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## FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date of transcription 01/19/2005

An initial TENNESSEE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION (TBI) investigation created a transcript of the EUGENE SILER recording from July 8, 2004. TBI provided FBI KNOXVILLE the SILER recording and a copy of the associated transcript. On November 19, 2004, Special Agent (SA) JOSHUA T. MCKINNEY revised the original transcript, provided by TBI (see serial 24).

On January 19, 2004, following interviews of WILLIAM PAUL CARROLL (see serial 27) and GERALD DAVID WEBBER (see serial 28), SA MCKINNEY revised the transcript, originally provided by TBI and previously revised on November 19, 2004, with the clarifications provided by CARROLL and WEBBER. The revised transcript is attached to this FD-302.

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Investigation on 01/19/2005 at Knoxville, Tennessee

File # 282A-KX-69820-29 Date dictated 01/19/2005

by SA JOSHUA T. MCKINNEY J.T.M.

Transcribed: August 13-15, 2004

Revised: November 19, 2004  
January 19, 2005

Incident: July 8, 2004

Static.

Tape is turned on.

Static.

Female sighs.

Officer Franklin: ...got a car out there.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Muffled voices.

Officer \_\_\_\_: He come out that door.

Officer Franklin: Yeah I know it.

Officer Franklin: I'll tell you it's a wonder he hadn't  
been running... back to the car.

Officer Franklin: Before you leave, look and make sure  
check your purse, look and make sure you ain't leaving  
with no drugs.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: no large amount of money.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: I just want to check it; we don't want you running off with.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Ok, I'm just.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: just making sure you're on the up and up with us, ok?

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: leave your phone ringing.

Ziping sound.

Mrs. Siler: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Ok, that's fine hun.

Muffled voices.

Officer Franklin: Anyway. You know what this is all about.

Mrs. Siler: Yeah. He ain't been able to get down there and pay his bondsman or, ah, to pay his probation officer.

Muffled noises in background.

Officer Franklin: There's other things going on here at this house. Don't sit there and lie, sweetheart. You and your son get out of here so he don't see...

Officer \_\_\_\_: You alright, buddy?

Officer Franklin: ...both of yuns go to jail, ok? Cause that's what's gonna happen.

Muffled sounds. Movements

Officer Webber: ...quit selling drugs. Yeah, he needs to quit selling drugs.

Child crying.

Zippering sound. Shuffling sound.

Officer Franklin: What's your first name?

Mrs. Siler: Jenny

Officer Franklin: Alright Jenny...

Officer \_\_\_\_: We talked to a lawyer...

Zippering sound. Muffled voices.

Officer Franklin: Awright. Where you going to be at?

Mrs. Siler: Down there at the store...

Officer Webber: wait til we come down there and get ya, ok? Cause I don't want that boy here in this mess, ok?

Child sobbing. Muffled voices.

Officer Webber: It's a wonder he didn't git away from us.

Officer Webber: What did he do? Fall down out there?

Officer Green: Yeah, he got hung up in that shit and fell.

Officer \_\_\_\_: (muffled) He's fucked up.

Movement. Squeaking sound.

Moaning.

Officer Franklin: Better have ya ...

Officer Webber: Your fucking dope dealing's over with.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Franklin: Yeah, we're shutting you down today.

Officer Monday: It's fucking over with son.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Muffled sounds.

Officer Franklin: Wait a minute, Will, before you start.

Officer Carroll: 10-4

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Franklin: You ever git that form?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: No.

Eugene: It does, David. ...cut off.

Officer Franklin: I tell you what we're gonna do.

Eugene: ...cut off...

Officer Franklin: Let me tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna put them handcuffs in front of ya. Cut you a little slack. But if you don't start operating, we're gonna put the mother fuckers behind your back, and I'm gonna take this slapjack and I'm gonna start working that head over, you understand?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: You're gonna cooperate with us because your damn dope dealing days in front of this kid has been shut down.

Eugene: I been trying to get a hold of Mr. Webber. I have.

Officer Franklin: Fuck Mr. Webber. You ain't tried to get a hold of him.

Eugene: I have too.

Officer Webber: You ain't done... You ain't done nothing but sold dope. Let me tell ya. Hang on, you're talking way too much. Let me tell you something. We're gonna know everybody that's supplying you. We're gonna know everything about your business today. And you're gonna take us and where you got your money, we're gonna take every dime you have today and if we don't walk out of

here with every piece of dope you got and every dime you got, you're fucking ass is not going to make it to the jail. And if you think we're joking, we're not. Because let me tell you something. There's nobody knows we're fucking here. We're doing this on our own, and you're gonna sign a consent to search form and you're gonna give us permission to be here and you're gonna do it our way, cause we're tired of fucking with your ass.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Webber: You're not fucking listening.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Webber: You hear what I told you? I told you not to be talking. Didn't I tell you not to be talking? That's just the fucking beginning. This mother fucker right here, he loves seeing blood.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: He loves it. He loves seeing blood.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: You're talking too much. You're talking too much. Listen to what I'm telling you. He loves

fucking seeing blood. He'll beat your ass and lick it off of ya. And if you think we're here playing, you're wrong. I want you to start talking right now about nothing else but other than but where your dope's hid at and where your money's at. And then we'll talk about everything else. Start telling him.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Un-cuff him. Un-cuff him and make him sign that damn form.

Officer Franklin: If he don't sign it, if he don't sign it, I'm gonna slap his fucking fingers.

