

# Court TV Online - Zamora Confession

## Diane Zamora's Confession

Grand Prairie Police Department  
Voluntary Statement

Date: September 6, 1996. Time statement began 8:43 a.m.

Place: 801 Conover Drive in Grand Prairie, Texas. I, Diane Michelle Zamora am 18 years of age and I live at 3804 Royal Crest in Ft. Worth, Texas.

I am making this statement to Grand Prairie Police Det. Alan T. PATTON who, before he began questioning me -- while I was under arrest -- and before I began making this statement, warned me: (1) That I have the right to remain silent and not make any statement at all and (2) that any statement I make may be used against me at my trial (or trials) for the offense (or offenses) concerning which this statement is made. (3) That any statement I make may be used as evidence against me in court. (4) That I have the right to employ a lawyer to be present either before, or during, questioning. (5) That if I am unable to employ a lawyer I have the right to have a lawyer appointed, without cost to me, to counsel with me and to advise me before of during any questioning. (6) That I have the right to stop answering questions at any time and may stop this interview, or the making of this statement, at any time whether I have answered some questions or have made some statements or not.

I do not want to talk to a lawyer before, or during, the answering of any questions or the making of this statement. I do hereby knowingly, and voluntarily, waive and give up my above explained rights and I do make the following voluntary statement of my own free will and without promises, or offers of leniency, or favors, and through no fear, coercion of threats of physical harm by any person (or persons) who-so-ever.

I remember that night, I think November 4, 1995 and David showed up at my door step. He had just come back from Lubbock and he had this look in his eyes that was horrible, he looked so scared. He had this red, stuffed animal dog in his hands. I could tell something was wrong, but I figured he was just tired. So he wanted to stay and spend the night. A month later I was coming into my house with him and I was questioning him about past relationships, because he always told me that I was his first real girlfriend. I thought that was kind of strange because most people have some kind of relationship of one kind or another. I remember he read off a list of names of girls he had known, or gone places with that were kind of significant. I will never forget him mentioning the name Adrienne, because that name kind of stuck in my head. I guess I was asking a lot of questions, for some reason I felt like I needed to ask about Adrienne. He held back alot and we just went inside my house. We just decided to walk inside of the house because we had been sitting inside of the car. When we got inside we got into a big fight because, as always, he was trying to make me study for the SAT and I didn't want to. We fought for awhile and at the end, when we stopped fighting and had calmed down, he just looked at me and said "I have something to tell, that is really important." I kind of knew what he was going to tell me, just by the way he looked at me. He told me "you haven't been the only girl in my life." He said "I have had sex with someone else before." I just looked at him in shock and I asked did he mean he wasn't a virgin when he met me and he said he was. I think that made me feel even worse cause that mentioned that he lost his virginity to me, but that he had been with someone else since. All I could do was question him and scream and blame myself for everything. I remember reaching out for this big brass thing, this brass rod, and aiming for him and trying to hit him because I was so upset. He took it away from and tried to calm me down because I was screaming so hysterically. He was trying to protect himself from getting hurt, but he was also trying to protect from hurting myself because I kept ramming my head against the walls and when I was on the ground I kept ramming my head into the floor trying to crack my skull, I just didn't want to live with what he had said to me. I felt like I had lost everything, my hand wasn't working the way it should and my family wasn't in the best financial state and now he was telling me the one thing I prized more than anything else was taken away. I don't think I was thinking, in fact I know I wasn't thinking, I screamed at him "kill her, kill her." He was just so scared that he wasn't about to say no to me, I was still banging my head against the floor. All David wanted to do was make everything better. It seemed like him agreeing to do that was the only thing that calmed me down. David promised that he would do that and David never has broken a promise to me before. On December 2, 1995 we spent basically the weekend trying to get a hold of Adrienne, nothing was really premeditated, because I think we were both acting in passion. I think we expected to get caught really fast because we didn't spend much time thinking about what we were doing. The only time David planned anything was when he sat me down at this house, for about five minutes, to calm me down and throw stuff in his bag. The plan was for David to break her neck and sink her body to the bottom of Joe Pool lake. About 12:30 a.m. on December 4, 1995 we were at his house, David had said he would meet Adrienne at about 12:30 a.m. so we were late. We were driving my green Mazda Protege. It seemed like David put together what he was going to do, really quick, because he really didn't have much time to think. The day prior, he had spent more time calming me down than thinking about what he was going to do. I would wake up in the middle of the night with nightmares. I couldn't even look at his face because I thought he was a different person. I had horrible pictures running through my head about what happened between him and Adrienne and they made me feel really sick. We met her at about 1:35 a.m. on December 4, 1995 at her house. David had called her at around 10:30 p.m. on December 3, 1995 and it was prearranged for her to come out. She thought she was coming out so they could have sex again. She came out to the car and got in. I was in the trunk and David was driving. I remember being real scared because, at a time like that when you kind of know what's happening you really don't trust anyone. I remember wanting to turn back, I was afraid to move so I just laid still in the trunk. David later told me that he felt the same way, that he wanted to turn back and take her home, but he was afraid of what I would do or say if he turned back. David usually always had a gun of some sort with him all the time. I knew that he had the Makarov 9 mm with him. I also knew that he had the weights. I don't think we knew what we were really going to do, it was more like we were going to get out there and just do it. David never specified an exact location of where he was going, because I don't think he even knew where he was going. We picked up Adrienne at her house and we drove for about 15 or 20 minutes. There's a hatch in the back seat and you can let it down and it leads in to the back seat from the trunk. David pulled over to the side of the road and Adrienne had already leaned her seat back and he started, I guess, pretending that he was going to kiss her and he motioned for me to pull the hatch down. I remember getting out and seeing that and it made me all the more angry. I knew he didn't mean it, but it just made a bunch of pictures run my head again. When she saw me, she kind of freaked out, and David held her down and said "it's O.K., we just want to talk to

