freedom.

Cuidado con mi pintura, hombre.

- Hello.

- How's business, Heidi?

It's, uh, kind of slow.

Not much to report.

Where's Steve?

He's good for two

or three calls a week.

Uh, I think he's making a movie in Russia.

Russia. Big pervert.

We don't say pervert.

We say erotically challenged.

Heidi, don't tell me nobody in Hollywood

wants to get laid anymore.

Alex, nobody's calling.

It's like a desert, no kidding.

- So what's going on?

- Everybody's heard about your bust.

They're so scared they can't get it up.

Hold on a second. Hello.

Hey.

Go ahead, keep it.

- All of it?

- Enjoy.

Thanks.

Why don't you come work for me?

65/35 split.

Are you gonna be the madam?

You're only 23 years old.

I didn't know there was, like,
an age requirement for the gig.

You got more balls

than the Pittsburgh Steelers.

I'm offering you

five points better than Alex.

I wouldn't give that to my own sister.

We have a lot of history,

me and Alex. We go way back.

Months, even.

Do you know Alex is

a snitch for the L.A.P. D?

- No shit.

- Twenty years.

Some fat dork's probably
got a jacket on you six inches thick.

I'd think about that
every time she calls you.

You greedy, Jew pig.

You are plotting against my business.

- Alex, what a pleasure.

- You are not satisfied,
you want to have it all.

Why are you bothering me with this?

I'm preparing a picture.

You haven't directed a picture
since Randolph Scott was riding the range.

- Alex, this is Heidi.

- Oh, and you, you helped this
pig to steal my business.

Alex, I'm helping you
just like you asked me to.

Don't try to bullshit me, you greedy
little twat. I know all the tricks.

You know, I invented most of them,

so why are you trying to
cause all this trouble?
You screwed me, Alex.
You hardly sent me to the Arabs.
You never sent me to Europe, and you always
took too big a cut, so screw you.
Fantastic. Where did that come from?
Sometimes I really hate
that fat, muumuu slob.
There was so much money,
even I didn't know what to do with it.
Wait, wait, wait.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
Heidi, how many girls...
I don't wanna know.
What the hell am I supposed to do
with this amount of money?
What am I supposed to do with it? Stash it
in my drawer underneath my underwear?
- I need you to put my dollars
to work for me.
- I've already done that.
I've already bought your house in my name,
which can be easily explained.
But what you're suggesting here,
Heidi... this is totally illegal.
- Dad, it's not like you to be so uptight.
- Yeah, well...
things change.
- When will this stop?
- It's like sex. The more you get,
the more you want.
One more year and I'm out.
Please, help me?
Alex very good to me.
- Let's cut to the chase. What do you want?
- I like that Charisse.
- Hey, you want her, you got her.
- It's not a problem.
- You can do that?
- I don't hook anymore.
I'm management now.
I was running a real girl's camp.
It wasn't like Alex was such a hard act

to follow or anything.
My girls were younger and prettier...
and any woman
will tell you size matters.
And I wanted to get a lot bigger.
Any businessperson will tell you,
the key to success is volume.
You're gonna have to give the
tickets in advance
if you need the girls in Monte Carlo.
Yes, that's eight girls, eight tickets.
Then 5,000 a night.
Yes, for each of them.
And don't forget shopping money. Okay, bye.
Hello. Hi, Councilman.
Oh, I'm so glad.
Listen, one of my girls got her car towed.
You think you can help me out, babe?
Thank you. Okay, bye.
Hello. Hi, Matt. Yeah, I know
I said I'd get you an invoice...
but you've gotta think of a way to
charge it back to Production.
Hello.
- Heidi.
- Alex, who gave you this number?
You can change your number a thousand times,
I'll always get the new one.
You're in over your head. You don't know
what you're dealing with.
- Ooh, I'm real scared.
- Well, cuff yourself now,
save the cops the trouble.
- I've got it taken care of.
- You sure?
- Do you remember Madam Claude?
- From Paris? Bad teeth?
That's the one. She came to Beverly Hills.
She thought she could push me out.
And guess what? I'm still here.
Even in the fast lane, you
never quite knew when you'd be pulled over.
- Take care of it.
- Thank you.

