

ROSEANNE

"Let's Call it Quits"

SHOW # 222

written by

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AS BROADCAST

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ROSEANNE

"Let's Call it Quits"

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CAST

Roseanne Conner.....Roseanne Barr
Dan Conner.....John Goodman
Becky Conner.....Lecy Goranson
Darlene Conner.....Sara Gilbert
D.J. Conner.....Michael Fishman
Jackie Harris.....Laurie Metcalf

GUEST CAST

Cystal Anderson.....Natalie West
Booker Brooks.....George Clooney
Sylvia Foster.....Anne Faulkner
Vonda Greene.....Charlaine Woodard
Faber.....Fred Dalton Thompson
Lou.....Michael Earl Reid
Claire.....Nancy Fish

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NO TAG

ACT ONE

Scene 1

FADE IN:

INT. LUNCHROOM - 12:45 PM (DAY 1)
(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal, Sylvia, Vonda,
Lou, Faber, Extras)

(ROSEANNE, JACKIE, CRYSTAL ARE EATING LUNCH.
VONDA AND SYLVIA ARE AT COUNTER)

ROSEANNE (*)

Didn't I see you guys on The
Muppets?

VONDA

I never thought I'd say this, but
I actually miss Booker.

(VONDA CROSSES TO THE TABLE AND SITS)

SYLVIA

That's because our new
supervisor's a slime ball.

CRYSTAL

I agree. That Mr. Faber's a pain
in the butt. Pardon my language.

ROSEANNE

You sewer mouth.

JACKIE

You know, Faber wouldn't get on my
nerves so much if he'd just die.

SYLVIA

Death is too good for him.

VONDA

Yeah, what he really deserves is
to have to work for himself.

ROSEANNE

Wait, let's explore this death
idea.

(LOU CROSSES TO GARBAGE CAN)

LOU

You hens still clucking about the
new rooster?

JACKIE

Cluck off, Lou.

LOU

Hey, you just got to know how to
handle the guy.

ROSEANNE

Well, Lou, when it comes to
handling guys, you're the expert.

LOU

Funny, Roseanne.

JACKIE

Okay, Lou, tell us. How do you
handle Faber?

LOU

Two words: Look busy.

ROSEANNE

I got two words for you. Get out
of my face before I rip your
eyeballs out of their sockets.

(LOU EXITS TO THE FACTORY AS FABER ENTERS AND
CROSSES TO CRYSTAL)

FABER

You little ladies enjoying your
lunch?

ROSEANNE

Well, the veal is excellent.
How's your swordfish, Jackie?

JACKIE (*)

As usual the food is to die for,
but the ambience sucks wind.

(THE WOMEN LAUGH)

FABER

(TO CRYSTAL)

Blondie, your work station is a
mess.

CRYSTAL

We always clean up at the end of
the day.

FABER

I know. But your area is an
obvious safety hazard. And if
you'll refer to your employee's
manual, you'll note that it
states: 'The supervisor is
responsible for spotting and
eliminating safety hazards.'

(TO FABER)

Great. You clean it up. Now, can
we see the dessert tray?

(THE WOMEN LAUGH)

FABER

I hate to repeat an order twice.

(CRYSTAL RISES)

ROSEANNE

Finish your lunch, Blondie.

(CRYSTAL SITS)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

This is a job for a brunette.

(ROSEANNE RISES)

JACKIE

Superbrunette!

FABER

(TO ROSEANNE, INDICATING CRYSTAL)

I wasn't talking to you. I was
talking to her.

ROSEANNE

Oh, but you're tampering with
destiny. I saw my horoscope this
morning: 'Career advancement
indicated if you are willing to sweep
up little bits of plastic on your
lunch break for no apparent reason?

