

**Of Kings and Commons**

**Written By**  
Ryan Frazier

**Story Concept**  
Ryan Frazier  
Craig Bolt  
Russ Jones

**Based on the true stories of**  
Juan Santos  
Anonymous (AKA Kathryn)  
Greg Dumas



LIGHTS FADE TO  
BLACK.

The band begins to tune their instruments as you would hear at the opening of a symphony. The sound of a conductor's stick tapping on a music stand is heard.

LIGHTS COME UP TO  
REVEAL A CHOIR IN  
ROBES PREPARED TO  
SING.

CHOIR

"Hallelujah Chorus" performed by  
Choir

While the choir is performing, our narrator and first story character, Juan, enters auditorium walking down center aisle. He is dressed in a casual look with jeans and white V-neck shirt.

He walks up the stage stairs and positions himself off to the side of the still performing choir. He is listening intently as if he is part of the audience.

As the choir comes to a close he begins to clap along with the audience. He turns to stage center and walks to the front of the stage. Lights come up on Juan

JUAN

That was awesome! I love Christmas!  
It takes me back to childhood.  
That's the best part about  
Christmas...the way that something  
you see, something you hear,  
something you smell or even touch  
brings back a flood of emotions and  
memories.

SYNTH BEGINS

For me it was waking to the sound  
of bacon sizzling, the smell of my  
grandfather's coffee. The whispers  
of my parents placing gifts under  
the tree. Even as I talk about it  
now I remember it like it was  
yesterday.

But it's the sounds of Christmas  
that bring back the most memories.

(MORE)

Try it.

SYNTH STOPS

Close your eyes with me for a  
moment...seriously, close your eyes.

Juan waits for most of the audience to close their eyes. The  
Choir is still in position on stage and prepares for the  
Christmas Music Mash Up.

Now think about some of your  
favorite Christmas songs from  
childhood.

BELLS BEGIN

I can hear them now in my head!  
What about you? Can you hear it?

MEDLEY STARTS

The choir is still dressed in choir robes and begins the  
medley. As they progress they throw down the robes and  
transition into normal stage attire.

CHOIR  
Christmas Music Mash Up

CHOIR FADES OUT.

SYNTH PLAY "WE THREE  
KINGS"

JUAN  
Then there are the stories of  
Christmas. One of my favorites is  
about the 3 kings who traveled  
great distances for one simple  
reason: to give a baby 3 gifts.

VIDEO IMAGES OF THE  
3 KINGS BEGIN TO  
FLASH ON SCREEN.

JUAN  
Imagine traveling across deserts  
and mountains, freezing cold and  
scorching heat, just to bring gifts  
of Gold, frankincense and myrrh.  
Gifts fit for a king, with each  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)

representing something very spiritual and symbolic. That was their act of worship...it was their offering to the Messiah.

FADE OUT "WE THREE  
KINGS"

There's also the story of a common boy...a drummer. He didn't have the extravagant gifts like the kings...what he did have was a drum. So he played it. That was his offering yet It wasn't any less special than gold because he used what he had.

Kings and commons...

(short pause)

...one in the same. It inspired me even as a young boy to be like the kings or the common drummer.

A drummer boy playing a single snare drum is coming down the center aisle along with the band.

DRUMMER BOY TRACK  
BEGINS

I wanted to do something in my life that would be worthy of bringing a gift to God. My own version of an offering.

(short pause for dramatic effect as if to contemplate)

As I got older, the stories that inspired me as a young boy stayed the same but I began to change.

Band begins to play the opening segments of DRUMMER BOY. The

stage is softly lit and intensifies with the song. Band in positions.

JUAN WALKS OFF  
STAGE.

BAND  
"Drummer Boy" live performance

MUSIC FADES WHILE  
BAND CONTINUES TO  
PLAY SOFT MUSIC VAMP  
FOR FOLLOWING  
DIALOGUE.

Juan is already back on stage center.

JUAN

Tonight is about true stories and real people. You will probably identify with one of them. Many of us are here today for a purpose. I can promise you this...you won't leave the same as you came. Hidden in these stories are themes of forgiveness, redemption, and purpose. That's why God GAVE US the greatest gift of all.

DROP CENTER SCREEN

That baby in the manger would be the solution to all of your reasons for being here. He would make it ALL right again...

Another short pause as if to transition into second act of production.

SYNTH FADES OUT

I'm not just a narrator, but the first of 3 people who want to share their story. There's something powerful about hearing someone's testimony. Real stories from real people just like me..

