

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #82
TIME FRAME: THE DAY
AFTER [#81](#)

TEASER

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
LATE MORNING

The couple's new apartment is still in a state of disarray. Furniture is, for the most part, where it should be, but boxes and wrapped-up knickknacks lie all around. SARAH is busily unpacking all of these, trying to get everything back in order.

From the bedroom, BRENT enters.

BRENT: Good morning.

SARAH: Somebody slept in a little, didn't they?

BRENT: Yeah, well ...

The tension that has been present between them in recent weeks is still there, but at a greatly reduced level. As they speak and move around the apartment, the couple seems to at least be comfortable around each other once again.

BRENT: Hey, did you hear about Molly?

SARAH: No ... What about her?

BRENT: I guess she heard Brian and Diane talking about how Brian helped Diane when she was trying to break up Tim and Claire.

SARAH: No!

BRENT: Yeah.

SARAH: Did she break up with him?

BRENT: Yeah, she forced the truth out of him and then left. As a matter of fact, he came over to see her yesterday--

SARAH: When?

BRENT: Oh -- I was over at the house talking to her about it.

Sarah's look once more changes to one of annoyance.

INT: VISION VISION PUBLISHING (DIANE'S OFFICE)
LATE MORNING

As DIANE is packing up the things in her office, TIM walks by outside. He comes in.

DIANE: Look, if you're here to yell at me some more, save it. I'm really not in the mood.

TIM: No, that's not why I'm here.

Diane looks up from the box she is trying to jam closed.

DIANE: Really? Then what are you doing here?

TIM: I came to say goodbye.

INT: SKATING RINK
LATE MORNING

SANDY, JASON, and then COURTNEY all step off the ice, practice finished for the morning.

SANDY: Will you two come over? I need to talk to you.

Motioning with her index finger, she leads them into a corner.

SANDY: This has got to stop. I know you two are involved or whatever, and I can tell you had some kind of falling out, but if it's going to affect your performance on the ice, then some serious changes are going to be necessary.

INT: HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE
LATE MORNING

CLAIRE steps out of her car. She closes the door, locks it, and puts the keys back in her purse as she begins walking towards the elevator.

Meanwhile, hidden behind a thick cement pole across the garage, a MAN watches her. As Claire steps in the elevator, a devilish grin falls across his face.

MAN: (sotto voce) Oh, Claire ... It's been long -- far too long. But that all ends today.

The man steps out from his hiding spot, glancing around the garage.

MAN: Because today is the day I make my move ... And won't you be in for the shock of a lifetime!

ACT ONE

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (DIANE'S OFFICE)
LATE MORNING

DIANE stares at TIM as if he's lost his mind.

DIANE: You came to do what?

TIM: Say goodbye. Look, I'm still unbelievably annoyed at you for hiding Brian's involvement in your schemes from us. Molly has been through so much, and she's not having an easy time dealing with it.

DIANE: I understand that. I was just trying to--

TIM: Look out for a friend, I know. And strange as it may seem, I commend you for that.

He pauses briefly, holding the top flaps of a cardboard box as she seals it with packing tape.

TIM: Brian really was a friend to you. He put himself on the line for you -- even if it was amazingly stupid. And you tried to be there for him when he needed you.

DIANE: So what are you saying?

TIM: What I'm saying is, it really surprised me when I found out that you'd lied to protect Brian. It wasn't the most noble thing to do, but it showed me one thing: When Diane Bishop really cares for someone, she will put herself on the line for them.

DIANE: ... although not always in the smartest of ways.

TIM: Maybe not, but it does prove to me in a bizarre, twisted way that Samantha will be safe with you.

Diane's face lights up. She almost appears to not believe what she has just heard.

DIANE: Do you mean that?

TIM: Yeah, I do. We're gonna stop fighting your move to LA.

She throws her arms around him giddily.

DIANE: Oh, Tim!

Just as suddenly, however, she retracts herself, knowing that this is anything but an appropriate response. She looks at him kindly and oddly subdued.

DIANE: Thank you.

INT: SKATING RINK
LATE MORNING

SANDY is giving JASON and COURTNEY a talking-to in a corner of the rink.

