

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #115
TIME FRAME: THE DAY AFTER [#114](#)

TEASER

INT: ANDY'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
EVENING

ANDY crosses the room in response to the two knocks on the front door. He turns the knob and opens the door, letting TIM and JASON into the apartment.

TIM: Hey! How's it going?

ANDY: Very well, thank you.

They shake hands.

JASON: Hi.

ANDY: Hello.

Andy closes the door as the Fisher brothers look around the room in wonder.

TIM: Jeez, this place is amazing.

He admires a small statue on a side table.

TIM: You've done a nice job with this place, Andy.

ANDY: I suppose that's what I get for having the parents I had. It's just the type of environment I'm comfortable in.

JASON: Well, you definitely made the most of this place.

ANDY: Hopefully I won't be living here much longer.

TIM: Why do you say that?

ANDY: Well, Danielle and I are going to be married and move into a place of our own - with any luck,

sooner rather than later.

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

Several blocks away, BRENT answers his own door at the call of a single knock. He finds MOLLY standing outside.

MOLLY: Hello, there.

BRENT: Hey. What's going on?

MOLLY: Nothing much. I just got your message and thought I'd come over and see how you were doing.

BRENT: I'm fine ... Really, you didn't need to come over.

Molly takes note of his appearance, which is nearly one of dishevelment. His hair is uncharacteristically out of place, and his usual clothing - though nothing more than casual pants and a decent shirt - has been replaced by basketball shorts and a white t-shirt.

MOLLY: Am I interrupting anything?

BRENT: No ... no, not at all. Do you wanna come in for awhile?

MOLLY: I was hoping you'd say that. I've got a surprise for you.

INT: AIRPLANE
EVENING

SARAH and MATT are seated side-by-side - he by the window and she in the middle. A MAN in a business suit is asleep beside her.

Through the small plastic window, Matt watches the ground fall farther and farther away. Sarah catches sight of his reflective state and, after a brief hesitation, pokes him on the shoulder.

SARAH: Whatcha thinkin' about?

MATT: I don't know ... It's just strange to be leaving New York for good, you know?

SARAH: You said yourself there's no one and nothing left for you there. Why not take the opportunity to start with a clean slate?

MATT: I know. That makes sense. I just get weird at times like this. I mean, it's kinda like I'm leaving this really safe place, you know? Despite everything that's happened to me here, everything is at least familiar.

SARAH: Is somebody a little scared?

She pinches his cheek jovially.

MATT: I guess ...

In spite of the red color filling his cheeks, Matt can't help but crack a smile.

SARAH: Well, don't you worry. I'll protect you.

She smiles back at him.

ACT ONE

INT: ANDY'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
EVENING

Before the conversation can progress any further, ANDY picks up the remote control and flips on the oversized television. He then tosses it to TIM, who reacts quickly and catches it.

ANDY: Make yourselves comfortable. Can I get you anything to drink?

JASON: Soda's fine for me.

TIM: Same here.

ANDY: Okay. I'll be back in a second.

He bustles out of the room. JASON looks over his brother's shoulder at the remote.

JASON: Dude, this place is so cool!

TIM: I know. Gosh, Claire and I both work and our place isn't half as great as this one.

JASON: Need I remind you, you've got two kids to deal with?

TIM: Good point.

With the push of a button, he scans through the channels rapidly, hardly stopping at any single one long enough to determine what's on.

JASON: Slow down, boy! I wanna watch that!

TIM: I don't think we'll be doing that ...

He continues to flip through the channels. Jason reaches in to snatch the remote, but Tim slips away. The younger man practically lunges for his brother but again misses. Finally, Jason corners Tim and reaches over his shoulder. He comes away with the remote control after a brief struggle and returns to his desired channel. He sits down on the dark green leather sofa and looks up at Tim.

JASON: Eat that.

He begins to settle into his seat, watching the television. Meanwhile, Andy returns with three drinks.

ANDY: Here you go ...

He hands a glass to Jason.

ANDY: ... and you ...

He gives another to Tim and then sets the small tray down on the coffee table.

ANDY: ... and one for me.

He, too, takes a seat on the sofa, and Tim soon follows suit.

TIM: So, tell me, how are things going with Danielle? Brent told me she's away on tour already.

ANDY: That she is. Her album was released last week, and hopefully they'll do it justice with the proper promotion.

TIM: Yeah, it's such a volatile business.

ANDY: Believe me, I have learned more about the music industry in the last few months than I thought I ever would. "Volatile" is most definitely a good word to describe it.

INT: CAR
EVENING

Unbeknownst to Andy and either of his guests, not far away, a WOMAN is travelling towards the apartment in a rental car. As she rolls up to a red light, she pulls down the mirror to check her makeup. After all, she's got to be prepared for the upcoming reunion ...

