

"FOOTPRINTS"
EPISODE #127
TIME FRAME: IMMEDIATELY AFTER [#126](#)

TEASER

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly turns over softly in her sleep. Her lips are pursed tightly as her head sinks into its new position on the pillow. Seconds later, however, she has shifted again.

A slight metallic whine is the only indication of the slowly opening door. Bit by bit, light spills into the bedroom from the hallway. Eventually, a foot peeks inside the room.

The door pauses, having been little more than half-opened. The body accompanying the foot makes its way inside ever so carefully. Not even a creak is heard from the floorboards as the body crosses the floor and then pauses beside the bed. It slides the shoes off; one leg, and then the other, lifts as the body climbs into the bed.

The solid arms cradle Molly's body. A smile appears on her face as she slowly opens her eyes. She glances over her shoulder and looks directly into Brent's face.

Without a word, she turns and lifts her head just enough so that her lips reach his. The kiss builds; finally Molly grabs the back of Brent's head and pulls him down on top of her. His hands roam through her long, brown hair, which is sprawled over the pillow.

At last, Molly feels one of the hands vanish. It reappears moments later - only much lower on her body. She throws her head as the slightest moan of pleasure pushes through her lips. She speaks, almost gasping out the words.

MOLLY: Brent ... I love you so much.

She peeks through the narrow slits of her half-opened eyes at Brent; he does not respond.

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly's eyes jump open, but they see nothing but the dark ceiling. Quickly her head turns, darting about the room desperately.

He's not there.

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Alex stares up at the ceiling, his eyes pulled wide open and his breathing virtually nonexistent. A certain lightness has overtaken him - he hardly feels as if he's really here.

Am I? he suddenly wonders. He reaches a hand down and it swats around for a moment. He watches in a dizzy blur as, at last, his hand rests on top of the hand that is sitting on top of his boxers - Jason's hand.

Alex glances over at Jason. His breathing has become easier, more relaxed. His head lay on top of the pillow; his face shows no expression. Alex just stares into it, taking in the cheekbones, the nose, even the way the hair falls in little wisps across the forehead.

Finally, after forcing a deep breath, Alex tightens his grip around Jason's limp hand. He interlocks his fingers with Jason's, latching onto the warmth, the strength, of that hand. His own fingers stroke Jason's hand lightly. Something nearly jumps inside Alex's stomach as he maneuvers the hand inside the fly of his boxers. A pleased smile crosses his face as he turns his head to the left.

Suddenly, two white holes shine in the dark, just a few inches away from Alex. They turn black again before flicking open once more.

Jason's eyes stare straight at Alex.

ACT ONE

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly flops onto her back once again. A loud sigh emanates from her lungs as she drops all pretenses of being able to sleep.

MOLLY: Ugh ...

She stares at the wall, totally black in the darkness except for a few beams of moonlight hitting it at a strange angle. It holds Molly's attention for just a few seconds before she again rolls over.

Dammit, she thinks. Can I please just get to sleep already? She knows, however, that it won't be possible

- not after that dream.

MOLLY: You have got to stop this, Molly.

Her voice comes out as little more than a peep, breaking in mid-whisper. She swallows, though it does nothing to banish the dryness in her throat.

She closes her eyes and sheep begin sailing through her mental eye one at a time. After the sixth one, however, the sheep cease to exist.

Taking their place against the pitch-black background is an all-too-vivid image of Brent's grinning face.

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Alex feels the need to cry out, but he can't. He turns his head away, in a vain attempt to get away from Jason's gaze - indeed, even with his back to those eyes, they are still burning into his mind.

Alex does his best not to move the lower portion of his body at all. Maybe-maybe Jason doesn't notice what's going on; maybe he's not totally awake. Alex doesn't stir anymore, opting to wait for Jason to nod off again.

The silence remains unbroken for what seems to Alex to be an indeterminate, albeit excruciatingly lengthy, period of time. He strains to see the clock on the side-table without moving too much, but it's impossible. Even at this short distance, the angle is so odd and his vision so blurred by alcohol that it's impossible for him to distinguish the bright red digits of the clock.

Unable to take it anymore, Alex turns his head around again. Much to his relief, Jason's eyes are once again closed. Still feeling as though he shouldn't be moving, he fights back the urge to exhale an enormous sigh of relief.

Just then, he becomes aware of a certain warmth just below his waist. Much to his shock, he feels something shifting around inside the opening of his boxers - Jason's hand.

ACT TWO

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly's eyes spring open.

