

**Monday, January 09, 2006**

## **Missing Person - Episode #11**

### **Episode 11: Right on Schedule**

Things were starting to make more sense to me now. I was beginning to see what had really happened to Sarah Salas, and why she was killed. But I had no proof to show that I was right. I needed to get some real evidence. I went home and rang up Kathy Chang. I asked her to do me a big favor that night. Fortunately, she said “yes.” Now I was ready. I turned on the television and watched the baseball game. I had some time to kill until it was dark outside. When it was nighttime, I got in my car and started driving.

When I got near Bill and Sarah’s apartment building, I turned off the lights of my car and parked about a block away. I didn’t want anyone to know I was here. It was now 7:30 p.m. I was right on schedule.

Very quietly I walked up the sidewalk in front of the apartment building. I needed to break into Costello’s apartment, which was on the first floor. I looked into the apartment through the window. There was a light on. I took out my gun and made sure I had bullets in it. I slowly began to open the front window, which was already cracked open. After about a minute, I got the window open and stepped inside the living room of the apartment.

I saw a light on in the kitchen. There was someone in there, and this time it was no cat. I walked to the kitchen door. I needed to surprise the person if I were going to catch him. As I opened the door, I yelled as loud as I could, “Don’t move!” The man turned around suddenly. I had guessed right: it was Bill.

“What?! What are you...” Before he finished his sentence, Bill took the frying pan he was holding and hurled it toward my face. I ducked down and the pan flew over my head. Bill came at me. He pushed me to the ground, and hit me in the stomach.

I hit him back in the face. We hit each other several times, until I noticed that my gun was now on the floor next to us. I stopped hitting Bill and reached for the gun. But Bill saw what I was doing, and jumped up. He grabbed the gun before I could get it in my hands, and pointed it at me.

“Don’t move, Reeves.” Bill had a big smile on his face. I was not smiling.

“So you figured out the truth, eh?” Bill said. “You think you are so smart, don’t you, Reeves? Well, you were right. I did kill Sarah, and now I will get all of her money. But you will just get a bullet in your head. That’s your reward for being so smart.”

Bill looked at me with real hatred. I have seen men kill before. I know the look in their eyes before they kill. I knew that I didn’t have much time to think of something.

Bill stood in front of me with the gun pointed at my face. Suddenly I remembered the pills I found in Bill and Sarah’s bedroom for Bill’s bad leg.

Now I knew what to do.