Juan walks to 16mm film projector and flips it "on". It begins to operate and light up. Juan looks at the screen as if watching his own story come to life.

VIDEO: My story starts with a punk kid who grew up in the mean streets of New York. It's gritty but you need to hear what I have to say.

Video begins to play. The following audio is built into the video.

SC. 1 MORNING JUAN'S FAMILY DINING ROOM

JUAN

I HAD A LOVING AND CARING FAMILY. I WAS A NATURAL ATHLETE AND POPULAR WITH OTHER KIDS. PEOPLE LOVED ME AND I LOVED PEOPLE. BUT WHEN I GOT INTO SCHOOL SOMETHING CHANGED IN ME.

I wanted to impress everyone around me. Catholic school and their rules weren't for me. My nun told my dad I had serious problems and I would never amount to anything. "Serious Problems!" What does that even mean?

They called me little man because I was short in stature but I had big plans for life. I decided to live up to the expectations. That's when I started in what would later become my stumbling blocks. Drinking, drugs, stealing...you know...the usual. But I was a visionary. I was an entrepreneur.

At 11 years old I had a crew of guys who worked for me. I found that I was particularly gifted with automobiles so I started stealing motorcycles and cars. By 18 I had my own vehicle with driver who I paid to take my friends and I wherever we wanted to go; stacks of cash, and one of the most successful drug distribution

(MORE)

operations in Queens. The strangest part is that through ALL of this I knew I was doing wrong. I wanted to help others and I used dirty money to do it. There was this internal battle raging every day. I knew God had a plan for my life. Why would he give me such a talent at business? I hated my life and loved attention. What can I say? It was an addiction. I couldn't get past it...it was too powerful.

My story sounds bigger than life but it happened. And I bet it's happening with some of you.

I want to do right but I can't. The evil was winning.

VIDEO

I was in jail 7 different times with a rap sheet as long as Santa's naughty list. I was shot through the arm and chest at a bad drug deal, but somehow survived. The bullet is still lodged in my chest next to my heart as a daily reminder of my mortality. The chains were tight and getting tighter. I was called Little Man but I was living like a king, down deep...all I really wanted was a common life.

We fade back into real life.

Video stops and lights are back on Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)

My story doesn't end here. That was just the beginning. As I look back I wish that I had written my story down somewhere. I should have written a journal. If I had, it would probably have started something like this:

There is a cross fade from Juan's voice into Kathryn's voice:



## JUAN AND KATHRYN

KATHRYN IN CHAIR

Dear Diary, where do I begin today?

We now have fully transitioned into the women's voice

There is a live video feed from the foyer where she is sitting at her desk writing on her computer diary

There is a 180 degree camera track so the camera slowly moves from left to right as she reads her story

KATHRYN

It's almost Christmas and I'm already drained. It's days like these that I look back at my life the most.

KATHRYN GRABS HOUR  
GLASS FROM BOOK  
SHELF

I remember my broken home and the broken relationships. I had absolutely no self esteem and felt like an empty shell just going through life. The only way I could cope was by staying away so I was out with my friends all the time. And even though I was constantly comparing myself to the other girls I still thought I could trust. Eventually I began to look to men for security and self worth.

My parents weren't there to help or care for me; they were either drunk and fighting, or asleep. So, I knew that I would have to care for myself, I lived each day alone, on my own and for myself.

Then, the accident happened.

SYNTH BEGIS KATHRYN  
GRABS A PICTURE FROM  
BOOK SHELF

My mother had been drinking heavily and was going to drive herself to

(MORE)

the hairdressers. I knew I shouldn't have let her drive, but she insisted she didn't need a ride. While I was out with my friends she had a horrible accident which crippled her for the rest of her life. That's when the deep guilt, sense of rejection began. There are probably a number of girls who can relate to my story.

I didn't know God was there so I didn't take my hurts and fears to him. Instead I chose men and relationships to try and make my life better. Each relationship was troubled and unhealthy. This only brought more guilt, pain and loneliness.

For a while there was some light at the end of the tunnel. I met a man and we got married. We had children. But we never loved each other the way a couple should. The guilt was still killing me. I wanted to love him but I couldn't. He was more broken than me.

So with each child we had - I prayed he or she would make it better. But it didn't. So I tried to find comfort and love in other men all the while pretending that my marriage was still salvageable.

