

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #94
TIME FRAME: SHORTLY AFTER [#93](#)

TEASER

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

The telephone rings and BRENT enters. He quickly picks it up.

BRENT: Hello?

On the other end, in her hotel room in New York, is SARAH.

SARAH: Hi.

As soon as she speaks, a certain coldness is detectable between them. There is a momentary silence before Brent says anything; it is almost as if he is debating whether or not he is going to speak.

BRENT: Hi. Uh, how are you?

SARAH: I'm fine. How about you?

BRENT: Good.

Another short silence ensues before Brent thinks of something to say.

BRENT: How are things going over there?

SARAH: It's all right ... I'm afraid we're not making much progress, though.

BRENT: That's too bad. If Matt really didn't do it, I don't wanna see him go to jail.

SARAH: And neither do I. At least we've reached a little bit of an understanding.

BRENT: I may not agree with what you've done, exactly, but I'm not gonna give up supporting you.

SARAH: Thanks. It means a lot to hear you say that.

BRENT: The truth is, I really miss you, Sarah. Do you think you'll be home soon?

She cringes, struggling with her response.

INT: MORIANI HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)
AFTERNOON

RYAN enters the living room of the recently purchased house. He shakes his head in amusement after taking a look around. For all the new houses that are being built in King's Bay, his father had to go and buy the most gothic, ancient house he could find. Granted, it looks terrific, but there is a certain spookiness to it that Ryan just can't ignore.

He sits down on the sofa -- of course, not a cushy one, but a firm, old-fashioned piece of furniture. Everything is so new around him ... but then again, it was like this for a reason.

VOICE: Ah, the prince has returned.

Ryan turns around to find his father, NICK, standing in the doorway.

RYAN: I told you, I just had to take care of a few errands.

NICK: Let me guess ... Something involving Claire Robbins?

INT: FITCH MANSION (FOYER)
AFTERNOON

Having been let in by the butler, ROBERTA has been waiting for quite a few minutes when KATHERINE finally makes her grand entrance.

KATHERINE: Ah, I'm glad to see you. Walter told me it was important ...

Roberta suppresses the urge to shoot back with some sarcastic comment about Katherine's lackadaisical attention to her visit. She wisely thinks better of it, deciding that Katherine is footing quite an enormous bill. Instead, she gets right down to business.

ROBERTA: Things have taken an interesting turn, Mrs. Fitch. I'm certain you'll be interested to hear about them.

PARIS, FRANCE
INT: HOTEL ROOM
NIGHT

SALLY gasps when she gets a look at Don's hotel room.

SALLY: Oh my god ... What in the world is going on here?

She stares open-mouthed at a painting sitting on the bed ... the same painting that Don was admiring so greatly at the museum.

What she finds beside the painting, however, is what truly makes her heart skip a beat. Lying on the floor, passed out, is DON.

ACT ONE

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

BRENT hopefully awaits an answer to his question from the other end of the telephone line. SARAH, however, plops down on the bed of her hotel room, looking frustrated.

SARAH: I would love to come home, Brent ... you know that. But I can't -- not yet. I promised Matt that I would take care of this first.

BRENT: I can't believe you're doing this.

SARAH: What? Keeping a promise to a friend?

BRENT: A friend? You hardly know the guy!

SARAH: I'll have you know that I'm getting to know Matt quite well.

She says this with an edge intended to spark jealousy in Brent. Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't ... but at the very least it gets an emotional reaction.

BRENT: You're choosing this case over our marriage, Sarah!

SARAH: No, I'm not. This is my career, and you are my husband. They're two separate things. You

knew this might take a few weeks ... Why do you suddenly want me to get home so quickly?

BRENT: Because ... there's something I have to go to that I'd like to have my wife with me at.

She is caught slightly off-guard by this -- what event does Brent need someone to attend with him?

PARIS, FRANCE

INT: HOTEL ROOM

NIGHT

In her robe, SALLY leans over DON. She quickly determines that he is breathing and begins trying to awaken him. In a short matter of time, his eyes have opened.

SALLY: Don! Don, are you okay?

DON: Okay? Yeah, I'm ...

He looks around him and is suddenly aware that he is lying on the floor in his dress clothes.

DON: What happened?

SALLY: I don't know. I just came in and I found you on the floor.

He struggles to sit up, and Sally assists him.

