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Inside Llewyn Davis

By Joel Coen

Hang me, oh, hang me
PH be dead and gone
Hang me, oh, hang me
PH be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging
But the laying in the grave so long
Poor boy
I've been all around this world
Been all around Cape Girardeau
Parts of Arkansas
All around Cape Girardeau
Parts of Arkansas
I got so goddamn hungry
I could hide behind a straw
Poor boy
I've been all around this world
Went up on the mountain
There I made my stand
Went up on the mountain
There I made my stand
A rifle on my shoulder
And a dagger in my hand
Poor boy
I been all around this world
Put the rope around my neck
Hang me up so high
Put the rope around my neck
They hung me up so high
The last words I heard 'em say:
"Won't be long now 'fore you die
Poor boy"
I've been all around this world
So hang me, oh, hang me
And H! be dead and gone
Hang me, oh, hang me
And H! be dead and gone
Wouldn't mind the hanging
But the laying in the grave so long
Poor boy
I've been all around this world
You probably heard that one before.
If it was never new and it never
gets old, then it's a folk song.
- You and Mikey used to do that song.

- Yeah.
Boy, you were some mess last night.
Yeah, sorry, Pappi. I'm an asshole.
I don't give a shit. It's just music.
Your friend is out back.
My friend?
Said he was a friend of yours.
Guy in a suit.
You a funny boy, huh?
What?
Had to open your big mouth,
huh, funny boy?
I had to... What?
That's what I do for a living.
Who...? Who are you?
What you do.
What you do.
I'm sorry, what...? What did I...?
You sit there in the audience last night,
yelling your crap.
Oh, for christssake.
You yell stuff, man. It's a show.
It wasn't your show.
It's not the opera, jackass.
It's a fucking basket hou... Unh!
We're leaving this fucking
cesspool. You can have it.
What you do.
Hello?
No, no...
Shit.
Goddamn it.
Hello?
Hi.
Could you, um...?
Could I leave this cat with you?
- With me?
- Yeah, it's, um...
It's the Gorgeins' cat.
Just till one of them gets back?
With me?
It slipped out
and I don't have the key.
Could you just keep it

till they get back?
I have to run the elevator.
I mean, that's not a problem, is it?
It's the Gorfains' cat.
I have to run the elevator.
Sociology.
- Professor Gorfain, please.
WOMAN".
He's in a lecture now.
- Could I take a message?
- Uh...
Yeah, could you...?
Could you just tell him:
"Don't worry, Llewyn has the cat"?
"Llewyn is the cat. "
No, Llewyn "has" the cat.
I'm Llewyn. I have his cat.
Oh, shit.
- Hey, Nunzio.
- Yeah. They ain't home, though.
Yeah, I know.
Can I use your fire escape?
Hi.
- How we doing?
- We're doing great.
Really?
The new record's doing well?
Uh, how "we" doing.
Not so hot, I gotta be honest.
- Ginny, where's Cincinnati?
What?
- Cincinnati, it's not in here.
It should be in there.
It's not in here, I'm telling you.
- Is it...?
Cincinnati?
Yeah.
- I got it.
What?
- I got it.
- You got Cincinnati?
Yeah, you want it?
- Could I have it?
Should I bring it in?

- Yeah.
- Do you owe me something?
You have to owe me something.
I wish.
People need time, you know.
Get to know you,
buy you as a solo act.
Even know you're a solo act.
- Cincinnati is not good.
- That's it, right?
Yeah, this is it, God help me.
Nobody knew us
when we were a duo.
It's not like me and Mike
were ever a big act.
It's not a big reeducation
for the public.
Mel?
Mel.
How you doing, kid?
Mel, there was no advance
on my solo record.
There's gotta be some royalty.
Fucking christssake, it's cold out.
I don't even have a winter coat.
Jesus Christ. You're kidding me.
- Take this, kid.
- Mel, no.
I insist. I insist.
I don't want your fucking coat.
What'll you wear?
- Kid, I'll get by.
- It won't even fit me. This is...
It's bullshit, Mel.
It's just a big fat fucking bluff.
Bluff?
Kid, what are you ta...? Bluff?
I offer you this?
Get the fuck out of my office.
- All right, thanks for the coat.
- What?
All right, well, wait.
Aw, shit.
Let me give you 40 bucks.

- Explain the cat.
- Yeah, sorry.
It's, uh... It's the Gorfeins' cat.
- I crashed there last night.
- What's its name?
Uh, I don't know.
He snuck out the door when...
Do you think
you're staying here tonight?
"Do you think...?" Um...
- I was hoping to. Is Jim around?
- Jim's not here.
We told Troy he could crash here.
Troy Nelson. How are you?
- How you doing? Llewyn Davis.
Oh.
Hello. I've heard your music,
and heard many nice things about you
from Jim and Jean and from others.
Ha-ha-ha. You have not heard
one nice thing about me from Jean,
ever, have you, Troy?
You tell the Gorfeins
you'll take care of their cat,
then bring him here
for us to take care of.
I've heard nice things from Jim
and Jean and others.
I didn't... It just happened.
It's a peaceful cat.
It's very contented.
So I can't stay here tonight?
Look, we told Troy he could stay.
We don't keep the couch free
on the chance you'll show up.
If this is awkward,
I could hitch back to Fort Dix
after I perform tonight.
Don't be silly.
We offered you the couch.
You're giggling somewhere?
Troy is playing at the Gaslight.
We're meeting Jim there.
Well, I could sleep on the floor here,

and Llewyn could have the couch.
I'm certainly not a man of comforts.
Alternately, I could hitch back
to Fort Dix after the show.
Llewyn can sleep on the floor
with his cat.
It's the Gorgeins' cat.
What the fuck?
It's a lesson too late
For the learner
Made of sand, made of sand
in the wink of an eye
My soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand
Are you going away
With no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well, I could've loved you better
- Llewyn.
- Hey.
- Good to see you.
- Hey.
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
The last thing on my mind
You've got reasons aplenty
For going
- What do you think?
- What?
Him, Troy.
Wonderful performer.
- Is he?
- Wonderful.
Please don't go
- Does he have a higher function?
Shh!
Are you going away
I need a drink.
With no word of farewell?
Will there be not a change
Look, Jim,
I didn't wanna mention this
in front of Jean.
You know how she gets.

