

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #120
TIME FRAME: IMMEDIATELY AFTER [#119](#)

TEASER

INT: DANIELLE'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
MIDDAY

The front door smoothly opens and is left to continue swinging into the wall as DANIELLE drags her luggage into the apartment. Only when she has set the bags down on the floor does she look up ... to find ANDY on the creme-colored sofa, smiling up at her.

DANIELLE: Finally, a pleasant surprise!

Andy stands and comes toward her.

ANDY: Is that to suggest that the rest of my surprises are somehow unpleasant?

She widens the grin resting on his lips with a light kiss.

DANIELLE: Of course not. I have just had one hell of a trip back.

ANDY: What happened?

DANIELLE: It was just disaster after disaster on the tour bus. I wish I never had to set foot inside that thing again ...

She exaggeratedly drops her head onto his chest.

ANDY: Look at the bright side. You've got a week off.

DANIELLE: It's not enough, Andy. I truly hate this.

INT: FISHER HOME (KITCHEN)
MIDDAY

The clatter of an exploding plate quickly draws BILL into the room. He finds PAULA standing over the

shards of porcelain, looking shell-shocked.

BILL: Are you okay, Paula?

She shakes her head quickly, not to give a negative answer, but rather to reorient herself. She does not respond until her bearings have returned to her, at which point Bill already has his arms draped over her shoulders.

PAULA: Yes ... I'm fine.

The hollowness of her voice is unconvincing to her husband.

BILL: No, you're not. What's going on?

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

SARAH rises from the couch at the sight of **BRENT**. An uncertain quiet hangs in the air, leaving each unable to move for an apparent eternity.

Finally Sarah breaks the silence.

SARAH: Hey.

Brent swallows before collecting himself sufficiently enough to answer.

BRENT: Hi. Why - What are you doing here?

SARAH: Matt's case is over. I ... I thought I would surprise you.

The ecstatic reaction she'd prayed for is by no means evident in her husband. He watches her with nervous eyes as they stand across the room from each other.

BRENT: This is hardly the time for surprises, Sarah.

ACT ONE

INT: FISHER HOME (KITCHEN)
MIDDAY

PAULA turns around to face BILL, shaking free of his arms.

PAULA: Nothing is wrong, dear. I just dropped the plate.

A light grin manifests itself on his face.

BILL: You've dropped more than your share of dishes since I married you, Paula.

All touches of humor quickly dash away now, however.

BILL: A breaking dish isn't what has you so rattled. Come on, Paula, tell me what's going on.

PAULA: I told you, it's nothing!

She throws her arms up into the air as her voice jumps in volume.

BILL: No, it's not. Something is going on, and I want to know what it is.

PAULA: I'm just having a bad day, that's all ...

Her voice trails off. Even she can hardly believe herself.

BILL: I think I know what this is about.

Paula freezes. Her eyes go wide and her mouth parts as she looks up at her husband, knowing he's most likely caught her.

BILL: You're thinking about him again, aren't you?

INT: HOTEL ROOM

MIDDAY

Curled up amidst the blankets on the bed is MATT. Though his encounter with Sarah occurred two days ago, he still finds himself practically paralyzed by it. The urge to do anything constructive has dissipated; he'd rather just sit here with his thoughts.

Sarah ... What the hell is going on with her? One minute she's dying to see Brent - and the next, she's begging Matt to jump into bed with her.

... And the next, she's gone, running home to Brent.

MATT: You are so stupid!

He slams his palms down onto the tops of his thighs in absolute frustration. How could he have let himself fall into bed with her? He's been perfectly aware of the problems she and Brent have been having for months now ...

Matt allows himself to roll onto his back as a loud sigh escapes his lungs.

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

SARAH forces herself to resist the urge to move closer to BRENT. As much as she wants to, it just doesn't seem ... right.

SARAH: I'm sorry. I should have given you some notice that I was on my way home.

BRENT: No, don't worry about it. I'm glad you're here.

SARAH: Really.

BRENT: Of course. There's so much we need to talk about.

His words send Sarah's mind spinning ...

FLASHBACK
INT: HOTEL ROOM
EVENING

MATT: You need some time to think about this-

SARAH: No, what I need right now is you.

MATT: Sarah-

She cuts him off with another kiss and begins unbuttoning his shirt. He wiggles away from her.

