

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #103
TIME FRAME: SHORTLY AFTER [#102](#)

TEASER

EXT: FITCH MANSION
MIDDAY

ANDY rushes out of the mansion and, looking around, sees Danielle's car driving off down the street. He is suddenly thankful that they arrived at the house in separate vehicles. He jumps into his car and, keeping an eye out for Danielle, takes off in the direction she went.

In the yard, ROBERTA is hiding in the shrubbery. She'd heard Danielle and then Andy rushing out of the house and decided she wouldn't have time to get to her car and get away before they emerged, so she chose to hide instead. Now that both are gone, she steps out from the bushes and brushes some leaves out of her hair.

Her gaze continues to follow Andy's car down the street as it takes a left-hand turn, until it has vanished from sight. There is something about him that has struck her, something she can't quite understand ...

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (TIM'S OFFICE)
MIDDAY

TIM sets aside a file he has been reviewing as he picks up the ringing telephone.

TIM: Hello?

A pleasantly familiar voice greets him.

CLAIRE: Hey. How's everything?

TIM: Pretty good. What's up?

CLAIRE: What time do you think you're gonna leave the office tonight?

TIM: Six, six-thirty. Why, do you have something planned?

CLAIRE: Nope, sorry. I just got asked to fill in for another nurse who called in sick. She's got an

evening shift, so I wanted to see if you could pick up the kids from your parents' on the way home.

Though disappointed that his hopes for a romantic evening have been dashed yet again, Tim takes this in stride.

TIM: Sure. What time do you think you'll be home?

CLAIRE: Probably around eight-thirty.

TIM: Sounds good. Maybe after we put the kids to sleep, we can, uh, have a little fun of our own?

Tim's mention of getting physical suddenly sends a shot of uneasiness running through Claire's body. She cannot help but remember the last time they tried to make love ... Her mind had been so overwhelmed by memories of the rape that she'd gotten sick. Even now, days later, the thought is unsettling to her.

INT: POLICE STATION (BRENT'S OFFICE)

MIDDAY

The fact that it has been a slow work day has not exactly been helpful to BRENT: he's been unable to get his mind off of his problems. Not only is he grappling with the volatile state of his marriage, but he is also oddly plagued by thoughts of his earlier discussion with Molly. It hadn't really turned into an argument, but still ... They'd left each other on somewhat hostile terms, and this really bothers him.

Regardless, he picks up the phone and dials the number of Sarah's hotel room, a number he knows quite well after having dialed it many, many times in the past few hours. Finally he hears a click on the other end as the phone is picked up.

SARAH: Hello?

BRENT: Hey, it's me--

Before he can say anything else, he hears another click. Sarah has hung up on him.

ACT ONE

EXT: DOCKS

MIDDAY

Standing on the docks are RYAN MORIANI and his father, NICK. They are trying to appear casual as they await someone, something they have become quite good at after lifetimes of mob involvement. Ryan checks his watch and sighs.

RYAN: Dammit! Where are they?

NICK: They're coming, don't worry. Why are you in such a hurry, anyway?

RYAN: I just wanna get this out of the way. I have something to take care of.

NICK: Like what?

RYAN: I wanna go to the hospital and see Claire.

NICK: Will you stop being ridiculous, Ryan? I've already told you -- the woman appears to be happily married. And besides, she's dangerous. Just give it up already.

RYAN: I can't ... Not that easily. I can win her back -- I know I can.

NICK: What makes you so sure?

RYAN: She still loves me, Dad.

NICK: That's absolute idiocy!

RYAN: No, it's not.

He raises a hand to silence any further protests from his father.

RYAN: Claire still cares about me. I can tell. I just have to find a way to drive a wedge between her and that sorry excuse for a husband of hers.

He strokes his chin, his mind at work.

NEW YORK
INT: HOTEL ROOM
AFTERNOON

SARAH is standing by the dresser, fuming. How dare Brent call her after lying about taking Molly to

that dinner? As far as she's concerned, they have nothing more to talk about.

The telephone rings again. After three rings, she decides that rather than let it ring, she'll at least tell her husband how she feels. She picks up the phone.

SARAH: Brent?

BRENT: Yeah, it's me.

SARAH: You know, you've got some nerve! I really don't believe you.

BRENT: What are you talking about?

SARAH: Your little night out with Molly last night ... Danielle told me all about it.

BRENT: So what?

SARAH: How could you just take my sister to an event like that? Do you know what kind of embarrassment that's going to cause me?

BRENT: Well, I really didn't wanna go alone, I'm sorry. And it's not exactly easy for me to explain that my wife ran off across the country with a guy she hardly knows.

SARAH: Oh, puh-lease! Stop trying to lay the blame on me here!

BRENT: What, is this all my fault now?

SARAH: Pretty damn close. Why don't you just say it already?

BRENT: Say what?

SARAH: Just tell me exactly what's going on between you and Molly.

