

ROSEANNE

"Dan The Man"

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ROSEANNE

"Dan The Man"

ACT ONE

(A)

FADE IN:

EXT. CONNER DRIVEWAY - DAY

DARLENE AND D.J. ARE SHOOTING HOOPS. AS D.J. TOSSES UP A GRANNY SHOT, DARLENE FOULS HIM, KNOCKING HIM HARD TO THE GROUND.

D.J.

Foul!

DARLENE

That was an "NBA tap." Get up Creepoid. I'll let you shoot two.

D.J.

I can't get up! My knee's hurt. Get mom, okay?

DAN COMES OUT OF THE GARAGE AND WIPES WHEEL-BEARING GREASE FROM HIS HANDS ONTO HIS TANK TOP.

DAN

What's goin' on out here?

D.J.

She pushed me!

DARLENE

It was an expression of "tough love."

DAN OFFERS HIS HAND TO D.J.

DAN

C'mon, son. We'll walk it off together.

D.J.

But, I'm bleeding.

DARLENE

He wants his mommy!

DAN

Enough, Darlene. Whats-a-matter Deej?

Don't you know a man wears a bloody knee
like a woman wears a smile?

ROSEANNE ENTERS FROM THE BACK PORCH.

DARLENE

Dad, that's totally Caveman.

ROSEANNE

Naw, smilin's our secret to gettin' away with murder, Darlene. Keep grinnin' as you dig the dagger deeper into their backs.

DARLENE

And then they bleed to death?

ROSEANNE

Yeah. They never know what hit 'em. C'mon, D.J. I'll stitch you up.

DAN

You're spoiling that boy, Roseanne.

ROSEANNE GRITS HER TEETH AND SMILES AT DAN.

ROSEANNE

Your lunch is ready, Dan: a slab of raw meat and a bucket of nails.

DAN

Make that a bucket of rusty nails!

ROSEANNE

Don't I always?

AS ROSEANNE HELPS D.J. INTO THE HOUSE, ARNIE SHOWS UP, STEALS THE BASKETBALL FROM DARLENE AND MAKES A BASKET.

DARLENE

Hey Arnie. You come to pay up, or lay up?

ARNIE

Ain't ya gonna let a guy grab a chance to win
back a lost bet?

DARLENE

Okay. Double or nothin'. And I'll take you
both on.

ARNIE

Whaddya say, Dan?

DAN

Naw. Gotta get back to my darlin'.

ARNIE

This is business. Roseanne can wait.

DAN

I meant my bike! Gotta put on them new
chrome fenders.

DARLENE

Whats wrong, Dad? Afraid you'll lose to a...
(GASP) girl?!

DAN SLAPS THE BALL OUT OF ARNIE'S HANDS AND TOSSES IT TO
DARLENE.

DAN

First to five wins.

DARLENE

(SMILING) Like stealing bananas from a
Baboon.

DARLENE JUKES RIGHT! DAN AND ARNIE JAG INTO EACH OTHER.
DARLENE SCORES! DAN RUBS HIS LEFT PECTORAL.

DARLENE

One Zip. You okay, pop?

DAN

What? You're kiddin'? Feels good to get the
juice pumpin' again. I... just gotta... loosen up
a little.

ARNIE

Atta-boy, Dan. We got our honor to protect.

DARLENE

Does the Honor Guard need to catch his
breath?

DAN

(OUT OF BREATH) Nope.

DARLENE

Good. Since my Mamma raised me to make
fun of fools... I'll spot you boys two points.

ARNIE

Hoo! We got her now, eh Dan?

DAN

Hey, I'm gonna head inside and look for a little
ointment. You're on your own, Arnie.

ARNIE

I don't have that kinda money to lose!

DAN, STILL FINGERING HIS PECTORAL, TURNS AWAY FROM THEM
AND HEADS UP THE BACK PORCH STEPS.

7.
(A)

DAN

I'll cover you, Arnie.

ALONE WITH ARNIE, DARLENE SMILES AT HIM EVILLY.

DARLENE

(SMILING) Covered, planted, and pushin' up
daisies!

