

UNTITLED LIL DICKY PROJECT

PILOT

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Written by

Dave Burd
Jeff Schaffer

INT. UROLOGIST'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - MORNING

DAVE, a 27-year-old Jewish rapper, sits in a urologist's office alone. He pulls out his phone, but as he reaches for it, the wax paper on the seat RIPS. He sighs, then looks at his phone at a google search page "is oral herpes on your genitals considered genital herpes?"

DR. MEKELBURG, a mid-fifties white male urologist, walks in.

DR. MEKELBURG

Hello there! I'm Dr. Mekelburg,
what brings you in today?

Dave sighs deeply.

DAVE

Hi. So, a few days ago, I noticed
these red bumps on my pubic bone.

DR. MEKELBURG

Pubic bone?

DAVE

Yeah, like where your pubic hair
would be, I shave mine to the bone.

DR. MEKELBURG

Okay...Well how about we take a
look.

Dave sighs again, even deeper.

DAVE

Okay, I'll show you, but before I
do, and I know this is absurd, but
I have to explain my penis to you.

DR. MEKELBURG

Sorry?

DAVE

I was born with a fucked up dick.

Dr. Mekelburg listens intently.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I came out of the womb with a
tangled urethra and they had to go
in and surgically repair it, so
there's a lot of scarring. I used
to have these things that looked
like poppy seeds on it that I got
removed. And then also...I assume
you know what hapispadius is?

DR. MEKELBURG
Hapispadius? The mislocated meatus?

DAVE
Mislocated meatus? The pee-hole is
in the wrong place, is that -

DR. MEKELBURG
Yes, meatus/pee-hole, all the same.
You say tomato, I say tomahto.

DAVE
I hate when people use that
expression, I'm sorry, but it's
definitely tomato, who says
tomahto? Only the misinformed. But
anyways, my meatus is totally...
like, off center.

DR. MEKELBURG
Okay, understood. Why don't we -

DAVE
And then ON TOP OF THAT, you know
how the skin on your testicles is
different than the skin on your
penis? Like it's more ribbed?

DR. MEKELBURG
...Yes...

DAVE
So my theory is, when they did all
of these operations on me as a
baby, they had to replace the skin
on my penis...and when I look at my
dick now, it's actually ribbed the
way my testicles are...So I'm
pretty sure that they used testicle
skin to replace my mangled penis
skin...which would mean that my
dick is actually MADE of balls.

Dr. Mekelburg can't help but laugh out loud. Dave is shocked
that he would laugh at such a thing as a professional.

DR. MEKELBURG
Sorry, why don't we take a look.

Dave stands up as Dr. Mekelburg crouches down.

DAVE

Also, I'm a public figure...I'm actually a rapper, I just put out my first video and it's getting a ton of traction. I know there's Dr./Patient confidentiality, but I really think I'm gonna be the next "it guy" in America...

Dr. Mekelburg, who is on his knees, looks up quizzically.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So I guess I'd love it if you could take it one step further and promise me this info never reaches the general public. My own girlfriend doesn't even know about this stuff because I'm so good at controlling the lighting.

DR. MEKELBURG

There's nothing higher than Dr./Patient confidentiality, I'm legally bound to keep this to myself.

DAVE

Okay. Well then, I'm putting my penis in your hands, doc.

Dave pulls his shorts down and reveals his penis to Dr. Mekelburg, whose head covers it as he looks.

DR. MEKELBURG

Okay. Not concerned at all, that's razor bumps.

DAVE

Yeah, but can't genital herpes look like razor bumps? The information online is so vague, it can take so many different physical forms... And EVERYBODY has oral herpes, like my girlfriend has had cold sores before, and she gives me head at least like twice a month, who's to say that her oral herpes weren't -

DR. MEKELBURG

(writing prescription)
I'm to say. It's my job.

DAVE
 (under his breath)
 Just runs counter to everything
 I've read online.

Dr. Mekelburg hands Dave a prescription.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (struggling to read it)
 "Buy a new razor". Okay...I guess
 that's all then. Thank you.

Dave gets up to go. The wax paper RIPS again as he does.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 This mechanism is so flawed, we
 gotta be able to do better than
 this in 2018. Do you not get
 frustrated by this?

INSERT: Untitled Lil Dicky Project.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, DAY

Dave walks through the main studio doors, down a hallway
 where various gold records hang, and into Studio A.

When he walks in, he's greeted with weed smoke and loud rap
 music. ELZ, Dave's 22-year-old DJ/Producer is in there with
 21 SAVAGE, a 26-year-old hood ass rapper, along with other
 intimidatingly hood dudes. Dave is holding a Subway bag.

DAVE
 (surprised to see people)
 Oh. Uh...

Elz motions to Dave "Go away!". One of 21 Savage's friends,
 NUTTI, sniffs the air.

NUTTI
 The fuck is that smell?

ELZ
 This nigga always coming in here
 with the tuna fish. Roll up them
 woods, I'ma be right back.

Elz ushers Dave out the door and closes it behind him. His
 vocal tone changes and becomes way less urban with Dave.

ELZ (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? You can't just
 walk into a session.

DAVE

You told me to come by any time! Is that 21 Savage??

ELZ

I was just saying come by more so you could meet people, get more connects, sit in the lobby, etcetera etcetera. Stop bringing tuna fish here by the way, what the fuck is wrong with you? There's a studio etiquette. And you goddamn right that's 21 Savage.

DAVE

That's so sick. What's he like?

