

"Footprints"

Episode #159

[Shortly After #158, Late Evening]

[Previously ...](#)

*Sarah was outraged at her family for not including her in Paula's confession but was affected by the similarity of Paula's situation to her own. She confessed her pregnancy to her mother just as Brent entered the room.

*Katherine returned to her home to recuperate while Nick and Ryan continued to struggle with their debt.

*Danielle debated whether or not to return to King's Bay.

TEASER

BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APARTMENT-

"You are?"

Sarah's eyes immediately snap to the bedroom's doorway, where Brent is standing, his body absorbing the shock of her announcement.

"Brent-"

"You're pregnant?"

Sarah's resistance falls away. "Yeah ... yes."

Paula, who is sitting beside her daughter on the bed, has had her own reaction to Sarah's confession cut short by Brent's arrival. Suddenly feeling like an outsider, she takes the lull in the confrontation as a chance to stand.

"I'd better go," she says quietly. She bustles out the door; Brent steps aside to allow her exit but neither he nor Sarah acknowledges her otherwise.

Brent gives his wife's figure a scan, checking to see if there's something he has missed. At her stomach he sees only a slight bulge.

"You're pregnant?" he repeats. As Sarah nods, he adds, "Are you sure?"

"Positive," she says. If not for the seriousness of the situation, she would be finding it difficult to suppress an ironic laugh in response to his question.

FISHER HOME-

"Molly, phone!" Bill calls up the stairs.

In a moment Molly appears at the top of the staircase. "It's Danielle," Bill says, handing his daughter the portable phone.

Molly quietly thanks her father and heads back upstairs with the phone. "Danielle?"

"Hey there," comes the voice on the other end.

"Hey! How's it going?"

"Good, good," Danielle answers. Molly notices that her friend sounds calm and somehow different from how she did in her last weeks in King's Bay - particularly her last day.

"How are you?" Danielle asks.

"I'm fine. Same old stuff, I guess."

Molly can hear Danielle's breath tighten. "I hope that doesn't include your situation with Brent."

WINDMILLS RESTAURANT-

Where is he? Claire thinks, glancing again at the grandfather clock across the restaurant. He said he'd be here fifteen minutes ago!

She begins to scan the dining room idly. The evening has filled Windmills with patrons, most of them couples. A more intensive look around reveals that every table adjacent to hers is occupied by a couple, and suddenly Claire feels out of place.

Where is he, already?

The casual examination continues. Her gaze passes over the bar, where just a few days ago she encountered Ryan ...

"Claire-" But Ryan stops himself.

"I'd just like you to try. I'm trying so hard," he finishes.

"Of course you are! You feel guilty!"

"It's more than that," he says, working hard to maintain his cool. "It's the fact that - I don't know, I just want to be around you. Having you in my life ... it makes such a difference in the person I am."

She throws her head back. "And having you in my life keeps that memory playing over and over in my mind!"

She tries to put the encounter out of her mind. At least he's not here, she thinks as she looks to the entrance. She feels a flash of familiarity and looks closer. No-it can't be ...

But it is.

And suddenly, she finds herself wishing it were Ryan at the door.

ACT ONE

FISHER HOME-

"What you saw on your-your wedding day, that was a one-time thing," Molly says, instinctively shutting the door to her bedroom. A thought pops up in her head: Actually, it was twice, but she doesn't vocalize it.

"That doesn't matter," Danielle says, her voice now stiff. "He's married to Sarah."

"I know that. Believe me, Danielle, I know that."

"Then how could you kiss him?"

Molly fumbles to come up with something that won't make her sound like an idiot. "It's just ... it's very complicated," she finally says. "Sarah had really upset Brent and-one thing led to another. It wasn't something we did intentionally. It just ... happened."

"And that's what worries me! When a man just winds up kissing his wife's sister, something is wrong."

The urge to protest, to shout that there isn't anything wrong with it, is burning so strongly within Molly, although she knows her mind has absolutely nothing to do with it.

"So what do you want me to do about it?" she asks, as if nothing could possibly be done.

"Nothing too difficult. Just keep a distance from Brent. Forget about these feelings you have for him," Danielle answers. "Can you do that?"

BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APT.-

The questions are rolling out of Brent's brain faster than his mouth can get a grip on them. They come tumbling out. "How far along are you? Why didn't you tell me? Did you just find out?"

