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Statement of Linda Kirkpatrick

In 1981, I was 25, living in Las Vegas, Nevada, with my family. I was participating in a mixed doubles tennis tournament at Cambridge Racquet Club, an indoor facility in Las Vegas and a club at which I was a member. One of my opponents in the tennis draw was Bill Cosby and a young female tennis player from the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. I had never met either Cosby or his partner prior to this tournament but was told by the club staff that Cosby was mentoring the UNLV player.

Prior to the onset of the match, across the net, Cosby said “If my partner & I win this match, then we win. But if you (meaning myself) and your partner win the match, then I’ll treat you both to my show tonight as my guests. Front row seats.”

Cosby was appearing at the Las Vegas Hilton on Paradise Road with The Captain & Tennille.

My partner & I won the match. As it turned out, however, my partner worked as a showroom maître di at the Las Vegas Hilton and therefore saw Cosby’s show nightly, leaving me to accept his invitation alone.

When I arrived at the Hilton, I met with my tennis partner at the door of the showroom, at which time he called for someone to escort me to Cosby’s dressing room.

When I entered the dressing room, there were several people there, including The Captain & Tennille. There was a table in the center of the room with a variety of food & fruits. There was a very large copper cappuccino machine on a separate table.

Cosby introduced me to everyone in the room, including a striking mid to late 20’s woman with very, very long blond hair, whom I was told was from Los Angeles and that I was to stay with her for the show.

Cosby handed me a tall, thin champagne type of glass with a clear liquid in it and with what appeared to be red fruit in the bottom. I drank several sips of the clear liquid drink I had been handed by Cosby; however didn’t recognize the taste. It wasn’t champagne and it tasted terrible. I recall drinking approximately ½ of the glass.

The next thing I remember I was sitting on a large plastic box in a very dark room where the spotlight was being operated by a man (more a room than a booth). The walls were completely blacked out. I was sitting to the right of the man operating the spotlight. I do not

know how I got to the spotlight booth/room. The blond woman from LA was sitting next to me. I asked “why are we sitting up here and not at the show?” I was told this is where Cosby wanted us to sit.

My next recollection was being back in the dressing room alone with Cosby. I was lying down. Cosby was on top of me kissing me forcefully. I had no interest in sex of any kind with Bill Cosby nor did I expect or want anything from him when I accepted his invitation to the show. I only expected a seat to the show as offered by him.

I knew something was terribly, terribly wrong with whatever I had consumed in that drink that he gave me.

I recall seeing a silver ID bracelet with CAMILLE on it. I remember thinking why is he doing this to me even while wearing his wife’s bracelet. I have no conscious re-collection of how I got home.

The next day I returned to the tennis club as I was still in the tournament playing in the singles event. I began violently throwing up court side, as a result of ingesting what I believe to be some type of drug and was unable to continue the tennis match and defaulted to my opponent.

When I came off the court, an employee from the reservation desk at the tennis club handed me a phone message from Bill Cosby to call him back.

I did call him back from the club desk phone immediately, with the intention to give him a piece of my mind for whatever he gave me which rendered me helpless & so ill and for his unwanted sexual advances.

He apologized for his behavior the previous night.

He said he may have gotten the wrong idea about why I was there.

It seemed he was saying “You asked for it”.

He said “let me make it up to you. Come back tonight between the 1st and 2nd show. We’ll play backgammon and then you can see my 2nd show, front row”. I told him that I had no interest in sex with him or anything other than the show ticket.

After what sounded like a sincere apology, I did go back the 2nd night. However I vowed not to drink anything offered, and I did not drink anything there or prior to going to the hotel.

No one else was in the dressing room this time. It was just Bill Cosby and myself.

After a few games of backgammon, he indicated it was time to get ready for his second show for the night. I stood up near the cappuccino machine, assuming someone would then come to escort me to my seat in the audience. It was at this time that he caught me off guard, went after

me again, grabbed me from the front, locked me in an aggressive hug, with his arms wrapped around my back and forcefully tried to kiss me. He held so tightly against his body that it was obvious he was sexually aroused.

I said “Stop it! No! Let me go!” and managed to get myself out of his grip and pushed him away. I left the hotel.

The following day I told my family what happened.

They asked why I went back the 2nd night. There are a number of reasons.

I was an early 20’s young woman, a little star struck and naïve.

He had suggested that I asked for it. I meant to prove that I had not “asked” for anything.

For more than 30 years, I’ve been sickened by what he did to me. That he had taken advantage of me sexually and that he had the nerve to suggest I had ‘asked for it’.

I was sickened when he touted himself as being such a family man.

I was disgusted when he spoke out recently on black families not raising their children right & setting bad examples. Bill Cosby is a hypocrite.

I have also held on to the shame for being so naïve as to believe his apology and for going back the following night.

I’ve told what happened to me to my family & friends over the years, including my children, now grown.

I’ve been tempted to come forward publicly before but didn’t think my story would be believed. My family said not to come forward publicly as Cosby is too powerful.

I’m coming forward today to have a voice, to stand arm in arm in support of other women courageous enough to speak out.

Mr. Bill Cosby needs to be held accountable for his actions. This is my truth.

January 7, 2015

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Statement of Lynn Neal

When I first met Bill Cosby, I was in my mid 20s and I was a therapist at a very nice health club. I would see Bill sometimes daily at the club. He had started playing tennis at that time and would often tell me how sore his back and shoulders were from it. We talked quite a bit and it felt like we were becoming friends.