PUSH BACK FROM DESK  
WITH COMPUTER CAMERA

Oh, how I wish I had run to the arms of God instead to the arms of men.

I remember sitting in a car by myself one day. I was trying to talk myself out of the horrible mistake I was about to make with yet another man. I was stuck in a pattern of sin that was fueled with

(MORE)

guilt and pain.

As I was sitting in the car I began praying "God I know my story doesn't end here...that you have a plan, but I just feel like no matter what I do, I'm worthless and don't have anything left to give you! Oh God, what is your plan for my life? Why am I here?"

That's when I saw what I believed was an angel. The first of 2 angels in my life. He was looking at me from another car. He had a bible in his hand. Years later, I would meet him again at church and find out that all that time he and his wife were praying on my behalf. Even in my times of darkness God was trying to get my attention.

But like usual I ran from Him and into the arms of another man.

SYNTH FADES OUT

Juan is sitting in a stool off to stage right, with very little light.

The cross fade is complete and is fully faded into Greg.

He's holding a newspaper in his hand. He looks towards the audience and says:

ILLUSTRATION 01

GREG

My story starts with the Headline that read: man stabbed to death at the De Ja Vu...

GREG STANDS AND  
LOOKS TOWARDS  
AUDIENCE

That dead man was supposed to be me! It would have been if it wasn't for this girl who told me that God said not to fight. And those words probably saved my life.

There is a short pause for reflection of the headline then re-engages audience.

ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
BEGINS

My story isn't filled with failures...it's actually filled with successes...At least a worldly ones that feel good for a while.

ILLUSTRATION 02

My father left our family when I was just a boy.

This line is read in a contemplative manner.

I remember him kissing me on the forehead and driving away. I remember my mom saying,

"You're the man of the house now, I need you to be brave, don't cry, and help me with your sister. It's time to grow up."

And when she said that, I felt this sense of responsibility to also take care of her. So you can imagine the weight I felt on my shoulders then. No matter what from that day forward I couldn't allow myself to fail.

ILLUSTRATION 03

I remember Grady Elementary; I came home bloody after getting into a fight. I promised myself that I would never lose another fight.

I promised myself I would be the  
(MORE)

best at whatever I put my mind to.

ILLUSTRATION 04

I wouldn't let my ADD and dyslexia stop me. I wouldn't let the breakup of my parents stop me from becoming a winner. I would teach myself whatever was necessary to succeed.

ILLUSTRATION 05A

Maybe that's where this:

Said slowly and with dramatic effect:

-the Drive, the Ambition, and intense desire to succeed

ILLUSTRATION 05B

kicked in. At the time it felt like a blessing but it may have just been a curse.

But regardless, I was destined for greatness.

I was built to play football. I could tackle anybody in front of me. And I was awesome at it.

ILLUSTRATION 6

If I wasn't putting my head through somebody's chest I was putting my head into the books.

ILLUSTRATION 7

Failure wasn't an option for me. And my grades showed it too...I had overcome. I was winning.

Read the following with contemplation:

## ILLUSTRATION 8

I had "heard" of God plenty of times when I was young. I grew up catholic and went to mass every weekend. I was even an altar boy, but I only did it for my mom. I guess you could say I had...some religion.

## ILLUSTRATION 9

I did prefer the football to the bible, and the girls to God, But I was a pretty good guy. I tried not to cause trouble but I certainly wouldn't run away from it either.

I was adored and loved by everybody, I was voted Homecoming king my senior year. I was also the star linebacker on the football team and nominated as one of the top 100 players in the country. I was so good that even Barry Switzer wanted me to come and play for him at the university of Oklahoma.

## GUITAR FADES OUT

My step-dad and I talked it over. We had it all figured out, I would go to college, play some football, and meet girl of my dreams...

WE FADE BACK INTO  
THE FIRST STORY.  
BOTH GREG AND JUAN  
STANDING WITH LIGHTS  
ON BOTH OF THEM.  
THEY SAY THIS LINE  
IN UNISON:

GREG (CONT'D)

I would make a fortune.

JUAN

It was my destiny...

GREG AND JUAN

...until the unthinkable happened.

WE ARE NOW FOCUSED  
BACK INTO JUAN'S  
STORY

Juan stands as Greg steps back and sits at the dinner table. Greg picks up the newspaper and begins to read again. Juan is still stage right but lights are back on him and he turns back to watch the screen as if to watch this own story unfold before his eyes.

JUAN

I lost it all. I finally got popped one too many times and I couldn't talk my way out of this one. I went to jail...again.