- What do you mean?
- Just, uh, you know...
I need to...
I need to borrow some money.
I can pay you back really soon,
that and the last loan.
There's a girl I know who's in trouble
and needs to get fixed.
- Not again.
- This is a different girl.
Don't tell Jean.
I can't get the money
without Jean knowing.
- It's okay. We can...
- No, no, no, it's okay, it's okay.
I'll find it somewhere else.
Thank you very much.
Thank you.
There's someone special
in the audience tonight
who'll maybe get up
and help me out here
- if you give a round of applause.
- I don't have my guitar.
I know that you folks know them
and love them.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Jim and Jean.
Oh.
If you miss the train I'm on
You will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred mites
A hundred miles, a hundred miles
A hundred miles, a hundred miles
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred mites
Lord, Pm one, Lord, I'm two
Lord, Fm three, Lord, Fm four
Lord, Pm 500 miles
Away from home
Away from home, away from home
Lord, Pm 500 miles
Away from home

Not a shirt on my back
Not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't go back home
This a-way
What?
This a-way, this a-way
Lord, I can't go back home
This a-way
if you miss the train I'm on
You will know that I am gone
Boy, they're not bad.
You can hear the whistle blow
Uh-huh.
That Jean,
A hundred miles
I'd like to fuck her.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles
Mm.
Sorry.
It's early. I tried not to wake anyone.
Mm-hm.
Well, that was very good.
What's next?
What do you mean?
Do you plug yourself in somewhere?
No.
Well,
report for duty.
Back to Fort Dix.
They making you a killing machine?
No, it's probably different
from what you imagine.
There's the discipline,
which is what you're referring to.
I thrive on that.
Weaponry is part of the job.
Armaments are not my thing.
I don't even approve of war toys.
- Is it a career?
- No, no. I get out in a few months.
Bud Grossman has expressed interest
in representing me.

Bud Grossman?
What's he like?
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.
Did you meet Elvis?
No. Everyone asks that.
No, I did not meet Private Presley.
So you played at the Gate of Horn.
Yes.
Mr. Grossman liked what he saw,
I guess.
He thinks I can have a career.
Hm.
Thank Jim and Jean for me.
Mm-hm.
So long.
What's your name again?
Oh, shit.
No. No.
Fuck. Goddamn it. Oh, shit.
Fuck.
Shit. Cat.
Fuck. Kitty?
Fuck. Fuck.
Thanks for keeping quiet, asshole.
I'm freezing. Can we talk'?
Not here. Fuck you.
I'm sorry, which?
"Out" or "fuck you"?
Let's go out.
Can I borrow Jim's coat?
f don't know.
- You don't know if it's mine?
- No. How would I know?
- So it could be Jim's.
- Yes, asshole.
Wait, you don't want it either way?
To be clear.
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.
Well, okay.
I see.
You know a doctor, right'?'
Yes.
From when?
Whatever, Diane?
Yes.
- And you'll pay for it?
- Yes.
Don't tell Jim, obviously.
I should've 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.
- Okay.
You should not be in contact
with any living thing, being shit.
Have you ever heard the expression,
"it takes two to tango"?
Fuck you.
Well, I could say we should talk
about this when you're less angry,
but that would be...
That would be...

- When would that be?
- Fuck you.
I miss Mike.
Can I ask you for a favor?
You're joking.
It's not for me, it's for the Gorfeins.
Their cat got out. Could you leave
the fire-escape window open?
It's winter.
Just enough for the cat
to squeeze back in'?
It could come back.
To our apartment?
It was there, like, six hours.
Why would it come back there?
I don't know, I'm not a fucking cat.
Think about it. I lost their fucking cat.
I feel bad about it.
That's what you feel bad about?
Hello.
Where's your coat?
- It's not that cold.
- You out of your mind?
So how's the music going?
Uh, pretty good. Pretty good.
Oh, good. So you don't need
to borrow money.
- Actually, I was wondering...
- Uh-huh.
Is it sold?
- The house?
- Yeah.
Yeah. Uh-huh.
- I mean, it's in escrow.
- How much?
Eleven-five. But why?
- It's not our house.
- Not our house?
Well, yeah.
It's Mom and Dad's house.
Llewyn, it goes to his upkeep.
We don't get any.
Good thing your music's going good.
- I'm sorry.

- Yeah, well, what the fuck?

- Llewyn.

- What?

- The language.

- Oh, yeah, I'm sorry.

I am not one

of your Greenwich Village friends.

Okay, yeah, yeah.

- You still got your seaman's papers?

- Yeah, why?

- Well, if the music's not...

- What? Quit?

Merchant Marine again?

Just exist?

Heh, exist?

Is that what we do

outside of show business?

It's not so bad, existing.

- Like Dad?

- Llewyn.

- What?

- You say that about your own father?

- What?

- That he exists?

- I didn't say... You said it. Forget it.

- That he exists? Like that?

Yeah, yeah, I'm sorry.

- Seen him?

- Yeah.

What?

- Should I?

- You tell me, he's your father.

Yeah, he sure is.

Oh, I got... Wait, I got...