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

(B)

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

D.J. SITS ON THE DINING TABLE AS ROSEANNE AND JACKIE POUR HYDROGEN PEROXIDE INTO HIS WOUND. THE GERMS ARE KILLED IN THE WATERFALL FROTH.

ROSEANNE

Quick! What do you see in them hydrogen
peroxide bubbles?

JACKIE

Mickey Mouse.

ROSEANNE

No, Mount Rushmore, see? There's
Roosevelt's bifocals. And Washington's weak
chin. Oooo... and there's Lincoln's mole!

D.J.

I see breasts.

ROSEANNE AND JACKIE EXCHANGE A LOOK. DAN COMES IN FROM
THE BACK PORCH STILL CAREFULLY POKING HIS PECTORAL.

JACKIE

Breasts? Yes. Well, that's very... mature, D.J.

DAN

Hey.

ROSEANNE

Hey. Dan? I think it's time you an' D.J. sat
down and had a talk about the birds and the
bubbles.

DAN

Already have. How do you think he knows
what to look for?

JACKIE

They train 'em early.

ROSEANNE

Then we marry 'em and gotta spend the rest of
our lives re-trainin' 'em.

DAN

Gettin' hit on the nose with a rolled up
newspaper always worked for me.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, but you still can't pee with the seat up!

DAN

Roseanne's bopped me so often that every time
I blow my nose, the Want Ads come out.

JACKIE

Seen any jobs over seven bucks an hour?

DAN

I'll check the next time I sneeze.

DAN PASSES INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

DAN PLOPS HEAVILY INTO HIS EASY CHAIR. HE CHECKS TO MAKE SURE HE'S ALONE. THEN, HE LIFTS HIS LEFT ARM OVER HIS HEAD AND GENTLY EXPLORES HIS PECTORAL WITH HIS FINGERTIPS. ROSEANNE CATCHES HIM.

ROSEANNE

Whatcha doin'?

DAN QUICKLY LOWERS HIS ARM AND TRIES TO ACT INNOCENT.

DAN

Sittin' here thinkin'.

ROSEANNE

I always knew yer brain was in your armpit.

DAN

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

ROSEANNE

Right. What's wrong with your arm? I told

Darlene to go easy on you.

DAN

Nothing's wrong with my arm. I was just practicing.

ROSEANNE

Uh-huh. Practicing what?

DAN CUPS HIS HAND IN HIS ARMPIT AND PLAYS OH, SUZANNAH! IN "FARTS."

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

You haven't lost your charm.

DAN

I still know how to serenade a woman.

ROSEANNE

Well, I'm glad nothing's wrong. See ya.

DAN

Yeah. See ya.

ROSEANNE STARTS TO LEAVE THE ROOM, THEN SPINS BACK TO DAN.

ROSEANNE

Hey, honey, lemme give ya a little shoulder
massage.

DAN

No!

DAN BOLTS FROM THE CHAIR AND RUNS UPSTAIRS.

13.
(B)

ROSEANNE

Humph! You can run. And you can hide. But
you cannot lie!

ROSEANNE SAUNTERS UP THE STAIRS AFTER DAN.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

(C)

EXT. CONNER DRIVEWAY - CONTINUING

ARNIE, NOW DRIPPING SWEAT AND PANTING, TRIES TO CATCH UP WITH HIS BREATH. DARLENE, UNTOUCHED BY SWEAT OR ODOR, BOUNCES THE BALL JUST OUT OF ARNIE'S REACH.

DARLENE

(SMILING) My four to the two I spotted you.

Beg me and I'll let you score.

ARNIE

Please, Darlene. Please miss one shot.

DARLENE

I love it when a man begs for mercy.

ARNIE

At least give me a rebound!

DARLENE SMILES AND TURNS HER BACK TO ARNIE AND THE BASKET.
DARLENE CLOSES HER EYES AND HEAVES THE BALL OVER HER
SHOULDER.

DARLENE

Sucker.

THE BASKETBALL SWISHES THE NET.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

That'll be twenty big ones, Arnie. The
humiliation's on me.

ARNIE COLLAPSES IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

(D)

INT. BATHROOM/BEDROOM - CONTINUING

DAN SLAMS THE BATHROOM DOOR BEHIND HIM AND CHAMBERS THE LOCK. DAN BRUSHES HIS TEETH WITH A FURY. ROSEANNE POUNDS ON THE DOOR.

