

DAVE

LIL DICKY GETS CANCELLED

Written by

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INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dave's in the booth, working on a new track. Benny sits at the computer in the control room, with Mike and Gata sitting on either side of him. Dave takes off his headphones.

DAVE

Benny, this beat is fire. I just can't figure out what's funnier: "my dick's so small it looks like a third ball," or, "my dick's so little I can't even make it wiggle."

BENNY

Honestly, they're both so stupid.

DAVE

Thank you. Mike, any word from Ally? You invited her to the album release party, right? I know it's still two months away, but--

MIKE

Yes, Dave. I invited her a week ago, when you asked me to. And no, there's been no response.

Dave's crestfallen.

DAVE

Maybe I'll invite her via text, just to make sure she sees it.

He pulls out his phone and opens the text thread between him and Ally. The last ten texts are from Dave.

MIKE

She saw it. Or at least, she opened the email.

Dave nods and puts his phone back in his pocket.

DAVE

Okay... Gata, I could really use some hyping up right now. If you're up to it, of course.

GATA

No doubt, LD! First off, you the dopest rapper alive.

DAVE

Thank you.

GATA

And it's time to get back on the market, bro. Dr. Gata's prescribing you 10 CCs of a baddie with a fatty.

MIKE

I agree with Gata, I think it's time you got back out there. I mean, when was the last time Ally said anything to you?

DAVE

Six weeks ago.

BENNY

Holy shit, Dave! You could be with any chick you want, and you're still crying over this one?

DAVE

Well, she's the love of my life, Benny. We were together for over three years.

BENNY

Yeah, and now she's ignoring you. You can have more than one love of your life, dude. Especially after yesterday's Breakfast Club show.

DAVE

Yeah, that was pretty dope.

MIKE

Dave, I'm sure between the three of us, we know some lovely ladies who'd be thrilled to go on a date with you. What do you say?

Benny and Gata nod. Dave sighs.

DAVE

I don't think I'm ready, but... fine. Let's do it.

GATA

That's what I'm talking about, bro! It's time to get your gander on, find you a fine ass chick to bring to the drop party.

DAVE  
I wouldn't mind dating a black girl, if that's an option. I've never done that, so it would be--

Dave pulls out his phone.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, I'm trending on Twitter!

Everyone pulls out their phones.

MIKE  
For what?

DAVE  
Gotta be Breakfast Club, that's the last thing I--oh. Oh, no.

Dave sees he's trending because of an edited video from yesterday's Breakfast Club interview that shows him saying, "If having Gata be a part of my rap career is, in fact, cultural appropriation...I really don't have regrets," and, "He's great at dancing," and from his freestyle, "I love when my fans are black, I'm a little tone-deaf, yeah what of it?"

Dave scrolls through tons of tweets that are sharing the video with outraged comments and #LilDickyIsOverParty. In shock, Dave looks up at his friends.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'm getting cancelled.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Mike drives, with Dave in the passenger seat and Gata in the back, both of them scrolling on their phones.

DAVE  
How can you say this isn't a big deal?

MIKE  
I'm not saying that, I'm just saying this happens to everyone who gets famous enough. Honestly, you should take it as a compliment.

DAVE  
Really? I should take it as a compliment that someone took my words completely out of context to purposefully make me look bad?

Gata looks up from his phone.

GATA

Haters gon' hate, bro. Let 'em fight it out while you out there wiggling.

MIKE

Gata's right, you need to rise above and let this blow over.

DAVE

Blow over? Are you insane? These people are assassinating my character, Mike. This cannot stand.

MIKE

It's Twitter, Dave. It literally runs on outrage. If you respond to this with anything other than a simple apology, you'll--

DAVE

An apology?! I can't believe what I'm hearing! From my own manager, no less. Whose side are you on, Mike?

MIKE

(sighs)  
Yours.

DAVE

Well, it sure doesn't sound like it. It sounds like you're on the side of the Twitter mob that's calling me a racist monster.