SANDY: Now, I understand that things like this do happen, but the two of you are adults now. This either needs to be dealt with rationally -- or we need to do something drastic.

COURTNEY: Well, if somebody--

She rolls her eyes toward Jason.

COURTNEY: --would just accept that I'm right about Shannon trying to kill me, then maybe we could get somewhere.

JASON: Oh yeah, I'm supposed to just give in? There's a reason I'm doing this, Courtney ...

COURTNEY: Why, to piss me off?

SANDY: Oh yeah, this is a real mature conversation! You know what? I'm gonna go take my skates off and get ready to head on out of here. Courtney, are we still on for this afternoon?

COURTNEY: Of course.

JASON: What are you doing?

Courtney begins to speak, but Sandy silences her simply with a look.

SANDY: We're going to start looking at costumes for next season -- if there is a next season, of course. What you guys need to do is talk when you've both calmed down a little more.

Raising a finger, she stifles any protests from her skaters.

SANDY: Then I'll see you later, okay?

Both skaters nod, and as Sandy heads off, Courtney begins to as well.

JASON: Courtney!

She stops, looking at him with irritation.

JASON: We need to talk.

INT: CAR
LATE MORNING

As he drives, DR. SMITH hangs up his cell phone and refocuses straight ahead on the road. He is looking overly anguished.

DR. SMITH: I suppose I have to do what I have to do.

He shakes his head, sighing.

DR. SMITH: It really is a shame, but it's the only way now. It's too bad ... I always thought Courtney Chase seemed like a nice girl. Unfortunately, she's also becoming more of a problem than is worth dealing with. I really hate to do this to her ... but I have to.

He pauses again as he quickly changes lanes.

DR. SMITH: But by the end of today, Ms. Chase will no longer be a problem of any sort.

ACT TWO

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
LATE MORNING

BRENT can read the annoyance on SARAH's face.

BRENT: What? What's wrong now?

SARAH: Nothing ...

BRENT: No, you're upset about something. What is it?

SARAH: It's just ... I wish Molly would tell me these things first. I mean, we're sisters, right?

BRENT: It just so happened that I saw her before you did. I had gone over there to talk to Jason, but Molly was the only one home. Hey, do you want some help with this stuff?

SARAH: Actually, it's not that I wouldn't like help, but I'd rather just do it myself, because you know I'm gonna just boss you around with it all anyway.

Brent smiles, acknowledging this fact.

BRENT: Okay, then. I'm gonna go get some coffee -- you want some?

SARAH: No, I'm fine.

Brent heads for the kitchen area.

Sarah puts down the object she is currently holding and leans against the back of the couch, mentally scolding herself.

SARAH (THINKING): You have got to stop acting like this! Nothing is going on between Brent and Molly ... they are just friends! There's no use in acting so suspicious that you drive them together.

She sighs, aware that there is nothing going on between her husband and sister, but still unable to shake the nagging feeling of trouble whenever they are together.

INT: HOSPITAL
LATE MORNING

CLAIRE is casually chatting with another NURSE by the nurses' station. A sudden beeping catches both of their attention, but it turns out to be the other nurse's beeper.

NURSE: I've gotta run ... duty calls.

CLAIRE: Okay. I'll see you later.

The other woman heads off. Claire looks over a chart clipped onto a clipboard.

From behind a wall, the MAN watches her as he did several days before.

MAN: (quietly) It's almost time. I've just got to get her in the right place ...

He turns around, knocking an empty bedpan off a cart. All eyes turn toward the source of this clattering.

ACT THREE

INT: SKATING RINK
LATE MORNING

COURTNEY stares at JASON with hurt in her eyes as he prepares to speak.

JASON: Look, I just want you to know I'm not doing this to spite you or anything. I really do care about you.

She nods slightly, signalling her understanding of this, but says nothing.

JASON: And I know you're frustrated that no one has believed you about Shannon--

COURTNEY: It's not the fact that you guys have other opinions about this that's made me so mad. It's the fact that you were actually discussing the possibility of me being insane.

JASON: Because we're worried about you!

