

~~PAUL~~

~~How much time do we have before  
Clara comes in?~~

~~EMERY~~

~~Clara always comes thirty minutes  
late--that should give us two  
hours.~~

~~The phone rings while a customer walks in.~~

~~PAUL~~

~~(sighs, walking and  
pointing to the box)  
Shit--can you get that for me?~~

~~EMERY~~

~~You got it.~~

~~PAUL~~

~~That might be the Halloween  
deliveries. Oh, fuck, um... and  
after that, we need to get those  
new movie posters and merch  
up//Hello?~~

~~No surprise. It's The Curse of Ji-Min; the movie mentioned  
earlier.~~

~~EMERY~~

~~(dryly)  
Yeah, of course...~~

~~Paul goes to the phone in the office. Emery goes to the  
storefront, not paying attention as he opens up his POS  
system.~~

~~EMERY (CONT'D)~~

~~(distracted)  
Hey, welcome to Paul's Nostalgic  
Emporium, how can we help--~~

He looks up and sees

~~MIA GRACE~~

~~(innocently)  
Hey.~~

Beat. Initially, Emery doesn't know what to say. With nothing  
else in mind, he finally responds with,

~~EMERY~~

~~Hey...~~

15.

The two look at one another in silent savoring. It's complex, there's hurt, yearn, confusion, and hope. She comes in with a DVD copy of 'Pulp Fiction' and three-fourths of a Blue Raspberry Fizz Frozen Drink (slurpee).

MIA GRACE  
(subtle flirtation)  
Long time, no see...stranger.

Emery chuckles a bit. They giggle as he gets himself together.

MIA GRACE (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
You've always had the worst poker face...

EMERY  
Weren't you supposed to move to Sydney?

MIA GRACE  
Change of plans, pretty boy...

EMERY  
(a hint of reciprocated flirtation)  
Well, my, oh my...

They catch themselves before they become too obvious.

EMERY (CONT'D)  
(looking at his system)  
Making a return?

MIA GRACE  
What else do you premiere at a 13-year-old-boy-infested sleepover? It was either this, or Treasure Planet. And...I lost Uno, so//

EMERY  
Fair.

MIA GRACE  
(chuckling)  
You give them just enough, so you make them think they did some real damage. Bed at 10:30. Just thirty minutes after their regular time, they don't care...

EMERY

You've always been so good with them...

She looks at him, now with a hand on her hip, checking him.

EMERY (CONT'D)

What?

MIA GRACE

Didn't you promise that you were coming back to Summer Lakes?

EMERY

I did...once upon a time.

MIA GRACE

Uh huh. What changed?

EMERY

A lot.

Beat.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Look, all due respect...I guess some things just change.

MIA GRACE

I guess so. It's a shame. This is my last year doing it.

Emery stares in shock. She's been a summer camp counselor since she was their age--and a camper herself.

EMERY

(polite disbelief)

I heard...Wow...

She nods. He stares at her one more time, searching her face for a hint of a joke that never comes.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Bullshit.

She shakes her head.

EMERY (CONT'D)

How come?

MIA GRACE

(calming herself after initial excitement)

I want that master's.

(MORE)