

**"FOOTPRINTS"**  
EPISODE #65  
TIME FRAME: SEVERAL  
HOURS AFTER [#64](#)

**TEASER**

EXT: COURTHOUSE  
EVENING

Establishing shot.

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INT: COURTHOUSE -- LARGE COURTROOM  
EVENING

Defense lawyer RON FARRELL returns to his seat beside SHANNON, having just completed his closing statement.

SHANNON: So that's it, huh?

RON: All we can do now is hope.

Shannon looks over her left shoulder and sees JASON and COURTNEY sitting beside each other, holding hands.

JUDGE: We will have a recess while the jury decides on the defendant's sentence.

Ron turns to his client.

RON: I don't think they'll go for the death penalty. It's been mentioned, but that's all.

SHANNON: God, I hope not.

She glances back at Jason and Courtney.

SHANNON (THINKING): It would be a shame if I had to die before I can really make Courtney pay for what she's done to me.

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INT: COURTHOUSE -- SMALLER COURTROOM  
EVENING

JUDGE WILKES looks on as LUCINDA BARRETT concludes her opening statement.

LUCINDA: We'd like to call Claire Fisher back to the stand.

CLAIRE rises from her seat beside TIM at their table, with lawyer GREG THOMPSON, and makes her way to the witness stand. She is again sworn in and takes her place.

LUCINDA (CONT'D): Mrs. Fisher, it was said earlier that you and your husband became aware of Ms. Bishop's actions after finding a letter that suggested such things, correct?

CLAIRE: Yes.

LUCINDA: And who was it that wrote that letter to my client?

Claire pauses nervously.

CLAIRE: My father, James Robbins.

LUCINDA: Ah, your father. (pause) The same father who kidnapped your infant son from the hospital and ran off to a jungle hideaway with him?

Claire freezes for a moment, frightened by the direction of the questions.

CLAIRE: (quietly) Yes.

LUCINDA: Would you please describe for us exactly what happened down in the jungle?

Claire realizes she is trapped, and that no matter how she describes the situation, it will severely hurt their case.

**ACT ONE**

INT: LARGE COURTROOM  
EVENING

The judge and jury gone, SHANNON remains in her seat, watched by the BAILIFF intensely, as the rest of the courtroom springs to life.

Behind her, ANDY and DANIELLE are talking.

DANIELLE: This is crazy.

ANDY: I can't sit by my mother anymore. She's driving me crazy. I have to get out of here.

DANIELLE: Go ahead. I wanna hang around and see what happens, but why don't you go home?

ANDY: That's even worse.

DANIELLE: You've got a point. (pause) Hey, I'll tell you what. Why don't you go out and do whatever you need to do, and when this thing is over I'll meet you at the coffee shop -- Cassie's. Okay?

ANDY: Ah -- a chance to meet without my mother around.

DANIELLE: Exactly. If this thing runs really long, I'll call you. We'll figure something out.

ANDY: Sounds good to me.

He moves awkwardly, as if he were going to kiss her, but over her shoulder he sees KATHERINE talking to PAULA.

ANDY (CONT'D): I'll see you later.

He turns and exits.

Having overheard the entire conversation, Shannon turns around.

SHANNON: Hey, Danielle ...

DANIELLE: What do you want, Shannon?

SHANNON: I see you and Andy are getting pretty cozy, huh?

DANIELLE: It's not of your business.

SHANNON: A little testy, are we?

DANIELLE: Shut up. (pause) Now if you'll excuse me, there are people I'd much rather talk to.

SHANNON: (sarcastically) Oooh ...

She twirls her finger in mock excitement.

SHANNON (CONT'D): Have a nice life.

Danielle walks off. Shannon again faces forward.

SHANNON (CONT'D): (muttering) Bitch.

On the other side of the courtroom, MOLLY and BRIAN are sitting together.

MOLLY: This is insane, isn't it?

BRIAN: I can't believe we're waiting to hear the sentence for a federal murder case-- a double murder, nonetheless!

MOLLY: Yeah, well, Shannon's hurt a lot of people. It's about time she gets what she deserves.

BRIAN: I couldn't agree more.

MOLLY: It's weird that Tim and Claire's custody hearing fell on the same day as this, though. (pause) I wonder how they're doing up there.

