

KENAN

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Kenan sleeps peacefully. His alarm clock is next to a big stack of self-help books. The clock hits 3 AM-- Fetty Wap's "Wake Up" begins smoothly. He turns it off, rolls over. Beat. It goes off again-- he knocks it/the books to the ground. Now a clock on his other night stand sounds-- Korn's way angrier "Wake The Fuck Up"-- Kenan throws it at the wall!

Suddenly, clocks go off all around the room with just annoying ringers now (Kenan's clearly prepared for how hard it is for him to wake up so early every morning). He sighs, then pulls himself up and into his **MORNING ROUTINE MONTAGE:**

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - LATER

-- Kenan puts whitening strips on his teeth; sprays his gray hairs black; puts a frozen mask on the bags under his eyes.

-- He dumps two 5-Hour's in his coffee, sips it with a straw (to avoid whitening strips) as he hastily makes two *slightly* different lunches: apple slices, skin on for the lunch box labeled "Birdie"/off for "Aubrey"; cucumbers, skin on/off as well; he sleepily cuts the crust off both PB&J sandwiches by mistake-- shit! Out of bread, he tries gluing the crusts back on with peanut butter, then jelly, then just licks them on!

-- In the shower, Kenan shaves/eats a bar/brushes his teeth/sleeps-- an alarm goes off-- he slips-- grabs the temp knob to balance-- blasts himself with hot water-- yelps girlishly! Then he corrects himself and yelps in a super-deep voice.

-- Dressed now, Kenan hurry-tiptoes through his dark house with his kids' backpacks and his own bag, trying not to wake anyone. He steps on a BUZZ LIGHTYEAR TOY-- it talks loudly:

BUZZ LIGHTYEAR TOY
TO INFINITY AND BEYOND!

KENAN
Shush, toy!

He tries to turn it off-- which just turns it Spanish. So he pushes it into a toy basket-- a WOODY TOY goes off now too!

WOODY TOY
I'VE GOT A SNAKE IN MY BOOT!

BUZZ LIGHTYEAR TOY
¡AL INFINITO Y MÁS ALLÁ!

They won't shut up no matter what Kenan does! Kenan's father-in-law, GLENN (60s, dashing, eccentric, brimming with authority), appears with a bat, in a kimono short robe.

GLENN

Who's there?!

KENAN

(sighs, whispers)

It's me, Glenn! Leaving for work.
Like I do every morning at the
exact same time.

GLENN

Sorry, it sounded like we were
being robbed.

KENAN

By Tim Allen and Tom Hanks?

GLENN

Allen's got priors. And Hanks is
hiding something. No one's that
nice.

KENAN

Can we either cinch up that robe or
let out the hem? I don't need my
girls seeing their grandfather's
whole... toy story.

GLENN

I didn't bring my night suit.

KENAN

Pajamas? I'd love to hear more about
that, but I'm *late as haill!*

Kenan quickly signs permission slips as he divvies up his girls' stuff into their backpacks.

GLENN

Do you need help?

KENAN

Nope, got it.

GLENN

You sure? Cause you just put
Aubrey's homework in Birdie's bag
and Birdie's homework in *your* bag.

Kenan stares at Glenn, then gives up and fixes his mistake.

KENAN

It's too early to think of a lie.

GLENN

Let me *help* you, Kenan. I know it's what Joyce wanted. The night she passed away, she came to me in a dream. She stood at the foot of my bed... and growled like a demon for what felt like three hours.

KENAN

(exasperated beat, then)
Fine, how bout you do the dishes--

GLENN

Ooo, I have a weird thing about wet food. But anything else. Name it.
(grand gesture)
I am at your service.

Glenn bows lightly and opens the robe like a cape.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Mi casa es su casa.

KENAN

This is only mi casa!

Kenan rolls his eyes, which catch a view of the clock, he's late. He opens the door-- an alarm sounds! Kenan's confused.

KENAN (CONT'D)

What? I turned off the alarm.

GLENN

Indeed you did. But I got us a *second* alarm. Now nothing will ever happen to the girls. I don't know if you've been watching the news, but the world is The Purging.

KENAN

Turn it off before they wake up!

GLENN

On it.

As Glenn looks at his phone, the sound just escalates.

KENAN

Not to harp on the mi casa thing,
but you know you're just a *guest*
here, right? Overstaying your
welcome?

GLENN

(can't hear him)
No, you're welcome. My pleasure!
(his phone rings)
Alarm company. I'm handling it.

As he answers, Kenan's girls, AUBREY (9, too smart) and
BIRDIE (8, too wild), enter, sleepy. Kenan comforts them:

KENAN

Awww, babies, don't be scared.

GLENN

(moving aside phone)
Yeah, Daddy just forgot to turn off
the second alarm.

AUBREY

We're not scared. Dad, you
literally wake us up every morning.
You have like thirty alarm clocks.

BIRDIE

And did I hear a girl fall in your
shower?

