

## Moment of Inspiration

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Premise: Montage of cuts to the 'moment of inspiration' in a music biopic when everyone finally breaks the title of the big song that's gonna be the #1 single.

1 INT. OAKLAND HIP-HOP STUDIO - HOUR 10 - NIGHT

A group of haggard rappers, producers, homies, and engineers sit in the studio. They've been at it for the whole day, and now the whole night, trying to break the big single.

MC HAMMER leans against the walls; the engineer's slumped over the boards; some of the crew are passed out in their seats. The beat is playing on repeat in the background.

MC HAMMER  
What if it's like... naaah-nah-nah  
-nah... Can't suck this?

The engineer shakes his head.

PRODUCER  
Yeah, nah. That's just explicit.

HOMIE 1  
(defeated)  
Wack. Why would you tell people  
they can't suck your dick?

MC HAMMER  
Because it's too clean.

HOMIE 1  
False.

MC HAMMER  
(sighs)  
Man, fuck y'all.

PRODUCER  
(wipes eyes)  
Let's keep going, huh.

HAMMER gets up, determined.

MC HAMMER  
Naaah-nah-nah-nah. Can't duck this.

HOMIE 1  
(bewildered)  
What?

MC HAMMER

(defensive)

It's like when I come at you  
with these fuckin' shots, you  
can't duck this. Your ass is  
catching shells. Yeeyuh.

PRODUCER

Like... why you wanna make threats  
at your audience?

MC HAMMER

It works for N.W.A...

His producer looks him up and down, eyes resting on the Hammer  
Pants.

PRODUCER

That's not you.

MC HAMMER

Fuck y'all! Everybody loves *Aladdin*.

HOMIE 1

Come on, man. Keep going.

MC HAMMER

NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH. NAH-NAH. NAH-NAH.  
I'M BRUSHLESS.

Everybody shakes their head.

MC HAMMER (CONT'D)

I'M BUSTIN.

Head shakes.

PRODUCER

(quickly)

Quit talkin' bout your dick.

MC HAMMER

MAN, I CAN'T EVEN TOUCH THIS TOPIC?!

Everybody's ears perk up. Dudes sleeping at the back of the  
studio wake up.

Cut to everyone's reaction shots as they raise their heads and look to Hammer, then each other, eyes wide with that *OHHHH SHIT* stank face.

HOMIE 1  
(dead serious)  
What did you just say to me?

MC HAMMER  
I SAID... I can't touch this.

HOMIE 2  
(increasing in pitch)  
Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!

HAMMER tries the lyrics on for size.

MC HAMMER  
Naaah-nah-nah-nah. Nah-nah. Nah-nah.  
Can't touch this.

Everybody hoots, hollers, claps, and cheers. They know the title of their hit when they see it.

PRODUCER  
That's it, baby, that's it!

Cut to:

2 INT. DISHEVELLED ENGLISH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Same setup as before, but this time, it's a hungover Chumbawamba in the studio. The whole place is covered in anarchist graffiti and empty bottles.

ALLAN WHALLEY  
(head in hands)  
I get knocked down... I get knocked  
down... and... and then what? *Then*  
*what?*

DANBERT NOBACON  
(looking around)  
You... die?

ALLAN shakes his head.

DUNSTAN BRUCE  
Switch to heroin.

ALLAN considers it, but shakes his head.

LOU WATTS  
You get knocked down... You get  
knocked down... and you get up again?

Stank faces around the room. Anarchist hooting and hollering.

ALLAN WHALLEY  
WHOO!

He picks up a nearby whisky bottle and beans it at the wall,  
where it explodes.

ALLAN  
You drinks a whiskey drink--

Next, a vodka bottle.

ALLAN  
You drinks a vodka drink--

PRODUCER  
--Alright! ALRIGHT! We're still paying  
to be in here--

Cut to:

3 INT. MUNICH STUDIO - NIGHT

Same setup.

LOU BEGA  
I said one, two, three four, six--

PRODUCER  
Really?

LOU BEGA  
(unsure)  
...five?

Disproportionate stank face reactions all around. Extremely exaggerated. People going apeshit.

Cut to:

4 INT. 80'S LONDON STUDIO - NIGHT

Same setup, but now everyone has perms and leotards.

BANANARAMA

(in unison)

I'm the cleanest. I'm for hire.  
What's your desire?

PRODUCER

(thrilled)

We'll work on it!

Reaction shots.

Cut to:

5 KENTUCKY - COUNTRY STUDIO - DAY

Buncha good ol' boys in the studio.

ENGINEER

Can I go home? My wife made grits.

PRODUCER

No. I know it's been a long day, ok?  
But we're so close I can feel it.  
Billy Ray, take it one more time.

BILLY RAY CYRUS

Don't break my cart. It is my favorite cart.

PRODUCER

--Enough about the fuckin' groceries. Maybe  
we could try it like a love song?

BILLY RAY's face is completely blank. Seems not to understand.

PRODUCER

It's a love song. Again.



7 BAHAMAS - STUDIO - EVENING

BAHA MAN 1  
(contemplative)  
Maybe the question we need to be asking  
is not *why* the dogs were let out.

BAHA MAN 2  
Imagine if it were someone you knew.  
Who did this, I mean.

