

Upper West Side Story Synopsis

A man (Stan) tries to battle his way through a midlife crisis with an ill-advised marriage proposal. Unfortunately, it all goes wildly off track when his caterer passes out, a tap-dancing singing telegram breaks into sobs rather than song, his ex wife saunters in wearing nothing but a bathrobe and a smile, and a cowering superhero inches nervously across his twelfth floor window ledge.

Characters

Stan - In his 50's. Head-over-heels in love with Deena. He'd do anything for her. Best friend's with Jake and is the ex-husband of Meredith, whom he still shares his apartment with. A bit of a mess but overall a loveable person who's embracing the exciting parts of life and acting on impulse.

Jake - 40's. Stan's best friend and neighbor, easy-going and sarcastic. He is very flirty as well and says what's on his mind. A lot of comedic moments and timing.

Mimi - 50's. French Caterer. Very chatty and flirtatious. Dramatic. She faints and adds more drama to the situation as a whole making people believe she's dead but she can't be! "She's not dead, she's French!"

Please come ready to at least try a French accent.

Amber - 40's. She's adorable, but dim. She is very passionate about her career as a tap dancing singing telegram, and considers herself a "belter". She is a single mom putting her daughter through beauty school.

She sings so we are interested in hearing your voice!

Rita - 40's. She has a thing for Stan and is a very feisty, man hungry woman. Looks to whichever single man she can find in hopes of a relationship. She is a paramedic, but she's not very good at it. Previously had met Stan while he was injured and called him multiple times after finding his number on file.

Meredith - 50's. Stan's ex-wife. She is sophisticated and wry. She has to hide in her and Stan's kitchen while he proposes to another woman and pushes for him to end up with someone whether it's Deena or Rita whom she's never met. A great person.

Deena - 30-40's. Pampered. Assured. Stan's girlfriend. Coming back from her tennis lesson. She likes Stan, but she's in love with her tennis instructor, whom she only met since Stan pays for her tennis lessons.

Willard - 50's. Bookish. Bewildered. Dressed as a superhero for the singles costume party down the hall.

Sides

Jake and Stan

Start: p.43 L.24

End: p.44 L.19

Mimi and Stan

Start: p.44 L.30

End: p.45 L.22

Amber, Jake, and Stan

Start: p.46 L.35

End: p.47 L.22

Meredith and Stan

Start: p.49 L.18

End: p.50 L.9

Scene 2

Upper West Side Story

Lights up on the living room of a twelfth-floor apartment on New York City's Upper West Side, same night. Stage left is the door that is the entrance to the apartment. On the wall upstage of this door is a framed contemporary print. A small sideboard sits upstage center. The stage right doorway leads to the kitchen and bedroom beyond. On the wall downstage of that doorway is another framed print. Downstage center is the sofa with two pillows on it, a throw draped over the back. Stan Jenkins, 50s, harried, on edge and on the phone, hurries in the stage right doorway with a vase of stargazer lilies. He wears a tuxedo shirt, jacket, black bow tie and cumberbund, boxer shorts, black socks, and dress shoes. Stan plops the vase of flowers in the center of the sideboard.

STAN. *(Into phone.)* ... Trust me, Jake, I know what I'm doing. It just hit me that tonight's the night and I'm going for it! So, are you coming downstairs to help me clean this place or what? ... Yeah, well I'm sayin' it's time for me, Stan Jenkins, to take a chance, do something wild! And I'm doing it! I'm asking Deena to marry me, no matter what. I've just got to make sure everything's perfect. *(Straightens the room, his back to the entrance. Unseen, Jake, 40s, easy-going, in jeans, T-shirt, baseball cap, enters stage left door, also on his phone, holds a feather duster.)*

JAKE. *(Into phone.)* Yeah, but don't you think this is a little sudden, Buddy Boy? *(Follows Stan around, rearranges everything Stan arranges.)*

STAN. *(Still unaware of Jake's presence.)* Okay, maybe it is a little spur of the moment, but look out the window! *(They both cross downstage center to "window" facing the audience.)* Honestly, have you ever seen a moon that gorgeous?! I mean, it's a sign! *(Turns away, continues to straighten up. Jake, on his heels, dusts furniture as they move around the room.)*

JAKE. *(Into phone.)* Look, Pal, I'm your best friend, I gotta be

upfront with you. Seeing how you screwed up with Meredith which — F.Y.I. — was the best marriage in the history of the universe, tells me you may not be husband material after all.