ROSEANNE

Dan, you coward, unlock this door right now!

DAN

I'm busy, Roseanne!

ROSEANNE

Doin' what? Brushing your teeth?

(MORE)

DAN IMMEDIATELY STOPS BRUSHING.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Only time you brush your teeth during the day,
is when you're trying to wash a lie outta your
mouth.

DAN VIGOROUSLY FLUSHES HIS MOUTH WITH WATER.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Rinsing won't help.

DAN PULLS OFF SOME DENTAL FLOSS.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

And I know it's a really big lie when you floss.

DAN, HORRIFIED AT HER UNCANNY INTUITION, YANKS THE FLOSS
FROM BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND WHIPPINGLY UNWINDS IT FROM HIS
FINGERS.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Them big lies do get stuck between the tooth
and gum, don't they?

DAN INNOCENTLY OPENS THE BATHROOM DOOR AND PUSHES PAST
ROSEANNE.

DAN

(SMILING) It's all yours.

ROSEANNE

Uh-oh. There's already a waxy floss build-up on your teeth. This must be a really good one.

DAN

I don't know what you're talkin' about, Roseanne.

DAN BEGINS TO MAKE THEIR BED.

ROSEANNE

Dan Conner, knock it off! You're scarin' me good. You're makin' the bed?!

DAN

Can't a man help out around the house a little?

DAN FLUFFS THE PILLOWS.

ROSEANNE

Help out? Ha! The last time you "helped out"
the bike shop took a dunk the next day.

DAN

Just for that? No mint on your pillow.

DAN LEAVES.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

(E)

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

JACKIE AND D.J. ARE SHARING A DONUT AT THE TABLE.

D.J.

Aunt Jackie, do you think I'm handsome?

JACKIE

Yes. I think you're quite good looking.

DARLENE COMES IN AND GETS A POP FROM THE FRIDGE.

JACKIE

Hey, how'd you do? You take down Arnie?

DARLENE

Uh-huh, and I paid off my college tuition.

How's the knee D.J.?

D.J.

Fine. Aunt Jackie thinks I'm handsome.

DARLENE

Whoa! Excuse me, I didn't know what I was interrupting.

JACKIE

What were you interrupting?

DARLENE

Say no more. (SMILING) I won't pinch your style. Just have him home by eight. It's his bedtime.

DARLENE WINKS BIG AT JACKIE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

JACKIE

Darlene!

D.J.

Aunt Jackie? Will you go out with me?

JACKIE

Uh... that's very sweet of you, Deej. I'm flattered, really. But... ummm... you see, darlin'... we're related. It... uh... wouldn't be right.

D.J.

Why not? I just wanted to see a movie together.

JACKIE

Oh. (EMBARRASSED) Of course! Sure, we can see a movie. Which one?

D.J.

I dunno. What's the show playing at Barney's Triple X?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

(F)

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - CONTINUING

DAN PLOWS INTO THE ROOM WITH ROSEANNE ON HIS HEELS.

ROSEANNE

If you want me to chase you room to room, at
least you could strap on the vacuum and do the
rugs while you run from the truth.

DAN

Who's running?

DAN PICKS UP THE DIRTY CLOTHES STREWN ACROSS THE FLOOR.

ROSEANNE

Oh, right. Now I suppose you're gonna do the
laundry?

DAN

Colors in cold.

ROSEANNE

Dan! If you don't knock it off, I will!

DAN

Whites in hot, right?

ROSEANNE LEAPS ONTO DAN'S BACK. THEY FALL ON THE BED IN
TANGLE OF ARMS AND DIRTY LAUNDRY.

ROSEANNE

Now I sit on you 'til you confess.

ROSEANNE STRADDLES DAN AND BEGINS TO TICKLE HIS RIBS.

DAN

No, not there!

ROSEANNE

Spill your guts or split 'em!

ROSEANNE LAUGHS AS SHE MOVES HER TICKLING TO DAN'S
ARMPITS. DAN SCREAMS IN FRIGHT.

DAN

Roseanne! Be careful of my lump!

