

"FOOTPRINTS"  
EPISODE #89  
TIME FRAME: THE DAY  
AFTER [#88](#)

**TEASER**

INT: AIRPORT  
AFTERNOON

As usual, the airport is flooded with people scurrying to and from the assorted gates. At one particular gate, a plane is unloading; those who are stepping off the airplane glance eagerly around to find whoever has come to pick them up - that is, all except for one young MAN.

He does not seem to be expecting anyone, and so he steps out of the gate and walks without pausing to a payphone. There, he deposits 35 cents in the slot and dials a number. He waits and finally hears ringing as he is bumped into the phone by a passerby, a large woman bumping around in stretch pants.

The ringing on the other end of the line halts, and a prerecorded message comes on the line.

MESSAGE: We're sorry, but the customer you are trying to contact is not available right now. They have either-

The young man hangs the phone up in frustration. Why was that damned phone never turned on? He sighs and looks around, somewhat dazed. Well, where does he go next?

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INT: HOSPITAL  
AFTERNOON

CLAIRE rounds a corner, waving to another nurse as she does so. She pauses by the nurses' station and checks her watch.

CLAIRE: A whole hour more? These days are getting longer and longer, I swear ...

She checks her clipboard, seeing what her next task will be, but is completely distracted when she looks up momentarily and finds RYAN approaching her.

RYAN: Hey.

CLAIRE: What are you doing here?

RYAN: I came to see you.

CLAIRE: This is not smart, Ryan. Who knows what people are going to think if they see me just talking to some guy?

RYAN: I don't care, Claire. I needed to see you.

He reaches a hand out and lays it upon her cheek.

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NEW YORK  
INT: AIRPORT  
EVENING

Dragging their luggage, SARAH and MATT step away from the baggage claim.

MATT: That's it, right?

Sarah does a quick count of the few pieces of baggage and nods an affirmative reply.

MATT: I can't thank you enough for coming back to New York with me, Sarah.

SARAH: Hey, if we're gonna clear you, this is the best place to start.

MATT: No, I mean - you know what I mean. This is a sacrifice you didn't have to make.

SARAH: But I did. I know. Now let's go.

She rushes, as if she is in a sudden hurry to change the subject.

MATT: You put a lot on the line by coming with me, and I just want you to know how much I appreciate it.

SARAH: Believe me, Matt ... It was about time I did something like this.

**ACT ONE**

INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)

## AFTERNOON

COURTNEY and LAUREN are up to their usual rummaging for food, this time through the freezer.

COURTNEY: How do we manage to have so much food, yet nothing I want to eat?

LAUREN: I'm not sure.

She holds up a small pint of what used to be ice cream.

LAUREN: What the hell is this?

Courtney takes the container from her and cautiously slides it open.

COURTNEY: Oh, gross!

Lauren peeks inside as Courtney maintains her distance, holding the carton at arm's length.

LAUREN: Is there actually ice cream under all that green stuff?

COURTNEY: I don't know.

Simultaneously, the girls shriek and toss the tin across the kitchen. As they collapse in laughter, HELEN enters.

HELEN: What's the racket all about?

Still laughing, the girls are unable to answer her. She finds the carton on the other side of the room and picks it up.

COURTNEY: Mom, ew!

HELEN: What?

COURTNEY: Throw that away! Please, just throw it away!

After briefly examining its contents herself, Helen gags.

HELEN: I'll get right on it.

She practically sprints to the garbage pail, into which she speedily flings the carton.

LAUREN: That was disgusting!

HELEN: I can't imagine how old it was.

After several moments more of unceasing laughter, the uproar finally dies down.

COURTNEY: Oh boy.

LAUREN: When was that from?

HELEN: Seriously, I think it was at least a year old.

COURTNEY: Whose was it?

HELEN: Your dad's.

The mention of Don shifts Helen's elated mood to a melancholy one.

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INT: HOSPITAL  
AFTERNOON

CLAIRE backs slightly away from RYAN, forcing his hand off her cheek.

CLAIRE: Ryan, please ...

RYAN: I just want a chance to talk to you, Claire.

CLAIRE: There's nothing to talk about.

RYAN: There is plenty to talk about! First and foremost, we need to work out all the unresolved stuff between us. If I don't get anything else out of tracking you down, I at least want to put the past away.

She blurts out her response.

CLAIRE: Then let's just do that!

She looks around, realizing how much she has just raised her voice, and begins speaking again in a quiet, but stern, tone.

CLAIRE: Fine. What do you want from me?

RYAN: Have dinner with me tonight - please.

CLAIRE: Dinner?

The uncertainty with which she repeats this word, more out of surprise than for confirmation, allows her discomfort about the whole situation to show through.

RYAN: Just one dinner. C'mon ... What do you say?

## ACT TWO

NEW YORK

INT: CAB

EVENING

SARAH and MATT are now en route to their hotel. They are currently traveling in silence. Sarah, in particular, appears distracted.

