

(booming)

- Dad!

- Can you tell us about
the people he worked with?

- Dad called him the Mongoose.

- The Mongoose?

- And you gotta
know that he's working

with somebody right
inside your own department.

- Conspiracy to commit
gambling. (laughs)

- I've got a 14-year-old
kid out there

looking for his father's killer.

- Jeff!

- You've gotta slow down.

(tires squealing)

("Police Woman" theme music)

(tense music)

(patrons chattering
indistinctly)

- Pepper.

- Hello.

- Lee.

- Bill.

- Good to see you,
been awhile, huh?

- Good of you to come.

You come without
asking what it is I want.

You are good friends.

Chin?

(speaks Chinese)

- You know, Lee, I think
Crowley would use any excuse

to come in here for
your pork fried noodles.

- That's what I ordered.

- Oh. (laughs)

I think he's part
Chinese. (laughs)

- Lee, you got a problem, right?

- I need some help.

My grandson.

He's 17.

Been gone three months now.

- Three months?

Why did you wait
'til now to call us?

- Because, uh...

It's a family problem.

But after three long
months, I call you now.

His mother, she's very
sick, and I'm worried.

- You've not heard a word
from him for three months?

- No.

- What's his name, Lee?

- Hariam, Hariam Quon.

(sirens blaring) (tense music)

(tires squealing)
(sirens blaring)

(tense music)

Nothing to be alarmed about.

It's to be expected.

- Gambling.

- It'll be all right.

You know my people,
they gamble in the back.

And the police,
they do their job.

- [Wagner] We're on
our way to the station

with 14 suspects.

All right, let's move out.

- [Bill] Hey, listen, I sure

hope you don't do anything

to the cooks back
there because I got

an order of pork
fried noodles working.

- Crowley, how are ya?

- [Bill] Good, how are you?

- [Pepper] How's
it going, Wagner?

- Hey, Pepper!

Well, what is the first team
doing in these back alleys?

It really can't be the
fine cuisine in this dump.

- I don't know about that.

- It must be pretty
slow down there, huh?

You guys got nothing to
do except hassle old men?

- Now, wait a minute.

This is a commercial operation.

And Vice gets a lot of heat
if we don't take these games.

Besides, it's not that easy.

So, what are you doing here?

- Mr. Quon's
grandson is missing.

He was just telling us about it.

- Ah, he'll turn up.

Probably running
with one of the gangs.

These people have
really gotten out of hand.

No offense.

- We're all loaded up now.

What about this guy?

- Book him.

Like I said, it's not that easy.

See that guy, he's a lookout.

Anybody suspicious
comes in here,

he pushes a button
behind that counter

and (snaps fingers)
bingo, the game is over.

- And by the time
you get in the back,

it's chess and checkers
and chopsticks, huh?

- Right.

Councilman.

- It went well?

- Yeah.

(indistinct conversation)

All right, uh, hold
it up a minute.

Mr. McCormick here would
like to say a few words.

Councilman.

- Thank you.

Now, you all know how I
feel about organized gambling
in this city.

Not only is it illegal, but
it also breeds other forms

of crime, prostitution,
corruption.

And then again,
you all know this.

So, let me just say
that I stopped by to say

keep up the good work.

The very good work.

Thank you.

Your lieutenant explained to me
about how you took the lookout.

I'd call that good old
police technique, Sarg.

- McCormick, why don't
you can all that crud

you dished out in there
and save it 'til next year

when you run for reelection?

- Did you have any problems?

Fine.

- You sure you got 'em?

- The tickets,
uh-huh, I got 'em.

Now, hotdog, about our bet.

I'll tell ya what, I'll give
you the Rams at three.

- [Jeff] Uh-uh, I got the
Rams, but with seven.

- Seven? The spread is three.

What are you trying
to do, hustle me?

All right, you bandit,
you got seven.

Now, let's get going
before we miss the kick-off.

- Dad?

Thanks.

- Why? I still got a
good bet with seven.

- I mean, thanks for
giving up your golf today.

I know about the tournament.

Mr. Bane called while
you were in the shower.

- Well, I'll tell ya

something, bandit.

Something dumb, but I'd
rather spend Sunday with you

than play golf in a Masters.

Now, let's get, wait a
minute, where's the radio?

