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The setting is Ricky Ricardo's Club Babalu. Lucy has invited three book club friends and one guest of these friends to join her, Ricky, and their besties the Mertzes for dinner. The nine gathered dinner guests include Lucy, Ethel and Fred Mertz; Jerry Seinfeld and Elaine Benes; Lucille and Gob Bluth; Kate Austin and Jack Shephard. Prior to their arrival Ricky has just finished performing his favorite song. All except his wife, Lucy, silently rejoice at this since they all unanimously hate it with every fiber of their being. Gob is sure that act can be vastly improved with a bit of magic...and candy. Now they impatiently and hungrily await Ricky while he changes backstage. (The waiters have been instructed not to begin dinner until he arrives.) Like a gracious host, Lucy breaks the ice.



Lucy: Early this afternoon Ethel and I were really bored and I just looked at Ethel and said, "You know what we ought to do? You know what we ought to do?! You want to go downtown and have dinner with the boys tonight?" And she said...tell them what you said, Ethel.



Ethel: I said, "yes!...What boys?"



Lucy: And I said, "Fred and Ricky, silly." And then she said, "Oh yeah." Just like that "Oh yeah," and she obviously wasn't at all excited about it. So I suggested we invite some of our book club friends and their significant other.



Ethel: Or a friend.



Jerry: Or mortal enemies (He looks meaningfully at Elaine).



Lucy: Good times! Now, all we need is Ricky.



Jack Shepherd: Shouldn't he already be here?



Lucy: Hold your horses. And, say, won't he be delighted to see you all.



Ethel: You mean he doesn't even know yet?



Lucy: Well, he knows the three of us are.



Mrs. Bluth: GAAAH! Why am I even here? Gob!...



Jerry: And why haven't we given our orders yet?



Lucy: We're waiting for Ricky. He has to tell the waiters when we're ready.



Elaine: I'm ready.



Jerry: I thought we had reservations.



Lucy: We did. I made them.



Jerry: Did you? Do you even know how reservations work?



Lucy: Yes, I know how reservations work, Jerry, thank you very much.



Jerry: I don't think you do. If you did, we'd be eating.

(He looks at Fred). Am I wrong?



Fred: Don't look at me, I'm just here to for the chow.



Elaine: (scoffs) Lucy.



Lucy: Excuse me...Have we met?



Elaine: No, but I've heard of your show. "Murphy Brown", right? I'm writing a script for it.



Lucy: What? I'm on "I Love Lucy."



Elaine: Yeah, whatever, I don't care.



Jerry: Let me get this straight, you haven't even seen the show and your writing a script for it?



Elaine: (Ignores Jerry and looks at the food on the other tables). GAAAH, I am so hungry!



Lucy: Now listen, Ethel, when Ricky gets here and sees everyone you distract him with something that will make him forget about being mad at me.



Ethel: Huh? How?



Lucy: Dance with him, talk, sing...That's it! Ask Ricky to sing.



Ethel: Sing?! You know he won't!



Lucy: Oh, WON'T he! There is nothing he would rather do, ever!



Jerry: My but isn't it great to see such familial love and trust in action.



Elaine: What's the point of waiting for this guy. Let's eat!



Lucy: "This guy"? I'll have you know—



Kate: Just a little plate of chocolates. Is that too much to ask? Just one plate.



Gob: Oh come on! She just wants some chocolate. Garkon! Garkon! A plato ofo chocolatos for the senioraitos and the seniorettees.



Lucy: No! No, never mind, Sam. No chocolates.



Fred: You just had to ask for chocolates. Ethel and Lucy have had it with chocolate since that time they scarfed down all those chocolates at the chocolate factory.



Lucy: Well...that was all your fault.



Fred: My fault?



Lucy: Yes. Yelling all those crazy things.



Fred: That was dinner talk.



Lucy: Yeah well...you scared me!



Ethel: My sentiments exactly, Lucy. (scowls at Fred)



Lucy: Thank you, Ethel.



Jack: I got to tell you ladies, if you don't learn to get along with your husbands...you're going to eat alone.



Kate: (turns to Gob) He always says stuff like that.



Jack: Yeah, well. I love you.



Kate: I love you more.



Jack: No, I love you more.



Kate: Okay.



Gob: That's the Christmas Spirit.



Jack: Back on the island we didn't celebrate Christmas at all and liked it.



Kate: (To Gob) He loves talking about the island.



Jack: The island told me to.



Gob: (Pulls out a deck of cards and shows the top card) Hey Kate, see this King of Diamonds?



Kate: Sure.



Gob: That's me. You're the queen who the king of diamonds showers with diamonds. (pulls a queen of clubs from the deck)...I mean Clubs...Club sauce! He showers her with club sauce!!!



Mrs. Bluth: Ugh, I hate club sauce. If I wanted my sauces touched, I'd eat the inside of your ear!