Officer Webber: What hand... Are you right handed?

Officer Franklin: Cuff him in front. We'll be nice to him, but that's as far as it's going.

Eugene: ... have somebody read what I'm signing first.

Officer Monday: No you ain't. We ain't reading a fucking thang. You just need to sign it.

Officer Franklin: Only thing that sign says... you've been informed we're here to search your damn premises and you're gonna let us. That's all it says.

Officer Monday: Are you gonna sign?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Git up. Git up.

Officer Monday: I said get the fuck up.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: Now git up, god damn it.

Eugene: Oh, alright...

Officer Monday: No, git the fuck up.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign.

Officer Webber: You're talking too much.

Officer Monday: Git up

Eugene: Let me ask David something first.

Officer Monday: Look, you sign this son of a bitch or  
I'm gonna hit you again. One. Two.

Slapping, striking or hitting sound.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Eugene.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: Sign the damn thang.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Monday: Sign it now.

Eugene: (Moaning, crying) Oh god.

Officer Monday: Sign it.

Officer Franklin: It's gonna hurt worse. It's getting worse.

Officer Monday: Eugene, I said sign the son of a bitch.

Officer \_\_\_\_: One.

Eugene: (pleading, crying) (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Sign it...

Officer Monday: Look here.

Officer Monday: Here's your damn pen.

Officer Webber: If you think we're bullshitting, you better sign that form.

Officer Monday: Listen here.

Officer Franklin: I tell ya what's gonna happen...

Eugene: If you'll let me... (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: No... You listen to me. You listen to me. Let me tell you what's gonna happen. If you don't sign, I'm gonna go right back there where your wife's at, and I'm gonna put her ass in jail. I'm calling the Department of Human Services and I'm gonna take your fucking kids from you today.

Officer Franklin: Sign it.

Eugene: (pleading) (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Eugene: Let me talk to Mr. Webber right here for a minute.

Officer Monday: Now you sign. Sign the mother fucker.

Eugene: I want to talk to him first.

Officer Monday: I said sign the god damn thing  
Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: and I mean now.

Eugene: Ow.

Officer Webber: I ain't got nothing to talk to you  
about. Sign the damn form.

Slapping, striking or hitting sound.

Eugene: (moaning) Ow. Ow.

Officer Monday: Are you gonna sign it? Sign the damn  
thing.

Officer Franklin: We're tired of fucking around.

Officer Monday: Sign it. I ain't gonna fucking spray  
you, I'm gonna slap the hell out of you til you damn  
bleed, so sign it.

Eugene: (moans repeatedly)

Officer Monday: Right here.

Officer Monday: Sign it.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Officer Monday: Here's the pen.

Officer Franklin: There ain't nothing wrong with ya.

Officer Monday: There ain't nothing wrong with you.

Sign the damn thing.

Officer \_\_\_\_: You've just been bitch slapped.

Eugene: Let me talk ...

Officer Webber: No, I don't want to talk to you. I

don't want to talk to you. Sign the form.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Webber: We'll talk after you sign the form.

Eugene: (moans repeatedly)

Officer Green: Which hand's he write with?

Officer Monday: Which hand you write with?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Which hand?

Officer Green: Quite fucking off and sign this god damn paper, mother fucker. Here. God damn it.

Eugene: Ow.

Officer Monday: I said sign it. Now your gonna sign the damn paper...

Eugene: I want to talk to ...first

Officer Green: You ain't talking to nobody; you're gonna sign this god damn paper... muffled movement

Eugene: (repeatedly screams)

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Green: Sign, god damn it! Sign it.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: Ow, ow, ow.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it!

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it!

Eugene: (moans)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it!

Eugene: (moans, cries out)

Officer: Sign it!

Officer Webber: Eugene, it's just beginning buddy...

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it!

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: nail your ass down in this god damn... and sign it

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Officer Webber: Sign it, Eugene

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Officer \_\_\_\_: You'll die

Officer Franklin: It's gonna get worse

Officer Franklin: It's gonna get worse

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: I want to talk to Mr. Webber first.

Officer: Sign it!

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans) I want to talk to Mr. Webber first.

Officer Monday: Sign it!

Officer Monday: Sign it!

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (cries out) (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Hey David, talk to him.

Officer Green: I'm gonna choke your ass, now sign it.

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: Here's David. Now you'll talk to him.

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: Now here he is. You better talk to him

Eugene: (moans, unintelligible)

Officer Webber: What do you want to talk about? What do you want to talk about? What do you want to talk about?

Eugene: You said...(unintelligible) Randy Baird...

Officer Webber: That was your first, that was your first mistake. I don't work for Randy Baird. Randy Baird is not a officer, ok?

Officer Franklin: Randy Baird is done.

Eugene: (unintelligible) ...So I answered her...

Officer Webber: We don't want nobody else; we want you and we got you and I'm here, we're hear talking right now. You still want to talk?

Eugene: I want to help you...

Officer Webber: No, I don't want your help. I don't want your help. I want you to sign that form cause you're the one we want and we got 'cha, and if you don't sign it, you probably won't walk out of here. You'll have to We'll have to call a fucking ambulance to haul your ass out of here. Is there any part of that you don't understand?

(inaudible)

Officer Webber: Is there any part of that you don't understand?

Officer Webber: I want you to roll right over that chair and sign that form and once you sign it

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Once you sign that form, we'll start being nicer, but until you sign that form, its fixin to get ugly, because them batteries right there, I'm fixin to go out there and get some wires and and hook 'em up to your fucking balls. And if you don't think I will, you don't sign that form and watch what happens. So you best git signing.

