CI #14-3 AND ROBERT WOODY - 02-18-2014

BODY WIRE - Recording #21

S12-10194

(unknown background noises/low voices /sound of water running)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) come on (unintelligible) come on
(unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) He was shot (unintelligible)
end the story (making shooting sound with mouth...)

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible) Hey, um Robert

ROBERT WOODY: 5.0, okay, come on do it. Do it in the legs.

Put it in the leg, arms, ribs, neck, I don’t give a fuck put
(unintelligible).

BRIAN COATS: You know my biggest problem? I, I’ve always
had trust issues.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah?

BRIAN COATS: Always.

ROBERT WOODY: That’s, same here.

CI #14-3: Is um, Babe, is George a cop?

ROBERT WOODY: What?

CI #14-3: Cause a cop car was following me around last
night.

ROBERT WOODY: You know why he was following you around?

CI #14-3: Why?

ROBERT WOODY: I’ll tell you, but (unintelligible).
CI #14-3: At this point, I think I would. I’m a little scared.

ROBERT WOODY: Let me share something with you.

CI #14-3: I’ll believe anything...

ROBERT WOODY: Hum?

CI #14-3: I said I think I would believe anything.

ROBERT WOODY: You would?

CI #14-3: Not really. But you told me you’d tell me the truth. That’s why uh, I’m coming to you for help.

ROBERT WOODY: Okay. That’s the same thing I told him, sense he don’t remember. Maybe you’ll learn something from it. Uh, let’s see. When you start getting to be seen, human certain people, quite frequently...

CI #14-3: Like who?

ROBERT WOODY: Huh?

CI #14-3: Like who? You guys?

ROBERT WOODY: Huh, no. Um, he brought that upon himself, but uh...

CI #14-3: Huh?

ROBERT WOODY: (laughing) Yeah. (sniffing)

CI #14-3: What?

ROBERT WOODY: Say that and, um, when they come at you about me, about my record and shit, you’ll understand. Okay?

CI #14-3: Why would...

ROBERT WOODY: They’ll, they’ll free, pre, pre-warn you, you know what I mean. Who and what I am.
CI #14-3: So, they’re just getting ready to?
ROBERT WOODY: Um, getting it, ah say, get to know. You know what I mean? You’re likes, you’re likes...
CI #14-3: Why would they do that?
ROBERT WOODY: ...and your hang-outs.
CI #14-3: Why would they do that?
BRIAN COATS: To protect, protect themselves.
CI #14-3: Yeah?
ROBERT WOODY: Um hum. See, if they can get to you, before...
BRIAN COATS: ...you get to them.
ROBERT WOODY: Okay?
CI #14-3: Well, I’m not gonna get to them.
ROBERT WOODY: They’ll come at you.
CI #14-3: Yeah?
ROBERT WOODY: They’ll want to talk to you.
CI #14-3: What do I do?
ROBERT WOODY: They’ll want to talk to you and they’ll want to give you, cut you, make a deals with them and shit like that. They’ll want to try and get dirt first. And they’ll, you’ll probably just, hand it right to them. And not even know it.
CI #14-3: And what?
ROBERT WOODY: Hand it right to them.
CI #14-3: But I don’t know anything.
ROBERT WOODY: They don’t care. They’ll put another right on top of it.
CI #14-3: A what?
ROBERT WOODY: They’ll put another one right on top of it.

Just out of the blue, where did it come from?

CI #14-3: Well they can’t prove I know anything.

ROBERT WOODY: Who are you to tell them they can’t do shit.

CI #14-3: They can’t prove it.

ROBERT WOODY: Make a bet? They already got three fucking cases on you now.

CI #14-3: How? I didn’t do nothing.

ROBERT WOODY: Ha, that’s your word against theirs. But if you go and do one thing and basically cop, or, or knowing that you were involved in shit, and, accessory.

CI #14-3: So I could go to jail for knowing anything?

ROBERT WOODY: For knowing anything?

CI #14-3: For not knowing anything?

ROBERT WOODY: No. People you hang out with and shit like that, right, okay they have records, okay?