you." I think at that point I could kind of tell he didn't want to do anything. I asked Adrienne about she and David having sex and she said that she didn't enjoy it, that there was too much guilt. I guess it was the way she looked at me when she said it that made me so angry. Even now I can only remember her eyes, but not her face. I remember screaming at David all over again, all of it just became so real. I think I got kind of hysterical and I screamed "just do it, just do it." David just started wrestling with her basically and she was trying to get away from him. I remember being scared that she was going to hurt him and so I reached back, where I knew the weights were on the ground, to try to hit her with it. I missed, I was just so nervous, my hands were just shaking too much. Probably the third time I did hit her on the head with the weight. Things kind of calmed down real quick and I was still really scared. I think the whole time the only thing going through my mind was what I was doing, but I knew that things had gone too far and I couldn't stop. Somehow stopping seemed scarier than going on. David turned his back, I don't really remember why, and she slipped out of the window and ran off. We started to follow her with the car, but he didn't go far because she collapsed into a field on the side of the road. David jumped out of the car with his gun because he didn't want to leave someone there that could say something against us. He started running after her, but she collapsed before he got to her. He ran back to the car and he said "she's dead." I was just so scared and I said "are you sure, no she's not." I told him to shoot her, she's not dead. He was really panicky and he wanted to take off, but he went back to where she was, cause I told him to. He shot her twice in the head. He ran back and jumped into the car and drove off as quick as he could. I remember the first words out of his mouth were "I love you, baby, do you believe me now." I said "yes, I believe you, I love you too." I said "what have we done?" His reply was "I don't know, I can't believe we just did that." We drove off. The whole time I was pretty panicky. We both know what we had done was wrong and we both regretted it. I don't think anything could compare to that fear and that horrible nauseous feeling that I had all week. We went to John Green's house. I took David's clothes and cleaned up his clothes for him. I think we were afraid to look at each other and in some ways I think we were really afraid of each other. When I finished cleaning up his clothes we walked from the bathroom to John Green's bedroom and just stood there looking at each other for awhile. Until I broke down crying because I was so scared and we held each other and prayed that God would forgive us for what we had done. He drove me to my house on Gatlinburg and we pulled the car into the garage, there was blood in the car. David was too sick to clean up anything, he was really pale and sick to his stomach. He wouldn't even step back into that car for months because it was too horrible of a memory. So I cleaned it up while he was in my bedroom asleep. I told him just to go to sleep because he had gone into the bathroom to vomit. He said he was pretty sick to his stomach. I really don't remember what he did with the gun right away, but months later he hid it in the attic at his dad's house. He left the weights in my car. I remember later I told him to come sleep by the fire and so we both went out there and slept by the fire, the whole time thinking the police were going to come to the door and arrest us. His father called that morning to make sure he was up, so he could go to school. Up to that point I don't think either of us really thought she was dead. But his father asked David over the phone "did you hear about that girl from Mansfield that was killed." After he said that we basically knew that she was dead. Those next few weeks were horrible because I couldn't eat, and neither could he. He was always really jittery and pale faced. We were both afraid that each day together would be our last. I remember we went to church a lot, praying that God would forgive us and somehow put us at peace. Because we were living in fear. I know God has forgiven us. I have spent a lot of time thinking after that. I would pray day and night that God would send me back so I change what had happened. I would often start crying and tell David "she didn't have to die." I guess I was kind of obsessed with praying and hoping that God would answer my prayers and send me back to fix everything. In a lot of ways, I wish I could have known her better. Everyone talked about how sweet she was and that's something I will never know. My only comfort was that everything that happens, happens for a reason and maybe that we didn't know what it was. But we hoped in time that we would find out, because I don't see how all that pain could have a reason.

I have read the 4 pages of this statement, each page of which bears my signature, and the facts contained therein are true and correct. This statement was finished at 9:46 a.m. on the 6th day of September, 1996.

Signature  
/s/  
Diane Zamora