Officer Monday: Roll over here and sign this.

Officer Monday: Eugene!

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: No...hey.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign the god damn paper.

Officer Monday: Sign the damn thing.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Carroll: What part don't you understand? Sign this paper.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: No...

Officer Webber: Eugene

Officer Carroll: Sign this damn paper now.

Eugene: Please...right now...

Officer \_\_\_\_: No. You, here, sign.

Eugene: (pleading)

Officer Franklin: Get back...Let me tell you something.

Officer Franklin: Sign it up. Sign it up right now,  
Eugene.

Officer Green: Then you can have your god damn  
cigarettes.

Officer Franklin: ...then everything's gonna be nice.

Officer Franklin: (unintelligible)

Eugene: ...I can't hardly...

Officer Webber: Right there's you a cigarette after you  
sign that form.

Eugene: I can't hardly see...anyway

Officer \_\_\_\_: Here David.

Officer Carroll: God damn it ain't hard to sign your  
name.

Officer \_\_\_\_: ...light

Officer Monday: Eugene, look here. Look at me. Look up here. Look. Open your fucking eyes. You sign this son of a bitch right now.

Officer Franklin: There you go young man.

Officer Monday: Now sign it. If you don't sign it I'm gonna knock the hell out of ya. Now you wanted a cigarette, now sign it.

Eugene: (unintelligible) ...talk to David Webber right there...

Officer Monday: Fuck you and your cigarette. Sign it.

Eugene: That's what I was wanting to talk to him about.

Officer Monday: Sign it

Officer Franklin: He asked you to sign the form,  
Eugene.

Officer Green: Shoot his fucking ass.

Officer \_\_\_\_: (muffled)

Eugene: ...this one guy...this one guy right here...

Officer Franklin: No, we don't want to hear about one  
guy. We want

Eugene: ok...

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign that there.

Officer \_\_\_\_: What have you got in your hand?

Officer \_\_\_\_: You better sign that.

Officer Webber: Hang on. I'll go get the fucking wires.

Hang on just a minute.

Eugene: ...what did you ask about...

Officer Monday: Here. Here. See...

Officer \_\_\_\_: ...your balls on fire...sign that paper

Officer Monday: What have you got in your hand? What  
have you got in your hand?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Huh?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: How many, how many's it gonna take  
guys, about three of 'um at most, he'll start crying  
then, won't he?

Officer Monday: Yeah.

Officer Monday: We'll hook his fucking balls up.

Officer Green: ...hook him up to 110.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Ok. That'll work.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Eugene, you better back off.

Officer Monday: Now looky here.

Officer Monday: Look. If you don't think we're fucking, look here. We're getting ready to fucking juice your ass, so you either fucking sign it or get the juice.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Stand him up and I'll take his pants down.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: (muffled) You either sign that..

Officer Monday: Sign it!

Officer Webber: Sign that. It's fixin' to get ugly.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: No. You need to sign that.

Eugene: ..the one that you want.

Officer Webber: I want you and we got 'cha, and you need to sign that.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: No, you need to sign that. I want you

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Eugene, look! Sign the Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: I said sign the god damn thing, now I ain't fucking with ya' no more. Now sign it.

Eugene: (moans repeatedly)

Officer Monday: Now that's just the fucking beginning. Now sign it.

Eugene: (moans repeatedly)

Officer Monday: Now sign the damn thing.

Eugene: (moans repeatedly)

Officer Monday: No, don't fucking give him a cigarette.

Officer Monday: I said sign it.

Eugene: I can't see.

Officer Monday: I don't give a fuck. I'll hold ye hand.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: I don't give a fuck.

Eugene: (pleading unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Don't you fucking jerk a way from me

Eugene: I didn't. (Moaning)

Officer Monday: We'll just be here about an hour and half beating the hell out of you. You'll eventually sign it.

Loud hitting or striking sound.

Eugene: (Unintelligible)

Officer Monday: We ain't getting no fucking where.

Officer Franklin: The thing about it is its funny you can run from us though ain't it?

Officer Franklin: ...sign the paper.

Officer Monday: You gonna tell us where your dope's at? Where your dope's at?

Eugene: Which one, which one was I talking to? I was talking to you wasn't I?

Officer Monday: Yeah. Sign.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: No! I don't want that mother fucker! I want you!

Officer Monday: Where's your fucking dope?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: No, you got it.

Eugene: What did I tell you...? ...after I sign this. What did I tell ya'll?

Officer Green: If you don't sign this, you're gonna get the fuck beat plum out of ya. I'm just telling ya.

Eugene: What did I tell you, sir?

Officer Green: You told me you was gonna sign this.

Eugene: I told you this guy...

Officer Monday: Eugene.

Officer Franklin: I tell you what. Hey, un-cuff him and that way if he raises his damn hand to one of us, we have the right to beat the fuck out of him.

Officer Monday: Give me a handcuff key.

Eugene: What did I just tell you sir?

Officer Carroll: You're gonna sign this fucking paper is what you're gonna do.

Officer Monday: Your fucking dope deal's over here. You're gonna fucking git this every fucking time you sale a pill. You understand me?

Officer Monday: You understand?

Officer Carroll: Fuck it, Josh.

Officer Monday: You understand? Huh?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: Do you understand? Here. Give him, here. We'll make him fucking sign. Give him the fucking pen.

