

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #93
TIME FRAME: THE DAY AFTER [#92](#)

TEASER

INT: TIM & CLAIRE'S APT. (KITCHEN)
MIDDAY

TIM is unloading the dishwasher when CLAIRE comes in. She opens the refrigerator and pulls out a can of soda.

CLAIRE: So he's trying to earn his keep after all, huh?

Tim places a final stack of dishes in the cabinet before turning around with a grin on his face.

TIM: Very funny. I will have you know that after this, Jason is coming over to help me fix the computer.

CLAIRE: Wow. Two in one day.

She gives him a kiss.

CLAIRE: Would you believe that both of the little monsters are asleep?

TIM: At the same time? That's gotta be some kind of record, wouldn't you say?

CLAIRE: It just might be. I've gotta say, as much as I love 'em, they wear me out like nothing else ever could.

TIM: I know, but it's worth it, isn't it?

CLAIRE: Definitely.

She wraps her arms around her husband.

PARIS, FRANCE
INT: HOTEL ROOM
EVENING

Just as DON is pulling on his coat, there is a knock on the door. He opens the door to find SALLY standing there, dressed up.

DON: Looks like you're ready to go.

SALLY: I am. How about you?

DON: Yeah, pretty much.

She straightens the collar of his button-down shirt.

SALLY: There, that's much better.

DON: If you say so. Boy, I am so excited about seeing this museum.

SALLY: Okay, which one is this again?

DON: Le Musee d'Orsay. It's got some of the most brilliant impressionist art in the world.

SALLY: I may not be able to appreciate all of this the way you can, but I'm definitely looking forward to seeing this stuff.

DON: Multiply that by 100 and you'll know how I feel. This is something I've been waiting for since I began painting.

The brightness in his face disappears as his mind shifts to his wife.

DON: I just wish Helen were here to share it with me.

SALLY: Don't worry, Don. You should be glad to know that I'm thrilled to be sharing this night with you.

NEW YORK
INT: POLICE STATION
AFTERNOON

After entering, SARAH takes a quick look around. Being a former police officer, she knows exactly where she needs to go for what she wants. She approaches a desk, behind which a MAN is seated.

MAN: Can I help you?

SARAH: Yeah ... I'm a private investigator. I need some information on a case I've been working on.

MAN: Who were you hired by?

SARAH: Andrea Yang. My husband and I were hired to find out who stole a bunch of valuable jewels from her home.

MAN: Okay ... I've got the record right here. What's your name?

SARAH: Sarah Fisher Taylor.

She pulls out her driver's license as identification. The man takes a quick look at it, checks it against the file, and hands her the folder.

MAN: Here you go.

SARAH: Thanks.

She takes the file from him and goes over to sit on a nearby bench.

SARAH: (to herself) I hope the police found some evidence that will contradict the testimony Brent got that placed Matt at the scene of the crime. Otherwise, he just might have to go to jail for something he didn't do -- and I can't let that happen.

ACT ONE

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

MIDDAY

In response to a knock on the door, TIM crosses the living room and opens the door, letting JASON come in.

TIM: Hey! You ready to get to work?

JASON: Yeah, let's go.

He pauses.

JASON: What exactly are we doing with the computer? I'm not exactly a genius with this stuff.

TIM: You're not exactly a genius, period.

Jason makes a face at him.

TIM: No, seriously, the modem hasn't been working. I've got a new one -- we just need to put it in.

JASON: Just tell me what to do and I'll do it, okay?

He hangs up his coat and then follows his brother over to the computer. Just then, CLAIRE enters.

JASON: Hey, Claire!

CLAIRE: Hi.

She says this distractedly, a fact which is not lost on either Jason or Tim. In fact, every moment she has been spending with Tim sends her mind back to thoughts of Ryan -- not romantic thoughts, just thoughts. She feels so guilty for lying to her husband about who she had dinner with that night, but what can she do? It isn't a pleasant situation, and hopefully it will resolve itself with Ryan leaving town.

Something, however, tells Claire that this isn't going to happen.

NEW YORK

INT: POLICE STATION

AFTERNOON

SARAH sits alone on the bench, looking through the file. She is hoping to find any kind of information that might help Matt's case -- even if it means twisting the truth a little bit. The officer wouldn't have handed her the file had she made it known that she was no longer working for Andrea, after all.

She digs through the file, in search of some clue from the night of the burglary that might be useful in clearing Matt. From what she can tell, the police found no conclusive fingerprints in the Yang mansion -- Matt's were found all over the house, but nowhere near the spot where Andrea stored her jewels. Then again, Matt spent so much time at the house that he was bound to have left his prints around.

SARAH: Dammit!

Her frustration has again begun to mount. It is quickly becoming apparent that there's nothing in this file that she and Brent overlooked before -- nothing that could be useful.

SARAH (THINKING): Terrific. Now what am I supposed to do?