MIKE

I'm not on their side, I just don't want you to make this any bigger than it already is. If you don't want to apologize, fine. Just don't say anything for the next twenty-four hours, and everyone will forget about it.

GATA

That's real, bro. Everyone's attention span is so short right now, they can't focus on one thing for longer than--

(looks at phone)

Oh shit, the new Jordans dropped!

Gata's sucked right back into his phone.

MIKE

See?

DAVE

I need you to set up a meeting with the label as soon as possible, we have to talk strategy.

MIKE

Okay. But in the meantime, for the sake of your career, and mine, don't say anything.

Dave, pouting, doesn't say anything.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now who wants ice cream?

Gata looks up.

GATA

Hell yeah, Mike!

MIKE

Dave?

Dave continues to stew.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Baby want some rocky road?

DAVE

(sighs)

Baby want some rocky road.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Dave and Mike are in the living room. Dave models a button up shirt for Mike.

MIKE

It's a perfect first date shirt. Fun but stylish. You nervous?

DAVE

No, I'm too preoccupied with getting cancelled to be nervous.

MIKE

Yeah, don't talk about that tonight.

DAVE

But it's literally all I can think about. Well, that and--

MIKE

No Ally talk, either. You can't bring up your ex on a first date.

DAVE

What am I supposed to talk about, the weather?

MIKE

That's a great starting point. Just have fun, we'll talk to the label tomorrow.

Dave shakes his head at Mike.

DAVE

Have fun? You're a monster.

INT. RESTAURANT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Dave sits in a booth, checking his phone. CHARLOTTE, a cute artsy woman, sits across from him. Dave looks up from his phone. There's an awkward silence between them.

DAVE

So... the weather, huh?

CHARLOTTE

Excuse me?

DAVE

It was hot today.

Charlotte nods, uncomfortable.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What do you do for work?

CHARLOTTE

I used to be a teacher, but now I work as an educational consultant.

DAVE

No way, my ex... friend is a teacher.

CHARLOTTE

You broke up with a friend?

DAVE

No, it's actually my ex-girlfriend.  
I lied to avoid talking about her,  
but here we are.

CHARLOTTE

Oh.

DAVE

This is the first date I've been on  
since we broke up six weeks ago.

CHARLOTTE

Right.

DAVE

Will you excuse me?

Dave pulls out his phone to read more angry tweets about him. One reads, "Lil Dicky is the worst kind of white man, he needs to go." Charlotte CLEARS her throat and Dave looks up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm just dealing with  
something right now that could  
derail my entire career.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I'm sorry.

DAVE

Thank you. Are you on Twitter?

CHARLOTTE

No.

DAVE

Wow, are you serious? That's  
insane. What is that even like?

CHARLOTTE

Honestly, it's great. I see so many  
of my friends completely addicted  
to it, so I...

She sees Dave looking at Twitter again. Charlotte nods, stands up, and leaves. Dave continues to look at his phone.

DAVE

I'm sorry, you were--

He looks up to see an empty chair in front of him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well, that went better than expected.

INT. RANDOM GEM RECORDS MEETING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

JIM, PAM, and TERRANCE sit on one side of the table, with Dave at the end, and Mike on the other side.

JIM

So Dave, we saw the video.

DAVE

Which one? My full interview, which was full of insightful comments and what some are calling an all-time great freestyle, or the edited hack job?

JIM

Both. Look, you're right. That video is a clear take down. But--

DAVE

No, no, no. No but!

MIKE

Let's hear them out, Dave.  
(to Jim)  
Please, go on.

Jim, perturbed at the outburst, pauses for a moment.

JIM

But... you did say everything in that video. And if you really want this to go away, you should just make a simple apology.

Mike gives Dave a knowing look, who rolls his eyes in exasperation.

PAM

It's standard procedure, Dave. We have a great template that we'll just tweak for your situation.

DAVE

You want me to tweet a form apology?

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

That's completely antithetical to what apologies are about, they're supposed to be genuine and personal. They're supposed to mean something.