You got a minute?

Well, they want me back

for rehearsals.

Sullivan Show.

I've got autographs to sign.

- Champagne reception.

- Don't go away.

I cleaned it out, the house.

There's some stuff.

I put your stuff in a box.

What I thought you might want.

I don't know, Joy.

Just stick it out at the curb.

Llewyn, are you kidding?

Look at this.

You know what this is?

This is when you recorded

"Shoals of Herring" for Morn and Dad.

You... Whatever, you're

like 8 years old. It's so cute.

Well, see, Joy,

in the entertainment business,

you're not supposed to let

your practice shit out.

It ruins the mystique.

I'm sorry. I don't know a lot about

the entertainment business.

Yeah, well...

Don't be sorry.

No, no, no, I'll bring the cat up.

It's fine. I just, uh...

I can't today, as it turns out.

I can't bring her today.

Him.

- Him, him, yeah.

But I can get down there.

- He's hanging out at Jim and Jean's.

He's... He likes it there.

- He's fine. Believe me, he's fine.

Okay. But it's easy for me...

- No, no, no. They're not home.

Okay.

- They're never home.

All right.

Uh, so... Anyway,

I couldn't ask you to do that.

All the way down to the Village,

Mitch.

No, I'll bring her up tomorrow.

- Him. Him up tomorrow.

Right. Okay, good.

And remember to call Jim.

He said it was urgent.

Yeah, I doubt if it's urgent,

but I'll call him. Thanks.
No, no, he said it's urgent.
It's a session this afternoon
at Columbia.
Somebody got sick and dropped out.
He thought you'd like the work.
What? What?
- Did he say that I need my guitar?
I think he mentioned a guitar.
Do I need my guitar? Hello?
Hi, I'm here for Mr. Cromartie's
session. Llewyn Davis.
Have a seat.
I'll let him know you're here.
Llewyn.
Mr. Cromartie,
it's an honor to meet you.
Heh. Where's your guitar?
Hey.
- Hey, man, you made it.
- Yeah.
- You'll play a Gibson, right?
- Yours? Sure, yeah.
- You playing, uh...?
- Triple-0 21. Do you know Al Cody?
- Hey, man. Hey.
- Hi.
Can you read a chart, Llewyn?
I, uh...
I can stare at a chart and fake it, sir.
All right.
Jim and Al will teach you the song.
Take your time.
We're here to have fun.
All right.
So we're, uh...?
We're the what?
The John Glenn Singers?
It's not the most serious music
we've recorded at this studio.
Uh...
It's a thing.
I don't wanna
Don't send me off into outer space

I sweat when they put me
Yeah, but we wanna go to...
Let's still do the "p-p-please" into the...
- Into the verse.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- P-P-P
Don't send me off into outer...
P-p-p-p-please
What? No, I ca... Because then it gets
all muddled up into the verse.
- No, no, no.
Shoot.
No, you just do the p-p-p's
into the ver... If you do two p-p's.
- P-p, then the "sweat when they... "
- Yep.
- Really?
- Yep.
P-p, I sweat when they stuck me
In the pressure suit
Shoot.
Bubble helmet
Hash Gordon boots
- No air out there, gravity...
Ow, ow, ow
- That's no place to be a hero
- Shoot.
- Okay.
- Yeah. Oh-oh-oh.
OK.
Hey, look, I'm happy for the gig,
but who wrote this?
I did.
- You...
Okay?
So okay?
- Good?
Shoot.
"Please, Mr. Kennedy"
take one. And we're rolling.
One, two, one, two, three, four.
Ten, nine
Eight, seven, six, five

- Four, three, two
- One second, please
- Please, Mr. Kennedy
Uh-oh
I don't wanna go
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
- P-p-please
- Please, Mr. Kennedy
- Uh-oh
- I don't wanna go
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
I sweat when they stuck me
In the pressure suits
Bubble helmet
Hash Gordon boots
- No air up there in gravity zero
- Outer space
- I need to breathe
- Outer
- Don't need to be a hero
- Space
Are you reading me loud and clear?
- Oh, please, Mr. Kennedy
- Uh-oh
- I don't wanna go
- Please don't shoot me into outer
- Oh, please, Mr. Kennedy
- Uh-oh
I don't wanna go
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
Fm 6-foot-2
And so perhaps you'll
Tell me how to fit into
A 5-foot capsule
I won't be known
As Man of the Century
if I'm blubbering upon reentry
- Got a red-blooded wife
- Outer
- With a healthy libido
- Space

- You'll lose her vote
- Outer
- If you make her a widow
- Space
And who'll play catch
Out in the back with our kid?
Oh, please, Mr. Kennedy
- Uh-oh
- I don't wanna go
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
Countdown, ten, nine
Eight, seven, six, five
Four, three, two
- Oh, no
- Oh
- Please, Mr. Kennedy
- Uh-oh
I don't wanna go
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
- Please
- Oh, please
- Please
- Don't shoot me off into outer space
- Oh! Please
- Mr. Kennedy
- Please
- Mr. Kennedy
Please don't shoot me
into outer space
- Oh, please
- Mr. Kennedy
No, thank you. I appreciate it.
- I needed this, as you know.
Yeah.
Oh...
- We'll be touring, right?
- Touring Uranus.
I'll get my vaccinations. Sign where?
- You are AF of M, right?
- Yeah.
Sign there and there.
You don't have a label?

Uh, I do. Legacy.

Oh, you're exclusive to Mel?

I'll need a permission.

He'll give you one.

- See you.

- Uh.

That's gonna take...

Shit, man, I need the money now.

You wanna just be

an independent contractor,

Accounting will give you

a check today.

Just bill us for services, \$200.

