

JEAN : Who won the lottery tonight?

LLEWYN: Huh? Oh. I'm staying at AlCody's.
So. When do you want to do this thing?

JEAN : The abortion? The sooner the better.
Tomorrow if I can. Jim won't be around, I
won't have to make up a story where I'm
going.

LLEWYN : Okay, I'll see if the guy can do it
then.

JEAN: The guy? I hope he's a doctor.

LLEWYN: Yeah yeah, he's a doctor.

JEAN: You got the money?

LLEWYN: Yeah, I got the money—don't worry.

JEAN: With you I worry.

LLEWYN: Well you shouldn't.

JEAN: Yes I should. God knows you never do.
You just let other people. Like your method
of birth control.

LLEWYN : Please don't start with the double-
condoms again.

JEAN: Do you ever think about the future at

all?

LLEWYN: The future? You mean like, flying cars? Hotels on the moon? Tang?

JEAN: And this is why you're fucked.

LLEWYN: No, it's why you're fucked. Trying to blueprint a future. Move to the suburbs. With Jim. Have kids.

JEAN: That's bad?

LLEWYN: If that's what music is, for you, a way to get to that place, then yes—it's a little careerist. A little square. And a little sad.

JEAN: I'm sad! You're the one who's not getting anywhere! You don't even want to get anywhere! Me and Jim try!

LLEWYN : I do wanna... I wanna—

JEAN : We try! You sleep on the couch!

LLEWYN: Bad thing to throw in my face, man!

JEAN: You don't wanna go anywhere, and that's why all the same shit is going to keep happening to you. Because you want it to.

LLEWYN: Is that why.

JEAN: And also because—you're an asshole! Let's not forget that! Who sleeps with other people's women!

LLEWYN : Well you're being pretty kind to

yourself now, aren't you!

JEAN: Who's couch are you on tonight?

LLEWYN : I told you, Al Cody's.... You don't listen, you just, spout vitriol...

Jean looks at him, puzzled by the trance he has entered. His eyes widen further.

LLEWYN: ... Keep an eye on my shit!

He bolts.