(THE WOMEN LAUGH. ROSEANNE EXITS TO THE
FACTORY. FABER WATCHES HER LEAVE)

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

Scene 2

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION (DAY 1)
(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal, Sylvia, Vonda,
Faber, Extras)

(DURING THE FOLLOWING, ROSEANNE SWEEPS UP
PLASTIC CHIPS FROM THE TABLE AND THE FLOOR AND
PUTS THEM IN A BAG. FABER ENTERS AND STANDS
A BEAT, WATCHING ROSEANNE)

ROSEANNE

Boy, one thing I hate to see in a
plastics factory is pieces of
plastic laying around.

FABER

Well, they won't be laying around
much longer.

ROSEANNE

You just gonna stand there and
watch me?

FABER

Maybe I will, maybe I won't.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, that's a pretty big
decision. I guess that's why
they pay you the big bucks.

(THEN, HANDING FABER A WASTEBASKET)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Could you hold this for a minute?

FABER

I'm not here to hold. I'm here to
supervise.

ROSEANNE

Oh, I get it: White shirt, tie.
So, that's what you do. I must be
stupid.

FABER

When you're right, you're right.
How long have you been here?

Long enough.

FABER

Your personnel file says eleven years.

ROSEANNE (*)

The last three supervisors checked
out my personnel file, too, seen
any of them around lately?

FABER

(CROSSING BEHIND ROSEANNE)

Your work's great compared to your
attitude.

ROSEANNE

I'm just keeping morale up. You
know, to make your job easier.

FABER

Now that's what I'm talking about,
your attitude. Now, my brother
has a dairy farm. Some of those
cows take to milking right off.
And some of them take a little
longer. And every once in a
while, you'll come across a real
stubborn one. But you know what?
Sooner or later, they all give milk.

SFX: FACTORY WHISTLE

ROSEANNE

Nothing like a good livestock
story to start the day.

FABER

I think you know what I mean,
sweetie.

(THE WOMEN ENTER FROM THE LUNCHROOM. JACKIE
AND CRYSTAL APPROACH THEIR WORK AREA)

ROSEANNE

(LOUDLY)

Girls, you'll never believe what
he wanted me to do for him.

JACKIE

Why, Mr. Faber.

DISSOLVE TO:

WARDROBE CHANGE
(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal,
Sylvia, Vonda)

ACT ONE

Scene 3

INT. LOBO LOUNGE - 8:00 PM - FOUR DAYS LATER (DAY 2)
(Roseanne, Dan, Jackie, Crystal, Booker,
Sylvia, Vonda, Claire, Extras)

(DAN AND BOOKER STAND AT THE BAR. ROSEANNE,
JACKIE, CRYSTAL, SYLVIA, AND VONDA SIT AT A
TABLE, DRINKING BEER, EATING SNACKS, ETC.
SYLVIA RISES)

SYLVIA (*)

Well, I'm afraid this ol' broad's
gotta put it to bed.

JACKIE

Sylvia, it's Friday night.

CRYSTAL (*)

And it's early.

SYLVIA

Yeah, but I need two days to
recover. These new quotas are
killing me. Goodnight, everybody.

(EVERYONE AD LIBS "GOODNIGHT." SYLVIA EXITS)

JACKIE

Faber's a maniac.

ROSEANNE

He passed maniac a month ago.

VONDA (*)

You got that right. I mean, when
I'm really smoking, I can pull
maybe fifteen units a minute.

(DAN AND BOOKER APPROACH THE TABLE, CARRYING
BEERS)

(MORE)

VONDA (CONT'D)

That's nine hundred units an hour,
which is seventy-two hundred units
a day. And my quota's eight
thousand. Who does he think I am?

ROSEANNE

Probably some factory worker.

(DAN AND BOOKER START PLACING BEER AROUND THE
TABLE)

DAN

Coupla cold ones for the tired
working masses yearning to be
free.

BOOKER (*)

Don't forget the unemployed
masses.

CRYSTAL

(PUSHING HER BEER AWAY)

I better not drink this. I may do
something I regret.

ROSEANNE

Yeah, last time you left a
barrette in the bathroom.

