

"FOOTPRINTS"  
EPISODE #113  
TIME FRAME: SHORTLY AFTER [#112](#)

**TEASER**

NEW YORK  
INT: POLICE STATION  
EVENING

The doors of the station swing open and STEVE, led by SARAH, enters. She pulls him across the room and up to a desk, where she begins speaking with the RECEPTIONIST. Her eyes, however, never leave Steve unattended.

SARAH: I need a stenographer to take this man's statement immediately.

RECEPTIONIST: Just a moment ...

As Sarah waits, her eyes meet Steve's. He scowls at her; something tells Sarah she won't be easily forgiven for dragging this confession out of him. But it doesn't matter, she tells herself - I've freed Matt at last!

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INT: MORIANI HOME (LIVING ROOM)  
AFTERNOON

NICK walks into the room to find his son, RYAN, sunken comfortably into the sofa. The younger man's feet are propped up on the coffee table and he has a drink in his hand. Immediately Nick is aware of the glowing smile upon Ryan's face.

NICK: What are you so happy about?

Ryan turns, just now aware of his father's presence.

RYAN: Oh, hey, Dad. When did you get in?

NICK: I just walked in the house a minute ago.

He points to the suitcases he laid on the floor near the entrance to the room, evidence of his recent trip to Chicago.

RYAN: Oh. Dad, you would not believe the great luck I've had in the last few days.

Nick throws his head back, somewhat amused. He hasn't seen his son act this way in years.

NICK: Something tells me this involves Claire Robbins?

Ryan's nod confirms this.

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INT: HOTEL ROOM  
AFTERNOON

The room shows little sign of inhabitation, except for the packed duffel bag and the large, opened suitcase leaning against the wall. The television is turned off and the small bathroom appears to have been hardly touched.

On the bed, however, a man grips a framed photograph between his hands. He stares at it, allowing his eyes to pore over with great intensity. He looks deep into each of the three faces in the picture - ten years ago's versions of faces he knows line by line.

With a sigh, DON places the photo face-down on the bed and rolls over. Moments later, a knock on the door echoes through the room. Don does not move; he lets the knocking, casual at first, fill his ears. Another quick succession of knocks comes, more distinct. By the third time, the knocking is positively frenzied. A female voice jumps through the door into the room.

SALLY: Don! Don, are you in there?

She knocks again. Don peels himself off of the bed and makes his way to the door ever-so-slowly. At last he pulls it open and finds SALLY with her hand raised, poised to knock once more.

DON: Sally?

He simply looks at her for a moment, a bit frazzled to find another person here with him. Once his wits have been regained somewhat, he continues.

DON: Look, I'm really not in the-

SALLY: Don, please. There's something we need to discuss right now.

**ACT ONE**

INT: MORIANI HOME (LIVING ROOM)

AFTERNOON

RYAN grins at NICK.

RYAN: You bet it does. The most amazing thing happened before, Dad: Claire told me she doesn't want me out of her life anymore.

NICK: Really?

RYAN: Yeah. She even introduced me to her husband.

NICK: So what brought all this about?

RYAN: I went over there to say goodbye, and a fire broke out. I got her kids out of the apartment, and all of a sudden her feelings had totally turned around.

NICK: Wow. See, everything worked out alright.

RYAN: I know. Dad, this is the break I've been waiting for all along.

NICK: Am I right in saying that this has just made you more determined to get her back?

RYAN: Dead right.

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NEW YORK

INT: JAIL

EVENING

ANDREA is seated across the wooden table from MATT.

ANDREA: I just hope you can forgive me. I shouldn't have let Steve's moods rule my judgment.

MATT: I can't blame you, Andrea. The evidence against me can be convincing.

ANDREA: I don't believe it. There's more to this story than we're seeing, I swear.

MATT: Definitely.

He says nothing more on the subject, although he knows more than he's letting on. His mind rattles off a quick prayer that Sarah will come through with the necessary information.

ANDREA: We'll get you out of here, okay?

MATT: Letting Sarah look through the house was a good start.

ANDREA: Do you think she'll find anything useful there?

MATT: I'm almost positive.