MATT: Are you sure?

SARAH: Positive.

He wants to fight her, but he can't. Their lips meet again. Within seconds, she has removed his shirt and is caressing his naked chest. They collapse onto the bed together.

You're right about that, Sarah tells herself.

BRENT: It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that we need to get ourselves back on track.

SARAH: No kidding. Look, this is all my fault. I never should have-

BRENT: Stop. I'm the one to blame.

SARAH: What?

BRENT: Sarah, I haven't been totally faithful to you or this marriage lately.

ACT TWO

INT: DANIELLE'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)

MIDDAY

ANDY tightens his embrace on DANIELLE.

ANDY: But this is your dream.

DANIELLE: No, singing is my dream. Being on the road constantly, away from everyone, is an absolute nightmare.

ANDY: Look at the bright side - you've already made it through more than a month of this.

She shakes her head ruefully.

DANIELLE: It's no use, Andy. I just hate it.

ANDY: It was part of the record offer. I don't see what else you can do besides stick it out through the rest of the tour.

DANIELLE: Ugh! Maybe I should just back out of my contract now ...

INT: FISHER HOME (KITCHEN)
MIDDAY

PAULA's shoulders slump in defeat, and BILL once again rests his hands upon them gently.

PAULA: You got me.

BILL: I hate to see you like this, Paula.

PAULA: I'm sorry ... It just all gets to be too much for me sometimes.

BILL: Don't be sorry.

He makes certain to catch her eyes completely before continuing.

BILL: It makes total sense that a woman as loving and considerate and compassionate as you would continue to think about him.

PAULA: If that's true, how could I have ever given him up in the first place?

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

SARAH's own devastation at the latest turns in her life is thrown aside by the utter shock of what BRENT has just said.

SARAH: What are you talking about?

BRENT: I just mean, I haven't been as committed to our marriage as I should be. I never should've let things between us get so muddled.

Sarah's swiftly regains her breath.

SARAH: Oh ... I just thought you meant ...

BRENT: Meant what? That I'd cheated on you?

She nods sheepishly.

BRENT: Sarah, I made those marriage vows to you. I would never, ever break those.

He is unaware of how deeply his words affect her. Sarah feels a wave of nausea shoot through her.

Finally, Brent narrows the gap between them by taking the few steps necessary to place him right before her. He takes her hands in his, holding them in front of him.

BRENT: I ... I love you. I want to make this marriage work.

Sarah manages to force out a nod, difficult as she finds it to make the simple motions with her head.

ACT THREE

INT: DANIELLE'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)

MIDDAY

DANIELLE flings herself onto the sofa. ANDY gently takes a seat beside her.

ANDY: You can't back out of this thing now. It's your dream!

DANIELLE: Yeah, but is my dream of singing really worth all this?

ANDY: Look, sweetheart, I know this is difficult for you. Believe me, it's no piece of cake for me, either. But we'll get through it, okay?

DANIELLE: I hope so.

She puffs up her cheeks and then loudly exhales.

DANIELLE: I just wish my contract didn't have this stupid touring stipulation in it.

ANDY: You know what? I don't want you to think about the tour for the rest of this week.

DANIELLE: I think that might be a little difficult to do-

ANDY: No, it won't. Just forget about it. Besides, we've got something much more exciting to do.

Danielle raises an eyebrow as she playfully ruffles his hair.

DANIELLE: Oh, yeah? And what would that be?

She moves in for a passionate kiss, but he stops her by resting his index finger upon her lips.

ANDY: We've got a wedding to plan.

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

MIDDAY

BRENT wraps his arms around SARAH and is pleased that she doesn't try to wiggle out of his grasp.

BRENT: So please, just say you'll forgive me for acting like such a jerk.

SARAH: Consider yourself forgiven.

Brent feels a great weight lift off of his shoulders ... but, much to his annoyance, realizes that there is still something weighing down on him. He tries to shake it off by changing the subject.

BRENT: So how'd you get out of New York so quickly, anyway?

SARAH: You wanna hear the whole story? It's a doozy.

BRENT: I'd love to hear it.

He leads her to the couch, where they sit down side-by-side.

BRENT: So I'm assuming Matt is free, right?

SARAH: Yeah.

BRENT: You found the real perp?

SARAH: As a matter of fact, he fell right into our laps.