ROSEANNE STOPS. DAN CAN'T LOOK HER IN THE FACE.

ROSEANNE

The lump is in your head not your armpit.

DAN

Yeah, well. Seemed it rolled South for the
scenery.

ROSEANNE LETS DAN UP.

ROSEANNE

Where is it?

DAN

Here.

ROSEANNE

In your breast?

DAN

Don't! Don't call it that.

ROSEANNE

Why not? That's what it's called, ain't it?

DAN

No. It's muscle. My upper frontal muscle.

ROSEANNE

Lemme feel.

DAN

No! Get away from me.

ROSEANNE

Playin' hard to get? That's almost cute.

DAN

It's nothing.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, but it could be something. You're goin'
to the doctor.

DAN

No I'm not.

ROSEANNE

Yes, you are.

DAN

Who's gonna pay the doctor, Roseanne? Our insurance ran out three months ago.

ROSEANNE

We'll find a way, Dan. We always do.

DAN

Look, Roseanne. I don't take an aspirin when I have a headache. If I have gas, I burp it out, I don't swallow a lozenge. Why would I go to a doctor for this? I can tough this one out.

ROSEANNE

Men get breast cancer too, Dan.

DAN

Stop! Using that... word!

ROSEANNE

What word? "Breast?" Why do men spend a lifetime trying to get some, but won't admit to havin' one?

DAN

End of discussion. Now excuse me, there's a washer waiting with my name on it.

ROSEANNE

I'm settin' up an appointment with Doctor Woods tomorrow morning.

DAN

No. And that's that.

DAN TURNS AWAY FROM HER.

ROSEANNE

Sez who?

DAN

Sez me.

ROSEANNE

What about the rest of us, Dan? Don't we have a say?

DAN

Yeah, but "the rest of us" includes the mortgage company, the bill collector and the I.R.S. And they're all votin' the bottom line: Dan stays on the street humpin' for a job. Dan can't have another doctor to pay off. Dan can't risk a hospital stay. No more medicine. No insurance. It's a simple math problem.

ROSEANNE

And the solution adds up costin' us your life?

DAN

Roseanne, we are this far... a lump away... from bankruptcy. We gotta take a chance that this... my... (WITH DIFFICULTY) breast thing... is nothing.

ROSEANNE

But how will we know it's nothing if you don't
get it checked?

DAN

Even if it turns out to be nothin', it'll cost us a
big somethin'.

ROSEANNE

I guess it don't pay to be poor in America.

DAN

Not if you're tryin' to earn a living.

ROSEANNE

This stinks, Dan.

DAN

Look, we could afford to go if it'd only cost a
lump instead of my arm and your leg. Now,
please go collect your whites, and I'll meet you
in the laundry room.

ROSEANNE

At least we'd have a fair shot at this if our life
was a crap shoot! But this? This is just plain
crap!

DAN

Why are you yellin' at me?

ROSEANNE

Well, what else can I do?

DAN

Next time? We vote.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

(G)

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

DRESSED IN A PLAID ROBE, DAN PLODS DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE LIVING ROOM. DAN WIPES SLEEP-GRIT FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES.

DAN

'Mornin' everbody.

(MORE)

DAN CONTINUES TO THE KITCHEN WHEN HE STOPS AND TURNS BACK. DAN SEES ROSEANNE, JACKIE, D.J., ARNIE, DARLENE AND A VEILED STRANGER. ALL ARE DRESSED IN THEIR BEST BLACK MOURNING CLOTHES.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hel-lo. This looks like a good time waitin' for
a disaster.

ROSEANNE CLEARS HER THROAT.

ROSEANNE

We are all gathered here to mourn the Bite-
The-Bullet life of Dan Conner... stubborn... but
mostly loving... husband and father of three.

DAN TAKES A SEAT ON THE END OF THE COUCH NEXT TO THE
STRANGER. DAN NODS TO THE STRANGER.

DAN

(GRINNING) Can't charge a dead man
admission.

ROSEANNE

Dan played this charade of a Man's Life to its
petty end: Blamed his problems on the
National Debt. Blamed and his bad health on
the lack of an affordable Health Care system.

DAN

Low blow! Very good, sweetheart.