L.A.P.D. Vice. Got a second?
Didn't you talk to Ivan?
From what I hear,
you're the one to talk to.
- So what's up?
- Just the question I wanna ask you.
Little public, isn't it? Wanna see my club?
I'd probably scare away your customers.
When would be a good time?
Call me.
Hey, Heidi.
My client base was stable.
The girls were a bunch of ditzes.
They were always disappearing,
and the clients were demanding new faces.
Recruiting was hard work.
I had to be my own headhunter.
Here we go. Two champagne cocktails.
- We're gonna need another bottle.
- Two bottles. Met.
- Mick said he was coming by tonight.
- Great.
Got anything for me, Teddy?
Down by the bar. She's been hustling guys
for drinks for three nights straight now.
- You're the best.
- Hey. Thanks.
Thanks a lot.
All righty.
- Hi. I'm Heidi.
- Hey.
Wanna go to a party for Billy Idol?
I found girls everywhere.
Nice girls, all-American girls...
girls you could take home to mom.
- It looks wonderful on you.
- Yeah, who am I kidding...
that I can actually afford it.
Go on, indulge yourself.
I always do.
Well, maybe in my next life.
I know how you can afford it.
He's being such a jerk.
I'll tell you about it later.

I'll call you tonight. Bye.

Bye, Sara.

- Did you think about what we talked about, Sara?

- Hi.

Heidi, my mom would kill me.

- Do you have a boyfriend?

- Yes.

He's some kid nobody, and you screw him 'cause he says he loves you, right?

I guess so.

All the guys I know are really cute and very successful.

It's like a really neat club.

We have a lot of fun.

The tabloids always came calling for gossip. I just shined them on.

A lot of people are afraid of me, and they should have been.

Leaders of countries call for sex.

If I came out and talked,

I could have stopped NAFTA.

You're being very difficult to work with.

I hope you know that.

I like my clients, Glen. Why would I rat them out for tabloid journalism?

- Money.

- I got plenty of money.

I'm not like Alex. I'm trying to operate on a higher level.

Sure I got a lot of important friends.

I know a lot about 'em.

- But I'm loyal.

- Let me explain reality.

You give me celebrity dirt, and I don't write about you.

So go ahead and write about me.

While I was basking in my newfound celebrity...

Ivan was being overshadowed.

You can go in now, guys.

I've been waiting over 25 minutes.

This really now is beyond absurd, okay?

Please, Mr. Nagy,

I've told Jon you're here.

It's "Naj. Naj. "

- Four times.

- Well, tell him again. Tell him five times.

Ivan, sorry I'm late.

Hey, Jonny!

Gorgeous, baby.

Put 5K down for me on the Trojans over

Stanford on Saturday.

Take the points.

You got it. No problem.

So, what about the, uh, project?

- Project?

- Well, you know, the NBC thing, the pilot.

Oh, didn't I tell you? The network wants to go in another direction.

- They passed?

- Everybody wants a brand name these days.

- Sor,

- Brand name. It's a joke.

It's a joke. I can shoot that crap standing on my head.

- I don't know what to say.

- Well, did you tell them about Starsky and Hutch...

CHiPS, all my

movie of the week credits?

You're a tough sell right now, Ivan.

So, I should just go screw myself.

Not at all. Always a pleasure, Ivan.

Hey, Jonny.

I'm not going to be coy with you.

I loved the publicity I was getting.

It was like being famous covers you in gold paint... everything shines.

Heidi, right this way.

Lookin'good, darling.

The way I look at it...

in Hollywood, if you're not a star, you don't really exist.

- I was getting to be a star.

- Hi.

- Brigitte!

- Hi. You look gorgeous.

- Luther.
- Heidi!
- What's happening?
- Mick said he might stop by later.
Tracy is still buzzing, man.
What did you do to her?
- Oh.
- Let me send Tracy to you with Debra.
- How's Friday?
- Oh, I'm in Chicago.
Look, anyone you want.
You tell me, I'll get 'em.
Really. Any bitch I want?
- How about the Dancersize girls from TV?
- You can get them cha-chas?
You know what?
Everybody's for sale. All it takes is money.
One night in London.
Hey, Heidi.
How about one of you and Luther?
- Who you with?
- The Examiner.
No problem.
- Hi.
- Sir, would you mind getting out of
my shot?
Why? What's wrong with me?
Ivan, gimme a break.
Have you read this?
It's about your friend Fleiss.
It says, " I'm really
the high end of the high end.
"What took Alex
years to build, I did in one.
"It's just hard for her to accept
that her ship is sunk...
and she's been forced out. "
- Modest, huh?
- She really said that?
Of course she really said that.
It's right here.
Who does she think she is?
Well, she's got friends at the studios...
City Hall, not to mention Parker Center.

I don't care who takes the loss on this one.
You can either be part of my team
or get out of my way.
Which one's it gonna be, Sergeant?
You know I'm gonna be there.
Good. 'Cause
she's going down... all the way.
Hillary and Chelsea fell asleep
on the couch.
They were watching an old John Wayne...
Where's that housekeeper?
Rosita?
She's always out sneaking a smoke
when you need her.
And then my secret
admirer with a badge showed up.
Ladies.
We need to talk.
- I was just gonna call you.
- I bet.
Looks like you're doing
pretty good for yourself.
Yeah, fat and happy.
But not that fat.
Rollin' in dough, I'd say.
And I guess I oughta
thank you for seeing me.
So, what can I do for you?
That Lauren, she's pretty hot.
Wouldn't mind getting to know her
a little better. How's this afternoon sound?
Forgot to tell you,
we don't do freebies anymore.
Yeah?
Well, that's too bad.
Today's my day off.
What do you think this is, a \$ 10 cathouse?
Besides, it isn't fair to the girls.
That's true.
A hooker's life is no bed of roses.
That's gonna change.
You know, Heidi, you're trying to run
before you can walk.
- Think so?

- Yeah. Let me explain something to you,
all right?

Prostitution is against the law.

Thank you. I think I understand now.

Why don't you save your smart talk
for somebody else, okay?

Nobody gives much of a goddamn about
the law, but I am supposed to enforce it.

And it's up to you to give me a
damn good reason why I shouldn't do my job.

- How about 10,000 a month?

- Screw you.

- How about 50,000?

- I'm not interested.

Boy, you think a lot
of yourself, don't you?

I'm not talking about goddamn money.

I'm talking about information.

Now, your girls,
they know a lot of pillow talk.

You mean be a stool pigeon
like Alex was? No way.

You people never will understand
how this thing works.

Look, you have all of this stuff
because the L.A.P.D. Lets you have it.

You act like it's yours by right.

Let me tell you something, baby.

It ain't yours.

Thanks for seeing me.

Wait.

You bet.

Rosita.

Llama Lauren, por favor.

- Yes?

- It's me.

Oh, my little love.

What do you want?

I just wanna talk.

You know, like we used to.

About what, you little bitch?

About how you stole my business?

I know all this crap has happened,
but I miss you, Alex.

You're the only one on the planet that knows what I'm going through.

Yes, for sure I am more exciting than that Eurotrash dickhead.

- I don't know what to do about Ivan.

- You don't need that pig.

- You've moved way out of his league.

- You mean dump him?

Of course dump him.

To face problems

too long ignored...

I started to throw parties.

Big parties.

The Brat Pack needed a hostess, and I was ready.

Hollywood bad boys

all wanted to know me.

Hanging with me helped them

keep up their lousy reputations.

Heidi!

- Hi, handsome. How you doing?

- Hey.

And I believed in doing things right.

Why don't you go talk to Charlie?

He's all by himself.

Who knows?

Maybe he'll ask you to marry him.

Yeah, right. Hey, beautiful.

Hey, girl.

Hi. Get it in cash.

Excuse me. I'd like a drink.

Thank you.

Fabulous. Fantastic. Wonderful.

I spoke to Bill and Hillary earlier this evening.

I said, "I wanna help you..."

- Steve.

- Get this country back on track. "

- Excuse me. Yes.

- Ivan Nagy.

Heidi's friend.

Oh, yes, you're the... the bookie, right?

I wanna send you a wonderful script.

- What for?

- You know, I've always loved your work.
- What are you, a critic too?
- No. I'm a very good director.
Oh, I thought you were
the Romanian ambassador to Ecuador.
I see, I'm an asshole.
This is how Steve deals with assholes.
Ivan, I need to talk to you.
- One second.
- Right now.
I'll be right back.
I can't believe
you're pitching Steve at my party.
If Steve gets involved, my picture's a go.
Now who's being naive?
He comes here to relax...
not to get harassed by some nobody.
You go through this town like shit through
an eel, and it's hands off for Ivan.
- I don't think so.
- Wait.
You told me yourself on social occasions
like this, nobody talks business.
Are you crazy?
Things always went better with Coke.
You're putting
your whole life up your nose.
Oh, don't lay it off on drugs, Ivan.
We don't have a word
to say each other anymore.
We're like strangers.
It's time for the big adios.
Heidi, why do you do this? I love you.
I wanna help you. This is the truth.
You wouldn't know the truth if it climbed
up your back and sodomized you.
I was remembering the night
when we first got together.
I was so inspired.
It was like... like moonlight.
And roses too, I bet.
Please, no gypsy violins.
And I hate to bring this up,
but I really don't think you're giving me...

a straight count with the money.
What you're bringing me
is not nearly half.
Jesus, Ivan, what do you want me to do?
Keep books? File with the I.R. S?
I'm trying to stickhandle
300 girls here.
By the way, is this a relationship
discussion or a business discussion?
Both, I would say.
If you were willing to go into rehab,
I would marry you.
- The supreme sacrifice, huh?
- You're a drug addict.
You know what? It's too late, Ivan.
Everything's gone way too far.
The business will be an issue
if we split up.
We can still be partners.
And friends? We're going to do
that American "friends" thing?
I got a lot of friends.
Little Heidi. You're so tough.
Yeah, guess who taught me?
Here's that deposit slip.
Heidi, I'm very uncomfortable
about the joint account.
I was thinking there might be...
That house will be
a great investment for us.
I'm not just talking about the house.
A year ago, you said you would st...
- Heidi Fleiss.
- What's up, cutie?
Ivan, what are you doing?
Trying to forget you, honey.
- Mm-hmm.
- Yeah, how's it going?
Not so hot. I miss you, honey.
Maybe we get back together?
I'm in a meeting here.
Can I call you back?
No, Heidi, wait. We need to talk, but not
on the phone, understand?

- Stay away from your phone.

- Right.

Meet me tonight

for dinner at 7:

Okay, honey? Say, "Yes, Ivan. "

- Yes, Ivan.

- Okay, honey.

- Don't forget, cutie, it's very important.

- Bye.

Well, got some good news anyhow.

- From Ivan?

- I met somebody.

Brandeis grad, Stanford law.

How did you meet? Never mind.

It's wonderful. That's great.

- I think you'll like him.

- Like him?

I would adore anything

that's ordinary.

Why shouldn't I have a normal life

like anybody else?

- Nagy.

- To you.

Are you by yourself tonight, sir?

Oh, no, no, no.

I'm expecting a guest.

Thank you.

Not yet, Alan.

When a guy tells you he loves

you and he wants to have babies with you...

he means I love having sex

with you for free.

Yeah, yeah!

There are a lot of things

that Ivan did well.

Being by himself just didn't happen

to be one of them.

- Mm.

- Yes, sir.

I'll have a vodka rocks while I'm waiting.

Coming right up.

You know what? Make it a double.

So, when are you going to

introduce me to Michael Douglas?
I don't even know
if he even needs a tax lawyer.
I'm just buying his house
from him is all.
Do you think you're able
to get away for the week?
I'd love to go to Aspen with you.
I got a bunch of friends
you're gonna love.
By the way, you're a lot prettier than
anybody who works for you.
Really?
Those flowers
you sent me are sweet.
Oh, shit.
- What's wrong, babe?
- Nothing. I forgot something.
- Important?
- Not really.
You know, I can't wait
for you to meet my mom.
She's so happy I finally met
a nice Jewish girl.
Who the hell do you think you are?
Bitch.
You forgot your gift. Sir!
Keep it.
- Yeah.
- Hello, pig.
I hear Heidi dumped you, 'cause you were
dragging her down socially.
- Why are you phoning me?
- I'm an old friend, Ivan.
It's not nice to lose touch
with old friends.
Let me give you some advice.
Keep out of my private life.
How long before she cuts you out
of the deal entirely?
You're going to let the little whore
get away with that?
You don't understand something about her.
You're not dealing with a normal mind.

- What do you mean?
- Heidi and I talk all the time, okay?
- We're going to get back together soon.
- Oh, that's touching.
You carrying a torch for Heidi.
You're a very bitter old woman.
She's gone, moron. You know,
first she used me, then she used you.
- Now she is discarding you like
a piece of Kleenex.
- Exactly.
- And you are too much of a limp dick
to stop her.
- Exactly.
So, yeah, the party's for Mick?
Yeah, it's Mick's birthday.
It's going to be totally professional.
- Who's going to be there?
- A guest list? It's going to be about 400.
- Oh, is that all?
- He said a lot.
- Joe. Hey, Joe, how are you?
- Excuse me, sir.
See you inside. No problem.
I'm Heidi's friend.
I need to check
your name on the list.
Ivan Nagy. Is Jack here yet?
- Nudge?
- Nagy. N-A-G-Y.
- You pronounce it "Naj. "
- Sorry, sir. I don't have a "Naj" here.
There must be some mistake, all right,
because there's a relationship here.
If you're not on my list or can show me
an invitation, you cannot enter, sir.
- Heidi!
- Please, keep your voice down.
Take your hands off of me, all right?
You people think just because...
You people?
You people what?
Hey, I sincerely apologize.
I'm Hungarian. I'm not a racist, okay?

I did a documentary in 1968
for Hungarian television...

- about Bobby Seal.

- Must have missed it.

I'm going to have to ask you to step away
from Ms. Fleiss's property, sir.

If you like, I'll call the
Beverly Hills Police

and you can discuss it with them.

Get off. I'm going.

In one second,

the same person who tells you they
love you...

will turn around

and make your life a living hell.

- They will destroy you.

- Alex!

Alex!

Bastard, you woke up all my cats.

Something must be done about Heidi.

She's out of control.

Now you want me to help you.

What happened to me

should happen to her.

That's true. It's not easy getting
a pandering conviction.

She knows people.

I know how to get Heidi.

Heidi.

Hello.

- Heidi.

- Yeah.

- It's Nicky Akai. You know, from Hawaii?

- Remind me.

- We met at the Rangoon Racquet Club.

- I remember now.

Some of my business associates are going
to be in Los Angeles for a couple days.

I wonder if you could help me out
with the entertainment.

Just call me when you get into town.

It won't be a problem.

- And how much will it be for a night?

- 5,000 a girl.

- And what do I get for that?
- Everybody's gonna have a good time.
Every hooker's dream: A hotel suite...
filled with rich, horny businessmen.
Heidi-land was always on the itinera,
- Here we are.
- Please come in.
These are
my business associates.
Hi.
Ah.
- So, what are you boys looking for?
- Now you take off clothes.
Okay, now you dance.
We need some music.
Faster.
More sexy.
Okay, ladies, get some clothes on.
We're outta here.
Come on. Come on. Let's go.
Los Angeles police officers.
You're all under arrest.
If you're going to run an
illegal business...
you'd better be driving the best car,
living in the best house...
screwing the best-looking people
and spending every dollar you make...
because sooner or later,
you're going to get caught.
L.A.P.D., everybody
stay where you are!
Everybody just relax. You won't make it
out of the driveway, so don't bother.
- Nobody move!
- You! You!
- I was just...
- Relax.
Take it easy. Into the house.
When the cops came, it was like we
were a bunch of armed terrorists.
No, no, no, no, no.
No, you don't.
No, you don't.

Settle down.
Everybody inside! Open the door.
I'll only wear cuffs
if you pay me. Let go!
- What the hell are you doing?
- Putting you out of business.
Why don't you stop bothering us
and arrest some real criminals?
Face and handcuffs, we need both.
Shit, I can't take this.
Can't you do something?
- I can take you around back.
- Stop. Might as well get it over with.
Will you turn over
your client list to authorities?
I've heard people offered
you one million dollars
to buy that black book from you.
Are you the Hollywood Madam?
Is it true you were
paid more than \$3,000 for sexual favors?
- Back off.
- Do you have a comment at all?
- Who you with?
- The New York Times.
- CBS. - Sunday Telegraph.
- We're all here.
Just hold on, Heidi. Just hold it.
Well, boys,
where do you want me?
Excuse me. Girls.
- Nice party, Ivan.
- Thank you. Excuse me.
- Charisse.
- Ivan.
- Oh, I'll take one.
- Lauren.
You look beautiful.
I got the invite.
So what's the big occasion?
Didn't you hear?
Heidi got arrested yesterday.
Funny time to throw a party.
It's the happiest day of my life.