BRIAN: Yeah, so do I. Diane was really freaked out this morning.

MOLLY: I know you guys are friends, but I hope you know how awful some of the things she's done are.

BRIAN: (distractedly) Yeah, I know.

MOLLY: I swear, if anyone -- especially someone I considered a friend -- ever pulled something like that on anyone I loved, I would personally strangle them.

Brian swallows nervously, his eyes darting about the courtroom as he listens to Molly's words with the knowledge that he had a part in Diane's plots.

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INT: SMALLER COURTROOM  
EVENING

LUCINDA is questioning CLAIRE. A fearful TIM and GREG look on; DIANE suddenly appears hopeful. JUDGE WILKES is intrigued by this new information.

Claire hesitates, unsure what to say. She gives a quick look to Tim, who in turn gives her a "can't help you there" look.

LUCINDA: What happened down in the jungle, Mrs. Fisher?

There is no answer.

JUDGE WILKES: Please answer the question.

Claire clears her throat.

CLAIRE: Tim and I went down to the jungle to find my father and our son. We found where they were staying, but he-- we were found and locked up.

LUCINDA: Who locked you up?

CLAIRE: My father.

LUCINDA: And where were you kept?

CLAIRE: The basement.

LUCINDA: Are you sure? I thought it was--

Claire nervously cuts her off.

CLAIRE: Hold on a second. (pause) We tried to escape, so he moved us to another spot in the building.

LUCINDA: Would you please describe this other spot for us, Mrs. Fisher?

CLAIRE: Actually, it was-- it was a cage.

The judge gasps.

LUCINDA: Just a regular cage, sitting on the ground?

CLAIRE: No, a huge cage hanging in mid-air.

LUCINDA: Just hanging there? With nothing underneath it?

CLAIRE: There was something underneath it ...

LUCINDA: And what was that?

CLAIRE: A vat of acid.

Diane nearly jumps out of her seat, overjoyed by this new turn of events. For the first time, she appears to have some leverage in this case.

LUCINDA: Mrs. Fisher, what happened to your father after this little "adventure" in the jungle? Was he sent to jail?

CLAIRE: No, actually, he never came back here.

LUCINDA: Why not?

Claire opens her mouth to speak, but pauses as she suddenly realizes how bad this is going to get. She forces the words out, though.

CLAIRE: He's dead.

LUCINDA: How did he die, Mrs. Fisher?

CLAIRE: I-- He was going to drop our cage into the acid. We managed to get out after some American police arrived, but my father tried to throw Tim into the acid. I tried to save Tim, but my father got knocked in.

LUCINDA: So your father's death was a result of your actions?

GREG: (suddenly standing) Your Honor, Mrs. Fisher is not on trial here!

LUCINDA: But I'm trying to establish a pattern of dysfunctional behavior in this family, your Honor!

JUDGE WILKES: Continue, but watch where you take the questions.

Lucinda nods.

LUCINDA: Let me repeat the last question, Mrs. Fisher. Am I correct in saying that your father's death was a result of your actions?

CLAIRE: Someone was going to die down there -- it was either going to be the husband I love or the father I not only hated, but who tried to harm me and the people closest to me repeatedly. As far as I'm concerned, my father's death was a result of his actions.

LUCINDA: But you did physically push him into the acid?

CLAIRE: Yes--

LUCINDA: (cutting her off) No further questions.

She returns to her seat.

JUDGE WILKES: Mr. Thompson?

GREG: I have a few questions, your Honor.

JUDGE WILKES: Go ahead.

GREG: Mrs. Fisher, your son was kidnapped from the hospital shortly after his birth, correct?

CLAIRE: Yes.

GREG: And what reason did your father give for kidnapping him?

CLAIRE: He said it was an act of revenge because we turned him in for having Tim shot.

GREG: How did your father find out about you turning him in the authorities so soon after it happened?

CLAIRE: Diane Bishop overheard our conversation and called my father to tell him about it.

GREG: Why would Diane do that?

LUCINDA: Objection! The witness cannot answer accurately for my client.

JUDGE WILKES: Sustained.

GREG: Let me rephrase the question: What reason did Diane Bishop give when you confronted her about this?