CI #14-3: Duh. So do I.

BRIAN COATS: Well, not a big record. I think it’s all misdemeanors. (Train and other background noises)

ROBERT WOODY: Ain’t shit.

CI #14-3: Can you and me talk about it by ourselves?

ROBERT WOODY: Okay. I can do that. Alright? Babe, I’ll try not to tell you rhymes and riddles, so I’ll just tell you flat out, you know how it is.

CI #14-3: That would be...
ROBERT WOODY: So, if you can chew it then you can chew it. If you can’t then I’m sorry...

CI #14-3: How does the story goes. I’m getting a little scared.

ROBERT WOODY: Why? I guess, I guess you’re scared of me?

CI #14-3: No.

ROBERT WOODY: What?

CI #14-3: Being out by myself now.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, well, that’s (unintelligible). You don’t have to be scared. Not to fear, knowing no one is going to fucking hurt you.

CI #14-3: I don’t (unintelligible) (pause) Can you go ask somebody for a lighter?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, I will. Yeah, see, they’ll pull, they’ll pull almost ah anybody over and shit. I mean even my uh, ex-old lady and my kid and they’ll...

CI #14-3: Why are they...

ROBERT WOODY: Why are they what?

CI #14-3: Still investigating it if they haven’t found his body.

ROBERT WOODY: I don’t know.

CI #14-3: Some say they have, some say they haven’t.

ROBERT WOODY: That’s right because they don’t fucking know shit. Key holder does though. That fucking key holder. Yeah, all these motherfuckers around here, they think they’re big shits, hot asses.
CI #14-3: Hum. God...

ROBERT WOODY: All these motherfuckers down here on the streets, all of them...

CI #14-3: The homeless.

ROBERT WOODY: No, not a homeless.

BRIAN COATS: A humble...

ROBERT WOODY: They don’t know a lot about much. Okay?

That’s just, don’t, key word that I say. I hold...

CI #14-3: Who’s the key holder? You?

ROBERT WOODY: There you go. Like Moses parting the water, walk on water but you mean? Sin, (unintelligible). And they’re not going find nothing and they don’t know the truth. And they don’t see nothing. And they don’t know nothing.

BRIAN COATS: And what?

ROBERT WOODY: Hum?

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible) what?

CI #14-3: Exactly.

ROBERT WOODY: They’re all grasping at straws. A majority of them know somewhat. But they’re not, fully...

CI #14-3: Hum? How did you (pause) like, it’s been over for like two years, huh?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah

CI #14-3: That’s a long time.

ROBERT WOODY: Uh hum, hum

CI #14-3: Two years?
ROBERT WOODY: Three and a half, almost. No, no, two years ago, you’re right; two and a half years, two years.

CI #14-3: You told me two years.

ROBERT WOODY: Two years too late. Anyways,

CI #14-3: And they still haven’t found his body?

ROBERT WOODY: Nope.

CI #14-3: Where did you... (background rustling)

ROBERT WOODY: They fed it to the pigs.

CI #14-3: You just went to some, wherever you guys did it and just, the first pigs?

ROBERT WOODY: First pigs? Oh, first pigs? Um,

(intelligible) first pigs. They won’t find him. You should (intelligible) a lot of things.

CI #14-3: So...

ROBERT WOODY: Never put it all in one spot.

CI #14-3: Oh.

ROBERT WOODY: Know what I mean?

CI #14-3: That would be stupid.

ROBERT WOODY: Never put it all in one spot and never bury it.

CI #14-3: I would be stupid, in that category.

ROBERT WOODY: Leave it, leave it on top of the ground. And then let it dispose itself.

CI #14-3: So...
ROBERT WOODY: When you’re hiding it, that’s when people start noticing. But when they don’t know what it is on top of the ground, they do something with it you know...

BRIAN COATS: More important...

CI #14-3: Like, do you have pieces?

ROBERT WOODY: Come back later on and fucking beat it up, slap it up, fuck it up or fuck it whatever shit they need to start drilling on but it’s not my M.O. I don’t get that.

CI #14-3: You would do that in pieces?

