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# Every Secret Thing

By Nicole Holofcener

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- "So, he skipped"...

- Skipped from the...

No, no, no. I'm gonna do it alone.

"So he skipped from the oven

and into bread dough,

all ready to rise

in the night kitchen."

What time is it?

**It's almost 10:**

Why?

After the book,

will you do my nails?

You never want me

to do your nails.

I know.

But I thought it would be fun.

What time is it, Mom?

Let's see.

It's past your bedtime.

**It's after 11:**

Let's make cookies!

Please?

You're so pretty.

Thank you.

Ronnie?

Come in, sweetie.

I didn't want to,

but she made me.

- What?

- I'm sorry, please. I'm sorry.

Shh. Come here.

Come here. Come here.

Shh. It's okay.

Why do I have to bring her?

Honey, you've played with her

since kindergarten.

She's weird.

Well, all the more reason

to be kind.

I don't think Ronnie has any friends,

sweetheart.

I like Ronnie.  
Then you hang out with her.  
Come on in, sweetie.  
Come on in.  
Is this what you got  
for the birthday girl?  
- My mom got it.  
- Yeah?  
Boy, you're getting lovelier  
every day.  
Look at your cute figure.  
- I don't have a figure.  
- But you will.  
And when you do,  
it's going to be outrageous.  
Wait till you see  
what Alice is wearing.  
I didn't want to bring you.  
I didn't want to come.  
Every day...  
- Hey, guys!  
- I can do it!  
Can anyone do a cannonball?  
Anyone?  
I can't wait to take you  
far away  
Don't you know...  
Yay!  
I wonder what that is?  
...and that with your suit!  
- So cute!  
- My God!  
Cool.  
- So pretty.  
- Thanks.  
My God.  
Penelope, your mother  
has such great taste.  
Let me see that.  
Who's this from?  
My God, I wonder what it is.  
- It's just a book.  
- God, you just told her.  
It's okay, we like books.

No, we don't.  
Thanks, Alice.  
Well, you should thank my mom.  
She's so weird.  
Well, looks like that's it, honey.  
That girl has a present.  
We'll fly away...  
No, don't give it to her.  
- Here, Mary.  
- Thanks.  
- Can you feel  
- Can you feel...  
I'm for real  
I'm for real...  
That's...  
Thanks, she's... cute.  
You're just a stupid bitch.  
You don't have to pretend  
like you like it.  
Excuse me,  
we don't say that word.  
- Ronnie...!  
- Hey, I'm talking to you.  
Can't you hear me? Wait!  
My God!  
You hit my mom!  
Ronnie, no.  
What are you doing?  
I think this party is over for you two.  
Why don't you get your things?  
What's wrong with her?  
Why do I have to leave?  
- Go.  
- Why do I have to leave?  
- Who even invited her?  
- I don't know.  
Ronnie!  
Ronnie...!  
What everyone was doing  
was just pissing me off.  
Always looking down  
on other people,  
judging everyone,  
but she literally...

You want some breakfast?

Alice, you should have  
some breakfast.

What?

No, thanks.

Hey, just say the word  
and we can paint this room.

It might even be fun.

I ran into Ronnie Fuller's mother  
at the ATM.

She said Ronnie got a job.

What are you watching?

That one?

She's the meanest.

She thinks she's better  
than everyone else.

- You're being ridiculous. No.

- I'm being ridiculous?

Yeah, you're being ridiculous.

Okay, let's get

this day started, shall we?

What are you going to do today?

Look for a job.

- See you later.

- Bye.

"Dear producers,

All the time

I see new television shows,  
but I like yours the best."

"I have an idea for a show  
that maybe you would like  
about people

who have been in jail

or gotten in trouble

for doing something bad,

but they're actually innocent.

I know I don't look

like most people on TV,

but I am on a diet

and exercising every day.

And I think people will be  
interested in my story.

I am only 18,

but I spent a long time in jail

for a crime I did not commit.  
If people saw me on television,  
they would realize  
that underneath it all,  
I am just like everyone else.  
I think this show would be  
educational and popular.  
And maybe it would help everyone  
figure out the truth  
about what actually  
happened to me."

Let's see,  
I'll have three onion.  
And two rolls.  
You know what?  
Since you're about to close,  
can I get 14  
for the price of a dozen?  
Sorry, my manager says no.  
But you're just gonna  
throw them away.

I mean,  
I come here all the time.  
Sure thing.

You can have 14.

Great.

So the rest will be... everything.

You know what?

I don't have any cash.

Can I write you a check?

- Certainly.

- Great.

Liar.

- Excuse me?

- What?

You know what?

I'm gonna need

some cash back, too.

How much are you gonna need?

A hundred.

Of course, ma'am.

Thanks.

Ronnie, you're killin' me here.

You can take off.

Thanks, Clarice.

- Maybe it's because of the table.

- Kayla, art is for making a mess.

Don't be so scared.

Don't be so afraid.