COURTNEY: No, because you all still want me to be the little girl you knew for so long. Give it up! I'm all grown up now -- as I thought you had figured out -- and I'll be damned if I'm going to let Shannon

Parish ruin my life!

JASON: I understand that, Courtney--

COURTNEY: You can say that 'til you're blue in the face, but I can tell that you really don't. I'll tell you what: Let's just do what we have to do out on the ice, but off the ice ... that's another story.

JASON: Courtney--

She storms off before he can say anything further. Jason sighs, throwing his hands up and then dropping them to his sides. This failed attempt at a reconciliation has hurt him, perhaps more than might be expected.

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (DIANE'S OFFICE)
LATE MORNING

DIANE packs up the last box and finishes taping it shut just as BRIAN walks into the office.

BRIAN: You need any help?

DIANE: No, I'm actually done.

BRIAN: Wow.

He takes a look at the stack of boxes.

BRIAN: I can't believe this is it.

DIANE: Neither can I. Still, it's such an enormous relief. I'm dying to get out of this town, away from this company, and away from all the people who hate me.

BRIAN: And what about the people who don't?

DIANE: You mean yourself? We'll still talk, Brian. It's not the end of the world.

BRIAN: Yeah, but look at me ... Who do I have left? Nobody! My parents are in Ohio, my sister is in Maryland ... and Molly can't stand the sight of me.

DIANE: Have you tried to talk to her since--

BRIAN: Since she caught me confessing? Yeah, I did.

DIANE: And I assume it was not a good reaction?

BRIAN: Not at all. She and Brent physically removed me from the house.

DIANE: What, did they beat you up?

BRIAN: No, Molly pushed me out the door and slammed it in my face.

DIANE: Maybe you should take it as a sign, buddy.

BRIAN: A sign that I screwed up big-time?

DIANE: A sign that you don't have a future with her. Just give up -- believe me, it's easier than trying to cling to something -- or someone -- that isn't yours.

BRIAN: Maybe you're right.

He stares out the window, over the city. Try though he might, he can't help wondering what Molly is doing at this moment.

BRIAN: But where do I go from here?

He continues gazing out the window. Suddenly Diane grabs him by the shoulders and spins him around.

DIANE: I've got an idea!

ACT FOUR

INT: HOSPITAL
LATE MORNING

The MAN rushes out of view soon enough to avoid being seen. CLAIRE, standing at the nurses' station, and the rest of those present all look at the fallen bedpan in confusion briefly.

DOCTOR: What was that?

CLAIRE: Somebody must've just brushed this over ... I'll go get it.

She makes her way over to where the mysterious man had been hiding and picks up the bedpan, replacing it on the cart.

CLAIRE: Someone must have knocked that over -- but who?

She again looks around but sees no one.

CLAIRE: That's really weird.

She returns to the nurses' station.

Meanwhile, the man peeks out from behind another wall, which he quickly scrambled behind, and finds that he has avoided discovery.

MAN: Whew ... that was too close. I'd hate for her to find me here, with everyone around. No -- everything has to be just perfect ...

Back by the nurses' station, Claire suddenly looks up and around, but finds nothing out of the ordinary.

CLAIRE: (to herself) What is going on? I can't get rid of this feeling that's someone's watching me. But who -- and why?

Instinctively, she gives the room a last sweeping glance and, finding nothing, departs.

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
LATE MORNING

BRENT, now showered and dressed, crosses the room. He pulls open the door and begins to slip his coat on.

BRENT: I've got some stuff to take care of, Sarah! I'll see you later!

SARAH: (calling out from the bedroom) Okay! I love you!

BRENT: I love you too!

He zips up his coat and leaves, pulling the door closed behind him.

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (BEDROOM)

LATE MORNING

In the bedroom, SARAH is pulling her hair back into a ponytail. Just seconds later, the doorbell rings.

SARAH: Dammit, Brent!

She quickly sweeps up the rest of her hair and ties it together.

SARAH: He must have forgotten his keys ...

She walks out to get the door.

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)

LATE MORNING

SARAH rushes to the door and pulls it open, but it is not her husband that she finds on the other side.

