

“The Legacy” sample page #1

Narrator #1 (The Storyteller Grandpa): The universe is full of the wonders of creation, and bears testimony to the creativity and power of our mighty God. There is no end to the universe, and so, no end to the wondrous happenings to be found there. Come with me now on another journey into the limitless realm of discovery, visible to you through eyes of faith and the power of the imagination.

I'm called Storyteller Grandpa, and I'm happy that you've joined me. As I relate the events of this remarkable tale, I invite you to picture in your mind's eye the scenes I'm describing. You might be surprised, as you actually begin to see the people and places come to life right in front of you. Today's story is titled simply, "The Legacy."

Actions during the next paragraph: *A woman in her late 40's to early 50's enters the room and begins to dust. She stops and picks up a framed photo of her son from when he was much younger and gazes at it for a moment. We learn from the narrator things about the son while she is looking at it and remembering. She runs her fingers across it as if brushing hair from his eyes. She sits down in the chair, still holding the photo, then closes her eyes and begins to pray.*

Narrator #1 (The Storyteller): Bereavement has a way of causing us to draw closer to those loved ones that remain... both for common comfort, and also to show our love and appreciation for them, as we are reminded of the brevity and uncertainty of life. As Sandra Donner entered her grown son's old bedroom, now used as a guest room, she makes sure his room is ready for his visit. But seeing Jason's old pictures takes her back to his younger days, when he lived at home. He was a visual learner, always quicker to understand things he had seen or experienced, rather than what he read or heard about. He was creative, also; a trait he had inherited from his father, and it expressed itself in earlier years in drawing his own original comic book characters. His father, an author of Christian children's books, had always hoped that Jason would work with him, but his son had his own ideas, and ambitions... which were at odds with his father's vision for their future. As his mother thought about the situation that was now bringing them together again, she knew that much was riding on crucial decision that had to be made. As with so many other times, and difficulties, she went to the Lord in prayer. Pouring out her concern to Him, she prays for the Lord to draw Jason to Himself, and somehow make his love, and atoning sacrifice, more real to her son. Entreating the Lord to open the eyes of his heart, she asked that somehow, the Lord would make the story come to life in his heart, so that he would desire to come to Him, and then, live for Him.

Actions during the next paragraph: *After her prayer, the daughter Sharon comes into the room. She and the mother hug, then talk for a moment about the son's imminent arrival and why he is coming.*

Narrator #1: As the mother finished her prayer, only the most recent of many, many others, she was joined in the room by her daughter Sharon, who lived nearby. The last time her brother came into town, they had not parted on good terms, and the same problems were still hanging in the air. Before he had passed away nearly six months ago, their father had been offered a large sum of money to sell the rights to his characters to a Hollywood company that wanted to develop a movie based on them... but with no Christian message. He refused, and left the rights to the property to his son, with his wishes that he continue to develop it using his own talents, and keep it in the family. His son, however, wasn't interested in preserving his father's legacy, and was planning on selling the rights, and investing the money in his own graphics design business. Jason was coming to town to meet with the conglomerate's representatives, and sign the papers that sold all rights to his father's work. While the mother was content to pray about it, and trust the Lord for the final outcome, his older sister Sharon wasn't about to let her brother get away with selling out that easily.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The mother looks at her watch, and reacts to the lateness of the hour. The two women get up, but as they talk on the way out, the mother stops the daughter and asks her not to make a scene on the drive home. The daughter reluctantly agrees to wait. They then leave the stage.*

Narrator #1: Looking at her watch, the mother realizes that it's a little past the time that they needed to leave to pick up her son at the airport. Now they would have to hurry to make it, she exclaimed, as she stood up. Her daughter commented that on the ride home, she intended to confront Jason about what he planned on doing. The mother begs her to wait at least until they have gotten home before bringing it up, and she promised that she would.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The stage is empty for a few moments as the narrator relates the passage of time. After a few moments, the son comes in, carrying a suitcase in his hand, with a laptop case slung over his shoulder. He sets them down, and putting his hands on his hips, looks around the room where he grew up. He picks up a couple of the framed photos and looks at them as he is introduced by the narrator.*

Narrator #1: After picking him up at the airport, the drive home was uneventful, if a little quiet. There was a tension in the air as his sister made the effort to keep her thoughts to herself, at least for the time being, and the mother made small talk to fill the awkward silences. Now, they had arrived back home, and Jason came back into the room where he had grown up. The last time he was here was his father's funeral. From here on out, I'll let Jason himself tell you what happened on that life-changing afternoon.

