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Statement of Dottye

One of the greatest moments of any actors' career is being considered for a major role in a top rated TV series. 1984 was my year. My time. I had missed the open call at NBC studios in New York City because I was on vacation. I made efforts through my actor friends to get an idea where the star of the show lived. Once I had a general location where he lived, I went to a local florist. When I told him who the flowers would be for, he did not ask me for an address. He knew. So along with the flowers I sent my headshot and resume and a letter asking to be considered for the role. Then a miracle happened. The star of the show called me at my Jersey City apartment and asked me to audition for him, himself! The next evening I found myself on the Upper East Side in the living room of a New York City brownstone. I stood before the man all of American respected and loved and welcomed into their homes once a week. Nerves abounded. He asked me if I brought a monologue, which I had. But before I started he asked me to have a drink to relax myself. I told him I did not drink but he said one drink would do no harm. How could it! I trusted the man. Hell! The world trusted him and loved him and thought no wrong about the man. So, of course, I trusted him too. I raised my glass and as I braced for the alcohol to touch my lips. I silently said, "Thank you, Mr. Cosby" and took a drink.

I took a few sips. I remember him standing up from the living room armchair and he said, "Relax. We are going to do an exercise." Then he began to spin me around. I was alarmed but still foolishly trusting. Once he stopped spinning me I was dizzy and disoriented, and sick. Within seconds I began to vomit all over myself and his rug. I felt ashamed. Things got foggy thereafter but I do know he took my clothes off and put them in his washing machine. Somehow I ended up on the third floor in the bathroom as Cosby washed me. I thought to myself, a few sips of alcohol and this is what happens?

I don't remember too much of the shower or walking back down the steps back to the second floor. I was in a robe he apparently had given me. In front of the steps was a half bathroom and to the left of the door was a chest. He leaned me against the chest, raised the robe, and raped me. Next Cosby took me to the

right of the bathroom into the dining room, and laid me on the floor where he continued his assault. I couldn't believe the man I respected as an actor and educator was doing this to me. I couldn't understand why I could not, did not, fight him off. I could not believe what was happening to me. When he finished, he helped me dress. I don't remember any conversation we had. He led me downstairs to the front door closing it behind me. Cosby left me alone in the streets of New York City to drive myself home to New Jersey.

I did not realize until last year when the other women started telling their stories that I was drugged that night. I went home ashamed, hating myself for 'letting him have his way'. I thought he was wrong but at that time I thought so was I.

Bill Cosby called the next day not to see how I was but for phone sex! He tried to get me to do it with him but I was no longer under the influence of what I thought was only alcohol. So I led the conversation from sex to how the world saw him as an example for all fathers. I even compared him to Cliff Huxtable, his own TV persona. That was the man I wanted to talk to, not the one on the phone. I talked him 'down.' Then I told him I needed to go but before he hung up, he invited me to the studio to watch the taping of The Cosby Show. I said yes I would come. Why? As an actress, writer, and director, I could learn from the show and I would stay away from the star who was no longer on a pedestal in my eyes.

I want people to know, I did not go to the police because at that time, I thought somehow I had let him do what he did. I didn't protest and I was too embarrassed to tell anyone of this shame I felt. Anyway, he was Bill Cosby! Who would believe me!!!

So I went to the studio in Brooklyn and watched and learned. Cosby spoke to me like we were friends. Then he introduced me to his stage manager. I did have several dates with that manager. He was a good man, a gentleman. I came to the studios for at least a season. I drove from Jersey to Brooklyn. I met several girls there who lived in Manhattan. They asked for rides back through the city on my way home. In my car several told me their stories. They didn't tell me everything, but I knew. But they were hanging around hoping to get that extra job or any role. I didn't want to be on the show, not with that man. I continued to come to the studio to watch the director, the cameras and the blocking and to

learn so that when my turn came to write, direct and produce my own projects, I would be ready. And I was. I am.

Toward the end of my stay there, the Cosby Show ordered their jackets meant only for cast and crew. But Cosby told them to get me one with my name on the front. I have it now. I so much wanted to burn it but am glad I didn't. It is a statement that I was there. I am not lying. I am telling my truth about Mr. Cosby and me.

I saw Bill Cosby for the last time several years later in Las Vegas. He had finished his comedy show and I took my father, mother and brother to the green room to see him. They still saw him as the world saw him so I made the introduction. When they got their picture taken with him, I left closing that door on my life. I thought it would be forever until brave women came out and told their stories. Their strength made me strong to sit before you today to tell my story. There are others out there like me. Come and tell your truth.

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