BRENT: Who was it?

SARAH: You're not gonna believe this ...

Brent moves his hands in circles, impatiently urging her to continue.

SARAH: Steve.

BRENT: What?!?

Sarah giggles as she watches her husband's eyeballs nearly jump out of their sockets.

BRENT: The same Steve who's gonna marry Andrea?

SARAH: Who was gonna marry Andrea. As you might imagine, she had a little problem with him being a felon ...

BRENT: Wow. Okay, so tell me how this all happened. I'm dying to hear about it.

SARAH: If you say so ...

She happily launches into her story.

INT: HOTEL ROOM
MIDDAY

MATT stares up at the ceiling. Instead of the white paint filled with tiny cracks, however, he keeps seeing the image of himself and Sarah collapsing onto the bed together.

This bed.

Suddenly he can't take it anymore. He rolls to the side of the feet and plants his feet on the floor. Soon he is pacing the hotel room.

All his plans to stay in King's Bay and start a fresh life have been shattered ... He knows that no matter what he does, that indiscretion with Sarah will cling to him.

Or maybe it's his feelings for Sarah clinging to the memory.

ACT FOUR

INT: DANIELLE'S APT. (LIVING ROOM)
MIDDAY

DANIELLE removes ANDY's finger from her lips with her own hand.

DANIELLE: Right you are, sir. But I still think we need a little time for funny business of our own ...

She plants a kiss square on his lips.

ANDY: I can't object to that.

He returns her kiss with another.

ANDY: But I'm dying to get this wedding pulled together. That way, it can happen the minute you're done with this tour.

DANIELLE: Sounds like a good plan to me.

Andy's voice suddenly becomes much quieter.

ANDY: I just hope we're able to actually have this wedding.

DANIELLE: You're worried about your mom?

ANDY: Indeed I am. If she would lie to my face that she supported us and then go behind my back and try to get my ex-fiancee to break us up, I wouldn't put much of anything past her.

DANIELLE: It doesn't matter, Andy. It's over - we know the truth about what she tried to do. She doesn't have any cards left to play.

ANDY: That's what scares me.

Danielle doesn't understand. Her expression begs him to go on.

ANDY: You should have seen her that night, when I told her I knew everything. She had the fire of hell in her eyes.

He pauses, filling in a gap of silence with a heavy sigh.

ANDY: I'm just afraid that she's had something else cooking on the back burner all along - something she'll use to make sure this wedding never takes place.

INT: FISHER HOME (KITCHEN)

MIDDAY

BILL pulls PAULA into a reassuring embrace.

BILL: You did what you felt you had to, Paula. No one can hold that against you - least of all me.

PAULA: It's just ... I wish I could either put all the pieces together or forget about the whole situation entirely. I can't go on knowing only bits and pieces.

BILL: You may have to.

PAULA: But what if I tried to find out-

Bill breaks their embrace, staring her solemnly in the eye.

BILL: You can't. It would dredge up too much pain and confusion ...

Paula can't bring herself to object. She just falls back into Bill's arms quietly.

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

MIDDAY

SARAH wraps up her story as an amused and intrigued BRENT hangs on every word.

SARAH: So there it is.

BRENT: I still can't believe it. Steve?

SARAH: It totally shocked me, too, at first - but then I looked at all the evidence together and it made perfect sense. I mean, didn't their neighbor's statement ever seem a little strange to you?

BRENT: I guess so, maybe. But it was just so ... well put-together.

SARAH: If I hadn't have found out that Steve paid off Ed, I never would have put it all together.

BRENT: So I guess I owe Matt an apology.

Sarah's response comes several seconds later and a bit stilted.

SARAH: I wouldn't worry about it. He ... he understands how you could've been thrown for a loop by all of this.

BRENT: Maybe so, but I still feel bad for treating him like such a criminal. And damn, I wish I had been there to solve this case with you! I could've used a good adventure!

SARAH: Well, it's over now. I'm just glad to be back at home with you.

She encloses Brent in her arms as she leans her head against his shoulder.

BRENT: Me, too. I'm glad you're home.

Still, he can't shake the nagging image of himself and Molly nearly locking lips the night before last. He does his best to conceal his uneasiness.

Little does he realize that his wife is pressed up against him, trying to force an even graver disturbance out of her own mind.

END OF EPISODE #120

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