

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #84
TIME FRAME: IMMEDIATELY
AFTER [#83](#)

TEASER

INT: CAR
MIDDAY

JASON is driving along at a slightly frenzied pace, confused by the phone call he received from Sandy fifteen minutes before. He could sense the preoccupation in her voice -- what had she been so worried about? And why was he meeting them at the shop? There seemed to be more to Sandy's call than just her seeking help with skating costumes.

JASON: What in the hell is going on?

He drives on, his mind moving in circles as he considers the reason for this impromptu excursion.

INT: CAR
MIDDAY

Through his windshield, DR. SMITH sees the car driven by Courtney and carrying Sandy take a left turn into the parking lot of a church.

DR. SMITH: What are they doing? They have to know about the bomb--

He instinctively shuts up as he catches sight of a cement truck barreling towards him as a result of his unfocused driving .

The doctor grabs the steering wheel and pulls it to the right in an effort to dodge the massive vehicle, with little regard for where this action could land him. Unfortunately, he does not move quickly enough, and his car skids sideways as it rams into the cement truck.

The back end of the truck turns and winds up just outside the parking lot.

INT: CAR
MIDDAY

As they pull into the parking lot, both COURTNEY and SANDY are transfixed upon the accident in progress. When the back end of the truck suddenly swings out in front of them, Courtney begins to turn the wheel furiously. Unable to escape in time, her car begins to rotate as it heads for the truck.

The two women utter bloodcurdling screams as their vehicle collides with the truck. The sound of twisting metal deafens their cries.

ACT ONE

INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)

MIDDAY

HELEN closes the oven, having just checked on the chocolate torte in progress. She removes her oven mitts and places them down on the counter just as DON bounds up the stairs from his studio in the basement.

DON: Is that chocolate I smell?

HELEN: Of course it is!

DON: Ooh, ooh!

He begins hopping up and down slightly.

DON: When is it gonna be ready?

HELEN: It's still got about 5 minutes left. Then it has to cool down, and then I'll frost it--

DON: It's gonna take forever!

His voice drops from giddy excitement to an obnoxious whine.

HELEN: Just hang on!

She moves a mixing bowl from the counter to the sink and begins rinsing it out.

HELEN: So you've been down in the basement for hours ... Are you working on a new painting?

DON: Oh, it's great! It-- it's just terrific!

HELEN: What is it?

DON: Well, you'll just have to wait and see, missy.

HELEN: You were just struck by some sudden inspiration?

DON: That's how it always happens. Of course, nothing inspires me more than my beautiful wife!

Without notice, he sweeps her into an embrace and quickly swings her around.

HELEN: What has gotten into you?

She looks into his face, but sees nothing more than a goofy grin.

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

MIDDAY

Mats and blankets are spread around, though they are far outnumbered by the excess of toys throughout the room. CLAIRE is playing with TRAVIS and SAMANTHA on the floor of the living room.

The door opens and TIM enters, the collar of his t-shirt wet with perspiration.

CLAIRE: Looks like you got a good workout.

TIM: I did ...

He pulls his athletic shoes off.

TIM: I really did. The gym wasn't crowded at all.

CLAIRE: On a Saturday afternoon, you'd think it would be packed.

TIM: I lucked out, I guess.

He takes a look around the cacophony of child-related items.

TIM: I hope we're having fun here.

CLAIRE: Oh, they're having a blast.

She stands up. Tim continues looking at his children with joy in his eyes.

TIM: They're amazing, aren't they?

CLAIRE: They are. And I'm glad they'll have each other to grow up with. It'll be great.

TIM: It already is.

He wraps his arms around his wife.

TIM: Have I told you today how much I love you?

CLAIRE: Not as of yet ...

TIM: Well, then, I guess I'll just have to show you too, huh?

CLAIRE: Uh-oh.

She catches sight of the naughty twinkle in his eye.

TIM: Care to, uh, join me in the bedroom?

CLAIRE: We can't leave the kids out here by themselves!

TIM: Can't we get a playpen or something?