SALLY: What do you remember?

DON: Not much ...

He tries to organize the scattered memories he has of the evening.

DON: I'm not sure ...

SALLY: Then let's get a little more specific. Can you tell me why in the hell that painting from the museum is now sitting in your hotel room?

He turns his head to get a look at the painting. He appears about as surprised as she was to find it there.

SALLY: What is that thing doing here, Don?

Her voice now indicates a bit of panic.

Don's eyes go wide, as if something has been triggered inside his head.

ACT TWO

INT: MORIANI HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)

AFTERNOON

A curious NICK waits for RYAN to answer.

RYAN: Actually, no.

NICK: Surprise, surprise. You know, it still amazes me that you actually wanted to move to King's Bay just to chase after that woman.

RYAN: I'm not just chasing after her, Dad. I'm trying to convince her that I've changed.

NICK: Which you haven't.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN: I have changed, Dad. I'm sorry that I hurt her so many times when we were younger ... I want to prove that to her.

NICK: Perhaps, but you're not exactly living the moral life you've led her to believe.

RYAN: She doesn't need to find out about any of that.

NICK: What exactly did you tell her you're doing to make a living, anyway? Certainly you left out the fact that you're following in my footsteps.

RYAN: I'm doing what's necessary to make money, Dad. And no, I haven't told Claire about that -- and I don't plan to.

INT: FITCH MANSION (FOYER)

AFTERNOON

KATHERINE looks to ROBERTA eagerly.

KATHERINE: Good news?

ROBERTA: Very. I got a call from Danielle Taylor the other night ...

KATHERINE: Did she change her mind?

ROBERTA: Yes! And guess who convinced her to do it?

KATHERINE: Andrew? You can't be serious!

ROBERTA: I am!

KATHERINE: I didn't expect things to work out this way -- but we can definitely do something with this.

ROBERTA: What do you mean?

Katherine happily reflects on what she plans to do now.

ACT THREE

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

AFTERNOON

BRENT is quite disappointed that SARAH is not planning to come home, but instinctively tries to at least irritate her.

BRENT: For my new job.

SARAH: Your new job?

BRENT: I'm taking my old job back.

SARAH: Police commander? Why?

BRENT: Because they're having problems with my replacement and, quite frankly, I want the job back.

SARAH: What about the jobs we took together?

BRENT: Like you said, Sarah, our careers should be separate from our marriage, right?

She says nothing for a few tense moments.

SARAH: What function is it that you need me there for?

BRENT: It's the charity dinner. They're going to introduce me as the new commander then. It's a week from tomorrow.

SARAH: I-- I'll try to get back on time, okay?

BRENT: Okay. Listen, I should probably go.

SARAH: Yeah, uh, me too. I ... I love you.

BRENT: I love you too.

They both hang up their phones. Time zones apart from each other, the couple each sinks down onto a seat -- she onto the bed and he onto the couch. Despite the words with which they ended their conversation, feelings of love are not the leading emotions here.

PARIS, FRANCE
INT: HOTEL ROOM
NIGHT

SALLY watches as DON attempts to sort out the wild thoughts flying through his mind.

SALLY: What happened, Don?

DON: I'm not sure ... The last thing I remember is that after you left the museum, I went back to look at this painting ...

SALLY: ... and?

DON: I don't know.

SALLY: Well, obviously something happened in between then and now. And somehow that painting wound up in your hotel room.

DON: I'm trying to think ... I was looking at the painting ...

SALLY: Did you buy it?

DON: Why would I do that?

SALLY: You've been having these weird moods, Don -- and now I find you passed out across the floor. Buying a painting you've loved for years isn't exactly unfathomable, even if it is kinda weird.

DON: I wouldn't even have enough money to cover it, Sally. No -- I know what must've happened.

Sally looks at him hopefully, praying for the best yet expecting the worst.

ACT FOUR

INT: FITCH MANSION (FOYER)

AFTERNOON

ROBERTA is almost chilled by the thrill she gets from watching KATHERINE unfold her plot.

KATHERINE: I was hoping that Andrew would break his engagement to Danielle because of her dishonesty -- but we can work around that. She didn't mention anything about the wedding being off, did she?

ROBERTA: Not at all. In fact, she told me they're doing better than ever.

KATHERINE: Not for long, my dear.

A devious grin crawls across her well-made-up face.