STAN. *(Stops.)* How can you say that?! I'm a great guy! Aren't Meredith and I still the best of friends in spite of the divorce?

JAKE. That's because the woman's a saint! And speaking of which, isn't this *her* weekend to have the apartment?

STAN. Yeah, but we make exceptions when something important comes up. *This* is important!

JAKE. Hmm, I guess proposing to a woman who's younger than most of your shirts might seem important. *(Dusts Stan's back. Startled, Stan whirls around.)*

STAN. Gimme that! *(Grabs the duster, hangs up his phone.)* What're you doing?!

JAKE. *(Hangs up his phone.)* Helping my best bud get ready for his latest hare-brained scheme. But don't worry, I'm always here to pick you up ... *(Grabs duster from Stan.)* dust you off ... *(Does so.)* every time you make a total idiot of yourself.

STAN. Oh, come on! When have I ever looked like an idiot?

JAKE. *(Slowly looks Stan up and down.)* Depends ... we counting the times *with* pants or *without*?

STAN. *(Looks down.)* Oh, they're drying in the kitchen. I spilled some wheatgrass smoothie on 'em.

JAKE. What's happened to you?! You're swillin' sludge no one in his right mind would touch, you've lost all ability to make rational decisions, and you're actin' like a man half your own age! *(Gasps.)* You're a *pod* person! *(Grabs Stan by the lapels.)* Where did you come from and what have you done with the old Stan?!

STAN. *(Shakes him off.)* See! *That* is what people like you don't get. *Old Stan* was dull, boring and now he's *gone* ... forever! *This* is all about me embracing my exciting, new life. No more playing it safe. I'm taking chances, keeping it young! You gotta act on instinct, go with your impulse. That's what keeps us *alive*.

JAKE. Yeah? Well, *my* impulse is to check you into the nearest psychiatric ward. Now are you going to go quietly or do I have to get rough with you?

STAN. Stop clowning around! *(Checks his watch.)* Now, I've gotta go over my proposal. Deena will be here as soon as she's finished her tennis lesson.

JAKE. Sweet how they still teach tennis in high school these days.

STAN. Deena and I are not that many years apart! And for your information, the lessons were my birthday gift to her.

JAKE. Wow! You gave her that *and* a pony?!

STAN. Okay, enough. Be serious. Now, sit down and pretend you're Deena. (*Paces, thinks aloud.*) "Deena, this may come as a surprise and, it's true, we haven't known each other all that long. (*During this, Jake sits, crosses his legs, strikes a girlish pose, uncrosses them, tries another pose.*) But the heart wants what it wants and —" (*Sees Jake, explodes.*) Can't you see I'm trying to collect my thoughts here? What the hell are you doing?!

JAKE. How would a teenager cross her legs? Like this? (*Strikes a pose.*) Or more like this? (*Another pose, crosses his legs another way.*)

STAN. That's not important, and she's not a teenager! (*Collects himself.*) Look, let me just cut to the chase. (*Kneels, pulls a ring box from his jacket pocket, opens it.*) Deena, will you marry me?

JAKE. Whoa! If she won't, I might. What bank did you knock over for that chunk of ice, Buddy Boy?!

STAN. Yeah! Nice, right?

JAKE. It's a beauty! *That* and gettin' her loaded on champagne might even turn the odds in your favor.

STAN. (*Horried.*) Champagne?! Oh, my God, I forgot the champagne! You wouldn't have any upstairs, would you?

JAKE. No, but you're welcome to my last can of Bud Light.

STAN. Run to the corner and get me the best bottle of champagne they've got!

JAKE. (*Starts for the door.*) Wow! I had no idea they carry bubbly at Radio Shack. (*Exits stage left door.*)

STAN. (*Yells after him.*) The other corner! (*His phone rings.*) Great! What moron is bothering me with their — (*Looks at his phone, then answers sweetly.*) Hey, Sweetheart, you've *already* finished your lesson? ... (*Checks his watch.*) How the heck did you find a cab so fast? ... No, Deena, of course I want you to come straight over! (*Doorbell.*) I'm here waitin' for you! (*Covers phone.*) It's open! (*Into phone.*) I hope you're ready for the most romantic evening of your life! (*Mimi, 50s, French, chatty, in a catering uniform, enters with two shopping bags.*)

MIMI. But *Monsieur*, zees ees not part of zee service! (*Stan hangs up as she looks him up and down.*) But after zee work, maybe I make zee exception! (*Laughs lustily and suggestively. Stan grabs the throw, wraps it around his waist.*)

STAN. Oh, no! Uh ... I was talking to my girlfriend and soon-to-be-fiancée.