PRODUCER  
I'd be pissed at that sonuvabitch.

BAHA MAN 3  
...Or would you thank him?

BAHA MAN 1  
Hmm. Yes. In doing so, he would be  
pulling back the veil. Breaking  
the fallacious paradigm of civilized  
society. Revealing things as they are.

BAHA MAN 2  
Hmm. But who would do such a thing?

BAHA MAN 3  
Yes. Who? Who, who, who, who?

Everyone's head swivels round. CUE STANK FACES & HYPE.

Cut to:

8 MADRID - EUROPOP STUDIO - MORNING

PRODUCER  
I'm sorry, guys. For copyright  
reasons, we can't call it  
'the macaroni.'

LOS DEL RIO 1  
(hopeful)  
Maca...rena?

LOS DEL RIO 2 claps him on the back.

LOS DEL RIO 2  
Hijo de puta! Ahahaha!

Celebrations all around. Popping champagne, etc.

Cut to:

9 KINGSTON STUDIO - EVENING

CARL DOUGLAS  
Everybody was Kung-Fu fighting....

The producers and engineers all smile and nod.

One leans over to whisper to the guy next to him.

PRODUCER  
Is this going to age well?

The other guy shakes his head.

Cut to:

10 DANISH STUDIO - DAY

CARTOONS  
(unison)  
Witch Doctor, give us the magic words!  
OOH-EE, OOH-AH-AH, TING TANG, WALLA  
WALLA BING BANG.

The producer leans over to the engineer.

PRODUCER  
This definitely won't age well.

ENGINEER  
(sighs)  
I need a new job.

Cut to:

11 JAZZ STUDIO - EVENING

TIRED PRODUCER  
 It's been a long day. Why don't  
 you just do one, whatever you want.

Beat.

SCATMAN JOHN  
*Whatever I want?*

The producer nods. Suspicious.

Scatman John takes a breath in.

SCATMAN JOHN  
 Ska-badabadabadoo-belidabbelydab  
 bladabbladablabab-belibabbelibab  
 belibabbelabelo-doobelidoo.  
 I'm the Scatman--

Reaction shots of Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, etc  
 vibing, snapping their fingers.

Cut to:

12 DISCO STUDIO - NIGHT

EARTH, WIND, & FIRE  
 O-WEE-O, SAY DO YOU REMEMBER?  
 O-WEE-O, DANCIN' IN SEPTEMBER--

Producer whispers to the engineer.

PRODUCER  
 Is he saying 'polio?'

The engineer shrugs. The producer gives him a 'well, fuck it'  
 face.

Everybody claps and cheers.

Cut to:

13 CALIFORNIA - HIP-HOP STUDIO - NIGHT

HOUSE OF PAIN sitting in the studio.

PRODUCER  
It's great. I love it. Is there a  
whiter way we can say 'hip-hop?'

EVERLAST  
Jump up?

DANNY BOY  
Jump... down.

PRODUCER  
Nah, c'mon. Get out of your seat.

EVERLAST stands up.

EVERLAST  
Jump around?

DJ MUGGS nods at the boards. A knowing smile--it's all coming  
together.

Cut to:

14 BOSTON - HIP-HOP STUDIO - DAY

MARKY MARK  
C'MON, AND FEEL THE VIBRATIONS!

The producer leans over to the engineer.

PRODUCER  
You hear he beat the shit out of  
a Vietnamese guy?

ENGINEER  
What a fuckin' dick.

PRODUCER  
This'll never take off, don't worry.

Cut to:

15 FRENCH POP STUDIO - DAY

EIFFEL 65

I'm blue, da ba dee da ba die, da ba--

TIRED PRODUCER

Yep. Fuck it. Go for it. I don't understand, but maybe the people will.

Cut to:

16 NORTH AMERICAN POP STUDIO - DAY

TIRED PRODUCER

Ok, let's see what you've got.

CRAZY FROG

Ring ding ding daa baa  
Baa aramba baa bom baa  
baroombaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa--

TIRED PRODUCER

(throws clipboard)

I'm out.

Cut to:

17 FRENCH STUDIO - MIDNIGHT

Daft Punk and their producer in the studio. DP wearing their robot suits.

PRODUCER

Come on.

The 'Thomas' robot shakes his head.

PRODUCER

Come onnnnnn. Try again.

The 'Guy-Manuel' robot shakes his head.

The 'Thomas' robot makes a motion like he's tapping his wrist-watch. (Subtext: It's late, we're gonna go.)

PRODUCER

Just one more time!

Small beat.

The two robots slowly turn to look at each other.

*One More Time* starts playing as the two Daft Punk robots go full gorilla panic and start fucking up the studio, throwing tables, etc. (Subtext: this is how they express happiness.)

Fade in:

18 COZY HOUSE - EVENING - BEDTIME

GRANDFATHER reading to LITTLE GIRL by the fireside.

GRANDFATHER

And that, my little angel, is the story  
of popular music.

He gently closes the book.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

And now it is time for bed.

LITTLE GIRL

Aww, but grandpa! Can't we do just  
one more? I wanna know about  
*Funkytown*.

GRANDFATHER

(chuckles)

Well, if you insist. But only one.

He opens the book again.

FADE OUT

END