

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1989

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, POPE? I TALKED TO SALINA COUNTY D.A. AND THE FBI --

POLICE STATION

WEEKS AGO. YOU KNOW MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

ACTUALLY, I DON'T KNOW THAT, BUT NOW I'M WONDERING WHY YOU DO.

I SAW HER LAST MONTH.

AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME?

I'VE TRIED TO BE UNDERSTANDING BECAUSE OF VANESSA, BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS, WADE. YOU CAN'T.

PLEASE, SOMEONE'S GOTTA DO SOMETHING.

I WASN'T GOING TO SAY ANYTHING UNLESS IT PANNED OUT... COUPLE HOURS AGO RANIRO PICKED UP A COUPLE RUNAWAYS WHO LISTED BLACKBIRD RANCH AS THEIR RESIDENCE. THE DESCRIPTION MATCHED THE THINGS YOU TOLD ME...

WAIT... TELL ME YOU DON'T SEND HIM TO CHECK IT OUT.

IF IT LOOKS LIKE HOW YOU SAY IT IS, WE'LL BRING IN THE FEDS--

WHERE IS IT, GUS?!

I DUNNO, UP NORTH, A COUPLE HOURS--





"HEY! GET BACK HERE!"



WAGE, WE'VE GOT A HIT ON THAT APB... '81 FORD F-150...



REGISTERED TO HENRY DEAN MILLS.

ON MY WAY.



WHAT HAPPENED, TULLY?





MISTER POPE...

WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD FROM MY DAUGHTER?



SHE'S... STILL WITH THEM. WITH HIM, I WAS GONNA COME FIND YOU.

I GOT YOUR GRANDSON.



WHAT'S HIS NAME?

I GUESS THAT'S UP TO YOU.



TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO VANESSA... WHERE'S MY GIRL?



