

Built Different

By:

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

LYRIC whips off her hood revealing a messy ponytail and furrowed eyebrows. She throws open the passenger door and gestures towards the open seat. RAVEN, leaning against the car for support, fumbles with the zipper of her leather jacket. She gets it off, revealing a wrinkled flannel underneath, and chucks the jacket into the back of the car.

She climbs into the passenger seat and attempts to reach for the door handle only for her arm to fall to her side. Lyric sighs.

LYRIC

Hey, Rave? Can I ask something of you?

RAVEN

Yee.

LYRIC

Can you stick to just weed next time?

RAVEN

Hey, I tried! But you know that when Kayleigh offers you a shot of whiskey at her party, ya can't just say no, now can-

LYRIC

Jesus, I need to start going to your parties to supervise you.

Lyric slams the passenger door and makes her way around to the driver's side of the car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lyric drums her fingers against the steering wheel as the car bumps along an empty forest road. Every few seconds, she glances at Raven, who's blankly staring out the window.

LYRIC

Can't believe this.

RAVEN

Hmm? What's da matter?

LYRIC

I had to drive all the way out here in

the middle of working on college apps and studying for tomorrow's test. Not only that, but you've been drunk and high all night and you're probably gonna ace the test tomorrow.

RAVEN

That's just how it be.

LYRIC

I just... don't understand it! I've been clean my whole life, haven't gotten into any trouble, and focused almost entirely on school. Yet here I am, sitting in a car with a 3.2 GPA as I drive home a heavy stoner that just came from a huge party with a *bunch* of their friends and has a 4 point fucking 0 GPA! How the hell did you pull that off?

RAVEN

Cause I think school's kinda dope.

LYRIC

I think school's dope! I've literally dedicated my entire life to it! Yet it didn't get me any farther along!

RAVEN

But do you like it?

LYRIC

Well... sure. I think it's incredibly important for our future. Like, there are some parts that aren't as fun but that's just school! It's not all supposed to be all fun! It's supposed to be rigorous and prepare us for the world of being an adult!

RAVEN

Sounds like ya don't school.

LYRIC

Raven, I like... just... I'm done. We're done talking about this.

Lyric stops drumming her fingers and grips the wheel tightly. She gives the car a bit more gas. Raven slowly leans towards Lyric until her head rests lightly on Lyric's shoulder.

RAVEN

I don't know why you wasted so much of your time on this stuff when ya don't even like-

Lyric slams the brake pedal, bringing the car to a screeching halt. Raven is thrown back into her seat, dazed by the sudden stop. After a few moments of quick, heavy breathing, Lyric puts the car into park before slamming her head onto the steering wheel. Her hands wrap around the back of her head.

Raven spends a few seconds fidgeting with her hands as Lyric's breathing slows down. She carefully unbuckles her seatbelt before slowly leaning her head on Lyric's shoulder yet again. They sit in silence for a few more seconds.

RAVEN

So... how's it going, Ly?

Lyric peaks over the steering wheel, staring out into the empty street.

LYRIC

It's going.

RAVEN

Come onnn. Tell me what's the matter.

Lyric sighs heavily.

LYRIC

What am I doing? You're high every single day and you're so much more *successful* than me. You seem to have, like, zero stress. I just... do I need to start smoking weed too? Like, is it just some anxiety-relieving miracle cure? *Can it help me get through this?*

Raven's slight smile disappears. She sits upright before shuffling in her seat slightly.

RAVEN

Look, I know this is real hypocritical of me but I'm not letting you do any of this shit.

Raven takes a blunt and lighter out of her pocket. She rolls down the window, lights her blunt, inhales sharply, and blows the smoke out the window. Afterwards, the only noise that can be heard is the chirping of crickets and cicadas outside.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm more successful than you.

LYRIC

Even though you have higher grades than me, more friends to talk to, higher respect from your paren-

RAVEN

That doesn't mean I'm successful.

LYRIC

But it *does*.

RAVEN

Maybe to me, but to you? You don't need any of that stuff.

Lyric opens her mouth but closes it soon after. They sit in silence for a moment. Raven chuckles.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Ya know what's successful? The three albums you've put out this year.

LYRIC

Raven-

RAVEN

Or the hundreds of people you inspired online.

LYRIC

I-

RAVEN

Or how about the few charity live streams you've done? How much have you raised so far, five... six thousand?

Lyric sighs softly.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Now I can't read your mind, but I can certainly see how happy you are when you play for me.

Lyric turns her head slightly towards Raven. Raven glances back at Lyric.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Don't beat yourself up over all of that useless school shit. I do it because I'm greedy and want a high paying job and a giant ass mansion. That's success to me. You probably see it as dropping a new album, watching everyone's reactions, and donating some of the profit to charity. That, from what I've seen, is success to you. We're just built different.

Lyric sits up in her seat before leaning back. Her eyes stay focused on Raven.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

And trust me, if you want to make music and inspire people, ya don't need high grades, ya don't need your parent's respect, and you *definitely* don't need to smoke any of this shit.

Raven squishes the blunt in her hand, putting it out. She then flicks the crumbled blunt out the window and onto the pavement. They sit in silence for a moment.

LYRIC

Was that your \$30 blunt you just flicked out the window?

RAVEN

Yeeeeeep. So I'm really hoping my point got through to you.

Lyric laughs and puts her hand back on the wheel. Raven smiles before leaning back in her seat.

LYRIC

I... I think it did. I- thanks.

RAVEN

No prob, Ly. Now let's get going, you owe \$30 when we get to your place.

Lyric chuckles slightly before putting her foot on the brake and shifting the gear to drive.

FADE OUT