

Remorse for what?

You people have done everything in the world to me.

Doesn't that give me equal right?

I can do anything I want to you people at anytime I want to because that's what you've done to me.

If you spit in my face and smack me in the mouth and throw me in solitary confinement for nothing, what do you think's gonna happen when I get outta here?

Maybe I haven't done enough, I might be ashamed of that, for not doing enough.

For not giving enough.

For not being more perceptive.

For not being aware enough.

For not understanding.

For, um, being stupid.

Maybe I should have killed four or five hundred people, then I would have felt better. Then I would have felt like I really offered society something.

You've got it stuck in your brain that I murdered somebody.

What do you want to call me a murderer for?

I've never killed anyone.

I don't need to kill anyone.

I think it.

I have it here.

Believe me, if I started murdering people, there'd be none of you left.

Believe me, if I started murdering people, there'd be none of you left.