

Events of 8/30/2019

It was my 13 year old son's birthday, and he had planned for us to take 4 of his friends (plus his older brother) to a 7:30 movie at the Paradiso. My friend from out of town stopped by unexpectedly, and I had a couple of glasses of wine with her (about 5 p.m.). I asked Gus's dad if he could drive the boys to the movies, because I didn't feel like I should drive, but he wasn't available, so we took an Uber. We arrived at the Paradiso, tried to buy tickets for the movie ("Good Boys"), and I was informed that since it was the weekend, I couldn't buy tickets to the movie we wanted to see because it was R-rated.

(Aside: This is what the website states: **No One Under 17 Years of Age Will Be Admitted To Any R-rated Movie After 6pm on Fridays & Saturdays OR To Any G, PG or PG-13 Movie after 6pm on Fridays & Saturdays Without Accompanying Parent .**) In light of that, I have no idea why we weren't allowed to purchase a ticket, unless every child has to have their actual parent accompany them? I need to clarify that. Anyway, we were all REALLY disappointed, as this was Gus's 13th birthday party, and he had made this plan himself. I was unaware of this "rule" before we went.

At that point, one of the boys suggested we just buy tickets for a different movie, which in retrospect probably wasn't the best idea, but we did it. We got our tickets, then went into the theater showing "Good Boys". About ten minutes into the movie, someone from the theater came in and told us we had to leave, which we did, with no protest. In the lobby, I requested to get my money back for the tickets, and was told no. (The Paradiso did refund my money without my asking a couple of days later (see bank records))

I continued to ask for my money, and Security Officer Ray Daughtry came over. The security guard quickly grabbed me and escorted me outside, along with the 6 boys and my friend. The next thing I knew, he handcuffed my left wrist, while TIGHTLY and sadistically twisting it. I was crying in pain (this is on video), but he did not let up. I was asking loudly for help (from anyone). The theater manager was very kind and came outside and tried to talk to Daughtry about letting me go, but he would have none of it.

The next thing I knew, MPD showed up. There were a total of 4-6 officers on the scene (see 911 records for complete details). Two of the officers (Nolan and Osborne), were "assigned" to me, and quickly handcuffed my other arm and put me in the police car. I was crying and screaming, as I was both embarrassed and scared for my kids (who were sitting on the curb in front of the theater), and scared for myself, as it was obvious that these officers were enjoying taunting and hurting me. My friend who accompanied the kids and me to the movie had already called the Uber so they could ride home (I had kept the Uber driver's card who had taken us, because he had said he could give us a ride home as well.) In the meantime, one of the boys called his mother, who came and picked the boys up. My two sons, Gus Whitt (13), and Calvin Whitt (16), both told me later that the police were "questioning" them about me...asking them if I used drugs or had a drinking problem. I was unaware this was happening at the time; it made my boys very upset in an already stressful situation.

At one point (I was still handcuffed in the police car), one of the officers (not sure if it was Nolan or Osborne), told me that if I would scoot across the seat, he would take the

handcuffs off. I complied. He briefly released me, then cuffed me, again viciously twisting my wrists. My left wrist was already hurting and starting to swell, so the pain was pretty intense. When I asked him why he had lied to me, he replied that he hadn't. He said (with a smirk): "I did what I said I was going to do. I took them off. Then I put them back on." At this point, I was really scared, because it was obvious to me that the officers were not following proper procedure, so I began to scream out the window, asking for help from passersby. I also asked people to film what was happening, which thankfully my friend had already been doing (see video clip).

After about 45 minutes, the police left the scene with me in the car. I had noticed while I was in the car that there was a laptop between the 2 front seats serving as a camera (I could see myself on camera). There was also really loud mariachi-type music playing the entire time I was in the car. Once the 2 officers got in and closed the door, Osborne (driver) asked me what type of music I preferred. When I didn't answer, he changed the channel to some loud rock music, cranked it up, and shut down the camera (closed the laptop). The other officer (Nolan), looked back at me and started chanting: "We love the Zoo! We love the Zoo!" (I knew then that he knew who I was and was purposefully messing with me.) I started to yell as loudly as I could over the music: "Turn the camera back on!" I had to yell it over and over (the music was SUPER loud), until they finally opened the camera back up. I thought they were going to take me to Jail East, and I really didn't want to go to jail, so I let them know I was one of the people on the City Blacklist as litigated in the ACLU/Kendrick lawsuit, and asked them if they knew my attorney, John Marek. They said that they did. I have no idea if that was why or not, but they ended up taking me to The Med/Alliance to be assessed instead of to jail.

The 2 officers accompanied me into the facility, and once I was checked in, one of the nurses told them they could leave and they did. I immediately showed the nurse my already swelling wrist (I also had surface lacerations on my wrist from the cuffs), and she was very upset. She told me to make sure I followed up, and I assured her I planned to. Then I was placed in the Holding Room, and told I would be seen by a Social Worker and assessed. After about 3 hours, I met with the Social Worker, after which she said I was free to go. I got back to my house around 2 a.m. on 8/31.

I took serial photos of the bruises I received (see photos). At this point, almost a month later (9/24), my left hand is still slightly swollen, and the lateral side of my hand is largely numb. I did get an x-ray to make sure it wasn't broken. The force used by both the Paradise Security guard and the 2 MPD officers was obviously excessive, not to mention the fact that MPD obviously was targeting me due to my previous involvement with the Greensward (I said nothing about that to them.) In addition, there was no incident report of any kind filed by MPD that I could find.