Just as Elz is about to respond, 21 Savage walks out the door past Dave, talking on the phone, flanked by his security.

21 SAVAGE

(on speakerphone)

Mafuckas wanna act hard in the comments but anytime we see 'em, these pussy ass niggas don't want no smoke, you dig? Goddamn this studio smell like ass.

Dave subtly drops his Subway sandwich bag into the trash. 21 briefly looks around for the source, but continues to walk.

ELZ

These dudes scary as hell bro, I can't even lie. I don't say a word, I just record him and pray to god I don't fuck up.

*

DAVE

So you like recording me more?

ELZ

(sarcastically)

Well, I mean look at your star power. It radiates.

The song from inside changes.

ELZ (CONT'D)

(yelling inside)

Ay Nutti, how the fuck you just gonn' ex outta my unsaved pro tools session like that.

Elz heads back into the studio and Dave shuffles off to...

INT. TV AREA - HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS DAY

Dave enters the room to see GATA, a 28-year-old from South Central (dreads and tattoos on his face) watching ESPN, eating Doritos. His face is buried in his phone. Dave sits and turns on his macbook. It makes the ON sound.

DAVE

Such a nice sound, isn't it?

Gata, now watching TV, completely ignores Dave. Dave looks at the comments on his music video "My Dick Sucks," which has over 15 million views. We catch a glimpse of the video. The most recent comment reads "this guy is a faggot's faggot." Dave reads it and sighs.

On TV they're replaying the famous Lou Gherig retirement speech: "Today, I consider myself the luckiest man in the world."

GATA

How the fuck he gonn' be the luckiest man in the world when the nigga got Lou Gherig's disease...

Gata looks at Dave.

GATA (CONT'D)

Ay you the tech guy? I just downloaded this software update, but when I turn my shit on -

DAVE

Oh, no, I'm not. I'm actually a rapper. With typical millennial tech savvy, but nothing beyond that.

Gata looks at him and it dawns on him.

GATA

Hol' up I've seen you before! Ain't you that YouTube rapper with the small dick? My Dick Sucks, My Dick -

DAVE

Yeah! Lil Dicky. You've seen my song?? Turn up. I'm Dave, nice to meet you.

GATA

Ha! Dave, you a fool. I'm Gata, like alligator. Smoke up?

Gata extends Dave a blunt that he just lit.

DAVE

Oh no thank you.

GATA

You a rapper and you don't smoke?

DAVE

No I do, but just like 4 of 7 days a week. And I kind of treat it like a glass of wine at the end of the day. If I smoked this early I'd feel like a complete waste of life.

(realizes rudeness)

Hey did you see 21 Savage is here?

GATA

Why you think I'm here? My guy Bino the one sellin' him the juice.

DAVE

Oh so you're here with 21 and them?

GATA

Yeah bro. Out here wigglin'. Why you here, you got a session?

DAVE

No, I've just been noticing a very disturbing trend where people label me a YouTube rapper, as opposed to like, the next Kanye.

GATA

Kanye West?

DAVE

Yeah, or maybe like a family friendly Eminem? I just feel as though I'm the best rapper alive, and -

GATA

See I like that, you cocky as fuck. Now you sounding like a rapper.

DAVE

Well, I think I'm just logical, I've been improving weekly. I know rappers come in and out of here all the time though - and if I could just get ONE of them on a song, people would start to take me far more seriously.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

And then I'd get more and more rappers on board, and then realistically, as a wholesome white male in today's climate, I would probably become a global pop star. But it's just so hard to get that first rapper on a song.

GATA

Shit, it's all about the gander.

DAVE

Gander?

GATA

Gander, ma nigga. How you maneuver, how you get around niggas. Like, right away, you callin' yourself Dave when you meet people. You gotta cut that shit out right now and call yourself Lil Dicky. How else are people supposed to know you an artist?

DAVE

It's just so absurd to me to say 'Hi I'm Lil Dicky.' I wish my rap name was 21 Savage.

GATA

You don't think he feel ridiculous callin' himself 21 Savage when he know his real name Malcolm or some shit? It's all part of the gander bro, you just gotta own it.

*

All of a sudden, 'RELL, one of 21's huge goons, emerges out of the door of studio A.

'RELL

Ay can we get some food? 21 hungry.

DAVE

Oh, Me? Uh, I don't work here, I'm Lil Dicky.

'Rell just stares back at Dave.

GATA

Nah, there's a convenience store right here, we gotchu. Come on.

Dave looks at Gata confused but gets up and leaves with him.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Gata are browsing the snack section.

DAVE

Do you think he'd like Ben and Jerry's frozen yogurt? I love it.

GATA

Hell naw. You can't be coming back with ice cream, get that nigga a bag of flaming hot cheetos or some shit, he black.

DAVE

It's not ice cream, and I think more black people like frozen yogurt than you realize. Wait, why are we even doing this if you say I should be acting like an artist?

GATA

Bro, what I been tellin' you? It's all about the gander. Now you walk up in the room with all these snacks, boom, they gonn' see you, they gonn' know your face -

DAVE

Ugh, I want to bring him the perfect snack, the ideal midday treat.

They get to the register with snacks and are rung up.

GATA

I ain't got no cash on me bro.

DAVE

It's fine, I got it.

Gata hands Dave a few items for himself.

GATA

Ay lemme get this shit too, for me.

DAVE

Oh, okay. You on Venmo?

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Snacks in hand, Dave and Gata knock on 21's door, but it's so loud, no one hears. Dave opens the door and pops his head in.

