

Inside Llewyn Davis - 3

36 EXT. QUEENS STOOP - DAY 36 Llewyn sits on a stoop reading a newspaper, elbows on knees. At a sound, he looks up. A woman a little older than him is coming up the walk with a bag of groceries. She is surprised to see him.

JOY : Hello. Where's ya coat?

LLEWYN: Not that cold.

JOY: Y'out a ya mind?

QUEENS KITCHEN - DAY 37 Llewyn sits at the table as the woman puts away groceries.

JOY: So how's the music goin'?

LLEWYN : Oh, pretty good. Pretty good.

JOY: Oh good. So you don't need to borrow money.

LLEWYN: Actually, I was wondering...

JOY: Uh-huh?

LLEWYN: Is it sold?

JOY: The house?

LLEWYN: Yeah.

JOY: Yeah, uh-huh. I mean it's inescrow.

LLEWYN: For what?

JOY: Eleven five, but—why? It's not our house.

LLEWYN: Not our house?

JOY: Well, yeah—mom and dad's house. Llewyn, it goes to his upkeep.

LLEWYN: Right.

JOY: We don't get any... Good thing ya music's going good... I'm sorry.

LLEWYN Yeah, well. What the fuck.

JOY: Llewyn.

LLEWYN: What?

JOY: The language.

LLEWYN: Oh—yeah. Sorry.

JOY: I am not one a ya Greenwich Village friends.

LLEWYN: Okay, yeah.

She eyes him for a beat.

JOY: Still got ya seaman's papers?

LLEWYN: Yeah. Why?

JOY: If the music's not...

LLEWYN: What—quit?! Merchant marine again? Just... exist?

JOY: "Exist"? That's what we do outside of show business? It's not so bad, existing.

LLEWYN: Like Dad?

JOY: Llewyn!

LLEWYN: What.

JOY: You say that about your own fatha!

LLEWYN: I didn't say—you said it! I—forget it.

JOY: That he "exists"! Like that?!

LLEWYN: Yeah yeah. Sorry.

JOY: ... Seen him?

LLEWYN : Yeah. What? Should I?

JOY: You tell me. He's ya fatha.

LLEWYN : Yeah, right. He sure is.

JOY: I got—wait—I got—you got a minute?

LLEWYN: Well they, they want me back, rehearsals for the Sullivan show. And I got some autographs to sign. Champagne reception...

JOY: Don't go way.

Projected, from off:

JOY: (CONT'D) I cleaned it out, the house. There was some stuff. I put ya stuff in a box...

She reenters with an open box. ...

JOY: (CONT'D) What I thought ya might want.

She sets it on the table in front of him. He looks with no particular interest, flips through a couple of things, shrugs.

LLEWYN : I don't know, Joy, just, what would I... just stick it out at the curb.

WOMAN: Llewyn! Are you kiddin? Lookit this. You know what this is?

She is pulling out an EP-sized record in a plain white sleeve.

JOY:(CONT'D)... This is when you recorded "Shoals of Herring" for Mom and Dad!... You're whateva, you're like eight years old! It's so cute!

LLEWYN: Well, see, Joy, in the entertainment business you're never supposed to let your practice shit out. Ruins the mystique.

JOY: I'm sorry, I don't know a lot about the entertainment business.

LLEWYN : Yeah. Well. Don't be sorry.