TERRANCE

It will. It's a very good apology, Bieber's used it multiple times.

DAVE

Well, I'm not going to tweet an apology I didn't even write just to look good. That's stupid. This whole meeting has been a waste of time. Mike, let's go.

Dave gets up and leaves.

JIM

(calling after)

Whatever you do, don't--and he's gone.

Jim, Pam, and Terrance give Mike a serious look, who smiles weakly back at them.

MIKE

Always a pleasure, thanks guys.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mike and Dave are in the living room. Mike sits on the couch, smoking a joint, as Dave paces back and forth, on his phone.

MIKE

You're so close to getting through this.

DAVE

Am I, though? #LilDickyIsOverParty is still trending. Buzzfeed just wrote an article about it. If I don't address this, I look stupid.

MIKE

Again, the only way to address this is with an apology. People love apologies, Dave.

DAVE

I have nothing to apologize for!

MIKE

Did you not say the things in that video?

DAVE

Of course I did, but I also said a ton of other things in that interview that were far less problematic. Where's that super cut?

MIKE

Oh, you want me to put one together for you? Would that make you feel better?

Dave hands his phone to Mike, who reads the drafted tweet:

"Clearly this video has been edited to make me look bad. Anyone who's sharing it without watching the full interview is looking for an excuse to be outraged."

MIKE (CONT'D)

This would be the least funny thing you've ever posted, and you once tweeted, "just ate a cheeseburger and now I'm in paradise."

DAVE

The parrot heads loved that one.

MIKE

This will absolutely blow up in your face.

DAVE

Oh, will it?

MIKE

Yes! The label and I are looking out for you, just trust us.

DAVE

No can do, Mikey. I need to clear my name.

Dave looks at the drafted tweet and presses the "tweet" button. He looks up at Mike, who's shaking his head.

MIKE

You're such a fucking idiot.

DAVE  
We'll see about that. We will see  
about--

He looks at his phone: he's already getting dunked on for the  
tweet.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
God dammit!

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Dave lies in bed, calling Elz on FaceTime. Elz picks up with  
a worried look on his face.

ELZ  
Dude, what is going on with you?

DAVE  
(playing innocent)  
What do you mean?

ELZ  
That tweet you posted yesterday,  
that was the stupidest thing you've  
ever done.

DAVE  
It's great to see you too, Elz.

ELZ  
I'm worried about you. Why can't  
you just shut up for once in your  
life?

DAVE  
Ouch, and there's no need to worry.  
I know this has created quite a,  
and you know I hate saying this  
word, furor, but I'm on top of it.

ELZ  
Mike should take your phone away.

DAVE  
That is never, ever happening. I  
run my accounts. I tweet my tweets.

ELZ  
Okay, Trump.

DAVE  
How's the tour going?

ELZ

Why do you care? Last time we talked about it, you said you were zero percent happy for me.

DAVE

Well, I changed my mind.

ELZ

It's dope. Sold out shows, bumping after parties, and the best weed I've ever smoked.

DAVE

Alright, I changed my mind again, I'm not happy for you. Hey, have you heard from Ally?

ELZ

No. Have you?

DAVE

(sighs)

No. Okay, gotta go on another horrible first date. Smooches!

Elz shakes his head.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Say it back, please.

ELZ

Smooches.

They hang up. Dave pulls up Twitter: his last tweet has been retweeted thousands of times. There are a few Stans defending him, but most people are calling him a "whiny little white bitch." Dave shakes his head. He starts to draft a text to Ally, but deletes it.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

Dave looks at his phone, completely engrossed in Twitter yet still talking to TAMARA, a late 20s business woman, who sits across from him, eating a salad.

DAVE

...so as you can see, the whole thing has spun completely out of control.

Tamara chews her salad. Dave looks up at her.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Any thoughts?

Tamara slowly finishes chewing, and wipes her mouth with her napkin.

TAMARA  
No.

DAVE  
I've been telling you this tale for  
nigh on twenty-seven minutes, and  
you don't have a single thought?

TAMARA  
No.