"Sit down," she says, lightly patting a spot on the bed. He nods and acquiesces.

"This is really complicated," she says, both as a warning to him and a sort of preparation for herself. "I've actually-I've known I was pregnant for a while. Since Valentine's Day. When I fainted and you took me to the hospital."

His mouth opens, a follow-up question poised to leap in, but she stops it with a raised hand.

"I'm six months along."

"No ..."

"Yes."

"But-how can you be six months pregnant?" He looks her figure over once again. "There's no way."

"There is. And I am." She pushes fallen strands of dark blonde hair out of her face. "I'm just not showing much."

"Apparently," Brent says with amazement. "I would've thought you'd be sticking out to here-" He clasps his hands together and forms a wide ring in front of his body "-by now."

She has to smile, if just a little.

"I just don't believe this, Sarah. It's so ... out of nowhere." He finishes shaking his head and then pulls it up. "But if you've known for so long, why didn't you tell me?"

ACT TWO

WINDMILLS-

Claire watches as Nick Moriani and Katherine Fitch are greeted by the maitre'd and escorted to a table across the dining room. The sight of the mobster chills her, even after all these years. Or maybe the years have made it worse.

Regardless, she nearly jumps out of her skin when a genial voice says, "Hi," right behind her.

"Relax! It's only me!" Tim says, crossing around to the other side of the table and taking a seat.

"Oh," Claire says, clearly still recovering her composure.

"What's wrong? My coming up behind you wasn't that scary, was it?"

"No, I, uh ... I guess I was just daydreaming. You caught me by surprise."

He sits down and only a split-second passes before a waiter appears. Tim orders a bottle of wine without even a glance at the wine list.

"Sorry I was late," he says once the waiter departs. "Mom and I went over to see Sarah, to try and calm her down."

"Any luck?"

"Didn't seem like it. She was absolutely irate. She was yelling about how she's always left out of stuff and then she nearly bit Brent's head off when he tried to explain our side of things."

"Well, it has to be a difficult thing to absorb," Claire says. "Whether or not she heard it directly from your mom, it has to seem weird. I know I'm still trying to organize it in my head."

"I am, too. Just the thought that my parents had this ... this past that we never knew about - it's so weird."

Claire's eyebrows lift. "Welcome to the club. Just be thankful they didn't do anything illegal."

Tim grins knowingly. "And I guess it's weird that I've got a half-brother out there somewhere, who's been out there longer than I've been alive, and I just never knew about him. I don't know what to make of that. I mean, what's he like? Has he ever tried to find us? Does he even know about us?" He pauses.

"Claire?"

She refocuses on him with a start.

"What's the matter with you tonight?" he asks.

"Huh? Nothing," she says quickly.

"You sure? Is that why you keep staring over my shoulder and looking so distracted?"

"I should have asked you this before," Nick says as their own waiter walks away, "but does it bother you to be here? After what happened on Valentine's Day?"

"Surprisingly, no." Katherine's voice possesses a cheery lilt that tugs the corners of Nick's mouth upward. "It just feels nice to be out, after so long cooped up in the hospital and then the house."

"Well, good. And I'm glad to be the one accompanying you."

Katherine smiles warmly. "You don't know how much it means that you've been here for me through all of this. The fact that you were by my side when I woke up, and, from what I've heard, all the visits you made while I was in the hospital ... It really means a lot to me."

"It's been my pleasure." Nick reaches over the table and takes her right hand, which has been resting on the table's edge. "Katherine, I want you to know how good it's been for me simply knowing you. You've brightened up my days considerably-

"Even by landing in a coma?" she adds with a sparkling grin.

"That made my life much darker," he admits. "But you know what? When someone can affect me like that - bringing me so high and so low - it means that I truly care about that person."

He draws her hand closer and kisses it gently. "And it's true. I really do care about you, Katherine."

ACT THREE

FISHER HOME-

"I-" But Molly doesn't know what to say.

"I know whatever you and Brent think there is between you has a lot of history," Danielle says, "but that doesn't make it right. He's married to Sarah and he's committed to her."

"I realize that," Molly sighs.

"So just do me a favor and please, please try to put this behind you. I care about all three of you - you, Brent, and Sarah - and the only thing any of this can accomplish is to hurt you. Stop before it gets to that point."

"I'm trying. I really am. But Danielle ... it's just not as easy as it sounds. I don't know why. It just isn't."

Danielle is silent with both disapproval and sympathy.

"You must understand that, just a little bit," Molly says. "I mean, you wanted to love Andy, didn't you? You wanted to be able to marry him. You just couldn't. Right?"

There is a considerable pause before Danielle answers, "Yeah."

"So how are you holding up, anyway? This all had to be really hard on you."

"I'm fine. It wasn't easy having to say it all to Andy, but I think we're both better off this way. What's the point of trying to live a lie?"

BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APT.-

"Brent, please, don't get mad," Sarah pleads. "I've been trying to ... I wanted to. I just couldn't."

"Why not?" She is relieved to see that concern, not anger, is the dominant emotion in his expression.

"Remember when I've tried to bring up starting a family? Like at Danielle's wedding?"

"Yeah ..." The color drains from Brent's face. "Oh, God. You were trying to tell me-"

"Mm-hmm."

"-and I totally blew you off. So that's why you ran out of the church?"

"Yeah. I felt like a complete idiot afterwards, but I did have a reason."

"Sarah, I'm sorry," Brent says, wrapping his arms around her. "I never should have said the things I said about not wanting kids right now-"

She disentangles herself from the embrace. "But you did. And, obviously, you meant them. So what

now? Does that change just because I really am pregnant?"

ACT FOUR

WINDMILLS-

"Look behind you," Claire says. "Over there." She guides his eyes with her finger. "It's Katherine Fitch."

Tim spots her. "Oh, yeah."

She is about to comment on Katherine's dining companion when Tim's cell phone rings sharply. He pulls it out of his inside jacket pocket and answers just as the second ring concludes. "Hello?"

Claire watches as seriousness wipes over his face. He tips his head to the door and stands. As he walks away, he signals that it will just be a moment.

Katherine and Nick have now been served their wine. Katherine finishes a sip and says, "Would you mind if I went and touched up my makeup?"

"Not at all," Nick smiles.

"All right, then. It's nice to be able to do little things like this!" She rises and heads for the ladies' room.

Nick brings his glass up to his lips idly, toying with a sip of wine. He begins looking around the restaurant. His gaze intensifies as it settles upon one individual.

In a moment he is out of his seat. He approaches the Fishers' table, maintaining a stoic facade as he says, "Claire."

She has been watching his approach with a combination of terror and annoyance. "Please, I'm having dinner with my husband-

"I don't see him anywhere, do you?" Nick says, stepping up right beside her. "It's been a long time."

"Yes, it has."

"I hear life has treated you well. That's what Ryan has told me."

"I've been fine." Claire glances in the other direction. Though the action comes off as haughty, it is

actually propelled by fear.

"I was sorry to hear about your father," Nick says, with an edge - only the least bit perceptible but still so powerful - in his voice. "He was such a close friend of mine."

She turns back to him and forces the fear aside as much as she can. "Are you hinting at something? I'm getting that impression."

"As a matter of fact, there is something I'd like to discuss with you," Nick says with an eerie intensity.

"What?"

"I received a little visit from the police the other day, Claire. Ryan tells me your brother-in-law is the commander."

She knows she should fill the momentary silence with something along the lines of, "Yeah, so?" but she doesn't.

"They questioned me about Katherine's shooting," he continues. "I hear you know the Fitches."

"I know Katherine's son."

"Well, good. Then I'm sure you wouldn't want his mother getting hurt."

Her eyes go wide. "What are you saying, that you'll do something to her-"

"No! Don't be ridiculous. But if you keep pushing this issue - I know you're telling the police that they need to come after me - she's going to be hurt. That's all lies ever accomplish, in the end."

Gathering all her courage, Claire looks him straight in the face. "Which is exactly why I'm doing this. To stop the lies and keep anyone else from getting hurt."

ACT FIVE

FISHER HOME-

"Well, I'm glad you're happy," Molly says. "Or happier than you were, at least."

"Have you seen Andy lately?"

Molly flips through her memory quickly. "Not really, no. Why?"

"I just wonder how he's taking this," Danielle says. "He seemed really ... fragile when he left here."

