

DR. KEN

"Pilot"

Written by

Jared Stern

Current revisions by

Ken Jeong & Mike O'Connell & Jared Stern

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1

INT. HMO - DAY

1

A CLINIC IN THE VALLEY THAT BEARS ABSOLUTELY NO RESEMBLANCE TO KAISER PERMANENTE. DR. KEN PARK (BRILLIANT PHYSICIAN, ZERO BEDSIDE MANNER) EXAMINES AN OVERWEIGHT PATIENT (MALE, 40S) WITH A STETHOSCOPE.

KEN

So, you're experiencing ankle swelling. Shortness of breath. Lack of energy...

OVERWEIGHT PATIENT

Yes.

KEN

Your sodium, potassium, chloride, carbon dioxide, BUN, and creatinine are all within normal limits.

KEN TAPS THE PATIENT'S KNEE WITH A REFLEX HAMMER.

KEN (CONT'D)

And your chest x-ray, PA and lateral show no infiltrate or adenopathy.

OVERWEIGHT PATIENT

What's the diagnosis?

KEN

You're fat.

OVERWEIGHT PATIENT

(HORRIFIED) But I barely eat.

KEN

The only thing fatter than you are  
your lies. (THEN) Tim, you're this  
close to Type 2 Diabetes. But it  
doesn't have to go down like that.  
Just eat a little less, move around a  
little more, and you'll be healthy in  
no time. Keep those chins up.

KEN HEADS FOR THE DOOR, WHERE RECEPTIONIST DAMONA (50,  
AFRICAN-AMERICAN, NOT EASILY RATTLED) AWAITS. HE HANDS HER  
HIS CLIPBOARD.

KEN (CONT'D)

(RELIEVED) My last patient of the  
day. The rest are somebody else's  
headache. See ya, sucka.

DAMONA

Slow your roll. You got a walk-in.  
Room C. Welcome back, sucka.

OFF KEN'S PAINED LOOK...

RESET TO:

2

INT. HMO - EXAM ROOM C - MOMENTS LATER

2

A BEARDED PATIENT (60) IS BENT OVER.

BEARDED PATIENT

I looked it up online. It's  
hemorrhoids.

KEN POPS UP FROM BEHIND THE PATIENT, GLOVES ON.

KEN

Thank you for that expert analysis,  
"Doctor". (CALLS OUT THE DOOR) Hey,  
everyone, Sanjay Gupta's in the house!  
(BACK TO PATIENT) Your stool's  
bloodier than Saw 6. I'm referring  
you for a colonoscopy.

BEARDED PATIENT

Relax with the upsell, buddy. I don't  
need the platinum package. It's a  
hemorrhoid.

KEN

Sir, I would love to say you have your  
head up your ass - but if you did,  
you'd see that these aren't just  
hemorrhoids.

SMASH TO:

3

INT. HMO - WAITING/INTAKE - MOMENTS LATER

3

BEARDED PATIENT, DRESSED, STORMS OUT FROM THE EXAM AREA.

BEARDED PATIENT

Go to hell!

KEN FOLLOWS BEHIND...

KEN

I'm already there, Pal!

BEARDED PATIENT STOMPS OUT OF THE WAITING ROOM, SLAMMING THE  
DOOR BEHIND HIM. OFF KEN'S EXASPERATED LOOK:

\*

CUT TO:

4

INT. HMO - PSYCHIATRY WING - OFFICE - DAY

4

KEN LIES ON A COUCH, TALKING TO A THERAPIST (FEMALE, 40'S, NO NONSENSE).

\*

KEN

Ugh! I'm so stressed out. It's these patients - they're all such whiny, complaining bitches. Know what I mean?

\*

THERAPIST

(DRY) Yes. I know exactly what you mean.

KEN

And my daughter's not helping. Barely 16, and she gets her tongue pierced! That's like a flashing sign to boys that she has left the Homeroom and gone directly to the Champagne Room.

THERAPIST

But she's doing well in school, right? Second in her class?

KEN

Exactly! I taught her everything she knows. Now she's applying it towards this wild streak. Case in point? She kept that piercing hidden for two weeks! I just thought she was being respectfully quiet for a change.

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)

The girl's a genius. I've created a  
monster!

THERAPIST

So you blame yourself. \*

KEN \*

No. \*

THERAPIST \*

Have you considered blaming yourself? \*

KEN

Oh no. I blame her mother. She  
enables it by coddling her. I'm  
positive. \*

THERAPIST

Okay, I'm going to use a technical  
term here... you're a jackass. \*

KEN

Whoa! Not cool. Very unprofessional,  
Honey. \*

THE THERAPIST IS KEN'S WIFE, ALLISON. A RECEPTIONIST CALLS  
OVER THE INTERCOM.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Doctor Park...?

ALLISON

KEN

Yes?

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Your 5:15 is here.



ALLISON

But it's what we have to do.

KEN

I don't think they need space. I  
think they need... what's the opposite  
of space? It's duct tape. I think  
they need to be taped down. Can we do  
that? I'm not a hundred percent  
kidding.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALLISON

Well, you might have to tape down the  
car, too. You know Molly re-took her  
driver's test today.

\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

(MATTER-OF-FACTLY) Doctor, I'm going  
to need a gross of Xanax and a  
bargeful of Valium.

ALLISON

There's a stash of both in my night  
table. It was a wedding gift to  
myself.

\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

I'm praying she fails again. I'm  
praying real hard.

\*  
\*

ALLISON

She's going to pass eventually.

\*  
\*



KEN

You know, I've been thinking we should get rid of our cars and just get some sweet BMX bikes for the family. Great for the environment-

ALLISON

Get out. I've got a real patient.

KEN

(SMILES) Love you, too.

THEY KISS. ALLISON'S NEXT PATIENT WALKS IN, FREAKED TO SEE HIS THERAPIST MAKING OUT WITH THE PRIOR PATIENT.

