

Statement of Sunni Welles

I first met Bill Cosby as a little girl when my mother worked in Hollywood as a theatrical agent at a major talent agency. My mother was my agent as well as my manager so I was always being introduced to famous people in the industry almost on a daily basis.

I remember that my mother always thought highly of Bill and that she considered him a “friend”. I thought Bill was a nice man who was funny. He made me laugh and he always seemed to pay special attention to me when we met which always made me feel comfortable being around him. Suffice it to say, I once liked Bill Cosby very much but that has changed now.

In the mid 1960’s my mother was then working as a story editor at Paramount Studios. Bill was at the beginning of his acting career working on his new television series: “I Spy” with Robert Culp, whom my mother also knew. One day as I was visiting my mother at work, which I often did, she suggested that we stop by the “I Spy” set to say hello to both Bill and Bob.

When we arrived at the set they were setting up the next scene and “shot”. We saw Bill first and he recognized us immediately and came over to us to say hello. Bill continued to joke with the crew and people were laughing at his antics as we all chatted off and on with him. Bill asked me at some point how old I was now and I proudly told him that “I am seventeen now”. Shortly thereafter my mother told us that she needed to get back to work. Bill said his goodbyes to my mother but said if I wanted to stay awhile that he would look out for me. So my mom said I could stay and watch as long as it was alright with Bill and Bob.

During that time, Bill let me sit in his set chair labeled with his name and during breaks he asked about my career. I told him, knowing that he liked jazz, that I wanted to do an impression for him of Nancy Wilson, who I knew he liked very much and whom I loved. Bill explained that he wouldn't have time to listen then because he had to work, but that if I gave him my phone number we could get together another time. I gave Bill my phone number, writing it on his script page, and shortly thereafter I left to go back to my mother's office, being sure to thank him for being so nice to me while I was there. I told my mother what had happened and mom told me not to be upset if he didn't call me, that Bill was a 'busy man'.

It was an unexpected surprise when Bill did call a few days later and he asked me if I had ever been to "Shelly's Manhole" a famous jazz club of the day. Bill asked me if I'd like to go with him. He said "We could listen to some good jazz", and "you could do your Nancy Wilson impression for me on the way". I gladly said "Yes" and told him how grateful I was that he had remembered what I had told him. We made plans that he would pick me up and after we hung up the phone I called my mom to tell her I was thrilled. My mom was thrilled for me that Bill seemed happy to want to help me. I had been auditioning for jobs as a background singer for main room acts, as an opening act myself and for bands as well. I was excited that this might lead to some work for me in some way. Mom was sure I'd be in safe hands with Bill – no question because we had known him for so long.

A couple of nights later Bill picked me up at my Mom's apartment. He was wearing a black leather coat and I had dressed up in a dress I wore on stage. He told me that I looked great and we were off to the club in his black car. On the way, he asked me to sing to him, which I did. Bill was impressed with my impression of Nancy Wilson and he told me I sounded just like her. He asked me

if I did impressions in my act. I told him “yes” and who I did, and he asked more questions and gave me advice about them.

When we got to the club we were escorted to a table in the center of the room and as we were seated Bill asked the Maître d if Shelley was around. The Maître d said yes, that he would let him know Bill was asking for him. A few minutes later Mr. Shelley Mann came over to our table. I had ordered a Coca-Cola (I have never been a drinker). I don't remember what Bill ordered but when the waiter came by Shelley told Bill that the first round was on him. Bill introduced me to Shelley telling him “this is Sunni Welles, a very talented and upcoming jazz singer. Mr. Mann told me to come by some time and maybe I could “sit in” for a song or two with the band. Needless to say, I was even more thrilled to be invited back to sing for Shelley Mann. After Mr. Mann left our table, I excused myself to go to the restroom because the trio was about to start playing and I didn't want to miss a note. When I returned, we listened to the music as I sipped my Coke and that was when things began to become blurry. I don't remember leaving the Club; I don't remember driving anywhere else. What I do remember next was waking up naked in a bed alone in a sparsely furnished apartment. Bill was not there. There was no note. The place had a phone and after finding some lemonade in the small refrigerator, I called a cab to take me home. When I got home I showered and felt as if I had had sex, but I did not want to believe that a family friend would do that to me.

When my mother came home from work, I told her everything about the night. When I told her about my feelings, she didn't believe it would have happened because she had known Bill for so long, and he was going to help me. I called Bill to ask what happened and he said “don't you remember the Champagne Shelley sent over to our table?” I said “I drank Champagne?” and he said “You sure did and a lot of it. I had to let you sleep it off”. I asked, “So I undressed

myself then?” And he said “Well I didn’t “ and that was it, I believed him. I asked why he took me to the apartment and other questions, but he had an answer for everything. He said he didn’t want my mother to be mad at him for getting me drunk, the apartment was closer to the club, etc. etc.

Afterwards though Bill called and offered to take me to the Magic Castle and again I trusted him. He took me there for dinner and to see some magic shows. I remember drinking a Coke and again I awakened in the same room alone and naked. This time I didn’t call him and I never heard from Bill Cosby again after that. I told my mother and she never spoke to him again either. He was a star. He was Bill Cosby and I buried it in my memory until all of these brave women began to come forward. I realized he had done the same thing to many of them. Now I know Bill Cosby took unfair advantage of me that night and I no longer think Bill Cosby is a nice man! I believe that Bill Cosby is a sexual predator and a disgusting human being to not acknowledge what he has done to so many girls and women in his life.

If you are a changed man, Bill, you should admit what you have done and at least show some remorse for your sins! Bill Cosby, if you are the man you think you are, you should be ashamed and tell the truth. You owe at least that to your courageous and brave victims!

Sunni Welles
Represented by Attorney Gloria Allred
March 27, 2015