"I'm sure he'll be fine."

"I hope so. He is-he was, I guess, one of my best friends. That was why it was so hard to hurt him like that, you know?"

"Yeah. I do."

Danielle is about to say something more when a beep sounds in her ear. "Oh, hey, Mol? I've gotta go. I've got a call on the other line."

"Okay, sure. I'll talk to you later."

"Kay. Bye!"

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
TAYLOR HOME-

Danielle switches to the other line. "Hello?"

"Danielle?" asks the voice on the other end. Though she can't put her finger on it, the voice is rather familiar to Danielle.

"Yes?"

"I'm so glad I got a hold of you! This is Roberta - Roberta Owens, from Sonic Sound Music."

"Oh ..." Danielle isn't sure how to address Roberta, considering the terms under which they last spoke, when Danielle forced Roberta to admit to her role in Katherine's schemes.

"Listen, I've got a proposition for you."

FISHER HOME-

Molly's steps are heavy as she comes down the stairs; Danielle's words and her own are pulsing on her

brain, sending everything inside of her back and forth over and over again.

She makes her way into the kitchen and places the portable phone back on the receiver. Just as it clicks into place, she hears footsteps behind her.

"Mom," she says, turning around. "How'd it go?"

Paula shakes her head. "I'm not sure. She was so angry at us, but I then I tried to talk to her alone and I thought I was getting through to her. But I'm not sure if I actually did ... It was like she went off into her own little world."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I was talking about how I was pregnant," Paula says, "and she just started to break down."

"Huh? Why?"

"It turns out she's pregnant."

"She's what?"

"She's pregnant," Paula repeats, still looking confused. "She hadn't told anyone, not even Brent."

Now Molly's mind has shifted focus. Questions are already flooding in and tossing around, and most of them begin with Why?

BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APT.-

Brent isn't sure how he should - or wants to - answer. His pause is enough to make Sarah think the worst.

She stands and steps over to the window. "This is exactly why I didn't tell you. I guess I thought if I held it back long enough-I don't know, maybe I wouldn't have to deal with it. With you not wanting this baby."

"It's not that I don't want it," he says. He comes to stand behind her and places a hand lightly on her shoulder. "I just didn't know if ... I was ready. But if it's going to happen, then I am ready. I have to be."

Sarah turns around. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course. Sarah, I'm not going to turn my back on you just because you're pregnant." He considers the thought for a moment. "Especially not because you're pregnant."

She nods, her lips crunched together in an appreciative half-grin. His words, comforting as they are, do not offer all the relief she would like. So she turns around, Brent's hand still resting on her shoulder, and looks out the window again.

Her eyes follow the darkening sky as far as they can, and she suddenly finds it impossible to believe that there is peace out there anywhere.

WINDMILLS-

Nick draws in a sharp breath and stares at Claire intensely, though with a touch of amusement. "Righteous little thing, aren't you?"

Claire doesn't respond.

"Is this how you treated your father? It's no wonder you drove him to his death."

"Shut up," she says through gritted teeth.

"Temper, temper." Again Nick's amusement shows through. "I see what you're doing here, Claire. You're lashing out at Ryan and at me because you're still angry at your father. Now if you don't want to deal with these ... issues, that's fine. But I'm warning you, don't start taking it out on us."

Before she can prolong the argument, Nick spins on his heels and is gone.

It's not a moment too soon. Tim returns, tucking his cell phone away in his jacket, and reclaims his seat. "Who was that?"

"Nick Moriani," Claire explains. She exhales heavily. "He's here with Katherine Fitch."

"What did he have to say to you?" Tim asks, worry creeping up in his voice already.

"Nothing important." Claire shoots another glance over at Nick, who has refocused his attention upon Katherine. "Just being like his son - a pain."

"Who was that?" Katherine asks.

"That," Nick says with a flourish, "is the famous Claire Robbins."

"The one your son insists he's in love with?"

"Exactly." Nick raises his glass to his lips and allows a touch of wine to pass through. "I'm telling you, this girl is bad news. She's got it in her head that she's this heroine who overcame such horrible beginnings and now it's her job to protect everyone."

"Why, what did she say to you?"

"It-It's her whole attitude," Nick says. "I don't like it. And I certainly don't want Ryan exposed to it."

END OF EPISODE #159

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