That's more than a session fee

- because you don't get royalties.

- Okay, that's fine. And I can cash it?

Sure, right around the corner.

But you don't go on a session

sheet then, so no royalties.

That's okay, that's fine.

Hey, where do you live, Al?

- Downing Street.

- Yeah, nice place?

- It's a dump.

- Uh-huh. Got a couch?

- Where's Mel?

- Mel's at a funeral.

Boy, that man goes

to a lot of funerals.

- He likes people.

- Fewer and fewer.

This is family.

His nephew, Georgie, is engaged

to a girl whose mother just passed.

I don't know if that's family.

He likes funerals.

I don't know what to tell you.

I forgot to pick up my mail yesterday.

I was so pissed at Mel.

You didn't forget

to pick up your mail.

- Yeah, I did.

- You don't have any mail.

Oh.

Shit.

I didn't get anything
from Bud Grossman in Chicago?
You were supposed to get something
from Bud Grossman?

Yeah, I had Mel send him
my solo record when it came out.
- Whenever, more than a month ago.
- Oh.

No, you didn't get anything.

But we were making space
in the stock room
and dumped the rest
of the old records.

All the remainders.

Yours and Mikey's.

Mel set one box aside.

Thought you might wanna
keep some copies.

What am I gonna do with them?

Should I throw them out?

- Oh, good.

- Hey.

Here's a key.

Just going out to Jersey
to pick up my mom's car.

- Okay. Oh! Sorry. okay.

- Ha-ha-ha.

Mm-hm.

Yeah?

- Hey, it's me, Llewyn.

Yeah?

- Can I come up?

No.

OK8)'-

Well...

Well, can I have my stuff?

JEAN". H! bring it down.

H! meet you at the Reggie.

Hey.

Thank you.

- Who won the lottery tonight?

- Huh?

Oh. I'm staying at Al Cody's.

So when do you wanna do the...?

- Have the...?

- The abortion?

The sooner the better.

Okay. I'll see when

the guy can do it then.

"The guy"? I hope it's a doctor.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, he's a doctor.

- You got the money?

- Yes, I have the money, don't worry.

- With you, I worry.

- Well, you shouldn't.

Yes, I should.

God knows you never do.

You just let other people,

like your method of birth control.

Oh, please don't start

with the double condoms again.

Do you ever think

about the future at all?

The future?

You mean, like flying cars?

Hotels on the moon?

- Tang?

- And this is why you're fucked.

No, it's why you're fucked.

You're just trying

to blueprint a future.

Move to the suburbs with Jim,

have kids.

- That's bad?

- If that's what music is for you,

a way to get to that place,

then, yeah, it's a little careerist,

and it's a little square,

- and it's a little sad.

- I'm sad?

You're the one

who's not getting anywhere.

You don't wanna get anywhere.

Me and Jim try.

- I do. I wanna...

- We try, you sleep on the couch.

- That's a bad thing to throw in my face.

- You don't wanna go anywhere.
That's why all the same shit
is gonna keep happening to you,
- because you want it to.
- Is that why?
Yes, and also
because you're an asshole
who sleeps with other people's women.
Let's not forget that.
You're being pretty kind
to yourself now, aren't you?
- Whose couch are you on tonight?
- I told you. Al Cody's. You don't listen.
You just spout vitriol.
Keep an eye on my shit.
Hey.
Hey. Hey, hey.
Oh, goddamn it.
I am one lucky bastard.
Thanks for suggesting this place.
Poor thing couldn't have eaten
since yesterday.
It's a damn house cat.
There you go.
You know its name?
I can't remember his name.
I don't know its name.
I don't hang out with the Gorgeins.
Oh, good kitty. Jesus, thank God.
Well, where were we?
You were calling me a careerist,
and I was calling you a loser.
Right, well,
those are your categories.
No, those are your categories.
You know, in my experience,
the world's divided
into two kinds of people.
Those who divide the world
into two kinds of people...
And losers?
- Hey'-
- Hey'-
Uh, can you bring this up for me?

This ain't a spot.

- I just brought some stuff from home.

- Uh, yeah. Yeah, sure.

Hey, you don't need to... Meow.

You don't need to crash for more than a couple days, do you?

My girlfriend's coming down from Boston on Tuesday.

Uh... Yeah, no, that's... Yeah, it's fine.

That's okay. Yeah, thanks.

You don't wanna go to Chicago, do you?

- Why would I wanna go to Chicago?

- Yeah. Ha, ha.

This car's going to Chicago Tuesday.

A friend of mine is taking someone to a gig and they're looking for someone to help pay for gas.

I prefer New York.

Who's "Arthur Milgram"?

Oh, that's me.

I'm gonna change it legally, at some point.

Mr. Davis?

No, no, no,

she won't want me with her.

Oh, okay. Well, she should have a friend though.

Someone who can help her home.

- Okay, I'll let her know.

- It'll have to be on a Saturday.

Hey, I could do it this Saturday.

Okay. I'll, uh, pay you now since I won't see you. Cash.

Oh! No, no, no. Heh.

- No charge.

- Huh?

You know, from last time.

From last time? You mean Diane?

Yeah, I didn't have a number or an address for you.

- Where do you live anyway?

- Wait, what?

- I didn't have a...

