

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #58
TIME FRAME: IMMEDIATELY
AFTER [#57](#)

TEASER

EXT: YANG MANSION -- NEW YORK
EVENING

A car pulls into the expansive circular driveway. The doors open; out step BRENT and SARAH.

SARAH: (in awe) Damn.

She surveys the mansion itself and the entire grounds in amazement. They are neither too extravagant or too simple; they suggest comfortable wealth but not endless riches.

SARAH (CONT'D): This is some place.

BRENT: Yeah, it is. But compared to the Fitches' place, this is small potatoes.

Sarah checks her watch.

BRENT (CONT'D): What time is it?

SARAH: Two minutes to eight.

BRENT: Good. Right on time.

SARAH: Then let's go. We've got a lot to go over with this woman.

BRENT: You ready?

SARAH: Oh, I'm ready. (beat) Now let's get going on this case.

They begin to approach the house.

INT: FITCH MANSION (ANDY'S OFFICE)
AFTERNOON

The door opens just a crack and KATHERINE peeks in. Consumed by their passion, ANDY and DANIELLE fail to see her as they continue to kiss. A shocked Katherine quickly slips the door closed noiselessly.

INT: FITCH MANSION (HALLWAY)
AFTERNOON

Having closed the door, KATHERINE stares at the opposite wall in a daze. Her expression quickly shifts from one of shock to one of pronounced anger. She stomps off, enraged.

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING (HALLWAY)
AFTERNOON

DIANE walks down the hallway. She comes to Apartment 4F and knocks on the door. There is no answer.

DIANE: Damn! Where are they?

She knocks again. Finally, she turns to walk away. The door snaps open and CLAIRE appears in the doorway. Diane turns around.

CLAIRE: Yeah, what is it, Diane?

Her crabby tone is quickly recognized by Diane.

DIANE: I was just wondering if Tim was here, that's all.

CLAIRE: What would you want with him? (beat) And for the record, no, he's not.

DIANE: All right, then. I'll just be going.

CLAIRE: Do you need something, Diane?

DIANE: As a matter of fact, I do.

She studies the other woman's face for a second.

DIANE (CONT'D): Is something the matter, Claire -- besides my being here?

Claire diverts her eyes from Diane's.

ACT ONE

EXT: YANG MANSION -- NEW YORK
EVENING

BRENT and SARAH climb several stairs to reach the front door. Brent rings the doorbell.

INT: YANG MANSION
EVENING -- CONTINUOUS

A beautiful WOMAN of Asian descent approaches the door, having just heard the doorbell. Her beauty matches the elegance of the house, which is finely furnished and decorated; her attire, however, seems out of place. She is dressed comfortably in jeans and an oversized sweatshirt. Her hair is swept up in a casual style. The woman opens the door, revealing BRENT and SARAH.

WOMAN: Hi! You must be Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, right?

SARAH: That's us. Please, call us Brent and Sarah, though.

WOMAN: Well, come on in, Brent and Sarah.

They step inside the house and the woman closes the door. She outstretches her right hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D): I'm Andrea Yang, the owner of the house.

Brent shakes her hand first, and then Sarah.

BRENT: Pleased to meet you.

ANDREA: Why don't we go into the kitchen? Would either of you like some coffee?

SARAH: I'd love some.

BRENT: Me too.

ANDREA: Then let's go.

She leads the way to the kitchen. Brent and Sarah stay behind for a second. They exchange looks,

surprised at her pleasant, casual air, especially in contrast to the refined decor of the mansion. They then follow her lead to the kitchen.

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING (HALLWAY)
AFTERNOON

DIANE is intrigued by CLAIRE'S bad mood.

CLAIRE: No, I'm fine, Diane. What do you need?

DIANE: Actually, I was wondering if you guys had any ideas on how to get the baby to stop crying.

CLAIRE: (suddenly panicked) Where is she?

DIANE: Down in the car. Don't worry.

CLAIRE: You left her in the car?!?

DIANE: No, Brian is still driving her around the parking lot. We were taking her for a drive, 'cause it's the only way to keep her quiet.

CLAIRE: Sometimes with babies you just have to do things like that. There's no logical solution to that stuff most of the time.

DIANE: All right, then. I'll just get back to the car and keep driving around until she wears out.

CLAIRE: It'll happen eventually. Don't get too panicked.

DIANE: Okay, thanks.

CLAIRE: No problem.

DIANE: See you later.

CLAIRE: Okay, bye.

Diane walks away from the apartment. Claire stands in the doorway, leaned against the open door. She seems oddly satisfied by having had a civil conversation with the woman who she has seen as her rival for so long.