Go get the radio.

Come on.

(radio turns on)

- [Radio Announcer] It's
a perfect day for football.

All the excitement
of the big game,

an afternoon that
was made to order,

and a huge sell-out crowd.

You know, fans, both
teams come in today

with winning streaks,
and the survivor will take

that giant stride towards
the championship.

(exploding)

- Dad!

(sirens blaring)

- Hey, Paul.

- Glad communications
got ahold of you two.

Some mess, huh?

- Anybody in that thing?

- Curtis Forrester.

- The reporter?

- [Paul] Right.

- You got any suspects?

- We just got started.

That's his kid over there.

He was standing near the
house when it happened.

- [Bill] The kid saw it happen?

- Yeah.

I need someone
to question him and

then transport him
over to Barton Hall.

- Barton Hall?

Paul, are you crazy?

You can't let a kid go
through an experience like this

and then dump
him at Barton Hall.

What are you thinking about?

- That's terrible.

- What about his family,
has he got any relatives?

- That's the problem,
there is no one.

His mother died two years ago.

We've already
contacted Probation.

He's gotta go to Barton
Hall until they can line up

a foster place, home.

- So meanwhile, we
just question the kid,

then dump him at
the hall, is that it?

- Paul, can't you just
turn him over to Juvenile?

- Pepper, what I need
is a woman's touch.

You're the only
female investigator

that's not tied up today.

Juvenile's got no one available.

I'd like to help the kid, Pep,

but his old man was a reporter.

He might've been
onto something big.

You're it, and that's
all there is to it.

- All right.

We'll question him, but

we're not gonna dump him off

at that place like a
piece of baggage.

Want to talk?

(somber music)

- This is it?

- Yes, it is.

(car engine starts)

Bill, where are we going?

- Not here.

(crickets chirping, dog barking)

- Are you gonna let
Probation know he's here?

I mean, the boy's
been through hell.

It could be weeks before he's

able to open up to anybody.

You know, it's just
gonna take awhile

for him to face what's happened.

- You can take this
in and talk to him.

- The department
is gonna come down

in the middle of your
back for hiding him here,

and you forget it's not

our case, it's Homicide's.

How quickly you forget.

- Go in and talk to him.

Here.

- Would you like
some hot chocolate?

Jeff...

Jeff, we need
your help to find out

whoever is responsible
for your father's death.

We know how terrible you feel

and how much he
meant to you, but...

We need your help.

Jeff?

- [Bill] I found some,
uh, marshmallows.

- Oh.

- Want one?

Yeah, I like to watch 'em melt.

- What about you, Jeff?

Try one.

Jeff, we think your
dad was mixed up

in something pretty big.

You have any idea

what it could've been?

I mean, I really
want to catch the guy

that did that to your dad.

And I promise you
something, I will.

But I can't do it by myself.

We need your help, Jeff.

Will you help us?

- I'll help you.

I want to help you.

- Son, do you know what
your dad was working on?

What kind of a story?

- No.

He didn't talk about it much.

He used to talk with Mom, but...

(crying)

- It's okay, Jeff.

It's okay.

Can you tell us about the
people he worked with?

- You mean on his own?

- Yeah.

- He had an informant.

He used to talk with
him on the telephone.

They used to meet all the time.

- Do you know his name,
where he lived, anything like that?

- No.

Dad called him the Mongoose.

- The Mongoose?

- Yeah. (sobs)

- He asleep?

- Yeah.

- [Pepper] Nice kid.

- He is a good kid, isn't he?

- Do you ever turn the
heat on in this place?

- You cold?

- Yeah, I'm always cold.

- I'll get you some hot coffee.

- [Pepper] You know something?

- What?

- I saw a side of you I
never noticed before tonight.

- Oh, like what, like
I make cold coffee?

- No, that you'd
make a good father.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

(chuckles)

Jeff got a lot of
strength from you.

- (sighs) You know
what time it is?

- Unh-unh.

- I can't make it,
I'm gonna go to bed.

- I haven't finished this.

- Well, I'm gonna give
you the keys to the car.

Pick us up in the morning, okay?

- You got an extra bathrobe?

I love to sleep in
men's bathrobes.

(tense music)

(coin clinking)

(knocking)

Yes?