DAVE

I heard some people are hungry in -

'Rell takes the food immediately and closes the door on Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That didn't do much for my career.

GATA

Bro at the end of the day, to get a verse, you just gotta get in with his manager and give 'em the bag.

DAVE

The bag? The flaming hot cheetos?

GATA

Nah, the bag bro, that cash. Why you think rappers are always jumping on these trash-ass songs? They securing that bag.

DAVE

How much is that bag, typically? I don't even know any managers.

GATA

Gimme your phone.

Dave gives Gata his phone. Gata begins entering a contact.

GATA (CONT'D)

I'm boys with his biz guy, I'm putting his contact in. Saved him as Nutti 21, that's his name, Nutti. He's got all answers to your questions. And I put myself in there too, Gata.

DAVE

Dude! Thank you, this is awesome!

GATA

Fa sho. I'm bout to roll out, but lemme put you on my IG right quick?

DAVE

(honored)

Sure!

Gata holds the phone up at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You already know what it is, we
down here in the studio, it's your
boy LD, I'm here with -

GATA

I'm just taking a pic, be still for
a sec. *

DAVE

Oh.

GATA

Aight Dicky, be easy fam.

Gata walks away. Dave sits down and puts his headphones on,
getting to work on his songwriting.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave is in the bathroom, shaving the neck of his roommate and
best friend MIKE, a 27-year-old Jewish investment banker
(sarcastic, sharp and condescending as fuck). Mike is on his
knees leaning over the toilet as Dave trims him up.

MIKE

So that's all this "urologist"
said, he's 100 percent certain it's
not GH?

DAVE

(smugly)
Nope. Just razor bumps.

MIKE

That's disappointing. I was really
looking forward to seeing that
stigma hang over your head for the
rest of your life.

Mike stands up, and Dave blows the loose hairs off his neck.

DAVE

No razor bumps for you though! Also
I find it insane that your boss
told you to trim your neck. Isn't
that sexual harassment?

MIKE

Maybe if you're weak and can't
handle constructive criticism. This
is banking Dave, not your pussy ass
entertainment industry.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

We can handle a little bit of oral
rape. Or verbal. Verbal rape.

At that moment MAGGIE, Dave's 27-year-old girlfriend
(kindergarten teacher, functional smoker but not your typical
"stoner") walks in, holding weed.

MAGGIE

(in the tune of *Footloose*)
Weed! New weed!
N-n-n-n-n-n-new weed!!!

MIKE

My dog!

Maggie and Mike bark at one another like dogs.

DAVE

(referencing the weed)
You're becoming a fiend.

Maggie plops down on the couch and takes her shoes off.

MAGGIE

Oh my god that was the longest day
ever.

MIKE

Could you wait a few minutes before
exposing us to your webbed feet,
they completely shift the vibe that
we've worked so hard to establish.

MAGGIE

Awww, somebody must not have gotten
any new matches today. Frown emoji.

MIKE

Emojis can't be said, they can only
be texted. Even though you're
clearly a full on loser, I will
roll you a joint, and smoke it with
you.

Nobody is mad, this is their rapport. Mike begins rolling.

DAVE

Mmm, I love her feet, she's so much
more evolved, it's a competitive
advantage. Let me kiss the webbing.

Dave puts her legs on his lap, kissing the webbing.

DAVE (CONT'D)

How was Parent Night?

MAGGIE

Ugh, just the absolute worst thing a person can endure. Jordan Byers' parents are riding me about his reading comprehension level - this kid literally eats sand every day. Like handfuls of sand.

MIKE

Why don't you **teach** him not to?

MAGGIE

Because I hate him and I get happy every time he does it and then he coughs, and wheezes...it's so satisfying. Oh Dave, I met the BEST couple for you to baby-sit for.

DAVE

Expound.

MAGGIE

It's this new teacher that just started. He's got a 4 year-old-boy and a 2-year-old girl and they -

DAVE

Eh, I'm gonna stop you right there. I'm no longer babysitting super young girls.

MAGGIE

(afraid of the answer)

Why...

DAVE

Okay, undoubtedly I'm gonna have to change the diaper...and then there's really no way around it, I'm gonna end up seeing the baby vagina, and of course I'm gonna ask myself "are you turned on by this or not?" Which I never am, but just having these internal dialogues make me feel super uncomfortable and pedophile like...

MIKE

You know who the biggest heroes in the world are?

DAVE

Who?

MIKE

Those that are born with pedophile like tendencies, but don't act.

Dave and Maggie stare blankly at Mike, who takes a hit.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Think about it...pedophiles are born attracted to children. No one would ever make the choice to be attracted to a kid, it's the least convenient decision in the world.

DAVE

That's very true.

MIKE

There's gotta be a massive subsection of people out there that go through life completely neglecting their sexual needs for the betterment of society. I just feel like those people get zero credit for their sacrifice.

Mike gets up and passes the lit joint to Maggie. She hits it excitedly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And with that, it is now 9 o'clock and I must go to bed. Some of us have to wake up early tomorrow for this cute little side street in New York, Wall Street it's called. It's where I make all my caysh. Because I have an actual job. G'night.

DAVE

Yeah, I just hope you can sleep knowing that your life isn't what you want it to be. I'll just be over here, on my global icon trajectory, no worries.

MIKE

Maggie, your boyfriend's brain is turning into pulled pork.

Mike goes into his bedroom.

MAGGIE

On that note, I had a very fruitful brainstorm at recess. I've got some new ones I'd like to bounce off ya.

