

A STAB IN THE PARK



CHARACTERS:

Kendall Chauwston-Browne. A Serial killer. The scion of an extremely old and wealthy Australian Pastoralist family. A very confident narcissist, extremely well spoken, highly educated and intelligent. Well connected, through family and business, right across Australia. Sneeringly brilliant, sickeningly unctuous and at all times imperiously snobbish.

Dr Marcus Welton. Prominent Australian Psychologist who normally practices in Macquarie Street Sydney. Very wealthy and very well connected

in the medical and political fraternity. Very calm and always unfazed, even in the face of an unremitting horror.

(Heraldic music bursts forth from an unseen radio and we hear a "News" announcer begin)

Radio Announcer: Good evening. And heading this bulletin is breaking news that the serial killer, dubbed by the media, THE DEATH HOOD, has today been denied any further name suppression in his trial in the Federal Supreme Court. Kendall Chauwston-Browne, son of Murray Chauwston-Browne, the head of the well-known NSW pastoralist family, has been further remanded in custody for psychiatric assessment and sentencing on August the 5th.

Kendall Chasuwston-Browne was today convicted of the stabbing murders of 8 people in Sydney between June 2002 and Jan 2015.

Chasuwston-Browne had a prolonged reign of terror throughout Sydney over a thirteen-year period during which police had failed to capture him. Occasional CCTV footage of a hooded figure, led a Police Special Task Force to believe that this was the person they were seeking which led the media to dub him, The Death Hood. Chauwston-Browne's reign of terror came to an end when his ninth victim, Dimitry Papadopoulos, the Marrickville martial arts expert, disarmed him in the midst of another of his deadly attacks.

Justice Michael Cremmins today ruled in favour of the prosecution's demands that the suppression order be lifted in order to assist the police with their continuing investigation into more victims of Chauwston-Browne's deadly assaults In further news, the former Prime Minister, Scott Morrison has again been accused by women ... *(Fade out)*

(Setting) -

(An interview room and a lone prisoner is sitting at a bare table waiting. He is composed and alert.

There are two doors into the room. One is the 'prison' side and the other is a visitor's entrance

The visitor door is suddenly opened by a prison officer and Dr Marcus Welton stands in the entrance.)

Prison Officer: Do you want one of us to be in the room with you, Doctor?

Dr Welton: Has been overly aggressive?

Prison Officer: No, he's fine.

Dr Welton: So he's settled in then?

Prison Officer: He'll be running the place soon.

Dr Welton: I'm not surprised. He's just like his Father. *(Pause)* - Thank you, I'll manage.

(He comes into the room and takes out a pen a recorder and note pad from his brief case and sits. He activates the recorder and begins studying Kendall Chauwston-Browne for a minute and then introduces himself.)

Dr Welton: Hello Kendall. I'm Dr Welton. Dr Marcus Welton. You can call me Marcus if you like. As you may know, I've been appointed by the Supreme Court to assess your suitability for the sentencing that is to be ...

Kendall: Sorry to interrupt Doctor but you can stop there for a start. You weren't appointed by the Courts at all. My father put pressure on dear old "Creepy Cremmins" to do this ... Did you know they were at school together?

Dr Welton: I did Kendall. In fact, all three of us were there together.

Kendall: Well, well. So Creepy has allowed you to be appointed, with my father paying for it no doubt. Dear old Dad, he can't believe it and now he wants to know how his boy has become this shadowy, protean entity they're calling, The Death Hood.

Dr Welton: And?

Kendall: And What?

Dr Welton: How *did* you become "The Death Hood" Kendall?

Kendall: With all due respect Dr – that's for you to determine.

Dr Welton: Very well Kendall. You're correct, of course, and your father has indicated to me that you are going to be a tough nut to crack. You always were he said.

Kendall: Oh, I don't know Marcus. Look, give me a bottle of Maxy Schubert's '51 Penfold Grange and I'll tell you whatever it is that you want to hear.

Dr Welton: I don't want you to tell me what I want to hear. I want to hear what you have to tell me.

Kendall: About what?

Dr Welton: Whatever it is that you have to tell me.

Kendall: Oh!! That's a rather broad opening gambit Marcus. Actually, it's pathetic – if you don't mind me saying.

Dr Welton: Really? How does that make you feel?

Kendall: Provisionally victorious.

Dr Welton: Victorious Kendall? Do you see this process as a battle?

