

Leo sits at the far end of a long dining room table, halfheartedly picking at oatmeal in a bowl. Behind him is a cluttered, dirty kitchen.

Janice enters the space from behind Leo, grazing his shoulder with a lazy hand as she passes into the kitchen. Leo looks back at her with a half-grimace, half-smile.

JANICE

Morning.

LEO

Good morning.

Janice prepares something to eat for herself in the kitchen, then walks over to the table, sitting next to Leo.

JANICE

Heard you making a fuss this morning. The whole clown thing?

Leo tenses up, lowering his spoon a bit before becoming self-conscious and raising it to his mouth.

LEO

Yeah. Just running some routines.

JANICE

Same guy, too?

LEO

Yeah. Jacques. He's planning a showcase soon.

JANICE

Am I invited?

Janice reaches over her plate, brushing Leo's fingers with her own.

Leo softens, his expression becomes less anxious. The least anxious we've seen him.

LEO

Of course.

Leo puts his hand in Janice's palm and smiles at her. The two sit in silence for a moment. Their tenderness veers into awkwardness.

Janice pulls her hand away.

JANICE

Gonna be weird, huh? Seeing you up there doing the whole jig again.

LEO

This stuff's different. Fewer rules. Fewer people around. No cameras.

JANICE

Yeah. Suppose you're in the theatre now. But I've never seen much difference you know. It's all pretend. Pretending you like what you don't like. Pretending you feel some way you don't.

LEO

Guess I just like it more this time around. Feels like playing around.

Leo stands up and moves into the kitchen, avoiding Janice's gaze.

Janice continues her breakfast.