

SUSPECT by Tommy Gushue - script excerpt

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Ryan sits at his booth, the last person here besides the staff. Casey watches him from the kitchen, puzzled.

He glances up. They meet eyes. She holds his gaze. In the dim, pale light of the diner, he looks even more handsome, but melancholy. Haunted.

There's something about this guy she can't put her finger on. After gathering her nerve, she approaches.

CASEY

... I overheard a bit of what you two were saying last night. How long have you had amnesia?

He doesn't know how to answer.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You're supposed to say "I don't remember." It's a joke.

He smiles softly. She takes this as a sign, warming to him a little. She sits.

RYAN

Sorry.
(then, softly)
... I need to talk to you.

She watches him closely, curious. Ryan's tense. This is a big step for him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You said I was a regular here. I need you to tell me anything you can remember about me.

CASEY

... You used to come here at least once a day. So either you're crazy about frozen hashbrowns, or not a very good cook. You like your coffee black. You were always by yourself. I tried to talk to you a couple of times, but you never really seemed in the mood. You looked... sad.

(beat)

... Like you look sad now. What happened?

SUSPECT by Tommy Gushue - script excerpt

RYAN

I don't remember.

She studies him for a moment.

CASEY

That Detective you were with the
other day...

Suddenly self-conscious, he looks away.

RYAN

(quickly)
It's nothing.
(then)
... I'm kind of helping with a case.

CASEY

What kind of case?

Quickly, he pulls out his wallet and leaves a couple of bills.

RYAN

I should get going. Thank you.

He leaves without another glance. She watches him go, mad
at herself for pushing too hard.