- I'm from the
Probation Department.

(dramatic music)

Sargent Crowley?

- No, Sargent Pepper Anderson.

- Oh, I'm Mary Snyder,
Juvenile Probation Officer.

I've come for the boy.

(dramatic music)

You realize you were
supposed to transport him

to Barton Hall last night.

The boy is here?

- Yes, he is here.

I made some coffee, why don't...

- You don't have to explain
your behavior to me, Sargent.

This is a juvenile
court order...

For the return of
Jeffrey Forrester.

- Hey, Pep, how about...

- Bill, this is Mary...

- Snyder, I'm with Probation.

I've explained to your
friend why I'm here.

- The boy's asleep.

- Would you please wake him?

- Look, we've just, just
begun to get through to him

about his father, if you
would try to understand.

- I'm afraid I do.

You see, I have to make a
complete report about all this.

My only concern is the
well-being of the child.

- This Miss Snyder
in there, Jeff,

she's gonna try to find you...

A really good temporary home.

But things are gonna
work out, okay?

Let me tell you something.

I gave you my word,
we're gonna catch him.

- Sargent Crowley...

I just want you to know that

my dad was a good
reporter because,

because he could
relate to people.

He could put
himself in their shoes,

take on their problems.

My mom told me that once.

She's was right.

I just wanted to thank you,
you and Sargent
Anderson, for being like him,

for being with me last night.

- Where is Jeff?

I called everywhere.

- He's with the
Probation Department.

They're trying to find
him a suitable home.

- A suitable home?

- That's right, sir.

- Mrs. Longley, find out who
the chief probation officer is

and get him on the line.

I thought a Lieutenant
Salvino of Homicide

was assigned this case.

- That's right, he
is, but it's just that...

Mr. Bane, could you tell us
what Forrester was working on?

What stories?

- He was working on
several assignments.

- Like what?

- Consumer fraud, a
profile on bank robbers.

- Yeah, what else?

- Corruption in city government.

- Involving who?

- I don't know.

Curt was the best guy
here and you people know it.

And when he was on
standard assignments,

he'd touch base with me.

But when he was
into something big,

he'd go full-bore and
alone 'til he had his facts.

- Which of these would
you consider routine?

- Consumer fraud.

- Who was the Mongoose?

- What?

- Jeff mentioned that
his father was working

with somebody
called the Mongoose.

Who was that, Mr. Bane?

- I'm sorry, I don't know.

- Now, if you do,
this is hardly the time

to remind us of
freedom of the press.

- Sargent Anderson,
Curt was more

than just an employee here.

He was a close personal friend.

And this paper would go to
any extreme to find his killer.

- Then, why did you look away

when we mentioned the Mongoose?

- Well, this Mongoose,
as Curt chose to call him,

was just a faceless name to me.

To all of us here.

We don't know who he is.

- Then, how did
they communicate?

- Well, this Mongoose would
call and set up appointments,

that much I do know.

- Mongoose always
phoned Forrester?

- Right, right, and then they'd
obviously meet, and uh...

(phone buzzes)

Oh, yes, put him on.

Mr. Rollin?

Yes, I'm calling
about Jeff Forrester.

When?

(sighs) Keep me posted.

If there's anything that
this paper can do, call me.

Jeff's run away.

- Crowley, what in
the hell are you up to?

- Oh, I'm just screwing
around here, Captain,

tightening up the
pencil sharpener.

- Don't get cute with me.

That boy, you took him to
your apartment, didn't you,

instead of Baton Hall?

You and your partner.

- Which partner, I'm
kinda heavy on partners.

- I said don't get cute!

- Yeah, well, Captain,
let me tell you something.

Now, what I do on my
off-duty hours is my business.

You got no right to even
question about my personal life.

- Look, when you
violate the rules,

and subject this department
to outside criticism

and interfere with an

important investigation,

I've got every right.

Now, Crowley, I'm telling you,

you take those files
back to Homicide,

give 'em to Salvino,
and you get out of this.

And stay out of Chinatown.

You could've loused
up that raid, too!

- What you do, steal
his holster or something?

- Hey, what's the matter?

- Bet I know what
that was all about.

Guess I should've gone home.

- I thought it was legal
between consenting adults.