NEXT PATIENT

Oh, whoa--

ALLISON

It's alright, Mr. Kontos. Come on in.

AS KEN HEADS FOR THE DOOR, HE TURNS TO THE PATIENT.

\*

KEN

Just talk about your kids a lot. Gets her super turned on.

ALLISON SHUTS THE DOOR ON HIM AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

KEN ENTERS TO FIND HIS SON DAVE (9, INTELLECTUAL, FULL OF SASS, THINK ALBERT TSAI) IN A BLACK LEOTARD, SOLEMNLY STRETCHING. \*

KEN

(CONFUSED) Let me guess, you are  
Future Dave, and you have traveled  
back in time to warn me of some  
impending catastrophe? \*

DAVE ROLLS HIS EYES. \*

KEN (CONT'D)

Got it. Rehearsing for the big talent  
show. Rehearse away. I'm not even  
here. \*

DAVE HITS A BUTTON ON HIS IPOD. KATY PERRY'S "ROAR" PLAYS. \*

KEN (CONT'D)

Good call. K.P. Sing it!

DAVE BEGINS TO MIME. YES, HE'S MIMING. KEN, HORRIFIED,  
STOPS THE MUSIC.

KEN (CONT'D)

Cut cut cut cut cut! (THEN) Dave-

DAVE MIMES THAT HE CAN'T HEAR HIM AS HE IS IN A BOX. KEN  
RELUCTANTLY MIMES OPENING THE DOOR.

KEN (CONT'D)

Dave, my son. The thing people like  
most about songs... is actual singing.

DAVE

Disagree to disagree.

KEN

The phrase is "agree to disagree."

You're just saying we agree.

ALLISON ENTERS, OVERHEARING, PLEASED:

ALLISON

You guys agree on something?

DAVE

No. Dad doesn't think I should mime  
at the talent show.

ALLISON

You don't want to sing, sweetie?

DAVE

Everybody sings, it's so boring. It  
would be cool to do something  
different than the other kids.

ALLISON

Wow, I can see you gave it a lot of  
thought. I'm so proud of your  
originality, Honey! Of course you can  
do what you want.

KEN

Yeah, no. You can't, Buddy.

ALLISON

What?

KEN

Dave, I want to support you. But  
mime? You're steering right into the  
teeth of a creative and social  
disaster. Swerve, Dave, swerve!

DAVE, MORE ANNOYED THAN HURT, EXITS. ALLISON STARES AT KEN.

KEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, three years, minimum, to undo  
the damage of miming in school. How  
do I just stand by and let it happen?

ALLISON

(PLAINLY) You stand by and let it  
happen.

KEN

Maybe I could if he were cooking meth,  
or turning tricks. Something  
profitable. But we're talking about  
mime! That's the most shame for the  
least return. It's just bad business!

MOLLY (16, PRETTY SALUTATORIAN WITH A BURGEONING WILD STREAK)  
ENTERS WITH HER DRIVER'S LICENSE.

MOLLY

You are looking at the newest driver  
in the State of California!

ALLISON WHOOS AND APPLAUDS. KEN DOES THE SAME IN A MISERABLE  
WAY. MOLLY EXITS INTO KITCHEN.

ALLISON

This is a good thing. Remember how sad she was when she failed the first time?

KEN

Yes, and remember how overjoyed I was? \*

ALLISON

Yes. You took a selfie with the guy who failed her, and posted it with the hashtag #MyHeroKeepingLASafe. \*

KEN

Vernon. Good man. We keep in touch. \*

(THEN) It was literally the only time a Korean parent has been happy that his child failed a test. \*

ALLISON

(SMILES) Congratulate her, or I leave you. \*

KEN

(HOPEFUL) Will you take the kids? \*

ALLISON

Nope, they stay with you. \*

KEN SHUDDERS. \*

6

INT. PARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

6

KEN BURSTS IN. MOLLY SITS AT THE TABLE, TEXTING ON HER CELL.

KEN

Congrats, Kiddo! I'm so proud of you. \*

MOLLY

Really?

KEN

Yes. This means you can drive us to  
our daddy/daughter Lakers/Clippers  
game tomorrow night. And if we  
survive and make it to the game, as  
always, I'll root for the Lakers, and  
you'll go Clippers, to spite me. And  
now that I have a professional  
chauffeur, I can get super drunk off  
of one ridiculously overpriced beer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MOLLY

Awww. As proud as that would make  
me, I've already got plans to study at  
Avery's tomorrow night.

\*  
\*

DAVE ENTERS AND WALKS TO THE FRIDGE.

DAVE

Avery Reynolds? That girl is popular,  
attractive, and deadly. I would not  
want her around my daughter.

\*  
\*  
\*

MOLLY

(POINTED) Thanks, Dave. Now why  
don't you climb back into your  
imaginary box, and lock the door?

\*

DAVE

Fine. I could use some alone time.

\*  
\*

DAVE EXITS. KEN LOOKS CONCERNED.

\*

KEN

Avery, huh? What happened to Tammy?

MOLLY

Tammy's still Tammy. I just don't see her as often.

KEN

Whoa, what? Tammy's my bae! And I love her Dad, we had so much fun at that Nickelback concert! I don't want to break up with Phil!

MOLLY

Well, Avery's a billion times cooler.

KEN

Does her dad like Nickelback?

MOLLY

He's a middle-age dad, so probably.

(THEN) So is it cool if I take the Mercedes tomorrow night?

KEN

No. Not cool. Cars don't make you cool. Yes, I'm incredibly cool, but it's not because of my car. Well, not entirely. The shades I rock in the car make me cool; I think we'd all agree on that.

\*

\*

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KEN

She's gonna study instead of hanging  
out with her super-cool father.

\*

DAVE

I'll hang out with you, Dad.

\*

\*

KEN

Little busy, Champ. Come back to me  
when something's wrong with you.

DAVE

(CROSSING OUT) Will do.

