

ROSEANNE

"The Dark Ages"

SHOW # 603

Written by

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&

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COLD OPENING

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY FRIDAY AFTERNOON (DAY 1)
(Roseanne, Dan, Jackie)

(THE FURNITURE HAS BEEN RE-ARRANGED. ROSEANNE
AND JACKIE ARE MOVING THE COUCH)

JACKIE

Where to?

ROSEANNE

Where else? Facing the TV. Like
Mecca.

(THEY MOVE THE COUCH TO A NEW SPOT. JACKIE
POINTS TO WHERE THE COUCH WAS)

JACKIE

Oh, look. I didn't know your
carpeting was shag.

ROSEANNE

Huh. I always thought it was
indoor-outdoor.

JACKIE

Why are you moving everything
around now?

ROSEANNE

I don't know. Just wanted to try
something different.

JACKIE

Oh, gross, Roseanne. Look at
this layer of filth. Have you
never vacuumed under this
furniture?

ROSEANNE

Jackie, that's the whole point of having furniture. Seventeen more endtables in here and all I'll need is a Dustbuster.

JACKIE

(PICKS UP A MAGAZINE THAT WAS UNDER THE COUCH)

Well, maybe it's been a little too long. Check out this TV Guide.

ROSEANNE

So?

JACKIE

Roseanne, Don Adams is on the cover.

ROSEANNE

Well, I'm sorry, but Becky always said she cleaned under this stuff. Y'know, I can understand her not telling me she ran off to get married, but this!

JACKIE

It's still weird--Becky married.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, well...

(ROSEANNE MOVES AN END TABLE NEXT TO THE COUCH)

JACKIE

...our little girl, living with a
husband...

ROSEANNE

Mmm-hmmm...

(ROSEANNE SHOVES THE EASY CHAIR TO A NEW SPOT)

JACKIE

...settling down, maybe having a
baby soon...

ROSEANNE

Well, y'know...

(SHE VIOLENTLY KICKS THE COFFEE TABLE ACROSS
THE ROOM. THEN, SMILING)

...if she's happy, I'm happy.

JACKIE

Of course you are. At least
she's saved the humiliation of
having to go to Singles' Dances
at Holiday Inns. With Nancy.
Tonight.

ROSEANNE

Uch, you're not going back to
that Rockford dive, are you?

JACKIE

No! Rockford's filled with
losers. We're going to Elgin.

(DAN ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN)

DAN

Oh, yeah. Elgin is Man Country.

ROSEANNE

C'mon, Dan, maybe Elgin is the magic place. 'Cause if this doesn't work out, she'll have to start crossing over to Indiana.

JACKIE

Oh, that'd be pathetic. "Dear diary, today I went to another time zone to get a man."

(SHE CHECKS HER WATCH)

Ooo, gotta run and get ready.

ROSEANNE

Get ready? It's only two.

JACKIE

Yeah, but I really wanna look my best. I hear it's a kinda classy place. Valet parking, a maitre d'. And they put out the free chicken wings at five.

ROSEANNE

Well, laminate your pockets and bring some home.

(THEY AD LIB GOOD-BYES, JACKIE EXITS. DAN SURVEYS THE NEW FURNITURE LAYOUT)

DAN

Hey, the couch looks good here.

(DAN SITS ON THE COUCH)

DAN (CONT'D)

Great TV placement. Come try it
out with me.

(HE MOTIONS FOR HER TO JOIN HIM. SHE DOES SO)

ROSEANNE

Oh, you're right, Dan. It feels
like a whole different house.
Now if we just had whole
different lives.

DAN

Chin up, old chum. So, we're
both unemployed. I care not.
That just means we have the manor
to ourselves...

(HE PASSIONATELY ATTACKS HER NECK)

Shall we reconnoiter in our
chambers?

ROSEANNE

Nah, let's "connoit" right here.

DAN

Dare we?

ROSEANNE

Sure. We got this nice new patch
of soft carpeting...

(THEY GET "THAT LOOK" ABOUT THEM AS WE...)

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING TITLES

ACT ONEScene 1

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON (DAY 1)
(Roseanne, Dan, Darlene, D.J.)

(DARLENE SITS ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV AS DAN ENTERS FROM THE GARAGE. THERE IS A HUGE BASKET OF LAUNDRY ON A CHAIR)

DAN

How's that laundry coming, hon?

DARLENE

It came as far as the living
room.

DAN

Will it be coming to the actual
washing machine?

DARLENE

In time. It's pretty whopped
from the first leg of its
journey.

DAN

C'mon. Your mom'll be home soon
and she's not gonna be happy when
she sees this.

DARLENE

Isn't that the point?

DAN

No, the "point" is you work
around our schedule, not the
other way around. Got it?

DARLENE

Ahh, you see, Becky worked around your schedule because she didn't have a life. The laundromat is now under new management. Take a number and have a seat.