Art is not for conforming,  
art is for creating, right?

Hey, Ms. Manning,

can I see you for a second?

Just a moment.

All right, you go ahead.

I'll be right back.

All right, yeah.

Kayla's afraid to draw  
in a goddamn coloring book.

She's afraid she's no good  
if she doesn't impress you.

Excuse me...

Mrs. West?

I teach children to be original,  
to express themselves  
uniquely, independently...

She's eight.

Who gives a shit?

I do.

I'm trying to give her  
an art education.

Regardless of whether or not  
that is something  
that you can understand  
or appreciate.

I want what's good for my kid.

And if she wants to draw  
in a fucking coloring book  
for the rest of her life,  
that's okay with me.

- Please. Language.

- Well, then, I feel sorry  
for your little girl.

You feel sorry

for my little girl?

So tell me a little bit  
about your job searching.

I tried.

I looked a long time.  
I was at the mall,  
asking in clothing stores.  
Those jobs are hard to get.  
I don't see why you don't try  
for one of those fast-food places.  
I'd rather not work  
in a fast-food place if I don't have to.  
I don't believe  
in what they're doing.  
I don't.  
You won't even eat  
at those places.  
A person has to work.  
So, where did you apply?  
Food Emporium, and Contempo.  
I mean, it's called  
"Wet Seal" now.  
Those are union.  
Don't waste your time.  
Food Emporium is, but I didn't  
find that out until I got there.  
Not Wet Seal.  
They don't want a girl  
like me anyway.  
Something will come through.  
That's beautiful, honey.  
Can I see?  
Who wants a sip of mine?  
Me!  
Yum!  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Alice?  
No, thank you.  
It's illegal.  
Alice Manning, the police  
might come and get you  
if you have a sip.  
I'll protect you.  
Whoo-oo!  
Ronnie, this is beautiful.  
It's so powerful  
and dark and interesting.



You're really talented,  
you know that?  
Will you sign it for me?  
Yeah?  
What about this one?  
Comfy.  
That leather one over there,  
that's the shit.  
We are not getting  
a leather couch.  
How you gonna tell me  
we ain't getting a leather couch?  
Look at that shit.  
That shit is fly.  
- That's why we ain't got company.  
- It's too soft?  
You guys getting closer?  
- Yes, we are.  
- Not... not with that one. No.  
- I like this one.  
- That's chintz.  
It's our new line.  
A "bitch"?  
That's "bitch." It ain't chintz.  
- The leather, yeah, that's...  
- Okay, all right. Sure.  
- What's up with this?  
- I ain't getting a leather couch.  
What's up with that?  
You can give me a price on that?  
Devlin, I ain't  
getting no leather couch.  
- This is how I can kick back.  
- You like with the feet up?  
Yeah, kick back,  
watch the game and shit.  
- I hear you.  
- This is how we should be living.  
- Brittany?  
- It may have to be this one.  
- What's it... \$649?  
- Hey, baby, where did Brittany go?  
That's for  
the second half of the couch.

But what we could do,  
what we could do...

Brittany?

She probably jumping  
on some bed somewhere,  
doing something  
she ain't supposed to.

Brittany...?

- Brittany?

- I like to conjugate, too.

- You know?

- Yeah.

Answer me.

- Devlin, help me.

- I like this.

Hold up.

- Brit!

- You all right?

Brit-Brit! Hold on, hold on  
one second... my daughter.

My daughter around here  
somewhere.

- Maveen? Brit!

- All right.

Ma'am, is there something  
I can help...

Have you seen a little girl?

She's just three years old.

She runs off sometimes,

but never for this long.

Um... she's not answering me.

- It's okay.

- Brit, I know you hear me.

Don't you worry. Let's look.

- Okay.

- Brittany!

Now, Brit, you gonna be in trouble  
if you don't come out!

Brittany, don't hide from Mommy!

No one left the store.

My God!

- Brit-Brit...

- My God!

Calm down.

She just hiding from you.

- Brittany!

- It's okay, it's okay.

Brittany, I know you hear me.

Come on, girl!

- Shit!

- Brittany!

Brittany? Fuck!

I'm sorry I'm late.

I had to take my mom

to the doctor, and it took forever.

I thought you didn't drive.

We took the bus.

She wanted my company.

Why couldn't your dad take her?

Listen...

You got some of that Red Bull?

Yeah, I can.

My dad's truck is full of them.

He'll never notice.

Thanks.

How's she doing?

- Your mom.

- Not good.

You're gonna find my baby, right?

We'll find her.

You have my word on that, okay?

You got kids?

Two daughters...

13 and three months.

I only turned around

for a minute, I swear.

A minute is a long time.

I didn't think...

there were people around.

It was a nice store.

She always running off

when she sees something she like...

want us to buy for her.

And you are...?

- This your husband?

- Boyfriend.

Of course.

You the baby daddy?

She calls him Daddy.

He's here.

Her daddy ain't.

- And the biological father?

- I don't know.

