

SANDY Footprints

A Play by:

Daniel Guthrie

1187792

Red onion State Prison

To Whom It May Concern:

Due to the intense subject matter of my play, I would just like to explain where I was going with the project.

The title, "Sandy Footprints", is derived from the first name of the infamous elementary school that was attacked senselessly by a gunman, and Footprints from the old adage of, "Footprints In the Sand", the story of only one set of footprints in the sand because Jesus was carrying the individual whom was lost and wondering where God was in their time of need.

Many plays have I submitted and lost. Although my fondness lies towards, screenplays, poetry, and novels, I find it extremely difficult to write plays. If at all possible, please send me constructive criticism about my submission. Thank you for your time and consideration.

God Bless



Daniel Guthrie #1187792

R.O.S.P.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

1. Samantha Olay (wife/mother)
2. William Olay (father/husband)
3. PREACHER (Preacher)
4. Georgia Olay (daughter/ghost)
5. Drug Dealer (Drug Dealer)

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Scene: A small sparsely furnished livingroom consisting of a couch with a coffee table before it, sporadic pictures of Jesus and crucifixes on the walls, a large banner on the backwall that reads, "Rest In Peace, Sandy Hook Angels," and a large memorial reef with the picture of a pretty young girl in the middle of it. The reef has a small banner around it that reads, "Rest In Peace Georgia, Our Beloved Daughter", and sits high in front of the backwall directly below the large banner.

(William and Samantha Olay sit on opposite ends of the couch, rigid and still as two statues surrounded by mortuary silence. A sudden knock on the door snaps them out of their state of intense contemplation and grief. Samantha leaps off of the couch and hurriedly rushes to the open door. William's gaze follows his wife, but he becomes quickly disinterested and sullenly looks down at his lap. She opens the door and a shady looking man steps into the small entryway of the apartment and closes the door behind him. The man holds up a few vials of heroin and hands them to Samantha

just as she hands him money, William glances over and snaps to attention. The Drug Dealer is on his way out of the door when William races off of the couch in a fit of rage in hot pursuit of the man. Samantha rushes to the door and slams it close.

She walks over to the couch and lifts the cushion. A bevy of drug paraphernalia is placed onto the coffee table, all the accouterments of shooting up heroin. Samantha empties a vial of heroin into a large silver spoon, lights the bottom of it, and injects the heroin into the syringe. She then shoots some of her witches brew into the air and greedily licks her lips. Suddenly she pauses; she slowly turns around and looks at her daughters memorial reef. She lowers her head dejectedly and snatches a cord of thin rubber tubing off of the table. She ties the tubing around her bicept just below her forearm with her opposite hand and teeth. She then slaps her forearm violently until she is satisfied with the vein of her choosing blossoming to the forefront of her oblivion.

She picks up the needle from her lap just as William bursts through the front door, his nose bloody, and gasping for air. He looks over at his wife, hands on his knees, and sees her about to shoot up; causing his eyes to pop up out of his face like they were trying to detach themselves from their sockets. He races over to the couch and smacks the syringe out of her hand. She jumps up angrily only to be slapped in the face by her husband, causing her to fall back onto the couch so hard it slides askew. Samantha is stretched out on the couch, caressing her cheek, her mouth forming the perfect letter 'O'. William places his hands on his head as he's infused with shock and disbelief, disgusted with himself because of the vicious attack. He snaps out of shock and extends his hand towards his wife; whom altogether doesn't seem adverse to the idea of the man that just attacked her touching her again. Samantha starts to sit up, but is startled when her husband runs to the bedroom (offstage to the right) in shame. She slowly sits up;

a myriad of sorrow written upon her face as if it were a stone tablet. Suddenly, a crooked smile forms at the corner of her mouth. She reaches under the couch and pulls up a half-emptied bottle of alcohol, immediately guzzling a hearty portion of the liquor. She caps the bottle, tosses it, spins herself around on the couch and lays upside down; her legs hanging over the back of the couch and her head hanging loosely off of the seat cushion. She begins to drift off to sleep.

A knock at the door startles Samantha, causing her to awkwardly roll off of the couch and onto the floor. She shakily stands and makes a decent attempt of gathering her wits about her. Upon entering the clearest state of mind she can manage, she seems to battle internally with something before forcing herself to gaze into the lifeless eyes, that seem so alive, of her deceased daughter's portrait. Another rapid-fire series of knocks at the door snaps Samantha out of her reverie. She drags herself to open the

door and finds her church's preacher standing before her. The Preacher hugs Samantha warmly, but receives a half-hearted response in return. She reluctantly lets him in and sits back down onto the couch. The Preacher surveys the small livingroom which is in slight disarray and walks over to Georgia's memorial reef, crossing himself in the Catholic fashion before joining Samantha on the couch. The Preacher looks around slightly confused and hunches up his shoulders and hands in a questioning gesture. Samantha slowly points to the bedroom (offstage to the right), letting the Preacher know that was where he could find her husband. The Preacher disappears into the bedroom (offstage, right), giving Samantha prime opportunity to spring into action. She leaps up off of the couch and scrambles around the livingroom picking up her miscellaneous drug paraphenalia, alcohol (which she takes a quick sip from), and throws it all under the couch (which she straightens). She plops back down onto the couch, slightly winded, and makes a half-hearted attempt at fixing her hair with her hand. The Preacher exits the bedroom and re-enters the livingroom, alone and sadly shaking