(ROSEANNE ENTERS FROM THE FRONT DOOR, REMOVING A BUNCH OF FLYER-ADS FROM THE DOOR KNOB)

ROSEANNE

I swear, if I ever find a job, I'm gonna take my first paycheck and electrify our door knob.

(SHE TOSSES THE FLYER-ADS ON A TABLE)

DAN

No luck?

ROSEANNE

Yeah, one place made me president of the company, so I'm taking the rest of the day off with pay.

DAN

Congratulations. However, my story is far superior. Today I fixed a kid's bicycle chain... made five dollars. Swimming pools, movie stars.

ROSEANNE

(RE: THE LAUNDRY)

Darlene, aren't you going to fold
that?

DARLENE

I'm on it.

(STILL WATCHING TV, DARLENE STARTS TO FOLD THE
DIRTY LAUNDRY)

ROSEANNE

(TO DAN)

Did Becky call?

(DAN SHRUGS)

DARLENE

Yeah, she called twice, but he
wouldn't talk to her.

(ROSEANNE LOOKS AT DAN. HE DOESN'T RESPOND.
D.J. ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS)

D.J.

What's for dinner?

ROSEANNE

Well, D.J., even though I've been
out for four hours looking for
work, I want you to know that
your mother still had time to
plan tonight's menu.

(POINTS)

Grab those pizza ads and order
whatever's two for one.

(D.J. PICKS UP THE FLYER-ADS AND NOTICES ONE)

D.J.

Hey, here's a new place. It's called "Final Notice."

ROSEANNE

Give me that.

(SHE GRABS THE FLYER)

Oh, man. It's from the electric company.

(SHE HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN)

They're cutting us off at five.

DAN

Gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(ROSEANNE ENTERS AND DIALS THE PHONE)

ROSEANNE

Yeah, hi, this is Roseanne Conner, 714 Delaware Street. Yeah, well, I just got a final notice from you guys on my door knob. Are you really gonna cut us off? 'Cause, y'see...my grandmother's in this iron lung and... Yes, an iron lung... Yes, I do have a lot of grandmothers. I come from a long line of broken homes.

(DAN ENTERS, CROSSES TO ROSEANNE)

DAN

Are they buying it?

ROSEANNE

(SHAKES HER HEAD 'NO')

Okay, I may have stretched the truth in the past, but this time I mean it: The check's in the mail. ...C'mon, I can't make that. The bank's probably closed by now and... So that's it? You're just going to cut us off for the whole weekend? Where's your heart? ..."Next to my grandmother's lung." Ha ha.

(HANGS UP AND QUICKLY DIALS AGAIN. TO DAN)

We're screwed.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Cheaters never prosper.

DAN

Shut up, Darlene.

(THEN, TO ROSEANNE)

How much?

ROSEANNE

Too much. And they want cash.

DAN

Yeah, well, I want a pony.

ROSEANNE

(INTO THE PHONE)

Jackie, if you're there, pick up...Damn. Well, the power company's gonna cut us off 'cause we're broke and you were our last hope but since you're not there I hope you find a man tonight, fall in love, and on your way to the chapel you both get hit by a bus.

(SHE HANGS UP)

DAN

Any one else we can call?

ROSEANNE

No time.

(SHE CROSSES INTO THE LIVING ROOM, DAN FOLLOWS)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Okay, kids, listen up. If anyone had any activities this weekend that revolved around, y'know, electricity - and what are the odds? - you got two minutes, so do 'em now.

DAN

Um, then there's only time for
light starch on my shirts,
Darlene.

ROSEANNE

I'm gonna dig up some flashlights
and candles.

DAN

I better turn up the fridge.

D.J.

I'm gonna play Nintendo.

DAN

Way to pitch in, pal. Okay,
let's move.

(EVERYONE GETS UP TO USE ELECTRICITY, BUT
BEFORE MUCH CAN HAPPEN, THE LIGHTS DIM AND WE
HEAR THE "WRRRRRR" OF APPLIANCES WINDING DOWN.
A BEAT OF SILENCE)

ROSEANNE

All right, kids. It's gonna be a
long weekend. No looting.

ANGLE ON:

(A CLOCK THAT READS 5:02)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONEScene 2INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

(Roseanne, Dan, Darlene, D.J., David)

ANGLE ON:

(THE SAME CLOCK, NOW DIMLY LIT, READS 5:02)

ANGLE ON:

(SLOW PAN OF VARIOUS CANDLES THAT LIGHT THE LIVING ROOM, AMONG THEM: ONE CIRCA MID-SEVENTIES THAT SAYS "LOVE," A PEACE SIGN, A VIRGIN MARY, A DRIP CANDLE IN A CHIANTI BOTTLE, A CRYING CLOWN, ETC.)

(THE HOUSE IS DARK. THERE'S A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE. ROSEANNE, DARLENE, AND D.J. ARE SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM AS DAN ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN WITH A BAG OF CHIPS)

DAN

Y'know, this could be kinda cool.
Roughing it all weekend, it's a
little adventure!

