

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

ACT 1, SCENE 1

No! Really, Marge? Well, confidentially, I've suspected that right along. I have, I have. You know what I've always thought about Betty and Jack. Yeah, well, I've always said if there was ever anything in the world

Lucy, Lucy, for goodness sakes, get off the phone.

Pardon me, Marge. Did you say something. Ricky?

Yes, I said, "Lucy, for goodness sakes, get off the phone.

Oh. Hello, Marge, bad connection. Where were we? Oh, yeah, Betty. Yeah, uh-huh She didn't! She didn't! She didn't! She couldn't!

Maybe that's why she didn't.

Oh, keep quiet. No, not you, Marge. Well, honey, I never would have thought that of Betty. Oh, good-bye, Marge.

I'm surprised the phone hasn't grown to your ear.

Oh...

Lucy, why did you stop? Don't tell me you got tired of taking Betty apart?

Who got tired? Marge had to hang up. Betty just walked in. Gee, I wonder what they're saying about me.

Lucy, I want to speak to you about goss'ping.

"Goss'ping"?

Yes, I think that gossiping is vicious and petty, and I think a gossip is the lowest form of human life.

Oh, so do I.

You don't seem to get my message. I was talking about you.

Me gossip?

What do you call what you were doing on the phone? Well, it wasn't gossiping. I prefer to think of it as a mutual exchange of vital information.

Ay...

Anyway, she was gossiping. I was just listening.

Lucy, you remember the old saying "Birds of a feather smell the same"?

You mean, "A rose by any other name flocks together.

Yeah.

Well, anyway, I was just listening. It isn't gossip unless I tell it to someone else.

Well, that shouldn't take very long.

Are you implying that I can't keep my mouth shut?

Yeah.

Well, you'll find out. Nobody's going to get this information from me. My lips are sealed.

Uh, Fred and Ethel are coming up tonight.

I don't care, my lips are sealed.

This I got to see.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

You will. Let them in, I'll be right back.

All right.

ACT 1, SCENE 2

Hi, Ricky.

Hi.

I'm sorry we're late. I was fixing my hair.

Hey, Rick, is your phone out of order? I've been trying to get you for an hour and a half.

Yeah, well, I know. Lucy's been on the phone for an hour and a half talking to Marge.

Oh.

She's been getting all the details in some nice, juicy gossip.

Really? Who was it? When did it happen? Who did what? Oh, come on, Ethel, reel in your antenna.

Quiet.

Come on, Ricky, give out.

Uh-uh.

Well, Lucy will tell me.

I don't know about that. She said she wouldn't say a word. She said her lips are sealed.

Huh? Oh, boy, I'll say they're sealed.

Hey, I kind of like that. How come you never went in for one of those?

Oh, shut up. Lucy, Ricky says you know a nice piece of juicy gossip. Well, tell me. Oh, darn it!

This is liable to be real good, Fred. Would you care to join me in a ringside seat.

Thank you.

ETHEL: Oh, this is maddening. Who's it about, Lucy? Madge? Uh Blanche? Um Dorothy? Um Luanne? Uh, Betty? It's about Betty? Um Uh, Betty and who? Betty and Fred? No Betty and Ricky? Oh! Betty and her husband, Jack! Oh, Betty and her husband Jack, yeah! Um what happened? They had a fight? What did they what did they fight about? A vase? A woman? Another woman? Betty and her husband, Jack, had a fight about another woman? Oh

RICKY: Lucy, you promised you weren't going to say anything to Ethel about it. You're breaking your promise. I don't care if you're not saying anything. You're still gossiping.

Don't stop her now. I haven't found out what happened. How did Betty find out about Jack and the other woman? Who are you? A man? Her husband, Jack! Yeah, her husband, Jack and Betty. No, no the other woman! Jack and the other woman! Were out dancing? And drinking? (gasps): And kissing? Oh! How'd Betty find out about it? Now, they were dancing Yeah, Jack and the other woman are dancing and Betty came in the club and saw them! So she separated them. Ooh! Oh! Oh! And Jack, Jack, yeah, yeah tried to get them to stop fighting, huh? Yeah. And they both beat up on him? Oh! Now they're all fighting, all three of them are fighting and somebody came in. Uh, the manager? Uh, the bouncer? Oh!

The doorman.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

RICKY: Uh, uh, uh a-a policeman! A policeman.

He put the girls in the black Maria? Oh! Ooh, he threw in Jack! Oh, what a juicy piece of gossip.

What a performance. Bravo! Bravo!

Thank you, thank you.

Isn't it amazing what women go through to tell each other some dirt?

Fantastic!

Listen, so we gossip a little-- so do men.

FRED: Men gossip?

Yes, men gossip.

Well, now.

Now, wait a minute, Fred. In all fairness, some men gossip a little.

Who does?

Well, uh, take Marco, my piano player, for instance. It was only yesterday that I caught him talking to the drummer about Joe, the trombone player and what a wolf he is.

