

Officer 1: Hello, are you the one who called? OK. What's going on?

Tierra Morrill (Complainant): It's literally those apartments right above the Coast Guard boat, I was closing up the bar and walking out and I saw this guy just butt naked right up there, grabbed some girl by her hair, hit her like two or three times, screaming at her "You're never gonna run out on me! Don't you run out on me!" Then he threw her back inside (unintelligible).

Officer 1: To the units coming, it's not going to be the Tiki Bar, it's going to be the Coast Guard, Marine Resources, I'm sorry, across the water from there if y'all want to go over there.

Tierra Morrill: The apartment where the black vehicle's at, right above there. Right on that patio.

Officer 1: OK, alright.

Tierra Morrill: I don't mean to get involved in people's business, but that was not OK.

Officer 1: Do you have any ID with you so I can put down who the complainant is?

Tierra Morrill: I do. One second.

That's crazy because I've worked here for over a year and I've never seen anybody who actually lives in there before. I thought that the Coast Guard just kind of uses those buildings.

Officer 1: Yeah I did too.

Also, let me get your phone number as well. It was just one male and one female, is that what you said. OK, what's your phone number?

Tierra Morrill: (Phone number redacted).

Officer: Thank you so much. I'm going to go try to make contact with them. Thank you.

Was the one on this end, right?

Tierra Morrill: Unintelligible.

Officer 1: OK, the last door down right? OK, thank you.

Officer drives over to the building

It's the southernmost apartment.

We're going to be out on Walker Avenue at the Coastal Resources Building attempting to make contact.

Officer 2: (Asks if this was the building identified by the complainant.)

Officer 1: Yeah. One of the bartenders said there was a guy who came out and grabbed a lady and just started beating her and then drug her back inside.

Officer 2: People live here?

Officer 1: I guess, I didn't know that.

Officers head upstairs and beat on the office door.

Officer 1: Orange Beach Police!

Tony Kennon: Who is it?

Officer 1: Orange Beach Police!

Tony Kennon: Do what?

Officer 1: Police department!

Tony Kennon: This is Tony Kennon, I'm the mayor! This is my office.

Officer: Oh, Hey Tony! We got a call.

Tony Kennon: That's OK, tell me about it.

Officer 1: Some lady across the way called and said they thought there was a domestic going on out here.

Tony Kennon: Oh, I'm sorry.

Officer 1: That's alright.

Tony Kennon: My wife's here with me, you could talk to her if you like.

Officer 1: OK.

Tony Kennon: Yeah, this uh, this is our escape! We get away from everything here.

Officer 1: Uh huh, I got you, I got you. We just got a call, I didn't know anybody stayed in here. I thought, 'The Coastal Resources Building, that's kind of odd.'

Tony Kennon: I'm sorry. I had no idea what domestic would be.

Officer 1: Yeah. I don't know, they didn't give that much information, they just called dispatch and said they thought a domestic was going on, so ...

Tony Kennon: This is our getaway on the weekends. We got no place else to go.

Officer 1: Yeah I heard that! Sorry to bother you.

Tony Kennon: No! You didn't bother us! You did your ... I'm just saying I'm sorry you'd think there'd be anybody shooting at you!"

Officers laugh

Officer: Yeah!

Alright, thank you Tony!

Tony Kennon: Alright, thank y'all! I'm so sorry!

Officer 2: Yes sir!