Officer Green: Here.

Officer Monday: You better get the pen in your hand now.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: Put the pen, get the pen.

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: I said git the fucking pen Eugene.

Eugene: (cries out repeatedly)

Officer Monday: Git the pen.

Muffled voice.

Officer Green: You gonna sign this, ain't cha?

Eugene: (cries out) Oh, Lordy.

Officer Green: Huh?

Eugene: Oh, Lord.

Officer Green: You gonna sign it?

Eugene: (moans) Oh, Lord.

Officer Green: Are you gonna sign it?

Officer Green: You gonna sign it?

Eugene: (continues to moan)

Officer Green: Are you gonna sign?

Officer Green: Huh? You gonna sign it?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: I'm gonna let you up, mother fucker. You gonna sign this, ain't che?

Eugene: (pleading) Oh, Lord.

Officer Green: Huh?

Eugene: (continues to moan and plead)

Officer Green: You gonna sign it?

Eugene: (pleads and moans)

Officer Green: Are you gonna sign it?

Officer \_\_\_\_: He ain't got no fucking...That's good. Let him up, Shane.

Officer Green: You gonna sign it?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: Here.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: Sign it.

Eugene: (continues to moan)

Officer Monday: Sign it.

Eugene: (moaning continues)

Officer Green: Here.

Eugene: (continues to moan)

Officer Green: ...hell.

Officer Green: It's gonna get worse.

Officer Green: Sign it.

Officer Green: Sign this god damn piece of paper. There it is. Sign it!

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: Sign it!

Eugene: Tell me...

Officer Green: Sign it!

Officer Monday: Let him set there a minute and we'll charge him up here again. He'll sign it.

Eugene: (moaning and crying continues)

Officer Monday: Look here, Eugene, your fucking TV's gone too. Your fucking dope dealing days are over.

Eugene: They were stealing from us...

Officer Monday: You understand? Your fucking dope dealing days are over.

Eugene: (pleading) They were stealing from us.

Officer \_\_\_: They were stealing from you?

Officer Franklin: ...come here to steal your dope, wasn't he, Eugene: No.

Officer Franklin: Don't lie now.

Eugene: They stole a dog... you can ask my boy about it... they steal our dogs...

Officer Monday: What's this, Eugene?

Officer Monday: Here.

Muffled sound.

Eugene: (cries out)

Muffled sound.

Officer Monday: Here ya go. Looks like a fucking real gun to me.

Eugene: Sir, what are you doing?

Officer Monday: I'm gonna kill your fucking ass. Now you either sign or I'm gonna shoot ye'.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: Awright?

Officer Monday: It's what you wanted.

Officer Monday: Here. I'll stick it in ya' damn britches. That way ya' can't git up. There you go. Muffled.

Eugene: I can git you a lot of people, you just don't understand.

Officer Webber: You need to sign that form.

Eugene: You just don't understand..

Officer Webber: No, you don't understand.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: You don't understand. You need to sign that form.

Officer Monday: What do you use this flashlight for?

Officer Monday: Where you got your dope buried at, Eugene?

Officer Monday: Where you got your dope buried at?  
Huh?

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: That's just now the start, mother  
fucker. Where's your dope at?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: What's in here?

Officer Webber: Where the key for this Eugene?

Officer Monday: Where's the key for it?

Eugene: Over there on the wall.

Officer Webber: What's in there?

Eugene: Over on the wall.

Officer Monday: What's in it?

Eugene: Just towels and stuff

Officer Green: (muffled) on the wall, Eugene.

Eugene: It should be there.

Muffled voices.

Eugene: (muffled) it's just...

Officer Monday: By the way we got a warrant on you;  
that's why we're here.

Eugene: (muffled response)

Officer Franklin: He knows why we're here.

Officer Franklin: His wife knows why we're here.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Listen to what I'm telling you, buddy.

Your, I don't know if you're so fucked up, or what. But let me tell you something. I do not want your help.

(Muffled sound) I do not want nothing. (Muffled sound)

Listen, I'm trying to help you, ok, cause you're in a world of shit. You're gonna sign that form, ok? Listen, you're gonna sign that form. And we're gonna get your dope, and we're gonna get your money. And you're gonna go to jail and everybody'll be happy. And when you come back you're not gonna sale any more dope.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Is this your lap top?

Eugene: (unintelligible)...this girl brought here... yesterday last night...

Officer Webber: Trying to get some dope?

Eugene: No, no. She just brought here.

Officer Webber: She's just a nice girl, wanted to give it to you?

Eugene: She tried to fix that computer...

Officer Monday: Tell her to come to the Sheriffs department to pick it up.

Eugene: Ok. But she tried to fix that internet back there...

Officer Webber: You gonna sign that form?

Eugene: ...what I'm trying to tell you, sir...the people I know... I've been trying to get Randy Baird and he didn't help me out. He got some...

Officer Franklin: Weird thing about it is, Randy Baird ain't been...over a year.

Eugene: He lied to me. Everytime...

Officer Webber: I'm not lying to you. I'm telling you right now.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: I'm not lying to you.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: You're gonna, you're gonna sign that.

Eugene: You would not believe the people I could git for you.

Officer Webber: You can't do nothing for me. You're a convicted felon. You cannot do nothing for me, ok?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: You can't do nothing for me.

Eugene: Yeah I can.

Officer Webber: No you can't. You're a convicted felon.  
You can't do nothing for me.