Joe, a wolf?

Is he? I don't see how he can blow a note with those fangs of his. No kidding? Well, listen, this week is Nancy, the harpist. Last week was one of the girls in the trio. The week before that, it was the hat-check girl.

No!

Yeah.

Thank you,

Hedda and Lolly.

Now, wait a minute. The point is we can take it or leave it alone. With you women, it's your life's blood. Well, you two aren't exactly anaemic.

I'll bet you that we can keep from gossiping longer than you men can.

Oh, that's a hot one!

Girls, you've made yourself a bet.

Okay, what's the bet?

Well, let's make it something interesting, now. I know! The losers will serve the winners breakfast in bed for a month. How's that?

Okay, you've got yourself a deal.

All right!

ACT 2

Oh, hiya, Fred.

Oh, hi, Rick. Wait a second, I'll walk home with you.

Ah, I'm glad I saw you.

Just coffee. How are things in the gossip front?

Well, this is the third day, isn't it? Yeah, I haven't heard a peep of gossip out of Lucy.

Not a peep out of my biddy either.

Thank you. You know, I have a plan, but I think it's a little sneaky.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

Good, let's hear it.

Well, I thought maybe we could cook up some sensational hunk of gossip, see.

Uh-huh?

And then we tell it to our wives and leave them alone and wait for them to explode.

Well, there will be an explosion, all right, except for one thing.

What's that?

If we tell them, then we'll be gossiping.

Oh, yeah, I didn't think of that.

It was a nice try, though-- good try.

Listen.

Huh?

Supposing that, accidentally, we mumbled something in our sleep and our wives overheard it. We couldn't be accused of gossiping then, could we?

Well, no... But, what with---oh, you mean we---we pretend that we're talking in our sleep?

You got me.

Ricky, you're a Cuban genius.

Thank you. Now, let's see who will we make up the story about?

Well, what about wait a minute, now. What about the Foster woman, the blonde in 3-B? They're both jealous of her looks anyway.

Yeah, Grace Foster. Yeah. That's good, that's good. Grace Foster and who?

The milkman.

The milkman?

Yes.

That little, bitty guy?

Yeah.

He's so bashful.

That makes it all the juicier.

ACT 3, SCENE 1

(snoring) Grace Foster...Grace Foster.,,Grace Foster!

Huh? What's the matter? What's the matter, Ricky? Oh, you must have had a nightmare. Sleep well, little husband.

Grace Foster.

Grace Foster?

What about Grace Foster? What are you dreaming about? Why are you smiling like that? What about Grace Foster?

Grace Foster is running away. Grace Foster is running away with...

Don't stop now. Go on.

Grace Foster is running away with the milkman.

The milkman?

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

Uh-huh.
Go on, go on.

Grace Foster y el lechero se van a salir juntos

In English, in English!

Grace Foster is running away with the milkman
and her husband doesn't suspect anything.

Go on.

That is all.

Ooh, Ethel will die when she hears this. I can't
keep it to myself another minute. I'll call her right
now. Gee, it's pretty late. I wonder what time it is.
Well, she might still be up. I can't tell her without
losing that bet. It would be gossip. Darn it! That's
right, sleep, you big ox.

What? What? What happened? What? What
happened?

You must have been dreaming, dear.

Oh oh.

Good night, dear.

Good night. I'm a real stinker, all right.

ACT 4

Ricky! Ricky!

Hello, Fred.

How did it go last night?

Wonderful. She swallowed the whole story. How
did it go with Ethel?

Well, if she'd have flapped her ears any more she
would have taken off and circled the room.

Listen, we're a cinch to win the bet.

How do you know?

Well, Lucy just announced that she's going to go
downstairs and borrow a cup of flour from Ethel.

Well, let's not waste any more time.

Where are we going?

We'll go down to the basement and listen
through the furnace pipe.

Good idea.

ACT 4, SCENE 2

Come on! Ricky, I'm going downstairs now. Ricky?
Oh.

Oh.

I just came up to borrow a cup of sugar.

I was just coming down to borrow a cup of flour.

Well, come on in, sit down.

Okay.

How about a cup of coffee?

Uh, no, thanks.

Um how have you been?

Oh, I've been fine, fine.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

I feel wonderful.

How have you been?

Great, great, never felt better.

Well, let's drink to our good health.

What's new?

Um, uh Nothing.

What's new with you?

Nothing.

Dull, aren't we?

Yeah.

Well, I might as well go home.

How about your sugar?

Sugar? Oh, never mind.

I really didn't need any flour either.

Well, so long.

Bye.

Drop up later, Ethel. I got a pudding in the oven.

Pudding? What kind?

Grace Foster---I mean, brown betty!

You know then!

Yes, do you?

Yes! Ricky, are you in there? What did you hear?

I heard that Grace is getting ready to run away with the milkman!