DAVE

Ugh, I'm not doing this again -

MAGGIE

Just hear me out! What if you called yourself "Lil Boy"? Because you're so cute, like a lil' boy.

She taps his nose. Dave stares blankly. She hits the joint.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Or what about "Curly"? 'Cuz your hair. 'Hey have you heard the new Jay-Z song, featuring Curly?' Like doesn't that sound so legit??

DAVE

Why can't you take this seriously?

MAGGIE

Why can't **I** take this seriously? Hello, you're the one that decided to call himself LIL DICKY - a small penis joke is the least serious -

DAVE

It's not just a small penis joke, it encapsulates what I'm all about - being the antithesis of the hyper-masculinity you see in mainstream rap. There's NEVER been a fully self-deprecating rapper in the history of the genre, it's such an untapped lane. It's gonna be huge.

MAGGIE

Okay.

DAVE

Do you not believe in me?

MAGGIE

I'm the president and founder of the "Believe in Dave Club" - do you not remember who told you to quit your job at the ad agency and go for it? Did that little tidbit just slip your -

DAVE

Yes I do remember, so stop complaining when I go for it.

*

MAGGIE

I'm not complaining! I love that you're a struggling artist, I think it's hot, I really do. I just think you could be struggling...more effectively.

DAVE

Maggie, I love you, but you're a kindergarten teacher with no context of the music industry or -

MAGGIE

I love you too, but you aren't optimizing social media, you've NEVER performed, like how can you say you're an icon when you're too scared to even rap -

DAVE

I'm not too scared, no one's gonna book a rapper who has one song out, it's not up to -

MAGGIE

So go to an open mic night! Rap at a coffee shop. Stand on a street -

DAVE

I don't need to do a concert in front of four people, it would do nothing for me.

MAGGIE

I've never even heard you rap out loud! Rap for me, right now.

Dave is clearly uncomfortable. Maggie begins beat boxing, playfully. Dave stares until she stops.

DAVE

I was gonna do this with a lot more fanfare, but your criticism has left me no choice but to tell you now. Guess who I met today?

MAGGIE

Who?

DAVE

Well, I guess I didn't actually meet him, more like he walked right by me, but 21 Savage.

MAGGIE

Oh I've heard of him. That's cool!

DAVE

Yeah and I got his manager's number and I've already been texting him about the possibility of us doing a song together. I've been informed that all it takes to get a verse from him is \$10,000.

MAGGIE

Jesus, \$10,000? What do you mean all it takes, you don't have \$10,000, booboo.

DAVE

I do if my parents let me touch my Bar Mitzvah money.

EXT. MAIN STREET, SANTA MONICA

Dave calls his overly protective Jewish parents JEANNE AND STU, in their Philadelphia suburban home.

DAVE

(in a baby voice)
Hi momma.

JEANNE

Hi sweetheart! Stuart! Dave's on the phone. What's new sweetie?

Stu enters the call on a cordless and sits next to his wife who's on the land line. They're on two phones in one room.

STU

What's going on in the world of Dave Burd?

DAVE

Well, I won't beat around the bush. I'm calling you guys because I need access to my Bar Mitzvah money.

A brief silence on the other end.

JEANNE
(with attitude)
Why?

DAVE
I need to get this big rapper on a
song of mine, and it's \$10,000 for
his fee.

JEANNE
\$10,000?? David have you lost your
mind?

DAVE
Mom, what am I gonna do with this
money, buy a couch when I'm 32? Or
go for my dreams while I still can.

JEANNE
You've been going for your dreams
for 5 months and haven't made a
single dollar. As if quitting your
job wasn't bad enough, now you -

DAVE
Um, excuse me, I've got a video
with 15 million views on it, how
does everybody try to ignore the
quantitative data I've accum -

STU
My question is, why can't you
profit off those views, isn't all
of the money in the stream these
days? Or in the cloud - is it the
cloud or the stream?

DAVE
I can't monetize it because it's
not my beat, it's just a beat I
stole online because I didn't know
anybody that made beats. But now my
friend Elz has been making me
original -

JEANNE
You STOLE it? Wait a second, what
did you do?

STU
What did he steal?

JEANNE
His beat was stolen!

DAVE

It's not how it sounds, it's total commonplace in the industry to -

STU

Maybe we should just go out there Jeanne.

DAVE

Guys, nobody needs to come out here! Lemme ask you this, if I went to the bank and asked them for that money, is there even anything you can do to stop them from giving it to me?

Silence on the other end.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well there you have it.

STU

Who is this rapper you are paying \$10,000?

DAVE

21 Savage.

STU

I wanna look him up, Jeanne, do you have a pen?

JEANNE

Is it the word twenty-one or the number?

DAVE

Google should help you through that, I love you both.

Dave hangs up and arrives at a Wells Fargo. He enters.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dave checks his phone and we see a thread between Dave and Nutti that ends with Dave's "*Wired the money. Did you get it yet?*" and then a follow up "???" with no response. Dave sighs and sadly looks at his bacne in the mirror. Maggie barges in and Dave turns his back from her quickly, hiding the acne.

DAVE

Please knock!

MAGGIE
Did you tweet this?

Maggie holds the phone up, the tweet reads 'Just got head'.

DAVE
Just got head. Yes, 2:49 pm.

MAGGIE
Are you fucking kidding?

DAVE
What?

MAGGIE
I just got a text from my mom
saying "Why is Dave telling
everyone on twitter that you gave
him head?".

