

Honey Brown Eyes March 2008 draft

Jovanka Side #1

*JOVANKA closes the door and locks it in  
his face.*

*Beat.*

JOVANKA

Are you the man on the loose?

DENIS

I believe I am.

JOVANKA

Then he is looking for you.

DENIS

Was he the one shooting at me?

JOVANKA

He's a sneaky one, watch out. I've known him since he was  
this high.

DENIS

Three blocks they followed me-

JOVANKA

You might try a different outfit.

DENIS

I got lost.

JOVANKA

Let's get you changed out of that shirt.

*JOVANKA goes through one of the boxes.*

DENIS

That's okay-

JOVANKA

No, no, it's fine. My grandson left some clothes here.

DENIS

Really, I'm fine.

JOVANKA

He's just about your size. Plus, you're on the wrong side of town to be wearing that.

DENIS

I got turned around.

JOVANKA

And without a gun. Tsk. Here, this one will fit you.

DENIS

Thank you.

*DENIS changes his shirt.*

JOVANKA

Another drink?

DENIS

No. Thank you.

JOVANKA

Tea?

DENIS

You have coffee?

JOVANKA

I have tea. Haven't had coffee for weeks.

DENIS

Tea is fine. I need to stay awake.

*JOVANKA fills the kettle.*

*DENIS turns around. The sleeves are too short.*

*JOVANKA laughs and helps him out of the shirt.*

JOVANKA

Guess I was wrong. Everyone looks the same size to me: bigger.

DENIS

Thanks anyway.

JOVANKA

Now wait. Hold onto your horses there. He has some other ones in here somewhere. A whole box of them. Some of those will surely fit. T-shirts, you know? He wears them baggy.

DENIS

Really I –

JOVANKA

Nonsense. Take them all.

DENIS

I couldn't.

JOVANKA

You can't wear what you have on-

DENIS

I'll turn it inside out. Really-

JOVANKA

Take the shirts, Denis.

DENIS

(refusing)

It's very nice of you, but I don't think your grandson will-

JOVANKA

My grandson isn't coming back. (beat) Take them.

*Beat.*

DENIS

Thank you.

JOVANKA

(finding the right box)

Here they are. Something in there will fit you. Take a look.