

I Love Lucy  
"Desperate Housewife"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST 68TH STREET - DAY

Floating up past floor after floor, LUCY comes into view through her apartment window - she is vacuuming.

LUCY (V.O.)

My name is Lucy Ricardo. When you turn on your radio tonight, you may hear about the unusual day I had last week.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LUCY (V.O.)

Normally, my shenanigans wouldn't make the news, but that all changed last Thursday.

INT. THE RICARDO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lucy serves her husband RICKY RICARDO and their son LITTLE RICKY breakfast.

LUCY (V.O.)

Everything started out like normal.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Lucy kneels in a flower bed and prunes roses.

LUCY (V.O.)

I spent time in the garden.

She accidentally lops the bloom off of a rose stem.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(crying)  
Bwaaaaahhhhh!

INT. CANDY FACTORY - DAY

Lucy is overwhelmed by an assault of bon bons endlessly pouring off of a conveyor belt.

LUCY (V.O.)  
I worked my shift at the factory.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Lucy wrestles a wine-maker in a grape stomping barrel.

LUCY (V.O.)  
I attended my class at the winery.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy straightens photos on the mantel.

LUCY (V.O.)  
Honestly, it was just like any  
other uneventful day in my life,  
which is why it was so odd that  
last Thursday afternoon...

Lucy walks to the closet, opens the door, takes the lid off a  
hat box and removes a snub-nosed Colt .38 pistol.

LUCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I decided to take a loaded gun and  
give my skull air conditioning.

The gun FIRES - Lucy drops to the floor.

CLOSE ON what appears to be a growing pool of blood - a hand  
appears with freshly painted nails, matching a pool of  
spilled nail polish on a counter.

INT. THE MERTZ'S KITCHEN - A MOMENT AGO

The hand belongs to ETHEL MERTZ who is blowing on her wet  
nails. Just then, Ethel hears a gun FIRE.

LUCY (V.O.)  
My body was discovered by my  
neighbor, Ethel Mertz, who also  
happened to be my "best" friend.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

Ethel enters and looks at Lucy's body.

ETHEL  
Oh, honey.

Ethel walks calmly to the phone and dials 9-1-1.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Send an ambulance. My tenant has  
been shot. Is it bad? Well, it  
ain't good.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ricky enters dressed in black. He leaves the apartment door open and sits down on the couch in the living room.

LUCY (V.O.)

I was covered with dirt the following Monday. A young vocalist performed a "Lament for Lucy"... I would have liked to have sung it myself.

FRED MERTZ and Ethel enter, both dressed in black.

LUCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In addition to being our friends, the Mertz's were also our landlords. Years ago, they had met on the vaudeville circuit in upstate New York.

INT. VAUDEVILLE STAGE - FLASHBACK

Fred and Ethel wear blackface and dance in place to an up-tempo song.

INT. VAUDEVILLE BACKSTAGE - LATER

Fred, still wearing blackface, kneels in front of Ethel and proposes.

LUCY (V.O.)

He promised her that if she married him,  
 (Fred's mouth, Lucy's voice)  
 "Song and dance will fill our hearts forever."

Ethel nods yes and begins to cry. She and Fred embrace.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Ethel sits on the edge of the bed crying in her wedding dress. Fred, in his boxers, stares blankly.

LUCY (V.O.)  
But the music stopped on their  
wedding night, and afterwards,  
Ethel always advised young couples  
never to buy a car without a test  
drive.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ricky, Ethel, and Fred sit on the couch, all dressed in  
black.

FRED  
It's a real shame, Rick.

RICKY  
I knew she was crazy, but I never  
thought she was depressed.

ETHEL  
We're here for you, Ricky.

FRED  
Yeah, whatever we can do - we'll  
help you raise little Rick like he  
was our own.

Ricky and Ethel's eyes meet for a suspicious moment, and then  
they turn away from one another.

RICKY  
I appreciate that, you two.