Kendall: Well, yes, of course.

Dr Welton: Hm, hmm, why?

Kendall: If I answered that question Marcus, I think it would be stating the obvious. Don't you?

Dr Welton: Well perhaps, but I'd like ask you some questions. Do you mind?

Kendall: No... I suppose not. I am happy to assist you. Of course, it may help *you* to understand, that now that I'm incarcerated, I have adequate amounts of time to examine the consequences of my... shall we say, "park frolics" ... I also have an unrequited curiosity about this behaviour of mine. From a psychiatric point of view! I'm rather interested about what it is I've done and why. Your clinical assessment might be of some assistance to me Doctor.

Dr Welton: What do you think it is that you have done Kendall?

Kendall: Sorry Marcus. You're going to have to work harder than that.

Dr Welton: Very well. "Park frolics?" Now that's an interesting expression Kendall. In the thirteen years that you roamed and killed; not once did I hear that expression used to describe your crimes. Is that a descriptive term that you coined?

Kendall: Yes, any analysis of my crime scenes would indicate a preference for parks and bush. Our Blue Shirt Grunts, of course, knew that.

Dr Welton: I see.

Kendall: Of course, you do. (*Feigning ham dramatics*) - In dense scrubland parks on silent, Moonless nights; he skulked, a hooded fiend, patiently waiting to eliminate another of life's Gutter dwellers.

Dr Welton: That's a chilling description Kendall. Is that how you feel about what it is you've done?

Kendall: No! It's the opening chapter of a book I might write. "THE STAB IN THE PARK".

Dr Welton: And if you write this book, do you feel this might be an expiatory exercise that will lift you from a sense of guilt that you might have for this behaviour of yours Kendall?

Kendall: (*Angry*) Oh for God's sake Marcus. Where's your sense of humour? (*Instant change of emotion to curious*) - Actually, I haven't given much thought to writing about my exploits. Perhaps I will. If I did, *and*, I draw your attention to the use of the conjunction at the beginning of this conditional sentence, I would do so only to assist Police intelligence in the matter. Huh! They still don't have a clue the imbeciles, do they? (*Laughingly gloating*) They must have been wringing their hands in despair wondering why they couldn't stop me. Police Intelligence?! Huh! I regard that phrase, as a cynical juxtaposition Marcus.

Dr Welton: Do you feel resentful towards the police for your detection and capture Kendall?

Kendall: Well, yes, I do actually! If I hadn't been so bloody careless with Mr Papadopoulos, they wouldn't have had a chance against me.

Dr Welton: Why?

Kendall: It's obvious Marcus, they're just foolish, tattooed, epsilons. Let's face it. Police ranks are always conscripted from our lower social echelons. If they were in anyway smart, they wouldn't need to be in a regulatory, paramilitary organisation like that. Police are recruited, by people of our standing and demeanour, to control the more delinquent urges of the lower orders.

Dr Welton: I see. And what do you think those urges are Kendall?

Kendall: (*Bored sigh*) – Well. Broadly. The capital vices of the Judeo-Christian ethics Marcus. You know that!

Dr Welton: Yes, known colloquially, as the seven deadly sins! The violation of which, brings the impenitent transgressor to perdition. Is that correct Kendall?

Kendall: Yes.

Dr Welton: And on August the 5th you will stand before Justice Cremmins having already been judged guilty, by a Jury of your peers, as a sinner Kendall! You have now been registered as a common criminal of the vilest form. How does that make you feel?

Kendall: (*Exploding*) - Who the (*Slams his hand on the table*) FUCK!!do you think you are Dr? A JURY OF MY PEERS? (*Very angry*) You are *not* here to exult in my incarceration and guilt. How dare you! May I remind you, Dr bloody Welton, that it is the Chauwston-Browne money, *MY* family's money that is paying you your fee for this... this...gross imposition on my sensibilities.

Dr Welton: (*Calmly*) - I'm sorry you feel that way Kendall. How *would* you describe your sensibilities in this matter?

Kendall: (*Very calmly*) - These herd runners could never possibly understand how I feel. They will never understand why I felt compelled to send designated individuals to an early demise. (*Unctuously*) - Not like you can Doctor... You're a studier of human foibles, aren't you? You examine the dark side of human nature on a daily basis, do you not?

