

On the evening of January 24, 2007 I was making a delivery in Accokeek, Maryland for Marlo Furniture. I was working with Brandon Clark and this was our last stop of the night. We were going to exchange a set of bed rails for a customer. I had never been to this customer's house before.

When we arrived Brandon went inside to meet the customer. I waited in the truck. Brandon came out of the house with the customer, who was dressed in plain clothes. Brandon came to the truck and said to me "man, this guy is looking for a fight." He asked to use my cell phone so he could call Mike, our supervisor. I told Brandon we should just leave. Brandon spoke to Mike about the situation and the customer, visibly angry, was standing close by. I went to the side of the truck to unload the box with the bed rails while Brandon spoke on the phone.

We went inside the house with Brandon and I carrying the box with the bed rails. The customer was behind us directing us to a bedroom upstairs. When we walked into the bedroom Brandon was closest to the door and I was across from him holding the other side of the bed rails. We set the box down and both Brandon and I were on our knees and we were going to open the box with the bed rails. The customer then pushed Brandon and said "ok, now get the fuck out of my house" to Brandon. Brandon laughed it off. Brandon then looked over at the other bed and asked the customer "why haven't you disassembled that bed?" The customer looked at Brandon and said "man, now you are going to tell me what to do in my house? Get the fuck out of my house" and he shoved Brandon again while he was still on his knees.

I stood up and walked towards Brandon to get us out of there before the customer started anything more with Brandon. He looked at me and said "not you" then turned to Brandon and said "you, get the fuck out of my house." I began walking forward and said to Brandon "come on let's go." Brandon was walking backwards out of the room and I was facing him. The customer was behind me. Brandon had his hands up in the surrender position and said "look man, I don't want to fight, just let me finish my job."

As we were leaving we reached the top of the steps and the customer said "I know how to get you the fuck out of my house" and I heard gunshots. I grabbed Brandon to stop him from falling down the stairs. I set Brandon down and laid on top of him. I asked Brandon where my phone was.

Brandon said it was in his pocket so I reached into his pocket and told Brandon the phone was not there. Brandon said he thought the phone was on the floor under him so I stood up and tried to lift him. I then heard a few more shots and realized I had been shot. I moved a short distance away from Brandon and laid down in the hall. The customer yelled at us not to move.

I waited and when the customer went into the bedroom I stood up to get the phone again from Brandon. The customer must have seen me move because he shot me in the knee and said "I told you not to move." I went down to the floor again and did not move.

The customer had his gun pointed at us and made a phone call. I heard part of the conversation and had the impression he was speaking with someone he knew. I heard him say something like "These two dudes just broke up in my house and I shot both of them and they are here bleeding all over my carpet." He also said something like "they beat me up real good. Yeah, they hit me with a pipe" and I remember sitting there on the ground thinking to myself I can't believe this is how it is going to be.


At some point the customer's wife called upstairs. He yelled at her to stay downstairs. We were asking the customer to call for help. Brandon asked the customer to get his phone for him and the customer said "hell no I am not going to give you your phone." I told the customer I was having trouble breathing and asked him to call for help. We laid on the floor for a long time.

The first people to arrive were two police officers. One was a dark skinned officer in a blue uniform. The other had a lighter blue shirt. The first officer with the blue uniform went to Brandon and immediately handcuffed him. The other officer came to me and said "man, what are you doing in this house, you know you just broke into a cop's house?" That was the first I knew the customer was a police officer. I told him we were just delivering furniture and asked him to help us. He looked surprised and said "you were delivering furniture?" I nodded yes. He said "damnit, why were you delivering so late at night" and told the other officer to get the cuffs off Brandon. He immediately took the cuffs off Brandon.

Paramedics arrived quickly thereafter. They began tending to Brandon and me. I remember being transported to the hospital and recall being on the operating table. I recall the police attempting to ask me

questions but I could not answer. The doctors told me to keep quiet and save my strength.

I first learned of Brandon's death when I had been transferred out of Critical Care to my own room and I saw a news report on the television. At the time I am signing this statement I have not discussed this matter with anyone other than my attorney.

By:   
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