DAVE  
Amazing. What if your career was  
threatened by something like this?

TAMARA  
It wouldn't be, because I would  
never say anything like what you  
said at the Breakfast Crew.

DAVE  
The Breakfast Club! Are you even  
listening?

TAMARA  
No! I'm not, Dave. Because since we  
sat down, you haven't asked me a  
single question about myself. Do  
you even know my name?

DAVE  
Of course I do! It's Ta... I know  
it, I do, it's Ta... mmy.

Tamara stands up.

TAMARA  
It's Tamara.

DAVE  
I know! I just feel like I know you  
so well, I shortened it to--

Tamara throws the contents of her water glass in Dave's face,  
who recoils in pain as she marches away.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
There was ice in that!

A TEENAGE GIRL walks up to Dave.

TEENAGE GIRL  
Are you Lil Dicky?

DAVE  
Yes.

TEENAGE GIRL  
Fuck you, you racist pig!

She pulls out her phone and starts taping him. Dave, sopping wet, just stares at her.

DAVE  
Please stop taping me.

TEENAGE GIRL  
Oh, you can say all that shit when you're on a radio show, but now you don't want to be taped?

DAVE  
Okay, I'm leaving.

He stands up.

TEENAGE GIRL  
You're not going to apologize? Or even acknowledge your privilege?

DAVE  
I did! In my freestyle, I literally said, "I know I'm privileged!"

TEENAGE GIRL  
Yeah, and you followed it up with, "Eh, let's not even go there."

DAVE  
I was freestyling! The goal was to rap well, not write a think piece about institutional racism!

TEENAGE GIRL  
Why not do both?!

DAVE  
Because I'm not that smart!

Dave storms off. Teenage Girl tapes him leaving as a WAITER approaches.

WAITER

And here's your bill, whenever  
you're--  
(noticing table's empty)  
Fuck me, that's the third time this  
month.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dave sits at his work station, mixing a new project. He listens to a section, nodding along. Mike walks up behind Dave and taps him on the shoulder. Dave looks up in surprise and takes off his headphones.

DAVE

Yes, honey bunny?

MIKE

How was your date?

DAVE

Um... Great.

MIKE

Really? Then why'd it only last 45  
minutes?

DAVE

We got to know each other very  
quickly. What can I say? I'm a  
dating machine.

MIKE

Uh huh. What are you working on?

DAVE

Oh, nothing, just a...  
(mumbles)  
Hot new diss track taking down my  
haters.

MIKE

Excuse me?

DAVE

You clearly heard me. And this song  
is a banger, Mike.

Dave holds the headphones up to Mike, who puts them on. Dave presses play on a section. After a few moments, Mike takes off the headphones.

MIKE

I'm sorry, did you say, "You know who else got cancelled: Jesus Christ"?

DAVE

Yeah, that's the OG cancellation. I'm being knowingly obtuse.

MIKE

Are you, though?

DAVE

This is the nail in the coffin, Mike.

MIKE

Yeah, for you. The label's already pissed about your tweet from yesterday, I was talking them down all afternoon. If you post this, not only will they lose their mind, Twitter will eat you alive.

DAVE

Well, I can't live like this!

MIKE

Dave, you're supposed to be the rapper with a sense of humor. Remember?

DAVE

Of course I remember, but--

MIKE

This song makes you look even whinier and more defensive than you already do. Do not post it.

DAVE

Is that an order?

MIKE

(sighs)

No, it's an earnest plea. As your friend and manager, I'm begging you not to do this.

Dave puts his hand on Mike's arm.

DAVE

Well, as your friend and client, I appreciate you begging me. It makes me feel powerful.

Dave gives him a goofy smile. Mike gives him a hard stare.

MIKE

Goodnight, Dave.

Mike walks out of the room.

DAVE

(calling after)  
I love you!

MIKE

(O.C.)  
Don't post that song!

Dave shakes his head and thinks for a moment. He pulls out his phone and drafts a text to Ally: "Hey, I could really use a friend right now." He takes a beat, sends it. No response.

