

**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE NINTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT  
IN AND FOR ORANGE COUNTY, FLORIDA  
CIVIL DIVISION**

HALEN TAYLOR HOLTON,  
1255 E Chestnut Expy, Unit 303  
Springfield, MO 65802

Plaintiff,

v.

WALT DISNEY PARKS AND RESORTS U.S.,INC.;  
DISNEY YACHT CLUB RESORT;  
CORPORATE DEFENDANT TBD;  
ORANGE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE;  
ORANGE COUNTY JAIL;  
STATE OF FLORIDA;  
OFFICERS JOHN/JANE DOE, SUPERVISORS, and ASSISTING STAFF;  
Defendants.

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**AFFIDAVIT OF HALEN TAYLOR HOLTON**

After a late-night journey and a missed flight, our group pivoted and arrived at Disney and were advised to book a resort room in person. While navigating the park, a domestic violence incident occurred, and the individual involved left. To escape the situation, I got on a bus and, after getting lost, asked a staff member for help. Instead of following proper protocol for domestic violence, they had a third-party taxi take us to our car and even follow us off the property, implying it would be safer for us to leave but not required. All we had asked for was assistance getting to our car or hotel. This response was deeply problematic and left us feeling

vulnerable and confused. We waited an hour or so trying to make sense of their failure. We eventually booked a room at the Yacht Club Resort, hoping for better security.

Later that evening, I began experiencing a medical emergency with symptoms of confusion, weakness, feeling faint, and overheating. This was preventing me from navigating the park safely. I couldn't operate my phone or do anything. I became scared and urged my sister that this was an emergency. I saw a Disney bus driver and told him I was having a medical emergency and needed water and help, asking him to please call 911. He replied, "I have to finish my shift." Other staff members, including a man in a neon vest, laughed at and minimized my concerns, even after I detailed my symptoms and explained that my legs felt like they were going to buckle. I told them this was not normal for me and that I have medical issues and over 10 doctors. I explained that I knew my body was shutting down. I asked if we have been waiting here for a long time. Are you sure water and help is coming? Yes he smirked, help is coming so I believed him.

After another long wait for help that never came. A lot of cops were discussing my symptoms. I was frantic but still polite and remaining cooperative. They continued to deny me care and be argumentative. I will never understand them not getting an ambulance eventually I tried to leave to get water and medical attention on my own. Telling an officer if you guys arent helping me dont believe I need help I need to go find more help on my own. A red-headed officer in all black blocked me from leaving, I told my sister she should start recording, they didn't like that and they surrounded and immediately arrested me. Inside the police car, I was denied air conditioning and open windows, which worsened my heat stroke exponentially. I truly thought I was going to die, my body feeling lifeless. I began saying my goodbyes on the car's camera. An officer eventually turned on the AC after being instructed to acknowledge my screaming for air that is on the body cam. After they deliberated on potential charges, they let me out for air. Still confused and scared, I screamed for help, "please anyone who cares about my medical wellbeing HELP me.

They punished this by putting me in a hot car without a.c or windows again for a second time. Still officers denied me medical attention. They insisted a taxi would suffice for hospital transport. I feared being roofied and pleaded for an ambulance, but the argumentative officer who had been taunting me grabbed me by the hair and arrested me. After implying my medical crisis might have been from an unspecified substance possibly purchased from a local store but still refusing me treatment. He tried to physically get me into the taxi and I try to acknowledge

now being allowed around my sister who was in the taxi . She was also experiencing alarming symptoms of confusion and memory loss and pleaded with him once more to get us both medical attention. A different sheriff transported me for quite a while to Orange county jail. I kept telling him that I didn't understand how I was coherent enough to ask for help, yet no one provided it. I begged that I was worried about my sister and wanted her to get help as well. I made sure they had body camera footage so that in case I died, my family would know what happened. Before we walked into the jail, I confirmed again, "Water and medical attention?" He muttered "shut up" as he walked away.

Inside, I was dismissed by nurses and C.O.s, despite my pleas for a medical emergency. Before I could even finish a sentence, they were using excessive force. A C.O. named Kayla Gonzales gripped me so hard it left a visible bruise. Four to six officers then wrestled me into a single-person cell. I was still in handcuffs, which were crushing my fingers and wrists with them all on top of me. A C.O. with a camera yelled "MISDEMEANOR! MISDEMEANOR!" and urged them not to use that much force. Other officers ripped my clothes off, leaving me naked. They taunted me, making remarks about my body and accusing me of just being "another OD dead white girl who was going to die in there."

