

"Footprints"

Episode #162

[A Few Hours After #161]

[Previously ...](#)

\*Jason, Lauren, and Alex brought Courtney up to the Chase cabin to celebrate her birthday.

\*Molly and Matt were separately curious about Sarah's pregnancy; Brent tried to cope with the news of his impending fatherhood by separating himself from Molly; and Sarah struggled with the secrets she is keeping.

TEASER

KING'S BAY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL-

"Molly!"

Brent rushes to his sister-in-law's side, his face a pool of difficult-to-read emotions.

"How is she?" Molly asks as she stops her brisk, hurried walk.

"Not good." Brent shakes his head ruefully. "Sarah ... she lost the baby."

"What?!" Molly's eyes nearly bulge from her head.

"The baby - it's gone," Brent repeats.

"Oh my gosh." Molly clasps a hand over her open mouth. "Brent, that's ... that's terrible."

"I know."

"How's Sarah doing?"

"She's okay," he says. "But she told me that this is too painful for her, being with me."

"Huh?"

"Sarah wants to end our marriage," Brent says in a shell-shocked voice. Clearly the impact of the news has not yet faded. "We're getting a divorce."

"Oh, Brent ..." Molly takes him into a hug.

"I'm okay," he says, slowly withdrawing himself from her embrace. "But do you realize what this means?"

Molly narrows her eyes. "What?"

He places his hands on her forearms. "We can be together now."

FISHER HOME-

As her eyes adjust to the darkness and begin to identify familiar objects, Molly realizes where she is: her bedroom. Her heavy breathing begins to subside and she becomes aware of a feeling of total bliss that is filling her body - but that, too, begins to fade once she starts to put the pieces together.

*Sarah ... she lost the baby.*

*We can be together now.*

It was all a dream. Molly flips her body so she is lying on her back and stares up at the ceiling, at the shadowy images filtering in from outside. *I was so close*, she thinks. *I had Brent and it didn't even hurt Sarah. It was her choice.*

But she doesn't have Brent. He isn't here - he's at home, probably in bed with his wife ... his pregnant wife. And Molly is lying here in her parents' home, in her own bed.

Alone.

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CHASE CABIN-

"You ready yet?" Jason drains the last drops from the beer bottle and sets it down on the nightstand a little too heavily.

"In a sec," Courtney calls from the bathroom. He can see half her body in the mirror through the open door and can tell she is fixing her hair.

"Is it absolutely necessary to do your hair to go to bed?"

Courtney's mouth opens and a sound begins to come out, but then she just says, "Yes."

"Well, hurry up!"

Jason pulls off his T-shirt and tosses it onto the floor beside the bed. He lies back, propping himself up against the pillows. He watches the bathroom door until Courtney emerges and the light inside flips off.

She jumps onto the bed and lands half on top of him. He quickly wraps his arms around her and rolls so that he is on top of her. His lips find hers with ease and their tongues intermingle. Finally Jason pulls back, his breathing heavy. His gaze does not stray from her eyes.

Courtney becomes vaguely aware of something hard pressing against her leg.

"It's time," Jason whispers.

## ACT ONE

### BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APARTMENT-

Sarah slams the dinner plate down in front of Brent. "Enjoy," she says. The sarcastic edge in her voice is painfully obvious.

"Do you think you could try being nice to me?" he wonders aloud, just as testily as his wife.

"Not in the job description, dear," Sarah says. She sets a dishtowel down on the counter and puts her hands on her hips. "I take care of the kid, don't I? Isn't that enough?"

"Well, I was just thinking, since you're my wife and all-

"You had your chance, bub." She picks up her own dinner and comes to sit down across from him. "You blew it. If you'd been more excited about having a family with me, who knows? Maybe I'd be willing to be more enthusiastic about you. But if you can just not care, then why can't I do the same?"

"Sarah, that's not fair!"

"Why not?"

"I've been good to you," he argues. "I provide for you and for that baby."

"That's not enough! For God's sake, you married me! Does that mean anything to you? Could you at least act like you wanted any of this?"

Brent can't answer.

"Forget it," she says, standing up. "I shouldn't even try anymore. But you know what? You got yourself into this and you have to live with it. Go ahead and be miserable forever!"

#### BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APT.-

Brent awakes with a start and finds himself sitting half-upright. He tosses the covers off of himself - it is suddenly far too hot.

*Go ahead and be miserable forever!*

He looks over to Sarah, sleeping calmly to his left. Her face is pleasant - not at all the hardened, bitter woman with whom he just sparred in his sleep.

*But that could be her.* The thought strikes him suddenly and he just as suddenly realizes it is absolutely true. *And if she turns into that woman, it'll be my fault.*

*Ugh,* he thinks, sinking back down onto his back. *What have I gotten myself into?*

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#### CHASE CABIN-

"Do you realize how nuts you get when you're drunk?" Lauren asks as she slides under the covers.

Alex shrugs. "I guess." Still, he can't keep the memory of that November night out of his head entirely.

"Just don't puke on me, okay?" she says, sidling up next to him.

"I'll try," he smiles back. The corners of the smile begin to blur as she rests both hands on his chest.

"I am dead," Lauren says as her head hits the pillow. "I could fall asleep this minute."

Alex responds with another smile, this one a little more forced.

"One thing, though," she says, lifting her head. Before Alex knows it, their mouths are connected. He works through the kiss and waits for Lauren to end it.

She turns off the side lamp and her head returns to her pillow. "Okay, babe, I gotta sleep." She curls up on her side, her arms draped over Alex's body.

