

ing a filmy, shimmery, dreamy blouse. Her name is Rachel, and she hasn't been feeling well. Rachel says she's been upstairs, "puking." The reasons go unstated, but you can just imagine.

"Are you all right?" Charlie asks her. "Yeah, I'm all right." She smiles wanly, and takes a seat at a table, while Charlie goes to make coffee.

So, what've you been up to today, Rachel?

"Oh, hangin' out," she says. "It's my birthday, actually. I'm 22 now."

Has it been everything you'd hoped it would be?

"More! I mean, yeah, last night, definitely. Last night, this morning, yeah, a pretty badass time."

What happened?

"We had Sexual Stephanie over" - who Sexual Stephanie is, she doesn't say, but you can just imagine that, too - "and she was hot. Sexy, you know?"

Charlie returns with his coffee, wants to know what Rachel has said, and Rachel giggles - and Charlie just smiles.

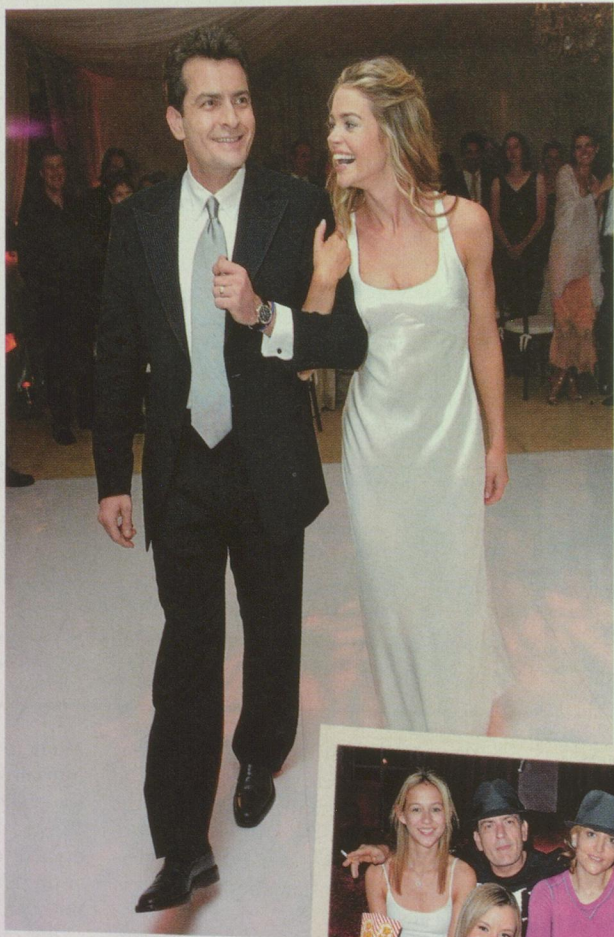
Ah, women. The one drug Charlie's never been able to give up. "People think I'm a bit of a rogue, of a cad, a lothario, a guy who's in a lot of shit that would lead to a constellation of kink and oddities, and I'm not," he says later on. "I just love women. I love them."

He lost his virginity at the age of 15 to a Vegas prostitute named Candy, a gorgeous redhead, with his dad sleeping in the hotel room next door. He lifted his dad's credit card to pay for the experience, paying for his cousin Joey, also 15. "I told Joey, 'Look, this is my dad's credit card, you're going second.' He was thrilled. He didn't give a shit. I remember having the greatest night of my life. Then two weeks later, my father wanted to know about this Friendly Introductions LLC, Las Vegas, bill on his statement. I explained it. His whole concern was that I didn't mistake that for love." Pause. "I'm still trying to process that one."

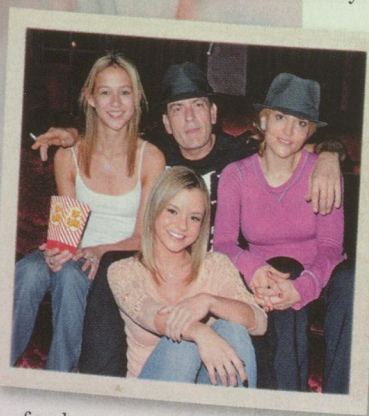
And so through the years it's gone, working girls, porn babes and the occasional sweet thing he wants to marry, and so he does, and maybe even has some kids with her, before realizing, once again, he needs to do some more processing, that he truly is a polyamorous kind of guy. "See, there's different gals for different feelings," he says. "Some gals you like to smoke pot with, some to drink with, some to watch a movie with, some you know they're going

to bring a girlfriend, some, like the porn girls, are just a little crazier and more dangerous. I don't know why I like that. I guess it makes things feel more epic. But my point is, it's possible to have feelings for different women at the same time."

