

ANNA

Do you have the blues?

DICK

Sometimes. They call it seasonal affective disorder, which is, um—
(suddenly realizes)

Oh, you mean— Over there next to ska. Sorry.

ANNA

Thanks.

(ANNA smiles a little, amused by him. She heads over to the blues section. Dick goes about picking up the CDs.)

(A MIDDLE-AGED GUY walks in and approaches the counter)

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Excuse me, I'm looking for a record for my daughter's birthday. "My Heart Will Go On" by Celine Dion. Do you have it?

BARRY

Oh yeah. We got it.

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Great. Can I have it then?

BARRY

No, you can't.

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Why not?

BARRY

Because it's sentimental tacky crap, that's why not. Do we look like the kind of store that sells "My Heart Will Go On"? Go to the mall.

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

What's your problem?

BARRY

Do you even know your daughter?! There is no way she likes that song. Oh-oh, is she in a coma?

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Okay, buddy. I didn't know it was Pick On the Middle-Aged Square Guy Day. My apologies. I'll be on my way.

BARRY

B'bye.

(The CUSTOMER heads for the door, but then turns back to BARRY—)

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

FUCK YOU!

(— and storms out. BARRY looks at ROB and smiles.)

ROB

Nice, Barry. Really, top-notch. But you know you can't keep chasing customers out of here!

BARRY

Are you defending that ass-muncher? Come on, Rob, you're going soft in your old age.

(ROB is seething)

BARRY

I'm gonna tell you something for your own good, pal: that's the worst fucking sweater I've ever seen. It's a Cosby sweater. A COSBY sweater! I can't believe Laura allows herself to be seen in public with the likes of you. I don't know what kinda voodoo you worked on that girl, but someone needs to shake her out of it.

(ROB springs on BARRY, grabbing him by the lapels and slamming him up against the wall.)

DICK

Hey, guys... Hey.

ROB

Will you shut up? Will you?

BARRY

You're a maniac!

DICK

Hey. Break it up.

(ROB runs out of steam and drops BARRY. BARRY pats down his jacket.)

BARRY

I swear to god, if you tore this thing—it's vintage—and I'll sock your nose. You'll pay big!

(BARRY storms out of the store. There's a long uncomfortable silence as DICK stares over at ROB.)

DICK

Um, are you all right?

ROB

Yeah. Look Dick, Laura and I broke up. She's gone. So if you ever see Barry again maybe you can tell him that.

DICK

You want *me* to tell Barry about it?

ROB

Yeah, would you? That would be great.