Ricky stands up and walks to the mantel. The hat box from  
the closet now rests on the mantel - he reaches for it.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
This place is getting messy without  
her.

CLOSE ON the hat box on the mantel - female hands lift the  
box.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

The apartment is a mess - the contents of a hall closet are  
scattered everywhere. Lucy lifts the hatbox off the mantel.

LUCY  
Seems heavy for a hat.

She shakes the box, shrugs her shoulders and walks to the closet. On her way, she trips over an ironing board and tosses the hat box on to the couch. Lucy pops to her feet.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(brushing herself off)  
Okay, dopey. No one saw that.

She looks at the clock.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, no, Ricky's going to be home  
from the club soon.

Scrambling, Lucy piles the junk from the living room back in to the closet piece by piece, until only the hat box on the couch remains.

Lucy grabs the hat box and strains to put it on a shelf at the top of the closet. The box tips open - the Colt .38 pistol falls out and strikes Lucy on the head. It's lights out for Lucy as she falls into the closet. As she falls, she kicks the closet door, which hits the wall and rebounds, coming to within a crack of resting shut.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ricky enters the apartment carrying a trumpet case.

RICKY  
Lucy! I'm hooome!

Ricky throws the trumpet case on the couch and looks in the kitchen and bedrooms.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Lucy? Huh, must have gone to the  
market.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Ricky answers it to find Ethel.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hi, Ethel, come in.

ETHEL  
Hiya, Ricky. Is Lucy home?

RICKY  
No. I think she's out shopping.

Ethel looks down the hall, enters the apartment, and kicks the door shut behind her.

ETHEL  
Take me, you hot tamale!

She wraps her arms around Ricky and they begin kissing passionately.

INT. THE RICARDO'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lucy regains consciousness and shakes the cobwebs from her head. She looks in her lap to find the gun - she is startled, but doesn't make any noise.

Now she looks through the crack in the door to see Ricky mounting Ethel on the couch. Lucy is confused, then angry. She picks up the gun from her lap.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ricky pulls away from Ethel.

RICKY  
She could be back any time.

ETHEL  
Ricky, when are we going to end this charade and move to Cuba?

RICKY  
Soon, baby. And I keep telling you, I'm not from Cuba - I'm from Peru.

Ricky pulls a small vial from his coat pocket. He opens it and dabs a small bump of white powder on to the back of his hand.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Here, try this.

Ethel snorts the powder.

ETHEL  
(singing)  
*Good morning. Good morning!*  
Where did you get that?

RICKY

This is the finest booger sugar in  
all of Peru. I brought some new  
musicians in to the club,  
(winking)  
only they forgot their instruments.

ETHEL

Oh, that's too bad. What are they  
going to do?

RICKY

(shaking his head)  
You remind me of Lucy. They didn't  
bring instruments - the cases were  
full of cocaine.

ETHEL

Ohhhhhhh!

RICKY

See?

Ricky opens the trumpet case to reveal several kilos of  
cocaine.

ETHEL

Oh, Ricky! Is this the big score  
you've been talking about?

RICKY

That's right. We gonna sell all  
this, and then you and me and  
Little Ricky gonna live on easy  
street.

Ethel hugs Ricky.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Now, I just gotta hide this in the  
closet before Lucy gets home.

Ricky takes the case to the closet and opens the door. Lucy  
sits motionless; her eyes are as wide as saucers. Ricky  
places the trumpet case on the top shelf, turns around, and  
closes the door.

ETHEL

I'm gonna head upstairs and get  
Fred's dinner ready.

RICKY  
Ok, baby. Tell him to come down to  
see me later.

ETHEL  
Will do.

Ethel exits the apartment. Ricky exits into the kitchen.  
Lucy slowly peeks her head out of the closet.

INT. THE RICARDO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucy clears the plates from the table.

RICKY  
Honey, that was a great dinner.

LUCY  
Oh, thanks, honey.

