

"FOOTPRINTS"  
EPISODE #98  
TIME FRAME: SHORTLY  
AFTER [#97](#)

**TEASER**

NEW YORK  
EXT: YANG MANSION  
EVENING

SARAH steps up onto the porch of Andrea Yang's mansion. She looks around, remembering all the time she and Brent spent here not too long ago. Unbelievable -- it seems like years ago! Things had been so different then; it was there, in New York, that Sarah last felt close to her husband.

She doesn't understand why he's been so difficult lately. Why can't he just understand that helping Matt was something she has to do? She exhales, realizing that as she recalled the tenseness between herself and Brent, she had begun to hold her breath tightly in her lungs.

Lately, that's how the whole marriage feels to her: Tight, cramped, uncomfortable. It's like they can't find any middle ground anymore. She sighs and rings the doorbell; she has to force that all out of her mind, at least for a little while longer. She has to focus on proving Matt's innocence.

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PARIS, FRANCE  
INT: HOTEL RESTAURANT  
NIGHT

It is fairly late, but SALLY just can't sleep. She hadn't even felt like getting into her pajamas just yet, so instead she paid DON a visit in his room. They had decided to go grab something to eat. Now, with full plates of food sitting before them in the dimly lit, nearly empty restaurant, neither has much of an appetite.

SALLY: I can't eat ... I'm too nervous.

DON: I know. I just wanna get rid of that painting already.

SALLY: I don't understand why that security guard put it back outside. It doesn't make any sense.

DON: We shouldn't have taken it back, Sally. What if they were watching us? We could be arrested!

SALLY: I think they would've acted already if it had been a trap, Don. Jeez ... What are we gonna do?

DON: We should've just left it there and run off. That way it would be out of our hands for good. But we didn't, huh? You couldn't just leave well enough alone, right?

She looks up at him, observing a certain fury in his eyes, and slumps in her seat slightly.

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

The phone is ringing as CLAIRE rushes into the apartment, pushing the stroller that holds TRAVIS and SAMANTHA. She had heard the phone from down the hall and dashed to get it. She picks it up on the fifth ring, the last before the answering machine would pick up.

CLAIRE: Hello?

TIM: Hey, there.

Her husband, TIM, is in his car, talking on his cellular phone.

CLAIRE: Hey. What time are you gonna be in tonight?

TIM: Later than I expected.

CLAIRE: How late?

TIM: Like ten o'clock.

CLAIRE: What?

TIM: I know, I'm sorry. Some big crisis came up, and we're taking some clients out to dinner to do damage control.

Even over the phone, he can sense her disappointment.

TIM: I'm really sorry.

CLAIRE: Don't worry. That's life, right? Anyway, I've got the kids, so I'll just have some dinner and hang out tonight.

TIM: I wish I could be there ...

CLAIRE: And I wish you were. But there's always tomorrow, right?

TIM: ... Except that you've got a late shift.

CLAIRE: Then we'll find time on the weekend. We'll make time.

A smile crawls across Tim's face.

TIM: Sounds good to me. Listen, I should go. I'm pulling up to the restaurant now.

CLAIRE: Okay. I'll see you later.

TIM: I love you.

CLAIRE: I love you too.

They both hang up the phones. Claire begins pulling the kids out of the stroller and immediately transfers them to the playpen.

CLAIRE: Mommy has to change, okay? I'll be back in a second ...

She heads into the bedroom to change into her "hanging around" clothing. It looks like another lonely night, I guess, she tells herself as she grabs some sweats out of the top dresser drawer.

## **ACT ONE**

PARIS, FRANCE

INT: HOTEL RESTAURANT

NIGHT

SALLY is suddenly intimidated by DON, a feeling she finds she has been experiencing all too often lately. It's just when he gets that weird look in his eyes sometimes, when he starts to bark at her almost totally out of the blue.

DON: Why are you making this worse than it has to be, Sally?

SALLY: I'm sorry! Calm down!

