

# JANINE SIDE # 1

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Janine: No.

Sean: There are no hotels here?

Janine: No. Where do you think you are? Tatamagouche? We've got a bed and breakfast though. Luanne's. Just up the road.

Sean: Well, maybe I'll try there then.

Janine: So you drove all the way from Toronto without knowing where you were going to be staying when you got here?

Sean: Well, coming here was kind of a last minute decision.

Janine: Ah. Interesting.

Sean: So, I noticed that sign out on the highway that read 'Halfway to the North Pole.' What does that mean?

Janine: Stewiacke is exactly halfway between the equator and the North Pole.

Sean: Really?

Janine: It's our claim to fame.

Sean: That's funny.

Janine: Why is that funny?

Sean: No, I don't mean that it's funny about it being your claim to fame. I just mean...I recently split up with my fiancée. So, a month ago I had it made. A woman I loved. A future together. A good medical practice. And now here I am, sitting in a diner, halfway to the North Pole. I guess that's an indication of how far I've fallen in a month.

Janine: It doesn't sound like you're flattering us.

Sean: I'm sorry. It's nothing about your town. It's just...never mind. I'm sure it's a lovely town.

Janine: It'll do.

Sean: Are you from here?

Janine: I am. Born and raised.

- Sean: You never had an urge to move away? See what's out there?
- Janine: Well, I'm not an idiot. I know what's out there. That's why I'm here. I've been to New York, Montreal, Los Angeles, Paris, Milan..
- Sean: Paris and Milan?
- Janine: Yeah. I used to be a buyer for a clothing store. I got the job when I graduated from the London College of Fashion.
- Sean: The London College of Fashion. Wow. So, you've been to all those places and you came back here? Why?
- Janine: I missed the life here. And I missed my friends.
- Sean: Your friends?
- Janine: Yeah.
- Sean: Violet, Rita and Mary Ellen? Those friends?
- Janine: Yeah. And others. I've got plenty of friends in town.
- Sean: But you could make new friends.
- Janine: I don't want new friends.
- Sean: Why not?
- Janine: Because the old friends aren't broken.
- Sean: Hmm. You're uh...
- Janine: I'm what?
- Sean: You're an interesting woman.
- Janine: I am, aren't I? You, on the other hand, have a bit of a hangdog personality.
- Sean: Hangdog?
- Janine: A little weebegone yes.

- Sean: Is that how I appear? Oh, that's pathetic. All right. No more of that. And thank you for bringing it to my attention.
- Janine: We speak our minds here.
- Sean: I'm learning that. So, I guess your parents were happy that you moved back home after being away.
- Janine: No, as soon as I left home they packed up and moved away themselves.
- Sean: Where did they go?
- Janine: Toronto. Yeah, Stewiacke isn't for everybody, but those of us who stay, love it.
- Sean: Well, I believe that when you find a place that feels like home, that's where you should be.
- Janine: Have you found that place yet?
- Sean: I thought I had.
- Janine: Until your fiancée dumped you.
- Sean: I didn't say she dumped me. I said we split up.
- Janine: Because she dumped you.
- Sean: Yeah.
- Janine: You ever been married before?
- Sean: Nope. This was going to be the first and last time.
- Janine: Really? You've never been married at your age? What are you forty-six? Forty-seven?
- Sean: Forty-two.
- Janine: Wow. This last month really has been hard on you.
- Sean: What about you? Have you ever been married?
- Janine: Nope.

- Sean: At your age? You've gotta be..
- Janine: Careful.
- Sean: So, why have you never married?
- Janine: I haven't found the love of my life yet.
- Sean: What about the guy you're living with?
- Janine: Oh Bradley and I get along okay and I suppose I love him a bit, but the love of my life? No, that's a whole different level. But, there's a certain comfort in being with Bradley. There's something to be said for that, right?
- Sean: Comfort?
- Janine: Yeah.
- Sean: I'd be looking for a little more than comfort if I was you. Comfort isn't love. Comfort doesn't excite you. Comfort is a pair of slippers.
- Janine: Yeah, well at least I have a pair. Sorry.
- Sean: Maybe we should change the subject.
- Janine: Good idea.
- Sean: How long have you worked here?
- Janine: Ever since I moved back. Eight years now.
- Sean: What about your friends? What do they do?
- Janine: Rita works at the bakery across the street. Mary Ellen teaches pre-school. And Vi's an accountant. She works out of her home.
- Sean: Well, they're a delightful trio.
- Janine: They're great gals. They usually stop in here at around four o'clock every day for a little gab-fest. It's something I really look forward to.
- Sean: You know that heavy flow of yours could be a symptom of a bigger problem. I'm not saying it is, but it could be.
- Janine: Like what?

Sean: Oh, uterine fibroids, polyps, dysfunction of the ovaries. Any number of things. Maybe you should come and see me next week.

Janine: Uh..sure, I could do that. I'm off Wednesdays.

Sean: Well, how about next Wednesday morning? I'll run some tests.

Janine: Okay.

Sean: What's your last name?

Janine: Babineau.

Sean: Janine Babineau. I'll pencil you in for Wednesday morning then. *(He looks at his watch.)* Oh boy. I'd better get that salad to go.

Janine: Really?

Sean: Yeah. I've got to check in at the clinic before they close for the day.

Janine: Okay. *(She moves to the kitchen door and shouts.)* Junior, put some legs on that salad! *(To Sean.)* So, what happened to your practice?

Sean: Pardon me?

Janine: When you were <sup>whining</sup> whining about your sorry existence a minute ago you said you had a good medical practice. What happened to it?

Sean: Well, there were three of us in this small neighbourhood clinic. Myself, my fiancée and a doctor named Lorenzo. So, when my fiancée and I split up we figured it would be impossible to work together so, one of us had to go.

Janine: Uh-huh. And why you?

Sean: It was the gentlemanly thing to do.

Janine: Your fiancée was sleeping with Lorenzo.

Sean: How did you know?

Janine: The man's name is Lorenzo. He's probably better looking than you. More exciting than you. Knows how to dance really well. No, you didn't stand a chance.

Sean: Is dancing that big a deal?

Janine: To a woman? Very big deal. There's something sexy about a man who knows how to dance.

Sean: Really?

Janine: Oh, very sexy. You don't dance?

Sean: Never learned how.

Janine: Well there you go. I don't know why she agreed to ~~marry you in the~~ first place.

*(We hear a bell ring from the kitchen.)*

Janine: There's your salad.

*(Janine exits to the kitchen.)*

Sean: *(To himself.)* I don't know if he was better looking than me.

*(Janine enters with a bag containing the salad.)*

Janine: Oh he was. Here you go.

Sean: Thank you. What's the damage?

Janine: No, it's on me. Consider it a welcome to Stewiacke.

Sean: Really?

Janine: Absolutely.

Sean: Well, thank you. That's very kind.

Janine: Don't mention it.

Sean: So, I'll see you on Wednesday.

Janine: Yes you will.

*(Sean starts to exit and then stops.)*