

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?