- Me too.

- What's the matter, you
guys got nothing to do?

Joe, take this file
down to Salvino.

No, both of you...

Get over to Juvenile and
see if you can help them

locate that kid.

- Parks say we were in on this?

- Nope.

- I need some help, Mr. Bane.

- Jeff, where are you?

- My dad worked with
someone called the Mongoose.

I want to meet him.

I need his telephone
number so that I can...

- Jeff, listen, the
police will find him.

You stay right where you are,

and I'll send someone
to pick you up.

Now, give me your location.

- I can't, Mr. Bane.

Now, will you give me
the number, please?

- I don't have it, Jeff.

Now, where are you?

- Well, I'm not in any
home, I'll tell you that.

- All right, Morris,
how about it?

- Look, Bill, like
I told you before,

you don't give
me the court order,

I cannot give you the calls.

Now, I'm sorry, but
that's company policy.

- Morris, like I
told you before,

Pepper is with the
judge right now.

She'll be here any minute.

- I'm sorry.

- Sorry, hell, I got a
14-year-old kid out there

looking for his father's killer.

Now, I want Forrester's tolls,
Morris, and I want 'em now.

- Bill, please, sit
down, relax, huh?

- Talk about your red tape.

What'd you do, stop for lunch?

- No, but the judge did.

- All right, let's go, Morris.

Read it later, will ya?

- Listen, if you want all
the subscriber information,

it's gonna take awhile.

- We'll wait.

- This is the weaker sex?

- He's got to be one of

these six phone numbers.

- We'll try 'em.

First, I want to
check that house,

in case Jeff might be there.

- You know, you're
sticking your neck way out

in this one, why?

Homicide will...

Look at that.

That's Forrester's house.

12Y50, requesting fire units
to 1338 Sunshine Terrace.

- There's a van
pulling, let's get it.

(tires squealing)

- 12Y50, 12Y50,
requesting a clear frequency.

We're in pursuit of a
possible arson suspect

from 1338 Sunshine
Terrace, you got that?

- [Officer] Roger.

- Take it a little
easy, huh, Bill?

(tires squealing) (tense music)

12Y50, 12Y50, suspect's
vehicle is a '68 Ford van,

light blue, license
number, can you see it, Bill?

- 1-4-3.

- License number 1-4-3...

- Peter, Charlie, Edward.

- Peter, Charlie, Edward.

(tense music)

You're wild, Bill, today.

Come on, take it easy.

(tires squealing)

You gotta slow down.

You gotta slow
down, somebody else,

let the other ones catch him.

- We're gonna lose him.

(tires squealing) (horn honking)

(tires squealing)

- Oh!

12Y50, requesting
a traffic unit.

We had a little accident.

Crowley was driving, of course.

We're at the end of
Sunshine Terrace, in a ravine,

would you believe it?

Suspect last seen heading

westbound on Trent.

You've gotta change
your driving habits.

- Get out of the car.

- Michael said it
was definitely arson.

- Yeah.

- Quote, "We could have
parked a rig right on top

"of this place and it still
would've burnt to the ground."

End of quote.

- Uh, who'd the van
finally come back to?

- Joe's running it now.

- [Officer] Bill.

- What?

- Hey, you turkeys,

I thought you were
ordered off this case.

(overlapped talking)

- So, I asked Bill to, uh,
swing by and check, okay?

- Well, okay, but the
old man's on his way,

and I'd clear out if I were you.

- Hey, Bill, that van was
stolen out of Las Vegas.

Radio car just located it
six blocks west of here.

- What about the driver?

- No luck, but they
recovered two empty gas cans.

- [Pepper] They call prints?

- They're en route.

- Humph.

What else can
happen to this kid?

Yeah, okay, that's fine.

- We got the toll calls.

- Good. That was
Bane, Jeff called.

- Where is he?

- He doesn't know.

The kid's out there
looking for the Mongoose.

We best start
making these calls.

- I'd like to speak to
the Mongoose, please.

Right, the Mongoose.

No, I'm not kidding.

Yeah, well, you
do the same, pal.

(phone rings)

(tense music)

- Yeah?

- Mongoose?

- Who's this?

(intercom beeps)

- I'm a police officer,
I want to talk to you.