DAVE
First off, I didn't say that YOU
gave me head.

MAGGIE
Oh what a relief. So who is giving
you head then?

DAVE
NOBODY GAVE ME HEAD. You didn't
even give me head at 2:49 today,
you were at work, I don't
understand how we're having this
conversation. It's fictitious head.

MAGGIE
It's a very real tweet that my very
real principal can read.

DAVE
There's no way that guy's on
twitter! Look, don't think of this
as Dave Burd tweeting, it's Lil
Dicky tweeting. Like when Wendy's
tweets, nobody thinks it's ACTUALLY
Wendy. You were the one that said I
needed to optimize my social media,
this was literally the most
effective tweet I've ever had, look
at all of the re -

MAGGIE
You think I want my mom knowing I
give you head?

DAVE

First off, she KNOWS you give me head, she's an adult, MY mom knows you give me head too. Everybody knows you give me head.

MAGGIE

I didn't give you head!

DAVE

Exactly!

Maggie storms to the toilet.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can see that you're about to pee, and a bit angry, so I'll give you your space.

Dave steps into his bedroom. He can hear her urine stream.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(lightening the mood)

Do you always have such a thick pee ray? Or is it because you're angry?

MAGGIE

Ugh, is there really no toilet paper in here?

Mike yells from his bedroom.

MIKE (FROM HIS ROOM)

He's got a masturbatory roll by his bed!

DAVE

For the hundredth time, please do not communicate with us through the walls, Mike.

MAGGIE

Just get the fucking roll, or I'm gonna use this towel.

MIKE (O.C.)

That's my towel, don't you dare -

DAVE

Okay, okay, I'll get the masturbatory roll, everyone relax.

Dave grabs the roll, cracks the door and extends his hand with the toilet paper, as she takes it bitterly.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (trying again)
 Previously, on Maggie loves Dave.
 Last week, Maggie loved Dave. This
 week -

She ignores him, flushes, and walks past him into...

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM

Dave follows her onto the bed, pulls out his phone and opens up the Autotune app, which regurgitates everything he says into AUTOTUNE.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (in autotune)
 Maggieeeee, you know I hate when
 you're mad at meeeee...I don't know
 why you're getting mad about a
 tweeeeeet.

Dave holds the phone up to Maggie. When she speaks, her non-singing dialogue is effected by the autotune as well.

MAGGIE
 It's fineeee, I WANT to be in a
 relationship where we don't have to
 take each other's feelings into
 accountttt, how fun! I'm gonna start
 instagramming my pooooooooooooop.

Her non-singing tone sounds funny in autotune.

DAVE
 (singing in autotune)
 You can't ask me to take my
 girlfriend's feelings into account
 as I create my contenttttt or the
 art will sufferrrrr, I have to
 separate church and staaaateeee.

MAGGIE
 Today it's a tweet, last week at
 our family Seder, I had to explain
 to my grandparents why the word
 'kike' is in your song.

Dave puts the phone down and talks sans autotune.

DAVE
 Well, did you tell them it's the
 Jewish N word? And that in rap,
 it's very common for a rapper to -

MAGGIE

No Dave, I didn't feel like giving a Ted Talk on the socio-political nuances of 'My Dick Sucks'.

DAVE

(passionate)

Maggie, this is my job now, it's the most important thing I've ever done, ever. And I just wired a guy named Nutti my life's savings today. Do you have any idea how stressed I am right now? I love you, I respect you, I really am sorry if that tweet annoyed you, but it's a fucking tweet. Once again, a man named Nutti has all of my money, and has completely stopped responding to me, so forgive my tone, but I don't think now is the time to fight with me about an ambiguous social media post.

Maggie lies there contemplating, then breaks.

MAGGIE

Do you want a belly rub?

DAVE

Oh my god, yes. I'll pay you.

MAGGIE

You don't even have any caysh.

Dave rolls over and Maggie reverse spoons him while rubbing his belly. Dave groans joyously. He flips and faces her.

DAVE

Do you wanna hook up? Fool around? Maybe even fuck one another?

MAGGIE

No thank you.

DAVE

Ugh. You were so much more spontaneous on your old birth control.

MAGGIE

I was also so much more nauseous and unstable, so you decide which one you want me to take.

DAVE

If it really is my decision, I
prefer the unstable horny one.

Dave smiles to melt Maggie's glare and starts to sing a
childish make up song.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Make up, make up, make up, make.

MAGGIE

Make up, make up, make up, make.
Goodnight.

They kiss, then kiss again romantically. But Dave's phone
BUZZES and he excitedly jumps up to check it. It's a
notification that his video got a comment, reading "this guy
is a dirtfaggot". Dave sighs and turns back to Maggie, who
has already rolled the other way, going to sleep.

INT. RESTAURANT - 3 DAYS LATER

Dave, Mike and Maggie sit at a table. Dave's staring into
space depressed, until his phone vibrates. Dave looks at it
excitedly, then becomes disappointed.

MAGGIE

Still nothing from the 21 Savage
guy?

DAVE

No.

The waitress walks over to take everyone's orders.

WAITRESS

Have we decided?

DAVE

Yes, I'll have a coke, AND a water.
Andddd can I have the all-American
burger, but with no lettuce,
pickles, sprouts, or onions...and
can I take the chipotle aioli from
the southwest burger and apply it
to the all-American burger?

The waitress doesn't write anything down, but nods her head.

WAITRESS

Sounds good! Ladies second?