MIMI. Oh, *mais oui*. Je suis Mimi, zee soon-to-be-generously-tipped delivery *personne*. (*Hands Stan the bags.*)

STAN. Uh, right. (*Looks inside bags as Mimi walks downstage and gazes out "the window."*) This stuff looks great! Deena's wild for French food!

MIMI. (*Sighs happily.*) Ooh-la-la! *La lune est très grand. C'est magnifique!*

STAN. Uh ... you can say that again ... whatever it is you said. (*Sets the bags on sideboard.*) Hey, listen, Mimi, I could really use a woman's reaction to something. (*Pulls ring box from his pocket, opens it.*) What do you think?

MIMI. (*Gasps.*) *Mon dieu! C'est très, très bon!* (*Puts it on, crosses upstage toward sideboard, admires the ring.*) *J'adore le bling!*

STAN. (*Nervous.*) Maybe you should take that off. Could be bad luck, you know?

MIMI. (*Captivated by the ring.*) *Mais non!* Eet ees very — (*Stops, touches her forehead, spies flowers, wails.*) *Les fleurs, les fleurs!*

STAN. Yeah, they're Deena's favorite. (*Holds them out to her.*) Stargazer lilies!

MIMI. (*Grabs her throat.*) Oh, non! *Aidez-moi! Aidez-moi!* (*Faints dead away.*)

STAN. (*Freaks out.*) No! No, no, no! I flunked French in high school. (*Pats her face.*) What does that mean?! (*Whips out his phone, dials. Then into phone.*) A French lady just passed out in my apartment! She kept saying "*Aidez-moi! Aidez-moi!*" ... Well, I don't know! I flunked it, too! How fast can you get an ambulance here? ... Yeah, that's me, Ninety-eighth and Columbus, twelfth floor. (*Hangs up, pats Mimi's face.*) Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! (*Jake enters stage left door with champagne.*)

JAKE. One bottle of champagne, now everything's perfect. (*Spots Mimi.*) 'Course that dead body on the floor could put a real damper on the evening.

STAN. She's not dead, she's French! She was modeling the ring I bought and blacked out.

JAKE. (*Holds up Mimi's limp arm.*) Hey, that's almost as nice as the one you proposed to me with!

STAN. It is the one I proposed to you with ... I mean, it's the one I bought Deena!

JAKE. (*Looks at Stan.*) Nice skirt. Really shows off those sexy knees of yours.

STAN. Will you stop that?! Deena's on her way! This is all I need, a French tart passed out on my floor when I'm just about to propose to the woman I love.

JAKE. How can you say Deena's the woman you love when you've known her, what, a couple of months?

STAN. *Because* I'm a mature, rational man who makes well-thought-out decisions. Now, shut up and help me hide this body! (*Jake reluctantly grabs Mimi's feet, Stan grabs her arms, heads toward stage right doorway.*) This way. Deena never goes into the kitchen.

JAKE. (*Stops. Heads the opposite direction.*) Absolutely not! If this woman isn't dead yet, lying on your nasty kitchen floor will finish her off.

STAN. (*Heads back toward stage right doorway.*) She'll be fine! Besides, there's no telling how long it'll take for the paramedics to get here.

JAKE. (*Stops.*) I've got a better idea. We put her on your bed. (*Continues toward stage right doorway. Stan hits the brakes.*)

STAN. Brilliant! I'll have one woman stashed in my bed while I propose to another. (*Snaps.*) What are you, crazy?! Just bring her over here. (*Heads to the sofa, they prop her upright.*) Alright, let's calm down and come up with a plan. Now, think! Think, think, think! (*They pace, criss-cross each other. Unseen, Mimi slowly slides to the floor.*) I've got it! We take her to your apartment!

JAKE. Oh, sure. Two men carrying a body into the elevator? Forget it. Nosy old lady Rosenblatt in Twelve C will call the cops for sure. It'll be a zoo.

STAN. Then you come up with a better idea. (*They see Mimi's on the floor, race to her, get her to her feet. Doorbell.*) The paramedics!