ROSEANNE

He never missed an opportunity to complain about the lack of a living wage. He would search the Want Ads for a job on his way to the parts store to buy chrome fenders for his motorcycle. On the way home he'd spring for a six-pack and a bucket of chicken.

DAN

A man has to feed his family.

ROSEANNE

And while he drank his beer, licked chicken grease from his fingers and popped wheelies in the driveway... Dan Conner forever claimed he was busted-broke. Said he didn't even have a dime to pinch Doc Woods to check out the lump in his breast.

DAN

Watch that word! I may be dead, but I still got
feelings!

ROSEANNE

"A man don't get sick," Dan liked to say...
"He's either live like a wire, or dyin' like a
doorknob." Our Dan was no poet, but he could
twist a proverb with the best of 'em.

DAN

"A man's gotta do what a wo-man can't do!"

ROSEANNE

If Dan was with us right now, I'd tell him to
shut up, or else he'll be buried wearin' lipstick.

(MORE)

DAN GIVES HER "THUMBS UP" AND ZIPS HIS MOUTH SHUT.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

And so... Dan Conner's life ended in A Man's
Death. Our Dan Conner died of a lump in his
pride.

DAN

Veery nice.

ROSEANNE

We are not here to celebrate the life of Dan
Conner. No. We are here to rejoice in the
Death of Dan "The Man" Conner.

JACKIE, ARNIE, DARLENE, D.J. AND THE STRANGER BREAK OUT INTO
"GOLF" CLAPS. DAN STANDS AND TAKES A ROYAL STAGE BOW.

DAN

Thank you. If I'd known how you felt while I
was living, I woulda hit you up to pay the
insurance premium.

THEY ALL STOP CLAPPING. DAN SITS.

ROSEANNE

I'm sure darling Dan would've understood why
I had to sell off them new chrome motorcycle
fenders.

DAN

You did what?!

ROSEANNE

Will the ghost of Dan Conner please shut up?

DAN

Aw, Roseanne. You didn't?

ROSEANNE

As I was sayin': If Dan were alive today, I'm
sure he'd understand that I had to sell his
fenders to pay for this funeral.

DAN

If Dan were alive today, I bet he'd be divorced
by now.

JACKIE

Naw. Dan never had that kind of luck.

ROSEANNE

First to remember Dan is his loving son D.J.

DAN

C'mon, son. Make your Papa proud.

D.J. STANDS WITH DIFFICULTY.

D.J.

He was a good father. He taught me to shrug
off pain, and to walk off an injury.

DAN

Atta-boy.

D.J.

Now Doc Woods says I got chronic knee
problems, and I'll have to walk with a cane for
the rest of my young life. Thank you, father.

ROSEANNE

Very nice, Deej. Forget anything?

D.J. UNFOLDS A CRIB SHEET FROM HIS POCKET.

D.J.

Oh, yeah. One more thing. (READING) "My
dad was a smart man, but not a wise one."

DAN

"Like mother, like son."

ROSEANNE

And we have too much respect for the dead to
say... "The only wise piece of Dan was his
ass."

DAN

And it's also the only part I want you all to kiss
"good-bye!"

D.J. SITS.

ROSEANNE

Thank you, D.J. Will loving daughter Darlene
please come forward?

DARLENE STANDS.

DAN

Guaranteed good. C'mon Darlene. Remember,
I'm the one who taught you to thicken up your
goobers for a killer spitball.

DARLENE

I don't have much to say about him. He left me
out of his will.

DAN

I'll leave you the unpaid bills! That's all I can
afford.

DARLENE

And... he died owing me twenty bucks.

DARLENE SITS.

ROSEANNE

Wait, daughter. Don't you have something else
to share?

DARLENE

Nope. Do I have to?

ROSEANNE

No. But you were still in my will.

DARLENE STANDS AND ROCKETTS TO ATTENTION.

DARLENE

Here's a letter from my lovely sister Becky.
She ran off with a successful, doctor-going
man. (READING) "Dan Conner wasn't a
father to me: He was a living text book. I
wrote down everything he said about money. I
memorized his every move around the house.
And when it came time to pick a husband? I
carefully studied eighteen years of notes... and
picked a man who did everything opposite of
my father. I've been living in wedded bliss for
a year now. Thank you... daddy... wherever
you are... for being such a grand role model of
misery and despair. Love, Becky."

