

LIZ

(She means it)

Really. She just needs a little time alone right now.

(LIZ takes IAN by the arm and leads him back inside. She's about to go over and take care of LAURA, when she spots ROB. He motions for her to go inside. LIZ smiles, nods, and heads in, closing the doors behind her. After a pause, ROB approaches...)

LAURA

You made it.

ROB

I've been here the whole time actually, I was just —

LAURA

Hiding, I know, I saw you.

ROB

I wasn't hiding, I was just...giving you your space.

LAURA

Glad someone is.

ROB

I'm sorry about your dad, Laura.

LAURA

He really liked you, you know. My dad. Ever since you gave him that *Pippin* album.

ROB

He warned me about you.

LAURA

You're funny.

ROB

I wasn't being funny. He really warned me about you.

LAURA

He'd be happy you were here. I appreciate your showing up.

ROB

Of course.

LAURA

(beat)

Nice suit.

ROB

Oh, thanks.

LAURA

How's the cat?

ROB

What cat? ...Kidding. She's fine. She misses you.

LAURA

He.

ROB

Right, he. He misses you.

LAURA

Well, I miss him too.

(this hangs in the air)

ROB

I hope this isn't too weird, but...

(Hands her a check from his pocket.)

This is the money I owe you. I know it's a little late but— And it has nothing to do with anything else. Obviously it doesn't solve the twenty other things between us, I know that, but I did owe you the money, and I didn't know when I was gonna see you again so...

LAURA

Where did you get four thousand dollars?

ROB

I sold my 45s to TMPMITW.

LAURA

What are you talking about?

ROB

The mother lode. The Otis Redding originals. The Elvis, the Sex Pistols...

LAURA

I don't want you to get rid of the stuff you love, Rob.

ROB

No, I've put a lot of thought into this, Laura, which I don't generally do. Usually I just do what my gut tells me to. But the fact is I've been following my gut since I was fourteen, and I've come to the conclusion that my guts have shit for brains.

LAURA

Nice.

#22 LAURA, LAURA

ROB

(simply and soulfully)

I MADE A LIST OF EV'RYTHING
THAT'S GONE ON BETWEEN YOU AND ME
AND EVEN AN IDIOT LIKE ME COULD SEE
NO MATTER HOW YOU ADD IT UP
WHEN YOU READ THE BOTTOM LINE
THE FAULT WAS USUALLY MINE