He had been inviting me to come see his show. So we finally set a time for me to come watch his show and I was going to have a bite to eat with him after the show and then I was going to work on his back and shoulders. So that night when I arrived at the Hilton, I was directed to put my table in his dressing room then I was taken to the area to the side of the stage called "the crow's nest" where I was going to watch the show. I climbed the ladder to the seating area was given a bottle of champagne and a glass to drink during the show. I didn't drink champagne because it gives me headaches. But I took it because I didn't want to be rude. The show started and he was very funny and I felt so lucky that we had become friends. After the show we went to the restaurant to eat, I thought, but when we sat down in a booth in a restaurant he was brought a plate of collard greens that had been made for him. He started eating so I took a bite. He said "no don't eat that!" I said why I'm hungry. He said I'll get you a drink. And then without ordering it, a shot of Stoli was brought to me. I said I don't want that, I would have ordered a drink with juice or something. But he

said just drink it. So I did. He said ok we have to go. And I said I thought we were going to eat. He said we don't have time. So we left the restaurant. By the time we walked back to his dressing room, I was having problems walking. I felt disoriented and confused. I didn't understand what was happening to me, I had never felt that way before.

When we entered the dressing room I sat on the couch and he started taking my pants down. I said what are you doing, stop! But he didn't and I was weak I felt helpless and I couldn't stop him. He told me to calm down, he wasn't going to hurt me and then he started having sex with me, and was talking about how an orgasm is like a thermostat, building pressure. Then it was over. He rushed me out of his room and told me to call him the next time he was in town. I never saw him again in the health club or anywhere else. I was in shock as I had no idea that he would do this to me. I looked at him as a big brother or fatherly figure that I admired. He built my trust by pretending to be a friend. He drugged and raped me. He betrayed my trust and took advantage of me.

The last thing I remember about that night was struggling to walk down the hallway trying to get out of the hotel. I don't remember finding my car or the drive home. I couldn't believe it, he had drugged me! I know that there are people out there that know what this man has been doing all of these years. I want to make a plea for you to come forward to tell the truth. Just think if this had happened to your wife, your sister or your daughter.

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Statement of Kacey

I share the experiences of most of the other women who have bravely stepped forward, and as more and more of them have shared their truths, I knew I needed to add my voice with these women and speak my truth by sharing what happened to me.

I worked for the William Morris Agency for over 6 years, three of those years as assistant to Tom Illius, who was Mr. Cosby's personal appearance agent. As assistant to Mr. Tom Illius I was tasked with the administrative aspects of Mr. Cosby's personal appearances.

While Mr. Cosby and I had a cordial professional relationship, over time he began to take a more personal interest in me and often inquired about my life, and that of my family. I considered him a father figure or a favorite uncle, so without hesitation I accepted invitations to have dinner with him and another William Morris Colleague and friend, along with our children. I accepted phone calls from him to my home. He would call to inquire about my well-being in general and to discuss my life, my interests, my future life plans. I loved my job at the William Morris Agency, and it was flattering to have the professional acquaintance of Mr. Cosby, and for him to make time to chat with me personally.

I was invited for dinner at his home to discuss my having a role in his new television show in development, and a contract that he said he had prepared for me. He said that he wanted to teach me television show production – lighting, set-blocking, camera angles – and to read through a script with him. This was all new to me since I had not expressed any interest in an acting career. While at his home he and I did read-through a scene from a script, a scene between a man and woman that ended with a passionate kiss. He had me read through this same scene several times. Each time it came to the “kiss” I did not want to participate. He was insistent with him pressing his body against mine and coming in for the kiss. The

evening ended with a somewhat uncomfortable good night, and I left for home wondering what that was all about.

I was again invited to meet with Mr. Cosby to discuss my future plans, this time for lunch at the Bel Air hotel. I had been instructed that morning to meet him directly at his bungalow. When I arrived he answered the door in his bathrobe and slippers. After the initial pleasantries, I was told that we would be having lunch in the suite. Food and wine were brought in. Shortly thereafter he told me I needed to relax and he offered me a large white pill. I said I was fine and politely declined. He was insistent and I felt intimidated. I asked him what it was. He said “would I give you anything that would hurt you? Trust me, it will just help you relax.” I declined several times, but he kept insisting, so finally I ingested it. He insisted that I open my mouth and lift my tongue to make sure that I swallowed it. Next, I remember waking up in a bed with Mr. Cosby naked beneath his open robe.

After that I did not want to see or work with Mr. Cosby so I left William Morris. I wanted to take legal action against Mr. Cosby at that time, but I was fearful that if I did he would retaliate against me and my family.

Finally, I would like to express to any woman, any girl, who believes themselves to be experiencing any level of manipulation, intimidation, trepidation – any sexual coercing that just doesn’t feel right, from any man or boy, I encourage you, urge you to speak up, tell someone, and even if you encounter the very real possibility of not being believed, tell someone else until you are heard and are able to remove yourself safely from harm’s way.

And for those who will choose not to believe that I am speaking the truth of what happened to me, please know that *I* wish it were not true, but I lived it and know that it is true. I no longer have to feel alone with this secret.

I would like to express my sincere gratitude and immeasurable respect for Ms. Allred for taking this on and providing the support and forum for those of us who have our truth to tell.

January 7, 2015