

"Footprints"

Episode #195

<A Few Weeks After #194>

[Previously ...](#)

**The Fishers tried to cope with the news of Tim's death. Claire tried to remain strong, Paula was overcome by emotion, and Jason said he didn't feel like talking.*

**Brent comforted Sarah, despite her initial rebuttal of his efforts. Molly was hurt to see Brent and Sarah bonding again.*

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

This episode takes place several weeks after the Fishers learned of Tim's death. They have finally decided to hold a memorial service, despite their hopes that he might turn up alive. In the following scenes, Tim's family members will speak their minds as they struggle through the memorial service.

PAULA

This isn't happening. It shouldn't be and it can't be. I shouldn't be sitting here at my son's memorial service, next to his wife and children, listening to him be referred to in the past tense. "Tim was ..." I hate the way that sounds.

To think that I held as a baby the man we're remembering and crying over now ... It's almost too much. I can't even begin to count the hours I've spent crying, thinking, aching over these past few weeks. My little boy -- he's gone now. There were so many times that I just held him and told him everything would be all right ... but when it came down to it, there was nothing I could do for him.

He is--he was a good son, a good husband, and a good father. He was a good man. He didn't deserve this. And we didn't even have any time to prepare. If only we could have had a few last minutes ...

BILL

I thought I understood what "fragile" meant, but the last few weeks have absolutely changed that. The way that everything has changed so much ... It's unbelievable. And it's scary.

I always thought we were close, Tim and I. I suppose we were -- but now I just feel as though there's so much I missed. All that opportunity, ripped away forever.

I keep finding myself getting lost in little moments. There were days Tim would drop by the restaurant just to chat ... times he would come to pick up the kids and we'd absolutely get lost in conversation ... moments of poking fun or rooting for the Seahawks or a million other things that I never truly took the time to appreciate. Those moments are gone now, because he's gone now. Just like that.

MOLLY

I keep having this dream. I remember a time when Tim and I were riding our bikes -- we were pretty young, we must've been, because Sarah was too little to come ride with us -- and he was going too fast for me. I tried to keep up and I yelled at him to slow down, but he just kept going. And I just kept thinking, what if he gets too far away ... ?

That's where I wake up. Almost every night for the last few weeks, I wake up panicked, desperate to keep up but knowing that I'm losing him. Because that's exactly what's happened: He's out of sight, he went too fast, I couldn't keep up. I've lost him and there's no way for me to catch back up, not anymore.

My big brother is gone. Even with all this time I've had to absorb it, it still seems surreal. I just want him to come back. I want to be able to goof off and to remember the tricks we played on Jason and Sarah and to just know that he's there. But I can't catch him anymore.

JASON

I don't wanna be here.

Okay, I guess no one really does, but everyone else seems to be into this memorial thing. They all want to remember Tim and work for closure and all that. But this isn't my thing ... I don't wanna think of Tim that way.

I wish we could just go home and get away from this. It's the worst -- since it happened, everyone keeps asking how we are and how I feel. How the hell am I supposed to answer that? Because I honestly don't know.

Everything's different with Tim gone. He was the one who saved me from Molly and Sarah when they wanted to give me makeovers, and he was the one who played basketball with me when I got sick of practicing skating. He was solid -- he was the one I could always go to to make things normal.

I just wanna get away from all this.

SARAH

This is so strange. I'm sitting here with my family, like I was so used to for so long ... but everything is completely different. Tim's not here with us. Brent is sitting next to me, but it's like he's just *there*. And I feel completely separated from all of them.

I've been feeling it for a long time, maybe since Mom told Tim, Molly, and Jason about her other son without including me. And then they didn't even call me when they found out about Tim ... It's like they don't consider me as much a part of the family as the rest of them.

Poor Claire. And those poor kids. They'll be so lost without Tim. I guess I will be, too, in a way. I just wish I'd spent more time with him lately. You really don't realize how much you've taken something for granted until it's gone.

CLAIRE

I'm trying to be strong, I really am. But watching this service ... It's so hard. And every time I look at Travis and Samantha, I see that hint of their father in them and it kills me. I feel like I'm going to lose it at those moments.

There have been times in the past couple of weeks when I've just wanted to fall apart ... but I can't. That's not going to do me or the kids any good. At this point, I honestly don't know what *will* do us any good, but that's not it.

I keep having this thought that this is my fault ... That I'm responsible because I'm the reason he went to the pier that night. He went to keep me safe. He went to help me out, to make me happy, even though he absolutely didn't believe in what I was doing. That was Tim: He'd make the effort just because it mattered to someone he loved. He would have done practically anything for us, I know. And I feel awful that I used that to my advantage. I was selfish and I led Tim into this.

But making a big deal of that isn't going to get me anywhere now. I need to hold it together.

END OF EPISODE #195

What did you think of this special episode? Share your thoughts -- and any other comments, questions, or suggestions -- at the Message Forum!

[Next Episode](#)