EVAN

You were once a writer. Now you’re in a much more high-powered job. It’s less fun but more comfortable. Your fiancée Olivia is an up-and-coming soprano. She’s lovely. And suddenly, she’s gone. But you can’t get over that. Now you spend most of your days looking at pictures and videos of her on the Internet, dreaming about her, touching her things. Your neighbor comes by sometimes to talk to you and help you clean.

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 vegetarian?

OLIVIA: No. I ate a lettuce tofu wrap instead.

EVAN: Ahh, so you’ve only increased in your martyr status. Another pig has lived to see tomorrow. All because of you.

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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DETECTIVE: How did you and Miss Holland-Pryce meet, bud?

EVAN: (Considers his answer.) I was walking in a rainstorm, looking for shelter. Found a bus stop, and there she was, drenched within an inch of her soul. Or rather, she was on the balcony of a manor on the lake. I saw her from the garden below and after that I was a lost man. Or try this one on for size. We were children together, living on opposite sides of the shire. Our fathers tried to keep us apart but we still found each other. We went on an adventure and scaled a mountain in the moors.

DETECTIVE: You enjoy telling stories, Mr. Anderson?

EVAN: We met the usual way. On the Internet. She was still a student then and I was still a writer.

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EVAN: Want an egg, Beth? This one’s got celery and dill. Here we’ve got original, with a dash of chili pepper. And THESE. These sick looking things have crab meat! They look green, but don’t be alarmed. It’s just the avocado. Avocado deviled eggs! Can you believe it?

BETH: The world’s a crazy place.

EVAN: You’re not kiddin’, sister….Never stop with the twists, world…. How does the sugar stay in such a perfect cube, do you think? Look at this thing. Just look at it. This is geometry.

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EVAN: Was I a good man to her?

BETH: (Startled.) What do you mean?

EVAN: Was I good?

BETH: You were wonderful.

EVAN: But. Not good enough.

BETH: You were wonderful.

EVAN: How did I not know then? .... What did I do wrong?