ROBERT WOODY: Huh? (pause) What’s that?

CI #14-3: In pieces? How would somebody know that?

ROBERT WOODY: That it’s in pieces? Nobody knows. Because once it’s fucking, when it’s in pieces it starts fucking de, rot, decay fucking you know what I mean? I mean it starts (unintelligible) and shit you know?

CI #14-3: Then how would he, how would somebody know it’s not their body; it’s not a dead body?

ROBERT WOODY: How will they be able to find out? There’s nothing to fucking put together.

CI #14-3: Cause it’s in pieces?

ROBERT WOODY: Um hum.

CI #14-3: Oh, okay. I was confused.

ROBERT WOODY: You burn the fucking hair off the body; eyelashes, eyebrows, hair on the head, their hair on their head...

CI #14-3: I was, I was told he got shot.
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. How else are you to dispose of the rest of it? You fucking shoot him, fucking take him to the hospital, and fucking fix him up then take him out and kill him? No...

CI #14-3: I was told he got shot and then I just was told he got stabbed. People are confusing me.

ROBERT WOODY: Stabbed? Shot!

CI #14-3: Oh.

ROBERT WOODY: When he jumped over that fucking fence that was his last jump!

CI #14-3: Oh, that's when you told me they were, you guys were sitting in the back? No?

ROBERT WOODY: Whose you guys?

CI #14-3: I think you said something about a campfire...

ROBERT WOODY: Remember, I did all of this alone (ha, ha).

CI #14-3: Oh, wait. You said something about a campfire though. Didn't you?

ROBERT WOODY: No, campfire no.

CI #14-3: What were you guys doing? You guys were sitting...

ROBERT WOODY: No, they weren't with me. Nobody was with me.

CI #14-3: Okay you and him?

ROBERT WOODY: Oh, not me and him. I told you, alone!

CI #14-3: Why did he jump the fence then?

ROBERT WOODY: To rip this guy off.

CI #14-3: Oh, he was trying to break in?
ROBERT WOODY: No, he come over there to steal more shit off the fucking property and shit, for scrap iron, aluminum, fucking steel, fucking, hum...

CI #14-3: Oh, like all the homeless are doing?
ROBERT WOODY: Um, yeah. You know, rath, rather fucking irritating when fucking you mean. I like it though because it’s more pay for me, real quick, kind of, as long as they don’t cut that fiber wire and taking his copper and then they go, and they go to stripping it.

CI #14-3: Oh, they were doing it to your yard?
ROBERT WOODY: Oh hell no, not from the yard, no. We got, we got fucking spools, I mean but no, that fucking yard is on, it’s on, it’s on lock. Fucking, you leave the gate open all night long and shit and nobody’s going to go in there and steal fucking shit out of that son-of-a-bitch. So basically, there’s fucking security and shit, fucking camera systems, they’re all ran to mother fucking (unintelligible).

UNKNOWN: And then some...
CI #14-3: How’d you know he was doing it then?
ROBERT WOODY: Oh he didn’t, huh? He didn’t, he didn’t do it to us.

CI #14-3: Oh. Then? (Whispering) Who did he steal...
ROBERT WOODY: ...from my lawyer.
CI #14-3: Oh, he was doing it to your lawyer?
ROBERT WOODY: Um hum. I got his name and I got a couple other people’s names.
CI #14-3: That he did it?

ROBERT WOODY: He didn’t want them doing this to him, ripping him off fucking you know what I mean and he made police reports and the cops said, “Well, we don’t you know, there’s not much we can really do,” they don’t got nothing and shit you know how they are they’re fucking cash it in...

CI #14-3: Oh

ROBERT WOODY: ...say mother fucker we can’t recover anything or get him on anything and shit.

CI #14-3: Is that why you said your lawyer owes you ah...

ROBERT WOODY: He said he’d... you mean?

CI #14-3: ...favor?

ROBERT WOODY: Favor. Yeah. Oh, don’t worry about it I got you and no money down no nothing shit, he said, “I’ll bail you out.” He goes, “And I could (unintelligible) it real. He’s like, “I won’t be able to represent you, see because ah...”