Dave sighs, opens Twitter, and sees that Teenage Girl has already posted her phone video from earlier and people are bashing Dave. Someone's even chopped and auto-tuned the video into a catchy song. Dave looks up at the project on his desktop, brow furrowed in frustration.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - LATER

Dave sits at the bar, nursing a hard kombucha. Gata sits next to him, drinking water.

DAVE

Thanks for coming, Gata.

GATA

No doubt, LD. You been going through it this week, bro.

DAVE

Do you think I should apologize?

GATA

Not to me, bro. I know your heart.

DAVE

Thank you.

GATA

That being said, this defensive  
shit ain't a good look on you,  
you're getting lost in the sauce.

DAVE

You're right.

GATA

Heyo, cutie with a booty at 3  
o'clock. Shoot your shot.

A cute woman, SYDNEY, sits down next to Dave.

GATA (CONT'D)

I'm outie, bro. Deuces.

Gata gives Dave some dap and leaves. Sydney catches Dave's  
eye.

SYDNEY

Are you Lil Dicky?

DAVE

Are you going to yell at me and  
tape me with your phone?

SYDNEY

(laughs)

No.

DAVE

Then, yes I am. But my friends call  
me Dave.

SYDNEY

Hi, Dave. I'm Sydney.

They shake hands.

DAVE

Let me guess, you want to talk  
about Twitter.

SYDNEY

I'd be lying if I said I weren't  
curious.

DAVE

Did you hear the song I just  
posted?

SYDNEY

Oh, yes.

DAVE

And?

SYDNEY

It's... interesting.

DAVE

I would like to note I'm being purposefully hyperbolic.

SYDNEY

Yeah, it's... interesting.

DAVE

Two "interesting," not a great sign.

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY

I guess it's just hard to see you lose face. I thought you were cooler than that.

DAVE

I know, I just can't help myself. This whole thing is so unfair!

SYDNEY

Hold on, are you saying Twitter isn't fair?

Dave laughs.

DAVE

It's just frustrating to have people only hear a tiny portion of what you say and yet judge you completely for it.

SYDNEY

Yeah, that sucks. I'm sorry.

DAVE

Thank you. My manager said I should take it as a compliment.

SYDNEY

That's not very considerate.

DAVE

Thank you! You're a real breath of fresh air, Sydney.

SYDNEY

You too, Dave.

They smile at each other.

DAVE

Would you like to come back to my place? Nothing sexual, I honestly just got out of a longterm relationship and am still quite torn up about it, but I would like to keep hanging out with you, and I have some choice new weed back at my place.

Dave looks at Sydney hopefully. She smiles at him.

SYDNEY

I'd like that very much.

EXT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Dave and Sydney walk on the sidewalk back to Dave and Mike's apartment. Suddenly, ALLY gets out of her car and approaches them.

ALLY

Dave, I--who's this?

Dave's freaked out at seeing her.

DAVE

What are you doing here?

ALLY

What am I doing here? What's--

She gestures at Sydney.

SYDNEY

Sydney.

ALLY

Sydney doing here?

DAVE

We're just hanging out.

ALLY

Oh, you're not on a date?

DAVE

No, we're not! But if you must know, I've been on a few, and they've been terrible.

SYDNEY

Should I leave?

DAVE

No, I--

SYDNEY

I'm gonna go. Great to meet you, Dave. Hope to see you around.

Sydney leaves. Dave turns to Ally. They're both frustrated. Dave sighs.

DAVE

Hi.

ALLY

Hi.

DAVE

We weren't going to hook up or anything, we just met at the bar and were coming back to smoke weed.

ALLY

Whatever.

DAVE

Once again, and not that I'm not happy to see you, but what are you doing here?

ALLY

You said you could really use a friend, so I came by.

DAVE

No call, no text, you just show up unannounced? I haven't heard from you in almost two months, Al!

ALLY

Yeah, I've been thinking.

DAVE

And?