his head, Bible clutched tightly in his hands. He sits down directly beside Samantha and tenderly places his arm around her shoulders. She leans her head into the Preacher's chest, radiating vulnerability, desperately seeking even a second's reprieve from the ocean of despondency she'd been drowning in. He places the Bible in his lap and gently caresses her head. This action causes Samantha's countenance to brighten as she looks up into the concerned eyes of the Preacher. She gently places a hand on the Preacher's face and goes in for the kiss, but the Preacher read Samantha before the book was open, politely averting her kiss. Samantha's face underwent a plenitude of emotions before twisting into a mask of hate and disgust. The hate was directed towards the Preacher, but the disgust was all for herself. She jumps up off of the couch and angrily points toward the door. The Preacher rises slowly with authority, causing Samantha to visibly ████████ shrink, knowing that she was in the presence of a man of God, whom she knowingly disrespected. The Preacher stands before Samantha and hands her the Bible, maybe a little too forcefully, but it came from

a place of love.)

PREACHER: In this book lies every answer that you seek; all paths leading towards putting your daughter's memory to rest.

SAMANTHA: (venomously) What does a fatherless Preacher know about putting the memory of my child to rest?! My daughter was shot down like a dog!! A fucking dog!! Christ rose from the dead in three days, but my daughter's going to be dead forever!!!

(Samantha looks down at the Bible in her hands with contempt and impetuously slaps the Preacher across the face with it. She drops the Bible in stunned disbelief at her actions and covers her mouth with a hand, eyes fraught with fear. The Preacher calmly lowers his head and stares at the Bible laying on the floor between them. He calmly picks up the book and continuously turns it over in his hands. He slowly places a hand on her shoulder causing her to lower her head. She embraces the Preacher tightly and

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sobs uncontrollably into his chest. The Preacher allows her to cry away her sorrows and gently pushes her back once her tears are depleted. He places one hand on her shoulder and they simultaneously lower their heads in prayer. The Preacher crosses himself and kisses Samantha lovingly on the forehead. She smiles, embarrassed, but secretly relieved that the Preacher had forgiven her. The Preacher opens the Bible and flips through it until he finds the scripture he's searching for.)

PREACHER: For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. You're right about me not knowing how it feels to ~~love~~ love a child, but God does.

(The Preacher slowly closes the Bible and hands it to Samantha, whom takes it; although hesitantly. The Preacher looks behind him towards the bedroom, wondering if he should speak to William one last time, but decides against it. He embraces a pitiful looking Samantha and exits, leaving her looking at

the closed door longingly.

Samantha walks over to Georgia's memorial reef and traces her fingers along the contours of her daughter's picture. She walks over to the couch and tosses the Bible onto the coffee table, heavily dropping onto the couch. She sighs deeply, places her face into cupped hands, and cries silently; her body convulsing in the agony of her sorrow. William enters the livingroom and freezes upon seeing his dejected, grief-stricken wife. William is confused and helpless, angry for not knowing how to assuage his wife's inner turmoil. He thought of the lunatic that ran into his daughter's school, ruthlessly murdering her and her peers, killing any concept of love within the souls of the fallen's loved ones.

William could feel the attack coming on again. He could feel his heart tightening in his chest and his throat constricting. He started to feel the terror and panic flood his mind as he clutched at his throat and began rapidly breathing deeply. He ran over to the bannet on the back wall and ripped it down in a panic induced rage. He proceeds

to toss his daughter's memorial reef to the floor, his face a mask of dolorous rage frozen in a never-ending scream. He looks down at his daughter's memorial reef and snaps back into reality. He looks perplexed, as if trying to figure out how the reef ended up on the floor; bending down with outstretched arms to pick up his daughter's reef. But before he could try to amend his lapse in sanity, Samantha jumps onto his back and begins wildly hitting him in the back of his head and wrestles him to the ground. William easily subdues Samantha once they hit the floor. He realizes that he's shaking Samantha so hard that her head is repeatedly bouncing off of the floor, jumping to his feet and stepping away from his battered wife. But Samantha springs from the floor with surprising speed and grabs her husband firmly, yet tenderly, by his face.)

SAMANTHA: (heart-broken) Our daughter's death is killing us.

WILLIAM: (strokes Samantha's cheek, speaks matter-of-factly) Sweetie, we're already dead.