Eugene: If you know'd all these people, you would trip  
out.

Officer Franklin: We done know your business.

Officer Webber: Here's the deal. We're here. You're  
gonna sign that form. We're gonna get your dope. We're  
gonna get your money. And we're gonna leave. And it'll  
be over with.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: If you do not...

Officer Webber: (muffled) gun.

Eugene: ...supposed to call...

Officer Webber: Listen. If you do not sign it. If you  
do not sign that form.

Eugene: ...guy's supposed to call this evening.

Officer Monday: Are you that fucked up that you're not  
hearing me?

Eugene: I'm hearing you, sir. I told you...

Officer Webber: You're gonna sign that form, otherwise, we're gonna get cranked back up.

Eugene: I know. Ask him if I didn't outside told me... he tells me where to meet and I go meet him...

Officer Webber: And then what? What do you do then?

Eugene: ... take it right out the road here and give it to another guy...

Officer Webber: So, you're not selling is what you're telling me.

Eugene: No, I have to take it... right up here at her sister's...

Officer Webber: You're not selling nothing.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: (muffled) Glenn. Glenn.

Eugene: ...two whores sitting right here in the driveway and for some reason, they...

Officer \_\_\_\_: Who?

Officer Monday: I want to know something? Who's the boys from fucking Kentucky come down here?

Eugene: Now that right there (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Ok, listen. Listen. Listen, ok? Don't  
git your fucking eyes squenced shut. Cause you're fine.  
Now look. You see this pen?

Eugene: Yeah.

Officer Franklin: Sign the form.

Officer Monday: You either, we ain't talking to you no  
more. We're just gonna start beating the hell out of ya  
till you sign it.

Eugene: Don't hit me in this side..

Officer Monday: Yeah, I'm going to! I'm going to kick  
the fuck out of you!

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: I'm gonna kick you're fucking ass!

Eugene: This right here..

Officer Monday: I don't give a fuck. I don't give a  
fuck. I don't give a fuck if you die.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: You ain't done nothing but sold dope to  
these fucking kids anyway. Now listen.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: See this fucking pen?

Eugene: I've not never sold to a kid, sir. Never.

Officer Monday: Now you're gonna fucking say something

Eugene: ...not, never sold to a kid.

Officer Monday: You see this pen?

Eugene: Yeah.

Officer Monday: Your gonna sign that damn form.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: No, I said your gonna sign the fucking form.

Officer Webber: I don't want to talk ya.

Officer Monday: Now, you gonna sign this form for me or you need me to hit you again? Which one? Which one you want?

Eugene: Don't hit me no more...

Officer Monday: Well here ya go right here.

Eugene: (begins to cry and plead)

Officer Monday: That's exactly right.

Officer Franklin: We give ya your cigarettes. You talked to David. You done said.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: telling lies.

Officer Monday: Give me a fucking slapjack. Here.

Nevermind. Nevermind

Eugene: ...six o'clock...

Officer Monday: Hey! Look.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: Look up here.

Officer Franklin: He didn't hit you hard, now don't you start that crying.

Eugene: (pleading)

Officer Monday: Now I'm gonna fucking rack your damn nose with this son of a bitch.

Eugene: I told ...

Officer Monday: I told you to sign the, sign it.

Eugene: (pleading)

Muffled sound.

Officer Monday: I said sign the god damn form now. I mean it. Now sign the damn thang.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Here.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Put your fucking hand up there. Put your hand up there and sign it.

Eugene: I want somebody to read it first.

Officer Franklin: Awright, I'm gonna read it. ...and I'm gonna fill the motherfucker out and I'm gonna read it to you.

Officer Monday: If you don't sign it.

Officer Franklin: sign it then for all this shit.

Officer \_\_\_\_: If you don't sign.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: I'm gonna knock the fuck out of you.

You understand? Pause. You understand me? And there won't be a fucking thing in this house not broke if you don't sign this son of a bitch. The first thing I'm gonna start with is your fucking monitor and your TV over there. You believe me? Huh? Huh?

Officer Franklin: What's the address here?

Officer Monday: What's the address?

Muffled voice.

Officer Monday: What's the address?

Movement.

Eugene: (cries out)

Officer Monday: What's the god damn address?

Muffled voice. Movement.

Officer Webber: Eugene, all you got to do is sign the form, buddy. You know it? You gonna sign?

Eugene: (crying)

Officer Franklin: Raise up here, big guy. Where's that cigarette at? Raise up here. I'm being too nice to your mother fucking ass. Here. Raise up, Eugene. Put this cigarette in your mouth.

Officer Webber: He's a convicted felon and here's a gun.

Officer Franklin: Yeah.

Eugene: (crying)

Officer Franklin: ...that mother fucker before I burn you with that fucking lighter.

Officer Franklin: Are you listening?

Eugene: (responds with moan)

Officer Franklin: (Muffled) Let me read it to you. I, Eugene Siler, have been informed of my constitutional right not to have a search made of my premises, vehicle or anything else I have standing of. Here and ...without a search warrant I have been advised of my right to refuse such a warrant and I do hereby waive my right and authorize Josh Monday, officer, Campbell County

Sheriff's department, Jacksboro, Tennessee, to conduct a complete search of my contents of the entire vehicle, residence and other which I have standing over White Oak Road, Duff, Tennessee. The officers are authorized by me to confiscate any papers, or other materials, contraband, narcotics, weapons or any other items as deemed necessary.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Hush. Hush. Hush.