DARLENE SITS. DAN WIPES AN IMAGINARY TEAR FROM HIS EYE.

DAN

I made a difference! Dan Conner's life
mattered!

ROSEANNE

And now to honor Dan... one of his best and
most irritating buddies... Arnie.

ARNIE STANDS AND ACKNOWLEDGES THE APPLAUSE... BUT... ...THE
WILD APPLAUSE IS ONLY FROM DAN.

ARNIE

No. Stop. Thank you. Thank you.

DAN

Get 'em, Arnie. We had a bond. I let you
bleed on me.

ROSEANNE

Make it fast, Arnie. We got pizza comin'.

ARNIE

Great! What kinda topping?

ROSEANNE

No topping. Just cheese.

ARNIE

Shoot! Dan did leave you busted.

ROSEANNE

(SMILING) Uh-huh. And that's why you ain't
gettin' any.

ARNIE

Right. (SWALLOWING) Well? Me and
Dan... alone in the midnight hours... shared
something that no one else knew about.

ROSEANNE

What? Happiness?

ARNIE

No. We were founding members of The
Man/Boy Love Society.

DAN

You told!

ARNIE

Just kidding folks... Dan always loved the well-done taste of a bad joke!

DAN

I can hardly swallow.

ARNIE

Hey, we were true buddies: I got the stitches to prove it. He was a hundred percent Ground Chuck. And now he's a hundred percent worm food. We shared moments that cannot be justified with mere words. And so... may I share our private ritual with you today?

ARNIE STICKS HIS HAND UNDER HIS SHIRT, CUPS HIS PALM IN HIS ARMPIT AND "FARTS" OH, SUZANNAH! ONLY DAN APPLAUDS.

DAN

You were my best student, Arnie. Roseanne could never hit that high note.

ROSEANNE

Hey, how did you hit that high note?

ARNIE LIFTS HIS ARM AND POINTS.

ARNIE

I got a mole here that's two inches tall...

ROSEANNE

(UPCUT) Delicious, Arnie. We'll slice it up
and put it on the pizza.

ROSEANNE PUSHES ARNIE BACK INTO THIS CHAIR.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

And now my lovely sister Jackie will celebrate
Dan.

DAN

Celebrate me, Jackie!

JACKIE STANDS.

JACKIE

Thank you Roseanne.

ROSEANNE

Ooo. I like that dress.

JACKIE

Really? I got it thirty-five percent off.

DAN

I'm waiting!

ROSEANNE

It looks good on you.

JACKIE

Black is my color.

DAN

Black is the color of your life.

JACKIE

Dan Conner treated me like his sister, even though I was only his sister-in-law. He spared no expense to make me feel like a part of the family. He yelled at me. He pulled my hair. He could hurt my feelings with a wink. He searched for my buttons. And when he found them? He'd push each one with such a vengeance that I'd explode like a Roman Candle.

DAN

It was my pleasure, Sis.

JACKIE

For me, every day with Dan was The Fourth of July. Of course, Dan Conner was more than just a National Holiday. He was also an overweight, middle-aged man with high blood pressure.

DAN

Ouch! Now we're gettin' personal.

JACKIE

You couldn't hug him: he was too big. You couldn't punch him: he'd punch you back. You couldn't insult him: he already had a wife. All you could do with Dan Conner was... love him for the big, dumb lug he was. And... I tried.

(MORE)

JACKIE BREAKS INTO THE SONG:

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE HIM."

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE HIM.
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE NEEDS ME...

ROSEANNE JOINS THE SONG:

ROSEANNE

HE'S JUST A MAN.
HE'S... JUST A MAN.

EVERYONE BUT THE STRANGER JOINS IN THE SONG.

DAN

Please... don't... sing!

DAN LEANS OVER TO THE VEILED STRANGER.

DAN (CONT'D)

Wanna see a dead man die twice? (SMELLS
THE AIR) Hmmm? What's that perfume?
"Essence of Rubbing Alcohol?"