Dr Welton: Yes

Kendall: While we're on the topic of the 'dark side', tell me Doctor, where does the State put its more.... Shall we say, off the scale... flaky phoo phoos? The bedlamites?

Dr Welton: They currently reside in Morisset.

Kendall: (*Fearfully*) – Oh God! Do you think they'll send me there?

Dr Welton: Perhaps not Kendall. How would you feel if you were involuntarily committed to an institution such as that?

Kendall: No, no, you can't allow that to happen to me Marcus, please?

Dr Welton: Very well. Can you tell me why?

Kendall: (*Scared/angry*) - I'm not insane. I knew what I was doing.

(*Calmly imperative*) - In fact, I'm the opposite of insane. I am the most creative criminal mind in the history of NSW – perhaps Australia.... Don't you think... name another Australian that has an undetected kill score as high as mine, Doctor? Eight, clean and humane deaths - without being detected. No, I have an imposing record, surely? You must grant me that?

Dr Welton: Yes Kendall. I most certainly do.

Kendall: Tell me then, how are matters of this nature measured? There must be some psychiatric criteria that you use Marcus? I know Carl Jung dealt with things of this nature, didn't he? (*In awe*) - What would he have given to be here now eh? In your place... or there beside you perhaps... what would he have thought.... what questions would he be asking me, eh Marcus?

Dr Welton: Yes Kendall. What questions indeed. What questions do you think he might ask?

Kendall: (*Censorial*) - Well he wouldn't have indulged in any of your sententious rhetoric and nonsense. His was a curious and explorative mind. Could you say that about yourself? He was at the cutting edge of this discipline of yours in his day Marcus – as you know.

Dr Welton: Yes. A very distinguished man.

Kendall: (*Excitedly self-absorbed*) - Perhaps he would have been curious about my preparation and choices in the implementation of the actions I took.... The criteria I used for selection of the site - the quarry - upon which I would enact the task at hand... The state of my mind in the lead up to the deed. (*Stands up and looks ahead at the walls*) -The...The... The feelings I experienced in the execution of the assignment. The state of my mind upon completion... and the meticulous cleansing of the work area. Yes! Yes! He would have wanted to know about all of those things Marcus. I'm sure.

Dr Welton: Yes, Kendall and so do I. Why don't you pretend that I am Carl Jung and you are telling me about your decision to prepare... an action... as you put it? What choice would you make in the lead up to it?

Kendall: (*Bored*) - Well, there's not much to say really. Preparation was always scrupulously thorough of course. I always chose isolated suburban parks in more settled areas.

Dr Welton: That's interesting. Why?

Kendall: They contained mature and advanced flora which was good for my cover. Those areas often... though not always, lacked cameras which titillated my interest in the location. The chosen location usually contained members from the local disenfranchised and disaffected youth, who dressed in oversized hoods and those American baseball hats, so it was easier for me to blend in. These gutter elements that did frequent the parks were usually indulging in some minor forms of delinquent behaviour – substance abuse usually, which made it hard for them to remember anything when they were invariably questioned by the Police. Their presence and aberrant behaviour at the location always led to them being the initial suspects and that always assisted me in avoiding detection.

Dr Welton: That's very clever of you Kendall. I'm impressed. How did you select your - what word would you use? Quarry?

Kendall: (*Feeling very pleased*) - Thank you Marcus. Well, I didn't select a quarry as such. What I did was, first, choose a location and then later, very carefully secrete myself in it, well in advance of the task. This gave me an opportunity to attune myself to that environment. Of course, you need the patience and discipline of a genius to do this. Now, once I got settled there in the pitch-black darkness, I could then slow my heart rate and sharpen my senses and that would allow me to detect any possible surrounding flaws and dangers. Once secured and attuned I simply waited patiently, for someone to come close enough for me to comfortably ensnare them so I could complete my undertaking. Simple really! It's the reverse of the old "goat on a rope" trick.

Dr Welton: Very clever Kendall. How did it make you feel when you ensnared your quarry?

Kendall: (*In glowing reverie*) - In the moment before I sprang, I'd experience an incredible euphoric calm. It was a *fantastically* empowering moment you know. Like a coiled spring. The sense of utter fear that I instilled in my target momentarily paralysed them. They were snared by the power of my terror. The rest was easy.

Dr Welton: The rest? What was *the rest*, Kendall?

Kendall: Oh, please Marcus. I'm doing all your work for you.

Dr Welton: How did you feel at this point in your – how did you put it?