ROBERTA: Will you be needing my help for anything else?

Again, Roberta is surprised at how willing she is to be an accomplice to the older woman's scheming. Hey, anything for this kind of money, she thinks. Besides, no one is really getting hurt.

KATHERINE: First and foremost, I'll need you to remain quiet about all of this business. I can't risk being exposed now.

ROBERTA: You've got my word.

KATHERINE: I'll write you another check for handling this situation so well.

She pulls out her checkbook, fills it out in her meticulous way, and hands the check to Roberta.

ROBERTA: Thank you.

KATHERINE: All right, now. Come to think of it, there is one more thing that I'd like you to take care of.

INT: MORIANI HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)
AFTERNOON

RYAN has a satisfied sparkle in his face. NICK watches in part amusement and part worry.

RYAN: I swear, I'm going to do whatever it takes to get Claire back. I was a fool to let her go.

NICK: The key will be convincing her of that.

RYAN: It's not as hard as it looks. That husband of hers is awfully ... how should I put this? ... common.

NICK: But Claire has never been into a flashy lifestyle, Ryan.

RYAN: I know, I know. That's why I'm not going to let her find out about what kind of business I really deal with.

NICK: You better not -- Part of the reason I moved here with you was to remove myself from the scene in Chicago a little bit. If Claire finds out what you're up to, she will blow the whistle on us so fast, your head will spin. Look what she did to her own father!

This mention of James Robbins, his longtime friend, sends Nick into a more somber mood.

RYAN: I know how close you and James were, but really, he got stupid towards the end. He had it coming.

NICK: I'm just warning you, Ryan: You could end up the same way if you cross Claire.

ACT FIVE

PARIS, FRANCE
INT: HOTEL ROOM

NIGHT

SALLY awaits what she expects to be a horrible revelation from DON.

DON: I-- I left the museum with the painting.

SALLY: You what?!?

DON: I must've stolen it.

SALLY: You couldn't have. What about the security?

DON: I don't know. I don't remember, exactly.

For the first time, Sally becomes aware that Don's painting supplies are sitting on the floor as well.

SALLY: What about those?

DON: Oh my god! Something really is wrong with me ... I must've been planning on painting on this painting!

SALLY: I don't believe this, Don. I don't believe this.

She begins pacing the floor frantically.

SALLY: You stole a painting. You stole a painting!

DON: Something really is wrong with me, Sally. I've gotta get to a doctor. Maybe it has to do with my fall from the ladder.

SALLY: Maybe ... I suppose it could be. But before we even worry about that, we have to get this damn painting back inside the museum without getting arrested!

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

BRENT remains planted on the couch, pondering the state of his marriage. How had things gotten so out of control so quickly? Just a few months ago he and Sarah had taken the P.I. jobs and gone to New York as a happy couple ... by the time they returned home, things were changing.

As much as he is aware of the fundamental problems between himself and Sarah, Brent does not want to see these. He sees Matt as the problem -- after all, he was the reason all this arguing had begun. Why had Sarah taken such a wild interest in him?

It is enough to nearly drive him to tears -- something he has rarely done since his mother's death. Crying had never seemed all that necessary after he shed so many tears for his mother; trivial things just hadn't seemed worthy of his tears. This, however, is hardly trivial. Brent drops his head into his hands as he sits on the couch, unmoving.

NEW YORK
INT: HOTEL ROOM
EVENING

Time zones away, SARAH is stretched out on the bed of her small hotel room, wondering about many of the same things. In her case, however, she is not so much thinking about where the problems between her and Brent started; rather, she is trying to figure out when Brent changed into someone at whom she could continually be so angry.

In her eyes, he is a different man than she married. That man agreed with her, supported her, did the things she would've liked him to. What had spurred this transformation? As much as Sarah hates the thought, she knows there is one definite possibility: Molly. She seethes at the memory of her then-boyfriend sharing a kiss with her sister.

The possibility that Sarah ignores, however, is one that is far less scandalous -- and far more probable. She had married Brent while on such an emotional roller coaster: she had seen him kissing Molly, after all. They hadn't been dating for that long a time, and perhaps the man she thought she married wasn't the man she married at all.

She drops her head back down onto the pillow and lies there, staring up blankly at the ceiling as she attempts to wipe all of this from her mind for a few hours and attempt to get some rest.

END OF EPISODE #94

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