STAN and JAKE. I'll get it! (*They both let go of Mimi, race to stage left door.*) Help! Help! (*Mimi collapses in a heap. Stan opens the door. Startled by what they see, the men race back across the room.*) Ahhhhhh!!! (*Amber, 40s, adorable, dim, in a giant heart-shaped costume, tap dances in after them, giving it all she's got.*)

AMBER. Hi! My name's Amber. And this song is for Stan, from your office pals at Gotham Realty! Good luck with the proposal tonight! (*Taps as she sings passionately to the tune of "Shine on, Harvest Moon."*)

BEST OF LUCK WHEN YOU PROPOSE ON BENDED
KNEE
WE HOPE —

STAN. Stop! I'm sure the guys meant well, but there's no time for this right now.

JAKE. But still and all, you gotta admit, she's pretty good.

AMBER. (*Pleased.*) Yeah? Wait 'til you see my big finale! (*Sings again.*)

BEST OF LUCK WHEN YOU —

STAN. No, wait! See, we're dealin' with a little emergency scenario here and —

AMBER. (*Spots Mimi sprawled on floor, screams.*) Murderer!!

JAKE. No! She's not dead, she's French! She just passed out.

AMBER. (*Immediately recovers, brightly.*) Oh. Well, that's different. (*Sings.*)

BEST OF —

STAN. Stop! This isn't really a good time for a stripper-gram, so if you —

AMBER. (*Flares.*) Stripper?! This is strictly a *singing* telegram! I happen to be a single parent putting my child through beauty college. This is my night job and I don't get paid unless I finish my routine. (*Weepy.*) And for your information, just because I'm a blonde doesn't mean I'd stoop to stripping. (*Sobs.*)

JAKE. (*To Stan.*) Nice going, Pal. You made this adorable lady cry.

AMBER. (*Touched by his kindness. Sniffs loudly.*) You think I'm adorable?

JAKE. (*Flirts.*) Indeed I do! And I like your outfit, too.

AMBER. Really? I designed it myself. In fact the fabric is — (*Doorbell.*)

STAN. (*As he rushes to stage left door.*) Oh, thank God! (*To Amber.*) No singing! (*To Jake.*) No touching! (*Opens door.*) At last! This way! (*Ushers in Rita, 40s, feisty, man-hungry, in a paramedic uniform with a medical kit. They rush to Mimi.*)

RITA. How bad is she? The old lady in Twelve C swore somebody was screamin' in here.

AMBER. Oh, no. That was just me singing. I'm a belter. (*Rita listens to Mimi's heart. Jake, Amber, and Stan lean in.*)

STAN. She pointed to the flowers, grabbed her throat and passed out.

RITA. (*Takes a bottle from her kit, shakes out a pill, puts it in Mimi's mouth.*) Classic allergic reaction. It happens sometimes with lilies. (*Fans the air.*) Whew! Those things are potent! (*Closes her kit, takes Mimi by the ankles.*) I'll just ease her down to this open window for some air. (*Drags Mimi downstage right a few steps, Stan, Jake, and Amber follow alongside.*) Don't worry, she'll wake up any minute now and be good as — (*Stops, takes a good*

look at Stan.) Stan? Stan Jenkins? It's me! Rita! (Stan takes a step back.) You remember me! I taped up your ankle in Central Park a few months back when you got creamed roller-blading.

STAN. (The unpleasant memory returns.) Oh, yeah. Rita.

JAKE. (To Stan, incredulous.) Roller-blading?! You're into this crisis way deeper than I thought, Buddy Boy. (Rita drops Mimi's feet, strides to Stan as he backs away. Jake and Amber continue to hover over Mimi.)

RITA. (During the following, she slowly backs Stan around the sofa.) Hey, what happened to you that day?! There was real magic between us! You're a man, I'm a woman. You're single, I'm single. You were listening to Celine Dion, I forgave you. But I turned around and you were gone. Lucky I had your phone number on my report. (In his face, pins him to the sofa.) You have been getting my calls, right? (He leans backwards over the sofa, trying to get away.)

STAN. Oh, yeah. Every single one of 'em. I quit counting after fifty.

RITA. That's me, dog with a bone! And here we are, together again! That's fate, Baby! (Stan wriggles away from the sofa, Rita on his heels.)