SARAH: Oh my gosh! What are you doing here?

ACT FIVE

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (DIANE'S OFFICE)

LATE MORNING

An excited DIANE holds BRIAN by the shoulders.

BRIAN: What? What's this miraculous idea that just struck you?

DIANE: Why didn't I think of this before?

BRIAN: Why didn't you think of what before?

DIANE: Just hear me out, okay?

Brian nods.

DIANE: When I get to LA, they're going to have to hire an assistant for me anyway. Why don't you come with me and take the job?

BRIAN: What? That's crazy!

DIANE: What's so crazy about it? I mean, there's no denying that you need a move as badly as I do ... So whattaya say?

Brian grabs his forehead, trying to collect his thoughts.

BRIAN: All right, I'll do it!

She hugs him, thrilled.

BRIAN: This is by far the most spontaneous thing I've ever done, but what the hell?

This prospect seems to enrapture him as much as it does Diane.

INT: HOSPITAL (CAFETERIA)
LATE MORNING

CLAIRE sits down at a table with a cup of coffee and a newspaper. As she flips through the newspaper, the MAN watches her from afar. He is now holding a bundle of flowers for her.

MAN: I can't believe how close to her I am. I never thought I'd see her again ...

He becomes lost in his memories, but quickly snaps out of it as he refocuses on the task at hand.

Claire takes a sip of coffee as she opens the newspaper in search of an article somewhere on its inside.

MAN: Am I crazy? I can't do this now -- but I have to. I've come too far to give up now.

He battles with these conflicting feelings within his head for quite some time as he watches Claire.

MAN: I know what I'll do ...

He leaves the flowers on the stand that holds the necessary condiments of such a cafeteria and then departs quickly, taking care to remain unseen.

Surely enough, moments later a female DOCTOR arrives at the stand and sees the flowers. Full of curiosity, she checks the tag, which simply reads:

"To Claire Robbins, with love."

DOCTOR: Hey, Claire! You left your flowers over here!

CLAIRE: What? What flowers?

She makes her way over to the doctor, who holds the bouquet.

CLAIRE: These aren't mine.

The doctor slips open the tag.

DOCTOR: Think again.

Claire stares at the tag and the bouquet in shock, trying to figure out the source of this mysterious gift.

INT: SARAH & BRENT'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)

LATE MORNING

SARAH stands before the open door, stunned to see MATT there.

SARAH: Matt! What are you doing here?

MATT: I had to leave New York -- I think they're gonna issue a warrant for my arrest. I didn't know where else to go or who else to turn to.

SARAH: They can't arrest you! You didn't even steal those jewels!

MATT: I know -- but I need your help in proving that.

EXT: SKATING RINK (PARKING LOT)

LATE MORNING

COURTNEY exits the building, her skating bag -- a rolling suitcase -- in tow. She finds SANDY waiting for her just outside the building.

SANDY: Okay, whose car do you wanna take?

COURTNEY: Let's take mine.

SANDY: Okay. Let me just throw this in my car.

They walk together to Sandy's car, and as she tosses her bag in the trunk and locks the car up again, they talk.

SANDY: Do you and Jason reach any kind of compromise?

COURTNEY: We decided that we're gonna do what we need to on the ice. Our careers aren't worth ruining over a fight.

SANDY: I'm glad to hear you say that, but I wish you guys would just make up.

COURTNEY: It's gonna take a lot more than an apology to fix this -- although that would be nice. It's not only him -- it's my mom too.

SANDY: I'm sure everything will work out.

COURTNEY: I hope you're right.

They climb into Courtney's car and she starts the engine. The car pulls forward out of the parking space and drives off to the edge of the parking lot.

Meanwhile, DR. SMITH is hiding on the other side of the building, his car also hidden, to remain unseen.

DR. SMITH: What is going on? Why is Sandy getting in the car with Courtney?

As they drive off, he rushes out from his hiding spot in terror.

DR. SMITH: Oh no! I've got to get Sandy out of that car - the bomb is going to kill both her and Courtney!

Frantically, he rushes to his car.

END OF EPISODE #82

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