CLAIRE: She said she was hoping that he would start a fight between Tim and me and I would take my

father's side. It was another little plot to break up my marriage.

GREG: No further questions.

JUDGE WILKES: You may step down, Mrs. Fisher.

Claire leaves the stand and returns to her seat beside Tim.

CLAIRE: (whispering) I didn't know what to say. I couldn't lie ...

TIM: (whispering) Don't worry about it. You said what you had to say; besides, Greg made it sound better during the cross-examination.

Claire nods to acknowledge this.

LUCINDA: We'd like to call Tim Fisher to the stand.

Tim rises. Diane smiles, knowing she now has a chance at winning custody. Claire bites her lip anxiously, worrying that his testimony will only reinforce the point that Lucinda is trying to establish.

## **ACT TWO**

INT: LARGE COURTROOM  
EVENING

The recess continues. PAULA and HELEN are standing towards the back of the courtroom. Helen puts her cell phone away, disappointment written all over her face.

PAULA: How's he doing?

HELEN: No change. (pause) Why is this happening? I mean honestly, why are such awful things happening to my family?

PAULA: Believe me, I wonder the same thing sometimes.

HELEN: I'm getting worried, Paula. He's been in this coma for too long ... Isn't it about time he woke up?

PAULA: I know how you feel. I remember when Tim was in a coma, the whole thing was terrifying. It's impossible to know what's going to happen next. (pause) But on the bright side, Tim did wake up -- and I'm sure Don will too.

HELEN: And Tim had amnesia, didn't he? What if something like that happens to Don? (pause) You've known him for almost twenty years, and you'll probably agree when I say that he's always been a little ... odd.

PAULA: He's not odd, Helen.

HELEN: He's got his quirks, Paula -- but that's what I love about him. I don't know how he'd handle something like that.

PAULA: I see your point. (pause) Just have faith, dear. God will get you guys through this.

HELEN: I hope you're right.

Elsewhere in the courtroom, ANDY approaches KATHERINE.

ANDY: I'm going to leave, Mother. I have some things to take care of.

KATHERINE: All right, honey.

She hugs him.

KATHERINE (CONT'D): As long as they don't involve Danielle.

ANDY: No, she's staying here, Mother. (pause) You can't object to me being friends with her ...

KATHERINE: No, I can't. Just don't allow to go any further than that.

ANDY: Don't worry, Mother, it won't. (pause) All right, I'll see you later.

KATHERINE: Bye, Andrew.

Andy leaves. Katherine seems satisfied by his assertion that their maid is not part of his plans.

Not far away, seated behind the defense table, SHANNON grins evilly, her mind at work. She has overheard every word of this conversation as well.

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INT: SMALLER COURTROOM  
EVENING

TIM steps down from the stand. LUCINDA turns to JUDGE WILKES.

LUCINDA: We rest, your Honor.

JUDGE WILKES: Mr. Thompson, would you please give your closing address?

GREG: Of course.

Back behind their table, Tim and CLAIRE begin a quiet exchange.

CLAIRE: (whispering) That wasn't too bad.

TIM: (whispering) Yeah, but it didn't help that I had to explain all Molly's problems and Jason's involvement with someone who's being sentenced for a double murder as we speak.

CLAIRE: (whispering) Well, there's nothing we can do about it now.

Greg clears his throat, signalling the beginning of his closing statement.

GREG: Your Honor, when it comes down to it, this case is basically about which party is better suited to raise Samantha Bishop. Look at the evidence we have seen, your Honor. Is it right to allow someone who obviously schemes to get whatever she wants, including the very child in question, to raise this child?

FADE TO:

LATER

Greg is wrapping up his closing statement.

GREG: All we ask, your Honor, is that you do what is right for this child. And what is right for this child is to be raised by a loving set of parents who want nothing more than the best for Samantha as well as their own son.

JUDGE WILKES: Ms. Barrett?

LUCINDA rises.