CRYSTAL

Well, I'm one sip of beer from
going over to that phone, calling
that Mr. Faber and giving him
what-for.

ROSEANNE

Uh oh, Dan, you better hose her
down.

CRYSTAL

My quota's eight thousand. I
can't do eight thousand. I could
do maybe seven thousand.

ROSEANNE (*)

Sure, and be the laughing stock of
the plastics industry.

BOOKER

What's with this guy? Nobody can
do eight thousand units.

CRYSTAL

I heard him say last week there may
not be any room at Wellman for
people who can't make her quota.

VONDA

God, he'd fire us for not making
eight thousand.

JACKIE

We gotta put a contract out on
this guy. Or at least send
somebody up to the front office to
complain to Mr. Wellman.

BOOKER

What for? Old Man Wellman doesn't
set the quotas. Faber does. I
set them when I was there.

VONDA

That scum bucket.

JACKIE

We're killing ourselves so he can
look good.

CRYSTAL

It's so unfair! It's so unfair!

BOOKER

When I was there, the highest I
ever put it was fifty-five
hundred.

*I never
got the
putts higher
than
fifty five
hundred*

ROSEANNE

I do like a man with low
standards.

BOOKER

Yeah. Why did they ever fire me?

ROSEANNE

Probably some stupid reason like
they wanted to stay in business.

CRYSTAL (*)

Since Faber's been there, I go
home at night and I'm too tired to
even check Lonnie's homework.

VONDA

All I do is yell at my husband and
fall asleep.

ROSEANNE

Wait a minute. Who yells at your
kids?

VONDA

My husband.

JACKIE

Hey, I'm living on antacids and
beer. It's the only thing I can
get down.

DAN

If Faber's setting the quotas too
high, you gotta tell him he's
being unrealistic.

CRYSTAL

Not to mention downright silly.

(PUSHING HER BEER AWAY)

Dan, cut me off.

VONDA

Well, somebody needs to go talk to
Faber.

JACKIE

Somedody needs to set that guy
straight.

DAN

Somebody really should.

ROSEANNE

Well, somebody doesn't want to, so
let's drop it. ~~~~~

(THE WOMEN AD LIB THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT)

(MORE)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Hey, we're talking about a man who'd like to see my head mounted over the women's bathroom. Forget it.

(ROSEANNE CROSSES TO THE BAR. JACKIE FOLLOWS AND STANDS BESIDE HER. A BEAT)

JACKIE

Roseanne, remember when we were kids, we used to sit in the backyard, way in the corner where we almost couldn't see the house. And we'd imagine what we were gonna be when we grew up. I was gonna own and operate a chain of pet stores and you were gonna go off to New York City and be editor-in-chief of Mother Earth News. Who'd have thought twenty years later, we'd be sitting in a dive like this, figuring out how to hang on to a job we hate, for eight bucks an hour which we can't live on, trying to fill quotas we can't fill and if we don't, we're gonna be canned.

ROSEANNE (*)

You have some pretzel on your chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

WARDROBE CHANGE
(Roseanne)

ACT ONE

Scene 4

INT. FABER'S OFFICE - MONDAY MORNING (DAY 3)
(Roseanne, Faber)

(FABER IS WORKING AT HIS DESK. THE DOOR IS
AJAR)

KNOCK AT DOOR

FABER

Come in.

(ROSEANNE ENTERS AND LOOKS AROUND)

ROSEANNE (*)

I'll say one thing, you keep a
cleaner office than Booker ever
did. Hey, you even got rid of
Miss November, I'm personally
grateful for that.

FABER

What do you want, Roseanne?

ROSEANNE

Well, I wanted to know if we could
maybe talk. You know, like
people.

FABER

Sure. Have yourself a seat, sugar.

ROSEANNE

Maybe we should close the door?

FABER

Whenever that door closes, things
tend to slow down out there.

ROSEANNE

Well, that's true.

