

Inside Llewyn Davis - 1

26 INT. BERKEY APARTMENT - MORNING 26 Early morning, Jim and Jean's apartment. The cat sits on the window sill, gazing out at rooftops and water towers. The clinking of a spoon. The cat looks around.

Troy Nelson sits in a low rocker, knees sticking up, once again in his fatigues and boots, spooning cereal from a bowl. In the background, the cat leaps down from the sill.

Llewyn, who has been sleeping on the floor, stirs.

TROY: Sorry. Early. Tried not to wake anyone.

LLEWYN: S'okay.

TROY: Morning mess.

LLEWYN: Uh-huh.

TROY: Well. That was very good.

LLEWYN: Well... What's next?

TROY: Whaddya mean?

LLEWYN: Do you... plug yourself in somewhere?

TROY: No. Well. Report for duty. Back to Fort Dix.

LLEWYN : They making you a killing machine?

TROY : Oh, no-heh-heh! No, it's probably different from what you imagine. There's the discipline, which is what you're referring to. I actually like that. The weaponry is—well, it's part of the job.

LLEWYN: Uh-huh.

He gets up, starts pushing his few effects into a bag.

TROY : Armaments are not my thing. I don't even approve of war toys.

LLEWYN: Is it a career?

TROY: No, no. I get out in a few months. Bud Grossman has expressed interest in representing me.

LLEWYN : Bud Grossman. What's he like?

TROY: Mr. Grossman is a wonderful man. He's been very supportive. I played at his club in Chicago on my last furlough, right after I got back from Germany.

LLEWYN: You meet Elvis?

TROY : No. Everyone asks that. I did not meet Private Presley.

He has finished packing. Llewyn puts a cigarette in his mouth and pats himself down for matches.

LLEWYN : So you played at the Gate of Horn.

TROY: Yes. Mr. Grossman liked what he saw, I guess. He thinks I can have a career.

LLEWYN: Uh-huh.

He pushes the window open a foot and reclines on the couch head-towards-window, to smoke.

Troy pauses with his kit at the door. Near the bedroom, he keeps his voice low:

TROY: ... Thank Jim and Jean for me. Don't want to wake them.

LLEWYN: Will do.

TROY: Good meeting you.

LLEWYN: You too.

Troy goes through the door and eases it shut behind him.