Actions during the next paragraph: *Jason puts the carrying case on the table, and unzips it, folding back the top. As he does this, he smiles at the thought of the money coming his way. He then yawns and stretches, and rubs his temples.*

(Note: the narration by Jason begins here.)

Narrator Jason: Well, it had been a tiring trip, but in spite of the delays, and the trouble I sensed brewing in the car during the ride home, I was glad to be here, in my familiar old room. Later in the afternoon I had a meeting with some representatives from the company interested in Dad's material, and the sum of money they had offered him --and now me-- was pretty amazing. The things I could do with that money! I would finally have the capital to start my own company. All I wanted to do now was rest a little from the trip to be fresh and alert for that meeting later.

Actions during the next paragraph: *His sister comes into the room, carrying another small travel bag and a bottle of water for him. He opens the bottle, lifts it to her slightly as if in a toast, sips some, then puts it on the table. He then takes the laptop out of the bag and puts it on the table also, opening it up and starting it, not looking at his sister who is standing behind him with her arms folded, her lips tight as she controls her desire to tell him off.*

Narrator Jason: But, as my sister Sharon brought the last bag into the room, I could tell whatever was simmering on the back burner of her mind was about to boil over. I figured she would start in on me in her own good time without me asking what she wanted to talk about, so I took my laptop from its shoulder bag and turned it on. I wanted to check my email and google the directions to the corporate office where the meeting was to take place. I didn't even get logged onto the house's wireless server before she started in on me.

Actions during the next paragraph: *As Jason looks at the laptop's screen, tapping the keyboard, his sister reaches over and pushes down the laptop's screen, making sure she has his full attention. He looks up at her, then sits back, as if resigned to being forced to listen. She has her hands on her hips, and paces back and forth as she unloads her complaints.*

Narrator Jason: First, she wanted to know if I was still going to accept the offer, and assured her nothing had changed my mind. As far as I was concerned, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I wasn't about to pass up something that could make my future much more secure. Sharon questioned how I could so callously sell off a lifetime's work by our father, when he wanted me to continue his dream. I replied that the decision was purely from a practical standpoint. And that one could not live on dreams, especially someone else's. She retorted "oh, but you can live on someone else's money when those dreams are betrayed and sold out, can't you?" I admit that stung a bit, but I had dreams of my own. I tried to explain that the entertainment company would take Dad's characters farther and make them more famous than they had ever been under his direction. His legacy would live on, I stressed. Wouldn't she be proud to see his name as the creator of the property when it was adapted for the big screen?

Actions during the next paragraph: *Sharon pulls out a chair opposite him on the table, and leans forward. She is not as angry now, but tries to reach him on a personal level. Jason listens patiently, and seemingly with understanding, as she tries to get him to see why they should keep it in the family.*

Narrator Jason: This seemed to change something in her demeanor, and she sat down across from me. Quietly, she stressed what she felt was an important thing to understand. It was never about money to our father, she began. It was about using his characters and stories, in whatever form they took, to reach people --especially children-- with the message that was most important to him... the love of God, and the hope that is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This soul-less conglomerate, as she labeled it, would change the deepest meaning of his writings, and reduce them to simple entertainment... devoid of any Biblical truth and spiritual content. That, Sharon concluded, would break his heart... and why he would never sell out.

Actions during the next paragraph: *After her final terse statement to her brother, Sharon leaves the room, walking past their mother, who reaches out to her, and they touch hands briefly in passing. Jason begins getting into his laptop again as his sister leaves. His mother Sandra has in her hand a book and a compact disc, and she walks over to the table and sits down. Jason, registering her presence, looks a little exasperated as he*