FABER (*)

You'd know. What can I do for
you?

ROSEANNE

(SITTING)

I'm hoping that this is a good
time to discuss quotas.

FABER

Sure.

ROSEANNE

This new eight thousand unit
quota--is--well, it's difficult.
It's very difficult.

FABER

Uh-huh.

ROSEANNE (*)

I mean it's very hard for us to
meet it. You know, you bust your
hump for eight hours and for what?
To come up short every single day?
It gets real discouraging, you
know?

FABER

Live with it.

ROSEANNE

Faber, we're having trouble
making our quotas.

FABER (*)

Maybe I ought to let some of you
girls go.

ROSEANNE (*)

You know, we're good workers. You
can't find better.

FABER

Then what do you suggest we do,
honeybunch?

ROSEANNE

I suggest we lower the quotas.

FABER

Yeah, and a couple of days a week
why don't all of us knock off
early and have a factory picnic.

ROSEANNE (*)

Yeah, like that. If you lower the
quotas, you're gonna raise morale
and increase productivity. We
look good, you look good.

FABER

I know how business works, sugar.
'You scratch my back, I scratch
yours.' And I'm more than willing
to scratch your back. The big
question is, are you willing to
scratch mine?

ROSEANNE

Mrs. Faber ain't gonna pop out of
the closet dressed as a Dutch girl,
is she?

FABER

That's exactly what I'm talking
about. Disrespect. And a smart mouth.

ROSEANNE

(RISING)

Cut to the chase, Faber.

FABER

You want the quotas lowered? I'll
lower the quotas.

ROSEANNE

Well, thank you very much.

(ROSEANNE STARTS TO EXIT)

FABER

Wait a minute. I still got an itch.

(ROSEANNE STOPS)

ROSEANNE

All right, Faber. Lay it on me.
What do you want?

FABER (*)

(RISING)

I want you to modify your behavior. I don't want you ever talking back to me. I don't want to be the butt of your jokes. And when you speak to me, you do it with respect. And no one but you and me'll ever know we had this talk. No one. Otherwise, the quotas stay up and the pink slips go out. Do we have a deal?

(A BEAT)

ROSEANNE

Yes.

FABER

Yes, what?

(A BEAT)

ROSEANNE (*)

Yes, we have a deal.

(A BEAT)

Sir.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

WARDROBE CHANGE
(Roseanne, Faber)

ACT TWO

Scene 1

FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY - A FEW DAYS LATER - 12:25 PM (DAY 4)
(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal, Vonda, Sylvia,
Faber, Extras)

(ROSEANNE, JACKIE, AND CRYSTAL ARE WORKING.
ROSEANNE IS CHEWING GUM. CRYSTAL CROSSES TO
HER STATION)

CRYSTAL

(TO JACKIE)

What're you gonna do this weekend?

JACKIE

That's right. We have an actual
weekend that I don't have to use
to catch up on sleep.

CRYSTAL

Never thought sixty-five hundred
units would feel like a vacation.

JACKIE

(TO ROSEANNE)

What do you guys have lined up?

ROSEANNE

Oh, probably the usual.

CRYSTAL

I'm going to the science fair at
Lonnie's school. He built a
brontosaurus out of egg cartons.

JACKIE

That's weird. Once when Roseanne
was in school, she made something
out of egg cartons, too. What was it?

ROSEANNE

An omelette.

SFX: FACTORY WHISTLE

(JACKIE AND CRYSTAL HEAD TOWARD THE LUNCHROOM)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Hold on, guys.

(INDICATING PLASTIC SCRAPS ON THE FLOOR AND TABLE)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

Why don't we just take care of
this real quick?

JACKIE

Roseanne, why don't we just save
it for the end of the day?

ROSEANNE

Because we're all gonna end up in
a hassle with Faber and he's gonna
get his way. Life's too short, so
why don't we just do it and forget
about it?