Kendall: (*Impatiently*) - The rest, Marcus. The completion of the act. At that point I had achieved what I had set out to do. I slipped the blade in very quickly and pushed very hard. I held it in momentarily then I withdrew the blade and stepped back as they collapsed to the ground. That's all.

Dr Welton: How did that make you feel Kendall?

Kendall: (*Very enthusiastically*) Well for me ...the sudden insertion of the blade... this was the penultimate moment. This was my compensation for a patient, well-conceived and executed plan. To see the sharp gasp of utter shock and horror on their face as the knife entered in through the skin and flesh and invaded the rib cage and the organs within. Sometimes the knife hit the bone of the ribcage and deflected up or down but the best sensation was always to feel – through the handle of the knife, the soft resistance of the body's organs as the knife quickly plunged through right up to the hilt, the shudder of the collapsing life within, as it fell against me. The soft gurgle as the blood suddenly mixed with the air in the lungs and drowned the shriek of condemnation.... The exquisitely foul smell from the sudden release of the contents of the bowel. Afterwards...As I sanitised the area of my presence, I would re-enact the entire, splendid action in slow motion and I always lingered to savour this triumphant conclusion to my planning. The sensual memory of those moments remained with me for a long time afterwards and I'd often lie on my bed and replay them in my mind when I was alone.

Dr Welton: You stated that you paralysed your targets with fear and held them in your thrall?

Kendall: Yes, like a snake.

Dr Welton: All of them?

Kendall: (*Smiling and answering hesitantly*) Y-e-a-h-s-s

Dr Welton: What did you do to them that caused them this paralysis?

Kendall: (*Applauding softly*) -Well done Marcus. A very astute observation. How clever of you. Do you know that you are the only one to ask me that question? I'm beginning to admire you.

Dr Welton: Thank you Kendall. Having your respect means a lot to me.

Kendall: (*Curtly*) -Yes, well. The reason I could temporarily disempower them all was simple! Simple but highly effective...thanks to Hollywood and the entertainment industry.

Dr Welton: I'm sorry Kendall I don't understand.

Kendall: Well, Hollywood is the chief purveyor of the horror film genre Marcus. Right? This genre titillates a primordial, panic reaction in the individual that views it. Do you know of any young adult that has not seen this type of film? Do you view this material yourself?

Dr Welton: No, I'm afraid I don't.

Kendall: Well, there you go Marcus. That means there are at least two of us that can be described as culturally discerning.

Dr Welton: Thank you Kendall but what does this have to do with your ability to paralyse your victims?

Kendall: Well, prolonged viewing of this type of material, conditions people to develop irrational fears. It impacts heavily on the sight and the sound senses of the individual but leaves taste, smell, and touch alone. While the nervous system might get distressed the viewer still has their three remaining senses anchored in a calming reality, right?

Dr Welton: A very perceptive observation, Kendall. How were you able to utilise this in your, ah, quests to...?

Kendall: They say that if you surreptitiously reach out to swiftly grasp a viewer during a horror scene in one of these films, the viewer will experience acute shock. What I did was to borrow heavily from this suggestion by taking some of my women's panty hose and daubing it with a white luminous paint. After it had dried, I cut narrow eye holes in it

which I rimmed heavily with a glossy red mascara. I confronted my targets initially, by making guttural noises, always approaching them from the rear, and as they turned in horror, it caused them a temporary paralysis. What they saw of course was a black hooded figure with a semi - luminous, featureless face and two angry blood red eyes. By introducing the third sense, the touch, I'd tipped the psychological balance heavily in my favour. They were momentarily catatonic with fear. "The rest" was easy Marcus.

Dr Welton: I see. Tell me Kendall. Did you ever share this with anyone? A lover perhaps or any acquaintances that you thought might share your passion for this bizarre ritual you indulged in.

Kendall: Now, now, Marcus. Now you're being facetious. I don't mind you describing it as a ritual. I suppose in a peculiar way it was.... But no, I didn't share my experiences with anyone. I kept it to myself. Had I have shared them I would have risked coming to the attention of the authorities who were so determined to detect and apprehend me.

Dr Welton: Were you a sexually fulfilled man Kendall? Did you have sexual relationships? Lovers?