DARLENE

Please stay seated until the ride
comes to a full and complete
stop.

(IN THE DARK, DAN TRIPS OVER ONE OF THE RE-ARRANGED END TABLES)

DAN

Ow! Damn!

DARLENE

Okay, well, that was kinda fun.

ROSEANNE

Sorry, honey.

DAN

Just the first of many this weekend, I'm sure, dear. Unless you want to move the furniture back to where--

(ROSEANNE GLOWERS AT HIM)

No, I didn't think so...

D.J.

I'm bored.

DARLENE

And stupid. Don't forget stupid.

DAN

Well, young-un, after a long day of roundin' up doggies, if'n us cow pokes got bored sittin' 'round the campfire, much like what we're doin' right-chere, we'd have Hop Sing whup us up some yummy s'mores. Mmmm! Good eats! What d'ya say, Rosey?

D.J.

Yeah! Can we make some?

ROSEANNE

Right, like this house has spare chocolate lyin' around.

DARLENE

Instead, why don't we wrap D.J.'s head up in tin foil, stick it in the fire, and watch it get big like Jiffy Pop.

ROSEANNE

Maybe later.

(SHE HANDS A FLASHLIGHT TO D.J.)

First, here, D.J., this'll be fun. We used to do this when I worked in the coal mines. Hold this and shine it on the wall.

(HE DOES SO. ROSEANNE MAKES A SHADOW PUPPET)

Okay, what's this?

D.J.

A giraffe? An elephant? A rabbit?

ROSEANNE

Close. It's a rock.

DAN

Was that igneous, metamorphic, or sedimentary, dear?

ROSEANNE

Like I have to tell you.

DAN

Okay, more flashlight fun!
Everyone grab one in each hand.
Now turn 'em on, and wave 'em
around on the ceiling.

(THEY ALL DO SO)

DAN (CONT'D)

Look, it's the laser show at a
Pink Floyd concert!

DARLENE

Look, it's the lame-o show in our
living room.

D.J.

Hey, my battery's dead.

DAN

No prob. Take the ones from the
smoke detector.

DARLENE

Don't bother. I took those for
my Walkman months ago.

ROSEANNE

Darlene, that's dangerous. What
if I needed those for the TV
remote control?

D.J.

I'm bored again.

DARLENE

Hey...!

D.J.

Oh. And stupid.

DAN

Okay, DeeJ, then let's really do what our pioneers did.

DARLENE

What, kill Native Americans and steal their land?

DAN

Nope! Tell stories. Before TV, people just sat around and made up stories about, y'know, any crazy thing that popped into their heads.

DARLENE

(SINISTER)

Something crazy just popped into my head.

DAN

Then you go last. Rosey, wanna try your hand at it?

ROSEANNE

I don't know any stories.

DAN

C'mon, hon. We might actually wind up bonding with our children tonight.

ROSEANNE

Well, if that's gotta happen, it's probably best that I can't see 'em. ...Okay, um, once upon a time, there were these four girls who all left their homes to go away to this boarding school. At the beginning of their journey, they were cute, petite little girls. But by the end of their journey, they became fat pigs who couldn't get arrested.

DARLENE

Mom, that's Facts of Life.

ROSEANNE

Oh, you figured it out. Then I guess you won't want to hear my other fable about this really sloppy guy who lived with this really neat guy.

D.J.

Let me try to make one up!

DAN

Go for it, kid.

DARLENE

I'm in hell.

D.J.

Okay, um...there was this
bird...and it was, um, purple.
And, it, ah, could live under
water because it was also kinda
like a fish. So, okay, one day,
Fred - that's his name - no, Jim,
was going to...um...the store...I
mean, school...and... um...

DARLENE

The end. Now here's my story:
There once was a boy who lived in
the dark and who was so boring
that his family ate him.

DAN

Darlene...

DARLENE

Well, is this what we're going to
do all weekend long? Pretend
we're the Joad family?

(THEY STARE AT HER BLANKLY)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Don't you guys read?

ROSEANNE

No, Darlene, we're too busy going to Bergman film festivals.

DARLENE

Well, D.J.'s right. This is boring.

ROSEANNE

Well, then tomorrow, why don't you and I go down to the mall and soak up some of their electricity. It'll be great!

DARLENE

Newsflash: We don't have any money to buy anything.

ROSEANNE

So? Becky and I used to go all the time, not to buy, just look around and try stuff on. If you want, we can even try on swimsuits without our underwear on.

DARLENE

Mother, I don't do the mall.

ROSEANNE

Just thought it'd be fun, that's all.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS

DARLENE

Please let that be child welfare.

(DAN GETS UP TO GET THE DOOR. HE TRIPS OVER A FOOTSTOOL)

DAN

Ow! Damn.

(HE OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S DAVID)

DAN (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, David.

