

MR. KESSLER.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

It's the old KESSLER home. It looks old, could use a hell of a lot of work. But behind the mess lies a beautiful house...

An older man in his fifties - handsome, but stress obviously wear on his shoulders - stares at the house. This is MR. KESSLER.

TRAY
(O.S.)
You know this place?

Mr. Kessler turns calmly to face TRAY. He's stood on the pavement.

MR. KESSLER
Considering I used to live here,
yeah I'd say I do.

TRAY
Oh, you're Mr. Kessler?

Kessler nods... Returns his attention back to the house.

TRAY (CONT'D)
Why did you not buy this house? Why
a totally different one?

MR. KESSLER
Too many memories. I can't walk
down the hallways of this house
without seeing Jill's face. I wish
I would have seen the signs...

He looks filled with guilt. He chokes. Pauses.

Tray just stares on -- He clears his throat.

MR. KESSLER (CONT'D)
...Is there a reason you're
particularly interested in this
house?

TRAY
I was thinking of buying it,
actually. For me and my girl. She
thinks I'm scared of making a
commitment, so --

MR. KESSLER
So you buy her this house?

TRAY

I'm a horror fan so it's kind of fitting, I guess. So much history here...

There's an awkward silence here as Tray realizes what he just said and how rude it was... Mr. Kessler just continues staring at the house vacantly.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Sorry, that was just... Wow...

(beat)

It was nice to meet you though.

MR. KESSLER

You too, kiddo.

Kessler's eyes don't leave the house. Tray gives an odd look as he walks off --

INT. REED RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOVER
Did you hear that?

LUCAS
Hear what?

CLOVER
I just heard something outside.

Clover points to the front door, urgently. Lucas scoffs, he isn't buying it.

LUCAS
Look, you already pulled the fake scare shit once. Let me guess, Blake's gonna pop out with a mask and a knife --?

CLOVER
No, I'm serious. A fake scare is always followed by a real scare, don't you watch these things...?

CLICK. Someone outside the door. Lucas's head snaps attention to the door. Clover swallows.

LUCAS
OK. I heard *that*.

CLOVER
See! Toldja...

Clover's scared, but she's more curious. She starts for the door. Lucas raises an eyebrow.

LUCAS
What are you doing? Don't open the door...

CLOVER
We might as well find out what's behind door number one...

She rips open the door and finds MR. KESSLER stood on the porch in the darkness. She jumps at his presence.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Lucas pushes passed her, greeting him.

LUCAS
Hi... Mr. Kessler.

MR. KESSLER
Lucas, isn't it? Hello, do you
think you can get your mother out
here -- ? It's kind of important.

LUCAS
Yeah, hold on.

Lucas gestures to Clover, she nods and follows him up the stairs. Mr. Kessler waits patiently, until RITA comes down the stairs and steps onto the porch.

RITA
...What are you doing here?

MR. KESSLER
I heard about Kirby...

RITA
(interjecting)
You're not welcome around here.
(beat)
Not anymore.

Mr. Kessler eyes her --

MR. KESSLER
You can't keep pretending anymore,
Rita. You never told her did you?

RITA
(pause)
No. And I don't regret it. It'd
destroy her. Besides, there's no
point to bring it up now. It's
over. So why are you here, then?

MR. KESSLER
I kind of wanted to talk... About
Kirby?

RITA
I don't need this...

Rita retreats back inside, going to shut the door. Mr. Kessler STOPS the door with his arm -- his eyes widen.

MR. KESSLER
Please, Rita. You might not need
it, but I do. Kirby might need it.

Rita hesitates -- the two lock eyes. She's deeply conflicted in one flash of a second.