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

BRENT continues to speak to MOLLY, who is standing just outside the doorway now.

BRENT: A surprise?

MOLLY: Yeah.

He is suddenly aware of the two grocery bags she is carrying by the handles.

MOLLY: I am going to whip you up a wonderful dinner.

BRENT: Sounds good.

He steps out of the way, allowing her to enter the apartment.

MOLLY: So you said in your message that things didn't go well at work. What was wrong?

BRENT: I am just in a constant state of awe about everybody's stupidity on that damn police force! I'm seriously reminded of why I quit before ... but I know this is what I wanna do, not P.I. work.

As most things do, this thought process leads him back to his wife, Sarah.

BRENT: Speaking of which, I wonder how Sarah's doing with her case.

MOLLY: Haven't you spoken to her lately?

BRENT: No! I left her a quick message at the hotel last night, and she managed to leave me a voicemail at work this morning.

MOLLY: What'd she say?

BRENT: Basically that, barring any unforeseen problems, Matt would be free today. But we all know how unforeseen problems have a strange way of appearing at the most inconvenient times.

MOLLY: Tell me about it.

He follows her into the kitchen, where she sets the two bags down on the table.

MOLLY: So if the case is almost over, she should be home soon, right?

BRENT: I don't know. What does she have to come home to anymore?

INT: AIRPLANE
EVENING

MATT shifts slightly in his seat in order to face SARAH a bit more.

MATT: Well, when we get back I'm gonna lay low for a little while. It'll give you and Brent some time to patch things up.

SARAH: I hope that's possible. You know, I just don't know what the deal is with him anymore. I mean, he left me a message last night and he sounded all supportive. But how am I supposed to know that he won't turn around and be all pissy with me when we get back?

MATT: Just calm down. I'm sure things will get back to normal between the two of you now.

SARAH: What is normal for us? We always have some kind of crisis to keep us occupied ... I'm almost wondering if we can function without something crazy going on.

MATT: It'll be fine.

SARAH: I hope so.

MATT: Did you call and tell him you'll be home tonight?

SARAH: No, I want to surprise him.

A smile again appears on her face, though it is simply not as comfortable as those she wore before.

ACT TWO

INT: ANDY'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
EVENING

Drinks in hand, ANDY, TIM, and JASON are all spread out on the L-shaped sectional sofa.

ANDY: So, Tim, how are the kids doing?

TIM: Wonderfully. As a matter of fact, Travis has started to say a few actual words.

JASON: When did this happen? Why wasn't I informed of this?

Tim chuckles at his brother's exaggerated annoyance.

TIM: Calm down. It's just the usual "Mama," "Da-da," and some wild mixture of sounds which I think is supposed to be Samantha's name.

ANDY: I can't wait until the day Danielle and I have kids of our own.

TIM: Just make sure you're ready for it. If we'd had Travis any earlier, Claire and I probably would've hung ourselves from the rafters by now ... There just comes a certain time when you feel like you can really, truly handle it.

JASON: I'm content to just go hang out with my niece and nephew every now and then, thank you very much.

TIM: Good! You're too young to start even thinking about kids!

JASON: Fine by me.

ANDY: If you don't mind me asking, how is the whole arrangement with Diane working out?

TIM: Better than I expected. She came up here one weekend about a month ago and we let her have Samantha for two days. There were no major catastrophes - knock on wood.

JASON: That woman is a walking ad for catastrophes.

TIM: You can say that again. You would not believe how peaceful life has been since she moved to LA.

ANDY: Well, I'm glad to hear that you and Claire made it through your problems. It gives me hope for Danielle and I.

Tim smiles a satisfied grin, blissfully unaware of the seemingly innocent Ryan Moriani's designs on his wife.

INT: BRENT & SARAH'S APT. (KITCHEN)
EVENING

MOLLY spins around to face BRENT.

MOLLY: What are you talking about, Brent? You've just had a lot of miscommunication lately. Everything will work out once Sarah is back home.

BRENT: You're probably right. Look, I'm gonna go get cleaned up a little, okay?

MOLLY: Go right ahead.

She watches him exit as she removes items from the grocery bags. A heavy sigh escapes her lips. Despite the reassurance she just gave to Brent, Molly is finding herself doubting the stability of the Taylor marriage as well.

INT: AIRPLANE
EVENING

SARAH and MATT have now taken up reading material - a mystery novel for her and an issue of "Sports Illustrated" for him. They are reading in silence when the MAN next to Sarah begins to stir. She shoots a quick glance at him as a strange whistling noise slips through his nostrils and then averts her eyes as the man opens his.

The man stretches for several seconds, sticking his arms and legs out all around him. Sarah tries to keep her annoyance subtle as the man, who she now sees is quite large, sticks his elbow practically in her face. Her patience seems to pay off when he pulls all his extremities back inside the parameters of his

seat and sits quietly ... for a short while.