JAKE. (Re: Mimi.) Look, she's coming to! (To Amber.) I know! Let's splash water on her face. That'll bring her around.

AMBER. Yeah! They do that in all the movies. I'll get some. (Crosses upstage, grabs the vase, hurries back to Jake, who has Mimi on her feet.)

MIMI. (Groggy.) What ... what zee hell happened? (Amber removes flowers from vase, unsure what to do with them, then hands them to Mimi.)

AMBER. Hold these a second, would you, Hon? (Sprinkles water on Mimi's face. Mimi sees the flowers, gasps, grabs her throat, passes out on the floor.) Golly, that works so much better in the movies!

STAN. (Dodges Rita.) Uh, Jake, I've got a situation here!

JAKE. (Tries to wake Mimi.) Can't help you, Buddy. I've got a situation of my own! (Just then, Meredith, 50s, sophisticated, wry, dressed in a bathrobe, her hair wrapped in a towel, tiptoes in stage right doorway, golf club in hand.)

MEREDITH. What on earth is going on in here?!

STAN and JAKE. (Whirl around to her, surprised.) Meredith!

JAKE. (Low, to Stan.) Okay, now we've really got a situation here. (The throw falls off Stan but he doesn't notice.)

MEREDITH. (Annoyed.) Alright, Stanley, want to tell me what this is all about!?

STAN. Well, first — It didn't start out to — I mean, I'm trying to say that —

JAKE. I've got this, Pal. Meredith's your ex, she deserves the truth.

(Rita pushes past Stan, in Meredith's face.)

RITA. Your ex, huh? (Looks Meredith up and down. Pushes up her sleeves.) I can take her. (Stan quickly pulls Rita away.)

JAKE. Okay, Meredith, here's what's gone down: (The following is delivered rapid-fire with showmanship.) Full moon makes Stan nuts — decides to pop the question, tells his girlfriend, "Get here fast" — orders fancy food, delivery gal passes out cold — (Gestures to Mimi.) doorbell rings, singing telegram! Cutie taps her way in — (Sings in high voice:) BEST OF LUCK WHEN YOU PROPOSE ... (Gestures to Amber who curtsies.) — paramedic stalker storms in the door — (Gestures to Rita who raises her arm in power salute.) puts the moves on Stan — delivery gal comes to, passes out again — you walk in, ask what's goin' on — I hit the high points, do a great job — you're caught up! (Bows.) Thank you very much.

STAN. Okay, that's done, now everyone has to get out!

AMBER. (Sees that Meredith is miffed.) Uh, excuse me, but before you kick his butt, could I finish singing my telegram so I can get paid?

MEREDITH. Not just yet, Dear. (To Stan.) So ... you're proposing marriage?

STAN. No, I'm proposing we run naked down Broadway. (Explodes.) Of course, that's what I'm doing! I left you a message that I needed the apartment. You got it, right?

MEREDITH. I've been busy, okay? I must've overlooked it. And I apologize to you and all your friends, but you'll just have to leave. I have a date.

STAN. Leave?! We can't just — Wait a minute! You've got a date? With who?

MEREDITH. It's with "whom," and it's none of your business.

JAKE, AMBER, and RITA. Ouch! / Well, she's right. / He's got some nerve.

STAN. (To the others, snaps.) No group discussion! (To Meredith.) Well ... whomever it is, I disapprove.

MEREDITH. This from the man who's about to propose to Lolita?

STAN. She's only ten years younger! (Then.) Fine, go on your date. Just please give me a few minutes with Deena first. (Doorbell. He panics, hisses.) It's her! Everyone in the kitchen! (Nobody moves.) Now, now, now! (Everyone jumps into action, tries to make a dash for the stage right doorway, bump into each other, Jake picks up the Mimi's legs, drags her behind sofa. Amber and Rita scramble out stage right doorway, Jake follows. Meredith doesn't move.) Come on, Meredith! Please!

MEREDITH. Alright, Stan. I'll go hide in *our* kitchen while you propose to another woman. But it's going to cost you.

STAN. No way! (*Doorbell. Then, quickly.*) Okay, name your price!

MEREDITH. You can have the apartment tonight — at a hundred bucks a minute ... (*Checks her watch.*) starting ... *now!* Ten dollars, twenty, thirty —

STAN. Okay, okay! (*Painful.*) Deal! Just go, please!