Eugene: crying

Officer Franklin: Do you want me to read the mother fucking form to you?

Eugene: Yes. Yes...

Officer Franklin: Then shut the fuck up then. This written permission is being given to me knowingly and voluntarily to the aforementioned officer of my own free will without any threats, coercion, or any ...

Muffled sound.

Officer Green: Let's give him a haircut.

Muffled sound.

Eugene: (crying and moaning)

Officer Franklin: Now.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Franklin: That's good.

Officer Franklin: Turn around here. Turn around there.

Eugene: (continues pleading)

Officer Monday: ...here. Turn around here.

Eugene: (continues pleading)

Muffled voices.

Officer Franklin: I've been the only one damn nice to ye'. Muffled voice. I give ya' a cigarette. I put the handcuffs in front of you. I read your paper to you. Sign the form.

Eugene: You don't understand.

Officer Monday: Eugene! I'm gonna break your fucking fanger if you don't sign.

Eugene: I been trying to tell ya my heart's getting tight.

Officer Monday: I don't give a fuck.

Muffled voice.

Eugene: I need...

Officer Franklin: Well, we will when you sign the form.

Eugene: I need...I need an ambulance.

Officer Franklin: Awright. When you sign the form we'll git an ambulance up here to ya'. Sign the form. It don't make no difference to me which way you go. You can go with us, you can go in an ambulance. It don't make no difference.

Eugene: (gasping)

Officer Carroll: Thank ye'!

Eugene: (gasping)

Officer Carroll: You gonna sign it?

Officer Monday: Sign it, Eugene

Officer \_\_\_\_: Come on.

Muffled voice.

Eugene: My chest is hurting bad.

Officer Franklin: I know. Here. Sign the form. Sign the form right here. Come on now. Sign the form for me.

Eugene: (gasping)

Officer Franklin: Stick your hand up here. Yeah, you can. Here.

Eugene: (gasping) I need help. (continues crying and moaning)

Officer Franklin: Here.

Muffled voices.

Officer Webber: I don't think I brought those.

Eugene: (moaning)

Muffled voices.

Officer Webber: Hey Eugene, you gonna sign that form?

Eugene: Yeah.

Officer Franklin: Now sign the form.

Eugene: ...let me...

Officer Franklin: No. No.

Eugene: ...try to call ambulance or something, okay...

Officer Franklin: We'll get you an ambulance.

Officer \_\_\_\_: Soon as you sign that paper.

Eugene: Wait...

Officer \_\_\_\_: Sign it.

Eugene: Wait, let me get a...

Officer Monday: Eugene, I said sign the fucking form now.

Eugene: Please. (continues pleading)

Officer Franklin: Sign it

Eugene: ...heart attack. I'm telling ya'.

Officer Franklin: I'm trying to keep him off ya'

Slapping, hitting or striking sound, followed by louder slapping, hitting or striking sound.

Officer Monday: Now, you gonna sign the son of bitch?

Eugene: (gasping)

Officer Monday: Now the next one is going in your fucking head, not your leg; your wooden leg any fucking way.

Eugene: (gasping)

Officer Webber: Eugene, sign it buddy or we're gonna go down and git your wife. You want us to do that?

Officer Carroll: Get the hell up thar'. Sit up thar'...fucking char'.

Officer Green: Git up here. Lean back now.

Officer Carroll: Sign this fucking paper and we'll leave you alone and we'll get on with our duty.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moaning)

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (continues moaning)

Officer Webber: Why don't you want to sign the form, Eugene? You got a lot a bunch a' dope here, buddy?

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Webber: Huh?

Eugene: (moaning, unintelligible speech)

Officer Monday: ok, we'll talk to the guy, we'll let you call him if you'll sign that form. How does that sound?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Green: God damn, it's getting hot in here.

Eugene: (continues to plead)

Officer Webber: That's fine.

Eugene: I got to get in touch with...

Officer Webber: That's fine.

Officer Green: Sign that mother fucking paper.

Officer Webber: Sign the form and we'll we'll let you call him, ok? And we'll do him. But you need to sign that form cause we want to look through your house. I think you've got some dope here.

Eugene: (unintelligible) ...7:30, 8:00, 8:30...

Officer Webber: I don't care if we have to wait till then.

Eugene: That's what I was trying to tell ya'...get in touch with you.

Officer Webber: Why don't you want to sign the form?

Eugene: ...set me up that one time...he's the one that set me up.

Officer Webber: Set you up? How did he set you up?

Eugene: Ok, ...for Randy Baird out there... You can't even tell he said nothing... kept trying kept trying I called Randy Baird...

Officer Monday: They god damn! Look at all this camera stolen shit in here.

Eugene: ...ever since I've been trying to get a hold of him. Ever since that day trying...

Officer Webber: I understand that, but listen to this. I'm here and you're not cooperating. I thought you wanted to cooperate with me.

Eugene: I am.

Officer Webber: Sign the form. Sign the form and we'll start cooperating.

Eugene: I can git them people for ya'.

Officer Webber: Sign the form.

Eugene: I don't know what that is, sir.

Officer Webber: It's a consent-to-search; it gives us permission to search your house.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Webber: Eugene,

Officer Franklin: Just don't fuck with him. Lets just let him cool down.

Officer Webber: It gives us permission to search your house, Eugene. You got any dope here?

Officer Monday: You'll lay here and die before we call you a fucking ambulance.

