

Paul Bernardo and Karla Homolka

Video Transcript



Here's an account of a Bernardo/Homolka video clip played in court during Bernardo's 1995 murder trial. Taken from Nick Pron's, Lethal Marriage (pgs. 488-494)

These tapes were to be played on two 30-inch video monitors at the front of the gallery, one on each side of the courtroom. The sets were on 6-foot-high platforms that were discreetly sheathed in a somber black cloth. There were also two huge television sets in front of the jurors, while Bernardo, the defense, and the prosecution lawyers, along with the judge, all had their own smaller screens.

Just before the tape was turned on that morning, Judge LeSage looked down at the gallery that was filled to capacity and issued a warning: "I want to caution the audience that what you are about to see next is explicit... if you wish to remain, you can."

Nobody moved.

"Play it, please," said Crown prosecutor Ray Houlahan.

The first scene had been taped in the basement recreation room of the Homolka house not long after Tammy Lyn's death. Karla Homolka was on her back, lying on a rug before the fireplace, naked, her legs spread wide apart while she masturbated for the camera, which was positioned a few feet away, at about knee level, and pointed directly at her vagina.

Gasps of surprise and disgust, perhaps even shock, along with plenty of embarrassed giggles, could be heard throughout the courtroom as the camera lingered on Homolka's exposed body for several minutes while she stimulated herself. To many in the courtroom, showing that particular video seemed an amazing way for the Crown to treat the woman who was scheduled to be their chief witness. For the previous two years, ever since her arrest, Homolka's face had been almost as well known as the prime minister's. She had been seen on television in footage taken at her wedding, with her friends, and at her trial. There had been countless photographs of her in newspapers and magazines around the world. But few people in the courtroom that day were expecting to see a triple-X-rated tape, a close study of the country's most infamous woman in a variety of sexually explicit positions.

The prosecutors, though, had their reasons for showing the video. On it, she and Bernardo talked about the death of Tammy Lyn. Although Bernardo's trial for her death might well follow his trial for first-degree murder, the Crown wanted to present evidence on Tammy's death as part of its general picture of the relationship between the two. Homolka's dialogue on the tape, Houlahan had said in his opening address, had been scripted by Bernardo. That is, Bernardo had told her what to say when she was on camera, and if she didn't obey him, she was punished with a beating.

But what the court saw was a seemingly relaxed Homolka pulling down her husband's pants, fondling his penis, which she called Snuggles, and then performing fellatio during most of the tape, stopping every now and then to talk about what had happened to her dead sister.

"I loved it when you fucked my little sister," Homolka said to Bernardo, who was lying on his back beside the roaring hearth, moaning softly while she rubbed his penis.

"I loved it when you fucked Tammy. I loved it when you took her virginity. You're the king. I love licking your ass, Paul. I'll bet Tammy would have loved to lick your ass. I loved it when you put Snuggles up her ass."

Bernardo could be seen reaching for his drink while Homolka continued to fondle his penis. She did it for several minutes, but he never climaxed. He took a sip from his drink, glancing at the back of her head while she worked on him, and asked about her thoughts on the night Tammy died. "How did you feel?"

"I felt proud. I felt happy," she replied.

"What else?"

"I felt horny. It's my mission in life to make you feel good."

"This is why I'm gonna marry her," Bernardo said, looking at the camera and holding up his drink while Homolka continued performing fellatio. "Sköl to the king."

"I'm glad you made me lick her cunt," Homolka continued, after pausing to take a break from the oral sex.

"Are you a fully fledged dyke?" Bernardo asked, a reference to Homolka having sex with her sister.

"No, I'm not."

"You were having sex with your little sister."

"That was different. It was my little sister," she replied, stroking his penis.

"Love in the family," Bernardo said. "Do you believe in that concept?"

"You know I had fun doing it," Homolka said. "You know I liked it."

"What did it teach you?"

"Well... we like little girls, I like you to fuck them. If you're gonna fuck them, then I'm gonna lick them. All the little girls."

"What age should they be?"

"Thirteen."

"Why?"

"Because it will make you happy."

"But why 13?"

"That's a good age."

"Because why?" he persisted.

"Because they'll still be virgins."

"What are you saying?" Bernardo asked, looking down at Homolka's head. She stopped to look up at him.

"I'm saying I think you should fuck them and take their virginity. Break their hymens with Snuffles. They're all our children, and I think you should make them ours even more."

"You're right," Bernardo said. "You're absolutely right. That's a good idea. When did you come up with it?"