SARAH: Almost?

Both Matt and Andrea turn to see SARAH standing several feet away, flashing a broad grin at them.

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INT: HOTEL ROOM  
AFTERNOON

Despite the fact that SALLY is standing just outside the door, DON does not budge from his position in the doorway.

DON: What, you've come up with an earth-shattering new way to ruin my life?

SALLY: Don-

DON: I wouldn't worry about it, Sally. You've got that market cornered already.

SALLY: That's not fair!

DON: Not fair? You take advantage of me when it's clear I haven't got it all together and I'm the one who's being unfair?

SALLY: Why are you trying to make it sound so horrible?

DON: Because it was - it is! Sally, you knew damn well something wasn't right with my head long before we went to see that doctor. And you went right ahead with your little schemes anyway. It is terrible!

SALLY: No, it's not! Don, it's wonderful! Why can't you see that? There's something we share that's meant to be - something you and Helen obviously don't have. I think it's time you acknowledged that.

Don remains silent.

SALLY: So what do you say?

She forces a hopeful smile onto her face.

## ACT TWO

NEW YORK

INT: JAIL

EVENING

ANDREA is clearly surprised to see SARAH; MATT is merely overjoyed. He can tell from her expression that she has good news.

MATT: Did you find it?

SARAH: Not exactly.

MATT: What?

The joy fades from his body. His shoulders resume their former tense slump and his elbows make their way back onto the table.

SARAH: Even better - I got a confession.

Matt leaps out of his chair.

MATT: Are you serious?

SARAH: I wouldn't kid you about this. It's over.

He throws his arms around her. Just as quickly, however, he stands back, placing Sarah at arm's length, though his hands remain on her shoulders.

MATT: He really confessed?

Sarah nods. Just as a great weight seems to have been removed from his body, so has it from hers. She

appears untroubled for the first time in months. Matt pulls her back into his hug.

ANDREA: Who confessed?

Sarah and Matt step apart, and a new awkwardness settles over the room. Each struggles to look Andrea in the eye.

ANDREA: I have a right to know. Who stole those jewels from me?

Sarah moves closer to Andrea, who is still seated. She gathers up all her might in one tremendous breath and then pushes the word through her lips.

SARAH: Steve.

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INT: MORIANI HOME (LIVING ROOM)  
AFTERNOON

NICK takes a seat next to RYAN, who scoots over a few inches.

NICK: Are you sure this is a good idea?

RYAN: Why wouldn't it be? I have been waiting for this chance for so long.

NICK: Need I remind you she's a married woman?

RYAN: I'm aware of that.

Nick waits for his son to add something more, but he doesn't. Ryan finally catches sight of Nick's expression.

RYAN: What?

NICK: Hello! It seems pretty clear to me that she loves this guy. My god, she let her own father die rather than him!

RYAN: James had it coming, from what I've heard. He truly went nuts towards the end.

NICK: I wouldn't know ... I had almost no contact with him in the year or so before he died.

A thought strikes him.

NICK: You know, I wonder how Claire would feel about your, shall we say, means of income?

RYAN: It doesn't matter. She's not going to find out.

NICK: Ryan, you're playing with fire here. Why can't you see that?

RYAN: It's not that I can't see it - I just know how to control it!

Nick feels an urge to protest, but thinks better of it. There's no convincing Ryan of anything right now, he knows. He's on too much of a high. Still, Nick can't help but issue a terse, but stern, admonition.

NICK: I'm warning you - If this gets in the way of business, it's over. We'll be out of King's Bay before you know what hit you.

Ryan nods in silent agreement, fully aware that his father means business.

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INT: HOTEL ROOM  
AFTERNOON

DON cuts SALLY down with an expression that shows that his decision hasn't even required a moment of consideration.

DON: No.

SALLY: Don, you're not thinking rationally!

DON: Rationally? Hmm.

He pauses, rubbing his chin in a sarcastic imitation of thought.

DON: Let's see ... You've basically just admitted that you made a conscious effort to tear apart my family - after we haven't seen each other in over 20 years. And need I remind you of the reason for that separation?