I don't care.

And neither does he.

You got a job, boyfriend?

Or you just "chillin" '?

Why are you asking him

these questions?

I know why he asking

the questions.

Where were you

when Brittany went missing?

- He was with me.

- I'm not asking you.

I'm asking him.

Where were you

when Brittany went missing?

Do I need to ask you again?

Nigga, do your job

and find our little girl.

You come here to harass me?

Are you going to answer

my question?

Do your motherfuckin' job, nigga.

Where were you

when Brittany went missing?

- Don't come askin' me...

- I'm only gonna ask you one more time.

Nah, man, you ain't gotta ask me

no questions like that.

Where were you

when Brittany went missing?

- Why don't you do your job?

- You didn't answer my question.

- Okay.

- Are you going to do your job?

That's what we're trying

to do, Mister...?

- Smith.

- Mr. Smith.

We want to find your daughter.

- Okay?

- Yeah.

What the hell was that?

Jones?

You know, even good parents  
could lose their kids.

They aren't good parents.

Every fucking time

I walk in here!

Yeah...

You said you'd be home for dinner.

I am home.

**It's after 8:**

Where have you been?

I was walking.

- I'm starving.

- I didn't wait for you.

That's okay.

What's in there?

A bunch of stuff.

Olives, cheese.

I hate olives.

What's this?

That's a walnut.

Surely you've seen

a walnut, Alice.

It's good.

Sorry, sometimes I just think  
you were switched at the hospital.

You know, my horoscope today  
said that "all eyes would be on me."

And then I'll find something

I misplaced.

Did you find a job?

Not yet.

Did you find a boyfriend?

What?

Excuse me?

You were reading the personals.

Well, they're hilarious.

And tragic.

Why don't you take a look  
at the want ads?

Why don't you have  
a boyfriend, Mom?  
I mean, I would have figured  
you'd found somebody by now.  
Jones.  
How was my brother?  
I... I know.  
There's no way.  
- You should not wait up.  
- Yeah.  
And don't watch crap TV  
and fall asleep on the couch.  
- All right. Hey.  
- You wouldn't want to catch...  
They found something  
at the mall.  
- I gotta go.  
- Come on.  
- Yes. Don't wait up.  
- Let's go, let's go, let's go.  
Do not wait up.  
Right over here.  
A hundred yards  
from the furniture store.  
Similar photos have been taken?  
Pictures all around.  
I want a full dust.  
We got blood.  
I'm gonna need this place wiped.  
Okay?  
Let's bag it.  
I need a minute.  
You should come to bed.

**It's 4:**

Which means  
it's 16 and a half hours...  
since a three-year-old  
went missing.  
Right, missing kid.  
You don't do missing kid cases.  
I thought I could handle it.  
It's like a fort.  
In high school, everybody

came up here to smoke cigarettes.

I didn't remember it  
being this far.

You smoke cigarettes?

I was the lookout.

It's up here.

This is not

part of the grid, Porter.

If we find this baby first,  
where does that put us?

Gotta follow chain of command.

See down in there?

Come on.

See?

In here.

God...

...sector R8-26.

We are near

the south end of the sewer line

by the old bunker

near the river.

We need backup and an ambulance.

Nance?

Roz, you haven't

eaten your breakfast.

I really don't have any words...

Come on.

We were just shopping for a new sofa.

Like a second, I turned around

and then, she was just like...

Hey, baby. How are you?

Good morning.

Daddy!

...urged to contact

the police department

at 3-3-4...

Look, Mama, me!

Honey,

that's... that's not you.

Let's turn this off right now.

Oops.

The birth father was in Ossining

when it happened.

It wasn't him. B&E, 10 years,

possibility of parole.  
Went back to Paradise Furniture,  
talked to the manager.  
- And?  
- There's nothing new.  
But he did say that  
the boyfriend, Devlin Smith,  
was "acting like an asshole."  
His words, not mine.  
Jesus, what is she doing here?  
Who is that?  
They're home, you know.  
They've been home for two weeks.  
They're back living not even three miles  
from where this happened.  
Who?  
Who's home?  
Ronnie Fuller and Alice Manning.  
That little girl has only  
been missing one night.  
It's possible she's still okay.  
These disappearances,  
they're very different.  
Your daughter was an infant,  
this girl is a toddler.  
Your baby was taken on impulse.  
And this, this seems to be...  
She is a three-year-old biracial child  
with short, curly black hair.  
Brittany Lyttle is, in fact,  
a dead ringer for my daughter.  
And maybe she wouldn't be  
sitting here right now  
if these girls were smarter.  
Have they contacted you?  
Have they threatened  
your family in any way?  
They've taken a child  
thinking it's mine.  
Why are you still sitting here  
asking me questions?  
Mrs. Barnes, we understand  
your concerns.  
And they'll be taken