(THE WOMEN START TO CLEAN UP THE PLASTIC
SCRAPS. FABER ENTERS FROM HIS OFFICE. HE
STANDS A BEAT, WATCHING THE WOMEN)

FABER

Roseanne, honey, you know the
rule. No food outside the
lunchroom.

ROSEANNE

It's just gum.

(FABER SHRUGS. ROSEANNE TAKES THE GUM OUT OF
HER MOUTH AND PUTS IT IN THE TRASH CAN)

FABER

Thanks, doll. I appreciate the
cooperation.

(FABER STARTS TO EXIT, THEN TURNS TO ROSEANNE)

FABER (CONT'D)

Oh, and when you're done here,
would you mind putting some paper
towels in the men's room?

ROSEANNE

No, I don't mind.

FABER

Thanks.

(FABER EXITS TO HIS OFFICE)

JACKIE

Roseanne, what's with you?

ROSEANNE

Hey, the guy lowered the quota.

Why push our luck?

(ROSEANNE EXITS TO THE LUNCHROOM. JACKIE AND
CRYSTAL LOOK AT EACH OTHER A BEAT, THEN START
TO EXIT)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

Scene 2

INT. LIVING ROOM - 9:00 PM - THAT NIGHT (DAY 4)
(Roseanne, Dan, Becky, Darlene, D.J.)

(BECKY, DARLENE AND D.J. ARE WATCHING
TELEVISION)

SFX: TELEVISION

(ROSEANNE ENTERS, CROSSES TO THE TELEVISION
AND TURNS IT OFF)

SFX: TELEVISION OFF

D.J.

Come on, Mom.

BECKY

Yeah, just five more minutes.

ROSEANNE

Not five more minutes. Not one
more minute. Bedtime is nine
o'clock. It is now nine o'clock.
What does that tell you?

DARLENE

That you're ticked off.

ROSEANNE

Go.

(BECKY, DARLENE, AND D.J. EXIT UPSTAIRS, AS
DAN ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM)

DAN

What's all the fireworks?

ROSEANNE

You know, they're your kids, too.
Or don't you care when they go to
bed?

DAN

They're two minutes late. What's
the big deal?

ROSEANNE

The big deal is they don't know
how to follow rules.

(*)

(*)

DAN

Come on, hon. What is it?

(ROSEANNE CROSSES TO COUCH)

ROSEANNE

Don't call me 'hon.'

DAN

(FOLLOWING HER)

Babe, I been calling you 'hon' for
fifteen years.

ROSEANNE

Don't call me 'babe.'

DAN

Look, lady...

(ROSEANNE CROSSES BEHIND CHAIR)

ROSEANNE

Dan, I'm sorry. It's not you.

DAN

Faber, huh?

ROSEANNE

God, I hate him.

DAN

You want me to beat him up for
you?

ROSEANNE

No.

DAN

Come on, Rosie.

ROSEANNE

Well, what would you do to him?

DAN

I'd wait for him by the bike rack
after school.

ROSEANNE

Yeah.

DAN

Then I'd take my sock and fill it
full of marbles and when he walked
out of the boy's gym I'd say to
him, 'Keith, you want to come over
to my house? I have the original
cast album to Carousel.'

(SHE LAUGHS)

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Rosie, it'll be okay.

ROSEANNE

Dan, I sold my soul to the devil
for sixty-five hundred units.

DAN

Rosie, what're you talking about?

ROSEANNE

I told Faber if he lowered the
quota, I'd lower myself and show
him a little respect. Only a
little's turned into a lot and I
can't take it anymore.

(DAN LEADS HER TO THE COUCH)

DAN

Honey, if you're that miserable,
quit. It's not worth it.

ROSEANNE

I can't quit.

DAN

Well, you can't go on like this.

ROSEANNE

Dan, if I quit, I lose everything.
My hospitalization. I won't get
any unemployment. None of the
kids can get sick or grow.

DAN

Honey, we had kids before we had
hospitalization. We'll manage.