CI #14-3: If he bailed you out, he can’t represent you?

ROBERT WOODY: Um um (no). That’s uh, that’s uh the attorney at law, fucking ah, ah, con, conflict, conflict of interest, mother fucking in the...

CI #14-3: Yeah

ROBERT WOODY: ...court systems. So, so um and fucking he kept on and shit and he put it out there and shit you know what I mean? Fucking pass the message.

CI #14-3: So that would...

ROBERT WOODY: Lose my fucking, (unintelligible) rights.
CI #14-3: Is it an attorney out here? I had a hella good one.

ROBERT WOODY: Mine's been an attorney for thirty-two years and he was a Modesto fucking cop, before he became an attorney. You know why he became an attorney?

CI #14-3: Because the cops are retarded?

ROBERT WOODY: He goes, "You don't say nothing about it."

CI #14-3: I had an attorney...

ROBERT WOODY: He goes, I think you (unintelligible) sign up. He goes, "I don't want you talking about it."

CI #14-3: An attorney told me that once before, when I was (unintelligible) Uh hum (yes).

ROBERT WOODY: What time we going? Four or five?

CI #14-3: 6:34.

ROBERT WOODY: Was he a big guy, tall?

CI #14-3: Yeah, he was tall.

ROBERT WOODY: Huskey? Silver hair?

CI #14-3: He was older it looked like, uh hum (yes)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) big boned, has big fucking hands.

CI #14-3: Yeah, he had big hands. What was his name?

ROBERT WOODY: His secretary has big ass tits, his daughter.

CI #14-3: I don't remember that.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) looking at those tits.

CI #14-3: I don't look at girls' boobs so... (laughs)
ROBERT WOODY: You walk through the door and they’re right there. (Laughing)

CI #14-3: What was his name, Frank um?

ROBERT WOODY: I don’t think she could see the keyboard but, Frank or John. (Knocking on the door)

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah? Speak, speak up where I fucked you last. (Whispers: speak up where I fucked you.)

CI #14-3: The name sounds familiar, but...

ROBERT WOODY: He (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: ...that’s a common...

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) right?

CI #14-3: But John’s a common name, so it might not be,

ROBERT WOODY: John and Frank are two common names. They go together.

CI #14-3: Frank John Frank?

ROBERT WOODY: No, Frank John.

CI #14-3: Hum, who is John? I'm hearing John.

ROBERT WOODY: (Whispers) Carson

CI #14-3: Carson?

ROBERT WOODY: Frank Carson. (Pause) There it is.

CI #14-3: Where do I remember John from?

ROBERT WOODY: Carson, I just told you.

CI #14-3: You know probably from today.

ROBERT WOODY: Maybe. Hum... (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: No, there’s two Johns today. Very common.
BRIAN COATS: I remember John too.

CI #14-3: Hey, John and um, (pause) do you know, I know like four Gary’s now. I didn’t know that was a common name that bad.

ROBERT WOODY: Gary (unintelligible), Gary

BRIAN COATS: Gary too

ROBERT WOODY: Gary (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible)

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: Gary (unintelligible)

(Several subjects mumbling here - unintelligible - Goes on for several minutes, including voices from outside of room)

ROBERT WOODY: Bragging rights, yeah, speak! Your ass won’t.

BRIAN COATS: Hello?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah come check it out. Don’t fuck it up.

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: I’m hungry.

ROBERT WOODY: Are you? Want tacos? Want to go eat something? You want to go to your uh, well it’s not so you’re your hang-out anymore but...

CI #14-3: Where’s that at?

ROBERT WOODY: Golden State and East Main

CI #14-3: Oh, Jack in the Box?

ROBERT WOODY: There you go.

CI #14-3: It’s not my hang out?
ROBERT WOODY: I know. Not no more. That’s where all them naps gather up at, called ah, my space that they waste.
(Unintelligible). I can crack a smile.

CI #14-3: You can or you won’t?

ROBERT WOODY: I can.

CI #14-3: Yeah?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah.

CI #14-3: You smile. Really? Ha, you smile...