CLAIRE: Why don't we just hold our horses until it's naptime, okay?

TIM: Fine, fine.

He tosses his keys onto the coffee table.

TIM: I'll be in the bedroom, getting ... how shall we say? ... disrobed, if you'd care to join me.

CLAIRE: I'd love it ... but I've gotta keep an eye on Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum over here.

Tim heads off. Claire watches the children for a moment before her gaze turns back to the bedroom. She laughs to herself, shaking her head at the ridiculous humor of how much more complicated everything is with kids around.

EXT: PARKING LOT
MIDDAY

Dr. Smith's car is plowed into the front of the cement truck and is folded up like an accordion. The truck is undamaged, though it is positioned at such an angle that its rear end is sticking out into the parking lot -- and has been hit by Courtney's car. Luckily, the truck collided with the back corner of the car as it went into a tailspin. Still, the small sedan appears wrecked.

INT: CAR
MIDDAY

COURTNEY is sitting up and alert, and next to her, SANDY is rubbing her head.

SANDY: Ow.

COURTNEY: You can say that again.

They sit in silence for a moment, each assessing herself and coming to the conclusion that nothing is wrong. Courtney opens her door and steps out of the car. Sandy follows suit.

EXT: PARKING LOT
MIDDAY

COURTNEY and SANDY get out of the car.

COURTNEY: Are you okay?

SANDY: Yeah, I'm fine. I managed to brace myself a little bit -- and thank God we didn't hit that truck head on.

COURTNEY: I know!

She looks around, noticing Dr. Smith's car as a reality for the first time rather than just part of the explosive spectacle of the crash.

COURTNEY: That poor guy! Let's get over there and see if he's okay!

They rush over to the car as the DRIVER of the cement truck hops out.

DRIVER: Are you okay?

SANDY: Yeah, we're fine. I'm worried about this--

She stops running.

SANDY: Oh my God.

COURTNEY: What?

SANDY: Look who's in that car.

Courtney strains for a minute to catch sight of the driver, but her jaw drops.

COURTNEY: Dr. Smith!

They rush over to the car and find the unmoving DR. SMITH. Courtney opens the driver's side door.

DRIVER: Is he alive?

Courtney leans in, listening for the doctor's breathing, as Sandy clasps her hands over her mouth in horror.

ACT TWO

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

MIDDAY

CLAIRE walks into the bedroom, finding TIM sprawled on the bed watching TV.

CLAIRE: The kids are asleep now ...

TIM: I've gotta say, as much as I love those kids, I have never been happier to have them out of the way for a few hours.

She sits down on the bed.

CLAIRE: (feigning naiveté) Oh, Mr. Fisher, whatever are you talking about?

TIM: I guess I'll just have to show you ...

He leans over and slides on top of her. They commence kissing, but during a brief pause, Tim's eye is

caught by a vase of flowers on top of the dresser.

TIM: Where'd that come from?

CLAIRE: Oh ... someone at the hospital gave them to me.

TIM: Not a man, I hope.

CLAIRE: To be honest, I don't know. They were just left for me.

Tim simply shrugs this off, unconcerned. He immediately gets back to business, kissing his wife's neck.

Claire gives the flowers another glance, troubled by the recollection of the card which read "To Claire Robbins, with love." Who called her by her maiden name, anyway? And why didn't they give her the flowers to her face?

EXT: PARKING LOT
MIDDAY

Just outside the lot, COURTNEY is half-inside the car, trying to listen for signs of life in DR. SMITH. A horrified SANDY and the TRUCK DRIVER look on.

COURTNEY: I've got a pulse. He's alive.

SANDY: Oh, thank God!

DRIVER: I'm gonna go call 911.

COURTNEY: Good idea.

The driver rushes off towards his truck.

SANDY: We probably shouldn't move him, right?

COURTNEY: No. You never know if there's spinal damage or something.

She looks over the injured doctor ruefully.

COURTNEY: Was he following us?

SANDY: Why would he?

DR. SMITH: Because ... I needed to save you both.