MAGGIE

Can I have the Eggs Benedict, but instead of the fruit salad, can I have fries?

WAITRESS

Mmmhmm, we can do that.

Dave glares at the waitress.

DAVE

Not gonna write it down huh?

The waitress points to her head chipperly.

WAITRESS

I got it all up here.

MIKE

I'll have the all-American burger too, but as it comes, like an adult.

The waitress laughs, thanks them, grabs the menus and leaves.

DAVE

I hope she fucks it up.

Maggie pulls out a vape and hits it discretely into the neck of her shirt, but we see the vape cloud trickle out of her neck. She tries to fan it down so no one sees.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jesus, do you really need to do that in here? It's not even noon.

MAGGIE

(coughing)

Don't judge me. One, it's legal. Two, it's Saturday. How long are you gonna be in this mood?

DAVE

What do you want me to do, I wired a guy \$10,000 and he hasn't responded to me in three fucking days, how would you feel?

A woman with a newborn baby at the table next to her overhears the language.

WOMAN WITH BABY

Excuse me! Can you watch your language in front of my child please?

MIKE

(to the woman)

No cognition whatsoever. Not yet.

The woman looks at Mike in disgust then turns away.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't know how you did something like this without talking to me. I could have set up some sort of deal before you sent 10 grand to a dude named Nutti.

DAVE

He's not just a dude named Nutti, it's 21 Savage's manager. Don't make this about the fact that his name is Nutti.

MIKE

Sounds like YOU need a manager.

DAVE

Now my parents are gonna fly out here, have some sort of stupid intervention, make me get a job -

A college-aged bro walks up and interrupts.

COLLEGE BRO

Lil Dicky? Holy shit, I love your song! Hey can I get a quick picture?

DAVE

Sure.

They pose for a picture.

COLLEGE BRO

Thanks man! Is this your girl? I think it's so sick how you tweet after you get head and shit.

Maggie stares straight down at her napkin.

DAVE

Alright, I think we've reached the threshold on what's socially appropriate, thank you so much for the support. Have a good day.

The fan walks away. There's an awkward silence at the table as the waitress drops off the drinks.

WAITRESS

Why did that guy want a picture with you?

DAVE

I'm a male model.

The waitress confusedly nods her head. She puts the drinks down and gives Dave only his coke, not his water.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh, can I get that water, too?

WAITRESS

Ah, my mistake, be right back with that.

DAVE

Had you written it down, do you think you would've forgotten it?

WAITRESS

I didn't forget it. I remembered you ordered the water, I just couldn't bring it this trip.

DAVE

(smugly)

Totally. It's fine, I'm not upset.

The waitress walks away, annoyed.

MIKE

I'm just a simple econ wiz with a specialty in cross collateralized debt shedding, but is it possible that guy Gata set this whole thing up and took your money? Have you tried confronting him about it?

DAVE

Oh yeah sure, I'm sure if this was a scheme and I confront him, he'll just give me the money back, right?

MIKE
Anything's possible. Look at
Trump...those new soda machines
with all the flavors...

DAVE
Fine. I'm texting him to meet up.

Dave begins texts Gata.

MAGGIE
(talking to Siri)
Gary, when is *The Bachelor* back?

SIRI
(male voice setting)
Here's what I found on the web for -

MIKE
Whoa, your Siri is a guy?

MAGGIE
Uhh, yeah? I'm an actual feminist,
not a poser. And it's Gary, it
works all the same if you say Gary.

Maggie clutches her phone cutely as if it's her boyfriend.

DAVE
Oh my god, Gata is typing already.

Dave receives a text.

DAVE (CONT'D (CONT'D))
He says "pull up on me in 45."

MAGGIE
Gary, what does "pull up on me"
mean in urban dictionary?

DAVE
Mike, you're coming with me.

MIKE
Can I see a picture of this dude?

Dave shows Mike a picture of Gata. Mike sighs heavily.

EXT. GATA'S HOUSE - SOUTH CENTRAL, LA - LATER THAT DAY

Dave and Mike walk up to Gata's house, which is in the hood.

MIKE

This is it?

DAVE

Think so, hang on, I'll hit him.

Dave calls Gata, and all of a sudden the front door opens up.

GATA

Whassssuuuuuuuuupppppp. That's what
y'all white niggas be sayin' right?

Dave shakes his head no as they walk into Gata's.

INT. GATA'S HOUSE - SOUTH CENTRAL, LA

Dave and Mike mill around the kitchen as Gata heats up some leftovers on a paper plate. Mike and Dave look around, seeing the slightly impoverished nature of the house. A little boy is sitting in front of a TV in the other room. *

DAVE

Is that your son?

GATA

Sherrod? Hell naw, that's my nephew
- his pops got booked, moms is off
the shit, he better off just
hangin' round here. *

DAVE

What a cute boy. Kind face.

Mike looks at Dave, summoning him to act.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey Gata, where's my ten thousand
dollars?

GATA

(singing Drake)
Ten bends. Fifty bands, hunnid
bands. Fuck it man. Let's just not
even discuss it man.

Mike looks at Dave, lost.

DAVE

It's a Drake song.

GATA

What you mean where's your ten
bands? Catch your boy up to speed.

DAVE

I wired Nutti \$10,000 and he stopped responding completely.

GATA

Damnnnn. That's crazy.

MIKE

Just give us back the money, man.

Gata looks up at Mike, sizing him up.

GATA

Ay LD, I don't know who your boy is, but you better remind him where the fuck he at right now.