- (scoffs) Man, you gotta
be crazy, I can't meet you.

I'm being watched.

- Okay, then I'll come meet you.

- You know where I live?

- Look, buddy, I
told you I'm a cop.

I've already run your number.

Sure, I know where you live.

- Yeah, all right, right.

Yeah, but not here.

You know the synagogue
at Eighth and Oxwood?

Tonight, seven
o'clock and be alone.

(tense music)

(tense music)

- You Jerome?

- How did you know...

Eh, the telephone company, huh?

It's all right, that ain't
my real name anyway.

Forrester picked that one out.

The real Jerome, Jerome
Stallings, was killed.

Traffic accident.

- Then, you're who?

- Mongoose.

That's enough, Mongoose.

- What was forrester into?

- Man...

All I know, man, you've got
to be a part of the whole thing.

- Part of what whole thing?

- Corruption, corruption.

That's what Forrester called it.

That's all I know. (sighs)

- Look, pal, now you
get to the bottom line.

Or we're gonna go
down to the station,

print you, and then we'll find
out just who you really are.

You getting my message?

- Right.

John McCormick, your
esteemed councilman?

He's in debt.

He's a big loser.

Some local bookies,
some that ain't so local,

and pfft.

- And what?

- And he's getting paid off.

By a big gambling syndicate

to keep the heat
off of Chinatown.

It's a Chinese syndicate.

And you gotta know that
he's working with somebody

right inside your
own department.

- Where's the boy?

- I don't know, I never met him.

Why?

- He's run away.

You think he could
be in any danger?

- Not unless he's, he's
got his father's files.

- What would be in the files?

- Well, I was able
to get ahold of

the Councilman
McCormick's markers.

Now, just by themselves, that's,

that wouldn't look too pretty

in front of a grand jury, right?

(desolate music)

- [Bill] There he is.

- [Pepper] You want to tell
him first about his grandson?

- [Bill] Yeah.

- You have news of my grandson?

- Lee, we have some
bad news for you.

Your grandson's dead, Lee.

- He was found in San Francisco,
a drug overdose.

- It is as I feared.

I have relatives there
that can bring him home.

- Is there anything we can do?

- No.

I have already caused
you both much trouble.

I will tell his mother.

It is a family matter.

- Lee, there's another
young boy who's in trouble.

His father was
murdered, and, and,

well, I'm afraid that some
of your people are involved.

We need your help, Lee.

- What can I do?

- Good evening.

- Police, come with me.

- You're all under
arrest, everybody freeze.

Get your hands above the table.

Steve, come here
and tell 'em, will ya?

- (speaking Chinese).

- Larry, cover that door
over there, will you?

Get their names.

(indistinct chattering)

- Things gonna happen?

- Something better happen soon.

I'd sure hate to have to
explain this raid to Parks.

- I'd hate to have to
explain anything to that...

Hard head.

(door opens)

(speaking Chinese)

- Looks like somebody's making a move.

- [Fong] Are you in charge of this?

- That's right.

- [Fong] Let's go outside.

You've made a grave mistake.

- [Bill] Oh, yeah, how do you figure that?

- This is not the night we agreed for a raid.

- Uh-huh.

Well, I tell ya, I'm taking all these people in, and that includes the money.

- You people must be new to Vice.

Why don't we talk?

My name is Fong.

Being new, you should not get what the others get, yet.

- Well, what do you think we should get?

- \$500 a week for all.

- 500?

- For everybody?

Does that sound fair to you?

- Mm...

- Why don't you show Mr. Fong
what you got in your purse.

- Mr. Fong...

We'd like your help with

a little matter
we're investigating.

- Yes, I will do it.

Okay, thank you.

Hi, can I help you?

- I'd like to see either
Sargent Anderson

or Sargent Crowley.

- [Officer Boyer] I'm
sorry, they're both out,

can I help you?

- Well, can I have a pencil?

- [Officer Boyer] Will a pen do?

- Sure.

(phone rings)

- [Officer Boyer] Front
desk, Officer Boyer speaking.

I'll have you transferred
to Burglary Auto Theft.

Thank you.

- Would you please give
this to Sargent Crowley?

It's very important.

(tense music)

- Okay, let's go, I got places
to go and people to see.

- You should learn to
better schedule your time.