LUCINDA: Let's examine what we've heard during this proceeding, your Honor. We have heard testimony that my client, Diane Bishop, has done some mischievous things to get the things she wants most. None of these things, however, could be construed as a lack of love for her daughter. It is true that

she went out on a ledge, threatening to jump, but she was desperate not to lose her child. The testimony that she may have been drinking is extremely questionable, especially since a woman who obviously dislikes Ms. Bishop and has reason to think the worst of her has said there was the possibility of it. Everything Ms. Bishop does is out of love, even though this may sometimes be ill-executed. On the other hand, there has been considerable testimony regarding the unstable and, in fact, dangerous nature of the Fisher family. Should this child really be raised by a family that has experienced kidnappings, stalkings, and interaction with two hazardous criminals in just the past year and a half? I think not. This child deserves to be raised by a mother whose passion for life and love for her daughter outweigh everything else. (pause) Thank you, your Honor.

Lucinda takes her seat.

JUDGE WILKES: Thank you, Mr. Thompson and Ms. Barrett. I will call a recess now so I can deliberate.

BAILIFF: All rise.

The courtroom comes to its feet as Judge Wilkes exits.

CLAIRE: How's it looking, Greg?

GREG: I don't know at this point, Claire. Both sides made interesting arguments, although ours was way more legitimate than theirs. (pause) But it's in the judge's hands now, right? We did all we could.

CLAIRE: Let's just hope it was enough.

## **ACT THREE**

INT: LARGE COURTROOM  
EVENING

As the recess continues, those assembled bustle about the courtroom socializing.

COURTNEY approaches SHANNON, who is sitting with her back to the crowd and her head propped up in her hands. She taps her on the back and Shannon quickly whips around.

SHANNON: What d'you want?

COURTNEY: I just have a couple of words for you: Leave my family alone. Can you comprehend that?

SHANNON: What are you talking about?

COURTNEY: I know what you're up to. You pulled that little stunt up at the cabin and you were the one who had my father pushed off the ladder.

SHANNON: I read about that. I'm honestly sorry; you're the only one in that family I wanna see unconscious.

COURTNEY: Bull! I don't know how you're doing it, or who you're using, but cut it out, okay? If you wanna come after me, do it. But leave everyone else alone, okay?

SHANNON: (dismissively) Whatever. And they say I'm crazy.

Courtney turns and walks away. She goes over to JASON, who is talking with MOLLY and BRIAN.

JASON: Hey. What's going on?

COURTNEY: I just had a little chat with our friend over there, and I'm more convinced than ever that she's behind all these weird things going on.

JASON: Did she admit it?

COURTNEY: No, but I can just tell, you know? She wants to get back at me so badly -- I'm sure she'd do anything to get revenge.

Meanwhile, Shannon looks at them out of the corner of her eye, anger visible in her face.

SHANNON: (sotto voce) I wish I could just smack you right now, Courtney. You and everyone else who's screwed me over.

She looks around the room distractedly. Suddenly her eye stops on DANIELLE, who is talking with PAULA. Shannon raises an eyebrow and again scans the room, this time with a great deal more interest. Seeing KATHERINE, she waits until she can catch the woman's eye and then gestures for her to come over. Soon Katherine is standing before her.

KATHERINE: What can I do for you?

SHANNON: I've got some information you might like to know about, Mrs. Fitch.

KATHERINE: Oh, really?

SHANNON: Yeah.

KATHERINE: Well, what is it?

SHANNON: Do you think I'm just gonna tell you? Wouldn't that be a little easy?

KATHERINE: I don't have time for games. What is it?

SHANNON: After this hearing is over, just go to Cassie's--

She catches the puzzlement in the older woman's face at the mention of the coffee shop.

SHANNON (CONT'D): -- it's a coffee shop on Brookshire Boulevard.

KATHERINE: Cassie's?

SHANNON: Yeah. You'll find something very interesting there.

KATHERINE: This better not be a set-up.

SHANNON: Believe me, I'm not setting you up.

KATHERINE: Fine, then. (pause) Thank you, I suppose.

She departs.

SHANNON: (sotto voce) Oh, Mrs. Fitch ... it's not you I'm setting up.

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INT: SMALLER COURTROOM  
EVENING

The other witnesses have left. Those remaining people -- TIM, CLAIRE, DIANE, and their LAWYERS -- are again spread around the courtroom. The BAILIFF enters, holding the door open.

BAILIFF: All rise!

Everyone scrambles to their seats and remains standing as JUDGE WILKES enters. Once she takes her seat, they all sit as well.