ROSEANNE

How? Finding another job could
take a long time.

DAN

We'll manage. We got married.
They said we'd never make it. We
had three kids. They said we'd
never make it. You know what
we're like? One of those clown
balloons with the big feet. No
matter what you do to it, it
always lands right side up.

ROSEANNE

Okay. Say I quit. Becky comes to you and wants a new pair of designer jeans. What do you tell her?

DAN

I tell her the truth. I look her straight in the eye and say, 'Honey, you could have those jeans if your mother hadn't been as big baby and quit her job.'

ROSEANNE

Supportive.

(ROSEANNE GIVES DAN A PLAYFUL SLAP)

DISSOLVE TO:

WARDROBE CHANGE
(Roseanne)

ACT TWO

Scene 3

INT. FACTORY - 2:15 PM (DAY 5)
(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal, Sylvia, Vonda,
Lou, Faber, Extras)

(ROSEANNE, JACKIE, AND CRYSTAL ARE WORKING)

JACKIE

Roseanne, you know I'm right.
Admit it.

ROSEANNE

Shut up. Did you ever think
I might not like putting someone
down?

JACKIE

No. I was thinking you were
losing your touch.

ROSEANNE

Well, think again.

JACKIE

How 'bout yesterday? Faber was in
here throwing his weight around
and you had a golden opportunity
to slam him but you didn't. You
stooped to an all-time low and
called him 'Sir.'

ROSEANNE

Don't remind me.

JACKIE

What's wrong with you?

(CRYSTAL CROSSES TO ROSEANNE)

CRYSTAL

Jackie, maybe she's going through something personal.

JACKIE

You're right, Crystal.

(TO ROSEANNE)

So, what is it, Sis?

(LOU APPROACHES THE WORK AREA)

LOU

Hey, girls. See Faber's got you marching to his drum. It's about time somebody whipped you into shape.

JACKIE

Somebody needs to whip you into the shape of a man.

LOU

You're just ticked off 'cause your loverboy Booker got the axe.

ROSEANNE

Ooo, Jackie, did you hear that? Whips and axes.

JACKIE

(TO LOU)

You're really twisted.

ROSEANNE

Personally, I sense a latent lion
tamer/lumberjack dichotomy going
on here.

LOU

Yeah, well, sticks and stones,
Roseanne.

ROSEANNE

Ooo, sticks and stones and whips
and axes.

(THE WOMEN AD LIB CATCALLS)

JACKIE

You're a sick man, Lou.

SFX: WHISTLE BLOWS

(THE WOMEN ALL START TO CROSS TO THE
LUNCHROOM. FABER ENTERS FROM HIS OFFICE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of sick men, here comes
Faber.

FABER

Ladies, can I have your attention?

LOU

Sure, Mr. Faber.

FABER

I have a little announcement to
make. Plastics is a competitive
industry. Let's face it. We make
money selling product. So, it stands
to reason that the more product we
sell, the more money we make.

JACKIE

All right, what are you raising
the quotas to?

FABER

Nothing you girls can't handle.
We're gonna try eight thousand
again. And I have every
confidence that you girls can cut
the mustard. And if you can't,
well, it's been nice working with
you.

(FABER EXITS)

VONDA

Can you believe that?

SYLVIA

I'll never make that quota.

(SYLVIA EXITS TO THE LUNCHROOM)

JACKIE

Come on, Roseanne. I'll buy you a
cup of coffee.

(JACKIE EXITS)

ROSEANNE

Be there in a minute.

(CRYSTAL EXITS. ROSEANNE MARCHES INTO FABER'S
OFFICE. VONDA, WHO IS STILL IN THE ROOM, SEES
ROSEANNE HEADING TOWARD FABER'S OFFICE)

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

Scene 4

INT. FABER'S OFFICE/FACTORY - CONTINUOUS (DAY 5)
(Roseanne, Faber, Vonda)

(ROSEANNE ENTERS AND SLAMS THE DOOR)

ROSEANNE

What the hell do you think you're
doing? We had a deal.