KENAN

Of course not. You know the only
girls I need are y'all. No one will--

AUBREY

--Ever replace your mother.

KENAN

How'd you know I was gonna say
that?

AUBREY

I read all your self-help books:
single parenting, grief, aging
gracefully. FYI, the books don't
say to tell us that every time you
see us.

BIRDIE

Kinda loses its meaning, daddy.

KENAN

Good note. Oop, gotta go, sorry--

AUBREY

Wait, dad, is that a *straw*? A *straw*? How could you?

KENAN

But the metal one nearly pierced my skull! Chill, Greta, chill.

Birdie laughs. Kenan high-fives her. Aubrey glares. Kenan playfully admonishes Birdie:

KENAN (CONT'D)

Bird, I told you not to laugh when Daddy's being hilarious.

(reluctantly hands the straw to Aubrey)

Fine. See ya tonight. Love you.

He hugs them, starts out-- then turns back for one more hug.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Maybe just one more. You know I'm about that hug life.

They laugh as he hugs them, it's sweet... Until they're interrupted by Glenn talking to the alarm company:

GLENN (ON PHONE)

Huh, I coulda *sworn* the password was 6969. What're the numbers that spell "boobless"?

KENAN

(sighs)

It's 55378008.

Glenn punches in the number and the alarm turns off, then a poppy THEME SONG (way too high energy for morning) rockets us into the CREDITS of "Wake Up With Kenan!" (a feel-good, Atlanta morning show a la "Good Day LA"):

INT. WAKE UP WITH KENAN STUDIOS (ON AIR) - VARIOUS

Intercut with CLIPS of Kenan dancing with his audience, we see CLIPS of him with his CORRESPONDENTS and GUESTS:

-- Kenan (in an inflatable Georgia peach) runs into a wall!

-- Kenan's mom-spert, TAMMI (39/claims 29, came to fame on a party hard reality show called "Cruisin' for a Boozin" but now only "moms hard") and Kenan test-drive a stroller. Kenan playfully throws out the baby doll and hops in himself!

-- Kenan throws an ax at a target but it misses by a mile... Where did it go?

-- An ANIMAL TRAINER puts a gila monster on Kenan's shoulder. He forces a smile for a beat-- the gila attacks him!

-- Kenan's sports guy, ACE (30s, opinionated despite never playing any sport) breaks down a play on the in-studio basketball court. Ace goes up for a half-speed layup when-- Kenan runs in and rejects him angrily out of nowhere!

-- Kenan blends in with the weather-map green screen (cause his suit's green), pretending he can't find his body.

-- Kenan does a champagne "cheers" with a GUEST. Suddenly, the gila monster attacks him again out of nowhere!

INT. WAKE UP WITH KENAN STUDIOS (ON AIR) - CONTINUOUS

As the intro finishes on monitors, Kenan gets last-looks on stage, staring ahead as if in a coma. His producer, MIKA (40s, WOC, successful, hard-charging) signals from the wing.

MIKA

We're live in 5... teeth teeth
teeth, 4... no politics, 3... our
audience hates their lives, 2...

The HMU TEAM scurries off as Mika mouths "One!" Kenan comes to life instantly as if defibrillated!

KENAN

Gooooood mornin', Viet-y'all!
(he/crowd laughs too hard)
Remember that movie? Ha! Welcome
back. As always, I don't care who
you slept with as long as you--

AUDIENCE

Wake up with Kenan!

KENAN (CONT'D)

Wake Up With Kenan!

KENAN (CONT'D)

That's right. That's right. With
me, as always, are my P.I.C.'s: Ace
with the day's sports--

ANGLE ON: Ace at the sports desk.

ACE

The Hawks face the Lakers tonight.
Hey, LeBron, instead of copywriting
Taco Tuesday, you shoulda
copywrited a sweat-proof toupee!

We see a PHOTO of LeBron's hairpiece scrunching up in a game.

KENAN

Thing looks like a merkin after a
two day orgy!

That joke's a little too racy for the AUDIENCE. Mika clocks
the crowd's discomfort from the wings, shoots Kenan a look.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Aaand of course Tammi's in da house--

ANGLE ON: Tammi standing in a kitchen set, smiling so wide.

TAMMI

As always, I don't care who you
slept with either, as long as
you're married!

KENAN

Now, before we get into it, I wanna
take a moment to address the
disgusting divisiveness that has
consumed this country...

The Audience goes quiet. Mika is concerned (no politics).

KENAN (CONT'D)

Pitting friend against friend,
family member against family
member. Making not just every
Thanksgiving uncomfortable, but
dang near every meal. I'm sick of
it! I'm talking of course about the
issue of... *cake versus pie!*

The crowd explodes with relieved laughter (this show is their
problem-free safe space). Mika grins (Kenan's good). Kenan
talks as he jogs over to join Tammi in the kitchen set.

KENAN (CONT'D)

America has disagreed on the best
dessert for far too long and today
I say, enough!

The crowd cheers, they love Kenan.