ACT TWO

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (TIM'S OFFICE)
MIDDAY

TIM leans forward, planting his elbows on the desk as he holds the phone to his ear. Why was CLAIRE suddenly so silent on the other end of the line?

TIM: You still there?

CLAIRE: Yeah, yeah. I'm right here.

TIM: Is something the matter, Claire?

CLAIRE: What do you mean?

She stumbles through this sentence, suddenly fearful that Tim just may catch on.

TIM: I mean, are you all right? You've seemed awfully out there lately.

CLAIRE: Like I said, it's just stress. Between work and the kids and--

She stops herself.

TIM: And what?

There is no response.

TIM: What else is there that's causing you stress, Claire?

INT: CASSIE'S COFFEE HOUSE
MIDDAY

ANDY enters the coffee house, which is reasonably crowded even in the middle of the day. As expected, he finds DANIELLE sitting alone at a small table, sipping a large cup of coffee. He steps up to the table quietly and then taps her on the shoulder. She turns around.

ANDY: Mind if I join you?

DANIELLE: Are you ready to talk rationally?

ANDY: I am, I promise.

He sits down across from her.

ANDY: I'm sorry about what happened back there, Danielle. I didn't mean to insult you or bring up any painful memories ...

DANIELLE: It's not just that, Andy. Yes, I probably overreacted because you mentioned my mother, and that's definitely a sore spot. But even so ... Can't you just trust me?

ANDY: What do you mean?

DANIELLE: It seems to me like your mother is trying to change. That's the goal, isn't it? If she is making a sincere effort, there's no point in driving her away because you're suspicious.

ANDY: I'm not just suspicious -- I'm worried. Believe me, I'd love to think that my mother is ready to accept me being with you. I'm just saying, we need to be cautious.

Danielle leans against the back of her chair, frustrated. It looks like they are still on opposite sides of this issue.

ACT THREE

EXT: DOCKS
MIDDAY

RYAN and NICK are still waiting. Ryan has begun pacing.

NICK: Will you please stand still? You're making me dizzy.

RYAN: I'm just nervous.

NICK: Let me guess ... about Claire, right?

RYAN: Partly, yeah. But where is this guy we're supposed to meet?

NICK: He'll be here soon. Calm down.

No sooner has Nick uttered these words than a shady-looking character, a MAN wrapped up in a trenchcoat and fedora, approaches them from behind.

MAN: Moriani?

Both Nick and Ryan turn around.

NICK: Yeah. Do you have the, uh, delivery?

MAN: It's right here.

He holds up a suitcase which, when opened, reveals a significant amount of assorted drugs.

NICK: Perfect.

He extends his hand towards Ryan, who hands him a briefcase. Nick, in turn, hands it to the man, who opens it and proceeds to count the money inside. Suddenly he looks up at them, his face drawn back tightly with rage.

MAN: What the hell is this?

NICK: What?

MAN: Are you trying to cheat us or something?

NICK: What are you talking about?

MAN: There's 500 dollars missing from this case.

NICK: No, there's not. There can't be.

MAN: There is.

Nick counts it for himself and, sure enough, five hundred dollars is missing. He turns around to his son.

NICK: You packed the money in here, didn't you?

RYAN: Yeah, I'm sure I did.

He tries to remember doing the final count, but realizes he never did review the contents of the briefcase.

RYAN: Wait. We were in such a rush before, I forgot to double-check at the end. I bet I left the rest of it sitting out.

NICK: You idiot!

He turns back to the man.

NICK: Look, just let me go get the money. You can have it immediately.

MAN: What kind of games are you tryin' to play, Moriani?

He slowly draws a handgun out of his coat and points it at them.

INT: VISION PUBLISHING (TIM'S OFFICE)

MIDDAY

TIM waits for a response from CLAIRE over the phone. There is a short silence before she actually speaks.

CLAIRE: Nothing, I guess. There's just so much going on.

TIM: I know. And I promise, we'll have a little down-time together as soon as we can both swing it.

CLAIRE: That sounds nice.

TIM: Are you sure you're feeling okay?

CLAIRE: I'm fine!

She is surprised by how harshly she snaps at him.

CLAIRE: Yes, I'm fine. As you can see, I'm just a little exhausted right now.

TIM: Like I said, we've got to get away for a few days or something.

CLAIRE: Sounds like a good idea to me. Look, I should probably get back to work.

TIM: Same here. I'll pick up the kids tonight and take care of dinner, okay?

CLAIRE: Perfect. Thank you.

TIM: It's my pleasure. I love you.

CLAIRE: I love you too. Bye.

They both hang up their phones. Tim sinks into his leather office chair, still unconvinced about Claire's health. Something has definitely been odd with her the past few days, he has to admit; she's been very on-edge.

TIM: Maybe a few days away will ease her mind ... I just hope it's nothing more serious than that.

ACT FOUR

INT: CASSIE'S COFFEE HOUSE
MIDDAY

ANDY reaches across the table and takes DANIELLE's hands in his.