ROBERT WOODY: Cause you’re only seconds away from getting yourselves, same spot.

CI #14-3: Really?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, really.

CI #14-3: Really, really?

ROBERT WOODY: Really, really.

CI #14-3: Really, really, really. (Laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: I need to show you something.

CI #14-3: Oh God, just kidding.

ROBERT WOODY: (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Hey! Don’t. Get the knife away from me.

ROBERT WOODY: (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Get the knife away from his throat.

ROBERT WOODY: It’s a bleeder. You know what it’s meant, for punks. Two is it. If you tired, working guys. Cause people pumping out all that fucking blood and notch them in the head, the blood to the head, nice. Retarded.

CI #14-3: You should do that to the guy that’s following me.
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, if you want me to. Or are you going to flip out? I can handle it. Can you? Can you handle it?

CI #14-3: I wouldn’t feel bad if I know what was going on.

ROBERT WOODY: Okay, we’ll see.

CI #14-3: I just can’t be there to watch. Oh, I...

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) for the rest of it?

CI #14-3: Huh?

ROBERT WOODY: The rest of it?

CI #14-3: You can tell me, just not, I can’t watch.

ROBERT WOODY: Tell you? I can’t tell you. I can share it with you. I can’t tell you.

CI #14-3: Share it with me?

ROBERT WOODY: Then you might be sick. A sick fucking individual.

CI #14-3: That is true. Really sick.

ROBERT WOODY: How?

CI #14-3: Nice and cool.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) go to sleep.

CI #14-3: More than I do.

ROBERT WOODY: Hummm. You chose that.

CI #14-3: I know. I don’t know what I’m choosing. I think I’m going crazy.

ROBERT WOODY: Probably. As long as you know you’re going crazy, you’re okay then.

CI #14-3: First step is acknowledging it, right?
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) big stuff. To know what you’re doing.

CI #14-3: Huh?

ROBERT WOODY: Do you know what you’re doing?

CI #14-3: Do I know what I’m doing?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, know what you’re doing?

CI #14-3: What am I doing?

ROBERT WOODY: I don’t know.

CI #14-3: Going crazy?

ROBERT WOODY: Uh, yes, enlighten me. Enlighten me.

CI #14-3: Going what I’m doing?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah.

CI #14-3: I’m so confused (laughing). I’m a fucking retard. Just kidding. I’m blond, is that better, okay?

ROBERT WOODY: I’m blond.

CI #14-3: You are blond.

ROBERT WOODY: Huh?

CI #14-3: We’re both blond.

ROBERT WOODY: Uh huh (yes) so, (unintelligible) (noise in background)

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) Hum?

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) got a lot to learn.

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: I said he’s got a lot to learn.

CI #14-3: About?

ROBERT WOODY: Little time to do it in.
CI #14-3: Why, is my time running out? How’s there no time?
ROBERT WOODY: That’s on you. (Laughing)
CI #14-3: Okay, rhymes and riddles. Go away.
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. Tell them to go away (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: I just ran two miles.
ROBERT WOODY: You don’t have to run no more do you? Do you have to run anymore?
CI #14-3: Is he talking to you?
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) bicycle.
CI #14-3: Can we just go to Pop N Cork? (Laughing) My legs hurt.
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah, we can go back over there.
CI #14-3: Back over there? Are you safe there?
ROBERT WOODY: Um fucking they’re (unintelligible), Hum?
CI #14-3: Can you buy me a pack of cigarettes? L&M’s.
ROBERT WOODY: Go share it with her (unintelligible) just ask’em.
BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible) myself.
ROBERT WOODY: Hum?
BRIAN COATS: I want to go by myself.
ROBERT WOODY: You see (unintelligible) share with that part she just asked me, what my fucking what I’m gonna say?
BRIAN COATS: Nope.
ROBERT WOODY: Huh?
BRIAN COATS: Nope.
ROBERT WOODY: You lost yourself.
CI #14-3: (unintelligible) He’s confused too, huh?

(Laughing) I know huh?