TAMMI

With the help of local Atlanta chef Keely Green of "For Goodness Bakes", you'll never have to argue with your loved ones again.

Kenan pulls out a pie, but as he spins it around... he reveals it's a *cake on the inside!* The crowd goes batshit!

KENAN

That's right, y'all, pie on the outside, cake on the inside! Mind blown city, population: your boy!

TAMMI

Yummers! But my favorite dessert is fruit. Fruit's got my vote.

KENAN

Huh. Welp, to each his oh no this bish crazy! *Boooooooo!*

The crowd joins in boo-ing Tammi harshly. She's annoyed.

TAMMI

Now, now, fruit can be delicious and fun. Visit my Gram, @momennial, to check out all the fun stuff I get up to with my kids' lunches.

KENAN

Huh. That handle implies you're a millennial.

TAMMI

Yep. Just turned 29.

KENAN

(stares at her a long beat)
Okay! We're gonna take a short break so our viewers can do a deep Google dive on that nonsense! BRB!

CAMERAMAN

And... we're out! Three minutes!

As they cut to commercial, Tammi glares at Kenan.

KENAN

It's really hard to tell if you're mad cause you can't move your face.

Tammi walks away, annoyed, as Mika approaches, also mad.

KENAN (CONT'D)

I was just playin'.

MIKA

Our moms identify with Tammi. You make fun of her, you make fun of them. Remember, if our viewers have to look up from folding their laundry, we've lost them.

KENAN

Inspiring speech, coach.

MIKA

Swing by at wrap, we should talk.

Ace "ooooo" like a kid in school. Kenan's clueless assistant, GARY (30s), hurries up to Kenan, not seeing Mika.

GARY

Yo, watch out, boss-lady's Shrekin' out. She wants to see you after the show. Should I tell her you have a doctor appointment like last time--
(finally notices Mika)
--when you also had a doctor appointment? Like you do today. Basically, I'm just asking if you want me to tell her the truth. Which you always do of course--

KENAN

Shut the hell up, Gary!

MIKA

Shut the hell up, Gary!

Mika and Gary walk off as Tammi returns, cold. The Cameraman counts them in and-- Kenan and Tammi SMILE WIDE into camera:

KENAN (CONT'D)

You again!? Now c'mon, let's get cookin' cause I am starvin'! Ladies and gentleman, please don't be mean... to Chef Keely Green!

CHEF KEELY (20s) comes out to applause as she waves/smiles.

INT. MIKA'S OFFICE - LATER

Post show, Mika pours a whiskey. Kenan knocks as he enters. She offers him a drink.

KENAN

It's 9 am.

MIKA

Hey, it's Europe somewhere. And I've been up since 3, so 9 is my 5.

KENAN

Not sure your math checks out. And I've got a whole second day to live once the girls get home.

MIKA

Kenan, did I ever tell you about the time I got groped by David Miscavige? *Allegedly*. I was interning at "Veronica's Closet", fresh out of school, he was just a fledgling Sea Org cadet at the time delivering Kirstie Alley's daily caramel apple - you haven't seen a table read bomb until you've had your lead pause to chew a caramel apple *during* her punch lines. Anyway, that little Sci-Ti slapped my caramel apple in the elevator. Woulda kicked him right in the thetans, but it was a different time. Back then, Me Too was just my favorite U2 cover band. You know how hard that was for me?

KENAN

...Being the only black girl who likes U2?

MIKA

I busted my ass to get here, and I'm not about to lose my spot cause this show loses it's spot in the ratings. Which it has. "Sleep In with Kiki and the Fudge" is on our friggin' asses!

KENAN

You called me in here to tell me you're worried about *your* career?

MIKA

Hey, the second *either* of us stops doing our job twice as good as a straight white guy, we're out.

KENAN

True. You know they're just dying to give Carson Daly another completely unearned shot.

(MORE)

KENAN (CONT'D)

But c'mon, the show just hit a bump, we're doing great.

MIKA

Are you doing great though? I know you, you're not having any fun out there. For the last year. Network's concerned. And so am I. You won't let the audience *in* anymore. That's the cornerstone of morning TV. I mean, Kiki married the Fudge live on air! What happened to all those hilarious stories you used to tell about your life? Like the ones about your wife and kids?

KENAN

Well, I sorta ran out of stories about my wife when she ran out of days on Earth. Which coincidentally was about a year ago.

MIKA

C'mon, you know how sorry I am. And how close Joyce and I were. I didn't mean *literally* stories about her. Though maybe that would help, to talk about it to the audience. To *anyone*. You gotta process the grief so you can start to move on.

KENAN

Uh, I processed it. Like right away. I'm the Michael Jordan of processing grief.

MIKA

Was Michael Jordan that good at processing grief? When his dad died he quit basketball and grew a Hitler mustache.

KENAN

I meant I'm as good at processing grief as Michael Jordan is at basket-- never mind. Look, you want me to be more fun on the show? Done. But I'm not about to exploit my dead wife's memory for ratings.