I explained I didn't do drugs and was a mother who needed medical help. I also told them that my past medical history of organ failure, complicated pregnancies, and chronic pain made me knowledgeable about my health and body and I knew my body was shutting down. They laughed. As my condition worsened, I felt my body getting weaker and shutting down. In a desperate attempt to ensure my family knew what happened, I shouted my sister's and daughter's names, begging other inmates to tell them what happened if I didn't make it out. I also pleaded for a wheelchair that I could see near my cell, telling them I was a disabled person who used a wheelchair at Walmart or Disney, but they refused.

I began using the sink water to cool off, but they turned it off. I screamed for a long time to please help and turn the water back on and that they were killing me. Desperate, I resorted to splashing myself with soiled toilet water. After the male c.o saw what state they were keeping me in naked, frantic and pleading for something to drink, I was eventually given fresh clothes and a juice box. After constantly standing in front of the camera and window signaling drink with my hands. My pleas for help were repeatedly ignored by nurses, a chaplain, and other staff, even when I showed them a clearly dislocated finger. I eventually had an accident on my clothes. An older woman accused me of doing it on purpose and refused to give me clean clothes or cleaning

supplies. Only after I swore on my daughter's life that I didn't do it on purpose were clean clothes provided. I spent the night on a bare metal frame, freezing, without shoes or a blanket. I spent hours on end shouting and begging with clearly escalating symptoms and deteriorating condition. I can't articulate how terrifying this was when I was too weak to yell for help anymore. All I could do was pray to god to let me live and make it home to my daughter, or at least let me die away from this awful disgusting place and people.

The next evening around 6, after continued pleas and screaming, a new white woman C.O. brought me food and drinks. I informed her of my medical crisis and informed her that no one would help me and no one even provided me with breakfast or lunch and that I was dehydrated and still needed help. She provided me with 2 juices, 2 milks and some food. I had been left next to someone with extremely loud turrets all night seemingly as a punishment. Finally I saw a c.o from the night before and she asked me if I remembered anything, I stated, "Yes, I remember begging you all for help repeatedly." She walked me to processing where I was given paperwork that falsely stated I had a "safe time in jail with no incidents" and that my arrest was due to an argument with my sister. It also stated I was "unable to participate in the defense or speak to the prosecutor." I was denied a request to have my bruises photographed and told I had already bonded out and didn't need a lawyer after I requested access to a phone for the first time. Requesting proper treatment resulted in them retaliating and had me return to my cell to wait away from the crowd.

After keeping me updated she said my bond had been processed, and it was time for me to be walked out and changed into my clothes, having spent the entire time without shoes in a very dirty cell. A different C.O. came to take me out and was aggressive, asking, "What's this on the door?" I explained it was where I had to write "911 help me" while treating my own medical emergency, but she loudly yelled, "CLEAN IT!" When I asked for something to clean it with, she shouted, "USE YOUR SHIRT!" I complied, took off my shirt, got it wet, and tried to clean the door, but she slammed the door shut, locking me in again. I screamed "Assault!" and "Help! She made me take off my shirt!" stating that if I had bonded out, she couldn't keep me in there, all while screaming my attorney's name.

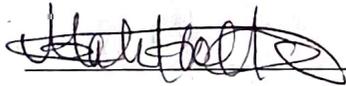
I could hear other inmates commenting on how messed up the situation was, with one saying, "Wow, that's really messed up. I'd know; I worked in legal aid." Deciding to pick up my dirty, wet shirt and lay down on the bed, I hoped they would tire of this game. Eventually, I heard the inmates ask again, "Is anyone going to check on ol' girl?" only to hear a reply, "What color

girl are you talking about?" which prompted the inmate to say, "You know what color girl I'm talking about, and that shouldn't matter." A booming male C.O. voice then shouted, "You're not supposed to leave them in there for that long." The original C.O. returned begrudgingly, gave me my clothes in the cell, and told me she was going to hand me off to a male C.O. She took me to the male pod, where I could hear and see male inmates hooting and hollering at my outfit, which made me feel uneasy. The male officer, however, walked me out a side way to my release. I drove immediately, still in medical crisis to Daytona Advent hospital.

This has left me extremely traumatized and I needed to have family help take care of me and find a specialized therapist and psychiatrist along with treating the physical damage done to my body. This was attempted to be minimized and resulted in a falsified incident report and now an ongoing internal affairs investigation. I will follow up with all related documents, reports, medical records, and footage.

Thank you,  
Halen Holton

FURTHER AFFIANT SAYETH NAUGHT.



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Halen Taylor Holton

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED before me by means of  physical presence or  online notarization, this 12 day of Nov, 2025, by Halen Taylor Holton, who is personally known to me  or has produced Missouri Drivers license as identification.



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Notary Public - State of Mo.

(Print Name of Notary) Sharon Ann Langley

Commission No.: 4-12-2027