SALLY: How many times do I need to apologize for that? I was young and I was stupid! The fact that I got pregnant by another guy doesn't mean I loved you any less-

DON: Then what was it? An expression of your love for me?

Sally has been left wordless.

SALLY: Don, I'll come back another time. It's obvious that you can't see what's good for you - and let me tell you, it's not Helen! Look at the way she tossed you out for something you didn't even do!

DON: I can see why she'd be suspicious.

SALLY: But she doesn't trust you!

Now it is Don's turn to be silenced. Regardless of everything else, he can't argue this point. After moments of fumbling for words, he speaks up in a voice louder than his usual one.

DON: Just get out! I really don't want to be having this conversation right now - with you, of all people!

Sally tries to think of something further to say, a plea, anything to convince him not to oust her from the room. Instead, she throws up her hands in frustration and turns for the door.

SALLY: Fine! I'll go. But I'm telling you, this isn't over yet!

She pulls the door open to leave - and both she and Don are astonished by who they find standing just outside the room.

## **ACT THREE**

EXT: KING'S BAY PARK  
AFTERNOON

RYAN is strolling through the park with his hands shoved in the pockets of his khaki pants. All around him, he sees happy people - people playing with their children, families having picnics, couples walking hand-in-hand ...

He pauses on the path, taking a sweeping look around the park. All these people are here with those they love, and here he is standing alone. There suddenly seems to be such a great divide between those people and himself - as if a glass wall has dropped down around him. There's only one way to break through it, he knows.

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NEW YORK

INT: JAIL  
EVENING

ANDREA shoots up out of the wooden chair in disbelief. SARAH tries to calm her by placing a hand on her shoulder, but it is instantaneously swatted off. MATT remains motionless.

ANDREA: Are you nuts?

SARAH: I got his confession, Andrea. He's right out there - I'm sure he'll explain it all to you himself.

ANDREA: This doesn't make any sense! Why would Steve steal from me?

MATT: Actually, it wasn't just Steve.

Andrea appears partially relieved, but Matt's continued explanation only makes things worse.

MATT: Your friendly neighbor helped him out.

ANDREA: Ed?

MATT: Yeah.

SARAH: Steve paid Ed to do the dirty work for him.

ANDREA: I don't understand this. Why would my fiancé steal from me?

MATT: Simple - to frame me.

ANDREA: You've gotta be crazy!

SARAH: He's serious, Andrea. Steve explained everything to me. He arranged this whole scheme because he didn't like how involved Matt was in your life. His whole plan was to frame Matt for it so that, if nothing else, you kicked him out of your life for good.

ANDREA: Why are you doing this to me?

SARAH: Doing what?

ANDREA: Accusing Steve! I know you guys were desperate, but this is absolutely insane!

MATT: Andrea-

Before he can say anything further, his friend has stormed out of the room. He and Sarah exchange hurried looks.

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INT: HOTEL ROOM  
AFTERNOON

Before SALLY and DON can even react, COURTNEY and ALEX push their way into the room.

SALLY: Hi, kids.

Her greeting comes with a touch of discomfort, no matter how hard she tries to mask it.

DON: Courtney ... and Alex.

ALEX: Hi, Don.

DON: Oh my god! It's been so long! Jeez, look at you!

He stands back, admiring the now-grown man who he once thought was his own son.

DON: I can't believe it.

SALLY: He's certainly grown up since you last saw him.

Her words snap Don out of his amazed state.

DON: What are you kids doing here, anyway?

COURTNEY: We both wanted to come see you.

She gives Sally a bitter sideways glance.

COURTNEY: But apparently we're interrupting something.

DON: No, you're not. Sally was just leaving.

COURTNEY: Oh, really?

DON: Yes. Courtney, can I speak to you alone for a minute?

COURTNEY: Fine.

She follows him out of the hotel room, and as soon as they are both in the hallway he pulls the door shut and launches into her.

DON: What has gotten into you?

COURTNEY: Me? How about asking yourself the same question, Dad? I thought you were upset about what's going on with Mom - but apparently it's just fine with you if our family falls to pieces, huh?

**END OF EPISODE #113**

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