very seriously.  
I won't hold my breath.  
Why didn't I know  
about this connection?  
What connection?  
She wants it to be them,  
doesn't mean it is.  
Okay.  
We're gonna follow it up?  
Brother.  
Dave!  
Dave Fuller?  
Why is it so obvious  
you're cops?  
I didn't know better,  
I'd think you were  
boosting merchandise  
off that work truck.  
Relax, we're not here  
to bust your balls.  
I wanna talk  
to your daughter, Ronnie.  
What did she do this time?  
She didn't do nothin'.  
Shut up.  
You know where  
we might find her?  
She's working  
at this bagel place.  
Out by the mall?  
Hi there. Can I help you  
with something?  
Ronnie Fuller?  
Yeah?  
I'm Detective Porter.  
This is Detective Jones.  
Is something wrong?  
We'd like to ask you  
a few questions.  
Okay.  
I'll meet you out front.  
Okay.  
Is everything all right?  
She working on Monday?

Yeah.

She works every day.

When's her shift start?

It depends on the day.

Most of the time, midmorning.

Shit!

Humph.

- Looks like we got our first suspect.

- God damn it.

- Who is it?

- Metro Police!

- Helen Manning?

- Yeah.

I'm Detective Jones,

this is Detective Porter.

- May we come in?

- Why do you need to come in?

We're looking for your daughter.

Alice.

Alice Manning.

Well, Alice isn't here.

Alice?

Nope.

You have any idea where  
we might find her?

She's 18, I don't always  
know where she goes.

She's probably out walking.

- Walking?

- She walks a lot.

You just have her call us  
when she gets in.

- Thank you very much.

- I will pass the message on.

Mrs. Manning...?

You know what time  
she got back last night?

Late. We were supposed  
to have dinner together,  
but she showed up late.

Out walking?

Thank you for your time.

One-William-four-five.

10-3, it's Porter.

We checked in  
with Ronnie Fuller's parents.  
There's no sign of her since  
she left for work this morning.  
Thanks.  
Okay.  
Where were you?  
Walking.  
Two detectives  
came by here today...  
looking for you.  
Alice, please... tell me you didn't  
do anything this time.  
I didn't do anything last time.  
Can you prove it?  
Let's go talk to them.  
You know why  
we wanted to talk to you today?  
Because of my past.  
Why don't you tell me  
where you were yesterday?  
Well, I was walking.  
I'm trying to lose a little weight.  
Walking where?  
For how long?  
I started out on Main Street,  
and I put in an application at Arby's.  
I don't want to work there,  
but my mom said  
that I can't afford to be picky.  
It's not so bad.  
I did it myself.  
You don't look like you  
had to work in a place like that.  
You could be a model.  
So we go to Arby's, there'll be  
a record of your application?  
I guess so.  
I mean, the girl who took it  
seemed a little spacey, but...  
Arby's, that's near...  
Paradise Furniture.  
Paradise Furniture?  
There's a little girl missing

from Paradise Furniture.

I know.

My mom told me.

I saw it on the news.

You know anything at all  
about this missing child?

I know something

I'm not supposed to know.

Because I broke a rule.

What rule?

When I was little,

I used to go to the pharmacy  
and get these

chocolate-covered peanuts.

But when I got out of Schechter,  
the pharmacy was gone,

so I've been trying  
to find ones that are as good  
or maybe even the same kind,  
but I haven't yet.

But anyway, I left because  
I didn't want her to see me.

Who?

Ronnie Fuller.

I saw her standing  
outside of Cino's Bagels.

She seemed really nervous.

And she kept looking around her  
like she was afraid  
someone was watching her.

Well, Alice...

you were watching her.

Yeah, but she didn't know that.

I just thought that if I told you  
where she worked,  
that would be helpful.

Do you know anything  
about Brittany Lyttle?

The three-year-old  
that's missing.

I was hoping you  
could provide insight.

When Olivia Barnes went missing,  
what was going through your mind?

What were you  
and Ronnie thinking  
when you and Ronnie took her  
from her house?  
How would that give you insight?  
I mean, unless I did  
what happened now.  
You could help me understand  
the mind of a person  
who could take a child.  
That could help me  
solve this case.  
You could help me.  
You and Ronnie were friends,  
you were at a birthday party  
having fun, right?  
Walk me through that day.  
Ronnie! Ronnie!  
What are you doing?  
Hello?  
- Hello?  
- Ronnie!  
I told Ronnie  
we should leave it.  
Ronnie!  
What are you doing?  
Why are you not listening to me?  
Are you crazy?  
You're in so much trouble!  
She's my baby now.  
She needs me.  
No, she doesn't.  
She needs her mother.  
Her mother doesn't love her.  
I do.  
I didn't even want it.  
And I didn't kill it.  
Ronnie did.  
I don't know why she did it.  
I wasn't even there when it happened.  
I wasn't even there.  
Maybe if I had been there,  
I could have stopped her.  
But I wasn't.

I wasn't even there.  
You went to juvenile hall  
for the same crime as Ronnie Fuller.  
That's right.  
And it wasn't fair.  
Just because she's skinny and pretty  
doesn't mean that she's not bad.  
But you won't believe me.  
Because no one  
ever believes the fat girl.  
Especially someone like you.  
If Ronnie wanted to run away...  
hide somewhere...  
where would she go?  
I don't know.  
I haven't even talked to her  
for seven years.  
Where were you  
last night, Alice?

- Excuse me.  
- I'd like to take Alice home.  
- Where were you last night, Alice?  
- Now.

She was with me.  
You said she got home late.  
What do you consider  
to be late, Detective?

- Alice?  
- Before you go,  
there's one last thing  
you can do.  
Because I know you want  
to be helpful.  
We just need a sample  
of your blood.  
Why?  
I want to rule you out as a suspect.  
You don't need  
your mom's consent.  
You're 18 now, Alice.

- Come on, Alice, let's go home.  
- You can really help us.  
Come on, Alice, we're going home.  
Now. Let's go.

You believe her?  
I don't know.  
I wasn't even there.  
I wasn't even there.  
- Where you going?  
- I gotta work.  
It's late, Nance.  
Come to bed, please.  
You can take care of it  
in the morning.  
It's a missing kid, Paul.  
Jesus.  
I don't want to go through  
this shit again, Nance.  
Are you gonna cuff me?  
- Where's Brittany Lyttle?  
- Who?  
The girl that was taken  
from Paradise Furniture.  
There was a girl taken  
from Paradise Furniture?  
Come on, Ronnie.  
If you didn't know a girl was missing,  
why did you run away?  
I knew you were cops.  
You're the cop...  
who found the baby.  
Your hair is the same.  
How did you know what I look like?  
I saw you on television.  
Getting some kind of reward.  
An award.  
It wasn't a reward, it was...  
I just got promoted.  
For finding Olivia Barnes?  
Yeah.  
Why did you take Olivia Barnes,  
Ronnie?  
She was crying.  
I couldn't leave her like that.  
Ronnie!  
You're in so much trouble.  
She's my baby now.  
She is kinda cute.

Hi, baby!  
All right.  
We can keep her.  
Can I hold her now?  
She likes to be bounced.  
It calms her.  
I know about babies.  
My mom's a teacher.  
When do I get to hold her?  
She doesn't like  
to be passed around.  
That's right, little girl.  
Mommy's here.  
"Daddy's" going to get you  
some food.  
Just the pudding,  
that's all I can get.  
Go make her a bed.  
Are you sure we can leave her?  
We have to go home.  
We'll be back tomorrow.  
We promise.  
So Alice lied.  
She was there.  
Let me ask you something.  
Why pudding?  
I could never figure that out.  
If you could buy pudding,  
you could buy baby food.  
We couldn't buy anything.  
I just took those  
from my dad's truck.  
It was full of them.  
They made her sick, though.  
I'm pretty sure.  
What's wrong with her?  
Why won't she eat it?  
- It's pudding.  
- She can't take bites.  
Come on, girl.  
It's just getting  
all over her mouth.  
Eat the pudding, please.  
Eat the pudding.



- Please.  
- What do we do, Ronnie?  
Eat the pudding.  
Why didn't you  
take her to a doctor?  
We knew we would  
get into trouble.  
We saw the stuff on the news  
about her being missing  
and Alice said  
that bringing her back  
would only make it worse.  
That's why you did what you did?  
Alice said she'd  
put all of the blame on me if I didn't.  
I think she's really sick.  
Maybe dying.  
We should just take her back.  
Or call someone  
and tell them where she is.  
You can't call someone.  
They'll take you to jail.  
You did this, Ronnie.  
Not me.  
Alice's mom was my friend.  
Not Alice.  
She didn't like that.  
Can I ask you one more thing?  
Okay.  
How'd the jack-in-the-box  
get there?  
I put it there.  
Ronnie.  
Ronnie!  
I think she was glad  
to be found.  
Something's not right here.  
We need to get their files.  
See what happened  
when they were away.  
You go make some more.  
Make some more.  
And I'll feed you  
when you make it, okay?

- Okay.
- I'll be over there in a second.
- Are you comfortable?
- Yeah.

I know that couch is real old.  
We were shopping for a new one  
when it happened.

You can't blame yourself.

- How can you not?

- I don't know.

My daughter was  
with her babysitter.

Then it wasn't your fault.

- If I hadn't been working...

- Well, you had to work.

No. Not really.

I chose to.

Well...

I told the police I only  
looked away for a second.

But it was longer.

It was a lot longer  
than a second.

This is not your fault.

We just... we never think  
that this will happen to us.

You from TV?

I'm visiting.

Cynthia here lost a child.

She came here for a visit,  
to help me.

- Is your child still lost?

- Devlin.

I'm just asking

if her child lost, if she gonna help us.

My first child is dead.

So how is that supposed  
to make Maveen feel better?

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

Rosalind.

Let's go. Come on, Roz.

Toy down, let's go.

It's time to go.

Put the toy down, let's go.  
Come on.  
Let's clean it up.  
My bad, I ain't...  
I ain't mean it like that.  
- I'm sorry for your loss.  
- Thank you.  
She can't take that toy.  
That's Brittany's.  
Sorry.  
Okay, let's go.  
You always sleep like that?  
Some things are easier  
if you can sleep through them.  
Can I go now?  
You said I wasn't under arrest.  
- You're up.  
- Yeah.  
Have you seen this little girl?  
She's cute.  
She looks like Alice.  
Like Alice?  
How? How does a biracial  
three-year-old  
with dark hair  
look like Alice Manning?  
I don't know.  
I don't know why I said that.  
It just popped out.  
When was the last time  
you saw her, Ronnie?  
- Alice.  
- I don't see Alice.  
If you want  
to rule yourself out,  
then maybe you can  
give us a blood sample?  
You want me  
to give you my blood?  
If you didn't do it,  
you can prove it.  
- No.  
- Then you can go.  
It's simple,

we just prick your finger.  
No. No.  
Ronnie.  
Help us.  
Help yourself.  
Nobody cuts me.  
Yes, ma'am.  
But what I need you to understand  
is that we need  
those files here... today.  
Yeah, hold on.  
All the files from County  
were sent upstate.  
What? Why?  
Apparently,  
they ran out of room.  
Just get them.  
Tell them, "Get them."  
They're saying there are  
like, 20 years' worth of files.  
They can get someone  
to help us with them,  
but they're not guaranteeing  
they will be complete.  
This is Detective Nancy Porter.  
Let me be clear.  
A child is missing.  
A three-year-old...  
for two days,  
and I want to find her  
while she's still alive,  
and you are going to help me.  
You're gonna find your files,  
and when you send them,  
they will be complete.  
Do your job.  
Umph.  
"My mom always says,  
'Never give up.'  
But it feels like  
she's given up on me.  
Sometimes I wonder,  
'What did I do  
to make her not like me?'

Maybe it's my dad.  
She says he was  
the 'biggest mistake of her life.'  
She says he was fat, too.  
When she looks at me,  
does she see him?  
When I was younger,  
I thought if I did everything right,  
I would fit in  
with all the other girls,  
but I don't think  
she even notices me trying.  
She wishes  
she had a different daughter.  
I'm gonna love my baby so much.  
I'll let her eat  
whatever she wants,  
wear whatever she wants,  
play with whoever she wants.  
I'm gonna be  
the best mom ever."  
Know where I was  
when Olivia Barnes got murdered?  
Eating lasagna.  
She'd been missing 72 hours.  
Brittany Lyttle's been gone 48.  
- Hi, Helen.  
- Ronnie.  
I was wondering when you  
were gonna come by and visit me.  
Come here!  
My girl!  
Ronnie Fuller.  
As damaged as that girl is,  
I wouldn't put anything past her.  
I checked on Alice's story  
about Arby's.  
Girl on duty  
doesn't remember her.  
You grew up so pretty.  
I knew you would!  
You don't need all that makeup.  
And obviously,  
you still bite your nails.

Don't you know when people see  
your bitten-down nails,  
they know how nervous you are?  
Where's Alice?  
I don't know.  
You know she goes walking?  
I was coming home  
from work the other day...  
I drove past the pool  
and I saw her.  
You know, at the country club?  
Just watching people.  
Made me sad.  
Mind if I join you?  
I guess walking  
is pretty good for you.  
Is this the route  
you usually take?  
What do you want?  
I don't know where she is.  
Who, Alice?  
Ronnie.  
We spoke to Ronnie Fuller.  
She was very helpful.  
What did she say?  
Did she lie about me again?  
Did she tell you  
how she stole my jack-in-the-box?  
She put it there on purpose  
so I would get caught, too.  
But I wasn't there  
when she killed that baby.  
But I still went to Schechter.  
Now you're trying to make  
this other thing  
look like it's my fault.  
Well, what is your fault, Alice?  
Is anything ever your fault?  
What about you?  
Do you ever wonder  
what would have happened  
if maybe you had found  
the baby sooner?  
Maybe you could have saved her.

Maybe if you had walked  
just a little bit faster,  
she would still be alive.  
Did you ever think about that?  
I want to be alone.  
Am I under arrest or anything?  
Do you remember the honeysuckle?  
Remember that time I tried to make  
honeysuckle soda  
and sell it from a stand  
like lemonade?  
I do.  
I sure do.  
You picked my vines bare.  
But you didn't mind.  
You weren't mad at all.  
It was a good idea, Ronnie.  
There should be  
honeysuckle soda.  
You have great ideas.  
You always did.  
You and me, we think alike.  
And press your lips to mine...  
Ronnie?  
You got anything  
you need to tell me, baby?  
No.  
...this is heaven.  
See you.  
Where were you?  
Did you get a ride?  
I know you get rides.  
Really?  
Who do you think gives me rides?  
I don't know.  
You tell me.  
Well...  
I take rides from strange men  
because I'm fat and lonely  
and I need attention,  
so I do things to 'em...  
for money.  
Is it true?  
You wish.