DAVID

Hi, Mr. Conner.

DARLENE

Cool.

(DARLENE GRABS A FLASHLIGHT AND SOME CANDLES, BOLTS OVER TO DAVID, GRABS HIS HAND, AND STARTS TO LEAD HIM UPSTAIRS)

DAN

Whoa - whoa - whoa. What are you doing?

DARLENE

I called him and told him to come over so we could work on our comic book.

DAN

Alone? In your room? In the dark?

DARLENE

Yeah, working by candle light,
everything so quiet, it's the
perfect atmosphere for the stuff
we write.

DAN

No.

(DAVID STARTS BACK DOWN THE STAIRS)

DAVID

Okay, well...

DARLENE

Where are you going? He's not
your master.

DAVID

Yeah, okay...

(DAVID STARTS BACK UP)

DAN

David. Which one of us can hurt
you more?

(DAVID TENTATIVELY HALTS BETWEEN THE TWO OF
THEM)

DAVID

I'm not sure.

DARLENE

Dad, what's the big deal? We're
just going to work. That's all.
I mean, c'mon, he's not Mark.

ROSEANNE

Oh, Dan, let 'em go. Let's show
our daughter that we trust her.

DARLENE

Thanks, Mom.

(THEY GO UPSTAIRS)

DAN

You really trust them?

ROSEANNE

No, but she was starting to get
on my nerves.

D.J.

Well, we're alone now. What do
you want to do?

DAN

(SUGGESTIVELY, TO ROSEANNE)

Hmmm, we are alone.

(AS HE SNUGGLES UP TO ROSEANNE, TO D.J.)

Hey, D.J., pal, why don't you go
play outside?

D.J.

But it's dark out.

(ROSEANNE AND DAN LOOK AROUND THE DARK ROOM,
INDICATING HIS MOOT ARGUMENT)

D.J. (CONT'D)

(REALIZING, SHRUGGING)

Okay.

(D.J. EXITS. DAN GRABS A COUPLE CANDLES)

DAN

Meet you in the bedroom. Let's
see if we can last as long as
these candles do.

ROSEANNE

In that case, leave those here.
I'll get some birthday candles.

(THEY EXIT TO THEIR BEDROOM)

CUT TO:

ACT ONEScene 3

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
(Darlene, David)

(DARLENE HAS RE-DECORATED THE ROOM SINCE BECKY LEFT WITH A FLAIR OF THE MACABRE. THE WALLS ARE ADORNED WITH POSTERS OF UNDERGROUND COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS, THE GRATEFUL DEAD, THE CURE, ETC. A BLACK LACE SHAWL IS DRAPED OVER THE WINDOW. IT'S CREEPY AND IT'S OOKIE)

(DARLENE IS PLACING CANDLES AROUND THE ROOM; SHE HAS BEEN GIVING DAVID A LITTLE TOUR.)

DAVID

(POINTING TO A POSTER OF A SKULL)

And what did Becky have here?

DARLENE

A rainbow poster that said "Love Earth."

DAVID

Gross. Bet you don't miss her at all.

DARLENE

How can I miss her? She's still here...

(WITH A FLOURISH, SHE WHIPS THE COVER OFF BECKY'S BED TO REVEAL A MANNEQUIN SITTING UPRIGHT IN BED. IT SPORTS A FLOWERY DRESS AND A SHORT-CROPPED BLOND WIG)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Meet the new and improved Becky.

She doesn't talk as much and she's got a smaller butt.

DAVID

Where'd you get it?

DARLENE

In a dumpster behind the mall.
Which is probably similar to
where Becky's living now.

(TO THE MANNEQUIN)

Isn't that right, Becky? Ah,
shut up.

(SHE TAKES A CARVING KNIFE OFF THE NIGHTSTAND
AND PLUNGES IT INTO THE MANNEQUIN'S HEAD.
THEN, TO DAVID...)

Let's work!

(THEY BOTH SIT AT DARLENE'S DESK AND PULL OUT
THE COMIC STUFF THEY'VE BEEN WORKING ON)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Okay, I thought we had something
real cool going here...so, now,
he grabs her by the hair and...

DAVID

Like this?

(HE GENTLY RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR)

DARLENE

(LOOKS AT HIM AS THOUGH HE'S CRAZY)

No. Like this.

(SHE GRABS HIM BY HIS HAIR AND VIOLENTLY YANKS
HIS HEAD AROUND)

DAVID

(THEN) ow!

Sorry, I just think this would be
a lot nicer.

(HE RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR AGAIN)

DARLENE

Ohhh, I see. You are Mark.

DAVID

Well, I just thought...we're
here. In the dark. Your parents
think we're gonna mess around
anyway.

DARLENE

You want my parents to be right
about something? If I feel like
messing around, I'll let you
know. Until then, chill.

DAVID

Okay. Sorry.

(THEY GET BACK TO WORK FOR A FEW BEATS)

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, I guess sex is out of the
question.