MIKA

You know that's not what I was saying at all, Kenan. It's not even sweeps!

An annoyed Kenan walks out.

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Kenan and Gary wait to get their coffees at the pickup table.

GARY

...she scratched up my entire back, m'dude. Skin was all bunched up and hangin' off like a gas station scratch-off. But I guess that's on me for trying to put a Hawks jersey on my hawk.

KENAN

Woulda been cute as hell though. So yo, you're not gonna believe this: Mika thinks your boy hasn't processed the Joyce stuff enough to move on or whatnot. I was all, "Whaa?" And she was all, "Word." And I was all "Talk to the hand." That 90's slang stuff isn't verbatim, but you get the jizz. Isn't that nuts, m'dude? M'dude?

GARY

(takes a breath, then)

Okay, so, as your assistant, I wanna agree with everything you say, boss. But as your *brother*, I gotta keep it 100. You do need to do something to help yourself move on. I mean, you never even mention her. It's like you just completely blocked it out.

KENAN

Please don't say keep it 100. You sound like that Jewish dude who kept trying to make us like him so he could smash mom.

GARY

Noah was a'ight.

KENAN

I have been thinking of seeing a therapist...

(off Gary's look)

Therapy's not just for white people anymore. We did a segment on it!

GARY
(disappointed)
Uch, how long have you lived in
Buckhead, dog? All you need to do
is have sex again! C'mon, your DMs
are stacked. Look at this one--

Gary pulls out his phone and shows him a PIC of a WOMAN.

GARY (CONT'D)
She gets out in 2023!

KENAN
Is that a face tattoo of Mike
Tyson's face tattoo?

GARY
Yes! Look, I know you've been
focused on being there for your
girls, and they're the homies--

KENAN
Weird way to talk about your
nieces.

GARY
But it's time for you to get back
out there. It'll fix you.

KENAN
"Get back out there"? Who am I,
Stella? Perpetually in search of
her groove? Look, my--

GARY
--Wife was crushed in a horrible
car accident, I know.

KENAN
That's really how you thought I was
gonna finish that sentence? I was
gonna say, 'my--

GARY
(singing)
Neck, my back, my p--

KENAN
Don't and nope. My *life* is fine.
I've moved on. And I'm fine.

Kenan's phone rings, it's Glenn. He answers.

KENAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hey, Glenn--

GLENN (ON PHONE)
It is my understanding I won a
cruise.

KENAN (ON PHONE)
Glenn, it's--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE

Glenn has his feet up, smoking a cigar.

GLENN (ON PHONE)
Yeah, I got your email. And while I
don't remember entering a raffle at
the mall, I'm always at that Johnny
Rockets.

KENAN (ON PHONE)
Glennjamin, it's Kenan!

GLENN
What a coincidence, my son-in-law's
name is also Kenan. Must've been
the year.

Kenan hangs up the phone and returns to Gary.

GARY
See, *that's* a perfect example. If
you were really moved on, you'd
kick Joyce's dad to the curb. He
came down for the *weekend* to help
you through stuff. Dude's been
squatting for a year.

KENAN
Yeah... that conversation's a real
toughie toenail. And the girls love
having him around - who else is
gonna teach them what a vig is?

GARY
So that's your plan, huh? To just
keep avoiding reality?

KENAN
I'm not avoiding anything.

The barista, JENNY (chipper), appears with two coffees.

JENNY

Got your usual right here, Mr.
Thompson: One venti ma-Kenan-iatto
for you, and a vanilla blended for
Joyce. Tell her I said hi.

KENAN

(forces a smile)
No diggity, no doubt!

Gary eyeballs Kenan. Busted, Kenan just walks out...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glenn watches TV intently while Kenan makes dinner for the girls, who are helping Gary swipe on his phone's dating app.

GARY

No, no, no--

AUBREY

She looked nice.

BIRDIE

Her eyes are mad weird.

KENAN

Hey, these women are real people
with feelings and--
(looks at the photo)
--Eyes that're way too close
together! *Got-damn*, she look dizzy!

GARY

Dude, this is why you gotta get me
on Raya.

KENAN

I've told you, you gotta be rich or
famous to get on that thing.

GARY

I woulda been both if my mixtape
didn't get caught up in the courts!

KENAN

Cause you named yourself Lil'
Caesar!

GARY

It's totally different than the
pizza place!

KENAN

Then why's the first joint called
"Beatsa Beatsa", huh?

GLENN

(yells at TV)
DAMNIT! C'MON!

BIRDIE

Did you lose your bet, Grandpa?

GLENN

Yeah. But if Rebecca ends up being schizophrenic and Randall adopts Kevin's baby I'll clean up so--

KENAN

Are you gambling on "This Is Us" plot twists?

GLENN

Sports are just games. This is the most dangerous game: Life.

KENAN

Okay, dinner. Phones and TV's off.

BIRDIE

I just need to Postmate something for our school bake sale Friday.