Officer Webber: Then why are you worried about us searching your house?

Officer Franklin: If you ain't got no dope here.

Officer Webber: Sign the form.

Eugene: What I'm trying to say...

Officer Webber: Ok, go ahead and say it.

Eugene: ...set me up. Ever since then... come up here late at night nobody... I'm still trying to if you would just contact me back...

Officer Webber: Right.

Eugene: ...if you would just...

Officer Webber: I'm here buddy.

Eugene: But you ain't listening to me.

Officer Webber: I'm listening to you.

Eugene: Ok. (Unintelligible) 5-15... you would not believe...

Officer Webber: I'm here. We can do it. We can do it. But here's the deal. We got to get you straightened out before we work on anybody else. Ok?

Eugene: ...and you would not believe who it is.

Officer Webber: That's great; I'm all for it. We'll do it

Eugene: (unintelligible) ...hundred at a time..

Officer Webber: You've got to prove to me your going to cooperate and right now, you're not cooperating.

Eugene: Sir (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Yeah. You're not cooperating, so how can I believe ya'?

Officer Franklin: The only way we'll believe that you not no

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Franklin: Hey, Eugene.

Officer Webber: Start cooperating if you'd sign that now. Look here.

Eugene: ow

Officer Monday: No, no ow ow. Put your fucking hand, now sign your damn name. Turn around.

Officer Webber: Eugene, sign the form, buddy and we'll go.

Officer Monday: No. I said sign it.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Put your fucking fingers around it.

Eugene: (pleads unintelligibly)

Officer Monday: Eugene!

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Officer Monday: Fuck it. I'm over it. Everybody git out of here. I'll take care of it. I'm over it.

Officer Webber: Eugene, is that the way you want to go, bud?

Officer Franklin: Fuck it. Step outside

Eugene: ...heart attack...

Officer Monday: ...you ain't gonna have to worry about a heart attack.

Officer Webber: Sign the form. That's all you got to do.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Sign the form.

Eugene: I hate guns worse than anything.

Officer Webber: Well, you...

Officer Carroll: What you got one for then?

Eugene: I ain't got a gun, sir.

Officer Carroll: Yeah you do! What the hell's this?

Eugene: It a pellet gun...boy brought it in..

Officer Monday: Look here.

Eugene: (continues to speak unintelligibly)

Officer Monday: Eugene, your gonna sign this right here or I'm gonna fucking put a bullet in your damn head, and we're gonna fucking plant this BB gun.

Eugene: I'm just trying to explain to ya' what we can do this evening.

Officer Webber: Eugene, this is your last chance, buddy.

Eugene: I tried to explain it to you what we can do this evening.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: Sign the god damn thang!

Eugene: (moans)

Officer \_\_\_\_: Shhh. Shhh. Shhh.

Eugene: Ow.

Officer Monday: I said sign it.

Officer Webber: Listen. This is your last chance. Do you want to sign it?

Officer \_\_\_\_: Do you want to sign it?

Eugene: Can I call an ambulance?

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: I said sign the damn thang!

Officer \_\_\_\_: Fore.

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign it?

Officer \_\_\_\_: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign it, Eugene?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Webber: Huh?

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Monday: Yes or no?

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign it?

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Webber: Eugene, look up at me.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: ...just don't...

Officer Monday: Yes or no?

Officer Webber: Set down in the chair.

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign the form, Eugene?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign it?

Laughing in background.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Do you want to sign it?

Eugene: ...he hit it...

Officer Monday: I'm gonna hit it again. One,

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Here. Give me his hand. I'll either break your fingers or you'll sign it.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Monday: Turn around. Let me have your hand, now. You keeping your hand from me?

Eugene: No.

Officer Monday: Ok, let me have it then.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: Ow.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

Officer Monday: Now give me your fucking hand.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Monday: Now I said sign the son of a bitch!

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Monday: You get blood on me and I'm gonna knock the hell out of you. Now I said sign it.

Officer Monday: Put it in your hand! Put it.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Monday: Here. Git the pen! Git it.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (groans)

Officer Monday: Fuck it!

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moans)

Officer Green: I'd do it, boys, I swear...

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer \_\_\_\_: (unintelligible)

Laughter in the background.

Officer Monday: Sign that pen. Here sign it.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Monday: ...Eugene

Eugene: (continues moaning)

Officer Monday: Now, sign it.

Eugene: (continues moaning)

Officer Monday: Fuck you and your cigarettes. Sign it.

Slapping, striking, or hitting sounds.

Eugene: (groaning)

Officer Monday: Sign it.

Eugene: (continues groaning)

Officer Monday: Let him fall out in the floor... I can kick the hell out of him then.

Officer Green: Grab him by the balls there, Josh.

Eugene: (groaning)

Officer Green: We've worked on everything else.

Officer Webber: Lester, sign the form, buddy. And show us where your dope's at and we'll get out of here. Ok?

Eugene: (continues groaning and moaning)

Officer Green: Cut his fucking nuts off.

Officer Monday: I want to know where is, where's the camera at... beside that power pole?

Officer Green: Sign this and I'll git you out of here.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Green: Sign this and I'll git you out of here.

Muffled voices.

Officer Green: Sign this and I'll git you out of here.

Muffled voices.

Officer Green: Sign this and I'll get you out of here

Officer Webber: Name on the form..

Officer Monday: Yeah. Yeah.

Officer Green: There, you can hold your ribs with this.