DON: That's a little difficult, don't you think? We happen to be carting around an extremely valuable piece of stolen art, I can't get in touch with my damn family ...

SALLY: Hey, don't take that out on me. It's just bad luck that you keep calling at all the wrong times.

She silently thanks her lucky stars that Don hasn't been able to get a hold of his wife or daughter yet.

DON: Yeah, well, I finally left Helen my number at the hotel. Hopefully she'll call me back soon ...

SALLY: Just be careful, Don. You can't let her know that I'm here with you.

DON: Which brings me to another thing. What in the hell are you doing here, anyway? Why did you tag along? I don't know what's wrong with me ... I didn't seem to find anything wrong with it on the plane ride over, but now it's really starting to bother me.

SALLY: Well, excuse me for living!

DON: It's not gonna help matters if my wife finds out that I've gone to France with my ex-wife and I've barely been in touch since I left the house!

SALLY: What would you like me to do, Don? Leave?

They exchange heated stares.

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

With both TRAVIS and SAMANTHA strapped into their high-chairs, CLAIRE is busily trying to feed them both at once. Just as quickly as she fills the spoon and puts it in one's mouth, the other spits out their last bite.

She sighs, mopping up a far-flung spot of applesauce from her shoulder.

CLAIRE: Tim, I need you here to help me with this ...

She had envisioned such an entertaining night for them. All four of them. They could eat peacefully, relax, play as a family ...

Whatever pleasant thoughts she is having are shattered as Samantha smacks the spoon out of her

mother's hand. Claire goes to the other side of the kitchen, where she picks it up and proceeds to rinse it off. When Tim is around, feeding time always seems like fun -- any of these little calamities are always hilarious. But by herself, it's just such a chore.

She scoops up another spoonful of food and tries to coax her son into opening his mouth to receive it.

## **ACT TWO**

NEW YORK

EXT: YANG MANSION

EVENING

Responding to the ring of the doorbell, ANDREA opens the door. She is genuinely surprised to find SARAH there.

ANDREA: Sarah! What are you doing here?

SARAH: Hi. I, uh, I need to go over some stuff with you.

ANDREA: Sure. Come on in.

Sarah steps inside the house.

INT: YANG MANSION (FOYER)

EVENING

ANDREA closes the door behind SARAH.

ANDREA: So what's going on? Why are you guys back here?

SARAH: Actually, "we're" not back. It's just me this time.

ANDREA: Oh ... What do you need? I thought the investigation was over.

SARAH: So did we -- or at least Brent did. As you may remember, I wasn't exactly convinced we'd caught the right man.

ANDREA: Ah, yeah. I just don't see how we can get around the evidence, Sarah. It all points to Matt.

SARAH: That's just the thing -- it doesn't. So much of that is circumstantial. Like your neighbor's statement ... Nothing about it was definite.

ANDREA: But it puts Matt at the scene of the crime just after it was committed.

SARAH: No, it doesn't.

Andrea gives Sarah a baffled look. How could this be possible?

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PARIS, FRANCE

INT: HOTEL RESTAURANT

NIGHT

Neither SALLY nor DON is willing to budge in the tug-of-war their eyes have locked into.

DON: Do I want you to leave? How--

He stops himself -- or rather, something within him stops him. The pressure within his head is quickly subsiding; he is feeling much more lucid all of a sudden. As much as he would like Sally to disappear from his life forever, the fact remains that without her help, he very well may not be able to return the stolen painting. No, he knows that he will need her around a little longer.

DON: How could you think that? I can't be alone right now.

SALLY: Do you mean that, Don?

DON: Not in the way you're thinking, no. But I need someone here with me, to help me through this mess with the painting. And I trust you ...

DON (THINKING): ... About as far as I can throw you, but hey, I need someone's help.

SALLY: Don, what are we going to do? We could get in serious trouble.

DON: I'm aware of that, but I think I've got a plan that'll work.

