

1. EXT. ARIA'S HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

Aria and Emily sits on a swing chair under the flight of steps of the House of Aria.

EMILY:

I'm sorry for just stopping by.

ARIA:

No. Any time, Em. Come on, you know that.

EMILY:

Somebody left a note in my locker.

ARIA:

From "A"?

EMILY:

You too?

ARIA:

Do you really think it's her? Is it possible?

EMILY:

Only Alison could have known.

ARIA:

What? Known -- known what?

EMILY:

It was...

ARIA:

Personal?

EMILY:

I really believed she was dead.

ARIA:

Yeah. Yeah, we all did.

EMILY:

Could she really be back?

ARIA:

I think she's playing with us.

EMILY:

Why would she do that?

ARIA:

It's Alison that we're talking about here. I mean, wasn't that her favorite sport?

EMILY:
Should we tell someone?

ARIA:
I don't... I don't know about you,
but... I can't.

EMILY:
I'm glad you're back.

ARIA:
It's funny... I mean, even though I
grew up here, I feel like a total
outsider.

EMILY:
Me too.