

CRYSTAL CLEAR

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - CHRISTOPHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER/CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR, 22, effeminate, tall, solid build, short blonde hair, takes a rainbow slap bracelet from his collection and slaps it on his wrist with a giggle.

He sits at his vanity and leans into the mirror inspecting his makeup. He applies lipstick and puckers into the mirror. He leans back and blows himself a kiss.

CHRISTOPHER
Flawless. As usual.

He stands and glides to the door and exits.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Christopher enters. His father, GREG, 45, handsome with a chiseled chin, sits at the table with his brother, RALPH, 7, while his mother SHIELA, 44, cooks.

SHIELA
Right on time, Christopher.

Christopher sits as Shiela hands him a piece of paper.

CHRISTOPHER
What's this?

SHIELA
A drag contest for Pride Days.

He reads the paper.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh my god! There's a one thousand dollar first prize!

SHIELA
I know! I bet you'd win.

He raises his hands and snaps in the air.

CHRISTOPHER
I am pretty fierce.

GREG
Where exactly is this contest?

Christopher scans the flyer.

CHRISTOPHER
It's at the fairgrounds on the
concert stage.

GREG
Then you can't do it.

CHRISTOPHER
Excuse me?

GREG
Not for the whole town to see.

CHRISTOPHER
Hello. I'm pretty sure everyone
knows what's up with me by now.

GREG
No contest!

Greg slams his fist on the table. Christopher winces.

CHRISTOPHER
You're embarrassed by me.

GREG
I didn't say that.

With a blank gaze at his father, Christopher stands.

SHIELA
Where are you going? Dinner's--

CHRISTOPHER
I'm not hungry.

Christopher shuffles to the doorway.

GREG
If you do this you're out of this
house for good.

CHRISTOPHER
Then I'll have to make sure I win
so I'm not a homeless drag queen.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACKSTAGE - MAKEUP BOOTHS - NIGHT

Christopher and JASMINE, 42, an older drag queen, sit at
large well-lit mirrors and apply makeup.

JASMINE
He just kicked you out?

CHRISTOPHER
If I compete he will.

JASMINE
He knows you're gay and do drag
here all the time, right?

CHRISTOPHER
Yes! That's why it shocked me. I
think it's about where the contest
is. The whole town would see.

JASMINE
Why do you say that?

CHRISTOPHER
Because that's what he said right
before he lost it.

JASMINE
Honey, one thing I've learned from
all these years of drag is that we
all got demons. What matters is the
ones we choose to dance with.

Christopher studies himself in the mirror.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Christopher enters carrying his makeup bag and dress bag.

His father sits in a chair. Across from him sits PASTOR DAN,
65, in a sport coat and slacks, on one end of the couch
holding a Bible on his lap.

CHRISTOPHER
What's going on?

His father motions to the empty side of the couch.

GREG
Have a seat, Christopher.

Christopher nods to Pastor Dan as he sits. His eyes widen.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh no! Is Mom okay? Ralph?

Pastor Dan uncrosses his legs and leans forward.

PASTOR DAN
Actually, we're here to talk about
you, Christopher.

Christopher glances between his father and the pastor.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't believe this.

GREG
Just listen to him, please.

PASTOR DAN
Your father has told me about your behavior. We're very concerned for your soul.

Christopher catapults out of the chair.

CHRISTOPHER
My soul? No offense, but I heard your teachings for years, and it made me feel sub-human.

He looks dead at his father with tears in his eyes.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
And you. My soul cries every night because I have a father who can't accept me.

He waves them off and stomps out.

INT. HOUSE - CHRISTOPHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christopher rushes to his laptop and grabs the contest flyer. His fingers glide as he types.

His computer screen reads: "Drag Contest Application. Click Submit to Enter." He moves the pointer and clicks submit.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACKSTAGE - MAKEUP BOOTHS - NIGHT

Christopher and Jasmine apply makeup in front of mirrors.

JASMINE
An intervention?

CHRISTOPHER
Yes! The pastor was there. They were worried about my soul.

JASMINE
Oh, girl, I am so sorry you had to deal with that.

CHRISTOPHER

It's okay. I put 'em in their place
and stormed out.

JASMINE

What'd you do about the contest?

Christopher raises his hand and mimes pulling a string twice.

CHRISTOPHER

Ding. Ding.

JASMINE

Ooooo, you get it, honey!