Unfortunately, sometimes those feelings have turned violent, with Charlie going off the deep end in the ugliest of ways, reportedly once telling Denise Richards, "I hope you fucking die, bitch"; allegedly pulling a knife on Brooke Mueller and in 2010 allegedly trying to choke his porn-star date



**THE EX-WIVES CLUB**  
Above: With Richards at their 2002 wedding. Right: With "goddesses" Natalie Kenly and Olson, and ex-wife Mueller, from left, in 2011.



during that infamous freakout at New York's Plaza Hotel. And yet Charlie's appeal is such that none of these incidents do him damage for long. The public still loves him and girls still love him, as they always have. "When he was a client," says Heidi Fleiss, "every girl I sent him fell in love with him. All anyone ever said was good stuff, from being charming and generous, to being well-endowed, to being a great lover. Everything about him was great."

"It's funny, though," Charlie says. "A gal has to have a great face, but I'm more about cute than beautiful. Natalie Portman, beautiful. Mila Kunis, cute. Tons of

cute. I don't know her, but I'm a fan. I like women's feet, too. I've not dated girls because of their feet, just the length of certain toes and the shape of where things should be and they're not. Hammer toes are bad. And the second toe being too long? That's bad, too."

Again, more of the Charlie Sheen nobody knows.

And there's more, lots more, more than anyone might suspect, given the single-track skew of his public persona. For instance, he once dreamed up a new way to dispense ChapStick and owns U.S. Patent No. 6,283,658 on the idea: "The housing is asymmetrical and may have an asymmetrical series of tactile protrusions to help determine the disposition of the ChapStick-dispensing apparatus, even though manual dexterity is limited as by gloves or mittens."

He takes care of his friends, has helped get two of his closest - Bob Maron, a high-end watch dealer, and Todd Zeile, a former pro baseball player - hooked up with *Anger Management* as co-executive producers, so they're around him, making him happy, all the time. While at *Men*, he looked after his longtime stunt double, Eddie Braun, by insisting that all Charlie Harper stunts, no matter how toe-stubbing small, be done by Braun, thus ensuring his

buddy some quite-nice extra-large paydays.

He can be a ruthless negotiator. In 2010, with his *Men* contract up, Charlie wanted \$100 million for the next two years. Warner Bros. countered with \$48 million, Charlie said nothing doing. "Eventually, they went to \$95 million and still Charlie passed," says his manager, Mark Burg. "Then they went to 97, then to 99, and Charlie says to me, 'Did you not hear me? I said 100!' Was he happy he got it? I don't even know."

Among other things, he's a fan of the phrase "true story," as in, "I've had ear infections since I was a kid, and when I'm sleeping, I'm scratching, making it worse, so I gotta sleep with gloves sometimes. True story"; or, getting out of a car, leaving you something to think about, "I've got three nipples. Yeah. True story."

And then, suddenly, he'll lean your way and say something like, "I am Jaws, by the

way. I don't know Jaws. I am Jaws. I am the alter ego of the shark in the movie. Oh, for Christ's sake, I'm Brody! I'm Brody!"

And then he'll reel out one of the many inspirational sayings that he keeps handy: "Can't is the cancer of 'happen'" or "I don't hope. Hope is for suckers. I have faith."

And then he'll talk about some of his more out-there beliefs. He takes a conspiracist's view of the JFK assassination. He's a 9/11 Truther. He says he's been psychic his entire life: "Like, I know who's calling when the phone rings, most of the time, and that's weird." He says he believes in UFOs, sort of: "I mean, take the Phoenix lights of '97 - 10,000 eyewitnesses to a craft the size of 10 aircraft carriers for four hours." He pauses, looks amused. "Well, actually, you know what I believe? I believe it's more fun just to believe, man."

And then you'll try to have a meaningful discussion with him about his inner life and find it nearly impossible.

So, what's that empty spot inside that you're trying to fill, Charlie?

"Not sure. I don't know what that is. And, um."

Have you ever really looked into it?

"Nah. I just fuckin'... just appetites. Ap-

**"The porn girls are just a little crazier and more dangerous," Charlie says. "I don't know why I like that. I guess it makes things feel more epic."**

petites. It feels filled at times, right? But they have all these rules, and I don't get that shit, you know? Can't you fill it with things that aren't, like, all about confessionals and pilgrimages and veganisms?"

Fun stuff?

"Yeah, man!"

Do you ever feel like you're searching for something?