What you don't know is I had started a business driving the rich and famous around town. But you can't run a business like that without a driver's license. I had tried to use alias names and cheat the system but I couldn't fix this one. This was the final straw. I needed to start over. I had been running from God for so long I forgot what it felt like to just be still.

So I finally had a heart to heart with the big guy. I made him a promise...if he would help me sell my business I would promise to get out of town and start over. I decided to come clean with the authorities. I had to own up to my mistakes.

Wouldn't you know it? The impossible happened...my business sold the next day. HE did his part now it was time to do mine. I said the words "Lord, my life is yours; Fix me. I want to do the right thing." In an instance I went from living the life of a king and became just a common man. I had nothing but one thing to give God...it was my life. So I said, here

(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)

I am, use me.

Fade back into Kathryn

KATHRYN

Use me? Use me? God could never use a woman like me. How my life ever be an offering.

SYNTH BEGINS

By that time In my life I had already been divorced and now living with an abusive man who had hurt me and my children...severely. I became a statistic. I had made so many mistakes...so many bad choices and hurt so many people. There wasn't any hope for goodness in me, and I believed I wouldn't ever be good for anyone again. Too much had happened, too much damage.

I was Hopeless!

But that's when I met the second angel in my life. She told me I could pray and ask God to remove the chains of oppression and guilt that were holding me down. It was killing me. I lived with the guilt of feeling like a failure as a wife and mother. I lived with the guilt of being a bad daughter. Every which way I looked I felt the guilt more than anything else. I was suffocating. But, that day I prayed and something happened. I believe a curse was lifted. I still had the consequences of my bad choices to deal with in life. But there was something different. I knew God was with me.

All of a sudden I had something instead of guilt. I had hope. I had lived my whole life with guilt then that day I knew I had been forgiven?! I exchanged the hurt for hope. Hope is exactly what Christmas is all about. That's what the baby in the manger was here to

(MORE)



do. Bring hope to the hopeless.  
 Healing to the hurting and purpose  
 instead of pain. I finally had  
 that!

God is so good.

You have to understand how hard it  
 would have been for me to say that  
 just a few years ago. Going through  
 divorce and being unfaithful to my  
 husband, living in a physically  
 abusive relationship, and  
 struggling to keep my children. I  
 struggled with guilt every day. I  
 lost my job, my home, and my life.

SYNTH STOPS

But I now... have hope!

Fade into Greg

GREG

Hope...I didn't need hope...I had a  
 scholarship! But it happened...the  
 unthinkable.

ACOUTSIC BEGINS

ILLUSTRATION 10

I blew out my knee my senior year.  
 And there My future wife was on the  
 sidelines watching as I winced in  
 pain and was carried off the field.  
 In the blink of an eye I went from  
 being one of the most sought after  
 football players to a liability. I  
 knew I could still play but now I  
 was going to have to settle for  
 second best at a second best  
 college in Missouri.

I told my dad I would never play  
 there. He told me to "never say  
 never." His words haunted me that  
 day.

ILLUSTRATION 11

That's when the fears of failure  
 (MORE)

kicked in stronger than ever. I still went on to play football with a full ride scholarship, the apartment, the money, and beautiful girlfriend. I had it pretty good but that's when it got ugly.

I felt like I lost my life and my identity. I wanted to be in crimson and cream. I almost quit if it wasn't for my dad's

## ILLUSTRATION 12

"Rocky speech". I HATED being there. That led to more drinking, more drugs, more fighting; I got darker, deeper, faster, further away from God. I actually asked Him to maim me, to injure me beyond the ability to play ever ball again.

After 3 weeks of rampage, drunkenness and a round of Russian roulette, I cried out to Him! I was lying in bed and I cried out to God.

"God if you're real I need to know NOW"

## ILLUSTRATION 13

I needed something else to fill the void. The drugs, girls and football couldn't do it anymore. I laid in bed and experienced an encounter with God in a very real way. But it took so much to get me to that point.

I spent all my life being king...but as I laid in bed I became just a common man. It was just He and I. I was ready to give him something I had never given anyone else before...I gave over my fears of failure, my drive, ambition, and desire. And asked Him to be my King.

## ILLUSTRATION 14A

My first test came only a few nights later. I was out drinking at the De Ja Vu with some friends. And if you remember I had made a promise to never lose a fight. Well, wouldn't you know that night there was another guy who wanted to pick a fight with me?