They high-five.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

He does have love for you, though.

CHRISTOPHER

And how would you know?

JASMINE

Because I haven't spoken to my
family in 24 years. I'm an orphan
drag queen.

Christopher grabs her hand and squeezes.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg sits in the chair and examines a drawing in his hands. A
whiskey bottle and tumbler sit on the coffee table strewn
with drawings and watercolor pieces.

He fills the tumbler, takes a large swallow, and winces. He
stares at the table and grabs another drawing. He refills the
tumbler and leans back studying the art.

Christopher enters carrying his bags and slows as he passes
the coffee table. He stacks his bags and sits in the center
of the couch in front of the art.

CHRISTOPHER

What's all this?

GREG

Thinking about the past.

CHRISTOPHER

You did these?

GREG

When I was seventeen, I wanted to go to art school. My father said it was too prissy. I should be a real man and care for a family like him.

CHRISTOPHER

Dad, these are beautiful.

He frowns at Christopher.

GREG

So, when I turned eighteen I took a job at the factory as expected.

CHRISTOPHER

Why can't you see what I do as art?

GREG

Because it's not!

Christopher jumps at the ferocity. Tears well up in his and his father's eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)

You just dress up like a woman.

Christopher wipes away a falling tear. Greg takes another swallow and slams the tumbler on the table.

GREG (CONT'D)

If you insist on doing this, you can just leave now.

Christopher grabs his bags and creeps across the room to the doorway. He sees a tear fall from his father's eye.

CHRISTOPHER

It's sad you tried so hard to be the man he wanted you to be instead of the man you wanted to be. I'll compete with or without a father.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Christopher struggles with three large bags. He sets them on a bench out of the light. He sits and adjusts the bags putting two on one end and the single bag on the other.

He lies down, squirms, and rearranges the bag as a pillow. Motionless, his breathing calms. Small, weak sobs escape the lump on the bench.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM DOOR - DAY

Sheila and Christopher stand in front of a numbered room. She holds up the room key and he takes it. She fixes his collar.

SHIELA

Ok, have you got everything you need until the contest?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes. Thank you, Mother.

SHIELA

I'll work on your dad.

They hug and Shiela sprints to her car and leaves.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Jasmine pounds on the door with a velvet gloved hand.

JASMINE

C'mon, girl! We're gonna be late!

The door opens and out steps Crystal Everclear in a dazzling outfit with faux fur and feathers. She strikes a pose with one hand in the air and mimes pulling a string twice.

CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR

Ding. Ding. Oh, wait!

She runs into the dark motel room and reemerges with a tie-dye slap bracelet and smacks it on her wrist.

CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR (CONT'D)

Let's go win some money.

They both squeal and dance-walk to Jasmine's car.

EXT. PRIDE CELEBRATION - STAGE - NIGHT

The MC, a tall, flashy drag queen strolls on stage from behind a glittery curtain. She carries notecards in one hand and microphone in the other.

MC

Fun, fun! Please welcome our next contestant. Miss Crystal Everclear!

A fast dance beat blares as Crystal Everclear emerges. She lip-syncs and dances across the stage. She moves to the front of the stage to gather dollar bills from outstretched hands.

She takes a few bills and stops. Her father waves a bill in the air. She fumbles her lip-sync but recovers. She takes the dollar, forces a smile, and moves on.

EXT. PRIDE CELEBRATION - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Greg, Shiela, and Ralph run up to Crystal Everclear and Jasmine. Everyone squeals but Greg. Greg locks eyes with Crystal Everclear. She half smiles and looks away.

GREG

You oughta practice your twirls.

CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR

Excuse me?

GREG

You almost tripped over those boats
you call shoes.

Crystal's eyes go wide and her mouth drops as she examines her feet. She looks at Greg who returns a playful grin.

GREG (CONT'D)

I've been an ass. I don't want you
to hate me like I did my father.

A tear rolls down Crystal's cheek. Greg's eyes gloss over. His chin quivers.

GREG (CONT'D)

Please. Let me be your father
again. Please.

Tears run down Crystal's face as she looks at everything except her father. Sheila rubs her shoulders.

CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR

It's all I ever wanted.

They embrace as Crystal and Greg sob while Sheila and Jasmine wipe away tears. Ralph runs to hug Crystal and Greg's legs.

GREG

Thank you.

CRYSTAL EVERCLEAR

Thank you for being my father.

They all walk away arm in arm.