

TO THE HIGHEST

A young man, spreading The Word of God, envisions his destiny of becoming a Drag Queen.

OVER BLACK

VOICES

(singing)
*You shake my nerves and you rattle
my brain.*

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

A CHOIR, adorned in traditional robes, congregate beneath a crucifix. They sway, emotionless, and jaws agape.

CHOIR

Too much love drives a man insane.

INT. PLAIN BEDROOM - MORNING

A set of manly hands delicately knot a tie atop a white, short-sleeve, button-up shirt.

CHOIR (O.S.)

You broke my will.

With precision, the hands place a #2 pencil, a blue pen, and a yellow highlighter into their shirt pocket.

CHOIR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But what a thrill.

Centered on an oak dresser is, 'The Holy Bible'. Next to the book is a pamphlet that reads, 'Who is Jesus?'.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

The choirs' swaying quickens.

CHOIR (CONT'D)

*Goodness gracious, great balls of
fire!*

CUT TO:

1969 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The street is packed with homes. Each house is unique. One, boarded up. The next, gray with fire damage. 'Suck It' graffitied across the top of another.

The early morning sun glistens across a YOUNG MAN'S face. He wears an innocent smile and eager eyes. By his side, 'The Holy Bible' and the 'Who is Jesus?' pamphlet.

CUT TO:

DING DONG

EXT. RICKETY HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The young man strokes his hair with the back of his hand.

CRASH

A gutter falls into the front yard.

He lets out a high pitched shriek.

The door CRACKS open and wild eyes peer out of the shadow.

YOUNG MAN

Hello there. My name is Whit. I'm here to ask if you know of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ?

Frantically scanning the street-

WILD EYES

Huh?

WHIT

Do you know Jesus, sir?

WILD EYES

Wrong house. Jesus doesn't live here.

The wild eyes drifts back into the darkness. The door pushes shut. Whit steps his loafer into the frame, halting it.

WHIT

Sir, if you could just give me a moment. I would like to speak of your God-given purpose?

Whit flashes his smooth smile. His teeth sparkle. The wild eyes scans him up and down suspiciously.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKETY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Minuscule light peaks through a window, illuminating, '*The Holy Bible*', strategically placed on a coffee table. Next to it is the pamphlet.

Whit sits on the edge of a stained sofa, hands placed politely in his lap.

On the other side of '*The Holy Bible*', lounges WILD EYES, a man, late-20s, with long greasy hair, and no shirt. He grips a Bong.

WHIT

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and he will make straight your paths.

Wild Eyes packs the bowl.

WILD EYES

You want a hit?

WHIT

No. Thank you.

Wild Eyes ignites a lighter, lights the bong, and inhales.

WHIT (CONT'D)

So, you see? God will lead you and never leave or forsake you.

Blowing smoke-

WILD EYES

And you think he led you here?

Whit coughs.

WHIT

Mhm. Yes. This is my purpose.

WILD EYES

Haven't you had any other plans?
Something you love doing?
Besides all that Bible stuff.

Whit thinks on this.

WHIT

God is always guiding you. It's his plan. What about you? What do you enjoy?

WILD EYES
You're looking at it.

He laughs into the smog.

WILD EYES (CONT'D)
I can see the light, dude.

WHIT
Really?

WILD EYES
I see everything. It shows me-

Wild Eyes plants his gaze across the room. Whit parallels his.

WILD EYES (CONT'D)
Welp. Me, man. I see me. I don't
need a book to show me that.

Whit studies Wild Eyes. He peeks at the Bong.

If God had led him here, maybe THIS was his moment of enlightenment.

WHIT
May I try some?

Whit places his mouth on the bong. Wild Eyes lights it for him. Smoke fills the tube. Whit gulps it in.

WILD EYES
Hell ya.

Whit hacks out a cloud of smoke. He hacks again. And then again.

WILD EYES (CONT'D)
Dude, you good?

Suddenly, in SLOW MOTION--

Whit's eyes roll back and he sinks into the sofa. His chin falls to his chest.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

The robed choir clap in rhythmic unison.

CHOIR
(singing)
*Well, you don't know what. We can
find.*

(MORE)

CHOIR (CONT'D)

Why don't you come with me, little girl? On a magic carpet ride.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - COSMETIC COUNTER - DAY

WHIT'S POV

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Fluorescent lights flood an endless stretch of glass display counters. STORE CLERKS perched at each station are plastered with stupid smiles. All are focused on Whit, who stands at the front of the store.

He glances down. He stands in a pair of red Mary Jane heels.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

Whit steps to a counter.

WOMAN

How can I help you?

The woman is middle-aged with a flipped bob. She wears bright cherry lipstick, has rose brushed cheeks, and a name badge printed with, 'DOROTHY'.

WHIT

Um. I'm not sure I'm in the right place.

DOROTHY

Sure you are. Now, where should we start?

Whit looks at the different shades of lipstick.

WHIT

What color are you wearing?

Dorothy is sparked with excitement.

END OF POV

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - COSMETIC COUNTER - LATER

Whit sits in front of Dorothy, who powders his face.

DOROTHY

Alright. All done.

She spins him to the mirror, revealing his heavily painted face. He opens his eyes. He examines his plump cherry lips, blushed cheeks, colorful eyelids, and long lashes. A luscious blonde beehive is fashioned on his head. His fingers prick it.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Beaming-

WHIT

It's perfect.

WHOOSH

A MAN with long hair and draped in a linen dress appears.

WHIT (CONT'D)

God?

GOD

It is I.

WHIT

What are you doing here?

GOD

To congratulate you on discovering you're destiny.

WHIT

You are? You're not upset.

GOD

I made you just the way you are.

WHIT

Oh. Thanks-- God.

GOD

Go. Strut your stuff.

God snaps his fingers in a 'Z' formation.

POOF.

God is gone.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

The store clerks surround Whit, grinning ear to ear. Whit stands and strides down the linoleum floors. He takes a couple spins. The clerks cheer.

INT. RICKETY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

WHIT'S FACE

A moment.

Whit GASPS back to life.

Wild Eyes is still reclined across from him.

WILD EYES

Wow. Dude. Thought we lost you.

WHIT

I found it.

WILD EYES

Heh?

WHIT

I found it. I found me.

WILD EYES

Radical.

WHIT

I can't waste another moment.

Whit pops up from the sofa and rushes to the door.

WHIT (CONT'D)

I have to go shopping.

Whit swings open the front door.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze!

EXT. RICKETY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Police assemble on the street. Guns raised. An OFFICER, tall and built, holds a megaphone.

OFFICER

Come out.

INT. RICKETY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Wild Eyes jumps up.

WILD EYES

Shit. Man.

He sprints out the back door.

INT./EXT. RICKETY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Whit proudly steps out.

OFFICER (O.S.)
On your knees.

EXT. RICKETY HOUSE - PORCH

Whit bends a knee, smirking. Police rush the porch and force Whit's hands behind his back.

WHIT
(whispering)
We can climb so high.

OFFICER
What was that, son?

WHIT
(singing)
I never wanna die.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

The robed choir, now still, stare straight ahead.

CHOIR
(singing)
Born to be wild.

EXT. RICKETY HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Whit's hands are cuffed.

WHIT'S FACE

His cheek meets the porch as he grins. Whit winks.

CUT TO BLACK.