PARIS, FRANCE
EXT: LE MUSEE D'ORSAY
EVENING

SALLY and DON step up to the front of the museum and pause.

DON: This is so exciting!

SALLY: I know how you must feel.

She sighs.

SALLY: It must be amazing to have found something you love as much as painting. I wish I'd found a career I loved.

DON: Don't worry. I spent years in a job I could hardly stand before I retired and began painting. You'll find something you love, don't worry.

SALLY (THINKING): Oh, I already have. Now it's just a matter of making it mine.

She smiles at him, giving no indication of the devious thoughts running through her head. She takes him by the arm and they go inside.

ACT TWO

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

JASON and TIM watch as CLAIRE continues to space out.

TIM: Claire, are you okay?

She immediately snaps back to reality.

CLAIRE: Yeah, I'm fine. Just tired, I think.

TIM: Go take a nap. If the kids wake up, I'll take care of it, okay?

She nods and heads off towards the bedroom.

Jason watches her leave, waiting until she is out of earshot to say anything.

JASON: Is she okay, Tim? She just looked like she was a million miles away.

TIM: Yeah, I know. She's been doing that a lot lately.

JASON: Has she been working herself really hard or something?

TIM: She's been keeping up with her shifts at the hospital, plus we're feeling the strain of suddenly having two kids around. I think she's just exhausted.

JASON: Keep an eye on her. Courtney's dad started to act really spacey and then all of a sudden, he took off for Europe. They've hardly heard from him since.

This new information suddenly makes this situation go from a minor concern to major worry for Tim.

PARIS, FRANCE

INT: LE MUSEE D'ORSAY

EVENING

SALLY and DON are strolling through the museum, examining the various pieces of art hung upon the walls.

SALLY: This is exquisite, Don.

DON: What -- the paintings or the museum?

SALLY: Both.

DON: This is the museum I've been dying to visit for so long. It used to be a train station ...

He gestures towards the iron barrel-vaulted ceiling.

DON ... as you can probably tell.

SALLY: It's gorgeous -- and these paintings!

DON: I've studied so many of these for so long ... I've gotten inspiration from them in such interesting ways. If you just find different ways to look at every painting, you'd be amazed by the depth you find.

SALLY: I'm speechless. These are just--

Don gasps, pointing his finger to a nearby wall. Sally turns to see the painting that has stolen his attention.

DON: Oh my gosh ... This is it, Sally. This is the painting that inspired me to do the first real painting I ever did.

SALLY: Really?

DON: Yeah ...

They move closer to it. Don's mouth never closes and his eyes never move from the painting as he gazes at it in awe.

DON: I had taken a class to introduce myself to it -- It was just a little hobby at that point. But after I saw pictures of this painting, and I studied the artist and the painting, I just threw myself into a painting of my own. That was the first real painting I ever did.

SALLY: What do you mean, "real"?

DON: The only stuff I had painted before was for the class -- they gave us something to paint just to teach technique and whatnot. That painting, though ... I loved it. I still do. But I sold it to a gallery.

SALLY: Wow.

DON: It's kind of a double-edged sword. I loved it so much; I never wanted to let it go. But if I hadn't sold it, I wouldn't have been able to let art be my career so easily. I really did get lucky.

SALLY: I'm really impressed, Don. I'm getting to see another side of you tonight.

She again smiles at him, but he hardly notices as he goes on staring at the painting.

SALLY (THINKING): And hopefully, I'll get to see yet another side of you later tonight.

She tries to hide the wicked grin that replaces her sweet smile.

ACT THREE

NEW YORK
INT: HOTEL (HALLWAY)
AFTERNOON

A disheartened SARAH approaches Matt's hotel room. She pauses outside the door before knocking.

SARAH: This is gonna be much harder than I thought ... We're gonna have to come up with some kind of strategy if we're ever going to prove Matt's innocence.

She raises a hand and knocks on the door. After a long wait, she hears bustling inside the room.

SARAH: Matt! Matt, it's me!

MATT: (from inside the room) Come on in!

She opens the door and steps inside ... to find Matt standing by the dresser, wearing sweatpants but shirtless.

PARIS, FRANCE
INT: LE MUSEE D'ORSAY
EVENING

DON and SALLY are now walking through a different wing of the museum.

SALLY: I am having such a wonderful time, Don. I really want to thank you for letting me come along.

His head drops to the floor and he begins walking a little slower.

SALLY: You're thinking about Helen?

DON: Yeah. Maybe I should call her ...

Sally's eyes widen with fright.

SALLY: Don't worry about it right now. Just enjoy being here. You'll get to come back with her someday.

She shudders at having to say these words, but knows they are necessary. She can't just ignore Helen's existence, after all ... she'll just have to work around it.

DON: Yeah, but a quick phone call to let her know what I'm up to can't hurt. Besides, I wanna know why Alex was there. I hope he didn't say anything about you being with me.