"Just now," she replied. She resumed the oral sex for a while longer, then stopped and told Bernardo she had a surprise for him. She walked past the camera to her bedroom, beside the rec room, came back with a paper bag a few minutes later, and sat down beside Bernardo. Inside the bag was a brassiere and a pair of panties.

"It's Tammy's," she said, handing him the bra. He smelled it while she began stroking his penis with the underwear, before resuming the fellatio. A few minutes later, when he still hadn't reached a climax, she stopped and continued talking about her dead sister.

"I want to rub Tammy's underwear all over your body," she said, and did so. "It will make you feel so good. I'm so glad you took her virginity, Paul. I wish we had four kids, Paul."

"Yes?"

"So you could fuck each one of them. How does the king like that?" she asked, stroking his penis rapidly with her sister's underwear.

"Yeah," he replied, in obvious pleasure. She continued for several minutes, but when he never climaxed, she said, "I think the king should turn over." He did as he was instructed.

"Okay," he said.

"Because his little slave has some more things to say and do."

Bernardo rolled off his back and got down on his hands and knees while Homolka positioned herself behind him. Then she probed with one hand for his anus and began licking it while she stroked his

penis with her other hand. She did this for several minutes, and he moaned in pleasure, at times calling her his "little asslicker." When he failed to reach a climax, they changed positions yet again.

Bernardo lay on his back again and rested his hands behind his head. Homolka took a long-stemmed rose from a nearby vase and dragged it slowly across his chest, and then up and down his erect penis.

"You know what we're gonna do with this?" she asked, holding up the rose. "We're gonna take this to Tammy's tomorrow, and put it on her grave."

"Why?"

"Because it will give you pleasure. You loved her. She loved you. You were her favorite, you know. The things that you did, you know I loved it. The way you fucked her in what, 60 seconds? She loved it. She loved it."

"Your titties are bigger than hers."

"I know."

"And they taste better," he said. "When Tammy was alive, what did you used to do?"

"You made me lick it," she replied, resuming the oral sex, "and suck it. And now I'm doing it on my own because I loved it, Paul. I loved everything you did with her. She was our little playtoy."

"And we both loved her so much."

"Yes," Homolka agreed, fondling his penis again. "Our little virgin. She loved us."

"What else?"

"I didn't give you my virginity, so I gave you Tammy's instead. I loved you enough to do that."

Homolka then talked about another time Bernardo had brought a young girl home and had sex with her in the basement of her parents' house while she watched. "You fucked her," Homolka said, "with this."

She gazed at his penis, tenderly stroking it. "You fucked her cunt," she said. "She sucked you. She sucked Snuffles. She put it in her mouth, like this." After more minutes of oral sex with no climax, she continued: "You put her on her knees. You fucked her. And I let you do that because I love you, because you're the king."

She rubbed his penis for several moments before saying, "I want you to do it again."

"When?"

"This summer, because the weather is too bad in the winter. If we can do that then it's good."

"Good," he agreed.

"If you want to do it 50 more times, we can do it 50 more times," she said, a reference to him bringing home more young girls. "If you want to do it every weekend, we can do it every weekend."

Whenever we can. Because I love you. Because you're the king. Because you deserve it."

"Virgin cunts for me," Bernardo chimed in.

"Yeah."

"Virgins just for me. It'll make me happy... going from one cunt to another, from one ass to another. Will you help me get the virgins?"

"Yes, I'll go in the car with you if you want, if you think that's best. Or I'll stay here and clean up afterwards. I'll do everything I can because I want you to be happy. Because you're the king."

Bernardo still hadn't climaxed. Homolka shifted down toward his feet.

"Ooh, footsies," he said.

She started sucking on his toes, first one foot, then the other. "Got to treat the king like a king," she said.

"Good. And what else?"

"I'm your little cocksucker," she said. "My nipples are so hard. I'm your cunt. Your little slut. Your little asslicker. Your little virgin."

"It's good to be king," Bernardo said, looking at the camera and raising his glass again.

Homolka licked the soles of his feet. "I'm your cunt-licking slut," she said, "the keeper of your virgins. Your ass-licking bitch. And I love you. I want to marry you."

And there the tape ended, with Bernardo still unable to climax.

Crown prosecutor Ray Houlahan said the video would be played again, to enable the jurors to follow the dialogue on the second viewing with a transcript prepared by the police. But before the monitors were turned on, many in the public gallery got up and left. They had seen more than enough of the illustrious couple on the first playing of the tape.