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

EVENING

The feeding frenzy now concluded, CLAIRE has changed SAMANTHA and TRAVIS into their

pajamas. Paula had said they'll both taken late afternoon naps, which means that neither will be falling asleep anytime soon. This established, Claire has taken out some of the toys and is sitting on the floor, watching them play.

Her mind is clearly wandering to thoughts of what else she might be doing tonight. It's not that she doesn't love the kids; she truly does, and she appreciates every minute she can spend with them ...

CLAIRE: ... but sometimes, a grown woman enjoys doing things other than having applesauce slopped onto her.

Like going to the opera. Her mind finishes the sentence for her. Ryan's offer had seemed like such a difficult decision at the time, but really, she feels she should be entitled to a little fun every now and then, no matter who it's with. Sure, she and Ryan share a past, but that's all ... As much as she wants to hate him for taking advantage of her so many years ago, she can't help but admit that it's in the past, that he is a different person now.

Her thoughts are again interrupted as Travis, who has begun walking, approaches her with a plastic toy and drops it right on top of her head. She winces in pain, trying to conceal her annoyance from the children as she launches into a not-too-severe scolding.

## ACT THREE

NEW YORK

INT: YANG MANSION (FOYER)

EVENING

A confused ANDREA makes her bewilderment known to SARAH.

ANDREA: Huh?

SARAH: Ed said that he saw someone he believed to be Matt running away from the house as the alarm sounded. It just doesn't make sense. Matt knows this house well enough that he should've been able to avoid tripping the alarm. And his car was nowhere near the house by that time. Doesn't that suggest he'd left?

ANDREA: I'd like to believe he's innocent, Sarah, but even though all that evidence may seem flimsy, he's the closest we've got to a suspect. Who else had the chance to steal those jewels?

SARAH: I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out.

ANDREA: So you're working with Matt now?

Sarah realizes she must be careful. If she lets it become known that Matt is back in New York, he would be arrested pretty quickly. She isn't aware that a warrant has been issued, but then again, she hadn't really checked as of late.

SARAH: For Matt, not with him. I promised him I'd get to the bottom of this.

VOICE: Not this again!

Both women turn to find STEVE PARKER, Andrea's fiance, standing in the entrance of the living room, an expression of pure annoyance plastered on his face.

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PARIS, FRANCE

INT: HOTEL RESTAURANT

NIGHT

DON has just explained his plan to SALLY, taking care to keep his voice at a low volume.

DON: So what do you think?

SALLY: It's our best bet. I can't wait to get rid of this stupid painting and get on with the trip.

DON: I don't think we're gonna be doing that, Sally.

SALLY: Why not?

Her disappointment comes across clear as day, evidenced by the slightly more nasal tone her voice assumes.

DON: I just can't do it. I--

Suddenly he feels the pulsing begin again inside his head. He grasps his skull with both hands, trying to subdue the thumping, but it does not cease.

SALLY: Don, what's wrong?

He merely groans, continuing to writhe in apparent agony.

SALLY: Don! Don, are you okay?

## ACT FOUR

NEW YORK

INT: YANG MANSION (FOYER)

EVENING

STEVE makes no effort to hide his displeasure from either SARAH or ANDREA.

ANDREA: Steve!

STEVE: I'm sorry. That sounded much worse than I intended it to. But I presume you're back because of Matt, right, Sarah?

SARAH: Yeah.

STEVE: I just wish this whole thing could be over already. That's all I meant.

SARAH: I understand that. I'm just as anxious as both of you to get to the bottom of this.

STEVE: Why can't you see that Matt did it? It makes perfect sense!

SARAH: No, it doesn't! Matt would never do something like that, especially to a friend like Andrea!

Steve is skeptical of her opinion, and more particularly, the basis for it.

STEVE: How do you know that, Sarah? You barely even know him.

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

EVENING

CLAIRE walks into the bedroom and collapses onto the bed. She has finally managed to get both children to go to bed. Breathing a sigh of relief, she throws her head back onto the mound of pillows.

