

The Music Producers

Created By

Anthony Dowling & Lucas Nielsen

[nielselu@mail.gvsu.edu](mailto:nielselu@mail.gvsu.edu)

Ep. 1

Weezy, ft. The Voice of Lil' Wayne

FADE IN:

INT. SOUND BOOTH

A sound engineer is messing with the control board, preparing to do another take. he is dressed He wears era specific clothing. In this case, he is wearing 90s clothing, now looking outdated. He hesitates, then talks.

B

Are you sure you want to do this?

A chimes in, leaning in from a standing position, behind B. He wears a suit, looking formal, the leader of this team.

A

Yes, I'm sure. Rap is the next big thing.

A man, dressed to the nines in gangster-looking hoodie, bling, and backwards cap, rolls in on a chair, leaning far-back.

C

Rap is already a big thing. Tupac, Biggie.

A

What? Who? Stop talking to me about dead people, they're not relevant.

B leans in and presses talkback.

B (CONT.)

Yeah, uh, Dwayne?

C rolls in, as fast as he can, and covers the mic.

C

Nonononono, he doesn't like that. I called him Dwayne earlier and all the Hot Boys started insulting my mom.

A

The Hot Boys?

(CONTINUED)

C  
He goes by, look, he's solo now,  
just- he likes Wayne.

B  
Uh, Wayne? Want to start this?

WAYNE  
(Wayne noise of affirmation)

A  
Is he ok? Is he hurt? His voice is  
so-

WAYNE  
(background)  
Weezy.

A  
And what the hell is that? He's  
done that at the start of 16  
consecutive tracks.

C  
It's his calling card.

B  
Can I ask why he's doing it?

C  
Nononono, you don't want to do  
that.

A  
Why?

C  
(serious)  
Hot boys.

A  
I wanna ask, but he doesn't want to  
be disturbed. I wanna ask- I don't  
want to mess him up.

B  
I- mess what up? Has he started  
yet? All he's doin' is bobbin' his  
head- wait.

B leans in to listen, as do the others. He grabs out his  
notes as A & C talk amongst one another.

(CONTINUED)

A  
Hey, you think I should get rid of  
my tape deck? Move up?

C  
Hell yeah, upgrade to CDs. They're  
gonna last forever.

B looks stunned.

B  
No one's gonna listen to this.

A & C  
What?

B  
I just skimmed these lyrics before.  
I didn't- He just said...

B holds out his hand.

B (CONT.)  
"Nuts in my hand."

A & C hold out their hands, mimicking B.

C  
Guys, I'm telling you. This is  
gonna- this is- Top 10, billboard  
charts.

A & B look at C weirdly, then turn back to each other. B  
shrugs, looking for help.

A  
Have him go again.

B  
Ok.

A  
What's the name of this song?

B  
Tha Block Is Hot.

A  
And what's the name of this album?

B  
Tha Block Is Hot.

A  
And is there an "e" anywhere in  
there?

B  
No.

B listens for a moment.

B (CONT.)  
Man, this guy's really proud of his  
metaphors. (Quotes a couple)

C  
This guy is gonna be big. He's  
already a certified Hot Boy.

A  
What the hell is a Hot Boy?

B  
The Hot Boys? Is it the Hot Boys? I  
think I've heard of them.

B looks, stunned, at the lyric sheet. Every so often, he  
reads one out loud, quietly.

A  
Oh, is that a boy band? Like N'  
Sync? We could use the next N'  
Sync.

B  
(quietly)  
"She blow like a pro, oh no I got  
to keep her," blah blah blah. "But  
don't go to sleep, I got some more  
meat to feed ya."

BEAT.

B (CONT.)  
Oh. Hot Boys did this?

A  
What kind of a boy band is this?

C  
No, it's like NWA.

A & B shake heads.

A  
I never know what you're talking  
about.

B  
Is that an acronym? What does that  
stand for?

C  
No, nonono, don't ask-

A  
CAN I ASK ANYTHING?

B  
Can we go again, Wayne?

WAYNE  
Whaaaa...

B  
I guess we, we just need a lil'-

A  
(chiming in, interrupting)  
-Wayne, we just need you to-

WAYNE  
Wha'd you guys say?

B  
Just, we need a lil'...

WAYNE  
A lil' Wayne's what'cha need. yeah,  
I like thaaat.

B  
Ok...

WAYNE  
Guys, I think I'm done heeyeee  
(here).

B  
You've got one song left to do, or  
start on.

WAYNE  
I think I'm gon' sign somewhere  
else.

(CONTINUED)

B  
With just one song left?

A stops B, and they all turn to talk, in the booth.

A  
Guys, this is our chance to get out  
of this.

B nods.

C  
Guys, you don't wanna do this.

A & B turn back, acting apologetic to Wayne.

B  
Aw, well I'm sorry to hear that  
Wayne.

A  
Well, we haven't signed anything  
here, so, I guess good luck with  
your album.

B  
(quickly, nervously)  
Good luck with your album Dwayne.

C  
Nono.

They all sit in silence, nervous over what Wayne would do,  
as C kept scaring them with a horror story.

Wayne has left, A & B rest comfortably.

B OR A  
That worked out pretty well.

HARD CUT TO:

CREDITS

ticking meter, showing sales figures for Lil' Wayne's album,  
a lot of sales.

MID-CREDITS SEQUENCE:

A stands in disbelief, C sits in his chair, spinning, B has  
his head in his hands, on the recording console.

The secretary pops-in.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

Miss Avril Lavigne, here, for her  
appointment?

A

Send her away, cancel her  
appointment. Tell her to get out of  
here, we're signing rap artists  
ONLY.

B

What kind of name is "Avril"  
anyways?

C

I liked her.

MORE CREDITS:

Avril record sales shown, next to Lil' Wayne's.

END.