As she stares out the window, she recalls all that has happened in her marriage - not just lately, but throughout its entire course. It had begun so wildly, all because Molly couldn't keep her hands off of anything that belonged to her sister. The muscles in Sarah's face clench together more tightly as she thinks angrily about her sister and her husband.

SARAH: Stupid Molly ...

MATT: What'd you say?

SARAH: Oh, nothing.

MATT: You just mumbled something.

SARAH: I'm just talking to myself. Don't worry about it. I'm just trying to sort out some kind of plan.

MATT: Yeah, what exactly are we gonna do?

SARAH: I don't know. I mean, where do we start?

MATT: Dammit! I wish there was better evidence from the night of the crime. The police did such an

awful job; there aren't any fingerprints or anything to fall back on.

SARAH: Do we know that for sure?

MATT: I know that they don't have anyone else's besides mine. Otherwise we'd be in a much better position than we are now.

SARAH: Yeah, but that doesn't mean anything. After all, you spent so much time at that house, your fingerprints were bound to be everywhere.

MATT: Of course. Our problem is that in order to prove my innocence, we need to prove that someone else stole those jewels. But who could it be?

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INT: AIRPORT  
EVENING

Back in King's Bay, the young MAN sits by an airport coffee stand, choking down the thick brew. He's always heard the coffee was much better on the West Coast, he recalls, as he puts the cup back on the table. He reminds himself to find someplace other than an airport to test this theory out. What to do now?

He knows that there is only one place he can turn - one place he can look for the person he's been searching for. He removes a small slip of paper from his wallet. On the paper, he reads the address and the name. After a few seconds, he stands.

MAN: I guess this is it ...

He glances at the paper again - and more specifically, at the name. Don Chase - he could barely remember all their times together. He had been so young when he last saw the man. Would he even know who he was?

MAN: Well, there's only one way to find out.

With that, he tosses the half-full coffee cup into a garbage can and walks off.

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INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)  
AFTERNOON

HELEN turns, visibly upset, as a now-quiet COURTNEY and LAUREN look on.

COURTNEY: You're worried about Dad, aren't you?

HELEN: Of course I am! He hasn't called yet, and he should have arrived in Europe already.

COURTNEY: I don't know what's going on with him, Mom. I mean, he's been acting so weird lately.

LAUREN: I can vouch for that. Every time I've been over here lately, I've seen him do something odd.

COURTNEY: And then he just up and left on this trip like it was nothing. I'm telling you, he's not himself, Mom.

HELEN: I know, Courtney. Something very strange is going on here.

### **ACT THREE**

INT: HOSPITAL  
AFTERNOON

RYAN awaits an answer from a nervous CLAIRE.

RYAN: Please, Claire, just one dinner. I wanna prove that you can trust me again.

CLAIRE: I don't know if that's possible, Ryan.

RYAN: Well, it's certainly worth a shot. So ... Are we on for dinner?

Despite her reservations, some part of Claire seems to be struggling with saying "no."

CLAIRE: I don't ...

RYAN: Yes or no.

A long pause ensues. Ryan continues to flash Claire pleading looks as she tries to sort the situation out in her mind.

CLAIRE: Fine ... yes, I'll have dinner with you.

RYAN: Thank you! I promise, you won't regret it. How about 7 o'clock at Vincenzo's?

CLAIRE: Sounds good.

RYAN: Oh, then it's settled. I'll see you then.

Without another word, he departs. Claire stands by the nurses' station, having surprised even herself. Why was she having dinner with this guy, a man who had hurt her and taken advantage of her so many times in the past?

CLAIRE: (to herself) What am I doing? But it can't hurt - we'll be in a public place.

Her mind continues to battle itself over the decision.

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INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)  
AFTERNOON

HELEN is discussing her problem with COURTNEY and LAUREN.

COURTNEY: But what could it be? I mean, how do we explain this? He's just been acting so weird lately.

HELEN: The mood swings are what's bothering me. One minute he's as high as a kite, and the next he doesn't even have enough energy to walk ten feet.

LAUREN: Could it be some kind of residual effect from his fall?

COURTNEY: From the ladder? You know, I wonder ...

HELEN: But all their little tests at the hospital said there was nothing wrong with his brain.

COURTNEY: I wouldn't rule it out as a possibility. None of this was going on before he got pushed off that ladder.

LAUREN: You really should get him back in there for some tests and follow-up stuff.

HELEN: I would ... except I have absolutely no idea where he is. He hasn't called, and he should be in Europe by now. He didn't leave me an itinerary or anything.

COURTNEY: He'll call, Mom. Don't worry.



HELEN: What if he's not able to call? He's all alone, Courtney, and whatever the reason, his health is certainly not stellar. What if something's happened to your father?

This frightening possibility sends a jolt through both Courtney and Lauren.

## ACT FOUR

INT: CAB  
AFTERNOON

The young MAN is sitting quietly in the back seat of the cab, holding one of his two pieces of luggage in his arms. The other is beside him on the seat.

Would Don even remember him? It has been so long. He bites his lower lip, a nervous habit. This all seems so risky now - even though there isn't much he could lose, there seems to be a great deal of emotions at stake. How is Don going to react? The young man wishes to himself that the cab driver would just hurry up.