"Yeah, sure, yeah, sure," he says a little too breezily. "Don't know for what though. But I do feel like I'm going to meet some wizard guide someday who will sort of lay it out for me."

If his father were here, of course, he'd be saying to his son, "Well, Charlie, you have to be your own wizard guide, don't you know that?" But Charlie is by himself now and hears no voices but his own.

**O**NE EVENING, HE GOES out to see ex-wife Denise Richards, who lives about 20 minutes northwest of him, and their two girls, Sam, eight, and Lola, seven. They got married in 2002 and split three years later, after Charlie started gambling big-time, hanging out on porn sites, abusing

pill and acting in a "very volatile" way, according to Richards, who also said that Charlie once spray-painted their wedding photo with the words "the dumbest day of my life." Until about a year ago, they still couldn't stand each other. But then, for the sake of their kids, they patched things up and now hang out and go on vacations together, with Richards recently filming a guest spot on *Anger Management*. At night, she never turns her cellphone off, lest Charlie get in trouble and need her help. "He's another of my children," she likes to say, affectionately.

Inside Richards' superluxe, highly Italianate pad, Charlie shares a few quiet words with Sam and Lola, who are exceedingly cute and shy, and then Richards sweeps in, wearing a long summery dress, smelling like the ocean. They kiss hello, exchange a few pleasantries, sit down to dinner (chicken nuggets, the girls' favorite, prepared by Richards' dad, Irv, who lost his wife three years ago and now lives with his daughter), say grace (Charlie starts: "Bless us, O Lord, *uhhh...*" and Richards has to finish), then Richards takes the kids upstairs to get ready for bed, while Charlie goes out back, to the patio, to smoke and enjoy the

whole thing to explain. Not that we can't lock the door, but you know how it is. It's just not like that in so many ways. Do I want to? Yeah! Does she? Don't know."

It's kind of an intemperate thing to say, but Charlie, as usual, can't help himself. The way his mind wanders is the way his thoughts become words.

Richards returns with the bottle, offers Charlie a refill, which he declines. He's pretty much stone-cold sober. They start talking about the Great Meltdown and the longer they talk about it, the further Charlie slouches down in his seat and the more cigarettes he smokes.

"I know this sounds terrible," Richards starts off, "but I was actually hoping he was on drugs, because at least there'd be an explanation. I thought he lost his marbles. I thought he went to a point of no return. It was sad. It just broke my heart."

"A lot of laughs, though," Charlie says, quietly. "And it wasn't sad. A lot of it was draped in victory."

Richards looks at him. "I would have handled it a little differently, Chuckles. You need to take the high road. Because on the one hand, you—"

"Make perfect sense—"

cool night air. "Oh, God, ah, this is nice," he says. "Serene, man. Geez."

Richards comes out and says, "He and I are like best friends now. Confidants. He tells me everything. We take those trips together, and the girls adore him."

Charlie leans forward, exhaling, in his raspy voice, saying, "And we sleep in separate rooms. Everybody's going to want to know that, too."

Richards' face falls a little, making her look no less pretty but a good bit more stressed. "He has no filter on what he says. He wasn't like that when we got married."

"Bo-ring," Charlie intones.

"He wasn't boring. He had been sober for three years and was very humbled and charming and honest and a great man."

"And boring. Boring!"

Richards has about had it with this. She gives her ex a stern look, then excuses herself to get some more wine.

Charlie watches her leave. "She's great, isn't she? She's fucking great, man. She still looks fucking great, right?" He kind of laughs. "It bums me out," he goes on. "I mean, you know where the mind goes, right? It's tough being on trips with her sometimes. I don't want the kids to walk in on us, you know? And then there's the

"No!" Richards says, sharply. "See? You're not regretting your behavior. You think you were right in how you handled things! You're not looking back and going, 'I can't believe I behaved that way!'"

Charlie sits up, leans in toward Richards. "Who beat who like a drum, though? Did I beat Warner Bros. like a drum or did they beat me like a drum? All the money they owed me! That they weren't going to pay me after they fired me! All my money! I mean, Who beat who? Who beat who?"

"But what did you gain from it?"

"My money!"

She sighs, deeply frustrated, and says, "You would have won the lawsuit anyway."

Charlie tilts his head at her. You can see him struggling to understand what Richards is saying. You can see him trying to comprehend, trying to figure out how to walk a little straighter of a line, but for the moment, it's all just a bit beyond him, if only because he's behaved the same way for so long, with regards to money, drinking, drugs, girls, the gold tooth that should be painted but isn't and the screaming that has not ceased yet. But at least he's trying, and if trying counts for anything, then somewhere a wizard guide must be smiling a little smile tonight.