KENAN

Postmates? C'mon, I'll make you something. Like mom used to. How bout... a Pie-Caken? We made one on the show this morning.

GLENN

Did you make it or did you throw some ingredients in a bowl and then pull out a pre-made thing?

KENAN

(tense)
I made it.

AUBREY

How bout we let you make us something *if...* we can get Instagram accounts?

BIRDIE

Please please please! Tammi's 2-year-old has one and he just got a sponsorship deal with Butt Paste!

KENAN

For the last time, you're not becoming influencers. And if y'all end up half as messed up as Tammi's kids, your mom'll come back from the dead just to take me with her!

(MORE)

KENAN (CONT'D)

(catches himself)
Sorry. I shouldn't have talked
about mom like that.

BIRDIE

(laughs)
It's true though, she'd murder you.

AUBREY

(laughs, then)
It's actually nice to hear you talk
about mom like a real person again.

Kenan smiles. It was nice. Gary smiles at him encouragingly.

BIRDIE

Will you tell us a funny mom story?

KENAN

(thinks, then smiles)
Did I ever tell you how we met?

GLENN

Did I ever tell you how we met?

KENAN

You're her dad!

GLENN

Well, I wasn't in the room when she
was born. I was in Atlantic City
taking care of something --

KENAN

Glenn, this is my story!

AUBREY

You met Mom on your old TV show,
right?

KENAN

Yeah, but did you know that *your*
mom played... *my mom*?

BIRDIE

Ew!

AUBREY

Gross!

KENAN

That's what the audience thought
when they found out about us! But
it's not like we were related for
real. And we were only three years
apart. But I was so baby-faced I
looked like a kid and--

AUBREY
Hollywood is sexist AF--

KENAN
Aubrey! But yes, that is correct.

GARY
Those scenes when Joyce used to
tuck you in did get real confusing.

KENAN
Your mom would be all:
(sexy mom voice)
"You're never too old for a tuck."
And then we'd stare into each
other's eyes for far too long. I
don't blame 'em for canceling us.

The girls laugh. They look happy. So does Kenan, as if he's had a breakthrough. Gary winks at him.

KENAN (CONT'D)
I have a blooper reel somewhere,
I'll show it to you sometime.
(then, smiles)
It is good talkin' about her again.
Maybe I should do it more often...

GARY
Hey, tell 'em about that time y'all
got caught skinny--

KENAN
(covering quickly)
-- margarita making? We put like
barely any sugar in those things!

INT. WAKE UP WITH KENAN STUDIO (ON-AIR) - THE NEXT DAY

The camera pans from the studio backdrop that says "Wake Up with Kenan" to Kenan on-air with Tammi. Kenan and Tammi talk to ELLEN (pregnant), who pets a dog.

KENAN
Even dogs need time to adjust to a
new baby. Our next guest is a pet
psychologist who's got some tips.
Raise the woof for Dr. Ellen!

The audience applauds as Ellen pulls out a baby doll.

ELLEN

Thanks, Kenan. Big fan. So, one method I've been using with Dexter here is playing baby with a doll. I pretend to nurse it, sing to it. And Dexter's learned to love baby. Only took 5 months. And 15 dolls.

KENAN

Hmmm, I feel like threats might also work:
(threatening voice)
Dog, I am your ALPHA--

The dog barks loudly-- Kenan quickly drops his head in submission, whimpering. The crowd laughs. Kenan's having fun.

TAMMI

So, Ellen, as the resident "Mom-spert," we'd all love to hear about your birth plan. Do you have one?

ELLEN

Of course. Although, I've been told to be prepared for it to change.

KENAN

Sure did with us. Me and Joyce that is. We had a birth plan with both babies but it all went to hell when the pain hit. No joke, my girl was the first woman in history to get an epidural at 0 centimeters!

The audience laughs. Kenan looks over to Mika who's also laughing. She gives him a thumbs up. Kenan is emboldened.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'd never let her forget it either. She'd stub her toe and I'd yell, We need an epidural stat! Or we'd be out to dinner and I'd say my wife'll have a kale salad, the risotto, and an epidural--

More laughter. Kenan's beaming, people love this side of him.

ELLEN

I'm actually a scheduled C-section.

KENAN

Ut-oh, someone's taking the easy way out, amiright?

The laughter dies a little. Ellen looks offended. Kenan realizes his joke misfired.

ELLEN

Actually, my doctor suggested it.
Not because it's easy.

KENAN

Of course. C-sections aren't easy,
they're *necessary*...
(finding it)
It's just my wife used to joke that
she woulda loved a C-section. You
know, because she worked. Moms that
don't work can have their baby's
any-old time cause they've got such
easy schedules, amiright? ...Am I?

We hear a few WOMEN murmur in the audience. Kenan's spinning.

ELLEN

Are you criticizing stay-at-home
moms now?