- Why...?
- Why is there no charge this time?
- Huh?
Why...?
Well, you know.
Well, no, I don't know, man.
You working pro bono now?
Well, no,
since it didn't happen last time.
What didn't happen?
Diane didn't tell you?
Diane did not terminate
the pregnancy.
She came in to tell me she decided
to go to term.
She didn't tell you?
Uh, no.
She, uh...
Geez, she asked me to refer her
to a doctor in Akron.
- In Akron?
- To deliver the, uh...
No, I knew she was, uh, going to Akron.
She's from Akron.
Yes.
- I'm sorry, I thought...
- Her parents are in Akron.
The kid would be about 2 now?
Yeah, I guess.
Yes.
I'm sorry, I didn't know how
to get the money back to you.
I never see you at the hoots
anymore.
- Oh, there's the cat.
- Yeah.
Home from the hill.
Hey, Llewyn, welcome. Come on in.
Lillian's in the kitchen.
She's making her famous moussaka.
No, I can't barge in for dinner.
I just wanted to...
- No, no. Come on. One more person?
- No, no, no. No, I can't.

Moussaka? Come on.
Do you know, uh...? You know
Marty Green and Janet Fung?
Hello, nice to meet you.
Llewyn Davis.
Oh, uh, Mitch and Lillian's, uh,
folk song friend.
You crashing with us?
Oh, no, no, no.
I hadn't even planned on dinner.
Llewyn's not an Upper West Side guy.
We only get to see him when...
When I've rotated through
my Village friends.
Yeah, we're the last resort.
Marty's in my department.
And, uh, Joe's a musician.
This is Joe Flom.
He plays in Musica Anticha with Lillian.
Oh, hello. How you doing?
- Nice to meet you.
- Yes.
What's your instrument?
Well, anything with a keyboard.
I play celeste and harpsichord in MA.
I'm a piano instructor most days.
- Hey, bum a cigarette?
- Oh, sure.
Glass of wine, Llewyn'?
- A little dago red?
- Yeah.
I should've brought something.
Hey, don't be silly,
you brought the cat.
Yeah, right.
You know, uh,
I used to, uh, take piano lessons
when I was a kid
from, uh, Mrs. Sieglestein.
You don't know Mrs. Sieglestein,
do you?
Very, very big calves,
orthopedic shoes,
lives in Far Rockaway,

upstairs from the Kurlands?

Does she play early music?

Um...

Harry James on the radio.

On the piano, um.

"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes. "

Uh-huh.

She was not a swinger.

Well, Harry James.

Okay, yeah, well, her playing that was pretty on the beat.

He's adorable.

- How old is he?

- Just turned 2 in April.

He's with my mother now.

Grandmas come in handy, right?

What's his name?

Howie.

He already calls him Howie.

It's Howard.

Howie Greenfung.

What? Like...?

Like, "Green-fung"? Hyphenated?

No, no, one word, Greenfung.

Howard Greenfung.

You're kidding, right?

- No.

- Llewyn, why don't you...?

Why don't you give us a song?

Oh, yes, please. He's very good.

- Joe should hear you.

- No.

And Marty and Janet.

Of course.

I'm getting my Silvertone.

You get to play it if and only if you sing.

Right, yeah, okay, I can tell this is one of those things where I keep saying no and you think I'm just asking you to beg more.

Yeah, that's right.

Hey, look, I'm not a trained poodle.

I thought singing was a joyous expression of the soul.

Yeah.
All right. Um...
This is...
This one's early. Joe should like it.
If I had wings
Like Norah's dove
I'd fly up the river
To the one I love
- Fare thee well
- Well
- Oh, honey...
- Oh, honey...
- What are you doing?
- What?
What is that? What are you doing?
- Well, it's Mike's part.
- Don't do that.
- It's Mike's part.
- I know what it is. Don't do that.
Oh, you know what? This is bullshit.
I'm sorry, this is...
I don't do this, okay?
I do this for a living. It's not a...
it's not a fucking parlor game.
Llewyn, please, that's unfair to Lillian.
This is bullshit.
I don't ask you over for dinner
and then suggest you give a lecture
on the peoples of Mesoamerica.
Or whatever
your pre-Columbian shit is.
This is my job.
This is how I pay the fucking rent.
Llewyn, that's not...
This is a loving home.
I'm a fucking professional.
And you know what?
- Fuck Mike's part!
- Ah!
- It's okay, Lillian.
- This is just a... This is...
I can't stay in this room.
I can't stay in this room.
Well, she...

She doesn't have to leave.
I'm leaving, obviously.
Sorry I fucked up your evening.
- Thank you for the moussaka.
Aah!
This is not our cat.
What? Of course that's your cat.
Oh, my God.
- It's not even male.
Where's its scrotum, Llewyn?
- Wh... it's...
- Where's its scrotum?
My stuff.
Hello.
Yeah, hey.
What's this?
It's my guitar.
Sure, move in. Don't mind me.
Make yourself at home.
What are you, a flamenco dancer?
What's your name? Pablo?
Llewyn Davis.
I am Roland Turner.
This is my valet, Johnny Five.
Johnny Five.
And that was the last time
I was in Murfreesboro.
Gave me to understand
I would not be welcome back.
I said, "That's okay, brother.
I might have managed on my own
not to make it back
to your little flyspeck horseshit town. "
What the N stand for?
- What?
- What's the N stand for?
- Lou N. Davis.
- "Llewyn. "
Llewyn, L-L-E-W-Y-N. It's Welsh.
Well, it would have to be something,
stupid fucking name like that.
- You don't look Welsh-
- My mother was Italian...
Here, this would interest you.