He lies flat on his back, focusing on the ceiling as he realizes that he's never going to make it through the

night like this.

## ACT TWO

### KING'S BAY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL-

"Can I hold her?"

Sarah stretches out her arms and carefully takes her newborn daughter from the smiling nurse. She cradles the infant in her arms, finding that the comfort she feels in holding the baby comes from someplace inside her that she never knew existed.

"Our daughter," Brent says softly.

Sarah looks up at her husband, sitting by her side, beaming. "Yes she is," Sarah says.

She puts a finger to the baby's lips, marveling at how soft and how tiny they are. Then her eyes return to Brent. "We made it." Her voice is a near-whisper. "We've got a child, Brent. We've got a family."

"I know." Every word he says is infused with a warmth that Sarah hasn't heard in so long. "She's perfect. Everything is perfect."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yeah," he says. "I've got everything I need right here - a daughter and the woman I love. What else could I need?"

Sarah can't resist saying it. "Molly?"

"No!" Brent shakes his head vigorously. "Why would I need Molly when I've got you?"

### BRENT & SARAH TAYLOR'S APT.-

It is with great resistance that Sarah allows her eyes to open, but she can't fight it. The first thing she does is look to her right, where Brent is sleeping on his side, his back to her.

Everything is fine, yes, but ... it's not the same. That feeling, that warmth that she felt in her dream - it's gone. Everything is back to normal.

*And it's because of stupid Molly, Sarah thinks. If she weren't around, things could be like they were in my dream.*

But they're not. A sinking sensation fills her stomach and she runs her hand down to rest on her expanding waistline. The baby will be here so soon.

The thought isn't as comforting as it was in her dream, though. She is all too aware that one crucial element was absent from the dream: Matt.

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CHASE CABIN-

Courtney stares straight into Jason's eyes. "What?"

"It's time," he says again.

"For ... ?"

"Yeah." His lips press softly against her neck and then begin to trail down it. He can sense her reluctance. "C'mon, Court. We need to do this."

"Need to?" She pushes herself up onto her elbows, forcing Jason to roll onto his side, off of her.

"We've been going out for what, more than a year? It's time we did this," he says, pushing her dark brown hair back behind her ear. Again he moves in for a kiss and their lips connect. Courtney feels his hand take hold of hers and move it down his body, over his smooth stomach and inside the waistband of his sweatpants ...

She pulls it back.

"What's wrong?" he asks, pulling his face back from hers.

"We can't do this."

ACT THREE

KING'S BAY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL-

"He's beautiful, isn't he?"

Matt nods, both in response to seeing the tiny infant and to Sarah's radiant face.

"I've got everything I could ever want now," Sarah says, leaning against the glass. "I have my baby, I have Brent ..."

"What about Molly?" Matt can't help bringing it up.

"What about her? Now that Brent and I have a family, he won't give her a second thought."

"What makes you so sure of that?" Matt strains his facial features, trying to convey his concerns - the ones he thought Sarah shared - without success. She is absolutely blissful.

"I'm sure, believe me," Sarah says. "Our son and I are going to be Brent's top priorities right now."

"I'm-I'm happy for you," Matt says with a bit of difficulty.

"Good." Sarah stands up straight, taking her weight off the window. "But I think you'd better go now."

"What?"

"I can't risk screwing everything up," Sarah announces matter-of-factly.

"Huh? Sarah-"

"You need to go."

"No!" he says, his voice rising as security personnel come up from behind and begin to drag him backward. "You can't do this to me!"

"I can do whatever I want!" Sarah calls down the hallway.

"No! No! What if that's my son?"

"He's not!" she yells, waving. "He's not. Just go!"

MATT GRAY'S APT.-

Matt shoots up to a sitting position as he awakens with a gasp.

"It was just a dream," he says aloud, rubbing his eyes. Yep, he's still here, in his tiny apartment, and Sarah's all the way across town, in bed with Brent.

And the baby - Sarah hasn't had it yet. Of course not.

The dream replays itself in Matt's mind now, giving him the opportunity to consider it. He keeps coming back to one thing ... and to something Molly said to him earlier tonight.

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CHASE CABIN-

Now Jason pulls back fully. "What do you mean, we can't do this?"

"It's not right," she says. "This is ... God, Jason, I've never done this before. I don't want it to be like this, not the first time."

"What do you mean, 'like this'?"

"Like with you acting this way." She reaches out a hand and rests it on his head, her hands idly playing with his sandy colored hair. "Like you're so ... determined to just do it. It shouldn't be like this."

"Court ..." He goes to work on her neck again, but she pushes him away.

"No. You're drunk, Jay."

His own birthday party, back in November, flashes into his mind. He can see Alex so clearly, looking so terrified ... he can feel his own hands moving around where they shouldn't have been ... he can feel his own terror, so crippling. He can feel himself running out anyway, somehow getting himself away from there ...

"Court, please. Come on."

He moves his body on top of hers once again. "Please ..." His hands slide under the T-shirt she is wearing to sleep. "Please."

"No!" It is with force that she pushes him away now. "No! That's final." She looks into his face, sees the intensity that has been driving him. "Why don't you go sleep in the other bedroom?"

"Court!"

"Jason, please. I don't wanna make this any worse. Just go."

He stifles his protests and rises, picking up his shirt as he does so. His eyes, unrelenting in their disappointment, don't leave her until he is out of the room.



She listens to his footsteps trailing down the hallway, to the door opening and closing, to his body sinking onto one of the beds.

What is wrong with him? she wonders.

END OF EPISODE #162

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