The two women are shocked to see that he has opened his eyes slightly.

ACT THREE

INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)

MIDDAY

DON pulls away from HELEN with a playful hop, not answering the question.

HELEN: Is everything okay, Don? I've never seen you like this ...

DON: It's more than okay -- it's grrreat!

He leaps into the air, pumping his fist. Helen is utterly bewildered by her husband's behavior, fully aware that it is not normal.

HELEN: Just let me get in here and check on the torte--

She tries to force her way through to the oven, but Don is dancing around in front of it.

HELEN: Don, please--

DON: What's the password?

HELEN: I don't know. Just let me through, Don.

DON: I need the password!

He looks at her intensely.

DON: So what is it?

HELEN: Get out of my damn way!

She pushes him aside and pulls the oven open. Reaching for the oven mits, Helen peeks into the oven to see what state the torte is in. She checks it and, finding it ready, removes it. She immediately places the

pan on the counter.

HELEN: Okay, Don, it'll just be a little while ...

She glances over at her husband, surprised by the sudden calmness in the air. Even more surprisingly, however, she finds him laying down on the floor, curled up.

EXT: PARKING LOT
MIDDAY

COURTNEY and SANDY look down at the weakened DR. SMITH in confusion.

SANDY: What are you talking about?

DR. SMITH: Courtney, is your car still running?

COURTNEY: I guess. I never turned it off -- we hit that truck.

DR. SMITH: Thank the Lord.

Noticing a large gash on his forearm, Courtney pulls her sweatshirt off and wraps it around the wound in an effort to cease the bleeding.

COURTNEY: There. That should at least help until the paramedics get here.

DR. SMITH: Please, just let me talk. There's something I need to tell you.

SANDY: What? What is it?

DR. SMITH: I ... I've done something terrible.

Courtney says nothing, assuming this is a matter between the doctor and his betrothed.

SANDY: Just tell me, dear.

DR. SMITH: You're going to hate me. And Courtney-- she might hate me even more than that.

Courtney is drawn back into the conversation by this statement.

COURTNEY: What did you do?

DR. SMITH: You know all these things that have been happening, Courtney? The broken window at your cabin, the prank calls, the slashed tires--

Courtney's eyes widen in utter disbelief.

DR. SMITH: It was me. All of it.

COURTNEY: What?!?

DR. SMITH: I had to. I didn't want to, but I had to.

COURTNEY: What do you mean? Why?

She is trying to subdue the urge to strangle the dying man, at least until he can get his side of the story out.

DR. SMITH: She-- she made me.

SANDY: She?

DR. SMITH: Shannon Parish.

ACT FOUR

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

MIDDAY

CLAIRE is now laying on the bed, resting. Her husband has gone into the bathroom for a shower.

There is a blissful expression on her face, reflected not only by the beaming look in her eyes or the smile resting on her lips, but by the general glow of her features. She is simply happy -- perhaps for the first time in her life.

This is interrupted, however, when she gets another glance at the flowers on the dresser.

CLAIRE: (to herself) Who the hell would give me flowers -- especially with a card like that? Everyone knows me as Claire Fisher now ...

She is puzzled, but knows full well that someone from her past -- perhaps from before her marriage,

or ... or even from after -- might still refer to her by her maiden name.

EXT: PARKING LOT
MIDDAY

COURTNEY, her body now heaving with disgust, and SANDY give DR. SMITH wild looks.

COURTNEY: You were the one doing all of this for Shannon?

DR. SMITH: I didn't have any other choice.

Just then, Sandy sees a car pull up beside the wreckage. Spotting JASON, she gestures for him to come over. Courtney looks up at him but says nothing. He merely stands nearby, knowing that something important must be going on.

DR. SMITH: Shannon had some ... information about me -- information which could ruin my career and my relationship with Sandy.

COURTNEY: How?

DR. SMITH: I have no idea. Apparently she came upon it somehow and decided to blackmail me with it.

SANDY: But I thought Shannon was locked up in the mental institution. How was she telling you what to do?