For when we hurry, we
are more prone to mistakes.

- You're a regular fortune
cookie, you know that?

- [Pepper] Hello.

- Oh, hey, you guys,
uh, heh-heh, for a minute,

I thought you were a
couple of 211 artists.

What are you doing here?

- We're about to ask
you the same thing.

- Uh, I'm meeting a snitch.

- What's in the sack, Jack?

- Lychee nuts, a friend I
know likes them, and uh...

- What a whip.

- You like lychee nuts?

- You know, that
was real stupid of you.

- I thought you had more
smarts than this, Wagner.

(tense music)

Okay, you got it,
you're under arrest.

- Crowley, I have read
every manual there is

on interrogation,
you're wasting your time.

Book me.

What's criminal conspiracy
doing on this, anyway?

I mean, where's
internal affairs, huh?

Oh, I get it.

Conspiracy to commit
gambling. (laughs)

That's worth about
a 50 buck fine.

- What about conspiracy
to commit murder?

- You crazy?

You know what a guy gets
when we bust him for gambling?

A 10 buck fine.

The law is a joke.

Nobody cares.

So, when I get offered 100
a week to do the same thing

I've been doing for
five years, why not?

But get off this
thing about murder.

- Did you know Curtis Forrester?

- Sure, a hell of a nice guy.

- Well, we think
your politician friend

may have killed him.

Or had him killed.

- McCormick? Come on.

- He was about to
expose him, Wagner.

And your involvement in
Chinese gambling interests.

- That's crazy.

- You believe this?

You recognize that?

- Sure, McCormick's
phone number, so?

- These are Forrester's tolls.

He phoned McCormick three
days before he was killed.

- Obviously, to confront

him with the story.

- My name is Jeff Forrester.

My dad was Curtis Forrester.

Yes, he had your name and number

in an appointment book of his.

Uh, could we meet someplace?

I have to talk to you.

Yes, sir.

Okay, thank you.

- Crowley, I won't
bore you specifics,

but do you have any
idea what you're doing?

- Pepper, bring in
those tapes, will ya?

- [Fong On Tape] Being
new, you should not get

what the others get.

\$500 a week for all.

- [Pepper On Tape] \$500?

- I'm sorry, Chief, we just
don't know who was involved.

- Bill...

- Uh, excuse me, I
don't mean to be rude,

but Mr. Mossman
here, I mean, what is

the Attorney General's
interest in this case?

- Forrester went to
them, for obvious reasons.

- I've been studying
your technique, Sargent.

Do you conduct all your
investigations in this fashion?

- In what fashion?

- Unilaterally.

- Uh, I think the
important thing right now

is to get the job done.

And we got two
immediate problems,

find Jeff Forrester,
and bust McCormick.

(knocking)

Yeah, Joe, what do you want?

- Excuse me.

Forrester boy left it
at the desk for you.

- "Sargent Crowley, I
have most of my dad's files.

"I'm going to meet with
someone who may help.

"I'll keep in touch.

"Sorry I missed you. Jeff."

Joe, you and Pete
get a team together,

check every hotel in
the downtown area.

- Okay.

- What kept you?

- Fong was late.

Take good care of it,
there won't be anymore.

- What's that supposed
to mean, Wagner?

- Well, it's simple.

We had an agreement.

I take care of the games,
you keep everything in line.

On all accounts,
you went too far.

It seems you're
involved in a murder.

Curtis Forrester?

- (laughs) You've been
smoking some of that weed

that you boys confiscate.

- I know he talked to
you, I've seen his tolls.

And I know he was about to
give you some big headlines.

(doorbell rings)

- Mr. McCormick?

- Mm-hm.

- I have a warrant to
search your residence.

- [Pepper] Well, that's it.

- [Bill] Yeah, now let's see
what the lie-detector says

about Councilman McCormick.

Hey, Rob, so what do you think?

- [Rob] Our councilman
is being very cooperative.

Oh, I avoided any area
that could jeopardize

your gambling conspiracy.

- [Bill] I noticed that, thanks.

- [Pepper] What about
Forrester's murder?

- Oh, he's clean
Pepper, they never met.

Forrester did phone to
set up an appointment.

McCormick thought
it was about a story

on his good record
in fighting crime.

