Robert Woody: That’s a big ass ant, hum?

CI #14-3: I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Robert Woody: Huh?

CI #14-3: I said I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Robert Woody: About what? Did they ever find him yet?

CI #14-3: Yes

Robert Woody: Hum?

CI #14-3: Yep


CI #14-3: The body?

Robert Woody: Yeah, that one. What body? You seen one?

CI #14-3: I ain’t seen no body.

Robert Woody: Nobody else has neither. So far.

CI #14-3: So...

Robert Woody: He just a missing person, until they find the body. Fat chance that’s going to happen. Big fat chance.

CI #14-3: Are we talking about what’s his name?

Robert Woody: Yeah, Korey Kauffman.

CI #14-3: Oh
ROBERT WOODY: Him. That mother fucker. He's a piece of shit, dirt bag too.

CI #14-3: Why?

ROBERT WOODY: Hum? He's one of those ones that likes stay out there in the fucking streets, fucking just rip people off and shit, motherfucking, and just a nuisance so...

CI #14-3: What's, what does a nuisance mean?

ROBERT WOODY: Nuisance is just, neglected to be a nufant (sic), a menace to people...

CI #14-3: Like Dennis the Menace?

ROBERT WOODY: Worser

BRIAN COATS: A pain in the ass.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, to me he's just a waste of space and breathing my air and I don't like it. See a threat, eliminate a threat and nobody can say anything about it. Everybody knew. When everybody got drug in on it, they tried telling on me. Maybe I should of... you believe that shit? (pause- female yelling in background) Sons of bitches they tried diming me out.

CI #14-3: That's fucked up.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, especially when they wear a badge.

CI #14-3: That's dumb.

ROBERT WOODY: Oh yeah. They wanted it.
CI #14-3: Who was wearing a badge, people who told?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, the people who told on me. Yeah, because they got confronted by their boss about it you know what I mean? And Investigated what they know (pause) and the big issue was because they knew me, ha, ha. "How did you know him?" (unintelligible) told him but told us. Be real careful that computer, I tell them all...

CI #14-3: Is that person who told on you still a cop?

ROBERT WOODY: Um...

CI #14-3: Or did he get fired?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, he, he's still a cop but it's only cause our stories corroborated. Their identical, the same. But the other ones? Yeah a couple of them got expended and got ah expended but...

CI #14-3: Other ones?

ROBERT WOODY: Huh?

CI #14-3: The other ones?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. Uh, per upholding ah a relationship with me.

CI #14-3: How many were there? I thought it was just you? Now you and...

ROBERT WOODY: Ju(st), it was just me. But, how many others, did they know about?
CI #14-3: Explain (long pause)

ROBERT WOODY: You know a pig won't eat motherfucking hands or feet or a head on a human, but they motherfucking will eat it is when it's turned to fucking sauce, you know, big grounded, ground pounded meat and fucking bone fragments fucking all the organs and everything and shit, motherfucking toenails, eyes and all that bullshit motherfucking...

CI #14-3: That's right huh?

ROBERT WOODY: Uh huh (yes) they end up eating shit and chop that motherfucker up bud, they love it. Uh hum (yes)

CI #14-3: So, he was fed to the pigs, right toe?

ROBERT WOODY: His whole body, the teeth you fucking take them out fucking regardless, they have to come out.

CI #14-3: My head hurts. I think I drank too much.

ROBERT WOODY: Hum. Sip on the bottle a little bit more when shit hurts (unintelligible) on the bottle so much, your head will stop hurting.

CI #14-3: It will?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, it will. I know. When mine hurts, I drink more. And then when it really fucking starts hurting just bang, shit fucking head
against the wall. So, why am I doing this?
I know now because my head hurts. (laugh)

CI #14-3: Hum, well lately, I was wanting to go to the
mountains and snow.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah?

CI #14-3: Have you ever been to the mountains?

ROBERT WOODY: Oh yeah, um, almost every day I mean that um,
I go there almost every couple of days.

CI #14-3: Is that where the yard is?

ROBERT WOODY: No, the yard’s at the Air Force base.

CI #14-3: Oh.

ROBERT WOODY: Castle, right there, right there at the Best
Western, they have rockets, the rocket, base,
motherfucking, hell a fucking securities and
shit over there fucking, there in everything
and shit, so might see me and shit and I got
a destricken light. I got a key to the yard
and all the fucking boxes and everything
else, the gates, tractors, so...

CI #14-3: So, there’s somebody um, following me.

ROBERT WOODY: Huh?

CI #14-3: Somebody following me.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah?

CI #14-3: Uh huh (yes)

ROBERT WOODY: And who’s the somebody? Same person?

CI #14-3: Huh?
ROBERT WOODY: Same person?

CI #14-3: Uh huh (yes)

ROBERT WOODY: Hum.

CI #14-3: I thought his name was George.

ROBERT WOODY: George what?

CI #14-3: I don’t know his last name. How do you know him?

ROBERT WOODY: Nunes?

CI #14-3: Drives a black BMW.

ROBERT WOODY: Oh, Oh, ha, curly guy, curly hair? Tall?

Hum? Kind of looks like a faggot?

CI #14-3: He looked like a faggot, yeah.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, kind of, let me see...

CI #14-3: I don’t know, I didn’t...

ROBERT WOODY: And you fucking...

CI #14-3: ...see...

ROBERT WOODY: ...and he thinks he’s a ladies man.

CI #14-3: He hasn’t talked to me.

ROBERT WOODY: Hum

CI #14-3: But you know I don’t say somebody’s following me unless I’m a 100% sure...

ROBERT WOODY: You know who I’m talking about?

BRIAN COATS: Hum?

ROBERT WOODY: What your dad’s fucking ah, brother’s name?

BRIAN COATS: My dad’s brother’s name?

ROBERT WOODY: Uh hum (yes)
BRIAN COATS: Which one?

ROBERT WOODY: Which, fucking whatever twin. Where there all faggots but you mean.

BRIAN COATS: Which dad, technically?

ROBERT WOODY: The faggot one.

BRIAN COATS: Russell?

ROBERT WOODY: There you go.

BRIAN COATS: I don’t know his brother’s name at all. I don’t know much about the Russell side.

ROBERT WOODY: That’s cool, cause I, we can...

BRIAN COATS: I only know one person.

ROBERT WOODY: Your dad?

BRIAN COATS: I know him. Technically, I only met him once.

ROBERT WOODY: Sorry bout, sorry to hear about that you know what I mean?

BRIAN COATS: But I met Haley.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah

BRIAN COATS: Well I met her on Facebook.

ROBERT WOODY: Haley?

CI #14-3: So, who is he?

BRIAN COATS: Huh?

CI #14-3: Who is he? Why is he here?

ROBERT WOODY: I can find out for you, for you.

(knocking on door- yelling)

ROBERT WOODY: What the f...
BRIAN COATS: Move Tyson

END OF RECORDING

This transcript was reviewed by Investigator D. Lingerfelt