

You find your way around to the back of the house and shine your flashlight through a dark window. The light shines fall on DuMont. He is strapped to a chair. You get inside through the back door, cut his bonds, escort him out into the backyard, then point to the path leading to the beach.

"I've no time to explain," you say. "Please—go down the path. When you get to the beach, turn left. After half a mile you will reach Sunset Point Road. Remote Control will be waiting to pick you up."

"Thank you . . . thank you," DuMont says.

You watch for a moment as he disappears into the night; then you turn to the house, hoping you can now find the whodunneg tape.

You head upstairs and start into the living room. A shot rings out. You fall to the floor. It's all over for you. At least you freed DuMont. You've been a good agent.

The End