RICKY  
What do you feel like doing? Do you  
want to play some cards? We could  
call the Mertz's.

LUCY  
Yeah, you and Ethel could play poke-  
her.

RICKY  
What's that, honey?

LUCY  
Oh, nothin'. You know, I'm feeling  
kind of lazy.

RICKY  
Really?

LUCY  
Yeah, I think I'm gonna go take a  
walk in the park.

RICKY  
Hold on. I'll grab my coat.

LUCY  
You stay - I don't feel like  
company.

RICKY  
You sure, honey?

LUCY  
Yeah, you play cards with the  
Mertz's.

Lucy kisses Ricky on the forehead and exits to the living room.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lucy walks over to the front door and opens it.

LUCY  
Be back in an hour or so.

RICKY (O.S.)  
Bye, honey!

Without leaving, Lucy shuts the door with a SLAM, then tip-toes to the closet and hides herself.

Ricky enters, picks up the phone, and dials.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Put Fred on, please. Yeah, the  
coast is clear. Come on over.

Ricky pulls the vial of cocaine from his pocket and snorts a bump. He looks at himself in the mirror and fixes his hair.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*They call me Cuban Pete*  
*I'm the king of the rhumba beat.*

There is a KNOCK at the door. Ricky answers and ushers Fred in.

FRED  
May I sample the wares?

Ricky hands him his vial.

RICKY  
Sure, be my guest.

Fred pours some cocaine on to his grotesquely long pinky nail and then snorts.

FRED  
Hello, Dolly!

RICKY

I told you, didn't I? We move this load and we're set.

Fred enjoys some more cocaine.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Easy, there. Don't get high off our supply. We still have to sell this - are your guys in place?

Fred shakes his head clear and wipes his nose off.

FRED

Everybody is in line. We're gonna make sure this is the city that never sleeps.

RICKY

That's what I wanted to hear! Let's celebrate - what are you drinking?

Ricky runs into the kitchen.

FRED

Scotch.

Ricky returns with two glasses and a decanter - he pours two drinks and hands one to Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

(holding up his glass)  
To friendship.

RICKY

(clinking Fred's glass)  
To friendship.

They drink and enjoy the taste.

FRED

Rick, can I ask you something?

RICKY

Sure, Fred, and I think you just did.

They laugh and then it gets quiet.

FRED

Rick, are you fucking my wife?

RICKY

What!?

FRED

Before I come up here, she tells me that she's pregnant.

RICKY

Congratulations, Fred!

FRED

Thing is, Rick, I know it's not mine.

RICKY

Why would you say that?

FRED

Well, it's kind of personal...

RICKY

You can tell me. It's just between the guys.

FRED

Well, I know it's not mine because...

(beat)

Because since the Great War, I haven't had any testicles.

RICKY

Oh?

FRED

Some Turkish shrapnel did a number on me - it looks like a melted cheese pizza down there.

RICKY

Oh.

FRED

So I'm gonna ask you one more time, are you fucking my wife?

RICKY

That's a lousy thing to ask, Fred.

FRED

Tell me the truth. Are you screwing Ethel?

RICKY  
You shut your mouth!

FRED  
Rick, I gotta know...

RICKY  
Keep your fucking mouth shut, you  
Eunuch!

FRED  
What'd ya say, Rick?

RICKY  
You heard me.

FRED  
I know I heard ya, but what is "you-  
you-nick?" I can't hardly  
understand you with that Cuban  
accent.

Ricky SLAPS Fred.

RICKY  
I'm from Peru! Don't cross me,  
Mertz. Take that case and bring me  
my money!

Fred rubs his cheek and stares at Ricky for a moment. Then he picks up the trumpet case and exits.

Once again, Lucy peers out of the closet with an astonished look on her face.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ricky sits on the couch and reads the paper. Lucy enters from the kitchen. She walks up behind Ricky, opens her mouth, says nothing, and exits to the bedroom.