\*

\*

ALLISON

There's nothing wrong with Molly.

KEN

Not yet. But look at the signs: Body  
modification, scary new friends,  
distancing herself from an incredibly  
likable loved one. We're losing her.

\*

ALLISON

The only way we'll lose her is if you  
push her away. Ken, I know how strict  
your parents were. No child should  
have to act as his own pediatrician.

\*

\*

\*

\*

KEN

(HAUNTED) That was a lot of pressure.

\*

\*

ALLISON

But my parents were my best friends.

\*

\*

They trusted me.

\*

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And we're raising a good kid. We  
should feel okay trusting her.

KEN

Look, on the one hand, I should give  
myself more credit. I'm an amazing  
father. But we can't trust her! I  
don't know how they did it on the  
groovy compound where you grew up...

ALLISON

Denver?

KEN

But if we trust them, they'll abuse  
our trust. It's human nature!

ALLISON

Human nature is my business. While  
you're listening all over people's  
backs with a toy stethoscope--

KEN

Yeah, that thing's just for show.

ALLISON

I'm actually listening to them. And  
yes, they're annoying, and self-  
absorbed, and even deluded -- Mrs.  
Adelstein still thinks her husband is  
coming back, which is bananas.

KEN

Well, divorce can be traumatic.

ALLISON

She's not divorced, she's a widow.

KEN

That is bananas.

ALLISON

Total nut bag. (THEN) Where was I?

KEN

Molly...

ALLISON

Right. I've listened to enough people to know that they tend to do the right thing, unless someone, generally you, pushes them to the dark side by smothering them. Ken: Trust our daughter.

AS KEN TAKES THIS IN, A TEXT CHIMES ON MOLLY'S PHONE.

KEN

Look at that. Molly left her phone.

ALLISON

(STERN) Do not read her text.

KEN

Why? Until she's thirty-five, it's my text.

ALLISON

It's her text, it's her business.

KEN

Fine. I won't read her text.

SMASH TO:

INT. HMO - WAITING/INTAKE - DAY

THE BULLPEN OF THE CLINIC. KEN'S NURSE HECTOR (30'S, DIM-  
WITTED, BIG-HEARTED, SUPER-LOYAL) SITS ON A DESK BESIDE HIM.  
DAMONA AND RESIDENT JULIE MINTZ (20'S, NAIVE DO-GOODER, STILL  
HOPEFUL AND EXCITED ABOUT THIS JOB) ARE ALSO THERE.

KEN

She's going to a rave!

HECTOR

No!

KEN

Yeah. I read her texts. "Studying"  
my flat ass. Her friends are all  
talking about some dubstep club  
Downtown. Oh, and Sutter broke up  
with Madison.

HECTOR

NO!!!!

ON KEN'S DISTRESS, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HMO - MOMENTS LATER

EVERYONE AS BEFORE.

DAMONA

What'd Allison say about the rave?

KEN

Nada. She doesn't know I read the texts.

JULIE

(GASP) With all due respect, that's a breach of your marital bond. Sir, I can not stand by silently--

KEN

Maybe if you sat down? Maybe that would help you keep quiet? Hector, chair.

HECTOR SLIDES A CHAIR. JULIE SITS SILENTLY.

KEN (CONT'D)

Oh, look it worked! (THEN) Julie, studies have shown it's only a breach of the marital bond if the wife finds out. Which won't happen. If there's one thing I'm good at lying about, it's honesty.

JULIE

So the take home point is that it's okay to be a bad person, as long as you're a good doctor?

EVERYONE

Yes. / Awww, she's learning. /  
These residents grow up so fast.

KEN

If this was me and my father, he would've taken the car away from me and run me over with it. Man, when she gets home, she's gonna get five foot five inches of fury.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAMONA

Unless she doesn't make it home. Did you see that 20/20 where the girl got abducted?

HECTOR

(GASPS) YES!

KEN

That's every 20/20! And let's not get crazy here.

JULIE

Ooh, and what about that girl they brought into the ER? She overdosed on-

\*

KEN

Hey! They were just texts. I can get  
paranoid. Maybe I misread 'em. You  
know how kids text. Whole lotta  
abbreviations flying around. For all  
I know, RAVE's an abbreviation.

DAMONA

For what?

KEN

**(FINDING IT)** Rolling Around...  
Very... Energetically.

HECTOR

**(PUZZLED)** So you'd rather have your  
daughter rolling around very  
energetically?

KEN

Bad example. I'm just saying,  
objectively, I don't have proof she  
went to a rave.

DAMONA

Fool, she is a 16-year-old girl.  
That's all the proof I'd need. But if  
it's proof you want, there's an app  
for that...

KEN

An app?

DAMONA

An app that tracks your daughter.

\*

KEN

Really? What's it called?

\*

DAMONA

DaughterTracker.

JULIE/KEN/HECTOR

Ooh. / Nice. / They just flipped those words, and it became magical.

HECTOR

(SIZING UP KEN) Maybe your parents weren't so wrong to be overprotective, Dr. Ken. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here today. A man of your slight build could easily be abducted and jammed in a locker.

DAMONA/JULIE

Do it! / Download it!

KEN

(BEAT, THEN) Okay, fine! Just this once, to make sure she won't end up on 20/20, and then I delete it!

AS KEN TOSSES HIS PHONE TO DAMONA, THEIR BOSS, PATRICK HEIN (ALL SMILES, HEART OF ICE), ENTERS.

\*

\*

PAT

Ken, let me steal you for a quick pow-wow?

(MORE)



PAT (CONT'D)

Normally I'd email, but there is  
nothing I love more than a good old-  
fashioned face-to-face.

EVERYONE LOOKS ON, FROZEN...

PAT (CONT'D)

(LOUDLY) This is too many faces for a  
face to face!!

EVERYONE QUICKLY DISPERSES, LEAVING THE TWO ALONE.

PAT (CONT'D)

Remember the patient you offended  
yesterday?