- But McCormick and
Forrester never met?

- That's right.

- Okay, thanks, Rob.

- Yeah, thanks.

- Listen, call Bane's office.

See if you can come up
with anymore background

on Forrester's assignments.

- Okay, what about
Robbery and Homicide?

You want me to call them?

- Pepper, just call
Bane's office, okay?

(tense music)

- Okay, Forrester
was here on the 19th.

- Mr. Haldy, what was his
primary interest with the Bureau?

- He was writing an article on
the futility of robbing banks.

You know, because of the
security cameras, everything.

We solve about 9 out of 10

which is pretty bad
odds for a crook.

And he also looked through
the outstanding suspect files.

That's suspects that
are photographed

during actual robberies,

have been identified,

but haven't been arrested yet.

- Do you have that
file in this office?

- Oh, yes, we do.

- Can I see it?

- Oh, certainly.

Most of them have been
reduced to wanted posters.

- Did Forrester look
through this whole book?

- Uh, yes, he did.

Several of them interested him.

- Oh?

- One in particular
because he took it with him.

Let's see.

- Looks like we got
our work cut out for us.

- Yeah, he took a
copy of that with him.

- Looks like...

- Like we're gonna move on it.

(tense music)

- Bill, the manager thinks
the boy's staying here.

In 109, paid for three

nights in advance.

- Where's Pete?

- Upstairs checking.

Anything about the Mongoose?

- We just left there, he's gone.

Robbery Homicide's
gonna stake it.

- [Bill] Pete, got anything?

- Yep, look what I
found in the kid's room.

Looks like he's got a
meeting with the Mongoose

tonight at eight.

- [Joe] Where.

- It doesn't say.

- I think I know where.

(tense music)

- Jeff, over here.

(tense music)

Sit down.

You wanted to talk.

- You worked with my father.

I thought you might
be able to tell me

what he was working on.

- Sure, sure.

(tense music)

- [Bill] Hey, Joe.

Pep, take that aisle.

(tense music)

- That's your dad's file?

- No, just some
notes I was taking.

- Anybody know
about this meeting?

- No.

(tense music)

- Jeff!

- Hold it right
there, Contreras!

Hold it!

(tense music)

(gun fires)

(tense music)

(tense music)

(gun fires)

Hold it! (gun fires)

- You all right?

(tense music)

- Hold it!

Hold it!

(gun fires)

- [Pepper] What happens to Jeff now?

- [Bill] He's gonna stay with Banes

'til they can find a good foster home.

- [Pepper] Good. Is he okay?

- Yeah, I think he's gonna be okay.

Son, listen.

I want you to keep in touch with us, will ya?

Gonna stay in touch?

- All I can say is that I love you both.

- We love you, too.

(sobbing)

We really do.

It's tough.

I know it's tough.

- Hey, Jeff, listen, what do you say I, uh,

I got this Sunday off,

why don't I come by and pick you up?

Spend the day together, okay?

- With Pepper?

- Oh, well, I don't
know about Pepper.

I, uh...

Uh, yeah, okay, with Pepper.

- Okay, you gonna tell me?

- It's very simple.

First, you fry your sausages.

Then, you add your peppers,
your mushrooms, your garlic...

- That's not what I mean.

- Smell this, huh? Terrific.

- You're evading the issue.

You broke every
rule in the book.

- I felt sorry for the
kid, just like you did.

- No, there's
more to it than that.

Come on, why?

- What do you want,
the story of my life?

You already know that.

- You never talk about
when you were a little boy.

- You never talk about
when you were a little girl.

- I never was a little girl.

- I'll buy that.

- Bill!

- Okay, I was in a home.

- Ah, like Barton.

- No, it was probably
worse than Barton.

You wouldn't believe what
goes on in some of those places.

I wasn't gonna let
that happen to that kid.

- Want to go to San Francisco?

- When?

- Tonight.

- What are you talking about?

- I've already got the tickets.

- (laughs) Are you kidding?

I've got two days of
report writing to do.

- The Review Board reviewed
our little traffic accident.

It seems we failed to
avoid an avoidable accident.

We are on a two-day suspension.

- We are?

- Mm-hm.

You wouldn't believe what
goes on in San Francisco.

(theme music)

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