FABER

The operative word here, Roseanne,
is 'had.'

ROSEANNE

I know who you are. I know who
you are and if you didn't have
this job, you'd be in an alley.

FABER

(SITTING)

You sound angry, Roseanne.

ROSEANNE

I am angry, damn it. The deal was
I tow the line and you lower the
quotas. Now, why are you doing
this?

FABER

Because I can.

ROSEANNE

No, you can't.

FABER

I did. Once I broke you, I knew
you were a loser like the rest of
them.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

(VONDA LISTENS AT FABER'S OFFICE DOOR)

FABER (OS)

And you're gonna stay and do your
eight thousand and so will all your
loser friends or they'll go home.

(VONDA HEADS TOWARD THE LUNCHROOM)

CUT TO:

INT. FABER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ROSEANNE (*)

You don't motivate people like
this. But it would take a manager
to know that. You are a lot of
things...but you ain't no manager.

FABER

Sweetheart, you just bought
yourself a bunch of trouble.

ROSEANNE

No, sweetheart, you did.

(ROSEANNE EXITS)

FABER

I'm not done with you, don't you
walk away when I'm talking to you.

(FABER FOLLOWS ROSEANNE)

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

Scene 5

INT. LUNCHROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Roseanne, Jackie, Crystal, Sylvia, Vonda, Lou, Faber, Extras)

(THE EMPLOYEES ARE SITTING, DRINKING COFFEE, ETC. VONDA IS STANDING AT THE TABLE TALKING TO CRYSTAL, JACKIE, AND SYLVIA)

CRYSTAL

You're kidding?

VONDA

I wish I was.

JACKIE

And Faber's still walking?

(ROSEANNE ENTERS FROM THE FACTORY. JACKIE CROSSES TO HER)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You okay, Sis?

ROSEANNE (*)

I tried to be okay. But he
doesn't want me to be okay. He
doesn't want any of us to be okay.
He is not okay. He's never gonna
be okay 'cause I'm gonna leave
this place. Okay?

(FABER ENTERS) (*)

(*)

FABER

(TO ROSEANNE)

Faber
Roseanne, I told you not to walk
away from me.

ROSEANNE

Faber, I'm walking away from you.
I'm walking away from this damn
factory. And I'm walking away
from this stinking job.

(ROSEANNE CROSSES TO THE TIME CLOCK AND
PUNCHES OUT)

FABER

Well, that was a wonderful
performance, Roseanne.

(TO THE OTHER EMPLOYEES)

But if any of you are considering
joining her, I just want to point
out that there are two doors to
this room. One that pays and one
that doesn't.

(JACKIE CROSSES TO ROSEANNE, FOLLOWED BY
CRYSTAL. ONE BY ONE, THE OTHER EMPLOYEES
CROSS TO ROSEANNE, PUNCH OUT AND EXIT.
FINALLY FABER AND ROSEANNE ARE LEFT ALONE IN
THE ROOM)

ROSEANNE

Guess we're not gonna make our
quota today.

(ROSEANNE EXITS)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

Scene 6

INT. LOBO LOUNGE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER (DAY 5)
(Roseanne, Dan, Jackie, Crystal, Booker,
Sylvia, Vonda, Claire, Extras)

(SEVERAL TABLES HAVE BEEN PUSHED TOGETHER.
THE GROUP IS IN TRIUMPHANT SPIRITS. CRYSTAL
RAISES HER BEER GLASS IN A TOAST)

CLAIRE

(SETTING BEER DOWN)

Here you go.

CRYSTAL (*)

I can't believe I did this. I
mean, I'm glad I did it. But I
can't believe I did it.

ROSEANNE (*)

So you spilled the beer nuts--big
deal.