JUDGE WILKES: All right, I've reached my decision. (pause) It's always difficult to make a decision like this -- in an ideal world, all children would be raised by their natural parents under the same roof.

But I understand that circumstances do arise, and therefore decisions such as this are necessary.

She turns to Diane.

JUDGE WILKES (CONT'D): Ms. Bishop, I honestly believe you love your daughter. There's no question about that.

Diane's eyes open wide in excitement.

JUDGE WILKES (CONT'D): However --

Diane appears to suddenly deflate.

JUDGE WILKES (CONT'D): -- I heard testimony that has convinced me that no matter how good your intentions, you have no idea how to deal with things normally. That's simply not a proper environment for a child to live in. The Fishers, on the other hand, have had their share of problems, as they admitted. But it seems to me that they've made a perfectly good home for their son; I have no reason to believe it would be any different for their daughter.

Tim and Claire turn to each other, smiling ecstatically.

JUDGE WILKES (CONT'D): Therefore, I am awarding primary custody to Tim and Claire Fisher. Diane Bishop will have limited visitation rights, allowing her to spend four weeks a year with Samantha.

Tim and Claire hug as Diane looks on, her jaw dropped open.

DIANE: How--?

LUCINDA: (with a finger to her lips) Shh.

JUDGE WILKES: Thank you all. This court is adjourned.

BAILIFF: All rise!

Again, everyone stands. Judge Wilkes exits, followed by the bailiff.

DIANE: (irate) What the hell? How could this have happened?

LUCINDA: Diane, calm down. You can't make a scene.

DIANE: Like hell I can't!

LUCINDA: Listen to me, Diane. You can't do this. It'll make the judge reconsider whatever rights she gave you.

DIANE: (sarcastic) Oh yeah, I'm gonna listen to you -- lawyer of the year!

LUCINDA: Diane--

DIANE: Just shut up.

LUCINDA: Fine, I'm leaving. You'll receive a bill from my office in a few days.

Lucinda leaves. As she exits, Diane makes a face at her back, sticking out her tongue and making devil horns on her own head.

At the front of the room, Tim and Claire are hugging.

CLAIRE: I don't believe it! We actually got custody!

TIM: We deserve it, Claire. That judge was smart -- she saw that Diane shouldn't be raising a kid.

DIANE: (from the back of the room) You shut up, too!

GREG: You know what, guys? I'm gonna head on outta here. I'll talk to you later, okay?

CLAIRE: Okay, sure. Thanks for everything, Greg.

GREG: It's my pleasure.

TIM: Thanks! Bye!

Greg picks up his briefcase and leaves the courtroom. Diane waits until he is gone to continue her tirade.

DIANE: Wipe those stupid grins off your faces!

TIM: Will you please calm down?

DIANE: No, I will not calm down, okay? Don't you see what's happened here? I've lost my dignity, I've lost every shot at being with the man I want to be with, and I've lost my daughter! Why should I calm down?

CLAIRE: Because if you don't, I'm very tempted to shut you up myself.

TIM: Claire--

CLAIRE: No, I mean it, Tim. After everything she's done, you think she'd have some remorse. But nooo ... She acts like an even bigger lunatic than before.

DIANE: I don't understand how this could have happened! I've lost everything ... Lucinda and I worked so hard for this hearing. How could we have lost?

TIM: Because the judge noticed how unstable you are. She was right -- you're not fit to raise a child.

DIANE: That's all it's ever been, my whole life long! "You're not good enough to do this, Diane!" "You're not fit to do that!" I am sick and tired of this -- all I wanted was to be happy. Tim, all I wanted was for you and me and Samantha to be one big happy family. We worked so hard to get that -- and now it's all gone!

CLAIRE: Look, Diane, you have some visitation rights. Be thankful for those.

Tim has an inquisitive look in his eyes.

DIANE: What's wrong with you? Did one of your wife's press-on nails get you in the eye?

Claire sneers at Diane, unwilling to respond verbally.

TIM: No, Diane, it's just that something you said makes me very curious.

DIANE: What?

TIM: You said "we" worked so hard for everything. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought you were the only one after me. So who is it that helped you out with all of this -- who makes it "we"?

Diane begins breathing heavily, realizing she's been caught.

**END OF EPISODE #65**

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