

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #60
TIME FRAME: SHORTLY
AFTER [#59](#)

TEASER

EXT: DOWNTOWN STREET
AFTERNOON

MOLLY and BRIAN are walking down the street, bundled up in anticipation of the chilly air, which has not yet turned to that of spring.

BRIAN: So, did you enjoy lunch?

MOLLY: Oh, it was so good! I love that place!

BRIAN: I thought you would.

MOLLY: Seriously, I haven't been there in so long. No one else I know loves Chinese food like I do.

BRIAN: Are you serious?

MOLLY: Totally. Neither of my brothers like it, my sister despises it--

She pauses.

BRIAN: What?

MOLLY: No, I was just thinking. I-- I realized that I do know someone else who likes Chinese food.

BRIAN: Who?

MOLLY: Brent.

He shrugs, not finding anything odd about this statement. The look on Molly's face, however, conveys her frustration at being plagued by thoughts of Brent, and even worse, unsettled by her reactions to these thoughts.

NEW YORK
INT: HOTEL SUITE
EVENING

SARAH pulls a sweater out of a drawer and slips it on over her t-shirt. BRENT sits on the bed, tying his shoes.

SARAH: I cannot even begin to tell you how much I hate living in a hotel. I can barely stand to stay in one for a day or two.

BRENT: Yeah, but hopefully this case will be short-term enough that we won't need to go through the hassle of finding a permanent place.

SARAH: I hope you're right. (beat) I really like Andrea. She's nothing like I expected her to be.

BRENT: I know. She's got this great energy about her -- not at all stuffy like the few other incredibly rich people I've known.

SARAH: That fiancé of hers is a real pain, though -- arrogant as hell.

BRENT: Yeah, but he's harmless enough. What confuses me is that this whole deal sounds like an inside job, but who could have done it? None of the four people with any type of access to the jewels seem to have been the culprit -- so who was it?

He and Sarah are equally anxious to find out the answer to this question.

INT: PINE FOREST LODGE (ENTRANCE HALL)
AFTERNOON

The MAN who handed Claire the message before is still on duty. TIM approaches the desk.

TIM: Excuse me, have you had any messages for me? Name's Tim Fisher.

The man looks through a small stack of messages for a moment before looking up, his memory sparked.

MAN: Mr. Fisher? What're you doing here?

TIM: (confused) I made a reservation, and I plan to use it.

MAN: All right ...

TIM: Have you had any messages from my wife, Claire? She was supposed to be here a while ago.

MAN: Mrs. Fisher was here. She already left.

TIM: What?

MAN: Yeah, she took off--

TIM: I've gotta go find her.

He rushes off, heading back to his room to gather his things before he takes off in pursuit of Claire. The man at the desk looks on, baffled by what has occurred between the Fishers.

ACT ONE

NEW YORK

INT: YANG MANSION (LIVING ROOM)

EVENING

SARAH and BRENT have just followed ANDREA into the room.

SARAH: Thanks for inviting us over for dinner, Andrea.

ANDREA: It's no trouble, really.

SARAH: Did you do the cooking yourself?

ANDREA: Not entirely. Steve is in the kitchen helping out as we speak.

SARAH: Wow -- he cooks!

ANDREA: That he does. It's just one of the things about him that totally charmed me.

BRENT: Well, it was nice of you guys to invite us over.

ANDREA: It should be fun. Besides, it'll give us a chance to go over the specifics of the case.

BRENT: Yeah, we need to take statements from you and Steve.

SARAH: And the cleaning ladies.

BRENT: Yeah, them too. Hopefully we'll be able to sort all of this out pretty quickly.

ANDREA: I hope so. I hate having to keep an eye on everyone, never being able to totally trust anyone who comes in this house.

INT: CAR
AFTERNOON

CLAIRE is driving a scenic route. She has no definite destination in mind, but felt it necessary to be alone and have some time to think.

CLAIRE: (sotto voce) What did Tim mean by that note? He was the one who set up this weekend ... I thought he wanted to make everything right between us again.

She takes a deep breath, panicking but unwilling to face whatever truth may await her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D): (sotto voce) ... Maybe I was wrong.