THE STRANGER TURNS TO DAN, LIFTS THE VEIL FROM HIS FACE, AND PULLS A RUBBER SURGICAL GLOVE ONTO HIS HAND. EVERYONE STOPS SINGING.

THE STRANGER [DOCTOR WOODS]

Hello, Dan.

DAN SCREAMS AS IF HE'S STUCK IN A HORROR MOVIE.

DAN

Doc Woods?!!

ROSEANNE

(SCREAMING) Okay, everybody! Get him!

EVERYONE ATTACKS DAN. THEY PIN HIM TO THE COUCH. DOCTOR WOODS STANDS OVER DAN.

DOCTOR WOODS

You won't come to me? I come to you.

ROSEANNE

Feel him up, Doc! The suspense is killin' us!

DAN

You mean I'm alive? I'm alive! I'm alive!

ROSEANNE

No, Dan. You're not dead yet. But Doc
Woods just got here. Give the guy a chance.

DAN

It was all a joke?! You didn't sell my new
chrome fenders after all!

ROSEANNE

Oh, I sold 'em all right. How else could I pay
Doc Woods for a Saturday House Call?

DAN

Say it ain't so, Rose! Say it ain't so.

ROSEANNE

I told you we'd find a way... even if it's steppin'
over your dead body!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

(H)

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

ROSEANNE WASHES THE DISHES. DAN COMES IN FROM THE BACK PORCH.

ROSEANNE

Hey.

DAN

Hey.

ROSEANNE

So, how'd it go?

DAN

It went good.

DAN OPENS THE REFRIGERATOR AND PULLS OUT A BEER AND ONION DIP. DAN GRABS A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS FROM THE COUNTER. HE EATS AND DRINKS.

ROSEANNE

So you're okay, then?

DAN

Yeah. I'm okay.

ROSEANNE

What was it?

DAN

Swollen glands.

ROSEANNE

Good to know.

DAN

I guess. But for the two hundred and fifty dollars it cost us... I'd rather have my chrome fenders back.

ROSEANNE

Well. I'd rather have you back.

DAN

Sure.

THEY KISS QUICKLY.

ROSEANNE

What else?

DAN

Mmmm. I gotta lower my blood pressure a little.

ROSEANNE

How you gonna do that?

DAN

Less stress. Less calories.

ROSEANNE

Gotta lose a few pounds, huh?

DAN

Yeah. A few.

ROSEANNE

I can't help you with the stress. That's the only
fun I got left that don't cost nuthin'.

DAN

Fair enough.

ROSEANNE

But I can help you lose a few.

DAN

I'm listening.

ROSEANNE

Watch.

ROSEANNE TAKES THE BEER FROM DAN AND POURS IT DOWN THE
SINK.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

That's one pound gone.

ROSEANNE THROWS AWAY THE CHIPS AND DIP.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

That's two.

DAN HUNGRILY LICKS HIS LIPS.

DAN

We got one more pound to lose.

ROSEANNE

Go mow the lawn.

DAN

(CONSIDERING HER OFFER) Naw. I'd
rather prune the garden.

DAN AND ROSEANNE SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

ROSEANNE

I'm waiting.

DAN LIFTS ROSEANNE INTO HIS ARMS AND SHE ERUPTS INTO A
NASTY FIT OF LAUGHTER.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

What? No serenade?

SINCE ROSEANNE IS IN HIS ARMS... DAN BEGINS TO "FART"
OH, SUZANNAH! WITH HIS MOUTH INSTEAD OF HIS ARMPIT.

DAN

I love ya, Roseanne.

ROSEANNE KISSES HIM.

ROSEANNE

You better!

DAN CONTINUES THE OH, SUZANNAH! SERENADE FROM WHERE HE LEFT OFF AND CARRIES ROSEANNE INTO THEIR BEDROOM.

A MOMENT.

AS DAN'S SERENADE DIMINISHES... DARLENE CALLS OUT FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Hey! Who did the laundry?

DARLENE BLASTS INTO THE KITCHEN WEARING A SLUDGY MULTI-COLORED SWEAT SUIT. SHE IS DISAPPOINTED THE KITCHEN IS EMPTY.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

This used to be white.

FADE OUT.

THE END