(Unintelligible - subjects talking over each other)

CI #14-3: I just,

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible - subjects talking over each other) That’s what I meant. Wait.

CI #14-3: See him drunk over here (laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) toasted.

CI #14-3: Toasted? Where’s the toaster?

ROBERT WOODY: Me.

CI #14-3: You’re the toaster?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah.

CI #14-3: I’m, I’m a, wait, toast them up (laughing) laid barbecue? Oh, my legs hurt (unintelligible). So, I shouldn’t be scared of this George dude? ‘cause (unintelligible)?

ROBERT WOODY: (laughing) I want to know who he is.

CI #14-3: I thought you know who he is.

ROBERT WOODY: Not the same person(?)

CI #14-3: Is there any way you can find out.

ROBERT WOODY: So, um, you don’t know. You always (unintelligible) remember?

CI #14-3: He lives at the Ham Center?

ROBERT WOODY: Hum?

CI #14-3: He goes to the Ham Center? (Laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: I don’t know.
CI #14-3: That will explain a lot (laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: What's he drive?

CI #14-3: A black BMW I think, it looked like.

ROBERT WOODY: Four door or two? Maybe it was a ninety-three or and eighty-nine, black two-door.

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) I don't remember.

ROBERT WOODY: Um, maybe the stereo's been taken out of it.

CI #14-3: The stereo?

ROBERT WOODY: A few other things.

CI #14-3: It's been "tweakertised."

ROBERT WOODY: The fucking dude's a tweaker.

CI #14-3: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: Same (unintelligible) guy.

CI #14-3: Wonder why he's following me like fucking 3:00 in the morning and shit. Fucking tweaker. What the hell. Should ask him. What the hell you want? (Laughing). That'd be bad though, huh?

ROBERT WOODY: Ummmm. (Unintelligible) (Rustling noise)

CI #14-3: Um. I think,

ROBERT WOODY: You want to go to the store?

CI #14-3: Yeah.

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah? (Unintelligible)?

CI #14-3: Yeah. (Unintelligible - train whistle) Is that better?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah.

CI #14-3: Okay. Alright. (Unintelligible)
ROBERT WOODY: I can live with that.

CI #14-3: Good, 'cause I don't want you dying on me now.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible - train) (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Do you know a cop that has short brown hair, about twenty-thirty something, thirty something, white?

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Do you?

ROBERT WOODY: I know a lot of them, why?

CI #14-3: That looks like that?

ROBERT WOODY: Looks like what? Yeah, a lot of them look like (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: That looks like that; like I just described.

ROBERT WOODY: What kinda car is he driving though?

CI #14-3: A cop car.

ROBERT WOODY: Is there a number on it?

CI #14-3: Hum?

ROBERT WOODY: Is there a number on it?

CI #14-3: There's, looks like a normal cop car. Who is it? Like a blackish, blue, like a dark, dark blue? You know, how it almost looks black.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) (rustling noises) Like a dragon?

CI #14-3: A dragon?

ROBERT WOODY: A solid colored car?

CI #14-3: Yeah, four-door.

ROBERT WOODY: Caprice? Ford?
CI #14-3: Who’s that?
ROBERT WOODY: Huh?
CI #14-3: Who’s that?
ROBERT WOODY: Blue one?
CI #14-3: Huh?
ROBERT WOODY: The blue one?
CI #14-3: The what?
ROBERT WOODY: The blue one? (Unintelligible)?
CI #14-3: Your cousin?
ROBERT WOODY: Um hum. Have two of them.
CI #14-3: And what’s his name?
ROBERT WOODY: Jason.
CI #14-3: Does Jason know about me?
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: It sure seems like it.
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: I don’t know, but can you tell, let your cousin know fucking know that uh, stop scaring me too (laughing). They follow me all (unintelligible). I can handle that. I’m used to stalkers. But he’s not slick.
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: Stalking?
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. I have to (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: You have what?
ROBERT WOODY: A destination, point A then point B (unintelligible) some issues
CI #14-3: (unintelligible)
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible - too much static)
CI #14-3: I have information too.
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: With who? (Unintelligible) information?
ROBERT WOODY: Yes.
CI #14-3: Oh where am I going?
ROBERT WOODY: What’s your destination?
CI #14-3: Destination’s nothing. Nowhere.
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: (unintelligible)
BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible)
ROBERT WOODY: You could be (unintelligible) (horrible static) drown yourself.
CI #14-3: I don’t (unintelligible) so I drown.
ROBERT WOODY: Hey, if you can’t hear me,
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) body language.
CI #14-3: (unintelligible) body language.
ROBERT WOODY: Walking around fucking deaf, dumb, blind and fucking stupid. Little yellow bus, the wheels keep on rolling round and round, round (laughing) HA HA HA. Fuck you.
CI #14-3: But you can’t drive.
ROBERT WOODY: Fucking retard. (Unintelligible) Don’t know me, (unintelligible) I don’t like this mother fucker, white dude.
CI #14-3: Doesn’t mean you can kill him.
ROBERT WOODY: fuck doesn’t mean I could do it.