She enters again, this time carrying Ricky's slippers, walks up behind him, opens her mouth, says nothing and exits to the kitchen.

Again, she enters, this time carrying Ricky's slippers in one hand and a cocktail in the other. She walks in front of Ricky.

LUCY

Enjoying your day off?

RICKY

Yeah, it's nice to sit at home and relax.

LUCY

I thought these might help you relax a little more.

She hands him the drink and starts to put the slippers on his feet.

RICKY

Thanks, honey. What a nice surprise. You didn't have to... wait a second.

(sitting up)

What do you want?

LUCY

Huh?

RICKY

Come on, now. I know you better than this. You're about to tell me you drove the car into the Hudson River or that you bought the baby some balloons and now he's floating to Cleveland.

LUCY

Oh, Ricky. None of those.

RICKY  
Then what is it?

LUCY  
Ricky, do you love me?

RICKY  
Of course I love you, baby. You're my wife... the mother of my son.

LUCY  
Is there anything you want to tell me?

RICKY  
No. I don't think so.

LUCY  
You're a liar, Ricky. Because I know everything.

RICKY  
(laughing)  
What do you know?

LUCY  
I know you're not Cuban.

RICKY  
Not Cuban?

LUCY  
I know you and Fred are selling narcotics.

RICKY  
Lucy!

LUCY  
(starting to cry)  
And worst of all, I know you're in love with Ethel Mertz!

Ricky crosses to Lucy and puts his arms around her.

RICKY  
Baby, that's ridiculous. This is all one of those crazy misunderstandings.

LUCY  
(through tears)  
Yeah?

RICKY  
Yeah. Like the time I made you  
think we weren't really married.

LUCY  
You mean it?

RICKY  
Of course.

LUCY  
(pushing Ricky away)  
Well, I don't believe you! I want  
a divorce!

Ricky smacks Lucy. She falls backwards over the couch and  
onto the coffee table, which collapses.

RICKY  
You shut your big mouth!

Fred sticks his head in the door.

FRED  
Is everything all right in here?

LUCY  
Oh, sure! Just having a talk about  
the old country with Machu Picchu  
Rick here.

RICKY  
Fred, you mind your own business.

FRED  
(exiting)  
Sure, Rick.

RICKY  
The only way you gettin' out of  
this marriage is in a coffin,  
honey. It's up to you.

Ricky exits the apartment angrily. Lucy sobs.

LUCY (V.O.)  
After a good, long cry, I did what  
I always do... I came up with a  
plan.

INT. PAYPHONE - LATER

Lucy stands at a phone, wearing sunglasses and a trenchcoat.

LUCY  
(into the phone)  
Hello? Is this the narco division?  
Yeah, well have I got a hot tip for  
you. Yeah, here's what I want you  
to do. On Monday...

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ricky, Fred, and Ethel sit on the couch, all dressed in black.

FRED  
Ethel, what do you say you pour us  
a round?

ETHEL  
That's a great idea.

Ethel exits to the kitchen. Fred leans towards Ricky.

FRED  
Listen, Rick. I been doing a lot  
of thinkin' and Lucy's passing is a  
sign.  
(off Rick's puzzled look)  
This has to be the last package.

RICKY  
You want out?

FRED  
I want out.

RICKY  
Then I'll tell you what I told my  
ex-wife.  
(pulling out a gun)  
The only way you gettin' out of  
this relationship is in a pine box.

Ethel enters backwards through the kitchen door carrying a tray of glasses and a bottle.

ETHEL

I hope gin is alright with everyone.

(turning)

Oh boys! What's wrong?

RICKY

Your husband doesn't want to be in business with me anymore.

ETHEL

Fred? Is that true?

FRED

This isn't the life I promised you, honey.

ETHEL

Do him, Ricky.

FRED

What?!

ETHEL

The life you promised me? You forgot to mention that under your pants, you look like Gumby.

(beat)

Shoot him, Rick.