Kendall: (*Bored*) – OH, here we go!... Well, I suppose you were always going to try and determine if in some way this was some depraved, compensatory, sensual, behaviour – the penetration of the knife being a metaphor for the sexual act. Sorry, no! It wasn't! Lovers? Yes, many. I am a bi-sexual man with a very healthy appetite. I grew up in rural Australia Marcus... where everything is continually *at it*. For me, the only females out there were the sisters, my mother, the Cows, and the ewes, so one has to have alternatives when the hormones are broiling.... *And* I attended the top private boarding school for boys in Australia.

Dr Welton: Yes, I'm aware of that.

Kendall: I know! I fulfil all the English clichés in that respect. But it would be foolishly impetuous of you read anything into it or to offer it as a reason for the behaviour for which I am under question.

Dr Welton: Tell me Kendall, when did you discover you were a bi-sexual?

Kendall: Ah! Now you're getting to the nub of it Doctor. Yes, well I can clearly remember that. We had a family who lived with us for a time. I was

at the ripe old age of thirteen. They were brought in by father as I recall because the parents had a particular skillset. The wife was an accomplished chef and the husband was an expert in animal husbandry... (*Shrugs*) - They had two children that were a bit older than me, a girl, and a boy. The girl introduced me – rather prematurely I now gather – to the carnal delights that she had to offer. And delights they were Marcus. Oh, the rides we took in our barn. Now, strangely, I simultaneously began to develop a strange and curious attraction to the girl's brother, who, unknown to me at the time, was an emerging gay. I say strange, because while I had a subconscious awareness of this allure, at the time I didn't quite understand it. Needless to say, he began to accompany his sister and I to our selected places of erotic seclusion – at first, I thought it was to keep a watch out for the adults – well he did initially. He also kept a keen eye on us and then suddenly, at the invitation of his sister, he began to join in! What a surprising delight that was! Very soon I found myself in up to my neck in knickers, knackers, knockers, and knobs.

Dr Welton: Did your parents ever suspect that you were all participating in this activity?

Kendall: We were never detected - I suppose they thought that we were just kids having fun playing together. And, *playing* we were. I have never again had as much fun and sex as I did that summer. I have no idea why that girl didn't get pregnant though. (*Laughing*) Or her brother either. I didn't think about it at the time of course. They left soon after I went off to Boarding school.

Dr Welton: What would have happened do you think if she had become pregnant?

Kendall: Dad would have paid for the abortion, dismissed the family, and paid them off. It happened with another family he had engaged, later, when I was 16.

Dr Welton: I see. Do you think you're a fortunate man Kendall?

Kendall: No!! Not really, My father was just protecting me from the consequences my indulgent and youthful endeavours.

Dr Welton: Do you mind describing what happened on that occasion Kendall?

Kendall: I came home for the summer holidays that year to find the most stunning creature frolicking in our yard. Her family had been brought in to replace the earlier one that had provided me with my initial sexual adventures. Well, it wasn't long before I used my position as the employer's sophisticated son-returned-from-the-city, to impress the pants and everything else off her in our barn. I recall being suddenly, very eager to cover this exquisite creature and she was also very keen to reciprocate. I hadn't been able to indulge myself with the female of the species for some time and – believe me - I hadn't forgotten the ménage-a trois that had provided me with my sexual awakening. With this next girl I clearly remember experiencing this... this, heightened sense of lustful alertness – a *nouveau* sensual alacrity. A renewed sensation of smell, (*Sniffs vigorously and shakes his whole body*) - of glabrate smoothness... a beautiful ripe feminine softness and an orgasmic explosion of perfumed skin, impatient sweat, and vigorous embrace.

Dr Welton: Was it at this stage you realised that you were a bi-sexual?

Kendall: I most certainly did. I suddenly realised at that point that I was one of those intelligent, gifted, rare individuals that views the rest of the world from on high. A person that can comfortably steal intimate moments in any sexual court and share in the secrets of the damned as we stride the stratosphere above the dull heterosexual herd. From this point on I slowly came to realise that I was a high priest at the exulted altar of secular sainthood. I was sharing my extended sexual potency with the likes of Simone de Beauvoir, Leonard Bernstein, David Bowie, Marlon Brando, Lord Byron, Aleister Crowley, to name but a few And you Marcus?..... Are you one of us?

Dr Welton: No Kendall.

Kendall: Hmm, I did wonder.

Dr Welton: Why?

Kendall: Your curiosity with my unrelated sexual exploits.

