EVAN

You were once a writer. Now you are an investment banker. Your fiancée Olivia, an up-and-coming soprano, has recently shot herself in the middle of the night. Now you spend most of your days looking at pictures and videos of her on the Internet. Your neighbor comes by sometimes to talk to you and help you clean. She is a great neighbor. You can’t get away from your dead girlfriend. Her things are everywhere. You hear her voice and you smell her scent. Soon, you begin to see her.

Your lines

OLIVIA:

How was your day?

EVAN:

Uneventful. As per usual. Adulthood was exciting the first five years. Then the tedium set in. And after that, it’s one six-month performance review after the other. And free everything bagels on Fridays.

OLIVIA:

Sounds pretty bleak.

EVAN:

It’ll be different for you. You’ll be famous. You steal the show every night.

OLIVIA:

I don’t care about being famous. I just want to sing and I want them to listen.

EVAN:

And that’s why you’ll be famous. (Kisses her.) When you’re famous, I’ll be all like, hey, my towels are monogrammed with her towels. We share monogrammed towels.

OLIVIA:

Does the tedium never end?

EVAN:

No, but sometimes the sunlight breaks through. And I get to marry you. Have children with you. Watch you sing and see you own the crowd. I get to do all of that, so I am pretty damn lucky.

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OLIVIA

Your Lines

EVAN:

How was your day?

OLIVIA:

Good. I walked around town a lot. I smelled hot dogs everywhere. Coming out of doughnut shops and up the sewer grates. You wouldn’t believe how much I wanted a hot dog. I salivated for hot dog.

EVAN:

Was today the day you gave up being a vegetarian?

OLIVIA:

No. I ate a lettuce tofu wrap instead.

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OLIVIA:

Can I tell you something? I did eat a hot dog today. In fact, I ate three.

EVAN:

How was it?

OLIVIA:

They tasted so good. I didn’t know a hot dog could taste so good.

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