Officer Franklin: Just git another one thar' Josh out  
of the back of my truck.

Officer Webber: You got another one?

Officer Franklin: Yeah. Just go out there and git it.

Officer Monday: Never mind, Eugene. We'll get your wife  
and beat the hell out of you later.

Officer Franklin: Whar's she at?

Officer \_\_\_\_: Down thar at the store

Officer \_\_\_\_: God damn.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Green: Here mother fucker.

Eugene: (moaning and groaning)

Officer Green: Quit. ...your head remember?

Officer Green: Sit there and think about it for a  
awhile. Quit. You reach up thar' and I'll smack the  
fuck out of ya'.

Eugene: (moaning continues)

Officer Green: ...Sit there and thank about what the fuck  
you've done, now.

Eugene: Call an ambulance.

Officer Green: Fuck an ambulance. I don't give a damn  
if you bleed to death. Now you sit thar and ... on that  
snot.

Eugene: (moaning and groaning)

Telephone ringing.

Officer Webber: Hey, Eugene, what loss do you think its  
gonna be to us if you die, buddy?

Eugene: (continues groaning and gasping)

Officer Webber: It ain't gonna be no loss to us.

Officer Carroll: Ain't no sweat off my balls.

Officer Webber: You had a chance to sign that form and  
you didn't want to do it so now and now, now its over  
with. Ain't no hope for you now, brother.

Eugene: (crying, moaning)

Officer Green: I'm gonna stick it on your god damn tongue if you don't tell us where your dope's at.

Eugene: (crying)

Muffled voices.

Officer Green: Where's it at?

Muffled sound.

Eugene: (crying)

Officer Webber: You want to sale some more dope, Eugene?

Eugene: (crying)

Officer Webber: Eugene, you want to sale some more dope?

Eugene: (continues to cry and moan) Please call...

Officer Carroll: We ain't calling you a fucking thang.

Officer Green: You're gonna die out there...

Officer Carroll: Quality program satellite cards. Thank ye'!

Muffled sound.

Officer Webber: You ain't got no money, Eugene, but you're ordering DVDs.

Eugene: (moaning)

Officer Webber: all kinds of shit. But you ain't got no money.

Eugene: ain't got no satellite...

Officer Webber: Where you got your money hid at, buddy?

Eugene: That's the people...(unintelligible)

Muffled voices.

Officer Carroll: ...Thank ye'!

Officer Webber: Where you got your money hid at? You know we're not leaving here today till we git it.

Officer Carroll: I'm gonna be a mad mother fucker if I go back without nothing, might get mad and get on your fucking head.

Eugene: ...talk to Mr. Webber.

Officer Carroll: Mr. Webber's ass. He's tired of talking to you.

Officer Webber: Eugene, let me tell you how this is gonna work, ok? We got here and guess what you did? You ran out the back door. We chased you, ok? You fought with us, ok? We end up fighting with you. You 'bout whupped all our asses, so we had to fight back, ok?

Officer Carroll: Thank ye'!

Officer Webber: So, that's where it pretty much stands. Cause we're not through with you, ok? Unless you start cooperating.

Eugene: (tries to speak) ...that lady..

Officer Webber: That's ok.

Eugene (continues to moan)

Officer Webber: You know what that is? You know why your chest is hurting? Cause you been living wrong.

Eugene: (moaning and groaning) (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Are you gonna tell us where everything's at?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: Are you gonna tell us where everything's at?

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: I want what you have right now.

Eugene: I don't have nothing, sir.

Officer Webber: We sat out there and watched the traffic and listened to people call all day long, and you say you ain't got nothing.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: That's a funny thing to me you ain't got nothing.

Eugene: ...talk to you sir.

Officer Carroll: We're tired of talking, god damn it.

Officer Webber: We're not talking no more, Eugene. I'm through, buddy.

Eugene: ...Sir, I'll help you out...

Officer Green: Wipe that snot off your fucking face.

Officer Webber: There, wipe that snot off your face.

Eugene: (groaning)

Officer Webber: Still hiding your dope over there at the cemetery, or where you hiding it at?

Eugene: (groaning)

Officer Webber: Huh? Where you hiding it at?

Eugene: Sir...I can help you...people...

Officer Webber: I don't I don't want nobody else right now, ok? We got to deal we got to deal with you first.

Eugene: (unintelligible)

Officer Webber: I do want em, but I don't want em right now, ok? I don't want em right now.

Eugene: After they see what's going on, I won't be able to...

Officer Webber: I don't What? See what? See what going on? There ain't no patrol car in your driveway. You know it?

Eugene: I can't hardly...

Officer Webber: You need to calm down and relax cause you're in a world of shit, brother.

Eugene: What have I done?

Officer Webber: Selling dope. Making money.

Eugene: What have I done?

Officer Webber: Selling dope. Making money.

Eugene: Can I have another cigarette?

Officer Webber: I don't have any to give ye. We'll git one in a minute cause I need one too. But that's why we're here, buddy. Cause you're selling dope and making money.

Eugene: (unintelligible)... I have been trying to get in touch with you.

Officer Webber: That's fine. I understand that, ok?

Eugene: But nobody wouldn't help me get in touch with ya.

Officer Webber: I'm here I'm here I'm here to help.

Eugene: ...why wouldn't...git in touch...

Officer Webber: I'm here, I'm here.

Eugene: Right now... I can't...supposed to be working with  
Randy Baird and he done me that way...

Tape ends.