Johnny and I were in Seattle
playing the High Spot.
Remember this, Johnny?
And I became indisposed after eating
a toasted cheese sandwich,
and found myself purging
from every orifice,
one of them like a fire hose.
I said to the manager:
"What do you call that thing
I just ate?"
He said, "Welsh rarebit. "
I says, "Okay, does everything
from Wales make you shit yourself,
or just this piece of toast?"
He said... Holy Jesus.
What is that thing?
It's... It's my cat.
Well, it's not my cat, it's...
Grown man with a cat.
- Is that part of your act?
- No.
- What'd you say you played?
- Folk songs.
Folk songs. Thought you said
you were a musician.
Folk singer with a cat. You queer?
L... It's not my cat.
I just didn't know what to do with it.
Really? So did you bring
your dick along too?
Johnny, hold up.
There's a service station.
Your turn to pay for gas, Elwin.
He still in there?
You're a friend of Al's?
Yeah.
When I go back
Baltimore
Need no carpet on my floor
Come along and follow me
We'll go down to Galilee
Everybody.
Green, green, rocky road

Yeah.

Promenade in green

Mm-hm.

Tell me who you love

Tell me who you love

Nice.

There was a sign that said,

"No mass shots, no coins on cloth. "

I said, "Am I allowed to bank the ball
off the cushions or is that too fancy?"

The guy says, "You're a hustler. "

I say, "You're a fucking idiot.

A hustler pretends

he's out of his depth.

I'm telling you I'm an adept.

Maybe you're the hustler

pretending to be a lunkhead.

Got me fooled. "

"No mass shots, no coins on cloth. "

Don't give me rules.

You play what you play.

Well, you don't, but in jazz,

you know, we play all the notes.

Twelve notes in a scale, dipshit,
not three chords on a ukulele.

G, G, C, G'

C,D,G

Well, if you make a living at it,
more power to you.

Solo act?

- Yeah, now.

- Now?

Used to, what, work with the cat'?

Every time you play a C major,
he'd puke a hair ball?

I used to have a partner.

What happened?

He threw himself off

the George Washington Bridge.

Well, shit, I don't blame him.

I couldn't take it either, having to play
"Jimmy Cracked Corn" every night.

Oh, pardon me for saying so,

that's pretty fucking stupid, isn't it?

George Washington Bridge?
You throw yourself off
the Brooklyn Bridge, traditionally.
George Washington Bridge?
Who does that?
What was he, a dumbbell?
Not really.
And that's when
you picked up the cat?
Here, Cowboy Chords,
this would interest you.
There's this act I saw
in Montreux, Switzerland.
- A bass, a piano and a sound tree...
- Hey, Mr. Turner, I'm wondering.
- Huh?
- Would that cane
fit all the way up your ass
or would a little bit stay sticking out?
OK8)'-
OK8)'-
Except threats and intimidation
won't work with me.
You wanna know why?
This would interest you.
I studied Santeria
and certain other things that squares
like you would call the black arts
due to lack of understanding,
from Chano Pozo in New Orleans.
You say you'll mess me up?
I don't have to make
those childish threats.
I do my thing, and one day
you wake up wondering:
"Why do I have this pain
in my side?"
Or maybe it won't even be
that specific.
Maybe it's,
"Why is nothing going right for me?
My life is a big bowl of shit.
I don't remember making
this big bowl of shit. "

Meantime, Roland Turner
is a thousand miles away,
laughing his ass off.
Think about that, Elwin.
In this car, bad manners won't work.
Bum a cigarette?
I'm out.
"Clean Asshole Poems,"
Orlovs Ky.
Then,
acted.
The Brig.
Three weeks on that show.
Could've been more.
Cops closed it.
How come'?'
Long story.
More, more, more,' cried the bed.
'Talk to me more. '
Oh, bed that faked
The weight of the world.
AH the lost dreams {aid on you.
Oh, bed that grows no hair.
That cannot be fucked,
or can be fucked.
Oh, bed crumbs of all ages
Spilled on you.
Oh, bed.
Yes.
Well...
Excuse me.
Hi.
How far are we from Chicago?
About three hours,
a little more with the weather.
Should I go call an ambulance?
No, he's all right.
Grab his sticks.
What are you doing?
- I'm just, uh...
- You can't stop here.
I just pulled over to rest a little bit.
You inebriated?
- He's not drunk.

- I wasn't talking to you.
You, get out of the car.
- Me?
- You. Out of the car.
Come here, I want you to walk...
Hands off the merchandise.
Don't play games, kid.
Son of a bitch.
Let's go.
Yeah.
I've been in your jails-
That's not gonna work.
Shit.
Oh, sh...
Number two.
- More coffee?
- Yeah.
We're switching over.
Could you pay the ticket?
What train are you waiting for?
Hello?
Hello?
Is Bud Grossman here?
Isn't in yet.
Can I wait here?
Uh, sure. Maybe an hour.
Cocaine
Runnin' all around my brain
Mr. Grossman.
Yeah?
I, uh... I'm Llewyn Davis.
Uh-huh.
- I'm sorry, do you know me?
- No.
Um, Mel Novikoff sent you my record
about a month ago.
- Inside Llewyn Davis.
- Oh, you're with Mel.
Yeah, yeah, I was, uh, just in Chicago,
just, uh... Just passing through.
Um...
- You like the record?
- Don't know. I didn't get it.
Well, um,

here it is. Uh, it's...

This is it anyway, it's...

That'll be \$5.

I was joking.

Uh-huh.

Well, yeah, I'm, um...

I'm interested in gigging here,

but, um, maybe also

in obtaining management.

Uh-huh.

You getting any money out of Mel?

- Not...

- Yeah, I bet.

Okay, let's hear something.

You don't wanna hear the record?

Why should I? You're here.

Play me something.

Play me something from

Inside Llewyn Davis.

Okay. All right. Here? Stage?

Not here.

OK8)'-

Queen Jane lay in labor

Full nine days or more

Til! her women grew so tired

They could no longer there

They could no longer there

King Henry, King Henry

Will you do one thing for me?

Will you open my right side

And find my baby?

And find my baby?

