

Honey Eyes

Ellen Warren

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is bare aside from a few generic pictures hung on the wall. The introduction of the show *Eastenders* can be heard from a room.

WOMAN (O.S)

Jon?

A moment passes, a door down the hall opens and a young man of 20 years old pokes his head out. His hair is red, curled at the tips, and a small amount of stubble is growing on his jaw. The dim yellow light in the hall illuminates his amber eyes. JONATHAN WORTH furrows his brow.

JONATHAN

Yeah?

A beat. JONATHAN frowns.

JONATHAN

(annoyed)

Yes? Mum?

WOMAN (O.S)

Oh, took you long enough!

JONATHAN exhales loudly and rolls his eyes, stepping out further into the hall.

WOMAN (O.S)

We need some milk! Can you go out to the shops and get some?

JONATHAN scrunches his nose up.

JONATHAN

It's snowing, though.

WOMAN (O.S)

Put on a coat then. Common sense, Jon, use it.

JONATHAN exhales again, softer this time. He steps back into his room.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

JONATHAN walks over to the desk in his bedroom, a laptop sat on top that is open. On the screen is a Google search result for the term, "How to come out to your parents".

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The rest of JONATHAN's room is tidy, a bohemian style to it. There are a few succulent plants on his windowsill, and above his bed are posters for the Globe Theatre.

JONATHAN quickly goes to his 'History' tab and clears any evidence of the search, only before closing the webpage and then closing the lid of his laptop. JONATHAN walks to the back of his door, picking up a coat.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

He emerges a few moments later wearing a puffy green coat. He walks down the hall towards the front door where he puts on a pair of boots. They are stained with dry bits of mud, and they're worn with age.

JONATHAN

Be back in a few, then. If I fall  
on the ice and crack my skull  
open, it's your fault.

WOMAN (O.S)

Love you!

JONATHAN

(hesitant)

Yeah, love you too.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

JONATHAN steps out into the snow. It is quiet. He stands there for a moment and looks down the road, beginning to make his way down the street. He's watching his step.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Snow is falling around JONATHAN, his hands are tucked firmly in his pockets and he shuffles through the thin layer of snow and bites on his lip. He looks around, spotting a group of men in a car nearby sharing a blunt and laughing to themselves.

JONATHAN walks faster until he reaches the store.

He stops outside of a small independent shop that doubles as an off-licence. JONATHAN pushes the door, but it doesn't budge. He pauses. The door has a sign that visibly says 'PULL'. JONATHAN looks around to make sure nobody saw his mistake, and he slowly pulls the door open and steps inside.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

JONATHAN steps on the already-wet mat by the door and rubs his boots clean, looking up at the checkout counter on instinct. He pauses.

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There's someone at the counter that's caused him to pause. A young man a little older than him. He wears a blue jumper, and there's a name tag pinned that reads 'BRIAN' on it.

BRIAN's blonde hair is tied up in a messy bun, and it looks like he hasn't shaved for a little while, allowing a beard to grow. He senses that JONATHAN has been staring for a little too long, and his blue eyes glance up.

The two lock eyes for a moment.

JONATHAN's lips purse and his eyes widen, he's been caught. He dips his head in shame and quickly walks towards the open fridge aisle. His shoulders are raised, as if he's trying to hide within his own body.

Radio plays throughout the shop, tuned to a station that's playing generic pop. This cuts the silence in the shop.

JONATHAN reached out to grab a 4 pint milk bottle, turning and walking out of the isle. He's unsure of himself, but he walks up to the counter and places the milk on the counter.

BRIAN's eyes glance at the milk, and he brings it close, tapping at the cashier touchscreen.

BRIAN

That everything?

JONATHAN

Uh.

JONATHAN is stunned that BRIAN has an Australian accent. JONATHAN's eyes look past BRIAN to the large display of cigarettes, showing different brands, all with gruesome pictures of people suffering from cancer. JONATHAN is mulling over his options.

JONATHAN

Yeah. That's everything.

BRIAN nods slowly and inputs the total, glancing back at JONATHAN, smiling.

BRIAN

That's one pound twenty.

JONATHAN digs a hand into his pocket and pulls out a five pound note, handing it over to BRIAN, awkwardly smiling at him.

BRIAN takes the money and opens up the till, slotting the money into it and then taking out the change, handing it over to JONATHAN.

Their hands touch. JONATHAN swallows.

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JONATHAN

(softly)

Thanks.

BRIAN

No problem. Have a good night, mate.

JONATHAN

Yes, uh, you too.

JONATHAN turns away from the counter with the milk in hand and winces to himself, walking quickly to the door. He pulls on the door. It doesn't budge. Again. JONATHAN closes his eyes and exhales, gathering his composure and pushing the door instead. He doesn't bother to look back at BRIAN, who is smiling to himself.