They're going to Mexico and get a quick divorce and they're settling in Steubenville.

Steubenville?!

Yeah, he's got a new milk route.

Well, if you ask me, I think her husband is well rid of her.

I think so too. I think so too.

FRED (eerily): Ethel Mertz!

BOTH: What's that?

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Who's that?

This is your conscience.

You have been gossiping.

Ethel, you've got the loudest conscience I ever heard.

RICKY: Lucy Ricardo! This is your conscience. You've been goss'ping, too.

Oh, fine, my conscience has an accent.

Ricky Ricardo, where are you?

Fred and I are down in the basement.

We listened to the whole thing through the furnace pipe.

FRED: Looks like you've lost the bet, girls.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

Oh! Keep them talking.

What are you doing down there now?

FRED: We knew you'd blab that phony Grace Foster story to each other.

Phony?

RICKY: Yes, we dreamt it up and told it to you last night in our sleep.

(gasping and coughing) There! Maybe a little soot will teach them not to be so smart next time.

How do you like that? They deliberately tricked us.

What a couple of fools we are. Now we got to give those two bums breakfast in bed for a month.

What a revolting thought.

Wait a minute! If they weren't asleep, they were awake.

Well, that's a monumental conclusion.

No, no, I mean if they were awake when they told us that story they were gossiping.

Yeah! How about that? Suddenly the breakfast is on the other foot.

Well, if it isn't the coal dust twins.

Very funny.

All right, girls, we won the bet fair and square. Didn't we, Fred?

That we did.

Now, let's see tomorrow morning I would like some orange juice two eggs basted, ham, toast, jam and coffee.

I'll have the same, sweetie.

Well, that's just wonderful except for tomorrow morning, you'll be serving it to us.

She is so right.

FRED AND RICKY: What do you mean?

I mean you weren't really talking in your sleep so you were gossiping first!

Now, wait a minute, girls, wait a minute. You have misconstrued the entire point of the situation. Now, you see, if the story were true then we would have been gossiping but the story was not true-- we made it up. The whole thing was "friction" so we were not gossiping. Now, you girls believed that the story was true so you were gossiping. Now, that's the whole thing.

Oh, that is the silliest way of trying to crawl out of a bet.

What do you mean, "friction"? Wait a minute! (all arguing)

ACT 5

Good morning, your majesty.

Good morning.

That's nice. You're a very good wife.

Thank you very much.

Thank you.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

FRED: Ricky, don't start till I get there!

In there.

Fred, what are you doing up here?

Oh...

Well, I thought we ought to share our moment of triumph. May I?

MR. FOSTER: All right, where is that?

Be my guest.

ETHEL: Oh, help hide him, Lucy.

Where are you, Ethel?

RICKY: What's going on here?

Coming, master.

MR. FOSTER: Just watch me get my hands on that little shrimp! That's all I want to do is find him!

This is the life, isn't it, Fred?

We're living like kings.

What do you mean breaking in here? What's going on here, Mr. Foster?

Why did you ever agree that they won the bet?

I'll teach that cow juice peddler to flirt with my wife.

Well, Ethel, it would be different if that story about Grace Foster and the milkman was true, but it wasn't.

Come on out, you cottage cheese Casanova! What you doing there, you little shrimp.

That's right.

Mr. Foster, now, now nothing can be settled with a gun.

Absolutely.

MAN: Help! Help! Save me! Help!

No?

What's this? Who's that?

You'll just go to jail.

Save me! He's after me, he's after me!

Wow.

Who's after you?

Now, you don't want to go to jail, do you?

Oh, all my milk will turn sour. He's after me!

No.

Who's after you? Who's after you? Who's that?

Now now, this is something that should be settled between you and your wife, Grace.

Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster!

Yeah, I guess shooting him wouldn't solve anything.

ETHEL: Mr. Foster?!

Where can I hide?

It certainly wouldn't.

I LOVE LUCY

GOSSIP

I suppose maybe I ought to give Grace a chance to explain.

That's right.

Yeah. But let me tell you one thing. From now on, we drink goat's milk.

So there's no truth to the story, hey, fellas?

ETHEL: Yeah, how about that, boys?

Oh, no, you don't. I'll have honeydew melon filled with strawberries eggs Benedict and hot chocolate.

I'll have the same, Fatso.

Eso es lo que quiere comer para el desayuno-- un pedazo de honeydew melon, Benedict eggs filled with strawberry y chocolate caliente...

Oh, I forgot all about you.

You're safe now.

ETHEL: What a break he chose this apartment to hide in.

Would you hand me my purse there please? Oh. Thank you. Now, here's five dollars for you and please give this five dollars to Mr. Foster and tell him I said, "thank you very much. You both gave wonderful performances.

Aw, think nothing of it, Mrs. Ricardo. Oh, with my compliments.

Oh, thank you.

It was a pleasure. Any time.

LUCY: Bye-bye.