CI #14-3: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) fleas on my bed

CI #14-3: You won’t get them. They don’t stay on you.

ROBERT WOODY: I know that. How did you (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) (laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) mustache.

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) mustache. Can we go to the store now, I’m starving.

ROBERT WOODY: Yes, I’ve been waiting on you.

CI #14-3: Oh. I knew that. Ummmm.

(A lot of moving around)

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) wasting my breath.

CI #14-3: We wouldn’t want that now.

(Door opening and closing - dog barking)

CI #14-3: I think I’m gonna stop drinking. What do y’all think?

ROBERT WOODY: you can drink all you want.

BRIAN COATS: I don’t think...

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) hurts mine too.

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Listening to his rhymes and riddles hurts.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) a joke.

CI #14-3: Huh?
Earl Cotton: I know you're not a joke. I know that. I know that. Remember that.

Earl Cotton: I know, I know, I know. Huhhhh. (Laughing)

Earl Cotton: I know that.

Earl Cotton: I don't know. (Unintelligible) I'm hearing things.

Earl Cotton: Shut up. I, BRIAN COATS: Say it again.

Earl Cotton: Alright. I'm ready for winter.

BRIAN COATS: (unintelligible)?

Earl Cotton: Winter. (Unintelligible)

Earl Cotton: That's right.

Earl Cotton: I'm "unscribable" "disguisable"

CI #14-3: Your fleas. (Laughing) (Unintelligible) Never know. (Unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: I leave my fleas at home.

CI #14-3: Do you know who?

ROBERT WOODY: Cause I got an icepick.

CI #14-3: Do you know what?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah I do.

CI #14-3: Do you know how?! (Laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah.

CI #14-3: I’m glad.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) too.

CI #14-3: Really?

ROBERT WOODY: Yes.

CI #14-3: Ohhhh.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: I didn’t even know this room was here. (Pause) I was wondering what that door was.

UNKNOWN CHILD: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Ohhhh. (Pause) How cute.

(Walking - outside - traffic noises)

CI #14-3: Oh, great. (Pause) It’s the Po Po.

ROBERT WOODY: Where?

CI #14-3: They drove by. What are you gonna get? Oh God.

(Pause) (Sigh) (Long pause)
CI #14-3: (unintelligible) who's that? (No response) Hey they told me he got fired. Why is he still here?

ROBERT WOODY: He got fired and promoted to go to the other store to start work today.

CI #14-3: He got fired and promoted to the other store?

ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. They didn’t want him here because he used to work over there too.

CI #14-3: Huh. Hum.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

(Pause)

CI #14-3: Whose new car is this? Whose new car is this?

UNKNOWN: That’s D’s new car.

CI #14-3: D’s new car?

UNKNOWN: Yeah. (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: It’s brand new. Turlock Auto Sales.

UNKNOWN: Is it weed?

CI #14-3: No.

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) (mumbling - music in background)

CI #14-3: Well D can kiss my white ass.

UNKNOWN: You gotta white ass?

CI #14-3: I gotta white ass. Oh, hi (laughing). You shouldn’t sneak up on me like that D. C’mon. (Laughing) Dang. Nobody’s warned me.