Without warning, the man kicks his shoes off. Sarah pokes Matt with her elbow to bring his attention to this - as if it were necessary with the unpleasant odor wafting up from the floor. Matt makes a sickened face.

As if on cue, the man kicks his right leg up and props it up on his left thigh. He yanks the sock off of his foot and, as Sarah and Matt exchange crazed looks and try to suppress their laughter, pulls a small spray can out of his carry-on bag. The man commences spraying his feet. Numerous sprays of the can later, he finally stops. Sarah and Matt appear relieved - until he repeats the process with the other foot!

Finally, the man replaces his socks on his feet. Sarah and Matt have working diligently to keep their eyes off of him, but just as Sarah thinks it is safe to take her eyes away from the window, the man looks into her face pleasantly and speaks.

MAN: Boy, my dogs were really barkin'.

He drops his head back down onto his shoulder to resume his nap while Sarah and Matt bury their faces in each others' shoulders in a futile attempt to keep from laughing.

ACT THREE

INT: ANDY'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
EVENING

Having finished his drink, ANDY places the empty glass on a coaster as he turns to TIM again.

ANDY: I'm just amazed by what you and Claire have made it through. The whole situation with Diane seemed like such a nightmare-

TIM: You want nightmare? I've got a story for you. Claire's father, James, was truly a nutcase - right, Jay?

JASON pulls his eyes off the TV for a moment to give an agreeable nod.

TIM: He decided that he didn't approve of me anymore. So he had some thugs rough me up, but in the process I got shot and wound up in a coma. After I woke up, Claire had Travis, and by that point we turned James into the police. Well, he kidnapped Travis from the hospital and ran off to some jungle hideout with him! It was weeks before we found them, and then he held us captive until Brent and Sarah managed to rescue us.

ANDY: Wow. Now that's a story.

TIM: It was absolutely awful. Claire still hasn't gotten over the whole thing.

ANDY: At least it puts things with my mother in perspective.

TIM: What do you mean?

ANDY: My mother doesn't approve of my relationship with Danielle, so she spent months running around trying to intimidate us into breaking up. Luckily, we managed to put all of that aside.

TIM: So things are better now?

ANDY: Much better. She's really making an effort to accept our engagement-

He is interrupted by a loud knock on the door. He rises, but before he even takes his first step, there is another knock.

ANDY: Coming!

Moments later, he opens the door to find a beautiful WOMAN outside.

WOMAN: Hi, Andy.

ANDY: Melissa?

He stares in utter surprise at his ex-fiancée, Melissa Evans - the same woman Katherine contacted by phone several days ago.

EXT: BRENT & SARAH'S APT.
EVENING

A now-cleaned-up BRENT is seated at the small, round table on the patio when MOLLY emerges through the sliding door, carrying their meal. Brent stands to help her out, but she shrugs off his assistance and places the two dishes in the middle of the already-set table before taking a seat.

BRENT: You didn't have to do all this, Molly.

MOLLY: No, I didn't ... but I wanted to. It sounded like you were in need of a little cheering up, and I

figured it couldn't hurt for you to have some company.

BRENT: Not at all.

She fills his plate with food as he takes a sip of his water. He hesitates and then continues speaking.

BRENT: The truth is, Andy invited me to come over tonight. He's having some kind of guys' night out or whatever. But I just didn't feel like going ...

MOLLY: That's understandable.

Meanwhile, a taxi rolls up in front of the apartment building. One of the back doors swings open and SARAH steps out. Before walking off, she leans in to talk to MATT.

SARAH: Just wait here a sec ... If Brent is in a good mood, I want you to come in and hang out for a while. He'll wanna hear all about how we solved the case.

Matt agrees with a nod and Sarah shuts the door. She excitedly heads for the front door of her and Brent's apartment.

Back on the patio, Brent takes another sip of water.

BRENT: I've just been so frustrated lately.

MOLLY: Like I said, Sarah will be home soon, and then you two can start to work everything out.

Having arrived at the front door, Sarah tries the doorknob and finds that the door is unlocked. She enters the apartment and is about to call out her husband's name when she hears voices out on the patio. She quietly makes her way over to the glass door, intending to surprise him.

BRENT: I don't know ... Maybe this is all some sort of sign.

MOLLY: What do you mean?

BRENT: Maybe God is trying to tell us something - like that Sarah and I just aren't meant to be together.

Sarah reaches the glass door and finds that it is already open, and that the screen door is now all that is separating her from Brent. She is about to pull it open when she sees that Molly is the person outside with Brent.

BRENT: Maybe it's time I just accepted the fact that my marriage to Sarah is over.

Sarah's face turns white. An uncomfortable churning overtakes her stomach. Her hand falls, limp, from the door handle and she slowly backs away from the door, unseen.

END OF EPISODE #115

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