(SHE GRABS HIM BY HIS HAIR AGAIN AND WHIPS HIS
HEAD AROUND AGAIN AS WE...)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOScene 1

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)
(Roseanne, Dan, Darlene, D.J., Jackie,
David)

ANGLE ON:

(THE SAME CLOCK STILL READING 5:02)

ANGLE ON:

(THE KITCHEN TABLE IS LOADED DOWN WITH FOOD.
DAN AND D.J. SIT STUFFING THEIR FACES.
ROSEANNE IS PULLING STUFF FROM THE FREEZER)

ROSEANNE

Eat up, boys. The runniest stuff
goes first.

DAN

D.J., more ice cream on those
Cocoa Puffs?

D.J.

Sure!

ROSEANNE

And how 'bout a slice of cheese
on top?

D.J.

Okay.

(THEY LOAD UP D.J.'S PLATE)

DAN

Is there any more bacon?

(ROSEANNE MOVES TO A FRYING PAN ON THE STOVE)

ROSEANNE

Yeah, I think there's a little
left.

(SHE TAKES A SPATULA AND FLIPS OVER HALF A
PIG'S WORTH OF BACON. JACKIE ENTERS THROUGH
THE BACK DOOR, STILL DRESSED FROM LAST NIGHT)

JACKIE

Hey, guys.

(THEY AD LIB GREETINGS)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Man, you won't believe the night
I had last night - Oh, here are
your chicken wings...

(PULLS SOME WRAPPED CHICKEN WINGS OUT OF HER
PURSE AND PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE)

...Okay, first of all, I'm a
little hungover, but that'll be
the best memory of this whole
Holiday Inn thing--

ROSEANNE

Want me to fix you some
breakfast?

JACKIE

No, I'll do it. ...So I haven't
even been home yet, not that I
met someone or anything, but
Nancy and I had a few and we--

ROSEANNE

C'mon, Jackie, let me make you something, because--

JACKIE

Roseanne, I can do it. I'm in the middle of a story here.

ROSEANNE

Fine. Go nuts.

(THE FAMILY AMUSEDLY WATCHES JACKIE AS SHE STARTS TO MAKE COFFEE IN THE DEAD COFFEE MAKER)

JACKIE

So, instead of driving back, we just got a room and spent the night. Which, incidentally, is the last thing I'm ever gonna do with Nancy. I mean, okay, we walk in the bar, and immediately Nancy starts throwing herself at every jerk who's wearing Old Spice.

(SHE PUTS BREAD IN THE DEAD TOASTER)

She finally hooks one, and goes off to some dark corner, ditching me for, like, the next four hours.

(SHE GRABS A MUFFIN FROM THE TABLE, STICKS IT IN THE MICROWAVE, AND HITS START. NOTHING HAPPENS. OBLIVIOUS, SHE CONTINUES...)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

So here I am, licking chicken wing grease off my fingers all night, watching a parade of losers sweep in and out of my life.

(SHE CONCOCTS A HANGOVER CURE IN THE BLENDER: TOMATO JUICE, TABASCO SAUCE, RAW EGG, ETC.)

It was absolutely pathetic. Everyone, without exception, was a total geek...Hmm, wonder if any of them called.

(SHE GRABS THE PHONE TO CHECK HER MESSAGES. MOCKINGLY,)

All night, it was, "Hey, sweetheart, who spilled the pretty juice on you?" "When did Heaven release the hostages?" I mean, come on.

(RE: HER MESSAGES)

Here's a message from you,
Roseanne.

(SHE FLIPS THE BLENDER SWITCH ON AND OFF. IT'S DEAD)

Hey, something's wrong with your blender, it's not...

(LISTENING TO ROSEANNE'S MESSAGE, SHE LOOKS AROUND AT THE OTHER DEAD APPLIANCES, AND, SLOWLY REALIZING...)

Oh.

ROSEANNE

Good morning!

(THEN, TO THE FAMILY)

Who needs TV when you got her?

JACKIE

Why didn't you tell me they cut
you off?

ROSEANNE

(MOCKING)

Because you were "in the middle
of a story."

JACKIE

I'm sorry. If you need the cash,
I'll pay it for you on Monday.

DAN

Thanks, Jackie. We'll get it
back to you A.S.A.P.

JACKIE

(STILL LISTENING ON PHONE)

Oh! He called!?

ROSEANNE

"He"?

JACKIE

(TAKING A PEN AND WRITING DOWN HIS NUMBER)

Yeah, well, there was this one
guy, Fisher.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He was kinda cool, but he's,
like, ten years younger and, I
don't know, I can't see myself
having a relationship with
someone who doesn't know what
Puka Shells are.

(SHE HANGS UP)

Hey, now, wait a minute. This
could be creepy. I mean, how did
he get my number?

ROSEANNE

You're in the book.

JACKIE

Oh. Right.

