DETECTIVE

Typically, you like your job, but once in a while, the shit gets old, and it sucks to be in the middle of it, again and again. You’ve seen a lot of cases where there was a bad boyfriend, and a dead or injured girl, but this time you’re not so sure. You kind of feel for the guy, even though you’ve been hired to investigate him.

Your Lines

DETECTIVE: This is a very difficult situation for you, I’m sure. It’d be a difficult situation for anyone. I don’t mean to come here and make things worse for you. I hope you know that. I brought you a sandwich.

DETECTIVE: I got a roast beef hoagie and a Portobello eggplant. I wasn’t sure if you were veggie or not. I know your wife was.

EVAN: She was my fiancée.

DETECTIVE: Right. You had about two months till your wedding, didn’t you? (Shakes his head.) A real shame, buddy. It’s a real shame.

….

DETECTIVE:

There are pieces that are missing to this. I’m just trying to puzzle it out.

What would you do if you could go back in time? Tell her you love her? Keep yourself from picking a fight? Swallow your temper and count to ten, or wake yourself up before she does?

Whatever you do different, the results will remain the same. That’s the problem with digging in the past.

That’s the problem with my job. I go through the past picking up stray pieces, but for all that I collect, I can’t do a thing to change the present.

Sometimes though, what I find is that the past isn't what it seems. There is no solid thing we call the past. The past is fluid. It's constantly repeating, constantly changing.

The past can sneak up on you. That's all I'm saying. Sometimes it'll surprise you.