MOLLY: You need to just calm down ... forget about Brent.

But she can't. Tonight, like so many other nights, Molly simply can't get her mind off her brother-in-law. Why? she wonders. It's not like I have any reason to believe any of this would ever happen - especially not now that he and Sarah have patched things up.

Still, an intense scene pounds on her brain ...

FLASHBACK

EXT: BRENT & SARAH'S APT.

EVENING

MOLLY: You and Sarah can work things out. I know you can.

The words stumble out of her mouth awkwardly. They gaze into each other's eyes and each is amazed by the bond between them. Each knows the other's frustrations; each can accept the other's faults; each feels the other's pain. They understand each other ...

For a moment, something seems so right. They are still connected at the arms, and Brent begins to draw Molly closer. Their heads near - and then Molly pulls hers away. In an instant, Brent snaps out of the fairy-tale world as well.

MOLLY: I ... need to get going. I have to work tomorrow, after all.

And just like that, Molly snaps out of the fantasy.

Fantasy-it wasn't a fantasy, though. That really happened.

MOLLY: That really happened. Brent ...

She can't even say it. Brent almost kissed me. He would have, if I hadn't left. Those words race through her mind, temporarily shoving aside all thoughts of negative ramifications.

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)

AFTER MIDNIGHT

Alex directs his eyes downward and witnesses Jason's hand slowly moving back and forth. It is only for

a moment that he is frozen, uncertain of what to do - in a flash, he sits up, effectively putting an end to the motion.

The sudden squirming elicits a yawn from Jason, who rolls over onto his back. He rubs his eyes with both hands as Alex watches, his stomach wrenching in anguish. This was wrong-horribly wrong, his mind tells him.

Jason opens his eyes and sleepily looks at Alex.

JASON: What's going on?

ALEX: I ... you, uh ...

Jason clearly isn't too aware of anything. He moans in pain.

JASON: My head-

He begins to sit up, and Alex reaches to push him back onto the pillow. His hands become paralyzed en route, however, and he draws them back unceremoniously. Jason drags himself to a sitting position.

ALEX: You just had too much to drink. It'll wear off tomorrow ...

His breathing has grown painfully labored, as the frantic beating of his heart reverberates up into his throat. His body feels plastic, numb, not itself. He just wants to turn this moment off and erase it forever.

ALEX: Just go back to sleep. It'll-it'll be easier that way.

JASON: You're probably right.

He slithers downward, resting his head upon the pillow as he pulls the sheets over his nearly naked body. Alex watches, unable to breathe a sigh of relief. Slowly he returns to a sleeping position as well.

Try as he might, he realizes that sleep will likely be impossible. The events of the last few minutes have left him chillingly sober. Never again, he tells himself. I can't think of this ever again.

ALEX: Never again.

His voice is the faintest and most tortured of whispers.

ACT THREE

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly listens to the voice in her head repeating those words: Brent would have kissed me. He would have - if only I hadn't run off.

MOLLY: No!

She is surprised that this protest comes aloud. She lie under the covers, her eyes projected up at the ceiling, as the thoughts swimming through her head begin to develop on her lips, though so lightly that hardly any sound is made.

MOLLY: It's better that way ... What if he had kissed me? What if I-what if I hadn't stopped him? Everything would have been ruined ...

She knows that this is all too true. If she and Brent had kissed - well, the boundaries of the close friendship they've established would have come crumbling down. Especially considering last time ...

The memory of that kiss with Brent - a kiss no less than two years old - sends a fresh gust of shame through Molly. He and Sarah eloped that very night! Why was Sarah so insistent on sneaking Brent off and getting married right then?

Though she wants to just turn it off, Molly can't ignore the burning voice croaking from within her: She saw you!

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Even in the dark, Alex can't wipe the distress off his face. The vision of what he just did to Jason is becoming clearer and clearer as the screen of alcohol slips off into oblivion.

ALEX: What is wrong with me? I-I never should've had so much to drink.

A chill dances through the room, making him uncomfortably aware of his near-nakedness. He shifts, intending to stand and put his clothes on, but finds it difficult to move without disturbing Jason, whose body is thrown lazily over the bed. Alex carefully tries to slither off the bed without making a commotion - but something holds him back.

Alex's breathing again tightens as he notices Jason's hands pulling him back onto the bed. Alex freezes;

this allows Jason enough time to wrap his arms around him. Alex glances over and sees that, although Jason is asleep, he seems to be quite happy doing this, judging by the smile on his face.

JASON: Don't go ...