He sits back in the seat, slumping as he stares at the passing houses outside.

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NEW YORK  
INT: HOTEL  
EVENING

The doors of the lobby fly open, and seconds later, MATT and SARAH drag their luggage through the doors. Leaving it in a heap, Matt stands by it as Sarah makes her way to the front desk, where a middle-aged MAN with small spectacles and a severe-looking nose is awaiting any and all visitors.

DESK CLERK: Good evening. How may I help you?

SARAH: We've got two reservations. Gray and Fisher.

He punches at several computer keys and squints at the screen. Then he does it all again, as if to double-check.

DESK CLERK: One moment, please.

He hustles off through a door behind the desk.

Matt walks over to Sarah, keeping one eye on the baggage.

MATT: So are we ready to go?

SARAH: No, Studley Dudley just ran off. I don't know what he's doing.

The desk clerk returns.

DESK CLERK: I'm sorry, but it seems that we've ... eh ... overbooked ourselves. We only have one room available.

There is almost a tinge of humor in the air as Matt and Sarah's eyes meet.

## **ACT FIVE**

INT: HOSPITAL  
AFTERNOON

As she walks down a hallway, CLAIRE reviews her decision about her upcoming dinner with Ryan. Would it be dangerous? Probably not. Still, this was a man she knew to have less-than-great self-control.

Despite all of this, Claire knows she can't let Ryan leave her life again without at least filling in some of the blanks. What has he done with his life so far? Is he mixed up in his father's mob business, just like her father had been? And has he, as he claimed, changed? She knows she has to find out.

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INT: LIMOUSINE  
AFTERNOON

An older MAN is sitting on the leather seat of the spacious limousine, sipping a glass of wine. The look in his eyes makes it clear that, although he is doing nothing more than apparently staring off into space, his mind is always at work.

The door of the limousine opens up and RYAN slides inside.

MAN: How did it go?

RYAN: She agreed to have dinner with me. It's progress.

MAN: Indeed. Are you sure you know what you're doing?

RYAN: I'm positive. This is the way to go. I have to charm her, make her believe I'm trustworthy again. Do you think it'll work, Dad?

Taking another sip of his wine, NICK MORIANI nods slowly.

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NEW YORK  
INT: HOTEL  
EVENING

MATT and SARAH stare at the DESK CLERK incredulously.

MATT: What do you mean, you double-booked?

DESK CLERK: This happens so rarely, and it's such a shame. But we only have one room available.

MATT: Real smooth.

The desk clerk is somewhat surprised by both Matt's sarcastic tone and his relative silence.

DESK CLERK: Well ... would you like to share it?

MATT: No, we would not like to share it!

He leans over the counter, managing to look his most intimidating.

MATT: I'll tell you what we're gonna do: You are gonna find us another room, whether it's here or not. Is that clear?

DESK CLERK: Perfectly.

He rushes off through the door again.

Sarah smiles at Matt.

SARAH: A brilliant performance.

Matt pushes up the collar of his leather jacket, achieving an appropriate "cool guy" look. There is a sly grin on his face.

MATT: I do what I can.

The desk clerk returns.

DESK CLERK: All right, we have an additional room. All we did was-

MATT: I don't care what you did. Just give us the freakin' keys.

Expecting to breathe a sigh of relief, the desk clerk instead appears panicked again. He quickly finds the two keys and hands them to Matt.

Sarah and Matt collect their luggage and walk off, smiling to each other as the desk clerk watches them depart in horror.

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INT: CHASE HOME (KITCHEN)  
AFTERNOON

COURTNEY is now seated on top of the counter as she and LAUREN talk.

LAUREN: So, we never got around to talking about what Jason got you for your birthday.

COURTNEY: Oh, I wanted to call you and tell you about it the minute I found out! He left me a trail of clues, each leading to another one. The last clue brought me to the park, where he met me and took me down to the waterfront. He had arranged this whole romantic dinner with music and everything.

LAUREN: Champagne?

COURTNEY: Hey, I may be old enough to drink, but he's not. So no, there was no champagne.

LAUREN: I take it you had fun?

COURTNEY: It was so perfect ... I loved it.

The doorbell rings.

COURTNEY: Who in the world could that be?

The girls both head for the front door.

INT: CHASE HOME (FOYER)  
AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

COURTNEY pulls the door open, with LAUREN just behind her, to reveal a good-looking young MAN around their age.

MAN: Hi ... uh, is this the Chase home?

COURTNEY: Yes, it is. How can I help you?

Lauren, obviously impressed with this guy, decides to say what's on her mind.

LAUREN: And how can I help you?

Her flirty tone seems to soften up the mood a little, even forcing the young man to smile.

MAN: I'm, uh ... I'm looking for Don Chase.

COURTNEY: Actually, he's not here right now. He's out of town.

MAN: Oh ... Well, would you happen to have seen my mother, then? Her name is Sally Marshall.

He looks at the two girls hopefully.

**END OF EPISODE #89**

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