(THE CROWD CHEERS, CLANKS THEIR GLASSES.
SYLVIA RISES AND RAISES HER GLASS IN A TOAST)

SYLVIA

I was at that factory longer than
anybody here. And you know what
I'm going to miss most about
Wellman? Not one damn thing.

(EVERYONE CHEERS EVEN LOUDER. SYLVIA SITS
DOWN. JACKIE RISES)

JACKIE

I think it's time we thanked the
woman responsible for our
emancipation.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

My sister, ex-Wellman employee,
and a heck of a woman in her own
right...

(TO ROSEANNE)

What was your name again?

ROSEANNE

Sally Field.

(ROSEANNE RISES, JACKIE SITS DOWN)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

The first thing I'd like to say is
'all the drinks are on Booker.'

(EVERYONE CHEERS)

ROSEANNE (CONT'D) (*)

Brother Racoons, I'd like to
thank Adolph Faber for giving me
the opportunity to say, 'Shove it,
Wellman.'

(A ROUND OF CHEERS, ROSEANNE SITS DOWN)

BOOKER

(TO JACKIE)

It feels good to say 'shove it,'
now, but tomorrow you're gonna
wake up with a headache and no job.

ROSEANNE (*)

Shove it, Booker.

CRYSTAL (*)

I can't believe I quit.

BOOKER

Hey, I been out of work a month.

I'm just telling it like it is.

ROSEANNE

That's how it is with you.

(ADDRESSING THE TABLE)

Hey, everybody. Mr. Optimism here
says we can't make it without
Wellman.

(THE CROWD BOOS AND HISSES)

CRYSTAL

Yes, we will.

DAN

Hey, you guys are a team. You
don't need Wellman Plastics.

SYLVIA

Yeah, we just gotta pull together.

ROSEANNE

How 'bout we start a food co-op?

CRYSTAL (*)

Yeah. We could do that. And we
can have a kid co-op. So we can
all look for jobs. I can't
believe I quit.

JACKIE

You know, if we really want to, we could make this work. We could beat the system.

SYLVIA

We could.

VONDA

We've got the resources to do anything we want.

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

(A BEAT)

VONDA

Are we just kidding ourselves?

JACKIE

Does it matter?

ROSEANNE

No. Let's just have another beer.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - 6:50 PM (DAY 5)
(Roseanne, Dan)

(DAN IS SITTING AT THE TABLE HELPING ROSEANNE
PUT TOGETHER HER JOB RESUME. THERE IS A
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER IN FRONT OF DAN)

ROSEANNE

All right. What does it say so
far?

DAN

(READING)

'Conner, Roseanne. 714 Delaware
Street, Lanford, Illinois. Age,
thirty-five. Experience...'

ROSEANNE

Yeah?

DAN

That's where we left off.

ROSEANNE

Well, we gotta make a choice here.
Do we lie on the resume or do we
lie a lot?

DAN

We don't lie, we embellish.

(DAN TYPES)

ROSEANNE

What are you typing?

DAN

Eleven years at Wellman Plastics.
Manufacturing division.

*Not
used
in
A
Broadcast*

ROSEANNE

That's good. I like that.

DAN

Now what about before Wellman?

ROSEANNE

Well, I spent twenty-five years
being thin.

DAN

What's your employment objective?

ROSEANNE

To make as much money as I can
doing as little work as possible.

DAN

Be realistic, Rosie. You gotta
start out on the ground floor and
work your way up to that position.

ROSEANNE

I got an idea, Dan. Why don't I
come work for you?

DAN

No way, Rosie. You could never
carry a load of lumber or a
girder.

ROSEANNE

I was thinking in a more
administrative capacity. I could
be the creative director.

DAN

And what exactly would you do?

ROSEANNE

I'd direct all the creativity.

DAN

Roseanne, I pour driveways and
build carports.

ROSEANNE

That's what I mean. You need some
creativity. Hire me.

DAN

Roseanne?

ROSEANNE

What, Dan?

DAN

Get a job.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW