

Statement of Margie Shapiro

On November 18, 1975 I was 19 years old and working at Castle donuts in Santa Monica. It was owned by a young married couple who started making donuts in the middle of the night and when I would come in for my shift around 4am one of them usually worked with me until we closed for the day around 2pm.

On that particular morning the wife was working with me. For the previous few mornings we had a customer who was part of the film crew of "Mother's, Jugs and Speed" that was filming close by come & buy several dozens of donuts for the cast & crew. The shop was tiny, only a window in front for walk up service. It wasn't quite light out yet maybe around 5am when a large gold colored high end car pulled up to the curb. It had little tennis rackets that were crossed painted near the doors.

Bill Cosby came up to the window & ordered dozens of donuts. He invited me and my boss to come and watch filming on the set that afternoon after we closed for the day. We went & were duly impressed & star struck having briefly met Larry Hagman & Raquel Welch. My boss left after a while but I stayed longer. As I was getting ready to leave, thanking Bill for inviting us, he said that he was having a few people over for a small casual dinner at the home he had rented (for the duration of the shoot) in either Bel-Air or Brentwood. I can't recall which one but it started with a "B".

Mr. Cosby said he would come get me so I gave him my address and left. He came to pick me up and briefly met my roommate at the time. I told him how much my mother loved him, so we called her and he said hello briefly which thrilled her.

We arrived at his rental home where I met a man who he introduced as an assistant or something. Later I was to find out he was also his driver.

I remember sitting in the living area on the couch and Mr. Cosby went in the other room. I took some matches from a bowl on the table that had his name on them for a souvenir. He came back into the room and informed me that plans had been changed and the dinner party had to be cancelled or re-scheduled for some reason I can't recall. I remember we talked a little. I felt comfortable and he wasn't flirting with me or coming on in any way. It wasn't like a date, it just felt like normal chatting with someone you don't know. We weren't there that long and then he suggested that since there was going to be no party, would I like to go check out Hugh Hefner's mansion and possibly meet him since they were good friends. I said sure! There were no red flags, it was just like hey this is cool hanging out with Bill Cosby.

We drove to Hefner's. They opened the gate. But we did not go to the mansion itself. Mr. Cosby drove to another building that I guess would be called a rec place or game house. Cosby said he wanted to show it to me and I thought it was pretty cool. It had pinball machines, a pool table, and maybe Foosball too. There was a bathroom and a bar area and I noticed an open door to a bedroom with a round or heart shaped bed in it. I believed that this may also have served as a guest house for people visiting. Cosby suggested we hang out there for a while before going to see Hugh. Again, it sounded reasonable to me, no red or even yellow flags. It just seemed like he kind of got a kick out of impressing people & I was the one that day. I was impressed at that point. I don't remember drinking alcohol, but probably water or soda because I hardly ever went more than a few hours without water or soda.

Mr. Cosby suggested a game of pinball, asked if I liked it and I said sure since I had played a lot before. So we played a couple games and then he challenged me to a wager that whoever lost the next game would swallow a pill. So I said sure why not since he was still not being malicious or anything. We played pinball and I think he lost one and I know I lost one and maybe 2 games because after I lost the first one I took the pill. The last thing I remember was that we started to play again so I don't know if I kept playing & lost again or if I passed out & fell down. At some point I didn't really wake up, but I "came to" a little and the first thing I saw was Bill Cosby's face not far above me and we were both naked. He was inside me and touching me and I was so grossed out I can't find the words to express my disgust and mercifully I passed back out again.

I don't know how much time went by but I don't think it was that long before I kind of came to again & passed back out. That happened a couple more times where each time I was awake for under a minute for sure & he would still be touching me sexually in some form. At some point after that I woke up for good although it was more like being in a haze & trying to remember where you are. That wasn't a familiar feeling for me. I was alone. I saw that Bill was not in the room. I was still naked so I remember sitting up, locating my pants & bra, putting them on as fast as I could thinking he'd be back any second. I found my top and I was almost done dressing when he came in dressed himself. He acted like nothing happened.

Mr. Cosby then informed me that we were not going to see Hugh after all. He was busy or something. Then he said I wasn't dressed nice enough anyway and that we were leaving. We left and I assumed he was driving me home, but he drove back to his rental instead. We were not there very long at all when he

informed me that his "driver" would be taking me home, which he did. That was it. I was a lot more coherent by the time I got home. I kept seeing the picture in my mind of waking to him the first time & kept feeling sick inside.

I told my roommate, brother and several close girlfriends the whole story, but with anyone else, especially my mother, I left out the sex part completely. I was confused and at a loss because I could not believe that anyone would believe me over Bill Cosby. Whenever the Cosby show came on or anytime his face or name popped up, I immediately turned off the television because it instantly made me angry and I would see that damned face of his and the feel of him on me and that has never changed through all these years.

My mother loved him like everyone else so it was torture when she would brag to people about her daughter meeting Bill Cosby, which she did well into her 80's at the nursing home. All I could do was just smile and nod my head because I loved my mother and wouldn't ever break her heart by letting her know my truth.

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