\*

KEN

Can you be more specific?

PAT

The lovely gentleman with the  
hemorrhoids, who's threatening to sue  
the HMO because of your behavior.

\*

KEN

My behavior was impeccable.

PAT

Yeah, I enjoyed it when I watched the  
tape. FYI, we installed security cams  
throughout the clinic. It'll save us  
5 million in malpractice premiums this  
decade alone.

\*

\*

HECTOR

Damn, 5 mil? What do we get with all that?

PAT

Nothing. But now, the CEO can get a third houseboy. (SUSPICIOUS)

Something's going on there. No house has that many chores. (TO KEN)

Anyhoo, speaking of malpractice...

KEN

It's baseless. The man needs a colonoscopy.

HECTOR IS KEN'S HYPE-MAN...

HECTOR

Butt search!

KEN

Pat, with no due respect, you're an administrator. You're not a doctor.

PAT

Damn right, I'm not. While you were wasting eight years of your life in school, I was managing three Circuit Cities to record profits. And I was brought in here to do the same. The sick biz is booming, Ken.

\*

\*

\*

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\*

\*

\*

\*

KEN

We're talking about people here, Pat.  
Not electronics.

PAT

(WISTFUL) I know. iPods don't sue. \*

(THEN) Look, we lose money, you won't  
have the resources to treat your  
patients.

DAMONA

And, I'm assuming, no Diversity  
Brunch. \*

PAT

(IGNORING HER) So you're going to get  
down on your patellas and apologize to  
the ass man until he agrees to drop  
the lawsuit. \*

A BEAT, AS KEN CONSIDERS, THEN: \*

KEN

Pat... go make love to yourself. \*

THE OTHERS ALL LOSE IT ("AW, SNAP." "OH NO HE DIDN'T.") \*

PAT

This isn't over. Get back to work. \*

PAT STRIDES OFF. DAMONA TURNS TO KEN, IMPRESSED. \*

DAMONA

Next to Lil Wayne, no one expresses  
blind, righteous anger better than  
you. Respect. (THEN) And good luck  
with your job search.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

He should know better. You  
micromanage me, there's gonna be some  
pushback, son. This dog bites as hard  
as he can bark!

HECTOR

You know it. His bark and bite are  
fierce!

KEN

Spying on people? That is oppressive  
and intrusive.

HECTOR

Oppressive and intrusive!!!

JULIE

Unless it's your own daughter.

HECTOR

Unless it's Dr. Ken's daughter!

KEN

Hold it, hold it. That's different...

BING! DAMONA PICKS UP KEN'S CELL...

\*

DAMONA

App's downloaded.

KEN FEELS CONFLICTED, BUT CLICKS ON THE APP.

\*

KEN

I will use it this one time to prove

to all of you that Molly is at...

\*

(RE: PHONE) Bam, Avery's house.

\*

Where she said she'd be. Studying.

HECTOR

I always said you shoulda trusted her,  
man.

JULIE

Such an intrusion.

DAMONA

Very disrespectful.

KEN

If you'll excuse me, there's something  
I have to do.

HECTOR

What? Kill Pat? Need any help?

KEN

Hector, sit.

KEN HURRIES OFF...

\*

8

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

WE SEE DAVE INTENSELY ENGAGING IN HIS MIME ACT, CURSING  
HIMSELF WHEN HE FALTERS. HE FINISHES THE ROUTINE, HOLDING  
HIS FINAL POSE, HIS BREATH HEAVING, EYES SMOLDERING, INTENSE.

\*

\*

ALLISON

(APPLAUDING) That was awesome, Dave.  
And I love how "You're gonna hear me  
roar" becomes ironic.

\*  
\*

DAVE

(FRUSTRATED) 'Awesome'? I butchered  
the entire third verse.

\*  
\*

ALLISON

Look, I know you wanna get it right,  
but isn't this supposed to be fun?

\*

DAVE

My pursuit of perfection is not fun.  
Miming Katy Perry is serious business.

\*

ALLISON

I'm just gonna ask: Is it really?

\*

DAVE

Mom, you couldn't possibly understand.  
You've never been an artiste.

\*

DAVE PATS HIS MOTHER'S FACE TO CONSOLE HER, THEN EXITS  
UPSTAIRS. KEN ENTERS AND APPROACHES ALLISON.

\*  
\*

KEN

(UPBEAT) Hey. I owe you an apology.

\*

ALLISON

For what? I mean, this could be any  
number of things. Should I guess?  
Are we talking the last five years?...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

For not trusting Molly. She's over at  
Avery's.

ALLISON

No shit, she's over at Avery's.  
That's where she said she was going.

KEN

Right. But when I read her text after  
I told you I wasn't going to-- (OFF  
ALLISON'S GLARE) m'bad-- it said  
something about going to a rave. But  
she's not at a rave. She's at  
Avery's, for the reals.

ALLISON

Wait, how do you know?

KEN

DaughterTracker.

ALLISON

Daughter Tracker? Did you hire a  
private eye to tail our daughter?

KEN

What? No. Please. This isn't some  
1953 Nash Bridges episode. (TAKES OUT  
PHONE) I hired an app to tail our  
daughter.

ALLISON

But you just said you trusted her.

KEN

Yeah, but I trust the app more. Gotta  
back up my trust. With more trust.  
Bam.

ALLISON

What is wrong with you?

KEN

You mean... in general?

ALLISON

What kind of relationship do you  
expect to have with Molly if you get  
an app to track her? Why not have a  
GPS chip implanted in her head?

KEN

First of all, the app is much cheaper.  
Secondly... fool, she is a sixteen-  
year-old girl. (OFF ALLISON'S GLARE)  
Sorry, it sounded cooler and less  
disrespectful when Damona said it to  
me. Look, one day, she'll earn our  
trust. But if we can know where she  
is, and have a little peace of mind...

ALLISON

It's not peace of mind! It's a  
blatant invasion of her privacy! I  
swear, sometimes I don't even know--

JUST THEN, A CHIME SOUNDS. KEN LOOKS AT HIS PHONE.



KEN

Aha! Molly's not at Avery's anymore.  
She's downtown. Where raves are!

ALLISON

(REMAINING CALM) Okay. We'll just  
call her together, and deal with this--

KEN BECOMES COMPLETELY UNHINGED --

KEN

No! Your hippy, new-age approach has  
gotten us nowhere! This calls for my  
bad boy ways! I'm gonna get in my mid-  
level sedan, drive 9 miles above the  
speed limit, and give our daughter the  
grounding of a lifetime!!

KEN RUSHES OUT, DIALING HIS CELL. ALLISON CALLS AFTER:

ALLISON

Ken!

KEN

(IGNORING HER, INTO PHONE) Hector, we  
got a job to do! (BEAT) No, we're  
not killing Pat!

KEN STORMS OFF. ON ALLISON'S FRUSTRATION...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

\*

FADE IN:

10

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - LATER

10

KEN AND HECTOR ARE STUCK ON A LONG LINE OF CLUB-GOERS (20'S) ON A RUNDOWN DOWNTOWN CORNER, LOOKING OUT OF PLACE IN THEIR NORMAL CLOTHES. KEN'S CELL RINGS. THE RINGTONE IS DARTH VADER'S "IMPERIAL DEATH MARCH" FROM *STAR WARS*.

\*

\*

\*

HECTOR

Allison again?

KEN

Yup. (TO HIS PHONE) Wife? Meet  
Voicemail. Voicemail, meet Wife.

KEN CLICKS DECLINE.

\*

HECTOR

(LOOKING AROUND) You know you're not  
getting in this club.

\*

KEN

What do you mean?

HECTOR

Not with those clothes, you're not.  
Step one, you gotta dress the part.

HECTOR RIPS KEN'S SHIRT, LEAVING JAGGED STRIPS OF BARE FLESH.

KEN

Hey?!

HECTOR

Much better. Step two, single dudes  
can't get in on their own. That's why  
you need a female escort.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(POINTS TO TWO WOMEN) Mohawk. Belly Chain. Let's get lucky.

KEN

Hector, I'm not the kind of guy who hits on women.

HECTOR

Well, it's never too late to learn. Even though you are married. And have two children. Okay, that might be kinda late...

KEN

Wow. If only you were this smart about nursing, you'd be a mediocre nurse. (THEN) Let's get this over with.

\*

KEN AND HECTOR HEAD OVER TO TWO WOMEN ON LINE (20'S, BURNING MAN REGULARS).

\*

HECTOR

Ladies. You have two choices in life. An attractive loser, or a tiny rich doctor. Allow us to present the best of both worlds.

KEN'S PHONE RINGS: *DUM DUM DUM. DUM-TE-DUM. DUM-TE-DUM.*

KEN

Excuse me, it's my wife. (INTO PHONE) Honey, I'm hitting on women so I can save our daughter.

\*

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)

And if I have to mount these whores, I will. That's how much I care about my family. Hopefully, I'll get Belly Chain. You know how Mohawks scare me. Love you.

\*  
\*

HE HANGS UP.

KEN (CONT'D)

(TO WOMEN) Where were we?

THE WOMEN TURN THEIR BACKS ON THEM.

KEN (CONT'D)

(SMALL) I weep for your fathers.

CUT TO:

11

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

11

ALLISON HANGS UP THE PHONE, FRUSTRATED, WHEN SHE SPIES DAVE.

ALLISON

Dave, come here, please. I'd like to help at least one of the lunatics in this family tonight. (SITS HIM DOWN ON THE COUCH) Though it may be hard to believe, your mother was once an artiste herself.

SHE CLICKS ON HER LAPTOP.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Back in college, I went pretty deep into the world of slam poetry.

\*

DAVE

Slam poetry?

ALLISON

It's basically poetry, except instead  
of writing it down, you say it out  
loud. And nobody showers. And when I  
tell you I took myself more seriously  
than Kanye, you know I mean it. I  
practiced like hell. Intense. No  
fun. Let's see how that turned out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INSERT: GRAINY VIDEO. SHE WEARS A RIDICULOUS ARTSY OUTFIT.

YOUNG ALLISON (ON VIDEO)

The quickening quickly quantified my  
mind and quelled all the qualms that I  
used to deride. And the war is not  
over because the war never ends and  
all of this madness makes me hope and  
pretend that one day I'll wake up,  
surprised to see. My fight wasn't  
with you. My fight was with me.

THE AUDIENCE BOOS AND THROWS THINGS. ALLISON PAUSES IT.

\*

ALLISON

I'll stop it here, before they  
physically eject me from the Free  
Speech Circle.

DAVE

(REALIZES) Wait. That could easily  
be me on that tape.

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I don't think I can handle such an intense public shaming. (SHUDDERS, THEN) So you want me to relax and have fun...?

ALLISON

Yes, Sweetie. That's what I'm saying.

DAVE

Thanks, Mom. I'll try. (BEAT, RE: LAPTOP) Please can I watch you cry when they ejected you from the Free Speech Circle?

ALLISON

How do you know I cried? (OFF DAVE'S STARE, ADMITTING) I wept like a baby. Four and a half minutes in. Knock yourself out.

SHE HANDS HIM THE LAPTOP, HE EXITS UPSTAIRS. ALLISON DIALS HER CELL AGAIN...

CUT TO:

12

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - SAME

12

KEN IGNORES THE CALL. HE AND HECTOR ARE STILL STUCK ON LINE.

HECTOR

We've only got one option left. Grease the bouncer. How much you got on you?

KEN TAKES OUT HIS WALLET, INTENSE.

KEN

Whatever it takes to save my daughter.

HECTOR GRABS ALL THE CASH. KEN PULLS BACK A TWENTY.

KEN (CONT'D)

Whoa, take it easy. I'm not a plastic surgeon.

HECTOR HIDES THE CASH IN HIS HAND, SUPER-COCKY.

HECTOR

Watch and learn. \*

THEY CROSS TO THE BOUNCER (MASSIVE, 30).

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Yo, what up, playa?

HECTOR SHAKES THE BOUNCER'S HAND, BUT THE MONEY'S NOT HIDDEN IN THE HANDSHAKE HAND. IT'S IN HECTOR'S OTHER HAND. WHICH HE USES TO SQUEEZE THE CASH INTO THE TIGHT HANDSHAKE IN THE LEAST SLICK WAY POSSIBLE. \*

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(LOUD WHISPER) For you. It's a bribe.

BOUNCER

(DEADPAN) Oh, is that what's going on here. (POCKETS MONEY) Thanks. It's not gonna get you in. But thanks.

HECTOR

What?! Do you know who this man is? He is the number three general practitioner in the San Fernando Valley. GP! Can I get a what-what?

KEN

What-what!

BOUNCER

(BEAT, TO KEN) You really a doctor,  
man?

HECTOR

Damn right, he's a doctor. And I'm  
his nurse!

BOUNCER

(TO KEN) I hurt my shoulder punching  
this guy's face last night, and now  
it's clicking. (SHOWS KEN) Did I  
mess something up?

KEN

(EXAMINES) Oh no no, it's just mild  
bursitis. You didn't tear your  
rotator cuff or anything. Ice. Anti-  
inflammatories. (MIMES A JAB) And  
when you punch faces, try to jab more;  
it's less disruptive on the joint.

BOUNCER

Thanks. Go on in, Doc.

KEN GRINS -- HE DID IT!

KEN

Thank you, kind sir.

KEN HEADS IN. HECTOR FOLLOWS, BUT THE BOUNCER STOPS HIM.

\*

\*

\*



BOUNCER

You're a nurse.

RESET TO:

13

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

13

\*

A SUBTERRANEAN DANCE CLUB ON AN OLD TRAIN PLATFORM. LIGHTS STROBE. DUBSTEP BLARES. KEN SCANS THE PLACE. HE PRIES HIS WAY TO THE BARTENDER, TRYING TO FIT IN.

\*

\*

KEN

(HYPED UP) Yo, barkeep! Energy drink! I'd like to get my spaz on!

BARTENDER

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to cut you off, sir. And I have never cut someone off before their first drink, so congrats.

SHAKING IT OFF, KEN SPINS BACK TO THE PARTY, IN SEARCH OF MOLLY. HE GRABS A PASSING WASTED WOMAN (25, FACE GLITTER, ANGEL WINGS).

KEN

Excuse me. I'm looking for my daught--

WASTED WOMAN GETS WAY TOO CLOSE.

WASTED WOMAN

I love you.

SHE RUNS HER HANDS ALONG KEN'S FACE.

KEN

Could you please--?

WASTED WOMAN

I love you so much.

SHE MUSHES KEN'S FACE IN HER HANDS THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING --

KEN

Okay, what you're experiencing is not love. It's a massive release of serotonin in your bloodstream, resulting in intense euphoria, and a false sense of emotional connection to a complete stranger. Whereas real love is a struggle. (PUSHES HER HANDS AWAY) A vicious chess match between two evenly matched maniacs, constantly jockeying for control of their children and each other. That is love.

WASTED WOMAN

(BEAT, THEN) That was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

(HUSHED) You are my spirit animal.

SHE BOUNCES OFF. KEN SIGHS, THEN GETS BACK ON TASK, TRYING TO GET VARIOUS CLUB-GOERS' ATTENTION, BUT THE MUSIC IS TOO LOUD.

KEN

Excuse me, have you seen--?! My daughter is somewhere--?!

FINALLY, THERE'S A "DROP" WHERE THE MUSIC THANKFULLY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT.

KEN (CONT'D)

(TRIES TO TALK QUICKLY)

HaveyouseenagirlnamedMollyshe's--?

BUT THE MUSIC COMES BACK IN BEFORE HE CAN FINISH.

KEN (CONT'D)

Motherf--! (BASS DROWNS OUT THE  
EXPLETIVE)

THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLUB IS TO CROSS  
THE DANCE FLOOR. KEN MAKES HIS WAY INTO THIS SEA OF BODIES,  
BOBBING HIS HEAD AS HE PRIES THROUGH SOME DANCERS.

KEN (CONT'D)

Pardon me--

A DANCER SLAMS A GIANT RABBIT HEAD (ALA DANGERMAU5) OVER  
KEN'S NOGGIN (HIS FACE IS VISIBLE THROUGH A CUT-OUT).

DANCER 1

Dance, bunny!

DANCER 1 TRIES TO DANCE WITH KEN. KEN STRUGGLES TO GET THE  
RABBIT HEAD OFF, BUT IT'S STUCK.

KEN

I can't. I need to get to my--

DANCER 2

Sure you can! Just let yourself ride  
the music!

THEY BLOCK HIS PATH. KEN TRIES TO SHOVE HIS WAY PAST AND  
GETS BOUNCED BACK. HE SIGHS, KNOWING WHAT HE MUST DO.  
RELUCTANTLY, KEN DANCES. PERFUNCTORILY. ONLY SO THEY'LL  
LEAVE HIM ALONE. \*

DANCER 1

You're amazing!

KEN

(SHRUGS IT OFF) C'mon.

DANCER 2

She's right, bunny. You're awesome.

KEN SMILES, FLATTERED.

KEN

Well, I do enjoy the step of the dub.

KEN CAN'T HELP HIMSELF AS HE DANCES WITH GUSTO, LOSING HIMSELF A BIT, MOSTLY-SHIRTLESS, WEARING A MASSIVE BUNNY HEAD. HE GRABS A PAIR OF GLOW-STICKS AND GOES TO TOWN.

KEN (CONT'D)

If my wife ever talks to me again,  
we're totally coming back here!