EXT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING -- PARKING LOT
AFTERNOON

DIANE is circling the parking lot in her car. SAMANTHA is asleep in the back seat.

INT: CAR
AFTERNOON

DIANE glances back at SAMANTHA and then forward again, obviously awaiting something.

DIANE: (sotto voce) Where is Tim? He must be coming home ... surely they didn't figure everything out already. (beat) No, that wouldn't do at all.

EXT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING -- PARKING LOT
AFTERNOON

Another car pulls into the lot, driven by TIM. He parks the car and gets out, heading for the front door.

DIANE pulls up beside the curb.

DIANE: Hey, Tim! What are you doing back so soon?

TIM: What are you doing here?

DIANE: Apparently this is the only place I can drive Samantha around to make her fall asleep. She probably knows that her daddy lives here.

TIM: You never know ...

He opens the front door.

DIANE: Are you okay?

TIM: No, not really.

DIANE: Do you wanna talk about it?

Tim considers this proposition.

ACT TWO

EXT: DOWNTOWN STREET
EVENING

It has begun to grow dark, but BRIAN and MOLLY are still walking down the street.

BRIAN: Have you looked into any jobs lately?

MOLLY: To tell the honest-to-goodness truth, not really. I've heard about a few things, but I haven't really taken many steps towards getting my career going again. That Charlene Powers job was so good ... and I blew it.

BRIAN: That wasn't your fault, Molly. They even acknowledged that when they fired you, you said. It was just that with everything going on during that time, you couldn't commit to the agency one hundred percent.

MOLLY: I just consider myself really lucky.

BRIAN: Why, because Craig didn't end up killing you?

MOLLY: Not only that, but also because Sarah convinced me to accept the money from Craig's will. I've been supporting myself on that the whole time. The problem is, Craig had about as much money as he did marbles left in his head.

BRIAN: How have you been able to live on it, then?

MOLLY: I guess I'm exaggerating, but it's not exactly enough to let me live comfortably for life. With no money coming in, it's getting used up very quickly.

BRIAN: ... So you need a new job to keep yourself going?

MOLLY: Exactly. I'm just scared ...

BRIAN: Scared of what?

MOLLY: You said it yourself: I wasn't able to commit to my last job, and that's why I lost it. What if I'm never able to commit to something again -- to anything?

Her face shows genuine concern. She is definitely talking about commitments beyond just those of a career.

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

The room is unlit and empty. The door swings open, allowing light from the hallway to enter. TIM and DIANE, who is carrying SAMANTHA in a carrier, come in; he flips on a light switch, illuminating the room. Diane shuts the door and places her sleeping daughter in an armchair.

DIANE: Something bad happened up at the lodge, I presume?

TIM: You presume right.

He plops down onto the couch, exhausted.

DIANE: What happened?

TIM: I got there and went up to the room. Claire didn't show up, so I went down to the front desk to see if she'd left a message or something. The guy down there told me that she had already arrived -- and left.

DIANE: Ouch. (beat) Why would she do something like that?

TIM: I don't know. I honestly have no idea. I thought we were both looking forward to putting everything back together this weekend. I just don't understand why she'd just leave.

DIANE: Maybe she had to hurry out or something.

TIM: For what? The hospital wouldn't have paged her -- she took vacation time for this weekend. I called my mom, and Travis is perfectly fine; she hasn't heard from Claire either. (beat) I just don't know what's going on. I mean, look at all the crap we've been through lately. No matter what happens, it always seems to throw a wrench into my marriage.

DIANE: I've noticed that too. There has been a hell of a lotta stress around here -- that's not to say I wasn't to blame for a good deal of it, but it seems like pretty much anything can start a fight between you two these days.

TIM: I know. I'm wondering what happened to the bond we used to have ... it wasn't all that long ago. In the jungle, we had it. When we decided to go after custody, we had it. But lately ... it feels like the only time we don't have some kind of outside interference, we have our biggest problems.

Diane nods, feigning sympathy. Tim notices nothing suspicious about her behavior, which seems to be that of a considerate friend.

TIM (CONT'D): This is all so confusing.

Diane pauses before speaking, opening her mouth and then closing it again before actually saying the words.

DIANE: Do you think this means something, Tim?

TIM: Like what?

DIANE: Maybe the point of all this is that-- well, maybe you and Claire really weren't meant to be together after all.

The wind is knocked out of Tim by this possibility.

ACT THREE

NEW YORK

INT: YANG MANSION (DINING ROOM)

NIGHT

The four people are finishing their post-dinner coffee in the lavish dining room, which is quite possibly the most beautiful room in the house. A long, antique table is surrounded by beautiful antique pieces of furniture. The table has not been cleared yet. At one end of the table, BRENT and SARAH are seated across from ANDREA and STEVE.

Sarah takes a final sip of coffee and then places her cup back on the saucer.

SARAH: If you don't mind, Steve, we need to ask Andrea a few questions.

STEVE: No problem. I'll go watch some TV.

BRENT: This shouldn't take too long.

Steve exits.

ANDREA: Okay, go ahead.

BRENT: Pretty much, we need you to describe for us what happened on the night of the theft. Be pretty specific.

ANDREA: Okay ... here goes. Steve and I were planning to go out to a charity dinner. He hates them, and I think they're kind of boring, but it's a good thing to do with your money. Anyway, we left the house at around 6:30. An alarm was set off, so the police came over, and Steve and I came back from the dinner. They said there were no signs of forced entry, but someone must have triggered one of the alarms in here -- they're pretty extensive.

SARAH: So you were gone while the robbery happened?

ANDREA: Yeah.

BRENT: I'll have to get in touch with the police and see if they can give me some information on any evidence found at the crime scene.

ANDREA: Is there anything else you need to know?

SARAH: Not right now. We'll probably have tons of follow-up questions for you later on, but that's it for now.

ANDREA: Okay.

She stands.

ANDREA (CONT'D): Should I go get Steve?

BRENT: Yeah, thanks.

Andrea exits. Sarah looks after her, making sure the woman is out of earshot before speaking.

SARAH: (quietly) That kinda counts Steve out, doesn't it? If he was off with Andrea at the dinner, he couldn't have broken in and stolen those jewels.

BRENT: (quietly) I know. (beat) I have a feeling this won't be as simple a case as we thought.

INT: CAR
EVENING

CLAIRE has parked the car in a relatively empty parking lot. She sits with her head thrown back, her eyes closed in anguish.

CLAIRE: (sotto voce) I need to talk to Tim about this. Maybe there was some kind of misunderstanding. Maybe he really did just get caught up at work.

She pulls the message out of her purse yet again, reading it for the umpteenth time that hour.

CLAIRE (CONT'D): (sotto voce) Or maybe he just doesn't care anymore.

Fresh tears well up in her eyes, but she refuses to let them fall as she silently looks over the message once more.

ACT FOUR

EXT: PARK
EVENING

MOLLY and BRIAN are strolling through the dark park slowly.

BRIAN: I can see why you'd be worried about getting your life back to normal, but look at all the progress you've made already.

MOLLY: I know. It's just that ... I rarely find myself happy these days.

Brian's face reveals his disappointment as she says this.

MOLLY (CONT'D): I didn't mean it that way, Brian. I love being with you. I just mean that I'm never really, truly happy. (beat) It's easy to find things to keep my mind off my misery, to distract me from everything, but it's almost impossible to find a time when I'm completely at ease and totally happy.

Brian is agape.

BRIAN: So is that all this is to you -- a distraction? Is that all I mean to you?

Molly struggles for a response.

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

TIM is unwilling to accept the possibility just mentioned by DIANE, that his marriage may not have been meant to be after all.

TIM: That's not true, Diane.

DIANE: How can you be so sure?

TIM: Because--Look at all Claire and I have been through. We've pulled through things before, and we can do it again.

DIANE: Maybe you can, maybe you can't. But can you be truly happy always trying to muddle through misunderstandings and complications?

TIM: That's the problem! I just wish all that crap would get out of our way and we could live nice, normal lives.

DIANE: That's not life, Tim. (beat) Life is one big obstacle after another. All I'm saying--

TIM: Diane--

DIANE: Just let me finish. All I'm saying is that maybe, just maybe, you and Claire won't be able to pull through all those obstacles. There may come a point when you both realize that you've come as far as

you've come. (beat) Maybe you've already reached that point.