SALLY: I didn't even tell him. All he knew was that I came to King's Bay to see you when you were in the hospital.

DON: Was he too uncomfortable to come along?

SALLY: No, he really wanted to see you. He was just finishing up school, though.

DON: What's he studying?

SALLY: He's really into journalism, so he's had a real English-heavy workload. I don't know what he's gonna do about finishing up, though ... He hasn't been very happy at that school, and I wonder if he's gonna try and transfer.

DON: As I remember it, he's a smart kid. He'll do what's right for him.

SALLY: You're probably right.

DON: I just wonder how Helen reacted to his being there. I mean, she knew about our marriage, but never about him.

SALLY: I'm so sorry for all of that, Don. I can't say it enough times.

DON: No, you can't. I loved him, I thought he was my own child ... You had to know it was going to hurt me.

SALLY: I didn't want any of that to happen!

DON: But it did.

SALLY: Again, I'm sorry. Can we please just enjoy the rest of the evening?

DON: That's probably a good idea. There's so much I want to see here -- but I think I'm gonna call Helen first.

Sally begins to panic.

ACT FOUR

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

MIDDAY

CLAIRE lay on the bed, attempting to at least get some rest. She is aware that she is being stressed out by work and the kids ... but the situation with Ryan certainly isn't helping matters.

As much as she hates what he did to her, maybe he's right -- it may not have been a real rape. Yes, she didn't want to do it, but how well did she express that to him? She is beginning to doubt her own recollection of the incident. Besides, she figures, Ryan certainly seems to have changed. Perhaps he deserves her forgiveness after all.

CLAIRE: (quietly) Why does this have to come up again? Why couldn't it just stay in the past?

As much as she would like it to remain in the back of her mind, she knows that there will be no getting around it now. Painful as those memories might be, they will be on the front-burner of her mind until Ryan is out of her life for good.

PARIS, FRANCE

INT: LE MUSEE D'ORSAY

EVENING

DON's intention to call home has forced SALLY to do some quick thinking.

SALLY: At least wait until we're back at the hotel, Don ... You can't exactly call from a payphone or a cell phone.

DON: You've got a point. I'll call her later tonight.

SALLY: Good idea. Now why don't--

She is interrupted by the ringing of her own cell phone.

SALLY: Hang on.

She pulls the phone out of her purse and turns it on.

SALLY: Hello?

As she listens to the voice on the other end, her face grows annoyed.

SALLY: All right ... Thank you. I'll be right there.

She puts the phone away.

DON: What was that?

SALLY: It was the hotel. It's a good thing I gave them this number ... Apparently my hotel room flooded. They're going to put me in a new one.

DON: Nothing like a nice disaster while you're on vacation, huh?

SALLY: Yeah, really.

DON: Okay, let's go.

SALLY: No, don't worry about it. I'll get a cab back to the hotel. You stay and look at the paintings some more. I'll drop by your room a little later, okay?

DON: Sounds good. Thanks.

SALLY: Really, it's no problem.

She begins heading off. As she walks away, she reviews all that has happened mentally.

SALLY (THINKING): At least I've got this whole calling-home thing covered for a little while longer. If I show up at his room later, I can distract him from calling ... Maybe this whole little calamity will be for the best.

She sighs and continues on her way out of the museum.

ACT FIVE

NEW YORK

INT: HOTEL ROOM

AFTERNOON

SARAH is startled to find MATT shirtless. She is suddenly unable to speak clearly or take her eyes off his chest.

SARAH: I, uh ...

MATT: I just got out of the shower a minute ago. Sorry.

SARAH: No, uh, don't worry about it.

He pulls a t-shirt out of the dresser and puts it on.

MATT: Did you find anything out from the cops?

She overcomes her preoccupation to explain the situation.

SARAH: Unfortunately, no. They did a really half-assed job at the crime scene when they were called there.

MATT: Great. So what now?

SARAH: I don't know. I think we should go to Andrea for some help -- at least I should.

MATT: What about me?

SARAH: It's best if we keep you hidden. That way you can't be arrested before we find the proof we need.

MATT: Good plan. Listen, I really wanna thank you for all of this.

She is unable to come up with anything to say, so she just smiles. Images of his naked, well-defined torso continue to dance in her head.

PARIS, FRANCE
EXT: HOTEL ROOM
EVENING

It is now some time later. SALLY stands outside Don's hotel room and knocks on the door.

SALLY: I hope he hasn't called home yet ... If he goes for what I've got in mind, Helen will be the last

thing on his mind for quite a while.

She is, in her infinite subtlety, wearing just a robe over some skimpy nightwear.

SALLY: Don! Don, are you there?

She knocks again, but no one comes to the door.

SALLY: Don?

She tries the doorknob, and is quite surprised to find that the door actually opens. Once she steps inside the room, however, a loud gasp shoots out from her lungs. What she finds in the room comes as an absolute shock to her.

END OF EPISODE #93

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