

Honey Brown Eyes March 2008 draft

Jovanka Side #2

DENIS

I think this was your Mahler.

JOVANKA

No!

DENIS

You see, someone stuffed a little piece of paper in here and recorded over the original music.

JOVANKA

I know what the little shit did. He did it with everything in the other boxes too. Let me see that. Always making tapes. Sitting around recording music from the radio at all hours-

DENIS

I used to do that-

JOVANKA

If he were here, I'd beat him with a broom. It's a good thing he took off.

JOVANKA walks over to her box of cassettes and examines some tapes.

JOVANKA

(handing a few to Denis)

These too right? The little thief. Right? He ruined this box as well?

DENIS

It looks like he did.

JOVANKA

Not my Mahler. That little shit. You have kids?

DENIS

No.

JOVANKA

Good. You're better off. They have no respect for things that belong to someone else. First my daughter, always taking my

jewelry. Trying it on, playing with it, wearing it to school.
Never asks, of course. Just goes into my drawer and takes
whatever she wants. Then loses it, and gets upset about it!
Ha! She's upset? I'm upset. These are my things. Then her son
with the tapes. You need some tapes? Fine, take some, here. I
give him one box. The ones I don't listen to. Marching bands,
dirges, take it. Who needs depressing music, right? Take the
Berlioz even. I don't care for him. But leave my Mahler.
Leave me the one box of my music. My operas. A room full of
things and nothing belongs to me.

*The kettle whistles.
JOVANKA takes it off the stove. And
makes Denis a cup of tea.
Silence.*

DENIS
Your children live with you?

JOVANKA
Not anymore.

DENIS
Ah.

JOVANKA
They left. Three weeks ago. Headed for Croatia.