Dr Welton: If it wasn't sexual why you think you killed eight people in the manner in which you described earlier.

Kendall: Because I could.

Dr Welton: Do you think you managed to compartmentalise your carnal feelings from your need to penetrate an individual with a knife?

Kendall: Marcus! It was just a game. I did it because I could.

Dr Welton: I see. The police tell me that the period between the victims' deaths varied quite considerably. There was no discernible time pattern they say. At what point did you.... When did you feel the urge to go out and select another victim?

Kendall: Quarry, Marcus... Quarry. "Goat" if you like... Ummmm Look, it was all just a game really. If I had of been given a chance to explain to those, semi-educated, rustic cretins that they used to make up the jury, then they may have understood that... But instead of allowing me to put my perfectly valid, reasonable explanations about this silly business, they were fed an amplified diet of horror and misery against me. My defence team demanded that I keep quiet and do nothing but I was desperate to make these pathetic mental midgets on the Jury understand that these - "goats" - had wandered carelessly into my temporary "bush-abattoir". I mean, come on? These victims, as you so contritely call them, contributed to their own fatal demise Marcus. I can't be entirely blamed for their crass stupidity. Surely you can see that?There was no discernible pattern because I went on a "hunt" when I got bored and I never knew when that boredom was going to set in... When it did, I scratched that itch, Marcus.

Dr Welton: You scratched an itch? Is that how you would describe these stabbings?

Kendall: Yes! It's no big deal. We did it on the farm every week.

Dr Welton: What do you mean Kendall?

Kendall: Well, we killed livestock to fill the freezers to feed the Family and the staff.

Dr Welton: Did you kill livestock as well?

Kendall: Of course.

Dr Welton: When did you kill your first animal Kendall?

Kendall: When I was thirteen. The father of my brother and Sister sexual-tag-team, took us all into our Farm abattoir beside the holding pens behind the barn.

Dr Welton: Can you describe to me how you felt on this occasion Kendall?

Kendall: Yeah! I'll never forget it. (*Glowing reverie*) - First he showed me what he was going to do and how he was going to do it. He did it slowly so I could see. Just talking about it now brings back all the sweet noise and rustic smells of lanoline and blood and manure from that time.

Dr Welton: Where were your sexual acquaintances - the brother and Sister - during your initiation to animal slaughter Kendall?

Kendall: They were watching on, too. They had seen their father do this before so they weren't fazed by it.

Dr Welton: What happened after you had finished killing this beast?

Kendall: Oh, more sex. Their father had to skin and gut the body, clean up the mess and hang the carcass in the cold store so we went off and played with each other.

Dr Welton: Do you remember a heightened sense of arousal at this point Kendall?

Kendall: (*Irritated*) - No Marcus! We have established that there is no connection between my desire to kill and my carnal requirements.

Dr Welton: I see. How do feel now that you have been apprehended, judged, and look likely to be incarcerated for the rest of your life?

Kendall: I had my cake and I've eaten it. Now I have all the time in the world to sift slowly through the crumbs of regret at my capture. I will of course reflect carefully on that one fault in my almost flawless plan - the person with the ability to defend themselves against my technique of mental paralyses. Who would have thought eh? I suppose they will attempt to analyse and reform me but in order to do that they will first have to have my cooperation. It will be conditional Marcus and I will manipulate them. Requests are already in the pipeline for interviews for books being written about me. I have been advised that a TV documentary is being proposed and the other side of your discipline, the researchers, they will be queuing to analyse and discuss my exploits as well no doubt,

so I won't lack stimulating company. Feel free to drop in at any time Marcus. It should be an exciting time.....Apart from the sex though. They say that can be rough in these prisons. Ah well, as a bi-sexual man I won't be missing out. It will just be boringly sweaty and hirsute.

Dr Welton: Yes.

Kendall: Unless of course you or my father can arrange for an occasional female to coddle me.

Dr Welton: No, sorry, we are unable to do that Kendall.

Kendall: That's a pity.

Dr Welton: Tell me, do you feel any contrition for what you have done to your victims and their families? For the hurt and pain, you have inflicted on members of your proud family?

Kendall: No....! I feel embarrassed about being caught. It should never have happened.... I really have to give this some more thought. I don't want it to happen again.

Dr Welton: Happen again?

Kendall: Of course.

Dr Welton: I see.

Kendall: Do you Marcus? How does that make you feel?

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