

Mel writes raps in a NOTEBOOK. He notices Shrue, his new roommate, staring across the room. Mel frowns, turning away.

MEL

What are you lookin' at?

SHRUE

Nothing.

Shrue averts his gaze, guilty. A long beat.

MEL

You gotta do something. Otherwise
you go crazy.

No response. Mel turns to him, curious.

MEL (CONT'D)

You scared?

SHRUE

No.

They stare at each other. Mel shrugs, returning to his book.

SHRUE (CONT'D)

What's that?

MEL

A rap.

SHRUE

Huh?

MEL

It's a rap.

(beat)

I fucking signed, you know. Roc
Nation.

SHRUE

Really?

MEL

I just told you, didn't I?

Mel glares at Shrue, then returns to writing. A long beat.

SHRUE

What's it about?

MEL

Doesn't matter.

Shrue looks on, confused.

MEL (CONT'D)

It's for someone I know. But he'll
never see it.

(then, quiet)

Fucking ruined my life. My one
shot...

Slowly, Mel tears the page of lyrics from his book. He
crumples it, tossing it into a pile of other paper balls.

MEL (CONT'D)

Now we both locked up.

Both boys stare. After a moment... Mel looks up, glaring.

MEL (CONT'D)

The fuck you looking at? Grow a
pair, man, stop moping.

Off Shrue's reaction, hurt.