Gob: What does that even mean?!



Lucy: Okay, okay, okay, everyone. While we wait for Ricky, let's play "Going On a Picnic."



Jerry: Yeah, cause we really need to work up an appetite right now.



Ethel: Really?



Jerry: No.



Mrs. Bluth: Lucy, dear, I don't like these games and I won't respond to them.



Lucy: I'm sorry you don't enjoy these games more. I guess you are just a heathen who doesn't "get" what fun is all about.

(Lucy and Ethel enthusiastically begin the game but Fred refuses to continue and everyone else is good with that. Except for Gob)



Gob: I'm going on a picnic and I'm taking an artichoke, a bacon sandwich, and...a Chimpanzee with a cup of cold coffee...and an illllluuuusion.



Elaine: (Says quietly to Jerry) Ya know, we shouldn't have to wait for her husband to eat. I feel like just going over there and taking some food off somebody's plate.



Jerry: I'll tell you what, there's 50 bucks in it for you if you do it.



Elaine: What do you mean?



Jerry: You walk over that table, you pick up an empanada, you don't say anything, you eat it, say 'thank you very much', wipe your mouth, walk away. I give you 50 bucks.



Elaine: 50 bucks, you'll give me 50 bucks?



Jerry: 50 bucks. That table over there, the three couples.



Elaine: OK, I don't wanna go over there and do it, and then come back here and find out there was some little loophole like I didn't put mustard on it or something...



Jerry: No, no tricks.



Elaine: Should I do it, Lucy?



Mrs. Bluth: (applying lipstick) Its Lucille. Don't mistake me for that red-headed bimbo over there.



Lucy: I'm right here.



Mrs. Bluth: (Ignores Lucy) Sure, why not. It's your grave. Frankly, I don't trust anything served in this place.



Jerry: True. You also notice most of the waitresses are really ugly. Totally undateable!



Elaine: Just when I think you're the shallowest man I've ever met, you somehow manage to drain a little more out of the pool.



Mrs. Bluth: (ignoring Elaine) I noticed that. The male waiters are pretty hideous as well...That settles it. (She gets up and leaves without telling Gob who just said he is taking a lovely lava-lamp on a picnic).



Elaine: (Leans over to Gob). Hey buddy, your ride's leaving.



Gob: What?...come on! (He gets on his Segway which is beside his chair and quickly exits).



Lucy: Oh, don't leave you two! Ooooh!



Jerry: (He turns to Elaine) So?



Elaine: So, what?



Jerry: The bet?



Elaine: On one condition. That you follow me and that having completed the task, we immediately leave and go get something to eat.



Jerry: Yeah, whatever. (Leans across the table) Hey Lu, we got to go.



Lucy: Oh no. Not you two too.



Jerry: Yeah, we gotta go.



Lucy: Ohhh, why?



Jerry: Yeah, its Elaine, uhhh...she's like really frightened and has to go home.



Jack: Frightened?



Jerry: Yeah, she has what the doctors call a condition, it comes and goes and if she doesn't go home soon she could die. DIE!



Jack: Let me tell you something about being frightened. On the island—



Kate: Comes and goes?



Jerry: Mm...it comes...and it goes, it comes and goes.

(Elaine takes a bite of an empenada from another table after which she and Jerry leave. At the same time Gob reenters on his Segway and approaches Kate)



Gob: So mon senioritaria, can I get a ride home. I have candyyyyyy...in a piniata.



Kate: Why don't you just go on that thing?



Gob: Are you insane?! That's like an hour on this baby. An hour!

Narrator: 15 minutes.



Kate: (Thinks) And you say you have candy.



Gob: And an Xbox. And more...oh, so much more.



Kate: I'm sold, let's go. Later Jack.



Jack: What? Kate, we go home together, or you're going to die alone.



Kate: (smiles) Oh honey. I love you, but seriously, I'm with Gob now. He has candy! (exits with Gob on his Segway).



Ethel: I wonder why he didn't offer us any candy.



Jack: I have to go back!



Lucy: No, oh, don't go!



Jack: I have to go back! (Exits)



Fred: We might as well go to, Ethel.



Ethel: Fred!



Fred: Well I've had it. I'm hungry. (Exits)



Ethel: (Turns to an increasingly distressed Lucy.) Oh!



Lucy: Just go ahead, Ethel. I'll be okay here all alone.



Ethel: Oh! Say, now you and Ricky can have a real nice romantic dinner. See you later, dear. Love you. Ooooh! (Exits)

(Lucy sobs)

(Ricky enters. Kisses Lucy)



Ricky: Hello honey. What's the matter?



Lucy: Don't you honey me!



Ricky: What happened!

(Lucy gives him the evil eye)

Narrator: It was then that Ricky discovered he'd made a huge mistake.



Ricky: Cometí un gran error.