KENAN

Oh god, I hope not. Look, *I* didn't
say that, my wife did--

Kenan looks to Mika desperate to get out of this Joyce-
barrel. Mika makes a "move on" gesture.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Not that I'm blaming her. RIP.
Look, I know stay-at-home moms work
hard. Harder than working moms--
(catches self, frantic now)
No! Both equally hard! Cause all
moms are heroes! It goes: the
troops, then working moms and stay-
at-home moms tied for second, then
9/11 first responders-- nope didn't
mean to mention 9/11. Back to moms,
they give life, which is hard no
matter if it's C-sections or vag-
style, even abortions are--

ELLEN

What!?

KENAN

(making a joke)
Okay, whoa, it's not like I called
Beyonce fat.

Now the audience is PISSED. Mika is shocked.

MIKA
Go to commercial! Now!

Kenan puts his head down as Mika approaches.

MIKA (CONT'D)
Excuse me, what the hell was that!?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. KENAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Kenan takes groceries out of his trunk, when he hears his acerbic next door neighbor, NEAL (40s), slow-clapping in the adjacent driveway.

NEAL

Well played, my friend, well played.

KENAN

Have you just been waiting out here for me to come home, Neal?

NEAL

Yes. Kenan, what you said today was so very... *brave*. I know everybody's pissed at you, but I *thank* you. Us men need defenders.

KENAN

Do we though?

NEAL

Now more than ever. And there's only a few of us left. You and me. We're exactly alike.

Kenan just sighs and heads into his house.

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Kenan enters to find the girls with Gary and Glenn. Upon seeing Kenan, they immediately fall silent. Kenan starts to unpack the groceries for the Pie-Caken. After a long beat:

KENAN

Yes?

GLENN/AUDREY/GARY/BIRDIE

Boy, did you step in it!/Dad, it's bad!/How you gonna come for the Beyhive!/?We're out of popsicles!

KENAN

It's fine. It'll blow over.

GARY

Dude, you broke the internet!
You're already a meme.

CLOSE ON GARY'S COMPUTER: "Me After One White Claw" is written over a gif of Kenan yelling "I called Beyonce fat!"

KENAN

(closes computer)
Whatever, I've got way more important things to focus on: like making a Pie-Caken for my babies. Glenn, can you start the batter?

GLENN

I'm more of a management guy. But I'll oversee the batter-starter...er.

Gary shoots a look at Kenan, this is what he's talking about.

GARY

So, Glenn, man, why are you wearing an apron if you're not gonna help?

Reveal the apron he's wearing says "Mr. Good Cooking".

GLENN

'Cause this thing's hilarious.

GARY

(laughs too hard)
That apron got me dead.

AUBREY

(looking at Glenn's phone)
Dad, you're on Facebook, which means even the Russians know.

BIRDIE

This guy says you suck and your mouth is weird.

Kenan takes the phone, trying to remain "un-bothered".

KENAN

Okay, Boomer, amiright? Everyone knows my mouth's my best feature besides my feet and the rest of my beautiful body.

(then)

Guys, Daddy made a *tiny mistake* at work, it happens.

GARY

Not anymore it doesn't. No such thing as mistakes now, bruh.

GLENN

Especially if you're a straight white man.

KENAN

I'm not a white man.

Glenn shrugs as if to say "If you say so..."

GLENN

Look, this is bad. You offended the scariest group possible: white women. No one can hold a grudge or a Pinot Grigio like a white woman.

GARY

He's right. Haven't you seen "Big Little Lies"? Some kid got in a scrap at school and those ladies nearly burned down Monterey.

GLENN

I won a ton of money on the reveal that Max was bullying Anabella.

BIRDIE

(looking at another phone)
What does [LONG BLEEP] mean?

GLENN

I believe, as all things, it started with the Germans.

KENAN

(snatches the phone)
How'd you get my phone outta my pocket without me feelin' it, ya scamp? *Trust me*, by tomorrow morning this whole thing'll--

A SONG VERSION of Kenan's gaff starts playing in the house:

KENAN REMIXED (O.S.)

I called Beyonce fat! I called Beyonce fat!

KENAN

(sighs)
Glenn, did you change our doorbell to a remix of my tiny mistake?

GLENN

I could never do that.
(winking at the girls)
...Without their help.

Kenan pulls up the Ring-cam app on the IPAD mounted on his counter and sees Mika is at the front door with a man.

KENAN

Oh, come on!

Mika rings again, triggering the song again.

AUBREY

(to Birdie, re: phone)
No, Birdie, that doesn't say Dad's
a [BLEEP] it says he's a [DIFFERENT
BLEEP].

KENAN

Where are all these phones coming
from!?

A fed-up Kenan pulls the phone out of Aubrey's hand.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Okay, girls, bed-time. Now.

BIRDIE

It's so early!

KENAN

Brush your teeth twice!

AUBREY

C'mon, Bird, Dad's worried that if
we're exposed to too many adult
issues, it'll "strangle our
innocence."

KENAN

Stop reading my books! A man needs
secrets!

As the girls head upstairs, the doorbell rings again:

KENAN REMIXED (O.S.)

I called Beyonce fat fat fat!