ACT TWO

INT: FITCH MANSION (ANDY'S OFFICE)
LATE AFTERNOON

ANDY and DANIELLE are now all over each other. His shirt is on the floor as Danielle runs her hands over his chest.

KATHERINE (OS): Andrew!

The sound of his mother's voice instinctively makes Andy jump up, away from Danielle.

ANDY: What, Mother?

KATHERINE (OS): Can I please see you in the kitchen?

ANDY: Just a minute, Mother!

He scrambles as he says this, snatching his shirt up off the floor and hastily throwing it back on.

ANDY (CONT'D): Just stay in here until I'm gone. Once I'm in the kitchen with Mother, you can slip upstairs.

DANIELLE: Okay.

She is puzzled by Andy's excessively nervous response, but says nothing.

Andy finishes slipping his shirt on and opens the door as he buttons it up.

ANDY: Wait a minute or two and then go ahead.

He exits, his shirt now fully buttoned, and closes the door. Danielle picks up her cleaning supplies, which were left on the floor, and stares after him in confusion.

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING (LOBBY)
LATE AFTERNOON

The elevator doors open and DIANE steps out. Heading for the front door, she encounters TIM, on his

way to the elevator.

DIANE: Hey!

TIM: What are you doing here?

DIANE: I came by to see if you guys could help me out with Samantha. She won't stop crying, and Brian and I have been driving her around for hours.

TIM: Do you need help?

DIANE: No, I'm just gonna keep driving her. Claire said sometimes it's the only thing that works.

TIM: (amazed) You asked Claire about it?

DIANE: She offered to help me. When she said you weren't there, I went to leave, but she stopped me and asked if there was something I needed help with.

TIM: I'm proud of the two of you. You managed to discuss something without killing each other.

DIANE: Hey, the baby is in the middle of this now, and we don't need to make it any more difficult for her to grow up than it already will be.

TIM: I'm glad to hear you say that, Diane. (beat) So, Brian's in the car with her?

DIANE: Yeah, he said he was gonna circle the parking lot until I was done.

TIM: If you need any help, just tell me--

DIANE: Don't worry about it right now, Tim.

TIM: You sure?

DIANE: I'm positive. Besides, it looks like Claire needs you a hell of a lot more than I do right now.

TIM: Did she look really upset?

DIANE: Uh-huh. I hope this wasn't because of me ...

TIM: It's not because of you, Diane. Somehow, Claire always manages to work you and Samantha into an argument.

DIANE: I can't blame her. It's a terrible situation and I've done nothing but make it worse.

TIM: But you're trying to make amends for that now, and I thank you for that.

DIANE: It's the least I can do. (beat) So what'd you do, go for a walk?

TIM: I went for a cup of coffee, and I ran into Jason -- he was with Courtney. They suggested that I take Claire away for a little romantic getaway.

DIANE: (caught off-guard) Really?

TIM: Yeah. I think I'm gonna take her up to an inn in the mountains for a weekend. Hopefully we'll be able to reconnect or whatever during that time.

DIANE: Good luck, buddy. I'll see you later.

TIM: G'night.

Diane gives him a final wave and exits the building. Tim makes his way to the elevator.

EXT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING
LATE AFTERNOON

DIANE comes through the front door and pauses, scanning the parking lot for her car. She makes eye contact with BRIAN, who is driving the car around the lot in circles, and waits for him to bring the car around.

DIANE: (sotto voce) A romantic getaway, huh? Sounds like fun for the whole family.

An evil grin spreads across her face.

ACT THREE

INT: YANG MANSION -- NEW YORK
NIGHT

SARAH and BRENT are seated on a floral-print love seat. ANDREA sits in a chair of the same pattern. All three have cups of coffee and saucers.

SARAH: You have a beautiful home, Ms. Yang.

ANDREA: Please, it's Andrea. As you can probably tell--

She gestures to her casual clothing.

ANDREA (CONT'D): -- I'm not a real big formal person.

Sarah smiles at her.

ANDREA (CONT'D): So, you guys are from King's Bay?

BRENT: Yeah. I was head of the police department and Sarah was an officer there, until we took this job.

ANDREA: Sounds like you're both perfectly qualified for this.

SARAH: Do you just wanna run down the specifics of the case for us?

ANDREA: I'd be glad to. (beat) When my mother died about a year ago, she left me all of this.

With a sweeping motion, she indicates the entire house.

ANDREA (CONT'D): There was also some very valuable jewelry. I'm not too concerned about it because it's jewelry, but because it belonged to my mother. These pieces were some of her favorites, and having them around reminds me of her.

BRENT: And those are the jewels that were stolen?

ANDREA: Yeah. About \$100,000 worth of them were stolen. Like I said, the value doesn't concern me as much as the fact that they were hers, and also the fact that someone was able to get in here and take them so easily.

SARAH: Do you have a security system?

ANDREA: I have an alarm system.

BRENT: Who else has access to the house?

ANDREA: Just me and my fiancé, and the cleaning staff -- two older ladies who come in twice a week for a few hours. We're the only ones who have keys.

BRENT: Do you think the cleaning ladies may have done it?

ANDREA: I don't think so. I mean, they've been with our family for decades, as part of the huge staff my mother kept around. When she passed away, I cut back a lot.

SARAH: Let's not rule anyone out yet.

BRENT: That's a good point. Anything may have happened. (beat) Is there anyone else?

ANDREA: Not that I know of. From the little investigating the police did, there was no forced entry, either.

SARAH: Which means it was an inside job.

ANDREA: That's what it suggests, but I find it so hard to believe that anyone I trust like that would have done this.

BRENT: You can't rule anyone out yet, like Sarah said. It's a crazy world -- there are endless possibilities when it comes to things like this.

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. (BEDROOM)
EVENING

CLAIRE is sullenly sprawled on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. She hears the door opening.

TIM (OS): Claire! Where are you?

The door is heard closing.

TIM (OS): Claire?

CLAIRE: I'm in here.

She raises her voice to say this, but it gains no enthusiasm.

A moment later, TIM walks into the bedroom. He remains in the doorway, unsure of how appropriate it would be to get closer.

TIM: We really need to talk.

CLAIRE: I know. Comem sit down.

As if a giant barrier in his path has just been removed, Tim eagerly makes his way over to the bed. He takes a seat by Claire's feet.

TIM: I hear Diane dropped by.

Claire looks at him in confusion.

TIM (CONT'D): I ran into her in the lobby.

Claire nods, understanding.

TIM (CONT'D): So you two actually managed to have a civil conversation, huh?

CLAIRE: It was brief, but at least we didn't tear each other's eyes out.

TIM: That's always a good thing.

Claire cracks a small smile.

TIM (CONT'D): See? That is the kinda thing I like to see.

CLAIRE: There hasn't been much to smile about lately, you have to admit.

TIM: I'll agree with you on that. (beat) That is precisely why I got this.

He extends a piece of paper towards her. She sits up, takes it, and looks at it, perplexed at first.

CLAIRE: What is this? A reservation?

TIM: Not just any reservation -- a reservation for this weekend at Pine Forest Lodge.

CLAIRE: Is that the one up in the mountains?

TIM: That's the one.

CLAIRE: Oh, Tim, thank you!

She throws her arms around him in happiness.

ACT FOUR

INT: FITCH MANSION (KITCHEN)
EVENING

ANDY enters. KATHERINE has been waiting for him; she stands next to the counter, tapping her fingers on the tile.

ANDY: What'd you want to see me about?

KATHERINE: I just have one thing to say to you: This stops now.

ANDY: What are you talking about?

KATHERINE: You and Danielle. There won't be anymore of that going on.

ANDY: We've been over this before, Mother. I will see who I want to see, whether she's on our payroll or a mental-institution escapee.

KATHERINE: It's not that simple, Andrew.

ANDY: But it is. I want to be with Danielle, end of story.

KATHERINE: End of story is right!

They exchange incensed stares.

INT: CAR
EVENING

BRIAN is driving. DIANE rides in the passenger seat. In the back seat is the baby seat containing SAMANTHA.

BRIAN: So Tim wasn't home?

DIANE: No, but strangely enough, Claire offered to help me out with this.

BRIAN: What'd she say?

DIANE: Pretty much, it comes with the territory. Sometimes you have to do crazy things like drive all night to get a baby to fall asleep.

BRIAN: Then this could be a long night.

DIANE: It definitely could. But at least I got something accomplished tonight.

BRIAN: What do you mean?

DIANE: I was able to have a rational discussion with Claire.

BRIAN: What good does that do?

DIANE: It just serves to reinforce in their minds that I've changed. If Claire sees there is a possibility of us getting along, maybe she'll let up on the custody issue.

BRIAN: I see your point.

DIANE: And, to top it off, I ran into Tim in the lobby. He said he's planning a little romantic weekend for himself and Claire.

She raises her eyebrows excitedly.

BRIAN: I don't quite follow. Why are you so thrilled about them going away together?

DIANE: Because, my friend, I know exactly where they're going. This is definitely something I can use to my advantage.

Brian shakes his head in wonder.

BRIAN: It's amazing how you managed to turn this whole situation around, isn't it? A few weeks ago I would've expected Tim and Claire would have a restraining order against you. But somehow, you've managed to get closer to them.

DIANE: I am good, aren't I?

She beams at her accomplishments.

DIANE (CONT'D): If anything, all of this progress has shown me one thing.

BRIAN: And what's that?

DIANE: There's no reason I can't keep custody of my baby and have Tim all to myself.

Out on her mischievous delight.

ACT FIVE

INT: YANG MANSION (LIVING ROOM) -- NEW YORK
NIGHT

ANDREA is picking up the empty coffee mugs as BRENT and SARAH remain seated on the couch. Sarah rises.

SARAH: Lemme give you a hand with that ...

ANDREA: I've got it. I'm pretty good at balancing these things.

She manages to pick up all three cups and saucers, carefully stacking them and positioning them between her two arms. She heads for the kitchen.

ANDREA (CONT'D): I'll be right back.

Sarah sits back down. She turns to Brent.

SARAH: This sounds like kind of an interesting case, doesn't it?

BRENT: Yeah, it does. I wanna ask her about this fiancé of hers, though. Since he's the only other person with a key to the house, that puts him at the top of the list of suspects, doesn't it?

SARAH: I know. Andrea seems fairly convinced that neither of the cleaning ladies had anything to do with it, and she really doesn't strike me as someone who would pull a scheme like this just to collect the insurance money.

BRENT: Again, we can't rule anything out yet. I wanna do some digging without any interference tomorrow. But this is good to at least get a feel for what we're dealing with.

The doorbell rings.

ANDREA (OS): I'm coming!

SARAH: (shouting) Do you want me to get it?

ANDREA (OS): Yeah, go ahead!

Sarah and Brent make their way to the front door. Sarah opens it and a MAN enters. He carries a definite air of arrogance as he swaggers in.

MAN: Well, hello.

SARAH: Oh, uh, Andrea's in the kitchen. Can I help you?

MAN: I'll wait. I'm Steve Parker -- her fiancé.

SARAH: Nice to meet you. I'm Sarah Taylor, and this is my husband, Brent.

BRENT: Andrea hired us to look into the robbery.

STEVE: Oh, good. Damn cops around here wouldn't do a thing about it.

Sarah and Brent exchange quick glances, amused by his pompous manner.

BRENT: Well, I promise we'll get this thing wrapped up in no time.

STEVE: Glad to hear it.

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. (BEDROOM)
EVENING

TIM is getting undressed while CLAIRE lay in bed, the covers pulled up over her. The anguish has disappeared from her face.

CLAIRE: I can't tell you how glad I am that you planned this weekend away for us, Tim.

TIM: Anything for the woman I love -- especially when it lets me spend a weekend of uninterrupted R&R with her.

He unbuttons his shirt and slips it off.

CLAIRE: I have a feeling this is gonna be just what we need to get back on track.

TIM: I called my mom, and she said they'd be glad to take Trav for the weekend. It'll be good for him to spend some time with his grandparents.

He hangs up the shirt and undoes his belt. Soon his pants come off as well.

CLAIRE: I'm excited. I feel like it'll really give us a chance to reconnect.

TIM: Oh, you won't have to wait for the weekend for that ...

Now in only his boxers, Tim dives on top of his laughing wife.

INT: FITCH MANSION (DANIELLE'S ROOM)
EVENING

DANIELLE sits cross-legged on her bed, looking confused.

DANIELLE: (sotto voce) I don't understand what's going on with Andy. I can see why he'd get nervous at hearing his mother's voice while we were ... together, but he got into such a panic. I don't get it. (beat) I have a feeling there's more going on here than I know about.

INT: FITCH MANSION (KITCHEN)
EVENING

ANDY and KATHERINE are squaring off.

ANDY: You can't run my life like this, Mother!

KATHERINE: Like hell I can't!

Andy gestures for her to keep the volume low.

ANDY: Keep your voice down. If you're so worried about embarrassment, you shouldn't want any of the staff to hear this.

Katherine glares at him angrily.

KATHERINE: Don't get snotty with me, Andrew. I'm telling you for the last time: There will be no relationship between you and Danielle. She's a lovely girl, and it would be wonderful if you two were friends, but you can't get involved with her!

ANDY: You know what? I have had it with you trying to control me like this. It's only gotten worse since Father died. And I've had enough!

She opens her mouth to respond, but Andy has already turned and is on his way out of the room. Katherine stifles herself.

She looks toward the doorway after her son is gone, her face filled with rage. She pounds her fist furiously upon the counter.

KATHERINE: (sotto voce) Damn it, Andrew! You can't do this!

She shakes her head, disgusted.

KATHERINE (CONT'D): (sotto voce) But I suppose if you won't take my advice and end this little fling on your own, I'll just have to do it for you.

Hold on Katherine's enraged features.

END OF EPISODE #58

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