The kids had particularly worn her out tonight. Had they been more energetic or uncooperative than usual?

CLAIRE: Maybe I was just crankier than usual tonight ...

She knows this is the truth. As much as she knows it would have been wrong, she wishes she had spent

the night out with Ryan. It would've been fun; besides, she is convinced he's not the same guy he was as a teenager -- at least, the things she didn't like about him then (namely the temper) seem to have gotten much tamer.

She closes her eyes, troubled by the conflicting emotions bouncing around inside of her.

## **ACT FIVE**

PARIS, FRANCE

INT: HOTEL RESTAURANT

NIGHT

SALLY's panic quickly fades as DON stops squirming and groaning. He sits up straight again.

SALLY: Don, are you okay?

DON: Yeah, I'm fine ... Where was I?

SALLY: You had said you wanted to cancel the rest of the trip.

Her eyes droop downward in disappointment. Don's eyes, however, begin to flair with anger. It rapidly spreads throughout his face, tensing up the muscles.

DON: Dammit, stop acting like such a baby! I don't even wanna be here with you -- can't you see that? This trip means almost nothing without Helen here!

SALLY: Fine, then.

She stands up, angrily pushing her chair in.

SALLY: I'm going back to my room. If you have anything nice to say, you can come find me.

With that, she turns and walks off.

Don fumes privately for a minute, but then he begins to feel the pressure on his brain relenting again. Several seconds later, his mind is once again clear.

Why had he blown up at her like that? He knows he needs her around to help him with the painting fiasco. It was like, for that short period of time, he had almost no control over what he said or did.

He sighs, dropping his head into his hands. He just wants to go home ...

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NEW YORK  
INT: YANG MANSION (FOYER)  
EVENING

It is now SARAH's turn to be annoyed. She glares at STEVE with contempt as ANDREA stands by.

SARAH: For your information, buddy, I've gotten to know Matt quite well.

STEVE: Is that so?

SARAH: Yes, and I've found him to be everything you're not -- considerate, thoughtful ... able to keep his temper in check.

Andrea is aware that this is a disaster waiting to happen.

ANDREA: Sarah, why don't I meet with you tomorrow if you need to talk to me?

SARAH: Fine. I'll give you a call, okay?

Andrea nods in agreement.

SARAH: Bye.

ANDREA: Bye.

Sarah lets herself out. Once the door closes, Andrea turns to Steve angrily.

ANDREA: Why can't you control yourself for ten minutes? She's just doing her job!

STEVE: I don't like that girl one bit, Andrea. She's out to make trouble.

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

CLAIRE has dozed off. Her mind, however, is wide awake as it dreams ...

DREAM  
INT: BEDROOM  
NIGHT

As candles burn all around, a teenaged RYAN and CLAIRE are engaged in a passionate moment ... one of the good times. Even in her sleep, Claire could feel the closeness to Ryan. His dark, warm eyes ... his soft hair ... the dimples ... not to mention his body ...

Suddenly a voice jolts her from this divine flashback.

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

TIM is standing over CLAIRE, shaking her lightly in an effort to wake her up. Slowly, her eyes slip open. She looks around, realizing where she is, and then catches sight of her husband.

CLAIRE: Tim ... Hi.

TIM: Hey. The kids are already asleep?

CLAIRE: In bed. I don't about asleep.

TIM: You must be exhausted. I'm really sorry I couldn't be here tonight.

CLAIRE: Don't worry about it. Work is work.

He wraps his arms around her as he sits down beside her on the bed.

TIM: I love you.

Her face, out of his sight, is wracked with guilt. That memory of being with Ryan had seemed so real ... It had felt so amazing. She hadn't looked back positively on any of her time with him, especially physical times, since the day she had been "raped" -- or whatever it was. One thing is for sure: Something has changed.

CLAIRE: I love you too.

She squeezes Tim tightly, suddenly frightened by the unsettled feeling in her stomach.

**END OF EPISODE #98**

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