Kenan hits his head against the refrigerator, fed up.

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Kenan opens the door to Mika and the network owner's son, SAM (30s, intense, think Tim Robinson).

MIKA

Took you long enough!

Kenan walks back towards the kitchen as Mika and Sam follow.

KENAN

If you came to yell at me again, I get it, I'm sorry, now please, I gotta make some batter.

SAM

Never say sorry. And "make some batter" sounds too pornographic.
(holding out his hand)
Sam Kincaid, Senior VP, Kincaid Media.

KENAN

Yeah, I know who you are, we've met like a hundred times. Your dad owns the network.

SAM

STEP DAD! I'm here to repair your image, Queenan--

KENAN

Kenan.

SAM

(laughing)
If you say so-- First thing's first, we gotta make you more female friendly. You have kids, right? Kids are great. Can't have 'em myself, fell off a horse when I was thirty. Shattered m'nads like a coupla Cadbury Eggs.

GARY

Cool.

KENAN

Not cool. Gross. And I'm not gonna exploit my kids to save my image--

SAM

Well then I might as well just head back to the Peachtree, maybe hit the bar, order some apps, slip off the ol' wedding ring--

(explaining)

Salt makes my fingers swell. I wish ya well in your next career, Queenan. Lemme know which Chipotle you end up managing.

Sam makes a big show of walking towards the door--

MIKA

Just hold on. Kenan, this is your career. I know Sam's a tool--

SAM

I'm right here, Mika!

MIKA

--But he's the guy that handled things when that reporter in Savannah slapped those deaf kids.

SAM

Allegedly.

GARY

"The slap not heard round the world?"

KENAN

(sighs, no choice)
Fine. Whatever.

SAM

Guess those app-ies are gonna have to take a nappie! LET'S DO THIS!

Sam puts his arm around Kenan and leads him to the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now, the key to any public apology is never saying you're sorry.

KENAN

Huh? How do you apologize without saying sorry? "I regret that you may possibly have felt offended?"

SAM

(writing that down)
Wow, you're a natural.

GLENN

(into Kenan's ear)
Or... I can pack up this house in
three hours and we'll be gone
before morning.

As Kenan hangs his head in defeat, an emo version of the
"Wake Up with Kenan" theme begins as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WOKE UP WITH KENAN STUDIOS (ON-AIR) - THE NEXT DAY

The credits of the newly titled "Woke Up with Kenan" play.
But instead of the funny clips we saw before, now we only see
clips of Kenan with women: hugging an OLDER WOMAN, reading to
LITTLE GIRLS, clearly photoshopped into the Women's March in
a pink pussyhat, etc.

ANGLE ON: Kenan and Mika watching this on the MONITOR.

KENAN

Who's gonna buy this blatant
pandering? And did Sam really
rename the show "Woke Up With
Kenan?" Can he do that?

MIKA

Apparently it makes us sound
more... well, Woke. Look, I know
it's stupid, Kenan, but...
(sincere)
I just want you to be okay.

She cares. Kenan smiles. Sam approaches looking at his phone.

SAM

Lots of tweets about the opening.
Hashtag L-L-I. Ladies love it.

KENAN

Everyone's an idiot.

MIKA

Agreed. Now c'mon, you got this.

She winks at him. Kenan nods, then takes a breath and--

INT. WOKE UP WITH KENAN STUDIOS (ON-AIR) - MOMENTS LATER

--Walks out in front of camera to address his audience.

KENAN

Hi there. Um... as always, I don't care who you slept with as long as you... *Woke Up With Kenan?*

(no one joined in)

I don't blame you, barely makes sense now anyway. So...

(reading teleprompter)

I want to take a moment to address yesterday morning's...

misunderstanding. Sometimes, under the pressure of live TV, words end up in an order that is misleading.

And I regret if those words may possibly have offended some of you.

Kenan looks over at Mika and Sam (who's beaming). This doesn't feel right to Kenan, but he soldiers on.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm on your side, no one was more offended by those words than yours truly-- Okay, this is dumb.

SAM

No, no, no.

Kenan ignores the teleprompter and speaks from the heart:

KENAN

Guys, it's me, Kenan. They want me to read this pre-written non-apology apology thing but it's all gibberish. Let's just *talk*, okay? I've been in your houses every morning for ten years. We're family. I screwed up, okay? And I'm genuinely sorry. That's it.

ANGLE ON: Sam and Mika.

SAM

He said the S-word on live TV. We're through.

KENAN

The truth is, when Joyce died I was... destroyed. So the way I dealt with it was... to just not deal with it. Never bring her up. Stay strong for my girls. But after some encouragement, I thought I was ready to talk about her on air again, but... clearly I wasn't.

(MORE)

KENAN (CONT'D)

Cause what happened was... well,
whatever *that was*, happened.

The audience laughs now, he's getting them back.

KENAN (CONT'D)

The funny thing is, talking about
Joyce *did* make me feel better. I
need to do more of that, not to you
all, but maybe talk about her to a
therapist or a-- a therapist. I
definitely need therapy. 'Cause I
need to start living my life again.

The audience is in tears now.

KENAN (CONT'D)

And I need y'all in that life with
me. So although I can't promise to
stop making mistakes, I *can* promise
to always apologize for them.

Beat. The crowd bursts into applause. Mika notices that Sam's
crying. She touches his shoulder.

MIKA

You okay?

SAM

No. Queenan didn't do what I wanted
at all!

INT. KENAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Everyone's happy again! Gary swipes Tinder as Kenan and the
girls set the table while Glenn supervises from a chair:

GLENN

Fork on the left. Spoon, knife.
Good work team.

KENAN

Couldn't do it without ya, Glenn.

GLENN

You know, the most elegant place
setting I ever saw: Countess
LuAnn's house. It went salad fork,
crab fork, lobster spoon, butter
knife, steak knife, bowie knife.

AUBREY

I'm glad the internet loves you again, Daddy.

KENAN

Me too. That got dark for a minute. Didn't know you could fit that many slurs in 280 characters.

BIRDIE

You know who woulda thought all this was super funny, though? Mom.

AUBREY

(laughing)
Right?

BIRDIE

She'd be all, *What in the Mel Gibson did you step in this time?*

KENAN

My daddy warned me you were dumb!

GLENN

(laughing)
I did, I did! So many times.

Kenan shakes his head at Glenn. The oven dings.

KENAN

Ooo! I almost forgot...

Kenan runs to the oven behind them, discreetly pulls a finished Pie-Caken from a box in the cabinet, then pretends like he pulls it out of the oven with great fanfare.

KENAN (CONT'D)

Behold, Pie-Caken! I made it for your bake sale!

AUBREY

You remembered!

BIRDIE

You're the best, dad!

They hug him so warmly. It's a sweet moment, until--

GLENN

When'd you have time to make that?

KENAN

(covering)
Today.

GLENN

Really? Cause I was here all day
and I didn't see you at all.

GARY

(helping out)
Uh, I think Kenan said you were
napping. *Remember?*

GLENN

No, I didn't nap. I was on the
phone all day. You see, I won a
cruise.

KENAN

Well, you must've been really
focused on that cause *I made this
Pie-Caken today--*

BIRDIE

It's okay, Dad. We saw you take it
out of the box in the reflection on
the fridge.

AUBREY

Also, you don't pull a frosted cake
out of a hot oven. Makes no sense.

GLENN

I knew it!

GARY

Congrats, Bosch. You cracked
another case.

AUBREY

We're just glad you're back to
"being the captain of the S.S. your
life".

KENAN

Which one of my books is that from?

AUBREY

I'm writing my own.

BIRDIE

Needs work.

Glenn looks around, taking in the moment.

GLENN

Look at us. "This Is Us" has nothing on this us. I love you guys.

Then Glenn takes a fork and stabs the Pie-Caken.

BIRDIE

Grandpa! That's for our bake sale.

GLENN

(mouth full)
Huh?

GARY

You know, Kenan, I think if you're really gonna try to get back to a normal life, it's time you start having some *tough conversations*...

KENAN

You're right. You're right.

Kenan looks at Glenn. Kenan takes a deep breath and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - A LITTLE LATER

Kenan talks to JENNY, the barista from before.

KENAN

...see, my wife actually *died*. It's just, the first time I got coffee after, I said 'the usual' and 'the usual' is two drinks and it seemed easier to buy two coffees than to get into all that. But I'm really trying to move forward now, so...

Kenan smiles, happy he did one thing to process things.

BARISTA

Yeah, I know she died. You're famous. I just thought you were crazy so I went along with it.

KENAN

Oh. Okay, then--

BARISTA

Your wife was famous too. Everyone remembers when you started screaming at the Emmys cause you thought they left her out of the In Memoriam, but then you realized there was still another verse to that Ed Sheeran song and she was in it after all, but you had already tackled Jimmy Kimmel--

KENAN

Great, so just the one coffee from now on thanks!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that night, Kenan, Gary and Glenn are in the living room, watching the tape of Kenan and Joyce's sitcom outtakes.

ON TV:

SITCOM KENAN

Mom, I don't need a kiss goodnight.

SITCOM JOYCE

You're never too old for a kiss from your mom. G'night, baby.

SITCOM KENAN

G'night, mommy.

Sitcom Joyce kisses Sitcom Kenan on the lips. Deeply.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut! Guys, can we try the "goodnights" a little less... sensual. And the kiss a little less... foreplay-y. Actually, let's scrap the kiss. Just quick "goodnights" and you're out.

SITCOM KENAN

Yep. Got it.

They reset themselves.

SITCOM JOYCE

G'night.

Sitcom Joyce closes her eyes and sighs deeply, erotically. Kenan puts his finger on her mouth. It's very intimate. The camera cuts to a confused audience.

KENAN

It's amazing they kept us on as long as they did.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW