

Mystic River
Dave and Jimmy Talk

[At Katie's wake Dave goes outside for a smoke. Jimmy's sitting outside. Dave is caught off guard as he lights his cigarette]

Jimmy: Hey, Dave.

Dave: Hey, Jimmy. Sorry, I came out for a smoke.

Jimmy: Go ahead, sit down. Sit down.

[Dave sits beside him]

Jimmy: I haven't had a chance to talk to you all day. How are you doing?

Dave: How you doing?

Jimmy: What happened to your hand?

Dave: This? I was helping a buddy move a couch. I slammed it in the doorjamb. Ways you can manage to hurt yourself, right?

Jimmy: It's good to see you.

Dave: Yeah?

Jimmy: How are our girls holding up?

Dave: They're doing okay, I guess.

Jimmy: That Celeste, she's a godsend. You thank her for me, will you? It's nice, isn't it? Just to sit out here.

Dave: Yeah.

Jimmy: I couldn't stand looking through the fridge trying to find room for all that food we're gonna throw away in the next few days.

Dave: Lot of waste, huh?

Jimmy: Yeah. I just can't let anything get fucked up in these next few days. Because it's all anybody will remember about her. There was one thing you could say about Katie, even when she was little that girl was neat. When I got out of the joint you know, after Marita died. I remember, I was more afraid of my little daughter than I ever was of being in prison. I loved her...most...*[Crying]* because when we were sitting in that kitchen that night it was like we were the last two people on Earth. You know, forgotten. Unwanted. And it's really starting to piss me off, Dave, because I can't cry for her. My own little daughter, and I can't even cry for her.

Dave: Jimmy. You're crying now.

Jimmy: Yeah, damn. I just want to hug her one more time. She was 19 fucking years old.

Dave: Do you want me to leave you alone?

Jimmy: No, just stay here for a minute, if that's cool.

Dave: Yeah, sure. Jimmy, it's cool.

END