DR. KEN

"Pilot"

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FADE IN:

INT. HMO - DAY

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:

INT. HMO – EXAM ROOM C – MOMENTS LATER
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:

INT. HMO - WAITING/INTAKE - MOMENTS LATER
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:
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)
DR. KEN - "PILOT"

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

(CALMLY) Thank you, Nina.

KEN

It’s time to put our foot down, Allie.

ALLISON

You sound like your father.

KEN

I do not. My father sounded like this: (RANTS STERNLY IN KOREAN) 

Which means?

KEN

You will become a doctor, or you will need one when I’m finished with you.

ALLISON

We’re not our parents, Ken. And I’m glad, because otherwise, I’d be sleeping with your dad, which would be really weird.

KEN

That would be. (SIGHS) It’s just so hard to give your kids space when you see them being so, so incredibly stupid.
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:

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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 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.

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INT. PARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

Awwww. 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.
MOLLY
Okay. I’ll just take the minivan then. Thanks, Dad!

KEN
(REALIZES) You were always planning on the minivan, but you played me into liking it with your rhetorical skills.

MOLLY
(SMILES) You’re the one who pushed me to join the Debate Club.

KEN
Yes, somehow, I thought you needed to be better at arguing.

MOLLY KISSES KEN AND AMBLES UP THE STAIRS AS HE SHOUTS AFTER:

KEN (CONT’D)
Maybe I pushed too hard! Just because you’re Asian, doesn’t mean you have to be smart!

DAVE CROSSES THROUGH.

DAVE
Sweet!

KEN
Not you.

ALLISON ENTERS THE KITCHEN.

ALLISON
So, what happened?
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)
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.
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.
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...

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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 EXTERIOR ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - LATER

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


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:

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

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
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-inflammatory. (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:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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 daughter--

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!

Mollyyyyy!!!

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: *
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


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.

INT. HMO – DAY

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
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