

## Inside Llewyn Davis - 2

32 INT. BERKEY APARTMENT 32 Jean, in a nightie, opens the door to Llewyn.

JEAN: (*hissing*) Thanks for keeping quiet, asshole.

LLEWYN : I'm freezing! Can we talk?

JEAN: Not here! Fuck you!

LLEWYN: Well—I'm sorry, which? Out, or fuck you? Let's go out. Can I borrow Jim's coat?

JEAN: Fuck you!

They walk along Washington Square North, Llewyn in the borrowed coat.

(Additional line for Llewyn to connect the scene could be: LLEWYN: Is it mine?)

JEAN: I don't know!

LLEWYN : You don't know if it's mine.

JEAN : No! How would I know?

LLEWYN: So it could be Jim's.

JEAN: Yes! Asshole!

LLEWYN: But you don't want it either way. To be clear.

JEAN : To be clear, asshole, you fucking asshole, I want very much to have it if it's Jim's. That's what I want. But since I don't know, you not only fucked things up by fucking me and maybe making me pregnant, but even if it's not yours, I can't know that, so I have to get rid of what might be a perfectly fine baby. A baby I want. Because everything you touch turns to shit. Like King Midas's idiot brother.

LLEWYN: Well. Okay. I see.

JEAN : You know a doctor, right?

LLEWYN: Yes.

JEAN: From when—whatever—Diane.

LLEWYN: Yes.

JEAN: And you'll pay for it.

LLEWYN: Yes.

JEAN : Don't tell Jim. Obviously.... I should have had you wear double condoms. Well—we shouldn't have done it in the first place. But if you ever do it again, which as a favor to women everywhere you should not, but if you do, you should be wearing condom on condom. And then wrap it in electrical tape. You should just walk around always, inside a great big condom. Because you are shit.

LLEWYN: Okay.

JEAN You should not be in contact with any living thing. Being shit.

LLEWYN ... You know the expression, It takes two to tango—

JEAN: Oh, fuck you.

LLEWYN : I could say, we should talk about this when you're less angry, but that would be... that would be... When would that be—

JEAN: Fuck you.. ... I miss Mike.

LLEWYN: Could I ask you for a favor?

JEAN: You're joking.

LLEWYN : Not for me, it's for the Gorfeins. Their cat got out—could you leave the fire escape window open?

JEAN: It's winter.

LLEWYN : Just enough for the cat? To squeeze back in? It could come back.

JEAN : Come back? To our apartment? It was there like six hours! Why would it come back there?

LLEWYN : I don't know, I'm not a fucking cat! Think about it, I lost their fucking cat! I feel bad about it!

JEAN: That's what you feel bad about?