DR. SMITH: She gave me a plan to go by before she was locked away. Then she had somebody -- a go-between -- who worked at the institution. I talked to that person and they relayed the information to her.

COURTNEY: I knew it!

The words have added importance now that Jason is present to hear the truth.

JASON: You were right, Courtney.

COURTNEY: I don't believe it.

DR. SMITH: Believe it. It's awful. What I did was wrong, I know. And now I'm going to die for it.

COURTNEY: I have to know something: Did you push my dad off the ladder?

DR. SMITH: No ...

Courtney and Jason's eyes meet again in surprise.

DR. SMITH: ... I had someone do it for me.

SANDY: Oh my God.

DR. SMITH: And this morning, there was a reason I was following you, Courtney.

SANDY: Oh no.

DR. SMITH: There was ... I planted a bomb in your car. If you'd shut the engine off, you'd both have been killed.

He turns to Sandy, tears welling up in his eyes.

DR. SMITH: I'm sorry, Sandy. I just-- I want you to know how much I love you. Everything else may have be a lie, but not my love for you.

He reaches a hand up faintly and touches her cheek. Contrary to what he expected, she doesn't make any effort to remove it.

DR. SMITH: It's that love that forced me to push on even though I knew what I was doing was wrong. If I hadn't had life with you to look forward to, I never would have been able to live with myself because of all the awful things I've done.

He switches his eyes to Courtney.

DR. SMITH: And Courtney, I am so sorry for all of this. I'm glad your father is okay, and I know you'll never be able to forgive me, but please -- try not to hate me.

She nods.

DR. SMITH: Sandy, I'm sorry. I-- I tarnished our love by doing this. We could have had a beautiful, magical life ... maybe even if the information Shannon has on me had come out. But I was selfish ... I'm so sorry. I love you.

Sandy is now crying.

SANDY: I love you too.

She clasps both his hands together in his. Dr. Smith manages a faint smile up at the woman he loves before breathing his final breath and closing his eyes as the sirens whir in the background.

ACT FOUR

INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)

MIDDAY

HELEN stoops down to pick up DON, who is not asleep but is pretty close. He groans as she tries to roll him onto his back.

HELEN: Don, get off the floor.

DON: I can't ... I'm too tired.

HELEN: You have to get up.

DON: Please, just let me sleep.

He curls up again, but she quickly pulls at him again.

HELEN: What is going on with you?

DON: I'm just tired. Let me sleep.

With that, he breaks free of her grip and resumes his nap.

Helen stands, confusion evident in her stunted movements and crinkled brow. What could be going on with Don? One minute he's bouncing off the walls, the next he can barely pick himself up off the ground. Something odd is definitely taking place, she concludes, before getting back to her torte distractedly.

EXT: PARKING LOT

MIDDAY

SANDY is kneeling over the body of the now-expired DR. SMITH. As the paramedics rush over, JASON pulls COURTNEY away from the scene. They step to the side.

JASON: You were right.

COURTNEY: I know.

There is a bit of awkwardness between them, but none of the previous hostility.

JASON: So what happened?

COURTNEY: I guess he put a bomb in the car and was trying to force us off the road or something so we wouldn't shut the engine. So, what are you doing here, anyway?

JASON: Sandy called me a little while ago and told me to meet you at the store. I just passed by the wreck on the way there, and when I noticed your car-- I am just so glad you're alive.

COURTNEY: I wish we could say the same for Dr. Smith.

JASON: So do I ... but these things happen. He seemed to know it was his time to go.

Courtney nods, biting her lower lip. She is unable to look Jason in the eyes, oddly embarrassed by her recent behavior around him now that everything is out in the open.

JASON: I'm so sorry, Courtney. I should have believed you from the get-go -- it was just so hard to swallow.

She holds up a hand, as a sign for him to stop.

JASON: What?

COURTNEY: Just shut up and hold me.

A smile cracks through the stony expression on her face as she moves into his open arms. They simply stand there, holding one another, not needing to say anything to express how much they mean to each other.

END OF EPISODE #84

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