"Oh, no," cried King Henry

"That's a thing I never can do

If I lose the flower of England

I shat! lose the branch too

I shat! lose the branch too"

There was fiddiin' and dancin'

On the day the babe was born

But poor Queen Jane

Beloved

Lay cold as a stone

Lay cold as a stone

I don't see a lot of money here.

OK8)'-

Okay. So that's it?

You're okay. You're not green.

But I don't have what,
say, Troy Nelson has?

You know Troy?

Good kid.

He's a good kid.

Yeah.

He connects with people.

Look, I'm putting together a trio.

Two guys and a girl singer.

You're no front guy,
but if you can cut that
down to a goatee,

and stay out of the sun,
we might see how your voice works
with the other two.

You comfortable with harmonies?

No.

Yes. But, um, no.

No, I had a partner.

Uh-huh. Well, that makes sense.

MY Suggestion?

Get back together.

That's good advice.

Thank you, Mr. Grossman.

- Where you going?

- New York.

Man, that's great. I'm going home
to New Jersey. I've not slept.

- You drive, right'?

- Yeah.

Well, as long as you drive
and let me sleep,
we can do it all the way, man.

Oh, sh...

So, uh, can I ship out?

No, you cannot.

- Why?

- You're not on the roster.

Okay.

Well, can you put me on the roster?

No, I cannot.

- Why?

- Why you think?

I don't know.

Because I'm a Communist.

- Shachtmanite?

- What?

No, you ain't that. You ain't, uh...

- You ain't current.

- I'm not current?

- That's another way of putting it.

- Is that a nautical term?

You ain't current on your dues.

You pay your dues, arrears,

148 bucks,

you go back on the roster

and I can ship you out.

There's a post on The Maid

of the Gate, Seaman First Class.

She weighs anchor this Friday,

6 p. m.

The money, what I owe, can't they just

take it out of, whatever, the first week?

I can't run out on it.

I'm in your fucking sardine can.

Yeah, they don't do that.

You gotta be current to ship out.

Wow.

I just make it.

I'm leaving naked, man.

- Clean start. Okay. Can I pay you?

- Mm-hm.

Now, I will write you a receipt,

along with the, uh, pier, ship number,

and the time.

Got your Masters Mate's

and Pilot's license, right?

- You ain't shipping out without that.

- Yeah, I got it.

There you go, Llewyn Davis.

Hey, you're not Hugh Davis's kid,

are you?

Why not?

Hey...

How's it going?

I'm taking off, Pop.
Won't see you for a while.
Shipping out.
Try something new.
I mean something old.
OK8)'-
Here's this. You used to like this.
Oh, it was a fine
And a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth Harbor
I was faring
As a cabin boy
On a sailing lugger
For to hunt
The bonny shoals of herring
Now you're up on deck
You're a fisherman
You can swear
And show a manly bearing
Take your turn and watch
With the other fellas
As you hunt
The bonny shoals of herring
Well, I earned my keep
And I paid my way
And I earned the gear
That I was wearing
I sailed a million miles
Caught 10 million fishes
We were dreaming
Of the shoals
Of herring
Night and day
The seas we're darin'
Come wind or calm
Or winter gale
Sweating or cold
Growing up, growing old
Or dying
As we dream about
The shoals
Of herring
Wow.
Wow.

Excuse me?

Could I trouble you?

My father had, um...

He needs to be cleaned.

How is he?

He's great.

Good to see what I have
to look forward to.

What?

- Llewyn.

- No, I'm not kidding.

I got it all figured out now.

You put in some hard years, yeah,
but eventually you get to kick back,
your food's brought to you,
don't even have to get up to shit.

- Llewyn, Danny's sitting right here.

- Oh, sorry.

What's wrong with you?

Shame on you.

I'm sorry. It was really good to see him.

It was great.

- Where'd you put my file box?

- Huh?

From the house, where's my file box?

You told me to throw everything out.

All the old shit, Joy.

- Fuck, you threw out my file box?

- Llewyn.

Yeah, no cursing. Except now I gotta
go back to the fucking union hall.

It had my Masters Mate's
and Pilot's license in it.

Jesus Christ, Joy.

You told me to put it out by the curb.

It's what I did.

I want you to leave. Get out of here.

Fuck.

- Yeah, I'm a dick, right?

- That's right.

Danny, your uncle's a bad man.

OK8)'-

Hello?

- It's Llewyn. Don't hang up.

I don't wanna stay. I just need a place
to dump my stuff. Please.

I'm tired of dragging it
all around with me.

Please?

- Where are you gonna stay?

- I don't know.

It's only two nights.

There must be someone in the
five boroughs who isn't pissed at me.

- How do you feel?

- Fine.

Why?

So it went okay?

I'm doing it Saturday.

Jesus, Llewyn,

you don't even fucking remember.

Yeah, boy, I'm sorry. I... I was away.

Well, it seemed like it was a long time,
but it was just a couple of days. Yeah.

- Yeah, I'm sorry.

- Where were you?

In Chicago.

Why?

No. Nothing.

Pappi will let you play tomorrow.

Pick up a couple bucks.

No, he won't.

I was there less than a month ago.

He will. I asked him.

Wow. Thank you,

that was very nice of you,

but I'm out. I'm done.

- Going back to the Merchant Marine.

- What, that's it?

This could be good for you
tomorrow.

Playing the Gaslight

for the 400th time?

For the fucking basket?

Actually,

you'd have to split the basket.

- Heh.

- There's another act.

