

JANINE: Oh.

SEAN: That's all it is.

JANINE: But usually a nurse would call to make a follow-up appointment and you'd tell me then, right?

SEAN: Usually. But, like I said, you're on my way home.

JANINE: Uh-huh. Well, can I see them?

SEAN: See what?

JANINE: The results.

*JANINE holds out her hand.*

SEAN: Oh! The results, yes. Well, I just told you what they were.

JANINE: Well, as long as you brought them along, I might as well see them.

SEAN: Of course. Yes. But there's something I want to tell you first.

JANINE: And what's that?

SEAN: I can't be your doctor anymore.

JANINE: What?

SEAN: I can't be your doctor. You'll have to find someone else.

JANINE: Why?

SEAN: There's a conflict of interest.

JANINE: What conflict of interest?

SEAN: I find you attractive.

JANINE: You what?

SEAN: I find you attractive. I'm attracted to you. And that makes it impossible for us to have the proper doctor-patient relationship.

JANINE: You find me attractive?

SEAN: Yes.

JANINE: Oh. Eww.

SEAN: What's wrong?

JANINE: So when you were examining me on Wednesday, you were . . . eww.

SEAN: No, there was nothing eww about it. It was strictly professional.

JANINE: But you were attracted to me.

SEAN: Yes.

JANINE: During the exam. When I was naked.

SEAN: I put it out of my mind.

JANINE: How?

SEAN: I thought of something else.

JANINE: Like what?

SEAN: Neil Young.

JANINE: Neil Young?

SEAN: Yes.

JANINE: The singer Neil Young? From Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young?

SEAN: Yes. And also from his successful solo career.

JANINE: Why would you think of him?

SEAN: Because I'm not attracted to Neil Young. I don't find Neil Young physically arousing.

JANINE: Oh. Eww!

SEAN: No, there's no eww! Thinking of Neil Young while I'm examining you negates the feelings I have for you.

JANINE: Completely?

SEAN: Completely.

JANINE: Why not David Crosby?

SEAN: What?

JANINE: David Crosby is far less attractive than Neil Young. Why wouldn't you think of him?

SEAN: I don't think David Crosby is less attractive than Neil Young.

JANINE: You don't?

SEAN: No. He's less attractive than Graham Nash.

JANINE: Well, who isn't?

SEAN: But not Neil Young.

JANINE: What about Stephen Stills?

SEAN: I don't even know what he looks like.

JANINE: But wait now. You're finished here in another three weeks.

SEAN: So?

JANINE: So, why are you telling me that you're attracted to me? Chances are I'm not going to have another appointment with you before you leave, so you didn't need to tell me.

SEAN: That's true.

JANINE: So why did you?

SEAN: I wanted you to know how I felt about you. I didn't want to leave without telling you that.

JANINE: Are you going off to war?

SEAN: No.

JANINE: Then what the hell?!

SEAN: I told you in case you felt the same way and wanted to get it out in the open.

JANINE: Oh.

SEAN: So, do you?

JANINE: Do I what? Feel the same way?

SEAN: Yes.

JANINE: No.

SEAN: Oh.

JANINE: No I don't.

SEAN: Got it.

JANINE: Not at all.

SEAN: Good. The first no did the trick.

JANINE: I mean, you're a good-looking man. There's no denying that.

SEAN: Thank you.

JANINE: You're no Graham Nash.

SEAN: Well, who is?

JANINE: But I'm living with a guy.

SEAN: Right. Bradley.

JANINE: Exactly.

SEAN: Who you don't love. You just live with.

JANINE: I love him a little bit.