MEREDITH. (*Straightens his tie.*) Alrighty. And chin up, Stan. Remember, if Lolita turns you down, you've always got the paramedic. (*Exits stage right doorway. Stan races to stage left door, takes a deep breath, opens door. Deena, 30-40s, pampered, assured, in colorful activewear, carries a tennis racket, enters.*)

STAN. Deena, Baby! (*Kisses her.*) Aren't you *some*thin' in that cute little outfit?

DEENA. Thanks. And ... (*Re: his boxer shorts.*) so are you.

STAN. (*Grabs a pillow off the sofa, covers himself.*) Yeah, well ... Listen, there's something I've got to say. (*Checks his watch, nervous.*) And the sooner, the better. So I'm goin' for it before things get any weirder here. (*Crosses downstage directly in front of her, drops to one knee, his back to the audience and takes her hand.*) Deena, I have something to ask you — (*Unseen by Stan, a middle-aged man in a superhero costume, Willard, 50s, bookish, bewildered, enters from stage left. Clearly horrified, he faces the audience and nervously inches his way across the lip of the stage on the "outside ledge of the window." He looks down at "the street, twelve stories below," steadies himself and inches further stage right. Deena's terrified, can't take her eyes off Willard.*)

DEENA. (*Gasps.*) Oh, my God! Is this really happening?!

STAN. (*Oblivious to Willard on the ledge.*) Yeah, I know it's a little sudden, but Sweetheart, when it's right, you just know it.

DEENA. (*Shrieks at Willard.*) What're you doing?! Are you out of your mind?!

STAN. (*Still doesn't notice Willard.*) Yeah, I'm crazy in love with you! But I didn't anticipate such a strong reaction.

DEENA. Stan, stop talking and do something! Look! (*Just then, Willard loses his balance, teeters, screams. Stan whirls around, sees him.*)

STAN. Oh, no! Oh, no! (*Screams for the others.*) Help! Man on the ledge! Man on the ledge! (*The others flood in through stage right doorway. The women gasp, scream, run to the open window. Deena's shocked to see the others.*)

MEREDITH. (*Sticks her hand "out the window."*) Give me your hand! (*Willard inches toward the "open window," stretches his arm out for her hand.*)

JAKE. Whoa, Meredith. You should've told your date he could use the elevator. (*Meredith grasps Willard's hand, just as he starts to teeter. The others crowd in and help pull him in through the "open window."*)

RITA. Got him! (*Leads him to sofa, he sits.*)

AMBER. You okay, Mister?

DEENA. You could've killed yourself!

WILLARD. I know, but I was at this singles costume party next door and it was so loud, nobody heard me calling for help when the bathroom doorknob fell off. After an hour, I decided to step out on the ledge to see if I could make it over here.

RITA. You're *single*?! (*To the others.*) Step back, folks. I'm a paramedic. I'm trained to handle these situations. (*To Willard.*) You're probably in shock. We'll start with mouth-to-mouth. (*Leans over him, Stan grabs her, yanks her upright.*)

STAN. (*Meltdown.*) No, no, no! No mouth-to-mouth, no more talk, no more nothin'! Come hell or high water, I'm doing this! I screwed up my first marriage and I'm giving *this* romance my best shot so I don't die a lonely but handsome man with nothing but a shoppin' cart full of soda cans and a pet chicken on a rope!

AMBER. You know, I had a duck named Roger when I was —

STAN. (*Barks.*) Quiet! Everyone freeze! (*They do.*) I'm going for it! (*Drops to his knee again, groans, shifts to the other knee, then:*) Deena, will you marry me?

DEENA. Oh, Stan, that's so sweet. (*Beat.*) But I can't marry you.

ALL. (*Sympathetically.*) Awwwww! (*Stan's numb with shock.*)

MEREDITH. (*Quickly, to Deena.*) Listen, it's really none of my business, but you're making a big mistake. I was married to Stan and I'm telling you, he's a great guy!

STAN. (*Overwhelmed, to Meredith.*) I am?!

AMBER. Yeah, and he's really sweet, too. You should see the ring he bought you. It's over there on the dead body behind the couch.

STAN and JAKE. She's not dead, she's *French*!!

DEENA. (*Horrorified.*) What?!

STAN. Deena, I thought we were in love.

DEENA. Oh, no. I do *like* you, Stan, but I'm *in love* with my tennis instructor.