

Dispatcher: Sanford Police Department. ...

Zimmerman: Hey we've had some break-ins in my neighborhood, and there's a real suspicious guy, uh, [near] Retreat View Circle, um, the best address I can give you is 111 Retreat View Circle. This guy looks like he's up to no good, or he's on drugs or something. It's raining and he's just walking around, looking about.

Dispatcher: OK, and this guy is he white, black, or Hispanic?

Zimmerman: He looks black.

Dispatcher: Did you see what he was wearing?

Zimmerman: Yeah. A dark hoodie, like a grey hoodie, and either jeans or sweatpants and white tennis shoes. He's [unintelligible], he was just staring...

Dispatcher: OK, he's just walking around the area...

Zimmerman: ...looking at all the houses.

Dispatcher: OK...

Zimmerman: Now he's just staring at me.

Dispatcher: OK—you said it's 1111 Retreat View? Or 111?

Zimmerman: That's the clubhouse...

Dispatcher: That's the clubhouse, do you know what the—he's near the clubhouse right now?

Zimmerman: Yeah, now he's coming towards me.

Dispatcher: OK.

Zimmerman: He's got his hand in his waistband. And he's a black male.

Dispatcher: How old would you say he looks?

Zimmerman: He's got button on his shirt, late teens.

Dispatcher: Late teens ok.

Zimmerman: Somethings wrong with him. Yup, he's coming to check me out, he's got something in his hands, I don't know what his deal is.

Dispatcher: Just let me know if he does anything ok

Zimmerman: How long until you get an officer over here?

Dispatcher: Yeah we've got someone on the way, just let me know if this guy does anything else.

Zimmerman: Okay. These assholes they always get away. When you come to the clubhouse you come straight in and make a left. Actually you would go past the clubhouse.

Dispatcher: So it's on the lefthand side from the clubhouse?

Zimmerman: No you go in straight through the entrance and then you make a left...uh you go straight in, don't turn, and make a left. Shit he's running.

Dispatcher: He's running? Which way is he running?

Zimmerman: Down towards the other entrance to the neighborhood.

Dispatcher: Which entrance is that that he's heading towards?

Zimmerman: The back entrance...fucking [unintelligible]

Dispatcher: Are you following him?

Zimmerman: Yeah

Dispatcher: Ok, we don't need you to do that.

Zimmerman: Ok

Dispatcher: Alright sir what is your name?

Zimmerman: George...He ran.

Dispatcher: Alright George what's your last name?

Zimmerman: Zimmerman

Dispatcher: And George what's the phone number you're calling from?

Zimmerman: [redacted by *Mother Jones*]

Dispatcher: Alright George we do have them on the way, do you want to meet with the officer when they get out there?

Zimmerman: Alright, where you going to meet with them at?

Zimmerman: If they come in through the gate, tell them to go straight past the club house, and uh, straight past the club house and make a left, and then they go past the mailboxes, that's my truck...[unintelligible]

Dispatcher: What address are you parked in front of?

Zimmerman: I don't know, it's a cut through so I don't know the address.

Dispatcher: Okay do you live in the area?

Zimmerman: Yeah, I...[unintelligible]

Dispatcher: What's your apartment number?

Zimmerman: It's a home it's 1950, oh crap I don't want to give it all out, I don't know where this kid is.

Dispatcher: Okay do you want to just meet with them right near the mailboxes then?

Zimmerman: Yeah that's fine.

Dispatcher: Alright George, I'll let them know to meet you around there okay?

Zimmerman: Actually could you have them call me and I'll tell them where I'm at?

Dispatcher: Okay, yeah that's no problem.

Zimmerman: Should I give you my number or you got it?

Dispatcher: Yeah I got it [redacted by *Mother Jones*]

Zimmerman: Yeah you got it.

Dispatcher: Okay no problem, I'll let them know to call you when you're in the area.

Zimmerman: Thanks.

Dispatcher: You're welcome.