ALLY

I don't know, Dave. I don't know what to say. I thought maybe we'd see each other and I would, but I don't.

DAVE

I miss you. I love you. But I can't just sit on my ass, waiting around for you forever.

Ally's taken aback.

ALLY

Got it. I'm sorry I came, this was a mistake.

Ally tears up as she walks to her car. She gets in and drives off, leaving Dave alone on the sidewalk.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Dave and Mike sit on the couch, Mike holding Dave in his arms as Dave cries.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Dave wakes up. He sits up in bed and gets a call from his parents, DON and CAROL, who are walking around their local park.

DAVE

What's up, guys?

DON

I'd like to ask you the same question, Dave. There's an op-ed in the Washington Post about you getting "cancelled."

CAROL

Did your album get cancelled, honey?

DAVE

No, the album's happening.

DON

Then what exactly got cancelled?

DAVE

I did.

CAROL

You? How? What does that even mean?

DAVE

It means a bunch of people are angry at me because I said some potentially insensitive things. And then got defensive about it.

CAROL

Well, did you apologize?

DAVE

In the song I released in response to all this, I did apologize for being too good at rapping, so...

DON

I told you to get off Twitter, Dave, it's no good.

DAVE

I can't get off Twitter, Dad.

CAROL

Are you addicted to it? I hear people are addicted to social media, it's worse than heroin.

DAVE

That's certainly not true, and I'm a rapper, I have to be online. That's where the young people are.

CAROL

I don't like people being mean to you, but if you offended someone, just apologize. Don't let your ego get in the way of your career.

DAVE

Well said, Mom. Thank you.

DON

We love you, Dave. If you need to take some time off and come home, we're always here for you.

DAVE

Thanks, but I got this. Love you.

He hangs up and starts drafting a tweet.

INT. DAVE AND MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mike sits on the couch, reading the drafted tweet. Dave stands in front of him, watching his face. Mike finishes reading.

DAVE

So?

MIKE

Honestly, it's a great apology.

DAVE

Thank you, I wrote it myself.

MIKE

Yeah, it's surprisingly thoughtful.

DAVE

I don't know why you'd say, "surprisingly," I'm an incredibly thoughtful person.

MIKE

Of course you are.

DAVE

I wrote one for you, too.

He unfolds a piece of notebook paper.

MIKE

On notebook paper?

DAVE

I was feeling sentimental. Is that not allowed?

MIKE

No, of course. Please.

DAVE

(reading)

Dear Mike, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not listening to you, and for being stubborn, and for not heeding your earnest pleas. I know that you were just trying to look out for me. Thank you for being a great friend and an even better manager. Love, Dave.

He smiles at Mike.

MIKE  
That's very nice. Apology accepted,  
you stupid idiot.

DAVE  
Thank you. Now should I post that  
other one?

Mike shrugs.

MIKE  
If you want.

DAVE  
If I want? That song must be  
blowing up right now.

MIKE  
Oh, it was, but...

DAVE  
What?

MIKE  
Mel Gibson got caught screaming the  
n-word at a Sweetgreen.

DAVE  
Whoa. A or Hard R?

MIKE  
What do you think?

DAVE  
Oh, shit.

MIKE  
Uh huh, so Twitter has completely  
forgotten about Lil Dicky.

DAVE  
Oh...

MIKE  
Yep.

Mike hands Dave's phone back to him and picks up his laptop.

DAVE  
So, we're all good?

MIKE  
Mostly. The label called.

DAVE  
Let me guess, they're dropping me?

Mike laughs.

MIKE  
If only. The album's on hold.  
Indefinitely.

DAVE  
What?!

Mike nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Okay, we'll just break the  
contract. And if they won't let me  
walk, we'll sue them.

MIKE  
Actually, they're suing you. Isn't  
that funny?

Dave's mouth falls open.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
But hey, at least you got to clear  
your name, right? Job well done,  
champ. Way to go.

He gives Dave a big shit-eating grin and a thumbs up. Dave  
gapes at him.

**END OF EPISODE**