FRED

Yeah, shoot me, Rick, and then try and find your money. Better yet, try to move another package in Manhattan. Without me, you've got nothing.

RICKY

Dammit!

Ricky pistol whips Fred. Everything goes black.

INT. THE RICARDO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Fred has been stripped down to his underwear and bound to a chair - blood drips from a wound on his head. Ethel, holding a glass of gin, examines him.

ETHEL

He's up, Rick.

Ricky, holding the bottle of gin, approaches Fred.

RICKY  
 Good morning, Freddy. Now tell me  
 who has my drugs and my money.

FRED  
 Go screw, you wetback!

Ricky pours the gin over Fred's fresh wound. Fred screams.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Stop it!

RICKY  
 Is a good thing you were never  
 captured during the war. I have a  
 feeling it wouldn't take much to  
 break you, and that's a shame  
 because I got plenty of toys.

Ricky gestures to a table filled with torture devices,  
 including a car battery, bamboo shoots, and various knives.

There is a sudden KNOCK at the door.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
 (to Ethel)  
 Ask who it is?

ETHEL  
 (to Ricky)  
 Who is it?

RICKY  
 Don't ask me! Ask them!

Ethel walks to the door.

ETHEL  
 Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)  
 OPEN UP, RICARDO! THIS IS THE  
 POLICE!

Ethel looks through the peephole. She is shocked to see a  
 SWAT team with guns drawn. She drops her glass. As it  
 EXPLODES, the police open fire through the door. Ethel is  
 riddled with bullets.

FRED  
 Ethel!

Ricky kneels for cover behind Fred and fires blindly as members of the SWAT team breach the door.

The first cop in the door is hit. The second cop FIRES his shotgun, which blows Fred's head clean off.

Drenched in Fred's blood, Ricky runs frantically for the bedroom, firing wildly as he runs.

INT. THE RICARDO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ricky enters, shuts the door behind him, and barricades it with the dresser. From the bedroom closet he retrieves a brick of cocaine.

COP (O.S.)  
Come out, Ricardo! We've got the  
building surrounded.

Ricky cuts open the bag of cocaine with a switchblade and buries his face in it. He inhales deeply and then lifts his head. He looks like a clown with his face covered in white powder.

RICKY  
Babaluuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A sniper takes aim on the Ricardo's bedroom - Ricky is too far away from the window to grant the sniper a clean shot.

INT. THE RICARDO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

From under the bed, Ricky pulls out a Gatling gun. He stands with a pistol in one hand and the Gatling in his other.

RICKY  
Cock-a-roaches. You want to play  
rough? Okay.

The cops ram the door, opening it a little, and budging the dresser. Ricky FIRES the pistol at their heads.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Huh? You want some more? Say hello  
to my lil' friend.

Ricky sprays the Gatling gun towards the door with a RAT-A-TAT-TAT.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
You don't know who you're fucking  
with.  
(beat)  
You're fucking with the best!  
Fucking cock-a-roaches!

A rifle extends through the crack in the door and FIRES.  
Ricky is hit in the shoulder.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Is that all you got? I'm Ricky  
fucking Ricardo - the best!

Dozens of rounds of bullets pour into Ricky - he shakes with  
each hit, wobbling backwards.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
I'm still standing here!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ricky stumbles backwards into the sniper's viewpoint. The  
sniper squeezes the trigger. The bullet travels to...

INT. THE RICARDO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The window shatters and the sniper's round hits Ricky  
directly in the back of his skull. He falls face first on to  
the bed, where a pool of blood begins to form. And then,  
floating up...

LUCY (V.O.)  
It's a story you've heard before,  
and one you'll hear again: a  
charming immigrant band leader  
fakes his identity, marries for  
U.S. citizenship, and sets up a  
drug cartel with his landlord. I  
feel cliché recounting it, but it  
happened to me. And I started out  
such a nice girl. All I ever  
wanted to do was make people laugh.

FADE OUT.

END