Tim stares at her incredulously.

TIM: How can that be, Diane? I'm sure I love her ...

DIANE: Sometimes love isn't enough anymore, Tim.

TIM: What are you trying to say?

DIANE: My point is this: Don't close the door on other opportunities simply because you feel tied down to something that isn't really working.

She leans in closer to him and gently kisses him.

ACT FIVE

NEW YORK

INT: YANG MANSION (DINING ROOM)

NIGHT

STEVE is now seated before SARAH and BRENT.

STEVE: What do you need to know?

BRENT: Pretty much, start from the beginning and go to the end. Tell us everything you know about this crime and the night it happened.

STEVE: Well, Andrea and I went to this stupid charity dinner.

He lowers his voice.

STEVE (CONT'D): Don't tell her I said that, okay?

Sarah gives Brent a semi-comical look.

SARAH: Of course not, Steve. So continue.

STEVE: Anyway, around nine o'clock we got a call from the police that the alarm had been set off. We came back here and Andrea noticed after a while that her jewels were missing. She had left 'em on the bed.

BRENT: Where does she normally keep them?

STEVE: In a safe somewhere upstairs. I don't even know where it is. (beat) So they were gone. The police said it didn't look like anyone had broken in, but who knows, right?

Brent nods.

SARAH: Did you notice anything strange before you guys left, or even after you got back? Anyone weird hanging around?

STEVE: No, I'm pretty sure that the premises were empty -- except for that loser Matt.

BRENT: Who's Matt?

They await Steve's answer.

EXT: PARK
EVENING

BRIAN is annoyed with MOLLY'S view of their relationship.

BRIAN: That's all I am to you, huh? A distraction?

MOLLY: I didn't say that, Brian.

BRIAN: What did you say, then?

MOLLY: All I meant was-- It's difficult to take my mind off Craig, even though he's gone, and with me not having a job and all ...

She trails off, unable to make a decisive argument.

BRIAN: I understand that you've been hurt, Molly. That's why I wanted to take this slow. I really like you -- a lot. But if you don't care who I am, as long as I'm here to amuse you, I'd rather not be here at all.

He begins to walk off.

MOLLY: Brian--

BRIAN: If you ever get over whatever's really bothering you, give me a call.

He departs, leaving Molly with her arms folded and distress written all over her face. She is upset at having hurt him, but also worried that he picked up on the fact that something other than Craig and her career has been bothering her.

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

TIM pulls away from DIANE.

TIM: I can't do this, Diane.

DIANE: I'm sorry. That was too sudden, wasn't it?

TIM: Yeah. (beat) Look, I know Claire and I are having problems, but I'm determined to work them out. I love her, and that love means more to me than anything else besides my children.

Both their eyes look over at a sleeping SAMANTHA.

TIM (CONT'D): We may share a child, Diane, but that's all we'll ever share. I'm sorry.

He stands up just as the door bursts open. CLAIRE enters, her previous pessimism gone.

CLAIRE: I'm glad to hear you say that, Tim.

Both he and Diane turn to her, surprised that she heard this. Claire shrugs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D): These doors aren't exactly soundproof, you know.

She digs through her purse.

TIM: We need to talk about whatever it was that happened at the lodge, Claire. There must have been some kind of misunderstanding.

CLAIRE: Oh, there definitely was.

TIM: Would you mind telling me what it was all about? Why'd you rush out of there so quickly?

CLAIRE: You're right to say there was a misunderstanding. You're wrong to say "it," though.

TIM: What are you talking about?

CLAIRE: This particular misunderstanding was more of a "she" -- namely Diane.

Diane jumps up.

DIANE: (angrily) What?!?

Claire pulls the message from the lodge out of her purse.

CLAIRE: I got your little message, Diane. It almost worked -- almost.

Diane stares at her, wide-eyed with worry. Claire waves the piece of paper in front of her face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D): That's right, Diane. You're busted!

Out on her satisfaction, as Tim stands by in confusion.

END OF EPISODE #60

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