That's what I love about you, Ivan,
no grudges, no hard feelings.
Heidi, we have wiretaps, transcripts...
witnesses.
You're looking at a whole lot
of jail time, Heidi.
Why don't we talk about
how the L.A.P.D. Doesn't bust madams...
who exchange information?
Oh, that might be embarrassing,
except I know
you can't prove anything
in a court of law.
I'd like to see what a good lawyer
would say about that.
Oh, and by the way, how many johns are you
busting while you're busting me?
Nothing is going to stop this case
from going to trial.
You're too big, Heidi.
Why do you keep saying
my name like that?
You sound like a car salesman.
Listen to me.
There is a seven-foot bull dyke in Lompoc
who's just a-dying to meet you.
Stop, Sergeant.
You're making me all wet.
One door closes, another door opens.
You know what I'm saying?
In the meantime, we'll take the yacht
and go down to Baja next week.
- Sounds good to me.
- I could work on my tan.
Only if I can drive.
Hey, guys,
what a pleasure you stop by.
- Ivan, how you doing?
- Good.
- Come aboard. Have a drink.
- Not while we're on the job.
- Why not? Relax.
- 'Cause you're coming downtown with us.
You gotta be kidding me.

What's going on?

Okay, I'm coming.

I'm coming, all right?

- Oh, my God.

- I'm coming!

Ivan. What a piece of work.

First of all, it was like he won an Academy Award.

Then he almost pissed his pants.

He threw a party?

I'm not about to take this kind of crap from Ivan Nagy.

- So where will I find it?

- It's in my bedroom, in the drawer.

It's a photo of Ivan.

- How many copies do you want me to make?

- About a thousand.

- Really?

- No. Fifty will do.

- Heidi, are you sure?

- 100%.

Guys, I think you'll find it extremely difficult to prove these pandering charges. Yeah, we'll find a way to nail you and Heidi one way or another.

You don't wanna open that can of worms.

- No?

- Absolutely.

Listen, Heidi's a party girl.

She just wants to have fun.

- Cops bore her.

- I don't getcha.

Heidi knows what I want her to.

I mean, about you guys.

What I know is an entire different story.

Understand?

Well, we'll just see how everything plays out in court.

I think maybe I overestimated your intelligence...

because now my attorneys will be forced to explore the whole issue...

of the L.A.P.D. Exchanging protection
for sex with prostitutes.

I'd say going back 20 years.

Do you think the media
would be interested in that story?

I'd be delighted if you joined me one day
on my yacht for cocktails.

Get the hell out.

Give my best to your boss.

Thank you.

All of a sudden, I was in
a high-wire act without a net.

Except I wasn't high.

So, what am I supposed to be now,
the biggest fucker on earth?

They are really bringing out
the heavy artillery, Heidi.

They are charging you with
multiple counts of pandering,
prostitution...

and contributing
to the delinquency of a minor.

And they're intending to charge you with
money laundering and tax evasion.

Hell, can't you talk to somebody?

I already talked to the district attorney,
and he's pushing for the maximum sentence.

Damn!

- What about bail?

- Bail's gonna cost \$100,000.

If I were you,

I'd go right from here to rehab.

Sounds like I really
pissed 'em off, huh?

- Heidi.

Things went from bad to worse.

Even the balding,
middle-aged tax lawyers were moving on.

"Dear Heidi.

Under the circumstances...

I think it's best that
we don't see each other.

Good luck for the future. Alan. "

- Bummer.

- Can you believe it?
Gutless jerk dumped me by fax.
Watch this.
We won't have to worry about the line.
Ivan, Ivan!
Just a couple, please.
Hey, boys, have fun. Please.
- Hey, sweetheart.
- Ivan, you're all dressed up.
I have to, baby.
Everybody wants me. I'm a star.
- You're letting me win.
- No, no, that's a wicked slice.
Come on, Dad, play for real.
I'm not letting you win,
but I do need...
I do need... you know,
I need to talk to you.
What's the matter?
My lawyer says that I really...
Uh, I'm out on bail.
And, uh, you know, I'm facing a jail term.
I don't know how to handle it.
And it's my fault?
No, Heidi,
I didn't say fault.
I'm not talking about...
I'm not talking about blame.
Then what is it?
What do you think
the right and wrong here is?
- What? The right and wrong?
- Yeah.
Heidi, you know I think
prostitution should be legal.
I'm not talking about prostitution.
I'm talking about me.
Heidi, I don't know.
You know, I mean,
you made your choices, right?
And I hope I gave you the freedom
to make whatever choices...
Anyway, you're all grown up.
You're beyond whatever I can give you.