(DAN PUSHES AWAY FROM THE TABLE)

DAN

Whoo! That's enough for me.
C'mon, D.J., let's work some of
this off in the garage.

ROSEANNE

Hey, how 'bout this bacon?
There's enough here to tip over
the Flintstones' car.

DAN

Save it for lunch.

ROSEANNE

Okay. That'll be in about twelve
minutes.

(DAN AND D.J. EXIT. ROSEANNE TURNS OFF THE
STOVE AND HEADS FOR THE LIVING ROOM)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Come on in here, Jackie.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(THE FURNITURE HAS ONCE MORE BEEN RE-
POSITIONED)

(ROSEANNE ENTERS FOLLOWED BY JACKIE)

JACKIE

I'm not moving that couch again.

ROSEANNE

Smart, 'cause it'll be a lot
heavier with me laying on it.

(SHE COLLAPSES ON THE COUCH)

I'm exhausted.

JACKIE

Why?

ROSEANNE

Dan. He's been, like, all over
me the past couple days. First,
yesterday afternoon, and again
last night. And again and again
last night.

JACKIE

You're talking about sex, right?

ROSEANNE

Yes.

JACKIE

Okay. Go on.

ROSEANNE

I don't know, with the electricity out, it might be some kind of caveman thing or something. But either he slows down or I'm gonna have to start drinking a lot more before bed.

JACKIE

Well, y'know, Dan's had a lot dumped on him lately. Things have been kinda spinning out of his control. Maybe this is just his way of proving he's still a man.

ROSEANNE

Or maybe, when you can't afford to do anything else, you have lots and lots of sex.

JACKIE

Well, hell, in that case, I'll stop going to those Holiday Inn bars and start volunteering at soup kitchens.

(DARLENE ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS)

DARLENE

Oh. Hi.

ROSEANNE

It's about time you got down here. Now hop in to that kitchen. There's a 12-egg omelette with your name on it.

DARLENE

Later. First, we got a little problem.

ROSEANNE

Our whole lives are problems, Darlene. Could you be more specific?

DARLENE

Yeah, well...David didn't go home last night.

ROSEANNE

Oh? ...Where did he go?

DARLENE

He was here...

ROSEANNE

What?!

DARLENE

But nothing happened!

ROSEANNE

Darlene, I trusted you!

DARLENE

No, wait - we were just working on the comic book and around three, we hit this great roll and just wound up pulling an all-nighter. But, Mom, really, I swear - nothing happened.

ROSEANNE

Uh-huh. So when did the little all-nighter leave?

DARLENE

Um...he's still here. But he's scared to come down.

ROSEANNE

(MOCK SWEETNESS)

Really? Why?

(CALLING UPSTAIRS)

Oh, David? Come on down, honey!

(DAVID COMES DOWN, SHEEPISHLY)

DAVID

'Morning. Please don't kill us.

ROSEANNE

Good morning! Come here,
sweetie. Let me look at you.

DARLENE

(TO DAVID)

Don't do it. She'll rip your
heart out and show it to you
before you die.

(TO ROSEANNE)

Okay, I know how this must look,
but, really, nothing happened.
You gotta believe me. Please
believe me.

DAVID

And please don't kill us.

ROSEANNE

Darlene, how can you--

(DAN ENTERS FROM KITCHEN TO GRAB A FLASHLIGHT)

DAN

Hey, David! Back to do some more
work?

(DAVID STANDS DUMBFUNDED, ROSEANNE JUMPS IN)

ROSEANNE

Yep, he's back again! It seems
they got a great idea last night
and wanted to go all the way with
it.

DAN

Cool.

ASIDE TO DAVID)

Y'know, kid, girls kinda dig it
if you wear a different outfit
every now and then.

DARLENE

(SEIZING THE MOMENT)

Well, we gotta go! Off to the
library. See ya.

ROSEANNE

(COVERING, YET POINTEDLY)

Darlene, don't you want to work
at home?

DARLENE

Guess...! See ya!

DAVID

(TO ROSEANNE AND DAN)

Thanks. I had a good time...I
mean--

DARLENE

Let's go, David.

(SHE PULLS HIM OUT THE FRONT DOOR)

DAN

He's a good kid.

(DAN EXITS WITH THE FLASHLIGHT)

JACKIE

Wow. A lot just happened here.

ROSEANNE

No kidding.

JACKIE

And cool of you to save David.

ROSEANNE

Oh, I don't care about David. I just think Dan's at his limit.

JACKIE

Well, here we go again. Time for a talk with Daughter Number Two.

ROSEANNE

Noooo, not again! Why can't she learn this stuff on the streets? ...like D.J. will?

(TRYING TO RALLY JACKIE)

C'mon, Jackie, let's believe that nothing happened last night and my daughter is pure and good. What do ya say?

JACKIE

Roseanne...when you can't afford to do anything else...