UNKNOWN: I couldn’t say nothing.

CI #14-3: We were saying how much we like you “D.”

(Laughing)
UNKNOWN: See. You been gone for two days. Where’d you go?

Questions are asked now.

UNKNOWN: She was here today.

UNKNOWN: Was she?

CI #14-3: Yeah, I was here. I pop in and out, like in and out burgers.

UNKNOWN: Oh I see, ha like In and Out Burgers.

CI #14-3: In and Out Burgers. They get paid the most.

UNKNOWN: By any chance do you know Pelon huh? Pelon and um, cookie, cupcake.

CI #14-3: Yeah, why?

UNKNOWN: No, I just thought,

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) (store noises in background)

CI #14-3: Where’s K-9? Alright. Where’s he at?

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible - too far away)

CI #14-3: Okay. No that’s fine. Whoa! (Pause) Huh?

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)


DALJIT: John.

CI #14-3: Huh?

DALJIT: John

CI #14-3: John?

DALJIT: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: What?! What is it?

UNKNOWN: John big cock.
DALJIT: Last name Cockman
CI #14-3: Cock?
DALJIT: John Cockman.
CI #14-3: John cockcome?

(Pause - music in background)

CI #14-3: A pack of L and M, Red Hundreds, and um, a lottery ticket.

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: Huh?
DALJIT: I closed it already.
CI #14-3: You closed it already?
DALJIT: Yeah.
CI #14-3: You can’t give me one?
DALJIT: I can’t. Remember

DALJIT: You’re crazy.
CI #14-3: You’re crazy.
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) John...
CI #14-3: Huh?
DALJIT: (unintelligible)

(Pause)

ROBERT WOODY: What’s up D?
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) cash?
CI #14-3: Huh?
UNKNOWN: You want cash?
CI #14-3: Yeah, did you want me to use the card?

ROBERT WOODY: Okay. (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) oh, when you’re there.

CI #14-3: Aw shush. You’re not going to give me your keys too? (Laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Going to get another bottle. (Laughing)

UNKNOWN: This one?

CI #14-3: Huh?

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Who’s out here, Dominic?

UNKNOWN: Huh?

CI #14-3: Is Dominic out here?

UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) good night.

CI #14-3: Where did my cigarette go Dominic? (Pause) Oh. I’m okay. (Unintelligible) I’m okay.

ROBERT WOODY: Where do you want to eat at?

CI #14-3: Huh?

ROBERT WOODY: Where do you want to eat at? Do you want to eat up on that? (Unintelligible)

CI #14-3: (unintelligible) are you talking about the house too, okay. Is that okay?

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) right there (unintelligible)

UNKNOWN: What are you doing man?

CI #14-3: You don’t want to know (laughing)
ROBERT WOODY: I'm at the house.
UNKNOWN: You at the house?
ROBERT WOODY: Um hum.
CI #14-3: I'm going crazy.
ROBERT WOODY: I lost my fucking phone today at work.
UNKNOWN: Nooooo.
ROBERT WOODY: Yeah. (Unintelligible) I don't know if I buried it in a ditch or lost it in back of the fucking pickup, I don't know.
UNKNOWN: Man, that sucks.
CI #14-3: (unintelligible) got fired.
ROBERT WOODY: Who?
CI #14-3: Duden.
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)
CI #14-3: Why is he still here?
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible) someone stole the umbrella
CI #14-3: Fucking beast. What the hell? Why do people steal?
ROBERT WOODY: I don't know.
CI #14-3: I don't know either. Fuck.
ROBERT WOODY: (laughing)
CI #14-3: (unintelligible) over at the jail last night?
Where gonna keep walking. Bye Dominic. (Laughing)
UNKNOWN: (unintelligible)
ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible) not hard to find out. Long story.
CI #14-3: Long story short. Short. (Laughing)

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: I always tell you who I was.

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

CI #14-3: Right. Huh?

ROBERT WOODY: (unintelligible)

End of recording

Reviewed by: DA Criminal Investigator Steve Jacobson