

*(The door opens again. DICK turns expectantly. Is ANNA back? But no, it's IAN who swaggers in. ROB darkens. Gunfighter eyes. IAN approaches him.)*

**ROB**

Can I help you?

**IAN**

Hello, Rob. Remember me? Ian?

*(no response)*

I thought maybe we should talk. Sort things out?

*(ROB is disoriented/angry. DICK and BARRY's ears perk up.)*

**ROB**

What things?

**IAN**

Ten phone calls a night, hanging around outside my house...

**ROB**

I've stopped all that now.

**IAN**

You were there this morning.

*(moves in closer)*

Usually this kind of obsessive acting out signifies a bigger problem. I can help if you'd like. Conflict resolution is my job.

**ROB**

There's nothing to resolve.

**IAN**

*(smiles)*

That's exactly what Kurt Cobain said.

*(to BARRY)*

I handled his intervention.

**BARRY**

Oh yeah? How'd that work out for ya?

*(IAN's smile cracks just a little. He turns back to ROB)*

**IAN**

Look, I know better than anyone how special Laura is. But I'd like to believe that if she decided she didn't want to see me anymore, I'd respect her decision. Know what I'm saying, Robbo?

**ROB**

Yeah.

*(The bell on the door jingles as a CUSTOMER enters.)*

**IAN**

So shall we leave it at that then?