ROSEANNE

Shut up.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOScene 2

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY
(Roseanne, Darlene)

(DARLENE IS READING ON HER BED. ROSEANNE
ENTERS WITH A HUGE PLATE OF FOOD)

ROSEANNE

Hey. I brought you a little
something to snack on.

DARLENE

I'm not hungry.

ROSEANNE

Darlene, eat now 'cause you may
never eat again.

(NOTICING THE MANNEQUIN)

Hey, that's new.

DARLENE

It's Becky.

ROSEANNE

Oh, yeah. I recognize the knife
in the skull.

DARLENE

Just having a little fun.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, but you know this knife
doesn't belong up here.

(SHE REMOVES THE KNIFE)

(MORE)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

It belongs down here...

(SHE PLUNGES IT INTO THE MANNEQUIN'S CHEST)

...nearer the heart.

DARLENE

So, you up here to talk about the whole David thing?

ROSEANNE

Yeah, I guess.

DARLENE

Well, it won't happen again, okay?

ROSEANNE

Okay. His curfew's at nine from now on. Cool?

DARLENE

Cool.

ROSEANNE

Okay, good.

DARLENE

Thanks for not going ballistic.

ROSEANNE

Anytime. Of course I don't mean that.

DARLENE

I know. But, y'know, I gotta tell ya, last night was kinda wild. I mean, we got so lost in the moment, so focused. Something happened and it was, like...magic.

ROSEANNE

(THINKING SHE'S TALKING ABOUT SEX)

Uh-huh, okay, that's enough.

(BIG SIGH OF PREPARATION)

Now, listen. I'm about to save you from a lot of pain and discomfort. Because instead of a moment of honesty where a daughter comes to her mother for help, which I know would kill you, I'm coming to you.

DARLENE

What are you talking about?

ROSEANNE

Monday, we're gonna go down to the gynecologist and get you some birth control.

DARLENE

(GRIMACING)

Why?

ROSEANNE

Why do you think? "It was like...magic!"

DARLENE

No, Mom, I was talking about working on the comic.

ROSEANNE

Uh-huh.

DARLENE

I'm serious. Nothing happened last night. I told you that.

ROSEANNE

Oh, come on, Darlene. He spent the night in your bedroom. I'm not stupid.

DARLENE

Neither am I. First of all, I don't wanna have sex yet. And second, you think I'd do it with you twenty feet away?

ROSEANNE

Maybe. You could do it quietly without us knowing about it.

DARLENE

Really? You can't.

ROSEANNE

You can hear us?

DARLENE

Last night, I thought you guys were moving furniture again.

ROSEANNE

Okay, enough. We are not talking about my sex life. We're talking about yours.

DARLENE

I don't have a sex life.

ROSEANNE

Darlene, you're making this harder than it has to be.

DARLENE

Making what harder? Why won't you believe me?

ROSEANNE

Because I've been through this with Becky.

DARLENE

Oh, please.

ROSEANNE

No listen. At first, she didn't come to me either. But she finally smartened up, we went, and everything was actually kinda okay.

DARLENE

This is stupid. Mom, that was
Becky. Just because Becky did
stuff doesn't mean I'm going to
too.

ROSEANNE

Oh, and I'm just supposed to
believe you?

DARLENE

Yes! You're just supposed to
believe me!

(DARLENE STORMS OUT THE DOOR. ROSEANNE
FOLLOWS)

CUT TO:

ACT TWOScene 3

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
(Roseanne, Dan, Darlene)

(DARLENE IS PLOWING DOWN THE STAIRS, ROSEANNE IS ON HER HEELS)

ROSEANNE

Darlene, get back here.

DARLENE

Just leave me alone.

ROSEANNE

I was trying to be nice, dammit!

DARLENE

Forget it. I'm not gonna re-live
some gynecological bonding moment
you had with Becky.

(DARLENE MOVES ON THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN.
ROSEANNE STILL FOLLOWING)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(DAN IS WORKING ON A LITTLE CARBURETOR PART AT
THE KITCHEN TABLE. DARLENE ENTERS)

DAN

What's all that about?

DARLENE

Nothing. Can I have some money
for a movie?

DAN

Um, Darlene...

(MOCKING HER FROM BEFORE)

"Newsflash: We don't have any
money."

(ROSEANNE ENTERS)

ROSEANNE

Hey, we weren't finished talking.

DARLENE

Yes, we were. And now I'm
talking to Dad.

(TO DAN)

Okay, then just a few bucks.
Anything so I can just get out of
the house and do something.

DAN

Darlene, what the hell's the
matter with you? "No money"
means "no money." We don't have
electricity, and you want me to
shell out cash 'cause you're
bored?

DARLENE

Well, I'm sorry, but you took away my allowance and said to ask when I needed money. Now I'm asking and all I get is grief. This is a very sick relationship.

DAN

(LOSING PATIENCE)

Hey, if you want money so bad, get a job.

DARLENE

Oh, wait. Let me guess: Kinda like how Becky had a job?

