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Statement of Heather Kerr

In 1989, I was working part-time for an entertainment business manager. One of his clients was Harvey Weinstein. Harvey called the office almost every day and I would answer the phones. He would ask me questions about myself and I would tell him that I was an actress, pursuing acting as a professional career. He offered to meet with me and I asked my boss what he thought. He told me that I should definitely meet with Harvey because he could really help me out in the film industry.

Harvey and I arranged a meeting. He told me that he was not working out of his regular office on that particular day and wanted me to meet him in an office in Westwood. I arrived and a person who appeared to be a secretary was leaving. She gave me a look like "I hope you're ready for this..." It was unsettling. He called me into his office and told me to sit on the couch. He then sat down next to me and proceeded to tell me "How things worked in Hollywood." He asked me if I was "good." I started to tell him about my training and my acting experience and he said "No. I need to know if you're GOOD." He said that if he was going to introduce me around town to directors and producers he needed to know if I was any "good." He kept repeating that word.

I offered to provide him with a reel of my acting work. He had this sly, sleazy smile on his face and the fact that he was sitting so close to me on this couch...I started to get a sick feeling in my stomach. The next thing I knew he had unzipped his fly and pulled out his penis. My

heart started pounding. My mind started racing. How do I deal with this? How do I get out of this? Am I going to get out of this? How is this happening? He then grabbed my hand and pulled me towards him and forced my hand onto his penis and held it there. I was frozen with fear, trying to remain calm, trying not to freak out because, after all, there was NOBODY ELSE in the office! I said something like "Ya know, let me think about what you're offering and I'll get back to you, but I need to go now because I'm in a play and I need to be there soon because we have to rehearse and..." I was rambling. I pulled my hand away as casually as possible. He told me that this was how things worked in Hollywood and that ALL of the actresses that had made it, had made it THIS way. He said "Name anyone. Any actress you can think of and this is how they made it." He spelled it out for me. He told me that first I'd have sex with him and then he would take me to parties and show me who I needed to sleep with after that, but that he first needed to know "How GOOD I was." He told me that I was not that good looking, BUT that he would be willing to help me anyway, like he was doing me a favor.

I got up and started backing out of the room, thanking him for his time. I closed the door behind me and rushed to the elevator which seemed to take forever, terrified that he would come after me and force me back into his office. On Monday following that Friday nightmare with Harvey Weinstein, I resigned from my job. Not long after that I quit acting. I continued doing theater for a while, but I quit pursuing acting as a career. I have told parts of this story to only a very few people over the years. I felt so powerless, because he is, after all very powerful and very well known...and very successful. I didn't think anyone would believe me. I was nobody. Why would they believe me?

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