AT THOSE WORDS, KEN CATCHES HIMSELF.

KEN (CONT'D)

Wait. No! (TO HIMSELF) Stay  
focused. What is wrong with me?

KEN RUSHES ACROSS THE REST OF THE DANCE FLOOR, FINALLY MAKING IT TO THE OTHER SIDE, NOW AT THE END OF HIS ROPE. HE BREAKS DOWN, SHOUTING DESPERATELY IN ALL DIRECTIONS: \*

KEN (CONT'D)

Molly! I need to find Molly right now!  
Molllyyyy!!!

A SKETCHY CLUB-GOER (STRINGY HAIR, STUBBLE) APPROACHES.

SKETCHY CLUB-GOER

(LEANS IN, HUSHED) You lookin' for  
Molly?

KEN

Yes! Please!

SKETCHY CLUB-GOER

It's gonna cost you.

KEN

Seriously?

SKETCHY CLUB-GOER

You want Molly or not?

KEN WHIPS OUT HIS WALLET. HANDS OVER HIS LAST TWENTY.

KEN

Here! That's all I have. Well, that  
and a five, but I need it, I valet  
parked. Where is she?

\*  
\*  
\*

SKETCHY CLUB-GOER

(REACHES INTO HIS POCKET) She's  
right... here.

CLICK! SKETCHY CLUB-GOER SNAPS A HANDCUFF ON KEN'S WRIST.  
THE GUY'S ACTUALLY AN UNDERCOVER NARC.

NARC

You're under arrest.

KEN

For what?!

NARC

Attempting to purchase Molly, AKA pure  
MDMA.

THE NARC CUFFS BOTH KEN'S WRISTS BEHIND HIS BACK...

KEN

Ecstasy?! Do I look like someone who  
would take drugs?!

KEN IS COVERED IN SWEAT, GLITTER & BODY PAINT, HIS SHIRT TORN  
TO SHREDS. HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE SOMEONE WHO WOULD TAKE  
DRUGS. AS THE NARC LEADS HANDCUFFED KEN TOWARD THE EXIT...

CUT TO:

\*

15

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

15

\*

KEN, STILL SHIRTLESS, LIES ON A BENCH BESIDE A CELLMATE  
(30'S, STENTORIAN VOICE, DRUNK, COULD BE A PROFESSOR, COULD  
BE HOMELESS).

\*

CELLMATE

What you in for?

KEN

My daughter has the same name as a  
Class A controlled substance.

CELLMATE

(NODS) Ah, Cocaine. Beautiful name.  
Very unique.

KEN SHOUTS OUT THE BARS.

KEN

Guard! I don't belong in here with  
these common criminals.

CELLMATE

Tell me about it. Little advice: You  
wanna survive in the joint? You walk  
right up to the biggest, baddest mofo  
on the block and you clock him right  
in the face.

KEN

You're the only other person in here,  
Gary.

CELLMATE OFFERS HIS FACE TO BE HIT.

CELLMATE

Hey. You gotta do what you gotta do.

KEN LOOKS AT HIS FIST, CONSIDERING, WHEN A GUARD ARRIVES.

GUARD

Your wife and children are here.

KEN

(SKYWARD) Thank you.

CELLMATE

If you wanna have a conjugal visit  
just say the word. I'll even turn  
around... maybe.

ALLISON ARRIVES, MOLLY AND DAVE IN TOW.

ALLISON

Oh my god. Are you okay?

KEN

(SARCASTIC) Oh, I'm great, Allison.  
Making a lot of new friends. You'd be  
surprised how much an exposed toilet  
brings people together.

CELLMATE

The pleasure was all mine.

KEN

(TO MOLLY) Are you alright? \*

MOLLY

Yeah, Dad. (THEN) Actually, the club  
kinda sucked. And the second a guy  
hits on Avery, she disappears and  
leaves me alone. \*

DAVE

Classic Avery.

MOLLY

I don't even like those places,  
anyway.

ALLISON

Good. The people who dance to that  
music are weirdos.

KEN

(EMBARRASSED) Totally.

MOLLY

The point is... I'm sorry I lied.

KEN NODS, APPRECIATIVE.

KEN

I'm sorry, too. You have no idea how  
badly I wanted to trust you.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, A TENDER FATHER-DAUGHTER MOMENT...

CELLMATE

(TO MOLLY) Your father loves you very  
much, Cocaine.

KEN

But it's hard for me. I mean, put  
yourself in my mens' five-and-a-halves.

DAVE

That's technically boys' size.

KEN

Thank you, Dave.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



ALLISON

(TO MOLLY AND DAVE) Okay, why don't  
you two wait by the desk. There's  
going to be an apology that you don't  
need to hear.

KEN

(THE BIGGER PERSON) Al, you don't  
have to-- (OFF HER GLARE) Oh, you  
want an apology. (TO KIDS) Yeah, go  
over there.

THE KIDS EXIT, LEAVING KEN AND ALLISON.

KEN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry. You know I am a  
paranoid freak. And sometimes,  
paranoid freaks end up dancing in a  
bunny head, and doing hard time.

ALLISON

Ken, I know that when it comes to the  
kids, we don't always see eye to eye.  
But there's got to be a middle ground.  
And it has to involve some trust.

KEN

You're right. From now on, I hereby  
promise to allow my children slightly  
more freedom!

SFX: A CHIME FROM ALLISON'S PHONE, WHICH SHE'S HOLDING.

KEN (CONT'D)

You're getting a text.

ALLISON

(IGNORING HIM) Okay, I'll go find the  
guy, and get you out of here.

KEN

Aren't you gonna check it?

ALLISON

Check what?

KEN

Your text. **Could be important.**

ALLISON

I'll check it later.

KEN

But you're holding your phone.

ALLISON

Okay, fine. I'll check it. ("READING  
TEXT") It's Nina, from my office.  
She needs me to... pick up some...  
yogurt. For the break room.

KEN

Nina, who's lactose intolerant? And  
for whom yogurt is eight ounces of  
cool, creamy pain? (KNOWING) What  
does it actually say?

ALLISON

(BUSTED) "Your daughter is at the  
Eighth Precinct."

KEN

(AMAZED) You got DaughterTracker?

ALLISON

(LOSING IT) Damn right, I did. We  
can't trust her! She said she was at  
Avery's, but she went to a freakin'  
rave! Who does that, after you spend  
sixteen years trusting them? I could  
kill her!

KEN

Wow. I like it when the crazy in you  
comes out.

ALLISON

I'm getting it from you. I think I'm  
suffering from second hand paranoia.

KEN

Then I prescribe two days of bed rest.  
Without the rest, if you know what I  
am saying. (WINKS AGGRESSIVELY)

ALLISON

Jesus.

KEN SMILES AND LEANS IN. THEY SHARE A LITTLE KISS THROUGH  
THE BARS, AS A GUARD ARRIVES.

CELLMATE

(DRAMATIC WHISPER) This man has  
served his time. Set him free.

\*  
\*

ALLISON NODS TO THE GUARD, WHO UNLOCKS THE CELL. KEN GRABS  
HER INTO A HUG. CELLMATE GETS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE TO THEM.

\*  
\*

CELLMATE (CONT'D)

Do you have any alcoholics in your  
family?

KEN

No.

CELLMATE

Would you like one?

KEN

Gary, back in the cell.

16

INT. HMO - DAY

16

\*

THE TEAM ARE BUSY AT WORK. THE OFFICE IS COVERED IN MUGSHOTS  
OF KEN. TONS OF COPIES. A HUGE POSTER. HE'S WONDERFULLY  
DISHEVELED, THINK NICK NOLTE MEETS LINDSAY LOHAN ARREST #6.  
KEN EMERGES FROM AN EXAM ROOM AND SEES HIS FACE EVERYWHERE.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

Very funny. Hahaha. Alright, why  
don't we address the elephant in the  
room?

OVERWEIGHT PATIENT (O.S.)

C'mon, Doc!

REVEAL THE OVERWEIGHT PATIENT, EMERGING FROM THE EXAM ROOM.

\*

KEN

Sorry, not you, Tim. (TO CO-WORKERS)  
I'm not ashamed.

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)

All the greats have spent time in  
jail: Gandhi, Martha Stewart, Flavor  
Flav... (THEN) Okay, back to work,  
you've all had your fun.

\*  
\*

PAT AMBLES UP.

PAT

Indeed we have. Speaking of fun, look  
who's here, undoubtedly for an  
apology...

\*

REVEAL THE BEARDED HEMORRHOID PATIENT IN THE WAITING AREA.

\*

PAT (CONT'D)

(HUSHED, TO KEN) Rule of thumb,  
before seeing a patient, you might  
want to remove your prison wristband.

\*  
\*  
\*

KEN SIGHS AND APPROACHES THE PATIENT.

KEN

Look, sir, I was only trying to--

BEARDED PATIENT

Don't. I ended up getting that  
colonoscopy you recommended, and turns  
out I had a pre-malignant polyp and  
they removed it. The specialist said  
if I had waited it would've turned  
into colon cancer. If you hadn't been  
so tough on me, I wouldn't have known.  
And I wouldn't have been around to see  
my kids grow up. So... thank you.

\*  
\*

KEN

I've had enough I-told-you-so's  
lately, so let's just pound it out,  
and move on. (FIST BUMPS BEARDED  
PATIENT) Stay healthy.

BEARDED PATIENT HEADS OUT. THE COWORKERS CONGRATULATE KEN.

HECTOR

(TO PAT) In your face, boss man!

KEN

Hector, a man's life was saved today. \*  
This isn't about who won. (WHISPERS  
TO PAT) In your face, boss man.

KEN HUSTLES UP TO THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA --

KEN (CONT'D)

I hope you're recording right now...  
(BLURRED MIDDLE FINGERS ALOFT) \*  
Booyah! \*

PAT

God, I miss Circuit City.

HECTOR

Me, too. They had such reasonable \*  
prices.

ON THIS, WE... \*

FADE OUT. \*

END OF ACT THREE \*

TAG

FADE IN:

17

INT. SCHOOL THEATER - NIGHT

17

ALLISON AND KEN TALK THROUGH THEIR BEAMING SMILES AND WATCH AS DAVE STRUGGLES ON STAGE.

KEN

That's my boy. Miming Katy Perry.

And he is terrible.

ALLISON

Just like his father.

KEN

Maybe he should be a doctor. We'll

start him on it tomorrow.

ALLISON ELBOWS KEN. DAVE STARTS TO FREEZE UP AS A LOOK OF PANIC COMES OVER HIM. ALLISON LOOKS ACCUSINGLY TO KEN.

ALLISON

You didn't happen to talk to Dave

right before his performance, did you?

KEN

Just gave him ten, twelve quick

pointers. Why?

ALLISON SHAKES HER HEAD. DAVE IS FROZEN.

KEN (CONT'D)

My bad. Don't worry. I got this. If

one Park goes down, they all go down

together.

KEN JUMPS ONTO THE STAGE.

KEN (CONT'D)

DJ, back that shit up one time. Y'all  
about to be blessed.

DAVE AND KEN PROCEED TO DO THE MOST ABSURD FATHER/SON VERSION  
OF "ROAR" EVER FILMED. THE CROWD GOES WILD AS KEN WALKS UP  
TO A GROUP OF STUDENTS FROM DAVE'S CLASS.

KEN (CONT'D)

And THAT is how you remove the roof of  
a preteen talent show, bitches!

KEN DROPS AN IMAGINARY MIC. ON DAVE'S DELIGHT, AND ALLISON'S  
COMBO OF DELIGHT AND HORROR...

\*  
\*

FADE OUT.

\*

END OF SHOW

\*