DAN

Yes. Just like that.

DARLENE

Figures. Well, even Becky couldn't get a job out there now. There are no jobs out there. Hell, you oughta know that.

ROSEANNE

Hey--

DARLENE

Or, gee, I know! Maybe I'll go into the family business - Oh, I forgot! There is no family business.

DAN

Okay, you are way out of line, young lady. If you think you're getting nothing now, just keep it up.

DARLENE

Fine. Then maybe I'll just leave. Kinda like Becky did.

ROSEANNE

Don't get our hopes up.

DAN

What is your problem?

DARLENE

I don't have a problem. You guys have a problem. With Becky. And you're dumping it all on me.

ROSEANNE

Wait - what? What does Becky have to do with any of this?

DARLENE

Everything.

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

(TO ROSEANNE)

You keep making me out to be like her. Wanting me to go on these "mother-daughter outings" and crap. I'm sorry, that is not me. And I can't be part me, part her.

ROSEANNE

Well, that's easy. Stop being you.

DARLENE

Ha. Ha.

(TO DAN)

And you're doing the same stuff, but instead you're just on my case all day long. I mean, I'm just being the same as I always was and now all of a sudden, starting this week, that's wrong. Hmm, any connection? If you miss her so much, why don't you finally call her and talk to her. But stop taking it all out on me.

(SHE EXITS OUT THE BACK DOOR. ROSEANNE AND DAN STAND THERE BLOWN AWAY)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOScene 5

INT. SERVICE PORCH - LATER THAT NIGHT
(Roseanne, Dan)

(BY CANDLELIGHT, DAN IS PUTTING UP THE STORM
WINDOWS. HE'S DRINKING A BEER)

ROSEANNE (O.S.)

Dan, when're you coming to bed?

DAN

I'm just gonna finish this up.

ROSEANNE (O.S.)

Then you're foreplaying by
yourself.

(HE FINISHES PUTTING UP THE ONE WINDOW AND
PICKS UP ANOTHER ONE. HE BEGINS PUTTING IT IN
PLACE, THEN SETS IT BACK DOWN. HE GRABS HIS
BEER AND WALKS INTO...)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(IN THE DARK, DAN CROSSES TO THE PHONE AND
DIALS. HE SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE)

DAN

Hi, Beck...Yeah, it's me...How ya
doin'?

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S MINNESOTA APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

(BECKY AND MARK ARE ON THE SOFA. SHE'S ON THE
PHONE)

BECKY

I'm good. How are you?

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

(EXCITED, SHE MOUTHS TO MARK)

It's my dad!

(INTO PHONE)

Great, great! And Mom?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DAN

She's fine. And how...

(RIPPING HIS BEER CAN IN HALF)

...how's Mark? ...Oh, is he?

Terr-ific. Hey, I was just wondering if your landlord's put up storm windows yet, 'cause it can get pretty cold up there, y'know...Oh, he's gotta have some in the basement or...

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S MINNESOTA APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BECKY

No, Dad, he doesn't...

(GETTING A LITTLE FRUSTRATED)

No, c'mon, it's fine. I don't have time to--

(MARK GESTURES FOR HER TO BE COOL)

Well, okay, what do I do?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(ON PHONE) DAN

Just hit any hardware store and get this stuff, I think it's made by 3M, it's like some sort of plastic window-insulator. Make sure you get the indoor kit, not the outdoor one, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(ROSEANNE ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM. SHE HEARS DAN ON THE PHONE)

DAN (O.S.)

Okay. Now write this down. Cut the plastic to the size of the window and then put this double-sided tape all around the frame. Stick the plastic on to the tape and then get a hair dryer - I know you have one of those...

(DAN CHUCKLES. ROSEANNE, HEARING THIS, STARTS TO MOVE FURNITURE BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL LOCATION)

DAN (CONT'D, O.S)

...and carefully heat the plastic to shrink it. Watch that you don't overheat it...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

CREDIT TAG

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATE MONDAY NIGHT
(Roseanne, Dan)

(IT'S DARK. ROSEANNE AND DAN ARE IN BED. DAN IS TURNED AWAY FROM HER)

ROSEANNE

You sure?

DAN

Uh-huh.

ROSEANNE

You really don't want to?

DAN

Really.

ROSEANNE

Positive?

DAN

Yes.

(ROSEANNE TURNS OVER AND SMILES AND SIGHS)

ROSEANNE

Good.

(A BEAT OF SILENCE. SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS BURST ON AND THE RADIO BLASTS)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(THE KITCHEN IS ELECTRICALLY ALIVE. EVERY APPLIANCE IS GOING FULL FORCE: THE LIGHTS ARE ON, THE BLENDER SHOOTS CRAP IN THE AIR, THE TOASTER POPS UP, A COUPLE RADIOS BLAST DIFFERENT STATIONS, THE CLOCK READS 5:03, ETC.)

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW