

EMERY (CONT'D)

//Dunno...Don't really fuck with spiders.

He scoops for protein.

JUNI

(groans)

I know you were going to be a puss-pop about it.

EMERY

I'm not being a 'puss-pop'//I don't fuck with demons and I watched Hereditary with you, didn't I?

He takes a butter knife and shaves some from off the top, turning to the phone.

JUNI

First off, asshole, you pre-ordered tickets. I did not pay last time, you did.

EMERY

I did?

JUNI

Yeah.

EMERY

Shit.

JUNI

Second of all, I don't do dolls, and even still, I went to go see that fucking one with the dancing little--

EMERY

(laughing)

--It's called--

JUNI

--I know what it's called. You know we don't say her name. Anyway...you owe me.

EMERY

(chuckling)

She Whom Shall Not Be Named...

JUNI

Oh, go to hell...

10.

Beat as they laugh together. Beat.

JUNI (CONT'D)
...Would you do it for a Scooby
Snack?

EMERY
Mmm...

JUNI
Okay, you drive a hard bargain. I
respect that. Well...how about
this? A little birdie told me that
Mia Grace is going to opening
night.

EMERY
(interested)
...Of that shit?

JUNI
Yah, the very same. Look, you can
go say hi, ditch me to be with her
if you want to...but we watching
this movie, 'kay?

Beat.

EMERY
(genuine)
...I thought she wasn't coming
back...

He averts his attention to the OBITUARY on the wall. We don't
linger on the details.

JUNI
(pause)
I-I don't know...They say Gallagher
must've convinced her to come back
for one final year. You know...you
really should consider coming back
too. We leave tomorrow morning...

EMERY
(disbelief)
Isn't it too late?

JUNI
No. You know Summer Lakes always
needs the hands. It's ongoing.

EMERY
So I'm a commodity.