ANDY: Danielle, I don't want to fight over this. It's not worth it.

DANIELLE: I know, I know. I'm sorry ... I just get so moody when I think about my mom.

ANDY: That's understandable.

DANIELLE: Can't we just agree to disagree on the issue of your mother?

ANDY: Fine by me. I'm sure everything will cool down over time.

DANIELLE: Then that's settled. I'm sorry I dragged you out of the house while you were packing ... Are you gonna go back and finish up?

ANDY: Yeah, I guess so.

DANIELLE: I think I'm gonna go home, okay?

ANDY: Sure.

They both stand.

ANDY: Let's do something for dinner tonight.

DANIELLE: I'd be glad to. Give me a call when you're through packing.

ANDY: I will.

He gives her a peck on the cheek.

ANDY: I'll see you later.

He leaves the coffee house. Danielle stands by the table for a few more seconds, confused by what has just happened. First Katherine had tried to break up her and Andy, but it hadn't worked; now that she had decided to accept them, they were fighting over her.

DANIELLE: Sometimes things work out in the strangest ways ...

INT: POLICE STATION (BRENT'S OFFICE)
MIDDAY

BRENT is startled by SARAH's question. He shifts the telephone to his other ear before responding.

BRENT: Nothing is "going on" between Molly and me, for your information!

SARAH: You two have seemed awfully cozy lately ...

BRENT: We're friends, Sarah! I'm sorry if I enjoy having a friend to talk to while my wife is out of town!

SARAH: Couldn't you talk to a male friend?

BRENT: In which case you'd probably accuse me of being gay! There's no winning with you, is there?

SARAH: I beg your pardon!

BRENT: No, really. It's your way or the highway, right?

SARAH: Will you grow up?

BRENT: No, you grow up! I am sick and tired of everything being my fault!

SARAH: Well, it is! I tried to get in touch with you to patch things up, and all I get out of it is hearing from your sister that you took Molly to a dinner!

BRENT: I don't wanna get into this again. I'm hanging up.

He slams the phone down.

ACT FIVE

INT: CAR
MIDDAY

ROBERTA is driving back to the studio after her visit -- or rather, attempted visit -- with Katherine Fitch. She has been feeling a bit disgusted with herself for taking part in this whole scheme -- after all, it does look like Andy and Danielle want to be together. But still, Katherine is offering her such good money, and she seems genuinely concerned about her son's engagement.

Now Roberta has found a new justification for all of this in her head. Danielle truly isn't any good for Andy, she has determined -- look at how she made a scene and ran out on him earlier.

ROBERTA: No, Andy Fitch deserves better than that ...

A sly smirk crawls across her face.

EXT: DOCKS
MIDDAY

NICK presses down on the gun the MAN is holding, forcing it away from himself and RYAN.

NICK: I'll get you the money, I promise.

MAN: You better not be screwing with me, Moriani.

NICK: I swear, I'm not. My son is just an idiot.

Ryan says nothing in protest, fully aware of his place in the business.

NICK: How about if I send Ryan to go get the money right now? I'll wait here with you until he gets back.

MAN: Fine. Just make it fast.

Nick leads Ryan over to the car. The man watches them, not yet releasing the gun from his grip. Once they are far enough away, Nick begins speaking to his son in a hushed voice.

NICK: You moron!

RYAN: I'm sorry, Dad. It was an accident, I swear.

NICK: I believe you, which is almost worse. How could you not be paying attention to the money?

RYAN: I don't know.

NICK: It was Claire, wasn't it? Now you listen to me--

He grabs Ryan by the shirt collar.

NICK: Don't you ever, ever let that woman or any other woman get in the way of business again. It could get us killed.

RYAN: Fine. I'm sorry.

NICK: Just go get the money.

Nick watches as Ryan scrambles into the car and takes off. This situation is getting more and more troublesome for him as time goes by. Ryan can't keep obsessing over Claire like this -- no, something has to be done.

INT: HOSPITAL
MIDDAY

CLAIRE puts down her clipboard on a counter and drops her head into her hands.

CLAIRE: This whole thing is getting to be too much ... I've got to find a way to keep the past in the past.

This, however, isn't as easy as it sounds. No matter how pure Ryan's intentions are -- and she's fairly certain he's only after friendship and forgiveness -- his presence will continue to disrupt her life.

CLAIRE: I've got to do something -- anything -- before this drives me crazy.

NEW YORK
INT: HOTEL ROOM
AFTERNOON

The sound of the her husband slamming the phone down rattles SARAH's head. She is tempted to call

him back, but thinks better of it. Maybe he'll calm down with some time ...

SARAH: What the hell is going on? No matter what I do, it's like Brent and I can never quite get on the same wavelength.

She sighs. As much as she hates to admit it, and as much as her recent back-and-forth emotions might want to fight it, there is definitely a major problem in her marriage. The question is, is it repairable?

END OF EPISODE #103

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