MIKE

How big of a piece of shit are you? You stole his life's savings.

GATA

I didn't steal nobody's life's savings, fuck is you talkin' bout? Hold on, what's the issue, Nutti ain't respond to you in how long, how long it's been?

*

DAVE

Three days.

GATA

Three days? Do you know who these niggas are, this is the rap game! These dudes are from zone 6.

Mike looks at Dave confused.

*

DAVE

It's like that movie District 9 we just watched, but it's real.

*

*

*

GATA

Zone 6, Atlanta. Real hood niggas. I bet you he changed his number, they always be changing they shit up for these bitches man, hold up.

Gata picks up his phone and texts someone. An older woman walks into the room and begins tidying up.

GATA (CONT'D)

Whaddup Moms.

Mike and Dave look at GATA'S MOM and politely say hello.

GATA (CONT'D)

Boom, ay I'm the muthafuckin' man
cuh! That fool Nutti changed his
number, Bino just sent me the new
one, I'ma send you his new contact
right now.

Dave's phone vibrates. He's received Nutti's new number.

DAVE

I'm gonna text him.

Gata looks at Mike, smug and proud.

GATA

Hi I'm Gata by the way, the guy you
accused of stealing in his own
home, nice to meet you.

MIKE

(embarrassed)
I'm Mike.

GATA

Nah you sorry is what you meant to -

DAVE

Guys! He already responded. He says
to come through tonight to record
the verse!

GATA

I'm the man bro.

DAVE

Thank you Gata. I'm sorry for being
racist and assuming you robbed me.
Well in fairness, I don't know if
it was a race thing, or more of a
class thing, or what. Regardless, I
genuinely feel like an asshole.

*

*

GATA

I ain't trippin' bro. Ay, I'ma roll
with you tonight too. We gonn' get
it all sorted out, don't worry.
White boys up in this bitch
STRESSED OUT, momma. Niggas in the
hood not even stressin' like this!

GATA'S MOM

Mmmm.

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gata smokes a cigarette outside. Dave gestures at his 2002 Toyota Avalon which is behind a Bentley in the parking lot.

DAVE

He can get out right?

GATA

Fa sho, and it's 21's car, you'll be with him all night anyways.

Dave looks at his phone. A text comes through from Elz reading "nah I ain't there tonight".

DAVE

Fuck, I wish Elz was working.

GATA

You got Gata! We just gotta feel it out bro. He probably got bitches in there, he probably pourin' up, whoopdee whoop, we just gotta read the situation. Apply the gander.

DAVE

I just want you to know, if I was black, I would have the exact same hairstyle as you. It's very sleek.

GATA

You a fool.

Gata puts out the cigarette and they walk inside.

INT. STUDIO A - NIGHT

Dave walks into the studio, and there's a lot of people drinking and smoking. A pit-bull runs up and jumps on Dave.

DAVE

(scared)
Whoa there!

Those that are paying attention look at Dave in confusion.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hi, is Nutti here?

Nutti walks up.

NUTTI

Lil Dicky, what up bro.

Dave's noticeably afraid of the dog.

NUTTI (CONT'D)

Balmain! Get down. Try to control your fear, he can smell fear.

DAVE

Control my fear? I don't know how, I probably reek of fear.

21 SAVAGE

Balmain!

The dog scurries over to 21 Savage.

GATA

Damn, even the dog is Balmain, that's hard as fuck.

NUTTI

(to Gata)

What you doin' here? We already got the syrup from Bino.

GATA

Huh? Oh I was just out here, seein' what y'all got goin on, tryna -

NUTTI

Nah, you gotta go bro.

'Rell firmly guides Gata out the door. Dave watches him go, terrified, realizing he's been taking advice from someone they have no respect for. Now Dave is all alone.

NUTTI (CONT'D)

I hate being around broke niggas. Makes me nervous.

Dave nervously laughs and sees a bag of cash and a few guns in the corner.

DAVE

Oh my, look at all that caysh. Wow, and all that weaponry. There's nothing like, to be concerned about is there? Is something afoot?

NUTTI

Nahhh, just gotta stay ready.

DAVE

(scared)
Totally.

Nutti walks Dave over to 21 Savage, who is pouring lean into a cup, therefore unable to properly shake Dave's hand.

NUTTI
21, this Lil Dicky.

21 SAVAGE
(focused on pouring)
Whassup wit it.

DAVE
Hey man, great to meet you.

Dave stands awkwardly, unsure of what he should do next.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Love that dog...pit-bull right?

21 Savage doesn't respond, as he's in his own world. Dave looks over to a COOL BLACK CHICK sitting and smoking.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Do you know if it's hypoallergenic?

COOL BLACK CHICK
(gives weird look)
That's Balmain.

DAVE
Oh okay. So Mr. Savage, I don't know what Nutti has communicated to you, but I've got this song for us -

21 SAVAGE
(ignoring Dave)
Ay turn that shit up 'Rell.

21's music BLASTS, and we dissolve to...

LATER THAT NIGHT - 3:39 AM.

People are getting more and more fucked up. 21 Savage is playing his own music and dancing. It's a very cool scene. Dave sits in the corner, looking at his phone anxiously.

21 SAVAGE (CONT'D)
Ay you could fuck a bitch to this type of shit.

DAVE
Preach.

No one hears him. Dave nervously looks around, thinking of ways to get 21 to work on his song. He stands up and starts dancing to the music to get attention. 21 takes notice.