(Samantha buries her face into William's shoulder and sobs uncontrollably. He embraces his wife tenderly and strokes her hair. They gently rock side to side as they embrace each other and mournfully look at their daughter's slightly tattered memorial reef. William scoops Samantha up into his arms as if he were carrying her across the threshold on their wedding day. He lays her gently on the couch and kisses her softly on the lips. She snuggles into the couch as if she's about to rest, her eyes fluttering like a pair of butterfly wings as they battle against her sleep deprived body. William quietly eases offstage to the bedroom so his wife can obtain some much needed sleep. As soon as Samantha's sure William has left, she springs off of the couch into action. She grabs her druggie materials from under the couch and hurriedly tosses them onto the table. She treats up her heroin and ties herself off yet again, preparing to enter into a world of happiness surrounded by an ambient flame of melancholy. Once she finds the vein she's seeking, she greedily licks her lips with anticipation. She plunges the needle deep into

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her vein, her hand shaking tempestuously as she injects the vile substance into her bloodstream. Samantha leans back into the couch slumping low, the needle still sticking out of her arm.

William eases back into the livingroom from the bedroom (offstage, right) and freezes when he sees his beloved wife fallen victim yet again to her deadly addiction. Samantha's eyes spring open, surprising William, whom could have sworn that he'd seen remorse before any sign of emotion was quickly washed away by the indelible haze caused by the heroin's euphoric powers. He comes back into his correct state of mind but remains completely frozen in place; his eyes locking onto the picture of Georgia inside of the memorial reef. He slowly focuses his attention on his wife, a stew of emotions coursing through his heart; and although he wanted to try ~~to~~ to pragmatically find a way of helping his wife deal with her destructive behaviors, his thoughts always reverted back to the gunman that sent a bullet into his daughter's chest, ripping her open

as if she were some kind of insignificant med-school cadaver. He calmly walked over to Samantha on the couch and squats down in front of her, staring deeply into her eyes.)

WILLIAM: (Shakes Samantha, not violently, but with a desolate sense of helplessness.)
Why?!. Why?!. (weakly) Why?

(William gets up and storms off out of the front door. Samantha weakly reaches out towards him as the door slams behind him, the syringe still sticking out of her outstretched arm. She sees the syringe and shakes her head in disgust, taking it out of her arm and slinging it across the room. She holds her arm out before her and seems to finally come to the realization that it's covered in track marks. Her face slowly fades from a look of intrigued disgust, to absolute resolution; ~~at~~ a steely determination welling up inside of her, a feeling she often once had, but recently lost. Samantha stands with purpose and walks offstage to her bedroom.

She quickly returns holding a small, shiny, black revolver in her hand. She marches toward the coach as if following the sound of a macabre requiem, sullenly sitting down as her mind races with reasons as to why she should not end her life.

She opens the revolver and empties the bullets into her hand, tossing all of them except one. She slides the lone bullet into the revolver's cylinder, spins it around and clicks it shut with a flick of her wrist. She places the small barrel to her temple, all signs of fear emanated from her heart. She pulls the trigger; slightly jumps as the revolver dry fires on an empty cylinder. She laughs manically, almost to the point of lunacy, and squeezed the trigger again; another dry fire sending icy chills down her spine. She prepares to pull the trigger a third time but hesitates; something deep within alarming her towards impending danger. She knows that if she pulls the trigger she will most assuredly die. She gathers the last dregs of courage she can muster and ~~pulls the trigger~~

steadies her hand as she prepares to take her ferry across the river Styx.

Suddenly, Georgia walks into the livingroom from offstage and stands before her mother, whom is understandably, terrified. They peer into each other's souls, causing Samantha to drop her gun onto the couch. Her face is a mask of incredulosity as she falls off of the couch onto her knees, finally face to face with the only person she loved in life more than her husband.)

Samantha: Georgia?

(Samantha reaches out to touch her daughter's face, but pulls away in shock due to the coolness of her daughter's cheek.)

SAMANTHA: (amazed) But... how?

(Georgia walks over to the Bible on the table, picks it up, and hands it to her mother. Samantha looks from the

Bible in her dead daughters hand, to her daughter's face; so pale and colorless. Samantha's face suddenly shines with understanding as she realizes that her daughter returned to save her life, and change it.

William hesitantly walks through the door, looking down at his feet as he quietly shuts the door. He looks up and sees the joyous look on Samantha's face, causing him to involuntarily smile. Even though he saw his dead daughter standing before his wife, his mind failed to process the information expediantly. Georgia turned to face her father and opened her little arms wide for a hug, William faints, hitting the floor with a loud thud. He springs up just as quickly as he fell and runs over to Georgia, sweeping her frail little body into the air, placing a flurry of kisses all over her face. But he suddenly senses that although he was holding his daughter, she still was not there. He snaps his neck back in fear and amazement; almost dropping Georgia

to the floor, Georgia nods her head affirmatively as William realizes his reunion with Georgia would sadly be short-lived. He places Georgia back onto the floor and falls to his knees beside Samantha. Georgia stands before them as Samantha holds the Bible up to William who takes it and lovingly gazes into the eyes of his wife, the change within her more than evident.

They embrace each other and cry tears of joy as all of their anguish dissipates into the recesses of their souls, finally letting go of the loss of their daughter, but not their love. Georgia silently walks away offstage as the light dims. Samantha and William stay locked together in a never-ending embrace.)

END SCENE

The End

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