Heidi, I just hope to God that, you know,
I hope to God you're okay.
I am not okay.
I'm in a jam here!
I'm in a jam.
I'm in a goddamn jam here.
My lawyer says that
I shouldn't see you anymore.
Then say it.
I can't see you anymore.
I never thought
I'd be happy to see that gossip hound.
But then I've never been stuck in rehab with
the road company of Facts of Life.
- Is Heidi there?
- Heidi?
I wonder if you might
excuse us for a few minutes.
Only if I get 40%
for making the introduction.
It's a joke.
So, what can I do for you?
My employer wants to make you an offer.
Yeah?
He wants you to write
your memoirs, you know?
He wants you to name names.
Not interested.
It's a very big offer.
How big?
Three million dollars.
She's naming everybody.
- She left a number.
- She's getting a bundle to give up
the names of her clients.
- She's going to name names.
- Five million.
- Enlightened Creative Management.
How may I help you?
It's for you.
The Hollywood Madam,
she's naming her clients.
Well, I heard that she's
going to name all sorts

of people and they might even make a movie.

What?

Yes, the bottom box office star
is shaking in her boots.

- Of course she's gonna name names.

- Who knows about that book?

We have to get the book back.

I want the book back.

- She's been with all sorts of celebrities.

- The Hollywood Madam.

With all of the jobs

people did for her, she's doing this.

- There's something phony...

- Hey, hey!

Not the little girl in

the lederhosen, the Hollywood Madam.

I understand.

Steve.

What do you say we blow this pop stand
and take a ride, huh?

Okay.

Ah, that feels good, huh?

Do you like my suit?

I wore this when I went
to the White House.

I put it on tonight, Heidi, because I have
something very important to say to you.

What's up?

I want you to understand this.

What the law will do to you is nothing
compared what will happen to you...

if you go public.

Like what? I won't be invited
to pool parties anymore?

I do not want to be known as a sicko
who has to pay for sex.

The reputations of the people that
you are playing with...

are worth hundreds

of millions of dollars, multibillions.

There are agents involved, executives.

It has taken us a lot of years
to build up what we have.

Their lives,

the lives of their families...
depend on these good reputations.
The pinheads out there
in flyover country...
are just dying to see this town
turned on its uppers.
So, if you think we are going to let
some little coked-out girl...
ruin all that, you're wrong.
They're gonna pay me seven figures, Steve.
You want to go on living
in this town, right?
You don't want to be a nonperson.
What do you want me to do?
You're a celebrity now.
Welcome to the club.
You won't be
the wackiest figure on the scene...
but you go to jail,
you do your time, you come out.
You'll still be a star.
Heidi, a star
can always make money.
You'll still be my friend?
Don't be silly.
- Did I wake you up?
- Yeah, what time is it?
Late. I need you to do something.
Heidi, you know I'd do
anything you want.
I was alone.
My father couldn't see me.
Steve wouldn't see me.
Ivan betrayed me.
And on the first day of my trial,
Alex outdid them all.
She died.
When it came down to it,
none of my Hollywood
friends came to support me in court.
Will the defendant rise?
Heidi Lynn Fleiss, I'm sentencing you
to seven years in penitentiary.
I know it seems like an overly harsh term...

but I wanted to reflect this community's
disapproval of what you've done.
Immorality, such as yours, is a threat
to the families of this nation...
and I want this sentence
to act as a deterrent...
to others who might think
of following your example.
Remove the prisoner.
When I rewind my life, most of it is a blur.
I had a lot of time
to think about my past...
when I was locked up and hanging out
with a different group of girls.
I do remember being
a very moral madam.
You know, it's called
the world's oldest profession.
How many girls? Send me the airfare
and I'll have them in Paris tomorrow.
I'm not really sure
if they mean prostitution...
- Tina, where are you?
- or betrayal.
I'm gonna need you
in Hong Kong on Tuesday.
Kim and Wendy will
meet you at the airport.
No, not the hotel, the airport.
If you realize
most women are evil, rotten bitches...
most men are predictable pigs...
and someone else is always going to be
on a morality crusade...
it should be easy
to sit back, relax and smile.
Be optimistic,
because you know what's out there.
Steve was right.
After I got out, I still had a life.
You know what?
The world is not such a bad place...
and we're lucky to be here.