But The Times is gonna be there.
Oh, The Times.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. Thanks for the thought,
but it's not going anywhere.
I'm tired.
You're tired?
Yeah, I'm so fucking tired.
I thought I just needed a night's sleep,
but it's...
It's more than that.
But thank you, for trying.
I love you.
Come on.
Are you shitting me?
In what way, buddy?
Eighty-five dollars?
To replace a license?
You don't throw out the license.
That's the one thing you keep.
I can't... Where am I gonna...?
Fuck.
All right, well,
let me get this money back then.
I got...
I kept this fucking thing.
I just paid my dues this morning,
148 bucks. There's the receipt.
You don't...
We don't pay dues back.
What are you, nuts?
I just paid it this morning.
That was four hours ago.
- Yeah.
- Come on, you're telling me...
I can't crew the ship,
and I can't get this money back?
This was money
you owed your union.
You Hugh Davis's kid?
- Yeah.
- How's he doing?
He's fucking great. Matter of fact,
he's been asking after you.

A hungry feefin'
Came o'er me steafin'
And the mice were squeafin'
In my prison cell
And the auld triangle
Went jingle jafgle
Al! along the banks
Of the Royal Canal
To begin the morning
A screw was bawlin'
Get up...
Hey.
We're gonna hear you tomorrow.
Yeah, I guess you are.
Well, you're welcome.
What do you think of these guys'?
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal
I like the sweaters.
The lads were sleepin'
You know, you wouldn't
fucking believe the rent here.
This folk shit, I don't know.
Jim and Jean, we get a good crowd.
You know why, Llewyn?
Lot of these guys,
a lot them come in here
catch the act,
because they wanna fuck Jean.
That's why they come in.
And some of them,
some of these guys, Llewyn,
they come in here
because they wanna fuck Jim.
They wanna fuck Jim.
Know what I mean?
- You mean they wanna fuck Jim.
- Exactly.
Exactly.
Well, me,
I've only fucked Jean.
All along the banks
What?
Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah. You know.
If you wanna play the Gaslight...
Thanks.
Ladies and gentlemen, thanks.
- Thanks.
- Thank you, Pappi Corsicato.
Please give a great big welcome
to Elizabeth Hobby
from Elinora in Arkansas.
Thank you.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
Thank you. You're so nice.
This is my first show in New York.
How'd you get the gig, Betty?
Um, I'm gonna do this song.
It's like a lot of the songs I do.
It's one I grew up with.
Ha, ha. Come on, Llewyn.
Give me a little credit.
I'm a-goin'away
To leave you, love
I'm going far over the sea
But H! return to you someday
So I go 10,000 miles
- Where's your hay bale?
Shh!
The storms are on
Huh? Where's your corncob pipe?
The ocean
Are you wearing gingham panties?
Shh!
Huh?
Fuck you, you fucking phony.
Come on, show us your panties.
Shut up.
- Show us your panties, Betty.
That's enough.
- Fine.
Oh, God, I hate fucking folk music.
- Okay, Eddie. We might need Florio.
- I fucking hate folk music.
Fuck Florio. Fuck you, Pappi.
The show is bullshit.
Four micks and Grandma Moses.

Llewyn. Come on in.

Lillian's making her famous
tabbouleh salad.

Oh, Mitch, I really appreciate this.

After last time,

I just can't tell you how sorry I am.

Oh, forget it.

We all get a little emotional over Mike.

It comes out in different ways.

He had such life, you know?

Such a talent.

It's a big hole. A big hole.

- How long will you be with us?

- Just a day or two, if that's okay.

- Just until I can figure out the next...

- Sure, yeah.

Do you know Arlen

and Dodi Gamble?

This is Llewyn Davis,
our folk-singer friend.

You're Jim and Jean's friend.

Uh, sort of.

Jim played us a pressing of that record,

"Please, Mr. Kennedy. "

- It was hysterical.

- So funny.

That's gonna be a hit, man.

Royalties on that? Whoa, Nelly.

I wish I was in your business.

I mean, one hit could fix you up.

- Uh, yeah...

- Llewyn.

- Lillian...

- I am so sorry I upset you.

No, no, no.

You're apologizing to me?

- Yeah.

- No.

Holy shit.

- On! Heh.

- on.

Oh, that's... That's good.

You got a new cat.

- No.

No, he came home.
Found his way back.
The doorman heard something
scratching yesterday morning.
Early morning, the wee hours.
- Yeah, see?
It's Ulysses.
- It's... Ulysses?
- Ulysses.
That's its name?
Hello?
And I'll be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging
But the laying in the grave's so long
Poor boy
I've been all around this world
You probably heard that one before.
If it was never new, and it never
gets old, then it's a folk song.
All right, one more before I go.
If I had wings
Like Norah's dove
I'd fly up the river
To the one I love
Fare thee well
Oh, honey
Fare thee well
Early one morning
Drizzling rain
And in my heart
I felt an achin' pain
Fare thee well
Oh, honey
Fare thee well
One of these mornings
It won't be long
You'll call my name
And H! be gone
Fare thee well
Oh, honey
Fare, fare thee well
if I had wings
Like Norah's dove
I'd fly up the river

To the one I love

Oh, fare thee well

Oh, honey

Fare thee well

That's what I got.

- You and Mikey used to do that song.

- Yeah.

Boy, you were some mess last night.

Yeah, sorry, Pappi. I'm an asshole.

I don't give a shit.

- Your friend is out back.

- My friend?

Said he was a friend of yours.

Guy in a suit.

Oh, it's fare thee well

My darling true

I'm leaving in the first hour

Of the morn

You a funny boy, huh?

What?

Had to open your big mouth.

That's what I do for a living.

What you do.

Make fun of folks up there?

You sit there in the audience

last night, yelling your crap.

You yell stuff, man. It's a show.

It wasn't your show.

It's not the opera, jackass.

It's a fucking basket hou...

We're leaving this fucking

cesspool. You can have it.

What you do.

- My wife up there trying to sing.

- Unh.