21 SAVAGE

Okay Lil Dicky! Ay y'all know this
dude a rapper?

*

'RELL

For real? I thought he was a new
intern or some shit.

DAVE

Nope, I'm a professional rapper,
you mistook me 'Rell.
(turns to 21 Savage)
On that note, do you wanna pull up
my song and work on -

21 SAVAGE

You be fuckin' black bitches Lil
Dicky?

Dave looks around at the room. He's the only white guy in there and everybody is listening to him at this point.

DAVE

Uhhh...statistically, not very
often - I certainly skew white.
Actually, while I have you all
here, I've been meaning to ask
someone about this. One time I
hooked up with a black girl and her
boobs were SO firm. Is there like,
a heightened level of strength or
athleticism within black girls that
would make them have like, stronger
firmer pecs than a white girl?

21 SAVAGE

(in disbelief)
She probably just had fake titties.

DAVE

Ohhhhhhhh, oh my god that's
definitely it. I didn't even
consider that. I'm sorry, that was
incredibly offensive, wasn't it...

COOL BLACK CHICK

This nigga crazy...

21 SAVAGE

(amused)

Well then what type of hos you be fuckin' with Lil Dicky?

DAVE

Ummm...well, I've got a girlfriend so I typically fuck with her, fuck on her, the whole nine...

21 SAVAGE

You be goin' all night with it?

DAVE

All night, oh my goodness, no - she actually just switched birth controls, and this new one makes her vagina a little bit dryer so it starts to hurt her after like eight minutes. Usually I cum within like four minutes anyways, so -

21 SAVAGE

(baffled)

Her pussy dry?

DAVE

Sometimes, yeah.

NUTTI

Nigga if that pussy don't sound like stirred mac n' cheese when you beatin' it, you doin' something wrong.

DAVE

Oh my goodness, so graphic! I don't think it sounds like that, but I'll keep an ear out the next time I'm up in that ass...in that pussy, not ass, never done anal - I can't see myself loving it but that's neither here nor there.

21 SAVAGE

You fuckin' hilarious dog, you ain't nothing like no normal rapper.

DAVE

That's why I think this song we're gonna do could be so big, 'cuz me and you are so different, and the juxtaposition will -

21 Savage holds his phone up and films Dave.

21 SAVAGE

Ayyy, you on my Instagram, turn up.

DAVE

(taken aback)

Oh. Is it a picture or video?

21 SAVAGE

Video nigga! Spit something for the people! This guy got bars apparently.

*

DAVE

Uhhh... you know I'm not really one to be like, put on the spot like -

21 moves the phone onto Nutti.

21 SAVAGE

Mannn, I thought you told me he was hard, this peter parker lookin' mothafucka too scared to even rap...Ay pull up that shit we was workin' on yesterday, I wanna -

*

Dave can see 21's respect for him evaporating and his moment passing by. With a sense of urgency, Dave re-enters the frame behind Nutti and begins RAPPING A CAPELLA for the room and 21's Instagram.

Everyone stares silently for 45 seconds as Dave truly kills it. When he finishes, the room erupts. Dave's face is an incredible mix of surprise, relief, and confidence. 21 flips the phone camera around selfie style.

21 SAVAGE (CONT'D)

Ayyyy Lil Dicky's bitch, if you listening, you better hit him with the slickness tonight, fuck all that dry shit!! Don't take that birth control till tomorrow.

Dave's stomach drops as he just heard what was said his IG.

DAVE

Wait, don't -

21 pushes a button then puts his phone down.

21 SAVAGE

(intoxicated)

Goddamn, I'm lit. Let's bounce out.

DAVE
Oh, wait. Uh...

21 gathers his stuff. Nutti looks at Dave with an "it is what it is" face.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Will you guys be back tomorrow?

21 SAVAGE
We on a worldddd tourrrrrr.

NUTTI
We start the tour tomorrow, gonn' be out of pocket for a few months.

DAVE
A few MONTHS really? Well what should we do about the ten -

NUTTI
We gonn' link when we back though.

21 stumbles out of the studio.

DAVE
No, no, that's my life's savings, I can't just -

NUTTI
(to 'Rell)
Ay, grab the extra blunts, I'm tryna smoke one on the way to the airport.

DAVE
Are you on Venmo? My user name is David underscore Burd, but B-U-

All of a sudden we hear a car CRASH outside the studio.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Dave walks out to see 21 Savage has reversed his Bentley into Dave's Avalon, scraping the side of it. Dave rushes over to his car, in complete dismay. 21 rolls down the window.

21 SAVAGE
My bad bro, here, take this.

He tosses Dave three stacks of banded up bills, each saying \$5,000 on it. 21 drives off, leaving Dave in utter disbelief - without a feature verse, yet up \$5,000 financially.

Dave stares into the night in shock, clinging to the money. All of a sudden, his phone buzzes and he sees a ton of congratulatory texts from his friends...and one from Maggie, that contains a link to 21 Savage's IG post and "???" after.

On this night, Lil Dicky may have gained something, but Dave may have lost just as much. Gata walks up.

GATA

Ay did he do the verse?
(sees the money)
Goddamn, where'd you get that???

DAVE

21 gave it to me. 'Cuz he hit my car.

GATA

Well shit, is it good enough to drive? I need a ride home, jack.

Dave sighs and unlocks his car. He and Gata get in.

GATA (CONT'D)

I know you gonn' break me off with a finders fee or something, 15 racks for a scratch? We done came up LD!

They drive off into the night.

THE END