- I got a job.  
- Alice, talk to me.  
You got a job?  
What do you mean you got a job?  
I got a job  
and it has nothing to do  
with being fat or lonely.  
Jesus, laceration  
of the femoral artery.  
Rushed to the ER.  
Landed her on suicide watch.  
What about Manning?  
Yeast infection...  
yeast infection.  
Another yeast infection.  
One, two, three,  
four, five, six fights.  
This Ronnie girl's  
a piece of work.  
She managed  
to get in a fight every month.  
Spent most of the last seven years  
on lockdown.  
I got a bladder infection  
and another yeast infection.  
You know what that means?  
Sounds like  
she was fucking to me.  
Whoa.  
Get over here.  
She was 15 years old.  
He was an adult.  
He was an employee at Schechter.  
Probably seduced her once.  
Couldn't have been  
terribly difficult.  
She's so desperate  
for attention and acceptance.  
I wonder why that is?  
This adult, was he charged  
with statutory rape?  
We agreed not to press charges.  
By the time she figured out  
she was pregnant,



it was too late for me  
to convince her to have an abortion.  
Does Alice know  
where her baby is?  
Absolutely not.  
No, no, no.  
The adoption was private.  
We don't discuss it.  
She doesn't think about it.  
How would you know that?  
You're not a mother, are you?  
A mother knows these things.  
Where is Alice now?  
Where is she?  
Where does she go  
when she walks?  
- She doesn't tell me where she goes.  
- No, Ms. Manning.  
That's not gonna  
work this time, I'm sorry.  
There's a baby missing.  
And we have reason  
to believe that your daughter Alice  
knows something about it.  
So you can answer  
our questions here,  
or I can walk you down  
that hall past your peers,  
take you downtown,  
have you answer the questions there.  
She seems to spend  
the bulk of her time  
just hanging out  
by the pool at the club.  
Just watching the other kids.  
It's pathetic.  
They're going to catch you,  
you know.  
Catch me for what?  
I didn't do anything.  
The police think you did.  
It was near where you work.  
It was near where about  
a thousand people work.

There is only one person  
like you who works there...  
A baby killer.  
You have to do this, Ronnie.  
Lots of babies die all the time  
of natural things,  
like if they're turned wrong  
in their crib.  
- Just say she died like that.  
- I don't want to do it.  
You fed her pudding.  
You can't feed a baby pudding.  
You told me to.  
So if Alice told you  
to jump off of a building,  
would you do that?  
What about if she told you  
to play with matches?  
Would you do that?  
What about if Alice told you to go  
and find a bridge and leap off?  
Shut up!  
Your mom knows  
I didn't do anything.  
Stay away from her.  
You don't even live  
near us anymore.  
You have no reason  
to be hanging around.  
My mom just feels sorry for you.  
She likes me.  
Alice Manning?  
You know why I made you do it?  
Because I knew  
that they would take you away.  
I thought they  
would lock you up forever,  
and I would never  
have to play with you again.  
Alice!  
Hurry, she did it!  
She just told me everything!  
She took the baby!  
You have to catch her,

why... hurry!

Come on, let's go.

Let's go.

- No.

- No, Alice.

We're not here for her,

we're here for you.

- I didn't do anything.

- Let's go.

You don't understand.

Ronnie did it. She just told me.

Alice, we're walking out,

or we're putting you in handcuffs.

Come on.

It's not fair.

Watch your step.

You have the wrong person.

You have to believe me.

Ronnie did this.

Alice.

Where is she, Alice?

Is she okay?

Did you hurt her?

Hello, I'm here to see

a Detective Porter.

Mrs. Manning.

If you're going to continue

to interrogate my daughter,

- I want a lawyer present.

- She has her.

She has Brittany.

Jesus.

- Did she hurt her?

- Where is she?

I have no idea.

We have been very patient

with you, Mrs. Manning.

We haven't treated you

as an accessory to this crime

or accused you

of shielding your daughter

or withholding

information we need,

but that moment is coming.

Alice doesn't confide in anyone,  
least of all me.  
Why does she think Brittany Lyttle  
is her daughter?  
First, he would stare at me.  
You know, kind of flirt.  
He was so cute.  
I had never been  
with a boy before.  
I'd never kissed a boy before.  
We couldn't keep  
our hands off each other.  
I was so excited.  
But when they took him away,  
it was so sudden.  
It happened so quickly,  
and I didn't know what to do.  
My mom said I had  
my whole life ahead of me.  
And that she had me  
when she was really young  
and she didn't regret it  
or anything.  
You have to understand,  
she became obsessed  
with the topic.  
"Where was her baby?  
Why couldn't I raise it?  
Who had adopted her?"  
She wouldn't leave it alone.  
She was inconsolable.  
I had to tell her something.  
I made up a story.  
I said I'd seen her little girl...  
on the west side of town.  
You know, near those  
lovely old Victorians?  
I knew Alice would like that.  
I told her that her baby  
was beautiful and healthy.  
She had caf-au-lait skin...  
beautiful, black curly hair.  
Yeah.  
It was around that time