## ILLUSTRATION 14B

So, just as I turned towards him to finish what he started a girl, who I never knew before, looked right at me and said "God said don't fight!" When I heard those words something stirred in my soul. And I did something I had never done before. I turned around and walked out of that bar. I still remember it like it was yesterday.

## ILLUSTRATION 14C

You have to understand, I was a fighter. That's how I was built. But that night I think God sent that angel to stop me. The next day it was in the headlines. That a man was stabbed to death at that bar. The guy who was looking for a fight found his guy and killed him. That dead man was suppose to be me.

## ACOUSTIC FADES OUT

You hear it said that Jesus was sent to save the world. That night he saved me and it became personal.

"My offering"

SONG BEGINS

## FADE INTO JUAN

JUAN

I use to be a king, but now I serve the king of kings. I cried out to God to use me. I want to make all

(MORE)

## JUAN (CONT'D)

those years of doing wrong...right. I want to help the people I use to hurt. I want to help others - not to make me feel better about my past - but I want to help others because I've been saved! I want to serve others because God took my heart of stone and made it flesh. I'm blessed.

The drummer boy...I get it now. When I was a kid it was just a story. But now it's more than a story. If you asked me "what's my offering?" Simple...My life, the time I have left. I know it sounds cheesy, but that's my offering. There are so many people out there lost and so many people I can touch through my testimony. So I'm bringing you...me...so that you won't be the same as you came in. That today, you will be changed forever. My name is Juan any my life is my offering.

Fade into Kathryn

## KATHRYN

I'm forever changed. Every morning I surrender everything to God's care and ask for His will in my life. I know that God loves me and has always had a plan for me.

God has shown me that I was created for Him to share the love He has for me.

God has brought me into a new marriage, to a very kind and loving man. He has brought my son back to me and healed all of my broken relationships.

God is amazing.

He just keeps pouring out. If God has done all this already and it's

(MORE)

been this glorious and he's been this awesome I can only image the future as my life unfolds and my marriage and my family continues to grow.

I get it now.

I know what my offering is. If I were standing at that manger looking at the baby who would be the savior of the world, my personal savior, I know what I would give him.

I give him my family.

I tried so hard for so long to keep my family together. But I see now why I had to walk through it. My life, my story of forgiveness, is a testimony of his grace and mercy.

My name is Kathryn and my family is my offering.

Fade into Greg

GREG

ILLUSTRATION 15

After that night at the bar and after my encounter with God..my life would never be the same. I had spent most of my life knocking people down. And for the first time, God was having me pick them up. For the first time, I was putting down the football, and picking up the bible. I wasn't even totally sure how it all worked. I just knew I had to change my priorities...I HAD to put God first.

I would use the Drive, Ambition and desire for good. If you think about it, it makes sense.

I had my father issues but now I was working for THE FATHER. I had my pride issues but now I would be humbled in order to be lifted up. I had my fear of failure and now the fears are sitting at the foot of the cross. Failure still wasn't an option, not because I had to do the winning, because Jesus had already won. And I was on the winning team. What is my offering? My drive, my ambition and my desire. My curse is now my gift.

Maybe you are sitting in your seat listening and identifying with one of these 3 stories. If so, then make no mistake about it God has you right where he wants you. You are here today among many other people who know exactly how you feel. You wish to God every day that you could somehow make your life that offering. We know that God sent his one and only son as a gift for us...but what if there is a gift you can give him?

VIDEO OF REVEAL AND  
CREDITS BEGINS

This story I have shared with you  
is true, but it's not mine.

As the credits roll Greg (actor) hands Greg Dumas the Bible.

As video concludes Greg Dumas adds resolution to the story with introduction of family. He eventually leads to what Christmas is truly about: worship.

BAND BEGINS TO VAMP  
WITH HEART OF  
WORSHIP

Greg Dumas begins Heart of Worship

BAND CONCLUDES HEART  
OF WORSHIP.

Greg Dumas gives invitation and salvation call.

Little Girl steps up to stage beside Greg Dumas with a pillow holding a crown of Thorns.

LITTLE GIRL

The story of Jesus, the messiah,  
begins with a baby in a manger. But  
that's only the beginning. It ends  
with a man on a cross

SHE REVELS CROWN

Wearing a crown of thorns.

THE CROWN TRAILER  
BEGINS WHILE BAND  
REVAMPS DRUMMER BOY

GREG DUMAS  
DISMISSES.