

### DA Office, 3:10 PM, Friday Afternoon

Have we got a case for you, counselor. See, there's this company; three shifts, so there's always people around. But our boy don't know that. Part of the place is under construction; he grabs a ladder and goes up on the roof. He takes 5 big buckets of roofing glue and throws them down this hole to the second floor, just to watch how pretty it looks spreading all over the floor, I guess. Then he takes the stairs to the first floor. Not too obvious: black pants, black shirt, black stocking cap on the hottest night in July. On the way he picks up coffee pots and smashes them on the steps. Security sees all the glass, starts to investigate. By this time he's running with a goddamn fire extinguisher. People in their cubicles say he sounds like a herd of elephants. They call 911. He sprays computers, printers, whatever he comes across. Doesn't know a soul there. Never worked for them, never applied and been turned down, no ex-girlfriend. It ain't a postal situation, if you know what I mean. Security's chasing him. He takes his extinguisher, ducks into a cubicle, won't come out. No one wants to go after him; he might be armed, you never know. So they wait for us. We put up a perimeter, tell him to surrender or we're coming in. Not a peep. We warn him about our K-9. He still don't budge. We take the K-9 off the leash and he finds him under a desk, chomps him pretty good. Finally he comes out. He's bleeding. Nothing big, a few bites on his leg and arm but we send him off in an ambulance. Got his bloody clothes in Property. His defense'll be that he's a nutcase, which is most likely true. Anyways. Along the way, he, um, took a crap in wastebasket. That's what I mean about the nutcase thing. We got the blood, so we don't need it for DNA, right? Can we toss it? Shitcan it, so to speak? OK, we saved that for the end. But here's the bad news. You got 45 minutes to charge the dude or he's walking out of jail. Limping, of course.