that I had seen the mother.  
The mother?  
You know...  
Cynthia Barnes.  
The mother  
of the child that Alice...  
She was with this little girl.  
I took one look  
at that girl and I knew...  
that child wouldn't exist  
if it weren't for Alice.  
Which isn't to say  
that what Alice did  
can be rationalized in any way,  
I mean, a girl had died,  
and it was my daughter's fault.  
But the fact remains,  
another child lives.  
And I'm not sure she would  
if it weren't for Alice.  
My daughter helped to bring  
that little life into the world.  
At least Alice  
can take some comfort  
from that little girl's  
existence.  
When I got out,  
I had to find her.  
I wanted her.  
I didn't care what my mom said.  
So I started walking.  
Just looking for her.  
I also told her that her child  
had a little birthmark  
in the shape of a heart  
on her back.  
I thought that was  
a lovely sort of detail...  
you know, that would give Alice  
something that she could hold on to.  
Like it was the shadow  
of her own heart.  
Alice loved that.  
Mrs. Manning,

sit down.  
Sit down,  
Mrs. Manning, sit.  
Stay there.  
She had that skin...  
the mix of my skin and his.  
I couldn't believe I found her.  
Brittany?  
She probably jumpin'  
on a bed somewhere.  
When I saw her back,  
there was this little heart there,  
and I knew it was her.  
- Devlin, keep looking!  
- Brittany!  
Now, Brit, you're gonna be  
in trouble  
- if you don't come out!  
- God! God!  
- Hey!  
- Que linda, que linda! Hi!  
Good girl, good girl.  
Good girl.  
Brittany!  
Where is she?  
Brittany!  
She was so beautiful.  
She looked just like Rodrigo.  
- Brittany? Shit!  
- Brittany!  
Cut her hair.  
I asked him to cut  
her hair so nobody would find her.  
He was so nervous,  
his nose even started bleeding.  
You can't arrest someone  
for taking her own baby.  
It took me a long time  
to find her.  
But now that I have,  
you can't make me give her back.  
I never wanted to give her up  
in the first place.  
My mom made me.

This is Brittany Lyttle's  
birth certificate.  
And this is your baby's.  
They are two  
different girls, Alice.  
Where is Brittany?  
I know what we did was wrong.  
But what happened to me  
was wrong, too.  
They took my baby.  
I want her. I want her.  
I understand, Alice.  
I do.  
But not everybody will.  
You are in a lot of trouble.  
You could be convicted  
of a very serious crime.  
You need to help us.  
And we'll help you.  
What do you mean?  
Will you help me find my baby?  
No, Alice. No.  
Help me.  
And I'll help you.  
Rodrigo left her with his mom  
while he drove me home...  
so that no one would suspect me.  
We planned on keeping her there  
while we waited...  
for you to think  
Ronnie Fuller took her.  
You know, she's done this before,  
she might do it again.  
I think she's really sick.  
We should just  
take her out to her family.  
It's too late, Ronnie.  
This was your idea, Ronnie!  
I'll blame it on you.  
You said you would  
take care of it.  
Ronnie?  
Come in, sweetie.  
- I didn't want to, but she made me.

- What?

I'm sorry, please.

I'm sorry.

Ronnie,

Ronnie, shh. Shh.

Separation

of the individuals at the location...

I can't undo what you've done.

But I can make sure

that Alice...

doesn't go unpunished.

I can make it fair.

Hey, Mom.

My God!

My God!

- My God!

- Yeah, yeah!

My God!

Hi, baby!

- Hi!

- Brittany!

Hi, baby!

Brit-Brit!

My God.

I love you.

My God! My God!

Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you. Okay, I love you.

Good work, Detective.

Today, state prosecution has agreed

to a plea bargain

with Alice Manning.

All charges are dropped against her,

while Rodrigo Gutierrez,

the state employee she now

has accused of raping her in prison,

will alone serve 10 years

for the kidnapping.

Earlier today, Miss Manning

gave a statement to the press.

Ladies and gentlemen of the press,

yes, I have something

I would like to say.

I am a victim.



I am a victim  
of the justice system.  
As a child, I was wrongly accused  
of a crime I did not commit.  
I spent seven years  
in a correctional facility  
where I was raped  
and where I gave birth to a baby  
who was taken from me.  
Today, justice was served.  
The charges against me  
have been dropped.  
And the man who  
manipulated me as a minor...  
She's good.  
...and who instigated  
this crime will be convicted.  
Scary good.  
I can now live freely.  
I can seek to validate  
my rights as an adult.  
Thank you.  
- Miss Alice Manning.  
- Alice! Alice Manning!  
You know who's better?