His words are little more than a mumble, but Alex hears them loud and clear. Don't go. Stabs of guilt cripple Alex as he lies unmoving, Jason's arms folded around him. What should he do?

Another surge of fresh guilt convinces him that he can't allow himself to be in this position. He slowly, carefully, removes Jason's arms from his body - but is met by a surprising resistance.

JASON: Don't go ...

Again, Jason's mumble causes Alex to freeze momentarily. He is about to push himself out of the bed when he feels Jason sliding closer ...

Before he even knows what is happening, Alex finds a pair of lips brushing against his hair.

ACT FOUR

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sleep has finally enveloped Molly. The pitch-black room is still except for the shadows of the swaying trees outside drifting over one wall.

A face appears outside the window. It pauses a moment, squinting through the glass to see Molly. As her form becomes clear, a smile spreads over his face. He artfully slides the window open without even ruffling the silence of the night.

One foot steps inside the window, followed closely by the other. They softly glide over the carpet until they have paused next to the bed. He lingers a moment, taking in the sight of her - his Sleeping Beauty. With a single finger, he reaches down and strokes her cheek.

Her eyes drift open as a grin tugs the corners of her mouth upwards. He's here, she thinks - he's come for me at last. She reaches a hand up to his face. He takes the hand into his own and smiles down at her, though the fog of sleep continues to loiter, making it difficult for her to see his face clearly.

A jarring coldness paralyzes the underside of her wrist. spurts of pain reach out, grabbing hold of her in whatever way they can. In horror, Molly looks up - and finds several streams of red careening down her arm.

Horrible laughter fills the room - that mad, maniacal, terrifying laugh. Everything is suddenly so clear ... She stares up at that face - the face she thought she could trust. Staring into his eyes, she finds nothing but a horrifying madness.

Craig Simmons just keeps on laughing crazily.

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

With a tremor, Molly's body again is jerked out of sleep.

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Jason's lips rustle Alex's hair ever-so-slightly. Once again, Alex finds himself unable to breathe. Is this really happening?

He turns his head to the other side to face Jason, just as Jason snuggles up closer to him. Slowly, Alex reaches a trembling hand up and brushes it lightly through Jason's brown hair. He speaks to his sleeping friend softly, his voice cracking as he fights back tears.

ALEX: I-I didn't think you wanted this. I mean, I hoped you did - I've dreamed about this so many nights since I came to King's Bay. But now ... now it's really happening.

His hand unsteadily makes its way down Jason's cheek. It halts midway down, however, when Jason's eyes slowly creep open. Alex doesn't remove his hand immediately.

Suddenly Jason snaps away from Alex, up into a sitting position. His eyes burn with an angry confusion.

JASON: What the hell are you doing?

ACT FIVE

INT: FISHER HOME (MOLLY'S ROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Molly cannot stop searching around to reassure herself that Craig isn't really here. Her voice is low, more of a frantic huff than anything.

MOLLY: It was just a dream. Craig-he's dead. He's not here.

The urge to get up and go double-check that the window is firmly closed is almost overwhelming, but fear keeps Molly pinned underneath the covers.

MOLLY: Why does this have to happen? Why do I have to be so scared of him, even now?

Because you were stupid enough to get involved with that nutcase in the first place, her mind deadpans cruelly. If only-if only I weren't alone, she thinks, maybe this wouldn't be so scary. If only there was someone here with me, someone like-

She cuts the thought off. She knows she can't even allow it.

INT: BROOKS HOME (GUEST BEDROOM)
AFTER MIDNIGHT

Almost frantically, Jason leaps out of the bed.

JASON: Dude, what are you doing?

ALEX: I-I was just ...

He can't go on. As if his heavy breathing weren't enough of a giveaway, the tears of joy and surprise that were being held back moments ago have turned to horrified, embarrassed, saddened tears, and they are no longer allowing themselves to be restrained.

Jason is already hopping into his clothes.

JASON: What is wrong with you? Did you just think you could-

He can't even say it. He struggles to stuff his leg into his jeans, nearly toppling over in the process. He leans one hand on the bed to steady himself.

ALEX: Jason, please-I can explain. I-You were-

Jason yanks his shirt on over his head and dashes out of the bedroom as quickly as he can - but not before shooting Alex a final bitter, betrayed look.

The door closes and the room is again blanketed in darkness. Alex finds he can longer hold back the

tears, though he also finds that releasing them doesn't erase any of the guilt or ache throbbing inside of him. He just turns over, sobbing into the pillow as the dark night wears on.

END OF EPISODE #127

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